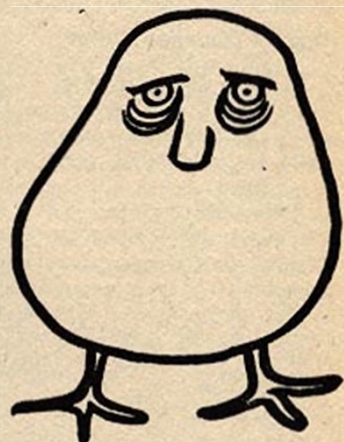


freethought criticism and satire

The Realist

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the magazine
of redundancy

A Study in Hypocrisy: The Kickback Morality

by Jack Crawford Jr.

Editor's note: Jack Crawford Jr. is a widely-published free-lance writer, and a staff reporter for The Kingston Daily Freeman.

How does a community react to charges by a State Investigations Commission that its police force is riddled with corruption and some of its most respected public officials and civic leaders part of a "huge conspiracy" of graft?

Is it surprised, shocked, indignant? Is it stirred to vigorous denunciation, to demands for house-cleaning and party cleaning, to study of forceful and spirited remedies?

Does it become an angry city, humiliated by disclosure of corruption and official greed? Do its leaders call for stern measures, let the chips fall where they may? Are its pulpits filled with lightning and thunder?

Last October Governor Harriman directed Arthur L. Reuter, head of the New York State Investigations Commission, to conduct a "preliminary investigation" of police corruption in the city of Kingston, N. Y. He brought his staff to that city of some 30,000 souls, seat of Ulster County government, now once again an impregnable Republican stronghold, and commenced a probe which has since been extended into other departments and overflowed into Ulster County and adjacent areas.

Reuter said in a recent report that thirty officers out of a force of fifty-four Kingston policemen had been "involved in indictable crimes or other misconduct." Eight of these officers have actually been convicted of

crimes, including unlawful entry, receiving stolen property, and burglary. Departmental trials are now under way in the remaining cases.

Reuter also reported that his staff had uncovered a "tremendous pattern of graft," particularly in the sale of highway equipment and material, a pattern of systematic pay-offs which netted grafters untold thousands of dollars.

A number of public officials and "influential politicians" have been implicated, including Arthur H. Wicks, former State Senate Majority Leader, one time acting Lieutenant Governor, and recently resigned chairman of the Ulster County Republican Committee; his personal aide, a former Republican mayor of the city of Kingston and former president of the New York State Mayors Associations; the former superintendent of public works in Kingston; a number of town superintendents of highways in Ulster County; and other public officials and local business and civic leaders.

The State Attorney General has appointed a special prosecutor to replace young (35) charming Ulster County District Attorney Howard C. St. John—himself a product of the machine who would therefore find the role of prosecutor highly embarrassing.

A mood which prevails quite generally may be described as a sense of futility, the feeling that graft is a "part" of the system, that it may be wrong but practically everybody does it, that guilt is more communal than personal.

(Continued on Page 8)

Apologia (Continued)

As explained in the preceding issue of the *Realist*, almost all the material in this issue (including editorial type stuff and the letter page) appeared in the now unavailable back issues, #2 thru #6. John Francis Putnam's Modest Proposals #2 and #3 were reprinted in issue #33; his Modest Proposals #4, #5 and #6 are reprinted herein.

sir realist:

A Hen of Another Color

In reading the first issue of the *Realist*, I noticed on page 15 a statement that Random House "quietly withdrew Vincent McHugh's *Blue Hen's Chickens* from the book market when the Post Office cocked a menacing finger at one ode therein." This statement is utterly incorrect on two counts:

(1) The Post Office never entered into the controversy in any way whatever. The disturbance over the book was caused by Mr. John Sumner, then head of the Committee for the Suppression of Vice.

(2) We fought Mr. Sumner on this book to a finish and won an unqualified victory over him. Thereafter, we went right on selling the book until the edition was exhausted. The demand, unfortunately, did not justify a reprinting of the book—and that's the only reason that it is out of stock today.

Bennett Cerf
New York, N. Y.

Extra-Sensory Perception

I think your comments on ESP deserve comment. Naturally, 99% of what is passed off as ESP is BS. But I think that Rhine's book, *The Reach of the Mind*, deals with phenomena which cannot be explained by chance. After all, the brain is an electromagnetic device whose vibrations can be recorded on electroencephalographs. Perhaps other brains can receive vibrations with a small degree of efficiency.

Anyway, I'm not going mystic. I just feel that the door shouldn't be slammed on Rhine, although there are thousands of screwballs. The validity of Rhine's work would in no way give added comfort to the characters who are tuned in to Gawd.

Edd Doerr
Bogota, Colombia

On Sex Education

I have a few comments on the editorial, "Sex Education and the Status Quo."

You say "the risk [of pregnancy] can be 100% safely avoided." If you change that to 99% I will agree with you. I have been reliably informed that the "safest known method of contraception" has, on occasion, failed. This information comes from the women who took the consequences.

[Editor's note: *Sex Manual*, which is distributed only thru the medical profession, states that, "If properly

tested and rightly used, the condom is one hundred per cent effective." And *Techniques of Conception Control*, issued by the Planned Parenthood Federation, states that, "Properly tested, the condom provides protection as efficient as any method, and skillfully used, furnishes security." Italics theirs.]

However, what you say about petting should be read by all teen-age boys. It would certainly make life easier for teen-age girls.

You also recommend that the child who seeks to "see the place where I came out" should be satisfied. Have you considered the effect this will have on a child's mother, who has lived thru a strictly sheltered childhood and never completely recovered from it? I think it would do more harm to the mother than good to the child.

Mrs. Patricia Fellman
Long Island City, N. Y.



Planned Litterhood

In regard to your editorial, "Birth Control and Man's Inhumanity," it seems to me the first two sentences leave out of consideration some facts of animal life.

[The sentences: "Man is the only animal that is aware of the relationship between the sex act and reproduction. Man, therefore, is the only one capable of rising above the other animals by planning his family in advance."]

I am no bird-watcher, certainly not, but I remember having read that some warblers, when food is abundant, have broods of about 5, but at times when the food supply is scarce, you find, on an average, only 3 eggs in the nest.

Certain wild animals cannot at all, or only with difficulty, be brought about to procreate in captivity. Others—the lemming of Norway, for instance—probably incapable of keeping down their sinful sexuality, and lacking appropriate advice on birth control, commit mass suicide by jumping into the sea when food gets too scarce thru overpopulation.

As for humans, only the Roman Catholic Church remains pitiless.

Gottlieb Jahn
Krefeld, Germany

Editor's note: Many Protestant denominations also take the position that artificial contraception is immoral. And orthodox Judaism remains vehemently and unalterably opposed to any form of birth control.

Mixed Emotions

It was pleasing to see my article ["The Kickback Morality"] in the *Realist*. Now let me tell you something amusing.

John J. Schick of this city is a leading Democrat, an unsuccessful candidate for Ulster County District Attorney in the last election. His interest in the article is political. Actually, the article is not partisan. I did not intend it to be.

A couple of days ago I got a call from Schick, whom I know slightly. He said a friend of his had called him from New York City and read a little of the article to him, that he thought it sounded pretty tremendous, and that if we could get a stock of the magazine to Kingston it would sell 5,000 copies!

He asked me if I had a copy on hand. I said yes and gave him one. I have heard no more.

The important point to note in all this is that Schick is a Catholic. A substantial part of the population in Kingston is Catholic. I might guess roughly 35%. Need I say more? The mayor is Catholic. Twelve of his 13 city aldermen are Catholic. I don't think they could possibly digest Reginald Dunsany—nor the poem on the Virgin Mary.

Jack Crawford, Jr.
Kingston, N. Y.

With Relish

I am certain Brann would have relished the *Realist*. May the publication thrive!

Charles Carver
New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: Mr. Carver is the author of "Brann and The Iconoclast." *The Iconoclast* was a controversial publication of the 1890s. It reached a circulation of 120,000.

Staple Economy

Have just read my first copy of the *Realist* and have only one criticism. I think you should have 3 staples in the binding. A 2-staple magazine doesn't have the class of a 3-stapler. Doesn't look so good on the coffee table.

Roger Price
New York, N. Y.

Couple of Columnists

Mr. Putnam's piece on the war against nuclear protest boats was beautifully to the point. And you have a real ringer in Mr. Dunsany—is he related to the Lord?

Arthur Lockwood
Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Editor's note: God, no.

The Realist

editorial type stuff

Yes, Virginia . . .

Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti is not beat. Rather, like all the rest of us, he is simply caught. He has written a "Tentative Description of a Dinner Given to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower."

In it, he cries out against the nuclear fallout that "must come down on everyone including white citizens," and he reveals the futility of his cry with a sardonic reference to "lead jockstraps."

(Item: The same month that a New Jersey attorney and his wife and five children decided to move to New Zealand to escape from the dangers of the Bomb, the *Australian Journal of Biological Sciences* told of the heavy radioactive contamination of sheep and cattle in that area.)

There is a certain cartoon which has become a classic, not only because of its innate humorous element, but also because of its basic psychological insight. It shows two ragged and bony men with long beards. They are both chained to the wall of a prison cell. And one of them is saying to the other, "Now here's my plan . . ."

And so it is that man keeps trying, never giving up hope. So it is, for example, that Muriel Symington, whose poem appears later in these pages, was busy as a volunteer this month at the office of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, processing petitions to be flown to Geneva—where the Committee for an Insane Nuclear Policy was busy discussing ways and means of preventing a surprise attack.

