Once again, the flags slid down to half-staff. Once again, a starlit and star-crossed family came together to mourn its fallen. Once again, a Presidential jet called Air Force One streaked homeward across a continent, its cargo the body of a vital young man of unfulfilled promise and uncompleted destiny. Once again, the queues wound past the coffin, and once again Washington paused in sadness for a state funeral procession wending toward Arlington's slopes. With a terrible symmetry, a lone assassin struck down Robert Francis Kennedy last week, and once again a nation was left to watch and grieve and wonder. Death came to Kennedy just as he was celebrating the latest victory of his run to reclaim the Presidency his brother had lost—a run that had already helped force Lyndon Johnson's abdication and now, in California, had eeked out a win over rival dissenter Eugene McCarthy. He died not as President but as pretender, fell not in the bright sunshine but in the gloom of a dingy serving pantry in a Los Angeles hotel. Yet the parallels between his murder and John Kennedy's were only too apparent, and the most awful of all was its absurdity. For each died a martyr without a cause; John Kennedy's accused assassin was a tormented loner with Fidelista fantasies, Robert's a Jordanian Arab immigrant apparently bent on avenging the six-day Israeli-Arab war a year to the day after it began.

Amid the national agony and the political and emotional convulsions touched off by Robert Kennedy's death, a stunned and bewildered nation could only ponder fearfully what violence might come next in the most cruelly unpredictable election year its tumultuous history has produced.

For four full days, until his body was lowered to its grave on the green slopes of Arlington, there to rest near that of his brother John, the television screens glowed through almost every waking hour. At St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the line of mourners stretched for more than a mile and some 150,000 citizens filed past the mahogany coffin on the catafalque. Uncounted thousands of other mourners came out to stand along the route of the funeral train, as it wound its way along the 227 miles of track between New York and Washington's Union Station, the greatest such demonstration the nation has seen since Franklin D. Roosevelt's body was borne from Warm Springs, Ga., to Washington 23 years ago.

A broad as well as at home, shock yielded to horror, horror to grief, and grief to anger. A few hours after the shooting, while Kennedy still fought for his life in Los Angeles's Good Samaritan Hospital, President Lyndon B. Johnson ordered Secret Service protection for all major Presidential candidates. That night a somber Mr. Johnson went on national television and vigorously rejected the suggestion that the entire nation was somehow collectively guilty of the attack. "Two hundred million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy," the President said. Then he entered a solemn plea: "Let us, for God's sake, resolve to live under the law! Let us put an end to violence and to the preaching of violence."

But all the while, as the somber pageant of the funeral unfolded, the brooding questions on the nature and extent of the violence in the U.S. persisted—why, why, why? There were, of
course, no cheap and easy answers (page 45), but under the circumstances, the President felt obliged to appoint a commission of notables to study the phenomenon. However inadequate the gesture, it was an understandable expression of the natural desire to respond, somehow, in this latest and perhaps most poignant of all recent examples of insensate political violence in America.

For Robert Kennedy was in his own way a political personality as extraordinary as his brilliant brother, from whom he derived most of the initial mystique, the fame, the glamour, and the aura of terrible tragedy that invests the fabled Kennedy family.

In the last few years, Bobby had emerged dramatically from the shade of his murdered brother. He became increasingly concerned with the quality of U.S. life in general, and in particular with the plight of the poor and the downtrodden, black and white alike. His enemies, of course, chalked this off to political opportunism, but in London last week, the day after Kennedy died, former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, 74, went on television to sum up his impressions of the young American he had known so long and so intimately—and in the process to offer a moving dissent to Kennedy’s critics. “Whatever people may say and whatever history may write about Bobby,” Macmillan said, “he had a genuine compassion, a real love of people, humble people, poor people—I think the word now is underprivileged people—not in a pompous or pedantic way, but genuine.” Tears cours ed down the old man’s face as he spoke.

For the rest, there was the grief-stricken response of the poor and the humble themselves, who wept unashamedly in the streets at the news, who flocked to his bier by the scores of thousands, and who saw in his death the loss of their own most compelling and authentic single voice. Kennedy’s removal from the political scene thus deprived this increasingly vocal segment of the U.S. electorate of precisely the kind of rare, trusted leader it so desperately needs, and inevitably served to widen the chasm of suspicion, silence and mistrust that separates the majority of the affluent U.S. from its estranged minority. Among the many bitter ironies surrounding Robert Kennedy’s death, then, was the gloomy prospect that for all the exhortations and all the work of Presidential commissions, it may well inflame, not heal, the violence that infects the land.

Though there was no telling how far or for how long the shots fired in Los Angeles might reverberate, there were some things that, as the pall of horror began to lift, seemed immediately clear. The first of these was that Robert Kennedy’s death further certified the prospect that the contenders in November would be Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey and former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. The second was that the millions who looked to and trusted Bobby must now find a new leader to fill the void left by his departure. How far they would have to look could depend on just how accurate John F. Kennedy’s powers of prophecy were some years ago, when he observed: “Just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, our younger brother Ted would take over for him.”

June 17, 1968

The assassination, Dallas, 1963

A frantic Mrs. Kennedy scrambles for help

With sickening familiarity, there was the same fell scene all over again—the crack of the gun, the crumpling body, the screams, the kaleidoscopic pandemonium, a voice that cried, "Get a doctor! Get a doctor!" and another that wailed in anguish, "Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!" and then trailed off in a string of broken syllables.

Thus in Los Angeles was Robert Kennedy cut down by a bullet in the brain, the third great U.S. leader to die at the hand of an assassin in less than five years. And there, in the Kennedy death, a chilling completeness—a fulfillment both him himself seemed to understand and even to expect. Beneath all the wealth and the Camelot glamour, the Kennedy family record was a catalogue of ill fortune: the violent deaths that claimed Joe Jr., Kathleen and finally Jack; the sister born hopelessly retarded, the stroke that lamed and silenced patriarch Joe Sr., the plane crash that very nearly dispatched Ted; McCarthy's death particularly to haunt Bobby, even as he set out to re-create his slain brother's career as senator and then President. It made him even more the fatalist, recklessly believing in the risks of climbing mountains or running rapids—or plunging into the frighteningly grabby crowds his campaign drew everywhere. He worried Bill Barry, the towering ex-FBI man and New York bank officer who served as his chief bodyguard, "I get mixed up with the crowd and I can't see," said Barry. "And I get tired." But, in Los Angeles as everywhere else, Kennedy spurned police protection and offered himself to his worshipers. "Living every day," he liked to say, "is Russian roulette."

A Shudder: Yet sometimes it seemed he sensed the outcome. He had always carried the late President's wounds like stigmata, and, late in his grueling 81-day campaign through a string of Democratic primaries, they began to show through. Once, in Oregon, a balloon popped loudly during a surprise birthday party aboard Kennedy's campaign jet; Kennedy's hand rose slowly to his face, the back covering his eyes, and the gaiety stopped cold for an agonizing moment. A shudder seized his body. His knees seemed almost to buckle. Yet the moment passed quickly, lost in the resurgent confidence that pervaded the Kennedy camp as he neared the end of the long primary road. He had taken a sound and quite possibly critical thrashing at McCarthy's hands in the Oregon primary only the week before—a setback that made California, politically, a life-or-death trial by combat for Kennedy. "If we lose here," an aide conceded, "we can all go home." So they set out to win the way the Kennedys always had, saturating the state with money and glamour and, most of all, the candidate himself. While McCarthy rationed himself to two live appearances and a radio talk on the front porch when he fished son David, 12, out of a mild undertow), then repaired—fresh and rested—to his fifth-floor headquarters suite at the big, rambling Ambassador Hotel just as the returns began coming in.

'Honorable Adventure': Itchy to put the suspense behind him, Kennedy prowled between his half of the "royal suite" and a room across the hall set up for a party. He took the congratulatory abrazos of the celebrities (Budd Schulberg, John Glenn, Milton Berle, George Plimpton). He ducked into the bathroom—the only private place around—to talk over his victory speech with Ted Sorensen and Dick Goodwin. He held court in the corridor, puffing a cigar, quoting Lord Tweedsmuir on politics ("It's an honorable adventure") and looking happy as a prosperous schoolboy when no one around knew who Lord Tweedsmuir was (late author of The Thirty-Nine Steps, governor general of Canada). He put in a call to Irish Mabosso Kenny O'Donnell in Washington, fretting over the hunt for delegates in big industrial states like Ohio and Michigan and Illinois. He dully noted the politically marginal but pestiferous returns from that day's South Dakota primary: Kennedy, 50 per cent; LBJ, 30, despite a vigorous vote-Johnson drive by Hubert Humphrey's people, and McCarthy, a laggardly 20.

