And Now Let's Hear It for the Ed Sullivan Show!


Three dancers appear in white fur hats, fur boots, what appear to be velvet jump suits. They're great. Terrific Cossack stuff in front of onion-dome flats. Kuban not the U.S.S.R.'s most imposing river (312 miles, shorter than the Ob, shorter than the Bug) but the dancers are remarkable. Sword dance of some sort with the band playing galops. Front dancer balancing on one hand and doing things with his feet. Great, terrific. Dancers support selves with one hand, don and doff hats with other hand. XOPOWÓ! (Non-Cyrillic approximation of Russian for “neat.”) Double-XOPOWÓ! Ed enters from left. Makes enthusiastic gesture with hand. Triple-XOPOWÓ! Applause dies. Camera on Ed who has hands knit before him. “Highlighting this past week in New York . . .” Something at the Garden. Can’t make it out, a fight probably. Ed introduces
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somebody in audience. Can't see who, he's standing up behind a
fat lady who's also standing up for purposes of her own. Applause.

Pigmeat Markham comes on with cap and gown and gavel. His
tag line, "Here come de judge," is pronounced and the crowd roars
but not so great a roar as you might expect. The line's wearing out.
Still, Pigmeat looks good, working with two or three stooges.
Stooge asks Pigmeat why, if he's honest, he's acquired two Cadillacs
etc. Pigmeat says: "Because I'm very frugal," and whacks stooge
on head with bladder. Lots of bladder work in sketch, old-time
comedy. Stooge says: "Jedge, you got to know me." Pigmeat: "What
are you?" Stooge: "I'm the man that introduced you to your wife.
Pigmeat shouts, "Life!" and whacks the stooge on the head with the
bladder. Very funny stuff, audience roars. Then a fast commercial
with Jo Anne Worley from Rowan and Martin singing about Bold
Funny girl. Good commercial.

Ed brings on Doodletown Pipers, singing group. Great-looking
girls in tiny skirts. Great-looking legs on girls. They sing somethin'
about "I hear the laughter" and "the sound of the future." Phrasing
is excellent, attack excellent. Camera goes to atmospheric shots of
a park, kids playing, mothers and fathers lounging about, a Sunday
feeling. Shot of boy throwing the ball around. Shot of black bab
in swing. Shot of young mother's ass, very nice. Shot of blond
mother cuddling kid. Shot of black father swinging kid. Shot of
a guy who looks like Rod McKuen lounging against a... a what
A play sculpture. But it's not Rod McKuen. The Doodletown Pipe
segue into another song, Something about hate and fear, "You're
got to be taught... hate and fear." They sound great. Shot of
integrated group sitting on play equipment. Shot of young bro
tspectacled father. Shot of young black man with young white chil
He looks into camera. Thoughtful gaze. Young mother with daug
ter, absorbed. Nice-looking mother. Camera in tight on moth
and daughter. One more mother, a medium shot. Out on shot
the tiny black child asleep in swing. Wow!

Sullivan enters from left applauding. Makes gesture toward Pi
ers, toward audience, toward Pipers. Applause. Everybody's havin
a good time! "I want you to welcome... George Carlin!" Carlin
a comic. Carlin says he hates to look at the news. News is depressing. Sample headlines: "Welcome Wagon Runs Over Newcomer." Audience roars. "Pediatrician Dies of Childhood Disease." Audience roars but a weaker roar. Carlin is wearing a white turtleneck, sideburns. Joke about youth asking father if he can use the pickup? Joke about the difference between organized crime and unorganized crime. Unorganized crime is when a guy holds up on the street. Organized crime is when two guys hold you up on the street. Carlin is great, terrific, but his material is really funny. A Central Park joke. Cops going into the park dress up as women to provoke molesters. Three hundred molesters arrive and two cops got engaged. More cop jokes. Carlin holds his crotch together at waist. Says people wonder why the cops catch the Mafia. Says have you ever tried to catch a guy in a suit? Weak roar from audience. Carlin says do you suffer from nagging crime? Try the Police Department with new impeler; GL-70. No roar at all. A whicker, rather. Ed facing camera. "Coming up next . . . right after this important word." Commit for Royal Electric Jetstar Typewriter. "She's typing faster and more now." Capable-looking woman says to camera, "I have a job now that helps me at home where I have a business raising Bernards." Behind her a St. Bernard looks admiringly at Jetstar's back. "England's famous Beatles" (pause, neatly calculated) "first appeared on our shew... Mary Hopkin..." McCartney told her she must appear on our shew... the world's famous... Mary Hopkin!" Mary enters holding guitar. It's something about "the morning of my life... ceiling of my room." Camera in tight on Mary. Pretty blonde, slightly plump Heavy applause for Mary. Camera goes to black, then Mary walking away in very short skirt, fine legs, a little heavy maybe. In a nightclub set for her big song, "Those Were the Days." Song is ersatz Kurt Weill but nevertheless a very nice song very nostalgic, days gone by, tears rush into eyes (mine). In background, period stills. Shot of some sort of Edwardian gay activity, possible lawn party, possible egg roll. Shot of big...
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Shot of racecourse. Camera on Mary’s face. “Those were the days, my friends....” Shot of fox hunting, shot of tea dance. Mary is bouncing a little with the song, just barely bouncing. Shot of what appears to be a French 75 firing. Shot of lady kissing dog on nose. Shot of horse. Camera in tight on Mary’s mouth. Looks like huge wad of chewing gum in her mouth but that can’t be right, must be her tongue. Still of balloon ascension in background. Live girls sitting in left foreground gazing up at Mary, rapt. Mary in chaste high-collared dress with that short skirt. Effective. Mary finishes song. A real roar. Ed appears in three-quarter view turned toward the right, toward Mary. “Terrific!” Ed says. “Terrific!” Mary adjusts her breasts. “Terrific. And now, sitting out in the audience is the famous... Perle Mesta!” Perle stands, a contented-looking middle-aged lady. Perle bows. Applause.

