

Fear and laughing on the campaign trail

Wallace in Los Angeles

By Philip Day

Just before the black man came into the room, I was thinking: Hollywood . . . Hollywood . . . Hollywood . . . has George Wallace lost his way?

Why would he open his campaign headquarters here in this land of hype and hopelessness? Would Reagan put his headquarters in Compton? Would Mo Udall set up camp in San Marino? Then why Wallace in Hollywood? Why the search light outside in the light rain? Was this a movie premiere? A year-end sale at a car lot instead of the opening of headquarters of a man who claims to represent common people? And the punch — why must it be champagne? Where was the sense of sacrifice?

I thought of the night in the 1960s when I met Wallace briefly — only the shaking of hands and the posing

later, when the basket was passed about by a young woman, there were many shrugs, expressions of empty pockets, and reluctant donations.

Wallace did not come that night to this room with the piles of "Smile, This Is Wallace Country" tophats, "Trust The People" posters, and red-white-and-blue table and wall decorations.

He was campaigning elsewhere, but his photographic and artistic likenesses were spread everywhere. I looked at his picture on the cover of some of his campaign literature. I opened a leaflet from a table of campaign materials. On

more: "The original George Wallace Wrist Watch" for \$22.50, and George Wallace rugs, \$15 and George slogan, choose from (specify slogan) with Wallace's signature, "Smile, This Is Wallace Country," "Let's Put It All Together" also with Wallace's signature, and "Happy Birthday USA, Wallace for President."

I put the leaflet in my pocket and went across the room. The band was playing Dixieland. A woman was fast dancing with a man whom I suspected had a wooden leg. He wore a "Wallace Labor Action" tophat. I snatched two more brownies off the long refreshment table, chatted briefly with one of the hostesses, turned, and looked across the room at the black man. He was being welcomed and his back was slapped by a queue of hands.

A man and a woman walked toward the door. The man had a bottle of champagne tucked under his coat. Others had had the same idea. I wandered over to the father of the little girl who had woodenly sung a sentimental favorite earlier. I passed a man wearing a "Jews For Wallace" button. I complimented the father on his daughter's performance. He said she had been singing for nine months and added, "She's a Wallace girl. She likes Wallace all right." (Continued to Page 18)

"Smile, This Is Wallace Country."

for a picture taken by one of his bodyguards — in El Monte Legion Stadium. He had come to gather signatures to get on the California primary ballot and to gain financial support. The crowd of mostly transplanted Southerners seemed almost religious in their support of Wallace. When the baskets were passed around the huge dusty stadium, the audience members dug deep into their pockets for money.

This night, about eight years

one page was a picture of Wallace, in his wheelchair, driving a boat on an Alabama lake. Also pictured on the page were four items for sale. They bore line drawings of the governor. They were: a high chrome finish Zippo lighter, \$6.75; a satin finish chrome table lighter, \$15.95; a brush finish stainless steel money clip, \$5.25; and a high chrome retractable tape measure, \$3.95.

On the back page was an order blank for these four items, and two

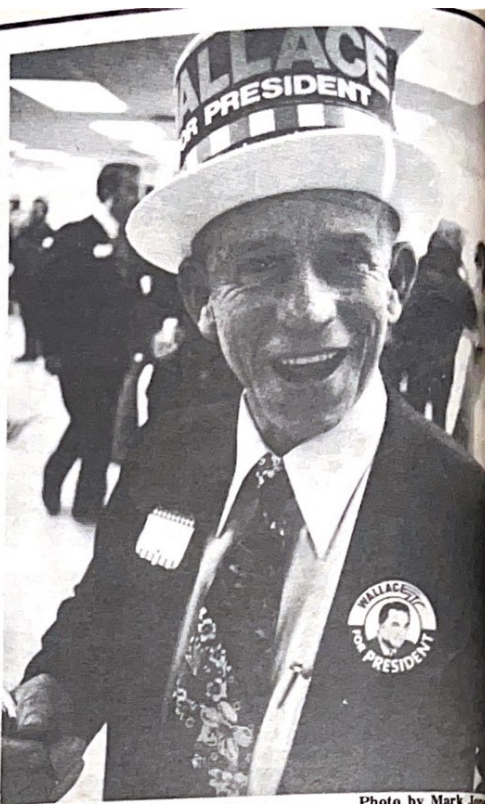


Photo by Mark Jones



Roy Williams, former contributor to the Free Press and the Staff as a cartoonist, is currently a free lance cartoonist.

The Queen is dead!

Burr Jerger

I took The Queen Mary to Europe in 1961, but I hardly recognize her guts today as she lies embalmed in the Long Beach Harbor. Age and promoters have a way of diminishing a hull, and intensifying memories!

