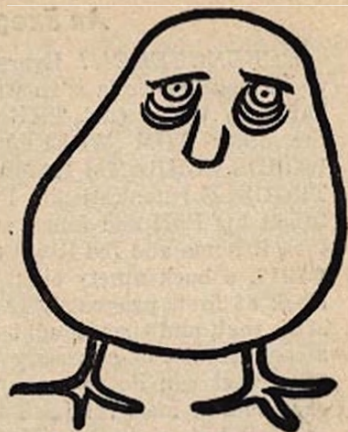


Barry Goldwater Is Alive in the White House

The Realist

No. 59
May, 1965
35 Cents



**comic book escalation
of america's
war on vietnam**

Virtually all the comic books dealing with war deal with World War II, because it's easy to tell the Good Guys from the Bad Guys in retrospect. *Jungle War Stories*, however, deals with the war in Vietnam.

"Helicopters aren't always the answer against the stinging fire of Viet Cong guerillas," warns the cover of the April-June issue. "A desperate plan is needed. . . ."

The first story begins with Viet Cong raiders using, as human shields, helpless children whom they have kidnapped from the Xa-Tong school.

Teacher: "Bandits from the North! We must defend [he gets shot] Yiii!"

Guerilla: "These bookish swine cannot be allowed to stand in our way, comrades!"

Anti-intellectualism exists even on



the left, you see.

The Viet Cong change from their ragged clothing into "the finery of our weak enemies" and they head for Saigon to blow up the central ammunition dump.

On the way they pass a group of South Vietnamese, one of whom shouts: "I recognize them! They are guerillas!"

(Continued on Page 21)

**you don't have
to be jewish to
love leroi jones**

Said Jules Feiffer one day, "Leroi Jones is the Andy Warhol of Negritude."

Upon hearing of this, Warhol reacted: "How funny. Let's do a movie about it!"

"This is a picture of a beer can," Jones once wrote in *Revolution*. "We are no longer concerned with light."

Recently I moderated a debate at the Village Gate. Leroi Jones was the star of the panel, and he arrived an hour late. As if by way of explanation, he stated, "I do strongly believe that white America represents the most repressive force on the earth today."

The Debate at the Gate was a follow-up to a Speak-Out at the Village Vanguard, where Jones had shocked

(Continued on Page 23)



An Exegetical Study of the New Tom the Word Wolfe's STYL

EEEEEEEEEE!!! Every other mother's son of a white Southerner is born with words, Words, WORDS, but Tom Wolfe (not THE Tom Wolfe, for *cherissake*, the other TOM WOLFE) took his words, Words, WORDS SCHBAMM RAMM AND CRAM TOIL AND TROUBLE rumpstilskin POP ART, and went to Yale to get his PhD and found an exclamation mark!!! and took it home and fed it with an eyedropper (Apex E-R #3017, a buck ninety eight), and took it for walks, a block at first, progressively more, and mountain hikes after that, and then bought it a complete wardrobe and a complete set of accessory punctuation, and you *know* what that can do to a man and his devoted sidekick exclamation mark!!! Lash LaRue and Tonto too!!! It can get him right into *Esquire* and the Herald Tribune's *New York* and a story in kluupy bloopy *News-
wee*

kkkkkkkkkk!!! And it can get him blue suits and yellow suits, set off with chalk stripes, and one orange suit, and a heavy "white tweed" suit, not set off at all, except maybe a little, all made by one tailor in New York and another in London, and they cost about \$200 apiece, and I don't know their addresses right off, but I can get them for you. If you *like*. And the suits the South the Andy Warhol the Girl of the Year the Baby Jane Holzer the monkey parties the Treaty of Ghent the Phil Spector and the Murray the K can lead straight to a WOWIE AND throw in some exclamation marks and you're right up there sniffing the campers with your onomatopoeia and art nouveau and hernia (57 times in his article about Las Vegas gamblers) and a *weeeeee* bit of incoherence, but not so much that you'd notice it after being pinned against a wall (37,162 bricks, union-made, regulation-size) by the *fatttttttttt* end of an exclamation mark, and Indian Walk T-strap sandals, not just shoes. Sure, he's not a millionaire yet, but he looks a lot like Papa's Pantepec Oil Bill Buckley plump purple phycological Pict parade *szwooopoop* grape and, after all, BLAMMMBLAMMM Plastic Man, he knows Phil Spector, and anyone who drops his *quartereenies* into a juke box (*yellow lights red lights orange lights ALL THE BASIC COLORS OF THE RAINBOW MAN LIGHTS*) knows that Phil is a teenage millionaire at 23 and wears a suede jerkin, Italian pants and a pair of pointy British boots with Cuban heels that can kick just about anybody but Adlai Stevenson and Albert Schweitzer and the late John Ruskin, bluskin, in the ass *büttocks* *gluteus maximum behin*

ddddddddddddd!!! And he *knows*, I mean, *he* knows her star-studded pony tale hare up Yale 7 Harvard 0 Baby Jane Holzer WHAMM BAMM and Jane *knows* that the Beatles are getting fat. . . "Well, John Lennon's still thin, but Paul McCartney is getting a big bottom," and that's good to know, Baby Jane, isn't it, everyone, because, I mean, now we *know*, but she says that the Rolling Trolls Sort-of-Things are still thin and you know what THEY do to a "flaming bud horde" soft as Cousin Caroline off-white fluff-duff rice boil water and butter and remove from stove and then fluff. Fluff. FLUFF, I say, till it gets bigger and bigger, and ricier and ricier, until you just can't stand it anymore. And Andy Warhol told Jane she was a super-star, and she said Andy Warhol was a super-director and every-
body knows they're all part of a SUPER-epic, I mean,

a completely natural way of acting and *livin*

gggggggggggggggggggggg!!! Light the lights Mother, I'm comin' home tonight, and he knows Murray the K and K's kool and kook and kamp and what would a koala be without it, without its first letter, I mean, and who in hell is William B. Williams Beethoven anyway? I mean, if he wants to play those moldy fig-*unwig* Sinatra records, well, let him, it's no skin off our man Murr's 150 grand per annum *deum deu*

sssssssssssssssssssssss\$\$\$!!! I mean, what's the public expect from us anyway???????? PIMPLES? Baby Jane and Phil Spector and Murray the K and the UN were all worried for a while though. Some *wise* ELIZABETHAN POSTPRANDIAL SCUDDERUIONOUS *acre* of a *Times* (and don't forget Hull House and Joan Leslie) man sent Tom an erector set for Christmas with *eeeeeeegy weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeegyish* instructions for building an ellipsis followed by an asterisk, and Tom Tom the Tribune MAN disappeared for a while, and nobody knew what that would do to him, him running around loose like *that* with his erector set and his orange suit (with no one even knowing whether it was made in London or New York) and his SCHWAMB BABMW PhD and his Indian Walk T-strap shoes and his hernia (57 times in his article about Las Vegas gamblers) and his Parke Bernet catalog (short spelling) and his exclamation marks that could goose you to the moon man, but they're not worried anymore, no *sireeeeeeeeeeeeeee*

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee\$1/2+=#??&///++ Baby Jane said, "I'm still Girl of the Year, because I know the Rolling ergs and I have more rooms in my apartment than I can find, you know what I mean, chocolate creams, and who said that the year ever has to *end*?" And Phil Spector said, "What do I care about that animal? There's this animal on the phone wants me to guarantee to buy back a thousand records if he can't sell them, and everyone *knows* I'm like a teen-age millionaire at 23 and what's everybody bothering me for and I wish I was back in the sal volatile Victorian age with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and who's this Count Basie anyway? Those animals made him up at WNE

WWWWWWW"KERBLE WWWW!!! And Murray the K said thoughtfully, "When I was rooming with George the Beatle, he saw me worrying and George the Beatle pushed my nose in it and said, 'Is that what's happening, Murray the Fifth Beatle, baby?' and I looked and I saw that there was still a buck to be made." And Jimmy Breslin's not worrying about *any-*

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editorial giggies

Tillie and Mac: A Postscript

Under the general heading, "Three Authors in Search of Obscene Literature," one John Francis Putnam revealed in the *Realist* last month the publication by Grove Press of a handsome anthology generically titled *Tillie and Mac: Those Little Comic Books That Men Like*. He reported the district attorney's interference with this freedom of the press, and he quoted from the defense brief at the trial.

The quotations were mistakenly attributed to Charles Rembar, a mistake that would have been apparent to anyone who knows Rembar's style. Actually, Rembar did not try the case; the brief that was quoted was the work of the unsuccessful trial attorney. Rembar was the attorney on the appeal, where, we are now happy to report, he succeeded in obtaining a reversal and clearing the publication.

It was particularly unfortunate that the trial attorney's brief should have been attributed to Rembar since it implied that he accepts the prurient appeal test of legality (a prevailing point of view which Putnam was satirizing when he commented that "Grove Press has gone too far this time" and that "the exhibition of an ostentatious erection by some future judge [will be] the *only* fair barometer by which to measure contemporary community standards").

For Rembar has not hesitated to tell the courts that a book can indeed get some people excited but that this is no reason to censor it. He started telling them this, which went contrary to the accepted law on the subject, as early as 1959, when he tried the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* case.

thing because he went into an Irish bar on 3rd Avenue the other day and there they were, all the sainted Irish mothers of them, still SWEATING, just the way they were sweating when he left them before he moved out to the suburb

ssssssssssssssssssssssDRIPDRIP!!! And what's an ellipsis followed by an asterisk anyway, except a low-slung daddy dash with holes blown OUT, see, not *in*, and that's the whole beauty of it Beatle people, with a little star coming up behind it like a new-born lamb coming up to suckle its mother *like* it has since time immemorial and Judy Garland before Barbra Streisand, and who said that old TOM has to do anything with the old star anyway, LIKE lead it into a footnote? And some of those holes have *STYL*

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE !!! And the committee told Wanda Hale at the LBJ Discotheque that it definitely could *not* give Tom the Bollingen Prize this year, but only *Esquire* could take a Tom and only God could make a Tom and only an act of Congress could do away with his exclamation mark WHAM BAMMM THANK YOU MA'AM, so buy Government Bonds Series E, because everything's *STYLE!!!* Where's Viet Nam anyway? Does it have *Style*

???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? BARBARA LONG

At that time the idea was much more of a shock than it is now. Then-Postmaster General Summerfield was unable to stand the shock; the Federal Courts, however, showed that they could take it, and agreed with Rembar that Summerfield should concentrate on keeping boll weevil, not literature, out of the mails.

The Rembar series of cases went on from Connie Chatterley to Henry Miller and Fanny Hill. Lucky Henry, he's in the middle.

Mississippi Airlift: A Postscript

In some copies of last month's *Realist* the article by Rev. Jim McGraw on how Dick Gregory shipped 100,000 pounds of frozen turkey across the Mason-Dixon line contained a sentence: "This may sound strange, but at least 10% of the people had never had a turkey before." It should have read 90%.

Matter of Fact: A Postscript

An editor's note in Madalyn Murray's column (issue #57) stated that "*Fact* magazine agreed to publish an article on Madalyn Murray only if she paid the writer's plane fare, which she did." The *Realist* erred.

Robert Anton Wilson, worried about the ethics of her paying the fare, had called me. I said that although it might not be wise journalism, it wouldn't seem unethical to me unless the offer were conditional.

Madalyn Murray told Wilson that she wanted the piece to deal only with her persecution in Baltimore and not her dispute with Lemoin Cree. Wilson refused. Madalyn then said, "Come and do it any way you want." The plane fare was paid by C. C. Wilson of Evanston, Ill., who wanted to see the story get into a national magazine.

Elsewhere in this issue, Madalyn Murray puts down *Realist* readers as do-nothings who subscribe to the magazine in order to reinforce their cynicism. Undoubtedly they exist—I claim no responsibility for the Action Quotient of our readership—but one of the things that keeps me going is the knowledge that the *Realist* is also appreciated by teachers who risk getting fired for defying loyalty oaths and by members of SNCC who risk their very lives . . . as well as by Madalyn Murray.

Mad Madalyn also suggests that the *Realist* is not subject to harassment. Well, even though I wrote last month (specifically in relation to Vietnam) that "America has already fallen from grace forever," I'm aware that it is indeed *in* America that I'm able to 'get away' with such sniping, however harmless.

Last month, though, the *Realist* was being investigated by postal authorities in Philadelphia, New Jersey, Indiana, New Orleans, Maryland, Ohio and Boston.

The House of Representatives has passed (roll-call vote: 360-21) a bill which would allow any person to return to his postmaster mail he considers "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy, or vile" with a request that the sender be formally notified to discontinue the mailings. Federal courts would have authority to issue orders demanding compliance with notices to stop the mailings, and could punish the sender for contempt if the mail continued coming.

Should the Senate also pass the bill and President-Bird Johnson sign it into law, we suggest that readers take full advantage of its provisions, whether the offensive mail comes from *Life* magazine or Proctor & Gamble.

No, Virginia by Alan Whitney

Unheralded RSVP's

A journalist I know changed apartments and as a result got into one of those difficult conversations with a broad from Bell who was trying to tout him on a colored phone. He parried one gush after another until she asked him the color of his living room walls. He said "black" and hung up.

This happened in a Long Island supermarket: A 14-year-old came in to buy the family groceries. He had a check signed by his father and had only to fill in the amount. It came to \$14.82. The manager looked at the kid's work disdainfully and said, "That's no way to write a check! I could put a one in front of that easily and make it \$114.82." Said the kid, "Geez, I guess I don't know anything about business."

If Only Hearst When You Laugh

"Another Scandal to Rock London," yelped the headline on Dorothy Kilgallen's column. The item read: "London's new scandal will involve the widow of a man who was painted in a sinister light at last year's trial of Dr. Stephan Ward in the internationally notorious Profumo case. The central figure in the new cause celebre is connected with a night spot which allegedly caters to teenagers who are hooked on drugs. Many important British families await the revelations with trepidations, fearful that their children might be patrons of the place."

Gamey stuff.

The only trouble was that the entire story had, four days earlier, been spread across the front page of the *London Sunday Mirror*, whose airmail editions are widely available in New York editorial offices on the day of publication. Such rocking as London was to undergo had already rolled back and forth across the Thames; the cause had already been duly celebrated; the trepidations (which was Dorothy's fanciful supplement to the hard published facts) had proved groundless: no posh progeny were involved.

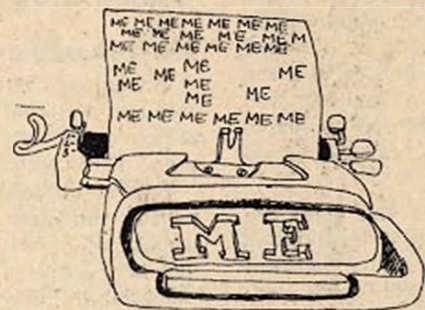
But leave us not scoff.

Note the exquisite technique: By pretending to know less than others do, you lead the reader to believe you know more. First you omit the actual names of the saloon and the widow, both of which had been prominently displayed in the London paper. Then you blithely ignore the fact that the scandal has already broken; in effect, you predict the outcome of the game that the Yankees played four days ago.

If you simply gave the score you'd be—God forbid—reporting the news.

While Dorothy Kilgallen specializes in time-space razzle-dazzle, Walter Winchell's approach to this kind of artifice is characterized more by what the Algonquin Indians call *chutzpah*. His item: "The Commies plan study periods in Marxism in NYC late this month. They've rented a hall that seats 200. (We just want them to know we know and they can stop looking at each other that way wondering who the louse is that I've planted in their clothing. Tsk, tsk, tsk) . . ."

But the whole nefarious Red plot had been the subject of a large display ad in *The Worker* dated eight



days before Winchell's column ran. When you think about it, the audacity of WW's operative is staggering; he walked right up to a public newsstand, looked the little old lady straight in the eye, brandished 15 cents and forced her to sell him a copy of *The Worker*.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk" hardly covers it.

The Game of the Name

We are informed by a British review of a continental Kinsey report that French kissing is called, in France, American kissing.

On this side of the Atlantic, there is a group raising funds for Malcolm X's widow called "Concerned Mothers."

The sports department at the *N.Y. Daily News* is under standing orders to try to refer to the missile used in hockey as the "disk" or "rubber" inasmuch as "puck" is considered too tempting to typesetters.

Theres a restaurant in Hong Kong called Fuk Yuen.

When snack shop tycoon William Black donated a large sum for establishment of a psychiatric institution at Columbia, the administration was relieved that he didn't insist on having it called the Chock Full O' Nuts Hospital.

Vital Fluids Department

Municipal authorities plagued by anti-fluoridation flips might try the ploy used several years ago when the system was introduced in Park Forest, Illinois. Local officials put out a press release stating that fluoridation

would start promptly at one minute after midnight on a Monday.

The sun was hardly up that day when village officials were subjected to a flood of phone calls. The water tasted like hell, looked worse and had already caused sundry cases of instant cancer, muscular dystrophy, beri-beri, athlete's foot and yaws.

That night the officials put out a new press release noting—truthfully—that the beginning of fluoridation had been postponed for 48 hours.

The Headline Makers

The Dubious Taste Award goes to the *N.Y. World Telegram & Sun*. The story was about vandalization of a Jewish graveyard in Germany. The headline: "Anti-Cemeteryism?"

If the *Chicago Daily News* was slightly vague with "Tell Wedding Plans of M. N. Veeders' Son and Daughter," the *N.Y. Journal American* seemed to be highly specific with "Chuck Connors Settles on Wife."

The unpublished headline of the year, on the story about the plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty: "Miss Liberty Assaulted—Cops Grill Whitmore."

Career Dad, Watch Your Step!

The tragic killing of Janice Wylie has become something of a professional bonanza for her father, ad-man-writer Max Wylie. He's done a cautionary book, *Career Girl, Watch Your Step!*, which was heavily syndicated in the papers, and he's made a lot of broadcast appearances on the same theme.

I don't think I would have handled the thing that way, but under the circumstances I'm not about to knock him for it. I want to believe that his motives are totally altruistic. However, it was a bit much to see a book excerpt called "Girls—You're in Danger" by Wylie in a detective magazine otherwise devoted largely to detailed rehashes of gruesome crimes similar to the one committed on his daughter.

Miscellaneous Items

The new Lee Hotel in San Juan (the first kosher hotel in Puerto Rico)—which has been open about five minutes as this is written—is already advertising "Two World Famous Dining Rooms."

Coeducation is not easy to achieve in the Ivy League. The ladies room on the first floor at the Harvard Club in New York City still contains a couple of urinals.

