

LOS ANGELES
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INTERVIEW WITH ARTIST CONNOR EVERTS

JAZZ LOG

HOODS IN FILMS

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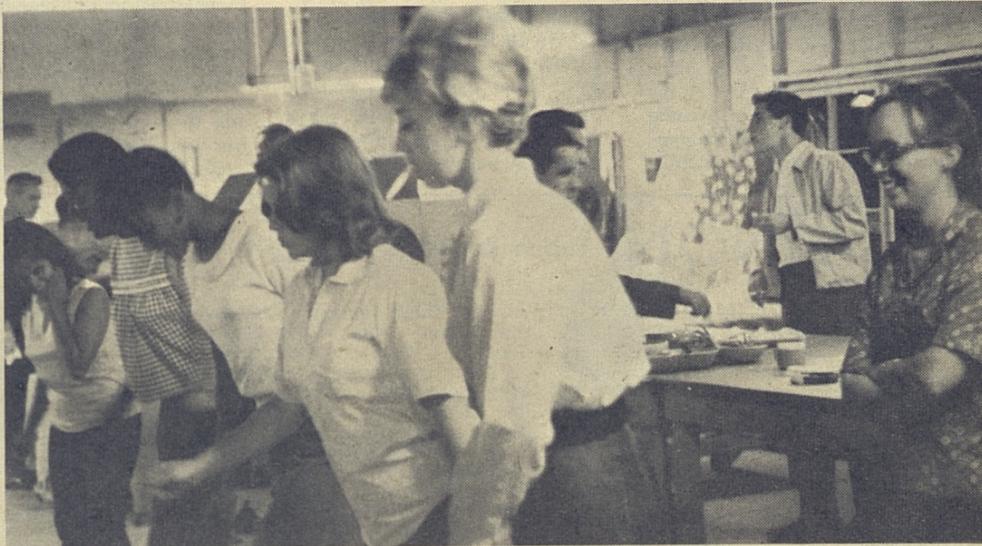


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A "HOOPLA" AT SYNANON HOUSE. DANCING AT NIGHT AFTER WORK.

DRUG ADDICTS WHO CURE THEMSELVES

**Synanon:
 the therapeutic
 community** Theodore Roszak

There is perhaps no modern city where the sense of community is so dissipated as in Los Angeles. Indeed, it is doubtful that Los Angeles is a city at all in any traditional sense of the word; perhaps the area requires another designation entirely. This sprawling congeries of small towns, beach resorts, housing tracts, and newly spawned suburbs, ponderously stitched together by eight-lane freeways, lacks even the physical integrity of a metropolis. It is an assemblage of people, structures, and diffuse social relations without a cultural centre or political focus, the pattern of which has been dictated by the mechanical capacities of the automobile.

At any one moment of the day, a major portion of the city's population is apt to be car-borne, commuting over distances of 50 or 60 miles from home to place of work to beach to movie theatre to amusement park. Southern Californians spend more time driving past one another than living together. Inhabitants of the several San Fernando Valley suburbs think nothing of driving 90 minutes to offices in the inner city, leaving behind them a housing development whose population has no participant relationship to the life of Los Angeles beyond its dependence upon a distant business for a salary that will be spent in local shopping centres, drive-ins, and bowling alleys.

In reality, Los Angeles, the chaotic product of astronomically rapid and unplanned growth, is a case study in social disorganisation. As an example of urban disintegration it is very nearly a Weberian ideal-type. And as such, it may prefigure the pattern of the mushrooming metropolis of Africa, Asia and Latin America, just as it illustrates à outrance the social ills that now afflict the world's older cities.

It is particularly appropriate that a social experiment like Synanon should make its appearance in Los Angeles, where the bonds of community life have grown so hopelessly slack. And, fittingly enough, in this least coherent of cities, it is among the most dislocated of people that the experiment has taken root. Six years ago, in 1958, Chuck Diederich, himself a former alcoholic, began to apply the therapeutic techniques of Alcoholics Anonymous to narcotics addicts. Very soon it became clear that the addictive personality requires a more comprehensive approach and more intense therapy than AA has developed. Under Diederich's direction, the weekly testimonials of AA were intensified into 90-minute nightly group therapy sessions in which eight or ten former addicts mercilessly assailed one another's psychic defences, first destroying what they knew to be phoney in each mem-

CORE CALENDAR

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LAWRENCE LIPTON'S COLUMN

THE WASP

In Memoriam : Ambrose Bierce

1842-1914

No one has done more to relieve the parking problem in the last ten years than the motion picture theater owners of America. Every time a movie house is demolished the community is richer by just so much parking space. Up to now the credit for this boon to city dwellers has been due to the commercial movie makers in Hollywood more than to the exhibitors. It was the Big Minds and Moguls of movie-making whose stupidity, timidity and money-madness (a fatal combination) reduced Hollywood to minor league standing in the world of film-making. But now the exhibitors loom as their successors to the fool's cap. This honor they have earned by retaining the double feature policy once forced upon them by the producers. By trying to force the public

to skip dinner for the 7 o'clock show or go to work bleary-eyed the next morning by attending the 10 o'clock show, they are outsmarting themselves straight into the parking lot business.

Goodman Ace, now writing the Top of My Head column in the Saturday Review, records the following movie-going experience in the August 15 issue:

"I called the theater and a recording told me the next complete movie would start at 10:10. I got there at ten and there was a long line. The man assured me there would be seats for all and the picture would start at 10:10.

"At 10:15 I was still in line. I didn't mind anything to get away from those (TV) commercials. At 10:25 I finally got to the box office. No, the picture hadn't begun. The 10:10 picture

would go on at 10:30. This made it a little later than I had expected to stay out but it would be worth it. No commercials. And besides, it was the only picture in town I really wanted to see. It was the only picture without Peter Sellers.

"It was a very good picture and I should have relaxed and enjoyed it more than I did. But at every fadeout I automatically tensed for a commercial. None materialized. It was eerie... Suddenly I realized my problem. I had become a commercial addict... I could never again enjoy a movie without commercials... The picture over, I sat there unable to move. But suddenly on the screen there appeared: 'We invite you to the lounge for a cup of deliciously flavored Columbia coffee.' Saved!"

VERBATIM QUOTES: Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi: "If the people of the rest of America think for one second that if they are going to practice defacto segregation and force us to integrate completely in this country, then they better think nine hundred thousand times. But we have no obligation in Mississippi to enforce any federal statute pertaining to civil rights. That is not our job. This is the job of the federal authorities.

Insofar as the state's statutes are concerned we must adhere, on the state and local level, to carryin' out the law wherever it is and adhering to law and order. And I know there is no person, not only in this county but in the state of Mississippi, who condones killin' and violence and firebrand tactics that some people have thought about using." (Mike Wallace CBS newscast, August 13, 1964).

The county the governor was speaking in and which hereferred to as not condoning killin' and violence is Nashoba County, "Bloody Nashoba" where the young Civil Rights workers James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner were murdered.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE: Social Psychologists at the Harvard School of Business, aided by Ford Foundation Grant are making a motivational research study of the sanity of war-mongering politicians, Texas oil and cattle millionaires, reactionary bankers and better-dead-than-red overkill generals.

Barry Goldwater is reported to announce a bequest to the University of Mississippi to endow scientific research into the mental processes, if any, of Fundamentalist preachers, John Birchers, Minute Men and Ku Kluxers.

