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SAFFORD CHAMBERLAIN ON JAZZ:
RIDGELY CUMMINGS ON CITY POLITICS:
LAWRENCE LIPTON ON TV:
MIKE HODEL ON THE COURTS:
GENE FRUMKIN ON POETRY:
JONAS MEKAS ON FILM:
WILCOCK ON GREECE:

ALSO A PIECE ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST SINNER
AND OUR EVER-GROWING HIP CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

A NEW WEEKLY
10¢

Vol. 1, No. 3

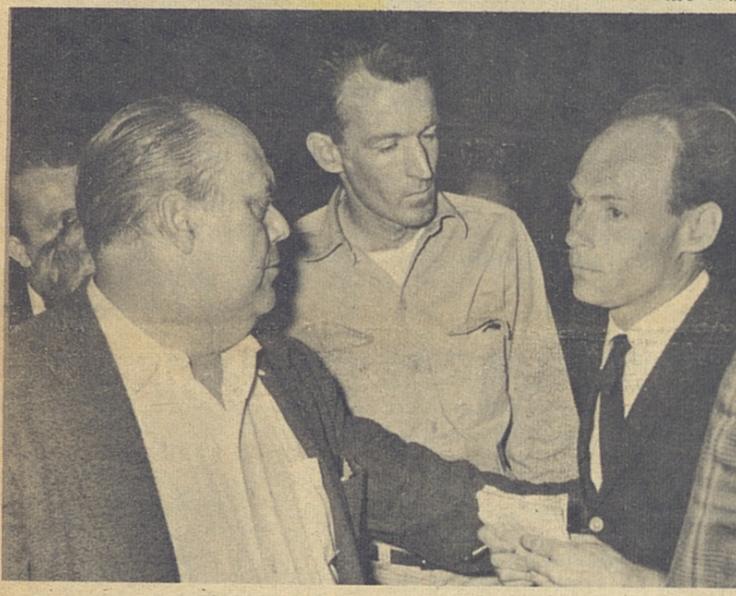
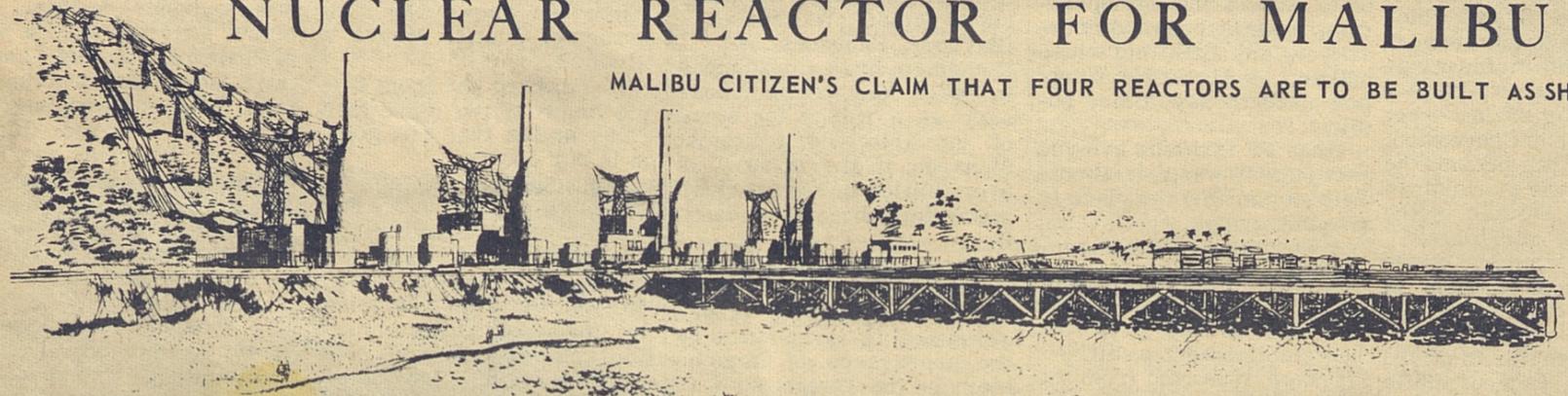
THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1964



10¢

NUCLEAR REACTOR FOR MALIBU ?

MALIBU CITIZEN'S CLAIM THAT FOUR REACTORS ARE TO BE BUILT AS SHOWN



Free Press Reporter Jim Osborn is threatened by members of the Los Angeles White Citizen's Council attempting to seize his notebook on August 3rd in front of the L.A. Breakfast Club. Minutes after this picture was taken, Osborn was escorted to safety by LAPD Sergeant Cornelius Cooper. PHOTO BY CHARLES BERTIN

by JIM OSBORN

"Just go ahead and dig that hole. Dig that hole and they will see the faulting so clearly they won't proceed any further."

These were the words last week of Malibu geologist Frank A. Morgan discussing the highly controversial Corral Canyon site where the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power wants to construct the first nuclear powered electric plant for Los Angeles.

Morgan, one of a panel of technical specialists for the Malibu Citizens for Conservation, has insisted for more than a year that the Corral Canyon site lies on two known faults, both of which present a hazard to structures of heavy industry.

Some specialists for the DWP say the site is safe. Other technical authorities contradict them. They will all be heard before the Licensing and Safety Board of the Atomic Energy Commission when it convenes here in September to hear testimony on the DWP license application.

It is safe to assume that scientists and engineers for DWP will insist, as they have before the Los Angeles County Regional Planning Commission, that tsunamis (tidal waves), earthquakes, landslides -- almost all the phenomena of nature, can cause no danger to the proposed plant which could give Malibu any cause for alarm regarding radiation damage.

Originally, in their request for a zone variance (which the DWP said they did not need anyway), Caltech's earthquake specialist George W. Housner concluded his testimony before the Planning Commissioners by saying:

"The design of the proposed Malibu plant is based on the supposition that an earthquake similar to the Long Beach, March 10, 1933 shock of magnitude 6 to 6.5 (on the Richter scale), may occur close to the reactor. The strongest shaking would be produced if the earthquake centered from 2 to 5 miles from the site. The earth-

quake design criteria for the plant will be such that it could be subjected to the strongest shaking of the 1933 Long Beach shock without exceeding normal working stresses. This means that it could experience the Long Beach shaking once a week for the life of the plant without ill effect. The design will incorporate a large factor of safety which would permit the plant to experience the strongest ground motion ever recorded without exceeding theyield point stress.

The DWP felt that its knowledge of the Corral Canyon site was sufficient with the study of a soil mechanic and earthquake design engineer. Morgan says that as long as they fail to get a report from a geologist, they have incomplete knowledge on which to base their statements.

Last month, the DWP released the report of Pennsylvania State College geologist Dr. Richard H. Johns. Dated February 8, 1964, the report states, "No fault appears to be present within the reactor generator area itself... However, should future excavations reveal the presence of hitherto unrecognized structural breaks at one of the locations, the position of the corresponding plant unit should be moved so as to place it at one side of the breaks."

The hole Morgan wants to see dug is the excavation of a portion of a hill which DWP wants to remove to the extent of about 500 square feet to house the reactor, generator building and accompanying facilities. This pilot hole would be smaller than the proposed final one.

In his report on the proposed site Morgan has said that the excavation will expose more unstable ground in greater danger of sliding than if left alone. "There can be little question but that the vast excavation planned by DWP will clearly reveal the details of faulting mapped at the surface and it is almost certain that this cutting will precipitate new landslides into the reactor area."

"Based on the geological evidence," his report said,

"it is highly questionable whether the work for this excavation should proceed, due to the chance that it will not stand up without sliding and the greater chance, almost the certainty, that the conditions then exposed will prove to be too unstable to risk the reactor construction."

The MCC, which has grown from a handful of concerned residents to its present support by 5,000 Malibu homeowners, obtained an additional report on the area from Ventura consulting geologist Dr. Thomas L. Bailey. His report corroborates Morgan's saying, "The Corral Canyon site is extremely unstable and about as unfavorable as can be found in this region."