It's only fair that one should be told about that sort of thing in advance. Good sportsmanship and all.

On television this month, there appeared an animated cartoon 'commercial.' It started off with a hydrogen bomb exploding. (You at first try to guess what product this could be a lead-in to. You recall a wine commercial—"Nothing short of total disaster can destroy the taste of Gallo port.")

But no, a friendly voice begins to talk about fallout. (Hey, you ask yourself, what is this?) The voice then tells of other kinds of radioactivity. (Could it be the ultimate in soft-sell? Are they now trying to rationalize away the perils of the H-bomb's poisonous particles of peace?)

But no, the voice admits, albeit in a superficial way, that there is a danger. (Can it be possible? Is this great big beautiful TV set finally going to say something? Will the electronic giant add its support to the untold overtures of poets and peasants, at last?)

But no, it was only a helpful hint for better living, from Civil Defense. We repeat it here, as a public service. When a hydrogen bomb explodes in your neighborhood, in CD's own words, "Take cover."

Periodically, you feel a great surge of protest welling up inside. You want to run to the world's leaders and yell, "Stop! Will you guys stop! Just cut it out!" But each time you soon simmer down to ponder the real problems of the day. Like, should you or shouldn't you get a haircut?

(Real, because you can do something about it.)

There are of course those who have tried to say Stop. The men who sailed the *Golden Rule*, for instance. A year ago their leader, former Navy commander Albert Bigelow, took petitions with 17,411 signatures to the White House. Although he waited all day at the gate, the Palace Guard refused to accept the petitions.

"I looked at the Stars and Stripes," Bigelow told a reporter for the *Honolulu Record*, "and I felt utterly ashamed of my country. I was ashamed, too, of the callous treatment I had received, at the lack of understanding and simple courtesy . . . It was as though you'd suddenly discovered that your mother was a tramp."

Only a month before, though, the President had formally received delegates to the first annual International Seminar on Racing, in a closed meeting following the seminar. Among the topics on the agenda: a comparison of methods of starting (open starting vs. stall gates) in foreign countries and the United States, and a discussion of the type of shoes best suited for turf racing. (The things that really matter.)

Last month, the iron gates were kept shut again. This time, Eisenhower refused to grant an audience to representatives of 12,000 Negro and white citizens (8,000 children and 4,000 adults), some of whom had travelled 3,000 miles for the occasion: a non-political Youth March for Integrated Schools.

The letter they had sent two weeks earlier requesting an audience was also ignored, with all deliberate speed.

Entertainer Harry Belafonte received the full brunt of the discourtesy when he led a delegation of ten white and Negro students up to the White House grounds, only to be told that they would not be seen by the President, nor by his secretary, nor by anyone on his official administrative staff.

Belafonte had just returned from Europe, where he had been putting on shows for the U. S. State Department in an attempt to sell America's democracy abroad.

* * *

As this is being written, at half-past midnight, there is a seance—the first ever to be broadcast—emanating from our radio. A medium thus has a new medium. He is in a "trance state," delivering from the "spirits" of Lincoln, Jefferson and Gandhi, some rather platitudinous messages for the benefit of civilization.

(Not being mentioned is the fact that the whole spectacle was arranged by a press agent hired by a Greenwich Village restaurant which wants some *Publicity Au Gratin* on the menu.)

However, a day doesn't pass that there isn't some sincere piece of literature on our desk which claims to have the answer to the world's problem. One such publication is even named *The Answer*. (No false modesty there.) Some of them may very well have

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PAUL KRASSNER, Editor

SALLY BALDWIN, Scapegoat

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the answers, but when it comes to social, political and economic systems, the answers remain theories to be but propounded again and again.

The *Realist* doesn't pretend to have the answers. But at least our basic position—that there is no conscious God—doesn't need any changes brought about in society in order to put the theory into actual practice. Freethought is freethought is freethought, is our Stein Song. And this is the one thing that *They* can never, never take away: the right to have ideas.

But we are not so rigid that whenever the word God is used, we automatically discount the words it accompanies. A case in point: Ernest Green was the only Negro who graduated from Little Rock's Central High School last June. Here are some of the messages that white students wrote in his yearbook—

"You've stood the test and passed it. May you always have this much courage." "Your friendship has meant a lot to me. May God bless you richly." "I have admired your courage this year, and I'm glad you made it through all right." "I really admire you, Ernest. I doubt if I could have done half so well had the circumstances been reversed." "It has been a sincere pleasure to have been your friend. May God always guide you and keep you safe."

Such is the stuff that brings tears to the eyes of a cynical editor. And gives reason for hope. And hope for reason.

Somethingness on the Screen

In the entertainment world, to quote Jack Paar's happy self-appraisal, "Nothingness has caught on." Thus, one of the advantages of living in New York City is membership in "Cinema 16"—a non-profit but highly successful film society.

Since ordinary legal restrictions, censorship regulations and profit considerations do not apply, members are privileged to attend private screenings of unusual motion pictures not shown to the general public.

Explains Executive Secretary Amos Vogel: "We believe in the active rather than the passive spectator. We address ourselves to adults, not to a vast undifferentiated audience. We welcome controversy instead of avoiding it. We cater to the intellectually curious who want stimulation, not to the mentally tired who required routinized entertainment."

This month, they presented the Award Winners at the International Experimental Film Festival, Brussels, 1958—including, for example, *Symphony in No B-Flat*, a mordant Argentinian satire on the effects of radio-active fallout.

Said its writer-director, Rudolfo Kuhn: "My film attacks sectarianism which I hate, uniforms which I think should not exist, priests which play a ridiculous part in our politics, police which we pay with our taxes to make them kill students in the streets, and it also attacks all ridiculous conventions. Our only hope—is: love . . ."

Another recent showing included a filmed British television program, *Poverty, Chastity and Obedience*—consisting of unrehearsed interviews with Anglican monks on a variety of subjects.

"Unlike American TV religious programs," stated the program-notes, "this film is factual rather than reverential; and its religious statements are presented

not as dogmas, but as opinions open to discussion in the marketplace of ideas."

The BBC, incidentally, has featured, on one hand, Pat Boone and Liberace and *Wyatt Earp* and *Cheyenne*—but, on the other hand, they have also featured Laurence Olivier in an Ibsen play and an examination of the U.S. recession and an outspoken approach to the problem of abortion.

For they have the simple courage to say, as they did at the beginning of a program on "Homosexuality and the Law," that "if you don't like frankness on this subject, you had better switch off now."

Another example: a program about euthanasia opened with these words: "There are millions of people in this world and there is one thing certain about all of them. They are all going to die. No one has yet found a way out of it. This program is about death and about the pain that may precede death. If you don't like thinking about these things, then you'd better switch off."

* * *

Last month, "Cinema 16" presented the only American showing of a feature-length Nazi propaganda film, entitled *The Eternal Jew*. We thought it might be interesting to invite Jack K., the seventeen-year-old who wrote "I Am a Nazi" in issue #4.

The wholesale condemnation of Jewry was in documentary form, perverted by editing (a scene of a horde of rats, followed by a scene of a crowd of Jews) and crude narration ("Albert Einstein—the relativity Jew—hiding behind a mask of pseudo-science").

Even without the professional analysis in the program-notes of the film's techniques and myths, the audience would still have laughed at the pure outrageousness of the 'indictments.' But not our young



The Realist

guest. In response to each anti-Semitic cliché, he muttered, "It's true! It's true!"

Perhaps the most 'effective' scene in the movie was concerned with the ritual killing of animals by Jews. The film-narrator at this point told the audience that perhaps they had better not look—his motive, of course, being in severe contradistinction to that of the aforementioned BBC announcers.

It was indeed a horrifying spectacle to see close-up shots of cows' throats being slit, their bodies writhing in agony as the blood spurted all over the floor. But it was much more horrifying to hear the sad specimen seated next to me, mumbling in utter disgust, "Jesus Christ, look at that!"—he whose ambition it is to once again make lamp-shades and soap-bars out of human beings . . .

Coming out of the theatre, I put a question to him: "Suppose I were a Jew—if your dream came true, I guess you'd have me thrown into the oven, too, wouldn't you?"

He pondered a moment. "No," he said. "I like you. I'd merely have you undergo sterilization."

It's nice to know someone cares.

To Soothe the Savage Scientist

The assistant superintendent of Chicago's public schools has stated that the formula for producing a better scientist should include a heavy dose of musical education.

He pointed out that if a person knows how to make music, he has invariably had the ability to concentrate, to discipline himself mentally, and to develop mathematical precision, instilled in him by the musical training.

"These qualities," he continued, "borne out of a musical education in a youngster, cannot help but make him or her a better scientist . . ."

Apparently, the nation's songwriters have been well aware of such a correlation, and have tried their best to educate teenagers via music. Following are some of the best-selling records of the year 1958, purchased in the millions by our future scientists. These song hits have been matched up with the physical and social sciences to which they correspond most appropriately.

Physics—"My Bucket's Got A Hole In It"

Medicine—"Witch Doctor"

Economics—"Get A Job"

Sociology—"Rumble"

Psychology—"All I Have To Do Is Dream"

Biology—"Careful, Careful"

Anthropology—"Purple People Eater"

Gastronomy—"Return To Me"

Chemistry—"Queen Of The Hop"

Zoology—"The Chipmunk Song"

Geology—"The End"

Astronomy—"He's Got The Whole World In His Hands"

Motivational Transference

Once upon a time, the advertising culture was satisfied to specialize solely in singing the presumptuous praises of particular products ("Have a real cigarette—have a Camel") in order to make them stand out from their competitors. Now, however, the vicarious virtues of the consumer have gradually been taking over the spotlight.

