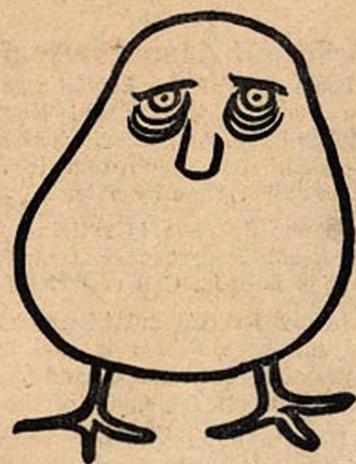


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist



No. 54

November, 1964

35 Cents

*the magazine of
compulsive scatology*

The Fecalphiles

by
*Lenny
Bruce*

As usual, after you get bored with the defense, you start with the prosecution's argument. In the last year-and-a-half I've done some thinking. First, I'll give you the Supreme Court and the Model Penal Code for obscenity that has been adopted by all the states except New Mexico.

CALIFORNIA 311. (a) "Obscene" means that to the average person, applying contemporary standards, the predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interest, i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion, which goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters and is matter which is utterly without redeeming social importance.

(Continued on Page 10)



editorial giggies

Ah Sordid Announcements

● Issue #53 of the *Realist* was dated September, but this issue, #54, is dated November. There was no October issue. All subscriptions have been automatically extended, since expiration is figured by number of issues rather than by date.

● Jeanne Johnson is retiring from active service as the *Realist's* scapegoat (translate: office assistant). The job is open. Call or write for an interview.

● 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.

● Despite newspaper reports that Madalyn Murray and family have been extradited to Baltimore, they are still in Honolulu, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court of Hawaii (which will probably not come up for at least a year), and then if necessary an appeal to the Federal Court system (which would take another two years). Meanwhile, Mrs. Murray has filed suit to take the words "under God" out of the Pledge of Allegiance, with her 9-year-old son, Garth, as plaintiff.

● As a result of Rey Anthony's article in issue #52, "How I Wrote *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity* and Found the Mafia," we received many inquiries as to where the book may be purchased. It is now available from the *Realist*.

Vote for Computer

I've just gotten a call from someone who's been having difficulty getting a printer to do a poster which would say "In your heart you know he's right" with a picture of Adolph Hitler.

For many liberals, it's been a big year in the bumper sticker business. There are others who pretend they'd leave the country if Goldwater were to be elected.

But Barry Goldwater is the risk of democracy.

Joe McCarthy was a risk of democracy, and the fact that he first got into office in Wisconsin via the support of a union which had been expelled from the C.I.O. because it was Communist-dominated, is merely a fine example of the absurdity that democracy must by definition embrace.

And so, while some of Barry's representatives were busy signing a pledge to refrain from appeals to prejudice based on race, religion or origin, their colleagues were busy preparing a huge billboard in Chinatown's Chatham Square saying "In our hearts we know he's right" with a picture of Goldwater that has distinct Oriental features.

I hesitate to see what they've done to his image in Harlem.

But then, Malcolm X has announced *his* support of Barry Goldwater: an act which is undoubtedly the subtlest form of white backlash we'll witness during *this* revolution.

Bobby Kennedy, of course, is campaigning on the basis of assassination backlash. He manages to bring

references to his brother into speeches with the insistent regularity that other candidates invoke God.

It really may not make any difference what he says, though.

Kennedy noticed that teenagers shaking his hand were calling off numbers. One girl said "19." Later he discovered that he was being used in a game to see who could shake hands with him the most times. The girl who shook his hand 19 times was a real winner chick, all right.

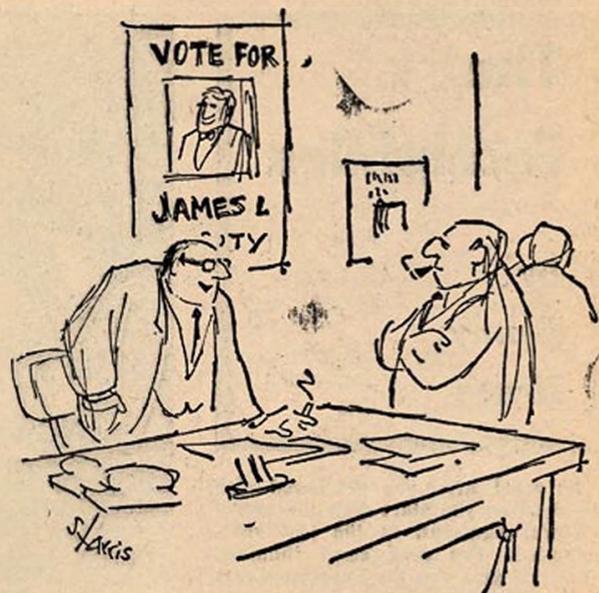
Nor, apparently does it really make any difference what Goldwater has been saying.

A crowd of several thousand in Frankfort, Indiana cheered over and over during his speech, even though they couldn't hear a word he said because the public address system was too weak to carry his voice more than 30 yards beyond the platform.

Yet, for all that the anti-Goldwaterites might deplore his trigger-happiness, they were somehow glad that Lyndon Johnson was trigger-happy enough in the Vietnam crisis to provide a salve on the burn caused by the Republican convention; for the counter-irritant served to raise Johnson's stock according to the gospel of the Gallup poll.

Only the computers had more acceptance than LBJ right then.

Even one who is opposed to censorship can justifiably pause when it comes to the TV-computer relationship



"Our boy has drive, ambition, know-how . . . he's a young Teddy Kennedy."

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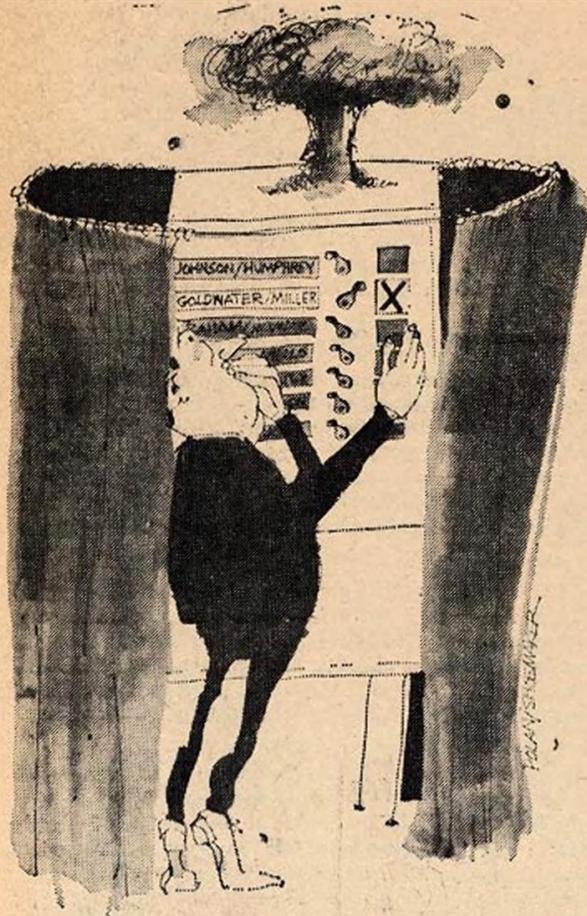
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election day, on the grounds that the influencing by computers of votes not yet cast is a clear and present danger.

But no, again, that is the risk of democracy.

If people are so schmucky that they will vote for bandwagonish or underdogish reasons, still they have a perfect *right* to be given the projections of a machine, even though their schmuckiness could conceivably turn the electoral tide.

And if IBM had any brains, it would give unto each computer the technology of a racetrack tote board, complete with changing odds for the bettor's convenience, so that we might then have more of an incentive to vote than we are now granted by a choice between echoes.

The Jelly Apple Syndrome

The struggle for equality has come full circle. It started with southern Negroes boycotting buses in Montgomery and has finally led to northern whites boycotting buses in Long Island.

The former was an act of morality and dignity; the latter, of immorality perhaps, and of indignity certainly—but the law may well be on their side.

For, the Civil Rights Act contains a clause which states that desegregation "shall not mean the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance."

However, what prevents the Board of Education from

technically indulging in civil disobedience is the changing neighborhood concept.

"Neighborhoods" were arbitrary to begin with.

I went to Long Island City High School, even though I wanted to go to Bryant High School, because I lived between 30th Street and 31st, and 31st Street was the dividing line. A friend of mine was able to go to Bryant only after he "moved"—his new address was that of a barber shop.

I made the best of a second choice.

L.I.C. had no baseball team, but with the co-sponsorship of an automobile agency and the local American Legion post, I helped organize a team. I still have my uniform. On the back it says "Universal Cars—Sales & Service."

L.I.C. did have a Student Court, and when I was elected its president, my first official act was to subpoena the principal and question his loyalty, inasmuch as he had been transferred from Bryant.

I in turn was summoned for judgment when I wrote the senior play and gave myself the part of a teacher called Mr. Schnook; this choice-of-name, I had to explain, was because I didn't want it to be associated with any one *particular* teacher.

And every day I took a bus to school, subsidized by the city, out of my immediate neighborhood, where discrimination was not practiced by my Caucasian playmates, who would beat up a Jew for no reason other than that he was Jewish, and singe the hair on an Italian's testicles, with the same equal lack of courage and conviction.

If the boundaries of a neighborhood are indeed arbitrary, and if there are indeed ghetto areas which have resulted in *de facto* segregation, then we can in good conscience advocate that arbitrariness become a vehicle of morality rather than a reinforcement of immorality.

It isn't fair to generalize totally about the motivations of those who oppose the plan, but we can at least be grateful for the absence of hypocritical rationalization in the parent who said, when a little colored girl approached her picket line, "Don't let her get too close—it might rub off!"; in the taxpayer who carried a placard warning, "Wives Next!"; and in the concerned citizen who told a reporter:

"I'm worried. I've got a 10-year-old boy and I don't want him going to school in no Negro neighborhood. Maybe nothing would happen. Then again, maybe it would. What if there's a riot, like there was in Harlem? And what if he goes into a drugstore and some of the older kids give him a jelly apple with dope in it? You never know, do you?"

The Crux of Christianity

It's probably significant that I, an atheist, was invited to speak last month before all the Methodist ministers of Brooklyn. My talk was titled "The Truth is Silly Putty," and I played it mostly for laughs. But when I pointed out a reverend whose congregation is 90% Negro, others where the make-up is 100% white, suggested busing kids to other Methodist churches, and the ministers laughed, I told them I was serious. Finley Schaefer, a young pastor who has been reading the *Realist* for years (and drawing from it for sermon material), knew I was serious, and the idea has not been lain to rest. Occasionally the gadfly role has such compensations.

Whose Little Warren Report Are You?

From the N.Y. Daily News (reactionary):

"These gentry [the Warren Commission] imply that Oswald's Marxism had nothing to do with the murder. . . ."

From *The Worker* (Communist):

"... the key question, the motivation for the crime and its real political source, is not answered convincingly."

Department of Unintentional Satire

From a speech by Joseph Crail, President of Coast Federal Savings & Loan Association in Los Angeles:

"All of you want to live better as you grow older. The present direction of international affairs and national affairs and business affairs indicates that in a short time you may be a lot worse off if you are alive at all. The threat to your future is called the Communist menace. I hope to prove to you that you can beat the Communist menace and preserve your future, and also make money doing it. While making money was not the original intent, Knott's Berry Farm, Coast Federal Savings, Richfield Oil Company and many others have discovered that anti-Communism attracts customers and raises employee morale.

"I began buying Richfield gasoline a few weeks ago. I enjoy driving into a Richfield station and saying, 'I want some anti-Communist gasoline.' I enjoy watching the attendant's face light up with pride in his company. He often complains that he has a lot of extra work nowadays. Some of my own employees have reported that they know employees in the personnel department at Richfield who are complaining about all the extra work now, filling the demands for new employees in the stations. Other employees tell me they know employees in Richfield's Credit Department, and these Richfield employees have to work nights to service the big load of credit applications that are coming through. Anti-Communism builds sales and raises employee performance. . . ."

"The cost of our [Coast Federal Savings' anti-Communist] program is 4% of net income before taxes.

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Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta.
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Enclosed please find:

- \$1 for 5 copies of issue #54.
- \$3 for a 10-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$5 for a 20-issue subscription starting with #.....
- \$5 for "How to Talk Dirty . . ." by Lenny Bruce
- \$6 for "The Housewife's Handbook" by Rey Anthony
- \$1 for a Dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot)
- \$1 for a red-white-and-blue Patriotic Mother Poster
- \$1 for a blasphemous "One Nation Under God" cartoon
- \$3 for a back-issues binder (holds 36 Realists)
- \$.....for the following back issues at the rate of 25¢ each; four for \$1; all 24 for \$6:
20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39,
40, 41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53,
and the Impolite Interview with Dr. Albert Ellis

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

4.

We receive a batch of complaints, mostly anonymous, on each mailing insert, but lose little business. Our new business resulting from the program, figuring the cost of the program as advertising cost, is approximately the same as advertising cost of other new business. Our program is not a gold mine like Richfield Oil's was to Richfield. But Richfield was one shot and ours is continuous. . . .

"You will sell more customers and get better performance from your employees by exposing Communist propaganda and re-educating on American truths. You will make money at it—profits in your pocket. . . ."

More on the Mother Poster

As you may know, the *Realist* has sold several thousand red-white-and-blue, starred-and-striped, hammered-and-sickled, patriotic posters reading "Fuck Communism!" As a result of one such sale, the following correspondence ensued between an administrator at San Fernando Valley State College, and Dr. Edmund Carpenter, Chairman of the Dept. of Anthropology.

