

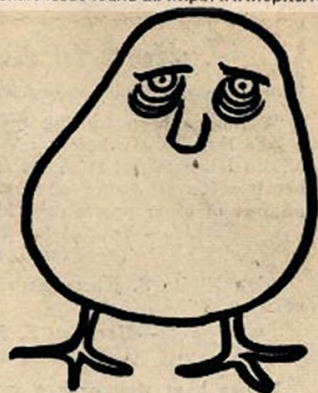
God Is Alive In Argentina

The Realist

No. 66

April, 1966

35 Cents



I WAS AN ABORTIONIST FOR THE FBI

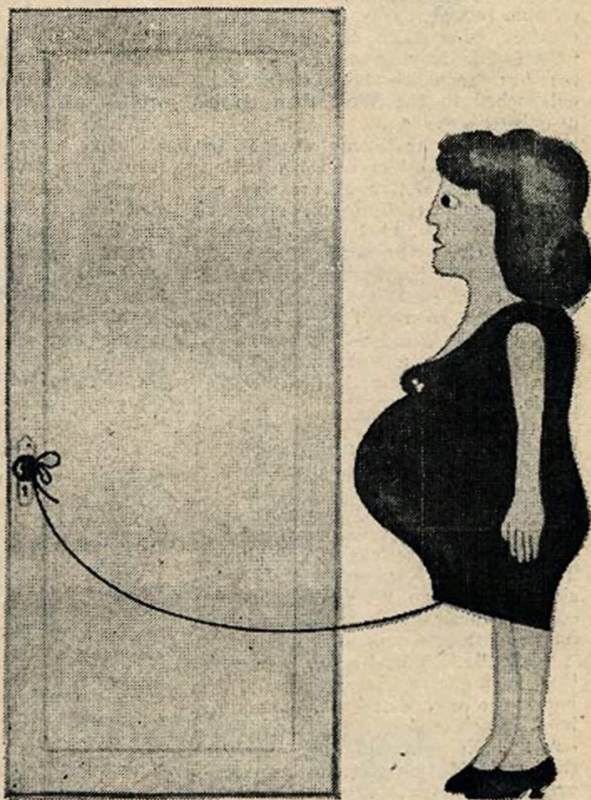
by Paul Krassner

The truth is Silly Putty.

Because *Status* magazine says that chastity is *in* (and, by omission, that the Dominican Republic is *out*) Jacqueline Kennedy has remained faithful in every way to the memory of her late husband, Bobby Dylan is ashamed to let Mr. Jones know that he caught the clap and Adolph Hitler's daughter has to marry a rabbi's son (the couple plans to live in Israel); George Lincoln Rockwell is subsidized by wealthy Jews who don't want the world to forget, so the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency shows it hasn't forgotten by not allowing any Jews to work on the Volkswagen account; you can buy *Nigger Boy* steel wool soap pads only in Australia; Lyndon Johnson once exhibited himself to *New York Post* columnist James Wechsler; Batman and Robin hold joint sessions periodically with J. Edgar Hoover; the John Birch Society now considers William F. Buckley, Jr. to be a Communist dupe; the Free University is actually an Establishment front; poverty stocks rise several points whenever there's a peace scare; cab drivers are beginning to require that a passenger state the zip code of his destination; the D. A.'s man who prosecuted Lenny Bruce for obscenity in New York City brings female guests to his apartment where he plays Bruce's records for them; Hugh Hefner never has any tobacco in his pipe; Julie Christie is bowlegged but it's just a gimmick; *Fact* magazine is secretly financed by Max Lerner; the Beatles smuggle pot across the border each time they travel; Vietnam is really alive in Argentina (*it isn't raining rain, you know, it's raining violence*); Emko vaginal foam is the only contraceptive product permitted to advertise and it's the least effective; Venus de Milo was a thalidomide baby; God isn't dead, He's merely playing possum.

And this is all about where *The Realist* is at—to be sung to the tune of *I Left My Fetus in San Francisco*...

My flight arrived there on Friday afternoon, January 7th. I was picked up at the airport by Rowena Gurner, of the Society for Humane Abortion,* which



Falcon

was sponsoring a conference on Abortion and Human Rights that Sunday at the San Francisco Hilton Hotel.

(There had never been such a conference before, except for an unofficial Abortionists Convention a few years ago in Atlantic City. It was attended by three doctors, all of whom have since retired.)

*SHA, Box 1862, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

(Continued on Page 6)

Letters to K.

"We have been waiting quietly for a safe time to say how much we miss Nikita Khrushchev. It seems safe now, because it's becoming obvious that a number of other people miss him, too."

—Talk of the Town
The New Yorker

"Can Nikita S. Khrushchev make a comeback?"

—Harrison S. Salisbury
The New York Times

It has been well over a year since the devaluation of Nikita Khrushchev's political fortunes (and the tar-and-feathering of his image) in the Soviet Union. However, while Mr. Khrushchev may be out of power, he is seldom out of mind. Last February he officially un-became an 'un-person' and Miss Shirley Temple—finding herself in Moscow—attempted to pay a social call on him. Indeed it may be said that the cult of personality Mr. Khrushchev built (while denying that he was doing so) has frequently been more firmly entrenched in the West than on his own back steppes.

Oh, he was the Enemy all right, but we got used to him and his various homely ways. After all, we all say things we don't really mean, and what's a few threats and temper tantrums between Great Powers? His brutal suppression of the Hungarian Revolution offended us to the moral quick—Washington soon fell into a fit of dramatic helplessness—but he backed down over Cuba, and that was 90 miles from some of Miami Beach's best hotels.

From time to time it was said that he would make a helluva president of General Motors, and we came to perceive that Mr. Khrushchev, in his grandfather capacity, wasn't too anxious to blow up the same world that contained his precious grandchildren. Then, too, Mr. Khrushchev looks especially good when set against his successors—faceless men, without a decent image to their names.

While Mr. K's health has been something of a question mark recently, that has in no way deterred his admirers here. Put quite simply, if Msrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin will only allow the ex-Premier to emigrate to America—or even to sneak over (or under) the Berlin Wall—he will not lack for interesting vistas in this land of opportunity. Here, for the first time in any of the Free World press, are some of the offers made to Mr. Khrushchev since his ouster. They have been leaked to *The Realist* by the cousin (a subscriber) of a C.I.A. operative currently steaming open letters on the Moscow-Ussolov postal route.

—BOB ABEL AND MICHAEL VALENTI

Dear Citizen Khrushchev:

As you may have read in your local newspapers, President Johnson has been handicapped of late by a White House staff shortage and a frisky gall bladder. We have brought to the President's attention your considerable experience in the areas of State, Agriculture, and Health, Education and Welfare, and he agrees that you could be a 60-minute player on his first team. Those of us closest to the President feel that your talent for phrase-making and wry folk sayings would definitely add a colorful touch to the President's articulation of the Great Society.

William D. Moyers
Press Secretary to the President

Dear Nikita Sergeevich:

As you yourself have said on many occasions: "Show me a man who can hold his vodka and I'll show you a good Communist!" Though we cannot subscribe to the political interpretation that might be put on this statement, few would cavil over its essential verities. For the man who can hold his vodka there are few limitations on either side of the Iron Curtain, if you will forgive the expression.

Which brings me to my point. An exclusive endorsement from you would help drive from the marketplace all those spurious, slobberbucket imitations that have defiled the spirit of Russia and hurled an intolerable insult in the face of its people. I urge you, as a Son of the Steppe, to deliver the hammer-blow that will expose the debasement of this most sacred of all Russian traditions and forever crush our competitors.

God Save Mother Russia.

Ivan Tshugalugg
Smirnoff Distillers

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

Richard and I don't as yet know what our next picture after *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (not you, certainly) is going to be, but we both agree on wanting to take advantage of your histrionic talents. Perhaps we'll do some sort of Cold War story, and you can play a Russian leader who has—ha ha—come in from the cold. In any case, it would be great fun to have you on the set with us. I am at least as attractive as Mrs. Kennedy, I've been told, and certainly more approachable.

Affectionately,
Elizabeth Burton Taylor

Dear Nikita:

Would you like to come back and talk things over once more, bringing us up-to-date on life under the Soviet dictatorship? Naturally I can't offer you the same exclusive arrangement we had last time. But I am in conversation with ex-dictator Juan Peron, ex-Premier Pierre Mendez-France, Gen-

eralissimo Chiang kai-shek, ex-Premier Louis Dieffenbaker and ex-dictator Fulgencio Batista.

Let me know if you can get away.

Sincerely,
David Susskind

THINKING EXPANDING MOSCOW BUREAU SO THAT TIMES COVERAGE ("ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT") RUSSIAN AFFAIRS REMAINS MORE COMPREHENSIVE AND DETAILED THAN ANY OTHER ENGLISH - LANGUAGE NEWSPAPER STOP WOULD YOU CONSIDER JOINING US AS GENERAL ASSIGNMENT REPORTER (GUILD SCALE: \$145 WEEK, WITH FULL ACCIDENT AND HEALTH COVERAGE) WITH STRONG POSSIBILITY RISE TO BUREAU CHIEF STOP WIRE COLLECT IF INTERESTED STOP E. CLIFTON DANIEL MANAGING EDITOR THE NEW YORK TIMES P.S. PLEASE IGNORE STATEMENTS BEING MADE RE THIS PROPOSAL BY MY FATHER-IN-LAW MR. TRUMAN

Dear Citizen Khrushchev:

Since, on several occasions, you have expressed a desire to tour America and see how the "workers and intellectuals" live, we would like to make you an offer that will expose you to the vital centers of American intellectual life. Through the offices of the Subrosa Speakers' Bureau, we have engaged ex-mayoral candidate and Conservative ideologue, William Buckley, for a series of lecture-debates. What we now need, Mr. Khrushchev, is an adversary who can match Mr. Buckley's rhetorical flourish and polemical wit, and one who stands at the opposite end of the political spectrum. If you do not mind speaking through a translator (Theodore Bikel is available, I am told), we can arrange to book you opposite Mr. Buckley through a 311-college and university tour from Maine to California, including one campus only 26 miles from Disneyland.

We are hoping that your flair for the dramatic and your desire to reach the minds of young people will inspire you to accept this offer.

Culturally yours,
Millicent Sabbaticus
Chairwoman, Berkeley chapter
American Association of
University Women

Dear Ex-Chairman Khrushchev:

Recognizing that a dynamic, energetic and volatile personality such as yourself must be straining at the yoke, so to speak, without the daily opportunity to participate in activities affecting the lives of millions, we take great pleasure in inviting you to join our happy, freedom-loving staff here.

(Continued on Page 23)

editorial giggies

Manure from Heaven

Several months ago we learned that tourists were paying 98¢ per cellophane bag of *LBJ Land Chips*, containing dried cattle droppings from central Texas.

"We don't claim they actually came from the President's ranch," said a spokesman for the firm. "That's why we say they are from *LBJ Land*. We plan to change the package as soon as we can to market the calf chips in a box so there will be an element of surprise."

He was appalled at the idea that they might be synthetic droppings. "We have a contract with another firm to gather and dry them for us," he asserted. "They are the real thing."

On February 16th, however, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman stated, in reference to Vietnam: "Fertilizer is as important as bullets in winning this war." Those guerillas better watch out, boy, because we got a secret weapon now, and they're gonna get showered from the sky with Viet Dung.

Just as in World War II, when a tobacco company advertised that *Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War*, we may now expect the Austin Souvenir Company to announce that *LBJ Land Chips Have Gone to War*.

But perhaps the two international confrontations aren't quite so analogous after all. For, when Lyndon Johnson returned from Hawaii this month, a citizen commented on the pickets protesting his decision to renew bombing North Vietnam: "They're lucky—if we were at war, they'd be shot for treason."

(Plug: "American Atrocities in Vietnam"—25c a copy; 7 for \$1.50; 100 or more, 10c each—from *Liberation*, 5 Beekman St., New York, N. Y. Says author Eric Norden: "Awareness of what we are doing to people is more important than sterilized debate on coalition governments, 4 vs. 14 Points, etc." We've sent a copy to the President and every congressman and senator.)

You Don't Have to be Jewish to Love LeRoi

Sing this one to the tune of *I'm Dreaming of a Black Christmas*. . . . Actually, the Muslims may know something we don't know. Jim Butler writes: "Has it ever occurred to you that, by logical structural extension, Xmas is the birthday of Jesus X?"

Anyway, black internationalist LeRoi Jones complained that *Time* magazine's review of his book, *The System of Dante's Hell*, was about as accurate as their



Jones



Bass

photo of 'him.' What *Time* had done was publish a picture of Carl Bass and then, when it was called to their attention, they blamed the photographer.

It was the kind of thing which gives fodder to Jones' feelings about stereotypical white attitudes toward colored people ("They all look alike").

Now, as it happens, the Health, Education and Welfare Department requires "assurance of compliance" with the Civil Rights Act by any organization applying for poverty funds, in the form of a signed agreement that "no person in the United States shall, on the ground of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be otherwise subjected to discrimination under any program or activity for which the Applicant receives Federal assistance. . . ."

Like, for example, LeRoi Jones' Black Arts Repertory Theatre?

It must have been a terrible conflict between, on one hand, being *against* loyalty oaths and, on the other, being *for* putting us on.

Last year, I moderated a debate at the Village Gate on Race, Politics and Art (see issue #59). There were three Negro panelists—LeRoi Jones, pianist Cecil Taylor and Bob Gore of CORE—and, besides me, two Caucasians—writer Nat Hentoff and Gate owner Art D'Lugoff—both of whom have beards.

At one point, Jones turned to Art D'Lugoff and began: "Listen, Nat. . . ."

I interrupted: "We all look alike."

The audience laughed, but Jones gave me a sincerely hostile look.

"Yes," he said, "and you all *talk* alike."

Later he typed out his remark and sent it off to the *Saturday Evening Post* for their "Perfect Squelch" department. If they bought it he would of course use the money to further the Black Arts.



D'Lugoff



Hentoff

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SHEILA CAMPION, Scapegoat

BOB ABEL, Featherbedder

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM, Nice Dirty Old Man

DICK GUINDON, New Left Fielder

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The Day Something Happened at Esquire

At 10:30 on a Tuesday morning a strange crowd of maybe 100 people gathers outside the building where *Look* magazine subtlets to *Esquire*.

Nobody believes it's an end in itself, not even those who are doing it. The instigator, Joyce Greller, describes it as a "scam." Nothing violent is planned—no stink bombs, no cutting of telephone wires—just to be there, that's all.

An attractive blonde offers me a slice of sugarless gum. The guy with her tells her to take off her sunglasses because someone is filming the scene. I ask, "Are you her manager?" He replies, "No, I'm her pimp."

There is a man dressed as a gorilla. Somebody says to him, "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

The choreographer gives the word. We all go up to the 4th floor in brim-full elevators. My elevator includes a girl with a giant jigsaw puzzle which she will work out on *Esquire's* floor.

The receptionist looks surprised. The situation is explained: "We all have an appointment."



Music is provided by a rock'n'roll band from the lower east side that needs exposure. The thing is beginning to look like a rehearsal of the Ed Sullivan show.

There is a girl with a lapel button that says "Fairy Princess—an EffnBee Doll." Someone asks her what she does. "I wet my pants," she responds.

The hall is now also filled with people from *Esquire*. Nobody can figure out why there are so many uninvited guests. "There's just one thing I want to know," an editor says. "Is it good for the Jews?"

An editorial assistant speculates that it's a publicity stunt for a story called "The Dyak Woman and the Orangutang," although it is difficult to comprehend why there would be a publicity stunt for a story that had been rejected.

The cops come, five of them, with sirens wailing.

We assume they're actors in police uniforms.

They do their stuff, then announce: "You people go back to your offices now, we've cleaned out the beatniks." Not realizing they've forced a few employees of *Gentleman's Quarterly* into the elevators because they have beards.

An artist who really does have an appointment isn't allowed in. He keeps telling the police, "But I'm not one of them."

There is an individual who has been smoking marijuana the whole time. He turns on wherever he goes. Even at Mayor Lindsay's inaugural ball, figuring they wouldn't dare arrest him there.

The secretaries wave goodbye. A voice from the elevator calls out to them, "See you at recess!"

Esquire has had a fire drill.

Representation Without Taxation

An interview I did with Alan Watts a few years ago began like this:

Q. *Would you call yourself a Buddhist?*

A. No.

Q. *Would you care to enlarge on that?*

A. I simply feel that a human being must always recognize that he is qualitatively more than any system of thought he can imagine, and therefore he should never label himself. He degrades himself when he does.

Despite Watts' warning, I continued to label *The Realist* a magazine of "freethought criticism and satire." The pomposity finally became clear when I heard that some college students were substituting those words for Camus' "resistance, rebellion and death." I changed the slogan to "paranoid criticism and satire" and later removed it altogether.

Besides, there are those who call themselves free-thinkers who are pretty grubby people.

Bill Murray (Madalyn's son) has accused his uncle (Madalyn's brother) of embezzling \$1,000 in one month

alone, from the International Freethought Society—money that had been intended for the tax-the-church suit. Rather than see the case continue to flounder around in polluted waters, *The Realist* has taken over Madalyn Murray's lawsuit.

Last month our attorney, Martin J. Scheiman, pleaded the case in the Maryland Court of Appeals. They handed down a unanimous decision upholding the lower court's ruling against the challenge of the statute.

