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The 1965

MOTIVE

THE ONLY MAGAZINE

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JANUARY ISSUE

THE ORIGINAL, PUBLISHED EIGHT TIMES EVERY YEAR SINCE 1941.

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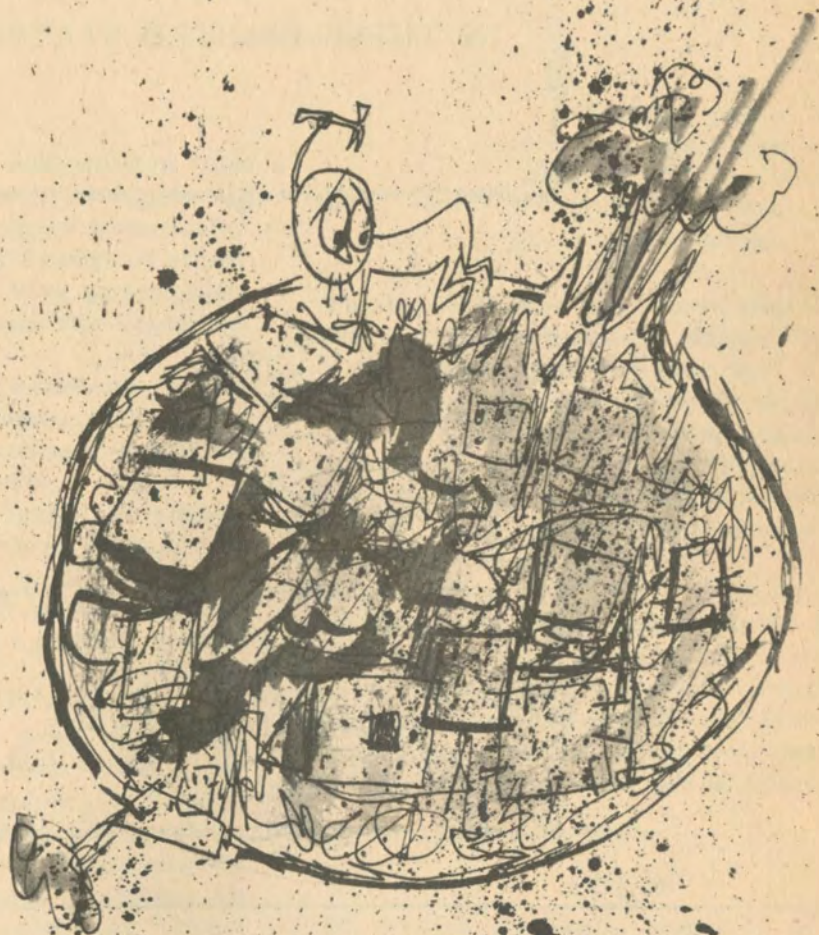
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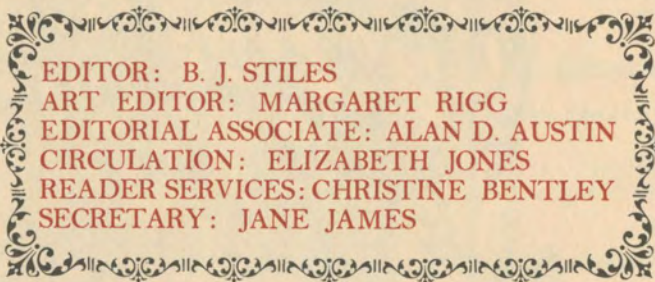
PART

ONE

CALENDAR & HOROSCOPE



crane



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GOLDEN BANJO

— Rough Sketch for a New Musical Comedy —

BY JOHN FERGUS RYAN

The entire story takes place in the frozen vegetable locker of any good hotel, or on a British ship at sea. There are featured parts for a contralto, three geese, an actor and a mackintosh. Songs by Penrose Ratt.

ACT 1

A noisy group of banditti has crowded into the office of Sheriff Odie Chatmaster, veteran peace officer in the little Southern community of Golden Banjo. The Sheriff's badge of office, rimless eyeglasses with pale blue prescription lenses, is worn proudly across the bridge of his nose.

The Sheriff has a severe headache and is temporarily deaf, the consequence of a morning spent at Sportman's Boat Landing dynamiting game fish, a prerogative of his office.

The crowd hushes as he begins to explain his plan for handling the three busloads of college types who will arrive in Golden Banjo on the morrow and forthwith commence Civil Rights reading and writing agitation among certain of the townspeople.

SHERIFF CHATMASTER: "I've read all about them Reds in the Memphis paper, so I know where to hit them so it'll hurt. Beginning tomorrow morning, on my orders, the Chinaman's store is going to quit handling white shoe laces, guitar strings, collapsable opera hats and cotton



chino pants. As soon as they find out they can't buy necessities in Golden Banjo, they'll move on out."

The banditti, now deputized, slap their tire irons against a kerosene drum, indicating a willingness to give the plan half a chance. A photographer, who is really a Werewolf, shoots the scene for the morning *Bigot and Blade* in the State Capitol. He has too much flash powder in the pan and a small fire results which singes a bough of Japonica blossoms growing in through a window.

The deputies, for a lark, feed the fire with kerosene from the drum as two Low Dutch comics come on and try out for a spot in the second act. Across town, in the basement of the Episcopal Church, a rat trap snaps shut, symbolizing China in the Era of Good Feeling.

ACT 2

Six trained elephants, costumed as Officers of the Guard, go through a turn in one of the upper rooms of the Golden Banjo City Hall and Public Lavatory, while below Sheriff Chatmaster and several veteran peace officers talk jail. They ignore the arrival, at the depot, of

the bus loads of college types and are oblivious to the epithets hurled by a band of gypsies who are being detained for ransom in a back room.

The veteran peace officers can be distinguished from the gypsies by their forty-eight inch waist lines and by the jewel-handled truncheons which they wear on their hips in observance of the birthday of Torquemada.

Bennie Luther Mull, town esthete and business school graduate, enters, much agitated. Though not a veteran peace officer, Mull is well known around the Sheriff's office. As a shorthand expert, he is frequently called in to take down confessions and suicide notes.

Mull is sobbing and has a tendency to faint. He brings news of a reign of terror that has hit Golden Banjo with the arrival of the bus loads of other people from other states.

Instead of gentle college types, bent on nonviolence and come to tutor the natives in Pure Water and Greek, the busses contained scores of teen age hoodlums, each specially selected from the most savage New York City street gangs and tested personally by Jimmy Hoffa for proficiency in Structural Demolition, Dope and Meanness before acceptance.

Each, says Mull, carries a commemorative switch blade, compliments of the Borough of Queens, and a sack of candy donated by the Mafia. He reports that they burst from the buses, set fire to the business district, knocked down the Mayor and Brother Brumlow and prised the gold filigree from their teeth, violated the person of an elderly lady social worker, and behaved in a manner to put all good people in fear of their limbs and chattels. The pack of them is, at that moment, but two blocks away, having paused at Chink's Diner for chocolate milk and hot fish sandwiches on light bread.

It is certain, says Mull, that they plan to loot Goldie's Credit Jewelers, across the street from Chink's, unless the hot fish holds out until help arrives.

At last, driven mad by what he has seen, Mull breaks into a clog dance which the producer thinks might do for the first act if Mull promises to clean it up.

Sheriff Chatmaster, making no secret of his feeling that the South has been doublecrossed,

which he says must be a new approach to the problem of race relations, sends down to the Meat Market for the snapping dogs and reaches into the Arms Bin for a recoilless rifle. He confides to his deputies, in a stage whisper, that, all politics aside, the invaders sound like they might make good peace officers.

Chatmaster, now all business, blackjacks the sobbing Mull and stuffs him in a tool box. A magician, nodding and dozing while waiting to go on, hears the noise and thinks it is his introduction. After he sees Mull and the tool box in twain, a choir of Armenians chants Penrose Ratt's Anthem, the while picking fleas from their vestments.

ACT 3

This Act takes place at "Downhill Plantation" on the outreaches of the Golden Banjo business district. It is the seat of State Senator Arlo "Smiles" Bushbunny, prominent landowner and usurer and man of mark in Golden Banjo. In an upper chamber of the great house his eighteen-year-old daughter CARPER SPUGGS BUSHBUNNY is preening and trying to remember. Nothing special. Just anything.

Carper Bushbunny is counting pennies. A wash tub filled with pennies wrapped fifty to the roll is to stage right and her luncheon, a fried Swamp Skimmer and sweet potatoes boiled in lard, lies untouched at her feet.

Through a window can be seen a family of Galatians, bondsmen since Agincourt, slicing and salting sheep meat. The Galatians utter oaths in their native argot which are heard above the protests of the sheep.

Carper Bushbunny has been saving pennies for years. Soon she will have enough to take up North to Memphis and give to the promoters of the Cotton Carnival, who will then let her be queen.

As she counts, a boy of nineteen, his ears concealed by oily locks, and dressed in hobnails and black, bursts into the room from the second floor veranda.

It is THE PORCHBAT, dreaded Scourge of Yonkers. He was among the delinquents who arrived in town that morning.

No sissy (he enjoys choking leopards) he was permitted to make the trip only after he was able to present proof that he had been declared incorrigible by the highest court in his state.

He reloads his zip gun with Zips, hones his switch blade, drinks a bottle of Bay Rum and opium, kicks a dog and advances to Carper Bushbunny and threatens her with a paragraph from his insurance policy, quoted from memory.

"Well, Ah'll say!", she says.

PORCHBAT: "I come for the pennies."

CARPER: "Nevah! They're fo' the Cotton Carnival people so they'll let me be the Queen. You can't take my pennies. Mothah has already sent to Switzerland fo' eighty yards of hand dipped Pignoir Batte fo' my Coronation Gown."

The Porchbat is on the point of slinging the wash tub of pennies to his shoulder and leaving by the drainpipe when he notices Carper's untouched luncheon. He finishes the Swamp Skimmer and is picking at the sweet potatoes while Carper looks among her school books for a bottle of spirits.

PORCHBAT: "You got a name?"

CARPER: "Carper Spuggs Bushbunny."

PORCHBAT: "That's pretty. We got a collection agency at home with a name something like that."

CARPER: "Villain. They's family names. That's how you can tell the high bawn ladies in these parts. They all have such evah so silly names."

Carper and The Porchbat, now costumed as Ferdinand and Isabella, begin to sing a medley of songs by Penrose Ratt, accompanied by the town Werewolf on a portable batching plant. They are interrupted by the entrance of Carper's father, State Senator Arlo "Bull" Bushbunny, who kicks in the door and stands with a tire iron, a bed sheet with sequinned eye holes and a Sergeant of the State Highway Patrol, all held at the ready.

CARPER: "Sweet Papa, this is Mr. Billy Graham."

Senator Bushbunny, who believes that the President of the Confederate States of America was a Leftist, advances to The Porchbat with his hand extended in hearty greeting.

BUSHBUNNY: "Son, ah seen the way you black jacked them three State Troopers that tried to stop you from climbing up my porch. (To Carper) Baby Snake, he busted evah one of them right across the back of the ears, slick as a cane brake patcher eatin' grillits.



"Son I know that you, bein' from New York, ain't an American like we is, and I can tell from your high forehead and your strong clear eyes and your clean, handsome, chiseled features that you ain't high bawn like us.

"But, I'll tell you one thing, you can handle a black jack like no body ah evah seen, and that means I'm duty bound to admire you.

"How'd you like to be Sheriff of Golden Banjo?"

CARPER: "Oh Mistah Billy. Now you won't have to depend on those collection plates no more."

BUSHBUNNY: "Sure, and you can bust all the heads you want to, just so's they's the right ones. Now, first thing, you and some of your friends go downtown and run off that idiot Odie Chatmaster, him and his opera hats.

"And you better stop off at Goldies Credit Jewelers and get fitted for a pair of blue prescription lenses. Just put them on my account."

The entire company comes to center stage and are led by Carper and The Porchbat in a medley of songs by Penrose Ratt, after which The Porchbat is given a full pardon by the local radio station and is granted exclusive rights to the fireworks concession at the Orphan's Home.

Jugglers and other dumb acts come on to clear the house.



THE POVERTY PAVILION

NEWEST WORLD'S FAIR ATTRACTION

BY MICHAEL & STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

WORLD'S FAIR NEWS RELEASE

GIANT RAT RISES FROM MUD AT SITE OF WORLD'S FAIR POVERTY PAVILION

"We at the Fair build. The Press in its many manifestations reports. Who am I to explain our respective missions and to acknowledge our dependence upon you?"

