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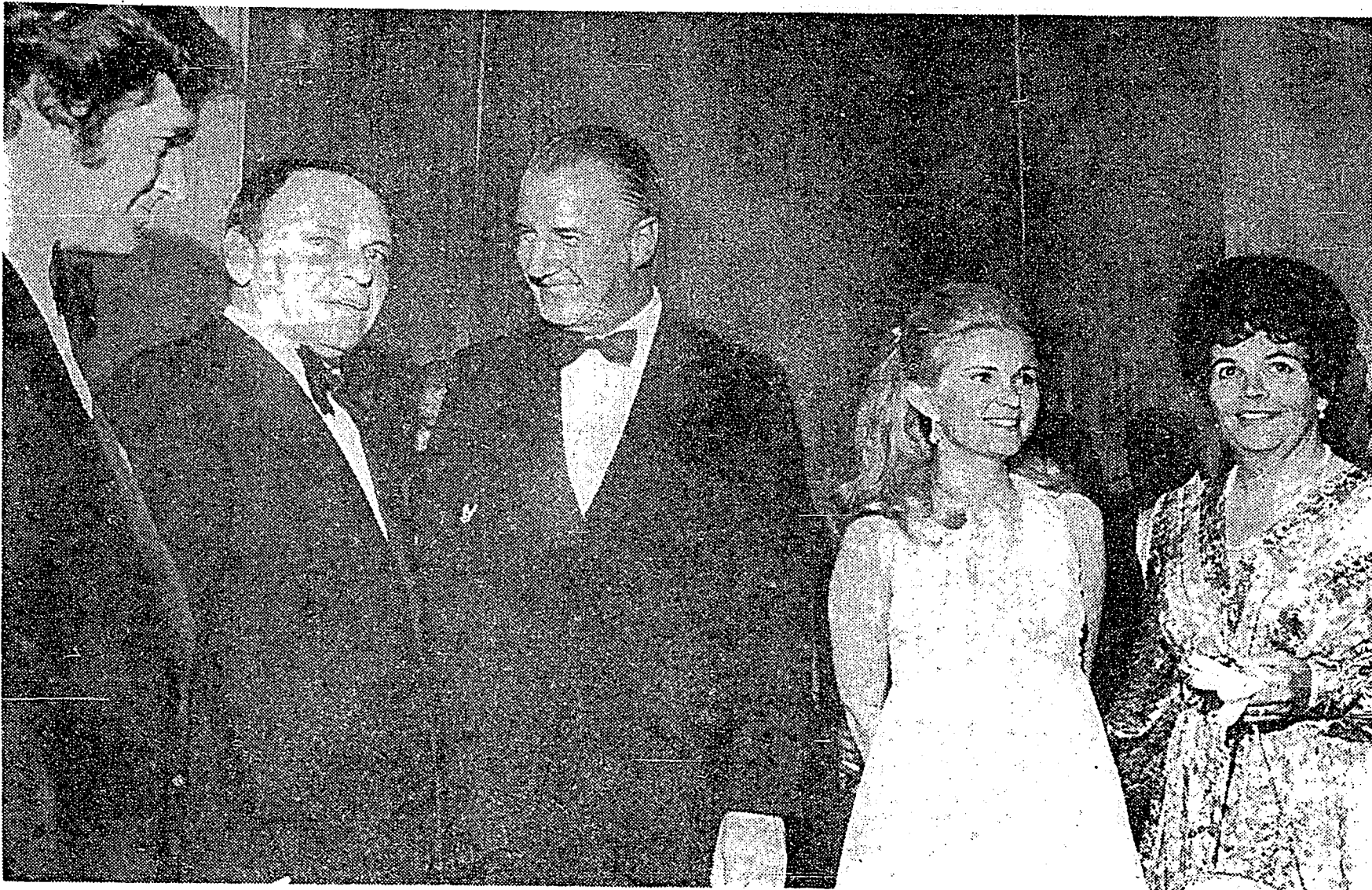
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Bibliographic Cover Sheet

Title	<b>Ma Bell vs. Ramparts</b>
Publication	<i>The Washington Post, Times Herald</i>
Date	1972-05-20
Author(s)	Allen, Henry
V/I/P	p. C1
Abstract	Review of the Ramparts case
Keywords	Ramparts
Source	ProQuest

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# 'The Likes of Which Marylanders Have Never Seen'



Hugh O'Brien, Frank Sinatra, Vice President Agnew, Tricia Cox and Mrs. Agnew at last night's fund-raiser.

