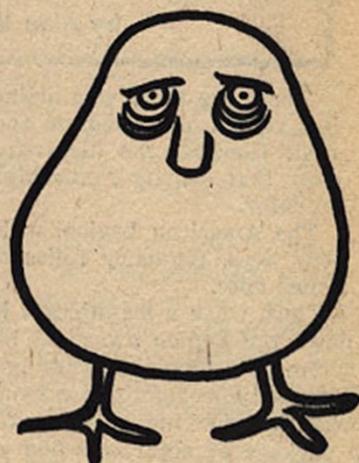


nonviolent criticism and satire

The Realist



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the magazine of
louisiana looters

Implications of an American Insurrection

by Larry Cole

The police car moved past with its red lights and siren before I had time to react with the adrenal response most of us have to flashing red lights in our rear view mirror. The car in front of mine was pulled to the curb and I slowed down and came to a stop just a few yards ahead.

The driver got out, hands in the air, and was placed against the car with his hands on the roof. While one white-helmeted policeman watched the driver, another searched and quickly came up with a sawed-off shotgun. The driver, a Negro, was arrested.

I had been in Los Angeles exactly 20 minutes.

No one was walking on the street. There were few cars. Rifles, shotguns and submachine guns pointed out from the windows of all passing police cars. I counted 25 of these in five minutes and I wasn't in the riot zone yet.

I turned on the radio, driving from the airport to downtown LA, and heard the typical late night telephone talk show. The kind where the people who are experts on everything phone in and the guy behind the microphone prods and provokes them into entertainment for the less exhibitionistic.

This night they were talking about the riots in their town, the riots that were still going on, and they were talking about them with the detach-

(Continued on Page 15)

by William Worthly

Negroes,
Meek and docile,
Sweet, gentle and kind.
Beware the day
They change their mind.

—Langston Hughes

When social historians review the crucial year of 1965, they may well conclude that, in August, the *nonviolent* civil rights movement in the U.S., which began losing supporters two years ago after the violent events in Birmingham, effectively collapsed in the bloodstained streets of Los Angeles.

The greatest irony may be that the Reverend Martin Luther King, chief spokesman of the Ghandian approach, may have discredited his own philosophy by publicly blessing the use of governmental force to repress the spontaneous upheaval in the ghetto of Watts.

By his endorsement he placed himself in the untenable position of setting one moral standard for the oppressed and another for the oppressor.

To place his behavior in its correct perspective, one would have to imagine an African or Asian independence leader openly collaborating with colonial troops in quelling a popular anti-colonial riot. *History will not absolve Dr. King.* In any other less skillfully manipulated country he would already have been toppled from any claim to

(Continued on Page 17)

by Lionel Olay

For some time now I have harbored the notion, which is understandably unattractive to my New York friends determined to go down with their ship, that Southern California has become the apotheosis of the United States, in spades.

And if the recent riots, so-called, make such a statement multi-dimensional, why, it's time, perhaps, to have a grab at it in multi-dimensional terms, for the other avenues of approach have all been tried and found wanton.

The Riots in Color, proclaims *Newsweek*, and on the bottom, *Los Angeles: Why? Silly*, I could have told them. *Los Angeles: Why Not?* This is where it's happening, Murray the K notwithstanding, and when the spades decide to blow it they don't riot, they revolt. (The difference, class, is that a riot is random; a revolt, structured.)

Burn, baby, burn—at first only a disc jockey shuck—became the trigger catch-phrase, like *No Pasaran* from the Spanish Civil War, and *Viva Fidel* from the Cuban struggle, for people need words to live by. Ask any ad man. And even *It's What's Happening, Baby* would have served as well, except for its Catskill connotation.

So, *Los Angeles: Why?* transposes into *Los Angeles: Why Not?*—and local TV spelled it out from a helicopter, bringing it to us as it was happening.

(Continued on Page 15)

No, Virginia . . .

by Alan Whitney

There are those who maintain that patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels and others who hold it's the first. However the hierarchy may stack up, it's also clear that charity ranks high among cop-outs for the predator.

The American Legion, which needs a refuge if anybody does, regularly relies on both of the aforementioned ones.

Thus, when a magnificent kid on Long Island turned down the Legion award at his high school graduation ceremony a couple of years ago, the national commander defended his organization by asking how it could be bad when it did so much for the veterans. Give a paraplegic a package of cigarettes and you justify book-burning, witch-hunts, goosing old ladies on the street and wholesale violation of the gambling laws.

The reason I bring this up now is to warn the enemies of Medicare that they might not know the half of it. Obviously the greedier elements in the medical and insurance businesses will be inconvenienced. But what of the vast army of our citizens who regularly pervert charity for monetary or social gain? They face a dire threat from welfare legislation, that which has been enacted and that which is yet to come.

Let's start with the pros.

There are large firms in this country devoted to nothing but professional fund-raising. You want to build an orphanage, you call in these guys. They put the squeeze on the community through practiced methods, making certain that you and the major donors get a world of publicity. Then they pocket several thousand dollars that otherwise would have gone into the orphanage, and cut out for their next mission of mercy.

Then there are the press agents and other parasites who work for the big disease funds.

I know a historian who, with four colleagues, spent a year at high salary writing the saga of one of these organizations. It wasn't even for publication, just to be put in the files, evidently for perusal by future generations of functionaries who would live by siphoning off the public's contributions. You get the government involved in solving these problems and all kinds of people might have to start earning an honest dollar.

And then there are the amateurs.

The optometrist or the hardware merchant robs the public all week. On Thursday he goes to the Rotary Club Luncheon and throws a quarter in the pot to buy ice cream cones for the crippled kids, serene in the knowledge that when they are presented there will be abundant coverage in the local press.

Perhaps most poignant of all is the plight of the petit bourgeois club-



women. Here we have a really massive coterie of frustrated matrons of thoroughly deserved anonymity. Short of a wife-swapping scandal or a major traffic violation, they wouldn't have a prayer of getting public attention outside the March of Dimes.

Can you imagine an America without the institution of the Telethon? Let's face it, there's something subversive about Medicare.

The *Chicago Tribune* stands little chance of winning the Pulitzer prize for pro-Semitism.

The latest evidence is a full-color cartoon on page one anent the American decision to yield on the Russian debt to the UN. A cretin with an enormous nose and a yellow "Goldberg" label is shown on the roof of the UN Secretariat Building, hauling down the American flag and running up a white one with the legend "Surrender to Russia Over UN Dues."

A quibbler might point out — and hereby does—that:

(1) The American flag never flew over the UN building in the first place;

(2) The money in question represented not dues but a special assessment for peace-keeping operations;

(3) Ambassador Goldberg had no part in the decision, which was made before Adlai Stevenson died.

But one can hardly expect the *Tribune* to recognize such nuances. Goebels didn't, either.

The *Trib's* corporate Siamese twin in New York, the *Daily News*, is not entirely immune from the family disease. Lately the editorial page has been at some pains to drum into the heads of its readers the fact that Communist leader Gus Hall's original surname was Halberg.

The *News's* specialty, of course, is not type but photographs, and there is no doubt that the paper handles pictures expertly. Sometimes maybe too expert-

ly, as in the moderately celebrated case of the one allegedly showing Jackie Kennedy boarding Mr. Sinatra's yacht at Cape Cod.

The shot, sent out on the AP wire, depicted a slim brunette with a scarf on her head going up the gangway. It was taken from a distance and the face was blurred beyond any possible identification. It could have been Audrey Hepburn or Christine Keeler or an undernourished cabin boy in drag.

The AP said it was Jackie. So did the blats when they ran it. Then it turned out to be Pat Lawford. Jackie hadn't even been near the place

*Most of the papers were not terribly embarrassed when the truth came out. They were able to blame the AP, and properly, for the error. But the *News* was caught with its pants down. One of its artisans had done a superb job of airbrushing Jackie's face over the blur.

• There's usually a car of one kind or another on display in Grand Central Station—strictly for advertising purposes. But several times a year the cops catch somebody selling tickets to tourists for a non-existent raffle.

• A stripper named Colette doffs a nun's habit in a Vienna night club to a background of choral church music.

• Abe Beame is running for mayor of New York and Frank O'Connor is on his ticket for the lesser office of president of the City Council, but the *Journal-American*, whose self-conscious Irishness makes Pat O'Brien look like an Armenian, calls it the O'Connor-Beame ticket.

• Richard Nixon is quoted in the public prints as saying, in memoriam, that Adlai Stevenson had "no peers and very few equals."

• A Catholic school crossing guard in England complained to the Minister of Transport because she had to hold up a sign that read:

STOP
CHILDREN

The Realist

The Anatomy of Schlock

by A. Nonymous Hack

For three months, I have worked as an editor in a schlock factory—the country's leading schlock factory. My boss assured me that our schlock reached 30,000,000 Americans every month, and *that*, brethren, is a lion's share of the schlock market.

Let me define my terms. Schlock is the next level down, in pop art, below kitsch. Kitsch is naive, maudlin, hokey, unsophisticated. Commercial folklore, so to speak. Its flavor is bland, like American food; and, like American food, it is processed to be without any strong flavor, good or bad.

Kitsch is "I Found God When My Doctor Told Me I Had Cancer," "Jackie Kennedy Tells Why She Will Not Re-Marry," "Should Wives Enjoy Sex?"

Schlock, on the other hand, is brutal, lumpen-prole, aggressive, hairy; schlock is like carnival hot-dogs, so spicy you might vomit if you're over-sensitive. Schlock is "He Beat His Grandmother to Death With Her Crtuch," "Love-Starved Arab Peasant Women Raped Me Twenty Times," "The Disease That Liz Caught from Dick."

I got into the schlock market when I answered a *New York Times* ad for an editor for a slick man's magazine. I passed the interview with flying colors and was hired. Then it was explained to me that, in addition to the slick man's magazine, I would also be editing three pulp men's magazines.

The three pulps were, of course, pure schlock. They sported titles like (these are actual examples) "The Corpse Lovers," "Inside Those Queer Bars," "How to Find Your Favorite Vice," "The Big Snatch," "My Mommy Was A Hustler," "Girls Who Suck You Dry." Of course, the more raunchy of these titles did not live up to the expectations they aroused; schlock is not hardcore pornography but soft-core. "The Big Snatch" was about kidnapping and "Girls Who Suck You Dry" was about girls who take all your money and leave you.

Well, cats, I have a family to support (as Adolph Eichmann may have said when his job was first explained to him); I sat down and began writing schlock. I produced such gems as "Wild Sex Freaks of History," "A Prostitute Reveals Her Naked Soul," "If You Think You Have V.D.," "Can Lack of Sex Cause Cancer?" and "How Cowards Dodge the Draft."

In between these epics, my magazines were crowded with cheesecake layouts, and I found that writing the captions to these was more fun, even, than writing the articles. As on all such magazines, the cheesecake came out of a file—the models had signed away everything, including (I think) their children's life insurance, on a release form that couldn't be broken by Clarence Darrow himself—and I invented whatever I wanted to say about them.

The previous editor had been homosexual [see issue #58] and had amused himself by slyly ridiculing the girls. I took an opposite tack and built them up as much as possible.

Some of it was ridiculous, I admit.

In creative and ironic raptures one day (and a bit dismayed by the hard, whore-like expressions on the broads the art department had handed me), I picked up

the heaviest cruiser in the lot—a mauler who liked like she was 38 years old and had been a whore for 20 of those years in the \$10-a-throw Sands Street section of Brooklyn—and wrote that she was a Sunday School teacher from Indiana.

The others I gave the usual fictional backgrounds, making them "girl scientists," "typists," "airline hostesses," and so forth. Once in a while I would make one a "Greenwich Village hipster" and have her say something like "I dig the peyote scene" or "William Burroughs is my favorite writer," but I was careful not to pull that one too often.

Meanwhile, I began to get involved in another department of the schlock factory. We also published a tabloid newspaper—the kind that features headlines like "Iron Lung Patient Rapes Two Nurses." The editor was under-staffed. (This didn't prevent the publisher from continually suggesting that he fire somebody—the publisher was always worried that every department was over-staffed.)

Just for the hell of it, and because I was getting to enjoy schlock in a perverse sort of way, I took on the writing of the ESP column in this newspaper.

I read up on the predictions that had appeared over the past several months and began grinding out my own predictions, out of the blue. It was surprisingly easy. Among other things, I predicted that Lyndon Johnson would be assassinated, that anti-American riots would occur in another Latin American nation, that the \$15,000,000 pornography collection on the closed shelves of a large public library would be robbed by a mob led by a defrocked priest "well known in occult circles," that flying saucers would be in the news again, that shocking discoveries would be made at Stonehenge throwing new light on ancient Egypt and revealing how man came to be on earth (ESP bugs, I reasoned, are generally also the types who believe that man was deposited here by flying saucers and that Egypt is full of occult mysteries), that peanut butter would be found to contain radioactive isotopes, and that a Hollywood star would be involved in a sex-and-LSD orgy.

In a short while, I began getting letters from fans.

Many of them congratulated me on the number of my predictions that came true, although actually *none* of them ever came true. Apparently, these people possess a very convenient kind of memory. (I also noted, when Kennedy was shot, that many astrology magazines admitted they hadn't predicted it, but I recently heard from an astrology buff that all the leading astrology magazines *had* predicted it!)

I was becoming a *schlockmeister*, a veritable *ueberschlockmeister*.

I wrote a story for the tabloid, working in a plug for

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one of my schlock magazines. I started dreaming up titles for tabloid stories. (Incidentally, the best inspirations are never used. They are *too* far out. Such as: "Kicked out of Ku Klux Klan for Negro Blood—He Becomes Black Muslim Leader." All the stories in the tabloid, you see, were fictitious.

