

Jan '69

PLAYBILL FIFTEEN years ago, when PLAYBOY first hit the stands, it contained a grand total of 42 pages. In this, our Fifteenth Anniversary Issue, one feature alone—*The Decent Society*—occupies more than half that space. And well it should; for its 11 contributors have done no less than create a blueprint for change throughout every important aspect of American life. Each man was asked to set forth specific programs for social progress that can and should be undertaken today in order to assure that the America of ten or fifteen years hence will be—if not a "Great Society"—at least significantly more humane. Only somewhat less taxing than their assignments were our editors' fruitful efforts to persuade this group of extraordinarily busy public figures and writers to wrest themselves away from their myriad ongoing projects long enough to contemplate the state and prospects of the Union. During the Republican National Convention in August, for example, we were in almost constant communication with the staffs of Mayor John V. Lindsay and Senator Charles Percy about their contributions to our symposium. And both Mayor Lindsay and the eminent CCNY psychologist Dr. Kenneth Clark were racing our deadline during the frantic weeks of New York City's autumnal school crisis.

Also participating in this ambitious project: Theodore Sorensen, J. F. K.'s biographer and chief speechwriter, who since his White House years has joined a major New York law firm and become the editor at large of the *Saturday Review*; Peter Matthiessen, who is working on his fifth novel and is the author of four of the finest nature books ever produced; Edward P. Morgan, the iconoclastic ex-ABC news commentator, then hard at work on his second season with the outspokenly experimental Public Broadcast Laboratory, a Ford Foundation-backed venture in live noncommercial network television; and Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's science advisor and presently provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Among our other authors, Kenneth Tynan, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and the Reverend Harvey Cox are all familiar to regular PLAYBOY readers as previous contributors to the magazine—as are Percy, Lindsay and Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin as subjects of three of our best-received *Playboy Interviews*.

Implicit and explicit in the themes of several contributors to our *Decent Society* symposium is the explosive issue of law and order, the breakdown of which was tragically underscored last year by the assassination of two of America's most outspoken champions of human liberty—Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert F. Kennedy. In memoriam, we pay tribute to them in *Martyrs of Hope*. Dr. King, in his final

published statement, *A Testament of Hope*, completed just prior to his murder, implores white America to rectify the evils of racial inequality and economic segregation and points the way to "the promised land" of equal justice. Senator Kennedy was known well by both historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and novelist Budd Schulberg, who recall here, respectively, *R. F. K., the Statesman* and *R. F. K., the Man*.

The Fifteenth Anniversary Issue seemed an appropriate occasion for a light-hearted look at how PLAYBOY has changed America in the past decade and a half. With this in mind, nationally syndicated humorist (and contributor) Art Buchwald amusingly recalls *How Playboy Changed America*. Buchwald recently returned from the Soviet Union, where, he says, "one of the things all the intellectuals wanted to know about was PLAYBOY. The Soviet magazine *Abroad*, which publishes once a week, complained their budget was such that they couldn't subscribe to the magazine." (We sent them a gratis subscription for Christmas.) Artist LeRoy Neiman—whose work first appeared in these pages way back in September 1954—also traveled to Russia, where he spent six weeks sketching the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow and the Kirov in Leningrad. The colorful results mark his 35th *Man at His Leisure* feature. Neiman is presently commuting between his home base of New York and Atlanta, where he's working with children of all races in an art program for poverty-area youth. His future plans include painting a mural for the Monmouth Park, New Jersey, race track and a one-man show later this year at New York's Hammer Galleries. Predating even Neiman at PLAYBOY is Art Director Arthur Paul, who was Hefner's sole employee for the first issue. Since then, the magazine's artwork has garnered 452 honors from professional art associations. In *Fifteen Years of Award-Winning Art*, Paul displays some of the finest examples of contemporary magazine illustration—all of which form a permanent art exhibit on the walls of the Playboy Building.

Our holiday fiction bag abounds with treasures old and new. The old: *Ermyntude and Esmeralda* was written in 1913 by Lytton Strachey, one of the most famous biographers of eminent Victorians in English literature. This never-before-published manuscript, which we feel is destined to become a ribald classic, had been seen only by Strachey's intimate friends until English publisher Anthony Blond tracked it down. Among the new, Robert Coover's *Incident in the Streets of the City* is a bizarre black-humor tragicomedy of big-city alienation. One of the outstanding new American writers, Coover won the prestigious William Faulkner Award for the best first novel of 1966 with *The Origin of the*



DOUGLAS



PERCY



LINDSAY



KING



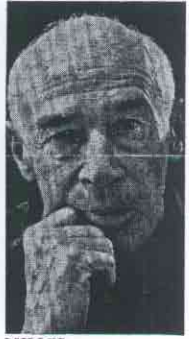
SCHLESINGER



SCHULBERG



TYNAN



MILLER



BUCHWALD



SORENSEN

Doesn't add much - goes with article I gave you - HR

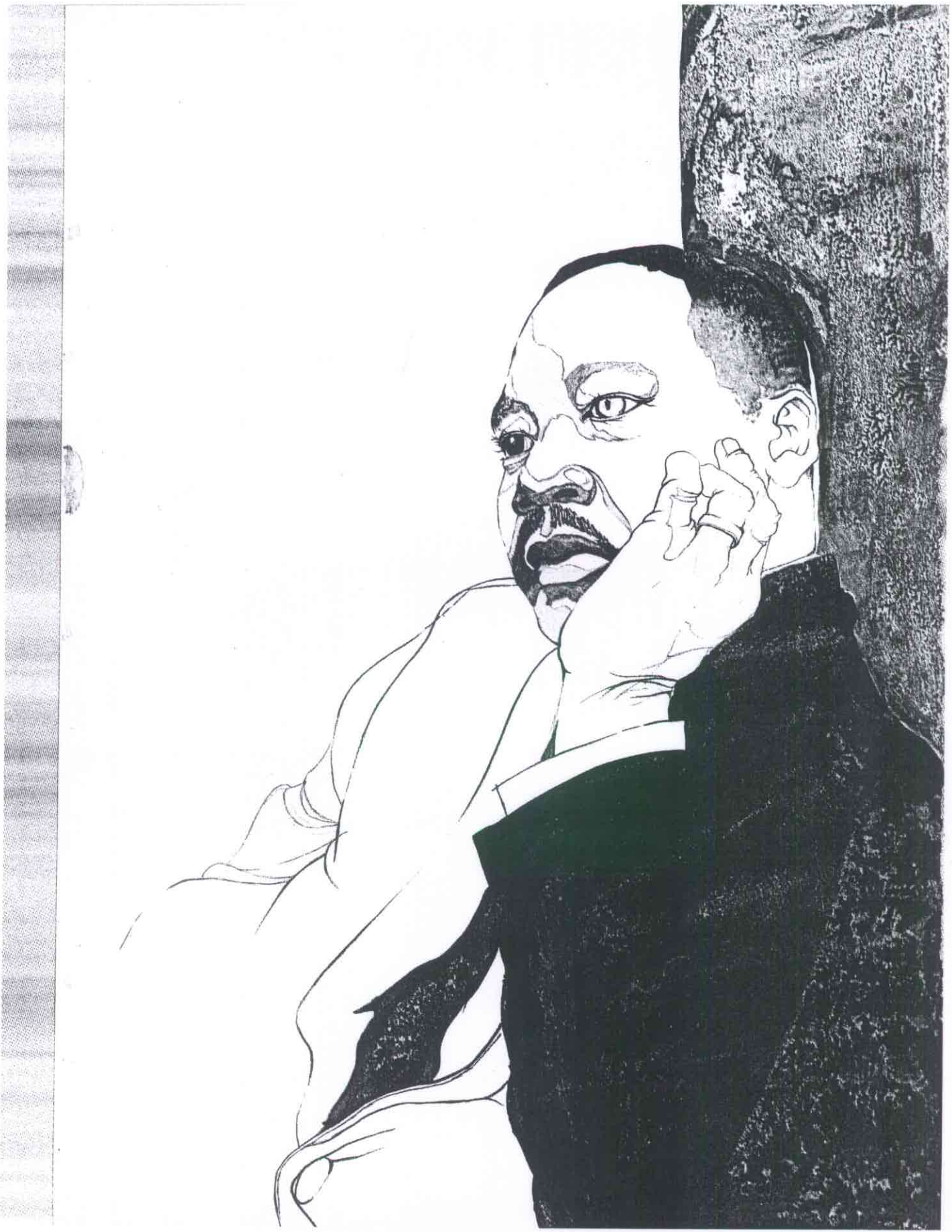
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MARTYRS OF HOPE:

MARTIN LUTHER KING AND ROBERT KENNEDY

a posthumous testament and tandem tributes to
america's murdered champions of human liberty

When Senator Robert F. Kennedy was informed of the murder of the Reverend Martin Luther King last April fourth, he was dining at an elegant restaurant in Indianapolis. As a group of prosperous bigots at a nearby table joyously toasted the assassination, Kennedy raced to the city's black ghetto, which was already beginning to seethe with unrest, and told a tense crowd, "I can understand your feelings; a member of my family was killed by a white man, too." Kennedy added, however, that violence was not the answer, that a human reconciliation could overcome both the assassin's rifle and the inequities of racial injustice. There was no violence in Indianapolis that night—but eight weeks later, Robert Kennedy lay dead in Los Angeles. The two men died under dramatically dissimilar circumstances. King had returned to Memphis in a desperate effort to salvage the remnants of his nonviolent movement. Kennedy had just delivered a ringing victory speech to euphoric followers after winning the California primary. King was unjustly scorned and dismissed by radical young Negro militants as an Uncle Tom whose Gandhiesque preachments masked a sellout to the white power structure. Kennedy, whose tardy entry into the race after Senator McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire had alienated some activist students, was galvanizing behind his campaign a growing segment of the nation's youth—as well as the overwhelming majority of Negroes, who trusted him as they did no other white politician. On the surface, the son of an Atlanta minister had little in common with the heir to a wealthy and high-powered political dynasty. Yet of all American leaders, the two men most dramatically and sincerely articulated the aspirations of America's second-class citizens—Indians, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans and poor whites, as well as the angry masses of black Americans. The tragic coincidence of their deaths was rife with ominous implications concerning not only America's deepening climate of violence but the survival of their mission to bind the nation's racial wounds and heal its deep social and political divisions. Yet, despite the massive shock waves of their assassinations, their lives, like their deaths, will have been meaningless—and our prospects will be dark—if we allow the ideals and aspirations they embodied to be buried with them. The following three essays—a final testament of hope from Dr. King and moving remembrances of the public and the private Kennedy—eloquently articulate the dreams for which they lived and died, and appeal for a national rededication to their fulfillment.



A TESTAMENT OF HOPE

in his final published statement, the fallen civil rights leader points the way out of america's racial turmoil into the promised land of true equality

By DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

WHenever I am asked my opinion of the current state of the civil rights movement, I am forced to pause; it is not easy to describe a crisis so profound that it has caused the most powerful nation in the world to stagger in confusion and bewilderment. Today's problems are so acute because the tragic evasions and defaults of several centuries have accumulated to disaster proportions. The luxury of a leisurely approach to urgent solutions—the ease of gradualism—was forfeited by ignoring the issues for too long. The nation waited until the black man was explosive with fury before stirring itself even to partial concern. Confronted now with the interrelated problems of war, inflation, urban decay, white backlash and a climate of violence, it is now *forced* to address itself to race relations and poverty, and it is tragically unprepared. What might once have been a series of separate problems now merge into a social crisis of almost stupefying complexity.

I am not sad that black Americans are rebelling; this was not only inevitable but eminently desirable. Without this magnificent ferment among Negroes, the old evasions and procrastinations would have continued indefinitely. Black men have slammed the door shut on a past of deadening passivity. Except for the Reconstruction years, they have never in their long history on American soil struggled with such creativity and courage for their freedom. These are our bright years of emergence; though they are painful ones, they cannot be avoided.

Yet despite the widening of our stride, history is racing forward so rapidly that the Negro's inherited and imposed disadvantages slow him down to an infuriating crawl. Lack of education, the dislocations of recent urbanization and the hardening of white resistance loom as such tormenting roadblocks that the goal sometimes appears not as a fixed point in the future but as a receding point never to be reached. Still, when doubts emerge, we can remember that only yesterday Negroes were not only grossly exploited but negated as human beings. They were invisible in their misery. But the sullen and silent slave of 110 years ago, an object of scorn at worst or of pity at best, is today's angry man. He is vibrantly on the move; he is forcing change, rather than waiting for it in pathetic futility. In less than two decades, he has roared out of slumber to change so many of his life's conditions that he may yet find the means to accelerate his march forward and overtake the racing locomotive of history.