By Sally Quinn

The big time came to Baltimore last night and Baltimore paid for it.

For months the big Republican guns in Maryland had been planning with characteristic secrecy their "Salute to Ted Agnew Night" (The Honorable Vice-President of the United States, Spiro T. Agnew).

It was billed as a night "the likes of which Marylanders have never seen!" featuring "stars who are household words... including several who are clearly among the top 10 celebrities in the nation."

Sponsored by the Maryland United Republican Finance Committee, the salute raised more than \$200,000 for the Maryland Committee for the Re-election of the President, Maryland GOP congressional candidates and the state's central committee.

Boxes for eight cost \$5,000; orchestra seats, \$259 and \$150; and balcony, \$125 and \$100. And guests got what they paid for. The "household words" turned out to be Bob Hope, Frankie Avalon, Ray Bolger, Hugh O'Brien, and special guest Frank Sinatra, all donating their time for the love of Agnew.

By 8 o'clock last night, two enormous klieg lights—shining on abandoned buildings across the street from Baltimore's old Lyric Theatre—had been lit. The Towson, Md., senior high school band was playing enthusiastically, if a little out of tune, 50 celebrity freaks

stood in the pouring rain under flowered umbrellas, and behind a roped-off, red-carpeted area in front of the theater stood a line of nervous, giggling, "Salute to the Vice President" hostesses from Baltimore.

Roger Marino, the press man for the event, of Marino Enterprises, which represents the Marriott Corporation, raced about frantically in his red brocade evening jacket ("my Agnew special") trying to quell the rising confusion of the audience, bystanders, celebrities, and press.

As the celebrities began to arrive, the tiny crowd, outnumbered by police and Secret Service, clapped and screamed as they recognized famous faces.

The famous faces fell as they saw the tiny crowd. Sen. John Tower (R-Tex.) accompanied by Ruta Lee, Sens. J. Glenn Beall (R-Md.), and Charles McC. Mathias (R-Md.), the Virginian, Cesar Romero, Chuck Connors, Jimmy Stewart, Eva Gabor, Rhonda Fleming, Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James D. Hodgson were among those who arrived fairly early.

With the arrival of Vick Gold, the Vice President's press man, the crowd was signalled that Agnew was close behind. The Towson band rallied with a drum roll as the limousine pulled up. Out stepped Tricia Nixon Cox, all white and ruffly. Then another drum roll and it was the Vice President himself, who returned just yesterday morn-

ing from a trip around the world.

Mrs. Cox led off the "salute" with a rhapsodic message from her father to Agnew, convincing some political observers there that Agnew would be President Nixon's man in '72. Listing Agnew's "remarkable quality of patriotism," Nixon cited the most significant of Agnew's strengths were his moral and political leadership.

Mr. Nixon pointed with pride to the man "speaking out before it was fashionable" and expressed his appreciation of Agnew's "candor and boldness in speaking out for what he believes is right."

The President concluded by calling Agnew "a great friend, a great American, and a great Vice President, representative of the spirit which has made and will keep America great."

Tricia then introduced Bob Hope with, "Where there's Hope, there's hope." Hope warmed up the audience with some political joking: "John Connally says he wants to be active in politics and work hard for America—I guess that rules out the vice presidency."

Hope said he had met Agnew four years ago in Baltimore and "He's the only Vice President I ever knew who practices oral karate. He hit the Democrats so often that Republicans refer to him as the Godfather."

See SALUTE, C3, Col. 1

## Polanski's 'Macbeth'

By Kenneth Turan

Film

The late A.J. Liebling, occasional writer of a boxing column for the New Yorker, of all places, once said every fight he attended would inevitably expand into a minimum of three.

First there was as much of the actual event as could be seen from his favorite El Cheepo seats near the top of the old Madison Square Garden, followed by the fight he would read about in the next day's paper, and, finally, the filmed fight that would be on view in theaters a week or so later. Like the many-time-told tale in "Rashomon," none of these versions ever seemed to coincide.

