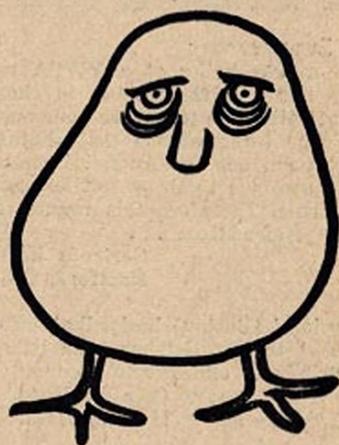


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



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the magazine of
reformed idealism

Sneak Preview of a Hollywood Flashback

by Alvah Bessie

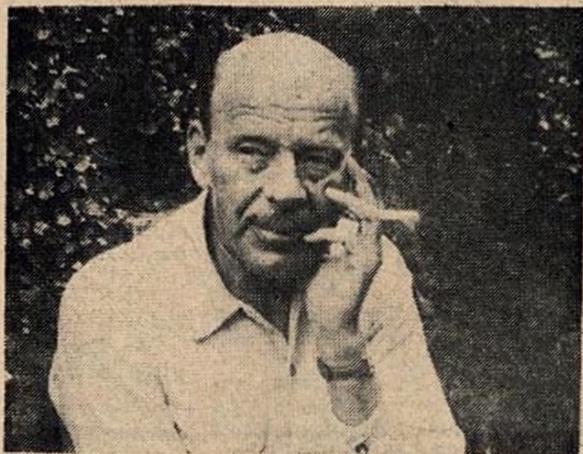
Editor's note: This is a preview of a book tentatively titled "The Blacklist" scheduled for publication in January, 1965 by The Macmillan Company. It deals with the Hollywood of 20 years ago as seen by one of "The Hollywood 10" who went to prison in 1950 for a curious misdemeanor known as "contempt of Congress."

Much has changed since these events took place. Two of The 10 are writing again under their own names: Dalton Trumbo and Ring Lardner, Jr. And another couple may be unveiled at any time. A fifth, Samuel Ornitz, is dead. A sixth, Edward Dmytryk, went right back to work after his 6-month prison term by the simple process of becoming an informer.

Alvah Bessie worked for 5 years after he was released from his 1-year prison term, for the International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, as public relations man and editor for Harry Bridges' union paper. Then he worked 7 years as stage manager, announcer and light man for the Hungry i, a San Francisco night club. This job was lost when an ambitious new manager started to replace the staff with his own stooges.

Bessie has published more than a score of stories; appeared in many anthologies; is the author of three published novels; one non-fiction narrative about the war in Spain (1936-39) in which he served as a combat soldier in the International Brigades; an anthology about that war; and a number of translations from the French.

The Hollywood he portrays here no longer exists. Many of the majors have become minors; other studios, unable to beat 'em (the TV boys) have joined 'em.



"... I do not believe this Committee [on Un-American Activities] has any more right to inquire into my political affiliations than I believe an election official has the right to go into a voting booth and examine the ballot which has been marked by the voter. General Eisenhower himself has refused to reveal his political affiliations, and what is good enough for General Eisenhower is good enough for me. . . ."

—Alvah Bessie, 1947

FADE IN

THE WRITERS' BUILDING. WARNER BROTHERS BURBANK STUDIO. January-June 1948.

Your first option period on a Hollywood term contract bears certain resemblances to quarantine in prison, but there is a difference—in reverse. For if you don't get a screen credit during the first six months of your con-

(Continued on Page 19)

SIR REALIST:

The Suppressors

I am now living at a YWCA residence hall and the woman in charge will not allow me to receive your magazine. She informed me that that she had thrown out the August issue and would continue to throw out any more that came. Therefore this request for a change of address. . . .

Gertrude Kniffin
Hartford, Conn.

My local (Boston) booksellers inform me that the *Realist* has been banned, unofficially or officially in Boston.

Orin D. Hood, Jr.
Malden, Mass.

Historical Note

George Washington was a Marijuana grower! There is no proof one way or another as to whether he smoked it. The facts are in Vol. 1 of his diaries, published in 1925 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

First off, Washington uses the word Hemp. In looking up the history of the word Marijuana, I discovered that it is a Mexican slang word. The word in English for Marijuana since at least the year 1000 and the herb book *The Anglo-Saxon Leechdom* has been Hemp.

The first law in California in 1929 that outlawed Hemp-smoking doesn't even mention Marijuana. The politicians must have first heard of it in the '30s. They must have figured that the foreign word would be better for their purposes, because all the laws since then, of course, use Marijuana and Hemp and Cannabis. Cannabis is Latin and Greek for Hemp. In fact, Hemp comes from Cannabis. Over the centuries the Northern European languages changed the word. Hence from Latin Cannabis to Old Teutonic hanapiz to old Saxon hanap to English Hemp. And that is it. Now back to George.

On page 211 of the diary appears the first Hemp entry. May 12-13, 1765: "Sowed Hemp at Muddy Hole by Swamp." The last entry is May 27, 1767: "Sowed Hemp over again with near 5 pecks of seed—the first coming up much too thin."

. . . By the way, the Bible is interesting on this subject. It never refers to Hemp in either Testament. Which is curious since they did have rope. But anyway, Jesus is cool—Matt. 15-10.

Leonard B. Glasser
Berkeley, Calif.

Kasha-lovers, unite! The American farfel-makers are attempting to deceive the public with poly-unsaturated kasha! To arms!

Anonymous

Personal Propaganda

Were the ads called "Personal Propaganda" real or just gags?

Tod Draz
New York, N.Y.

I don't know if you noticed it, but more of the ads in the "Personal" column mentioned smoking and drinking than sex (5 to 4 by my count); I have been unable to draw any conclusions as to what this indicates about your readers.

James D. McCawley
Cambridge, Mass.

Caloric Conflict

I was happy and contented before your article (#25) in regard to the fat content of semen. My wife was happy and contented too. Now she's on a diet and we are no longer happy or contented. I think I'll see my lawyer for grounds to sue you.

An ex-friendly reader

Perhaps you could print a group picture of your contributors—screwing each other? This would undoubtedly increase circulation. The von Hilsheimer excrement is really sumpn' to look forward to in future issues.

A non-renewing subscriber
Orange, New Jersey

To George von Hilsheimer, a roll of adhesive tape for his mouth and fingers, with hopes of stopping him from inflicting us with any more of his incoherent, uselessly anally-fixated garbage. I hope he sinks.

May you all be blessed by the benign influence of the great god Priapus, and keep the *Realist* coming.

Lee Pratt
La Jolla, Calif.

The *Realist* is the least expensive psychotherapy I have yet come across.

Dr. Selwyn Fidelman
Detroit, Michigan

I've been showing the *Realist* around. . . . I enjoy watching the reactions, the horrified indignation—each one happy with the criticism of all groups but his own.

Sheila Bob
Buffalo, N. Y.

Would you please send the issues to my home. Some of the people in my office have come close to having breakdowns after reading one or two of your articles. Amazing what resistances they bring forth!

Jesse J. Tepper
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Would you mind explaining your slogan, "The Magazine of Blatant Hypocrisy"?

Laird Brooks Schmidt
Hollywood, Calif.

Franco's Prisoners

By the purest of chances while I was reading your issue (#25) dealing with Spanish prisons, the bootblack shining my shoes turned out to be an alumnus of Burgos. The description of suffering contained in your article was mild. In those days you were not considered a real veteran of that place until you had a "cola" or tail—that is, a protruding coccyx bone from starving.

Leonard C. Pucinelli
Air Procurement Office Spain

Against Verbal Attempts

Personally, I am against verbal attempts at stating the truth. I am tired of being stabbed in the back by eloquent speakers. Verbal behavior, whether oral or written, is only one aspect of the totality of the human organism, and the distinction between non-hypocritical verbalization and other manifestations of other behavior resulting from the schism caused by the lack of relationship between the intellect and emotion have never satisfactorily been treated. It is most probably all beside the point, but on occasion the few copies of the *Realist* I have been able to get hold of have made me laugh.

A. Harvey Block, Ph.D.
Director, Special Projects
Center for Programmed Instruction

In my near 38 years this is the first time I have ever felt strongly enough about the things I have read to write an editor. During the past few years I have found myself doing more and more reading in great variety—*Saturday Review*, *Time*, *Minority of One*, *Newsweek*, *Billboard*, to name a few—I think I have found the kinship I have been looking for in the *Realist*. Being what some people term "merely a cab driver," you may not feel any great need to swell with pride because of my personal applause, but I somehow got the impression that you were not trying to get through to only the highbrow intellect but also to the down-to-earth-not-too-bright but active humans—the cab drivers, countermen, ticket sellers, and so on. What I have read in the *Realist* is simply enough presented as to actually be digestible and understandable. This is perhaps the greatest weakness I found in all the other things I have tried to read.

Malcolm J. Matheson
Malden, Mass.

Death Sentence

Your sentence about acting as though everyone had only six months to live is worth the price of admission.

Hal Crippen
S. Laguna, Calif.

The Realist

Eating Should Be Fun

by Marshall E. Deutsch

There are two main sources of information (or groups of sources of information) about nutrition open to the lay public. Readers of the *Realist* will not be surprised to learn that both of these sources of information are grossly misleading. I shall present enough information in this brief article to demonstrate that this may be so. Do not jump to the conclusion that the misleading is based on depravity. As a student of the subject, I have concluded that by and large (with exceptions—I shall point one out later) the misleading is based on faulty reasoning and ignorance rather than depravity.

And you will be pleased to learn that here is an area of popular ignorance or delusion in which you can do something. You *can* (unless institutionalized) choose what you will eat and you can eat only what is best for you. In the pursuit of this goal you may have to skip or drastically restrict a meal once in a while, but that won't hurt you. Best of all, in making rational choices of the foods and dietary supplements which will best meet your nutritional needs, you need never, indeed *should* never, eat anything which you do not enjoy eating.

The two main sources of information to which I refer are on the one hand official or quasi-official bodies and on the other hand popular authors on nutrition. Let me start with the former, taking as an example of a quasi-official body the Food & Drug Administration and as an example of misleading information the minimum daily requirement (MDR) for a nutrient. I will not discuss the evidence for and against the choice of the nutrients for which they cite MDRs, but would like to discuss the very concept of an MDR and the validity of this concept.

It makes as much sense as, and is of as much value as, the promulgation of a minimal shoe size or a minimal glove size. To see why this is so, consider how some vitamins are biologically assayed on rats. Highly inbred rats are divided into groups which are fed a basic diet deficient in the vitamin to be assayed. One group is a control group and is fed only this deficient diet. Other groups are fed the deficient diet plus varying levels of the vitamin preparation to be assayed.

An attempt is made to have one of the groups receive the vitamin at such a level that half of its members will be protected from symptoms of vitamin deficiency. This is the level which is taken as the endpoint of the assay. The reason that this is taken as the endpoint is that there is no clear-cut level of vitamin above which *no* rats will show deficiency symptoms and below which *all* rats will show deficiency symptoms.

The fact is that even at extremely low vitamin levels (compared to the level which protects 50% of the animals) some rats will be getting enough vitamin, as shown by their failure to exhibit deficiency symptoms. If the level is very low, however, you might have to test a very large group to find one or two rats like this.

Similarly, even at very high levels of vitamin, some rats will show signs of not receiving enough. Here, too,

if the level is very high, you would need a very large group to find such rats and estimate what percentage of the rat population they represent. The level easiest to identify without using too many rats is the level affording protection to 50% of the rats, and it is for this reason that such a level is used as the endpoint in vitamin assays performed with rats.

These are the facts with highly inbred rats kept under highly standardized laboratory conditions. Their vitamin needs vary so greatly that a 50% endpoint must be used in assaying vitamins on them. It would be nonsense to speak of an MDR for these rats because the needs of one rat may be ten or a hundred times as great as the needs of another.

People are not as a rule highly inbred and their environments are not as highly standardized as the environments of laboratory rats (even though *Realist* readers may consider them far too highly standardized). Thus, if the concept of an MDR is nonsense for a laboratory rat, it is egregious nonsense for a human in our society. This is not an empty allegation based solely on the reasoning just presented, but has been demonstrated experimentally for a number of vitamins. Thus, the promulgation of the MDR by the Food & Drug Administration is grossly misleading.

To be fair, I should point out that there are undoubtedly many scientists in the FDA who are thoroughly familiar with these facts, but that the FDA is required by law to promulgate MDRs.

Let us now turn to popular authors on nutrition. I cannot deal with them as a group because they differ among themselves. However, I can cut this job down to a reasonable size by dividing them into two groups and singling out a representative member of each group for fuller treatment.

The first group consists of authors on nutrition who are almost completely ignorant of the subject. A dandy example is Dr. D. C. Jarvis, the author of *Folk Medicine*, a tome extolling the virtues of honey and apple cider vinegar. I have a copy of the Crest (soft-cover) edition of this book and find that on page 103 Dr. Jarvis lists the following "advantages of honey over other sugars:

1. It is nonirritating to the lining of the digestive tract.
2. It is easily and rapidly assimilated.
3. It quickly furnishes the demand for energy.
4. It enables athletes and others who expend energy heavily to recuperate rapidly from exertion.
5. It is, of all sugars, handled best by the kidneys.
6. It has a natural and gentle laxative effect.
7. It has sedative value, quieting the body.
8. It is easily obtainable.
9. It is inexpensive."

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Well, now, 1. and 6. are mutually contradictory. If there is a "natural and gentle laxative effect," it is achieved by mildly irritating the lining of the digestive tract. As for 2., 3. and 4., they are all the same and are answered on page 239 of volume 13 of the *McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Science and Technology* which states that "The ready availability of the food energy in honey was known to athletes in ancient Greece. Only in recent times has it been discovered that, paradoxically, the energy of sucrose [cane or beet sugar] is still more quickly available."