Dear Ted,

If you still have that sign posted in your office, please take it down. It is certainly offensive to some of your colleagues, and you can't expect your new departmental secretary not to be shocked and embarrassed. But what is intolerable to me is that your student advisees should see it. What gives? Cordially, — — —

Dear — — —:

Of course I'll take that poster down if it offends you. I'll put up your letter which is funnier.

Fuck is a simple intensive of the order of bloody, fearful, awful. Intensives can be formed in various ways. For example, at the last chairmen's meeting, Dean — — — said we 'should oughta,' thus forming an intensive with a tautology, and Dean — — — said 'it don't' which is more emphatic than the classroom conjugation. (Anthropologists no longer have to go to distant fields for non-literate informants.)

But you shouldn't oughta panic—it don't pay. Fuck may prove to be the first universal word. A former student of mine, now in Uganda, writes that on the back of the school building a volunteer speller chalked, in letters four feet high: FAUK FOOK FUK.

It may also be man's last testament. Between 1950-52, a bored weatherman, stationed north of Hudson Bay, left a monument that neither government nor time can eradicate. Many white men have felt compelled to pile stone on stone to leave some mark in the arctic wastes, but he was the first to harness technology to this end. Using a bulldozer abandoned by the Air Force, he spent two years and great effort pushing boulders into a single word.

It can be seen from 10,000 feet, silhouetted against the snow. It's the first evidence of human life to be observed when flying south on the Thule route—Canada's greeting to travellers aboard KLM Flight 571. Government officials exchanged memos full of circumlocutions (no Latin equivalent exists) but failed to word an appropriation bill, for the destruction of this cairn, that wouldn't alert the press and embarrass both Parliament & Party.

It stands today, a monument to human spirit. If life exists on other planets, this may be the first message received from us. Cordially, /s/ Ted

Guindon Goes to a Reservation

This month there will be a dedication ceremony at the site of the recently completed Kinzua Dam, which is on the Allegheny River just over the New York State boundary into Pennsylvania. The Kinzua project is a scant 7½ miles downstream from a long, narrow piece of property which straddles the same river a mile wide for its 40-mile length called the Seneca Indian Reservation. The property is in the path of an artificial flood.

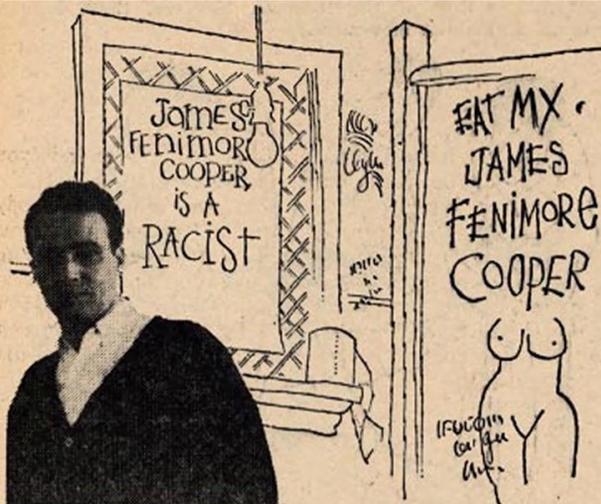
After the huge cement gates of the dam swing closed, the downward flow of the Allegheny will stop, back up and be sent spilling over its banks along its course, dispossessing some 482 Seneca Indians, turning their homesites into river bottom and their treaty into nothing more than a fine example of old government stationery.

The Pickering Treaty is not only the oldest Indian treaty in existence; it carried with it George Washing-

ton's personal guarantee, his word, that it would never be violated.

The Kinzua Dam was originally conceived as a flood control measure. At least that *was* the claim until the Seneca tribe brought in two engineers—Arthur E. Morgan, former president of the TVA, and Barton M. Jones, construction engineer for the same project—to see if some alternate plan couldn't be suggested. Their investigation found the Kinzua project to be something of a cement lemon. Perhaps more Tucker Torpedo than lemon, as it was incapable of filling its claims as a flood control device.

A new plan was submitted, estimated at half the cost of Kinzua. They had found a circle of hills, a natural reservoir that could control the water by simply diverting the river a short distance into the pocket. And, incidentally, no one need move his homesite to make way for the new plan. The treaty could be kept. *Could have been kept* is more correct, because the new



Salamanca, N. Y.: Built and occupied by whites on land leased from the Senecas. "Outsiders who have lived in the town say the whole place is rather neurotic, that is, suffers from a sense of frustration, on account of having Indians as landlords."—Edmund Wilson



Welcome to Salamanca



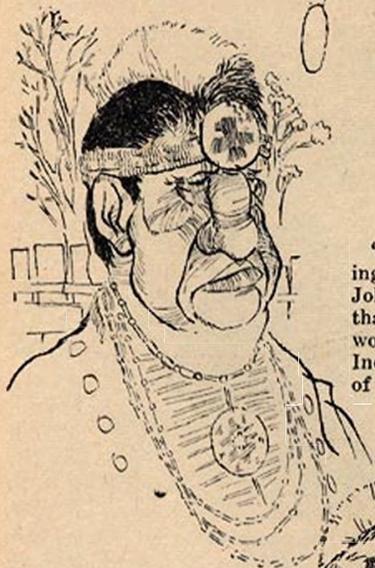
"I don't know how we'd feel about a cartoon like that—I guess we'd have to see it first. You say it would have the corps of Army engineers screwing an Indian?"

November 1964

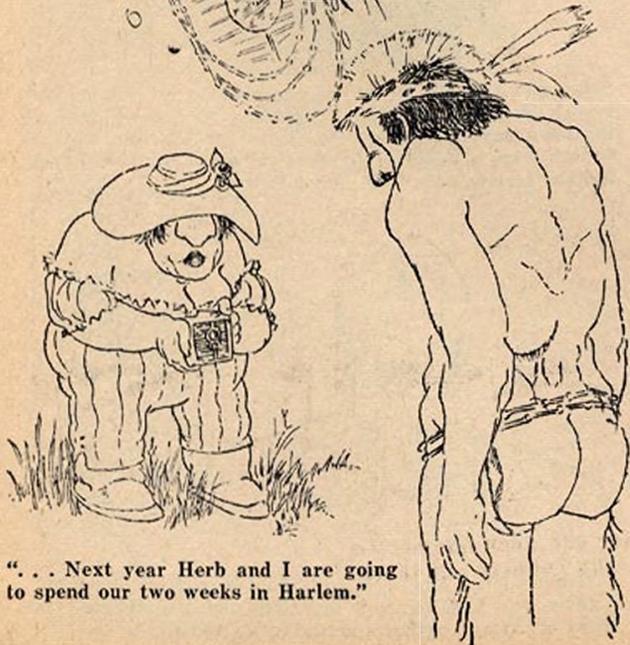
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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

There are twice as many Negroes in Harlem as there are Indians in the United States

"We don't picket because it's un-Indian, that's why! How come the NAACP don't make somebody an honorary Negro?"



"The idea behind adopting, say, a Lady Bird Johnson into the tribe is that we hope when the word gets out she's an Indian, they'll grab some of her land."



"... Next year Herb and I are going to spend our two weeks in Harlem."

plan was rejected.

An ulterior motive was discovered by somebody* in the form of a lobby in Washington. The lobby represented a group of Pennsylvania coal mine owners who wanted to see the Kinzua Project go through. They had use for a dam. It seems they have a problem with sulfa drainage from their mines into the Allegheny River. Unless the water level is kept high enough to dilute it, the processing equipment pipes become corroded.

It has been estimated that the individual mines could install equipment to circumvent this problem at a cost of 3-to-4 thousand dollars. Our government was able to bring the Kinzua Dam project—ribbon, scissors and all—for \$114,000,000. Now, about this problem of creeping socialism that private industry worries so much about. . . .

—DICK GUINDON

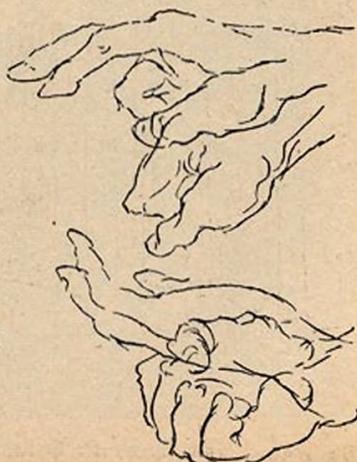
*Edmund Wilson in his book *Apologies to the Iroquois* mentioned that some "deeper digging" disclosed the lobby, but he didn't say who did the digging.

(Among a few of the Iroquois, however, there is a militant nationalist movement.)

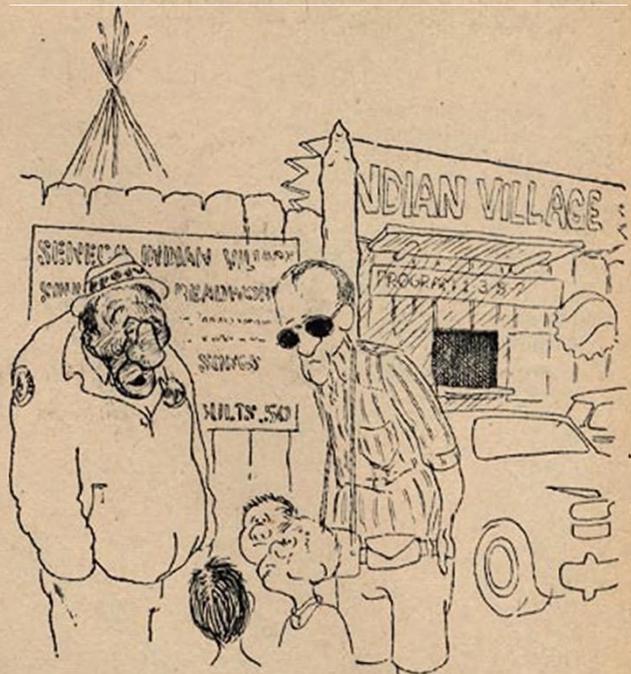


"It's still not Indian, it's got to be a real Indian symbol!"

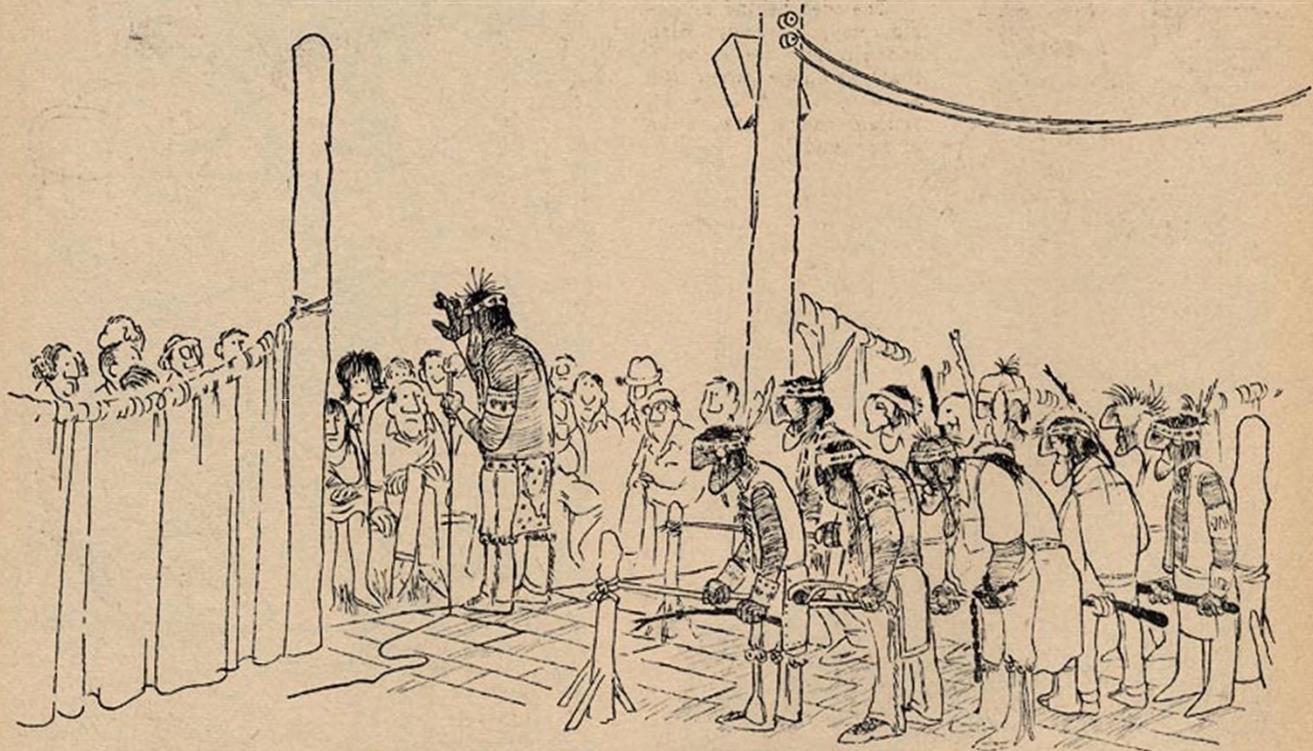
I saw . . .
... the best . . .
... minds . . .
... of my . . .
... generation . . .
... destroyed by
... madness . . .
... starving . . .
... hysterical . . .
... naked . . .



"White man's
medicine has
brought us
many good
things—
treatment for
measles . . .
smallpox . . .
syphilis . . ."



"An Indian reservation is where you reserve Indians,
you never know when you might need one."



