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ocratic Party, ably commanded by United States Senator Joseph Tydings, has apparently concluded its frantic search for a suitable gubernatorial candidate to oppose Attorney General Thomas Finan, the hand-picked candidate of retiring incumbent J. Millard Tawes and his coalition of party hacks, in the Democratic primary. The Senator's long-awaited selection of a candidate worthy of the support of himself and his Young Turk followers occurs more in the spirit of resignation than of enthusiasm. Senator Tydings and his aides initially approached OEO Director R. Sargent Shriver, who considered but finally declined the honor of bearing the insurgent banner in what promises to be an unusually vicious primary; following this refusal, a

number of other individuals of progressively smaller political stature were contacted, but to no avail. By the time the Young Turks had investigated eight or nine possible or potential candidates, they were beginning to mention names completely

unknown to the electorate and the scurrying about of Senator Tydings had acquired a definite aura of desperation. The process of elimination left only one remotely acceptable survivor: Rep. Carlton R. Sickles, who would probably have entered the race even without the support of the Tydings reformists and who already possesses the backing of organized labor, minority groups and, perhaps surprisingly, a few old-line political bosses with grudges against the Tawes organization. Congressman Sickles has not officially declared his candidacy, so there has been no official endorsement of it, but Senator Tydings has been praising him in speeches as representing the "new kind of leadership Maryland needs".

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May is traditionally the month for primaries in Maryland, but as a consequence of continuing difficulties in conforming to court-ordered legislative reapportionment the 1966 primary has been postponed until September 14th. Overt political activity commenced, however, in the traditional season, as if by the sort of instinctive mechanism common among migratory birds, so the fratricidal strife within the Democratic Party will be carried on over an unusually long period of time. Only two peripheral candidates have legally filed for the gubernatorial nomination of the Democratic Party: Clarence Miles, a Baltimore attorney of generally liberal views and little political standing, and Charles Luthardt, the Maryland leader of the Fighting American Nationalists, who freely

admits being the segregationist candidate. In the weeks and months to come, additional minor candidates, as well as the two major Democratic candidates, Attorney General Finan and Rep-

resentative Sickles, will officially declare themselves desirous of occupying the Governor's Mansion in Annapolis. Principal attention, however, is presently being focused on the third major gubernatorial candidate, Hyman A. Pressman, who has been campaigning in his unique fashion for the past two years.

Mr. Pressman, the current City Comptroller of Baltimore, has been completely unambiguous concerning his desire to be elected to the governorship of this state, but his is not a pursuit of power for its own sake or for the sake of the benefits which necessarily accrue to those who administer power. Most of Hyman Pressman's long and impressive career in the public limelight was spent as a private attorney crusading for individual rights, exposing graft and maladministration, and engaging in various "publicity stunts" in order to focus public attention on activities of the municipal government which were wasting the taxpayers money or interfering with their liberties. He ran for office in 1963 because he was convinced that he could more effectively serve the citizens

of Baltimore in an official capacity, a promise which has, indeed, been fulfilled. His candidacy for governor is founded on the premise that, installed in a position of considerably greater authority, his effectiveness as the eccentric ombudsman for the city and state will be correspondingly greater. The remarkable exploits of this durable old man (a term he prefers to "senior citizen") were chronicled at some length in Kipple #81, but perhaps the character of this caustic crusader, a combination of Fiorello LaGuardia and Henry Barnes, is best summed up by the following incident: Shortly after the appearance of my original article on Mr. Pressman ("Baltimore's Own Ombudsman", Kipple #81), the leaders of the municipal government gathered to dedicate a new highrise apartment building. For the occasion, Comptroller Pressman had prepared not only a brief speech but also a poem (his verse, while not actually poetry, is frequently quite clever, and is especially enjoyable when recited by the author with his customary gusto). Upon their arrival at the construction site, however, it was discovered that the building was being picketed by a construction union local. The ceremonies took place as planned, but without Hyman Pressman, who as a matter of principle refuses to cross union picket lines; he sat quietly on the curbstone across the street, chatting with a couple of children, while the other members of the municipal administration delivered their prepared speeches.

The question concerning Comptroller Pressman's future plans which was asked with increasing frequency as this political year unfolded was never whether he would declare his candidacy, but rather precisely how he would set about doing so. Although he was elected to his present municipal office on the Republican ticket (after failing to gain nomination in the Democratic primary), he was at least nominally a Democrat and would ordinarily have been expected to enter the gubernatorial primary of that party. Under the circumstances, this would have been an extremely unfortunate decision. In a contest between either Carlton Sickles or Hyman Pressman and Thomas Finan, the latter would probably lose, but if both Sickles and Pressman were candidates in the Democratic primary, this would tend to divide the reform vote, thereby insuring the victory of the organization candidate. The immediate consequence of such a defeat for the reformists would be, of course, the perpetuation of Democratic boss control for at least four more years; and the long-range consequences would be the serious weakening of the Tydings wing of the party, whose candidate, in such a situation, would probably have finished a poor third behind Finan and Pressman.

Fortunately, Mr. Pressman has chosen to pursue the second alternative open to him, viz., avoiding the primary altogether and running as an independent in November's general election. He finds this course attractive for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is financial: since he has no organized backing and must depend upon individual contributions to finance his campaign, it is virtually imperative that Mr. Pressman conserve his resources for the main engagement rather than money on preliminaries. His recent announcement that he intends to do precisely this was impelled by what is ironically labelled "Pressman's Law". After Mr. Pressman's successful bid on the Republican ticket in 1963 following his loss in the Democratic primary, the General Assembly enacted a series of changes in Maryland's election laws to prevent a recurrence of that extraordinary episode. One of the new provisions stipulates that any person desiring to run in the general election as an independent candidate must register as such at least six months prior to the primary election. Since the date for the primary is September 14th, the deadline for Mr. Pressman to change his registration to "independent" was March 14th; typically, he waited until the last moment.

The voters of Maryland, then, will go to the polls in November with three rather than the traditional two choices for governor. With Hyman Pressman out of the running in the Democratic primary, Carlton Sickles appears the likely winner of that contest, though it is still a close race. The Republican candidate for governor will probably be Baltimore County Executive Spiro T. "Ted" Agnew, who is plagued by rightwing extremist groups in his home county and would probably enjoy the relaxation of a tension-free campaign. (The campaign would be "tension-free" for Mr. Agnew because, even with the opposition vote split between two candidates, his chances of winning aren't worth a lead kopeck.) Hyman Pressman, for his part, claims complete confidence in his electoral victory, a confidence which few observers share. It would be marvelous if a man opposed by every organized interest could be elected, but the voice of political realism whispering in the back of my mind tells me that it just can't happen.

ONE MORNING ON CASTLE STREET: I recall this particular day vividly, even though it was during the summer when

I was twelve years old. It was one of those breezeless June mornings that prefaces an oppressively hot and humid afternoon, and Ronnie Bartley and I were making the rounds of the neighborhood as we usually did when I worked for The Greek. We shuffled over the grimy pavement, absently kicking pieces of rubbish into the gutter and conversing mostly in grunts and profamity. Mr. D'Angelos was washing his car in the alley behind Castle Street -- he invariably wasted his day off at the hopeless task of attempting to improve the seedy appearance of his 1940 Chevy-and we stopped to quench our thirst from his hose. He mumbled hello in a nasty sort of tone, which was normal enough if you knew Mr. D'Angelos, and continued with his lackadaisical rubbing and polishing while Ronnie and I took turns sipping from the hose and letting the cool water dribble down our chins. Mr. D'Angelos was a tremendous man with a mashed-up face like a prizefighter, and he had more hair on his arms and chest than most men manage to grow in their entire lives. His hair was thinning on top, but around his neck and ears it was thick and curly, and he was dressed in a filthy undershirt sprinkled with holes of various sizes and a pair of faded trousers with the legs cut off just below the knees. In his mouth was a skinny, black, knobby cigar that was bent as if it had been caught in a closing door and exuded smoke with an incredibly strong odor.

"Wanna help, kids?" he asked, teeth clenching the cigar. He gestured at a sponge in an advanced state of decay, and nodded encouraging-ly between it and us. "Can't," Ronnie answered simply. "We're workin" for The Greek right now," I explained. Mr. D'Angelos continued nodding. "Yeah, okay..." He returned more earnestly to his chore, dismissing us

with a wave, and Ronnie and I moved slowly away.

