

SIR REALIST:

It's All Relative

The *Realist* is my favorite among the 15-20 publications we receive each month.

Emily H. Nawalinski
Del Mar, Calif.

I enjoy the *Realist* very much, even though I don't care for politics or read the paper or follow the current scene or anything. You are beautiful. Don't stop.

Taylor Paul
Mill Valley, Calif.

Typical Cancellation

Enclosed is the first copy (#47) of the subscription we ordered of your publication. PLEASE CANCEL OUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE. We consider ourselves liberal, but this is just plain filth and we want no part of it.

Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Innenberg
Cleveland, Ohio

In future issues, why not underline the filthier sections for quick reference?

Frank G. Martin
Detroit, Mich.

Something in Common

... grateful especially for that stuff which "goes too far" to be comfortable for me—it's a handy (and rare) reminder of how/when/where I may be "retarded."

Hannah Brown
New York, N. Y.

Merry Taboomas

This is July (1963)—a fine month for Christmas humor. If you have any Christmas jokes, editorials, etc., please put them all in your very next issue. I do not want to be reminded by the *Realist* that it is Christmas come next December. I AM SERIOUS ABOUT THIS. Look, if you're so hopped up about violating journalistic taboos, why don't you ignore Christmas next December? That would be unheard of. You may not believe this, but I actually received a Christmas advertisement from the *Objectivist Newsletter* (Ayn Rand & Disciples) telling me to get gift subscriptions for friends.

So would you please in your very next issue dress up your mascot in a red flannel suit, beard, and bag of contraceptives on his back and devote the entire issue to Christmas and then next December pretend it's George Washington's birthday or something. Thanks.

Stephan Davidson
Madison, N. J.

P.S. If your very next issue comes out in December, forget it.

Journalism: Pro

Saul Heller's main complaint against the Oswald business seems to be that it was a badly plotted story. Unfortunately, this very often is the case with non-fiction. Since the plot sounds absurd, you argue that things must not have been that way. It reminds me of the old argument for the existence of God: "But there must be one; otherwise, things just don't make sense."

He marvels at how easy it was to kill the President, or seemingly so. Exactly, Dad! That's the whole point. It really was that easy. And he could have been killed on any of a hundred other occasions. I covered him one day in the South and got within a foot of him for some time—close enough to stab him. The Secret Service men did not know me. I was not a member of the Washington press corps. I was just there. And he easily could have been shot at a couple of outdoor speaking engagements that day. It takes just one nut. A big fancy plot isn't necessary.

What bothered me about the reaction of the Left, as represented by Heller, and the so-called liberals, among them and the so-called liberals, among whom I would have to number myself, was that it was the same caliber of stuff you get from the Birchers. Plots, conspiracies involving incredible numbers of people. It's the other side of thinking that poor old Ike was a Communist. The liberals, like Earl Warren, were saying I told you so before the body was cold. They were positive when they first heard of the death (as I was) that some red-necked Walker recruit had done it. When this turned out to be wrong, they didn't have the decency to shut up. They turned it and twisted it and talked about national guilt and bigotry, until they still were implying that the whole thing was the fault of the Right. As little as I care for what passes for the Right, I care even less for this crummy kind of thinking, from any direction.

It's a good opportunity for you to lecture both sides. That's one of your magazine's most important functions—providing comment that does not follow anyone's line.

Bill Whitworth
N.Y. Herald Tribune

Journalism: Con

The *Realist* ranks as the lowest depths of journalism in America . . . the entire staff should retire along with the editor! Enclosed is a match to aid the cause of liberty. Let us—*together*—shed promising light on the world by burning corruption to the dusty ground. Even better, enclosed is ten cents for the purchase of a box of matches. . . .

P. Edmond Bret
San Francisco, Calif.

Uses and Abuses

Here I am, asking to use the *Realist* in an Advanced Expository Writing course in connection with Huxley's *Tyranny of the Mind* and Hayakawa's *Language and Thought in Action* . . .

Ruth Lavare
Dept. of English
San Jose State College

You might be interested in knowing of another instance of the *Realist* being used in a college classroom. Last year, I used the interview with Rockwell in my classes of American Government I at the university of Kansas. I'm now working on a Ph.D. in philosophy at Indiana University, and I see possibilities of for using it (maybe some of Wilson's stuff) in the introductory philosophy class I teach here.

D. Alexander
Bloomington, Ind.

Subjective Reaction

That remark, about flying saucers actually being diaphragms being dropped by nuns on their way to Heaven, was very witty. My husband prints a flying saucer magazine.

Mrs. James W. Mosely
Fort Lee, New Jersey

Krass Kommercialism

I am glad that you have finally christened your cover mascot. Saint Realist, that is. . . . Will a fad be started which will include Saint Realist Guitars, Saint Realist Pen & Pencil Sets, Saint Realist Prophylactics, and Saint Realist Coonskin Caps, just to mention a few?

Steven B. Schosstein
Sherman, Texas

I'm sorry to see that the *Realist* has succumbed to the small plastic mascot craze. This move seems to cheapen your whole effort. What will this animal represent? Freethinking? Liberality? Truth? How can a blob of plastic be a legitimate symbol for any of these?

Gregg Huff
Davis, Calif.

Perspective

You make me laugh at things I never thought were funny!

Audrey Sabol
Villanova, Pa.

On the Other Hand

Please cancel my subscription to the *Realist*. By way of explanation: I don't "feel" the humor—because I can't identify with your outlook on life. The reason: it's contrary to what I know to be my purpose of existence.

Joan B. Relihan
Fairfield, Connecticut

The Realist

editorial giggles

Un-American Activity

The U.S. Tax Court ruled recently that Corliss Lamont—a teacher and writer whose books are standard texts in many colleges—must pay income taxes on \$11,000 he claimed as a business loss in 1957. He had spent the money writing, teaching and publishing books.

The court said that even though he lectured and wrote "in a businesslike manner" (he kept track of his fees and expenses, had up-to-date files and used double-entry books), his chief interest was not in making money. According to the Internal Revenue Code, a business loss cannot be claimed unless there is a "substantial profit motivation."

Mr. Lamont's motive, said the court, was "his basic urge to write," his desire "to have the whole world subscribe to his philosophy" and a wish "to contribute something to mankind and to American culture." He has always been ready to accept pay for his services, continued the court, "but only in a passive way." If no one had offered to pay him, "we are convinced he would have gone on teaching, writing and lecturing without compensation."

At the National Association of Manufacturers' 68th annual Congress of American Industry, A. C. Rubel, head of the Union Oil Company, stated that profits "should rank right alongside such hallowed concepts as home and mother and the American flag."

He did not mention Corliss Lamont by name.

The Late Marilyn Monroe

Playboy's necrophiliacal tribute to Marilyn Monroe recently provided something of an anti-climax to the journalistic orgy that followed her death a year-and-a-half ago. Everybody had gotten into the act, from Sidney Skolsky ("Marilyn was late because she put in too many hours trying to get ready to look great") to Dr. Joyce Brothers ("Her constant tardiness was an unconscious method of proving to herself that the world would wait for her").

Miss Monroe provided her own best obituary in an interview in *Life* magazine, in which she had said: "I don't look at myself as a commodity, but I'm sure a lot of people have." This role did not die with her. Book-sellers have received an announcement of a book titled *Violations of the Child Marilyn Monroe*—"By Her Psychiatrist Friend." States the announcement: "A magnificent jacket in your window will bring people in from the street and make buyers out of innocent browsers in your store."

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor
JEANNE JOHNSON, Scapegoat
BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

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Confessions of a Checkman

as told to Bernie Gavzer

It was a laconic, boring life. My wife was a wife. I'd look at her and see a fine-looking girl. Nice. Even stacked, you might say. But I'd look at her and see through her as though she wasn't there. I didn't care about her being stacked. I just couldn't see her.

Every day was the same. The food, the talk, the town, the work—crap. I was working nights at this auto rental agency and one night I asked myself, "What the hell am I doing here?" The job was just a way to keep me from loafing. My parents are well-situated and always gave me money freely. My wife's parents were also well-heeled and gave us a house for a wedding present. That was the way it was.

Christ, I wanted to be free. I was being choked to death by all that goodness. I started to think about

The periodic statistics released by the FBI show a continuing rise in the crime rate. Critics may argue the validity of the statistics, but other indices—such as insurance losses and increased premiums—point to a true increase. The well-marshaled numerals, of course, tell us nothing about those persons who contribute to them.

Almost all we know about criminals, we know only from the failures: the ones who get caught and ultimately end up in jail. There is somewhere out there in great big America a substantial body of citizenry dedicated to the pursuit of a dishonest buck . . . smalltime professionals who are engaged in the day-by-day business of making a living from crime.

We now meet one of them—a checkman. Details which would identify him either by locale or by description have been altered. He began his career—really his entry into a new life—at the age of 22. He is a slim, clean-featured, clear-eyed young man. He wears clothes in a manner that suggests they could have been tailored in Saville Row. He is handsome. And he has a presence—an awareness of self.

how I could do it. How could I raise enough money to take off and keep going? I worked on the idea over a period of several weeks and had it.

My education helped me. I mean the courses in science and philosophy, especially. There had to be a logic. My logic obviously told me that if you want cash this is the thing to aim for. The idea was to discover where the most cash existed, who had it, who was watching it, how you could get it from who had it.

I made up my mind also that I could do this by wit, not by weapon. I mean, you got to be a nut to take a heater and push it in a man's face. You can get "killed dead" that way, as the boys say. A bank robber I wasn't going to be. A con man needs confederation, and I was determined to do it solo.

Then it came to me. Nobody carries money, I said. Checks. Everybody, even the bootblack, pays by check. Americans are becoming conditioned to check-cashing. I decided to increase the volume. Now there are some people who will tell you they got the idea from a movie or from a magazine or a TV show. I decided what I would do without help from anyone. I never knew a criminal in my life.

On a hot Sunday night, I was the last one on duty at the auto rental agency. It was about 10 p.m. I was working on the books and I said, "This is it." I helped myself to about 200 company checks, the check writing machine, four credit cards with fake names and addresses, a batch of invoices and stationery.

Using my own check book, I went around town cashing small checks here and there. I needed money to start moving. I picked up about \$900 and then went to a junk yard and bought a wreck, supposedly for its spare parts, and had it towed to a parking lot. I got a good set of plates off the car. That's what I wanted. I put them on the company car and took off.

I knew that by Tuesday at the latest the checks would start bouncing. I had given my wife a cock-and-bull story about something, so I figured she wouldn't be worrying about me until then either. It didn't bother me to cash rubber checks with the locals. I grew up hating all the son-of-a-bitches in town, anyway. But then I figured my old man would hold up the family name and pay off anyway.

I drove all night and ended up in Charlotte or Fayetteville or some grim town in North Carolina. I don't really remember what town. It didn't matter. I sacked out and spent the best part of the day in bed. That night I started moving again and reached Knoxville, Tennessee.

By then, I knew full well the word was all over town about me taking off with company property and leaving a trail of bouncing checks. But that didn't worry me. Did you ever read a headline about a checkman taking somebody for a few hundred? Of course not. If I passed \$25,000 worth of paper on a guy or at some business, then there might be publicity. But this small \$50, \$100, \$200 stuff, hell, nobody hears about it.

From Knoxville, I went to Indianapolis and began my checkwriting activities. I first used checks made by the checkwriting machine. I don't know why, but when people see those wavy lines it makes it look better than money.

I also used the stationery in cashing the check. What I did was write a letter addressed to one of my phony identities—I didn't forge anything—explaining that this was a refund. These checks averaged from \$75 to \$150 each. I always included the carbon of an invoice, preferably one that I made practically illegible. I doubt if there is anything that comforts people as much as seeing a carbon or an invoice that has been initialed by umpteen people.

When I started out, I traveled mostly as a junior executive, a guy who might be making \$140-\$150 a week, and was traveling on company expense. I created the impression that I was the kind of guy who would not cheat the company by padding the expense account, but that I had no qualms about putting the bar bill down as food expense or client entertainment.

Actually, I was doing some strong belting before I took off, but I knew if I hit the bottle again, I'd be behind the monkey cage. A hot checkman has to keep his head. I did and still do go for quiff. I am very big in that department. So what I'd do in a bar is drop a nice tip to the bartender, tell him I was an AA but loved the scene, and would he be a sport and give me drinks without booze and I'd pay the regular price.

This way, when I started drinking with some quail it wouldn't look off, like I was trying to get her loaded

to get into her pants. I scored in every town I made. But why not? I was doing \$300 a day on the average, and all in about an hour. So I was a real good-time Charlie in the bars. There were some women—and I mean women—I would have wanted to keep forever, but three-four days was my limit.

People seem surprised a checkman would stay in one town that long, but it isn't long if you understand the movement of checks. If you write a check in Chicago on a New Orleans bank, you can figure 5 to 9 business days for it to clear. Never less than 4. Hell, I've heard of cases where it takes at least 3 business days for a check to clear between Brooklyn and Manhattan.

There were a variety of techniques and approaches I used as I further educated myself. None came spontaneously or by accident, but all by analysis and logic.

I always drove from point-to-point but took great care to make it appear I traveled by train, plane or bus. In any fair-sized city, I also used two hotels. When I came into a town, I'd go to the railroad or bus station and put my luggage into lockers. Then I'd take the car to a garage for inside parking. I'd take a cab to the station, pick up part of my luggage and get another cab to a hotel. Then I'd return, get the rest of the luggage, and check into another hotel. The advantage was that I had two sure places to cash checks. I'd pull the refund check stunt in the hotels as well as using personal-type checks.

Generally, I would begin my checkwriting activities in late afternoon, a time when banks would be closed. Where I would begin, where I would go, would depend upon the town. I developed as I went along.

In a city like Chicago or Philly or St. Louis or Memphis, it doesn't matter, the best places to work were the men's shops. I always tried to be served by the oldest-looking man in the place, except the owner. In the first place, the salesmen in these shops always work on commission and they've already counted the money when you walk through the door. A guy in his 40's or 50's is probably paying a mortgage and sending kids to college, so he's hungry. He wants to make the sale.

I went for the oldest employee on the basis that he'd be the one beside the owner who'd have authority to cash checks. I'd start out to buy the three pairs of socks and pay cash. I'd resist getting anything else, and then appear half-sold, and finally sold. But then I'd say okay but I had to go to my hotel to cash a check, since I was going on to entertain some clients.