Morgan and the other members of the Malibu citizens' panel of technical experts do not agree with officials of DWP who contend the containment vessel which will house the reactor can not be breached no matter what calamity may befall it. Radiation from the reactor is the concern of physicist Dr. Arthur H. Muir, Jr., who says that if the vessel is breached highly radioactive

(Continued on Page Three)

FAIR HOUSING GROUPS TO DEFEAT PROPOSITION 14 have been formed from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Volunteer help is always needed. The chairmen, locations and telephones are as follows:

- Orange County: Dr. Nissen Levy, 415 West 87th St., Santa Ana 54;
- San Diego: Rev. Rolland Hammerness, College Grove Shopping Center 159, 288-3141; Peninsula Area, Mrs. Jonas Salk, 6001 La Jolla Scenic Road, La Jolla, 474-7230; Santa Barbara: Leroy Vogel and Rev. John P. Fuller, 1018 1/2 State St., 965-3063; San Fernando Valley: Mrs. Helen Wakefield, 15300 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, ST 3-8414; Pasadena: Rev. John Baker, 1400 W. Colorado Blvd., 449-3470 or SY 6-0151; West Side: Helene Bailis, 6026 Wilshire Blvd., WE 1-0811; South Bay: Vicki Salk, 309 S. Dianthus, Manhattan Beach, 372-7224; Wilshire South: Elaine Hyman, 3501 Venice Blvd., RE 5-6881; Long Beach: 231 E. Broadway, Long Beach 2; and the Mexican-American Ad Hoc Committee, 4478 Whittier Blvd., AN 8-2844.

THE JAZZ LOG

by SAFFORD CHAMBERLAIN

The recent appearance at Shelly's Manne-Hole of Stan Getz and Cannonball Adderly provides a good enough occasion for some random remarks on the state of the art these days.

Actually neither leader played particularly well when I heard them. Getz particularly was coasting, running through his bossa nova repertoire with beautiful musicianship but little invention and sounding strained whenever he tried for more. Possibly he wasn't happy with the rhythm section, which seemed a good deal more devoted to the intricacies of the bossa nova than to swinging.

Cannonball couldn't complain about his rhythm section. Louis Hayes, Sam Jones and Viennese pianist Joe Zawinul swing aggressively, though Hayes is a little too busy a drummer for my taste. But like Getz, Cannonball seems at a loss for something to say. Beneath the virtuosity and the funk and the extended harmonies there is an emptiness, a lack of range. Cornetist Nat Adderly, who has always played somewhat in his brother's shadow, was more satisfying,

throwing himself into his work with an exuberance and abandon that recalled nobody more than Roy Eldridge. Zawinul, too, is a buoyant, happy flowing player.

Curiously, both Getz and Cannonball were outplayed by little known sidemen. In Cannonball's group it was tenor saxophonist Charles Lloyd; in Getz's, a twenty-one year old vibraphonist, Gary Burton.

Lloyd has mastered the style of John Coltrane with a vengeance. There is no question of his sincerity. He obviously feels this style intensely. It is a style which demands not only an incredible technique but a willingness to enter again and again a trance-like, top-of-the-voice emotional state. As Lloyd plays it, it is impressive at first, but on repeated hearing there is an oppressive sameness about it all. He always arrives at the same place in pretty much the same way.

Coltrane himself manages considerably more variety. Still, I wonder if the style is

(Continued on Page Three)

LAWRENCE LIPTON'S COLUMN

THE WASP

In Memoriam : Ambrose Bierce

1842-1914

In the past the rewards of sainthood were usually reserved for the deserving dead, those who had passed two bona fide miracles or come to some horrible end while witnessing to their faith. So it came as something of a shock to learn that today earthly sainthood in this vale of tears is not without its rewards. I refer, of course, to the \$50,000 which the ABC television network paid to Saint Ike for his miraculous tight-rope walking -- or should I say sitting -- act at the Republican Convention.

Television has become the Golconda of the platitudinarian, the El Dorado of the commercially mediocre. Network newscasters, whose public service consists of five minute readings off the rip-and-tear news wire live on acreage estates in gilded suburbias. A vacuous smile and a few fake ad libs are good for a private yacht and a Cesna. Quarter million dollar incomes are not uncommon as the hard-earned reward of tooth paste and detergent thespians straight from the kitchen and the laundromat. A few corny jokes of the Milquetoast and mother-in-law vintage are good for sizeable fortunes.

After years of detergent commercials, you don't have to hire actors or fake testimonials. All you have to do is set up concealed mikes

and "candid" cameras in any laundromat or tobacco counter and the customers will parrot the commercials for you, word by word. Little children run around parroting the singing commercials. One youngster I know of told his doctor father that the reason he was feeling so bad was tired blood. At the other end of the age spectrum, there is the grandmotherly swishy little old wine-maker. As Alexander Woolcott used to say, I may vomit.

What TV irritants are you particularly waspish about? This column is the place to air your gripes.

A word about TV self-censorship. One evening I counted five cases of soundtrack deletions on one program, the Establishment, a satirical show imported from the BBC and given a few American touches. The Tonight Show on NBC has been pock marked by such soundless tonguewagging and soundtrack cuts -- administered with an axe -- of late. Jack Paar once walked out on the show because they censored out a story about a water-closet. It made him an eight-column Page One free speech hero clear across the country. It is a comment of a sort on American culture that a man can become a champion of truth and beauty by speaking up for the right to tell a water-closet tale that is about as off-color as a Sunday sermon. One wonders what hard core pornography -- a favorite phrase with censors -- these recent deletions might have been. A course in lip reading and perhaps telepathy might be a useful aid to tv viewing. I offer it to any enterprising program director who is looking for new ideas.

While we are being sex-bombed to death by commercial movie makers in an attempt to compete with the art films, the fact remains that most commercial movies still confine their "daring" to the newspaper ads. Which reminds me of what Soren Kirkegaard once said:

What the philosophers say about reality is often just as disappointing as it is when you read a sign at a second hand store: "Ironing done here." If you should come with your clothes to get them ironed, you'd be fooled; for only

the sign is for sale.

When a Negro spokesman suggested on a tv program that a billion dollar program of slum clearance and other new housing in Negro ghettos might be just barely adequate for a starter, even his white Liberal friends on the panel smiled and shrugged their shoulders. A day or two later the U.S. launched a moon shot that is part of a multi-billion dollar program. Which moves me to make a modest proposal. Why not combine the two programs, Negro housing and space exploration? Not even the White Citizens Council could have any objection to Negro housing on the moon or one of the planets. And what Negro would not welcome an opportunity to inhabit a planet that is still uninfested by white supremacists, Wallaces, Birchers, Faubuses, and Klansmen. Such a beachhead in space may yet be necessary as a refuge for some of us white integrationist diehards if the country is ever flooded by the brackish goldwaters that now threaten it.

There should be a statute of limitations on old jokes, say twenty years. This observation is occasioned by the appearance of Groucho Marx on the Tonight show as a Johnny Carson replacement. On the very first night of his week in the tv sun, to scramble a metaphor, Groucho trotted out the sex-suggestive puns that have made him the Old King Leer of show biz, all of them of old and malodorous vintage. Let's get that statute passed before the Fall season brings back Jack Benny and his pinch-penny gags and violin, Georgie Jessel and his Al Jolson imitations and Bob Hope's girlie gags.

Imbecility has always been prized and bad taste rewarded by the mediocre, but not till the advent of mass communications did mass heroes become millionaires. I am not one of those whose argument is that the media do not give people what they want that the average IQ or taste quotient is higher than the program managers rate them. I have long ago steered myself to accept the possibility that their estimate of public taste and intelligence may be pretty close to the truth. As long as public taste is gauged by the "votes" that the public casts by its purchase of toothpaste and headache pills, we can only assume that present programming is pretty close to public demand.

This does not mean that the media are absolved from their duty under prevailing regulations to set aside suitable time slots for minority audiences. The documentaries, some newscasts and commentaries and some music programs fall into this

category, but very few dramatic programs. As I have more than once remarked to Jack Benny fans, I have no objection to your having your ham as long as you accord me my right to have my caviar -- and I'm not going to argue with you about relative proportions of each. There are more of you than there are of me and I'll be satisfied with my share. What I do object to is your assumption that if I don't like corn, ham and tripe I am undemocratic and perhaps subversive.

And, another thing, before I'm through with this subject.

I don't want any "successful" authors, script-writers and tv hacks to tell me I'm a snob or a failure because I refuse to spend my time and talent being folksy, slobbery, patriotic or mentally putrid for the sake of listener ratings, phoney awards and cushy residuals. To each his own, and I hope you get what's coming to you.

As an apolitical (for a self-addressed envelope I'll tell you what that means) I can afford to smile (wryly) when I read that polls show physicians are mostly for Goldwater and psychiatrists for Johnson.

CALIFORNIA'S CURIOUS COURTS

by MIKE HODEL

Now we know why that statue of Justice wears a blindfold.

It's to keep her from seeing some of the more ludicrous antics that are going on in our courts.

For instance, there's the game called "Prisoner's Bail Poker." The rules for this are quite simple. Take a man arrested on a drunk charge with bail set at \$21. Remember that figure, it's important on when the man doesn't show for his court case, the judge issues a bench warrant and raises the bail to \$250. Eventually, the man shows up and pleads guilty. In view of the man's past record of drunk arrests, he gets a year's probation - provided he does 170 days in jail.

Still with us? Good; from here on it gets complicated.