From the *News Notes* of the Girl Scouts of America: "A small tube of airplane cement can help you create a permanent souvenir of your trip or outing and keep youngsters occupied for hours. . . ."

Final Tom Swifty: "Me, a homosexual?" said Tom, half in Ernest.

Footnotes of a Marcher

by Rev. James R. McGraw

Yes, Beulah, there is a Sheriff Clark. And an Al Lingo and a Martin Luther King, too. I have been to Selma and Montgomery and I have seen them. Some of the demonstrators have said there is no George Wallace, for they have never laid eyes on him. No George Wallace! Just because you have never seen him, that doesn't mean he isn't real. No George Wallace! Why you might just as well say that there isn't any hatred or bigotry or stupidity or cruelty or stubbornness. For wherever you find fear and resentment and false superiority and all of the worst instincts of human emotions, there you will find George Wallace living in the hearts of men. And, Beulah, there is a Selma. All people of good will have been there. Oh, not physically, of course. Although this past month, one would almost get the impression that every freedom-loving American traveled there! But wherever the finest instincts of what it means to be a human being are expressed, whenever a voice cries out with clarity protesting man's inhumanity to his fellow man—there, Selma, Alabama comes into being.

I was curious to know the motivations of my fellow marchers-to-be, especially those who were on their way to demonstrate for the first time. Seated next to me on the plane (*following Eastern to the fun*) were two Methodist missionaries in training.

They were students at an interdenominational training center in Stony Point, New York. After completion of their course, one was to go to Chile and the other to Japan. But both were warming up in Alabama. Why not? Their next assignment will be a cinch. It is much easier to face the honest barrier of a rival religion than to confront rival interpretations of the same faith.

"Were you ever involved in civil rights demonstrations before?" I asked.

"No, this is the first time ever."

"Well, why this time?"

The Chilean candidate replied, "We've been talking about this at the training center for some time. We had a representative from the African delegation at the United Nations talk to us a couple of weeks ago, and he called our attention to the racial situation the world over, the struggle of people all over the world for social justice. And then we saw the pictures on TV Sunday. It looked like now the time was ripe for involvement. Here was a crisis in this country where we could get involved."

"Yes, it was those pictures," the future Japanese preacher chimed in, "especially the horses riding into crowds of demonstrators. That was the most brutal of all."

"So this was the crisis," I thought to myself, "and it took Selma to show it to them." Then aloud I reminded them that for the past two weeks, in front of the Board of Education in New York City, not fifty miles from their training center, police had been riding horses into crowds of teenage demonstrators who were protesting *de facto* segregation in the New York City school system.

Somehow, evidently, this was not critical; backyard brutality demonstrated by a system for which we can feel personally responsible is not as readily combated and as easily handled as making a witness on alien soil.

Our first indication of impending doom came later, on the hostile highway to Selma, as we passed a big sign reading "Selma Police District." We all felt a chill, which was intensified as we got into Selma proper (if I might be allowed that rather dubious designation). Outside a motel we saw a minimum of 150 state troopers' cars, and we knew at least *they* were prepared for the day's activities.

We chose the Holiday Inn as a breakfast stop, where Dick Gregory and Art Steuer had been denied entrance two weeks before; our all-white delegation had no trouble whatsoever.

After breakfast, we drove to Brown Chapel A.M.E. Church, the focal point of all voter registration protest in Selma.

A huge question mark hung over the scene. "To march or not to march," that was the question. And only Martin Luther King could provide the answer.

A fantastic assembly of clerical notables—bishops, rabbis and nuns—awaited that answer. A federal court injunction was issued prohibiting the march. To march would be to defy that injunction. The President of the United States had personally requested, and had made the request quite public, that King not march that morning.

To march would be to reject the President—to who knows what psychiatric detriment? If a common cold had resulted in four days hospitalization, what further institutionalization would be required to handle the rejection of Martin Luther King?

On the other hand, not to march would be a sign of defeat and acquiescence to the power structure.

The eyes of the nation were focused on the Edmund Pettu's Bridge, and hopefully the national conscience was crossing with the marchers. The drama of the crisis had brought thousands of different motivations and marching feet, and a failure to march would be a tremendous waste of manpower. This is to say nothing of the personal disappointment and financial outrage felt by the "persons of good will" who had mustered up enough courage and transportation fare to make the scene. Not to march would be both a personal let-down and a financial waste.

As King was huddled with his SCLC staff, wheeling and dealing an answer to this national dilemma, other huddles were taking place on the athletic field next to the chapel. The religionists were caught in their theological trick of trying to decide whether or not ethically they could march, now that they knew the score. They held improvised seminars on the ethical implications of such an act.

Just as the final summation was being formulated, indicating that such an act of civil disobedience would be irresponsible, wantonly disregarding the very source (federal courts) of ultimate salvation in this crisis, "de Lawd of Slick" (Martin Luther King) emerged from the chapel sanctuary, accompanied by the news media and enthused followers, saying, "All right, we're going to march."

The ethical implications quickly went "the way of all flesh," and we saw who really represented ultimate

May 1965

salvation, as the religionists, to a man, lined up behind their leader.

The first phalanx of the march contained the religionists occupying the "chief seats" all over the country—bishops, seminary deans, denominational representatives, etc. Still thinking we were going to have a skull-to-club confrontation, it was a moving sight to see such as these come out from behind their desks to, literally, "the front line" of action.

As it turned out, Dr. King knew differently.

A seemingly endless line of bodies, described in traditional Baptist terminology by Brooklyn's Rev. W. A. Jones, as "a number no man can number" (Associated Press had a much more conservative estimate), began to wind its way slowly through the tense and quiet streets of Selma.

Grim-faced, blue-helmeted state troopers lined the route, gripping their clubs with obviously unenthusiastic restraint. Selma residents, white and black, stood behind them—resentment, hostility and bewilderment written on their faces. It was especially tragic to see the expressions of Negroes who could not see fit to join the line of march.

The black marchers held them in contempt, as did some of the unknowing whites. But this white marcher once again felt shame and sorrow—for we have created this submissive and cowering black man, whose total orientation to life is to "know his place and keep it."

A few yards across the bridge, the front phalanx stopped—and we knew the moment of truth had arrived. The Nobel Peace Prize winner was talking to the noble sheriff of Dallas County. Softly *We Shall Overcome* began filtering back to the rest of the line of march, and we all began singing. Word was passed back, "Everyone kneel," and a muffled prayer was heard.

Then, to the amazement of all, in a complete denial of the freedom song *Ain't Goin' To Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round* the entire line turned around and followed Martin Luther King back to Brown Chapel. We sang *We Shall Overcome* once again. Only, this time, it sounded more like a question than a proclamation of victory.

Back on the chapel steps, Dr. King took to the microphone to convince one and all that this was indeed a victory. "We have seen in Selma today the likes of which has never been seen in Alabama—men of good will from all over the country marching in a dramatic testimony for right."

Fortified with this reassurance of personal worth straight from the mouth of The Leader, most of the men of good will immediately boarded their favorite mode of transportation back to their respective neighborhoods. I say "most"; some stayed, either voluntarily or involuntarily. It is rumored that the Rev. James Reeb and party missed the bus to Montgomery Airport, so they decided to stay the night. Where Rev. Reeb spent the night is now history.

The next morning I had eggs and grits in Tim's Cafe in downtown Selma, a favorite breakfast stop for the Selma police. In the booth behind me, four such representatives of law and order were spiritedly discussing the previous day's activities with the waitress.

Displaying natural Southern charm, the waitress announced, "I understand most of these people demonstrating aren't even ministers, just people claiming to be ministers."

A Selma cop replied, "No more ministers than I am." Chimed the waitress, "Freedom now! They don't know what they're hollerin' about. They been free for a long time."

Another cop came in and joined his colleagues at the booth. "That was the worst day I ever spent," he announced. "I went home at the end of the day to get a little relaxation. Turned on *Combat* on TV and I'll be damned if there wasn't a bunch of niggers on *that*."

Said the waitress: "I was watching Johnny Carson last night. He said, 'Some troops were shipped out and they didn't know where they were going. When they got to Vietnam they were so relieved—they thought they were goin' to Selma.' Now, ain't that ridiculous? Nobody ever gets hurt in Selma, except those people who come in from the outside? This person who had a brain concussion, led the parade Sunday (John Lewis of SNCC). He led the parade again yesterday. I don't know how you can have a concussion and lead a parade the very next day."

Answered a cop, "You got to be strong and dedicated. I didn't even see a patch on his head. The people who come down here to demonstrate are people who are too ignorant to make a living for themselves." I guess he meant people like Mrs. Paul Douglas, Bishop John Wesley Lord and Sammy Davis Jr.

I caught a cab to the home of Mrs. Amelia Boynton, local leader of the Selma movement. I asked the driver, "What do you know about this beating last night?"

"Nothing. Most people don't want to know nothing." After a few moments of silence he continued: "My landlord can say I was watching TV last night. One fella I picked up this morning says the fella who did it will be in jail by 9 o'clock this morning. It happened in front of a liquor store, you know. I don't want to say anything, but if it was the right kind of preachers, they wouldn't have been there."

"I guess it isn't worth mentioning," I thought, "that they were chased there from a restaurant."

Back at Brown Chapel the crowd had assembled once again. Another confrontation with the power structure was announced: Into the streets again to march as far as possible and when stopped, speeches would be made for the benefit of the news media.

We lined up in the street. Dr. King was conspicuously absent. This time we were allowed the liberty of marching to the street corner. There, Wilson Baker, Director of Public Safety in Selma, stopped the demonstration and announced that this was as far as the line was moving.

Flanked by his supporting entourage of state troopers, Baker held the line at a standstill.

The religious leaders who had been designated as spokesmen moved to the front. Representing 30 different states and one point of view, each leader gave a 5-minute statement concerning the immorality of such a denial of civil liberties. The sermonettes concluded, we turned around once more and sang our way back to the chapel.

All the state troopers were assembled at one end of the street. The other end was completely unprotected. With this obvious oversight staring them in the face, many of the marchers kept going *past* the chapel and on toward the open end of the street. With *We Shall Overcome* on their lips, it looked like this time it might be true! A jovial, non-malicious, spirited group of sing-

ing marchers actually began to turn the corner at the open end of Sylvan Street, thereby capitalizing on the troopers' mistake, and walking to the courthouse by the back route.

Suddenly, a self-styled leader appeared from out of the crowd and stopped the march. "This isn't the plan," he screamed. "Let's wait till we hear from our leaders. Someone get Rev. Bevel." In the resulting confusion and hesitation, the troopers scurried to amend their error and reassemble their ranks. Thus the potentially most nonchalant, accidental freedom march in history was nipped in the bud.

At the chapel, the SNCC kids were furious. They were upset for two reasons. One, they had been accused of trying to get the line of march to move on the courthouse against the SCLC plan. Two, an actual victory over the state troopers had been denied them.

After the masses had assembled in the chapel sanctuary, the SNCC kids had their moment. One irate "Snicknickie" (to borrow comedian Sandy Baron's term) forcefully denied any involvement on the part of SNCC in the surprise march attempt. Another gave



"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh—I . . . love a parade!"

an impassioned plea to go into the streets immediately and march against the troopers: "I'm sure these friends from all over the country didn't come down here to go into the streets and turn around and come back every time."

Building upon the emotions he had already aroused, he continued, "Let's go back out into the street and march right through the troopers to the courthouse." Defiance, sacrifice and determination welled up in the masses and expressed itself in applause of approval. And for a moment it looked like a SNCC-SCLC showdown.

From the wings emerged the Rev. Andrew Young, SCLC staff member, with a big job on his hands—cooling off the crowd. He began with a surprise announcement. It seems that while the crowd was standing in the street listening to the statements of the religious leaders, a special group of 200 people had been siphoned out to sneak up on the courthouse by a back route. In small groups they left the main line and met at the designated point. "So we had our demon-

stration," the Rev. Young exulted.

The bubble of defiance was burst, but a cloud of resentment set in. Each would-be militant thought, "Why didn't I get in on it?"

"You've got to decide just how much you're going to pay for what you get in return," Young continued. "You can go out there now if you want to, but how many bumps on the head do you want to invest at this time? We got the bumps on the head on Sunday afternoon and we were able to march on the courthouse today."

It seemed reasonable enough, on a straight bump for bump analysis. Certainly reasonable enough to confuse the masses and cool down the crowd. A white minister from Oklahoma asked for the floor and pleaded, "You've got to trust your leadership. Don't go against them now."

Then the mood changed completely. The presiding minister rose and announced haltingly, "We have just received word from the hospital in Birmingham that Rev. James L. Reeb passed into eternity."

A gasp swept over the congregation. Tears began to flow and sobs were heard. A prayer was offered and a hymn was sung. There was no more thought of dispute or immediate confrontation with the troopers.

All of a sudden, one of the volunteer doctors pushed his way to the pulpit. "This can't be right," he insisted. "I just spoke to the hospital ten minutes ago, and Rev. Reeb was alive." The sanctuary was emptied, and everyone scurried here and there to determine whether Reeb was alive or dead. It turned out he was alive. He died two days later. But, at least, all thought of a split or showdown had ended.

The trick, if that's what it was, had worked.

All was not lost for the impatient activists, however. As a seeming concession to the militants, it was announced that Dr. King himself would lead the demonstrators into the streets again at 5 p.m. This second confrontation of the day with the state troopers was to result in an endurance test: "We'll stay in the street facing the troopers as long as they stand there blocking our way—all night long, if we have to."

The confrontation took place at the announced hour . . . minus the announced leader.

The marchers were stopped at the same place they had been halted in the morning. And they stayed there. Clerics in the front, foot soldiers to the rear. When night fell, the troopers beamed their headlights on the stationary line of march, illuminating the strange scene.

Folding chairs were set up for the front phalanx. Later, air mattresses were inflated and blankets brought out of the chapel. A "sleep-in" resulted, with bodies strewn all over Sylvan Street. Whoever said that civil rights demonstrating is no camp was sadly mistaken.

Both sides of the battle line endured the night without incident.

As dawn broke, and the sleep-ins awakened, music filled the crisp morning air. *We Love Everybody*, the demonstrators assured their opposition. Then in chorus, they enumerated their beloved—Wilson Baker, Jim Clark, Dr. King, Al Lingo and George Wallace. Yes, I guess that's about everybody.

That was the beginning of the Selma Vigil, and it lasted for days.

Back in New York, the Selma Sympathy Syndrome

had thoroughly set in. Everyone was outraged at what was happening in Selma. A big march was held in Harlem to show support for Selma. It got many white folks to Harlem for the first time in their lives, but they were too preoccupied with Selma to notice Harlem.

The syndrome got Harry Van Arsdale to go to Selma. "Beautiful," I thought, "maybe a Negro can get into Harry's union back in New York when he comes home."

Pastors from all-white churches in New York City and area were going down to make their witness.

The N.Y. *Herald Tribune's* Jimmy Breslin sensed the predominant hypocrisy in the home situation:

"And they went on as they have always gone on, these people in New York. They were looking someplace else while the murders went on all around them just as they always have. Not big, open murders in the middle of a civil rights demonstration. The murders here are different. They are silent homicides and they take place every day in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, with peoples' lives dripping away on the garbage in the streets while their children stand in the tenement hallways, pick plaster off the walls and eat it."

The judge ruled that the march from Selma to Montgomery could take place, and Breslin defensively assured me that he "would rather go right home to bed, but I have a job to do."

Commenting on some of the students crossing the street, he remarked, "Now there are some clean-cut kids. There should be more. If I was a college kid, I'd come down. But these other characters. They got to stop these white broads kissing the colored guys in front of the cops. You just don't come on the other guy's side of the fence and do that."

He rented a car to "drive out in the backwoods country and see what the guys are saying." I wondered if they fully realized the danger, these people from New York.

I interviewed a white mother who had just come in from Jacksonville, Florida to get her teenage son out of jail in Montgomery. "I won't have a friend or neighbor left when I get back home," she assured me. "My son doesn't fully realize that I have to live there."

Her son had been arrested with a group of students for picketing in front of the Montgomery State Capitol. "We were just following the 1960 Civil Rights Act which allows for peaceful picketing," he said. "The cops forced us out into the street. When we were told to move on, we refused. Our group was purposely carefully integrated, exactly half and half. They rounded up about 80 of us and not too gently threw us into the wagons. They got us on some trumped-up charge."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Failure to obey the lawful order of a policeman."

Of the brief stay in jail, he commented: "The food was pretty poor, but we had lots of pets—rats and things. Some of the cops tried to incite the other prisoners against me. Tried to get them to beat me up. Another cop made me stand against the wall and kept threatening to make me go out and plow all day long."

"You might be interested in this," he continued. "SNCC bought a citizen's band radio, and they were intercepting conversations between the White Citizens' Council, the KKK and the police. So that everytime they had something going against us, we were one step

ahead of them. Finally the cops raided the SNCC headquarters at the Benmore Hotel in Montgomery, with shotguns in their hands. They couldn't find the radio because it was at the Freedom House. But the point is, the FCC has all control over such matters and the cops had no legal right to do anything with that radio."

Some newsmen from France came by. One of them was holding a camera case which read: *French Press—Goldwater-Miller 1964 Campaign.*

A Roman Catholic priest remarked, "This Selma experience has been a good summer school in the race problem for clergy from all over the country. Now they know what they must do when they get back home."

And if that is what they take away from Alabama, he is so right. But, of course, there is the other alternative, the devastatingly destructive one of treating this experience uniquely and speaking and lecturing and preaching on the terrible injustices of Selma for the rest of the year. This pattern has already gone into operation in city after city throughout the nation. And Lyndon Johnson talks of a voting bill for six states, while the northern Negro's plight of being the victim of bloc vote corruption slips by untouched.

The night before the march, another mass meeting was held. Dick Gregory preached to the preachers:

"They blow up our churches. That's all right, too. It just puts religion out in the street, where it ought to be in the first place. When they blow up a church, then you know it's saying and doing something. If the minister up North would get into his pulpit and start reading off the names of the syndicate leaders and the top racketeers, don't you know his church would be blown up the next day?"

"What touched LBJ the other night? You did. You religious leaders. I just hope it doesn't end here. When you realize that 99.9 percent of black America that goes to church on Sunday never sees a white face, and 99.9 percent of white America that goes to church on Sunday never sees a black face, then you realize that the church is the most segregated form of American life in the country today."

"Don't let it stop here. Take capital punishment. That's a disgrace. How you gonna tell me all my life I can't kill and you haven't told the state yet? Worse yet, the priest or minister leads me to the killing. If the priest would go all the way and jump into the chair, just once, that would end it immediately. . . ."