"These are the three big dilemmas we all share—to accept without rancor the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and still believe in Divine Providence, to witness the gullibility of the public and still believe in the democratic process, and to recognize the fickleness of the electorate and still believe that in the long run the people are right."

"We have a faith beyond logic which inclines us to believe in a sort of built-in super Eustachian tube and a sixth or common sense which keep the feet of the people (sic), and maintain balance and equilibrium in our democracy."

"It all gets down, does it not, to education? That's where you of the Fourth Estate come in. You are the great communicators."

Your job, day in and day out, is to provide not merely the news but the unvarnished facts and unbiased comments on them."

—Remarks of Robert Moses, President of New York World's Fair 1964-1965, at the first press conference on the Fair progress, June 27, 1963.

"Less than five miles from the teeming Harlem streets where Jesse Gray lives and works, where people shiver and guard their children against rats, new buildings worth almost one billion dollars have been erected within the past 18 months. They are the gleaming, well-heated balls and palaces scattered through the Flushing Meadows site of the 1964 World's Fair. But these soaring buildings, erected to celebrate the imaginative genius of New York and America, are for people to visit, not to live in."

—Unvarnished fact provided in the February 29, 1964, *Saturday Evening Post* in "Harlem Goes to War against the Slumlords," by Robert K. Massie.

A 150-foot high giant rat is rising from the mud of the Flushing Meadows 1964-65 World's Fair grounds. Bigger than the 80-foot "U. S. Royal Giant Tire" being built for the Fair by the United States Rubber Company, as inspiring as the gilded statue of the Angel Moroni that will crown the Mormon Pavilion's replica of the Salt Lake City Temple, more life-like than the Illinois Pavilion's statue of Abraham Lincoln that sweats when it shakes your hand, the Big Rat, constructed so as to actually bite little children, will be the commanding symbol of the Fair's tribute to the most recently recognized triumph of American free enterprise—the Poverty Pavilion.

Located at the end of an open sewer, leading away from the intersection of the Fair's Avenues of Progress and Commerce, the site of the Poverty Pavilion is a bustling example of the hard work and cooperation that has prevailed among those dedicated to making this Fair great. The Pavilion's basic structure will be a Civilian Conservation Corps camp based on an original 1930 model. Although the poverty exhibition was late in getting under way, since America's achievements in this area have only recently been appreciated, Fair officials are confident that it will be ready on opening day. The Building and Construction Trade unions, which have given the Fair administration a no-strike pledge, are expending special effort on the exhibition site for America's poverty, a condition in which they take very personal pride since their discriminatory hiring policies have contributed to it so much already.

We of Poverty Pavilion, Inc., have taken our cue from ingenious examples set by American Industry, without which our pavilion would not exist. Our ground dedication ceremony, for instance, was modelled after the inspiring dedication of the site of the Seven-Up international sandwich pavilion. At the Seven-Up Pavilion, living shrubs are now taking root in soil imported from faraway lands and deposited on the site by children from these lands dressed in their native attire. In this spirit, underfed children from Harlem and Appalachia and the migrant areas of the Southwest, in their native ragamuffin attire, many of them without shoes, deposited on our site refuse from their respective regions which is already producing the authentic and integrated stench of America's national poverty.

The honored guest at the dedication ceremonies was Paul R. Screvane, Chief of New York City's War on Poverty, President of New York's City Council, and

member of the World's Fair Executive Committee. Mr. Screvane accepted on behalf of the city a scroll citing Mayor Wagner and his administration for further contributing both to the unhealthy environment of New York and to the solvency of the Fair by postponing a city incinerator reconstruction project and investing the \$3,500,000 budgeted for this purpose in the Fair's Hall of Science. Incidentally, the trustees of the New York Museum of Science and Technology denounced the Hall for inadequacy and short-sighted conception.

The most spectacular exhibits in the Poverty Pavilion will be a square block of Harlem, that the New York City Sanitation Department has volunteered to transport to the Flushing Meadows site in dump trucks, and an Appalachian town, which will be dismantled, loaded into the trunk and back seat of a fleet of Cadillac limousines and driven east to be reconstructed on the Fair grounds.

These exhibits, we feel, will enhance the educational qualities of the Fair, and serve as excellent subjects for field trips for those participating in Adelphi University's Workshop in Enterprise Economics over at the Hall of Free Enterprise. Adelphi's president, Dr. Paul Dawson Eddy, has remarked: "Important in our decision to offer Enterprise Economics at the Fair is the fact that the Fair Corporation itself is a striking example of the American economic system in action." The Hall of Free Enterprise offers an ideal location for the workshop. Located all around it are the multi-million dollar pavilions built by the industries which have flourished under the American free enterprise system. We of Poverty Pavilion, Inc., feel that our Harlem Block and Appalachian Town exhibits will provide a clear demonstration of the conditions in which free enterprise flourishes.

And as a public service, Poverty Pavilion, Inc., plans to donate the Appalachian Town exhibit to the Flushing Meadows park that Fair President Robert Moses has offered, public-spiritwise, to build for the city with the profits from the 1964-65 Fair. We hope this exhibit will serve as a continuous reminder to New Yorkers that the preeminence its slums have given it in the poverty field is constantly threatened by poverty innovations in competing depressed areas across the country. (The Harlem Block exhibit will, unfortunately, have to be returned to its original site, since Mr. Moses cannot have his Fair associated with

a project that might in any way be construed as slum clearance.)

The Poverty Pavilion's auditorium, a left-over United Mine Workers union hall imported from West Virginia, where there's little use for it these days, will present hourly screenings of facts and figures of American poverty. These statistics will be flashed on an old charity ward bed sheet by the powerful new Poor Man's Statisticon, developed for us by IBM. The contract for this marvel of the computer age was awarded to this firm in recognition of the many jobs IBM has automated out of existence and in anticipation of its future contributions to unemployment and poverty.

THE Statisticon Exhibit will show that although America's poverty may not be as miserable or as widespread as India's, it is much more consciously chosen. The Indians, it will point out, have simply stumbled into their poverty. Since India's entire economy is at such a low level of productivity, its millions of miserable people are inevitable. In the United States, however, it takes ingenuity to waste resources, let 20 or 25% of steel capacity lie idle, and in general achieve poverty in midst of affluence. At the top of the Statisticon, a light bulb will turn on whenever a slum baby dies, calling attention to our high infant mortality rates. The Statisticon itself will display spectacular figures like the fact that 76% of Sacramento's tuberculosis is produced by only 20% of its population—and they live in slums, which comprise only 8% of that city's land area; or that 28% of the adult units in the United States have managed to live at less than nine-tenths of a New York welfare diet. And, as a tribute to the Poverty future, the Statisticon will feature special data on the 25% of the young men who appear at the draft board and flunk because they are below an eighth grade education.

Another of our major exhibits took its cue from African Pavilion, Inc., which is sponsored by Representative Frances P. Bolton of Ohio and a group of independent financiers and which has as one of its central features a Hall of Aspirations. Following this lead, we secured the sponsorship of Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, the editors of *National Review*, and Joseph Mitchell, former City Manager of Newburgh, New York, and an expert on the work potential of the poor. These eminent scholars in the area of human self-reliance have designed for us a Hall of Aspirations of the American Poor. The displays in this hall will include a model strip of road that will be constantly ripped up and laid down again by unemployed workers earning their welfare payments with honest toil; and a line of unwed mothers on relief flagellating each other for their shame and collecting the blood they draw to give to the Community Chest in hopes of transferring themselves to private charity.

As a complement to the Fair's "Dynamic Maturity" exhibit, sponsored by the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of Retired Persons, the Poverty Pavilion will offer a display en-

titled "Don't Look Back," sponsored by the Association of Retired Unemployed Persons. The entrance to this display will be marked with a pine box inscribed with the letters "Medicare RIP," a symbol of the deserved defeat of the socialist conspiracy to put the nation's elderly on the dole. The display will include lectures by representatives of the American Medical Association on how Medicare would lead to the replacement of the current poor by doctors starving on government salaries, and Blue Cross and Blue Shield brochures, complete with price lists, distributed by qualified sales representatives, and a reproduction of a charity ward where the elderly poor end their days happy in the knowledge that they will die as solitary and self-reliant as they lived.

An exhibit of slum wildlife in its natural habitat will feature such popular attractions as a family of rats gamboling happily about in a pile of garbage and chewing on the toes of a real baby, while roaches and silverfish swarm in and out of a clogged drain. Nearby will be a platform where building inspectors (donated by the city for the duration of the Fair) will give hourly demonstrations of how to collect pay-offs. And included in the price of the Fair's Grand Tour Complete Package Ticket will be a trip to Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant in the only extant 1930's migrant worker truck, with Henry Fonda driving and Ma, Pa and Rose O'Sharon Joad serving as tour guides. Those who go on the Harlem field trip will be issued slum survival kits which will include rat-bite antidotes, a thermos of clean water, a flashlight, and a free copy of *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

And finally, as a gesture of gratitude to those who have made poverty possible, Poverty Pavilion, Inc., will present a token of our appreciation to the people behind the Hall of Free Enterprise—the American Economic Foundation, the National Small Business Association, Junior Achievement, Inc., the Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge, the Foundation for Economic Education, the Christian Freedom Foundation, the Canadian Economic Foundation and the Wilkie Brothers Foundation. To these organizations, which are basing their Hall of Free Enterprise on the "Ten Pillars of Economic Wisdom," we are donating an eleventh pillar.

Dedicated to Fair President Robert Moses, who, as a leading urban planner, did so much to maintain the city's poor in the style to which we have accustomed them, this solid tar-paper pillar will memorialize the extraordinary things America has done for her poor: building middle and upper income housing with slum clearance funds; spending \$25 billion on interstate highways, which is not socialism, instead of on housing, which is; subsidizing the rich, corporate farms instead of impoverished hillbillies; producing a tax cut bill that will provide the richest eighth of the population with \$4 billion in tax relief, and the other seven-eighths with \$5 billion; and providing Government regulation and depletion allowances for the oil industry, thus increasing the funds available to the oil barons to fight Government subsidies for the poor.

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EST DISPUTANDEM

THE END OF THE GRAND ALLIANCE

BY L. L. CASE

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 1 (UPS)

The so-called "nuclear" age in international relations came to an end today, as President Lyndon Johnson revealed that the United States and other major world powers have agreed that the fiction generated by the "H-bomb," the "A-bomb," and other "ultimate" weapons has outlived its usefulness.

At a special press conference, similar to others held concurrently in Moscow, London, Paris, and Peking the President explained that responsible world leaders no longer considered the policy of "peaceful co-deterrence" adequate to prevent a global conflict. The reasoning which led to the original plan, he pointed out, was predicated on the continued division of the world into two principal power blocs; in view of today's constantly shifting diplomatic realignments, said Mr. Johnson, this situation can no longer be said to exist.

HOAX PARTICIPANTS EULOGIZED

The President was warm in his praise of the 28,205 scientists, statesmen, and military leaders throughout the world who participated in the development and execution of the "HBHS" (H-bomb Hoax Strategy), which has so successfully maintained peace between the great powers during an era of unprecedented political and economic volatility. "The debt we owe to these dedicated men and women," he said, "is, quite literally, beyond measure. The magnitude of their achievement is so staggeringly apparent, both in conception and in implementation, that there is nothing I could say that could even begin to do justice to it." He indicated that similar statements were being issued in the other "nuclear" capitals.

DISCLOSURES "SUSPECTED" BY SOME

The main impact of the President's announcement, veteran observers here agreed, lay in the revelation that there has never been an "atom" bomb, much less a "hydrogen" bomb or a projected "cobalt" bomb. Several political leaders in both parties, however, let it be known that they had suspected as much for some time, but had withheld voicing their suspicions because, as one prominent Republican Senator expressed it, "We didn't want to upset the apple cart."

Discussion in the capital during the first hours after the HBHS disclosures centered around three aspects of the President's remarks: why and how the hoax originated, how it was maintained for twenty years, and why it is being discontinued. There has also been a surfeit of the second-guessing that normally follows any major policy announcement here; few members of the Washington press corps admit to having been taken in completely by "hobhouse," as the HBHS is already being referred to in conversational shorthand.

