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BEATNIKS, FOGIES & WOMEN IN CHAPALA.

TUTORS IN AVALON NEIGHBORHOOD.

SHIRLEY CLARKE COOLER THAN BALDWIN?

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS ABOUT CORE.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS—SEE PAGE 8

A NEW WEEKLY 10¢

VOL. 1, No. 7

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1964

10¢
 (15¢ outside of Los Angeles)

PERSHING SQUARE IS DEFOLIATED

CITY SAYS 'GET OUT' TO ECCENTRICS, PENSIONERS, NON-CONFORMISTS



NO MORE BENCHES IN THE SQUARE TO SIT ON



RIDGELEY CUMMINGS

Pershing Square last week looked like Sen. Goldwater had been turned loose in it. In other words it was defoliated.

Also it was debenched, bulldozed, torn-up and in process of being changed from a pleasant tropical garden-like oasis in the center of the city to a routine concrete park that could be duplicated anywhere.

Cost of the remodeling designed to inconvenience the pensioners and reduce the free speech aspects of the square is \$147,400. This money goes to Moulder Brothers, contractors who were low bidders on the job.

The city park commission, which voted 4 to 1 for the remodeling, with Mrs. Harold C. Morton opposed, revealed last week where the \$147,400 will come from.

The commission has arranged to get eight years advance rent at \$24,000 a year, plus using \$49,754 which the Pershing Square Garage operators put on deposit when the garage was built 12 or so years ago.

Total is \$192,000 which the park commission expects to get from the operators of the underground garage. The commission needs city council approval for the deal and the PR man for the park department put out a press release explaining in part how this comes about, as follows:

"The operators of Pershing Square garage deposited the \$49,754 with the department at the time the lease went into effect, with the understanding that rental fees of \$24,000 a year would not begin until the 11th year of operation."

The 11th year came last November. I've written at length elsewhere about this garage lease and don't remember the details now but do remember that when I analyzed it I called it one of the worst deals the city ever entered into. Reason was that it was a NET profit deal and there hasn't been any net profit. Prudent men usually avoid net profit deals, particularly when they own something as important as a central city park, and arrange to get a percentage of the GROSS profits. This renders them immune from loss if the operators have heavy expenses due to high salaries or other causes... The editors of the L. A.

FREE PRESS have asked me for a history of the Pershing Square controversy. They came to a good source for I have been in on it from the beginning. I write for a number of weekly neighborhood newspapers, sometimes called shoppers although they have long since graduated from that classification and are real newspapers.

The editors and publishers of these papers have backed me strongly in criticism of remodeling Pershing Square. To reconstruct the history, I propose to go to my files and quote from the carbons of stories I have written about this attack on the old folks, the unemployed, the free speakers and others including homosexuals who have made the square their headquarters in the past.

Earliest carbon I can find is dated Aug. 1, 1963. It began: "No benches for Pershing Square is the current plan for redesigning the downtown park now a resting place for hundreds of pensioners and the unemployed."

"The preliminary design plan was approved by the city recreation and park commission last week. Daily downtown newspapers already have printed garbled and incomplete reports of the plans... The park has been designed 'to discourage assembly'." "I think you can fairly say that is a design premise," John Ward, park dept. executive, told this reporter when asked if the design was not drawn to ease out the soap-boxers and itinerant philosophers who hold forth there."

On Aug. 30, '63, I wrote a column about PS and quoted a letter from one P. J. Worthington, who disagreed with me, as follows: "We are almost in tears over you having to give up your home among the crackpots, thieves, c o m m y s, dope peddlers, loafers and in fact the dregs of town at Pershing Square." etc, etc.

On Sept. 11, '63 my park story started: "City Councilman Gil Lindsay yesterday struck an eloquent blow for the little people who use Pershing Square and who are threatened by park commission plans to revamp the downtown park by eliminating benches.

"Lindsay was critical of Mayor Sam Yorty and his park commissioners who okayed the tentative plan to redesign the park by reducing walkways, uprooting tall trees and eliminating curbs where oldsters sit

"The city council unanimously supported Lindsay's motion which asked the council to request the park commission to reconsider the expenditure of \$100,000 for making 'improvements' in Pershing Square."

Followed three pages, mostly direct quotes of Lindsay's defense of poor folks right to assemble peacefully. But the Lindsay motion was only advisory and did not control park commission action.

On Sept. 12: "Habitués of Pershing Square, who usually confine their oratory in an intramural fashion to each other and to passersby who stroll through the downtown park, had a big day last week. They were heard loud and long at city hall.

"The pensioners, the unemployed, the eccentrics, the holders of unorthodox opinions and those who self-styled themselves as 'undesirables' banded together under the leadership of Edmund Gray, former city council candidate, to march on the city park commission to protest plans to redesign the park."

Followed a detailed 1,000 word account of the protest march led by Ed Gray, John Loyd and Earl Craig. The day of the march the L. A. Times had charged editorially that the square was a gathering place for criminals and homosexuals. I reported this and also the reaction of the marchers, who gathered in front of the Times Building to shout: "We're not criminals. We're not homosexuals. There are more homos in Beverly Hills than in Pershing Square." But some of my editors deleted these grafts so I repeat them here.

In addition to Gray, Loyd and Craig, other speakers whom I quoted included 'Diablo' Butler, a bearded gentleman with "666", which he said was the "mark of the beast", painted on his forehead, ACLU attorney Al Wirin, Analisa Pintsch and a woman who introduced

(Continued on Page Two)

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LAWRENCE LIPTON'S COLUMN

THE WASP

In Memoriam: Ambrose Bierce

1842-1914

DIZZY GILLESPIE for President. Having tossed his horn in the ring, Dizzie announces that if elected he will abolish the income tax and legalize the numbers game. He plans to change the name of the White House and install Malcolm X as Attorney General. Candidate Gillespie does not promise to go to Vietnam (as Eisenhower promised to go to Korea) but he does promise to send Goldwater to Vietnam "to fight the war--alone."

Inside dopesters have it that Dizzy's shadow cabinet includes Louis Armstrong as Secretary of Agriculture, "he being from the South he'd know best how to conserve the soil." Dizzy explains that there will be no secretaries; there will be ministers. For his Minister of Foreign Affairs (that is, State) will be Duke Ellington, "because of his suave manner and the way that he can make people feel so good." Lawrence Welk is his choice for head of the Federal Communications Commission. Jazz is good training for government, he says, because in jazz, as in government, you have to improvise all the time. "We don't want to go back to the horse and buggy days, we have to stay in the space age, and jazz moves forward all the time." He would appoint jazz ambassadors who have had State Department touring experience.

Since it was another columnist, jazz columnist Ralph Gleason, who proposed Dizzy's candidacy your Wasp columnist is encouraged to propose his own presidential slate. How about Godfrey Cambridge, the actor, for President. And since I am an integrationist from way back, I propose Jayne Mansfield as his running mate. Not only would she add a needed touch of pulchritude to the ticket but she would bring sex back into the White House. Any suggestions for cabinet picks?

WHAT IS GOLDWATER REALLY LIKE? Now it comes out, in a "New York Review of Books" article by I. F. Stone, that the Great Stuffed Shirt of Arizona is pretty solidly stuffed with ghost writers. Goldwater has named L. Brent Bozell as his "guiding hand" in writing "The Conscience of a Conservative." Bozell, Stone tells us, "was co-author with William F. Buckley, Jr., of 'McCarthy and His Enemies,' the leading defense of the late Inquisitor. Bozell is the right wing of Buckley's right-wing weekly, 'National Review,'...His enthusiasm for Franco Spain and his predilection for holy war and statism may have proven a little gamey even for the tastes of Buckley's 'conservatives.'"

In his book, "Why Not Victory?" Goldwater gives credit for help to a long list of guiding hands, including Buckley, Russell Kirk and Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer of the University of Notre Dame. It will be recalled that Bill Miller, Barry's running mate, calls himself a Notre Dame Catholic not (like JFK) a Harvard Catholic. Notre Dame's Niemeyer, Stone remarks "fights the cold war as if he were reliving the bitterest controversies of medieval theology...It is hard to believe that Goldwater could follow Dr. Niemeyer's intricate polemics more than fifteen minutes without propping up his eyelids. But he writes that this dogged casuist's 'views on the Communist War have proved an invaluable help in my research...These are but a few of those who provided me with the crutches I so badly need.'"

Among other crutches used by this modestly self-styled intellec-

tual cripple is Karl Hess, "Author of those phrases in the Goldwater acceptance speech which defended extremism, a subject on which Hess can claim to be an expert, after long association as editor and organizer with extremist publications and movements including 'Counter Attack,' which compiled the blacklist of suspected Leftists in the entertainment industry; the 'American Mercury', during its degenerate latter years under Russell Maguire; and the liaison committee for anti-Communist groups set up by the evangelist, Billy James Hargis in 1963. It's nice to know," Stone remarks waspishly, "that Goldwater would bring to the White House experience in mobilizing such expertise."