The staff would have a bull session each Monday morning and work out 15 or 20 ideas for the next issue. "Say, how about this," somebody would cry: "Mad Hunchback Sells Hunch to Butcher / Woman Poisoned by Hunchburger?"

"Nah," the editor would say, "Too far out in left field."

"How about, Vice Squad Cop Catches V.D. From Prostitute He Arrested?"

"Great," the editor would reply, "We'll use that one." And so another "news" story would be born.

I often reflected that we represented the next stage in journalism, after the N.Y. *Times*. The *Times* merely alters and selects facts to fit a particular political line. We invented our facts on the spot, a much more creative process.

If it is the destiny of man to "transcend mere reason and empiricism," and to "achieve a rebirth of myth and magic," as many modern philosophers think, I can safely claim that we schlockscribes in our grubby offices were doing more to further that end than the *Times*. A little more.

I soon discovered that my predecessor on the men's pulps had applied the same formula to magazine writing. "Woman Gives Birth to Puppies" appeared in the tabloid; "Women Who Have Given Birth to Animals" had appeared several issues back in one of the men's pulps.

The story was (in the pulp) that a girl who regularly had intercourse with a dog—a spectacle she performed for money in a Mexican whore-house—had "worn down her immunity" to dog-sperm and thus became impregnated.

The pulp archly stated that the story had appeared "in several Mexican newspapers" but that "some doctors" claim it is impossible. The tabloid picked it up without any reservations. It is obvious that folklore students of the future will have to wade through tons of this schlock in stalking down the origins of various contemporary folk-tales.

The schlock-sex field is much tougher than schlock-crime or schlock-ESP. "This is kind of tame," the publisher, or schlockfuehrer, would say occasionally. Since he fired one person every week without fail (and thus kept us all in that half-mad kind of frenzy necessary to the production of true schlock), this remark would spread terror throughout the factory.

We would all outdo ourselves with "Teen-Age Sex Club Seduces Parents" or "Wolf-Men Who Drink Blood for Lust." Then, the schlockfuehrer would come around again, looking worried. "Take out 'cunnilingus,'" he would say (referring to a *factual* story, for once, about a crusader for sexual freedom), "you gotta be careful in this business."

My predecessor, I discovered while going through back issues, had named one model "Senora Maria Theresa Fellatia" and said she was waiting for an appointment "with her physician, Dr. Cunnilingua." Somehow, this one went through. It is altogether possible that the publisher didn't know either of those

words at that time.

The biggest panic occurred when some pubic hair was discovered in one of my pulps, in an issue done by my predecessor but on which I had corrected the blues (last stage before publication). The printer discovered the small dark tangle and called the publisher, saying we could all go to jail. The publisher came thundering into my office, gibbering: "Pubic hair! You and Charlie let pubic hair go by! God damn it, pubic hair! We can all go to jail!"

The printer, fortunately, was able to correct the plate. After that, I scrutinized each crotch with the kind of care I usually give only to living girls. Anybody who passed my office and saw me studying a vulva through a magnifying glass would have thought, "What a horny bastard. He's really in the right job."

Basically, in spite of the one-firing-every-week policy, I enjoyed myself in the schlock factory, only partly due to my "slick" magazine. Most of us laughed a great deal, especially after each firing (we knew then *we* were safe for another week).

Schlock is *fun* to write. The best schlock, of course, is the stuff you have to reject for publication, but which everybody in the office enjoys. "Jayne Mansfield Revealed To Be Male Has-Been Who Had Sex-Change Operation," was one the publisher dreamed up himself, and for two hours nobody could talk him out of it. His lawyer finally made him see reason, which is too bad in a way. It would have been the tabloid's best-selling issue . . . until Jayne sued them out of existence.

Another one that the whole office loved was "The Four-Letter Word That Sue Lyons Calls Burton," which was cut out of a movie mag but for all I know may yet see print. (This was based on a gossip column item that Sue Lyons called Burton "Bull," but the readers wouldn't find that out until after they bought the magazine and read the story.)

My all-time favorite, cooked up by a girl who worked on the movie mags and given by her to the tabloid, was: "Rock 'n' Roll Singer Catches Leprosy / Audience Splattered by Flying Organs." Alas, the editor of the tabloid thought that was too much even for *his* audience.

As an experiment, I tried the most outlandish prediction I could imagine in my ESP column. I predicted that a new island would rise in the Pacific Ocean, covered with strange non-Euclidean buildings bearing inhuman hieroglyphics. I had lifted this from an old *Weird Tales* story, "The Call of Cthulhu," by H. P. Lovecraft. The ESP fans ate it up. They are always expecting things like that to happen anyway.

The movie magazines were, like all good schlock, basically dishonest. The stories in this case were more-or-less true, but they were given the schlock-treatment by our staff. The process was this: An item would be lifted out of Hedda Hopper or Louella Parsons and then jazzed-up with a suggestive or blood-curdling title and developed into a whole story. Everything in the story, except the key fact, would be fabrication. As long as none of the stars were made to look criminal or foolish, we never had any complaints from the studios' legal departments.

My career in the schlock factory was brought to a close when I began preparing my first issue of the "slick." First, however, I had supervised the production

famous atheist from Baltimore—blubbered, "Please, Mr. God, don't let him make a fucking fool out of himself!"

We met in the home of a descendant of King Kama-hamaha, a full-blooded Hawaiian. The Christmas tree dominated the beautifully appointed living room and the lights of Honolulu spread an array of multicolored stars below us.

Keith was in fine fettle. He has a delicious sense of humor. That night he had donned the most casual clothes. He was sun-tanned. His eyes snapped. His body movements were quick and certain. I watched him win everyone to him, and inside a small voice moaned in me: "How can he be a nut?"

He produced a number of billets (fancy language for a 3x5 card) and asked us to write on each card three or more questions addressed to the dead ("someone in the spirit world" was his delicate way of saying it).

I never felt so gawd-damn foolish and abashed in my life. I couldn't do it. I sat there looking at that stupid white card and I couldn't do it. Everyone else was laughing and talking and ribbing Keith. The laughter won out. Keith took it in stride and joked in return.

I finally managed an idiotic query addressed to an aunt (a "departed one") saying something like, "Why in hell did you dislike my mother so much?"

The billets, all written with a number of different pens and pencils, were placed in a basket. Three-inch adhesive tape was plastered against Keith's eyes, so tight his eyeballs were a configuration against them. A turkish towel was wrapped around his head. He admonished us not to bother turning out the lights, since this was only a "token" demonstration of not much import.

He began.

His body began to twitch and his head snapped. I swept the room with my eyes, full of inward agony. "Don't blow it, Keith, don't blow it," I kept saying to myself.

One of the women present motioned for all of us to play Musical Chairs so that Keith could not even place us by voice around the room. I wanted him to stop twitching, and so I was glad to see everyone diverted by the changing of the chairs.

I was suddenly startled by a new voice, a full rich baritone, and I looked around to see the newcomer.

The voice was coming from Keith.

After days of talking to him, I was stunned. The terminology was different. The timbre, the accent, the tonal range, the sentence structure . . . this was a different personality!

The voice introduced himself as a person using the body of Keith in order to communicate. My fingertips felt cold, and my brain began to whirl like an IBM unit. How was he doing it? Was this like the voice change of a ventriloquist?

One by one he took those cards from the wicker basket, and one by one he identified every card with every person in the room. He would call out: "Madalyn, come and get this. Is it yours? Make certain it is." And this, after each "reading."

That alone convinced me something was up.

But, when he clued in on me and started, I went through a personally shattering experience. He began by saying that a trio was there to talk to me—Laura,

Suzanne and Marie. There is such a trio dead in my family—in life, three inseparable sisters—and names of such peculiarity that he had not hit them by chance.

Ah, mind reading par excellence, I thought, since in those agonizing moments when I had wondered what "departed one" to address, I had thought of them. But my idea was fleeting, for Keith and his "guide" were now off into my intimate family relationships.

Events I had forgotten about were reviewed.

I realized at one point that my dress was plastered to my body with perspiration; I was taking such an emotional battering as I admitted stubborn fact after stubborn fact.

"Did this happen?"

"Yes." No other word would come out of me.

"This also occurred?"

"Yes."

"This also? Speak up, please."

Another strangled "yes."

And then he left me, almost shattered. I watched him go around that room. I watched the faces of those assorted skeptics, agnostics, atheists. The buffoon humor left; the incredulity came; the sheer astonishment took over; the whipped-dog expression became fixed.

I was recovering myself, and I struggled for the next hour-and-a-half to understand it. Keith was doing something so bizarre, so incredible that it had, of necessity, to be analyzed. But as I sat there, conjuring up theory after theory, he would continue in such a way that each one was shattered.

When the seance ended, I was exhausted.

Keith shook through a series of twitches as Mr. Kensington, his "guide," departed for areas uncharted. The towel was unwound from Keith's head, the adhesive with some of his eyebrows attached was pulled off, and there was smiling, energetic Keith with his own voice, his own personality.

I took off from that place and went home and got drunk.

There wasn't anything else to do.

Keith stayed a couple more days. I questioned him unmercifully. He could visualize these people. He heard them. He saw them. He questioned them. They responded. And, if one one had been a dirty bastard alive, he was now just as dirty a bastard dead. Keith was not conscious of waves, of distance, the ideas were instantaneously in his mind.

I didn't believe it.

But where in the hell had he gotten the information about family details known only to our family? How could he do this with me?

I challenged him. Was this learnable? Could he teach me to do it? Why couldn't he just do this without resorting to the idea of talking to dead people?

Because, he said, he really did talk to them.

I noted to myself, "visual, auditory and olfactory hallucinations," but I didn't believe that, either. Keith is too sane, too intelligent, too aware in all the other areas . . . so I just told him that I didn't know what he was doing and I had no right to assail his analysis of what he did.

But what he did was incredible—and very real.

I asked him if he would stay in Honolulu and submit to controlled scientific experiments. He had to get back

to Seattle. But, he said, he had been teaching this to a young woman, and the foundation desired to open a branch in Honolulu. Could I?

By this time we were so strapped financially that I was saving used tea bags for 4th-time go-rounds. My attorney had just slapped me with a \$30,000 bill for the Tax-the-Church suit, and we couldn't afford to heat the water for those limp tea bags.

Keith is extraordinary. He has mastered and controlled the use of extrasensory perception to such a perfection of technique that he should be snapped up as a human guinea pig by Harvard or Columbia or Duke. He told me that he was able to produce ectoplasm, and to speak in tongues. I did not personally see him do this, but I know he would not profess it without the ability.

I had set up that seance in Honolulu, brought in these strangers to him . . . and there was not one breath of phoiness in it.

We agreed that we would try to raise some funds for a series of seances in Honolulu, as a straight, scientifically-controlled experiment—as well as a money-

Poem in Progress

Life, I have the answer now
For all the world to know . . .
—Avery Corman

making endeavor so that we could each get a salary and still have money to expand and experiment. Keith had blown all his funds on the projected TV shows, and mine were constantly blown for the Tax-the-Church case.

He promised me his best student, and a personal return in the fall.

I set up the seance scene. We figured \$10 per person a seance, and a group of 13 persons in at a time. One seance at 8 PM and a special one at the witching hour. Two per night, six nights a week, with the Lord's day off as a rest period. This would bring us about 1,500 clams a week.

The idea of an atheist and a "sensitive" (Keith prefers this word to "spiritualist") joining together to finance an exploration in communication with the unknown and/or the dead, had both Keith and me in stitches.

There are only a half dozen people in my life that I've felt such a kinship with—Mae Mallory, Bill Moore, Dick Gregory, Gus Likan . . . and maybe the ghost guide, Mr. Kensington.

Keith flew home. I hit the obvious nuts on the island for money for such a wild scene, and within six weeks I went to meet my new "medium" partner at the airport.

She didn't have it.

Whatever it was that was Keith Milton Rhinehart, was not there in his student. She didn't have the sense of drama, the showmanship, the depth of personality, the knowledge. But a deal is a deal is a deal.

I sent out personal invitations to every newspaper reporter, TV and radio personality in Honolulu, for a

free seance. The police were alerted. A raid was threatened. The landlord made a personal call to forbid it, eviction notice in hand.

We were forced to meet in cars and re-direct everyone to a hidden home in the hills.

Our fate was almost sealed that night because Judith Crane was no substitute for Keith. I gave her A+ for trying. Her batting average is about 60%, which is way up high in the game. But . . .

Next day the *Honolulu Advertiser* ran an article about the seance which was the most unfair reporting I ever read—and with my own cases I have had the "treatment" in this area.

By afternoon every newspaper, radio and TV in town refused to sell us any advertising. We were turned down so often I thought we were bedspreads. As we attempted to relocate physically, no one would rent us office space, or a house. When we tried to have pamphlets made up to pass out in the street, not one printer would touch them, and the police warned us not to try to distribute them.

We broke through in several spots. I managed to get Judy one interview on one radio station and a question-and-answer period on another. An all-night talk jockey had her on for a "seance on the air." He lost his contract the next week.

And there we sat. Even with money, cash in advance, we could buy no publicity that would put us in touch with paying customers. Our ass was grass. We kept up the smiling countenance for about two or three weeks as we tried to drag in personal friends to the seances. The economic blockade and Judy's lack of luster defeated us.

I sent out an S.O.S. to Keith . . . but before it could get to him, we had the shocker. He had put on his first TV program in the series. In it, he defended homosexuals, unwed mothers, atheists, spiritualists and convicts-on-parole. The station immediately cancelled his contract, the news media moved in with abuse and the town was whipped into righteous wrath against him.

The following night three policemen broke into his home about 2 AM. He was first aware of them when they dragged him naked from bed. They searched his home, collected books, letters, pictures, etc., for "evidence" and hauled him off to jail.

There was no arrest warrant, no search warrant, no charge.

The next day he was booked for sodomy.