Our first stop was a couple of doors down the alley. We ignored the rusty gate and hopped over an equally rusty fence, then ambled up the cracked cement walkway to the steep, narrow steps. Each of the deteriorating wooden steps creaked in its own unique fashion and the unpainted railing swayed dangerously, but we reached the kitchen door without mishap and proceeded to rap vigorously on a murky window pane. The drab, depressing window was pathetically decorated by dirty red and white curtains, probably either homemade or a gift from a tasteless relative. The door finally swung open, revealing a shabbily dressed middle-aged woman with stringy hair tied back in a bun standing in a sparsely furnished and not notably clean kitchen.

"Come in Teddy, Ronnie; how are you boys today?" "Lo, Missus Pinuska." "Fine, Ma'am, how are you?" Mrs. Pinuska had the sleeves of her housedress rolled up and her arms were wet to the elbows. The sink

was full of kale, and she was busily cleaning it while at the same time striving to prevent a pyramid of dirty dishes from collapsing into the sink. She knew why we had come and there was no reason for her to stop work and engage in an exchange of pleasantries. "I think I like four-seven-three, but don't ask me why." I pulled the little looseleaf notebook and pencil from the pocket of my trousers, opened to the first blank page and casually inquired, "Same amount as always?" "Yeah, same as usual." I cleared a small area of the kitchen table of food refuse in order to lean on it to write, and very carefully printed across one line: "PINUSKA--473--15¢". No money changed hands. I visited only regular customers, and the regular customers had an arrangement whereby

they settled with The Greek on a weekly basis. Mrs. Pinuska returned our cheerful "G'bye!" as we left the kitchen and went down the steps more rapidly than a reasonable appraisal of their condition would have advised. Delivering a purposeless but satisfying kick at the cracked commode lying discarded in the yard, we hopped over the fence into the adjoining yard and climbed another rickety set of outside steps. The back door burst open before we were halfway up the stairs and two small but remarkably athletic children somehow managed to pass us running full tilt down the steps without causing a serious accident. They had conveniently left the badly hung door ajar, so we stepped inside the kitchen and I called out, "Mrs. Gurino, are you home?" Somehow, Mrs. Gurino heard me -- a significant testament to the keenness of her hearing, since the din of screaming children was appalling. The Gurino family included plump, dark-eyed children ranging in age from six months to nineteen years, and the older offspring were girls who, though unmarried, contributed kids of their own to the general pandemonium. There were seven children of various sizes in the diminutive kitchen alone, most of them dressed in veritable rags and playing on a linoleum floor which contained enough garbage to stock a respectable dump. One waddling little girl whose frayed diaper sagged rather badly for an obvious reason picked her way through the jumble of refuse to silently offer me half of a cookie which had apparently been an early victim of the Third Punic War. While appreciating the gesture, I politely declined; Ronnie poked her in the navel with his forefinger, causing her to giggle in surprise.

Mrs. Gurino's selection was noted in a routine manner when she finally managed to stop rushing around long enough to speak to us for a moment, and we continued on to the next customer. Mrs. Murphy, who answered our rapping promptly and had no small children to fret about, was an unusually good customer. She could afford to spend more money than the average resident of Castle Street because her hushand had a steady and reasonably well-paying job: he was a lieutenant in the police department. Mrs. Murphy could only be described as gross: her shoulders, chest, waist and abdomen were completely undifferentiated, and her upper arms were approximately as big around as my waist. She had two pathetically unattractive daughters, Ave and Maria, who suffered precisely the same ailment, whether a glandular disorder or an inability to leave the table after meals I cannot presume to say. Ave and Maria, though only in their late teens, could not have weighed less than 175

pounds apiece.

"The amount's the same as always," Mrs. Murphy declared, "but I don't have no number. How about one o' you boys pickin' one for me?"
"Well, I dunno about that..." She looked at me speculatively. "When were you born, Teddy?" "The sixth of December, Ma'am," I replied at once.
"That's twelve-six, ain't it? All right, then, one-two-six'll be my number, and if it hits I'll see you get somethin' for bringin' me luck." I brought out the notebook and added another line: "MURPHY--126--50¢".

The next house on our regular rounds was the residence of the

Alvarez family, and it was if possible even more delapidated than the average Castle Street hovel. Getting to it necessitated hopping over three intervening fences, and we were compelled at one point to fend off an angry dog with a clothes prop. As we hopped over into the Alvarez yard, one of their kids, whom we called "Itchy", was just leaving the celler. "Mama's no feelin' good today, she maybe not wanna number. You go up anyhow, Dolores ees doin' the dishes an' she talk to you." "Check.

Dolores Alvarez was a strikingly unattractive girl, whose sunken eyes were framed by eyebrows fully as bushy as those of John L. Lewis. She had uneven, protruding teeth and a round, infantile face. The effect was completed by dirty, straggly hair which always looked as if something unpleasant had recently nested in it. Despite all of these disabilities, however, she was usually pursued by most of the boys in the neighborhood, because Dolores was the only girl in 7B1 at Clifton Park Junior High School who looked, below the neck, the way we were beginning to realize that females ought to look. She was an "early bloomer", and childish dresses couldn't entirely disguise the fact that, at twelve

years of age, Dolores had an honest-to-goodness figure.

Dolores opened the door for us, but returned immediately to the sink and a stack of dirty dishes. Ronnie dumped a pile of rumpled clothes off the only chair in the kitchen and proceeded to occupy it, while I went over and leaned against the ice-box, right next to the sink. "It-chy says your Mama ain't feelin' good, Dee." Dolores explained in a completely matter-of-fact tone. "Las' night Papa was here, drunk, an' he beat up Mama. She still in bed, maybe gonna get a doctor later." The sordid nature of our environment is illustrated by the stark fact that a twelve-year-old girl calmly and unemotionally explained to two boys of the same age that her father, during one of his infrequent visits home, had gotten drunk and beaten up her mother--and this information

was accepted casually and without comment.

"Sorry about your Mama, Dee. You wanna go ask her if she wants a number today?" Reluctantly, Dolores laid aside the dish towel and went upstairs. When she returned a few moments later, I asked her what her mother had said. "Mama say she hurts. She say she very sick. She say she take regular money on two-thirty-one, 'cause she think that when she get beat up an' maybe it be lucky some way after all." This was reported in a tired, flat voice, and I made the appropriate entry in the notebook without comment. "Okay, we'll see you later. You ain't been down the hang-out the last few nights, Dee. You gonna be there tonight?" Dolores was very shy when talking with a boy, which would have been charming except that she showed it by staring fixedly at the floor and picking her nose. "Maybe I be there if Mama don' need me, Teddy." "You come tonight, Dee. The Greek pays me today, so tonight I'll have money.

There were more stops on Castle Street, and more people who probably deserve to be written about, like the unemployed Pole who, with the active assistance of the families who lived on either side of him, had been swindling the Welfare Department for three years by pretending to be the father and sole supporter of six children, and the baker's assistant who had to give up playing the numbers because he spent every available penny on heroin. After visiting all of the regular customers on Castle Street, we dropped in to every corner store within a radius of four blocks of North Avenue and Washington Street. By noon or a little after, my "working day" was finished. Ronnie went home for lunch, and I went to The Greek's candy store, a hole-in-the-wall in the basement of a corner house that did a booming business in everything from tootsie-rolls to reefers because it was convenient for kids on their way to school.

The store was filthy beyond description; once I saw a rat sitting quite calmly in one of the glass display cases in the early afternoon when the store was full of customers. Ironically, The Greek was never raided as a numbers drop, because his employers bribed strategically chosen police officers, but he was constantly in trouble with the Health Department. Standing behind the counter in an apron that once was white; he looked cheerful and friendly, like somebody's kindly father--which, as a matter of fact, he was. I turned over the looseleaf book to him when there weren't any customers around and, without saying a word, he reached over and punched the "No Sale" button on the cash register with the heel of his hand. He pulled a couple of crumpled bills out of the drawer and slid them across the counter. "Ya hungry, kid? Look around, take anythin' ya want." I picked up the money but declined the offer of free candy. "You ain't been listenin' to them Health Department bastards, have ya?" He sounded remarkably vicious, and the startled expression on my face made him laugh good-naturedly. "I'm only jokin', kid. I wouldn't eat this garbage neither. Go on home. I'll see ya tomorrow." I walked home by a roundabout route in order to have time to smoke a cigarette on the way, and I felt good. I suppose everybody feels good on payday.