These words may have an unexpectedly optimistic ring at a time when pessimism is the prevailing mood. People are often surprised to learn that I am an optimist. They know how often I have been jailed, how frequently the days and nights have been filled with frustration and sorrow, how bitter and dangerous are my adversaries. They expect these experiences to harden me into a grim and desperate man. They fail, however, to perceive the sense of affirmation generated by the challenge of embracing struggle and surmounting obstacles. They have no comprehension of the strength that comes from faith in God and man. It is possible for me to falter, but I am profoundly secure in my knowledge that God loves us; He has not worked out a design for our failure. Man has the capacity to do right as well as wrong, and his history is a path upward, not downward. The past is strewn with the ruins of the empires of tyranny, and each is a monument not merely to man's blunders but to his capacity to overcome them. While it is a bitter fact that in America in 1968, I am denied equality solely because I am black, yet I am not a chattel slave. Millions of people have fought thousands of battles to enlarge my freedom; restricted as it still is, progress has been made. This is why I remain an optimist, though I am also a realist, about the barriers before us. Why is the issue of equality still so far from solution (continued on page 194)

R.F.K.—HARBINGER OF HOPE

his political philosophy and his deep humanity are recalled by a distinguished colleague and a family friend

THE STATESMAN

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

IT IS HARD to write about a man murdered on the threshold of his highest possibility—hard because one recoils from the horror of the deed, hard because all one has left is speculation. Abraham Lincoln and John Kennedy at least had their time in the White House before they were shot down. Robert Kennedy was denied the full testing of his gifts. No one can say now what sort of President he might have been. But one can say something, I believe, about the nature of his impact on American politics and the character of his legacy.

When he was killed, Robert Kennedy was seeking the Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party. This fact automatically defines the traditions with which he began. He was, first of all, a Kennedy; and that is a tradition by itself. It meant that he was committed to courage, public service, self-discipline, ambition, candor, asking questions, getting things done, finishing first, children, banter, dogs, physical fitness and other life-enhancing goals.

It also meant that this total and ardent commitment to life was enveloped by a somber apprehension of human mortality. His oldest brother was killed in the War, his next oldest by an assassin; his sister and three of his wife's family died in airplane accidents; his younger brother nearly died in an airplane accident. Every Kennedy had to make his personal treaty with tragedy. Robert Kennedy read Aeschylus and Camus and evolved a sort of Christian stoicism and existentialism that gave him both a fatalism about life and an understanding that man's destiny was to struggle against his fate. No one would have been less surprised by the way his own life came to an end.

He also inherited a tradition as a Democrat. In this century, the Democratic Party has been the popular party in America, the party of human rights and social justice. His father had been a conservative Democrat who first supported and then deplored Franklin Roosevelt. The

THE MAN

By BUDD SCHULBERG

I FIRST MET Bob Kennedy eight years ago, through an unlikely intermediary—the late, ir-repressible Hollywood producer Jerry Wald. Wald called me at my home in Mexico City to ask me if I would be interested in writing the screenplay of Kennedy's then-recent best seller, *The Enemy Within*. He told me that the Attorney General had chosen me from a list of five likely screenwriters Jerry had sent him. I said that was interesting. I was curious to know why.

"Bobby"—Jerry began, being the kind of bubbly character who would, on first meeting, have called De Gaulle "Charley" and Einstein "Al"—"Bobby says he loved *On the Waterfront* and he's read quite a few of your pieces in magazines and he feels you haven't lost your zing for social causes." So I'd like you to fly up right away—I'll meet you in Washington tomorrow and then, if Bobby likes you personally, we can fly right back to Hollywood and work out the terms; so call me back and let me know what time you're coming in—I'll meet you at the airport or send the limo for you—what hotel do you like—Hay Adams? The Carlton?—I'll reserve a suite for you and—"

"Jerry—wait a minute! I'm glad he likes *Waterfront* and the other stuff, but I need time to think. I have to reread the book in terms of how I feel it could work as a picture—"

"You can be doing that on the plane," Jerry broke in.

"Hold it, Jerry—I need time. And then—this thing about personally liking me goes both ways. You say he has to have screenplay approval—"

"Budd, it's his book, and he is the Attorney General and—"

"Jerry, I need the kind of creative freedom I've had with Kazan, like a playwright in the theater. It could be that the Attorney General is too—"

I didn't use the word "arrogant," but of course it was on my mind. All those news

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHELLY CANTON



THE STATESMAN

Kennedy sons grew up with a broad faith in the political and economic ends of liberalism, along with a prickly suspicion of liberals. The New Deal background saved the Kennedy family from the primitive business mistrust of government. But something about the assumptions and manners of New Dealers set their teeth on edge. "I was caught in crosscurrents and eddies," John Kennedy once said. "It was only later that I got into the stream of things."

It was later yet for Robert Kennedy, who was born in 1925 and for whom the Thirties were a time of faint offstage noises. The smallest of the Kennedy boys, he had no doubt early resorted to pugnacity as a means of survival. Norman Mailer's description in 1960 accurately conveyed the impression Robert Kennedy made as a young man. He looked, wrote Mailer, like "one of those unreconstructed Irishmen from Kirkland House one always used to have to face in the line in Harvard house football games. 'Hello,' you would say . . . as you lined up for the scrimmage after the kickoff, and his type would nod and look away, one rock glint of recognition your due for living across the hall from each other all through freshman year, and then bang, as the ball was passed back, you'd get a bony king-hell knee in the crotch."

I had been a friend of his two older brothers but did not know Bobby in his youth. His fling with the McCarthy committee confirmed one's worst suspicions. (Need one point out now that his investigation had to do with the trade of our allies with Communist China during the Korean War and not with McCarthyism as it is generally understood today?) My first encounter with him was an altercation. In 1954, he wrote a letter about Yalta to *The New York Times*; I denounced it in a subsequent letter, and a further irritated exchange, ignored by the *Times*, passed between us privately. (All this highly entertained his brother John.) When I finally met him in Adlai Stevenson's 1956 campaign, we looked on each other with vigorous suspicion. But the vicissitudes of campaign travel threw us together and, to my astonishment, I found him entirely agreeable and even funny. We quickly became friends. Later, I always found it hard to take seriously the picture of Robert Kennedy the implacable grudge bearer.

The circumstances of the Fifties cast him in the public mind as a prosecutor—first with McCarthy and then as the counsel of the racket-investigations committee. He was good at it, too—tough, resourceful and persevering. But he had qualities that distinguished him from the other prosecutors in our politics—from Thomas E. Dewey, for example, or from Richard M. Nixon. Above all, he was curious, open-minded and prepared to learn. The rackets committee exposed him to the labor movement, but it exposed him to the United Auto Workers as well as to the Teamsters. (continued on page 241)

THE MAN

stories about the hard-nosed, ruthless younger brother of the wise and sophisticated President. Instead, I said something like, "If he turns out to be difficult, or if he wants to tell me how to write it, or if it turns out I just plain don't like him. . . ."

"Don't like him! You're talking about the number-two man in the whole United States! Do you realize when this picture comes out, it will be the biggest thing in America, we'll open it in Washington, we'll invite the entire Senate, the whole Cabinet, we'll probably have dinner with the President in the White House and——"

"For God's sake! Jerry, let me call you after I've had a chance to think it over."

Naturally, Jerry called me every day during that week, more often twice than once. On the last day, he called at eight o'clock in the morning, saying it was becoming increasingly embarrassing for him to find ways of explaining to the Attorney General why we would not rush to Washington as soon as we heard that he was willing to meet with us.

"Tell him I can't come until I'm ready." I held my ground, but I was beginning to feel as if I were clinging to a mast in a hurricane.

It was in that mood that I finally met Bob Kennedy, not exactly with a chip on my shoulder but neither like the endearingly frenetic Wald, ready to salaam to "the number-two man in America."

About a week later, Jerry and I were having dinner at the big, lived-in white farmhouse called Hickory Hill. The Attorney General could not have looked younger or more unlike an Attorney General of the United States if he had been played by Paul Newman or Warren Beatty. There were quite a few of us at that dinner table. Mrs. Kennedy, and Pierre Salinger and a number of Kennedy aides, some of them members of the Justice Department, like Walter Sheridan, later a key figure in the Hoffa case. Others were members of his "kitchen" cabinet, or one might more accurately describe it as "touch football" cabinet—bright and well-informed young journalists. Nothing much was said in the first ten minutes of our dinner. Small talk, Jerry being both anxious and amusing. Pierre entertaining. Ethel Kennedy open and friendly. Young Mr. Kennedy seemed extremely pleasant, if far more reserved and shy than I had imagined. I had expected to get through dinner in an atmosphere that might be described as defensive congeniality and that we would not get down to the business of the book until the coffee and the cognac. But we barely had begun on the main course when I heard a reedy, rather wistful voice, challenging me with a quiet directness for which I was not prepared. "Well, Mr. Schulberg, of course we are all waiting to hear what you think of the book. Did you like it?"

All those eyes around the table turned from the Attorney General (continued on page 246)

A TESTAMENT OF HOPE (continued from page 175)

in America, a nation that professes itself to be democratic, inventive, hospitable to new ideas, rich, productive and awesomely powerful? The problem is so tenacious because, despite its virtues and attributes, America is deeply racist and its democracy is flawed both economically and socially. All too many Americans believe justice will unfold painlessly or that its absence for black people will be tolerated tranquilly.

Justice for black people will not flow into society merely from court decisions nor from fountains of political oratory. Nor will a few token changes quell all the tempestuous yearnings of millions of disadvantaged black people. White America must recognize that justice for black people cannot be achieved without radical changes in the structure of our society. The comfortable, the entrenched, the privileged cannot continue to tremble at the prospect of change in the *status quo*.

Stephen Vincent Benét had a message for both white and black Americans in the title of a story, *Freedom Is a Hard Bought Thing*. When millions of people have been cheated for centuries, restitution is a costly process. Inferior education, poor housing, unemployment, inadequate health care—each is a bitter component of the oppression that has been our heritage. Each will require billions of dollars to correct. Justice so long deferred has accumulated interest and its cost for this society will be substantial in financial as well as human terms. This fact has not been fully grasped, because most of the gains of the past decade were obtained at bargain rates. The desegregation of public facilities cost nothing; neither did the election and appointment of a few black public officials.

The price of progress would have been high enough at the best of times, but we are in an agonizing national crisis because a complex of profound problems has intersected in an explosive mixture. The black surge toward freedom has raised justifiable demands for racial justice in our major cities at a time when all the problems of city life have simultaneously erupted. Schools, transportation, water supply, traffic and crime would have been municipal agonies whether or not Negroes lived in our cities. The anarchy of unplanned city growth was destined to confound our confidence. What is unique to this period is our inability to arrange an order of priorities that promises solutions that are decent and just.

Millions of Americans are coming to see that we are fighting an immoral war that costs nearly 30 billion dollars a year, that we are perpetuating racism, that we are tolerating almost 40,000,000

poor during an overflowing material abundance. Yet they remain helpless to end the war, to feed the hungry, to make brotherhood a reality; this has to shake our faith in ourselves. If we look honestly at the realities of our national life, it is clear that we are not marching forward; we are groping and stumbling; we are divided and confused. Our moral values and our spiritual confidence sink, even as our material wealth ascends. In these trying circumstances, the black revolution is much more than a struggle for the rights of Negroes. It is forcing America to face all its interrelated flaws—racism, poverty, militarism and materialism. It is exposing evils that are rooted deeply in the whole structure of our society. It reveals systemic rather than superficial flaws and suggests that radical reconstruction of society itself is the real issue to be faced.

It is time that we stopped our blithe lip service to the guarantees of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. These fine sentiments are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, but that document was always a declaration of intent rather than of reality. There were slaves when it was written; there were still slaves when it was adopted; and to this day, black Americans have not life, liberty nor the privilege of pursuing happiness, and millions of poor white Americans are in economic bondage that is scarcely less oppressive. Americans who genuinely treasure our national ideals, who know they are still elusive dreams for all too many, should welcome the stirring of Negro demands. They are shattering the complacency that allowed a multitude of social evils to accumulate. Negro agitation is requiring America to re-examine its comforting myths and may yet catalyze the drastic reforms that will save us from social catastrophe.

