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Addison Bowman:

Bowman, *from page 32*
about to get into this one even further, is first you take that initial step.

Now Addie, "he has a respect for people who choose a lifestyle of risk, a highly disciplined life . . . He said (one) night he could see himself getting arrested in the near future. One reason is he just thinks it's time he was in jail. He doesn't know what it feels like. This is a big step forward, especially for a lawyer."

Swinglish and Addie spent a lot of time talking, and Swinglish is of the opinion that Addie is a movement person who happened to study law. Addie's not a lawyer deep down, Swinglish thinks, and what convinces him of this is Addie's "understanding of my feelings, my actions, where I want to go. Like he and I have had some long raps about if I get involved in illegal acts in the future. I really got to see he has a movement psychology and a movement philosophy. We talked about the future of the country and how movements are built. He said now wait a minute—this is a long, hard struggle. You got 10 or 20 years. You don't have to get into everything that comes along."

Very sound advice for a young radical. And Swinglish had, for Addie, if not advice, at least a very sound prediction about civil disobedience and the way it goes: at first, he said, he always watched and never got arrested. "He (Addie) so often has a chance. It takes something to turn the trick. I just decided the hell with it. I was arrested for little things first. Then bigger. That's where Addie is now. The first time he's arrested, that will turn the trick."

The Rev. Denny Moloney, one of the D.C. Nine, remembers that Addie "changed because we changed" back there two years ago, at the beginning when Addie was really starting to change. "He saw how we had changed . . . The change takes place inside. (You) relate to people differently . . . We provided a vehicle."

The trick, the vehicle: change.

Addie talks, still sipping away at his Stout, glancing worriedly from time to time at the refrigerator, which he is trying to defrost and from the freezing compartment of which a gigantic chunk of ice is about to dislodge.

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"It's a question of the gravity of the evil you're protesting. There just comes a time, and also—the inadequacy of other means. I don't say this is really effective in the sense that our few piddling arrests are going to change government policy in Vietnam; at least one can make it clearer where he stands."

Crash! Addie leaps to the fridge as if to the boom to reef the mainsail in a stiff wind. Somebody told him the way to defrost a fridge is to boil up a whole lot of water and put it in pots and pans and put them in the fridge. You get a messy combination of steam and dripping frozen water and crashing cubes and lumps and water all over the floor but it does seem to defrost the thing . . . So he is working away on that and trying at the same time to talk about his witness and keep that Guiness going.

Mary-Helen Mautner, keeping score, noticed that, before Addie went into Court for an important movement case, he got a haircut. A *haircut.* She also noticed, she said, that in an early November protest over conditions at the D.C. Jail, Addie left at a critical moment to attend a class. *He wouldn't cut class.*

In his criminal law seminar, while he laughs along with the movement jokes, smokes, resonates nicely, beneath that style he is business, serious, spending a tremendous amount of time on the program—how to beat the other guy and get your client off . . . Litigate every bail question right up to the court of appeals. How to get hold of a cop's arrest notes. . .

Always he goes back, in conversation, to the D.C. Nine. "Men and women that you can really relate to, and you develop an understanding of what leads them to commit an act of civil disobedience where they place themselves in incredible jeopardy. It wasn't so much that we would rap about the issues, although we would, because I was sort of aware of that (already), but it brings it home. That's the beginning of my movement representation."

Ka-Wham! The ice is breaking, melting, a messy business. Addie doesn't jump up every time now, getting more and more used to it. Slowly at first, with the drip drip drip after you put on the hot water, it had started. Then the chunks. Soon it will be done. A nice, clean refrigerator, all warm inside. ■

Addison Bowman: The agonizing of one lawyer, the dilemma of Movement lawyers

The great Harrisburg conspiracy trial is opening without Bowman and the lines between counsel and defendant are growing faint.

By Philip A. McCombs

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"I thought of myself as basically a conservative person and striving mightily to hang on to the notion that our criminal justice system can do justice . . . (I'm) somebody who's goddam frustrated right now and just hanging on to that belief by a thread, wondering what's going to happen to me on that very predictable day in the not-too-distant future when I give that up."

That was in early October. Addison Bowman, professor of criminal law at the Georgetown University Law Center and the head of its prestigious legal intern program, a young superstar among Washington's criminal attorneys who declines fees from his poor and radical clients, who was until recently scheduled to play a key role in the Berrigan trial—that of destroying the government's alleged key informer, Boyd Douglas, on cross-examination—and who says that his life has become an agony of questioning indecision because of the legal changes that are sweeping the nation, came to his very predictable day just before Thanksgiving.