THE RENAISSANCE OF SOVIET BIOLOGY: Trofim D. Lysenko, the scientific charlatan and driveler responsible for the pillage of Russian genetics during the most repressive period of Joseph Stalin's rule, has definitely fallen on hard times. For nearly twenty years Lysenko had reigned over Soviet biology, first as a loyal vassal of Stalin and later of Khrushchev. His dogmatic pronouncements and simple-minded theories were supported by the coercive apparatus of a totalitarian state, and scientists whose dedication to the pursuit of lux et veritas impelled them to reject Lysenko's absurdities were disgraced, imprisoned or liquidated. His distorted concept of genetics not only bruised the prestige gained by the Soviet Union through its considerable accomplishments in other academic fields, but it also contributed significantly to the failure of Soviet agriculture, and it is this which appears to have been chiefly responsible for Lysenko's downfall. Shortly after consolidating its position, the "collective leadership" which replaced Nikita Khrushchev in October, 1964, began criticizing Trofim Lysenko's dogmatism and obscurantism, and virtually overnight the formidable position achieved by terror and upheld by narrow-minded dictate collapsed. The hooded executioner of scientific integrity was dismissed from his post as director of the Institute of Genetics, and Soviet geneticists tentatively but with increasing confidence began to

The rescue of Soviet biology from the "Lysenko aberration" and its manifold unfortunate consequences is proceeding at a brisk pace. It is particularly encouraging to note the inception of Genetics, a scholarly journal published by the USSR Academy of Sciences under the direction of Academician Pyotr Zhukovsky. Prof. Zhukovsky was an associate of Prof. N. I. Vavilov, a world renowned scientist and one time President of the USSR Academy of Sciences, who was banished to Siberia at Lysenko's instigation and eventually died there. In the January, 1966, issue of Soviet Life, Prof. Sos Alikhanyan, associate editor of Genetics, contributes an article announcing the birth of the journal and summarizing the sordid history of Soviet genetics. This article is notable for, among other things, the admission that Genetics will contain general articles on developments in the field because "college students, biology teachers and others /in the Soviet Union/ know little about the progress world genetics has made in the past 20 years." The most important aspect of Prof. Alikhanyan's article, however, is his two para-

revive the classic principles established by Mendel and his successors.

graph summary of Lysenko's role in this melancholy drama and his dubious scientific competence, which may stand as the definitive historical comment on this dark and forbidding figure:

"Lysenko himself confirmed the fact that the personality cult gave him his standing when he proudly declared that his report to the meeting of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences in 1948 -- the meeting that did so much to check the development of Soviet genetics -- had been approved by Stalin himself. Stalin's name was a shield against any criticism. Within a few years Lysenko and his followers had 'revised' Darwin's theory, 'condemned' Mendel's classical experiments and 'rejected' all of classical genetics. In their place they put forward their own theories: the abrupt and spontaneous conversion of one species into another, the absence of struggle within a species, adequate (adapted to environment) hereditary changes, and a denial of specific material transmitters of heredity. There was only one step left to a complete rejection of all that twentieth century world biology had achieved.

"There is no need in this short article to go into a criticism of Lysenko's theories, especially since it is so hard to find anything positive in his writing. It lacks valid arguments, consists of diatribes against 'Mendelism-Morganism', or is filled with agronomical recommendations that have no foundation and are not tested by long experiment. More important is the plain fact that experiment did not confirm his theories. To be perfectly objective I should note that we have scientists who, although they criticize Lysenko, maintain that some of his scientific work has merit. The author of this article is not one of them."

Something more is involved here than the mere purge of one academic commissar and the institution of another, the extirpation of one orthodoxy and the substitution of a new one. Trofim Lysenko has not been arrested or deported to Siberia or executed; he continues to maintain a laboratory at the Institute of Genetics, and is free to advocate his peculiar theories and attempt to prove them through experimentation. His ideas are opposed by a one-party state and its controlled press, but he has not, at least so far, been molested or harassed for holding them. This represents a substantial departure in Communist practice. These developments are encouraging, therefore, not only because they indicate a renaissance of Soviet biology, but also--and perhaps more importantly--because they suggest that the Marxist-Leninists of Russia have achieved the degree of sophistication to insure that, as one "truth" succeeds another, defenders of last year's truth will no longer suffer punishment at the hands of their successors.

THE 1966 POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS (III): The framers of the State Constitution of Alabama, in an effort to limit the possibilities for gubernatorial tyranny, wrote into that document a provision prohibiting the governor from succeeding himself in office. Considering the ignoble character of the individuals who have been elected to that office in recent years, this restriction demonstrates unusual wisdom and foresight on the part of the founding fathers of Alabama. Unfortunately, even the most carefully designed constitutional

safeguard offers insufficient protection against the ravages of a demagogue of George C. Wallace's calibre. Having failed in an attempt to bludgeon the state senate into consigning the provision to the clutches of his carefully trained and regimented electoral majority in order that he might succeed himself formally, the Governor has been reduced to the strategem of running his wife, Lurleen Burns Wallace, as an admitted proxy. Temporarily disguised as an attractive woman with a charming drawl, George Wallace will demand of the electorate a mandate to continue for at least four more years his policy of organized bigotry; and

the dreadful shame of it is, he will probably get it. There are, of course, candidates other than Mrs. Wallace. Indeed, one of the difficulties confronting aspiring prognosticators exploring the dank corridors of Alabama politics is that there are so many gubernatorial candidates that even after the ballots are counted this election is unlikely to reveal anything important about the sympathies of the majority of Alabamians. Attention is overwhelmingly centered on the rapidly approaching Democratic primary, which, unless the nomination of that party should accidentally go to a liberal of some sort, is more important than the general election in November. Apart from the usual aggregation of splinter candidates and people who simply enjoy seeing their names featured prominently in the newspapers, there are at least five major candidates in addition to Mrs. Wallace. John Patterson, who defeated Wallace for governor in 1958 and was then hustled into involuntary retirement in 1962 by the non-succession provision of the constitution, is a vehement segregationist, and is presently the Wallaces! leading challenger. Also attempting to out-Wallace the Wallaces will be Ryan deGraffenried, whom the Governor defeated in 1962, and Jim Clark, the infamous sheriff of Selma, running with the active support of the Ku Klux Klan. There are also, perhaps surprisingly, two moderate candidates, Carl Elliott and Richmond Flowers, each of whom must be conceded a chance, admittedly remote, of capturing the prize. Elliott is a former United States Congressman, much praised on Capitol Hill as a southern liberal, who was a victim of the Goldwater sweep through the Deep South in 1964. Flowers presently serves as the state's Attorney General; he occupied a position on the statewide ticket with Wallace in 1962 and has since the election strived diligently for the Governor's political destruction. Attorney General Flowers is easily the most promising figure in Alabama politics, enjoying the secret support of many white moderates and the open support of most of the politically aware Negroes in the state. Realistically speaking, Flowers has practically no chance of being elected this year; but by styling himself now, before the necessity of accommodation to the facts of political life become clear to other Alabama politicians, as the candidate of the Negro-liberal bloc, Flowers is assuring his place as the principal contender for governor in 1970 or 1974, when the Negro and anti-segregationist vote becomes decisive in Alabama politics. Simply by continuing his opposition to the violence-encouraging racist policies of the state administration and keeping his name in the newspapers, Richmond Flowers is almost certain to become governor in four or, at the most, eight years -- probably running on an integrated ticket.

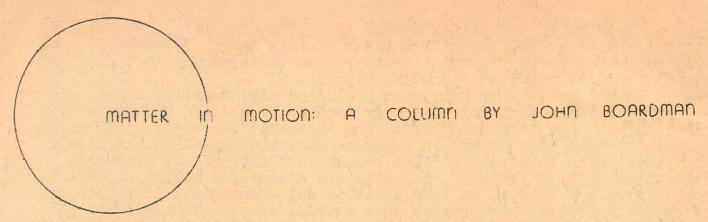
It is extremely difficult to guage the effect of Governor Wallace's blatant circumvention of the constitution on the electorate. At first glance, it would appear logical that utilizing such a crude device in the rapacious pursuit of power would generate considerable resentment among the voters, who would picture themselves as unconsulted pawns being asked to ratify a shoddy trick. It must be remembered, however, that there is a vital difference between the electorate of Alabama and that of most other states. I have little doubt that, were the voters of, say, New York or Massachusetts asked to elect an admitted stand-

in for an otherwise ineligible candidate, they would reject participation in such a farce and hand the offending political manipulator a resounding defeat. But no such political sophistication is to be expected of the Alabama voters; an electorate which would support an egregious poltroon like George Wallace to begin with is hardly likely to be disaffected by such a minor thing as a conspiracy to void the spirit if not the letter of the State Constitution.