Oh, no, you don't have to do that, they'd tell me. You could see they figured I'd get out and never come back. So they volunteer to cash the check. And to comfort them, I'd ask them to deliver my parcels to the hotel. If they questioned the check, I'd quickly volunteer to pay for the call to my bank, urging them to do so. Of course, usually the bank was closed at this time. But no one ever took up the offer. Businessmen are such greedy bastards they won't even spend *your* \$3 or \$4 to make a phone call.

Actually, there's more to it. They don't want to lose a customer. After all, a checkman always has to realize that the people dealing with him think he is honest even though he knows he isn't. From their point of view, it is terrible to offend an honest person. This is really ambivalent because I think that at the same time every person who cashes a check has a thought that it might bounce.

One of the worst towns for honest people, I think, is New York, where the goddamned banks are so money-hungry you'd think they'd never cash a check. If you deposit a bona fide check from Chicago in your account in New York, you cannot immediately write a check against it. In New York, the amount isn't credited to your account until it clears.

But you can do great things in a small way by using the branches of the same bank. They are autonomous, but still belong to the same family. You can skip around cashing \$10 and \$20 checks as fast as you can write them. In the middle of the week, except for a mid-month payday, you can practically go from counter-to-counter.

In a big city, I found that hardware stores, office supply and hobby shops are good marks because no one ever gives them bum checks. Except me.

In Bakersfield, California once, I remember being in a couple of seedy hotels and started to do some check work with the refund gimmick but found they didn't have \$150. They'd ask me for a personal check. I often used my real name. It didn't matter since I was being sought anyway. Even if they got a report on my whereabouts, by the time it reached them I was on my way. And there was no pattern to my traveling. They couldn't say I was working my way West or South or anything. I might be in South Bend, Indiana, go to Dayton, Ohio, and then Detroit.

There was a real jerk town out West once where I was just stretching my legs and stopped in front of this little store. I think it was something like Grand Prairie, Texas. I was looking in the window and out came this Texas ass. Something about him turned me. He had nothing but crap, chintzy-stuff. He kept pressing me, trying to sell, and I kept resisting. Once I started, I really hooked him, mostly by sending gifts to people all over the country. I sent them to phony people and places, and put my fake name and address for return. Those packages may still be in the dead letter department of the Post Office. I spent more than an hour in the store, and paid for everything, postage and all, with a rubber check. I even took \$173 off him in cash. It was very enjoyable.

I was doing very well, maybe too well. I began to forget to tell the bartender to leave out the booze. And I kept stretching myself.

For example, I started working jewelry stores. These guys are notoriously suspicious and would prefer to deal in gold and silver coin, if they could. But I worked out a very good angle. I would go in and order a Masonic ring for a supposed uncle. I would have it engraved and go into meticulous detail about the size and whether it could be reduced or enlarged if necessary without spoiling the engraved message, and on and on about shipping and insurance and what-not.

I would reach as though to get my checkbook, discover I didn't have it, and then come out with an envelope containing a refund check from the automobile rental agency. Maybe it would be \$100. I'd endorse it and leave it with the jeweler saying I wanted to come back to see the ring before it was sent to my uncle, and they could have the check since I didn't need the money.

You can get a very expensive Masonic ring, incidentally, when you start using precious stone. What I was buying was less than \$100, but I wanted to leave the check without cashing it. When I returned a few

days later, I would decide on a little something for my wife or mother. I had these things sent to fake names and addresses also, but before I got finished I had set up a \$300 or \$400 job. On the day it would pay off, I'd have a big pay day since I'd pick up the usual couple of hundred as well.

I can't begin to remember the towns I've worked. I was getting tired of the travel and started to think of long-range plans. I figured on getting a stake of \$50,000 and then going to South America. I did get to Mexico and it was a ball professionally and socially.

The Mexicans operate on the theory that the tourist can do no evil, as long as he pays and pays and pays. I exploited this sort of screw-Americans attitude, permitting these guys to swindle me left and right. They'd always tell me I was getting a bargain. Christ, I was getting more than a bargain. I was getting cash for paper, paper I didn't even pay for. This, as any businessman can tell you, is the soundest sort of profit.

I had one bad break. In San Francisco. I had been boozing it and balling and I was sitting in a bar with a chick that I had to have. The bread was getting short so I went out to pick up a fast few bills. Quickies, so to speak. Jesus, if it wasn't across the street from a jeweler I had just made. He was a gullible shnook, I thought, so I went back in.

That shnook was one in a million. He made the call and when I walked in he signaled a girl in the office. The next thing I knew, a gentlemanly detective had me. There was no rough stuff, no shakedown.

That's the nice thing about being a checkman. No one expects rough stuff from you, and no one gives it to you. The people really like you because you do not threaten them physically, you are not going to commit an indecent act, you do not molest children.

There was a hassle over who should get me. My home state did. I got two years on state charges and two on a federal rap. I did it standing on my head. At state, I was immediately made a clerk which exposed me to a special breed of cons, mostly other checkmen and con artists, from whom I picked up some tips and angles. Most of them were much older than me and when they worked, they posed as successful businessmen. I mostly worked the junior executive, or middle-echelon executive, or well-heeled scion.

Prison was not really bad. The worst part for me was no women. I think that's what destroys people behind bars. But that's another story.

When I came out, I was determined to stay out. I worked as an office manager for a mid-West firm. The rule of the thumb for making it on the outside was to stay clean 90 days. The idea was that if you could remain honest and keep out of trouble for this crucial period, you could have a good chance of staying straight thereafter. How or why this yardstick arose, no one can fully explain. But it is standard for those who commit the so-called white collar crimes. It's a prison-house standard.

I didn't quite make it. But I'm still out. I'm doing it by avoiding any pitfalls, or mistakes, of the past.

I've been dry it seems like a million years. I don't even go to the bars so much to look for quiff. My major entertainment is going to the ball park and sitting in the bleachers. Only one thing I really want then. A nice cold beer. Christ, it would be great to have a cold beer, sitting in the sun, in the bleachers.

The Two Minds of the Mafia

by Michael Valenti

In 1957, when the men who control crime in America converged on Appalachen, New York, they were bound on a double mission.

First and foremost, they were gathering to analyze their internal organization for structural flaws in the light of the recent deaths by gunfire of Albert Anastasia and Frank Scalise, and the subsequent narrow escape of Frank Costello.

Second, by choosing the home of Joseph Barbara as their meeting ground, they were honoring a relatively minor overlord too ill to travel to Florida or Hot Springs, or other watering places where the heat is essentially climatic.

This sentimental flaw in the makeup of otherwise hard men revealed with dramatic clarity something unexplained (and perhaps unexplainable) in the character of the American Mafia. It suggested the possibility of a code of behavior whereby a man might juggle the concepts of ruthlessness and good works, contemplate murder and the distribution of toys to orphanage children—free from the attendant agonies of guilt or remorse that a civilized conscience imposes. It was a valuable clue to the mentality of the Mafia, and it was largely overlooked.

In the six years between Appalachen and Valachi, the Mafia has been unable to shoot out the kleig lights of unwanted publicity. Its leaders are now known to the public in a generalized way. Reporters, descending like gadflies, have invaded their previously anonymous private lives, upsetting their Old-Country wives and startling incredulous neighbors. From this a surprising portrait of the Mafioso *in casa sua* has emerged, a portrait of a man with a compartmentalized mentality, each compartment hermetically sealed against the other.

In contrast to the tight-lipped, menacing face he displays to an alien world, the Mafioso (it develops) is a kind though stern parent, a doting husband and father. He lives at the center of the family he dominates. Nothing is too good for the kids (West Point and Harvard for the boys, Vassar and Bryn Mawr for the girls) but the paternal fist is a mailed one when discipline is breached.

Though he drinks wines primarily (there is a psychological hangover from Prohibition days that whiskey is the opiate of weak "Americans") the Mafioso is a moderate drinker, perhaps because he must always have himself in control. The one area where he transgresses is women: there is usually a blonde mistress or two installed in a fashionable downtown apartment-hotel.

His wife fits perfectly into this Old World, essentially southern Italian pattern of family life. She is invariably an excellent cook, a meticulous housekeeper and an adoring mother. Her husband's business is his affair and not the province of women. Instead of servants there are willing daughters carefully schooled by mamma in the mystique of the Italian cuisine. For special occasions there are female relations—unmarried, stout-armed aunts, nubile cousins—ready to lend

a hand.

Atypically, the Mafioso is a faithful churchgoer (among Italians, religion is the province of women). He takes an active interest in church and community affairs, and contributes generously to both church and secular charities. He is, if you ask his neighbors, a family man, a solid citizen and an excellent neighbor—the kind you can always depend on in an emergency.

One of the feared mafiosi who was always prominent in church activities was Joe Profaci, overlord of vice and crime in Brooklyn until his recent (natural) death. To the unsuspecting, he was just a wealthy olive oil importer, ploughing his profits back into the human community in the endless forms of public and private philanthropy. He had been photographed often with judges and civic leaders, usually standing at the center of the group.

In 1949 he was designated to receive a decoration from the Pope for his good works, when someone in the District Attorney's office carelessly mentioned his name at a communion breakfast in connection with the dread Mafia. Result: no decoration.

Such disappointments, however, are rare for the Mafia nabobs, whose virtue is usually recognized by a grateful community. In 1956, for example, Buffalo chose John Montana as its "Man of the Year." Montana, a man with a great deal of natural dignity and the silver hair of a type-cast appellate judge, owns a fleet of cabs and trucks in the Lake Erie city.

Every Christmas and Thanksgiving his trucks rumble to every corner of the city distributing hundreds of turkeys to the poor and needy. All summer long his cabs and trucks are filled with Buffalo's cheering orphans and crippled children en route to picnics and outings. Montana's "Man of the Year" award had been sitting on his mantle less than a year when he was caught in the net at Appalachen.

Willie Moretti, self-confessed New Jersey overlord, had the same open-handed approach to people. Moretti was famous for never refusing financial help to the down and out. That's what money was for, he used to say. But though the good-hearted Moretti was a soft touch, he had a strong sense of public morality. When he learned of Frank Sinatra's decision to divorce his Italian-American wife (as a Hasbrouck Heights neighbor, Sinatra fell under his spiritual hegemony, Moretti felt), he was so nettled that he wired him:

"I am very much surprised what I have been reading in the newspapers between you and your darling wife. Remember you have a decent wife and children. You should be very happy. Regards to all."

Moretti's appeal for Old World observance of sanctified marriage vows went unheeded—but not because Willie had not done his part to preserve the public weal. Ironically it was Willie's tendency to air his views so freely that finally resulted in his being silenced forever—for overexpansiveness before the Senate crime investigators. But—significantly—the lovable Moretti was killed in the swiftest and least painful way known to the expertise of the Mafia. He was, it was unanimously agreed (even in the hard counsels of the Mafia), a good Joe.

Another Mafia overlord unknown to the public until very recently is Thomas Luchese, more affectionately known as "Three-Finger" Brown. While he was still

relatively anonymous he moved into a new community. His next-door neighbor—who happened to be Jewish—brought the Luchese family bread and salt. Luchese understood—and was deeply touched by the ancient Jewish ritual for welcoming a neighbor, blessing his home with the symbolic bread and salt.

When the neighbor fell seriously ill shortly afterward, Luchese used his awesome influence to bypass the long waiting lists at the Mayo Clinic (the neighbor had been told that even in serious cases admission took "months") and got him admitted immediately. Rarely in an indifferent world has a simple act of kindness been so palpably and dramatically repaid. Perhaps—who can say?—Luchese saved his neighbor's life.

This, then, is the schizoid mentality of the Mafia, which has many parallels in the morality of America's earlier Robber Barons. How are we to understand a man who can spend a morning organizing the systematic pushing of drugs in the high schools and then devote his afternoon to the latest March of Dimes campaign? Why save the kids from the purgatory of polio only to abandon them to the hells of addiction? How can a man hold two diametrically opposed ideas in his head at the same time?

Perhaps part of the answer lies in the island mentality of the Mafia, most of whose members are Sicilians. Sicily, like Corsica and Sardinia in the western Mediterranean and Crete and Cyprus in its eastern basin, was a coveted island that changed hands too many times. There were too many conquerors, too much brutality, too much identification of authority with an alien enemy. Out of this there emerged an ethos based on loyalty to the clan and specifically to

the family, the only unit that could be wholly trusted against the spy network of a foreign oppressor.

The men of the Mafia are loyal to their own families and to the group family, the Mafia itself. They have one set of morals for the in-group, another for outsiders. Good and evil are thereby welded together in a system where public evil results in (and perhaps even functions as an auxiliary of!) private good. The Corsicans who dominate the Paris underworld have fundamentally the same outlook.

Even the reported price on Joe Valachi's head—\$100,000—reflects this code. He has betrayed the inner family, he has jeopardized the group and therefore must be brought to account. The bounty for the man who carries out the sentence is a huge one, commensurate with the enormity of Valachi's breach of faith. Only an organization which considers itself a society within a society could think like this, mirroring the value system of the society of which it presumably is the enemy.

Meanwhile, despite Valachi's graphic tales of terror before a somber Senate committee, the Mafia goes on functioning smoothly and efficiently, confident that it is the seldom-seen underside of politics and the police. Its current enemies, the insurgent Gallos and their henchmen, are being systematically decimated—or brought back into the fold. And every evening its leaders drive home to New Jersey or suburban Westchester or North Shore Long Island in their Chryslers and Lincoln Continentals, leaving the evil of the city behind, ready to slip into the more rewarding roles of husband, father, good neighbor, community leader and all-around good Joe.

This Little Ethic Went to Market

A recent issue of the trade magazine *Chemical Engineering* ran an ethical-code quiz; 652 readers responded, and the results were published.

- Mason, a hypothetical plant Production Supervisor, considers a high-pressure reactor at his end of the plant, to be dangerous. "His pleas to the plant manager succeed only in getting a thin plywood barrier erected around the unit. Although he believes the barrier inadequate, Mason drops the matter." 83% of those polled felt Mason had an ethical obligation to press the matter to a more satisfactory conclusion. But only 66% said they would personally have risked their jobs in order to do so.

- Flynn's boss asks him to take roadside and aerial photographs of a competing plant, in order to line up data on equipment used in certain chemical processes. Of the 35% who replied that they felt aerial photography unethical in a case of this kind, 80% insisted that Flynn should follow his boss' orders when requested to do so.