DECISION TO CREATE "DOOMSDAY MYTH"

The origin of the hoax has provoked surprisingly little controversy, in spite of the fact that the White House has released few details of the agreement worked out late in 1944. Mr. Johnson indicated that there had been profound concern among Allied leaders at the time that civilization could not survive another world-wide conflict; the notion of "inventing" or "discovering" some unimaginably powerful super-weapon as a "war-deterrent" seemed more feasible under the umbrella of secrecy afforded by a world war still actually going on than could

be expected to be the case later. The strategy apparently decided upon was the gradual development of a "doomsday" myth, which, it was hoped, would serve the same function in insuring the maintenance of peace that the nationalist myths of an earlier day had served in insuring the recurrence of increasingly destructive general wars. The assumption underlying this strategy, clearly, was that if the idea of war could in time be equated with mass suicide it would soon become inconceivable.

Although they were fully aware of the enormous and unprecedented difficulties that the establishment of a new "peace" myth would entail, the Allied leaders evidently agreed that the project warranted a serious effort. By the time the defeat of the Axis powers was no longer in doubt, the cooperation of the Japanese Emperor was easily obtained, and the new policy was inaugurated with the carefully staged and highly publicized "atomic attacks" on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

CREDIBILITY CHIEF CONCERN OF PLANNERS

How to support credibility of the new myth was, of course, the primary operational problem that faced the multi-national HBHS high command from the beginning. The original program developed by the HBHS Committee on Credibility underwent relatively few changes during the twenty-year span of the project—probably, it is believed here, because it held to a coherent and simple basic pattern. This pattern, as outlined by White House sources, consisted of only three essential components: *scientism*, *progress*, and *jargon*.

Scientism—enveloping the project with the appearances of scientific method and substance—was reportedly the least troublesome aspect of the credibility program. The tangible achievements of post-war technology have been so dazzling to laymen that the insupportable concepts of "nuclear fission" and "nuclear fusion" were accepted without cavil by a world already conditioned to taking for granted such "miracles" as modern electronics, cybernetics, supersonic flight, lasers, masers, and the rest. Since the "scientific" basis of HBHS was nonexistent, "membership" in the international HBHS team necessarily included a large percentage of the world's chemists and physicists.

Progress, to the general public, is a virtual corollary of science, and the timing of each new "advance" in the technology of "nuclear warfare" had to be carefully planned. The problem was to maintain a rate of "progress" 1) high enough to allay any possible suspicion of the hoax, since it has become a truism of our time that the flow of new scientific marvels will never cease, but 2) low enough to in-

sure that the "hobhouse" program would never quite reach its goal of a single doomsday bomb. It was also necessary for credibility, therefore, that "research and development" activities and expenditures be maintained at a level consistent with the magnitude of the fiction.

Early recognition of the need for a distinctive HBHS *jargon* must be credited to a small group of advertising men brought into the 1944 negotiations by the American delegation. Although the Russians, for example, had also long recognized that the creation of a special vocabulary provided its own strongest internal "evidence," by implication, that words so created must "mean" something, they admitted that they had not realized to what extent American motivational researchers and marketing experts had made the invention of self-perpetuating jargon a measurable discipline. An American team of only four members, recruited from a single advertising agency, has been responsible for such brilliant (and necessary) verbal concepts as "preventive war," "mushroom cloud," "fall-out," "strontium-90," "megatons," "first (second) strike capability," "escalation," and, especially, "overkill."

The many special exercises conducted by the Committee on Credibility, easily recognizable as such in retrospect, all fall under one or a combination of these three basic headings, however different they may appear at first glance. This applies to "disputes" between "nuclear" scientists, "controversies" over defense policies, discussions of "missile" technology, etc. Although such diplomatic "confrontations" as the Cuban crisis of 1962 and other examples of "brinkmanship" tended to strengthen credibility, they were conducted as tests of the program rather than as parts of its development.

SECURITY MEASURES UNPRECEDENTED

What has most impressed the working press here about the HBHS disclosures, however, is not the work of the Committee on Credibility so much as the almost unbelievably effective maintenance of security. This is especially noteworthy in Washington, where a private conference between two Cabinet members is as likely as not to be reported by a columnist almost verbatim a day or two later. Although the number of persons who had to be HBHS "members" (participants in the hoax) at any one time during its turbulent twenty-year existence averaged nearly eighteen thousand (the larger figure mentioned by the President includes those who died since 1944), no instance of a leak has yet to be reported. The consensus here is that HBHS,

considered as a benevolent conspiracy, was, paradoxically, protected by its size, as well as by the stature of its members; any "exposé" of HBHS, in this country or abroad, would almost certainly have been dismissed out of hand as the work of a crank or a psychotic.

The HBHS Security Commission did not depend on such built-in safety factors, however. Americans who from time to time have questioned the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency, or have compared its astronomical carte-blanche budgets with the tiny trickle of intelligence, or the lack of it, that the C.I.A. has produced, have now been answered, as have their counterparts in other "nuclear" countries. And it has now become obvious—again in retrospect—what was really involved in the seemingly endless succession of "espionage" cases since World War II, and what necessitated the elaborate fist-shaking charades following each one.

Amusingly—now that the dangerous episode has long since passed into history—the closest to a breach of security the Commission experienced was entirely inadvertent. The Committee on Credibility assigned HBHS member Herman Kahn to write his book *On Thermonuclear War* intended to advance the general acceptance of "the bomb" as an axiom of everyday life; in his zealously to be matter-of-fact, Dr. Kahn apparently overstepped the mark. This was most evident when he discussed the book in person; the disparity between his obvious kindness and wit and his seemingly cold-blooded hypothetical disposition of hundreds of millions of lives raised many suspicions, fortunately short-lived and easily diverted.

QUESTION REASON FOR LIQUIDATION

The greatest area of disagreement here following the President's announcement extended around the explanation offered by Mr. Johnson for the termination of HBHS. Although few disputed his description of current world power relationships as "fluid," even fewer appeared willing to accept his official rationale for the end of "hobhouse" as the only, or even the principal, reason for its abandonment. One member of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, who asked that he not be quoted by name, observed that the "fragmentation of alliances" stressed by the President had not shown any *qualitative* change for some years. "Frankly," said the Senator, "I think it's just a matter of beating the inevitable to the punch. Lyndon has a sixth sense about these things. He saw that HBHS was not going to hold together much longer, and he probably talked the others into dropping it before it blew up in all their faces."

A NEUTRALIST VIEW

What may well represent as close to a majority view of the President's statement as any was expressed privately by a "neutralist" ambassador here, whose government has not been privy to the HBHS. "The hoax, as we have now learned it to be, has in effect liquidated itself," he said. "Its value in keeping the peace has been based on the premise that people in general are not insane. That they can do monstrous things to *other* people we know, unfortunately, too well; but mass suicide is something else again. It has been assumed that as long as people can be persuaded to believe that a general war means nothing less than the general destruction of humanity, such a war simply could not take place; there is obviously *no* conflict of national interest that cannot be settled without world slaughter and suicide. On the face of it, what could possibly be a greater deterrent to war?"

"But it hasn't worked out that way," he continued. "During the last twenty years the credibility of the so-called H-bomb has been so well established that, ironically, people have accepted its existence—and *therefore its possible use*—as one of the unpleasant 'facts' of life. Even if a real H-bomb were now invented, it could no longer be considered a deterrent to war to any greater degree than capital punishment has been a deterrent to murder.

"Important politicians and military men have talked seriously about dropping an H-bomb here and an A-bomb there as a solution to one diplomatic problem or another. These, remember, are supposedly responsible men who up to now have assumed that these super-weapons did in fact exist, and who are by no means considered crackpots.

"The HBHS was a mistake," he concluded. "We should have learned long, long ago that although people are neither monsters nor insane, they will inevitably learn to do anything—if they think it is expected of them."

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS ANTICIPATED

Although the President declined comment "at this time" beyond his prepared statement, sources close to Mr. Johnson have indicated that the President will present the outline of a new foreign policy some time within the next two weeks. It is expected to take the form of an appearance before a joint session of Congress, and will presumably be carried by all major radio and television networks across the nation.





PART
THE

FORMS
FOR FILLERS



A Lynching License

APPLICATION FORM

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS THAT

_____ is a dues-paying member in good and regular standing with the _____ County, State of _____, Chapter of the KU KLUX _____, or the _____

and, having assured us of his knowledge of and devotion to the high and holy principles of White Supremacy, Southern Womanhood, the gold standard, superstition, and the philosophy that Jim Eastland knows best what's good for the South; and, having demonstrated his knowledge of and proficiency in the approved techniques of crossburning, noose-tying, witchhunting, drowning, decapitation, horsewhipping, mutilation, hanging, drawing and quartering, burning at the stake, tarring and feathering, character assassination, mudslinging, false accusation, filibustering, economic reprisal, and crucifixion, is hereby **authorized**, empowered, and enjoined to loathe, hate, scorn, condemn, despise, and disparage, to fulminate and incite the masses against, to confiscate the property of, and to lead, witness to, and participate in mob action leading to the death by violence of **any person or persons**, of whatever caste, color, creed, religious or political, national origin, or geographical extraction, who shall have the temerity and the gall to question, malign, doubt, or violate the aforementioned principles of White Supremacy, Southern Womanhood, the gold standard, superstition, and the philosophy that Jim Eastland knows best what is good for the South;

IN TOKEN OF WHICH THIS **LYNCHING LICENSE** is hereby issued to h_____, under and through the authority vested in us as representatives of our respective organizations, which are members of the **Committee for the Hastening of the Return of the South to Barbarism and the Law of the Jungle**.

Given under our hands in the shade of the Old Magnolia Tree in Philadelphia, Mississippi, this, the _____ day of _____, 19_____.

For the **KU KLUX KLAN**:
Halitosis K. Polecat, Grand Dragon.
Hookworm Ascaris, Grand Wizard.
John Filibuster Guttersnipe, Chief Crossburner.

For the **KU KLUX KOUNCILS, W.C.C., W.A.S.P.**:
Pickett Fence, President.
Obnoxious Bourgeois Morality, Vice President.
Assassination D. Capitation, Chief Horsewhipper.

For the **SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN WITCHHUNTERS**:
Bluenosed Hypocrisy, President.

For the **SOCIETY FOR PRESERVATION OF SOUTHERN MORALITY**:
Mrs. Chasty T. Belt, President.
Miss Puritanical Hypocrisy, Secretary.

For the **SOUTHERNERS FOR PROGRESS**:
Jonas Standstill, Chairman.

For the **DIXIECRAT PARTY**:
Nightsheet Rebellion, Chairman.

—from **The Petal Paper**, Petal, Mississippi.
P. D. EAST, Editor

Dear _____,

For Volunteers behind in their correspondence (and what Volunteer isn't?) the Journal of Community Development, edited by Volunteer Tommie Griffin (Seattle), offered this form to be filled in and mailed:

Dear _____,

Well, here I am in _____, and I'm really quite _____ . I have been _____ and _____, and sometimes I've even _____. The weather here has been _____. For entertainment I've been _____ and _____. You know how it is.

The food has been very _____. I find that if I add a _____ to it now and then, the results are _____. My house is made of _____, and it's very _____. I wish I had a _____ to make things more comfortable.

I have _____ ideas about future activities. For instance I think that _____ would be an excellent idea, don't you?

The people here are _____. They seem to _____ all the time. I find them very _____. In fact, sometimes I think they _____. What do you think?

Well, that's about _____ for now. Tell everyone _____ for me.

Your _____,



THE RARE FORM

For all those whose hearts leaped up when President Johnson told us all last fall that we were "his kind of people," we suggest that the following letter be sent to congratulate him on his inauguration.

The President
The White House
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

You kept a-going on so these past few months about this Great Society that I just decided to take a look for myself. And send a personal report to you.

So I applied to take one of those Junket Tours the *National Review* keeps writing about, but the waiting list was so long that I figured I better get on the trail before a Poverty Administrator found out I was making \$2,999 a year and put me on permanent relief.

So, me and the dogs, Charley and Charlene (one's part beagle and the other's part bloodhound) set out to visit the relatives. I swapped my \$99 Social Security check for a Greyhound ticket, and off we took off like an Alabama Republican on his way to Destiny.

I sure gotta hand it to all your People. Everywhere we went, you'd been there before us and folks said they knew just what we wanted.

We had the nicest stay up East. That guy Baker put us up at some swank motel and even invited us to some private club over in D.C. But it was so packed with Senators and defense contract fellows that we couldn't get in to see the Funny Girls.

Cousins over in Virginia had suggested we come by there to see the sights. But there was talk about closing down a bunch of ship yards and the relatives thought they might be facing a few hard times til the defense contracts moved in, so we moved on.

