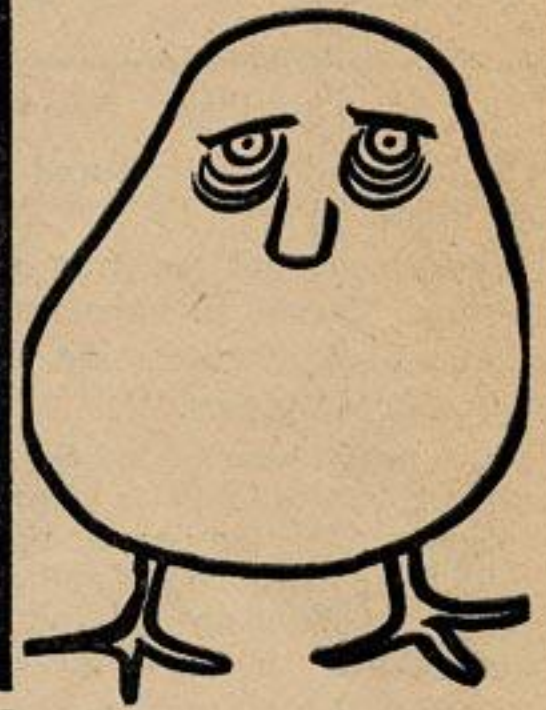


social-political-religious criticism and satire

The Realist



June-July, 1958

35c

No. 1

An Angry Young Magazine . . .

"RUB HIS TUMMY in the morning before breakfast, and make a wish," says an ad that epitomizes all ads, "and Ho-Toi, the gleeful Chinese god of happiness, will throw his weight around for you in the land where dreams come true. Hand-carved, of teakwood. He's about 4 inches high, and men love him. We know because our husband swiped ours . . ."

And there you see a copywriter who has gone and tripped over her own editorial we. Unless, of course, the husband made a wish for an alternate wife, and the little idol actually *did* throw its weight around. We mustn't be too dogmatic about these things.

In any case, this editorial will be written in first person singular, as a sort of symbolic gesture toward a society where conformity has replaced the weather as that which everybody talks about, but which nobody does anything about.

However, I am neither for conformity *nor* for non-conformity. I am for individuality. If one's individuality is *in effect* non-conformity, then so be it. But basically, one's individuality consists of conformity—to oneself.

* * *

The purpose of the *Realist* is twofold.

First, it is devoted to the reporting and analysis of timely and significant conflicts that are ignored or treated only superficially by the general press.

Much of the material, therefore, will be critical of specific social and political activities of organized religion. As a recent editorial in the *Christian Century* states, "religion needs as much to

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be addressed by its cultured despisers as to address them."

Whether or not we (my writers and I) are "cultured" is not so important as to make clear the fact that, whatever we may be, we are certainly *not* "despisers."

The second purpose of the *Realist*—not really unrelated to the first—is to provide satirical commentary on the tragicomic currents of our time. Why humor in this country has reached the banal stage is indicated by the following quotes—from a comedian, a humor writer, and a TV critic.

Groucho Marx: "Satire is verboten today. The restrictions— political, religious, and every other kind—have killed satire."

S. J. Perelman: "Humor writing today—I just don't see much of it around. The immensity of life is a deterrent. Everything today has assumed such a terrific shape and size it dwarfs the individual and his point of view. The movies and television also have siphoned off a lot of possible humorists who became anonymous gag writers. They might have had a viewpoint or an identity, but instead they became part of a six-man team."

Jo Coppola: "Good comedy is social criticism—although you might find that hard to believe if all you ever saw were some of the so-called clowns of videoland. . . . Comedy is dying today because criticism is on its deathbed . . . because telecasters, frightened by the threats and pressure of sponsors, blacklists and viewers, helped introduce conformity to this age . . .

"In such a climate, comedy cannot flourish. For comedy is, after all, a look at ourselves, not as we pretend to be when we look in the mirror of our imagination, but as we really are. Look at the comedy of any age and you will know volumes about that period and its people which neither historian nor anthropologist can tell you."

* * *

Among the articles in this issue, psychiatrist Edward F. Edinger begins a series on "The Role of Myth"—originally presented at the Cooper Union Forum in New York City.

"I did not intend it as anything angry or partisan," Dr. Edinger points out. "In fact, my whole purpose is an attempt to transcend a serious conflict in contemporary culture.

"To my mind there is already far too much angry partisanship at work. This usually amounts to one group's projecting its own inferior, shadow qualities on to the other, and then berating it for having those qualities. This behavior is particu-



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larly evident in the controversies of politics, both national and international."

In my capacity as editor of the *Realist*, I am *both* non-partisan and partisan.

Non-partisan in that I'm not a Democrat or a Republican or a Vegetarian. Not a Communist or a Fascist or a Prohibitionist. Not a socialist or a capitalist or an anarchist. Not a liberal or a conservative or a vivisectionist. Not Catholic or Protestant or Jewish. Not Unitarian or Buddhist or Existentialist. Not hip or square or round.

Not even an American—in the sense that, as one book reviewer puts it, to call a man a South African just because he was born in South Africa is like calling a kitten a biscuit because it was born in an oven.

If you must give me a label, then label me a human being. I have no pride in being a human, though, because I had nothing to do with my becoming one.

But, whereas animals don't have a rational code of ethics, I like to think I do. Which is where I *am* partisan. Moral partisanship is the reason for my "anger." And if I don't protest what needs to be protested, I might just as well *be* an animal.

Does the *Realist*, then, have an ax to grind? The answer is yes. The ax, to mix a metaphor, is double-barreled.

One ax is reality, as opposed to "the land where dreams come true."

The other ax is individual freedom. That most definitely includes the right to rub the tummy of Ho-Toi, the gleeful Chinese god of happiness. But it most definitely does *not* include the right to impose that worship—or any of its ramifications—on another human being.

MARRIAGE MIXTURE In The Melting Pot

By James E. Curry

CAN AMERICA FUSE a unified culture out of diverse immigrant strains? This sounds like the sort of rhetorical question that would appear in *Harper's Magazine* back in 1908. But the issue is really a live one. It has not yet been settled, particularly because we don't yet know whether people of differing religious backgrounds can or will undergo the one essential test of Americanization, whether they will participate in the one process that can fully accomplish it—namely, free and successful inter-marriage.

Most of us assume that Americanization was accomplished during and just after the Great Immigrations. Certainly, during that period, the Irish, Poles, Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, etc., learned to talk and look like Americans. They learned to live in outward peace with each other and with the Native Stock in the same neighborhoods, in the same grocery stores, and on the same jobs. But it cannot be said that many of them learned to live in the same households, to use the same bedrooms, to achieve happy and peaceful inter-faith marriages and to produce families that reflect the best characteristics of differing cultures from which they arose.

To the contrary, marriage outside one's faith has been taking place on a substantial scale only since our population became so mobile, only since the "old neighborhoods" have started to be broken up. In *If You Marry Outside Your Faith*, Dean James A. Pike, lawyer-clergyman, now Episcopal Bishop of California, says that fifteen years ago, it would not have been particularly important for him to write his book. "And if it had been written," he continues, "there would have been few readers, for there were few mixed marriages and few people contemplating such a possibility." Even now, according to a federal census bureau survey, only six per cent of marriages in a random sampling were between persons of differing religious faiths.

Yet it cannot be claimed that assimilation is accomplished merely because the assimilee has acquired a new language or abandoned his national costume. The diversities that are deepest, the ones that require

the most conciliation, are religious differences. Religious cultures have a greater capacity for survival, a greater troublemaking potential, than national cultures.

In his recent *One Marriage Two Faiths*, James H. S. Bossard says, "Judaism is not a form of worship in the temple but a distinct culture with a long history of development and a wide range of characteristics. Roman Catholicism is a culture, that is, it is a way of doing and a way of thinking. Presbyterianism is a culture. And so on, thru all the established religions." And Bossard makes it clear that there are interminable subdivisions of all these cultures, such as Italian and Irish Catholicism, German and Swedish Lutheranism, etc.

Some would rely on our common schools to overcome these differences. And certainly, teachers do help youngsters to form new ideas. But there is a growing tendency to segregate school children on religious lines, especially in parochial schools. If the Catholic religious schools are given the federal aid that they seek, their enrollment will certainly skyrocket. It is possible that new parochial schools will then be established by Protestants and Jews. Already, in the South, there is talk of replacing with Protestant schools the public schools that may be closed in the face of integration.

Assuming that our public school system survives, however, it cannot completely overcome the diverse cultural tendencies that are developed in homes of monolithic religious makeup. Constitutionally, our public schools are limited to secular teaching. When, on occasion, an attempt is made to teach "moral and spiritual values," the rabbis, priests, ministers, and Unitarians are at each others' throats, demonstrating how deep are the cultural differences. And the recent increase in church membership tends also to make more people adhere to different cultural concepts.

Some of our leaders welcome this sort of thing. Senator John F. Kennedy, addressing Yeshiva University, recently gave his ringing endorsement to the concept of "cultural pluralism." The attitude of the National Conference of Christians and

Jews is similar. They feel quite honestly that these competing cultures can coexist, that their differences can be glossed over or suppressed. Newspapers, following suit, treat religious discussion as obscenity that must be barred from their columns. But this "cultural pluralism" is the opposite of the assimilation for which the figure of speech of the Melting Pot was invented. Such a policy only covers up latent antagonisms. It may only make an ultimate explosion even more damaging.

Greater freedom of discussion of religious differences in the press and in the schools might help a great deal. But intellectuals must not overestimate the effectiveness of the intellectual process. The inherited views and attitudes that people hold dearest—such as religious views—are seldom changed during a single lifetime. This is true despite the many who may in a superficial sense "wander away" from their original faiths.

The fundamental alteration, the accommodation to the views of others, usually involves the biological process of birth and death. It involves the death of the Old People with the Old Ideas and the birth of New People with New Ideas. In the intimacy of the home, parents can reconcile their differences to a large extent and pass on the synthesis to their children who then refine and develop it. The product can be very good. Israel Zangwill must have anticipated this. His famous play, *The Melting Pot*, has for its theme a religious mixed marriage between a Jew and a Russian Christian. To Zangwill, the American Dream consisted of a solution of the conflicts arising from their religious differences. The result was Americanism or Americanization.

Few American religious leaders behold the American Dream as Zangwill saw it. They are in the forefront of the Talkers about American Unity. But they are away back at the end of the queue of the People Who Want to Do Something About It. Their unity-talk is mostly in the abstract. Its superficiality becomes clear when Love Tries to Find a Way, when an actual young man of one faith tries to marry an actual young woman of another. Then the clerical fur begins to fly. And before the children are safely launched in first grade, the faiths of the maternal and paternal families are usually in violent conflict.

The intense religious aversion to mixed marriages is an ancient one. When Jews married outside their faith, the Prophet Ezra said, "When I heard of this thing, I rent my garments and my mantle and plucked off

the hair of my head and my beard and sat down astonished." St. Paul, in his epistle to the Corinthians, said, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness?"

The successors of Paul and Ezra are a little less vehement—but no less positive. They all try to prevent mixed marriages, not only with unbelievers but also with persons of any sect other than their own. When such marriages do take place, the clergy help create dissension in the new household over issues that, left to husband and wife, might be reconciled or passed over.

Some ministers, more rabbis, and all Roman Catholic priests, refuse to perform mixed marriages unless (a) the prospective mate is converted to the religion of the particular clergyman; or (b) both spouses agree that the children shall be raised in that particular clergyman's faith. To Roman Catholics, this is quite conclusive. To the Catholic clergy, a Catholic married "outside the Church" is considered to be living in concubinage—as indicated in the recent sensational case in Italy. And for Catholics, the priest adds other requirements to the "antenuptial agreement." These are special provisions aimed at preventing "perversion" of the Catholic spouse and at setting up continuing pressure for the conversion of the non-Catholic.

Our point here concerns only the effect of these requirements on our cultural unity. The good faith of the clergymen in insisting upon them is not in question. They would certainly not be true to their convictions if they did not warn both bride and groom that mixed marriage often leads to the loss of both faiths. And they would be less than kind if they failed to mention that under present conditions, diversity of religion breaks up many, many otherwise happy homes. They could not be expected, of course, to admit that the conditions of dissension are largely created by the clergy.

Against the unanimous clerical effort to prevent mixed marriage, there is no substantial resistance except perhaps that of the courts. As stated,

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interfaith organizations only aid and abet the efforts of the clergy. The newspapers suppress discussion of the problem. But the judges, too, have duties to perform in this respect: they must try to preserve the institution of matrimony and to increase its effectiveness for social purposes.

While moral leadership is not within their stated competence, they often exercise it. For instance, the principal impact of the recent anti-segregation decision was obviously moral, not legal. Certainly, in that field, the moral leadership of the judges has outshone that of the preachers. And it will probably do the same in the field of marriage relations.

When agreements providing for education of children in one or another faith come to court, the judges become Solomons, faced with two parents vying for the soul of a single child. And behind these parents there usually stand, in flesh or in spirit, contending members of the clergy. The court decisions are usually Solomon-like. They affirm the right of parents to decide such issues jointly and equally, without interference by either the courts or the clergy. The ante-nuptial agreements are held to be illegal and void, and, by very strong implication, immoral.

The question was often raised in England and Ireland before and after our revolution. In England, the agreements were consistently overthrown as violations of public policy. In Ireland, the same was true until after the proclamation of the Republic, with its adherence to the Roman Catholic Church.

In the United States, there can be no uniformity of decision on the point. As a question of domestic relations, the federal courts have no jurisdiction over it and 48 separate supreme courts must decide it. There are bound to be variations. And most courts, through hesitation to intervene in religious matters, have thus far evaded the issue completely.

But there will be more mixed marriages as time goes on. Perhaps the resistance of the clergy will continue to take the form of insistence on antenuptial agreements. So the courts may be called on oftener and oftener to approve or condemn such agreements. In the past year, courts have condemned them three times, in Connecticut, Georgia and Wisconsin. If such nullifications continue, people may be inclined to follow judicial rather than clerical moral leadership and stop signing or complying with them.

The American case that most directly affects the issue arose in St. Louis, Missouri early in the century. A distinguished local lawyer, Benjamin

Brewer, was converted to Catholicism. He displayed the great piety that is often characteristic of converts. And he was dismayed when his daughter Gertrude married a Swedish Protestant with the rather un-Swedish name of Wade Cary. The marriage was permitted only after the young people signed the standard agreement that their children would be raised as Catholics. In case of dispute, it was provided, their custody must be given to such guardians as to assure the faithful execution of the agreement.

A girl was born to the union. As agreed, she was baptized as a Catholic. The grandparents were named as godparents to take charge of her religious training if the necessity should arise. But in giving birth to a second child, Gertrude died. Wade, under pressure from his own relative, refused to baptize this baby as a Catholic and started educating both children as Protestants. The grandfather was outraged. He sued to obtain custody of the children, or at least for an order that they be raised in the Catholic faith. After long and bitter litigation, the Supreme Court of Missouri held against the grandfather-godfather.

The judges said that "as to any mere article of property, either personal or real, the law permits a man to dispose of it, by gift or contract, if he chooses. Not so of his children. The father owes the duty to nurture, support, educate and protect his child, and the child has a right to call upon him for the discharge of this duty. These obligations are imposed and conferred by the laws of nature. And public policy, for the good of society, will not permit or allow the father to irrevocably divest himself of, or to abandon them, at his mere will or pleasure." The court refused even to consider the antenuptial agreement. It denied the petition and left the children with the father.

The case could not be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. No federal question was involved. But as later reported in the authoritative *American Ecclesiastical Review* (Roman Catholic), "Brewer appealing to a Higher Court, that of God. From His High Court, the Almighty, when human justice was miscarrying, sent forth a verdict as swift as it was just and sweet. Two or three days later, Cary died. Brewer was now the next of kin to the children and the St. Louis court transferred them wholly to his guardianship." The two girls were raised as Roman Catholics. One of them became Sister Euphrasia of the Ursuline Order.

But this action of the "High Court" did not reverse, for practical mundane purposes, the legal principles

enunciated in the Brewer case. While God had eliminated one litigant for the good of the Church, he had not killed off other litigious persons and contentious lawyers. In subsequent controversies, Catholics hotly contested the value of the Brewer case as a precedent. They pointed out that the judges had questioned their own jurisdiction and would have decided the issue the same way whether or not the agreement was valid. But the St. Louis decision influenced many later decisions.

A very learned book was written by Father R. J. White, Dean of the School of Canon Law of Catholic University of America. He contended that the American decisions were all based on English precedents, that the Missouri decision, as well as the British decisions, arose from the violent anti-Catholic prejudices of the judges.

In the *Catholic World*, however, attorney Charles O'Sullivan disputed Father White's contention. He said "(1) that a Protestant judge held the contract invalid on legal grounds although it provided for the education of children as Protestants; (2) that a Catholic judge (in an Irish case) held such a contract invalid on the ground that it provided for the education of children as Catholics; and (3) that in administering the rules of law relating to the religious training of children, the judges of Great Britain have been consistently fair in their treatment of their fellow Catholic citizens."

But Father White persisted. He urged Church authorities to draft the agreement more carefully, to bring it to court again, and to use even better lawyers than in the Brewer case. The agreement was standardized and improved. But up to this very day, the Church has not tried to test its validity in court.

However, the antenuptial-agreement-device received some support in 1942 that seems not to have been solicited by the church. In a New York City Domestic Relations Court case called *Ramon v. Ramon*, Judge John O'Brien declared that "it is an established rule of law" that "an antenuptial agreement providing for the Catholic faith and education of the children of the parties, in reliance upon which a non-Catholic has thereby irrevocably changed the status of the Catholic party, is an enforceable contract having a valid consideration." O'Brien's decision, so contrary to that of the St. Louis Court, relied extensively on Roman Catholic Canon Law cited by Father White in his learned tome.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramon had signed the usual agreement. When she left him and took the children with her, Ramon commenced making monthly payments

Jewish Aryanism In Israel

The following is a letter which the Chief Rabbinate in Israel has been sending to individual rabbis in that country.

To the Honorable Rabbi _____,

In connection with the decision of the Council of the Chief Rabbinate in Israel . . . I respectfully send you the following communication:

According to the information in our possession, there are in many towns in Israel inhabitants who are married to non-Jewish wives, and many of them have already grownup children, who are strangers according to the Law and Registrations of the Jews. Especially is this breach widened since the new immigration of recent times. There is no use to emphasize to you the importance of this breach in the purity of the House of Israel, and the consequences that it is liable to produce.

Therefore, the Honorable Rabbi is requested to prepare an exact list of all the names of the inhabitants in your town who are married to non-Jewish women and which are known to you. This list should comprise the name, the family name, the number of the identification card, the number and the names of the children that were born of such marriages.

At this opportunity the Honorable Rabbi is requested to include in the lists the above mentioned details also concerning other objectionables, defective citizens who should be forbidden admittance in the congregation of your town.

One copy of the above list you should transfer to us and another copy to the Ministry of Religion, the Department of the Rabbinate and Rabbinical Jurisdiction.

Please consider this letter as urgent and secret.

Respectfully,
(signed) Rabbi I. A. Gelernter
General Secretary

for their support. But when she broke her agreement and started sending them to public school, his payments stopped. She asked Judge O'Brien for an order against him, but Ramon said that she was barred by her failure to keep her promise. While the judge was writing his opinion, however, the husband and wife came to a friendly understanding. The children were put in a Catholic boarding school. And the husband expressed willingness to pay for their support.