In indicting white America for its ingrained and tenacious racism, I am using the term "white" to describe the majority, not all who are white. We have found that there are many white people who clearly perceive the justice of the Negro struggle for human dignity. Many of them joined our struggle and displayed heroism no less inspiring than that of black people. More than a few died by our side; their memories are cherished and are undimmed by time.

Yet the largest part of white America is still poisoned by racism, which is as native to our soil as pine trees, sagebrush and buffalo grass. Equally native to us is the concept that gross exploitation of the Negro is acceptable, if not commendable. Many whites who concede that Negroes should have equal access to public facilities and the untrammelled right to vote cannot understand that we do not intend to remain in the basement of the economic struc-

ture; they cannot understand why a porter or a housemaid would dare dream of a day when his work will be more useful, more remunerative and a pathway to rising opportunity. This incomprehension is a heavy burden in our efforts to win white allies for the long struggle.

But the American Negro has in his nature the spiritual and worldly fortitude to eventually win his struggle for justice and freedom. It is a moral fortitude that has been forged by centuries of oppression. In their sorrow and their hardship, Negroes have become almost instinctively cohesive. We band together readily; and against white hostility, we have an intense and wholesome loyalty to one another. But we cannot win our struggle for justice all alone, nor do I think that most Negroes want to exclude well-intentioned whites from participation in the black revolution. I believe there is an important place in our struggle for white liberals and I hope that their present estrangement from our movement is only temporary. But many white people in the past joined our movement with a kind of messianic faith that they were going to save the Negro and solve all of his problems very quickly. They tended, in some instances, to be rather aggressive and insensitive to the opinions and abilities of the black people with whom they were working; this has been especially true of students. In many cases, they simply did not know how to work in a supporting, secondary role. I think this problem became most evident when young men and women from elite Northern universities came down to Mississippi to work with the black students at Tougaloo and Rust colleges, who were not quite as articulate, didn't type quite as fast and were not as sophisticated. Inevitably, feeling of white paternalism and black inferiority became exaggerated. The Negroes who rebelled against white liberals were trying to assert their own equality and to cast off the mantle of paternalism.

Fortunately, we haven't had this problem in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Most of the white people who were working with us in 1962 and 1963 are still with us. We have always enjoyed a relationship of mutual respect. But I think a great many white liberals outside S. C. L. C. also have learned this basic lesson in human relations, thanks largely to Jimmy Baldwin and others who have articulated some of the problems of being black in a multi-racial society. And I am happy to report that relationships between whites and Negroes in the human rights movement are now on a much healthier basis.

In society at large, abrasion between the races is far more evident—but the hostility was always there. Relations today are different only in the sense that

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A TESTAMENT OF HOPE

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Negroes are expressing the feelings that were so long muted. The constructive achievements of the decade 1955 to 1965 deceived us. Everyone underestimated the amount of violence and rage Negroes were suppressing and the vast amount of bigotry the white majority was disguising. All-black organizations are a reflection of that alienation—but they are only a contemporary way station on the road to freedom. They are a product of this period of identity crisis and directionless confusion. As the human rights movement becomes more confident and aggressive, more nonviolently active, many of these emotional and intellectual problems will be resolved in the heat of battle, and we will not ask what is our neighbor's color but whether he is a brother in the pursuit of racial justice. For much of the fervent idealism of the white liberals has been supplemented recently by a dispassionate recognition of some of the cold realities of the struggle for that justice.

One of the most basic of these realities was pointed out by the President's Riot Commission, which observed that the nature of the American economy in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries made it possible for the European immigrants of that time to escape from poverty. It was an economy that had room for—even a great need for—unskilled manual labor. Jobs were available for willing workers, even those with the educational and language liabilities they had brought with them. But the American economy today is radically different. There are fewer and fewer jobs for the culturally and educationally deprived; thus does present-day poverty feed upon and perpetuate itself. The Negro today cannot escape from his ghetto in the way that Irish, Italian, Jewish and Polish immigrants escaped from their ghettos 50 years ago. New methods of escape must be found. And one of these roads to escape will be a more equitable sharing of political power between Negroes and whites. Integration is meaningless without the sharing of power. When I speak of integration, I don't mean a romantic mixing of colors, I mean a real sharing of power and responsibility. We will eventually achieve this, but it is going to be much more difficult for us than for any other minority. After all, no other minority has been so constantly, brutally and deliberately exploited. But because of this very exploitation, Negroes bring a special spiritual and moral contribution to American life—a contribution without which America could not survive.

The implications of true racial integration are more than just national in scope. I don't believe we can have world peace until America has an "integrated"

foreign policy. Our disastrous experiences in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have been, in one sense, a result of racist decision making. Men of the white West, whether or not they like it, have grown up in a racist culture, and their thinking is colored by that fact. They have been fed on a false mythology and tradition that blinds them to the aspirations and talents of other men. They don't really respect anyone who is not white. But we simply cannot have peace in the world without mutual respect. I honestly feel that a man without racial blinders—or, even better, a man with personal experience of racial discrimination—would be in a much better position to make policy decisions and to conduct negotiations with the underprivileged and emerging nations of the world (or even with Castro, for that matter) than would an Eisenhower or a Dulles.

The American Marines might not even have been needed in Santo Domingo, had the American ambassador there been a man who was sensitive to the color dynamics that pervade the national life of the Dominican Republic. Black men in positions of power in the business world would not be so unconscionable as to trade or traffic with the Union of South Africa, nor would they be so insensitive to the problems and needs of Latin America that they would continue the patterns of American exploitation

that now prevail there. When we replace the rabidly segregationist chairman of the Armed Services Committee with a man of good will, when our ambassadors reflect a creative and wholesome interracial background, rather than a cultural heritage that is a conglomeration of Texas and Georgia politics, then we will be able to bring about a qualitative difference in the nature of American foreign policy. This is what we mean when we talk about redeeming the soul of America. Let me make it clear that I don't think white men have a monopoly on sin or greed. But I think there has been a kind of collective experience—a kind of shared misery in the black community—that makes it a little harder for us to exploit other people.

I have come to hope that American Negroes can be a bridge between white civilization and the nonwhite nations of the world, because we have roots in both. Spiritually, Negroes identify understandably with Africa, an identification that is rooted largely in our color; but all of us are a part of the white-American world, too. Our education has been Western and our language, our attitudes—though we sometimes tend to deny it—are very much influenced by Western civilization. Even our emotional life has been disciplined and sometimes stifled and inhibited by an essentially European upbringing. So, although in one sense we are neither, in another sense we are both Americans and Africans. Our very bloodlines are a mixture. I hope and feel that out of the univer-



"Sorry to bother you, chief, but we had a little disturbance in the dolly works!"

sality of our experience, we can help make peace and harmony in this world more possible.

Although American Negroes could, if they were in decision-making positions, give aid and encouragement to the underprivileged and disenfranchised people in other lands, I don't think it can work the other way around. I don't think the nonwhites in other parts of the world can really be of any concrete help to us, given their own problems of development and self-determination. In fact, American Negroes have greater collective buying power than Canada, greater than all four of the Scandinavian countries combined. American Negroes have greater economic potential than most of the nations—perhaps even more than *all* of the nations—of Africa. We don't need to look for help from some power outside the boundaries of our country, except in the sense of sympathy and identification. Our challenge, rather, is to organize the power we already have in our midst. The Newark riots, for example, could certainly have been prevented by a more aggressive political involvement on the part of that city's Negroes. There is utterly no reason Addonizio should be the mayor of Newark, with the Negro majority that exists in that city. Gary, Indiana, is another tinderbox city; but its black mayor, Richard Hatcher, has given Negroes a new faith in the effectiveness of the political process.

One of the most basic weapons in the fight for social justice will be the cumulative political power of the Negro. I can foresee the Negro vote becoming consistently the decisive vote in national elections. It is already decisive in states that have large numbers of electoral votes. Even today, the Negroes in New York City strongly influence how New York State will go in national elections, and the Negroes of Chicago have a similar leverage in Illinois. Negroes are even the decisive balance of power in the elections in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. So the party and the candidate that get the support of the Negro voter in national elections have a very definite edge, and we intend to use this fact to win advances in the struggle for human rights. I have every confidence that the black vote will ultimately help unseat the diehard opponents of equal rights in Congress—who are, incidentally, reactionary on all issues. But the Negro community cannot win this victory alone; indeed, it would be an empty victory even if the Negroes *could* win it alone. Intelligent men of good will everywhere must see this as their task and contribute to its support.

The election of Negro mayors, such as Hatcher, in some of the nation's larger cities has also had a tremendous psychological impact upon the Negro. It has

shown him that he has the potential to participate in the determination of his own destiny—and that of society. We will see more Negro mayors in major cities in the next ten years, but this is not the ultimate answer. Mayors are relatively impotent figures in the scheme of national politics. Even a white mayor such as John Lindsay of New York simply does not have the money and resources to deal with the problems of his city. The necessary money to deal with urban problems must come from the Federal Government, and this money is ultimately controlled by the Congress of the United States. The success of these enlightened mayors is entirely dependent upon the financial support made available by Washington.

The past record of the Federal Government, however, has not been encouraging. No President has really done very much for the American Negro, though the past two Presidents have received much undeserved credit for helping us. This credit has accrued to Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy only because it was during their Administrations that Negroes began doing more for themselves. Kennedy didn't voluntarily submit a civil rights bill, nor did Lyndon Johnson. In fact, both told us at one time that such legislation was impossible. President Johnson did respond realistically to the signs of the times and used his skills as a legislator to get bills through Congress that other men might not have gotten through. I must point out, in all honesty, however, that President Johnson has not been nearly so diligent in *implementing* the bills he has helped shepherd through Congress.

Of the ten titles of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, probably only the one concerning public accommodations—the most bitterly contested section—has been meaningfully enforced and implemented. Most of the other sections have been deliberately ignored. The same is true of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, which provides for Federal referees to monitor the registration of voters in counties where Negroes have systematically been denied the right to vote. Yet of the some 900 counties that are eligible for Federal referees, only 58 counties to date have had them. The 842 other counties remain essentially just as they were before the march on Selma. Look at the pattern of Federal referees in Mississippi, for example. They are dispersed in a manner that gives the appearance of change without any real prospect of actually shifting political power or giving Negroes a genuine opportunity to be represented in the government of their state. There is a similar pattern in Alabama, even though that state is currently at odds with the Democratic Administration in Washington because of George Wallace. Georgia, until just re-

cently, had no Federal referees at all, not even in the hard-core black-belt counties. I think it is significant that there are no Federal referees at all in the home districts of the most powerful Southern Senators—particularly Senators Russell, Eastland and Talmadge. The power and moral corruption of these Senators remain unchallenged, despite the weapon for change the legislation promised to be. Reform was thwarted when the legislation was inadequately enforced.

But not all is bad in the South, by any means. Though the fruits of our struggle have sometimes been nothing more than bitter despair, I must admit there have been some hopeful signs, some meaningful successes. One of the most hopeful of these changes is the attitude of the Southern Negro himself. Benign acceptance of second-class citizenship has been displaced by vigorous demands for full citizenship rights and opportunities. In fact, most of our concrete accomplishments have been limited largely to the South. We have put an end to racial segregation in the South; we have brought about the beginnings of reform in the political system; and, as incongruous as it may seem, a Negro is probably safer in most Southern cities than he is in the cities of the North. We have confronted the racist policemen of the South and demanded reforms in the police departments. We have confronted the Southern racist power structure and we have elected Negro and liberal white candidates through much of the South in the past ten years. George Wallace is certainly an exception, and Lester Maddox is a sociological fossil. But despite these anachronisms, at the city and county level, there is a new respect for black votes and black citizenship that just did not exist ten years ago. Though school integration has moved at a depressingly slow rate in the South, it *has* moved. Of far more significance is the fact that we have learned that the integration of schools does not necessarily solve the inadequacy of schools. White schools are often just about as bad as black schools, and integrated schools sometimes tend to merge the problems of the two without solving either of them.

There *is* progress in the South, however—progress expressed by the presence of Negroes in the Georgia House of Representatives, in the election of a Negro to the Mississippi House of Representatives, in the election of a black sheriff in Tuskegee, Alabama, and, most especially, in the integration of police forces throughout the Southern states. There are now even Negro deputy sheriffs in such black-belt areas as Dallas County, Alabama. Just three years ago, a Negro could be beaten for going into the county courthouse in Dallas County; now Negroes share in running it. So there *are* some changes. But the changes

are basically in the social and political areas; the problems we now face—providing jobs, better housing and better education for the poor throughout the country—will require money for their solution, a fact that makes those solutions all the more difficult.