The state's highest court acknowledged that tax exemption is the same as giving money to a church, but stated: "It is not disputed that, today, religious organizations, as a major part of their functions [emphasis added], carry on activities secular in nature. . . ."

Just as we were able to send a reporter to Vietnam on the basis of sales of our patriotic "Fuck Communism" poster (see issue #64), it would be poetic irony to fight the tax-the-church case on the basis of sales of our religious "One nation under God" poster: an anthropomorphic deity bugging Uncle Sam.

I'm pleased that even freethinkers are offended by it. One reader felt it wasn't necessary to bring homosexuality into the separation-of-church-and-state issue; he suggested that Uncle Sam be replaced by the Statue of Liberty.

What is our purpose? *The Realist* has been substituted for *Zen* in the following extract from my interview with Alan Watts:

Q. *What is The Realist?*

A. (Soft chuckling)

Q. *Would you care to enlarge on that?*

A. (Loud guffawing)

Great Moments in Medicine

From an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 26, 1959:

"Foreign bodies in the rectum are frequently reported in the surgical literature. Objects are often inserted, and the question as to what prompts persons to do this is a moot one.

"Frequently, these foreign bodies inserted through the anus are the result of prankish debauches and practical jokes. Sometimes they are inserted for the purpose of sexual deviation, and slip beyond the grasp of the user. Often they are inserted by the psychotic person with no actual or apparent intent or purpose.

"Unless it can be established that the presence of a foreign body in the rectum is the result of an accidental insertion, it is frequently difficult to evoke a satisfactory history from these patients as to the reason for its presence. This is understandable, as embarrassment often inhibits them from revealing the reasons for their deliberate act and their consequent predicament.

"Macht reported the removal of a small beverage bottle from a patient's rectum [May, 1944]. In reviewing the literature, he found such objects reported in the rectum as a snuff box, a whisky glass, a 30-cm. mortar pestle, a cold cream jar, a lemon, an apple, chicken bones, a glass tube, portions of a broom handle, and a frozen pig's tail.

"Glendon removed a jelly glass from the rectum by laparotomy; Gillespie removed a petrolatum (Vaseline) bottle, Pretty removed an ink bottle, and Scamahorn removed a flashlight, rectally.

"Kleitsch reported a patient who, after giving himself an enema with a colon tube, with unsatisfactory results, used an umbrella handle to break up what he thought was a fecal impaction. He was then unable to remove either the umbrella handle or the colon tube, which had become firmly held in place by a rectal spasm. Kleitsch removed the umbrella handle by traction and the colon tube was then ejected spontaneously.

"As a rule, rectal examination will detect foreign bodies in the rectum. Occasionally, however, the foreign bodies migrate into the sigmoid or high within the abdominal cavity and may be unrecognized during examination. One of us [the authors] and Martin reported an unusual case of surgical removal of a 9-inch case knife from the sigmoid of a patient whose complaint on admittance was a 'knife-like' pain in the region of the umbilicus. Rectal examination of this patient was negative.

"Numerous ingenious devices have been used to



The Medical Committee for Human Rights—formed after the murder of 3 civil rights workers in Mississippi—publishes a necessary bimonthly, *Health Rights*, \$4 a year, MCHR, 211 W. 56 St., N.Y. 10019.

"Say 'Ah'..."



remove foreign bodies rectally. Ball removed an anti-septic solution (Listerine) bottle by this method, with a loop made from a wire coat hanger. Light bulbs have been removed by use of two spoons, one on either side, as 'forceps.'

"Bacon removed a glass by filling the open end with plaster and inserting forceps into the plaster for a handle. With the open end toward the peritoneal reflection, a hole was drilled into the base, thus giving a site to which to apply traction.

"McLean and Smathers reported the removal of a glass by introduction of lubricated tongue blades between the mucosa and the glass, with division of the anus in the posterior midline. Others have described grasping a glass with rubber-shod forceps over gauze, so as not to fragment it. . . .

"Holcombe reported a patient who had used an uncovered tennis ball to replace hemorrhoids, the ball having been pushed through the rectum beyond reach. The patient died before operation for removal could be carried out. . . .

"We are reporting a case of a psychotic patient who was found on examination to have a sharp and jagged-edged drinking glass in the rectum. Because of the fact that there were no presenting symptoms and no specific complaints, except for the patient's claim of the presence of a glass in his rectum, which he insisted had been there for two years, it was thought that a report of the case would be of interest.

"A 37-year-old man was admitted to Cook County Hospital Oct. 16, 1958, with the complaint of a broken glass in the rectum. The patient was brought to the hospital by members of his family, who stated that he was psychotic. This was borne out by the fact that the patient himself, who spoke only broken Lithuanian, said very little and, when he did speak, was completely incoherent. He had no complaints other than the presence of the misplaced drinking glass. . . .

"Surgery was decided on. [Here followed a lengthy, technical description of the operation which is presumably of no particular interest to the lay reader.] The patient's recovery was uneventful, and he was discharged on the ninth postoperative day."



ABORTIONIST FOR THE FBI

(Continued from Cover)

In the car were some copies of the *Stanford Daily* with an article about the Society, written by their new campus representative. "He just adores abortion," explained Miss Gurner. "It's all he thinks about now."

We drove to the Hilton-Abortion, where a press conference was scheduled for 3 o'clock.

At the hotel, I met Patricia Theresa Maginnis, medical technologist at a local hospital. She was in the U.S. Army Medical Corps for three years, and has worked as an aide in Obstetrics and Gynecology wards in both Army and private hospitals.

A pregnant young woman was brought to the hospital one day. Her husband had been in Korea for two years, and she was pregnant. She begged for an abortion. It was denied. Her mental stability deteriorated so quickly that within a short time she had to be restrained in her hospital bed by means of a metal cage.

And so Pat Maginnis decided to start the Society for Humane Abortion. People always think they're for "legalizing" abortion. It would be more accurate to say they're for repeal of the laws. As their statement of policy puts it:

"Because we regard abortion as a surgical procedure and not a criminal offense, we neither endorse new laws nor sponsor revision of old laws which attempt to control abortions. The underlying concept of enacting such laws simply perpetuates the idea that abortion is wrong."

I met Dr. W. J. Bryan Henrie, an osteopath from Grove, Oklahoma. Although there were two deaths of mothers out of 1200 babies he had delivered, when there was one death of a mother (medically, everything that could be done, was done for her) out of 5,000 abortions in 23 years, he was arrested on a manslaughter charge.

After his conviction, he was given a farewell picnic by hundreds of patients and friends from his community and the surrounding area. On previous occasions he had been publicly commended for donations to the local library and, two years before, he was named *Father of the Year*.

He served 25 months of a 4-year sentence. Upon his release from prison—on his 68th birthday—about 400 persons had a homecoming party for him on the town square. But his license was revoked, and he was forced to retire. So he got to work on a book, dedicated "to those women who cry in the night for help and receive instead rebuke."

I met Sherri Finkbine, who had a children's TV program, *Romper Room*, for three years, and was hostess of her

own show for two. She was the center of the Thalidomide Controversy a few years ago and had to go to Sweden to terminate a pregnancy that would have resulted in a deformed baby.

She was the first woman in history to have an abortionist with his own press representative.

On July 31, 1962, James Wechsler wrote in the *New York Post*: "There is apparently reason to believe that no prosecution will be initiated if the abortion occurs."

That same day, Max Lerner wrote in that same newspaper: "The parents must now decide whether to risk an almost certain prosecution."

Sherri wasn't prosecuted, but she was persecuted via mail and phone calls. "I was shocked," she says, "that so much hate could be spewed forth in the name of religion." *I hope God takes away your other four children . . . that sort of thing.*

"I have never received a hate letter," Dr. Henrie told me. "But the wire services—and individual papers, such as the *St. Joseph (Missouri) News-Press*—would have an editorial: *What kind of a town is Grove!*"

When five Crime Bureau agents arrested him, they apologized; they were just doing their job.

Adolph Eichmann smiled in his grave.

"I'm not ashamed for the things I did that had me sent to prison," Dr. Henrie says. "I'm not ashamed that I listened to those pleading women. I'm ashamed of a law that must be broken to save the honor and dignity of women."

In prison, the guards treated him with respect, just as he had requested years before when he aborted their girlfriends and wives. Only one man in jail wouldn't talk to him: an 11-time loser who had made his living by extorting money from doctors who performed abortions.

Dr. Henrie never paid off anyone.

There was an abortionist (we'll call him Dr. L.) in Miami who did pay off—to the police. Previously, he had operated a clinic in Havana, and presumably his relationship with law en-

forcers under Batista conditioned him for the climate in Florida. He fled Cuba when Castro took over.

Another abortionist in his new city wasn't paying off, and when the cops arrested him they gave his surgical instruments to Dr. L.

The wife of the officer in charge heard about the arrest and asked her husband if it was true. "You fool," she said, "I had an appointment with him this afternoon."

Not only that, but he wasn't even the father of the child she didn't want to bear. Can this marriage be saved?

Dr. L. opened up a New York branch of his practice. Here he was extorted for \$3,500 a month by some friendly neighborhood detectives. A patient (we'll call her Mary) witnessed this, and the situation was reported in *The Realist* (issue #58).

Some police have a vested interest in maintaining laws against abortion. A local doctor used to charge \$350; was arrested and went back in business at \$600; was arrested again this month and now charges \$1,000. "I realize I'm pricing myself out of the market, but security procedures require . . ."

Dr. L. moved to New Jersey. Which was fine with the New York police. Now they wouldn't have to pay any taxes on their bounty. They happily crossed the state line in a 1965 Greedy, and the chief bargainer tried to get a lump sum of \$50,000 while his cohort in the waiting room kept one eye on the patients and the other on *Bullwinkle*.

Well, Dr. L. faked them out good. On long-distance phone, he told his wife in Spanish to contact their attorney, who in turn told her to contact the police, who in turn told her to show up at the airport with cut-up newspapers instead of cash in the envelope. They had seen a lot of movies.

So the extorters were arrested and demoted or something, it doesn't make any difference, and Dr. L. fled once again. There was a 37-state alarm out for him. He hid out in one of the remaining 13 states.

Now this was headline news in the afternoon papers. Mary doesn't ordinarily read newspapers; she called up



—S. Gross

the *N.Y. Journal-American* only because it happened to be the one somebody gave her that day.

Two reporters pumped her.

She mentioned my little report of her story, and so they called me. There was nothing I could do to help them.

A couple of days passed and they didn't run anything, so I called up Selwyn Raab at the *World Telegram & Sun*—he had broken the Whitmore forced-confession case, and his treatment of the Dr. L. case had been most fair—and I arranged an interview between him and Mary.

The *World Telegram* headlined the story next day. The *Journal-American* was furious. Not only had they been scooped, but with a story that they had in their possession!

Raab was called by the district attorney's office. They knew who Mary was, although Raab hadn't identified her. Their information could only have come from the *Journal-American*, which had promised total anonymity to Mary.

The guys from the *Journal-American* called me up. They berated me for betraying them. I could redeem myself, however, by telling them where Dr. L. was. I didn't know. They didn't believe me. I told them I didn't trust them and even if I did know where Dr. L. was I certainly wouldn't tell them.

"All right, Paulie boy," the editor said in his best Mafia tone, "we're gonna throw you into the lion's cage. We're gonna tell the D.A.'s office all about you." He didn't make it clear whether my crime was withholding information from the D.A. or the *Journal-American*.

They gave me till 8 o'clock that night to think it over.

Mary and I called the D.A.'s office and made an appointment for the next morning to appear as voluntary witnesses.

A lady named Detective Heath saw Mary, who didn't want to talk without me there, so Detective Heath told her to wait, then served her with a subpoena to appear before the Grand Jury.

The man at the desk told me that my request "has been turned down" by the district attorney.

Could it be . . . bad breath?

Over the past several months, Detective Heath's office has been busy investigating abortionists because telephone answering services in New York City were involved. But the abortionists functioned in other cities, and that's where the arrests were made. She complains, "The boys in Philadelphia and Camden and Jersey City get all the credit."

The detectives like to joke around in her office. A sample of their humor: "Do you know that 80 per cent of all Irish people have piles? The rest are perfect asses." That gets a big laugh

from everybody.

Detective Heath asks girls questions like, "Did the doctor make any advances toward you?" If nothing else, maybe they can nab him on the Mann Act.

She asked an African exchange student, "The man who impregnated you—was he white, black or colored?"

She asked the (Caucasian) girl who had befriended the African exchange student, "Why did you have to help this girl—she's not an American citizen—and she's black."

She has told girls to keep away from me. "He has strange Greenwich Village friends." A graduate student working on a report about the abortion tragedy was told by Detective Heath that to interview me would compromise the Columbia School of Journalism.

She justifies her work: "This is the law. We have to follow it. Abortion is an illegal act and we have to punish people who commit it."

The irony of her activity was posed by one girl: "Look, by catching these doctors who are the best ones available,



—Skip Williamson

you're only forcing girls to go underground to less competent people. Your whole concern isn't to protect lives but to force girls to find better means to destroy their lives by going to unqualified people."

"None of these doctors are qualified," Detective Heath responds. "They make up these stories so people will trust them."

The only alternatives to abortion that she will consider are abstinence and adoption.

"Birth control is out of the question. It offends morality and religion."

On the wall of her office, there is a crucifix.

On her desk there are three gospel cards placed so that their messages may be read by girls who have been invited because their names were on the records of an abortionist's answering service.

This is not to blame organized religion, though. Even non-religious people employ a pseudo-mysical form of

superstition that once conception takes place pregnancy should no longer be a matter of choice.

"I take the position," Dr. Henrie said at the press conference, "that a woman with an unwanted pregnancy is a sick person. The law should determine who shall perform an abortion, never on whom it shall be done."

"It would have been a head and a torso," Sherri Finkbine shuddered. "It's been 3½ years, and it's still hard to get it out of my mind."

The fortune in the cookie at the Chinese restaurant that evening didn't help very much, either. It read—and although I don't care whether you believe me or not, I kept it—*Confucius say: Angel with wings not so hot as angel with arms.*

The conversion of Sherri Finkbine . . . "Before-this happened to me, I never thought about abortion. I just had babies." One summer her husband and two other teachers took 63 high school students to Europe. In England a doctor prescribed some tranquilizers for him. Later, in her 5th pregnancy, Sherri had nausea and tried those pills. "If a tranquilizer could calm you down, why couldn't it stop the queasiness of a pregnant tummy?"

A few weeks later she read on page 11 of her local paper a tiny wire service story on a move in England to abort mothers-to-be who had taken a certain "sleeping pill" and to practice euthanasia on the grotesque babies that were being born as a result. Next day a follow-up item called the drug a tranquilizer.

Her doctor wired the London pharmacy that had dispensed the pills, got an answer, and recommended that Sherri terminate her pregnancy. "I was even naive enough," she says, "to request the abortion at St. Joseph's Hospital where my last baby had been born." The operation was set for Thursday. On the preceding Sunday, in a burst of pragmatically foolish altruism, she decided to warn others who might unknowingly be in her predicament. That past year a contingent of National Guardsmen had been stationed in Germany where thalidomide was manufactured.

She phoned the editor of the *Arizona Republic*. He promised not to use her name. On Monday, page one had a black-bordered article with a screaming headline: *Baby-Deforming Drug May Cost Woman Her Child Here.*

The wire services picked it up, and there were world-wide repercussions. And the doctors cancelled Sherri's operation.

Without even knowing her identity, any citizen could have gone to the district attorney, challenging the "therapeutic" nature of the surgery, and they could all face criminal prosecution. The hospital petitioned the state Supreme Court for a declaratory judgment.

ent, and though the case was dismissed without a hearing, Sherri's name became a matter of public record, and freedom of the press flourished to the limits of its calculated risk.

One angle the papers never knew: Her attorney had deliberately passed by the first judge offered because he was the only judge before whom he'd ever lost a case; later he found out that this judge felt very strongly about bringing deformed children into the world as he'd raised a Mongoloid sister.

Sherri got offers of help.

There was a sure cure for 30c—a pint of aqua ammonia, but be sure to dilute it as ammonia will loosen a rusty bolt in 5 minutes—"only he didn't say whether to drink it or sit in it"; a roller coaster ride was suggested; so was smelling turpentine fumes; one man claimed he could hypnotize her into an abortion over the telephone; someone advised two quarts of gin for 3 days with hot baths, hard work and no food or sleep; a sky diver "offered me the thrill of my life and a miscarriage as well."

One doctor was willing to do the operation for \$1,500 in an airplane out of the state's jurisdiction. See, we are ahead in the race for space.

The Pope called her a murderer.

It was His Holiness, of course, who wrote this letter: *Mommy, please dear Mommy, let me love you, let me see the light of day, smell a rose, sing a song, look into your face and say Mommy.*

"I had to keep vehemently and rationally and intellectually reassuring myself that life begins with the first breath we take and ends with the last."

One editorial said she was doing the whole thing as a publicity stunt. Oh, well, that's show biz.

Her doctor recommended Japan as the least red-tape bound place to go. (Abortion is legal in Japan, and it's a routine matter that costs \$8.40 or, if you're affiliated with a health plan, \$3c.) But in Japan there was fear of anti-Japanese demonstrations by Americans who opposed the Finkbines.