- Rogers is asked to interview an engineer who has applied for a position that Stardust Chemical Co. has in its process development department. Warming to his subject, the applicant discloses some valuable information about processes that his present employer is now investigating in the laboratory. After the interview is over, Rogers files two reports with his superior. The first details all of the information he has been able to gather about the secret processes. In the second report, Rogers advises against hiring the engineer because he talks too much.

What would you do?

—ROBERT WOLF



"You still interested in old man Burnhill's penthouse, sir? I got word he's gonna die this week . . ."

August 1964

How I Wrote "The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity" and Found the Mafia

by Rey Anthony

Anyone who has read the *Handbook*, and knows about obscenity laws will be surprised to know that I didn't know. I've known for a long time that I have missed out on some of the main aspects of life in our United States. And this obscene business is part of what I missed.

So I was on page 100 of the paste-up stage before it came to my attention that I might be doing something which could create problems. My eyes caught the words "felony punishable by imprisonment for not less than one nor more than five years," and I said ohmygod! I looked around the room and said to no one in particular, I've got to call an attorney.

During the next few days, as I continued to get the *Handbook* ready for publishing, I called several attorneys. One of them, an ACLU member named Ward Lafayette, took enough interest to let me borrow a book relating to the material I was writing about. Tucson is a relatively small town, and he brought it by one evening on his way home. After I talked to Ward for a while I understood the whole situation better.

Well, it turned out that we do have freedom of speech. This is guaranteed by our constitution and amendments. But here and there about the country, groups of lawmakers have made laws that sort of cut into our guaranteed rights. These are really laws, and people get arrested, fined and imprisoned as a result of them. However, if they have the money and fortitude, they can appeal, and if they appeal enough they can end up in the Supreme Court.

In the case of my book—about which Ward said emphatically it is *not* pornography, sell it!—it seemed that we could lose in the lower courts if any charges were brought against us. But, it seemed that the thing for us to do would be to persist, appeal, and ultimately gain our constitutional rights. We would win in the end.

I have learned a lot about pornography since August 16, 1960, when we sold the first *Handbook*. Two days later we mailed the first bunch of them to friends. The first day we mailed them I didn't want to face our first judgment. I wanted to wait a while, put them in the hands of capable people, before there could be any problem. I carried a few of them into the local post office, and left my eldest daughter, Tanette, in the car stapling the jiffy bags containing the rest of them.

We mailed things frequently, and knew all of the men who worked in the post office. I described to George, the clerk on duty, how the publication was made. I said it's offset printed, holes punched in the paper, bound in a report cover. He said I wish I could see it—I don't know whether it should be 'educational material' or 'book.' Patiently I started through the description again, but was interrupted by the pleasant voice of my number one child. "I ran out of staples, mama," she said.

I turned toward her, unable to believe that she would walk into the post office with an unstapled jiffy bag in her hand. But there it was.

George was reaching out for it, asking, is this one of them. I never took my eyes from Tanette as I wearily answered it's one of them.

She asked lightly did I do something wrong.

I said oh no, and turned back to George.

He was glancing through the *Handbook*. He would turn to a page, read a little, and then turn to another page and read some more. Tanette and I stood spellbound. Though we both had a lot to learn about the things others consider obscene, we knew that this could be a threat to what we were doing. George had turned to the title page, which was autographed, and looked up and down.

I said feebly, they're autographed. He closed it and said that doesn't make any difference. He placed it in the jiffy bag and stamped it 'educational material.' He handed it back to Tanette with a slight smile. He stamped the rest of the jiffy bags 'educational material,' put stamps on them, and put them in a stack. He looked at me and said you can write it on from now on.

As Tanette and I walked out of the post office I told her I am having a lynching party this afternoon, and I would like very much for you to come. I want you to be the guest of honor.

She smiled and said I'll try, but I'm not sure I can make it—I have a lot of collating to do.

One of the things I had learned about in talking with the attorneys was what to do about our books. While I had been doing research for the *Handbook* I went to the library frequently. I read the laws on various things, and eventually came across laws on 'indecent literature.' (It's on

the same page as the law on 'indecent exposure.') So that you can better understand, I'd better quote all of both of them. It takes that to get the import.

From the Arizona Revised Statutes—Annotated, Volume 5, page 226:

Item 13-532. Obscene or indecent pictures, figures or writings; punishment: A person is guilty of a misdemeanor who: 1. Writes, composes, prints, publishes, sells, distributes, keeps for sale, gives, loans or exhibits an obscene or indecent writing, paper or book to any person, or designs, copies, draws, engraves, paints or otherwise prepares an obscene or indecent picture or print. 2. Molds, cuts, casts or otherwise makes obscene or indecent figures. 3. Writes, composes or publishes a notice or advertisement of such writing, paper, book, picture, print or figure.

Item 13-533. Seizure of obscene things; disposition: An obscene or indecent writing, paper, book, picture, print or figure found in possession, or under control of a person arrested therefor, shall be delivered to the magistrate before whom the person is arrested is required to be taken, and if the magistrate finds it is obscene or indecent, he shall deliver one copy to the county attorney of the county in which the accused is liable to prosecution, and at once destroy all other copies. The copy delivered to the county attorney shall be destroyed upon conviction of the accused.

Of course this is one of our picturesque laws. It is the kind which establishes that a person is guilty even before he is brought to trial. I was told that a 'magistrate' in this state can be any one of the justices of the peace, and that one of these could decide the *Handbook* is obscene, and order all of our stock destroyed. This would be fairly ridiculous—what would we have gained when we won in higher court, having had all of our stock gone down the drain, or up in smoke, whatever the case might be?

So, after due consultation and consideration we decided to have our stock elsewhere at all times. We didn't have it where it could be located by 'good' people seeking to carry out some local law which didn't guarantee anyone any constitutional rights.

One of the first results of the *Handbook* was the loss of a friend and lover, Dr. Carl Adler. Though our relationship dangled for a month-and-a-half after publication, it was really over in less than a week from the time I sold the first book. During the time I was writing it I had suggested that he look over the copy, and tried to tell him that it was a little different from anything he had seen thus far. He had laughed and said charmingly, all authors think they are writing something

quite unique. Each thinks his is the only one of its kind.

I said but it is different, and is sort of the only one of its kind. I could leave you out of it entirely if you would prefer. It's not easy to write autobiographical stuff while it's happening.

He asked would it be complete without me in it? And then he answered his own question, with a laugh, hardily!

So he had only glanced over it when he went into a place of business and was confronted by a group of men reading *Handbooks*. The manager said hi, doc, I didn't know you was a muff-diver. And 'doc' answered questioningly, isn't everyone?

The others said yes, but not everyone picks up a woman who is going to write it all down and sell it.

When Dr. Adler related that incident to me he was still his suave, charming, loveable self. But when the second event occurred — the one in which a pathological readhead, who had long had a crush on the good doctor, called his hand on the whole affair—it shook him. She arrived at his house, and went about telling him how she should report me to the authorities, and stop the sale of that filthy book.

He asked have you read it?

She answered I don't have to read it to know that it's trash.

She said Rey's a nymphomaniac, and her children are sluts. They should be taken away from her. I am going to report that book.

Dr. Adler informed her Rey's no nymphomaniac, by definition. Her children are the best proof of the fine woman she is, and would make good demonstrations of this fact any time. And, if you want the sales of the *Handbook* to really go up, report it to the 'authorities.' Perhaps you can get her the kind of publicity that she won't seek, but which will nevertheless sell the book in large quantities.

The third event, in rapid succession, was the irrefutable fact of my pregnancy. The book had been a strain on him; my pregnancy was all it took. He explained that he is a fairly sane fellow in most ways, and had a right to one neurosis, and pregnant women get on his nerves. So we bid us farewell, and went our separate ways.

I was hurt. It was hard to get the full effect of it, though, since so much was going on each day. I was elated about having another child. I was happy the *Handbook* was finished, and we could start marketing it. Tanette was leaving for Houston to be a se-

nior at Austin High School. We just had our hands full, and maybe it was a good time for Dr. Adler to bow out.

And I am not one for maintaining the 'weary aftermath of a love affair.' The relationship had been far too swinging. I had cared for him too much, I couldn't see dragging out any sorrow I felt and nulling all I had enjoyed. A series of lovely events were over. Now I had other things to do.

I lost old friends in the first few weeks. I would never have thought that several of the 'liberal-minded' people I knew would, in reality, have such very narrow minds. Others whom I would have thought of as conventional or conservative read the book and made every effort to let me know how much they admired me for it.

A minister who knew people around town called and said that a committee of citizens had gone to the county attorney to stop me from distributing the books. I couldn't imagine how a group of citizens could gather so quickly. So few books had been sold. I called Dr. Albert Ellis in New York and asked him to write an introduction for the *Handbook*. I felt that someone else could write something which would make it easier for the readers to understand my purpose, and felt he would be the best person.

Two days later I had a call from the minister saying that the county attorney, or someone in his office, had told the group of citizens that they had no interest in what I was doing. A few hours later, less than 48 hours after I had called Dr. Ellis, the introduction arrived. He had done an excellent job, and I typed it immediately, so that we could put it in the book, and also have reprints to send out.

We needed to be able to sell the *Handbooks* by mail. I tried to think of the best people to sell them to. I had no interest in upsetting a bunch of people who would feel that the book is nasty, and who would prefer to live the rest of their lives without ever knowing it exists. I wasn't interested in shocking anyone. I wanted, as quickly and as easily as possible, to locate people who would find the *Handbook* useful, and who would benefit from reading it.

I settled on a mailing list including medical doctors, osteopaths, chiropractors, naturopaths, psychologists and university professors who are psychologists. We still plan to mail to sociology professors, and to psychologists listed with the American Psychological Association. However, at this time, we have not yet finished going through the list of medical doctors.

This has been very rewarding. A few doctors have written in critically. They have called me things like money-mad and a Communist. They have said



"... and therefore, my dear child, even though you have taken this drug not knowing that it would cause horrible deformities to your unborn baby, it is morally wrong for you to ask permission to be aborted and take this infant's life..."



"... unfortunately, this state has abandoned drawing and quartering as punishment for a capital offense, but we do still have a way to deal with filthy, rotten, scum misfits like you, and I hereby sentence you to be hung by the neck until dead..."

that I am trying to destroy Christianity, and am ruining the morals of teenagers. But these have been in a minority.

The vast majority of the letters which arrive carry one main thought: we're glad you did it. Many of them convey the idea that such a book was long overdue, and it is about time someone wrote it. They order the books in quantity, and give and lend them to patients and colleagues. These are the people I wanted to see the book—wanted them to have the opportunity to judge—before some overly zealous Comstockian came upon it and began howling through his sick sexual conditioning.

I have especially enjoyed the reports that the *Handbook* has been instrumental in salvaging sinking marriages. In contrast to these reports—of which there have been quite a few—I know of one case in which a woman read it, and broke up her home immediately. Her husband had not supported her for several years, and she said the book had assisted her in seeing the uselessness of trying to save something which was non-existent.

There were people who had said the book wouldn't sell. One was a man—a friend who was married to a young woman who at one time had had a crush on my third husband, Thorny. The man, Joe, is an excellent salesman whom I admire very much. He is one of the few people who knew in advance that the *Handbook* was being published, and he discussed it with me several times when he was in our home. Since he tended to hold up production, Tanette tended to stop the conversations. Not, however, before he had informed us that he felt he had sexual freedom. He had the right, he said, to make out with other women, but he hadn't ever better catch Minnie, his wife, making out with other men. This is one of those statements that is like declaring war—at least it is for me. I am a firm advocate of agreement, and I believe that a man and a woman have a right to foreswear all sexual entanglements with other persons. They have a right to swear fidelity, etc. But I don't like rules which don't apply to both persons making the agreement.

In this instance it was almost amusing. His wife Minnie had explained to me quite a while before how she 'allowed' Joe to run around with another gal named Pam (who was the former wife of Joe's former boss.)

It does get complicated, these inter-adulterous relationships.

Minnie learned of the *Handbook* while I was writing it because of Joe's visits to our house. She told Thorny she should report it to the police and have it stopped before it ever was

finished. (Do you see the unreality of people in regard to the rights of others?)

However, Thorny was another of those people who don't try to stop idiocy by saying don't don't don't. He told her pleasantly—go ahead, that's the way to make it really well known. That wouldn't be the way to stop it, in any case. However, he told her, it can't be stopped. That's the way it is with communication—sometimes it gets slowed down—but it is never completely stopped.

I saw Minnie after the *Handbook* was out, and after several members of her young married set had read it. She informed me, you are very stupid. You don't know the first thing about having affairs. You think it's all right to tell people. It's not.

She continued, when I have an affair I make sure that my husband and children don't ever find out. Right now I am considering whether or not to go on a week's vacation with (a local businessman who is well known to everyone in Tucson) to Las Vegas.

Minnie is so cute when she gloats. She said Joe will think I'm visiting relatives.

I asked but don't you think that's a little dishonest—I am really confused by such tactics. She said it's the only decent way to go about such things.

She went on talking about how more and more people were starting to go to church, and how she and her family had started, and what peace of mind this brought about. . . . I admit it—my mind wandered.

* * *

The money we lived on for the two months we were getting the book shaped up and ready to go came from mama. Now mama has come to be the villain for many people—for others she is the poor, put-upon, respectable mother of a wayward daughter. For the people who think of the *Handbook* as an expose (which it is not), mama is the representation of prudery. If they wanted an all-out expose, including everything through orgies, they hasten to point out what a prude I still am.

In any event, as I have mentioned in the acknowledgments, I no longer blame mama for the condition I am in at a given time. We are both, she and I, members of the society we live in, and there's little use in my expecting her to be able to impart to me something that she had never learned. She is absolutely one of my favorite people, and it is she who backed Tanette and me when we decided to publish the *Handbook*.

We mailed a copy of the introduction and a short letter to the professional people I mentioned, and sold

books to people who sent orders in. Usually these were the doctors, but sometimes they passed the order blanks on to someone else. We also sold books to friends and business associates who came to the house.

One day a man called and said he would like to come out and get a book. I was curious as to how he had heard of it, and asked him. He told me of a friend he had seen in Phoenix that morning, a man who had purchased the book a few days before. I told him to come on out. After he had been here a few minutes, and was asking various questions about printing, etc., he said he felt that I might not have trouble with law-enforcing agencies, but that certainly the Mafia wasn't going to like it a little bit that I had published this book. I laughed because I thought he was joking.