We stopped to look at all them sights at the TVA. There was this guy on the street trying to sell shares in it to make a living, but across the street was another slicker trying to sell me a piece of Arizona. But with all that talk in that Wall Street paper about hard money, I thought I better hang on to what little I got instead of risking it in some fly-by-night cheap electricity operation. If one of them McCarthyites started up another investigation, I sure don't want no time in the pokey just because I bought some stock in a socialist organization. The way the price of those Chinese War Bonds has fallen, you sure don't blame me for looking for something just a bit more blue chip.

My, my, what facilities there was in all those rest stops. Why, in most places, there was two doors for men and two doors for women—and a lot of fresh paint all over the signs. Some of the local boys said these were their multiple conveniences which had been part of

their Way of Life til some @#%&★# attorney general fellow come through there. Those folks get so nervous when the through buses stop. They haven't properly gotten over that last bunch of generals who came through going to Appomattox.

I guess about the shortest visit we had was down in Georgia. We just dropped by the Missus' farm to see how were things going, but there was such a commotion with all that painting and plowing and fixing up that they acted like we was in the way.

We thought about making it clear to Florida for Christmas. But I don't know a lick of Spanish and the dogs acted nervous about crossing the border. Another discouragement—the traffic got so heavy with all those CIA fellows asking us questions and taking photographs and wanting to know what it was exactly we had in mind about going. But now in a couple of years, after that Alliance for Progressive American Business has caught on and we've Manned the Canal Zone with extra "Cuba or Bust" brigades, maybe we can get a job again working in one of those Florida sugar plantations.

Gracious goodness, it sure felt good to get back down on the ranch.

The folks are all talking about the doings in Washington soon. It's sure gonna be the swellest inauguration Texas ever had. Sally Mae and all the kids in the Fredericksburg band are looking forward to playing "The Yellow Rose of Texas" and Walter Jetton has been barbecuing goat and beef since Thanksgiving. Flying all the inauguration guests way up to Madison Square Garden for an inaugural rodeo is something the rest of the world won't never forget. The postmistress is crazy to hear Lynda sing "This Is My Father's World," and having Ed Sullivan to be the inaugural host is just great. Nieman-Marcus has been doing good business all fall on account of everybody wants to go fancy. I hear they had a big run on Hong Kong silks until Mrs. Tower found out not all the silk worms had come from Taiwan.

Writing this long letter has took alot outa me. But I can sure say alot for this Great Society you got together. There ain't nothing like a man seeing it for himself. Thank you a whole lot, and God bless you, Brother Lyndon. It's been a treat to visit with you. Charley and Charlene have given me the Mandate, so guess we'll move on out West and wait for that fool Ground Hog to poke his head up and see if he can stand another Spring.

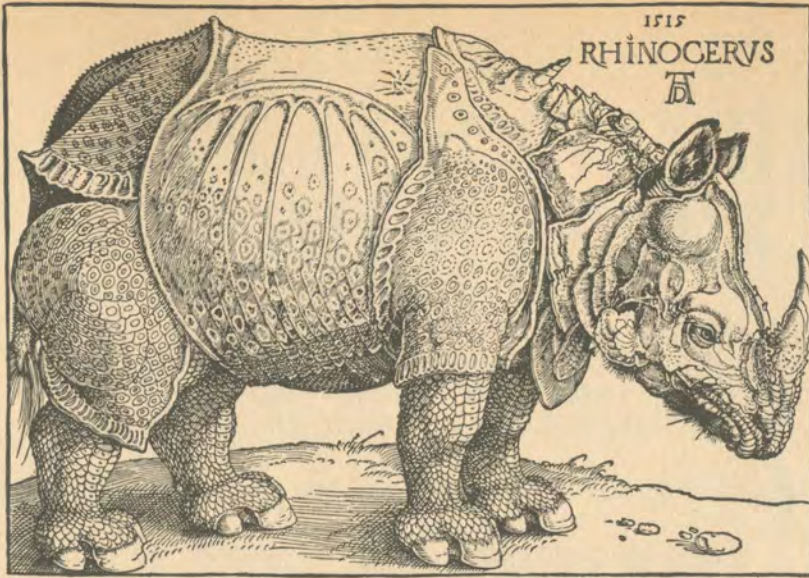
Yours, etc.

(Your name) _____



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PART
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BEING
A RADIANT INDIVIDUAL



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HINTS FOR HARRIED
🕯️ **HOMEMAKERS** 🕯️

BY JEAN REYNOLDS DAVIS

HOUSEWIVES, ladies of the picture-window set, and all faithful followers of the Dr. Spock-for-President movement, rally 'round. It is high time we all joined forces against sliced cheese that won't separate, ironing boards that collapse, and highly complicated do-it-yourself drape-pleating kits. Life is really a simple and a joyous thing and we should be so happy being the loving helpmeet of men who daily covenant with God for the bounty of His earth.

After years of observing the increasing abundance of devices (i.e. electric toothbrushes, automatic shish-kebab rotisseries, rock polishers, etc.) designed to free us girls so that we can paste the green stamps in the books and thereby acquire more energy-saving appliances, I have marvelous news for you. We are now favored with bread which we may not only bake ourselves, but slice ourselves. And you know in your heart of hearts that this is what we have all been waiting for.

IMAGINE! There you are at 7 a.m., cramming dirty sheets in the hungry washer, plopping eggs in the frying pan, trying to track down a misplaced rubber tarantula for today's "show and tell," crunching around on the spilled Sugar Pops, finding the key for the musical elephant which plays GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE, opening a can of horsemeat and gravy for the Persian slowly clawing up your leg, testing formula on your as-yet-unslashed wrist, and, having at last managed to get the hermetically-sealed-for-your-protection package of Lebanon bologna open by grabbing it between your teeth and yanking violently; now, oh yes, now, with three lunch boxes yawning at you, you may slide that beautiful unbaked loaf of bread into the oven and sharpen up your electric knife so that you may lovingly slice it yourself when it is baked.

This being the age of do-it-yourself kits, it is no

Household hint: Chicken fat rubbed vigorously into a child's hair will remove chewing gum. And chewing gum rubbed vigorously into a child's hair will remove hair.

surprise to encounter these wonderful self-service discount food and drug marts which also sell a fantastic variety of wearing apparel. Gigantic, expansive structures, sometimes covering acres of ground, they feature anything and everything for convenient modern living.

The trick, of course, is to find what you want. You won't see any sales personnel. But you don't need them if it's self-service. All you have to do is to find what is known as the Directory. This is a small sign lit with a fluorescent bulb to make it easy-to-spot. It will tell you where certain items are available.

Drugs, for example, are usually listed under cosmetics which is easily understandable since there are many times (usually early morning) when the pallor of your face is such that if a good pancake makeup, labeled perhaps "Undertaker No. 5," doesn't remove the apparent threat of sudden death, a good heart stimulant will.

Now you may have a bit of trouble in the drug department. The racks are sometimes six feet tall and stretch for just miles. But armed with bifocals and smelling salts, it will often take only half an hour to find the infant suppositories.

And the money you save! Mercy! Of course, these marts are usually on the outskirts of the city. It WILL cost you something in gas and oil to get there. But look at the delightful ride through the suburbs you will have had!

Household hint: A mild solution of alcohol and tepid water is fabulous for cleaning harpsichord keys; served on the rocks, it's a sure surprise every time.

YES, girls, we've got it pretty good. Life is being reduced to a basic science every day. Even when it comes to dieting, the manufacturers

have made it a ball for us. Those ducky little cans of delicious reducing liquid! A meal in a can! You don't have to count calories any more. You may have a bit of trouble if you're preparing frogs' legs provencale or intoxicated loin of pork for the rest of the family. I mean, that icy little can of vitamins and protein may seem a bit grim. But you can always taste the main course while it's cooking. That's not cheating.

Gone are the tedious reducing exercises. Unless, of course, you want to taper heavy thighs, or firm up the bustline, or lift the sagging chin, or get rid of laugh and squint lines. In that event you might get a bit involved with exercise. (Although, come to think of it, you could always just stop laughing and squinting.)

Nonetheless the eternal battle of the bulge and the war against the inevitable doom of the natural aging of the human body are part of the great American sex syndrome. Despite our age, number of siblings, amount of money in the bank, number of unpaid bills, lack of security, etc., we must at all cost retain the aura of youthful bloom. We must wage constant battle if we are to compete with the gorgeous office girls, the bunny waitresses, and the dashing women executives with whom our husbands are ever in contact.

SO, starve, girls, starve; cream your neck, oil your elbows and heels, touch your tongue to your nose fifty times a night. We've got to keep sex in marriage. Of course, by the time you're stretched and creamed and oiled it may be time to bring in the milk and you will not have been to bed at all. But at least you will be able to compete with the other women in your husband's life.

Household hint: If there's a street light shining in your bedroom window which drives you mad, shiny up the pole some morning and paint your side of the bulb black.

Along the same lines of the do-it-yourself craze, we are now blessed with a kit whereby we can cure our own meat at home. Instructions are included for butchering, cutting, trimming, pumping, curing, and even for sausage-making and storing. You can even cure wild game. Think of the thrill! Once the kids are all off to school and the beds made and the dishes washed you can hop in the Willys clad in plaid carcoat and red hunting cap. Out into the woods with you where you artfully stalk a deer or a bear, pick it off with your trusty rifle, haul it a couple of miles through the underbrush back to the car, load it on the hood, drive it home, and you'll have meat for the whole winter. That certainly beats picking it up at the local supermarket, doesn't it!

There are also mushroom-growing kits. Imagine your basement or utility room full of silently growing mushrooms. Instant fresh mushrooms for all

of those exotic recipes which the kids turn down in favor of peanut butter and jelly. There could be some problem if you have to hang your laundry in the basement on a rainy day. But if you tread cautiously and wear boots, you could avoid the larger mushrooms.



Now, ladies, I want to pose a serious question. Who are you? You may think you know who you really are. But you don't. You may think you're fulfilled, but you're not. If you think you've been happily married for fifteen or twenty years and life is a bowl of cherries, you're dead wrong. I'm not trying to shake you up or anything. But do sit down and ask yourselves these questions.

WE'RE being told these days that for YEARS we have been unfulfilled and lost and desperate. So, who are you to be different? If things seem fine on the surface, scratch around a bit. Your husband's probably having an affair with the blond in the cashier's booth at the carwash. If not that, he's probably throwing money away on the horses. Maybe he's bored with you. Maybe he drinks. At any rate, there is some reason, *I assure you*, why you should feel desperate.

Then, once that you have admitted to yourself that you *are* desperate, you must delve deep into yourself and determine just what your basic creative drives are. This is where you will find true fulfillment as a woman, in exploiting the creative "you." Of course, bearing children has nothing to do with creativity. That's an animal function. Creativity is a different story. You may find that the real "you" wants to raise piranha fish. Or race hopped-up motorcycles. Or join the yogurt Flavor-of-the-Month Club. Or dance the Firebird. Look what the world will have missed just because you nurtured a

happy marriage. Shame on you. *Think desperate.*

Should you feel that your husband is bored with you, there are many little things you can do to revive his interest. You can scrub out all of his pipes with Ajax. You can give that smelly old hunting jacket to the Goodwill—that one he can't bear to part with himself. You can sew buttons to his pajama fronts and make buttonholes in the sheets so he won't roll over in the night and choke to death snoring.

If you dwell on it a while, you'll come up with something to pique his interest. The one thing you must never forget is that there are always other women in your husband's life. I don't care who he is. There are women upon whose shoulders the troubles of the world rest. There are women upon whose souls sheer devils swarm and test. There are women upon whose bosoms more than snow has lain. And there are women who have been intimate with more than rain. Never forget it. Don't worry about it; just never forget it. That way you'll always be on your tippy-toes.

OF course, you can always retaliate by having an affair yourself. That'll set him back on his heels. How to go about it with two preschoolers and one at the breast? Well, you could start with the switchboard operator at the department store. She might be your friend. Just call up and say, "I'd like to talk with someone in men's pajamas, please." Or the furniture salesman: "I'd like to see something in a double bed." Or the grocer: "Bring me five pounds of potatoes please. And stick around. I'll be peeling." You see? There are infinite possibilities.

Household hint: Did you know that if you turn a right-hand rubber glove inside out it becomes a left-hand glove?

I don't know how all of you girls feel about it; but I am eternally grateful for having had the opportunity to attend college. I believe firmly that it has equipped me to be a far superior wife and mother. Take Fine Arts 15, for example, which taught me that, among other pertinent facts, "an iconographic error at Chartres occurred where the Wise and Foolish Virgins were inserted in the archivolt of the Infancy portal whereas these ladies belong properly to the Last Judgment."