On the other hand, the Governor's policies are notably unpopular in certain sections of the state, especially the Huntsville area, and engaging in machinations to circumvent the non-succession rule can only inflame the smouldering resentment. (In 1964, several small communities in northeastern Alabama were quietly integrating their elementary schools in accordance with a Federal Court directive. The people of these communities could hardly be accused of enthusiasm for this course, but they were at least resigned to its inevitability and the entire matter was on the verge of becoming Alabama's first major victory for moderation. But the Governor intervened with state troopers, unrequested and unwanted, who temporarily delayed the integration of the schools and created a tense situation where previously there had been none. The moderate citizens who predominate in the more civilized areas of the state never forgave Wallace for this arrogant intrusion.)

Unless something unexpected crops up between now and the primary date, George Wallace's feminine alter-ego should win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, with Patterson and Flowers running a real horse race for the intangible but nonetheless worthwhile honors of second place. With the Wallaces as the Democratic candidate(s), the general election in November will be a mere formality staged principally for appearances and to enable a Republican non-entity to gain some exposure.

SHORT NOTES ON LONG SUBJECTS: Betty Kujawa got homesick for the good old northern snow, rain and sleet, so she and Gene sub-let their apartment in Florida and returned to South Bend via Nashville and Louisville. Her address is again 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana, 46614. +++ Trends in Music Department: Popular music seems to be in the process of rediscovering the blues, now that the wave of "social protest" songs is waning. Of course, some of Dylan's compositions are blues, and José Feliciano sings a good deal of blues, but the "blues beat" is now becoming fairly common even with the strictly R&R performers. The Righteous Brothers, f'instance, have a new release, "B-Side Blues", which is good Negro blues, and something called The Lovin' Spoonful (?) have (has?) a hit called "What A Day For A Daydream", which would not have been out of place in a cabaret around 1915 or so. ("What A Day For A Daydream" is actually a rag, not a blues, but don't confuse me with facts...) Then, of course, there is a fantastic young girl named Judy Roderick, who is the closest thing nowadays to a Bessie Smith. She isn't very well known yet except among folk-music enthusiasts, but if the blues (I mean the <u>blues</u>, Charlie, not the cabaret singing of Ethel Ennis and Aretha Franklin) is really making a comback, she will soon become very famous. +++ The last time I looked, a couple of months ago, Terry of "Terry & The Pirates" was fighting Communist guerillas. It seems a pity, the current insistence on imposing reality on kids at a tender age. I remember when Terry fought warlords, Japanese soldiers and real Chinese pirates. I would begin Thursday evening looking forward to Sunday to find out what diabolical trick the Dragon Lady would pull this week. Ah, yes, the Dragon Lady--surely the greatest villain there ever was. Compared to her loyal retinue, the Viet Congare harmless amateurs. +++ Is it conceivable that I am the only man in the world who considers singer Keely Smith sexy? -- Ted Pauls



By demonstrating the natural consequences of racial and religious bigotry, the Nazi regime in Germany made prejudice unfashionable in America. The problem of prejudice engrossed the attention of community leaders, and during the past twenty years expressions of such prejudices have been strongly condemned by most people. Where prejudices against, say, Negroes, Jews or Catholics remain, they have had to go underground, and are usually prefaced with the words, "I'm not prejudiced, but..."

At first glance, this state of affairs looks like a victory for principles of democracy and fair play. Yet, though anti-Negro, anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic bigotry have appreciably declined over the last generation, there is one stubborn enclave of prejudice which remains unreduced by this process. Moreover, most of the people who take a bigoted attitude on this matter will describe themselves as un-prejudiced and

see no contradiction.

This form of prejudice, still widespread in America, is anti-Communism. This anti-Communism is not an ideologically based opposition to Communist theory or practice, but bigotry along the same lines as characterized earlier anti-Jewish or anti-Catholic feeling. It is based in most part not on objections to Communism, but on the ceaseless barrage of anti-Communist propaganda that has been stirred up by the American government and press since the end of World War II. Almost none of the anti-Communist bigots have ever met a Communist, have ever read a Communist program, or know anything about Communism except what they have heard from other anti-Communists. In the original sense of the word, this feeling is pre-judice--prior judgment of an ideology and its ad-

herents, without regard to the facts.

Like anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism, anti-Communism assumes that there can be no middle ground between its adherents and the belief to which they are opposed. For them, every non-Communist must be an anti-Communist, and everyone who refuses to be anti-Communist is pro-Communist. They have fabricated the myth of an "International Communist Conspiracy" to replace the earlier "International Catholic Conspiracy" or "International Jewish Conspiracy". (Some veterans of these earlier movements, indeed, link Communism with one or both of the older bogeymen.) Just as the anti-Catholic ignores all clashes of opinion or historical changes within the Catholic Church, and thinks of it only as a monolithic and infinitely malevolent entity, so the anti-Communist cites words or deeds of Marx, Lenin and Stalin as indicative of present policies of Communist nations. For the anti-Communist, Yugoslavia and China are operating under the close direction of Moscow, as are the social democratic parties of Western Europe and America.

As other forms of prejudice have declined and become socially unacceptable, anti-Communism has taken over the fears which they formerly directed. America's largest newspaper states editorially that "the only good Communist is a dead Communist", and no voices of protest are heard. Anti-Communism is even made a course on grammar school curricula in some

states, just as in Nazi times German schoolchildren were indoctrinated against the Jews. Local manifestations of this imaginary Communist conspiracy become issues in small southern and western towns that probably

haven't seen a Communist since the Depression.

Education in anti-Communist prejudice begins early. Comic book villains are Communist spies. A very popular TV cartoon has as perpetual villains a couple named "Boris" and "Natasha" who speak with Russian accents. Pupils are entered in essay competitions based on anti-Communist books such as Gordon's "Nine Men Against America" or Stormer's "None Dare Call It Treason". Students are encouraged to learn about Communism from any source, so long as it is anti-Communist; if a Communist attempts to present his program on a campus, complaints are heard that he will mislead young innocents. Some anti-Communists say that students should be taught about Communism only as medical students are taught about disease.

In adult life the drill continues. Whenever a government is overthrown in Latin America or Africa, the revolution is interpreted to Americans in terms of whether Communists were involved. Communism is made an issue in the fight for integration, in the anti-poverty program, in Medicare and public power development, and even in the organizational structure of Protestant churches. Often speakers for both sides in a public issue will argue that the adoption of their position will give Communism the greater set-back. Anti-Communism is made the justification for military conscription, for a futile, dirty war ten thousand miles away, for American invasion of Latin American countries, for shutting out the poor from management of the anti-poverty program, even for anti-pornography legislation.

Fortunately, this long indoctrination is beginning to crack at the foundations. The currency of anti-Communism has been passed so widely, and under such patently preposterous circumstances, that people are beginning to see that it is counterfeit. When integrationists, pacifists and civil libertarians are told that their programs are Communistic, many of them learn that anti-Communism is nothing but a convenient stick with which to beat freedom. When the anti-Communist maintains that civil rights, peace, organization of the poor or public roles in the economy are Communistic, this serves only to make the proponents of these programs examine Communism from a less unfriendly viewpoint. In twenty years, anti-Communist bigotry has succeeded only in restoring to re-

spectability the once discredited American Communist Party.

There is still the necessity for making clear that anti-Communism is a prejudice, just as anti-Semitism or white supremacy are. If it appears in schools, parents must protest this attempt to make their children bigots. Newspaper and magazine publishers must be cautioned against expressions of anti-Communist bigotry, particularly in publications directed at children. And politicians must be made to see, as many have

already, that anti-Communism is not the way to scare up votes.

Anti-Communism has poisoned the wells of American political dialogue for too many years. For most questions of foreign policy, and all questions of domestic policy, Communism is neither right nor wrong, but completely irrelevant. Even in those parts of the world where American policy seems to be at odds with Communism, the issue is most commonly one of conflicting nationalisms, with one of the nations a Communist one. When Communism is brought into a political discussion, or a public question is inspected from the angle of whether it will benefit or harm Communism, one may be sure that a smokescreen is being generated. A good rule-of-thumb is to substitute the word "Jewish" or "Catholic" for "Communist" and see whether the argument still makes sense.

