

SUNSET STRIP

Dope, Kooks, Kids, And Communists

Gary Allen and John H. Rousselot have for the past several months been making tours of Hollywood's Sunset Strip, interviewing its teeny-boppers, "hippies," police officers, agitators, and assorted inhabitants; collecting all relative news reports; and talking with critics and celebrants of the area. Mr. Rousselot, a former U.S. Representative, is publisher of AMERICAN OPINION. Mr. Allen is an AMERICAN OPINION feature writer, a film producer, and author of the forthcoming book: *Communist Revolution in the Streets*.

■ SEVENTY-SEVEN SUNSET STRIP? Would you believe 8226 Sunset Strip? The score's the same — though perhaps in a minor key this time — but the lyrics are different. And the styles and ages and costumes of the performers have changed beyond belief. Sunset Strip, the famous rows of establishments fronting Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard, was formerly the home of the West-coast's most celebrated night-life, of *Ciro's* and *Macombo's* — where movie stars and the rich and celebrated came to play. It has now become Kooksville Street, U.S.A., where teenagers, homosexuals, dope addicts, beatniks, and the underworld of the New Left spend their free time freely, and tourists go to watch the animals.

I

YOUR REPORTERS have, over the last several months, been making safaris into this strange world of New Left culture on assignment for AMERICAN OPINION. We have watched and listened

and interviewed; we have sipped Cokes with creatures you wouldn't believe; we have kibitzed at chess games between what may have been the Abominable Snowman and the Missing Link; we have sat in on meetings and bull sessions dealing with everything from the joys of narcotics to the glories of Mao Tse-tung; we have talked to countless kooks and to what seem like a thousand beatniks, and with dope addicts and perverts. The problem, alas, is in setting it all down, reducing the truth to the believable; for we have discovered that the New Left's Sunset Strip is so hyperbolically outrageous that even our most frantic efforts at euphemism read like a play of the absurd.

Witness, for example, our encounter with one Don Morgan, proprietor of Books and Things, one of the many new "cultural centers" in the Strip. The "and Things" part of the establishment's name refers in part to a large basket of Zig Zag cigarette papers next to the cash register. Zig Zags, we learned, are used by the "hippies," as they are called, in the manufacture of marijuana cigarettes. The shop does not sell tobacco.

Mr. Morgan, who reminded us of Cauliflower McPug, a Red Skelton character, is an import from Brooklyn. He evidently sized up your reporters as having just arrived in town atop a load of pumpkins, for he described his strange, bearded customers as being "good, clean kids who are up on the Strip looking for some clean fun, and wanting to linger over a soft drink." The adverse publicity, he said, was "the work of mercenary real-estate factions."

Morgan's most popular merchandise (besides the Zig Zags) appeared to be his great variety of the buttons now so popular among the youngsters on the Strip. Decency prevents a recital of the inscriptions on many of these, but here are some milder samples: "Hitler Is Alive in Sacramento" (a reference to Governor Reagan); "Tao Chu Kwang" (the Red Chinese who killed the missionary Captain John Birch and who has as a result become a hero of the New Left); "Support the National Liberation Front" (Vietcong); and, "God is in a Sugar Cube" (a reference to the narcotic hallucinogen, L.S.D. — a liquid which is usually taken after its absorption in a cube of sugar).

We questioned Morgan about the meaning of a button showing the cross-hairs of a gun sight, and which was emblazoned, "Help Your Local Police." He feigned ignorance as to what it meant, while his partner giggled and said under his breath, "Liar." The store was temporarily sold out of a badge which declares: "The Only Good Cop



On Sunset Strip this is now sartorial excellence.

is a Dead Cop," though the proprietor was quick with his opinion of Los Angeles' finest. He summed it up for us this way: "A cop is nothing but a guy who couldn't get a job and happens to have a clean record. . . . They're a bunch of dirty bastards."