Madison Avenue admen are said to be ready to launch a new series of institutional commercials, under the slogan: The Commercial is the show. The programs will consist of half hour commercials, assorted hard and soft sell, with single-frame flash subliminal entertainment thrown in for relief. "This is what we have been working towards since the beginning of radio and television," one of producers is quoted as saying. "The sponsor has always felt that time and money spent on drama, news, documentary and other such digressions is unbusinesslike. Now, with all the excess pared away, we will not only save money on actors and writers, but we will be giving the public what it wants: a full and comprehensive picture of the American Way of Life and all it offers in opportunity, freedom, and detergent cleansing power."

Your News from Nowhere correspondent will be watching the Democratic Convention on TV to report whether Huntley and Brinkley, who barely (or should I say hardly) managed to keep a straight face at the Republican Convention will be giving the Democrat's equal (if cleverly disguised) contempt.

SYNANON from page 1

ber's self-image, then trying to build up a more realistic sense of personal value. (It is from these sessions, for which the word "synanon" has been coined, that the experiment as a whole derives its name.)

Secondly, the discontinuous relationship of AA members had to be replaced by a permanent living situation, in which recuperating addicts would remain in constant interaction, relying upon one another's guidance.

Currently, there are 450 former addicts and alcoholics involved in Synanon. They maintain several houses, each under the direction of a staff drawn from Synanon patients. The former addicts have gone off narcotics "cold turkey" - that is, without the use of drugs. When I visited Synanon house in Santa Monica in July (it is the largest of the Synanon establishments, holding 190 people) I was surprised to learn that withdrawal without drugs could be required as a matter of course. Wasn't it an agonising process? I was told that withdrawal pains are often greatly exaggerated by addicts, mainly because the situation in which withdrawal is usually required - in prisons or public hospitals - is unpleasant and impersonal in the extreme. The environment presents no positive incentives for quitting narcotics. But at Synanon, intense personal relations surround the addict. He is introduced to a community of fellow sufferers which wants him and needs him. He lives in the daily presence of people, who by forsaking narcotics, have become happy, productive, and mature human beings. He has every good reason to give up addiction, and he enjoys the example and guidance - usually a stern, parental guidance - of those who have shared his troubled experience.

It is not my purpose here to investigate in any detail the history and therapy of Synanon. Indeed, the therapeutic methods of Synanon are still so pragmatic in character - so much the rules of thumb roughly worked out by addicts themselves - that their full theoretical implications have yet to be developed. (The most thorough study at present available is Daniel Casriel's *So Fair a House*, Prentice-Hall, 1963.) It is rather the politics of Synanon that interests me. For the therapeutic community we have here is an outstanding example of the relevance of anarchist social theory to one of the most baffling dilemmas of contemporary society. And what is most remarkable: none of the organisers or directors of Synanon - as far as I am aware - is a student of anarchism. The community has arisen spontaneously and pragmatically out of the needs and capacities of its members.

Within each Synanon house, non-violence is the basic commitment of all residents. No member is permitted to coerce another for any reason, either by browbeating, or emotional cruelty, or physical force. The door of the house is always open for those who wish to leave as much as for those who wish to enter. No one is constrained to stay. No one is forced to do anything. The household maintains all its members (provided they stay off narcotics) whether they are co-operative or stubborn, helpful or obstructive, personable or obnoxious. Voluntarism is the single binding force within the community.

At the same time, the daily regimen within each house is quite demanding, especially for the newcomers, who, as

part of their therapy, are assigned to the dirtiest work. The Santa Monica house is a very large building with lots of floors and corners and furniture to keep neat, lots of cooking to get done, lots of groceries to get bought, lots of dishes to get washed. How does the work get done without compulsion? The staff at Synanon is very quick to describe its control over each house as an "autocracy": discipline is strictly laid down by those in charge with the full expectation that orders will be carried out.

But the "autocracy" at Synanon is of a peculiar kind. For one thing, the "autocrats," who always enter the community from the bottom and work up, and their subjects are intimate friends, people who know one another as only the members of group therapy sessions can. Whatever animosity might arise between them comes out in the sessions, as a matter of course, and is subject to the group's evaluation. Is anyone being tyrannised or exploited? Are the grudges that arise between members legitimate or unreasonable? The intensely candid scrutiny of the synanon is bound to tell.

Moreover, "autocrats" are easily and frequently replaced. Staff members, since they are further along in their therapy, are expected to "graduate" fairly soon - that is, to leave the community and join the world outside. Thus, no one can entrench himself in a position of responsibility.

Finally, staff members exist only to perform and delegate necessary functions. Discipline is not multiplied beyond necessity. Any one attempting to hold down a position for no better reason than self-gratification is bound to come under the powerful criticism of his synanon, where the false self-image this position supports, like all the other false images he has hidden behind, will be shattered. The synanon, besides being a therapeutic device, has an essential political function within the community. It is a kind of miniature town meeting where the distorted and oppressive ambitions of staff members - if they exist - can quickly be exposed and treated as the disease they are.

The "autocratic" aspect of the community - that is, the strictness of discipline - is felt most strongly at the very outset of therapy. It is a basic assumption at Synanon that addicts are, emotionally, children who refuse to grow up. So they are treated like stubborn children: closely supervised in their habits, bossed around, bullied a little. Addicts, so I am told, tend to be negligent and anti-social in the extreme. They will leave light bulbs burning and appliances turned on and unattended, drop their clothes on the floor at night, leave their beds unmade, and generally make a mess of themselves and their environment. The community keeps after them constantly. Until they learn better, they will be called down, bawled out, and made to mind.

At the same time, Synanon's naughty children are free to leave whenever they find the treatment they receive too severe. And since the community exists to keep and cure them, its members are careful to temper the discipline of neophytes with TLC ("tender, loving care"). They must be bossed, but lovingly. At this point, then, the authority the community assumes over its newcomers is essentially parental and has, for its strictness, the same func-

tional justification the mature have for taking in hand those who don't know any better.

Once, however, Synanon's therapy has matured the newcomer, he comes to see the reasonableness of the demands made of him. The community matters to him; it is his hope of cure; he strongly wants it to survive for himself and for the others he is bound to. And so he performs the tasks survival requires. Scrubbing floors and cleaning toilets are not pleasant work. But the dirty jobs have to be done; they were once done even by those who give the orders now. And one does the chores voluntarily and with good spirit where the wellbeing of the community depends upon the effort.

By all appearances, Synanon is well on its way to becoming one of the most successful of communitarian experiments. Its members are suffused with a sense of confidence and growth. In Nevada, the state government has helped Synanon to open up a special programme in the prison at Reno, dealing not with addicts but with habitual criminals. Synanon's experiment in penology has yielded notable successes - as has its expanding work with neurotics. Indeed, in the light of Synanon's work, a new and broader conception of the addictive personality is emerging, one which embraces the narcotics problem, criminality, alcoholism, and neurosis generally. It would seem that all these are inadequate efforts of human beings to meet a deeper and insatiable need. And what can that need be but the need of a beloved community within which one can take his place as a participating member? When the theory of Synanon's therapeutic experimentation is finally developed, it will doubtless draw strongly upon the personalist philosophy of figures like Martin Buber.

Currently Synanon is searching for ways to support its own growth independently of outside contributions. For the past six years Synanon's support has come almost wholly from charitable sources, including many businesses. Surprisingly, the community found a great deal of sympathy on the part of

businessmen; even local merchants in well-to-do Santa Monica have grown reconciled to having several racially integrated households of former narcotics addicts encamped in their town. Last year Synanon raised some \$3 million in kind and \$250,000 in cash to maintain its 400 or more patients. Now the community has begun to develop its own economic base. It has opened up a machine shop and a filling station as the first steps toward greater autonomy.

