Nicholas Johnson of the FCC
Listen, Mac, some of my best friends are hamburgers. They're out there, and they're getting it. Don't tell me otherwise; I've seen them. I've been to the hamburger joints and the goodness, I've rapped with the musicians. I've looked at the billboards and listened to their radio, and watched their television and read their magazines and stared at their movies and I KNOW. They're coming.

Look. I'm talking to this girl about something. I don't remember what, and in the middle of the conversation she asks me, in all seriousness, "And what do you call your car?"

"My what?"

"Your car, what's the name of your car?"

That's it! That's it! My CAR doesn't have a name, any more than my toothbrush has a name...but it doesn't stop there. I drive down a street and see a billboard that announces: TO US PEOPLE IS ON THE STREET! (I'm waiting for one of them to ask me for a dollar.)

Either the things are becoming human, or the humans are becoming things. Either way, I've seen them, I've been getting thinner, and when you can no longer tell the difference between the tool booth man and the toll booth man, Trouble, with a capital T.

But I've saved the best for last: pinball. I've seen guys talking pinball machines like they were business associates. I've seen guys evaluating pinball machines, dialogues, last: pinball. I've seen guys talk to pinball machines, dialogues, with a capital T.

Maybe I'm exaggerating. There's no danger. Everything is necessarily represent the editorial position of Sixth Street Magazine. All articles represent the opinions of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the editorial opinion of 2nd Street Magazine.
"Television is something to keep you stupid."

By Mark J. Rosenball

MOMMY: You see? I told you. It's all those television shows. Daddy, you do right into Greater New York and take her television and shake all the tubes loose.

DADDY: Don't mention tubes to me.

Edward Albee: The American Dream

"There's a member of the FCC who addresses a church audience near here recently. Among the things he said was this:"

"(I didn't say this, but it's apparently funny, I said something sensitive to that, but this is the idea of what I said:) "Television is something to keep you stupid. It does to the mind what industry does to the land. Actually it wasn't even mine. I said: 'Television does to your mind what Alcoa does to the land.'" And, indeed, Nick Johnson and Edward Albee are of the pot-smoking crowd."

Actually it wasn't even mine. I said: "Television does to your mind what Alcoa does to the land - but a lot of people already think like New York City looks. Which is much better than what he's got here."

"Anyway, then he goes on to say, 'I am the long-haired exponent of heavy-handed government control should be eliminated from the present sensitive position and be sent to supervise trade relations with the Zulus.' If the present administration should choose to remove this major obstacle to harmonious relations with the broadcast world, the price to pay is to have some of the people of the nation who should likewise be controlled by large corporations in the service of commerce. So there's nothing really extraordinary about the way in which American Court told me, 'I'm nothing but a shill for smoke oil.' I think one has to keep that perspective of what it's about in order to understand how really dreadful and serious is this grip of American commercial television on the American mind and our society.

"Any nation that would sell its government to the highest corporate bidder would accept as a matter of course that the sense of the people of the nation should likewise be controlled by large corporations in the service of commerce. So there's nothing really extraordinary about the way in which American Commerce Committee chairman Nicholas Johnson, the hero of the pot-smoking crowd."

Nicholas Johnson is, in fact, the character of American commercial television as the preserve of the capitalists. It's sole purpose is to keep the audience there and spread it around in the fashion I've described.

"In point of fact, nobody would do it that way. It's an anachronism. I mean, for you or me, a $10 contribution to some favored candidate of ours is a hell of a big financial contribution. If I ever make a $100 contribution I really feel like I've given a hell of a lot of money. I don't know that much."

"But, for a big corporation that's getting a billion dollars from the government in the first place, to take a million dollars a year out of that billion dollars a year and spend it on political contributions is not very much dough, in percentage terms. They'd get a hell of a return on it."

DADDY: Don't mention tubes to me.

"I don't think of myself as having been in Washington for very many years," says Nicholas Johnson, despite the fact that he's been in Washington long enough to run the Government, not counting Supreme Court justices. He hasn't been bought by any defense contractors yet, although it might be a matter of time. Johnson doesn't even, in fact, accept outside fees for his services. For his plentiful published writings. The inside page of his book, How to run a successful political campaign, carries the legend "the author's share of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be distributed by (the publisher) to 'organizations devoted to improvements in the quality of television to the quality of American life.' This actually means an institution called Citizen's Communications Center, which Johnson lists in his book under "Where to Write..."
"You know, every time I appear on a show, the show gets cancelled..."