The man appeals the sentence to the Appellate Court. The same Judge who sentences him and set the bail figure okays his release on appeal bond which is now set at \$5,500. That makes \$5,771 in bail so far, right?

When the appeal comes up in the calendar, another Judge is sitting in that particular court. This judge - a lenient soul - decides the man has paid enough for his drinks, and reduces the sentence to the original five days the man would have served when he was first arrested. We are now back in the \$21 bracket; this, plus a \$100 fine or ten days in jail.



The Court clerk, however, who probably read more of Judge Roy Bean than of Blackstone, refuses to accept the \$100 fine, which, by the way, the defendant is pitifully eager to pay. Instead, the original Judge is notified of the attempt, the modification of sentence is negated, and a new hearing is set for a few weeks later.

But no one notified the defendant of the new date, he doesn't show up - and the Judge, perhaps thinking that his stern actions will win him a shot at a Perry Mason show next season, issues another arrest warrant, and sets a new bail figure - \$10,000.

There you have it -- a judicial success (or is it excess) story. Oh, yes, it

has a happy ending. The man's attorney filed a writ of habeas corpus, and a third judge, after hearing the first judge's story, agreed with the second Judge, ordered the court clerk to accept the modified sentence and the \$100 bail, and termed the first Judge's action "improper," which seems to be an understatement.

In the city by the Golden Gate (whose name escapes me for the moment) there is another Judge who specializes in dispensing justice - if that's the proper word for his sentences - with a heavy gavel.

This Judge sentenced the leader of the San Francisco - I knew the name would come back to me) NAACP chapter on three different charges in connection with civil rights sit-ins last March. The Judge ruled that the man, Dr. Thomas Burbridge, an associate professor of Pharmacology at the UC Medical Center, must serve three months on each count, the sentences to be served consecutively rather than concurrently. In other words, Dr. Burbridge would serve nine months. The appeal drew the support of such libertarian organizations as the Archdiocesan Catholic Inter-Racial Council, the ACLU's Northern California office and the Council for Civic Unity.

Explaining the severity of the sentence, the Judge told Dr. Burbridge "You are more mature than the other defendants in this case and you should know the obligations of citizenship...which includes a respect for the law."

Respect, in this case; however, would seem to be a relative matter. The President of the S.F. Bar Association said he hoped Dr. Burbridge would exhaust all possible avenues of appeal. This statement, which on the surface, doesn't seem particularly inflammatory, drew a heated blast from another Bar Association member who said it was improper for a member of the Bar Association to comment on such a case, and he called for the President's resignation from the S.F. Bar Association.

Meanwhile, the Judge, unused to all this clamor, returned to his own bench in Orange County, declaring he was just "an Orange County farm boy." He had been assigned to the Bay Area bench by the State Judicial Council to help clear up the civil rights judicial backlog.

There you have a small vista of California's confused courts.

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Reactor

(Continued from Page One)

material will be released. As for reactors working normally, he says, each new one is larger than its predecessors and therefore experimental in nature with grave unknowns remaining.

There are still many things about nuclear fission that remain unknown. A lot of "What if....?" questions for which there are no answers. Answers come out of the accidents. The answers produce new safeguards. But the accidents -- the new, unanticipated, previously unknown ones, keep happening. There's a safeguard to meet every presently known circumstance and hazard. There

...failure of that reservoir... it was built on the Inglewood - Beverly Hills fault line."

Malibu is in Supervisor Burton W. Chace's district. In his motion for reversal of the zone variance granted by the planning commission, Chace nibbled around the edges of the uncertainty of the geologic hazard and which agency would accept responsibility in the event the best laid plans of DWP went awry, and then said:

"This feeling of uncertainty is particularly strong in view of the recent failure of the Baldwin Hills reservoir, which had been considered by Department of Water and Power engineers as 100 per cent safe - yet we all know what happened."

In disagreeing, MCC of course, regards the DWP as a Goliath bent on turning the old "movie colony" into a radiation contaminated wasteland.

The citizens of Malibu are not without their provincial idiosyncracies. In saying they oppose heavy industry encroaching upon their residential and commercial domain, one wonders if they mean it or know what heavy industry is. On the spot proposed for the reactor is a honeybucket operation that would bring laughter to anyone attempting to describe it as residential and incredulous looks from anyone told that it is a commercial use of the land.

Frequent contact with the various principals involved in the controversy results in the most fascinating undercurrent of hearsay, innuendo and rumor. At the DWP, ditto sheets are available purporting involvement of an unspecified sort on the part of relatives of the original owners of Rancho Malibu. According to one of the sheets, the widow of Frederick Hastings Rindge, original owner of the 16,380 acre estate established the tradition of protest against intrusion of public agencies for any reason, including roads, by conducting a 30 year series of lawsuits and direct action against intruders. The sheet, said to come from the California volume of the American Guide Series explains, "She hired armed, mounted guards to patrol her boundaries, built high wire fences with barred and chained gates, plowed county built roads under, turned droves of hogs upon cuts for new roads or planted them with alfalfa; and during 1915-1917, when her gates were systematically smashed and her guards overpowered every week by crowds of farmers and travellers trying to get through to Santa Monica, she dynamited her roads. She brought suits to oust squatters, and to punish trespass, libel and defamation of character. Her battle with the state against its plan to run the coast highway through her beach land was carried to the Supreme Court, where she lost. Her son brought her into court with the charge that her fights were dissipating the estate at the rate of more than \$1 million a year...In 1938 the Federal District Court awarded control of the estate to a trustee-corporation authorized to bring order to its chaotic financial condition."

DWP engineers confidentially expect the AEC's Licensing and Safety Board Hearings to run "two to three weeks" when the Board is in Los Angeles in September. This estimate is based on the hearings of the Board when it took testimony on the Camp San Onofre reactor in November, 1963.

Each side in the coming hearings hint that surprises are in store and that they haven't played all their cards. In a modern day struggle between David and Goliath, as MCC co-chairman Dr. Donald Drukey has pictured it, there is no guarantee the outcome will follow the biblical account. The regional planning commission's 4-1 vote for the zone variance was as much a surprise as the unanimous reversal by the Board of Supervisors. DWP may yet dig that hole.

Jazz

(Continued from Page One)

not intrinsically more limited than the traditional melodic styles. It imposes its dominant mood with a very heavy hand. And perhaps this is as good a place as any to question the dionysian extremity and lack of restraint into which Coltrane and Ornette Coleman have led the avant garde jass of today. Maybe I'm getting old, but when the cannon goes off five times every set, my ears get numb, and my emotions start to resent the shoving around they're getting.

Gary Zurton, at any rate, is another breed. In the first place, his style is not in the least derivative. And though it is very much alive, it is not frantic or violent. He is the only vibist I've ever seen who could use four mallets and be in complete command both harmonically and melodically, whatever the tempo. His playing is intricate, engaging the mind as well as the feelings, yet it captivated an audience that came to hear Getz. There is a youthful lyricism in it, an emotional quality free from fads and cliches.

With his skinny build, horn-rimmed glasses, downy cheeks, and towhead hair, Burton looks like a pleasant young bookworm, the kid next door, truly incorruptible. Getz introduced him as "boy genius." The rest of the guys in the band, he said, "really hate his guts." Later, after Burton had played a particularly beautiful ballad, Getz stared deadpan at him for fully a minute, then said with elaborate irony, "You young punk." Burton laughed, along with everyone else, but I couldn't help wondering if Getz spoke entirely in jest,

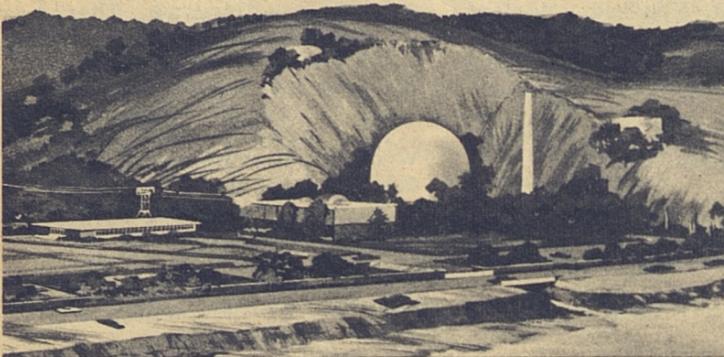
and got a vision of the scarred veteran of the old order torn between admiration and envy of this fresh kid who could make brilliant and moving music without putting himself through the suffering and degradation that so many players of Getz's generation have experienced. We're always hearing the blues before you can play them, for paying your dues, and the rest of it. Gary Burton must make anyone who swallowed that line feel very strange.



Shelley Manne's own group filled in for three nights between Getz and Cannonball. It is a good, stimulating group. Charlie Kennedy has replaced the late Joe Maini on alto saxophone. Trumpeter Donald Sleet plays with drive and authority, and Russ Freeman on piano is one of the most consistently rewarding jazz players anywhere.

