

NUMBER ONE PSYCHONEUROTIC  
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The welcome home greeting in last month's *Bulletin* anticipated that there would be some travel reports about our recent two-month tour on the other side of the Atlantic. After twenty-four years of thinking about it, the trip finally did come off and it was an unbelievably pleasant and enjoyable one.

We were surprised to discover how easy it is to avoid television, radio and newspapers and, thereby, the daily crises and tensions that nag at us constantly while at home. We forgot to worry about creeping socialism, civil rights, race riots, Viet Nam, Medicare, de Gaulle, Stokely Carmichael, Bobby Kennedy, LSD, teenage drop outs and sex education for third graders. It is a comfort to know that we can start worrying again just where we left off, without having missed anything in the interval.

The English watch the hippies and the mini-minis and queue up politely as they carry on tradition in affable resignation. In Copenhagen and Hanover, the major concern was about the fate of *The Fugitive*. The final installment dominated TV and the front pages of the newspapers for days. The Swiss worry about absorbing the southern European laborers into their economy and keeping their streets and sidewalks swept and their window boxes blooming with flowers. The Italians drink Coca Cola, agonize over scratches on their new automobiles and stroll the streets at sundown. The Sicilians are all busy in the oil and chemical industry, building new apartments and going bird hunting.

Only the United States citizens seem to worry about the problems and fate of humanity. With less reason, we suffer the pangs of conscience and burden ourselves with guilt complexes. As a nation we are the world's leading psychoneurotic. The mature and practical Europeans envy our prosperity and admire our bathrooms. They know our intentions are good, but they would rather we leave that road to Hell unpaved. They are certain we will all get there fast enough.