"...That's the story. That's a real story. Jeebsie's all over the hill." —Israel Horowitz in Ralph Nader's book "The $400,000 Question: Is Nicholas Johnson all over the hill?"

"...But the real point is, we don't have to do that anymore..." —Bob Hope

"But Merv presented his controversial show, we've got to give him the benefit of the doubt..." —Commissioner Griffin

"...So Nick Johnson goes along, rattling the tubbs now and again..."

"...I'm not an inveterate dissenter, I haven't been dissenting all my life. But I do tend to speak my mind on issues. I've been doing that here. And that, you see, is what my critics can't stand."

"Then afterwards it turned out they cut the whole thing out..."

"The FCC is my one of seven guys. What can I do? What can I do to help the industry? The voice going to be 60%, maybe 50. So what's the fight about? What's it really about?"

"...That's about it. That's what they're afraid that they're going to lose a vote even. What it's about is that they're afraid that people are going to find out what they're doing. People will hear a criticism, people will hear a challenge of fundamental assumptions. Through what I do, speeches and opinions and testimony and articles and books and forth, there is a vote of dissent..."

"...If I were to be reappointed, I would only accept the responsibility if I intended to stay. And that would be then essentially a decision to become a professional FCC commissioner. I have decided to stay the seven years rather than leave after two, which, you know, commissioners do, because I think you have something of a moral obligation to stay and serve your term if you're appointed to a seven year term. And because, quite frankly, it takes a lot long to accomplish anything around here and I wanted, for once in my life, to actually spend the time on something to get something done..."

"...And the likelihood of my being appointed is very slim, because the antigen of the industry is really incredible...At one time there were five state associations of broadcasters which were trying to get me impeached. And this movement had gained some strength until they discovered that there were no procedures for impeaching..."

"Then Merv presented his guests with the evening's Heavy Entertainment. It rivalled any Chrysler special. But two days after the show, Nader launched a blast at all three networks. The presumption is that his purpose was not on their decision to cover the demonstration live. Dave Brinkley and I did our best to report the decision, and he acknowledged that it was a big mistake as well..."

"We are supposedly getting it for free, which means we are paying the highest price of all..."

"...I think this principle is symbolized by what I do here at the FCC. I'm one of seven guys. What can I do? What can I do to help the industry? The voice going to be 6-3, maybe 5-2. So what's the fight about? What's it really about?"

"...I'm not an inveterate dissenter, I haven't been dissenting all my life. But I do tend to speak my mind on issues. I've been doing that here. And that, you see, is what my critics can't stand."

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untalented + untitled = intolerable

By Andrew Solkin

I had the unrewarding experience of going to see the works of Sam Francis last Saturday. He is one of a breed of modern "artists" who sloppy a few drops of paint on a canvas, and calls it a painting, or who reproduces a piece of scrap paper lying on the floor of his studio, and calls it a lithograph. Adding insult to injury, he then charges sums like eight hundred dollars for these monstrosities (the lithos, not the originals—image how much they would cost!). The quality of his work coupled with the exorbitance of his prices suggest that Francis is either a nut, a fool, or the biggest put-on since the "War of the Worlds" telecast in 1935.

Francis uses watercolor for most of his works (I won't call them paintings or lithographs anywhere, but this is evidenced by the excessive drippings and watery splatters all over the place. Since he is too unimaginative to paint well, it follows that he is too unimaginative to title his brainchildren, and so they are given the anonymous monikers of "Untitled," "Painting," or "No. 1." However, perhaps I am being a bit too cruel; I will describe some of Francis' productions and let the reader decide:

1) the contents of an extremely fertile drop of swamp water seen at four hundred times magnification: "Untitled,"
2) the same drop after most of the microscopic life has been pushed to the sides, with just a few drops of paint left in the otherwise blank center, a tribute to the standing power of germs or to the artist's carelessness: "Untitled"
3) a few blue blobs, a red lima bean, and some random drips: "Los Angeles"
4) small even yellow blotches covering the paper: "Untitled" (yellow)—I shouldn't wonder. I hope that these few descriptions are enough to convince the reader to miss this exhibition at all costs.

