

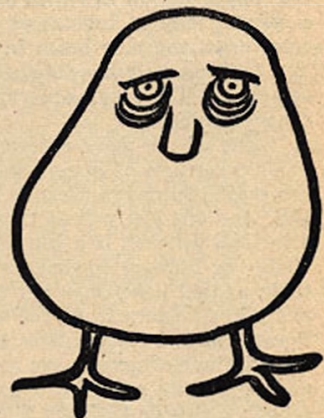
freethought criticism and satire

The Realist

September, 1961

35 Cents

No. 29



PRAY
FOR WAR

The Bomb Shelter Key Club Plan

by Sally Baldwin

Leaders in this northern California community [Chico] said today they would welcome the group of New Yorkers seeking safety from nuclear attack. "But I sure hope it doesn't put a crimp in our shelter program," said City Manager Fred Davis.

—UPI dispatch

Creating an adequate fallout shelter program is all well and good, and it will be a comfort to many to know that their families are being protected. Anybody can see, however, that the plan has a major fallacy: when The Button is pushed, you are apt to be in Canarsie on business, while your cozy shelter sits out in Mastic Acres, Long Island.

There are, admittedly, a depressingly large number of public shelters in the cities, set up by the Civil Defense authorities. But just picture their clientele—the people with whom you are apt to be spending what might well be the final weeks of your life—mothers with squalling brats; matronly schoolteachers in town sight-seeing from God's Shank, Iowa; the little man who normally sold shoddy felt hats with long plumes and the name "Spunky" stitched thereon from a Times Square corner stand. Take a look at a cross section of the people in your community any afternoon and visualize them all lumped into one shelter. With you. There will be tension and discomfort enough without their assistance.

(Continued on Page 2)

An Impolite Interview With Dick Gregory

"In your personal opinion, would you consider human rights a moral issue?"

—Celeste Holm, interviewing
a UN delegate on NBC radio

Q. How do you feel about always being referred to as a Negro comedian?

A. I have no feelings about it one way or the other.

Q. I mean in terms of a label. Lenny Bruce would never be introduced on TV as a Caucasian comedian. In other words, how do you feel about being singled out by color?

A. It's just something we're up against, and we've been up against, and we've learned to accept it and live with it. Because we're the only ones you *wouldn't* need to say this about. You don't have to say, "Jackie Robinson is a Negro baseball player," unless you're blind.

Q. As a night club performer, you're subject to the occupational hazard of hecklers; have you found offensive racial references incorporated into the heckling?

A. I had it when I started off, in the type of night club I was working—but this is anybody being black, white, pink or purple—when you're working to that crowd that can get in for 35c and a bottle of beer, let's face it, they'll heckle God. Now you must remember that comedy is a disappointment with a friendly relation, so when you have racial things slammed at you, if you don't clean it up and keep this friendly relation going in the audience—well, like you're dead, because no one can laugh when they feel sorry for you.

(Continued on Page 18)

BOMB SHELTER KEY CLUBS

(Continued from Cover)

The obvious solution is to have a bomb shelter in the neighborhood in which you work, available only to a select group of friends or people with similar interests: ergo, the new boom in Bomb Shelter Key Clubs. You will not only have a shelter nearby when the need arises, but the assurance that you'll be holed up with congenial people.

Some of the more enterprising outfits, whose membership consists of businessmen who travel a good deal, are establishing branches in all the major cities of the U.S. And one key will fit them all. There might well be a tactical problem if a bomb fell in East St. Louis just while the Plastics Packagers of America were holding their annual sales meeting there, and there were too many key-holders to fit the shelter, but doubtless New Plans always have wrinkles to be ironed out.

All kinds of groups are contemplating similar plans, and eventually a club will be established for every interest: a Senior Citizens Shelter Club; a club for jazz buffs (live music in a dying world); for bridge players ("guests" admitted only in groups of four); and the omnipresent Over-28 Shelter Group (Join Our Club/Meet Your Mate/ Soon We Must/ Re-Populate).

Groups will also be formed along professional lines: Actor's Equity will band into the Broadway Shelter Club (photos and resumés accepted only through agents), with a little shrine to St. Genesius, patron of performers, where, for once, show people won't be pray-

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

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ing for a hit. Further downtown, actors and reactors not fortunate enough to have Equity cards or agents will form the Off-Broadway Club. The bearded set, snug with free-form poetry, bongos and cappuccino, will nest in their own special Bomb Shelter Coffeehouse.

Possibilities for religious groups are gratifying to church leaders. The congregation obviously will be much more receptive to any sermons on the hereafter. (Less popular sects can offer free admittance to non-believers to insure an audience.) Naturally, too, the new shelters can serve effectively as subsidiary meeting halls for Sunday Schools or Ladies' Aid.

Speaking of multi-purpose shelters, there will, inevitably, be an enterprising madam whose fallout-proof fancy house will be established well in advance of the need, with reasonable assurance that the Vice Squad will leave her alone. After all, who would want to incur her displeasure when he might be lucky enough to be caught nearby at the moment of truth?

A few psychoanalysts have constructed a joint shelter—womb-shaped and complete with couches—and are already holding sessions there. When the time comes, the analysts will simply move in with them. This will be a happy arrangement all around—the analysts will make a fortune, the patients can talk shop with each other to their hearts' content, and none of them will be

But Dead Men Don't Revolt

The following piece of adjective reporting appeared in the September 15th issue of Time magazine:

"... the ban-the-bomb campaigners . . . are dedicated to the dubious proposition that any political fate is preferable to the horror of atomic war."

around boring the hell out of the rest of us with their ceaseless self-centered preoccupation and technical jargon.

The whole idea of several weeks of enforced inactivity gives rise to an unequalled opportunity to accomplish projects for which one would never otherwise find the time. Undoubtedly one of the great cosmetic firms will make a mint by setting up a bomb shelter beauty farm to make Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance look like a remodeled chicken-coop. Here the accent will be on a Special Diet and Beauty Course ("A Svelte New You in an Exciting New World!"), offered at an exorbitant sum to the more amply upholstered members of the Four Hundred.

The most unusual group of all will charge no dues, and has already held a few meetings, though of an unorganized nature. This is the Anti-Bomb-Shelter Club, whose gathering place is City Hall Park. Of course, there is a possibility that a turncoat among them might secretly build a shelter nearby, and at the last minute (and for a considerable fee), invite the protestors in when it becomes evident not only that their protests are useless, but that nobody is hauling them off to the (no key) Bomb Shelter Jail.

Naturally, there will be the usual varied plans of coverage to suit every budget—through one plan you may purchase seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days complete protection. (Another problem arises here: how to get 'em out when their time is up.) A different scheme offers three weeks complete coverage and an additional two weeks partial protection—you have to leave the shelter, but you are given an awning to carry with you ("Returnable to Any of Our Numerous Shelters Located Throughout What Remains of the Continental United States").

Payment will, of course, vary according to the group you join, but those non-cash customers who delight in credit cards will be able to pay through either American Express or Soviet Express—whichever is deemed more suitable at the moment.

A Word to the Psychic Is Unnecessary

Party girl Elsa Maxwell this month described how she had learned of the death of Dag Hammarskjöld. "On the day he was killed," she said, "I was lurching in the Belgian Embassy in Paris. When word was circulated that a high official's plane had crashed I sensed, even before I was told, that it was Mr. Hammarskjöld's."

Which is more than you can say for the wire services that blithely reported not only his safe landing but also his participation in peace talks. This is to suggest to Miss Maxwell that she make the most of her self-styled extra-sensory perception by providing competition for AP and UPI with a new press organization—ESP.

editorial type stuff

The Cause and Cure of the Realist

"I would like civilization to last long enough for Jill to have her coming-out party."

—Dorothy Kilgallen

I have just spent a weekend at a nudist camp in order to gather background information for an upcoming impolite interview with a publisher of nudist magazines. It may well be the first time in twenty-nine years that my buttocks have been exposed to the sun. Anyway, it hurts when I sit down to type.

On my desk is a letter from subscriber Cliff Steward of Fresh Meadows, N. Y. He writes:

"... The *Realist* shakes one up enough so that one begins to think again. But perhaps you could reassess the totality of your Cuban position. Regardless, I remain loyal to your cause, at least until I ascertain what it is."

Okay. First, Cuba. Actually, my position never has been one of totality. I stand by everything I've written about the revolution—including my reservations. I'm embarrassed in retrospect by my political naïveté. . . . "The United States is not going to attack you," I kept trying to assure Cubans when I was there at the beginning of this year, as they prepared for our invasion—remember how the top phrase on our hit parade then was "comic opera"?—and now the accepted regret is not that we did it, but only that we failed in the attempt.

(An impolite interview is scheduled with Richard Gibson of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Readers are invited to submit questions for me to ask him. The rougher, the better.)

But if anybody is worried that the *Realist's* pro-Cuba stand is in effect following the Communist Party line, then up your giggy, dear reader. It may interest you to know that the official Communist position concerning George Lincoln Rockwell and his American Nazi Party is that they should be suppressed. So I'm sorry to say that those of you who objected to the *Realist's* publishing the impolite interview with him are just a bunch of Red dupes, see?

Significantly enough, one reader told me that the *Realist* sounds Communistic simply because it's so "antagonistic."

Someone else has accused me of anti-Semitism. I won't even dignify the Jew-bastard's charge.

As for epithets of "sick humor," suffice it to say that *Sick* magazine's official policy forbids "jokes on race, religion, sex. . . ."

Probably the most common complaint has to do with the *Realist's* "bad taste." Now I would be naïve if I were unaware, for example, that the cartoon accompanying the article on page 7 will offend some readers.

(When artist Jaf was told by an editor that the *Realist* was undoubtedly the only periodical which

would publish that particular cartoon, albeit for a measly three bucks, his agent called up *Realité*—a slick French magazine published in New York—by mistake. The art director, upon being told of the caption, responded: "I beg your pardon!")

But that cartoon expresses a mood. I happen to find the missile race *extremely* offensive. I think nuclear warheads are in *terrible* taste. They frighten me much more than four-letter words.

Still, Governor Michael DiSalle, Ohio's answer to A. S. Neill, has permitted to become law without his signature a bill prohibiting the use of obscene language in the presence of a female or a boy under twelve. He observed that this may make it necessary for children under twelve to carry identification cards and present them to warn persons over eighteen not to speak obscene or licentious language in their presence.

(However, Governor DiSalle vetoed a child care licensing act.)

Do you recall the Laguna Beach, California statute quoted without comment in issue #27 of the *Realist*—that "Any person who loiters or fondles his private parts or masturbates . . . in or about any public toilet . . . shall be guilty of disorderly conduct . . . punishable by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than thirty days nor more than six months, or by a fine of not less than \$150 nor more than \$500, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

Well, West Coast correspondent Al Woodbury reports:

"A local resident was recently arrested under Urgency Ordinance 7053. It seems that he stayed in the public toilet too long to suit one of the cops. The charge was dropped when he explained *in court* that he had been having a bad time with a constipation problem and he just *couldn't* hurry to get out of the W.C."

The next logical step is right out of science-fiction:

"I went to the washroom and punched my combination for a ten-minute occupancy of a booth—bang went another nickel off my pay—and went in. . . . The door of the booth sprang open; my ten minutes were up."—from *The Space Merchants* by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth.

The book is a satirical novel of the future in general, and of the advertising industry in particular.

"Mitch," says the head of Fowler Schocken Associates to 'copysmith' Mitchell Courtenay, "you're a youngster, only star class a short time. But you've got power. Five words from you, and in a matter of weeks or months half a million consumers will find their lives completely changed. That's power, Mitch, absolute power. And you know the old saying. Power ennobles. Absolute power ennobles absolutely."

Compare that with an actual editorial from *Madison Avenue* magazine:

"... The behavioral scientists will all tell you that what we know about motivating people is still in its infancy—and that the great break-throughs all lie in the future. . . . What are we doing in advertising as a people, as a *nation* to compare even with what we have been doing so ineffectually to conquer space? Where is our research program on thought control? . . . Let us learn the laws governing human behavior and

we need to care little about who is up there in space. With what creatures are the Russians going to staff their space platforms except human beings? The big question is: Who will decide what human beings will think? . . ."

Among the methods employed in *The Space Merchants* are "nine-minute commercial scripts, pix cut-lines, articles for planting, news stories, page ads, whispering campaign cues, endorsements, jokes-limericks-and-puns (clean and dirty) . . ."

Expanding on the last-mentioned category, copy-smith Courtenay explains that "the pun is basic humor, and the basic drive of the human race is sex. And what is, essentially, more important in life than to mold and channel the deepest torrential flow of human emotion into its proper directions? . . . For there is no doubt that linking a sales message to one of the great prime motivations of the human spirit does more than sell goods; it strengthens the motivation, helps it come to the surface, provides it with focus. And thus we are assured of the steady annual increment of consumers so essential to expansion."

There were two little jokes going the rounds last month.

1. The definition of Jello: Kool-Aid with a hard-on.

2. A new way to prepare Kool-Aid is to pour it into a condom and then freeze it. These are called Cocksicles.

I'm not saying that the Kool-Aid people (or the Jello people, for that matter) were behind these gags. I'm just saying that it's possible.

To quote from *The Space Merchants* again:

"I don't go much for religion—partly, I suppose, because it's a Taunton account. . . ."

And to quote from an actual J. Walter Thompson press release:

"Shlomo Carlebach, guitarist-folksinger, black-bearded young Rabbi with two hit recordings, cancelled many of his Israel engagements in order to return for the High Holy Days to his father's synagogue on Manhattan's West Side. For years Rabbi Carlebach has led the awesome festival prayers in this congregation, a tradition which is particularly dear to him. For this remarkable artist, an ordained rabbi, believes devoutly in service through song. The titles of his two selling records—*Songs of My Soul* and *Sing My Heart*—capsule the unique moodmaking mystical quality of his melodies, which are 'Jewish Spirituals' of his own composition. So it is on this high note that Shlomo Carlebach ends his fourth European tour."

(The High Holy Days—having their roots, of course, in ancient Japanese tradition — are called "Rosho-Mon." They are culminated by a day of atonement called "Gate of Hell." This cultural information has been supplied to the *Realist* by Oriental actress Mitsuo Mahtsos.)

Incidentally, in the course of the *Realist's* three-year evolution, criticism of organized religion has decreased from about 25% to less than 10% of the contents. This came about because of the following factors:

(a) The breaking of the journalistic taboo in the general press concomitant with the Kennedy presidential campaign;

(b) The limiting of the *Realist's* scope by the disproportionate amount of space devoted to 'anti-religion';

(c) The change in my personal philosophical orientation. . . .