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Kipple #95: Todd Gitlin's blueprint for a great society perfectly epitomizes the principal faults of the New Left: (a) "a decent income (should be) guaranteed for all who will not or cannot work," and (b) "The great corporations should, somehow, be made responsible to workers and consumers."

First, (a). My hair almost stood on end when I read that we should guarantee an income, not only to those who cannot work, but also to those who will not. Are you sure that some reactionary typesetter did not stick that into Mr. Gitlin's article to make him look silly? When Mr. White, a private individual, decides that he doesn't want to work, and gets himself a guaranteed decent income by forcing Mr. Black at gunpoint to work for him, we call it "slavery". Now, it seems, Mr. White is being stupid. What

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he should do is gather a large number of those who sympathize with him, and persuade them to vote him an income from Black's labor, and hire a policeman to point the gun at Black. Then it's not slavery,

it's "social justice".

Now, (b). The blindness of the Left (both New and Old) is blatantly evident in that amazing statement that corporations should "somehow" be made responsible to workers and consumers. As to workers, hasn't Mr. Gitlin ever heard of unions? Or does he mean that workers should not only have a voice in setting their wages and working conditions, but also in the management of the corporation? If so, it is easily obtained: let the workers, as individuals or through their unions, buy stock in the company. Then they can share in the management and in the profits. And also, of course, in the losses.

Making corporations more responsible to the consumers will be very difficult, since they are already 100 percent responsible, in that they must satisfy the consumers or soon go out of business. What more can be asked? I suggest that what really bugs the Left is precisely that business is responsible to the consumers. The market acts to give the consumers what they want, and this is exactly what the Leftists object to, because they do not approve of what the consumers want. When the Left talks about corporation "responsibility", I suspect they mean that the corporations should be required to give the consumers what the brilliant intellectuals of the Left think is good for them, and not just "pander" to the poor taste of the public. ({Surely these comparatively minor points are not your only objections to Mr. Gitlin's proposals...?)

Since I favor firing Professor Genovese because he is a Marxist and therefore presumptively committed to indoctrinating his students, you ask if equally committed "devout Catholics or Lutherans or Moslems are unfit to teach?" Certainly, if you object to having the students indoctrinated in those creeds, as I object to Marxism. Tell you what. I will withdraw my opposition to Professor Genovese on the very day that Howard University hires George Wallace to teach sociology. ({I question whether Governor Wallace is qualified to teach in any field. There are, however, sociologists and psychologists who happen also to be racists, notably Dr. Henry E. Garrett, cited in Kipple #94 by Eric Blake. There is no question in my mind concerning Dr. Garrett's right to teach. I would oppose any attempt by opportunistic politicians to make a campaign issue of his presence on a university faculty; I would sign petitions and write letters protesting any effort to bring pressure to bear on the university administration in order to secure his dismissal. I very much doubt that you are any more offended by Prof. Genovese's Marxism than I am by Dr. Garrett's racism, so the fact that you "favor firing Professor Genovese" while I would not favor firing Doctor Garrett must be attributable to some fundamental difference in our philosophies. And, indeed, it is; the difference is that my concern is for the principle of civil liberties without regard to the personalities or political viewpoints involved in specific cases. This respect for a principle is demonstrated when the NAACP and the Anti-Defamation League file briefs defending two segregationists arrested for distributing anti-Negro and anti-Jewish leaflets, or when the ACLU takes the case of a racist arrested in Baltimore for making an anti-integration speech, or when a Jew whose family was decimated during the Nazi reign of terror defends George Lincoln Rockwell. Let me know when rightists begin to display comparable concern for civil liberties -- when, e.g., Klan attorney J. B. Stoner defends civil rights workers charged with "criminal syndicalism", or when the John Birch Society circulates petitions supporting Gus Hall's right to speak in a public auditorium. Yeah, let me know--but I won't hold my breath.)

You seem to be under the impression that the Congressional investigations of a decade ago were for the purpose of "exposing" the past Communist affiliations of people who had long since left the Party, and that these exposures served no purpose other than to embarrass and harass innocent people for their youthful misjudgments. They were a few isolated cases of such persecution, especially on a local level (teachers being fired, etc.), and such incidents were rightly deplored. But I am unaware of anything of the sort being done by the big Congressional investigations, i.e., HUAC, Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and even the McCarthy committee. None of these committees made it a practice to publicly "expose" those who willingly cooperated with the committee. The usual procedure was to first question the suspect in executive session (without publicity), and those who freely testified about their past Red affiliations were congratulated on being good citizens, and as a rule their names were not publicized without their consent.

I know of not one case in which someone answered the questions forthrightly, cooperated fully with the investigators, and was nevertheless subjected to public embarrassment. After all, most of the investigators' leads came from precisely these former Party associates who had since repented, and it was therefore not in the investigators' interest to shut off this source of information by persecuting them. Since public embarrassment was not visited upon those who cooperated with the investigations, it becomes reasonable to suspect that those who refused cooperation had something else to fear--like having current Party activity exposed. (Former HUAC Chairman J. Parnell Thomas stated in 1947 that "The chief function of the Committee...has always been the expos-

ure of un-American individuals and their un-American activities." To be "un-American" in the eyes of the Committee it is not, of course, necessary to be a member of the Communist Party. HUAC has, at one time or another, defined as "un-American" an impressive number of organizations, including the NAACP, the National Council of Churches, the Fund for the Republic and the American Civil Liberties Union. The principal function of the Committee has been to intimidate and/or discredit members of socalled "subversive" organizations and advocates of controversial views. The exposure process utilizes a variety of devices: the names, addresses and occupations of subpoenaed witnesses are "leaked" to newspapers; subpoenas are served, whenever possible, at the witness's place of employment; names of witnesses are introduced (by the Committee counsel) during the interrogation of other unfriendly witnesses, so that the victim has already been implicated in a presumably "subversive" situation before he appears for questioning; accusations, frequently disguised as questions, are hurled at the witness in public session, and, contrary to the accepted practices of Anglo-American jurisprudence, the burden of proof rests with the accused; and dossiers on unfriendly witnesses are supplied to right-wing groups in their community. Your assertion that "public embarrassment was not visited upon those who with the investigations" is valid only if we accept the Committee's definition of "cooperation". HUAC defines as "cooperative witnesses" those who provide long lists of names of "subversives"; frequently, these people are professional witnesses and anti-Communist lunatics whose testimony would be (and, in fact, has been) laughed out of a court of law. Witnesses who refuse to "cooperate" are not only those who avail themselves of their Fifth Amendment privilege to refuse to testify, but also those whose answers -- however honest and accurate -- do not satisfy the inquisitors. There are literally hundreds of examples; I cite as representative the questioning of the Rev. Jack McMichael in 1953. Rev. Mc-Michael patiently answered the Committee's questions, denying that he had ever been a Communist and challenging the Committee to give him a lie-detector test. Obviously, this was an uncooperative attitude! Rev. McMichael was therefore accused, without any convincing evidence being cited, of being a Communist, and he was "publicly embarrassed" in the headlines of every major newspaper in the country.)

You note that it is blasphemous to assume that God created men so that they could worship Him. One of my friends tells me of a man he knows who thoroughly believes in the existence of God--and hates Him

for the horrors He imposes on the world.

You ask me, "In the eight years of the Eisenhower Administration, under fiscal conservatives, the economy suffered three recessions; under liberal economists, there has been five years of uninterrupted prosperity. What does this suggest to you?" Well, mainly it suggests that you have a very strange idea of what "fiscal conservatives" are, if you think that any such were running the Eisenhower Administration. True, The himself paid lip-service to fiscal conservatism, but very little of it was visible in action. I do not recall a single instance of that Administration moving toward a more conservative policy. At the most, it merely refrained from moving very much further to the left. The budget was balanced twice, I think, in eight years. This is conservatism? ({In his book, "The White House Years: Mandate for Change 1953-1956", Eisenhower summarizes the economic policy of his first administration: "With the recession of 1954 behind us and with the economy moving upward, the administration began to concern itself with the danger of inflation. Week by week we scrutinized stock prices, figures on credit expansion and debt, and other economic indicators for any sign of danger. In particular we continued to work to cut back on Federal spending and produce a surplus for partial payment on the staggering national debt." In

fiscal 1956, the Eisenhower economists, by sacrificing domestic programs, actually produced a budget surplus in excess of 2.5 billion dollars. That sounds like a pretty conservative economic policy to me.)