The need for solutions, meanwhile, becomes more urgent every day, because these problems are far more serious now than they were just a few years ago. Before 1964, things were getting better economically for the Negro; but after that year, things began to take a turn for the worse. In particular, automation began to cut into our jobs very badly, and this snuffed out the few sparks of hope the black people had begun to nurture. As long as there was some measurable and steady economic progress, Negroes were willing and able to press harder and work harder and hope for something better. But when the door began to close on the few avenues of progress, then hopeless despair began to set in.

The fact that most white people do not comprehend this situation—which prevails in the North as well as in the South—is due largely to the press, which molds the opinions of the white community. Many whites hasten to congratulate themselves on what little progress we Negroes have made. I'm sure that most whites felt that with the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, all race problems were automatically solved. Because most white people are so far removed from the life of the average Negro, there has been little to challenge this assumption. Yet Negroes continue to live with racism every day. It doesn't matter where we are individually in the scheme of things, how near we may be either to the top or to the bottom of society; the cold facts of racism slap each one of us in the face. A friend of mine is a lawyer, one of the most brilliant young men I know. Were he a white lawyer, I have no doubt that he would be in a \$100,000 job with a major corporation or heading his own independent firm. As it is, he makes a mere \$20,000 a year. This may seem like a lot of money and, to most of us, it is; but the point is that this young man's background and abilities would, if his skin color were different, entitle him to an income many times that amount.

I don't think there is a single major insurance company that hires Negro lawyers. Even within the agencies of the Federal Government, most Negro employees are in the lower echelons; only a handful of Negroes in Federal employment are in upper-income brackets. This is a situation that cuts across this country's economic spectrum. The Chicago Urban League recently conducted a research project in the Kenwood community on the South Side. They discovered that the average educational grade level

of Negroes in that community was 10.6 years and the median income was about \$4200 a year. In nearby Gage Park, the median educational grade level of the whites was 8.6 years, but the median income was \$9600 per year. In fact, the average white high school dropout makes as much as, if not more than, the average Negro college graduate.

Solutions for these problems, urgent as they are, must be constructive and rational. Rioting and violence provide no solutions for economic problems. Much of the justification for rioting has come from the thesis—originally set forth by Franz Fanon—that violence has a certain cleansing effect. Perhaps, in a special psychological sense, he may have had a point. But we have seen a better and more constructive cleansing process in our nonviolent demonstrations. Another theory to justify violent revolution is that rioting enables Negroes to overcome their fear of the white man. But they are just as afraid of the power structure after a riot as before. I remember that was true when our staff went into Rochester, New York, after the riot of 1964. When we discussed the possibility of going down to talk with the police, the people who had been most aggressive in the violence were afraid to talk. They still had a sense of infe-

riority; and not until they were bolstered by the presence of our staff and given reassurance of their political power and the rightness of their cause and the justness of their grievances were they able and willing to sit down and talk to the police chief and the city manager about the conditions that had produced the riot.

As a matter of fact, I think the aura of paramilitarism among the black militant groups speaks much more of fear than it does of confidence. I know, in my own experience, that I was much more afraid in Montgomery when I had a gun in my house. When I decided that, as a teacher of the philosophy of nonviolence, I couldn't keep a gun, I came face to face with the question of death and I dealt with it. And from that point on, I no longer needed a gun nor have I been afraid. Ultimately, one's sense of manhood must come from within him.

The riots in Negro ghettos have been, in one sense, merely another expression of the growing climate of violence in America. When a culture begins to feel threatened by its own inadequacies, the majority of men tend to prop themselves up by artificial means, rather than dig down deep into their spiritual and cultural wellsprings. America seems to have

wanes, irrational militarism increases. In this sense, President Kennedy was far more of a statesman than President Johnson. He was a man who was big enough to admit when he was wrong—as he did after the Bay of Pigs incident. But Lyndon Johnson seems to be unable to make this kind of statesmanlike gesture in connection with Vietnam. And I think that this has led, as Senator Fulbright has said, to such a strengthening of the military-industrial complex of this country that the President now finds himself almost totally trapped by it. Even at this point, when he can readily summon popular support to end the bombing in Vietnam, he persists. Yet bombs in Vietnam also explode at home; they destroy the hopes and possibilities for a decent America.

In our efforts to dispel this atmosphere of violence in this country, we cannot afford to overlook the root cause of the riots. The President's Riot Commission concluded that most violence-prone Negroes are teenagers or young adults who, almost invariably, are underemployed ("underemployed" means working every day but earning an income below the poverty level) or who are employed in menial jobs. And according to a recent Department of Labor statistical report, 24.8 percent of Negro youth are currently unemployed, a statistic that does not include the drifters who avoid the census takers. Actually, it's my guess that the statistics are very,

whelmingly urgent. The President's Riot Commission recommended that funds for summer programs aimed at young Negroes should be increased. New York is already spending more on its special summer programs than on its year-round poverty efforts, but these are only tentative and emergency steps toward a truly meaningful and permanent solution. And the negative thinking in this area voiced by many whites does not help the situation. Unfortunately, many white people think that we merely "reward" a rioter by taking positive action to better his situation. What these white people do not realize is that the Negroes who riot have given up on America. When nothing is done to alleviate their plight, this merely confirms the Negroes' conviction that America is a hopelessly decadent society. When something positive is done, however, when constructive action follows a riot, a rioter's despair is allayed and he is forced to re-evaluate America and to consider whether some good might eventually come from our society after all.

But, I repeat, the recent curative steps that have been taken are, at best, inadequate. The summer poverty programs, like most other Government projects, function well in some places and are totally ineffective in others. The difference, in large measure, is one of citizen participation; that is the key to success or failure. In cases such as the Farmers' Marketing Cooperative Associa-

tion in the black belt of Alabama and the Child Development Group in Mississippi, where the people were really involved in the planning and action of the program, it was one of the best experiences in self-help and grass-roots initiative. But in places like Chicago, where poverty programs are used strictly as a tool of the political machinery and for dispensing party patronage, the very concept of helping the poor is defiled and the poverty program becomes just another form of enslavement. I still wouldn't want to do away with it, though, even in Chicago. We must simply fight at both the local and the national levels to gain as much community control as possible over the poverty program.

But there is no single answer to the plight of the American Negro. Conditions and needs vary greatly in different sections of the country. I think that the place to start, however, is in the area of human relations, and especially in the area of community-police relations. This is a sensitive and touchy problem that has rarely been adequately emphasized. Virtually every riot has begun from some police action. If you try to tell the people in most Negro communities that the police are their friends, they just laugh at you. Obviously, something desperately needs to be done to correct this. I have been particularly impressed by the fact that even in the state of Mississippi, where the FBI did a significant training job with the Mississippi police, the police are much more courteous to Negroes than they are in Chicago or New York. Our police forces simply must develop an attitude of courtesy and respect for the ordinary citizen. If we can just stop policemen from using profanity in their encounters with black people, we will have accomplished a lot. In the larger sense, police must cease being occupation troops in the ghetto and start protecting its residents. Yet very few cities have really faced up to this problem and tried to do something about it. It is the most abrasive element in Negro-white relations, but it is the last to be scientifically and objectively appraised.

When you go beyond a relatively simple though serious problem such as police racism, however, you begin to get into all the complexities of the modern American economy. Urban transit systems in most American cities, for example, have become a genuine civil rights issue—and a valid one—because the layout of rapid-transit systems determines the accessibility of jobs to the black community. If transportation systems in American cities could be laid out so as to provide an opportunity for poor people to get meaningful employment, then they could begin to move into the mainstream of American life. A good example of this problem is my home city of

Atlanta, where the rapid-transit system has been laid out for the convenience of the white upper-middle-class suburbanites who commute to their jobs downtown. The system has virtually no consideration for connecting the poor people with their jobs. There is only one possible explanation for this situation, and that is the racist blindness of city planners.

The same problems are to be found in the areas of rent supplement and low-income housing. The relevance of these issues to human relations and human rights cannot be overemphasized. The kind of house a man lives in, along with the quality of his employment, determines, to a large degree, the quality of his family life. I have known too many people in my own parish in Atlanta who, because they were living in overcrowded apartments, were constantly bickering with other members of their families—a situation that produced many kinds of severe dysfunctions in family relations. And yet I have seen these same families achieve harmony when they were able to afford a house allowing for a little personal privacy and freedom of movement.

All these human-relations problems are complex and related, and it's very difficult to assign priorities—especially as long as the Vietnam war continues. The Great Society has become a victim of the war. I think there was a sincere desire in this country four or five years ago to move toward a genuinely great society, and I have little doubt that there would have been a gradual increase in Federal expenditures in this direction, rather than the gradual decline that has occurred, if the war in Vietnam had been avoided.

One of the incongruities of this situation is the fact that such a large number of the soldiers in the Armed Forces in Vietnam—especially the front-line soldiers who are actually doing the fighting—are Negroes. Negroes have always held the hope that if they really demonstrate that they are great soldiers and if they really fight for America and help save American democracy, then when they come back home, America will treat them better. This has not been the case. Negro soldiers returning from World War One were met with race riots, job discrimination and continuation of the bigotry that they had experienced before. After World War Two, the GI Bill did offer some hope for a better life to those who had the educational background to take advantage of it, and there was proportionately less turmoil. But for the Negro GI, military service still represents a means of escape from the oppressive ghettos of the rural South and the urban North. He often sees the Army as an avenue for educational opportunities and job training. He sees in the military uniform a symbol of dignity that has long been denied him by socie-

ty. The tragedy in this is that military service is probably the only possible escape for most young Negro men. Many of them go into the Army, risking death, in order that they might have a few of the human possibilities of life. They know that life in the city ghetto or life in the rural South almost certainly means jail or death or humiliation. And so, by comparison, military service is really the lesser risk.

One young man on our staff, Hosea Williams, returned from the foxholes of Germany a 60-percent-disabled veteran. After 13 months in a veterans' hospital, he went back to his home town of Attapulgus, Georgia. On his way home, he went into a bus station at Americus, Georgia, to get a drink of water while waiting for his next bus. And while he stood there on his crutches, drinking from the fountain, he was beaten savagely by white hoodlums. This pathetic incident is all too typical of the treatment received by Negroes in this country—not only physical brutality but brutal discrimination when a Negro tries to buy a house, and brutal violence against the Negro's soul when he finds himself denied a job that he knows he is qualified for.

There is also the violence of having to live in a community and pay higher consumer prices for goods or higher rent for equivalent housing than are charged in the white areas of the city. Do you know that a can of beans almost always costs a few cents more in grocery chain stores located in the Negro ghetto than in a store of that same chain located in the upper-middle-class suburbs, where the median income is five times as high? The Negro knows it, because he works in the white man's house as a cook or a gardener. And what do you think this knowledge does to his soul? How do you think it affects his view of the society he lives in? How can you expect anything but disillusionment and bitterness? The question that now faces us is whether we can turn the Negro's disillusionment and bitterness into hope and faith in the essential goodness of the American system. If we don't, our society will crumble.

It is a paradox that those Negroes who have given up on America are doing more to improve it than are its professional patriots. They are stirring the mass of smug, somnolent citizens, who are neither evil nor good, to an awareness of crisis. The confrontation involves not only their morality but their self-interest, and that combination promises to evoke positive action. This is not a nation of venal people. It is a land of individuals who, in the majority, have not cared, who have been heartless about their black neighbors because their ears are blocked and their eyes blinded by the tragic myth that Negroes endure abuse without pain or complaint. Even when protest flared and

denied the myth, they were fed new doctrines of inhumanity that argued that Negroes were arrogant, lawless and ungrateful. Habitual white discrimination was transformed into white backlash. But for some, the lies had lost their grip and an internal disquiet grew. Poverty and discrimination were undeniably real; they scarred the nation; they dirtied our honor and diminished our pride. An insistent question defied evasion: Was security for some being purchased at the price of degradation for others? Everything in our traditions said this kind of injustice was the system of the past or of other nations. And yet there it was, abroad in our own land.