On Sunday morning, Martin Luther King set the verbal pace for the walkathon that would follow:

"We are a group determined to march on, and 'we ain't goin' to let nobody turn us around.' Like men of old, we are in Egypt. There are three groups here in Egypt, like the days of old. One group, it even includes some Negroes, who want to go back to Egypt. They are so used to segregation that they accept it. Another group don't like segregation but they are not willing to stand up and challenge it. But there is a third group. And this morning by your presence you show that you represent this third group: a group determined to face all of the self-inflicted suffering necessary."

"We come today with marching shoes on. Most of us who are Negroes don't have much—but we do have bodies and souls. We represent the power to transform the heart of the President of the Universe (he quickly changed it to 'President of the nation' although Lyndon

A Letter from Joseph Heller

Syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak defend their attempt to discredit the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee by falling back on two allegations for which they supply not one bit of evidence.

They maintain that the organization has been substantially infiltrated by known Communists and Communist allies and they contend that the activities of the organization would be much different than they are if this were not so.

In the absence of any information to substantiate either of these statements, the second seems naive, and the first is contemptible. It is contemptible because it places under equal suspicion all those people who have been conducting field work in Mississippi and Alabama these past few years, and all those other people who have given sympathy and encouragement, and contributed services and money.

We have left behind us that time when it was permissible to slander a whole organization by attacking one of its parts, and by attacking that single part through innuendo alone. The charge they make is serious, and they must put up or shut up—Evans, Novak, and all those "liberals inside the Government" who are, they tell us, undergoing such "great sorrow."

If they know of Communists who have infiltrated the organization, and if they feel that fact is important in this instance, let them tell us who they are and what their roles have been, so that we may evaluate for ourselves whether their presence exists and how great a danger that presents.

If they will not do this, let them crawl away into a corner with their ignominy for defaming the hundreds of brave young men and women, white and colored, Northern and Southern, who have demonstrated virtues not often found anywhere else in this country of ours.

Evans and Novak might have mentioned that as far back as two summers ago tiny cadres of SNCC workers were conducting voter registration drives in Selma, Alabama, where they were at the utter mercy of Sheriff Jim Clark and his deputies and received virtually no help at all from all those liberals inside the Government.

About the "Communist allies" they mention, I can think of nothing to say in rebuttal, because I have no idea what the term means. I guess they mean me, Michael Harrington, Sukarno, Nasser and General Charles de Gaulle.

probably prefers the former title). President Johnson spoke out of his heart the other night. Never has a President spoken more eloquently and more passionately. Things are happening here in Alabama. And now we have come to transform the heart of Dixie into Dixie with a heart."

The front ranks assembled in the chapel sanctuary and marched out into the street. Thousands fell in behind and the march was on its way once again through the streets of Selma; once again, the familiar reactions. The troopers were without their blue helmets or billy clubs this time, giving one the feeling of Pinkerton protection.

There was further protection, of course. The Dixie Dandies, the Alabama National Guardsmen, were right alongside us, in body if not in sympathy, with their confederate flags sewn above their names on their uniforms. And the U.S. Army, under orders from their

Commander-in-Chief, was keeping an eye on us too.

We marched across the Edmund Pettu's Bridge, unimpeded, with a whole two lanes of Highway 80 to ourselves. At 1:10 p.m. the line of march stopped and knelt for prayer at the spot where people were beaten in the infamous Sunday massacre of two weeks before.

Our line of march truly looked like an army on the move. Food and supply trucks followed behind, and latrine trucks, with commodes in motion, moved alongside. Across the way traffic was backed up for blocks in the remaining two lanes available for vehicles in transit between Montgomery and Selma, with drivers and passengers looking out of car windows bewilderedly.

A green Oldsmobile passed announcing, "The White Citizens' Council welcomes you—Help maintain segregation." Another black car demanded, "Go Home Scum—We are Rebels, Peace in Selma." On the rear fender was scrawled, "Rent your priest's uniform here."

About three miles out, we stopped for sandwiches, cookies and relief. The secret was out: Even Martin Luther King has to stop on occasion to urinate. Dick Gregory commented, "How'd you like to have 10,000 people watch you go in to piss? After seeing that line file in and out, I don't want nobody to hand me any more food." Priests, rabbis, ministers and nuns each filed in and out of their own respective Departments of Ministerial Relief.

A wag suggested, "We ought to offer hot bottled piss for the bigots."

Another suggested, as we stood still waiting to move out again, "If this happened on the Triboro Bridge there would be hell to pay in New York."

We walked and chuckled and sang. And we became more and more aware of the presence of our feet as an integral part of the total anatomy. Finally, ten or twelve miles from Brown Chapel, we turned off the road and limped into the first campsite. Gregory mused, "I'm sure Dr. Scholl's must have underwritten this march."

Immediately disputes arose as to who was marching all the way.

The leadership urged as many as possible to return to Selma and rejoin the troops on Wednesday. An absolute limit of 300 marchers was established for the 20-odd mile stretch of two-lane highway. Food was provided for those with the proper identification, a red or yellow arm band. And the tired marchers bedded down, initially without any regard for sexual segregation.

However, there were enough clerics present who had not yet been fully liberated from their Puritan heritage to quickly remedy the situation. Separate quarters for male and female marchers were established, and *Which side are you on?* now became a housing concern. But the seeds of rumor had been sewn, and they grew and were harvested and shipped all the way to the floor of Congress.

"Sexual orgies," surpassed not even by those in ancient Rome, were reported to Harry Truman and others.

The next morning Rev. Andrew Young manned the microphone in the communications truck. In the chill morning air he announced to the assembled crowd, "I don't know about you, but I woke up this morning with my mind on Freedom. My teeth were chatterin' and my

bones were achin', but a Freedom Fire was burnin' in my soul." And the early morning enthusiasts began singing:

"Oh, Oh, Wallace, never can jail us all;

Oh, oh, Wallace, segregation bound to fall."

"We had a better breakfast," Young continued, "than two-thirds of the Negroes in Alabama. They make less than \$2,000 per year, and you can't put cream on your oatmeal with that."

And the line moved out onto the highway, past the military troops who had bivouaced outside our camp for the night. They had built little fires for warmth. It was later reported that a bill had been submitted to the army by Rosa Hall, the owner of the property, for thirty fence posts, one outhouse and two plow handles which had been destroyed to provide fire wood. They paid \$300 for everything except the outhouse.

The now familiar signs of welcome were posted by the road. "No Trespassing" . . . "No Scum Allowed" . . . "Go Home Nigger Lovers" . . . "Coon Town USA."

There were two blind men in the line, and a one-legged man. And as the latter passed the bystanders they chanted, "Left . . . left . . . left" in a cadence besmirching his infirmity. His name was Jim Leather and he had guts. His underarms were blistered from the pressure of his crutches and his hands were blistered where he had to grip them.

Blisters and all, Leather was able to say, "Whenever I think I can't go on, I think of the little girls in jail in Birmingham. How they were beating them, and all the time the kids were saying, 'I want freedom' . . . and I keep on going."

Symbolically, as the line of march passed a cotton field, it was bombarded from above by a small plane. The raid produced nothing more destructive than an explosive leaflet reminding the marchers that "Unemployed agitators cease to agitate." The leaflet announced that this public service had been provided by the Confederate Air Force. Spokesmen for that aerial militia said later that they had nothing to do with it. Their organization was merely buying up old World War II planes and putting them in hangers. For future reference, obviously. Recently, the London papers disclosed that over 400 pieces of ammunition had been confiscated in Industry, California, which was being amassed by right wing enthusiasts, namely the Rangers and the Minutemen. Such groups insist, it was reported, that "it may be necessary to resort to violence to retain freedom."

The time came to narrow down the troops. Andy Young said, "This is the most difficult part of the trip. But we can't have more than three hundred. A promise is a promise and the state of Alabama would like nothing better than to embarrass us by making us out as liars." A white lady stood up and suggested, "Why don't all the white people go back?"

"Well, for two reasons," Young retorted. "They are our protection, frankly. We wouldn't have all these troops and helicopters and what-have-you if it weren't for the presence of whites in the line. And the whites are as responsible as anyone else in this whole thing; we need a certain percentage of them."

Sheriff Jim Clark was on hand, sporting a new hat, dark glasses, and a "freedom" button which read NEVER.

"Could you have handled this without the additional help of the Army?" he was asked.

"My posse could have done the job; maybe not as efficient," was the answer.

"What job?"

"To get these people out of Dallas county."

All the while, many people were making their contribution behind the scenes in Selma and Montgomery. An outstanding example was actor Gary Merrill. His mornings were spent taking down the tents at the previous night's campsite, and his afternoons were spent pitching them in preparation for nightfall. I talked to Merrill.

"Why did you come, Gary?"

"Well," he mused, "I was too young for Lexington and Concord. I just couldn't miss this; I had to be here. And I am gladder to be here now. To see these people of all walks of life and all places in the country."

Of course, he had problems. "The first night we were setting up the tents. I was working with some ministers and theology students. There we were, raking cow manure in the field before we could pitch the tents. The next day the texture of the manure was different and we had to go about it differently. This 54-year-old minister working with me said, 'I always thought entertainment people were something special; when they came in on something like this they made special arrangements for them. Now here I am raking cow shit next to you.'"

And also back in Selma and Montgomery all kinds of people were having all kinds of experiences for the first time. Like the young Northwestern University student who went out to get something to eat in a local restaurant. The waiter, suspecting that the kid was one of those "outside agitators," threw the menu down on the table.

"Where you from?" he asked.

"Kentucky," the kid replied.

"Why you here?"

"To visit my aunt."

"What's your aunt's name?"

The kid paused and then said, "Selma Brown."

"You're a goddam liar," the waiter snorted. "There ain't a Selma Brown in this town."

And the kid didn't get served.

In a little sandwich shop, around the corner from Brown Chapel, Selma kids were having a ball. They had discovered that these outsiders, with their "good will" totally exposed, were an easy touch financially. And so they hustled sandwiches and snacks and sodas daily.

The line of march moved closer and closer to Montgomery, accompanied all the way by the protecting troops. Three of the Dixie Dandies sat in a jeep, and as the line went by, one of the protectors gave a big, fat finger as his testimony. Another muttered, "Here comes one of those white niggers."

It was the hottest day of the march, and it was the next to the last day. Sunburn ointment was very much in evidence. I saw priests and nuns literally whitened with ointment, and I wondered if it had been properly blessed. Even one Negro teenager had his face thoroughly covered.

The line of march stopped at Montgomery Airport for the lunch break. The timing was perfect, for as the

marchers lined the highway, inside the terminal Martin Luther King and party, Harry Belafonte, Tony Bennett, Tony Perkins and Ossie Davis were arriving. Hordes of newsmen surrounded them as they de-planed.

The closer we got to Montgomery, of course, the more white bystanders were out to watch us. By this time, the line of march was tired and punchy, and they were, not too diplomatically, addressing the bystanders and commenting upon their presence. And also by this time the original line of march was increasing its numbers, as each mile added to the swelling crescendo of marchers which culminated at about 50,000 the final day.

And then the heaviest rains came. A thorough down-pour doused the bodies, but did not dampen the spirits, of the marchers. The bystanders were elated, but they got just as wet watching as we did marching. And their wetness served no purpose at all. A high school was dismissing, just as we approached City of St. Jude, the campsite for the final night. And the real historicity of the moment was written on the faces of those teenagers coming out of school. And once again, *We Shall Overcome* rang out.

I stopped in at the lounge at the Exchange Hotel in downtown Montgomery, to see what Whitey was saying. And he was saying plenty. His town was being

invaded, and he didn't like it at all. But right now, there was nothing he could do. He would have to wait, at least until after the speeches.

A truck driver sitting at the bar, who posed as sort of a universal traveler, said: "I only hope one thing. All these people come down here to help King demonstrate. I hope you all go North to help him demonstrate up there. Things are much worse up there, in the big cities like New York, Brooklyn, that Bedford-Stuyvesant section, Philadelphia—much worse than down here."

I thought his suggestion was interesting for two reasons. It would throw the problem into the back yard of the North, right where it belongs, to have Southern demonstrators invade Harlem in masses. And it would be good to get that Southerner on the line *someplace*.

A waitress walked over to the juke box, dropped in a coin, and the speaker blared the current hit, *King of the Road*. She mused, "I wonder if they wrote that just for this occasion."

That night thousands assembled in the mud, at the campsite City of St. Jude. A platform had been erected in the open air, and the spectators pushed, shoved and jammed their way as close to it as possible. As they swarmed around the lights and wires, Andy Young pleaded, "Stand back, you may be electrocuted."

The press tried to stand on the stage, and the people shouted them down. The dignitaries tried to stand on the stage, and the people shouted them down. Finally the stage was cleared, and the entertainers were brought, one at a time, from the bus in which they were waiting to the place of performance . . . Ossie Davis, Harry Belafonte, Nipsy Russell, the Chad Mitchell trio, Peter, Paul and Mary, George Kirby, Shelley Winters, Tony Bennett, Tony Perkins, James Baldwin, Odetta, Leon Bibb, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Billy Ekstine, Sammy Davis, Jr., Floyd Patterson, Alan King, Dick Gregory.

The next morning, as I left the Exchange Hotel to go to City of St. Jude, I could almost cut the tension in the air. The day of march had come, and the Montgomery citizenry really didn't know what to expect. I noticed a big sign in Court Square, at the foot of Dexter Ave. leading to the Capitol Building, which read: "076 days since a traffic death." I thought it would be nice if Alabama had that good a record on civil rights murders.

When I arrived at the City of St. Jude, the line was assembling. The priority for the line of march was proving to be a problem. The remnant who went all the way was given top position behind King and staff. Then came the entertainers. And all kinds of people were trying to push their way as close to the front as possible. Dick Gregory observed, "Times are changing. Did you ever think you'd see the day when people would fight to get into a picket line?"

And the line moved out for the final stretch of the march: through the muddy streets of the Negro section of town. The First Lady of the Movement, Mrs. Rosa Parks, whose case sparked the Montgomery Bus Boycott, was in the front rank.

We passed an all-Negro elementary school. It was a beautiful sight to see the kids in the windows, smiling and waving. Harry Belafonte, who was marching in front of us, started waving to the kids, à la Jim Dooley,



"... Uh ... Ralph ... Your sister and I have something we'd like to talk to you about ..."

May 1965

saying, "Come on down and join us." The jovial mood of the crowd allowed many behind us to follow suit.

Even Whitney Young, Jr., Urban League Director, who was marching next to me, waved the kids out to join the march. I said to him, "If Milton Galamison and I could get you to say that in New York City, we'd really be up tight." Realizing the implications of what he had done, he did a complete about-face and told the people to stop urging the kids to miss school. "We'll fight the battle out here, let them stay in school," was his new pronouncement.

By now we were downtown and people were watching from hotel balconies and store windows. A group of white businessmen stood on the hotel balcony making gestures of "thumbs down" on all that we were doing. All of a sudden one stopped, grabbed the arm of another, pointed and said, "Hey, there's Harry Belafonte." Harry saw it and gestured himself, with a thumbs up gesture. I told him, "Careful with the fingers, Harry. You remember what happened to Jackie Mason."

And standing by the curb, a white man, waving a confederate flag, did give the sign of the extended middle finger with his free hand, "the last gesture of white supremacy."

In a second floor clothing store window were seated two Negro ladies and a Negro man, employees of the store. The boss was standing right behind them. And yet they waved and smiled, without any apparent concern for the boss' hostility.

Now we were on Dexter Ave. itself, and we were filling it from curb to curb with determined marching bodies, and we were moving toward the Capitol Building. There was a reception committee halfway up the Capitol steps—a solid wall of state troopers standing at ease. The speakers and the dignitaries climbed onto the platform, and the witness began.

The program was long and repetitive, but no one really cared. The whole program was really a prolonged anticipation of Martin Luther King's remarks.

The speeches over, an immediate exodus took place. This is the familiar pattern. Most of the demonstrators come in at the last minute and leave as soon as possible. They come in for the large, mass demonstration. And so what they see is superficial. As Dick Gregory says, "The rich man who comes in this way doesn't even see enough to make him open up his bank book back home, when the civil rights groups make the appeal."

Within an hour after King's final *Glory Hallelujah* all that was left of the demonstration were those who had to return to Selma. Cars and buses were shuttling back and forth between Montgomery and Selma.

A group of white teenagers came by us, swaggering and spitting, mumbling: "Like to beat the shit out of all of 'em—the white niggers, especially." I had been planning to walk the four or five blocks to the Baptist Church to meet Mrs. Amelia Boynton to return to Selma, but these young rednecks were obviously waiting for me at the end of the street.

I took a cab.

My protection, which the President had called out for me, stopped the cab two blocks from the church.

"This is as far as you can go," ordered the National Guardsman. I got out, and saw an older, more experienced group of hostile rednecks loitering on the corner.

co-existing

by Saul Heller

Cloak, Dagger and Toothbrush

A young man accused of plotting to sell a million-dollar secret—Procter & Gamble's marketing plans for Crest toothpaste—to the Colgate Company received his come-uppance the other day. Arrested by F.B.I. agents under Title 18, U.S. Code, Sec. 2314, which bars the use of the telephone to further a dishonest scheme, the man faces a maximum penalty of ten years in prison, plus a ten thousand dollar fine. He must be kicking himself from one end of his grey flannel suit to the other for being careless enough to add the use of the telephone to his other crimes.

Why the use of a phone can make a crime worthy of

I walked up to my protection and explained my plight.

"You can't walk down this street—you'll have to go through there," and the Guardsman pointed in the direction of the group of adult rednecks. I couldn't believe it, but I had no choice.

As I walked by them I heard these remarks: "Hey, dandy!" "You ought to darken up!" "Go home, you white nigger!" "Maybe you'd like to suck my dick!"

And the National Guard watched and smiled.

Just a handful of protection was left, only around the Capitol Building itself and the Dexter Ave. Baptist Church. Most of the troops had gone. There was no protection in the downtown section of Montgomery. And a number of beatings were reported. There was no protection at the campsite, where some security workers still were staying. There was no protection on the Highway 80 shuttle route. And there was no protection back in Selma.

On the way back to Selma, Mrs. Boynton and I noticed police cars and all kinds of commotion on the highway. And we thought there had been an accident. When we got home, we found out that Mrs. Viola Liuzzo had been shot and killed, and we were only half an hour behind the shot. A young man from Chicago, a Negro named Ralph Henry, was fired upon and could have been killed two blocks away from Brown Chapel in Selma. But the speeches were over and the troops were no longer under orders.