The accompanying photograph of a Francis miscarriage shows a work which is different from all the others in that it is less blobby and more drippy. With the enigmatic (and by now, somewhat boring) title of "Untitled," it does not represent the content of most of Francis' works. The ones on exhibit, at any rate, is just as bad as the others nonetheless. So hurry, hurry, hurry, away from the Malher Gallery (178 Locust), or wait until someone has done so; some of the other works in the gallery are good, especially the remains of an Alexander Calder exhibition, which I missed by about a month. Too bad. Calder's works (from what I can glean from a few remaining sculptures and paintings hanging about) were gems...or perhaps I was over-impressed; after all, I was comparing them to the works of San Francis.

innocent and over eighty

By Ken Girard

A group of people are listening to an elderly woman. Her cheeks are covered with a tint of rouge, her face saggs at its edges, but the crowd is staring at a tempera painting by Shalom of Safed. The woman in the tweed coat, and some random drips: "Los Angeles"

A work by Sam Francis: "Untitled." Thank goodness for small mercies.

Shalom Safed is an innocent painter over eighty years old from Israel. He was first a watchmaker, and the way in which the divisions of the paintings form a cohesive whole indicates his skill. The paintings are similar to the pages of a book laid next to each other. Yet even if one does not remember Sunday School class, or hasn't read the Bible placed on the nighatable in his Howard Johnson's motel room, the paintings have a part in their captivating charm and entertaining, whimsical beauty.

"Jonah and the Whale" shows Jonah's two feet sticking out of the whale's mouth. In the water, rows of small yellow blobs on paper mimic the whale, with their open mouths pointing in the same direction as the large whale.

In "Creation of Birds," the enamel texture of the tempera gives a jewel-like quality to the enameled texture of the tempera direction as the large whale. Rows of smaller fish seem to 1811 Chestnut St. through November 28.

reaching to the bottom of the painting, a tree sprouts from the gloom and its green hues give relief from the scene above. The paintings of Shalom Safed defy commercialism; even the small tags under each picture look as incongruous as jeweled-studded Bibles: See these works of innocence and experience at the Peale Gallery at 1811 Chestnut St. through November 28.

Charles Mingus will appear FRI.-SAT. at GENO'S PENNSYLVANIA BOOK STORE UNIVERSITY PENNSYLVANIA

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Eiseley's night crawlings

By Steven Wein

THE NIGHT COUNTRY by Loren Eiseley, Charles Scribner's Sons, $7.95.

In The Night Country, Loren Eiseley's third book in as many years, one of the world's premier authorities on the natural world re-created a vast and ominous world of darkness and dreams as well as death. In the course of the present, he portrayed the "night" side of man in the scheme of evolution, both helpless and time-smearèd, while at the same time passionately and thoughtfully, he portrayed the "human" side of man in the scheme of the future. He agreed with the view of the present "in the act of becoming" clarifies the curious position of man in the scheme of evolution, both helpless and time-smearèd, while at the same time passionately and thoughtfully, he portrayed the "human" side of man in the scheme of the future.

There are moments in these essays, as in his earlier books, when Eiseley so perfectly sketches and combines his imagery and ideas that he seems to speak with the authority and durability of an ancient myth, not with the conclusion and perpecty of a contemporary science. In "Obituary of a Bone Hunter" he slowly recounts a decision he once had to make. He is searching for evidence of Neanderthal man on this continent, and he finds a skull that is distant and alone, with expanding expectations. He later reads the skull and, once inside he finds the pure white egg of an owl that will soon be extinct. There is a symbolic crisis between life and death, past and future, knowledge and uncertainty, life and life. If he moves too fast he will sacrifice a skull the mother will not return, life will not go on. But if he does not, what might be the lesser understanding, in continuity, in the expression of life through time? He writes, "There is this high, sterile silence with the wind crying over frightful precipices, my way is the only living things...It is not the loss of the skull that torments me but something else. Suppose the big, unalterably frightened bird never came back to me, then it was all for naught and desolation sweeps over me then. I begin to perceive what it is to be a man and think about it...

Unlike The Invisible Pyramid these pieces address themselves only to one man, and as it is particular problems modern man faces with his environment and world. The other, The Night Country is a lonely and con-voluted region, yet it is Eiseley's finest and most challenging book.

