

"Mr. F.S. Rhodes, directory manager for the New York Telephone Co., just told me that you have beaten out all comers for the last position in the directory. Mr. Adam Zyzmjak just didn't have the stuff this year and will drop to second from last in the new directory."

"I'm sorry about that."
"I'm sure. . . . By the way, how did you get those three Z's in your name?"

"Well, actually, it's probably a shortened version of a much longer name, a Russian name, I believe. But it's real!"

Later that month, I had to choose between a Jane Fonda press conference and a celebrity miniature golf tournament in Queens. Chose the latter, but only after the PR man promised to produce Georgie Jessel. The caddy would be his girlfriend-client, a young actress named Joy—short for Joyeaux Javelle—whose part was cut out of "The Love Machine." Three Catskill tumblers showed up, but no Georgie. At the last minute, the PR man called Henny Youngman for a possible replacement for Georgie, but discovered that Henny was "on the coast." I promised to write about Joy, anyway. He suggested I run the story as soon as possible, because Joy would probably change her name again next week.

July: Jackpot! A PR man knows a family that lives under a rollercoaster at Coney Island. Mr. Fred Moran, whose father built the rollercoaster, part of whose tracks run over the roof of the Moran house, said, "You get used to it, you do. Even the screams don't bother you after a while. Or the way the house shakes. Our only real problem running the coaster is wigs."

"Wigs?" I asked, sniffing out something really soft.

"Well, they get blown off. Those turns are fast! We found a brassiere once, too, draped over one of the struts. Actually, we think that bra was in a bag and just blew out. But, who knows? As I said, those turns are fast."

August: Called up the Jets and asked if they would let me come out to Hofstra and watch practice. "WWD readers are big sports fans," I explained to the Jets PR man. Weeb Ewbank, mistaking me and a kid from a California underground paper for real sports reporters, told us that the Jets' tackling needed work. "Tackling was the worst thing we did last Sunday in New Haven against the Giants. We got in a few good hits, though, heh heh." Then the kid blew our cover by asking Weeb if the Jets took uppers before a game. After my story appeared, one of the team physicians, whom I had described as hanging around the field patting players' buttocks "perhaps more in the interest of camaraderie than proctology," called to complain. "You made me sound like a fag in that rotten-written story of yours," he shouted over the phone. "Even my wife thinks you made me sound like a fag!" He was somewhat placated when I said that the public at large accepts ass-patting as one of the traditions of pro football and that no slur was intended.

December: The PR man who handles Joyeux Javelle called and said that he had a new client who would make a great soft interview. The client is a Greek who can walk on water. He's been doing it for years in Greece, but the Greek Orthodox Church just had him deported for heresy and here he is in New York waiting to be discovered. "Pick the place, and he'll 'spatzeer on the vasser, just for you, bubby,'" the PR man promised. Well, how about the pool at the Luxor

Baths? I suggested. We can have all the big three-bucket *machas* in the place sitting there watching this heresy. Does the Luxor Baths have a pool, by the way, I asked? The PR man said he would find out and call me back.

A few minutes later, I was hastily summoned to the Star Chamber of the *Women's Wear* office, the little conference room directly to the right of the crepe-draped portrait of Coco Chanel. In the Star Chamber, a cabal of senior editors informed me that I was being assigned coverage of a market and would, unfortunately, have no more time in the future to cover Greeks who walk on water, rollercoasters, or telephone books. Could this be the end of my career as a soft news specialist? Well, all right, but what market will it be? Bras? Better dresses. It was handbags.

Death. What could be harder, less soft, than news about handbags? My muse departed, clinging tragically to a rack of bargain-basement maternities being pushed down Seventh Avenue. Then the phone rang, and a cheery but suspiciously handbaggy voice at the other end said it belonged to a Mr. Jack Oppenheim, president of JOBB International. "I want you to be the first to know," he said, "that we've just changed our name to Mondo Handbags, Inc. Sounds classier, huh? Say, maybe you'd like to interview me. When I'm not thinking up winning handbags, I'm writing sex books. My latest is just out. It's called *S.O.B.*, or Son of the Greek Buyer. It's a sequel to *The Buyer*. You never read that one? Well, let me tell you it blew Seventh Avenue wide open, like a purse that's just been snatched."

Soft news lives.

