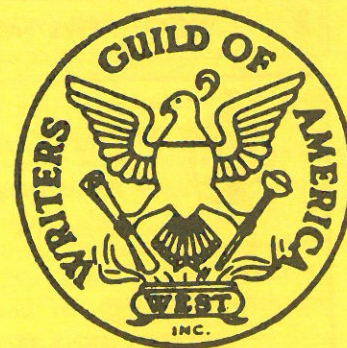


NEWS LETTER

WRITERS GUILD OF AMERICA/west



NOVEMBER / 1971

A Women's Special Issue



Carole Eastman: A Profile

Adrien Joyce, whose screenplay of "Five Easy Pieces" limns a few weeks in the life of a sharply intelligent, attractive and talented dropout from an achieving society, is herself sharply intelligent, attractive and talented, but clearly no dropout. A tall, slender honey-blond with grey-green eyes and a low, pleasant voice, Adrien Joyce—known to her friends as Carole Eastman—was nominated for an *Oscar* last year for her first nationally-distributed film. She is now at work on "Second Interval," title still

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Raison d'être for the Women's Group Meets

Last April, 34 women members of our Guild met together for the first time. As many people have asked before and since, why?

Our purpose, let us be frank, was more than social. We live in times of change. Women everywhere are gathering together in groups like ours to find out how being

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From the Guild president—

Being the sole male contributor in an issue of the Newsletter devoted entirely to females, gives me roughly the same uneasy sensation I endured some years ago after barging hastily through the wrong door in Penn Station. I am thoroughly charmed, slightly breathless, a trifle embarrassed, and hardly know where to stand.

All in all, however, I expect this experience to be at least as revealing. Through the infinite wisdom and occasional cowardice of our predominantly male Council, our feminine peers have been supplied this space and promised a future repetition, without let or hindrance as to what they may do with it.

I suspect that at least a portion of the issue will be devoted to male chauvinist sins, and no doubt many of you deserve it. I exempt myself from that category, because thanks entirely to the ceaseless advice of my wife, I have achieved a high degree of adequacy.

So welcome, ladies. Have at us.

—Ranald MacDougall

From the pres. of Screen branch—

"Listen," Allen Rivkin said to me when the material for this Women's edition of the Newsletter came pouring in, "I never knew all of that talent was out there."

That almost says it all. The Women's committee of the Guild has awakened a lot of lively voices. Out of its first few exploratory meetings new friendships have been formed, ideas expressed and exchanged, even professional collaborations started. And if that isn't a large part of what a Guild is all about, then I'll burn my bra in Macy's window.

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Ida Lupino: A Profile

It is no exaggeration to say Ida Lupino has the most phenomenally varied and successful career of any woman in the American film industry. Her track record, which spans 40 years, includes acting credits in over 75 major features and countless Tv shows; directing credits on nearly a dozen features and three times as many top-rated Tv shows; and writing credits on a half-dozen features, plus numerous Tv shows. Yet to hear her talk about it, you'd think it really wasn't anything so special. As a matter of fact,

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Thievery & Plagiarism Get Thorough Exposé

There must be something that we, as organized writers, can do about the "original story thievery" that's going on in Tv and motion pictures today by schlock agents, directors, producers, and even some with much better reputations.

During one of the meetings of the Women's group within the Guild, a poll

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Writers Guild of America, west

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For This Issue

Gertrude Walker *Editor*
Rocci Chatfield *Assoc. Ed.*

"Make Room for Granddaddy" is Requested

With the passage of the 26th Amendment, giving 18-year-olds the right to vote, it seems appropriate to take a critical look at the electoral system within WGAW.

Guild membership is presently divided into four classifications: *Associate*, members with fewer than the 18 units required to reach *Current* (actively working) status; *Guild*, former Current members who have not earned 9 units in the past three years; and *Withdrawn*, a voluntary, non-dues-paying category. The only members with the right to vote, and therefore the right to participate fully in Guild affairs, are Currents.

Encourage Neophytes

Arguments can—and often have—been made to keep the vote from Associates on the grounds that they are apprentices who have yet to comprehend fully the problems of the full-time writer and consequently don't have the experience to vote wisely. Why not, for example, encourage neophyte Associates to play a part in the workings of the Guild, allow them to join committees, perhaps give them their own committee, but, in any

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Women's 1st Workshop

There seems to be some misunderstanding and confusion about the women members of the Guild forming a group within the Guild.

It was never intended to be divisive. Rather, women have become increasingly conscious of problems they share.

By the time this issue of the *Newsletter* reaches you, if all goes as planned, the first Workshop arranged for by the women members of the Guild will have taken place on Oct. 28 in the Guild board room.

Elinor and Steve Karpf will conduct "How to sell a story—a clinic" as the first of a series of sessions dealing with specific aspects of motion pictures and Tv. Jack Guss, Joanna Lee, and Richard Levinson will also participate.

Later sessions will cover:

Nov. 26: *Daytime Tv, Soaps, Game Shows.*

Dec. 23: *Comedy—Sitcom and Variety.*

Jan. 27: *Screen Writing.*

Feb. 25: *Producing and Directing.*

We know as writers, not just women writers, that in an art/industry with as many problems as ours, we cannot solve all of them by ourselves.

Thus, all men are very welcome at the Workshop sessions. —Gloria Goldsmith

AN EDITORIAL

No Shrines Anywhere

Washington Irving, that very acute American observer of English life about the beginning of the last century, said something which is as true today as it was then. He observed that visitors to Westminster Abbey remained longest about the simple monuments in Poets' Corner. "They linger about them," he said, "as about the tombs of friends and companions."

The above is a quote from a pamphlet put out by the Abbey. While in London recently, standing in that hallowed sanctuary, standing directly over the plaque in the stone floor of the memorial to T.S. Eliot, I met a young, Brooklyn boy, perhaps 25 or 26 years of age. His name is Fred Goldhaber and he is a teacher in a Brooklyn High School. His subjects are English and American poetry and English and American literature.

We began to talk. After days and nights of frenetic movement, Fred's sudden, quiet erudition, in a literary fortress, was an utter oasis for me.

Our rapport was instant. We talked of literary figures—English, French and American—from the 1700s, the 1800s, through to the '20s, '30s, '40s and '50s.

Time ceases to exist in the Abbey, and that day it wasn't even heard of for Fred Goldhaber and me. He told me how emotional he had become when he stood in front of a shrine to a literary genius, how he had wept when he walked down Avenue Victor Hugo in Paris, stood near Alexandre Dumas' house, bowed his head in front of the apartment where Collette once lived.

Finally, we had actually forgotten even where we were standing. He suddenly stared down at the floor. We were still over the T.S. Eliot memorial.

"Someday," he said, solemnly, "I hope that one of my pupils will be excellent enough to be honored by a memorial in Westminster Abbey."

Then he looked up at me and said, "Do you honor screen writers in Hollywood in any way besides an occasional Oscar or an award from your own Guild?"

I shook my head. "No," I said, "there isn't any studio bungalow with a plaque on it that says, 'Frances Marion wrote here.' Or a street called Avenue de Preston Sturges. There isn't even a shrine any place in the city to James Agee."

"No shrine to Agee?"

"No—no shrines anywhere."

He shook his head sadly. At that moment the Abbot called for the cessa-

tion of movement in the Abbey as he read the Lord's Prayer, asking all of us to pray with him.

There were hundreds of tourists there and the quiet following the Abbot's voice was almost reverent.

Fred and I bowed our heads, and with the hundreds of others we repeated the Lord's Prayer. When it was over we shook hands and he turned slowly and walked away.

And then I said my own personal prayer. "Please, dear God," I said, "some-day, somehow, see that a street in Brooklyn is named—Boulevard de Fred Goldhaber." —Gertrude Walker, *Editor*

We Need a Room That We Can Call Our Own

Six months or so ago, the women members met for the first time in the Guild's beautiful Council room. Most of us had never been in that room before. We had a chance to talk shop, bitch about agents and pass tips to one another (even one as minor as using "liquid paper" instead of an eraser for typographical corrections). A few even started to form collaborations. It's been stimulating, helping us feel less isolated—something which goes with the writing profession.

We discussed the fact that those in the Dramatists Guild with time on their hands can go to their headquarters in New York and read, play pool, browse through theatrical, film and Tv magazines from here and abroad, maybe even talk to Neil Simon on his way to the bank. In L.A., members of the Press Club can go to their building on Vermont, dine in their restaurant, drink at their bar, even sit in on a press conference. Short of opening a bridge table and tossing a red checkered tablecloth over it in front of 8955 Beverly Blvd. (WGAW Hdqtrs.), Hollywood writers are like orphans in the storm when they're in town and need a place to roost for an hour or so.

There are other reasons for a Writers Room. Ever go to a Film Society Sunday screening at the Academy and see the looks that are exchanged between the veteran writers—in their shirts, ties and jackets—and the younger writers in their chambray shirts, jeans and fringed jackets? No seeming warmth there. And at times like these, we must have all the warmth we can get. We need a place where *all* writers—regardless of age, hair style and attire—can rub patched elbows with one another.

Having a room of one's own is an experience some of us may remember from childhood. It meant a growing up, a coming of age. Our Writers Guild is 38

SCREEN BRANCH PRES.

... from page 1

Today, the history of the Newsletter becomes herstory as well. Salud!

—Fay Kanin

years old (SWG was started in 1933). It's supposed to be grown up. It's definitely come of age. Isn't it about time for our Guild to do the professional thing—have a Writers Club Room of its own?

—Connie Lee Bennett

Editor's Note:

During the late '20s and early '30s in Paris, the expatriates were there—Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe, etc.—obviously exchanging ideas with French, British, Irish, German, and Russian writers who were also there. The avant garde and not so avant garde writers and painters, the Impressionists and Expressionists were watching, listening, fighting, loving and commiserating with each other—and helping each other, and therefrom were born schools of writing styles and painting styles that revolutionized both worlds of artistic creativity. Camaraderie, even argumentative, is the warmth absolutely needed for the birth of new ideas.

And in New York, thousands of miles away (farther then, than now), the Algonquin Roundtable was flourishing with wits, raconteurs, editors, critics and writers of the '20s and '30s—Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woolcott, Edmund Wilson, George Jean Nathan, etc. They were exchanging ideas, basking in other's and their own wit, cutting literary throats with their usual cosmopolitan aplomb right in front of the dear victims, but all in all, having a hell of a ball, resulting in the marvelous literature of that time, which we, including the young creator, now look upon with such nostalgia.

Today, those of us—young, middle-aged and past—who want so desperately to feel again the above experiences have no place to go where we can meet someone with whom we can experience them.

—Gertrude Walker

Whites Writing Black

Can any white person write effectively from the black point of view? This question seems irrelevant when men like Melvin Van Peebles and Gordon Parks are writing and graphically filming the Black Mystique from every conceivable angle. Still, it was Penelope Gilliatt (in *The New Yorker*), a white lady, who wrote the only cogent review of "Sweetback," who picked up on Van Peebles' intent and had the courage to relay his message. It was a

pleasure reading Miss Gilliatt. I had read her reviews before, of course. But until "Sweetback," I thought she was just another Pauline Kael (also *The New Yorker*). While Miss Gilliatt's review proves nothing about the ability of Whites to write Black, it does prove that it is possible for a white person to perceive, and be empathetic with the black dilemma.

"Turner" Killed

William Styron wrote "Nat Turner" in such prejudicial and unrealistic terms that because of the objections of the black community, the film couldn't be started. But most of us know the fundamentals now. The word "gwine" is OUT, along with dis, dat, jazz and all those cockroaches. Fading from the literary scene is the fantastic Negro of yesterday's fiction, that degraded imbecile created by bigoted authors to be avidly read by bigoted readers. Gone, too, is our vast bland and dull-witted audience who never saw a REAL Negro and never hoped to see one. Sprawled in the same theater seats today is a fresh-faced behemoth composed of visual sophisticates who can't be lied to any more.

How are we to write for this new and superior cognoscenti? Indeed, for such a discerning audience, can a hetero write about a homo, a Catholic about a Protestant, a man about a woman? Must today's writer become a bi-sexed, multi-racial, schizo-Plimpton in order to pass the inspection of the New Breed?

Married to Black Man

"Write What You Know" has always been a good rule of thumb. For purposes of a White writing Black it would seem, in my case, to fit like a surgical glove. Consider my history. For 18 years I've been married to a black man. His people have become my people to the extent that I am now related to a good fraction of the black population of the state of Louisiana and roughly a hundred black Angelenos. We have six children and lived in the Watts area for the first 12 years of our marriage, including the time of the riot and its aftermath. Certainly this should give me the advantage when it comes to White (if, indeed, I can still qualify as such) writing Black. But wait a minute. There are several problems and one big variable.

Black, as a way of life, is not a valid frame of reference nor is it accurate terminology when at least 15,000 "Blacks" slip into the white race each year, thereby solving, in one decisive day, their problems with pusher-infested schools, a housing shortage and sub-

standard cops. Or so they expect—until they find similar conditions in effect in the suburbs. Just last week I heard from an old friend, Mrs. G., a middle-aged woman of extremely dark complexion who has recently turned white. It didn't happen overnight, of course. It started at her feet, this mysterious loss of pigment, and moved upward until now, except for two small spots on her face, she is completely white. The doctors have offered little in the way of explanation. But supposing it could be isolated, this mysterious color-removing substance, and sold in jars across the cosmetic counters of the world? How relevant would color be then? What would happen to the word black? Is color so crucial when the overall picture is visible? When at least 80% of Black America lives quietly on monotonous streets—some rich, some average, some poor? The legendary stud that is "Sweetback" exists only in fantasy. The average black man, alas, has corns on his toes, gets rather bad backaches and is afraid of his dentist. He enjoys a good laugh at the white man's fable concerning his stunning sexual prowess. (At the same time, he would be the *last* to deny it!)

