

LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS

**A NEW WEEKLY
10¢**

COMMENTS ON EVERYTHING FROM ABSURD THEATRE TO MAYOR YORTY
TO MADALYN MURRAY TO ROTTEN BEEF TO BEAUTY CONTESTS
WRITTEN BY THE HIPPEST WRITERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
AND DON'T FORGET TO SEE THE CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

Vol. 1, No. 4

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1964

10¢

COMMUNITY LIBRARY PROJECT

WHEN, a little over a year ago, Mrs. Fannia R. Steelink moved into the East Los Angeles area, she found herself living in a neighborhood where more than two thousand children of school age had no library, except one two and a half miles away to which the children would have to walk through heavy industrial traffic.

Obtaining the cooperation of the Lou Costello Recreation Center, Mrs. Steelink began to build a library for these children. Other people helped, and the Costello Community Library officially opened on April 16 during National Library Week. Mrs. Steelink reports that the children are responding with great enthusiasm. She also writes of the need of small children, from six to ten years of age, to learn how to read. In this part of Los Angeles, as elsewhere, the schools are overcrowded and many of the children can hardly sign their names and addresses. A project to help them read is growing out of the library work. But the great and immediate need, Mrs. Steelink says, is "books for children" and volunteers to help at the library.

Speaking of the children who have helped the library to grow, Mrs. Steelink writes:

I believe I will never forget this wonderful experience. One eleven-year-old, her eyes shining, said to me: "Some day some child will come to this library and see all the beautiful books and will want to become a doctor, or a teacher, or an engineer. Yes, you will see, it is going to happen! I myself want to become a doctor, so when I grow up no automation will take away my knowledge." Another girl, twelve and a half years old, said she is determined to become a musician. . . . We do not pay enough attention to the determination of the children.

The Costello Community Library, Mrs. Steelink says, has already accumulated a fine collection of books for adults. The need for children's books, however, is "desperate." Nearly always, they must be bought. Further, children's books are easily damaged or destroyed. As a pertinent statistic, Mrs. Steelink observes that 75 per cent of the total use of California Public Libraries is by children and the young of school age, kindergarten through college.

Send contributions of books to Mrs. Steelink at the Costello Community Library, 3121 East Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90023. Donations of money are turned over to the Los Angeles Department of Recreation and Parks to be used for supplies and the acquisition of books.

STAFF MEMBER NORMAN HARTWEG WINS AWARD FOR NEW PLAY

Free Press staff member Norman Hartweg, whose eye is peering at you from the right side of this page, has just been informed that he has won the John Golden theatre award for his new play, "The Pit." The play will be published in the Tulane Drama Review this Winter.

The previous winner of the John Golden award was Kenneth Brown's "The Brig," which was playing at the Living Theatre in New York at the time the theatre was closed by the intenal revenuers.

IONESCO AT UCLA

by Norman Hartweg

In a recent article entitled "Disaster at Lincoln Center" in the New York Review of Books, Miss Elizabeth Hardwick dropped a badly needed, twenty-megaton bomb not only on the new repertory company itself but on the entire system of debauched "professionalism" that has made American theatre the universal irrelevance it very nearly is. However, although I could not agree more with her disgusted vivisection of the "sordid know-how, heartless banality, and flaccid acting" that characterizes the professional theatre (a vivisection, I might add, long overdue in contemporary criticism), I felt that she misunderstood the reasons for this situation, due to a misconception of the nature of theatre itself -- a mis-

(Continued on Page Three)



KPFK AIRS MINUTEMEN

An unusual new radio series, "Voice of the Minutemen," made and produced by members of that organization, will be aired by radio station KPFK, 90.7 mc FM, starting August 14 at 6:15 p.m. The Minutemen organization is a voluntary militia maintained to actively combat communism.

Following an introductory program telling of the history of and reasons for the formation of the Minutemen, the bi-weekly series will present the Minutemen point of view on many controversial questions. Issues already scheduled for discussion include "Communist Exploitation of the Racial Crisis," "Spain: Weak Link or Strong Point of European Defense," "The Current Marxist Situation in Southern California," and "U.S. Involvement in Southeast Asia, Path to Victory or Quagmire of Defeat?"

Commentator is Mark Zytner, adjutant of the Minutemen Esteban Bandera Brigade. There are twelve programs in the complete series.

KPFK is one of three non-commercial Pacifica Foundation stations which are supported by listeners subscriptions. The stations are dedicated to the presentation of quality programs in the areas of music, the arts, and public affairs.

Station manager Robert Adler, said, "This series is in line with our station's policy of presenting ideas that reflect the broadest possible social and political spectrum. It is our conviction that adult listeners want the facts from the source and not watered down or interpreted by partisans or critics. Since the Minutemen are functioning actively in Southern California, we all ought to know what they are thinking."

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DATED MATERIAL

LAWRENCE LIPTON'S COLUMN

THE WASP

In Memoriam : Ambrose Bierce 1842-1914

A Harvard professor of Islamic Studies has noted the similarity of American Beauty Contests and Pageants to the slave markets of the Levant where sultans, pashas and other Islamic VIP's once replenished their harems. The way female contestants display their talents and measurements at Atlantic City, Miami, Long Beach and other "slave blocks" reminded him, he said, of identical dancings, prancings, singings and posturings in polygamous cultures and the "points" system of the judges is not unlike that of the buyers at the slave markets. The judges at American contests, he said, are more like brokers or "talent scouts" than buyers, the buyers being the business firms who award employment contracts to selected contestants to display and advertise their swim suits, gowns, hair rinses, soaps and perfumes.

Other similarities observed by the noted savant were: the chaperones, whose duties were performed at the slave markets by similarly virtuous and desexed functionaries called eunuchs; the titles conferred on the local, national and international winners, he said, were not unlike those of the chosen and purchased slave market beauties: Pearl of the Levant, Star of the Heavenly Court, Mistress of the Golden Harem, Turkish Delight and Queen of the Sultan's Couch.

At the same time disquieting news comes from officials of the UFO society (Unidentified Flying Objects). Visitors from outer space are reported to have landed with the report that Miss Universe has been challenged to lay her crown on the line in competition with Miss

Venus, Miss Mars and other stellar contestants who were not represented at Miami Beach. According to the little green men who conferred with our Earthling flying saucer watchers, Miss Universe will be regarded as nothing more than a pretender to the throne until she can match her charms with such beauties as Miss Venus whose measurements are 0-10-24-48 (roughly those of a cone), Miss Mars who measures 52-3-52 (the hour glass ideal) and Miss XQR-73 who boasts a solid 12 by 12 by 12, and is black, a circumstance which may pose a sticky problem for beauty pageant promoters. However, swim suit manufacturers are said to be casting a calculating eye on the interstellar market and are alerting their designers to the challenge of the new measurement requirements.