It was a cold Tuesday afternoon. Bowman and 50 others, wearing conical Vietnamese peasant hats fashioned out of butcher paper and declaring the immorality of the war in Vietnam, lay down in symbolic death on the sidewalk in front of the White House. About 25 of them, including Bowman, were carried to the White House driveway.

Those in the driveway were arrested, loaded aboard a D.C. Transit bus and taken to U.S. Park Police headquarters in East Potomac Park, where they were booked. Bowman posted the $50 collateral rather than spend the night in jail. The next day, the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, he appeared briefly in D.C. Superior Court as the attorney for those arrested beside him in the driveway.

That afternoon, Bowman, 36, drove up to Harrisburg, Pa., where his mother, a law librarian in the state capital's law library since the death of her husband, a lawyer, in 1963, lives alone. It's about a two-hour drive from Washington to Harrisburg, depending on how fast you take it; that Wednesday, the first snowfall of the year, Bowman took five hours, in his beat-up, 1970 white Maverick. The next morning, Thanksgiving, he and his mother set out again through the bleak hills west toward Shade Gap, a speck of a place nestled in the mountains about 100 miles west of Harrisburg.

Shade Gap is the home of Addie's (that's what he likes to be called by everyone) sister, Martha Johnson, and her children. Addie, his mother, sister and an aunt, Mary Douglas, did their Thanksgiving family thing there. Later, on a long walk in the perfect white countryside, he picked some cat-'o-nine-tails and remembered what it was like growing up, there in the hills of southern Pennsylvania.

It was on the way up with his mother, driving along through the newly coated contryside, that Addie explained to his mother about the arrest. Being a law professor, getting arrested, getting a criminal record, is a big thing.

The growth of public interest law and its companion, Movement law, has been widely reported for several years. Public interest law is a natural child of the Liberal (in the American Civil Liberties Union sense) tradition; Its areas of concern have been ecology and consumer affairs, health, safety, welfare, civil rights and liberties; somewhat of a challenge to the establishment, but, all-in-all, rather traditional.

The movement lawyers, some of them living and

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working in law communes, have gone further; mostly, into prisons, elitism, sexism, racism, the war. Movement law not only goes further than the Liberal tradition, but it is more and more of the view, to summarize the journals, that any law or law practice must of necessity "support the evil American social system." The movement lawyer tends to believe that merely by working within the evil system, one is giving in to its own rationality and bolstering it. Nevertheless, he continues to work inside the system, of necessity, until the revolution.

What has not been widely reported is the despair of young lawyers—Liberal, public interest, and movement—like Addie Bowman, over what is happening to law and American society today. The Nixon appointments to the Supreme Court and what the lawyers call the growing tendency of the U.S. Department of Justice to fetch criminal indictments against those with radical political views are the two principal hobgoblins.

For the young radical lawyers, the Nixon appointments alone are enough to bring on profound melancholia. Rehnquist and Powell, Burger and Blackmun—the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, whose entry on the scene signals to them that the pendulum of legal history in America has reached the end of the great swing to the left which began in the sweet, heady days of the Warren Court Fifties and continued until late in the Sixties.

The mood of despair has deep roots. One sees the reasons for it, according to Addie and the others who feel it so keenly, in the nature of America and in human nature itself. As one preeminent legal scholar said (and he asked not to be identified), people really believe it: they believe that by locking people up and throwing away the key the problems of society will be solved. One is in despair, he noted, as much from a chat over the fence with one's neighbors as from observing the Supreme Court appointments.

In the law itself, here is what it's all about, says Mike Fayad, one of Addie's legal interns, thrusting a paper across a table. One is a short quotation from Chief Justice Burger:

"Young people who decide to go into the law primarily on the theory that they can change the world by litigation in the courts I think may be in for some disappointments. It is not the right way to make the decision to go into law, and that is not the route by which basic changes in the country like ours should be made. That is a legislative and policy process, part of the political process."

"The Supreme Court is, it seems to me, on the way to being wrecked," says Addie. He is sitting at the little spartan dining table in his one-room apartment on Capitol Hill, drinking a Scotch on the rocks, eyes sparkling under big black bushy eyebrows, long brown hair touching the collar of his black turtle-neck pullover in that oh-so-resonant voice that women (he has had three wives and one child) call sexy. "Burger's statements . . . it seems to me a very cynical response of a person that has no interest in social reforms. What I call judicial laissez faire, that stuff about judicial restraint, courts don't get involved in this and that . . ."