Why, then, is this mundane creature so elusive, so impossible to capture on the printed page?

Gets Comments

Here are some of the comments I've received from teachers and agents about my attempts to "write Black."

TOO ORDINARY. (It could have happened to anyone.)

TOO GRIM. (Who wants to read that ghetto crap any more?)

TOO FAR OUT. (Who can believe this flag-waving black man you write about?)

What am I supposed to do, tell them the truth? That my husband is a black Archie Bunker? That's the big variable I was telling you about. Human nature. People are made up of an infinite variety of trait-combinations. For every white person you know, there is a black counterpart. Is there an answer for the white writer who wants to write black? There's one solution I'd put my money on: that writing black is just one facet of writing the human condition.

Any sensitive writer who has studied enough about humanity to write a character who lives can write a black character as well.

—Val Washington

This also applies to female writing male—and has obviously applied from time immemorial to male writing female.

—G.W.

No man is a Gilligan's Island.

—Richard Burgheim in *Time*

Please Name Your Beneficiary

During Sept. three of our members died *without naming beneficiaries!*

This is carelessness and neglect that is inexcusable.

The Pension Plan is eager and anxious to get death benefits to survivors as quickly as possible, but the administrator's hands are tied, and the family suffers from lack of funds at a time most crucial.

If you haven't signed your beneficiary card, call Pension Plan adm. Andrew MacDonald at 651-0931 *today*, ask him to send you a beneficiary card, sign it and return to him *immediately*. Don't fool around with fate.

Blacks Writing White

Part 1

In the movie "Shaft," no matter how many times Private Detective John Shaft mouths the epithet, "Mother Fucker," he falls short of being a well-drawn, definitive black man—even for a "Super-Spade Private Eye." Reason: He is the concept of white writers who dare to think that they know what the black experience is all about and what makes the black man or woman run. This is not to say that the "MF" phenomenon, as well as the index of obscene four-letter words, isn't part of the soul-brother experience. They are there, existing on all levels, regardless of income, education, morals, and if not verbally extolled, damn sure to be thought. But if you don't know when and how and where to use these "niceties," then you've missed the boat. Likewise, black is not always synonymous with H and the clap; sweet Daddys and street women; chittlins and sloe gin; Hallelujah and God-damn. Working fathers, caring mothers, obedient children. Sunday at the beach, sex with love, and love of man may not make for high-powered drama but it is all part of the B L A C K thing. Black writers know it!

Whites Can't

Relating the true black experience cannot be accomplished by a white writer. Not even if he dyed his skin (it's been done before), kinked his hair (why bother?) and did whatever else those who think Black, but aren't, would like to do. You must have been there. This is not to say that commercial success is beyond the horizon. Yes, you can make it big at the box office, but creatively you fall short of the mark. There are those who say a good writer can script anything. Not only have they missed the boat, they are drowning in the mire. The most talented black writer around could not have suc-

cessfully dramatized "Exodus." The soul-and-gut experiences of that epic belonged to a Jew. While oppression may be universal, the reaction to it differs with each ethnic group and forms the basis of character, interaction, dreams and accomplishments. The singing, dancing Black may not always be the happy "Nigger."

Now, after this lengthy opening exposition, what am I really trying to say? Simply this: If a black writer (providing he is talented) is not to be given a chance to exercise his craft with basically white-oriented and white-constructed themes of films, then surely he must be considered for writing about that which he knows so well. Be mindful that I used the adjective talented. Here I will even dismiss the novice screen writer (and thereby cut my own throat), for I speak of the black man capable of scripting "The Godfather" or "The New Centurions," but who would skillfully masterpiece a Huey Newton saga. He deserves and should receive this reward. And, remember, I'm not talking exclusively about the male of the species. *We women bleed too!* —Jeanne A. Taylor

Blacks Writing White

Part 2

Old myths die hard but I propose a swift, unemotional burial for one particular misconception: that Blacks cannot write "White." The most widely read series of books to give the lie to the fallacy are those penned by Alexandre Dumas. There are few among us who have not thrilled to the immortal romance of "The Three Musketeers" or relished the updating in "Twenty Years Later."

Down through the years there have been black writers of power and scope who have written "White" as well as "Black." Frank Yerby, Georgia-born author of such best selling novels as "The

DAN TANA'S

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To Us Women

I'm honored to be among you—a working woman. I, too, am in a field where men are the huge majority. I, too, suffer the same slings and arrows that are so debasing and totally unnecessary where only ability and expertise should be the criteria. I, too, know that it's a long hard road to the equality we all must gain. But, along with you, I am making the good fight, difficult as it is.

As an aside, since I *am* one of you, I can understand your **Life Insurance problems** better than most in this man-choked profession. Why not drop in and talk over whatever is on your mind?

Meantime, have a good Thanksgiving—and buy yourself a *hen* turkey.

RUTH GROSSER
400 south Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, California
553-8400 879-4700

For 15 years WGAw Life
Insurance Administrator

New Closing Time

Script registration secy. Blanche Baker wants members to know that her department shuts down operations at 5:15 p.m. daily.

Foxes of Harrow" and "The Vixens," was often criticized for writing romantic historical yarns about the South instead of dealing with its explosive race problem. Willard Motley parlayed his vivid prose style and detailed knowledge of Chicago's seamy side into novelist's fame. Those eager readers of all colors who devoured the popular books of these authors frequently never knew they were black men. I doubt that knowing would have altered the impact of the stories they told.

From Richard Wright, Ann Petry, Arna Bontemps, Lorraine Hansberry, Ralph Ellison, John A. Williams to Charles Gordone, winner of the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for his play "No Place To Be Somebody," Black, on Black, will be heard. In the same way that history evolves and is recorded, the black experience will be chronicled as long as Blacks are extant. This in no way makes us less qualified to write about the experiences of other ethnic groups.

Make No Mistake

Do not make the mistake of assuming that we are not equally as astute and observant, because while you have been looking through us we have been looking directly at you. The mirror that is the black writer reflects a broad spectrum of white America that may at once astound and dismay you with its creative insights. As writers, each of us deals with the universal human condition, which fact supersedes color of skin and circumstance of birth.

The industry is constantly calling for new talent, new ideas, new viewpoints. Some of the relatively few of us who have entered WGAw via the commendable Open Door Workshop have been discouraged to learn that behind the open door is often another door beyond which lurks the proverbial blank wall.

To paraphrase a famous quotation, ask not what you can do for black writers, ask what innovative writers of whatever color can do for the industry.

—Eunice Braggs

**Don't Forget the
Motion Picture
Relief Fund**

Council Moves Action on Five New Problems

Five matters at the Sept. 27 Council meeting were given an 8B rating (*to be recorded and published*).

Guild pres. Ranald MacDougall read a letter from the attorney for a Canadian firm, explaining that his client requested Guild consent to the licensing of films by major distributors for a period of 18 months to enable them to experiment via videotape or closed circuit Tv in hotels and motels and then present an economic analysis of the market for all parties concerned.

It was *MSC the request be denied and further that facts concerning the films screened in a recent Newark experiment be obtained from 20th Century-Fox.*

For: Anhalt, Coon, Furia, Gould, Harmon, Kanin, Karp, Ludwig, Mayes, Radnitz, Rintels, Robinson, Semple, Simmons, Spigelgass, White (16).

Against: None.

Abstain: Ellison (because he was not present during the discussion) (1).

George Clayton Johnson & Alfred Harris, co-chm. of New Directions com., presented for Council approval a report from their com. and some proposals. The reaction to the Forum proposal (explained in the motion) was that it was *MSC that the Council accept the recommendation of the New Directions Committee that a Guild Industry Committee be appointed by the Council for the purpose of communicating with the Directors Guild of America and the Screen Actors Guild leadership with a view toward closer liaison in creative areas.*

For: Unanimous (17).

On the basis that the Guild cannot organize an effective strike with only a few weeks notice, the New Directions group recommended that the Strike com. should become a Standing rather than an *ad hoc* com. Thus it was *MSC that the Strike Committee be appointed a standing committee instead of an ad hoc committee.*

For: (9).

Against: (7) (one member had left the meeting by then).

The vote was not individually recorded.

New Directions co-chm. then recommended that an effort be made to keep a high level of accuracy on members' phone numbers since it is a vital line of communication in preparation for and during strike conditions. It was then *MSC to note that the Guild has taken and con-*

tinues to take various steps to keep the membership telephone numbers as accurate as possible.

For: Unanimous (16).

Johnson & Harris closed with a recommendation that an investigation be launched, by whatever com. the Council selected, to build up the Strike Fund because "members were frightened about our Strike Fund being insufficient during the last crisis." Then it was *MSC to refer to the Membership-Finance Committee for discussion the matter of a Strike Fund and the recommendation of the New Directions Committee.*

For: Unanimous (16).

Adjournment was at 1:45 a.m.

A Look at 4 Hyphenates

Pat Falken Smith: A Profile

Pat Falken Smith is a handsome red-head with the exuberance of a teenager. This is somehow unexpected when you consider she has a track record dating back 15 years as a story editor on over a dozen top network shows. Among them are such diverse efforts as "Ford-Celebrity Theatre," "Alcoa-Goodyear," "Playhouse 90," "Climax," "Bonanza," "The Americans," "Jesse James" and "Father of the Bride."

We sat in her book-lined office, part of a plush upstairs-downstairs suite located in the rear of her Valley home. A circular staircase led to an area below where one of three revolving secretaries was at work. Currently the head writer for the daytime soap, "Where the Heart Is," Pat is also co-partner in Windrose Prod., a film company.

"This is what I've always wanted to do," she said, "produce films. Together with my partner, I'm currently preparing our first production, "Man in a Wheat Field," adapted from the novel by Robert Laxalt. This is a property that was turned down by every studio in town because they didn't know how to lick it. It will be shot all on location in Nevada and will be brought in under \$750,000. What I've got is a five-year deal with no salary and 30% of the ownership. My partner owns another 30%. Between us we have total creative control which is a producer's dream and highly unusual.

Highly Organized

"How did I get where I am?" Pat paused reflectively and glanced outside at her daughter Cathy, age four, who was splashing about in the pool. "Well, for one thing, I'm the best damned organized person I know. I have to be. This is, after

Welcome, New Members!

The Council at its Sept. 27 meeting welcomed the following new members into the Guild:

Steve Philip Barker
Juanita Laulee Bartlett
Arthur M. Eisenson
Peter L. Bellwood
Jerome Kilty
Paul Bernhard Lichtman
Kim Louis Ringwald
Harvey H. Sachs
Anthony Shaffer
Rodney G. Warnken

Transferred from WGA east were Daniel M. Blackburn, Frank Duane, Andrew Smith and Ken Welch.

all, a man's business. In order to get ahead a woman has to work harder. She simply doesn't have the opportunity to make as many mistakes. For instance, when I worked at Warners as a reader, I had to learn to write perfect copy the first time around. This helped me tremendously when I became a writer, as it has others. You'd be surprised how many of our Guild members started out as readers.

"Right now I've got two writers working under me on the daytime show, which requires five scripts a week. In addition to this, Windrose has eight features in the works. I'm not writing any of them, I'm involved in what is literally producing. A couple of our people are new writers and I'm really excited about them.

"Over the years, I've worked with many women writers, and there's really no difference. If she's good, a woman can write with the strength of a man, write action shows just as well and work with just as many deadlines and pressures. If anything, a woman is more painstaking and less temperamental. She has a real knack for making things work—she has to, it's indigenous to her life style.

"The only important issue in Women's Lib, in my opinion, is equal pay for equal work. If women lose their femininity and become fanatical in the business world, they are making a big mistake. Instead they should think positively and work constantly to improve their talent."

—Joyce Perry

Male Producer: When are you going to bed with me? I've always wanted to sleep with a writer.

Female Writer: Why don't you sleep with Gene Coon? He's a writer. —R.C.

Elinor Karpf: A Profile

Elinor Karpf and her husband Stephen are perhaps the hottest young writing team around. Currently at Paramount where they are writing and producing two Movies of the Week—"Rolling Man," an original, and "Two for the Money," which is a pilot—they consider their actual beginning in the business was the making of the critically acclaimed "Adam at Six A.M.," based on their original screenplay.

It's a bit difficult to discuss Elinor without Stephen because, as Elinor puts it, "It's a unique collaboration. Not something we formed after we were both professional writers and had our own styles. Since college we've never done anything that was not a collaboration, so we never formed an individual style which we then had to fit with a new collaborator. We complement each other in our abilities and our outlooks. It worked in the beginning and it's simply worked ever since."

Discussing their method of work, Elinor said, "We have a great deal of discussion before we proceed with anything. We talk out scenes, we talk out scripts, we make notes and then when we actually begin writing, I do the typing. I happen to be the one who's the good typist. Stephen writes in longhand. It's very much of a sharing thing and goes back and forth all the time."

When the Karpfs first came out here, it was for Stephen to do research on a book concerning film heroes of the '30s. During this time they wrote two feature scripts.

Mike Nichols Helped

"One was an original and another was an adaptation of a novel, which we didn't own or anything, we just did it to show we could write feature scripts. And through these scripts we met a lot of people and made ourselves known, and people believed in us. Among the people who have helped us and furthered our career is Mike Nichols, who has been wonderful to us; Steve McQueen, whose company produced "Adam at Six A.M.," and Paul Newman has always been very good to us and believed in us.