They were refused a visa.

Eventually she landed in Sweden, and the rest is puberty. Ironically, the relative ease of obtaining abortions in Poland has been drawing Swedish women recently who find them difficult to obtain in their native country.

Newsmen hounded Sherri with the question: Did she think the fetus had a soul? "To tell you the truth, I had never thought of it before." Dr. Henrie had. He'd aborted many Catholic girls, and he knew they believed that if the fetus was destroyed without baptism it was an unpardonable sin and they would go to Hell. So whenever he aborted a Catholic girl, he baptized

the fetus as a matter of course.

On Friday night, both Dr. Henrie and Sherri Finkbine went to KPIX to tape segments of a TV show. Controversy is a commodity and, watered down, seeks its own level of schizophrenic culture.

Like, the ABC network wanted me to supply them with a girl who had been raped and impregnated (I keep these files) for a documentary on abortion that would be viewed in the evening by the same women who watch *The Nurses* every afternoon and saw a girl who had been raped being refused an abortion by a doctor who happened to be her fiancée's father.

Sherri told how, out of a million illegal abortions a year, there is one death every hour (which would come to 8,760; the estimates are 5-to-10,000.) She has a special wristwatch with a miniature fetus in place of each number. Thus, at 3:45 p.m., it would be 15 minutes till the 4th mother since noon avoidably died that day.

There's a company in New Hampshire that makes watch-faces to order, based on the statistics of any industry or cause. The Communists conquer 7,000 people in the world every hour, and Hubert Humphrey has a watch with 12 teeny men being stabbed in the back by a hammer-and-sickle. At 3:45 there will have been almost 28,000 such victims of mindless escalation.

I stopped in to see The Committee, a satirical troupe at whose theatre I was scheduled to do a benefit show for the Society for Humane Abortion on Monday night. One of the actors, an ex-magician, had me mark a dollar bill and give it to him; he promised I'd get it back.

Another gave me one of their ball-point pens with the inscription: *Luci Baines is NOT pregnant.* (No, the joke goes, but Lynda Bird is... and the baby will be named Early Bird.) The Committee's next ball-point pen will bear this message: *J. Edgar Hoover is NOT a fag.*

It was upon learning this that I decided to become an abortionist for the FBI. I returned to the Chinese restaurant where there was a doctor's office hidden behind the kitchen. They were running an abortion mill. The only problem is that an hour later you're pregnant again.

On Saturday I explored San Francisco with Arvalea Nelson, a medical secretary who plans to be a doctor. The Beatles followed us around, singing *Day Tripper*. They know something, all right, and it was subtly revealed in their film, *Help!* when Ringo Starr—as a prerequisite to being killed—had to be doused with red paint which the Cult of Kaili stole directly from American Nazis after they doused Dave Dellinger in Washington, D., see?

Either the cult is actually a flock of fascists or else Dellinger isn't long for this world.

On the cable car, a poster warned: "Put Your Faith to Work *Every Day.*" It had a picture of a man working a jackhammer full of faith. Somebody asked, "When can we get off?" Clearly here was a conflict between free will and the trolley franchise.

We passed a place that featured "topless strippers" who perform nightly in all their redundant splendor.

We came upon a self-service street-corner evangelist. You have to stick your hand in and grab a gospel tract. I did so and got back my marked dollar. On the second try I got something entitled *United States Supreme Court Upholds Tract Distribution*. Automation has already reached its final goal.

On Market St. a movie called *The Call Girl* was playing. There was a sign on the marquee promising that call girls would be admitted free. But how would the lady in the box office know? Would the call girls be required to show their health certificates? Or did the management figure that nobody but a call girl would identify herself as one? Maybe all the ushers were just horny, who knows?

Dr. Henrie had an identity problem, too. Visiting his daughter in Oakland, he tried to cash a check in the bank. His driver's license lacked a signature, though. The teller made him sign it, but then how could she be sure he was the person whose name he'd signed? He showed her his certificate of discharge from Oklahoma State Penitentiary. She cashed the check.

Identity-wise, there are now sweat-shirts that have burning buildings emblazoned with the legend *Veteran of the Watts Riot*. I swear there are.

Dr. Henrie was holding open house at the Hilton-Abortion that afternoon. I asked the man at the desk for "the room number of Whatzisname — you know, the abortionist—we, uh, have an appointment."

In the lobby we met Robert Bick of the Society for Humane Abortion with Rabbi Stephen Forstein, who had a black armband with a red circle on his sleeve, representing his mourning for those who have died in Vietnam. He is quite well-read on the subject, although when I asked if he had any reaction to the God-is-dead controversy, he admitted he was behind in his reading on that.

It didn't matter. If a clergyman feels it's more important to be prepared to answer questions about Vietnam than to worry about whether God is wanted dead or alive, then obviously God is dead and I decided to let the armband apply to Him too.

Rabbi Forstein is a representative of the Western Association of Reform Rabbis, which had just announced its full support of the striking San Joaquin Valley vineyard workers—meaning they adopted a resolution urging growers to negotiate with the strikers' unions and called for use of the State Conciliation Service to resolve the strike; they began a drive to collect money, food and clothing for the strikers; and they asked their congregations to support the consumer boycott against grape products from the strike area.

(The *Village Voice* last month cut the following from John Wilcock's column: "Most of the liberal, social-conscience West Coast papers have been supporting the exploited Mexican and Filipino grape-pickers in their strike [for better conditions, 15c raise to \$1.40 per hour] against the Schenley vineyards. They've been 'brutalized by local police, doused with insecticide and generally intimidated.' You can support by not buying Schenley products: Roma, Crésta Blanca, Dubonnet wines; I. W. Harper, Ancient Age and J. W. Dan't bourbons; Cutty Sark and Dewar's Scotch; OFC Canadian Whiskey, Schenley Reserve; Cherry Heering VSJ Brandy; Seagers and Coates Plymouth Gin, Samovar vodka; and all products with Schenley's on the label." Wilcock no longer writes for the *Voice* but will appear regularly in *The Realist* instead.)

In Dr. Henrie's room upstairs an astronomer was talking about his projected research into whether abortion laws were "church-inspired." I contended it didn't make any difference and handed him my gospel tract entitled *United States Supreme Court Upholds Tract Distribution*.



Soft-Core Pornography of the Month

April 1966

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

No, it isn't the church. The new religion is Psychiatry.

The recent convention of the American Medical Association voted, after bitter debate, to defer action on a report by its Committee on Human Reproduction which urges states to loosen their abortion laws. "Psychiatrically," it was argued, "a woman is worse off after an abortion because of her remorse than if she goes ahead and has the baby."

This is not just a theoretical attitude.

I know a girl who at the age of 18—she was a virgin then—was raped by four men (two whites and two Negroes); her younger brother—who had been with her but was abducted so they could violate his sister in privacy—had a blood clot in his heart which was aggravated and he died as a result of the incident; the rapists were apprehended and are still in jail; the girl became pregnant; the psychiatrist didn't feel she was mentally able to go through an abortion; she had the child; breast-fed him; after 5 days in the hospital and a week home her parents pressured her to give it up for adoption.

Lucky for her she was able to avoid remorse by not having had an abortion.

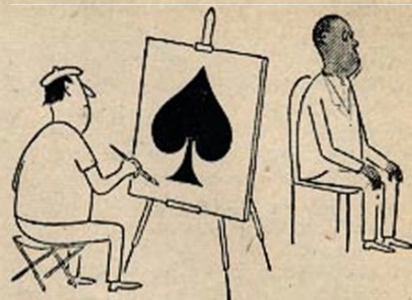
Just about this time (5 p.m.), the word had gotten out, people (mostly young) all over the Bay Area would be "dropping acid"—ingesting LSD—in preparation for a prelude to the Trips Festival that was advertised in the papers as "The Acid Test," to begin 9 o'clock that night at the Fillmore Auditorium.

Can you visualize a ballroom surreally seething with a couple of thousand bodies stoned out of their everlovin' bruces in crazy costumes and obscene makeup with a raucous rock'n'roll band and stroboscopic lights and a thunder machine and balloons and beads and streamers and electronic equipment and the back of a guy's coat proclaiming *Please don't believe in magic* to a girl dancing with 4-inch eyelashes so that even the goddam Pinkerton Guards were contact high?

It was arranged by former novelist Ken Kesey, who has since been arrested for throwing pebbles at people from a rooftop where he was stashed with a 19-year-old girl and some pot he had borrowed from Tim Leary's daughter's underpants, Ph.D.

He asked me to take the microphone and contribute to a running commentary on the scene. "All I know," I announced, "is that if I were a cop and I came in here, I wouldn't know where to begin."

Our next stop was determined by a press release from campaign headquarters of Robert Scheer, who is running for Congress in Oakland:



"Berkeley (UPIP)—Usually informed sources reported today that an outlawed left-wing psychedelic splinter within the Scheer campaign will caucus with Paul Krassner 2 a.m. Saturday night, January 8th, at the Jabberwock [coffee house]. These authoritative sources reported that Krassner, who has just returned from Washington, will deliver a preview of the State of the Union Message for 1966. . . ."

At the caucus I read aloud a headline from the *San Francisco Examiner*: "Pope Will Do 'Anything' For Peace." It was, I felt, a proper introduction to the state of Lyndon Johnson's union.

I wonder if the Pope would perform an abortion on Luci Baines if it would bring about world peace. Staughton Lynd knocked her up for just that purpose, you know. That's really why they took his passport away.

At a fund-raising cocktail party for Bob Scheer, the remark had been made: "The New Left writes so many position-papers that they have no time for sex. They just take a position."

But, at 2 o'clock in the morning, all you found at this strange coffee-shop caucus was a bunch of New Leftovers, reeking with sensuality.

Now, I've been at demonstrations where TV cameramen take shots only of guys with beards and/or other accoutrements of beatnikism—the mass media are to LBJ as Goebbels was to Hitler (although Johnson watches TV and perhaps he really believed that only weirdos and Reds were doing all the dissenting)—but if there had been any TV people at this gathering they wouldn't have had to be at all selective in order to get their slanted footage.

Scheer was disappointed on another level. "I wanted a coalition of love," he complained, "but there's too much hostility here." He reflected upon this portion of his constituents. "I hate them," he explained.

He was especially bitter over a Negro from the Vietnam Day Committee who was apparently drunk and kept yelling "Boo!" I didn't realize he was jeering; since Scheer's platform includes the legalization of marijuana, I thought he was simply shouting out that particular plank. (An official publication of the Bay Area Trans-

portation Study advises: "Safety—At the request of the State Highway Engineer I am asking all you Berkeley teaheads to lay off the boo when you're behind the wheel.")

Anyway, it seems the VDC wanted to have a Negro, and though this one was stealing money from them and they knew it, they still kept him in their office. (How many Negroes does the President have to appoint to his Cabinet before it stops being newsworthy?) Inasmuch as Scheer was aware of the VDC's eating crow-jinism, I asked why he'd waited till now to rebel. He confessed, "I was a schmuck."

What can you do except support his political campaign because he's displayed such a rare slice of honesty. Send contributions to Scheer for Congress, 2214 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif.

Although he's long been active in good fights (despite being terrified of getting arrested), his increasingly broad support is based mainly on his reputation as a spokesman for opposition to the war in Vietnam, but this newfound respectability is relative: the California Democratic Committee wanted him to drop his platform plank to legalize abortion.

It works both ways.

Neal Blumenfeld, a psychiatrist on the Board of Directors of the Society for Humane Abortion, has been active on the Vietnam Day Committee, but to avoid giving offense the SHA translated this to "anti-war groups" in their brochure. At the conference on Sunday, those two unrespectabilities were reconciled by a lady in the lavatory who said, according to my spy: "Abortion really is the most important problem in the world—if all those war babies hadn't been produced we would not have the fodder to fight the war in Vietnam today."

Three plainclothesmen were taping the proceedings—including, I trust, Dr. Lucile Newman's revelations about officers who tell a girl she won't get any pain-killing drugs unless she reveals the name of the abortionist whose incomplete or infection-causing work brought her to the hospital which automatically called the cops.

It had been suggested that the theme of this conference be changed to something about "maternal welfare" because the word abortion would antagonize many who would otherwise be willing to listen. The World Health Organization uses the term "fetal death"; someone suggested "fetalectomy" as a euphemism for that. A vote was taken and the sponsoring organization decided to change its name to the Society for Humane Trouble.

Dr. Henrie was the luncheon speaker. He began: "I am honored—it is always an honor for an ex-convict to speak..."

There was a pregnant girl at the

conference. If she had come in the hope of Getting Help she was out of luck because the Society is unfortunately not a referral organization.

Her existential plight would have been penetrated by indignant hope for the future. "But there doesn't seem to be any tomorrow," Bob Dylan tells her. "Every time I wake up, no matter in what position, it's always been today."

Rowena Gurner claims she wouldn't work so hard for a lost cause, or a 50-year project: "We insist on repeal of the laws before we go through our menopause." Words of optimism, though, are merely the counterpoint theme in a recurring nightmare of debate for the girl whose protest placard reads *Abortion Now!*

In the March, 1966 issue of *Playboy*, Dr. Stephen Larson wrote:

"Many people consider therapeutic abortion merely an extension of contraception. Obviously the two are not related, since one process occurs before conception and the other after. Therapeutic abortion involves the taking of human life for theoretically humane reasons, the logical extension of which would be the practice of euthanasia in the cases of senile or cancerous patients."

In the February, 1966 issue of *Medical Opinion & Review*, Dr. Kenneth Niswander wrote:

"We do not believe that therapeutic abortions are murder. They are, we agree, interference with a life-to-be, but so then is contraception or, indeed, sexual continence. Surely the ban on sexual union imposed upon certain of the clergy is just as effective in preventing the production of a human life as is legal abortion."

"Why should a woman who carries a sexual impulse to completion be subjected to a death risk not incurred by a second woman who has the same impulse not gratified? Is the sexual urge unnatural? We, as physicians, can and do encourage contraception or continence, but should we punish those who fail to heed our warning? We do not refuse to do our therapeutic best for the cancer patient who refuses surgery."

This wasn't the first time he had publicly decried irrational laws that interfere with medical practice. Consequently, when a young couple in Ogden, Utah found themselves with an unwanted pregnancy and didn't know where to seek help, they checked the professional journals for liberal articles on abortion, and wrote to Dr. Niswander.

He advised them to get married.

Is he any better than that doctor who contributed to the dialogue between the *Playboy* Philosophy and the *Playmate* of the Month (who is shown—in keeping with a recent trend of Togetherness in the Centerfold—play-

ing golf with her Daddy, looking at the family scrapbook with Mommy and shoplifting with her 13-year-old sister before stripping right smack down to her air brush for a stapled display of wholesome lust)?

Miss March and Miss Finkbine are both pretty females, but Miss March lives in Fantasyville where she will never become impregnated by the sperm that spurts upon her picture in dormitories and barracks and seminaries across the nation; Sherri still gets calls from mothers with young daughters in trouble; as does helpless Dr. Henrie.

"My gynecologic friends are always sympathetic," Dr. Walter Alvarez wrote in *Modern Medicine*, "and they say they would gladly perform a curettement, but that the legal situation has become so precarious that even if they dared perform the abortion, their hospital authorities would not let them do it. And so, feeling like a skunk, I am forced to turn the girl away."

I am waiting for a brave doctor to come along and test the law. I want him to perform an abortion and call the police and say, "Hello, police, this is Dr. Soandso, I have just performed an abortion and I want you to come here and arrest me." And then I want him to appeal that case all the way up to the Supreme Court. If necessary, *The Realist* would provide for legal costs. As we go to press, a legendary Pennsylvania clinic has been raided. It could be the Scopes trial of our time.

I once had an argument about coincidence with an LSD-guru. "There are no coincidences," he insisted. "Just turn your TV set on, but with the sound off, and put on a pre-taped show, and you'll see—it all fits when you've taken LSD—there are no coincidences."

I had tried that very thing (coincidentally) before I had ever taken LSD. Everything *did* fit, but still you *knew* it was coincidence.

I thought about this when the Conference on Abortion and Human Rights was over and I was ready to return to the outside world, which had been functioning without my presence the whole while we had been wallowing in moral abstraction.

I mean, even *that* fit, in the same sense that an intellectual teach-in on Vietnam fits with the peasant family that has been burned, some alive and some dead, out of their village.

We have more respect for an undeveloped fetus than we do for an undeveloped nation.

On Monday morning I visited with my favorite reformed demagogue, Paul Jacobs, who is somehow able to play on both sides of the power-struggle game without compromising either in the process.

It was he who first suggested to frustrated Berkeley students that they

(Continued on Page 23)



• For Labor Pains: To George Budd, president of the striking Hearse and Funeral Drivers union, who stated, "There will be no funeral equipment or transportation available. Michael Quill will receive the same treatment as anybody else. His body will be taken to the cemetery in a station wagon. If Mr. Quill were alive today he would have requested this."

• For Management Pains: To Bert A. Betts, California state treasurer, who—when admitted Communist Bettina Aptheker got the highest vote in an undergraduate election—warned that the state's credit rating would suffer.

• For Unmatched Patriotism: To the newly-divorced woman who recently reported her ex-husband's change of marital status to his draft board, whereupon they drafted him.