A desultory sip, and he goes on. "The courts can and have gotten involved and to say they can't is just not true. To say they shouldn't, it seems to me, is making a judgment as to whether or not we're going to have real social reform. Because most of it has been done in the courts. Take civil rights . . . (or) take the whole question of standing (the legal issue of who can sue and who can't) . . . The court broadened the concept of it. Now it looks like we're going to cut back, there will be fewer and fewer people who can litigate and challenge government practices, and there may be some important areas where no one can gain standing, and that's a way of . . ."

The voice trails off in resignation, he sips again, gazes toward the refrigerator and a map near it; "West Indies—West Coast of St. Croix Island. Fredericksted Road. *Mar Caribe.*" He smiles. In January, for seven days, he will sail from one to the other of those sunny isles, stopping for a day of diving, at a little restaurant here, a cove there. One friend. Nice.

"Personally I don't know what I'm going to do right now. But I'm sort of in a period of lessened activity for myself, a sort of thoughtful period. I don't know whether I'm going to get physically away for a year . . . I'm just trying to get my thoughts together and think about what a person in my position should be doing about the repression that exists in this country. I'm wondering if simply defending people in criminal cases and teaching law students is an adequate answer. One of the things I think is that lawyers really have to get into the civil disobedience thing. . ."

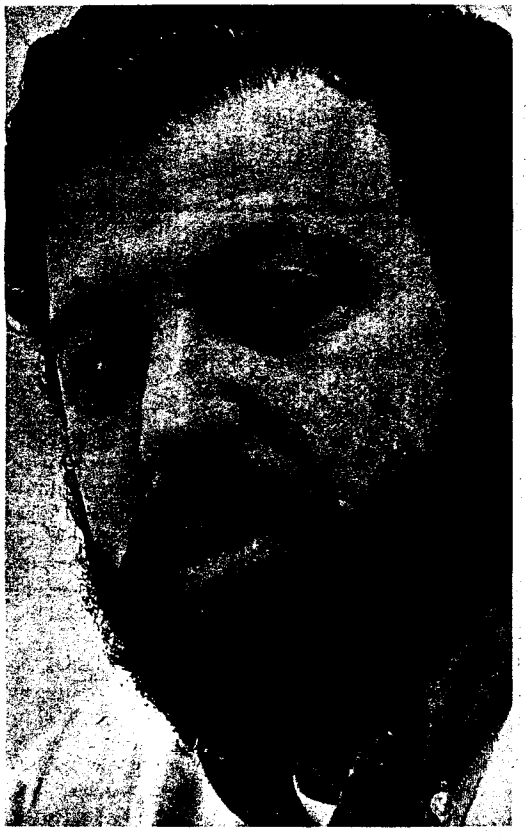
Addie is not the only one. Interviews with his own students, and with others in Washington's legal community, indicate that many younger and politically-socially oriented lawyers are feeling the same.

Barbara Bowman, the head of the D.C. Public Defender Service and Addie's last wife (they are separated), has noticed a distinct difference in the past few years in the students she has occasionally taught at Yale Law School. She said, "Students in 1963(when she was a student) didn't do that. Nobody then would question the efficacy of the law to accomplish things. We all had a great deal of respect and enthusiasm for the profession."

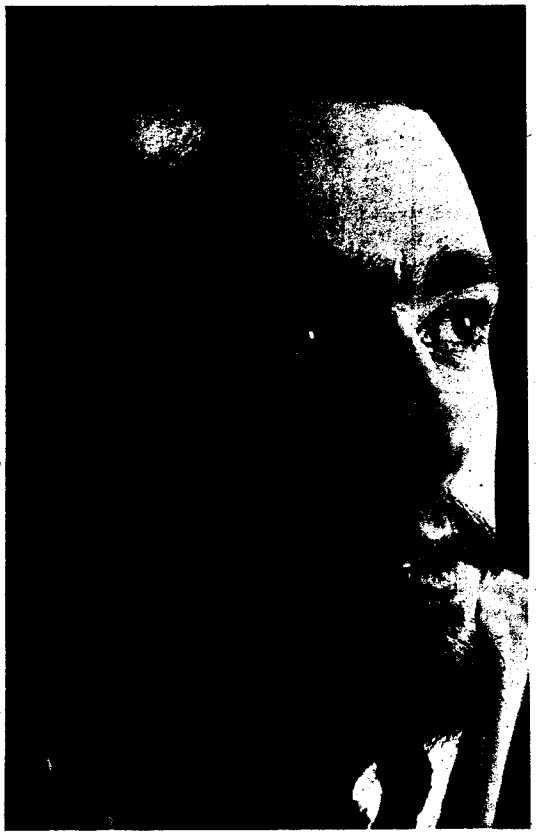
Now Fayad, the young student of Addie's (already a member of the D.C. Bar; the interns do post-grad work practicing criminal law) shoving the Burger quote across the table, says, "I'm certain I'm not prepared to just hang in for another 20 years to see if the system can work itself out."