Martin Luther King (with whom an impolite interview is scheduled) is a clergyman; George Lincoln Rockwell is an agnostic (and his field commander told me he is an atheist).

I admire what Martin Luther King does.

I abhor what George Lincoln Rockwell does.

Therefore I can no longer judge people by what they believe.

Having said that, I will now tell you what I believe.

I believe in treating everyone as if he has only six months to live. Including oneself.

And I'm not talking about nuclear war, either. We really do have only "six months" to live. It's just a matter of degree, baby.

This implies a certain seeking-of-pleasures (John Wilcock was going to write a piece for this issue called "The Joys of Pure Hedonism" but he has been too busy enjoying himself) and it also implies a certain sticking-to-principles.

That—and to see the humor in both the pleasures and the principles—is the *Realist's* only "cause."

Like, for instance . . .

Recently I had a date with a girl who does a lot of picketing. (Is it true that blonde socialists have more fun?) Since I have never been on a picket line, I tried to find out why she does it. "Because," she said, "my analyst told me to express myself."

But maybe she's right, who knows? Maybe that's all the power we have left.

Never having been either a socialist or under analysis, I have no economic or psychological mystique to justify a pair of identical notes I sent off to The Kremlin and The White House:

A memo to the guilty . . .

Premier Khrushchev, do you really want to poison the air your grandchildren breathe? President Kennedy, do you really want to poison the water your children drink? On behalf of the innocent bystanders of the world, I implore you: no more nuclear testing. Please forget your pride and your protocol. We don't care about neutral nations and uncommitted congresses. We care about our unborn children. If you guys don't cut it out, I'm going to come over there and kick you in the shins.

Sincerely,

/s/ Paul Krassner

But don't tell me, "What good did that accomplish?" What good has anything *you've* done along those lines accomplished?

For all you know, it was my misguided missile that was directly responsible for President Kennedy's disarmament speech at the UN.

If you're really concerned about the world situation, try spending a weekend at a nudist camp some time. It won't solve any problems, but your sunburned arse will do a wonderful job of re-routing perspective.

The Plug at the End of the Page

Book publisher Lyle Stuart can get it for you retail. He has bought the Grove Street Bookstore in New York's Greenwich Village (49 Grove St., just off Sheridan Square). In case you're in the neighborhood any Saturday night, I'll be there, from midnight or before, till 2 a.m.—look for me in the Shoplifting section.

The Realist

Latin American Report

by William Worthy

HAVANA — The now famous ninety miles of the Gulf of Mexico separating Cuba from Florida (the distance between New York and Philadelphia, to put the mileage in a land perspective) is politically and otherwise the most remarkable stretch of water on today's cold war map.

In terms of daily, vital contact with the North American continent, I might as well be halfway around the world. Because of Washington's trade embargo, virtually no cargo-carrying ships from the U.S. now stop in Cuban harbors. Copies of the *New York Times*, to cite one personally important effect, take four to six weeks to make that short-distance sea journey. There is an unreal quality to it all — comparable to the unreality of our twelve-year diplomatic embargo on "the passing phase of Communism" in China. (The words were John Foster Dulles' in August, 1958.)

Glaringly real, however, is the gulf in political outlook and understanding between Cuba and the States. The impending revolutions in Latin America are anticipated by Cubans not as mere hopes or as wishful thinking, but as inevitable developments in a revolutionary world. By contrast, if the average American reads a paper that bothers to report the volcanic rumblings in a dozen Latin countries, his peace of mind about those "remote" events is scarcely disturbed.

Yet the current political upheaval in Brazil is just a foretaste of Latin shocks awaiting that average American. Official Washington may gloat over the resignation of President Janio Quadros as the first triumph—the first payoff—of President Kennedy's "Alliance for Progress." But anyone endowed with a sense of the future and with a knowledge of the Cuban Revolution will label the Quadros resignation as the shakiest and most obvious of transient "victories."

In recent news on Latin America two items, which to the undiscerning eye may appear to be unrelated, spell major trouble ahead.

In a radical shift of policy—a shift from his campaign speech of last October 6 attacking past United States support of Cuba's Batista and of other Latin tyrants—President Kennedy is now urging Congress to give him 21 million dollars to spend in Latin America for "antisubversive military equipment."

Already this year, according to the *New York Times*, the President has authorized the urgent airlifting of such equipment to four hot spots: Bolivia, Haiti, Ecuador and El Salvador. Not mentioned by the *Times* is our steady non-emergency military support to the Stroessner dictatorship in Paraguay to help defeat the still weak Castro-type rebels in the jungles. Along with the construction of a new U.S. airbase in Paraguay, we are extending even more help to Stroessner today than we gave to Batista until 1958.

According to well-informed Cuban government sources, the Central Intelligence Agency tries to dispatch so-called "newsmen" to Paraguay to cover rebel activity, in an effort to infiltrate the guerilla fighters

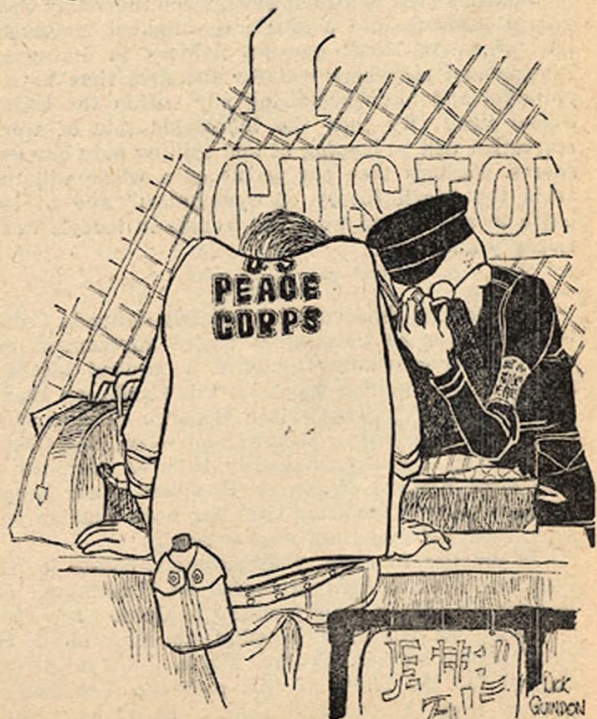
and to discover the true strength of their slowly growing ranks.

Last year, still smarting from the fiasco of optimistically helping Batista to entrench himself in power until the night he fled from Cuba, the U.S. Congress wrote into the law a 55-million-dollar annual ceiling on military equipment deliveries to Latin America. Congress also insisted that no military aid for "internal security" may be extended without a special Presidential authorization. The New Frontier administration of President Kennedy is now asking Congress to abolish the monetary ceiling and the limitations on free-and-easy Pentagon deliveries of the "antisubversive equipment."

The other item in the news helps the reader to sketch in the practical meaning of "internal security" and "subversive outbreaks," as the Latin American section of the Pentagon will almost certainly interpret those phrases. In a recent Senate floor speech, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey criticized our mass media for providing us with a very limited ration of news on Latin America. The stories of misery that we do occasionally hear about, he said, "are reminiscent of Paris on the eve of the French Revolution."

The Minnesota Democrat cited three specific stories:

1. A Haitian peasant family with "no door on their hut because they used it to fashion a casket for their dead child."
2. A "Nicaraguan peasant who stood at the gate of the local cemetery with his dead son in his arms, unable to bury him because he lacked the equivalent of 75 cents for the fee."
3. A school in South America attended by 400 children. A "free lunch" program consisted of one roll of bread and a glass of reconstituted milk. Since there was enough food for only 60 per cent of the



"Come on, slant-eyes, hurry up . . ."

September 1961

children, "a matron stood by with club in hand to keep the remaining 40 per cent of the hungry children in line."

The entire speech by Senator Humphrey may be found on pages 7126-27 of the *Congressional Record*. The same members of Congress who sat and listened to their respected Midwestern colleague—and perhaps ironically even Mr. Humphrey himself—may nevertheless vote the \$21-million that President Kennedy has requested for bigger and more deadly "antisubversive clubs," to keep about 90 per cent of the hungry Latin peoples "in line."

Just last night here in Havana, a recent Cuban repatriate from New Jersey remarked to me that "the North American people are sweet and mean well." The only trouble, she said, is that they just don't know what is going on in the world. Writing not long ago about the revolutionary potential in Iran, South Korea and South Vietnam, columnist Walter Lippmann spoke about "our moral and intellectual unpreparedness for the reality of things."

The only ray of light that I glimpse in this otherwise dark domestic situation is that a new generation of Americans—tough-minded, anti-colonial young college students and sophisticated university graduates—are "morally and intellectually prepared" to see these cataclysmic events in the framework of a rotting structure of colonialism abroad and of white supremacy at home. Across the United States clusters of these young men and women are springing up and are organizing "Freedom Now" groups with similar names and remarkably similar immediate demands. If one person can be said to be their spiritual fountainhead, it is Robert F. Williams, the now world-famous militant president of the Union County, North Carolina branch of the NAACP.

Within a year or two at most, when inevitably these groups coalesce into a single coordinated movement, the "Freedom Now" guerilla fighters in Paraguay, Algeria and elsewhere will for the first time have a powerful and uncompromising ally within the United States itself. By then the inexorable tide of world revolution will be lapping at and spilling onto our own shores. Perhaps then our people as a whole will toss aside the "devil theory of communism" and at last begin to understand what the trouble in today's world is really all about.

Women and children are needlessly dying in Cuban hospitals because the United States government has quietly and gradually tightened a medical blockade around the six million people on this Caribbean island.

When the North American embargo on exports to Cuba was announced last autumn—an anti-Castro measure by Eisenhower widely believed designed to help elect Richard Nixon as President—our propaganda agencies trumpeted that, for humanitarian reasons, food and medicines were exempt.

In practice, however, pharmaceutical houses in "the free world" have been pressured by Washington not to continue selling their products to Cuba.

Today at Havana's Hospital de Maternidad the chief social worker, Señora Maria Julietta Acosta, showed me the fruits of this pressure. The medical squeeze from the powerful Yankees hasn't been rapid, sudden or dramatic. That would have run the risk of

inciting the publication of newspaper exposés. Washington knows that the American people haven't yet been conditioned to wreak political revenge on innocent youngsters.

With the dollars available here to pay for needed drugs, Cuba today has nothing with which to treat babies with advanced cases of diarrhea. The desperation of their mothers is mixed with anger at the unavailability of Kaopectate with Neomycin, an Upjohn Company product.

The long arms of Washington's cold warriors have reached out to West Germany. E. Merck, a pharmaceutical house in Darmstadt, produces Solu-Dacortina. This is a life-saving post-operative drug that counteracts the effects of antibiotics on patients sensitive to them. It is no longer available in this Latin country.

Canada also feels the vindictive Yankee breath. Esperdol Ampolla, a miracle anti-vomiting drug manufactured by Frank W. Horner Ltd. of Montreal, has disappeared from the shelves of pharmacists here.

Merbental, a product of William Merrell Co., prevents pregnant women from aborting during vomiting spells. Lilutin from Parke, Davis Laboratory prevents abortions during hemorrhages. Both items are now unavailable here.

Gamma globulin from the Cutter Lederle Laboratories is famous for protecting children who have been exposed to measles. Exports of it to Cuba have steadily dwindled in the now familiar stealthy pattern. Señora Acosta told me: "It would be marvelous to get some for our children."

At the end of our conversation this mother of four remarked sadly: "I used to admire the American people. My dream was to go to the United States. I regret very much that the U.S. is becoming so barbarian."

In cabling the essence of this story to the *Baltimore Afro-American*—a national Negro weekly with a circulation of 160,000—this reporter felt compelled to step out of his role as a mere recorder of events in order to suggest that Negro American physicians organize an emergency project to rush some of their numerous professional samples to the Ministry of Health in Havana. With the pharmaceutical houses playing footsie with the State Department, almost all drugs are needed here in one degree or another.

Like other countries newly emerged from colonial or quasi-colonial status, Cuba eventually will lick this and similar problems. But after decades of almost total reliance on United States medicines, Cuban doctors cannot switch overnight to comparable drugs from other countries. Medical literature, in Spanish, is needed from those other countries in order for the doctors here to compare and check efficacy and strength with the efficacy and strength of the familiar North American products. On a semi-tropical island the storage and refrigeration of strange new drugs present problems that require time and experimentation for solution.

Meanwhile, my government blindly continues to add to the Cuban blood already staining its self-righteous hands.

Editor's note: The history of U.S. relations with Latin American republics is summed up by the title of a just-published book—"The Shark and the Sardines" by Juan Jose Arevalo, former president of Guatemala—which is available from the Realist for \$4.95.

We're Still Ahead in Many Subtle Ways

by Peter Edler

Officially we're behind in the space race. But only because we're using one hundred per cent American redblooded males such as Shep and Joker Grissom with the good-natured smile. But look at their astronauts. Ever notice those sickly smile on their faces, those feminine dimples on their chins, the roundness of their jaws and the boyish softness of their eyes? Ever read those radiograms Yuri sent to Titov? "I embrace you and I kiss you, my dear friend." (Actually the translator made a mistake. Yuri said 'my lovely friend' in Russian.) "I hug you and I squeeze you, old chap." And similar things. They're not real men.

Pravda says they were trained together and are good friends. Sure they're good friends. As a matter of fact they are very good friends. And they had to be trained together because they were inseparable. The only reason they embrace before they kiss is because that's the way they do it in Russia. They'd just as soon forget about the embracing. Now everybody knows that feminine men are more resourceful, more flexible and less prone to be humiliated. That's why they picked Yuri and Titov.

There's a lot of talk about Russian accuracy. They say they will land on a collective farm and by golly they do. Nobody mentions that they don't have any other kind of farm over there. Nobody mentions that in a test run, straight up and down, Yuri went off course and landed on a patch of land belonging to an old deaf and dumb farmer who couldn't read. It was the only piece of private property left in that part of the country. Well, they bought it from him for 25 Rubles and two Marks. They had to buy it because they don't shoot people anymore for thinking that Nikita is a new kind of vodka.

The Russians don't give a damn about a man's life. They place no value on human sacrifice. It's just that we never get the facts over here. How many men do you think were killed in the test shots? How many dogs, little innocent dogs, have they sacrificed needlessly? How many monkeys? They're barbarians. Not the Germans, though. The Germans used to be barbarians. Remember that remark by Titov? He said: "I've just had my supper and will go to bed now in a comfortable atmosphere of 75 degrees Fahrenheit temperature." That sentence was a big test for the Russian people. It sounded simple. Just one sentence. But it was a big test.

First of all, most people in Russia heard that. And about half of those who heard it hadn't had supper for weeks. Been cut down to two meals a

day to fulfill last year's five-year plan. Nikita figured that if this remark didn't result in riots, he was in solid.

