



# Marginalia

EDITORIALS    OPINION    TRAVEL    ETCETERA    LETTERS



## Editorial:



*Everyone knows how terrible-tempered Mike Quill felt about labor questions, ever since he led his Transport Workers Union on a traffic-snarling subway walkout in New York City. Not so well-known were his opinions on the Vietnamese war, reprinted here from the TWU Express. They generally reflect the views, though not necessarily the rhetoric, of the editors.*

**C** IN THE DOMESTIC and foreign field we will, naturally, support our government but we will not be browbeaten into silence; we have learned through long experience that gunboat diplomacy in Central and South America is a diplomacy of suicide.

At this time I am not so sure that we did not create Castro by supporting Batista until he plundered the country and got his last \$100 million into the banks of Switzerland. At this time I am not so sure that flat-tops and Marines were the best policy in Santo Domingo. I say this, remembering too well 30 years ago when an American fruit company meted out similar treatment to General Sandino in Nicaragua. His only demand was freedom for the country and his reward was to be shot.

Let no man or woman say that we in TWU are not horror-stricken at the bloodletting of young American lives in Vietnam, because today I predict that no matter how many men, women and children are bombed from the air,

these freedom fighters will eventually reach a greater part of their goal, which is the right to live their lives in their own way.

The republican army with a goal, with a flag, or with a gun cannot be conquered. This was proved when Lloyd George had to grant a truce to the Irish Republican Army on July 11, 1921, after 700 years of oppression, of bickering, of battle and of hit-and-run tactics. I do not wish to arouse any feelings of this period of Irish history now, at what happened at the bargaining table between the Irish and the English in 1921; but the revolutionary movement in Ireland smacks awfully close to the revolutionary movement in Vietnam today.

We are empowered to take hundreds of thousands of lives by the use of our modern weapons, yet reports coming from Southeast Asia indicate that we are not winning the battle. Is this bloodletting necessary? If they want their way of life, let them have it.

We supported to the hilt the fight against the North Koreans and 12 years ago an uneasy truce was arranged, but still there is no peace. The French lost 400,000 men and women in the area of Vietnam and they did not get a chance for even an orderly retreat. We lost some of the finest men and women that America has produced at the 38th Parallel in Korea in support of one of the outstanding gangsters in history, Syngman Rhee, who had to go into asylum in Hawaii and who shuttled off the human coil not long ago.

What then will happen if we should have an orderly retreat and end the bloodletting in Vietnam? Time and history will show that we were not on a fishing expedition; in other words, a period play which will say, "Let the dead fall where they will!"

We are being told that we are engaged in a battle against communism. We were told the very same story in

our fight at the 38th Parallel in Korea. Should this madness keep up, we will find ourselves entering Red China.

The United States can make nuclear warheads, we can make the weapons of war, we can produce these instruments of destruction, but we are not a warlike country and we do not have hundreds of millions for a land army. I fully agree with President Johnson that we are seeking no territory that is not our own; but the truth is that we are pouring hundreds of thousands of American lives into territory that we do not need and that is not our own. Should the forces behind the American flag cross the Yalu River into China, then we will notice the silent pact between Russia and China go into effect. I believe there is yet time—if the bombing could be stopped and if a truce could be arranged—to end this senseless war. I believe the gunboat diplomacy will not win in South America. I believe that a salt-water canal across South America would be a great asset to the world, but the countries that would now sign such a pact for a salt-water canal could change their minds in ten years as Nasser changed his on the Suez Canal.

Now then, if my ideas were carried out, would the United States government have anything to do? I am certain they would. We have 20 million American Negroes who are semi-slaves, if not completely slaves. At Christmas-time a great portion of our population sings, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Let that goodwill start at home within the borders of the United States, both North and South.

Let us make up our minds now that by our own acts will we be judged by the damning millions of many peoples. Let us show them now that we are truly a democracy—then, and not until then, will we in the United States have the right to work overtime at flag waving.

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## Etcetera:



### THE DEVIANTS

by Paul Jacobs

**Q** NOW THAT THE ELECTION is over I can reveal the fact that Barry Goldwater is a deviant. The reason I know this is that I'm one, too.

But I never knew either Goldwater or I were deviants until I read in the New York Times that a doctor, a psychologist and a psychiatrist had announced, on the basis of a careful scientific study, that men with tattoos, like Goldwater and me, were deviants. According to the doctors, deviants such as the Senator and me "have more difficulty in their relationships with women than unmarked patients," are more frequently divorced or single, were often truants in our younger days, and are more often arrested and sent to jail.

Even worse, according to the study, men who are tattooed are "impulsive" and more willing to act out their desires and frustrations.

Nonsense, I thought, utter rubbish. Just because I have a fish tattooed on my right ankle that keeps me from drowning, am I some kind of a nut? Is Goldwater a deviant just because he has four dots tattooed on the heel of his left hand to show that he belongs to an Indian tribe whose members are all white men? But a few weeks later, after I had joined the Tattoo Club of America, I began to get troubled about my possible deviations from the normal and, along with mine, those of the Senator.

**Q** Even though I had disbelieved what the New York Times said about me and Goldwater, my faith in our non-deviance was shaken when, only a week later, I received in the mail an application blank for membership in the Tattoo Club of America, "a non-profit organization having the purpose of spreading the knowledge of tattooing and making it more generally accepted." Club dues are only \$4 a year,

explained the mimeographed letter accompanying the application, and as member I would receive the Tattoo News, could attend meetings and participate in the annual election of Mr and Miss Tattoo.

Naturally, I decided to join immediately and began filling out the application blank, which asked name, age, sex address, occupation, the usual kinds of questions put to any prospective member of any organization. But then a new note was struck, for the query concerning my marital status was followed by "Does spouse object?" Then came, "Are you still collecting tattoos?" and "Do you tattoo?"

The questionnaire on the front page of the application worried me a little, too. In typical sociological fashion it asked whether I was "interested," "indifferent," or "not interested" in a variety of matters including "meeting other members, correspondence with other members, photo exchange with other members and buying photos from a photographer." After worrying my way through those questions, I was then asked where I stood on reading about such things as "history of tattooing, news from tattoo clubs overseas, new books, newspaper and magazine articles, tattooing in Europe, tattooing on the Marquesas Islands, tattooed women, studios opened and closed, and new equipment?"

After I'd digested these matters and marked the range of my interests, I had to answer whether I wanted to have my full name and address printed in the Tattoo News or preferred keeping it secret from other TCA members. The questionnaire also informed me that the club would be interested in having photos of my tattoos to be kept in the club files and not shown to anybody without my consent.

It was right about this point that I began to wonder whether maybe the three scientists didn't have something going for them after all. And when I turned the application over to answer the questions on the reverse side, I began to worry even more, for I was asked to list not only all my tattoos by the part of the body, the design, the artist, the city and the year, but something else, too: the club wanted a "list of piercings (if any)." Still, I sent in my \$4 with the completed application.