While Morgan, in his middle forties, is a little old to be playing the role of teeny-bopper,* his partner, Pat, is a tall, lean young man in his early twenties and closer to the prototype. Pat defined "hippie" for us: "A *hippie* is somebody who is in the know and dresses that way and acts accordingly. They're up on all the new styles and all the new records and what's happening." We asked him what *was* happening. The question proved a momentary conversation stopper, but Pat eventually replied that what is happening is that America's youth is becoming more aware of social problems, fashions, and free love. Pat said he thought this reflected the innate good sense of the young, and excused himself to sell a pack of Zig Zag papers to a strange and hirsute biped who had just entered.

We inquired of the new arrival (a young man whose dirty, flowing tresses caressed his shoulders) why he preferred long hair. "Well," he said, "it's on your head to grow, man."

We mentioned that fingernails and toenails grow also, but most people choose to cut them.

"Well, Baby," he retorted: "George Washington had long hair and so did Jesus Christ. Abraham Lincoln had a beard." We did not mention that such fashions were a product of days before electric barber's clippers and stainless-steel razor blades, and so the hairy youngster took us as friendly conquests and pulled from his coat a poster which he unrolled for our edification:

Reward for information leading to

* A *teeny-bopper* is a teenaged "hippie" — read on.



This young couple maintains its "cool" even in the midst of a Strippie riot. The girls are in skirts.

the apprehension of Jesus Christ. Wanted for sedition, criminal anarchy, vagrancy, and conspiring to overthrow the established government. Dresses poorly; said to be a carpenter by trade; ill nourished; has visionary ideas; associates with common working people; unemployed and an alien; believed to be a Jew; professional agitator; red beard; marks on hands and feet as the result of injuries inflicted by an angry mob led by respectable citizens and legal authorities.

In such an atmosphere, how does one tell a pilose youngster buying papers to roll marijuana cigarettes that he might be somewhat presumptuous in comparing himself with Jesus Christ, or inform him that his prized poster is not new — that the Communists have been using it for many years? We didn't even try.

Outside the shop, a group of Strippies* marched down the street singing

Christmas carols as a protest against local business. It was January twenty-eighth. One of the female participants explained that the group was called P.R.O.V.O., but that she didn't know what it meant or who had organized it. While we talked to her boyfriend, who was dressed in a chic ensemble of tight pants and a bedraggled Superman cape, his lady friend casually lit a stick of incense. Local police told us later that incense is used by the "hippies" to cover the acrid odor of marijuana.

We soon learned that you cannot begin to understand the significance of what is happening on the Strip, and to the "happening generation," until you accept the "hippies'" pervading fixation — a fascination with, and devotion to, narcotics. The regulars on the Strip are not only willing to talk about narcotics, they are eager to do so. They seem to have been completely sold on the idea that, with the exception of heroin, narcotics are harmless. Dope has become a religion to many of the people to whom we talked, and they are enthusi-

* "Hippies" who are regulars on the Strip.

astic salesmen of its benefits*. "If you've never tried L.S.D., please try it just once; take a trip," pleaded a nineteen-year-old "hippie," sporting a "Support Your Local Junkie" button. Others eagerly crowded around to relate their experiences with acid (the nickname for L.S.D., whose primary component is lysergic acid), pot (marijuana), and even such readily available "hallucino-



Teeny-boppers in action. Note swinging chain.

gens" as morning-glory seeds and nutmeg. "Nutmeg is really kicky," spouted one beatnik, who looked barely old enough to acquire a driver's license. "Except sometimes you get sick to your stomach afterwards; nutmeg can bring back an L.S.D. trip." In confidential tones, we were informed by one of the "turned on" generation that Jesus took peyote, a marijuana-like drug derived from a North American cactus.

Another Strippie who told us that he had "turned on and dropped out,"

* Comedian Steve Allen, himself a greying "hippie," recently reported that he had the first religious experience of his life while under the influence of L.S.D.

was excited about a new thrill he had experienced the night before, using one of the home-bar gadgets that puts an ice frosting on a cocktail glass. The trick, he said, is to put a balloon over the head of the machine's jet and then fill it with the escaping gas, which is extremely cold and forms an ice crust over the inside of the balloon. Then, we were told, one tilts his head back and inhales in a quick snort all of the gas possible. "Man, it's groovy," he gushed. "Your head starts spinning and you get the sensation that you're falling at a hundred miles an hour."