THE GOLD BEHIND GOLDWATER. According to the 'National Observer,' the Goldwater candidacy is "smoking out new money... the days of Eastern dominance in Republican finance are over, this time anyway...Regionally, most of the money has come from the South (Roger Milliken, multimillionaire president of Deering Milliken, Inc. an early and heavy contributor); Texas (Douglas Sharp, of Houston, former Secretary of the Air Force, Richard J. Kleberg, Jr., of King Ranch, Peter O'Donnell, the Dallas investment broker, J. D. Stetson Coleman of the Los Angeles Angels and the Rams, whose wife is owner of Fannie May Candy Shops, Inc.); and Southern California (the familiar 'fat cats' of the Right: Henry Salvatori, of Western Geophysical Co., Pat Frawley of Eversharp-Technicolor, Walter Knott of Knott's Berry Farm, and others."

Midwest names on the solid gold roster of Goldwater backers are George Humphrey, Arthur Summerfield, R. Douglas Stuart of Chicago (Quaker Oats), Loren Berry, of Dayton, Wayne Hood and the Maytag people...The "Nation" of Aug. 24 carries more of same under the editorial title "Goldwater Diggins."

Looking at this list of blue chip patriots and the Republican platform which reflects their social-political views, I am moved to apply to them the words Walter Reuther used about General Motors: Never have so few with so much offered so little to so many.

THE NET WORTH. Following the inspiring example of the Presidential candidates, my friend Singapore Jack, Ocean Front beachnik and soldier of fortune who is a pocket of poverty all by himself, has authorized me to make public his new worth: Four keys to the last four rented rooms he's been locked out of; one Alf Landon campaign button, one unpaid traffic ticket dated April 7, 1937 that the Omaha police have given up on, (he's been saving it to prove he once owned a car); three souvenir buttons from the days before zippers; one 1929 dollar currently worth 25 cents which he is prudently holding as an investment, waiting for the return to the gold standard; and one paper shopping bag of unpredictable but speculative value.



PERSHING SQUARE

(continued from page one)

herself as "Mary the Stool-Pigeon Johnson," and who was proud of having reported various law-breakers in the park to the police.

Next PS story was dated Sept. 13 and was a discussion of how 11 uniformed police officers and three plain clothes officers monitored the protest march on city hall. I got the figures from Inspector Ed Walker after marchers assured me there were 40 officers ready to run them in. Walker said the police were there "to protect not only the public but the marchers themselves."

My next PS story was Sept. 17 and updated the status after the protest march, with Lindsay, whose 9th council district includes the square, asking the commission for ample notice before any final action was taken. In this I found space to write up previous notes of speeches of park users to the park commission, including one from Diablo Butler, as follows:

"I am an undesirable and a crackpot speaking for the one per cent undesirables who frequent the park. I myself am a missionary of Satan. We undesirables have rights of free speech and freedom of assemblage. A crackpot is somebody with ideas different from yours."

On Sep. 25 I wrote a lengthy story based on a Yorty press conference at which I needed him about Pershing Square. Yorty took full responsibility, saying: "I approved all these plans before I left for Germany."

"The Mayor was asked if this meant that he approved removing the benches from PS, narrowing the walkways and uprooting the tall trees and turning the downtown park into 'a flower-bed and walk-through square.' He replied that this was correct and then attacked the park habitues for 'embarrassing women.' He said:

"Women can not walk through the park they own without being insulted."

I pointed out that a number of women took part in the protest march on city hall but that didn't make much impression.

On Oct. 9 I interviewed Capt. R. B. Gaunt, commander of the central division of LAPD, about the incidence of crime in PS. He said there was an average of four felony arrests there a month, two of them on out-of-state warrants; an average of 72 arrests a month for drunk; and of 120 persons interrogated by police officers in PS each month, about 50 per cent have felony records.

Vice squad arrests amounted to five in 1962 and five in 1963 up to that date in October for "Lewd Vag," homosexual activity. After giving the statistics I had the following paragraph: "On the brighter side, Capt. Gaunt said he knew of no case of child molestation in PS and did not recall any case of an assault on a woman."

On the four felony arrests per month, the police captain said "felonies are not necessarily committed in the park" but that the felony arrests often resulted from an officer recognizing a suspect by his description.

On Oct. 15 I reported that: "In PS last week the habitues were watching as men with instruments, apparently surveyors, performed mysterious antics in the downtown park opposite the Biltmore Hotel."

In the same column I reported the adverse reaction to my crime statistic story of the previous week, as follows:

"My critics said I buried the fact that there were no records of assaults on women or children in the park. They said if LAPD set up a roadblock at Hollywood and Vine or Pico and Figueroa they would be able to make an equal or greater number of arrests of drunks and persons wanted on felony warrants. Of course I had the perfect rebuttal. That

is the fact that as a reporter it is my job to report the facts whether they are pleasant or not and whether or not they happen to coincide with my particular biases and prejudices..."

On Oct. 16 I reported that Sam Lynch, a free lance writer, had discovered that PS was set aside in 1866 as a public square. I backtracked on Lynch's trail in the public records and read the ordinance in the handwritten minutes of the city council for Dec. 11, 1866 in an old leather-bound book in the city clerk's archives. One sentence read:

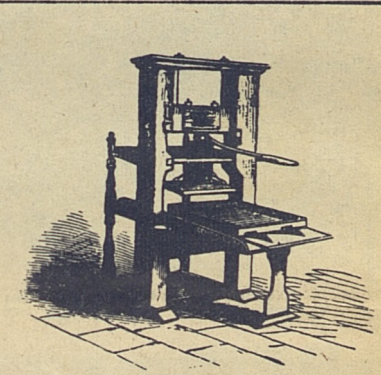
"The same (the square) is hereby declared to be a public square or plaza for the use and benefit of the citizens in common of said city, remaining under the control of the Mayor and common council of said city."

Then I asked rhetorically if a flower garden was the same thing as a public square.

At this point in my report for the L.A. FREE PRESS I think I had better call a halt in looking through the carbons, else editor Art Kunkin will have no space for anything else in this issue. If there is great public demand I will pick up from last October and carry forward this sad history of the mutilating of one of L.A.'s characteristic beauty spots.

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GUILT IS OUT

**DR. ELLIS SPEAKS
SEPTEMBER 9th**

STAN RUSSELL

Dr. Albert Ellis is coming to town to give a public lecture, Sept. 9. His appearance will be the occasion for joy among some, despair among others, especially those who are rigidly devoted to classical concepts of psychoanalysis. Dr. Ellis is a former psychoanalyst who, after nearly fifteen years of practice, realized that patients undergoing psychoanalysis often got worse instead of improving, and usually gained very little benefit from the prolonged, costly treatment. He began to develop his own techniques for contending with what he terms the patient's self-perpetuated insane ideas. He evolved a system called Rational-Emotive Therapy which does not rely on so-called abreactive techniques (going back to childhood to uncover the trauma that did the damage in the first place), but instead deals with life *here and now*.



that some of his methods of achieving sanity and happiness seem radical to the timid-minded.

Dr. Ellis feels that it is not what our parents told us in our childhood so much as what we tell ourselves *now* in our silent thought processes that causes us to feel inadequate, inferior, inept, fearful and hopeless. How do we overcome this? By uncovering those silent sentences that we tell ourselves and forcefully de-propagandizing ourselves. We *force* ourselves to think differently and to act differently and very quickly we *are* different.

Dr. Ellis is able to teach people to overcome their emotional difficulties in record time, often only a few sessions. The success of his methods has inspired acclaim in some quarters and alarm in others. Conventionally-oriented analysts who cling to abreactive techniques may often be suspicious of new techniques. But Dr. Ellis is one of their own.

He has taught at Rutgers University and New York University. He was Chief Psychologist of the New Jersey State Diagnostic Center, later Chief Psychologist of the New Jersey Department of Institutions and Agencies, and is a Consultant in Clinical Psychology to the Veterans Administration. For the past twelve years he has been in the private practice of psychotherapy and marriage and family counseling in New York City. He is a Fellow of the American Psychological Association; a Fellow and Past-President of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex; a Fellow of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, the American Sociological Association, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is Vice-President of the American Academy of Psychotherapists; and has been a member of the Executive Committee of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, and the New York Society of Clinical Psychologists. He is an Associate Editor of *Marriage and Family Living*, and the *International Journal of Sexology*.