A roadside reminder, courtesy of the National Bank of Selma, greeted us: "Welcome to Selma, the town with 100% human interest."

Send This Stamp to Snick

Chain letters used to threaten bad luck if you broke the chain ("This is serious, it is not a joke").

Now they are calling for trading stamps for the benefit of the Student Non-Violating Coordinating Committee, which discourages the chain letter method.

So send trading stamps—preferably S. & H. Green and Blue Chips—directly to SNNC, Box 210, Mill Valley, California.

being punished is one of those mysteries no amount of clarification will probably clear up. The episode does suggest, however, that the unusual features that make a crime punishable are well worth investigating.

Maybe, if we looked long and carefully enough into our dusty old law books, we would find that racketeering on Sunday is a heinous offense, and offers grounds for jailing syndicate criminals who can't be convicted on any other basis. This might possibly put a damper on syndicate crime, or make racketeers more religious.

Creative Sadism

The sadistic trend of the times has not received the recognition and sympathetic attention it deserves. The flimsy masks of sadism, easily penetrated by a perceptive eye, are generally unpierced by the genial myopia of our critics and commentators.

Thus the C.I.A.'s unauthorized attempt to "doctor" sugar going from Cuba to Russia* was taken as misguided patriotism, rather than as juvenile sadism hardly worthy of a responsible sadist.

The gratuitous cruelty of a subway conductor who patiently waits till you have puffed your way up the door of the train, then closes it in your face, is called rudeness.

The autoist who rings his 50-decibel horn at three a.m. to summon someone is called inconsiderate.

The deliberate obscurity of a textbook author is termed a failure of communication.

And so on. Abetted by non-recognition, our sadistic activities proliferate.

Sadism in our time is not simply a destructive expression of cruelty, engaged in by people with the intelligence of amoebae. Far from it. Sadism is a *creative* activity which flourishes because the emotional climate is so favorable to it. The striving and perfectionism characteristic of any art may be readily found in higher-level sadistic activities.

The artistic sadist wants not merely to express himself, but to grow and mature esthetically. He wants to be not merely sadistic but *more* sadistic, and more *ingeniously* sadistic, than his peers. He wistfully longs, but hardly dares hope for, the recognition a better-than-average performance merits but rarely receives.

There are, of course, sadists and sadists.

The sadist who beats up a helpless old man or woman is a contemptible type who is probably ranked as low as a do-gooder by the sadistic cognoscenti.

On a somewhat higher level is the sadist who throws heated pennies to children. His sadism has an extra dimension, since he has not merely caused the children suffering, but has piled pain on top of a sharp disappointment.

On a still higher level, sadistically speaking, is the

*The cargo in question was Cuban sugar being shipped to Russia by a British freighter which had limped into San Juan harbor in August 1962 for emergency repairs to a damaged propeller. "As the freighter lay in port for several weeks," according to a front-page *N.Y. Times* story on March 26, 1965, "either before or after some of her cargo was hauled ashore, one or more United States agents managed to get to some of the sugar to apply a substance that would spoil its taste and usefulness. It is said to have been an essentially harmless substance, not likely to inflict injury, but certain to arouse serious dissatisfaction among Soviet consumers."

type of sadist who left a charred cross at the home of the late Mrs. Liuzzo, slain civil rights worker. Piling a gross outrage on another one so great that it was regarded as an ultimate, is something only an aficionado of sadism can really appreciate.

For irony and subtle cruelty, we cite the sadist who robbed a New York bus driver after a careless motorist had collided with the bus and caused it to crash. Thirty-six persons were injured in the accident. While the distraught driver of the bus was talking to a policeman in the street, the thief walked off with the bag containing the day's receipts.

Here again, the attentive observer will spot the hallmark of the creative sadist—the driving of a second bullet into a wound that seemed completely filled by the first one—and will note the artistry of the thief in making the bus driver's cup of woe overflow.

Unappreciated, unsung, today's sadism must, like virtue, be its own reward. This makes it one of our most altruistic activities.

Impartial Investigations

Imperial Wizard Shelton of the Ku Klux Klan reveals that his favorite reading matter is made up of the reports on subversion in the U.S. issued by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Since the HUAC plans to investigate Shelton and the KKK, the possibilities are interesting. If the Committee can be trusted to investigate a devoted admirer who largely shares its views, we can hardly object if a John Bircher is assigned to investigate extremism of the Far Right, if General Walker checks up on subversion of the John Birch society, and if Elvis Presley looks into the degenerative effects of rock-n-roll.

Our Reasonable Pre-Conditions

There are authentic reports from London as well as Tokyo that North Vietnam is willing to discuss a settlement of the war without setting any pre-conditions. President Johnson, however, doesn't seem interested. The repeated refusal of our leaders to parley, while professing a continuing desire to do so, suggests we are waiting for more convincing evidence that Hanoi is willing to negotiate—say, an offer of unconditional surrender.

Johnson's much-publicized offer to negotiate doesn't refute this assertion. The normal procedure of ending a conflict is a cease-fire and secret negotiations, not a public announcement accompanied by an escalation of warfare: namely, the clash with Chinese jets near the Chinese island of Hainan. Johnson's billion-dollar bribe offer violated the most sacred precept of effective bribery—secrecy.

Small Turning of a Vietnamese Worm

During the eleventh year of the non-war in South Vietnam, at the beginning of the 1970's, the slightly whiskey-logged Premier of South Vietnam said to the visiting U.S. Secretary of State:

"The people of this humble, moth-eaten country would like to show their gratitude for the military assistance the U.S. has given us. Our people understand that Congress alone has the right to declare war, and we are grateful that your country has been able to get around this requirement by simply not calling our little disagreement with the Viet Cong a war.

"We thank God that Uncle Sam, using guns, planes,

tanks and napalm bombs in ways short of war and shorter of peace, has protected us from Communism without, and too much democracy within. No one knows better than your humble servant how indebted we are to Uncle Sam for preventing our leaders from ruining the country by running it themselves.

"Today we want to show our gratitude. We would like to send four hundred guerilla warfare experts to the United States, to help Uncle Sam in his long, glorious, hopeless struggle to win Southern Negroes their rights under the Constitution."

The Premier paused, noting with satisfaction that the Secretary's dentures had slipped out of position.

"For more than 100 years," he continued blandly, "Uncle Sam has waged this great battle alone and unaided, with no one to rely on, not even himself. Now we offer to enter the fray on the side of our too-kind, too-forgiving old Uncle, whose devotion to his rebellious nephews exceeds his liking for his loyal ones."

"Our troops are ideal for use down South, since they despise Americans in general, and Southerners in particular. They are fine fighting men, who can be counted on to repay their debt to America by kicking Americans in the teeth. Some of our men, in fact, are so eager for the privilege, they've offered to take a 50% cut in pay to obtain it. We will, of course, permit them to make up their financial losses later in the black market."

The Premier stopped. "What do you think of my proposal, O friend of the friendless and the unfriendly?" he asked guilelessly.

The Secretary of State blinked rapidly. The genial twinkle in his eye had died, and a twitch had come out to take charge. A vein in his chest began to pulsate, and he wished the Department had a classified psychiatrist with whom he could discuss his top-secret neurosis.

"How's that?" he asked uneasily, sparring for time. The Premier repeated his statement.

"We appreciate your generous offer," the Secretary of State said, "but we cannot accept it." He wondered how many more drinks the Premier would need to graduate from impertinence into insolence.

None, it turned out. A long-time recipient of ultimatums from the United States, the Premier obviously enjoyed delivering one of his own. "Either you accept our aid," he said gravely, "or we will reject yours."

The Secretary of State turned pale, his American-born Chinese interpreter turned white, and his two white assistants seemed on the verge of turning Chinese.

"To be, or has been?" mused the stunned Secretary, a bit incoherently, but still making sense. "Am I going to approve the invasion of my country? Or are my iniquities to be limited to co-plotting with the C.I.A. against the welfare of the people?"

The sacrifices a man had to make . . . and never any appreciation.

"Stall for time," whispered his senior assistant. "Tell him you've got to think it over. Tell him any proposal tending to promote civil war must be approved by Congress."

"Let's sleep on it, shall we?" said the Secretary genially.

"Very well," replied his host. "Tomorrow at lunch you will give me your answer."

The Secretary winced at this final turn of the screw. It was the third ultimatum from the little countries the United States had received during the past week.

On Monday, Nasser of Egypt had threatened to reject the two billion dollars worth of foreign aid the U.S. had been urging on him, unless the United States would apologize for its nery protest over the burning of the American Embassy in Cairo. The Embassy had been set on fire in reprisal for the U.S.-inspired evacuation of 200 crippled old women from a hospital in the Congo, just before Congo rebels had burned it to the ground to demonstrate their anti-colonialism.

On Tuesday, Pakistan's Chief of State had told the President of the United States to go jump in the lake if he didn't like his anti-U.S. policy. This made it necessary for the U.S. to secretly double its offer of foreign aid to Pakistan, just to make sure that the country's anti-Americanism stayed at twice the level of last year, and didn't go higher.

And now, the ultimatum from this Oriental worm. Where would it all end?

The conference at the American Embassy that evening was a tense one. "Why don't we tell the little slant-eyed bastard to go soak himself in gasoline?" McGrath wanted to know. McGrath had become the Secretary's most trusted advisor. He owed his high status to the new policy, initiated by the Secretary, of rewarding competence. McGrath had made fewer serious blunders (76) than anyone else during the past year.

"Because," said the Secretary, answering McGrath, "he's the only Premier South Vietnam has had this year whom the people have tolerated more than three days. Remember the 49 others who preceded him? Even if the Viet Cong put him up to this little business, we may still have to play along—the C.I.A. has just ruled that a South Vietnam government *must* last a minimum of 21 days."

The conference lasted two hours. At the end of that time, after a 30-second telephone conversation with the White House, it was agreed that the Premier's ultimatum would have to be accepted, just as every other ultimatum hurled into Uncle Sam's teeth by countries the U.S. was anxious to help had been reluctantly swallowed. It was getting so a little country had to deliver an ultimatum to Uncle Sam from time to time, or else lose face.

"How will we explain it?" wondered McGrath.

"We won't bother explaining," said the Secretary dully. "The President says we'll restrict the Viet guerillas to a small city in Mississippi—maybe Greenwood—swear our publishers to secrecy, and deny the whole business if anyone spills the beans."

"The President says the sacrifice of a small city in Mississippi isn't too high a price to pay for freedom. Come to think of it, he said it's the cheapest price we've paid in years. In fact, if things work out, he might voluntarily consider a similar sacrifice next year."

That night the Secretary of State was able to sleep. Another crisis met and conquered. God, the trouble these foreigners caused. . . . He thought for a while of the surprise in store for the people of Greenwood, Mississippi, and a beatific smile came out of hiding and played around his lips. Life, he decided, had its pleasant moments.

crottes de licorne

by Harold Feldman

Your FBI in Peace and Murder

Gary Rowe was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Liuzzo four hours after his three fellow Ku-Kluxers were so charged. But Rowe was never held for trial. Rowe is a stoolpigeon for the FBI.

At the trial, the FBI gun expert said that only one gun was checked out ballistically, "the murder weapon." How did they know the murder weapon was *that* gun and no other?

All four men in the car that chased Mrs. Liuzzo and her Negro passenger were armed. The FBI picked up all four guns. They say only one gun was checked. Do you believe it?

They found six bullet holes in Mrs. Liuzzo's car. They picked up five empty bullet cartridges. Three bullets were tested. The FBI says they came from a single 38 caliber Smith and Wesson. They say it was fired by Collie Wilkins.

The gun didn't belong to Wilkins but to Eugene Thomas, driver of the car, and it was found in Thomas' home 12 hours after the shooting.

At the trial, the FBI stoolie testified that Wilkins fired *two* shots from the Thomas gun, then emptied his own revolver. He also swore that William Eaton, another yahoo on the hunt for civil-rightsers, fired at Mrs. Liuzzo.

Did Rowe perchance take any shots at "the nigger lover from Detroit"? Absolutely not, he says.

But the FBI never took *any* fingerprints from *any* of the guns, the FBI says. They also took no paraffin tests from the faces of the four suspects. They never ran a ballistics test on Rowe's gun, they say.

Do you believe that? I don't. My hypothesis is that they ran all the routine tests and discovered that their \$60-a-month myrmidon had mixed business and pleasure too far on that night of March 25th.

For a day they refused to acknowledge him as their legitimate offspring. As a homicide defendant, Mr. Rowe would fit too perfectly the name that the FBI has won for itself in the South. When they did recognize him, they sprung him off the defendants' bench.

Magnificent Mullah

At last we begin to hear some justice for Malcolm X. The first weeks after his death, nobody had a nice word to say for this "uppity nigger." All the traditional fear and stupidity, which has recently been out of fashion in liberal pissoids, was released once more by the stupid fear of this black man with the honest tongue and insolent mind.

He was, God save the mark, a man of hate and violence—because he said that if a man hit a Negro, the Negro had a perfect right to hit back.

Cet animal est très méchant

Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.

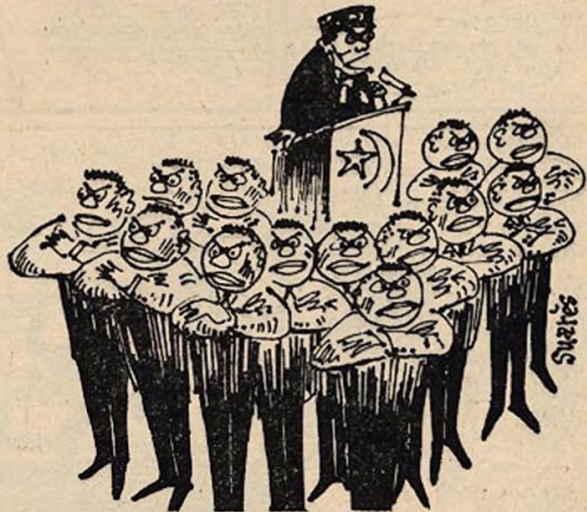
It is a sad commentary on the mental level of the civil rights movement that it took a Malcolm X, a burning intelligence combined with a compulsive need to tell the truth, to discover and pronounce such common sense for the Negro.

I will never forget the spirited birching Malcolm

gave an erudite missionary to the Africans of Morgan State College in Baltimore four years ago.

Malcolm eluded and exposed every demagogic trap of the civil-rightser. He pointed out that Uncle Martin and Uncle Whitney taught their brand of non-violence only to the poor and the beaten, never to the troops of the empire. When the good doctor used Malcolm, with his beige skin and reddish hair, as an example of beneficent race-mixing, the Harlem mullah turned on him with the cold anger of a true prince. The very light color so many Negroes were proud of, Malcolm said, was for him a daily reminder of how his ancestors were forced to play mama and sexpot to their paleface masters.

And when the saponaceous professor ran up the white flag and called the debate a sample of how friends



could disagree and still be friends, Malcolm replied that he was willing to debate for the sake of the audience but the Professor was no friend of his.

Then the liberal doctor (his name was Myers) retreated to patriotism, his last resort. "Why do you attack American slavery," he said, "and say nothing about Russian and Chinese slavery?" Malcolm's reply was simple and Jacobin sweet. "The enemy of my enemy," he said, "is my friend."

The idea of violence became associated with Malcolm X in the white man's mind only when Malcolm began to lead a peaceful life. There is not a single evidence of violence in his career from the time he stopped being a pimp and a Christian.

But he stood for the right of violence in defense against violence, a right which is never questioned for white folks. From a Negro, even rape and mugging are *culpa levis* compared to the assertion of such a right.

Now, John F. Kennedy—there was a man of peace! His whole life was war, conspiracy for war, preparation for war. When his life was made into a movie it was a war movie. The best of the Kennedys was always guided by the brainless yearning for physical courage and power that spurred his father and brothers, but of moral courage he had not an iota in his system. Nevertheless Kennedy became all angel on his murder. Malcolm X became a devil.

The trouble with Malcolm is that he took John Brown for his hero instead of Jack Dempsey.



... TO QUAINT GREENWICH VILLAGE ...

Debra de Sique

DESPICED LIVES!

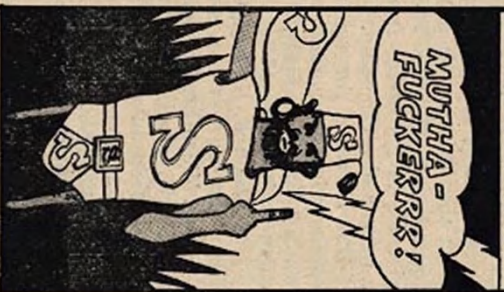
SORRY, WE ONLY RENT TO COUPLES WITH CHILDREN AND DOGS!

... UNTIL HIS SUPER HEARING TUNES IN AN UNSPEAKABLY EVIL CONVERSATION IN AN URBAN RENOVATION PROJECT ACROSS TOWN. HE SAYS THE MYSTICAL WORD...



... AND BECOMES **SUPERIORMAN**.

MUTHA-FUCKERRR!



LIKE AN AVENGING BLACK ANGEL, HE STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR TO RIGHT A GRIEVOUS RACIAL WRONG.

WHO IS THAT UGLY BLACK MOTHER?

IT'S A CROW!

AIN'T HE GOT RHYTHM!

IT'S A CONGOLESE PLANE!

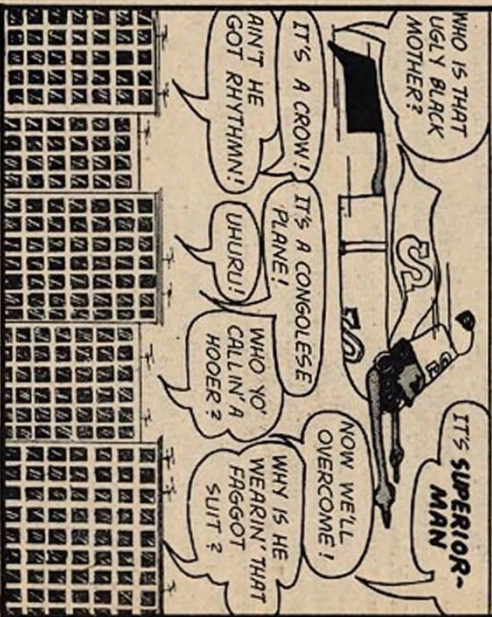
UHURU!

WHO YO' CALLIN' A HOODER?

NOW WE'LL OVERCOME!

WHY IS HE WEARIN' THAT FRGGOT SUIT?