Anything that promises such a thrill is promoted on the Strip, regardless of harmful effects. When asked about the future, "hippies" refer you to "The Bomb" — which, they note, a wicked older generation has loosed on the world.

The interiors of the Strip's "hippie" clubs, frequented by such youngsters as those we have quoted, are beyond belief — almost beyond description. A Los Angeles television producer made a good try recently:

Hot, warm, smokey, dark, dingy, compact, crowded—it's a snake pit!! The dancers maneuver on a floor that is so minute it is almost atomic. They flail, twist, shout, and writhe to a music with a heavy beat; they have a torched look on their faces; the dancing's not dancing at all—it's physical work, besides being extremely sensual. The band's not big enough to sport drums, other than bongo drums—a set of drums requires too much space, you understand. The band usually has a guitar or electric guitar, base fiddle, and sometimes (when space allows) an electric organ. It's when the dancers go into a "freak out" that you really sit on in utter disbelief; and it's then that the participants speak "glossalia"—bep tongue. It's the most wild, dis-

ruptive, grotesque thing you could ever see. I thought I was living in the cave-man era.

That's the picture. If anything, it's understated. Not even the most *avante-garde* of the producers of underground films has yet created a show with as many outrageous characters, slap-stick scenes, and strange sets as you will now find on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles.

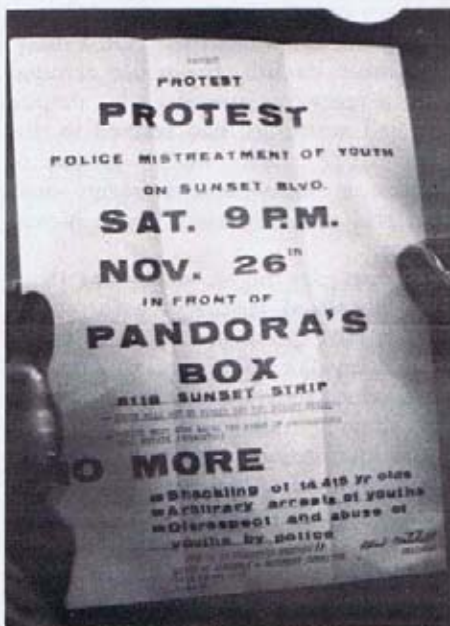
II

THE STRIP began changing about two years ago when local authorities were asked to grant youth permits to some of the clubs on Sunset Boulevard. The program came highly recommended by the Los Angeles County Welfare Commission. So, youth permits were granted, and Hollywood immediately witnessed the creation of what the Welfare people called "teenage cultural centers" — tasteful, refined, healthy places for youngsters, like Whiskey A Go Go, Pandora's Box, The Fifth Estate, and The Galaxy. Scattered between the clubs are camp clothing shops catering to homosexuals.

As the new "cultural centers" began to appear on the Strip so did those teenagers who needed some extra "culture" and some of what the Welfare Commission called "healthy night life." Apparently not anticipated, however, were the great swarms of bearded older kooks and strange creatures who also began to congregate on the Strip, equally attracted by the highly touted "culture" offered there. The area became a haven for agitators, homosexuals, narcotics pushers and addicts — for the weird and the brazen and the perverted of every sort. Pandora's Box had been unlocked!

Overnight the new face of the Strip became so notorious that weirdoes and beats and kooks and perverts began to frequent it from as far north as Santa Barbara and as far south as San Diego.

Then came the curious to view the bizarre. It was recently reported, as a result of a government survey of license tags in the area, that in just one week-end eighteen thousand cars on the Strip had come from outside the County of Los Angeles — outdrawing Disneyland! Sunset Strip had, after all, become the largest outdoor freakshow in America, and looking was free. As you would



One of middle-aged Al Mitchell's hate leaflets.

imagine, the attraction caused severe automobile traffic in the area, creating an immediate need for law enforcement even in excess of that required to keep the aboriginal "hippies" from spontaneous combustion. Yes, the police were there in large number; and with their presence, plus that of the teenagers, agitators, addicts, kooks, beats, and New Left revolutionaries, the scene was set for some real action.

Before any demonstration could be called, of course, there had to be a purpose — something to protest. In this case, it was a ten p.m. curfew imposed on youngsters under eighteen years of age.