Thus was born—particularly in the young generation—a spirit of dissent that ranged from superficial disavowal of the old values to total commitment to wholesale, drastic and immediate social reform. Yet all of it was dissent. Their voice is still a minority; but united with millions of black protesting voices, it has become a sound of distant thunder increasing in volume with the gathering of storm clouds. This dissent is America's hope. It shines in the long tradition of American ideals that began with courageous minutemen in New England, that continued in the Abolitionist movement, that re-emerged in the Populist revolt and, decades later, that burst forth to elect Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. Today's dissenters tell the complacent majority that the time has come when further evasion of social responsibility in a turbulent world will court disaster and death. America has not yet changed because so many think it need not change, but this is the illusion of the damned. America must change because 23,000,000 black citizens will no longer live supinely in a wretched past. They have left the valley of despair; they have found strength in struggle; and whether they live or die, they shall never crawl nor retreat again. Joined by white allies, they will shake the prison walls until they fall. America must change.

A voice out of Bethlehem 2000 years ago said that all men are equal. It said right would triumph. Jesus of Nazareth wrote no books; he owned no property to endow him with influence. He had no friends in the courts of the powerful. But he changed the course of mankind with only the poor and the despised. Naïve and unsophisticated though we may be, the poor and despised of the 20th Century will revolutionize this era. In our "arrogance, lawlessness and ingratitude," we will fight for human justice, brotherhood, secure peace and abundance for all. When we have won these—in a spirit of unshakable non-violence—then, in luminous splendor, the Christian era will truly begin.



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"I think he might once have been intolerant of liberals as such," his brother John said a year or two later, "because his early experience was with the high-minded, high-speaking kind who never get anything done. That all changed the moment he met a liberal like Walter Reuther."

I forget whose phrase "experiencing nature" is—T. S. Eliot's, I think—but that is what Robert Kennedy had, and it accounted for his fascinating development and peculiar power as a political leader. "I won't say I stayed awake nights worrying about civil rights before I became Attorney General," he once observed with characteristic frankness. Then, as Attorney General, he found himself in the center of the tensions generated by race and by poverty.

He set himself to fight the extra handicaps American law and order imposed on the blacks and the poor. He sent in Federal marshals and troops to put Negro students into Southern universities. He established an Office of Criminal Justice to help the poor have a fair break in the courts. As chairman of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, he helped invent a number of the programs that later went into the war against poverty—among them, the concepts of community action, of the maximum feasible participation of the poor and of a youth service corps (VISTA). He wanted, he liked to say, a Department of Justice, not a Department of Prosecution.

The particular quality of his experiencing nature was his power to perceive the world from the viewpoint of its casualties and its victims, his astonishing power of identification. When Robert Kennedy went into Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant, when he visited a sharecropper's cabin or an Indian reservation, these were *his* children with bloated bellies, *his* parents wasting away in dreary old age, *his* miserable hovels, *his* meager scraps for dinner. He saw it all, with personal intensity, from the inside; he was part of it. It was because those he came among felt this that they gave him so unreservedly their confidence and their love. Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan put it this way: "Thousands in this nation looked on Robert Kennedy and did not see a young man, richly endowed personally and financially. They saw, instead, a man who chose to face degradation, fatigue, ridicule—and even death—to be a champion for those who needed a champion."

This was the driving emotion of his political maturity: this passionate identification with the victims of the 20th Century. It accounted for his attitudes in foreign as well as in domestic affairs. "Although the world's imperfections may well call forth the acts of war," he

said in one of his Vietnam speeches, "righteousness cannot obscure the agony and pain those acts bring to a single child." He could not abide the thought of his nation as the dealer of indiscriminate death to innocent people. He was determined to bring the Vietnam war to an end and make sure there would be no more Vietnams in the future.

No one ever needed to explain to him the revolutionary ferocities in the developing countries. When he encountered students in Latin America or Africa or Asia indignant over oppression and injustice, he recognized that this would be his own indignation were he one of those students. He declined to see it as the American responsibility to crack down on popular aspirations for social change. "The worst thing we could do," he said, "would be to take as our mission the suppression of disorder and internal upheaval everywhere it appears." He well understood how we came through to the rest of the world—how what we saw as our desire to help other countries came through as a desire to run other countries, how our rectitude came through as arrogance. Because of this, he was always the advocate of restraint in foreign affairs. He did not want his nation to throw its weight around, nor force other nations against closed doors. America, as he saw it, would guide the world more effectively through its example than through its nuclear arsenal.

This power of identification was the raw material of his politics. But emotion by itself does not constitute a political creed. In the last four years of his life, as Senator from New York, Robert Kennedy began to convert emotion into philosophy and strategy. In doing so, he was, I believe, heading toward a basic reconstruction of American liberalism—a reconstruction that, had he become President, might have marked as emphatic a stage in the evolution of American democracy as that wrought in other times by Andrew Jackson or Franklin Roosevelt.

To transform emotion into politics, a democratic leader must have other qualities besides sympathy: He must have a sense of reality, an analytical understanding of the problems, an instinct for program and action, a capacity to rally a majority behind his policies and the will and skill to put policies into effect. He must, in short, unite ideas with power. This is what Robert Kennedy called "the politics of reality." He took from his brother the belief that "idealism, high aspirations and deep convictions are not incompatible with the most practical and efficient programs."

Ideas and power required meticulous and rigorous analysis of the facts. When he talked about the dilemma of black

children in the ghetto, for example, appalling statistics would pour out in an impassioned flow: that the average Harlem child loses ten points in his I. Q. between the third and the sixth grades, that only two percent of the 30,000 college-preparatory diplomas issued by New York City high schools in 1967 went to black teenagers. But defining problems, ruminating about them, was only the start. "How many people are going to suffer," he once asked, "how many children are going to die, and how many other children are going to be uneducated while somebody is trying to find a solution?"

As he thought about the defects of American society, he began to feel more and more keenly the limitations of the solutions left over from the New Deal and the Thirties. The New Deal approach—a vigorous national Government fighting depression by establishing minimum levels of economic and social security—had saved the country in a decade when general collapse had produced local demoralization. But national programs designed to give self-reliant men insurance against unemployment, sickness and old age did not, in his judgment, answer the problems of others who had inherited poverty and regarded it as a permanent condition, or of yet others debarred from opportunity because of the color of their skin.

It should be understood that he was not, in the manner of Barry Goldwater or Paul Goodman, inveighing against the national Government as such. He regarded the Federal role in supplying resources and setting standards as indispensable. Nor, when he talked of decentralization, was he arguing States' rights. He had no illusions about the superior virtue of local bureaucracies. He was talking about something different—about what he called, in a favorite word, "participation." He meant by this not at all a resort to the state and municipal units that had so long toadied to the local moguls but the creation of "new community institutions that local residents control and through which they can express their wishes." Such new institutions, he hoped, could build "self-sufficiency and self-determination within the communities of poverty," help the poor shape their own destiny and bring "not just individual residents but the entire community into the mainstream of American life."

"What we must seek," said Kennedy, "is not just greater programs but greater participation." The community-development corporation was his chosen instrument. Of course, such corporations could not succeed without Federal support, including tax credits and deductions for firms moving into poverty areas. But the vital aspect was the enlistment of the concern of the ghetto, as well as the capital of the surrounding community, 241

in the effort at regeneration. Though the Senatorial habit is to speak rather than act, Kennedy characteristically ignored precedent and acted. In 1966, he organized two corporations—one composed of residents of Bedford-Stuyvesant, the second-largest black ghetto in the land, the other of august New York financiers—to work together for the humanization of life in this sad and wasted New York enclave.

The key, he thought, was the creation of employment in the ghettos. Kennedy resisted the presently fashionable idea of a guaranteed annual income. Such schemes, he felt, could not provide the "sense of self-sufficiency, of participation in the life of the community, that is essential for citizens of a democracy." Let Government be not the patron of last resort but "the employer of last resort"; income maintenance could come later.

The approach was novel, and Kennedy's programs were worked out in impressive technical detail. But it would be nonsense to say that his philosophy and program accounted for his popularity. Most of his followers had no clear idea what he was proposing. They only had confidence in his motives and his purpose. So, like every American leader from George Washington on, Kennedy relied in part on personality to win support for policies. Recent events, however, had given the role of personality an even greater significance in American politics; and Kennedy was the beneficiary and, ultimately, the victim of this development. To understand all this, we must endure a digression into the question of the New Politics.

This enigmatic phrase in recent months had been more uttered than understood. I do not claim to know precisely what others mean by it. But I take it that American political life has been undergoing a fundamental change as a result primarily of changes in the means of communication. Beneath his vaudeville, Marshall McLuhan has a fundamental point. The change began with radio but has assumed a new and decisive aspect with the rise of television and the public-opinion poll.

The effect of television and polling has been to hasten the dissolution of the traditional structures of American politics. For a century, a series of institutions—the political organization, the trade union, the farm organization, the ethnic group—has mediated between the politician and the voter, interpreting issues to their constituencies and rallying their constituencies for the campaign. These functions are now being taken over by the mass media. The result will soon be to liquidate the traditional brokers of American politics, leaving candidates face to face with a

diffused and highly sensitive public opinion.

The Old Politics is becoming a self-perpetuating myth—a myth kept alive by the political professionals, who have a vested interest in its preservation, and by newspapermen, who spend most of their time interviewing political professionals. The people have meanwhile struck out on their own. They base their judgments each evening on Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley and register their views each week through Louis Harris and George Gallup. They regard the old political establishment with contempt and respond to any candidate who sets himself against the old faces. The antiestablishment candidates appeal above all to the students, who thus far have been the only ones to develop modes of organization that will work in the electronic age. In short, the old, slow-motion broker politics is now giving way to the politics of instantaneous mass participation.

There were, of course, charismatic politicians before television. But the electronic media have intensified the impact of personality on politics—even while they have made the fabrication of artificial personae more difficult. Eugene McCarthy, whose acolytes proudly describe him as an antihero, uses television with great subtlety and skill—far more effectively than the paladins of the Old Politics such as Nixon and Humphrey. As for Kennedy, his very directness, impatience and absence of self-consciousness made him a natural for the new media. McLuhan himself recently handed down his verdict:

Now that Bob Kennedy has left that scene, it is easier to see how much bigger he was than the mere candidate role he undertook to perform. His many hidden dimensions appeared less on the rostrum than in his spontaneous excursions into the ghettos and in his easy rapport with the surging generosity of young hearts. He strove to do good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. It was this [reluctant hero] quality that gave integrity and power to his TV image.

And TV did the rest. So Kennedy was mobbed, touched and caressed far more than the charismatic idols of the past—Franklin Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan or Andrew Jackson—ever were.

Kennedy himself regarded all this without enthusiasm and with characteristic fatalism. He did not like having cuff links torn from his wrists or shoes from his feet; and he well knew that men who become symbols of issues court the attention of fanatics. But he knew also that personal leadership was an indispensable means of welding dispa-

rate groups together in a common cause.

It was this cause he carried in 1968 to prosperous suburbs and complacent country towns in Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon and California. He insisted on describing the shameful things he had seen in America to people who did not want to hear about them. He kept saying, in his flat, vibrant voice, "This is not acceptable. . . . I think we can do better." Many felt threatened by his sense of crisis and his summons to change. It became fashionable to say that he was a "divisive" figure. No doubt he was divisive in the chambers of commerce and the country clubs. But in the context of the great and terrible divisions in American society—affluent America *vs.* impoverished America, white America *vs.* black America, middle-aged America *vs.* young America—Robert Kennedy was the most unifying figure in our politics.

To understand his political thrust, we must suffer another digression. Political commentators for some time have been reading obituaries over what they call the Roosevelt coalition—that combination of the working classes, the ethnic minorities and the intellectuals that F. D. R. put together in the era when income provided the line of division in American politics. In New Deal days, the low-income groups supported not only the programs of economic redistribution from which they derived direct benefit but also F. D. R.'s policies of social reform, internationalism and civil freedom. Now, the pundits say, economic issues are less important; issues of freedom and foreign policy are more important; and, in consequence, the dividing line in our present politics is no longer income but education. The low-income groups, being also the least educated, have turned against the liberal ideals of F. D. R. On Negro rights, civil liberties and foreign policy, they take the most primitive positions: They can't wait to crack down on the blacks, imprison the agitators and bomb hell out of the North Vietnamese. The A. F. L.-C. I. O. is thus more reactionary on foreign policy than the United States Chamber of Commerce.

On the other hand, the higher the degree of education, the greater the degree of enlightenment on noneconomic issues. Therefore, according to the pundits, the new liberal coalition must organize the college-educated—suburbanites, technicians, intellectuals, socially conscious businessmen, church groups—in a new rally of the illuminati; as for the proletariat, leave that to George Wallace. So the anointed Eugene McCarthy summed it up last May before a college audience at Corvallis, Oregon. The polls, McCarthy said, showed that Robert Kennedy ran best "among the less intelligent

and less educated people in America. And I don't mean to fault them for voting for him, but I think that you ought to bear that in mind as you go to the polls here."