But he persisted. He said the Mafia won't like this at all.

So I asked for heaven's sake, why not.

He said the Mafia has put three-and-a-half years and \$15,000,000 into Tucson. They have plans. They wouldn't want anything to happen that would put a spotlight on this town.

I said but . . .

He continued—they would take any action necessary to prevent such a thing from happening.

I said casually there's nothing they can do. Offset printing is such a wonderful thing. What I mean is that it wouldn't do any good to destroy a bunch of books, or come around twisting my arm, or anything. (I didn't allow myself to think of the things I knew anyone could do, like hurt one of the children.) I rattled on—the plates are in one place, not under my control. The negatives are in another place, also not under my control. No amount of going at me would prevent the *Handbook* from being sold. It's just beyond me at this point.

The man said a few parting words and left. Of course I have never seen him again. But I was shaken. I won't ever know whether I was more shaken by the supposed threat the Mafia could be, or from all that lying. I've always had a philosophy that telling the truth is simpler than lying, and I've followed this easy way for the most part. While I was speaking the plates were within ten feet of me, and the negatives only a little further away. As I was talking to him I was thinking wildly that I would make every word of it true. Never again would the whole investment be in one silly location. Even a fire could have tied things up for some time.

Of course a certain amount of what I said was true at the time. And that was about the ease with which offset printing is done. If all the plates and

negatives had been destroyed, all new plates could have been shot from the existing pages, or I could have typed them again in a few days and started from the beginning. It's nothing like setting all that metal type for a letterpress.

I would never know whether the man was just talking, inventing as he went—if he actually knew what he was speaking about, by some circumstances—or if he was by some chance actually connected with the Mafia. I knew already of the men, supposedly Mafia members, who lived in Tucson. I had typed a student policeman's notebook some months before that, and it had contained all the names, addresses, make of cars and license plate numbers, of all the Mafia members in Tucson.

One day I had a call from the secretary of the manager of the Better Business Bureau. She said Mr. Thompson, the manager, wants to see you. Could you come in to the office. I asked what for. She said I don't know. I told her I don't believe I can go that far on the basis of no information at all.

She said just a minute. Click—wait. . . . She returned to the line and said Mr. Thompson says he wants to see you about publishing. I said that isn't quite enough information. My baby is only a month old—I'm not well—please tell Mr. Thompson that he can come here, if he would like to make an appointment.

She said just a minute. Click again—wait some more. . . . She still retained her courteous attitude as she said with emphasis Mr. Thompson says you will either talk to him or to the police.

I couldn't believe it. I was annoyed for everyone anywhere who is threatened by someone who thinks he can get by with it. I said give Mr. Thompson a message for me. Tell him I am going to call my attorney and ask him how it is that this man thinks he can have his secretary call me and say what you have just said.

And I did.
I called Ward Lafayette. He is always busy, but he had told me that I was to tell his secretary if there was an emergency, and I should be the judge as to how urgent the matter was. It seemed to be an emergency to me, and so I told her this. At once Ward was on the phone.

I explained the situation to him, and he said I'll call you back. In a few minutes he did, and told me that he had called Rockwell Thompson and his attorney, and told them both that he would slap a suit for blackmail against Thompson, and that he was not to call me with any more threats. He instructed me not to talk to either Thompson or his secretary, since she

had been rude, and said go back to work, Rey.

So it was over a year later before I learned what Thompson wanted. One day he called in a very cheerful, happy-little-friend mood, and apologized in the first sentence. He said he would like to talk to me, and he hoped it would be alright with Ward. It had been a long time, and I have a hard time remembering and holding onto irritations. I said I think it will be alright for me to talk to you.

He explained that he had had an inquiry from someone who had ordered the *Handbook* and had failed to receive it. I told him how far we were

copy of my next book. He hastened to add that he was willing to pay for it. I told him I would let him know when it is available.

After Rockwell Thompson had resigned from the BBB (because of health reasons) the new manager called one day to ask about an order someone hadn't received. During the conversation he asked me about the book. I said you have one in your files. He said no, I don't; maybe Rockwell took it. I explained our shortage of stock, and how we had to limit the copies sent out gratis. He seemed to understand.

* * *

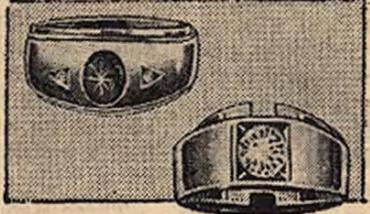
A minister who had originally felt the book was a valuable contribution to our society later developed a doubt. I see him occasionally, and one day he mentioned that he had heard that a man in southern California was renting out his copy of the *Handbook* for \$2.50 per reading. (I couldn't help but wonder if the renters were sub-renting it in turn.) He said they are reading it for pornographic reasons, and asked don't you think that's bad.

I said no. I didn't write it for pornographic reasons, whatever that is, but I don't think it's bad. If you mean that there are some men who have been starved in our anti-sex society, and are using my book to incite a few sexual sensations, I think it's sad rather than bad. It's unfortunate that they could grow to adults and find it necessary to use printed words to create feelings that are much nicer when they are had in other ways.

However, and I told him this, we must sooner or later allow all of us the right to experience sexual sensations. Whether we incite them as a result of reading a math book—as one friend of mine *does*—or from reading a combination of letters which evoke in us the conditioned responses so carefully instilled by our anti-sexual society, it is our civil right to experience erotic sensations. There have been laws made which deny us these rights, but they are ridiculous from the start.

Our television programs, and our movies and books before that, have never hesitated to present material which causes a melange of sensations, such as fear, happiness, etc. It's even all right to urge hunger sensations.

I've never been able to understand why we allow all the gore necessary to create anxiety in relation to fear of death, complete with mangled and mutilated bodies, but are unwilling to portray honestly the sexual desire of one human being for another. This is a feeling of affinity, of affection, and many times includes admiration, but if it is too apparent it becomes



FINGER HIM
as Father of the Year, with your princely gift of a 14 Kt. Gold Ring! Definitely priced below any possible guess:
Black Star Sapphire_____ \$45
Set With Two Diamonds
Fine Diamond_____ \$100

—ad in N.Y. Times

Soft-Core Pornography

behind in filling orders, and he said pleasantly that he would drop the man a note and give him that information. He seemed to want to continue talking, and suggested that we have coffee together some time. I told him I just couldn't make it. We were overwhelmed with orders and correspondence.

He asked did you ever find out why my secretary called you that day. I said no. He said she should never have talked to you that way. I fired her a short time later. (Neither of us bothered to say that we both knew his secretary had said what he had told her to say.)

He continued—some school children had a copy of your book, and were passing it around a school. One of the mothers had called the police and a squad car was sent out. They found the book and took it. There really wasn't any trouble.

I didn't ask: then why did you have your secretary call me at that time. It was a long time ago, and he seemed anxious to play it like it was a small thing. He said he had obtained a copy of the *Handbook* for his files from a university professor, and wanted a

A Workable Solution

by John Douglas

The two most critical problems that Americans face today are unemployment and Negro disenfranchisement. These problems are related, for the Negro, percentage-wise, is less employed than his white counterpart, and it is this relatedness which contains the solution to both problems.

The paradox of Negro rights, particularly in the South, emerges from what are called "States' rights," a relic of the time when this country was a loose federation of independent, often isolated, state communities.

Ironically, although states have come to look towards the federal government for assistance in local affairs, and although no thoughtful American any longer believes in the idea of "States' rights" as workable fact, yet the framework of the Constitution is so firmly anchored in this anachronism that interference by the national government in the internal matters of any state which has not requested it is, theoretically, unconstitutional.

There is, further, no legally sanctioned mechanism by which the federal government may force its will should it choose to do so, beyond nationalizing local state guardsmen during specific emergencies, a temporary expedient at best.

Now the refusal of the White South to accord its Negroes the right to vote is also unconstitutional. And yet the Negro, because of the constitutionally instituted structure of our federal government, has no right of appeal. That is to say, although the Negro is constitutionally entitled to vote, the government in Washington is constitutionally unable to insure that he may do so. No law exists by which any known arm of the federal government may force individual states to grant the Negro his long-delayed franchise.

Recently, however, the Attorney General's office has sent deputy marshals into troubled areas of the South with the intention of assisting local governments keep the peace. These marshals, moreover, have been sent without the specific request of the states concerned. By rule of precedent, since deputy marshals have, in the past, materially assisted in the internal affairs of the Southern states, they are entitled to continue to do so.

It has been argued that the Negro's desire to vote is his problem, and not the concern of the national government or any one else. The Negro himself, moreover,

taboo. In our society the very act of sexually *desiring* another person has long been considered sinful. Too long.

In July, 1962 we sold the publication rights (or at least 99% of them) to Ralph Ginzburg, of Documentary Books, Inc. We have the rights to continue publishing the manuscript edition just as we have been. He created a lovely hard-cover issue of the *Handbook*. Some few of these passed through the mail, and then, some time in December, 1962 the post office moved against him with several indictments.

His books were impounded, and sales stopped. The case was tried (he has been sentenced to 5 years) in Philadelphia, which I am told is even more conventional than Boston.

However, though it may be the desire of many authors to have a book banned in Boston, and might be even more exciting to have a book banned in Philadelphia—or the nation—this isn't quite what I had in mind when I wrote it. It is a book for people. It won't be stopped. It's possible to lose in one of the lower courts, where laws

has repeatedly made it clear that he wishes to administer his own affairs, and even the White South has stressed the desirability of the Negro's proving himself, of earning his right to vote. Any proposed solution to the complex problem of the Negro's disenfranchisement will have to take this factor into consideration.

I should like to propose, therefore, that the Attorney General (who seems, lately, to be looking for something to do) increase his program of deputization in the near future, and this extension be limited to those members of the male Negro population who are at present unemployed (veterans being given preferential treatment).

These deputies will remain in the areas where they now reside, in organized cadres of a military type, locally administered, but responsible only to the Attorney General's office. These cadres will be infinitely expandable, and will continue to recruit from the eligible youth of the Negro community. I would suggest, tentatively, that only men who have attained the age of sixteen be accepted as deputies, but local conditions may necessitate lowering this requirement in order to accommodate the drop-out element.

These deputized militia to be called "Peace Troopers," will be so organized as to have one-third of their total force on two-hour call. At any rate, therefore, the Attorney General will have at his disposal a large, well-trained striking force whose chief concern, necessarily, will be with the rights of the Negro community. Flown to areas where the interests of that community are thwarted by local white government, this force will be empowered to insure that injustice and oppression cease at once.

The immediate benefits of this proposal should be obvious. I should also like to point out, moreover, the good effect that its execution will have on the Negro community at large. Not only will it give the Negro population a sense of unity, but it will increase their loyalty to the federal government (a desirable trend in that it would vitiate the powerful attraction exerted by the Black Muslims).

Too often the Negro has come to identify all duly constituted authority with those local police officials with whom he is in constant and often unfortunate contact. No man is more loyal to authority than he whose fortunes are identified with it. The Negro, having discovered that his cause is also the cause of the federal government, will soon become one of our most loyal citizens. When he has done this, he will have proven his eligibility to vote, which proof has so long been demanded of him by his fellow countrymen.

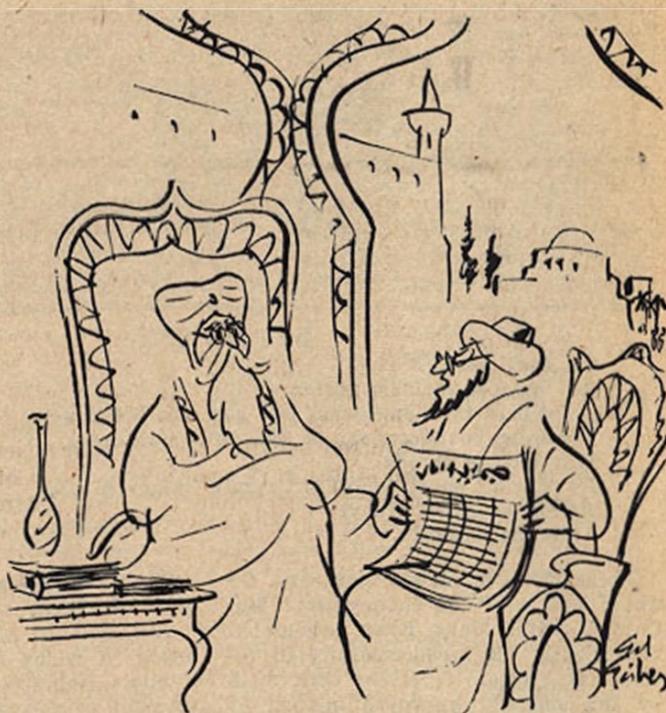
have been made to prevent communication from going through. But it cannot lose in the final analysis. We are at that stage in the game. Our fight is not one of whether Capitalism, Communism or Christianity will win out—it is a fight of whether non-communication or communication will.

We cannot allow words to be stopped, or we who are alive are stopped, indeed we're no longer *really* alive. The dead do not communicate, and non-communication is comparable to death.

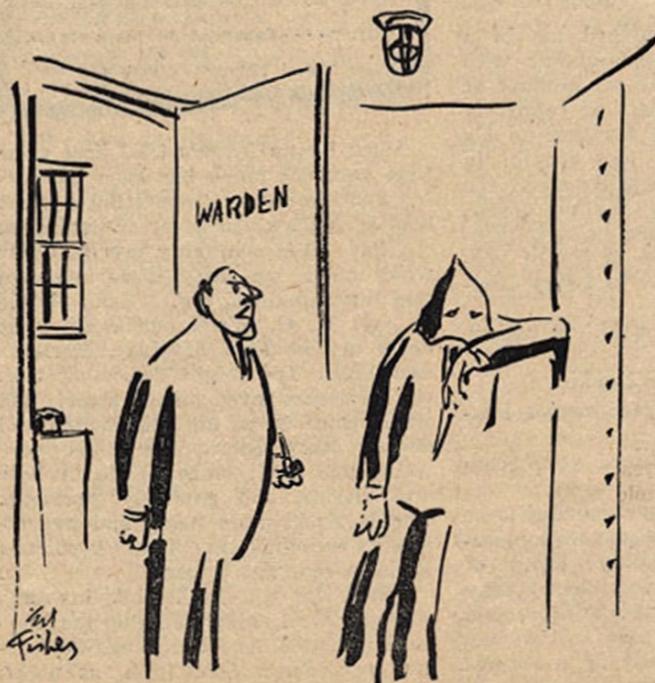
ed fisher's page



"I had thought that, being in the Mafia, he'd at least have different hours or something . . ."



