

# Life of Christ Fitted To Generation of Now

By ANNE PASHKOFF  
RELATING THE life of Christ to the "now generation" is the purpose of "Soul Vibrations" to be held from 7 to 10 p.m. next Monday through Friday at the Oak Park United Methodist Church.

Sponsored by St. Thomas Episcopal, Woodlawn Presbyterian and Oak Park United Methodist churches, it is open to all persons of junior high, high school and college age.

More than 200 years ago, Handel studied certain passages in the Bible and portrayed his interpretations of them through the folk music of his day. The result was the "Messiah." Today, those tunes are irrelevant, but the ideas are not, said the Rev. Paul F. Perry, pastor of Oak Park United Methodist Church.

The young persons attending the program will use pop and folk art forms of expression to relate Christ to their generation and to the 20th century.

"Soul Vibrations," Perry said, "will be an event in youth evangelism. This is sort of a lived sermon rather than a preached sermon. It is involvement of youth in a combination of analyzing their life situations and using their na-

tive abilities in folk expression."

TWO MAIN features of the program are scheduled. The first is the production of a Christian folk musical, "Tell It Like It Is." The play was presented about a month ago by the choir of the Second Baptist Church and some of those who were in it will help with this production. An hour each night will be devoted to casting, rehearsing and producing the musical.

Saturday at noon it will be performed as part of the beach ministry at Port Aransas.

The second feature is "Man Alive." Based on a booklet of that name by Lyman Coleman, it is a "variety of creative workshops to develop the natural ability of a group in the various median of folk expression," including art, music, writing, audio-visuals (including a light and sound show) and drama. It will employ educational techniques such as group dynamics, learning by doing, and original research and experimentation and also will try to develop individual natural creative ability.

DURING THE WEEK, the youths will work on building a

coffee house. Friday night the workshop groups will gather in the coffee house setting and present what has come from their meetings.

Joseph Abston, a layman from Dallas, will direct the program. He is director of music and youth at the Tyler Street United Methodist Church. With him will be eight of his students who form a folk singing group. They sing songs with a Christian meaning at the State Fair grounds. They will act as the core group for presenting the program.

Local persons in each of the arts are being recruited to head the workshops as well as talented young persons from other churches so there will be a base on which the others can build.

Heading the art group is George Dunsing, an art teacher at Driscoll Junior High School; music, Eddie Galvan, band director, and Mrs. Orfalinda Castro, choir director, both at Miller High School; drama, Jeanine Bettin, drama teacher at Miller and Moody high schools; creative writing, Ruth Jones, English teacher at Miller; and audio-visual, Charles Calvert, purchasing agent for Nunn Electric Supply Corp.



POSTER PAINTERS PREPARE FOR 'SOUL' PROGRAM  
... Debbie Clark, Paula Martens, Lauri Lemley (l to r)

## A Car Proclaims Driver

By BOB COCHNAR

NEW YORK (NEA) — "A man is known by the car he drives" is an old saying I just made up. It probably has as much truth associated with it as Polonius' apparel that "oft proclaims the man."

On the other hand, "You can't tell a book by its cover" is another old saying com-



posed, Bartlett's says, by a Mr. Anon. But for the purposes of this column, please accept my old saying as a truism.

A wire service correspondent, just up from Cuba, tells me that Fidel Castro favors a dark maroon Alfa-Romeo sedan. He maintains three of them and Castro-watchers say they travel in a pack with Fidel always in the center car. Guess which automobile is Cuba's ultimate status symbol?

Incidentally, in Cuba the word "Leyland" is synonymous with "reality." Seems that the Cubans had ordered Czech and Hungarian buses which promptly fell apart after several hundred miles on the country's nonroads. Several years ago the Cubans ordered a number of buses built by Leyland, the British firm, and they are still going strong. Wonder if Leyland can use that as an endorsement?

BUT BACK to the subject. When I met King Hussein of Jordan several years ago, he was driving—and racing—Porsches which, his garage master said, were his favorite automobiles. He may now be driving Patton tanks, under the current circumstances in the Middle East.

Charles, the newly crowned Prince of Wales, tools about the Welsh countryside in a blue MGB-GT. Alan King, the comedian, owns a custom-built Rolls-Royce based on a 1935 model. Actor Steve McQueen owns a number of sports cars but favors his D-type Jaguar and 275-GTB Ferrari. Paul Newman drives a Volkswagen with a Porsche engine (this is probably very meaningful).

Charles de Gaulle used to be driven around in a jet-black Citroen. President Nixon's official car is a bubble-top Lincoln Continental. Lyndon Johnson still rides the Texas plains in his Continental con-

vertible. New Jersey Assemblyman Harold Hollenbeck owns a Corvette.

FINALLY, IN perhaps the ultimate measure of auto status, a research firm surveyed a sampling of Playboy readers and other people to determine the auto purchasing habits of the two groups. Although the survey may or may not be representative, it did point out that the Playboy reader's favorite 1969 car is a Mercury Cougar hardtop with automatic transmission, white wall tires, power brakes and steering and a vinyl roof.

The other group (which includes Playboy readers) preferred, interestingly, the same car. All of which proves not very much.

As for the No. 2 Playboy favorite, it's a Mustang. The general group buys more Plymouth Furys than Mustangs, but the hardtop is still the preferred model.