May 1962

Last summer, for example, the *N.Y. Journal-American* ran a campaign with the theme, "Real New Yorkers read the Journal-American." And suddenly, several million persons were walking the city's streets—dejectedly. They had lost their identity.

The trend assumed national proportions with "The man who thinks for himself . . . usually smokes Viceroy." The funny and/or sad part of the story is that the whole idea was originally presented by the head of the Ted Bates Agency more-or-less as a gag, along with several real ideas—only the client took it seriously.

This month, ads for Ken-L-Biskit ("the dog Food of Champions") were directed at "the go dog . . . the fun dog . . . the dog that really belongs."

Where it will all end, only God—the real God—knows.

Sex Education and the Status Quo

In last month's *Realist*, there was an article entitled, "Sex Education for the Modern Catholic Child" (reprinted in issue #12). It was intended as a satirical criticism of the basic premise on which the "immorality" of artificial birth control rests.

We received a letter from one Harold Fowler. He suggested that we "please mark a big black X" on that article.

"Those are subjects," he continued, "which it should be the effort of every discerning parent to keep beautiful. We, for instance, have informed our 11 and 13 year olds, not just once, but continually, and we realize the gutter treatment is apt to be just around the corner fighting against us.

"I'll bet a beer you get more bad comment about this than anything else. I'll admit the satirist has to go overboard sometimes to make his point of bringing people up fighting, but the line between this and crude vulgarity is apt to be thin and should be trodden cautiously."

Expecting several cancellations as a result of the article, we received only one—which proves absolutely nothing except that since we got more complaints about "The Delusion of Extra-Sensory Perception" than about the "Sex Education" article, we therefore win the bet. Too bad we don't drink, or we'd ask Mr. Fowler to mail the beer to us from Indiana.

* * *

Both humor and offensiveness are—without a single exception—subjective qualities, so that there is no point in discussing the article itself. However, we must take issue with the all-too-prevalent notion that children need to be "protected" from reality.

It was most likely some such twisted notion which motivated a number of irate parents in Midland Park, New Jersey last month to protest the presence of a 16-year-old girl in high school, and her participation in extra-curricular activities. The reason: she is married.

It seems obvious that they were really disturbed because their children would be associating with a contemporary who participated—perish the thought—in extra-extra-curricular activities. It was only right that they should want to deprive her of an education.

It would have been poetic justice if all these parents had defiantly kept their own children home from school—only to have them witness the afternoon television show in which Joyce Brothers, refugee from an isola-

tion booth, referred to a letter from a wife whose husband was a victim of premature ejaculation. That is, she was a victim.

Dr. Brothers advised the viewer to tell her husband to concentrate on his income tax in order to forestall his orgasm.

But what is perhaps the ultimate in delicious irony, lies in this situation: the same parents who objected, privately or publicly, to the hip-action of various rock 'n roll singers—are now buying plastic hoops by the millions for their children, and standing proudly by as they watch the tots go thru motions suggestive enough to make Elvis Presley himself blush with embarrassment.

Even the experts are not above projecting their own shame-psychology onto youngsters. Take *Facts of Life for Children*—published by the Child Study Association of America.

"A child may ask," says the book, "to 'see the place where I came out.' This may sound like natural curiosity, but most parents will realize that it would be unwise to satisfy the wish. You can simply say you'd rather not, but will tell him whatever he wants to know."

The Bomb Shelter As a Bastion of Freedom

by Curtis Zahn

Sales Director
Freedom Fallout Shelters, Inc.
San Francisco, Cal.

My Dear Sir:

Although I cannot personally afford one of your excellent Shelters—especially the *Beginner's Honey-moon Kit* with built-in Hygienic Privacy (model A-2 @ \$2,999.00)—I nevertheless do appreciate your sending me the advertising pamphlet. Every patriotic homeowner should have one.

However, a thought comes to mind that might be of great use to you.

No doubt you've read in the newspapers about the bombings and threats made against so-called Liberals or Leftists down here; just the other day, two ministers' homes were bombed because they were speaking out against the John Birch Society. Since then, KPFK down here received dozens of phone calls by people threatening to bomb the station if the "Blue-book" was read aloud over the air. And not so long ago, Mr. Frank Wilkinson, a foe of the House Un-American Committee, had his office bombed.

You get the picture.

While it is difficult to convince the average American that he has much need of a bomb shelter—or, in fact, to show him how said shelter could be of any possible use in an atomic war—it is obvious that a rapidly growing number of Liberals have an urgent need for one! Remember also that Right-Wing groups like the Birch Society, the Minute Men, and the United Christian Patriots are now becoming exceedingly active throughout this great State of ours. It's as simple as A plus B makes C—the more Rightists there are, the

Aside from upsetting the child unnecessarily, it would be an invasion of your personal privacy."

(They don't say *why* it would upset the child. Nor do they say that it could be upsetting *not* to satisfy his natural curiosity, thereby creating an *unnatural* curiosity.)

In regard to petting, they say that "the older teenager is faced with two unhappy choices. Either he must bring his urges to a highly unsatisfactory halt, or he must continue on to intercourse which carries risk and a burden of guilt."

(The truth is, of course, that there is also a third, happy choice: petting to mutual, highly satisfactory climaxes. As for intercourse, the "risk" can be 100% safely avoided; the "guilt" is, again, a slight case of projection.)

The reason the book gives for intercourse being "best reserved for marriage" is this: "We are all members of a society. As such, we must try to work within the framework of behavior the society has chosen for itself."

(In other words, the status quo. If there is anything wrong with society, it is the refusal of its members to admit that there is anything wrong with society.)

more the Liberals will need bomb-shelters. In Los Angeles we have enough of both to take your company out of the Red. (Get it?)

This is where I can be of some service to you if you can see your way to make it worthwhile.

It so happens I'm a member in good standing of a certain patriotic organization. At the same time, as I have hinted above, I can always use a little extra money. For these two reasons (provided we can agree on terms), I would be willing to help "stimulate" business by writing a few suggestive letters to known Leftists around here. Naturally, I would pick the ones who either have wives and children, or money. Or who have friends or congregations that would pass the hat, so to speak, to buy them bomb shelters. Then, once they've been warned, all you've got to do is follow through with literature and a salesman. Probably you should re-write the pamphlet in this instance, omitting all the crap about Fallout Suits & Geiger Counters. Just concentrate on showing them it will stand up against plastic or gasoline bombs.

Since I am a patriot, and really only want to rid this great nation of subversives, liberals, and other dangerous types, I'll gladly cut my commission down to only 7% for each bona fide sale. And who knows—if things quiet down too much, I might even throw in a few bombings just for the hell of it. But I'd have to charge more in that case because the FBI and the boys in blue and other controversial forces are beginning to make it tough.

Yours for the preservation of our way of life,

R. W. B.
Los Angeles

P.S. Because of the above fact that the woods are full of secret agents and red subverters down here, my life wouldn't be worth a nickel if I gave my real name. But don't you go nosing around trying to find out. Or *you* will need one of your bomb shelters!

The Realist

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

Modest Proposal No. 4

By All Means, LET 'em Bomb Synagogues

The floor of the children's classroom of the dynamited Atlanta synagogue was littered with the kind of paper cut-out decorations that you see pasted up on kindergarten window panes all over the country. The brightly-colored "construction paper" was ripped and slashed by murderous slivers of shattered window glass.

It had taken all of ten seconds to bring down the House of Aaron and of Moses with fulminate of mercury detonators and 40% dynamite—the same house that eighty years before had sheltered and fed starving, scarecrow soldiers of the Confederate army returning from war and defeat.

It should be mentioned here that the habitual users of the dynamited facilities commonly refer to their building as the *schul*, which is simply another way of saying *school*. As any thoughtful racist knows, *school* is a dirty word these days and the very mention of it is enough to set off a spontaneous detonation in favor of segregation, magnolias and cotton-percale white-sheet supremacy. So, whether it be Jewish *schul* or "in-nagrated" school, *bombs away!* That Rebel Yell you hear from Clinton to Little Rock means that the Sloth shall rise again.

Fortunately, by the end of the week, the round-up of dissidents who had contributed to this blast was completed, and the accused dynamiters all wore that carefully rehearsed look of heroic virtue under duress that is supposed to distinguish the political martyrs from the pimps and lush-rollers as they are all hustled into the paddy wagon together.

These Elite Shock Troops of the "Confederate Underground" would not stand much of a chance in any Southern Night Court when faced with the Magistrate's traditional demand for a "show of hands—palms up!"—for it is at this point that the horny-handed depart in peace with a two buck contribution to court costs, while the "sweet backs" with manicured fingernails tumble into the pokey.

Unfortunately for the Atlanta *Abteilung*, the charges against them are more serious than just "disturbing the peace," and what is more, the Tri-nitro-toluene "has went off right in the middle of the white section!" The Penal Code of the State of Georgia which is read so hard when applied to the Negro, reads hard on white dynamiters too—if they haven't observed the zoning laws.

A death penalty lurks somewhere in the glut of subsections appended to the article that deals with the misuse of dangerous explosives. But since the Atlanta blast killed no one, *lex talionis* (the law of retaliation) need not apply.

Nevertheless, this Georgia Goon Squad must pay for their crime, and be rehabilitated to boot. Although they're in for a long stretch of occupational therapy, stamping out cheap automobile license plates so the State can save on the Minimum Wage Law overhead,

we think that there is a better way. The rehabilitation and re-education should be a specialized affair with the honored concept of the punishment fitting the crime worked into the program.