And finally, with the California returns piling up toward an ultimate 49 per cent to 42 per cent victory over McCarthy, somebody said: "Let's go down." "Do we know enough about it yet?" Kennedy asked.

'A Victory': "Oh, yeah," said Jesse Unruh, the state assembly speaker who had helped talk Kennedy into the Presidential race, "there's no doubt about a victory." Unruh headed downstairs first to warm up the crowd in the largely light Embassy Ballroom. Moments later, almost at the stroke of midnight, Kennedy collected Ethel, descended to the ballroom in a knot of followers and ad-libbed a victory speech. He started with an Oscar winner's list of thank-yous, some serious, some mocking (to brother-in-law Steve Smith, "who is ruthless but effective"; to Rosey Grier, "who said he'd take care of anybody who didn't vote for me"). He got laughs and cheers, and he finished with his old exhortations: "I think we can end the divisions within the United States. What I think is quite clear is that we can work together... We are a great country, a selfless... and a compassionate country... So my thanks to all of

Newsweek, June 17, 1968
TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY: At the height of his hardest-won victory, Robert Kennedy faced his jubilant supporters in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel. Moments later, in a tableau of senseless carnage, he lay sprawled on a pantry floor as the blood drained from a fatal wound in the back of his head.
OUTSIDE THE HOTEL: Ethel Kennedy follows 'HE'S BEEN SHOT!': As the news spreads, grief grips the ballroom

UNDER ARREST: Flanked and held firmly by policemen, suspect Sirhan Sirhan is led away
closely as Bobby is eased into ambulance No. 18

LONG WAIT: Suspense grips Kennedy workers eying TV. Word RFK was dead comes hours later (below) from press secretary Mankiewicz.
RESTRAINED GRIEF: Robert Kennedy's widow accompanies her husband's casket into St. Patrick's Cathedral.

MOMENT OF MOURNING: Ethel Kennedy and her eldest son, Joseph Kennedy III, pray silently while the body of Robert Kennedy lies in state.

VIGIL: Jacqueline Kennedy, with Caroline (right) and John...
Jr., prays as Robert Shriver stands beside his uncle's hier.

NewswEEK photos by Dick Clark (Magnum)
SUMMATION: In the nave of St. Patrick’s during the funeral service, Ted Kennedy pays tribute to his dead brother: ‘He loved life completely and lived it intensely’

EXODUS: The body is borne from the cathedral by pallbearers (visible, clockwise) David Hackett, Robert McNamara, Lord Harriman, John Glenn, Averell Harriman, Douglas Dillon, James Whittaker, LeMoyne Billings, Stephen Smith
you, and on to Chicago and let's win."

He might not have gone through the pantry at all, except that the crowd in the Embassy Ballroom was so dense and the pantry was the easiest shortcut to his next stop—a press conference agreed to by his staff scarcely ten seconds before he finished speaking. So he turned from the crowd, parted the gold curtains behind the platform and—trailing by a knot of staff people, followers and newsmen—eased through a double door to his rendezvous with death.

Waiting Gunman: Waiting for him in the serving pantry was a small, swarthy, bristly-haired man, dressed all in blue, one hand concealed in a rolled-up Kennedy poster, a faint smile flickering. Like his target, the gunman too was in the pantry by chance. Turned away twice from the Embassy Ballroom door for want of a press card or a ticket, he had somehow slipped into the kitchen area and lost himself among the waiters, the cooks, the busboys and the spillover campaign volunteers waiting for a glimpse of the senator.

Kennedy emerged from a connecting corridor, with assistant maître d'hôtel Karl Uecker and Ambassador staffer Edward Minasian up ahead bowing the way. Spying the kitchen help lined up to the left of his path, he fell into a sideways shuffle and began to shake hands. Ethel was separated from him in the crush. He turned to look for her.

Just ahead, the little man in blue darted toward him. The hand came out of the rolled-up poster, in it a .22-caliber Iver-Johnson Cadet revolver, and snaked of the rolled-up poster, in it a .22-caliber darted toward him. The band came out and fell. Uecker grabbed the gunman's neck under his right arm, grappled for it again and again—not nearly as loud as the Chinese firecrackers in San Francisco.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Kennedy reeled backward. All around, people ran and surged and fell. Uecker grabbed the gunman's neck under his right arm, grappled for the gun with his left hand. He and Minasian slammed the assassin forward against a stainless-steel serving table. Uecker clutched his gun hand, pounded it again and again onto the table top. But the gunman's fist seemed to freeze, and the eight-shot revolver kept going pop! pop! pop! until its chambers were empty.

With a desperate surge, Uecker and Minasian—both thickly built men—shoved the gunman hard into another table, and the hulking, 6-foot-5, 287-pound Grier blazed through like a linebacker, plowing all three men with his great body.

Others, Rafer Johnson, George Plimpton and Bill Barry among them, piled on. The pounding cracked the suspect's left index finger. The gun spun free and Rafer Johnson got it. Minasian ran for the phone. A pair of hands slitheered around the gunman's throat. Grier fought them off. Jesse Unruh jumped up on the serving table and cried, "Keep him alive! Don't kill him! We want him alive!"

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ing. "Oh, God! It can't be! Not again!"
An icy-cool Steve Smith struggled into the Embassy Ballroom, chanting ("Be calm, be calm"), seizing a mike and asking the police,…

The doctors used the resuscitator briefly, then—as Kennedy's life signs continued to pick up—switched him back. But he fell to work, ordering more oxygen, running an "airway" tube down Kennedy's throat, massaging his chest for ten minutes to help his heart. He slapped Kennedy's face, calling to him, "Bob, Bob, can you hear us?" Ethel begged him to stop, but he kept on. The medical team gave Kennedy adrenaline, albumin and Dextran—a temporary blood substitute. And finally he started to respond. His blood pressure soared to 150 over 90, his heart beat stronger, his breath came in gasps. Bazilauskas turned to Ethel, feeling bad at having frightened her earlier. "So I thought of a little kindness I could do," he said afterward. "When we started to get a good heartbeat, I let her put the stethoscope to her ears. She listened, and like a mother hearing a first baby's heartbeat, she was overjoyed."

The doctors used the resuscitator briefly, then—as Kennedy's life signs continued to pick up—switched him back to oxygen. But Central Receiving has neither blood plasma nor X-ray equipment, and they had no choice but to send him on to "Good Sam"—the Hospital of the Good Samaritan—four blocks away. Bazilauskas dressed his wounds, while another doctor, Albert Holt, and a nurse bathed his staring eyes and put patches over them.
Scene of the crime: In a serving pantry at the Ambassador Hotel, a chance encounter—and a rendezvous with death June 17, 1968
...Let us begin tonight."

And at Good Samaritan Hospital, surrounded by his family and his friends and the enormously talented men who had coalesced around his candidacy, Robert Kennedy waged his lonely struggle for life.

Visitors: A crowd of 400 gathered in the street, waiting for word. Family and friends shuttled between Kennedy's fifth-floor, intensive-care room and the sitting rooms nearby fitted out with beds for Ethel and Jacqueline. Once campaign staffer Dick Tuck appeared in Good Sam's doorway flashing a thumbs-up signal that set hopes briefly rising. Few who saw the senator really believed he would come through whole and functioning—if, indeed, he could come through at all. Yet there was an almost determined hope in the bulletins that press secretary Mankiewicz said later. "It was just not rising."

Yet still the vigil went on. Ethel Kennedy trailed her husband to the ninth floor. A nurse there tried to get her to go back to the fifth during the operation. But Ethel refused, sitting instead in a tiny room near surgery, anxiously biting her lower lip until the double doors burst open and Kennedy was wheeled out. In the recovery room, she climbed onto a surgical table next to Kennedy's and lay there beside him for a silent time.

Through the long day, the machinery of modern medicine sustained Kennedy's flickering life. Once, Steve Smith slipped into his room, stepped out and said: "It won't be long." A battery of tests searched for signs of recovery, all in vain. "It wasn't a question of sinking," Mankiewicz said later. "It was just not rising."

Ethel woke from a catnap and stepped into his bedside with Jackie and Ted and Pat Lawford and the Steve Smiths when, at 1:44 a.m. Pacific Daylight Time on June 6, 1968, the struggle ended and Robert Kennedy died.