Bassist Ralph Pena's nine piece band played Cappy's in Van Nuys a couple of weekends ago and is scheduled for The Lighthouse in Hermosa Sunday, August 30. Pena has managed to hold this band together for almost two years now, using it as a vehicle for his own writing as well as that of such other Los Angeles players as Hampton Hawes, Frank Strazzeri, Joe Albany, Carl Perkins and Joe Gordon. The band has a genuinely unique flavor and deserves to be heard.

THE DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER CLAIMS THAT ONLY ONE REACTOR IS TO BE BUILT



is no safeguard against the unknown accident yet to be experienced by bigger reactors.

Engineers for the DWP explain that the proposed reactor is designed to shut down if background radiation exceeds a specified level, if the temperature goes above a certain point, or if pressure in the containment vessel rises above a specified limit. They say many interlocks and safeguards in the system will drop control rods into the pile thereby stopping fission should there be anything amiss in the respective circuits. It sounds as if the reactor has an intelligence sophisticated enough to be consulted about its own location if fed geological data.

Asked about Dr. Muir's statement concerning unknowns in nuclear reactors, DWP senior nuclear engineer Eugen Koffman first explained that a pressurized water reactor automatically stops "reacting" if the temperature reaches boiling because a cushion of steam is formed separating the water from the fuel capsule, analogous to vaporlock in an automobile fuel system.

Then, regarding the body of knowledge of fission, Koffman said, "We know more about what happens inside a reactor than we know about what happens when a human being drinks a cup of tea or takes a hot bath."

When the DWP goes before the Licensing and Safety Board, it will already have one community strike against it: the unanimous reversal of the planning commission's zone variance by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. In the discussion preceding the vote, Supervisor Kenneth Hahn related the Malibu geologic controversy to the Baldwin Hills reservoir disaster. "In my district the Baldwin Hills reservoir went out, lives were lost, millions of dollars of damage was caused. We now realize...the results of

In all public agency humility, the DWP went before the planning commission originally in June 1963, to request just a nibble of land out in remote Malibu (29 air miles from Los Angeles). Of the total 305 acres of Corral Canyon desired by DWP only 45 acres are to hold the \$96 million plant. Before the planning commission could render a decision, Supervisor Chace, leaned on heavily by Malibu Citizens for Conservation, ordered a rehearing.

At the November 1963 rehearing, emboldened by a total of 2500 members, the Malibu protest group fielded its team of technical experts to challenge the DWP on radiation hazards, geologic reports, safety of marine life, disruption of traffic during construction period, depreciation of land values and followed them with a long line of Malibu residents including Frankie Laine and Angela Lansbury emphatically saying they didn't want the "thing" in Malibu.

In solo performances, DWP General Manager and Chief Engineer Samuel B. Nelson, his staff and consultants lauded the merits, necessity and safety of nuclear power produced at Corral Canyon.

No one is advocating solar power on a great scale as a future source of power, except sun worshippers. Harnessing wind or sea, at present, seem equally impractical. So nuclear power gets the nod, by default if not by acclamation. As Nelson says, "In the Los Angeles basin, nuclear power is especially attractive because it will not contribute to smog."

"Nuclear power, which we plan to utilize for part of our future expansion, will be safe, economical and more abundant than gas," Nelson told the body, adding, "The construction and operation of this plant will have no adverse effect on the Malibu area."

BEFORE WE SAY THIS PRAYER CHILDREN, LET ME MAKE IT PERFECTLY CLEAR THAT YOU WILL NOT BE "FORCED" TO SAY IT... IF YOU DON'T WISH TO PARTICIPATE, YOU MAY JOIN THE OTHER "DIRTY LITTLE ATHEIST" OUT IN THE HALL!



An immediate challenge to debate was issued today to any Democrat or Republican considering supporting Proposition 14 by the newly-formed Southern California Republicans Against Proposition 14 (SCRAP 14) according to their Board of Directors. The organization's chairman is Ted Davis, assisted by Professor James Delahanty (Ways and Means), Carl Pearleston Jr. (Public Relations), Beverly Siegel (Promotion), Attorney Ted Loiterman (Membership and Corresponding Secretary), Bobby Liley (Treasurer), (Humphrey Judson (Newsletter) and Paul Wenger (Speakers' Bureau). The group's address is 1129 W. Edgeware Road, Los Angeles. Telephone 653-5284.

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ELUSIVE ACTORS AVOID QUESTIONS

Comedy writers are highly paid but what follows was produced unconsciously and gratis.

The dialogue, elicited by questions posed by TV Reporter Pete Miller, raises some non-funny questions, however. They are: 1) Was the Brown Act forbidding secrecy in government violated? and 2) What is the city-owned Water and Power Department doing by contemplating going into the air-conditioning business?

We wish to thank Documented News Service for supplying us with this copy.

NOTE: The following script was prepared from a recording of a portion of the Baxter Ward TV news hour on local television channel 7. Date: July 28, 1964, 6pm and 11pm.

Baxter Ward: We saw them emerge from a private WATER & POWER COMMISSION meeting. The names are unimportant, but the principle might be. We see Pete Miller with first a Commissioner, then a Commission attorney, then Mayor Yorty's aide, Joe Quinn.

Pete Miller: Mr. Friedman?

Nathan Friedman: Yes, sir?

Miller: Good morning.

Mr. Friedman: Good morning sir.

Miller: What was the subject of the conversation in the meeting this morning?

Friedman: I can't disclose it.

Miller: Oh?

Friedman: Only if it were an open meeting -- we'd talk about it.

Miller: I understand, sir, that you were discussing the Water and Power going into, as it were, private enterprise; the sale of air conditioners, and perhaps the financing of a skyscraper.

Friedman: Financing of a skyscraper? There was no such discussion.

Miller: What about the air conditioners?

Friedman: I don't recall anything like that either.

Miller: You don't know if anything was said of appliances?

Friedman: No, there was no discussion like that.

Miller: The question came into my mind, Mr. Friedman, about possible violation of the Brown Act in that you were discussing, I would assume, correct me if I'm wrong, public business in a private meeting.

Friedman: No, No, No, we weren't

doing that. We'd have went out in the open to discuss anything like that.

Miller: Will you discuss the point that I brought up?

Friedman: Pardon me?

Miller: Will you discuss the point that I brought up?

Friedman: I don't think that you ought to ask us to. I don't think that's, --- I don't think we're going to discuss anything about, -- what's that question again you're giving me? Are we going to discuss where, --- what?

Miller: Did you discuss the possibility of the Water and Power Dept. going into private industry, as it were, in the sale of appliances?

Friedman: We don't, --- we don't discuss it. We wouldn't discuss that in private (Everyone talks at once) ---- That's right.

Miller: What did Mr. Quinn have to say, Mr. Friedman?

Friedman: Mr. Quinn came in on entirely different matters.

Mr. Joseph Quinn: We were dealing with entirely different matters when I, -- there's an election coming up pretty soon, and we were talking about that. (Joe Quinn, who has just joined the group serves as Mayor Yorty's assistant at a cost to the taxpayers in excess of \$18,000 per year).

Miller: Uh huh?

Joe Quinn: We were talking about other things, but none of that's private.

Miller: Uh huh, of course, what ever you discussed is public.

Friedman: Why, of course. You could've come in there. You had a right to come in there. We would not discuss anything ---

Miller: What did Mr. Quinn discuss then, sir?

Friedman: I don't know if you'd be interested in what we were discussing. Nothing that came to any conclusion. He wasn't discussing anything. He was listening to what we had to say.

Miller: Did Mr. Quinn advise you to wait until the Mayor returned before you discuss -- ?

Friedman: No, No, he advised nothing.

quinn: I have nothing to do with this.

Friedman: He has nothing to do with this. We weren't even discussing it. We were discussing other matters.

Miller: Well, then, what you're saying, in effect then, is that Water and Power is not going into the business of financing air conditioners. Is that correct?

Friedman: I'm not saying anything because I heard nothing like that being discussed.

Miller: Uh huh, will it be discussed at the public meeting today?

Friedman: I don't know that either. If it's brought up, we'll discuss it.

Miller: Uh huh, and it's never been considered thus far?

Friedman: Not to my knowledge.

Commission Attorney: We just received a communication on it yesterday, and how would you expect this Board to make any decision or any study or any program on it?

Friedman: We haven't discussed anything on it. You had a perfect right to come in there. As you said, it's a public meeting. We're not violating any Brown Act.

Miller: But you did get a communication on it yesterday?

Attorney: That's right.

Miller: From whom?

Att'y: Late yesterday afternoon.

Miller: From whom?

