



ABC's 'Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald': Revisionism and showbiz

Recipe for Paranoia

By many other names, what is today called a "docu-drama" has been around ever since William Shakespeare did his semi-fictional number on Julius Caesar. But the sudden burst of these sickly confectioned hybrids of fact and fancy on television—with its highly susceptible mass audience—is shaping up as the most controversial video development since Archie Bunker brought bigotry to the sitcom. Viewers of ABC were still trying to sort out truth from supposition in "Washington: Behind Closed Doors" earlier this month when the network hit them with "Young Joe: The Forgotten Kennedy." That docu-drama blithely fleshed out what little is known about John F. Kennedy's older brother with enough Freudian assumptions to make even psychohistorians uneasy. And last weekend, NBC presented a dramatized portrait of Caryl Chessman, the California sex criminal who was executed in 1960, strongly suggesting that Chessman was denied a fair trial.

Now ABC has applied the docu-drama technique to an even more explosive subject. On this Friday and Sunday, ABC will broadcast "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," a four-hour film dealing with what might have happened had JFK's accused assassin lived to face prosecution. It's an engrossing notion, but what emerges is a case study of the dangers of TV's pervasive new form. The docu-drama's creators maintain that they are offering America a salutary catharsis, an opportunity to discover whether Oswald would have been found guilty or innocent—and whether he acted alone or as part of a conspiracy. Yet by indiscriminately blending hard evidence with pure conjecture, ABC must stand accused of irresponsibility in the first degree. The verdict here is guilty as charged.

From inconsistencies in the Warren Commission Report, plus all manner of subsequent speculations, ABC has fashioned what amounts to a brief for the conspiracy theory. The two-part movie begins with a chilling re-enactment of the Dallas assassination, filmed at its actual Dealey Plaza locale. It goes on to trace the life of Oswald—portrayed as alternately arrogant and vulnerable by look-alike John Pleshette—in both America and Russia, and culminates in a lengthy trial pitting prosecutor Ben Gazzara against defense counsel Lorne Greene.

Gazzara voices his doubts right from the start. "A poor shlub who couldn't even hold a job is capable of planning a Presidential assassination?" he incredulously asks an aide. But a phone call from none other than "President Johnson" advises him not to try to look for a conspiracy because "there's no water in that well . . . and it wouldn't be good for the country." Sighs Gazzara: "I've just been told what to think." So have the viewers. There is not a shred of evidence that Johnson ever intruded in the assassination investigation. So much for establishing a factually objective tone.

Who Are 'They'? Now it is left to Greene to perforate the prosecution's one-man, one-gun case. As Gazzara looks on with sheepish admiration, Oswald's attorney reduces the state's witnesses to stammering cretins while Mother Oswald mutters from the audience, "They put my son up to it." Just who are

See Under

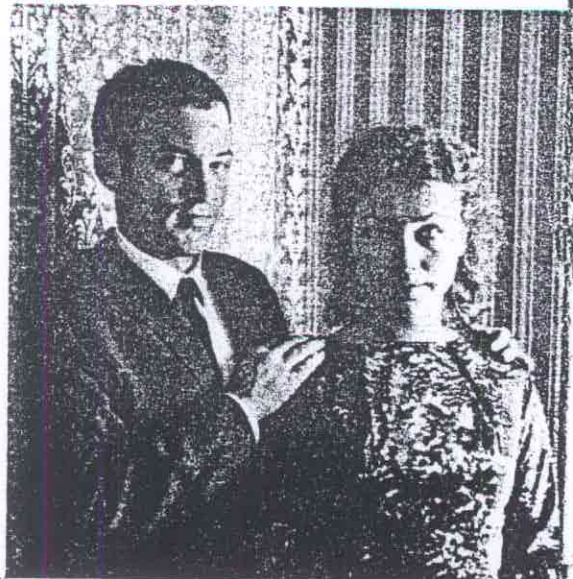
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"they"? In the manner of Perry Mason, Greene sets out to find out—and therein lies the show's cheapest shot. Conspiracy buffs have relentlessly tried to pin JFK's murder on both pro- and anti-Castro Cubans, the FBI, the CIA and even the Mafia. As Greene pursues leads to each of these links, the film keeps switching to dramatized flashback scenes in which Oswald is shown secretly meeting with a variety of sinister-looking figures. Obviously, someone is trying to recruit him for something.

Back in the present, Oswald's defense team reads conspiracy into the most nebulous of clues. One of their potential witnesses is found dead after being stabbed with an ice pick. "That sounds like the Mob," concludes Greene's assistant. A second witness expires in an automobile crash. "Another accident?" bellows Greene. The assistant then returns with an elaborate theory involving a CIA-Mafia connection motivated by the haziest of mutual interests. By the time Oswald himself takes the stand to deny his guilt, the audience has been conditioned to select a conspiracy to fit almost any prejudice.