The success of Synanon raises an interesting point. Here, as in the case of Anton Wallich-Clifford's Simon Community of ex-convicts in London, we have a communitarian experiment arising among the most derelict members of contemporary society, those whom the modern world in all its affluence and technological splendour has failed most wretchedly. Much of our society finds itself too hopelessly distracted by the rapid pace and excessive complexity of our times to recognise with any precision what its true condition is, what the needs and capacities of men are. And, in turn, it is our nearly universal confusion on these points that completes the circle and contributes to the technological impaction, the surplus production, the compulsive consumption, the power-political acquisitiveness of our society. It is the misfits and failures in our midst - the drunks, the junkies, the jail-birds - who represent the break in this beautifully rationalised circle of vicious ambitions. They have been crudely culled out and left behind. But those who have hit "rock-bottom," who have failed to fabricate a personality that can adjust successfully to the unhealthy conventions that dominate our times, are perhaps those who are closest to a new vision of personal and social life. They can least easily escape facing themselves and examining their needs. To use Nietzsche's phrase, theirs may be a disease in the same sense that pregnancy is a disease. With proper guidance, the personal crisis of the outcast may provide the possibility of communitarian building and social renewal.

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INTERVIEW WITH CONNOR EVERTS

by NORMAN HARTWEG

On the wall of Connor Everts' studio in Redondo Beach there is a quotation from John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty": "We can never be sure," it reads, "that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still."

Everts' wife, Chizukuo, brought beer for us and then bustled back to something indescribably delicious she was cooking, followed by one of the three children, all of whom are beautiful. Everts watched the boy go, then opened his beer.

"You know, he had a birthday party just after the news came out," he said, "and none of the kids came except one or two. Their parents kept them home." (Everts has been charged with painting obscene works by the Los Angeles County Sheriff's department; his trial is scheduled for sometime this Fall). "That's what makes me mad. They think of me, you know, as the old neighborhood pornographer now. And I haven't even been tried yet."

Everts had exhibited about forty works at the Zora Gallery in Los Angeles this last June, of which thirteen were found obscene by members of the Sheriff's Department. "Actually," Everts smiled, "it was fourteen, including one huge painting. They said it was obscene also but it was too big to take down." This brought a snort from Evan Engber, the film maker, who had come with me to talk to Everts and who was having a wonderful time. The exchange of ideas excites Engber to the point that he must pace incessantly. He was pacing now.

"That's ridiculous," he shouted. "They left it up?"

"That's nothing," said Everts. "One of the things was called 'Scream of the Just' which shows an elongated head, see, and they decided that was obscene. I said why, and they said, well, like, it's oval."

"But then they're going to have to chop all the telephone poles down," bellowed Engber with delight. "Right," said Everts, "and brick up all the doorways."

After their initial visit to the gallery, members of Deputy District Attorney Clancy's new Obscenity Squad visited Everts at his studio. "They told me," Everts said, "that they would prevent me from creating any more obscenities. We'll pursue you wherever you go in California. Well, how can they do that except by, you know, harassment, search and seizure and all? I mean the community reaction is one thing, but the home is supposed to be a sanctuary. They've got all these listening devices and all, this creates a fear of speaking out and being supposedly different from the next person, but in your home you're supposed to be free, because if they can reach you there too, what is there to prevent insanity?"

I had long since dropped out of most of the conversation. Between the two of them, Everts and Engber were miles ahead of my pen. I made chicken scratches and tried not to fall too badly behind. Everts' free-associational tendency had me hopping from subject to subject.

"For example," he was going on, "you take a juryman, he may not himself think something's obscene, but he's concerned with his peer-group's reaction. He wonders what they'll say if they hear he likes filth, you know, and he starts hedging his bets. But that's a thing today, what with computer influence on votes trends and polls and all, people are afraid of expressing their opinions. They are more interested in being on the winning side."

We arose and went out the door and down a Japanese walk, bend-

ing under a tree branch which he had left there despite its being an obstacle. "Why not?" he said. "It's no problem ducking a little bit. We should have some sort of respect for things other than ourselves."

We went into the portion of his studio that has the graphics equipment. It was a jumble: presses, lithographic stones, inks, rollers, sketches, tubes, cloths; on the walls and stacked about were drawings, prints, suites. He indicated some prints of a suite called "Elements of Love." "I'm a thematic kind of person," he said. "The one I did before this, the suite, was an imprisonment series based on the Chessman case. You know Shaw's statement in the Revolutionary's Handbook, 'imprisonment is as irrevocable as the death sentence.'? Well, I had figures chained and bound and all, but then I got to thinking about the idea of mental or emotional imprisonment, by a job or the family -- people trapped in ways of behavior and not daring to get out. I mean it's the idea of choice that makes a man or an idea great, but choice is painful, it's a form of growth and growth is painful. The terror comes in the moment just before choosing, the moment in between. But on the other hand you can't just stay where you are, that's vegetation. Anyway, this didn't get in the suite, but it provoked more concrete thinking about imprisonment. And then I did this one, the elements of love, the dangers and all, the selfishness of love where you're demanding instead of giving. You receive nothing that way."

"Then the Kennedy thing happened."

He paused.

"I didn't respect him, you know."

He was too eager to compromise while at the same time he had this image of himself as an idealist, but he'd say, 'It's okay, I'll take less than that.' An idealist is supposed to be ready to die for what he believes in. Kennedy died, but not for that. Johnson, on the other hand, is no idealist. He sees we're at a point in history where this is going to happen, civil rights and all, and he figures, I can be ahead of it, push it along, or be behind, but it's going to happen: Why shouldn't I get the credit? He's been much more successful than Kennedy.

"But anyway, I thought at first he was just wounded, you know, and I thought maybe he'd learn something from it, he had four more years to do something important in; but when we heard he was dead ... I don't know, it started that whole circle: Oswald shoots Kennedy, Ruby shoots Oswald, the sovereign state of Texas claims Ruby's life -- I see no difference in the crime of taking any of these three lives, they're equal. Who makes the decision that this one's more important? Who would care to make that decision?"

"The crime is in the taking of life itself. I mean our whole dignity as humans is built on the fact that we have the breath of life in us. People get horrified when somebody kills someone and then chops him up in pieces and rams him down the garbage disposal unit, but that's not at crime, that's being tidy. The crime was the killing and it's horrible enough. After someone's dead, all that's left is meat, that's all, you can do anything you want with it. The life is what's important."

I went to open another beer. I think I was on my fourth and was feeling happy. I stopped to look at some of the prints: fine line drawings of figures overlapping one another, at times coexisting in the same space, partly transparent rib cages protruding, inextricably caught



in meshes of force that were twisting and propelling them into new and unexpected contortions and tortures, helpless figures that did not understand what was being done to them, heapings and thrustings of bones and flesh. In some the sexual organs were clearly defined. "Isn't it marvelous," Everts had said earlier, "some of these photographs of nudes in magazines, their legs are spread and there's just this blank space? Nothing there at all. And it's not a matter in looking at it so much of how I feel as how that person feels! Oh well, that's god's creatures for you, no imperfections, not even a little crack."

When I returned, Engber was in the midst of one of his favorite topics, the absolute unjustifiability of our presence in Viet Nam. "They've been under foreign rule for 24 years." He was pacing faster than ever. "They get the Japanese out and the French rule them, they get the French out and we take over, and now we're dropping napalm bombs and defoliating the rain forests, I mean how can you try to make a life for yourself under those conditions, suppose you were going to get married, how could you do that at all in Viet Nam right now or at any time in the last two decades? God in heaven."