Frankly, the survey is somewhat confusing. For example, the researchers determined that among the Mercury Cougar buyers, Time was the favorite magazine (Playboy was third) but Mustang, Pontiac Grand Prix, Ford Torino, and Firebird buyers prefer Playboy.

The favorite magazine among all the car buyers sampled? Reader's Digest, naturally. In fact, owners of 15 different makes prefer the Digest 11 to 1 over any other magazine. You can draw any conclusion you like from that.

People are always asking me what car I drive, assuming the automobile owned by an automobile writer ought to be the best thing going. My answer is disappointing since I try to drive all of them and, at the same time, own one of them. And I haven't owned a car in five years, a fact which tends to keep me out of trouble with the manufacturers.

It may comfort them to know that when I did own cars, they generally were odd-balls like Nashes, Toyotas, Singers, Studebakers, Hudsons and, believe it or not, LaSalles.

## Newport '69 Made a Very Loud Thud

By KATHY ORLOFF  
E. Chicago Sun-Times

LOS ANGELES—The best thing about Newport '69 is that it is over, and that hopefully it will never happen again. The "Pop Festival to end all pop festivals" probably has had it, at least in the Los Angeles area and at least for quite some time.

There were two things that interested me there: The music and the electric yo-yo that glows in the dark. The rest was so awful I wonder how the promoters (Mark Productions Ltd.) had the nerve to appear. The plastic not-so-fantastic "fair" offended me deeply for these reasons: The music was used to exploit products, the air was thick with crass commerciality and there was no feeling of self-respect or of consideration for people, their feelings or their needs.

The music was at worst mediocre and at best exhilarating. Featuring over 30 of Rock's top acts, the three-day show included Jimi Hendrix, Spirit, Don Ellis, the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Ike and Tina Turner, Joe Cocker, Taj Mahal, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Steppenwolf, Albert Collins, Brenton Wood, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Eric Burdon, Jethro Tull, Cat Mother, Love, Sweetwater, The Rascals, the Chambers Brothers, Booker T. and the MGs, the Grassroots, Johnny Winter, Marvin Gaye, Poco, the Byrds and Three Dog Night.

Impressive? certainly. But the conditions for the enjoy-

ment of so heavy a bill of fare were so limited as to negate the meaning of the entire event. Maybe there are some who went and had a great time. They have yet to speak up.

THE FESTIVAL was held at Devonshire Downs in the suburb of Northridge, adjacent to San Fernando Valley State College. The "specially imported shade trees" promised turned out to be potted twigs. Twenty-seven acres of campground promised was never delivered. The stage was raised so high that unless you were right under it, the performers looked like mites. But you had to step way back to even see over the edge. It got so crowded I wouldn't be surprised if a couple of people got crushed.

The "psychedelic midway" sold everything anyone would ever need to become an instant hippie—from blacklight posters to leather hats, bikinis, and genuine "Newport '69" roach clips. In most cases the whole image was simply uncool. Sanitation facilities (portable toilets) were not nearly sufficient.

The tab for the whole debacle was \$6 a day, \$15 for three days or \$7 at the gate.

Friday's crowd was lukewarm and detached. There seemed to be some kind of contest going on to see which young lady could get the most naked while still remaining somewhat clothed. By Saturday, the crowd grew more hos-

tile; fights broke out sporadically and the grounds were filthy with trash, sawdust and garbage which covered the small area of rent-a-grass and larger burlap covered infield.

By Sunday arrests were being made, volunteers were treating the wounded (most of whom consisted of those whose bare feet picked up broken glass) and skirmishes were more frequent.

THE SOUND system might have been good, but open fields have never been conducive to good acoustics and it was lost toward the fringes. The constant churning of a police helicopter didn't help. After dark, the copter crisscrossed the area with powerful search lights, almost blinding all those people who were supposedly surreptitiously lighting up dope or swigging wine.

AS FOR THE performances I did see (or hear, which was the case with the majority), some were incredibly good. Ike and Tina Turner were electrifying. Taj Mahal and Joe Cocker and the Grease Band scored handily. Jethro Tull and Creedence Clearwater Revival were splendid. Eric Burdon appeared with his new band (War), and they sounded well fitted to each other. Happiest surprise of the festival was Cat Mother and the All Night News Boys, a New York band being produced by Jimi Hendrix for Polydor.

At their Forum date in April they were so loud I was driven

to take refuge in the lobby. But their festival set was one of the best of the whole affair, and you couldn't ask for more in a real rock 'n' roll band.

Newport '69 made a definite comment on pop culture and the effect of fads and the meaning of the new revolution itself. Once you can sell a product that tries to create something that was once spontaneous, that something has lost its meaning. The Monterey Pop Festival was pure magic. It will never happen again. I doubt that it could have ever happened in Los Angeles. This is just not the place.

At Monterey there was a real, honest love thing going. Those that came gave as much to the musicians as the musicians gave to them. Monterey was a true happening, as was the San Francisco "be-in" and several other events at the time. They were natural outgrowths of a naive exuberance and an ultimate respect and tolerance for all life.

What happened in L.A. had to be created. It was artificial and plastic. And because of that, it was doomed before it started. You can just sell so much before you have to sell yourself. And that is what Newport '69 had to do. It was at times erotic, but it was never warm. It used people, it used the music, and most horribly, it used a movement which at one time generated the most beautiful of all vibrations: Those of love and peace.