A Fatal Covenant: Indeed, virtually every ingredient in this production seems subtly designed to inject yet another dose of paranoia into the national psyche. Ersatz TV newsreels of the trial keep cutting in and out, apparently to lend an aura of journalistic credibility to what is anything but journalism. Gazzara's prosecutor registers as one of those hyperambitious legal hustlers who gets ahead by knowing when to look the other way. The choice of Lorne Greene to play the wise old defense owl is almost guaranteed to make his myriad "Bonanza" fans accept whatever he avuncularly suggests. And Pleshette's Oswald ultimately emerges as the classic patsy. The film presents him as a man so determined to

• Pleshette as Oswald, Malone as Marina



prove his manhood to his sexually dissatisfied wife Marina (Mo Malone) that he enters into a fatal covenant without truly understanding either his partners or the stakes.

To hype suspense over the trial's outcome, ABC held back the film's verdict scene from its screenings for critics. The network, however, may have tipped its hand. In a future issue of TV Guide, ABC will poll viewers on their personal verdicts after they have seen "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald." Respondents will not only be asked whether they believe Oswald was guilty, but whether, as the mail-in ballot puts it, "he acted on his own." Expect the show's denouement to answer the first of those questions in the affirmative and to leave the conspiracy question ambiguously unresolved—at least for the record.

Shotgun Wedding: Producer Richard Freed has been trying to peddle his own Oswald show for more than a decade. Four major movie studios turned down the project in 1966, and all three television networks rejected it in 1972. ABC apparently decided that the time was finally right because, in Freed's view, "there's been an increased public awareness as a result of the things we learned about Watergate and the Vietnam war." In short, the legacy of public distrust that was spawned by actual abuses of governmental power can now be safely exploited by a shotgun wedding between history and hypothesis.

CBS also has a docu-drama in the works on the Kennedy tragedy, but its approach promises to be significantly different. "Ruby and Oswald" will confine itself almost entirely to sworn testimony before the Warren Commission and the script will be checked for accuracy by the network's news division. In fact, CBS has even considered hiring a full-time history specialist to review all of its upcoming docu-dramas. NBC also seems to be having some second thoughts about the genre, albeit not entirely of its own volition. Last week, NBC announced that it was shelving a docu-drama about the real-life 1972 mining disaster at Buffalo Creek, W. Va., after some of the survivors started new litigation against the coal company.

Unanswered Questions: Television has long been accused of timidity in tackling provocative issues, and it may well be to its credit that it now dares to deal with so sensitive an event as the Kennedy assassination. The Warren Report is not Holy Writ; the 26 volumes contain unanswered questions and apparent contradictions. The problem is whether the docu-drama form, with its penchant for showmanship at the expense of authenticity, is the proper vehicle for revisionist excursions. A full one-fourth of the U.S. population today is too young to remember what happened in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963. For their sake alone, the story of Lee Harvey Oswald would be better left to the history books.

—HARRY F. WATERS

Rolling Stone's New Trip

Rolling Stone magazine will be ten years old in November, and the quintessential counter-culture child has put on a suit, straightened up its act and begun hanging out with a different crowd. The biweekly tabloid just moved from a refurbished warehouse in San Francisco to plush offices in New York City—a move that ratified its shift in emphasis from rock stars and political dissidents to show-business and political celebrities. Some people think that the new moves are blurring Rolling Stone's identity and that the magazine risks losing the young, music-oriented readers who propelled it to success. But founder and editor Jann Wenner, 31, disagrees. "Music is more broadly defined now—the President can quote Bob Dylan—and Rolling Stone is about modern American culture," he says. "As we've grown, the magazine has just gotten better and more professional."

month, he launched a glossy new monthly, *Outside*, devoted to the outdoors. In November, CBS will broadcast his first foray into television, a two-hour, prime-time variety show, "Rolling Stone: The 10th Anniversary."

Star-studded: As Wenner prospers, he tends to gravitate toward money and power. He made his splashy debut in New York society in July 1976 by throwing a star-studded party for Jimmy Car-



Ron Galella

Wenner and Caroline, *Bella* cover: Hello New York

ter's campaign staff, and this summer he entertained fashionable friends at a Long Island home he rented for a reported \$27,500. Wenner now frequents the city's leading celebrity canteen, Elaine's, and he showed up last week at a film screening with no less a trio than Jackie Onassis and Caroline and John Kennedy. Such socializing has made him the target of gentle ridicule in *Doonesbury*, the Garry Trudeau comic strip, where he is characterized as "Yawn."

Wenner's new friends have also begun to people *Rolling Stone*, as subjects, contributors or both. In the past months, the magazine has run profiles of such once-unlikely choices as Princess Caroline of Monaco and fashion priestess Diana Vreeland. Jack Ford was a cover subject a year ago, before becoming an executive