Riding the Airwaves to Washington

BY MARK PINSKY

Politics and show biz have long been kissin' cousins in the South. Singin' Jimmy Davis ran successfully for governor of Louisiana astride a palamino stallion while rendering his hit song, "You Are My Sunshine." Fellow Louisianan Huey Long, who wrote football songs and led the band, nearly rode the radio to the White House in the 1930s. Or take the strange case of F. Lee O'Daniel, an Ohio-born hustler who came to Texas in the 1920s to sell flour. For ten years, from 1928 to 1938, "Pappy" O'Daniel hosted a daily radio show at noon. He did his own announcing, read original poems and religious messages, sang his own songs, pitched the show's one product (Hillbilly Flour) and led the studio band. Each day, Pappy's show would be kicked off with the same familiar litany: "THE-LIGHT-CRUST-DOUGH-BOYS-ARE-ON-THE-AIR. . . . Pass the biscuits, Pappy!" The program eventually became the most popular show on the Texas Quality Network, a statewide hookup. On Palm Sunday, 1938, Pappy asked his listeners what they thought of his running for governor. They liked the idea, so he did—winning the race on a platform that featured the Light Crust Dough Boys and the Ten Commandments. Pappy won a second term in 1940, but quit the governor's mansion in 1941 to run for the U.S. Senate. Leaning heavily on his radio popularity, he finished first in a field of 26 candidates, 1,300 votes ahead of a hungry young congressman named Lyndon Johnson.

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After 10 years of broadcasting over the Tobacco Network, North Carolina's new U.S. Senator, Jesse Helms, was a shoe-in.

What radio did for the first time in Texas for Pappy O'Daniel, television has done for the first time in North Carolina for Jesse Helms. Not that there is anything new, or exclusively Southern, about congressional interests in broadcasting. Ralph Nader's *Who Runs Congress?* reports that, "In 1969, there were 14 members who owned more than \$5,000 in stock in radio and television stations, and eight more were owners or principal investors in them." But Jesse Helms is the first fulltime, on-camera television personality to sit in the U.S. Senate.

The son of a small town police chief, Helms started out in journalism as a printer's devil on the local weekly, a job he held while attending junior college. Later, when he transferred to Wake Forest College near Raleigh, N.C., he held down two jobs: an afternoon position writing for the college news bureau and a night proof-reading slot at the morning *Raleigh News & Observer*. From reading proofs, he moved up to the sports desk of the *N & O*,

where he worked for three years. During that time he became—at 20—the youngest reporter to receive the North Carolina Press Association award for enterprise reporting.

In 1941, Helms became assistant city editor of the *Raleigh Times*, the capital city's afternoon paper. After four years out for the navy, he returned to become, at 28, *Raleigh Times* city editor. But by then he was tired of print journalism and soon left the *Times* to go with a small radio station in Roanoke Rapids, N.C. Two years later he returned to Raleigh to become director of news and programs for WRAL radio and the Tobacco Network, a news and agricultural service for the Eastern part of the state. Until 1950, Jesse Helms was a hard-working radio newsmen, covering breaking news stories, interviewing, editing and reading copy. Then came the 1950 Democratic senatorial primary.

It's impossible to write anything about any North Carolinian over the age of 40, especially those involved in politics or journalism, without pausing for at least a brief discussion of that 1950 election. In 1949, Gov. Kerr Scott filled a vacancy created by the death of an incumbent U.S. senator by appointing Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. For 30 years, the gentle "Dr. Frank" presided over his university with a passion for the inquiring spirit and the open mind. It was only natural for him to earn the enmity of the state legislature, which referred to the university as "Rebel Chapel Hill." So when Dr. Frank faced his first electoral test, all the diverse forces of reaction he

had offended over the years gathered to defeat him and what he stood for.

Among those who had rallied to the Graham camp were at least two future governors Terry Sanford and young Bob Scott, Kerr's son and a future judge of the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, J. Braxton Craven. Writing speeches for Dr. Frank was a brilliant young New Yorker who had been teaching at the state college in Raleigh, Allard Lowenstein. And covering the race for the *Winston-Salem Journal* was a young journalist from Hamlet, N.C., named Tom Wicker, who was later to turn the contest into a first novel, *The Kingpin*.