The controversy, therefore, was over. There was no need for the court to enter any order. But Judge O'Brien seems to have felt that his opinion was too good to waste, so he entered an order "approving" the agreement—an unnecessary act. To this order he attached his lengthy and irrelevant opinion about antenuptial agreements. Thus it was arranged, so that the opinion would be published in the official reports and become a part of our legal lore.

Judge O'Brien's opinion, being irrelevant to any live issue, has no binding effect on other courts, no more than the opinion of any other lawyer. In the *Jurist*, published by Catholic University of America, another article by two other lawyers named O'Brien said that "Judge O'Brien's dictum is not supported by any decision of a secular court."

But, just as the opponents of antenuptial agreements relied on the

dictum in the Brewer case, their proponents have relied on the dictum of Judge O'Brien. The latest edition of the standard American Roman Catholic authority on Canon Law, written by Bouscaren and Ellis, cites the O'Brien decision as showing that "these promises guarantee a right which, on the strength of legal precedents, should be recognized."

During the past year, however, the antenuptial agreement has received additional setbacks, one in Connecticut, and another in Georgia.

In Connecticut, a lower court had a problem quite similar to that which faced Judge O'Brien, except that the Protestant wife stood her ground. Edward McLaughlin admitted that his wife, Eunice, from whom he was separated, was a good mother, and an entirely proper custodian for their children, except that she refused to comply with her antenuptial agreement to raise them as Catholics. Like Mr. Ramon, McLaughlin refused to pay for their support and asked that they be returned to him.

Judge Charles S. House of Bridgeport held that such an order is forbidden by the state constitutional provision that no one shall be "compelled to join or support nor to be classed with nor associated to any congregation, church, or religious association." Contradicting Judge O'Brien, he cited "a long line of cases holding antenuptial agreements for the specific

A Case In Point

In Toledo, Ohio this month, Judge Paul W. Alexander of the Domestic Relations Court refused to enforce one of the standard "antenuptial" agreements which a Protestant is required to sign before he or she can be married to a Catholic at a Catholic altar.

The wife and mother, Mrs. John W. Hackett, had solemnly promised at the time of her marriage that any children she might have would take Holy Communion, be confirmed, attend services in the Catholic Church, abstain from eating meat on Friday, observe Lenten doctrine according to the Church's regulations, and otherwise be raised as a Roman Catholic.

The Hacketts were divorced two years ago, and she received custody of the child, Gloria. At first Gloria was sent to a parochial school, but was later removed by her mother to a public school. Mr. Hackett, himself an attorney, asked the court to hold his ex-wife in contempt for failure to comply with the agreement.

The court refused such an order, holding that the educational stipulation violated the constitutional rights of Mrs. Hackett. The constitution of Ohio provides that no one may be compelled to attend or to support any place of worship against his consent. Similar stipulations have also been found to be in violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

religious training of children as yet unborn, unenforceable."

The other case involved Mrs. Louise Stanton, a Protestant from Georgia. Her husband was a Catholic from Massachusetts. When she sued him for divorce and for the custody of their children, the evidence was rather discreditable to him. She contended that he actually used violence and threatened her with commitment to an insane asylum in order to frighten her into joining his church.

He pleaded—believe it or not—that his actions were in pursuance of the antenuptial agreement. In it, he had promised to use every effort to convert his wife. Stanton said that these acts were therefore a religious duty, an exercise of his religious freedom, and that they could not form grounds for divorce. He also quoted the paragraph in his wife's agreement that she would "adhere to the doctrine of the sacred indissolubility of the marriage bond." This, he said, barred her from seeking a divorce. And because of her refusal to educate the children as Catholics, it was necessary, he claimed, to deprive her of their custody.

The court brushed all these arguments aside. It held the agreement void. It refused even to let it be shown to the jury. The divorce was granted. Mrs. Stanton got the children. The decision was later sustained by the Supreme Court of Georgia.

Perhaps the most cogent and obviously sincere statement of the Catholic view was made by Rev. John F. Lonergan in the Jesuit weekly, *America*, in 1932:

"The Catholic Church believes that Christ Our Lord established one Church, to which He promised the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit to the end of time . . . with power to

teach infallibly, to legislate and to judge, and to decree with finality in all matters of faith and morals. Briefly, the Church has continued the work on earth of her Founder, sent as He was sent, authorized as He was authorized. Were She negligent of the spiritual welfare of any of Her children, both those now in life and those yet to be born, She would be false to Her commission."

In a subsequent issue, Father Lonergan continued: "While theoretically the child belongs to both parents, the non-Catholic partner, as a condition for marriage, and for the Church's dispensation, has voluntarily surrendered any rights he may have in the matter. Any non-Catholic who is so sincere in his or her own belief as to feel a wish that the children share it, ought never to enter into a marriage with a Catholic." Undoubtedly, Protestant and Jewish clergymen who oppose mixed marriages could make as valid a justification.

Ordinarily, the poor unhappy individuals who get themselves mixed up in mixed marriages do not speak up about their troubles. Usually, one of the parents smothers his genuine religious convictions, complies with the agreement as to the children, and remains silent. But the silence sometimes covers deep agony of soul.

Suppose, for example, a Protestant father, seeing intelligence dawn in the mind of his son, is asked: "Papa, is the catechism right when it says that there is only one true religion?" Under his antenuptial agreement, that father is bound to answer that the catechism is true, that the one valid faith is not his own but that of his wife and that of the nun who teaches his son. This sort of thing can only cause embarrassment. It does not fool the little boy. It only deprives him

of the psychological security that goes with childhood trust and confidence in one's parents.

If such a Protestant were to answer Father Lonergan, he might say that the agreement was one to rob his son of fatherly advice, that it is no more binding on the father, morally or legally, than if in his foolish youth he had agreed that thereafter he would annually rob the house of one of his neighbors. He might also point to the official pronouncements of the American Roman Catholic Bishops defending the parents' right to educate the children. In their national letter to the faithful of 1955, they said, "Thus far, the right of the parent to educate his child has not been successfully challenged in any American Court. The court agrees that it is basic to freedom."

At that point, of course, the bishops were arguing not for the right of Catholic parents to send their children to any school, but their right to send them to parochial schools as required by the "infallible" pronouncements of the Pope. But the principle could very well be applied in reverse. If the parent's right is "basic to freedom," then it is also inalienable, even by his own free act. It cannot be sworn away, even under the blessing of the Church.

The concept of the Melting Pot is not enshrined in either the Ten Commandments or the Constitution. Perhaps it isn't such a good idea after all. But let us not fool ourselves with the assumption that it has been accomplished. Above all, let us not suppress discussion of the issue. Few Catholics, Protestants, or Jews speak out on the problem of mixed marriages or the antenuptial agreements that precede them. Even fewer take the issue to court.

For every family in which the disagreements are solved by divorce—nominally for other reasons, perhaps—or by complete abandonment of religion, there are thousands of others who sweat it out, swallow their pride, compromise their consciences and continue a life of quiet misery. For such unfortunate people, Israel Zangwill's American Dream has become a nightmare, his Melting Pot a witch's brew.

The Realist's Dream

Doctors, lawyers, teachers. Clergymen, congressmen, newspaper editors. Libraries, college students, and friends no matter what their occupation. These are the people who might wish to subscribe to the Realist. But first they have to know about it. A sample copy will be sent to the person(s) you suggest, at the special rate of 25c each, or five for \$1.

Modest Proposals

By John Francis Putnam

SINCE MORRIS ERNST has piled up a considerable hunk of cash while making the Dominican Republic safe for Autocracy, he might as well continue to mine a good thing and in a few years he'll be ready to retire and live out his declining years writing a concordance to *Finnegans Wake*.

A kindly and benevolent ruler like Rafael Leonidas Trujillo will always be in the market for any enlightened pamphleteering he can get, and there is nothing like a promotional folder to lure business, tourists and non-extraditable four-time losers to his green and pleasant land.

We offer counselor Ernst, free of charge, this first draft of a pamphlet that may serve a lofty purpose: to interpret for Americans the present-day Trujillo achievement and briefly outline the career of the man who, almost completely unarmed, transformed his nation into one of the most escape-proof and sanitary countries in all the Americas.

TRUJILLOLAND

It is difficult not to find any phase of national life that has not been touched by the hand of Trujillo. The magnificent capital city which bears his name, laid out so as to give fullest advantage to raking artillery fire, the splendid police security bunkers at every intersection, the fleet of armored riot-squad cars, the radar-controlled road checks which permit a thorough surveillance of every inch of the Republic's splendid highways (built with gratuitous contributions of indentured Hungarian labor), the gleaming new reformatory for die-hard relicts of the Spanish Republic, the burgeoning parakeet-feather industry and the soaring infant venereal rate—all directed by the Generalissimo personally—are visible evidences of Trujillo's relentless personal crusade to make the nation safe for Trujillo.

Trujillo's financial and economic condition is impressive, especially since the greater part of it is safely on deposit outside the country.

(Illustration: modernistic plant in a rural setting. Caption: View of the Ley de Fuga Jute mill; entirely state-owned and operated on the Trujillo coercive system, the mill produces 15,000 metric tons of *angustiá* a day.

In terms of human progress, particularly public health, the Trujillo National Avian Veterinarian Service—dedicated to the preservation of the feather-bearing parakeet (source of the national wealth and a pillow of the economy)—has made incredible strides. Free clinics for poodles and tropical fish have been established in the wealthier districts of the capital city. Release of figures on infant malnutrition is punishable by death.

Trujillo's agricultural methods are progressive and imaginative. Within the next ten years it is predicted that the expensive and wasteful use of gasoline-powered tractors will be all but eliminated by the more realistic and direct employment of dissident political elements in a motor-auxiliary role. During recent field tests, six Radical Socialists and a professor of Humanities, when

hitched to a steel plow, demonstrated in convincing fashion the dynamics of Trujillo's agrarian policy.

Among the cultural accomplishments of the Trujillo Era has been the establishment of a Chair for studies into the methodology of the Spanish Inquisition. The Trujillo museum of Extra-Legal Expedients is justly renowned, and, in tune with the practical dynamism of the administration, many venerable artifacts from the Torquemada Collection have been on permanent loan to the Security Police for use in situations involving the gathering of evidence in pre-trial examinations.

A study of Government statistics over the twenty-six year period of peace, contentment and prosperity, known as the Era of Good Feeling, shows a marked increase in almost every manifestation of a benevolent and solicitous regime.

The Generalissimo's personal interest in communication has resulted in the establishment of a nation-wide newspaper combine with illiteracy as a prime target. Every day this evil is being fought through the medium of pictorial journalism and movie magazines.

Freedom of the press is guaranteed by a law under the watchful solicitude of Generalissimo Trujillo. No interference with any operation of the press is permitted and it is maintained in good order even while the grapes are being harvested.

The liberty-loving and progressive spirit of the Trujillo regime and the fabulous accomplishments of his "Era of Good Feeling" have resulted in the creation of an International Music Festival, during which time the Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Debtor's Prison Symphony Orchestra will give daily concerts with evening performances by the Department of Correction String Quartet.

This Summer the National Cultural Society will open the Trujillo Book Center which will exhibit a complete selection of Trujillo Autobiographies, Souvenir Pictorial Lives of the Benefactor (in 9 volumes), Colored stereo transparencies of the Generalissimo and a framed, full-sized reproduction of Lt. General "Ramfis" Trujillo's "Good Attendance" report card from Fort Reilly, Kansas.

Thus the story of Trujillo since the beginning of the "Era of Good Feeling" has been one of a steady forward movement, of peace, progress and well-being. This can be beautifully summed up on a personalized level by calling attention to the statute of the Dominican Republic which specifically forbids the wearing of widow weeds or any public display of grief. In the words of the Generalissimo, "Mourning does not become the electorate."

Togetherhness

Any realist worth his salt naturally recognizes the basic values of an ordinary washroom. However, washrooms this month had transcended their usual uses, and were serving a higher purpose, both on the national and the international level.

A southern chemical concern built identical washrooms for whites and Negroes, and put them at opposite ends of the plant. White workers near the Negro washroom soon began using it rather than walking the length of the factory. Later, Negroes began using the white washroom. Before long, the segregationist signs were taken down.

Meanwhile at the Brussels World Fair, the most popular "exhibit" turned out to be the American washroom. It is reportedly the only one which is free. Visitors from all countries partake of its glory.

Yes, Virginia, There Is a Loophole

THE STATE OF VIRGINIA last month provided a couple of incidents which typify the recent problems of relations between the church, the state and the Negro. The courts have just overthrown the State's "pupil placement" plan which was enacted for the purpose of evading the anti-segregation decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The law purported to provide for separation of the children into one or another school on the basis of their talent, etc., but was actually intended to make racial segregation possible.

But the segregationists of Virginia, like those of other states, have another arrow in their sheath. Next September, Governor Lindsay Almond plans to invoke the power recently granted to him to close down any "white" public school forced by federal action to admit Negro pupils. The plan is to replace the closed schools with a private school system at which tuition of pupils would be paid by the state or local governments. The Constitution forbids racial discrimination only by governments. Segregationists hope that this device will evade the ban.

But an essential part of the scheme is reliance on the use of halls and rooms owned by voluntary organizations to substitute for public school buildings. It is essential in most places to have the cooperation of the Protestant churches. To their credit, Methodist and Presbyterian national and area groups have rejected the proposal that church buildings and halls be used as segregated school-rooms. But last month the Annual Council of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia refused to ban such use, and decided to leave the issue up to individual churches.

The outcome is important in each segregationist community. But it also has national significance. It is quite possible that a school which begins as a non-sectarian institution, renting a hall from a preacher, will develop into a sort of Protestant parochial school comparable to the vast chain of such institutions operated by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As the Protestants, especially in the South, develop a proprietary interest in such a system of schools, what will happen to their historic opposition to government aid for religious schools? For decades they have stood firmly against federal aid to parochial schools. It is the deadlock between the Southern Protestants and

the Catholic hierarchy on this subject that has prevented adoption of any federal school aid law.

It would be surprising, but not impossible now, for the Masons in the small towns in the south to get into bed with the Knights of Columbus in the big industrial towns. A *modus vivendi* between them would mean: you get help for our schools now unable to get it because they are sectarian, and we will help you get federal money for yours, now barred because they violate the integration decisions.

Churches can be relied on to find some moral justifications for such an immoral arrangement. Yet would the strong policy of the Roman Catholic Church against racial discrimination militate against it? It might, but there is reason to believe that there are broad exceptions to the Catholic rule. This was demonstrated by another Virginia incident of the last thirty days.

It has always been known that parochial schools have a selective admission and expulsion policy. If a child is disagreeable, or stupid, or otherwise hard (and therefore expensive) to educate, the sisters have a policy of throwing the burden upon the taxpayers. The public schools cannot reject children excluded from parochial schools.

This policy is underlined with respect to the Negro. Some believe that the Catholic schools admit Negroes, but only the best among them. Thus a Negro pupil in a Roman Catholic school occupies a position comparable to the "court Jews" in European kingdoms of former days, admitted mainly to establish a principle of equality without actually practicing it.

And even if a Negro child is selected for admission, the sisters and priests are apt to treat them unequally. Thus at Roanoke, in the state where Jefferson conceived the Bill of Rights, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Dudley, Jr. was the only Negro among 29 senior students at the "integrated" Roanoke Catholic High School. Came time for the annual senior banquet and "prom." Vernon Dudley was told that he could attend the banquet, but not the senior prom.

Mrs. Dudley protested, and both events were called off. Thereafter, one of the white children, following the example of his elders, "shoved" the Dudley boy into his seat. Mrs.

Dudley withdrew him and her other children from the school. She returned them only when she received assurances against further violence.

The priests spoke with some vehemence to the children: "If, during the next two weeks, any senior betrays by his conduct that he has not absorbed the fundamentals of Christ-like living, he shall be given the opportunity of spending another year at the high school before being considered eligible for graduation."

Thus threatened with loss of their diplomas, the seniors will probably be restrained from further shoving. But Their Reverences, the priests in charge of the school, did not indicate that they themselves had sufficiently absorbed the fundamentals of Christianity to restrain them from further "shoving" the Negroes out of the annual senior dance.

Meanwhile, the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women met at Roanoke and urged Governor Almond, who is a leading Lutheran layman, not to carry out his threat to close the schools. They said, "It is our obligation as Catholic women to apply the Christian principles of justice and charity to social conditions existing today." The Council did not criticize the exclusion of the colored boy from the prom.

The policy of the Roman Catholic Church will continue to be uniformly much better than that of the Protestants on the race question. The comparative uniformity of Catholic policy is inherent in the character of that Church, which is run by one "infallible" head at Rome. Protestant clergymen, on the other hand, have to take orders, to some extent, from their vestries, etc. They have to maintain at least a modicum of democracy in their parishes and thus absorb many of the vices (and the virtues) of their parishioners. Roman Catholic churches are subject to little of such influence.

The churches are improving in their treatment of Negroes. But the Supreme Court of the United States has taken from them the moral leadership of the country in this respect. At a recent meeting of Protestants sponsored by the New York State Commission against Discrimination, the Commission Chairman, Charles Abrams, said that "At a time when civil rights issues have become the most important moral challenge facing our nation, it is particularly important that you, as religious leaders, should meet this challenge thru your own actions and thru your influence in your own congregations and the community at large. . . . We depend too much on the courts to set the

Sodomy In Kilts

This month, the Assembly of the Church of Scotland opposed the recommendations of a Government White Paper that homosexuality between consenting adults be made no longer a criminal offense. Last November, the Church of England Assembly had approved the change. Shortly after that, the late Cardinal Samuel Stritch of Chicago spoke publicly against it.

The main argument for the change was that the law should not be concerned with the private moral behavior of individuals, provided such behavior did not involve the corruption of young persons and was not socially injurious.

The Scottish report said, however,

Shame On It!

The small amoeba shuns coition
And propagates its kind by fission,
A process it finds most effectual,
The dirty little homosexual!

that in a Christian country, the law should reflect as far as possible the generally accepted standards and principles of Christian ethics. "Liberty and the personal responsibility of the individual must be safeguarded and, within certain limits, conscience must be the sole arbiter for man's conduct," the report continued, "but even when that is recognized, there remain certain kinds of behavior which in themselves are contrary to normal sexuality, an abuse of the dignity of the personality, and an offense to all right thinking people and to the moral consensus of public opinion."

An elder told the Assembly that there is an international organization of homosexual clubs which publishes "a directory telling members of places in the principal cities where they might meet those of their own kind."

moral tone. . . . Do we have to wait for the Supreme Court, or is there some obligation on churches and other groups?"

The pious platitudes of national Protestant clerical organizations and the limited actions toward integration made by the Catholics are insufficient to overcome the facts as stated by a meeting of Congregationalists in Washington State last month. Their resolution referred to the "shame of the Church being the most segregated institution in America."

Is He a Good Guy or a Bad Guy? Or, What Makes Wyatt Urp?

FAITH-HEALER Thomas Wyatt conducts "the largest religious broadcast of its kind in the world."

In February, he wrote to his listeners that "God expects every believer in this hour to be 'strong and do exploits.' He wants believers to be healed from every sickness and disease, to be delivered from every binding circumstance and to enter into God's covenant of blessing for prosperity, and *this can be done*. He has instructed me to call a nationwide 7-week 'crash' program for this purpose."