We propose that a special rehabilitation center for convicted synagogue-dynamiters be set up on Dry Tortugas Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, some 70 miles from Key West, Florida. Here the inmates would be sent for an indefinite period. They would have decent shelter and plenty of good food. Building materials would be on hand along with tools. Good American tools like power saws and cement mixers, the whole works, all the way from bulldozers to spirit levels.

All that the inmates would have to do is build a synagogue.

And build it right.

Or else keep on doing it over until it is right. Lack of skill is no objection here. They can learn sooner or later, and on this depends the term of their sentence. The foundations turns out to be crooked? They can dig it up and lay it again. And again. Nobody leaves the island until that synagogue is finished and passes inspection.

After all, these lads are all of them 100 per cent Americans, by their own estimate of themselves. And Americans are traditionally handy with tools. Sooner or later, that building will go up and take shape. A green sprig will appear on the roof tree. It will finally pass inspection and it will be well built . . . through trial and error by a bunch of clowns most of whom had never in their entire lives held anything more useful than a cue stick.

The hand that used to pass out mimeographed condensations of the phony *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* now wields a trowel to smooth out the finishing touches on a plaster ceiling in the gleaming new synagogue.

But wait a minute, men. We've not finished our rehabilitation yet. Gather 'round and take a look at your handiwork. Professional! Look at that finish on the floors . . . at the masonry job on the steps . . . all done the hard way, and for a long time it seemed as if you'd never make it. For the first time in your lives, you really have something to be proud of. Well, here's some dynamite—go blow it up, you sonsabitches! We're starting all over again tomorrow, only this time there'll be "no straw in the bricks!"

It is not that we have much faith in the essential goodness of man at such a Neanderthal level, but chances are they'll be mighty unhappy about blowing up *this* synagogue . . . that, we're sure of, since we *do* have such abiding faith in the eternal egocentricity of man.

—J.F.P.

And Now for the Bottom 40 Hits

In Muscle Shoals, Alabama this month, disc jockey Doug Viar is spending three weeks in an underground 11 x 6.5-foot fallout shelter. He broadcasts from the cubicle three hours each day.

The publicity stunt (shades of "A Fable For Our Time," issue #10) was set up in cooperation with the local Civil Defense organization, which helped Viar plan his supplies—including a telephone in case of emergency or in case he gets lonely.

THE KICKBACK MORALITY

(Continued from Cover)

If it is a "part of the system," it is asked, if a lot of people are doing it, then can it be altogether heinous? If a lot of people, and some of these, perhaps, one's good friends, are involved in kickback deals, how can one be expected to wax very angry or demand stern measures?

A fatalistic attitude prevails, a mood illustrated perfectly by the comment of a former high-ranking officer of the State American Legion: "Stop graft on Friday, it's back on Saturday."

A well-known editor of a county weekly remarks that kickbacks have "always existed and always will exist." He cautions not to consider Ulster any different from any other county. If graft is stopped this year, "it will start up next year."

Examples of this attitude are legion. A local photographer, when asked if he thought people, generally, were shocked by the allegations of the probe, replied warmly: "Some of the old ladies might be!" This vein of feeling is reflected also in some of the comments of public officials implicated in the disclosures.

Several town superintendents of highways have protested, rather lamely, that they are innocent of wrongdoing, that it is their understanding that kickbacks are a kind of commission. One of these, who admitted taking \$4,200 in kickbacks from road oil purchases during the period 1954-57, says he doesn't think what he did is "unlawful" or immoral.

There is even an attempt on the part of some to justify the system. The head of an important city department put it to me this way, almost brazenly: "If you were offered a \$20,000 job wouldn't you be willing to give the man who offered it to you \$5,000?"

Well, he demands, wouldn't you?—forcing the attack. It isn't so much the nature of such an inquiry that stops the hearer with a sudden flush, it is the depressing realization that such feeling is so common and so aggressive, exists in such shameless scope and among such important officials.

Closely related to the general conviction that kickbacks are a "part of the system" is the identification of such pay-offs with generally accepted business practices, which may be illustrated, for example, by the gift of a bottle of Bourbon tendered in appreciation of a favor, or the offer of a reduction in brokerage as an inducement to a prospective buyer.

There are some curious examples of this type of thinking. The manager of a local firm says, during a conversation with me, that a kickback is "just a guy showing his gratitude, a matter of business. It's the same thing if he took him out and bought him a \$10 dinner."

And the proprietor of a small grocery in a neighboring township says that some people may feel it's "time to get to the bottom of the mess and clean it up but I've been in business a long time and I don't think it will ever be cleaned up. Every Christmas the meat man comes in with a bottle of Scotch for me, the produce man with some little gadget or other. 'This is for Christmas,' they say." He explains that he considers kickbacks in the same category.

An officer with the National Guard here, a careerman, says: "When times are booming, people are go-

ing to get money the easy way, make deals, and usually small people do small things. Political jobs don't pay fortunes. The officeholder looks at the other guy getting his and he says to himself, 'I'm going to get mine too while the getting's good.'"

The Guardsman goes on to say that there are "kickbacks" among businessmen themselves—tickets to Bermuda or a World Series game, a kind of good-will advertising. The fallacy in such a position is apparent upon reflection, but such thinking is not uncommon. How does the principle differ?

In business the parties are engaged in a private transaction, negotiating a sale or a deal which affects, essentially, only the parties to the arrangement, the buyer using his own funds. On the other hand, an official is negotiating not for himself but for the people who elected him and he is spending, not his money, but the taxpayer's money, drawing his check on the town or municipal treasury.

Resentment against the "furriner," a common human trait (witness Governor Faubus or G. I.'s with occupation troops abroad) is widespread, particularly among those who are feeling the pinch of the investigation—the Republican machine, its hirelings and hangers-on, and a considerable part of the party membership. This mood had been exploited by Republican leaders at every possible pre-election opportunity.

"What do they want to pick on us for?" a garage mechanic asks angrily. "Why don't they investigate them big cities? They've pushed us around long enough. Let's just forget the whole thing."

The wife of a local minister says that ever since she and her husband have lived in Kingston they've heard a lot of dissatisfaction with the political machine, but that she has observed a "reversal" of attitude in recent months because the machine has been "attacked from the outside."

She feels strongly that the local resentment is without justification, pointing out that the very people who formerly grumbled about the system now say, "Why don't the investigators go to Albany or Utica?" The local machine and its hangers-on, she asserted vehemently, are like a "pack of wolves banding together in self-defense."

A rather general feeling among residents of the community, expressed in various forms, is reflected perfectly in the remark of a local doctor: "Local people can handle local affairs." The answer, of course, is clearly indicated in the comments of the minister's wife who asks: "But why didn't we clean up the mess ourselves?"

City and county Republican leaders, bristling with hostility, have countered fiercely against Reuter's attempts to "pry into their affairs," even attempting to kill subpoenas served on local witnesses.

This sharp hostility on the part of political leaders with their backs literally against the wall is also the source of another highly sensitive mood—fear of reprisal.

A local shoe merchant, asked if he felt shock or indignation over the disclosures, replied, shrugging slightly and turning up his palms, "Who wants to be a martyr?" He explains that many people are undoubtedly disturbed by the implications of the probe but hesitate to voice them for fear of reprisals of one kind or another.

Hark, the Herald Angel Comes!

Said Joseph to Mary the Virgin,
"My darling, your figure's quite odd."
Said Mary to Joseph, reproachfully,
"Don't you know that I'm carrying God?"
"That you carry something is obvious,"
(In mingled suspicion and gloom)
"But I really would like to know, sweetheart,
How did it get into your womb?"
"It's a high, holy myst'ry," said Mary,
"Of an angel my son will be born."
"That's a very fine tale," muttered Joseph,
"I suspect I am sporting a horn!"
"Now eat your nice supper," said Mary,
"Your tantrums are making me blue;
At least you will go down in hist'ry
As the world's most outstanding coen!"

—Muriel I. Symington

The Republican machine wields fearful power (jobs, various spoils, economic pressures, staunch support of the local daily) and is capable of conferring substantial favors but also of inflicting painful wounds.

There are also reprisals of another kind, which must give many residents pause—the power of public opinion in a community where the machine has occupied a position of such enviable prestige for so many years, the power of social pressures, group censure, etc.

A neat rationalization is also observable, cloaked in several guises, subtle, half-convincing, but essentially hollow. One of the forms it assumes is that a man is innocent until proven guilty—a principle with which we surely do not quarrel. It is being used, however, in this instance, as an opiate to lull criticism, as a stopper to frustrate public indignation.

One of the most striking expressions of this attitude I have heard is that of a prominent 17-year-old high school student. This young man takes pains to point out that persons named in the Reuter report are "innocent until proven guilty" and that the burden of the proof rests with The People, an admirable sensitivity but used transparently as a pose to resist the consideration of moral factors involved.

He charges Reuter with "vast sweeping statements" and "character assassination," summing up his position with, "Better to let 10 criminals escape than have one innocent man punished." The youth apparently does not, however, become incensed over the implications of vice and crime, and one is led to pause here at mid-century and ruminate the evolution and decline of moral standards. Is it possible that society will be constrained, under the impact of current forces at work in our society, to re-evaluate its moral criteria?

Another subtle form of rationalization masks itself in Biblical dress—in part sincere, in considerable part, however, a patently barren recitation by rote of the verse, "Judge not that ye be not judged," a quotation rendered without strong conviction. It is simply a more pathetic statement of moral desiccation.