5. is nonsense. Sugars are completely burned by the body (except in diabetics), leaving nothing for the kidneys to excrete. If there is anything in honey for the kidneys to handle, it resides in the miniscule nonsugar portion of the honey and is completely lacking in white cane and beet sugar, which means that if there is a difference it is in favor of the latter two. Anyway, if your kidneys are normal, why should you be concerned about foods being easy to handle?

I know of no convincing evidence that 7. is true. Neither do I know of any unconvincing evidence. Dr. Jarvis gives none and I know of no authority on nutrition who makes a similar claim.

A trip to your neighborhood supermarket should teach you that 8. and 9. are more true of sucrose than of honey. Can you suggest what "other sugars" honey has an advantage over in these respects?

Let us examine just one more statement in Dr. Jarvis's book and that because it is one of the most engrossing statements I have ever read. On page 104 he tells of a schoolteacher with arthritis who switched to a diet in which honey was the standard sweetening agent. By the end of one school year the arthritis had disappeared and Dr. Jarvis concluded that "It could be attributed to the remedying of a potassium deficiency with the honey."

I will not enter into a discussion of the theories of the etiology of the arthritides, but would simply like to cite some data in the Third Edition of *Nutritional Data* which is compiled by the Heinz Nutritional Research Division of the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This book includes Tables of Food Composition which list the constituents of 382 different foods.

For 260 of these foods, a value is given for potassium content. The vast majority of these foods contain over 200 milligrams of potassium per 100 grams of edible portion. Honey contains 10 milligrams of potassium per 100 grams of edible portion. Only seven foods are listed as containing less potassium: they are vegetable cooking fat, lard, salad or cooking oils, pure starch, peanut brittle, "syrup, table blends" and ginger ale. Cooked farina is listed as containing the same concentration of potassium as honey has and jams and marmalade are assigned a range (8-78 milligrams per 100 grams) which includes the value for honey. Now you know what you must restrict your diet to in order to suffer a potassium deficiency which honey would cure.

Incidentally, it would require over 20 pounds of honey a day to supply the amount of potassium usually administered to patients who have been deprived of oral feedings for more than three days and have therefore been assumed to have lost a significant amount of this element.

For sheer entertainment value, nothing beats read-

ing Dr. Jarvis's book yourself with a handbook on nutrition nearby for ready reference, but in case you don't have the opportunity I'd like to point out that the main other source of potassium listed by the good doctor is the apple, and that of all fresh fruits listed in *Nutritional Data*, the apple contains the least potassium.

Okay, let us now consider the other group of popular authors on nutrition, those who know too much about the subject. By this I mean authors who not only know a large number of established facts about the subject but uncritically accept data which are poorly established or not really established at all. Many authors qualify for inclusion in this group (all the good evidence, for instance, shows that calories *do* count), but since space permits dissection of only one of these, I should like to take on that perennial favorite, Dr. Carlton Fredericks.

In the case of Carlton Fredericks, there is evidence (which I promised at the beginning of this article) of depravity as a motive for providing misinformation. This evidence consists of his relationship with Foods Plus, a vitamin manufacturer whose catalogs state "Foods Plus is the only vitamin company privileged to carry Carlton Fredericks' name and receive his endorsement." Although Fredericks has claimed never to have accepted sponsorship from Foods Plus, he has received fees of \$10,400 a year for passing on mailing lists to them.

On the other hand, there is a clear indication that lack of a critical faculty may be what has led Dr. Fredericks to provide a generous portion of misinformation with every serving of information. His book *Living Should Be Fun* opens with a biographical sketch in which it is stated that, as a youth "Testing antiseptics, Fredericks found in one experiment that two guinea pigs, similarly infected, reacted perversely; the one given the stronger antidote died, while the other, doctored with a weaker antidote, rallied. Reason was that the ill-fated one mistakenly received a diet of high starch content which the remedy could not combat."

Think a minute! No meaningful conclusion can be reached on the basis of an experiment using only two guinea pigs (re-read the paragraphs on vitamin assays if you don't see this). Furthermore, this was not a controlled experiment, for the treatments of the guinea pigs varied in at least two ways: diet and concentration of "antidote." Thus, the difference in results, if it were significant, could be explained by the antidote being toxic.

Also, the whole thing sounds basically fishy. What could be an antidote which is also an antiseptic? A bactericide, perhaps? But it would not then be likely to be tested in guinea pigs unless it were of the class of antiseptics known as antibiotics. The book, however, was copyrighted in 1943 and the incident described is said to have taken place "some years ago."

To wrap it up, I should point out that in my many years of keeping posted on nutrition, I have never encountered any evidence that starch can be toxic to a guinea pig or can increase its susceptibility to an infectious agent or toxic drug.

Still, there is a lot of valuable information in Fredericks' writings, but it is inextricably combined with misinformation. Well, almost inextricably; I will extricate some misinformation from the tenth printing of *Living Should Be Fun*.

p. 19 "Para-amino/benzoic acid/ and pantothenic acid/ These are the anti-grey hair vitamins."

p. 22 "[Vitamin D] is sometimes helpful in acne, together with B6, superimposed on alphabet vitamin supplementing."

p. 29 "MANGANESE/Essential for proper functioning of the mammary glands . . ."

p. 45 "When the cold breaks through these lines of defense, a single dose of from 200 to 500 milligrams of vitamin C—accompanied by two teaspoonfuls of honey—will sometimes completely eliminate the cold."

None of the above statement has been demonstrated to be true in generally available scientific literature, although, to be fair, I should admit that many far less credulous students jumped to an erroneous conclusion on the basis of the results of the experiments purporting to show that manganese was needed for lactation. Further studies showed that a manganese-deficient diet fed to a pregnant rat produced a litter the members of which were too weak to suckle. The dam had adequate milk as shown by letting her suckle normal young. These results were published in 1935 in the *Journal of Nutrition*, while Fredericks's book, as noted above, was copyrighted in 1943.

Fredericks is cagey, however, and the worst part of his book relies on innuendo rather than outright misstatement. This is a chapter entitled "The Problems To Which The Flesh Is Heir" in which diets are prescribed for various conditions. I can't quote and criticize very much here, however, because Fredericks is careful in his choice of words. Rather than claim that a certain diet will cure a certain condition, he will say "our usual recommendation is," "it has been our experience that," ". . . has been very helpful in some," "it has been our custom to recommend," ". . . this is the procedure: . . ." and so forth. In each case, he implies, but does not state, that a certain dietary regimen is of value in the treatment of a certain condition when, in fact, it has not been demonstrated to be of value.

Enough? Must I point out that Fredericks's doctorate is a Ph.D. in education and that his thesis was entitled "A Study of the Responses of a Group of Adult Female Listeners to a Series of Educational Radio Programs"?

To summarize the destructive part of this essay (a dangerous procedure since the editor might blue pencil everything up to this summary), we can rely on neither the Food & Drug Administration nor popular authors for guidance in nutrition. The Food & Drug Administration MDRs apply only to average people and there are no average people. Popular authors are either hilariously ignorant of the facts of nutrition, or they know too much; that is, they know that dietary modifications have effects which they have not been demonstrated to have in a manner which would convince a critical student of the subject.

What then?

Well, every intelligent citizen in a position to affect his nutritional status should know at least the elements of nutrition. Most adult-level courses on the topic are subject to the criticisms applied above to popular authors or have many technical courses as prerequisites. Most books on the topic are highly technical if not subject to criticisms such as given above.

An exception is *Nutrition in a Nutshell*, which is not a book about a nutmeat, but is a simplified though

accurate précis on nutrition by Roger Williams, a *bona fide* expert. I wouldn't recommend that *any* book be read uncritically, and in the case of Doctor Williams, I want to point out the teleological basis of his reasoning leading up to recommendations for a high intake of pantothenic acid.

But all men are not created equal in nutritional needs. How can you tell what *your* needs are? Well, nobody seems to have any special needs for carbohydrates (sugars, starches, etc.) and the essentiality of fats seems to be restricted to a need for relatively small amounts of certain fats. Protein and mineral needs don't seem to vary too greatly and are met adequately by the vast majority of diets in this country. That's almost all I'll say about these nutrients in this article; I can't condense all the meat of a sizable book into a few paragraphs.

We're left with water and vitamin needs, which seem to vary considerably among individuals and seasonally. Water is easy—there is a wonderful natural mechanism called thirst which tells you when you need water. There is a similar mechanism which tells you when you need salt (that is, sodium ions) as shown by the fact that foods seem to require more salt in order not to taste flat if the taster has perspired excessively.

Further investigation discloses that there are mechanisms which control cravings for a number of minerals according to the body's need for these minerals. If a rat is deprived of its adrenal glands, its body loses excessive amounts of salt, and such a rat will drink salt water in preference to distilled water. Similarly, if a rat is deprived of its parathyroid glands, its body loses excessive amounts of calcium ions and it will drink calcium chloride solution in preference to distilled water.

Experiments such as these tend to indicate that natural cravings will lead us to proper diets, but, on the other hand, when studies are made of self-selection of diets by infants, they yield equivocal results.

The self-selection experiments are performed by permitting infants to choose their own diets from a cafeteria-like assortment of proffered foods. In some of these experiments, the infants have chosen apparently properly balanced diets and in others they apparently haven't. "Not choosing a properly balanced diet" might have been only a faulty inference of an investigator who didn't realize that one infant's balanced diet might appear unbalanced when compared with an average balanced diet.

On the other hand, self-selection experiments might really have led to "unbalanced" diets because they didn't continue long enough for deficiency of a nutrient to reach a level which would trigger a craving for that nutrient or because artificially processed foods might meet a craving for a certain taste without fulfilling the requirement for the nutrient normally accompanying that taste.

We could have a helluvan argument as to what is artificial processing (cooking?; adding a culture of *Lactobacillus bulgaricus* to milk to make a yoghurt?; throwing away the steer's bones and horns or the apple's seeds, stem or tree?) but we won't right now because I have the floor. Anyway, I'll come back to the point at the end of this article. Besides, even before we agree on a precise definition of artificial processing, I believe that I can legitimately emphasize the last point;

I think it's an important one:

I believe that natural cravings, your sense of taste, are largely responsible for telling what is a proper diet. Thus, when you are presented with a tough steak on a paper plate, your sense of taste suggests that you eat the former, even if the latter is of a more agreeable consistency.

This is an important clue in choice of diet. If you have a craving for sour foods, I think that this may show a craving for and a need for increased amounts of vitamin C, which is a normal constituent of naturally sour foods (like oranges and lemons, but not like vinegar and pickles—uh-uh, we won't argue about what is artificial processing now, either).

The meanings of some of your cravings can be checked scientifically since there are clinical tests for vitamin, protein and mineral deficiencies, and there are laboratory tests which seem to be able to demonstrate these deficiencies too. As an example, the amount of vitamin C which must be fed a subject before he excretes the vitamin in his urine seems to vary inversely with the subject's current requirement for the vitamin.

Furthermore, you should be informed that quite large doses (as compared with average requirements) of the water-soluble vitamins seem to be rather harmless, except under certain easily definable (but too complicated to give here) circumstances. The water-soluble vitamins include all except A, D, E (if this is a vitamin for man—I am not convinced) and K, which are fat-soluble vitamins. Some authorities also include the essential fats among the nutrients which they call fat-soluble vitamins. Fat-soluble vitamins as initially defined seem to be more likely to be toxic in large excess than do water-soluble vitamins.

Want to know more? It takes effort, of course, but the way to learn more is to study or experiment *critically*. Experimenting is pretty expensive (financially and temporally) and provides relatively little information per unit of effort or money expended. Reading and taking courses are your best bet and these must be done critically to be of value. Do them with a handbook of nutrition in your lap. (You don't have to buy one; your congressman or senator can probably still get you a copy of *Food: The Yearbook of Agriculture 1959*.) Do them with the yardstick of "how good is the evidence?" in your head.

Remember, too, that people can be rats only figuratively, so that even if a nutritional fact has been established repeatedly and clearly in a well-controlled experiment on a statistically significant sample of rats, it may not apply to people.

Finally, two extremely useful rules of thumb can be arrived at from a consideration that, in general, adaptive evolution has tailored you and a certain group of foods for each other. These foods are the foods which are most palatable to you (people who have inherited the feeling that less nutritious foods are more palatable have lost the struggle for existence and their descendants are no longer with us) and which have not been artificially processed in the sense that separating nutritive value from palatability is artificial processing.

Thus a good rule is to avoid foods which have been artificially processed by this definition. And another good rule is not to eat any foods which don't taste good to you.

Realist Sports Section

by Don Robertson

After all the coverage in the newspapers of the Clay-Liston fight, additional comment may seem unnecessary but I have given the matter several minutes of serious thought and I think I have figured out, not only the situation regarding that match, but also the entire future of the prize-fighting business.

In the first place, some people have been so unkind as to suggest that Liston was not really hurt. Don't you believe it. His arm was really sore. He pulled so many punches that his shoulder finally just gave out and he had to quit.

So now we have Cassius Clay as Champion and Sonny Liston as promoter. The next move is, logically, for Liston to promote a fight between Clay and Floyd Patterson which Floyd will win by chasing Clay around the ring until he falls breathless and unable to speak and therefore helpless.

This will set up a third meeting between Patterson and Liston, promoted by Clay. Sonny will win this one on a TKO when Floyd is unable to come out for the first round—thereby, incidentally, setting a record for the shortest bout ever promoted.

Cassius will then demand another shot at Liston but Sonny will decide to retire undefeated and collect his Social Security after revealing that his true age is four years older than Archie Moore.

At this point the vacant title will be claimed by Clay, Patterson, Johannson, Moore, Eddie Machen, Cleveland Williams, Lee Savolt and Primo Carnera—and we will have even more champions than they have in wrestling.

The United States narrowly missed the greatest disaster in the history of American sports when unheralded and previously unsung Terry McDermott won the only gold medal taken by the U.S. forces in the recent Winter Olympics. Only the flashing blades of the gallant young skater saved us from disaster. If it had not been for a tremendous performance by this dedicated young athlete, the United States would not have won a single gold medal.

Disaster!