"And to think," he told me laughingly on the phone, "with my penchant for girls, they charge me with sodomy."

He was out on bail.

When we were just about to hang up the phone, I got the news that my own trial dates were being moved up on the court calendar. Judy could do nothing but return to Seattle to help Keith keep out of jail. And we had no choice but to plan to shake Hawaii to get out of our own frame-up.

I've been trying to reach Keith since. Mexico is friendly and, Jesus Christ, they have ghosts down here 25,000 years old, for the Mayans, the Aztecs and the others pre-date Egyptian civilization. If Keith can only beat this rap, we could try it again.

This time on a pyramid.

The Summerlane Trial

by Don DeMaio

"It is a race between the believers in deadness and the believers in life. And no man dare remain neutral: that will mean death."
—A. S. Neill

What ever made these guys think a freedom school could survive in our democracy?

It looked like just a wild gamble at first.

George (the self-appointed messiah) von Hilsheimer probably believed it when he opened Summerlane in North Carolina.

It lasted two weeks, though. Segregationists converged on the camp and forced Rev. von Hilsheimer to pack up and move the camp to upstate New York.

In his introduction to *Summerhill*, Erich Fromm had written that a freedom school could survive anywhere "once the people are ready for it."

The People of New York weren't ready for it.

"Unless the defendant is restrained from operating Summerlane," a welfare commissioner wrote, "the public will suffer irreparable damage for which there is no adequate remedy at law."

In Italy, it's called *vendetta*: someone beats up your little sister, you burn down his house.

Only, Summerlane hadn't beaten up anybody's sister. It may have hurt minds by telling its students that they didn't have to come to class, they could smoke if they wanted, and they didn't have to worry about things like haircuts, marks, or tests.

A Catskill attorney who had once represented Summerlane explained his opinion: "You challenge the establishment, the establishment fights back. All these Summerlane people are saying is, 'Please leave us alone. We'll match you, student for student, any day of the year, if you don't believe our system works. But leave us alone.'"

In the end, the state employed some of its own well-aimed guidance. It led Summerlane straight to a court where the school was forced to answer a few charges:

- A safety expert declared Summerlane a firetrap.
- A social welfare official complained the school did not have a license to board children under 16.
- A public welfare commissioner filed truancy charges against the headmaster and the parents involved.
- And the state district superintendent determined the school was not "equivalent" to a public school and recommended its demise.

Besides being multi-racial, the overwhelming majority of Summerlane's students are what sociologists call "problem children."

One boy's brain had been damaged and he could not speak. Another had been sent by the city of Richmond for "incorrigible truancy and extensive anti-social behavior."

A 7-year-old's mother had divorced and remarried four times. A 15-year-old had stayed three years in his public school's ninth grade.

Another student had been referred by a psychologist who described the boy as "incapable of operating in a public school setting."

With only ten days remaining in the school year, the state ordered the 41 Summerlane students to move to a

public school.

One student made it through the ten days.

Twenty flatly refused the state order and went home. Several girls quit when they found they were required to sign the blackboard before they could go to the girl's restroom. A few boys quit after a gym teacher kicked one Summerlane student for cursing.

The school's principal explained the students' leaving by saying the school did not have "the proper facilities to handle this type student." He did not elaborate.

A hearing was set. The purpose was to examine the state superintendent's charge that an education at Summerlane was not equivalent to a public school's offerings.

"We agree," said Summerlane attorney David I. Shapiro, "that Summerlane is not equivalent to a public school. We happen to think it is superior."

Now the state commissioner of education, James E. Allen, Jr., is not an unreasonable man. The department could have done worse.

It could, for instance, have had Henry G. Paul for its commissioner.

He is the state superintendent who recommended the death of Summerlane.

Funny thing. There was a man eight years ago named Mac Wilson. He was a mathematics teacher in Ellwood City high school. Although I had been in his classes for three years, our first confrontation came four days before graduation. Class was in session at the time, and Mac Wilson had almost run out of things to say.

"Does anybody know," he asked nonchalantly, "what a tetrahedron looks like?"

For some reason, I answered. I guess I felt sorry for him, was all.

"Yes," I said, standing. "It looks something like a tit, doesn't it?"

The class laughed. Mac was furious. I swear I had thought that was the answer he was getting at.

He threw me out of the room and out of the class. "You've been a pain in the neck for three years," he said, refusing my request to let me finish the course.

Summerlane had for more than a year requested that Superintendent Paul outline what was so non-equivalent about the school.

After 13 months, he filed papers to close the school. "Will I be glad when this is over," he told me. "Summerlane has been a thorn in my side for two years."

It was like getting booted out of Mac Wilson's class all over again.

One thing, at least, Commissioner Allen is not concerned with pains-in-the-neck or thorns-in-the-side.

His getting-even record is slight.

The hearing—July 28th, Albany—took place in a stuffy, air-conditioned Regents Room with baroque and cushioned easy chairs. It was to be a comfortable decision, if nothing else.

"We would like to ask your honor," Shapiro was saying, "that he give no consideration to Mr. Paul's affidavits because of certain gross errors in the papers. We don't believe they were intentional, but we submit that there are so many of these mistakes as to make it impossible to rely on this information."

Shapiro was pacing.

"On his inspection of the school," he continued, "Paul said he saw a four-foot picture of a male sex organ on

the wall of one of our classrooms with the words *This Is the End and You Can't Have It*. I'd like to introduce that picture now."

"Is this necessary?" the commissioner's legal counsel asked.

"Quite!" Shapiro answered, bringing to the table a large package. Behind him, a female reporter was straining to see.

"Actually," Shapiro said, holding the picture in front of the table, "this is the back of a book cover which was drawn by a 10-year-old child.

"The figure which Mr. Paul described is actually a tongue. Since this is the back cover, there is an inscription, *The End and You Can't Have It*. You'll notice the front cover has little red tongues all over it and the inscription here is, *This Is My Book and You Can't Have It*."



At that point, a figure arose. "Just a minute here." It was Paul's attorney, Irving Bershader. "Who ever saw a tongue that looks like that? What's that hole doing in the tip of it? It was my client's interpretation that this thing is a penis and it looks like a penis to me."

"One might read into this drawing anything one wants," Shapiro said. "If you see a penis here, that's your problem, not Summerlane's."

"I'm not joking around," Bershader said.

Shapiro's eyes flared. "I know," he said, "it's a serious charge that phallic symbols are hanging on our classroom walls with little kids running around. The least your client could have done is look at the other half of the picture."

Shapiro now addressed the commissioner: "We say we have equivalency no matter when or by whom the inspection is made. We think that Summerlane is superior in terms of results and, really, that's what this case is all about—the children in the school.

"Our school teaches the pupils who have come to be known as delinquents, children who couldn't make it in the public schools. We think we are making remarkable progress.

"Here is how it is done. A little boy of seven came to Summerlane and he could only talk in monosyllables.

In fact, he could hardly talk at all. We were told his brain was damaged.

"After he had been with us about a month, I visited Summerlane and I saw what they were doing to him. Do you know what they were doing to that boy?

"They were hugging and kissing him. They were reading stories to him and paying attention to him.

"The thing is, he was talking. Not only that, he was reading and writing. He wasn't lost and he didn't go around hitting people anymore."

"Well," said the commissioner, one of the first words he had uttered since the hearing began, "let's move on to another subject. What is your class attendance policy?"

"Children are required to be on the school grounds at all times," Shapiro said. "But no child is required to attend class."

"Do you think your education is equal to a public school's?" the commissioner asked.

"We gave our students a standard battery of achievement tests and found this system is getting remarkable results. As for the class attendance, counsel and I are in agreement that the state education law is flexible enough to work out non-compulsory attendance."

"What about your teachers?" The commissioner was firing the questions at Shapiro. "I see that one of your instructors teaches English, History and Electronics. Unusual, wouldn't you say?"

"That's our headmaster, Charles Weatherford. He has 54 credits in Speech, a master's degree in English, and spent four years in the Marine Corps as a radar technician."

"We're finding it difficult," the commissioner went on, "to find instructors who can teach more than one subject. I see you have a Miss Ingerman on your staff who does not have a degree."

"She is a former Peace Corps volunteer," Shapiro said. "She ran schools for two years as an agent of the United States. She teaches languages at Summerlane and can speak Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew and some languages of the East Indies."

"Would you say she is 'substantially equivalent' without a college degree?"

"Unquestionably," Shapiro answered.

"Would you say a college degree would be a factor in her favor?"

"A factor on one side," Shapiro said. "But on the other side are her abilities. I think all our teachers this fall will be substantially superior to anything in the local school districts."

The hearing dragged on. When it came his turn, Bershader claimed, "The teachers don't have sufficient background; the school doesn't have sufficient laboratories; the building plan is haphazard. We told them if they didn't comply, we would have to consider truancy."

The matter was closed for the present. Ten days later, Bershader submitted a supporting affidavit, but Summerlane refused to answer the papers. Summerlane's defense rested with one of the longest legal affidavits ever—300 pages worth.

After two weeks, the commissioner made his decision: The school will be re-examined by a team of inspectors from the state education department. If the school is in full compliance with the state education

laws, Allen said, it will be allowed to continue operations.

He did not specify if "full compliance" meant "compulsory class attendance."

Headmaster Weatherford said there would be "no reason to keep the school open" if compulsory attendance is required. "This is our basic philosophy," he said. "Without this, we're just another private school.

The former Summerlane attorney was becoming concerned. "I'm beginning to think," he said, "that our colleges are mass-producing \$10,000 morons. There are students who are totally uneducatable but get a college degree just because they paid \$10,000 for a seat in a moron factory.

"On the other hand, here are some dedicated people at Summerlane—moving forward with new ideas in education—placing an unheard-of faith in the child as a student.

"The state wants us to become 'equivalent.' Does this mean that when our students get out, they must be able to read and write and talk intelligently . . . and be able to count up to ten?

"This is a very unusual school and I don't see why education and ideas must become a rubber stamp.

"Right now the system is under challenge. Either the state allows for the possibility that we're right, or it turns Summerlane into another moron factory."

*The End
And You Can't Have It*

ANATOMY OF SCHLOCK

(Continued from Page 5)

ing it more schlocky each time. I kept two non-schlock articles, a factual piece about Cuba and an interview with a prominent novelist, and tried to make the rest of the pieces come out as *both* schlock and *non-schlock* simultaneously. This I did by giving them schlock titles but sophisticated insides, or, in one case, a sophisticated title with schlock insides.

It didn't work.

One week the tabloid editor was fired on Monday, his successor was fired on Wednesday, and the publisher called me into his office on Thursday. "I don't want you printing writers who are writing *The Great American Novel*," he began. He told me my whole issue was too intellectual and that several stories were being dropped from it. He ended the interview on a paternal note. "I got a reputation for doing a lot of firing," he said, "but I'm trying to change that. I'm not going to fire anybody without two week's notice, from now on. As for you, you're still okay in my book. You just have to learn a little."

He had made a similar speech to the tabloid editor before firing him. I typed up a job resume that night and brought it into the office half an hour before starting time the next morning. I had run off 20 copies of it on the office photostat machine when the schlock-fuehrer called me into his office and fired me.

Until a replacement for me could be found, everything—the slick, the whodunit and the three pulps—was put in the hands of the little 60-year-old lady who did the confession magazines.

The Grin Reaper

by Carol Glaser

For belly laughs these days, it's hard to beat the news out of Washington and Saigon. But the obit page still carries the liveliest, if unintentional humor.

MacArthur, Baruch and Rubirosa, for example, may have been boring as they commanded, advised and fornicated their way through life, but in death, what superbly comic reading they made. Strung together, the laughable myths that shrouded them would stretch a long way—to Hell and back, perhaps.

One could hardly wait for Schweitzer. Astride a spavined Pale Horse, he leads a straggly, endlessly long line of folk heroes into eternity and the opposite-editorial page of the *N.Y. Times*. Unless it's Sunday, of course, and then, God knows where the *Times'* obit page can be found.

Now, while the New York press does a somberly competent and unconsciously humorous job of burying the famous, infamous and not a few of the in-betweens (corporation veeps, college trustees, rabbis-emeriti, etc.), it often ignores the sprightlier, though less august, deaths that make light breakfast reading.

This omission, in some cases, is justifiable although unfortunate for the connoisseur of the ironic. Common people who get knocked off in a common-place manner, even if it's funny, are usually not considered newsworthy in the metropolitan papers. Unhappily, some obituaries are simply too hilarious to be considered fit to print; some people *do* die in the saddle.

Two stock-type fatality stories illustrate the commonplace but fun-reading deaths that seldom are printed in the major dailies:

The first is a report of the motorist, returning from a late-night church social, who misses the bridge abutment by inches when his right-front, two-ply, guaranteed-against-all-defects tire blows at 65 m.p.h. As he is changing the flat, a 60 m.p.h. tractor-trailer whacks him in the ass, splattering him for several hundred feet along the pike. Three unused flares, a flashlight and a bundle of church raffle tickets are found in the glove compartment of the car, parked, with its lights out, smack on the side of the road.

The second is an event that for some inexplicable reason usually occurs most frequently in the borough of Queens, although Brooklyn still lays claim to the honor of being the Borough of Churches. A little old lady, black purse and Abraham & Strauss shopping bag in hand, is dispatched en route to or returning from an early-morning, week-day mass, thanks to the slow reaction of a driver who hasn't been to shul since he was bar mitzvahed. In this happening, if the driver stops to see how badly his car is damaged and to tell the police it wasn't his fault, the event will probably be dismissed as too trifling, even by the *Journal-American*.

The story's chances are improved, naturally, if the car speeds off; and should the vehicle, with a Negro or a Puerto Rican at the wheel, tear down the street with the fatally injured white church-goer impaled in the undercarriage and screaming blasphemies as she bumps

along, an editor will think twice before discarding the copy. Even the *Times* will print it, possibly a day or two late, if it can find 38 citizens who stood by apathetically, not bothering to memorize the license number.