The second test was the temperature. A heat wave had just come in from West Germany and temperatures averaged about a hundred degrees in Russia. The population was forced to realize that only 0.002% had air-conditioning. They didn't revolt. They didn't riot. They took it. More than that: they cheered while they took it.

But the subtlest test was that Titov gave the temperature in degrees Fahr-

enheit when they are actually using the centigrade system in Russia. This was done to permit easier translation of the temperatures for the American Public. There had been a lot of trouble with Gagarin's centigrade figures when he went up. Well, nobody in Russia objected. It was good public relations, good good-will and good propaganda. Most of them had learned the Fahrenheit System at school anyway.

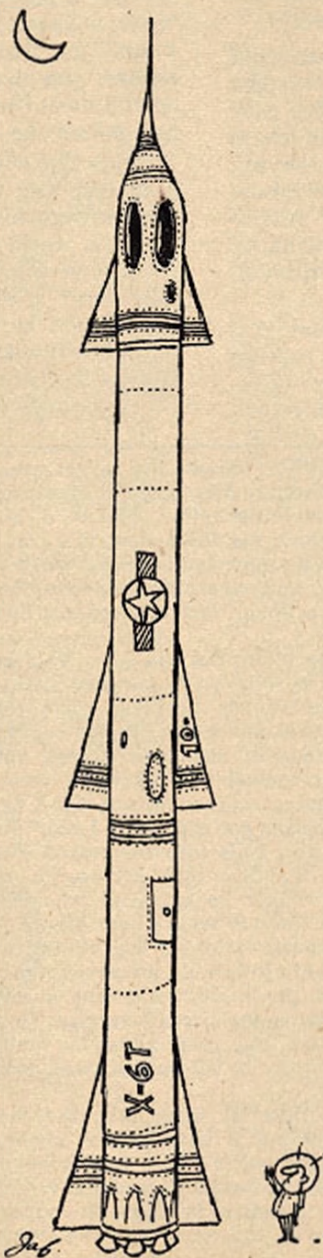
And who says we can be sure that those two guys actually went up and around? Up, maybe. After all, we went up too. But not around. First they said Yuri saw the earth's curvature on a TV screen. Then they showed the capsule with portholes. Why the hell didn't he look out of the window? Wouldn't you look out of the window if you were up there? And then the phony description of the view: "There is a beautiful bluish hue around the periphery of the earth." That was straight out of Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon and Back in One Week*. Badly translated, too. First from French into Russian, then from Russian into English and then into American.

Here's what Verne said in the original: "There appeared a pleasant aura of grey about the earth, intermingling in a fascinating fashion with porous, ethereal blue that seemed to originate in an invisible source of light."

Now why do you think they confine themselves to shopworn generalities like that? Because they don't have any details. The whole thing is a hoax. And the radio signals? The beep-beep-beep and the ploppety-plop? They've simply trained rats to transmit the messages. And the guy on TV who smiles and has dimples and looks young like Titov is a mechanized dummy which acts and reacts precisely as Titov would have, had he been up there. So much so that they even used him for the first welcoming parade.

Now you take our boys. First of all: they're men. I mean real men. Not like the Russians. Sure, Grissom makes faces at Shep through the port-hole viewer. But that's good-natured horseplay. Relaxes the boys. Keeps 'em happy. Releases tension. Then Shep tells his wife to go to bed. Once Shep is up he vomits a little and coughs a little and loses a little contact. But he's right up there pitchin' all time. Never lets go. Even talks back to the conning tower. And what a talker he is: "A-Okay up here. I can actually see the curvature of the earth. Man, what a view. Boy, it's beautiful. I just wish my brother George was here." Things like that: poignant, masculine and invigorating. Exactly what we need to show up the Russian phonies.

Then he comes down. Manipulates the braking rockets all by himself alone in his functional custom made cabin. Just like that. With one single flowing movement of his muscular tattooed right hand in an asbestos glove with a



"Oh—fuck it . . ."

September 1961

how to walk on water

by George von Hilsheimer

Editor's note: What follows is a sort of introduction to a series of columns on Hypocrisy in Action by one who has Been Around and who Has Seen gap after gap between Pro-Life Ideals and Anti-Life Practices on all sides of a Many-Splendored Fence; starting next month he will be Very Specific.

"It was God's mud that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo."

—Billy Graham

"We have to co-exist with God, I always say."

—Lester Lanin

My first public utterances were as a boy evangelist in the Southern Baptist Church in Florida. At thirteen the issues of life were clear (Sin), solutions were easy (the Blood of the Lamb), and the louder you could shout, the better things were. At twenty-seven, having been, among other things, a would-be Unitarian minister, Assistant to an Ethical Leader, Military Intelligence agent, Humanism's Billy Graham, and variously a do-gooder, respectable rebel, and disreputable nihilist, I'm not too sure.

Further evidence of my confusion is the fact that in college I wanted a *seriatim* to be a lawyer, foreign servant, political scientist, historian, minister (Unitarian), psychologist, minister (God works in mysteri-

Goodyear stamp on it. What a guy! Then the whole thing lands in the water. Not collective water like in Russia. Real neutral true blue water with waves and a mile deep. Shep blows out the door. With one single flowing movement the water flows in. But he gets out in time and is hoisted onto the deck of an aircraft carrier by helicopter. Then we let the free press loose. They take pictures of Shep smiling on the outside and leave. Then Shep limps to the medical officer, still smiling. Inside he collapses and looks a little more serious.

Griss, The Joker, is even better—more masculine than that. He smiles all the time. Even carries a rubber mouse in his handbag air-conditioning unit to place it under his seat and surprise the dismantling technicians when he comes back. Then he tells his wife to get some sleep and Shep smiles through the porthole viewer because he's glad that he doesn't have to go up. It's all clean, good-natured horseplay to relax them. Besides, Shep is getting even with Griss for What Griss did to Shep's wife after Shep went up.

Up there in space The Joker jokes and talks all the time: "Boy, what a view," he says, and: "I sure envy Shep for having been here before me. I would have liked to be on his trip because then I wouldn't have had to go this time." Then he comes down. Does all the right

things but still misses the target area, which is already fifty miles in diameter, by a few lousy miles. Makes a big splash which he later describes in a special TV interview: "Boy, what a splash!" And everybody laughs because The Joker has cracked another good one.

Then he blows out his door. This he describes as follows: "I was just sitting there mindin' my business when the door blew out and water started coming in. Now one of the basic things you learn in survival is that when water starts coming in you get out. So I figured I'd better get out which I did." He gets out and falls into the water. His survival training and knowledge of first aid which he acquired when he was with the cub scouts help him. For two desperate minutes he fights the waves in his inflatable buoyancy space suit. Then the 'copter picks him up and carries him to the aircraft carrier. They don't let the free press shoot his smile for an hour or so till he has steadied it a little.

Before they let them take the pictures they put a little water on The Joker's head whose hair has dried in the meantime. That's a clever move and prevents Russian propaganda opportunists from claiming that the Joker never even fell into the water and is just pulling everybody's leg, thereby proving that you can't trust him, that

ous ways, His wonders to perform), and Ethical Leader. When the Army wanted to know all about me it took no less than four added sheets merely to list schools attended and residences from age ten. No wonder I can't get a job.

The issues of life are still clear (Sin), and even though the solutions aren't always easy, they are usually clear (Get Laid). And, Realist though I be, I still believe in Walking on Water.

Dearly Beloved, we are gathered in search of miracles. If this language offends your Realism, I lament your rationalist castration; and pray you, stay on, brother, the manure hasn't begun to hit the windmill. Henry Miller told me to seek always, only the miraculous; Whitman sang to me of one hour to madness and joy; and e.e. let me know that we can never be born enough—him and me.

Like a good little children, I believe. I'm telling you "to have the feeling today or any day I am sufficient as I am." If you don't think that a miracle would be, broher, you live in a better universe than me. If you don't think it possible, friend, nail down the lid, Jordan has chilled the body, and the soul.

This last does not mean that this little boy has never been had. Oh, no. More times than the little red anus likes to remember. A lower class intellectual in a middle class world that ain't got no upper class is ripe for royal screwing. Particularly if he gets seduced, for however short a time, by middle class values. This, then, my friends, is going to be not only a how-to-do column, but a how-not-to-do column, and, yes, a how-not-to-have-it-done-to column.

One thing about the miraculous. It isn't possible

he's really not been up in space at all. Anyway, Griss is a little shaky and a little pale and probably, some members of the free press say, he caught the flu. The Joker even makes a pun on this and says: "I guess I caught the flu in the blue." And everybody laughs because that crack is so much like The Joker.

What I'm trying to say is that we have nothing to worry about. We're still ahead in many subtle ways. And we always have a few tricks up our sleeves. One thing, for example, that they'll never think of. We could be the first nation ever to kill a man in space. Send him up alive, bring him down dead. That kind of thing. Make a space hero out of a poor Puerto Rican who went in the Air Force to cure his clap or to kick the habit and met Herr von Braun who made such an impression on him that the poor boy decided to become the first human to be killed in space.

Then they couldn't say: "We've done this and you haven't. Communism did this and Capitalism didn't. We're better than you are." Then they would have to say: "We gotta hand it to ya. We never officially killed anybody in space. You beat us to it there. Capitalism did this and Communism didn't." It's just off the top of my head but I think it would work. At least we should give it some consideration. How else we gonna catch up with them?

until you've been rapped, reamed and raped. When your asshole's a bloody fright, lilies start to grow. This doesn't mean I've rushed out to join the Bleat Generation's non-tender fraternity of Zenish contralogistics. Friend, every violet illusion about this best of all possible worlds and all the well meaners in it has to be boiled, rasped and chewed off before you can get enough of a sense of who you are and what the hell you are doing to Walk on Water.

Maybe you'll be good enough to find out that the guy who's ramming the red rod most heartily is old number one; of all the world saviours most difficult to unmask it's your everlovin' blue-eyed self. "Those other buggers are all for sure phonies, but not me, dearly beloved, I am that genuine article, a saint." Until you discover that fraud, Keep Off the Water.

Now, in this series, I shall titillate your fancy with such sundry delights as "How The Foreign Service Lost Dear Little Me," "Left Wind Unitarians," "How To Be An Ethical Fuehrer," "A Spy Was I" and "How Sex Ain't Human—Being a Dissertation on the American Humanist (sic) Association." You will learn "How to Stay in Theological School Though Arrested for Rape"; How to Get a Secret Clearance Though a Radical Socialist"; "How to Assess the Value of Maturity"; "How to Get Laid"; and, above all, "How to Walk on Water."

In the meantime, the pedophile who edits this thing thinks you might find it edifying to discover things about The Boy Evangelist And How He Grew.

Last year I sat in on a group therapy session with a psychiatrist friend with whom I had done some pretty good work. By happy coincidence it happened that the group that day was utterly female. There is a thing I do—my liberal friends who haven't been there tell me it's bigotry—which is to tell you who in the room is a fundamentalist: particularly, who is a preacher. Preachers I can tell at three blocks.

There was this girl there I immediately pegged. It was kind of a surprise because Doc is pretty wild—the AMA hates him, so does the APA, and he has a reputation. Anyway, I am big enough to allow (verbally, at any rate) that I can make mistakes, and this girl looked sort of soft around the edges. Either like Doc had gotten to her, or that she wasn't. I was really interested to see what the session would reveal. Hotcha! Hungry

Peeping Tom!

Attention focused on her about midway through the session. I was right. I mean *right*. Southern Baptist to the core. Maximum Christian. Youth For Christ. Hallelujah! But someone, some secret rutting miraculous power of life, had warmed this Soldier of Christ to the fires of love, and left her with child.

No matter what you think about yourself, unless you were at Dachau, you just don't know. Friend, even though you may think you ain't got no double standards, that you can't stomach the "cast outers," the "poor childers," the "horrible mistakers," you don't know. Unless you've been there you just don't know. And unless you've been there, the hell of fundamentalism is just a bad dream. You may even, as some assholes I know, prattle about "maintaining contact with your culture." If that's the best rictus you can make, stock up on cheese, you're better off constipated.

This child was left with child. With Real Christian Parents. And the infant died. Smothered. And, maybe, some actual fault by Mama. You think you've hurt. You been nowhere.

There was I. All this life spilling out and gnawing where I live. Visiting expert having trouble with professional relationships. Then my Soldier started talking about the Youth for Christ revivals. And the handsome young preacher. And Sin. And Guilt. And Abased Unworthiness. Of how degradation mounted to orgasms of guilt. Altar calls. Joy! And an hour later back into the Slough of Despond. And again. And again. And again.

And through my head crying my *own* anguish, "My God, what have I done! My God, what did I do!" Visiting expert retched out his own guilt and sudden self-awareness. It was a good session.

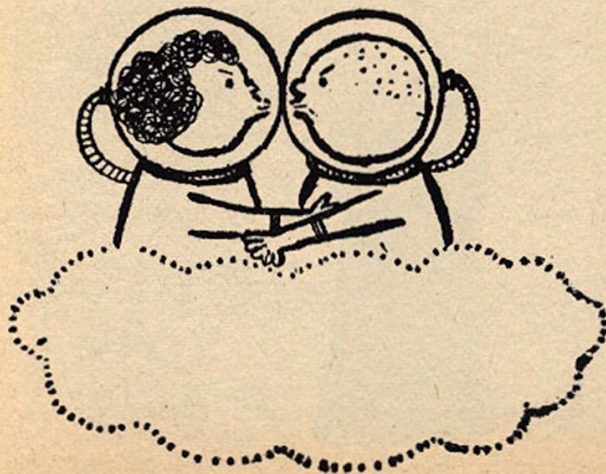
Verbal people aren't like other people. Word mongers are kind of emotional vampires. Most of us reject it, but we are, *par excellence*, the manipulators. World Saviours, Leaders and Prophets are recruited from our ranks. It's a hell of a responsibility to be the sort who can talk anybody into anything. Most reject the responsibility. Most of the rest assume the mantle of Saviour. A few of us learn to be poets, prophets, and seers. Yes, Sinners, I been Saved. I do truly Walk On Water. Sometimes.

Raring back and sending your elders to hell, calling them vipers and sinners is potent stuff for a precocious thirteen-year-old. Hell, it's potent stuff for anyone. It took nothing less miraculous than growing gonads to save me, and then only partially. It got pretty ridiculous when I was importuning Our Father Above for aid in seducing the pianist. Fortunately, my sense of the ridiculous got well developed somewhere in Bibleland.

So here I am. And let me tell you, it's damned dangerous stuff to turn loose a former boy preacher into liberal movements. He's already had all the shit he's about to eat.