Dr. Ellis goes beyond religion or convention to suggest a morality based on the findings of scientific social research. He draws on experience in clinics, hospitals and private practice to reach some truly radical, at-times-shocking conclusions. Almost conversational in tone, his ideas are incisive and and matter of fact, never cloaked in psychological jargon.

He is interested in the means to happiness and fulfillment. For him that usually means *sexual* happiness. He concedes that many obtain gratification in other ways, and for them he suggests methods of dealing with the emotional problems that may crop up in *all* aspects of life. But it is in our sexual lives that he finds the most confusion and insanity. It is here

Dr. Ellis is not one to mince words. Guilt, he says, is *out*. He suggests that many biblical prohibitions are out, too, such as those against adultery, masturbation and most forms of sexual pleasure. He postulates a philosophy of life based on the eternal present, the so-called existential experience. His is an easy, workable philosophy, one that can be put into immediate use by any intelligent person. Is it possible to rid ourselves of jealousy, guilt, possessiveness, anger, resentment and all those other emotions by which we deprive ourselves of joy and fulfillment? Yes, easily, says Dr. Ellis.

Dr. Ellis has published over two hundred papers in professional journals and has written over twenty books, including: *The American Sexual Tragedy; New Approaches To Psychotherapy Techniques; How To Live With A Neurotic; Sex Without Guilt; The Place of Values In The Practice of Psychotherapy; The Art and Science of Love; The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior (with Albert Abarbanel); Creative Marriage (with Robert A. Harper); A Guide to Rational Living In an Irrational World (with Robert A. Harper); Reason and Emotion in Psychotherapy; If This Be Sexual Heresy; Sex and the Single Man; The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Man-Hunting; The Case for Sexual Liberty; The Theory and Practice of Rational-Emotive Psychotherapy*

The subject of his lecture Wednesday, Sept. 9th, will be "Sex, Psychotherapy, and Sanity". The lecture will be at 8:00 PM, at Beverly Hills High School, 221 S. Moreno Dr., Beverly Hills. After the lecture Dr. Ellis will answer questions from the audience.

The lecture is sponsored by the Institute For Rational Living, Inc. Here on the West Coast the Institute is represented by Dr. Albert Vincent Freeman, 450 N. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills. (Phone: CR 3-4125) Dr. Freeman is a member of the Advisory Council of the Institute, and has joined with Dr. Ellis in helping to educate psychotherapists in the theory and practice of Rational-Emotive Therapy. The donation at the door is \$2.00. Tickets may be obtained in advance for \$1.50 from the Southern California Music Co., 637 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, or by mail from Dr. Freeman, at this address in Beverly Hills.

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Film Review NORMAN HARTWEG 'COOL WORLD'

While Shirley Clarke's latest film, "The Cool World" (at the Los Feliz), does not deal directly with the recent rioting that has turned Harlem into a shambles, it is nonetheless the most important document to date of the situation itself, far more than the most explicitly topical recent works of James Baldwin ("Blues for Mr. Charlie") or LeRoi Jones ("Dutchman"). One reason for this that these men are out to make a case, a quite specific anti-white case, giving the stage the air of a propaganda platform and making it generally impossible for the audience to believe in the reality of the conflict that is taking place in front of them.

Miss Clarke, on the other hand (like the author of the novel on which the film is based, Warren Miller), had recognized that the "case" lies implicit in the scene itself, that there is no need to falsify or distort the realities of Harlem or of the American racial situation to make them more "meaningful" or "dramatic". The existence of Harlem itself is such an overwhelming indictment that it is quite enough to move, as has Miss Clarke, among the streets, the tenements, the packed and suffocated lives, and to say, as in "The Connection": "This is the way it is, man; this is the way it really is."

It is, however, not enough to affect a meaningful change; for, of course, Harlem, racial injustice, the ghetto, have been with us a long time, and, despite Supreme Court Rulings and Civil Rights Bills, nothing genuine is happening to change the human reality. To be allowed to eat in X restaurant is not something valuable in and of itself; and the white segregationist has made it abundantly clear that, where integration takes place, it will continue to be, as he has all along felt, the enforced and undesired mingling of subhumans (Negroid) with humans (Caucasian). Total integration of national facilities could occur tomorrow and the basic racial rot that infects the United States would not have changed one iota.

Baldwin and Jones, directly involved and looked to as intellectual leaders and spokesmen for the movement toward genuine Negro freedom, cannot therefore stomach what "really is". They know it too well; it has shaped, controlled, permeated their lives and their work. It must be changed, and yet, the presentation or recognition of "What is" makes nothing change at all. In despair and anger, they begin to slant, to distort, to falsify, to charge and intensify their work with an electric hatred, to show the nature of what is by personalizing it in Figureheads and Archetypes who act out their allotted roles not as persons in conflict but as puppets fighting a pre-determined battle. This changes what could be as humanly involved and tragic as Greek drama into the counterpart of Odets' writing of the thirties. Instead of art we are given social melodrama.

Not so "The Cool World", however. Recognizing the paradox of the above, that the most effective propaganda (beyond the Hitlerian, that is) is that which does not try to be propaganda at all, Miss Clarke has given us a document of Harlem which is full of the textures, colors and rhythms that create and charge the environment in which the teenage gangs grow. At the same time as she tells Warren Miller's story of Duke, the young boy who eventually stabs another boy to death in a rumble, she is telling the story of what it is to live in Harlem, to grow up there, to try to find work or happiness or love there, to be a parent there, to grow old and die there. New York and its white owners have said in effect, "Here, we don't want 'em, you take 'em off our hands and keep 'em out of our sight" and the

slum owners and landlords have responded, and Harlem grows and flourishes like an obscene night-blooming carnivorous plant. Kids become hookers at twelve and hooked on horse at thirteen. One character in the film is astounded to discover that there is actually an ocean at Coney Island which is reachable by subway, that she won't have to go all the way to San Francisco to see one; and the kids are taken on a bus tour down Fifth Avenue where the sights are pointed out to them. Born and raised in Harlem, they are tourists below 103rd Street. Shown Wall Street they are told that they should buy stock so that they can "own a share of America."

Miss Clarke uses documentary techniques, largely, including hand-held and hidden-camera, to create this milieu in which her doomed characters move slowly as moles in the darkness of their burrows, being gradually crushed to death by the force of a society that has repudiated them in toto. And it is with these that she is most successful.

Despite the film's being a definite improvement on her earlier "The Connection", it is still flawed by those basic weaknesses that characterized the earlier film. The main one is that she cannot work with actors very well. The process of making something into fiction, giving people lines to say, is not one that she understands nor particularly seems to care about; nor does she understand that in fiction films, one has to separate and point out the basic points as they come along. Indeed, one scene involves a knife fight between two of the boys, the entrance and repudiation of the former leader who has become a junkie, and the announcement that an important character has been stabbed to death by a rival gang. The trouble is that three elements take place all at the same time, no separations or distinctions are made nor levels of superimposition created in which these events can be given perspective; they become a jumble. While this may be how it happens really, if one is going to have an imposed plot and not make

straight documentaries one has certain responsibilities to that plot which, in general, Miss Clarke has failed to satisfy.

And, in addition, the script, written by herself and Carl Lee (who also plays ably the older hood, Priest, from whom Duke wants to buy a gun), while by and large faithful to the book (although one or two important scenes and characters are gone, I do not feel their omission to have been detrimental), still falls into the trap of—even if only once in a while—substituting rhetoric for speech. Once in a while, somebody gives a Talk. It's a mistake. Fortunately, these come rarely enough to be to some degree forgivable.

The acting is done by nonprofessionals (with the exception of two or three adults) and is in general excellent. Hampton Clanton as Duke is quite good. Miss Clarke allows us to see three aspects of him at once as he fantasizes himself walking down the street with people whispering "There goes Duke Custis. He a cold killer." First, the face is that of a young and sensitive boy, belying the fantasy; second, we can recall ourselves envisioning in fantasy the very same thing; and third, in Harlem, this boy will turn the fantasy into a reality. There is nothing to stop him. Another excellent performance, perhaps the best in the film, is that of Clarence Williams as Blood, the junkie.

But the real star of the film—if we can use the word—is Harlem itself, seen so beautiful and so terrifyingly that it shows what an irony the title of the film is and what a desperate and nearly useless resource the concept of "cool". It is a desperate world, a marginal world of bare subsistence and grim survival, joyless, bleak, impossible, not human. It is a concentration camp with no fences which the inmates nonetheless cannot leave. They are trying a prison break now and are being told by our national leaders and their own racial ones that it is wrong to do so, that, in essence, if they can wait twenty or thirty more years in the steaming pits of Harlem they will at least be up for parole. The fact that they are innocent and the trial was fixed, that the judge was corrupt and the jurors bribed, cuts no ice.