Pedestrian though such deaths may be, a column of well-chosen mortuary items would indeed be less deadly reading than 85% (excluding classified and financial tables) of the *Times* and 75% of the other New York papers. The column should chronicle only tragedies that are inherently humorous and run under a head like "You'll Die Laughing," or "Today's Obit Chuckles," or "The Light Side of the Styx."

Dressed up with appropriate italic quotes from *Bartlett's* or *Stevenson's*, the column would have suitable dignity, and, from the misfortunes of the deceased, provide lessons to the living. Here is a sample column; all the stories are taken from real-death happenings, only the names and locations have been changed to protect the living:

*Death comes in with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die?*

—E. V. COOKE

JERSEY CITY—Roger Smith, 37-year-old father of five, was electrocuted this morning when he plunged his hand into a toilet bowl to retrieve the electric razor he had dropped. According to his wife, who had knocked the razor from his hand when she bumped into him, she screamed "Pull the plug" as he shouted, "Aw, shut up—" and reached right in.

*Oh the brave Fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis below'd of many;
Other joys Are but toys;
Only this Lawful is,
For our skill Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.*

—Izaak Walton

OCEAN CITY—Bill Walters, an expert angler, was killed by a two-pound bass this afternoon while his 13-year-old son struggled futilely to save his father's life. Mr. Walters, a 40-year-old auto mechanic, who often said he'd "rather fish than eat" was passing a leisurely Sunday fishing with his only child, Bill Jr., at Lake Swanee.

According to the boy, he got a bite and jerked his rod. The fish flew out of the water and head first into the open mouth of his startled father. Mr. Walters grasped the wildly flapping, slimy bass that had lodged in his throat but could not pull it out. The son, a husky 140 pounds, struggled to yank it free but failed. The quiet shattered by the thrashing about and the boy's shouts, other fishermen sped to the scene and towed the boat ashore.

Mr. Walters was pronounced dead of suffocation by Dr. Arthur Victor, who surgically removed the bass, which was still alive. The doctor said it was impossible to pull the fish from the mouth of Mr. Walters because the fins were imbedded in the throat.

Just before the son got in the ambulance besides his father's body, a policeman asked young Bill if he wanted

THE FILM TRAILER CULT

What follows is the transcript of a program broadcast over Fordham University's radio station, WFUV. The participants are David MacDonald and Martin Jukovsky. They were interviewed by someone identified only as Chris.

Chris: . . . Tell me, to start, what is the raison d'etre, the—reason for being, let us say, for your magazine? There are quite a few publications already, you know. Why burden the film scene with another?

Marty: I'll try to explain our theory in a nutshell, as it were. You see, Chris, when one goes to see a movie cold, so to speak, it is like plunging into a novel without reading its introduction, or knowing anything about it.

David: Even books have a synopsis of sorts on their dust-jacket, you know.

Marty: Yes, and even so, if not, everyone who picks up a book has heard something about it.

David: Not so in the movies, Chris, unless one is prepared for it by the experience of the trailer.

Marty: Yes, David, exactly! We feel that one is primed, or, as David said, prepared for the film through watching the coming attractions the previous week.

Chris: This, then, is your esthetic? It's not much to build an entire theory of filmic criticism upon, is it?

the man-killing fish. "No thanks," said Bill.

"Well, there's no use wasting him," the officer replied, throwing the bass in the back of the police car.

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.*

—Old Testament, Job, i, 21

LONG ISLAND CITY — Apparently overcome by fumes rising from a vat of sulphuric acid, Fred Meyers, a 28-year-old metal worker at a Queens plating company, collapsed without a word and left not a trace when he fell from the ladder inside the tank this morning. Work in that section of the plant was disrupted until police completed their reports. Normal operations resumed after lunch.

No hero to me is the man who wins fame by the easy shedding of his blood; give me the man who can win praise without dying.

—Martial, Epigrams

ECUADOR CITY—Brig. Gen. Jose Martin, commander of the National Guard of the state, was fatally injured today when he strolled into a spinning propeller. As a colonel commanding an infantry regiment in Korea, Gen. Martin had made headlines because of the extraordinarily high numbers of casualties his men had suffered.

*Some men die early and are spared much care,
Some suddenly, escaping worse than death;
But he is fortunate who happens where
He can exult and die in the same breath.*

—Louise Driscoll, *The Good Hour*

SAN JOSE—Mrs. Louise Peters stood in the bleachers and cheered wildly this afternoon when her 11-year-old son John hit a homerun in a Little League game. As she was shouting, she began to choke on her chewing gum. Hospital attendants pronounced her dead on arrival.

Marty: Well, if one *misses* the trailer, one loses this vital kernel of the film. The filmmaker *intended* that the audience see the trailer. And yet, today, one is often denied the very experience the filmmaker felt integral to the film.

David: You see, Chris, very few people are concerned with this vital problem. Yet look what would happen, and is happening, when the trailer is not part of your viewing experience.

Chris: As on television, if I might use a dirty word.

Marty: Um-hmm. On the telly, one rarely sees coming attractions. This is the *main reason* one misses the full flavor of the movie.

Chris: I've often wondered why the companies that make such bad movies also make good trailers, and vice-versa.

David: I'm glad you asked that. The reason is, a fact few people are aware of, the companies that make the films do not make the trailers for their own pictures.

Marty: We felt the definite void in film criticism, the overlooking, so to speak, of the trailer, and felt our own magazine would fill—I mean *fill*—anyway, the *Beaded Screen* has a special feature each issue, a *rating service* covering the trailers currently in release or revived in the New York area.

Chris: Many theatres do not show trailers any more, such as art houses and the like. What are you doing about this problem?

David: Well, we are organizing a boycott of these theatres, and a write-in campaign to educate the exhibitors.

Chris: I see. Incidentally, speaking as we were of *rating* trailers, and the difference between good and bad ones, what do you think of the techniques of making these—coming attractions, David?

David: Actually, Chris, there are probably thousands of frustrated movie fans who, like ourselves, feel that the trailer is an *unsung art form*.

Chris: I see. . . . David, who are your favorite directors?

David: Favorite directors? I hadn't thought about that, really. Marty?

David: You see, we aren't interested in the films as made. The trailer is the only true criteria.

Marty: Criterion.

David: Criterion. You take a film like *Dragnet*, now.

Chris: Oh, yes, I remember. In the coming attractions, Jack Webb fired a shotgun at the audience, didn't he?

Marty: Yes. Did you see the picture, then?

Chris: Only the coming attraction.

Marty: Trailer.

Chris: Trailer.

Marty: Well, Chris, it's just as well. The theory still holds up, though. The coming attraction, as you call it, forms your opinion of the movie, acts as an appetizer preparing you for the main course.

David: I'd like to quote you from Ernest Lingrens' *The Art of the Film*. This copy—do you want to read it, Chris?

Chris: I noticed it was heavily underlined in parts.

David: Go ahead.

Chris: "Film technicians want to make good films, but they cannot make them without the support of the public, who week after week go, led on by habit and

the persuasions of the trailers, not understanding that—"

David: Led on by habit and the persuasions of the trailers.

Chris: When was this written? Let's see . . . copyright 1948.

David: Chris, turn to page 28, where I've underlined. It's about the use of optical effects, you know, fancy wipes and dissolves, split screens, spiral fades and crosses and whatnot.

Chris: Here. "The more intricate and showy wipes, which enjoyed a brief heyday, are now rarely found outside publicity trailers, where they appear in profusion. . . ."

Marty: Yes, Chris. Where else but in trailers can you see those fancy, effective wipes. If you remove the trailers, you'll just about eliminate some basic essentials of film grammar.

Chris: Yes, I think I know what you mean. They used to use those effects in serials.

Marty: Exactly! And when the serials died, you'll notice there were fewer bravura effects—wipes, lap dissolves—the stuff of which cinema is made, Chris. If the trailer were to die of attrition, as it threatens to do, what is there left?

Chris: Well, gentlemen, you certainly do have a zeal for your cause. What other concerns has your movement?

Marty: Well, Chris, we view with alarm the slow death by attrition of the old, sturdy-type trailer. How much vigor has the average trailer of today? Give him some facts, David.

David: All right. *Item:* Use of still photographs, rather than scenes from the film, in *One-Eyed Jacks*. *Item:* Use of printed letters crawling up an otherwise blank screen. This is used mostly in irresponsible so-called "art" houses, but it does not bode well for the future. *Item:* When Cinemascope trailers are shown together with regular screen ones, there is no effort made to change back and forth to respective lenses. Result: Squeezed or expanded, unproportioned trailers. Shall I go on?

Marty: A good trailer gives a *feeling* of the picture, its style, mood, movement, etc. Yet how many people, Chris, I ask of you, even bother to call up the theatre to inquire the starting time of the trailers. Yet, I tell you, the time is *always posted* outside the box office. Look the next time you go to the flicks.

David: Some trailers, sad to say, will *never* be seen by the public, Chris.

Chris: Oh?

David: Yes. In the industry, motion pictures are introduced to prospective exhibitors through the trailer. The independent theatre owner or distributor is invited to screenings of special 10-to-15-minute-long trailers from which they select those pictures they may be interested in showing. These trailers are, of course, never shown in commercial houses. So. . . .

Marty: What we would like to do is, organize an audience for trailers, so that a sufficient demand will exist. Then, perhaps, we will have, who knows, a few full-length programs on the art or history of the trailer, at local art theatres.

Chris: That would be indeed a challenging experience. I'll be the first to buy a ticket, I assure you. . . . Well, I see our time is running out, so. . . . This has been *The Film World*, and I've been talking with. . . .

negotiability of confidence:

THE REDEMPTION

by Don Balluck

(SCENE: A counter in the United States Treasury Department, presided over by an attractive young woman, who watches, without a great deal of interest, as a very ordinary-looking fellow approaches.)

Woman: Good afternoon.

Man: Good afternoon.

Woman: May I help you?

Man: I think so. Do you redeem notes here?

Woman: That depends on what kind of notes you mean.

Man: Of course. Excuse me. (He pulls a ten dollar bill from his pocket.) This kind.

Woman: You want it changed.

Man: Changed?

Woman: Yes.

Man: Uh—not exactly changed, I don't believe.

Woman: Well, what do you want me to do with it?

Man: Redeem it.

Woman: You don't want it changed; you want it redeemed?

Man: That's right.

Woman: Sir, I think it's possible there's a small communication barrier between us.

Man: I'm sorry. I sure don't want to be any trouble.

Woman: You're not, I assure you. I just want to be sure we're both—understanding—each other.

Man: Oh, absolutely.

Woman: Now, what, exactly, do you wish to redeem your ten dollar bill for?

Man: Please don't think I'm being rude or anything like that—but isn't that my business?

Woman: No, no. You don't understand. I don't care care why you wish to redeem your ten dollar bill. I simply would like to know what you would like to exchange for it.

Man: Oh. Gee! Excuse me. I thought . . . I mean, uh . . . I'm sorry.

Woman: That's perfectly all right.

Man: I thought you were just being nose. Isn't that funny?

Woman: Sir. . . .

Man: And all the time you just wanted to know what I wanted for the money.

Woman: Sir. . . .

Man: Yes?

Woman: I would still like to know.

Man: Know what?

Woman: What you want for that ten dollar bill.

Man: Oh. Ten dollars in lawful money, please.

Woman: Are you by any chance kidding me?

Man: Why, no. . . .

Woman: Because if you are—this is not the place for it.

Man: I'm not kidding you.

Woman: I've had a peculiar feeling about you right from the beginning—and I'd like to remind you, sir, that this is the United States Treasury—and we have no time for nonsense here.

Man: Really, I'm not fooling around.

Woman: Then I think you'd better be a little more clear about what you want of the United States Treasury.

Man: Just—ten dollars—in lawful money.

Woman: I get all the cranks. Look—that is lawful money.

Man: But that's just it. It isn't lawful money. Not according to what it says here.

Woman: I really haven't time to. . . .

Man: Now . . . now . . . just wait a minute. Listen to what it says on this bill: "This note is legal tender for all debts public and private and is redeemable in lawful money at the United States Treasury, or at any Federal Reserve Bank."

Woman: So?

Man: So if this is redeemable in lawful money, then it must not be lawful money. You get my point?

Woman: I. . . .

Man: I'd like some lawful money, please.

Woman: Very well. There you are.

Man: Hmm. Two five dollars bills. (Examining them.) But this has the same thing written on it. Say, what is this?

Woman: Very well. Will these do?

Man: Ten one dollar bills. Oh, well—at least they say "Silver Certificate" on them. (Looking at one.) Wait a minute. They do not.

Woman: Not any more. They're Federal Reserve notes, too.

Man: Something funny about this.

Woman: Not really.

Man: Well, what is lawful money, then?

Woman: Gold and silver, I guess.

Man: Aha! That's what I thought. Then just give me ten dollars worth of gold.

Woman: I can't.

Man: Why?

Woman: It's against the law.

Man: Lawful money is against the law?

Woman: For you. Not for us.

Man: I guess silver is too, then.

Woman: No, not yet. I can still give you some silver.

Man: You can?

Woman: Yes.

Man: Great. You really had me worried there for a minute.

Woman (Placing a roll of coins in front of him): There you are—a roll of half dollars.

Man (Picking it up and looking at it thoughtfully): You know, this has started me thinking. I have a little over three thousand dollars in a savings account. You don't suppose I could bring it over here and get half dollars for it, do you?

Woman: That—might—be—difficult.

Man: Yeah—I guess it was too much to expect.

Woman: Oh, we might be able to give you that much, but we'll have to ask you to fill out a questionnaire telling us exactly why you need that many half dollars.