First thing I learned was people don't think they are *worth* shit; and this is a truth on which you can live. Second thing was organizations have their own life; they exist for nothing more than their own preservation. Third thing was professionals are hungry self-serving sons of bitches who above all things hate the 'sucker' in their own ranks.

There is more to my litany of important truths; but, you can go a long way on just those three. At first, I thought these things were true only in the waste-



negative thinking

by Robert Anton Wilson

What I Didn't Learn at College

"Teach? At Harvard? It cannot be done."

—Henry Adams

In my youth, because I was a wicked sinner, God punished me by condemning me to one-and-a-half years in a School of Education. (Never mind which one it was; I have no desire to single it out for special blame. Escapees from other Schools of Education assure me that they are all equally squalid.)

Basically, I learned three things at that institution. The first was that it is possible to sleep all through the average education course (or to bring a book on some interesting subject and read it) and still pass the final examination easily.

The second and third things that I learned were that all modern educators agree that education should consist of, not stuffing the pupil's mind with miscellaneous information, but actually preparing him for the life he will lead after graduation; and that all modern educators are firmly united against any attempt to live up to this ideal.

In other words, they all verbally approve of "education for life," and they are all terrified of ever telling the truth to the pupils on any subject whatsoever. What they really aim at is education for "citizenship" (one of their favorite expressions); what this means is education for conformity to the insane conventions of this pathological society.

It is now autumn and thousands of young men and women are departing for college, most of them having the delusional belief that they will find education there. Like all delusions, this is both amusing and pitiful.

They would have greater chances of success if they were looking for chastity in a brothel, truth in the daily newspapers, or entertainment on television. There

lands I had left. Nothing I've seen in fourteen pretty nose years since has convinced me that things are any different anywhere people got a Message.

Even when they have no Message they are almost all willing to play God with anybody else. Just ask them. Most don't even wait. And that's because most as well are lusting to be played with. It's a rarer than rare man who exults in himself.

I've had two compliments in my life that I remember. The first was a gentle soul who said, "When I hear George, I begin to dream dreams and see visions." The second was a social worker who'd almost never walked around outside his skin who one night suddenly burst out, "You know, after I listen to you I feel like throwing off my clothes and running out to dance in the street."

Well, beloved, although I think of myself as the missionless man, I'm damned glad that my walking through can call up such miracles. Let's give it a try, anyhow; losing touch with reality can't be all bad.

is more hope for the blind man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there. Finding education in an American college or university is as possible as finding swimming pools in the Sahara.

It seems to me that, since the *Realist* regularly gets mail from college students, this is a good place to put down the fundamental facts which are never expressed in our official educational system.

I must add a warning, however: I am not responsible for the consequences if anybody is so rash as to quote or paraphrase any of this within hearing distance of a professor. I especially refuse to bear the blame if you are naive enough to use any of it in a term paper. The consequences will be much the same as if you wrote to Fulton Sheen to ask how much homosexuality goes on in the priesthood. You will not get an answer; you will get a malediction.

The first thing to learn in a good contemporary education (and the one thing you will never learn in a college or university) is that, contrary to Harry S. Truman's famous words, U.S. foreign policy is not based on the *Sermon on the Mount*.

I know how shocking this must be, but I assure you that you will find nowhere in the words of Jesus a justification of dropping atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or using burning napalm on the babies of North Korea, or sending mercenaries to take away from the Cuban people the government that they want. These things are typical practices of imperialism, and have nothing to do with the philosophy of love taught by Jesus.

Although Truman was the only one dumb enough to say, with his bare face hanging out, that the activities of our State Department and CIA are motivated by the *Sermon on the Mount*, Eisenhower and Kennedy have made safely vague remarks to give the same general impression.

The only way you can discover how far from the truth these claims are is to look into C. Wright Mills' *The Causes of World War III*, where you will discover, for instance, that John Foster Dulles once said, in so many words, that the U.S. Government will go to war in the Near East if the interests of Standard Oil are imperiled there. There are many interpretations of the *Sermon on the Mount*, but none of them include



andy reiss

Communist Propaganda of the Month

From the "Marketing Newsletter" of Sales Management magazine:

"Berlin crisis has many implications for marketers. Stepped-up defense spending will mean more money in circulation, more jobs, more pressure for wage and price hikes. . . . Business will boom for many military suppliers. And that means more than just munitions makers: Armed forces also buy huge quantities of food, apparel, numerous other commodities not normally associated with military supply.

"Legislatively, emphasis on preparedness may be a blessing in disguise for marketing. President Kennedy's preoccupation with foreign affairs should take some of the steam out of anti-business domestic programs. With a huge Government deficit in prospect, money will be scarce for new activities not tied to defense. . . ."

defending the Profit Motive with the blood of men.

The blunt truth is (and I apologize again for how shocking this must be, and I warn you again not to say it in a classroom, if you want to pass the course) that U.S. foreign policy is motivated by the economic and power interests of a small group of industrialists and militarists.

Nobody in Nutley, New Jersey or Sandusky, Ohio is being hurt when the Cubans throw off their blood-sucking exploiters and establish a people's government, but several large corporations are being hurt by it. You and I have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, if we are sent down to Cuba to kill men, women and children, in order to force them to take the land away from the peasants and give it back to a few landowners; but certain large corporations have a great deal to gain if you and I are sent down there to do that dirty work for them.

There are several fact-packed books which tell a great deal about the relations of government and economic ruling classes down through history. Two especially good ones are Brooks Adams' *The Law of Civilization and Decay* and Alexander Del Mar's *History of Monetary Systems*. Almost any professor will agree that Brooks Adams was one of America's greatest thinkers and historians; Del Mar was called the greatest historian of the 19th Century, and was frequently consulted as an expert by governments (who often refused to take his advice).

Both books have been out of print for years, and neither is used in a college or university today, as far as I know. Arthur Kitson's testimony before the Macmillan Commission has never been refuted, yet his book (*The Banker's Conspiracy! which unleashed the World War*) is as little-known, in academic circles, as Adams or Del Mar. Read all three of them, and see what you think of the history and economics taught in your school.

Every college economics course contains a built-in refutation of Marx, but how many students who have gone on to take the trouble to read Marx can agree that these "refutations" are honest or even half-way in contact at all with what Marx actually argued? Proudhon pointed out before Marx—and Adams and Del Mar demonstrated exhaustively—that the function of governments has been, throughout history, to exploit the masses in the interests of the few.

Every form of exploitation consists of seizure by a few of some natural power, followed by forcing the rest of us to pay all that the traffic will bear for some share of that natural power. The earth, the actual living-space of the planet, is owned by a small group, and the rest of us have to pay tribute to them (called "rent") for the right to stay here; otherwise we are in danger, apparently, of being thrown into the ocean or expelled into outer space.

Now, how did these "owners" get to "own" the planet? Did they buy it from God some time-in pre-history? If you're planning to leave school and go out and get an education, ask some professor that question some time. The fact is that the government guarantees with its police and army that these "owners" will have the right to own and the rest of us will have the duty to pay tribute to them.

The same holds true with all natural powers. The government decides who will own the water-power, the electricity, the ores, etc. of a continent; the rest of us then have to go to the "owners" and pay whatever they ask to get a share of it for ourselves. This is called "freedom" because we have the choice of paying what they ask or starving to death.

The chief type of exploitation in the modern world, and the chief cause of wars, is usury. This practice—condemned by Aristotle, St. Ambrose, the Bible, the Koran, Confucius, Cato the Elder, Shakespeare and almost all of the great thinkers before about the sixteenth century—has become so dominant in the modern world that La Tour de Pin called our epoch "the age of usury" and Brooks Adams said that "since Waterloo, usury has ruled the world."

The mechanism is the same as that of all other

EPITHALAMIUM FOR TWO HERMAPHRODITES (Including a repudiation of those antiquated laws which would keep them apart.)

G.E.
I see
has made a spouse
of Westinghouse.
With wires spiced
and products priced
in get-togetherness,
they feign forgetfulness
of churlish laws
and plight their cause;
never lonely,
wondering only
which is the socket, pray,
and which the plug today.

Like all gay sports
they think the courts
will treat with lenience
this marriage of convenience.
When taken to task
they shrug and ask,
"Why this prosecution
claiming retribution?
Since happy marriage must
be based on truth and trust,
isn't being anti-trust, forsooth,
a bit like being anti-truth?"

—Ed Murray

forms of exploitation, the seizure by a few of that which potentially belongs to all. In the case of usury, the natural power that is seized is the accumulated labor of past generations, and this is "rented" just as land is rented.

Since this is a process in time—unlike land, which exists only in space—it is a self-augmenting and increases as an exponential function, a discovery made independently by at least four thinkers in the last 50 years: Henry Adams ("The Rule of Phase Applied to History"); C. H. Douglas (*The Natural Economic Order*); Alfred Korzybski (*Manhood of Humanity*); and Buckminster Fuller ("Comprehensive Designing").

Man accumulates *power-and-knowledge* (the ability to use natural resources for human purposes) at a rate which increases each generation; this natural function, belonging to all humanity, becomes *capital*, which is "owned" by a few and rented to the rest of us at usurious rates of interest.

(Proudhon proved over a hundred years ago that 1% interest was all that was justified by the labor expended by the usurer.)

We live, in other words, in a world that is man-made—made by the accumulated effort of 250 generations of *homo sapiens*—and all of the knowledge, techniques, machines, methods of communication (from Roman roads to television), etc., which make this world human, are owned, in the form of capital, and rented to us, in the form of usury. This is made possible by *money*, a symbol of wealth, which we have been conditioned to take as wealth itself.

Money bears the same relation to wealth that a ticket to a seat at a concert bears to that seat. It is the kind of relation which exists between the menu and the meal, or between the map and the territory.

Dostoyevski's Grand Inquisitor pointed out that every state and church in history have ruled through "miracle, mystery and authority." Herbert Muller's *The Loom of History* has taken that phrase as a keystone: he studies each civilization to ask how much it depended on "miracle, mystery and authority," and how much it rested upon the natural creative critical powers of the free mind. Since Muller's standards are basically Square, not Hip, he finds a few civilizations that almost satisfy him, although he is honest enough to condemn most.

From a Hip point of view, which demands the complete absence of "miracle, mystery and authority," and the absolute freedom of their opposite forces, which are Wilhelm Reich's trinity of "love, work and knowledge," all civilizations with governments are sick. A healthy civilization would have no governments. Only "miracle, mystery and authority" need to be administered by a government; love, work and knowledge administrate themselves.

Morgan's *Ancient Society* and Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism* give several examples of societies without governments—societies of *work-democracy*, as Reich calls it—where love, work and knowledge were set free to administrate themselves. They function for self-regulation naturally, homeostatically, in the group as well as in the individual.

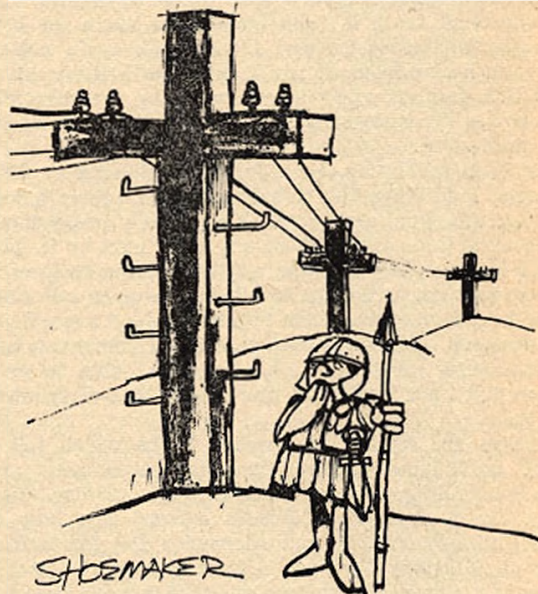
(Morgan, like Del Mar and Adams, has been allowed to go out of print; Reich is banned by the U.S. Government—as he was also banned by the Nazi and Soviet governments.)

The "Sturch"—a fine word, coined by Philip Jose

Farmer, to signify the mutual activities of State and Church — always rests upon "miracle, mystery and authority," always acts to prevent the natural self-regulation of love, work and knowledge. The Sturch is the sadistic end of the sado-masochistic neurosis of man; the masses, which accept and even welcome the Sturch, are the masochistic end.

When given a free choice between fascism and social democracy, in 1932, 17 million German workers went out and voted for the "miracle, mystery and authority" of fascism against the "love, work and knowledge" of social democracy.

Not that the social democracy available in Germany then wasn't itself sick; I haven't got room to make every necessary distinction in this column. Of course, I am against Fidel Castro's government, but I am more against the attempts of the U.S. Government to create something even worse in Cuba. All governments are evil, but some are more evil than others. The best



government is the least government, said Jefferson. The least government, added Benjamin Tucker, is no government.

This is getting rather abstract, I perceive; allow me to bring it back to earth with a concrete example.

During the Civil War, the U.S. Government borrowed from the Rothschilds some 275 million dollars in *paper money*. After the war, poor old Ulysses Grant was hornswaggled into signing a bill ordering the Treasury to repay the debt in *coin*. Now, at that time, one dollar coin was worth two dollars paper; the Rothschilds got back 550 million for 275 million, plus their usual usurious interest. This is not ordinary usury; it is what Pound called *hyper-usura* and Benjamin Tucker called *misusury*. The people of the United States had to make up that additional 275 million dollars out of their earnings, in the form of additional taxes. (See Del Mar's *History of Monetary Systems*, and Overholser's *History of Money in the United States*.)

The same type of swindle was inflicted on the people again under that great democrat Franklin Delano Roosevelt, when the "government" bought ten billion

of gold which they could have had for six billion before they changed the price of gold. Somebody made four billion in profits, and if the "government" gave it to them it was out of the pockets of the people. (See Ezra Pound's *Impact*.)

The same basic trick, similar to the *okkana borra* of the gypsies (the "gypsy switch" as bunco squads call it—although they are not empowered to prosecute it when the government is involved in it), was behind the famous "Scandal of Assumption" when Alexander Hamilton and some friends bought up the veterans' certificates at 1¢ on the dollar and then persuaded Congress to authorize payment of them at face value. (See Bowers' *Jefferson and Hamilton*.)

A few elderly readers may be yawning at this point, having heard it all before. Patience, fellers: the beginning of this column was not rhetoric. I am really writing it because I have discovered a whole generation of college students who have never heard anything of this sort in their whole lives. I don't mean that they've heard only a little of it; I mean they've heard zero, nothing. *They haven't got a clue*, as my wife says.

The struggle today is not to discover new stuff so much as it is to get the old stuff to the heads of those who have been artificially isolated from it by mendacious mis-education.