Robert Kennedy said to hell with that. He persisted in caring about the "less educated." Unlike McCarthy, he did not regard them as necessarily less intelligent; and he was not prepared to hand them over to George Wallace. He did not suppose they had changed all that much since the Thirties. He understood that they had followed Roosevelt then on issues outside their daily concern—such as civil rights, civil liberties and foreign policy—not because they had clear views on these issues but because they had a confidence in Roosevelt founded in his leadership on the issues that *were* part of their daily concern. Kennedy was sure that they could be reclaimed for political decency. He had the power to reconstitute the Roosevelt coalition—and add to it the new groups of John Kenneth Galbraith's industrial state, especially the managers and the students. (It was an intense sorrow for him that his hesitation in entering the Presidential competition of 1968 lost him the support of so many among the young and in the intellectual community; these he regarded as his natural constituency.)

The reconstruction of the New Deal coalition was well under way last spring. In Indiana, for example, Kennedy, like F.D.R. before him, carried both black and backlash precincts. Paul Cowan of *The Village Voice*, reporting in July on George Wallace in Massachusetts, wrote, "I realized for the first time how important Robert Kennedy's candidacy had been. He was the last liberal politician who could communicate with white working-class America." How far we have moved since the days of the New Deal! Kennedy was also, of course, the white politician who communicated best with nonwhite America.

The fact that personality played so vital a part in his appeal led some fastidious souls in 1968, in understandable recoil from the overweening ego of Lyndon Johnson, to condemn the whole idea of strong political personalities. For a moment, it even began to be fashionable to flinch from the very idea of a strong President. Senator McCarthy, the first liberal in this century to campaign *against* the Presidency, said in August of John Kennedy: "What I regret is the way he personalized the Presidency. I know that Johnson has done this, but I think he has done it defensively as things have got more and more out of control. Jack did it almost deliberately. He brought all the new men in and conveyed the impression that all power radiated from the Presidency."

Robert Kennedy rejected the peculiar

belief in the virtues of a weak Presidency. He understood that we were heading into perilous times, that the ties that had precariously bound Americans together were under almost intolerable strain and that cutting back Presidential authority could be a disastrous error at just the time when only a strong President could deal effectively with our most difficult and urgent problem: racial justice. As never before, he felt, the President had to be the tribune of the disinherited and the dispossessed. He perceived this need more lucidly than anyone else, and he *alone* tried to fill it; no other candidate—least of all the other "liberal," McCarthy—even saw the point. No other candidate offered such a possibility—indeed, any serious possibility—of serving as a bridge between the alienated groups and middle-class America.

Kennedy thus became the champion of those who in the past had been the constituents of no one. Some champions of forgotten men—Hitler, Huey Long, Pierre Poujade, George Wallace—sought only rancor and destruction. Others—Jackson, Lloyd George, Roosevelt—sought to redress grievance and give society a new sense of community. Kennedy's resolve was to use the Presidency to lead the excluded groups into full and healthy participation in American society. He was the representative of the unrepresented in American politics—and their hope for re-entry into American life. These were the people who swarmed over his car when he was alive, who stood with weeping faces by the railroad tracks when the funeral train carried his body from New York to Washington.

This was the politics of Robert Kennedy: He understood the terrible angers boiling up within our society; he identified himself with the need for recognition and opportunity on the part of those whom "respectable" America had made outcasts and untouchables; and he saw the Presidency as the instrument through which to bring about progress and justice within the constitutional order.

He brought to this politics his own distinctive personal qualities. He perceived the future as plastic, mysterious, requiring adventure and fortitude and forever testing man's will and hope. He constantly responded to challenge, including some challenges visible to no one else; there were always more rapids he had to shoot and mountains to climb. Living with intensity, he gave everything he had to life. Some, of course, misunderstood, or refused to understand, what he was all about. They supposed him hard, ruthless, unfeeling, unyielding, a hater. In fact, he was exceptionally gentle and considerate, bluntly honest, profoundly idealistic and extremely funny, the best

of husbands and fathers, the dearest of friends. He loved his fellow citizens and was prepared to trust himself to them. The quality of his love was such that it would have survived the deprived and terrifying act that destroyed him.

He was a brilliant and devoted man, superbly equipped by intelligence, judgment and passion to discharge great national tasks. He was, indeed, better prepared for the Presidency than his brother had been in 1960. His experience had been wider and he had been exposed to more of the agonizing problems of his country and the world. His freedom from conventionality and his instinctive candor of mind and heart penetrated to fundamentals and stimulated those around him to fresh insight and sympathy. He was our nation's most promising leader. I agree with Senator George McGovern, who, while Robert Kennedy was still alive, said that, if elected, he would become "one of the three or four greatest Presidents in our national history."

The destiny of nations is not likely to be settled by the destiny of individuals. Yet leadership can make a vast difference—as in our own day, one way or another, the lives of Churchill and Roosevelt, of Gandhi and Lenin, of Hitler and Mussolini, of Tito and Mao, of De Gaulle and John Kennedy have plainly shown. No one can doubt that our country has lost immeasurably in the years to come through the murders of John and Robert Kennedy. They were brought to death by the worst in America—the self-righteousness, the bigotry, the relish of hatred, the idiotic belief that violence is proof of virility—as they succeeded so greatly in life because they rallied the best in the nation they loved: the idealism, the bravery, the self-mocking humor, the faith in freedom and reason.

And what of the Kennedy legacy? "The good of man," said Aristotle, "must be the end of the science of politics." Robert Kennedy's last campaign set forth in a compelling way the agenda for American politics in the Seventies: the need to move beyond middle-class myopia and to embrace the disinherited and the dispossessed in a new circle of humanity and justice.

"Our future may lie beyond our vision," said Robert Kennedy in South Africa, "but it is not completely beyond our control. It is the shaping impulse of America that neither fate nor nature nor the irresistible tides of history, but the work of our own hands, matched to reason and principle, will determine destiny. There is pride in that, even arrogance, but there is also experience and truth. In any event, it is the only way we can live."

THE MAN (continued from page 178)

to me. I wasn't ready for public discussion. I felt uneasy under the steady gaze of my host and this roomful of important strangers. So, hesitatingly, rather arrogantly, and perhaps even ruthlessly, I plunged in. "I told Jerry—it's a long flight from Mexico City—I wouldn't have come if I hadn't liked the book."

I could see Kennedy's eyes taking this in. We were still strangers. But there was something in his silence that made me wonder if he wasn't the only one in the room who did not object to the tone or content of the answer.

The next question—as I was to learn in time—was typically R. F. K.: "Well, was there anything about the book that you didn't like?"

I felt he was the kind of man who could accept nothing less than the flat-out truth. So I said, Yes, there were a few things in it that had disturbed me. I could feel a gentle pressure on my foot from the shoe of my friend Jerry Wald. "I think we'd all be interested in what you have to say," Kennedy said. With a nervous glance at Jerry and the watchful faces around the table, I went on:

"There is one chapter about how hard everybody worked. How the aides stayed in their offices until after midnight—how they caught planes at three in the morning—how they arrived in other cities and went right to work on their cases without any sleep. . . ."

"Yes?" Bob Kennedy said in a completely noncommittal tone. I couldn't tell if I was getting through or arousing his "arrogance." And I could feel Wald's continuing pressure on my foot.

"Well—what struck me was, why shouldn't you all work hard? A lot of people in this country, when they get deeply involved in what they're doing, happily work around the clock. I thought there was something slightly self-righteous about that chapter. And we taxpayers could react, 'Aside from the fact that your staff obviously is dedicated to fighting corruption and your book does make that awfully clear—we pay them to work hard.'"

By this time, Jerry was deftly kicking me in the shin. There was some self-defense from aides around the table and reproachful glances from members of the touch-football cabinet. But Bob Kennedy cut in: "You may have a point. The reason I wanted to write that chapter was to give credit to a lot of people who really did a lot of the tough, uphill, day-and-night investigation for which I, as chief counsel (the Senate racket committee), got most of the credit. But"—and he smiled in a way that was more wistful than ruthless—"maybe you and Jerry know more about this than we do. Maybe we should say, 'Go ahead, and call on us for any questions or technical material.'"

The meal was over and we were in the den. Bob poured a cognac for me. We had a chance to talk alone for a little while. This time, we discussed what I *did* like about the book. I said I was struck by the fact that it made so clear that every labor racketeer needs a capitalist as a coconspirator and that both of them are joined in a plot to undermine honest labor unionism and to subvert union contracts. And beyond that, what really attracted me was the theme—I had tried to point it out in my own books and films—there was something at the core of our society that was beginning to rot. From big businessmen cheating on or finding loopholes in their income tax to stealing millions from union treasuries, to preaching but not practicing true democracy. . . . I felt the book was much more than a vivid account of the extended hearings of the Senate racket committee. He had struck on a big theme—we are hardly in a position to preach or dictate to other countries and other systems until, as Kennedy had written, we defeat "the enemy within."

"Good, I'm glad you agree," he said. "I wrote those last pages very carefully—I didn't want the book to seem to be aimed against a single man or a single union. It is the society that produces a Beck or a Hoffa or a Johnny Dio. I don't know how you are able to bring that out in a picture, but that seems to me the only real reason for making the picture. If it comes off as well as *Waterfront*, it could help shake people out of their apathy. I think we agree about the creeping corruption—it is something the President hopes to check, to give the people a new sense of idealism, a sense of destiny that isn't just money-making and pleasure-seeking."

Since this writer has a good second-class ear but not the built-in tape recorder of an O'Hara, I cannot say that those were the exact words. But I do remember that they were said with quiet fervor and without pomposity. He cared about it. He felt it. Sometime in the future, he said, he would like to write more about the things in which he believed. He said he thought the next ten years would produce the turning point in our history—either an America infected with corruption or the rebirth of a spirit and idealism with which we had begun. He sounded very much like the conclusion of *The Enemy Within*, but he had a way of putting it simply and modestly; in fact, diffidently. He seemed almost boyishly pleased that I admired the book, both its content and its theme. For a man with a reputation for being dogmatic, he was surprisingly easy to talk to. He talked without any "side" and he listened well. But naturally,

he had some of the habits of an executive and he could not resist asking, "How long do you think it will take you to write the script?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "I haven't even read the material yet."

"But you said you read and then reread the book."

"I mean all the racket-committee hearings."

"I'm not sure you realize—they fill forty volumes."

"I wish you'd send them to me," I said. Bob asked an aide to get all the material together and send it to Mexico. I promised to read it all as fast as I could and to call him when Jerry and I were ready for the next meeting.

Bob Kennedy and Ethel walked us to the door, where we had to step over a black monster of a Newfoundland by the name of Brumus. "I don't know why Brumus picks this as his favorite place to sleep," Ethel said.

"And you have to step over him carefully," Bob said. "If you kick him by mistake, he may wake up in a bad mood and bite you."

"But he's wonderful with the children," Ethel came to Brumus' defense.

"Now, Ethel, he even bites them once in a while," Bob reminded her.

"Not really *hard*," said Ethel.

Bob walked us out to the car. "If you really read those hearings from cover to cover, I may have to write a chapter in my next book about how hard you work."

"That will also be boring," I said.

Bob smiled. You could tease him. And as I was to discover in the years to come, he could dish it out with a quick humor that somehow failed to color his public image.

On the way back to the Carlton, Jerry said, "Whew, Budd, I almost thought you blew it when you started to criticize the book. But it worked out great. Terrific!"

"Frankly, he surprised me, Jerry. I liked him. He's got a nice, keen mind, but he doesn't want to push us and he doesn't want to be fawned on. I wonder why it is that we've read nothing about him that describes or even suggests the way he seemed tonight."

I spent the next six weeks reading and underlining those 40 volumes. Long hours but fascinating reading. Testimony from big-city gangsters, corrupt city officials, company executives who solved their labor problems by buying off union "leaders" banished from the A. F. L.-C. I. O., honest rank-and-filers who fought to reform their unions and stood up to obscene punishment and sometimes death to defend their rights.

A few months later, I was back in Washington with an outline. This time, we met in a small den behind the office of the Attorney General. The spaciousness, the traditional paneling, the high

ceiling, the flag, gave it grandeur. The many crayon drawings by the Kennedy children lovingly pinned along the walls and the presence of Brumus stretched like a great shaggy rug beneath the American standard turned this otherwise impressive office into an informal home away from home. The hour was late, after the business of a long day had been concluded. Bob sat on the floor, leaning against the wall, with his knees drawn up and his arms around them, as I would see him do often, as I was to see him in his suite at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles a few minutes before midnight on the fourth of June, 1968.