"We don't think about that," rejoined Everts, waving his

arms. "The more impersonal we can keep it the better. Herman Kahn talks about only 40 per cent of the population dying in the first nuclear attack. McNamara talks about the raid on the port in Viet Nam, that we destroyed 25 P.T. boats and 10 per cent of their oil capacity, great, but where is there any mention of the human beings that died? Where is there any concern for them?"

"I sometimes think," he went on, "that most Americans generally would prefer to stop participating in the world. We would rather pretend that all the questions life poses are not posed at all. We'd like the rest of the world to disappear overnight, like Atlantis, leaving nothing for us to worry about except American problems."

"I sound like a pessimist," he said as we prepared to leave, unhappily forced to turn down his offer to sample whatever splendor Chizukuo was fixing up. "I'm not, though, really, I'm more of an abject optimist."

And then he made a startling admission.

"I'm a member of a dying race" he said. "If it weren't for the New York School, easel painting would be dead today. They brought the idea of aesthetics and all, that's good, but a lot of intellectual garbage came along with it. No, basically I'm dealing with a dead art form. I'm making a few last fetishes, you know, like the

guys over in Gabon or someplace, their religion is dying out, they say, Well, I'll make a few more masks.

"But, film, now," he said, "Film is the ultimate art form. Time is a factor you can weigh heavy with, create a sense of apprehension, set up a certain pace and then stop, arrest the spectator. O it's nice to create a world of one's own doing, with one's own hand, but I've often thought of filming many of my ideas."

"Why don't you, then?" Engber wondered, since he does.

"O, for film you need funds, equipment; to make a statement costs an extravagant amount of money." Engber nodded grimly. "Then too it's a marketplace thing, promotional. You end up as a performer rather than a creator. It's the difference between the private and public arts. For me, privacy is the most important thing. Plus being able to control it. You need personal freedom, you need to be able to control your own destiny. In film you can't do that."

"You can try," said Engber. Everts walked us to the car, talking about the hate letters

(Continued on Page Four)

(This is the second in a series of three articles. The first article, "The D.A. vs. Obscenity" appeared in the August 20 issue of the FREE PRESS).

letters to the editor



"MINUTEMEN"

August 17, 1964

The Editor
Los Angeles Free Press
8226 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood 46, California

Dear Sir:

The other morning while investigating a peculiar Red stench permeating the air in the vicinity of Westwood (the source of which turned out to be an avant garde writing class at UCLA), I chanced to glance into the gutter and saw floating by an evil eye staring out from a soiled piece of yellow paper entitled the "Los Angeles Free Press" - A New Weekly 10¢ (a typical Marxist contradictory technique which belies the title).

After donning a pair of gloves for sterilization, I plucked this objectionable sheet from its rightful place in our society and quickly glanced at its revolting contents. On page 2, I was startled to see the column entitled "The Wasp" by Lawrence Lipton. The first thought that entered my brain was that of a possible defection from the solid Minutemen ranks. "Operation Wasp" was the first successful Minutemen psychological operation against the Marxists. My anxiety was quickly put at ease, however, when fellow members informed me who and what Lawrence Lipton is and the elements he represents.

Reading this most unsavory column further (an unpleasant duty of Minutemen who must "Know Their Enemy") I came across NFN and the direct slur against the Minutemen regarding the use of a sewer system to alert its members. For Lawrence Lipton's information, the Minutemen in most major cities have complete sets of maps showing the storm drain system of their particular community. This system is important to Minutemen since it is a valuable avenue of approach and exit for carrying out liquidation missions should the Marxists ever take over our Democratic Republic, or nullify our Constitution, or do away with our national sovereignty. If this happens, Lawrence Lipton, of course, will be one of those liquidated.

First, of course, Mr. Lipton will be physically inculcated with the practical aspects of religion so he will see (figuratively speaking) the errors of his way and confess his sins. This will be done by the Minutemen Religious Squad. The Minutemen Religious Squad (MRS) will operate in the following manner in regards to Mr. Lipton:

- 1. Commence with the "Samson Treatment", first with the right eye (symbolizing righteousness) and then with the left eye (symbolizing the evils of leftism). At this point, Mr. Lipton will have something in common with Senator Goldwater. Whereas Senator Goldwater's glasses contain no lens before his eyes, Lawrence WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER

- 2 -

Lipton's glasses will have no eyes behind them.
2. Concurrently with building a cross of whitebacklash (cat-o-nine tails) which Mr. Lipton seeks to subvert, pervade, and apply to his back, the name of the State Educational Board will be changed to the State Educational since our informants tell us of the last eight).

3. Lipton then will be crowned with the evils of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains and labor camps.

4. A guided tour of the Fairfax district will be a cross he sought to destroy. This tour will be a point of religious indoctrination entered into.

5. First the right hand will be nailed to the left hand will be nailed (symbolizing the unity of opposites which Hegel believes the democratic process which the Marxists believe in).

6. The MRS will then administer the right leg (symbolizing righteousness) and the evils of leftism).

7. At this point, the Minutemen choir will stand above a mighty white cloth and joined, palm down) to bless the scene. This will be made known to atheistic Marxists who do not believe in a Jewish God (Yaweh, Jehovah, or in a Jewish Bible (plagiarized from the Bible and others), nor do we believe in an idol son of a Jewish God.

Please do not infer that we are anti-semitic. We like semites - especially Arabs, especially those who are anti-semitic.

Now, back to Lawrence Lipton's religious choir, Minutemen revengists will engage in a reading (out loud) of Lipton's column that Lipton is in the land of the living and the land of torture - but in Lipton's case this will be in Minutemen ears so that they will not be able to hear it.

After three days on the cross, we shall remove his putrid flesh, can it, and send one to Hawaii 96822 with the hope that Madalyn Olmstead will drop dead from the diseased beef. The Tel Aviv with hopes of feeding other war victims.

We hope that in the land of the dead Lipton will finally realize the evils of his actions and white hot fires, that Lipton kneels down and thanks to our all merciful God for all the eternal truth.

CONNOR EVERTS

(Continued from Page Three) he had received as a result of publicity over the case. "If any kind of pornography exists," he said, as we ducked again under the tree branch, "It's hatred. Hatred's the most poisonous thing there is."

Connor Everts is being charged, under Section 311 of the California Penal Code, with creating works that "openly outrage public decency," whose predominant appeal, taken as a whole, is to prurient interests, i.e. "shameful or morbid interests in nudity, sex, or excretion," and which are "utterly without redeeming social importance."