The Los Angeles Police Department had for months been receiving complaints from residents in the area that gangs of strangely attired teenagers were blocking the sidewalks, shoving passersby, and using abusive language. Only when the situation became unbearable had the police begun to enforce the curfew law on the growing mobs of youths from thirteen to eighteen who had been spending their weekends loitering on the sidewalks there. On Friday, November twelfth, the police arrested some seventy-five juveniles who, despite repeated warnings, had refused to disperse. The next night gangs of junglesque teeny-boppers began their "peaceful demonstrations" with a vengeance.

By Saturday night, some two thousand distressed teenagers gathered on the Strip to express their cultural dissent. The sidewalks could not contain the mob, which overflowed into the streets, first slowing traffic, then engulfing an entire intersection, and finally blocking traffic for miles. Someone — perhaps seeking the light of wisdom — started a bonfire, while other young idealists invaded a city bus, which was promptly abandoned by its hysterical occupants. The youthful culture seekers then liberated the bus's fire extinguishers and artistically sprayed the vehicle; some others kept fit by dismantling the interior of the bus. Meanwhile, one of the intellectually curious participants conducted experiments in rapid transit — dropping lighted matches into the bus's gas tank. Alas, he was deprived of the trip of a lifetime when his matches burned out before reaching the gasoline. As the disturbance mounted, fist fights broke out between the "hippies" and servicemen, who are unpopular on the Strip because of the dominant New Left's opposition to the War in Vietnam.

The police sent out calls for more units, but when they arrived officers

were still outnumbered by a ratio of one hundred to one. The "peaceful demonstrators" wielded chains, bottles, rocks, knives, and Molotov cocktails. For two hours the protestors behaved like young savages, until twenty policemen, working under a hail of rocks and bottles, finally cleared the area.

One of the police officers who participated in quelling the riot reported that subsequently:

Demonstrations became an every weekend occurrence for the next four weekends. Every weekend we had to look forward to the same kind of stuff and, by coincidence, there was a building being torn down in the area which gave these people an unending supply of rocks. The television and newspaper publicity unintentionally made the situation worse. Kids came in from all over to witness the action. Unfortunately, mob hysteria takes over in these situations, and many get involved who may not have intended to. It only takes one leader to start them off and then everybody follows. People do things with a mob they would never do as individuals.

Into the area there now poured armies of socially conscious clergymen* and sociological activists; members of the notorious motorcycle clubs, Hell's Angels and Satan's Slaves; agitators from the Communist W.E.B. DuBois Club; and, Maoist organizers for the Communist Progressive Labor Party. It was to be a New Left show, and nobody wanted to miss it.

* Throughout the November demonstrations "ministers" and A.C.L.U. attorneys roamed the Strip, doing what they could to thwart the police. One Saturday night a clergyman sat alongside a bearded "hippie," high on a billboard. An officer called for the pair to descend. The Strippie accosted the officer with perverted and sickening vulgarity, while the "minister" beamed defiance at the policeman. The church must "keep up with the times" you know.



At an anti-police protest inside a Strip "culture center" which is classically named "Pandora's Box."

No staged production of this sort can be even a mild success without placards — and there was a forest of them: "Leave Us Alone"; "Stop Molesting Teenagers"; "Stamp Out L.A.P.D."*; "Do you Get your Kicks when you See us Bleed?"; "We Are the Future Generation"; "Stop Police Malpractice"; "Police Brutality Must Stop"; and "Stop Blue Fascism." There was no real need now to even mention the ten p.m. curfew protest; certainly this theme was not in evidence on the placards.

Another of the Left's "non-violent demonstrations" was underway. Of course, this was nothing new for Californians, who — after Watts, and Berkeley, and Delano — are getting used to having their streets turned into battlegrounds for civil insurrection.

The police were successful in rounding up some of the more aggressive youthful protestors who, as they were being ushered into the paddy wagons, screamed, "We want our civil rights; our civil rights are being denied." The

*Los Angeles Police Department.

education received at the "cultural centers" had proved successful — successful enough, at least, to let the youngsters know which line to pull. The Communist weekly, *People's World*, phrased it officially: It was now "A Case of Kids, Cops, and Capitalists."