I read, in my usual stammering voice, the opening sentences of my outline. The film would not feature the chief counsel of the racket committee and his staff but, instead, a prototype of a powerful labor racketeer. And we would see him first not as a villain but as a tough, likable, rank-and-file union member who is captain of the local bowling team. . . .

"I don't like it," said the crisp and rather formidable ex-Harvard football captain and Presidential aide Kenny O'Donnell.

"You haven't heard it yet," I said.

Bob nodded. "He's right, Kenny. He's worked hard on this. Let's hear him out."

When I came to the end, Bob made me a drink and took me aside. "I like it," he said. "I don't think any of us saw it like that at all. But—that's why you're here. I think I see what you're trying to do—put a character in the middle, something like you've done before, only on a much larger stage."

"Exactly," I said. "If I make the investigators the heroes, the leading characters, it will come out like a bigger *Untouchables*. A cops-and-robbers television show."

Bob nodded. "Don't get sore at Kenny. His instinct is to protect me. And yours is to protect your own ideas. I think it's going to work out all right." Then he asked me, since I was planning to stay over another day for some additional research, if I would like to come out for supper the following evening. There would be just a few friends, strictly informal, don't bother to wear a tie, no shoptalk.

The following evening, I learned what informality meant at Hickory Hill. There was a barbecue on the terrace, with Bob handling the hamburgers. Amid children, pets, guests and a few college-girl secretaries who seemed part of the family, the atmosphere was one of happy confusion. The hamburgers were ready before the salad was out of the kitchen. Bob's style at the barbecue wagon was noisily criticized by his guests, a motley of White House lieutenants, Justice Department subordinates and Harvard classmates. I don't

remember Bob's answers, only that they were funny. Over the years, I was to think many times how much wittier he was, and how much deeper, than people realized. With all that publicity, negative and positive, his true personality never seemed to come through to the nation as a whole—until it was too late.

If it seems as if I am seeing Bob Kennedy through the small end of the telescope in viewing him largely through his relationship to my dramatizing *The Enemy Within*, I think it is also true that Bob's behavior throughout that experience reveals many phases of his personality that were also brought to bear on the great issues that haunt us—bigotry and injustice, the sickening poverty of undeveloped nations, the alienation of the new generation. As I came to know Bob better with each meeting, phone call or exchange of letters, I felt I could relate his personal relations with me to his understanding of the social fault lines that threaten to shake and perhaps even bring down our civilization.

To jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, on one occasion he dropped me a short note to ask how I was coming with the script and then could not resist asking if I thought I could do "as great a job as you did with the *Waterfront*." Jerry Wald had planted the nerve-racking seed that this film would be greater than *Waterfront*, *Citizen Kane*, *La Dolce Vita* and *The Grand Illusion* combined. I was strung out from receiving Jerry's almost daily essays relating those films, not to mention *Hamlet* and *Oedipus Rex*, to what I was trying to write. So I answered Bob, rather testily, that asking me how I expected to do was not so different from asking Mickey Mantle if he thought he would hit a home run the next time he went to bat, or Johnny Unitas if he thought he would throw a touchdown pass on the next play from his own 20-yard line. In fact, I felt that was about where I was, on my own 20, and all I could tell him was what Johnny would tell him, "Bobby, all I can do is try."

A few days later, he sent a nice little note, appreciating the fact that we were both sports fans and saying he wouldn't add to the pressure by asking in advance for that touchdown pass. Just the same, I felt he would make a great playing manager. He had a fine sense of when to put the pressure on and when to take it off.

In the course of my writing the screenplay, we had only one real rhubarb, and the way he handled it was also revealing of the man. Inadvertently, it seemed I had written into the script a scene dealing with the wife of a labor racketeer whom I had invented. It was neither in *The Enemy Within* nor in the official transcripts of the hear-

ings, since Bob and the Senate committee had avoided the personal lives of the people whose corrupt practices were being examined. A friend of Bob's phoned me to say that R. F. K. was embarrassed by the scene, because it happened to be painfully similar to an actual incident. It could look as if Bob was using the film to make a personal attack on the wife of an official he was accusing of major crimes. Despite what some people believed, Bob was anxious to avoid hurting innocent people or to involve himself in personal vendettas.

I said I sympathized with Bob and did not want to embarrass him, but I also sympathized with myself. It was a strong scene. The fact that I had "invented" something that actually had happened proved its validity. By this time, I knew him pretty well. I warned him that this discussion could not be settled in a matter of minutes, and so back I went to the cozy den at Hickory Hill, to argue it out on a Sunday afternoon. A few of the aides were there, men I had come to admire, though I found them, through their very loyalty and dedication to Bob, somewhat less flexible than he was. They became a little sharp with me. After all, if the Attorney General of the United States asks you to take something out, you simply take it out. I said I couldn't work that way. There was a silence. I realize it was not exactly an earth-shaking event, compared with the tests being faced by the President and his most intimate advisor. But I felt pushed and nerved up. I told Bob I hated to make waves for him when I knew he had a lot more pressing things on his mind. At the same time, I had to remind him that I had tried to make it clear in the beginning that if Bob and his colleagues and Jerry Wald wanted an acquiescent adapter for this project, I was the wrong man for the job. There were some frowns, and even a glare or two, but not from Bob. That was the first time I saw the famous touch football go into action. "Look," Bob said, "it's a Sunday afternoon, a beautiful day, why don't we just go outside and throw the football around for a few minutes?"

We walked along together, Bob tossing the football a few feet in the air and catching it, as we headed for the field. "You feel awfully strongly about this?"

"Damn right I do." By this time, I was encouraged that we were on our way to an unusual film—with luck, the *Waterfront* on a national canvas that Jerry Wald was urging, the kind of picture Hollywood rarely, if ever, tries to make.

"I hate to fight you," I said. "Over these months I've been talking to you, I've come to respect you and like you a lot, but—"

"But you also believe in what you're doing," he said.

"Hell, yes! I believe in the theme of the book. I think you've touched a nerve. This country could be great—if it doesn't flounder, lose its way—if we can defeat—it's your title—your idea—*The Enemy Within*. But to get that theme across and not just preach at the people, it's got to be done through live people. And that's why I feel we need the scene with the wife and some of the other personal things I've added."

Bob nodded. "After a while, why don't you go back to the hotel and think it over. I will, too. Then come back for supper and we'll talk about it a little more."

After the game, I had to go back to the hotel and lie down. I hadn't run out for a pass like that since my late teen years at Deerfield Academy. Bob must have thrown one that went 60 yards. If ever there was a new event added to the Olympics, like the decathlon, but including football, mountain climbing, skiing, running rapids, ice skating, being an attentive and loving family man, bucking racketeers, bigots and warmongers, Bob would have been a shoo-in for the gold medal.

Later that evening, in that thoroughly lived-in house in McLean, Virginia, I stood in front of the fireplace and read—not stammering this time, because I was beginning to know Bob Kennedy, beginning to trust him as a friend—"The Kennedy-Schulberg Compromise." "In the spirit of the immortal Henry Clay . . ." I began.

Bob laughed. "We have a couple of high-powered lawyers in this room, but I have a terrible feeling we're going to lose this case."

Actually, we compromised it pretty well. I gave a little and they gave a little

and, as Bob said, "Everything worked out fine."

When the screenplay was completed, he phoned me—enthusiastic. He felt that I had dramatized the theme—a challenge to the country—in terms that would both entertain and move a large audience, as Jerry had hoped. He suggested I fly up to Washington, so that certain technical aspects of a Senate investigation could be corrected. And also, he said he had one criticism involving characterization that he would like to make.

Again, I returned to Hickory Hill. Bob was sitting in that favorite little den in his shirt sleeves. "Now I can tell you, even when Wald was calling and urging me to let him make a movie out of it, I could never really picture how anyone could get a *story* out of it." But then he called out to Ethel, "Ethel, dearest, I know you have had a hard day, but I wonder if you would be kind enough to bring me some ice cream. Is that too much to ask, Ethel, dearest?"

And Ethel answered sweetly, "No, of course not, Bobby, dear, after all those long hours you've been putting in at the office, working so hard for the people of this country. . . ."

And Bob replied in kind. And then Ethel. Until finally, I said, "OK, OK, I get the picture. You're right." It had been Bob's way of telling me that he thought the one false section of the script was the relationship of the young chief investigator and his wife, drawn from but not intended specifically to represent the Kennedys. I had made them too sentimental, too overtly loving and too talkative. The only thing Bob wasn't kidding about that evening was the ice cream. Ethel, now the devoted but brisk and offbeat wife for real, and not

the sugary version I had written and that they had just satirized so effectively—brought Bob a half-gallon carton of ice cream. If I remember correctly, he finished it all while discussing other points in the script. I had noticed, over what had been nearly a year now, that he was getting better and better as a dramatic critic. He did not limit himself to those sections involving his work and that of his colleagues on the Senate racket committee. In several cases, he suggested, since the script was over length, that I would seem to make my point in a scene and then extend it another six lines or so that were anticlimactic. In everything I had an opportunity to watch Bob do over the seven years I knew him, I found him an incredibly quick study. He read and he watched and he listened and he learned.

In this case, I said, "Bob, if you're ever out of work, feel free to call on me—at the rate you're improving, I'll happily recommend you as a story editor at 20th Century-Fox."

Bob grinned. "Thanks, I'll remember that. At the moment, I'm gainfully employed. But in this world, you never know."

In their thoughtful appreciation of Bob Kennedy, written in those first nightmare hours after we lost him in that cursed pantry of the Ambassador Hotel, Warren Rogers and Stanley Trelick of *Look* magazine, good and true friends of Bob's over a long period, added, "He was fun to be around. . . ." Everyone who knew him personally, with the exception of his enemies, would heartily agree. The kind of whimsical scene he had created to debunk one section of my script, rather than to come at it head on, made him a consistently entertaining companion. One morning, he asked me to breakfast at the family



apartment on Central Park South. Ed Guthman, his press officer, was there. It was 8:30 and Bob had just returned from Mass. "What would you fellas like for breakfast?" he asked. Ed and I both thought bacon and eggs would be fine. "A nice Catholic boy like me has to cook bacon and eggs on Friday for a couple of backsliding Jewish boys." But while we stood around in the small kitchen, Bob started, quite efficiently, to prepare the breakfast. Gore Vidal had just published what seemed to Bob's friends an incredibly malicious profile of Bob in a national magazine, managing to edit out all of his virtues and providing a professional job of character assassination in Gore's well-known waspish style. The bacon and eggs turned out fine and as Bob served them, clowning his solicitude, he said, "If only Gore Vidal could see me now—the lovable Bobby—standing over a hot stove to see that his friends get a good, nutritious start on the day."

We all laughed and I think I mumbled something about asking that magazine to give us equal time to refute Vidal's distortion of the Kennedy we knew. But behind the laughter and the wry humor, I felt a real hurt, even a sense of bafflement in Bob that his public image was so much closer to Vidal's caricature than to the actual, intensely human being we knew. And as I look back on that day, it seems a tragic irony that "equal time" for Bob Kennedy had to come in the form of a post-mortem.

If I emphasize the sense of fun in Bob Kennedy, it is only because that part of the total picture of the man seems to have been more blurred than any other. But I—and I speak for hundreds and scores of hundreds of others fortunate enough to have known him—also saw him when he was deadly serious. When something struck him as wrong or evil, it was his nature to root it out, or to try like hell—not tomorrow, but now. For instance, it may be a little-known fact that one of Bob's first acts as Attorney General was to ask how many Negroes there were among the 1500 lawyers in the Justice Department. The astonishing answer was, "About ten." Bob was shocked. Less than one percent! He said, "That number should be multiplied by ten, as soon as possible." The old bugaboo about "qualified personnel" was mentioned, the timeworn barrier to black advancement on professional and unionized technical levels. Here was Bob Kennedy at his best, which was as good as the country could get, maybe better than it will get for a long, long time. "Why can't we cut through this right away? I'll call the head of the Bar Association of every big city, get them to give me the names of the leading black lawyers in their communities. Then I'll call those lawyers and ask them if they're interested in coming to work for the Justice Department."

