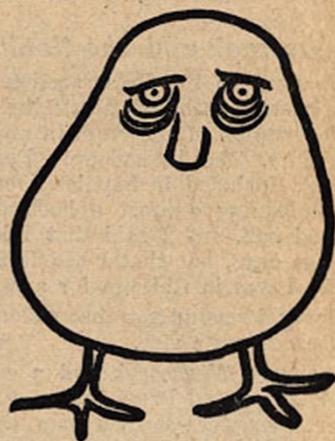


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



No. 53

September, 1964

35 Cents

*the magazine of
unleashed aggression*

**madalyn
murray
for
miscreant**

by Madalyn E. Murray

A loud-mouthed bird is outside my hospital window yelling his bloody head off. His feathers are a bizarre pattern of wild colors. He is nervous and hops from place to place—and behind him is the beautiful, serene panorama of the bay around which Honolulu snuggles.

The Pacific Ocean is a calm, heavenly blue—protecting, almost cuddling the island. Day after day the sun shines, and everywhere is a faint odor of flowers. Calm and undisturbed this island sits.

I feel much like that loud-mouthed bird—yelling my bloody head off to an undisturbed world which calmly and serenely gathers its way to 1984, knowing it has little more than 19 years yet to get there and wise in the knowledge it will arrive there on time.

So I stick my head against the screen and call to the bird. He ignores me and continues to squawk. "Yell your bloody head off, you stupid bastard," I mutter to myself, and decide it is time to ac-

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*"I would remind you that extremism
in the defense of liberty is no vice..."*

**walter
cronkite
for
president**

by Joel Lieber

The Goldwater staff knew they had done something extraordinary in American politics against unusual odds. Because it is in Mr. Goldwater's character to reject cold professionalism, he had surrounded himself with personal friends who became professional as they went along.

They celebrated primarily the victory of a friend.

But the rank-and-file seemed to be celebrating an ideological triumph of the right wing. Their sentiments were expressed by a group of boys and girls singing at the top of their lungs a song that began: "The hell with Walter Cronkite."

—The New York Times
July 17, 1964

The conventions are history, the elections will soon be upon us, and now the story can be told: the Republican Party came within a whisker of nominating Walter Cronkite for President.

Item: A wire service story out of
(Continued on Page 6)

editorial giggies

Newsweek and The Realist

A story in the Press section of an issue of *Newsweek* last month was about the *Realist*. It began with a description of the room in my home which serves as an office. The interviewer, Features Editor Richard Pollak, included in his list a baseball bat he had noticed leaning against a bookcase. He asked me if I played ball, and I said that I hadn't played since my college days, but that I had left the bat with my wife while I was in Chicago for a week.

I would remind you that violence in the cause of self-defense is not a vice.

Anyway, *Newsweek* had a softball game scheduled with Associated Press in Central Park later that afternoon, they were short a man, and would I play on the *Newsweek* team? I did. We beat AP by a score of 1-0: Pollak hit a home-run. Which explains why *Newsweek's* report on the *Realist* was essentially favorable.

But then, *Newsweek* has also praised lately such apostles of irreverence as Terry Southern and Lenny Bruce. It might be simply that younger men are in there now, shooting from the journalistic hip.

For example, in a recent review of the book *Many Slippery Errors*, retroactively avant garde *Newsweek* wrote about its author: "Five years ago a glum and witty 32-year-old named Alfred Grossman published a novel called *Acrobat Admits* . . . which promptly died of underexposure and muddle-headed reviewing. . . . But there were a few who noticed an extraordinary writer. . . ."

Newsweek was among neither the muddle-headed nor the few back in 1959; they didn't bother to review the book at all.

Newsweek's description of my office did not mention a framed original drawing of a *Peanuts* strip by Charles Schulz hanging on the wall. It is a night-time scene. Good old Charlie Brown is watching as little Linus throws a rock up at the stars. Linus winds up again, and throws another rock up at the stars. Finally, he explains to Charlie Brown: "I keep going between them!"

That's every one of us right there — rationalizing away the difference between our pretensions and our actual selves—and the main function of the *Realist* is merely to reveal how funny we all become in the process.

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What's Your Rationalization?

This to announce another *Realist* competition. Simply describe your favorite rationalization, as applied to any area of your life. Essays can be anywhere from 100 to 500 words. This will be a continuing series, so there is no deadline. The writer of each rationalization published in the *Realist* will receive \$25. Incidentally, this is not a put-on—although I appreciate your suspiciousness—and, in fact, the results of previous contests will be published soon, perhaps next month.

The Invisible Telephone Company

On July 23, 1964 I wrote the following letter to the New York Telephone Company:

To Whom It May Concern:

Since I work at home, one of the reasons I took out a post office box was so that strangers would not come to my door uninvited. Yet you insist on listing my home address rather than my box number in your directory. However, the listing for the Central Intelligence Agency gives a telephone number but no address; merely the words "N.Y. Field Office." Please inform me why you are giving this preferential treatment to the C.I.A. over the *Realist*.

Sincerely,
/s/ Paul Krassner

The next week I got a call from a telephone company representative. She explained: "We do that for security reasons—this is the government, don't forget, and we do so at their request, but we can't do the same for an individual—it's actually for security reasons."

Well, I was so stunned by this response—a clear violation of the Constitutionally-guaranteed principle of separation of church and state—that I clean forgot to put a stamp on the return envelope when I mailed them back their bill.

But they cashed my check anyway.

Just think, if every *Realist* reader in New York City alone were to have similar lapses of memory each month, it would cost the telephone company \$10,000 a year in postage due.

This is a recorded announcement.

Birth of the Blue

When I was a kid, there was a certain bit of folklore about how Bob Hope constantly got cut off the radio for dialogues such as the following:

Girl: Do you have any meat for my dog?

Hope: No, but I've got a bone for your pussy.

And monologues like this:

"When Marilyn Monroe was a little girl she swallowed a pin, but she didn't feel a prick until she was eighteen."

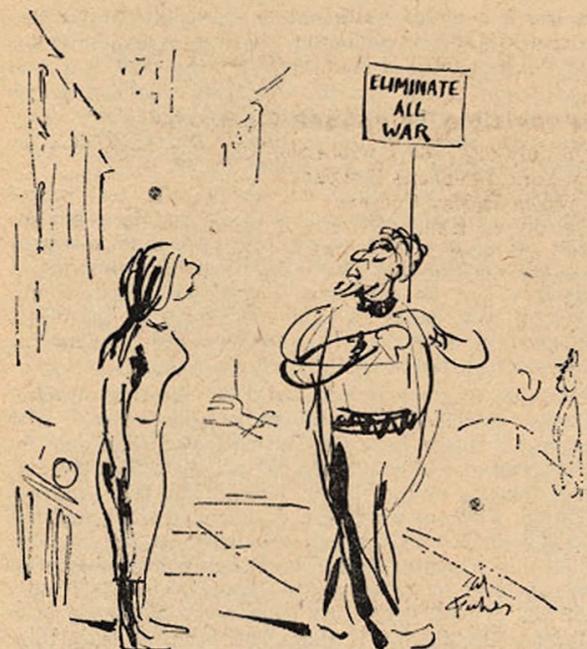
And that is what I remembered, sitting in the courtroom of Lenny Bruce's New York obscenity trial and listening to the testimony of *Daily News* columnist Robert Sylvester—a witness for the prosecution—who had once been Bob Hope's press agent.

Sylvester admitted under cross-examination that he has used the same taboo words for which Bruce was on trial, in his private conversation.

"You have, in fact," asked defense attorney Ephraim London, "used those words in condemning censorship, have you not?"

"I have."

ed fisher's (half) page



"I got sick and tired of being a wishy-washy liberal; I decided to for once do something. . . ."



"Plato—you lying sonovabitch!"

Sylvester was joined in his finkery by Marya Mannes, critic for *The Reporter*, and John Fischer, editor of *Harper's* magazine. By their very act of cooperation with the district attorney, they have desecrated their own right to be offensive.

The appeal-to-prurient-interest aspect of obscenity seemed to have completely disappeared in this case, to the extent that one of the three judges invented a meaningless new phrase: "hard-core vulgarity."

The cosmic nonsense of this controversy (a decision will be handed down probably in late September) was crystallized by lawyer London—would that he had done this deliberately—when he asked a witness who had been present at the performance in question: "Did you see Mr. Crotch touch his Bruce?"

Henceforth and forevermore, we shall have had at that precise moment a meaningful new synonym added to our language.

- "Mommy, look, there's a man sitting over there with his bruce hanging out."
- "Beverly Schmidlap is a real bruce-teaser, y'know?"
- "Kiss my bruce, baby."

And a Bob Hope of the future will be cut off television for saying Lenny Bruce.

Signs Along the Cynic Route

¶ An amendment to the Arizona state constitution which would have forbidden the teaching of evolution in the public schools of that state was circulated but not filed by the deadline—July 3, 1964—presumably in default of the required 55,000 signatures necessary to place a proposed constitutional amendment on the ballot. Rev. Aubrey L. Moore of the West Van Buren Baptist Church in Phoenix, author of the proposal, has indicated that he will renew his efforts in 1966.

¶ The Oregon Fruit Products Company states on its labels: "Canned foods are trusted, handy, ready, always fresh—tests show them safe to eat after nuclear blasts. We're proud our products help build this reputation. . . ." And New York City's Office of Civil Defense has a volunteer application form which lists, under the heading "Equipment Owned," the following: Passenger Car; Truck; Motorcycle; Bicycle; Motorboat; Airplane; Roller Skates.

¶ The Emergency Committee for Disaster Relief to Cuba—formed to aid Cuban victims of last year's hurricane — announced on August 11, 1964 that it had finally received a license to ship \$11,000 worth of antibiotics to Havana. Since it has already been delayed so long, the Committee might as well save shipping costs by having the drugs delivered gratis by the Committee for Non-Violent Action, which is going to send a group of peace marchers to Cuba despite the refusal of the State Dept. to issue the necessary passports.

¶ The late A. J. Liebling, author of *The Press* and other books, was the unofficial critic laureate of American newspapers. He once wrote in the *New Yorker*: "A city with one newspaper, or with a morning and evening paper under one ownership, is like a man with one eye, and often the eye is glass." This month the trade journal *Editor & Publisher* included the following among its classified ads: "Managing Editor wanted who can . . . edit a 13,000 evening and Sunday paper for the area. No Lieblings need apply. . . ."

September 1964

Schmuck of the Month

Alvin Dark, manager of the San Francisco Giants: "Any pitcher who throws at a batter and deliberately tries to hit him is a Communist. . . ."

Ah Sordid Announcements

Frank Cieciora, who created our beautifully blasphemous "One Nation Under God" cartoon (issue #48), was arrested in Mississippi this month for carrying a Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee placard reading "Voter Registration Worker." His bail was set at \$1,200. It was reduced to \$500. On the basis of proceeds from the sale of enlargements of Frank's original drawing, the *Realist* has sent a check for \$500 to SNCC, to bail him out and then to help further their activities.

The *Realist* is being used by some 750 students in a course on Social Disorganization & Deviant Behavior at the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McCurdy of Sausalito, Calif., got arrested (see issue #52) on a charge of "outraging public decency" for displaying on their houseboat a patriotic Mother Poster purchased from the *Realist* (its red-white-and-blue lettering spells out "Fuck Communism!") and a charge of "dissolute conduct in public" for hosing down the police captain (a method learned from San Francisco cops during the HUAC hearings) as he climbed aboard their ferry-home to rip the sign down. A jury had been selected, but when the bailiff removed three teen-age girls from the courtroom to spare their ears, the defense attorney moved for a dismissal, the judge granted the motion, and the trial has been re-set for August 24th.

Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, is still in the final publication stages at Playboy Press, and the *Realist* is still taking advance orders for copies of the book at \$5 each.

In recent months, your hammy editor has spoken on satire, censorship, etc., at Pennsylvania State College and a meeting of Mensa. Future invitations include Princeton; the University of California; McGill University and the University of Manitoba, both in Canada. In New York, on Sunday, September 13th, there will be "An Evening With Paul Krassner" at Town Hall, for the benefit of Summerlane School & Camp. Tickets—\$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5—are now available at the box office. For information, call Lenore Rule at CAnal 8-8113.

The Crackpot and the Evidence

There seemed to be something absurd about the announcement that there would be a special talk by attorney Mark Lane at the Cafe AuGoGo this month on "Who Killed Kennedy?"—Lane has been independently investigating the assassination—and the apparent absurdity was almost overshadowed by the irony that the regular attraction at the AuGoGo this particular week was Vaughn Meader.

My prejudice was met with allegations—based on documentation Lane presented to the Warren Commission (his testimony was classified as top secret and by discussing it publicly he has been violating the espionage law)—such as the following:

The police description of Lee Harvey Oswald on November 22nd for the shooting of officer J. D. Tippett went out at 12:43 P.M.; Tippett was shot at 1:18.

The rifle with which Oswald was supposed to have shot Kennedy was originally identified as a German mauser, 7.65 caliber. When it was discovered that Oswald had purchased an Italian carbine, 6.5 caliber, the story changed. The rifle, now in possession of the Warren Commission, clearly bears the legend: "MADE IN ITALY, 6.5 caliber."

Not one of the 24 points on which the Dallas district attorney said he had an air-tight case against Oswald remains the same. Example: the D.A. had said that Darryl Click was the cabdriver who had driven Oswald home after the President was shot. There never was a cabdriver in Dallas named Darryl Click. The cabdriver is now named William Waley.

The Dallas FBI chief said the paraffin test proved Oswald had gunpowder on his hands and face, but the test (which can only reveal the presence of nitrates) actually showed that Oswald did *not* have nitrates on his face, only on his hands. There were traces of nitrate on both hands of many employees of the Texas School Book Depository because they had been moving inventory on freshly-painted plywood boards.

Louise Markham, a witness to the shooting of officer Tippett, described his assailant as short, heavy, with somewhat bushy hair. The police never asked her for a description—although she did tell them that the man was wearing a light grey jacket—but they arrested Oswald, who was wearing a dark brown shirt, and had been described in the police bulletin as tall, slender, with thin, receding hair. The Dallas police description was claimed to be based on Oswald's absence from a roll call of book depository employees—but there never was a roll call, and if there had been, at least three other employees would also have been missing.

Oswald had not sought the job at the depository; it was offered to him through his landlady, Mrs. Payne. This is a paradox, since after the scandal of subversion in textbooks there, the company was highly security-minded, and Oswald's defection to Russia had gotten much local publicity. Moreover, the route of the Kennedy procession was changed (to go in front of the depository) only at the last minute by the Secret Service upon the advice of the local police and the FBI.

