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VIEW
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JACK SMITH

Bountiful News From Pitcairn

It came in an envelope, but it might as well have come in a bottle, washed up by the sea. It was the Pitcairn Miscellany for June, 1963, a little monthly newspaper put out by mimeograph at the school on Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific.
It came down on St. Scott, of Temple City. It had been sent to him by a friend who once worked on Pitcairn. "We were amazed," Scott wrote, "when we unsealed it yesterday, to discover it was so outdated. How time indeed does fly!"
Time flew in Temple City, but not on Pitcairn Island. Although the Miscellany is 8 years old, it seems to report life as it might have been eight years earlier, or 20, or 100, when Fletcher Christian put ashore from the Bounty with eight other mutineers and a dozen Tahitian women. The paper is sprinkled with the surname Christian, so inconspicuous was his seed.
The big news is of the coming and going of trading ships, with cargo for the island. "The Gothic arrived from New Zealand with a large cargo, including the long-awaited household effects of Pastor Ferris..."
There is church, and school. The men fish and mend their boats. The women wash and garden. Birth and death are rare events.

"The whole community was shocked and grieved at the sudden death of Fanie Christian, aged 33 years..." The following afternoon she was brought into the church for the last time by Pastor Ferris and Brother Bert Christian, who paid a tribute to her faithful memory... and her placing of the organ.
There are accidents. "Vula slipped from a guava tree in which she was climbing after fruit and fell a distance of 20 feet before she stopped..."
"Pastor Ferris, after the usual Tuesday evening prayer meeting, slipped and fractured his left leg..."
Fortunately, the Albion soon put in from London. The ship's surgeon set the pastor's leg and the pastor was taken aboard for New Zealand, leaving his long-awaited effects behind.

There is good news. "While Bruce was clearing out the bilge on the barge he discovered Albert's teeth. These had been lost when Albert was rescued in a semi-drowned state two years ago when the He He capsized. Albert looks a different man now his teeth are back in place."
There is drama. Seven men are caught offshore in four canoes by a sudden storm. The alarm is sounded, the women gather on the shore. The motor launch puts out in a sea no longer the calm glass is shattered. Boats capture, men are half-drowned. The rain is so torrential it saves the day; it flattens the sea. The wind changes and the boat comes in through the breakers and all danger was passed...

But another kind of storm was on the horizon, one the men of Pitcairn couldn't deal with. The French, in 1963, were planning to build a nuclear testing station on nearby islands—nearly as nuclear explosions go.
And the Pitcairn Miscellany, mimeographed in a schoolroom for a colony of 30—15 Pitcairners and 15 strangers—rises to the threat with an editorial in the finest tradition of the press.
"The French claim their possession of nuclear bombs and other weapons of mass destruction will greatly assist in maintaining liberty in the world, and that therefore it is essential for them to carry out the proposed tests..."
"The people of Pitcairn are living in fear of what the future holds for their island... Why should we, a helpless handful of people, be kept aside like slaves in the world?"
"At about the same time Pitcairn was being settled by Fletcher Christian and his party in France, a woman, Miss Boland, was being led to the execution. As she approached the guillotine she cried out: O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name? This could easily be the cry of Pitcairn today."
All this was eight years ago. I don't know how things have turned out. I can't keep up with French preparations for the spread of liberty. I can't even keep up with our own. I do hope Pastor Ferris is back with his household effects, though, and Albert still has his teeth.

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TROMPE L'OEIL—It looks like separates, but it's a one-piece sweater dress in purple and red wool knit checks and solids. It's from Rudi Gernreich.



WHAT YOU SEE—Is what it is—Rudi Gernreich's stripe and reverse stripe wool knit separates from the designer's fall collection for Harmon Knitwear.