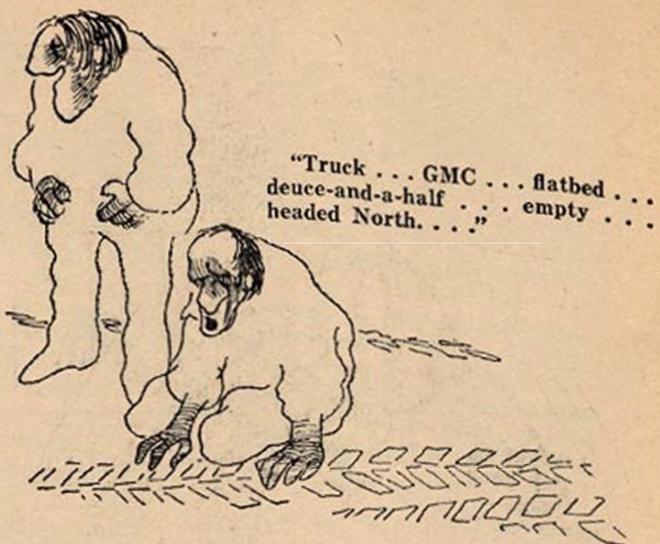
"We need a volunteer for the next number—a
runner. . . . Have we got any runners out there?"

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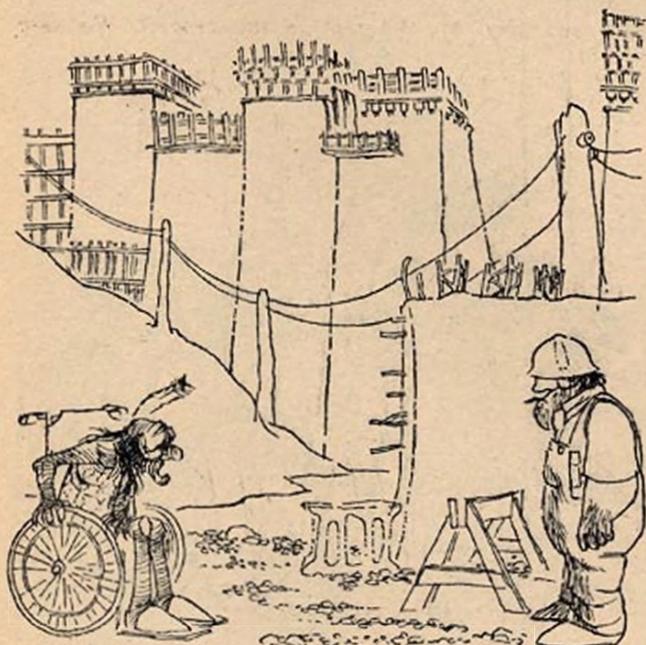
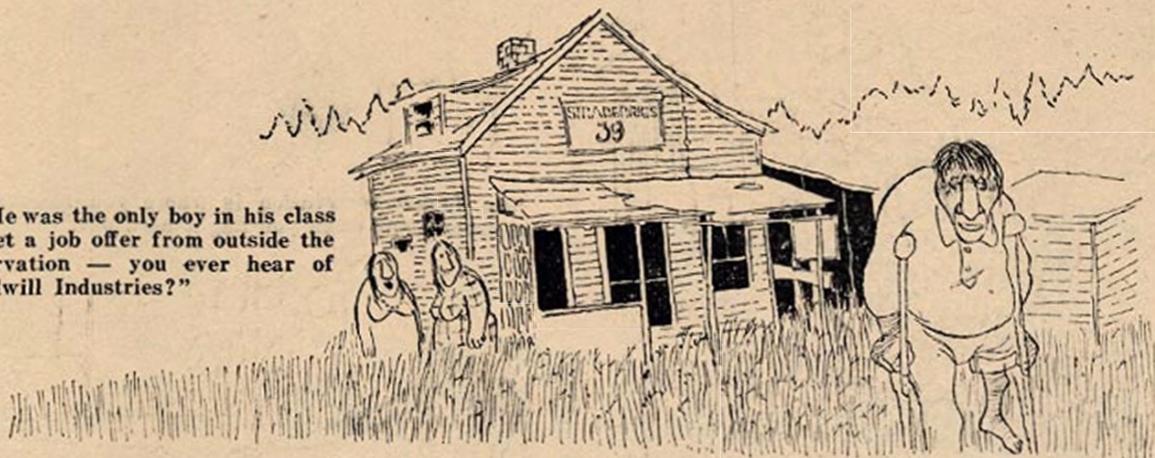


"No more
for me,
thanks,
we get
mean when
we get
drunk."

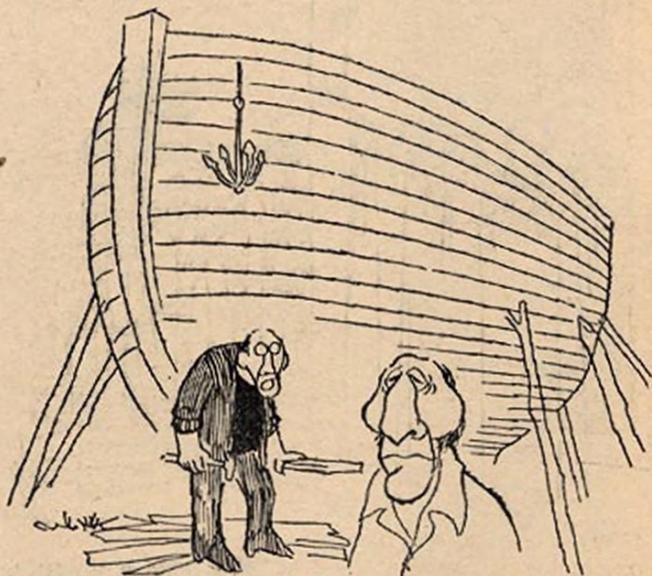


"Truck . . . GMC . . . flatbed . . .
deuce-and-a-half . . . empty . . .
headed North . . ."

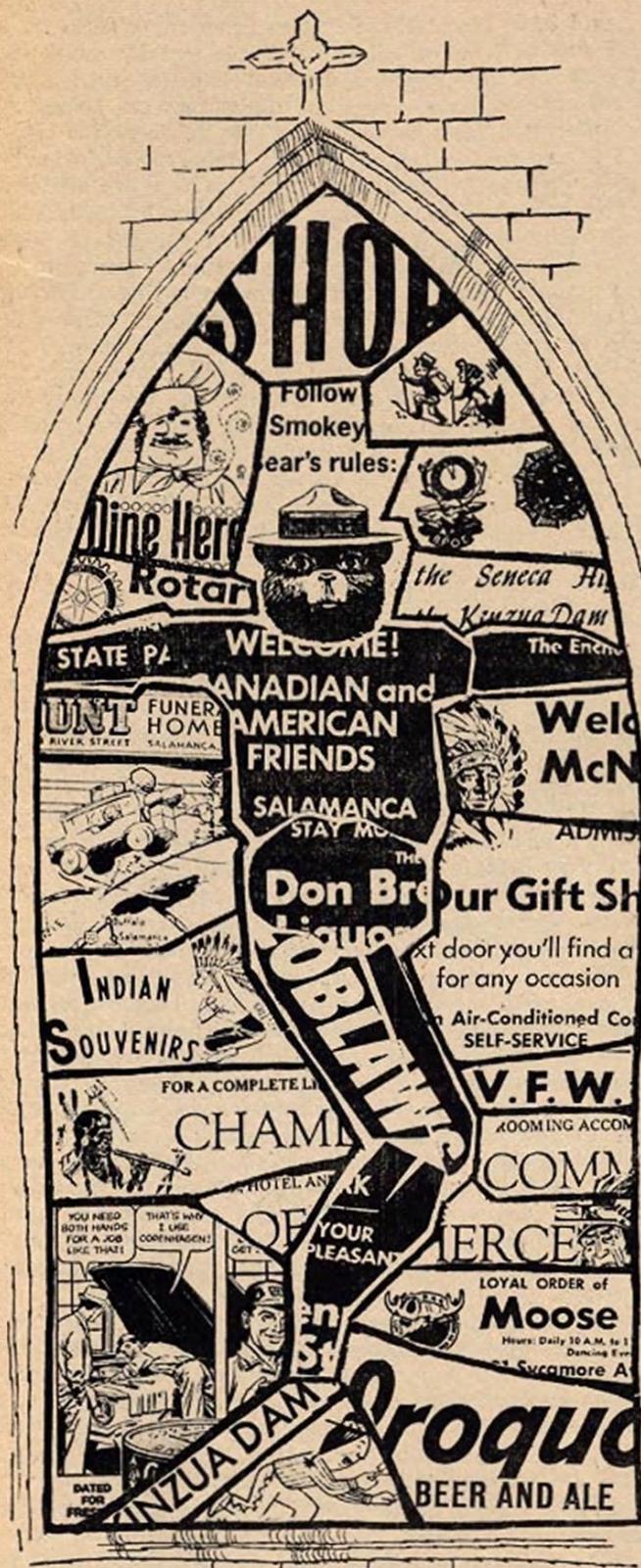
"He was the only boy in his class
to get a job offer from outside the
reservation — you ever hear of
Goodwill Industries?"



"Dog. Is this the way you treat your old allies against
the French? Is this your filthy English justice? Screw your
Queen, Mister."



"Go—tell your people, the church has no intention of
abandoning them in their hour of need. . . ."



"They have had the land for well over a hundred years, and what have they done with it? Absolutely nothing."

—anonymous Salamanca resident
Salamanca Republican-Press

Women, children and Americans first

Everybody feels free to attack democracy:
"Up the Republic and down your semantic!"
"Send a Bishop to college."

"Put the 'Oligarch' back in 'Office.'"

"Wherever two or three are gathered together, there Polity is."

"Democracy is the illusion of responsibility built on the delusion of power."

Ah, they're endless.

I say go back to Russia

Go back to Germany, go back, go back all of you.

Leave me alone with the Indians a minute.

I think I can teach them how to repel

a beach landing.

—Paul Encimer



"We, and they, are different in this respect. We keep our word. . . ."



. . . The long and perfidious Communist record of breaking agreements and treaties proves that the Soviet Union will not keep any agreement that is not to its advantage to keep."
—Barry Goldwater

November 1964

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THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

THE FECALPHILES

(Continued from Cover)

"Prurient" means: 1: craving restlessly: ITCHING 2: lascivious in thought or desire 3: exciting to lasciviousness (Webster's 7th New Collegiate Dictionary, Copyright 1963, G. & C. Merriam Company) and does not mean "i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion."

In Chicago, the State revealed a dirt for dirt's sake argument. In part, their answer, re People of the State of Illinois v. Lenny Bruce in their *Brief and Argument for Defendant in Error, People's Theories*:

The Law

"Though we now and then agree with defendant's statement of the law (Br. 12-37), we disagree with two key conclusions. The crux of his argument, we believe, is:

- (1) *That which does not arouse sexual desires cannot be obscene* (Br. 15-29).
- (2) *That which has the slightest redeeming social importance cannot be obscene*. (Br. 29-37).

"This is not the law as we understand it.

"... The opinion of Mr. Justice Brennan in *Roth* is not to the contrary. In fact, it is authority for the People's argument—not defendant's. Reliance is placed (Br. 15) upon the observation in *Roth* that 'Obscene material is material which deals with sex in a manner appealing to prurient interest.' (354 U.S. at 487) [Emphasis added]. But the word 'prurient,' both as defined by the Court and by the Model Penal Code, includes a 'morbid' appeal. Indeed, Mr. Justice Brennan observed that 'we perceive no significant difference between the meaning of obscenity developed in the case law and the definition of the A.L.I., Model Penal Code . . .'. 354 U.S. at 487, ft. 20.

"Defendant's focus, therefore, is too narrow. Material may be obscene in Illinois if the predominant appeal is to 'a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion.' There is no requirement in either the Illinois Code or the constitution that the material 'arouse sexual desires.' Defendant may quite legitimately argue that his use of 'erotic' or 'dirty' or 'obscene' words and phrases does not arouse *sexual desires* 'in intent or in effect.' (Br. 27) But that is quite beside the point. If their inclusion in his monologue results in a predominant appeal to a morbid or other prurient interest in nudity, sex or excretion, and if they are patently offensive, then the monologue is obscene."

QUERY: Does equal protection under the law mean fifty people in the area (that I was arrested in for violation of the obscenity law) can earn their living from distributing material that goes beyond the ordinary limits in candor, representation and description of such matters, i.e., excretion, which is utterly without redeeming social importance?

Most of my friends were unfortunate enough to have had one uncle or relative that had a dirty mind and constantly embarrassed us with stories that seemed to be designed to degrade our bodies by pointing up any display in manners that would never bring praise nor conjure up DaVincian imagery. Childlike hysteria at pants ripping—and then the audacity to retell these incidents at family gatherings—I try to recall the

times I have heard these stories from my elders. . . .

"I was in front of all these people and I bent down to pick up this paper I dropped and—rip-p-p! Boy, was I ever embarrassed. I had underwear on, though." An interesting side issue is, the storyteller places himself in the role of the one who is embarrassed, or who exposed himself, depending on where you are sitting.

Plus word games: making the number 40 into a joke that sounded like farty, constant "bean jokes," and when any reference was made to the male genitalia, it was a worm that a fish was constantly eating. And the sexual relations never included marriage: "Dis guy goes to a whore-house, see, and he knocks onna door and the Madame comes out. Dis guy got a rod on . . ."—and the story would build inevitably to the guy with his ass out the window, defecating, and—" . . . yeah, who's the guy with the big nose smoking the cigar?"

The ad-lib honor came to fore as he grabbed some 12-year-old sister and kidded her about her lack of or soon-to-appear bosom. With whiskey breath, holding his unwelcoming partner—and more dummy repartee: "We're gonna get married. Yes, sir, she loves her Uncle Alfred. . . ."