John Boardman compares the fear of an "International Communist Conspiracy" to the last century's fears of an "International Jewish Conspiracy", with the clear implication that the one is as unfounded as the other. This passeth all understanding. Let us suppose that in, say, the time of Dreyfus, the state of Israel had existed. Let us say further that Israel was the second greatest military power on the planet, had publicly proclaimed her intention of spreading Judaism throughout the world, had militarily conquered many of her neighbors, and was conducting all manner of subversion against all non-Jewish governments. And let us say still further that most Jews everywhere slavishly followed the Israel "party line", advocated non-resistance to Israeli aggression, and in many cases had been solidly proven to have acted as Israeli spies and subversionists against their own countries. In this world of if, might one not be forgiven for fearing an "International Jewish Conspiracy"?

"What the urban centers need, more than clean buildings and traffic that circulates, is a movement to effect further reforms in city life and to upgrade the cultural level of the mass urban populations. This is a historic task second only to the building of the cities themselves. It requires a whole new social movement. We have never had a social movement that came out of our universities—unless we can credit the public health and hygiene movement to this source. The Populists, the Settlement House movement, trade unionism, all originated elsewhere. Certainly automation bids fair to cause a technological revolution with wide social consequences. It may beget as well a social movement from the universities."—Dennis Clark, in America, March 5, 1966.

Martin Berger, Rockwell's attorney, seems to be operating in a historical vacuum when he takes on Rockwell's defense. He is acting as if there had never been a Nazi Party in any other country. This is not to say that I believe Rockwell should have no attorney. But by preference he should be represented by, say, J. B. Stoner. The authorities of New York should cooperate by permitting Stoner every facility to practice here while he is defending Rockwell. The best prophylactic (remember when that word meant something besides "condom"?) against rightists is to give them their head, and to let their words be heard by as large an audience as possible. Matt Murphy's defense of Wilkins gave liberals an opportunity to hear, at great length, just what sort of men are involved in the fight to preserve segregation. Stoner reviling Jewish or Negro judges in a New York court would be far more informative than would Berger patiently calling attention to the Bill of Rights. Civil liberties are not simply good things in their own right; they enable the broadest publicity to be given to crackpots, so that people can hear their ideas in all their enormity.

Easier ballot access is a good idea for the same reason. Since Rockwell ran for governor of Virginia last year, getting 1.2% of the vote, it is possible for anyone with a detailed set of election returns to see just where the concentrations of Nazi feeling are in Virginia. The Goldwater candidacy had the same value, since it made eminently clear the contention of liberals that conservatism and segregation are

one and the same thing.

Sprague de Camp's criticism of the 1930's is replete with hind-

sight, but I found myself wondering how I'd react had I been born 20 years earlier. During the depths of the Hoover Depression I might have joined the Communist Party. However, I would have been very restive over the Trotsky issue, just as present-day Communists are about Sinyavsky and Danyel. And when the purge trials of the mid-1930's came along, I probably would have left the Communists and gone into the American Labor Party. In the context of the 1930's, the assumption that only Communism or some heretical variation of same offered a bulwark against Fascism was an arguable position. Remember also that it was at this time that the American Legion was plotting a coup d'état against Roosevelt, openly modeled on the Fascist march on Rome, and bankrolled by such industrialists as Gerald P. MacGuire, Louis Johnson (later Secretary of Defense) and James van Zandt (later congressman from Pennsylvania). Details of the plot, which were revealed by a retired Marine general who had been approached to lead the coup, may be found in the New York Times for November 21, 1934, and February 16, 1935, and in George Seldes' books, "One Thousand Americans" and "Facts and Fascism". So a Fascist threat to America was no mere chimera.

I have heard before the story about how Roosevelt ordered the FBI to "lay off the Commies". It came from Martin Dies--scarcely a reliable source. Roosevelt's remark that "I can handle them myself" brings to mind a curious rumor which was prevalent at the time of the Hiss trial--that Hiss had been Roosevelt's personal investigator within the CP, and that had Roosevelt been alive Hiss would have been cleared.

But, be that as it may, I do not regard the alleged guilt of Hiss and the Rosenbergs as proven and finished. The Rosenbergs were scapegoats in a fashion straight out of ancient ritual--"They have atomic weapons, so some of Us must be searched out and punished for it." In their recent book, "Invitation to an Inquest", Walter and Miriam Schneir have shown that the government forged evidence against the Rosenbergs. This does not need to be done for guilty men. And the "pumpkin papers" which convicted Hiss were of the same dubious provenance.

I do not intend to excuse Stalinist excesses. Considering the policies of the pre-war governments of those countries, Stalin had every reason to fear the establishment of hostile governments in Poland, Hungary and Rumania. And there is no conceivable Russian government that could acquiesce in the re-armament of Germany. But this does not excuse

the imposition of Communist governments in those countries.

The "Captive Nations Resolution" aims, not merely at the detachment of the eastern European states from their alliance with the USSR -a process which seems to be almost as well underway as the dissolution of NATO -- but also at the dismemberment of Russia itself. Among the regions to be pried loose are the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which have been part of Russia as long as there's been a Russia; Latvia and Esthonia, which were never independent nations except for some twenty years, mostly under Fascist regimes, between the wars; and places like "White Ruthenia" and "Idel-Ural", which I defy you to locate on a map. One of the new states to be carved out of Russia is "Cossackia", which sounds as if it might be a separate nation for Cossacks. This makes about as much sense as a separate nation for the US Marines. Some congressmen have gone further, introducing resolutions honoring the "Independence Day" of the collaborationist Hravat state set up in Yugoslavia after the Nazis conquered it. These resolutions are usually garnished with praise for the valiant Hravats who are bearing up under Communist oppression -and who, during the short-lived Hravat Kingdom, murdered 600,000 Serbs and almost as many Jews.

Henry Wallace's guru, like Barry Goldwater's membership in a society of Indian medicine men, indicates some wooly-wittedness. But, if I remember Schlesinger correctly, Wallace's guru phase was a brief peri-

od in the 1930's. I vaguely remember that it was brought up during the

1948 campaign, on the theory of "any stick to beat a dog".

The value of Wallace's domestic programs, as advocated in 1948, is illustrated by the fact that most of them were taken up by the Great Society and received overwhelming endorsement by the electorate some 16 years later. That, in a nutshell, is the whole history of progressive thought in this country. A progressive or socialist candidate goes down to ignominious defeat, but a couple of decades later both major parties are using his platform to win votes. This is why I am positive that the policies I have been arguing in the pages of Kipple will be the accepted political orthodoxies of the Twenty-First Century.

And, as with Wallace's domestic policies, so with his foreign policies. People are at last beginning to understand what he was saying all along-that anti-Communism is just a blind to justify segregation, conscription, and an ugly and futile war halfway around the world. For the first time in American history, an anti-war movement is gaining

strength while US armed forces are actually engaged in combat.

"Humanism is a philosophy of joyous service for the greater good of all humanity in this natural world and according to the methods of reason and democracy." --Corliss Lamont.

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I stand corrected in the matter of the Captive Nations Resolution, as far as it applies to "Cossackia" (or maybe "Hyrkania"?).

However, I take issue with the argument that North and South Vietnam "ought" to be unified because "they are really one people". Unification may or may not be desirable, but not on that ground. The term "people" is meaningless, useful only for propaganda purposes. It is part of the ideology of nationalism. This ideology, like its two main modern rivals—Christianity and Marxism—contains an abundance of the irrational and the absurd.

Nationalism assumes that mankind is divided into distinct, sharply demarcated groups called "peoples". Each of these peoples, it is supposed, is homogeneous in race, language, religion, culture and traditions, and lives in a compact and definitely bounded area. Moreover, it differs in all these respects from all other peoples. Selon nationalism, each of these peoples "ought" to have its own nation and government.

Of course, there is no such "people" on earth. The nearest approach is the Republic of Iceland, homogeneous and definitely bounded. Even here we do not have a perfect people, since the Icelanders are racially, religiously and culturally similar to the other Scandinavians. This fact would furnish a second Knud, the Mighty with a good, nationalistic pretext for annexing the island, as Norway did in the 1260's. Given the assumptions of nationalism, any government can find a reason for annexing any piece of foreign territory it covets, and any definiable group within a nation can find a reason for seceding from its parent government.

