

WHO'S WHO and doing what

By EDDYE K. KIM

(Judith Crist of the New York Herald Tribune fills in as guest columnist for Mrs. Kim this week while Eddy visits Los Angeles)

I mean every time anyone wants to know what Hollywood has been doing about the integration issue or the Negro's problems, up comes *Pinky*. That quondam social document, which in retrospect stands as a mild bit of soap opera contention that a nice Negro girl who passes for white up North shouldn't try to come home again, came upon us in 1949, the year that also boasted *Lost Boundaries*, a semi-documentary about a Negro doctor and his family passing for white in a New Hampshire town, and the film version of *Home of the Brave*, which changed the focus of prejudice from the Jew of the stage play to a Negro in the screenplay. And then Stanley Kramer, in the years of his maverickdom, gave us *The Defiant Ones* in 1958; David Susskind and Philip Rose brought "Raisin in the Sun" to the screen in 1961; Roger Corman, also on his own, came up with *The Intruder* in 1962, and Nicholas Webster made the movie of "Purlie Victorious" in 1963.

And there you are. Beyond the fact that the Stepin-Fetchit servant bit is out (and why was it that Negro servants on screen were never allowed to retain the dignity and almost majority rights they were accorded in Mae West movies—or haven't you seen something like *I'm No Angel* lately?)—beyond the fact that the Mammy-Uncle Tom image is out, or that an occasional non-servant bit part is given to a Negro, Hollywood has kept a stiff-upper-lipped silence on an issue that has preoccupied not only the nation but the world. It has been truly written, Hollywood is indeed out of this world. (No, *Lilies of the Field* is not forgotten—but it was not involved with the problems of integration or civil rights or bigotry, only concerned with the story of a free and independent man who happened to be a Negro.)

And so, of course, this issue, with its discomforts and controversies, has fallen to the independent producer, the man who has a dedication or a sense of responsibility and a statement to make but a man who, above all, can maintain a basic indifference to the box-office returns from the apathetic North or to no returns at all from the impassioned South. But the independent (whom we admittedly tend to over-idealize simply because he does not wear the Hollywood halter—or vicuna coat), despite the best of intentions or integrity, too often dissolves into amateurish error or sudden compromise. And after the first couple of independent forays into the Deep South, how we longed to have some movie-making giant bestir himself and betake himself to the most important social issue of our time. But then along comes the unexpected.

There were, for instance, three independent movies about the Negro in this past year of the Hollywood hiatus, and the first two, albeit on totally different levels, were not good films. *Black Like Me*, based on a true story of a white journalist's masquerade as a Negro in the South, was a cliché-laden disaster that literally as well as critically was beyond belief. Next to it the second venture, *One Potato, Two Potatoes*, stands as a masterpiece; away from it, and in the general run, it stands as an adequate little film, marked by two very good performances and integrity as well as by amateurish and arty techniques and, unfortunately, melodramatics that shift the emphasis of the film. Its story—with some root in some truth—is of a white divorcee who, because of her marriage to a Negro, loses custody of her daughter to her former husband, who objects to the child's growing up in a predominantly Negro household. But after doing the hitherto undone—giving us an interracial romance and marriage that is believable and touching—the movie's makers begin a slow but savage assault upon our emotions, leaving us finally with heartstrings wrenched and tears flowing for the wrong reason—not because of social injustice to the Negro but because of the heartbreak of a little girl being taken away from her mommy.

When *One Potato, Two Potatoes*, starting out with so much in its favor, wound up on a siding, we began to long for some of that Hollywood engineering technique. But then along came *Nothing But a Man*, a highlight at the New York Film Festival in September put into commercial release at the end of December. And who needs the old pros when two young movie-makers like Robert Young and Michael Roemer can do the job so well?

Two documentary men, they decided to do a



"HUMAN" PORTRAYALS--That's how Judith Crist of the New York Herald Tribune describes the performances of Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln (above) in "Nothing But a Man," a new film produced by two documentary men. (See 'Who's Who' column this page.)

feature in the South and went there to write their story. There they found the truth that is at the root of their film about a young man's coming to terms with himself and with society—a young man whose universal problems are intensified because he is a Negro in today's South. With the clarity and simplicity of near-documentary technique, they let a close-up or a location background tell what other filmmakers attempt with endless verbiage and good intentions. Above all, we see the many facets of a community and the many faces of its people—a community and a people that happen to be Negro; no one is a hero, a villain or a cause but every one is human. Duff Anderson is the young man considering a surrender of his footloose carefree life on a railroad gang to find in marriage the roots his slum childhood never allowed him. Duff is an independent spirit, quick to rebellion, and his choice is a more difficult one because his wife-to-be, a schoolteacher, is bound to the middle-class get-along-with-the-whites-by-catering society of her preacher-father. They could go north to flee the pressures and the animosities that Duff creates—but

after a brief crisis, Duff grows to manhood with the realization that dignity and security can come only with the acceptance of responsibility.