Governor Scott asked Jesse Helms personally to help Graham, but Helms turned him down. "The hardest thing I ever did," Helms has said, "was to tell Dr. Frank I couldn't work for him because of our political differences." Instead, he became a chief campaign strategist for the man chosen to oppose Graham, Willis Smith, a conservative lawyer and chairman of the board of Duke University.

Smith won in a runoff and Helms went to Washington as his administrative assistant; and, after his death in office, stayed on with Smith's successor, Alton Lennon. Next, Helms took a leave of absence to work in the 1952 Presidential bid of Georgia Sen. Richard Russell, heading up the radio and television division.

Returning to North Carolina in 1953, Helms spent the rest of the 1950s wavering between journalism and politics. He became executive director of the North Carolina Bankers Association, where one of his main responsibilities was editing its journal, *The Tar Heel Banker*. Under his stewardship, the journal became the largest state banking publication in the country. In 1957 and 1959 he ran successfully for the Raleigh City Council.

Then, in 1960, Jesse Helms found a job that offered him the best of both worlds. He became vice president of Capitol Broadcasting of Raleigh, operators of WRAL-TV, WRAL-FM and the Tobacco Radio Network. As the years went on, his titles lengthened to include executive vice president, vice chairman of the board, assistant chief executive officer and vice president for news, public affairs and programming. But what he loved best and what he became most famous for, was writing and delivering the company's daily editorials, described on the masthead of transcripts as "an editorial expression of free enterprise in Raleigh-Durham."

Jesse knew how to write and he knew how to use the radio. And it didn't take him long to master television. He was no pretty boy, although certainly not homely, and he didn't have the traditional actor/newscaster's doomsday baritone. He slicked down his black, close-cropped hair and wore glasses with thick-rimmed black plastic frames. His accent was Southern, but not thick—he even has a slight lisp—and his phrasing and delivery are, not coincidentally, almost identical to fellow North Carolinian David Brinkley. He delivered his editorials standing in front of a wooden podium, on which he kept notes or script. But his eye contact was excellent and his timing sure. He talked to you and not at you.

His tremendous appeal, however, was more in what he was saying than how he was saying it. In 1962 when black college students in Raleigh began demonstrating for a local public accommodations law, Helms took to the air on the Fourth of July and observed: "Whether the Negro leadership is ready or willing to admit it, crime rates and irresponsibility among Negroes are facts of life which must be faced. . . ."

That was Helms' pitch throughout



the year, and 1963 produced more of the same. "Negro leaders," he editorialized on May 22, "have been long on self-pity and short on self-criticism. It has been easier to organize demonstrations in Dixie than to talk sense to their own people about crime and immorality. A once submerged race of people doesn't rise on a record of irresponsibility. . . ." To make certain that viewers knew that Helms' heart, as well as his head, was in the right place, WRAL signed off at night not with "The Star-Spangled Banner" but with "Dixie."

Throughout the 1960's, Helms lined up on the extreme conservative side of most social issues: Medicare ("the program is not needed"), opposition to Social Security ("nothing more than doles and handouts"), farm price supports (farmers "would do better without governmental intervention"), the Rural Electrification Authority subsidies ("socialized electric power service") and big government in general. On larger economic issues, he had two preoccupations: that Social Democratic, Socialist and Communist forms of government were exactly the same thing; and so-called Christians who kept insisting that private property was only a form of "stewardship" and not for keeps.

Jesse never raised his voice or thumped the podium. He was laconic, cynical—just the opposite of the bleeding heart. He mocked rather than pled. He also had a sense of humor. But most of all, he was "responsible," a businessman, a family man and an educated man—and thus he could not be written off. He had a Freedoms Foundation award for outstanding television editorials to prove it.

His message got around. By the close of the 1960's, 70 radio stations were affiliated with the Tobacco Network—mostly small stations in rural areas—and running Helms' editorials. Moreover, they appeared in more than 50 weekly papers. He was probably the most influential single man in North Carolina. Except, of course, for that other media magician, fellow Baptist Billy Graham, out in Montreat.

There is some humor in the fact that the 1972 campaign of Jesse Helms was not that different from the one run 35 years earlier by Pappy O'Daniel in Texas. Jesse leaned heavy on God, as Pappy had done, calling for a "spiritual rebirth" and "a return to the faith of our fathers." His campaign literature featured another O'Daniel theme, that "Nixon needs Helms in the Senate." And he, too,

had something for the old folks, plugging for a "sound social security system."

