## The Press of Freedom:

# Agrees They Stand For Nothing

Continued from page 4 nizes hard reality of Communist

There is nothing more suffocating than liberalism that is Marxism watered down. Even natural selection is denied because it admits competition and struggle. Small wonder man on street has no faith in liberals. Man on street is way ahead of them. He knows

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the danger of Communism, he also knows that no matter who elected he gets taken.

If Village Voice is to become more than voice of disparate eclecticism, it must embody people's fundamental need for honesty fundamental need for and solidity. It must break out in a creative direction. It must rec ognize that when a plece as solid as the Lutz article has been printed, it can't just be dropped. These ideas must be added to, built up even stronger. The Village Voice must stand fearlessly against those that ask not just for our labor time, but for our souls.

-John Barkley Hart

#### XAVIERS OFFER 'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU'

"You Can't Take It With You," a first production by the newly formed Xavier Players, opens for a three-day run tomorrow (Thursday) evening at 8.30 at the Xavier Theatre, 30 West 16th Street. Yvonne Bulger, West 17th Street assumes the role of Mrs. Sycamore, created on Broadway by the late Josephine Hull.

# The Night People

by JEAN SHEPHERD

### **Beautiful to Behold**

T IS as easy as hell to become ponderous and pedantic about the whole phenomenon of the imported car in America. I don't want to do that, and hope I won't. My experience with foreign cars goes back almost 10 years, to the day when I had my first ride in a TC-model

friend of mine whose profession was precision machine-tool designing and who was and is the comtype with the addition of a fer-tile imagination — showed up for on, as if I were fair game since

MG. I was doing a late-night rec- 2 light in a residential section of ord show in Cincinnati that wound up at 2 in the morning. One night, about 15 minutes before the end of the show, a 12 boys in their early teens. Believe it or not, I was actually stoned. Rocks and tin cans bounced mander of a naval fighter squad-ron—in short, the machine-oriented while several adults in the neigh-

several imported cars: an Austin-Jensen, a 2½-liter Riley, another MG, a Peugeot 403, a Porsche 1300, and today I drove to the Voice office in a BMW Isetta, probably the supreme escape car of them all for the guy who can't pop for a sports car because of each but who has all the urges.

Today the average glance is shot toward the driver of a foreign vehicle ranges all the way from indifferent acceptance to actual open delight. Even cab drivers, ward anything that does not have a ticking meter on the dash, have grinned at me in the Isetta, not once, but time and time again, A few years ago the same guys were sneering at the first MG's and Jags as being ridiculous and more than a little silly. Owning a small foreign car is a way of life and a hobby just as much as the possession of a boat is to many these days. Even though they are now supremely practical, especially now supremely practical, especially in city traffic, they should not be viewed as simply transportation, any more than a star-class saliboat is looked upon as a way of getting from place to place. The change has been good, but I can't forget the sound of those rocks bouncing off the red paint nor the snide laughter of those adult liter-ate citizens of the twentieth cen-

### SCENES FROM 'CHAILLOT'

The Community Players of the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street, offer scenes from "The Madwoman of Chaillot" and from Noel Coward's "Red Peppers," this Saturday evening at 8.30 in the assembly hall of the church.



in his new car. The car turned unequipped with a Chevvy. out to be a black TC. From the instant, I was gone. sense of flight, escape, and the thrill of control, after driving

# An Education

The first day I drove the car out on the streets of Cincinatti was the racial-segregation field. There is the beginning of an education for a close parellel, since the autome in the symbolism of the machine in twentieth-century America. At the time, imported cars were extremely rare in this country, so I was able to feel the full force of the biases and prejudices that had been created in the American citizen over the years by the advertising world. For the first time in my life I had the feeling of belonging to a genuine minority group, in the fullest sense of the

I remember an incident that oc curred just a couple of days after I got the car. I was stopped for

**3**) ŠKOĎA

the It was a golden moment in my life. I learned more in 30 seconds the about my fellow American than I spongy tubs for years, was a revelation. Within two weeks I owned ation. Within two weeks I owned ation. Within two higher and a warm of the warm of t is much like the social change that is taking place in the country in mobile is as much a way of life and a symbol of caste, Pre many intagibles, as the segregation of racial minorities

Since those days I have owned

Jean Shepherd, WOR's commentator for Night People and a regular Village Voice contributor, was for two years the owner of a foreign-car agency in Cincinnati, where he dispensed Austins, Triumphs, MG's, and Volkswagens to the more daring of the local burghers.



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