

# Ramparts

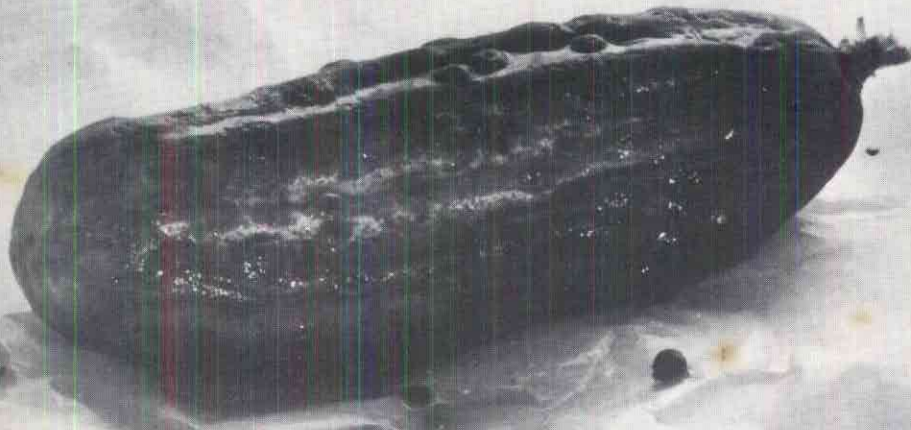
January 1967

Double Issue/75¢



Carl Fischer

# Norman Mott is fat and juicy. Just like a kosher pickle.

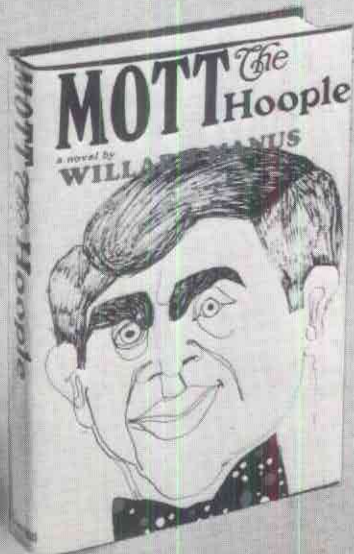


Norman Mott is so full of love, life, and highly seasoned juices that the world can't stand him.

So it keeps trying to squeeze him dry and turn a delightful kosher pickle into a bland cucumber.

Take a little advice, don't miss *Mott the Hoople* by Willard Manus.

"*Mott the Hoople*... is a very winning novel, one of the funniest I've read in years."—*LIFE*



## "Where does racial prejudice end? At the bedroom door.

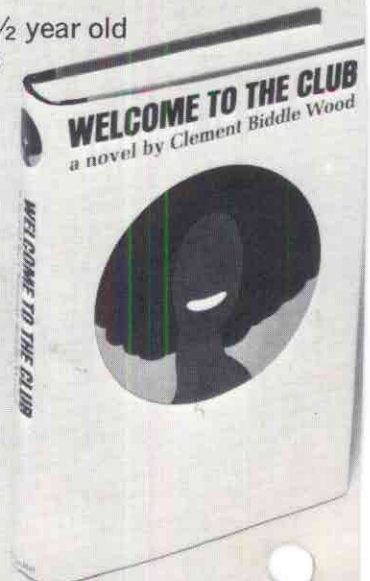
Lt. Andrew Oxblood, the only 19½ year old virgin in the Armed Forces, does his best, in one delirious four-day weekend, to ease the red, yellow, black, and white man's burdens. In the bedroom. The result is an uproarious, ribald first novel in the best tradition of black—and blue—comedy.

"Make no mistake about it, this is one of the funniest—and most serious—books of the year."

—*New York Times*

"For whoops of pure joy there has been nothing to rival this since *Catch-22*."