The rebirth of ethics

ETHICS DEAD AND ALIVE by Barrows Dunham, Alfred A. Knopf, 254 Pages, $6.95.

The history of philosophy during the last hundred years has been one of the constant battle against the-INFEDS by which, the study and evaluation of human conduct under moral laws has been virtually put to death. Even in Existentialism, where one's moral law is that of living, the unavoidable anguish of man is dominant. The future of man, if indeed he has a future, has been viewed as a wilderness, with love and joy as but momentary escapes from man's daily grind. Barrows Dunham, a visiting professor in the School for Social Research in New York, is in constant rebellion against these despairing views of mankind. In Ethics Dead And Alive, he argues for the re-commitment to ethics as the means for saving our world. His profound and loving, although sometimes sentimental, outlook on the human race gives one renewed hope that a stronger sense of good and evil can still succeed against the monumental problems of the nuclear age.

Professor Dunham has put his wisdom of sixty-six years and his Ethics Dead And Alive, a work dealing with philosophy, history, political sciences, and reflection on the possibilities of life. Although he conceives that these possibilities have not been experienced by the people most of the time, he contends that our occasional contacts with love and happiness show that these states can be attained by a sensitive and moral man. Dunham is in violent disagreement with the values of modern society (money, prestige, and power), which he feels contribute to the prevalent feelings of alienation and despair. None of this is new, but the method of presentation, and the humanity that lies behind it, makes his plea for a union of man and nature convincing and this inspiring.

The conflict over ethics in the past has largely been one of semantics. Can good and evil be adequately defined? Obviously if they cannot, then moral behavior, or ethics, would be nonexistent. This argument reached its height with Professor George Edward Moore who, in his Principia Ethica (1903), proclaimed the existence of a "naturalistic fallacy," the attempt to define the undefined. He stated that "good and evil" was not a code of morality, merely a guide for personal preference. His refusal to accept definitions brought him to this conclusion: "That universal murder would not be a good thing at this moment can therefore not be proved." It is against this background of strict and unfeeling empiricism that Dunham operates. Although it is impossible to prove that Professor Moore is wrong and that, on the contrary, ethics does exist, Dunham does show clearly that ethics must exist in order for man to function in a sensitive and understanding manner. Why must he have this understanding? Without it, man cannot have a civilization. There is another benefit of others, one of his primary drives according to Dunham, and it is to call him, a weakness, is one of the few difficulties with Ethics Dead And Alive. One must have faith, as professor Dunham does, in the nature of man despite all historical evidence that tends to destroy that faith. Dunham believes that the human race will somehow change its course and follow the examples of our great men, instead of becoming servants of the power-hungry who control the governments of the world.

It is highly ironic that Ethics Dead And Alive was published by Alfred A. Knopf, the same company that two weeks ago unleashed B.F. Skinner's radical new philosophy of the future, Beyond Freedom and Dignity. Although both books are concerned with the total way to greater happiness, the similarities of the two ends there.

Dunham, an idealistic humanist. As Skinner's title sugests, man can be relatively content, or at least more content than he is now, outside the concept of freedom and dignity. Dunham would have to laugh at this view since it is so diametrically opposed to his utopia. For Dunham there are no limits to the freedom and dignity which each man can possess.

So, do and dignity, for him, lead to joy and love, the ultimate in human existence. Dunham does not have the winter evenings. The most heartfelt of Skinner's books, Ethics Dead And Alive, has been reviewed by several fellow behavioirists get away uncashed. He says behavioirists think "that which is not, what might be the lesser understanding, in continuity, in the expression of life through time? He writes, "There is this high, sterile silence with the wind crying over frightful precipices, my way is the only living things...It is not the loss of the skull that torments me but something else. Suppose the big, unalterably frightened bird never came back to me, then it was all for naught and desolation sweeps over me then. I begin to perceive what it is to be a man and think about it...

Unlike The Invisible Pyramid these pieces address themselves only to one man, and as it is particular problems modern man faces with his environment and world. The other, The Night Country is a lonely and con-voluted region, yet it is Eiseley's finest and most challenging book.
The ideal film vehicle is a perfect synthesis of word, image and music, working symbolically to carry the sense and meaning of the film. If one element dominates, disappears, or is superficial, the film is a failure in that it fails to exploit the full potential of its medium: the deficient member drags along behind the film, and detracts from its merits. This is not to say that perfect harmony and balance of these elements guarantees a particularly beautiful or even successful film. The ability to use the tools and methods of his art correctly is the characteristic of a technically competent craftsman; the ability to use this technique to create works of art is the characteristic of the artist.