"Get this, Your Eminence—they're quitting the NAACP because they say it's 'white dominated.' Just what the hell do they think *we* are?"



"You'll have to buck up, Swenson—there are lots of unemployed teen-agers who'd be happy to have your job!"



"Dig the topical humor in there, folks—buy the Times!"

August 1964

THAT Wild Sign Case in Sausalito Court

...the sign was...
...the sign was...
...the sign was...



...the sign was...
...the sign was...
...the sign was...

by Peter Edler

On April 23rd, 1964
A Fuck Communism poster
Stapled to the domicile of one Kenneth McCurdy,
The Ferryboat Issaquah in Sausalito, California,
Was torn to shreds
By Marin County Sheriff's Captain Sidney Stinson,
Acting on direct orders
From his instincts.

There it is, in all its bluntness. Or would you have me compromise? McCurdy's wife, Mary Ellen, attempted nonviolently but unsuccessfully to remove the Captain from her threshold by the officially approved method of water thrust and wet embarrassment from a green plastic garden hose.

A little later McCurdy and his wife were arrested on a charge of outraging public decency. There were other, more specific counts, such as illegal soaking of a police officer in the throes of an orgasm. A complaint from a witness that Stinson attempted to eat the poster, Eat It, that is, was quickly dismissed as irrelevant and exaggerated.

Since I know McCurdy, have picketed with but essentially against him, I decided to expose my own evidence, an identical poster. At the courthouse, McCurdy's lawyer, Wily William Wolfson, a slimy person of understandably questionable objectives, asked me to hold up the poster at a distance, so he could form an opinion about how far the human eye could be trusted to discern patriotic messages.

Moments later, after I had tidily re-folded the poster, a shoal of Lawmen swarmed up and its pilot, Fish-Captain Stinson, gargled as follows: "Spewbul bawnfew mollaif hemstop!"

"Am I under arrest, officer," I replied cautiously.

An exchange of death sentences followed in which a cruel but dazzling intellect (mine) toyed with all that is foul and primitive (his). Minutes later all-that's-foul pushed me out of a surprisingly indifferent elevator, through sturdy bars, in the direction of basement quarters known in County slang as "The Grill," "The Gridiron" or "The Grim Room."

With me, not illogically, were McCurdy and an innocent bystander, Larry Hankin, a satirist performing with The Committee in San Francisco, who insisted to me that his innocence was conditional, but that, in order to avoid cumbersome detours of the intellect, he was willing to call it absolute.

Captain Stinson engaged me in a brief but impressive tug-of-war with my poster, probably in an attempt at roping me. Since a chain of (approx.) 17 police officers was attached to his back, and others, no less playful in mood, deployed strategically about the room, I let him win. Another officer, who has been identified as a broken-down philatelist prone to fits of sentimentality, then spoke to Larry Hankin.

"Prattle bam," he said, or rather, demanded.

"No, sir," answered Hankin.

"Why not?" the officer forgot himself.

"Because I'm afraid of you," concluded Hankin.

Now lawyer Wolfson demanded to be heard. He offered smiles and compromise. Gagger on a large chunk of personal freedom, he was momentarily incommunicado from us, Stinson, and himself, but finally recovered to win, as all lawyers eventually do, a stay of execution for himself and those crouching behind him.

I got my poster back. I talked to

the press. I told them about my past, my plans for the future, how long I'd been doing this kind of thing. They got my views on nerve gas, neo-Nazism rampant in Germany, the assassination, and what I thought *Le Canard Enchaîné* meant when it quoted *L'Express* as saying: "Le policier enfonça le canon de son pistolet dans l'estomac d'Oswald et me demanda s'il travaillait ici."

Then I let them photograph me holding the poster, while another, more cooperative police officer held a nightstick across my eyes to prevent the decent readers from being outraged and my eyes from raging back.

McCurdy's trial is set for June 29. It will probably coincide with the trial of Ron Boise's erotic sculptures, patterned after the Kama Sutra, which were recently confiscated at the Vorpall Gallery in San Francisco. The sculptures are welded metal miniatures, depicting a variety of delightful positions, I think twelve exactly, to accommodate each juror.

A Banner With a Startling Device

A Sausalito artist decorated his houseboat with a colorful attack on communism yesterday—but sheriff's deputies found the message too graphic and threw him in jail. Although not easily, the decoration was a red, white and blue paper banner, two feet long. Its message consisted of two words, one of them just four letters. Simply: "..... Communism." Deputies William Keaton and ... the banner fluttering from ... So they tried again. Same response. At this point the deputy staged a strategic withdrawal and telephoned for Sheriff's Captain Sidney Stinson, who drove hastily to Walnut Point. Stinson, witnesses reported with some awe, doggedly marched up the gangway, tore the banner down and ripped it to shreds—despite the fact that Mrs. McCurdy one deck above, was doubling him with the garden hose and a stream of invective. Finally McCurdy was

After Lenny Bruce's trial here some time ago, not much has been happening and the public is expecting a great deal of fun without cover or minimum.

I have been searching my mind for what makes me enjoy these incidents and their ramifications. It isn't simple to say. H. G. Wells put some of it down in *The Time Machine*. Morlocks and Eloi. You might remember that the Morlocks lived underground and would come up at night to snatch and devour stray Eloi. The Eloi were white and frail, with beautiful hair and visions, and perfectly pacifistic. The Morlocks were nasty and aggressively cannibalistic. They kept the Eloi in constant terror.

Well, I'm an Eloi. But in some strange way I enjoy watching the Morlocks in action. And I have self-destructive tendencies. Sometimes, at night, a numbing urge fills me to go down into the shafts and find out what they'll do to me.

Anti-Red Sign

Shocking Word At the Courthouse

The blunt anti-Communist sign of the Kenneth McCurdy was displayed in the Marin County Courthouse in San Rafael yesterday, and it almost caused their re-arrest.

The McCurdys are accused of displaying a sign that said "..... Communism" outside their Sausalito ferryboat home. A friend of theirs, Peter Edler, 29, of 45 Marie street

POT-SMOKER

(Continued from Page 24)

not only do I believe that alcohol is harmful to me physically, but that it also slows my reflexes, clouds my perception, makes me feel sick, dulls my wit—and besides, I don't like the taste of it.

What are some other reasons?

Pot is truly relaxing; we have already dealt with that. But it is relaxing in a particularly valuable way, because it teaches us—or has taught me, at least—that there is more than one way of looking at things. I firmly believe that the average person finds it very difficult to stop being subjective. Everything that happens around him, he evaluates on the basis of how it affects him personally. Usually, he will be incapable of looking at a situation objectively as if he were not involved. With pot, this objectivity is more easily obtained. I have discussed this aspect of pot smoking with dozens of other smokers and it is a viewpoint on which all are substantially in agreement.

As a matter of fact, on the rare occasions when more permissive countries have attempted to stop widespread marijuana smoking, it has usually been because the pot-smoking community was so relaxed and happy and uninterested in meaningless work that nothing productive was getting done. I think you will find more details about this in *Drugs and the Mind* by Robert S. de Ropp (Grove Press), which is a very good book for anyone interested in the subject to study.

If pot is so relaxing, how do you get any work done?

When I want to get some work done, I just lay off smoking in the same way that somebody who wants to get some work done would lay off drinking.

How often do you smoke?

No schedule . . . just when I feel like it, assuming I have any around, just like a drinker takes a drink when he feels like it. That, of course, might be all day every day for a week or possibly not at all for six months.

How do you get it?

It's easy enough to grow . . . in window boxes, flower pots, gardens. It grows as a weed in every country in the world. It doesn't require any special preparation . . . just grow it and dry the leaves. Some countries, however, produce better pot than others. The strongest is Gange, from India, Ganga from Jamaica, what's popularly known as Panamanian Red from Panama and marijuana from Mexico. Kif from Morocco tends to make you sleepy, Mexican pot makes you amiable and very talkative.

As to getting it, as long as there is a demand for anything, there will always be a supply and, apart from individual

smugglers (which includes every single person who smokes), many people make a substantial living bringing it in from Mexico. Large supplies have also poured in from the Midwest in the last few years.

If it IS illegal and it IS smuggled in, don't you feel that you're supporting racketeers and that breed of people by buying it?

I suppose the same question might have seemed eminently reasonable during the time of Prohibition, and I'm sure that most people would have given the same answer; that they did not recognize the right of non-drinkers to prevent them from drinking, and that the racketeers sprang up as a direct result of this curtailment of their freedom. If people believe a law is wrong, they will challenge it, ignore it, or defy it. And if this artificially-created market spawns racketeers to fill the demand, it can hardly be blamed on the people who don't want the law in the first place.

Do you think there's any possibility of this law ever being changed?

I think history has proved that there is an absolute certainty that every law will eventually be changed as legislators belatedly catch up with public opinion. There was a time when pot smokers formed a very tiny minority. They may still be a minority, but it is no longer tiny. Everybody I know smokes pot. And this includes people in almost every walk of life and every social and economic level.

Britain's most influential medical journal, *The Lancet*, recently editorialized that maybe the time had come to examine whether the question of legalizing marijuana should not be seriously considered. But then Britain's attitude toward drug addiction and drugs in general has always been more enlightened than our own. Over here, we create addicts with all the attendant crime and persecution; over there, they treat addicts and try to cure them.

How much does pot cost?

Naturally it varies according to where you are, but in New York one ounce of pot will retail for about \$20. This means that it is one ounce of dried leaves, stems and seeds which has to be cleaned ("manicured" in the terminology) because the seeds and stems cannot be smoked. When cleaned, this one ounce may yield as many as 30 or 40 very thin cigarettes, although these days many pot-smokers have taken to smoking pipes.

In Southern California, nearer to Mexico (this country's major source of supply), prices tend to be lower, balanced by the fact that the penalties for possession are higher in California than in New York. This, of course, affects the market price. In Mexico, a kilo (2.2 lbs.) will cost you \$40; in Tangiers, a kilo will cost \$15; in Paris, it is usually sold in \$2 packets contain-

ing enough or about 5 or 6 cigarettes. The Paris stuff—which comes from Algiers—is very strong, by the way.

How is it smuggled, or brought in through customs?

People driving from Mexico have tried all kinds of tricks, most of which are now familiar to Texas border and California border officials. Smugglers have stuffed spare tires, filled the hub caps, packed the oil filters, stuffed it down inside the frame of the door, hidden it under the floor mats, even carried it in brown paper bags in their purses. These days, border officials usually search pretty thoroughly, especially when young people are concerned.

Incidentally, I agree with the editorial in *The Lancet* that suggested that more and more, the younger generation is turning to pot while the older generation sticks to alcohol. But . . . back to smuggling. I have known people who have had their cars towed across the border because they were ostensibly broken down, when actually the cars were packed with pot. I heard of one man who flew in from Tangiers with a fez on his head and a camel saddle under his arm, both containing kif.

How do you feel when you are high on pot?

Happy.

Well, I feel happy without pot. Why do you need it?

Because I'm happier with it. I don't need candy or kisses, but I'm happier with them.

You say that you smoke pot because it is very relaxing and it makes you more objective. How long does this effect last?

The relaxed feeling, for a couple of hours and as long afterward as I continue to smoke it. The objectivity, for the rest of my life.

You mean you think it DOES, somehow, have permanent effects?

I think that anything that teaches you more about yourself, and by extension about other people, must have permanent effects. And I can only say that my life has been happier, more productive (or "efficient," if you prefer that interpretation) since I began to smoke. Of course, you could maintain that these improvements are part of the normal process of maturing, in which case I can only add that obviously pot hasn't retarded the process.

What about the other people you say you know who also smoke pot. Do they feel the same way?

To some extent, a cross-section of the people who smoke pot would be like a cross-section of any other group. There are people who are strong and who are weak; who are brave and who are frightened (although for the very reason that they have been willing to try it, they are less frightened than

the ones who haven't). And so people who smoke pot react in much the same kind of way as people who drink liquor.

Some get more neurotic and more excited and sometimes even more frightened than before. Others get more amiable, more constructive, less inhibited and more loving. Some, it is true, begin to have a neurotic, psychological dependence on pot, so that increasingly they feel unable to face life without it. I would imagine that the percentage of pot-smokers who get this way is roughly equivalent to the percentage of drinkers who turn into alcoholics.

Are you able to work when you're high?

If I knew I was intending to work, I wouldn't get high, but if I was high and I decided to do some work, I would be able to snap out of it sufficiently to do whatever was necessary. Marijuana is a very mild drug and no matter how high you are, you are able to talk and think quite rationally if you want to. The alternative is also open to you—to sit back or lie back and just let your thoughts wander; in essence, to dig what exists without worrying about it.

Does pot make you sexually aggressive?

There's a great deal of misunderstanding about the effect of pot on what we will euphemistically call the sexual mechanism. It has been widely touted as an aphrodisiac, for example, and there are allegations that people who are high on pot are going to run amuck and grab the first girl they see. In actual fact, pot has a tendency to improve any existing circumstances that are good and magnify any circumstances that are bad. It will not act as a sexual stimulant except insofar as to lessen one's inhibitions in the same way alcohol might lessen one's inhibitions.

However, if you are in sexual circumstances (i.e., making love to somebody) when you are high, it will greatly enhance those circumstances. The reason why this is so, I believe, is that pot has a tendency to suspend one's judgment of time so that a passage of a few seconds or a few minutes can seem like it is minutes or hours. If you are high and there is no particular reason why you should be thinking of sex, the fact that you are high will not bring the thoughts into your mind.

You have mentioned your feeling when high on pot in relation to two areas: work and sex. But with other pleasurable sensations, say eating something you like, what is the effect?

In general, pot acts as a kind of magnifying glass on all the senses. There have been times when I have been high and I have been hungry (as a matter of fact, one of the inevitable effects is that it sharpens your appetite); and on these occasions, food has tasted better than at any other time.

The same with things to drink. I have a personal theory that most people either ignore or deaden at least some of the five senses, and in my experience, pot facilitates the appreciation of all these senses.