The crash program was to be carried on by "70 believers" who would meet regularly and "agree together for the deliverance and spiritual endowment of every one who presents a need. Thousands will be delivered from sin, sickness and oppression, untold numbers will be endowed with gifts of the Spirit whereby they might minister to others, and multitudes who have known nothing but want, will find during these 'wonder weeks' that God's blessing is resting upon their lives for prosperity . . .

"The costs are staggering, but it must be done . . . We need your financial help *now* in launching and carrying on this great project."

Immediate action was necessary, he explained, "for even as you read this letter . . . anti-Christ forces are keeping the motors of their jet bombers warmed up, preparing for an instant take-off, with the evil intent of destroying what is left of a free world . . . unless God intervenes, and God will not intervene until He can find those on the earth who will cooperate with him in that intervention."

Enclosed was a Prayer Request Form . . . "so that I may receive all the forthcoming benefits and blessings . . . I want you and 'The 70' to join with me in prayer for the following requests . . ."

Brother Wyatt made it clear that the sender should also "give a *peace offering*, an *offering of thanks*. If circumstances make this impossible, then it should be a vow offering, or pledge. This will serve as a concrete testimony that you have done God's bidding . . . the tangible evidence that you have fulfilled your part of a covenant between yourself and God."

At Easter time, he was publishing

testimonial letters. Sample: "I have been paying \$10 a month for health insurance on my three children. I am trusting God for the health of my children and I will be sending the \$10 each month . . ."

He had a good thing going. Originally, "The 70" were going to pray for only 50 days. Now Wyatt promised that they "will continue right on through these next 10 months. Each month as you send in your pledge, be sure to enclose your requests for prayer." (The pledges, notice, now had top billing.)

By May, something new had been added. "The 70" had started "a continual prayer chain, praying twenty-four hours a day. Every hour, day and night, they are praying for you and for every phase of this work. Think of it! Any time, day or night, you can know that some is praying and *you are included in that prayer*. When you are asleep we will be praying. When you arise in the morning, when you go about your work, and when you forget to pray, or when you don't feel like praying, we will be praying for you."

There was also an audience participation gimmick. A form was enclosed: "If you would like to join this prayer chain, please state what hour you will pray each day." In addition, "If you would like a healing cloth which we have blessed with the laying on of hands, please mark here." To the right was the usual pledge form.

This month Wyatt was still at it. He told of "a serious slump in financial support . . . Satan is no doubt testing our faith and vision."

In one of his pamphlets, he has written that "one thousand million people are on the march today—out from their superstitious worship of gods made of wood and stone . . . Christianity, represented by a thousand clashing creeds and sectarian bodies, each seeking pre-eminence, seem to be unaware of the tremendous stir in the earth, and even if they could be made conscious of the inward revolutions in progress among the underprivileged, they would be unable to do much because of traditional machinery and organizational red tape."

Not so with Thomas Wyatt. His business reply envelopes are all marked "Personal."

The Role Of Myth

By Edward F. Edinger, M.D.

THIS SUBJECT is a distressingly broad and controversial one. Myth and religion necessarily must be considered in the same category, and some of the most treasured products of human civilization come under this category. When one touches a man's personal myth, powerful feelings are aroused. This makes it quite difficult to discuss the subject of mythology and religion in a frank and objective way. Except perhaps for politics, discussion of no other subject is more likely to give offense to someone. The only alternative, however, is to avoid spite of the risk, I am going to attack the subject entirely. Therefore, in tempt to give you a candid discussion on the role of myth.

The views on the nature and meaning of myth which I shall express, represent the standpoint of the Jungian school of psychotherapy originated by C. G. Jung of Zurich. It is highly appropriate, I think, for a Jungian to discuss the role of myth. Jung, among all the pioneer depth psychologists, has been the one most concerned with the psychic origins and meaning of myth. He has made a profound contribution to this subject which is only beginning to receive its due recognition.

There is a second consideration concerning my personal standpoint which should be mentioned. I am a physician and a psychotherapist primarily concerned with helping people. This means that my approach to myth is a very practical and empirical one. I am not a classical scholar and am not competent to discuss myth from the standpoint of academic philology. We who make use of myth in our practical work must rely on the devoted scholars and comparative mythographers who make available to us the wealth of mythological material from all ages that we now possess. This debt should be acknowledged from the outset.

Let us proceed to our subject. The first question to arise is the simple query, "What is Myth?" A brief definition is not easy. In fact, my whole discussion can be considered an expanded definition of the word "myth." Webster's dictionary defines myth as, "A story, the origin of which is forgotten, that ostensibly relates historical events which usually are of such character as to serve to explain some practice, belief, institution or natural phenomenon. Myths are especially associated with religious rites and

beliefs so that mythology is generally reckoned a part of religion."

This definition is not very satisfactory. It tells us only that a myth is a story usually concerning religious or supernatural matters invented to explain some aspects of life. For the present let us accept the definition of myth as a story—however, a very special kind of story, one which gains widespread reverence as an explanation of a life mystery. At this point let us not make the unjustified assumption that such a story was consciously invented to supply an explanation for puzzling occurrences. When we come to compare myths with dreams we shall find reason to consider myths as spontaneous revelations rather than as contrived inventions.

For the purposes of this discussion I shall use the word "myth" in a broad sense to include fairy tales, legends and folklore. Although such stories are not concerned with religion as a rule, they do involve strange and miraculous occurrences. They are stories whose origins are obscure but which have captured the imaginations of simple folk and have been transmitted widely by word of mouth. As we shall see, whenever a story "catches on" in such a fashion, its popularity can be explained only by assuming that it expresses some unconscious psychological truth.

In contemporary usage the word "myth" has acquired certain negative connotations making its use as an objective term quite difficult. The rationalistic mind equates myth with falsehood. From this attitude myths are considered no more than immature, primitive superstitions based on ignorance. According to this view, myths should be debunked and replaced by scientific knowledge, and the study of mythology is considered to be no more than a review of the stupidities of our ancestors viewed from our own superior and enlightened age.

On the other hand, there are many people who are still completely contained within one of the current religious myths. They also use the word "myth" with its negative connotation of falsehood, but they apply it only to mythologies other than their own. For their own myth they prefer the term "religious truth." Nevertheless, myth by any other name is still myth. If we could eliminate the arbitrary negative implications of the word,

perhaps the religious believer would not object to having his positive faith described as mythical.

At any rate, the believer of a religious mythology tends to go to the opposite extreme from that of the rationalistic debunker. The believer's mythology is usually taken as literal concrete fact. Thus an ancient Greek believer might think that Zeus and the whole Greek pantheon did in fact live concretely on a literal Mount Olympus. Similarly, a modern fundamentalist Christian will believe that Christ was born actually of a virgin and was resurrected actually on the third day following his death.

Between these two extreme attitudes towards myth, those who debunk it as totally false and those who take it as concretely true, there seems to be no possible reconciliation. This is a critical problem of our age and, strictly speaking, transcends the professional boundaries of psychotherapy. Nevertheless, the psychotherapist is forced to deal with this problem in his daily work. It is as if the general, collective conflict between the groups representing these opposing attitudes reflects the inner split in the individual modern man. The question for each individual is, "What shall be my attitude towards by own mythological heritage?"

To the extent that one is conscious of the problem at all, one of two opposite attitudes generally prevails. On the one hand there are those who remain completely immersed in a traditional myth believing it to be conditional myth, believing it to be con- to the primitive, early stage of personality development, both in the race and in the individual. We were all immersed in the mythological realm at one time. Myth and fairy tale provide the proper and natural psychic atmosphere for children. For the modern adult, however, for one who really intends to be a contemporary man and not a misplaced Roman or medievalist, we must state frankly that such a condition represents an arrest of psychic development.

On the other hand, there is the attitude that is completely alienated from anything mythical or religious. This attitude is a consequence of the development of natural science and of the philosophic enlightenment of the eighteenth century. It appeared as a reaction to the earlier psychic state of total unconscious immersion in myth. There can be no question that this reaction has been a forward step in the process of collective psychic development. Nevertheless, for twentieth century man who has the insights of modern depth psychology, the rationalistic negation of myth

must be seen as an opposite extreme alienating man from his origins both in the individual and the historic sense.

We are dealing here with the problem of opposites, the inherent psychic tendency of an extreme or onesided position to turn into its opposite. This is the characteristic way the psyche functions. First it presents to the conscious mind an apparent truth which the mind accepts. Later, when the life value of this supposed truth is exhausted, the unconscious throws up the very opposite or contradictory position. Hegel had a crucial psychological insight when he formulated his concept of the dialectical process leading from thesis to antithesis to synthesis.

Whether this process applies to history may be questioned, but it is certainly true for the individual psyche. The two members of a pair of opposites are indissolubly connected. Every onesided or extreme attitude will have its opposite near at hand. The mythologies of the world

demonstrate this fact clearly. For every god of light and goodness there is also his opposite, a principle of darkness, an evil demon such as Satan.

A clinical illustration of this problem of the opposites is the psychic situation of the alcoholic. Such a person has a tendency to lose himself in drink, to become completely immersed in it. In order to escape total disintegration he must take up the opposite position, become an absolute abstainer. But this condition is a precarious one. He is in constant danger of reverting to the opposite, to his previous state of drunkenness. Although this analogy is rather unsavory, it applies quite well to the opposite attitudes concerning myth and religion.

Myth and magic certainly can intoxicate and cause regression to earlier stages of consciousness. They can lull one to sleep regarding the realities of life. One can embrace a myth much as a drunkard embraces alcohol: in order to find comfort and to escape the unbearable anxieties of

conscious awareness. Such an attitude is fundamentally a return to the mother, a regression to unconsciousness.

To the extent that we have the unconscious tendency to succumb totally to myth, we will be obliged to alienate ourselves from it by depreciating it. We will be forced to erect a taboo against myth just as the alcoholic must enforce a taboo against drinking.

It is possible to transcend the conflict of such opposites. As with most conflicts, there is truth on both sides. Jung has some pertinent comments on this subject. He writes in *Answer to Job*:

"Whoever talks of such matters [religious mythology] inevitably runs the risk of being torn to pieces by the two parties who are in mortal conflict about these very things. This conflict is due to the strange supposition that a thing is true only if it presents itself as a physical fact. Thus some people believe it to be physically true that Christ was born



"Well, boys, back to the old drawing board . . ."

as the son of a virgin, while others deny this as a physical impossibility. Everyone can see that there is no logical solution to this conflict and that one would do better not to get involved in such sterile disputes. Both are right and both are wrong.

"Yet they could easily reach agreement if only they dropped the word 'physical.' 'Physical' is not the only criterion of truth: there are also *psychic* truth which can neither be explained nor proved nor contested in any physical way. If, for instance, a general belief existed that the river Rhine had at one time flowed backwards from its mouth to its source, then this belief would in itself be a fact even though such an assertion, physically understood, would sound utterly incredible. Beliefs of this kind are psychic facts which cannot be contested and need no proof.

"Religious [or mythological] statements are of this type. They refer without exception to things that cannot be established as physical facts . . . Taken as referring to anything physical they make no sense whatever . . . The fact that religious [or mythological] statements frequently conflict with the observed physical phenomena proves that in contrast to physical perception the spirit is autonomous, and that psychic experience is to a certain extent independent of physical data. The psyche is an autonomous factor, and religious [or mythological] statements are psychic confessions which in the last resort are based on unconscious . . . processes."

Here Jung has pointed the way to a reconciliation of the two opposing attitudes towards myth previously described. The reconciliation involves the admission that myths are both true and false. They are false when applied to the concrete, physical world of external reality. They are true for the person holding them when referred to the inner world of psychic reality.

(Continued Next Month)

Heresy On TV

A DEBATE on "Religion and the Presidency" was held this month on Lawrence Spivak's hour-long network television program, *The Big Issue*.

On one side was Francis Sayre, Jr., Dean of Washington (Episcopal) Cathedral, and Congressman Eugene McCarthy, Democrat of Minnesota, and candidate for Senator.

On the other side was Dr. John A. MacKay, President of Princeton (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary, and Glenn L. Archer, Executive Director of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of

Church and State.

But it soon appeared that there were not really two sides to the issue so far as the debaters were concerned. They all concluded that no person should be barred from the Presidency because of his religion, but that a candidate of any faith might be questioned on issues arising from the dogmas of his church.

With respect to Catholic candidates, Dr. MacKay said that his concern was grounded "upon the particular nature, the unique character, of the Roman Catholic Church. It is a state as well as a church. . . . It is a confessedly political organization, as well as a religious communion. Ultimate power and authority are vested in a hierarchy, one of whose members, the Roman Pontiff, is regarded as infallible in matters of religious faith and human behavior insofar as ethical situations are concerned."

Spivak asked him whether a Roman Catholic "should take some special kind of oath or make some special kind of statement that no one of any other religion should make." MacKay replied that the candidate should "quite calmly and dispassionately say, as Al Smith said at the end of the twenties, that when it came to a matter of public office and political action, he would follow his

conscience as a devout and independent Christian, and would not allow himself to be controlled even by his Church."

(A few months previous, Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan had made such a reply to a similar question advanced by another Catholic, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming. Brennan said that in case of conflict between the "infallible" Divine law promulgated by the Pope and the laws of the land which he was bound by oath to uphold, then in all events, his oath would come first. The Catholic press claimed that Brennan didn't mean what he said, but only that there is no possibility of conflict between the country's laws and those of the Pope.)

Congressman McCarthy met Dr. MacKay's challenge with a similar commitment. With respect to the Pope, he said that "He has no authority in the way of what kind of civil action we may take, except as it is exerted thru moral influence and thru instruction . . . as is true of other religions." In other words, he denied the "unique" characteristic that MacKay had ascribed to his church—its claim of direct Divine guidance and authority in defining the law of God.

He was very obviously—like Smith, Brennan, and O'Mahoney—an ideal candidate for excommunication.

But his Catholic spiritual superiors are not likely to spoil his chances for election with such an action. John F. Kennedy has made similar statements. He will likewise not be repudiated unless and until he is through running for office. This is what happened in the case of Al Smith.

Ku Klux Klan-type persecution of Catholic candidates may well have come to an end, but they may now expect to be asked—not out of bigotry—whether, in case of conflict, they will obey the Pope's "infallibly" promulgated divine law or the laws of this country. If they universally repudiate the Pope's claims of supremacy, then those claims may eventually have to be withdrawn.

The Natural Law

In answer to critics who say that birth control is the only answer to the problems created by a fast-growing world population, Monsignor Irving A. DeBlanc, director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Family Life Bureau, this month offered a suggestion: that the human race find another planet rather than limit its population by birth control.

The Man Who Saw God

Once upon a time a man died, and after he had been dead for two months, scientists perfected a method of bringing people back to life with chemicals and hormones and things.

So they brought this man back to life, and the first thing they all asked him when he became conscious again was: "What's Heaven like? What's God like? Please tell us. You've been there."

But the man just wanted to be left alone. They kept begging him: "Please tell us what is the nature of God?"

"Ask me anything else," the man said, "but not that." Hundreds of important people kept coming and pleading with him. "Look," he said, "if I told you, it would take you two hundred years to adjust. Please leave me alone."

But they kept nudging him, and finally his patience gave out. "All right," he said, "but I warned you. First of all, she's colored . . ."

What This Country Needs Is A Good Nickel Tickle

By Harry Kursh

THERE IS SOMETHING disturbing with more deliberate, slow-paced torture in all this talk about abolishing A-bomb tests and controlling or eliminating the production of assorted nuclear weapons.

True, I find myself sympathetically inclined toward those who walk for peace and who are importuning the United States, Russia, and Great Britain to give up testing nuclear weapons in the name of peace and to prevent the genetic contamination of mankind; there are monsters enough to deal with in this beat world without creating new ones via radiologically-induced mutations.

But suppose we *do* succeed in halting the production of nuclear weapons to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, and the A-bomb inspectors have nothing to do but sit on their collective Geiger counters all day—does this mean an end to weapons of mass destruction and a return to such routine hardware as blockbusters and buzz-bombs and civilized war as it should be fought by civilized man? I doubt it.

Science is a stubborn art. Those who practise it, willy-nilly, will find some other substitute for killing off entire nations, even if it means blasting the world back to its original gaseous state of nebulous nothingness, if one may be permitted such an irreverent allusion.

No A-bomb. No H-bomb. No C-bomb (cobalt). Fine. Now we're all happy! Nobody has to walk for peace? Nonsense!

Compared with what science has in store for us, I say the nuclear weapon is mankind's greatest blessing. Not that its possession by the U.S. will deter Khrushchev from pressing the button on an ICBM equipped with a hydrogen warhead; not that its possession by Russia will deter Dulles from nosing us up to further brinks—but it will at least bring things to an end real quick.

After all, as humans we're known to be quite merciful. Even an aborigine will put a sick animal out of its misery with a swift smash of the club. And why should we be any less merciful with humans? I say, if we're going to end it all, let's do it with compassion; and there's nothing more compassionate than thousands of megatons of fire, heat, blast and radioactive fallout.

Without nuclear weapons we face equally awesome destruction, only

As a matter of fact the experts are already preparing weapons that will take the place of atomic bombs, and these fall under the category of C-B (chemical-biological) warfare. The Russians won't tell us what they've got up their sleeve in this field of mass slaughter, but Maj.-Gen. William M. Creasy, the soldier-scientist who runs Uncle Sam's department of C-B warfare, has recently given us a peek behind the C-B stockpiles of this country.

Testifying before a Congressional committee, Gen. Creasy, who is only fifty-three and has quite a few imaginative years ahead of him yet, says we are developing weapons that will:

- Pour endless amounts of contagious-disease germs into the population of target areas. A target area may be anything as large as Times Square or half a continent. Some of these germs can kill nine out of ten instantly. On the other hand, some have been designed to merely make us violently ill for weeks or months at a time.

- Fill the air with chemicals that will create havoc throughout farm areas for hundreds of square miles at a clip, spread by wind and rain. These will kill off all farm animals and crops—so that we can slowly starve to death, or cry "Uncle!" before invading troops.

- Blanket a nation with wholly invisible, odorless fog—sometimes called "nerve gas"—which in seconds will kill millions as each tiny droplet lands on any part of the exposed skin, and will convert bomb shelters into mass death traps.

- Contaminate entire nations by dropping bombs which do not contain explosives—just manufactured "peacetime" radiation. By means of "tame" reactors, which do not come under the classification of nuclear weapons—hence not under the purview of international inspection—we can manufacture vast amounts of radioactive materials, which will be spread around like insecticides by crop-dusting, low-flying planes, or guided missiles. This venal ingenuity can kill as many as atomic bombs, but not as quickly, not as mercifully.

We can be sure (thanks to sputniks) that if we are capable of developing these frightful weapons, the Russians

are, too. If we have them now, so do the Russians.

What is our choice? If we walk for peace against nuclear weapons, and succeed, we shall have to start walks for peace against nerve gas, against contagious germs, against manufactured radioactive dust, and against any and all forms of C-B instruments of mass-death.

In fact, the arsenals of science are so vast, so limitless that we may have to walk for peace forever, and in doing so we may find whole nations walking themselves to death, all in the name of peace.