Ed starts (enthralled) into camera. “Before we introduce singing Ed Ames and the first lady of the American theatre, Helen Hayes...”

A Pizza Spins commercial fades into a Tareyton Charcoal Filter commercial. Then Ed comes back to plug Helen Hayes’s new book, *On Reflection*. Miss Hayes is the first lady of the American theatre, he says. “We’re very honored to...” Miss Hayes sitting at a desk. Louis-something. She looks marvelous. Begins reading from the book. Great voice. Tons of dignity. “My dear Grandchildren. At this writing, it is no longer fashionable to have Faith; but your grandmother has never been famous for her chic, so she isn’t bothered by the intellectual hemlines. I have always been concerned with the whole, not the fragments; the positive, not the negative; the words, not the spaces between them...” Miss Hayes pauses. Hand on what appears to be a small silver teapot. “What can a grandmother offer....?” *She speaks very well!* “With the feast of millennia set before you, the saga of all mankind on your bookshelf... what could I give you? And then I knew. Of course. My own small footnote. The homemade bread at the banquet. The private joke in the divine comedy. Your roots.” Head and shoulders shot of Miss Hayes. She looks up into the lighting grid. Music up softly on. “So my grandchildren... in highlights and shadows... bits and pieces... in recalled moments, mad scenes and acts...
of folly..." Miss Hayes removes glasses, looks misty. "With poor little grandchildren made of... some good and some bad. Mother and Dad... and laughs and wails from Grandmas' tales... I love you." She gazes down at book. Holts it. Cheese pulls back. Music up. Applause.

Ed puts arm around Miss Hayes. Squeezes Miss Hayes' right hand. Applause. Heavy applause. Ed puts hands together, joining in by means of his own. Waves hands toward Miss Hayes. More applause. It's a triumph. Ed squeezes Miss Hayes' hands in his hands. Applause dies, instantly. Ed says "...but first, listen to this." Shot of huge cathedral of some kind. Organ music. Camera pans down past stained-glass windows, etc. Down a winding staircase. Changes to rock. Shot of organ keyboard. Close shot of nameplate, Hammond. Shot of grinning organist. Shot of Ed on keyboard. "The sound of Hammond starts at $599.99. Introduces singer Ed Ames. Ames is wearing a long-skirted dress, holding hand mike. Good eyes, good eyebrows, muttonchop. Lace at his cuffs. Real riverboat-looking. He strolls the set singing a Tom Jones—Harvey Schmidt number, some-thing about the morning, sometimes in the morning, something-else song, "it takes my breath away," "how long have I waited for something something. Chorus comes in under him. Good Ames blinks in a sincere way. Introduces a song from the upcoming show Dear World. "A lovely new song," he says. "Kiss her while she's young. Kiss her now, while she's yours." Set-up. He looks like one-by-two's nailed vertically four inches on one side. The song is sub-lovely but Ames's delivery is very comfortable. Easy. Chorus comes in. Ah, ah ah ah. Ames closes his eyes, sings something something something something something; the song is memorable. (Something memorable: early on Sunday morning a pornographic exhibition appeared mysteriously for eight minutes on television-station KPLM, Palm Springs, California. A man and woman did vile and imaginative things to each other for that length of time, then disappeared into the history of electricity. Unfortunately, the exhibition wasn't on a network. What we want in this world, we can't have.)
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Ed enters from left (what’s over there? a bar? a Barcalounger? a book? stock ticker? model railroad?), shakes hands with Ames. Ames is much taller, but amiable. Both back out of shot, in different directions. Camera straight ahead on Ed. “Before I tell you about next week’s . . . show . . . please listen to this.” Commercial for Silva Thins. Then a shot of old man with ship model, commercial for Total, the vitamin cereal. Then Ed. “Next week . . . a segment from . . . the new Beatles film . . . . The Beatles were brought over here by us . . . in the beginning . . . . Good night!” Chopping gesture with hands to the left, to the right.