All Over: In the street, Milton Anderson, a Negro musician, heard a cry from the hospital and ran inside to be hospitalised. The first break came when nimble Los Angeles police work traced the 22 revolver that had been fired at the suspect's grasp (his left index finger was broken) during the frenzied scuffle after the shooting. The pistol's path turned out to be a stark paradigm of America's casual traffic in deadly weapons. It had been purchased during the Watts riots of 1965 and had been sold to "a bushy haired guy" during the frenzy.

The Best: Sirhan Sirhan (the name means "wanderer" in Arabic) was born 24 years ago in Jerusalem. He was the fourth of five sons, and his father, who still lives in a village in the hills near Jerusalem, recalled last week that Sirhan was the best of the lot at school. "He was such an intelligent boy, I had no worries about him," Bishara Sirhan mused. "I was sure he would do well."

But others were not so sure. The family pastor (the Sirhans are Arab Christians) remembers young Sirhan as "a clever boy—very quick—but unstable and very unhappy." The father, he said, "had frequent violent fits and was given to breaking what little furniture they had, and beating the children. He

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sitionally Sirhan flew into blind rages against Israel and Jews. "He often mentioned seeing people of his race killed by Israelis," Weidner recalled. "He was very resentful of the U.S.'s policy because he was a refugee, and he talked about President Kennedy helping other refugees so much, but nothing for the Jordanians."

The apparently fatal connection between Israel, Kennedy and Sirhan became a good deal clearer whenimbabweant Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty decided to jump into the case with both feet. Up to that moment, the behavior of city authorities had been a model of professional decorum, in striking contrast to the bumbling of the Dallas police in eerily similar circumstances four and a half years earlier. Sirhan had been swiftly plucked from the furious mob in the Ambassador Hotel after "I was almost killed in that kitchen," he told a lawyer later. He was soon advised of his constitutional rights and arraigned at 7:30 a.m. in an early morning police reference. Police Chief Thomas Reddin skipped tactfully over any revelations that might prejudice Sirhan's eventual trial.

Not so Mayor Yorty. Seizing the spotlight from his police chief, Yorty proceeded not only to unveil evidence that quite likely should have been held for the trial, but also to impute to Sirhan motives clearly colored by the mayor's own right-wing prejudices. Reddin had spoken earlier of "scraps of paper" found in Sirhan's pockets. These, Yorty eagerly revealed, consisted of a schedule of Kennedy campaign appearances, a newspaper column (by David Lawrence) that Kennedy was certain to task for opposing the war, a newsletter on Israel and four $100 bills.

Bitter: Yorty also produced gleanings from notebooks found in the Sirhan home which, he said, had "some notes written by Sirhan Sirhan." According to the mayor, the journal included bitter fulminations against U.S. policy in the Middle East, lucid entry that read "Long Live Nasser," a number of scribbled references to Robert Kennedy and retiring U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, and one notation proclaiming the need to assassinate Kennedy before June 5, 1968, the first anniversary of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

Yorty's disclosure of evidence earned the mayor a caution from California Attorney General Thomas Lynch, who was fearful that the suspect's right to a fair trial might be compromised. But next day the mayor was still talking. He leapt upon the news that Sirhan's car had once been spotted parked near a building where the radical left-wing W. E. B. Du Bois Club was holding a meeting. Swiftly, Yorty drew his own dramatic conclusion: "Evil Communist organizations played a part in inflaming the assassination of Kennedy."

More evidence leaked out later when a grand jury met to consider the murder indictment against Sirhan. Jesus Perez, a dishwasher at the Ambassador Hotel, testified that Sirhan had bothered around the kitchen corridor for about half an hour before Kennedy was shot, worryingly fingering papers and asking repeatedly whether Kennedy was certain to be passing that way. A man named Henry Carreon reported seeing someone he identified as Sirhan at a shooting range near Pasadena on the afternoon before Kennedy was shot. Sirhan, he said, was practicing rapid fire with a .32 revolver.

'Bomb': At the end of the week, Sirhan was arraigned for murder in the first degree, plus five counts of assault with intent to kill. Already the Los Angeles sheriff had received more than a dozen threats on the suspect's life, some of them promising to "bomb their way in" to the jailhouse if need be. With visions of Jack Ruby, Lee Harvey Oswald and the basement of the Dallas police headquarters looming large and ugly, Los Angeles decided to move the court to the jailhouse, rather than risk transferring the prisoner. The prison chapel was made into a courtroom, the altar converted to a judge's bench, and security was so tight that even the judge and the deputy district attorney were frisked before being admitted. Sirhan, who entered in a wheelchair (his left ankle was sprained when he was seized), was held without bail, and his lawyer (a deputy public defender for Los Angeles County) won a delay of three weeks before registering his plea—in order, among other things, to allow for a psychiatric examination.

Los Angeles authorities seemed certain that they had got their man, that the possibility of a conspiracy was remote. In his village near Jerusalem, Bishara Sirhan was outraged. "If my son has done this dirty thing," he said bitterly, "then let them hang him." Mary Sirhan, who collapsed when she heard of the charges against her son, sent a telegram to the Kennedy family. "I want them to know," it concluded, "that I am really sorry for them all. And we pray that God will make peace, really peace, in the hearts of the people."
(Continued from Page 32)

Johnson went back on television to proclaim a day of mourning, to order the flags lowered to half-staff and to demand stiff weapons legislation that would "spell out our grief in constructive action."

(Said an aide: "I've never seen him more disturbed about the failure of Congress to act.") Presidential politicking simply stopped; all the candidates scrubbed their campaign schedules and fell to composing eulogies. After first word of the shooting, Robert McNamara broke into tears at a routine state ceremonial in Washington; now he mourned Kennedy as "the wisest, most intelligent, most compassionate political leader of the West."

Pope Paul prayed for him at St. Peter's. Jerry Bruno peeking back at the throng behind the chain-link fence and sighing: "He would have liked this crowd."

They arrived at New York's La Guardia Airport on a clinging hot night, lit by a three-quarter moon. Much of New York's and some of the nation's civic and political elite stood watching as a helicopter lowered the maroon-draped coffin to the apron. Archbishop Terence Cooke said a little prayer on the tarmac. Jackie spied Robert McNamara and ran to his comforting embrace. Ethel managed a calm, but her eyes shone and Teddy slipped into the front seat of the hearse beside her. The caravan moved away and, past silent thongs numbering in the tens of thousands, bore Robert Kennedy to the great high altar at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

A scene of half-hour watches; family service. Jackie's composure broke at the sight of the body. She wept, and mother Rose comforted her. A six-man honor guard took positions around the closed coffin for the first in a round-the-clock relay of half-hour and quarter-hour watches; the glittering corps (McNamara, IBM's Tom Watson, Walter Reuther, Ralph Abernathy, Robert Lowell, Arthur Goldberg, Ted Sorensen, Sidney Poitier, Budd Schulberg, William Styron) was fresh testimony to the reach and the fierce allure of the Kennedys. Yet, even with the guard in place, Teddy could not bring himself to leave his brother alone. Long past midnight, with the rest of the family gone and the first few hundred mourners queuing up in the streets, Ted was at Bobby's side, now standing, now pacing vacantly, now kneeling in prayer.

By dawn, when the big cathedral doors swung open, the line was swelling to well over a hundred thousand strung out six and eight and ten abreast over 25 blocks of mid-Manhattan. Out of some deep, sorrowing patience, they stood all day in a wilting sun and through a stifling night—teen-agers, threadbare Negroes, executives with dispatch cases, construction workers with hard hats, nuns praying and telling beads, coeds in miniskirts, peace kids in flowers and beads. They waited hours for a second's glimpse of the coffin, with the white wreath at the feet, the spray of roses at the head, the U.S. flag and the rosary on the burnished lid. Some snapped cameras. Some mapped the coffin, touching the wood and crossed themselves. Scores came out weeping. Four hundred fainted. A stout black woman collapsed before the coffin edging out of the church. Her friend is gone, oh Jesus he is gone, Jesus.

Bobbs People: Members of the family appeared only briefly during the day—Ethel in black, kneeling at the coffin and touching the flag; her eldest sons, Joseph III, 15, and Robert Jr., 14, taking their turns in the honor guard; Jacqueline leading Caroline and John past the bier; Teddy, pale and impassive, sagging alone. Our friend is gone, oh Jesus he is gone, Jesus.