There are few film-makers active today who approach full utilization of the potential of film. The greatest of them is, of course, Ingmar Bergman, whose approach is analytical, cerebral, personal. Beni Montresor, in his approach is analytical, cerebral, course, Ingmar Bergman, whose approach is analytical, cerebral, personal. Beni Montresor, in his approach is analytical, cerebral, cerebral, cerebral. Bergman's Pilgrimage, the son of wealthy parents, disillusioned and alienated. He senses the "death inside us," and dissociates himself from his social milieu; Montresor characterizes this milieu in a quotation from H.D. Larkin's "The Poetics of Experience:"

The white European and North American commonly has a sense, not of renewal, but of being at the end: of being only half alive...

Gary embarks on the pilgrimage described in Jung's book The Secret Symbols, which Montresor "thinks...reflects the meaning of his film:"

One of the commonest dream symbols for this type of release through transcendence is the theme of the lonely journey or pilgrimage, which somehow seems to be a spiritual pilgrimage on which never be any silence."

Gary finally succeeds in his performance of the ritual, has a peculiar history. Midway through the filming, Montresor collapsed, and was ordered to bed for 24 hours by his doctor. It was during this period that the final resolution of the scene came to him, that he realized the function of the old servant-woman and the nature of the ritual which Gary would perform with her assistance. "Ritual evolves from materials at hand," according to Montresor. "Christ's choice of the bread and the wine was a fortuitous method of saying "I will leave you but I will still be with you;" Gary's was a fortuitous method of saying, "I am alone.""

The religious character of the film is enhanced by the visual imagery. Montresor, an artist and intellectual, in his quest. The sound-track reflects the same extravagance-cum-economy: there is no extraneous dialogue, and the superb score, by Alvino Rey, is integrated perfectly with the visual image. Montresor shrewdly the fact that he wanted to make this film with the "minimum necessary" of everything in order to maintain a sense of the atmosphere. The camera crew was reduced from 30 people to 4. Only one of the actors in the film had any screen experience, and all seem at ease and natural in their parts. Montresor's desire for spontaneity had some interesting effects on his cast when he changed the final scene without telling anyone; some of these are captured by the agile camera in the reactions of the mourners to Gary's performance.

Montresor's Pilgrimage is a celebration of the human spirit. It shows the struggle of an individual to forge a meaning in the context of what Montresor calls a "decaying culture with no new values to build it." — a struggle which culminates in triumph.

"Pilgrimage will have its world premiere under the auspices of the Pacific Film Archive on Sunday, November 21, at 7:30 P.M. in Irvine Auditorium. For information and discussion with Montresor will follow the presentation of the film."
Beasts and Walkabout: Child's play

By Kenneth Salkof

Bless the Beasts & Children is a cruel allegorical joke perpetrated upon an unsuspecting, relevance-hungry audience by that right-thinking but wrong-handed Mrs. Tina, Stanley Kramer (Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner? R.P.M.), and Gilroy in film after film, Kramer has presented his themes with all the subtlety of a pile driver cracking dinner?. This film, based on Glendon Swarthout’s effective and affecting novel, is no exception. Kramer has replaced Swarthout’s spare prose style and mock-epic narrative with heavy-handed symbolism and the kind of self-conscious dialogue that has nothing to do with the way real people speak.

Bless the Beasts & Children tells the tale of six adolescent misfits at a boy’s summer camp and their impossible mission to save a herd of buffalo from destruction at the hands of callous hunters who are looking for a quick thrill, a fast kill and an easy way of getting a mounted buffalo head trophy for their maina deis. Stanley Kramer doesn’t make message films; he makes MESSAGE FILMS! There is nothing wrong with message films provided the message is a valid one. But the ex-camp out-of-context novel are particularly valid. As so well put by the Hollywood Reporter: “Director Gilroy has created a tremendous tour-de-force that manages somehow to contain the estrangement of our youth, our mad assault on ecology, and the increasingly stultified nature of the United States.”