As an example, I would suggest that taking a hot bubble bath when you can feel the comforting warmth and slipperiness of the water on your skin at the same time you appreciate the aroma and occasionally even hear the tiny bubbles bursting in your ear is a near-perfect combination of three senses simultaneously. As a matter of fact, if you could make the bubbles edible, you'd have the fourth.

What actually happens physically when you smoke pot?

So far as I know, nobody has ever answered that question. Obviously, like alcohol, it must get instantly into the blood stream and head straight for the brain. But whereas alcohol also seems to incapacitate the body, at least in some minor way by slowing the reflexes or something, there is no medical evidence to suggest that this happens with pot. The effects are fairly short-lived, usually an hour or two, and there are no after-effects and no hangovers.

You've given all sorts of advantages for smoking pot. What, if any, are the disadvantages?

The main disadvantage is that it is against the law, which means that there will always be some busybody who wants to make trouble for somebody who smokes it. To my mind, the way to overcome this disadvantage is very simple: discover some harmless chemical in which marijuana can be soaked which will not change its effect but will remove its incriminating smell. For anybody with any knowledge of science, this shouldn't be hard to do. There's no way for anybody to recognize that a pot-smoker is high if the smoker doesn't want him to know. The symptoms are similar to those of alcohol, without the debilitating effects of the latter, and even some of the terminology—such as the word "high"—is interchangeable.

The second disadvantage is that pot does affect the time sense, which means that your judgment might well be impaired if you are handling machinery or driving a car or doing anything in which a good sense of time is important to your safety. But then there are nuts who drive cars and operate machinery when they're drunk—there's nothing much you can do about nuts.

The third disadvantage might be considered a disadvantage by society at large, but could hardly be regarded as that by the smoker. I refer to the effect that pot has on the smoker's willingness to work. When he's high, he's less compulsive. He doesn't want to work, he doesn't think it's as impor-

tant as he might have thought when he wasn't high. In my personal view, this kind of attitude should be fostered rather than discouraged. Compulsive people are a drag, not only to themselves, but to other people.

The only other disadvantages that I can think of are that not enough is known about the subject medically. After all, in some countries, they have been smoking it for only a mere two thousands years or so, and in all that time hardly anybody seems to have written any medical reports on the subject. Of course, this might be for the reason that nobody has written any reports on the medical fact of wine made out of nettles, or all those herb remedies that tradition has taught us cure things as efficaciously as some of the equally untested modern drugs that are foisted upon the public without even the safety that many years of experiment would have provided.

Million-dollar corporations whose alleged motives are to improve the human condition but whose real motives are to make profits, have been known to make fatal mistakes, as was seen with the Thalidomide scandal. It is possible, I suppose, that a harmless little weed that grows in everybody's garden might over a long period of time be damaging to the human body. It is possible, but nobody has proven it.

What they have proved is that another plant, processed commercially in vast quantities every year, is a deadly poison that kills thousands of people. That plant, poisonous as it is, is legally sanctioned by every country in the world. Its name is tobacco.

And All That God Jazz

Jazz education, a growing area these days, will have two new outlets in New York City in the coming months. Two schools are preparing for openings, and neither bears much resemblance to Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge—one will be run by bassist Charlie Mingus. . . .

Mingus has taken a 10-year lease on a floor in a building at 386 Third Ave., as a location for his proposed Arts, Music, and Gymnastics School.

Mingus said he also has plans for a gym, with sunlamps and with rowing equipment "for musicians who want to build themselves up"; the teaching of karate and judo; and fresh fruit and vegetable juices dispensed by a special machine he has bought.

During recitals, the juice bar will be open to the general public. A non-denominational "prayer and meditation room" will be a required stopping place for any student before he can enter the studio. . . .

—Down Beat

The Realist

TIMOTHY LEARY

(Continued from Cover)

When the authorities found out what Dr. Leary was attempting, the laws were quickly changed to make the distribution of these chemicals a government monopoly, and Dr. Leary and Dr. Alpert were removed from their positions at Harvard.

Leary and Alpert now live, with an "extended family" of 22 others, in an old estate in Millbrook, New York, and I drove up there on a recent week-end to get their side of the story and find out what their present plans are.

Let me admit that several of my best friends have been kicked out of various university positions, like Leary and Alpert, for thinking independent thoughts, the one crime never permitted in an American university. I found Leary and Alpert the least embittered of any of these expelled heretics that I have ever met.

"Harvard was right," Leary says calmly. "We were planning to leave anyway, before they asked us to. We believe in every man's right to play his own game, but he must contract with others as to where and when the game should be played, what the rules are, and so forth. Nobody has the right to inflict his game on others. We don't believe, for instance, that a baseball team has the right to charge out onto a football field where a game is in progress and start their own game and get in everybody else's way. Harvard had a verbal game, and we've got a non-verbal game. Obviously, we had to find our own field."

The "extended family" mentioned above is part of Leary's game. Criticisms of the restricted, authoritarian mold of the patriarchal family have been around for about a hundred years now, such criticisms coming equally vehemently from Marxists, Reichians, anarchists and Borsodians. Leary, instead of merely criticizing the patriarchal-authoritarian family game, has started his own libertarian and decentralized family game.

The extended family at Millbrook consists of Dr. Leary and his two children, Dr. Alpert, Dr. Ralph Metzger and his wife and children, a jazz musician and his wife and five children, a Negro family, and one or two others. Various visitors are continually coming and going—among them Catholic priests, psychologists, anthropologists, beatniks, ex-convicts who became friends of Leary's during his work in the prisoner rehabilitation field, Buddhist monks, etc.—and a sign immediately inside the front door of the main house tells you:

Like other games, the visiting game is best played when the parties involved have an explicit contract as to the roles each shall play and the over-all rules.

If you are an invited guest, please contact the member of the family who invited you.

If you are uninvited, please restrict your visit to one hour and remain here until one of us can be with you to show you about.

The Millbrook community is on an estate of 5000 acres and includes twenty small cottages as well as the two castle-like main houses. The "family" remains in the bigger of the two main houses, except when somebody wants to withdraw for a while for meditation, writing, or just to escape from other people's games. "We have our own transcendental games, which are

just as much of a hang-up as the conventional social games," Dr. Alpert told me, with a wide grin. "When it gets too gamey for somebody, out to the cottage he goes."

Leary was already playing an interview game when I arrived—Dr. Roger Wescott, the anthropologist-poet-libertarian-epigrammatist-linguist-semanticist, was making a tape with Dr. Leary, so my wife and I wandered around examining the house. It was the Frankenstein's castle sort of place that rich families used to build back in the 19th Century, but finished in very modern style.

There were few paintings, but lots of collages—one that I particularly remember was a psychedelic collage made up of photos of William Burroughs, Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley and other distinguished experimenters with chemical consciousness-expansion, together with sensational headlines about these chemicals, and the formulas for the chemicals; another was a really wild and way-out thing featuring a score of nude gals from *Playboy* interspersed with Buddhas, Bodhisattvas and other meditative oriental figures.

Dr. Alpert joined us and we began chatting about the reactions of various groups to psychedelic research. Alpert admitted that he had never read any Oriental philosophy until after his first experiences with LSD and psilocybin (the two principal mind-enlarging chemicals.)

"I was a logical positivist," he said, "and all Oriental thought seemed primitive and irrational to me. But after my first trans-ego experience with psilocybin I realized that a lot of their religious thought was really a very apt description of this type of consciousness-expansion."

Dr. Leary, meanwhile, had escaped from Dr. Wescott's interview-game and was plunged into a game that seemed to be even more enjoyable to him: baseball. Watching him belt the ball with great zest and considerable skill for his 43 years, I recalled his famous comparison of baseball and psychotherapy in his explosive essay, "How to Change Behavior":

In terms of the epistemology and scientific method employed, the 'game' of baseball is superior to any of the so-called behavioral sciences. Baseball officials have classified and they reliably record molecular behavior sequences (the strike, the hit, the double-play, etc.) Their compiled records are converted into indices most relevant for summarizing and predicting behavior (R.B.I., runs batted in; E.R.A., earned run average, etc.). Baseball employs well-trained raters to judge those rare events which are not obviously and easily coded. These raters are known as umpires.

When we move from behavior-science to behavior-change, we see that baseball experts have devised another remarkable set of techniques for bringing about the results which they and their subjects look for: coaching. Baseball men understand the necessity for sharing time and space with their learners, for setting up role models, for feedback of relevant information to the learner, for endless practice of the desired behavior.

... Baseball is a clean and successful game because it is seen as a game. ... The nationality game it is treason not to play. (And it is treason not to play) the racial game, the religious game, and that most treacherous and tragic game of all, the game of individuality, the ego game. ...

When I was able to lure Dr. Leary back into another interview-game, we retired to the kitchen with a Catholic monk who was also trying to interview Dr. Leary,

and my wife made some coffee. I asked Dr. Leary how he happened to adopt the game model for his scientific papers on human behavior—did he acquire it from sociologist Huizinga's *Homo Ludens*, from mathematician von Neumann's *Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*, or was it just in the air in behavioral science these days?

"Well, it's been in the air for quite a while," he said, "and I may have used it once or twice in the old days, but it really came home to me after my first psychedelic experience." This occurred on vacation in Mexico, where an anthropologist gave him one of the "magic mushrooms" which the Indians say "allows a man to see God."

Leary knew that the mushroom contained the alkaloid, psilocybin, described by psychiatrists as a "psychotomimetic" (insanity-producer) or "hallucinogenic" (hallucination-producer). Curious, he ate it and waited to see what would happen. For four hours his mind "whirled around in some strange universe outside of my ego." Nothing in all his psychological training could explain or even verbalize the nature of this experience.

He had been teaching academic psychology for over ten years and practicing as a therapist with disturbed individuals for eight years, but he suddenly realized that there were aspects of the human consciousness which Western science had never described, explained, or even investigated.

"I kept searching for words to describe what had happened," he told me, "and finally I remembered the game model and I said: 'The space game came to an end, then the time game came to an end, and then the Timothy Leary game came to an end.'"

While the game metaphor is very evocative of the after-effect of the experience, in which one sees very clearly the arbitrary nature of the social roles people play, I personally prefer, in describing the experience itself, my own atomic fission metaphor. The ego, the psychological individuality of man, is literally blown to atoms. The decentralized consciousness which remains is described as "union with God" by Western mystics, as "the blessed void" by Eastern mystics, and as "schizophrenic lunacy" by dogmatic old-school materialists. Because this experience has usually been associated with religion and sometimes with very *superstitious* religion, a large portion of the scientific community prefers the third description and regards Dr. Leary's work with considerable hostility.

The typical psychedelic experience—and here I shall attempt to describe it in neutral terminology—seems to consist of four stages.

First there is a gradual disorientation, accompanied sometimes by nausea and sometimes by anxiety. Psychedelic chemicals seem to act, primarily, on the colloidal structure of the living protoplasm; the action of both nerves and muscles depends upon whether the colloids are expanding toward sol-state or contracting toward gel-state.

The psychedelics seem to lead to an expansion, which means that the muscles lose a great deal of their chronic tension (everybody in our society is defending himself muscularly as well as psychologically) and the nerves transmit more information.

In the second stage, the new relaxation and new information begin to be accepted by the body, and no

longer cause nausea and anxiety. At this point, new perceptions break through—some of them probably hallucinatory, some of them probably not. You typically see colors brighter, hear music clearer, see motions in a new esthetic way; you may also see something as odd as the alcoholic's pink elephant.

In the third stage, hallucinations give way to the unstructured perceptions of infancy or idiocy: space and time break down into arbitrary patterns inside yourself which you no longer have the energy to project onto the world (through all of this, which burns up considerable energy, you are getting tired and tired-er). At the end of this stage, with a strong psychedelic, the ego pattern itself is an abstraction which you no longer have the energy to hold onto as "reality."

Through both the hallucinatory and transcendental phases of the experience, the body is in a peculiar ecstasy which may, possibly, be our natural state before social conventions fouled us up, or may be an artificial creation of the chemicals.

Finally, in the fourth phase, the ego gradually reestablishes itself, space and time reappear, the ordinary socially-defined "reality" restructures itself. But you are never again able to believe that this social "reality" is all of reality or that your ego is all of you.

Actually, there is nothing very "mystical" (in the pejorative sense of that word) about Dr. Timothy Leary. Many subjects have reported, after psychedelic experiences, that they achieved "telepathy," or that their "astral body" left their "physical body," or similar spiritualistic claims. Dr. Leary is rigidly empirical about such matters. He has devised an experiment which might shed some light on the "telepathy" claim, and he is trying to devise an experiment that would test the "astral body" claim, but he will not offer an opinion until the experiments are repeatedly performed.

Questioning him at great length on these matters, I discovered in him a genuine and vehement distaste for *opinion* in scientific matters. He will keep his mouth shut until he has an experience to report. Indeed, *any* question I asked him on a matter which had not yet been experimentally explored by himself or some other scientist led him inevitably, not into an opinion, but into a suggestion as to what sort of experiment might shed some light on the subject. Buckminster Fuller, in my experience with him, has that type of mind; most other scientists, in spite of aiming for it, do not really have it.

The game-model, like the models in modern physics, is *similar in structure* to the events it seeks to explain; that is, it is offered as a model, not as "the thing-in-itself." Modern science more and more recognizes that there *is* no thing-in-itself. "The map is not the territory," as Korzybski used to say. The value of the game model in describing, analyzing, predicting and changing human behavior is that it lends itself—much more than Freud's "ego," "id," "censor," etc., or academic psychology's "stimulus" and "response"—to a joint personal-and-interpersonal framework.

A man plays his own personal games, but he plays them according to socially-learned rules.

"Even the catatonic," Leary likes to point out, "is playing a socially-learned game: the withdrawn 'crazy' person, with all sorts of socially-learned ritual 'crazy' gestures; and his game achieves its object, which is to get other people to treat him as a withdrawn 'crazy' person."

person and ignore him most of the time. In a mental hospital, the catatonics are very successful in getting the staff to play this game according to these rules." Leary also points out how the paranoid easily draws others into his game of "you reject me all the time."

Leary applies the game model to all human behavior except for random gestures, physiological reflexes and instinctual movements. All other human movements, he points out, follow "highly systematized sequences," and each of these highly systematized sequences embodies a socially-learned *game*, which is artificial, tribal and arbitrary.

Roman Catholicism is a game in which you make certain ritual gestures, splash yourself with water on certain occasions, refuse certain foods on certain occasions, etc.