But what does that *mean?* Fayad himself is not so sure. He muses, "I don't know that standing up and screaming in court does any good. The Chicago trial made the system look absurd. But the absurd system is still in effect."

Fayad, a quick-spoken, direct young man, chuckles to himself and adds, "If I ever was in a situation where I felt compelled to stand up and scream at a judge—I'd



Philip J. Hirschkop
"A lot of us are thinking—look, we got to get it at the jury level, take the case back to the people. Dig in . . . My theory is, if a judge is a bigot, you tell him that."



John Swinglish
"I just decided to hell with it. I was arrested for little things first. Then bigger. That's where Addie is now. The first time he's arrested, that will turn the trick."

Ralph Temple
"We can't afford to abandon the fight for law at a time like this. For the next 20 years, groups will have to demand more by standing and screaming . . . We'll demand and disrupt so you can't enjoy your (bourgeois) life."

probably tend to do it if the situation presented itself, but I'm not at all certain."He leads the way from the intern office to the cafe, through the halls of brand new Georgetown Law Center. Around the central core are the neat mod seminar rooms: cinder blocks painted white and rust, wall-to-wall utility carpets, big conference tables dotted round with red and black spaceship command chairs. In one such room, Addie teaches his criminal practices seminar, a popular course with third-year students. Around the corner from it is a door with a sign: CONFESSIONAL. The new building was dedicated this past fall by Chief Justice Burger, while outside in the street there was a counter-dedication, led by William Kunstler, Arthur Kinoy, (another movement legal figure), and Addie Bowman.

Not all of the young lawyers-to-be, Fayad maintains, care much about what is happening to the Supreme Court and the country. The large majority, he thinks, want only their degrees with which to make bucks galore.

"I don't know," Fayad continues, sipping from a white plastic cup, "I haven't decided what I'm going to do. When I finished law school I tested the system through law to see if the system was responsive. So far, I've found it unresponsive."

Also pausing for coffee, Mickey Matesich, a young woman third year law student, is bright-eyed with her own vision; "Civil liberties will not be in the ascendency. We'll be practicing guerilla law. You'll rip off what you can for your client."

Mary-Helen Mautner, one of Addie's legal interns, who herself leans toward law communes, considers her friend calmly. "I get vibes of desperation from Addie. Personally, I'm not willing to give up on being a lawyer yet . . . Law, for us, gives us *something*. We can second-guess the government, but it's not magic as some think. As I grow closer (to the movement), I don't want to be seen by them as just a lawyer."

The closeness to the movement, the realization that law is not magic, and the idea of digging in and practicing guerrilla law, or something like it, until better times, be they ever so long in coming—all these are very important in the minds of many young lawyers today.

Mickey points out that the traditional legal relationship is one of detachment from the client, "the same as a doctor. Political law began around the time of the Chicago trial. Kunstler said, 'I only defend the people I love.' It created a real outcry among the traditionalists, because the theory is that you can't represent well someone you're close to." And, she adds: "There comes a point where you have to put your head on the chopping block. Being a lawyer is too convenient a way to say you won't lie down."

"(Lying down) is a very purging, cathartic thing to do," Mary-Helen replies. "For many of us there is an event that causes it . . . (You've got to be) sure it's the one you want to put it on the line for."

Other lawyers share the feeling of despair, but with a different perspective. Among them are rather traditional American liberals who happen to be perfectly willing to carry a fight for 20 years, even though the fight can fill up much of their lives.