Friedman: But you didn't.

Attorney: We didn't.

Friedman: ---- say anything on it.

Attorney: We didn't.

Friedman: I didn't. I didn't even read it. I don't know, what are you talking about? What did you get?

Att'y: No, No, I'm talking about, on the calendar -- the agenda here. (Note: Everyone starts talking)

Att'y: No, No, not of the air conditioner. I'm sorry -- I must have misunderstood you then.

Miller: Well, did you get a communication yesterday on air conditioners?

Attorney: No sir.

Miller: You didn't?

Attorney: No sir.

Miller: Where's Joe (referring to Joe Quinn) Joe, we seem to have a difference of opinion here.

Joe Quinn: On what?

Miller: Did you discuss the matter of the Department of Water and Power going into the financing of air conditioners with these gentlemen?

Quinn: Not a discussion. There was a confidential report from the attorney.

Miller: Uh huh.

Quinn: ...discussing some of the legal possibilities Well, there was a discussion with the attorney which was a confidential discussion, which they're entitled to have.

Miller: Uh huh it's public business though, is it not?

Quinn: Yes, but as long as the legal questions are being discussed, or any real estate deals are being discussed, as you know, they are exceptions to the Brown Act when they discuss them.

Miller: Did you advise them not to go ahead with this, Joe?

Quinn: No. It wasn't necessary for me to make any advise at all. All they did was discuss it. There was no possibility of --- obviously they could make no decision in there, but they just decided that it's too early to make any decision anyhow ... all they were talking about is: Would the Commission look favorably upon the idea of going into the business of furnishing equipment, and this is a policy decision, and, as I say, there was no decision. The attorney's not sure that they could do it if they wanted to do it.

Miller: That would mean ...

Quinn: What it amounts to is that they have been approached by a private firm, and now they're going to have to decide whether or not this sort of a new policy ought to be adopted.

Miller: Well, that would mean going into competition with private industry, wouldn't it?

Quinn: I would think so, if they decide to go ahead with it.

Miller: ... in that they would finance and sell?

Quinn: Yes, but they're in private business as it is.

- END -

EDITORS NOTE: The filmed interview ends on this note as Baxter Ward at the studio microphone comments: "We tried to keep count. We thought we heard three different views on one single questionable meeting."

Following the 11 pm showing Ward said: "I don't know if you share with us the feeling that that was pretty silly: the conversation between the two members of the Department of Water & Power --- the commissioners. We will try to look further into that matter."

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THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

by HALLOCK HOFFMAN

(THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT

FROM A KPFF-FM COMMENTARY, APRIL 26, 1964)

WHEN I was struggling to become a good flight instructor in the Army's training program, the chief instructor of our flying school remarked: "Never answer questions before the student asks them." It took me many hours in the air, and many students—who suffered from my inexperience—to discover how right the chief instructor was.

A student pilot is seeking to learn to manage a fairly complicated piece of machinery under conditions of some stress. He is beset by a bombardment of new perceptions, his instructor may be telling him to push this or pull that, look there, or here—while he is still trying to understand how to start looking.

After I had begun to heed the advice of the chief instructor, I discovered that students could learn more rapidly if I stopped trying to teach them. If I could put them into the situations one had to know answers to, the student would always discover the questions. After he had asked the question, the answer meant something to him. He could use the information—he knew where it fitted into his growing system of knowledge.

I found out that it is impossible to teach anyone to fly, but almost anyone can learn to fly. Most students selected by the Air Force's physical and psychological testers could learn easily to fly. But the rate at which students flunked out of the flight training program for failure to learn quickly enough continued to be high. Though the students were flunked, the failure was usually the fault of the instructors, who kept answering unasked questions, who distracted the students so much that they never had a chance to learn.

I began to learn how to be a good instructor only after I became head of the instructors' school, which forced me to stop thinking about how to explain what a pilot does when he flies an airplane, and start thinking about what an instructor does when he helps someone learn to fly one. Perhaps one never really learns how to do something complicated like flying an airplane until one tries to teach others; one never learns how to teach others until one tries to teach teachers.

Or, to turn the advice of the chief instructor around, one never learns until he has to try to answer questions. The questions from my students, after I had learned to listen to them, forced me to become conscious of how I flew the airplane; I became a better pilot by trying to answer those questions. The questions from the student instructors made me a better instructor. If I had spent a year or so in teaching instructors of instructors, I would finally have learned how to instruct instructors.

The questions one hears are disturbing. If I were to divide mankind into two categories, I would say that some are quick and some are dead. The quick are people who can hear questions. The dead are people who know answers. The quick are learning, because the questions disturb them and make them look again and again at their own systems of thinking about the world they live in. The dead do not want to hear questions, because they prefer the comfort of a tidy, well-explained world.

The questions one hears are always disturbing, which is only to say that the questions one hears are the questions that can cause learning to begin. Men are curious; as Aristotle said, men want to know. Children prove this observation about human nature: they are always asking questions. One reason the children's questions are tiring for us adults is that it is hard to hear what the children are asking. It is so much easier to answer the question we want to hear that we must listen attentively to figure out what the child is trying to learn. Listening to a child requires paying enough attention to discover what his question would be if he were able to put into words the ignorance or uncertainty that lies behind what he says.

There is a story about James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. When James was still very small, he came into the kitchen where his mother was having a cup of tea with a neighbor. "Mother," said young James, "why does

the tea-kettle steam?" His mother answered as best she could. "But *why* does it steam?" he asked again. Again she tried to answer. Seven times James asked the question, and seven times his mother tried to frame an answer that satisfied him.

When James left the kitchen, the neighbor exclaimed, "How can you be so patient? You answered that same question seven times."

"No," said Mrs. Watt, "I didn't answer it, or James would not have kept on asking."

If this story is true, James' mother was not—like many of us—teaching her son to stop his questioning.

Hearing and attending to the questions is the hard part. We do not like to be disturbed, but learning depends on finding the disturbing questions. R. C. Collingwood, in an essay about the work of the historian, says that everything written is always written to answer some question. When the question is not stated, it is nonetheless in the author's mind. What is read is not understood, says Collingwood, unless the question that disturbed the author enough to make him write has been discovered.

Men are curious; they want to know. As long as they are living, they are like children: their acts, whether they are aware of it or not, are tentative and exploratory. We are always testing the environment, as the student pilot tests his muscles and the plane's controls, to find out how we and our environment respond. The human brain is, among other things, a store of partially proved hypotheses about what will work. There may be some unambiguous and certain propositions about human reality, but they are surely few. Most human problems involve more than one possible and workable solution, but our human curiosity is often matched by our animal demand for certainty, and we are always trying to fix reality in some mold so that it will stay put.

It must be some deep ingrained respect for the ambiguity of experience that makes us draw back from simple programs of government like those of the Nazis. Whenever anyone announces that he has learned all there is to know, we know he is telling us a lie. It may be this healthy human expectation that tomorrow will bring new questions and perhaps better answers that makes most Americans so negative about the idea of government planning in the United States. "Planning" sounds like what an architect does when he makes the blueprints for a house, and we all know that a point is reached in building a house when the builder must commit himself—when the plan may no longer be changed. The house, whether the plan is good or bad, is built; the plan turns into wood and bricks, and we have to live within its confines.

But plans for the actions of people cannot be of the same character. We ought to have a different word for them. There are moments of commitment, certainly; but usually they can be reversed. The irreversible experiences of men are birth and death—there are few others. It is the *becoming* quality of life, the almost infinite possibilities contained within it, the unpredictability and surprise about ourselves, that make the Schweitzer-Gandhi principle of "reverence for life" so appealing. Men can kill each other, and that is final for the dead.

We are living in a time of high excitement. Everything is changing. In the last 7,000 years man has made over the world, transforming his natural animal environment to one that is, for most of us in this industrialized and urbanized land, almost wholly man-made. In a time of universal revolution—not only political revolution, but revolution in every field of inquiry and every sort of endeavor—the distinction between the quick and the dead is immediately disclosed. The continent is in motion. The sky is filled with commerce. The parliament of man is nearly arrived. But the possibilities include as always death, and the choice becomes more final as the power to make it becomes greater.

The United States was to be the land of the free where the doubts of the brave led to learning. When we fulfill that vision of ourselves, we are a light to the world. The choice is open to us still. We have only to find the right questions.

HALLOCK HOFFMAN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Sinner." Reviewed

by ABBY KUNKIN

After "Little Nel" was seduced by the "City Slicker" she was left bereft, bothered, and bewildered. The audience at the Cinema Theatre, ordinarily critical, cynical and explosively left in a similar condition after viewing "The World's Greatest Sinner,"—written, produced and directed by Timothy Carey.