A highly respected minister, whose sympathies with the Republican leadership are common knowledge, states, for instance, that "no one party has all the

angels. Let he that is without sin cast the first stone." He is apparently unperturbed by the disclosures of the Reuter staff, lays hand to chapter and verse and retires defensively into a shell.

The church itself is a splendid victim of the American philosophy of success. For the most part it is rather stunned than thundering. Even the church has been captured by the philosophy of business, its ministers tailored and trimmed to comply with the tastes of lay leaders and the wealth of influential members of the congregation.

One local church, whose pulpit has been ominously quiet on the probe, numbers among its members the aforementioned Wicks & N. Le Van Haver—a prosperous former Ulster County D. A., and just-resigned city Republican chairman. The latter is a member of the church consistory and a substantial donor to its treasury.

Another subtle form of the rational mode is the factitious lather worked up by a good part of the community over the way this fellow Reuter and his infernal blackguards are dragging the good name of the city into the mire, publicizing its wickedness, baring its iniquities most unbecomingly to public gaze, not only in Ulster County but throughout the nation.

The young student mentioned above, for instance, is in high dudgeon over the sully of the reputation of this God-fearing and virtuous community, charging plaintively that Reuter, that arch fiend, is dragging its name in the mire and "gulping down the credit."

A local undertaker is among those stung by the smirching of Kingston's good name. He tells how he drove to Boston recently to pick up a body. On his return trip he stopped at a diner just outside that Massachusetts city and struck up a conversation with a man sitting on the next stool. The man asked him where he was from. "Kingston," he said. "Boy," came the reply, "that must be some town!"

In this connection, a local minister reports that his son, now residing in a middle western plains city, sees frequent articles in the press pertaining to the probe of vice in Kingston and Ulster County and, in his letter, ribs him irritatingly about his father's residence in Sodom and Gomorrah. "It's humiliating!" the minister states with considerable warmth.

I should like to discuss briefly one last phase of the public mood produced during the months of the probe—the charge that the investigation is an infernal device of a Democratic Governor to crush, or crack, the Ulster County Republican machine and its party apparatus. This, too, is a form of rationalization employed by embarrassed, anxious, angry members of the party. They bristle with waspish indignation.

To ex-chairman Haver it's a "smear tactic" purely and simply. He charges angrily that Reuter is "striving constantly to keep himself in the headlines." He takes pained umbrage as if in the very allegation of kickback practices, the party has suffered some grievous and fictitious wrong.

It's really dreadful, old man, don't you know, to see how these fiends have come in here, meddled in our business, subpoenaed us and our records and said all these nasty and terrible things, sorely wronging our good people and our fine upstanding community.

Let me hasten to say that the probe does of course have certain political overtones. It could hardly be

otherwise. A Governor has to be, ordinarily, either Republican or Democratic, and the investigating commission is responsible in some degree to the head of the state.

It should be pointed out, however, that on the one hand, some of those implicated by Reuter are Democrats (a minority, of course, since the dominant machine in Ulster County is Republican—dominating jobs and, according to Reuter, the lucrative kickback racket to boot), and on the other hand, that, partisan or not, the probe has uncovered an infection. What matter which doctor examines the smear under the microscope?

The probe has certainly been more painful to the Republicans than to the Democrats and Governor Harriman, who, as Democratic fugleman could hardly fail to enjoy somewhat the plight of the Egyptians struggling under the waves of the Red Sea.

Democrats (in a decided minority registration-wise) are quite generally pleased to see the investigators come down like a wolf on the fold. If questioned about the investigation, some look at you from behind scarcely repressible grins. Some are overtly exuberant, chewing it all up like a hungry horse in a bin full of hay.

I cannot escape the conclusion that the business mentality has saturated our society, greatly weakening man's ethical grounds. Kingston and Ulster County simply reflect a prevailing low standard of national morality.

We live in a society in which conscience has been too much "materialized," in which high-pressure advertising lays heaviest emphasis on "success," treating too lightly the spiritual values; a society in which the man of distinction is the man of wealth and material position (regardless of how he made his money); a society in which integrity often seems less important than smoking the cigaret which nine out of ten doctors recommend and drinking the brand of whiskey drunk by the same man of distinction; a society in which a fortune awaits the man (or emancipated female) who knows the answers to sundry odd questions, a veritable bric-a-brac of meticulous triviality which, when dramatically presented to millions of gawking television viewers in the form of a quiz program (the intellectual wizard contained neatly in the isolation of a sound-proof mummy case of the Fifth Dynasty, a rhapsodic melody filling the air with a magical sense of importance) can move the viewer to the edge of his seat with the most exquisite titillations.

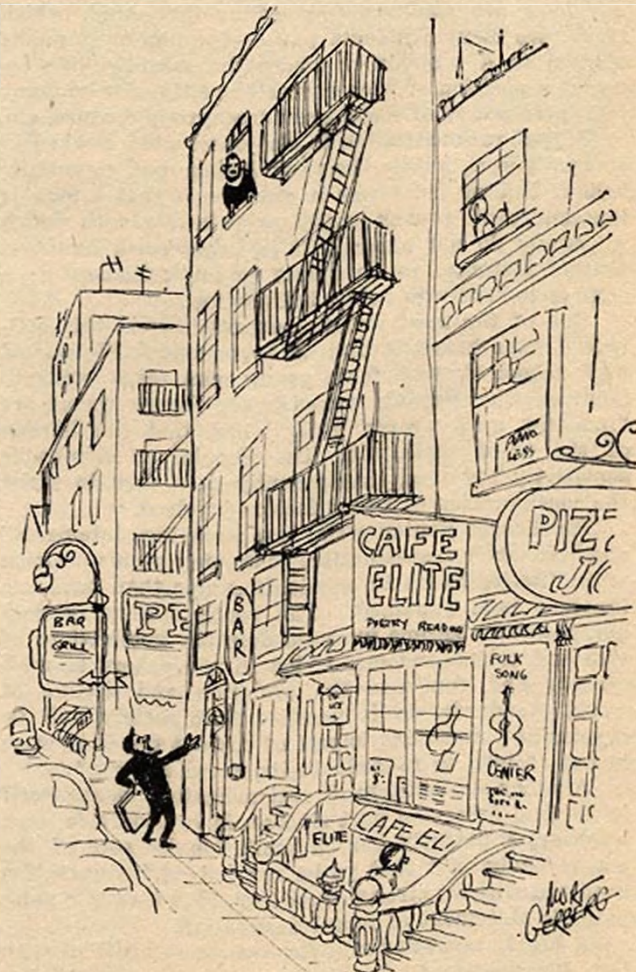
In our society, as the popular axiom states so well, "money talks." Its arrogance, its fatal attraction, has plunged many Fausts into many hells. We suffocate in a climate of cheap glorification in which man is submerged in considerations which drown his loftier aspirations.

A film star might lack prestige if he were not well paid; does the populace really respect the college professor, that odd duck, a sort of "egg-head" eccentric who, for some inexplicable enigma, has chosen the curious dullness of scholarship and classroom? The scientist's Trendex has improved recently, but he too is an odd, intangible eccentric floating about in rooms littered with barbaric paraphernalia, pausing momentarily beside fuming test tubes and bubbling alembics—a man still quite caviar to the general, fit subject for caricature and condescension.

I am saying that we revere too much the wrong things and, obversely, that we fail to revere the qualities which deserve our reverence. We lack too much that "reverence for life" referred to by the great doctor of the Belgian Congo.

Where in Kingston and Ulster County have I found the angry man, angry for the rape of decency, angry for the greed of his fellow pushing to their graft troughs like pleasant-smiling hogs; angry for the unctuous and hypocritical brethren who—smiling with easy grace, nodding pleasantly and conversing wittily, offering with becoming humility the genuflections on their knees—will slit your throat for a dime; angry because of the condescension with which the prevailing vulgarity deigns to regard askance the more meaningful experiences of man's existence on earth; angry because man's profound spiritual needs are hidden by thin screens of alluring cheapness in which the consumer is glorified in the degree to which he is capable of consuming—Cadillacs, women, wines, diamonds, yachts, luxurious voyages?

In Kingston and Ulster County the angry man is strangely quiet—or he is angry for the wrong reasons. The population appears apathetic, confused, a little overwhelmed—strong moral leadership, to which it might rally, curiously, depressingly, muted or absent.



"Oh, c'mon down for one beer—who d'ya think you are, Salinger?"

The Power of Prayer — If Any

by William D. Yeager

The Constitution, as the Supreme Court says, forbids the government to aid any particular religion or to aid religions as such. But our President, as is known, reads very little, and has notoriously little taste for deep legal writings. He certainly was not thinking of the Constitution when he proclaimed October 1st as National Prayer Day.

Because we are "challenged by an aggressive denial of divine Providence," he said, "we have continuing need of the wisdom and strength that comes from God." He thus advances the theory of Secretary of State Dulles and of Pius XII that the struggle between East and West is a struggle between theism and atheism rather than a fight between totalitarianism and democracy.

Master of Deceit

This is also the theme of J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit*. But in the *Progressive*, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. points out that Hoover's theory is "evidently factually erroneous. Many anti-Communists do not believe in God at all; many more do not believe in Mr. Hoover's Presbyterian God. And many supporters of Communism, illogical as it may seem, do believe in a supernatural order not only in such Catholic countries as Italy and France but throughout Asia."

Schlesinger thus disagrees with Hoover's concept of Communism as a disease of atheists and intellectuals, produced by lack of 'faith'—"rather than by social and economic frustration." Nevertheless, the patent medicines now being hawked in the form of automated religion ought to warm the cockles of the FBI Director's heart.