By Julie Steele

Nothing exemplifies the claim that “most men lead lives of quiet desperation” better than the middle class couple of Frank Gilroy’s film Desperate Characters. Well-off, vaguely middle class couple of Frank Swarthout’s spare prose style has one. They are aware that they have lost nothing exemplifies the trick that delights and repulses the viewer at the same time.

The houses and streets are real, the characters talk a lot. The settings are not Hollywood scenes but real hospital attendants, policemen, who somehow seem more vital then they—ex-partner, hospital attendants, policemen, and all those doing something that seems purposeful.

Director Gilroy has created a film of almost perfect realism. The houses and streets are real, the characters are caught back to downright the smallest detail. Shirley MacLaine is fantastic as the intelligent, witty, yet deeply possessive character that is Marius. Verlyn du Jerome plays her husband lawyer, a man who talks endlessly as if to himself. Kramer plays the adult mind finds difficult to comprehend. Walkabout may be about children, but it is certainly not for children (young children, at least). Far from being child’s play, Walkabout is a mysterious, individualistic film that delights and repulses the viewer at the same time.

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An unidentifiable scene from BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN. Much appears to be happening.

... Quiet desperation

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The Miller’s tale: All My Sons

By Julie Steele

The Annenberg Theatre Lab has come up with a beautifully hitting production of Arthur Miller’s classic play All My Sons. Basically a low-keyed drama about a dishonest act and how it twists the lives of two families, the play’s core of tension and powerful interactions have been laid bare by director Iona Gerteer to achieve a superbly moving and believable piece of theater.

All My Sons is a play that shows the two-sidedness of the American character: idealism and pragmatism. The two main characters, father and son, underlie this dichotomy, personifying the conflict between two different sets of values. Joe Keller is a highly successful midwestern businessman who was once accused and then acquitted of manufacturing faulty plane parts during the war (WW2). He has created for himself and his children a financial base of which he is extremely proud. Joe’s great happiness is that his son is going into the business with him. He is the epitome of the self-made man—shrewd, loud, and hard-working. We like Joe for his good humor and vitality even though we suspect him of hard-nosed rapacity in business. His son, Chris, is also extremely likeable but in a totally different way from his parent. Just back from the war, he has become embittered by the losses experienced, but has not lost his youthful idealism. A sensitive and loyal youth, he has subjugated himself to his parents who are still shaken by the loss of an older brother, reported missing.

As the play progresses we see that the whole basis of this closeknit family is fraudulent. The missing brother’s fiancée comes to visit at the request of Chris. They have been corresponding for several years and have fallen in love. Although everyone else is convinced that the older son is dead, the mother neurotically maintains that he will eventually return. They are afraid to reveal their marriage plans to her so she will not feel betrayed. Joe has helped her keep her delusions, afraid of what the loss will do to her, yet now he is for his marriage. He seems to want to do something for Annie, the fiancée, to make up for the fact that he sent her father, his former foreman, to prison for letting the faulty plane parts slip by. Twenty-one planes crashed as a result, killing the people in them. We sense something uneasy in Joe’s lack of horror over this and in his exhortations to Annie to forgive her father and realize what one can do in a moment of weakness.

All this is resolved by the end of the play. The lies and the justifications for the lies are out in the open; the truth will cause more suffering, but at least everyone realizes they have been living a lie, going under false assumptions. Each of the characters sees what his own blind values can lead him to believe and even to do. Even love and loyalty cannot overlook immorality, as nothing can compensate for the wrongs done to others, even if they are faceless strangers. All My Sons is an exquisitely layered story of the betrayal of faith and idealism in this world that is never as uncomplicated as just black and white.

The Annenberg Theatre Lab has done a very professional job with this play. The technical aspects are actually handled by professionals while the actors are students and amateurs. Robert Mitchell’s scenery is perfectly evocative of a midwestern midwestern backyard, complete with banging screen door. The acting in the major roles is excellent; the minor roles are not quite so convincing. David Aron as Joe Keller is particularly superb. He plays the part with a combination of bravado and brusque charm that causes us to sympathize with Joe even when his secret comes out. Barbara McCoy looks the role of the mother, a genteled, careworn woman, yet her voice is a little shrill. She seems to be in a constant state of neurotic hysteria (which is a possible), but does not contribute a very subtle interpretation of the role. Mark Blum makes an appropriately earnest and good-looking son. His passions and ambiguities are very believable in this marvelous portrayal. Joyce Gittlin also deserves praise as the cynical and mercenary next door neighbor who sees no reason to tell things any differently from the way they are.