"I can honestly say I've never felt any discrimination because I'm a woman. People have always rated me according to my abilities and talents and what I could provide for them. I've never felt any special treatment because I was a woman. And this is not only in my personal dealings with people but in the type of property I'm offered. I don't feel people say 'She can only do this or that.' I do—I should say we do a wide variety of things.

"I can make this observation though, and that is that I work with men almost

totally. There are no women to work with on a decision-making level except one, Lillian Gallo, who runs Movie of the Weekend for ABC. Everyone else I've ever worked with on all the networks and at all the studios—and I write for all three networks—they're all men. Which I think speaks for itself.”
—Joyce Perry

Gloria Katz: A Profile

Gloria Katz is *not* a crazy New York kid. She is a wildly pretty gamin, with an incredible giggle, a fey sense of humor and energy that apparently knows no bounds. She also happens to be a film producer.

At the age of 28, Gloria is one of the current new breed of film makers from UCLA engaged in independent production. Together with her director-husband Willard Huyck, she wrote and is producing "The Second Coming," starring Michael Greer and Marianna Hill. It's being shot entirely on location in Los Angeles, and its budget is \$105,000. "It's a horror or terror film . . . sometimes I call it a suspense thriller," she grinned, "depending on whom I am talking to."

Despite getting an admittedly fair shake on her own film, Gloria feels the situation is otherwise for most women in the industry. "I've known a lot of women who are associate producers on films," she said, "where they have often done all the producer's work and don't get credit. They got to a certain level, and then they were cut off. They never became full producers because they were stopped. This, in my estimation, is a tremendous area of male chauvinism.

"The picture I am working on is mostly done with people of my own age and experience. This is much more fluid than the typical Hollywood situation. If you do a good job in an independent film, you can rise very quickly. In a typical Hollywood film, everyone has his own set little job. In an independent film,

RESIDUAL INCOME

For Tv resid, Sept. this year *slipped* 11.61%, but for the first nine months of '71, we were *up* 13.17%.

In Films-to-Tv, the *increase* was 12.47% for Sept., but the year to-date is 11.85% *lower*.

Residuals adm. Maureen Beattie reports:

	Sept. '71	Sept. '70
Tv	\$ 540,713.04	\$ 611,738.16
Films-to-Tv	59,213.72	52,648.24
	9 mos. '71	9 mos. '72
Tv	\$5,125,409.38	\$4,528,765.78
Films-to-Tv	677,611.37	768,715.29
	Sept. '71	Sept. '70
Grand Total	\$ 599,926.76	\$ 644,386.40

you have a lot of options, which is a nice thing.

Handles Crew

"On our film part of my job is handling the crew. There's never any problem with 'You're a woman, I'm a man, and I'm not going to listen to what you've told me.' But I have run into situations where in dealing with certain equipment houses, it's a real shockeroo to learn that a woman could know anything about lighting or equipment problems or have any technical expertise.

"Working on this film has been a really liberating experience. While Willard is on the set, I'm working on an entirely different end of the production involving a lot of things like securing equipment, securing locations, dealing with agents, things like that. So I don't have Willard there to say, 'This is my wife. Don't be mean to her.'"

Gloria feels that working in independents gives women a tremendous opportunity for mobility. "From this situation," she said, referring to her current film, "I've gotten numerous job offers either for associate producer or produc-

tion manager or co-producer, none of which I want to take because I want to be a writer-producer."

When asked how one can get into independents, Gloria mentioned Roger Corman. "He has several women producers working for him. He's been very good in that respect, but part of the reason is that he knows he can pay women less." Nevertheless, because the independent steup is less stratified, Gloria feels it offers the best opportunity for women to rise in the industry.

—Joyce Perry

Joanna Lee: A Profile

Joanna Lee, a top situation comedy writer, is currently story editor on "Room 222." A striking redhead with a model's flair for wearing clothes, she started writing 11 years ago when an auto accident brought a successful acting career to an abrupt halt.

"Over the years, I have dealt with some producers who have treated me strictly as a writer," she said. "Then there are others who have related to me as a girl or as a pretty girl, and sometimes that has worked for me. But then again, sometimes it has not. When I've become angry, when I feel I have been slighted, it's because I simply have not been taken seriously for what I have to say and for my work.

"It's mostly attitudinal. So much of it is not overt. It's attitudes you have to deal with. Patronizing attitudes. Producers will see you, and you know you're not going to get the job—they're just doing 'the thing' by seeing you. It's like seeing a black guy for a show where he doesn't have the chance of getting a job."

I asked her if it wasn't different now that she's established a solid reputation in her field. "Yes," she replied. "But in order to get that reputation, I feel I had



Pat Falken Smith



Elinor Karpf



Gloria Katz



Joanna Lee

to work twice as hard as any guy. I know the first three or four years of my career, I never took a day off. Not one. I worked every single day of the week, eight hours a day and if I wasn't working on an assignment, I was putting together stories that I could take in or call in to every show I could possibly think of."

Other Side Different

I also asked her how she felt about being on the other side of the desk as a story editor. "It's different," she said. "It was a bit of an adjustment for me at first. I had hesitations about ever being behind a desk. I always equated that with Rosalind Russell movies and wide-shoulder suits and cigarettes and funny hats. It was a threat to me at first, and then I kind of sailed right into it, discovered that I liked it and could do it easily and, I think, with competence. As far as how I've been treated, most writers are comfortable with me. And it's obvious that it is *because I'm a woman.*"

"It's strange," she mused, "even when you're finally allowed to take a seat at the executive table, there're always going to be one or two guys who are going to try to put you down. And it isn't just the 'new guy on the team.' It's very specifically 'get back in the kitchen, girl, where you belong, and let us serious people do the talking and make the decisions.' And a woman always has to fight some element of that. No matter how controlled she is. No matter how charming she is. No matter how deferential she is. She is still going to meet with a certain amount of hostility purely because of her sex."

No Contest: Guy Vs. Gal

I wondered how she felt about men versus women in writing capability. "I couldn't make a judgment as to whether men or women are better writers. Generally speaking..." her voice trailed off and she smiled. "There is no generally speaking. You can't speak that way. I know some women who are harsh and strident and difficult to talk to even on the phone. I couldn't imagine having long story conferences with them. I also know some men like that. I think, by and large, women are a bit more meticulous and a little more conscientious because they have to try harder.

"There's no question that prejudice exists. It exists on the part of those who hire and it exists in the minds of the women themselves. And that's what I've come to think about. Germaine Greer wrote the 'Feminine Eunuch.' What she really said in that book was: Here's what you're up against, here's what you have

to deal with. Now take a look at *it*, and take a look at yourself because you're half responsible for this deplorable condition. I think it's very true. We have been brainwashed and we have had to deal with cultural indoctrination. And if we wish to accept that, then we're going to go on in the fashion we have, in a subservient position, as second-class citizens. I think most women realize that's no longer necessary, but you have to get that down to gut level. It has everything to do with your own self-image, and that's crucial. You really have to get down to who you are before anything is going to change for you." —Joyce Perry

Supremacy Not Goal; Try to Fulfill Self

It was not until the early 1800s that women writers of significance began to emerge on the literary front. One of the first to give countenance to women who sought to achieve a more meaningful identity was Margaret Fuller. In her dissertations to women gathered at the famous West Street Circle in Boston, Miss Fuller challenged her audience with such questions as, "Why should women be constrained to follow employments for which most were ill suited? Why should women be satisfied with the common routines of living?" She urged them to seek out their hidden talents.

Mostly Males

Although literature continued to be the private domain of the male writer during that period, his position did not remain exclusive. Several women novelists achieved prominence equal to that of the male, with such authors as Louisa May Alcott and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The stage was set, and many women writers contributed generously to all fields of literature in the 1800s. Their influence and numbers were to grow to such proportions that Nathaniel Hawthorne described them once as "a damned mob of scribbling women."

Despite Hawthorne's disparaging remark, women did win acclaim as writers, but unfortunately not in "mobs." Women's successes are still among the minority, even when statistically their gender is well in the majority.

It is interesting to note that there exists a differentiation between acceptance of women in the field of novels, poetry and journalism as opposed to women who write for the motion picture and Tv industry. Perhaps this contradiction in acknowledgment is due to society's insistence on the archaic premise that "women's place is in the home." A novel or a book of poetry is, ironically enough, written by the woman in her home, her accepted "place."

This lack of discernment in evaluation, although imposed by sociological standards, is upheld and maintained by various power groups of the industry, primarily dominated by the male.

A Gal Must Be Great

The woman writer or creator in any professional area, if she is a genuinely talented individual, may be regarded as an overly talented "female," thus presenting a potential threat to the male, who has falsely assumed priority over possession of "talent." If the woman creator is not as adroit at her craft as she would like to be, she will also be rejected, reinforcing the male's attitude that woman is "naturally inferior" and not expected to display anything beyond mediocrity. She must almost live under the reincarnation of an axiom of the late 1800s, when it was stated by gentlemen of the old regime in the South that, "A woman's name should appear in print but twice—when she marries and when she dies."

Women writers and all women seeking fulfillment and avowal as free individuals should not strive for equality or even supremacy, but possession of her true self—a "being" of the universe entitled to whatever participation and achievement she seeks and of which she is proven worthy. She must deal with the ambiguity of her assigned situation; the demand

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Writing is hard; that's why there is so little of it that is any good in the theater, motion pictures or Tv. While everyone else is having meetings, going to lunch or talking about *cinema-verite*, the writer is making a fool of himself putting it down on paper where everyone can see it.

Nothing anyone puts down on paper can match the misty vision of an idea that hasn't really been had, and the writer's work looks pale beside the dream. As a result, a lot of writers give up and start calling themselves "film makers" where no one is sure whether they're making fools of themselves or not (-Andrew A. Rooney in *Tv Guide*).

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for sovereignty and the reluctance to sacrifice the privileges necessary to achieve it. When both male and female can transcend ego and sexual difference and relate as "man" to "man" or "human" to "human," only then can true evaluation be made of an individual and his worth. Women will be enabled to secure their rightful places, which will be determined only by themselves and their measure of contributions—not under the restrictive label of "females," but as separate and true identities, unique unto themselves. —Carole A. Beers

What Happened to All the Big Women Stars?

When Carole Eastman wrote "Five Easy Pieces," the character of Catherine, the young pianist-protege, was conceived as an older woman, a concert pianist of style and accomplishment, who viewed Robert Dupea's attempts to seduce her with cool irony (see Eastman interview, elsewhere in this issue). By the time the film was finished, Catherine had been diminished to a young girl, talent not at all established, and of course a pushover for the hero.

I suppose it's possible to be grateful that even though she was an aspiring artist, Catherine came off as fairly pretty and fairly bright, since the only decent roles for women in American movies today tend to be either prostitutes, like Julie Christie's "Mrs. Miller" and Jane Fonda in "Klute," or grotesques—from Joan Crawford and Bette Davis in "Baby Jane" to Shelley Winters and Debbie Reynolds in "What's the Matter With Helen?"

Women Abroad Shine

Why are there no decent roles in American films for women? This isn't true in England or on the continent, where actresses have the opportunity to display the span of their talents: Julie Christie's roles have ranged from the headstrong country girl in "Madding Crowd" to a fragile, upper-class romantic in "The Go-Between," Vanessa Redgrave from Isadora Duncan to a nun-hysteric in "The Devils," Glenda Jackson from "Marat/Sade" to "Women in Love" to "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," Jeanne Moreau and Anouk Aimee in France, Sophia Loren in Italy, (and when has she ever done an American picture that has even slightly tapped her marvelous earthy quality or her comedic gifts?), they have all portrayed women of strength, intelligence and drive.

!!!HEED!!!

Working Rule No. 8

No member shall accept employment with, or sell literary material to any person, firm or corporation who is not a signatory to the applicable MBA.

Violation of this rule shall automatically subject the member to a fine, the maximum amount of which shall not exceed 100% of the remuneration received from such non-signatory.

Are there no American actresses capable of playing interesting roles? Surely there must be. Some of our brightest feminine talents are being wasted in guest shots on Tv, in movie bits (Colleen Dewhurst, "The Last Run," Barbara Harris, "Kellerman"), or have fled in despair back to the New York theater.

Is it because there are no writers capable of writing about women who are recognizable to women? Most of the writers with the deepest desire to write about women, i.e., the women writers in the Guild, are simply not working (see the statistics, this issue).

Shy Virgins or . . .

Why is there now no market for films about women? The anthropologist, Hortense Powdermaker, called Hollywood the Dream Factory. Since the first nickelodeon, films have mirrored America's aspirations, achievements and sense of self. And the films were about men and women, not just men. There was "The Great Train Robbery" at the beginning, but there was also "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

The women in the films of the '20s were often simplistically drawn: shy virgins or smouldering exotics, but in the context of the film, they were taken seriously, treated as persons. Even now, to see a revival of "Broken Blossoms" with Lillian Gish, white-faced, fragile and looking 14 years old, cowering in a closet to avoid a beating by a drunken father, is to empathize with the terror and helplessness of that girl.

In the '30s and early '40s the stories became more sophisticated, and so did the actors. Garbo, Lombard, Myrna Loy, a dozen other exciting, unforgettable women—all well past puberty—traded crisp dialogue with their co-stars (remember crisp dialogue?).

The films reflected the times—the Depression, career-mindedness, great wealth being made fun of for the amusement of the less fortunate, but always there were men and women in the stories.

Sometime after the start of World War II, women disappeared from the screen, and they haven't been seen since.

Pinup Craze Responsible?