The initial demonstrations required no intervention from the National Guard — the harassed local police had been able to handle the situation. So, the subsequent weekends of November nineteenth and twentieth, and twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, were designated by leaders of the New Left as additional periods for "spontaneous protest."

On the next Saturday morning (November 19, 1966), at the National Guard Airport in Van Nuys, the Marxist Viet Nam Day Committee was sponsoring a protest for another reason. During that meeting, however, the pro-Vietcong Committee announced a "spontaneous demonstration" to be held that night at Pandora's Box on the Sunset Strip. It was spontaneous, of course.

The Marxist agitator, Danny Gray, just happened to drop by Pandora's Box that evening. In fact, this demonstration was so unrehearsed that bearded militants used two-way, citizen-band radios to let other spontaneous demonstrators know how the police were moving and "where the action was." Also adding to the spontaneity were several reporter-agitators from radio station KPFK, who helped to incite the teeny-boppers to new enormities. KPFK is owned by the Communist-staffed Pacifica Foundation.*

Law enforcement officers were becoming more than a little worried about Communist influence on the Strip. As one agent operating undercover in the New Left told us:

These kids are just bodies to the Communists, who know they are too interested in dope and thrills to be dedicated revolutionaries. But the Communists need bodies for their demonstrations, and these kids—because of their superficial commit-



Activist Mitchell screams about "Police Brutality."

ment to the New Left—can always be counted on to participate. They hope to get them to the point where they would join with the Black Nationalists and dedicated white radicals to form a Red Guard in America.

During "off-demonstration days" (weekdays), the New Left owners and operators of the Strip's "cultural centers" held regular press conferences to explain to the world that the participants in these weekend riots were innocent, idealistic youth, expressing themselves in the tradition of free speech. When the question of the possibility of Communist participation was posed, it was sloughed off as an improper query from "witch hunters." As in Watts, the operators suggested that future agitations could be avoided if the police would "leave these young people alone," so that they could express themselves freely in their own ways, without hindrance. The Communist *People's World* of November nineteenth put it this way: "But the word is out on the Strip that another protest rally is planned November 26 — unless police agree before then to stop harassing the youngsters."

A police officer who works the Strip area told us, "Every weekend it seemed to become more organized. Every weekend they would have more individuals with tape recorders, walkie-talkies, and arm bands, running the demonstrations." Yes, it was growing, all right. And the techniques were the same as in Berkeley, Selma, and Watts.

By the third weekend of protest (November 26, 1966), it was necessary to deploy in the area more than four hundred Deputy Sheriffs and policemen to prevent violence and vandalism. By this time, the "innocent youth" had some really professional assistance from

* See: Senate Internal Security Subcommittee Hearings on the Pacifica Foundation, January 10, 11, and 25, 1963 (268 pages).

such leading Marxist agitators as John Haag, and members of the Communist W.E.B. DuBois Club. The DuBois Ciubbers, carefully trained in mob psychology, led thousands in such chants as:

What do you want?

"Freedom."

When do you want it?

"Now. We want freedom now."

* * *

Who do the cops protect?

"The moneymakers. The moneymakers."

Members of the Communist DuBois Club were also active in distributing leaflets to those on the street, instructing them in techniques to neutralize efforts of police officers in effecting an arrest. The leaflets were a product of efforts by one Albert Mitchell, owner of The Fifth Estate. Mr. Mitchell's "cultural center" has become a well-known gathering place for members of the Marxist Viet Nam Day Committee and the Communist W.E.B. DuBois Club. Mitchell has been active in other areas too, having been busily engaged in counseling and advising the Watts Action Committee and the Black Power forces of C.O.R.E.

The Strippies' chief protest organization is R.A.M.C.O. — Right of Assembly and Movement Committee. It was organized by the master of The Fifth Estate, Al Mitchell, who at forty-two is a post-juvenile delinquent with a burning hatred of the police. It was Mitchell, according to law-enforcement authorities, who turned a dispute over curfew laws into an anti-police crusade. Mitchell's feud with the police spans a period from 1947, when he was convicted of carrying a concealed gun, to his most recent arrest for statutory rape (Mitchell's only comment: "She said she was over eighteen.")