The North and South Vietnamese differ from each other as markedly as either does from the other Indo-Chinese peoples. Formerly, they were known respectively as the Annamese and the Cochin-Chinese. The former were a far more warlike people than the other Indo-Chinese, with a name for ferocity that goes back to the days of the Empire of Kambuja. The Annamese furnished the French with most of their colonial troops from this part of the world from the late Nineteenth Century to 1954. This warrior tradition is one of the things that keeps the present war going. ({Admittedly, the definition of the term "people" is open to such

wide interpretation as to render it virtually meaningless in most contexts. In speaking of the "Vietnamese people", it might also be noted that we tend to include within the scope of that phrase the primitive hill tribesmen known generically as montagnards, who apparently inhabited the highlands prior to the arrival of the people known presently as "Vietnamese". When the term "Vietnamese people" is employed, however, it is generally in the context of questioning the Administration's assertion that the central problem in South Vietnam is "foreign aggression"; and, however sloppy the terminology, I believe that the point is essentially valid: the "outsiders" in this conflict are not the North Vietnamese infiltrators (many of whom, incidentally, at least prior to February, 1965, were born in South Vietnam and had gone North in 1954 in compliance with the Geneva Agreement, expecting to return to their homes after the proposed 1956 elections), but rather the US, Australian and Korean troops supporting the Saigon government. This is by no means the most compelling argument against our involvement in Vietnam, but it is, to me at least, an extremely nagging one: no matter how fancy the language employed to describe our heroic commitment to the freedom of the Vietnamese, the inescapable fact remains that we are fighting an essentially colonial war to prevent the overthrow of a military dictatorship in a little country which in no way threatens our security. >)

Life would be dull without somebody to disagree with, but so long as my friend John Boardman is around that danger seems remote. I refer to his letter in Kipple #95, or "Let's not be beastly to the Communists." To answer his question: "How many of the anti-Communist bigots ...have ever known a real, card-carrying Communist?" Well, whether or not I qualify as a bigot, I have known several. In fact, in my longpast youth I was once briefly in love with a Communist young lady, if that is the word I want. (A beautiful girl, too.) What John says about Communists being individuals like other human beings is of course true.

However, the same argument applies to members of other groups, which have also been the targets of virulent attacks. Will John extend his fine spirit of Christian charity to them, too? I mean the US Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Christian Crusade, the John Birch Society, the Minutemen,

the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party. If not, why not?

John may reply that he fears and hates the aims and policies of these groups and so finds it hard to tolerate individual members. Ah yes, but I fear and hate the aims and policies of the Communist Party-not immediately or obsessively, but in the long view--so why shouldn't I be beastly to Communists? I look at it from a selfish, personal view, as I do crime and criminals. I know what happens to members of my profession under Communism. The recent case of Daniel and Sinyavsky is merely the latest of a long series of suppressions of writers and scientists who offended those in power. What's the use of being a writer if one can't offend those in power and get away with it?

Boardman further says: "Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted by a jury for a murder they did not commit." For forty years, the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti has been an article of faith among advanced thinkers like John, but that only goes to show that advanced thinkers can fool themselves like other people. In fact, the evidence indicates beyond reasonable doubt that Sacco was guilty. Vanzetti may not have been; but in that case he was probably an accessory after the fact. He almost

certainly knew what was going on.

Tests in 1961 with an improved comparison microscope confirmed the earlier findings that Bullet III, taken from Parmenter's body, had been fired from Sacco's Colt .32 automatic, and that Shell W, found at the scene, had been fired in that same pistol. When arrested, Vanzetti was carrying a .38 revolver of uncommon make--Harington & Richardson--just like the pistol that the other holdup victim, Berardelli, was carrying when he was killed, and which one of the robbers picked up and carried off. Nor was Vanzetti's story of how he got it convincing.

It is a shame to have to give up such a beautiful example of capitalistic injustice, but those who are not wishful or cliché thinkers have little choice. Of the several books on the case, the fairest and least tendentious (in my opinion), although not the best-organized, is Francis Russell's "Tragedy in Dedham" (McGraw-Hill, 1962). This author started his book all gung-ho for Sacco and Vanzetti but was compelled by the facts he discovered to change his mind.

"At the opening of the Goldkist pecan processing plant in Canton, Mississippi, Governor Ross Barnett claimed that it was Mississippi which made the pecan the world famous nut it has become.' Little did he suspect that the state would do precisely the same thing for him at a later date." --Peter Laux, in Catholic Library World.

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A myth that needs puncturing is that Barry Goldwater led a legitimate conservative movement in 1964. That is not so; rather, the "hard core" Goldwaterites greatly resemble the typical fascist. Seymour Martin Lipset sheds much light on this in his discussion of extremism in "Political Man".

The general political orientations of conservatism, liberalism and socialism are usually described as "right", "center" and "left". Traditionally, the basis of strength for conservative movements has lain in the upper class, for liberalism in the middle class, for socialism in the working class. An extremist can corrupt any one of these three outlooks. The person who does this is usually a member of a "dispossessed" group—one that is on the way down in society, losing power and prestige. The extremist distortion of conservatism is the traditional authoritarian conservatism, the distortion of socialism is communism, and the distortion of liberalism is fascism. One finds that the people adhering to these distorted outlooks are generally of the same class and have the same social characteristics as those who adhere to the complementary, legitimate viewpoints.

Three simple examples will prove the point. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the power of the European monarchs was challenged, then limited, and in most cases abolished. The conservatives—nobles and churchmen—were losing status and power rapidly. Consequently, many extreme reactionaries like Metternich appeared who tried to maintain the absolute monarchies and clerical authority. These authoritarian conservatives were almost exclusively members of the upper class.

Second, the great majority of communists, anarchists, syndicalists and other violent leftists were members of the lower class, even though in their infant stages these ideologies were mainly adhered to by middle class intellectuals.

Third, a study of the German voting patterns in the last days of the Wiemar Republic -- the most dramatic failure of liberal government in modern days -- shows conclusively that the Nazis picked up their support mostly from the disgusted members of the middle class, ex-liberals, who suffered much during the chaos of the 1920's. The leftist parties maintained their strength through the last free elections. Although the conservative vote declined 40%, the vote for middle class parties fell off 80%, while the Nazis increased theirs twelve-fold. Thus, fascism is an ideology of the displaced liberals. Fascism is not a movement of the ex-

treme right, it is a movement of the extreme center.

What sort of person is this displaced liberal? Generally one can describe him as a member of the middle class, probably self-employed. He is against big business, big government and big labor. He is probably insecure. He feels as if society is squashing him. This is in marked contrast to the characteristics of the true conservative.

America has no conservative tradition in the European sense, since it has never had a monarchy, a class of nobles with inherited privileges or as established church. The US did not pass through a feudalistic period at all. America does have its monied, propertied, aristocratic citizens, however. They are mainly concentrated in the old, cultured East and New England. These people--Senate examples are Aiken, Prouty, Margaret Chase Smith--are the true conservatives. But it was this very "Eastern Establishment" that the Goldwaterites were so bitter about. The Goldwaterite does fit the description of the dispossessed middleclassnik--small-time businessman, anti-medicare doctor, etc. The most vocal supporters of McCarthy were also this sort of person.

The most displaced area of the country today is the Deep South. The South is economically backward and its social system is being forcibly changed from without. The legitimacy of the racists' authority is being challenged. The Ku Klux Klan is again prospering and the average Klansman is again that middle class used car salesman, laundromat financier, etc.—not a member of the Southern conservative aristocracy left by the plantation system. The Deep South voted Goldwater overwhelm—

ingly.

The hard-core Goldwaterite strikingly resembles the hard-core Nazi. German discontent was much more pronounced and Hitler was correspondingly more extreme, but the similarity is there. Another parallel is that the Nazis did not get many votes from urban areas like Berlin, which were dominated by big industry and organized working class movements, but were strong in the small towns. Just like Goldwater.

It is all fairly clear. The average diehard Goldwaterite is a

fascist.

"In this way we are all alone inside of ourselves, helplessly and hopelessly scribbling notes, throwing them out through the bars, and hoping that some sympathetic soul will pick them up and do something intelligent and loving with them." --Steve Allen, in "Mark It and Strike It".