Long journey home: The last of the brothers waves from the funeral train danger, he embraced it . . .) and headed for New York and Washington to bury Robert, as he had buried "dear Jack." The longshoremen walked off the docks in New York City, and a local TV station canceled two and a half hours of morning programs and ran the single scrawled word STEAM instead. Mrs. Martin Luther King, herself widowed by an assassin only two months earlier, flew to Los Angeles to be with Ethel, just as the Kennedys had to come to be with her.

Shoot: A Russian woman told a Moscow新生woman, "All you Americans can do is shoot one another." An Army non-com in Vietnam wondered bitterly, "Good God—what's going on back home?"

And the Kennedys closed round to claim their dead. After submitting the body to an autopsy by local authorities—a formality omitted in Dallas and a source of controversy ever since—the family bore Kennedy from Good Sam to the Los Angeles airport in a hearse at the head of a ten-car cortège. Thousands of mourners watched them circle the African mahogany coffin on a hydraulic lift, clapping hands as if to keep strangers out, and lug it aboard the Presidential plane themselves. Jackie wouldn't board until she was sure the plane wasn't the same Air Force One she rode home from Dallas with John Kennedy's body. It wasn't. She boarded, and, with Ethel Kennedy and Coretta King, completed a Trinity of women widowed by assassins. Others filed on—old Justice Department friends like Burke Marshall and Ed Cuthman, the Plimptons and the Pierre Salingers and Dick Goodwin, Rafer Johnson and Charles Evers weeping, advance man Jerry Bruno peeking back at the throng behind the chain-link fence and sighing: "He would have liked this crowd."

The long flight home was, as recount-

"All you Americans can body to an autopsy by local authorities—"
langed to them. Just at dawn, Ethel alighted in for a last moment alone with him, slumping into a chair beside the catafalque, planting her elbows on the coffin and burying her head in her hands. She left Archdiocese of New York with the great silent crowds who were forming once again, the black limousines sliding to the curb, the 2,300 invited guests hurrying inside St. Pat’s. The last affair was one last triumph of Kennedy staffing—an incredible assemblage that brought together the President and four pretenders, princes of the church, the Executive, Cabinet secretaries, the cream of Congress, civil-rights leaders, old New Frontiersmen, movie stars, poets, Beautiful People. The great vaulted nave and who took him to his rest today pray that what he was to us and what he remembered simply as a good and decent man and a woman, crowded too close to the edge of the platform, were swept under the wheels of a northbound train and killed as they cowered for a look at the incoming Kennedy train. With that, the train stopped; advance man Bruno refused to give the go-ahead until railroad officials suspended all other traffic on the route. Even then, the great throngs slowed the journey, and so did mechanical trouble. The day had faded to a mellow gold when the train passed Baltimore, through a crowd singing the “Battle Hymn” and “We Shall Overcome,” and night had fallen when at last it reached Washington four and one-half hours late. No one aboard wanted the trip to end; there was a certain release in motion, a terrible finality in reaching the end of the line. The trip, for the 700 passengers, was a rolling Irish wake; drinks were served up; the bereaved laughed at the face of sorrow. The survivors walked through the train to thank everybody far and near; the Chief Justice, Cabinet secretaries, the cream of Congress, civil-rights leaders, four pretenders, princes of the church, jostling for a glimpse of Ethel and Jackie and the flag-draped casket as they passed in the observation car. Teddy came out on the platform and waved, and they waved back, flags and handkerchiefs fluttering. In Elizabeth, N.J., a man and a woman, crowded too close to the edge of the platform, were swept under the wheels of a northbound train

PENN STATION. And there Kennedy’s casket was lifted aboard the ivy-decked funeral train. The family followed, Rose and Ted and Jacqueline, and Ethel, thickly veiled, shepherding all but the tiniest of her ten children. The 51-car train puffed out of the station. The long, slow journey home had begun.

Journey: It was a page from the American past, a throwback to the trains that carried Lincoln and McKinley and Franklin Roosevelt to their graves. Mourners by the thousands stood in a baking sun for hours at every station, jostling for a glimpse of Ethel and Jackie and the flag-draped casket as they passed in the observation car. Teddy came out on the platform and waved, and they waved back, flags and handkerchiefs fluttering. In Elizabeth, N.J., a man and a woman, crowded too close to the edge of the platform, were swept under the wheels of a northbound train...
The adventurer: On Mount Kennedy

Shooting Hudson River rapids in a kayak (he was dunked three times)

Scrimmaging with Ethel and Ted in Acapulco

Skiing the Rock Garden run in Sun Valley

Slogging through the waters of the Amazon

Toppling into Idaho’s ‘River of No Return’
A FLAME BURNED FIERCELY

From the time of his brother's assassination, the mission was never in doubt: one day he would try to regain the lost Presidency. Most people simply assumed it; one close friend put it quite plainly: "Anyone who has gone to the President's grave . . . with Robert Kennedy gets the sense that he feels that something great was broken here, and that as his brother's brother he has an obligation to continue it."

But at first the obligation seemed more apparent than the desire. A score of interviewers asked him when he would make the race—1968? 1972? Each heard a version of the same distracted reply, "I don't think I can plan for it . . . I don't even know if I'm going to be here." An aide elaborated: "Bob just feels it's futile to plan too much. He has a visceral sense of the precarious nature of human life and effort.

Campaigning at last, he seldom seemed far from this somber mood. There were all the exhilarated images of the final weeks: Bobby Kennedy rolling down a dozen Main Streets to a dozen courthouse squares in the Midwest, at a high-school bandompahed, "This Man Is Your Man." Bobby bemusedly debarking from his plane on a fork-lift at an East Oregon way station, and remarking in parody of his own pet oratorical tag line: "As George Bernard Shaw once said: 'We can do better.'" Or Bobby trying to reach every single hand along a near-riotous motorcade route in southern California, as if he were giving bread to the poor. Yet he waged his campaign with more celebration than joy. In the few unguarded moments, the gaunt face flickered between brightness and melancholy. He had become, comparatively, the grittiest and at the same time the most vulnerable. Perhaps:

"And when you come from that far down, one must give oneself to the crowd," he said, "and from then on . . . rely on luck." Then his luck ran out, and the crowd consumed him.

Robert Francis Kennedy could not have done it otherwise. He plunged into life, just as he plunged into the masses of people reaching out to touch and maul him. He was a driven man and this was never more apparent than in things physical. Whether on the football field or on the slopes, he had a need to excel. Learning a peak in Canada had been named for his brother, he rushed off to be the first to scale it and plant a flag there. Walking along an Oregon beach a few weeks ago, he suddenly stopped, seeing to hear a challenge no one else heard, stripped to his shorts and plunged into an icy, angry surf for a swim.

There was some intense contest within him that appeared to surface in paradoxes. Solemn and tenacious, he could nevertheless mock himself with a fine sense of absurdity. Deemed arrogant by some of his peers, he could be self-effacing among lesser men. He sought coteries and crowds, yet he could be painfully shy with individuals. Rich and privileged beyond most men, he could be a tender, compassionate shepherd of the young, the disabled and the deprived—and yet he could also pursue an adversary with Old Testament vengefulness.

Still, the larger truth might be that he burned with a fiercer flame than others, throwing sharper lights and deeper shadows even than other Kennedys. Of all of them, he was the most inward and difficult to know, the grittiest and at the same time the most vulnerable. Perhaps it was his post position. "I was the seventh of nine children," he said once.

"And when you come from that far down, you have to struggle to survive." He was born Nov. 20, 1925, to a household already lored over by two idolized brothers, some overpowering sisters, and above all by a steely willed banana father who had amassed a seemingly boundless fortune—and conferred on each child a trust and that appeared to surface in paradoxes. Solemn and tenacious, he could nevertheless mock himself with a fine sense of absurdity. Deemed arrogant by some of his peers, he could be self-effacing among lesser men. He sought coteries and crowds, yet he could be painfully shy with individuals. Rich and privileged beyond most men, he could be a tender, compassionate shepherd of the young, the disabled and the deprived—and yet he could also pursue an adversary with Old Testament vengefulness.

Still, the larger truth might be that he burned with a fiercer flame than others, throwing sharper lights and deeper shad-

Roughhousing with the kids

Skin-diving in tropical waters

Riding after dawn at Hickory Hill

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tation for trying harder, attested to later by Kennedy aide Kenneth O'Donnell, who was team captain: "He had no right to be on the varsity team ... We had eight ends who were bigger, faster and had been high-school stars. But Bobby worked five times as hard as anybody. He'd come in from end like a wild Indian. If you were blocking Bobby, you'd knock him down, but he'd be up again, going after the play. He never let up."