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the lens.
 ss, the MRS will justly administer 50
 ls variety) symbolizing the 50 States
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n a barbed wire crown - symbolizing the
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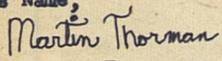
oir will ~~then~~ sing the Horst Wessel as God in
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 e. With close cropped mustache, God's truth
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itic. Nothing could be further from the truth.
 cially the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

s indoctrination. Following the singing by the
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 will be carried out (after placing earplugs
 become victim of such fiendish torture).

remove Lipton's body, cut off a few pounds of
 of the tins to 1060 Spencer Street, Honolulu,
 Murray and any stray Chihuahuas will immediately
 other tins of Lipton's bum beef will be sent to
 ndering dogs.

reserved for the Lawrence Lipton type) Lawrence
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In His Name,

 Martin Thorman
 Religious Officer
 Western States Region
 Minutemen

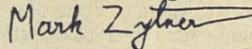
HEADQUARTERS
 ESTEBAN BANDERA BRIGADE
 WESTERN STATES REGION
 "MINUTEMEN"

21 August 1964

SUBJECT: Letter of Martin Thorman

TO: Los Angeles Free Press
 Attn: Conrade Averitt
 8226 Sunset Blvd.
 Hollywood 46, California

1. In reference to our telephone conversation of 181700Aug64 we wish to inform you that a thorough examination of Bandera Brigade membership lists maintained at unit level reveals no person listed as "Martin Thorman."
2. Our West Los Angeles unit, prior to its amalgamation into the Bandera Brigade, did have a religious fanatic with pro-Nazi tendencies as a member for several months. This person did not use the name of Thorman. He was later dropped from Minutemen rolls for failure to pay dues and failure to attend unit activities.
3. There is no "Religious Officer" in the Western States Region, Minutemen. The Bandera Brigade at one time contemplated having a Brigade chaplain but this idea was dropped as not being appropriate to an underground or guerrilla-type resistance organization.
4. Although it is remotely possible that Thorman could be an independent member, it is our belief that the disgusting letter attributed to the Minutemen is a forgery designed to discredit our organization. Rumours, whispering campaigns, slanted press coverage and other methods have been utilized against us. In all probability, a pro-Communist sadist authored the letter with hopes you would publish it thereby defaming our movement in a most vile manner.
5. We suggest that you burn "Thorman's" sick letter and eradicate its contents from your mind. Since our formation in June 1960, the Minutemen have been plagued by similar crackpot mail originating from the fringe element which harbors in the twilight zone of sanity. Please convey to Mr. Lipton the fact that the Minutemen have absolutely no plans to crucify him or anyone else.
6. The Bandera Brigade, Minutemen, wishes to thank the Los Angeles Free Press for its unprejudiced article on the launching of our radio series. With kindest regards -


 Mark Zytner
 Brigade Adjutant

S.F. MIME GROUP IN L.A.

by FRED HAINES

The children of radicalpoliticians often distinguish themselves in the arts; even though they hold similar social and political views, they seem unwilling or unable to take on the frustrations of the older generation. In these perilous times that idea has particular appeal.

Perhaps it helps to explain the appearance of a theatre group like the San Francisco Mime Troupe—only one of 60 or so theatrical companies in the Bay Area, but probably the only one dedicated to "engagement, commitment, and fresh air."

"Fresh air" in a more-than-metaphorical sense: the company's first performances were given free in various San Francisco parks and playgrounds. Any balmy Sunday afternoon last Winter an unwitting audience could be startled by the sudden appearance of a ragged, drum-banging nits in crushed hats, putty noses, and baggy trousers. The audience—kids, mothers, old people, bums, loungers, pigeon fanciers—would be called to draw near an impromptu stage, usually nothing but some sheets hung from the trees for a backdrop. They would then be assaulted by a barrage of outrageous, funny, bawdy, political, wild, thoughtful, nonsensical, flamboyant,

bizarre Commedia Dell'Arte. They may not have known Commedia from the Beverly Hillbillies, but they loved it and next week they came back for more.

The word got out, and critics started sneaking around to the parks to find out what sort of revolution was brewing. They all said it was outrageous, funny, bawdy, political, wild, and so forth. And they loved it and next week they came back for more.

The Mime Troupe is the creation of a thin, volatile young actor named R. G. Davis, an escapee from San Francisco's superb Actor's Workshop. Davis is associated with the San Francisco New School, an organization that hopes to build a radical community in the Bay Area through forums and courses on "Art in Society," "The Relevance of C. Wright Mills," "Community Organization in the Other America." Willing to put their theories to the test, the New School people have launched a block-by-block organizing drive in the Mission District. They hope to prevent proposed urban redevelopment—which, as usual, means moving the poor out of slums in a potential high rent district into slums in less desirable areas. (This is known as the "War on Poverty.")

In this scheme of things ue-

Mime Troupe plays an important part. Its goal, according to Davis,



R.G. DAVIS

is "to restore the humanity of human beings—with a blast!" The commitment is clear in the group's plays: "Ruzzante's Maneuvers" is anti-war, "Chorizo" takes on the civil rights problem. Any subject, any source is fair game. "The Root" is a Commedia adaption by Milton Page of Machiavelli's "Mandrake."

Why Commedia? Perhaps the freedom of the renaissance form is congenial to the motives of the troupe. Improvisation, a key ingredient of good Commedia Dell'Arte, permits both free plagia-

trism and instant topicality. After all, if Senator Goldwater insists on putting out the funniest material around, why not borrow some? The result is, in Nancy Scott's apt phrase, "a sort of hybrid Ben Johnson and Harpo Marx." Neither archaic nor avant-garde, the Mime Troupe threatens to become a truly popular theatre.

The Mime Troupe invades Los Angeles this weekend with seven performances at the Actor's Theatre, the Ice House in Pasadena, and El Cid. For another insight into the Troupe's aesthetic, see "Plastic Haircut," an experimental film by R. G. Davis, to be shown at Movies 'Round Midnight, Saturday at the Cinema Theatre.

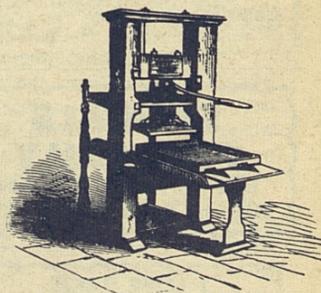
The Troupe's schedule:
 Actor's Theatre, 1089 N. Oxford, Hollywood—Friday at midnight; Saturday at 11 PM; Sunday at 11 PM; Tuesday, 8:30 PM.
 El Cid, 4212 Sunset Blvd.—Sunday at 2:30 PM.
 The Ice House, 24 N. Mentor, Pasadena—Monday at 8 and 10 PM.

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THE VILLAGE SQUARE

The column of lasting in-significance. 453

Olympia, Greece: August 16

The sacred flame will be relit in the centuries-old stadium here in a few days and runners will carry it away on the first leg of its long trip to Tokyo. Already the Japanese postage stamps and posters to commemorate their hosting of the 1964 Olympics have taken their place with other trophies in the museum up the hill and this little town (population 3754) is preparing for its share of world attention.

For Olympia it's an old story dating back 700 years before the Christian calendar. The ancient Greeks, and most of the civilized (i. e., Mediterranean) world, measured time by the periodic Olympiads and during the four years between each one Olympia itself was virtually a ghost town housing nobody but the people connected with the Majestic Temple of Zeus.

But for the midsummer week that the contests were staged Olympia really swung. One of the very first examples of truly international agreement was the truce that prevailed during this time. Representatives of hostile nations met, socialized, and shared a common purpose. The rule against belligerence was so strictly enforced that on at least one occasion the state of Sparta was heavily fined for allowing armed soldiers to pass through the region.

At first the religious content of the games was heavily stressed and branches of wild olive were regarded as being eminently satisfactory prizes, considering the prestige that accompanied them. But as the religious significance began to fade the games became more commercial: professionals were allowed to compete for valuable rewards and when the Romans entered the picture even the administration became corrupt. Nero, for example, inaugurated several new events—including guitar playing—in which, by no coincidence, he always happened to be declared the winner.

The games themselves, barred to women, possibly because the athletes competed completely nude, were banned around the fourth century A. D. because of their "pagan significance," and it was not until 1896 that a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, revived them.