Why? Was it the pinup craze among servicemen that destroyed the true images of women like Grable and Hayworth, whose sensuality was tempered by their genuine warmth and vitality as they moved across the screen? Did the millions of cheap glossies distributed by the studios freeze them into mere sexual statistics? A round fanny in a white bathing suit aimed at the viewer, a well-filled satin nightgown on an inviting bed? Nothing above the neck that was of any importance?

All the tender, strong, quirky, complicated creatures that all humans are, reduced to woman's most common denominator. Without emotion, even lust must eventually become boring. Is that how women became equated in the film industry with dullness?

Whatever the reason, women as persons have become almost nonexistent in films. While men are written in all shades of character, women are written in terms of cliché as a bad Western. A girl who is slightly stupid and adores the protagonist, like Rayette in "Five Easy Pieces," is made to look good. A woman who opposes a man or aspires to be her own person . . . well, when did you last see one of those?

To view films made in the last 10 years is to view a world where women make up 1% of the population, don't work professionally, are either whores or harpy wives and have neither character nor problems that could be even remotely interesting to men or women!

Films Condition Image

No matter what the true state of women, our image of ourselves is conditioned by films. We know what we do in everyday life. The screen cannot refute that. It is in the less tangible realm of what we would like to be, wish to achieve, reach out to become, that films cheat women. If women see on the screen only nags, bitches and tramps, how can they not reflect in some degree what is represented to them in the most hypnotic of our mass media as women's true nature?

Yes, American films cheat women of a yardstick for their aspirations. But it cheats American men, too. Through films, men have come to understand and empathize with people around the world: from early Romans to Tartars to Viet-

Male Producer: Look, baby, how soon will you be finished with this screenplay? You been on it six weeks.

Female Writer: I'm up to page 125—just 35 pages to go.

Male Producer: Well, can't you just zoom-zoom to the end? —G.W.

name peasants; talking mules, space computers, apes and lions; werewolves, vampires and Frankenstein monsters. Everyone but the American woman.

Our industry is suffering today from the greatest recession it has ever been in. It cries out for profitable films. It seems to have forgotten that the studios waxed fattest in the '30s, during the era of women stars. Women constitute 52% of this country's population, but you wouldn't know it by going to the movies. Let the film industry start making pictures about, with, and—why not?—even by women. They might find themselves in business again.

—Betty Ulius

Do Agents Push Women Writers for the Job?

The recent discovery in the Guild that more than 10% of the near-3000 membership are women poses questions relating to the employment and recognition of this newly detected minority. Are the 337 women writers in the Guild receiving equal-opportunity treatment? How many women writers are being sent to shows by agents? Or, conversely, how many agents are recommending women writers?

We asked the questions of key people on various shows. Here is a sampling of answers:

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Glen A. Larson, producer of "Alias Smith and Jones," reported that the show uses substantially fewer women writers than men, and in like proportion, agents have recommended fewer women writers than men for the show.

"It may be that agents don't think women writers can do this type of show—the action adventure," he conjectured. One agent with whom he is acquainted, if only for the agent's frequent calls to pursue assignments for a woman writer, is

Alex Brewster. Dorothy C. Fontana, a client of Brewster, is one of two women writers who have received assignments on the show. Of the two she has had the stronger action-adventure scripting background, Larson said.

Prefers Star Writers

In hiring all writers, he expressed preference for the well-accredited scripter, particularly the writer with whom he has worked before. Other assignments to women are given when they team with men.

With scripts from 13 writers for 24 segments of the current season, no assignments were negotiated through an agent's referral of a woman writer, Jack Miller, story editor of "Gunsmoke" observed. In the three years he has been associated with the show, he does not recall any single agent having sent over a woman writer to do the show. But "Gunsmoke" does not entirely lack teleplays by women scripters, namely Kay Lenard, Joy Dexter, Gerry Day and Bethel Leslie, these latter two working as a team. More frequently, women write for the show as part of a man-woman team, such as Kathleen Hite with John Neston, Miller said.

"It's a tough show to write, and well established," Miller added. Like Larson, he offered as a possible reason for agent disinterest in referring the woman writer, a general feeling that women cannot write in the action-adventure genre.

Much of the same opinion was expressed by Robert Specht, story editor of "Monte Nash." His show is another of the action adventure which genre, he observed, may have spurred agents to send men writers rather than the femmes. So far, the show has given contracts for 25 to 30 scripts. About 8% of the writers for them are women. The solo jobs include those by Kay Lenard and Joyce Perry. Women also share the writing as the other half of teams (Phyllis and Robert White, and Tina and Les Pine).

—Evelyn Goodman

G-Gals Soon?

The term "G-woman" may soon be added to the underworld lexicon. Some Washington observers confidently predict that the FBI may hire women as agents in the near future. During a recent Justice Dept. meeting to implement the President's anti-discrimination program in government, FBI representatives reportedly displayed a "surprisingly understanding attitude" toward hiring female agents, according to Justice Department officials.

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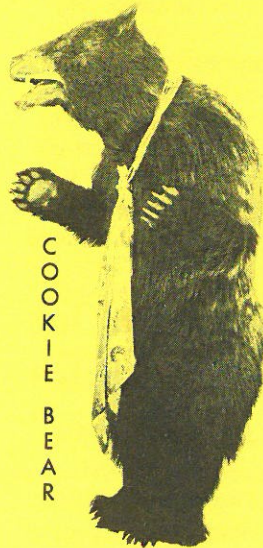
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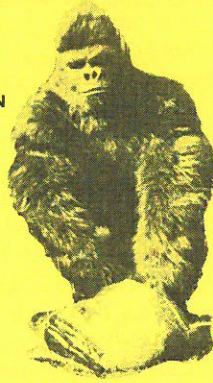
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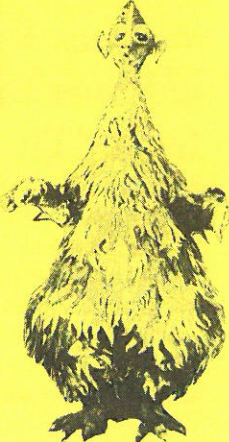
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SAMSON



HECTOR



PIN HEAD

Gov. Reagan Reveals Facts to Little Girl

FADE IN:

EXT. CALIF. STATE CAPITOL BUILDING IN SACRAMENTO ESTABLISHING (STOCK) — DAY

CLOSE ON DOOR READING: EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR—HOLD BRIEFLY, THEN:

INT. GOVERNOR REAGAN'S OFFICE — DAY
GOVERNOR REAGAN sits at his desk going through papers as the door opens and a LITTLE GIRL, about eight, enters hesitantly. The Governor looks up from his paper work and is taken aback by the child's presence.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you Governor Reagan?

REAGAN

Yes, I am. What can I do for you?

LITTLE GIRL

My daddy says you used to be important in Hollywood.

The governor is flattered, smiles as the child approaches his desk.

REAGAN

(with humility)

Well, yes, I guess that's true.

LITTLE GIRL

My daddy, he said I should talk to you about what I want to be when I grow up.

Reagan is puzzled, then:

REAGAN

Well, little girl, what do you want to be when you grow up?

LITTLE GIRL

I want to be a producer for Tv or movies.

Reagan smiles, delighted. Shuffles through the papers on his desk, finds one.

REAGAN

That's just fine, little girl, now let me see.

(reads from paper)

According to my figures, out of 400 members of the Producers Guild only 10 are women.

He is surprised at the figures, looks up at the child.

REAGAN

You sure you want to be a producer?

LITTLE GIRL

Then maybe I'll be a director.

He smiles, reaches eagerly for some papers, finds a paper.

REAGAN

(reads)

There are 2,343 members of the Directors Guild. Only 23 are women.

Hollywood Film Fest

Four out of nine Board of Trustees for the LA Intl. Film Expo are WGAw members. They are Norman Corwin, Carole Eastman, Arthur Knight and Rosalind Russell. FILMEX, as it is called, will run Nov. 4-14, with principal screenings at Grauman's Chinese and special matinees at LA County Museum of Art.

Prices are: Evenings \$3.00, matinees \$2.00 and \$1.00, midnight \$3.50. Opening night \$50 and \$25. The series \$75 (does not include opening night). Tickets are available at Ticketron and Mutual agencies and at Grauman's Chinese. FILMEX headquarters at the Hollywood Roosevelt; phone 461-5348.

Council member Diana Gould will cover the Fest for *Newsletter*. See Jan. issue for her opinions and reviews.

LITTLE GIRL

(thoughtful, then, quickly)

My daddy says I have a good imagination. I could write stories.

Reagan is relieved, shuffles through for another paper, finds it.

REAGAN

Yes, that may just be possible.

(reads)

Now, out of 2,923 members of the Writers Guild there are 337 women members.

The little girl looks crestfallen.

REAGAN

Are you sure there isn't something else you'd like to be?

Disappointed, her lower lip trembles as she turns to leave, then she turns back.

LITTLE GIRL

Since I like show business so much, maybe I could be a Governor like you.

REAGAN

No, little girl. In the almost 200 years of the United States of America, there have only been two women Governors.

FADE OUT:

—Rocci Chatfield

Writing Your Way Out of Paper Bags or Quotes from "The Big Bosses"

David Victor (Exec. Prod., "Marcus Welby, M.D.," "The Man and the City," "Owen Marshall, Counselor at Law"): *Some women write very strong material. I think it's a mistake to think that women cannot write anything but women's stories. I have used women writers professionally for many years with great success.*

Doug Benton (Prod., "Ironside"): *Women are more modest about their abilities than men, and sometimes it's too easy to sway them. They don't defend their opinions and ideas of stories as hard as they should. The ladies I have worked with are generally perfectionists, which means it takes much longer to get a script from them than it does the average male writer. But as a personal thing, given a choice between spending a couple of hours with a man or with a girl—a man "don't have a chance!"*

Bruce Howard (Story Ed., "The Partners"): *Most women writers have to conduct themselves in a very manly way. They have to have the fortitude of a man because they are dealing with high emotions, and they have to be very broad-minded. They do stories that men don't even begin to think of. Your great stories are by women who give a woman's point of view. Sic!*

Steve Bocho (Story Ed., "Columbo"): *The only woman writer I have ever dealt with professionally is Carol Sobieski, and I think she's terrific. If you're a human being and experience things and can write about them, it doesn't matter what sex you are. Hurrah!*

Ronald MacDougall (Pres. WGAw): *Many women writers are better than many male writers and, conversely, many male writers are better than many women writers. I don't judge writers by whether they're female or male. Females are represented on the Council. I felt it important at this time to have women representation as such. I'm sure women are discriminated against in the business and probably not intentionally. The whole entertainment business has always had a masculine quality, from executives and writers on down. Conferences, stories perhaps, and even the physical aspects of production tend to be in an atmosphere that men do not consider feminine. Women are not used for the very simple reason that men want to talk as men do, or hope to do, in a smoke-filled room. I have difficulty sometimes knowing who is a woman writer. Judgment has to be in terms of the words and not in terms of sex.*

Joe Cavalier (Assoc. Prod., "The Man and the City," "Owen Marshall, Counselor at Law"): *Women's ideas and goals are just as important as men's. Since this world contains both species, they are entitled to participate, to be heard, to run for any office—whether it be public or otherwise. I believe the secret for women to achieve recognition is to participate, not to give up, to try and try again—to literally overpower the present system—to get the vote and to use that vote for the*

betterment of their country. Continue to think constructively and not destructively...

Del Reisman (Exec. Story Consultant, "The Man and the City"): *Not to make a joke—but women are different. Their thinking is different, their work is different. And since I believe that writers should be cast for subject matter, I think most women writers can best use their difference on straight dramatic shows and definitely not the hard material, the melodramas. My own experience in many years of both live and filmed Tv is that women work so hard to be tough and laconic on melodramatic material that too often the result shows only the strain.*

Paul Henreid (Actor, Director, Producer): *It's a question of talent and ability. If women have it, I'm very happy and love to work with them.*

—Joan Buchanan

On English and French Women Screen Writers

While in London a few weeks ago I contacted Joyce Geller, a young American screen writer who'd had an unhappy experience here with her first picture that was cut so badly, destroying her original idea, that she flew to London, literally and figuratively.

She told me that although there are only a few women screen writers in London, and most of them either novelists or playwrights, she has found no one in any production capacity who militates against the female screen writer. On the contrary, she said, doors have opened to her in London, whereas here in the States, comparably speaking, she could not even peek through the keyholes.

I also had an occasion while in Paris to contact Tamara Hovey (daughter of the late, great Sonya Levien, first *Laurel Award* winner 1953), who'd been at one time a member of our Guild here. She informed me, as I later discovered for myself, that there are some marvelous French women screen writers *par ex.* Nina Companeetz, Annette Wademant, etc.

The same situation exists in Paris as in London, only in a more liberalized form. Being a white female, a black female, a white male or a black male writer is of no consequence to the French. Talent is important, and then if you have know-how, a few francs, and some influential buddies—*voilà!*

But then in Europe, as we know, artists are not suspect as they are here. They are "persons of some importance."

Here in our megalomaniacal, square, permissive, hypocritical society, a writer

Scripts & Outlines Needed

The Open Door Committee is setting up a library of Tv scripts, screenplays, Tv outlines, screen treatments and story conference transcripts for the use of its students. Any members who wish to donate to the library should drop off or mail contributions to Mrs. Silvia Meier at the Guild as soon as possible.

is thought to be either: (1) a long-haired hippy living under a rock in Laurel Canyon; (2) an avowed Communist party card holder; (3) a rich, arrogant SOB with two pools, one for the morning and one for the afternoon; (4) or a poor, rather interesting, rather knowledgeable, unfortunate human being who chose a noncommercial career in a commercially oriented society. And if the dice just happen to roll right, and the table is not purposely tipped by unseen hands, he may, through the years, make a living wage, prorated, of course.