In those days he was called relentless. The postgraduate version (after he had taken a law degree from the University of Virginia) was "ruthless," a designation—part hearsay, and part fact—that was to stay with him the rest of his life. This was to be the route of his career in politics. He did not give a damn whether the state and county organizations survived after November," he told feuding New York State pols. "I want to elect John F. Kennedy." Inevitably, the legend fed on such encounters.

As Attorney General and unofficial major-domo of John Kennedy's Cabinet, he could still be a fearsome straw boss. Given a key role in the investigation of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, he charged in like a prosecuting attorney. On other occasions, however, he was a steady influence in the deliberations of the National Security Council. (By his own later testimony, he was proudest of his restraining role in the Cuban missile crisis.)

All the while, he showed a capacity for growth. Neither Robert nor John Kennedy succeeded in substantially enlarging the body of civil-rights legislation, but they fostered the atmosphere of honest concern it needed to breathed in. Though he had developed a fondness for wiretapping, Attorney General Kennedy also stepped up the fight to enforce voting rights and school integration in the South, to protect rights workers from harassment. It was Bobby, in fact, who had engineered the phone call that sprung Martin Luther King Jr. from jail on the eve of the 1960 election, and though that may have been more political than sociological ("I won't say I stayed awake nights worrying about civil rights before I became Attorney General," he admitted later), there was no doubt that the plight of the Negro had begun to awaken his conscience.

**Maturity:** Another friend of the Kennedy family, JFK biographer Theodore Sorensen, described Bobby's growth to maturity this way a few years ago: "When I first met him thirteen years ago, I would not have voted for him for anything. He was much more cocky, militant, negative, narrow, closer to his father in thinking than to his brother. Today I have no serious doubts ... I would vote for him for anything."

But during the years of John Kennedy's Presidency, the old, elusive tensions between the brothers and sisters persisted. In the bantering that often filled the table talk, visitors could feel currents of affection— and rivalry. Bobby participated, then looked morose and withdrawn, then joined in again. Considered, at 35 "the second most important man in the country," he still had to come to terms with a sense of disadvantage.

**Grief:** Then came the unassimilable horror and grief of John Kennedy's assassination. All of the Kennedys suffered profoundly, and Bobby perhaps more than any. His relationship with Jack had been almost symbiotic. At the funeral and often afterward, he chanted to Jacqueline Kennedy's hand as much, it seemed, to receive comfort as to give it. Friends found him aged and softened. He appeared not so much moody as haunted, given to trailing off in mid-sentence, staring out the windows of his Justice Department office, the quality of boyish vulnerability beneath the cold surface more pronounced than ever. The wound seemed always present.

Then the mourning ended and the Kennedys were back, with all their drive and vitality intact. Shooed away from the Vice Presidency in 1964 by Lyndon Johnson, Bobby entered the Senate race in New York, making an unashamed grasp for the seat of Republican incumbent Kenneth Keating. But there was no other way: as political observers reckoned it, the Senate was the broadest path to the White House and a Restoration, and New York was the state where Bobby could both claim prior residence and count on enough popular support to elect him. Inevitably, his critics added the charge of "carpetbagger" to their list of grievances. Among others, the local Americans for Democratic Action challenged his liberal credentials, and a committee of celebrity Democrats formed for the defense of Republican Keating.

Kennedy won easily, and at first the new senator seemed only faintly ab-
Harris and Gallup surveys placed him sorbed in his duties. (After all, he implied to an interviewer, he had once inhabited loftier climes.) But as 1968 drew nearer, he began building his reputation as a critic of Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy in a series of speeches, painstakingly researched, drafted and re-drafted, often after command dinners with the appropriate specialists from government and academia at his Hickory Hill estate in McLean, Va. Among the assorted China watchers, Hispanophiles, Europhiles there might be familiar faces—Adam Yarmolinsky, Daniel P. Moynihan, Richard Neustadt—ardent attendants of his brother's fallen regime and now members of what had come to be called the Kennedy government-in-exile. The season of dreams: The Restoration was gathering forces. "You see," Senator Kennedy told a reporter who asked him why he had come to the Senate, "not by accident alone, but we all were involved in certain tasks, in certain dreams . . . I suddenly understood that it was up to me to carry this forward, and I decided to." But the ghost of his brother still hung close. Bobby's office was check-a-block with John F. Kennedy memorabilia—photo portraits, snapshots, framed scribblings from the Cabinet meetings. He had assumed, unconsciously perhaps, some familiar John Kennedy gestures in his speech—a hand thrust in his pocket, the other jabbing the air with an extended index finger. The issues themselves were John Kennedy's: nuclear testing, the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. role in the Third World. And the direct evocation was ever recurrent: "As President Kennedy said . . ." Bobby would perorate.

For a time, he carried a frayed oversize tweed overcoat on trips and would drape it around his shoulders on chilly days. Curiously, he left it behind in one town after another on hectic stumpimg towey, and would dispatch an aide to retrieve it. It was as if he were engaged in some psychic struggle with the coat, which had belonged to his brother.

Identity: Gradually, Kennedy groped forward to an identity and an image all his own. The season of discontent with Lyndon Johnson was growing stormier. Harris and Gallup surveys placed him well ahead of the President in the inevitable popularity ratings, and indeed, huge crowds bore out the pollsters, flocking to see him on the hustings. As early as 1966, "We can do better" had already become his informal campaign slogan. Willy-nilly, or so it seemed, he had become the bearer of dissent, carving out his own, mid-course between the Old Left and the New. In, long, carefully documented speeches, he dissected Administration fumbling in Africa, in Latin America, on the problems of the cities and the ghettos. No less an all-purpose guru than John Kenneth Galbraith certified that Bobby "has closer rapport with academics today than his brother did."

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‘LAUGHTER IS BETTER THAN TEARS’

Ever was there a more unlikely candidate for somber widowhood than Ethel Skakel Kennedy. She has long been the eternal child of the Kennedy clan, bubbly and bonney, impressionable: "Look . . . It's too mental here to talk with you reporters. It's physical out there shaking hands." At parties her style showed in delight in the innocently outlandish. At one of hawkish pundit Joseph Alsop's parties where everyone anticipated dampening tensions because of Bobby Kennedy's antiviral feeling. Ethel elected to be a tart in a wild black and white vinyl miniskirt and skipped in among the other ladies dressed in formal gowns to become the hit—and salvation—of the occasion. "She broke up the tension," a friend recalls. "It turned out one of the best parties of the year." Ever the enemy of willful gloominess, Ethel once asked Edward Albee why he wrote "all those depressing plays?" She said once, "I just can't go for happy things."

Undiminished: Tragedy, nevertheless, has washed over her life as inexorably as it has over the Kennedy clan. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Skakel, were killed simultaneously in a private plane crash in 1955. Less than two years after her brother George Jr. died in an airplane crash, she was carrying her eleventh child—due seven months after his father's death.
with the winning attributes of "compassion and hard-headedness, residual moralism" and "social idealism." Amid the liberal clichés he had mastered, wrote Shannon, shone forth a genuine feeling for the struggles of the poor. Social critic Patrick Moynihan put it this way: "Kennedy has worked for his liberalism . . . . The things he learned first were conservative things. The things he learned second were liberal things. He is an idealist without illusions . . . You might want to call this the higher liberalism."

But the higher liberalism seemed still grounded in the lower politics. There was Kennedy, "totally absorbed in the contest for power," as a friend described it, playing conventional politics ("He is New Frontier on top and Last Hurrah at bottom," someone wrote), and caution was a cardinal rule of the game. Bobby loved to climb the mountains and run the rapids, but he was ever chary of political risk. He was one of the more restrained Vietnam critics and, against the urging of his followers and the pressures of a growing public outcry for peace, finally decided in January not to make the challenge against Lyndon Johnson in 1968. (By one account, the President had earlier warned him in a stormy confrontation at the White House, "In six months all you doves will be politically destroyed.")

"Badly Done:" Thus it was Eugene McCarthy who arose from obscurity to carry the fight, and there began another season of agony for Bobby. Over the wintry months of 1967-68, he witnessed the defection of young collegians who had been among his staunchest partisans. Then when he abruptly reassessed his position and plunged into the race on the heels of McCarthy's New Hampshire triumph, it served only to further alienate the once faithful. "The Kennedys," wrote Arthur Schlesinger, in a piece apologizing for Bobby's gaffe but endorsing his candidacy, "always do these things badly."