Bill Markham, the witness' son (his arrest is referred to in this issue of the *Realist* in Harold Feldman's article), jumped, fell or was pushed from a bathroom on a high floor of the prison building, the only one which has no bars on the window.

Warren Reynolds, a parking-lot owner who saw a man fitting Mrs. Markham's description running with a pistol in his hand immediately after Tippett was shot, later was himself shot and left for dead. He lived—and identified the man who shot him. The charges against this man were dismissed because he had an alibi: at the time of the shooting, he was with his girlfriend (a stripper at Jack Ruby's night club). The man has since disappeared from Dallas. The girlfriend was arrested on a disorderly conduct charge. In jail, she ostensibly committed suicide, by hanging herself.

The Dallas doctors who treated the dying President said that the bullet-hole in his throat was an entrance wound. It would have been physically impossible for this to have been caused by a rifle from the depository since the Kennedy car had already passed the building when he was shot. FBI-briefed, *Life* magazine in

(Continued on Page 23)

Conspiracy Theories and a Faggot Rumor

by Nat Freedland

Greenwich Village's most popular word game of 1964 has been Conspiracy. The object is to score points by being hip to the Real Conspiracy behind the city fuzz's sudden harassment *putsch* against the avant-garde.

Since nobody can find proof of an actual conspiracy, all you need to play the game is a plausible Conspiracy Theory.

I listened to a lot of Conspiracy Theories while I was researching an article on the city's brief anti-bohemian crusade (published in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine*, May 24).

The most popular theory was that Robert Moses, the intelligentsia's all-purpose Ratfink, had ordered the city to Clean Itself Up for the hordes of tourists flocking to *His World's Fair*.

This was very widely believed, and during the height of the beatnik-licensing drive, Moses was undoubtedly the most hated man south of 8th Street.

The *Village Voice* generally avoided this Moses Villainy Theory. *Voice* tallies of each week's summonses and arrests tended to hint at a struggle for power within the City License Department. Underlings there were supposedly vying for a summons-writing championship in efforts to take over the department's top job, vacated when Commissioner Bernard O'Connell was appointed a city judge.

The owner of the Washington Square Theater, whose license was pulled last year, used the new spare time on his hands to work out a detailed Conspiracy Theory with the Real Estate Lobby as villain. According to his theory the Realty Interests were paying off to get all the bohemians driven out of the Village so that their pads could be replaced with high-priced high-rise apartments.

Coffee-house owners around MacDougal Street mostly saw either Carmine De Sapio or Mayor Wagner as the villain of the Conspiracy. But opinion was divided as to whether it was De Sapio using the "MacDougal Street Mess" as a comeback campaign issue with his middle-aged Italian-Irish following, or Mayor Wagner pushing for a clean-up to take away the issue from Boss Carmine.

As a matter of fact, there is no Conspiracy—which I found out as the only reporter who bothered talking to both the East Village poet/film-makers and the License Dept. (This is not to make myself out as Steve Wilson of the *Illustrated Press*, but to point out once again the prevailing laziness of New York newspapers.)

Here, in slightly oversimplified form, is my own Kafkaesque Faceless Bu-

reaucraty Theory. It fits scientific method requirements by being the simplest chronological explanation of the known facts.

1.) The coffee-house owners, aided by Upper Bohemia, got a coffee house law on the books March 29, 1962. This law was supposed to keep them from getting busted any more for violating the cabaret (booze and entertainment)

2.) The License Department was supposed to enforce this law. But at the same time it was handed the cabaret licensing job formerly done by the police. (Remember the Lord Buckley hassle, Frank Sinatra and Sophie Tucker refusing to get fingerprinted for their *Copa bokings*, Harold H. Humes and his citizens vigilante committee?)



3.) With typical bureaucratic speed, it took the License Dept. 18 months to finish setting up its cabaret section and start going after unlicensed coffee houses on a regular basis.

4.) License inspectors began swinging through the East and West Village last fall. They found that almost no coffee-houses or off-off-Broadway theaters had licenses because they couldn't pass the stiff new city building and zoning codes.

5.) Harassment and Conspiracy Theories.

The arrests have dropped to a trickle by now. Again for several reasons. Most of the targets are either closed up, operating underground or fighting back in court. Enough publicity has gotten out to make the city look pretty stupid. And the new License Commissioner, Joseph Di Carlo, is apparently one of the new breed of semi-machine politicians. He came up through the Buckley Machine in the Bronx, but he is known as a scrupulously honest man himself, and he actually likes to read books and go to the theater.

None of this report is intended as a righteous put-down of villagers for falling prey to Conspiracy Theories. There has been real trouble made for

the avant-garde in Manhattan, and bohemians can't be blamed for using their imaginations about the mysterious causes of the crackdown.

The License Department even had a Conspiracy Theory of its own. Deputy Commissioner Walter Kirschenbaum told me that the *Village Voice* and Beatsympy were out to "smear" his hard-working incorruptible inspectors who were merely doing their job.

"What's the difference between a locksmith and a coffee-house?" Kirschenbaum said. "They all have to obey the law. If they don't like the law, let them change it."

To counter any suspicion that he might be anti-intellectual, the Deputy Commissioner made a point of explaining that He Got His Job Through Liberal Party Patronage.

One of the more intriguing mysteries of the year has been the True Identity of the Little Old Dirty Book Maker in the *Evergreen Review* Case. This is the un-named lady that Nassau County DA William Cahn says came to him in righteous indignation after encountering nude photographs and obscene words in *Evergreen Review* #32 while collating its unbound pages at the Pegasus Press in Bethpage, Long Island.

The foreman of Pegasus Press who was on duty the day the Nassau Vice Squad struck told me that the Little Old Dirty Book Maker was one of a crew of eight office temporaries sent over by an agency. The Little Old Dirty Book Maker, says the foreman, announced to the collating crew that she was the wife of a Nassau detective and would see that "something was done" about the filth and smut they were preparing to foist on innocent school-children.

The foreman doesn't remember the name of anyone on the temporary crew and isn't working there himself any more. The owner of Pegasus Press, George Harlampoudis, doesn't want to talk to nobody about the *Evergreen Review* seizure. He is still bugged about being arrested for Pornography, even though the DA's case was laughed out of court and Harlampoudis can once again hold his head up high among his Fellow Men.

And so, the secret of the Little Old Dirty Book Maker remains cloaked in mystery. However, my search—though unsuccessful—has inspired this playlet. . . .

Mrs. Fuzz: Sweetie, lookit what I brought home from work.

Mr. Fuzz: Now, now, musn't steal from your boss. I might have to arrest you, ha ha.

Mrs. Fuzz: It's a hot magazine with dirty pictures.

Mr. Fuzz: Ooooh, ooooh. Lemme see.

Mrs. Fuzz: See these pictures of naked people grabbing each other.

WALTER FOR PRESIDENT

(Continued from Cover)

New Hampshire, during last spring's primary, reported that a small-town waitress was heard to exclaim: "Now my life is complete. I've met Goldwater, Rockefeller and Cronkite." It is immaterial whether or not the quote was apocryphal; the story was well-placed and an idea was planted in millions of American minds.

Item: A spring-summer campaign of full-page advertisements in leading newspapers continually drew the public's attention to Walter Cronkite's brand of persevering universality. A June 15 ad told how Walter could get to San Francisco "by driving himself relentlessly," that Walter was the sort who would walk to the convention if it was the only way to get there.

Readers were filled in on Walter's war record, how he flew B-17 raids over Germany, parachuted into the Netherlands, and stormed the beaches of Normandy. Our Walter, CBS pointed out, had even trekked over 138 miles of polar ice and was once lowered by helicopter into a submarine. "Walter has been in the driver's seat for us at every convention and election since 1952."

Item: On June 5, when certain Republicans were frantic over the Goldwater possibility, CBS staged a much-heralded but fairly uninteresting program called "D-Day Plus 20 Years." Its true purpose was to speed up the campaign and bring the two great men together. Appearing with Ike on the windswept beaches of Normandy was Walter Cronkite, the two behaving like a pair of reminiscing war buddies. It was a ringing en-

dorsement of Walter by the Republican standard-bearer. The stage was set.

Item: For years and years, Prudential Insurance Company advertising has associated Cronkite with the Rock of Gibraltar: sure, trustworthy, durable. (Ever ask a Republican woman about Walter? She gets the same teary gleam, a look full of faith and veneration, that the mention of Ike brought on in the early fifties.)

Item: Amid this general climate, your reporter remembered an incident from six years ago, a chance remark passed by a Radarman Second Class, hailing from Montana, while watching *Twentieth Century* in a U.S. Navy Operations Center in Norfolk, Va. The sailor had said: "Man, just listen to that guy Cronkite's voice. I'd believe anything he says."

In short, there is just one man inspiring the same fatherly confidence in the American heart as Dwight Eisenhower. Only one man could have rallied the support of the American people for a Republican this year. The man: Walter Cronkite.

Just why the Republicans balked in their Cronkite drive at the last minute is a story lost in the smoke of those smoke-filled rooms in which politicians thrive. One informed source claimed that Cronkite wouldn't give up his healthy six-figure CBS contract for the salary drop of the President's office. Alas, in their deepest, darkest selves, Lippman and Alsop knew: Cronkite could have won it for the Republicans.

In recent weeks, the daily press has cited how the three major networks are spending \$26,000,000 to bring the election extravaganza to the American public; but

Isn't it terrible?

Mr. Fuzz: Yeah, terrible. How come the pictures are so blurry? You can't see them Doing Anything.

Mrs. Fuzz: One of the girls at work said it looked like they're taken underwater. That's really perverted.

Mr. Fuzz: You ain't kidding. What other hot stuff do they have in this smut sheet?

Mrs. Fuzz: I dunno, I was afraid to read it. But right here on this page across from the first picture there's the word fuck. And fucking, and prick, and balls and shit. Oh, oh, I feel faint.

Mr. Fuzz: Holy shit! Willya just lookit that fucking smut. . . . What's the story about?

Mrs. Fuzz: I dunno. I couldn't understand any of the other words, they're too big.

Mr. Fuzz: Well, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do, baby. I'm gonna phone the squad captain and report that they're printing this kind of garbage in Nassau County.

Mrs. Fuzz: Good, maybe you'll get promoted. Phone him right now.

Mr. Fuzz: Okay, I will. . . . No, let's knock off a quick screw first. All this pornography has got me excited.

I had the good fortune recently to be in on the actual start of a brand-new Faggot Rumor. It's impossible to tell how far any Faggot Rumor will

travel, but this one could easily be the biggest since the one about Ike is a homo and Mamie is a lesbian and that beauty ranch Mamie used to go to is a dyke joint.

I first heard that Henry Ford was queer from some literate married friends who really should have known better.

It seems that there were these swishy paintings of the Ford Motors founder in the Pavel Tchelitchev exhibit which opened the Gallery of Modern Art.

I was about due for my first visit to Huntington Hartford's new plaything anyhow, and a few days later I got off the elevator at the gallery's top floor and started digging the noble knights, happy peasants and virginal maidens in the permanent collection.

Tchelitchev, who had the 2nd and 3rd floors, is remembered today for a couple of huge, tortured fantasy paintings like *Hide and Seek*, which makes its regular home in the Surrealist Room of the Museum of Modern Art.

(It's the one with the children's faces hidden among trees and flowers. Apparently, Tchelitchev—like Dali—fits into Huntington Hartford's standards of Good modernistic art because the faces and flowers look Real, even though they are blended together. Just like Dali's limp watch looks like a Real watch.)

But when Tchelitchev started out, during the '20's, and '30's, he seems to have specialized in portraits of beautiful or musclebound young men, and women who were either ugly, cruel-looking or boyish.

The most gorgeous of his young men between 1930 and 1937 was an H. Ford all right, but it wasn't crusty old Henry Ford with his Model T, assembly lines, exposé of the *Protocols of Zion* and strikebreaking.

It was one Charles Henri Ford, who lives in Paris and still owns these artistic mementos from the admirer of his youth.

As I was departing from the last of the Charles Henri Ford series — an ethereal adolescent head and hands floating disembodied above the starlit Seine—a lady with a mink stole and a bored husband said very loudly and disgustingly, "Henry Ford, *hmmppf*"

You could almost see the subliminal message flashing across her id. "None of those faggot Ford cars are going to ball me anymore. I don't care if Hubby is dying for that new red T-bird."

And all around the room, culturally aware out-of-towners were nodding knowingly at the paintings of lovely young C. Henri Ford.

So if Ford sales slump next year in spite of the wins in all those stock car races, you and I will know the reason why.

it is now apparent that half this amount is being spent promoting the network's own men.

This fall, it is no longer a question of Republicans versus Democrats: it is NBC against CBS, the two networks locking horns in a spectacular of fiercely competitive personality worship, gorging the public on nationally-known newsmen in such a way as to throw the actual political contestants into the background. Uneasily, one comes to the conclusion that someone is trying to replace the initials GOP with those of CBS.

It all began one day last spring when NBC took a full-page ad for Huntley and Brinkley. Several days later CBS (with that "Oh yeah, well we got Walter" attitude) fired back a full-pager on Cronkite, depicting him as the greatest recorder of events since Herodotus, the man who has been there, seen everything, and made it all real for the American public.

NBC promptly volleyed back with that by now famous family circle picture—Huntley, Brinkley, Frank McGee, Ed Newman, Elie Abel, Sander Vanocur, the whole gang of them. Thundered a CBS full-pager: "Roger Mudd, faithful as a postman, kept his vigil on the steps of the Capital for 67 days during the Civil Rights debate." Within ten days in June, CBS ran two full-page Cronkites.

NBC blew their stacks in "Winners in a Walk," a full-page Chet and David that mocked the Cronkite San Francisco appeal: "As far as we know, neither Chet Huntley nor David Brinkley has ever won a trophy in a walking race. Nor are we suggesting that they'll be walking to San Francisco for the Republican Convention," the vengeful June 25 ad declared. "We are saying that their coverage of that Convention (coverage supported by an able army of NBC News colleagues) is a very good bet to walk off with most of the reporting honors—again."

Other NBC ads fed the personality worship of Chet and David: Chet looking fatherly and pipe-smokingly confident; David, glib and wisecracking, hunched at a typewriter, cutting through the hypocrisy of today with a waggish stare. As a result, Chet and David are



"Travel arrangements for participants on this program were made possible by American, Capitol, Eastern, TWA, BOAC, Pan-American Airlines; Pennsylvania, B. & O., New York Central, Union Pacific, Seaboard, Illinois Central Railroads, Greyhound, Trans-City Buses; Cunard, Grace Lines; Avis, Hertz Rent-a-Car. . . ."

now better known to the American public than Sargent and Hubert, and either of them would have been ideal as Johnson's running mate: one, the glib, skeptical pundit; the other, venerable, steadfast.