• For Sticky Consistency: To Alan Long, a British doctor, who publicly expressed his worry about the morality of feeding a non-working animal (such as a dog or a cat) on the remains of its working relatives (the cow and the horse). A lady in the audience said her dog had thrived 14 years on a strict diet of hard-boiled eggs, grated cheese and carrots. The New Statesman editorially extended the principle: "Must a vegetarian stop his cat from devouring mice, or a pet bird from eating earthworms? The problem of which living things it is proper to kill is confusing . . ."

• For Inspiring Responsibility: To the Tallahassee police department, which has been paying \$10 to each Florida State University student who reports being approached by a homosexual at the local bus station.

• For Latent Anti-Semitism: To the unidentified would-be attacker who threatened a 19-year-old Portland State College co-ed with a knife. She pleaded, "Please don't, I'm a Christian." The man replied, "In that case, I'll let you go," and fled away.

• For Blatant Chutzpah: To neo-Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell, who snuck into Canada unrecognized by disguising himself as an orthodox Jewish rabbi.

• For Habit Breaking: To Sister Marie Bernadette, a Roman Catholic nun who received rare special permission from the Archbishop of Detroit and the superior general of the Glenmary Sisters to play the lead in a romantic 18th Century Italian Drama to be presented by the University of Detroit players. This is the first time a nun has had an active role in a university production. In the play Sister Marie will masquerade as a man.

William Worthy Reports:

"Freedom Now and Withdrawal Now"—a slogan coined by southern Negro demonstrators for the Nov. 27th March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam.

In a world of ever-changing variables, pegging a broad political prophecy to a date or to a specific time-span is risky. But within this desperate back-to-the-wall nation and within the certainty of more and more Vietnams, one prognostication seems safe: Before this decade ends, the Central Intelligence Agency and its affiliated lunatic fringe will have "liquidated" at least a few of the more effective American peace leaders.

As in France during the final period of the Algerian war, these fanatical right-wing elements will seek to terrorize the peace movement's "dangerous" (read: political) segments through the bombing of individual homes, the planting of plastic bombs at protest rallies, and the disappearance through kidnaping of "troublesome" adults or their children.



Ever since visits to China and Cuba, I have spoken on "controversial" issues to the widest variety of audiences in every section of the country. Except with all-Negro audiences, I always know beforehand the two stock reactions to unpleasant crystal-ball gazing.

The first is disbelief and anger, which are visibly rooted in naïveté, willful ignorance and patriotism.

The second reaction (an aspect of the weird American mentality) is to blame the weather forecaster for the storm or hurricane he warns is coming.

Were friend or foe to tell me that I was unknowingly living atop an active volcano, my reaction would be one of unqualified gratitude, even if I were awakened with the discomforting information at the hour of 3 a.m.

By contrast, the twisted American white man erupts with hostility and resentment. Unfortunately, this irrational cultural phenomenon of our soft and affluent society includes numerous persons in the different peace organizations.

In other words, because of the opening paragraph above, I shall now be accused of implanting murderous homefront ideas in the hitherto vacant minds of the well-armed Minutemen, Hell's Angels and those CIA operatives who, on foreign soil, have long been assassinating opponents of Washington's cold-war policies (with no forceful protests from the American peace movement).

Is it far-fetched to speculate that LBJ himself may well realize that the CIA won't hesitate to liquidate him too if, to assure his re-election, he "goes soft" in Viet-

nam? Washington's uncontrolled and uncontrollable "spooks" trust no president, whether Eisenhower, Kennedy or Johnson, who has mental reservations about military solutions and who is at all responsive to public opinion polls.

Columnist Drew Pearson's colleague, Jack Anderson, reported recently in their syndicated column that distrustful zealots in the intelligence community have gone so far as to tap Lyndon's White House telephone.

(Parenthetically, I might add that the CIA is likely to hire underworld assassins for most of its domestic slayings, rather than run the risk, through direct involvement, of getting caught. This tactic would be wholly in keeping with the American way of pink-cheeked choir-boy innocence in power politics. Within the U.S. the going price for an ordinary murder by hire is only a couple thousand dollars. For a few thousand more, the CIA can bribe the highest cops and the most impeccable prosecutors into conducting the type of farcical investigation and trial that we have witnessed in the bold gunning-down last year of Malcolm X.)

In February, 1965, following the initial bombing of North Vietnam, I was in Indonesia when the American peace movement suddenly came to life and drew into its orbit a new broadened constituency.

For the next eight months until my return home, the continuous dispatches on the teach-ins, large demonstrations and the student March on Washington were exciting news. This overnight development was all the more electrifying for a citizen abroad who, three years earlier, was one of 60 isolated Americans who issued the first public protest against American involvement in Vietnam (the 1962 Open Letter to President Kennedy).

But after the second March on Washington on November 27th and the subsequent slowdown in anti-war activity, it became clear that most of the intellectual community (especially the university professors) had shot its bolt and had gone as far in its "militancy" as it was going to go—at least until a clearly imminent danger of a nuclear attack on the United States itself.

Structurally, in terms of a cohesive and daily functioning coordinating apparatus, the outlook is dismal for effective action by the multiple peace groups scattered across this large country. From the backbiting and petty politicking that goes on, one would hardly guess that human lives are at stake.

Overall, in well over 100 communities, probably several million dollars have been raised for anti-war activities in the past year. Yet the movement's publicity techniques remain incredibly amateurish and primitive.

Across the country, I doubt that as much as \$25,000 has been invested in the self-reimbursing services of professional publicists—and this in a nation where officialdom largely ignores or sneers at even intense protests that don't catch the public's attention through the proper splash in the mass media.

As a consequence, the many persons who make sacrificial contributions to the different peace organizations are by no means getting the maximum return for their hard-earned dollars.

But the movement's most disturbing feature is its mushy political orientation and the general lack of any philosophical underpinning. The effectiveness of a national clergymen's peace committee, for example, is being undermined because of internal squabbling and sophistry over whether or not to condemn President Johnson.

Hardly any of the peace groups discuss the Vietnam war in the hard-line language of Asians, Africans and Latin Americans—that is to say, in the vocabulary of neo-colonialism and Hitler-type racist warfare against a colored people.

At peace rallies many teach-in professors, Quaker lobbyists, men of the cloth and others win popular applause by loudly damning the war. But in Washington and on junkets to Saigon these men and women maintain warm, cordial, first-name relations with the Bundys, the Harrimans, the Rostows and the Lodges—every one of whom, at any future war crimes trials, would unquestionably be shot.

(Abroad, the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation plans soon to conduct 12 weeks of war crimes hearings, with one hundred or more witnesses from Vietnam. Perhaps some Negroes from Birmingham, Watts and Selma will be invited to sit in judgment on the tribunal.)

It is interesting to note that those peace leaders who consistently defy the power structure and do not flirt with the Administration share generally a background of principled participation in civil rights. In this category I include Prof. Staughton Lynd and Dave Dellinger, among others. It is these individuals that Gov. George Wallace of Alabama had in mind when he said, "These Viet Cong backers are just the same old civil rights crowd. And now the people up North are worried about them too."

As the rhythm of anti-war protests has quickened and decelerated, the rest of the world has not stood still. Since mid-1965, spearheaded by a burst of temporarily successful CIA activity, the U.S. has staged a series of surprising comebacks in Southeast Asia and Africa through half a dozen right-wing military coups.

Africans have begun saying they expect their divided continent will soon be the target of massive American intervention: *coups d'etat* through bribery, economic manipulation of the prices of primary crops and the assassination of anti-colonialist leaders such as Kwame Nkrumah* ("The only colonialist or imperialist that I trust is a dead one," he wrote in 1960 in a warning letter to Patrice Lumumba).

Washington's current reputation abroad can be gleaned from the fact that the Cubans and other Latins expect that *their* area may be the site for the next Dominican Republic and the next Vietnam.

The dismaying prospect here at home is that, after each such dispatch of the Marines and the B-52s, we shall have to devote a long and painful period to edu-

*Overthrown 2½ weeks after this was written.



"Please feel free to say anything at all that pops into your mind. Unless, of course, it's Communist-inspired."

cating the American people to the specific geo-political realities and to exposing the new official lies.

I see no immediate prospect that most unsophisticated Americans will carry over to future interventions the costly lessons of Vietnam.

Even in tragic Spain the U.S. is now on the hot seat. The recent crash of a nuclear bomber, which was carrying a hydrogen bomb, has triggered violent protests by students and workers against the presence of American bases in their country. Dictator Franco has bowed to popular feeling and has banned further nuclear-armed flights over Spanish territory.

In Algiers, the student federation cooperated with visiting Moroccan students in protesting the abduction and presumed murder of Moroccan exile leader Mehdi Ben Barka in the streets of Paris (the latest CIA operation in France). The Algerian students then expanded the scope of the demonstration into a mass pro-



test against the pro-American junta of Col. Boumedienne.

Halfway around the world, on the Japanese island of Okinawa, nationalist resentment against the American military occupation mounts and smoulders while virtually no one in the American peace movement pays the slightest attention. Japan itself moves inexorably toward its biggest political crisis in 1970 when the U.S. "security treaty" comes up for renegotiation over very substantial popular opposition.

In South Korea, the puppet regime last summer put another nail in its coffin by dispatching, at U.S. taxpayers' expense, 15,000 combat troops to Vietnam. Still not satisfied, Washington is demanding a still larger contingent—not for military purposes, but in the futile hope of undercutting the Asian charge of a "white man's war in Vietnam."

In Seoul during the autumn, the U.S. ambassador and the American military commander saw to it that the exploitative Korea-Japan "normalization" treaties were rammed through parliament over the bloodied heads of popular demonstrations.

I could go on and on—listing, for example, the liberation and anti-colonial movements in Venezuela, Portu-

guese Guinea and Aden. Were they to receive messages of moral support from the American peace movement, their morale would soar. But if any of the peace organizations have issued a single press release to express solidarity with the aims of their brave counterparts in any of these countries, I have yet to see it.

In 1962, in Hanoi and elsewhere in Vietnam, large rallies were held to hail the first 60 Americans who urged a negotiated end to the "special war" being waged by "the green berets." We who had signed the appeal (which Kennedy never answered) felt touched and also undeserving of the praise heaped upon us. For in reality we had risked little except the transient displeasure of misinformed fellow citizens and new entries on various Washington blacklists.

Personal reasons make it painful to condemn the narrow horizon and the glaring administrative inadequacies of the American peace movement. As one who grew up in a peace-oriented home, I have long known many of the leaders and activists in the War Resisters League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

During my school years my mother was an active member in Boston of the WILPF. In college, I joined the FOR and WRL, as well as the more militant Youth Committee Against War. Later, the federal government prosecuted me as a conscientious objector for refusing to go to a camp. Socially, I long moved in a pacifist/liberal/anti-Communist/civil-libertarian milieu.

Today, however, I have to part ideological company with old pacifist friends who condemn "impartially" the violence of an occupation army and the violence of Vietnamese guerrillas defending their homeland.

Six years ago, at the time of the Cuban revolution, I also parted company with pacifists who took an absolutist position toward the execution of the Batistiano war criminals and who condemned Castro's stationing of missiles on the island.

An absolutist opposition to capital punishment was both thoughtless and politically irrelevant in the case of Batista's murderers and torturers. All of them—plus their relatives and even their children—would have died anyway, at the hands of infuriated mobs and individuals seeking personal revenge, if Fidel Castro had not held trials and insisted that courtroom rules of evidence be adhered to despite the popular passions.

(In 1933, when the Cuban people overthrew Machado, another Batista-type dictator, mob lynchings and private vengeance prevailed.)

Because many torture victims had died, and because there frequently were no eye-witnesses to testify, a number of notorious torturers were acquitted for lack of evidence. At Fidel's order they were allowed to live unmolested in Cuba. Most, of course, "fled" to "freedom" in Miami. One can always expect the majority of Americans to swallow any unlikely story provided it is garnished with anti-Communism. But I became exasperated with pacifist, Quaker, and liberal friends for inexcusable and protracted gullibility about the cynical propaganda barrage on the Cuban "refugees."

As viewed from abroad, one way out of the U.S. peace movement's present blind alleys can be found in several resolutions at the January 3-12 A-A-A (Afro-Asian-Latin American) solidarity conference in Havana—a very important, poorly-reported gathering of 500 delegates from 82 countries that zeroed in on U.S. policies

around the world.

The delegates paid tribute to peace activity in the U.S., and hailed those Americans who are opposing the war in Vietnam.

Then, in a resolution sponsored by the delegations from Jamaica, Venezuela and Indonesia, the conference noted that the Negro struggle in North America "is becoming ever sharper and ever more violent, and the masses of the people of the ghettos themselves are more and more identifying their struggle with that of the oppressed and exploited of Latin America, Asia and Africa" and that "during the uprising of Watts (Los Angeles) and Chicago, Negro North Americans openly proclaimed themselves to be fighting in a common cause with their Vietnamese brothers against U.S. racism and imperialism."

The conference resolved that "while geographically Negro North Americans are not a part of Latin America, Asia or Africa, the special circumstances of their oppression and struggle warrant consideration as a special case." The resolution recommended "a mechanism through which representatives of Negroes' clearly anti-imperialist organizations can participate in future conferences and in the organization of the three continents."

The wording of the resolution is a clear cue for U.S. peace forces. Only if "clearly anti-imperialist" can they cement meaningful working ties and formulate common goals with the darker peoples who are quite prepared to risk guerrilla, conventional or nuclear war rather than submit anew to outside domination in any guise.

Says President Sukarno of Indonesia: "There can be no world peace as long as imperialism still exists."

My serious mental reservations about the U.S. peace movement do not lead me into romantic illusions about even the newer and more militant civil rights organizations.

Programatically, they are still floundering. But as a force for peace, the better and more courageous elements in SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and kindred groups are destined by objective historic circumstances to supplant those peace organizations which fail to move with the changing times and to respond to current urgent needs.

What was more or less adequate yesterday is obsolete today. In the immediate postwar period, a handful of dedicated Quaker and pacifist lobbyists fought with the Pentagon in the halls of Congress and skillfully blocked the enactment of permanent peacetime conscription.

In the late '50s and early '60s SANE (Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy), Women Strike for Peace and the old-line pacifist groups helped create the popular antipathy to radioactive fallout that made possible the U.S.-Soviet ban on nuclear tests.

(That Washington viewed the ban as primarily a measure to contain China was probably the decisive factor in winning Republican and other conservative votes in Congress.)

Nothing fails like success. Is it too much to say that the peace organizations, as now constituted, have become passé and will become increasingly irrelevant in the bloody anti-colonial struggles of the next few years? Their vision and even their morality can be called into question when we remember their appalling silence on Vietnam (spasmodically broken by one-shot, formalistic protests) during the 1961-1964 war period.

They did not focus on Vietnam until Johnson seemed to risk nuclear confrontation with Peking and Moscow in February 1965 by bombing above the 17th parallel.

To be fair, a share of the blame for inactivity rests on the press for long failing to communicate the underlying dangers during the slow, gradual escalation prior to 1965. Nonetheless, experienced peace activists know better than to await belated danger cues from the mass media.

Despite the tragedy of the delayed mobilization of peace forces to oppose the war in Vietnam, it is wholly unrealistic to expect the present peace leaders to become actively aroused about the brewing nationalist crises in Korea, Aden, the Philippines and elsewhere until there's a military flareup or until the *New York Times*, on its front and editorial pages, gets around to presenting some of the facts in proper, urgent perspective.

Meanwhile, the signs have recently multiplied of "guts" opposition by Negroes to America's interventionist course abroad. SNCC's now-famous statement in January and Julian Bond's subsequent eviction from the state legislature of Georgia are among the most dramatic auguries.

Several weeks later, 140 Air Force military policemen (many of them Negroes) were ordered to evict 100 impoverished Negro squatters from the deactivated Greenville, Mississippi Air Force Base. The two-day "live-in" demonstration began as an economic protest against delays in a food distribution program of the federal government. But, as the *Times* reported on February 2nd, "it turned briefly into an attack on the Government, its policies in Vietnam, and white political leaders in general.

"Don't fight for the white folks," James Phipps, a young Negro worker for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, shouted at Negro air policemen.

"I ain't going to no Vietnam," another shouted. "I'm not going to fight for no white folks' democracy," still another cried."

The mood of Negroes portends serious internal trouble for the armed forces of the United States; it is only a matter of time. Both within the U.S. and at locally unpopular military bases around the world, the disproportionately high percentage of Negro draftees will before long confront the soldier's classic choice of obeying or disobeying orders of a government from which he has come to feel alienated.

In a letter recently to the *New York Times*, a Negro professor at Fairleigh Dickinson University, Robert S. Browne, predicted that the first outbreaks of Negro disobedience in the armed forces will come during U.S. intervention in some African country.

At this writing I am not certain that Julian Bond and SNCC, immersed in their own organizational priorities, will move promptly to provide the rallying leadership for the anti-war, anti-colonial rumblings in the Negro community. However, I feel safe in paraphrasing what Negro columnist Chester Higgins wrote two years ago in a different context but similar situation: If Julian Bond and SNCC do not try, or fail in an attempt, to organize Negroes as a force for peace, it will merely mean that they have not grabbed the right handle, not turned the proper key, not made the correct approach to gain popular confidence and adherence.

But someone else will—and soon. Because common sense and history won't be forever denied.