Man: But isn't it my money?

Woman: Of course it's your money.

Man: Then why would I have to tell you why I want my money?

Woman: Uh—well, I think that's because—while the money is yours, the silver is ours.

Man (Blurring out): Like hell it is!

Woman (Shocked): Please!

Man (Abashedly): Oh, gee, there I've done it. I just don't know what gets into me sometimes. I truly beg your pardon.

Woman (With elaborate forbearance): That's—all right.

Man: Thanks. The thing is, I'm not one of those intellectuals—always asking a lot of fool questions nobody can understand—and if they did they couldn't answer anyway—I'm just a working stiff—a plain Joe—a run-of-the-mill type of fellah . . . (Earnestly.) See what I mean?

Woman (Pointedly): I certainly do.

Man: Well, like I say, I don't go in for all that "thinking" business. With me, things are cut and dried—because the truth is—I'm not very smart, so everything's got to be simple for me to get by in the world. You follow me?

Woman (Growing bored): I suppose so.

Man: You see, what bothers me is that this "money" thing seems pretty simple. It just has to be more complicated than what I'm thinking. Now you certainly seem like a very intelligent girl. Maybe you could answer a question that would clear things up for me.

Woman (Softening at the compliment): I'd be glad to try.

Man: Well, if, like you say, it isn't legal to have gold, but it is legal to have silver, is there enough silver in the Treasury to redeem all the paper Federal Reserve Notes you've printed up?

Woman: Of course not.

Man: Then what would you give people if everybody came in here to redeem their paper money?

Woman: If you'll bring your three thousand dollars in, I'll see what I can do.

Man: Wait a minute. You didn't answer my question.

Woman: That is because I don't have to.

Man: Oh. Why not?

Woman: Because I just work here.

Man: Well, as a citizen, doesn't somebody have to answer me?

Woman: No.

Man: Why not?

Woman: Sir, no matter whom you ask, they just work here too.

Man: Hey, it just hit me. The money you print here is sort of—counterfeit—then, isn't it?

Woman: It most certainly is not!

Man: But what would you call it if it isn't backed up by enough lawful money?

Woman: I think your attitude is close to treasonable.

Man: Really?

Woman: At the least, it is most unpatriotic. Not only are you not very smart—you're superficial as well. You think our currency has to be backed up with something as unimportant as gold. You haven't got any heart and soul—because if you did, you wouldn't have to ask what lawful money really is—you'd know.

Man: Then there is something?

Woman: Yes, you poor fool, there is something.

Man: What? Tell me.

Woman: Confidence!

Man: Confidence?

Woman: Confidence in your country.

Man: Confidence in your . . . Wow!

Woman: After all, it's your country.

Man: Gee!

Woman: You should be patriotic.

Man: I guess it's going to take a hell of a lot of confidence for us to ever break even.

Woman: What?

Man: Say, look, are you still going to give me the three thousand in silver?

Woman: I might be able to—but you'd better hurry. You have no idea how many unpatriotic people there are like you—and our supply is dangerously low.

Man: I'll be right back. (He turns and hurries off. As she watches him depart, her face takes on a thoughtful expression. She does not notice when a tall, distinguished man, obviously a treasury official, comes up behind her.)

Official (Pleasantly): Some trouble here, Miss?

Woman (Startled): Oh, no, sir—no trouble at all. . .

Official: Good. It appeared to me you might be having some difficulties with that young man.

Woman: Well, he did ask me some pretty tough questions—but I guess I gave him all the right answers.

Official (Smiling): Excellent. (Starts off.) Well, carry on.

Woman: Oh, Mr. Blocker. . .

Official (Turning): Yes?

Woman (Hesitantly): I've been thinking lately about starting a—coin collection. . .

Official (Brightly): Is that so?

Woman: I mean, it sounds like a real—fun hobby—that is—everybody's doing it. . .

Official (Understandingly): Yes, it has caught on, hasn't it?

Woman: Uh-huh—and—well, I was wondering if maybe you could help me pick up a couple thousand dollars' worth here at the treasury. My bank never has any coins. . .

Official (Looking around to make sure they aren't overheard): Well, I'll—be glad to see what I can do. Just bring me a bank draft in the morning.

Woman (Relieved): Oh, thank you. . .

Official (Reassuringly): Not at all. . . (considering) As a matter of fact, perhaps I could give you a few pointers. (Whispering) I have a rather—extensive—collection myself. . .

Woman: You do?

Official: Yes I—uh—do. Why don't we discuss it over lunch?

Woman (Thrilled): I'd love to!

Official (Beaming): Good. I'll—uh—(glancing around surreptitiously)—meet you outside at 12:30. (He moves off. She sighs happily and turns back to the counter, where she notices for the first time a small boy confronting her, his nose just clearing the top of the counter.)

Woman: Something I can do for you, little boy?

Boy (Slapping a five dollar bill down in front of her): Yeah—I want some lawful money, please.

LARRY COLE

(Continued from Cover)

ment of Selective Service people talking about the war in Vietnam. It was happening and it was too bad, but it was not happening to them. All except the Negro callers, and there were a few.

They were angry and they said they were angry and they said that the riot going on in Watts was predictable and that things were going to get even worse. They were answered as children. "Now you mustn't say that. You know that isn't true. You keep thinking that and you know what'll happen?" And the children hung up and went back to burning down their local Safeway store.

Los Angeles was a city at war and typically it responded by making the whole thing into a distant fantasy.

It was Disneyland in Watts.

It was an unemployed Negro putting his footprints in burnt cement.

It was closed schools like the time it snowed.

It was UCLA playing SC with the Rams playing the Forty Niners at half time.

Only no one went to the game. They stayed at home and listened and watched on TV. And armchair generals on both sides clashed over backyard barbecues.

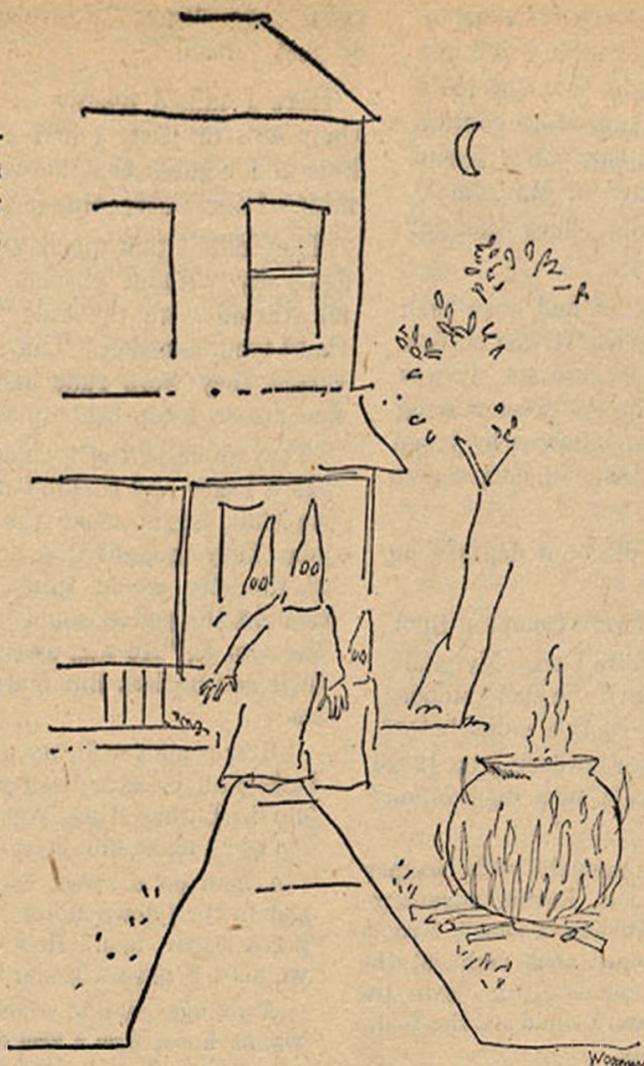
On my way into Watts the next morning I saw two fairies walking hand-in-hand down LA's skid row, Main Street. It was an interracial marriage. The warfare a few miles down the road did not seem like an obstacle to their happiness. Only this short distance from the heart of Watts, LA was like any other big city calmly tolerating summer.

I had met a group of kids the night before who offered to take me through the riot area. They were members of a gang called the Businessmen, the irony of their name being intentional. I'd met them in front of a taco stand, LA's answer to Nathan's, while they were in the process of being arrested.

They were Negro and they were not supposed to be walking around in downtown LA when there was a war going on. For those kids at that time it was like being a Nisei in 1941.

With my tape recorder in hand, which didn't have any tape until much later, I walked up to the officers who had the kids with their hands in the air, and asked in my best *Daily Newse* what was happening. I was told that the boys were not being arrested; "just detained." I asked what one had to do to be detained.

After a short conference the police decided that the boys had been detained long enough. The boys and I sat down at the taco stand and had some coffee. They



LIONEL OLAY

(Continued from Cover)

Watch the looters! See them run! Hear the helicopter radio their position to the cruising police! See the police close in on the looter with riot guns! See them caught! Like *M Squad*, only better.

(KTLA is very happy to bring you the riots, live, and now, a word from Dick Lane for the Hub Furniture Stores. . . . "Folks, we have this riot special on a two piece divan . . .")

It stayed funny until the Oakie National Guard came in with tanks and machine guns and the buddy system to keep them from feeling too bad about their unnatural work. By then it was as hilarious as Hungary in 1956.

The ratio for coping with guerillas is deemed by the experts to be about 15 to one, and any quaint notions of what was "fair" got short shrift. The power structure

(Continued on Page 19)

said, "Thanks man, that was cool." We exchanged names and I told them that I was from New York doing a story on the Watts war for a magazine. They volunteered to be my guides.

When we made plans to meet at a park the next day, I thought probably that I would never see them again. But the next morning they were there. We spent about an hour talking and finding out about each other.

They went to Jordan High. It was about "90%" Negro but they thought it was a pretty good school. That surprised me. Talking to a group of New York gang kids you wouldn't hear anything good about school. Most all of them would have already dropped out anyway. But these kids were in high school and they liked high school.

They showed me their neighborhood playground where they hung out. It was closed since the riots, partly because no one who was an official anything would go near Watts and partly because the police were trying to take away gathering places. But the park was beautiful and green and well-equipped. They said that the park was nice but it wasn't theirs. They had to get out when it closed when it got dark.

We took some pictures and talked into the tape recorder and they made me promise I wouldn't use their names. All of a sudden they were like the New York kids I knew. We used only first names, and the ones they gave me probably weren't real, but they had to tell me, "Don't use my name, man."

They didn't like the police but they couldn't tell me

why exactly. They thought the riots were because of Parker, the Chief of Police, but they couldn't tell me what he did to cause them. They thought that the riots would probably help them in the long run. More centers and things like that. They said that the police would probably be better now. They had heard of Malcolm X, but they didn't know much about him. They thought "Martin Luther King is a prick."

I looked down 103rd St., a street that had once been the center of the Watts business district. It was on fire. From Compton Blvd. up as far as I could see, it was on fire. Every store was destroyed. Troops were moving down the street with fixed bayonets, followed by troop carriers with mounted machine guns and Guardsmen with carbines.

A man running from a burning discount department store was shot.

A sniper started shooting from across Compton Blvd., and I became very aware of how white I was. My guides motioned to stay in the doorway until the shots stopped. It was almost as if they had played this game before.

We returned to one of the houses bordering on 103rd St. A relative of one of the boys. "C'mon in, brother," said my host.

It was not Harlem. It was the suburbs with cheaper furniture. But it was the suburbs. Rattan furniture, color TV and plastic flowers. It was a small 5-room frame house with a nice backyard that right at the moment was filled with black smoke from down the block. I went out into the yard and I could see the Watts Towers rising above the smoke.

It was like being in the Twilight Zone.

The woman of the house came out and said she heard that I was a reporter and did I know that they had searched her house last night and that they were going to come back and do it again? What the hell did they want from her anyway, she wanted to know.

She sat down, mopping her brow with her forearm, and asked me how I liked LA and wasn't it nicer than New York and it dawned on me that she too, like the rest of LA, was caught up in a whole *denial* thing.

There was a burst of gunfire down the block.

One thing I remember from last summer's explosion in Harlem is that New Yorkers were *involved*. Even the ones who lived way out in Queens lived through every minute of the war. It was happening in *their* town. There was a sense of anguish, people were either afraid or angry or *something*. New Yorkers had seen Harlem. Rode through it on the subway. Knew people who lived there. Something. But to most of Los Angeles, a city of no center and many edges, Watts didn't exist.

Most of Watts is either unemployed or works right there. People don't travel much by mass transportation. They drive. And Watts isn't on the way to anywhere.

How many in Los Angeles knew where Watts was—before the rioting? I have a feeling most people know now, and that's no small victory for your first riot. That's more than Watts Jaycees did in a hundred years.

I was walking down Avalon Blvd., talking with people. I went into poolrooms, grocery stores and other shops still standing or still open. I was out of the center of the riots, about 20 blocks north. The buildings that still

stood bore signs: "Negro owned" or "Blood brother" or just "Blood."

Here I talked mostly to the older people, people in their 40's or past. I had a beard and I was with the kids and I guess that between the two I went through most of their screening criteria for talking to whites.

They didn't talk much, and what they said, they said generally without passion. They thought the trouble all started with the kids, those teenagers again, and those trouble-makers. They thought the police were OK except they were rude and unpleasant, but they had never seen a cop beat up anybody.

They thought the trouble was jobs. One of the men was a baker and couldn't find a job. Most thought that the riots might make the government open up more jobs. They thought that probably people in other parts of the city would think badly of them now. They thought the police would be tougher. They remembered Malcolm X. "He was awright." And their eyes showed their admiration. But Martin Luther King wasn't *their* leader.

