

orders." But the pathologist declared that the tumor had been nonmalignant and had not been the cause of Whitman's obvious derangement.

There were other postmortems to come, and they raised painful questions about American society and the curious paroxysms of violence that erupt and scar it periodically. Inevitably, the madness in Austin brought forth fresh demands for legislation to control the sale of firearms—legislation that was drawn up in the wake of John F. Kennedy's assassination three years ago, but which has since lain dormant in Congressional committees, thanks chiefly to the million-dollar lobbying activities of the National Rifle Association. President Johnson himself, in a message of condolence sent to Charles Whitman's victims, echoed this demand and called for "action" now. But the fact remained that no conceivable firearms-control law could really prevent another murderer from getting his hands on a gun if he was determined to, and this brought the baffling mystery of Charles Whitman's act back to the man himself.

Many of Whitman's shocked and numbed relatives and friends chose to believe that it was only the tumor that had driven him mad, and no one really blamed them. There were others, of course, who saw Whitman's disintegration differently, and they spoke in hushed tones of the dark tides of blood and violence that flow deep in the minds of most men, and which may sometimes break through the psychic controls that dam them up, flooding the victim's world with such surrealistic horrors that he is driven to seek his own destruction in one final explosive orgasm of death and destruction. Is this what happened to Charles Joseph Whitman—altar boy, Eagle Scout, object of popularity and respect—the nice, uncomplicated guy who so loved children? The answer to that question ran out when the death Whitman had dispensed so savagely finally caught up with him, high on the tower beneath the noonday sun.

CHICAGO:

The Toughest Target

In three fiery summers, the face of violence in the black slums had grown tragically familiar: the blind spasm that begins, usually, with a police incident, swells into mob anger and explodes in rock-tossing, fire-bombing fury. The chain lightning struck Omaha last week for the second time in a month; it crackled briefly in Philadelphia and Providence and Minneapolis; it spread to the Puerto Rican quarter in Perth Amboy, N.J. But when the trouble came to Chicago, it wore a chilling new cast. This time the rock-tossers and the car-

burners were whites angered to the flash point by a series of civil-rights marches—and all week long Chicago verged on racial war.

The city was still recovering from the latest uprising in its Negro ghetto (NEWSWEEK, July 27) when Martin Luther King's local cadres mounted a drive on the touchiest target of all: housing discrimination. King's men worked up a list of twenty "closed" neighborhoods and sent separate white and Negro "testing" teams into two of them: Gage Park-Chicago Lawn, a mostly Lithuanian, Polish and German section on the Southwest Side, and Belmont-Cragin, a clannish Northwest Side colony of Poles and Italians. In both areas, real-estate salesmen offered listings to



King after stoning: 'It hurts'

the white testers but told Negroes nothing was available. With that, the rights forces mapped a series of marches and prayer vigils in both sections.

King's scenario for nonviolent protest has always included a strand of provocation—he calls it "creative tension"—but even his Dixie-seasoned Chicago field staffers were stunned by the Southern Gothic scenes the marches set off: white mobs pelting King's integrated columns with bricks and bottles, waving placards ("We Want Wallace") and howling threats ("We'll kill you niggers if you don't get out") and warbling a racist ditty called "Alabama Trooper":

*I wish I were an Alabama trooper,
That is what I would truly
like to be;
I wish I were an Alabama trooper
'Cause then I could kill the niggers
legally.*

One angry flare-up came the third day out, when police (who claimed

they had only an hour's notice from King's staff) dispatched a thin crew to escort the marchers through a mob of 1,000 in Gage Park. Hecklers fell on the marchers' cars in nearby Marquette Park, shoved two of them into a lagoon, set a dozen afire and smashed windows in two dozen more. The day's toll was 50 injured—a priest, a nun and twenty policemen among them. King's men bitterly protested the undermanned police escort, and police superintendent Orlando W. Wilson conceded that it had been inadequate.

That didn't happen again. While Mayor Richard Daley pressed Gage Park-Chicago Lawn community leaders to proselytize for peace, King's forces opened a second front in Belmont-Cragin—with beefed-up police patrols watching over them. Once, when 150 white teenagers blocked the marchers' way, the cops bulled in and—to the boos and jeers of 1,000 white spectators—routed the youths with billies. Yet if the marches were provocative, King had no intention of calling them off. "There will be no tranquillity until Chicago comes to grips with its conscience," he intoned at a mass meeting. "There's a good non-violent fight in Chicago now and I challenge you to get in it."

King got into it himself the next day—and was staggered by a rock almost as soon as he stepped out of his car at the marchers' staging area in Marquette Park. By then, 1,000 howling whites—the beginnings of a mob that crested near 5,000—had occupied a knoll in the middle of the park, waving Rebel flags, flaunting Nazi insignia and shouting down at the marchers: "Nigger go home!" King shook off the blow—"It hurts," he called above the din, "but it's not an injury"—and took his place near the head of the column as it filed eight abreast into California Avenue behind a flying wedge of 50 policemen.

'Hate! Hate!': Some of the 900 policemen battered a path through the mob to a Gage Park real-estate office and screened the marchers as they knelt briefly in the street. A rabbi and a priest said prayers, and the mob responded with a fresh chant: "Hate! Hate! Hate!" At one point, amid cries of "White power!", a white threw a knife toward King—and laid open a fellow white's shoulder.

Police finally evacuated the marchers in buses under a fresh barrage of bottles and bricks. By the time they restored order, the day's tally stood at 30 casualties, 41 arrests. "I think on the whole," said King, "I've never seen as much hate and hostility before, and I've been on a lot of marches." Had he seen enough? "We'll have to come back again and again," he vowed, "until we can come here in peace—and until Negroes can live freely in this neighborhood."