The Future of Campus Protest

by Ed Schwartz

Students for Moral Action was formed in June, 1968, as a coalition of dissidents from Students for a Democratic Society, Young Americans for Freedom, the Students Peace Union, and the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists. The alliance surprised many observers, who had assumed serious conflicts among the disparate groups.

SMA, however, was unconcerned. "We are all out to restructure the thinking of the world," a spokesman commented. "The way in which this is to be accomplished is a question of means, not ends. Our common ground is considerable."

Of course, historical factors were important to the group's establishment. By 1968, the Johnsonian consensus had reached global proportions.

To achieve better unity in the Atlantic Alliance, Harold Wilson had contracted Bill Moyers to act as his press secretary as well. The renewed evidence of Anglo-Saxon solidarity encouraged Charles de Gaulle to admit that a united Europe might well include the United States and to lease missile contracts for the *force de frappe* to the Lockheed Corporation. Russian Foreign Minister Shelepin won considerable acclaim for his successful mediation of New York's second major transit strike. West Germany was purchased lock, stock, and barrel by the Defense Department.

Events in this country were no less significant.

Following the collapse of the Republican Party in the Congressional elections of 1966, Congressmen of the GOP were encouraged to enter Democratic primaries in the few cases in which they disagreed with the nominee. Playwright Arthur Miller announced that his next major work would be a dramatization of *The Making of the President, 1964*. John Lindsay was appointed Vice-President, filling a post left vacant by the quiet disappearance of Hubert Humphrey in Thailand several months earlier. Robert Kennedy announced his intention to become President Johnson's brother.

So it was that the pace of events drove Students for Moral Action into its own improbable coalition.

A joint organizational meeting was held in Port Huron, Michigan and Sharon, Connecticut, where Bob Parris, William Buckley, H. L. Hunt, Cassius Clay and Carl Oglesby outlined the important tasks which lay before them.

Following the inspiration of these remarks, the others decided that stands on specific issues would be avoided.

"We're out to change patterns of thought, not its



"And what about me? Don't you think I'd like to be unleashed?"

specific configurations," newly-elected chairman Mario Savio noted. "By focusing our attention too heavily on any one issue," he continued, "we may fail to articulate the basic spiritual disintegration promulgated by the steady eradication of history."

Former YAF President, Tom Huston, added: "We seek not a Great Society, but a Good Society."

Structure posed particular problems. Although both factions agreed that leadership was disastrous to any organization, the specific form of non-leadership was debated strenuously.

SDS converts remained wedded to their concept of participatory democracy, by which regional committees would make decisions independent of a national office created to encourage articles in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* section.

The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists and YAF objected to group coordination of any kind, countering the regional committee approach with an Autonomous Individual Plan by which each member could make policy for the group as a whole.

Finally, a compromise was reached permitting the SDS committees, while allowing for personal policy statements whenever an individual's views conflicted with the majority position on matters of substance. It was felt that this approach would discourage factionalization.

Initially, programming was quite successful. A Rehabilitation of Individual Social Ethics, or RISE, project was conceived to make inroads into suburban areas. Locals were encouraged to revise municipal charters to incorporate Calhoun's Doctrine of Interposition.

For some, of course, work was difficult. Staff members were required to live with the natives and to adopt their customs to gain acceptance. The steady round of cocktail parties, PTA meetings, church bazaars and high school football games proved a strain on many accustomed to the wholesome decadence of the slums. Despite these hardships, however, progress was reported.

Indeed, the group was soon accorded national attention. As expected, *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* ran a lead article entitled "The New Moralists," commending the organization for "raising questions also posed by the *New York Times*," but condemning it for "a failure to relate to an earlier moralist tradition."

Esquire devoted an entire supplement to "The New Look in Morality," with color photos of Savio, Oglesby and Huston sporting madras jackets at a cookout in Larchmont.

The *Saturday Evening Post* dampened a few activist spirits with a piece called "Why I Left the Moralists," composed by a dissident who had tried to become a leader in the group; but this blast was smothered by *Look's* feature, "The Decent Generation," citing "a new language, not always easy to understand, but sincere and forthright in tone."

Nonetheless, problems did arise. Early in 1969, Moral Rearmament, a splinter group recovering from the 1950's, filed a suit in federal court, "for stealing our trade name."

"We've been talking morality before these kids ever heard the term," a spokesman complained, gently petting a cocker spaniel nestled at his feet.

Savio was quick to point out: "Morality need not be

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April 1966

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

co-existing

by Saul Heller

Can Girls Be Dogs?

Two girls who wanted to reserve dog kennel space on the superliner *United States*, to enable them to get inexpensive passage to Europe, have been turned down by the steamship company. The girls even offered to dress for the part, donning the garb of a St. Bernard and a collie respectively, but the company just couldn't see it.

A spokesman for the company told the girls in a letter that the rejection was based primarily on ethical grounds. "Can one escape the requirements of life—in this case money—by disguise and pretense? Furthermore, can a society and a steamship company survive on deception?" the spokesman asked in his letter.

Well, now, both society and steamship companies have been doing pretty well so far, and deception is not exactly unknown among them.

If the application was accepted, the letter-writer comments further, "a dreadful chain of events" would result. "People would travel as cats, birds, excess baggage or even tangerines," he predicts.

I wonder what the company would have said if two dogs had written in, offering to reserve first class accommodations in the people's section. Would steamship officials have been so severely moral when the economics of the situation was highly favorable to them?

Drafting Away Dissent

Young men who have been protesting our policies in Vietnam too vehemently are being expedited by their draft boards into the armed forces. Punishing dissent is, of course, nothing new in a country where license is more valued than liberty. Treating dissenters like patriots is, however, a different story.

If this policy merely sprinkled disaffected young people into the armed services, it would be bad enough. Worse yet, it is likely to make the disaffected men *already* in the army feel that being drafted is a punishment, and that they are being punished without even having *dissented*. What better way is there of increasing military discontent and reducing the armed forces' effectiveness?

Maybe we should investigate our draft board chiefs. Giving aid and comfort to the enemy should be left to our foreign policy planners, not to amateur subversives in charge of the draft.

What G.I.s in Vietnam Really Want

The story goes that G.I.s in Vietnam are enraged at protests here aimed at ending the war. The way things look, G.I.s not only don't like being shot at; they also object to attempts to end the shooting.

What they long for, the press tells us, is for protesters who want them to be sent home to safety, to be drafted and sent to Vietnam, to be shot at. To earn the G.I.s' gratitude, Americans in the U.S. should stick to profiteering and leave altruism alone.

War is hell, but peace is worse.

The Mellow School Days a'Comin'

A Harvard psychiatrist has proposed that children be taught to drink alcoholic beverages in school. The idea is to teach Americans how to handle their liquor early.

Might not be a bad notion, particularly since youngsters of 6 or 7 probably couldn't handle it without suitable instruction. It's bad enough to see uninstructed adults staggering around the streets, but to watch tots unable to cope with a load would be downright depressing.

Our Harvard psychiatrist believes that moderation should be taught at an early age, since drinking often starts then. Maybe we could, at the same time, and for similar reasons, teach kids to indulge moderately in cheating, violence, sex, and narcotics. This would insure that they don't outdo adults before they come of age.

After all, if we permit children to become adults too early, what incentive will they have to grow up?

Should Crooks Be Sued?

The U.S. Government recently filed suit in Federal Court to collect \$635,000 in taxes from two brothers who had, according to the government's charges, stashed \$750,000 in undeclared income into a secret bank account. The consideration of the government in bringing suit against the brothers, instead of arresting them, merits attention.

Suits and injunctions seem to be gentlemanly substitutes for arrest and prosecution that the government uses when law violators have done unimportant things, such as defraud it of a lot of money, or beat up a Negro down South. Perhaps the techniques will some day be extended to other groups of law violators as well.

If underprivileged crooks ever succeed in building up an effective lobby in Congress, they could do worse than press for an extension of the lawsuit method to all persons suspected of crimes. Maybe when a policeman of the future catches a crook robbing a store, he will speed to court, obtain a summons, hot-foot it back to the scene of the crime and serve notice on the crook—assuming he is still there—of the government's intention to recover the proceeds of the theft.

Court costs will probably leave nothing for the victim, if the government wins its suit. The approach is nevertheless a promising one, since it will enrich the government, let the crook off easy, and punish no one except the victim of the crime—certainly a fair shake, since the majority is being benefited.



"A Popsicle for me and a Fudgicle for my brother."

The Rape of the Foot

by Jack Soltanoff, D.C.

The American female is without a doubt a greater sufferer of pains and aches, postural and structural distortions, nervous problems, plus conditions and complications in other remote parts of the body, than any other female on the face of the globe—all induced by one of the greatest curses of civilization: *high heeled shoes* which are, in the opinion of many specialists dealing with feet, a curse and abomination far worse than Chinese foot-binding.

Recent statistics show that 8 out of 10 adults (mostly women) and 7 out of 10 children and teenagers (mostly girls) have imperfect or faulty feet with associated structural problems. But feet that are imperfect or faulty may not hurt or give pain for many years, as the majority of sufferers start off with unsuspected or dormant foot problems. They go through an incubation period of many years of gradual deterioration.

Suddenly there is a flare-up during or after middle age which often — literally — takes the joy out of life. The most frequent complaint of retirees is not arthritis, circulatory disturbances or metabolic problems such as diabetes, but rather: "My feet are killing me" or "I can't walk a block without pain" or "My biggest problem is how to keep my feet off the ground."

In World War II, the U.S. Selective Service rejected more than two million men because of faulty feet. In recent years, more and more American males have been developing foot problems. To the old woes of improperly fitted shoes—too narrow, too short, pointed toes, the wrong shoes for the job—a new woe was added: loafers.

Loafers are fine—for a sitting shoe. But they lack the support of a lace shoe or oxford and are usually fitted too short so that they won't slip off or ride up and down the heel. They are usually of poor construction, cemented together rather than sewn, and they run over at the heels and soles quickly. Loafers have become an important primary cause of male foot problems in this country.

The majority of foot problems and deformities, especially those of women, are caused directly by improperly fitted or the incorrect type of shoes. The biggest culprit has always been high heeled shoes.

As the end result of many years of experience, and at the risk of arousing the wrath and fury of some females, I must say that the average American woman has a wonderful aptitude for inferiority and mediocrity when it comes to shoes. She will go to almost any length to avoid looking different from other women as far as shoes are concerned.

No matter how agonizing or painful her feet are, and regardless of age, if other women in her office or business or social circle wear high heeled shoes, she

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The Rape of the Phallus

by William Keith C. Morgan, M.D.

Surgical operations fall into three types.

First, there are those which are socially acceptable and which can be discussed in public without embarrassment; second, there are those such as hemorrhoidectomy which do not qualify as conversation pieces and generally are mentioned only in whispers; and last, there are those which are actually thought to add to the social status of the incised subject.

Those in the latter category pass rapidly in and out of favor. While nephropexy was in vogue 30 years ago, 10 to 15 years later tonsillectomy was popular, and currently such exotic operations as hiatus hernia repair are the real status symbols.

Before an operation can be accepted as likely to add to one's social status, certain criteria have to be fulfilled: the operation must be performed on a U part of the body, preferably the symptoms which it aims to relieve should be vague and supratentorial in origin, and last, but of paramount importance, there should be no valid medical reason for it.

(U denotes upper and refers to figures of speech and terms appropriate to, and used by the upper class. Non-U is the reverse and implies lack of social acceptability. Thus, "looking glass" is U while "mirror" is definitely non-U.*)

Routine circumcision completely fulfills the second and third criteria but whether the operation site is to be classified as U or non-U, has not yet been decided by Alan Ross or Nancy Mitford.

This ritual, however, has become so widespread in the United States that it is no longer much of a status symbol, and a situation has arisen where any recently delivered mother who is eccentric enough to wish her child to retain his prepuce, would be well advised to maintain permanent guard over it until such time as they both leave the hospital.

The nursery staff of most American hospitals have an insatiable urge to remove the foreskin and this instinct often causes great concern among European women who do not subscribe to this practice and who through force of circumstances have their baby in the United States.

Why is the operation of circumcision practiced?

One might as well attempt to explain the rites of voodoo! Ritual is seldom self-explanatory and still less frequently logical. Nevertheless, at least two origins of circumcision can be traced.

First, it is part of an ancient rite practiced by many primitive tribes whereby the young male, and less frequently the young female, gives proof of his or her ability to endure pain. If they pass the test with fortitude, they are then accepted into the tribe as fully developed adults with the attendant privileges.

Thus, in this respect the operation is similar to many of the tattoos and scars produced by burning, piercing,

*Ross, A.S.C.: "U and Non-U: Essay in Sociological Linguistics," reprinted in *Noblesse Oblige: Enquiry Into Identifiable Characteristics of English Aristocracy*, London: Penguin Books, 1960, pp 9-32.



or incising that are accepted as routine cosmetic procedures by these people.

Second, in many primitive African tribes circumcision is performed to reduce libido. This mutilating practice is generally performed on women to encourage them to remain faithful to their husbands. Male infant circumcision is practiced by all the Semitic races, Jew and Arab alike, and has been exported by them to all parts of the world and to most races.

It will perhaps be a cause of surprise to those of Semitic origin to find that the Australian aborigine has practiced circumcision for as long, if not longer, and for the same basic reasons as his more civilized brethren.

So much for the origin of circumcision. Why does the operation find so much favor in contemporary Western society? There are a variety of reasons advanced in favor of circumcision, most of which are unconvincing when critically examined.

Let us consider the so-called medical (or surgical) reasons first.

Those few pediatricians who have practiced in an unutilized population agree that phimosis is all but unknown in infancy. The prepuce is not retractile at birth and does not become so until the child is between 2 and 3 years old. A nonretractile foreskin is not synonymous with phimosis and should not be used as pretext for lopping off an innocent and useful appendage.

It has been claimed that the uncircumcised male is more prone to venereal disease. Any U.S. or British physician with experience in North Africa or the Levant knows that the Middle East has a venereal disease rate which is second to none. Foreign aid in this context is superfluous.

The argument is also advanced, this time with much greater justification, that cancer of the penis is found almost entirely in the uncircumcised; nevertheless, this is an uncommon form of cancer and generally has a fairly good prognosis. Appendicitis causes many more deaths every year in the United States than does cancer of the penis but nobody yet recommends routine appendectomy.

Perhaps the most fatuous reason advanced for the operation is the assertion that the uncircumcised phallus is less hygienic. Soap and water work wonders with the body's other orifices and appendages and there would seem no reason to doubt their efficacy with respect to the foreskin. The pinnae also collect dirt but removal of the external ears does not find favor as a routine measure of hygiene.

A further important indication for circumcision which is seldom mentioned in the surgical textbooks is chronic remunerative balanitis.

How is it that parents accept this procedure with such equanimity and enthusiasm?

This can be attributed in part to pressure exerted by their medical adviser and in part to the fact that the procedure has become customary—one has to lop it off along with the Joneses. Moreover, many mothers will express the opinion that the circumcised phallus is more aesthetic, but in general their experience of the uncircumcised organ is limited to memories of a Michelangelo sculpture which appeared as an illustration in one of their college textbooks.

Perhaps not least of the reasons why American mothers seem to endorse the operation with such enthusiasm is the fact that it is one way an intensely matriarchal society can permanently influence the physical characteristics of its males.

So far, the reasons usually given for routine circumcision in infants have been examined and found wanting. Now let us consider whether the operation is in any way harmful or contraindicated.

The function of the prepuce is to protect the glans, the latter being almost insensitive to most ordinary tactile and thermal stimuli. It has, however, specific receptors for other pleasurable sensations. Removal of the prepuce exposes the glans to foreign stimuli which dull these special receptors.

During the act of coitus the uncircumcised phallus penetrates smoothly and without friction, the prepuce gradually retracting as the organ advances. In contrast, when the circumcised organ is introduced during coitus, friction develops between the glans and vaginal mucosa.

Penetration in the circumcised man has been compared to thrusting the foot into a sock held open at the top, while, on the other hand, in the intact counterpart it has been likened to slipping the foot into a sock that has been previously rolled up. The comparison is apt and worthy of Osler in one of his Rabelaisian moments.

This commentary must not be construed as a crusade against circumcision. The teaching of the Koran and Bible, the mistaken beliefs of many of the medical profession, the intuition of woman and, above all, folklore, tradition, and health-insurance agencies support this ritual.

Nevertheless, let us remember that 98 times out of 100 there is no valid indication for this mutilation other than religion.

RAPE OF THE FOOT

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will not wear a nice comfortable low or medium heel oxford: "It's an old lady's shoe."

Most women violate every principle of health, exercising their "independence" and vanity by jamming and cramming their feet into high heeled torture chambers—all the while dreaming they are Cinderellas.

A baby's feet are almost always perfect. Strong, normal feet are the rule; only a small percentage are ever born with defective or deformed feet.

In a recent examination of school children in the U.S., 80% of the girls were already found to have specific foot problems as compared to 65% of the boys—not too much of a difference. Once girls reach the age of 20, though, the almost unbelievable figure of 95% with minor or major problems is reached. The male percentage remains at around 65%.

The difference is the increase in the wearing of high heeled shoes in adulthood.