In a film involving as many disparate personalities and personal elements as Roman Polanski's "Macbeth," we have, perhaps inevitably, the same type of multiple vision. There was the film we heard about from heavy-breathing press agents, the film Polanski claimed he was making, and what finally has come down to the MacArthur, six months after its New York opening.

Not since Orson Welles made his quickie "Macbeth" in something like 23 days in 1948 has a figure with such a bizarre personal reputa-

tion as well as cinematic reputation attempted the play. Films like "Repulsion" and "Cul de Sac" showed Polanski to have a strikingly unconventional grasp of mental aberrations, of states near as well as exceeding the far edges of sanity, gifts which culminated in his greatest popular success, the \$15-million-grossing "Rosemary's Baby."

Then, after the outrageous murder of his pregnant wife, Sharon Tate, under circumstances legitimately weird enough to step right out of his own films, came the announcement that Polanski's next effort would be "Macbeth," and that his collaborator

See MACBETH, C7, Col. 1

## Savannah, Key to Urbane Livability

By Wolf Von Eckardt

It is a tragedy for American cities that the immigrants heading West did not pass through Savannah.

Had they seen Georgia's harbor town as James Oglethorpe planned it in 1733, says John W. Reps, one of our foremost urban historians, they might well have imitated this sort of urban plan, rather than stamp out cities with the gridiron uniformity that could only lead to urban sprawl.

Oglethorpe's system of arranging his city in a neat pattern of open squares was — and remains — a real innovation in urban design. It still holds the key to urbane livability and orderly urban growth.

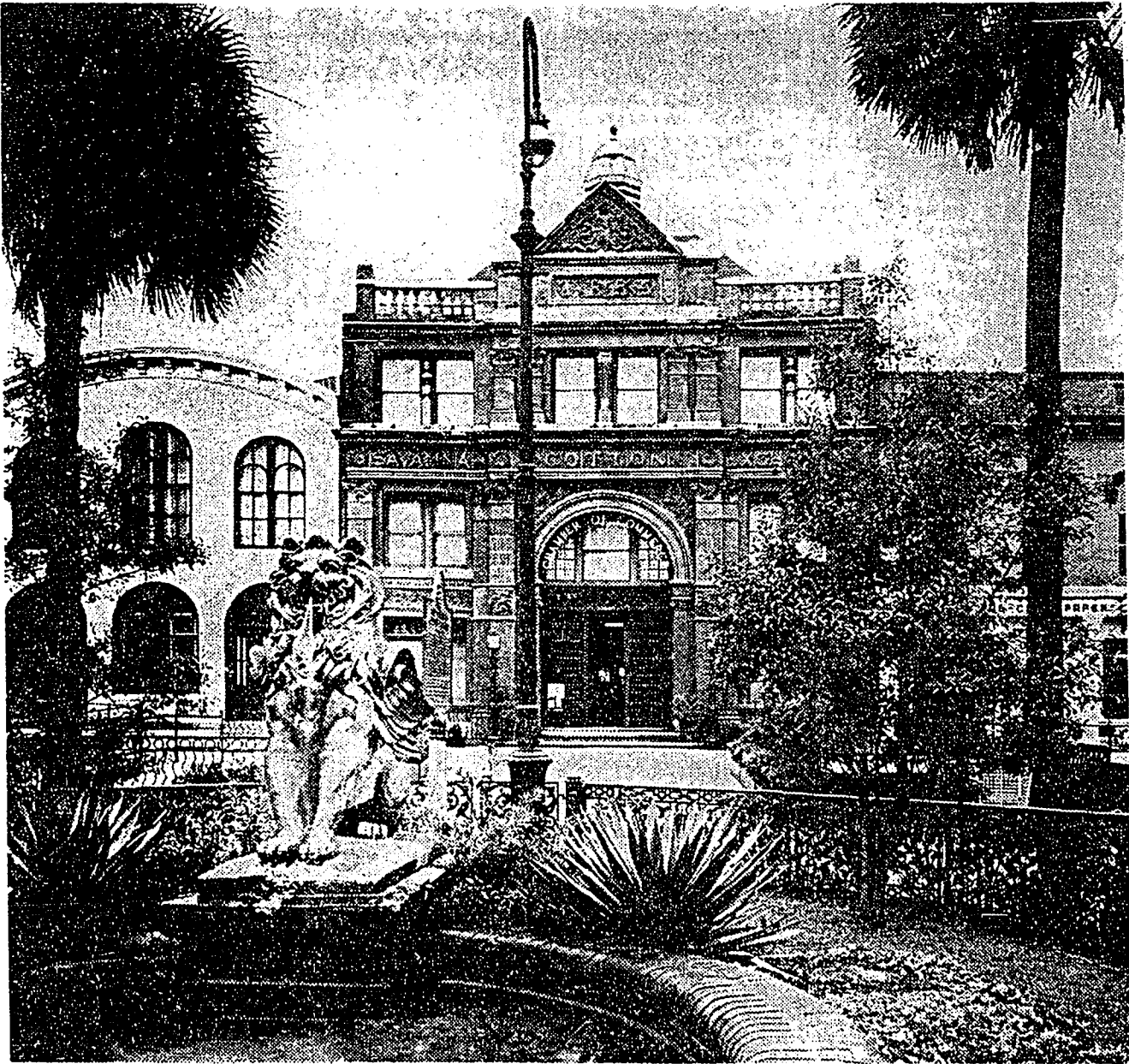
What is more, this much needed lesson in urban design is most charmingly alive. Oglethorpe's "showy little city," as an English visitor called it more than a hundred years ago, has largely withstood the wreck and ruin of "progress" and is now being adroitly restored.