Actually, there is in all this an implicit solution, a suggestion of Nobel prize stature which may lead to peace for all time, and if accepted I shall, with all due modesty, not reject the prize.

My suggestion is this: since ordinary men—such as advertising copywriters, chicken pluckers, salami binders, corset designers, politicians, and ordinary John Does, which takes in most of us, including readers of *Playboy* and *Confidential*—cannot possibly devise new weapons of mass destruction, we should *permit* the manufacture of every conceivable weapon that is capable of destroying mankind, not by the tens of thousands, but by the tens of millions.

We should sit by, say nothing. Let them proceed as fast as they can. Then when the penultimate weapon is created, we should start a world-wide movement for mutual inspection teams to be stationed in every known country in the world, to check on and control the manufacture of all these weapons.

Then it becomes a question of simple arithmetic progression. All the scientists and engineers will be used up on inspection teams. All our experts, for example, will be in Russia, and all the Russians' will be here. If either nation runs short of a few scientists or engineers, we can establish an international inspectors' depository fund so that either of us can borrow a few scientists and/or engineers from other nations who can spare them, such as Nepal, Afghanistan, Laos, and Vietnam.

With all our lethal eggs being sat on by hostile chickens, none can be lobbed over the oceans. And with all our scientists and engineers tied down to hen-sitting, none will be available for devising new weapons.

At this point we will never have to start a new walk for peace against a new weapon of mass destruction. There won't be any. We get it all over with in one huge, grand, world-wide walk.

This means, of course, we'll have to revert to fighting wars again with

the conventional weapons—the rifle, machine gun, airplane, block-buster and buzz-bomb. But we won't have to do this either, since there won't be war anymore. Killing will be too much like child's play. It will be so simple, all the fun will be gone. And you know very well that men who are smart enough to build guns and bombs won't do anything that isn't fun.

But we won't rely entirely on this psychological approach to end war forever. Economists tell me that by the time we end up creating every possible weapon of mass destruction, and assigning mutual inspection teams to their respective stations, the cost of building sufficient numbers of rifles and buzz-bombs in automated factories will be so astronomical as to exceed the economic capabilities of any nation on earth.

There is in this plan, however, one other distressing element to deal with. It has come to me on the highest authority that, while we may be making A-bombs, we have no real intention of using them. Military strategists have suddenly come to realize that if we should drop too many nuclear weapons on Russia, or vice versa, the destruction and radioactive com- impossible to occupy large land masses. And what's the sense in fighting a war if you can't occupy the country?

So now our military wizards are saying, let's fight a war with psycho-chemical weapons—giggle gases and

itching powder, or chemicals that will destroy the rational behavior of man.

In other words, we don't even maim or injure. We just keep the enemy so busy laughing or scratching or thinking in dizzying, irrational circles that he doesn't know what is about to hit and doesn't care.

Then we land our boats, drop our paratroopers, and unload our huge troop-carrying helicopters and we take over. By the time the enemy recovers, it will be too late to do anything about it.

In case you think this is science-fiction or an excerpt from a Voice of America script, let me quote from the February 18, 1958, edition of the *Wall Street Journal*:

"A warrior with an itch is more likely to scratch than to scrap. Likewise, a soldier giggling himself into silliness is hardly likely to make serious war. Logically, therefore, would it not be feasible to prevent or halt a conflict merely by tickling the troops or in some other way making them so uncomfortable they would happily shun combat?"

If this can prevent war, really and truly put an end to war, now and forever, then I am all for it and hereby nominate this suggestion, instead of my own, for the Nobel peace prize. What's more, I think instead of organizing walks for peace, we should all do our best to urge American inventors—beat the Russians now! Come up with a good nickel tickle, and save the world!

The Known Soldier

This month marked the eighth anniversary of the Korean "police action."

In the early editions of the June 30, 1950 Chicago *Sun-Times*, columnist Irving Pflaum reported that on Sunday, June 25th, President Truman had drafted a letter to Moscow, urging the Russians to cooperate with us in keeping troops out of the Korean conflict. Pflaum learned of the existence of the letter on Monday, the 26th.

On Tuesday, the 27th, we dispatched troops to Korea. Then the letter was delivered to the Kremlin.

The item was left out of the later editions.

Last month—while the usual Memorial Day platitudes were being spouted at the burial of the Unknown Soldier of World War II and the Unknown Policeman of Korea—a father in Savannah, Georgia had erected a large boulder-type memorial to his son, who was killed in action in Korea. It was to be placed on the edge of the highway between Bloomingdale and Pooler, Georgia. The inscription reads:

In Memory of 19 Year Old
P.F.C. James Waring Horning Jr.,
U.S.M.C.R.
Killed in Action December 2, 1950
Yudam-Ni Chosin Reservoir Korea
The Incompetent, Greedy, Confused
Politicians
Elected in 1948 Were Responsible
For This Boy Being Murdered
in Korea.

Volunteer candidates for the honor of being selected as the Unknown Soldier of World War III are being screened now, as there won't be anybody left then to do the burying and spout the platitudes.

It's So Simple

From the syndicated column of
May 4, 1958:

Dear Abby:

I am a Protestant and my husband is Catholic. When we were married we agreed that he should keep his religion and I should keep mine, but I had to sign a pledge saying that our children would be raised in the Catholic faith. Frankly, I'm sorry now and think we should compromise and raise all the girls in mine. What do you think of this idea?

A PROTESTANT

Dear Protestant:

I think ALL children in the same family should be raised in the same faith. The family that prays together stays together.

U.S. ARMY
GUIDED MISSILE
RESEARCH CENTER



"They would have hired me only I don't speak German . . ."

Taboo Or Not Taboo

By Arnold Bruce Levy

This is the first in a series of columns on the subject of censorship, by the President of World Wide Book Service.

I HAVE EXAMINED the Constitution very carefully and nowhere can I find any reference to the fact that we must be, by law and tradition, a nation of hypocrites. The whole sordid business of regulation of morals—a thesis which seems to maintain that every American is a potential sex maniac whose criminal acts will somehow be triggered by what he or she reads—strikes me as being one of the highest forms of national insult.

After decades of lengthy wrangling in all kinds of courts and trial halls, no one knows exactly what "obscenity" is. This lack of concrete definition doesn't seem to put a damper on the self-styled smut-hounds who run rampant with their blue-pencils, their scissors, and their particular prejudices. "Obscene" novels, magazines, TV productions, stage plays, text books, and every other form of public expression, have felt the righteous wrath of the raging censor. But, curiously enough, the taboo list varies from city to city, from precinct to precinct, and from country to country.

While eagle-eyed local cinema censorship boards continued to hack up lusty and busty Italian imports such as Gina Lollobrigida's film epics, the sensitive-minded Rome police raided the offices of the Italian-language publisher of *Peyton Place* and herded everyone off to the station-house as well as confiscating all the torrid tones. Reciprocal trade in censorship!

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, a new Australian Literary Censorship Board has recently wound up a review of naughty, nasty books and has officially blackballed 178 titles—from Giovanni Boccaccio's much-reprinted medieval classic, *The Decameron* to Mae West's *She Done him Wrong*. The censors—a librarian, two teachers and a housewife—also gave a clean bill of health to Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* and other modern classics which heretofore were ruled too low for Down Under.

Censorship as a rule always defeats its own ends. Each and every time a book is banned it almost automatically becomes a sensational international best-seller. It becomes a best-seller not by accident, but because it is the nature of the human animal to assimilate exactly what the moralist would take away.

It is debatable whether *Peyton Place* would have lasted through even two medium-sized editions before slipping into oblivion had not pious Puritans and their old-maid aunts in Boston, San Francisco, and a couple of other places, raised a wailing hue and cry over the racy novel. In the wake of the clamor, everyone and his brother—over eight million at the last count, and still going strong—pushed their money over—and in some localities, under—the counter for a copy. I wager most were curious people who just wanted to see what all the shouting was about. And this is no isolated instance.

The late James Branch Cabell wrote novels for years, always in the shadow of innocuous neglect. Suddenly the highly-keyed pornography-conscious mind of

John S. Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice dug up Mr. Cabell by loudly pouncing on his novel, *Jurgen*. Literally overnight *Jurgen* took its lofty place with the so-called modern classics.

No one ever heard of Elinor Glynn's *Three Weeks* until Anthony Comstock tried to do away with it. No one ever saw *September Morn* until this same Comstock publicized it into probably the most recognized painting in the world, next to the Mona Lisa. And the list swells with each passing year. The smut-hounds will never learn.

Television, the massiest of the mass-communication media, has felt the current brunt of the censor's whip. Carefully erased from British motion pictures telecast over most of the stations are the spotty "damns" and "hells" that salt the dialogue. What makes for nonsensorship at its worst is that in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, jelly-spined TV film-snippers even erased references to some damn *dam* in the movie.

Television on the whole has its own strange collection of censorial paradoxes. When *Two-Faced Woman*, a Garbo comedy, opened on Broadway some 18 years back, Cardinal (then Archbishop) Spellman took the almost unprecedented action of condemning it from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral and calling for a strong Catholic boycott. A half-dozen years later, Catholic groups marched in raucous picket lines around New York Roxy Theatre when 20th century Fox's lavish production of *Forever Amber* opened with a [Catholic] Legion of Decency's "C" (Condemned) rating. What makes both instances most ironical is that they have each played and replayed the late show circuit on TV, without so much as a ripple of protest. (There were more important things to censor now—such as de-uddering the cows in animated cartoons. Our children shall not be corrupted!)

Even the censor gets censored sometimes. In one such instance the New York *Enquirer*, a weekly version of the unreformed *Confidential*, started a series of articles "exposing" lewdness in current fiction. The high-minded series never got off the ground in Newark when the unappreciative local police went from newsstand to newsstand with a police truck, confiscating the copies of the "crusading" sheet with its too graphic examples out of context. The rest of the series omitted its torrid quotes—in the Newark edition, anyway.

Not even a book of poetry is exempt from the censor's eagle-eye. Don't look for Vincent McHugh's *Blue Hen's Chickens*. It was quietly withdrawn from the book market by the publishers themselves, when the Post Office cocked a menacing finger at one single overly-picturesque ode by the uninhibited poet, inspired by and written to his reproductive organ. Irony creeps into the situation here, too, when it is remembered that the very same publishers, Random House, published and fought for James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the book that led to Judge Woolsey's momentous and far-reaching decision in the Battle of the Books way back in 1932. Taken out of context, portions of *Ulysses* still make Mr. McHugh's poem read like a Girl Scout Picnic Reader by comparison. (Editor's note: Even more irony creeps into the situation in view of a recent anti-censorship statement by Random House's Bennett Cerf, quoted in the "Interdenominational Snoop-Hounds" article elsewhere in this issue.)

Not even *Robin Hood* escaped the wrath of the would-be censor. Who can forget the storming New Jersey

housewife who blasted that innocuous children's tale as "outrageous communist propaganda" and demanded its immediate banning from the schools and libraries? Fortunately, she was shouted down in this instance. There is little doubt, however, of what the final outcome would have been if the object of her wrath was even faintly tinged with sex. She would have most certainly steam-rolled her burn-the-books crusade successfully through the legislature. What public official is brave enough to stand up and be counted for "sin?"

For that simple reason the admittedly outrageous catch-all "obscenity" law that the rampaging Comstock rammed through Congress in 1873 (after solemnly putting into the sweaty hands of the solons the contents of two overflowing suitcases he lugged into the capitol cloak room, brimming over with pornographic books, French post cards, and assorted lewd paraphernalia) has not been pruned, repealed or liberalized in 85 years. Although birth-control literature is coupled with dirty pictures, no senator has, or probably will in our lifetime, get a bill out of committee altering the law enough to strike out contraceptive information from the catch-all act.

Any place that sex rears its pretty head is fair game for the smut-hound. Records have recently become meat for the blue-noses. Some Queens (N.Y.) record-store owners felt the censor's whip when bootlegged copies of a salty exchange between Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis somehow got on wax and onto the open market. Blind Justice extracted its toll in stiff fines and dire warnings.

Price tags and censorship sometimes have an odd correlation. When over-zealous sex bigots goaded the Detroit police department into becoming literary experts overnight, purging the motor city of such "obscene" novelists as Hemingway, Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, and John O'Hara, among others, the conscientious blue-coats piously cleared the city of the offensive novels in paperback editions *only*—leaving unmolested on dealers' shelves the cloth-covered editions of the very same books! In the wake of the police action, publishing trade-papers reported one of the biggest hard-covered book booms in Detroit's history.

I repeat: censorship always defeats its own ends.

The Advertising Culture

WRITER Rod Serling told the *Realist* this month of an incident which occurred last year, revealing the kind of thinking that can be found molding in the advertising culture.

It concerned a "Playhouse 90" script. "I was not permitted," said Serling, "to use a line of dialogue which read as follows: 'Have you got a match?' The reason for this, advanced by the agency, was that the sponsor was the Ronson Lighter Company, and that matches were 'competitive.'"

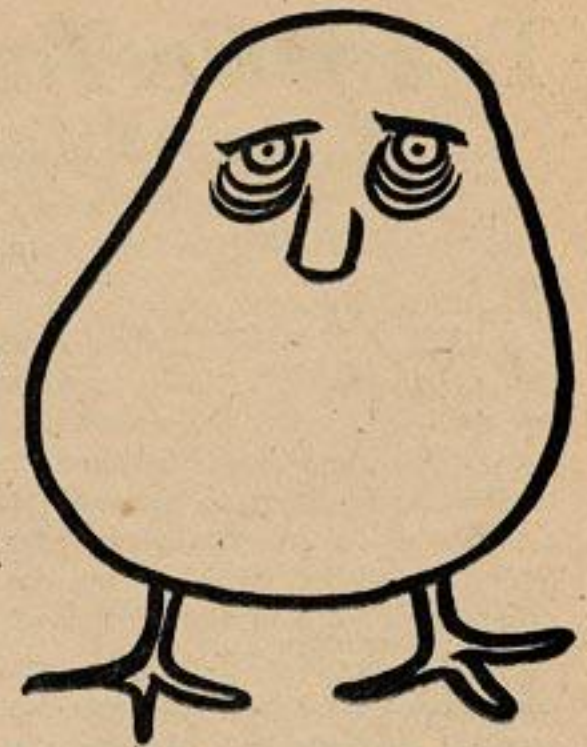
More recently, broadcasting circles were talking about another TV drama by Serling. It had a New York locale, and a film clip with the usual Manhattan skyscrapers was used. But the Chrysler Building had been "erased" from the scene; for the program was sponsored by the Ford Motor Company.

Last month, a TV program sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation had a commercial which deliberately featured actor Glenn Ford.

Gloryosky, Zero, that takes guts.

(Continued on Page 24)

as
the
realist
sees
it



SHERMAN ADAMS has long been identified as "Assistant to the President," "Eisenhower's close personal adviser" and "Ike's strong right hand." It is not at all inconceivable that President Eisenhower consulted with Adams as to whether or not he should fire him.

Now that baseball teams are going into politics (something about the Dodgers and a referendum about whether they could hire a rookie pitcher from Mexico named Chavez Ravine), and now that the eggheads are being pushed into prominence (Senator Humphrey has been all but calling for National Intellectual Week), there may come a day when young boys will find in with their bubble gum, cards with, for example, a picture of Norman Thomas or William F. Buckley, Jr. (one from each league).

It can be said, without fear of honest contradiction, that probably not a single person has ever been moved to pray for peace as a result of that admonition which is currently canceling out our postage stamps.

Likewise, the Loyalty Day Parade on May 30th undoubtedly did not make a single person one iota more loyal. However, it did result in a loss of from 15 to 30% in sales in stores along Fifth Ave. For this, New York's Mayor Wagner could take credit, indicating his own disloyalty in regard to the President's anti-recession rendition of the "Buy-Buy Blues" (a predecessor to his latest song, "I Like Him, I Respect Him, I Need Him"—to be recorded soon by Patti Page, with a modified rock'n'roll accompaniment).

If Morris Ernst really wants to find Dr. Galindez, he might do well to start a rumor to the effect that it was Galindez who promoted Major Peress.

Steve Allen is credited with having invented a little game whereby the "player" matches up book titles and their non-authors. Here are some of the realist's selections for this month:

"Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing." by John Foster Dulles.

"By Love Possessed" by Junior Trujillo.

"The Hidden Persuaders" by Bernard Goldfine.

"The Exurbanites" by Perez Jiminez.

"Strangers When We Meet" by Sherman Adams.

"The God That Failed" by Dwight Eisenhower.

"Kids Say The Darndest Things" by Jerry Lee Lewis.

"Anatomy of a Murder" by Nikita Khrushchev.

Some public-spirited publisher ought to put out a handbook for Negro youngsters who want to learn how to behave properly. Chapters could include "Power-Spitting for Beginners," "Arson Can Be Fun," and "How To Throw Bombs Without Violating a Federal Law."

Little Irish Baskets: Bundles For Britain

By Reginald Dunsany

THE EMERALD ISLE is famous as the "land of saints and scholars." It is also well known for the pulchritude of its women. From less famous and more parsimonious Scotland came Adam Smith, known in history as the originator of the science of economics and "inventor" of the capitalist system. But Adam was also known for the high compliment he paid to Irish womanhood. In his famous "The Wealth of Nations" he said that the Irish prostitutes walking the streets of London were by far the most beautiful women in the world.

Just as the Irish Eves enchanted this Scottish Adam, so they attracted other Britishers. The result must have been an increase, little one by little one, in the Irish population of England. Jonathan Swift had a sarcastic suggestion in his essay, "A Modest Proposal." He thought that the problem of adult hunger and of the excessive birthrate might be solved simultaneously by what could be called infantivory, a refinement of cannibalism.

But this was not resorted to, or not very often. Instead, in those days, many English housewives found on their doorsteps poor little abandoned Irish baskets. The contents eventually became devout members of the Church of England. Some undoubtedly ended up in the Anglican clergy or in the House of Commons.

Now, as then, the population problem of Great Britain is aggravated perhaps less by the proverbial travelling salesman than it is by the travelling Irish working girl. When the Irish Republic was established, it covered only the Southern, more agricultural portion of the country. The Northern part, around Belfast, more industrialized and more valuable, was kept by perfidious Albion under its own control. The Irish patriots agreed to this because they thought, sooner or later, that their own agitation and the gradual increase in the Northern Catholic population would eventually make the area untenable for the Black and Tans.

But things have not turned out as DeValera hoped. The Ulster Irish will remain loyal to the Crown. This is not thru pressure or propaganda but because the Northern Irish want it that way. The population is now perhaps in a majority Catholic. Yet no amount of argument of Irish politi-

cians, nor the prayers of Irish priests, nor the unskilled shooting and bomb throwing of "Irish Nationalists" will make them abandon their prosperity for the continuous depression under which Eire labors.

The result is a considerable movement of the population (that is, of cheap labor) from the isolated southern counties to England. Hardly an Irish country lass but has a sweetheart or a "girl friend" living in the working class districts of London. They can go back and forth at will, without regard to immigration laws, and they do it quite freely.

Several other factors relate to the problem. Irish boys are well known for their reluctance to marry until late in life, if at all. This may just possibly lead to more sexual activity outside the obnoxious marriage bond. The priests are about as intolerant of birth control as they are of fornication. The latter sin, as is commonly known, can be committed without much of what the lawyers call premeditation. But the sin of practicing birth control requires a certain amount of planning, arranging, thought and time. During this time, the planner may well have deterrent thoughts about the fires of hell. This results, as we need not state, in a great deal more fornication than birth control. And all these circumstances combine to make for an increase in these "little Irish baskets" that we mentioned.