Prison is a behavior-change game with four teams—cons, guards, administration, and psychotherapists—and Leary regards it as one of our most tragic games because all four teams have different goals.

Freudian psychotherapy is another behavior-change game, involving only two players, with rigidly prescribed rules; in this case, although the goals of the two players are different, they do not sharply collide as in the prison game.

The ego-game, which is usually a one-upmanship game, is the game least likely to be seen as a game by the players of it, unless—through chemicals, through the abnormal breathing exercises of Buddhism, through stroboscopic lights, or through some traumatic experience—they achieve the non-game perspective of a trans-ego awareness.

Dr. Leary's baseball analogy, quoted earlier, has sharpened his eye for precision in goal-planning. When he started his prisoner-rehabilitation project at Massachusetts State Prison, he discarded all the vaguely-worded traditional goals of "psychotherapy," "socialization," "increased maturity," etc., and set a very simple, measurable goal. He was dealing with 37 convicts who were due for parole within a year. His goal was defined as "keeping the cons on the street." The measurement was simple: one year after release, "Where are the bodies of the cons in space-time?" If most of them are back in prison, as most cons usually are one year after release, Leary's behavior-change game would have failed its goal.

One year after release, 75% of Leary's cons were out on the streets, 25% were back in prison. The usual rate on discharged cons is exactly the reverse, 75% back in stir, 25% still outside. His behavior-change game had shown considerable promise.

Record Review Section

Having followed with interest from its slow beginning the snowballing popularity of *Dial-a-Prayer*, we're still bemoaning the poor selection of talent by the A. & R. man over at A. T. & T. They're really scraping the bottom of the pulpit. Although the messages reek with superficiality, they are given an air of authority by the heavy-handed approach of these daily discs. Strictly in terms of performance, however, the tone is consistently dry and somber. *Capsule critique*: Somebody up there made a clerical error.

August 1964

An Advertisement Nobody Would Accept

MORNING GLORY LODGE, Cranberry Lake in the Adirondak mountains. Largest lake in the Adirondaks, unspoiled, 95% of shore line is forest preserve. An ecstatic, transcendental, consciousness expanding, psychedelic setting. House \$150 per week, camps at \$50, \$40. Write Art Kleps, Box 191, Star Lake, N. Y.

At this point, however, Leary was discharged from Harvard, others were put in charge of the prison project, and more traditional psychotherapy games were re-instituted. A year later, most of the cons were back in the joint again. "Society didn't really like the results of our game," Leary told me philosophically. "Most people are still hung up on the blame-game, the punishment-game, the monotheism-game and the cops-and-robbers game. They didn't like seeing the cons start learning new games."

One of the many things that made Leary appear as a shady character around Cambridge was that his first experiment in an "extended family" there included several of the ex-cons, as well as—*horrors*—a beatnik with long womanish hair. The neighbors complained. Leary once wrote in a scientific paper, "The convicts are no longer *subjects* to me. They are my brothers." This kind of thing just doesn't go over in the world of academic psychology.

Actually, Leary had started to abandon the dichotomy of therapist-and-patient, researcher-and-subject even before he got interested in psychedelics. It occurred to him that this game forced psychology into an authoritarian mold which, although useful in explicating the typical behavior of individuals in our authoritarian society, did not indicate *all* the potentials of humanity.

He began such unorthodox approaches as calling the "subject" a "research associate" and seeing to it that he was treated that way; having a group of subjects—pardon, research associates—give a test to a group of psychology graduate students before the students gave the test to them; asking the *research associates* to tear up a questionnaire and write down what they thought was important about what had happened; and tearing down the separation between authoritarian scientist and obedient subject in every other conceivable way.

By the time he got to the prisoner rehabilitation program, he had arrived at such an anarchistic standpoint—anarchistic in the etymological sense of non-authoritarian, not in the pejorative sense of chaotic—that most of the time the convicts were giving instruction and even orders to many of the graduate psychology students in the project.

Leary's behavior-change game involves three stages: (a) a preparation in which the persons who are trying to learn new games are taught everything presently known about psychedelic chemicals and their effects, including the opinions of those who do not see any beneficial value in these chemicals; (b) several sessions in which various persons partake of the chemicals and explode their egos—this always begins with the psychologists, so that the rehabilitation group is not asked to take any "risks" that the coaches haven't taken first; (c) re-training.

In this last stage, Leary eschews most Freudian and traditional therapy and takes a common-sense approach very similar to Dr. Albert Ellis's "rational therapy."

The coaches use traditional baseball methods on the trainees: setting up role models for the new games, rehearsing the trainees in the new games, feeding back corrections of errors, practice of the desired behavior.

"We've now got to the point," Dr. Leary told me, "of analyzing every game into its nine components. These components are Roles, Rules, Rituals, Goals, Language, Values, Strategies, Recurrent Sequences of Movements, and Characteristic Space-Time Locations. The last two are the easiest to observe, record and analyze. If you want to know what games a man is playing, share space and time with him, see the flow, flow, flow of his movements during several 24-hour periods. Then you can begin analyzing what Roles he is playing, what Strategies he uses to reach his Goals, etc. An unhappy man is either playing a game he doesn't fully understand or is playing games that are intrinsically unprofitable."

What games is Dr. Leary himself playing these days? "This is a sabbatical year," he told me. "Dick (Dr. Alpert) and I are writing a couple of books, taking stock, thinking things over. We—the whole family here—are engaged in ego-transcendence games. We're trying to find out, in a small experimental community, how much of the non-game perspective of the psychedelic experiences can be carried over into daily life."

"We've already found one of the great dangers," Dr. Alpert put in. "There's a spiritual one-upsmanship game, too. 'My ego-loss experience was more oceanic, or more cosmic, than yours.' All the great Eastern mystical traditions are aware of this, and have gimmicks for counteracting it. We're studying all of their games for carrying ego-transcendence into ordinary life."

I asked Leary about the supposed dangers of the psychedelic chemicals—the great bugaboo being that occasional paranoid or schizophrenic behavior results from these chemicals, and that some have claimed that such psychotic damage can be permanent.

Leary emphasized again that, in his research, over 90% of all volunteers have had "good" experiences, and that "bad" experiences are caused by the authoritarian doctor-patient game which some researchers have forced on their subjects. Given in a libertarian, humanistic context, the chemicals almost always produce the ego-transcending experience, and, when something unpleasant does occur, it is always temporary.

"Psychotherapists are always dragging people into small rooms," he said, "giving them test papers to fill out, and generally enforcing their own game on them. With psychedelics this just doesn't work. All that the poor guy becomes aware of, as his consciousness expands, is that he's on the weak end of an authoritarian relationship. Magnified, as these chemicals magnify things, that feeling becomes paranoia. It's the same with that other dread that people have, the fear that these chemicals can be used for seduction by unscrupulous persons. It just doesn't work. You give LSD to a girl and try to seduce her and she'll see you as conspirator, which is just what you are. She might even see you as a Wolf or a Devil and start screaming."

All the time Dr. Leary was speaking to me there was a strange sort of *contact* between us. I have felt this previously with a few people who have successfully gone through Reich's peculiar physical-psychiatric therapy, and with three Japanese Zen teachers I used to know, and with very few others.

Dr. Leary is not afraid to touch you, psychologically, and he is not afraid of being touched. There are no walls around his person. My wife also commented on this after we left. Leary also has the kind of weary, patient eyes that some Chinese and Japanese Buddhas have. At one point he admitted to me that, before he really understood how to use psychedelics, he had 20 paranoid experiences (and 150 "good" ones): the paranoias may well have taught him as much as the ecstasies. I think he could say even more sincerely than Freud, "Nothing human is alien to me."

Lately Leary has been experimenting with literary methods of conveying the feel of a psychedelic experience on the printed page. He finds great promise in the permutation-and-combination method of William S. Burroughs, who, in *The Soft Machine* and *The Exterminator*, takes a page of his own prose, a newspaper story, a page of Shakespeare, a poem by Rimbaud, etc., cuts them into pieces, shuffles, and copies down the result. The same pieces are reshuffled, and a second, and third, and maybe a fourth, combination is tried. Then a few more pieces are thrown in, and the shuffling starts again. (The results of this are far less chaotic than one would imagine. Burroughs has created a prose of truly poetic, and hypnotic, fascination.)

In telling of his own experiments with this method of composition, Leary subtly began imitating Burroughs, and his face took on the embittered squint of the photos of Burroughs I have seen: a remarkable unconscious empathy. I remarked that, "Sick as he is, Burroughs is our greatest writer since Joyce." Leary said quietly, "Oh, I don't think he's sick."

The Catholic monk, who had gathered from our previous conversation that Burroughs is a homosexual confidence man and morphine addict who killed his common-law wife while trying to shoot an apple off her head, smiled gamely and asked me for the names of Burroughs' books so he could read them.

Later, Leary was talking of scientific objectivity in psychology. "The way they've always gone about it, their *objectivity* is completely *subjective*," he said. "They design the experiment and the 'subject' is trapped in their little grooves and runs right down the track to the point where they want him to land. All they're doing is getting out of an experiment what they feed into it. I said at a psychologists' convention that Gautama Buddha was the greatest psychologist of all time, and they were shocked."

I had one last question before I left. "Some games just aren't worth playing. Nowadays, the war game is one that may kill us all. Do you think your work can help teach human beings how to give that game up and learn a new game?"

Timothy Leary's handsome Irish face looked tired and patient, and I knew he had heard that question several hundred times. "I certainly hope so," he said. Then he grinned, and told me about Allen Ginsberg, the time Leary gave him LSD in an experiment. "He tried to call Kennedy on the phone, to persuade him and Khrushchev to try it. He was sure it would save the world." Timothy Leary looked sad and tired again. "I would like to hope so," he said.

Driving home, my wife said to me suddenly, "It used to bug me that I never met Freud or Einstein. Well, now I can tell my grandchildren that I met Timothy Leary."

Do You Believe in Telepathy?

by Harold S. Jones, D.D.S.

"There are things you cannot explain," was the non-committal answer my professional colleague and good friend Doctor G., gave me, when I asked him, "Do you believe in telepathy?"

I told him, "I don't believe in it." I said, "The ability to transfer thoughts is an impossibility. I have had some vivid experiences with it, but I felt they could be explained in a logical way."

These statements are part of a discussion I had with my friend Doctor G. one night when visiting his home. The purpose of this visit was mainly to inform him and his wife that my fourth child had been born that morning and that it was a boy. "That makes my family four of a kind," I remarked.

After leaving his house to walk the few blocks to my own, I thought of my friend's conservative conversation and that he believed in telepathy. Having given this phenomenon much thought over the past years, I had come to the conclusion that there was an explanation for it. I knew that it was difficult to persuade those who believed in it to change their opinion. I went to bed with my mind deeply occupied with what I thought was a logical explanation of telepathy and finally fell asleep.

Bright and early the next morning as I sat at my desk, a dental salesman greeted me with: "Good morning, Doctor, congratulations on having a boy!"

"Thank you. But, how is it that you know, when you have just arrived in town this morning from Philadelphia?"

"Oh, I'll tell you. You know how Dr. G. is about salesmen," he began to explain. (This statement referred to the following: Dr. G., also a dentist, is of such a temperament that he will not interrupt his work once he has begun it on a patient. Also, his nurse is required to remain at the chair. Therefore dental salesmen arrange to see him early in the morning before he begins his appointments with patients.)

I nodded my head to show that I understood his references and he continued. "I sat in his waiting room and listened carefully to the talk coming from his office to determine if he had a patient, when I heard him say to his nurse: 'No, it's not a girl, it was a boy, born yesterday. Doctor Jones was here last night and told me all about it.' He added, 'That's four of a kind in his family.' I then heard him talking to a patient, so I left his office and walked directly here."

"Just a minute," I told the salesman as I closed my waiting room door, for there and then an idea struck me as an experiment in telepathy. I called Dr. G.'s office and the nurse answered. With my fingers over my mouth in a muffled voice I slowly and mysteriously said: "The child—born to Doctor Jones—was a—boy." I hung up the receiver slowly but fumbled with it.

Even though I was concerned all day long about whether my voice had been recognized, I hoped the experiment would work. That evening after visiting my wife and child at the hospital I again went to Dr. G.'s home. I was eager to investigate the results

of my experiment and I delayed talking about telepathy until I was about to leave. In an evasive way as if it were a trivial matter, I said: "You have an opinion on telepathy far different from mine." "What did I say about it?" he asked. "You say it cannot be explained," I answered in a nonchalant way and began walking to his front door.

"I say it can't be explained. For instance, what happened today in my office. The nurse thought it was a girl born to you. I told her it was a boy but she insisted it was a girl. A few minutes later she came away from the phone, 'Dr. Jones's' baby was a boy,' she said with conviction. 'What has convinced you so suddenly?' I asked. 'I don't know, who, where, or why, but that was the message over the phone.' We were both bewildered. It's things like this, Jones, that can't be explained."

I pretended to be astounded and shook my head in feigned amazement as he repeated, "It can't be explained." "If someone could explain it in a logical way, why the phone call or who made it would you then disbelieve in it?", I asked him as if I were doubtful that it could be explained. "You can't; that's the way it works," he reiterated.

In the next few minutes I explained what the salesman told me and, "Then I called your office. I muffled my voice in the hope it would deceive you." He stared at me doubtfully, but in his reserved way made no remarks. Though I thought the whole incident merely an amusing experiment of interest to both of us, I had actually shaken his belief in telepathy to its very roots. Often, when he thinks of my little trick, he tells our mutual friends: "I can't figure out my friend Jones; I don't know whether he is a genius or a fool." But he never tells them exactly why he has that opinion of me. He keeps the story of my experiment strictly a secret.

I am not a genius, and, I hope, not a fool. I want to be somewhere between these two extremes, near the normal. I believe telepathy can be explained in a logical manner, when all the related matters are brought to light.

A young lawyer and bachelor (note that point) was telling the folks at a dinner table, and I was among them, of his deeply affecting experience with telepathy when he was stationed in Hawaii during World War II. He had a premonition his father was dead, and this was confirmed by the next mail. It surprised me that a lawyer would have any belief in telepathy, and I wondered if I could convince him of the logic behind his case.

I had no opportunity at the moment to ask him questions, for he was emphatically telling me and those at the table again and again how vivid this telepathy had taken place. Not only were his words to be final, but, in a lawyer's dramatic way he attempted to close the matter and inferred that I or anyone else could not dispute this fact.