SHARE THE BOOKS

This column is considering the launching of a Share the Book Movement to persuade by peaceful, non-violent means, rich book owners to open their libraries to artists and scholars who need the books but can not, at present prices, afford to buy them. A pilot project on a smaller scale has been suggested for a starter: that matrons of the split-level higher incomes make their show-off collection of unread coffee table books available to under-privileged intellectuals. A next step might be legislation obliging police censors and customs inspectors to open their private confiscated collections of erotica available to citizens of uncorruptible moral fiber and psychiatrically certified frigid men and women who qualify

as deprived persons who could benefit from a little extra stimulation.

Once these glaring inequalities are corrected the way would be clear to a frontal assault -- non-violent but with all due speed and deliberation -- on the locked libraries of rich pack rats who are hoarding millions of valuable books, unread, solely for self-aggrandizement and/or investment.

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT. The following item in TIME, July 17. Headline of the Week. **LORDS IMPOTENT IN FACE OF FERTILITY.** In the London Times, above a story reporting that the House of Lords had resumed, after two years and more than 100 million births, its debate on the world population explosion.

LIMBO

In the current LIMBO magazine, Vol. 1. Nos. 6 and 7, "Ernest Rice Hemingway," on page 77. A must for readers who are ready for a reappraisal of Papa Hemingway. Available at a few of the more complete newsstands or send to Limbo, Box 4193 Postal Station D, Vancouver B.C. Canada. Price, 60¢ a copy, \$4 a year.

In the current, No. 50, issue of THE REALIST, the interview with Terry Southern, who wrote the script for the film, "Dr. Strangelove", the novel Candy and other books. Also available at the more daring newsstands or by mail to The Realist, Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10010. Price 35¢ per copy. See also in same copy, "They Used to be Colored" by William Worthly.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. In the wake of the announcement in the tv commercials that American know-how has come up with a two-tone toilet paper (including white-on-white, a whimsey copied, no doubt, from the Abstract Expressionists), comes this added cultural note: Plans are under way to reprint the Oscar Williams poetry anthologies in two-tone pastel shades. The advertising agency handling the account is said to be ready to give the idea a whirl. "Let's flush it down the toilet and see who salutes," one of the admen is reported to have said, recalling that many

ancient and sacred writing were similarly committed to rolled-up scrolls.

Patriotic societies are reported to be eyeing this new medium of mass communication. The rumor in Birch Society circles is that the sacred writings of its founder, The Grapejuice Chronicles, may be among the first to go down the drain to immortality. The Minute Men are pondering the use of this medium as a way of alerting their membership to communist invasion, in code of course, to prevent unpatriotic citizens from becoming privy to their plans.

NFN (News from Nowhere) also reports that millions of tv viewers who watched the Republican convention broadcasts will go to the polls expecting to find the names of Huntley and Brinkley on the ballot for President and Vice-President respectively, under the impression that they were nominated at the convention. Walter Cronkite has also been mentioned as a strong contender, but there seems to be some confusion in the minds of habitual videototes about the office he was nominated for; some say President, others think it was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court -- the one up in Heaven, now presided over by Saint Peter.

MORE FROM NFN. The Rand Corporation is said to be making studies and forecasts of the relative lethal effects of the H-Bomb on the racial-color balance. Computers are being programmed to compute whether certain designated targets might be calculated to effect instant slum clearance at relatively low cost and, at the same time, reduce unemployment and relief rolls. The President's War on Poverty Commission is said to be interested in the results of the study. Pentagon sources who prefer not to be quoted by name are of the opinion that a highly-pinned "Selective Bomb" is well within the capabilities of American military genius -- if enough money is appropriated for a crash program to beat the Russians to it. According to the same sources, Russian scientists have been working for some time on a similar project, with their own ideas about selective targets.

Sam Yorty intends to run for reelection as Mayor of Los Angeles next Spring. It's either that or back to the practice of law.

Sambo, as he is not-so-affectionately known in Civic Center, expects opposition -- a good deal of it. He won't be disappointed.

Yorty is a maverick Democrat. In 1960, he bolted party ranks to support then-presidential candidate Richard Nixon. Four years later, he scratched up a slate of politically alienated souls to challenge Gov. "Pat" Brown's "regulars" for the right to endorse President Johnson at the Democratic convention. Yorty's slate got the usual 33 percent of the vote normally cast by protest voters. The Mayor's bid to become an important national political figure failed miserably.

Now donkeys, like elephants, have long political memories. There will be a Democratic candidate, unofficial of course, behind whom the registered Democrats can rally. The days of the non-partisan election, which never was very non-partisan anyway, are gone.

The most likely challenger is the woebegone Richard Richards. Richards, former state senator from Los Angeles County, twice tried to unseat the senior senator from California, Thomas Kuchel. He was clobbered both times. To add salt to the wounds, he alienated a goodly number of people in the process.

Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman can not be overlooked as a possibility, but that lady's political liabilities are as great as her husband's political connections. The close relationship between Eugene Wyman, soon to be Democratic nation-

Who Makes Sammy Run ?

by ED CRAV

nal committeeman, and Jesse Unruh, the muscular Speaker of the Assembly, are not as close as past performance would indicate.

State Senator Thomas Rees has not yet decided, but friends and staff workers have acknowledged that he is at least thinking about running. Rees' problem is to decide whether he can do more as the senator from Los Angeles (and with the pending reapportionment of the state Senate he will hold much-diluted power) or as Mayor of the nation's third largest city where the city council has most of the authority.

The GOP will probably put someone into the race, not as a formal party entry in this "non-partisan" campaign, but as a focus for the efforts of party activists.

Former U.S. Attorney and ten-year veteran of the state Assembly, Laughlin Waters has been mentioned. But Waters is a liberal/moderate Republican, a member of the abortive Rockefeller delegation, the co-author of an article in the Los Angeles Bar Journal's monthly publication strongly criticizing the "segregation" amendment, Proposition 14. All this makes him unacceptable to the insurgent conservatives who control the party in Los Angeles.

Withall, Yorty is in enough trouble to become the city's first one-term mayor in the memory of those who remember such facts. Yorty ran in 1961 with a pointed appeal to residents of the San Fernando Valley and with a special pitch for the large Negro community in cen-

tral Los Angeles. It was that latter voting bloc, wooed with promises to do something to correct what the community felt was an intolerable situation in the police department, which provided Yorty with his 16 thousand margin over then incumbent Norris Poulson. Yorty has since lost the Negro community because he failed to deliver.

The trouble with finding candidates is that the mayor's office is a political dead-end. Poulson, once described by Time as a perfectly undistinguished congressman, had a decade of seniority in the House when he was drafted by the power elite to begin his retirement in City Hall. Yorty became the sole "Democratic" challenger to Poulson because no one in that party wanted the job.