It had been stormy in late February. The North Atlantic was viciously rough. The Captain cut her usual speed of 31 knots by half. My four kids enjoyed the motions, I the rails. Today there isn't a shudder. For all purposes the

Queen is dead! Long live the Queen in Long Beach!

Gone is the fabulous indoor swimming pool. English phone booths are spotted around the decks, but they contain American phones. Remaining staterooms make up a high-priced Hyatt House Hotel... Hybrid House. With a hotel sales office, personnel and all the commercialism of an ugly American hotel. Yet the faint suggestions of a once beautiful ship remain.

The typical dining rooms are gone too, with the badly cooked

Long live the Queen!

British menus. Now there are four specialty restaurants named after Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton and Winston Churchill, presumably serving their favorite dishes. Winnie liked steak. Or was it Nelson? Hamilton, as we all know, feasted upon his Lordship. The newest fashionable is called Capstan, whoever he was!

The great planked decks are the same, the rows of white lifeboats. The three towering funnels have been replaced by the new ones seem as legitimately red as the others. I spent some time in the three-story main lounge, which still had most of its bronze phosphor decor.

I felt a nostalgia above, a sickness below where Jacques Cousteau had imposed a fish museum on the promoters. If they had let the Queen alone and showed her as she was, a real historical phenomenon, they might not be in the financial peril they seem to be in today. The American tourist might prefer a historical reality to one that was jazzed up.

Yet there is something thrilling about seeing the once 80,000-ton, 1,000-foot lady lying there in her Long Beach berth, ready to stay. The candy concessions sell American candy, a chocolate dipped banana being the main treat. The wax museum royalty,



The Queen Mary in all her glory on the high seas during her last voyage after being sold to the City of Long Beach.

however, are as realistic as the historical ones. And Stan Laurel even seems slightly out of place in a bath tub, holding a model of the Queen.

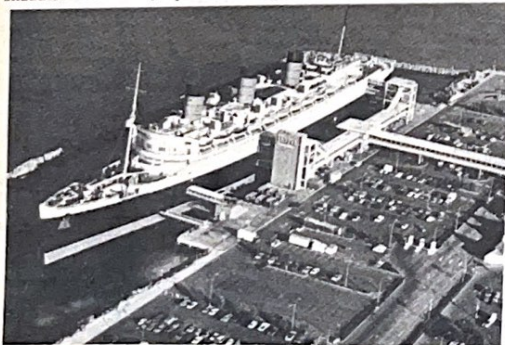
I enjoyed The Queen Mary Story where the tour begins because I learned a little history about the old gal. She was known as Job 543 in her Scottish shipyards. Her metamorphosis, from the time she was laid (the keel) to launching, took six years. Queen Mary christened her namesake with a bottle of Australian champagne. After that she held the Atlantic sprint record for 14 years!

Now she has joined the Long Beach community of the aged. Her colon has been flushed out while 7 million tourists have swarmed over her like maggots in the four years she has lain at rest — three

times the number of fare-paying passengers who paid over \$1 million to steam almost 4 million miles. But apparently, to the promoters, 7 million are not enough.

I didn't like seeing one of her huge, 16-ton anchors standing in an exhibit. Something like viewing your uncle's severed leg. Or that three of her massive propellers had been excised, and that 25,000 tons of her internal organs had been ripped out to make way for profit.

I would like to remember her as she was, like an old girl friend aged gracefully, but still intact. Perhaps they should have let her die a natural death, not rape her and sew her up and rape her again and again. Embalming never became anyone, not even a Queen!



The once proud Queen Mary at berth as a tourist attraction in Long Beach where she has become a financial white elephant.

People's Arts

The People's Almanac

Interview with the editor

David Wallechinsky is the young co-editor-in-chief of the exciting People's Almanac, along with his elist father, Irving Wallace.

RJERGER: Why are you an almanacist?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: I love accumulation of facts. I love writing about things. I've always had a nose in almanacs. But as I got older I found most of them deficient. Their political perspectives weren't biased.

RJERGER: Were they conservative?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: The whole idea was not to make waves. The tendency was to support whatever the government said. So if you were writing about Angola or Cambodia, you just didn't get it was really happening. Their governments didn't want the truth and around so it never made it into almanacs.

RJERGER: When did you first get the idea of The People's Almanac?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: I read underground publications and found out how much our State Department suppressed the facts about foreign countries and that motivated me. I decided to move towards a legitimate almanac in the U.S.

RJERGER: The American classic is the Richard's Almanac. Is it?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: I suppose so. It's actually Ben Franklin's. I have a copy of Davy Crockett's almanac.