Well, I felt certain that all of his audience (except myself) would be convinced, after that dramatic extortion—that telepathy was a fact. But, his personality and his experience in swaying an audience didn't affect me. I had social contact with him on many occasions and knew that such a reaction was possible with him.

As he was reiterating his experience, it gave me a

chance to think... I'll have to come up with some rather substantial logical questions with this type of a person or I'll get no place with him.

It was a social gathering and I was cautious not to make my questions too personal or even too pointed. But, at least I thought, a basic mathematic consideration of a problem would appeal to his sense of fairness.

I knew personally, that his father had retired from his daily work several years ago; from that, I judged, his father was near his 70th year of age. I had judged also, that a soldier during a war does not generally change from a foreign soil back again to his country—but instead he had been away from home for several years. I also assumed that he was informed of his father failing in his health by some former correspondence. Then, I supposed, that anyone at that age could have a sudden relapse of his health and die. Who else but his father, and his father's health would be on his mind, under these conditions.

So I asked him, "When you were in Hawaii, did you ever think, at any time, about my father, or any one's father other than your own?" I thought that was a reasonable question, but he failed to answer the question with a yes or no. Instead his reply was:

"That's ridiculous! I won't discuss that kind of talk. I know what happened!" he flared, and changed the subject. In my naivete I thought a lawyer would be willing to discuss ideas on any subject, but not this young man. His home had always had a father and a mother, but now his father was gone and his mother, keenly aware of his loss, was afflicted with loneliness. It was a tender subject, and the young lawyer did not feel kindly towards me for trying to give him a rational view of his experience. This is a very common defense mechanism adopted by people who have undergone great emotional stress. It seems to afford them solace in their grief, and gives them a ready explanation for something not clearly understood.

My humble stand is that I am diametrically opposed to the belief that anyone can transfer thoughts to another person, regardless of the vividness of experiences with so-called telepathy. I contend that it does not defy the law of logic. I do not deny that "telepathic" experiences are uncanny; they shock our reason, but this is no proof.

When one has an experience with what is commonly called telepathy, there is usually an emotion involved. This emotion occupies one's mind to such a degree, that one has no inclination to find a logical explanation for it. Why would the average person be concerned about the logic behind it when his emotions are stirred up? He naturally accepts it. It is pure imagination to conceive that we would have the power to influence events or persons by simply thinking about them. Look at the harm that could be done by unscrupulous persons using it to their advantage.

As with many other problems, by reasoning and studying and applying the law of averages, we can begin to explain the cause of these occurrences. We are limited as to the number of persons whom we contact personally, and this number is greatly reduced when we consider the number of persons we contact frequently. Now in this busy life we will meet circumstances, conditions, places or things that will remind us of certain persons. These persons are most likely to be among our frequent contacts; this then brings the aver-

age of the coincidence of contacting them again, to a high average.

Here is an incident that happened today. My wife and I were eating dinner when she told me about a news item she had read in the morning paper, to the effect that a man had committed suicide by jumping off the Bethlehem bridge, in our neighboring town. Immediately I recalled that a friend of ours had done the same thing and from the same bridge. We then spent a few moments trying to remember his name, as it happened over ten years ago. Finally we recalled his name and his wife's first name, which was Sue. This brought back to our memories the many social times we had shared with this couple. My wife remarked that she hadn't seen Sue since the death of her husband, and she was interested and concerned as to her present situation.

Immediately after dinner I went on an errand to a store and, to my surprise, Sue and a man accompanying her greeted me on the sidewalk.

"You're not Sue?" I asked her. She smiled and nodded her head. "Well, of all things! My wife and I were just talking about you at the dinner table!" I said with great surprise. "What reminded you of me?" she asked. I was nonplussed for a moment and thought it would be very undiplomatic on my part to tell her the truth. So I stuttered a bit and said, "I-a, can't recall exactly what it was." She mentioned the name of a mutual friend, Lucille, and I agreed it was she. "Now isn't that telepathy," she said addressing her words to the gentleman with her. I nodded my head, in agreement.

In the course of our conversation I learned that her companion was her third husband, and that she lost her second one several weeks after their marriage, and other facts of mutual interest concerning her life since her husband's death.

When I returned home and told my wife whom I had just met and the personal history she had given me, she was amazed and interrupted me with the remark, "That's mental telepathy!"

Call it telepathy, or whatever name you wish to give it—it is a coincidence. Coincidences are uncanny, to say the least; they are remarkable from lack of apparent causal connection. We forget the many incidents that occurred before the coincidence took place.

When we realize that this so-called telepathy rarely functions with persons we do not know, it begins to have logic behind this reasoning. It occurs mostly with our friends or relations and possibly an acquaintance of long standing.

Incident after incident must take place before they can combine or have a connection and herein does the mathematics of the phenomena take place, for where there are many incidents, it is more likely that coincidences will occur.

In Sue's case, let us count the incidents, circumstances, personalities and places and conditions that were involved in order to have them merge into a coincidence.

Lucille (1), our mutual friend, introduced my wife (2) and me (3) to Sue (4) and her husband (5), years ago (6) when we were young couples (7).

Sue and her husband were a most congenial couple (8) and we enjoyed their association (9). An outstand-

Architectural Warmth

One night on radio Jean Shepherd described how the Mutual Of New York (MONY) Life Insurance Building makes him nervous each time he passes it because when he first came to New York he was broke and the building seemed to be rubbing salt into his wounded wallet by flashing MONY on and off, on and off.

He received the following letter—dated December 26, 1963—from MONY's Manager of Public Relations.

Dear Mr. Shepherd:

Our heart was nearly broken when we learned recently that it makes you nervous to pass our building. That's what a *Radio TV Report* we have just received quotes you as saying during your broadcast on December 6th.

Really, Mr. Sheppard (*sic*), we like to think that Mutual Of New York is a company with a heart. At least we try hard to make people like us, and it hurts us to think that anyone would be afraid of us.

About the time of that particular broadcast, I wish you could have put aside your qualms for just a few

ing fact (10) was that Sue and her husband were always considered to be an ideal couple (11). For Sue's husband to commit suicide was a shocking (12) event that we could never understand (13).

Time (14) moved on and we lost contact (15) with this couple. The depression (16) of the early thirties arrived and business (17) for Sue's husband was miserable (18) and consequently he committed suicide (19) by jumping (20) from the Bethlehem (21) Bridge (22).

Years later my wife happened to read (23) an article (24) about some person (25) committing suicide (26) from the same bridge (27) and she remembered it and related the fact to me (28).

Several persons jumped off that Bethlehem Bridge (29) during the depression days (30), among whom was our mutual friend (31), who was such a pleasant (32) and sociable person (33).

After my wife's remarks I could not help (34) but think of Sues' husband and his death (35). Having thought of him, I asked my wife if she remembered his name and slowly it came back to us (36). This brought to my wife's mind Sue as a widow and the question of what her history was from that date (37).

Walking to town (38) immediately after dinner (39), I would have given her a casual greeting and passed her (40), if I had met her with no previous conversation (41) concerning the death of her husband.

But having had such an emotional thought concerning the whole affair (42), I was inclined to greet her as emotionally as I did (43). Sue was impressed with the way I greeted her (44) and consequently the conversation was extended (45) and she related her history (46). This I thought (47) would be interesting news (48) to my wife, therefore I told it to her (49) and then this was supposed to be telepathy (50).

This is all a matter of many incidents, like a kaleidoscope in which certain patterns will be found. Also with these many incidents, there is likely to be a grouping of occurrent events or circumstances meeting, causing a coincidence. Again it must be mentioned, an emotion was part of it, and herein does logic go out the window.

August 1964

moments, and glanced over our front door. You would have seen a heart-warming display of beautiful dolls . . . dolls which are bought and dressed by MONY employees. These, together with hundreds of toys, are distributed every Christmas to needy children, many of whom are confined to hospitals.

You see, our Company consists of people . . . people who are fond of other people, and don't want to frighten anybody.

So do come in and visit us sometime. Honest, we won't bite you.

Cordially,
/s/ Russell V. Vernet

Such architectural warmth is not unusual. Last year, for example, a woman from Bloomfield, New Jersey wrote a letter to Andrew Heiskell, Chairman of the Board of *Time Magazine*.

Dear Sir:

On August 20th while in the Time and Life Building viewing the "Preview of the New York World Fair Exhibit," I was suddenly taken ill. Can you imagine my discomfort and dismay when the young lady at the desk informed me there was no Ladies' Rest Room available. As I believed she must surely be mistaken, I rushed out to the Elevator Starter who gave me the same answer and directed me to the RCA Building for the nearest public facilities.

It is incredible that a modern building such as Time and Life has failed to take into consideration the comfort of their visitors. However, I have heard the new structure described as an ice cube tray standing on end, and come to think of it, that is quite cold.

Why not correct this inhospitable situation?

Sincerely yours,
/s/ Mrs. Harry H. Morton

She received the following reply—dated September 10, 1963—from the Executive Offices of *Time, Inc.*

Dear Mrs. Morton:

Mr. Andrew Heiskell has asked me to reply to your recent letter with its complaint concerning the lack of rest-rooms in the Time & Life Building. Naturally, we are sorry to hear of your sudden illness while in our Exhibition Center and sympathize with your predicament but you must understand our position.

Whereas the building carries our name, Time, Inc. has only a minor financial interest in it, with Rockefeller Center Inc. being the principal owner and having sole responsibility for its management. We have no control over its operations which would include public facilities. It is our understanding, however, that none of the modern office buildings (nor old ones), including those even newer than the T & L, contains such features.

We regret that our receptionist did not realize the seriousness of your attack since she has standing instructions to escort such cases to our Medical Department for emergency treatment.

Lastly, we regret that you picture the T & L Building as an ice-cube tray. I won't argue as it may be true but I can assure you it is a warm functional structure in which to conduct our business of publishing magazines.

Please accept our regrets that the incident occurred (*sic*) and also our appreciation of your having called it to our attention.

Sincerely,
/s/ John J. Wingerter

John Wilcock Interviews a Pot-Smoker

How did you start smoking pot?

For many years, I knew pot smokers who often offered me cigarettes, but I was always too frightened to accept; I had all kinds of fears of what happened if you took so much as one drag of a cigarette. I think that I thought it was the first step in the road to being a helpless junkie. And as long as I didn't take that first step, I would be immune.

Then one day, somebody who was doing some research into the consciousness-changing drugs with Professor Tim Leary at Harvard offered me some psilocybin to be taken under supervision and with the proviso that I answer the questionnaire about its effect on me. My 3-hour experience that afternoon changed the course of my life because it taught me that there were things in my mind—as there are presumably in everybody's mind—that I had avoided thinking about, possibly through fear. I learned that the best way to handle fearful fantasies is to face them and think about them when they turn out to be not so fearful after all.

My mind having been opened to that extent, I was willing to experiment with pot afterwards.

Are you ever afraid when you smoke pot?

Afraid of what?

I don't know; perhaps of completely losing touch with yourself.

Well, as long as you are thinking rationally about what you are doing, you are aware of what is happening to you. No matter how high I get on pot, I always have the anchor of reality. I can always say to myself, "Wow, I feel high and groovy, but sooner or later

this will wear off and I'll return to my normal state."

Aren't you afraid you'll start to take some other drug?

I think there is a great deal of misunderstanding about drugs. There are drugs which are addictive (i.e., by their nature they change the chemical structure of your body so that to feel comfortable it is necessary for your body to have a regular supply of them); and there are drugs that are non-addictive which, for the purpose of this argument, we'll say act something like alcohol (i.e., they make you feel good on the occasions that you take them, but the choice of whether you take them or not, and when, is entirely up to you, just as the average drinker drinks when he feels like it). Anybody who doesn't want to be addicted—and I can't imagine any rational human being wanting to be addicted—will not take addicting drugs. I have been smoking pot for 4 or 5 years and I have never tried any addicting drugs, nor do I ever intend to.

What are examples of addicting and non-addicting drugs?

There's no secret about that; the evidence is all in medical records. Addicting drugs include cocaine, heroin, morphine, possibly amphetamine and some others. Non-addicting drugs include psilocybin, mescaline, LSD and marijuana.

If these non-addicting drugs are not harmful, why are we taught to fear them so?

Some people are afraid of anything. The one thing that is common to all fears is a lack of knowledge about the thing we're afraid of. The magic word "drugs" has been used as a catch-all for every conceivable kind of substance that a human being can ingest. Marijuana, as one example, has been included with all kinds of really dangerous drugs, presumably for administrative purposes by the narcotics bureau. It makes no sense to me that in this particular country at this particular time in history, a man can be sent to jail for smoking something that he grows in his own garden. Particularly in view of the fact that in many countries—Morocco is one—kif (their version of marijuana) has been smoked, apparently without any ill effect, for at least a couple of thousand years. There, alcohol is against the local religion and against the local habits, at least partly on the basis that it is physically damaging to the human body, a belief that almost any medical expert in any country will substantiate.

If marijuana is not damaging, why is it illegal?



The Soviet Union's campaign to turn public opinion against Communist China has been so successful that Japanese citizens have complained that they are being abused by Russians mistaking them for Chinese.

Japanese sources report that their embassy in Moscow has been considering a proposal to require Japanese nationals to wear rising sun emblems so that they will not be taken as Chinese.

"The possibility is not excluded," said an embassy spokesman, "that such identification would become standard for Japanese in the U.S.S.R."

Well, the mere fact that something is illegal does not mean that it is "wrong." In some states, it is illegal to kiss a girl on the streets or to make love to your wife in the privacy of your home in anything but one socially-accepted position. Laws are made often in response to uninformed public fears, scare campaigns by newspapers, religious and political pressures, or the personal fears and prejudices of the legislators. You may remember that alcohol was illegal in this country for one disastrous spell in your own lifetime.

Aren't you afraid of getting caught?

If I allowed my fear of what might happen to me to govern my actions, I would never cross the street against a red light or leave a car beside a parking meter without putting in a dime or keep a book out of the library beyond the expiration date or take a girl who's not my wife to a motel or any one of a thousand things that the laws clearly and equivocally say are wrong.

Why do you smoke?

Why do you drink?

To relax, I suppose.

I smoke for the same reason many others do. One of those reasons is that

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A member of Israel's parliament says that the most serious problem confronting his nation is the integration of Oriental Jews into Israel's social, educational and economic life.