Barbara Bowman for one: "I really do think the law is a craft and if you're good you get a just result. Many people go down the drain. It doesn't really change the conditions of society, but I do believe it makes some difference." Then, somewhat shyly, adding, "I get laughed at by the young lawyers." She does, however, very much feel the mood of despair, and points out, "Addie has mastered the system. He's a superlawyer. When young lawyers say despair, it means nothing because they don't know the system. What he says carries weight."

"There comes a time when civil disobedience is not only justified but necessary. I've marched, I've protested. Mainly, I've defended people—hundreds and hundreds of demonstrators. It just got to the point where that wasn't enough. I just had to find a new method of expressing myself . . . I went there (the White House), I wasn't there as a lawyer. When it comes to civil disobedience a lawyer stands on the same footing as anyone else. It's a very important act in a person's life and it certainly isn't done without a lot of careful thought about what one's really in it for."

Philip J. Hirschkop is the activist attorney who was held in contempt for his defense of the D.C. Nine in early 1970. His co-counsel were Addie, Caroline Nickerson, now at the Public Defender Service, and William McDaniels (who works for Edward Bennett Williams and defended Heidi Fletcher). Sitting over a kishka at Rosanick's around the corner from his offices in the pleasant Old Town section of Alexandria, he mulls the state of his profession. Breezy, bearded, brash, amusing Hirschkop is effecting a no-sweat attitude. "Despair? Some of that I go through with the Supreme Court. We're in an Hegelian flux. You live through those periods."

Describing himself as a deeply-seated civil libertarian who once defended, out of principle, the right of the American Nazis to have their say, Hirschkop elaborates."Mardian could approach the police state," he says, referring to Robert C. Mardian, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Internal Security Division. "His (approach) isn't tempered by an overview. A lot of us are thinking—look, we got to get it at the jury level, take the case back to the people. Dig in."

Even while showing considerably more resolution in this regard, for the time at least, than Addie, Hirschkop is equally firm in hewing to his ideals in the courtroom against all odds. "My theory is, if a judge is a bigot, you tell him that." Which involves an obvious element of risk. Addie himself has never been held in contempt, though not, he says he hopes, out of fear. Professionalism imposes instinctive and quite confining boundaries, and Addie has been very much the professional: a classic, intense, low-key courtroom style, orchestrated for crescendos in cross-examinations of virtually unendurable intensity. In addition, Addie believes that judges in the District are, on the whole,

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Bowman, *from page 13*
good and that even U.S. District Judge John H. Pratt, the D.C. Nine judge who held Hirschkop in contempt, never came close to creating the conditions and atmosphere of the Chicago conspiracy trial before Judge Julius Hoffmann.

Yet on another matter that goes to the heart of legal professionalism—emotional involvement with the client—Hirschkop is adamant. "It really weakens your ability to litigate a political trial if the rapport is too deep. It affects your judgment." And it is emotionally devastating if you lose: "You see one after another (of your friends) get ripped off."

Addie became deeply personal with the D.C. Nine, by all accounts including his own. The relationship marked the beginning of his serious involvement in the anti-war movement, and was a major turning point in his life. After that, involvement with clients continued to be a natural thing: the Camden 28, John Swinglish of the Berrigan case, the Capitol Steps Eight; all of these, and more, are Addie's friends. "Addie became so emotionally involved with his clients (in the D.C. Nine case)," said one traditionalist legal observer of the trial, "he was almost on the verge of tears. It was a side of him I didn't know existed . . . That's a serious bind to get into because you can't give your best judgment when you're so involved."

But perhaps the question of emotional involvement with clients is only a secondary one. The most important question for activist attorneys is; What do we do now? Cop out, blow up, plug along? It is the question that most bothers Addie.

One goes, for an orthodox answer, to two of Washington's most orthodox liberal attorneys, Ralph Temple of the American Civil Liberties Union, and Monroe Freedman of the George Washington Law School. They are old friends of many battles.

"Maybe what I'm doing is what you do with death—you keep plunging ahead," Temple says, opening the luncheon discussion. "Somebody's got to fight the battles . . . I understand if people fault the system and drop out of the system, but that's not where (my sympathies lie). We're approaching the year two thousand . . . I believe in the American system of law. I believe in

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the U.S. experiment. If we go down . . ."

