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Give Light And The People Will Find Their Own Way

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The new winner and still champion



The New York Times bookshelf

'City Police' is low key look at Philadelphia's law enforcers

CITY POLICE, by Jonathan Rubinstein. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.
For the last decade or so, we have heard and indulged in a good deal of loose talk about policemen, and it has all been very gratifying in a way.

To refer to a whole class of people as "pigs," to theorize that all people attracted to a particular profession must be endowed with one kind of (totalitarian) disposition, or to write novels and exposes demonstrating that policemen, unlike other people, are either good or bad — all of this was a balm of sorts. It made for handy ethical systems. It identified the enemy and placed him right over there.

BUT IT never squared with the dictates of common sense. If you woke up and thought about it in the small hours before dawn, you knew that something was wrong.

And now Jonathan Rubinstein has elaborated on the voice of common sense and made us see what was bothersome about our fantasies. Policemen are people too, comes the astonishing news of Rubinstein's "City Police" in the Widener Library.

Jonathan Rubinstein is a historian by academic training, with a Ph.D. degree from Harvard. But he didn't research "City Police" in the Widener Library.

SOMETHING — one assumes the atmosphere of the time — led him in 1968 to go to work as a police reporter for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Something else — one assumes propinquity — led him about a year later to ask Frank Rizzo, then Philadelphia's police chief (now it's his mayor), if his police force might be researched at first-hand. Rizzo told Rubinstein to go ahead, with no strings attached. Erving Goffman, the University of Pennsylvania sociologist

who has done such important work on human behavior in public situations, told Rubinstein about "ethnography" and showed him "some of the techniques of field work."

Rubinstein attended the police academy and joined a patrol unit for a time. "City Police" is the result of his unique experience.

IT IS A "cool" book — low-key, unexcited, shunning rhetoric and dramatic conclusions. It builds its case pebble by pebble, alternating passages of generalized description with specific examples couched in authentic (and unhousebroken) language.

In pure deadpan, it fills us in on the history of police forces (oddly enough, it was the discovery of gin by a Dutch chemist in the 17th Century, and the consequent democratization of hard liquor and drunkenness, that created the crime that in turn inspired the establishment of an official metropolitan police force in London in 1829).

AND IN A network of logic that is virtually irresistible, the author leads us to an understanding that the average policeman is neither very good nor very bad. He is a man caught in a cross fire of pressures that few of us could withstand.

If he sometimes seems brutal and violent it is because he must establish his physical authority to survive, and physical authority can only be established physically.

If he seems to discriminate against the poor and members of minority groups, it is more because he is the agent of forces beyond his control than because he dislikes the poor and certain minority groups (he may in fact dislike them, but it is usually irrelevant to his conduct).

IF HE breaks the law in order to do his job — pays informers in cash or con-

sideration to learn where the gambling action is, for example—it is because his survival or his superiors' survival depends on his rooting out "vice," and, under the circumstances that prevail "vice" can be rooted out only by taking shortcuts around the law.

If he accepts graft — in the form of favors or pay-offs — it is because the pressure to do so is overwhelming. A policeman has to be bad to be good. The world of "Catch-22" is hopscotch compared to the policeman's lot.

And Rubinstein details it all as neutrally as if he were writing the instructions for a board game.

ONLY ONE serious quibble can be raised with respect to Rubinstein's approach to his subject.

He studied Philadelphia, but he writes as if he were describing an abstract model of police departments everywhere.

YET EVEN if one thinks the worst — even if one accepts "City Police" as merely a falsely objectified report of Rubinstein's experiences with the Philadelphia police, and not as a set of sociological truths — even so, it still has the ring of complex authenticity, it is filled with absolutely fascinating detail and it opens our eyes from the sleep of paranoia that the 1960's seem to have induced.

Good-bye to another devil theory, and all that.
—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt
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Days of Yore

From the Tribune

30 Years Ago
Realtor J. W. Karr was named chairman of the city's new board to supervise the 100-unit FHA project at Kirtland Field ... Cattlemen would rather absorb the loss from price rollbacks than be given subsidies, Floyd Lee, New Mexico rancher, told Kiwanians today ... Albuquerque's potato crop was saved from serious insect damage when an Army freight plane landed at Kirtland Field early today, delivering a six-row dusting machine from its Pennsylvania manufacturer ...

10 Years Ago
Gov. Jack M. Campbell recently appointed the first Negro to a major state board — Fred Strait of Albuquerque was named to the Springer Boys' School Board ... Louis Casaus became a guidance counselor at Bernalillo High School ... A. F. Potenzi was voted president of the board of directors of the Albuquerque Industrial Development Corp. ... An open air musical concert will be presented by 238 junior high school students tonight at the patio of the University of New Mexico administration building ... The new Albuquerque Air Route Traffic Control Center assumed control of air traffic in El Paso area early today.

New standards for smut

In a series of 5-4 decisions, the Supreme Court has approved new — and necessary — guidelines for obscenity and pornography that could drastically curtail the sale of salacious books and the showing of sexually explicit movies in the United States.