In a short time, there were more than 100 black lawyers in the department. I happened, quite accidentally, to walk in on a meeting in the big office of the Attorney General at which one of the new black recruits, attorney Charley Smith from Los Angeles, was giving his report to perhaps 30 other department attorneys on a complicated case of tax evasion. Some clever manipulator—not quite as clever as Smith, apparently—had moved his funds from one company to another and from one bank to another. Smith kept rattling off enormous figures, names of banks, various people through whose hands these large sums had passed—without ever referring to his notes. To a layman like me, it was a dazzling performance. And to many of the lawyers present, it was no less so. Over and over again, they would have to interrupt to say they had missed the last couple of points. "You've got to go a little slower, Charley," Bob said. "Remember, you not only know a lot more about this case but you're smarter than most of us." Smith smiled and ran his mind back a few hundred feet and then raced forward again, six- and seven-figure amounts pouring from him as from a human computer. "Now you see what's happened," Bob said to me at the end of the day, which meant fairly late into the evening. "Now we've got a lot of new lawyers and most of them are so smart we can't keep up with them."

I also happened to see Bob Kennedy on the day that James Meredith was ready for his effort to go through the color barrier at Ole Miss. The bigots in Oxford were out in full force that day and the governor himself was going to stand in the doorway of the university and refuse young Meredith his civil and human rights to an education at the state university. It has been said by his detractors that Bob didn't care, that he was merely going through the motions of supporting civil rights for political reasons. But I saw him that day and night, in direct contact with Big Jim McShane and the U. S. marshals trying to protect Meredith from the broken bottles, the stones and the obscenities. I remember Bob's saying to me, "I know it's only one"—he was much more sensitive to the debilitating concept of *tokenism* than his black critics may have realized—"but it's the first one, and then two and then four, eight, until everybody who's qualified to go to college gets his chance in that state. We have got to enforce the Constitution; and now that the Supreme Court has made that very clear, we've got to speed up the process. We've got to—it's the law, it's our moral obligation. . . ." Then he added, not as any kind of speech but as a human outcry, "Oh, God, I hope nothing happens to Meredith. I feel responsible for him. I promised we'd back him up all the way—and I'm worried for McShane and the

others, too. It seems so simple, so simple to us, and down there it's bloody hell."

Bob stayed up all through that night, getting minute-by-minute reports and even wondering if he should go down in person to help direct that battle. No one can ever tell me that Bob Kennedy was merely going through the motions of supporting human rights. He *lived* human rights; and just as he had telephoned Martin Luther King in jail in the earlier years of the civil rights struggle, he was at the end of his short life closer to understanding the cries, threats, demands and needs of the black ghettos than anyone else in high public life.

As for *The Enemy Within*, the picture never got made. Jerry Wald died and there seemed to be no one left in Hollywood courageous enough to produce it. It attacked labor racketeering and big-business corruption, which go together like the horse and carriage, the unhappy harnessing that continues to this day. On one occasion, a big, tough, corrupt labor boss walked into the office of a film-studio head and growled that if the studio dared make that picture, the film trucks that carried it would be overturned and there would be stink bombs in the theaters. A nationally known racketeer-lawyer, mentioned prominently in Bob's book, present at the Apalachin summit conference, heard that another studio was considering my screenplay and made it clear to everyone scheduled to attend the meeting (of which this important Syndicate member obviously had news in advance) that there would be *trouble*, and not merely legal trouble, if *The Enemy Within* was brought to the screen.

In the course of a long struggle to overcome that semi-invisible censorship, I would see Bob from time to time. I understood that it was not his role to ask any studio to produce his book. And he, in turn, understood my reluctance to give up a project into which I had poured so much time and passion. In time, I had to abandon the project (though never the dream of one day seeing it on film) and move on to other work—a Broadway musical, short stories, a magazine series on "The Waterfront Revisited," subtitled, "Jimmy Hoffa Is the Sewer Through Which the Mob Flows into the Labor Movement." Said Bob of that one, "You're getting tougher, meaner and more ruthless than I am!" By this time, we had moved from a healthy professional to a relaxed personal relationship. I would see him when I went East and often would spend an hour or an evening with him when he passed through Los Angeles.

After the August fires of 1965 told the world about Watts, I founded a small creative-writing class there that grew into the Watts Writers Workshop, with a resident center of its own, which the

writers called Douglass House, in honor of the ex-slave who taught himself to write, who escaped to the North and became one of the towering figures of the Abolition Movement and whose book *My Bondage and My Freedom* became one of the pivotal works of the pre-Civil War period. In the beginning, Douglass House was financed by my writing all the writers I knew and asking each one to contribute \$25 each month or \$300 a year. In my letter to Bob, I said I was appealing to him not as a Senator (as he since had become) but as a fellow writer. His check arrived with a note asking me to keep him in touch with our progress. From time to time, he would give me his observations on the growing black urban dislocation. From my experience in Watts, it seemed to me that he was one of the rare public figures who understood the marginal life, the inner tension, the growing alienation and the search for identity and self-development in the black ghettos. When we sent him our anthology, *From the Ashes: Voices of Watts*, he acknowledged it with a warm letter, saying he would like to pay a personal visit to the Workshop the next time he was in Los Angeles.

When he was in Los Angeles in May 1967, as part of a subcommittee with Senator Joe Clark holding public hearings in Watts, Bob asked me (at the home of Pierre Salinger on the eve of his going to Watts) if I could arrange an informal meeting for him, a private meeting, without publicity, at Douglass House. "And don't stack it with Uncle Toms or middle-of-the-roads. I'd like to hear from the militants, how they're really thinking. Formal hearings can only tell you so much. . . ."

Late the next afternoon, after the public hearings and an exhausting tour of a score of facilities in Watts, Bob accompanied Harry Dolan, director of the Watts Workshop, and me to our rendezvous. For more than 90 minutes, the kids in the Malcolm X sweaters, and a few of the oldsters who were almost as angry, let Bob have it. "What street did they bring you down?" a fierce 19-year-old demanded. "I bet they brought you down Century. Those phony city-hall handkerchiefheads showed you only what they want to show you. . . . We're sick of all this bouncin'-off-the-wall talk. . . . Why do our brothers do all the dying in Vietnam?" Bob mostly parried the questions that were more like accusations

of the entire white establishment, occasionally saying something personal and pointed, in his quiet, diffident way.

"You see," said the ebullient James Thomas Jackson, "we look on you as the boss cat. So we figure you should do something extra for us."

"I'll try. I'll try."

When I asked a talented, angry young man who was at the meeting and who had been one of the most vociferous what he thought, he said, "Hell, he's not as bad as some. But I'll bet he goes back to Washington and forgets all about it."

Interestingly, when Bob addressed a campaign luncheon at the Beverly Hilton on the Thursday before that final Tuesday, he said that when he had been in Watts a year earlier, a young man had accused him of seeing only the wide, clean streets of Watts, and that in the back yard of his mother's ramshackle house, the garbage was piled up, because the city did not offer the same facilities to poor blacks as it did to middle-class whites. At the Hilton, Bob went on to say that he tried to explain to the young man that while this was basically a municipal problem rather than one he could help solve in the Senate, at the same time he recognized the depth of the anger and he felt it was symbolic of the problems we must solve from Watts to Bedford-Stuyvesant, or sacrifice our claims on greatness with liberty and justice for all. He had remembered. He had a remarkable memory. As well as a unique capacity for indignation.

On the evening of June fourth, along with scores of other well-wishers, I was in one of the Kennedy suites on the fifth floor of the Ambassador, talking with friends—Sandy Vanocur, John Frankenheimer, Pete Hamill, George Plimpton—when Warren Rogers came in to tell me that Bob would like to talk to me for a few minutes before he went down to accept his victory in the Embassy Room. I went into a small room, where he was sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, with his arms around his knees, smoking a small cigar. In this moment of a key victory over Senator McCarthy in California, he looked less arrogant than ever. Again, the adjective "wistful" comes to mind. Wistful and concerned.

He asked me what I thought he ought to say. I do not want to make more of this than there is. Of course, he had talked to Sorensen, Schlesinger, and others, and knew from more astute advisors than I—and from his own deep instincts—exactly what he would like to say. I think he asked me because we were friends.

"Well, of course you know who won this election for you—" I began.

He smiled softly. "You are going to give me the speech about the eighty-five or ninety percent black vote and the



"I was thinking . . . uh . . . Dow Chemical."

Chicanos' practically one hundred percent."

"Bob, you're the only white man in this country they trust," I said.

He said, "Is Cesar Chavez downstairs? I was hoping he would be on the platform with me. I'd like to have you on the platform with me, too, if you'd like to." And then he brought up the Watts Writers Workshop and the Douglass House Theater. "I think you've touched a nerve," he said. "We need so many new ideas. I had one, about the private sector joining with the public to encourage business enterprise in the ghettos—to build jobs for people within their own community. I have a feeling of what they need, and must have. But we need so many ideas. We're way behind in ideas. I've learned a lot since you and I first talked about civil rights. I think this workshop idea of yours is kind of a throwback to the Federal Theater and Writers Project of the New Deal. We have to encourage not just mechanical skills and find jobs in those areas but creative talent—I saw it in Watts, at the Douglass House—so much talent to be channeled, strong self-expression. I'd like to see it on a national scale, with Federal help. I'll do everything I can. . . ."

Speaker of the California House Jesse Unruh came over to remind Bob that it was getting close to midnight, time to go down and acknowledge the victory and appear on national television. The voice of the able and practical professional.

All right, Bob said. He moved slowly. He did not seem excited or prideful. I do not think it is after the fact to say that his attitude struck me as resigned determination.

He turned to my wife, Geraldine, and to me, Warren Rogers and a few others now gathered around. "After I say a few words, I'll come through the pantry and meet you in that little pressroom."

That is how we happened to be so close to that pantry door, Warren and Geraldine and Pete Hamill and Booker Griffin and a few others, when we heard those shots that were to change the course of American life. The last words he said to me, as he started down the hall with Speaker Unruh and his entourage, were, "Budd, stick around, we'll talk later."

As I took my turns standing vigil at his bier in St. Patrick's, I looked into the faces of thousands of mourners who had come to say goodbye. Four out of five were poorly dressed and a disproportionate number were black or Puerto Rican. From the funeral train moving slowly to Washington, I looked into the thousands of faces lining the tracks and again it seemed undeniable that they were largely the common people, of whom Lincoln had said, "God must have loved them, because he made so many



"I know they're littler than we are, but that means they can hide better."

of them." Passing through Baltimore, it seemed as if its black citizenry had turned out en masse to well their voices in an unforgettable *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. When the funeral procession passed Resurrection City on its way to Arlington, the desperately poor of all colors lined the edge of their tragic encampment that had lost its black leader and its white champion within eight infamous and inconsolable weeks. In the drizzling darkness, we could not see their faces, only their flickering candles, as they, too, like their brothers along the way, lifted their voices in *The Battle Hymn*.

Feeling the presence of those people who could yet make a revolution or resign themselves to permanent poverty in a land of plenty, I was made even more painfully aware of our loss. Only Bob Kennedy was breathing a fresh new spirit into American politics, tired of the Johnsons, the Nixons and the Humphreys and unmoved by the intellectual aloofness of McCarthy. He was the human, perhaps the last remaining bridge between the best forces of the establishment and the revolutionaries—the angry students and the angry blacks, the dispossessed. With dangerous polarization, the conservatives and reactionaries behind Nixon mouthing platitudes, the speak no evil, see no evil of H. H. H. and the menace of the backlash Wallace movement, our country may be in for years of hell, disruption—it could be torn apart in the upheavals to come. How

desperately we needed Bob—I see him sitting on the floor, waiting to go down and take the applause (and the bullets waiting in the pantry corridor). Talking about the Watts Workshop and Chavez and the Chicanos—and meaning it.

That was Bobbyism—an advanced New Dealism getting ready for the Seventies, a style blending the popularism of the 19th Century with a feeling for the suffering caused by the dislocations of the late 20th Century. Nobody else had it—not Rockefeller, who is not a bad man but can't decide to be good enough; not Jack Javits, who is still the white Jewish liberal not quite digging the other ghetto; not McCarthy, who will never be at home with the poor, the working stiff or the unemployed or the black. Bobby had it.

The last remaining bridge? He would not have liked that concept. He still believed in the greatness of man but not in the indispensable man.

But if—to borrow John Gardner's metaphor—"Our 20th Century institutions are caught in a savage cross fire," Bob Kennedy was uniquely prepared to walk through that cross fire in search of that newer world that still eludes us.

Alas, eschewing strong-arm police protection, he was not able to walk through one small pantry where one small man was waiting for him with one small gun.

OK, Bob, we'll stick around. It's just going to be a hell of a lot harder without you.