—Gertrude Walker.

From Here to Here — Ain't Gone Nowhere

Scatterbrained, witless, saccharine simpletons. Cunning, devious, designing psychopaths. All heart and no brains. All tits and no soul. Wood nymphs in organdy or ballbusters in clinging jersey. Not much in-between. The "image of women" in Tv-land. Mothering some poor male's orphaned kids and/or smothering some poor male's alienated psyche. Up to our pretty little dimpled elbows in soap-suds; peeking into toilet bowl tanks; gushing over the fact that we're finally free of embarrassing odors (underarm and elsewhere); miraculously cured of ugly, scaling skin; tell-tale denture wobble; our faces, as well as our laundry, are, whoopee, wrinkle-free! Tasteless, colorless, odorless. Unreal. The "image of women" indeed. A fairy-tale world. Fantasyland. "Lucy" and "Doris," "Jeannie," "Mary," "Shirley." Female-type names, all right. But that's where the reality ends. Right where it began. In the vacuum, the void. Ripped out of the typewriter, ripped off. Pass the Listerine.

After any given evening of Tv viewing, one comes away with the uncomfortable feeling that even when women are ostensibly "written with love," they're not, really. Consider: If a female character in any Tv drama has anything going for her, like brains, she is either infected with terminal cancer (or some such equally horrendous malady), placed under surveillance "for her own good" (usually in

some whacko ward), or neatly done in (sometimes even accidentally!). And, God forbid, she should have the supreme audacity to leave *Him!* Pass the Ex-cederin.

If "the medium is the message," we're reading you loud and clear. Pass, baby. Pass.

Whatever happened to radio?

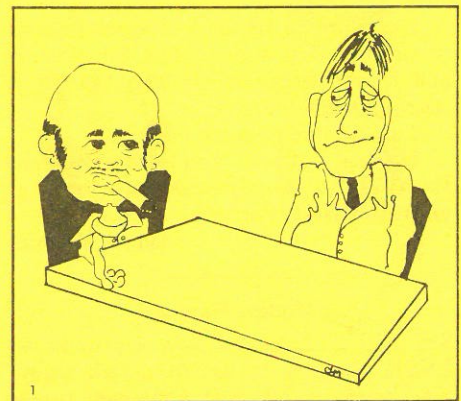
—Delle Coleman

Theater of Woman Needed

Until this time theater has been written by and about Man, so we have learned that he suffers nobly his love, hate, war, disillusion and his age, as no one else can suffer them. And because of this suffering, theater has known all degrees of greatness and pettiness.

Except for a few good "female" parts on the stage, Woman is still the vast unexplored territory of the theater; for though there have been a few female writers, their themes have had to be suited to the taste and business of theater, for these things, too, are mostly *male*.

Just as Shakespeare, Shaw, Strindberg, Ibsen, Miller and Beckett represent a composite Theater of Man, let us consider a Theater of Woman. In it audiences would see in each play a microcosm of Woman, and Woman could see herself as she never could before. Her suffering could be the counterpart of the male nobility, but specifically it is, and always will be, her own. Woman could learn about herself and her place in the world, and she could then become more comfortable as a woman; not a self-conscious female man, or an old, oversized young girl who refuses to don the cloak of knowledge that only full-blooded women appreciate.



"Earl—As one of the most versatile, imaginative, sensitive, successful, and experienced screen writers here at Film Studios, I thought you'd be able to equate with the problems of the teenagers in this script, but one little thing keeps bothering me. You're over 30, and only a writer who knows what it feels like to be young would know how to write a script like this."

Our 20th century is being shaped by Man. Literate, civilized Woman must accept this, as always, without question. But her job now is a formidable one, for she must learn to love, and learn to teach love, as she always has, in the face of all achievement; and some achievements of the century are hideous indeed. The world has grown up and become a monster for the lack of love it knew in its childhood.

Every society and every age has made different demands upon Woman, and yet she has managed to adjust to the demands, and in many instances, she has become stronger because of them. But there is a terrible confusion now, for Man is not able to explain some of his achievements even to himself, and all that is left for Woman is to keep playing her "part" and wait until Man is able to understand himself and take his proper place in the world again.

Theater has a long way to go in many areas, but more than anything else, it must encourage the inside woman to grope further, and bring forth from herself a Theater of Woman (—Mildred Janz, as reprinted from *Dramatists Guild Quarterly*, ©1969).

LETTERS

Newsletter welcomes correspondence from Guild mems. on any subject that concerns them as writers. Letters should be brief and should refrain from personal assault or calumny. The Editor reserves the right of condensation, if necessary. Pseudonyms may be used—but we must have the true signature on file.

Not S, But a Z.

Sir: Because some of my friends have given me a medal I've never won, I solicit your good offices in offering a clarification.

I am *not* the Sidney I. Resnick (mathematician) who wrote "Tail Equivalence and Its Applications" in *The Journal of Applied Probability*.

I am Sidney Reznick (writer).

If I had written "Tail Equivalence and Its Application," it would have been an entirely different article.

—Sidney Reznick

Modest Manings

Sir: TRUE: I am in New York. HOWEVER, as literate as that "talk show" may be (Sept. *Who's Doing What*), it is so without my help. I am producing and writing the "David Frost Revue."

And long before spring comes to Beverly Hills, I will. We hope to be home by the New Year. —Allan S. Manings

"Boy, this script (lifting it in his hands like a side of beef) really is heavy." —D.G.

Pension Plan Asks You to Help Locate These

Pension Plan adm. Andrew B. MacDonald is asking Guild members to notify him if they know the whereabouts of any of those listed below:

Matthew Andrews
David Barnhizer
Richard Brill
Eustace W. Cockrell
Michael Dyne
Fred Haines
David Heilweil
Willett E. Hunter
Larry H. Johnson
M.R. Litwin
Albert Meglin
Helen Berniece Nielsen
Thomas O'Malley
Dee J. Phipps
Margaret Fitts Scott
Jay Thompson

Should you have any information, please call MacDonald at (213) 651-0931 or write him at 8455 Beverly Blvd., Suite 308, LA 90048.

EASTMAN

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tentative, on which she will function as director as well as writer.

Carole Eastman's first screenplay was written while she was supporting herself (in an interval after being an actress) as a lampshade maker. It wasn't exactly fulfilling, but the \$46.25 came in regularly every week. She sent her script to Monte Hellman, who she knew was planning a series of Westerns, and out of it got the assignment to write "The Shooting," to feature Jack Nicholson and Warren Oates. It was a suspense story, a trek-across-the-desert, a Protean allegory which *Cahiers du Cinema* has described as "the first art Western" and which still commands almost a cult following in France. It never has been released into theaters in the U.S. Sold to Tv, it has been shown only in the East (where presumably they understand allegories better than in actual horse country).

Almost Blew It

Carole nearly turned down the writing assignment on what eventually became "Five Easy Pieces," because she and Bob Rafelson couldn't get together on a story line. Rafelson would propose and Carole would decline. Finally, he suggested that she do whatever she wanted, with one stipulation: he would pick the profession of the principal character. That piqued Carole's interest, and she agreed. And so . . . Robert Dupea, ex-concert pianist, sitting in the back of a beat-up truck, stopped on the Bakersfield Freeway, playing Chopin on an upright. As memor-

able a movie image of the '70s as Kong on the Empire State tower of the '30s or Ray Milland weaving down Third Avenue in "Lost Weekend" in the '40s.

Is there anything about "Pieces" Carole would have preferred done differently? Generally, she says, Rafelson was faithful to the body of the script. He made just one major change, but that one she still believes weakened the tensions of the story. In her original version, the protege-fiancee of Robert's brother, whom he seduces, was conceived as an older woman, an established concert pianist. "An authoritative lady," to quote Carole, "well-directed in her own life," who would be unmoved by the charm with which Robert has always greased his relations with women. It could have been one of the meatiest roles for an actress in a decade, but Rafelson would not be persuaded to leave the character as written. Presumably, it was inconceivable that an audience might find a woman of strength and achievement sexually interesting. So a young girl, Rayette's age (the Karen Black character) and looking not unlike her, intelligent, but just as malleable to Robert's wishes, became the fifth "easy piece."

About the review of "Puzzle of a Downfall Child," which was begun before "Pieces" and finished afterward, Carole is still understandably tender. She worked on "Downfall" almost a year, on "Pieces" for seven weeks. She feels "Downfall" is a better-written script and undeserving of its bad reviews, but she's philosophical about it, for right at the start of her career, her work has been both undervalued and overvalued, and she now views reviewers and reviews with a skeptical eye.

"Second Interval," on which she is currently at work, will feature Jack Nicholson and Jeanne Moreau as an unlikely but striking combination, attack-dog trainer and lady entomologist. It will start filming at the beginning of next year in Hollywood and in Morocco.

Is she nervous about taking on the role of director? She smiles and shrugs. Having written the script, she knows what she wants from the actors; having been an actress, she can empathize with them. That she is one of perhaps three women in Hollywood functioning as directors doesn't seem to shake her at all.

When Carole was expelled from Hollywood High, mainly for reading library books on her lap when she was supposed to be doing classwork, the vice principal's note to her parents read: "We can no longer allow Carole to continue on her course of non-conformity." Carole has continued on her course and is flourishing on it.

—Betty Ulius

Still Time to Answer Your Questionnaire

The following is a questionnaire sent to all women members of the Writers Guild on May 25, 1971. We had 97 responses to the 318 inquiries. If any women of the Guild did not receive the following questionnaire, please fill it out and return it to Shirlee Goldman in care of WGAw. The results of the questionnaire will be reported in a future issue of the Newsletter.

1. Age Group: Under 25....., 25-34....., 35-44....., 45-55....., Over 55.....
2. Education: Circle last year of school completed 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16. Degree(s) held (include honorary, and indicate as such):
3. Marital status: Single....., Married....., Separated....., Divorced..... Number and ages of children
4. How long have you been a Guild member?
5. Which Branch do you write for?.....
6. Do you write, or have you written, other than for the screen or television/radio?
7. If so, what?
- How many sales have you had this year? (Please indicate series names).....
-
- Last year?
- Year before?
8. Do you write alone or in collaboration?..... Always..... Sometimes.....
9. If in collaboration, is your collaborator male or female?..... (Please indicate if your collaborator is also your spouse.).....
10. Have you had other collaborators in the past?.....
11. Were they male or female?.....
12. What are your long range career goals (i.e., directing, producing, etc.)?.....
-
13. Have you ever lost out on a job because you are a woman?..... If so, please give specifics:.....
-

14. Has your career progressed satisfactorily since joining the Guild?.....

Comments:

15. Do you feel that being a woman has hindered your career as a writer?.....

Comments:

16. What are problems you face as a woman writer?

17. Have you experienced any actual discrimination within the industry?.....

Comments:

18. Do you feel the Guild could be more helpful to you?.....

If yes, how?

19. Have you attended any of the women's meetings?

If not, why?.....

20. Do you have any additional comments?

—Shirlee Goldman

LUPINO

... from page 1

she positively balked when I suggested she fell into the *heavyweight* category.

We sat in the living room of her warm, comfortable Brentwood home. An attractively trim lady with incredible blue eyes, tilted nose and a soft voice, she smiled almost impishly as she recalled the early years of her acting career.

"I hated acting from the start," she said. "I used to hide in closets, under the bed, *anything* to avoid it. The only reason I did it was because it was expected of me. You see, my father, Stanley Lupino, was a top comic on the English stage. Everyone in my family acted. Instead of the usual playhouse in the back yard, we had a little theater. And when it came my turn, I just had to do it. That's all."

Director by Accident

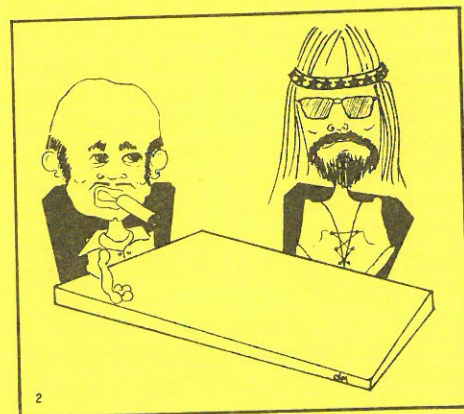
Despite her early aversion to acting, Miss Lupino emigrated to America from England as a child star and has been at it ever since. No small surprise when one considers the Lupino acting tradition dates back hundreds of years to *com-media dell'arte* in Italy. Directing, however, was another matter. "I never planned to become a director," she stated. "I was absolutely terrified when I started. Collier Young and I had formed our own production company called 'The

Film Makers.' We'd co-written a screenplay about unwed mothers titled 'Not Wanted.' While shooting, Elmer Clifton, our director, became ill. We were much too poor to afford another director, so I stepped in and took over. There I was. I'd co-written the screenplay and was co-producing it, and I was forever on the phone to the editor. I'd say, 'Listen, I've got them coming in the door from left to right. I've got *her* coming in over there. Is that O.K.?' At this time we were fortunate to have a marvelous editor, William Zeigler, who had worked many times with Hitchcock. He'd say, 'I'm going to come down to the set just one more time, and then you're on your own. You can come to the phone if you want, but *you know* your lefts and rights, so don't bother me, because we're on a short budget. If there's anything radically wrong, I'll let you know.'