An out-and-out upstart from the wrong side of the political tracks

when he ran in 1961, Yorty has learned how to break bread with the upper crust. Some of his earlier opposition will be supporting him next Spring: John Ferraro, hold-over police commissioner and scion of the ancient Sheridan Downey faction of the Democratic party, for example. Like Ferraro, Stephen C. Bilheimer is a member of the city's ruling class. Significantly, this former president of the L.A. Chamber of Commerce is backing Yorty for re-election.

Reportedly, the Democrats have settled upon Richards, a conclusion borne out by the fact that the twice defeated candidate has not received a state or federal appointment. (Such postings are the usual reward of office holders who do their party service by challenging incumbents whom they have little chance of beating).

Meanwhile, Yorty is mending all sorts of fences and calling in his political credits.

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IONESCO AT UCLA

(Continued from page one)

conception repeated, a few weeks later in the same magazine, by the equally fine critic Susan Sontag, in her review of Eugene Ionesco's recent book "Notes and Counternotes," and explained, I think, at least partially, by the fact that both ladies, keen intellects that they are, are basically literary critics, believing as Miss Hardwick puts it, that "drama is first and last an act of literary composition," which is simply not true, as the UCLA Theatre Group's current (through August 23) presentation of selected short works of Ionesco most expertly proves.

While certain periods in theatrical history have been predominantly literary, producing among others the unquestioned literary masterpieces of the Greek and Elizabethan theatre, it is nonetheless true that, if theatre is "first and last" anything whatever, it is the unique, living experience of the dramatic production itself. Some of the high points of the world's theatre, indeed, have been at the very least quasi-literary: these include, for example, most of the great Oriental theatre (Kabuki, Noh), the Commedia dell'Arte, and, to a certain degree, the contemporary "Theatre of the Absurd," which, to use Cocteau's image, is not so much poetry in the theatre as poetry of the theatre. What gives the work of our major contemporary dramatists (Genet, Becket, Pinter, Ionesco, Duerrenmatt) their extraordinary vitality is that, regardless of their literary merits, they remain essentially incomplete until

staged; no reading or the plays of Ionesco can equal the total, uniquely theatrical experience of seeing them performed.

This is due in great measure to Ionesco's concept of drama, a concept which, far more than the "Absurd," characterizes that movement itself. Where realistic drama is content to see ideas or concepts as forces that affect the lives of "real" three dimensional people in believable environments, and that engender the "conflict" which they see at the heart of drama, Ionesco demonstrates his propositions by embodying them in specifically theatrical metaphors, which the characters (who are, usually, little more than "cartoons") act out. Conflict is absent: one concept, taken as given and embodied in metaphor, is simply allowed to take its anthropomorphic course, making each of Ionesco's plays in essence the demonstration of a specific idea followed to its logical, and usually frightening, extreme.

If the idea is that language has collapsed as a means of sapient communication, we are shown characters lifted from an English-language conversation manual, who proceed from explaining to one another the basic facts of their daily existence (the green book is on the large table, whereas the spinach is in the cupboard) to exchanging utterly meaningless adages (He who sells an ox today will have an egg tomorrow; bread is a staff, whereas bread is also a staff), and end in a rage, bellowing nonsense syllables at one another; or we may see the

totalitarian idea embodied in an absolutely horrifying chicken-lady called Mother Peep, mindless and enthusiastic, leading her obediently clucking brood (which includes the audience) in doing the Goose Walk and mowing down dissenters. As, in his later plays, Ionesco has become more socially conscious, his unique theatricality has been weakened, as Miss Sontag rightly notes: although the typical metaphors remain (whole communities metamorphose into hordes of stamping rhinoceros, etc.), traditional conflict has snuck in by the back entrance, and the plays themselves are really cut from the same bolt as Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" or Miller's "The Crucible." The presentation at UCLA, however, wisely consists for the most part of the earlier works; we are given Ionesco at his best (although I would have preferred to see "Jack, or the Submission" in its entirety rather than the hilarious but less totally satisfying "Bald Soprano") and I found the evening an exhilarating experience.

My delight was doubled, I must admit, by the fact that it was unexpected. Hitherto I have viewed John Houseman's Theatre Group with much the same distaste as that of Miss Hardwick for its East-coast counterpart, the Lincoln Centre. Every Theatre Group production I have seen has shared, until now, the same, empty slick commercialism that characterizes the American film, television and professional theatre: competent but uninspired at best, at worst mawkishly inept.

In my review of their recent production of Chekov's "Seagull" I wrote that the Theatre Group's failure was at base "the failure of

the theatrical imagination and purpose, the willingness to let theatre be nothing more than a pleasant, blankly reassuring means of wasting an evening." Not only does the current production absolutely refute this statement, it has shattered three of my favorite stereotypes: that Theatre Group can not produce exciting theatre if it chooses; that television directors are made of tapioca; and that American actors, by and large, lack so thoroughly the most rudimentary equipment and training that they can not be said to be actors at all.

Re the latter stereotype: Theatre Group has in the past been hampered by its peculiar habit of decently casting the supporting roles, then slating an oaf in the lead, usually a Hollywood-style ingenue or young leading man; I had come to expect, any day now, a "Hamlet" with Troy Donahue or a Martha Hyer "Medea." But not so the current production. These actors (and they are actors, in the best sense of the word) are not only capable of understanding and playing Ionesco but of reaching brilliance on several occasions. I suspect that this may be due, beyond Director Joseph Sargent's ability to select, to the fact that many of the actors have had most of their experience in playing comedy and in Establishment or Billy Barnes-type revues. They know, as our glum little grey army of "Method" actors does not, what technique is, what timing means, how to remain when necessary far enough outside of the character (O heresy!) to be able to gauge, test and control audience reaction.

I was specifically pleased by Jeanne Arnold, who ranged from the terrifying

Mother Peep to the distraught Mrs. Smith of "Bald Soprano"; by the ubiquitous and exquisitely funny Ann Morgan Guilbert, a walking textbook of comedy timing; by Mary Carver's perfect performance as the enfeebled crone of "The Chairs" with her doddering lewdness and petulance; by Bobo Lewis' bellowing Mom of the "Jack" scenes; and by Gavin McLeod, who, as usual, is everybody at once.

I was, however, especially taken by someone named Roger C. Carmel, who, in the breadth of his talent and precision of his technique (which includes more dialects than Sid Caesar), strikes me as being the best new character actor since Canada spawned George C. Scott.

Director Joseph Sargent seems to prove that one can actually make one's living as a television director without becoming irrevocably stupefied, but I insist, nonetheless, given examples like John Frankenheimer, on considering Sargent an exception. He has directed the plays with intelligence, taste, and imagination, and, in addition, (remarkable in an American director), has shown considerable insight into the function of theatrical gesture as a means of external comment.