Twenty years of a Nixon court: that is much of the remainder of Ralph Temple's active legal lifetime (he is 39). Yet he will plunge on, fighting what he sees as the doctrinaire authoritarians on the court, yearning for the days of Harlan and Jackson and Frankfurter, men who, he thinks, were genuine conservatives, possessed of an anti-authoritarian spirit, who, he says, anguished in great struggles of the soul to balance freedom and order. "We can't afford to abandon the fight for law at a time like this," he says. "For the next 20 years groups will have to demand more by standing and screaming . . . We'll demand and disrupt so you can't enjoy your (bourgeois) life. (There will be) a shift to politics from litigation, but we can't abandon it."

Freedman adds, quite simply, "If you take up a machinegun, you're not a lawyer." But he is an activist, he has gone to the limits here and there, and later, in the privacy of his office at the university, he produces a comment he once made to another reporter, one that sums it up: "I was a free man with moral responsibility before I ever was a lawyer. I don't see any inherent inconsistency between the two roles. But if there is, I would say that it is far better for a lawyer on rare occasions to break the law than for a man in all instances to put the law above his conscience, his religious beliefs or his moral convictions."

Yet Freedman is simply not prepared to participate in tearing down the present system until "I have a far better idea than has been provided so far of the system that will replace it and some reason to believe that it will be a better one. . .

"The most one can expect to do in a lifetime is to deal with those situations with which he comes into contact, to try to help those unfortunate people whom he meets . . ."

Addie is out of the Berrigan trial. He doesn't want to talk about it, but if you dig around in the movement legal community, you can find that after considerable debate the defendants, at least a majority of them, made the decision. One interpretation is that Addie is too radical for the kind of defense and strategy they have evolved: Harrisburg will not be Chicago; the idea is to win the case in the courtroom, not make a full-fledged political trial of it while still allowing certain latitude for political statement. Whatever, Addie is out and Ramsey Clark, Paul O'Dwyer, New York civil libertarian and politician, and Leonard Boudin, constitutional law expert at Harvard who is also Daniel Ellsberg's attorney, will be the principle counsel for the defendants. During the preliminary motions, Addie argued before U.S. District Judge R. Dixon Herman in Harrisburg, the judge for whom he clerked part time back when he was a law student. Kunstler was in on the preliminaries too, and it was assumed that he, Bowman, and several others would continue in the case in various

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roles, with Addie's being quite major. He had coordinated much of the early research, Mary-Helen Mautner and others assisting, she even cutting a symbolic figure during the Harrisburg hearings, sitting at the defendant's bench in her plaid, checkered lumberman's jacket; but there would be more research, and then, Addie's specialty, cross-examination, a chance to destroy Boyd Douglas. But, no. Addie is said to have asked Clark, after learning of the defendants' decision, just how limited his role would be. *You won't be sitting at the counsel table.* Well, that was it. How could anyone justify the time, just to clerk-grind-out some motions? Kunstler is out, too, but his removal came early. And Addie received a letter from Phil Berrigan saying it is all a shame and he doesn't agree with the others.

With the thought of cross-examining Douglas, he puts down his drink and snaps his fingers: "I'm the man for that." Still, he doesn't want to go into the matter. He is quiet and thoughtful for a few moments. Well, if a disappointment, it is also somewhat of a relief, the removal of that great potential burden. More time for the seminars.

"I still am a straight guy. Up to this point, really, and this is what I want to say about this thing. I don't really think you get angry about repression and racism until you have been exposed to it— and up to 1963 I hadn't been exposed to it. I mean, I knew it was there, I guess, and I knew somehow that we were a racist society, but I'd never seen it."

But 1963 is the year Addie came to Washington to work in the Legal Aid Agency, which has now become the Public Defender Service. He rose to be the deputy chief in 1966, which in those days meant he ran the place, and he was the one who hired Barbara, fresh from the Williams law firm. While at the agency, the city's aparatus for representing the indigent accused of crime, Addie represented hundreds of poor people. It was here that he gained his reputation—strong even among judges who do not share his politics—as a legal superstar, winning in excess of 50 per cent of his cases, which is considered a very high percentage.

Repression and racism were not the rage back in Mechanicsburg, Pa. (a suburb of Harrisburg), where Addie was born. A close family life. The father, a good attorney, had a speech defect which limited his practice to out-of-court work.

Addie went to the local high school, then through Dartmouth on an NROTC scholarship. Good times. Three years in the Navy as a junior officer on a heavy cruiser, the *USS St. Paul*, the flag ship for the commanding admiral of the Seventh Fleet. More good times, just before 1960, being in the military.