But the damage was done. Unhappily, it conjured up once again the specter of legendary ruthlessness, and much of Kennedy's ensuing campaign was devoted to efforts to josh away that ogre. Over the years, the "ruthlessness thing," as he called it, had become something of an obsession with him. Thus, when Sen. Joseph Clark was puzzled once by an overly formal note of thanks for a minor favor, Bobby explained: "I'm just concealing the ruthless side of my nature."

Now he went before the electorate and tried again. "Someone's taking my shoes off," he crooned, breaking into a serious moment in a California speech. "If I were ruthless I'd kick her." In one of the most significant utterances of his campaign in Oregon, he felt compelled to inject the obsessive note again. "How essential is a victory in Oregon?" he was asked. "If I lose any primary," the senator replied, "I won't be a viable candidate . . . I might be a nice man. I might go back to being unorthodox . . . But I won't be viable."

Other things were happening, to be
sure. Stung by criticism that he was running on the memory and legacy of his brother, he began dropping the President Kennedy references from his talks. This had a curiously liberating effect; now his statements on the issues seemed to develop more convincingly. He was evolving an authentic voice of his own: compassion for the ghettos and concern for law and order; decentralization of big government, and private involvement in social programs.

Even so, he had begun to strike some observers as a Kennedy who didn’t think he could win—or stranger still, who didn’t need to win. He could still outstump any other candidate in an eighteen-hour day of hell-for-leather campaigning that had members of the press corps chanting at the end, “Hey, he’s our guy, please don’t kill today!” Yet always there was about him that dreamy fatalism. At street-corner rallies he quoted hopeful moral passages from Albert Camus, but for his private text he seemed to take Camus’s darker message of life’s futility. “Existence is so fickle, fate is so fickle,” he would say.

When McCarthy stunned him with the defeat in Oregon—the first election loss by any Kennedy—Bobby recovered with notable grace and made a generous speech of concession. Then in California, the old spark was rekindled. There he had found the most compatible following of a curiously lonely campaign: Negroes and Mexican-Americans by the tens of thousands leaped in front of his moving car, tore at his clothing, snatched his cufflinks, ripped the shoes from his feet.

Salty View: Some commentators took a salty view of his ritual immolations among the poor. Said columnist Murray Kempton comparing the Kennedys to the Bonnies and Clydes: “... they identify with the deprived, being the radical foes of all authority when they are out of power ...”

But Bobby’s rapport with the poor was undeniable. He seemed to feel that they accepted him as one of them, one of the wounded, and in his wordless contact with the rolling crowds of the poor, he found the triumph of communication he often could not manage in his speeches.

California gave him a victory, coupled with a resounding one in South Dakota. Now the possibility of winning the nomination—however remote—was at least alive again, and he headed off to hold a press conference after his victory speech last in California. He seems to have been exhilarated. He was shot as he passed through the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel ballroom in Los Angeles and the last view the world bad of Robert Kennedy, as it leoned from the TV screens and on the front pages of the newspapers, was unforgettable. He lay on his back, pain on his features—pain and a look of gentle surprise, perhaps at the final discovery that existence is indeed fickle, and that so fierce a flame can be extinguished in a single, split second of insanity.

Newsweek, June 17, 1968

UNDERSTANDING VIOLENCE

"What's America coming to?" a grief-stricken witness asked after the shooting of Robert F. Kennedy. The question was endlessly repeated and rephrased in a thousand variations last week. A few observers thought they discerned some of the outlines of the new national destiny in the political assassinations, the race riots, the student rebellions and the muggings that are routine on city streets as dirt and gum wrappers. Americans, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., the historian (and longtime Kennedy friend), told the commencement audience at the City University of New York last week, "are today the most frightening people on this planet."

President Johnson's new commission on violence, which was asked to determine "what in the nature of our people and the environment of our society makes possible such murder and such violence," can make an impact in that direction of understanding. It has as a model the Kennedy commission's civil-disorders report. But men can be unknowingly blind. When they look into the face of violence, they see not a reflection of themselves but of their antagonists. Thus California Gov. Ronald Reagan blamed civil disorders on unnamed demagogic leaders and out of office and on "the kind of men that pervades the courts," while Sen. Eugene McCarthy found the violence of Robert Kennedy's assassination linked to the violence of the Vietnam war.

The young blame violence on the intransigence of established order. The elders cite the disrespect of youth; the voices of the white establishment blame militants like H. Rap Brown; the black militants point to the pervasiveness of white racism—and both sides arm for more violence (estimates of the number of "private" weapons in the U.S. at 50 million, with 2 million small arms purchased last year alone).

'Real': Violence, it seems, always turns out to be what someone else does. The assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. were the work of aberrant individuals (and in RFK's case, not even a 'real' American). Also, the argument goes, violence has always existed and always will, and the U.S. is no worse than other nations.

Compounding the difficulties, few hard facts exist about the many different forms that violence takes and how extensive it is. Rap Brown observed last year that violence is "as American as cherry pie," a half-truth at best, though American violence does go back to the first days of the Republic. Indeed, sociologist Gilbert Geis of California State College claims there are probably fewer crimes of violence today than in the early days of the Republic. The frontier evokes the lowest district of Colonial society as well as a safety valve for the acceptable release of violence. "Inner-city" riots were endemic from 1830 to 1870. "It is the Irish who wrote the script for urban violence," notes Denius Clark in the June 1 issue of the Jesuit magazine America, "and the black terrorists have not added anything particularly new." Racial disorders are not new either, though the terms of combat have shifted radically, in the past, notes Harvard government Prof.
James Q. Wilson, major riots like Chicago's in 1919 and Detroit's in 1943 were begun by whites and aimed at Negroes. And some forms of American violence have all but disappeared. Labor-management warfare, which claimed 30 deaths as recently as 1934, has declined now that the labor combatants have largely won their war for union recognition.

Yet statistics plotting the rising or falling curves of violence can be notoriously inaccurate, influenced as they are by such variables as population growth, better crime-reporting methods, more accurate diagnoses by coroners (who can distinguish violent deaths from deaths due to natural causes), and the development of lifesaving drugs and surgical techniques. Whether or not violence is on the increase or decrease, it is clear that there are measurable changes in certain kinds of violence. For example, Dr. John F. Spiegel of Brandeis University's Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence distinguishes three kinds of violence: collective violence such as rioting, individual or private violence like muggings, and political assassination.

Collectively, in their civil life, Americans are more peaceful than many other people. Nothing in the contemporary American experience compares with the Indonesian slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Communists or the massacres of the Congo—though this may be changing. The Lemberg Center now issues a Riot Data Review—its own reflection of the times—and the first issue last month reported more than ten times as many "racially inspired civil disorders" in the U.S. during the first three months of 1968 than in the same period of 1967.

Mayhem: In the category of private mayhem, the U.S. is clearly more violent than any other industrialized society. The U.S. homicide rate is five per 100,000 persons annually, a figure roughly eight times that of England and Wales and four times that of Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Canada—though less than the rate for some Latin American countries. In the U.S. the high violent death rate has produced a grisly bonus: because of the frequency of homicides and auto accidents (another form of mayhem, largely unconscious), Texas doctors have been able to perform more heart-transplant operations than doctors in any other region in the world.

Most ominous of all, the pattern of political assassinations in the U.S. now resembles what one would expect in a banana republic. "The assassination of Lincoln," Spiegel says, "established a scenario for political violence." Starting the count with Lincoln, four of twenty U.S. Presidents have been assassinated, and assassination attempts have been made on three more. Moreover, a Secret Service report released in January shows that the number of persons arrested for threatening the President of the United States has increased alarmingly since John Kennedy's assassination, from 80 arrests in 1963 to 425 arrests in 1967, the most recent year reported.

Mother's Boy: What kind of Americans threaten Presidents? Beginning shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, Dr. David A. Rothstein of the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo., interviewed 27 inmates who had threatened a Chief Executive. Among his cases, Rothstein selected President Johnson; eight, President Kennedy; and two, President Eisenhower. The men tended to have much in common: several were young and many came from unhappy homes. Typically, they were raised by dominant mothers, while their fathers stood ineffectually by or were absent altogether—not unlike the youth accused of murdering Robert Kennedy.