The Black Sox scandal pales to a dusty gray beside the thought of this calamity. Football players suspended for gambling; college kids throwing games—what does that matter? Prize fighters, baseball and football players and auto racers killed and crippled—regrettable, perhaps, but not really important. What matters is that disaster—yes, that's the word—was averted.

Actually, the thing which most sticks in my mind after watching the television coverage of the Winter Olympics is an announcer referring to the lack of gold medals as the greatest disaster in the history of American sports and, on the same program, mentioning the airplane crash a few years ago in which the entire U.S. figure skating team was killed.

co-existing

by Saul Heller

What's Fair Is Unfair

New York motorists must carry World's Fair inscriptions on their license plates, a state appellate court has ruled. This means that the state's motoring millions will be compelled to give free advertising to a private corporation, whether they like it or not.

We think there is considerable merit in the decision, and admire the judges who made it for their independence of our laws and legal traditions. Why stop, however, at advertising the World's Fair? There are many other worthy enterprises that could use an assist from citizens, willing or unwilling. Think how tough things are for many businessmen, merely because they have to pay for their own advertising . . . and how much more gloriously they would thrive if free advertising became their right and prerogative under the law.

All sorts of possibilities open up, once the principle of the thing has been accepted. Motorists could be compelled to carry advertising, not merely on their license plates, which really offer insufficient display space, but on the sides and rear of their cars. The advertisements would, of course, have to be changed frequently, since motorists who won't wash their cars can scarcely be expected to hose down the ads.

The unwashed state of many cars could, come to think of it, be put to constructive use. Dirty old Fords could carry ads showing brand new Lincolns, or vice-versa, if Ford offers any serious objections.

It hardly seems fair that pedestrians should be exempted from all these beneficial activities. Since consent would, under our new legal concepts, no longer be necessary, there would be no problem. A colorful poster could readily be attached to the pedestrian's rear end. If the pedestrian is rebellious, the poster could be glued

on to coat, pants or skirt with one of those new glues guaranteed to outlast the user. The pedestrian could also carry a small pack of advertising cards, to be distributed to the crowd that gathers when he (or she) has been flattened by a car.

If our increasing amorality permits such a moral activity, ads for VD preventives could be tattooed on prostitutes, in the appropriate places.

Sooner or later, guide lines would be needed. The Supreme Court would no doubt rule on this matter, defining the types of ad that citizens could, without infringement of their liberties, be compelled to display.

Those of us who don't like the whole business of compulsory advertising could express our dissatisfaction by counter-advertising. Instead of simply carrying an ad suggesting viewers go to the World's fair, for instance, they could put up another ad recommending they don't. Considering how amenable many Americans are to suggestions, reasonable or otherwise, such dual admonitions would probably result in people going to the World's Fair gates, and turning back once they got there.

Even if it achieved nothing else, such conflicting activity would permit the viewer to remain loyal to the ads—probably the greatest loyalty many of our people feel these days.

The way things stand, Americans have been compelled to buy a particular advertiser's product (certain advertising agencies do this to their employees); Americans have been forced to listen to ads (at railroad terminals and in buses); and they are now being made to advertise a product unwillingly. All of which seems to indicate that if our people have any liberties left, it is merely because no one considers them worth taking away.

This is, however, the wrong view. We should think of all the liberties advertisers have. It reminds me of the time my wife and I were househunting, and we were being shown a house that had no back yard. "What do you need a back yard for?" the real estate saleswoman said, in answer to our objections. "Look at the fine view you have of your neighbor's back yard!"

A Letter Published in The N.Y. Herald Tribune

I was revolted by the event described in Jimmy Breslin's column, "At Florida's Pavilion." With so many of our own policemen on hand, why was a Florida state trooper permitted to manhandle a teen-age demonstrator? What authority does he have to enforce the law in this city and why was he not arrested?

Joseph Heller

A Letter That Was Sent to The N.Y. Herald Tribune

I am revolted by the event described in Jimmy Breslin's column in today's Tribune. With so many of our own policemen present, why was a Florida state trooper permitted to manhandle a teen-age demonstrator? What authority does he have to enforce the law in this city and why was he not arrested? If this could be permitted here, then the N.Y. World's Fair is an obscene project created and encouraged

Those Normal Cuba Crises

The recurring Cuban crises indicate that Cuba is something more than a small, struggling country handicapped by Marxism and the United States. Cuba has grown big enough to fill our national consciousness, strong enough to dominate our national politics. What further victories could Castro hope for?

The recurrent crises also indicate how essential an irritant Cuba has become. The Republicans need frequent Cuban crises to remind the voters that

by obscene people, and I should like to see everybody stay away *except* demonstrators. Or perhaps it should be used as a place in which policemen from other southern states could take refresher courses in mob control by shoving around other New Yorkers under the smiling supervision of our own city and state officials.

Joseph Heller

the Democrats are incapable of dealing with them. The Democrats use them to demonstrate how bravely the Administration confronts the menace of little Cuba. The public can't get Cuba off its mind because the ability of this tiny country to make a monkey out of big, powerful Uncle Sam prevents us from imagining ourselves a dashing, virile, aggressive people.

The February crisis, which grew out of the presence of several Cuban fishing boats off Key West, is a good example of the poor show we generally offer the world, when we get into the arena with Castro.

In the first place, our violent reaction to the presence of a few Cuban fishing boats off our shores, when our spy planes commute daily and safely to Cuba, is an act hardly likely to win world sympathy. Hypocrisy and the double standard are not unknown in other countries, but they haven't at-

tained the respected position they occupy in the United States.

In the second place, when seizure of the Cuban boats and jailing of their crews provoked a Cuban counter-aggression (the shutting off of the water supply to our naval base), we evinced a readiness to escalate the crisis that didn't meet the minimum standards of immaturity necessary for survival. This was underlined by Barry Goldwater's proposal that we send in the marines, to turn the water supply on again. Our Senator, ravished virtue oozing from every pore, was perfectly willing to risk the possibility of nuclear war, over an issue that should have been too small to disturb the peace.

We appreciate the Goldwater sense of honor, that would consign much of the world to hell, to avenge a disgrace that originated with Cuban fishermen violating U.S. fish. Someone should, however, tell the Senator that our fishermen wander all over the world, violating the virginities of fish in many countries, and no patriot proposes all-out war in reprisal. Maybe the Senator should let a little more of his honor rub off in politics, until it becomes as unnoticeable and innocuous as the honor of our other politicians.

The sequel to the crisis was even more loaded with absurdities, inconsistencies, and national humiliation. The U.S. suddenly decided that our allies' trade with Cuba was too large to ignore—an interesting change from our previous attitude that it was too small to bother about. The time had come, the Administration decided, to punish our allies for refusing to let us decide their foreign policy. So our State Department announced that it was suspending aid to five of the nineteen nations that trade with Cuba—England, France, Yugoslavia, Spain and Morocco. (Unrepentant Spain and Morocco were subsequently removed from the list.)

The announcement was accompanied by a no-question, no-answer policy, designed to avoid embarrassing explanations regarding why some countries were to be penalized for trading with Castro, whereas others were not. The State Department evidently feels that acting irrationally and keeping quiet is better than acting foolish and trying to explain—a subtle distinction that may elude even subtle people.

What the State Department left unsaid could be summarized as follows: The United States wants its allies to refrain from trading with Cuba because it would strengthen communism; but it insists on trading with Russia and its satellites whether it strengthens communism or not. The U.S., in short, believes that trade with Communists is a menace that should be opposed or indulged, as the United States

sees fit—an attitude that our allies reject, not necessarily because of its hypocrisy, but its arrogance.

The U.S. feels that our wheat surplus justifies our wheat sales to Russia. England's surplus of buses, on the other hand, does not justify her sale of buses to Cuba. This is an attitude England cannot comprehend. England feels whom she trades with is her own



business, anyway—a point of view that ignores the fact that a U.S. politician who fails to meddle in England's business is apt to lose his franchise to meddle in U.S. affairs.

The distinction the U.S. has tried to make between trade with Russia—permissible under certain conditions—and trade with Cuba—absolutely impermissible—was ignominiously obliterated by the fishing boat crisis. The crisis drew the attention of our allies to the curious fact that we permitted ourselves to buy water and labor for our naval base from Castro—permitted ourselves, in short, to trade with Castro when it suited our convenience, but refused to give our allies the same privilege.

"The Johnson Administration has apparently chosen to risk good relations with its allies and two key non-aligned countries rather than permit them to go on defying U.S. policy," Max Frankel commented in the *New York Times*. When the United States gets through making new enemies, the only country likely to remain any friendly feelings for us is Soviet Russia. The Russians would be monsters of ingratitude if they failed to feel grateful that we have done more in a few months to undermine the Western alliance than Russia has been able to do in many years.

U.S. interests might be better served

if we adopted England's attitude to the Communists. The English favor trade with the Communists because they feel that a fat, well-fed Communist is less of a risk to peace than a thin, hungry one. As a matter of fact, a fat Communist poses less of a threat for another reason: he runs a greater risk of heart disease, as well as premature death from other causes. A sensible U.S. Administration would recognize these facts, and cooperate in fattening Communists until they were as disease-prone as any over-fed, prosperous American.

If we don't proceed along these lines—if we persist instead in our boycott of Cuba, alienating allies and friends, what can we possibly achieve? Castro will be weakened, we feel. In some mysterious way, our boycott will be effective, even though the political opposition in Cuba is being unified by our attempts to starve the Cubans out, the economic assistance given to Cuba by Russia and her satellites continues and will no doubt be stepped up, and trade between Cuba and our allies grows. Our wise men apparently believe that Cuba can be weakened at the same time she is being strengthened—a concept that would pose a greater menace to Castro if schizophrenia was contagious, and we were in closer contact with Cuba.

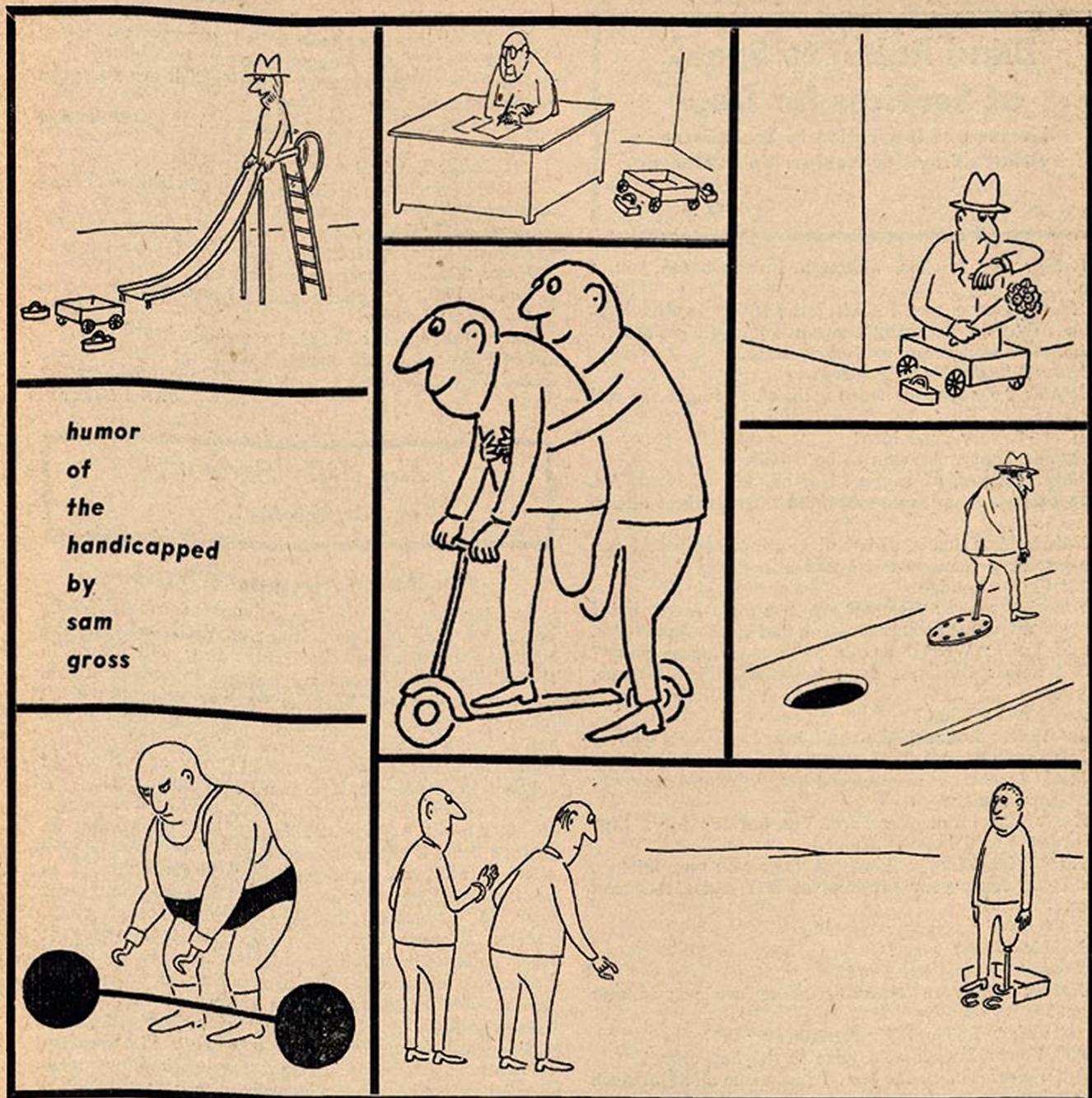
During lucid intervals, U.S. officials recognize that the U.S. boycott of Cuba can't possibly be effective, but they maintain it anyway. The feeling is, evidently, that the weakening of political ties between the U.S. and her allies, and the strengthening of Castro, is a small price to pay for the privilege of waging an ineffective boycott.

Even if, by some miracle, the boycott was effective, what then? Why, then, we feel, the Cuban people, starved into submission, would brush aside their tears of gratitude and muster the strength needed to revolt against Castro; a concept any nutritionist, even if he knew nothing about politics or military affairs, would refute.