CHECKMATES—The Three Checks—mama, papa and baby—meet in a fall wool knit separates frock designed by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. Dress photos by Jack Gussakov

Gernreich: Futurist Facing Up to Today

BY MARYLOU LUTHER
Times Staff Writer

Without a gun, without a razor, without being a breast, Rudi Gernreich has just given the fashion world another of his famous shock treatments.
Singlehandedly, he has proved that fall, 1971, will exist after all.
Just when it looked like

show-in for the 30s, the 40s and the '60s, starring Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Grace Kelly or your favorite neighborhood prostitute, Gernreich called in with the correct line.
Fashion's leading futurist is ready to deal with today.
As he said when he produced his fall collection for Harmon Knitwear here, "It's a much more positive set to

face today—no matter how difficult that might be—than to try to escape it by hiding in the past."
Facing today with Gernreich means wearing asymmetrical clothes. In the parent sense, this means a continuation of the uniform esthetic he's been nurturing for the past three seasons—simple, functional knits that assume the personality of the wear-

er. They're nobody's until you put them on, and then they're yours, not his or hers or theirs.
In its sign-of-the-times sense, Gernreich's concept of inconspicuous consumption means creativity has given way to function. Or, as he explains:
"Buyers are still searching the world for 'original creativity.' They cannot seem to

understand that we're beyond this phase of fashion, that the designer's challenge for today is not to come up with a new sleeve, a new neck, a new hem, a new status symbol, a new statement, but to edit and assemble very real, very wearable clothes at a price.
"This is the only legitimate fashion for today. The focus

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SOO!—Cost members of new "Magic Theatre" for children perform "Ghost," a silent production with movements in unison. Times photo by Neville Bevan.

Adults Act Hard Not to Put Children On

BY MARJIE DRISCOLL
Times Staff Writer

COSTA MESA—A screaming, leaping, angry "mad" is evoked by a gentle "kiss." A talking man explains why some people have light skins and others are dark. Six dancing "blobs" become a ghost, which in turn becomes a merry-go-round, then a dragon and last of all, an ocean.
What nonsense is this? "Magic Theatre" is its name. It's the brainchild of Sandra Mathews-Deacon and the latest in a series of innovations by the South Coast Repertory Company and its 50 talented members.
"Children's theater has

never done this. We wanted to see if it could."
Sandra's efforts (coupled with those of the cast) have proved that it can, but it didn't happen overnight.
Nearly six months of work preceded the opening performance of Magic Theatre.
"Our first task was to view life as a child sees it, not as we might think he does," Sandra explained. "Once we could think as a child we could proceed with the production."
Sandra and the cast met with 15 children of various ages and backgrounds in a Costa Mesa park. They played informally and interacted and, as Sandra puts it, "came away with some startling realizations about

the needs and behavior of children."
Their new awareness showed a big gap between the myth and reality of children.
"We tend to think of them as sweet and angelic but in reality, they're tremendously violent," Sandra said.
"Myth has them happy and content; reality indicates they're easily angered and often frightened."
"Real feelings are often blocked because the child and his parents can't accept them," she added. "In Magic Theatre we acknowledge these feelings and help the child learn to deal with them constructively."

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Music Fund Raisers Applauded

BY EVELYN DE WOLFE
Times Staff Writer

The afternoon gathering in the home of Mrs. Simon Rano was more than a big thank-you to hard working fund raisers for The Music Center.
It celebrated the success of the 1970-71 campaign of the Resident Group Volunteers, a team of more than 200 workers under the chairmanship of Erna (Mrs. Sanford R.) Schulhofer.
It also served as a reminder that the performing arts never are self-sustaining. That they survive only when the people of a community nurture them.

RGV represents the joint fund-raising efforts of five Music Center resident groups—Southern California Symphony-Hollywood Bowl Ass'n., Young Musicians Foundation, Southern California Choral Music Assn., Center Theatre Group and Music Center Opera Assn. Its primary task is to solicit the smaller donations (under \$1,000). Gifts in the \$25,000 range and up are the job of the Special Gifts Committee, while the Major Gifts Committee collects in the \$1,000 to \$25,000 range.
RGV literally does its gold-digging by its good digging (58 and 430 contributions) to help support Los Angeles' Music Center complex and provide an ever-widening exposure to its resident performing groups.
During this 1970-71 campaign RGV collected 2,479 gifts totaling \$169,038.
Three of its volunteers were singled out as the real special recognition: Mrs. Philip Keller (who raised the most money), Mrs. Walter M. Atchell (who brought in the greatest number of new donors) and Mrs. James F. Le Sage (who brought in the largest number of \$100 gifts).
All three women are committed members of the Phil-

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