The court ruled, in a Georgia case and two California cases, that there is no national standard for lewdness and that every state — and presumably every community — has a right to decide for itself (within limits) whether a movie or book is sexually offensive.

No longer will pornography be judged acceptable if it has any shred of "redeeming social value," as suggested by the court in 1957. This standard has been practically worthless in stemming the flow of smut.

In the future, sex material will be judged by these three standards:

✓ Whether the average person in the community (not the nation) would find it appeals to the "prurient" interest.

✓ Whether the material depicts or describes, in an offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by state law.

✓ Whether the work lacks "serious" literary, artistic, political or scientific value. (In some cases, these could be difficult distinctions to draw.)

The new guidelines will be enthusiastically hailed by millions of Americans, especially parents, who consider the virtually unrestrained traffic in pornography to be a very real

threat to the moral fiber of the country.

And they will be just as enthusiastically damned by civil libertarians, like Justice William O. Douglas, who contend that neither the states nor the federal government has the right to limit the freedom of expression guaranteed by the first amendment to the Constitution.

But the court was right in giving communities more leeway to protect themselves against smut — not because censorship is desirable, but because exploitation has become a big, sordid business that has little or nothing to do with basic constitutional liberties.

Most Americans don't accept the idea that raw sex in the local movie or book store is as American as apple pie. As Chief Justice Warren E. Burger pointed out in the majority opinion:

"It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the first amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas, or New York City."

If the court's ruling becomes an excuse to snatch D. H. Lawrence's books from libraries, to ban Pablo Picasso's etchings from art galleries and to confiscate all movies racier than "Sound of Music," the possible benefits of local control will have been lost.

That's why Justice Burger wisely made it clear that the federal courts, and ultimately the Supreme Court, will be ready to step in if the new power to police pornography is distorted or abused.

No surprise

Washington pundits and politicians are giving visiting Soviet Communist party boss Leonid I. Brezhnev high marks. They are praising his affability, joviality and friendliness when he is on public view.

One wonders what they expected. After all Brezhnev is here to generously permit the United States to finance the development of his country. So he can hardly come on snarling and pounding his shoe on the table.

The new 'no-war' pact

The declaration signed by President Nixon and Soviet leader Leonid I. Brezhnev on "the prevention of nuclear war" may be either one of mankind's most significant documents or a mere scrap of paper.

A case can be made for either side of the argument but, as in so many other matters, only history will have the final word.

If taken literally, the agreement reads like instant Utopia. For example, the two superpowers promise to avoid military confrontations that could lead to nuclear war and to hold "urgent consultations" if such a threat arises.

In a key sentence they also pledge to "refrain from the threat of use of force against the other party, against the allies of the other party and against other countries, in circumstances which may endanger international peace and security."

What this suggests is staggering: neither Russia nor the United States can make a nuclear attack on China; the NATO allies in Europe do not have to fear a Soviet attack; Moscow will never again invade a "socialist" neighbor to crush some terrible heresy like Freedom; Russia and America will avoid a crunch in the Middle East; Nixon cannot send the B52s back over Hanoi if things come apart in Indochina.

Along with most people, we hope that none of those developments happen. However, the new agreement's pious and lofty principles recall the Hitler-Stalin nonaggression pact, which ushered in World War II, and the Soviet-Czechoslovak noninterference accord, which preceded the arrival of Brezhnev's tanks in Prague.

Presidential adviser Henry A. Kissinger conceded that the declaration is a "general statement of policy" and cannot be enforced if either side decides to violate it.

"Anyone who has studied the history of the past 30 years must realize that agreements are not always maintained," he said in a classic understatement.

Nevertheless the Nixon-Brezhnev declaration is not without value or potential. It gives both countries new and higher standards of international behavior to live up to. If indeed they do so, yesterday's signing will be seen as a milestone toward a saner world.

New Mexico Notebook

Georgia O'Keeffe stays young at 85 by looking ahead

By RALPH LOONEY
Editor of The Tribune

Georgia O'Keeffe delicately spooned a few drops of water onto the twisted little bonsai in her Abiquiu studio and told me about her trip to Harvard.



Looney

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"I didn't want to go — I've just refused to take any more degrees," said the world famous artist. "And I wouldn't have, except for a friend who just insisted on it and said, 'I'm coming and I'll go with you.'"

And sure enough, the friend came, and the two of them went to Cambridge. Miss O'Keeffe enjoyed it immensely.

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HER FELLOW honorees (there were 11) were stimulating. They included such notables as Robert Penn Warren, the novelist; Rudolf Serkin, pianist; Prof. John Bardeen, winner of two Nobel Prizes; Fr. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame; former Undersecretary of State George Ball, and famous anthropologist Margaret Mead.

Miss O'Keeffe instantly like Prof. Mead, "a little woman," who carried a cane with a forked neck "which she said she used to kill snakes."

The artist laughed softly, remembering an incident: "She leaned over when they were applauding the man who spoke in Latin and told me: 'They're clapping but not half of them understand it!'"

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BUT SHE reserved her warmest enthusiasm for the Harvard arboretum, which is understandable in view of her feel for the land and growing things.

Back in the recesses of her memory she recalled a book she had read "many years ago" by a man associated with the arboretum. She mentioned it while at Cambridge and was taken on a tour.