The Missouri Synod Lutherans have recorded seven five-minute "prayer-sermons" which will be distributed free of charge to more than three thousand radio stations in the United States.

In almost every large city, one may have a prayer "said" for him by merely dialing a certain telephone number advertised in the newspaper. The prayer is not, of course, said at all, but emanates from a machine in which it has been pre-recorded.

Near Drumheller, Canada last month, thousands flocked to a new "pushbutton church" where one could push a button and hear a prayer or hymn.

Such devices are fairly comparable to the ancient prayer wheel of Lamaism, which was filled with written prayers and was supposed to be effective when turned by the supplicant. Also comparable, is the Catholic Rosary, whose beads are tolled as the Hail Mary is mumbled over and over again.

Rev. Peyton, television promoter of the Family Rosary Crusade, says that he has obtained pledges from thirteen million people to pray the rosary every day for the rest of their lives. Last month at Bismarck, North Dakota, 10,000 people assembled under his leadership for an outdoor rally. On the sparsely-populated plains of North Dakota, 10,000 is a tremendous crowd.

And, according to D. Stuart Paterson, an important Methodist official, it is not only the common man that

prays for divine aid of various kinds. He told a meeting of the Organized Bible Class Association at Westminster, Maryland last month, that surgeons are increasingly relying on prayer to supplement their skill with the scalpel. He said that his information comes from hospital chaplains who report that "in addition to surgical skill, prayer is becoming increasingly important."

Presumably when a surgeon has a patient's liver out and setting on the table, the patient might prefer that his surgeon pay more attention to the problem of replacing it, instead of spending time, attention or energy on invocations of ghostly aid. And in general, many question the power of prayer either (a) to enlist celestial legions on our side in the cold war or (b) to bring about personal physical cures or other benefits.

Experiment Proposed

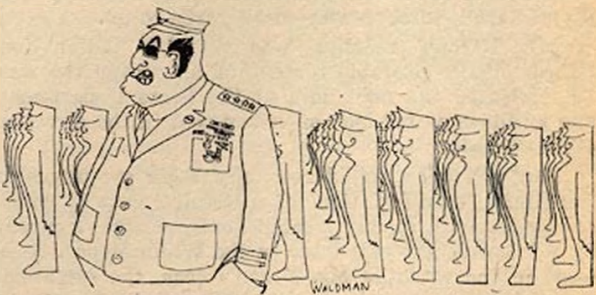
Some such thought must have been in the mind of Professor Stuart C. Dodd of the University of Washington last month when he addressed the American Sociological Society. He proposed a scientific analysis of the power of prayer. He called for the "matching" of ten thousand sick persons, half of whom would be the subject of prayer.

Those to be prayed for would be matched, ailment for ailment, with those whose recovery would not be sought in prayer. He suggested that the subjects of prayer be divided into seven groups.

Members of one group would know they were being prayed for while members of another group would not. Members of a third group not only would know they were being prayed for but would be strong believers in prayer themselves. Members of still another group would participate in prayer themselves, sometimes together with their "prayer-partner." Prayer in still other groups would be offered by loved ones of the subject, and in language "congenial to the patient."

"Such a study not only could demonstrate the results of prayer," and Professor Dodd without smiling, "but could reveal to us which types of prayer are most effective. It will give us a greater tool for engineering for our own efforts of all sorts and help us know exactly how to use prayer as a tool."

The project, said the professor, would require the cooperation of many hospitals and many churches in various religions. Present at the sociologists' meeting were representatives of various religious sects but none of them endorsed the proposal. Perhaps they felt it was scientifically incomplete in failing to provide for prayers *against* recovery.



"The American public is finally awakening to the fact that the military is the only branch of the government out to defend freedom and individuality . . ."

Richard M. Nixon . . . Double-Standard Bearer

by Harry Kursh

*Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the
unanimity of the graveyard.*

—Justice Robert H. Jackson

The New York *Times* has a nasty habit of looking under the carpet for the sweepings and every once in a while manages to raise a bit of dust which vexes political leadership, especially those who happen to have allergies that erupt violently when the dirt proves fit to print.

Perhaps you recall the last time a *Times*' reporter routinely lifted the carpet at the State Department in Washington. He asked one of those everyday questions, like: How is the mail running? . . . with regard to the administration's football game in the Formosa straits where Uncle Sam—all-in-one—is playing center, guard, end, tackle, halfback and quarterback for Chiang Kai-shek's team, and trying every trick in the books except a play around left end (forbidden territory for Republicans) . . .

The reply came from a rather unimportant State Department employee, who obliged with the data which disclosed, according to the *Times*, that "letters received at the (State) department were overwhelmingly critical of the Government's policy in the Quemoy crisis."

The results of the *Times*' story were interesting. Secretary Dulles termed it "ill-advised," a comparatively mild comment, somewhat in keeping with the traditions of leadership in a society where the press and anyone with a four-cent stamp can still sound off. A seasoned leader, Dulles knows you've got to at least roll with the punches.

No Time For Sneezing

But the reaction was a bit more explosive from our highly volatile and versatile friend, Vice-President Nixon, whose allergic reaction to under-the-carpet dust is frequently super-sensitive, a condition due in no small measure to the incredible stress and strain of trying for a 1960 White House touchdown with a slippery football, three down and 90 yards to go.

Mr. Nixon's reaction was feverish indignation, mixed with a veritable torrent of abuse for the man who released the mail data at the State Department, and an ill-connected blob of venom spat in the direction of the *Times*.

Any physician would recognize these symptoms as the clinical manifestations of a classical case of *politico-sis tremens*, readily treated (but not always cured) by a four-to-eight-year lease in the White House. However, in the versatile Mr. Nixon's case, the symptoms were obscured by an unusually heavy dose of unctuous philosophy on the subject of political leadership.

After denouncing the State Department employee

and, by implication, the New York *Times*, for a "deliberate act of sabotage," Nixon said the State Department could not, and should not, formulate its foreign policy on the basis of what people think. This would not be leadership.

He said: "If we indulge in the kind of thinking which assumes that foreign policy decisions should be made on the basis of opinion polls, we might as well decide now to surrender our position of world leadership to the Communists and become a second-rate nation."

"It is the responsibility of a leader to lead public opinion—not just to follow it."

Follow The Leader

This puts us in a pretty difficult situation. You can't very well disagree with these views on leadership. After all, if a leader does not lead he has to follow; and if he follows he cannot lead. You can't, in politics, be half-leader, half-man. Hence, those of us who write the letters should know where we stand, either follow the leader, drop out of the pack, or donate the four-cent stamp to the Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy who would like to get in touch with their leader in Little Rock.

On the other hand, where does this philosophy put the administration in the race for world leadership? There are no public opinion polls in the Soviet Union—in fact, no public opinion. *Pravda* never asks the Kremlin, "How'd the mail go today, boys?" If a Russian journalist finds any dirt under the carpet, he promptly drops the damned thing, throws the broom away, and returns to his typewriter to knock off a few more peans to his great Russian leaders.

Neither Rain Nor Nixon . . .

Under Nixon's ideas of leadership the Russians, leader for leader, unperturbed and unsullied by letters from the pack, should be way out in front in the race for world leadership. If Mr. Nixon gets into the White House does this mean our letters go out the back door when he walks through the front door? Or, perhaps, to confound the Russians, can we then expect him to send our letters to the Kremlin?

I don't know the answers because Mr. Nixon is a difficult man to understand. One day he's the "new" Nixon, campaigning with kid gloves, patting everyone on the back, even the letter writers; next day he's the "old" Nixon, making slashing attacks, labelling any and all who oppose his views as sinners, saboteurs and traitors.

But what is perhaps most upsetting is the fact that under Mr. Nixon's philosophy of leadership once we elect the man who becomes our foreign policy leader we should refrain from further interference. Give him a blank check, and keep the account loaded at the bank.

Maybe this idea was fairly harmless in the days when a leader with a blank check spent three or four years withdrawing from his arsenal to kill off a few million non-leaders. But I especially don't take to his ideas too kindly in these days, not when the bank is loaded with enough nuclear cash to liquidate overnight this whole bloody mess we call civilization, with or without leadership.

To be fair, I must admit that Mr. Nixon is not entirely against the letter-writers. At least, there was a time when he fairly adored them.

Katcher in the Act

This was back in the campaign days of 1952. Mr. Nixon had just fought a tough battle in getting the Republicans to name General Eisenhower as their presidential candidate and himself as their vice-presidential man.

The Republicans were jubilant. They had a couple of standard-bearers who were cleaner than hounds' teeth—until a nasty journalist, Leo Katcher, operating in Hollywood, provided the New York *Post* with a story which was headlined in huge, black letters: SECRET NIXON FUND.

The story purported to find some sweepings under the carpet in Mr. Nixon's own backyard, Los Angeles, wherein lay crumbs of information about a special campaign fund which might have been used by Mr. Nixon for his personal benefit.

The leaders of the Republican Party were peppered with a variety of letters, many from lesser leaders (at the district level) demanding that the Party dump Nixon and find another leader to run for Vice-President. Even the number-one leader, General Eisenhower, felt the enormous pressure. It certainly was a time when few Republicans relished the role of leadership.

After some hurried arrangements, during which time the telephone company profited from numerous transcontinental calls placed to upper-echelon Republican leaders, Mr. Nixon promptly took to the airwaves—television and all—sat down just as pretty and grim as could be, his wife, Pat, to one side, and made a moving speech, baring all his accounts, assets, and gifts and a certified audit of his putative secret "slush" fund certified by those great leaders among accountants, Price, Waterhouse & Co.