Well, far be it from me to suggest that foolish virgins might not be referred to as "ladies"—or for that matter that they might not belong "properly" anywhere but in the Florence Crittenton Home nearest the scene of the accident. But you must admit it's an enlightening bit of information to have at one's fingertips.

Think what it does for you when you get those first labor pains. It kind of makes you think: "What kind of virgin was I?" Then when they roll you through that "infancy portal" into the delivery

room, there won't be any doubt in your mind about it.

Think, too, what it does for you when your washer breaks down and you have to lug all of those rank diapers down to the stream and beat them on the rocks. Or when the minister comes to wish your seven-year-old a happy birthday and the miserable little monster asks gaily, "Mommy, today's my birthday. Can I say all the dirty words I know?"

DIFFERENTIAL calculus? Integral calculus? Invaluable when confronted with the prospect of explaining to your husband that you borrowed from the insurance envelope to buy a padded bra for the low-cut dress you bought with money you borrowed from the social security envelope and which you felt justified in borrowing because you need "insurance of social security" for that whopping big Polynesian pow-wow his boss is throwing Saturday night. And if he wants you to look sexy instead of married, he'll have to hold his horses till you can pay back the envelopes from money saved with those discount coupons (for detergents) of which you have a whole drawerful. Don't let him ask you whether you need the detergents.

English comp? Boy, can I write elegant notes to the milkman! "Three qts. Golden Guernsey, three qts. skim, 1 lb. butter, 1 container pot cheese, 1 dozen eggs, take back qt. Breezy Orange Drink, the kids gagged, 1 qt. buttermilk, shovel snow from front walk on way back to truck, if time, please, thank you."

Psych 1? Tremendous! I learned all about the Doppler effect. Now when I'm sitting there at the neighbor's, playing bridge, and the fire engine goes by, I can tell how close it is, which direction it's going, and whether or not I turned off the iron.

PAVLOV'S dog: you know, where Pavlov gets this dog to salivate whenever a certain tone is heard? Well, all I have to do is set the kitchen timer when I put gingerbread in the oven. When that little bell tinkles, the whole family races to the kitchen, all of them salivating. And when my husband is sitting in the living room, reading late in the evening, all I have to do is drop one gold, high-heeled bedroom slipper on the floor above, and he springs to his feet, runs up the stairs, dashes into the bedroom, and—you guessed it—he's salivating.

Household hint: When you're lost in the park, if you point the hour hand of your wrist watch to the sun, halfway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock will be due south.

All of you fellow den-mothers, the current philosophy is to let children be a real part of the

family. Allow them to be a dynamic part of your next formal buffet. Encourage them to participate, to join in the fun. Of course, they may slide their guppies into the punch bowl when you're not looking. Or they may hide around the corner and scream "BOO" just as you enter with the flaming Cherries Jubilee. Or they may say to the chronic drinker, "My Daddy tips waitresses. But my Mommy says you tip the bottle. What does she mean?" Or they may say to the redheaded divorcee wearing the ankle bracelet, "What are you making, Mrs. Frizby? Mommy says you're a woman on the make?" But by and large, they will gain more than they will destroy. They will gain social confidence which is vital in this ever-growing-smaller world of ours. You may lose friends, but better that than have the children huddled upstairs in the nursery sniffing glue.

Household hint: Warm chicken fat dropped into a child's ear with a medicine dropper will cure an earache every time.

IN closing, girls, I'd like to say that marriage is really the ultimate consummation of all that is glorious and hallowed in life. We must count our blessings and be ever thankful for this blissful state. Whether you're busy watching Divorce Court on TV while you burp the baby, or happily listening to the Fuller Brush man extolling the latest brush for toilet bowls, or crouched in a white-hot passion over a contest jingle, or giving the postman fifteen cents due on literature from the How - to - Sell - Christmas - Cards - in - Your - Spare - Time - and - Get - a - Fifty - Cup - Capacity - Coffee - Urn - for - Your - Church Company; whether you're busy sauteing snails, fighting with the neighbor whose arrogant and voracious dog devours the leftovers from your cookouts only to return later and re-deposit same back on your lawn in a different form, or arguing with your mother-in-law who insists that margarine is superior to butter: "You hear it on television all the time," or dear me, if you're just standing there in front of the medicine chest trying to decide which tranquillizer to take: the one for tension, the one for anxiety, the one for unfounded fears, the one for needless guilt, the one for suppressed but undefined desires—indeed in any of these circumstances we must constantly remind ourselves of our high calling and the privi-

leges which automatically become ours when our ring fingers are circled with gold bands.

FINALLY, I'd like to share with you my own personal recipe for a happy married life. You've heard of the old-fashioned One-of-Each Country vegetable soup recipe where you toss in one potato, one carrot, one onion, one turnip, and so on down the line? Well, mine is something like that:

👉 **RECIPE FOR SURVIVAL** 👈

- 1 full-time maid who needs no sleep and can keep her mouth shut.
 - 1 part-time lover, lean, lovely, who also needs no sleep and can keep his mouth shut.
 - 1 automatic babysitter who crawls out of the hall closet at the snap of a finger.
 - 1 mink "bunny-hug" for luncheon at Schrafft's twice a week.
 - 1 set one-way panes for front door so you can ward off magazine subscription salesmen.
 - 1 mountain hideaway for retreats with husband or lover, as the case may be.
 - 1 unlimited credit card for dining out when the spirit moves.
 - 1 fantastic inheritance to fritter away on things like diamonds and champagne.
 - 1 shocking pink Cadillac for car-pool days.
 - 1 sprawling, early Colonial ranch house with heated swimming pool and radar fence to keep neighbor's dog from corrupting the petunia bed.
 - 1 magnolia tree for aesthetic reasons.
 - 1 manual gearshift for no good reason.
 - 1 plastic bag, headsized, in case things just don't work out.
-

"I'LL TRADE YOU FOR




WHAT AN APPLE THINKS"

THAT'S MOTTO ENOUGH FOR ME

Of course this is in code;
But then.. so is "Life," "Dying" etc.


Leonard is the name I give my dog.
(How? where would one get a name from?)
It is interesting, in this connection, that you've
Never heard "Life," "Dying," "Red Roses" or even
"Dinner is on, my darling" called Leonard!

That is rather beautiful, I think. 
I mean, I think everything is beautiful.
My dog calls me Leonard because he can't
Spell (though he certainly needs a share).

And oh yes, a field of wild flowers!
This is much more important
Than who is president. - And
This, you may be sure, is not in code.

- Kenneth Patchen

exceptions which almost certainly will murder the world.

 Except for a few relatively unimportant

SEVEN LESSONS IN SPIRITUAL DEFICIENCY

or, how to avoid
christianity
and still feel
religious

BY WILLIAM B. GOULD



Lesson One: Read the Bible from page one to the end, using only the King James Version. This will not only impress Aunt Phoebe, who gave it to you when you entered State instead of old Cokesbury, but will give you a sense of discipline, particularly as you wade through the "begats." Try to memorize book and verse numbers. In case you are ever

drawn into a study group which seems in danger of considering seriously the relevance of the Gospel to its life and is using, say, the East Harlem Protestant Parish Lectionary and J. B. Phillips's translation, choice proof-texting can demonstrate your piety, flatten the discussion to a comfortable level, and humble beginners. One student succeeded in snowing a group by exhorting them to follow the example of Matthew 27:5, until someone looked it up.



Lesson Two: Shop around until you find a church, preferably large, where you can attend worship mainly as a spectator. Come early so that you can sit in one of the back pews. An aisle seat is particularly convenient since you can be practically out the door at the first note of the postlude before anyone speaks to you. Should you get caught in the crowd, keep a pleasant, thoughtful expression on your face and stare past or over the head of the person who looks as if he might want to know who you are. Sign nothing. If you find a minister who gives poetic nature talks, or strings together anecdotes either from the Bible or the Reader's Digest, you can safely attend every Sunday, which will reassure parents, please housemothers, encourage deans, and give you a warm feeling of satisfaction.



Lesson Three: Stick with your old high school Youth Fellowship. This is subtle, but often personally effective. Since this is a valuable organization of Christian outreach for the teenager, most adults tend to lump college students in that age group, so you can bring only credit to yourself by offering to help with the youth program at a nearby church or by making weekly trips back to your home church to give them the benefit of your experience. This will help you to avoid the vicissitudes of more mature and possibly more demanding program of the student movement and give you all the satisfactions of being a big fish. It will also save you from troubling contacts with foreign students not completely sold on America or its particular level of Christianity or earnest students who are left unsatisfied by Sunday School answers. Be sure that you lead every discussion on themes that you consider important.

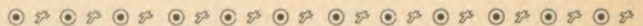


Lesson Four: Seek your haven in the safe confines of committee work. If you are drawn into the fellowship of a local church (or even a student congregation), volunteer for the committees that won't threaten to involve you in possibly embarrassing missionary action such as support of civil rights, evangelism, or any other expression of Christian concern. After all, you don't want to take all this too seriously.

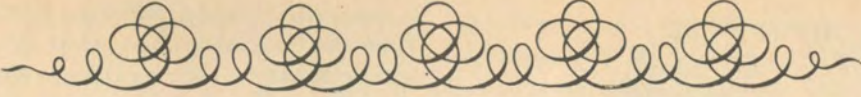
Lesson Five: Keep talking. Concentrate on it. This makes sure that your group discussions never lead to any action, personal or collective. Find out and quote the tag phrases from the works of widely discussed theologians such as Bonhoeffer, Tillich, and Niebuhr. If you have attended at least one student conference at which a noted theologian was the speaker, you might modestly mention what "Reinie said to Paul and me." No one has to know that Reinie Schmidt and Paul Blankenship were your conference roommates. By using a few tag phrases you can fly from buzz session to buzz session without ever settling on any real issue.



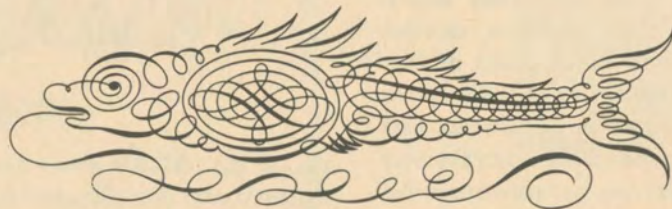
Lesson Six: Make your fraternity or sorority a substitute for Christian fellowship. The ritual is warmed over Prayer Book anyhow and the symbolism will satisfy both your sense of drama and sense of humor. If you're going to be your brother's keeper, you might as well be in a select group of brothers. If you can get elected chaplain of your house you will not be bothered by any religious activity other than having the honor of blessing all sorts of gatherings.



Lesson Seven: Wearing religious jewelry is a sure winner in convincing casual friends on campus that you are a slave to the faith, especially if your slave bracelet sports a grain of mustard seed sterilized in plastic. For the boys, a little cross in the lapel nicely complements the club pin, and for the girls cross earrings are the last word.



NOTES
FROM
UNDERWATER:
THE
GRADUATE STUDENTS
REVOLUTIONARY
COMMITTEE



BY REED WHITTEMORE



IF I had been in the CIA I would have wished to have been in Maps. There is something clean and physically simple about mapmaking that appeals to me when I compare it with other CIA functions. Americans are mostly like me, clean and physically simple, which is why the CIA has not been a success here, though of course it has done great things for the Cubans, the Chinese and so on. Sometimes in the dark of the night I

wonder if it is appropriate for us to have the CIA at all.

But who could we sell it to? The Russians already have their own—is not the CIA simply an imperfect imitation of its Soviet counterparts? And the Chinese have their own, and the Cubans. As for our allies, the whole advantage of loading the CIA off on somebody we dislike would be lost if one of our allies bought it up. Who, then?