"In calmer moments," says Max Frankel in the *New York Times*, commenting on the fishing boat crisis, "(Washington) officials . . . acknowledge that Premier Castro and Castroism thrive on public demonstrations of Yankee belligerence and impotence." Yet they continue to provide such demonstrations, he says, because real or imagined pressures from Congress or the voters prod them on to do so.

The theory is, if a month goes by in which officials haven't demonstrated our rage against Castro, and our inability to do him harm, the voters will get them replaced by other officials who have the political sense to act stupid.

In some curious fashion, the U.S. has decided that displays of impotence are signs of virility, and so we con-



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tinue to demonstrate to Castro and the world that one of the biggest, maddest and most powerful countries on earth hasn't got enough power to do damage to one of the smallest.

Castro had better watch out. Some day, our grunting and sweating may, if it can't harm him otherwise, generate enough body odor to asphyxiate his tiny country.

The Cuban problem annoys us because the issues (when we don't stir them up) have a deplorable tendency to subside. Soviet troops, for instance, continue to leave the island. This is

depleting not merely the defenses of Cuba, but also the dangerously low stockpile of campaign issues U.S. Republicans can draw on.

Castro stays away from the Guantanamo Naval Base. The worst he has done about the base is reduce its water supply—something any American landlord might do, if he had a tenant as undesirable as Castro has.

Latin America cooperates with us in restricting the flow of revolutionary agents and propaganda from Cuba; these could seriously interfere with the effectiveness of agents and propaganda flowing from the United States.

All of these contributions to peace and good relations irritate numbers of our patriots who recognize that permitting the situation in Cuba to become normal may be more dangerous than aggravating it. Peace with Cuba is as non-negotiable as communism, it seems.

The central fact of our conflict with Cuba is that it has become an indispensable issue in domestic politics, capable of inspiring much campaign oratory and switching many votes. Letting it simmer down is, in consequence, as unthinkable as carrying it to any logical conclusion.

Blind Rabbi to Speak at Services for Deaf

Message of Inspiration to Be Delivered
by Harry Brevis of Hebrew Union College

—Los Angeles Times
January 4, 1964

Rabbi: My friends, although I cannot see you, I can . . .

Host: Excuse me, Rabbi, but they're in the next room. We're just waiting here until they all get seated.

Rabbi: I was running over my lines.

Host: Oh, I'm terribly sorry!

Rabbi: I always run over my lines . . . to get the feel of them.

Host: A very good idea!

Rabbi: That was meant to be a joke.

Host: Oh yes, of course! Ha, ha, ha! (Pause) Ah, here we go . . . up three steps and then straight ahead.

* * *

Rabbi: My friends, although I cannot see you, I can sense your presence as if I had a thousand eyes.

1st Voice: Louder!

Rabbi (louder): I cannot see you, my friends, but I can sense your presence as if I had a thousand eyes.

2nd Voice: What'd he say about sending presents?

3rd Voice: Christ, I don't know. What's his name, anyway?

2nd Voice: What?

1st Voice: Louder! We can't hear!

Host (whispering): They can't hear you in the back.

Rabbi (feeling at microphone hung around his neck): Isn't this a mike?

Host: Hsst! I'm over here. Yes, but it's for a tape recorder. You'll have to shout.

Rabbi (shouting): I cannot hear you my friends, but I can sense your presence as if I had a thousand eyes.

Host (loud whisper): "See!"

Rabbi: What? what?

Host: "I cannot see you!"

Rabbi: What in Heaven's name are you talking about?

1st Voice: Louder! We can't hear you!

2nd Voice: I wish we'd gone to the ball game!

3rd Voice: You're the Jew. I just came along because you asked me to.

2nd Voice: What?

Host: You made a mistake. You said "hear" instead of "see."

Rabbi: I'm beginning to think it doesn't make any difference.

1st Voice: Louder!

Other Voices: Louder! Louder!

Rabbi (shouting): Can you hear me now?

Voices: Yes! Yes!

3rd Voice: Who'd they say he is?

2nd Voice: Saturday! What day'd you think it was?

Rabbi (shouting): I can sense your presence as if I had a thousand eyes! For I see you with my open soul, and it is the soul which is the great perceiver.

3rd Voice: Did he say "deceiver"?

2nd Voice: No, "believer."

4th Voice: All I can hear is ball game scores.

3rd Voice: You're plugged into my transistor.

2nd Voice: Whose sister? What in hell are you guys talking about?

Rabbi: The voice of God speaks out of blackness and silence.

1st Voice: Louder!

Rabbi (shouting): God speaks of blackness and silence.

Host: Sst! "Out of!"

Rabbi: Out of what?

Host: "Out of blackness and silence."

Rabbi: Well, I'm glad somebody heard me.

1st Voice: Louder!

Rabbi (shouting): I'm glad somebody heard me!

3rd Voice: Sarcastic bastard. ain't he?

2nd Voice: What are you, some kinda anti-Semite?

—JOHN LEGEYT

The Silly Season

by Bob Abel

You Needn't Degree With Me

In case you didn't notice, summer doesn't officially begin any more until the nation's educational hot-houses rehearse the athletic scholarships they will award in the fall by issuing honorary degrees in equally liberal dosages. This June Sargent Shriver was offered 34 honorary degrees (he accepted six) and Senator Edward 'Teddy' Kennedy received three degrees *honoris causa* in one day—at Emanuel, Curry and Stonehill colleges in Mass.—and two more that same week.

To date, since Harvard gave an unearned doctorate in 1692 to its president, Increase Mather, so that he in turn could confer honorary degrees, well over 77,000 slips of academic parchment have been accorded to distinguished personages (Herbert Hoover alone owns over 80 doctorates), esteemed fellow academicians, revered alumnae who are prospective trustees or at least potentially munificent donors, and to especially important dignitaries who are willing to exchange a free graduation address for an unearned doctorate.

Admittedly some of these honorariums are generously self-serving, but nonetheless it is the right of Education to confer distinctions. In that spirit, then, we have decided to honor those who were somehow overlooked this past rite of summer. The citations are borrowed from recent history and are therefore real; to preserve the true educational ethos, however, the recipients are multiple-choice. We ask you, not-so-gentle reader, to make your own awards, according to your own degrees of distemper and insouciance.

Doctor of Humane Letters (L.H.D.)—"A courageous negotiator to whom we have learned to turn to redeem situations fit for despair."

- Norman Vincent Peale
- Dwight D. Eisenhower
- Mary Worth

Doctor of Fine Arts (D.F.A.)—"We salute the chosen one of a favorite sister."

- Richard Burton

(b) The Singing Nun

(c) Fidel Castro

Doctor of Law (LL.D.)—"Skilled and creative in your employment of legal knowledge, sensitive arbiter of social conflicts, you speak for the finest tradition of Anglo-American law."

(a) Sen. James Eastland

(b) Raymond Burr

(c) Judge Joe B. Brown

Doctor of Fine Arts (D.F.A.)—"From your contemplation of birds of paradise, you have developed principles that may profoundly affect the destiny of man on earth."

(a) Walt Disney

(b) Hugh M. Hefner

(c) John Glenn

Doctor of Humane Letters (D.H.L.)—"A creative broadcaster, one without peer in the adolescent, restless world of broadcasting."

(a) Dick Clark

(b) Cassius Clay

(c) William F. Buckley, Jr.

Doctor of Literature (Litt.D.)—"Her transcendent powers of understanding have made her our most influential cultural ambassador to the world at large."

(a) Helen Gurney Brown

(b) Blondie Bumstead

(c) Doris Day

Doctor of Humane Letters (D.H.L.)—"For your quiet and capable leadership in these uneasy times, we are truly grateful."

(a) William Shakespeare

(b) General Douglas MacArthur

(c) Marvin Kitman

Doctor of Law (LL.D.)—"More than any other contemporary, you bear the burden and the glory of personifying the vision and the effort necessary to create a united Europe."

(a) Charles de Gaulle

(b) Christine Keeler

(c) Mao Tse-tung

Doctor of Literature (Litt.D.)—"By the sheer power of your books you have become one of our great sources of adult education."

(a) Ian Fleming

(b) Dr. Albert Ellis

(c) Art Linkletter

Doctor of Law (LL.D.)—"No woman, save an hereditary ruler, has ever reached any higher position than the one you now possess."

(a) Elizabeth Taylor

(b) Jeanne Johnson

(c) Dear Abby

Doctor of Humane Letters (L.H.D.)—"A wise counselor with purity of motive, he encouraged and stimulated those who turned to him for wisdom, detachment and broadened perspective."

(a) Bobby Baker

(b) James Francis Cardinal McIntyre

(c) George C. Scott

Doctor of Law (LL.D.)—"He has walked with Presidents—indeed, he has helped to elect them."

(a) Richard M. Nixon

(b) Louis Harris

(c) Daddy Warburg

Doctor of Science (Sc.D.)—"For more than 30 years

you have kept your head in the stars, your feet on the ground, and the world is better off for it."

(a) Barry Goldwater

(b) Wernher von Braun

(c) Zolar

Doctor of Divinity (D.D.)—"You have joined deep religious convictions with dedicated statesmanship."

(a) Madame Nhu

(b) Malcolm X

(c) Jack Ruby

Doctor of Literature (Litt.D.)—"Lifelong concern with the liberating word . . ."

(a) Martin Luther King

(b) Dale Carnegie

(c) Henry Miller

Doctor of Humane Letters (D.H.L.)—"Resolute and unafraid in the face of physical or verbal assault, you represent in your person the highest that democracy seeks in its military leaders."

(a) Gov. George Wallace

(b) Steve Canyon

(c) Jimmy Hoffa

Doctor of Fine Arts (D.F.A.)—"Her craggy, angular inventions mirror the liquid inner life of the American spirit."

(a) Louise Nevelson

(b) Dr. Rose Franzblau

(c) Dorothy Kilgallen

Doctor of Literature (Litt.D.)—"Noted throughout his career for undertaking and solving problems deemed insolvable by many."

(a) Casey Stengel

(b) Dr. Benjamin Spock

(c) Adolf Eichmann

Doctor of Law (LL.D.)—"Imaginative captain of industry and independent judge of measures that contribute to the public good."

(a) Billie Sol Estes

(b) Robert Moses

(c) Roy M. Cohn

Doctor of Fine Arts (D.F.A.)—"The most successful American practitioner of metadiplomacy."

(a) Art Buchwald

(b) Louis Armstrong

(c) Billy Graham

Doctor of Humane Letters (L.H.D.)—"Tolerant observer of human foibles, implacable of all forms of tyranny, lover of nature and friend of furred and feathered life, a modern Thoreau . . ."

(a) Lenny Bruce

(b) Pogo

(c) Albert Schweitzer

Doctor of Fine Arts (D.F.A.)—"Your matchless art has created its own rival—those who would outsize you with your own praise."

(a) The Beatles

(b) Lyndon B. Johnson

(c) Paul Krassner

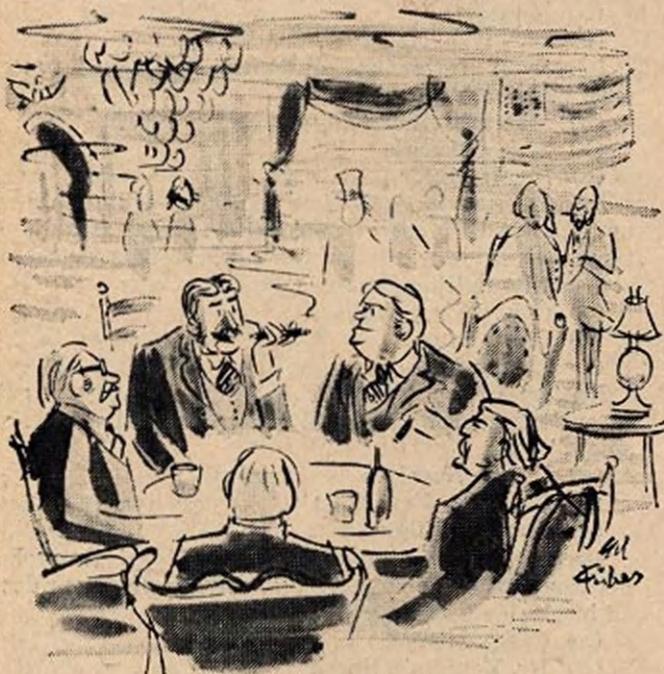
Doctor of Divinity (D.D.)—"A jovial soul of magnetic human qualities, wise of statercraft and learned in the law, in the fashion of one inured to the blasts that torment the summit of Everest, he mans his lofty eminence with serenity and aplomb begat of a stout heart and the instinct for unswerving rectitude."

(a) Herman Kahn

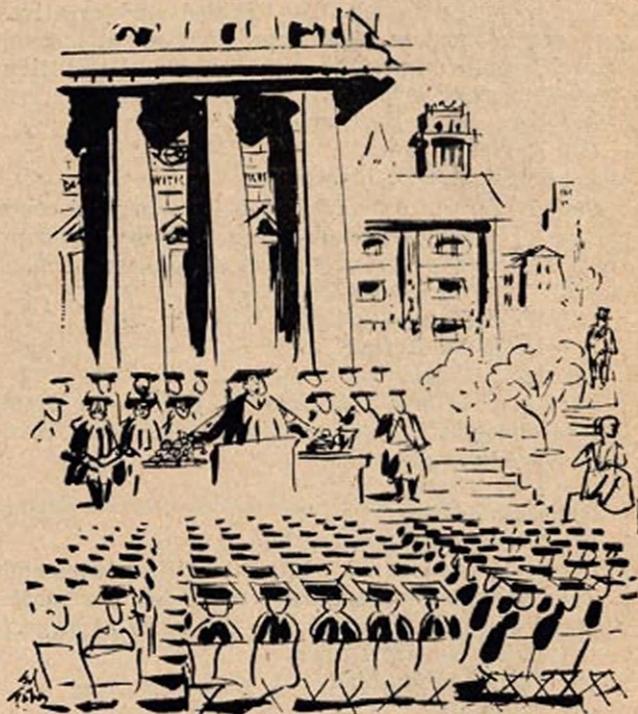
(b) Ralph Ginzburg

(c) Almighty God

ed fisher's page



"Of course, the strongest ticket of all would be: Grant for President, and—if we could get him to run—Lee for Vice-President. . . ."