Ivan Dixon and singer Abbey Lincoln are excellent as Duff and his girl, and Gloria Foster shines as the woman who cared for Duff's father; all the performers more than know what they are about. More important, Messrs. Young and Roemer know what their movie is about so that they need resort to neither sensationalism nor melodrama nor schmaltz nor nonsense to explore and expose a human problem—the Negro problem—in universal terms for our understanding. *Nothing But a Man* is a fine film—a first one that sets a towering standard for its makers.

"OH, FOR THE GIFT to see myself as others see me", is the favorite quotation of Mrs. Audrey James, our teacher of the week on March 18 last. (Mrs. James requested publication of the following supplementary material concerning her career, which we are happy to do at this time.)

A native of Columbia, Miss., Mrs. James received her early education at Globe Elementary, Columbia, and Randolph High, Pass Christian, Miss. Following graduation, she enrolled at the Cosmopolitan School of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio, and studied intermittently at Salmon P. Chase College of Commerce in that city.

Her decision to become a teacher is credited to Mrs. Edna Castle, director of Waterman School, Cincinnati, where Mrs. James was employed as a teacher's aide. Wishing to be near her ailing mother, she then returned to her home state, matriculated at Alcorn College, Division of Arts and Science, and when certified, became a teacher in the Marlon County School District in Mississippi.

Shortly afterward, she established residency in Las Vegas, matriculated at Nevada Southern University and soon became a teacher at Westside school, where she is now employed.

Aside from her teaching duties, she is secretary of the Second Baptist Church and has been elected historian of Pi Tau Sigma, a teachers organization.

An individualist by nature, Mrs. James refuses to follow the usual pattern of the crowd—accepting the inevitable quietly and gracefully.

She is the daughter of the late Mrs. Sarah Ladner and the surviving Mr. Cornelius Ladner of Columbia, Miss.

★ FORTUNE TELLER ★
Palmist & Spiritual Reader
Open daily & Sunday 10 a.m. to
10 p.m. 1441 Las Vegas Blvd. South.
Ph. 385-9647. If no answer 382-3344.

ARMSTRONG
DETECTIVE AGENCY
• CONFIDENTIAL & PRIVATE
INVESTIGATIONS
• SECURITY SERVICE
• LICENSED • BONDED
• DAYS — 649-1416 •
• EVENINGS — 642-0509 •
1000 West Owens
Golden West Shopping Center

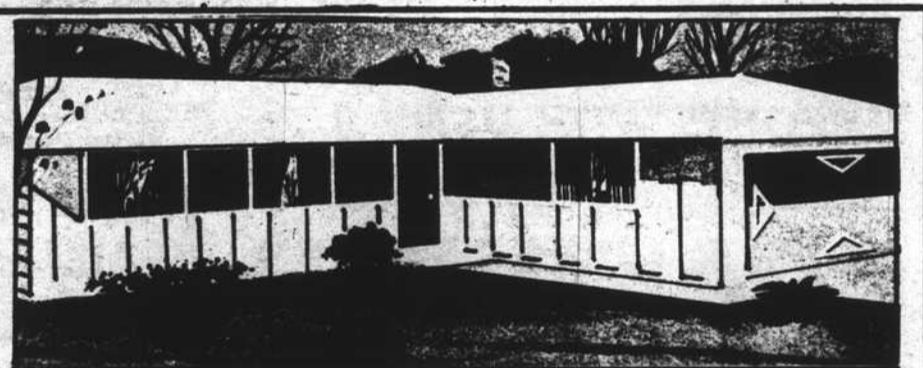
\$\$\$ CASH \$\$\$
Paid for Used TVs,
Furniture, Etc.
ALLIED FURNITURE
520 North Main St.
384-4330
(Evenings 735-4784)



KELLY'S
LIQUORS

810 W. Bonanza
382-7555

WINES
LIQUORS



CARVER MANOR
HOMES OF BEAUTY, QUALITY AND DISTINCTION
SEE FURNISHED MODEL — OPEN DAILY
CORNER of HIGHLAND & JIMMY ST.
(ONE BLOCK NORTH of OWENS)
EXCLUSIVE LOCATION
(BUY NOW and BEAT that SUMMER HEAT)

Beautiful 3 Bedrooms, 2 Baths

ALL INCLUDE

CARPETING DRAPES ★

G-E REFRIGERATOR ★

BUILT-IN G-E RANGE

12 X 15 PATIO DOUBLE GARAGE ★

FULLY LANDSCAPED YARD ★



CALL
642-0463 or 384-1950