Today Olympia is a forlornly beautiful spot, two or three streets of hotels and homes catering to the tourists who come to inspect the extensive ruins, gamble on the solitary slot machine (1 drachma) in a pastry shop on the main drag, sip Nescafe at the sidewalk cafes, and wander around the museum whose larger-than-life marble statues, smiling wistfully down, bring us quick-frozen glimpses of how one man felt for one fleeting instant 2300 years ago.

Two or three days ago I visited another historic spot—Delphi—whose influence on the world at about the same time was even greater. For at least 700 years the lives and fortunes of commoners, kings, and even countries hung on the words of an uneducated peasant girl, the Delphi Oracle. Of course, it's true that she was in a "holy trance" her words were "interpreted" by priests and these same priests were not only shrewd and knowledgeable, but had completely mastered the art of ambiguity.

But the whole Delphi crew were apparently little more than fortune tellers, with a few touches of Freud and Abigail Van Buren, and they were just as willing to dispense their advice to ordinary citizens as they were to royalty—providing the price was right. In the end it was the money-grabbing that finished them off: they couldn't resist placing more emphasis on the things people wanted to hear than what they believed to be more likely and their influence waned as the value of their advice lessened.

Pyyihus was told, "The Romans may be victorious"—not exactly encouraging news to a general about to embark on a war with them—but he chose to believe that "may" might mean "may not," and lost the battle. More famous was the advice given to King Croisos of Lydia in the sixth century B. C.: "If the king were to cross the River Halys he would destroy a great empire." King Croisos crossed—and destroyed his own empire in a battle with the Persians.

Every time one of the oracle's "predictions" appeared to come true the prestige of Delphi was enhanced and riches and praise poured in from pleased petitioners. Eventually the place was knee-deep in gold, statues, and other material goods, not to mention the influence wielded by the priests who ran it.

To strengthen their power and to eliminate the sceptics, Delphi originated a technique that has served religion well ever since, the accusation that doubters were sacrilegious. In Delphi they were tried by the very priests whose authority they questioned, found guilty, and thrown bodily from a high rock adjoining the temple. Aesop, author of the fables, is said to have died in this way—one of a long line of writers who have been killed by religious fanatics for daring to suggest that a religion might have alternatives.

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jazz log

RALPH PENA, bassist

by SAFFORD CHAMBERLAIN

Ralph Pena is a damn good bass player. He is also one of those heretical souls who believe that jazz is a music, not a way of life. He thinks he can be good to his wife and kids, talk English, feed the cat, eat and sleep regular, live west of the Mississippi and still play jazz. He's reasonably comfortable with his own natural unimproved nervous system, and he would no more let his emotions run wild than he would let his kids run the streets, though they run free as urchins in his own backyard.

He likes that backyard. He teaches, rehearses, and writes music in it, in the garage. The garage is a little like a cabin in the clearing. The door is usually open, and there is a sense of space and out-of-doors. But it is space settled and domesticated. It is overrun by children, not wild animals. It is bounded, by vinegrown fences.

It is also private. The electronic intercom system by which Pena communicates from the garage to the house symbolizes more than his respect for intelligent order in the conduct of life. There is also a certain formalization of whatever passes from the inner self to another, from the workshop in the backyard clearing to anyone, even his wife thirty yards away.

His music, the compositions and arrangements he has turned out over the last five years for his nine-piece band, is consistent with the backyard scene. There is a serene orderliness in it, a self-discipline that dispenses with fads and conventions, either of rebellion or conformity. There is plenty of room for spontaneity and improvisation (for the kids to run in) but no room for hysteria. The voicings are spare, the linear movement contemplative and uncluttered. Even at up-tempo there is an absence of purely nervous tension.

Howard Rumsey, resident bassist at the Lighthouse, calls Pena's conception "Western sonority." That, he says, means "land of manana, backyard barbeques in every housing tract, beautiful scenery, mild climate, lots of space." He claims Pena's music has that feel because he's a native Westerner.

It might be nice if life out West were really as Rumsey describes it. Or if that were all there was to it. For what it's worth, Pena is from the West, born of Mexican parents in a lost hamlet named Jarvidge, Nevada, where there really is plenty of space. And after that at age 14 he moved to Grass Valley, a Forty-Niner town in the Sierras. His first acquaintance with city life was as a student at San Francisco State College.

Pena himself thinks of his band as regional in a different sense. Like many Los Angeles jazz players, he feels the influential Eastern critics have rendered a great disservice to West Coast jazz in concentrating on musicians who base themselves, whatever their origins, in New York. The critics, he says, are dependent on records for their exposure to West Coast jazz; yet it is largely their critical pronouncements which determine the kind of music the few West Coast companies will record. Pena feels that he and others here deserve better than that, and he wants his band to represent the best that is being done here.

The band's book contains very few pieces not composed by either Pena or other L.A. musicians. There are Nardis (Miles

Davis), Friday the Thirteenth (Thelonius Monk), High Fly (Randy Weston), and two Bronislau Kaper tunes, While My Lady Sleeps and On Green Dolphin Street.

Los Angeles players who have contributed to the book include pianists Hampton Hawes, Joe Albany, and Frank Strazzeri, ex-Shearing vibraphonist Doug Marsh, bassist Leon Cardenas, and Joe Emley, who arranged the Weston tune.

Most of the work is Pena's. He began writing about 1959 when, as he says, he found himself with nothing to do after finishing work at the club. Since he was working then as half of a duo with a series of pianists—Hampton Hawes, Carl Perkins, and finally Pete Jolly—he wrote a few piano-bass things. He also began to dream of enlarging the duo, of building around it a band that would enhance and amplify it—and incidentally supply a more rewarding outlet for his compositional urge.

The music that started then to emerge from Pena's garage in the small hours of the morning had a striking piano-bass coloration. So pervasive, in a natural and un-showboat way, is the bass that Howard Rumsey declares that Pena, as a jazz composer, "says more about the bass, with the bass, and for the bass" than anyone else. Particularly memorable among the many pieces centering around the piano is Pena's lovely Song for Carl, an elegy for Carl Perkins.

The band currently consists of Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Joe Bumet, flugelhorn; Gabe Baltazar, alto sax and flute; Bob Hardaway, tenor sax; Gil Olvera, trombone; Tommy Johnson, tuba; Nick Ciroti, drums; Mike Wofford, piano; and Pena.

The talents of the soloists cover a remarkable range of sound and conception. Wofford and Baltazar are younger players of great scope and maturity (Baltazar is fresh from a tour with Stan Kenton); Bumet gets a very lovely introspective sound from the flugel horn that is beautifully complemented by Bryant's brassy flamboyance and Hardaway's forceful tenor.

Gigs for the band have been hard to come by. Since the band's public debut in June of last year they have worked eight after-hours weekends at Pena's own expense, five regular-hours weekends in clubs, four Sundays (including this coming Sunday afternoon at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach), and one Friday night.

These few gigs are instructive lessons in both individual enterprise (sometimes conspicuously lacking in the jazz world) and the economics of the music business. Pena and three friends who were interested enough in the band to advance \$300 apiece in the band in outright patronage, with no guarantee of repayment, financed promotion, band wages, and rental for the initial after-hours concerts at two Hollywood little theaters.

According to Pena, when Shelly Manne heard the band he said he wanted to hire it for the Manne Hole but didn't know how he could fit nine guys on the bandstand. The next day Pena built an extension for the bandstand and took it in to Shelly's.

Pena's kind of music is not fashionable in modern jazz circles. Perhaps this is because jazz, ever since the early forties and the beginnings of bebop, has been a music of alienation and rebellion, a music which

In his excellent review of "The Carpetbaggers" last week, Ron Vermette pointed out that "in its first week alone at Grauman's Chinese, 28,000 people crammed into to see what a 'swingin' hood' Jonas (Jonas Cord Jr., the Howard Hughes figure of book and film) is." This is nearly as much a national phenomenon as the Beatles and in some ways more revealing.