The effect was dramatic. "Sheer soap opera," screamed the Democrats.

Tune In Yesterday

But the important point is that Mr. Nixon, at the time, concluded his broadcast to an estimated audience of 55,000,000 by stating that it was up to his leaders, the Republican National Committee, to decide whether he should or should not remain as Gen. Eisenhower's running mate on their ticket.

Mr. Nixon, however, did not want the leaders to be without the benefit of public opinion, the letter writers. Referring to the Republican National Committee, he said: "Let them decide whether my position on the ticket will help or hurt. And I am going to ask you to help or hurt. And I am going to ask you to help them decide. Wire and write them whether you think I should stay on or get off. And whatever the decision is, I will abide by it."

It sure rained leaders then. More than 2,000,000 of them responded with letters and telegrams, and Mr. Nixon did not object to that decision being based on the public opinion survey he had generated. And that, dear friends, is how we got Vice-President Nixon. The letter-writers were 350 to one, in favor of Dick Nixon.

Perhaps this is one reason why some of us don't jump for joy when we express our views to the State Department only to feel frustrated and confused because Dick says, in effect, "Don't bother the leaders."

All right, then, no letters. *Take me to your leader, Dick.*

Modest Proposal No. 5

Ever since 1946, Samuel Eliot Morison, an Admiral by courtesy of Harvard University, the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Department of the Navy, has been writing a salty and garrulous *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* in fourteen volumes of expository prose, diagrams of fleet actions, witty quotations made while under enemy salvos, and of course plenty of full-page halftone pictures of friendly admirals.

There are no full-page halftone pictures of enlisted men. These fellows *do* appear appropriately now and then as a background, however, shaping up as honor guards, and naturally in most of the action shots where they keep their place as gun servants.

The typewriter Admiral has ridden out the blood tide of war at sea and will soon reach that point in time and space where Douglas MacArthur turns his good profile towards history and the newsreel cameras on the quarterdeck of the *U.S.S. Missouri* in Tokyo Bay. There remains the Korean War for him to write about, and that should be gobbled up in one fast volume.

Then what?

as the realist sees it

The news of Jayne Mansfield's pregnancy may have shocked millions of Americans—men and women alike—into the sudden realization that Miss Mansfield's breast-works are functional as well as fetishistic.

In issue #1 this column erroneously stated that Loyalty Day fell on May 30th. Actually, it falls on May 1st, which used to be known as May Day.

It seems likely that another change is in the offing: from Loyalty Day to Informers Day. After all, is not informing now the official test of loyalty?

When Germany was our enemy, German-fried potatoes became home-fried potatoes, and sauerkraut became victory cabbage. When Japan was our enemy, the Green Hornet's faithful Japanese valet and chauffeur, Kato, suddenly became a Filipino. Paint manufacturers in this country must now be hard at work trying to think up a new name for the color known as Chinese Red.

Now that 3-cent stamps are no longer the order of the day, it is a fairly safe prediction that those who insist on displays of form-without-substance piety, will seek the "In God We Trust" inscription on the 4-cent stamp too. Perhaps therein lies a solution to the birth control controversy. Put pin-hole pricks in prophylactics, then stamp each one with "In God We Trust."

Since increased tension in the Quemoy area strengthened most commodities on the stock exchanges except American blood, it seems only fitting that the President's TV message on the Far East should have been delayed as it was, so that the viewing public would not miss *The Price Is Right*.

On the other hand, judging by some newspapers, Eisenhower must have been neglecting the duties of his Office by not interrupting his Newport vacation to quell the nation's fears about the Debbie-and-Eddie crisis.

The jacket blurbs on the 14-volume Naval History state that Admiral Morison is "... convinced that too many histories are written from the outside looking in. He feels that more is to be gained by writing in contact with events, when most of the participants are alive, than by waiting until the ships are broken up and the sailors have departed."

Perhaps current Naval Operations, as they are developing now in the Pacific, will provide the Admiral with one final volume—a fitting climax (at six clams a throw) to a long and honored series. Here then is an *aide-memoire* on the present-day Naval Crisis to help Admiral Morison with *Volume XVI, Naval Obscure in the Pacific, 1958-59.*

The Battle Against Nuclear Protest Boats

We come now to mid-June of 1958. After extensive patrol sweeps by units of *Search-7* (Commander E. L. Virtue, USNR, leading six flights of Martin *PBYX Sky-barnacles*) and offensive patrols by Fleet Mine Force 9 (Commander George B. Loyal, USNR, in *Nervous AM-Nuclear-14*), the intrusive unit (later identified as the unarmed ketch, *Golden Rule*) was intercepted and brought in as a prize.

Commucelpac had radioed orders to stop any further protest sailings into Nuclear Weapons Test Zones at all costs and the entire might of the Pacific fleet stood ready to enforce this directive. (Dir. 34516—098 Cod A.) And enforce it they did.

No sooner had *Golden Rule* been brought to heel than the greyhounds of *Desdiv XVI*—Captain P. C. Fair (Annapolis '28), wearing his broad pennant on the new Heavy Nuclear Destroyer *Mark Hanna* (DD-Nucl-3) in company with Medium Heavy Nuclear Destroyers *Wanamaker*, *Filene*, *Garfinkle* and *De Pinna*—made a preventive sweep at 39 knots (with cruising turbines at halfpower) to intercept the double ended ketch *Phoenix*.

Desdiv-XVI loudspeakers opened up at 300 yards and invective was seen to straddle the offending intrusive unit which promptly hoisted a white flag (latter ascertained to be a towel stolen from the Oahu Officer's Club) and tamely surrendered.

With the *Phoenix* well in hand, *Desdiv-XVI* returned to base even as a long range infra-red Radar Fix located two more intrusive elements headed towards Eniwetok and the Test Areas. These proved to be the *Yang* and the *Yin*—100-ton converted motor fishing trawlers, manned by a group of Zen Buddhists from UCLA. They soon disappeared from sight and later investigation, made on the mainland, revealed that they had sailed without any navigational aids whatsoever. As they have not been heard from since, they need not figure in this history.

As the date of the tests drew near, the harassed Pacific Fleet found itself attempting to cope with a monumental task, for without warning, dissident protest elements began to appear at all points of the compass. Intercepts were fixed in seventeen quadrants of the mid-Pacific Grid on 10 August alone.

Vigorous action was ordered by Admiral of the Fleet B. A. Stoutfellow (Annapolis, '20). *Cardiv 8*—consisting of the fleet aircraft carriers (*Harper's Ferry*, *Sutter's Mill* and *Bull Run* flying the flag of Vice Admiral E. P. Upright)—took off on a high speed forced draft sweep of the area figuring in quadrant X.

All went smoothly until an ill-advised turn into the wind to eliminate a canvas flutter in the afterdeck movie screen during a showing of a VD training film, caused a collision between *Harper's Ferry* and *Sutter's Mill*. Damages were so severe that both units had to be towed back three thousand miles to Bremerton Naval Dockyard for extensive repairs while *Bull Run* proceeded alone.

"Not one protest boat shall get through!" Admiral Upright announced to his crew over the bull horn and after twelve hours of intensive search, *Bull Run* finally bagged five Kon Tiki-type balsa rafts manned by two dozen militant vegetarians from Key West, Florida.

This exacting mission was successfully accomplished at a cost of just under six million dollars, of which a not inconsiderable part represented the bill for damages suffered in collision between the two carriers.

Meanwhile, in answer to an alarming number of tell-tale blips on the master radar screen at *Commucelpac*, Admiral Stoutfellow called a staff conference. Four hundred protest ships were now converging on the test area. The message center was receiving reports of new intruders at five minute intervals. And the first super 1000-megaton bomb test was scheduled to go off in just 20 hours time.

Naval Intelligence reported that the lead ships, *Dorothy Day*, *Yaddo*, and *I Don't Care* had all passed the forty-fathom limit line.

An estimate of the situation revealed that the fuel reserves for fleet operation were at the danger level due to ceaseless round-the-clock preventative patrols which had by this time filled the Ford Island Dockyard facilities to capacity with a fantastic assortment of captured protest ships while insular authorities had been forced to rent a roller rink to hold the overflow from the federal jail.

It was at this point that Admiral Stoutfellow stood forth and gave his memorable fleet mobilization order, in ringing tones that must have awakened echoes of Nelson, Rodney, Farragut and Halsey among his listeners: "Clear them crummy existentialist bastards out of the area!"

No line of Greek war triremes standing out to sea under the looming Acropolis, no rank of British 120-gun ships of the line, looming up out of the ocean at Cape Trafalgar could match the grandeur of the Pacific Fleet as it moved out of Hawaiian waters on that memorable afternoon. Over 300 Carriers, Guided-Missile Cruisers, Frigates, Hunter-Killer Destroyers, Rocket-Firing Submarines, Turbine-driven Landing Ships, Mine Craft, Depot Ships, Hospital Ships, Supply Ships, Rescue Ships, Ammunition Ships and the 14th Naval District Yacht.

It was exactly four hours to countdown and the protest boats had to be swept from the seas.

* * *

At the end of a twenty year court of Naval Inquiry which produced seventeen tons of reports it was finally concluded that the "mishap" (as the Administration modestly termed the total and instantaneous elimination of the entire Pacific Fleet) had occurred because the men had forgotten to synchronize their watches.

Meanwhile the Naval race goes on and only last week the Philadelphia Navy Yard launched its first war canoe.

—J.F.P.