By comparison, in a foot survey a few years ago in India and Japan, out of 25,000 men, women, and children, only 7% had foot defects, and most of these were females. The majority of the people surveyed were those who mostly wore sandals, sometimes went barefoot and occasionally wore shoes.

If nature had intended women to be lifted 2 or 3 inches or more from the ground, their feet would have

been constructed that way. It is obvious that for maximum comfort and balance the heel should be on a level or near level with the ball of the foot; the problems caused by walking on an inclined plane would be non-existent.

Many women claim, "I can't wear low heel shoes—I'm much more comfortable in high heels." What they don't understand is that through wearing high heel shoes over a period of time the muscles in the back of the leg (gastrocnemius) have been shortened and contracted from lack of normal use.

When they attempt to wear low heels, the sudden change creates a muscular strain and pull upon these muscles, and the heel cord (Achilles tendon) is also adversely affected.

However, if the change to low heels is gradual, over a period of months, starting with an hour or two daily and then progressively for longer and longer periods of time, this beneficial transition is often highly successful and perfectly painless.

The human body—particularly the feet, pelvis, and spinal column—was not evolved to withstand for long the trying postural strain entailed in wearing high

and head, and irritation of the delicate nerves in that area.

Chronic fatigue and demerit of vigor is another symptom of long-continued physical stress caused by wearing high heeled shoes. In time this can eventually irritate and intensify neurotic symptoms. Frigidity and other sexual problems caused by chronic fatigue are also some of the ramifications of sick feet. The manifestations are endless.

Depression of the lungs and diaphragm is very common, since the additional strain forward upon the chest and abdomen prevents the chest from being held at its normal height, which in turn leads to shallow breathing, then to a gradual lack of oxygen, and through a physiological chain to lack of oxygenation of the tissues, and eventually this tends to build up to chronic fatigue.

The heart is also crowded, along with the liver, stomach, intestines, kidneys, bladder—the end result is that practically every important organ and organ system is frequently either displaced, depressed or interfered with.

A noted orthopedist recently stated, "Many of the painful symptoms of the appendix, lower abdomen, gall bladder, etc., may be due to faulty body mechanics rather than pathology in the organs themselves."

The delicate nerves supplying these various organs may also be impinged or irritated via the distorted spinal column. Rebellion or functional disease may follow.

It is also thought that a good proportion of "civilized" diseases such as constipation, menstrual problems, and "going through the changes" (menopause) may in good part be bodily mechanical aberrations due to the wearing of high heeled shoes.

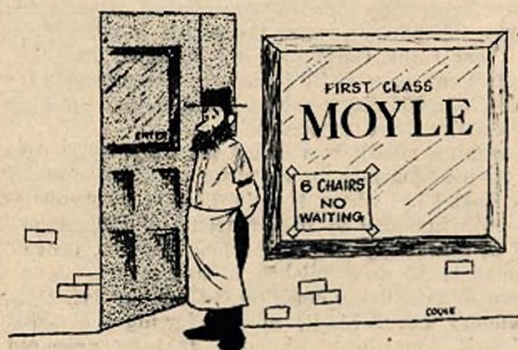
Psychiatric studies show that when your feet are constantly troublesome and are continually bombarding your brain and nervous system with pain impulses, actual neurosis may be the end result. Mental side effects are highly intensified by the extreme nervous tension and aggravation generated by the persistent pain and discomfort. A renowned psychiatrist, after a series of exhaustive studies and tests, stated that "an appreciable percentage of psychiatric patients owe their condition to the fact that they are chronically tortured by feet that hurt." He cited case after case where the patients' neurotic symptoms disappeared completely when their foot illness was cleared up.

He also found that although painful feet may produce a neurosis in a perfectly normal and well-balanced person, the particularly vulnerable individuals are those that are already high strung and lacking in emotional balance. In this type of individual a painful foot may aggravate a mild neurosis into a severe one.

He pointed out that women whose mental and emotional difficulties may be traced to foot ills greatly outnumber men. Again, high heeled shoes are at the core of the problem.

Although the exact cause of cancer is unknown, it is suspected that chronic irritation and injury to tissues are contributing causes. Some observers believe that distorted feet cause chronically severe irritation in the body structure to the exact areas of some of the commonest forms of cancer.

It has been shown that where people do not wear shoes, or wear sandals instead, or go barefoot, they tend to escape foot problems. And, strangely enough, people without foot ills rarely suffer with cancer.



heels. The resulting faulty posture and strain are a perfect example of how spinal stress and misalignment affects not only your appearance but results in a cramping of vital internal organs as well.

As a chiropractor whose specialty is in the realm of human engineering, I have observed time after time in females who habitually wear high heeled shoes that a body structurally out of line, with the usual displacement and sagging (ptosis) of organs, is frequently harassed with one physiological disturbance or another. Many suffer all their lives without ever discovering the cause of their problems.

In one individual, digestive disturbances may be the rule; with others, circulatory, pulmonary or cardiac conditions may be found. Some may suffer with chronic neck, back, pelvic, or knee problems, while others have faulty lower extremities, with or without swelling as an everyday occurrence.

When high heels are worn over a period of time, there is an abnormal distortion of the pelvis, deflecting forward and downward, and therefore an unequal distribution of weight not only exerts a strong pull and stress on the vital viscera (bodily-contained organs), but the resultant poor spinal mechanics often create unsuspected problems in remote parts of the body.

Example: chronic headaches at the other end of the body caused by distortion of the cervical spine (neck)

FUTURE OF CAMPUS PROTEST

(Continued from Page 15)

In the southern states, where considerable proportions of the populace go barefoot, the mortality rate from cancer is less than 1/3 that of New England where everybody wears shoes.

In a medical study a number of years ago, women between the ages of 29 and 60 had a 26.6% death rate via cancer and men only a 12.4% mortality rate. As noted before, women in those age brackets tend to wear high heeled and deforming shoes so that they tend to develop structural and postural problems to a greater degree than men.

Just check any medical office and note the greater proportion of women.

Medical experts usually agree that cancer never originates in unirritated tissue. There is always a pre-cancerous condition before the cancer starts to proliferate. Then there is an interference and disorganization of the normal tissue.

In the beginning cancer is not a systematic disease but a local problem affecting a small area in which constant irritation or insult is a contributing factor. The disease finally becomes systematic later on after spreading (metastasis) takes place.

The female breasts hang between strong bands of fibrous tissue called fascia. With the bodily imbalance that takes place when high heeled shoes are worn, there is a constant strain and stress at the soft tissues on the outer and upper part of the breast. It is exactly in this area that 95% of breast cancers are situated.

Deformation of the feet through high heeled shoes may be an important factor in breast cancer.

Under normal conditions in the female pelvis, the uterus is firmly attached at one end to the cervix of the vagina, but is freely moveable at the other end. With mechanical derangements of the pelvic viscera, the uterus becomes crowded and cannot move with ease at one end as formerly. It is frequently constricted into an abnormal position so that the cervix takes on a great deal of stress. Cancer of the cervix is the most common area for cancer in the female pelvis.

Maladjusted feet and high heeled shoes may be an important factor in cancer of the female cervix.

Under normal conditions, the loosely-held stomach is free to move and function. Remember that high heeled shoes cause the chest and diaphragm to sag forward, creating a considerable pressure on the stomach and interfering with its normal function and its ability to move freely. Over a period of time it may develop inflammation, ulceration and finally cancer. According to statistical surveys, cancer of the stomach is rare in countries that do not have foot problems, while here in the U.S. it is one of the commonest forms of cancer.

The other organs of the body which tend to have a fairly high proportion of cancer are the rectum, intestines, liver, brain and (in males) the prostate. It is possible that these organs may likewise be affected by abnormal structural imbalance. All of the above areas account for 75% of the cancers found in the U.S.

Not to keep on good terms with our feet is simply asking for trouble. Their sphere of influence extends all the way up to the head, and when they hurt they affect you mentally, physically, and emotionally.

Most functional foot ailments may be relieved by proper medical treatment, proper balance and proper shoes and stockings. It isn't necessary to just complain and bear it.

the monopoly of any one group," but his detractors would not listen.

SMA eventually won its case, but the publicity did little to help its cause. "How moral can they be," people asked, "if they have to live off the slogans of others?"

The external setback created internal strains. Acting under the Autonomous Individual provision of the Constitution, erstwhile YAF leader Tom Huston announced a national boycott of New Jersey, "for continuing to maintain a state government depriving the people of their liberty." Oglesby, desperately suppressing the SDS within him, grew furious. "That's a specific issue," he raved to the press. "It's one thing to encourage the natives to change; it's quite another to impose our policies on them through this unsolicited demonstration. We use love, not war."

Huston was unconvinced. "Love is an attitude, not a tactic," he contended. Chiding his opponent, he proclaimed: "It is entirely possible to engage in a peaceful protest against an immoral government, while adapting a spirit of charity toward the people it misrepresents. Isn't that right, Carl?" He did promise, however, "to forestall my plan until I have talked personally with each of our 250,000 members about it, in keeping with our individualized structure."

A polling month was called for July, 1970. Huston set up headquarters in an office on Fifth Avenue in New York City, where, for eight hours a day, members met with him one by one to iron out difficulties. The task of contacting 250,000 people, however, proved too arduous to be accomplished in one month, so it was agreed to extend the deadline to January 1st, 1973.

January 1st, 1973. By now, following the repeal of the 22nd Amendment, Lyndon Johnson prepared to begin his third term as President of the United States and his first term as Prime Minister of Great Britain. Communist China presented the U.S. with a bronze monument in honor of the American dead in the Vietnam War. The Soviet Union rose 30 points on the New York Stock Exchange. Hubert Humphrey emerged from Thailand.

An exhausted Tom Huston staggered from his office. His interviews were done—248,873 of the 250,000 had been convinced. "I wish to announce," he gasped to the press, "that beginning January 7th, Students for Moral Action will conduct a national boycott of the State of New Jersey, for continuing to maintain a state government depriving the people of their liberty."

Carl Oglesby stood in the back of the room. There was no love in him any more; only unremitting anger and pain at the savage injustice of man. His mind leapt back to that day in November, 1965, when he had told a March on Washington: "Indeed, revolution is a *fury*. For it is a letting loose of outrages pent up sometimes over centuries. But the more brutal and longer-lasting the suppression of this energy, all the more ferocious will be its explosive release." He raised his gun.

Thus, did the Students for Moral Action come to an end. The hope that had swept a generation was exploded by the simple crack of a revolver. Oglesby was sentenced; Huston's death was mourned throughout the land; New Jersey abolished its state government. And Mario Savio became Press Secretary to Bill Moyers.

ABORTIONIST

(Continued from Page 10)

march to the local draft board and burn their draft cards—this was *before* authorities decided that such a symbolic gesture definitely ought to be in violation of the law which they therefore proceeded to enact—and Jacobs would do it again now.

But it was also he who was commissioned by the Health, Education and Welfare Department to write a paper, *Keeping the Poor Poor*, to be presented before a social workers conference and included in a book on poverty.

His analysis is prefaced by an untranslated Portuguese quotation he got from Henry Miller: *Cuando merda tiver valor pobre nasce sem cu*. A Department official called and asked what it meant. Jacobs told him: "If shit ever gets to have any value the poor will be born without assholes." Well, there ensued a little dialogue then about whether or not this little maxim should go to market.

"Suppose," the official finally queried, "that the commissioner asks you for a translation?"

"I'll tell her what it means, just the way I told you."

"My God," the official non-sequitur-ed, "the commissioner is a teetotaler!"

But the Portuguese proverb does indeed apply: A poor lady must undergo an unsuccessful hassle to get permission for a therapeutic (i.e., legal) abortion even though she contacted German measles from the syphilitic cousin who raped her and stole all her money plus the second-hand toys of her 18 children, then calmed her down with tranquilizers containing thalidomide.

Whereas, the wealthy person who is statistically never a victim of capital punishment is similarly able to avoid an unwanted offspring—under safe and sanitary operating conditions—*simply because she decided not to have a baby.*

Why, such a woman might conceivably go so far some day as to achieve the ultimate status symbol by obtaining a first-class abortion when she isn't even pregnant.



"Watch the desk a minute, Eddie—I have to go number two . . ."

April 1966

LETTERS TO K.

(Continued from Page 2)

We realize that in the past, political considerations have led you to make unflattering references to the economic workings of capitalism, but we have also sensed a more than grudging admiration for the workmanlike efficiency of the American business community. Proceeding on this perhaps immodest assumption, we urge you to join the board of what may yet prove to be the most profitable corporation in the Western World.

Mr. Disney himself joins me in sending his warmest personal regards.

M. M. Mouse
Coordinator of Public Relations
Disneyland

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

I would like you to be my campaign strategist in 1968. If you can't beat us, join us, I always say.

Most sincerely,
Barry Goldwater

Dear Nick:

I don't know if you read Martin Buber or not, but we sure could use your help in getting Johnson's ass out of Viet Nam. Come on over and we'll form a committee.

Candidly,
Norman Mailer

Dear Mr. K:

Now that you have been relieved of the press and burden of running your country, perhaps you might consider entering show business. Specifically, what I have in mind is an Entertainment to be called *An Evening with Nikita*, starring yourself, of course, with a second act backstopping you, say the Red Army Chorus or the Leningrad Boys' Choir. For club dates this may prove unwieldy, in which case we'll have to book you as a single. But if you are as full of funny stories, anecdotes and simple peasant wisdom as I think you are, you should have no difficulty keeping them in their seats.

As I project *An Evening with Nikita*, you might open with an anecdote from your coal-mining days (through a translator, of course), sing a medley of Russian folk ballads, recite some of your favorite Georgian proverbs and in general just be yourself. There is a possibility—I'm not promising—that we can get Dick Nixon, and that we can restage your famous Kitchen Debate. I think he's available evenings.

David Merrick

P.S. Please do not tell Sol Hurok about this letter.

POSITION OPEN COMMISSIONER OF SEGREGATED HIGHWAY SYSTEM STOP JOB ENTAILS KEEPING NIGRAS OFF ALL CLASS A HIGHWAYS STOP GOOD PENSION

PLAN AND MANY FRINGE BENEFITS STOP WE KNOW YOU RUSSIANS DON'T WANT THE WHITE RACE MONGRELIZED EITHER STOP WE SHALL OVERCOME STOP GOVERNOR GEORGE C. WALLACE STOP GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA STOP MY WIFE TOO

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

As we wrote you at the time of your dramatic U.N. appearance, we disagreed with your position in toto, but we'd be the first to defend the way you demonstrated your point. Would you, therefore, now be interested in a position heading up our Research and Product Testing Department, affectionately known here as Rech and Protest? If your reaction is affirmative, please fill out and return the enclosed employment application within ten Gregorian calendar days.

R. Stanley Joyner
Head of Personnel
Thom McAn Shoes

P.S. Do you presently wear our shoes?

Dear Citizen Khrushchev:

Doubtless you are aware that in our "The Talk of the Town" Department we expressed our esteem for you as a colorful phrasemonger and our genuine regret at your political misfortunes. We assure you this was not just journalistic posturing—we miss you, we truly do.

In that spirit, then, would you consider joining our staff as the editor responsible for pithy comments on the fillers we run at the end of articles? You of course would have your own researcher (Radcliffe-schooled), translator and library card. If you like, you might also share E. B. White's willow secretary.

Sincere regards,
William Shawn, Editor
The New Yorker

My Dear Comrade Khrushchev:

As a famous Russian philosopher—was it Plekhanov?—once said: "This, too, shall pass." In the interim, why not join us and give us the benefit of your experience and knowledge? Though our ranks are somewhat depleted, we have never been in sounder financial condition, thanks to the regular contributions of the F.B.I. men among us, both in the form of membership dues and lifetime memberships given as Christmas gifts. This has made it possible for us to offer you a five-year teaching grant, with full compensation for all expenses incurred in your getting here, plus a three-year lease on an apartment in Kips Bay, the working-class quarter of our city.

Come where you are wanted, Comrade!

Comradely yours,
Gus Hall, General Secretary
U.S. Communist Party

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

Inasmuch as we feel it necessary to know the nature of the enemy and to have a first-hand grasp of his nefarious tactics, we are ready to pay you handsomely if you will agree to undertake a nationwide tour of our principal chapters. Your subject would be "The Evils of Communism," and we will expect complete candidness on your part, young man. We will also pay portal-to-portal expenses for yourself and Mrs. Khrushchev, who is, we gather, a fine woman.

Yours in Christ,
Emily Peabody, Chairwoman
Daughters of the American Revolution

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

I would like to invite you to join me in the most important struggle of our times—the battle between a healthy and fecund realism and the turgid stammerings of the abstractionist conspirators. Nowhere in the world are they more firmly entrenched than right here in the Modern Sodom. And from no position in the world can you more effectively resist their ploys than as curator of my museum, the Gallery of Modern Art.

Like yourself, I have long been waging a rearguard action against, as you so well put it yourself, "this art for donkeys." Like yourself, I have long suffered the slings and arrows of the abstractionists and their coddlers. But we must abandon the defensive and go over to the attack! I have outlined a battle plan for this renaissance in my new book, *Art or Anarchy*, which I am taking the liberty of sending you under separate cover.

Mr. Khrushchev, your virile voice needs to be raised against the epicene cackles of the New York art critics!