Even the manner in which Helms was "persuaded" to make the race was vaguely reminiscent of O'Daniel. One mimeographed mailing soliciting opinions of a Helms' senate race produced, according to the candidate, 15,000 favorable letters and \$18,000. He was making the race for all the "little people," except, he said, "I don't think of them as little people. The farmers and factory workers who made this country are big people."

Whatever the role of the little-big people in the campaign, clearly it was the heavies who bankrolled it. And by any computation, a big chunk of the money came from out of state. Helms spent \$700,000 on his campaign, nearly double that spent by his Democratic opponent. The largest piece of the wad (\$100,000) came from the various national GOP campaign committees. Next largest were contributions from executives from the state's two largest industries—furniture and textiles. Two of the largest individual contributions from this grouping came from a couple of the region's most notorious union busters, Hugh Chatham and Roger Milliken (of Deering-Milliken).

The third largest group of contributors were the professional conservative groups: American Conservative Union, Young Americans for Freedom, Business Industry Political Action (a National Association of Manufacturers' front), DeWitt Wallace (chairman of the *Reader's Digest*), as well as a number of cryptically named committees from out of state. And finally, there was the usual honor roll of fat cat special pleaders: executives and political committees of Litton Industries, the AMA (MEDPAC), Johnson & Johnson and a consortium of construction companies.

Helms' speakers list had a similar coloration: Agnew, James Buckley, Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond and Earl Butz, a minor stockholder in WRAL.

But there have been other people who have spent a great deal of money and brought in famous speakers, and not all of them have ended up in the U.S. Senate at all, let alone with a 100,000 vote cushion. Where it counted and when it counted, people knew who Jesse Helms was. They recognized him. Ten years of regular, daily broad-

casting paid off for him just as it had for Pappy O'Daniel. They knew his face and they knew his name. And if they didn't know exactly what he stood for, they knew what he was against.

Or at least they thought they did. About midway through the campaign, an enterprising young reporter for the *Raleigh News & Observer*, Leslie Wayne, found the one complete set of WRAL editorials available to the public (in Dr. Frank's UNC library) and read through them. She discovered, and then wrote, that Helms was currently representing himself as being for some of the very things he had editorialized against: social security, Medicare, REA, farm price supports, even Nixon's Russian wheat deal and his trip to China—which at the time Helms had labeled "appeasement." The *N & O's* editorial page gleefully picked up Wayne's story. Helms, stung for the first time, counter-attacked the *N & O* and the state press in general, accusing them of "liberal editorial bias." The newspapers didn't disappoint him, endorsing his opponent uniformly. Of course, it didn't make any difference.

A good deal more is at stake here than simply the election of Jesse Helms to the U.S. Senate. According to FCC regulations, the only step an owner or on-camera personality must take after "having qualified as a candidate for public office" is to leave the air, or else submit to Section 315, the equal time provision. Nicholas Johnson, the most enlightened of the FCC commissioners, concedes that someone like Helms has a huge advantage in an election. "But," he adds, "I wouldn't bar such people from running for office. You have to have some faith that the electorate will evaluate candidates fairly no matter how popular or well known they are for other reasons."

Given the circumstances of broadcast journalism in the U.S., that seems an excessively hopeful outlook. It is possible, I suppose, that television personalities less benighted than Jesse Helms could use their position to build a political following. Edward R. Murrow once considered making a U.S. Senate race in New York, Chet Huntley in Montana. Neither ran, but that's less important than the fact that neither man really

represents "broadcast journalism" in this country at all. They and their peers on the networks and in a few big cities are merely the elite tip of the profession. Jesse Helms and WRAL—and hundreds of other radio and television stations across middle America—truly typify broadcast journalism.

Like most newspapers, these stations are owned by conservatives. Given the capital outlay required to purchase and operate a television station, it is only natural that the people who own local affiliates have (or have access to) big money. It is equally natural that these owners in most cases hire station managers who are expected to protect and advance their employers' interests and investment. Thus, station managers outside the more cosmopolitan markets hire personnel—in the anchor-man slot especially—who will convey the right image. That image is white, male and conservative.