Henry Adams' *Education*, a charming and trivial work that makes a few good points here and there, is recommended reading at several universities. His brother Brook's *Law of Civilization and Decay*, which contains the hard economic facts which inspired Henry's romantic pessimism, might as well have not been written as far as impact on the "groves of academe" is concerned.

The usurocratic system rests upon the same "miracle, mystery and authority" as the slave system from which it is derived; Marx was quite right in calling the modern worker a "wage-slave." Work is the productive application of human energy to the advancement of the human community; only a handful of artists and composers *work* in our system. The rest of us *slave* for wages.

The difference is in the direction of the will, and there must be both, direction and will, for that expression to mean anything.

Toiling for wages is not work. It creates slackers, loafers, etc. precisely because it is not work. Loafing is a pathology; the healthy man needs work. It is because it is so hard to find *work* that will support one, and so easy to submit to *wage-slavery*, that pathological loafing and criminal behavior are pandemic in our society. The natural work-democracy of the Trobriand Islanders, the Bruderhof community, etc. do not create such pathology.

The professor who says that, in a communal economy, the workers will support the loafers, is, of course, talking like a Babbit (which is only to be expected, since the Babbitts pay his salary); worse yet, he is showing deplorable ignorance of the natural functioning of energy in the human body, as revealed by Reich in *The Function of the Orgasm* and *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*.

If you have any doubt about the whole system being based on "miracle, mystery and authority," try this simple experiment. Ask any economics professor: "What determines the *price* of money?" You will hear

such a rigmarole of double-talk and metaphysical periphrasticism as has not been concocted by the human brain since the theologians of Rome set out to refute Galileo.

Miracle, mystery and authority all take their power from what Reich called *the emotional plague of mankind*, a perversion of natural functioning that began when the work-democratic matriarchies were replaced by authoritarian patriarchies about 6,000 years ago. Government, slavery, usury and warfare have been chronic ever since, bringing with them untold epidemics of psychiatric and psychosomatic illnesses.

The chief of these is what the Scottish psychiatrist Ian Suttie called "the taboo on tenderness" and Paul Ritter calls "the emotional limp of civilized man."

It is well known that the electro-colloidal processes of life take place in a periodic manner. Basically, it seems that the energies of the body move toward the skin surface in pleasure, and move back toward the core in anxiety. (A lie-detector measures the withdrawal of electrical energy from the skin during anxiety.)

Dr. Reich's classic experiments of 1935-36 measured electrical potential during sexual excitation, pain, fear, when sweet candy is placed on the tongue, etc. He showed that energy runs from core-to-surface ("out of the self, toward the world") in all forms of pleasure, and from surface-to-core ("away from the world, back to the self") in all forms of displeasure.

Besides shedding a great deal of light on the problem of cancer (which the AMA still won't admit is basically a psychosomatic disturbance, even though it strikes one out of eight in our society and is completely unknown in some primitive societies), these experiments also have tremendous sociological implications.

Since Freud, or actually since Charcot in the last century, it has been obvious that many disturbances, both psychiatric and psychosomatic, result from the



"But ladies—where does that leave the agnostic-misanthrope?"

Vocational Rehabilitation of the Month

Charles Sweeney, who as a World War II pilot dropped the A-Bomb on Nagasaki, is now Boston's Director of Civil Defense.

repression of the natural sexuality of infants, children and adolescents.

Yet any attempt to change this situation, to stop the torture of these young ones who cannot protect themselves, to prevent the beginnings of untold pathologies ranging from hysterical blindness to chronic ulcers, to save the children from unnecessary suffering and the adults which they will become from unnecessary irrationalism and neurosis—any such attempt has met with the most vitriolic opposition, not only from the Sturch, but from the medical profession itself.

There is only one reason for this: The emotional plague of mankind (which manifests itself "physically" as chronic headache, chronic improper respiration, chronic drunkenness, chronic feeling of contactlessness, etc., and "psychically" as the taboo on tenderness and the longing for "miracle, mystery and authority") is necessary for the continuation of patriarchal-authoritarian government.

And this emotional plague is anchored in each new generation by the sexual repression of infants, children and adolescents. This anchoring is nowhere nearly as metaphysical as Freudian terminology makes it appear. It is simply that the periodic function of pleasure-unpleasure (energy contraction/energy expansion) is not allowed to function naturally. Instead, what Pavlov called *conditioning* and Skinner calls *reinforcement* is used, so that anxiety and contraction become increasingly chronic and pleasure and expansion become increasingly rare.

Seventy years ago, Freud noted that breathing difficulties are present in every neurosis. He made one of his brilliant but inadequate metaphysical guesses: the neurotic is secretly longing for suffocation as a punishment for incestuous desires. Reich makes it abundantly clear that some such irrational thinking may go on in the periphery of the mind, but that the improper breathing is a symptom in and of itself, caused by chronic contraction and chronic fear of expansion.

So now you see why sex and economics are the two subjects most clothed with "miracle, mystery and authority" in our sick society, why they are the two subjects about which professors always speak in down-right lies or metaphysical double-talk. It is not a coincidence: the two are related. People cannot be made submissive to irrational authority unless their natural energy functions are first crippled by sexual repression.

Robert Owen and the other early socialists were quite right in feeling that sexual liberalism and economic advancement were somehow connected and had to be worked on together, and Marx and his followers went completely wrong in ignoring the sexual problem and leaving it in the hands of the psychiatrists, who, like other medical men, are exploiters of a monopoly protected by the Sturch and naturally unwilling to follow any chain of thought likely to lead them into conflict with the Sturch.

The whole story of the collapse of Marxism into futile dogmatic politics and of Freudism into a reactionary tool of the Sturch is contained in that one

great blunder.

Only Reich managed to keep the whole man in view, and to see the connection between work-democracy and sexual self-regulation on one hand and authoritarianism and sexual repression on the other hand. Naturally, both Marxists and psychoanalysts quickly disowned Reich.

Looking back over this column, I see that I haven't said nearly enough about "the taboo on tenderness" and how it affects everything from sports to the rate of interest at Household Finance Company, or about the way usury makes wars, and that I haven't gone into sufficient detail about the electro-colloidal functioning of human energies. This cannot be helped. I did not set out to convince anybody of anything, or to "prove" something. Both conviction and proof need much more time and space than I have at my disposal here.

Chiefly, my hope has been to arouse curiosity, by making the reader aware of those vast areas of fact and theory which are never discussed in the "institutions of learning." I have dragged in the titles of several books, hoping that the curiosity I arouse might send a few people to those books in search of further information.

Everybody who looks into medieval and renaissance history quickly becomes aware that a great deal is omitted from most college courses on those subjects, and that the Catholic Church is responsible for these omissions. I do not know why it is that when people become aware that certain other things are omitted from most college and university courses, and that Church, State and High Finance all have good motives for wishing these things omitted, these people do not form a natural suspicion. This is especially hard to understand when one reflects that we have all heard of cases of professors who lost their jobs for daring to open their mouths about these subjects.

I leave you with one last riddle to plague your professors with (if you have the nerve, and don't care whether you graduate or not). Almost all literature courses present T. S. Eliot as the greatest poet of the Twentieth Century, and yet Eliot has frequently and publicly stated that all he knows about writing poetry he learned from Ezra Pound, who is hardly ever taught and little discussed. Can the reason be that Pound's poetry is full of lines like the following?

These fought in any case,
and some believing,
 'pro domo, in any case . . .
Some quick to arm,
some for adventure,
some from fear of weakness,
some from fear of censure,
some from love of slaughter, in imagination,
learning later . . .
some in fear, learning love of slaughter;
Died some, pro patria,
 non "dulce" non "et decor" . . .
walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceits,
home to old lies and new infamy;
usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places.



by Marvin Kitman

report from an independent research laboratory

For thy sake, tobacco,
I would do anything . . .
But die.

—Charles Lamb

The only burning question in American cigarette advertising today is:

WHO PUT THE MEN IN MENTHOL SMOKING?

The correct answer to the question, according to the Philip Morris people, is:

ALPINE—THAT'S WHO!

They make Alpine mentholated cigarettes, that's why they seem to know.

For most Americans who either ignore or accept advertising claims at face value, this line of inquiry may appear to be a typical Madison Avenue *cul de sac*. Like most burning questions in contemporary advertising, however, it rang an alarm bell in the offices of the An Independent Research Laboratory of Leonia, N. J.

AIRL, as the lab is familiarly known in research circles, is a non-profit organization with no axioms to grind. The lab simply tests all advertising claims as they come along, paying particular attention to claims which raise grave questions. The Alpine claim that it had been putting men into its menthol cigarettes raised an abundance of these.

To the best of our knowledge, no cigarette company has ever been so candid in telling the public what goes into its product. The most they usually reveal is that the best ingredients money can buy are used. For that matter, no producer of consumer goods has ever claimed its secret ingredient is men, although it has been common knowledge that men often wind up in wursts.*

If the Philip Morris people are really putting men into their Alpines, what is the Food and Drug Administration doing about it? Such an adulterant is a violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1907.

Who are the men being put into menthol cigarettes today? Had they volunteered to die for tobacco's sake? Are they cancer researchers, account executives, political prisoners or other undesirables that the Philip Morris people want out of the way for special reasons?

A positive finding in An Independent Research Laboratory's test would undoubtedly lead to an investigation into *who* at the Philip Morris Company is responsible for putting men into Alpines—a crime that would be considered at least manslaughter in most states. In all honesty, the lab was not interested in fixing such responsibility. We are scientists, not policemen.

The tests' limitations thus clearly established, suddenly last summer the An Independent Research Laboratory began its manhunt.

The lab had only one clue to the identity of the man it hoped to find in its Alpine cigarette autopsies.

*See Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*.

September 1961

He would undoubtedly look like the Alpine Man—a first cousin of the Marlboro Man, both of whom are distantly related to the Neanderthal Man—who had been appearing in the advertisements created for the Philip Morris people by the Leo Burnett Company of Chicago.

At best, the Alpine Man looks like a rapist; at worst, like the kind of man who would use his riding crop on a dog for barking. He is about forty years old, judging by his picture in full-page newspaper advertisements, and affects very masculine clothing: jodphurs, boots, riding jackets, ascots, that sort of thing. His leathery face is usually twisted into a squint, probably caused by the smoke getting into his eyes from the cigarette dangling from his lips, as much a boast for the product as a hacking cough is on a television smoking commercial.

To find out if any man answering this description could be found in Alpine cigarettes, the AIRL conducted two different tests: superficial and microscopic.

In the Superficial, paper was stripped from the test cigarettes and the tobacco spread over a lab table in neat piles. Staff members ran their fingers through the tobacco, sifting for clues much the way CAB investigators do at the scene of an airplane crash.

Actually, this test was made twice. A technician sneezed the first time, a common hazard in all loose tobacco tests.

Strictly speaking, AIRL found the major ingredient in Alpine's mentholated cigarettes to be tobacco. The only trace of man was a hint of lint, attributable on later investigation to a sloppy technician who had put a pack of Alpines in his pocket before the test was concluded.

As a control, the lab conducted the same superficial test on other mentholated cigarette brands. Spring, to name one, did not have men in it, either.

Out of curiosity, An Independent Research Laboratory also tested all the brands to see if any contained

Who put the men in menthol smoking?



Alpine—that's who!

Now the menthol cigarette is as strong as ever in a man's and woman's life. It's the only cigarette that's so strong. The man who smokes it always looks like a man who smokes. The beauty of it is the quality of the tobacco used in making it. They use a special tobacco that is...

Alpine

The Most Hollow Cause of All

A reader of the Realist this month wrote the following letter to the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

Gentlemen:

My wife and a number of our friends have decided to leave the country to escape the increasing radioactivity, fascism and war-danger here. Would you be so kind as to provide us with the information at your disposal in regard to how much radioactivity there is in the various parts of the world? In other words, could you help us decide what would be the safest place to go to, from a survival-in-case-of-war-or-continued-testing viewpoint? We would, of course, be most grateful indeed for any assistance forthcoming.

Very truly yours,

He received the following reply.
Dear Mr. —:

In response to your letter of September 12, we cannot, of course, advise you of any absolutely "safest place to go," although we sympathize with your desire to be excluded from a nuclear holocaust [sic], should it materialize. The October issue of the Bulletin will have, on the second page of "News and Reports" a chart based on

1958 data of possible fallout distribution in the continental U.S.; more powerful bombs, and the establishment of new target areas, however, makes this a doubtful guide. I personally remember reading years ago that Tierra del Fuego, an island off the tip of South America, is located such that wind patterns will make it the last place to be blanketed by fallout, and to my knowledge, there is nothing worth bombing there, nor is there anything to make life worth living there either.

Another solution, which the Bulletin staff (who all live in the Chicago target area) favor is not running away from the consequences of what we hope is preventable, but doing our best, through our publications, our votes, our political actions, and our contacts with other people to prevent what we perhaps naively believe to be preventable. I would advise this course, since in the event of an all-out nuclear war, if enough large nuclear bombs are exploded, there will be no habitable place on the surface of the globe; and survival will depend upon deep underground chambers, with self-sufficient air supply for an undetermined time.

Sincerely,
/s/ (Miss) Paula Fozzy
Assistant Editor

women. Negative, too.

Halfway through the major Microscopic examinations, some of us at the lab began to have second thoughts about the wisdom of conducting these tests. Perhaps AIRL had been taking Alpine's claims too literally.

The copywriter at the Leo Burnett Company who seems obsessed with the idea of putting men into cigarettes (he tried to do the same thing with Marlboros) may have meant only that mentholated Alpines was now a male cigarette. In the past, it was a female cigarette. Naturally, An Independent Research Laboratory found that proposition almost as intriguing as the original one.

Like most Americans, the lab had been hearing of the existence of male and female cigarettes for some time. The theory was never given credence, however, but only because we hadn't gotten around to testing it.

Rumors of the Month

¶ Programming executives of two top TV networks are dickering over the rights to a new Western series to be called "Vast Wasteland."

¶ The Motion Picture Distributors Association has decided that when the film version of "Lolita" is released, children will not be permitted to attend its showing without an adult.

¶ A leading fallout shelter manufacturer has contracted to equip the above-ground little "chimneys" of his product with a package of Kent cigarettes, with the micronite filter.

¶ President Kennedy has appointed an interdenominational religious committee to deliberate as to whether the issuing of licenses to bomb shelter owners who wish to murder their unprepared neighbors should be a federal or state matter.

¶ The Planned Parenthood Federation has announced plans to conduct a scientific study to determine if the prevalence of homosexuality is nature's way of fighting the population explosion.