So stunned were they that more than half of the audience, known for their former performances of near rioting when something was not to their liking, remained in their seats after the movie was over hopefully waiting for Carey to tell them from the stage that they had not really been raped.

Carey failed to give any such reassurances and the midnight sophisticates filed out of the theatre muttering.

Carey's hero hushed the noisy audience into attentive silence at the very onset of the film by establishing an immediate identification with them, no easy task.

With confidence, aggressiveness and humor, the hero denounces his mundane job and suburban existence and proclaims himself the god



leader of a new cult. He advocates the rights of the individual on Earth, not later in heaven. Everyone is God, he maintains, and he who follows will have everlasting life because there can be no death when Man believes in himself.

"God Hilliard," as he is henceforth known, with the help of a whistle, a guitar and hysterical hip swinging gyrations (patterned after Elvis Presley's) gets himself a following.

A strategy meeting is held. Some of his followers suggest the "hate" principle. Hilliard says, "No, let's be different. Let's not hate anybody."

A "follower" responds by asking for controls so that no person in the cult becomes a dictator. Hilliard squirms.

This is a most interesting scene, one which promises a truly fine and possibly profound film. Unfortunately, from here on this promise is not fulfilled.

From this moment on, Carey's film degenerates into a badly done religious tract.

God Hilliard, like Huey Long, climbs to the top. The world is his for the plucking. But the poor man is confronted with the soul rending problem of deciding who is boss, he or God.

God, the real hero, wins out in a blaze of glory. Hilliard, with the help of a side show theatrical miracle, is shown the light. The moral was evidently this: Even a non-conformist needs religion so "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan."

If Mr. Carey plans to make more religious films of this type, Hell may really break loose in the art-film houses.

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John Wilcock

THE VILLAGE SQUARE

The column of lasting insignificant.

Athens: July 13

Nobody could accuse the Greeks of being uninterested in sex, but their attitude toward it appears to be a little ambivalent. Take the topless swimsuit furor, which is being talked about here just as much as anywhere else this summer. First mention of it in the Greek papers—apart from the coverage of foreign news items about arrests, etc.—was when a young woman at one of the smart beaches near Athens was arrested. And turned out to be a man (female impersonator).

Then somebody else got arrested, was immediately sentenced to three months in jail, and was set free upon appeal. At this point the Public Prosecutor stepped into the case, not only requesting the court to reconsider and pass a longer sentence, but also filing suits against three Athens newspapers which carried pictures of the defendant. According to the PP, running such pictures (even though they were merely reporting) is "an offense against public decency."

A substantial percentage of news in Athens papers deals with sex. Yesterday one of the columnists, Papadoukas by name, discussed a new phenomenon: prostitutes who solicit their customers by thumbing rides along the highway. He wrote:

A driver speeds and sees on the sidewalk an attractive young girl with a smile on her lips. And he imagines a fish ready to eat the bait which appears in the form of an automobile. Halt.

"Are you perhaps going to Glynfada?"
"Yes, miss! Do come in!"

And full of happiness he opens the door. The young girl gets in, the car speeds on, and a conversation starts.

"Are you in a hurry to get to Glynfada?"
"Not particularly . . ."

"Let us go for a ride to Varkiza. We shall not be delayed much . . ."

Familiarity is quickly realized. Let us not forget that we live in the century of speed. The man at the steering wheel is certain that he has an easy conquest, and enjoys this silly self-deceit, until he realizes that he must pay a certain price for his happiness.

The price he pays, Papadoukas adds, is usually a case of VD.

"And such a price is too high for a one-hour happiness.

"The police are doing all they can to protect simpletons from this public danger. However, self-protection is much more efficient. Let those 'auto-stop' girls make signs and send smiles. You do not know what the end will be, and instead of your car, it will be you yourself who will be needing repairs!"

The Athens News, an English-language paper, is the source of innumerable pieces of sociological data in a column headed "Greek News in Brief." On a typical day recently this column carried a story about an 84-year-old man jailed for indecently assaulting a schoolboy, the arrest of a man for procuring at a "legal brothel," a 98-year-old woman running away from a clinic where she was receiving treatment, the murder of a man by his wife who gave him fruitcake doused with insecticide, several people "killed by thunderbolts," and the arrest of a 32-year-old prostitute for "seducing boys under age."

The following verbatim items are all from papers of the past three days:

G. Philippou, 25, of Rhodes, recently asked a 17-year-old schoolgirl to start a love affair with him. The girl refused and Philippou slapped her face. He was sentenced to 20 days by a local court.

A truck driver attacked a motor scooter rider and bit off one of his ears during a quarrel on the Salonika-Mihahiona road. The driver attacked G. Paspalias because the latter would not get the truck pass him. Paspalias was taken to a hospital. The driver was arrested.

A 40-year-old woman and one of her four children, aged 23, were arrested in Piraeus and accused of incest. The woman has been separated from her husband for some time.

A Greek-Turkish band of narcotics smugglers was recently discovered by gendarmes posted at the border in Thrace. Four kilos of opium was confiscated. Six men and a widow have so far been arrested.

Ch. Baroutoglou, 19, was sentenced to four months jail by an Athens court for teddyboy behavior. The youth had hurled some yogurt at the face of a young woman who had refused to "go with him."

The appearance of four beautiful foreign tourists in their bikinis caused a near riot on a beach in Rhodes Wednesday. Angry passengers, men and women, got off their seats and moved menacingly toward the young girls. The worst was avoided when a broad-minded passenger intervened. He appealed to his fellow travelers in the name of Greece's traditional hospitality and "for the sake of the country's tourism" to let the girls continue their journey to the beach. A few minutes later the girls got off the bus and smilingly made for the blue waters.

It's no exaggeration, I suppose, to assume from this that the Greeks still have a keen sense of the dramatic. What you might never know, however, as a typical tourist, is that the "popular" theatre is as lively and happy as anything in the world—and a great deal livelier than the sterile nonsense that usually passes for musical entertainment on Broadway.

All over Athens are variety theatres—with open roofs in summer—offering a tremendous variety of live talent for as little as 20 or 30 drachmas (60-90 cents). Top movie and record stars (there is no television in Greece) perform there and the pace is fast and the staging imaginative.

An outdoor set, for example, might comprise a romantic-looking fairy tale castle, complete with real tree framed into the setting. The orchestra, in bright pink jackets, strikes up, and a chorus line of young men and women in pink and green ballet clothes, the girls afroth with soft petticoats, dance into view. A lovely girl is lowered from the trees above in a basket of flowers, singing all the way down. And the number will close with a dance—as almost every number closes with a dance.

There are schoolroom sketches with four hefty adults dressed as schoolboys in smocks and floppy ties, office sketches in which a big-shot businessman will watch four young Madison Avenue types bring in office supplies on wheelbarrows, several numbers in which pretty chicks in red bikinis with taffeta tails and long red gloves dance and sing, and a grand finale during which all the lovely chorus girls wear floppy hats and wander among the audience singing and smiling.

Until I came to Greece I always thought that it sounded like a dull country because I had been hearing about the dead things instead of the considerable number of live ones.

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Mayor's Race Starts Now

by RIDGELEY CUMMINGS

Mayor Sam Yorty is due back from his two week Hawaiian vacation August 7th but meanwhile City Hall conservatives are still rehashing the July 22nd testimonial dinner given the Mayor at the Ambassador, a dinner at which an estimated \$30,000 was raised in the Embassy Room, where the tariff was \$100 per plate, while the free-loading press gathered in the Coconut Grove to eat what was billed as a Tahitian Luau, strong on rice and bamboo shoots and short on protein.

It wasn't the appetite of the press nor the cost of the rice and yams and stewed bananas which reduced the take from the \$100 per plate fund-raiser. What cost the committee, headed by Martin Pollard and Horace Brower, was the thirst of the assembled scribblers, newscasters, classified ad salesmen and others on the periphery of the news-gathering profession plus their wives and girl friends.

About 1,500 persons attended the affair and more than 500 of them were free loaders from the news media. Ray Parker, press secretary to Yorty, told me that, for example, the Citizen-News used 47 tickets. This was before the C-N merged with the Valley Times but even in its heyday you could shoot a firehose through the editorial offices at 1545 North Wilcox Avenue where once I worked, and not as many as 15 editorial workers would get wet.

So this was a sample of the press coverage. If everybody in the Grove that night was eligible to write a puff

for Yorty he'd have the best press of the century, but a good many of those present were no closer to the news pipeline than so many necktie salesmen. Meanwhile, conservatives by their absence were many of the reporters and editors of the weekly community newspapers, the controlled distribution shop which largely backed Yorty against Norris Poulson in 1961 and were strongly influential in the Yorty victory.

The big question should be: What is Yorty going to do with his \$30,000 from the third anniversary banquet. But no body puts it in the form of a question. It is almost unanimously agreed that Batting Sam, the one-trash-container man, is going to run again for re-election come next April.