IT'S **SUPERIOR-MAN**



SUPERIORMAN FLIES THROUGH THE APARTMENT WINDOW TO WIN BACK HIS SOUL BROTHER FROM THOSE MOST EVIL OF EVILDOERS... WHITE LIBERAL RACE MIXERS. HE UNLEASHES HIS SECRET WEAPON: THE TIRADE!

YOU CAN'T TRUST A WHITEY! HOW CAN YOU STAND THAT WHITEY SMELL? THEIR BRAINPANS ARE SMALLER THAN OURS! KICK THEM IN THE SHINS AND THEY QUIT! IF ALLAH WANTED US TO MIX, HE'D HAVE MADE US ALL ONE COLOR! GIVE THEM A FEW DOLLARS AND THEY THROW IT AWAY IN THE STOCK MARKET! NEVER SAW ONE THAT HAD RYTHMN! AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN HUNG LIKE US!

BUT TOM'S LETTING ME MARRY HIS SISTER. DICK'S TAKING ME INTO THE BUSINESS. IRVING'S INVITED ME ON DOWN TO THE FOUNTAINEBLEAU!

I MARCHED ON WASHINGTON

I STALLED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

I SENT A TURKEY TO MISSISSIPPI!

SUPERIORMAN CONTINUES HIS EDUCATION CAMPAIGN -- WITH THE INTEGRITY OF HIS RACE AT STAKE.

NOW THEY'RE GETTING INTO OUR SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH! NEXT THEY'LL WANT TO INTEGRATE UP NORTH! SOON THEY'LL BE LIVING NEXT DOOR WHAT SOFT SKULLS THEY HAVE! LOOK AT HOW THEY RUN AROUND WITH EACH OTHER'S WIVES! THEY'RE LIKE CHILDREN! GIVE THEM A PITCHER OF MARTINI'S AND THEY'RE HAPPY ALL DAY LONG! IT RUBS OFF! THE KORAN IS AGAINST MONGRELIZATION!

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH! MEA TELL IT HOW IT IS, S-MAN! AMEN!

MEA CULPA!

MEA MAXIMA CULPA!

WON OVER BY **SUPERIORMAN'S** IRREFUTABLE LOGIC, THE YOUNG SO-CALLED NEGRO LEAVES THE SCENE...

I'M SPLITTING. YOU WHITEYS ARE TOO INFERIOR FOR ME.

BLACK IS RIGHT! WHITE IS WRONG!

WHITE IS WEAK! BLACK IS STRONG!

BEAT US! BEAT US!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR **SUPERIORMAN**. HE SPEEDS HOME...

...TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN IN THEIR 19-ROOM, HUMBLE ABODE.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? AMANDA'S WAITED DINNER TWO HOURS.

IF YOU WANT TO DO SOCIAL WORK, JOIN THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT.

AND I TOLD YOU THAT SUIT LOOKS FAGGY!

ONCE AGAIN JUST PLAIN LEROY BALDLOSE, **SUPERIORMAN** SETS OFF TO EARN HIS DAILY BREAD...

...AS A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE CULTURAL WEALTH OF THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE.

WHO WAS THAT OFAY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? THAT WAS NO OFAY, THAT WAS MY WIFE!

WHO IS THAT UGLY BLACK MOTHER?

HE AIN'T GOT RYTHMN!

WHY IS HE WEARING THAT FAGGOT SUIT?

BOY, I'M OVERCOME!

BLOOM/LEONARD

MALICE IN MARYLAND

(Continued from Back Cover)

he was apprehended, charged, and by reports not only admitted but bragged about the murder, he has never been brought to trial. Bill will have been dead three years on April 20th.

It was curious to watch the news media and the integration groups. A large religious memorial was slated for Bill in Baltimore and when I appeared and threatened to read Bill's comments on religion at the service, it was changed to a memorial emphasizing the rights of man. But, CORE, NAACP, the Afro-American newspapers, the ACLU and all those other respectable organizations backed off from atheist Bill Moore at the speed of a space capsule.

Suddenly no one claimed him.

As a martyr in death he was rejected by the recognized and accepted "protestors" against the Establishment. And, I heard Bill's deep chuckle in my mind's ear as he viewed the national scene and the reaction to his being a dirty atheist walking for man.

Garry DeYoung, like Bill Moore, also had his Master's degree. His father had been on the Socialist ticket with Norman Thomas more times than Garry could count. And although Garry was more than modern and progressive, he somehow managed to get condoms with holes, for he was the father of nine children. His wife was a teacher for years also. Garry had been in every fight for man in the nation, as had Bill Moore. He was known for his campaigns for Peace, for Integration, against HUAC and McCarthy. But, he never knew trouble until he openly proclaimed that he was an atheist.

The moment of truth came for Garry when the State of Delaware declared that the U.S. Supreme Court decision in respect to Bible and prayer in the public schools did not apply to Delaware and that state would continue to have prayer and Bible in all schools. Garry, a resident of Middletown, Delaware, protested, as an atheist. We watched him fall.

First his job went. Then, the harassment began. There were the usual petty arrests. His bank account became subject to errors so that checks he wrote would bounce although he had money in the bank to cover them. His landlord decided to force the DeYoungs out. His children were subjected to reprisals in school. And, finally, his wife was openly fired because she was a non-believer and no attempt was made to cover with other excuses even in Associated Press news releases.

Everywhere doors were closed to the family. Our organization in Baltimore gave Garry what we could afford: part-time work. He was driven with energy like a maniac and could do more in one day than three men could do in four days. But, our organization could not pay him enough to support a wife and nine children, nor compensate him for anything near what he was worth.

He also ran the mill: every freethought outfit in the nation. He literally begged for help. He sold his books of poetry from door to door in his spare time. He tried to get work everywhere, but any reference led back to Delaware and he was totally and effectively black-balled. I saw this man weep—a brilliant, gifted, energetic man break down into dry sobs—as all work was

denied to him and to his wife because of their beliefs.

I saw the American Humanist Association turn him down cold in his extreme need. I told him to move to our land in Kansas and to truck farm. He headed west and somehow instead got a piece of land in Moss Lake, Minnesota. He lives there in a place he is erecting from the woods on the land . . . without lights, without bathroom, without gas, cooking and heating over an open fire rather than hide his beliefs. Between himself and his wife, they have 4 college degrees and spent 16 years in college. Bill Moore had 2 college degrees and spent over 9 years in college. I put in 11 years myself and have 3 degrees.

It is a small waste for society.

There are some hold-outs of communities where the Bible and prayer were still kept in schools, and in each case someone spoke up. And, in each case, the avalanche of economic, psychological, and physical reprisals welled over the objector.

In Lebanon, Pennsylvania, it was James Snavely—who was not even an atheist. He went to court to halt the illegality. He was arrested almost immediately for having a dog on his property. It turned out to be a stray, but Snavely was arrested and brought to trial one morning at 3 a.m. by a magistrate sitting in her night-dress and housecoat.

The same persecution pattern appeared. Snavely was a civil servant with tenure, and to get him the town council had to meet and to abolish his job by not voting for the fund appropriation which would have continued it. Snavely tried everywhere for employment. He is currently "on relief," a proud and capable man, with a wife and four children. Anyone can envisage what kind of service he gets from that town's welfare department, and we wonder how long he will be able to survive.

Again, our organization was the only organization in America to get out appeals for money for this beleaguered family. We are pleased to report that we were able to have hundreds of dollars sent to the family while they went through a deliberately protracted "application process" with the welfare department during which time they were callously left without food.

Charles Crockett, atheist from Jersey City, in November of last year decided to challenge the use of city funds for a Nativity Scene on the court-house lawn. Charlie's wife is a teacher and he is a bartender. The first letter we received from him he wagered that no one could get him fired because his employer was "true blue." He had not thought that a liquor license is a grant from a local government, and that many pressures could be brought.

Again, our pattern developed rapidly, and this time Charlie was in real trouble because his baby was snatched by its grandparents and a custody trial was begun. The charge was that Charlie and his wife were atheists and were, therefore, *unfit parents*.

Charlie fought it all the way. Irish Catholic Judge Gillick of the Domestic Relations Court, said: "The contempt displayed for the God Who made us all by the defendants moves the court to break a long standing precedent (of no personal comment on a case) but the court must *with reluctance*, yield to the religious license (sic!) granted by the nation's highest tribunal. Judgment for the defendants." Charlie foamed with rage.

The community was not done with Charlie. ACLU promised to take the case of the Nativity Scene, and then refused because of Charlie's blunt atheism. And, then—Charlie was fired. He and his wife currently worry about her teaching contract and whether it will be renewed for next year.

But, finally a champion appeared, with the strong-willed Charlie beating the bushes vociferously. The American Jewish Congress in early March announced that they would stand the legal costs of the suit. But, there is no joy in Mudville, for Charlie is completely and effectively blacklisted from employment.

How now, brown cow?

We could chronicle the abuse meted out to the family of John L. Joseph, of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, when he protested the flying of an "Under God" pennant along with the American flag at the city hall there.

Or Rabbi Sherwin T. Wine, of Birmingham Temple in Detroit, who has been "relieved" of his duties after his open confession of adherence to atheism.

Or Ray E. Parker, Prince George County, Maryland, schoolteacher, who has not been able to get any job at all since he urged his senior class to read *Brave New World* back in March, 1963. He was charged with being a sponsor of an "Atheistic, obscene and immoral" book and his ass was grass from that day forward.

Or Ernest Bergsma who was refused citizenship in Canada on Sept. 18, 1964, because he refused to repeat the oath, "so help me God."

Or the Jewish couple (name withheld at request) from Texas who questioned the annual Christmas pageant of the birth of Christ and asked for some reference to the observance of Chanukah. Over 600 telephone calls, thousands of letters and telegrams told them to "go back to Israel, you God-damn Jews."

Or, the De Kalb, Illinois man who objected to a prayer in his son's kindergarten class on grounds that it violated the Supreme Court ruling on prayers in public schools. In April Lyle deSpain was advised that his employer, a real estate operator, fired him because he "could not stand the pressures." DeSpain is also a school-teacher who is no longer loved as such by the establishment.

Everywhere, an atheist has the right to be an atheist if no one else knows he is an atheist.

If you keep your mouth shut, if you support Christianity by not openly opposing it . . . you can get by. But if you move into any activity, you have had it. A little newspaper or magazine circulated among a small group can exist if the little rag is not a threat—provokes to no action, is not a "clear and present danger." I give you *The Liberal* out of Philadelphia, *the Humanist* out of Yellow Springs, Ohio, *the Rationalist* out of St. Louis, *Progressive World* out of Los Angeles, and *the Truth Seeker* out of San Diego.

The *Realist* is an anomaly at first glance. But, on investigation one can see that the *Realist* is not a call to action, but rather a firming-up of the cynicism of its readers, who are each month further convinced to recede into their own little world and not fight the problems. So, the *Realist* has no particular harassment directed to it, of which anyone is aware.

It seems to me that a national committee should be

formed, perhaps under the auspices of the *Realist*, to have a continuing fund-raising program to assist in the ordinary costs-of-living of those persons who are on the front lines. Our own organization has fared adequately well because I refuse to accept defeat at any level. We have been helpful with funds for the DeYoungs, for the Snavelys, and of course we have kept the Murrays afloat, and intend to do so in the future. But one buck a month from everyone who wants to see freedom of conscience for atheists survive is not a great bite. Hell, we all twiddle that much away each month in lost change.

If we freaks are willing to put on a show for you, and in the process to slow the eroding of civil liberties in America, each and every one of you could afford the bite of a buck a month. Have we any volunteers who would serve on a "Survival Committee," and be bonded, and who would assist in the fund-raising so that money would constantly be available for the personal survival items of those engaged in the brawl? Everyone needs rent (or house payments), food, clothing, sometimes on a short term basis, sometimes on an urgently felt basis. For gawd's sake, rally round.

DRAFTLESS IN UTOPIA

(Continued from Back Cover)

The government pressed for an explanation of his religious beliefs. Seeger said he was a "religious agnostic" and gave as his definition of religion that of John Dewey: "Any activity pursued in behalf of an ideal and against an obstacle, and in spite of threats of personal loss because of conviction of its general and enduring value."

The Southern District Court for the State of New York sentenced him to a year and a day in jail in 1962. He appealed the decision. The 3-judge panel of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the conviction.

Judge Irving Kaufman wrote the decision. He said that the section of the law in question was unconstitutional because it violated the defendant's First Amendment guarantees of freedom of religion.

The government appealed the case to the Supreme Court; whenever a Constitutional law is declared unconstitutional it automatically goes to the Supreme Court (although the Selective Service System probably would have appealed this one anyway).

The Supreme Court ruled on March 8th, in a 24-page decision written by Justice Tom C. Clark and agreed to unanimously by the other eight justices, that "any person opposed to war on the basis of a sincere belief which in his life fills the same place as a belief in God fills in the life of an orthodox religionist is entitled to exemption under the statute."

Obviously with an eye to 110,000 Buddhists, Taoists, and Ethical Culturists in the U.S. who do not teach belief in a Supreme Being, the court said: "Local boards and courts are not free to reject beliefs because they consider them 'incomprehensible.' Their task is to decide whether they are, in his own scheme of things, religious."

Seeger says of the decision, "We're satisfied."

The "we" he speaks of is the Central Committee for

Conscientious Objectors, with offices at 2006 Walnut St. in Philadelphia. Seeger is a member of the board of directors. He first became involved in the Committee's work when they became aware of his case, publicized it and offered to help with court funds.

It was through the committee, in fact, that he came in contact with Kepneth Greenawalt, the civil liberties attorney who successfully defended his case. The CCCO, a non-profit draft counseling agency in existence since the end of World War II (when CO's were first officially recognized), wages a nationwide information campaign against the draft.

Besides Seeger's part-time work with the CCCO, he's a full-time staff member of the American Friends Service Committee in Manhattan. The Service Committee is a Quaker-oriented social service agency. Seeger first became acquainted with the Service Committee when he was working as a research assistant at the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute, after graduation from college.

His draft troubles had just begun, and a friend sent him to the AFSC office for its draft counselling program. Now Dan's in charge of the college program of the Service Committee and spends most of his day doing draft counseling. "I guess you might say the draft is responsible for my present job," he says with a smile.

Seeger might figure indirectly in future decisions of the Supreme Court. One of the questions left open by the court in its decision in his case—almost invitingly so—is whether a person who claims definitely *not* to believe in God will be able to qualify for exemption.

* The Court said: "No party claims to be an atheist or attacks the statute on this ground. The question is not, therefore, one between theistic and atheistic beliefs. We do not deal with or intimate any decision on that situation in this case."

And, it seems, they say that almost with regret.

Then, too, the question of the *sincerity* of the applicant remains, even if, through future litigation, the right of an atheist to sue for conscientious exemption is established. Who is to say whether an objector is sincere on moral or ethical grounds, or simply a duty-shirker or draft-dodger?

The Court said: "We hasten to emphasize that while the 'truth' of a belief is not open to question, there remains the significant question of whether it is 'truly held.' This is the threshold question of sincerity which must be resolved in every case."

In other words, the problem is that of a possible Malingerer in Buddhist's Clothing.

Seeger says that regardless of the intangibles which will come up in future cases, he and the CCCO are unalterably opposed to the draft. "I think conscription is morally wrong and I'm opposed to it in principle. With the Central Committee I plan to work for complete abolition of the draft. We've already started a concentrated national program to work for the legislative repeal of the Selective Service Act."

The next few years may, at least, see another great stride taken toward freedom of unorthodox religious expression. The 1963 school prayer-ban decision was only the beginning.

ed fisher's (half) page



"It's just a loose wire or something—
Dial-a-prayer hasn't 'forsaken' you!"



IN NEW YORK
NEARLY EVERYONE READS THE NEWSPAPER...

Space Poem* by Mara Lynn

Celaperm Caprolan
Celanese Alistran,
Lektroctet Fiber "T"
Ondelet IRC,
Dederon Delfion
Celafil, Celaspun.

Coloray Colorbon
Fiberfrax Viscalon,
Ultravat Vetroflex.
Kolomat Vetrotex . . .
Iridex . . . Novatex . . .
Lastex Lurex
. Boltaxflex!

Fiberglas Fortisan,
Eiderlon Durastran,
Enkalon!
Lustrafil!
Celastron—
Fibreville (Baby),
Acrobel . . Thiozel . . . Kodel . . .

Dynel
Quiltacel.
Arnel? Fortrel?

Vitron!
Vicron!
Boltathene!

Creslan—
Zefran—
Royalene.

Estron Metlon Durafil,
Briglo Fibro Lanacril,
Topel Vyrel
Acrilan . . .

Vyrene
Prolene.

Celatow.

*from an original song
by Julian Stein

SIR REALIST:

Blasphemous Gender

While the theme of your "one nation, under God" cartoon is not objectionable, the manner of its execution is tasteless and rather repulsive. Under the circumstances, it would have been preferable to characterize the "nation" in a feminine manner.

T. Norwood Whitley, Jr.
Shreveport, Louisiana

Satisfied Reader

You are doing your usual fine job of reporting and I never write fan letters but consider this one.

Alan Abel, Society for
Indecency to Naked Animals

May 1965

WAR ON VIETNAM

(Continued from Cover)

They raided my village less than a month ago." Whereupon the Viet-Cong open fire.

Now, the subtle way you can tell the Good Guys from the Bad Guys in this particular comic book is by what they say when they die. The South Vietnamese say *Yüüü!*; whereas the Viet Cong say *Aiiiee!*; and the American military advisers say *Arrgggh!*

Also, the opposing weapons make different sounds. The Good Guys go *Blam! Blam!* The Bad Guys go *Da-Da-Da-Da* (revealing an obvious Russian influence).

Anyway, a watchful guard at the ammunition dump spots the Viet Cong and alerts headquarters in Saigon. Captain Duke Larson advises the South Vietnamese: "Maybe I can help, General! There's a crazy idea buzzing around in my bonnet. . . ."



Patriotic Perversion

Your note (issue #55) showing "nationalistic" support for trusses could have been fortified considerably, in my opinion, by showing the brochure of Uncle Sam's Stick Shop [the acknowledged supply store for sadists and masochists].

Geoffrey Wagner
New York, N. Y.

Dissatisfied Reader

In compliance with a New Year's resolution, I must ask you to cancel my subscription.

Ken Robertson
Hawthorne, N. J.

He outlines his plan and, explains the text, "because the only alternative seems to be disaster, he is given the green light."

The guerrillas see their helicopter. "Look, comrade! A tin bird waddles toward us!"

"They will not fire for fear of hitting the children! Or clobbering the ammo dump—and doing our job for us! An extra ration to all if we shoot the copter from the sky!"