Savannah's unique methods of comprehensive restoration, in fact, offer another important lesson, though they are now at a decisive turning point.

It is an unusual and almost dreamlike experience to walk the nearly two-and-a-half square miles of Savannah's Historic Landmark District on a sunny spring day. The shaded streets are of a most agreeable width that is at once airy and intimate. They are lined by all manner of houses, some free-standing, some in rows, that display a variety of architectural styles, materials and colors, a variety unified by the buildings' common desire to be polite, to speak softly, as it were, in a melodious Southern murmur.

And then, at every other block in either direction and always beckoning you, the street opens into a square —

See CITYSCAPE, C2, Col. 1



By Robert C. Lautman

Cityscape

Savannah, Ga., planned by James Oglethorpe in 1733 with a neat pattern of open squares, remains a city to be copied by town planners. Restoration, started in the mid-1950s by private effort, included 22 parks that open up the town with flowers, trees, water and benches, and, at the same time, bring it together by providing centers for neighborhood activity.



## Ma Bell vs. Ramparts

By Henry Allen

Ramparts, the radical magazine that has jousted with establishment windmills for 10 years, has lost a tilt with the phone company because of a June article called "Regulating the Phone Company in Your Home."

Under fire from American Telephone and Telegraph, Ramparts has recalled 90,000 newsstand issues that demonstrate "how practically anyone who can change the plug on an electric toaster—using only a screwdriver, a kitchen knife, and \$4 worth of readily available parts—can build in two or three hours a simple device capable of evading charges on long-distance phone calls."

Most of about 50,000 subscribers, however, have already gotten their copies.

The newsstand recall is the first noteworthy victory in AT&T's battle against "phone phreaks" who have been romping around Bell circuitry using a whistle that used to be found in the bottom of Captain Crunch cereal boxes; a blind man, Joe Engressia, who can whistle the tones that trigger switching machinery; and the "blue box" that ena-

bles users to call anywhere in the world for free.

According to both the San Francisco-based Ramparts and Pacific Telephone spokesmen, the article is in very possible violation of a recent addition to the California penal code, section 502.7, which forbids publishing information on how to build any device that would cheat the phone company out of tolls. Any such device itself is already illegal under federal law.

"Our lawyer told us we were legal under the First Amendment (freedom of

Inside Style

"A social commentary... so skillfully and chillingly drawn that the reader may find the caveat difficult to accept," is one of the remarks reviewer George Siefert makes on Leonard C. Levin's new novel "Triage." See review, Page C1.

speech)," said David Horowitz, a Ramparts editor. "He didn't know about the law they passed after the Esquire article about Joe Engressia."

In New York, an AT&T spokesman said similar laws exist in 26 states besides California. They include Virginia, Maryland and West Virginia, he said, but not the District of Columbia.

Pacific Telephone has taken no legal action. It brought pressure with visits to 23 magazine wholesalers by security agents who were under orders to inform wholesalers only that the magazine could be harmful to the phone company, and to ask them if they were familiar with section 502.7.