All this is hardly new. But the election of Jesse Helms is. And the clear implication is that, throughout most of the country, the odds heavily favor the election of more Jesse Helmses should they decide to abandon their microphones and run for public office.

Togetherness at the Harrisburg Trial

BY WILLIAM O'ROURKE

"You'll have to work it out among yourselves."

The man from GSA (General Services Administration) stands with a list in his hand, high up, as if it were about to be identified.

"We've had numerous complaints," he says and that is greeted with affirmative mutters, "about having to line up to get daily passes. So we've arranged a pool system for the unassigned seats. We've put people together on the basis of similarities. This can be altered slightly. But we will give you the pool passes, to a chosen representative from each pool, and you can work it out among yourselves who gets in and when."

The group begins to form in pools.

"Who's here from the Philadelphia *Daily News*?"

"*Christian Science Monitor*?"

A chain of press-islands appears; each elects its chief.

"It will be impossible to let you up this morning; the courtroom is full of prospective jurors; we've allowed three reporters up, UPI, AP, and the local *Patriot-News*. They will act as a pool for all of you, and report back down at each recess. Any questions?"

He is surrounded as if for a ritual killing.

GSA is to act the liaison between press and the federal marshals, who have jurisdiction over the courtroom. Two men have been sent down from Washington, and they appear very much like continental tour guides. They are not homegrown Harrisburgites, but slick government men, with Georgetown polish. The younger and friendlier of the two wears black patent leather shoes and counterculture jewelry: a large burnt-metal belt-buckle, small remnant of someone's scorched-earth policy. They are public relations men, trained to deal with the press, and in our informer society, they are suited for the job, blending in as they do with the mixed styles of the press corps. The passes

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"The pool system has gone down easily; no one wants to stand in line at six thirty in the morning"... but AP didn't play fair.

are no longer called press, but MEDIA. The institutions are the first to adapt: media. Talk their language.

Three rooms on the third floor of the federal building have been outfitted for the press; in the largest, the walls are lined with tables; little pup-tent name cards have been printed up, to sit in front of each chair. Telephones have been arranged for; it has been advised that small cylindrical locks be bought for them to prevent unauthorized calls. No honor among thieves. Soon they do sprout protective warts.

The GSA men are imported crisis-managers, press level. They sympathize. Privately they say that the man they have come to supersede has, as one of them puts it, a size eighteen neck but wears a size three hat. The GSA men are here just till things get moving, then they turn it over to the locals. They are architects, not laborers.

Court is in session, but the press is not let up save for the three pool members, and they are as impatient as musicians left without their instruments. Variations of pacing the room are plotted. A petition circulates, requesting that a sound system and closed-circuit television be installed into an overflow newsroom. The pool system has gone down easily; no one wants to stand in line at six thirty in the morning. The implications of being shut out of the courtroom harden in some of their minds. The GSA men commiserate, forecast but a short ban. A document is brought into the press room and pinned on the bulletin board.

Until the jury in the above-captioned case is selected and sworn, it is requested, and

strongly urged, that no representative of the news media report or publish in any manner the names of any of the prospective juror on the voir dire examination held for the purpose of selecting a fair and impartial jury to try the issues involved in this matter. (Signed) R. Dixon Herman, United States District Judge, Middle District of Pennsylvania.

"Is he kidding?"
"Requested and strongly urged"—that's not a court order.

"Even if it was, who cares about their names; but not to reveal the questions!"
"Are you going to abide by that?"
"Not me."
"Nor I."

"We might not ever find out what the questions are."

The agitated talk and wanderings increase till the door opens and the three pool men come in, quickly, as if out of a storm.