"How come you bring up Martin Luther King, man? I mean all Ise ever heah you white people talk about is Martin Luther King. Well, if he's so damn great, why don't you make him *your* leader?"

A man on a street corner was screaming at me. I had to turn down the gain on the tape recorder. "You got a leader, man? How come you people gotta tell us we need t' have a leader? We ain't stupid."

A younger man in a beret added harmony. "When you wanna know how I feel about something, you come to me and ask. How bout if I was t' go up to the first white face I see and say to him, 'Hey, man, what you think we should do about this guy over here with the beard?' Man, you'd shit, I did that."

Martin Luther King came to Los Angeles after the battles were over. He landed like MacArthur returning. The beaches were cleared and then he came in surrounded by riflemen and photographers.

He was not well received. The crowds, attracted to the TV and movie cameras and newsmen, were surprisingly unenthusiastic about King and his comments. He was an outsider, an exploiter, and he was resented. He was capitalizing on *their* riot. While I was watching King in action, a comment, made to be overheard, rose above King's monotone.

"Where's he gonna be tomorrow night?"

The whole LA experience was psychotic. It was a surrealistic explosion. A man was beaten by a mob and his eye hung out of its socket; Guardsmen sat reading the newspaper with headlines telling LA that the riot was over while on the next block looters were being shot; 8-year-old kids walked into markets trying to find some glue to sniff so everything would go away; way out in the San Fernando valley people thought their Negroes had it better than anywhere.

A lot of white people blamed the Great Society in what might be called delayed backlash.

I wouldn't venture a guess at a total why to the Watts war, but at least part of it, maybe even a large part, came from one of my teenage tour leaders.

"They're gonna know we're here, man. That's one thing sure."

WILLIAM WORTHY

(Continued from Cover)

leadership and, at the very least, ostracized.

To puzzled foreigners and even to poorly informed Americans one has difficulty in explaining how a professed leader could make such a statement and then, organizationally, survive. It is necessary to analyze the forces in American life that sustain and support Dr. King's movement and his popular "image."

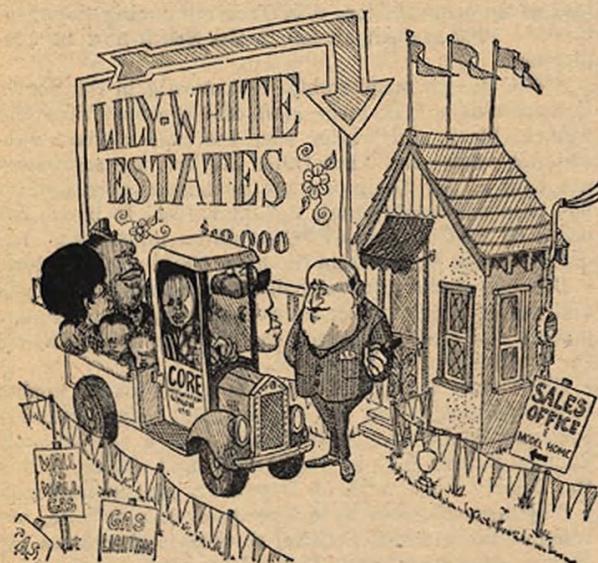
With the almost unanimous and unvarying support of the national (not the southern) news media, he rose to prominence during the 1955-56 Montgomery, Alabama bus boycott, and has remained ever since in the public eye.

It is no exaggeration to say that King as a personality and King as a reputed leader is a product of the endless attention bestowed on him by the major U.S. dailies, the radio and TV networks (all headquartered in New York and Washington), and the mass circulation national weekly magazines.

Without their build-up and without benevolent nods from the White House, Dr. King would today be just one of countless middle-of-the-road ministers who have been asked to assume leadership of sporadic local protests after they have erupted.

Dr. King has made similar tactical and principled mistakes on other occasions. But in the U.S. one can blunder and fumble for years—as President Eisenhower demonstrated from 1953 to 1961—and still not fall from grace and power, provided the press glosses over the errors and the derelictions of duty.

It is easy to understand press support (which, in essence, means big business support) of a "moderate," articulate Negro leader. To the "sophisticated conservatives" who rule America and who think in global, not just southern terms, Dr. King's predictable readiness for minimal compromises is by far a "lesser evil" than is the Marxist orientation of angry young Negro revolutionaries.



"Sorry, we take from the NAACP."

His organization of Negro and white clergymen, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), has been able to keep the hundreds of Negro explosions within "manageable" limits.

While his youthful critics have been looking increasingly toward the "third world" for allies and modern leadership techniques, Dr. King has exploited the soothing religious faith which has had so strong a hold on southern Negroes ever since *Go Down, Moses* and other Negro spirituals emerged from the slavery era.

Poor trusting Negroes have unquestionably contributed small individual amounts to SCLC, and the total, in aggregate, is probably substantial. For in the absence of a revolutionary alternative ideology, even the oppressed in America take their ideological cues and leadership ideas from the daily press and television.

But most of the millions of dollars that SCLC has raised has come from white liberals who are as desperately eager as the most demonic southern sheriff to abort any "national liberation movement" among Negroes. And, as any Negro child can testify, wealthy white Americans don't put their money into any organization that they don't expect to control. (The exceptions to this generalization are rare.)

At this point politically-oriented, issue-oriented foreigners ask: On what kind of program has SCLC been functioning?

The answer is always disconcerting.

King and SCLC have no policy, no set of demands remotely adequate for meeting the overall needs of young, old, poor, dispossessed Negroes. In ten years, he has never come out with an analysis of postwar American society, the Negro's role in it, and the transcending counter-revolutionary role that the U.S. is today playing in every corner of the globe.

Not once has he clashed—I mean *clashed*, not just politely argued over non-essentials with—the federal government. To my knowledge, he has voiced no words of criticism of the murderous and disruptive activities of the CIA in the underdeveloped countries.

In October, 1962, during the "Cuba missile crisis week," Dr. King promised, in answer to an appeal, to send a telegram of support to the Harlem Anti-Colonial Committee, to be read at a street meeting protesting U.S. policy. The telegram never arrived, and the explanation was simple: He will tangle with Bourbon governors in Alabama and Mississippi, but he will not challenge the foreign or domestic policy of an Eisenhower, a Kennedy or a Johnson.

His current appeals for a cease fire in Vietnam, probably spurred by popular Negro disaffection, are not a repudiation of the premises behind American military involvement. "Martin is afraid of the federal government," a close associate of his remarked to me last year.

At home, his anti-segregation activities, unless part of a far broader program of liberation, will merely integrate Negroes into what James Baldwin has called "a burning house."

Abroad, he seeks a similar integration into America's disastrous foreign policy by urging Negroes to join the Peace Corps. After Los Angeles, I doubt that even the American mass media can conceal the dead-end to which their "Ghandi" has now come.

Again it is difficult for foreigners and for Americans remote from the civil rights battlefield to realize that the Black Muslims, so totally different in tone from King's movement, are also bankrupt programatically. Because in their case this void has been so obvious, the Muslims have already suffered a fate that only now awaits Dr. King: a shattering decline in support among Negroes from their peak of prestige 4-5 years ago.

Their off-and-on propounding of "a separate state" and, at other times, their equally unrealistic calls for a back-to-Africa movement have cost them the intellectual respect of many who never actually joined the all-black sect but nevertheless admired the leaders' militancy, their forthright analysis of the forces behind the Negro's exploitation, and their triumphant self-emancipation from America's vast indoctrination apparatus.

But the universal complaint today is that the Muslims are all talk and no action. It was characteristic of Los Angeles' blindly reactionary police chief, William Parker, that he used the riots as a pretext for his men, guns blazing, to storm the local Muslim Mosque.

Under the faltering, politically timid leadership of the aging Elijah Muhammad, the small Black Muslim membership is not the slightest threat to the status quo. Only a wholly unlikely miracle of group regeneration could alter this assessment.

It is too early to know whether the supporters of the late Malcolm X, who broke away from Elijah Muhammad in March, 1964, will form the active nucleus for the probable revolutionary Negro movement of tomorrow. Many of them are well-read and well-attuned to the world revolution. But unlike Malcolm, hardly any have had the opportunity to travel abroad and to develop the personal links of solidarity in the third world that are virtually essential in any freedom movement of today.

Except in the rhetoric of formal resolutions and occasional oratory, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) neither seeks nor would feel comfortable about such links with "the wretched of the earth." In light of its 56 years, its accelerating conservatism is understandable, yet hardly befits the low status of its several hundred thousand members.

This largest of Negro organizations has never been radical, though to the mass of easily frightened whites it long appeared to be. For many years the State Department in Washington discouraged visiting Africans and Asians from meeting the leaders and members of the NAACP. But times change, and everything is relative.

Today the officials in Washington direct their dark-complexioned foreign guests to the NAACP offices, in the hope that thereby they will have no contact with some of the newer, less hidebound, less "responsible" groups.

For half a century, the NAACP has labored under the affliction of white control that has emasculated Dr. King's organization and has weakened the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). A. Philip Randolph, president of the union of Negro sleeping-car porters, once remarked to me that "The fundamental weakness of the NAACP is that it was founded by white liberals and has always been financed by them." The end is the beginning.

One tragic result has been that the organization has long been tied to the Democratic Party (the party that most white liberals support) and has confined its policies within the narrow, reformist framework of white liberalism. Thus politically, the NAACP finds itself, year after year, in the same party bed with the most reactionary southern office-holders, such as Senator Eastland of Mississippi and Governor Wallace of Alabama.

It's almost as if Africans seeking independence were to join a racist party controlled by diehard European colons.

Thanks partly to long sacrificial struggles, thanks more recently to the cold-war rivalries and the rise of Africa and Asia, the courts, the state legislatures and Congress have now outlawed the most flagrant denials of government-sanctioned discrimination. And so today the NAACP has reached the end of the legalistic road on which it has traveled so long.

A more youthful-minded organization might turn to the Negro masses for direct action and confrontation, to win the battles that have never been fought. But within the NAACP the prospects of moving in that direction are remote. At its annual convention in July, a speaker predicted that the NAACP would "become a caretaker organization."

Like the NAACP and SCLC, CORE and its much younger "rival," SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee), get most of their finances from whites, and white students and adults actively participate in decision-making and activities. In the long run, the white finances may have the same fatal, debilitating effects as in the NAACP and SCLC.

But SNCC in particular is less tightly, less bureaucratically and more democratically run than the "parent" organizations, and both of these direct-action organizations contain radical and even revolutionary young people who are seeking to chart new and more effective paths.

CORE's heritage is a pacifist one, dating back to its founding in 1942. If origins do determine the life history of an organization, SNCC's birth during the spontaneous 1960 student sit-ins in the South may be auspicious.

SNCC has no membership. But, mostly in the South, it maintains a very large staff of 230 young men and women, black and white, who are paid a bare subsistence wage—and when funds are low, are sometimes not paid at all. Their courage in dangerous situations has been admirable; their defiant refusal to be intimidated by FBI charges of "Communist infiltration" has distinguished SNCC from the more timid organizations.

Because of the internal pull of antagonistic elements and the external impact of world events, the ultimate direction of SNCC in particular and also of CORE will for a while remain uncertain.

SNCC has a political program on which it works: to win political power for Negroes. But many observers seriously doubt that Negroes will reap a substantially happier future just by registering and voting within the 2-party framework of Democrats and Republicans.

Northern Negroes have long been free to vote, but some of the greatest political cowards and traitors are Negro democrats and Republicans who have been elected to city councils, state legislatures and Congress,

LIONEL OLAY

(Continued from Page 15)

supposedly to represent their ghetto constituents. In actual fact, most of these Negro politicians are loyal above all to the white-controlled party machines.

It remains to be seen whether SNCC, together with certain fearless elements in CORE, will reach the point of advocating a new political alignment in America, with Negroes as an anti-racist, anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist vanguard.

One political straw in the wind is that many in SNCC are active opponents of the war in Vietnam and are openly advocating that Negroes refuse to fight in colonial wars.

At the July annual convention of CORE, like-minded members of that organization mustered a majority of the delegates and passed a resolution "condemning U.S. policy of racism abroad and the priority given by our federal government to defense spending rather than to solving pressing social problems at home."

The following day, alarmed that wealthy patriotic whites would halt their financial contributions, CORE's national leadership pressured the delegates into reconsidering and shelving the resolution. But the brief victory (unthinkable even one year ago) was significant. For it undoubtedly reflected the angry thinking among the nationwide membership.

Wrote the *London Times* correspondent: "The abortive CORE resolution stands not unlike various Afro-Asian declarations."

Given the fast pace of events everywhere, no one can safely predict how soon and to what degree CORE and SNCC will become revolutionary, and what new leadership may be voted into office. But a number of signs indicate a drift in that direction.

Under recent pressure from southern members, CORE's national leaders, supposedly committed totally to nonviolence, have formed a cooperative working relationship with a new armed Negro self-defense organization in the South, the Deacons for Defense and Justice.

Members of the Deacons have openly shot several marauding vigilantes. The immediate effect has been a drastic reduction in the harassment by southern whites of nonviolent civil rights demonstrations.

No one can deny CORE's "heresy" in accepting, even welcoming armed protection. In leadership terms, this leaves Dr. King isolated as a "true believer" and sole organizational advocate of nonviolence in the Negro revolution.

A Leader Is Born

As if confronted by invading Martians, Negroes are constantly challenged with: "Take me to your leader!" To which the Negro might well respond: "Who is the Italian leader—Vito Genovese?" Or, "Who is the Jewish leader—Jacob Javits?"

Finally, in terms determined by *Face the Nation*, *Meet the Press* and *Open End*, a "representative group" will be selected: Whitney Young, Roy Wilkins, Bayard Rustin, James Farmer, Martin Luther King, sometimes Jim Forman or John Lewis, but never Jesse Gray.