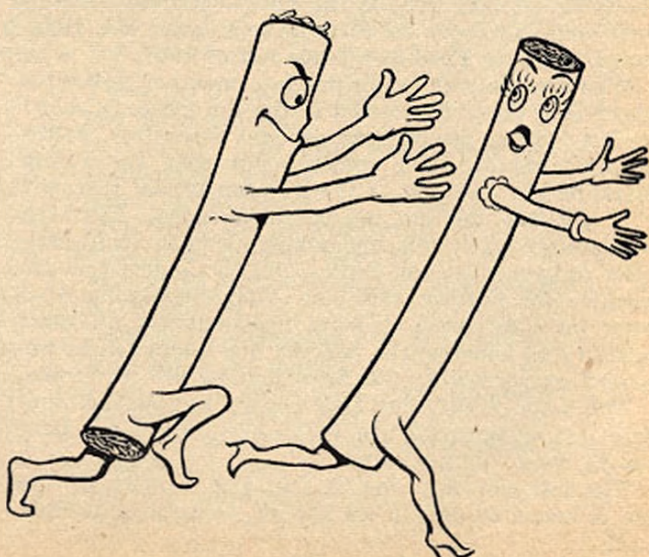
So that the original tests on Alpines shouldn't be a total loss, AIRL decided to examine for sex the wide variety of mentholated cigarettes we had already purchased.

Clinically speaking, it is the Lab's conclusion that most American mentholated cigarettes have a serious sex problem: they can't possibly know whether they are boys or girls until an advertising agency like Leo Burnett tells them. Since all the cigarettes we examined for sex looked alike, they could all be said to be either brothers—or sisters.

An Independent Research Laboratory does not mean to imply that mentholated cigarettes *a priori* must be sexless. Faced with a similar problem, makers of non-mentholated cigarettes have already made remarkable gains in giving their cigarettes built-in sex.

Of the non-mentholateds examined by AIRL two already were distinctly female:

1. Parliaments, which claims to have the most important $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in smoking today—the recessed filter;
2. And Marlboros, which has a flip-top box.



"No, no—not without a filter . . ."

Bob Abel's Third Quarterly Report on Some of the Crap in Orbit

(dedicated to all those who don't win cash prizes
in the "Impeach Chief Justice Warren" essay contest)

Dr. Wernher von Braun, adaptable patriot, warned the state of Alabama to step up its educational program or risk losing its huge missile program to a competing state. He did not indicate whether or not he favors segregated launching pads.

Tractor manufacturers were worried about making a profit on the proposed tractors-for-Cuban-prisoners deal. "This is a terribly delicate matter," confessed the spokesman for one firm. "How can you tactfully say you'd want a profit on such a deal? Yet on the other hand, I can just see the flood of protests from shareholders if we make a non-profit deal."

Opponents of capital punishment will be relieved to learn that the inmates of Sing Sing will be sheltered in the prison basement in case of nuclear attack. No one will be sent outside without a fair trial.

Shortly after the "psychiatric-psychological evaluation program" used to screen applicants for the United States Information Agency was suspended for lack of funds, the National Security Agency announced that it had dismissed 26 sexual deviates since two code clerks defected to the Soviet Union last summer. The personnel director for NSA explained to the House Un-American Activities Committee that all 26 of those dismissed (including some who had been with the agency for periods up to ten years) were "deviates," but not all were homosexuals. All we can hope for at this juncture is that some of these non-homosexual deviates don't slip into USIA now that its psychological pants are down. As Rep. Walter has been warning us for years, the real danger is subversion from within.

A Frenchman donned a mask and officer's cap and drove up the Champs Elysées in an open taxi, shouting all the while, "I understand you Frenchmen and Frenchwomen." Before he could say, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," he was facing a possible year in jail and fines up to \$40,000 for his alleged "outrage against the head of the state."

Lyndon Johnson, never at a loss for heroic prose, told the graduating class at West Point that the "Communists will find that a nation which produced Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone and Jim Bowie is afraid of no forest, no swamp, no game of fighting, however toughly played." (The next day the entire graduating class took part in a new training film called "Operation Absolution," with Barry Goldwater portraying Teddy Roosevelt and leading

our fighting men in a coordinated 24-hour takeover of Laos, Havana and suburbs, and Katanga Province.)

A prominent real estate dealer in Greenwich, Conn., has been accused of discrimination against Jews, but logically the charges should be made more democratic since employees were instructed to find out if applicants of uncertain "nationality" were "Christian or Catholic."

Choice graffiti from the IRT subway in New York: "Tums spelled backward is SMUT! For acid indigestion, heartburn, gas, crabs, the clap, gallstones, constipation, traumas, bursitis, alcoholism, large breast fetishes, absenteeism, compound fractures, simple piles, smart piles (except queer piles, there's no cure)."

The Savannah, Ga., school system banned ten books from its sancrosanct school book shelves, including four distinguished novels (among them "Laughing Boy" by Oliver LaFarge, which won the 1930 Pulitzer Prize) and six others that authorities wouldn't even identify. Judging from excerpts (emphasis mine) that he has read, School Superintendent D. Leon McCormac reported that he does not think "these books should be in school libraries." The list of books to ban was supplied, presumably gratis, by an "organization in California." This is known as East-West co-existence.

There is no need for birth control in America, a member of St. Patrick's Cathedral recently opined, because the two reasons formerly advanced to justify such shenanigans — the mother's health and the cost of living — have been eliminated by medical science and our affluent society. This is particularly true, of course, in such enlightened communities as Newburgh, N. Y.

Abortion remains among the dirtiest of words in this country, despite the somewhat pristine efforts of the *Saturday Evening Post* to examine the case for and against (mostly the latter) the practice. The *Post's* words fall beside recently released government statistics for 1959, which show that the illegitimacy ratio (for known births) was highest (67.9%) among girls under 15, and was nearly 25% for girls between the ages of 15 and 17. How many of 1959's 220,000 illegitimate children are languishing in orphanages because no parents of the same religion (you guess which one) are available or able to adopt them? You sure as hell won't find out from reading that friendly magazine from Philadelphia.

When Jehovah's Witnesses came to New York for their annual six-day race (sans bicycles) for converts at Yankee Stadium, America, the powerful Jesuit weekly which is published in this city, advised Catholics not to argue with Witnesses, who, "in general know more about the Bible than most Catholics." In support of this counsel, America noted that Witnesses have been known to accuse Catholics of—among other things—intolerance, collaboration with the Nazis, and of having greedy, murderous, immoral priests. Yet the magazine manages to pay tribute to the "enormous zeal" of the Witnesses, "misguided though it may be." This, however, is obiter dictum for all religions from the standpoint of the "one true" one.

The Investment Bankers Association of America is opposed to federal aid to public schools because, as one spokesman for a leading banking house succinctly put it, "we simply don't see the need for it." Asked whether such subsidization of public schools would hurt the private banking industry in this country, the same spokesman blithely replied, "We never thought about it."

The Joint Chiefs of Staff are debating the merits of utilizing a submarine as an emergency headquarters in the event of surprise attack. Presumably this would enable the Joint Chiefs to keep their heads under water.

In this same regard a nuclear scientist at the University of Connecticut has designed a \$30 do-it-yourself shelter which consists of a wooden box placed in the corner of your basement. (He gives no indication as to what people with radiant heating are supposed to do.) In case it doesn't work, you can always use it as a coffin.

In Toronto, it is now possible to pay for a funeral on the monthly installment plan. *Canadian Funeral Service*, a trade publication, reports on the new development and advises subscribers that they ought to follow the lead of U.S. undertakers who break even on funerals but make a goodly amount of extra change on vaults and clothing for the dead. "Every selection room should have a good display of vaults," the magazine suggests. "Stock them! Show them! Sell them!"

Astronauts who die en route to the moon or other outer space vacation spots may be dropped overboard, à la the traditional burial at sea. For those who believe in heaven, it makes the whole thing simpler in terms of traveling time.

DICK GREGORY

(Continued from Cover)

Q. And so if some drunk called you "nigger"?

A. I said, "According to my contract, the management pays me \$50 every time someone calls me that, so will you all do me a favor and stand up and say it again in unison?"

Q. The NAACP has been trying to get the Board of Education in Torrington, Connecticut to discard a high school text book—an anthology containing three stories which use the word "nigger"—do you think this is a wise or unwise policy?

A. It would have to be a wise policy right now, from the standpoint of the picture that's being painted of the American Negro. We don't have Negro news commentators—you turn on the radio, you hear a Negro disk jockey; you turn on television, you're sure to see a Negro in a jail scene or in a scene where it's pertaining to a Communist rally. So, sure, this is a very touchy thing, because it's not being balanced out.

You've got the same thing going on in Africa. A few months ago, an African was still being portrayed as the cat with the blowgun, and running around with the leaves, and not wanting no atomic war because he don't like his meals pre-cooked. So now how do you explain that an African might've shot down Dag's plane in a jet? How did they go from blowguns to flying jets? Somewhere, the true picture hasn't been given of the African.

So how do you explain this to people? The last thing you heard them saying was, "Goola magoola," and "Goola magoola" is no directions for flying jets. Because the American white man is still making and supplying the world with jets. Now, how come these black folks is flying jets one month, and last month they were still being exposed to the American public as *those savages*?

And this is the same situation you have going here. On certain levels, the dignity of the Negro is not explored right, so I think it's a very wise thing to get all the books off using the word "nigger." Maybe twenty years from now, when the whole country is more mature, then make it.

Q. Do you think that in your act, you yourself are guilty of perpetuating this myth? For example, you have a gag about how people keep asking you why you don't send white troops to the Congo, and you say it's because of the fear of war brides—and then you add that they might eat up the whole block.

A. Oh, no, because I'm almost certain that the level of people I'm working to—they realize that this is a myth. You know, I can get by with a million things in the night clubs, where I'm working at the level of—I'm working between the 8-to-15 thousand-dollar-a-year bracket. I can also mention the Mann Act [Editor's note: he thinks the law should be repealed because it discourages travel] and not lose no one in the house, while there are night clubs I could go into where I mention the Mann Act and they never heard of it before.

I also make the statement about the Army—"The recruiting slogan said, 'Join the Army, the Army's integrated'—that meant I got to sleep with Puerto Ricans." Well, now this could be very well interpreted that I was saying, "I don't want to sleep with Puerto Ricans." But that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying, "This is the problem that exists." It's not my problem,

it's the problem that existed; in the Army I got to sleep with the Puerto Ricans with no trouble at all—so this was the height of the white man's integrated Army.

Q. Would you agree or disagree with Norman Mailer's statement that "the white man fears the sexual potency of the Negro. . . . The comedy is that the White loathes the idea of the Negro attaining equality in the classroom because the White feels that the Negro already enjoys sensual superiority."

A. This is something that's been pushed backwards and forwards down through the years. The frightened-of-starting-it—he started it himself, the white man in the South invented integration. I mean when I first got here, like I'm blacker than night, and eventually I got a daughter that's lighter than you are, now—so this is not due to me, I had nothing to do with this form of integration.

I imagine you have a certain desire built up in the South between the white woman and the Negro man, but I don't think it's because of a sexual superiority; I think it's because the white woman is finally beginning to realize that the only two free people in the world, in this country, is the white man and the Negro woman. Like, every maid in the white man's house ain't the flunky his white woman *thinks* she is. There's a love affair going on between—she has more control over the white man than his own wife has.

White women are beginning to wake up to this, that a white man can come into a Negro neighborhood and do anything he wants; and a Negro man better not be caught in a white neighborhood after a certain time at night. Well, white women are beginning to wake up to this, and I think this is where it's starting—just a matter of striking back at this thing that's been going on for years between the white man and the Negro woman. You as a white man can have a Negro woman, and there's nothing said about it, or vice-versa—she can have you and there's nothing said about it—the only one suffering in the whole affair is the Negro man and the white woman.

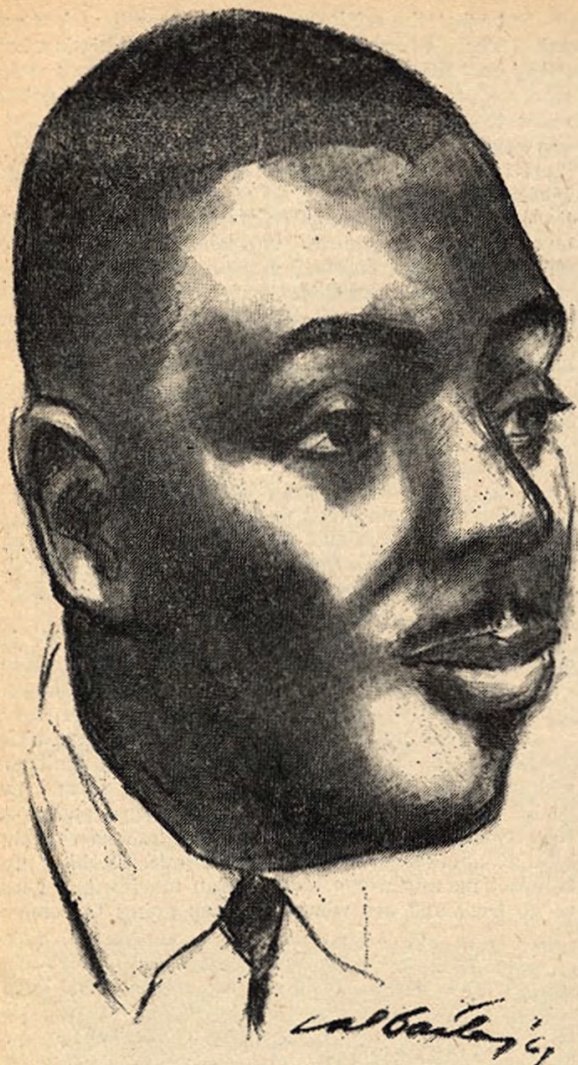
Q. Gilbert Millstein described an incident in the Sunday Times about how a white woman in a night club called out to you, "I sure would like to love you."

A. Oh, yeah—no, this was where a girl happened to be drunk in this house where I'm working, and like she said, "We love you." Well, this had nothing to do with sex—it was my act. This is just a statement that people have made about, you know, like television personalities. And the statement that I made back was, "What nationality are you?" She said, "Hungarian." I said, "Take one more drink, you'll say you're colored, and you'll run up here and kiss me, and we'll both leave town in a hurry."

But I was saying this not in reference to sex, but in reference to—the town I was working, Negroes didn't live in the whole city.

Q. In an article in Harper's, Louis E. Lomax wrote that the race problem "would change as Americans became involved in bigger, even more absurd, problems." Have you found this to be true as the cold war becomes hotter?

A. Oh, sure. The integrating of schools this semester is 99% due to the Berlin situation. At this time we couldn't afford no aggravation. Khrushchev tested not one A-bomb until after the integrated school period had marked—and he lost this one. I daresay that if that



(Sketched during interview)

thing had been erupting down there, he never would've made the test. And had he made the test, he wouldn't have gotten front-page coverage. But he lost the greatest thing he had going with him, when the schools was integrated peacefully. Because, like let's face it, this is all we needed, with that Berlin situation as tight as it was. It would've been a most embarrassing thing.