Many expressed surprise that CBS never made light of Chet Huntley's pre-celebrity bit-part as Dan Dailey's sidekick announcer in a clinker movie, replayed recently on TV, in which Dailey had the title role in the Dizzy Dean story. As it is, informed sources claim, CBS elements forced Huntley to curtail promotion on behalf of his ranch and meat-products, "Chet Huntley's Nature-Fed Beef."

However, it is revealing that Huntley himself, looking down over that Munich beer hall scene at the Cow Palace, reported that a red-haired, freckle-faced boy was carrying a sign that read, "David Brinkley for President." Which prompted David to point out, with wry glee, that on the floor of the convention, he had seen men wearing buttons demanding, "Stamp Out Chet and David."

"Walter Cronkite is a nice man." This florid rhetoric, typical of *Look* magazine's searching profiles, represented that publication's endorsement toward the close of a 6-page spread in their August 25 issue. (In the same issue the magazine also pushed the campaign of Bobby Kennedy for New York Senator; Bobby and Walter were the only two profiles in that issue.)

The *Look* publicity sparked as a major coup for Cronkite's public relations man. For its 7,400,000 readers, *Look* dwelt heavily on Walter's studied anti-intellectuality, long an important criterion for a respectable Republican candidate. He was also shown to be a man of simple tastes: i.e., he "buys his suits off the rack at Saks Fifth Avenue" and "takes a bus to the Lexington Avenue subway and rides down to 42nd Street with the rest of the straphangers."

Man-of-the-people-Walter was further belabored via heavy emphasis on his Midwestern, middle-class background, and his three fun-loving children, Nancy, Kathy and Chip. *Look's* pitch for Cronkite was well thought-out. The magazine hammered home Walter's lack of opinions and made a virtue out of his mediocrity—just what the editors must think their readers look for in a candidate.

So as not to leave any doubts as to the purpose of the "Walter-is-a-nice-man" treatment, the article shyly quoted their candidate: "Actually, I'm 65% in favor of all politicians. Eventually, if and when I have to retire, I might like to be in politics myself, at the local level."

By early August, the CBS computers were giving Cronkite some two million write-in votes. NBC and the Democratic computers were cautiously silent. They had a fantastic behind-the-scenes organization out stomping the hinterlands: their ads declared that "25,000 NBC precinct reporters are poised to get the results to you." In other words, an army of reporters was doing a heap of NBC campaigning.

Fresh impetus was lent to the struggle in early September when the bubble gum companies got into the network election act. The bubble gum companies, it will be recalled, flooded the candy stores with trading cards bearing pictures of Walter, Chet, David, Bill Leonard, Charles Collingwood, Irving R. Levine, Eric Severeid, Douglas Edwards, etc.

Good sports, the bubble gum people even threw in

some ABC faces. On the back of the Howard K. Smith cards, the kids were told how Smith was a Rhodes scholar; ABC's other anchor man, Edward P. Morgan, merited a crisp, back-of-the-card biography built around his having a Phi Beta Kappa key.

On the other side of the card bearing the friendly face of Robert Trout, children discovered that he was CBS' senior correspondent, a bullfight aficionado, and that he coined the term "fireside chat" during the Roosevelt years. Kids also found out, upon flipping him, that Bill Leonard was the head of the CBS News-Election team and that, a former prizefighter, he once boxed an exhibition match with Joe Louis for charity.

Naturally, this led to all sorts of "I'll give you a Marvin Kalb and a Bernard Kalb for a Robert Abernathy and John Chancellor." Which brought such replies as "The hell you say—I'll swap you Gabe Pressman for Mike Wallace."

However, the desired psychological result was frequently achieved, and all across America kids were running home to their parents, exhorting their favorite heroes. In some cases, when a child ran home attempting to influence his parents into voting for CBS this November, he found Mother reading *TV Guide's* lavish color spread (July 11-17 issue) on newsgal Nancy Dickerson modeling clothes that she is wearing to the convention:

"Nancy's clothes have to be simply cut, comfortable, and, preferably, in solid colors or small patterns. These requirements are right in line with her own personal tastes, and her clothes are just as wearable off camera as on."

Nancy's hair was in a bouffant, and, if Mother's eyes had been sufficiently ruined from watching too much television, she undoubtedly detected a resemblance to Jackie Kennedy. "Hmmm," Mother thought, while junior waved a Doug Edwards card in her face, "assuming I voted for Chet Huntley for president, how could I be sure he'd marry Nancy and take her into the White House with him?"

That both networks have enough good people to fill important government positions is assured. If NBC wins, they can make use of Pauline Frederick's UN experience by giving her Adlai Stevenson's job, or perhaps making her ambassador to a Scandinavian country.

Edwin Newman could head up the CIA. He demonstrated a decided gift for intrigue in his *Orient Express* documentary, during which he rode the legendary, spy-cluttered train from Paris through the Balkans to Istanbul. Also to his advantage, the sober, wry Newman, unlike Dulles and McCone, is secretly an intellectual; his perceptive articles on France have enlightened readers of *Harper's Magazine* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

Irving R. Levine, NBC man in Rome, and former man in Moscow, naturally qualifies as Secretary of State, although Frank McGee, who always makes a startlingly levelheaded impression, might also be a front-runner for that office. Either Sander Vanocur or Elie Abel, Washington political correspondents, would make an excellent attorney general.

Bearded Piers Anderton, now stationed in India, would qualify as a first-rate replacement for such troubleshooters as Bowles, Galbraith and Harriman. It was Anderton who won top honors last year when, by

an uncanny stroke of diplomacy, he got an okay from the State Department, Walter Ulbrecht and Willy Brandt to dig an NBC escape tunnel from East to West Berlin. It was a smashing success, but Anderton—who tends to be overly imaginative—kept going and wound up in New Delhi.

Suave John K. M. McCaffery, if NBC can get him back from WPIX, is a good bet for Librarian of Congress. McCaffery's credentials include his anthology of criticism, *Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work*, and his role as a moderator of that classic, *Author Meets the Critics*.

It is the always-nattily-dressed McCaffery, an informed source noted, who has been trying to get Chet and David to switch from Windsor knots to four-in-hands. In a confidential memo, McCaffery is said to have apprised the pair that the knot-change would be best for their own political good; too many Ivy-leaguers are voicing resentment over Chet and David's bulging Windsor knots.

As the man behind the television coup, General David Sarnoff would automatically be appointed Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. High-ranking cabinet posts will go to Welles Hangen, Peter Hackes and John Chancellor. Ben Grauer will become chairman of the FCC. Gabe Pressman will be presidential press secretary.

Should CBS win the battle for the American audience, a Cronkite in the White House would neatly fit the Eisenhower bill: an ideal face for a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover; a widely-loved man who is an institution that America believes in.

Usually reliable sources expect that Winston Burdett, a kind of permanent exile now exiled in Rome, will become Secretary of State. He has held a variety of foreign correspondentships and, as a precise, reliable doer, is a natural for this top slot.

Eric Severeid, scholarly, knowing, and philosophically bent, is a cinch for the UN post. Eric, a 25-year man at CBS, has published heavily, and his latest, *This is Eric Severeid*, was published Aug. 3 by McGraw-Hill, a masterstroke of good election timing.

Charles Collingwood, with whom Eric plays chess on Fire Island, is a leading contender for either the attorney generalship or Robert Moses' job at the World's Fair. However, since he collects African masks, Collingwood may get Soapy Williams' job as Under-Secretary of State for African Affairs, a title every bit as resounding as his present one: Chief European Correspondent, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Heading up the CBS USIA will be Hughes Rudd, always dramatically sheathed in a Bogart-type trench coat, a man who studied short story writing with Wallace Stegner in California. His love for his trench coat, might, however, land him the top CIA spot.

Marvin Kalb, considered the CBS 'boy wonder,' and a graduate of the Columbia School of Russian Studies, will get a top-drawer Arthur Schlesinger Jr.-type post. He is also being considered for Ambassador to Russia, where he once served as a CBS correspondent. To this spot he would bring unusually apt talents, since he began his professional life as an attaché in the American Embassy in Moscow.

His younger brother, Bernard, lacking Marvin's astute grasp of big pictures, has been slogging for years on perpetual trek through the jungles of Southeast Asia. He appears a sure thing for Maxwell Taylor's

spot in Vietnam. Harry Reasoner, a highly talented wordsmith from Rowayton, Conn., will undoubtedly step into shoes vacated by Theodore Sorenson: chief speech-writer.

Roger Mudd, who skyrocketed to fame with his 67-day Civil Rights debate vigil on the Capitol steps, is slated for LeRoy Collins' job as director of the Civil Rights Community Relations Service, a post which seemed frivolously appropriate for a former Florida governor.

Should this not come through, Mudd, who reportedly made \$10,000 in overtime during his stunt on the steps, will retire to write a book on his famous ancestor, Dr. Samuel Mudd, the man who set John Wilkes Booth's leg and was promptly dispatched to America's Devil's Island, Fort Jefferson, in the Dry Tortugas. Doubleday is presently bidding for the manuscript. MGM, according to Leonard Lyons, will film Mudd's work.

The only overseas ambassadorship sewn up is Martin Agronsky's: Ambassador to Israel. As credentials, Agronsky began his journalistic career in that country where his uncle, Gershon Agron, was the first mayor of modern Jerusalem and founder of the city's English-language newspaper.

Old-timer Robert Trout, frequently seen on Madison Avenue with Chesterfield coat and walking stick, will get Angier Biddle Duke's job as Chief of Protocol. A team of scoopers, Mike Wallace and Bill Leonard, will head up the FBI.

Frank Stanton and Fred Friendly, CBS campaign managers, will collaborate on a book, tentatively titled, *Our Ten-Year Strategy That Nearly Made Walter Cronkite President of the United States*.

That strategy having failed, however, Friendly is quite willing to settle for second best this election year. As he was quoted by a *New York Daily News* columnist, with resignation: "If you hear Barry Goldwater won the nomination, the man you will believe first is Walter Cronkite."

Postscript: By bizaare coincidence, one week after this article was written, CBS announced it was dropping Cronkite as anchor man for the Democratic convention in favor of a duet consisting of Robert Trout and Roger Mudd. Cronkite, calling a news conference to discuss the strategic dumping (rating surveys gave Chet and David too powerful a lead on the Cow Palace coverage), said his bosses told him he was "still number one around here."

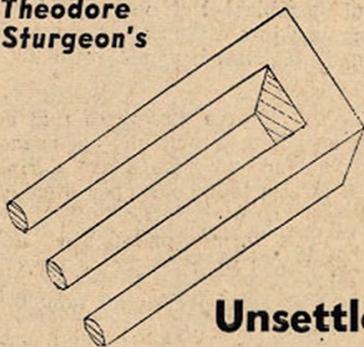
The implications are clear: failing to supercede Goldwater in the real contest, Cronkite now seeks more time to attend to his political career. Apparently, he will be devoting his full energies to spearheading the "Write-In Votes for Walter Cronkite" movement—a quiet, breathtakingly efficient campaign reportedly giving new hope to moderate Republicans all across the country.

Editorial Dingleberries

- The beautiful thing about democracy is that you'll be able to complain about Barry Goldwater even if you didn't vote against him.
- Leroi Jones is the Negro James Baldwin.
- A man from Mars seeing the surfeit of newspaper and TV publicity about the topless bathing suit could logically come to the conclusion that American women are required to walk around backwards all the time.

September 1964

Theodore
Sturgeon's



Unsettlement House

If you and your frau or feller were spiced by a justice of the peace, and it turns out 27 years later that his original authorizing papers were out of order, you're not married, and neither are maybe seventeen thousand other couples who were joined in matrimony by the same hizzoner. Hold on to that thought.

Here's a quote from the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* a year or so ago:

Talk about Philadelphia lawyers. The attorney in Tennessee who prepared Clayton Dawson's appeal could beat any of them with one hand tied behind his back. Dawson, under death sentence for rape in Tennessee, lodged an appeal on the grounds of the Supreme Court decision ordering Tennessee's Legislature reapportioned. He contended that since the Legislature was unconstitutionally apportioned, the Tennessee law against rape was invalid.

Unfortunately for Dawson, the United States Court of Appeals in Cincinnati didn't see it that way yesterday. The court said if it accepted Dawson's argument, every law passed in Tennessee since 1901 would be invalid, and all court decisions, too.

I'm sure the same U.S. Court of Appeals would hold that your marriage, bollixed as per Paragraph One above, was invalid. A possible disaster in the lives of a few couples is just too bad. But somehow when it gets as big as invalidating whole bodies of law since 1901, it's just too big—it would cause too much trouble. So don't let's mess with it even if a guy hangs.

It seems to me that a legal principle ought to apply to large and small alike, however small, however large. The blindfold on the statue of Justice is supposed to mean this, and not the opposite. So hold on to that thought instead.

Now go along with me on a fantasy. Let's pretend there's a Constitutional amendment which says that if, say, 15% of the population is prevented from voting, 15% of the representation in both state and Federal legislatures is cancelled, and elective judgeships to boot.

Just to make the game more interesting, let's say this amendment was passed 50 years ago but nobody remembers it. Then all of a sudden someone finds it among the fine print.

It could mean a survey of every vote of every session of every legislature; and where the record showed a close vote, a determination might have to be made to

find out how many votes were cast by illegal legislators. What a wonderful shambles! Not only would a vast amount of existing law just disappear, a mountain of previously "defeated" legislation would prove to have been passed after all.

Maybe the 18th Amendment was never repealed and they'll close all the bars. Maybe anyone who ever cashed a Social Security check will have to dig down and return it all to the Government. Maybe the income tax is illegal, and we could all ask for our money back. And the jail doors from the rockbound coasts of, to the sunny shores of, would spring open and let a tide of people out to collide with the tide of people coming in. Are you having fun with this? Well, stick around, buster, while we get serious.

Brace yourself. There is such a Constitutional amendment, and it was passed not a half, but a whole century ago. To be exact, 98 years. Here it is:

... when the right to vote at any election [for Federal or State office] is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

This is Paragraph 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment. It was ratified on June 16, 1866, and it has never been invoked.

Take a good fat look at that paragraph. One thing emerges right away: it hasn't a thing to say about race or previous condition of anything: a voter is any male inhabitant 21 years of age. (Is a migrant worker an inhabitant?) Naturally, the 19th amendment has the effect of removing the word 'male' from the paragraph, so girls, come on in.

A number of things aren't so obvious. For instance, if a state were ever penalized by this paragraph, there would be reductions not only in the House of Representatives and in the State Assembly, but also in the number of electoral votes, since this is derived from the whole number of Senators and Representatives the state sends to Congress.