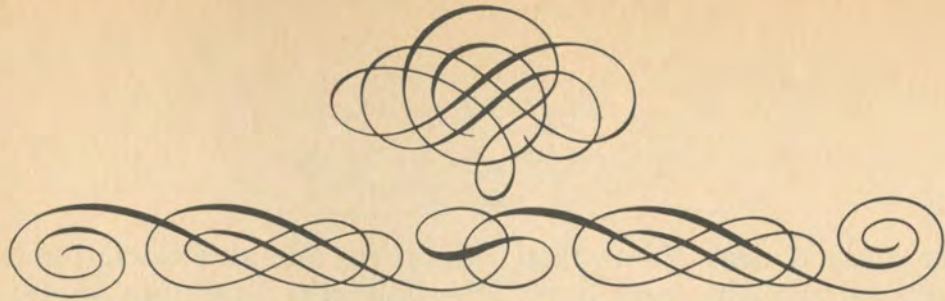


I've thought a good deal about this problem in the past months, and have come up with a number of possibly profitable disposal procedures. To give the CIA over to the Birchers, for example, and to watch them making ill-timed invasions of Capitol Hill, achieving sensational defections to the Democratic National Committee, and so on, would be exhilarating. A somewhat similar effect could be achieved by letting the Ku Klux Klan have it. Yet there is danger here: either the Birchers or the Klan might render the CIA efficient (they might hire Edward Teller to head it up, and get their own Bomb). One needs a malevolent yet really innocent dumpee for the job, but who could that possibly be?

In my mind's eye I see an organization, as yet unformed, for which there has long been a need, an organization designed (with, of course, no hope of success) to overthrow our present system of higher learning in the humanities. Throughout our country there are hundreds of discontented candidates for the Ph.D. degree straining against the traces, itching to be free. They are, with a few exceptions, a bad lot—sullen, perverse, uneducable—but they are certainly harmless. Even if, with the help of the CIA, they were to organize, the most they could do would be to take over a few halls of graduate study at our large universities, which is what they will in time do anyway. To give the CIA over to them—and to charge the CIA with organiz-

ing them into an association to be called, perhaps, the Graduate Students Revolutionary Committee—would be to give them vast opportunities to vent their frustrations without in any way disturbing the country's economic and intellectual tranquility. The CIA, possibly captained in such a case by Robert Maynard Hutchins, could perform a number of gratifying services for them. At the informational level it could simply do their research for them: each graduate student would be given two CIA agents to do his library legwork, fill out his file of 3" x 5" cards (cross-indexed), and bring him coffee. At the spy level its activities would be more diverse: infiltrate other graduate schools, steal notes of rival Melville or Eliot scholars, steal manuscripts from rare book rooms, bug offices of key deans and professors, establish safe cheating rules and routine blackmail procedures. At the level of Action its possible pursuits are unlimited, and some of them, if carried on effectively, might even prove modestly beneficial: dynamiting, say, the Structural Linguistics Department of _____ University, or seeding the annual Modern Language Association meeting with intelligent lectures. All in all, I think that, while the country as a whole would be untouched, a few minor academic reforms might be achieved, and a few of the lesser academies might be destroyed. This last eventuality would be particularly useful: certain rich men, for example, could then become trustees of educa-





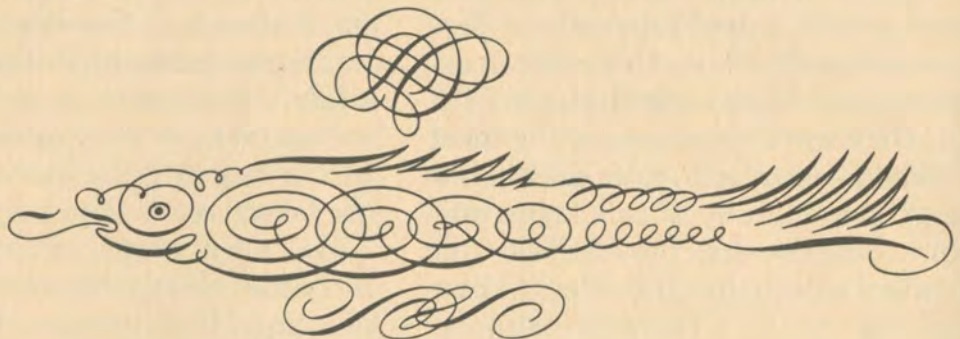
tional institutions instead.

One objection which may be raised to the plan is that the CIA is not ethically compatible with the disciplines of the humanities. But this is ridiculous: our graduate schools have for years been hotbeds of intrigue, and all candidates for the Ph.D. degree are taught, in their graduate infancy, the Machiavellian principle that one should not choose a consequential subject for a thesis, or write a thesis with care and fervor, but instead discover what the examining committee's crotchets are and play on them relentlessly.

Or it may be asserted that scholarship, being a fragile thing of the private, inquiring mind, would suffer from the presence of an organization dedicated to achieving mundane political and economic results. Again, nonsense. Nothing is more deeply ingrained in our graduate school system than its materialism. Its traffic is not in Lux and Veritas but reputations and jobs, so there is no reason to

believe that the presence of the CIA would be any more spiritually enervating than its absence.

Indeed it is this last point which I think needs to be most emphasized. Is not the real problem that of simply getting the CIA out of circulation? It is; and whatever small successes or failures the CIA might achieve in Cambridge, New Haven, Chicago, Berkeley and other such places would be as nothing beside the clear gains to our body politic of *not having the CIA around*. There would be more office space in Washington, more rooms at the Statler, more tables in the dark corners of restaurants. Abroad, our diplomatic services would be reduced by perhaps half, our transoceanic jets (relieved of their present enormous secret-document tonnage) would fly higher and faster; and half the friendly populations of critical cold-war centers would be released from their ticklish net-weaving chores and allowed to resume their normal roles in the resuscitation of local economies.



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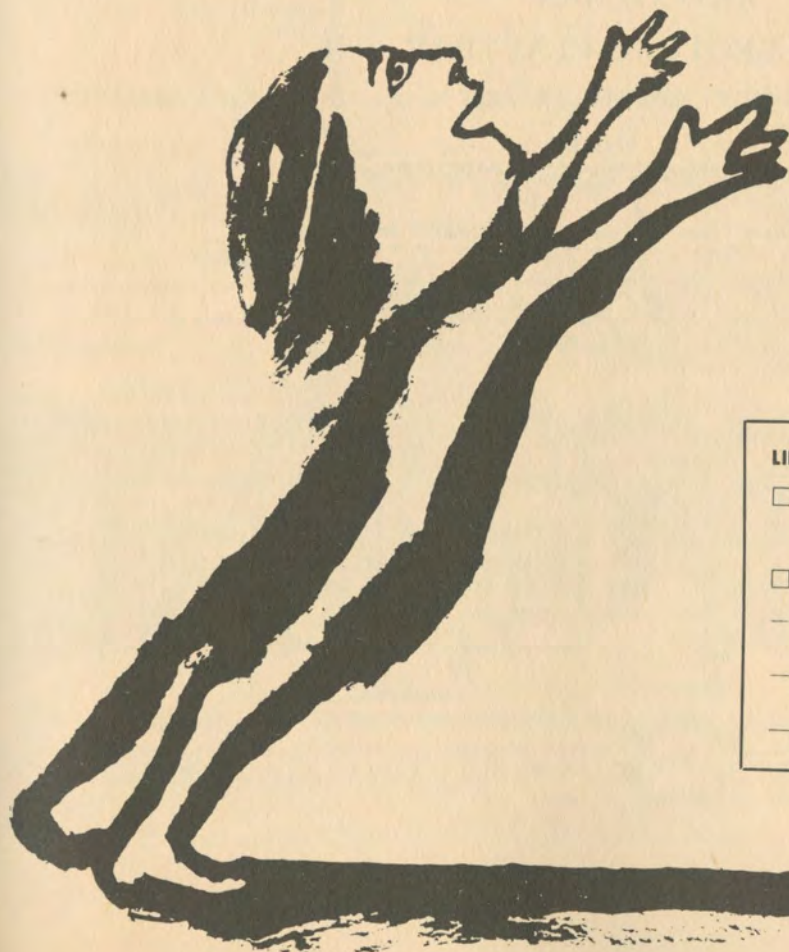
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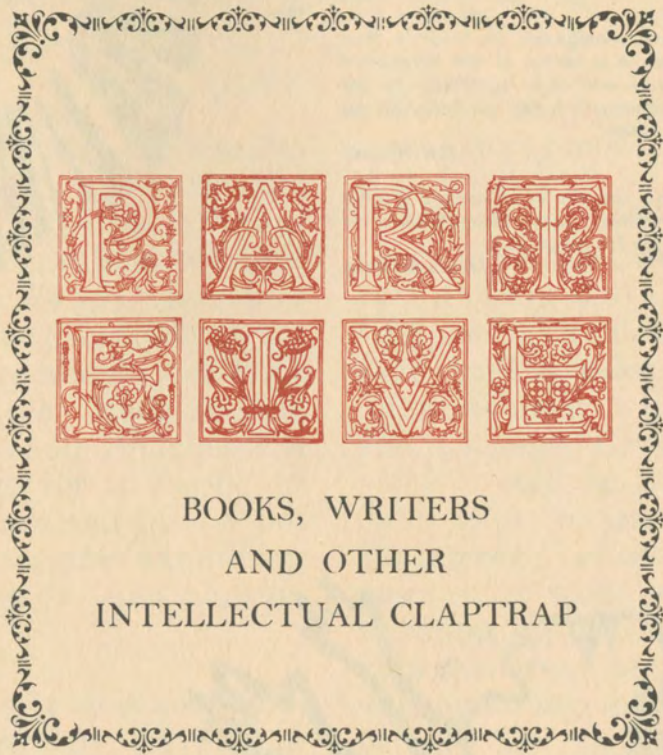
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BOOKS, WRITERS
AND OTHER
INTELLECTUAL CLAPTRAP



NEW BOOKS

Mae Birdie Whomper, who writes under the name of Mila Puppylunch, is the author of *FLY, YOU DAMN BIRDS* which will be released in time for the Christmas trade.

FLY, YOU DAMN BIRDS is about people who could be your own neighbors, if not sooner, says Miss Puppylunch.

The story of Dale Flung, a happy lumberjack and wolf choker who spends the off seasons decorating his friends' apartments, this book will appeal to any man who ever fell in love with a talking Grosbeak and later came to regret it.

Miss Puppylunch lives in downtown Arizona, where she is often pointed out to visiting police officers.

Papillion Bros., Snidewind, Inc., publishers of the popular Dirty Books Juvenile Series, has announced that it will enter the adult market with two interesting (to them) new first novels.

Scheduled for Fall publication is Lee Ermal Spuggs' *CRY ME A SNAKE*, the story of a Mime, handsomely dressed in purple wax and yellow, but actually in much hard luck who is given new hope by a girl who helps him steal and eat the Rosetta Stone.

"The story itself is nonsense," said Spuggs. "It's the symbolism in the work that is important. There are twenty-eight symbols for sexual deviation alone. More than enough for even the most demanding of readers."

Spuggs has a Bachelors Degree in Sports Writing; a Masters in Secondary Detective Stories With Suspense Imagery and he wrote his Doctoral Dissertation on "The Absence of Any Correlation Between the Novels of Mrs. Wharton and the Probable Cause of Psychoanalytic Reaction in the Lesser Works of Frederick Spears Bluegill."

He lives in an old Confederate bunker near Vile Hickory, Tennessee, and enjoys drinking from stock ponds in the area.

JOHN FERGUS RYAN

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—Samuel Johnson

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E. Typum, Cui (dant. P.P.S.E. profuit) AVCTARIVM SELDENI Pelion. sc. Ovis gigan
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ON THE POET CREEK

BY JOHN FERGUS RYAN

SINCE about 1910, when he is thought to have vanished into the cost accounting profession, the English poet Arthur Inez Creek has been an enigma. Indeed, we are not even sure that we have his name right; at various times we find it spelled Sneak or Freak, and in some of the earlier studies he is referred to as "Artie the Greek."

To further confound us, as Professor L. K. Timm points out in his monograph *Some Poets Who Eschewed Bathing*, Dr. Elwyth Foames has always thought that Arthur Inez Creek and Slocum G. Varner, the American revivalist, were one and the same.

Utterly unknown before the publication in 1907 of his one slim volume, *Soapsuds and Bread (or Beans)*, and even then only recognized here and there, and appreciated by none save his cat Sidney, Creek's fame today rests on two fragments of poetry, a few quotations from his letters and the recollections of Ambrose Snavelly-Tyne, who appears to have been his only close friend.

As Professor Timm, in the monograph mentioned earlier, has established, the only known folio of Creek's poems was inadvertently printed on waxed sandwich (sic) wrappings and was soon lost to posterity. It was not until the First Battle of the Marne, when an English soldier in France was handed a bag of old sandwiches by a German spy, that Sleel first received any important notice.