Q. In connection with your line about sitting in at a lunch counter for several months—and then when it was finally integrated, they didn't have what you wanted—Bill Worthy wrote in the Realist that this is "a joke brimming with symbolism." Did he read more into it than what you intended?

A. I intended just what it meant. I don't like going to a restaurant and getting lox and bagel.

Q. Do you think it would be a kind of sign of total integration if you could be, say, as offensive as Lenny Bruce without feeling that you had any special responsibility not to be?

A. Oh, I think I could be as offensive as Lenny Bruce now. It's just a matter of your personality make-up.

Q. I'm thinking of a review in the San Francisco

Examiner. Dick Nolan wrote that it helps that you are "likable as a person," which you wouldn't be, he says, if you "had the compulsive urge to shock that is Lenny Bruce's forte."

A. Well, this is just a guy that don't like Lenny Bruce. I mean he would probably say the same thing about Bob Hope against Lenny Bruce.

Q. Now, it seems to me you've cut down on the proportion of racial humor in your act; why is that?

A. Because it's not as topical. Even when I started, I'd say 90% of the act was topical. At the time when I hit it big, every time you'd pick up the paper, for a period of nine months, a black man was in the headlines—either the Congo situation, or aggravated school situation, or in some form or another.

Q. Let me ask you about a few things that have been in the news recently and get your reaction to them. Jack Paar in Berlin?

A. I feel that if he paid each soldier \$320 apiece, it would do a hell of a lot for recruiting.

Q. The Belgrade conference?

A. Well, this was very fascinating because the week they held the conference they commanded the headlines. Now you take the two greatest powers in the world, America and Russia, and the neutral nations composed the headlines. And a neutral nation, actually, is nothing but a nation that hasn't got the H-bomb. And they don't believe fallout's gonna blow sideways.

A bunch of guys got together and found out they can shake down the world. And this is what's happening—playing two ends from the middle. We say "Communism's no good," and then "How much you need, Tito?" It's just a matter of—a neutral nation is a place that America keeps in food and Russia keeps in line.

Q. How about our resumption of nuclear testing, underground?

A. I think it was a wise idea, only we'll probably create another problem, which would be fallout. Of course, it was a wise move on Kennedy's part to test underground because, let's face it, that's where the people's gonna be.

Q. Incidentally, the night you were on the Paar show with Henry Morgan, he said something about Civil Defense headquarters being closed on weekends—and then I heard you say the same thing at The Blue Angel. Did you appropriate the line from Morgan?

A. No, we had talked about it backstage, before. It was just a cute gag. Not only closed on weekends, but they say fifty million people will be killed by the first bomb, and they just have just the one stretcher.

Q. What newspapers and magazines do you read?

A. All of 'em. Every one I get my hands on.

Q. Is it true that you have a \$1200-a-month phone bill?

A. Oh, sure, because I make phone calls all over the country to find out different things. Last night I made about eight calls to find out the effects of the Dag Hammarskjöld thing. It was very frightening. I mean I know some people that really didn't dig him, you know, and they'd love to see him out of there, but not that way.

Q. Now, you try to keep up with the headlines in your performances, but with a tragedy like this—

A. You go back and you knock it out. I knocked out everything about the Congo and everything about airplanes. You just knock it out altogether.

Q. When you were just getting started, you had all-Negro audiences. Now, from what I've seen, you have

almost 100% white audiences. Has your material changed in the process?

A. This is automatic. I can go in a white man's club and do an act for twenty minutes on my stocks and bonds. Can't do it in a Negro night club. Shelley Berman made a million talking about "Coffee, tea or milk" on the airplane—but how many Negroes have you seen on an airplane compared to whites? So automatically you would do your routine about trains and buses. This is an automatic thing, from the economic standpoint.

You can get on a million subjects in a white night club that you couldn't hardly touch in a predominantly Negro night club. How could I do a takeoff on the Metropolitan Opera at a Negro night club? Or a Broadway play? How many Negroes have been to New York to see this Broadway play? Whereas in a white night club, any place in the country, you can assume they've been there, or have read the reviews.

Or I can get up and talk about expense accounts. How many Negroes you know—in a night club composed of 600 Negroes—how many Negroes do you think have a job where they are on an expense account? If I do a takeoff on expense accounts in a Negro night club, I'm dead. In a white man's club, your area is so much broader, simply because of the scope of opportunities that exist.

Q. Bernard Wolfe wrote in an essay, in a book called *The Scene Before You*, that "by a devious interracial irony the 'creative' Negro, far from being his own spontaneous self, may actually be dramatizing the white man's image of the 'spontaneous' Negro 'as he really is.'" Do you think this applies to your style? For example, Dickson Terry, a correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, wrote that you approach the microphone with "a sort of Stepin Fetchit expression" on your face; and Bob Rolontz, a reviewer for *Billboard*, said that you occasionally use "a semi-dialect that is not necessary."

A. This is me. See, a white man—and I'm so goddam sick and tired of a white man telling us about us—he can't. He tells us, "Wait, take your time." You can't tell me to wait. You not black twenty-four hours a day. You don't have no right to tell me to wait on racial equality. I have the right to tell you I'm willing. But you don't have the right—if I'm bleeding, and another person's bleeding—I have the right to say, "This fellow's hurt worse than I am, let him go first." You don't have the right to tell me this.

And this is the right that the white man has been assuming for years—that he can assume to know more about us than we know about ourselves. And this is wrong. Because he don't. He knows about us what we want him to know: the inferior position, the "Yessir, boss," the "Howya doin'," the "What party are you with?"—What are you with?—I'm a Republican, too." But he never follows us home to see the leadership that exist in the homes. This is the one thing—we know more about him than he knows about us.

We are better qualified to write about the white man in this country than he's damn near qualified to write about his own self. Because he do things around us because we don't count that his friends know nothing about. What makes the millionaire man come to the Negro district and get a prostitute that we wouldn't even be caught with if we was being paid?

But what the critics say, it's because it makes good print. There's been a lot of guys saying "This is what's going on." No man can tell me—I talk the way I wanna talk, and use what Greg wanna use. Now they got the right to analyze this, but they can't tell me what I don't need. It's like saying Phyllis Diller don't need to laugh. Maybe she do. Maybe the minute she quit laughin', maybe she's dead.

Q. Obviously, then, when you use a double negative on stage, or when you say "mizzible" instead of "miserable," you're not patronizing the audience—

A. No. I talk like this. Check Southern Illinois University—you'll find out. It's just me, period. I'm not trying to prove nothin' to no one. The bank president don't care how I say it, long as I get it in there.

Q. Critics like to point out—like Gabriel Favoino wrote in the *Chicago Sun-Times*—that your success is due in part to "the guilt some Americans feel over the condition of the Negro . . ."

A. I never said that. Critics have said it. I don't know the white man that well. I don't know if he feels guilty or not. I couldn't sit there and say what part of this audience feels guilty about anything. This could be true, but is he the guy that's sitting over here or the guy that's sitting over there?

Q. Sol Siegel, the production chief of MGM, just announced that they won't make any more pictures with racial themes because they alienate too large a portion of the box office—

A. But it's not the people's fault. You have a few people that decide for the mass—the mass don't give a damn—you bring it down, they would go and they would look at it. Even if they got bugged and upset, they would still go and they'd look at it. And they'd go look at another one. And another one. Nothing used to upset me any worse than Tarzan movies, but I used to go back and see what they was going to come up



"Oh, an exchange student from Ghana—that's different—at first I thought you was a nigger."

with next, see how stupid they're going to make the Africans look the next time. And I wouldn't appreciate no one telling me that this movie's blocked out of my neighborhood.

Q. There was a TV documentary about the censorship in some Southern communities of *Never on Sunday*—

A. That movie *Never on Sunday* is such a beautiful movie, everybody walks out wanting to be a prostitute. You know, a lot of women resented that movie. Because they had to sit there half-way through the movie before they realized she was a prostitute. Women don't mind prostitutes being in our society, but they want 'em to act a certain way.

Q. In the interview with Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party—they believe in white supremacy—when I asked if he didn't think the Negro has been held down, he replied: "Sir, who do you think held the Negro down in Africa for all those thousands and thousands of years that a white man never even showed up. . . ." Now, if he had said this to you, how would you have responded?

A. Well, one, I don't even wanna discuss him; I don't want his name linked with mine in no shape, form or fashion, because I don't wanna advertise for him. Here's a guy who has gotten by with murder, and I don't blame him; I blame the American public. People say, well, he has to get by with this because this is a free country. Well, this is a damn lie. It's because he's talking about Negroes and Jews. Because if he had a hate bus and said, "Down with General Motors," and "Down with Ford," they'd blow that fucking bus up before it got a block out of the filling station. You remember, Tucker didn't do nothin' but invent a car in '48, in this same free country, that never got off the ground.

The minute he'd stop talking about Negroes and Jews, and pick on something that's a little more biting, that people care a little bit more about in this big wonderful America, then he's washed up. He just happened to pick on the two things that he can pick on and get away with, let's face it.

Not to duck the question you asked—for years, Africa had a culture. As far as their culture was concerned, it wasn't held down. As far as the Indians was concerned, they wasn't held down, they wasn't backward people, they were doing what their culture permitted them to do. And at the same time—you talk about "held down"—I daresay they're raping 4-year-old kids in lily-white neighborhoods now. Especially in Chicago, you don't send a little white girl out after dark because she won't come back. Well, you know, like who's the savage? Let's face it. Who is the savage? Look at the sex crimes committed among white people in this country—among their own.

So how can this man say the Africans have held themselves back? Because this is what they wanted. They didn't want H-bombs and the hassle with society. They wanted to do what they were doing. And then, after a certain period of time, colonies went in and took 'em over, and they automatically held 'em down.

Q. A Southerner once told me that Abraham Lincoln had planned to ship all the Negroes in this country to Africa. Do you know anything about that?

A. I heard Bilbo say it. Abraham Lincoln might've said it.

Q. You have a bit in your act where you say, "To be honest, I'm really for Abraham Lincoln. If it hadn't been for Abe, I'd still be on the open market." Do you mean this wholeheartedly?

A. No, theoretically. Because there's not enough people that know enough about Abraham Lincoln on a joking manner. Few people realize that he didn't want to cure the slaves; he was saying, like "You got a hospital, you've got a disease going, we can't cure the disease, but let's change the linen on the new beds." That's all he was going for. Like, how many people know Lincoln was born in Kentucky, and not Illinois? So there are just certain things you go along with, on a joking level, with the majority. If you believe Lincoln freed the slaves, well, this is a funny bit. He created a problem.

Q. When you're on stage, why do you ask people in the audience where they're from?

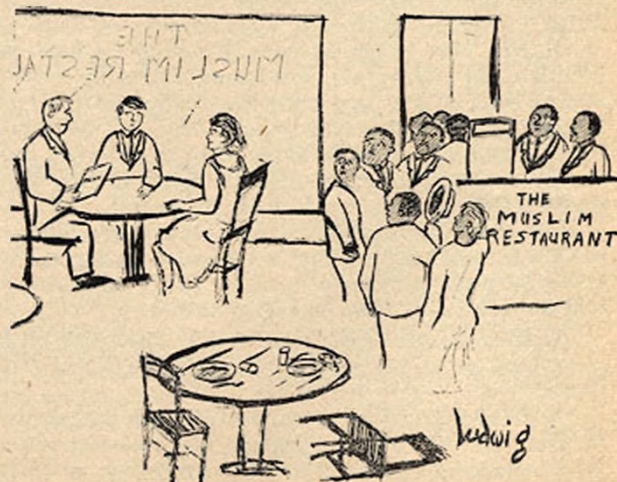
A. Oh, it's to build up a relation, because—from the papers that I have read, and certain topical things that have happened—like if I read a paper from Chicago one day and I find out they got the swimming pool incident going on; or I read the papers when I was on the West Coast about the school stink going on, and I ask people where they're from and they say New York, I say, "Did you ever think you'd see the day a teacher'd be happy they missed the boat?" Well, this is when they were accused of having the kids make them the boats and things. It's to relate to the audience.

Q. There's been something added to the old cliché about only Negroes being able to feel jazz, which is that Negroes have suffered—

A. Well, I've suffered and I don't understand jazz.

Q. The Negro press seems to write up only those white jazz musicians who have made it so big that they're celebrities—

A. Then you get back to the thing of what is national news to a Negro? They're selling magazines and they have to use names that people are familiar with. Robert Ruark told me something the other day that was wild—that the story he did about Lena Horne in one of the leading magazines—they were re-ordering after the first day. This is what magazines is looking for. To sell copies. After you get that money in there,



"They said they're from CORE—I think it's a sit-in."

you can give it all to CORE and the NAACP, but the main thing is to sell that magazine. You could have a trumpet player—Ahmad Jamal was just as good ten years ago as he is now—but the name wasn't there. This is a country where we buy a label. Right now Kennedy could say you're a beautiful writer, and before you can get back to your hotel or your home, you got fifty thousand people giving you offers.

Q. A friend of mine wrote to Liebmann Breweries and asked how come they never have any Negroes as contestants in the Miss Rheingold contest; now Schaefer beer, on the other hand, seems to slant toward the Negro market in particular—

A. We have this dual advertising, where one company'll advertise on the Negro side of town with Negroes—which I don't go along with at all, I hate it, I can't stand it. Why be a market to a segregated poster?

Q. Don't you think that Negro magazines themselves are as guilty of this slanting as the others?

A. No. They have a product to sell, and certain products that Negro magazines are selling, is guided to a Negro market. So, from this angle, I can't see why Negroes can't advertise Coca-Cola in *Life* magazine. It'd be a hell of a propaganda thing for *Life* magazine to go all over the world once with a Negro advertising Coca-Cola—it'd make a lot of people shut up.

But I can't speak this way towards a Negro magazine, because I can speak only the way I feel—but I can't say they're guilty or not, because I don't know their feelings. If I had a magazine and felt this way, then I would be wrong. Maybe they feel that this is a terrific break-through, the thought that a Negro can advertise a Coke in a Negro magazine. Because there was a day when even *Ebony* still had the white faces advertising the Coke.

But the Negro market in this country is twenty-two billion dollars a year, and it's untapped, through the stupidity of the white advertisers. Negro shoe-shine boys have no business with Cadillacs, if our market was tapped right. The Negro butlers and maids have no business with Cadillacs, if our market was tapped right.

Q. Arthur Gelb wrote in the *New York Times* that you are "probably doing every bit as much good as the NAACP." Would you go along with him on that?