Then Dickinson Law School in Carlyle, Pa. Three more uneventful years. Then Washington: "I began to relate to clients and their families . . . this took me all over Washington and I began to understand what racism is all about because there it is. I think you can say the same things about the war in Vietnam. Oh, I was a concerned person . . . I was concerned. I attended the teach-ins—remember the old teach-ins?— but I don't think it really was until I began to think seriously what was actually happening in Vietnam and what we're really doing to that population over there (that) I developed a real sense of outrage . . ."

Addie's first big immersion in movement law came two years ago with the trial of the D.C. Nine—three priests, a former priest, a nun, a former nun, two Jesuit theological students and a draft resister. Hirschkop was representing them, wanted help, got Addie.

"I got to know and love the members of the D.C. Nine," says Addie. "The D.C. Nine themselves as people, as really wonderful human beings. I really began to examine why they acted; their action was very effective when it came to me."

He fingers and fingers a little chain around his neck as he tells about the Beautiful Nine, how they went in and poured blood and ransacked files at the Dow Chemical place and then just stood by to get arrested—you know, the Berrigan style, moral witness, one of the most dramatic possible ways to call attention to evil.

The little chain is intriguing, because he seems always to be wearing it, now in his undershirt or when he's in a business suit, which is what he wears to work. The chain was made by a girl named Sam Butterfield, one of the defendants in the case of the Capitol Steps Eight (represented by Addie and Hirschkop) who were arrested during the Mayday protests here last spring along with 1,200 others, and who became the test cases. The government lost, and dropped the rest of the cases. Anyway, Sam used to while away the long hours in court for the three weeks of the trial making the little necklaces for all the participants out of very thin copper wire and teensy little beads. She had some little tools that she used to twist the wire, and she spent her time that way, and so Sam says it's good luck and so Addie wears it for good luck. To bed also. Another girl, Nancy Hornick, was a knitter, and so Nancy would sit and knit every day. Addie

got a nice wild red and green knit tie, which he is proud to display.

Sailing, the mere mention of which brings the light flashing back to Addie's eyes after he has talked about moral witness for a very long time, is very important to him. He used to take the D.C. Nine sailing on a rented boat on Chesapeake Bay. His bed in the apartment is positioned just under a giant map of the Caribbean.

Now Addie makes $21,000 at Georgetown, and $400 a month of that goes out in alimony. He takes no money for the movement cases that he does, or for any cases. In private practice, he could earn six figures. But for Addie it would mean selling his soul, so he won't. This means, though, that he can't have the boat that he would like, which would be maybe a Catalina 27

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equipped for general cruising with all the stuff on it, an interior galley and lights, you know, and electrical systems, cushions, carpets and all that junk. It'll run close to a billion dollars . . .

Still, he is a man of certain pleasures and of obviously considerable appeal to movement women. "I view myself as making the effort in my dealings with women, but I guess I view some of the tactics and the rhetoric of women's liberation as perhaps, you know, really overly simplistic. And also I think a little irritating to thoughtful people. But it may be that this is necessary in phase one. (I'm bothered by) the kind of thing where, you know, where you're with a woman and she's constantly up tight. She's keeping a scoreboard, how much are you putting over on her. I'm always put off by this business . . . It seems silly to me that a woman should resent being called a girl or a chick but maybe you do have to attack symbols like that because they are symbols."

Witness is something that John Swinglish, a softspoken fellow, says he can tell you about. Swinglish is a good friend of Addie's, became one when Addie represented him after he refused to testify to the Berrigan grand jury. (He read passages from the Bible instead.) Up in the comfy living room of his apartment near Catholic University, when the initial jokes about speaking up for the FBI taps are over and the interview is seriously under way, Swinglish says first, "Mr. Nixon is destroying the spirit of the law. I don't really feel I have a right to appeal . . ."

A couple of weeks later, in the news columns of *The Washington Post*, this item:

U.S. ADDS ANOTHER NAME TO HARRISBURG PLOT CASE

"The Justice Department has named an additional coconspirator in the alleged conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow up tunnels under federal buildings here.

"John Swinglish, 27, of 816 Taylor St. NE, was named but not charged in an amended bill of particulars filed by the government yesterday in U.S. District Court in Harrisburg, Pa., where eight defendants are to be tried in January."

The way you get into these things, Swinglish is explaining, not knowing that he was

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