"They were ordered not to threaten distributors with civil suits or criminal action," said Roland Casassa, Pacific Telephone's security chief.

George Sears, counsel to Pacific Telephone, said the company chose this technique rather than an injunction or prior restraint order "because of the time factor."

Prior restraint orders against publications have sometimes proven difficult

See RAMPARTS, C2, Col. 1



# 'Not Your Typical Washington Party'

By Sally Quinn

Thursday night Marion and Jack Javits had another party.

Frank Sinatra came with Barbara Howar and Henry Kissinger. Sen. William Fulbright (D-Ark.), Sen. and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper (R-Ky.), the Elliot Richardson, the nominated Secretary of the Treasury, George Shultz, and author of "Slaughterhouse Five" Kurt Vonnegut Jr. were there too.

"It wasn't exactly your typical Washington party," remarked a guest.

Sinatra and his daughter Tina had been picked up at

the Madison by Kissinger and Barbara Howar in Kissinger's limousine but Sinatra chose to take his own limousine to the party. He was in town for last night's big Republican fund raiser "Celebrity Night Salute to Ted Agnew," in Baltimore, and had been brought to the party by Kissinger.

The Thursday night party was to honor Geraldo Rivera, the reporter who brought attention to the Willowbrook story about the shameful conditions of a mental institution in New York.

It seems that when Javits, a New York senator, went to visit Willowbrook he met Rivera and invited him to dinner, and when he found

Rivera was doing a book on the subject, offered to have a party for him.

Aside from being the author of the book "Willowbrook" just published by Random House, Rivera is also the son-in-law of Kurt Vonnegut.

But that wasn't all. Thursday night just happened to be the 68th birthday of Sen. Javits, so the party had a double bill.

Javits' three children, Joy, 23, Joshua, 21, and Carla, 16, flew down for the party as did his wife, the Riveras and Vonnegut.

Marion had arranged for a juke box to be set up on the terrace of their Watergate apartment overlooking the Howard Johnson's Motor

Hotel and the Sunoco station, with a sumptuous buffet of fried oysters, chicken and quiche lorraine.

Guests stood around chatting above the roaring of jets on the way to National Airport, until the Kissinger party arrived.

"They certainly provided the excitement for the evening," said one guest. That is, for those who recognized Sinatra.

He has become so portly and round-faced that Scottie Smith, daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald, turned to him at one point quite innocently and said, "I'm terribly sorry, I didn't get your name."

Marion Javits took charge then and squired the singer around the room making

sure people knew who he was.

She was, as was Kissinger, having trouble introducing Shultz who is moving along into his fourth job in the Nixon administration. He has been director of the Office of Management and Budget.

Toward the end of the evening, everyone came downstairs and sang Happy Birthday to Sen. Javits, opened presents, which some had brought, and had birthday cake.

"For someone who once called Washington a factory town," said one guest of Marion Javits, "she certainly knows how to get the foremen and the workers together."

## Savannah's Plan

CITYSCAPE, From C1

a garden, really, a lush, green oasis. Each is differently landscaped. Some are adorned with fountains and statuary. Most are roofed by the leafy branches of huge, old oaks, heavily hung with Spanish moss. All the squares are comfortably enclosed by buildings. You are still in the city. There is no pretense of natural countryside trapped in a park, like animals in a zoo. These are urban parks, elegant outdoor salons.

Salons for the public life. Most of the squares are churches and schools and stores. They are neighborhood centers. They offer not only trees, flowers, water, benches, and breathing space, but also open spontaneous sociability into the city. They open up the town and bring it together at the same time. And they slow vehicle traffic, which must circle them, of course, as they slow the pace that so often becomes hectic in crowded cities. There is none of the usual confusion here that efficient movement requires speed. What matters is how you move, not how fast.

As Oglethorpe planned it and as, indeed, it worked out, Savannah grew, not along indeterminate streets, boulevards and avenues that spread a town's residents and life all over the countryside. It grew square by square, ward by ward, in an accretion of complete neighborhoods. These wards interlock, forming a tightly woven fabric that no one is ever on the outer edge, an outsider of. Everyone belongs.