Despite one or two perhaps questionable liberties with the text (the omission of the written ending of "Bald Soprano," for example) and a few avoidable sags in tempo and invention midway in the longer plays, Mr. Sargent has given us, along with a fine company of players and a flexible setting by Archie Sharp, the best local presentation of Ionesco to date; and Theatre Group has, at long last, lived up to its previously unwarranted reputation.

Atheist and the Beef

by RIDGELY CUMMINGS

I'm about to mix up Madalyn Murray, the militant atheist, with a suspected case of diseased corn beef from the Argentine. Such a mixture requires some explanation.

One of my favorite correspondents is Arnold B. "Wolf" Larson, former civic center reporter on the old L.A. Record who has now swallowed the anchor and is busy writing a book down in Manhattan Beach.

Wolf and I have been friends for years, dating back to my San Francisco days when I published "comprehension," a literary magazine of irregular issue and unpredictable content, and he was on my editorial board. The magazine is dead these 14 years but Wolf persists in sending me bulletins in the hope that I will do something about his pet projects.

Last week I got a duplicated letter from Madalyn Murray of 1060 Spencer St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96822, via Manhattan Beach and Wolf Larson. Attached to it he wrote:

"Ridge -- you have always been a crusader and admire crusaders, so this dame, M.M., should appeal to you tremendously as she does to us (meaning his wife Mary too). Hope you will put the lug on everyone for her to drum up dough for the Bane of the Bishops, the Curse of the Church, the Poison of the Priests and Preachers, the

Lady Sampson who Bringeth Down the Temple Upon the Iniquitous holy.

"It is perfectly obvious that we who are not supporters of organized religion should not, under our U.S. Constitution, have to contribute to the support of any church whatever. But that is precisely what we are being forced to do as a result of organized religion's tax-exempt status.

"Churches have no more right to free government services than the rest of us taxpayers. Having already saved a big hunk of our liberties in the school prayer case, Madalyn Murray is doing our fighting for us once more in the matter of tax-exempt churches."

The rest of Wolf's letter was devoted to urging me to send money to MM at 1060 Spencer St. in Honolulu.

Wolf's letter came on a Monday, a day I spent getting the lowdown on the prospects for a convention center over the airspace at Union Station (prospects good and more about that in a subsequent report). Tuesday I was busy with faulty taxicab meters. Wednesday, I finally got around to reading the letter and phoned Wolf to ask some questions.

Lo and behold, he was off on another tangent. He wanted me to investigate what he called rotten Argentine corn beef being sold in the Los Angeles area. I

phoned the county health department and they are looking into the matter, with Ed Reinig of the information section promising me a report in about a week. Meanwhile, here is Wolf's story, stripped of names since I wouldn't want the Free Press to be sued by the beef processor, and until the story is nailed down it would be libelous to mention the product by name.

In essence, according to Larson, a housewife fed her husband some Argentine corn beef for dinner on July 28. He took one taste and complained it was "tinny." He took a second and said he wouldn't eat it. He gave the remainder to his dog, a little Chihuahua which promptly curled up and died.

The man became sick. His wife rushed him to an Emergency Hospital near their home in the Inglewood area. He was treated and recovered.

While he was in the hospital, still according to Wolf, he was visited by the grocery store manager where the beef was bought and was assured the shipment had been removed from the shelves. He was also visited by a representative of the company packaging the beef, Wolf says.

What happened next Wolf doesn't know except that the man has been sent to Hawaii to "rest up."

Wolf said he tried to reach me by phone to give me the story but couldn't, which I can understand since I spent most of that period in meetings and don't have a secretary. So he said he called the L.A. Times, talked to a girl reporter and gave her the information. He said she phoned the wife of the man who suffered from food poisoning and possibly botulism, and the wife told the reporter all statements would have to come from her husband, who was not available, being in sunny Hawaii, a neighbor perhaps of M.M.

If the facts are accurate they deserve an airing, for dangerous food on the store shelves could wipe out a lot of innocent people. Hence I've interrupted my Madalyn Murray essay to report this.

As for MM, I don't know much about her except that she used to live in Baltimore and that she won the legal battle that resulted in the U.S. Supreme Court's prohibition on prayer readings in public schools. For this she could easily be the most hated woman in the U.S.

Other data from Larson is that she is 43, graying, plump and plain. She claims there are 70 million people in America who belong to no church. Some may be atheists, some agnostics and some just indifferent. Apparently she is or was a psychiatric social worker. Here is a quote from her let-

ter to Wolf:

"If you have been reading the newspapers or listening to radio or television, you know that we have been driven out of Baltimore, Md., by brute force.

"As you know, our tax the churches' suit was set for June 2nd (of this year) and the powerful forces of the church had to stop us in some way. And so on June 1st Bill and I were dragged into a criminal court in Baltimore to face charges that we had forced a young Jewish girl to abandon her faith and turn to atheism. The girl's family asked for Bill and I to be put into jail for two years.

She tells how Bill, who must be her son, eloped with the girl, who was 17, and were married on June 17. She said she and Bill were beaten, jailed and lost control of their mail, bank accounts and Freethought Building. She doesn't say much about moving to Honolulu except that she has gained "allies" and that 25 top clergymen have asked Gov. John Burns of Hawaii "not to extradite."

She is trying to continue her "Tax the Churches" law suit but says she needs money.

I haven't got any to spare but, as Wolf Larson said, I admire crusaders for unpopular causes and MM seems to need help. So does that little Chihuahua dog which ate the bum beef.

letters to the editor

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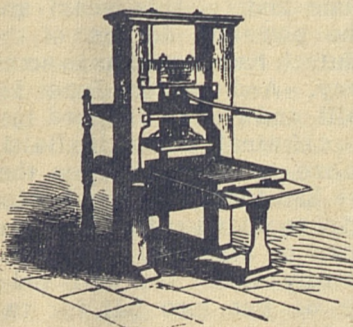
Very truly yours, Elizabeth Egan, Librarian Institute for Sex Research Library; 318 Jordan Hall; Indiana University; Bloomington, Indiana. 47405

Dear Mr. Kunkin, I wish to congratulate you and thank you for the creation of your new newspaper. In a sense, it is an answer to the sudden emergence into influence and opinion moulding of the conservative and non-think members of our generation. Whereas they are the result of the stultifying "education" and thought deaden-forces of the post war hysteria, you more nearly typify normal and human interest in the accelerating and widening range of change within the world today.

I heartily enjoyed your article on the Bank of America versus CORE, the Metropolitan Press, Proposition 14, and many of the others. I also thank you for contributing to my understanding of these matters, especially the Bank of America scene.