What the speculation is about is who will oppose Yorty and whether the Mayor, assuming he succeeds in winning re-election, will run for Governor of California against Jesse Unruh, Stanley Mosk or somebody of that calibre in 1966.

Among those mentioned as possible Yorty opponents in the April city primary and May runoff election are Supervisor Kenny Hahn, Supervisor Ernie Debs, Congressman Jimmy Roosevelt, Congressman Ed Roybal, County Assessor Phil Watson, and Attorney Richard Richards, former state senator who was defeated when he tried to step up in class and run against Tommy Kuchel for U.S. Senator.

Some of those mentioned could give Sam Yorty a race. But only Richards has anything big to gain and his chances of defeating Yorty

probably are the poorest of the lot, since he would be running as an ex-official rather than from a stance in the public eye.

One thing is sure, judging from the nicely printed programs which guests got for their hundred bucks, in addition to their filet mignons. That is that Yorty has broadened his support among downtown businessmen, who were largely behind Poulson four years ago. Those sponsoring the fund-raising affair read like a who's who among L.A.'s downtown establishment. I'll list a few names just to give an idea:



Pollard, Brower, Steve Bilheimer, Mark Boyar, Walter Braunschweiger, Walter M. Briggs, Dr. R.J. Carreon, Justin Dart, Ab England, Y. Frank Freeman, Z. Wayne Griffin;

Also Sidney Hoedmaker, Allerton H. Jeffries, Michael Kohn (a police commissioner and no relation to Mickey Cohen), Charles Luckman, Harold Morton S.B. Mosher, Henry Salvatori, W.T. Sesson, Stanley S. Slotkin, Oscar A. Trippet, Harry J. Volk, Guy Wadsworth and Albert Soraster.

For the uninitiated readers of the Free Press who conscientiously skip the financial pages of the L.A. Times, you have just read a list containing the CORE of the establishment.

The big question connected with Yorty's re-election is whether while drawing unto himself the support of the shakers and movers downtown, he has still managed to retain his roots among the minorities and the lower middle class, those who turned out at the polls to defeat Norrie Poulson.

more interesting that the play. The whites, as is usual when confronting a play about the Negro Problem (with big capitals) were unbendingly solemn. The Negroes giggled, whether in embarrassment or relief, I would not be prepared to say.

Joanne Forman

letters to the editor

Dear Sir,

I am and have long been an admirer of James Baldwin. It is no news that he is an important American writer. But the current adulatory fofoeraw over his play "The Amen Corner," including your review by Louise Merriwether, seems to me a little foolish. A work by an important writer is not necessarily in itself important. Because a play is about Negroes does not automatically make it an important play. It seems to me that "The Amen Corner" falls into somewhat the same category as Hemingway's "The Fifth Column" or Arthur Koestler's "Twilight Bar" - interesting surely, indicative, but not in themselves lasting works for the theatre.

"The Amen Corner" is obviously

ly a juvenile work. It has dry humor to be sure; it certainly has something to say, but it is often windy and poorly organized.

The interesting thing to me was not that "The Amen Corner" is about Negroes - that is certainly not irrelevant - but that it is about American experience, an experience that is practically universal in every city, town, hamlet and comfield - the tremendous rise of Holiness and Pentecostal churchsholy rollers, if you will, among the lumpenproletariat elements of the population. To those who pay three or four dollars for a theatre ticket, the world of "The Amen Corner" seems exotic and remote, but believe me, such is not the case.

The audience was sometimes

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"EXCELLENT SEARING, WORTHY OF BROADWAY . . ." -HARFORD, L.A. TIMES
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"A SUBSTANTIAL WORK . . . EXECUTED WITH ARDOR BY A GIFTED CAST AND STAGED WITH ARTISTRY BY PRODUCER-DIRECTOR FRANK SILVERA." -TUNE, PARADEY
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movie journal

by Jonas Mekas

I received a letter from Mike Getz, manager of the Cinema Theatre in Los Angeles, reporting on the screening of Andy Warhol's movie "Sleep":

"Amazing turnout. 500 people. 'Sleep' started at 6.45. First shot, which lasts about 45 minutes, is close-up of man's abdomen. You can see him breathing. People started to walk out at 7, some complaining. People getting more and more restless. Shot finally changes to close-up of man's head. Someone runs up to screen and shouts in sleep man's ear, 'WAKE UP!!' Audience getting bitter, strained. Movie is silent, runs at silent speed. A few more people ask for money back. Sign on box office says no refunds.

'Lynch Riot'

"7.45. One man pulls me out into outer lobby, says he doesn't want to make a scene but asks for money back. I say no. He says, 'Be a gentleman.' I say, 'Look, you knew you were going to see something strange, unusual, daring, that lasted six hours.' I turn to walk back to lobby. Lobby full, one red-faced guy very agitated, says I have 30 seconds to give him his money back or he'll run into theatre and start a 'lynch riot.' 'We'll all come out here and lynch you,

buddy!!' Nobody stopped him when 30 seconds were up; he ran back toward screen. In fact, the guy who had said he didn't want to make a scene now said, 'Come on, I'll go with you!!'

"I finally yelled at him to wait a minute. Mario Casetta told crowd to give us a chance to discuss it. Mario and I moved into outer lobby. Thoughts of recent football riot in South America. People angry as hell, a mob on the verge of violence. Red-faced guy stomps toward me: 'Well, what are you going to do?'

"I'll give out passes for another show.' Over 200 passes given out.

"Decide to make an announcement. 'Ladies and gentlemen. I believe that 'Sleep' was properly advertised. I said in my ads that it was an unusual six-hour movie. You came here knowing that you were going to see something unusual about 'Sleep' and I think you are. I don't know what else I could have said. However—: (shout from audience: 'Don't cop out!! Don't cop out!!')—'however . . .'

"'Sleep' continued on. Projectionist kept falling asleep. People are not able to take the consequences of their own curiosity. Woman calls at 11. 'Are you still there?' 'Sure, why?' 'I was there earlier. Hear people in back of me saying this theatre's not going to have a screen very much longer so I left.' Fifty were left at the end. Some people really digging the movie."

books

GENE FRUMKIN

O TASTE AND SEE by Denise Levertov; New Directions; \$1.50 (paperback).

In *O TASTE AND SEE*, Denise Levertov's sensuousness is at its most delicate; this book is her most able accomplishment to date. The poems are graceful, clear; at their best they evoke and clarify those vital concerns we miss or blur over in nature and in love. It is when writing in these two realms — nature and love — that Miss Levertov is at her maximum power.

Two portions from a poem called "The Coming Fall":

The vine among the rocks
heavy with grapes

the shadows of September
among the gold glint of the grass

among shining
willow leaves the small birds moving

silent in the presence of a new season

.....
in the last sunlight
human figures dark on the hill
outlined —

a fur of gold
about their shoulders and heads,
a blur defining them.

In this book too is the remarkable "Eros at Temple Stream":

the river in its abundance
many voiced
all about us as we stood
on a warm rock to wash

slowly
smoothing in long
sliding strokes
our soapy hands along each other's
slippery cool bodies

quiet and slow in the midst of
the quick of the
sounding river

our hands were
flames
stealing upon quickened flesh until

no part of us but was
sleek and
on fire

A number of other poems in these two general areas deserve quotation — "The Crack," "A Turn of the Head," "The Ground-Mist," "About Marriage," "Hypocrite Women," "Our Bodies," "The Prayer." But get the book and read them.

And read, as well, some of those poems which are finely thought and gracefully offered, but which suffer from what appears to be Miss Levertov's weakness; her persistence in seeing the world as if it were a poem. This is too limited, too roseate, a vision. Reading her book, we are ready to say: Yes, the world is like that, but it's a good deal more besides and not at all so attractive, and can't be uttered by so delicate a voice. Miss Levertov is so good at mining her particular ore that we have the right to ask her to dig deeper.

Her philosophy might be best summed up in the poem which gives the book its title:

The world is
not with us enough
O taste and see

.....
living in the orchard and being

hungry, and plucking
the fruit.

Too many bombs, too many deaths. Surely much of the world's orchard has not escaped the blitz. And how many of the fruits are by now poisoned? I am not suggesting that Miss Levertov give over her talents to political poetry (though sometimes there's no ham in that either) but to look more closely into her own life and give us more of it. In essence, what I am saying is, because her book is so largely serene, so full of the good taste of things, there seems to be an evasion.