The state has interpreted the word shit to mean excrement. The prosecution in Illinois, in every city, consistently gives this definition or interpretation of the taboo derogatory phrase that was allegedly obscene. *The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement. The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement. The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement. The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement. The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement.*

The Los Angeles City Attorney's office has arrested me and tried me six times and I have been found not guilty by judges and juries who did not interpret the taboo phrase "shit" to mean excrement. Consistently the prosecution has interpreted the colloquialism shit to mean excrement. *The prosecution in Illinois stated when I said shit I meant excrement.*

If they were right then I certainly would never have been arrested right down the line with all of the taboo words I was arrested for. For if I had used the word "excrement," "oral copulation," "illicit sexual relations" . . . I beg of you, reader, bear with this heavy-handed diatribe.

"God damn you!" Do you interpret that phrase the way the prosecution continually interprets these colloquialisms that have the meaning that the words themselves project? Who is there with this power who can command God to condemn persons, especially you, God damn you. *God damn you*, using their tunnel vision, can't be interpreted any other way.

Luckily Judge Woolsey realized the danger in taking things out of context and insisted the words be taken as a whole, because the command "God damn you" is either prefaced or followed by several words that give it a different import. "God damn you, how many times do I have to tell you to pick up your clothes. You make a mess but I wouldn't trade you for six daughters."

The point is that the "God damn" is "gee whiz" and the most important point is that the *God damn you* never is used or I never have heard it used as a literal

The Constipated Court

Lenny Bruce's Chicago obscenity case (see issue #41) reached the Illinois State Supreme Court, and the judges upheld his guilty verdict . . . until the United States Supreme Court reversed a Florida State Supreme Court ruling that the movie *The Lovers* is obscene . . . whereupon the Illinois State Supreme Court withdrew its decision on Bruce for further consideration.

The defense had argued that sexual arousal is an essential element of obscenity, and that Bruce's performance did not arouse sexually. They conceded that Bruce violated word taboos but argued that the violation of word taboos alone, before a non-captive audience, was not a crime under Illinois law and could not constitutionally be made one.

The prosecution argued that the definition of obscenity has broadened to include materials which do not arouse sexually; the basis for this interpretation is found in the statutory phrase, "prurient interest, i.e., a morbid or shameful interest in sex, nudity or excretion."

The defense brief answers with these words:

"The State does not, and cannot, contend that Bruce displayed a morbid interest in excretion. The State's argument is contradicted by the draftsmen of the Model Penal Code who see a deep, mysterious psychological connection between an interest in excretion and sexuality. . . . At most the State makes a debater's point leading nowhere. Even if we were to yield the point and agree that a morbid interest in excretion does not arouse sexually, the State is left holding a bag with nothing in it but excretion."

phrase, nor have I heard the word excrement in conversation: "If you think you're going to drag all that excrement into the garage and make a mess, you've got another think coming."

I want you to understand we are in an area of words. As soon as the words become other words, they are exactly that, other words, and that is the difference between the crime and the guilt: If you would have used different words, then you would not have gone beyond ". . . customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters . . ."

Excrement and Equal Protection Under the Law

A constant preoccupation with fecal matter is patently offensive. Fecal matter is the State's definition of excrement and I say this because they interpreted the word "shit" to mean excrement which is only one of the definitions of that word.

The definition of excrement in Webster's is "waste matter discharged from the body; esp: waste discharged from the alimentary canal."

The Dictionary of American Slang (Harold Wentworth, Ph.D. & Stuart Berg Flexner, M.A.; Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, Copyright 1960) lists the following for the word shit:

1. Anything inferior, ugly, cheap, or disgusting; esp., merchandise that is of inferior material, workmanship, and general quality.
2. Cant; any talk or writing intended to deceive; unacceptable explanations; insincere talk, esp. an insincere apology or compliment; "sweet talk"; lies; an exaggeration. Cf. crap, jazz.
3. An entertainment or performance that is inferior, poor, or insincere; esp.,

commercial sentimentality; an entertainment or performance abounding in sentimentality, sentiment or corn. 4. An insignificant, unimportant, disreputable person, esp. an aggressive, ambitious, or annoying one. Usu. preceded by "little." 5. Luck; the fortunes of life; fate; one's assignment or role in life or a specif. endeavor. As in "tough shit," "good shit," etc., but usu. bad luck, ill fortune, or mistreatment.

For the prosecution to select excrement as the definition for shit shows a narrow view. I was using the term shit as a contemporary expletive, "illicit narcotics," but this is not as important to me as the State's conscious or unconscious denial of my constitutional rights.

The constitution guarantees me equal protection under the law, since the obscenity laws are mostly concerned with the entertainment industry, product, and persons who are involved in "representation and description of matters that deal oftentimes in realistic portrayals of life."

They have unjustly arrested me, tried me, sentenced me and thereby placed a stigma upon me that has stopped all the employment I had in that state. They have ignored the others in the city of Chicago who violate the law and have been doing so for many years.

These persons go much further in the violation of the Code if sexual arousal, appealing to prurient interest, is not the true test and if going beyond the ordinary limits in candor in representation and description of excrement is to be considered a test, as the State of Illinois states in their argument:

Ch. 38, par. 11-20(b) provides:

CHICAGO: "A thing is obscene if, considered as a whole, its predominant appeal is to prurient interest, that is, a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion, and if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters."

This latent subcommittee-material smut ring has been committing horrible smut crimes with wanton pace, unrestricted, going on and on, infecting our youth. The crime as defined by the Supreme Court of the United States—obscene material: ". . . excretion, and if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation . . ."—and the collective points and authorities of Daniel P. Ward, Fred G. Leach, E. Michael O'Brien, Elmer C. Kassane, William J. Martin, James R. Thompson, and respectfully, William G. Clark in their argument to the Supreme Court of Illinois, that I should serve my year in jail and pay the \$1,000 fine for giving an obscene performance in a night club was as follows, and I quote their definitive argument that although my performance would not arouse the viewer sexually, I did violate part of the definition of obscenity by using the word "(a) shit—used 16 times. (Abst. 25, 27, 29, 31, 36, 37, 39, 41, 53, 53.)":

The main of the Ward, Leach, O'Brien, Kassane, Martin, Thompson, and respectfully, Clark, Argument

"By the very terms of the statute, material which appeals to a 'prurient interest' is not restricted to that which 'arouses sexual desires.' Material which appeals to a 'morbid' interest in 'excretion,' for example, would certainly not arouse the 'sexual desires' of any but the most perverted. But such material would be obscene under the statute. The point is made perfectly by Professor Henkin in an article upon with defendant relies (Br. 15, 20):

"For one instance—too often concealed by the emphasis on sex in discussion of obscenity—the accepted definition of obscenity includes not only the sexual but the scatological (citing the Model Penal Code). Surely the latter does not lead to any unlawful act; it may be emetic; it is not aphrodisiac.—Henkin, *Morals and The Constitution: The Sin of Obscenity*. 63 Col. L. Rev. 391, 392 (1963) [Emphasis added]."

These magic fun shops with their harmless looking "Welcome Legionnaire v. Zebra Zions" and their Frankenstein ghoulish party masks and the rubber shrunken heads are in truth just "leader" items. One of our operators risked his life to get the following report which will be filed shortly with the authorities:

On October 17, 1964, at approximately 11:30 PM, Sgts. Schnecker, Johnson and Dep. Lechner attended location to purchase allegedly obscene objects that had been reported and information filed with the Grand Jury. The hereinafter undersigned certifies under the penalty of perjury that, in substance, the following dialogue and action transpired between the alleged weurde connection.

Dep. Lechner, being experienced in fecal areas, spoke with a bit of wolverine dung subtly imbedded in the corduroy crevice at his sleeve (a curious honor badge among the fecalphiles).

Lechner (Humming, grunting and straining [part of the esoteric jargon used by the addict when wanting to make a buy]: "These magic games aren't any fun, It's the same old 'death penalty.'" (The fecalphiles in their psychotic rebellion only use the word "shit" as a hollowed superlative and in its stead use words and phrases that apply to a sense of order.) "Yes, sir, I remember a fun shoppe back in North Hollywood where they had cute little tricks—"

Storekeeper (interrupting): "Ah, the masks and the hoola skirts are for the un-chic, but for the esoteric, how about this, boy?" (And from under the counter, he whisks a shimmering sea of fake vomit.) "Yeaaa, wooo, ahh, ahh, maaa, braah!" (With incredible phonographic recall, like a phantom possessed, he accompanies the rubber quasi-vomit with the wrenching sounds that I had heard weeped from bathroom doors set ajar, and splashing out of cars, off prom formals, on to asphalt roads.) "Barf. Does this look like the real barf? Is this great for a million laughs? Put it on your wife's pillow and then just read this off the paper when you hear her coming—Yeaaa, wooo, ahh, ahh, maaa, braah!" Just stick your finger down your throat at the same time and she will think it's the real thing. Look at those pieces of carrot and tomato, yellow bile—88 cents, tax included, Uncle Sam's gotta get his."

Lechner (Grunting, squeezing): "Naa, we just lookin' around." (Humming), "... lookin' around, lookin' around for the curly brown. Say, excuse me, Pop, where's the little boy's room?"

Storekeeper ("Where's the little boy's room?" His peristalsis action freezes. Those are the words that only a few old-time addicts would know about. Not especially "Where's the little boy's room" but when it's spoken right after humming of curly brown...): "We haven't got one here. Try the Chinese restaurant upstairs." (The old man waits, respiratory process stilled for the parry that will answer that thrust.)

Lechner: "Christ, I could go so bad..."

Johnson (From the giant pencil, souvenir sea shell counter): "Hey, you wanna use my shoe? Or I gotta spare back pocket." (Johnson, 17 years of walking the tightrope, 836 arrests and 822 convictions, has discovered that a well-turned phrase spaced with choice silence is most effective in ferreting out the fecalphiles.)

Storekeeper (Now a smile blesses his face. He gives forth with the onomatopoeia he had learned from the *Tilly and Mac* books): "Whew! You guys are okay. You're after a little curly brown, aren't you? You know, a guy can't be too careful today. For a minute I thought you were the heat. You know they got nothin' else to do but bust ya for sellin' some Bally-Hoo Gag Girl Books, and those guys are so horny that they'd kill their own sister [substitution of the normally used colloquialism by placing a natural phenomenon in its stead]. And I haven't made a sale in a year and a half, but for you guys I'm gonna take a chance." (Tears streaming down his face as he gracefully unbuckles his pants and deftly reaches into his boxer shorts.) "You want curly brown, you say? Curly brown you're gonna get. Uh, er, um, grr, um, gr." (A blur of brown barely misses Lechner's cheek, and Schnecker falls from heart seizure as it reaches the nimble hands of Johnson who throws it to Lechner and back to the storekeeper.)

Officers (Like Victor McCoughlin, David Niven and Cary Grant as they embrace): "You fooled us. We thought we were gonna get a face full of shit and it was—"

Storekeeper: "That's right!" (Laughing and crying with his pants down and his long balls hanging and the cellophane package raised high.) "It's Doggonit! Fool your friends. Put it on the stairs. Poo poo. Put it on a pillow—on a rug—"

Johnson (a veteran, he sees the rage mounting in Schnecker's eyes, and he whispers): "Take it easy, boy, take it easy."

Schnecker: "That dirty filthy old bum. When I think of all the kids he's been selling it to that are probably on the stronger stuff now..." (Looking with a blank stare down at the crevice-filled corduroy sleeve.) "Kids! It could have been your brother, his sister, tortured, hunting, searching for wolverine shit and a bastard like this started them off."

Storekeeper: "Try it! It's fun! Put it on the stairs, put it on the bed—"

(Kids chasing after the wolverine, the fastest animal in the world. The heartbreaking frustration of this euphoria from an animal that never eats. Kids just chasing after dreams, living in a soon-it's-gonna-be world and then Schnecker explodes and looks square at the old man.)



Photo by Bob Greger

The King Has Too Many Clothes On

by Robert Paul Smith

I used to run with a small herd of mavericks whose chief concern was art; we looked at it, read it, listened to it, to a small extent practiced it and to a large extent talked about it. Oh, how we talked about it, over endless cups of coffee in the forums of our time, the all-night cafeterias.

The more we talked about it the more we became aware that we were saying less and less, that when it came time to leave the white-tiled temple of culture and crumb-buns, all our windiness could be reduced to this statement about any work of art: "I like it," or "I don't like it."

The years passed, we went our several ways, and some of us became artists and some of us did not.

And what was a whisper or a scream of a minority of malcontents has now, it seems to me, become big business.

I have never heard or read so much talk about art and encountered so little of it, in all my born days. In the process, it has become a problem, when it

was always meant to be a pleasure.

There is no more difficulty in judging the value of a work of art than there is in judging the excellence of a hot pastrami on rye. What is required in both cases is hunger, the experience of a number of previous encounters with sonnets or sandwiches, and the willingness to take a stand. One of the stands to be taken—and I do not see it taken any more—is the total rejection of the thing in question.

It does not matter a great deal if the guy on the next stool seems to think that pastrami is one of the great things on earth; it would never occur to us to tap him on the shoulder and ask him why he thinks it's wonderful; we do not enquire what discipline we must endure to join him in his ecstasy; and most of all, it does not seem in any way shameful to us that we do not feel his pleasure.

We are not impelled to read his *guru's* fulminations on the function of delicatessen, or to attend lectures on the relations of salami to the world scene. We simply conclude that pas-

trami is not for us, and the hell with it, and how's about a cream cheese and olive on whole wheat toast.

I am proposing that if we were that forthright about art, things, including art, would be a whole lot better off.