But that's the way it is, man. That's the way it really is.

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Gentlemen:
I received a copy of your publication through a close friend of mine living in the LA area. First let me congratulate you on your idea of publishing such a paper and secondly on its contents.

Being a member of the Armed Forces in Germany (Army) we are constantly subjected to censorship in all forms. The worse form being motion pictures. Such films as "Lolita", "The Chapman Report" and even "Back Street" were kept from us in fear of our reactions. I cannot understand why this was done and am now past the point of even caring.

This is not to be misconstrued as a plea to you or anyone else for the abolishment of censorship in our Armed Forces as I feel this is next to impossible.

Please suffice it to say how much I did enjoy your paper and the idea behind it. I am looking forward to many more, very soon.

(Name withheld)
US Army in Europe

A REJOICE

Dear Sirs:
The enclosed check is for a subscription in my name.

A recent brief look at your paper caused me to rejoice for the voice of the explorer and to shed old connotations (with attendant condemnations) for the word (concept) "newspaper."

Louis Sander
La Jolla, Calif.

FROM ANTE

Dear Editor:
May I congratulate you on your excellent contribution to our arid community. You have attained a great deal in a short period of time, and your paper shows an amazingly proficient face. I wish you much success and a long life.

I was contacted by one of your crew some weeks ago concerning my efforts with ANTE (enclosed) which is currently the only literary magazine in the area. I am following up in hopes that you will be interested in doing an article on ANTE...

ANTE 2 will be issued in October. We hope to find young writers who are experimenting with new forms, and who have attained some proficiency through serious effort.

Regards,
William Harris
Editor, ANTE
P.O. Box 29915
L.A. 29, Calif.



Gentlemen,
In your last issue you asked for opinions on the L.A. Press. The Times and Examiner you know about. We out here in Santa Monica are blessed (?) with the Outlook.

This paper stands solidly behind everything that is backwards reactionary, Birchite, ultra conservative, and is a prime example of a mouthpiece for the kooky and lunatic fringes of the fanatic hordes that have been crawling out of the woodwork.

Needless to say, Barry and his crew are the darlings of this rag. Everyone that disagrees are subtly tarred with the brush of Un-American and communist.

Does the oil company want to drill in the harbor against the wishes of the citizens? The Outlook is in there pitching for the oil companies. Is there a smell of favoritism and maybe bigotry in the P.O. or the Fire Dept or in some of the contracts? Trust the Outlook to attack those who ask the questions.

After a few years residence in this town, this paper became too much for our hardened stomachs and we quit getting, if only to prevent our arteries from hardening prematurely and from our pressures mounting too high.

We subscribe to the N.Y. Times and find more solid news in that paper three or four days later, than the latest from the Outlook hot off the press. You should come and do a job on this smear sheet. It needs it badly.

J. R. Rubin
Santa Monica, Calif.

B of A RIGHT?

Dear Mr. Kunkin:
This refers to the "Bank of America vs. CORE" article in your second issue. I do not know the author, Dori Schaffer, but I understand that this is a female of some sort, doubtless young.

The article was unsatisfactory in some ways, and it left me with a questioning of CORE's aims and tactics. The author apparently did not talk directly with any bank official, and this omission is never explained. I note biased quotes from FEPC people, however.

The object of CORE's activity, as I understand it from reading this article, is to force the bank to employ Negroes in proportion to their numbers in California. Both the bank and CORE agree that such Negroes must be qualified to do this work. The problem then becomes one of enumerating the number of qualified Negroes in California, but CORE obviously does not have such a figure. How then can CORE set definite figures or percentages that the bank must hire to satisfy CORE? Perhaps 2.5% is correct after all!

Such a novel idea—to hire members of a minority group in proportion to their numbers in the general population. Does CORE have suitable figures for qualified atheists, red-heads, Birchers, and anti-vivisectionists in the various industries? And what happens if a minority is represented all out-of-proportion to its numbers, as in the Los Angeles City Waste Food Collectors? Will CORE picket such businesses and negotiate the firing of over-percentage personnel with replacement by perhaps the majority group?

The Schaffer person seems very impressed by the case of the Master's Degree in Math who couldn't pass the "simple clerical test" that the bank used for qualification in hiring. What did the clerical test consist of? If it included shorthand and typing, and such skills were not possessed by the applicant, then a college degree is meaningless. I have seen a B.A. in psychology outclassed by a second-year high school girl in simple filing jobs. Spelling ability

is not automatically conferred with a diploma of any kind. And I personally know a couple of Ph.D.'s who are absolute fools, hardly to be trusted on a CORE picket line.

Concerning tactics—it seems to me that CORE, in its effort to coerce the bank, is succeeding nicely in antagonizing the public instead. What is the effect upon people who are subjected to the stupidity of the "coin-in"? I will guess that Proposition 14, and any other way to get even in a quiet way, will be enormously tempting.

And the approving recital by Schaffer of CORE's demands upon the bank—for employment and turnover information (which would be costly to compile and maintain), and for a hiring policy based on irrational figures—this is where CORE's business inexperience really stands out.

Since CORE got into the business of changing the world some years ago, the world seems to have changed but CORE apparently has not. The same old tactics are being used in new situations, and the martyrs are still being carted off to jail like cattle to the stockyards. Why? In its righteous way, CORE is becoming as bigoted as the White Citizens Council that it so wastefully advertised here in Los Angeles recently. A more astute and imaginative leadership is certainly to be hoped for.

And a more critical reporting of CORE's activities might help both CORE itself and your struggling paper. Isn't it part of the Editor's job to see that this happens?

Cordially,
A. J. Wadsworth
Tujunga, California

The success of the bigot's hackneyed rationalizations, when proffered by a cunning public relations office instead of an uneducated Southerner, is frightening. The rationalizations' persuasiveness has hood-winked liberals throughout California, among them, Mr. Wadsworth.

Several of the objections in Mr. Wadsworth's provocative letter are well-taken. I have answered him personally in great detail, explaining, e.g., that (1) if the bank fulfills its promise to reply, we shall print whatever they send in full; (2) the FEPC official interviewed was one to whom the bank's press kit refers newsmen, and I presented his viewpoint as I interpreted it; (3) CORE is NOT demanding proportionate hiring of non-whites. I said 2.5% "is still less than half the Negroes the bank would employ if it hired Negroes proportionate to their numbers in California" to provide context for an otherwise meaningless statistic: the percentage says something about discrimination only if compared to the percentage of Negroes in the population; (4) though insufficiently elaborated, the bank's rejection of the applicant with an M.A. did impress me because the bank had equated "qualification" with education, saying it could not find qualified Negro personnel because so few Negroes have graduated from high school.

But these specific objections are all subordinate to Mr. Wadsworth's main thesis: my article did not PROVE the bank discriminates. I admit it.

Nonetheless, it does seem highly likely that the bank discriminates. According to "The 50 States Report" (submitted to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights in 1961), 2 of the 6 major reasons for the persistence of segregated housing in California are: (1) builders' "reluctance...to sell new subdivision homes to Negroes," and (2) lending organizations' "hesitancy...to finance Negro home purchases outside segregated areas".

If, as it claims, the bank abhors discrimination, why has it not, like the federal government, refused to finance discriminatory housing? Were the largest financial institution in the State SERIOUSLY interested in eradicating what it colorfully calls "the blight which has too long scarred our land," it could have done so. But, until recently, no one

seemed to care. Sadly, liberals so frightened by Proposition 14 tend to fight for words and forget about facts. The Rumford Act is a collection of words about discrimination. The words are important only insofar as they can affect the fact: discrimination. Will the verbal victory end segregation? Not unless the financial institutions allow it. The banks have far more influence on the existence of segregation than will the Rumford Act. The legal right to fair housing is an empty one if discriminatory financing makes the attainment of fair-housing-in-tact economically impossible. Thus such institutions as the bank control the FACT of segregation—whatever the law may say. If segregation is to be abolished in fact, as well as on paper, California's financial institutions must be forced to change their policies. For the Rumford Act alone will probably be as unenforceable as the Fair Employment Practices Act.

I did not prove the bank is hypocritical. Similarly, the FEPC has been unable to prove, in court, discrimination in any case concerning either housing or employment. There is always that loophole, "qualification".

Since "qualification" is determined ad hoc, we can never be sure whether people are hiring (or renting or selling) on the basis of this hazy attribute, or whether they're discriminating.

So, if we can't prove discrimination exists, perhaps, as Mr. Wadsworth's letter implies, it doesn't.

All we can prove is that non-whites are concentrated in the poorest-paid, least desirable positions in society: they constitute two-thirds of the unemployed in both San Francisco and L.A.; their lives are shorter than whites', and their babies much more likely to die before reaching their first birthday.