RJERGER: What's that like?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: It's got legends in it, interspersed with bits of wisdom and what we would call tall tales. Different exploits out killing bears. A real piece of national propaganda in behalf of Davy Crockett.

RJERGER: Why do you consider it the people's almanac?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: There are two main points. Most pieces on U.S. history tell you what the leaders are up to and what bills Congress passed, usually put in a chronological perspective. We tried to emphasize what the common people were doing; popular movements and signs of the times. What were fads and what was selling well. And with common people, we tried to show their human side. You did this with the three articles you wrote for THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC, on the sexual lives of John Ruskin, Ispahan and Anne de Lenclos. We also are a "participatory almanac."

RJERGER: I noted your "motto" on the title page of the almanac, from La Bruyere: "The exact contrary of what is generally believed is often the truth."

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: It is our basic principle, and the section on American Presidents is a case in point. Traditional biographies and histories could be called almost "exact contraries." When I went to school,

Washington and Lincoln were not human. They came out exactly the way the historians had decided they should. Both were very human. Lincoln was a regular guy. I think it is important for people to know that these men were real human beings."

We invite the readers to send in any mistakes they find, omissions or suggestions. We've been getting about three a day since the almanac has been out.

RJERGER: How did you make your selections?

DAVID WALLECHINSKY: We didn't want to make any article about any thing or person just a bunch of statistics or a "study." Those we have, of course. It's been only ten or fifteen years since non-rich whites have been studied sexually. Again, we stuck to our principle of making history and facts more human, so we decided to tell about certain leaders and facts more human, so we decided to tell about certain leaders in the history of

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Changing Signals

The Company Theater announces that SIGNALS, the new hit play about being male in America, will be opening there April 25.

SIGNALS has been running at the Synthesis Theater since March 3. Its limited run was scheduled to close on April 3, but due to consistent sold-out performances was extended to April 17.

Now the show will be moving to the larger Company Theater for a five-week run, performing on Sundays at 3:00 and 7:00, through May 23. The Company Theater is located at 1653 S. La Cienega, near Pico; 274-5154.

Ben Pleasants

by Edwin Gordon
directed by Joseph Della Sorte
Set & Lighting Design
Wayne Hamilton
Musical Score
Peter Gordon

CAST
(in order of appearance)
Barnaby Marius Mazmanian
Arthur Joe Deneen
Maury Malachi Throne
Uncle Otto William Lanteau
Debbie Mary McCusker
Understudy B.J. Cling
Sanders H. Anthony Malson
Gottlieb John Cullaghan
Mrs. Bryon Nora Meerbaum
Young Maury John Kirby



William Lanteau as Otto attacking Malachi Throne as Nanny in the "Autobiography of Judge Crater"

Judge Crater

Terror as autobiography

"The Autobiography of Judge Crater" is not a play about the mysterious magistrate who wandered away while seeking a pack of cigarettes; rather it is a work about New York City. The impresario for the evening is a life-sized rat who dances about as a cheery symbol of fear and brutality, the nexus of New York life.

The characters, the set and the music move always on the edge of murder and exploitation. Ed Gordon's realistic-absurdist work

gravitates back and forth between the computerized brutality of thug-run Manhattan and the nihilistic fantasy of Nazi Germany. Through all of this one can hear the whispers of the dying Kitty Genovese, though the author has not written her into the play.

The point, and it ties up with the title, is merely that if a man does something bizarre enough he will be remembered. Cut to a small Jewish family in mid-town Manhattan. The son, played amicably by Joe Deneen, is feeding his life-sized rat. This in a city where Puerto Ricans and blacks are bitten by the hundreds every day while the suburb liberals flee to the island or Connecticut for evening inspiration. Malachi Throne is a bit uneven as Maury, the father who is waiting for his wife to return in the midst of a hacking and snuffing epidemic. He warns to it in the scenes with William Lanteau who is superb as Uncle Otto, an aging German of nebulous background who gratuitously espouses revolutionary slogans. Lanteau has the crucial role in the play, a blind man, tapping about on the stage, carrying chunks of bloody meat, advising the young and ultimately revealing himself as... but we'll save that for the performance.

Also excellent is Mary McCusker as Debbie, a young social worker who has SLA delusions. She is especially musical, rhythmic and lively played against the grayness of Throne's father and the darkness of Uncle Otto.

What catches you in this play, though it does have difficulty flitting between reality and fantasy, is the raw power of the symbols: the rat meat, the woman who has lost a leg and is out looking for it (played hilariously by Nora Meerbaum), the "knowledgeable" man without sight, the musical rat, and the hapless cops who romp about like peanutbutter cream of wheat brains on the trail of a missing cat.

The acting is far above average, the sets are properly shoddy and the theme, though painful, is well worth seeking out.

Landmark of Early Westwood

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