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**LOVE**

SIRS:

The article on "hippies" [RAMPARTS, March 1967] was in most respects an accurate view. However, as one who is a participant in that culture I must take exception with his portrayal of Emmett Grogan and the Diggers. Emmett is not the hero of the Haight-Ashbury or its conscience, he is simply Emmett.

The movement to give things away for free and to apply the rules of love to the community are not solely dependent on any one person. There are many other beautiful people who are working with the Diggers to create an alternative environment from modern American society. Great harm is done when you portray the Diggers in terms of leaders and followers; the Diggers simply are themselves and are beautiful; Emmett is a Digger who is beautiful, and the people at RAMPARTS are beautiful too.

ALEX FORMAN

San Francisco, California

SIRS:

"May the Baby Jesus Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Mind."

CHESTER HELMS

Family Dog Productions  
San Francisco, California

**SEX**

SIRS:

Personally, I had never found sex hilariously funny (entertaining, yes) until I read Edward Galligan's "Marriage On The Rocks" [RAMPARTS, February 1967]. This waggish piece is one of the wittiest I have ever read—a much needed tonic for a very sick world. Thanks for the below-the-belly laughs.

DR. BERNARD SCHOR

Englewood, Colorado

SIRS:

It seems quite evident your magazine is degenerating into a peddler of smut, under the guise of intellectualism.

However, posing as the intelligentsia and by your anti-war revelations, you have succeeded in rounding up a sizable subscription list. Fearing that might peter out shortly, sex, the old standby to attract attention, offered a possibility.

Had I seen the hair-do your editor wears, I do not think you would have gotten my seven dollars. It all figures.

JOHN U. MORRIS

Oswego, New York

**Editorial:****THE NEW INNOCENCE**

**C** POLITICAL SOPHISTICATION, at its best, underlies the cynical amorality of a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, at its worst, the unflinching ability of the Nazis to computerize the extermination of their fellow men.

Thus we take heart in observing that America has recently shown itself to be a terribly unsophisticated country. The shock waves following RAMPARTS' revelation of the CIA's subversion of the National Student Association were more than political naivete. They were a sign of a New Innocence in America.

This New Innocence is concurrent with the end of the Cold War as a meaningful factor. The Nixonesque rhetoric of the '50s ring hollow to young people, and charts showing the Red pincers of the international communist conspiracy seem as germane as last year's desk calendar.

The institutions that helped create the Cold War climate in America continue, however, to plunge ahead in their traditional patterns like sterile salmon battling upstream to spawn. The CIA is, of course, the maddest example of what the Cold War has done to American life. The Agency, with neither the Congress nor the public assenting, decided it would buy off and subvert almost every legitimate institution in the country.

Not only the CIA, but others of influence who, in order to preserve their stake in the Cold War atmosphere, secretly try to manipulate public response. Hubert Humphrey, who publicly took a righteous stand about CIA infiltration of student groups, privately tried to goad reporters into attacking RAMPARTS. His liberal friend, columnist Carl Rowan, delivered the goods for the vice president: a slanderous attack questioning our motives for the NSA-CIA exposure.

For our part, we are just going to keep printing the facts as they come. If those facts turn into "exposes," it is not because of some special inclination of ours, but rather because in America today there is still a gap between our public rhetoric and our actual practices.

## Society:



### THE DEER PARTY

by Paul Krassner

ORDINARILY, Norman Mailer's off-Broadway adaptation of *The Deer Park* has two acts, but on opening night there was a third act in the form of a party at the author's home in Brooklyn Heights.

The set designer did a magnificent job, turning the townhouse into quarters so ship-like that, with only the aid of a pair of bartenders, one fore and one aft, a few members of the audience eventually engaged themselves in simulated seasickness.

Costumes were not nearly so imaginative, save for a beaded gold jacket gracing the back of a bald-headed man and a belly-dancer outfit on a lady who when last seen was flirting with an amazingly tolerant homosexual.

