

Sept. 1970  
PLAYBOY

# PORTRAIT OF THE MARXIST

allowed to leave without a standing student ovation, a yearbook dedication and a gala student reception.

"Why don't you ever talk to your students?" Sada asked at the reception. Sada was Marcuse's short, fat, old, lovable secretary, for whom Brandeis alumni swear the Beatles' *Sexy Sadie* was written.

"But I do talk to them!" Marcuse insisted.

"OK, let's talk!" I interjected. At the time, I was a Brandeis sophomore. "What do you think about student power?"

"On Vietnam, on dormitory rules, I am with you. But in the classroom, I believe in only one power—faculty power. When we were students in Berlin, we never dictated to our professors, we listened to them!"

It was then that I realized that Marcuse is German first, Jewish second and contemporary American hardly at all. His basic approach to education has always been disturbingly authoritarian and I have since learned to turn to Thoreau on questions of tutorial policy. Since his alignment with the New Left, however, Marcuse has conveniently decided that not all professors are to be totally respected. Now it is possible to harass faculty members whose approach stifles "socialist rationality." This simply means that if Marcuse and his student friends decide an instructor is inimical to the

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Marcuse program, particularly on questions of war and poverty, the instructor need not be "tolerated," and should be actively harassed by pickets, and his classes should be boycotted.

There was also the time I overslept for Marcuse's ten-o'clock class. Although I arrived at Moskowitz Hall 40 minutes late, I decided ten minutes of Marcuse was better than nothing. Unfortunately, the door slammed as I entered.

"Do you realize you are forty minutes late!" thundered Marcuse.

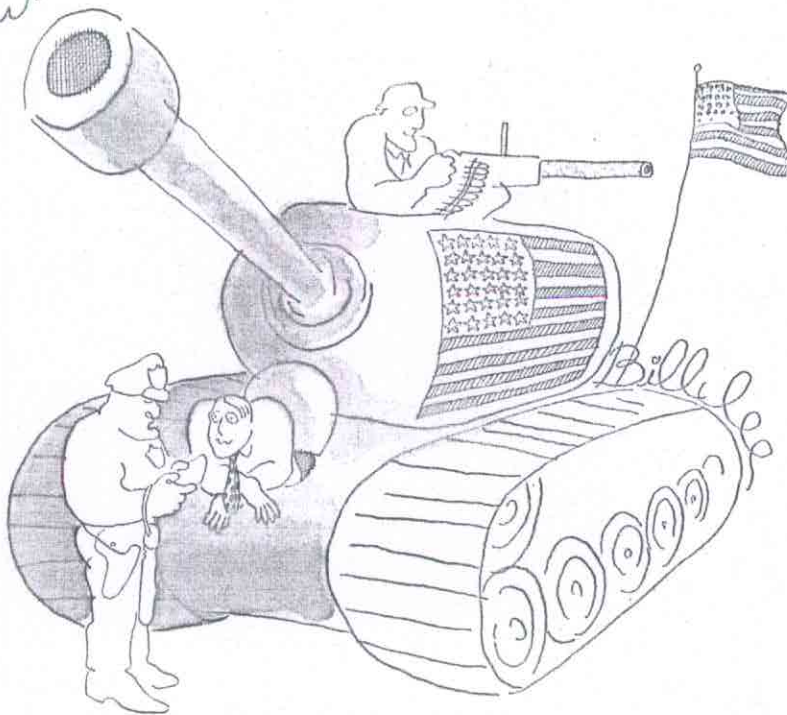
"Yes," I replied.

"I assume that means 'I'm sorry!'" he retorted.

I was never really able to understand Marcuse's burst of anger until a German student told me that I had committed the fundamental Teutonic transgression of tardiness. Is this, I asked myself, any way to run a liberation?

In May 1965, Marcuse accepted a long-standing offer from the University of California at San Diego. Purchasing a house on La Jolla's fashionable Cliff-ridge Avenue, he set out with Inge, his beat-up Peugeot and his cigars to clip the reviews of *One-Dimensional Man* in the California sunshine. As usual, the reviews were mixed, but in this case, the reviewers were not Marcuse's most significant readers. For before the year was out, *One-Dimensional Man* had

For  
Hal W.



"Your tank registration seems to be in order and you're not hippies or anything dangerous like that."