But such facts do not necessarily indicate discrimination. The bank hardly stands alone in its denial. While such employers as the Hollywood Palladium, Norm's Restaurants, Coffee Dan's and Wonder Bread relent without forcing CORE into direct action, their signatures, they say, "merely reaffirm previously existing non-discriminatory policies." To my knowledge, all CORE's targets deny discrimination.

Granting that no one discriminates, I'm puzzled. Among California males (1959), the white high school graduate earned \$2000 LESS than the WHITE college graduate, but \$200 MORE than the NON-WHITE college graduate.

Why?

Mr. Wadsworth's letter suggests

several possible reasons. As he aptly points out, atheists and red-heads also lump up here and there across the occupational spectrum—by accident or preference.

So maybe all those non-whites just happen to get the worst positions. Or maybe they like doing dirty, unsatisfying work for little pay, watching their children and grandchildren face the same fate with no means of escape.

Or perhaps education is really not an index of "qualification" and even if they do not like it,

that's where they belong. "Perhaps 2.5% is correct." After all, didn't they too run the race with "equal opportunity"? So they ran carrying on their backs the burdens of ancient injustice. Still, they had their chance. Just like everybody else? Or more like bulls in the bullring?

Given the cumulative consequences of long-standing discrimination, what should employers do?

The FEPC asks employers to forget "qualification": hire the "qualifiable" and provide on-the-job training. I, naively endorsing solutions far too simple, see proportional representation as a means to fair employment.

Mr. Wadsworth, on the other hand, evades the question. He offers sophistries about redheads whose disproportionate occupational distribution results from chance or choice—not from 200 years of oppression.

How, Mr. Wadsworth implicitly asks, can I defend CORE's goals if they are not based on certainties?

Lacking certainty, I find it easy to choose between possible errors: I would sooner mistakenly infringe upon corporate rights than deny the rights of human beings

The Schaffer Person
Venice, California

Dear Miss Schaffer:
Your voluminous reply has left me slightly agog. This is the first letter I've ever had with footnotes, and I'm deciding whether to frame it or publish it.

You have pointed up your own problems very well. I expect that the same problems infest any article having a specific direction.

Apparently we still disagree in some areas, but that's not of much importance as long as the other's viewpoint is appreciated. And I do yours. I enjoyed your recent article on Liberalism.

Re the enclosed check—please start me with No. 2 issue...

Cordially,
A. J. Wadsworth

IF YOU HAVE SUBSCRIBED ON A BILL-ME BASIS, WON'T YOU PLEASE SEND YOUR \$5 FOR A YEAR'S SUB TODAY

The Servant Problem in Mexico

BARDING DAHL

With disarming frankness I will confess that our survey is confined to a town called Chapala, and further, to conversations with a few of what used to be called fogies. As to what is or is not a fogy, I will leave the reader to his conjectures. I used to think Ike was a fogy, until I met Barry, so what good are value judgments?

Anyway, there's this town of Chapala, which happens to be hard by the Lake of Chapala, and there's these old fogies holding on hard to the benches in the main plaza. Last March I took a month off from the hard scramble for bucks, and returned to the old sod after an absence of twelve years. I feel at home there because their philosophy is no less expedient than ours, and they don't even need Kirkegaard to back them up.

Anyway, these old fogies down there—if the mailman would run for president he'd be elected hands-down, because he brings the checks, and all the president brings is taxes and dull oratory. If you are going to retire, the fogies tell me, this is the place for it, although it's not what it used to be. Among other plagues, we got beatniks now. Real sandals - beards - bread - and - wine type beatniks, refugees from reconstruction at Venice-west. The real McCoy, but you can't see them until after sundown, and even then they are smart enough to stay holed up in their pads most of the time. The local constables don't care one way or the other if they salute the flag or vote, just so they don't rock the boat.

The beatniks don't play the game. I mean, you've got these hungry people, and you've got these retired fogies, many of them bachelors, and you've also got a tradition whereby hungry women farm themselves out as maids. So the situation is ready-made, you know what I mean? You take an old fogy and his knobby knees, and you put him with a hungry woman, and what have you got? A euphemistic maid, that's what.

Now, nobody minds the old boys getting their jollies, but we want they should deal with people, and not euphemistic maids. I'll wager if you were to ask one of them if she is a euphemistic maid, she would give you a blank look. The local traditions are flexible enough to allow either the euphemistic or the actual approach, and it's a long way from Peoria, so why can't the old gaffers call a spade for the expression a spade.

Maybe it's against the charter held by the local American Legion Post. Oh yes, they have the situation well in hand. Their own clubhouse, flag, flunkies, and pukkha sahib in charge. A genial, blue-eyed Irishman who will radiate jollifications as long as it takes him to find out: 1. Are you a U. S. Veteran. 2. Are you the right kind of U. S. Veteran. 3. Will you join up.

The Post has not come out publicly one way or the other on euphemistic maids, there are far too many rotten reds to be drawn-and-quartered, to waste time on a mere passel of hungry women.

I asked the genial Irishman about the servant problem, and he looked me straight in the eye as he told me there is no problem at all. Except for some

of the fellows paying too much money and not keeping them in line. That kind of thing makes trouble for the regular fellows, who, sad to say, are dying off one by one and two by two. He went morosely to the honor roster over the fireplace and ticked them off for me, "He's gone, and him, and him. We bury them right here, unless the relatives want them back in the States."

So no problem here. Except for some of the women getting out of line. The fogies in the plaza assured me (no jest intended), this is a mounting problem. Some of the women get so independent they won't stay home. They dress flashy and go out drinking with others besides their long-suffering employer. In a case like that, where do you draw the line between euphemistic maid and whore? They wanted to know, and damned if I had the answer. I suggested we call them all whores, plain and simple, but they couldn't see that. Who could have a whore in his house, and hold his head up ever again in Peoria?

If you're smart, they told me, you'll go out into the sticks if you're looking for a maid. You can still get good ones from as close as Ajijic, but the ones in Chapala have been spoiled. Dumb country girls, they're the best, although you have to teach them everything, even making coffee, and they don't compri much about germs, never having seen any face to face.

What about if you knock one up, I asked them. That's one thing the local people are very strict about, the fogies told me. You have to give them three months' wages when you fire them, for whatever cause. I agreed this was a cruel and unusual punishment for a simple expression of animal spirits.

Sometimes the maids will even ask you to marry them, can you picture such cheek? They get an idea that a baby changes things, takes them out of the category of euphemistic maids and into something else. But the fogies stress the fact that a deal's a deal. You contract to render certain services, and if you give more than the contract calls for, that's your lookout. That's only common sense.

Anyway, these beatniks don't seem to go for euphemistic maids, they are looking for women. Very weak on discipline, and they set low house-keeping standards. Some of them don't even mind filth. They're not allowed into the Post, and last month when one of these liberated maids threw a three-day wing-ding, the cops were finally obliged by the neighbors to close in. Dope was mentioned, and a carload of beatniks was shipped north and dumped across the border, but they keep coming.

These old timers of Chapala face certain defeat of their principles. What is to be done? I leave it to you, dear reader. It's up to you what happens to these gallant fogies, many of whom have followed our colors in many a glorious battle. If you don't concern yourself, who will?



TUTORS IN THE AVALON NEIGHBORHOOD

PAULINE BART

"My son never would pick up a book. Now he comes home and reads to his younger brothers and sisters" said a mother whose child was one of the four hundred elementary, junior high and high school boys and girls tutored this summer by members of the Western Student Movement. The Western Student Movement, or WSM, consists of approximately three hundred volunteers from surrounding colleges. The Avalon area was chosen largely because the Avalon Community Center is an element of strength in the community, its staff thought the tutoring idea had merit, and therefore it co-sponsored the Avalon Community Tutorial, as the project is named.

The Office of Urban Affairs, of the Los Angeles Board of Education supplied typewriters, unlimited free books for use in tutoring, the use of school facilities for elementary community reading programs and co-operated to such a large extent, that one of the directors of WSM said that it is also "a virtual co-sponsor".

In Avalon 89.2% of the population is Negro, the highest concentration in any community in Los Angeles County, only 56% of the children under eighteen are living with both parents, 11.5% of the labor force is unemployed and 47.6% of the families subsist at the poverty deprivation level of less than \$4,000 per year.

Some children heard about the program from their friends and came into the Avalon Community Center to be helped, while others were recommended by the schools and a few by the Probation Department, but all came voluntarily. They ranged from potential dropouts who needed remedial work to college oriented students who

wanted help in such subjects as algebra, geometry, and in one case, philosophy.