Up in the copter: "It's raining hot metal up here—time for us to spring a surprise of our own."

The surprise that had been buzzing around in Duke's bonnet was tear gas. But observe the chronology.

This comic book went on sale in February. It had gone to the printer in December. The stories were written in November or before.

Yet the first public report of gas actually being used in Vietnam was filed by a reporter in Saigon at 2 o'clock in the morning, Monday, March 22nd.

On March 23rd, Defense Secretary McNamara explained that on one occasion, Communist troops had taken refuge among civilian villagers in Phuyen Province and that "rather than use firepower, thereby jeopardizing the lives of noncombatants, to drive the Viet Cong out of the area, the Vietnamese troops dispensed the riot-control agent. Their objective, of course, was to save lives."

According to a Scripps-Howard report, "Idea for use of the gas originated with American advisers. . . ."

And in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 26th, a U.S. officer was quoted: "If we could douse a hamlet containing Viet Cong soldiers with a temporary incapacitating agent long enough to go in and sort out the Good Guys from the Bad, this could be a boon to the war effort."

Is it not clear now that the Pentagon relies on *Jungle War Stories* for its military strategy in Vietnam?

The practice is not a new one, either.

Take, for example, the *Buz Sawyer* strip. Once he backed a naval campaign for more funds for anti-submarine warfare. Buz and the U.S. Navy took on a Soviet submarine which had been nestling off our shores. They merely inscribed on the side of the sub with a special new underwater paint: "Bang, you're dead!"—and the Soviet submarine commander got sent off to Siberia.

A few months later, back in real life, Congress voted extra monies for anti-submarine warfare programs.

Likewise, *Steve Canyon*. When Canyon learned that the "RX-71 program" had been cut back to save funds, he commented into his coffee cup with slick sarcasm: "I guess it won't really

matter! If the Russians send a few Roman candles at us some cloudy night, we'll make a formal protest in the United Nations—if we can only find the pieces of the building!"

Again, back in real life, the U.S. Senate later voted 74-13 approving an extra 320-million-dollars — an appropriation strongly opposed by the Administration — for development of the Air Force's RS-70 reconnaissance-strike bomber.

More recently, Steve got involved with a group of demonstrators. He had been in the middle of necking with a lady named Perdita Rune when a call came and interrupted with: "There is a group of peace marchers on the way to picket the missile base. The people of Hodag have never even seen a picket line! Some of our guys are going to beat the marchers up when they reach our town!"

"S-Steve," stammers Perdita. "Where are you going?"

He asks her to call the chief of police, adding: "He may need to call out his deputies to help protect the pickets!"

Perdita: "PROTECT the dirty Pinkos?"

Steve: "Is this the Miss Rune who also opposed the coming of missiles to her town?"

Perdita: "You made me almost proud of Hodag being a prime target, but these Communists wish to destroy us from within!"

Steve: "Lots of people besides the Reds are sincerely against what we are doing—and they have a right to say so—but that's all! None of them must hold up work on the base by sitdowns or any other way! . . . Handling the peace marchers is part of my job!"

Perdita: "Why don't you resign from the Air Force and work for me?"

Steve: "Thanks, no—I'm not used to having a female boss!"

Perdita: "It wouldn't be like that! Must I spell out the details? I need a man—to look after my—ah—interests! You would be—well, the boss in every sense—because . . ."

He leaves her in a severe state of incontinent sublimation.

CUT TO: The road to Hodag. Canyon confronts the predictably bearded leader of the marchers.

Steve: "Why march here? The missile base is on the far side of Hodag."

Beard: "We wish the people to know our mission! We'll reach the site in due course!"

Steve: "I came to the outskirts to tell you the local residents are not used to picketing. I'm afraid they may try to hurt you!"

Beard: "We thank you, friend—but why are you so solicitous of our welfare when, as you say, the others will

not be?"

Steve: "I am Colonel Canyon, the commander of the base."

Beard: "You almost had us fooled for a moment, warmonger! Now, if you will please step aside and allow us to proceed!"

Perdita, meanwhile, has driven to downtown Hodag. The local Juvenile Decents are already there:

"We'll clobber the Commies when they get here!"

"And how! We'll—oh! It's Miss Rune!"

"Don't stop," says Perdita. "I came down to give you some ideas on how to handle the Pinkos! When those Pinkos try to walk through Hodag, I want some ACTION!"

"Don't worry, Miss Rune! We'll give it to 'em!"

"Where it counts," adds another, waving a baseball bat.

The marchers by this time discover that Canyon has arranged a police escort for them.

Beard: "A police escort for us?"

Steve: "Of course! I told you there is an angry mob up ahead waiting to harm you. As citizens of the United States you are entitled to freedom of speech and peaceful assembly!"

Marcher: "You're darn right!"

Steve: "Now all you need to do is to prove that you are citizens!"

Beard: "We must prove we are United States citizens?"

Steve: "Right! Otherwise the police do not have to protect your parade—and with an angry mob up ahead they cannot, for your own protection, allow your parade to go on!"

Beard: "What is proof?"

Steve: "Your passport! Your birth certificate! Baptismal certificate!"

Beard: "No one carries a passport INSIDE the U.S.!"

Steve: "As you know, the Constitution states that citizens are entitled to free speech and free assembly! The police will protect all paraders so entitled! No draft cards or social security cards—you do not have to be a citizen to obtain either! Line starts here!"

At this moment, Perdita and her gang round the corner. She throws a rock. It hits Canyon in the head. He is taken to a hospital and the march is called off. Somehow the *esprit de corps* is gone. The crisis has been averted via the cop-out route.

Now, there's just one thing which disturbed a few readers. For instance, a letter to the *Chicago Sun-Times* wanted to know when Steve Canyon had "replaced the United States Supreme Court as interpreter of the Constitution. The right of the people peaceably to assemble" applies to all people, not just to citizens. . . ."

We wrote to Milton Caniff and re-

ceived the following reply:

"Thank you so much for good letter. It certainly is a pleasure to know that you follow Steve Canyon so closely, and I am delighted that you took the time and trouble to express your views on the Constitutional issue in the current episode.

"Of course it was unconstitutional to stop the impending riot and bloodshed in Hodag. Colonel Canyon never said it was. He stated that the Chief of Police thought it was legal to require the people on both sides to show proof of citizenship.

"One of the prime rules of Air Police, Military Police and Shore Patrol procedure is always to keep a crowd from becoming a mob. The police or military commander is admonished to use any device he can think of to simmer the group down and stop the tide of hate which brings on shooting and disaster.

"All of a sudden Steve had the hot-heads on both sides reaching into their pockets for baptismal certificates instead of blackjacks. Roosevelt used such a technique when he established NRA—which slowed the panic syndrome, even though FDR probably knew it had little chance before the Supreme Court.

"As with all people who tell fibs, Steve was punished by being hit on the head with a rock. I think the real moral in all this is to never teach rich spinsters to throw a slider."

Well, so much for comic strip morality. As General Twining himself says about Steve Canyon and his 30 million readers: "I know of no way to tell so many people so much about us, and what we are and why we are."

During World War II, President Roosevelt personally complimented Ham Fisher, creator of Joe Palooka, for helping to make the pre-war draft more acceptable to the public.

Also, the British Ministry of Information kept Fisher apprised of General Montgomery's progress in the Battle of Tunisia so that the real battle and Palooka's participation in it might reach a mutual, simultaneous climax.

Jules Feiffer is slightly cynical about the Infamous Artists School:

"Seemingly their only objection to World War III is the loss in newspaper circulation it might mean for them. 'Oops, there goes New York and Washington. How many papers does that leave me?' . . ."

"I've always been fascinated by the Cold War comic strips in light of the traditional attitude of newspapers in not wanting editorial comment on the comic page. Our Cold War cartoonists have been fighting the bolsheviks for nearly 20 years now and no editor protested that this was editorial com-

ment. Walt Kelly in *Pogo* attacked McCarthyism back in 1954 and editors protested that this was editorial comment.

"I have finally discovered the distinction. So long as a cartoon does not waver from official government policy—or unofficial Pentagon fantasy—it is not considered editorial in nature."

And so we return to *Jungle War Stories*. The tear gas was not the "desperate weapon" heralded on the cover. That was another story. . . .

Viet Cong guerillas have been terrorizing the entire Mekong Delta and have now fled to the safety of the swamps.

The hippy military adviser remarks: "This is gonna be like trying to gouge the Seminoles outta the Everglades! . . . Everglades! . . . That gives me a ringading idea!"

Contact is made with Saigon headquarters where: "You want . . . WHAT? How many? I can't promise anything . . . if this is a gag . . ."

The request gets sent on its way to Washington D.C. where: "Stop mumbling in my ear, Fenster! It may sound insane, but if that's what they want—round up the shipment and jet it to them IMMEDIATELY!"

At the airport: "That's right, Major. All previous consignments suspended! This stuff—top priority to Saigon! Pentagon calls it URGENT!"

The cargo is loaded, shipped to Vietnam, reloaded aboard the helicopters, and flown above the swamps controlled by the Viet Cong.

"The Yankee fools are too low for napalm! This must be merely an idiotic air observation! OPEN FIRE!"

Blam Blam!

(You may recall that it is the Good Guys' weapons which go *Blam Blam!* Obviously the Viet Cong have once again stolen American military equipment. The *N.Y. Times* reported on February 8th that "American military advisers in Vietnam have long conceded that the majority of Viet Cong weapons are American-made ones captured in battle from South Vietnamese forces." The next month, in *Pravda*, Wilfred Burchett wrote that since 1961 Viet Cong infiltrators have been among the South Vietnamese being trained by American instructors in the use of modern arms and military equipment.)

"Encountering heavy ground fire! We can't stay around and dance with these bimbos, Mike!"

"Message received, Duke! Hatch open. . . . Delivery of goods about to start. . . . Elevation fine, Duke! Start tilting so our special delivery can be dumped right in their laps!"

SPLASH!

And two dozen alligators are dropped from the helicopters.

May 1965

That was the ringading idea. "The cursed enemy. He dooms us with dragons from the sky!"

The guerilla leader threatens to personally execute any coward who turns and runs. But . . .

"It is useless! We cannot resist these horrible creatures that infest the swamp!"

Leader: "You are sniveling swine! A bullet will stop these crea . . . Help! AIIIEEEE!"

The Viet Cong flee the swamp and surrender.

For those who have said that we should get out of Vietnam because we are losing the war—the implication being that if we were winning, our presence would then be justified—the Alligator Caper ought to have great appeal.

And, since our military strategy has obviously been inspired by comics in the recent past, we may look for some action around the Florida Everglades in the near future.

It will be the ultimate in Pop Patriotism.

LEROI JONES

(Continued from Cover)

the audience by saying—in reference to slain white civil rights workers—"Those boys were just artifacts, man. They weren't real. If they went [to Mississippi] to assuage their leaking consciences, that's their business. I won't mourn for them. I have my own dead to mourn for."

Last December, though, he wasn't quite that vehement.

Then, Jack Newfield had quoted



"Excuse me, but would you have a spare cleaning day available?"

Jones in the *Village Voice*: "Negro life in America is so cheap. You don't hear anything about the four little girls who died in that church in Birmingham last September, but you hear a whole lot about about Mickey Schwerner. All right, I'm sorry that cat is dead and all, but what about those four black girls?"

He was right about that, you know. And nobody sent any official condolences to Malcolm X's widow, either. True, a statement of sympathy is a pitiful consolation, but it's the only symbol of respect we have.

That, and money. The proceeds from *Broadway Answers Selma* were going to aid the family of Reverend Reeb. But what about Jimmy Lee Jackson, that poor nigger whose mammy got clubbed by a state trooper, and when Jimmy Lee rushed the trooper, the trooper shot him? It was decided only as an afterthought resulting from criticism, that some of the proceeds should go to Jackson's family too.

White people really still do have a master-slave relationship with Negroes.

It was revealed nicely last year when Drew Pearson wrote: "During recent weeks I have visited some of the major Northern cities—New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore—and I can report that anti-Negro sentiment has increased and hardened overnight. . . . Already this is hurting chances of passage of a strong civil rights bill."

Since when is civil rights a goddam reward?

And this year Roy Wilkins wrote: "Negro citizens are irked by the fact that nowhere in all the condemnation [of Martin Luther King's proposed boycott of Alabama products] was more than passing reference made to the factors which impelled Dr. King to ask the drastic step against a whole state. Coupled with this was the assertion that the boycott call would endanger the imminent victory in the Negro struggle, especially the federal voting bill."

If you fellas don't behave . . . The drama has become so bizarre that you have Wilson Baker, Selma's Commissioner of Public Safety, coming on like a black nationalist: "This has ceased to be a Negro movement. It's become a misfit white movement. At least we had good music when the Negroes were demonstrating."

Of course, nobody in Selma, Alabama has ever heard of Leroi Jones, but in New York City he makes good copy.

Village Gate owner Art D'Lugoff was upset about what he had read in the *Times* — that at the Vanguard Jones and crew extended their lack of sympathy for the white civil rights

workers to the six million Jews who were slaughtered in Nazi Germany—and so he called for a continuation of the blasphemy at his club.

Jones agreed to participate only because D'Lugoff promised him the free use of the Gate for a benefit for the Black Arts Repertory Theatre. At the Vanguard, Jones had received cash for that same purpose.

Nat Hentoff was one of the panelists at the Gate.

"About the six million Jews," he said, "you know, this is a tragedy within a tragedy, and I don't like it being used for rhetoric. The tragedy of those deaths—and there were many millions more Poles and Gypsies and Lord knows who, including Russians—is that nobody, including the Jews and the Poles and the Gypsies, what few of them are left, learned anything from it.

"I will agree that there is no real cohesive Jewish organization, but there are a number of Jewish organizations within the endemic tendency to disagree among Jews. But the fact is there was no outcry about the A-bomb in Hiroshima, there's no organized Jewish outcry about South Vietnam, there's no organized Jewish outcry about the whole skein of violence that is part of this country's foreign policy.

"Now the other part of this is—it seems to me so simple, and yet it also indicates the lack of role reversal ability—what the hell difference does it make to a guy in central Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant or the South side of Chicago, that six million Jews were killed?

"I mean you can't expect a guy on the Bowery—and this is true of a cracker as well, or a guy in Appalachia, or an Indian, or a Mexican—you can't expect him to be Paul Tillich. He is hurting and he is hungry. And the only Jews he happens to see, probably, are the storekeepers who, for other economic and determinist reasons, are part of the ghetto. But you really can't bring in the six million Jews there, because it is not relevant."

D'Lugoff: "I think your'e dead wrong, Nat, and I think it's a disgrace—"

Hentoff: "Are you going to take my *mezuzah* away?"

D'Lugoff: "—because anybody who has the audacity to talk about *any* human beings that were killed or massacred or lynched the way you have . . . I think that you are saying something that, believe me, you may not like it, but I think it's anti-Semitic."

Krassner: "Not only is your *mezuzah* being taken away, but your foreskin is being given back."

We got into a discussion of the white

power structure, and when D'Lugoff asked Jones just what it was that he wanted him to do, Jones replied: "I want you to give this club to my father."

Now this is where the Function of Leroi Jones comes in. The alternative reactions to his demand are (1) laughter; (2) serious hope that Jones' father could open such a club if he wanted to; and (3) defensive dialogue.

D'Lugoff chose the latter course.

"But I built this place up with my own hands," he said, in effect. "Besides, this is a marginal operation."

"You're a drag," said Jones.

"Oh, yeah?" responded D'Lugoff. "You're a bigger drag."

The N.Y. Post reported this as: "You're a bigot drag."

If you ask D'Lugoff now, he'll undoubtedly take credit for calling Jones a bigot drag.

That's the way history is made.

Jones leaned over and mumbled to me, "Hey, man, is this cat really Jewish?"

"He's a mulatto Jew," I answered.

Jones giggled.

Several weeks previously, I had moderated a Speak-Out at the Village Vanguard—"What's Wrong With Prudence"—and while Barney (Grove Press) Rosset was speaking out, Ralph (*Eros* and *Fact*) Ginzburg leaned over and whispered to me, "Is he Jewish?"

I wrote a note saying: *Aren't all pornographers?*

Ginzburg looked puzzled.

I added the word *Jewish* and transposed the question mark, so now my note read: *Aren't all pornographers Jewish?*

Ginzburg still looked puzzled.

In mid-1964, Leroi Jones said: "The minute you become any how, any way, accepted or known or thought of in good stead in a white society—what have you done to be that? I have that constant paranoia. Because I do not trust America as far as I can throw it. So if anybody says to me you are a good man, I suspect it."

A year later he was the recipient of a Guggenheim Award for "creative writing in the theatre."

He didn't reject the prize.

Meanwhile, two of his plays were being pressured out of business in Los Angeles by the police and newspapers. The owner of the Warner playhouse charged that police had "suggested" that he banish the Jones plays before they granted his theatre a permanent license. The *Los Angeles Times* and the *Hollywood Citizens-News* both decided they would no longer accept ads for the plays.

Police actually halted the sale of seats after vice squad requests that obscenity charges be filed against one

of the plays, *The Toilet*, were rejected by the city attorney's office. The Deputy City Attorney said that while his office was "not satisfied with all aspects" of *The Toilet*, he wasn't prepared to issue any complaints against it.

The Toilet, which takes place entirely in the boys' lavatory of a high school, is filled with all kinds of combinations of the usual objectionable words. It ends on a note of interracial homosexuality.

"America is a homosexual country," Jones once said (in a quotation that was left out of Newfield's aforementioned *Village Voice* article for lack of space). "When I look at the President I see a big fat ugly faggot. Do you want to know how to judge a country's vitality? Well, stand Adlai Stevenson and Che Guevara naked against a wall, and ask any chick in the world who she would rather screw. Or stand Lyndon and Fidel against the wall."

In Los Angeles, the plays' producers said they would continue to operate on a no-charge basis, accepting donations from members of the audience, until permits could be obtained.

Paddy Chayefsky suggests that they simply leave their money in a tray on the set, which is a row of urinals.

I thought it would be nice to have this scenery for my back yard, but upon inquiry I learned that it was going to be displayed in The Jewish Museum. I swear.

That was with the agreement of designer Larry Rivers, naturally; but it would be a mistake to view Jones' lack of concern for six million dead Jews as a pro-Fascist position.

Speaking of Ghana, Nat Hentoff said that Nkrumah is "running an authoritarian state. He's doing a perfect Wallace-type job. I've heard that from some Nigerians."

Jones said that "Nigerians are the most treacherous people in the world."