Fervidly,
Huntington Hartford

THINKING OPENING MOSCOW
UNIT PLAYBOY CLUB STOP
WANT YOU HEAD UP CLUB STOP
ENSURE NO BUNNYSKI LEAVES
DRESSING ROOM WITHOUT BE-
ING BUNNY-PERFECT STOP YOUR
FRIEND STOP HUGH M. HEFNER

Dear Ex-Chairman Khrushchev:

Due to the legal intransigence of the State of Wisconsin, the Atlanta Braves may well be playing the 1966 season in Milwaukee, our former home. We regard this as a grim prospect, since the fans there can be expected to display enormous hostility to the team. Would you therefore consider a position as General Manager of the team, with special responsibilities toward maintaining a hard-nosed attitude toward our fans?

Baseball needs you, Mr. Khrushchev!
William Batholomay, Owner,
Atlanta & Milwaukee Braves
P.S. By the way, do you hit fungoes or
pitch batting practice?

Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

Thank you for your recent letter inquiring as to whether you qualify for unemployment compensation as a result of your having visited here. I am afraid that there are no reciprocal agreements or treaties, unemployment compensation-wise, between the USSR and this country, so you do not qualify. If you wish to appeal this ruling, please do so within thirty (30) days.

Respectfully yours,
Redd T. Aper, Charge of Protocol
United States Employment Service
Washington, D.C.

Dear Director Khrushchev:

May we at this time broach the possibility of your joining our organization, the Mortician's League, in a public relations capacity? We feel that your famous prediction, "We Will Bury You!" has been improperly maligned, in much the same fashion that we ourselves have been slandered. There have been morticians since Cain struck down Abel (*Genesis*, IV, 2) and now, for the first time, consumer confidence in our indispensability has been undermined by the irresponsible, left-wing, muckraking hysteria of certain money-grasping authors and movie-makers.

We are prepared to meet your salary demands and to extend all association benefits to you and your next of kin. We will, in fact, be most honored to bury you. William Willow, Director
Mortician's League



Miss Tan America: Winner

Willie Mae Johnson, Miss Tan Washington, D.C., was declared winner of the Miss Tan America Pageant in Dallas, Texas, replacing Ruth Antoinette Batton of Jackson, Mississippi. Pageant sponsors said a clerical error resulted in Miss Batton's being erroneously declared the winner. This photo of Miss Johnson was taken during afternoon rehearsal. Miss Batton has been informed of the error.

Department of Unintentional Satire

"The President," states a piece in *The Washington Post*, "permitted reporters to read some of the letters that he found a source of strength as he weighed the matters that led to his decision announced Wednesday to reinforce the U.S. forces in Vietnam." The power of fantastic rationalization is revealed in the following samples.

From a mother: "I have three boys and one of them died in Vietnam, the other was wounded in the Dominican Republic and the third one enlisted to be a paratrooper, to take his training in Texas, and I want to tell you how proud I am of the leadership that is coming."

From a wife (whose husband was killed in Vietnam): "We just had 7 months together but, oh, what a beautiful 7 months it was, and I am proud that I picked the kind of a husband that loved his country enough that he

would give his life to try to see that other peoples of other lands had the choice that we have in this country."

From a mother: "I hope this reaches you before your speech tomorrow, because so many feel as I do. I lost my son in Vietnam Friday, the 23rd. He was a lieutenant. He left a wife and a baby girl. He was in Special Forces. Please declare war so the boys that are killed can get veteran aid for their wives. My son fought in Korea so was a veteran, but many are not considered veterans and their wives and babies suffer financially. Please do something for them."

It was just such humanitarianism that inspired the President to further escalate the war in Vietnam where, he told reporters, "our men are out there trying to help other peoples have their freedom just as we obtained ours almost 200 years ago."

The Memoirs of Dean Rusk "A THOUSAND NIGHTS" (as told to Richard R. Lingeman)

"President Johnson . . . still always carries a copy of the Tonkin Gulf resolution [to justify to visitors] the legal basis for Administration policy in Vietnam."

—N.Y. Times, March 1, 1966

The year is 2070, if you can bear the conceit. The then still Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk, has emerged from prolonged deep freeze and at last acquiesced to the many requests over the years that he write his memoirs. They are now to be published by the well known instant bookavision firm, Farrar-Strauss-Cudahy-Luce & Joseph E. Levine III Productions.

Introduction

As I write these lines, I sit once again at my desk in the small store front on Q Street that has been the Department of State's Headquarters ever since the Reorganization Act of 1968 transferring most of its functions to the Department of Defense and the newly created Department of Compulsory Overseas Rural Electrification. In this new world where I have, like Rip Van Winkle, re-awakened, thanks to the miracles of medical science, after 100 years of frozen slumber, I find much that is jarring; but much of it, in my own personal sphere, is unchanged.

The cobwebs around the phone that connects me directly with the President, are still there, for example. It is the same phone that I used often to sit staring at in those days, saying to myself, "Maybe he'll call . . . maybe he'll call . . ."



Miss Handicapped America: Contestants

The winner of the Miss Handicapped America Pageant was to be chosen from these seven contestants in Denver, Colorado. The young ladies hail from Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Wyoming, Iowa, Colorado and Indiana, where they each won state Miss Handicapped titles. They were scheduled to compete in a talent show, after which the winner and two runners-up would be announced. Joyce Enloe (3rd from left) was injured in an auto accident. All the other competitors were disabled by polio.

April 1966

But it was not always thus. In the early days of my tenure, the Secretary of State was enmeshed in the great issues facing the Republic. Even President Kennedy's desire to be his own Secretary of State did not entirely obliterate the Secretary's traditional diplomatic functions.

However, it was during the Johnson Era that I began to find myself consulted less and less in matters of foreign policy, and one day at a Cabinet meeting, when the President gave me his instructions—"Just a trim, Dean, and leave the sideburns long"—I suddenly had a flash of awareness of how much the negotiatory functions of my office had shrunk.

It was soon after this that I stopped attending the high level policy meetings to which an ironic (in view of my own lack of hair) tonsorial skill had given me entree in those later days. Then, I received permission to have myself frozen, an arrangement that was greeted favorably by all concerned, and here I am in the 21st Century.

It was a great pleasure to be informed that I had served with distinction as Secretary of State during the Johnson, Humphrey, Kennedy, Humphrey, Kennedy, Smith, Lindsay, Goldberg, Davis Jr., Kennedy II, Chang, Sanchez and Johnson II Administrations.

I am grateful for this suspended-animation period of my life, for it enabled me at last to write my memoirs. As I announced at a press conference back in 1965, "My associates in Government and my colleagues abroad can rest on the assurance that when they deal with me on the basis of confidence, that confidence will be respected"—unlike certain money-grubbing hack historians of the time.

I resolved then that, to be on the safe side, I would publish nothing whatsoever until all the principals involved were dead. A thoroughgoing search by my publishers has convinced me that every American alive in 1965 is now deceased so at last my properly self-imposed silence may be lifted.

However, since the descendants of many of these Americans are still alive, I shall, wherever possible, omit their surnames, thus protecting the innocent and guilty alike.

The reader will pardon me if I interject here a few words about myself. I have been called a "relentlessly conventional man," and if this is indeed so, I would have it no other way. Perhaps it was my very colorlessness, my ability to see both sides of any issue and recommend precisely the course of action my President was going to follow anyway, that enabled me to survive the shifts and swings of the American political weathercock. I think the lines of T. S. Eliot are apropos here:

*Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt an easy tool . . .*

Chapter One: The Bay of Tonkin

One of the greatest triumphs of American foreign policy in the first year of the Johnson Administration was the Bay of Tonkin Affair, also known as the Radar Blip Affair. This engagement entailed, for the first time, the open commitment of American arms and men against our North Vietnamese foe.

The air strikes ordered by the President in retaliation for the unprovoked and dastardly sneak attack upon our ships, by what were apparently torpedo boats, was

statecraft of the highest order, and effectively signaled to the enemy that the armed might of America stood ready, when provoked, to respond in instant, measured retaliation, by means and places of our own choice and devising, no matter what the size of the enemy—even if he were apparently minuscule—if indeed there, in the case of the Bay of Tonkin.

In setting down the true facts of what happened during that fog-bound night "somewhere in the Pacific," it is helpful to quote from the log book of Captain B——, commander of one of the destroyers, USS B——, which was the object of the enemy sneak-attack. Writes Captain B——:

"At 2018 hours—which is 1018 hours the next day, Washington time, and 12 midnight last week, Tibetan time—our destroyer encountered three or possibly four or maybe seven or perhaps two unidentified blips on the radar screen. The crew was called to battle stations and a series of routine procedures for such incidents were instituted by myself.

"First, I notified Fireman 1/c Eddie B—— (no kin) and ordered him to write his letter home, which would later be leaked by his mother, Bertha B—— (kin) to the *New York Herald-Examiner*. Seaman B—— responded with alacrity in the highest traditions of the naval service and wrote that his ship had sunk 10 Viet Cong torpedo boats and one Japanese battleship of the *Haruma* class. I immediately recommended him for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"After endorsing Seaman B——'s Medal of Honor application (Form DS-420), I ordered our anti-aircraft batteries to begin firing at targets of opportunity, in the event that this attack was a diversionary tactic to allow Russian planes to slip through and drop atomic bombs on the United States.

"I next instructed Radioman Toby B—— (no kin) to contact the Pentagon in Washington on a special frequency which is always kept open for emergencies such as this one. Within moments, I was in radio contact with the Secretary himself. 'We have met the enemy, sir,' I said calmly. 'Are they ours or theirs?' he replied. 'Actually they are just radar blips, sir, although there is some evidence of the firings of torpedoes—about three, four, seven or perhaps two of them I would estimate, sir.'

"'Good work, Captain,' the Secretary said, using my first name. Coming from a man like the Secretary, who used to be president of a large auto company in civilian life, that is high praise indeed. 'Shall I close with the radar blips?' I asked. 'What are the options?' the Secretary wanted to know. (The flattering way in which he asked for my opinion did not go unheeded at my end, I can assure you. A good Secretary of Defense must win the love and respect of his men, so that they will expend that extra ounce of effort that often spells victory.)

"I quickly outlined the options to him: 'We could turn off the radar set and they would go away,' I said. 'Or we could bomb Hanoi, I suppose. We could even bomb Saigon if we were so of a mind, sir.' 'No,' said the Secretary incisively, 'I think the proper course of action lies, on a pro rata basis, somewhere midway between those three extremes.'

"'Keep up the good work, Captain,' he added. 'I want you to know you men out there aren't just names to me. You're numbers.' Coming from the Secretary,

who, I am told, was an accounting major in college and has kept up his interest in the subject to this day, that was high praise indeed."

So much for Capt. B——'s account. After Secretary of Defense Robert M—— had hand-carried the Captain's report to the President, who is the duly-elected constitutional authority in matters of war, an emergency meeting of the President's top foreign policy and military advisors was called. Within an hour, a group of somber men had assembled in the Cabinet room for the purpose of deciding our response to the unprovoked attack on one of our vessels peacefully cruising in hostile waters.

Several proposals emerged from the discussions. The Chiefs of Staff unanimously favored bombing with nuclear weapons and tear gas an area of open sea under the jurisdiction of the Atomic Energy Commission dating back to the Bikini Atoll tests, and known as "Zone E," in which there was thought to be a large concentration of Viet Cong submarines.

The CIA chief, John M——, warned that escalation of the war by US military intervention would result in a general uprising against the Ho Chi Minh government in North Vietnam, which would create a refugee problem and clog the nation's north-south arterial highways, under the jurisdiction of the Federal Interstate Highway Commission, it was believed.

The President expressed disagreement with this theory, musing: "What kind of chickenshit theory is that, John?" The CIA chief swore that his information was true. It had been obtained, he said, from a CIA operative in Singapore who was extremely close to the Prime Minister of that Asian nation.

Presidential Special Assistant McGeorge B—— suggested sending 125,000 American troops to South Vietnam, with funds appropriated for forest conservation under the Agricultural Extension Act of 1935, but the President did not appreciate this reference to Sen. Goldwater's "defoliation" proposals and vetoed it until after the election, musing: "What kind of chickenshit idea is that, McGeorge?"

The President then turned to me and requested my opinion. Keenly aware of my role as the nation's foremost diplomatic officer, I replied in gist:

"While American honor appears to be at stake here, I would point out, Mr. President, that any precipitous action on our part raises two possibilities: first, that North Vietnam and perhaps C—— herself will enter the war, and second, that our friends in Southeast Asia will be alienated. In regard to the former, I would recommend that any violent, military action we take against the North Vietnamese be of such a character that it clearly signals to them our peaceful intentions. As for the latter risk, some of my colleagues think that it might be useful to run it because we're not really certain that we have any friends in Southeast Asia, and this might be a useful way of finding out who they are.

"In my opinion, though, we should seize this opportunity to put into practice a little plan that has been a pet idea of mine for some time. I refer to the Multilateral Sampan Force. Under this proposal we equip a small fleet of sampans—a nautical craft popular in that part of the world—with nuclear weapons, and man them with crews representing all the SEATO member nations. These vessels will patrol the waters off Vietnam in a smart, multilateral manner and will serve to

forestall any criticism that we are waging a 'white man's war against Asians.'

The President nodded thoughtfully as I finished. It was not until he had continued nodding for 5 minutes that we realized he had dozed off, but he soon awoke refreshed and plunged back into a work load that would exhaust ten normal men.

We discussed the Multilateral Sampan Force at length, and when I estimated that it would probably take ten years of negotiations before it could be put in action, we reluctantly decided to drop it. The President then turned to the Naval Chief of Staff and asked if we were absolutely certain that our ship had been attacked. The Chief replied that although our only evidence was the radar blips, he was convinced that these were hostile radar blips.

It was agreed that a limited, measured response should be made, and finally we all agreed that certain ports in North Vietnam, which Intelligence had reported were notorious for their boat-docking facilities, would be bombed.

The question of the escalation of the war by the enemy was then raised, and the future necessity for a large-scale commitment of American troops frankly explored. The Secretary of Defense was asked point-blank

Ode to Courage

Yeah, it really takes guts
to burn a village
and then give the kids
Hershey bars;
but what can you say
when he says,
"No thanks. I don't like chocolate
any more."

—Gary Knowles

by the President the number of casualties direct participation in the war by American units would result in. The Secretary took out a slide rule and made several rapid calculations, while the Undersecretary of State for Southeast Asian Affairs took out an abacus and did likewise.

"I would estimate the casualties of a limited intervention," the Secretary of Defense said, "as equal to those of an average Labor Day weekend. A medium-sized intervention would be equal to Labor Day, the Fourth of July and Memorial Day rolled into one. A major intervention might be somewhat upward of the total for the years 1953 and 1962."

(The Secretary—as noted in the USS B——'s log—had been the head of a large automobile company in civilian life and tended to use analogies based upon his experience in that industry.)

The President sighed and agreed that the risk should be borne. Thus was the die cast, and the Rubicom of limited intervention crossed.

Later, as the planes were on their way to their targets, I stood in the President's office, listening as he talked personally to one of the pilots by radio telephone. His part of the conversation went as follows:

"Capt. B——? . . . How are you, Captain? . . . Good. I just called to tell you that your President is mighty proud of what you boys are doing out there for your country. We hope you'll come up to Washington and see us when you get back to the States. . . . What's that? . . . All right, Captain, you go into your dive

now. Remember now, don't hit any civilians down there. . . . Yes, I'll tell your wife I talked to you. . . . Remind her to pay the second installment on the Plymouth? All right, Captain, I'll surely tell her. 'Bye now.'

Yes, it was inspiring to see our President personally supervising the dropping of every bomb, and I have no doubt that his personal interest in the action had much to do with its ultimate success, both militarily and diplomatically. Thus, with the successful conclusion of the raid, the Bay of Tonkin crisis soon receded into the fog where it had begun. . . .

G.I.'S GOING TO POT

(Continued from Page 28)

the V.C.? V.D. isn't covered by the Geneva Convention, and it would seem to be more humane and germane to transmit the clap than napalm bombs.

The Division Surgeon, Lieut. Col. James E. McCary of Forth Worth, Texas, said: "If you get 12,000 or 16,000 boys together some of them will act like jerks. They think they aren't men until they get V.D. and smoke pot and there's nothing you can do to stop them."

Just last January some marijuana was discovered at an apartment near the University of Oklahoma campus, and some Peace Movement brochures and posters were found in an apartment in the same building (no further connection was noted in any of the dispatches). Great horror was expressed and not a solitary stateside sergeant, much less a Lieut. Colonel, raised even a tiny whisper about boys being boys.

This brings up a purely rhetorical question. If an Ankhe-type compound were set up by some enterprising Italians for our Boys in the Peace Movement (perhaps in Greenwich Village), would the reaction be to set up a Government-controlled vice-town (in Stuyvesant-town, perhaps) where the ladies could be regularly inspected?