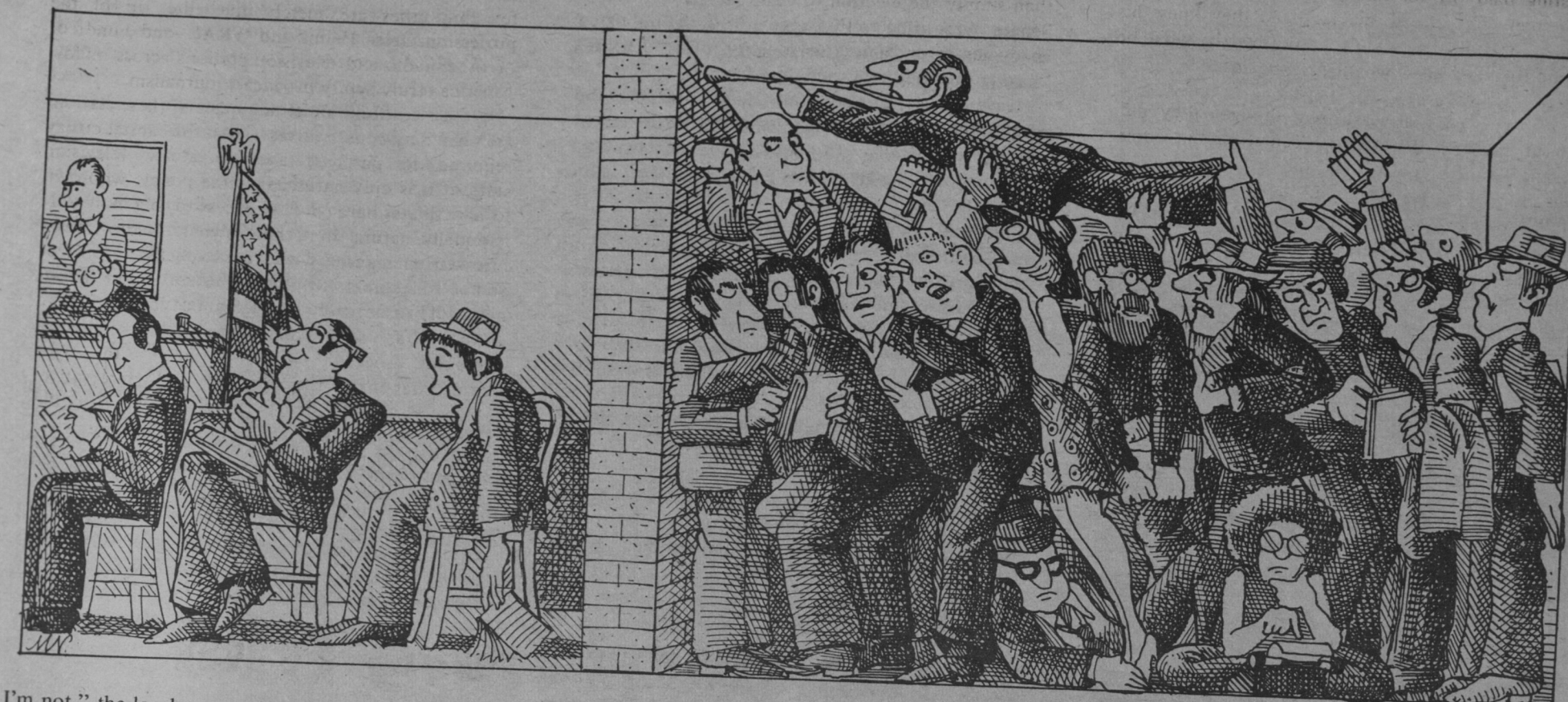
They take a place in a corner and the rest of the press spreads out before them; there are about sixty people in the room. Notebooks spring open like trap doors.

The man from the local paper begins: "The judge entered at eleven sixteen

a.m.; there were one hundred forty-four prospective jurors present at the roll call; there is a preponderance of substantial-looking middle-aged people. There are eight blacks, eight people in their early twenties, and roughly eighteen in their early thirties. The judge welcomed them, told them it was a privilege and a duty to serve on juries, described the jury system to them, said that Japan was considering adopting it..."

Each took his turn. The recitations and questions left off. The newsmen began looking back over the notes they had just taken. The three pool men look at each other like a comedy team that has just lost its audience.

"Shall we tell them?" one said to others, a nervous laugh nudged out his words. "Well,



I'm not," the local man said, turning away, flipping closed his long narrow notebook.

"Not tell us what?" the *Los Angeles Times* said, grabbing onto the coattails of the exchange just before it got away.

"Yes, what is this, tell us," the *Chicago Daily News* said. It was now a looseball spotted by everyone; the pile-on began.

"What are you holding back?"
"Tell us everything."

The three conferred, shrugging their shoulders, mumbling.

"Well, it was really nothing," one of them said.

"Let us decide what it was..." "We want to know what went on there..."

"This was before court even began, so technically..."

"Bullshit; you wouldn't have been up there at all without us being down here. Give."