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Does SDS really stand for Students for a Democratic Society? I

thought it stood for Students who Don't Study. Albuquerque's own SDS

put on a demonstration protesting the US policy in Vietnam on Lincoln's

Birthday, which they considered to be a smashing success and the rest

of the town considered to be something less—a lot less, in fact. As to

Mr. Gitlin's comments, which I take to be fairly typical of the SDS, I

have the following to say about his so-called "great society". Slums

should be renovated, true, but by their occupants? If, as Mr. Gitlin

suggests, money were given gratis in unlimited amounts to these people,
they would be living in splendor comparable to the Queen of England and
the poor sap taxpayers would be the ones living in squalor. If I were
to offer you every cent I had in the world, absolutely no strings attached, you would be stupid not to take it. The same thing applies in
Mr. Gitlin's "great society". The poor would be stupid not to take the
unwilling donor for every cent he had. (And also, thanks to Gitlin's
generosity, these people would hold the reins of government; "Power must

be shared among those affected.") ({Mr. Gitlin did not, of course, propose to distribute "unlimited amounts" of money to slum residents. He advocated providing every citizen with a "decent" (not extravagant) income, and he suggested that slum areas should be rebuilt, with public funds, according to plans designed by the residents. This does not entail distributing the funds to the residents themselves. As I understood Mr. Gitlin's proposal, contracters would be employed at public expense to rebuild slum areas--exactly as is done at present--but the plans for the new construction would originate with the residents rather than with bureaucrats who live outside the neighborhood. >)

Police forces elected by residents? Politicians are always accused of being crooked and, in some few cases, the stereotype is true. If police had to become politicians to maintain their jobs, there would be corruption not seen in many a decade. Think of the power the police in office could (not necessarily would) bring to bear against the voters before an election. Harassment by parking tickets, arrests for obscure violations, constant searches (this happens almost daily in Albuquerque; police stop people at random, search them, detain them without stating why, and then let them go) and so forth, until the people would be terrified into re-electing them. I am not saying this would happen,

I am saying that it is frighteningly possible.

As to the institutional props of racism being extirpated, why not drop an H-bomb on Mississippi and Alabama and on any "segregated" town other than those in those states? The Action Committee on Human Rights (ACOHR) and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) are finding racism in New Mexico, where the people probably don't even know what the term means. In Lovington, SNCC actually found one (just one) motel operator who would not give them a room at his establishment. Maybe he had no accommodations, maybe he is a bigot; I don't know and I don't really care. There are other -- and probably better -- places to stay in Lovington where SNCC members were, to use their own words, "cordially welcomed". SNCC found their racial hatred, bigotry, etc., but they really had to look hard for it. If you get enough fanatics together you can find racists or communists or Baptists or whatever under every bed and around every corner -- whether there are actually any there or not. ({One segregated motel may not impress you as important, but that is one more than the acceptable number.)

Albuquerque is really an enlightened town in the best LBJ sense. Our dear beloved mayor recently said of a referendum vote to change the city government: "When people must vote on every issue, anarchy is sure to prevail." Anarchy surely follows when people have a choice as to

their form of government, doesn't it?

Johnson is at it again. By "it" I mean saying one thing and meaning another. Instead of prattling about "humanitarian interests" in not bombing Haiphong and the Cong's (sorry about that, Mrs. Bukowski) industrial backing, why doesn't LBJ admit he's afraid our bombers would hit the East German glass-works, the Czech plywood factories, the Polish sugar refinery, the Chinese rubber and electrical plants and scores of other Communist Bloc factories? Our B-52's have instead been striking at those oh-so-vital bamboo bridges and dirt tracks. In less than a year we have lost 170 aircraft over North Vietnam. Things have been allowed to deteriorate to the point where pilots have a 1-in-10 chance of being shot down on a six-month tour of duty. The Senate hearings on these matters are doomed to a miserable failure due to Fulbright still being in the bad graces of LBJ and McNamara being scared of opening his mouth and letting incompetency issue forth.

Gen. Hershey defended the draft board's right to give 1-A (and immediate draft) notices to the students who demonstrated in Michigan against Selective Service policies. Good for you, Gen. Hershey -- Adolph would have been proud of you. It's really dangerous to give free speech and the right of peaceful assembly to just anyone, isn't it. General?

and the right of peaceful assembly to just anyone, isn't it, General?

Marty Helgesen: Besides Mr. Pauls' valid point about a God that created man just to worship Him, why should an omnipotent being care one iota about such an imperfect creature as man? I recently read a dissertation on why God was on our side in the Vietnam war. If the US is right in its "defense of human dignity" in Vietnam, where is His help? Or is He an interested but passive onlooker? And if God is passive, why pray to Him knowing he won't aid you in any way? I interpret from your statements that God is perfect. If God is perfect, He must have free will of His own to have created man. Being perfect (and having perfect free will), God could never have made a mistake. Why couldn't He create a man with free will who is complete (your definition) and perfect? He must have made a mistake somewhere if His creation with free will, modeled after His own, remember, chose the wrong set of values. This makes Him less than perfect--which is a contradiction by definition. I leave it to you to decide whether the facts are untrue (meaning that man is perfect with perfect free will and always chose rightly in the past) or whether the definition must be altered to fit the facts.

"When one comes to think of it, it is pretty obvious that Woman, not Man, was the innovator who laid the foundations of our civilization. While the men went hunting, the Woman was the guardian of the fire and, pretty certainly, the first maker of pottery. It was she who went picking the wild berries and nuts and seeds and who went poking with sticks to unearth the edible roots. In the mother-to-daughter tradition, the knowledge of plants born of long observation led the women to experiment in cultivation. Biologically Woman was more observant than Man, because the recurring phases of the moon coincided with the rhythm of her fertile life and she could observe the period of gestation not only in herself but in the animals and in the seasonal reappearance of the plants. So she had a sense of Time, and the measurement of Time was one of the earliest manifestations of constructive and systematic thinking." --Ritchie Calder, in "After the Seventh Day".

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You suggest (Kipple #94) a compromise in Vietnam which would involve the withdrawal of all foreign military forces. Considering what's been happening in the Pathet Lao controlled areas of Laos, do you consider this an attainable goal? Would the Communists ever agree to an inspection procedure without the kind of veto they have there? In this context, incidentally, there are people in Saigon who refer to the Ho Chi Minh Trail as the "Geneva Accord Memorial Highway".

John Boardman suggests that Private T. Pauls in Vietnam should desert and make broadcasts urging others to follow his example. By all means, John; the glorious tradition of Tokyo Rose, Axis Sally and Lord

Haw-Haw must be preserved.

Frances Bukowski repeats the old claim that "Viet Cong is a racist term meaning roughly 'Viet n----s'." This, like much of the rest of her letter, is the kind of unfounded statement which would be more understandable in the writings of a Viet Cong apologist. The term actually means "Viet Communists". To offer evidence rather than allegation, I refer you to the "Standard Pronouncing Vietnamese-English Dictionary" prepared by Le-Ba-Khanh and Le-Ba-Kong (New York, F. Ungar, 1955). In it the Vietnamese word for Communist is given as "Nguoi Cong-san". The word "Cong" as in "Viet Cong" is clearly just a shortened form of this. For a bit of corroborating evidence which might be easier to check, I

refer you to <u>National Geographic</u> for February, 1966. On page 288 there is a picture of a South Vietnamese sailor wearing a tatoo "S'AT CONG", which the caption translates as "Kill Communists".

You claim that the Nazi atrocities were unique. I will give them first place on numbers killed due to the efficient use of mass processing methods, but other than that I'm not sure. Remember the conquerers such as Genghis Khan who had their soldiers cut the heads off every body in the cities they conquered and pile up the skulls so that no one could survive by feigning death. Or, for a more recent example, what about the Turkish attempts to wipe out the Armenians in the early part of this century?

Roy Tackett: The electronic democracy you suggest wouldn't work for several reasons. Chief among them is that the people wouldn't stand for it. Remember the protests a few weeks ago when the networks televised the Vietnam hearings instead of soap operas and game shows? Imagine the screams if they adopted your system and, to get maximum participation, took the votes during prime evening time, pre-empting, /say, "Peyton Place". Furthermore, the fact that so many people would object on those grounds is one reason why I wouldn't want them to have a direct vote on national issues. I'm not even completely happy with them having any vote, but I can't think of any way of disenfranchising them without destroying democracy. ({Suppose, though, that the referenda were conducted on a special, fourth network, leaving the regular programming on the other three networks intact. In that case, any viewer who wanted to watch "Peyton Place" or "The Beverly Hillbillies" would be perfectly free to do so, while the rest of us tuned to the fourth network and cast our votes. This would tend to improve the quality of the electorate, by eliminating from it the functional illiterates who slavishly follow the episodes of "Hotbed Heights" and other T-V shows, without destroying democracy--because every adult citizen would retain the right to vote, the only qualification being the intelligence and ambition to reach over and twist the dial.)

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