The little bonsai that she was now watering so attentively is a keepsake of the visit. It comes from a 250-year old bonsai at the arboretum.

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THE DWARF TREE now occupies a place of honor, a graceful touch of green on the white marble coffee table top in her spacious studio overlooking the Rio Chama Valley.

Harvard, when it awarded Miss O'Keeffe the degree, had this to say of her:

"In nature and common objects, free air and open space, she finds inspiration for bold expression — realistic or abstract — an intimate view of the wideness and wonder of the world."

The evidence of that is everywhere in her sprawling adobe home atop the bluff in Abiquiu, and in the ranchhouse near the pink cliffs of Ghost Ranch.

It's visible in the striking decor, simple and functional, in the rocks polished by nature which she avidly collects and places everywhere.

BUT THE strongest evidence of the words lies in Miss O'Keeffe herself, who has the look of eagles about her.

Eight-five years have lined her face, but have not in the slightest dimmed the strength and determination in her sharp eyes.

She has changed little in the 10 years I have known her. The years have not dulled her interest in nature, in people, in the world and what it's about.

Right now she is "immersed in the Watergate," which she finds at the same time fascinating and appalling.

"I FIND myself in the middle of an extraordinary detective story!" she said. "There's something new every day!"

As a result, she has added The Washington Post to her other reading material, The New York Times, the New Republic, Washington Watch, Newsweek, Time and others.

She is convinced that President Nixon will have to resign as a result of the scandal.

She finds herself dismayed by the moral climate in America.

"We're becoming a nation of welfare," she declared. "People will lie to get anything. Tell a few lies to get food stamps. Get on welfare. Get anything."

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"I THINK it's an outrage that we're becoming a nation of liars," she said. "We didn't start out that way."

But if she is "immersed" in the Watergate, she maintains her keen awareness of art.

Last spring her picture "Poppies" sold at a New York auction for \$120,000 — a record auction price for a painting by a living American artist.

ASKED FOR reaction, Miss O'Keeffe said: "I had no reaction. It's possible for you to be priced out of the market, you know."

She said that soon after the "Poppies" picture sale was announced, a New York dealer knocked on the door of her niece who owns an O'Keeffe — a painting of a tree at Lake George.

"He asked to see the picture and then offered her \$130,000 for it," said the artist.

The niece did not sell the picture. Has this driven up the price of O'Keeffe pictures? "I don't tell my prices," she declared, firmly.

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THE ARTIST is raising her sixth dog, a red Chow. "Jingo's a year and five months old now," she said. "It seems to be my mission in life to wait on a dog."

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WE WENT ON to talk of many things ranging all the way from the state of the world ("it has to be pretty bad for me to think about it") to ecology and the energy crisis.

Her sense of humor is still on target.

She laughed, telling me about a friend who had come up to Cambridge from New York to see her receive her honorary degree. Afterwards, the friend said the artist "looked pretty good" that she looked good enough to last another 20 years or so.

Miss O'Keeffe said she replied that some scientists have said that in another 20 years at the present rate of pollution the world won't even support life.

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HER FRIEND'S quip: "Well, I imagine some people will be able to live and you'll probably be one of them!"

So I asked her how she manages to stay so young. Is it by thinking young?

She pondered that for just a moment before replying: "I suppose one of the secrets is to look ahead instead of backward."

Which would seem to say it all.



Adobe floors were commonplace in 1846. However, they served purposes other than walking. Shortly before Charles Bent became New Mexico's first civil governor he was abducted in Santa Fe and held for a large ransom. Threatened with deportation to Mexico, Bent sent a message to his wife in Taos directing her to open his secret hiding place and secure the ransom money. Accordingly, Mrs. Bent dug \$7,000 in gold from their adobe floor and purchased her husband's release.

Best sellers

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This analysis is based on reports obtained from more than 125 bookstores in 64 communities of the United States. The figures in the right-hand column do not necessarily represent consecutive appearances.

This Week	Fiction	Last Week	Week on List
1.	Once Is Not Enough. Susann	1	11
2.	Breakfast Of Champs. Vonnegut	2	6
3.	The Odessa File. Forsyth	3	33
4.	Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Bach	4	60
5.	Evening In Byzantium. Shaw	7	8
6.	The Matlock Paper. Ludlum	5	8
7.	Law And Order. Uhnak	8	4
8.	The World Of Apples. Cheever	—	1
9.	The Talking Of Hellum One	—	—
10.	Sleeping Beauty. MacDonald	6	14
	General	—	3
1.	Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution. Atkins	1	29
2.	The Joy Of Sex. Comfort	4	26
3.	I'm O.K.—You're O.K. Harris	3	61
4.	Laughing All The Way. Howar	2	6
5.	The Implosion conspiracy. Nizer	5	15
6.	The Best And The Brightest. Halberstam	8	29
7.	Sybil. Schreiber	7	3
8.	Hour Of Gold; Hour Of Lead. Lindbergh	6	12
9.	Weight Watchers Program Cookbook. Niderch	9	4
10.	My Young Years. Rubinstein	—	1