But the poor little baskets are not as easy to dispose of now as they were in the days of Smith and Swift. Distressed damsels can no longer leave them on doorsteps. If they do, they may land in jail for a long time. Provision is made by law, however, for turning such children over to the London Council for care. This provides a much more secure future for the children. But it also makes them much easier to count. And it becomes simpler to reduce to concrete statistical terms what might be called the flesh-and-blood social results of quaint Irish customs.

The problem of the Irish baskets, as we call it, has been discussed recently in Parliament. The Government sought to amend the adoption laws so that Roman Catholics living in other countries could adopt English Catholic children. The bill is intended, it seems, to solve the longstanding dif-

ficulty created by the large number of Catholic children in the care of public authorities.

The present law says that Catholic children can only be adopted by Catholic foster parents. The source of this restrictive law has not been stated publicly, nor has the reason why it cannot be repealed. But it is reasonably certain that it arises from pressure by the English Roman Catholic hierarchy. Certainly, similar state laws in the United States of America arose and are maintained in effect because of similar pressure.

Reverend Monsignor John O'Grady, Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, recently restated the American Catholic policy. In general, he says, the Church wishes to "provide for children deprived of their families membership in new families." But the Church places restrictions on the type of adoptive families that it will accept. According to Father O'Grady's report, "any Catholic child being placed for adoption can have his total needs met only in a Catholic adoptive home."

Father O'Grady makes it clear that he expects American government agencies to adhere to this Catholic rule. "Any deviation," he says, "will be deeply disturbing to the total Catholic community." What disturbs the "Catholic community," which is a term used by Father O'Grady to describe the Hierarchy, usually throws the politicians into conniption fits.

Presumably the Catholic pressure is exerted in England the same as it is in America. After all, the Church is supposed to be Catholic. At any rate, Protestants are forbidden to adopt "Catholic" children. By this term it is not meant to suggest that any of the tots have actually got up out of their cribs and joined a church. It means only that they are unfortunate enough to be born of irresponsible Catholic parents.

The Catholic adults, on the other hand, are apparently much better at providing homeless children than they are at providing homes for homeless children. The net result will obviously be an increase in the number of little problems of the London County Council and of the orphanages paid for out of the pockets of British taxpayers.

This is exactly what has eventuated as a result of the Church's combined disapprovals of (1) illegitimacy (2) birth control, and (3) "mixed" adoptions. The official statistics show that in London more than one out of every four children under the care of the County Council—2570 out of 8800—are "Catholics." There is no indication

how many more are in Catholic havens for foundlings. But nothing like one out of four possible foster parents is Catholics. In fact, only about one out of every thirteen of the British population is Roman Catholic at all; and few of these are looking for foster children from public institutions.

Opponents of the bill objected that it would make legally possible the transporting of English children to be raised—God forbid—as foreigners. But the sponsors pointed out that many of them are offspring of unmarried girls of "other countries," who become pregnant and come to England to have their babies. Thus, they claim, the children are British only in a legal sense. Nobody mentioned what was meant by "other countries" but the facts previously stated indicated that it meant principally Eire.

Perhaps there are other advantages to the exportation of these unwanted Irish children as compared with the Swift proposal and as compared with the alternative of leaving them on doorsteps. Perhaps out of the new arrangement will come an extension of human liberty. Perhaps it will lead to the infusion of the blood of the "saints and scholars" into the populations of such Catholic countries as Spain.

The same spirit that "freed" that "most distressed of countries" from Britain has also contributed to the progress of other nations. For centuries, thru the Murphys and O'vanys of New York City, the Brenans of Chicago, the Hagues of Jersey City, the Prendergasts of Kansas City; they have kept the redcoats out of our own beloved country. Bernardo O'Higgins headed Chile's first government after its revolution. The Mexican republic, after a brief term under Huerta, was headed by Manuel Obregon, whose "right name" was O'Brien.

If, as we have said, an Irish foundling can enter the House of Commons, perhaps one can also enter the Spanish Cortes. Perhaps in one of these imported Irishmen will be found enough fighting spirit and enough Shavian anticlericalism to release Spain from the tyranny of Fascism and the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. Certainly, if the little tot could only realize it, he has grounds for starting out with a lively grudge against the clergy.

Three Guesses, Billy

Billy Graham told a legislative committee in Los Angeles last month that any censorship bill should "state just what parts of the female body must be covered in printed pictures."

Colombia Moves Toward Freedom

WHEN Lieutenant General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla was deposed as dictator of Colombia about a year ago, the *New York Times* said it was the Roman Catholic Hierarchy that "dealt the death blow to tyranny." This statement was literally true. But it was only the tyranny of Rojas that was overthrown. Another tyranny, perhaps less bloody but probably just as effective, seems now to be in the process of formation.

The Roman Catholic Prelate, Crisanto Cardinal Luque, had been responsible for Rojas' original accession to power in this 97% Roman Catholic country. Why did he help overthrow him? It may be that the Hierarchy in Colombia, as in some other countries, is displaying greater sensitivity to the democratic aspirations of the people. But Cardinal Luque, in causing the overthrow of the Rojas regime, might also have been influenced by the experience of his Church in Argentina.

In that country, Juan Peron, originally a tool of the church, had built a personal constituency for himself among labor unionists and among the "shirtless people." He not only displayed personal independence of his sponsors. He even started to buttress his position against attacks by an appeal to the inherent anti-clericalism of the common people of Argentina.

Even after Peron's overthrow—also accomplished with the collaboration of the church and partly as a result of his excommunication—this anti-clerical upsurge continued. The election of Arturo Frondizi to succeed Peron last month was one manifestation of this sentiment. The Roman Catholic *Brooklyn Tablet* reports the present situation under a headline: "Future of Church in Argentina Uncertain."

In Colombia, the Hierarchy naturally did not want the situation to degenerate as it had in Argentina. When Rojas fell, it had already begun to do so. He had developed strong trade union support for himself and early in 1957 the American State Department revealed that his regime was reconsidering its previous strict decree against Protestant preaching. When, in May of that year, Rojas demanded that he be reelected President by his puppet legislature, he faced the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church.

But the legislature belonged to Rojas. They reelected him by a vote of 76 to 1. The church then had recourse to its own "flock" and to the students in its colleges and schools. Riots were

incited and Rojas fell on the tenth of May. Cardinal Luque was present at the conference in the Palace at 3 A.M. when Rojas agreed to hand over the reins to a junta acceptable to the Church. When Rojas arrived in Bermuda, he attributed his downfall to "a few priests."

In Argentina, the crisis of the dictator's overthrow had been solved by recourse to a free vote of the people. But the Church in Colombia did not permit the situation thus to get out of hand. On July 20, a plan was worked out, not in Colombia but at a Spanish seaside resort called Sitgest. A group of "jurists" promulgated a scheme under which elections could be held without endangering ecclesiastical interests vested under the tyranny. Under the plan, the managers of the Liberal and Conservative parties were to agree upon a single presidential candidate. This arrangement was to continue in effect for 12 years.

The agreement was submitted to the people in December of last year. The election was not exactly the same as the one under which Hitler legalized his regime in Germany. The main difference was that the Germans were required to vote *Yah* or *Nein*; the Colombians were told to vote *Si* or *No*. But the result was the same. 3,575,856 voted "Si" and 201,157 voted "No." The one man presidential ballot has just recently been passed on with the same result. At four year intervals, the people will again have an opportunity to rubber stamp the decisions of their political and spiritual leaders. Presumably thereafter, they will be given back their freedom of choice.

There is also, it must be admitted, a great deal more freedom of speech, press, and assembly under the new regime than under Rojas. And American Protestants seem to feel that there is a greater degree of what is called "freedom of worship." The Four Square Gospel Church in Barrancabermejas was permitted to reopen. The lynching and murdering of Protestant missionaries seems to have come to at least a temporary halt. But the fundamental denial of religious liberty remains.

This denial arises from the Concordat between Colombia and the Vatican—adopted in 1887 and implemented in the early days of the rule of Rojas. Under it the state undertook to "protect" Roman Catholicism, to organize public instruction in conformity with Roman Catholic dogmas and morality, and to make further

Why Juanny Can't Read

A Presbyterian school in the Colombian town of Villarrica was closed recently by the local military commander, who said he had received his orders from the Ministry of Education in Bogota, the capital of Colombia.

The school had fulfilled government requirements, but met with active opposition from the Roman Catholic parish priest in Villarrica.

Children of Protestants are not accepted in Villarrica's public school system. Over half the school-age children in the town have no schools in which to study.

The closing of the Presbyterian school leaves the ninety-one children who were enrolled there, without an opportunity of learning to read and write.

agreements "for the promotion of Catholic missions among the uncivilized tribes."

It is the last mentioned clause that was implemented fully by the Rojas administration. The so-called "mission territory" was established, covering large areas of the country. In them, Protestants are forbidden to preach publicly. As a concession to the "freedom of conscience and freedom of worship" provided for in the Constitution they are permitted to worship in private homes and churches. But little or no protection is given them from the riots stirred up by the local Catholic clergy.

When Billy Graham returned from his Latin American tour, during which hundreds of thousands defied their spiritual superiors to hear him, he was full of enthusiasm about the prospects of Protestantism in those countries. But in the United States there has been a great deal of concern over suppression of religious expression, especially in Colombia.

The World Council of Churches condemned it, within the last few months. The National Catholic Welfare Council replied hotly. Its director of publicity, Father John Kelley, made a special trip to Colombia. He returned and vehemently denied the existence of persecution. This antithesis can be explained. The Roman Catholics say that the murders of Protestant were not religious but political crimes—that many Catholics were killed too. They also say that if Protestant missionaries obeyed the law, they would have no trouble.

But the law is the very source of the difficulty. It forbids religious proselytizing by non-Catholics, which is their main reason for going to the

country. These rules are based on, even required by the Concordat. Decrees making it a crime to preach Protestant Christianity publicly were enacted by the Rojas regime and there is no reason to assume that his "democratic" successors will revoke them.

The Rojas decrees provide that "non-Catholic nationals and foreigners resident in Colombia, whether they be ministers, pastors, or just members, cannot carry on any public proselytizing or employ methods of propaganda outside of the building where worship is carried on." This means, of course, that non-Catholic preaching is barred from radio and television, from circulation thru printed tracts, from street meetings, and from all of the other usual methods of spreading the Word of God.

The very self-consciousness of American Catholics on this subject may bode well for the future. The national Jesuit weekly magazine, *America*, recently urged "a large foundation" to finance a project to send a team of social scientists to Colombia to investigate. This proposal had been under consideration for some years and *America's* suggestion that it be revived was promptly endorsed by Richard M. Fagley of the Commission of the (Protestant) Churches on International affairs.

The Duke of Norfolk, England's leading Roman Catholic peer, sent a letter to the Colombian ambassador voicing the hope that Protestants in Colombia would receive "no less freedom and toleration than are enjoyed by Catholics in Great Britain and other democratic countries of the free world." Theodore Adams, President of the Baptist World Alliance has just returned from a visit to Colombia and reports an improvement in the situation of Protestants there. But he says that "Baptists have always rejected the concept of religious toleration and insisted on full religious liberty for themselves and for others." Dr. Adams joins the Duke by saying that "we ask no rights for ourselves that we do not ask for every other faith. We do ask that lands where Catholics are in a majority extend to us and other minority groups the same rights and privileges that they enjoy in lands where Evangelical faiths are in the majority."

The *Realist's* Washington correspondent interviewed Edmond Castillo, First Secretary of the Colombian Embassy. He confirms the continuing opposition of the new government to "public proselytizing." He gave no indication that it intends to amend or repeal the Rojas decrees. He said that "there is no need of converting

Christians to Christianity."

Castillo was asked what would happen if Dr. Fagley, for instance, claimed the right not only to convert people to Christians but also to convert Catholics to Protestantism. In that case, Castillo replied, "He is in for a fight all along the line."

There is little prospect that pressure from the North will bring about restoration either of political or of religious freedom in Colombia. This is especially true of religious freedom which the Roman Catholic Church opposes wherever it is in power and dares to do so. The main hope is for an upsurge of the kind of Catholic anti-clericalism that has manifested itself recently in Argentina, that has shown up even more prominently in the recent elections in Italy. If this sort of anti-Papal sentiment can arise in 99% Roman Catholic Italy, or in 89.6% Roman Catholic Argentina, it can also arise in 97% Catholic Colombia.

As a result of outside pressures, perhaps as a result of awakening Catholic conscientious scruples, missionaries to Colombia may now have a better chance than before to come home alive. But if they preach Protestantism publicly, they are violating the law and can be jailed for it. Clerical domination can be destroyed only by an explosion of native Catholic anti-Papal sentiment. This can be expected to occur, eventually.

Man Somewhat Freud-Happy

A fence-post by the river's brim
A phallic symbol is to him.
As he is always telling people,
So are the smokestack and the
steeple;
The pillar and the barber-pole;
The pen, the pencil and the scroll;
The pipe, cigar and cigarette;
The dagger, dirk and bayonet;
The javelin, the lance, the pike;
The rat-tail file; the marlin-spike;
The clarinet, the fife, the flute;
The fish, the tadpole and the newt;
The eel, the angleworm, the snake;
The candle on the birthday cake;
The nozzle on the fire-hose;
The thorn there is on every rose;
The fierce rhinoceros's horn;
The cucumber; the ear of corn;
The sausage; the zucchini green;
The rolled-up rug or magazine;
The dart, the rocket and the gun,
And everything beneath the sun
That's round and long! Why can't
he be
A nice, clean-minded chap like me?
TOM PEASE

The Sage Of The Cracker Barrel

By F. P. Wortman

ON THE CORNER of Broad and Main was Ely Moore's emporium. It was an old-time general merchandise dispensary. It had everything from harness to hairpins, brogans to toy balloons, crackers, crepe, and calico, sugar and sausages, breads and bologna, shawls and overalls. The genial owner would keep open till nine o'clock. It was a great gathering place after labor hours. There was an elongated table in the ample lobby.

On Saturday night it would be pre-empted by the group of "real dirt" (apology to Jack London). There was Mark the mechanic, Joe the carpenter, big Ben the blacksmith, Tony the shoemaker, Ralph the travelling salesman. Sometimes Dr. John the druggist would sit in. They would sip the proprietor's cider and discuss everything from the fourth dimension to birth control. They had the low-down on political shenanigans and the amen corner scandals. They were all great readers, and could quote Shakespeare, Herbert Spencer, Tennyson, and Karl Marx. They would dispute loud and long, often having a crowd around them on the sidewalk after closing time.

The proprietor felt that an idea's time had come. He sawed off half of the upper half of a cracker barrel, nailed in a partition, made it into a South Sea island throne, and placed it at the head of the table.

There was a tall, gray-haired citizen who sometimes lectured at the high school. He had a modest library, was often called on the phone to settle disputes, spell phthisic, or give the number of moons of Jupiter. The "real dirt" waited on him in a body, escorted him to the emporium, and seated him in the crude throne. He was to decide who was right in arguments, correct errors, and dispense information upon misty questions. He protested that he could not always be right, was willing to be put right, but would do his best to merit their confidence. The members were very courteous, and called their arbiter the Sage of Shelby. He called himself the Georgia Cracker.

Meetings were lively from the start. The crowd of listeners grew larger each week. One Saturday night the mercurial Tony from his seat at the foot of the table waved a letter. It was from Father Murky, who said in this form letter that he was a very sincere friend of Tony, wanted to win Tony's friendship, wanted to earn it, was ready to do great things to prove his sincerity. He would pray for any or all of Tony's relatives, or friends, in purgatory for only \$5.00 per each. He admonished Tony not to let them suffer until they despaired and cried out in their agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Father Murky added that he was teaching a class of girls, instructing them, and for another \$5.00 Tony could have the benefit of their prayers for both the living and the dead.

Tony looked around deliberately, then said "I come of a large family and am the sole survivor. How many of you will lend me \$5.00 come grass?" The silence was denser than the cigarette smoke. Joe broke it by asking "How many prayers do you get for \$5.00?"

"One prayer for one inmate, except in the group prayer of the girls".

"Well, does the Father guarantee that for the cash in hand paid he will liberate the victims from the torture of the purgatorial fires?"

"No", admitted Tony, "no word to that effect."

"If he should guarantee delivery, is there any way he could prove to you that he had accomplished?"

"None that I know of except by faith."

Ben interjected—"Tony, suppose one of your relatives has been a wild one, not yet purged by the time Father Murky said his prayer, not yet fit to be accepted into paradise, would not Providence in the interest of harmony and purity let him remain in the flames until completely laundered, thus making that \$5.00 prayer worthless?"

"Come to remember some of the clan," reflected Tony, "I would be taking a long shot. It may be better to let the purifying process continue and invest my money in leather supplies."

Mark reminded the listeners that the Gregorians, a priestly organization, supposedly devoted to teaching, offer to pray prisoners out of purgatory for \$2.00 per prayer, but insist that it requires 30 consecutive prayers, one each day, without a break. That amounts to \$60.00. However they add that if the petitioner is in a hurry to rescue mother, wife, or sister from the flames, he must double the fee, make it \$4.00, that is a total of \$120.00. The query is which would be the most efficient, the one prayer or the thirty. Mark further asked what should be thought of a lawyer, who, pretending that he has a key to the back door of the governor's mansion, and great influence over the executive, would offer for a liberal tip to have the governor pardon a cherished criminal. Would the question of corruption enter?

The Sage spoke up at this point, saying that the real purpose of prayer had not been touched upon. "We all know that prayer is never answered. It is petition. It is not prayer to say 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' It is to ask for something to be done that would be left undone, were the prayer to be left unsaid. Ninety-nine prayers would be injurious, if fulfilled. It is substituting human judgment in place of divine judgment, the judgment of the infinite, who knows all things, knows what is better and what is best. It is blasphemy to pretend that this all-wise, merciful, loving father will not do the right thing unless prodded, prompted, implored; that he will let disaster and calamity descend; will in fact inflict these upon mankind if not begged to go easy.

"The futility of prayer has recently been shown by Georgia having five years of drought, of having been included in the stricken area. The same is true of Texas, though there had been many church-organized prayers for rain and relief. They will hardly say that the accumulated prayers brought the sudden delivery in the sixth year of the water shortage resulting in floods and destruction. Yet we have solemn advocates of mass prayer. We saw Eleanor Roosevelt publish a request for wholesale prayer for FDR, saying that thereby a large bank of prayer could be established, upon which the President could draw. That is something to ponder.

"Twice we have had Presidents appoint a day of universal prayer for peace, and the next day saw the dove of peace have its feathers shot off until it resembled a hairless Mexican dog. If prayerful bombardment of

(Continued on Page 24)

Interdenominational Snoop-Hounds

By William D. Yeager

THE HOUSE of Representatives has just passed—without objection—a bill of Congressman Emanuel Celler imposing upon the intelligentsia of New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco the priggish literary standards of the Great Booboisie of America. It provides that a publisher challenged with "obscenity" can be punished not only in his own district but can also be forced to defend himself in the area to which it is sent or in any area thru which it passes by train, plane, or truck en route to its destination.