Totally appropriate background music was provided by Charley Brown's Generation, a hired rock group led by Mailer's brother-in-law. This was totally in keeping with the intimations of nepotism established earlier in the play with the presence of Mailer's wife, Beverly Bentley, in the role of Lulu Meyers, as well as Mailer's ex-wife, Adele Morales, in the role of chief understudy.

Beverly and Adele were given craftsmanlike dialogue, and Earl Wilson of the New York Post could be seen taking notes. When Brigitte Bardot was in town, Wilson snuck into her hotel room disguised as a painter. Now he was even more skillfully disguised as a reporter.

Dick Schaap of the World Journal Tribune was also there. He had a nice conversation with Norman but due to the vicissitudes of daily journalism he was forced to quote out of context, a crime which in Mailer's book is second only to being bloated out of wedlock.

In his first professional appearance, an

actor named Walker gazed from an upper level as his girl danced with another man. He gritted his teeth, a gesture unfortunately hidden by the reincarnation of D. H. Lawrence's moustache, climbed down the ladder and, restrained mainly by the overcrowded floor (the audience had swelled from 299 to 499 during the second intermission), threatened to do away with the intruder.

"I'll kill him right now," was the crisp chorus he continued to chant with mounting fury until a middle-aged lady named Bianca said hello, whereupon Walker—in a masterful switching of gears—kissed her hand, indulged in charming conversation and then, *flip*, "I'll kill him right now . . . I'll kill him right now."

Helping to keep the action going, other guests took turns swinging in the net hammock hanging from the ceiling, and a few drinking glasses somehow got broken. Mailer's secretary, Madeline, stepped on one of the pieces, and Mailer's ex-secretary, Sandy, played the part of an instant nurse with bandages, while this reviewer held the injured foot up above heart level and director Leo Garen—who always likes to put himself into a scene à la Alfred Hitchcock—proceeded to kiss the bleeding victim's unprotesting thigh.

It was a moment of solemn high camp.

Indeed, Norman Mailer had said that this play was about sex, and it was to his permissive credit that his young daughters, aged seven and nine, were in the audience. His oldest daughter, 17, sat in the balcony resenting the fact that Jose Torres, theatre critic for Ring magazine, sat in the front row.

Police entered from stage left, ostensibly on an official complaint about the noise, but actually to be on hand for the big fight sequence between a fellow named Kingsize (have I ever lied to you?) and sports-writer-cum-political-analyst Pete Hamill. The battle was broken up by a Negro maid, and neither contender knew whether or not it would be appropriate to tip her.

All in all, what at first seemed like a series of unrelated events finally blended into a harmonious, dramatic crazy quilt, and one observed that the event's unique quality was epitomized by the unprecedented bringing-in of the reviews while the performance was still in process.

Woody Allen played a brief cameo role.

## Media:



### THE FATHER OF ADVERTISING

by Dugald Stermer

FOR THOSE OF YOU who are fortuitously ignorant of the inner processes of our advertising industry, a word of explanation is necessary.

Annually, in urban teapots throughout our country, the local advertising clubs put on tempests surrounding selection—and awarding—of the most effective, or prettiest, or best written advertisements, mailing pieces, annual reports, TV commercials, etc., produced during the previous year. Everybody wins something. All this is climaxed by the national organizations' selection of the "Advertising Man of the Year" or the "Art Director of the Year," depending on the particular perversion of that organization. Clear?

All this does serve a purpose in that it is nice to get recognition for doing good work in a business usually thought of as falling somewhere between the selling of used cars and child molesting in terms of status and integrity.

But the advertising community has, up to now, made a serious omission in its award giving. It has failed to recognize the man who most effectively and skillfully used the tools of advertising, which he did long before any of his American counterparts had even begun thinking about them. As account executive, creative director, art director, copy writer, and agency president, he kept complete control over his agency and client for 12 years, branching out in all directions, until an unfortunate quirk of history felled him. He was, virtually, the "Father of Modern Advertising."

My nomination is Adolf Hitler.

[EFFECTIVENESS]

Consider first his effectiveness: that he sold an entire country on a product no