A. No. This is his feelings. He thinks I am—and it's his right to say this, you know. Not being a white man, I couldn't say how my act actually and truly affects you. You and only you know how it affects you, because maybe you leave there with a different light on the racial problem, a different light on the world tension. Only you can say how it affects you.

Like Bob Ruark wrote if he was the President of the United States, he'd find a cabinet post for me because I'd make a damned good Secretary of State. He told me personally that he meant this.

Q. What do you think about Bobby Kennedy's statement that we might have a Negro President in forty years?

A. I think Lou Lomax summed that up the greatest of them all. He don't appreciate the grandson of an Irish immigrant telling him what he can do in thirty years. This was the wildest statement said about the whole mess.

Q. James Baldwin said, how does Robert Kennedy know a Negro would WANT to be President?

A. The reason why Kennedy gave it was so idiotic—that "a Negro could make it because my brother made it, and he's Catholic"—but he forget to tell the world that his brother had eight hundred million dollars behind him, too, which also helped, you know.

Q. What do you think of the NAACP's stand against Freedom Rides?

A. That was the first time the NAACP and the Ku Klux Klan had ever agreed on anything.

Q. What's your policy about being booked at clubs in the Southern states?

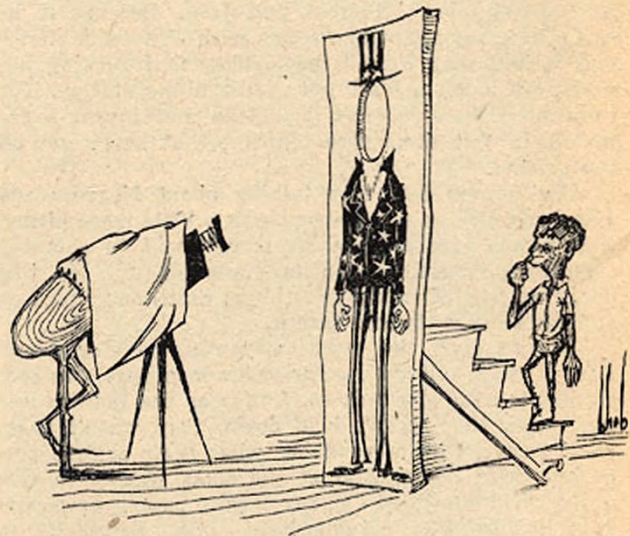
A. Even if I had decided to play the South, when the Metropolitan Opera can sit up and say they're not gonna play the South because of segregated seating—and the racial proportion of Negroes to whites that would go there wouldn't affect that box office one way or the other—well, every Negro in show business should take a position not to perform to a segregated audience.

Q. But you would perform in the South to an integrated audience—

A. They'd have to pass new laws just for me to get in there.

Q. What's your attitude toward playing overseas?

A. Right now I'm debating something with myself. I wouldn't feel right doing my act in London when I



know I couldn't do it in Mississippi. That makes it have a propaganda aspect.

Q. How do you feel about Louie Armstrong's performance before segregated audiences?

A. Well, this is Louie, you know. Louie probably lived in white hotels in Mississippi for years, too, because it was Louie. All at once people quit looking at him as a Negro and he's something else, you know.

Q. How do you feel about criticisms of Louie for Uncle Tomming?

A. Louie is from the old school. Louie to me is a guy that—thirty years ago, all of us had to do the grinning bit, this was the fad in show business—you go back and look at some of the old guys with Louie. The average one of 'em grew out of it, and Louie

just never grew out of it. He doesn't realize this. He's not—the guy never grew out of it—we just decided it's Uncle Tomming lately. Nobody called it Uncle Tomming like thirty years ago. So goddam, if it's Uncle Tomming now, it had to be Uncle Tomming then. So why wait thirty years and all at once we find a word and call it Uncle Tomming. It's like, why wait twenty years from now and say what we're doing is Communist. If it's Communist then, it's Communist now. Who knows what terms free discussion will be limited to when you take a tape recorder and sit up and ask a guy about this and that, who knows what it's gonna be then?

Q. Wouldn't it be nice if some day I could interview you without asking a single question about race?

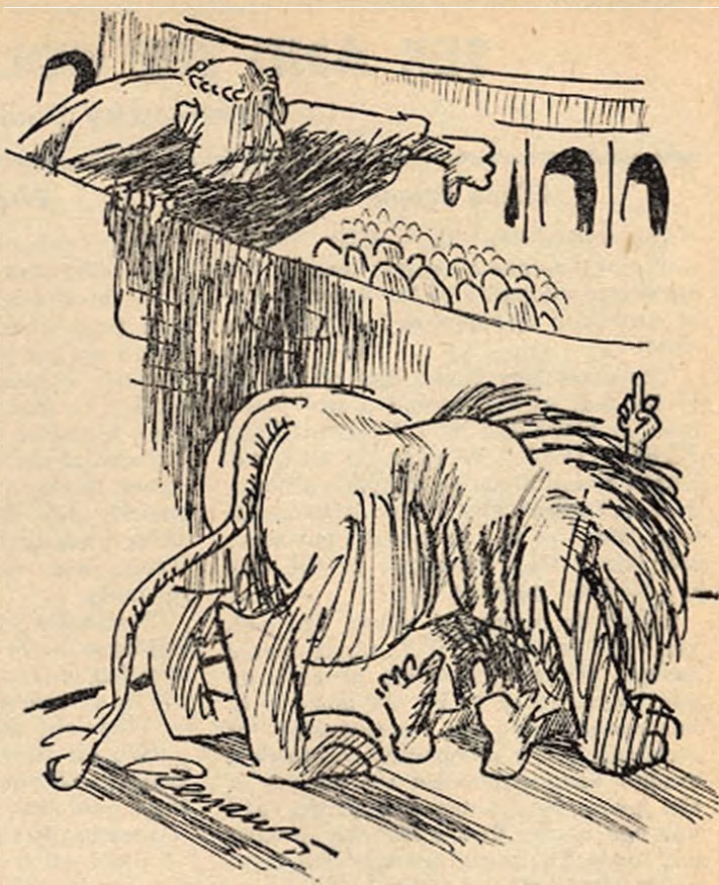
A. I couldn't care less.

Q. Incidentally, I was supposed to interview you a few days ago, but I understand you flew to Chicago. If it's not too personal, could I ask why?

A. To see my family. I have a little baby daughter that's six weeks old, and that's the only time I can get home, because my schedule never breaks.

Q. Have you found that being a financial success has changed you in any way other than that you can afford to be with your family like that?

A. Sure, it change you in every way. Last year I could've called a guy a dirty son of a bitch. I do it this year, I got a lawsuit against me.



HOWARD SHOEMAKER

(Continued from Page 24)

mitted nations experience fallout.

"More, more," scream the masses.

Some nations even launch O-Bombs on themselves.

EILEEN BRAND

(Continued from Page 24)

ances, even an occasional sortie into the bedroom. And the international problems will take care of themselves.

A thorough study of history's leading lights will reveal a close correlation between a happy love life and a nation at peace. True enough, Harding was so busy with that girl in the White House closet that he couldn't watch the store and there was the tempest in the Teapot Dome. But at least Harding's was a peaceful administration. And if Lincoln hadn't been married to a virago, who knows but what the Civil War could have been averted? The examples are endless.

The following slogans will implement my Plan:

Down with statesmanship, up with sexmanship!

The best Congress is Sexual Congress!

Into the bedrooms by Christmas!

Turn bomb shelters into orgone boxes!

Take sex to the Summit!

How will it be with kingdoms and

with kings if the soft night air about the chancelleries and the palaces is riven with sibilant sighs and ecstatic moans?

And tender testimonials like:

"You're all right, Jack."

"I'm just wild about Harold."

"Charlie is my darling."

"A mighty lover is Fidel."

"Konrad ueber alles."

"Oooh, Niki, do it again."

"I'd walk a mile for a Gamal."

PAUL KRASSNER

(Continued from Page 24)

• He has a steady mistress—either Martha Hyer, because she has a certain Grace Kelly quality; or the female member of Sinatra's Clan, Shirley MacLaine, because her husband is always in Japan.

• He has a low sex drive. Look at John F. Junior's birth-date and see how close it is to Caroline's. It's only an annual affair, then—and the whole backache bit is merely a case of marital gold-bricking.

Personally, though, I prefer to think of the Kennedys as a real honest-to-goodness healthy loving couple. I often imagine them there in the White House—Jack and Jacqueline standing by the bed, both smiling—he, like the man in the Spearmint gum ad; she, like the face on Señor Wences' hand. And then, in clear, clipped, Cagney-cum-Harvard tones, Jack speaks: "Let us begin . . ."

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE REALIST published monthly except January and July at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1961.

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The Realist Association, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. (a non-profit corporation; there are no stockholders). President: Paul Krassner; Vice-President: John Wilcock; Secretary: Bob Abel—all of 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and other conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 4,361.

(This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue):

(signed) Paul Krassner

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1961.

(signed)
Andre Burnett
41-5534350

My Commission expires March 30, 1962.

SEX AND THE COLD WAR: THREE VIEWS

or—Lucky Paul, He's In The Middle

Eileen Brand

Unquestionably the most tragic waste of manpower in our time is the unnatural addiction of the finest flower of American manhood to business pursuits.

The good grey *Times* had an article in its real estate section a while ago headed: "EFFICIENCY UNITS LURE EXECUTIVES." It went on at great length to tell about an apartment house designed specifically for business executives who live in the suburbs but must frequently stay overnight in the city for business reasons.

Incurable romantics, wives, and people with ordinary dirty minds would assume the true function of such an apartment house to be the housing of mistresses and the warehousing of etchings. But a number of sociological studies have chronicled the decline of the good old-fashioned mistress and you can hardly find a superior etching any more. The sordid truth is that these apartments will generally be used precisely for the purpose set forth in the builder's glowing prospectus. And all the while their occupants will croon with a sort of melancholy joy about the "rat race."

This tendency of American men to immerse themselves in business matters—even far into the night—is excusable in those who aren't fit for anything better. But the spectacle of strong, healthy men wasting their resources in sheer commerce is depressing, when their time patently would be better spent in amatory excursions, dalliances, even an occasional sortie into the bedroom.

The scholarly minded will immediately pounce upon the fact that this manpower loss is not exclusively an American phenomenon. There is no doubt that it is a deep-seated cause of the current grisly headlines.

Which leads me to set forth the first workable Plan for World Peace in history.

The only previous Plan for World Peace with any merit was a recurring proposal that the heads of cold-warring states engage in personal combat clad solely in their underwear. Like many visionary plans, this Plan has one flaw—it won't work. It is not the kind of proposition to win acceptance from key people; namely, the heads of states themselves.

My Plan will overcome all that.

Its genius lies in its simplicity.

It would apply to international affairs the principle I enunciated earlier, to wit: Let the heads of state give more attention to amatory pursuits, dalli-

Paul Krassner

Lest it be inferred from the above subheading that I am bisexual, I hereby state for the record, whatever that is, that I am strictly heterosexual. However, I am not prejudiced against homosexuals; although I wouldn't want my brother to marry one.

As a matter of fact, I am somewhat unproud of the U.S. State Department's recent disclosure that, out of eighteen security-risk employees who resigned under investigatory pressure last year, sixteen had been charged with homosexuality. . . .

"Hotchkins, you've been a faithful employee here for quite a few years now, but we have reason to believe that you're a homosexual."

"Why, sir, that's not true."

"We all have our problems, Hotchkins, it's nothing to be ashamed of. But I'm afraid that a security investigation is necessarily called for."

"But even if it were true, sir, hasn't my loyalty always been above question?"

"Yes, but there is a new factor now: the possibility of blackmailing you."

"Well, the secret is out now—who would they tell?"

"Me, of course. You don't want your employer to know you're a homosexual, do you? So you might very well give out secret information to avoid that."

"Yes, sir, I see your logic. If only there was some way I could prove . . ."

"Now, Hotchkins, you must try to take this like a man—oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way."

"Sir, I really hate to have to do this to you, but you leave me no alternative. There's something about me that I'd like you to ask your wife tonight. . . ."

Some of my Renaissance-Reichian friends seem to feel that sex-love blockings are the ultimate barrier to international harmony. They should be made aware of the fact that it was the guilt of enjoying intercourse with his wife while his father was dying that inspired the ascetic binge of master peacemaker Mahatma Gandhi.

To blame the cold war on character-armor is just possibly a slight oversimplification. Besides, they could never get Khrushchev to fit in an orgone box.

As for Kennedy, well, there are all kinds of awful rumors floating around.

• He is a real ladies' man. Sweet young models are at his beck and call. Secret Service men frisk them first—and in a lingering fashion, too, because the President is a busy man and has no time for foreplay.

Howard Shoemaker

Now that both the Soviet Union and the United States have resumed the testing of nuclear devices, ranging in size from "battle-field" warheads thru five, ten, twenty, and proposed one-hundred megaton bombs—and, too, the Chemical and Biological branches of both countries are deeply involved in research and manufacture of deadly nerve gases, psychochemicals, virus bombs and the like, all bent on destruction and death—one area of human response seems to have been overlooked: pleasure.

The possibility of a pleasure-producing bomb has many advantages. Here is a potential weapon which would put the enemy in such throes of enjoyment, that they lose all will to fight, resist or even question. The one thing which offers the strongest pleasure-feeling is an orgasm.

The pleasure bomb will be called an O-Bomb—"O" designating orgasm.

Picture a battlefield. Several divisions are poised for a full-scale assault. The defending armies fire a barrage of shells loaded with orgasm-producing chemicals. The entire attacking force is thrown into chaos, racked with pangs of ecstasy, lasting for long periods. Soon the field is littered with heavy breathing, useless troops. The defenders quickly overcome the happy, smiling enemy, whose only desire is sleep.

In a major military production area, an un-noticed saboteur releases several aerosol O-Bombs. Everything stops. The entire war effort collapses with one great sigh.

On pads, in underground silos, rail cars, and in airplanes, ICBMs armed with O-Bomb warheads stand. Both sides are ready.

Suddenly, without warning, one country launches a sneak attack. Hundreds of rockets speed toward previously designated targets, carrying O-Bombs of the 20-megacontraction class.

Mankind has fifteen minutes.

In the target areas millions of people stand exposed.

Fallout shelters are vacant. Thousands rush to major cities from rural and non-target areas. Highways are jammed. Airplanes land. Submarines surface.

The O-Bombs strike.

Wow!

"Quick, please retaliate," plead the aggressors.

Rockets head in the other direction. Satellite nations launch intermediate-range missiles.

Some of the neutral and non-com-

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(Continued on Page 23)

(Continued on Page 23)