"But these were very hip Nigerians," countered Hentoff.

"There were some relatively hip Nazis, too," said Jones.

Now there is only one possible inference you can draw from that: The Nazis were Bad Guys.

Leroi Jones' mother must have been very happy when he became the first boy on his block to grow up and marry a nice Jewish girl. A nice *white* Jewish girl. And they have two daughters. This doesn't make Jones a hypocrite. It simply makes fools of those among us who bother to become upset by his generalized hostility.

"It is wrong to visit the sins of the father upon the son," says the white Jewish liberal about Leroi Jones as he steadfastly refuses to buy a Volkswagen.

Press Distortion of The Free Speech Movement

by Michael Nagler

During the free speech controversy last fall at Berkeley, distortion, suppression and general butchery of the news by local and national media reached lows as depressing as those hit during and after the assassination of President Kennedy. In a way the press business out here may prove to be even more important.

The actual event, of course, was on an incomparably smaller scale, but in the case of the assassination, evidently only a dozen or so people were actually eyewitnesses to events that were reported inaccurately and came away with some feeling of resentment; whereas at Berkeley literally thousands of students and others who actively took part in the December strike in one way or another would spend a whole day seeing, hearing, and feeling the general consternation on campus and then have the weird experience of seeing headlines such as "Rebel Strike a Flop" being placidly peddled right in Dwinelle Plaza in the midst of all the ruckus.

What is more serious, of course, hundreds of students who participated in the "rebellion" to the extent of joining the climactic Sproul Hall sit-in and mass arrest (December 3) were treated to newspaper coverage which smeared them as academic washouts, hard-core demonstrators, non-students altogether and, predictably enough, Communist-inspired.

The Bay Area does not have a tradition of stainless steel reportage. In 1962, for example, this writer and several of his confreres in the Student Peace Union went to see Capt. Ross of the Berkeley Police Dept. to discuss our plans for a peace demonstration to run counter to the annual Veteran's Day Parade.

Captain Ross bent our ear for a good half hour about his duty to defend our right to free expression of our beliefs even though he personally disagreed with them violently, he asked us where we would like to station ourselves for the big show so as to be able to protect us adequately if anything were to come up, and he suggested that we should probably not carry out our idea of actually marching in the parade since he couldn't vouch for the consequences if we did; in any case, he said, only the Parade Marshall of the American Legion could give us permission to do that since legally it was his parade.

We left the police station happy with Captain Ross and relieved not to have to follow through on somebody's hare-brained scheme to march in the parade, which we didn't like anyway. The next day the *Oakland Tribune* carried an article on page two stating

(Continued on Page 26)

May 1965

by Floyd Hunter

"Fuck!" stated a protest sign carried by a University of California student March 5th on the Berkeley campus. He was immediately arrested by the campus police who, along with the administration, failed to ask him what his sign meant.

The next day four other persons were arrested for the same action; two of them were University of California students, one a free lance writer, another was a student from Oakland City College who was visiting the campus and who became so upset over the arrests of the others that he scribbled the word "fuck" on a piece of paper and thrust it at the police who promptly arrested him.

What did the protesters mean by the use of the word? Everyone seemed so outraged over the incident that no one took time to ask those who used it what was meant by its use. After my first amusement at reading about the incident, it occurred to me that the persons involved probably were not advocating sexual license on campus, but rather, that they were using the term as an expression of contempt or exasperation.

Opinion seems to be crystalizing around the idea that the young men were either acting irresponsibly silly or that they were intent upon bringing a vast shame upon the University for which they should be immediately punished.

I received a first-hand account of the campus happening from one of my daughters who recalled witnessing it on the second day of the arrests. A student herself at UC, she recalled that the arrested students had been attempting to man a table on the main campus quadrangle to raise money for the legal defense of the student arrested the day before. "They had a sign hung in back of the table with the word 'fuck' written on it," she said blandly—as I tried to keep a bland expression myself. "One of them grabbed a microphone as the police began the arrests and yelled, 'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!' I was cracking up and so was everybody else," she giggled.

We continued the conversation for a few more minutes in which I tried manfully to think of some way to use the word "fuck" and make it come out as matter-of-course as my daughter had. I finally managed to use the word a couple of times, but it seemed forced and hollow; not at all the robust word I have so often used with male colleagues on camping trips. I was painfully aware of how taboo the word actually is.

The following day the newspapers and other news media were full of the incident, but all carefully refrained

(Continued on Page 27)



Michael Nagler—Continued from Page 25

that we had asked Ross for permission to march and that he had denied it, sending us on to the Chief of Police, who had similarly denied it and sent us on to the Parade Marshall, who had finally squelched us with the following words—being a complete text, in direct quotation marks, of the mythical harangue delivered to us by that individual during our mythical interview with him.

Now as luck would have it the real Parade Marshall of the American Legion was very annoyed to see the fictitious speech appearing over his name in the *Tribune*, and wrote a letter to the paper explaining that, while he certainly would have said very much the same thing had any such group approached him with such a request, we hadn't and he hadn't. This letter was duly printed in a sub-microscopic corner of a rear page in the next day's *Tribune*.

This way of dealing with facts and with retractions came close to being standard operating procedure during the FSM crisis.

It will be remembered that there is a strong possibility that William Knowland, erstwhile California campaign manager for Barry Goldwater and owner of the *Oakland Tribune*, was responsible for starting the whole controversy by asking Kerr to close the one traditional "Hyde Park area" left on campus in order to forestall picketing against his paper for alleged discriminatory hiring practices.

So it was no surprise that President Kerr found plenty of publicity for his assertions that the students sitting in at Sproul Hall had broken into the office of former President Sproul and scattered files all over the floor, and that 40% of those students were non-student hard core demonstrators—this item made *Le Monde* and other papers abroad—but much less publicity for the retractions he issued later, viz, that former President Sproul has kept his files spread out all over the place for the last forty years, and that he (Kerr) had meant only that 40% of the leaders of the students were non-student (to my knowledge the only paper to print the latter retraction was the school's own *Daily Californian*).

It is difficult to pin down the manner or the level at which these and other sorts of distortions get into the finished newspaper; on the whole it would seem not to be the work of the individual reporter. One student, for example, found himself standing near a telephone during the early hours of the sit-in as a reporter phoned in his estimate that "There are about twelve hundred kids in here," and the telephone answered, "That's not acceptable, I'll run it as six hundred."

Much unacceptable news was made in those weeks and at least one reporter, whose name must be withheld, became so frustrated at the utter impossibility of getting accurate news reporting past the image curtain of his editors that he actually called the FSM and informed them that he would quit his prominent Bay Area paper as soon as he could.

The editorial boards would again seem to be indicted by their pictorial policy: Hundreds and hundreds of pictures were obviously taken of every phase of the demonstrations (Howard Harawitz, "official" photog of the FSM is bringing out a whole book of them) but to the *San Francisco Chronicle* for December 5 only

two were acceptable, one of an anti-picket picket (front page) and one of two happy-go-lucky strikebreakers walking through a picket line. The headline that day ran, "Massive UC Strike Fails—Most Students Go to Class."

The *Examiner* was even more clever: Their cover photo for the previous day had shown the second floor of Sproul Hall completely littered by sheets of paper and a few other objects; they neglected to mention, of course, that the paper had been strewn there by the police during their impromptu booking procedures.

Statistics vary as to the real effectiveness of the strike, but statistics tell next to nothing anyway. Many instructors who did meet their classes gave over their class time to discussions of free speech either because they were afraid of administrative reprisals if they did walk out or because they were just too upset to teach; without question the strike did just what it was supposed to do—paralyze the normal functioning of the University until the administration was forced to do something positive about the rapidly deteriorating situation.

Yet by the old techniques of selecting reportage and pictures and running headlines which did not correspond even to the pre-selected texts, newspapers throughout the country, with the exception of the *N.Y. Times*, were able to convey the impression that the FSM consisted entirely of a small minority of unwashed rebels and professional malcontents who did not have the support of even a considerable portion of the students and who accomplished nothing.

It goes without saying that along with pictures and headlines, editorials were almost universally more disparaging than actual news coverage. One can write a thrilling editorial condemning protest demonstrations without any knowledge of the facts at all, as these examples will show:

Most of the news media, including television, make no mention of the Communist-led nature of the riots. Why? The truth is that the University of California has been infiltrated by radical leftists and socialists—perhaps not numerically but in student organizations of the kind that are used for propaganda. —Anderson (Indiana) Herald

President Kerr says the demonstrations have been supported by off-campus elements, some of whom have been identified with Communist causes. That figures: . . . Latin American Communists and leftists of paler shades become professional "students" in order to use universities as a base for agitation, and give their causes the prestige of intellectual coloration. —Tampa Tribune

"An overwhelming majority of the 27,500 students on the home campus . . . went to classes as usual." This report from the impartial UPI ought to be a reminder that in any college . . . there are sensible students working to gain an education and to prepare themselves for responsible citizenship; and there is also a ragtag minority out to raise the devil or attract attention. . . . Some of those who defied the college, the police, and the government of the State were not even enrolled at the University. Some were professional or semi-pro agitators . . . most of the 801 (arrestees) were simply stupid kids. —Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

But the UPI was not impartial enough for some people on the *Bulletin*; their estimates of 1,000 pickets and 40 classes cancelled were neatly halved on page two of the same edition. Police and FSM surveys of the arrested sit-ins showed 83.4% to be students or teach-

ing assistants (i.e., graduate students) with strikingly higher than average grades; the *Bulletin* did not pick up on this impartial survey (although the *Examiner* did print population statistics that day).

What we had in the local and national coverage of the free speech controversy was just a particularly bad, or perhaps just particularly flagrant example of the same old story: news media guided by principles of advertising rather than fact-finding. Where else but from Mad Avenue could President Kerr have learned the trick of citing exact figures (40%) to gain credence for his hopelessly wild guess about the number of non-students involved in the sit-in?

Image salesmanship was evident, too, in the implantation of phrases such as "anarchy" as opposed to "law and order" for the establishment side, and in the constant attempt made especially by local papers to paint FSM students as wild-eyed, unkempt riot-mongers. Here is a choice description made early in the game by the *Oakland Tribune* (November 12):

For the third successive day, a lean student with a wild mop of reddish curly hair, who looks as if he stepped out of an Italian Renaissance painting, one Mario Savio, ascended a makeshift podium. As Savio began his harangue . . .

On Tuesday, December 8, the day when the arrested students appeared in court for preliminary hearings and Kerr held his 'extraordinary convocation' at the Greek Theater, the *Chronicle* reported the court scene, "768 UC Students, spit-and-polish neat and ostensibly paragons of meekness and rectitude," and the beginning of the theatrical performance, "Savio, dressed for the occasion . . . was given a standing ovation that indicated the division of sentiment: about one third stood. . . ."

According to one professor: "I couldn't understand it, all around me [in the faculty section] men just sat on their hands when the president walked in; men who had been my friends."

It would be very interesting to know why certain editors in very high positions—who were sympathetic to the truth if not to the FSM—were not able to break through this image. For example, Joel Pimsleur, Assistant Editor of the *Chronicle*, wrote a scathing attack of the Administration and the press which was released only to the Columbia University paper and never appeared in the Bay Area.

In any event, thousands of students, faculty, and civilians, the vast majority of whom had never been very moved by political events before, were infuriated by the press coverage—more sometimes than by the events themselves. The only amusing notes were struck by the squirming of the local papers trying to explain the wholehearted support that the prestigious Academic Senate voted the unwashed agitators on December 9 (managed by headlines such as "Faculty Backs Rebels" and "Academic Senate's Plan: 'Total UC Freedom'") and by a classic article by *Berkeley Gazette* sports columnist Jim Scott:

I'm wondering today if the University of California shouldn't take another look at its entrance requirements. Each year jillions of serious-minded young athletes are turned back because they lack a high scholastic average. This applies to perhaps a dozen members of Berkeley High's 1964 football team. . . .

Television watchers saw in Craig Morton the highest qualities with which a young man can be endowed. Among

21 other Look All-Americans, he lit for New Yorkers the perfect image of UC. His good looks and culture match his extreme football talent. And he has given so much of himself to his school.

Conversely, the demonstrators have used their soiled bodies, their foggy intellect only to tear down the reputation of this citadel of learning, which helped build the bomb, produced a dozen Nobel Award winners. New Yorkers wretched in disbelief to see on TV their bodies, a melange of beards and black sox, piled up like cattle along the corridors. . . .

Actually, there's no explaining the uprising. But, on reflection, it does seem that a good education should go to those who really want, who really need it.

Floyd Hunter—Continued from Page 25

from using the key word in describing it. They spoke instead of the "Berkeley four letter word," "an obscene word" and one columnist humorously referred to it as the word with the initials of the university, UC, in the middle of it; but nobody could bring themselves to print the word.

Some papers were vague about how many "obscene" words were used or how many students had used them. The impression was given by some of the press that the Berkeley campus was seething with obscenity. Again, nobody asked the students what the words had meant to them or why they had used them.

Five days later Drs. Kerr and Meyerson, President and Chancellor of the University respectively, threatened to resign, giving as their reason "the obscenity issue" which "was a last straw" in student-administrative relations. Thus they placed the blame for their own failures, among other more profound university troubles, on the shoulders of three students.

As I was brooding over the whole thing, I was asked to speak at one of the noon rallies of the Free Speech Movement on the topic of the "threatened resignations." I think I was asked because I had been actively engaged in several power structure studies around the state in the past few years; because I am an outsider in relation to campus affairs; and, importantly, because the students have a great need to engage in dialogue with adults.

With all of the Free Speech Movement, there is still very little communication between the faculty and administration and student body. Most of the dialogue that has gone on has been between the students themselves and between token members of the student body and the faculty-administration.

On the same platform with me when I finally delivered myself to the students of a few remarks, was Mario Savio, who quietly denounced the four-letter men as silly, but who agreed with me that the rub in the whole Berkeley situation is related to the fact that a faction of the Regents are riding Kerr unmercifully and that the real confrontation continues at Berkeley between, on the one hand, the forces of arbitrary power who believe that a select few ought to tell everybody else what to do and, on the other hand, the forces in society everywhere (and the students in particular) who believe that there ought to be shared power in decision-making at the level of policy-making.

I also wondered aloud, "What are the four-letter students trying to say to us?"

The Regents have since decided to continue investigating Dr. Kerr's administration and to push for punishment of the students now accused of creating the

great uproar of obscenity. The reaching for clubs and the obvious scapegoat tactics in the whole situation were and are revolting.

In talking to some of the students immediately after my appearance on campus, I learned that the four-letter word students had been using their signs to protest the fact that some of their fellow students had been arrested in Oakland for allegedly using obscene words during a mass civil rights picketing of restaurants there. The four-letter students were, it was claimed, using the word "fuck" as a sympathetic gesture toward their jailed friends in Oakland.

Further, they were contending that the word was no more shocking than many used to describe events in Selma and Vietnam. One student had prepared a placard which was headed:

In the name of morality and public decency, we demand immediate action against the use of the following obscene words:

Overkill	Pacification
Napalm	Nigger
Free world	Moderation
Escalation	Gradual
Clean bomb	Defoliation
Loyalty oath	Megadeaths
The national interest	Negotiation from strength

After hearing the students and realizing that their use of the word fuck had a great deal more meaning than was being reported in the press, I determined to at least look up the word and find out how obscene it might really be. I was surprised at what I found.

In trying to find the word "fuck," a word I have heard all my life, I looked in vain in the standard English language dictionaries. Neither the *Webster*, *Oxford*, *Wright's English Dialect*, *Skeat's Etymological*, *Britannica World Language*, *Swan's Anglo-American*, nor *Funk and Wagnalls' English Language* dictionaries have the word.

Turning to the dictionaries of slang one does better, but even some of them treat the word very gingerly. The most cautious said that it is a word meaning merely, "to horse around," or "damn." The sexual meaning of the word is skipped entirely by all but the *Partridge Dictionary of American Slang* which defines it in its pristine sense as "an act of sexual connection."

Since I had so long considered the word an Anglo-Saxon expression, I became very curious about the fact that none of the British dictionaries listed it. Reading a little of the history of the development of the English language, recalling dimly a high school reading of *Ivanhoe*, and calling up my rejection of British smugness, lingering Victorianism, and their predilection for an elite establishment, I came to the conclusion that after William had conquered and impoverished the Saxons by putting Normans into every governmental post, these same people had evidently suppressed all Saxon words related to bodily parts and functions and supplanted them with such expressions as fornicate, urinate and defecate.

Yet, the more robust and meaningful Saxon words have survived with the people, if not in the dictionaries, only to have one of them pop up on the UC campus this March. The Normans must be spinning.

I was struck, too, at how little times really change. The British from William's day to the present have persistently espoused the idea that public policy should

be made by the elite for the masses. In spite of the school-book propaganda related to Britain's "democratic ways," at bottom it is a system in which the elite tell the masses what will go on and what will not.

The American system is essentially the same sort. The British system has been the same since 1066 and the American heritage of it has been the same since 1776. The students at UC are beginning to take issue with the elitist idea, history or no history to buttress it.

Whatever they were saying, I suspect that with their one word they were saying more than the Regents and administration said afterwards in their six hours of secret session and hundreds of thousands of words. But of course, nobody got around to asking the students what they had meant. They just hauled them off to jail.

Immediately after jailing the students, a great hypocritical shock wave of self-righteous indignation swept the political circles of the state. The American Civil Liberties Union, under the circumstances, refused to touch the case, considering it "indefensible"; the faculty began muttering to itself that the students should have a "fair, due process hearing" so that they could be kicked out of school with no hope of return; the Free Speech Movement washed its hands of such foul language; and, as pointed out, the Regents of the University tried to kick Kerr and Meyerson out of the University contending that anarchistic obscenity was reigning on campus when actually Victorian prudery was in full sway.

Finally, Kerr and Meyerson turned the whole incident to their political advantage, holding on to their jobs, by putting the blame of their general failure to treat the students as human beings tired of being treated as academic mill hands upon three UC students who had discharged their anger at the whole situation in a word that has become a colloquialism.

All I can say is, "Fuck 'em all!"—except the three students, of course.

WHY I DID IT or, Happiness is a 4-letter word by John J. Thomson

On Wednesday the 5th of March I inadvertently started what has since become a movement at the University of California in Berkeley to legalize the use of a word. I began by sitting on the campus holding a sign that said "fuck." I was expressing a wide range of emotions by the act:

1. The Free Speech Movement fought for four months to get free speech, 800 kids got busted, and the student body had, in the last month, sunk back into the pre-FSM apathy, leaving the same hard-core members of the left wing groups to do, as before, all the work.