—*London Daily Express*



**Welcome to the Club** by Clement Biddle Wood \$4.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES  
**MCGRAW-HILL**

Dick Levine - Buffalo Sun

# Ramparts

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 7 JANUARY 1967

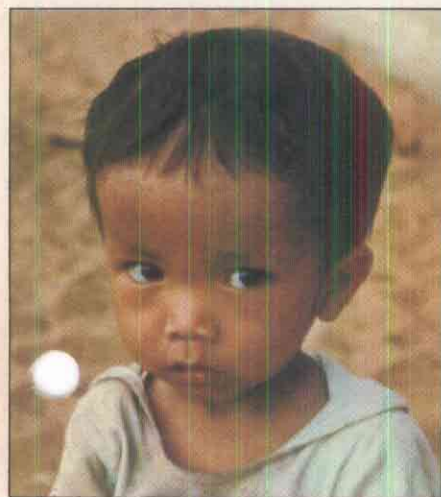
[DOUBLE ISSUE]



[Page 31] Bishop Pike



[Page 35] LBJ: Black Power



[Page 44] The Children



[Page 69] The Minutemen

**MARGINALIA** 5  
**SOREL'S BESTIARY:** *Max Lerner* 2  
*(A separate Marginalia Index on page 5)*

**ESSAYS**  
**THE BISHOP'S NOT FOR BURNING** 31  
*by Lester Kinsolving*  
**JOHNSON AND THE OIL MEN** 35  
*by Robert G. Sherrill*  
**THEOLOGY & SEX** 37  
*by Marc Oraison*  
*Translated by Leslie Timan*  
**THE MINUTEMEN** 69  
*by Bill Turner*

**SPECIAL REPORTS**  
**THE CHILDREN OF VIETNAM**  
 Preface 44  
*by Dr. Benjamin Spock*  
 Photographs and Text 45  
*by William F. Pepper*  
**THE CASE FOR THREE ASSASSINS** 77  
*by David Welsh & David Lifton*

## Apologia:

**C** THIS ISSUE is what is called in the magazine business a Double. That means roughly the same thing real people mean when they say it in bars. We have been moved to this excess not by the holiday spirit (humbug), but by the little man (Scrooge) who runs our computer. He reminded us that due to unavoidable circumstances like train wrecks we skipped an issue last fall, and this is by way of making things even. All 104 pages here might hardly suffice to print the share rentals listings in the Christmas Playboy, but we find such quantitative comparisons tedious.

There is a best seller that isn't in print and that nobody can buy, and we suppose are to blame: *Time of Assassins* by Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. Levittown, N.Y.: Ulov G. K. Leboeuf. 4 Vols.

I:495 pp., II:387 pp., III:691 pp., IV: 460 pp. \$24. It is, in case you haven't guessed, a phony, reviewed in a satirical review of Warren Commission books in the November RAMPARTS. (See also Letters, p. 5). We thought the satire obvious, but we have been wrong before and booksellers across the country have been besieged with orders for Leboeuf. Although sorry about all that, we are restraining the market society urge to talk to a ghostwriter friend about whipping out something to fill the demand.

Though the Leboeuf caper gave RAMPARTS an embarrassed moment or two, things, ladies, were worse at the Boston Globe. Two Globe ace reporters went out of their way to dismiss many of the Warren Commission critics, including and especially RAMPARTS, as irresponsible and unbelievable. Then the authors postulated that the Commission should be reopened anyway, because despite

these crackpots, what they considered substantive questions had been raised in really serious works about the assassination, among which, the Globe reported, was the study of Ulov G. K. Leboeuf of Levittown . . .

Three years ago we sat with Broadway producer Herman Shumlin in his New York office as he explained why he was producing Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy," out of his own sense of frustration at not having realized what was happening in Germany before it was too late, and his conviction that we must not be allowed to forget what monstrous things man is capable of doing to his fellow man in the name of his country. What the United States is doing in Vietnam today, to children, is similarly monstrous. If we need a rationale for printing the article beginning on page 44 it is Mr. Shumlin's. We only hope, in this case, that it is not too late. W.H.



SOREL'S BESTIARY

## Common Boar

NUMBER 8

(*pontificus maximus*)

The Common Boar (or Slow Lerner as he is sometimes called) can be recognized by his short stature, unkempt appearance, and his small but sensitive snout, which enables him to tell exactly which way the wind is blowing. He is also known for swimming along with the tide, which may account for the fact that he once jumped headlong into the Bay of Pigs. Psychoanalytic naturalists attribute this behavior to intense Castro-ation anxiety. Although not a hunter by disposition, this pig once joined with lower species

to prey upon the Horned-Rimmed Rosenberg (*vita extincta*).

*Pontificus* is in great demand for cocktail parties, television panels, and Hadassah gatherings due to his ability to deal with the insignificant in a profound and condescending manner. While boars are quite common in the academic community, this one must feed alone at the academic trough due to his malodorous position on Vietnam. The young boar is colored with distinctive Marx, but the mature animal would rather be fed than red.