I must confess to being more than disappointed with the article, "Inside Censorship." We took an informal poll here at the Ash Grove and out of twenty people who expressed interest in the newspaper, every single person felt that there must be a million greater examples of censorship which deserve intelligent comment, and everyone felt that most censorship problems in the world have more to do with old guard morals, fears and politics than an attempt to improve the film cutting of the Hollywood professional. In any event, it seemed a foolish waste of space and effort to all of us. Hoping for a happy future for you.

Ed Pearl



LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS 8226 SUNSET BOULEVARD HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF. 654-4618 PUBLISHER, EDITOR Art Kunkin ASSOCIATE EDITOR Mike Hodel ASSOCIATE EDITOR Dori Schaffer ADVERTISING Bob Simpson CIRCULATION Leigh Drury CALENDAR Conrade Averitt PROMOTION Maya Rosseen ARTIST Norman Hartweg

Dear Editor, So you and your associates are reviving the Los Angeles Free Press. Let me, as the self-appointed doyen of the press patsies hereabout, extend you my welcome. If you do what I believe you plan to do, the town needs you.

You have indicated you are aware of the fact that I once edited a newspaper called the Los Angeles Free Press. It took that name after I had asked its publisher to drop the name Les Claypool's Free Press and substitute for it the name Los Angeles Free Press.

I understand from what you have told me that you plan to give the community a publication similar to the Village Voice in Greenwich Village, N.Y.C. Whatever it is called it must really be a voice if it is to serve a worthwhile purpose. Whether it will survive is another matter and depends a lot on conditions and circumstances.

Not for all the tea in either of the Chinas would I try to tell you what kind of a paper you should print or how to do it. Although I have been at that sort of thing on occasion for 55 years I still know very little about how to run a successful publication. If you want success financially, that's one thing. If you want success from the standpoint of the gratification you give to those who long to see progress made in human affairs and who hope to see social justice done and pine for a proper treatment of man's

cultural life, that's another. You caught my interest when you told me you are interested in the latter more than the former.

At this point let me say that the fact you are a printer should help. It is as essential that somewhere in the publication picture there be a printer as it is that somewhere in the running of a restaurant there be a chef.

The average writer, even if he is merely a reporter-copyreader type of writer, does not know much basically about the production end of a newspaper or any other kind of publication. At best, such a newspaperman can be little more than a pamphleteer. But, with a printer who also has an urge to publish and some knowledge of how to write, such a voice as you plan to produce should be a success from both the cultural and the financial angles.

Even so, you will have troubles. I am sure you are aware of this. You will either put out a dull newspaper in which case no one will read it after the first two or three issues or you will get out a sprightly, biting journal that will invite readers, but will also invite the gendarmes of various kinds. In case your publication is readable and critical of human foibles you will be denounced, haunted, investigated and given an all bad time. If you are fully aware of that and still want to go on, then you are entitled to wishes of good luck which, incidentally, you will need.

Somewhere short of being jailed and becoming bankrupt you will have to pause, cease and maybe even desist. Maybe not. It all depends on

your technique. "Mystique" I believe they are calling it now. It will depend on how many people are willing to support your cause with anything from a nickel to a buck, or more. You will, if you are any kind of success at all, be moved in on by those who wish you well or profess to wish you well. You will find many of these are clever gentlemen - and ladies - who have ulterior designs on a new medium of expression. They could be a great problem to you than your enemies. Your enemies usually tell you bluntly that they are your enemies. Your friends, unfortunately, may lie to you, even without meaning to do it.

You will find that on the national level you will have to talk about presidents and senators and generals and others in the high and mighty category. Deal softly with them and those who expect you to be a gallant knight in the cause of freedom will chide you for softness or cowardice. Deal harshly with them and you will find the hoosegow yawning for you before you realize it.

On the state and local level you will soon discover that we have politicians who like to blast you out of the water and are good at it. I have seen many fine reputations ruined by oral typhoons under the city hall roof. You will be applauded by a few of the meek who say you are doing what needs to be done. If you truckle to the powers that be you will find yourself receiving favors and able to do a lot of free loading. If you find fault, you'll learn that the wrath of the mighty will descend upon

you and scorch you as not eve the midday sun of August in Death Valley can.

You will learn that the state, county and city hall boys play for keeps and any one who menaces their dynasties or hierarchies are in for extermination or at the very least for a type of punishment that leaves you limp and maybe remorseful.

But, despite all this, I am not going to advise you to give it up. But I would be less than honest and less than fair if I did not warn you what you can be in for. Politicians in America are ruthless and implacable. Perhaps they terminate you quickly and more brutally in a dictatorship but the man who has been taken to the cleaner in a republic or a democracy can be just as thoroughly defunct or extinct as he can be after a firing squad or a hoodlum with a stiletto finishes with him in one of those goshawful little countries we always seem to be lending money to.

Therefore, Editor Kunkin, be sure to gird your loins tightly. Keep your heart stout and your determination high. If you go down - and you may survive for quite a spell as some of the famous pamphleteers of yore did - go down with colors flying and shouting your slogans for all to hear. No voice, a poet has said, is wholly lost. Be sure your cause is just and if you have grandchildren they can at least tell the neighbors' kids that like Tom Paine, Juarez and Patrick Henry their grandpappy tried and caused many people to think.

Yours, truly, Leslie Claypool, Sr.

SPARROWS BY MALLORY PEARCE ©1964

Comic strip panels featuring sparrows and a Kiwi bird. Panels include: 'One of Godwit's jobs was to keep records of the different kinds of birds in Sparrowia. Now here's a bird that I've never heard of before.', 'Ever hear of a bird named Kiwi? Don't believe so. What does he look like?', 'According to the Bird Book: "The KIWI is an ugly bird; he has big eyes, a crooked bill, long legs, and big feet!" I don't believe it exists! I have never seen such a bird!', 'It does exist! It says so in the BOOK! Well, if it's in the BOOK, it must be true!', 'Do you believe in the existence of Kiwi?', 'Certainly; don't you believe in the BOOK?', 'Have you seen Kiwi? WHAT'S A KIWI?', '...the Kiwi is a shy bird, retiring to his burrow during the day...' HE SEEMS TO BE VERY UNSOCIAL. What's he hiding from?', 'If he's hiding from us, he must have done something wrong! YOU THINK SO?', 'He's probably subversive! OH!!', 'WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT IT? We should fill in ALL holes, and force the Kiwi out of hiding!', 'Besides a landscape with holes in it is very untidy.', 'THERE'S SOMETHING ENJOYABLE ABOUT HONEST LABOR!', 'WILL WE EVER FINISH? There are always new holes to fill!'



DEMONSTRATORS AT THE LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING LAST WEEK PROTESTING THE MURDER OF THE THREE CIVIL RIGHTS WORKERS IN PHILADELPHIA, MISSISSIPPI.