On the occasion of National Library Week this year, former Presidents Hoover and Truman issued this statement: "The Bible tells us that truth shall make men free. We Americans know that if freedom means anything, it means the right to think. And the right to think means the right to read—anything written anywhere, by any man, at any time."

Most members of the House probably share in private that view. But Republicans and Democrats now face an attack by a rather unique alliance between the Catholic hierarchy and Protestant lobbyists. They cringe, and neither in committee nor on the floor does one of them dare raise his voice in opposition. Sentiments like those of Hoover and Truman, it seems, can be expressed only by old Republicans and old Democrats who no longer seek the votes of the prudes.

Bennett Cerf, nationally syndicated humorist, distinguished author, and head of Random House publishers, in an interview with Mike Wallace last November described the sort of people who sponsor the Celler bill:

"I think there are an awful lot of people in this country who are not satisfied to govern themselves and their own families or the people who belong to the same cults that they do but who have taken it upon themselves to tell everybody else what they should read, what they should see, and what they should think. I guess they think it will make them more sure of getting to Heaven.

"I think they are selling short the good taste of the American public. Self-appointed snoop-hounds, they come from all walks of life. All the way back to Colonial days, down to the Puritans, there were people who were telling others what they must think, how they must behave, what their morals must be. These people cannot resist butting in."

The Wallace-Cerf interview dealt

specifically with the Roman Catholic Church, its National Office for Decent Literature, and its Legion of Decency. The American Civil Liberties Union had charged that the NODL "prepared blacklists, threatened and imposed general boycotts, and awarded unofficial certificates of compliance to bookdealers who removed from their shelves books that the NODL finds objectionable."

The NODL's blacklist will not merely include allegedly smutty publications. It operates under the direction and control of Pope Pius XII. In his Encyclical entitled *Miranda Provisus*, issued last year, he made clear that his agencies must seek suppression not only of obscenity but also of any publication which "contains something which is contrary to the Catholic faith."

Nor will the NODL and the Legion limit themselves to censorship. Under Papal directive, they must also use their censorships and boycotts to put the channels of communication at the disposal of the church:

"Since the Church is the teacher of the doctrine which leads to salvation, and has all that is necessary for the attainment of holiness, She is exercising an inviolable right when She teaches what has been committed to Her by divine command. It ought to be the duty of all public officials to recognize this sacred right, with the result that She should be given ready access to those arts by which She may spread truth and virtue."

Recognition of this "infallible" teaching mission of the Catholics is on the increase among American publishers, broadcasters, dramatic producers, etc. A large part of it may stem from fear of boycott or censorship or political retaliation. This may well explain why Catholic propaganda is flooding movies, radio, television, bookstores and newsstands, and why Protestant and other non-Catholic views are hushed up or suppressed.

Protestants resent this as an attempt to ban their own propaganda. They deeply resented the recent attempt to keep the movie *Martin Luther* off TV screens. They see in the Catholic Church's program the possible use of the great channels of communication as a weapon to destroy religious dissent. But their resentment is not sufficient to overcome that irresistible impulse described by Cerf as "butting in" upon the affairs of others. When an opportunity to do so arises, as it did in the case of the Celler bill,

Protestants join Catholics in the attack.

In doing so, they brush aside the warning of the Author's League of America that "the implications of this legislative approach transcend its effects upon literature and the arts. In theory, it could apply with equal facility to political and religious speech."

The hearings on the Celler bill provided an ideal outlet for the avid, almost morbid, interest of such people in the sexual content of literary work. The principal witness was O.K. Armstrong, a middle-aged former Congressman from Missouri, now Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Churchmen's Commission for Decent Publications.

He told the House Committee on the Judiciary that he represents "more than 80% of the organized Protestant churches of America." He announced his alliance with the Vatican: "Our Catholic friends began to study this problem long before our group did and we give great credit to them . . . What we want to do now is to unite our forces."

Then he titillated his hearers with the details of his story: "I personally have studied the contents of some magazines, now currently on the newsstands of the city of Washington, which, if read by any youth, would give him a fairly accurate blueprint on the following: how to seduce a virgin; how to rape a girl; how to take advantage of the absence of husband or wife in order to have illicit sex relations; how to prime a girl with

Organized Worship

A Pennsylvania state law requires that at least ten verses of the Bible be read at the beginning of each day in all public schools. For the first time, such a law is being challenged in a Federal court. If the Pennsylvania statute is held to be a violation of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, similar laws in twelve other states will also be affected.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schempp, parents of three children, regularly attend the Unitarian Church. They state in their complaint that the compulsory Bible reading interferes with the parents' "right to give their children a religious education of their own choosing and according to their own beliefs."

They feel that "Bible reading under state control degrades religion. To us, religion is too precious, too important, and too personal to permit the state to meddle in it. We think such laws . . . are bad for individual conscience and bad for society."

Why They Are So Silent

The University of Colorado has refused to give campus status to the Student Committee for Freedom of Religious Dissent. The administration said that it was afraid "that the University might be considered anti-religious in approving such groups."

Five student religious bodies promptly objected to the action. Professor William Rense, the only faculty member who voted for recognizing the "anti"-religion group, addressed a protest meeting of several hundred students.

liquor to make her more receptive to sexual relations; how to use torture to heighten sex feeling . . . and so on."

Unless this former Congressman already knew all these things, he must have learned them the same as would his hypothetical youth. If he passed the knowledge on in detail to his former colleagues on the Congressional Committee, it was off the record.

Congressman DeWitt S. Hyde of Maryland inquired gingerly: "Is anything being done by organized religion to get at the psychological factors which create a market for this literature? It is curious that among primitive civilizations you do not have the interest in this sort of thing that you have in our so-called higher civilization."

O.K. Armstrong, in spite of his own deep interest in "this sort of thing," was not prepared to explain why such interest has heightened with the coming of Christianity. He referred the question to his "chairman of research," Reverend Ralph A. Cannon.

Reverend Cannon, a Methodist pastor at Spartanburg, South Carolina, never satisfied Congressman Hyde's curiosity. Instead, he paraded before the Committee his own extensive knowledge of sexual affairs. He treated them to a lurid description of our present-day, allegedly Christian American civilization:

"I see the crippling sickness of a sex-obsessed culture, lured toward libertinism by self-exploitative publications . . . Anyone who puts any stock in virtue, fidelity and restraint, is *de mode*; to have any scruples about free erotic indulgence is to be neurotically repressed.

"The ideal, instead of the cherished one of one man for one woman for all time, is all men for all women for all time. What one wants in sex is the widest variety possible in partners, experiences and settings. . . . I am convinced that obscene publications are both a symptom of our sick-

ness in sex and an important cause of the disease."

The Roman Catholic National Office for Decent Literature did not appear at the hearings. Its work is concentrated on the preparation of lists of books and publications that Catholics should avoid. But the Church's view was presented by another organization which maintains its offices in the Hierarchy's building in Washington. This was the National Council of Catholic Men, represented by its President, Martin H. Work. He charged that delinquency is "fostered and encouraged by the government" because it permits the mails to be used for "distribution of obscenity which either directly or indirectly reaches our children."

A previous witness had pointed out that it was "part of the Communist conspiracy . . . to print and deposit for mailing and delivery obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy books." Mr. Work now developed this point, stressing the military significance of what he called "moral sabotage." He urged active preparation for the time "when all the hydrogen bombs and ICBM's are lined up—the free world facing the Communist world." At that time, he contended, "survival will depend on the moral character of our men, women and children."

An interesting phase of Work's testimony was his attack on William J. Brennan, the only Catholic member of the United States Supreme Court. It was Judge Brennan who wrote the opinion in the recent *Roth* case. It was the *Roth* case that occasioned the agitation for the Celler Bill. Mr. Work indicated that the main obstacle to prosecutions for the mailing of the unacceptable literature was the "legalistic definition" written by Judge Brennan of the concept of obscenity.

An ancient common law decision had allowed obscenity to be determined by the effect of an isolated mined by the effect of an isolated tible person but the Catholic Justice said such a test "might well encompass material legitimately treating with sex, and so it must be rejected as unconstitutionally restrictive of the freedoms of speech and press." Thus Brennan insisted upon using as a norm the view of the average man.

"The test," said Brennan, "is not whether it would arouse sexual desires or sexually impure thoughts in those comprising a particular segment of the community, the young, the immature, the highly prudish . . . We judge by present day standards of the community. You may ask yourselves, does it offend the common conscience of the community."

His emphasis on the "common con-

science of the community" raises a very practical strategic question for district attorneys seeking convictions or for private lawyers trying to prevent them. The question is: what community? Shall the prosecution be in a sophisticated city like New York, Los Angeles, or Chicago—or in some community of the hinterland? The former will probably share the views of the Brennans and the Cerfs; the latter will undoubtedly follow the lead of the Works and the Armstrongs.

Under previous decisions, the venue of the prosecution was required to be at the place from which the material was sent. This meant that the defendant, rather than the prosecutor, fixed the place of prosecution. This was consistent with the Sixth Amendment which gives the accused a right to trial by "an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed."

After the *Roth* case, it was very difficult to obtain convictions. Most publishers sent their material out from Los Angeles where public opinion, judges, and juries seem especially tolerant. The purpose of the Celler bill is to reverse the incidence of this advantage, making it possible for the district attorney, rather than the publisher, to determine where the trial will be held. Prosecutors can choose any district thru which the material passes en route, and they will probably choose the most intolerant of them.

The forces of tolerance can never muster the Senate votes required to block the Celler bill. An accepted rule of Congressional politics is never to vote "against God," i.e., against the prejudices and pressures of the organized religiosities. But many a bill has been defeated without it being necessary for anyone ever to vote against it. This is done by the process of preventing its consideration.

As the *Realist* went to press, the end of the 85th Congress was imminent. By the time this article appears, readers may have learned from the daily press whether the Catholic-Protestant alliance has forced this bill thru the Senate before adjournment. If so, new operations by that same alliance may also be expected in the next and succeeding Congresses.

But Can She Dance?

Our Chicago correspondent informs us that there is a stripteaser in that city performing under the name of Norma Vincent Peel.

We humbly suggest that, should she decide to write her autobiography, an appropriate title might be "The Power of Positive Bumping."

Diabolic Dialogues

John Foster Dulles & Bertrand Russell

Dulles: . . . and so in the interest of maintaining friendly Anglo-American relations, I've come to ask you to stop harping about H-bomb tests. You're only aiding the Communist cause.

Russell: Nonsense. I'm opposed to all forms of totalitarianism. But suppose that the Communists come out in favor of deep breathing—

Dulles: Don't confuse me with analogies. You know very well that we're testing H-bombs because we're trying to preserve peace.

Russell: But you already have enough H-bombs stockpiled to deter an enemy from attacking.

Dulles: Ah, yes, but the radioactive fallout hazard exists.

Russell: You mean that they're not clean bombs?

Dulles: I detest that phrase. Ever since good old Charlie Wilson was replaced by Neil McElroy as Secretary of Defense, the grime and grease of General Motors has been superseded by the delicate daintiness of Procter and Gamble. It's all too symbolical for me.

Russell: Well, just for the sake of convenience, let's call them clean and dirty bombs.

Dulles: Look, I have to catch a plane for Africa. Doctor Schweitzer's next on my schedule. Why don't you campaign against cigarettes? They're dangerous. They may cause cancer, you know.

Russell: People smoke cigarettes, in the last analysis, voluntarily. They do not expose themselves to fallout voluntarily.

Dulles: God, how lucky that Albert is to be able to get away from it all. Oh, to trade this attaché case for a leper case for just one day. You think I like being a scapegoat? All right, we're testing dirty bombs, I admit, but we're *also* testing clean bombs. We do want to be moral, you see.

Russell: But what's the point of being "moral" when destruction is so totally immoral to begin with?

Dulles: Well, nobody's that foolish; nobody's going to start an atomic war. Not us, anyway. But just in case they do . . . And as for small wars, we have infantrymen for them.

Russell: Well, why not be consistent? Have clean and dirty bullets, so as not to leave any of those disgusting powder burns on a fatal

wound—

Dulles: Don't confuse me with sarcasm. I'll tell you something, though. The United States was on the brink of war recently—

Russell: I didn't know that.

Dulles: Well, it's still classified information. However, I am writing a full report for one of the leading political journals—*Life* magazine—but I can tell you this much now. It had to do with Vice-President Nixon's being stoned in Peru.

Russell: *That* brought your country almost to the brink?

Dulles: What happened was, a group of girls at Bennington College donned their fighting leotards, and made ready to stone Yma Sumac, who was practicing Peruvian voice exercises in her hotel room, in preparation for a night club engagement there in Vermont.

Russell: You mean massive retaliation—on a small scale—

Dulles: Exactly. We were able to prevent the incident, which might have led to all-out war. But the point is, these girls were American all the way. Moral to the core.

Russell: You mean?

Dulles: Yes. *Clean* stones . . .

Eighty-Nine Days To Become a Traitor

Army personnel working on classified projects must go through a complete security clearance by the Counter-Intelligence Corps. Civilians working on classified projects are given complete security checks by the F.B.I.

It used to be that when a civilian was drafted, or if a soldier was discharged, even if he were to continue working on the exact same project, he would be given a thorough investigation all over again by the appropriate agency — preventing him from working effectively on the job, and duplicating the time and taxpayers' money spent on the original investigation.

An interim clearance could be obtained in three weeks, but it took six to eight weeks to fully re-clear an individual. Furthermore, a military man from a different Army district — e.g., the 2nd Army — required a new clearance when transferred to, say, the 1st Army Area. The same procedure was required for civilian employees who transferred to another district.

But they have tried to improve things. A recent change in the regulations states that if a former federal or military employee has had a prior investigation and transfers to a similar job, no further investigation is required.

However, if there is a break in service of 90 days or more, then a new investigation is required.

One Billion A.B.*

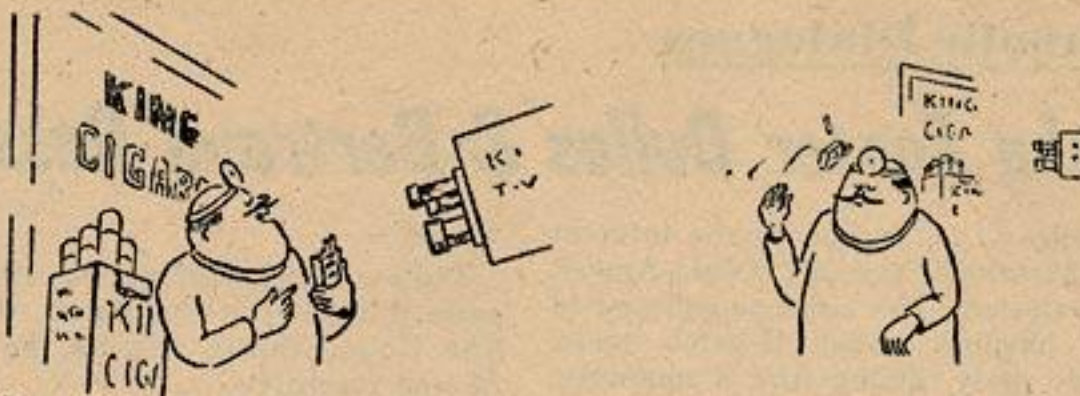
Life at last begins.
Back in the sea
Where life had its first awakenings
A torn body meets
The licking tongue of waves
Slowly stirring
Here among these shells and stones,
Sea covered when the tide's in,
Greened with the weight of many seas,
(So might it have been
When that Archeozoic colloidal blob
Washed gently up the shore
The fishes triumph and the worlds renown
Running along the edge like the tide would
Spreading dreams
Through the fingers of the winds.)
Life,
After many long years,
Again is born.

JUDY WOLFE

* After Bomb

End of an Era

The television board of the National Association of Broadcasters this month approved an amendment to the TV code. It bans the use of actors in "white-coat" commercials. The ruling reads: "Dramatized advertising involving statements or purported statements by physicians, dentists or nurses must be presented by accredited members of such professions."



Cousin Danny Writes —

DEAR COUSIN:

I don't have to tell you how flattered this old boy was to have the *Realist* ask me to write a monthly column on show business and that stuff on TV. 'Course I am more 'realistic' than most folks I've met, and as Maw says, I always have been short on information and long on opinion . . . like most fellows who call hisself critics. So, with those as my only qualifying points, here goes . . .

Well now let me see, except for the news, I don't think I've turned the TV set on in the past month. Guess I'm just bored with all those exotic personalities and their organized hysterics. I think I know another thing it might be—they've gone and killed that old curiosity. I do believe the only thing that could restore my *genuine* and devoted interest would be a live "French Circus" starring oh—Marlon Brando and Marilyn Monroe (yes, I think they are both M.C.A. clients) and staged by an honest to goodness madam. It's a helluva state, isn't it? It's free and I love that; but what comes out is something else.

As an example, can you imagine anyone *really* looking forward to watching that young man who sings but doesn't shave; and has four youngsters. Now I read he's

Cracker Barrel

(Continued from Page 20)

heaven, as we bombard congress by mail, can win divine favor, the Axis powers should have won the war. They had the most shrines and cathedrals and the loudest voices. In every speech, Hitler and God were working together, and the vicar of God was lending his support, yet Berlin bowed to the eastern army that had no chaplains.

"The value of mass prayer does not lie in any hope of being answered, but in the self-hypnosis that the mass performs upon itself. If one of the mitered can induce a multitude to bow in humility, in self-accusation, to beg for guidance, that multitude will upon rising from prostration be ready to do the bidding of the mitered leader, be ready to follow where the prayer-adviser leads. Mass prayer is a mental smother-blanket. It is mob psychology. The stupefied minds can not realize that to pretend that mob clamor can sway the infinite judgment is really to blaspheme. It portrays the infinite as a stupid and monstrous being. Such a conditioned multitude is ready to drive any material project desired by the mitered leader, or even zealously persecute opposition."

Thus spake the Sage of the Cracker Barrel.

already been signed up for next year; a darned disappointment too. What's his name? Oh yes, the Protestant with the Catholic altar boy's face, Pat Boone. He has what our Aunt Mary would call "a winning way." I wonder with all those children why his beard won't grow. That's science, I guess. Well, whatever it is, sure beats me.

And then there's that nervous girl with the boy's hair-cut, on Saturday night—who used to be married to the guy who played 'long side Shirley Temple a long time ago. You know her name, the one who pushed her face next to the tube when her old man was playing the guitar . . . that gal's got everything but talent; great arrangements, good to look at, hustles around a lot, even smiles like she means it — but something's missing. Maw says she even won an award for playing the part of a drinking gal — Miss Polly Bergen — sure that's her name. Bet she's Edgar Bergen's sister or something. She must have connections, because the good Lord sure don't help people who upstage their Pappa's; you and I both know that.

That's about it for now. I want to get to bed so that I can get up and turn on that TV set good and early tomorrow; 'cause from now on I suppose I'll have to try and fight the urge to turn it off . . . as a big shot critic I suppose I have that responsibility.

Sincerely yours,
Cousin Danny

P. S. Hold on, Maw says Polly Bergen ain't Edgar Bergen's sister. And what's more, she's been fired for next year. That's pretty sad—for her. Maybe if she was his kin, she'd still be workin'.

The Advertising Culture

(Continued from Page 16)

Lewis S. Rosenstiel, board chairman and president of Schenley Industries, Inc., was honored by company wholesale distributors at a recent testimonial dinner commemorating Schenley's 25th anniversary.