Recent films have tended to present the contemporary male as one of two quite opposed things: either as an existential weakling ("Dolce Vita," "L'Avventura", etc.) or as a conscienceless psychopath, out for his own pleasure and to get his way in the world, no matter who he may step on in the process ("Hud," "The Carpetbaggers"). The public, afraid it is the former and wishing it were the latter, throngs to both. Or has thronged. Recently, having been pretty well convinced in its own secret heart, that, like Charlie Brown, it really is wishy-washy, the public has been turning in droves away from representation of what is and toward representations of what it would like itself to be. I find the prospect horrible. As kids they would like to be combinations of Hayley Mills and Brandon De Wilde, pass through a metamorphosis where, boys and girls alike, they resemble Paul McCartney, and end, through a logical extension, like Paul Newman and George Peppard, cold, crafty sons of bitches. However, remembering that once they possessed a beautiful purity, they will return to it in middle age, looking approximately like Barry Goldwater and end in utter saintlike goodness like George Murphy and Melvyn Douglas. And the marvelous part is, it's utterly Christian, all the way.

It was, interestingly enough, the liberal element in Hollywood that was behind the making of "Hud." They really thought, bless them, as they no doubt thought about Jonas Cord, that they were presenting a bad guy.

Indeed was an affirmation but which, in its worship of the Junky Hero, carried a death-wish with it as well. Pena feels he does not have to worship the Junky Hero to play jazz. He has even agitated for a musician's union that would concern itself with "improving the image" of musicians. The relatively high percentage of dope addiction among doctors, he would argue, has not prevented them from having the respect of the community.

Pena wants to integrate with society, not hammer home his alienation. His music expresses this desire. At the same time it is strongly individual and committed to jazz, that is, to swing and spontaneity. It is in swing that Pena finds, he says, the guiding principle of his life. He explains it as a flow, a stream you get into in jazz, a force to which the individual is "subservient, and happily so."

"You are there," he says, "you are standing up to be counted, and strangely enough everything you do is right. But it's not your ego directing you, it's something above it. I experience this feeling of rightness now in my everyday affairs. Relative to my own situation, my own limited capabilities, I am going in a direction basically right for me."

He will talk then about the universality of swing, and of an old man he saw once in Tokyo dancing on a street corner.

TOUGH MOTHER

by NORMAN HARTWEG

The problem was, they had to absolutely falsify the characters, events and environment in order to do this since, if given truthfully, their portrait would look too much like themselves, or, more precisely, would reveal more about themselves than they care to reveal at this juncture. Thus, every girl in "The Carpetbaggers" is either an actual or potential whore, as is in essence the girl in "Hud"; the kids and old people are sweet, decent, well-scrubbed imbeciles; and in both, the message they pretend to be sending, which is "You see what breed of loathsome monster we're putting out these days?" is undercut and annihilated by the actual message singing out of every frame: Get it while you can, kid, and look out for Number One." This is, of course, the moral code of the film makers themselves, which could hardly help but permeate the films, making the obligatory accusations by the Good (which, subliminally, is spelt "i-n-s-i-p-i-d") sound like the carping whines of the Outs toward the Ins. The audience came to watch a really tough mother at work, and the national press, of course, remarked on the integrity of the film-makers' attack on that really tough mother.

I wouldn't be in the least surprised if some such reaction might not be found to John Frankenheimer's "Seven Days in May," which, although it is about the attempted military takeover of the U.S. government by the Walker-like Joint Chiefs (headed by grim-jawed, steely-eyed Burt Lancaster) nonetheless manages to suggest that it would have been better for all concerned had the takeover succeeded. This is done in the same way as in the previous films: there's a lot of talk about near-fascist generals, but what we see is an inhumanly efficient secret military machine, machine-gun-like denunciations of the Communist conspiracy and the (fictional) disarmament treaty with the Russians that President Fredric March has organized, which commands the support of only 25% of the American people, demonstrations of efficiency, capability, strength, and unity of purpose for the good and safety of the nation; opposed to them are a President with frightened eyes and a facial tic, a sot Senator (Edmund O'Brien), a loose lady (Ava Gardner) and a chicken colonel who turns informer against his superior officer (Kirk Douglas), plus other unsavory types. All the combined resources of this distasteful group are insufficient to prevent the takeover -- chance has to intervene, in the form of a supposedly lost document being found by accident in a cigaret case, in much such a way as, in Well's "War of the Worlds," human endeavor is absurdly incapable of dealing with the Martians and it is, at last, our little friends, the bacteria, that save us. This says little for Constitutional or Federal resource, especially when most of the nation is agin it. And, in addition, the President has a chance to use Ava

Gardner's letters as blackmail against Lancaster but chickens out at the last moment through some unsuspected remnant of the humanist revulsion against stopping evil by unethical means. Hud wouldn't have chickened out, though, nor would Jonas Cord, and we know it and sneer. The obligatory attack by the Good in this instance is made largely by March who is trembling and sweating while he does it. And, after all, wasn't Lancaster right? Wouldn't disarmament be an open invitation to the Commies to take over? Of course, it would. Our government tells us so every day, and is, indeed, acting on that principle in Viet Nam this very moment, napalming the villagers and defoliating the rain forests in the name of freedom. So who's right? March or Lancaster? You guess.

And while guessing, keep this in mind; Paul Krassner reports in the current issue of The Realist that he attended a meeting of the John Birch Society at which the Communist plot to fluoridate our water and weaken our reflexes was being discussed. On pointing out that this was the reaction of General Jack D. Ripper in Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove" and asking what they thought about it, he was given this reply: "Yeah, well, I don't know who wrote that movie but I bet he's one of us."

There is a desperate passion in the United States to be certain, to have clear-cut answers to clear-cut questions, to act with decision and authority, to be wise, and, in keeping with the national ethic, to apply that wisdom to the acquisition of material goods, which is what, after all, wisdom is for. The fragmentation and complexity of contemporary life, as has so often been pointed out, is deleterious to these aims, and makes, at the very least, for uncertainty and confusion. Again, in keeping with the national myth, this can not possibly be our fault, because we are Right and it says so on our pennies. God is with us. It has to be due, therefore, to evil influences without, and subversive or weakminded ones inside, because any other answer would involve too great a degree of self-examination to be rationally permissible. And with such an array of forces massed against our supremacy as nation number one, a state of emergency is proclaimed in the national superego, during which, as in any war, certain traditional safeguards have to be abandoned, and certain traditional methods of behavior junked. Extremism in defense of liberty is, as we know, no vice, nor moderation in pursuit of justice a virtue. This is not only Goldwater's view, it is that of General Burt. And should it not follow logically that ethical extremism in defense of one's profit be no vice either, since freedom is currently defined as the freedom to get as rich as you can?

Hud gets to keep his ranch and prosper, at the loss of certain friends whom, certainly, I for one would also be glad to get rid of; Jonas

(Continued to Page 8)

what's on around town

THURSDAY (August 27)

CONCERT. L.A. Phil. Orch., Andre Vandrenoot conducting; Lili Chokasian, contralto. Music of Barber, Mahler, Beethoven. Hollywood Bowl. 8:30.

FILM. "Silent Spring," CBS TV production based on Rachel Carson's book. At Ocena Park Branch Library. 7:30 PM.