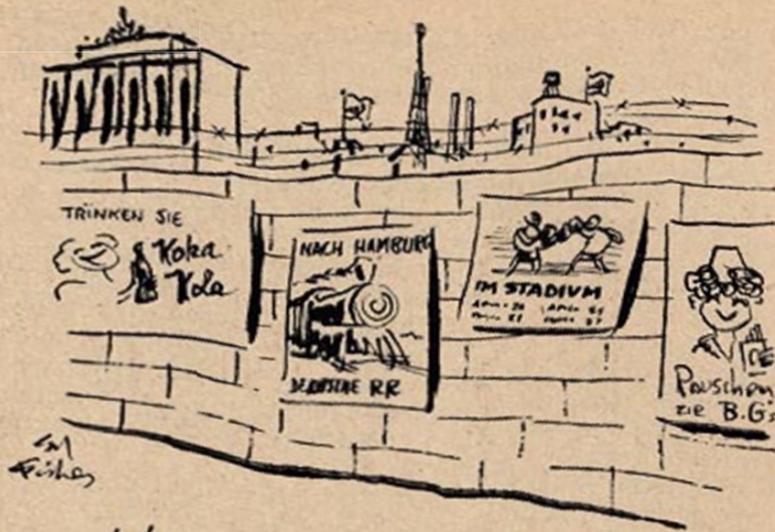
"—And a special word to the ever-increasing number of you who will go into the world of letters and write a novel based on the experiences of these formative years: for God's sake, set it in some anonymous, small Midwestern college!"



"Listen—they're shouting *our* slogan!"



"Well, there I was—a green recruit, see?—and General Hotch was on the phone, asking me to come caddy for him, Mrs. Hotch wanted me to serve canapes to the Bridge club, the wash was ready to be Cloroxed, the General's dog needed to be walked. . . ."



Sal Fisher



Sal Fisher

"So, you see, our only hope of staving off legislative reapportionment is a big boom in population. . . ."



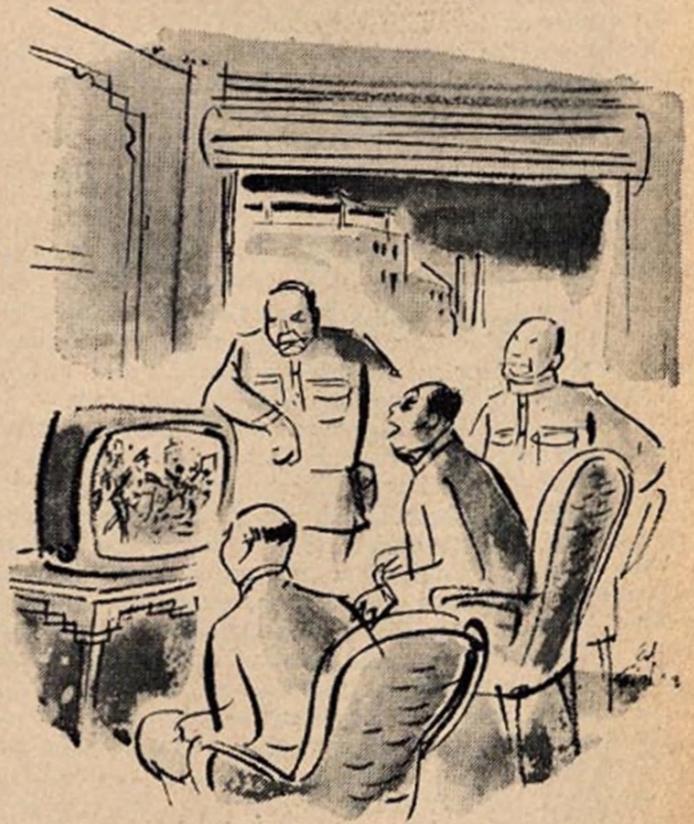
Sal Fisher

"I'm sorry but I just don't agree with you!"



Sal Fisher

"Pssst—we've been ordered to bring back your local Viet Cong Commissioner at all costs! How about swapping him for our American Military Adviser?"



"Electric cattle-prodders! Now why didn't we think of that?"

THE DEMDN AA

(Continued from Page 24)

holics off to meetings, the children and I spend the evenings alone. These meetings are usually not a matter of an hour or two. Frequently they are in surrounding towns, ten to thirty miles away. Once for almost five months he drove forty-six miles every Saturday with a carload of weakening souls who for some reason or another couldn't make any of the evening meetings.

Needless to say, John's drinking was expensive. Good scotch and bourbon are luxury items heavily taxed. In his expansive moods, his hand often slipped into his pocket to set up drinks for bar companions. Often he wasn't able to account for money that was missing. Frequently the children and I went without. We had to juggle bills and make lying promises to merchants that we knew we couldn't keep. Those were days of shame and humiliation.

But today, without John drinking, it's almost as bad. Now the money goes not for drink, but into a campaign against it. John is known for his zeal in helping those with drinking problems. Every time the phone rings and I hear another woman's tense voice, close to tears, I know that the husband of another distraught wife is on a drinking binge and I am torn inside. John looks upon it as his solemn duty, regardless of the number of calls, to drop the phone and rush off like a knight in shining armor. The voices of the desk sergeants at the police station are as familiar to me as those of my family. They call at any hour. And John dashes off to another rescue.

Most often the rescue is in part economic. Now it's the price of a hotel room for some derelict the police pick up, now it's a meal for poor Joe or a little pocket money to salvage old Ransome's self-respect till he gets another job, again it's a bus ticket to get some sick wretch back to his home. Surely, there are social agencies to handle these matters, but John is impatient with the necessary red tape and the bother. This constant drain on John's cash explains why Barb goes without new dresses, why Tom is waiting for the jacket and the skis his father promised him last Christmas. John's philanthropies are as extravagant and out of proportion to his income as his drinking ever was. In all fairness to the AA organization, they do warn their members not to deprive family and creditors of money they should have. But against John's evangelistic fervor, these words had negligible braking action.

Sometimes John brings the alcoholics right home with him. He brings them in unannounced, at times incredibly dirty and skid-rowish, unshaven, red-eyed, their bodies poisoned and kitten weak. We put them up in the guest room and I cart them soup. They use our bath, our linens, our glasses, and who knows what else—and I wonder what diseases they may have and what germs they may be spreading. I wonder too what effect they must have on the children. I scrub and scour for days after they are gone.

At times they leave with John's clothing—courtesy of the management. John's clothes have a way of aging so fast now. The suits he wills threadbare alcoholics are always "old" suits; but the new ones needed to replace them are more expensive than ever. I'm not going to detail the time I was chased around the kitchen when the dandy with the mustache got back his strength—and his appetite for women. It is silly, but somehow

you don't tell these things to your husband with implicit trust in his complete understanding. It used to be that I had only John to sober up, but now operations have expanded.

By now this picture of long-suffering may strike you as incredible. If this Patient Griselda can take all this abuse, you may say, the poor ninny deserves every mistreatment that comes her way. If I could be more objective, perhaps I would agree. But this point of view doesn't take into account the moral ground I lost when John switched from alcohol to AA evangelism. It used to be that he couldn't ignore my pleas against drink, and occasionally he heeded. Now when I suggest that he is neglecting his family, I am made to feel like a small-time anti-Christ blocking salvation for hundreds of pathetic AA's.

In baffled rage John says that I just don't understand and pushes into my hands "The Big Book" that I may see the light. In this book the dangers of evangelism to the AA's family are, at best, glossed over. The obsession here is to cure alcoholism at all costs. There is cold comfort in the chapter that addresses itself specifically "To Wives":

"Still another difficulty is that you may become jealous of the attention he bestows on other people, especially alcoholics. You have been starving for his companionship, yet he spends long hours helping other men and their families. You feel he should now be yours. The fact is that he should work with other people to maintain his own sobriety. Sometimes he will be so interested that he becomes really neglectful. Your house is filled with strangers. You may not like some of them. He gets stirred up about their troubles, but not at all about yours. It will do little good if you point that out and urge more attention for yourself. We find it a real mistake to dampen his enthusiasm for alcoholic work. You should join in his efforts as much as you possibly can. We suggest that you direct some of your thought to the wives of his new alcoholic friends." [p. 119]

No, I'm afraid I'll never understand this "It's just tough, sister" rebuff.

I have lost the moral advantage I held in John's alcoholic days. With few exceptions the sympathy of friends and relatives goes out to John, not to me or the children. We are now the chronic complainers. We complained because he was a drunkard; now we are complaining because he is cured. Poor, poor John. It's such a heavy cross to be married to a neurotic woman.

I have been suggesting here that John's bout with drink and his association with Alcoholics Anonymous is common knowledge to our circle of acquaintances. It is—for all its advertised anonymity. I am aware that the Eleventh and Twelfth Traditions of the organization are explicit in urging anonymity of its members. This anonymity is certainly true on the level of public relations with press, radio, and television. But of the scores of AA's I have known, I have found very few of them tight-lipped about their activities in the organization. Even with outsiders around, they talk as freely of their membership in AA as their belonging to a good country club or a fraternal organization. They aren't much more discreet about their double A than Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* was about her single A.

In fact, I find a certain swagger in the way AA's lay claim to past drinking careers. There is something

Off to Purge the Wizard

by Ralph Schoenstein

In a school in Pacific Palisades, California, a student was recently told to take home his copy of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* because L. Frank Baum allegedly had Communist sympathies.

This student is playing with fire. There's no doubt that *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* is cleverly infused with Marxist dogma that's especially dangerous because you don't see it on the first few readings. Baum was a wily Bolshevik who disguised his ideas as charming symbols, for he didn't want trouble with the committee that had caught Hans Christian Andersen, Uncle Remus and other pink pamphleteers; but if you carefully analyze these symbols in his story line, you'll find a heavy dose of the party line.

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz begins with a tornado striking an area in the American Midwest that is obviously the dust bowl. Standing bravely in the eye of the storm is our heroine, a simple girl of the bowl named Dorothy, who suddenly falls into a lovely fantasy which transports her to a workers' paradise. One need not be a Swiftian scholar to divine this allegory: the tornado is Herbert Hoover, oppressing the poor farmer on behalf of the China lobby.

(One historian at Cornell says that the tornado is the Ford Motor Company, but he himself is suspect for having supported the Fifth Amendment, as well as several others.)

colorless, they imply, about going through life without spreading some wild oats. The stress in AA meetings and in their literature about what unmitigated hellers they once were, to me, smacks of romantic posturing. They view too much in painting the blackness of their sins, in bragging of the number of fifths they were able to polish off in their drinking prime. There is little resemblance between the terrible drunkard of John's glib avowals and the prosaic drinker he actually was. This posturing as the incarnation of Satan, that possibly has its roots in the AA practice of making testimonials, is part of a new, less likable John.

Living in the old days with the stigma of drink branded on him, John had about him an abiding humility, a sweet tolerance. But now the unassuming John is gone. There is a self-righteousness and a sense of moral superiority, perhaps because of the human derelicts in which his ego now traffics. Frankly, I don't like this John as well as I did the old. The need for humility is given sincere and moving expression in AA literature, but the old John kept-humble-by-his-weakness is gone.

There comes a point in protest when one detects the ugly note of whining. This uncomfortableness affects me now. At the risk of abruptness, let me strike my note of warning and be done with it. In John's AA cure I have found only greater neglect; in his AA sponsored fanaticism I have found only loneliness and estrangement. AA literature tells me that if I cooperate and don't complain, John's evangelistic enthusiasm will tone down. I have found this promise barren. And so may others.

After fleeing from the storm, Dorothy takes political asylum in a technicolor commune called Munshkinland, obviously named for a martyred commissar. It is full of a proletariat so euphoric that she realizes at once that here is a place where the hog-slopping has been nationalized. The workers are not only singing, but they're even dancing on the roofs of this Eden whose very name has a happy Soviet ring. With an inspired burst of symbolism, Baum has made all the Munshkinlanders midgets, a brilliant way to show the equality of all the little people in a classless society.

While Dorothy is enjoying the hospitality of these little people, she is suddenly threatened with death by the Wicked Witch of the West. One need not be Arnold Toynbee to see the meaning here. Even if the witch didn't look like Bernard Baruch, she still would clearly represent Wall Street.

(Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. says that she's Chiang Kai-shek, but most scholars feel that Baum intended Chiang to be the Wicked Witch of the East.)

The Munshkinlanders now help Dorothy fight the West by sending her to "the great and glorious Wizard



of Oz," who is the local party chairman. They tell her that she must "follow the yellow brick road," a super-highway built by technical advisers from the People's Republic of China.

(Baum was of course unaware of the split to come between Moscow and Peiping.)

Dorothy foolishly wants the wizard to send her home because, like a typical American, she's a bourgeois sentimentalist who's ignorant of the fight that must be made against the evil of the West.

She may be dumb and decadent, but Dorothy has a peasant's pure heart; and so, instead of selfishly going to see the party chairman alone, she pools her fortune with three comrades: a witless scarecrow, who symbolizes an oppressed peasant; a helpless robot, who symbolizes an oppressed factory worker; and a cowardly lion, who symbolizes the Duke of Windsor.

Now these four brave comrades start their journey to Oz to ask the wizard for various favors; for they

know that in this people's paradise, big brother is approachable by the humblest moron.

(Imagine their trying to get into the White House!)

The scarecrow wants a brain, the robot wants a heart, the lion wants courage, and Dorothy wants an exit visa.

But as they travel, the Wicked Witch of the West fiendishly plots to destroy them. She is helped in this scheme by several monkeys, two of whom did space exploration for the United States. To keep the four comrades from reaching the wizard, the witch and her astronauts try some foul tricks. She even makes them eat doped flowers, which obviously represent the Judaeo-Christian opiate of the masses.