Photo by Charles Britten

Hollywood High Music Theatre

by PETER BOYD

This past Friday, the Hollywood Theatre Arts Workshop performed two contemporary American works at Hollywood High School auditorium. The performers were mainly high school students preparing for theatrical careers. My purpose is not to evaluate individual performances, to praise Miss Thrush's lovely high notes or deprecate Miss Crow's unlovely croaks or to compare productions, set design, lighting or choreography. Although some comments on these lines must be made, these I will try to keep to a minimum.

My main purpose is to discuss the two works at hand, a lyric drama, "The Mighty Casey" by William Schuman and "Liberty?" by Dr. Roy Harris, Joseph Ott, Paul O'Hannesian, Stephen Tosh, Rand Forbes and Tino Peti, composers, librettist Michael Medved and choreographer, Kay Turney.

William Schuman is a composer who can lay the bulk of his ideas on you at first hearing. This is a virtue but not an end. He is also one who can bear up under repeated hearings and merge with solid structures and strong communication of his materials and desires. Quite often his highly syncopated and subdivided contrapuntal accompaniments will have a very artificial and excessively busy amount of rhythmic activity, to the degree that the propulsive "jazzy" syncopations reach a point where they become downright "square."--not unlike a somewhat drunk conventioning salesman beating out

what he feels is an ecstatic 4 bar break on a table only to find out that it's as "square" as a 4 by 4 chorale because it's not in control and becomes a series of rapid sounds rather than a temporal statement.

Schuman indulges these twitchy rhythms and sometimes produces extremely long winded phrases, until you start to squirm a tiny bit, then sure as an express, he'll hit you between the eyes with something outstanding. He'll stand you on end or float you or make you feel better than you are, but you'll be moved and the composition as a whole will usually stand as a principled, balanced expression of the composer's higher craft.

"The Mighty Casey" is primarily lyric drama in the Opera Comique, dialogue and song style, with overtures preceding each of the two acts. The first act is mainly static set against the fence of the ball park. The individuals central to the drama take the stage, sing their tale and stand aside, until the entire cast has been assembled and identified in songs and short recitatives.

They sing in chorus of Casey, and as he approaches they soar a moment acappella to be overwhelmed by Casey's arrival to a march quite worthy of a coronation. Enormous pomp surrounds Casey, he is a magnificent idol and noble standard bearer of Mudville. Schuman was wise to have him pantomime his role, for as he states in his program notes, "We simply felt that one so god-like should not speak.

The magnificence of Casey is above mere words."

A young autograph seeker approaches Casey and sings a very expressive, shy pleading song that taxes his poor little voice to the limit in a grand slalom of delicate reversals, shifts and swells. It is an enormously difficult song for a young voice (let alone one with a temporary bubble) and should be entrusted only to those of precise pitch and wide range.

The song which follows is as lush and graceful a waltz as you're likely to find anywhere east of "Billy the Kid."

The curtain rises on the ball game, tension is built slowly through the score and the natural patterns of the game itself. After one break in pace for a soprano's song "For Mudville", you're hit with a more agitated scene in which tension is rebuilt and Mudville gets its chance with bases loaded and Casey due to bat.

Casey's advancement to the plate is pure Elgar. The pomp surrounding him reaches a climax in a chorale as he squares off at the plate.

At his first called strike, there is massed antiphonal invective from chorus and orchestra. The manager strides out to act as a manager feels he ought and the scene begins to drag. The umpire enters with a none too lively but marvellously telling solo of his family dignity, unbesmirched integrity and keen faculties. It was sung by a baritone, but its tradition is that of a deep comic basso, stereotyped as a villain in spite of his honesty and virtue.

The pitcher then has a rapid fire recitative that calls for a Gilbert and Sullivan level of diction to be at all effective.

Very dramatically, Casey strikes out in slow motion, cork screwing to the ground as the orchestra shatters the air. When there is no joy in Mudville, you really know it, for the chorus resolves on a slow glissando into microtonal regions in sort of the mass mirror image of Hank Williams or Alfred Apaka, if I may talk in ethnic terms.

The final epilogue seemed tacked on and unnecessary but was well handled and resolved in a satisfactory manner. It opened with a typically Schuman nervous rhythm and ended quietly. A brief noisy coda follows the curtain and is hidden by clapping.

As a music drama for high school students it is a difficult work and one originally designed for professional performers. Those responsible for its selection should be commended for their choice of a serious yet ingratiating work that keeps every one on their toes and expands the range of young performers to include contemporary work of high and lasting value. The performance on the whole was smooth and well prepared with little reason to flinch as expected.

The second composition, a choral ballet under the name "Liberty" was sort of a composition by committee which had some virtues that were diminished immeasurably by the utter presumption and pomposity of the theme and text. The less said about it the better.

Nevertheless, student works should be encouraged and heard whenever possible so that they know exactly what they are producing and can reach for more next time.

The odd thing about the ballet "Lizety" is that it deals with the wrongs of an acquisition-oriented society in which rigid conformity is stressed in all stages of life. Yet the music, sets, text and choreography are archtypical of conformist, hack techniques. High school gym class, quasi-Martha Graham posturing and scurrying, and finally the text which makes the best efforts of those assembled for nought. For an angry, young, negative statement, it is very mainstream 30's.

On the plus side, the choral writing and orchestration was good throughout. The church scene was well written and could well be extracted and adapted to liturgical use. There were scattered moving moments and I imagine I would rather watch a yet undirected social statement than another milk and apple pie pastoral.

All the people connected with the Hollywood Theatre Arts Workshop have done themselves proud in presenting such well tended performances from high school students and for sponsoring another platform for serious contemporary Music Theatre. I feel it would be inadvisable to praise or scold any of the performers at this stage, except to thank them and hope that they continue to progress and enjoy what they are doing.

books

by LEONARD BROWN

CARMINA ARCHILOCHI: The Fragments of Archilochos, translated from the Greek by Guy Davenport; University of California Press; 104 pages; \$1.50.

Tantalizing scraps of the past -- the outlines, visible only from the air, of a lost great city's walls; a headless female figure of exquisite grace; a disembodied name, potsherds of reputation and renown -- are more than just an antiquarian's cud to be chewed long after the flavor's gone. These things are there for the musing, and from bits of second-hand papyrus used by a cheapjack undertaker as mummy wrappings in Ancient Alexandria we meet Archilochi.

The name Archilochi means "sergeant." And to the Greek world of the seventh century before Christ, the name Archilochi also meant a poet whose

talent commanded respect even though his language scandalized.

In these 287 fragments, translated by Guy Davenport, a different kind of Greek hero presents himself, a warrior more like a Samurai, as Hugh Kenner points out in his introduction, than like the customary classic figure in repose.