Tutors for the elementary grades worked with two remedial reading teachers who taught them the necessary skills for helping the children make up the one, two or three years they had fallen behind in reading. The tutors for junior and senior high school students attended two orientation meetings giving them insight into ways of meeting the educational needs of "culturally deprived" boys and girls (technically these children have a culture-what they are deprived of is the middle class culture necessary for success in school. Each tutor worked with his student or students for two sessions a week, each session lasting about two hours.

In addition to help with standard school work, the Avalon Community Tutorial has developed several unique programs. A drama workshop, composed primarily of students from Jefferson High School was formed, led by Davis Roberts, a professional actor, and Howard Traylor of WSM.

The students originally wanted to write and present a play dealing with the drop out problem. They went into the community, gathered information, and, at an improvisation session acted out scenes on the theme. This was taped and from this tape a script was written.

Mr. Traylor expects to continue this in the Fall with students from the drama classes of the surrounding high schools. The ultimate goal is to present the play at as many high schools as possible.

As a culmination of their summer workshop, on Friday August 28 they presented a scene from Richard Nash's "The Rainmaker" with Diane

Spivey and Roland Gilbert and a scene from Tennessee Williams "Talk to Me Like the Rain and Let Me Listen" with Elizabeth Wu and Howard Traylor.

A member of the staff is organizing the unemployed men in the area and finding tutors to help those who desire aid in preparing for Civil Service exams.

In addition, the South Vermont Project funded by a donation from University Savings and Loan sent sixty students from Fremont and Washington high schools to UCLA for a two day workshop on tutorial techniques. The initial program to tutor elementary students in their area is already set up. This will provide better motivation for the students they tutor since they will have examples of students from their background and area who have been able to break out of the drop-out pattern.

WSM is staffed by eleven full time workers and is primarily financed by a grant from the Rosenberg Foundation. Unfortunately the grant and the eleven man staff lasted only until August 26th, and money is needed for the staff to keep this cooperative school, WSM and community program continuing.

While the formal evaluation of the program has not been completed, tutors, students and parents have all been enthusiastic about the worth of the project and very few students have dropped out.

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THE BEATLES ARE FUN

FRED HAINES

A Hard Day's Night is the best new movie in town. That says less about the Beatle flick than about the recent Hollywood releases. They're a doggy lot. Still, *A Hard Day's Night* is pretty good.

It's an unpretentious bit of propaganda for the Beatles. The story is thin: it tells what happens when the kids set out for London to fulfill a television date. As if the Beatles' disregard for schedules and organization isn't chaotic enough, further complications are introduced by the pixyish, maniacal grandfather of Beatle Paul McCartney (played by Wilfrid Brambell). The old man, a "mixer," raises seven kinds of hell. ("But he's a clean old man, idn't he?" says Beatle John Lennon in the old boy's defense.)

Director Richard Lester, an American living in England, and scenarist Alun Owen, a Liverpool playwright, have designed the movie as a simple exposition of the Beatle's delightfully anarchic collective personality. If that sounds like a flimsy premise, remember Chaplin, Keaton, W.C. Fields, or the Marx brothers. The Beatles play themselves, and it is their insolence and insouciance that makes the flick attractive.

In connection with their television appearance they are bullied

into a "press party." The dialogue here is a spatch-cocked melange of actual quotes. For instance:

Q. What do you call that hair style?

A. Arthur.

Q. Are you a "Mod"? Or a Rocker?"

A. Well, I guess I'm a "Mocker."

And mockers they are. They are hip, disrespectful, carefree, anti-patriotic, irreverent, and addicted to hard clowning. They challenge older generations to earn the respect they demand from kids—and so seldom deserve. There may not be much the Beatles can do about the mess the old folks have made of the world, but at least they don't have to take it seriously.

Lester's directorial style is appropriate. His frequently handheld camera is racy and erratic, often crude, but as vigorous and alive as rock and roll.

Best of all, the picture returns to a kind of slapstick that harks back to the silent era. One sequence, when the Beatles flee the tiresome demands of camera rehearsals, consists of some delightful, silent, free-form clowning in fast motion. Another, with bobbies chasing Beatles in and out of the police station, is based on a Keaton two-reeler and is, surprisingly, almost as funny. I suspect many other sequences are

equally derivative but I don't give a damn. I've been bored out of my mind by so many dreadful animated shorts recently I'm grateful for even borrowed live action comedy.

Lester also borrows—from Frankenstein—the gimmick of multiple images in TV cameras and monitors in order to survive the obligatory musical bits. (The Beatles are not particularly talented musically.) The device is tedious, superficial, and stodgily academic, but directors hardly ever get into, through, and out of musical interludes with their dignity intact. And if Lester's work is derivative, he usually draws on livelier sources.

Enthusiasm for the Beatles cannot but be tempered by the vision of those hordes of wretched, pimply little girls weeping and screaming in unbridled adulation; but *A Hard Day's Night* tries to avoid pandering to their gullibility and cupidity. The usual movie made to exploit this audience (*I was a Teenage Moron*) is a ghastly experience.

And if the kids must degrade themselves with some sort of mindless, hysterical devotion to personality, let's hope that the Beatles' cavalier attitude toward the status quo rubs off. I'd rather see them worshipping at a Beatle concert than at the Republican National Convention.

I see that the Beatles were met in San Francisco by a sign reading: "Ringo Will Clear Up the Mess in Vietnam." (Ringo Starr is the drummer.) That may be preposterous, but I'm giving seven-to-five he'd do a better job than the well-known clowns who are presently mucking it up. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

SUBSCRIBE



John Wilcock

THE VILLAGE SQUARE

The column of lasting in-significance. 454

"It is healthy therapy to clear out the attics of the brain every now and then. And it is surprising how much childish lumber and adolescent rubbish has survived earlier spring-cleanings. . . . The stereotype is the enemy of thought—and even worse, of compassion. It is not only adversity which makes strange bedfellows; so does perversity, and University. The civilized man is one who, as Remy de Gourmont pointed out ages ago, can lodge contradictory ideas in the hotel of the brain and impose peace upon them. . . ."
—Alan Brien, in "The Spectator" (99 Gower Street, London W. 1)

The more divergent and varied the opinions, the freer the society—a truism that is confirmed many times in "Techniques of Persuasion, from Propaganda to Brainwashing," by J. A. C. Brown (Penguin, \$1.25), an absorbing and provocative book to all interested in the "persuasive arts." Brown also deflates some self-appointed arbiters of taste: "There is something verging on the comical about many critics of the mass media; these range from the ruling classes, who feel that their high culture and elegant style of living is being rudely destroyed by vulgar, noisy, and newly affluent people egged on by the mass media, to the disillusioned leftists, who want to blame the media and their capitalist bosses for the loss of a warm working-class culture and craftsmanship or, in the case of the more politically minded, for the workers' apparent loss of militancy and revolutionary fervor. The fact that the ruling classes (if by that one means the aristocracy, landowners, and, later, the industrialists) have never had—at least since Elizabethan times—any culture worth mentioning to lose, and that the workers' 'organic society' is largely a figment of the imagination is completely ignored."

Bob Stone's clinically photographic nudes may be displayed for the first time at the new Washington Square Gallery this fall. They're reasonably certain to create a sensation—even for the people who think they're blasé about nudes. . . . In Italy the realization that art is more in the hands of the critics and the dealers than the artists themselves was emphasized by recent statements of Giulio Carlo Argan, a professor who sits on almost every one of the State's awards committees. Argan, who apparently doesn't merit the title professor so far as artists are concerned, is against individual effort and has written: "Artists must now work as a group; personal discovery is out. Those who pursue it are headed toward isolation and alienation. Artists must suffer together. Otherwise, what they call defending their freedom is merely a defense of their own individual neurosis." Some of his disciples have been signing their work collectively. . . . Al Hanson, one of the most consistent believers in (and most effective practitioners of) the Happening is compiling a mailing list of people who want to be notified of future Happenings. His address is 220 East 2nd Street, a lively studio that is above a Pentecostal church and firehouse. . . . A more favorable art view from Italy is the extravagantly produced book, "The International Avant-Garde" (Galleria Schwarz, Milan, \$25) in which Billy Kluver says the Happening "is an ephemeral form of theatre that involves people, objects, sounds, and constructions. . . . (Allen Kaprow) stopped doing paintings and collages some years ago and sees now the Happening as the experience which can include all art forms and which can allude to all our senses. . . . Robert Whitman—the poet among the Happenings artists—expresses the strong contrasts of American life in his Happenings. These contrasts are shown in action as well as in color, shape, sound, and smell. . . ."