The most credit, however, goes to director Iona Gerteer. The direction is fast, yet all the tensions are allowed to subtly and guiltily build to an agonizing culmination. The ordinary people of this play are caught up in a drama the impact of which is brutal; Mrs. Gerbner plays just the right touch of humor and poignancy as well as tragic irony to make us care and experience deeply Miller’s message.

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Nicholas Johnson: rebel without applause

(Continued from page 4)

engaged in fraudulent billing practices, that may have figured in the loss of a license. Or maybe programming might have been a factor along with other things like lying to the commission, anti-trust violations and other things.

But I don't know of any case in which programming alone was the reason for the denial of a license. And the Commission's procedures at license renewal time are dramatically lax. We do nothing.

"And really, we don't need to put pressure on programmers, because the FCC is pressure. It's like having one guy who walks into the bank with a gun and the other guy who accepts the money. He's just standing there with the gun. The FCC just stands there with the gun. It's Agnew who takes the money."

But all is not hopeless, even in the present state of the arts, for American Commercial television, says Nicholas Johnson. Though Johnson thinks very highly of the government - run broadcasting establishment in Britain, the BBC, he manages to find at least some saving grace in the American television picture:

"Within the area of limited diversity which is available (programming, on American television), that is to say, mostly mediocre, low-budget entertainment programs, films, sports, game shows, etc. (recognizing that this constitutes the bulk of the American television diet), there is a tremendous range of choice that is available to the American television viewer and not available to the British television viewer. It is true that in Washington D.C. for example, the nation's tenth largest (TV) market or whatever, you can get ten different stations, counting two Baltimore channels.

"Now that means in the average week a resident of Washington D.C. (not one of the country's largest cities and therefore without the television choice of a New York or Los Angeles) who can pick up those signals has available to him, for example, more motion pictures in a single week than Hollywood used to turn out in an entire year in its heyday. An incredible amount of sports programming, all kinds of reruns of old entertainment shows and series and new series, and summer reruns - a plethora of that kind of programming is really available. And for people who do want to watch that, I mean for someone who sits down before his television set and says 'Well, I wonder what movies are on TV tonight,' he will find a great many more in Washington D.C. than he will in London, England.

"And in general, with the independent TV stations we now have, the educational TV stations that we have...there is quite a good deal of choice in a great many communities. And, particularly if educational stations are included, I would say there is no broad programming type that is not available on American or not available on British television..."

But...

"The fact remains that I personally will very rarely turn on the television set and find anything on that I want to watch more than I want to do the other things that are available to me at the time. Most of my friends are in the same category, and a great many others pride themselves on the fact that they don't even have a television. I've always felt that's a little foolish, especially for somebody who's an FCC commissioner, or for anybody really who's an educated participant in modern day society.

"I think you just don't understand your society at all if you don't watch a bit of television."

And Nick Johnson would certainly seem to understand something about his society. He has to, if he's going to be at all good at criticizing it.

"Television in Britain tends to be viewed as something belonging more to the entire country than television does in the United States. The influence of the BBC on the thinking about broadcasting in Britain is impossible to overemphasize. Our equivalent to the BBC, the Public Broadcasting Corporation, is a Johnny-come-lately - it came long after the forms for this gigantic edifice, commercial TV, had been well set in concrete and steel, and nobody was about to judge it for the new institution.

"I don't mean to minimize the elitist character of British television. But there seems to be in the BBC, and therefore in British commercial television as well, more of a sense that television does belong to the people. The British are paying for it with a set tax in a way that Americans are not. We are supposedly getting it for free, which means we are paying the highest price of all..."

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(Continued from page 4)

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November 19:
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1:00 p.m. "The Life of a Great Composer," by Morton Gould.
2:00 p.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.

November 20: The Seven Samurai. 8:30 p.m. $1.00.

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November 16
11:00 a.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.
1:00 p.m. "The Life of a Great Composer," by Morton Gould.
2:00 p.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.

November 17
11:00 a.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.
1:00 p.m. "The Life of a Great Composer," by Morton Gould.
2:00 p.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.

November 18
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1:00 p.m. "The Life of a Great Composer," by Morton Gould.
2:00 p.m. "AIDS: An American Tragedy," by Charles Covert.

November 19
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