Some of the fragments are only a word or two: "Naked." "Dripping blood." "Asskisser." Others seem to be full poems. The vitality of Archilochi, soldier, lover, jilted lover, brawler, boozier, man of honor and man of appetite is skilfully brought in across the centuries and over the language wall by Professor Davenport.

But what comes next in fragment 222?

"In copulating
One discovers
That...."

The rest is lost. This real man lapses into dusty silence. The worms have eaten his words.



Liberalism: Institutionalized Apathy?

by DORI SCHAFFER

Upon hearing the term "white liberal", uttered in the tone of condescending disgust which inevitably accompanies its mention, my gut response is indignation. My frown is only slightly feebler when San Franciscans describe the conservatism of Los Angeles.

Promptly I leap to the white liberal's defense. Or, hastily I explain that my neighbors are not all John Birchers, that Los Angeles houses many liberals. And then sometimes, like last night, I wonder whether what I said is true.

Last night I saw an old friend who calls himself a "liberal." It was he, in fact, who tutored me in liberalism when we both worked for the Daily Bruin, I as cub science and art reporter, he, on "eddy board."

That semester, nine years ago, the Daily Bruin staff labored in thrall to one of the annual directives the University of California issued in hopes of cleansing the staff of outspoken liberals. In the case of my friend -- let's call him Hamlet Smith -- the directive's purpose was nearing realization. Striving to keep the paper in line politically, the directive reorganized the election of staff so that promotions would henceforth depend upon appeal to sorority row instead of upon competence and dedication to the paper.

Thus, the editor elected that semester prospered by promising to "break the line of Jew editors" and to abolish UCLA's putative reputation as "a little red schoolhouse." These slogans drew votes despite their irrelevance. The "line of Jew editors" represented a volunteer staff which happened to be largely Jewish. And, barring a Republican or two, the staff was solidly Democratic. It harbored not even one Socialist. Yet the campaign was successful.

Instead of the promotion he deserved, the new regime offered my friend demotion to night editor and it seemed he might leave the paper. Inflamed, I wrote a "Eulogy to UCLA Journalism" which I now blush to read. It began: "With the departure of Hamlet Smith from the Daily Bruin staff, the ethics, integrity, and true spirit of journalism leaves UCLA's journalistic representative." I lauded Hamlet Smith mainly for his courage to speak the truth as he saw it.

I still believe and admire

what I believed and admired then. And Hamlet Smith is still my friend. Last night I showed him the first issue of the Los Angeles Free Press, thinking he would be happy to see a modest example of a paper where writers can indeed be faithful to their beliefs, a paper which strives to present facts and opinions which would not be printed elsewhere, a small voice of protest against the moderate-to-far-righters' domination of the local press.

His first comment: a title in apposition should not be capitalized. His second comment: He had never seen an off-set paper in which the headlines weren't uneven.

What about content? What about beliefs? Hardly a word. It seems he no longer has beliefs.

Perhaps Hamlet Smith just missed the point. Perhaps his response indicates an occupational risk run by copy editors, for Hamlet Smith is now making his journalistic way in the world of moderate to far righters. But perhaps his focus on means is more important than that. The analogies between his response to the Free Press and his response to the political world are too striking to ignore.

Hamlet Smith still calls himself a liberal. Yet he favored Kennedy's brinkmanship threats to Cuba. Yet he chants, "From marijuana to heroin." Yet he is more bothered by CORE's trivial "lawlessness" than by the hundred-year history of lynching and degradation which CORE is attacking. How then is he a liberal? His approach and his method, he feels, qualify him as a liberal. This is, as far as it goes, a valid point. But it does not go far enough.

Bertrand Russell links empiricism with liberalism because both are "halfway between dogma and scepticism." Liberal views are held as opinions are held in science, as opposed to the way they are held in theology: "The essence of the Liberal outlook lies not in what opinions are held, but in how they are held: instead of being held dogmatically, they are held tentatively, and with a consciousness that new evidence may at any moment lead to their abandonment."

Russell points out that the liberal's lack of absolutism protects him from fanaticism:

"The Liberal creed, in practice, is one of live-and-let-live,

of toleration and freedom so far as public order permits, of moderation and absence of fanaticism in political programs. Even democracy, when it becomes fanatical, as it did among Rousseau's disciples in the French Revolution, ceases to be Liberal..."

We grant that fanaticism, whatever its goal, is inherently illiberal. We grant that "how" may be more important to liberalism than "what". But they err who take Russell's statement as a call for apathy: the "what" is not dispensable. If a liberal is one who holds opinions tentatively, he must, in fact, have some opinions.

Hamlet Smith has none. His liberalism has been stripped of beliefs, leaving only liberalism's non-absolutistic method, moderation, a means to no particular ends. Birchers, too, could conceivably affirm moderate methods. If this is all we demand of liberals, Birchers too could be "liberals."

These days, they are. We face an election in which the ardent defender of civil rights comes from Texas, and the quasi-fascist is half-Jewish. The conspicuous range of political thought thus runs from extreme right to moderate right, currently dubbed "liberal." Trailing the apparent gamut's move to the right were many who still call themselves "liberal" -- perhaps for nostalgic reasons.

Moderation is a fine thing. It is unquestionably a liberal thing. But if the liberal allows concern about proper means to erase concern for the goals these means should be serving -- sentimental sounding goals like freedom and equality and justice -- then the freedom movement's derogation of liberals is justified.

But I will not join the attack on liberalism. Moderation need not be equated with the do-nothing, believe-nothing lethargy of the dead center. I dissent from the condemnation of liberalism because when a liberal stands for nothing besides moderation, I can no longer call him a liberal.

Moderation is indeed necessary to liberalism. But if liberalism is to mean something more than institutionalized apathy, moderation is not enough. © 1964, d.s.

"CARPETBAGGERS"

by RON VERMETTE

With "The Carpetbaggers" the American cinema does a new twist on the "we only give 'em what they want" policy.

In the old days the key frustration came from sex; so the film companies gallantly came forward with Mae West, Marilyn Monroe, Doris almost Day, etc., to let the audience vicariously shed a few inhibitions for 90% of the film (always straightening their lace at the end, of course). The makers of "The Carpetbaggers", however, have acutely realized that sex is no longer the biggest pressure cooker.

Writer John Michael Hayes and Director Edward Dmytryk have taken Harold Robbins' sexy, cruel and callous book and pulled a switch. They toned down the sex considerably but accentuated the coldness and cruelty of the characters. What little compassion there was in the book has been drained from the film; and from it emerges the new hero -- Jonas Cord Jr. (George Peppard) who treats the world with an emotionless objectivity that can only come from the belief that he's not a part of it.