God! Maybe Nixon has been President all along!

Another: there isn't a word in it about whether or not a citizen has registered or tried to vote. It just says that representation shall be reduced by the same percentage as the whole category of disenfranchised citizens bears to the whole number of eligible voters. And again—poll taxes, literacy tests, disqualifications based on race, property, national origin, even mandatory loyalty oaths—all have been illegal since 1866.

And here's a cutie:

Time and again the Supreme Court has held that the 15th Amendment, and Section 1 of the 14th, apply only to infringements applied by the states, because they are worded that way. (For example, Sec. 1, Art. 14, reads: "... No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge ..." etc.)

But Paragraph 2 has nothing to say about the source of the infringement: it says "in any way" abridged. That means any one guy in front of a polling place with a billy in his hand and blood in his eye. It makes a Federal offense out of the anti-franchise activities of the KKK and the White Citizens Councils as well as

any court clerk who takes it on himself to demand a Ph.D. thesis of a Negro field hand who wants to register.

I don't know at all what to make of the possibility that many southern states have for nearly a century been sending illegal representatives to the House and their own assemblies, and that their votes on all legislation are and have been to some degree invalid. I was willing to make a fantasy of it, but I don't pretend to be lawyer enough, or researcher enough, to make a real determination.

I do recall a brilliant article on the subject by Arthur E. Bonfield in which he worked out several ways in which the paragraph could be applied, and if done one way, Alabama would have lost 49% of its representation in the 1950's. So this, chillun, is no little bitty technicality.

It would seem that there's been a colossal waste of time, money, and blood over the past 98 years. My dear old daddy used to say, "You can have anything you want if you want it badly enough. If you don't get it, it's because you didn't want it badly enough." I'll paraphrase that. "You can change any law you want if you want to badly enough."

If Art. 14, Par. 2 had been enforced from the beginning (and incidentally, implementing legislation for it exists) there would have been a large and very interested block of voters that would have seen to it that circumstances would never arise which forced us to have FEPC, anti-lynch laws, and even the new Civil Rights Act.

If it were invoked and applied tomorrow, that same block could immediately come into being and, within the law, accomplish what a dozen long hot summers of sign-toting couldn't begin to do. A politician invariably sees the light when he sees the bona fide votes. Add to his vision the picture of an empty seat in the House or the Assembly, nepotism and all, and man, you got a friend.

One wonderful thing emerges from all this. Next time some would-be lord of the manor opens his feudal face to prate about going back to old-time Constitutional Government, just you roll up Art. 14, Par. 2 and ram it right down his throat.

I know a guy who regards himself as in the Grand Strategy level of the right wing. I threw this at him and, in spite of being a very well-informed man, he had never heard of it: nobody ever reads past Par. 1. His reaction was memorable. He flung down his dog-eared copy of the World Almanac and said, "That tears it. We've got to get rid of the Fourteenth Amendment!"

Oh boy. Think of that, friends. Your right-wing rockhead is always placing his fingertips together, casting his eyes upward, and saying let's get back to real Constitutional law in this country. But when the chips are down, he's going to junk any part of it that gets in his way.

Another Subsidy

There's a new commercial on TV advertising the virtues of Quaker Puffed Wheat. It seems it is blown out of cannons. Is pacifism that unprofitable?

—Mike Jasnow

The Portable Goldwater

A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT COMPENDIUM OF FACTS THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY AMERICAN WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY.

FACT 1.

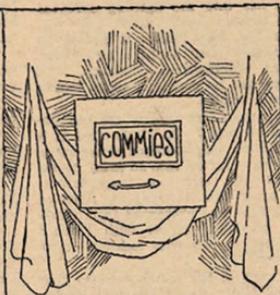
THE FIRST GOLDWATER ENTERPRISE IN AMERICA WAS A MINING TOWN SALOON DOWNSTAIRS FROM A WHOREHOUSE!



FACT 2. ONE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE AGE OF NINE, BARRY EMPTIED A PISTOL INTO THE CEILING OF HIS PARENTS BEDROOM!

fact 3.

DURING THE SENATE CENSURE OF JOE MCCARTHY, GOLDWATER, IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP THE WISCONSIN SENATOR FROM MAKING ANY FURTHER INFLAMMATORY SPEECHES, WOULD STEAL THEM FROM HIS DESK!



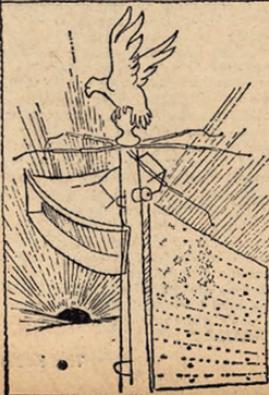
fact 4.

BARRY GOLDWATER IS THE INVENTOR OF "ANTSY-PANTS" ANT-PATTERNED MENS SHORTS SOLD BY HIS DEPARTMENT STORE!

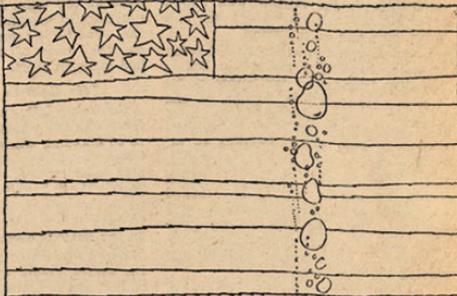


fact 5.

SENATOR GOLDWATER HAS DEVISED A FLAGPOLE TO BE INSTALLED AT HIS HOME IN ARIZONA THAT RAISES AUTOMATICALLY AT SUNRISE AND LOWERS ITSELF AT SUNSET PLAYING TAPS.

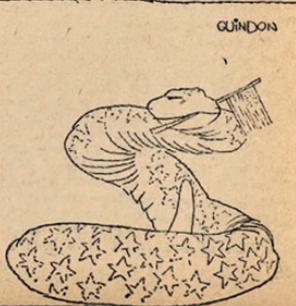


fact 6. SOMETIMES GOLDWATER CAN BE FOUND SLEEPING AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS SWIMMING POOL WITH AN AIR HOSE STUCK IN HIS MOUTH!



fact 7.

SENATOR GOLDWATER HAS FOUR DOTS TATOOD ON HIS LEFT HAND WHICH IDENTIFY HIM AS A MEMBER OF A SMALL CLIQUE OF ARIZONA BUSINESSMEN CALLED THE SMOKI CLAN-INDIAN COSTUMED DANCERS WHO PERFORM WITH LIVE BULL SNAKES!



The Unsinkable Marguerite Oswald

by Harold Feldman

"It's kind of fun being part of history-being-made here on television tonight. . . ."

—Les Crane, on the occasion of Marguerite Oswald's guest appearance on his new television program

If the cocksure rogues who planned to condemn Lee Harvey Oswald as the lone assassin of President Kennedy had known his mother better, things would have been different. Certainly they would have taken pause and, perhaps, looked around for another "patsy."

Now they have her on their trail, and they snarl at her from all sides with malice and menace. Their literary agents cannot write three lines about her without suggesting that the only proper place for this aging Antigone who cries for justice for her murdered son is an asylum or a grave.

Yes, there is a touch of the prima donna about Marguerite Oswald as she garners some egoistic comfort from her isolation. Here and there she responds to the icy deafness of the dominations and powers with extravagant suspicion and speculation. But if Ibsen is right and the strongest is the one who stands alone for integrity and honor, then Marguerite Oswald is the strongest woman in America. One thing is sure for anyone who knows about her life and knows her—she is a brave, bold and good woman.

I first saw her in action on Saturday morning, June 27. I arrived in Dallas with two friends the day before to review the historical landmarks of the Kennedy assassination, and a brief telephone call to Lee Harvey Oswald's mother in Fort Worth brought an invitation to guide us on a tour of Oak Cliff. That is the section of Dallas where her son is said to have killed Patrolman J. D. Tippit, where he was captured three quarters of an hour after the policeman's death, an hour and a half after sniper bullets had blasted the President.

The first surprise was her voice. Even I, who was skeptical of the government reports about the Dallas mayhem from the start, was led by newspaper accounts to expect a gruff paranoid harridan. What I heard instead was a pleasant ladylike welcome—not a trace of cautious ambiguity, not a second of hesitation in the warm courtesy that carried within in it only a faint suggestion of loneliness.

Marguerite Oswald is 56 years old but there is hardly a wrinkle on her round pink-cheeked face. Short, plump, even dumpy, her avoirdupois only indicates what Norman Mailer calls "happy fat." Her face and figure are lively souvenirs of what must have been a

pretty vivacious girlhood, and the added weight, horn-rimmed bifocals, and salt-and-pepper hair pulled back into a knot have only turned it into an agreeable matronliness.

Mrs. Oswald was a \$10-a-day practical nurse when the President's murder turned her into the fighting defender of the Oswald family honor (she was fired a few days later); it is easy to imagine her busy about a sick room, cajoling, comforting, chatting, and standing for no nonsense about taking one's nux vomica.

The part of Oak Cliff where Lee Oswald lived and J. D. Tippit died is a deteriorating neighborhood whose large houses have turned into so many rooms for low rent. Our tour came several days after the newspapers reported how Oswald was prevented from starting a homicidal career with Richard Nixon only by his wife locking him in his room.

We went to the rooming house near 8th and Neely where Lee and Marina lived at the time. Marguerite was admitted with sympathetic deference and she went from room to room, pointing out that none of the doors had ever had locks on them.

Life Goes to a Darkroom

Before we left, she photographed the fence against which Lee was supposed to be standing when he had his picture taken for future reference, holding a rifle, a gun, and a Bolshevik newspaper. "Look here," she said, and pointed to the bottom of the fence, obviously very different from what appeared on the dubious cover of *Life*.

After we located the spot on E. 10th St. where Tippit was found dead, we walked about a block and a half to the home of Helen Louise Markham. She is the one who, the reports say, was the lone witness to that shooting. Oak Cliff almost becomes a slum there. Mrs. Markham lives in a small apartment above a barber shop and she was pacing back and forth, her infant granddaughter in her arms, when we arrived.

No, she could not talk to us now, she had to mind the baby. We offered to pay for a baby-sitter. No again, but could we return at 2:15 when her husband would be home and we could talk freely. Helen Markham is still young—but shabby, beaten, and spiritless. Mrs. Oswald spontaneously reached for the baby and held her for a moment.

At 2:15 we plowed through the Turkish-bath afternoon Texas heat, carrying six-packs of Coke against the anxious hour we foresaw in the hot stale air of the Markham apartment. As we approached 328½ E. 9th where the Markhams live, we noticed two Dallas police station wagons parked outside, and just as we turned the corner of 9th and Patton we saw them pull away.

Mrs. Oswald guessed what the police were there for. Up the stairs she charged, and there we met the most pitiful spectacle in our experience. Mr. Markham stood in the doorway, and behind him the alleged witness to the Tippit murder cowered to one side. The man was a quivering wreck. Every muscle in his lean frame was a-tremble, his mouth twitched uncontrollably, and his teeth were actually chattering from fright.

"Please go away," he groaned like a whipped puppy. "Please go away and don't come back."

"You've been threatened, haven't you?" Mrs. Oswald asked.

"Yes. Please go away."

Outside, Mrs. Oswald's eyes grew red fighting back the tears that welled up. "That poor man!" she kept repeating. She wanted to go to Washington at once to report the incident to the Warren Commission. "Did you see him?" she said. "He was frightened to death. What right do they have to threaten him? This is still America, by God," she cried. "We're going to see if they can get away with this."

Bill Markham, the 20-year-old son of Helen Markham, followed us outside. His mother and stepfather, he said, were too scared of the police and Secret Service to talk to us but he wasn't. He would meet us outside the public library some three blocks away.

He spoke to us in Mrs. Oswald's car, and unutterable contempt for his parents showed in every word. Also clear was his desperate need of money. Would we pay for information about the Tippit killing?

It only takes an hour of independent work on the Oswald case to make one circumspect and guarded. We might be charged later with bribing a witness, and then how did we know that the boy was not every bit of the liar he said his mother was. The sullen boy with the handsome tanned face topped with black curls admitted he had a police record, that the police had gotten him fired from several jobs by so-called parole check-ups. He was not working and what he wanted more than anything else right now was money.

"I need it, ma'am," he said slowly, "and I'm going to get myself some." Yes, the Secret Service had told his parents that "there would be trouble" if they talked to outsiders. "But I'm not afraid, ma'am. I need money and if I don't get some one way, I'll get it another."

Why not go away to another state and start again clean, Mrs. Oswald pleaded with him.

"The police'll be after me anyway, ma'am, and I can't afford a lawyer. I can't afford anything."

"Please take care," she told him. "Oh Lord, poor people are so helpless. If you were middle-class, you wouldn't have these problems. And don't be so sure you can win against the police. My Lee was so sure."

As he was leaving the car, she took his hand. "Take care of yourself," she said, "and if you get into trouble and need help, please get in touch with me. I'll find some way to help you."

Two days later Marguerite called us to come over fast. She greeted us, holding up a newspaper in her hand. The Markham boy had been picked up for burglary and parole violation.

It recalled the similar arrest a few weeks before of Abraham Bolden, the first Negro Secret Service man assigned to the Presidential bodyguard, on charges of cooperating with counterfeiter. There, too, the arrest was made after Bolden announced he had information relevant to the assassination of the President. There, too, the charge was entirely based on the testimony of two witnesses who themselves were under police charges.

"I keep thinking, maybe talking to us got the boy arrested," Mrs. Oswald said. "We've got to help him. We gave him our word."

And for seven hours Marguerite Oswald was on the phone trying to get young Markham a lawyer. She called Mark Lane in New York, called Greg Olds of the Dallas Civil Liberties Union (who made vague, unfulfilled pledges), called the Lawyers Referral

Service, called six attorneys in Fort Worth who all begged off.

Over and over she asked for a lawyer to visit the boy in jail to make sure he was represented by counsel. Shadow images crossed her mind of the boy being killed in jail as her son was. She offered to pay the legal expenses but it was no go. She got promises, recommendations, apologies, but no lawyer.

Mark Lane finally managed to persuade a reluctant colleague in Dallas to see young Markham.

Mrs. Oswald is unemployed. No job has materialized for her since the assassination. Her income now is based almost solely on the sale of documents to the press.

Life bought a picture of her and Marina for a thousand dollars and Esquire paid \$4000 for sixteen letters Lee had written her during his stay in Russia. Some foreign reporters paid her for interviews.

She lives in a one-floor three-room house (rent: \$30 a month), she spends little for food, her wardrobe is rather bare, and air-conditioning is beyond her budget. What other money she has, she spends on the defense of Lee Oswald.