LECTURE. "Transactional Analysis in Treating the Emotionally Disturbed," by Dr. John Haer, at Gibraltar Savings Bank, 9100 Wilshire Blvd., BH. 8 PM.

POLITICAL TALKS. "Does the Multi-Lateral Force Enhance the Prospects for Peace and Security in the World?" and "National SANE's Attitude toward Two Issues—Sen. Goldwater's Candidacy and the Vietnam Crisis," by Mrs. Gail Eaby and Donald Keys, Westdale Savings and Loan Aud. 2920 Sepulveda Blvd. 8:15 PM.

FILM. Les Goldman's "The Hangman" plus Eyvind Earle western art film. Valley Peace Center/Social Action Center, 14837 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys. 8 PM. 987-1037. 75¢

FRIDAY (August 28)

SAN DIEGO BALLET. Redlands Bowl, Redlands, 8:15. "Les Sylphides," "Symphonie Classique," "Walpurgis Night." (Free)

"THE AMEN CORNER." play by James Baldwin, Coront Theatre, 366 N. La Cienega Benefit for Mississippi freedom Workers. OL 2-7460.

DISCUSSION. Community Discussion Project. KPFK. "An American Atheist"—Mrs. Madalyn Murray talks with Tom Ritt, L.A. Catholic Layman leader, about church and state separation. Phone NO 2-149 for addresses. 7:45 PM.

SEA SYMPHONY. Folk-singers Marais and Miranda, will be pre-

sented by Santa Monica's admission free Symphonies-By-The-Sea at 8:30 PM, in the Greek Theatre on the campus of Santa Monica High School, 601 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica.

SATURDAY (August 29)

TALK. A socialist's analysis of the Democratic Party convention: Dr. Alex Garber, 837 Parkview, 8:30 PM.

PARTY. "East Indian Gala." Food, dancing, costumes if desired. At 840 Coronado Terrace, \$1.50 at door. \$1.50 for food. Proceeds to First Unitarian Church. 6 PM.

CONCERT. COTA, "World Tour of Music," Brand Park (across from San Fernando Mission) in northern section of San Fernando Valley. See Aug. 28. 8 PM.

TALK. Anderson Research Center. "Mind Over Matter" by Jack Schwarz. 437 N. Kenmore. 8 PM.

SUNDAY (August 30)

CONCERT. COTA, "World Tour of Music," Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., 4:30 M. Hollywood Blvd., 4:30 P.M. See Aug. 28.

COCKTAIL CONCERT. The residence of Mrs. Arlene Farwell. 11350 Nina Place, Culver City. Professional jazz combo. Cocktails, Dancing. 8 to 12 PM. For Vote No on 14. \$2.

PSYCHODRAMA PARTY. Anderson Research Center. "Psychodrama Demonstration Party." 437 N. Kenmore. 8 PM. \$1.

FORUM. People's Forum of Santa Monica presents book reviewer. Mrs. Ann Goldfarb, on "The Story of Norman Bethune." Josslyn Hall at Wilshire and 7th. 10 AM. EX 9 6256.

CHAMBER MUSIC. L.A. County Auditorium. The Steiner Ensemble playing Hindemith, Mozart,

and Milhaud. 3 PM. (Free)

ART EXHIBIT. Art in memorial—fifty masterful paintings by the late Mary Gerstein Thomas at the Long Beach Jewish Community Center, corner of Willow and Grand Grand Ave. 8 PM. Refreshments. (Free)

MONDAY (August 31)

LOMAX. "The Negro Revolt—spur to Your Conscience," lecture by Louis Lomax sponsored by Catholic Human Relations Council, at Hollywood High School Auditorium, 1521 N. Highland Ave., 8:30 PM. Part of proceeds to "No on 14" \$1.50; students 75¢; reserved seats \$5. 783-8414.

SUNDAY (September 6)

ALBERT ELLIS. "SEX, Psychotherapy, and Sanity," talk by Dr. Albert Ellis at Beverly High School Auditorium, 241 S. Moreno Dr. \$2 at door. \$1.50 by mail from Institute for Rational Living, 450 N. Bedford Drive, B.H. 8 PM.

CHAMBER MUSIC. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, at home of Dr. Sanford Brotman in Northridge. \$2.50. 8 PM. Proceeds to No 14. DI 2-2365.

POLITICAL SATIRE. "The Establishment" with original British cast, at Lindy Opera House, 7:40. PM. 344-7231. Sponsored by The Action Group Against Prop. 14.

FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Second annual festival at Apple Hous Gallery (see Calendar Locations). Potential participants invited to contact Kyle Melton, 1382 Phillips Circle,

CONTINUING EVENTS

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).

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

ART EXHIBIT. The L.A. Art

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, Barnsdall 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.

Fendell Nature Museum, 5375 Red Oak Drive, Los Angeles.

Association. "The Magic Line," exhibit of drawings and prints by Southern Calif. artist ranging from contemporary traditional to the avant garde. 825 N. La Cienega. Thru Aug. 27.

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 City Bank, Grand & Wilshire. Month of August.

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

ART EXHIBIT. Shirley Bruck's oil paintings, sculptures, woodcuts and collages. University of Judaism Art Gallery, 6525 Sunset. Aug. 23 thru Sept. 19. (Free)

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.

POLICE, FIRE, & CIVIL DEFENCE COMMITTEE OF THE CITY COUNCIL, every 2nd & 4th Wed. at 2 PM in Rm 118, City Hall.

SEPTEMBER 23. 4th public hearing on "Hostility between Policeman and Citizens;" joint meeting of "Public Health & Welfare," and "Police, Fire & Civil Defence," 2 PM, Rm 140 (City Council Chamber) Spring St. Level, City Hall.

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.

ORGY. Every Wednesday, two to nine p.m., Fourth Estate, Rm. 3, 8226 Sunset Blvd.

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TOUGH MOTHER (Continued from Page 7)

Cord owns and controls an empire, one crucially linked with the national defense since he makes the best bombers in the world; General Burt loses, but by a fluke; and though the momentary threat is gone the cause of the threat remains not only untouched but virtually uncriticized, except as previously noted; and Barry Goldwater is the Republican candidate for President of the United States.

But then, if contemplation of this interconnected state of affairs begins to prematurely grey the hair, one can always relax and get one's mind off it by, for example, listening to the Beatles. Why not? They're good clean kids, aren't they? Willing to admit they can't sing, right? And, most important, they're cleaning up. We'll show the world, by god, what our standards are.

ADVERTISEMENT

CORE CALENDAR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
L.A. CORE COMMITTEE & GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETINGS FOR SEPTEMBER 1964. All meetings are at 8 P.M. in the CORE office unless otherwise noted.			Employment Committee; Speakers Bureau 1010 W. 21 St. Education Comm.	General Membership Meeting 4016 S. Central		
Student CORE 3 P.M. Orientation I	Membership Committee	Community Relations Committee 1010 W. 21 St. Housing & Legislative Action	Action Committee Speakers Bureau 1010 W. 21 St. Education Comm.	Executive Committee		
Student CORE 3 P.M.	Finance Comm.	Orientation 1	Employment Comm. Speakers Bureau 1010 W. 21 St. Education Comm.	General Membership Meeting 4016 S. Central		
Student CORE 3 P.M.		Community Relations Committee 1010 W. 21 St. Housing & Legislative Action	Action Comm. Speakers Bureau 1010 W. 21 St. Education Comm.	Executive Committee	Orientation 1	
Student CORE 3 P.M.	Membership Comm. Finance Comm.		Speakers Bureau 1010 W. 21 St. Education Comm.			