To propose a theory about the function of art is not my job; but to make an observation on what art seems to do for those people who like it is very much my business: and clearly, it makes life tolerable, it creates, for brief periods of time, a world in which someone is in charge, in which there is a certain order.

The power mower outside the window is just noise and all we want is for it to stop: Bach and Vic Dickenson is noise under the dominion of an excellent man, and all we want is for it to go on forever.

I used to think, when young, that it was the business of the young and impoverished, having nothing much to lose, to take a stand. Now, middle aged and middling impoverished, I see that it is still my business, because I have so much to lose; what I see being taken away from me is the refuge of art, without which, for good or bad, I find it impossible to live.

Time was, the whole feast of what men drew, wrote, blew, built was spread out before me, and I could take

Schnecker: "You shit-head, you! You rotten shit-head!"

Storekeeper (quivering): "Give me a break, fellas." Suspect was arrested at location, transported to and booked at the North Alliance Station. The obscene matter was seized and disposed of pursuant to 311.

The City Attorney's office has filed charges of conspiracy and joint possession charges against the manufacturers of Doggonit whose premises are located at locations unknown to the plaintiff at present. The defendant made very few statements after Schnecker's outburst and in fact is pleading scienter.

And Count II, possession of latent material as in undeveloped films depicting liaison or other pornography: Sixteen whoopee cushions were seized and will be blown up in court and dismayed (sic).

The academic question will be for the courts to decide about: dropping the last count of fraud, misrepresentation—for the curly brown, the Doggonit, was not bowser hockey, it was that of a *human being* who doesn't deserve that title. Somewhere, perhaps long ago, there was a predecessor who stooped that low.

It is with great reluctance that I relate the above information, fearful that any bit of knowledge I display would demonstrate to the prosecution my involvement with the subject matter. The reason I know it is human fecal matter that was viciously and fraudulently presented to the public to represent canine fecal matter is that the feces has a different look to it.

Again, I state I have no morbid interest in the difference between cow flop, horse manure, dog turd, snake shit and fly fleck.

It is the matter that is material.

News item: This month, in 350 newspapers all over the world, Little Orphan Annie reached her 40th birthday.



"Well, little lady . . . today we learn a new word—menopause."

November 1964

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

what I wanted and was able to digest. Now, it is more like the complicated menu of a cheap Chinese restaurant, when I find myself obliged to take two from Column A, three from Column B, and the waiter bringing me soup whether I will or not.

The moon pitchers are not the moon pitchers any more: they are the cinema. The practical jokes of some desperately untalented painters are not junk any more; they are pop art. The novels of various practitioners are not inflated versions of *Snappy Stories* or *True Confessions* or temperance (more often intemperance) tracts; despite clear and present evidence that the writer in question cannot write, spell, punctuate, read, hear, feel, tell the difference between day dream and nightmare, it is urged upon us in the public prints by similar novelists taking a day off to utter judgments upon their peers that here we have a miracle.

We have miracles just about every publication day these days.

If it is revealed to you that I feel some anger here, particularly about writers since I am a writer, if you detect some personal bias, you are ten times right. There is a Gresham's Law about writing, too, and bad writing does indeed drive out good. This is a passing tragedy. The long term tragedy is not that bad art drives out good, but that it drives out art entirely.

What is wrong with these novels, these plays, these paintings, this thing that now passes for architecture, the random mechanical assembly of music is that it is so unspeakably dull. I would suppose that next to being hungry and having nothing to eat the second most horrible situation is to be full and to have to work your way through an endless banquet.

What is undoubtedly being produced now is an audience that gets bad work not because it wants it or deserves it but that does not know the difference. Really, truly, an audience that puts up with what it is getting now does not want art at all.

There is no law saying that you have to have art at all; I would a million times rather talk to the moving man who took a hinge at a Modigliani print I have, shook his head and told me as for himself, he would rather look at naked ladies than at pictures of them, than to go through one more of those feeble suburban conversations about learning how to look at abstractions.

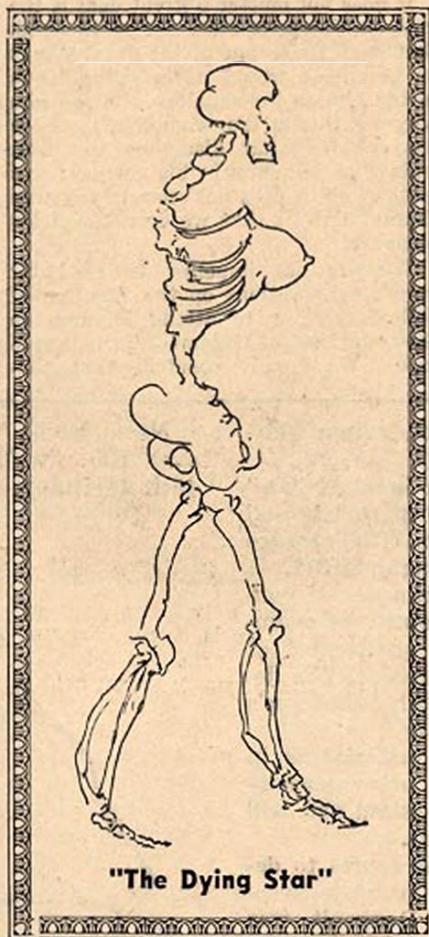
You don't have to learn to look; you don't have to endure any discipline to hear; all this is on a par with the fools who talk about an unpretentious little wine, and I really cannot recall anyone ever speaking of this really rather amusing roast beef.

You look at a picture; either it impels you to look at it some more, or it

doesn't. Go look at another picture, or indeed, leave this particular gallery this time, or even all galleries for all time. The pictures will be there; if you need them, you will find them.

Listen to the music; it grates or it delights, or it doesn't do anything at all. Blow the joint, head for the open air. Quite possibly and quite correctly you need fresh air and the noise of people on the street, or traffic, or crickets.

Look at the play; does it strike you that the author has no interest in you, that this is some sort of private conversation into which you have blundered? If he doesn't wish to talk to you,



"The Dying Star"

there is no obligation on your part to listen to him. You paid an awful lot of money to hear what he had to say, you probably have waited for a long time to be granted admission; at least, you don't have to add an evening of boredom to your debit side.

Walk out.

You can ask for your money back at the box office but you won't get it. Audiences these days do not boo or hiss or throw the seats at the performers, except at athletic events, to which nobody goes involuntarily. Everybody's an expert at ball games, and prize and bull fights, everybody's partisan, and

everybody there cares very much. As it happens, I don't care very much about seeing which man can clout which man into insensibility, and no one who does care has been after me to go to these displays or risk being out of the main stream of culture.

But I'd like a nickel for each "You haven't read?" "You didn't see?" "You weren't there to hear?"

And I'd like a quarter for every poor soul who has felt a totally unnecessary shame at not seeing the most miraculous movie of the past three days, or the greatest novel of April 23rd, and who has allowed himself to feel that he has left undone that which he should have done.

I'd like some answers that go: "I read some of it and thought it was junk," or, "I don't like music very much," or, "At the moment I feel no need for the revelations of a homosexual drug addict engaged in underwater demolition," or, "I like paintings with people in them."

And it is curious: in my salad days, the people who made the Philistine statements were what were then scorned as TBM's, tired business men. They don't say it any more, because they don't have to. They never gave a damn about art one way or the other, and they now have lots of art that nobody gives a damn about one way or the other.

There is a theory abroad in the republic that because more people buy books (but what kind and whether they read them or not is another thing), that because more people hang pictures on their walls (but are most distressed not when they lose interest in the pictures but when the art market loses interest in the pictures), that because more music is played, more records are sold, more money is paid for theatre tickets, that in the magazines and newspapers more space is given to more *ex cathedra* judgments about more artistic activity, that some mysterious thing called the cultural level of the country is going up.

Nobody can say "nay" because who knows what a cultural level is?

But I propose that the same principle applies as that of my adolescence when speaking of sexual intercourse: that the ones who do the most talking about it are the ones who are doing the least of it.

It is a pity, because assuming (as I do) that art can supply a kind of order in the universe that science is once again beginning to find out it cannot, never has there been such a need for the simple lucidity of good art in the complicated darkness of our time, and never has such nonsense been thrown up as a wall between the creator and those who have need of his creation.

It is a pity for the artist: it is tragedy for the audience.

"Look—Ma . . . No Sculptures!"

The Gallery Gertrude Stein recently presented for the first time in art history an exhibition of sculpture, the subject of which was excrement. The work of Sam Goodman, this show was intended as a comment on the art world, the museum-and-gallery setup, and the gullibility of collectors.

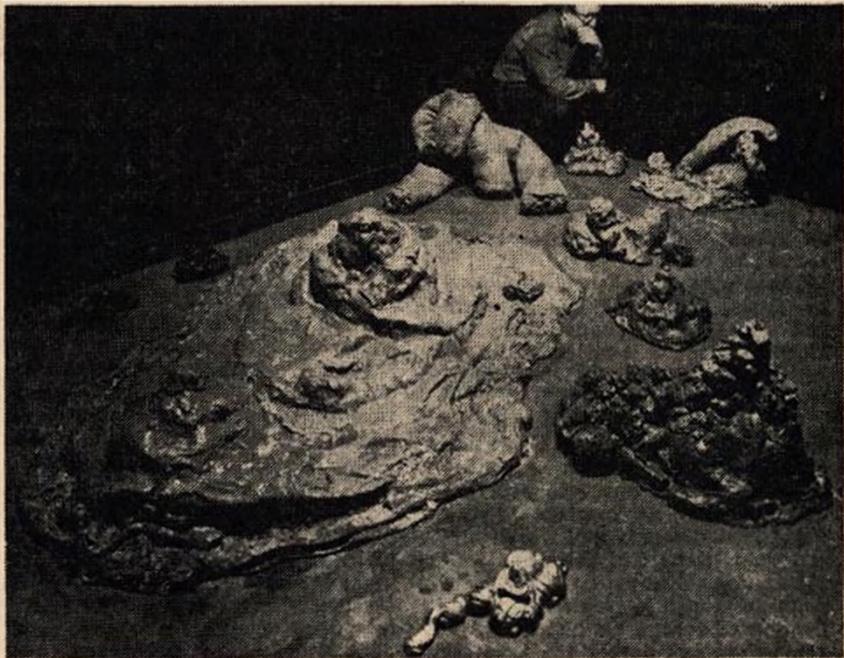
Featured were 23 excremental sculptures in cast stone, varying from normal human size to 5-foot dripping superman accumulations. Art collectors bought the products in quantity. Exhibitor-painter Boris Lurie's comments follow:

Late one night recently, early in the morning in fact, I stopped over at Sam Goodman's studio. I noticed he had been working on a sculpture which had been discarded in a corner of his studio. It came upon me at once that *this* was the sculpture that had to be done by someone at *this* particular time: expressed in artistic terms, it was *the* answer, in this spring of 1964 in this City of New York. This sculpture had to be done by Goodman only; nothing like it has ever been done before.

The artist, as if hopeless in the pursuit of a project so difficult, so full of explosive matter directed against its author himself, as well as the art-world around him, apparently had put the idea aside, in the realization of the hopelessness and dangers involved in its execution and presentation. I was blessed with an insight that permitted me to fathom the importance of that sculpture and to support and encourage the sculptor in the execution of his dangerous idea. I consider myself lucky indeed to have been given the opportunity to have played a minor part in this project.

I remember Goodman's work before, from the beginning of the historic exhibitions at the rebellious March Gallery that had been the first rallying call for a truly new social art, from the wealth of which a subsequent generation of artists nourished themselves. From burnt babies, dolls of our childhood, of Auschwitz and Hiroshima, and dolls of the little Negro girls killed here in the U.S.A., he had gone on to enrich our consciousness with an image of the useless and discarded bundles. His Doom-Show constructions set up a howl to exorcise nuclear holocaust, and his No-sculptures now—an ultimate gesture of aggressive manly despair—plunged into our consciousness with the exactitude of the matador in the final kill.

When I was imprisoned in a German concentration camp during the war, Jewish prisoners drowned a fellow Jew in the accumulated excrements of the latrine for collaboration with the enemy. The price of collaboration in art, too, is excremental suffocation.



In 1962, the only courageous art dealer in the world, Arturo Schwarz of Milan, Italy, exhibited selections of the Lurie-Goodman shows held at the old March Gallery on East Tenth Street in New York. The selections included work from the Vulgar, Involvement, and Doom Shows, executed since 1957. I was astonished and surprised when Schwarz jubilantly picked a Goodman construction that had the beginnings of his present No-sculptures within it, to be placed in the show window of his gallery.

I remember Arturo Schwarz being as happy as a child to have thought of this idea, to have asserted his courage and independence, to have disregarded the reactions of the citizenry passing by his shop window. With this one gesture he expressed so many things, all at once, he reversed so many acts we would like not to have ever suppressed, out of politeness, or fear.

But such acts, such gestures are rare indeed here. Where the formulation of art is in the hands of worn-out disillusioned aesthete-intellectuals and speculator-collectors greedy to pounce upon any acceptable nov-

elty providing there is enough 'sophistication,' titillation, chauvinism and a potential market for it, true art, invariably connected with true courage, has about as much of a chance as last year's art vogue, as much attraction as last year's ladies' fashions.

Instead of producing courageous artists we produce 'courageous' aesthete-intellectuals who from the sanctuary of their newsmedia or foundation-supported enclosures, are

free to create new art movements, or to harass and attack the independent artist, to destroy reputations, in the perfect security of their sanctuary, and without any fear of being hit back or their secure positions being jeopardized.

The aesthete-intellectual has studied much art history, but he has learned very little. Nevertheless he feels he is in perfect command of the laws and regulations and varied ingredients that make up the quantity called art. His ear is finely attuned to the demands of the intellectual climate of the moment, and he is well aware of the economic implications that govern art-promoting and art-marketing.