Al Mitchell has disclosed that the



This (lad?) exhibits the Strip's collegiate look.

demonstrations were prepared even before the arrests of the teeny-boppers on November twelfth. According to him, the idea originated at Hallowe'en as a "joke" when leaflets were distributed announcing that there would be a protest against the police on November twelfth at Pandora's Box. The situation was not exactly eased during the day of the twelfth when at least one of the area's radio stations repeated the line that a riot was planned for the Strip that night, and cautioned citizens to stay away. The "warning" served only to multiply the crowd.

Mitchell, a former guitar teacher from New York, is a local hero of the New Left. He has even produced a film entitled *Blue Fascism*, which he exhibits for a two-dollar admission fee. The film features a running commentary by its producer on "police brutality," an old Communist theme. His methods of acquiring film footage are highly praised among New Left propagandists. For example, Mitchell enticed a young man whom the police believe



Basically decent kids grow out of costumes and poses. But seldom after narcotics and Marxism.

worked for him to approach two law-enforcement officers and attempt to rip the badge from one of them, while Mitchell filmed the sequence of the police being forced to subdue their attacker. Al Mitchell has carefully edited out of *Blue Fascism* the section showing the police being attacked, and he tells his young audiences that the young man had merely asked for the officer's badge number and that the police had responded with brutality, placing the youngster under arrest. It's effective propaganda, guaranteed to help create fear and hatred of police among adolescent viewers. While these scenes are being screened, Mitchell plays a recording of *America the Beautiful*.

In front of Al Mitchell's coffee house is a large sign reading, "Welcome to Los Angeles — the City of Blue Fascism." The Fifth Estate is an old and dilapidated house that somehow survived the area's conversion to stores and restaurants. As you enter the front door, you wonder why the place has not been closed by the Sanitation De-

partment or the Building Inspector. It is filthy and appears ready to collapse. The walls are decorated with unique artwork and such slogans as, "There Is No Hope Without Dope," and "Jesus Geezes [takes narcotics], Why Don't You?" and, "The only Good Cop is a Dead Cop."

In what was once a living room, the customers play chess, converse quietly, or stare at the ceiling. When we were there recently a narcotized and glassy-eyed girl sat on the lap of her boyfriend in one corner of the room idly stroking his long, greasy hair, while he gazed blankly at the wall obviously under the influence of narcotics. Suddenly the man behind the counter panicked as someone entered, puffing a marijuana cigarette. The offender was told to leave. It's not that they have anything against marijuana at The Fifth Estate. It's just that they don't want to get "busted" (arrested) by their friends in blue.

Mitchell is not alone in his crusade against the police. There is even a local

anti-police gazette called *The Free Press*. It specializes in weekly diatribes against police officers and what it calls "the establishment." It also features the most interesting "personals" columns this side of its competitor, *Berkeley Barb* — the tabloid of the Cal revolutionaries. Samples from *The Free Press*: "Liberated Negro wishes to meet chubby blonde. Phone. . . ." Or, "Gay young man seeks sensitive boy for roommate. Contact. . . ." This journalistic voice of the "hippie" New Left not only specializes in attacking law enforcement, it glorifies narcotics, homosexuality, and the latest activities of the juvenile Marxists of the W.E.B. DuBois Club and Students for a Democratic Society. Its articles and cartoons picture American soldiers in Vietnam as criminals exalting in the killing of women and children.

Another group of organized "hippies" active on the Strip is C.A.F.F. (Community Action for Facts and Freedom) which says in its leaflet that teenagers (like the Vietcong and the F.L.N. and the Black Muslims) must have "self-determination." C.A.F.F. differs from Mitchell's R.A.M.C.O. — which in spite of its comparatively aged leader is the rank and file organization of the teenyboppers — in that most of C.A.F.F.'s members are in their thirties or forties. And yes, a number do appear rather ludicrous costumed as beatniks with beards and bald heads. But C.A.F.F. has the horse power when it comes to names which attract teenagers: including B. Mitchell Reed, the Number One rock-and-roll disc jockey in the area; Bob Denver, star of the television show, *Gilligan's Island*; wealthy heir and race car driver, Lance Reventlow; movie star Sal Mineo; and the popular grubby singing team, Sonny and Cher.