He called for a tax cut of about \$5 billion for upwards of 40 million persons earning less than \$5000 a year. He said that such a tax cut would pump \$500 million a month into the nation's economic blood stream, and would furnish the mass purchasing power necessary to arrest the recession.

Last month, a Schenley Distillers Company placed a newspaper ad which read as follows:

What is recession?
People living within
their income until
confidence is restored . . .



Realist First Reader

See The Tired Man . . .

See the tired man. He has been up all night. He is running a telethon. He wants the people to send money. It is for leukemia. That is a disease. Little children like you can catch it. Evil.

See the sexy girl. She is a singer. She doesn't know whether the telethon is for leukemia or dystrophy or gonorrhoea. Her agent got her the booking. She needs the exposure. Notice her cleavage.

See the handsome man. He does know that it's for leukemia. You can tell. He is singing a calypso melody. Listen to the lyrics. Give-your-money—he sings—to-leukemia. Give-your-money—to-leukemia. Listen to the audience applaud. He is very talented.

See the sincere politician. He is running for re-election in November. He is against leukemia. He is willing to take an oath against it. That proves he is against it.

See the wealthy businessman. He is making a donation. He wants his company's name mentioned. Then we can buy his product. Then he will make profits. Then he can make another donation next year. Splendid.

See the little boy. He has leukemia. Too bad for him. The nice lady is holding him up to the TV camera. Aren't you glad it's not you? But wouldn't you like to be on television? Maybe you can fall down a well.

See the pretty scoreboard. It tells how much money they get. They want a million dollars. Uncle Sam has many million dollars. He cuts medical research funds by more than seven million dollars. Why? He needs the money for more important things.

See the mushroom cloud. That costs lots of money. It has loads of particles. They cause leukemia. Money might help to find a cure. That is why we have telethons.

See the tired man . . .



DEWAY MARSH

"You're going to have to give up smoking . . ."

Inside Gag

There was a cartoon in the May issue of *Esquire* by Eldon Dedini, which depicted one pompous foreign diplomat saying to another at a dinner party: "Oh, I beg to differ — Yardbird played alto."

This month, Dedini explained what he meant in a letter to *Gag Re-Cap*, a trade publication.

"To understand the cartoon," he said, "a person has to know beforehand about three things:

"1. That 'Yardbird' was the nickname for Charlie Parker.

"2. That Charlie Parker was (is) one of the greatest figures in jazz. (He died a few years ago.) He played alto sax.

"3. Then one has to be aware that our state department is sending jazz groups to Europe and Africa, etc. Diplomatically, they are doing a fine job . . .

"The humor is really a mystery to anyone not a jazz fanatic. 99% of the people have asked about this cartoon. The jazz fans chuckled at it. It's no *big* laugh really."

Dedini can also be commercial, however. His art work is currently represented in a Tums ad.

A Subversive Conspiracy

THE FORMER EDITOR of *Punch*, Malcolm Muggeridge, in a recent article entitled "America Needs a *Punch*," expressed his feeling that "the area of life in which ridicule is permissible is steadily shrinking, and a dangerous tendency is becoming manifest to take ourselves with undue seriousness . . . The enemy of humor is fear, and this, alas, is an age of fear . . .

"As I see it, the only pleasure of living is that every joke should be made, every thought expressed, every line of investigation, irrespective of its direction, pursued to the uttermost limit that human ingenuity, courage and understanding can take it. The moment that limits are set (other, of course, than those that are inherent in the human situation itself), then the flavor is gone."

Last month in the *New Republic*, James Thurber gave an example of

one of the limits which the age of fear had set upon him.

"A basically, imaginatively humorous country," he said, "could never have over-emphasized the way we have over-emphasized Americanism . . . as if patriotism was a monopoly of the Americans. We would be annoyed and frightened if every time we picked up a foreign paper, there were references to 'Englishism'—'Welshism'—'Francism'—'Un-French'—'Un-Belgian'—and I have written a little scene in a bar . . .

"The husband and his wife get into an argument with a man with an accent, and the husband says, 'You must be un-American.' He says: 'I'm a citizen of Oslo! 'Then he's un-Swiss,' the wife says, 'No, I think he's un-Danish.' The man finally says: 'No, I'm just Norwegian.'"

The piece was never published. "There wasn't anybody who wanted

to print that," Thurber explained, "because we did have the jitters."

Although our internal security system is now perhaps at the height of its power—a power seemingly without compassion—nevertheless it is in a sad state of decay. At the same time, it is so ludicrous—we can but laugh at the stench—that it is almost beyond satirization.

H. L. Mencken, were he alive and writing today, would never stoop to the use of such contrived irony as to have a pair of *really* un-American bigots such as Eastland and Walter as chairmen of the Senate and House Un-American Committees, disrespectively.

Nor would Ring Lardner ever have NBC fire the director of a program called, of all things, *The Investigator*. Too much of a forced coincidence. The same holds true for CBS firing Joseph Papp of—get this now—*I've Got a Secret*—pap which Papp helped to produce so that he would also be able to produce outside theatrical entertainment with rather more substance.

But the Committee was busy seek-

ing out men who would "present the works of Communist authors." Like William Shakespeare, for instance, whose propaganda Papp has been guilty of presenting to gullible audiences consisting of countless pseudo-liberals and Red dupes.

And how could Don Marquis ever have poked fun at this silly spectacle: two Senators and four Congressmen had been appointed as delegates to the World Health Organization; now their friends and neighbors were being questioned by federal agents about the lawmakers' personal behavior as well as their political viewpoints and associations. For this was, in and of itself, a lampoon of security procedures.

Or take the case of Cyrus Eaton. The *New York Daily News* suggested that the House Un-American Activities Committee ask him: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" and "In case of war between the U.S.A. and Russia, which side would you favor?"

That paper is currently making use of an advertising slogan, "Nobody

says it like The News." To which they might well add, "Nobody misses the point like The News." The point being that it was Eaton's very loyalty which prompted his criticism of the loyalty program in the first place.

Earlier this year, the former editor of the *Washington Times-Herald*—Frank Waldrop, a conservative—wrote to the *Washington Post* that sometimes, when he reflected on his 30 years of effort to understand Communism and its unique methods of operation, he was almost persuaded that the House Committee had become one of its most effective agents.

So the *Realist* is happy now to present a couple of satirical looks, one at the past and one at the future, of the internal security system.

As Mr. Muggeridge concluded in his article, "it may well be that those who seek to suppress or limit laughter are more dangerous than all the subversive conspiracies which the F.B.I. ever has or ever will uncover. Laughter, in fact, is the most effective of all subversive conspiracies, and it operates on *our* side."

The 'How To Play' Series . . . By Samuel Elkin

How To Play Witch-Hunting

WITCH-HUNTING is a smashing sport which any number may play. It needs only a simple amount of equipment, although those who possess an abundance of equipment can, and often do, make very competent Witch-Hunters.

Not only is Witch-Hunting fun, but it is truly inspiring. This is borne out by the fact that those who have participated in Witch-Hunts claim it gives them a spiritual lift such as no other sport can — not lynching, not stoning, not even expense-miscounting.

One of the more charming features of the game is that it can be played indoors as well as outdoors, in good weather, bad weather and, perhaps its most intriguing feature, especially for Americans, is the pure democracy of the game.

All may play, young or old, male and female, race, religion or creed notwithstanding.

Now that, of course, does not mean that Witch-Hunting is an American invention. Nor that it is peculiar only to Americans. Historically speaking, Witch-Hunting goes back long before twenty years of treason. And while our fame is world-wide as to the democratic virtues and production-line methods we introduced into the

sport, other nationalities developed various skills and techniques to which we are deeply indebted.

For example: Around the year 1630 there was a man alive in England by the name of K. Matthew Hotpans. History reveals all too little about his personal life. It is known only that he was a solicitor by trade and failed at it. Thereafter, the name of K. Matthew Hotpans vanished from public life. In 1634, however, a new and revitalized K. Matthew Hotpans appeared on the scene as a budding and ambitious politician.

Through one of those obscure trails known only to budding and ambitious politicians, (particularly to those budding and ambitious politicians who once could not earn a farthing in the ancient, honorable, though highly competitive profession of Soliciting) K. Matthew Hotpans secured a license from his government which gave him the inalienable right to search out and examine all those suspected of being witches.

One historical source mentions something about little black notebooks which were dispatched to Witch-Finder Hotpans all over England by homing pigeons direct from the Falcon Bureau of Instigation. But this should be taken with

a grain of salt. Intensive research reveals that Witch-Finder Hotpans started the rumor himself because he was very angry at the F.B.I. for not opening up its files to him.

Witch-Finder Hotpans traveled all over England rounding up the names of, suspected witches which he found hidden in the fields of various pumpkin farms, in pubs amongst the mild-and-bitter drinkers, on dark and fog-bound streets patrolled by Town Criers who, understandably, had to keep their lamps lit, and from the gay and witty *bon vivants* frequenting the Rest-Room at the Globe Theater in London.

Such whole-hearted cooperation from friendly fans assured the Old Witch-Finder of a most successful season. Yet one must cast a critical eye towards his guilt-proving methods which included such barbarities as: Bopping, Submerging, and People-Calling, to name only three.

Bopping was an expediency wherein the Old Witch-Finder conked a witch over the head with a notched-up gavel.

This primitive relic has given way in our day to a technique called: Kneeling. (Kneeling is a method by which a Witch settles down on his knees, faces in the direction of his employer, and confesses — since confession leads to cleanliness and cleanliness, as anyone but a slob knows, leads to Godliness.)

Submerging was a dangerous and

torturous method whereby the Old Witch-Finder bound up a witch in a bucket-like seat which was nailed down to the end of a long pole. Then the witch was rhythmically dunked under the cold waters of a goldfish pond.

(In our civilization witches are no longer dunked in gold-fish ponds. We put them on television instead.)

People-Calling was a method developed by the Old Witch-Finder in which he chained a number of witches together and had them dragged thru the streets of a city or village. The inhabitants of said city or village would then rush out of their homes and begin People-Calling that all-important question: Do you now, or did you ever in the past, belong to the Witches Party?

In our time, People-Calling is entrusted only to the noble, tried-and-true, selfless, highly-respected and patriotic institutions. To name just a few:

- * The Daughters of the American Solution.
- * The America-First! First! First! Committee of The American Seegin.
- * The Sr. and Jr. Bed-Chamber of Comhearse.
- * The Activities of the Un-American Housekeeper's Committee.
- * Un-Aware, Un-Ltd.
- * The American Hippocratic Society for the Prevention of Medicine.
- * The National Association of Malefactors.
- * Checkers, Wash., D. C.

Though the crudities of yesterday's Witch-Hunting techniques are obvious to any student of the sport, it must be clearly understood that from those crudities have come today's civilized refinements. Today, as in the past, the Witch-Hunter has no rules to be governed by.

You may, for example, no matter who you are, put the finger on him, no matter who he is. Yet, because this is a democracy, certain standards of fair-play should be adhered to. Therefore, in order to be a proficient Witch-Hunter, all neophytes must know how to spot a Witch.

Unfortunately, there is one small snag here. For it might be said that God surely moves in mysterious ways since He seems to have played one of those ironical little jokes on all potential Witch-Hunters by giving to Witches the bodies of people.

Admittedly, this places the young hopeful under a severe handicap. Nor does it help his ego to know that, as it inevitably must be in all sports, there are those few who possess a special gift which separates the men from

A Critique Of Pure Treason

By George Gordon

THE FACTORY on the outskirts of the highway had been spared by the wrecking contractor who sensed its value as an historical landmark, though cannily including charges for its destruction in his final bill to the city. A leftwing splinter group—formed unbeknownst to its eight members by an agent of the Federal Bureau of Penetration using the assumed name of Joe Worka — had been searching in vain for a headquarters. The one requirement was a low rental. One of the members, assigned to scour a suitable neighborhood, noticed the gaunt empty building and was immediately taken by its quiet hideousness. He was also taken by a real estate agent who, upon the radical's inquiry, hurriedly rented the fifth floor for cigar money, discreetly failing to mention the latent condemnation orders.

Two weeks later, the Revolutionary Subversive League established permanent residence. There was little time to spare. The October issue of "The Paving Block" was due in a week. Thus far, Joe Worka, who was editor, and in constant communication with the F. B. P., had found only one contribution out of the stacked manuscripts on his desk of sufficient merit to include in the publication—a poem,

the boys. Now this gift is no figment of the imagination. It has been conclusively proved from a report prepared by a partial scientific testing laboratory.

On page 87 of the report, entitled *The Superior Witch-Hunter* — under *Conclusions* — there appears the following:

"They (Superior Witch-Hunters) are possessed of fine and sensitive smellers which function like radar beams bleeping out of them in a circular area of one mile, approximately. Hence, when they say: 'I can smell a witch out a mile away'—it is not a figure of speech but a precise image.

"For when a witch, even inadvertently, enters into their olfactory-controlled area the bleep instantly becomes a bloop which bounces right smack onto their sensitive smellers. Why is this so? Your partial scientific testing laboratory is not prepared to answer so complex a question. It can only observe, report — and wonder."

Doesn't that give you the chills? Don't you wonder *why* they are superior? Want my opinion? Well, God

written by himself. In an effort to achieve the necessary realism, he had abandoned himself completely and, drawing upon all the class consciousness he could muster, had written:

Up from the offal, up from the dung;

Out of the dungeons, cut down the hung.

Smash all the masters. Smash all the moneyed.

No falling plasters; just milk . . . and honeyed!

For several seconds reason tottered as he was torn with the meaningful qualities of these words. He had been too thorough. His remarkable insight and adaptability had brought him, unwittingly, to grips with reaction. It was only with an effort that he released the grip.

There was work to be done, letters to write, a program to develop. He typed a brief letter to his chief.

Dear Chief,

All is well. We have a headquarters, a magazine, and nine members including myself. Unfortunately, five of the members are agents of our arch rival, the Federal Bureau of Infiltration, who are unaware that I am the brains behind this thing. You will be happy to learn that they don't hold

is on our side, correct? We trust in God, correct? We say it on our money, don't we Well, He has chosen these few talented sensitive smellers as the Guardians of Our Way of Life.

The two ways to spot a Witch already discussed might be lumped under the general headings of: THE EYEWAY and THE SMELLWAY. Both ways are instinctive. Which means, the normal common-type Witch-Hunter can hardly expect ever to enter into the select class: Witch-Hunters of distinction.

They're the ones who write books. On, if you'll pardon the expression, a liberal advance.

One of these books mentions me. It seems my mother once said that Ike never played golf in the 80's, and probably not in the low 90's, either. God save me, I'm a son-of-a-witch!

Can I, a Witch, (guilt by conception) be a good Witch-Hunter? Why, the best! I'll turn my mother in immediately But first, the old Witch-Hunter yell:

Pieces of Earth! Pieces of Earth! A-bomb! H-bomb! Alger-Hissssss . . . Boom . . . Bah!

a candle to our boys. Crude? You don't know the half of it. One of them almost had a trauma trying to pronounce dialectical materialism. And with regard to thesis, antithesis, and synthesis . . . don't ask.

It is going to be a job getting rid of them. I was going to bring them up on charges and have them expelled as stoolpigeons, which they are anyway. A mathematical difficulty is posed here; a $\frac{3}{4}$ majority is necessary for expulsion and they will most certainly not vote for my motion. But chin up. Much has been accomplished.

By the way, the International Brotherhood of Secret Agents are having their show at Grand Central Palace this week. Are you planning to go? I hear they're exhibiting a new plastic truncheon that leaves lipstick marks only. I'm real keen on trying it.

As ever,
Joe

This completed, he locked the office and surreptitiously turned to his favorite newspaper, "The Patriotic Observer." On the front page, a full-face photograph of Senator Spidercrotch "Happy" Bluevein appeared below the headline BLUEVEIN DIES ON SENATE FLOOR. Just beneath the senator's sagging jowls and string tie, the story followed in a two-column spread:

Senator Spidercrotch "Happy" Bluevein, born 92 years ago in the little town of Hominy Grits, Mississippi, died today a hero's death, fighting to his last breath against the forces of subversion threatening the country's security. In a two-hour fiery denunciation, during which time the Senator's voice rose to a throat-tearing shriek, he attacked with incredible vigor the vast insidious underground movement nibbling away at our democratic foundations. With a savagery that frightened the assemblage—one woman in the gallery fainted—he blasted in particular the Revolutionary Subversive League.

It was at this point, with his frail arms flailing wildly, that he fell prostrate to the floor in an uncontrollable spasm of rage.

He lay with his head cradled in the arms of his closest friend, Senator Bilesac "Alabam" Redvein, co-sponsor of the Bluevein-Redvein Bill to Abolish Labor Day. The ministrations of the house physician were of no avail and fifteen minutes after he was stricken, Senator Bluevein passed away. From somewhere, a Conference flag was obtained which was draped over the Senator's body, while a number of his associates hummed "Dixie."

(There followed a lengthy biography of the Senator's life.)

Joe was jubilant. His group had finally achieved notoriety. Here was proof of the thoroughness with which he had molded the "Party." Just how thorough he had been was indicated a month later by the passage of the Klobber Act, speeded through by an aroused Senate. And three weeks after that, the R. S. L. was indicted by the district attorney in order to test the constitutionality of the new law.

No time was lost. The indictment was delivered by a grand jury who had examined the results of months of wiretapping. An impressive collection of evidence had been accumulated. This was all the more remarkable since the R. S. L. had never been able to afford a phone. In addition, one toy cannon had been confiscated from a member who had fired it once each year to celebrate the Industrial Revolution.

The trial was held before a hand-picked blue-ribbon jury, consisting of twelve different Chairmen of the Board, active in 70 Corporations, to give representation to as wide a cross-section of the city as possible. Joe knew that this was merely a formality and that conviction was certain. No lawyer in the country dared

represent the accused for fear of the stigma attached. Organizations dedicated to the preservation of Civil Rights offered their aid, though outraged by the damning evidence. Joe Worka, as leader of the Party, refused on the grounds that these organizations represented bourgeoisie democratic reformism. In the end, the nine defendants were compelled to plead their own case.

At many points during the proceedings, feeling flared high, and the judge threatened disbarment to the accused, only to be reminded, to his extreme embarrassment, that they were not members of the bar. The prosecution presented 27 witnesses, and read through 420 books, pamphlets and newspapers. One unexpected outcome of the readings was the recruitment of a member of the jury into the League, disqualifying him thereby. He was subsequently indicted and tried separately. The defense could do nothing more than cross-examine each other, the judge sustaining 122 objections by the prosecution. He denied a total of one—a demand by the prosecution that one of the defendants remove an infantryman's uniform, containing two charred bullet holes, which he wore throughout the trial. The defendant claimed it was the only suit of clothes he had.



Drury Marsh

"This experiment has just become 'Top Secret' . . ."

After 79 weeks, the trial ended. The jury required three minutes to deliberate and ten to consume a case of beer. The verdict was guilty—with recommendation for doubling of the maximum penalty. The judge promised to consider only the maximum penalty if the guilty would turn state's evidence. Since the entire party had been convicted, this suggestion appeared ridiculous and the judge flushed to the roots.

They were sentenced several weeks later, receiving 80 years to life at unusually hard labor. To implement this sentence, a replica of a galley was to be constructed in which the prisoners were to spend the rest of their days pulling on oars.