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Modest Proposals

by John Francis Putnam

Some inevitable consequences of the success of Truman Capote's book, *In Cold Blood*: ● Calcamamies for sale in novelty shops on New York's 42nd Street: "Roll up your sleeves and surprise your friends with authentic/accurate reproductions of the grisly tattoo designs on the killer's arms! Set 'A'—Perry Smith right and left arm tattoos, won't wash off for days—35c. Set 'B'—Dick Hickock left arm tattoo: 40c" (Dick's right arm had a "dirty design" that *Life Magazine* was too chicken to show). ● Groups like *The Animals* racing *Chad and Jeremy* to see who'll be first to record "Yeh, yeh, yeh—I don't wanna blast off your head, little Nancy—I don't wanna spoil your face!" ● Get your aerial perspective map of the Clutter Farm with close-up perspective map of the interior showing every detail, by the famous German cartographer Herman Bollmann, whose fantastic maps of the recent New York World's Fair gave an intimate look into Wonderland. ● Aurora Plastics continue their series of assembly kits that depict famous scenes in History, Entertainment and Sports Events (*Dempsey knocking out Firpo . . . Washington Crossing the Delaware*) with *Blast-off Time in the Clutter's Basement*, "depicting Perry Smith and Dick Hickock in true-scale realism, about to shoot their way into immortality!" ● *The Daily News*, circulation of over 2 million "live ones" asks you to help cast the picture! Yes, readers, you can help the producers of the forthcoming movie to be made from the best-selling Truman Capote book, *In Cold Blood*, cast the right screen personalities for this exciting pictorialization. Check your preference against the list offered here: For the role of Perry Smith, the poet-dreamer-mass-murderer: (a) Marlon Brando (b) Paul Newman (c) Sal Mineo. For the role of Dick Hickock, hardened ex-con and Perry Smith's co-killer: (a) Steve McQueen (b) Ricky Nelson (c) Fabian ● Topps Bubble Gum "Clutter Family Crime Set" of trading cards, 12 in the complete set. "Hey, kid, I'll trade ya one *Close-Up of Mr. Clutter's Severed Wind-Trip* for three *Marve Thornberries!*" ● MASS MURDER—"A Fascinating New Board Game For All the Family by Parker Brothers"—First player to complete the grim itinerary through the blood-drenched Clutter Basement up into Mother Clutter's wrecked bedroom will win two million dollars in cash! ● *Get Ready For Hallowe'en Now*: "Realistic face masks! Scare your friends who live in prosperous, isolated farm-houses with these true-to-life Perry Smith and Dick Hickock portrait-masks!" ● *Daisy Does It Again!*—"Daisy Air Rifle comes up with an exciting new addition to their line of *Happy Guns for Happy Kids* with a genuine scale reproduction in case-hardened plastic and breech-proofed Babbitt Metal of the shot-gun used in the Clutter Family Massacre! Shoots harmless catsup-filled pellets that splatter all over the Pretend-Victims! This Daisy reproduction of the murder shotgun has been checked and approved for accuracy by Truman Capote and bears his signature right next to the Daisy on the breech! ● *Barbie Doll Clutter Family Set*: Four darling dolls, in scale with Barbie and her friends, these are real little "victim" people, each one just like the unfortunate original. Dolls

G.I.'s Going to Pot

by Brenda Steuer

On Thursday, January 27th, the *New York Times* published a front-page story announcing that twenty American G.I.'s in An Khê, South Vietnam, are undergoing investigation for "illegally possessing narcotics." Shocking!

Further perusal of the article discloses that An Khê is a vice village run by enterprising Vietnamese. Our boys of the U.S. First Cavalry Division can go to any of the 61 bars to drink or smoke marijuana or buy Vietnamese "geegaws" or "dolls" (inanimate, I assume) or dance and make merry with any of the 511 bar girls.

Our government objects to the pot.

It appears that they also object to the capitalistic nature of this compound, as governmental authorities have announced they are opening a rival center nearby, containing 48 bars with eight bar girls each. And they are closing down An Khê! This does not seem consonant with the principles of free enterprise and democracy for which we are supposedly fighting.

Asst. Civic Affairs Officer Lieut. Col. Monroe Kirkpatrick of the U.S. First Cavalry Division—described by the *Times* as "a good humored man from Arkansas"—will be in charge of the new command. Good! Let's keep the dour-faced killjoys and blue-noses out of this type operation.

However, the venture raises a number of questions:

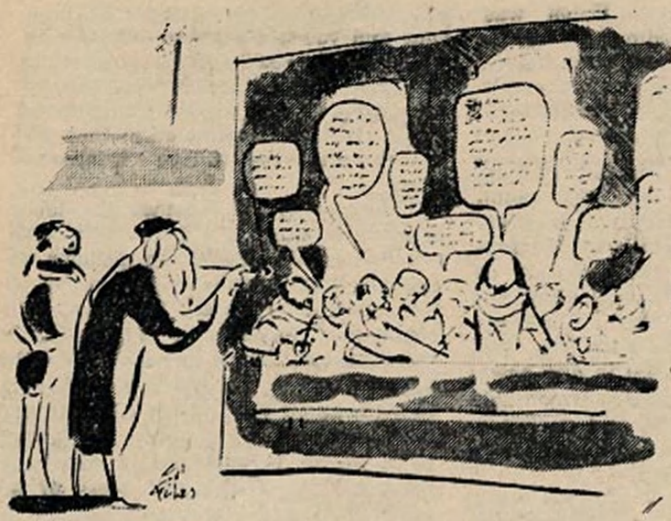
1. As this is to be set up with joint American-South Vietnamese cooperation, who is financing it? Is this part of the appropriation which Sec. Rusk has requested of Congress? Has An Khê been supported all along by some of the mysteriously mis-appropriated funds not discussed on Capitol Hill?

2. We are told that the girls will be "examined regularly by South Vietnamese medical teams with the assistance of American doctors." Are clap casualties going to take precedence over more mundane war wounds?

3. Who will make the decisions concerning the staffing of this new Center? Are we recruiting an entirely new group of girls? Are we re-hiring some of those poor girls who would otherwise be unemployed? Even if we retain enough girls to re-staff the new compound, there will still be 127 disaffected, disinfected bar girls who might well turn to the V.C. for solace. If such is the case, wouldn't we be just as well to send V.D. carriers to

(Continued on Page 27)

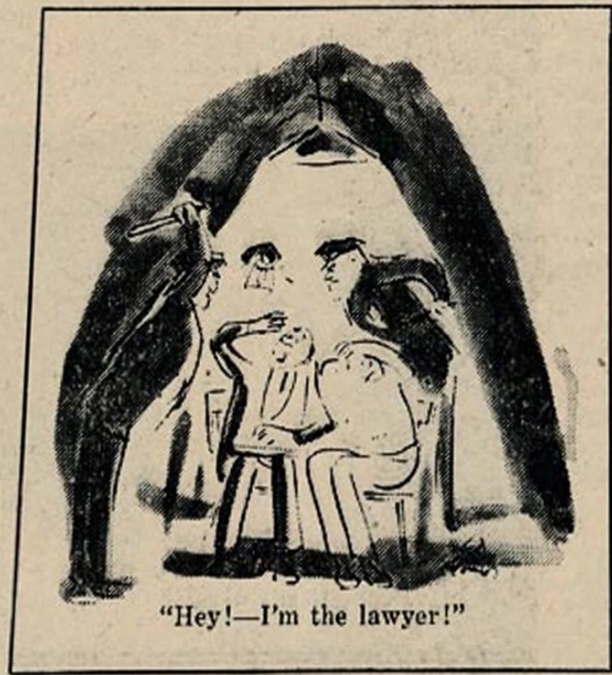
come with their heads filled with a six-ounce powder charge so they can be realistically "blown off" by igniting a fuse set right below the left ear! ● Join the *Kansas State Bureau of Investigation*—Exciting police work under realistic field conditions! Pensions, Medical Benefits are yours! "With the knowledge and practical experience you get while investigating crime in Kansas," writes the Chief of the Recruitment Bureau, "you, too, can write your own Non-Novel! You will be in a position to *make it happen!* Don't consider that you'll merely be filing an official report on the case; you'll be writing the Literature of the Future as a member of the Kansas State Bureau of Investigation! And don't forget, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection will bring in more cash awards than *ten years* of putting the arm on faggot bars. . . ."



"As usual, Leonardo, you're ahead of your time."



ed
fisher's
page



"Hey!—I'm the lawyer!"

"I'm sorry—I'm not
cowardly, cynical,
effeminate, uninvolved
... we can't all be
Anti-Heroes!"



"—And your job, Crenshaw, will be
to work among the Vietnamese Catholics."



"That's my son. It seems like
only yesterday he was just a
little boy in pin curls."

No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

Blunting Criticism

A drama review by Jerry Tallmer in the *New York Post* on January 6th said: "The *Pocket Watch* is a triumph of platitude and Jewish laughter and typical soap-opera anguish skillfully applied, and if they quote 'a triumph' in the ads you will know it isn't meant quite that way."

An ad for *The Pocket Watch* on January 7th said: "A TRIUMPH" . . . Tallmer, *Post*."

Editorial Support

Newark, New Jersey lost what was obviously its foremost cultural asset when the cops raided a Victorian mansion occupied by a commercially acute blonde with an imposing collection of whips, black leather boots and other artifacts associated with the quaint folkways of 42nd St.

The *N.Y. Daily News*' page one headline came uncharacteristically close to the truth by describing the place as a "Horror House." A detailed story about the establishment began on page two and jumped to a single column on page 11. The other four columns on page 11 were taken up by an ad from Miles Shoe Centers devoted entirely to girls' boots.

Pedant's Corner

A correction transmitted on the *Chicago Daily News* wire:

"In the 11th paragraph beginning 'Even the sounds . . .,' make it read ' . . . also a big "foom!"' . . . 'foom!' instead of 'foom!'"

On the Menu

Gatsby's restaurant advertises a "price fix" dinner. They must be trying to attract General Electric executives.

Add Ethnic Libels:

How do you make a Hungarian omelette?

First you steal two eggs. . . .

Rumor of the Month

Ernesto (Che) Guevara, greasy Argentine-Cuban Red Communist un-American upstart terrorist, has not been killed anywhere.

Graffiti Department

From the wall of a London pub:

"My mother made me a homosexual."
And below that: "If I give her the wool, can she make me one, too?"

The Quill Was Mightier . . .

It has been clear for some years that Mike Quill was easily the best television entertainer of his time, which may be the most dubious compliment ever paid him. What is not generally realized is that the late president of

the Transport Workers Union was also one of our leading educators. Every two years he taught us, by indirection, that the American press is incapable of giving up its historic bias against organized labor.

I'm talking about virtually all of the American press—big and small, liberal and reactionary, urban and small town. Papers which are reasonably objective about such issues as civil rights and Vietnam go right out of their skulls when the picket signs appear. Try to remember the last time you saw an editorial in any newspaper of general circulation which held that a union was right and a corporation wrong in any strike anywhere in the world. It isn't easy.

Fundamentally, the papers refuse to recognize that a strike is not unilateral, but the result of the failure of two parties to agree—usually on a financial matter. If I want to sell you a suit for \$80 and you don't buy it because you only want to pay \$70, I am not likely to be singled out editorially as a pinhole in society's condom. Ah, but if I am a transit worker

who wants to sell his labor for \$3.70 an hour and you are a public official who will pay only \$3.50 for it, I am wrong by editorial definition. A bilateral disagreement is magically transformed into a one-sided assault on mother, the church and the Chase Manhattan Bank.

The question of whether the labor is actually worth \$3.70 is rarely even alluded to. It should be obvious to anyone that a subway motorman is more useful to society than the most highly-paid advertising copywriter in the country. I don't know whether the papers agree with this estimate, though, and I never expect to find out.

On another basic point, the calling of a strike is customarily attributed by the blats to the wilfulness of one or two union leaders acting without regard to the interests or desires of their membership. But actually the number of union leaders involved nearly always exceeds the quantity of management officials who are making the decisions on the other side. And in fact, nearly every major strike is preceded by a membership vote authorizing it.

When did you last hear of a cor-



Bobby Kennedy Contemplating the Bust of Garbage

(News item: New York's Mayor John Lindsay vigorously shoveled trash on Saturday to help clean up a vacant lot which was scheduled to become the first of "hundreds of vest-pocket parks" throughout the city. Senator Robert F. Kennedy had been planning for more than a year to line up a bipartisan group of private benefactors to develop the plot into a playground.)

poration polling its stockholders as to whether or not it should accept a union's contract offer?

In the context of this enduringly irrational approach to the whole question, it was not surprising to see the New York press come down firmly and diagonally on the side of the Transit Authority in the subway strike. But Quill was a kind of catalyst. Whenever he was in a dispute, the papers displayed a special brand of idiocy.

Only shortly before the transit walk-out began, the *Times* had provoked a strike that shut down most of the city's papers by refusing to yield to a few modest, non-monetary proposals by the Newspaper Guild, thereby putting thousands of people out of work and wrecking havoc with commerce. Did this inhibit the *Times* from joining in the communal abuse of Quill and his union? Not for an instant.

The papers had been in full screech for more than a week when Mayor Lindsay joined the chorus. He'd been playing it pretty much down the middle, but on the second Monday of the strike he pitched in with a televised exercise in bullshit that aligned him totally with the anti-union side and therefore destroyed his value as a mediator of the dispute.

In this speech, Lindsay ruled out the union's requested wage increase on the basis that it exceeded the federal guidelines that seek to limit raises to no more than 3.2% per year. A week later he okayed a settlement that shot these guidelines all to hell, and then had the balls to try to tell Washington that it didn't. The papers went down the line with Lindsay on this issue, too. I didn't notice any editorial reminders of what he had said about the guidelines on the previous Monday.

The lowlight of the Mayor's big speech, however, came when he compared the last public offer up to that time by the union with the last private offer by the Transit Authority. Obviously each side's public offer at any stage of the negotiations would be more conciliatory than its public offer. Did this transparent piece of dishonesty draw even a mild rebuke from Lindsay's legions in the editorial rooms? Far from it. The *Times* unreservedly lauded his speech as an "inspiring blend of courage, reason and resolution."

The strike was a carnival on the "news" pages of some of the papers, too. On January 6, the *Journal-American* bannered:

STRIKE PEACE 'DEAL'

In 24-48 Hours

Forty-eight hours later, on January 8, the *Journal's* top headline was still trying with:

Labor Bosses To Victor Riesel:
**STRIKE WILL END
IN FOUR DAYS**

When the strike finally did end, on January 13, the *Journal* proudly reproduced its January 8th headline, noting that it had missed by only a day. There was, needless to say, no reminder about the headline of the 6th predicting a settlement on the 7th or 8th.

Shortly before the strike began, newspaper city rooms received a series of big subway-station-size posters denouncing Quill, along with a price list for people interested in buying them. The posters ostensibly came from the Straphangers Guild, an organization formed to promote the interests of the riding public. Investigation disclosed, however, that there was only one member in the Straphangers Guild—the poster manufacturer who had sent the merchandise over.

After the strike ended, it was time for the de rigueur tales estimating how much it had cost the city: So many millions in retail trade—the assumption being that if I put off buying a refrigerator during the strike I would never buy one. So many millions lost in wages—but with no corresponding deduction of employer costs. An endless string of totally misleading figures calculated to achieve the maximum possible exaggeration.

"Be Prepared"

by Avery Corman

As we all move forward into the Age of the Pill, we're going to lose some lovely old customs along the way. Like teenage boys carrying a rubber around in their wallets "just in case."

You'd carry one around for months and nothing would ever happen, but every once in a while you'd replace it with a fresh prophylactic, which also gave you a chance to go into the drugstore to buy some. You felt like a big man and you always ordered more than you needed, just to look good.

If the druggist's assistant, usually your age, waited on you, you really felt superior. If there was someone in the store, like a lady, you were too embarrassed to go in and you'd wait outside until she came out. You'd buy all kinds of things you didn't need, just to sound at ease when you asked for the rubbers. When you got home, you hid them in a sock.

Then when you moved into your own apartment, you could keep them right out in the open—like hidden in a drawer, or behind something in the medicine cabinet.

Goodbye, old friends. You were loyal, trustworthy, but we don't need you any more.

Today, if you're a hip guy, you don't keep rubbers; you have some vaginal



foam in your medicine chest "just in case." If you're super-hip, you keep the Pill on hand. Really. You do. What if something unexpected comes up and this something unexpected usually takes her Pill at night at her pad, but she's spending the night with you at your pad. . . .

Probably you could keep some rubbers around, too, for nostalgia—like 78 RPM records—or maybe to help play Show and Tell with a modern, little *chicnik* who's never seen one.

Or you might run into a girl who pulls out this old chestnut: "I don't care what you say. I think it's the man's responsibility."

Also there are some girls around today who, even though they swing a little, won't obtain any contraceptives for themselves. Because if they did, it might formalize in their minds what they're doing. So they just go on doing it, looking the other way, and trusting to Mathematics, God or the Resourcefulness of Man.

And then there's the new turnabout today, where you have to insist on something because she doesn't give a damn. "Oh, it's such a drag to use anything. And after all, I'm a natural person."

But for the most part rubbers are fading into folklore. Think of the colorful slang we'll lose. Compared to what a kid could once call somebody, how does it sound yelling: "You, Emko, you!"

And the new protection sounds so clinical. You look into her eyes, overwrought with love and passion, and you whisper: "Darling, are you fitted with an intra-uterine device?"

Lying in the gutter the other morning, just the way you once saw a used rubber, was a discarded diaphragm. Very sophisticated. But look ahead. With the New Enlightenment, even that will be replaced, and lying there instead will be an empty Dialpak pill dispenser—and kids on their way to school will point to it and giggle.

The Great American Tea Ceremony