The new age that doesn't want to "get involved" yet can't bear the loneliness of this alienation, can find in Jonas the perfect identification of escape. Jonas, with the heart of ice ("he's cool, man. Tough.") tells the world to get screwed and see's to it personally. ("There now Joney, do you feel better

now?") To make sure that we empathize with Jonas, all of the main characters have been hardened. The one bit of life in the film, the wife (Elizabeth Ashley) is played with a Broadway flippancy that spares us the feeling that something good may be getting hurt. So we ride with Jonas (the new pioneer) who has a real "purpose" in life (it's enough to make Ayn Rand proud) as he fulfills his ambitions all over the place, without letting humanity get in the way. The audience will forgive his lapse in the last ten seconds of the picture (especially since it's so unbelievable) when he discovers that he's loved his wife all along. They'll forgive him because they know that deep down he's just as rugged as when he gave his factory workers a raise, then had them work twice as hard.

In case there might be some social consciousness lurking around in our emotions, the film lets us off the hook with the antiquated claim that Jonas did it all because he was afraid that he had inherited insanity. None of this was in the book, which knew better than to try to trace the development of a Jonas. But the film doesn't miss a trick.

Indeed, "The Carpetbaggers" has set box office records almost everywhere it has played. In its' first week alone at Grauman's Chinese, 28,000 people crammed in to see what a "swingin' hood" Jonas is.


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what's on around town

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.

LECTURE. "Politics in Sixty-Four," Ivy Baker Stevens, former U.S. Treasurer, Eisenhower Administration, Occidental College, Playmill Theatre, Music-Speech Bldg., 8:15 PM.

FRIDAY (August 14)

DISCUSSION. KPFK program. "Great Campaigns"—presidential campaigns since 1928. Gather at Gene Miller's, 122 E. 8th St., downtown Long Beach, phone 432-1957.

SATURDAY (August 15)

POOLSIDE FASHION SHOW at ranch home of Shelly Manne, narrator Nancy Wilson. Interracial models. Sponsored by Neighbors for Community Understanding. Reservation: 360-1609, 369-2402, \$2.50. Proceeds to Valley Comm. Against Proposition 14.

CONFERENCE. "Summer 1964 Issues Conference," sponsored by the Du Bois Club at ILWU Hall, 5625 S. Figueroa, 9 AM, all day, Lunch, dinner party after.

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

PATIO PARTY. Benefit for CDP. Lots of entertainment. Cast of Othello will be present. 1900 San Ysidro Dr., \$2. NO 2-1492, DU 8-5596.

PARTY. Benefit party for COFO and SNCC. Sponsored by Watts Action Committee. 8 PM. 13817 S. Stanford, Compton.

SUNDAY, August 16

FILMS, Ferndell Museum, See 15.

ADDRESS, Mrs. Ruth Bishop. "The Rights and Responsibilities of Teachers." 11 AM, 2936 W. 8.

BENEFIT-TALK for "No on 14". Peace Corps experiences in Ecuador of Bob and Flo Griffen. Illustrated. 8PM. Valley Unitarian-Universalist Church 9550 Haskel, Sepulveda. \$1.

WATER COLOR DEMONSTRATION, landscapes, by Wayne La Com at the Emerson Gallery, 17230 Ventura Blvd., Encino.

CONCERT, Concert on the Green, Bamsdall Park. The Steiner Ensemble. Bach, Mozart, Honegger and Warren. 4:30 PM.

TALK. "A Minister Looks at Mississippi." Rev. Carroll A. Londoner will discuss his experiences in the Miss. voter registration drive in April of this year. 7:30 PM at the Temple Beth Emet, 320 E. Magnolia, Burbank. Phone 848-2183.

THEATRE PARTY. The Summer Reading Programs of four branches of L.A. Public Library will have a theatre party at Instant Theatre, 7458 Melrose, at 5 PM. Discount tickets may be obtained at the Cahuenga, Fairfax, Hollywood and Los Feliz branches.

CHAMBER MUSIC. L.A. County Museum. Elizabeth Hamilton

Piano Quartet playing Beethoven and Faure. 3:00 PM. Free.

MONDAY (August 17)

FORUM, "Background and Implications of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty," R.P. Schuster Jr., Staff Engineer with the Arms Control Study Group at JPL. 8:45 PM, Westside Jewish Community Center, 5870 Olympic.

READING. "William Faulkner: Selections from 'As I Lay Dying.'" Robert W. Kirk, Visiting Prof. of English. At 12:39 PM. Founders 133, USC.

TUESDAY (August 18)

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.

WEDNESDAY (August 19)

LUNCHEON-LECTURE. Los Angeles World Affairs Council presents Don Shannon, Paris correspondent for L.A. Times. "General DeGaulle and America—An Irreparable Breach?" Biltmore Ballroom, noon. \$4.

CONTINUING EVENTS

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

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).

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.

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

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).

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

ART EXHIBIT. The MacKinley Helm Collection, paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints plus sculpture, drawings, prints plus Pre-Columbian art, U. of Calif. at Santa Barbara. Through Aug. 23.

VOTER DRIVE. UCRC is staging voter registration drive. Meet at 10:30 AM every Sat. at 8501 S. San Pedro or 9:30 AM at 900 Hilgard, UCLA Religious Conference Center for ride to UCRC. Phone GR 3-4880.

ABSTRACT EXHIBIT. Abstract paintings by Oakar Fischinger arranged by Cultural Exchange Center of L.A. at the America



THE MOST INTEGRATED CORNER IN TOWN THESE DAYS IS "THE AMEN CORNER" BY JAMES BALDWIN AT THE CORONET THEATRE, 366 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD. FRANK SILVERA'S HISTORIC PRODUCTION OF BALDWIN'S HAS BEEN ACCORDED HIGH CRITICAL ACCLAIM AND IS NOW IN ITS SIXTH MONTH OF WHAT PROMISES TO BE A RECORD RUN. HERE, THEATRE GOERS ARE SHOWN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CORONET AT THE CLOSE OF A PERFORMANCE.

City Bank, Grand & Wilshire. Month of August.

PLAY. "Picnic" presented by Cerritos College Summer Recreation Program. Cerritos College Student Center, Cerritos College, 1110 E. Alondra Blvd., Norwalk. Aug. 11-15. Reservations: UN 5-9551. Free.

MUSIC FESTIVAL. The Third Annual Idyllwild Music Festival will take place on two weekends: Aug. 28-30, and Sept. 4-6, at the Idyllwild campus of USC. Five concerts comprise each festival weekend. Information: write to USC Campus, Idyllwild.

ART EXHIBIT. Long Beach Museum of Art. Childrens paste and paint exhibit. Aug. 11-16. John Sloan: Paintings, Drawings, & Etchings, Aug. 11-Sept. 16.

EXHIBITS. L.A. County Museum. "Jewels of the Sea," life in the oceans of the world, through Aug. 30.

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

Calendar Locations

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

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