Although their threats were directed at men, Rothstein found the underlying source of their resentment was directed at their mothers. Rage against mother, he said, is "only later displaced onto male authorities," then to the government and finally to the President, "the embodiment of the U.S. Government."

Rothstein's study is further evidence that the character of contemporary violence has undergone change. Violent offenses are being increasingly committed by younger people. Rioting, says Harvard's Wilson, has changed from instrucational acts—as such as the Civil War draft riots and labor wars aimed at achieving a specific objective—to expressive acts intended to release bottled-up psychic pressures. The new violence, in fact, may set the tone of the times. Yale psychologist Kenneth Keniston, who has observed students and activists at close range, portrays a new generation hung up on violence the way the Victorians felt threatened by sex. "Sex for most of this generation," Keniston writes, "is much freer, more open, less guilt- and anxiety-ridden. But violence, whether in one's self or in others, has assumed new prominence as the prime source of inner and outer terror."

Killer Man: When the President's commission sits down to its task it may have to pursue many scientific and scholarly byways before it can deal with the larger questions of violence in America today. Zoology, psychology, anthropology, neurophysiology—all have something to say about the subject. The noted ethnologist Konrad Lorenz, for example, argues that aggression is an evolutionary instinct—a drive inherited by man from the lower animals. He also holds that modern man finds himself trapped in his violent past with the helplessness of a modern teenager. Most carnivores, especially those equipped with lethal teeth and nails like the wolf, have instinctive inhibitions against killing members of their own species. On the other hand, says Lorenz, evolutionary man never had to develop inhibitions against killing other men for the simple reason that he was so physically ill-equipped to kill—until, that is, his brain grew, and he invented weapons. Among all the carnivores, man—and the rat—are the only species that kill their fellows.

But most anthropologists discount the notion that man has a "killer instinct." It is possible to live in peace without a defense force or arms. And although societies of such gentle souls are few and hard to find, the commission will undoubtedly consider such peaceful preliterate tribes as the Arapesh, the Lepehas and the pygmies of the Ituri rain forest in the Congo. According to the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, one of the distinguishing characteristics of all three of these peaceable kingdoms is that boys...
aren't constantly told what "all real men do ... ." For the teen-ager, masculine status and virility are not defined by demonstrations of rage against and violence—nor by the way they are so in many areas of American life. In many ways the U.S. hippie subculture—with its desire to make love rather than war, to undo the system's conventions and in its pure rather than commercial form—can be seen as a homegrown counterpart of these cultures.

Neurophysiology may also have something to say about the nature of violence. Experiments in both animals and men show that the brain contains a well-defined "aggression center." In humans the area is the amygdala nerve cells, located in the temporal lobe. When the amygdala of a mild-mannered woman patient was stimulated electrically with a thin wire passed through her skull, she turned abusive and threatened to strike the attending surgeon. When the current was turned off, she became her customary gentle self again. This aggression center is part of man's hereditary endowment, but it is affected by changes in body chemistry and mediated by the higher centers of the brain that have learned the evolutionary lessons of social adaptation, cooperation, empathy, loyalty to others, postponement of gratification, attachment to ideas and symbols—short, all the forces that can control and contain aggression.

Rage: All men, then, may be created violent but each learns to handle or, in Freud's word, sublimate, his violence in a particular social setting. In the spring issue of The Yale Review, sociologist Robert W. Friedrichs analyzes the way U.S. Negroes are dealing with their frustrations and aggressions. For generations, says Friedrichs, the underdog Negro turned his rage inward upon himself—"sublimated" with Freud's word, sublimate, his violence into destruction of self—than launched blindly into the maelstrom of civil insurrection. For a subject so important as violence, few experimental findings exist to explain or even hint what atmospheric factors influence behavior. Today, to take one instance, many experts would argue that violence increases during wartime. Others disagree, pointing out that in Britain in 1940, crime and violence declined, and during the blitz, the mental illness caseload was at its lowest in years.

But for most Americans, the Vietnam war is a television war, live and in color in U.S. living rooms nightly. And as such, it becomes another example of the sadomasochistic violence that is the new pornography on television and in movies. One survey of the psyche of blacks and colonial nations—is perhaps the most important theme in the writings of the Martinique-born psychiatrist Franz Fanon, one of the ideological heroes of black militancy. His ideas have since been tested in a score of U.S. cities. The Watts riots, concluded a Negro psychiatrist with the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Health, conferred on the rioters a "dignity and self-respect" which more passive demonstrations did not. Friedichs naturally hopes that the Negro will exert his aggression in Rap Brown speeches and LeRoi Jones poems rather than in burning down the cities. Direct physical aggression demands direct police response but, adds Friedrichs, it is the white man's burden in this generation to submit to the black man's verbal, emotional and social aggression.

TV War: Yet no one knows how to assure that aggressions are acted out rather than launched blindly into the maelstrom of civil insurrection. For a subject so important as violence, few experimental findings exist to explain or even hint what atmospheric factors influence behavior. Today, to take one instance, many experts would argue that violence increases during wartime. Others disagree, pointing out that in Britain in 1940, crime and violence declined, and during the blitz, the mental illness caseload was at its lowest in years.

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from possessing any kind of firearms at all. Some members of Congress were quick to claim that the gun-control legislation was an extraordinary achievement. This bill is far, far tougher than anyone realizes," said Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, who has been fighting for gun control for years. Considering that the bill was passed over the objections of one of the most formidable lobbies in Washington, the 900,000-member National Rifle Association, which has argued long and hard that there is no connection between the availability of firearms and the spiraling crime rate, Dodd's optimism was at least understandable. Judged against the strict gun-control standards in most civilized countries of the world, however, the legislation—and, for that matter, the NRA's argument about availability—seemed glaringly weak.

GUNS: LIKE BUYING CIGARETTES

The gun that killed Robert Kennedy

By now the weapons have become inexorably linked with the victims. It was a .25-caliber Manufacturing carbine that cut down John F. Kennedy. It was a .30-06 Enfield rifle that killed Medgar Evers. It was a .30-06 Remington pump rifle that felled Martin Luther King. And it was a sub-nosed .22-caliber Iver Johnson revolver that snuffed out the life of Robert F. Kennedy. Though the guns vary in size, shape and ballistic characteristics, all of them share one thing in common—they are, as President Johnson angrily pointed out last week, as easy to get as "baskets of fruit or cartons of cigarettes."

Indeed, the very availability of firearms in the United States amounts to one breath to a national tradition and a national tragedy. No one knows exactly how many guns are in private hands in the country. Estimates range from a conservative 50 million up to an astounding 200 million. What this fantastic arsenal produces, however, is eminently measurable. In 1966, for instance, guns of one kind or another accounted for 6,500 murders in the United States. 2,800 accidental deaths. Since the turn of the century, three quarters of a million Americans have been killed by privately owned guns in the United States—more Americans than have died in battle in all the wars fought by the U.S.

Passage: Last week, the weight of these grim statistics combined with the outrage at the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the recent emphasis on fighting crime in the streets to push the first piece of gun-control legislation through Congress in more than 30 years. The gun-control provisions, part of an omnibus anticrime bill overwhelmingly approved by the House of Representatives and sent on to the President, makes it illegal for a person to purchase a handgun in a state other than his own, either by mail order or directly over the counter. In addition, it prohibits felons, mental incompetents and veterans who received less than honorable discharges
POLITICAL QUESTION MARKS

At McCarthy election-night headquarters in Los Angeles's Beverly Hilton Hotel, they were dancing and singing "When the Saints Go Marching In" when the word came, "Oh God," cried a girl as she slumped into the arms of the boy beside her. A young man at the door raved hysterically and had to be subdued by his friends. Another distraught campaign worker looked down at the badge marking him as a McCarthy staff man. "And here we are—against him. . ." he mumbled softly.

In the anguished hours that followed, the badges began to come off. The hunting was down from the campaign offices. The barbs came out of the political rhetoric and were replaced by the balm of sympathy. The bullets that struck down Robert Kennedy had also stopped the clattering 1968 Presidential campaign dead in its tracks.

All candidates declared a moratorium on politics. And as Secret Service teams took up their stations around each major candidate at the special order of President Johnson, one of the first questions to emerge from the collective shock was whether America's freewheeling campaign style would—or should—ever be the same.