"I somehow managed to get through that first one, but even to this day, the best of them—the best cameramen and the best directors—forget their lefts to rights. And really, except for my directions, I was actually quite fearless. I suppose it had something to do with my being young. I will say one thing, though, now that I look back on it, I think all actors should be made to direct, and directors should learn to act, and writers should be made to read their own dialogue."

Started Writing

We got around to the subject of writing, and I asked what made her start in the first place. "Well, to be perfectly honest," she said, "I was rather broke."



"Brian—As one of the young, talented screen writers here at Film Studios, I thought you'd be able to equate with the problems of the teenagers in this script, but one little thing keeps bothering me. You don't have enough experience yet to write a major motion picture. That kind of know-how only comes with a lot of work and discipline followed by a feeling of disillusionment, and only a writer who's been thoroughly disillusioned would know what to do with a script like this."

Along with Ann Sheridan, Olivia De Havilland, Humphrey Bogart and John Garfield, I was under contract to Warners, and I was on suspension, which means you're off salary. It seems we were on suspension quite often, because we wouldn't do some of the movies we were asked to do. So except for some radio shows which I did through a fluky clause in my contract, I didn't have much money coming in. So I sat down and wrote an original screen treatment which I called 'Miss Pennington' and RKO bought it for \$10,000."

Did she have any qualms about the writing process itself? "Not really," she said. "You must remember I was quite young at the time. I find the older one gets, and the more one knows, the more fearful one becomes. In my case, I simply didn't know enough to be scared. I'd been thinking about the story for some time. I needed money, and I simply sat down and wrote it."

I asked if, in her experience, she had found that women were limited in what they could or should write. "Absolutely not," she replied. "A woman's just as capable as a man. I don't think it makes any difference whatsoever. Actually, I had a strange experience in reverse, you might say, as a woman director. I had done so many Westerns and action shows that I was looked upon as a director who could not direct a straight man-and-woman story. For a long time I couldn't get a job directing a love story. Eventually the pattern changed, but there is a tendency to type-cast directors as well as writers and actors."

Miss Lupino lives in Brentwood with her actor-husband Howard Duff, who was watching tennis matches on a Tv set in an adjacent study, and her daughter, Bridget, an extremely pretty blonde teenager I'd glimpsed as I entered the house a short while before. I asked her if Bridget was interested in films as a career. "Heavens, no," she replied emphatically. "She's studying writing and art at Santa Monica City College."

A Rough Picture

I asked Miss Lupino how she felt about the current explicitness in films. "I think it's on the way out. I *hope* it's on the way out. Take 'Junior Bonner' for instance, the one I've just finished appearing in. There's no nudity, no foul language. It's a tough, rough story of the rodeo people and their lives. The rodeo people are not foul-mouthed people. They're hard-working and immaculate. We were there. We saw them. We lived with them. They're very proud of what

they do, and you should see some of those guys who ride those broncos with their arms taped around their ribs because their ribs are broken. It's fantastic. This picture is wonderful. It's an excellent example of what can be done without filth. Both Steve McQueen and Joe Wizan, the producer, told me they wanted it to be a GP picture. They want the family trade. And Sam Peckinpah got everything that was supposed to be and more. But nobody had to undress, nobody had to say or do embarrassing things, and yet it's a rough picture. When I say rough, nobody beats anyone to a pulp, pulls knives or any of that jazz. It's simply a very, very exciting picture.

"Right now my husband and I are preparing a picture that I think should be very good. There is the problem of whether we find the right money, whether people believe in us and the project enough to finance it. Money is terribly tight right now, but I think it's a good story and I think it will be made. It's exciting, it's suspenseful. It's called 'The Plotters,' based on a story by Alan Caillou. We've had it for some time, but we haven't shopped it around. We have a screenplay by Collier Young, which is pretty damned good. I think it will be good entertainment. It's along the lines of 'The Spy Who Came in From the Cold,' only it's played in extreme heat. If I tell you the plot, I'm dead, because it's the perfect plot with a twist. And that's the reason we bought it. We feel very bullish about it but we're waiting for the right moment."

Family Films Needed

"Actually, Collier Young and I made our most successful pictures during another depression in the industry. I'm speaking about the late '40s and very early '50s. This whole industry was practically shot down. Today the problem is a bit more complex. Runaway production, for instance. Unless there is a meeting of minds between the producers and the unions, runaway production will not be runaway production, it will be forced production. Money, as I said before, is so tight today, it's difficult to get backing. The cost of film-making has got to come down. Not only on the production level but on the box-office level. By the time the average family pays for a babysitter, parking, movie tickets, dinner out—it becomes impossible. Then there's a problem of what films the family can see together. Films can be rough and real without pandering to the lowest common denominator. We've simply got to start making films again that the family can see together. And I also think they must be entertaining. People are fed up with coming out of the movies depressed.

They can get that from the newspapers.

"I think eventually there has got to be an amalgamation of all the unions in order for us to survive. I know it sounds Utopian. There are so many problems in each Guild. It's like living together as people in this world today. Everyone is splitting in different directions—they're all fighting each other—and it's *wrong*. There has got to be a way out and perhaps it can be done through amalgamation, and need I go any further than that?"

—Joyce Perry

RAISON D'ETRE

... from page 1

born female has determined the quality of their lives. They are asking what problems they have in common, as women, and what, together, they can do to solve them.

In our first meetings we tried to define the problem. Each of us gave personal testimony as to whether or not we had ever suffered actual discrimination on the basis of our sex. Almost to a woman we had.

Some of the methods are overt. There are producers who have flatly stated they will not hire women writers. There are agents who refuse to take the work of their women clients seriously. We heard case after case of a woman writer being told outright that she had lost an assignment because she was a woman—either because it was felt that she could not do the job, or simply because someone "did not like" working with women.

Very Few Hyphenates


Very few of us have become hyphenates, although many have tried. And almost all of us have had the experience of having male writer friends who started out at the same time as we, who somehow were getting consistently better jobs and being paid more money.

Women who work with their husbands have different complaints. They seemed to have less difficulty getting jobs but are rarely regarded as equal collaborators. Scripts are referred to as their husbands', and all phone calls and business dealings are directed to the male partner. Women in husband-wife teams feel they have to be twice as aggressive to be recognized at all.

There are other methods of keeping us in our place—i.e., out—which are more subtle. We have all had the experience, in

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a business situation, where a man could not get beyond the fact that we are women. We have been leered at, joked about, and worse. It is difficult perhaps for men to understand how infuriating sexual innuendo is in a professional situation.

Couldn't Get Hired

When we pooled our knowledge and shared our experiences, we found there were shows we could not write for, men who would not hire us and stories that could not get made. (When was the last time you saw a woman leave a man at the end? And not get slaughtered as a result?)

Since that first session, over 70 women writers have attended these meetings. With a female membership of 337, this is indicative of the relevance of our cause. It also indicates our potential strength, for we are women used to getting things done.

The fact that many of us have "made it" in a man's world does not deny the obstacles we have had to overcome. We take pride in having overcome them, but we also realize we must work for their ultimate elimination. They continue to hold us back, to define us and to limit our potential.

It is not easy for us to work together. We are accustomed, as are most people, to look down on women. At almost every meeting someone makes the sad joke, "Come on, we're acting like a bunch of women."

Our fights—and we've had them—have been violent. Our meetings have been exhilarating, but they've also been painful. (We are dealing with our egos, our reputations, our incomes and our lives—how could they be otherwise?) But this is exactly what makes them so necessary.

This is frankly an appeal to those women who have not yet joined us and to those who have dropped out. We can do nothing more important than to learn to accept each other and take pride in who we are. If we can't learn to work together, nothing will ever change for us. It is really as simple as that. —Diana Gould

GRANDDADDY

... from page 2

case, do more than deplore apathy among the membership while keeping the controls in the same hands year after year?

Background on "Grandfather"

"Withdrawn" members are so by choice, so they don't come into this discussion. Which leaves the "Guild" classification for us to deal with. Some background is in order.

When the WGAW constitution was drafted in 1954, provision was made for a "Grandfather" classification, to include

members who had once been active but for one reason or another no longer were. These persons could have gone on "Withdrawn" status but instead elected to remain as dues-paying members, permitting them to retain their voting privileges. But in 1967, the "Grandfather" classification was rescinded, disenfranchising these senior Guild members.

The reasoning behind this amendment was that non-working writers shouldn't be allowed to cast votes, especially in regard to strikes. The ones who *should* vote were those currently engaged in the industry, those whose livelihoods would be directly affected by the outcome of the voting.

Elitism Has No Place

This kind of elitist reasoning has no place in our Guild, whose official pronouncements ring with the noblest of egalitarian sentiments. We have an Open Door School program. We deplore discrimination in all areas of the film/Tv industry and in the world at large. Yet we deprive some of our most distinguished members of their vote. A logical extension of this policy would call for the distribution of voting power proportionate to the number of current credits. Were we to apply it on the national level, we would give more votes to those with more property, since property owners purportedly have a greater interest in keeping things going well.

Grandma Needs Room, Too

There are now approximately 500 members in the *Guild* category. They are members in name only. They should be heard. We need the benefit of their experience. In almost every human endeavor, from baseball to neurosurgery, the current practitioners seek out the wisdom of their elders. But we members of WGAW turn them off. It's the wrong thing to do.

Why this plea in an issue devoted to Women writers and the Women's movement? Because the movement is interested in the liberation of *all* oppressed groups—male and female. Women's liberation is men's liberation. So let's make room for Granddaddy, and Grandma as well. —Sherli Evens Goldman

The editors have asked me to append a few footnotes and remarks, with some background on our electoral system. To preface it, I want to reaffirm my own belief that the WGAW is the most vigorous and democratic union in the entertainment industry. The fact that it demonstrates its regard for members of long standing, by the Guild classification for those who have not worked for a period of three years, compares most favorably with other guilds and unions.

The Newspaper Guild, for example, drops completely from its membership rolls any member who hasn't been employed for more than one year.

A union must be responsive to all segments of its membership. And the actively-employed Screen and Tv membership, faced in '59 and '60 with a five-month strike, and in '63 and '66 with tough contract negotiations, expressed very strongly their concern about the membership vote on such issues as acceptance or rejection of company contract offers or whether or not to strike. "It's our livelihood that's at stake," they said. "Is it fair for a writer who hasn't made his living in this industry for many years, and has nothing on the line if a strike is called, to cast a vote that will determine whether or not I go on strike?" In 1967, the membership responded to this by voting by a two-thirds majority to eliminate the Grandfather and Grandmother clause in the future. (Current Grandparents were to run out their normal terms.) Nonactively-employed writers retained all other membership privileges—mailings, services such as collection of residuals, Film Society, insurance, pension benefits, etc., even though they could not vote.

But, to repeat, a union must be sensitive to all its members. And the Council presently has on its agenda a full discussion relating to its Guild and Associate members. The possibility of affording these members the right to serve on many of the Guild's committees, to vote on noneconomic issues, and many other alternatives will be examined. —Fay Kanin



"Chester—As the disillusioned screen writer here at Film Studios, I thought you'd be able to equate with the problems of the teenagers in this script, but one little thing keeps bothering me. I don't see how a Black man can write a story about white people—only a writer who's learned to accept prejudice and discrimination from both races could be trusted with a script like this."

THIEVERY

... from page 1

was taken of some 30 writers. Over half of them had had Tv formats, story ideas and even scenes from scripts stolen. One writer heard her own original dialogue spoken from the Tv screen, dialogue from a script she had presented to a legitimate (?) series producer.

In some of these cases, collusion could have been proved; in others, only "association."

But why try to prove thievery? With what? Money, of course! For lawyer's fees, court costs, nerve medicine, etc., and, in the end, scandalously wasted.

Three Cases Cited

For example, I'll cite three cases of thievery which happened to me and my male collaborators within the last three or four years. I was advised to withhold names of studios, producers, agents and attorneys. In the recent case—within the last few months—I would have liked to have named names, but I do not wish to involve my own personal lawyer, even though we have letters on file to prove the allegations.

I collaborated with a young male writer a few years ago on a Tv series format. It was given to an agent I'd known for some 25 years, who gave it to a retired ad exec going into Tv production. We met with this man several times. After our format was returned to us, we saw an announcement in the trades of a Tv series being readied—our idea, our two unusual characters; one change—from one era to another. A producer-director connected with this series was the man to whom the ad exec had presented our format.

In this case, there was only association, but too close for comfort. But writers are real suckers from the original dream factory. The same writer and I developed another very original idea for a screen treatment, all taking place behind the Bamboo Curtain. A 65-page treatment was sent to producers from here to Manila, to several agents whom I knew and to *ONE* whom the young writer knew as a friend from his Army stint in a foreign country, where they'd worked together at a radio-Tv station.

Even Kept Same Names!

We did not sell our treatment. Apparently we were simply waiting to see it on the screen in the form of a "big movie." Even our title scenes, which we felt were extraordinarily inventive, were used, as were our locales, our characters—only the motivation of the theme was altered, and since it was a suspense, this

was really minor (i.e., the "hidden treasure causing the treasure hunt" was changed). I was aghast at the blatancy, because even the *names* of an Oriental father and daughter (names I'd thought up) were employed—an oversight, I'd say.

I contacted two attorneys by phone. One wanted an outrageous retaining fee, the other was out of town. My anger did not permit me to wait. I contacted a lesser-known attorney in the "plagiarism field," one who'd just won a suit for a writer against a major studio—after five years in the courts! He was willing to take our case for a smaller stipend, and I left the treatment with him.