You will understand that, with each succeeding weekend, legitimate businessmen on Sunset Strip are becoming more and more, well, nervous. Local

leaders have even formed committees to conduct panel discussions with the revolting creatures to discover their grievances. At such sessions the beatniks claim that the police harass the "hippies" and that the "straight" people are not bothered by law-enforcement officers — just those with long hair and tight pants. Every policeman we talked to in the area denied these charges. As one put it:

Look, we don't like to arrest kids. We've got plenty of other things to do, and when they turn out in mob proportions there is always the danger that one "hop head" will trigger a riot. That's what the leaders want. They hope to see bloodshed so they will have a martyr. We don't pick on the long-hair kids, but that's all you find here. The clean kids don't hang around here.

The "hippies" have, however, a number of ardent defenders, such as Russian-born psychiatrist Isidor Zifferstein, a



Lighting up a Zig Zag in front of The Fifth Estate.

local leader of Americans for Democratic Action who recently returned from a nine-month visit to his mother country to lecture at the Communist-sponsored New Left School of Los Angeles. Zifferstein formed a parents' committee to support the young idealists whom he said were being brutalized by crude policemen. A local Presbyterian minister, the "Reverend" Ralph Greek, even put together a committee of fifty clergymen for the same purpose, after this "man of God" had appeared on the Louis Lomax television program to charge that the Strip's young proletarians were being victimized by cruel capitalists. The minister explained to "Civil Rights" provocateur Lomax that the "hippies" were merely individualists expressing their individualism. How they can look alike, dress alike, talk alike, think alike, act alike, and still be non-conformists was not explained. But, after the interview concluded, the camera panned in for a close-up of Lomax,* who — with soulful, sad-dog eyes — croaked in an emotional voice, "It just may be that Jesus Christ walks the Sunset Strip tonight."

III

AT CHRISTMAS, as in Vietnam, the New Left leaders of the Strippie revolt called for a truce, to regroup their forces. After six weeks of relative quiet, while plans were being made, Al Mitchell announced that the police had broken the truce and that demonstrations would resume on February eleventh, with protests to be staged in Watts and on the Strip. These protests are now scheduled to occur on a bi-

* Lomax, who has built a lucrative career skillfully weeping about tortures, degradations, and brutalities which he says are visited upon Negro Americans, is being sued for divorce by his latest wife. It seems he recently hit her with a crushing left hook to the mouth that would have made Muhammed Ali envious. After returning from the hospital, Mrs. Lomax looked up her lawyer.

weekly basis. And New Left activity on the Strip is growing rapidly.

February eleventh was a monumental workday for the New Left as they were also holding a demonstration of ten thousand students and professors in Sacramento, headed up by Communist Bettina Aptheker, like-minded activist Mario Savio, and comedian-agitator Mort Sahl. But, in spite of the fact that their forces were divided along many battlefronts, Los Angeles DuBois Club leader Alan Zak, along with his cohorts and several thousand "hippies" from thirteen to thirty-five, turned out on the Strip to hear Mitchell harangue the mob as a warm-up for a protest march.

Mr. Mitchell began with a lecture on "class warfare" and a lament that oppressed consumers could not control the prices they must pay to "capitalist monopolists." Then he got down to the main theme — which was, of course, "police brutality" — and accused the local police of a score of "crimes against humanity," including committing perjury in court. He compared Hollywood with Watts, referring to the Strip area as a "concentration camp." You get the picture.

A large contingent of police and sheriff's officers patrolled the Strip while marchers paraded on the sidewalks carrying placards, several bearing pictures of uniformed Nazis labeled "police." Sufficient policemen were present so that no riot erupted and police officers made every effort to avoid giving Mitchell any excuse for triggering violence. Officers all admit however, that policing these demonstrations is now like playing Russian roulette. When you are dealing with an army of emotionally charged "hippies," homosexuals, DuBois Clubbers, Maoists, and beatniks, many high on marijuana and L.S.D., and all being led by carefully trained professionals, renewed rioting is just a matter of time. ■ ■