In spite of her harassment, the brave four finally reach the wizard, who says he won't grant their wishes till they defeat the West, an anti-coexistence view that he's developed independently of Mao.

And so, inspired by the thrilling purity of this Leninist line, Dorothy and her friends destroy the evil West. They get considerable help from Toto, her hybrid little dog, who easily outwits the witch. Here Baum dramatically tells us that the meanest mongrel is superior to Wall Street.

Flushed with victory, the four comrades return to the wizard, who now agrees to see them in a summit conference. But in the book's surprising climax, they discover that he's nothing but a reactionary charlatan.

In unmasking the party chairman as a fraud, Baum reminds children of all ages that even in the land of our dreams, we should never trust anyone.

Get the Red Out . . .

by Marvin Gross Wirth

Millions of parents, the unwitting dupes of the Communist conspiracy, are indoctrinating their children nightly in the tenets of Marxism. So-called fairy tales (a designation which in itself implies the influence of certain undesirable types from the State Department)—which otherwise patriotic adults read or recite to their children—are, for all their apparent charm and innocence, actually laden with Communist propaganda of the worst sort; the kind which, on the surface, appears quite wholesome, or at least harmless.

It is only after repeated application, such as the reading and rereading of fairy tales, that corrosive effects reveal themselves, but by then the damage has been accomplished. A brief review of some of the more popular tales will prove beyond a doubt to any aware American their intrinsic perniciousness.

Consider, for example, the case of *Little Red Riding Hood*. Apart from the blatant admission in the title, there is little to indicate the high content of Communist propaganda in this guileless little legend of a child who, with the aid of a woodcutter, thwarts the evil intentions of a villain. Upon more careful scrutiny, however, its true meaning becomes painfully clear. The heavy of the piece is a wolf, a well-known American animal, usually celebrated for its spirit of freedom and independence in such phrases as "lone wolf." His resourcefulness in recognizing an advantage and following through, however, is depicted as reprehensible

and, despite—or rather because of—his cleverness, he is ultimately vanquished by a weaking (the child) and a representative of labor (the woodcutter), both of whom restore to full status the economic non-contributing dependent (the sick grandmother). Please note: the resourceful independent agent is defeated by the weak and helpless through the intervention of labor—a clean victory for Marxism!

We turn now to *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*. I need not remind you of what country the bear is the national symbol. Furthermore, it is no accident that the child is called Goldilocks, for to the bolshevik mind, gold and capitalism are synonymous. And so the poor, innocent bears are victimized by Goldilocks, who confiscates their food, destroys their possessions, and appropriates their sleeping quarters. In the end, however, the bears—to no one's surprise—unite to drive the intruder from their midst.

Cinderella is perhaps the most insidious of all these stories because it not only demonstrates the triumph of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, but it permits the entry of corrupt ideals into young minds by suggesting that the child extend the story in his own imagination. You will recall, no doubt, that the tale ends when the scullery maid marries the prince and, to quote that deceptively innocuous phrase, "lived happily every after." The alert child cannot help wondering *how* she lived happily ever after. Based on the data presented in the story, it would seem reasonable to conclude that (a) Cinderella, now a princess, would use her political influence to avenge herself on her stepmother and stepsisters, following the red doctrine of the elimination of the middle class; and (b) if one scullery maid can become royalty, why not others?—plainly suggesting the gradual deterioration of traditional forms of government. It can readily be seen that *Cinderella* presents a genuine menace.

In *The Three Little Pigs*, the wolf is again characterized as a malefactor. The first two pigs, having completely demonstrated their incompetence in fending for themselves, successfully cajole their brother into letting them live with him—in other words, *in sharing the wealth*—and joining them in destroying the wolf who, by virtue of every principle of American business and politics, actually merits victory as a result of his superior ability and inventiveness.

This pattern is repeated in one story after another; *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, another slap at traditional government (the wicked stepmother, remember, was a queen) and a further illustration of the weak enlisting the forces of labor to overthrow those who rightfully ought to be in charge; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, in which a starveling, probably on the public dole, confiscates with complete impunity the assets of the wealthy giant (need I point out who, globally speaking, the "wealthy giant" is?); *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Frog Prince*, both of which dramatize the ultimate ascendancy of the socially undesirable; and so on and on, for story after story.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Realist Syllogism

France has recognized Communist China.

The United States disapproves of this action.

The Soviet Union disapproves of this action.

Therefore, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are now allies.

The Realist

Hello Out There in Television Land

by Robert Paul Smith

Any moment now, my fairy godmother is going to come in the window—if she can find one with two working sash cords—and at last give me my three wishes. I know she is going to, because she is long overdue, and I have been a very good boy right up to the age of forty-eight, eating the crusts of my bread, being polite to the few ladies I encounter who are older than myself, and never speaking above a scream to my wife or children.

I have been giving the matter a good deal of thought ever since I found out that some people ask for sausages and wind up by having them stuck on the end of a nose, and finding out in a sand pile that making one's first wish be that all one's wishes come true is prohibited by the National Fairy Godmothers' League.

So, fairy godmother, if all that's delaying you is your suspicion that I am not old enough to choose wisely, come on in, I've got it taped.

I want to go live in the world that people in television commercials inhabit.

In the first place, none of them has a television set and therefore does not have to watch commercials.

None of them works: they go on picnics, clambakes, occasional visits to doctors' offices where the diagnoses are absolute and instantly correctible by pill, they swim and fly, and ride in automobiles with the tops down on totally traffic-free roads. If they do happen to get stuck in traffic jams, they light certain kinds of cigarettes and not only are they treated to instant happiness, but the cigarette even clears the other cars off the road, lowers the temperature, sets up a mild breeze and shortens the route by nine tenths.

Sometimes the cigarette is of such a magical nature that it turns three feet of snow into a freshly mown meadow totally free of poison ivy, sumac, mosquitoes, brambles. It combs the girl's hair, applies lipstick, mascara, eye shadow, brushes her perfect teeth, presses her perfect dress over her perfect figure, and gives her a smile which makes the Mona Lisa a bush leaguer.

She smiles at the man (one of those muscular marvels who never needs a haircut and has nothing to do but walk in the meadow with the perfect girl, I don't know, maybe he inherited his money) and swans come to be petted, deer show their good side to the camera, baby ducks follow mama ducks, clouds drift gently, always white, and totally moisture free.

Sometimes these people stand on the tops of mountains and let the wind

blow through their hair. They don't go up the mountain, and I've never seen them come down, so I assume their physical needs are satisfied by zephyrs and nicotine. The people I know who climb up hills sweat, and grunt and skin their knees and find out they've forgotten the salt for the hard-boiled eggs.

These people in the commercials are the young ones; smoking cigarettes and pushing each other into the water is a way of life, what time they aren't catching tarpon or skidding around corners. What they have to look forward to ain't so rough either.

When they are married, there are three fields of endeavor open to them. The ladies can jeer at each other's washing—there is a room where all



these ladies talk to each other about the kind of soap they use, and so far as this observer can tell, they never leave that room except to lean over a fence and go "ya, ya, ya" about another neighbor's wash—or they can smell bottles of liquid and react to the ammonia in them as if it were Chanel No. 5. Personally what happens to me when I smell a bottle of something with ammonia in it is that I choke and big fat tears run down my raddled cheeks.

If these ladies don't tell each other what idiots they are not to use a certain kind of soap, or a certain kind of floor cleaner—it gets confusing because some of the ladies tell their friends not to use the kind that other ladies in other commercials tell their friends to use—then they are sitting on a couch at home waiting for a vigorous child to run screaming from the school bus to announce that one of his schoolmates has twice as many holes in his teeth as he has.

No, that's unfair. Sometimes they are sitting on a couch giving precis from

the AIMA journal, or buying cosmetics which as far as I can tell they don't need because they've just this minute emerged from make-up. And once in a while they go to a store where they buy more things to clean the floor or the sink.

These ladies have husbands from time to time; all the husbands have to do in this vale of tears is take pills which my doctor doesn't have—these pills not only clear up colds, arrest ulcers, cure acid indigestion, put you to sleep, wake you up, make out your monthly bank balance, but have something in them that, judging from the husbands' smiles and general vigor, makes a stick of tea look like bubble gum.

Upon taking one pill, a man, previously a moral and emotional bankrupt, looks at what is obviously yesterday's tuna fish and rice casserole, reheated, as if it were the crown jewels. Another pill, I am afraid, has so lost touch with reality that he pushes his little girl's bicycle, which she is clearly unable to control, in the general direction of what in my neighborhood would be heavy traffic. He is smiling all the time, but the little girl seems a little worried. If she can't stay out of a flowerbed, what chance has she with a cross-country truck?

Other husbands get shirts dirty, but not for long, buy the wrong kind of paint, sneeze, run out of cigars, are frightened when they see a small ghostly twister coming out of a closed bottle. The wives aren't worried. They know it's okay. A tornado in the house is a small price to pay for avoiding that young crow next door who has no built up wax in her corners.

Though I find difficulty in understanding how the wax built up when in still another commercial it turns into a piece of plate glass that spreads itself and if bullets bounce off it, what's ammonia going to do? I am getting a little worried, because sometimes the stuff is good because it has ammonia in it, and sometimes it's good because it has none of that rotten ammonia in it. And half the time a powder is better than a liquid and half the time it's the other way round. It doesn't bother the ladies, though. I guess they live in different neighborhoods.

One thing I do know. They don't live in my neighborhood. We don't have a giant in our washing machine.

You don't suppose that my fairy godmother is really a giant and is trapped in our washing machine?

You don't suppose that there really is no such a thing as a fairy godmother?

Then how do you account for the fact that when I watch television I see news broadcasts which make me shudder and all these people have to do is smoke cigarettes and wash things?

It's because they got their three wishes, that's why.

Everybody Loves a Parade

by Rick Rubin

PEACE FAST BECOMING RESPECTABLE

People who want to stand up and be counted in favor of peace are gaining a new respectability. Once upon a time the Communists almost monopolized the peace issue. But when people realized what a near miss the Cuban missile crisis had been, peace advocates gained a new status. . . . Spokesmen for the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, one of the leading peace outfits, say for the first time they are getting a polite hearing at luncheon clubs and Young Republican meetings. . . .
—Chicago Daily News

In a typically squalid, dim-lit beatnik cellar, several unwashed, bearded, filthy-clothed, sandal-footed pimply beatniks sit with their equally unwashed and ill-dressed and long-haired yet somehow attractive beachchicks. They are complaining to each other about the greatest, freest, most beautiful and democratic nation on earth—in fact, the country they were born into so we can't deport the rats back where they came from, worse luck.

"Well, man," one drones, "you can't, like, expect me to ankle up the avenue with a bunch of Republicans, you dig?"

"I'm hip, man. But we gotta protest, man, or we lose our status as spontaneous critics of society and like that."

"But, man," one of the chicks howls, "we can't march with those Mad-Ave Republican-types. They're so uncool and grabby of us strangely attractive although unwashed, in fact underwearless, beachchicks."

"Maybe not-marching-at-all would be the best protest," the first loathsome, un-American beatnik pontificates.

"No, man, we gotta march. But we gotta protest, too. So, dig, we picket the Peace Marchers with signs saying *Destroy All* and *Drop the Bomb* and *Kill Uncommitted Peoples* and the like."

AH SORDID ANNOUNCEMENTS

● A benefit concert for Summerlane School & Camp—featuring Orson Bean and your friendly *Realist* editor—will be held at Town Hall on Sunday night, September 13th. For ticket information, call CA 8-8113.

● The *Realist* is beginning its 7th year of publication. It might never have existed without Lyle Stuart, whose managing editor I was ten years ago at *The Independent*, at the tender age of 21. Lyle has provided, not money, but more important, time, energy and experience. He was the initial impetus that overcame my inertia. He has since helped in countless ways—from lugging various magazines for me each day in his attache case, to finding a printer when no one else would touch our Mother Poster. He got us a top, ironically unsung, attorney, Marty Scheiman. Now, unlike other periodicals, the *Realist* has a policy of not permitting the use of its mailing list. With one exception: Lyle Stuart. Although he is now a highly successful book publisher, so that whatever his firm derives from *Realist* reader response to his catalog is really irrelevant, once every year he'll be entitled to the use of our subscription plates, as a reminder to me that if it weren't for Lyle, the *Realist* might never have had a policy to break.

"Crazy," all agree, and take up dirty needles, funny cigarettes, huge multi-colored pills, and other evil, unlawful narcotics.

And a few days hence, in a dimly-lit restaurant exactly half-way between Air Force headquarters and the Communist Party office—in fact, so exactly half-way that it is a Swedish Meatballs Restaurant—the party functionary, puffing contentedly on a LeMay Perfecto, and the Air Force major, carrying a highly-shined bomb, lean across a table piled high with caviar and apple pie.

"Very well, then," the devious Commie says, "we'll give you the names of our unwitting dupes in high places in exchange for a print of your films showing Republicans infiltrating our Peace Movement."

"Damn right, boy," the heroic major says, feverishly stroking his bomb. "And we'll put you on our regular mailing-list for secret information that we leak to the press, in exchange for cut-rate prices on cheap Moscow-printed copies of Chinese and Cuban books on guerrilla warfare, for use by our defensive, peaceful, espionage and subversion specialists."

"And," they shout in chorus, "this Saturday we'll pool our facilities and get not one but two pictures of each of those back-sliding-Communist, Republican-duped-Democrat, subversively-anti-revolutionary, peace-marching bastards!"

And meanwhile, at the clean, well-lighted, American-flag-hung local Republican headquarters . . . silence. For of course the idea that even the Youngest of Republicans would march up a street with all sorts of riff-raff, carrying signs about peace, is the product of a booze-soaked, headline-oriented, sensation-warped mind of a Chicago newspaperman.

And so, on Saturday next, the usual tiny band of Quakers and pacifists and other idealistic nuts, the same few who marched last year and the year before, trudge bravely up Main Street, U.S.A., alone as always, surrounded and taunted as always by:

Camera-carrying, knife-fondling, Communist-duped Air Force photographers, each one's face just like Steve Canyon.