By the time the Civil War arrested its growth, Savannah had 24 of these squares and the highway builders, by some miracle, paved only two of them in their haste towards urban ruin. A century later the remaining 22 were largely surrounded by slums. The fine old buildings decayed and began to be razed for parking lots. Most were exploited for "Savannah Grays," the handsome, reddish-gray brick of which they were built. This brick is no longer made and became a snobbish fashion for the new, phoney-Colonial houses in suburbia.

Restoration started as a private effort by concerned citizens in the mid-1950s aided by, of all things, the Savannah Gas Company. Among the most charming places to live in Savannah is a restored, old apartment house complex in the shadow of a huge gas tank. Then, enraged by the destruction of the old city market, Mrs. Anna Hunter, an artist and writer, mobilized six of her lady friends. When yet another beautiful historic house was to be bulldozed into a parking lot, they fumed and sputtered and... why, they bought it!

That brilliant brainstorm started a unique new mechanism of historic preservation which has to date saved

some 800 of Savannah's more than 1,100 certified historic buildings. The seven ladies were soon joined by savvy and idealistic businessmen like Lee Adler. Together they organized the Historic Savannah Foundation which set up a revolving fund to buy threatened buildings from the wreckers and re-sell them under a protective covenant which enjoined their new owner to restore them to rigid specificity.

Lee Adler, who is now a director of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, still bubbles with gleeful enthusiasm over the feat.

"Ten years ago we learned that a wrecker had bought this house over there for \$6,500, just for the Savannah gray brick," he told us, as he showed us around.

"That same day we got it from him for \$8,500. Now look at it." We looked at a matchless Regency house, glowing with immaculate, modest pride.

A great number of well-to-do people, some from as far away as New York, have come to restore and live in these jewels and in ambience as enchanting as any you find in the most famous old towns of Europe, only more tranquil than any French or Italian tourist attraction of the same vintage. The city fathers caught on to a good thing. They landscaped the squares, helped things along and began to promote the tourist trade.

All this has now proven so successful, that Old Savannah's restoration has become official business. The city planner, bureaucrats, builders, promoters, zoners, and federal urban renewers with their surveys, new ambitions and gobbledygook have gotten into the act.

Historic preservation, in short, has become part of "progress" in Savannah. It was, perhaps, inevitable.

So now there is that humdrum new Hilton hotel, a fearfully inappropriate high-rise apartment tower and a \$10 million Civic Center that awkwardly tries to harmonize its modern bulk with the historic gentility of its neighbors. The result of this compromise is not architecture, but a silly charade.

But all is by no means lost. The urban renewers have worked out thoughtful design criteria that should assure that new construction will blend reasonably well with the present character of Historic Savannah. But the city still lacks a review board, like Georgetown's Fine Arts Commission, to enforce these noble intentions.

The greatest cause for optimism, however, is the work already done by the founders and first leaders of the Historic Savannah Foundation. Their great and historic accomplishment can no longer be seriously spoiled.

With any luck, Oglethorpe's town will remain a delight — and become a model for America's new towns to come.

## Ma Bell vs. Ramparts

RAMPARTS, From C1

to obtain, as in the case of the Pentagon Papers.

Judges tend to be wary of injunctions involving the First Amendment, which covers freedom of speech. Court action could have brought victory too late to keep the magazine off the stands. The phone company's resources, including agents, made it unnecessary to resort to the law.

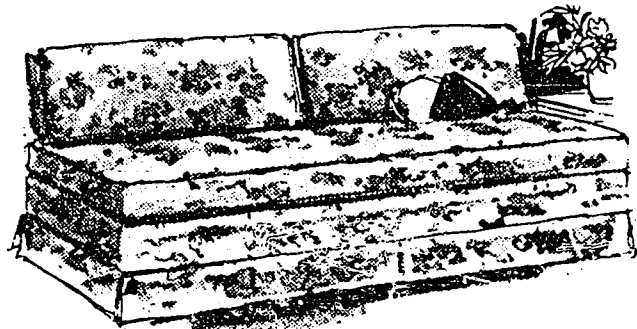
"Do you realize what it would mean if the telephone company, with its tremendous litigation powers, started suing every wholesaler?" asked the attorney for PDC Distributors, in New York. On Thursday, PDC sent 500 telegrams to wholesalers, ordering them

to hold all copies of the magazine.