However, an individual Negro cultivated by the ghetto (as the desert molds a Bedouin) finds it difficult to identify with any of these public figures or to subscribe to the principles which they profess. Few

in the City of Angels is uncloyed by liberal guilt.

And so the basic question got formulated once again. The question, which I suppose for my generation first was pondered by the marines on Guadalcanal in the early days of WW II, is: Who are the gooks?

Who are the sub-human monkey men on whom the civilities would only be wasted, who can only respond to the 15-to-one ratio shoved down their throat and up their ass? The answer, which seems to me to be reverberating from Southeast Asia to Southwest LA in unmistakable tones is: everybody.

Everybody is somebody's gook, including the Oakie prick sadists in Able Baker Charlie Company who moved through the riot zone like it was a Viet Cong rice paddy. You treat somebody like a gook and he's going to respond like a gook, and that's exactly the way it went down.

The riots in color, indeed. Sometimes you wonder if *Newsweek* goes in for unconscious hipsterism, and then you decide it doesn't matter.

Gloria Steinem, white, Jewish, very urban, with her keen nose up there in the high winds of fashion and change, sniffing out the *What's Happening*, *Babies* for the millions of readers who experience *Life* once a week, says it's *in*, you dig, to pick up on the spade, 'cause he's what's happening, a year or two ahead of *People Are Talking About*.

Life, *Newsweek*, everybody picking up on the spade. And since I pride myself on being nothing if not *au courant*, I decided that perhaps there was something to it. All that smoke, there might be fire.

Burn, baby, burn.

So, armed with my most potent weapon, which is my meticulously cultivated harmlessness, and sporting my lone spade friend as a cover, I tore myself away from the smugly exhausted commentators (KTLA is *very* happy) and drove clear across town to pick up on the spades, and see if they knew something I didn't.

I live, I should mention, 50 miles and at least as many light years on the *other* side of our explosive megalopolis, unashamedly in full flight from *greater* Los Angeles, safely nestled in a canyon near the ocean, amongst the minutemen, birchers, LSD freaks and ban-the-nuclear-reactor Rand physicists (it's what's happening, Murray).

Watts is the boondocks, and not my portion. But who

are willing to accept a tactic foreign to their nature in order to secure what is by nature justly theirs. Fewer still are inclined to riot and revolt in revenge for wrongs or, in imitation of white nations, fight for rights with dynamite.

The older generation was brought up to compensate for hunger here and now in prayers for that great fish-fry in the panacea beyond the grave.

But where is the restless youth to look—too hot to buy non-violence, too cool to try to beat "the heat" downtown? At last the charismatic leader has been found. Long live the murphy man: Jimmy "Racehorse" Edwards, who put the Mayor of Selma through his paces, showed him the hurdles, then turned out his pockets and pulled down his empty pants.

Hail to the epitome of Hippy-Dippy Leadership!

—ARTHUR STEUER

can resist a revolution, the wind of change which chills only the unalive? Come.

My motives were various, as motives have a way of being, but part of it, the top third, maybe, stemmed from the conviction that because I am certain that Southern California is America writ large, perhaps I could glean from this microcosmic eruption some original insights into the Negro Problem, as it is stated variously and with varying degrees of nonsense by LBJ, James Farmer, Norman Mailer, etc., etc., a kind of sociological E equals Mc squared.

If I listened and looked with the eyes of innocence, why, maybe, you dig, it might reveal itself. But first, let me, briefly, qualify myself for the assignment. As half-a-Jew and the son of philosophical anarchists I have been a mere shard of an inconsequential minority ever since I can remember. Some of my best friends are not Negroes, mainly because I plain don't run across them much, but I do envy them their inability to mask their feelings.

(My attitude, for example, is best reflected in this incident: Gassing up before going to Watts, and just before picking up my aforementioned spade friend, I listened to the guy who fills my tank tell me how he and 27 of his buddies went down the night before in 8 cars, with guns, and how they cracked them some nigger heads. I listened without comment. Later that day with my spade friend and another, whom I'd picked up in Watts and brought back to tape, I walked past his gas station and nodded a pleasant hello. He looked like he'd swallowed some fungus.)

So I went to Watts under the benign assumption that when the Muslim says Whitey he means you, not me. My ambition in life has always been to be *hors de combat*, and for some foolish reason I thought I'd achieved it. I was wrong.

We got there, my spade friend and I, the morning after the police department had attacked and demolished the Muslims' Mosque. They did it according to a plan, like a marine raid on a Vietnamese village.

Even the *LA Times*, who employ no Negro reporters, wouldn't buy the police cover story, which was that they had been fired upon. No guns were found inside the mosque, they reported.

When we got there the National Guard, bayonets fixed and with rhino eyes of hatred pinning anyone who looked at them, were "guarding" the two-story building, while clusters of Negroes milled around across the street, and a CBS newsmen with an apologetic grin on his face cranked up his portable camera for some footage.

My spade friend, ex-junkie, ex-Muslim, ex-jailbird (and still not yet 24) wanted out of my car. He didn't want the added burden of my color on his head.

Suddenly I was the wrong color, a peculiar feeling but one I'd recommend for all and sundry to experience in the not too distant future, just for size, since Americans, any Americans, whether paid-up members of SNCC or not, are becoming increasingly the wrong color in larger and larger parts of our multicolored world.

I was Whitey, part of the gang who shot up a place of worship so we could stomp in where we were forbidden and confiscate the records, the names of the black conspirators. And if I found little to identify with in the Oakie numb nuts brandishing their weapons

like they'd grown up on Western serials, the grieving spades said these were my people.

So be it.

("We've been expecting this for a year," said Chief Parker on TV during the height of the uprising, looking tired and old and not very tough. "This hasn't come exactly as a surprise.")

The Muslims, whom I learned later were the only order that existed in the area after the police fled and until the National Guard came, wouldn't talk to me. Touchingly dapper in their Oxford grey continental cut suits and narrow brimmed hats, they looked at me with distrust and fear, and responded to my questions with two words only: Muhammed speaks.

English translation, as near as I could make out: Don't fuck with me, Whitey, or I'll judo chop you into mush.

All right, I'd do it another way. What makes the world go round? All together now, *Money*. That's where it's at, I'd find an angry spade and lay some bread on him. And almost as if in answer to my prayers—I am not a religious man—towards me he strode, one tough mother, about 40 and with the scars and welts from even he can't remember where.

So I made my proposition, and he listened behind his dark glasses and agreed to come home with me. And back we went, on a ride that he swears was monitored by two carloads of Muslims with shotguns trained on my head, in case I harmed him.

A paranoid delusion on his part? Or a paranoid delusion on mine to think it a paranoid delusion on his? No matter.

Here he is, talking behind lush, which is his bag and defense against what's happening in his life, to wit, his old lady works as a social worker at UCLA and brings in the bread while he, a checked out commercial illustrator, makes it only hardly, and mostly not even that much. And because he has a teen-age daughter who wants to look up to her Daddy, and because the poop-butt punks (his phrase) flocking in from all over the country are ruining his ghetto, he drinks, and is Angry. Come in, Jim:

"You wanna know was this thing planned or did it just happen. Hey. You ever hear of the Deacons? The Deacons, hah? No, you never heard of the Deacons, because you're too busy laying up with Whitey. You lay up with Whitey you go down the tube with Whitey, you are Whitey because you ain't got no soul, you dig? Whitey ain't got no soul, he got no dick, all he has is ass and mouth and a big gun.

"Well, the Deacon comes in up from the South, and he says—now pay attention—and he says we got the arms, and we got the plans, and we can show you how to hit any way you want. Hah? The Deacons, baby. The Deacons are the soul, the black brotherhood, because in this nation that we call America there are the two segments, the oppressor, who is known as Whitey, blue eyes, blonde hair, big Cadillac car, a lot of money, you got it, Madison Avenue, and the black man, who is the nigger, the son of a bitch, the scum of the earth, the gangster, his woman is called by the name of whore, are you getting the message, I'm talking to you.

"And Parker said we were expecting it, and after it started he said we will not protect anything that's black in the perimeter, anybody in this perimeter, whether guilty or not, is dead. But white can't be with-

out black, you want to know colors, I'll tell you colors, that's how I make my living, drawing for the white man.

"What can I draw for the black man, he knows the picture and he's seen it long before I got here. He showed me how to beat the cockroaches and eat the rotten food and beat that back door. And until just recently I was invisible, the black man was invisible, he didn't represent anything, he wasn't even a boy because a boy matures into manhood and what does manhood mean to a black man?"

"Bow down, Whitey says, *bow down*. To my rules. Get on your knees, and suck my dick, kiss my ass. But I am the soul of life in this country, and you are afraid to understand it, you can't get away from black. Black is soul, and this is what you can't see, what motivates the black soul, because this is the force that makes life. Burn, baby, burn. You better burn, and you better learn. You do not understand me, I am the leader and the light, and you can suppress me individually, but soulfully I shall kill you and destroy you because you are evil by choice."

All right, let's get back to the Deacons.

"The Deacons? The Deacons in America are no different than the peasant that's out there in the field and

Political Insight

as soon as he learned
the Cubans had put a nigger
at the head of their army
he knew for sure they were
a bunch of goddam reds

—Dan Georgakas

is tired of getting kicked in the ass and he's coming forth and saying Fuck you, Whitey, fuck you right in your mama's nose. That's really what's happening."

Let me understand you. You say this guy came up from the south and said the time is now?

"I didn't say that. I said he said if you need any strategy that I might lend you, you have it. We have the arms, we have the means, we have the plan. It was in your paper."

I don't remember reading about it.

"No, you don't remember reading about it because it pertained to black, and you did not see black, Whitey did not see black until black got up in his chest. Actually you been drawing it up to your breast all along, not in love but in hate.

"And I heard him over the radio when he said I do not and will not give you police protection and there was a little baby just across the street from me needed a doctor and I had to put on my black clothes and go out in the night, I had to get black like the night and shake Whitey to find a doctor, and if I wanted to kill him during my journey I could have, are you hip to that?"

"I've lived in this area all my life, so what are you trying to tell me? Blues for Mr. Charlie? No. Not blues. Fuck the blues, because you can wash the blues behind the booze. Do you know poetry? Are you lyrical? Do you have any kind of soul? You know what the white man wants? A big black dick. If he could get that for Christmas then he'd have everything."

Not me.

"Not you. Look at your Ozarks. Papa fucks his daughter and his daughter's daughter. In America. Incest is

a way of life. That's their gospel and you get on the Muslim because he says be clean and wear your dresses long and don't wear make-up. But the white man in the Ozarks, baby, says fuck your daughter and your mama and anything that moves. In fact old hound dog gets a taste of father and mother and daughter. He's the big man, the dog.

"Whitey told me graphically, he didn't understand why I wouldn't fuck someone in my family. He thought I was insane, I was missing the best pussy in the world. Keep it in the family. Like you say, what does burn baby burn mean? Whitey says keep it in the family, that's what burn means. He's burned himself. When I say burn I mean get off my back, son of a bitch. Stay on your own two feet. And burn."

Is there anything that Whitey does that pleases you?

"Nothing. And why should it be any different with you, why should you be the exception? What do you do?"

Well, speaking personally, nothing, but I don't do anything the other way, either.

"You don't do anything. Nothing. You stagnate. Well this displeases the shit out of me, because I can't abide that, because I am creative and you should be moving. You're the one I'm most down on, the one who sits there and says, 'I do nothing.'"

I didn't say I do nothing. I said in the area of pleasing and/or displeasing you I do nothing. I neither exploit the black man or do things to please him.

"Wait a minute, I'll have to take you back to the white man's dream, the concept of America. The dream that turned into a nightmare, see, by his own doing, because he voiced it. Had he not voiced it, it wouldn't have been so. He said everyone in this country as a citizen was free and equal to all rights, this is what it means to be in America? Is this true?"

Yes.

"Is it happening?"

No.

"Who told that lie?"

The white man.

"You admit to this? I'm not beating you, am I? This is your own conscience and your own intellect talking? Your own experiences have showed you this? That you are wrong, up down in and out and everywhere? Today tomorrow yesterday? The years pass, Whitey is wrong. Have you done anything to change this?"

No, I can't say that I have.

"Then you're Whitey."

And who are you?

"I am a man, and that's what you can't seem to understand. I have soul. Although you can look at my skin and call me black man, by ideology I am soulful. By manhood I am full of life. And by philosophy it is love, and you understand none of this, all of this kills you because you've got to see that dollar and you've got to see the devil because you perpetrated he devil and you made him.

"And you'd better turn black and some of you are hip to it because they're putting on that sun tan lotion. Get that tan, get spade. Are you hip to it? No, not really, because you're still fighting it, you are still white. The black man is going to be here like those cockroaches, they've never been able to extinct those cockroaches, the same ones are here that were when the dinosaurs were here, if you want to go back in

your history book. Talk to your etymologists, they'll tell you about those bugs.

"And now you heard me say that the black man is like a bug, and that's all right, he's just a tool for life, like the bug is, or the tree, or sunlight. Everything you know is life, it's not phony, it's not written on a piece of paper and stamped there and says you have to have this in order to exist. The black man can exist without money."

And without words?

"No, not without words. He has the most eloquent words. He has the words of love. That's why you can sit here. I give you love now and you think it's hate."

No, I don't.

"Yeah, you turning it around."

I don't think you understand me.

"How come I don't understand you? God-dammit, I gave birth to you."

Are you suggesting that racially you were here long before I was?

"I am the alpha and the omega, how can you understand it? The beginning and the end. I'll be here when you go."

Even if I accept that as a basic truth, as two men we start out even, I don't think you have any special racial wisdom that I don't.

"How do you know?"