FBI men posing as Communists who are posing as FBI men who have infiltrated the Communist Party of the United States.

Real Communists, each one frustrated and mystified by the fact that slim, well-manicured, sleek men have recently been elected to all of the major local and national offices in the party.

Real FBI men, watching the Commies and wondering which ones and how many are secretly FBI men watching them.

Republicans with gem-encrusted, handmade, antique horsewhips.

Democrats with ordinary, splintery, badly-weathered brickbats.

Aforementioned beatniks, carrying aforementioned signs and discussing with approval the latest weapons tests.

And most of all, ordinary citizens, housewives who are secret call girls, butchers with Ph.D.'s from Chicago in dead languages, beer truck drivers who write lyric poetry, bookmakers who are secret pederasts, little children with no secrets, downtown-for-the-Saturday-department-store-loss leaders, who smile blandly at the parade as it passes, and say:

"That's nice. Don't fight."

SNEAK PREVIEW

(Continued from Cover)

tract there is an excellent chance that you will be sprung: the option will not be exercised and back you go—out into the population of the free world instead of remaining in the studio (prison) cocoon where choice, free will and individual responsibility do not operate and you do precisely what you're told.

It was a gag, of course, but the other inmates of the Writers' Building referred to the joint as "Warner's Concentration Camp." You were expected to be on time in the morning and while you did not punch a time-clock, the uniformed guard in the office checked your name off his list. You were not expected to leave till five o'clock. And while you had a private office and a private secretary who sat outside your door and would stand guard if you felt like sleeping instead of working (and some would join you on the couch), the atmosphere of the place was oddly oppressive and full of fear.

Within fifteen minutes of my installation in an office of my own on the second floor, I received three visitors. One was an enormously fat man with a huge, beaked nose who welcomed me, assured me he had read me in *New Masses* and said, "That fellow Dan you're working with is a sweet man. But watch out for him; he's just as likely to put a knife in your back."

He put his hand inside his sports jacket pocket and produced an enormous bundle tied with rubber bands and patted it. "War bonds," he said. "Three thousand dollars' worth. Ticket to freedom."

He left me (and his name was Dick) and within a moment a fellow who introduced himself as Arthur came in, nodded over his shoulder and said, "Dick's a sweet guy but you ought to know. Keep an eye on him; he's quite capable of putting a knife in your back."

Then, while Arthur was still there, Al came in and they kidded around about my being hired off the staff of *New Masses*—and when Arthur left, saying, "See you at lunch," Al said, "Arthur's a sweet man but there's something. . ."

When I walked to The Green Room for lunch that day I ran into a fellow I had known in New York named Vince. He was a director now and he promptly told me that he had been responsible for getting me my job. And even though he was the fourth man to tell me so that day—the others were the studio's story editor, my first producer, Jerry Wald and my collaborator, Dan himself—I thanked him, too.

"You can do good work here," he said. "I've made things like *Underground* and I'm going to make better. You have to know how to play your cards; you have to learn diplomacy and politics. You can't trust anybody—not even me." And since this statement was the opposite of one made by Dan—"Everything is shit here and you'll be writing shit, but if you play your cards right . . ."—I was somewhat encouraged.

Vince joined me at the writers' table and he talked far more radically than I even dared to think. He beefed about the failure of the Allies to open a second front in Europe to relieve the pressure on the Soviet Union and an argument developed. I began to think that Hollywood was not at all what I had been told it was—and had written that it was—at *New Masses*.

For it had been not only the fashion but the conviction

in radical circles to believe—since Hollywood was a vast, capitalist monopoly—that it was a self-contained community of self-centered people who were so corrupt on every level that they could scarcely be bothered with so small a thing as a world war.

Not that The Industry was not supporting the war—it was—and it knew very well that its patriotism would pay off at the box office, for the purchase of tickets during the war was at an all-time high and the profits had never been larger before and have never been as large since.

But the general condemnation of Hollywood extended even to those who were the humblest workers in the place, and a radical writer who had "sold out" (as I had done) was about as low a creature as you were likely to find between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts: he was a "Hollywood whore."

In my first few weeks at Warners, however, the picture seemed to alter. In addition to Jerry Wald's expressed liberalism and my own hiring, Russian War Relief was widely supported and sponsored by some of the biggest stars and producers in Hollywood; as was an organization to which I had been devoted since 1939—the Spanish Refugee Appeal.

Robert Rossen, another writer, approached me and told me he was chairman of the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization, whose job it was to help the war effort in any way it could, and he had a "first assignment" for me.

The assignment? To write a two-minute speech for Walter Huston which would be broadcast in—of all places—Moscow's Red Square, as a tribute to the heroic Red Army. I went back to my office and wrote it in half-an-hour and, at Rossen's suggestion, took it to Walter Huston on the sound stage where he was completing his role as Ambassador Davies in *Mission to Moscow*.

As he read it over, wearing heavy horn-rimmed spectacles, I looked at him and my admiration for him as an artist swelled like a balloon. He did not remember me (how could he have?) but I had rehearsed with him for a week in the original production of Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* at the old Greenwich Village theater in New York. He was the star and I was an extra but I was removed from the play at the end of the first week, not because I could not learn to square-dance but because the Provincetown Players were casting another play (*The Saint*) by Stark Young, the drama critic, and needed some Mexican-looking extras.

Stark Young looked at me during rehearsal and said, "You have perfectly darling hair with that natural marcelle wave, but you're a little too blonde for a Mexican, so maybe we'll get you a little wig."

We never did but it didn't matter, for the play only ran two weeks (*Desire* ran forever), but it had other extras named Lee Strasberg and Harold Clurman, the great Russian actress Maria Ouspenskaya, the dreadful American ham Leo Carillo and Norma, the sister of Edna St. Vincent Millay, with whom I promptly fell in love (I was 20) despite the fact that she was married to an actor named Charles Ellis and it was her sister I was really thinking about. (*I burn my candle at both ends. . .*)

Then Huston looked up from the script and said, "This is marvelous," and started to read it out loud

with such passion that tears grew in my eyes and I developed all sorts of fantasies within two minutes, the least consequential of which involved writing Huston's next picture, as well as one for Bette Davis, who was The Queen of Hollywood, but I never did either.

Nor did I undertake another writing assignment that was offered during my second week in Burbank, although the offer did teach me my first lesson in Hollywood's attitude toward reality.

That was the occasion when two studio publicity men, one of whom was called Jaik (not Jake) Rosenstein called on me and said that the well-known foreign correspondent Louis Fischer was coming to town and was going to give a public lecture and attack Warners for making *Mission to Moscow*, and would I please write a letter to the *New York Times* defending it?

(I remembered Fischer from Spain, where he had earned my undying contempt for the way he doled out single cigarettes to men who had been deprived of them for weeks, saying: "This is for you and this is for you and this . . ."—taking them out of a package and tossing them to the men lying exhausted on the ground after the Ebro retreat.)

But I told Rosenstein and his pal that I didn't think it would be such a good idea and they wondered why. Because, I said, (1) I was an employee of Warner Brothers and, (2) I had been hired off the staff of *New Masses* where I had been drama and motion picture critic for four years—which the *Times* knew very well indeed—and, (3) The political attitude of *New Masses* was very well known to the *Times*, too, and why hand ammunition to the enemy with which to attack the studio?

Jaik said, "You may have a point there," and I said I would be willing to write a letter for Jack Warner to sign, but apparently they thought better of that one, too, and such a letter was finally written (and signed) by Howard Koch, who wrote the screenplay.

(Jaik Rosenstein turned up many years later as editor and publisher of a scandal-sheet in Hollywood that specialized in smearing people as Communists. He remembered me, too, for in one edition he attacked the comedian Mort Sahl and said he had recently appeared at "Alvah Bessie's Hungry i," a San Francisco nightclub whose owner, Enrico Banducci, might be amazed to know I owned it instead of merely working in it as stage-manager.)

DISSOLVE TO
THE GREEN ROOM. WARNER BROTHERS BURBANK STUDIO. This is a restaurant frequented by stars, featured players and even writers who are not VIP enough to rate the Executive Dining Room. Lesser characters such as secretaries, grips, juicers, gaffers and other inferior people from the back lots eat in the cafeteria. CAMERA MOVES IN to a variety of short scenes in which the NARRATOR is SEEN trying to feel his way through the Hollywood jungle, more or less by instinct, since he has not been able to develop any real guile, nor has he learned to "play his cards" right—nor will he ever.

1. CLOSE SHOT. THE NARRATOR.

—he is eating alone but contemplating the perfect features of Miss HEDY LAMARR, who sits having lunch at another table with her husband, the actor JOHN LODER. She is in costume and in addition to her flawless face she has magnificent swelling

breasts under the period gown. The NARRATOR is cogitating over a typical *New Yorker* story he has in mind, and which has been inspired by the sight of Miss Lamarr whom he had also seen the day before in street clothes. The story begins in his mind:

"What lovely breasts you have today, darling," said Timothy Swabish to his bride Ellen, as they lifted martinis to each other. "You didn't have them last night."

The NARRATOR wonders how to continue the story from that point, gives up.

DISSOLVE TO

2. CLOSE TWO SHOT. AT TABLE IN GREEN ROOM. BETTE DAVIS & NARRATOR. They are having lunch together and this situation rises out of the NARRATOR's shameless attempt to curry favor with the Reigning Queen of Hollywood.

Early in 1943 he had given her copies of his books and nine years before he ever met her he had decided (1) to meet her, (2) to write a film for her and, (3) to marry her (before he died).

He will never, of course, achieve the second or third objectives; in fact, the third, when expressed obliquely at the writers' table in the form of a remark to the effect that the lady was enormously appealing in a physical way—among others—brought glances of scorn and contempt from his fellow writers, including the muttered remark, "She's a dog."

DAVIS is now speaking of the heroine of the NARRATOR'S novel, BREAD & STONE.

DAVIS
(emphatically)

I want to play that woman.

NARRATOR

I want you to.

DAVIS

There's only one thing wrong. You've got to find some way to save the man's life. He simply *cannot* be executed.

NARRATOR

But it's the logic of his life and—

DAVIS
(emphatically)

I *know* that. But it makes for a downbeat ending. It will send people out of the theater feeling sad.

NARRATOR
(vapidly)

It's a sad story.

DAVIS

You think about it, Alvah. You find a way to save his life and I'll get Jack Warner to buy it.

NARRATOR
(feeling doomed)

I'll think about it.

(brightly—he knows the answer)

Tell me why the woman interests you so much.

DAVIS

She's real. She's solid. She's in one piece. She's a strong woman. I like to play strong women.

NARRATOR

Tell me—how is it you're so wonderful at playing neurotic women?

DAVIS
(deadpan)

Probably because I'm the only *non-neurotic* woman in the United States.

DISSOLVE TO

3. ANOTHER TABLE. THE GREEN ROOM. GARY COOPER. Cooper & Ingrid Bergman (absent today) are making *Saratoga Trunk* (with Katina Paxinou). Rumor has it that Cooper and Bergman are what Walter Winchell calls "an item," but if they are, they are itemizing off-scene because they rarely eat lunch together. Today as usual, COOPER is sitting alone as the NARRATOR approaches him.

NARRATOR
Mr. Cooper, I'm a writer here.
Alvah Bessie.

COOPER
Yeh, hello.

NARRATOR
Do you know when *For Whom the Bell Tolls* will be released?

COOPER
Purty soon, I reckon.

NARRATOR
I'm anxious to see it because—
(significant pause)
I'm one of those guys you played in the picture.
NARRATOR sits down without being invited.

COOPER
(chewing)
That so?

NARRATOR
I wasn't one of the guerillas; we only had four American guerillas. I was in the International Brigades.

COOPER
(chewing)
Terrible thing, civil war. Brothers fighting each other.

If You Can't Beat 'Em Join 'Em Dept.

The producers of ABC-TV's *Hootenanny* program are being criticized for requiring folk singers to sign a "loyalty oath affidavit" before appearing on the show, so they've had a song written to explain their stand. Sung to the tune of *Camp-town Races*, it goes like this. . . .

All the networks sing this song:
Blacklist! Blacklist!
Advertisers can't be wrong;
Our salaries they pay.
You'll sing out twice as loud,
You'll sing out twice as free,
The sponsor'll even sing along
If you'll swear your loyalty.

REPRISE
Got to keep us free,
Got to keep us brave,
Got to have that loyalty oath,
Our sponsors we must save!

—Bob Abel

NARRATOR

It wasn't really a civil war, Mr. Cooper.

COOPER
(mouth open)

It wasn't?

NARRATOR

It was a war of invasion on the part of Germany and Italy—against the legal government of Spain.

COOPER
That so?
(swallows)

That's what's so great about this country.

NARRATOR

Huh?

COOPER
What I mean—a guy like you can go and fight in a war that's none of your business.

DISSOLVE TO

4. ANOTHER TABLE. As the NARRATOR, who has now seen *For Whom the Bell Tolls* at its *première* at the Carthay Circle Theater, approaches KATINA PAXINO, who played Pilar in the film, a character modelled after the great Dolores Ibarruri (*La Pasionaria*) despite Hemingway's implied dislike for the Spanish woman leader. Paxinou's performance is the only one he can remember—one week after the film was released. He does remember, however, that with the exception of Bergman and Cooper, all the other characters had *green faces* and that the *premiér* audience during the intermission was hotly debating which were the good guys and which were the bad guys and asking plaintively, "Who're you supposed to root for?" and "What's the damn war all about anyhow?"*

NARRATOR
(bending over table)

Miss Paxinou, I want to thank you for your performance in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. You were the only person in the film who convinced me he was Spanish.

PAXINO
(smiling)

Thank you.

NARRATOR
You must have spent a lot of time in Spain.

PAXINO
I have never been in Spain in my life.

NARRATOR
(he doesn't)

I see.