What a sharp contrast the neglect of this mother makes to the fantastic concern that government and church have shown for the alleged assassin's wife, Marina. The Russian girl, whom Lee married after he had already decided to return to America, has received some \$75,000 in contributions and compensation. She is the object of every tender solicitude, public and domestic, from the Secret Service.

When the Fort Worth Council of Churches started a fund for the Oswalds, they soon made it clear that

none of their charity was meant for the mother who was so unmotherly as to defend her son. Checks donated for the relief of Marguerite were returned to the senders.

The reason for this discrimination, the lavish acceptance of Marina, the hostile ostracism of Marguerite, is obvious enough.

Marina cooperates.

She makes the proper noises for the Secret Service and the FBI.

After first protesting his innocence, she now hardly lets a week go by without adding to the monstrous list of her husband's intended victims.

Marguerite Oswald, on the other hand, is inflexible in defense of her son's innocence, at least until he is proven guilty. "The money is running out," she says, "but I've learned not to worry." Like Micawber, she is sure something will turn up.

Almost every day she visits Lee's grave in Rosehill Cemetery, just outside of Fort Worth. She replaces the flowers taken by souvenir hunters, weeds the grass and tends the sapling that rises over his grave. In her car she carries a garden hose which she attaches to the spigot at the graveside and waters the grave.

A Star Is Born

The area around the grave has been trodden into a hard brown walk by the daily visitors, and the need to keep face before hundreds of curious watchers every day has made her a bit of a showoff. Every inch of her bearing is a polite defiance of her isolation and an awareness of history. She is proud, if not of her son, certainly of herself.

Mrs. Oswald is a Lutheran and a white Southerner. Like Madame Dreyfus 70 years ago, nothing but her position as the victim of an official frame-up (Madame Dreyfus always called it a "judicial error") would have ever put her in contact with the handful of radicals who take up her cause.

A parochial Texan, Mrs. Oswald is not altogether comfortable with the voluminous sympathy she receives from Europe. She is a bit uneasy about Mark Lane's crusade for justice for Lee in Paris, Rome, Budapest and London. She would like the case fought out in America by Americans—but sometimes despair grips her heart, and she wonders whether she herself will not wind up in European exile.

She was born and grew up in New Orleans. She raised her family in Fort Worth. The word "nigger" comes naturally to her lips (just as it did to her son's even after he was supposed to be a Communist in Russia), but the least injustice against Negroes, Mexicans or Indians starts her indignation tank boiling again.

Whenever we expressed doubt about her prospects, she would reply, "This is America" or "This is Texas"—something we cosmopolitans from Phil-



Picture Postcard from Texas

September 1964

adelphia could not be expected to comprehend. Because "this is America," Mrs. Oswald waved aside our opinion that the Warren Commission would not vindicate her son and herself. She glories in the fact that all of her sons served in the Marines, and Lee, she says over and over, was acting for the United States government from the day he joined the Marines in 1956 to the day he was handcuffed and shot in a Dallas jail.

Her oldest son, John Edward Pic, born of her first marriage, has passed 4 years in uniform and is now an Air Force sergeant. Robert E. Lee Oswald Jr., her second boy, was Lee Harvey's "big brother." She remembers Lee in his early teens studying the print off of Robert's Marine manual.

One day she found Lee puzzling over the manual and beside it was a paper-bound Communist pamphlet. It was this brochure which was padded and inflated in the post-assassination press until it could be passed off as *Das Kapital*, no less, always mentioned with the German title, mind you. Probably it was the pamphlet about the Rosenbergs which Lee told Aline Mosby about in Moscow.

He quit Arlington Heights High School in the 10th grade to join the Marines, and his mother believes that even then Lee was contemplating undercover work for Uncle Sam among the Reds.

Dogpatch Dogmatism

Lee Harvey Oswald never became a Communist and his mother is certainly not one. But, coexisting with a conventional patriotism in both of them, is a spontaneously radical point of view burgeoning out of a lifelong war with deprivation and poverty. Marguerite Oswald knows in her bones that the poor are a beaten and harassed flock and that the polite equality of the law is usually a boon for the rich and a rawhide whip for the poor.

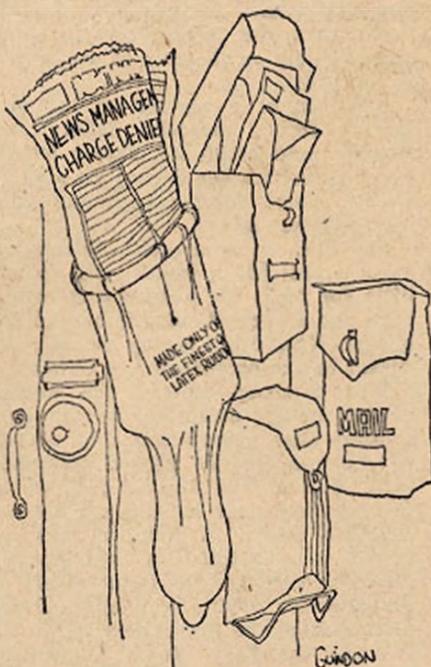
"If my son had been wealthy, he might be alive today," she says. "Lee was denied the right to have a lawyer because he didn't have any money." In one part of her heart she is a stalwart who believes, like Li'l Abner, in the flag, the FBI and the Capitol in Washington. In the other, she understands that this is a land where money and prestige rule the roost.

And if Marguerite Oswald is poor and keenly aware of the meaning of poverty, her poverty is nevertheless self-consciously genteel. "We were down and out many times," she says, "but we were never trash."

When they were newcomers in New York and Lee, age 14, was placed in a reformatory for being absent without leave from school for 17 days, he cried out, "You've got to get me out of here, mother. They have real criminals here, kids who have stabbed people and killed people with guns!"

She kept her children clean and neat, they ate their pork and beans, napkin in hand, and her home, however bare, always manifested a middle-class taste. She was plainly elated when Lee's landlady in Dallas told her that Lee was the only tenant in the place who washed the tub out after he took a bath.

The Oswalds were frugal, paid their debts, lived on sandwiches when they had to, and saved their scrapings. One day she saw her nursing home employer browbeat and abuse an old patient and she quit her job in a helpless



rage. "I didn't know where my next meal was coming from," she told Jack Langguth of the *N.Y. Times*, "but I have principles and I've learned not to worry."

Lee was secretive, she notes, "but he never lied to me." She recalled the day in New York, 1952, when he volunteered that he had not been going to school but was spending the time riding the subways and visiting the zoo. When Lee returned from Russia and was having a hard time of it keeping a wife and child on \$1.25-an-hour jobs or unemployment compensation, Mrs. Oswald asked him why he left Russia, where his job was easy and the pay regular, to come home to life as a virtual derelict.

"Not even Marina knows that," was his answer.

What Mrs. Oswald insists on in the case as much as his innocence is her conviction that Lee was an American secret agent. Day after day she studies the photographs and reports of the assassination. "Analyzing," she calls it, and her interpretations evidence a sharp intelligence.

I saw her drive around Fort Worth and Dallas to find and question poten-

tial witnesses. I watched her on the phone tormenting Liebler, Redlich and Rankin of the Warren Commission with a calm dignity.

When Lee's Russian "diary" was leaked to the *Dallas Morning News*, I watched Ed Barker of KRLD-TV interview her about the break. She held forth like a dowager queen in court. Expressing gratitude for the publication of her son's notes, she serenely proceeded to quote and analyze. "They prove, you see, what I have always maintained," she said—"that Lee was an American agent."

Before we left, she pointed out how Federal agents had repeatedly violated the laws of Texas by doing away with evidence that may have proved her son's innocence:

"First, they took the President's body out of Texas. The Dallas doctors thought the bullets came from the front, but the Federal men had a secret autopsy in Bethesda, Maryland, when it should have been done here and become part of the court record. Then they took the President's limousine out of the state, rushed it off. This was a most important item of evidence but they dismantled it and rebuilt it before anyone here could examine it for bullet holes."

Establishment Ethics

The journalists who earn their daily bourbon on assignment from *Life*, *Time*, and the news networks have never stopped portraying Marguerite Oswald as a self-centered, domineering, paranoiac showoff with frequent delusions of persecution. It reminds me of Freud's remark that there would be no such thing as a persecution complex if there were not real persecution.

Mrs. Oswald does not play ball with the authorities. She is therefore authoritarian. She insists on all her rights and is deeply concerned about the place of her family in the historical record. She is consequently an exhibitionist.

She has devoted every day since November 22, 1963, to uncovering what she believes and millions believe is a real conspiracy in which her youngest son was the fall guy. As a result, she is held up to scorn as a bitter old woman who sees snares and plots everywhere.

After her son was arrested and she faced her lone uphill way, she said, "They turned their backs on me before and they will turn their backs on me again, but my faith will see me through." Marguerite Oswald is unbreakable.

That is why the powers are offended.

Is Marguerite Oswald "emotional" and "unstable," as the *Maedchen fuer Alle* of the press say? We spent 5 days in her house and watched her under high pressure. If she is emotional, then Molly Pitcher was a hysteric. If she is unstable, then Mount Rushmore is putty.

MADALYN FOR MISCREANT

(Continued from Cover)

cept Paul Krassner's invitation to write again for the *Realist*.

I want first to point out where we disagree, for I think we do, finally, disagree on something. The *Realist* goes beyond a certain ill-defined point at which people will be aroused to action—carrying them on into a feeling of cynicism, of superiority, where they watch the heroic struggles of nuts like me, Mae Mallory, Gloria Richardson—but are themselves aloof from it, safe in their hard wall of cynicism and super-pseudo-intelligence.

I would rather that the *Realist* call to action.

And so, I want to insult you readers and tell you to get off your lead asses and do something to halt our measured tread to 1984—to which type of culture you are all so magically piped, through your own rationalizations and excessive, improper love of selves. You seem eager, a little, to get there, for the silence of the so-called good people has sold humanity down the river.

Listen to our caterwauling, gawd-damn it. We are in the rutting season trying to give birth to a sense of direction because we are concerned, and because we are fighting injustice.

Dear reader, did you do one single thing this year to stop the creeping neo-fascism epitomized by Wallace and Goldwater? You what? You went to the lecture on Vietnam and applauded the speaker who asked that napalm bombs not be used on women and children? Well, let me send you an oak-leaf cluster for courage.

What else did you do?

You put 15¢ in change in the Heart Appeal box at the checkout counter at the A. & P.

Well, now, if I were St. Peter evaluating your chances of getting into the Kingdom, I would tell you to take your 15¢ back and go to Hell where you could spend years applauding Mephistopheles for his cold, heartless scoffing so akin to your own.

But, here and now, earthbound as we are, let me regale and satisfy your sadistic yearnings by a recitation of the recent perils of Pauline, for I cannot shake from myself the vision of those frenzied neighbors, screaming as if they were at a football game:

"Kick her again!"

"Kill her!"

"Hit her again!"

"Kill the bitch!"

Two hundred and fifty, more or less, all known to me—every single neighbor with whom we had lived for 14 years. Their faces were alive. The first liveliness I had ever seen in them. The eyes were fiercely aglow; blood had come to their cheeks. Some were rigid with excitement. Some were nervously twisting their bodies. Others had developed jerking motions. The veins in their necks stood out as they yelled "Kill her! Kill her!" to the 7 or 8 policemen as they beat me to a bruised pulp.

One pair of eyes I met as a six-foot cop pounded me. They were coldly blue and lifeless—and they were his. But his tight thin lips were drawn in a small smile of satisfaction.

I had often wondered what would animate the faces of the automatons I saw in our neighborhood—those life-hating puppets who plod without hope, or love, or meaning, through their deadening, routineful life. I

know now; hatred and violence of the most cruel and irrational type lifted them to an orgy of emotion and delight which they could not even have hoped to attain otherwise.

I had threatened to touch the beast in the pocketbook and the response has been earthshaking.

On October 16, 1963, I filed suit in Baltimore Circuit Court asking that the churches in that city be no longer exempted from taxation on their land and buildings.

Before we could say Rumpelstiltskin, the Roman Catholic Church asked to intervene in the suit and join the City of Baltimore as a co-defendant against us. And so we began the suit for separation of church and state by having the church and the state joined, combined, as defendants in opposition to two women, standing alone while gutless bastards by the millions stood and looked on.

The case is good, solid as a rock, and there is no chance we could lose it. The Constitution of the United States is built upon the premise of separation of church and state. Our nation began in this way, and the encroachments have been many and long in establishment, as greed for the taxpayers' dollars has motivated the church's sticky fingers into a wedding ring for marriage with the state.

We need only to make a reality of the theory. And in that sentence is my entire life's work.

And so a revolution for actual separation of church and state in America began, with a filing of a paper in a local court. It joined the revolution of the Negro, the revolution of reapportionment of state Congresses, the revolution of population control, and all those other revolutions in ferment, if not yet in actuality, in America today.

A handful of people gird themselves in a dozen different areas of our culture to strive to fulfill the promise of man, while the revolution of the radical right—supported by all the millions who do not take sides, who do not speak up, who do not support the fights for freedom—can steamroller slowly, complacently and completely to 1984 and get there not only on time but with the full assent and approval of each of its victims.

Why should I bother to write this damned article? Why should I ruin my life and my sons' lives and my mother's life and my brother's life for some "principle"? Yet, even as I write those words, I know why: I am some kind of nut. I believe society should be made for man and not man for society. I hate the closed society, the closed mind, the dogmatic authority, the restricted human being—and I'll fight them until they kill me.

And they have tried.

This is a war of attrition. Since we can—and will—win our suit to tax the church by the legal procedure now instituted, we must be stopped in some other way. Our funds must be cut off so we cannot pay for the case and therefore have it fail. We must be intimidated into withdrawal of the case by psychological pressures or physical assaults. We must be removed so we cannot direct the fight for the case or raise money for it. So efforts are made to jail us . . . or, as a last resort, we can be killed.

The harassments we have undergone are an indictment against the church and society, both corrupted totally. Our energies, as our opponents know and plan-

ned for, are directed almost wholly toward the collateral fights in which they involve us.

It is such a sweet and simple thing alone to get one's mail. Yet, months of our time, dollars and dollars of our money, much of our energy, is directed toward stopping the pilfering, the tampering, the official scanning and stopping of our mail.

Have you ever been ticketed for passing a red light when your car was parked in front of your home?

Has a grocer ever refused to sell food to you because of your religious beliefs? They do refuse service for skin color, but would you think it could happen to a Caucasian too?

Have you ever been arrested for putting your paper refuse into your own garbage cans?

Have you ever been arrested because you *own a dog*?

Have you ever been arrested *for being arrested*?

Have you ever been arrested in a courtroom *while you were testifying in a court case* (the arrest warrant sworn out by the very judge listening to the case)?