Visitors in London need to know the code before they can understand the signs in some of the windows of small suburban shops. "Lady has nice pussy for sale," "Large chest for sale," "Erection and demolition," "French sports car for sale with all accessories," "Italian lady does hand stitching and pressing" are all messages that mean more than the casual observer might expect. . . . The trend toward "sophisticated" (i. e., nonsweet) sodas for adults grows with the Dr. Pepper Company test-marketing the Swedish drink Pommac in some areas of the country. Schweppes' Bitter Lemon and Ginger Beer, bottled locally by Pepsi Cola, have already made a big impression upon New York. . . . There's a telephone—PL 9-1787—in the elevator at 46 East 57th Street in Manhattan. . . . Anybody know the name of that cigarette (supposed to be made of non-cancer-causing chopped lettuce) that smells like pot and is on sale at the World's Fair? . . . "All-purpose protest cards" ready for mailing to sponsors whose commercial offend are available from the League Against Obnoxious TV Commercials (46 Nostrand Avenue, Brentwood, New York), which appeals for money in its fight against "organized advertising." . . . Somewhere in everybody's life is one buffalo: you can apply to the U.S. Wildlife Service for permission to shoot one buffalo during the annual thin-out of the herds. . . . A key to survival: don't vote yes or no; don't think you have to make a decision; reserve judgment if neither of two choices is satisfactory.

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Book Review GENE FRUMKIN

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

Author: LOUIS FERDINAND CELINE

Consider this book, which has had no new printing (to my knowledge) for nearly a decade, was written by a French anti-Semite, and whose theme is Disgust and Defeat. Why review such a book in the pages of the Los Angeles Free Press? Take the above-noted facts and add one more—**Death on the Installment Plan** is a work of art—and you have reason enough.

It seems to me the American liberal has, anyhow, one grave defect of vision: his hope, his belief that things can and will get better often shields him from the hard realization that life is primarily tragic.

Scott Fitzgerald put the realization this way in a letter to his daughter: "the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not happiness and pleasure but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle."

This isn't an easy attitude to face up to, yet it is the only one that accepts life on the terms given, without giving up. It says: the satisfactions are worth the effort. It puts happiness and pleasure into a proper scale of value; contentment cannot supplant struggle. To the active liberal, life is enduring only under the terms of such satisfaction.

Celine's view of life is at the other side of tragedy, beyond it; it is despair. He throws up his hands, he finds no satisfaction in the combat, only frustration and rage. It isn't that he discovers no good anywhere, but that the good is not good enough. The nature of his despair is pervasive; it sweeps across the fertile fields like a plague. But to dismiss so absolute a nihilism, so volatile a rage as Celine is driven to, would be like giving a quarter to the beggar without daring to look at him.

Celine's (anti-) hero is a youth named Ferdinand (whom one may justly suspect of being Celine himself. Ferdinand wants to be useful, good, but conditions—among which are his parents, the poverty he is born into, his own growing exasperation and impotence—won't permit him to. He is constantly being frustrated, defeated, being told by his father that he'll never amount to anything. Ferdinand is in a perpetual condition of rebellion, against the useful person he tries to be; in effect, he rebels against the society which he is attempting to become a part of. The earliest form of this insurrection is the poor wiping job he invariably does on his behind.

Later on, when Ferdinand is sent to an English boarding school to pick up a foreign language so that "it would be easy to find him a job . . . At a bookshop . . . Or a haberdashery . . . Some place where they know nothing about him," he responds by maintaining an impenetrable silence and refusing to learn the language. This, despite having a tremendous adolescent passion for the schoolmaster's wife, Mrs. Merwyn, one of several charac-

ters in the novel who is a suffering, conventionally good, eventually beaten individual.

The list includes Ferdinand's mother, a crippled, frightened woman, who nevertheless manages to keep their menage together, and Madame des Pereires, wife of Ferdinand's last employer, also disfigured, also warden of the family fortunes against overpowering odds. These women, sustained by their bourgeois morality, especially their ill-rewarded loyalty to their husbands, are the scapegoats of the society.

Bourgeois morality is no match for life, Celine says over and over in nearly five hundred pages—in his slangy, repetitious style, keyed by a breathless, violent humor.

"All I wanted was to get away as soon as possible (says Ferdinand preparing to embark for England) and not to have to listen any more to people talking. It's not the important thing to know whether you are right or wrong. That's really not essential. What is necessary is to discourage others from bothering about you. The rest is just vicious."

OSBORNE'S ANGER

STUART REIN

The John Osborne drama is currently being revived at the Princess Theatre, a charming and warm little house in which the audience can feel included without ever intruding. For those not acquainted with the English dramatists' work, *Look Back in Anger* is an uncompromising examination of the condition of man trapped in a cruel, precarious world that drags into the light uncomfortable truths. Unlike Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, Osborne's script is a negative with a positive statement. Its central character has a universal identity and is representative of all souls...seething with spurious energy, unfocused to the edge of insanity, eager to challenge (too often a la Don Quixote), displaced, dissatisfied, and yet unable to change the nature of things.

Those who would localize this play to the problems of a dying England and the outcry of its youth, are short-sighted. Those who are content to treat it as a psychological statement about an impotent sadist, are fools. For, Osborne's belief in that "burning virility of mind and spirit" has become embedded in the minds of this generation and in its "seeking something as powerful as itself" that

something has been found. Our angry young are no longer beat, philosophical anarchists, but intelligent and determined men and women well organized for rebellion, anxious to do battle against, the corrupt politicians, slumlords, racial injustice, and those who threaten our lives with their neurotic need for war. *Look Back in Anger* was the first lonely outcry, now instead of individual dissenters, there are groups, such as, here in America, CORE, SANE, WRL, SUP, and countless others that can and will in time, direct the course of humane development.

Look Back in Anger has been the rallying point for a new generation of artists who are unwilling to accept without investigation or compromise in dealing with strong issues. Porter says, "the injustice of it is almost perfect. All the wrong people going hungry, the wrong people being loved, the wrong people dying." There are too many "galloos" in the world. Overall, this production fails to achieve a sense of freedom, freedom to explore and perhaps come to new realizations. Marty Taras has directed with a sharp sense of humor and controlled anger. The latter while in good taste is not

creates his own disasters. It is to him that Ferdinand, though exasperated by him almost beyond endurance, gives his loyalty. Ferdinand is an outlaw because the "law" is deadly, it kills those who obey it.

Death on the Installment Plan is a savage, funny, very moving book. Reading it requires patience—a sense of the architecture of repetition—but the patience receives a better reward than Ferdinand (or Celine) got. To dismiss such a book because the author was anti-Semitic or because the view of life it offers is distasteful, is mere bourgeois morality. The thing to do is to read it (the library might have a copy), understand it if possible, perhaps commune with it awhile, and then spit on it. Celine would have appreciated that.

"*Look Back in Anger*," an Actors Association presentation by John Osborne.


At the Princess Theatre, 870 N. Vine Street. Every Friday thru Sunday for six weeks, 8:30 P.M.

always right. Everything seems to be played on the same level. This subdued approach is interesting in Act I, but becomes boring with repetition. What is needed is a little variation. The staging is simple, uncluttered by superficial business and therefore effective. However, the rhythm is too fast in places, and we lose several good moments.

Julie Prince as Allison has a lovely quality, is convincing and has great potential. George Geller as the irate Jimmy Porter has some truthful moments early and some later that are not. Pete Dompe does well as Cliff but, is miscast, Marsha Sheiness, as the church going, venomous, Helena Charles, rounds out the cast.

The set by Glen King is functional. His lighting is fine for the actors, but is never used to establish or complement the subtle changes in mood.

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Des Pereires is the obverse side of the female scapegoats. He actively and industriously

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what's on around town

THURSDAY (September 3)

COMMITTEE. Arcadia-Temple City San Gabriel area Citizens Against Proposition 14 meets every Thursday night at 8 PM at the Pacific Ackworth School, 6210 Temple City Blvd., Temple City.

FRIDAY (September 4)

MUSIC FESTIVAL. Idyllwild Campus, U.S.C. Music of Shakespeare's Day: Carl Dolmetsch, recorder, Joseph Saxby, hapsichord, Karl Neumann, viol; R. G. Finney, Trio No. 2 and Dvorak Trio in F Minor: The Schoenfeld Trio.

LECTURE. "A Sober View of Alcoholism: Dr. A.W. Pearson, L.A. Chapter, Int. Soc. for General Semantics, AIAA Hall, 7660 Beverly Blvd. 8 PM. \$1.50.

LECTURE. "What's Happening to (POP) Art anyway? Walter Hopps, Pasadena Art Museum Director. Architectural Panel, at International Design Center, 8899 Beverly Blvd. 8:15 PM. \$1.