Studio Appeals

Before I could contact my male collaborator, who was then on location as an assistant director, the attorney who'd won the long plagiarism case had a very low blow. The studio had started proceedings to take the case to a higher court, and I suppose it will go on and on until it reaches some kind of a Supreme Court or other—maybe that one in Washington. By that time, the writer, if he is not already broke, will be so. He will be completely exhausted and, more prophetic, he may even end up on a marble slab—*sans* inscription.

This year (Case No. 3 for me), the thievery was too flagrant for me to ignore again, because the collusion was so obvious as to be ridiculous.

An Israeli writer (who now wishes he were back in Haifa) and I collaborated on a Tv format. I sent it personally to the head of a Tv studio whom I had known in the past. I received a nice letter which immediately went into my voluminous files now marked PLAGIARISM. He said our idea, although clever, could not be done because of some ephemeral "legal aspect."

During the spring of this year, I was browsing through a newspaper column and saw that a Tv series was being shot at that moment with a title very similar to ours, by the same studio which had originally turned down our format. I read on, Horatio, and discovered that the main character and theme were basically the same as ours.

This time I bypassed so-called plagiarism lawyers and went to my own personal attorney. He agreed to take it on a contingency basis as far as the doors of the court. It was months before we could get the studio to send us the shooting script and another two or three months before we were allowed to see the two-hour pilot.

"I had an experience with a woman writer last season and I'm not hiring any more women."
—C.L.

We did take this thievery up to the very doors of the court—no further. But the most shocking thing to all of us: The attorney for the studio readily admitted that they had compared our script with their's but, despite our accusations, had found no "real similarity."

Our script? It had been there two years before, in an exec's office, and had been sent back after two or three weeks. How did they get it again? That intrigued us very much. The answer was quite ingenuous; they had evidently simply Xeroxed our format—that's all.

Follow this dialogue:

Our Attorney: "Isn't that illegal?"

Their Attorney: "It would have to be a law to be illegal. This is merely our practice."

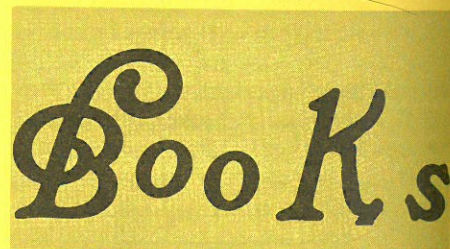
Our Attorney: "It is a shocking practice!"

Incidentally, we got some of this in writing—for what eventual good it did us.

Suing does no good whatsoever. Who has that extra few thousand today for a costly suit? Play it at Vegas, you'll have a better chance. These people, with their Mafia methods, know we have neither the money nor the stomach for long, drawn-out, legal forays.

So why copyright? Why spend that three or four bucks, or even less, for a postal, common-law copyright?

Perhaps the Writer's Guild should manufacture cassettes for producers' top drawers (we hear that this method has been used by one Tv producer), and when writers wing their stories, the producers will be saved a great deal of time by taping them. Guild members could defray quite a few expenses that way, particularly typing fees which, in the above cases, were sadly wasted sums.—Gertrude Walker



Black Not Always Beautiful

OSSIE: The Autobiography of a Black Woman

by Ossie Guffy (as told to Caryl Ledner)
Norton, 224 pp., \$6.50.

Ossie emerges as the unlikely heroine of a seldom-dramatized group of America: the lower-middle-class Black or the "people from the other side of town." A black woman not yet 40, who has borne 10 children and worked most of her life as a domestic in an attempt to support them all, finally succumbing to welfare assistance, admits freely, "I ain't bright, militant or talented—and there are mil-

lions out there just like me." Miss Ledner has presented a sincere, accurate and, at times, impelling account of the life story of an average woman's struggle to survive under the bonds of poverty and being black. She writes with clarity of style and has maintained a faithfulness to the particular vernacular of Ossie's racial and socio-economical group of that period. "If you don't know now that a black woman can get a job when a black man can't, you've got a lot to learn."

The story content of the book is weak. Ossie's life is depicted by means of personally relating, in simple chronological order, series of incidents that were influential from her childhood to the present. There seems to be an over-emphasis on her sexual experiences. Men and pregnancy seem to dominate her life, overshadowing the psychological and sociological aspects of being black. These factors were not explored by the author despite the fact that racial limitations were undoubtedly the determining forces that induced the role Ossie was to play—that of a woman whose only "rightful place" was that of bearing children.

The apparent attitude that prevailed among women of Ossie's group was summed up in her own statement: "It said in the Bible that even a fallen woman wasn't no whore if she populated the earth..." This was stated in defense of her third pregnancy at the age of 18, when confronted by a doctor urging her to use precautionary measures. It is unfortunate that Miss Ledner did not probe more deeply into the black character rather than the sexual encounters. She fails to bring out the introspective side of her protagonist. Ossie relates "what" and "how" she lived, but the "whys" are omitted. There are few incidents of confrontation with Whites or attitudes towards the undeniable prejudices that exist for the Black in a white world.

Although the author does achieve her purpose in depicting blacks in a manner unlike previous books on the race, with an accurate and vivid account of the life of a black woman, I question her choice for personification of a race. Ossie may be representative of a particular segment of her people, but she does not arise as stated, "a woman who represents the real spirit of the black woman in America."

The true spirit of the black woman or man of America is reflected in those who cry out, not for survival alone, but recognition, self-achievement and freedom from the "stigma" of white supremacy. There will be many Blacks who may agree with Miss Ledner's picture of

the "true spirit" in Ossie, but many more who will resent identification with this selected attitude. —Carole A. Beers

The Master is Labor BETWEEN THE HILLS AND THE SEA by K. B. Gilden

Doubleday, 552 pp., \$7.95.

The title conjures up another metaphor, *raging river*, which, for this reviewer, describes the narrative style of these authors—a raging floodwater of prose. Breathless, vivid. Highly styled. Fragmented sentences rushing along at dizzying pace; chapters opening with time and place settings as in a stage play.

The subject matter is fascinating—organized labor from the 1950s to the present, as personalized by one man's total dedication to trade unionism, answering always to the needs of the Master, Labor; the dialogue of arbitration and grievance following him into back rooms, the kitchen, the bed. Having known the empty lunch pail himself, he struggles against perfidy and alienation and his wife's theoretical idealism. A 20-year travel from shop steward to betrayal as all around him the laborers for whom he fought, their stomachs and garages full, exit the struggle and enter the main stream.

The authors (husband and wife who write as one, even to their name—K. for Katya, B. for Bert) know their subject intimately and have woven a tapestry rich in detail. In this respect the narrative is important. And impressive.

Yet, for some perverse reason, once put down the book does not demand to be picked up again. One comes away with the feeling that more objective editing would have heightened the peaks of drama and left the reader those islands of reflection and involvement that such passionate material demands.

But it's well worth the trip—between the hills and the sea.—Gwen Bagni Dubov

Fooling Around Serious Biz ANY WOMAN CAN

by David Reuben, M.D.

David McKay Co., 364 pp., \$7.95.

A new sex manual has been written for Dick and Jane. Puff and Spot have been mercifully spared, but only because of their tendency for fun and frolic. We'll have none of that. Dr. David Reuben, the Cromwell of the connubial couch, makes it quite clear that fooling around is serious business.

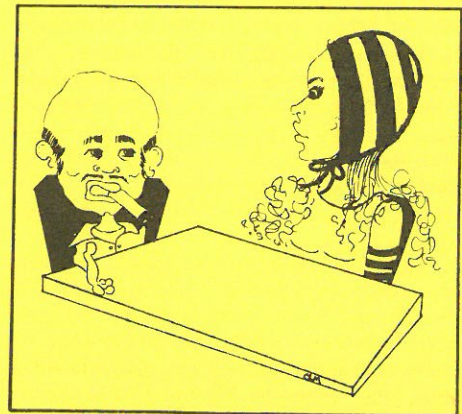
Dizzy with the success of "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex... But Were Afraid to Ask," Dr. Reuben has dashed to his publisher (or vice versa) and delivered its spin-off... "Any Woman Can!" Well, maybe you "could" before you read this authoritative little treatise. Any maybe you still can. But do you want to? Do you choose to romp around in Dr. Reuben's sterile sheets? Are you prepared to risk the

venereal disease which no anti-biotic can cure? Dare you chance pregnancy when all contraceptive methods are so imperfect? (The one he recommends most highly is the male condom. He does, truly. I couldn't possibly make a thing like that up.) Are you willing to take a chance on your sex partner "failing?" Don't fool yourself!—the good doctor assures us that if the man at our side, or wherever, fails... we fail.

"Fears can overwhelm a man and paralyze him sexually. It all depends on one person. Who? His woman." And if that awesome responsibility gives you pause, my sisters, you'd better think it over. Dr. Reuben doesn't leave us much alternative. He regretfully informs us that even though we deserve better: "Women will never be the equals in the area of sexuality. They just aren't equipped for it."

However, all is not bleak in this 364-page turnoff. Sprinkled throughout are little testimonials replete with brave little smiles and happy endings. Nina was depressed because she was having clitoral instead of vaginal orgasms, and somebody told her that was bad. So she went to see Dr. Reuben. And now, after a few months of therapy, Nina says: "Having an orgasm is as easy as taking a shower... and a lot more fun." There are plenty of Ninas to choose from.

Throughout Dr. Reuben decries the fact that: "99% of experts in the sexual problems of women never had any female sexual experience at all... because they are men." Having asserted this he flies blindly into the breach. Without evidencing the slightest self-doubt he defines our place in society (if we are not married we have none), he describes our orgasms (often with brain-splitting inaccuracy), he



"Harriet—As the totally discriminated-against screen writer here at Film Studios, I thought you'd be able to equate with the problems of the teenagers in this script, but one little thing keeps bothering me. I don't see how a woman would know anything about writing the violence and action in this story. Only a writer with a lot of guts who can tell both the male and female points of view could handle a script like this."

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pats us on the head and dubs us "sexually marooned." Then, when he's got us on a raft on that great sea of frustration, all of us huddled together—the girl who never married, the divorced, the widowed, the neglected wife—he comes up with the paddle: "*Be Happily Married.*"

And how do we accomplish this? He closes his book with the secret: "*A wife must be willing to cast aside everything else in life that might come between herself and her husband. She must constantly dedicate herself to him as completely as she did on the day of her wedding. Then she will be rewarded with the greatest gift any human being can ever receive. In those spectacular fleeting moments of orgasm, their souls and spirits will fuse . . . and just for an instant husband and wife will become one. And that, after all, is the true meaning of love between a man and a woman.*"

See how simple it all is? Thank you, Dr. Reuben, and welcome to the 19th Century.
—Lila Garrett

Epic Splendor and Magnificence DEATH OF THE FOX by George Garrett

Doubleday, 739 pp., \$10.00.

The actual time and setting of this history-laden novel takes place over the last two days of Sir Walter Raleigh's life—Oct. 28 and 29, 1618—first in the Tower of London and then at Westminster Hall, where his final trial and execution were held. But with a broader stroke, it portrays the whole sweep of Elizabethan and Jacobean England.

Garrett is a poet as well as a novelist, and his book is a feast for the senses, rich and lush and heady with language. The reader wallows in description and flashback, simile and soliloquy, only now and then taking hold of a filament of story. Plot is subservient to style, and scenario to historical detail. But the reward for perseverance is an insight not only into Raleigh, but into the *dramatis personae* who strutted through those times: Elizabeth I, James I, Sir Francis Bacon, the Earl of Essex, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Henry Yelverton, the Duke of Buckingham . . .

Sir Walter Raleigh was soldier, explorer, author, businessman, court favorite of the Queen. "I have always envied the man who found one single role and played it, clung and grew to it like a barnacle on a ship," he writes on the eve of his execution.

He was first tried and convicted of treason in 1603, six months after Queen Elizabeth's death. The new king, James Stuart of Scotland, impractical and impolitic, called "the wisest fool in Christendom," distrusted and feared Raleigh. Thereafter, Raleigh lived comfortably in the Tower for 12 years, before being released to lead a fruitless expedition for

gold in South America. Upon his return to England, he was re-tried and sentenced to execution by beheading. Those 15 years in between, when he lived on borrowed breath, are the substance and texture of the novel.

At that final trial, Sir Henry Yelverton, Attorney General, speaks for the Crown: "Sir Walter Raleigh . . . has been as a star at which all the world has gazed. But stars may fall . . ." And Raleigh ripostes: "Whenever a star falls, it burns so bright it dazzles the eyes of the world." Thus the legend of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Garrett worked on this book and its research for 20 years. Its epic splendor and magnificence are not to be denied. Its triumph of intellect and imagination is not to be faulted. However, this reviewer, recalling that Raleigh introduced tobacco into Ireland, feels compelled to note: *Caution.* Reading this novel may be hazardous to your wakefulness . . .

—Irma Kalish

A Cliffhanger TREGARON'S DAUGHTER by Madeleine Brent

Doubleday, 312 pp., \$5.95.

The jacket of "Tregaron's Daughter" gives a terse biography of the writer: "Madeleine Brent is the pseudonym of an English author. This is her first Gothic novel." There will never be a second. Everything that could possibly be included in a Gothic novel is in this one.

It begins with a rescue at sea effected by young and sensible Caterina, her father who is a fisherman, and the hero, Lucian, who appears suddenly out of nowhere. The latter is strong, handsome, appears to be benevolent at times, evil at others, and stems directly from "Jane Eyre." The man who is saved is Lucian's uncle, and no sooner does Caterina become an orphan than he adopts her in gratitude for his salvation. She lives comfortably then, accepted by "the gentry," with him and his family, which consists of a strange, good-looking son who loves her, a giddy daughter and a nervous, sleepwalking wife. But danger soon threatens Caterina, and there are several attempts on her life. Too, she is followed by an enigmatic stranger.