This knowledge and skill, the fruit of much study and a long personal presence in the art world, is now put to use in the promulgation of a 'new' theory. Artists who might fit the theory are invited to join in the new grouping, others are persuaded to comply, and a search is instituted for innocent talent who somehow or other had managed to obtain information on the precise nature of the new trend.

Our products are proudly paraded

at the art world fair in Venice and at the World's Fair in New York, where coca-cola-pop-art melts into and becomes identical with the design and commercial art around it. What contrast between collaborationist-pop-art and the bloodied heads of the civil rights demonstrators who dare say no.

Goodman's No-sculptures could not have come to us at a better moment and in a better place, in New York, in 1964. It is the answer on a social, aesthetic, and on a psychological level. But over and above, it is a masterpiece of heroism without which no great achievement in art is possible. Heroism implies a willingness on the part of the hero to expose himself to risks and dangers. Goodman's No-sculptures are an assertion against fear, an assertion of strength in the face of submission, of energy in the face of castration, an assertion of the individual who refuses to bend.

These phrases, when not followed by deeds, sound old and outworn, and therefore meaningless: but the Holy Deed, the Fearless Act redeems them and gives them life and truth.

On an aesthetic level (if we should wish at all to meet this pseudo-science on its own grounds) Goodman's work opens to reexamination the whole complex of the Paris New Realists and its American chauvinistic derivation and bastardization called pop-art. It is a demand to reopen inquiry on the falsification of today's art-history, written before and during the time the

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

/s/ Paul Krassner,
Editor

works described are being created; a demand to expose the propaganda-machine that has come into being in this post abstract-expressionist period. Psychologically, our spotless puritanism, our taboos, and perhaps the roots of all painting and sculpture are opened up to questioning.

On a social level, besides many points brought out previously here, I would like to point to the coloring of Goodman's sculptures which range from ochres and browns to metallic blacks and deep black. There are no lily-white No-sculptures in this show.

But, as we all know deep down, it is not by submission, coolness, remoteness, apathy and boredom that great art is created, no matter what the cynics might tell us. The secret ingredient of all art is what is most difficult to learn; it is courage.

Overheard

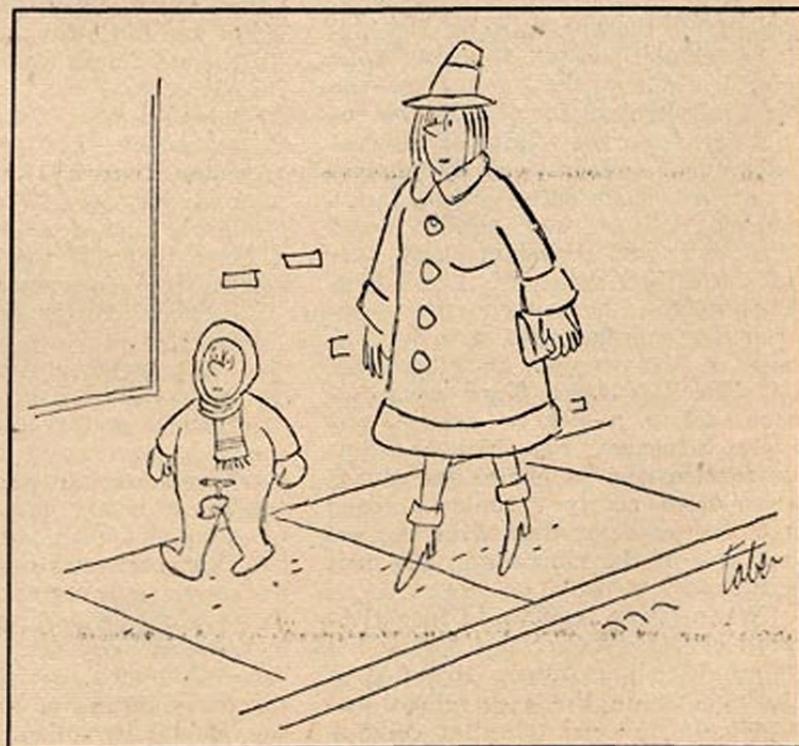
One day as I was waiting on a grey platform for a grey subway train that by the way never came this middle aged middle class in fact

she was well middled lady & her son—8 years until his barmitzva appeared He had on a blue felt hat with a brim & a button on it (take off the brim shove 5 dollars & insincere best wishes in his hand throw him on a flowered dais with some finger snapping nice jewish goys & a few underdeveloped promiscuous girls And he's A Man)

Anyway out of the molecules infesting his mind the kid put into words a question "Mommy" he said "yes dear" said mommy & pushed back his hair unaware of the coming revelation "Mommy" he asked "why did god make us so that we have to doody & make weewee all of the time?" Mommy shrank from the fruit of her womb & then flaunted the rules

by hitting her son hard on the Head. His Soul Died That Day

—J. Hoberman



THE BATHROOM

(Continued from Back Cover)

thirty-eight variations caused by the combination of urine and water.

The fifth year Pimento spent in study of fecal matter and by the sixth year he was able to tell his immediate future by the contemplation of his turds. He would tell his fortune each morning in this way for the following 24-hour period.

Due to the abnormal regularity of his diet (mostly wood pulp and vegetable fibres) his bowel movements maintained a consistent similarity, and for this reason Pimento would foresee little change in his fortune from day to day, and as there was actually no opportunity for any change in his life whatsoever Pimento's predictions were invariably correct.

This gave him a blind belief in his ability as a prophet which, putting him in a world of supermen, perhaps saved his reason during those last dreadful years in the bathroom.

The sixth year Pimento had wearied of all his diversions and rituals except the one of prediction. After the daily fortune had been told he would pace his cubicle, something he had never descended to doing in the previous years. Then he would count the bathroom tiles first by rows and then by the many geometrical patterns they formed in their repetition.

He got to know each tile so well, though they were so identical, that he attributed a separate identity to each one, and some he hated and some he adored and some he merely put up with. There were some five thousand tiles in the room, all white and all hexagonal, but by the end of the sixth year Pimento knew the history and character of each and exactly how they would act within the situations he created for them.

These tiles became the population of his world and though he never advised them they led their complicated lives according to his laws. Not once did any of them act in any other way than that which he foresaw.

The very fact that they were so nondescript and indistinguishable yet so complicated and unique in relation to each other geometrically and every other way made them much more worthy of consideration than the artfully formed faucets, chains and plungers of the bathroom fixtures. They never moved, they never changed, they could not be manipulated into any other shape, position or use and yet they were the least static things in the room.

Throughout the seventh year Pimento hurried through his daily fortune-telling like a prayer, hurrying through it in order to get back into the universe of the tiles.

In the early months of his eighth year he was liberated. His friends broke through the false mural and greeted him with open arms, surprised to find him alive. They were shocked, however, to discover him lacking in any interest whatsoever as to the fortunes of their party; and their vanity was injured when, sitting at cafes together, they saw his eyes wandering while they regaled him with stories of their escapades in the underground.

Even his mother and sister found him callous to their sufferings during the war and decided that his own horrible experience had blunted his capacity for pity. His colleagues found him so unconcerned with the problems of humanity that they drew up a paper of expulsion from the party and handed it to him. Pimento accepted it politely and made no comment.

He left Budapest and travelled to a winter resort by the sea where he attempted by advertising to attract a clientele whose fortunes he promised to tell by reading of their bowel movements, but the time was not ripe for such an enterprise and it failed.

He took to frequenting public baths



Since 1908, the Uncle Sam Breakfast Food Company in Omaha, Nebraska has been marketing "Uncle Sam Cereal — A Natural Laxative." States the copy on the side of the package: "If you are irregular because of dieting, the whole wheat flakes in Uncle Sam Cereal will furnish additional bulk. To help you further, the flaxseed in Uncle Sam expands to supply more bulk and at the same time serves as a lubricant." Yes, China may have failed in its attempt in 1900 to get rid of foreign elements by means of an uprising called the Boxer Rebellion, but the United States will always have a successful Bowel Movement.

SIR REALIST:

Timing

Thought you might like the following remark which I just heard on NBC (radio) news on the hour: "A Goldwater report in just a minute, after this from Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

Carter A. Daniel
Charlottesville, Va.

Add this to your *Sic Transit Ad Nauseam*, concerning ill-timed commercials: The day of Caryl Chessman's execution found a radio broadcaster describing the horrid scene roughly as follows: "The sun is glancing off San Francisco Bay; a sea gull is wheeling in the air, and in 25 minutes Caryl Chessman must take that long, last, lonely walk"—enter sponsor's message: the sound of a cash register ringing, then a voice saying—"Is your life worth two cents?" It was a commercial for life insurance.

Stephen Keppel
Portland, Ore.

in order to be with tiles once more, but there was no chance for intimacy and it was somehow not the same.

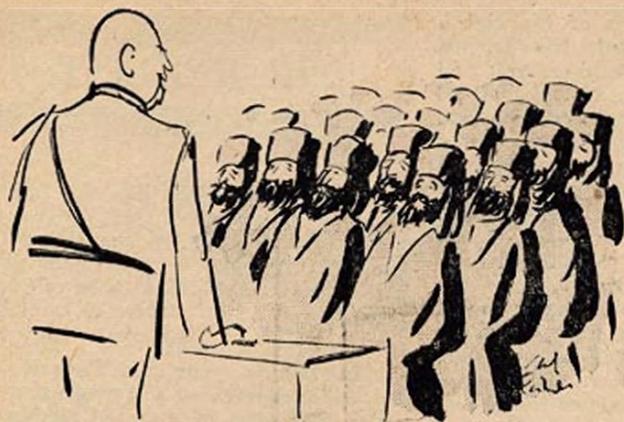
In desperation he returned to Budapest and went to the flat containing the bathroom he knew so well, but it had been rented and the lady refused even to let him in the door.

He begged that he might rent only the bathroom from her, but she laughed in his face saying that it was the only bathroom in Budapest undamaged by the war and did he think her such a fool that she would give it up?

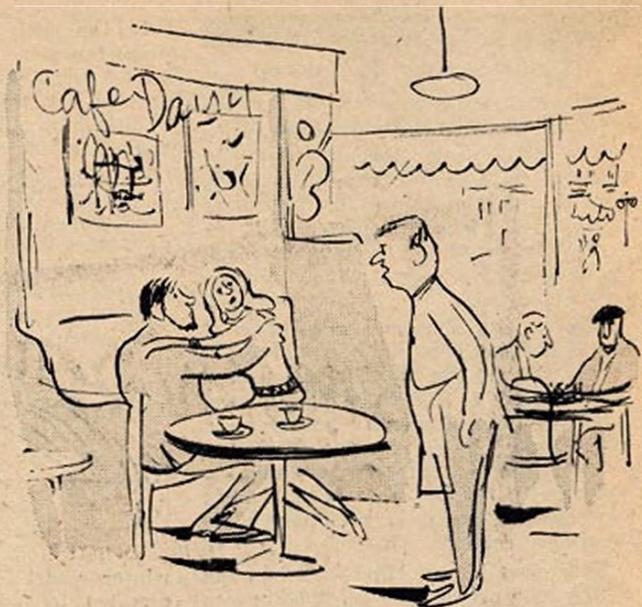
There was nothing left for him to do but seek out his former colleagues and beg that they admit him into the party once more.

His contrition was so complete and his convictions so revived that they without hesitation accepted him with open arms back into their circle and indeed they were soon greatly rewarded for so doing, for not only did Pimento every morning read their bowel movements absolutely free and predict great martyrdoms and eventual recognition for them all but he also became the most fearless, uncompromising and militant of the group in defense of the cause.

In fact his zeal had to be curbed, for it was so great it threatened from time to time to bring about premature results, which of course was exactly what Pimento had in mind because he was always hoping that something could be arranged so there would be another war and he could once more be a member of the minority and have the good fortune to be hidden in a tiled bathroom for another seven years if not longer.



"Your job will be to sow confusion on the Cyprus Question . . ."



"Please, kids—I'm trying to get the place known as a homosexual hangout."



"The phone lobby has a great answer to the Religion in Schools controversy: Why not give each kid 15 minutes a day to dial-a-prayer?"