PAXINO
That war meant a great deal to me. Especially a

*The ambiguity of the film version of *Bell* was pointed up by the contention of its director, Sam Wood, who insisted that it took no sides in what he chose to call a battle between Communism and Fascism; by a spokesman for Paramount (who produced it), who said the film "really isn't about anything," and by a question and a reply at the Writers' Congress held at UCLA in 1943; in a seminar on "The Nature of the Enemy" screenwriter Dudley Nichols was asked by a member of the audience:

Q. Mr. Nichols, who prevented you from naming the fascists in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*?
Chair. You need not answer that, Mr. Nichols.
Nichols (grins). I can answer that in two words: the fascists.

great Spanish woman. I heard her speak one night at a big meeting in Paris, at the Vél d'Hiver . . .

DISSOLVE TO

THE WRITERS' BUILDING. BURBANK. 1944-1945

The NARRATOR is something of a success, depending on how you look at it. Starting at \$300 a week he has managed to survive an entire year and started 1944 at \$325, ending it at \$350. At the end of 1944 his agent went to the new story editor, a gentle, intelligent and unaggressive fellow named Finlay McDermid.

He told McDermid that the NARRATOR was "unhappy," which was a euphemism that could be translated into "He wants more money and thinks he deserves it," and in view of the fact that he had "won" screen-credits on NORTHERN PURSUIT and THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, OBJECTIVE BURMA and HOTEL BERLIN, the contract was written with a seventy-five dollar a week raise beginning January 1, 1945.

He has therefore become a third or fourth-class writer, for writers who earned \$4,000 a week did not speak to those who only got \$3,000 and those who earned \$1,000 did not speak to those who only got \$425—except in a casual, passing-the-time-of-day manner, and these class distinctions also obtained among those who were considered progressive or even "Red."

If this sounds strange, you should remember that it is merely a reflection—in what Marxists call "the super-structure" of (Hollywood's) society—of what goes on at its economic base. What goes on, in turn, is best expressed in that classic gag concerning the institution known as the story conference, wherein script problems are solved through the intervention of the producer who frequently fancies himself a creative artist and has the power to impose his fantasies on those who are; like that famous paragraph in the writers' term contract which stipulates that the studio is not only the owner but the *author* of his work, this gag details precisely the relationship between the writer and the medium:

Following a violent argument between producer and writer over a story situation which the writer does not like but the producer does, the producer rises, takes the writer's arm and leads him to the window of his office.

Pointing to the studio parking lot, he asks the writer, "Which is your car?"

The writer indicates a second-hand *Chevrolet*.

"See that car?" says the producer, pointing to a *Cadillac*. "That's mine. The situation stays in!"

But when the new contract went into effect the NARRATOR was "off" HOTEL BERLIN, the writing of which had taken from May to November 1944, and two days after it ended he was reassigned to producer Wolfgang Reinhardt, which delighted him, and to the remaking of a film he personally thought of as *The Amazing Dr. Clitoris*.

This was, of course, *The Amazing Dr. Clitoris*, which had been released ten years earlier, starring Edward G. Robinson. With some small justification the NARRATOR therefore thought of himself as a permanent fixture who could sell ideas to the stupidest producers; he also thought of himself as fighting a holding action (as in Spain)—struggling to prevent his producers from making films that were stupid, anti-human or outright reactionary.

But there were ideas he could not sell and the exiled anti-Nazi novelist and playwright, Leonhard Frank (now promoted from technical adviser to writer himself at two hundred dollars a week) was involved in one of these fiascos with the NARRATOR.

They were fairly close friends by then. Leonhard turned up regularly at the NARRATOR's ranch-style house on Laurelgrove avenue in the Valley (rented from the actor Alax Baxter, whom he had never met, except on the transcontinental telephone). Frank drove up in an ancient *Packard* convertible which he had picked up for fifty dollars, wearing a white silk scarf around his neck like a World War I pursuit-pilot.

He liked to cook for the NARRATOR and his wife, his specialty being *Weisswurstl*, and he gave the NARRATOR's one-year-old daughter, Eva, the first dress she ever wore: a dark blue affair with large white polka dots, which her mother still cherishes. . . .

Hollywood engages in the practice of the remake for very simple reasons: when a film has been a huge success they will often remake it—give it a different title, the characters new names, the *locale* will be different but the story will be essentially the same.

This is done so that the new audiences may sit in the theater and wonder, "Where have I seen *this* one before?" (No, actually, it's done to make more money.)

In this instance we had Dr. Clitterhouse, who was a sort of psychiatrist who had been called to court many times to testify as an expert witness in criminal trials. He therefore became interested in criminals and decided that most of them were very stupid men and he could do better himself.

So, he organized a gang of thugs, served as their mastermind and pulled off a number of fantastically successful jewel and bank robberies. He planned them, the gang carried them out. And, of course, he made a mistake and was caught, his lawyer pleaded him insane and he was sent to a mental institution for a short time (like many another rich criminal) instead of to prison for a long stretch.

Wolfgang Reinhardt, Leonhard Frank and I sat in the projection room and they ran the original film for us and gave us copies of the screenplay—and we were in despair. For the film—after ten years—was so exciting and so well executed that we could see no way, offhand, either to change it or improve it.

Wolfgang had told us that he had available such people as Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet (a very fat and very fine actor of British background), a beautiful young girl (whom Wolfgang, unlike other producers, never referred to as "the cunt") and many others. So Leonhard and I sat down to think.

After stewing over it for a few weeks and arguing about the current line of the Communist Party and the way the war was going in Europe (the long-delayed Second Front had finally been opened on June 6, 1944—two days after my birthday—and the catastrophic Battle of the Bulge was fought while we were struggling with Dr. Clitoris), we finally reached a momentous decision:

We would move the *locale* from the U.S.A. in the twentieth century to London in the nineteenth. We thought it might be interesting (and pathetic) to have Greenstreet (who would play Clitterhouse) seriously in

love with the young girl who would treat him like a dog but make him regular promises of her "love" in exchange for furs, jewels and expensive clothing.

We added some new minor characters and cast Peter Lorre in the role of a feeble-minded gangster called Willie the Weeper, who was constantly trying to snatch Greenstreet's whiskey, so that Greenstreet could whack him on the back of the hand with a ruler and roar, "Whiskey's not for children!"—and Willie would weep.

We worked five or six weeks on this treatment of the story—a long narrative showing how it would be handled on film—and Wolfgang was delighted with it. While we were engaged on this minor masterpiece, the American troops were taking a shellacking in The Bulge, but no one in Hollywood seemed to notice the fact.

Wolfgang was convinced that we had an imaginative, clever, moving and entertaining film that would not only increase his stature at the studio but would so successfully disguise the original that audiences would have a hard time remembering where they had seen it all before.

Such treatments usually went to the story department and occasionally to Jack L. Warner, Vice-President-in-Charge-of-Production, but Warner was (as usual) on vacation somewhere, playing roulette at Cannes or who knows? So it went to his administrative assistant, a man named Steve, and Steve called a story conference.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO
MED. SHOT. STEVE'S OFFICE in the Administration Building. Present are Producer REINHARDT and his writers, FRANK and BESSIE. STEVE throws the manuscript on his desk.

STEVE
(pointing to MS)

What's this?

REINHARDT

That's *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, that we're remaking.

STEVE
(scratching head)

I don't understand. Sydney Greenstreet is Clitterhouse?

REINHARDT

Yes.

STEVE
(outraged)

Greenstreet in love with a young girl? That's disgusting!

BESSIE
(mildly—remembering his spastic colon of 1943)

We thought it would be interesting—since Greenstreet's a very fine actor, and not merely a heavy—to have him play this straight. He could get a lot of pathos out of the situation.

STEVE
(shouting)

People will laugh it off the screen! That comes out! And who's this character called Willie the Weeper? Is this a child?

FRANK
(in German, which Steve understands)

No, that's Peter Lorre. He's feeble-minded.

STEVE
(scratching head)

He must be a child.

(points at script)

It says right here, "Whiskey's not for children!" STEVE stands up, starts pacing his office like Napoleon (or Darryl Zanuck).

STEVE
(whirling on others—pointing)

Now, look! We're going to remake *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. It was a very successful picture. It made a lot of money. I don't mind your putting it in London in the nineteenth century, that's good—good atmosphere, spooky, fog, mysterious—but I want this to be exactly the same picture we made before!

(pause for breath)

Take out the girl—that's revolting! Take out the feeble-minded gangster. I want exactly the same picture—word for word!

So, Leonhard and I went back to our office and spent another three weeks making a new treatment that would be exactly the same as the original screenplay except for those changes necessary to adapt it to the nineteenth century London locale.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE as he throws the new script on his desk, turns to face REINHARDT, FRANK and BESSIE.

STEVE

What's this? This is exactly the same as the original screenplay!

REINHARDT
(sighing)

That's what you said you wanted, Steve.

FRANK & BESSIE
(together)

That's what you said.

STEVE
(screaming)

I said no such thing! What do you think I am, crazy? If I wanted to have the same picture we made with Eddie Robinson, I wouldn't have it re-made at all! I'd just re-release the original film!

REINHARDT
(pathetic)

But Steve—we were all here when—

STEVE
(suddenly)

Listen, is this Clitterhouse insane?

REINHARDT

Of course.

STEVE
(bellowing)

I don't want to make a picture about a crazy man! Forget it!*

FADE OUT

*We forgot it. It was then given to two other writers who went back to our original treatment, Willie the Weeper and all. Then it was shelved for good. After the war Leonhard Frank returned to his home town, Munich. The German Democratic Republic gave him its national prize (100,000 Deutschmark and a medal) and the German Federal Republic countered with its own award. He proudly displayed both, saying, "This is my personal reunification of Germany." He died on August 18, 1961, at the age of 79. Wolfgang Reinhardt went on to produce John Huston's *Freud*.

THE DEMON AA

by Carrie Edwards

Thanks to Alcoholics Anonymous, my husband has conquered his drinking problem. It is over two years now since John took his last drink. No backsliding. No relapses. On the novelty shelf in the breakfast nook a full decanter of bourbon gathers dust, a symbol of his triumph. John is as decisive a victor as St. George with his mailed foot planted squarely on a slain dragon. Everyone is so happy for me and for the children. Relatives and friends keep reminding me what a fortunate woman I am. But frankly I wish to God that John had never heard of AA. I'd rather have him back on my hands as a drunk.

I realize how flippant these words must sound, how gaudily smart—like shouting down with God and country and motherhood. There are, I need not be reminded, thousands of families who have been saved from unspeakable wretchedness by Alcoholics Anonymous. Their testimony is voluminous and eloquent. But for John's family the cure has been worse than the original affliction. His conversion from heavy drinker to AA zealot has dislodged us out of the frying pan and into the fire of neglect.

I would be laboring with the over obvious if I were to document how little we saw of John when he was drinking. It goes without saying that there is pitifully little togetherness for the family of an alcoholic. But now that John is in AA, we actually see less of him. Then there were lost weekends; now the weeks themselves are lost to us. At least in the old days we had him when his stomach couldn't take any more liquor and when he had periods of remorse and tried so desperately hard to make it all up to us. There were islands of happiness then.

During those spells of remorse John would hurry home, often with gifts tucked under his arms, often with surprise plans for the evenings and weekends—all sorts of extravagant blueprints for our happiness. He worked so eagerly, so pathetically hard to blot out the dark memory of the days and weeks he had denied us. Yellowing now in the desk drawer are the road maps he poured over so excitedly, the excursions crayoned in and the points of interest arrowed in red. With an aching fondness I think of all the strange roads he nosed the old car into, the historical forts we prowled, the mountain trails we explored, the lakes we sought out, the picnics laid in woods and fields. I remember the happiness that pushed up choking in my throat when I saw the feverish energy with which he tried to make up for his neglect—neglect that I knew might close in on us again the next week, the next day, the next hour.

But now that John is in AA, even these cases of comfort have dried out. His time and creative energies are poured intemperately into AA work. As you perhaps know, it is the conviction of Alcoholics Anonymous that sober ex-alcoholics can best help alcoholics who are down and out. In order to stay cured, AA's are urged to spend time in reclaiming other alcoholics. It is this call to evangelism that lost John to us.

Now that he is saved, after the pattern of extremists, he can't rest until he has pulled up onto the water

wagon every last alcoholic. Society has loudly applauded his conversion from drunkard to social worker. Most certainly his family doesn't begrudge John his moral victory or the clapping from the grandstands. But we do wish that his crusading against drink didn't cut us out so completely. For us, his conversion has just been a switch from one brand of extravagance to another—more painful for us.

AA's are urged to meet weekly in local chapters so that the individual can be buoyed up with the moral support of the group. For John the weekly meeting of the local chapter is not enough. Regularly he rushes off to three and four meetings a week. Add to this his weekly bowling night and the evening for the sales meeting, what is there left for his family?

Of course, I protest the neglect of his family. He replies that he needs the uplift of those extra meetings to keep him sober. And, so he argues, his own festivities are needed to stiffen the backs of those battling



temptation. The moral ground has been cut out from under me. Now I am not censuring a drunkard; I am resuming to stand in the way of a crusader with a holy cause.

Now he counters my protests with scriptural quotes from the AA bible *Alcoholics Anonymous*. Here is the call to evangelism as it is bugled in "The Big Book," as they call it:

"You have to act the Good Samaritan every day, if need be. It may mean the loss of many nights' sleep, great interference with your pleasure, interruptions to your business. It may mean sharing your money and your home, counseling frantic wives and relations, innumerable trips to police courts, sanitariums, hospitals, jails and asylums. Your telephone may jangle at any time of the day or night. Your wife may sometimes say she is neglected. A drunk may smash the furniture in your home, or burn a mattress."

[*Alcoholics Anonymous*, Alcoholics Anonymous Publishing, Inc., N.Y., 1955, p. 97.]

John has swallowed this injunction full strength. He spends hours on the phone pouring out courage, fortifying wills to resist the demon drink, arranging to taxi faltering AA's to meetings so as to bolster their wobbling resolve. And when he is taxiing erring alco-

(Continued on Page 14)