The nature of this evasion is in Miss Levertov's — well, let's call it, tic. The tic is her excessive reference to such words as "poem," "music" and "song," to other poets, to lines of poetry, often from the Bible— and that's true not only of the current volume but of her past work. Maybe crutch is a better word than tic. What would happen if she were to stop living so entirely in the tiny duchy of Poetry? What would happen if she tried to cope more strenuously with Poetry's less charming neighbors? Her attempts to do this in a poem like "The Old Adam," for example, result in some labored, word-playing stuff. But nonetheless, I think this effort is worth making; otherwise, there will be no growth.

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- 2) regular reports on progress toward fair employment
- 3) a human relations director with special training for the job
- 4) a written understanding with CORE to guarantee that this employment process will be permanent, not temporary.

SO FAR

- 1) in the last 30 days, Bank of America has employed more than 300 Negroes and Mexican-Americans, thus fulfilling CORE's first goal on increased employment of minority personnel
- 2) Bank of America has reached an agreement with the Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC) for regular reports on their progress toward equal job opportunities.

BUT

- 3) Bank of America has appointed a human relations director who does NOT have any special training for the job
- 4) Bank of America does not have any understanding with CORE!

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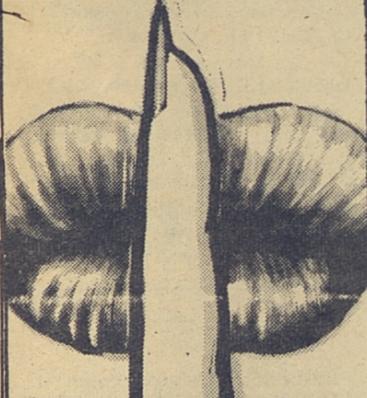
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what's on around town

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Calendar Locations

Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles.
UCLA, 405 Hilgard, West L.A.
Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont, L.A.
Apple House Gallery, North Fork Road, Three Rivers, 30 miles east of Visalia, Calif.
Otis Art Institute, 2401 Wilshire Blvd, L.A.
Municipal Art Gallery, Barnsdell Park, Vermont and Hollywood, L.A.
Henry E. Huntington Library & Art Gallery, 1151 Oxford Rd., San Marino
Long Beach Museum of Art, 2300 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.
Ferdell Nature Museum, 5375 Red Oak Drive, Los Angeles.

THURSDAY (August 6)
DISCUSSION. "Marital and inter-personal Marriage Relations." Emotional Health Center, 11606 San Vicente Blvd. (Free).

FILMS, Ferdell Nature Museum. "Animals Unlimited" and "African Village" 1-5 PM (free).

FRIDAY (August 7)
LECTURE. "Unfoldment of Social Abilities" Roy E. Davis, Hollywood Room, Knickerbocker Room, Hollywood. 8 P.M.

SUNDAY, August 16
FILMS, Ferdell Museum, See 15.
ADDRESS, Mrs. Ruth Bishop. "The Rights and Responsibilities of Teachers." 11 AM, 2936 W. 8.

THEATRE. The Unvarnished Troupe. See July 31 for address.

TUESDAY (August 18)

BENEFIT PARTY for KPFC. 1900 S. San Ysidro Dr. Benedict Canyon to Tower Rd. to San Ysidro.

BOOK REVIEW, Edward Lamb's "No Lamb for Slaughter" reviewed by Howard Phillips. Free copy of Lamb's story of his battle with McCarthyism. Francis Wright Humanist, 14742 Archwood St., Van Nuys. ST 50186 for info.

SATURDAY (August 8)

VIGIL FOR PEACE. Memorial to victims of Hiroshima and South Viet Nam sponsored by many groups. 7:30 to 9 P.M. on Hollywood Blvd. from Eastern end of El Centro Ave. to the western end of Orange Drive (6500 block of Hollywood Blvd.)

FILM, Apple House Gallery. "Carnival in Flanders" (free).

FILMS, Ferdell Nature Museum. "Republic of the Phillipines," and "Korean Fantasy," Cont. every 30 minutes, 1-5 PM.

SUNDAY (August 9)

ADDRESS. Mr. A.L. Wirin, attorney, American Civil Liberties Union, "Civil Disobedience and Law." First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th.

LECTURE. "William James and Life After Death." Manley Hall, Philosophical Research Society, 3910 Los Feliz Blvd. 11 A.M.

RALLY, Elijah Muhammad, Olym Stadium, L.A.

FILMS, Ferdell Museum, See 8th.

CHAMBER MUSIC, Japanese program. Miyagi, Yoshida, Kineys, Yuize, 3 PM, LA County Museum

TUESDAY (August 11)

LECTURE AND DISCUSSION. "Therapeutic Abortion"- Human Need vs. Tradition and Prejudice. Francis Wright Humanists, Van Nuys. ST. 5-0186 for reservations and directions.

LUNCHEON-LECTURE. Los Angeles World Affairs Council presents Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, Chief of Protocol of U.S. "Behind the Diplomatic Curtain." Biltmore Ballroom, noon. \$4.

THURSDAY (August 13)

DISCUSSION. "Parent-Child Relations. Teenagers welcome. 11606 San Vicente Blvd. Free.

FILM, "Japan Harvests Sea" and "Wilderness of Zin," 7:30 PM at Ocean Park Branch, Santa Monica Public Library.

SATURDAY (August 15)

POOLSIDE FASHION SHOW at ranch home of Shelly Manne, narrator Nancy Wilson. Interracial models. Sponsored by Neighbors for Community Understanding, Phone: 783-8414.

CONTINUING EVENTS

ART EXHIBIT, Santa Monica Public Library. Graphic Exhibit by UCLA Graduate Students through August 15.

CHILDRENS PASTE AND PAINT EXHIBIT. Aug. 11-16, Long Beach Museum of Art. John Sloan: Paintings, Drawings and Etchings, Aug. 11-Sept. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT. "The Bitter Years 1/2 1935-1941." at the Los Angeles County Museum through Aug. 23 (Free).

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT. Ansel Adams collection, "The Eloquent Light," at Long Beach Museum of Art through Aug. 8. (Free).

ART EXHIBIT. Apple House Gallery, Photo's by Marion Patterson, staff member of "Sunset" Magazine; Paintings and calligraphy by Wilder Bentley, faculty of S.F. State College. (Free).

ART FESTIVAL. Laguna Beach 29th Annual Festival of Arts has several hundred works of art in oils, water color, sculpture, ceramics, photographs, handcraft and childrens paintings and drawings. Open daily noon to midnight, through August 16.

PRINT EXHIBIT. William Hogarth prints are being shown at the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery through Sept. (Free).

ART EXHIBIT. The award winners of the Westwood Art Association's "Summer Exhibition" at the grand Ballroom of Student Union of UCLA. (Free).

ART EXHIBIT. The Annual Student Show of California State College at Long Beach is being shown in the Main and Little Galleries through the end of August. (Free).

ART EXHIBIT. Connor Everts, drawings and paintings; George Fraser Shank's, ceramics, at Scripps College, Language Art Building, 1:30 to 5 P.M. Free.

MUSIC FESTIVAL. The Southwestern Youth Music Festival will convene at Long Beach City College on August 14-17.

DRAWINGS. Invitational Show at Art Gallery of Valley Cities Jewish Community Center, 13164 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys, through Aug. 20. Free.

LOS ANGELES

PUBLIC CIVIC MEETINGS

City Council Meetings, 5 days a week at 10 A.M., Spring St. level of City Hall.

County Board of Supervisors, every Tuesday, 9:30 A.M., County Hall of Administration, Temple & Grand St., 3rd floor.

Building & Safety Committee of City Council, 3rd Wednesday of month, 2 PM, Council Chamber.

Charter & Administrative Code Committee of City Council, 2nd Thursday of month, 2 PM, Rm. 118 City Hall.

Finance Committee, City Council, every Monday, 2 PM, Rm. 118 City Hall.

Recreation & Park Commission, every Thursday, 10 AM, Rm. 305 City Hall.

Public Utilities & Transportation Commission, every Tuesday, 10 AM, Rm. 150, City Hall.

August 13, Recreation & Park Commission, award of controversial zoo construction contract.

August 25, Public utilities Commission discussion of "Proposed Regulation of Taxi Cab Meters as

THEATRE. Theatre group of UCLA Extension presents Innesco's "The Chairs" and "The Bald Soprano" July 31 through August 23. Schoenberg Hall. UCLA. Information 272-8911 Extension 3379.

PAINTINGS AND POTTERY. Westwood Art Association, 1539 1/2 Westwood Blvd., presents Maxine Geller and Raymond Koechlin through Saturday. Free.

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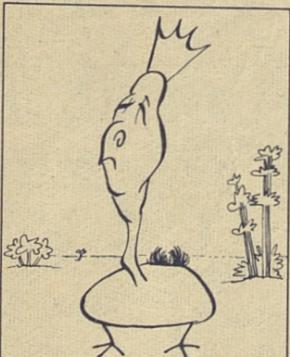
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TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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