A series of appeals followed which lasted for 60 weeks. The case achieved international fame, and contributions poured in from White Russians around the world to aid the prosecution in sustaining the conviction. Finally, after the Supreme Court of the land had rejected a defense appeal in an 8 to 0 decision (the ninth justice had dared to dissent; his associates had beaten him senseless with their gavels), the nine prisoners were ordered

to the galley.

And now Joe Worka decided that it was time to notify the chief that his work was done. He had completed his mission successfully, aided in the rounding up of a dangerous element, endured the ignominy of public condemnation, and longed for a vacation. From his prison cell, awaiting assignment to the galley, he sent a note to the chief requesting that he be relieved from duty. No answer came after five days.

Joe was perturbed. The trip to the galley was two weeks off. He sent another letter, which was promptly rejected by the guard, who reminded him that he was permitted but one letter per week. He waited impatiently for the two days to pass, then sent an urgent appeal for release. A week later there was still no answer. In a frenzy, he sent a telegram. He knew that the chief was the only person aware of his true identity. If he failed to make contact, he was lost.

The hours passed. He paced like a madman. The thought that by morning, a scant twelve hours away, he would be taken with the others to a

dark, damp, rat-ridden galley—the designer had been a bug on authenticity—chained to his place, bearded, and forced to pull eternally on an oar, drove him wild. Was this justice? Was this the reward he was to receive for his efforts? His fingers tightened around the bars and he screamed for the guard. That worthy came running and beat a tattoo on his clenched fingers with a polished hickory stick. He was ordered to be quiet. A new group of prisoners were about to pass through, and the warden insisted on setting a good example on the prisoners' first day of confinement.

Shortly afterward, the rhythmic tramp of feet echoed through the corridors between the two rows of cells. Joe peered through the bars at the file of men moving past. Then he strained forward and gasped with disbelief. The Chief, in freshly laundered denims, keeping in perfect step, loomed large and unreal in the light from the 25-watt lamps. For an instant Joe caught his eye, and just as the big man passed from view, a hoarse word of explanation floated back . . . "Embezzlement!" . . . Then all was quiet.

A Matter Of Safety

THE COUNTY CORONER at Hartford, Connecticut recently presided over an inquest on the bodies of three Roman Catholic nuns. They had been killed in an accident which also hospitalized the occupants of two other cars.

The coroner seems to have been loath to fix specifically the responsibility for the crash upon the holy woman who was driving the sisters' car. But he did say, with admirable restraint, that the headdress of the sister at the wheel "obviously placed a limitation on her ability to see laterally." He was referring to the peculiar white-starched "blindings" worn by most female teaching orders, that give them such a look of profound modesty.

The secular press was as restrained as the coroner himself. Ironically, they left it to the editor of a diocesan newspaper in Worcester, Massachusetts, to speak frankly. He displayed an impatience, perhaps arising from a lifetime of work with the black-robed maiden ladies. He referred to the headdresses of "some orders" as being "so unsuited for complete vision as to be dangerous to the sisters themselves and other drivers.

"If a community (of nuns) wishes to participate directly in the mechanics of the twentieth century," the irate editor of the Catholic *Free Press* con-

tinued, "it is thoughtless and often dangerous to do so in seventeenth and eighteenth century garb." He advised that "careful judgment be made" by the State Department of Motor Vehicles before licensing "persons to drive motor vehicles when the headdress of such an operator might interfere with maintaining a proper lookout on the highways."

Some other seventeenth and eighteenth century practices of Roman Catholic drivers have in recent months evoked additional polite but pointed criticism: the Bureau of Motor Vehicles of New York State condemned the use of fetishes and images on the dashboards of automobiles, charging that they were a major cause of accidents. This did not keep Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne, Jr. of Santa Fe, New Mexico from urging publicly the use of crucifixes, statues and plaques as "moral reminders" to automobile-driving people of his archdioceses.

And a Canon Law professor named Pio Ciprotti declared that Catholic bishops have a right to impose religious penalties on reckless drivers.

It has been suggested, if the bishops are going to assume the duties of traffic cops, that they might commence by eliminating such traffic hazards as arise from religious practices prescribed by the Church's own

disciplines, or from the orders and pronouncements issued by the bishops themselves in accordance with their claimed right to rule the moral lives of their "subjects."

Meanwhile, on a higher level, top Navy personnel at the Florida proving grounds repudiated Catholic officials who had placed a St. Christopher medal in a Vanguard interplanetary rocket.

Brotherhood

The insurrections in Lebanon this month assumed definite aspects of a religious war. President Camille Chamoun denied that the conflict is sectarian. The country, although Arab, is 50% Christian, 45% Moslem and 5% Jewish. The President, under law, must be a Christian.

Chamoun's denials brought to mind his protests last January against official propaganda from Egypt that Lebanon is a "hotbed of Christian intrigue against the Arabs." Egyptian newspapers were then confiscated by the Chamoun government.

Church-Going Agnostic's Hymn

To a putative Creator
We incredulously pray;
To a suppositious Savior
We a doubtful homage pay;
To a postulated Spirit,
Skeptical, we bend the knee,
And in doubt sing of a Heaven
That we dare not hope to see.

T.P.

Liquor And Lobbies

THE ORIGINS of the great church lobbies were recalled last month when hearings were held on a bill introduced by Senator William Langer to ban liquor advertising in interstate commerce. Since the repeal of Prohibition, this has been a perennial project of the Protestant "Drys." Bishop Wilbur Hammaker, veteran leader of the bill's proponents, said he had appeared in behalf of seven successive bills for the same purpose. But, he recounted, he had never been able to obtain so much as a favorable committee report—which is essential before the measure can reach the floor for debate.

This was true even when the chairmen of the committees were men favorable to such legislation. But the present Chairman, Warren Magnuson, is opposed. His constituents in the state of Washington resoundingly rejected a similar state legislative proposal in recent months. Congressman Eugene Siler of Kentucky, militant House sponsor of a similar bill, told the *Realist* that prospects of passage of the bill seemed "almost hopeless." As the 85th Congress approached its close, the House itself had not even scheduled hearings.

Witnesses who testified in favor of the bill reminded the Senators that repeal of Prohibition had been accomplished by high-sounding promises that temperance would be fostered by state action. But states cannot control national advertising or television. These almost universal methods of communication turn parlors and playrooms into salesrooms for "bottled goods." There is no way to control them except national legislation, such as Langer has proposed.

Publicly, the sponsors expressed optimism for the bill. But after so many years of unsuccessful effort, there was apparent a strong undercurrent of impatience and disillusionment with the whole concept of using government as a weapon for enforcing virtue and temperance. Many said that they no longer sought national prohibition. Daniel A. Poling, President of World Christian Endeavour, said that "if we could get it back today, we would not do so . . . Ours is an educational program."

Prior to its recent reorganization, the Federal Council had backed bills to prevent advertising of liquor. But its successor, the National Council of Churches of Christ in America has never done so. And it was not represented in this year's hearings. A few weeks before, the Council had

issued its first public statement on the liquor question.

It stressed, for alcoholics, "diagnosis, understanding, guidance and treatment," and, for the public, "dissemination of sound information." Instead of demanding government action at this time, the statement stressed the responsibility of the Church itself whose "efforts properly directed to the achievement of adequate programs of education, Christian teaching and social renewal, will make more effective whatever legal controls may be necessary."

While the lobbying efforts of temperance advocates have come to little or nothing, Protestant propaganda of decades seems not to have been without results. Testimony on the Langer bill showed that the total consumption of alcohol is on the increase. But, most importantly, it has not increased as fast as the population.

Furthermore—and this is partly to be blamed on advertising—Mother and the kiddies are now sharing the vice that Father once largely monopolized. If the population is larger, and if a larger part of it is drinking than before, then even with a larger total gallonage being consumed, it seems that individual consumption of the liquid narcotic is growing less, year by year.

ures with respect to alcohol's most This is confirmed, perhaps, by frightfully modern by-product—death on the highway. Total road accidents increase from year to year, but the National Safety Council admitted to the *Realist* that the number of accidents per million miles driven has been decreasing. Is it possible that modern man is beginning to realize that the excessive use of alcohol is inconsistent with responsibility for the devices of the Machine Age? If so, the purposes of the ardent "Drys" may be approaching attainment without government help.

There is nothing in the Constitution or laws of the United States to prevent preachers from lobbying, or even from going to Congress. The Constitution only forbids direct or indirect aid to churches as such. But the picture of long-faced clergymen scurrying about the Capitol, telling the people's representatives "what's wrong and what's right" is distasteful to many. Some Congressmen are as confused as Lincoln was when he said, "I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equal-

Surplus Problem

DURING THE DAYS of the New Deal, the "Roosevelt haters" racked their brains for legal reasons to sack his program, including the Agricultural Adjustment Act. But none of them thought of challenging that law as a violation of religious liberty. This was left to Henry Kissinger of Millersburg, Pennsylvania. Last month, 25 years later, he appealed to the Supreme Court on just such grounds. He asked the court to invalidate limitations on wheat production imposed by the Department of Agriculture.

In his petition, Kissinger raised the question "does the First Amendment which provides that Congress shall make no law prohibiting the free exercise of religion permit a farmer to be penalized for planting wheat when it is the religious conviction of the farmer that he should use his land and labor to realize the maximum fertility of this land?"

The United Circuit Court of Appeals, from which his appeal was taken, had previously told him that the law did not actually prevent him from "bringing forth fruit" at all. It only prevented him from marketing it in competition with other farmers and thereby depressing the price of the produce. The court said that he could have turned over his excess production to the Secretary of Agriculture, who would have used it for relief purposes abroad. He could thus have escaped any penalty for his overproduction.

But Kissinger's Christian conscience was not appeased by this charitable suggestion. His lawyer said that it would have been forced on his client and would also have been unconstitutional. His plea, however, had little effect on the courts; the United States Supreme Court refused even to consider the case.

Actually, billions of dollars worth of surplus food is distributed thru Catholic and Protestant missionaries to the poor in foreign countries. However, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Gandhi has complained that it is distributed only on Sundays after Christian services.

ly certain that they represent the divine will . . ."

It is just possible, in connection with liquor and other matters, that the more perceptive Protestants are coming to realize the impropriety of abandoning their role as religious prophets to become leaders of professional pressure groups.

Old Catholics Never Die...

"There is one particular form of untruthfulness in connection with religion which is understood to be, like smuggling or illegal drinking, in the No-man's Land between the opposing lines of devils and angels. This is the religious statistic." — Joseph McCabe

EACH YEAR there is held what might be called an American interdenominational boasting contest. The various churches issue their annual reports or directories, showing increases or decreases in membership. Only there are never any decreases. There are always increases in substantial amounts. In fact, some of the whoppers that are told in these reports are enough to make even the most devout wonder how any clergyman ever gets to heaven.

P. J. Kenedy and Sons of New York City have just published the official Catholic Directory for 1958, weighing in at seven pounds.

At the beginning of last year, it seems, there were 34,563,851 Roman Catholics in the country. During 1957, there were 1,234,534 Catholic infant baptisms, plus 140,414 "adult baptisms or conversions to the Catholic faith."

As we add them, these come to 35,938,799. Assuming that no Catholics died during the year (and that immigration was more or less balanced by emigration), this would be the present-day Catholic population. But we cannot assume that all the Catholics lived thru the whole year.

If they died at the same rate as other people (10 per thousand) there must have been about 345,630 deaths among them. This would bring the net figure down to 35,593,169. But that isn't Kenedy's figure. He says that the total number of Catholics is now 36,023,977. Where did the other 430,808 come from?

In the *Baptist Digest* of February 8, Emmett McLoughlin, author of *People's Padre*, formerly a Franciscan priest at Phoenix, Arizona, and now superintendent of the Memorial Hospital there, said:

"No pastor that I have ever heard of knows the exact number of Catholics within the geographical area of his parish. So he makes a guess. He checks with last year's report to make sure that his figure this year is higher. For if he should show a loss, or merely remain numerically static, he would incur the wrath of his bishop. So the inflated figures of 30,268 scared priests, more concerned with the favor of their bishops than with the truth, are added up and each year the Catholic press exultantly announces a gain of another million to the Faith."

Whether one relies on McLough-

lin's statement or not, there appears in some of Kenedy's own figures an interesting commentary on the nature of religious proselytism. Catholics should feel no great pride over their ability to increase their membership by infant baptisms. After all, the children have no idea of what is happening to them, nor any control over it. No one can say that they are brought into the Roman Catholic faith thru the persuasiveness of their parents or priests.

The only figure for which Catholics can feel any sense of accomplishment is that for "adult baptisms or conversion." These are the people who were induced to join and who did so of their own free will. This figure totalled 140,414. But how much of an accomplishment was this?

How does it compare with the total number of Catholics? On the first of the year, as stated, there were 34,563,851 of them. By a process of long division, we find then that there was one conversion to Catholicism for every 246 Catholics. This is no cause for cheering in the Catholic bleachers.

But perhaps the job of bringing people into the Faith belongs not to ordinary church members busy with the tasks of raising their families. Perhaps it belongs instead to those whose lives are devoted to this purpose—the clergy. How, then, does the number of these adult conversions compare with the number of the clergy? According to Kenedy there were a total of 225,082 priests (including bishops, etc.) brothers, and nuns of the American Roman Catholic Church. Another simple problem in long division yields the fact that there was about a half a conversion, on the average, for each member of the clergy.

This is a very small return for the vast sums of money invested in the upkeep of these church functionaries and upon the gorgeous religious institutions that they inhabit. The Church has recently had its operations studied by an industrial management consulting firm. Perhaps a cost accountant should be called in to study the actual cost per capita of such conversions. If this figure were given to the bishops, some of them might be aroused, and there might be even more of those "scared

priests" that Emmett McLoughlin mentioned.

What appears obvious is that few people become Catholics voluntarily. If the Church relied upon accretions to its membership as a result of the persuasiveness of its members and clergy, it would soon die out. Last year, for instance, thru deaths alone, it would have borne a net loss of around 200,000, without considering those who leave the church into which their fathers and mothers forced them.

But the Church is not foolish enough to rely only on voluntary applications for membership. Instead it relies on various methods which involve force or duress and a strong element of the biological reproductive process, which could aptly be described as "sexual proselytic devices."

One is the rule that every child born to a Catholic shall be treated as if he were "born a Catholic." He is baptized without his consent and molded into the Catholic pattern in such a way that it is very difficult for him to leave it.

This rule is often enforced by law, under pressure from the Catholic clergy. In the case of illegitimate children born to irresponsible Catholic parents, public adoption agencies are expected to see to it that any adoption is by Catholic foster parents. If none are available, the child is to go to a Catholic institution.

A third method of increasing the Catholic population is the rule against divorce. However much Catholic spouses may have grown to hate each other, they are required to continue living together. There is always a possibility, in a moment of distraction, that they will do what is necessary to produce another member of the Roman Catholic Faith.

A fourth method of forcing people into the Church is the rule against mixed marriages. This results in many an unwilling bride or groom going to the baptismal font as a preliminary to satisfying his or her heart's desire.

And the last of these methods is the rule against birth control. This is intended to guarantee that the joys of married life shall result in new perplexities and in new members for the Church.

Since the Church relies so heavily on these biological methods for increasing the number of its adherents, it seems not unfair to say that it has adopted the unofficial slogan — "Every Member Beget a Member" — and that this is the firmest basis of its progress.

The Dislocated Hipsters

... a review of his own book
'On the Beat' by the author,
Jack Krackerjack ... as told to
STAN ROSS

WELL, MAN. There has got to be a reason for everything, right? Right. Like I'm the kind of guy who wants to know WHY.

Oh, yeah, I'll admit that a lot of people call my book kind of "Far Out." The real reason that it's being put down is because it's too close in. That's right, Dad, close in. It hits them right in the La-bonza and that is a spot that hurts, and there is no getting away from it.

D'ya want to know what *On the Beat* means? Okay. Here it is. Right in the Kishkas. It's the story of the The Hip Generation and all the cats who are prowling through it, right now. I mean, this second.

James Dean, Charlie Parker, Dylan Thomas. Those are some of the guys that made it. But think of all the guys who didn't.

On the Beat means that we're all swinging in the same groove, and that all the people who aren't, are square. DO YOU READ ME? SQUARE!!! ... I'm sorry for that outburst, it was completely uncalled for. But I can't help myself, sometimes.

We're the studs that you see in diners all over this great land, trying to bum a meal, and trying to get a hitch to the next town. We travel the beaten paths of America.

Where are we going? That's not the point. Why are we running? Man, that's the whole core of the matter. We aren't running. We're looking. Looking for that Golden Saxophone at the end of the Rainbow. The Golden Sax that's gonna wail for us only, and won't even squeak for the Outsiders.

Hey, don't you think that the Outsiders want in? You bet your torn T-shirt they do. Only they think that we're the Outsiders—and we are—but we're the *Inside* Outsiders. Y' dig?

Since my travelogue came out, they've been filling the slick magazines with articles about our generation. But they'll never know. And do you know why? They aren't with it. That's why, Man. They just aren't with it.

Who is with it? I'll tell you who is with it. We are, Dad. We're Hip.

Ace, sometimes I get so Hip, I can't walk. Then I fly. And do you know why I fly? Because I can afford to now. Because I wrote a book that exposed the whole cruddy bunch of us for what we are. A bunch of lazy nogoodnicks who would rather hitch back and forth across the country than settle down and work like normal, average human beings.

Sorry to have told the truth, but I gotta be honest with my readers now. I got an obligation to my public and all that jazz.

Say, why don't you fall by my pad? I'm living on Park Avenue. You can't stay too long, though. See, I have a cocktail party every afternoon at four o'clock and it wouldn't do for any of that crowd to see you. You know what I mean, don't you, Man? Sorry, I got to cut out now—oops, that's passé—I mean I got to split with you now. My accountant's waiting for me.

I think maybe my next book will be an historical novel. You know, one of those Early English pieces, with maybe an Early English piece on the cover. They go over real big. Usually. Later.

'Insubordination'

Petitions are being circulated in California, calling for a referendum on the state ballot, in regard to repealing tax exemptions for parochial schools.

Castroville school janitor Paul D. Clinefelter signed one of the petitions. Consequently, he was fired. North Monterey school district trustees scheduled a closed hearing on the dismissal for July 1st.

"Politics and religion have nothing to do with this," said Superintendent Roland J. Roberts. "It is a clear case of insubordination of attitude."

Archer's TV Target

Glenn L. Archer, attorney for Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, filed a brief in the Court of Appeals in Washington this month, opposing the granting of a television station license to Loyola University of New Orleans.

The Jesuits who operate Loyola, said Archer, are bound by oaths of absolute obedience to the Pope, who is a "foreign monarch." Since the Communications Law forbids the granting of licenses to aliens or their representatives, Archer contends that Loyola is disqualified.

Occupational Hazard

Ere long I'll be
In Heav'n and see
My mother, wife and sisters;
But can I play
The harp all day
And not get any blisters? T.P.

Existentialist Nursery Rhymes

By Nero Redwood

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And the mouse was smashed to bits by all the machinery.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Oh, I don't know, I just sprinkle some manure on it.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack, GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT SPORTS CAR!

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair.
So he promptly mugged him.

Mary had a little lamb,
She took to bed one night.
The lamb turned out to be a ram,
Mary had a little lamb.