2. The obscenity laws are completely useless and unconstitutional, being a manifestation of the general anti-life attitude of the ruling class and an attempt to force this perverted attitude on the unwilling (I hope) masses.

3. There is a huge lack of love in the world at large and my personal prescription for the cure of our sick society can be summed up in that single word—i.e., Fuck!

[Editor's note: The Realist objects to the sign only in terms of its false panacea aspect. But Thomson was arrested with bail set at \$550, and faces the possibility of a 6-month jail sentence plus fine—and suddenly the right to be silly become an issue. The ACLU says civil liberties "are not being violated." It is this desire for respectability in the midst of madness that is the real obscenity.]

Once Again the Realist Presents Both Sides of a Question

by Larry Cole:

Altruistic Function and Effectiveness or—How to Be a Good Guy

Saint Realist, a plastic god on a spring, has no mouth. It bounces from side to side in a gesture of pessimism, bouncing forward in what may be construed as an affirmative nod only if it should fall face first off the dashboard to the oblivion of a dirty car floor. It is a truly representative god.

I found out how representative when I sat down to write this article—at the outset an attempt to convey some note of thanks to all the people who have been a positive force behind our work at the Lower Eastside Action Project. In the *Realist* (#54) I told of the cop-outs, the frauds and the devious. It was important, now, I thought, to present the other side. Kind of like giving equal time.

Thoughts bounced back and forth and when they rolled to a stop in the small handball court in my head, I kept seeing pictures of prayer books with gold leaf letters telling who had to die before it was donated. I saw plaques on the back of church seats and buildings, rows and sitting places at various schools and hospitals and community centers, and I thought this was no way to repay people. Mainly because nobody cares who gave it, so long as it's there to use.

I would like to think that the people who have given LEAP their labor and money and support have given it so that LEAP can be here for the kids to use. Over the past three years a group of kids have, in turn, taken some definite positive steps toward fulfilling their own private never-never-lands because of the support LEAP has been able to give. It is important, then, to consider the support LEAP has been given.

I thought about old Marc Anthony talking about the evils that men do living after them and what happened to the good, and I tried to come up with an answer why. I thought that the reason may be that people have to confirm the tragedy of their own lives in the experiences of others. I concluded that this must be why no significant social changes occur without ending in destruction. This passed away with my second cup of coffee.

Maybe it's the English language. You know, how it's supposed to be so much easier in English to express doubt and hate than it is to express the feelings of gratitude and love. I concluded that this was partially the answer to my "why."

I am able to say that there are a handful of kids today who are excited about today and, at least, tomorrow. They are experiencing less abuse at the hands of police, schools and themselves. They demonstrate in front of Police Headquarters instead of throwing bricks at police cars. They are able to talk on radio and TV, if they want. They get excited about trips and plan them, talk about what will happen when they finish school and are beginning to make plans for their future. They take abuse less willingly and are becoming able to strike back without destroying themselves.

(Continued on Page 31)

by John Francis Putnam:

Managerial Function and Effectiveness or—How to Be a Prick

Any survey of this nature ought to stand as a memorial to a man outstanding in the field. A recent column by *The New York Herald Tribune's* Dick Schaap points to just such an outstanding man, Mr. James T. Aubrey, ex-President of CBS-TV who had just been dismissed from his post. Schaap wrote in tribute:

"The friends of James T. Aubrey gathered yesterday to complain about the way CBS had treated him and both of them were very upset. He had been president of CBS-TV for five years, and he had been dismissed Sunday with only a few hours' notice, and the fact that Aubrey himself would have admired the maneuver was beside the point.

"Jim Aubrey may not have been the most disliked man in the television business, but the halls of CBS Monday morning looked like the Army locker room after a victory over Navy. . . . Aubrey came into his job to succeed Louis G. Cowan, whose fault had been that he wanted everyone to love him. Aubrey did not make this mistake. He quickly earned a nickname, 'The Smiling Cobra,' which is a term of affection only among mongooses. Monday, with the cobra coiled away in his Central Park South apartment, TV people talked about him fondly. Fond adjectives like 'ruthless' and 'arrogant' and 'cruel' kept creeping into their conversation. They did not talk for attribution. They had heard that snakes do not die until sundown."

Preliminary Conceptions

A serious outline of present-day executive-managerial systems and the disastrous emotional and social consequences that tend to result from the pressures generated thereby, must include some delineation of the character, habits, social aberrations and unabashed gall of that authority figure universally known as "The Prick."

The Prick is an executive who is usually placed halfway between absolute corporate power and the organizational ground level. In more popular terms, a Subordinate is one who has to *look* busy, whereas the Prick *is* busy.

The actual function of the Prick is difficult to define. The tactics he employs such as terror, bullying, and plain "unspeakableness" or *schrecklichkeit* often serve effectively to cover up the fact that he does nothing at all—and this, for twice as much money as those who do the actual work. In such areas as advertising and television, where the exact nature and worth of The Thing done is almost always of dubious value, this becomes an important consideration.

The following, for example, is a not-for-attribution statement made by an ABC-TV junior executive: "I don't know what that Prick does . . . really! He's in before any of the rest of us and leaves after we do and he never lets up the whole time he's here and he's in and out of every department yelling, so I guess he

must have some value. . . ."

Some thoughtful students assert that the state of mind and attitude that results in one being labelled a Prick is the result of "Job Trauma" and, like tuberculosis in the early days of the Industrial Revolution, is a direct result of the conditions of extreme competitiveness in employment status struggles and organizational power politics. While being a Prick may have its unenviable aspects as far as the easy acceptance of your peers may be concerned, it has its own great rewards—Money and Power.

Establishing the Image

The Prick should be conventionally handsome, preferably Ivy League, with an innate ability to produce at least seven variations on a basic sneer of contempt. He should be anti-intellectual (while supporting for reasons of outward prestige such kitch deals as Lincoln Center where he can appear for Business Reasons). He should often remark that "talent" is cheap, and be able to say this with simple, if not charming, candor, as if this expressed The Way Things Are.

The masterly Prick is he who can place a Jew and a Negro in responsible positions without threatening his own niche in the power structure, and this involves knowing the right Jewish-oriented jokes to tell his pet Jewish executives, as well as having the correct integration lapel button to wear when dropping in on his pet Negro executive's office (which is "right by the door as you walk in, man").

The essential role of the Prick is to appear to be the one who suffers alone, carrying the whole burden of the network or the agency. He establishes the idea that work in and of itself is an intolerable burden. A practical application of this concept is to withhold all approval of those who are happy in their work. Sheer joy of doing work must be, to the practiced Prick, suspect beyond anything else, and he should bear down on any sucker he catches "humming" on the job.

When the Prick enters a department where there is laughter and it stops, he knows that he has arrived. He must not make the mistake of telling the subordinates to keep on with the merriment. Rather, he leaves them in suspense for an unbearable moment, so that they can see that the Prick is "hurt" at being left out. Then, with a subtly poisonous expression, in a carefully self-deprecating way, he should say: "I don't know what's going on around here behind my back, but it must be awfully funny!" After letting that sink in, he tosses in a vicious thrust like, "Bradley, haven't you finished the copy for the Blatz ad yet?" The Prick knows that this represents a full day's work and that he had only assigned it to Bradley an hour before, but he has caught his victim off guard. While Bradley sputters with indignation, the Prick walks out.

Remember this at all times: The Prick is emotional about business, and business-like about emotions.

Two Fundamental Attitudes

A Prick is unpredictable: He strives, for instance, to work up a variable system about coffee breaks during a conference. He should never adopt the same attitude toward the announcement that the coffee wagon is outside. On some days, the Prick should be benign and accept the offer of coffee and a Danish (but only from a subordinate he knows is guilty about something). However, next day, the expert Prick will halt

the mad scramble towards the coffee wagon with a savage "What the hell is this, a picnic?" The Prick should never settle for the obsequious "How about you, Chief . . . want me to bring you a coffee?" Remind the groveling bastard that you (Prick that you are) don't need to waste time when you can make instant coffee "right here at my desk!"

A Prick practices pseudo-familiarity: It is up to the Prick to establish the distance at which he can best manipulate his subordinates. A good way to do this is to force them into calling him by a nickname of his own choosing. "Ha, ha, just call me 'Grumpy,' lads . . . everybody calls me that around here!" The Prick is then secure that they won't use *that* one behind his back. Later, he can tiptoe into a subordinate bull-session and catch the big fat dismay on their faces when they realize he's heard their *real* nickname for him.

The clever Prick under no circumstances ever assumes that distasteful nickname for himself in an "I-Can-Take-A-Joke-As-Well-As-The-Next-Guy" ploy, for their vile nickname has now become part of the Prick's power over the underlings, as long as they remain afraid to use it in front of him. Meanwhile they have to call him "Grumpy," choking back real emotion as they say it; nothing creates dislike for a Prick so much as the obligatory use of the "affectionately familiar."

The Question of Status

Introducing subordinates: The wise Prick never introduces subordinates to visiting VIPs by name. He designates them from afar and indicates their titles: "This is my Copy Chief . . . this one is my Media Man. . . ." The Prick reinforces the impression to the visitors that his subordinates are inmates of a zoo. If circumstances are such that the Prick simply cannot avoid introducing a subordinate by name, he makes sure it is by a nickname he knows the victim cannot stand, and does so in a jovial voice. Joviality in the presence of visiting powers is sound policy. A "good guy" pose is especially infuriating and consolidates the Prick's sense of naked power.

Keeping them off balance: the Prick keeps subordinates guessing and permanently uneasy about their status with the firm. One sound method is to bawl out a subordinate in front of an outsider. This works best if the Prick can, in a lucky moment, slip in a vicious reproach for laxity in the performance of duty when an old school chum of the subordinate happens to be visiting the office and they are all chatting amiably.

The Prick may also bedevil underlings *while* they work. He might, for example, walk into a department without saying anything and stand in back of the first man he sees. The Prick stares accusingly at his back for several minutes until the silence builds up in the room, then asks abruptly: "What's wrong?"

Praising Subordinates: Do it badly. No matter how well done the job may be, dab in a minute touch of insincerity, so that the slob really can't be sure that he *has* done such a good job. To insure this effect, the Prick should finish off with a careful escape clause: "Of course . . . it isn't *exactly* what I had in mind . . ." The Prick then holds the silence for at least a minute, then finishes off with ". . . but I know you did your best!"

Techniques to Practice

The Appearance of Creativity: A working Prick soon develops a good eye-for-detail. Any idiot with a memory course can acquire it, but it takes a Prick to use it to its best advantage. The ability to point out picayune flaws in a finished piece of work or a production, has something godlike about it when exercised in an anxiety-ridden job situation with deadlines hovering. Here is where the eye-for-detail takes the place of "creativity"—which is, in the final analysis, something you never quite can put your finger on, whereas the Prick . . . well, you must admit, he gets results!

The Disappearance of Enthusiasm: The Prick never enthuses. For him, enthusiasm is a child-like, disorderly state of self-indulgent expression to which only weak underlings give in. The Prick wouldn't degrade himself that way. Instead, he makes use of the enthusiasm of others. It is smart policy to nurture this at the slob-level, the better to slip in the sqelch that'll bring 'em back into line. Sub-orders are never more vulnerable to a power-play than when they are expressing enthusiasm. A Prick ploy should be, in effect: "Don't you guys be enthusiastic unless I ask for it!"

Conclusion

Thirty years ago, the French mystic Simone Weil wrote about the situation of the factory worker. She had taken a job herself to see what it was like. The emotional experience nearly wrecked her. Yet she had simply taken what was an average factory job under average conditions for the time. What so appalled her was the "spiritual" and emotional degradation implicit in the worker condition: the endless repetition of senseless motion and the resulting *abrutissement* or animalization of the worker and the climate of hate this spawned, from which there was no escape.

Today, the meaninglessness of The Job is much the same in its engendering of sustained hate and anger and anxieties. All over the country, people are boxed into jobs to sweat out their acrid wrath. What they do is without any personal meaning or value; only their anger is real. This is the world that has allowed the Prick to grow to his present stature.

The Prick knows that the old order of incentives has long since been taken for granted. Fringe benefits, medicare, paid vacations, overtime—are all part of the scheme, the accepted crap. What is real and overt and poignant and immediate is the anger, floating at eye level and all-pervasive, waiting to be tapped. And does the Prick tap it! A huge, unsuspected reservoir of incentive energy is warped out of context and made to serve him.

Anger is the new incentive, the *real* one. Box 'em in with half-insults, with fake threats, with put-ons, downgrading, sneers . . . and you've got 'em where you want 'em. But remember, don't try any of it unless in your heart you're already a Prick.

HOW TO BE A GOOD GUY

(Continued from Page 29)

LEAP's Good Guys have helped these things happen, mostly without coming into any relationship with the kids. The ones who have given themselves and their particular talents have given much. Others, giving things, support, prestige or money have given equally as much.

LEAP's Good Guys are people who have given for *their* motives, not ours. They are people who could not, in general, care less about winning approval from us. Coincidentally, they may share our commitment or ideas, but most have little if any awareness of this.

Our lawyer gives us his time and energy because this is the way he thinks law should be practiced.

Our bail bondsmen cares little about when he gets paid because he thinks our kids don't get a fair shake from the courts while in jail.

A man in Santa Monica sends us a donation and includes a note telling us that it is unnecessary to write and thank him. When we do, as a matter of disorganized course, he sends us another donation with a large green inscription: THE CANCELLED CHECK IS THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME.

A lady in Pennsylvania supports our private school scholarship fund because she likes our "non-professional approach."

A guy in the deep south who is \$25,000 in debt, sent us \$5 because "what the hell."

A Wall St. stock broker sends us small checks every so often because we are "doing good for children," and he has no idea how.

A good friend did our brochure because he is a good friend, but mostly to confirm his own design.

A New Jersey businessman takes the kids on fishing trips because he likes kids and fishing.

Summerhill people like us because we confirm their Summerhillian notions.

A New York City Goldwater chairman likes us because we confirm his conservative notions—he works in LEAP's behalf because we are "taking steps to get good healthy children off the welfare rolls."

It is no coincidence that our Good Guys are, in the main, self serving first and LEAP supporters second, if at all. Their personal motives make them effective. Their effectiveness has made us successful.

We hope that LEAP is only a beginning. We think that there are just as many people willing to support other like projects for *their* own idiosyncratic reasons as there are people working now in LEAP's behalf, and we hope to find them and have them do just that.

In the meantime, Good Guys, you've done well.

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May 1965

Malice in Maryland

by Madalyn E. Murray

Actually we have a continuing shocking tale of unending abuse visited upon us from vicious, or unthinking, people—but the tale includes many persons besides us Murrays.

Bill Moore, the mailman who walked from Baltimore toward Mississippi, was a close personal friend who had moved to Baltimore only in order to assist us in our fight for separation of church and state there. His sense of humor was overwhelming and my entire family was in love with him.

He walked for a living . . . as a mailman . . . and decided to adapt his pursuit of a livelihood into a pursuit for justice. He was an educated and a learned man, but felt that the outdoor life, and the simplicity of delivery of mail, permitted him to keep his mind clear.

Bill had troubles on his job. Uncle Fester didn't like it at all that such a militant had gained civil service status, and so Bill had more than one interview with Civil Service, and with the FBI. On the job, he finished his chores swiftly and had much time during the day to picket, to protest, to assist with writing and mailing.

He first walked to Annapolis (Maryland) from Baltimore in order to influence the Maryland House of Delegates to consider integration. He next walked from Baltimore to Washington, D.C., to deliver a letter of protest on segregation to President John F. Kennedy personally. When he arrived there, the White House staff insisted that he drop the letter in the post box outside of the White House. Bill never ceased to tell this story with great gusto, that he had to walk 43 miles to be told to put his letter in the post.

Finally he decided to walk to Mississippi. On the way, he was ambushed, shot through the back of the head and the neck, in Alabama. President Kennedy lauded him in a television newscast and the papers were full of stories about Bill Moore, the mailman walking for integration. But we who knew him saw and heard what the press refused to print.

For Bill Moore carried two signs. One sign was for integration, "Black or White, Eat at Joe's." The second sign, which was never publically mentioned, was a sign proclaiming that he was an atheist walking for the rights of man . . . a man for men instead of a man for God. As we were able to question the national newsmen who had reported on Bill's death, we found out that the person suspected and apprehended for his murder had stopped Bill on the way and argued heatedly with him. He argued not about "niggers" but about "gawd."

Bill's theme was that God was not about to do anything for a Negro and the job had to fall to man. The man told Bill he would shoot him, and he did. Although

(Continued on Page 18)

Draftless in Utopia

by Robert Wolf

While the other conscripts finished the physical examination and took the symbolic one-step-forward which signified their induction into the Army in the New York induction center in October 1960, Dan Seeger remained rooted to the spot and took a symbolic step which resulted in a U.S. Supreme Court decision in his favor in March 1965.

"I was nervous and not sure what would happen next," the poised six-footer says. "But I felt it was something I had to do."

What happened next was that he was arrested for draft refusal.

Seeger's draft troubles began seven years ago when he was a junior in Queens College, majoring in Physics. He decided after much thought, talk and reading that he was conscientiously opposed to war.

"I wrote to the draft board and asked them if I could come and explain my position. I was naive; I thought I was probably the only person who had asked to do this. They sent me a printed form."

When Seeger filled out the form, "#150—Application for Conscientious Objector," he was even more surprised by Question 3: "Do you believe in a Supreme Being? Yes/No." "I was concerned with peace, not civil liberties," Seeger said. He checked neither.

But the Selective Service law, which was enacted by Congress in 1948 and amended to include provisions for conscientious objectors in 1951, says that in order for a person to qualify for draft exemption as a C.O. he must be opposed to war "by reason of religious training and belief." The law goes on to say in Section 6-j that "essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code" do not qualify.

It goes on further to define religious training and belief as "an individual's belief in relation to a Supreme Being involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation."

The Queens draft board refused Seeger's application for a C.O. status and, upon his graduation from Queens College, classified him 1-A. Dan was called for a physical one brisk October morning in 1960. He complied with the medical examination, but refused to step forward to take the oath when he reached the end of the induction line.

He was arrested for draft refusal and the case came to court. The Justice Department, in its prosecution of the case, insisted that the only reliable test of religious conviction is a belief in a Supreme Being. Seeger maintained that to exclude him from exemption on the ground that he was a non-believer was to violate his First Amendment rights. He insisted upon the right to leave open the question of whether or not he believed in God.

(Continued on Page 18)