The soldier, who later became a professional middle-weight boxer, knew at once that he had stumbled onto a literary find of the greatest magnitude when he opened a sandwich and found the now famous lines:

*The Fla ne
Lo, dankly an red, fon ly fleered,
Calvin ha wkn , galvanized sheet iron,
River of sl me too, Ob Spirit.*

He could not help but find the lines; they had transferred from the waxed wrapping paper onto the sandwich bread, and at first he thought he was eating ants.

Since he had gone without food for two days, he ate the sandwich printing and all, and the only known copy of Creek's masterpiece vanished forever. The short fragment

quoted, which is now known to every schoolboy, was reconstructed from memory five or six years later, on orders from the Royal Society, which had the soldier hypnotized to make his memory sharper. The gaps in the present-day version of the poem, as it is found in most college anthologies, are the result of the soldier's imperfect memory, no doubt aggravated by the buffetings he took in the prize ring.

When the Royal Society had the fragment published, it started a flurry of interest in Creek and his work. Persons who had known him came forward with their personal experiences and letters from him, and in 1930 a fisherman in Canada produced a complete poem, which Professor Timm has now definitely established as Creek in his pre-Business School period.

Mr. Ambrose Snavelly-Tyne, a London cutpurse, in exchange for a Royal pardon, recalled that he had met a man who introduced himself as Percy Gargle, while in Bristol in 1905.

Gargle was employed as an usher at Madame Winkle's Sporting Rooms in Granett Street and it was at Madame Winkle's that Snavelly-Tyne met him.

Because of the unsavory reputation of Madame Winkle's, which persists to this day, Snavelly-Tyne was reluctant to talk, except to insist that Percy Gargle was, in fact, the poet Creek, because of his eyes.

"It was his eyes," said Snavelly-Tyne. "There was something about his eyes. He was either a poet or some other kind of nut." It was at this meeting that Creek (or Gargle) revealed to Snavelly-Tyne that he was planning to become a cost accountant, and that the only person in all the world who cared anything about him was his cat Sidney.

Snavelly-Tyne's memoir is vague about Sidney, which has prompted several studies of the animal, the first titled *SIDNEY: CAT, FELINE* or *CAT, MUSICIAN* being due this Spring. The author, Wolf Bloom, says it is an examination of possible homosexual influences in Creek's work.

Mrs. Heloise Helen Stipps, a baby photographer in Kent, sent the Royal Society a registered letter offering to meet Creek anywhere in England, at her own expense, and prove that he was not Arthur Inez Creek at all, but actually her



RIDLEY GRINPAW OF CANADA, WHO FOUND THE ONLY COMPLETE POEM OF ARTHUR INEZ CREEK.

husband Jereboam Poll, whom she hitherto thought had perished on the Maine. Mrs. Stipps promised to produce letters from Creek (or Poll) proving her case.

IT remained for a commercial fisherman, Ridley Grinpaw of Canada, to produce the only complete poem thought to have been printed in the folio that was done on waxed sandwich baggings. Mr. Grinpaw was cutting up a six foot gar, preparatory to sending it to the pet food interests, when he discovered a small glass bottle, with a screw cap, in the fish's maw.

Inside the bottle was a waxy piece of paper, showing traces of pumpnickel and mustard, and bearing the immortal lines:

*Rose coloured sashes
Six damask dickeys
Half a dozen wool shirts
Black suit, vest and topper
Black spot on collar*

These lines were signed "Thomas Hotchkiss." This, of course, proved, beyond a doubt, that they were the work of Creek, since it is probable that he once lived on Hotchkiss Street in London and "Thomas," when solved as a cryptogram in the manner described in Professor Timm's paper, comes out "Opium Eater," which is one of the street names that Creek was thought to have gone by.

It has often been suggested, especially by smart aleck sophomores, that the lines are not a poem at all, but merely a laundry list or a tailor's notes. However, almost all scholars, especially those who write literary papers, believe that there is no doubt about the lines being Creek's and probably part of a much longer poem of incredible beauty.

To prove their theory, they point to the mention of the color "Rose" and the repetition of the refrain "Black." Taken together, these two colors are one of the commonest poetic symbols for impersonal sex relations, of which, there is reason to believe, Creek was an exponent.

There is much about Creek to claim our attention; perhaps after further graduate study is done we will know what it is.



WHAT'S IN ON OFF-BROADWAY



BY GERALD JONAS

UNDoubtedly the theater event of this—or any other season—is the presence of two versions of the *magnum opus* of the famous Irish poet and playwright Patrick MacSpleen, now living in exile in Washington Heights. Let me say, without further ado, that of the two productions my favorite is, without question, “Laundromat” at the charming Livery Theater in a converted stable off Peck Slip. Here, in a translation from the original Gaelic by the author, we have the mature MacSpleen at the height of his powers. The characters are, economically enough, two—a man and a woman—and they portray two subtly identical washing machines set in the center of a beautifully white-washed stage. The action, which at first may seem repetitious to spoon-fed Broadway audiences, consists of an hypnotic circular motion of the two principals who, clad in their ingenious washing-machine costumes, revolve around their belly-windows (clearly intended as omphallic symbols) during the entire three acts. (William Bendix and Maria Maytag are ideally cast in the title roles.) Despite—or perhaps because of—the somewhat spare script, one marvels at how clearly the essentials of the author’s cyclical, *Karma*-like *Weltanschauung* comes through. One can hardly take issue with his major premise: that the decades of the Victorian Era constituted a sort of “warm rinse” period for Man’s aspirations, that the years immediately following World Wars I and II were a time of “hot soak” for our hopes, and that the Sixties themselves can only be understood as a climactic epoch of “spin dry.” It is typical of MacSpleen’s art that one leaves the theater uncertain whether things will, indeed, “come clean in the wash”; or whether the Machine of Time will go on endlessly sudsing our everdirty linen through an Eternity of Monday Mornings. One cannot finally say, but one must feel better, now that a writer like MacSpleen has had the courage to ask the question.

Unfortunately, the question is not even raised in a production of an earlier version of the same play, “Hand Laundry,” at the I Ching Playhouse on Mott Street. Written in French in 1924 and translated by an old roommate, this version is marred by the author’s flirtation with the Marxism that has disfigured so much promising work *entre les deux guerres*. In this early proletarian draft the two protagonists are named Right Hand and Left Hand, and their struggle for the upper-hand—dramatized in a prolonged Indian-wrestling match over a hot iron—bogs down inevitably in dialectical obfuscation. The principals—Arthur Tarsal and Lorraine Pore—do their best, however, and the set leaves little to be desired. Especially effective is the life-sized, hand-lettered sign that dominates the

proscenium arch and sums up the then-young author’s naive but appealing idealism, a quality endemic to that period: “To Each, The Laundry He Needs, Regardless of Tickee.”

“Reverenz for Life,” a cunning adaptation of Dr. Albert Schweitzer’s “Aus Meinum Leben und Denken,” has been lavishly produced by Herman Senft at the Soren House of the 83rd Street Kierkegaardian Church. Senft’s book and lyrics manage to be lively without being frivolous, and Senft’s music, performed by Mrs. Senft on the house organ, could hardly be improved upon. The cast is so adequate that it is hard to single out anyone for praise, but special mention must go to Mr. Senft, who plays himself. The entire production fairly hums with the Good Doctor’s message of Reverenz. My only complaint (admittedly minor) is that the three-and-a-half hour show is a little long to kneel through, especially without intermissions.

Of course, even on off-Broadway there are numerous pig bristles cast among the pearls, and one such is Ross Folsom’s blank-verse drama “Sacco!” at the Amphi Theater in Bellevue Hospital. Instead of the historico-lyrical social criticism one might expect from such material (especially in the light of last year’s “Vanzetti” by Britain’s Peter Stall), Mr. Folsom offers only a melange of rapine, pillage, incest, ritual-murder and sheer gluttony, set in a fantastically unreal “Boston.” The South African author was quoted in a recent interview as saying, “I have never been to Boston, thank God,” and his play, I’m afraid, reveals this all too plainly.

Any playgoers who travel at all should be sure to journey down to the John Wilkes Booth on 38th Street to take in the splendid revival of that little-performed masterpiece, “Rustic Ring-a-Lievieu” by Bertrand de Ne. This authentic re-creation of the ribald, lusty world of Twelfth Century Provence—fairly humming with rapine, pillage, incest, ritual-murder and gourmandaise—could hardly be bettered. Even those who do not understand Provencal or Ezra Pound will enjoy the stunning backdrop.

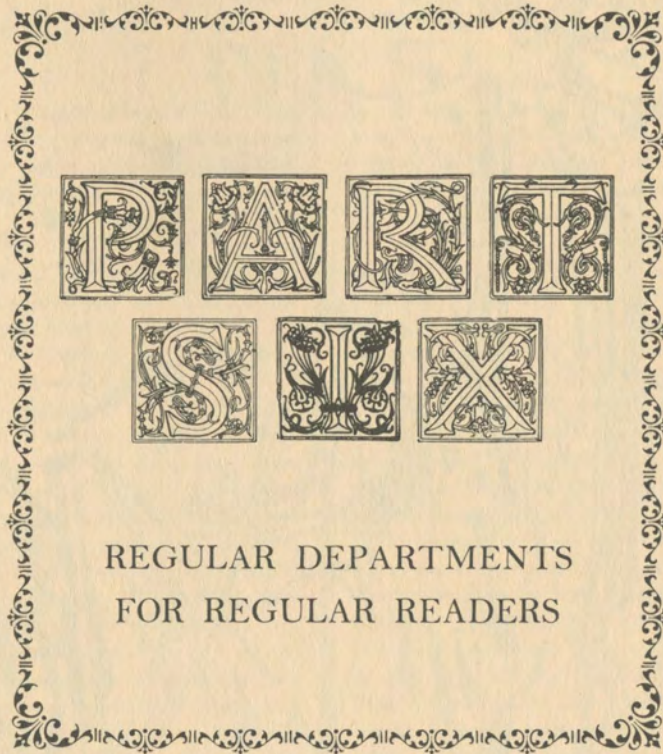
Perhaps most impressive of all—in a totally different key—is the Ensemble Players’ concert-reading of the American Constitution in the ballroom of the Downtown YAC. Without any props, seated on bare bar-stools without backs, these gifted artists manage to bring to life this undeniably historic document in a way the Founding Fathers themselves could hardly have bettered. It is too bad that some cuts had to be made in bringing this work to the stage, but I think that the essentially undramatic Article I, Section 9, Paragraphs 3 and 8, will not be missed by many.

The highpoint of the evening is, of course, the familiar Fifth Amendment, superbly taken by Ada Funk. I cannot remember a better rendition of it in the last ten years.



Crane

... STAY UP THERE, YOU STRONTIUM 90!!



PART
SIX

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS
FOR REGULAR READERS





DANTE'S INFERNO



BY HAP CAWOOD

THE U.S. today announced diplomatic recognition of Inferno, commonly referred to as Hell. The State Department move was to counteract alleged Russian gains in dealing with the heavily populated territory.

Although America has never officially recognized Inferno, the U.S. has had extensive behind-the-scene dealings with it since 1492, the most notable being recent cultural TV program exchanges.

The President's first aid measure was to ship 50 million tons of coal and two atomic generators to the area. The atomic heat plants will theoretically shift Inferno centralized-heating units away from a dependence on coal since much of its coal is being purchased from Russia.

Attempting to head off partisan splits in the U.S., the President will buy back the American coal, pleasing both those who approve and disapprove of selling Inferno coal. Buying back our coal for our loan notes will stimulate the economy as a response to liberal group pressures; returning the coal to the

mines will quiet conservative elements supporting balanced mining.

Inferno's internal problems arise mainly from the urban sprawl bringing Western and Eastern settlements together.

Belligerent Easterners propose building an asbestos wall to divide the area but lack asbestos resources. White House officials say the President will sell asbestos to the Easterners for cash to divert their money from arms manufacturing to please Washington pro-peace lobbyists. The money from asbestos sales will be used to support Western guards along the wall in response to Washington pro-militarist factions.

Inferno was long neglected as a territory until a noted American evangelist last month disclosed geographical details of its whereabouts and activities, prompting the electorate to demand that the government thwart its subversive influence.

Pressured by business, the government legislated Inferno's nonexistence, but due to an undiscovered legal flaw it continued to exist. Businessmen, led by air-conditioning manufacturers, eventually took a deep interest in the Inferno market and released the lobby against its existence with the expressed goal of "making it cool for democracy."

Presently, however, neither Russia nor America seems able to gain significant political control of Inferno. Political scientists attribute this difficulty to the abnormally heavy proportions of dissident politicians retired there.