Rumors of the Month

With the news of Harry Truman's forthcoming lecture series on The Presidency at Columbia University, the Republican National Committee was planning to ask for equal time until it was discovered that Dwight Eisenhower was among the first to register for the course.

Although a performance of the *Song of Solomon*, read to a jazz background, has been banned, it is neither because the lyrics can be considered pornographic nor because the music can be considered inappropriate. Actually, the real issue involves a violation of the American Bible Society's copyright ownership.

Because of the rockets-to-the-moon crisis, New Year's Eve parties all over the country assumed a sort of somber note, with concerned citizens resorting to the use of muffled noisemakers.

Except for those who look upon Havana as a heaven for hopeful tourists who want to gamble and win, and as a haven for pregnant women who have gambled and lost—most Americans were not too worried about the Cuban civil war. And so it is that Desi Arnaz has been hired as a public relations counsel to convince this nation who the Good Guys really are. He has already done the following for fiery Fidel:

1. Arranged for his appearance on *What's My Line?* When he whispers "Revolutionist" into John Daly's left ear, the panel will of course be blindfolded—but Bennett Cerf will recognize his voice.

2. Arranged for competitive bidding by several razor companies, to see which will be the lucky one to have its product used—and also, but naturally, accepted an offer of a testimonial for the Castro convertible.

3. Arranged for a recording date, to cut an album, "Music To Rebel By," with piano accompaniment by Jose Melis.

Now that medical research has shown that Stripe Toothpaste does not result in striped teeth, Lever Brothers has decided to put on the market some sister toothpastes, with polka dots, a plaid design, and Rorschach tests.

The Anti-Defamation League has protested the showing in public schools of a film about the life of Jesus Christ, entitled *I Was a Teen-Aged Jew*.

The AFL-CIO has learned that in those states where the open-shop bills were defeated, it was not because of the literature they had distributed, but because members of the beat generation had been busy campaigning for right-not-to-work laws.

Newly-elected, square-jawed, crinkly-eyed, hand-shaking, pizza-eating, adjective-bearing Nelson E. Whatzisname—as his first official act—has changed the name of New York's famed landmark, Rockefeller Center. Henceforth it shall be known as Governor's Island.

The College of Cardinals has gotten up a collection and bought a violet-hued, electrically-heated robe for Pope John so that he can address pilgrims from his balcony on cold winter afternoons. It is called a Purple Papal Heater.

The tie-up of New York's newspapers by the delivery men's union prompted Mayor Wagner to read the funnies over the radio as one of his predecessors, Fiorello LaGuardia, had done. However, in view of the fact that he was first elected to office on the basis of his father's reputation—Dad having sponsored the famous Wagner Labor Act—Junior changed his mind. He was afraid that he might be accused of being a strikebreaker.

Requiem For a Pope

When newspapermen queried the President's associate press secretary as to Eisenhower's reaction to the Pope's stroke, she replied that "the President naturally is very deeply concerned about the Pope's condition and he hopes that he will rally."

The reporters had obviously been trained in Journalism School to have a 'nose for news.'

The Roman press went them one better, though, by inventing a set of last words for the Pope in their premature announcement of his death.

If there are any readers who expect the *Realist* to gloat over the Pope's passing, however, then they misunderstand the philosophy of this magazine. And if they are disappointed, then perhaps they had better re-examine the humanity of their own philosophies.

True, many of the Holy Father's pronouncements offended us, but—since nobody was really forced to obey—we graciously accept his posthumous apology.

Still, we can't help speculating as to whether the Pope, in the agony of his death throes, remembered his September 12th about-face justification of euthanasia. Although he had said then that "Morals evidently condemn mercy killing," he had added that "if a dying person consents it is permissible to use with moderation narcotics which will allay his suffering but will also cause quicker death."

His rationalization for such a moral turnabout: "... death is not the direct intention [in this case] but it is inevitable."

MODEST PROPOSAL NO. 6

(Continued from Back Cover)

tinguished him last year. Comps were well handled as usual by a reliable operator in the field, but Stech's paste-ups left much to be desired.

But the fault and the responsibility lies with "Hal" Dangle. Again he has exceeded himself. This time he owes the public an apology; more than that—an expiation. A public expiation: I challenge him to prove his good faith by setting up a dinner table in Grand Central Station during the peak of the rush hour and, sitting down, he may then manfully eat a duplicate of the steak shown in the ad, *smothered in ketchup*. And may God have mercy on his soul!

—J.F.P.

Modest Proposal No. 6

The word "creative" keeps popping up in connection with Advertising. It describes, one assumes, the less unsavory part of what must be a most spiritually unrewarding way to make a living. In the movies, the types caught in the Madison Avenue trap are all "spiritual" but their rewards are in cool cash, and one hears that this "reward" business happens in real life too.

At any rate, we keep hearing about "creative" copy writing, about "creative" agencies (presumably those ad shops which rely on the help of *New Yorker* cartoonists to sell products for their clients) and of course there is always "creative thinking."

The copy-chief at the "creative" agency is usually a man who has turned his back on The Novel, discarded his famous pen name and his homespun tweeds to find rich pickings at comparatively little intellectual effort in the warm fellowship of *conference thinking*, as against those lonely vigils that once tried and forged his art.

To maintain his "creative status" he keeps something in the works to peck at over the weekend, something that "nobody at the office either *knows* about or *cares* about." His creativeness at the office is limited to a perpetual delaying action that keeps his agency's copy from being swamped by illiteracy and bad grammar.

The Art Director of a "creative" agency always wears a beard, the account executives cautiously buy contemporary paintings (even executive VPs can't afford Impressionists these days) while the President of this *creative* mill may permit himself a bohemian lapse now and then to the point of apologizing (in safe company) for his ability to play good low-handicap golf.

In a technical sense, though, the end product of the "creative" Advertising Agency is a Work of Art. It is a visual, graphic representation which incorporates for its completion many of the same skills, tastes and attitudes which go to make up a popular novel, a Broadway play, a gallery painting or a movie.

That twenty-thousand-dollar four-color ad in *Life* undoubtedly caused as much anguish during parturition as a Josh Logan first night. That thirty-thousand-dollar TV spot commercial for a high-fashion underarm deodorant that takes up a full sound stage, forty dancers, a tenor and a chamber orchestra, has as much right to critical appraisal as *Playhouse 90*. The Advertisement, whether on TV, a billboard or the center spread of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, deserves its appreciative, enlightened body of criticism in the public press to praise or . . . (and judging from past performance we feel this alternative to be the more likely one) . . . to blame.

Here, at long last, the Advertisement can enter into the arena of *accountability* to the critics and the public. For if the theatre producer, playwright, author and even the hapless actor must daily submit to the critical bistoury-wielding of a surgical pack of deft critics, why should the advertising agencies who perpetuate

even grosser blots, keep a complacent anonymity behind their frequent affronts to good taste and common sense?

They're "creative" are they? Well, let's smoke a few of 'em out, we say . . . let it be known who is *responsible* for "*Relief is just a swallow away!*" Name names! Drag 'em out into the open and work 'em over for the bulldog editions like any fly-by-night girlie show producer . . .

So nothing would be changed? Yet there would be the little vicarious sting of satisfaction in knowing that Harper Q. Gurgitate, the account executive responsible for "even in tender moments your armitis must still breathe . . ."—is nursing sore knuckles from the critical rapping he got the day before.

Which brings us to a favorite ad of ours which appeared as part of a national campaign some time ago, for Hunt's Tomato Ketchup. It was one of those stark, visual impact type ads with nothing but two objects shown. No copy, slogans, headlines. Just full of color photography showing a beautiful, medium rare, succulent top cut of purest Black Angus prime filet mignon done to a memorable turn, and a bottle of Hunt's pouring bright red fresh ketchup onto the steak.

It was the kind of steak you save up for . . . then comes the day, you go off to this big, expensive restaurant alone . . . no one to interrupt the gastronomic orgy, and you sit down and you eat the steak. Period. But *not with ketchup!*

Ketchup, you'll agree, is a pleasant, even necessary invention, designed to equalize the taste and quality of hash-house and greasy-spoon cooking all over the country. The roadside diner in the U.S. would go out of business without ketchup! But please . . . not on a \$12.00 steak! (Potatoes O'Brien, \$3.00 extra on the side). Whoever wrought that ad should be dragged before the bar of public opinion and . . . but let a *critic* do the work:

DAILY AD REVIEW

Agency: Happenstance, Dangle, Ribrock & Flaw. Hunt's Tomato Ketchup ad scheduled for current issue of *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Time*, *Reader's Digest*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Boy's Life*, *Partisan Review*.

Account Executive: Hjalmar Dangle; Copy Chief: William Faulkner; Art Director: Clement Greenberg; Typography: Rush; Photography: George Spath; Layout: Piet Mondrien; Comps: Bradbury Thompson; Pasteups: David Stech.

Again it is this sampler's mournful duty to report that another unspeakable atrocity has been disgorged from the unfeeling maw of H.D.R.&F. The presentation, as is usual with their products, is flawless. Superb photography only serves to enhance the basic inanity of the idea while gastronomes all over the country will retch sympathetically at the barbarous suggestion.

We recommend a hasty turn of the page when confronted by this advertisement. My colleague from *Gourmet* magazine was actually made ill and had to be carried out.

Technically, the layout showed a weakening of that sense of verve that has hitherto characterized all H.D.R.&F. work. Greenberg's taste is still evident, but only in the visual sense. The layout leaves much to be desired, and is not up to the Mum series that dis-

(Continued on Page 15)