Have you ever had an important political figure physically *break into your offices* while you were away and rifle through your private papers, with no warrant, no court order, no legal procedure?

Have you ever had a judge find you guilty of whatsoever charge *before* a court hearing, before any testimony is taken?

Have you ever had a judge say from his bench he had no jurisdiction in a case but would go ahead with it anyway?

If you pay support payments to any court for any children you support, would you believe that the court would turn your files over voluntarily to strange persons in the community to smear you?

Well, come to Maryland, the Southern Democratic state that gave Wallace 43% of all its votes in the primaries; where the national guard has been stationed for one year in Cambridge to break open the heads of Negroes who do not "Yes suh" correctly; where police dogs get a daily menu of black skin.

Come to Maryland—owned lock, stock and barrel by the Roman Catholic Church.

You too can have your car vandalized, your home damaged, your legal rights trampled, and your body beaten.

Who cares what the charges are made against you? It is enough to be a Negro in Mississippi, an atheist in Maryland, an anarchist in Massachusetts, a Jew in New York, a summer camper in North Carolina, a condoner of premarital sex life in Illinois, or an advocate of Socialism in Minnesota—and you've had it, brother . . . while you see the "respectable" people for whom you also fight support the establishment totally in the cruelist sell-out since the extinction of the Jews in Germany.

Dear reader, you gutless bastards have exchanged "respectability" for human rights. To protect your homes, your lives (you call that living?), your family, your job, *you and no one else* have offered us up as sacrifices when we epitomize and personify the rights of individuals, the right to free speech, the right to have any idea in the marketplace of ideas, the right to freedom of conscience.

You know you have already lost those rights, and that *our* fight is to regain them, and still you sell us out. The tragedy is you sell yourself out for when the last of us is stifled you are absolutely beyond any

prayer of hope.

And we *are* being stifled.

When I think of that vibrant, living-full woman, Mae Mallory, now under a 16-year sentence for nothing at all but loving her people, the American Negro, I could kick every "respectable" college professor in the crotch—where hopefully *some* sensitivity still lies . . . but on second thought I doubt even pricks are alive in America today or we would not use that epithet to describe senseless, unfeeling, stupid clods in our contemporary culture.

"Ah, but you deviate, Madalyn, from the tale of sadism you promised." Dear reader, I can see you wet your lips and cross your legs to pinch your balls a little tighter in expectation.

Do you buy the *Realist* for kicks? For shock? For passage to the Nirvana of cynicism after you have satiated yourselves on written trauma? "Jesus Christ, Madalyn harangues!" I guess I do. The last angry man is dead and I am the first angry woman. I am angry because I love America and I love people and I have a quantity of *amour propre* which will not permit me to be a party to a sell-out of human dignity—to which you too, apparently, give full assent.

Dear reader, what is your sell-out price to be able to fawn to your boss 8 hours a day? How much pay does it take to have *you* help manufacture nuclear arms or napalm bombs or germ warfare? How much is *your* cut to keep *your* mouth shut so the white supremacist can stay in power? How many slum homes can you drive past in your air-conditioned car where the stench doesn't reach you? How many times have you said the 11% of actual unemployed are *not really* looking for work? How often do you pay a "girl" substandard wages to clean your home? How much does the "establishment" own you?

I know.

And you know.

And the secret is bitter.

You live a lie and you prosper, which is why you are paralyzed and cannot help us who live the truth; for you would be helping your conscience to survival by giving a helping little finger, and you will be more comfortable when your conscience is drowned. As long as we rebels exist your conscience occasionally pricks you and so you join with the rest to help eradicate us, but even then you are so gutless that *you do that passively too!*

Oh, dear, *dear* reader, isn't it nice to know that Bill Moore is dead? He will never make you uncomfortable again with his silly walks—first to Annapolis, then to Washington D.C., then to Mississippi. You can go back to your funny pages now.

Won't it be a relief when they have Mae Mallory in jail? And thank God when they finally lock up Ralph Ginzburg. It may be rueful without Lenny Bruce for a week or so, but then you can have fun with guilt over sex again when he isn't around to dispel that. And heaven bless the day when they get Madalyn Murray and stop all this foolishness—for you got along so well by ignoring all the problems.

Well, fuck you, sonny.

I am going to continue to stir up the vast kettle of shit called church and state relationship in America. And you can just do what you should damned well be man enough to do—*join me*. I am going to kick your conscience in the ass every time I get a chance and yell

in magazines, on radio, in newspapers, on television, in lectures, or anywhere I can until you are infused from the chronic irritation and finally hear for whom that bell tolls.

I demand that you do, and I will keep on demanding it until you hear me.

Our hearing for the suit to tax the churches was set for June 2nd, 1964, and somehow that hearing had to be stopped.

And therein lies a love story.

At Easter time—March, 1964—my son Bill's girlfriend came to our house seeking refuge. The information developed, in her request, that her father had a

chosen by that agency.

And there it stood.

Sue lived with us. She had no relatives. A month passed. Sue went to school daily. Two months passed. More. . .

And our tax the church suit was scheduled for June 2nd, you recall.

Suddenly, overnight, we were hauled into criminal court on June 1st and slapped with charges that:

- (1) We were holding Sue against her will.
- (2) We were holding Sue against her parents' will.
- (3) We did this in order to indoctrinate the girl with the poison of atheism and turn her from the one true faith: Conservative Orthodox Judaism. (Her mother is a Lutheran.) This, according to the charge, was our sole motivation for the first two charges.

Now, if there is anything any red-blooded atheist hates, it is a gawd-damned missionary. Christians are the most intolerant of all religious sects and have insisted on forcing their beliefs on others. The logical consequence of this insane doctrine was the Inquisition, the holy wars, the eradication of ancient cultures in the Americas.

No *bona fide* atheist proselytizes or tries to force his own convictions on others because we have suffered too much from this at the hand of psychopathic Christians. Sue and I have yet to discuss religion.

But we all knew that if we were dragged into a Baltimore court we were guilty as charged. The Maryland statutes read that anything involving a minor goes to a Juvenile Court. The Criminal Court judge said yes, he had questions about his jurisdiction but meanwhile he would issue a court order which essentially found us guilty as charged, and he ordered us to deliver Sue up to the tender loving care of Papa and his unresolved reverse Electra complex.

Sue, knowing this would occur, took off by herself until a marriage could be arranged. What the hell else could we do when we discovered Bill and Sue had been playing that game and she had one in the oven which was expected to domino for Christmas? It will probably be the Messiah.

The judge, who did not have jurisdiction in the case, and who never had directed Sue to appear in court anyway, issued a contempt of court citation on her! He explained to our attorney: "What the hell, I really can't do that, I don't have the right, but what the hell?"

However, legally, when Sue married Bill she became emancipated and the whole case against all of us was shot. We were no longer, and neither was she, under the jurisdiction of *even* Juvenile Court—which was, you'll recall, the court in which technically we should have been. Nor were we further under the. . . Oh, the hell with it. No one could explain that nutty judge and the illegalities and the chicanery and *probably* the money passed.

But, in any event, "contempt of court," even when it is *bona fide*, is a civil case.

Well, the whole point that was to be accomplished by them, was; our case was postponed till June 22nd and then till July 1st, and we had one helluva fight to keep it from being postponed till October. In law these are called "dilatatory" proceedings, which means in lay language that the more powerful force delays and delays so the thing never gets to court at all or the other fellow gives up in disgust.

In this case a 2-week delay to June 22nd was needed



penchant to belt her at whim, the last beating ending with Susan, age 17, emerging with a black eye, a chipped tooth, broken glasses, multiple contusion and bruises.

She refused to go home unless Papa promised not to beat her; and, said she, Papa promised her what she "deserved" when she got there. . . so I permitted her to stay overnight in my home.

And it lengthened to another day and the weekend—at which time I called Papa and Mama myself. Any good psychiatric worker can deal with any good psychiatric case. But both of Sue's parents *refused to have her home*. They asked me to "throw her out on the streets." They described her as dead.

In successive days they refused to give her clothing; they refused to give her money to support herself at the YWCA (it wasn't Jewish); they refused medical care to her; they had her driver's license canceled; they canceled her insurance; they refused to send her to college and canceled her application there; they refused to take part in her graduation which was then approaching; they refused to talk to her on the phone; they refused to settle the matter through the Jewish Family & Children's Agency where I took Sue in order to help; they refused to support Sue in a foster home

to get us in jail, which could fritz the whole case, for the penalty asked against both Bill and me was for a 2-year jail sentence, for converting Sue from Judaism to atheism.

When Sue ran away they got the second delay because they needed another two weeks to get us in jail, having failed on the first try, since we pled for a jury trial.

This is justice in Maryland. Yes, we asked for a jury trial, but in Maryland as in no other state in the union, every prospective juror must swear to his belief in God before he can sit on a jury seat. We had as much chance with a jury as we had with the purchased or prejudiced, or both) judge.

So Bill finally brought his bride home, and in 15 minutes our home was surrounded by police cars. Eleven police vehicles were called altogether. Eight were there at one time always. I doubt that many police were called out to pick up Al Capone.

We asked the police what they wanted. (And we were wired for sound; we taped the "interview.") They had no warrants. They had no pick-up orders. They had no court orders. They had no authority, but they had read in the newspaper that Sue was "wanted" 18 days ago, on the illegal, extralegal, *civil* "contempt" charge, and they were dragging her in bodily no matter what.

Knowing our neighborhood was hostile I told them we would take Sue to our office and they could meet us and our attorney there in the more sophisticated atmosphere of the downtown business districts. Sue and I got to the car and when we looked back two policemen had grabbed Bill who was coming up the rear, and they were already whaling the living shit out of him.

I drove off with Sue, and two more joined the fray to beat Bill until he was insensible. The neighbors poured out. One of them enthusiastically yelled, "Do you need help?"—and belted into Bill with his full 230 pounds.

My mother, age 73, seeing our kindly neighbor so graciously helping the four police huskies pulverize Bill, dashed out to stop the neighbor. She tried to pull on him (she is 5'4" tall, weighs 120 pounds and has rheumatism which has almost immobilized her hands). The good samaritan neighbor screamed, "Get this bitch off me," and the kindly policeman slugged her with his billy club. She sunk to the ground, unconscious.

Bill, semi-conscious, was thrown into a paddy wagon, and was worked over all the way to the station.

By then I had Sue and my grandchild-to-be in safety, and I returned home. The street was choked with people. When I went in my home I found Mother on the couch, white as a sheet, breathing irregularly, her nostrils pinched, her lips blue. Three policemen were standing there, hands on hips.

I said, "What the hell are you doing in my house?" They said, "It's none of your goddam business."

I said, "Get the hell out of my house." They said, "We'll get out when we damn well please."

I took the sergeant by the elbow and walked him to the door and said, "Get out." He went. He was half-way out when one of the policemen on the porch yelled, "Get that bitch outside!" Another yelled, "Yeah, get that bitch!" Sergeant Kelley turned on his heels and pounced on me.

For the next 20 minutes I hung on to furniture,

chairs, door sills, the door knob, the door, the screen door—and then the porch furniture, the porch rail, my pine bushes, and over 40 feet of lawn they dragged me over—as I was punched, judo chopped, knee kicked, wrestler held. Elbow jabs, judo chops, shoes, knees, and fists, fists, fists, fists flew at me while the crowd howled:

"Kick her again!"

"Kill her!"

"Hit her again!"

"Kill the bitch!"

I was beaten unmercifully, gleefully and with a cheering section rooting it all on.

Well, this is where we came in, remember? Let's leave the theatre. Show's over, kids. Back to your funnies.

Bill and Mother wound up at Union Memorial Hospital. I was taken to University Hospital and then we were jailed, held incommunicado for over 10 hours—our lawyer finding out about it when by chance he turned on the radio news.

As I sat in jail the police would look in my cell at me and yell "Bitch!" While, back in Bill's jail they alternately beat him and read the Bible to him, and called him the fancier names of "cocksucker," "mother-fucker," "dick-licker," "bastard," "mother-fucking son of a bitch," and other embellished invectives.

Hours and hours and hours later, when "formal" charges were dreamed up again, Bill was charged with four counts of assault, Mother was charged with one count of assault, and I was charged with eight counts of assault.

Mother was bounced into jail too, after her trip to the hospital. She had assaulted, they said, some poor 200-pound cop as she lay unconscious on our front lawn.

I hate to be a cliff-hanger, but if you all eat your Wheaties and don't get your status-type home in the valley cluttered with *Realist* magazines next month, Aunt Wiggily will tell you about our exciting adventures when we fled to Hawaii to save our very lives.

Meantime, you may join this interesting little game and receive free of charge our Newsletter every month if you will fill out the following form. For promptness of reply we will also send a belted Hawaiian yo-yo dipped in our blood for your kiddies to have as a curio.

Madalyn Murray
PO Box 3641
Honolulu, Hawaii

- I admit I am a sadist; tell me more.
- You stupid idiot, you never should assault 8 policemen. I believe they were God's avenging angels against you.
- I am too superior to get involved.
- You use low common language and you get what you deserve.
- Anything else you care to say—as long as you fill this out. Enclosed is:

\$1 \$5 \$10 \$20 \$25 \$50 \$100

Circle one and send check for the legal fund to continue the suit to tax the churches.

Your Name
Address
City..... State.....

An Answer to Madalyn Murray

Editor's note: What follows is from a newsletter by Lemoin Cree, who has replaced Madalyn Murray as President of the Freethought Society of America, 2502 N. Calvert St., Baltimore 18, Maryland.

To correct the situation that existed after the Murrays' flight to Hawaii, an emergency meeting of the Board of Directors was held. At that meeting Mrs. Murray was relieved of her duties . . . and offered the position of Chairman of the Board at a very liberal salary (\$10,000 per year).

Although it was clear that Mrs. Murray had alienated a substantial number of people from the organization, we felt that the members still might be willing to support the organization if (1) Mrs. Murray was only the figurehead for it and unable to drag it into her personal entanglements, and (2) if it were put on a sound financial and intellectual basis with competent leadership. Mrs. Murray temporarily agreed to this.

However, Mrs. Murray, being the belligerent and unpredictable person that she is, began to make other plans. Having already charged the Baltimore police with attempting to murder her and her family and with being agents of the church, the thought occurred to her that possibly the same strategy would work with her own organization. Therefore [in her newsletter] she charged the Board of Directors, elected at a meeting in which she was present and voting, was illegal and that they were agents of the church.

She undoubtedly reasoned that if she could bring enough people around to believing that the "powerful forces of the church" had actually sponsored a plan to lock her and her family up so that she could not continue the tax-the-church suit, that the police were the agents of the church, and that the Board of Directors "had come in as agents of the church," then, if she could convince enough people of this, she could drain them of a fortune and be able to do whatever she wanted to as she pursues her warped ideas of anarchy.