America's most pressing problem, paradoxically, is in dealing with Washington elements lobbying for and against diplomatic recognition of Heaven, an obscure distant settlement with a vague ideology.

Groups asking for Heaven's recognition contend trade would alleviate America's gold outflow problem. America First opponents, on the other hand, point out Heaven's negligible population, a minority white settlement, and an absence of free elections under a strong autocratic rule with "taints of welfareism" and "ideological goals that might put our goals second."

The President is expected to confer with grassroots politicians on this issue since many allegedly have personal advisory contacts with the area.





Letters

... more news from The Picket Line ...

I just finished reading your October 1964 issue and I noticed quite a change from the motive I received about two years ago. At that time, it seemed somewhat liberal, but I dismissed it lightly and did not buy a subscription. Now I see that your magazine has become screaming liberal and I am thoroughly disgusted, although hardly surprised, by this turn of events. I have never figured out why the churches and their allied organizations have taken upon themselves the task of political education. After all, most people used to have great respect for church-oriented organizations and used to feel they could believe what they heard from such groups. Now it seems that the churches have become yet another forum for the brainwashing of the public into acceptance of collectivistic-minded schemes.

The Methodist Church was happy over the "Civil Rights" Act of 1964. Let's examine that act. Through its public accommodations section, it actually negates the human right of private property to certain individuals specified in the act. This is in itself discriminatory! It says that people earning their livelihood in these ways must serve certain people under certain conditions whether they want to or not. And to add insult to injury, they must do this on their own property. It seems that this would be involuntary servitude which was forbidden by the Constitution about a hundred years ago, or is that law outdated?

I realize that early Christians practiced communal living; do you wish to see that reinstated? Do you feel that it is Christian to force the productive people of our society to serve the rest of the people? Would you want to see a man deprived of his just earnings simply because a bureau somewhere feels he has more than he needs while someone else needs his "surplus"?

Perhaps it is Christian to devote one's life to the betterment of others with no consideration of one's rational self-interest. Perhaps that is why Christianity nauseates me. In the words of John Galt: "I swear—by my life and my love of it—that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine." This ex-

pression is not the philosophy of Christianity or democracy or any other form of tyranny. It is the expression of free men everywhere and our number is growing. Our resistance to the altruist-collectivist schemes of "liberalism" and the mystical mandates of religion increases by the day. We will be free.

STUART E. SCOTT
kent, ohio

I continue to appreciate motive . . . the efforts of the editorial staff to reach good variety and a stimulating format.

One thing disturbs me about the contents of the publication. . . and not the articles only, even the letters to the editor which may suggest something about students or those who write in the hope of communicating with students. That is the wordiness . . . the sometimes tortuous path chosen to say what one is trying to say. Not only are a lot of words used . . . but words which require double reading to deduce. This sort of threatens me . . . because of its emphasis on words rather than meaning. . . which is one of our curses in modern literary and vocal communication. . . whether in political campaign or pulpit utterance or "Motive article". . .

If we are trying to communicate we should remember that whether we use Christian terminology or not . . . our goal is communication. . . . Examples.

- a) "are you saved through the power of Jesus Christ your Lord?";
- b) "whole 'folk' enthusiasm seems to me to be a kind of dilute Romanticism, perhaps the richest our age can afford but no less a delusion for all its ingenuous poverty." (quote from a letter to the editor in Nov. motive) . . .

No matter the subject, the "word" is the thing only if it makes contact with the thinking and feeling life of the reader. This is a fact the Christian faith is learning oh so slowly. . . . It is my hope that motive and your writers learn it more quickly.

ROD L. KING
christ methodist church
kettering, ohio



Letters

... more news from The Picket Line ...



I am writing to protest your republication of the special section of *CHRISTIANITY AND CRISIS* in the October *MOTIVE*.

Since *MOTIVE* is created to serve all Methodist students, I believe it is a mistake to present only one side of the presidential campaign. If you were going to publish articles criticizing one candidate, similar articles in support of that candidate should have been published in the same issue. Two other Methodist publications—*CONCERN* and *THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*—are to be commended because they published the position of both the Republican and the Democratic platforms on certain key issues, side by side, along with the statements made by the Methodist General Conference on these same issues.

Independent journals like *CHRISTIANITY AND CRISIS* or *THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY* may feel free to take partisan stands in political campaigns; but a magazine which is published in the name of an all-inclusive church does not have this freedom. It must lean over backward to present as fairly and as fully as possible both sides of controversial issues.

EWART G. WATTS
first methodist church
topeka, kansas



I have read the October issue of *MOTIVE*—a magazine I had never noticed in our church before, and one I obviously knew nothing about. I happen to be interested in politics and good government and was attracted to this issue because of the political drawings on the cover.

After reading practically every article, including the book reviews and editorials, I became concerned that such material would be distributed by churches.

This issue was an attempt at influencing our church youth in a field removed from religion. Such a venture would be proper if conducted by any person or organization not acting in behalf of a public owned or religious organization. I do not accept the viewpoint of *MOTIVE* that partisan politics is an area of their concern. I certainly do not want to have my boys obtaining "religious" training in the field of politics. I expect the church to instruct in the field of morality and religion, even though both should be cornerstones of government and the actions of public servants.

I personally disagree with practically every article in the October issue. I am not a John Birch member and

I do not agree with many of the accusations made by the Society members. My domestic and foreign views are basically conservative in the sense that the word is used today. I am a churchman and consider myself a Christian.

This letter is not an attempt to discuss the merits of the various political issues. Such an undertaking would be too voluminous, but I would like to interject a few cogent points. First, the authors of the various *MOTIVE* articles, along with the followers of the liberal political philosophy, stress the need for people to compromise and if we do not, we are living in the past. We are not modern. If the Communists want to expand their territorial holdings, we should compromise because if we do not it might mean war. If the internationalists want us to surrender our protective rights to an international body, we should do it because this is a freedom loving organization which can protect the world from devastation. If the Federal Government wants to protect us from the problems of old age, sickness, poverty, education, urban blight, city transportation, farm production, etc., we should let them do it because this is humane and the government can do it better.

The Federal Government is trying to do so much for so many people that it cannot operate within its budget at the present time. What will it do when burdened with further expanded welfare programs? It will have to do the same thing it is doing now—borrow money and create further inflation. Ponder the plight of the government as they are at the present time: sending Treasury Department representatives around the country pleading with people to purchase government savings bonds. This urgency prevails because Social Security monies have been spent on other programs and they have insufficient funds to honor their Social Security commitments.

One other point of consideration! The church and church leaders have taken a strong united stand on the recently enacted Civil Rights Bill. The subject of civil rights is one the church should support and one that we who profess to be Christians should follow. This perfectly valid moral question has nothing to do with the Civil Rights Bill, however. I believe the bill is wrong and the church is wrong in supporting the legislation.

We speak of the civil rights of the Negro, which he should have, but what about the venturesome business man and his civil rights, which he should also have? We remove the civil rights from one and give to another and we think we have a solution. All we have accomplished is to transfer the rights of one to another and have left the basic problem unresolved. The government cannot legislate morality. This is an area which our churches and their members should control. Morality is administered by the heart, not the iron fist.

ROGER J. KECK
hammond, indiana



This issue of *motive* is a happening that got caught. But unlike happenings, there was some premeditation. Our research department worked endless hours in the Rare Books section of the local Salvation Army. We poured over recent volumes of *Who's Who in Knavery*. Our special undercover agent was installed in the local post office to scrutinize the latest lists of visiting violators on leave without permission. The art editor departed on Halloween Night, Broom Flight #007, for meticulous and meretricious explorations of pre-modern art nouveau. The editorial board was deployed to the boondocks for two solid weeks of TV fare; thematic research included "The Addams Family," "The Munsters," "Outer Limits," and "The Protestant Hour." Unfortunately the only reports received thus far are requests from the wardens for care packages for the inmates.

All signs read "Go" on satire—except the ominous reports from the Department of Public Relations and the Office of Reader Response, Special Desk: Church Mice (rats to you). All graphs in their department clearly indicate a Harris rating of .001, a Nielsen rating of .0001, and a Peale Poll of infinity on the prevalence of humor in the church. The last reported outbreak of humor and satire resulted in the banishment of the perpetrators to the Isle of Patmus where they discovered fresh Pauline foot tracks.

With this vote of confidence and note of enthusiasm ringing in our cancellation department, we waded over the protest letters from October, November, and December and put our manuscript man on the wireless. Dispatches were hurled 'round the world, and promptly boomeranged with "Dear John" and "address unknown" responses. Undaunted and outmoded, we fearlessly ignored calendars and budgets and dispatched our leading contender for Miss World-Methodism to engage in more subtle explorations. A veritable avalanche of acceptances graced our decadent offices, and we forthwithly asked our printer to pay his respects. Humble and patient man that he is, he dutifully informed us that he couldn't possibly get the January issue out before April Fool's. But armed with Pulitzer Prize material and Miss Meretriciousness again, we prevailed.

So, friends, foes, and final-exam fugitives, we present: **L. L. CASE**, a free lancer from New York. In addition to *motive*, he's appeared in many other important and widely read image makers, including *Monocle* and a struggling newcomer, *The New Yorker*. Case has recently edited a handsome Delacorte publication, *Treasury of American Political Humor* (\$6.50).

MICHAEL HARRINGTON wrote *The Other America: Poverty in the United States* which became one of the original finger pointers at this cancer in our Great Society. His wife and collaborator, **STEPHANIE HARRINGTON**, is a reporter for *The Village Voice* and a free-lance writer whose articles have appeared in *Esquire*, *The Nation* and *Commonweal*.

JOHN FERGUS RYAN, humorist, satirist, Memphian, Unitarian, and contributor to the "smalls" including *Kulchur* and *The Panic Button*. Author of three forthcoming books: *Sailor Hat*, *The Minor Poet*, and *Endymion, or The Hero As Swine*.

P. D. EAST of *Petal Paper* fame is a chink in "The Closed Society" of Mississippi.

JEAN REYNOLDS DAVIS is a one woman crusade against writing off clergymen's wives as stereotypes. Her chapter, "I Peep Over the Wall," from a yet-unpublished manuscript ought to be required reading for parsonage committees. She and husband Warren are now beginning a ministry on Philadelphia's Main Line after ten years in a lower middle class parish and three at the Seaman's Institute.

WILLIAM B. GOULD is Methodism's answer to Mort Sahl. He is also director of the Office of Student Work of the Methodist Board of Missions in New York.

REED WHITEMORE is chairman of the English Department at Carleton College. He was the founder of *Furioso*, and contributor to many journals.

HAP CAWOOD is a returned Peace Corps volunteer enjoying his second reincarnation as a graduate student at Ohio State University.

GERALD JONAS is a *New Yorker* "Talk" reporter and lives in Manhattan's Yorkville.

THANK YOU, MONOCLE. Your wit, charm, and generous reprint editor are all hereby acknowledged. The articles by the Harringtons, Whittemore, and Jonas are from earlier issues of **MONOCLE**.

ARTISTS this month border on the unknown. However, many of them did set new styles. All of them pitched in: Bradley Condensed, Della Robbia, and Type Face, our Foundry, as well as to Mono and Lino. All in all it was a great month to be alive and printing. Special thanks must go to such memorable artists as **PROFS. JIM CRANE** and **BOB HODGELL** who profess at Florida Presbyterian College, and to artist, writer, poet **KENNETH PATCHEN** of Palo Alto, California. Also **MR. CHELTENHAM**, **MR. BODONI** and a man from **MANILA** whom we could not identify in the photo. They set the tone in this type of magazine, as we went, as it were. Thanks to all of these contributors from a grateful staff of copy fritters, here at *motive*.

ALL

M
A
Y


A-

RIGHT,
YOU

LIGHT

Though me and Charlie
Have cared enough for the
world

To imagine it

We do maybe  sort of
Well (amo amas) there might just be
A tiny bit of a spot off in some far
corner, out of sight
like could do with

- well, let's say a
wee smidgin of sumphin

Peaceful'n' clean
!

Kenneth Patchen

The Caged Nightingale and the Intelligent Bat

Someone had a caged nightingale and hung it in the window; and one night a bat fluttered near and engaged it in conversation. "Don't you ever sing in the daytime?" inquired the bat. "Certainly not," the nightingale warbled back nervously. "Never again! That was when they caught me and caged me."

"But what have you to lose now?" squeaked the bat.

"Behind bars, who's afraid of the policeman?"