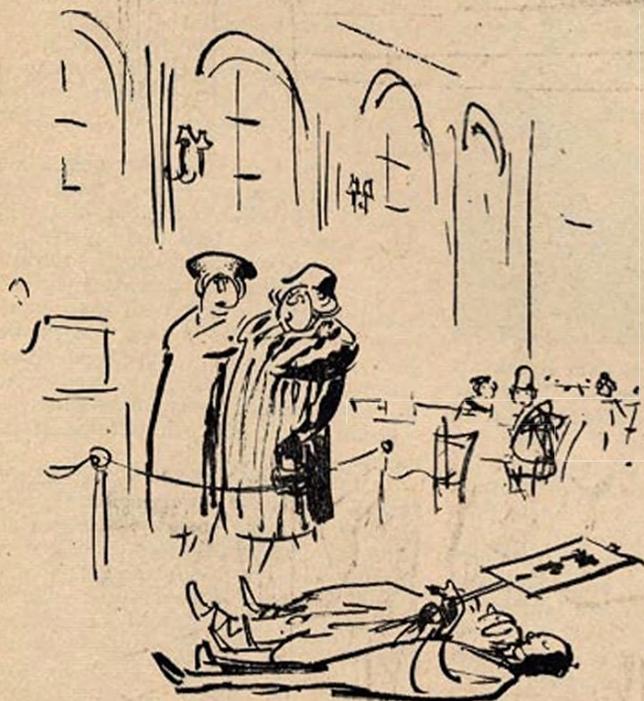


"What! Pick up Lenny Bruce again? G—*!!@%! D—#*!@%M*F/ /S—=!! ~@# 1/2!!*? . . ."

ed
 fisher's
 page



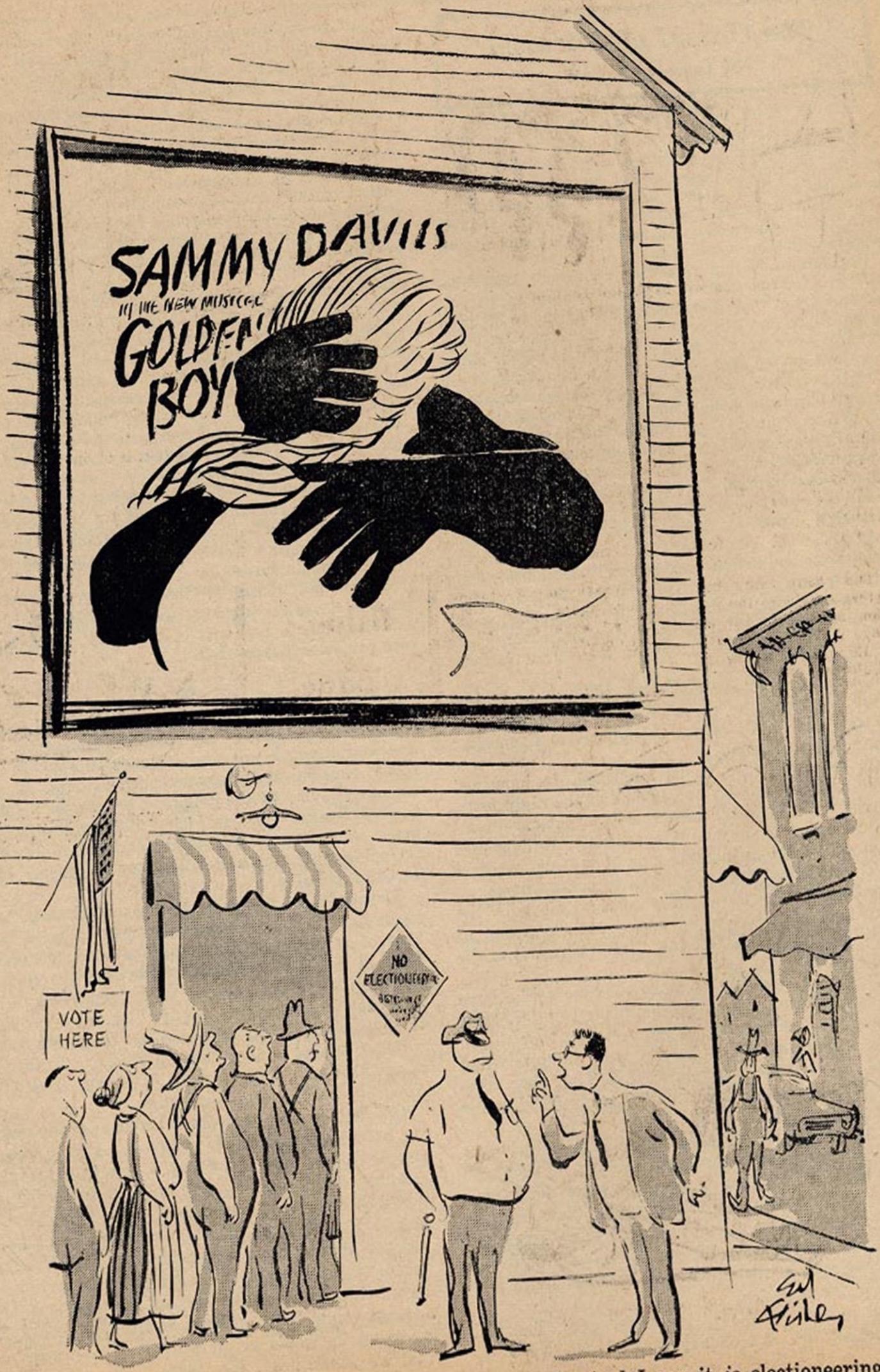
"I'll support him—provided he doesn't 'clarify' his views."



"Really!—in Schrafft's?"



"Sir, as a conscientious objector I insist on being transferred out of the Medical Corps!"



"—And I say it is electioneering!"

November 1964

The Ordeal of Altruism

by Laurence S. Cole

Late in 1962, the Lower Eastside Action Project opened its storefront door with a plan for a club for neighborhood boys, and with a lot of optimism about getting community support. Now, more than two years later, the club is a fact, having accomplished much more than we ever planned. The optimism, though, gave way to the realization that we were more to be played with than sponsored.

Beginning as a judo club with a coffeepot, LEAP became a kind of super-family functioning as parent, doctor, lawyer, therapist, teacher and friend to 35 or so Puerto Rican and Negro boys from the Lower Eastside. The process of growth from storefront to bigger storefront, to the final consolidation with our home, has been a series of major and minor disappointments scattered through otherwise happy times with a group of warm and beautiful kids. The disappointments came in the form of promises of help—generally unsolicited, almost always unfulfilled.

One of our cardinal rules is that nothing is promised to kids that can't be accomplished. They've had enough of the kind of promise that is made only to seduce them or put them off. The months that they spend clinging to insecurity and distrust are a direct function of being lied to by everyone from their parents to the welfare department, from their teachers to the movies, about what they can expect of the world around them. Their lack of trust in adults is one of their most rational attitudes.

When we came together with the kids, none of them believed we would be there on each following night. Some said this while others thought it to themselves: we were not permanent.

Soon, though, trust in us happened. It happened through many day to day and middle of the night tests. It happened through our being certain that our promises were never made out of expediency. It happened because we did not include the kids in our own personal hopes or fantasies. The kids began to believe in us.

Volunteers by the drove have come to me with the qualifications of being white and educated, asking to help. "What can you do?" I ask. "I don't know," is the inevitable reply.

About 95% of the 100 or more volunteers who have come to us have no idea what they have to offer. Most of these are college graduates who feel that they should be doing something. They hear of our Summerhillian philosophy and make the typical distortion that freedom for the kids means the same degree of freedom for the staff. It doesn't.

A teacher must be prepared to teach and this takes time, training and discipline. Likewise, a person who is going to take 5 kids on a trip must know what he is doing on a few levels. First he should know the mechanics of what he is attempting and most important he should be guided by some set of principles. In too many cases freedom for children is confused with irresponsibility for adults.

So most of the volunteers are never used. The ultimate screening device I employ is the kids.

"Just go on in and relax," we say. "If something is going to come of it, it will happen soon enough."

But for many who do make the commitment to work with us, the pressure of having to exist in a non-structured situation, using spontaneous abilities and emotion, proves too much. First, they begin using more of my time than the kids. Then they take out their problems on the kids. And finally, if I don't ask them to leave, they just disappear.

Most of the volunteers want to work for me. In the end, they make me responsible for their entrance into the fold and for their ultimate demise. Few come in because of the kids. The ones who do usually stay. The ones who come in for some approval or attachment to me as their sole reward always are disappointed. I just don't have the time or the inclination for them.

Two couples and a few individuals who have worked with LEAP have all dropped off. Most of them came in slowly, made some relationships with the kids and then, slowly, and for their own reasons, destroyed these relationships. This is why we are much more cynical than ever when someone comes in to help. The social work type "uplifters" get a fast boot in the ego.

I will insist on two things. First that the people who want to work with us have something to offer, even if this is a warm real affection and not a Master's degree. Second, they must be aware of and accept the principles of non-intervention we have set up, regardless of their own fears and neuroses.

This is not to suggest that we have none of these fears or neuroses, only that we are willing to put them aside to allow a real sort of freedom rather than our own projected image of it.

Our first contact with the field of fund-raising came when we found that a large federally sponsored organization for youth was giving funds to support "grass roots" experimental programs such as ours. As a matter of fact, one of the proposed programs included in their 617-page "Proposal" came close to being our program. A difference was their focus on military drill, including uniforms and rifles, and a general kind of Bundist rigidity.

The leader of this wing of the organization told me he thought that "the Nazi philosophy included the best kind of involvement for youth that had ever existed." He told me how he likes to move into the slum areas in which he works and put thick carpets on the floors and beautiful furniture so that "when the people come in they are uplifted." No kidding. He really said that.

Their annual budget was, for this one small activity, about \$100,000. A small part of the nearly \$14,000,000 available for the organization.

One of the administrators walked in one day after we had requested \$2,000 aid to pay all the upkeep expenses on our first storefront. I was in a judogi (judo costume) and working out with a few of the boys when he came in. "I just came to watch," he said. He stayed for about an hour, as more boys came in. He became increasingly uncomfortable and finally, after much strained small talk directed from him to the boys with no response, he left. I was told that our request would be considered at the next board meeting and that he would recommend it. Two weeks, he said, and we would hear. We waited.

What LEAP Is Doing

● Remedial programs in reading and most of the rest of the school subjects were developed after members requested them. Working mutually to set up personal programs, kids and staff use everything from Lenny Bruce to Salinger as reading texts—often argue history over coffee—and find colored rods and number games an exciting way to learn math.

● A Bail Fund, once a high priority asset to LEAP, has fallen into disuse, despite its comforting presence, since the members are rarely in legal difficulties any longer. The necessity for a Bail Fund becomes obvious, however, when it is known how easy it is to be arrested while not breaking the law.

● The Scholarship Fund, taking present priority of importance, will send four boys each year to private high schools where their potential can be realized. High interest in finishing school and learning skills grew out of members' increased awareness of themselves and the real possibilities of competing as equals with others.

● From initial conflict and mutual distrust with the local police precinct, LEAP has, through its legal and community relations activities, established effective liaison with the Police Department. The PD has, in turn, responded by placing Puerto Rican and Negro policemen in the area; and by working in some areas to improve police-community relations, LEAP's Director is now Chairman of the Precinct Youth Council's Committee on Narcotics.

● Believing that kids should have a place of their own, the excitement presently around LEAP centers in a new club room, designed and built to a great extent by the boys themselves, with the occasional guidance of builders, electricians, masons, etc. The right of ownership as well as the corresponding responsibility is a new and exciting venture for most of the members.

● Plans are in the works to extend the ownership out of New York City. On 5 acres of woodland, donated by a Realist reader, the boys hope to move out of a 25 foot lean-to built last year, and into a frame house they hope to build in the summer of 1965.

● A group of non-builders hopes to take a tour of the US in the summer of 1965, if they can muster the support for it. The importance of this decision, as well as the trip itself, should be obvious.

● Medical and psychological services, once generally ignored, now rest with LEAP's physician and psychoanalyst—both top young practitioners giving of their time to boys whom they have come to know and like. The advent of a physician meant the reversal of a two-year unsuccessful treatment for diabetes for one boy who had been attending Bellvue's clinic.

● Theatre and museum trips have broken the culture barrier and now kids eagerly await tickets to plays from *Golden Boy* to *The Deputy*. A funny confrontation happened on one of these nights when the boys met their "official teacher" with her date at the film *Tom Jones* while she and they were sipping espresso in the lounge.

Eight weeks later we had been put off three times, found it impossible to get calls into or returned from those in charge, and were pretty weary from all the ups and downs. WCBS was doing a TV show from the club, called *The Role of the Maverick Social Worker*, and I wanted to know before the show whether I should mention the organization in question as a supporter of LEAP. Up to this time LEAP was being run out of our own pockets and our rent picked up by some guy who runs this "dirty Greenwich Village magazine."

I called and was told I would get a call back. I insisted on talking to the man because the TV show was about 10 minutes off. I got through and was told the good news: no money. "We had to set up a program at a settlement house," he said, "and it was a matter of them or you. Maybe next time." That time never came. The settlement house he mentioned, however, has a budget of over \$200,000 per year.

It was understood before the federal government approved this new "experimental" organization that they would not support existing institutions. In a congressional investigation later, it was shown that this kind of support accounts for most of the 14 million.

Bernice Liebow, an elf disguised from 9 to 5 as a secretary at a large talent agency, spent a few days in the secret archives of the New York Public Library and came up with a list of about 75 local foundations specializing in youth work. We wrote to all 75 of them. One was our own letter saying "moved left no address" on the envelope. Another was a letter telling us the foundation no longer exists. The third was a letter requesting more information.

We sent the more information and soon received a letter requesting an interview. I got dressed in my suit

and made the interview. "Very nice project," he said; "if we had more like this, on a neighborhood to neighborhood basis, we wouldn't have half the JD problem we have." "Yes," I said, "that's what we're trying to show. That small neighborhood centers whose staff can move in any and all directions will work." "You're right," he said. "I wish I knew of some place you could go for help."

"What about here?" I asked. "What about here?" "Our Board is a bunch of stuffed shirts. They'd never go for this 'non-authoritarian' thing. I want you to know, though, that I'm 100% for it."

"I know," I said, and left.

It was getting near Christmas time, 1963, and I noticed in the paper something about a National Society for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency that was located in New York and was running a large charity ball at the Plaza Hotel. Since we hadn't written to them or seen them before, I called and made an appointment with the director. I was ushered into a small office on the upper floor of an eastside midtown hotel. I talked with the director, an "ex" public relations man who had "gotten interested in kids."

After dropping off his laundry, we headed for the club so that he could see firsthand what we were doing. He spent the day tantalizing all of us with what he was going to do for the club. First, about two or three hundred dollars for Christmas. "All these kids should get presents," he said. Then boxing gloves and sports equipment. Mickey Mantle and Y. A. Tittle to come down and teach sports. Free tickets to Yankee Stadium with all the hot dogs the kids could eat.

I asked him if he could back this up. "Look, I'm not the kind of guy . . ." he said.