She also feels confident that public sympathy aroused by these false charges will protect her as she continues to break the law. I know that the Murrays are guilty of the charges brought against them in Baltimore, including the contempt-of-court charges, because I saw them break the law with my own eyes. Now I am witnessing the Murrays flout, abuse, and break the law with the most preposterous actions and charges.

It is time that the perpetration of the great fraud of Mrs. Murray comes to an end.

The Post Office has been formally notified in writing that Mrs. Murray has stolen a mailing list and pertinent records of our organization that she has no authority to take, that she is using this mailing list and records to extract money from members and subscribers of our organization through lies and deceit, that she has in the past and is now collecting money for use other than that represented, that she is fraudulently representing herself as President of our organization in an attempt to undermine the organization and convert funds and support to her own use, and that we demand that she desist from use of the mail list, the title of President, and all other activities to undermine this organization.

I am told that Mrs. Murray often states or implies that this organization is a result of her and her son's doings, and that they can do with it whatever they want (some of the past newsletters make this quite clear). Nothing could be farther from the truth. This organization was not even established by Mrs. Murray in its entirety. The members and subscribers, by their support, have made this organization possible.

Furthermore, each member of the Board of Directors has put a very large amount of time, effort and money into the organization. Another thing never mentioned by Mrs. Murray is that 75% of the work has been done by unpaid volunteers. Mrs. Murray has apparently dipped heavily into the funds for her own personal use; however, since she kept no records, the extent of her embezzlement cannot be determined. Nevertheless, it is known that she took a far greater amount than she led the Board of Directors to believe.

. . . A note about the Board of Directors. One, Mr. Gustav Broukal, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has purchased the majority of printing machinery in the organization and has made other substantial financial contributions — including many personal gifts to Mrs. Murray. Still another, Mr. George Hetzel, Philadelphia, Pa., has donated a very large sum of money for the purchase of our building and his name appears on the deed as co-owner. This member had also begun to build a radio station for the Freethought Society.

Another, Mr. Vernon Steensland, Syracuse, N.Y., is a CPA who has freely given of his time to help run the business. Another is a direct mail-

order executive from NYC, to remain nameless for now, who has helped to get the business on its feet and functioning. This member was entirely responsible for the production of Mrs. Murrays LP "Why I Am an Atheist."

Another, Mr. Carl Brown of Stockton, Kansas, has given land to the Freethought Society in Kansas worth a fortune. David Wayfield, of Islip, N.Y., has contributed his time and labor to our work. I, as a member of the Board (previously Treasurer . . .) have contributed financially, become entangled in the Murrays' personal affairs in an effort to help them, and have contributed endless hours of volunteer labor month after month.

Religionists, hell!

We are all atheists who have been involved in humanitarian causes for a long time and are well known in these circles as atheists. Such circles include the Humanist Association, the Ethical Culture Society, the Friendship Liberal League, and many others. Furthermore, we all believe in this organization and its goals of *complete and utter separation of church and state and the advancement of atheism*. We are not willing to let one individual destroy what so many people have built and supported in this struggle.

Mrs. Murray charges that the Murrays were driven out of Baltimore by brute force. She charges that "the powerful forces of the church" concocted a charge to get her and her family locked up so that she could be stopped from proceeding with the tax-the-church suit. She charges that the state cooperated with the church twice in attempting to postpone the tax-the-church suit until they had been locked up on a framed charge.

Even if I did not know what I do about the special circumstances of this case, I would find it extremely difficult to believe that the church had instigated such a hare-brained scheme. The truth of the matter is that our counsel had been advising Mrs. Murray for three months that she was playing with a keg of dynamite in allowing a 17-year-old girl to live in the Murray household against the desires of the parents.

The parents finally pressed charges against the Murrays and against Susan Abramovitz. A criminal court judge ordered Mrs. Murray and her son not to see the girl any more; the girl was instructed to live with an aunt and uncle. Mrs. Murray, unknown to the court, continued to see the girl. Matters finally became so bad that because Susan was now pregnant by Bill, I allowed them to live with my wife and me in Frederick, Maryland, until I could help them get married.

It was very difficult for them to get married because Mrs. Murray previously had taken Susan to New York

and the judge charged her with contempt-of-court and swore a warrant for her arrest. Mrs. Murray accused the judge of performing an illegal action since he was a criminal court judge and all matters concerning children must be brought before a juvenile court if the child is under 18.

Mrs. Murray . . . attempts to lead her readers to a number of false conclusions. These conclusions are the following:

(1) *The church working through the state forced postponement of the tax-the-church suit twice so that it could get the Murrays in jail and out of the way before the suit was heard.*

The truth is that both sides felt they were not adequately prepared and mutually agreed to postponements (this can be confirmed by consulting the state's attorneys). Secondly, the more important point that Mrs. Murray intentionally ignores is that the postponement date was set before charges were brought against her or her family (this can be confirmed by consulting the Murray Newsletter for May).

(2) *The church was trying to get them out of the way so that they could not go ahead with the suit.*

Mrs. Murray knows that this is untrue because she knows that the church and state both realize that her presence was not necessary for the trial to proceed. As evidence, consider that the trial occurred on schedule under Mrs. Murray's name on July 1 even though she was not present. The state did attempt to have the suit thrown out, but not because she was a fugitive from justice; rather because she had declared herself no longer a resident of Maryland.

The judge ruled that there was no substance to the state's request and stated that in the interest of justice, Mrs. Murray would not be disqualified to continue the suit. Expecting Mrs. Murray to disqualify herself and to add impetus to the case my wife and I were also added as co-plaintiffs in the suit. The organization was also added as a co-plaintiff.

It should be added here that Mrs. Murray's flight to Hawaii has abruptly ended her case against the state to end "the moment of silent meditation" now being practiced in the Maryland school systems. She made no arrangement to have it continued by others.

(3) *The criminal court judge who ordered the Murrays to stay away from Susan Abramovitz was persecuting them in an illegal action because Susan was only 17 and Maryland statutes specifically state that all matters concerning children under 18 must be brought in the juvenile court.*

What she does not state is this: In cases involving a girl under 18 who is a delinquent minor without parental supervision, if the right to jury trial is not waived (as Mrs. Murray has so proudly boasted she made sure it was

not), then the criminal court can be the proper court. In this case all the legal authorities agree that the criminal court was the proper court as provided by article 16, section 9 of the Maryland Code of Law.

All of the aforesaid are examples of Mrs. Murray's history of twisting the law to make innocent people think she is really being persecuted by it. Mrs. Murray and her son have repeatedly provoked people until they attacked the Murrays. Then they scream "persecution" of atheists and take advantage of all the publicity they can get in hope of getting money for themselves—the poor Murrays.

Mrs. Murray states in her newsletter that Bill and Sue were married in Hagerstown, Maryland. They were not; they were married in Frederick, Maryland, a full 35 miles from Hagerstown. She names the wrong town so no one can find out how Bill and Sue were married; namely, via a certificate of pregnancy; or who paid the \$45 lawyer's fee; namely, me. . . . Another reason is that many people saw her with Sue and Bill before the marriage in Frederick, and she knows that she and Bill were under order of the court not to see Susan.

The next day after Bill and Susan were married, Mrs. Murray had them come to Baltimore and parade around in front of her house. She knew that the neighbors knew that there was a warrant out for Susan's arrest for the contempt-of-court charge. She knew that the neighbors would call the police. They did.

Instead of contacting the judge and arranging a parley with him (the contempt-of-court citation would most likely have been dropped once the judge learned of the legal marriage), the Murrays chose to let him know by directly challenging the police. I had come down to work as a volunteer that weekend as usual, but Mrs. Murray had arranged it so that I could be a witness to the following melee.

Therefore my account is as an eyewitness.

When the police arrived, Mrs. Murray immediately asked the police if they had the proper papers for Susan's arrest. When Mrs. Murray and Bill found out the police did not have papers with them—even though both the Murrays and the police knew a valid warrant did exist—they began to scream and yell at the police that they were going to take Susan and leave for our offices (they did not go there, however).

The old policemen (both were at least 60 years old) attempted to stop Mrs. Murray and Sue as they jumped into their car and drove away (before other police could arrive from headquarters with the proper papers). However, they could not stop them; one of the policemen was knocked down by the car and they got away. Bill tried

to interfere with the police during this fracas. When they tried to handcuff him, he smashed the policeman in the face and broke his glasses.

More police arrived and subdued Bill. They did not hit him. Mrs. Murray states in her newsletter that they beat him insensible so that he had to be hospitalized!

Mrs. Murray's mother in the meantime came up behind a policeman and slapped him in the head. The officer did nothing (but give her a dirty look), but the old lady passed out and struck her head on the ground. Mrs. Murray states that her mother was felled with one blow of a nightstick! This is contrary to what I saw, about 16-20 police saw, and to what 100 neighbors saw. Furthermore, Mrs. Murray was not even there at the time!

The police helped carry the old lady into the house and just as they were coming out the front door, Mrs. Murray returned without Susan. She screamed, "Get out of my house"—and rushed in on them and threatened them with a tear gas gun which she could not make go off.

The officers simply tried to disarm and subdue her. She became very wild. Although the officers did not strike her, they were a little rougher than was perhaps necessary in containing her. Some of the police did use abusive language. At any rate, they certainly did not beat her insensible so that she had to be hospitalized as she charges in her newsletter. The worst she got was some bruises on her arms where the police had held her firmly. These small bruises she showed to every major newspaper in the land.

Her statements in the newsletter that they were beaten insensible and hospitalized are absolutely scurrilous lies. Associated Press has investigated her charge and has found the following:

Bill requested and was granted permission to be taken to the hospital when he arrived at the jail. At the hospital he complained of a sore throat which he had been suffering from for several days and was treated for it.

Mrs. Murray's mother was taken to the hospital and the doctor there declared her in perfect health and released her immediately.

Mrs. Murray did not even request to go to the hospital (all these things are on the record and like the AP, anyone can verify them).

The entire volunteer staff of ten people plus my wife and I saw all the Murrays the next day. They did not even appear scratched; therefore it is very difficult to believe they were beaten in their jail cells. At this meeting they received an upbraiding from me and other members of the staff; however, they arrogantly stated that they were proud of their actions and glad they had acted as they did.

They did not even thank me for con-

An Answer to Lemoin Cree

by Mae Mallory

In 1963, the Monroe Defense Committee, the American Humanist Assn., and our thousands of friends and supporters were sweating it out, hoping the U.S. Supreme Court would (1) grant a favorable decision in my fight against extradition from Cleveland, Ohio to Monroe, North Carolina to stand charge on a bogus charge of kidnaping a white couple [see issue #32] or at least withhold decision until after summer vacation; and (2) grant a favorable decision on the Madalyn Murray case against prayers in the public schools.

We all considered it good fortune when the court did indeed rule against public school prayers. The court also went on summer vacation before making any decision in my case, leaving me free at least for that summer. In November, the Supreme Court refused to hear my case. January, 1964, I was extradited to Monroe, N.C., to be tried in a courthouse with a large neon cross on top. The cross is the most conspicuous thing in Monroe. Rumor has it that the cross was donated to the "Hall of Justice" by the Ku Klux Klan.

Monroe has for many years been the Southeastern headquarters of the Klan. What justice could I expect in such surroundings? In a week \$10,000 cash had been raised to post the bail. On my release, I headed North. It was my first chance to visit my family in almost 3 years. It was also a chance to meet some of the people that had raised bail money and worked so hard in my defense. This included Madalyn Murray.

When I got to Madalyn's office, I found her very busy

getting out a mailing. I know what a job it is to get out a mailing and how important it is to do so. The Monroe Defense Committee, the group that has been carrying on my defense, depends on the contributions that we get from people we contact and communicate with through the mail. I dug right in and helped Madalyn. As we worked, we talked and traded experiences.

Madalyn was one of the persons that had pushed for the American Humanist Assn. to support the Monroe Defense Committee in our fight against the gross miscarriage of justice. We agreed to keep in touch with each other and work together whenever possible. We also agreed to try to leave the door open for each other on our speaking engagements. Madalyn's case is much better known than mine, so she promised to arrange meetings in the Baltimore area so that people could meet me and hear my story of the glaring frame-up that took place in Monroe.

February 17, 1964, the trial started in Monroe. In this wretched place under the banner of Christianity, three young men and I were found guilty and given extremely harsh sentences. My sentence was the most severe of all: 16 to 20 years, for a crime never committed. If there was ever any doubt about God, Christianity and religion as a whole, certainly now I was convinced that man is responsible for man's inhumanity to man.

My next trip to Baltimore found Madalyn in deeper trouble. She sent Lemoin Cree down to the bus station to pick me up. While riding back with Cree, he seemed shocked that I, a Black, could be an Atheist. He inquired about my academic background, kind of implying that only by holding a Ph.D. might I be entitled to be an Atheist. After finding out that I am from the working class, he informed me that I had no right to

tacting their lawyer for them within a half hour after their arrest and for helping to arrange their bail for them within 6 hours. (Mrs. Murray falsely states that they were held incommunicado for the day and that their lawyer found out they were in jail only on a radio news broadcast.)

On Sunday, when the judge heard the charges against them, their bonds were increased, as Mrs. Murray states in her newsletter. However, she doesn't tell you why. The reasons were: (1) she and her son stood out in the hall before the hearing and shouted profanities at the court officials and policemen as they entered the court, and (2) during the hearing her 18-year-old son threw himself down on the floor and screamed at the judge, "You coward, you Christian, you Catholic!" Also the judge immediately slapped on Bill a contempt-of-court citation.

Out on bail the Murrays spent the next two nights at home. Here the police kept a surveillance on the house to protect the Murrays from the great animosities that had built up in the neighborhood against the Murrays. Mrs. Murray, however, charges that the police were there attempting to break in and recover a tape recording

which Bill made of the original encounter with the police.

I think that this melee was another example of what the Murrays have been and are up to; namely, they provoke until attacked and then scream persecution for the publicity it will get them so that they can cash in on it. This is exactly what the whole trip to Hawaii is about.

It remains to be seen if the public who has supported Mrs. Murray will be gullible enough to believe her scheme to extract large amounts of money from them. It remains to be seen if this time Mrs. Murray has not flouted the law just a little too much. It remains to be seen if she and her family will be brought to trial and punished for the crimes they have committed.

As for our part, we have disassociated the Freethought Society of America . . . from any and all association with Mrs. Murray and her family, we withdraw the offer of Chairman of the Board, and we cancel all arrangements we have made to help her and her family.