I don't know, I just don't think so.

"Shit, I kept you from getting shot, you damn fool."

I don't believe it.

"I know you don't. Look. They moved in on you and moved the car up behind and the cat told me don't look behind brother. I shielded you to get out. Those dudes followed us right up to where we turned off. You fucking around with me you fucking with death, you do not know what you're doing, Whitey. You're talking to the devil right now."

I don't believe in the devil.

"You better believe in the devil, you made him. You brought whatever is on you on you. See, I don't have a thing to lose. What have I got to lose? America don't belong to me. It belongs to the Rockefellers and those people I was telling you about on AT&T. Whitey imported the Chinaman and called them chinks and made them wash clothes after they finished building the railroads and they killed off the Indian and run off the buffalo and made them extinct."

"And go back, way back, the black man was there with the culture. The Ethiopians and the Egyptians. The Land of Mu. That was a black place. The Babylonians were black. Whitey didn't know shit. He defied the world and burned the books and called it the Dark Ages. The Crusades and the Dark Ages. Are you hip to it? He burned the books and said all right, we go from this."

"The Dark Ages came about from Whitey's hand. He burned the books. The black man didn't burn the books, the Egyptian didn't burn the books, the Chinaman didn't. Anglo Saxon, that's who did it. Blue eyed, blonde hair, nordic type motherfucker. Barbaric from the shit heap. And why did he do this? So he could perpetuate this thing he calls black in America and all over the rest of the world."

All right, already, spare me the history lesson, let's talk about here and now. Los Angeles, late summer '65. What's going to happen?

"How come you ask me that? I don't know. Except that I'm not settling for nothing less than what I want, and you better get off your ass and do something."

Thank you Jim, it's been a pleasure.

And it was, of sorts. From the gibberish and hysteria, the drunken anger and the half truths, I realized the basic fact of race relations in Southern California—that good will is absent, completely, and that both sides know it and won't admit it. *Help Keep California Green* has gone to war. It's now *Help Keep California White*, that's where it's at, a unique problem that this blessed hunk of territory has had since people began to realize that this is the place.

The Oakies in their flivvers, fleeing the dust bowl, found the promised land guarded by the vigilantes, sons of the carpetbaggers who had come for the gold a hundred years before, and they said beat it, no foreigners. Now their sons, on the police force and feeling the same way themselves, are saying the same thing to the 1,000 Negroes coming into Southern California every month, the majority of them nitty gritty spades from the south.

Gates on the Garden of Eden?

A problem.

Whose California is it? Whitey took, and Whitey said, mine. America in a nutshell. And it comes to this, land's end. This is the place. Southern California, Disneyland. Where George Murphy can beat Pierre Salinger. Little Miss Marker's dancing partner. The man who explains, for the benefit of his constituents, that the reason the Mexicans are better suited for the bracero program is that they are built closer to the ground. Southern California, the last bastion of white supremacy. "We've been expecting this for a year," says weary Chief Parker. "Parker must go," says a foolish Martin Luther King, who came to help and was dismissed as a well-meaning fuddy-dud by both sides.

Whether Parker goes or not makes not the slightest difference. He's an interchangeable part, a tough cop.

The real power, and hear me well, for you're hearing it here for the first time, is Sam Yorty, our mayor. A liberal conservative moderate extremist. You dig? Sam Yorty, mark it down. Sounds like a come sandwich, but he's The Man.

"The white community won't stand for it," he says, when questioned about Parker's dismissal, meaning: *I have the mandate, and I run the show in these parts.* Sam Yorty. Tough, limited, a winner. He could beat Pat Brown for governor tomorrow because he represents the white community's thinking in Southern California, and Southern California outweighs the rest of the state completely.

Yorty cannot be beaten on his own turf, not even by LBJ, believe it, he is the dominant political force in Southern California. Which means in all California. Which means? Fill it in in 25 words or less.

So that this place is dedicated to Sam baby, because we are committed to majority rule, and all I can do to help is say Sam baby, get some spade cops on the police force. I mean for openers. 205 out of 5,000 don't make it. Spade cops, baby, for spade ways, remember the Oakies. I mean, don't panic, for there's room for us all. Talk to Shabazz, work it on out.

The surf's up, and the Byrds are singing.

Don't blow it. I like it here.

ing the same targets so often.

Interestingly enough, our own *TW3* had election problems, though problems of a less sensitive nature. During its first six weeks, *TW3* was pre-empted no less than five times—four times for paid G.O.P. broadcasts and once for a memorial to the late President Hoover. Accordingly *TW3* never attained any momentum and was missing from the idiot box when it probably would have been most interesting. However, other, more urgent, reasons exist for the demise of the show.

When the American *TW3* was first announced, producer Leland Hayward said that it would be based on two "philosophical queries": "What happened?" and "Is it a laughing matter?" Ironically enough, the high point of the preview *TW3* during the fall of 1963 was an old Nichols and May skit which happened to be topical because of the attention then being given Jessica Mitford's book on the high cost of funerals.

Still, some 641 people called NBC in New York, 408 of them "wildly enthusiastic," according to network spokesmen. So it was "all systems go" for *TW3*. The show began on a weekly basis in January, with puppeteer Burr Tillstrom taking top honors for his poignant depiction of a meeting between an East Berliner and a West Berliner during the Christmas opening of the wall.

But during the weeks that followed, those of us who faithfully stayed in, awake, and tuned to Channel 4 the night *TW3* was shown, were not exactly repaid in kind for our fealty. Nancy Ames usually opened the show on a high point by belting out topical lyrics with a vigor that often exceeded their content.

From then on it was generally downhill.

Elliot Reid, who can be a very funny fellow, somehow wasn't. Henry Morgan—the marvelously grouchy, irreverent Morgan—is most skillful when he is playing Henry Morgan and simply doesn't shine as an actor in satirical skits. David Frost frequently got off a few good jibes, but even he was guilty of violating—or rather, neglecting—what he has described as the underlying tenet of a program of satirical intent.

"The show should speak for the personal against the public," Frost had said of Britain's *TW3*, which he helped create. "People should feel confident that the show is honest even when it seems to be against its own interests to be so . . . it must have an attitude, a point of view, a basis of moral values."

But our *TW3* always seemed to be kidding, to want to entertain rather than outrage or agitate its audience. With an election year in the offing, *TW3* spoofed the people involved but ignored the issues. It is almost as though Hayward and his writers felt it might somehow be unpatriotic to attack the American way of life, despite its obvious absurdities, vulgarities and enormous, glaring, outrageous shortcomings.

That April Nancy Ames caused a considerable stir by stating that NBC "censors the show" and that cast members were being frustrated in attempts "to do more biting things." Responded Mr. Hayward, in addition to offering Miss Ames her release from the show: "I sometimes rule out material in the interest of the show and so does Marshall H. Jamison, our producer-director, for artistic reasons. But NBC has never once told us we couldn't do this or we couldn't do that."

So much for artistic integrity, network style. Only you, Leland Daring!

However, two months later—life having caught up with satire again—Jamison resigned from the show, citing "editorial differences of opinion" with Hayward. His disagreement with Hayward, Jamison said, centered on the "basic concept" of the show. "*TW3* has a strong, limited appeal and it should not be made into a popular, mass-appeal network show," Jamison said. "I don't believe that this show produced for the mass will get any kind of an audience."

For his part, Hayward complained, around a month later, that *TW3* had begun as "TV's 'in' show, was later deserted by the smart set, and is now popular as the 'out' show. It's not really 'out' but the 'in' people just got used to it. They became very picky and forgot some of the revolutionary things we said and did."

Next time out, Mr. Hayward revealed, *TW3* would concentrate more on foreign topics. "You can say just about anything you want to about Germany, France and England," he confided, "but domestic topics are touchier." Mr. Hayward, one feels, is his own best satirist.

Well, it is a year later now, and there is little point in recounting how *TW3* came back, wasn't seen, and accordingly didn't conquer. During its first season, it has been reported, some of the performers used to complain to their agents whenever they had too few lines. Given the vagaries of show business, this somehow isn't too surprising—but the awful truth is that those gems of wit, first season or second, were seldom worth fighting for.

Despite a small army of writers that included *New Yorker* staffers, the satire was seldom sharp, not to dare speak of sophisticated, and the laughs were about as rationed as water may soon be in New York City. Buck Henry is a likeable performer with more than a touch of the comic about him, but most of the *TW3* regulars—especially the female contingent—are simply not funny people.

Tom Meehan, who was the show's chief writer over its last three months, feels that *TW3* "would have been much better if we also had a troupe of Second-City-type people to draw on," but he, too, agrees that the problems of the show were probably irresolvable.

"You run into a lot of trouble trying to reach a broad audience—and a family audience," Meehan points out, adding that a local show wouldn't really be able to circumvent the audience problem. Meehan does feel, however, that a satire program on a local, non-sponsored basis—yes, Virginia, educational TV—would be able to reach "the smaller, select audience" that obviously does exist for strong satire. Short of this happening, he is less than sanguine about satire on television. "I don't think," he told me last month, "it's going to happen again for a long time—if ever."

So here we are again, prime-timed for such edification and enlightenment as may be garnered from *Peyton Place*, *Country Cousins* (no relative to *Beverly Hillsbillies*), *My Mother the Car*, *I Dream of Jeannie*, *I Spy* and *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*.

As a gentleman named Henry Carlisle wrote a few years back in *The American Scholar*: "Contrary to all true comic traditions, the denatured humor of television is calculated to take its audience's mind off its troubles, anesthetize its critical intelligence with a stultifying merriment, and thus decrease its sales resistance." The Television Wasteland remains a wasteland, and the dry rot keeps creeping in.

The Rise and Fall of TW3

by Bob Abel

On the evening *That Was the Week That Was* went off the air, a Connecticut viewer called up NBC and weepingly pleaded for a stay of execution. This was one of many fervent calls on behalf of the program. However, Kintner and Co. are not sentimental, apart from their devotion to competing with CBS' soap operas, and *TW3* was doomed to expire from a severe case of Nielsen Ratingitis.

Throughout its two brief seasons, *TW3* received a heavy and heady outpouring of mail—indicating an unusually loyal, if comparatively small, audience—and perhaps the show might have fared better in a less rarified atmosphere than prime time. In the old days—the so-called Golden Age of Television—it was often the practice to relegate a program of high intentions to the intellectual ghetto of Saturday or Sunday afternoon. But those time slots have been liberated by the New York Giants and other gladiators and apparently there was no place for *TW3* to go but out.

From this debacle—which is what the satire that never was *was*—a few truths emerge. We do a lot of things well in America, but satire isn't one of them. Satire is like the weather—everyone talks but nobody does. We really don't like to laugh at ourselves—it gives us intellectual indigestion. In part this is why the American version of *TW3* never approached either the audience or the impact of its British predecessor.

At its peak, the British show enjoyed an estimated audience of 13,000,000 viewers—or one-third the adult population of the British Isles. Britain's *TW3* emptied the pubs on Saturday nights—something countless generations of British housewives have been unable to do. Sometimes sophomoric but always enthusiastic, the cast of *TW3* struck a nice balance in its barrages of anti-Establishmentarian commentary.

Wunderkinder David Frost headed an arresting variety of personalities—artist Timothy Birdsall, *Private Eye* co-editor William Rushton, drama critic and public provocateur Bernard Levin, vocalist Millicent Martin, plus a few good professional clowns—who gave the British show a versatility its American cousin never enjoyed.

But ultimately it was the material that triumphed—if satire accomplishes anything at all (and this is often doubtful), it succeeds in offending. Safe satire being a contradiction in terms, the British show was oftentimes most successful when it was being most offensive.

For example, the Church of England was satirized on its great wealth. Prime Minister Macmillan was ridiculed on almost every show, and some of the political skits had members of the House of Commons roaring over "breaches of privilege"—the BBC, after all, is government-owned. *TW3*'s response to Parliamentary criticism was to blast 13 members of Parliament who had not made a speech in three years.

What's more, *TW3* made fun of Britain's dimming place in the international sun. When Skybolt missiles—or the lack of them—were dominating the news in England, the show ran a skit in which our Secretary of Defense McNamara advised Tory Defense Minister Thorneycroft: "If you continue like this, you'll soon be an undeveloped nation and entitled to all the aid we can give you."



Another skit on the same subject showed a tobacco dealer cheerfully announcing that despite the cancer scare, sales were higher than ever. And taxes on tobacco, he reasoned, would pay for Skybolt, "twenty-three thousand deaths from lung cancer [being] a small price to pay for a nuclear deterrent."

By way of contrast, the harshest satire on America's *TW3* usually dealt with the South—for whatever reason, the program's writers enjoyed the most freedom in this area—and drew floods of mail. One *TW3* writer describes most of the mail from the South itself as "vicious anti-mail," but he adds that favorable mail poured in from the rest of the country as well as from a number of liberal Southern souls.

But probably nothing *TW3* did in the area of civil rights compared to a British *TW3* skit in which a star-spangled Millicent Martin—a kind of brassy-voiced Annie Ross—led a musical chorus in blackface in a nostalgic return to old Mississippi, *Where the Mississippi mud / Mingles with the blood / Of niggers hanging from the branches of the trees. . .*

Britain's *TW3* was taken off the air early in 1964 because that was to be an election year. David Frost said at the time that BBC's decision to kill the show in an election year was doubtless "a great compliment," but he asked, rhetorically, whether an election year isn't the time when a regular helping of satire "is needed most."

Frost told me that the second year of the show had started slowly, taking several weeks to achieve "a weekly rhythm" and to zero in on its new prime target—Lord Hume as "bumbling aristocrat." Frost felt the show was at its peak when it was suspended, but some English observers have opined that the satire boom in England—a small nation united by national newspapers as well as old traditions—exhausted itself in lambast-

(Continued on Page 23)