"It was a Hobson's choice," said Sears. "We haven't been seeking publicity. Subscription copies are already in circulation. But we figured better only than the entire circulation. The telephone company has also wanted to use an opportunity to demonstrate that people can't keep getting away with this sort of thing."

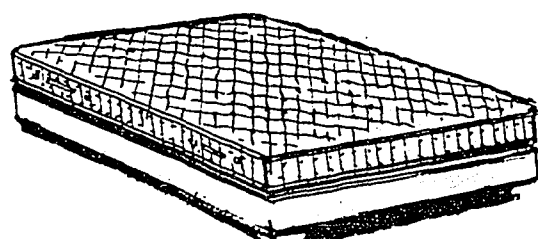
At Ramparts, Horowitz complained: "This could break us. We need that money to pay for our next issue."

However, Horowitz also promised "an all-out attack on the phone company in the next issue."



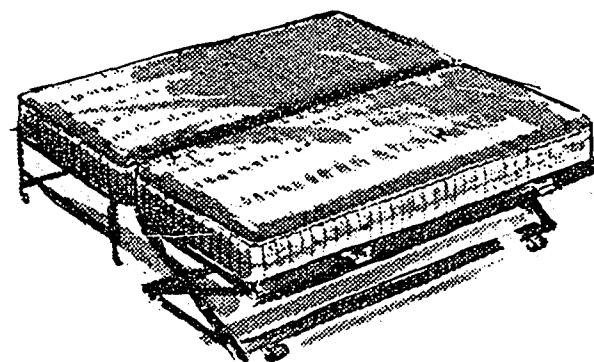
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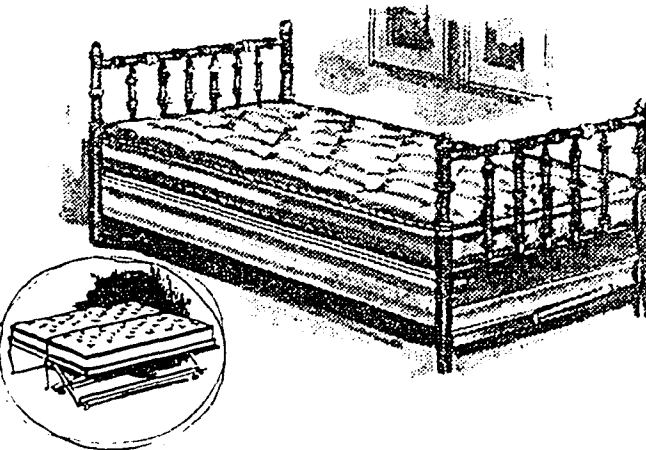