He said he had contacts in Detroit and might be

able to line us up a car for the summer. A station wagon.

"Why don't you write us a letter requesting affiliation with the National Society?" he asked.

"Okay," I said.

The day before Christmas came, and after my spending ten anxious phone calls and many hours in his office, waiting for the means to fulfill his grandiose promises to the kids, the National Society gave us a check for \$50.

None of the other things ever materialized, but the kids were expecting a gala Christmas celebration and we had to come through. We used my wife Michelle's Christmas bonus.

Two of the boys were going to fight. They decided to fight in the club with gloves rather than outside with knives. They didn't want "outsiders" involved in our business. The National Society director promised us gloves, *immediately*, for the emergency.

The kids did fight in the club—barefisted.

The National Society collected about \$7,000 at the Plaza Hotel dance, with Senator Dodd as the sponsor. The money was to be used for youth activities. As far as I know, none of it ever was.

We began getting publicity. We were unique, they said, and had something. Reporters were impressed. Two big articles in a large city daily later, we had about forty more dollars. We became enmeshed in a death in the Brooklyn House of Detention that smelled of murder by negligence. One of our kids, who was in at the time, was bothered by what he saw. He told his story to a columnist who spent a few columns talking about this boy's courage in speaking out, and about the club, and about Art Galligan, our lawyer, who had gotten the boy who spoke out freed from jail on a case of mistaken identity (five months after his arrest).

As a result of all this notoriety we were asked to appear on the Barry Gray show and spent an hour on the air. Much time was spent talking about the club and how we needed money. Our address was given out three times over the air in a request for funds.

Ten dollars came in from that.

We were told that, in order to help us out, the station would do a series of spot announcements for funds for us. I called five or six times to remind them of their promise and was finally given the name of another station.

One of our neighbors, a public relations man, volunteered his services one night while sitting over a corned beef sandwich. Much discussion and time was spent about plans for a fund-raising letter and finally for a benefit. The benefit finally became the decided approach. I made it clear that I could not take time out from the kids to organize such a venture, so it would have to be handled without me.

That was three months ago. Haven't seem him since.

A prominent comedian, in return for some personal favors, asked if he could do anything for LEAP. I said that we were in pretty bad shape for the summer, and anything he could do we would appreciate. He said he would do a benefit for LEAP. Favors delivered, we were forgotten.

"LEAP? Oh yeah, that's a game you play off the Brooklyn Bridge."

A guy came in from New Jersey, interested in a cause we were backing and stayed to enjoy the social niceties of the Cole household — centered around a round oak table and a Chemex coffeepot that Michelle makes attempts at using. He asked a lot about the club and then said that he could certainly hit some of his friends for some quick cash. I said that would be nice.

Two weeks later he said he had collected ninety dollars (an amount that would have gone for summer camp expenses for two boys). He said he would mail it to me.

Now remember, all this time, as in most of the other cases, *he* was making the overtures. I responded with interest, but *he* initiated the "giving."

A week after that he came over, with his girlfriend. He said he would go home and mail the money. He had forgotten it.

A week later I called him and he said he mailed the money.

That was the first of June. By the end of July we had received nothing. Never heard from him again.

About the same time that Mr. New Jersey came in — it was in the spring — we were introduced to an official of a labor union who, we were told, might help us get our budget. We talked and a few weeks later he sent one of his emissaries to "investigate" us. The FBI would have been proud. After a four-hour interview with me, the union sent letters to most of my ex-professors, employers and other youth organizations in the community. A report was written by the investigator, and the results, which we received also, stated unequivocally that we deserved whatever help the union had to offer. I am told that potentially that was quite a bit.

After four weeks of dangling, we were told that the decision would be given in a week. That week, all the union officials were in Miami. I called the next week and was given the contents of a memo that, it turned out, I was not supposed to hear.

The memo was from the foundation that generally complies with the union's wishes for support of organizations. It said to inform me that they had decided not to support us and to tell us that they hope we find assistance elsewhere. But the real reason, it said, and *get this*, was that they could not obtain their desired degree of publicity from giving to an organization that was so geographically circumscribed and numerically small. UPI would never pick it up.

About fifteen minutes after I had heard a radio announcement telling of another 1.5 million dollars being added to the "14 million dollar misunderstanding" on the Lower Eastside, the phone rang. It was one of the social workers at that tower of hope. The irony was almost too much to take.

She asked me if we could send some of "their kids" to camp.

Another public relations suggestion was that we should send out a mailing piece that told the recipients that we were going to close. That way, I was told, the fact that we *are* in operation won't hurt us so much. You see, I had already been told time after time that one of the reasons the foundations weren't helping was that we were *operating*. Most of their support was given to *proposals*. So — if we could back up and convince people that we were going to stop so that we

could be supported and start at the beginning, we would get the hand we needed.

Well, yes, I see. It's like the March of Dimes. If we can convince people that not giving money to us may cause some sort of genetic damage and their children will be born deformed, that's really ultimate fundraising. No. LEAP will not close; and the threat, even for sneaky fund-raising purposes, is both irresponsible and unacceptable to our own self-image. If we have to stop spending some on LEAP to be able to meet our own bills, we will, and have. But LEAP won't close as long as there are two kids, a roof and a coffeepot.

If this is what we have to do to get help, forget help.

My jaded optimism was bolstered by a letter we received from a prominent social scientist. It said . . . "the project does exactly the opposite of activities associated with large groups. . . . LEAP demonstrates the potential of small groups sparked by high motivation, enthusiasm but little cash. LEAP has demonstrated the effectiveness of this kind of project and how, writ large, it can be used in other areas of New York and other cities. . . ."

The problem still remains of how to make this "effectiveness" increase and how finally to get ourselves financially stable and in a position to make other than existence decisions.

Our headquarters at 44 E. 3rd St., was described by the *Village Voice* as a "rickety three story building." Nevertheless, we hope to be able to turn all of it into club facilities. We are also trying to get a dairy farm or the like so that our kids who are not going to college (by reason of their decision) can have the alternative of making a living by their own physical labors without subordinating their spirit to a pushcart in the garment district. Most important, we are trying to get help in subsidizing private high school education for kids whose whole chance in life is dampened by inept slum schools.

Maybe now that we know the ways of The Promisers, our disappointments will be little ones.

Editor's postscript: Between the time that Larry Cole wrote the above article and the time the *Realist* went to press, the following promises and disappointments have occurred: A plumber promised help, but that help was never forthcoming; a lumber yard promised wood, but that wood was never forthcoming; Art Kleps, to whom I foolishly gave a free plug for his Morning Glory Lodge (because nobody else would take his paid ad), later promised he'd give some of LEAP's kids a vacation at his place, and gave them permission to use any and all equipment, but when they borrowed his boat, he put them on the road to hitchhike and they were arrested. Kleps' defense: "If my action seems cruel, that's because it was. I try to treat every man who steals my means of transportation with unbridled ferocity."

One 17-year-old who got arrested for violating the no-hitchhiking ordinance, said to me: "I went up there for a vacation and I got a police record instead." He had kicked a heroin habit with the help of his friends at LEAP, has an amazing aptitude for electronics, and now the *Realist*, in conjunction with LEAP, is sponsoring a \$1,200 radio-TV course he's taking. After school, he has a job filling orders and going on errands for the *Realist* (taking the place of Robert Wolf, who has gone on to greater things as a cub reporter for *Newsday*). As we go to press, LEAP has just been granted official non-profit status, which means that all contributions are tax-deductible.

Things of the Month

Religious Experience of the Month

The new Miss America, 36-24-36 and a ventriloquist: "I owe my victory to my family, to my friends and my country, but most of all to God."

Emotional Catharsis of the Month

Actress Ina Balin on the Johnny Carson show: "In the picture *The Greatest Story Ever Told* I'm the only one who gets to tell off Christ—you get rid of a lot of hostility that way."

Prognostication of the Month

Sportscaster Clure Mosher: "There is a possibility that the Phillies may never win another ball game."

Typographical Error of the Month

The *N.Y. Times*' front page, October 2nd (all editions): "Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, the wife of the Governor, lost her suit today to gain custody of the children of her broken marriage with Dr. James Slater Murphy. Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Gagliardi gave Dr. Murphy, a virologist at the Rockefeller Institute, custody of all four children. . . ."

Film Critique of the Month

Vogue's review of The Beatles' first movie: "*A Hard Day's Night* is viciously pro-youth. . . ."

Mystery of the Month

Lady Bird Johnson, upon being asked what sort of gift she gave her husband on his 56th birthday: "I can't tell you what the present is, but it's something the President has needed and I've been remiss on."

Premium of the Month

Ad in *Look* magazine: "We'd like to send you a Kennedy half-dollar. Here's the rub. The rub is our Minit-Rub. Have you ever experienced its deep-down soothing warmth—its man-sized pain relief? Now's your chance, with a free gift of a rare John F. Kennedy half-dollar with the purchase of Minit-Rub. Offer limited to one per family while the supply lasts. . . ."

Guilt-by-Association of the Month

The late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was the godfather of one of Robert F. Kennedy's children.

Extremism of the Month

Gwendolyn Kyle, 17, a Negro student at Contra Costa College, has won the John Birch Society's first annual \$1,000 scholarship award. She favors ballot proposition 14 which would nullify California's Rumford Housing Act and ban further legislatures from acting on racial discrimination in housing.

Self-Deprecation of the Month

Jules Feiffer, quoted in the *Saturday Evening Post*: "If the social critic represented even the slightest threat to our established institutions, he'd be in and out of jail."

The Bathroom in Budapest

by John Goodwin

Editor's note: Those who automatically eliminate scatology as a vehicle for socio-political satire will find this story grist for their limited mill. It first appeared in a Parisian magazine and was reprinted in *The Independent* nearly a decade ago.

Pimento spent seven years in a bathroom in Budapest. It was in one of those buildings that they built in nineteen something or other for a lot of workers.

It was fortunately for him never bombed during the war and for the most part the functions of the bath, basin, bidet and watercloset continued without interruption throughout the period of Pimento's exile there.

The rest of the flat was unoccupied and the door into Pimento's hiding-place was well camouflaged, being painted to represent a mural of Marco Polo at the court of Kubla Khan under which no one would ever think of looking.

Pimento was fed in a very complicated way, which I never quite understood somehow, by food forced by pressure up through the pipes and drains. His colleagues in the underground were very ingenious and loyal though they could contrive no liquid refreshment for Pimento other than water.

All in all Pimento was glad he was confined in a bathroom and not a living room.

In his early days of concealment he realized how fortunate he was, for it was preferable to be confined in such a small windowless space (there was a ventilator high in the wall) with all modern conveniences than to be in a room no matter how large and windowed without any water at all in which to wash or any place except the four corners and eventually the whole room in which to relieve oneself.

The first year he spent a lot of time turning the taps on and off.

He would first turn on both hot and cold in the basin and then turn off the hot, then turn on the hot in the bathtub and turn off the cold in the basin after they had run together for a while. He would then turn on the cold in the tub and the cold in the basin and then turn off the hot in the tub, and in that way he would have two cold faucets running at the same time. He could reverse this procedure and fill the room with steam or on other days when he felt in a more pensive mood he would turn nothing on but the spray in the bidet and stretching out on the tile floor, one arm crooked to hold his head, he would dream away, his eyes on the prancing fountain.

There were indeed, as you can see, many, many variations on the combinations.

The second year he spent a lot of time taking baths, making each one a different temperature; so slight was the change in degree when he, after several months, had become abnormally sensitive to the most minute change of temperature, that even a thermometer would not have registered the difference to the naked eye.

Towards the end of the second year this subtlety of sensitivity had, in fact, become so irksome to him that he took delight in plunging into only the coldest or the hottest of baths. Sometimes he would do both in quick succession and at other times would take five cold baths one day and seven boiling ones the next, or for five days take one cold bath a day and then bathe in boiling water once a day for the next seven days. He would then multiply these baths by days or vice-versa and thus predict his program for many days to come. At one point he had one hundred and seventy-two hot baths followed by eighty-three cold baths followed by twenty-five hot baths climaxed by one hundred and fifty-five cold baths.

In this way the third year was spent.

There was for Pimento no way to tell night from day and after the first few weeks of his incarceration he gave up winding his watch. It had already stopped several times and even his delight in living according to the arbitrary hours his watch told soon bored him. His friends, loyal and ingenious though they were, could not feed him punctually or even always by day so that even the arrival of food through

the drains was not to be relied upon as an indication of the hour.

One of his friends did try to send a newspaper printed at great risk by the underground up to Pimento through the same channels that his food was delivered to him, but it only succeeded in plugging up the pipes and Pimento without knowing the cause was without nourishment for two days until his colleagues managed to repair the damage.

Occasionally a small note would get through to him but the writing was always indecipherable because of the effect of the water on the ink, and Pimento had no way in which to advise his friends to use indelible ink or even pencil.

He was annoyed at their stupidity but thought that after all waterproof ink might be unobtainable in war time and that as for a pencil perhaps his friends were too polite to use it in personal correspondence.

The fourth year Pimento turned his attention to the water-closet, having exhausted the possibilities of basin, bath and bidet. He would drink a great deal more water than was good for him only that he might relieve himself more often and thus have cause to flush the toilet.

To flush it without reason was too simple a game and he had made a solemn resolution not to do this. Towards the tenth month of the fourth year he rationalized a little and would flush the bowl *previously* to relieving himself instead of after. The result was the same really in the long run and it was a welcome relief to see varying shades of yellow rather than the perpetual colorless water he had been accustomed to for almost four years.

As his body had become sensitive in the second year to the slightest change in temperature in his baths, so in this year did his eyes become hypersensitive to shades of yellow. He was able to count and identify six hundred and

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