"Maybe we should do it in a different way," pondered Eugene McCarthy in his hotel suite during the first moments after the tragedy. "Maybe we should have the English system of having the Cabinet choose the President. There must be some other way." McCarthy has never felt comfortable about the frenzied ordeal of physical contact between candidate and voter that supply both the drama and danger of American politicalizing. "We proceed as though we were still a pioneer country. We're not," he said later. "It's become a rather complicated, sophisticated civilization. Not enough people respond to that reality."

Nelson Rockefeller disagreed and explained why. "If a Presidential candidate cannot expose himself to the people," he said, "then we've lost one of the great resources and strengths of this great land of ours—freedom of movement, freedom of expression, freedom of the individual to go and be with the people. This is essential for a democracy . . . None of us can be intimidated. All of us must serve our country as best we can no matter what the risks." A friend of Robert Kennedy's grimly agreed. "We'll all say a prayer," he said, "but then on with the business of politics."

The business of politics in 1968, however, lay drastically transformed with the passing of one of its chief practitioners. Not only had a major candidate been suddenly removed from the political line-up, but a surge of raw emotion had been injected into the campaign. For the moment none could tell whom it might drive forward and whom it might drag back—even though the political odds still seemed to favor a final confrontation between front runners Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. But once the intermission was over, the renewed struggle for the party nominations might sort itself out in favor of any one of the current candidates and possibly even none.

A case could indeed be made for each of the Presidential contenders, who to a man personally honored a self-imposed restraint on active campaigning. Inevitably, however, the emotional shock would soon wear off. In fact, with the stakes as high as they are and the time before the conventions as short as it is, supporters of each of the potential nominees were already quietly speculating about the new political situation and the way to assemble a winning number of delegates in August. From each of the contending political camps, these were the speculative prognoses of victory on the convention floor:

HUMPHREY

The Vice President's adherents argue that he is already the front runner in the Democratic race and that he cannot help further benefit from the moratorium. In the first place, they argue, their only remaining declared opponent, Eugene McCarthy, has no realistic chance left to demonstrate his popular support. Thus the big blocs of delegates in the key industrial states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois—are more likely than ever to fall into line behind the Vice President. In the second place, they expect a national mood of reconciliation to set in after the assassination—and calculate that their candidate is best qualified to fulfill the call for unity. Their confident prediction: an easy first-ballot victory for HHH.

McCarthy

The Minnesota senator's supporters argue, on the contrary, that he is likely to be the ultimate beneficiary of the latest cruel twist of political fate—that McCarthy will be swept ahead on a surge of public sentiment for Robert Kennedy's cause. Democrat and Republican alike, by this reasoning, will be repelled by the irony that Hubert Humphrey, who had been injected into the campaign. Their confident prediction: an easy first-ballot victory for HHH.

EDWARD KENNEDY

For much the same reasons as in the McCarthy scenario, the case is already being made that Ted Kennedy will be thrust forward as the only proper inheritor of his brother's cause. This raises three possibilities:

1. Teddy will be boomed as a new Presidential candidate, and the Chicago convention will remain a three-man Donnybrook, with Kennedy riding an emotional wave of incalculable proportions. Mitigating against this prognosis are the lateness of the day for any new candidate, the fact that Ted Kennedy is little known nationally as a distinct personality, and his youth (he is 30, just a year...
over the constitutional minimum for a President.

2. Tedly becomes a Vice Presidential candidate, a winning symbol of reconciliation, on either a Humphrey or a McCarthy ticket. Of these alternatives, a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket seems more likely, because both McCarthy and Kennedy are Roman Catholics and because personal antagonism runs stronger between McCarthy and the Kennedys than between either one and Humphrey.

3. Despite all urging, Ted Kennedy refuses to become involved in Presidential politics in any way. His personal appeal toward the only healthy adult male survivor in a tragedy-stricken family, his sense that he would reawaken too many painful public memories to be effective in national office—all these lead him to stay out of the race.

NIXON

As in the case of Hubert Humphrey, supporters of Richard Nixon argue that the front-running former Vice President stands to profit mightily from the muting of political activity, however brief it may prove. By this reasoning, even a short moratorium on campaigning will cost New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller his last faint chance to capture the Republican nomination. What's more, some Nixon backers hunch that a national trend toward conservatism will, ironically enough, gather extraordinary added momentum from the shock of the Kennedy assassination. Thus, the growing public demand for firmer enforcement of law and order procedures may be buttressed by a popular yearning for a quiet, less contentious style of politics. The predicted result when the Republicans gather at Miami Beach this August: GOP delegates overwhelmingly decide that Nixon's the one.

ROCKEFELLER

Rocky's supporters must, in a sense, bank on an onrushing Humphrey bandwagon that persuades anti-Administration Democrats and independents to look to a progressive Republican like Rockefeller. That, together with a national surge toward a unity candidate who does not bear the bitter antipathy of the other party could, they predict, produce the desperately needed result: Rocky's rapid rise in the opinion polls.

O f course these are all political dreams, and they hardly seemed to stand equal chances of coming true. Late last week, most party pros and veteran analysts insisted that the nominees would be precisely those they had predicted before the nightmare in Los Angeles: Humphrey and Nixon. But the politics of 1968 have already carried Americans from lethargy to exhilaration, from sunbursts of joy to the darkest clouds of despair, and further contretemps, shocks and upsets may yet await them.

CALIFORNIA:

The Blue Max Scores

Since 1938, when he won a seat in the California State Assembly, Thomas Kuchel had never lost an election. His dry, bland manner was scarcely calculated to whip the voters into an adoring frenzy, but Kuchel's Liberal Republicanism made him one of the strongest bipartisan vote getters in the splinterly arena of California politics. In the United States Senate, where he served for fifteen years (the last nine as Republican Whip), Kuchel's style was sufficiently ecumenical that when he began his drive for re-election this year, ringing endorsements poured in from such unlikely bedfellows as Barry Goldwater and John Lindsay.

But there remained the matter of California's Republican primary, an event to which Tommy Kuchel had paid scant attention in previous election years. This time, he had a stronger than usual opponent: conservative Max Rafferty, the crusty state superintendent of public instruction, a slam-bang orator who ranks as one of the fastest tongues in the West.

And when the dust finally settled last Tuesday, it developed that "the Blue Max" had talked California's Republicans into giving Tom Kuchel the go-ahead.

Rafferty kicked off his campaign on Washington's Birthday by promising "to go to the mat" with Kuchel, and he was hammering away at the theory that his Republican opponent was "about as popular as a skunk at a picnic." Kuchel, declared Rafferty, "voted 61 per cent of the time in support of President Johnson" and was "in effect doubling as a floor leader for the Administration among Republicans." And Rafferty pointedly reminded the party faithful that in earlier elections Kuchel had refused to support such GOP stalwarts as Murphy, Reagan, Nixon, Goldwater—and Rafferty himself.

Hannings his audiences with a fundamentalist litany of religion, patriotism and law and order, Rafferty ranged beyond Kuchel to attack other conservative bogaboo. Crime, he declared, had become so commonplace that Lizzie Borden would "have to broil the old man piece by piece on the backyard barbecue and then show up in court topless in order to rate even the smallest headline." He was always able to get a laugh by describing the members of the Supreme Court as "social reformers, political hacks and child-marrying mountain climbers."

Lackluster: The onslaught stung Kuchel into an uncharacteristically energetic campaign. Stumping all over the giant state, he earnestly reminded his constituents of the Senatorial seniority he had built up and of the pork-barrel goodies he had delivered to the people of California. But the GOP incumbent put on a lackluster show. Kuchel's speeches were about as arousing as a triple dose of Milwaukies, and even his advertisements were flat, some of the billboards being totally illegible.

On voting day, Kuchel was swamped in the conservative bastions of southern California and lost the primary by 67,000 votes. The outcome was a pyrrhic victory for conservatism, for it not only gave Rafferty the nomination, but may ultimately elevate Nebraska's right-wing Sen. Roman Hruska to Kuchel's job as second-in-command of Senate Republicans. Given the 3-to-2 Democratic edge among registered California voters, Rafferty will have an uphill fight in November to beat the Democratic nominee, former state controller Alan Cranston. But the Blue Max's ability to knock off Tommy Kuchel suggested that a conservative tide was running in California—and that Rafferty might ride it all the way to the U.S. Senate.

CIVIL RIGHTS:

Disarray in the Ranks

In the first shocked hours it was clear that the murder of Robert F. Kennedy was a devastating blow to civil-rights leaders. "Every time a colored or a white fellow tries to help us make a better...