CONCERT. Sing out for Freedom with Guy and Candie Carawan. Sponsored by UUFJSJ. Also speaker from Mississippi voter registration drive. First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th St. 8 PM. \$1.

DISCUSSION. Community Discussion Project meets every Friday at 7:45 to hear and discuss 8 PM KPFK broadcast. This week: The Loneliness of the Missile Attendant. Norman Belkin reads *Esquire* article by Murray Morgan. Meetings from Long Beach to Valley. Call

FREEDOM DRIVE. "Sing out for Freedom" with Guy and Candie Carawan at the First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th St. \$1. 8 PM.

SUNDAY (September 6)

ADDRESS. At the First Unitarian church of L.A., Rev. S.H. Fritchman discusses "American Labor and the Negro Revolution" 10:50 AM.

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 House Gallery (see Calendar Locations). Potential participants invited to contact Kyle Melton, 1382 Phillips Circle,

CONCERT. Sunday Concert at 8 series, sponsored by Valley Committee Against Prop. 14. Belnick, violin, Myra Kenstenbaum, viola, Schneier, cello, Greene, piano. Home of Brotman's 17047 Superior, Northridge. Phone DI 2-2365. 8 PM. \$2.50.

Calendar Locations

Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles.

UCLA, 405 Hilgard, West L.A.

Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont, L.A.

Apple House Gallery, North Fork Road, Three Rivers, 30 miles east of Visalia, Calif.

Otis Art Institute, 2401 Wilshire Blvd, L.A.

Municipal Art Gallery, Barnsdell Park, Vermont and Hollywood, L.A.

Henry E. Huntington Library & Art Gallery, 1151 Oxford Rd., San Marino

Long Beach Museum of Art, 2300 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.

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

CHAMBER MUSIC. L.A. County Museum. The California Arts Ensemble. 3 PM. (Free)

TUESDAY (September 8)

SEMINAR. Alan Watts. "Religion and Sexuality"; lecture and discussion. Sept., 8-11, \$20 for all four sessions. \$6 individually. 8 pm. each evening. Phone DU 2-2582.

WEDNESDAY (September 9)

FORUM. Women for Legislative Action. Report of study of Prop. 14; Freedom School Miss. Summer Proj. Speaker. The Highland, 732 N. Highland. 10:15 AM.

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.

**CONTINUING
EVENTS**

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.

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

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)

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.

**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.

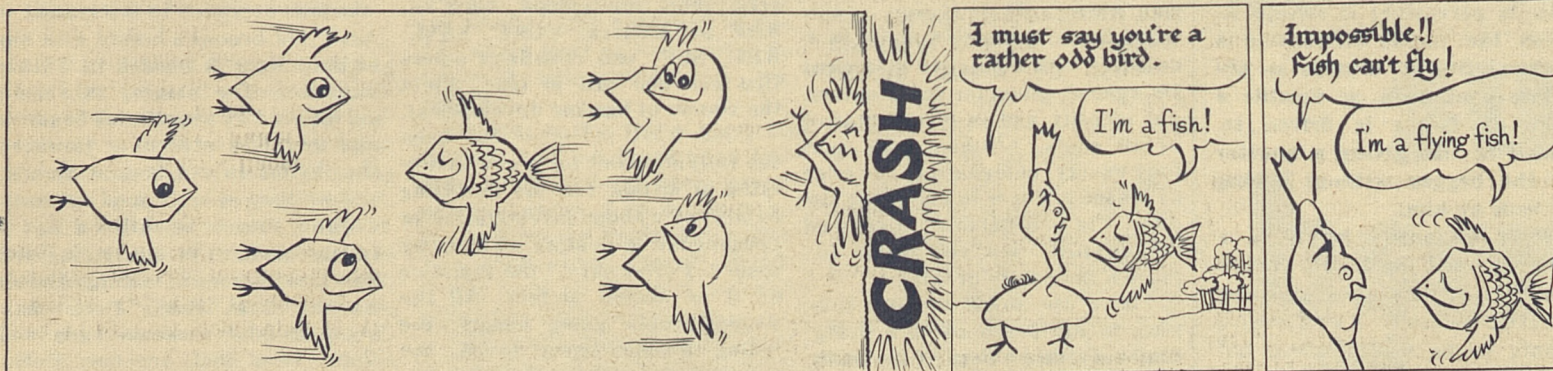
POLICE, FIRE, & CIVIL DEFENCE COMMITTEE OF THE CITY COUNCIL, every 2nd & 4th Wed. at 2 PM in Rm 118, City Hall.

SEPTEMBER 22. "Santa Monica Master Plan Up for Adoption," City Council Chambers. Rm. 140 10 AM.

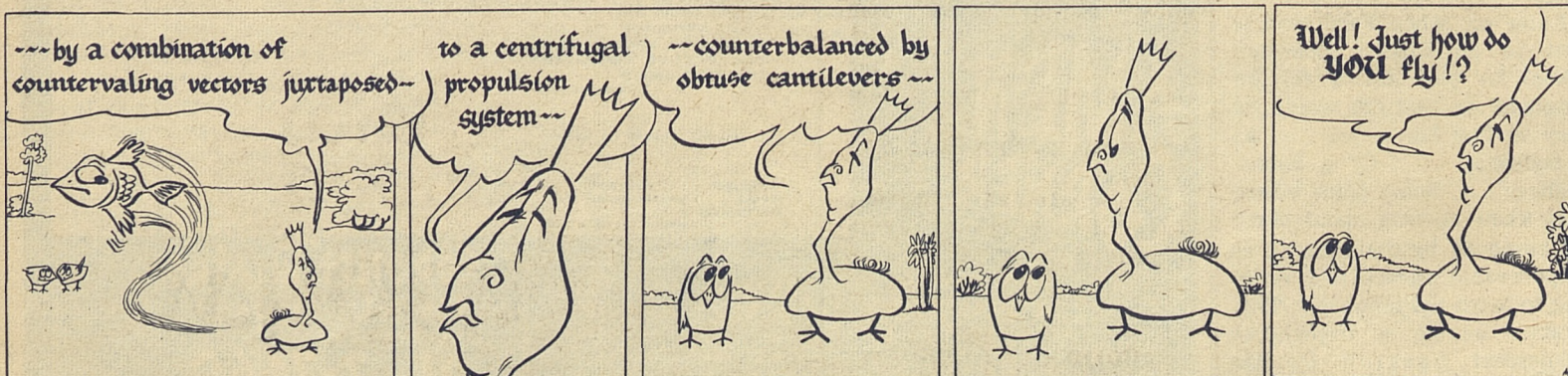
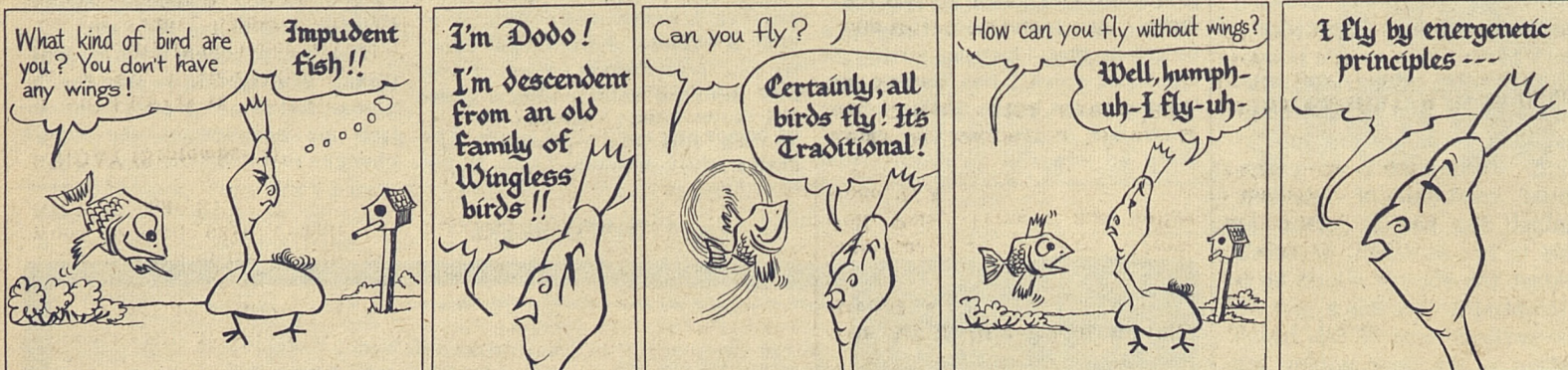
SEPTEMBER 23. 4th public hearing on "Hostility between Politician and Citizens;" joint meeting of "Public Health & Welfare," and "Police, Fire & Civil Defence," 2 PM, Rm 140 (City Council Chamber) Spring St. Level, City Hall.

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