Now her locket, the only thing she inherited from an Italian grandmother of mysterious origin, breaks by accident, and inside is a name which tells her who she truly is—an heiress and a Venetian countess! Her real family, once she is living in its *palazzo*, gives her more trouble than she has ever had before. Kept a prisoner, she must escape, and then there is menace from a fleet of gondolas, fire, revelation and a fight to the finish.

Did you ever get the feeling that Women's Lib has gone too far? I mean, I just heard the Boston Moms Orchestra.

—Bob Orben

To top this off, every chapter ending is a cliffhanger. However, the scene continues in the next chapter and the reader's immediate worries are soon over. Others begin.

In spite of what I have pointed out, the book is a delight—literate, absorbing and as perpetually pleasing as a well-loved and familiar song.
—Aleen Leslie

Who Committed the Crime?

THE WITNESSES

by Anne Holden

Harper & Row, 200 pp., \$5.95.

This is the kind of a situation in which if one simple sentence were spoken loud and clear, right at the beginning—there'd be no reason for the story at all.

Writers know, too well, this is often a hurdle to be overcome—and we'll get through amazing feats of plot-cementing to cover up that large gaping hole in the center of the story. Not so Miss Holden.

There's an interesting premise here. What does a spoiled, brattish, middle-class housewife do after she's witnessed a crime from the window of her lover's bedroom? The dilemma is delicious, but guilt feelings are nibbling at the edges of her fun. We go along with this woman, whom we dislike, as she tries to salve her conscience as a citizen and still keep her amour a secret. Finally, she hits on the idea of her lover reporting to the police what she witnessed. The poor schnook agrees and that's where the book lost me. What he goes through for telling this lie—shouldn't and wouldn't happen.

When Editor Joan Kahn (who manages the Harper Novel of Suspense dept.) puts her name on a novel, it's usually a fairly good assurance that the book will have an interesting protagonist, good motivation, leading up to a suspenseful climax. She slipped up here. I think she and the writer were going for some existential truths like nice guys finish in jail, or in the days of anti-heroes, why not anti-heroines? Okay, but please, ladies, tell us who committed the crime?

The writing is very smooth, though the dialogue tends to be humorless in a clipped British manner. We never could find out what the two lovers saw in each other. The relationship seems to be of two self-involved people making a pact to support each other's indulgences.

In these days of women working hard at and for their liberation, a book about a bored, selfish housewife is boring. Maybe Miss Holden wanted to point out that these women come to no good in the end. I suspect this was to be the underlying theme of the novel. A non-contributing woman—whose only skill is in manipulating men—will, finally, cause rot all around her. True enough, but in the context of this kind of a suspense novel . . . it doesn't work.

. . . Then again, maybe this theme has to be stated and restated in all kinds of ways.
—Margaret Schneider

WHO OWNS AMERICA?

by Walter J. Hickel
Prentice-Hall, 328 pp., \$6.95.

"In this country I got fired. In a totalitarian state I might have been shot," said Walter J. Hickel after he was dismissed from his job as Interior Secretary by his boss, President Nixon.

Hickel held his job for only 22 short months, but in that time he made a reputation for himself as a hard-nosed conservationist who cared more about the miner, the Indian, the fisherman, you and me and all other living things than he did for special interests or his own aggrandizement. Recognizing the need for natural resources to be developed, he insisted that they not be ravaged.

He feels the automobile has had too high a priority in this country. It overwhelms parks, cities and highways. "Even pure oxygen came out of all the exhaust pipes of America's automobiles, the same automobiles would still pollute," he writes. "They crowd and bump each other on the freeways and on the streets of the central cities. They take up millions of square miles of asphalt and concrete. When a car wears out, its corpse is dumped to lie exposed in one of the great open-air graveyards that curse our metropolitan environs . . . it has created a social problem in urban America that is nearly insurmountable." One of the great mistakes made, he contends, was the creation of the Highway Trust Fund—\$92 billion have been spent to create a proliferation of highways instead of a rapid transit that would have been a boon instead of a blight.

Hickel has gained for himself a place among the new breed of searchers who ask fresh answers and set the welfare of the people above special interests. The man goes to his adversaries and learns from them. In "Who Owns America?" Hickel is not afraid to reveal himself in all honesty—his strengths as well as his weaknesses. He's really not much of a Republican—he's more an independent—and even without knowing his foreign policy, I'd vote for the son-of-a-gun if he were running for president today. Even on a third-party ticket.

—Maggie Weisberg

Quickies

"Thoreau's World," edited by Charles Anderson (Prentice-Hall, 370 pp., \$6.95), contains excerpts from the master's journal which few Walden lovers ever got to see. Here are 250 "miniatures" arranged in seven easy divisions: People, Places, Wildlife, Seasons, Events, Ideas, Days. A true delight.

"Breaking Through, Selling Out, Dropping Dead," by William Bayer (Macmillan, 227 pp., \$5.95), is a book about making seen from the point of view of a young man who has had nine years in the movies. Like anyone else starting in the business, he's been buffeted about and

By the Numbers

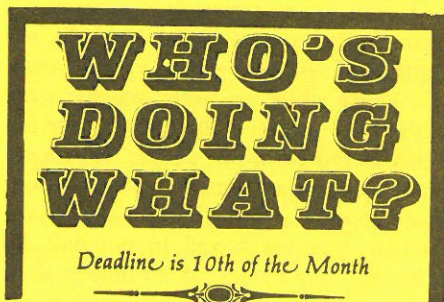
Guild enrollment as of Aug. 30, 1971, mem. secy. Marilyn McLeod reports, is up nine from the previous month:

Current	1,390
Associates	948
Guild	585
	1,923

pushed around. Even so, he succeeded in writing a couple of scripts and writing/producing/directing an indie film. Bayer knows a great deal about how pictures are made and reports on it with bite and wit. Recommended highly.

"A Day in the Life of *The New York Times*," by Ruth Adler (Lippincott, 242 pp., \$6.95), examines how this great newspaper gets printed on an ordinary day like Feb. 28, 1969. It's as suspenseful as a good whodunit.

"Incredible Collectors, Weird Antiques, and Odd Hobbies," by William Carmichael (Prentice-Hall, 282 pp., \$8.95). Do you save old Petty calendars or collect miniature booze bottles? Then this "compendium of eccentric accumulations" is for you, especially if you can top the guy who, in five years, saved a 300-lb. ball of string.



Births

To the David Levinsons, a daughter, Amy, 4 lbs., 9½ ozs., 9/12.

In Print

In an upcoming issue of *Harper's*, Alfred Kazin will examine the works of Joan Didion, and Terry Southern, one of the few mourners at Lenny Bruce's funeral, will do a memoir on him.

Around Easter time, Macmillan will bring out Frances Marion's long-awaited book, "Off With Their Heads—A Serious-Comic Look at Hollywood."

Bantam will publish Stanley Ralph Ross' "Games for Planes," 51 original competitions to keep you from being terrified while flying.

W. H. Allen, London, will publish two Barry Trivers' books in '72: a novel, "Only Bastards Have Nice Wives" (the 1960 WGA strike is the background); and "Some of My Best Friends Are Enemies" (a documentary in which 20 tycoons tell, for the first time, how they dealt with the

worst experience of their lives and used it as another rung on their success ladder).

Kudos

Dalton Trumbo was honored at the SF Film Fest in Oct.

The U of Vermont awarded Edgar Y. (Yip) Harburg a Doctor of Letters, *honoris causa*, for his "sensitive genius and impish humor" in "songs which lift our spirit and help us see rainbows and hear bluebirds . . ."

Marriages

William Allan Persky to Betty Leigh, 9/26.

On the Go

Brad Radnitz back home in mid-Sept. after 10 weeks on the Continent & England.

Stewart Stern holidayed in Cody, WY, in a tent trailer in Sept., damned near froze to death.

Rocci Chatfield in Boston & NY.

Personals

Robert Reitman was a speaker at the American Inst. of Hypnosis in Las Vegas late Oct.

Waldo Salt & Buck Henry were part of a panel called "Writers and Directors: Who Tells the Story?" Discussion was staged by NY Film Fest on 10/3. On 10/5 Eleanor Perry appeared on a segment called "Women in Film."

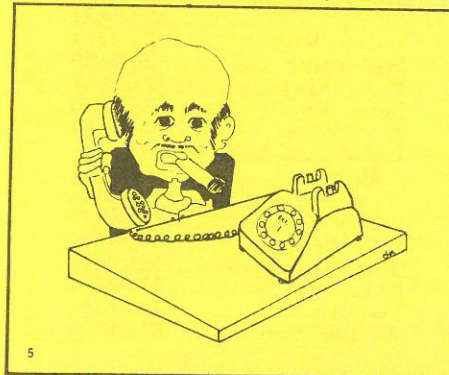
Arthur Orloff's sprout, Kathy, is teaching Journalism at San Fernando Valley State College.

Jack Matcha has been reelected regional v-p (for So. Calif.) of the Mystery Writers of America.

Stanley Ralph Ross gave two lectures on the evening of 10/18 at UCLA: one to the Neuropsychiatric Inst. on Voice Control and the other to a writing class.

A NET crew spent a day at Arch

Cartoon and Illustration by CARYN MATCHINGA



"Honey—Check with our computer and see if we have a gutsy, faggot-mulatto, teenage screen writer who can equate with the problems of . . ."

Oboler's Frank Lloyd Wright's house shooting a documentary on "The Theater of the Mind."

Note: This column ceases publication with this issue. To all who sent in their contributions, many thanks. —A.R.

The Square Root of Divide and Conquer

Emile Zola, a man, wrote a masterpiece about "Nana," a woman. Frank Yerby, a black man, wrote for years

F.Y.I.

When you need accurate information or guidance in your script writing, call any of the following—BUT on weekdays only between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. These offices are not open on weekends.

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Coast Guard	590-2213
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Ext. 30	
Immigration & Naturalization ..	831-9281
Ext. 375	
Jews (JFAC)	276-4974
Labor Dept.	291-7631
Law (ABA)	276-4974
Marine Corps	824-7272
Marriage & Family Counseling ..	465-5131
Ext. 11	
Medical (AMA)	466-7225
Mental Health	466-3491
Navy	824-7481
Police Dept.	485-3281
Protestants	386-8130
Red Cross	384-5261
Secret Service	688-4830
Sky Diving	464-7124
Social Security & Medicare	462-3181
Ext. 294	
Sports	870-4333
State Dept.	688-3290
Telephone Matters ..	463-0073
UCLA Film Info.	825-4880
Veterinarians	723-1746
Weather Bur.	554-1212

If any of you in your research has found a source of information not listed here, please share its phone number with your fellow writers. Tell your NEWSLETTER. 10/71

Writers Guild of America, west

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about white society, male and female alike. The examples, in literature, of the sexes writing about each other, of people from different cultural backgrounds writing about each other, are certainly self-evident. Charlotte Bronte, living a secluded life on the moors, created the character of Heathcliff, a virile male image if ever there was one. Today, in the media, all that has changed.

If you are a woman, it is generally, if erroneously, accepted that you are not capable of writing believably about men. If you are white, of either sex, the word is that you cannot write believably about black or red or brown people. If you are black, you are restricted to stories about black people, and if you are a black woman, you are boxed in not only by color but also by sex. In no time at all, if the present madness is followed to its illogical conclusion, the only subject a writer will be qualified to write about will be himself . . . and then only after his real image has been changed to fit the stereotype of what a writer is like.

We have priorities, priorities we consistently ignore. First, we are all human, second, we are all writers. If we acknowledge our common humanity and then acknowledge our common occupation and move as one, we will find that the sheer weight of our numbers rules out the tyranny of prejudice in our craft. It's a cliché, but nonetheless true, that an individual's career in writing should be limited only by the limitations of his talent . . . a goal perhaps Utopian, but a goal to be reached for. If all of us—male, female, white, black, brown, red—refused to allow the media to insist that we write stereotypes, there wouldn't be anyone left to perpetuate the stifling myths, and they would die a natural death. It's an old cry, but a pertinent one: Writers of the Guild, unite!
—Caryl Ledner

Education Sex Bias Rising

According to Stanford University's Newman Task Force on Higher Education, educational discrimination against women is "overt, accepted and increasing." Women get better high school grades than men, but fewer enter college. Women do better in college than men, but fewer go on to graduate school. Those who achieve advanced degrees are likely to face employment discrimination—especially in the university itself. The situation is explored thoroughly in the study group's 130 page *Report on Higher Education*, available for 75 cents from: Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

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Can Tv Change?

"We all change," she said. "Life is full of variations. But can television change? Does it have to go on doing the same thing it always did? Is it ready for the liberated woman?"

"What I mean," said Barbara, "is that after Get Smart I was offered three series and all of them were 99 all over again. The little wind-up lady, the mechanical doll, programmed to react to Max. I want to play a flesh and blood woman.

"What we're working on is a comedy about a woman who is a mature person. Mary Tyler Moore has broken the ice—that's a mature woman she plays. But is there room for more? Is television ready for us?" (Barbara Feldon as quoted by Cecil Smith in the *LA Times*).

In Memoriam

Hagar Wilde	9/25/71
James P. Cavanagh	9/25/71
Milton Geiger	9/29/71
Al Martin	10/10/71
Kenneth Gamet	10/13/71
Phoebe Ephron	10/13/71
Samuel Spewack	10/14/71