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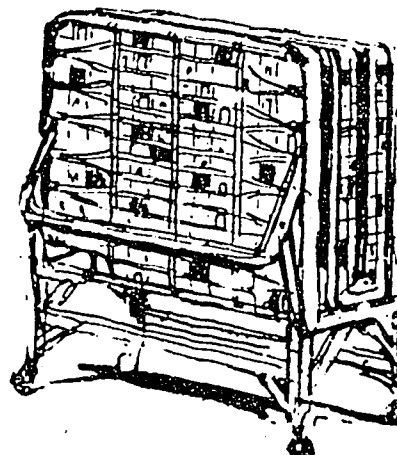
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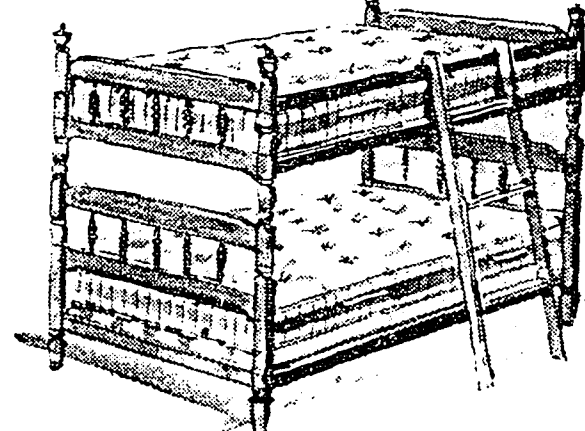
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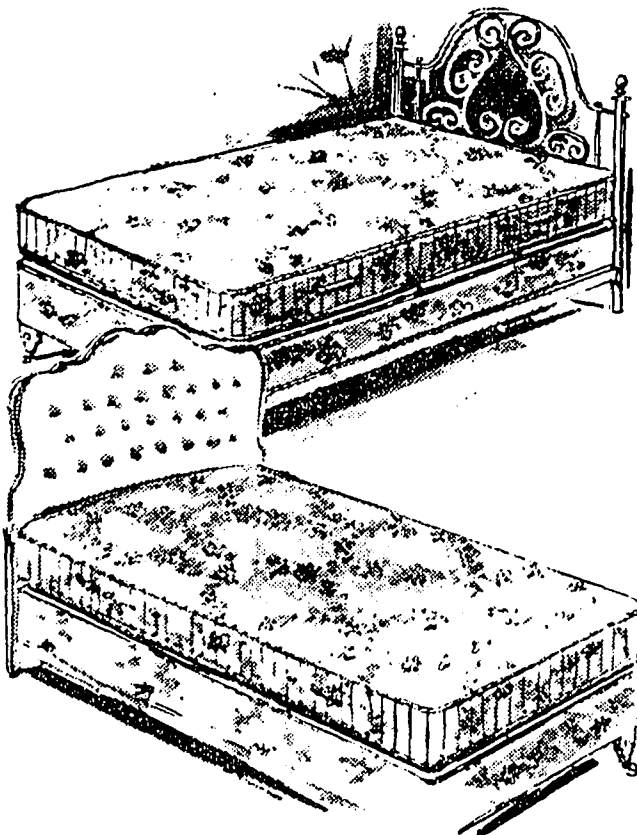
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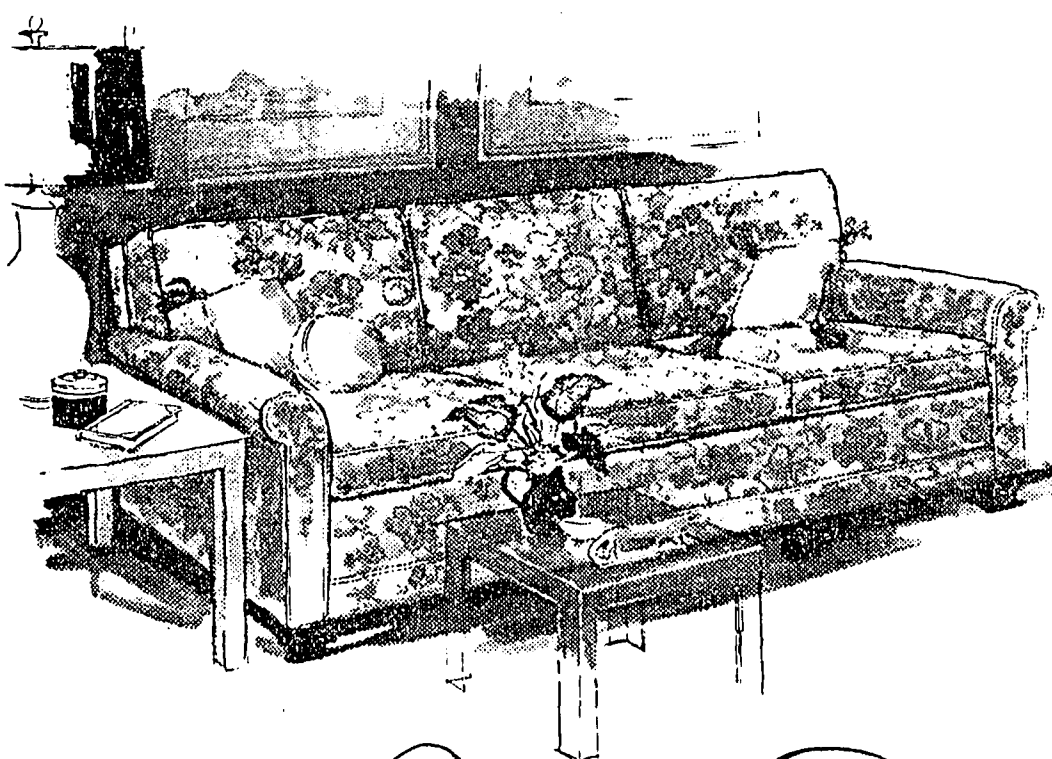
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