We fully realize there is a sizable number of members and subscribers who are more interested in Mrs. Mur-

ray as a personality than in the issue of a complete and utter separation of church and state and the advancement of atheism as a valid, rational, respectable belief far superior to belief in God or religious practice. People not concerned with the issue, we may lose.

On the other hand, we have evidence from the letters, telegrams, and calls that we have received in support of us, in spite of this break with Mrs. Murray, that we can well afford to lose these people. Furthermore, we are now attracting the many supporters whom Mrs. Murray alienated with her bizarre behavior.

We are not agents of the church; we are not religionists illegally entrenched in the Freethought Society offices. We have salvaged the business from the ruinous condition in which the Murrays left the organization, continued the pending lawsuits by adding ourselves as co-plaintiffs and have made plans to proceed with the new legal activities within the next several months.

The organization has been put on a sound financial and intellectual basis. We are atheists; we are a legal organization with a legal Board of Directors; we are here to stay. . . .

be an Atheist. I told Cree that I was an Atheist before I ever heard of any organizations and had suffered a whole long year in Cuyahoga County Jail without succumbing to the proselytizing of the various religious groups.

On my arrival at the office, I told Madalyn about Cree's remarks to me. We both laughed at him and thought surely a person of his 'intelligence' should know that if I am acceptable to the American Humanist Assn., that I had been welcomed with open arms long before Madalyn ever heard of Cree. As Madalyn always states, "I hate the closed society, the closed mind, the dogmatic authority, the restrained human being."

This stay in Baltimore was just a couple of days. Madalyn, her boys and I went to Cambridge to see Gloria Richardson. Bill took pictures of the National Guard stationed there. Little Garth was afraid because Cree had told him the Negroes in Cambridge were savage and were going to kill him. The little fellow was reassured by both Madalyn and me. We had an uneventful trip to Cambridge. Immediately after, I left to continue on to New York . . . home. I promised that I'd come back in about a month and stay two weeks.

That Saturday when I did arrive in Baltimore again, I called Madalyn's office. Someone answered the phone and told me Madalyn, Bill, Bonna [Madalyn's mother] and Sue [Bill's new wife] were all in jail. I got a taxi and rushed right out. There were about 8 people at the office. Lemoin Cree was shaking with fright.

He admitted that Madalyn, Bill and Bonna were severely beaten by the police. The beating was so bad that when he attempted to beg for them the crowd turned on him. He turned and ran for his life. Now Cree states that he knows "the Murrays are guilty of the charges brought against them in Baltimore including the contempt-of-court charges because I saw them break the law with my own eyes." It is clear to me that if any law was broken by the Murrays, then Cree is as guilty as the rest.

Cree further states: "Now I am witnessing the Murrays flout, abuse, and break the law with the most preposterous actions and charges. It is time that the perpetration of the great fraud of Mrs. Murray comes to an end." It is the Cree crew that is a fraud. Lemoin Cree is so anxious to discredit Madalyn and usurp her prestige and financial aid that he incriminates himself.

If Madalyn is guilty of breaking a court order not to see Sue, then Lemoin Cree is accessory to the fact by helping to arrange and pay for this marriage as he claims he did. [Editor's note: According to Bill Murray, "I have the cancelled check made out to Cree for \$100—55 more than the lawyer's fee for our marriage."]

If Cree can afford to make these admissions of breaking the law with impunity, no wonder Madalyn sees him as an agent of the church and/or state. One cannot help but raise certain questions when Cree gets what amounts to an endorsement from none other than Francis B. Burch, chairman of the Constitutional Prayer Foundation. [Editor's note: In a letter to the *Baltimore News-American*, Burch states that, regarding the charges against Madalyn Murray in Cree's newsletter, "This, I have known for some time. . . ."]

If Madalyn is guilty of fraud, then Lemoin Cree is guilty of fraud and many other things. Cree also

claims to have been treasurer of the organization. If this is so, how is it possible for anyone other than the treasurer to embezzle funds without the treasurer's help?

I contacted the A.B. Dick company. They told me Madalyn purchased a printing press for \$3,000 cash. She also bought a folding machine there for cash. Varsity Company stated that Madalyn purchased a Varsity and headliner equipment, that most of this transaction was paid by cash, and that Madalyn kept up her payments on time on the balance. Sears Roebuck said that John Mays [Madalyn's brother] had bought many items of office equipment—such as file cabinets, desks, chairs, etc.—and that he is a good customer and pays his bills on time.

Most of the things that Lemoin Cree has converted belonged to Madalyn's deceased father. I found receipts dating back to the '30s for purchases John Mays Sr. made. Lemoin Cree is holding them as his own. Bill Murray is a radio ham. Since the family spent most of the time at the office, naturally Bill's ham equipment is there. Lemoin Cree is trying to claim this too. He is drunk with the power a \$2 membership gave him. He is using this to steal everything that Madalyn and her entire family managed to acquire.

Cree, in my estimation of the situation, is using this occasion to steal the eyeballs out of the organization, Madalyn and her entire family. He is attempting to discredit her in order to gain control of what he thinks is a mint.

[Editor's note: According to Bill Murray, "Lemoin Cree speaks of Mrs. Murray as one who would 'drain them (the members) of a fortune.' It was he, however, who quit his job and expected the Society to support him on a full-time basis. The Freethought Society of America grosses about \$3000 per month. This sum is matched only by its expenditures. The Society has never cleared more than \$200 per month that could be used for salaries. Up until recently, this was given to a secretary at the rate of \$50 a week. In the last two months, the organization was in such financial distress that the secretary had to be dismissed. At no time had this organization been capable of salarizing its heads, especially at \$10,000 per year. As for who 'fraudulently' represents himself as President, I have as much right to the claim as does Cree. His position in the Society was never more than that of an envelope-sealer. Mr. Cree has flagrantly opened personal mail to me, my wife, and Mrs. Murray. The allegation that the Society has been built and maintained by volunteers is completely false. When the Society was first organized, I had some \$10,000 in the bank for my college fund. I had less than \$2,000 at the time I left Baltimore. This \$8,000 was used by the Society. I want my money back! Without it, I can't continue my education." Bill's Honolulu address: 1402-10 Ernest St.]

Lemoin Cree could not have gotten to first base in this skulduggery without the help of Madalyn's former attorney, Leonard Kerpelman, who was apparently looking for a client that is easier to handle, plus getting the fabulous salary of \$10,000 a year. Kerpelman took Lemoin to the bank and tried to get the accounts turned over to the Cree crew. He also tried this at the post office. There are Bills of Interpleader in the courts now holding up the funds. I have a feeling that when Kerpelman, Cree and crew can't get funds they will

slink away. I know that Madalyn will continue to fight, money or not.

Madalyn and her family took a great deal of abuse to win the Supreme Court's decision banning prayers in public school. No amount of money can compensate for this. There is no price sufficient to cover the hurt one feels to find her 73-year-old mother laid out by a policeman's billy club. No amount can satisfy a mother's aching heart when her 8-year-old runs up to her teary-eyed because other children are taught not to play with him. If there are those who think that Madalyn is in this struggle for money, then don't you at least agree that it is she and not Cree and company that deserve the money?

Cree has also made many wild charges about me: (1) that I am a gun moll and shoot down all who get in my way; (2) that I have Chinese troops at my command; (3) that I'm a black revolutionary and want the violent overthrow of this government.

Cree claims that Madalyn and I said that since our initials are MM we are going to be the martyrs of the century. I wonder why Cree left out Marilyn Monroe? Her initials are MM too, and she is already martyred in her own way.

In the meantime, the Monroe Defense Committee, 605 Brown St., Monroe, N.C., is busily arranging a speaking tour for me this coming fall. I'd be glad to speak on your campus, to your church group, social club, civic league, etc. Contact Clarence Seniors at the Committee. I hope this raises some controversy as well as some action.

EDITORIAL GIGGIES

(Continued from Page 4)

an article titled "An End to Nagging Rumors" in its December 6th issue, asserted that the President was looking backward at the moment he was shot. However, in the November 29th issue of *Life*, those still-photos (from the motion-picture film they had paid so much money for) showed that Kennedy was looking forward, and *Life's* own caption verified this fact.

● If the President had to be shot from the back in order for the bullet to have come from the depository, then the doctors would then have to confess error and say now that the opening in Kennedy's throat was an exit wound. On the basis of a visit by two Secret Service agents to the hospital, the doctors did indeed change their minds. They did so on the basis of (1) an autopsy which they couldn't see because it would violate national security; and (2) the history of the case—namely, that Oswald was behind Kennedy, therefore it had to be an exit wound. *Newsweek* interviewed Dr. Perry—who had performed the tracheotomy on Kennedy, inserting a tube into his throat so that the blood wouldn't interfere with his breathing—and he said that there was much more he wanted to tell them, but he couldn't. *Newsweek* suppressed the suppression.

Mark Lane told me later that his photostat-documents—which were accepted as valid when he testified before the Warren Commission—had been temporarily lifted from the Dallas district attorney's office by someone whose motivation was a certainty that Fidel Castro had told Lee Harvey Oswald to kill President Kennedy and that this truth would never reach the public because Chief Justice Earl Warren is a Communist.

The Warren Report

Editor's note: On Wednesday afternoon, August 19th, U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren held an off-the-record press conference at the National Press Club. What follows is a verbatim transcript of his statement, secretly tape-recorded for the Realist by a Washington correspondent.

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.

On November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, President of the United States, was—as all of you have written so eloquently about—assassinated while driving to a Democratic fund-raising dinner. There followed a tragic miscarriage of justice.

Almost immediately an *alleged* assassin was located and arrested. He, you of course recall, was Lee Harvey Oswald, a man who, earlier in his life, had defected to Russia. At that time, there was virtually no doubt of his guilt, and he was not thought to be part of a plot. We were told that the President's assassination had been the irrational act of one man.

Then, however, Oswald was assassinated himself by night club owner and would-be patriot Jack Ruby. Despite the official assurance that Oswald had acted alone and that Ruby was merely an overzealous avenger, doubts began to enter the minds of men both in this country and, especially, abroad.

Lyndon Johnson, in whose home state the event had occurred—Lyndon Johnson, the man whose misfortune it was to gain the most by it, save for the possible exception of Barry Goldwater (*subdued laughter*)—in order to dispel the growing doubts, appointed a commission to investigate the assassination.

Appointed to this commission were some of the most respected men in government service. I was honored with the request to serve as chairman of the commission. Not since I was governor of California, nor when I ran for Vice-President on the 1948 Republican ticket—unsuccessfully, I might add (*laughter*)—not even in connection with any decision of the highest court in our land, have I personally felt such a burden of responsibility to American justice.

And now, after many long months of closed-door hearings and investigations, after poring over literally thousands of pages of testimony, the commission has reached a decision.

During these many long months, you have been hearing only *leaks* from so-called "reliable sources"—and I must commend you for your fervor in getting those leaks into print with all deliberate speed (*heartily laughter*)—but today, you will hear an announcement that, you may be absolutely certain, is an *official* leak.

Ladies and gentlemen, after months of investigation, having carefully weighed all the testimony and evidence at our disposal, it is the official finding of this commission that John Fitzgerald Kennedy was not shot but died of natural causes. —W. M. DEPEW

Romanticist of the Year Award

● To the reporter at a press conference this month who asked Rita Schwerner—widow of one of the three missing civil rights workers whose bodies had just been found—"Did you love your husband?"

Diabolic Dialogues

"The rise in subway crime has been matched by an increase in the sale of hatpins to women for self-defense, a survey of New York department stores showed yesterday. . . ."
—N. Y. Daily News
July 9, 1964

"... a young girl in New York who used a knife to attack a rapist is now getting the worst of the deal, and the rapist is probably going to get the Congressional Medal of Honor and sent off scot free. That kind of business has to stop in this country and, as the President, I'm going to see that women can go out in the streets of this country without being scared stiff."
—Barry Goldwater
July 16, 1964

Editor's note: Senator Goldwater was referring to the case of Arlene del Fava of Queens, N.Y., who was arrested for carrying an illegal weapon; she had used a switchblade knife on her attempted rapist. The Realist assigned Larry Siegel to interview the D.A.

Q. Sir, would you explain the weapons law of New York State?

A. Certainly. A woman may legally defend herself against a rapist or mugger with a hatpin, a carving knife, or a Boy Scout knife.

Q. What about a switchblade knife?

A. That's illegal because it's a concealed weapon.

Q. Why can't a woman carry a concealed weapon to defend herself with?

A. Well, we feel that everyone is equal in the eyes of the law. And by carrying a concealed weapon she wouldn't be giving the rapist a fair chance.

Q. I see. . . . What will happen to the woman in Queens who stabbed the rapist with a switchblade knife?

A. She'll be tried for carrying a concealed weapon.

Q. What about the rapist?

A. Oh, we've got nothing on him.

Q. How come?

A. Well, you see, at the time of his attack on the woman, the weapon he was using wasn't concealed.

**The Realist, Dept. 53
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36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48,
49, 50, 51, 52, Albert Ellis interview.

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Dick Gregory Says:

A man will say: "This is my business, my private place, what right do you have to tell me that I have to serve you?"

Well, this is your restaurant, but it was my tax money that paid for that Public Health Commissioner who comes in to license your place that bigoted white folks ain't going to eat in until *he* gets to see it; it's my tax money that pays the fireman—when your skillet catches on fire and threatens to burn down your business, that's my fireman that comes in and puts it out—and that's my tax money paying the cop that's gonna guard your cash register.

Now, if you think that's your joint, then you hire your own Public Health Commissioner, get your *own* license, go and get your own fireman and your own cop, and you can have that crummy joint. But the day is over when my tax money is going to pay for the essential things of business only so that a foreigner just passing through, who pays no tax and don't have to have no love for this country, can sit in the cool of your aid-condition and sip a mint-julep out of a glass that my money made sure was inspected health-wise.

There's a children's record out now which has changed the old story of *Little Black Sambo* so that now it's *Little Brave Sambo*.

I think this is very wise, because only white folk got Pancake Houses, and *Little Black Sambo* was supposed to be eating off of the pancake, but *we* ain't got one Pancake House. You can't go to an airport without putting a Pancake House up. With a thousand different pancakes. I think it should be changed to *Little White Sambo* the way you all eating pancakes now.

When I was selling papers as a kid, people used to come up and say, "Give me all of 'em, boy." So I figured when I became a success I'd go up to a little paper boy and say, "Give me all of 'em, boy." And let him go home.

But now, there's nobody on the street selling papers but *men* — and they're booking horses and doing so many other things on the side that they don't *want* to get rid of all the papers. Because when they get rid of all of their papers, then they get caught.

"What do you mean you want all of 'em? Go across the street."



"We shall overcome . . ."