"Well, it was like this," AP said. "Eqbal [Ahmad] was talking to us and said, 'Would you like to meet Philip Berrigan?' and he took us up to the rail. The marshals didn't appear to pay any attention; and," he said, pausing, "we had a discussion; then the marshals saw us and said they didn't want it published, since we're not allowed to talk with him, he being in federal custody..."

The local man said, "So we agreed; said we wouldn't publish it; so for me it's a closed case."

UPI, the other pool man, nodded his head.

AP said, "I didn't say anything; I didn't affirm or deny; I'll let my office take care of it..."

"Well, we did agree," the *Patriot-News* said.

UPI nodded again; AP smiled broadly.

"What did Berrigan say?"
"Oh, nothing, really," the AP man said, "Just the same old stuff..."

Typewriters began to clatter; their hammering cracked the group apart. The local man and UPI went to their desks. The voices diminished as the sounds of the machines increased.

"Don't you find them charming; they're being so sweet," F. said, referring to the GSA men. "They've never been this cooperative before."

"I think they're treating us like doctors and nurses treat the relatives of a patient who has a terminal illness."

"My, you think it's that bad?"

"They just want it cooled; they expect it to die as long as there's no provocative transfusions. The local police have word from Washington not to do anything without it being cleared there first. Their profile is so low that it wouldn't even show up on a coin..."

"Well, the press is certainly different. It used to be so terribly polarized," F. said, tasting her words, "when these Catholic trials began; it would really show up; those who had any sympathies at all with the defendants would be ostracized; it was bad at Catonsville, but worse at the trial of the Milwaukee Fourteen. You would have thought we had the clap... or something. But here; well, it appears to be a friendly bunch. Now, I'm going to be here only on Tuesdays, so if I could be assured the pass..."

"That's funny," a woman from a Baltimore paper said, "I just called my office with my story and they said, don't bother; we topped it with the AP wire, that carried Father Berrigan's confession..."

"What!"

The rumor fuse burned instantaneously; the AP man was sought out; the explosion went off there.

"You filed a story on what Berrigan said?"

"I didn't say I wouldn't; I said I would let my office decide..."

"You'd better come across right now—with everything Berrigan said."

"Don't you realize what you've done?"

"It's like a hockey game," F. said, standing back of the circle of reporters that surrounded the AP man. "It's like the Boston Bruins. What do you call it, when they surround the puck?"

"A face-off."

"Yes, that's what it is; just like the Boston Bruins."

The AP man began to read from his notes.

"This was just a short conversation; I asked Berrigan if there was any substance to the charges and how the case looked so far. He said, 'It

looks good. It's," he said, meaning the indictment, 'a catchall, highly fabricated. Everything we've done we've acknowledged publicly. There was a discussion similar to discussions by millions of people who have had these kinds of ideas at one time or another. It doesn't mean they would act or really want to act. Part of a discussion...' "

"Slower!"

"Part of a discussion, if it is to be real, is to investigate the feasibility of it. There was no planning—it's not really an exact quote here—he said they were trying to find out what they did in Quebec, about political kidnappings..."

"The FLQ..."

"...and Uruguay."

"The Tupamaros."

"Thinking about the feasibility of it. And then he said, and this is more or less straight, 'I've been in federal buildings all over the East Coast...'"

"He said that?"

"Overt act number four."

"Shut up. Go on."

"If you are a peace-movement person you are trying to find out what is going on, to see if you can do what others are doing and whether you should do what they do." End of quote. That was about all of that. Then I asked about this trial and he said, 'It's not a priority of ours to win an acquittal, but to conduct a political trial and get the issues before the American people.' "

"Yeah, just the usual stuff..."

"Then the marshal came up and separated us; asked for our notes and made us promise not to publish what he said..."

"You should have told us..."

"Court hadn't begun, so technically," he began again, "I wasn't responsible..."

"Bullshit..."

"Man, I don't want you in my pool; you're not going back up there for any of us..."

Affirmative shouts seconded this.

Three others were selected as replacements. The AP man could not stop smiling. A Cheshire grin possessed his face. The reporters drew back and left him an iron stake, rung by a horseshoe of isolation.

Discussion groups formed.

"How do you think Berrigan could say all that in a two-minute conversation. Just launch right into the heart of the matter?"