

READER

SAN DIEGO'S MOST PECULIAR WEEKLY FEBRUARY 28 TO MARCH 6

Clean Body, Clean Mind Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap



It's ten times more radical than socialism... They can sell Mao's red book at a fifty per cent profit or they can sell my soap at a sixty per cent profit.

BY R.M. HALLINAN AND CHRISTINA EKSTED

About two million bottles of the pungent stuff are sold each year throughout the country, mostly from the shelves of health food stores. But the name on the white-on-blue label, "Dr. Bronner's Peppermint 18-in-1 Pure Castile Soap," is practically lost, crammed between the words of Dr. Bronner's eclectic, mind-numbing treatise:

African shepherd, inspired by God's blazing Star, Halley's Comet, to train God's Children from Birth, pledged allegiance to the Kingdom of God's eternal Law, the only Supreme Power, uniting God's spaceship Earth! All swallows train-evolve perfect pilots, united by love fulltruth, God's Law, brave! None untrained by true hate, parasite-blackmail-welfare-slave! So we don't descend down from perfect Adam and Eve's divided untrained Beasts, Marxist slave! We ascend up working-united-loving-armed-brave! Trained by God's Law, Life, Rabbi Hillel asked Jesus 13 questions: Without correct answer, none survive! No, not Socialism's true hate! Fulltruth Social Action, 10 times more radical, eternally uniting One-God-State the Essence Moral ABC of the Free, hard work, good food, fulltruth, God's Law, Free Speech, Free Press, love, song, Ideal profitsharing Social Action, uniting Kibbutz, mankind, All-One/God State! (all six)

Esquire magazine dubbed it Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap, noting, "It tickles your crotch."

At the top of a road which winds through avocado orchards three miles south of Escondido, a sign points to a sprawling ranch house.

All-Our-Faith-In-One-God-State. Rabbi E.H. Bronner. SMMC, DD.

A woman mowing the lawn led us to the foot of a wooden staircase behind the house.

"Bronner! Some people to see you," she called up to the porch on the roof, explaining to us, "Sometimes he sunbathes up there — you know what I mean."

Bronner, who lives in sunny semi-retirement and composes rambling essays, labels for his soap, and lengthy political telegrams on his bank of six Dictaphones, was clad in a bathing suit and was putting his frame through his daily exercise ritual. He greeted us with a warm smile, his alabaster teeth gleaming a testimony to his Calcium Lomonettes and soap (which can be used as a dentifrice as

well as for shampoo, or post spray, or for a shave, massage, body rub or cat wash).

Opaque eyeglasses perforated with a grid of tiny holes declare his blindness — a result, he says, of "22 shock treatments suffered in a Marxist concentration camp."

But this statement, like many others, must be taken with a grain of Dr. Bronner's Balanced-Mineral-Salt: the shock treatments were administered in a mental hospital in Illinois in 1946.

Born the son of a Jewish soapmaker in pre-Hitler Germany, Bronner immigrated to the United States in 1929. His parents remained behind and were exterminated in the Nazi pogroms. In 1944, his first wife committed suicide. At her grave, Bronner saw a vision of 13 disheveled women that inspired him to become God's servant.

Theologians undoubtedly blanch at Bronner's jumbled religious history, in which a 12-year-old Jesus enters manhood under the teaching of the great Jewish rabbi Hillel. Bronner's credo revolves around 13 questions he says Hillel asked Jesus:

"If I am not for me, who will be? But if I am only for me, who am I? If not now, when?"

These are the basic principles of what Bronner calls the Essence Moral ABC of the Free, a panacea for social, political, and spiritual ills. Bronner has just completed a year-long labor to produce a letter-perfect interpretation of the expanded version of the ABC. He plans to buy newspaper space all over the country to get his message out.

"Irrefutably, by not teaching the Moral ABC of the Free the real Rabbi Hillel taught Jesus, we fake rabbis for 2,000 years, betray Arab, Israel, all mankind today," he said in a rumbling German accent, lapsing into a verbatim recitation from the new treatise.

For example, the absolute innocent nine-year-old Karl Marx, like all Jewish boys, heard fake rabbis mumble only half true prayers. Ashamed, betrayed, misled, Marx wrote in 1844 'One World Without Jews' to hate-tax-enslave-murder every God-loving Jew, every hard worker. All but three per cent drones, parasites who by half-true hate, socialism, treason, Watergate, disintegrate, smear, slander, betray, divide America, England, Israel, all mankind tonight! Tonight!"

Slicing the air with expansive gestures, Bronner warmed to his prose, now shouting.

"As Mao wrote after 66 million Marxist murders of unarmed slaves, 'Marx's socialism is communism in its power is the gun.' Holy man! Barbarism! Slaves! What

an apology we fake rabbis owe all Israel, all mankind for not teaching the Essence Moral ABC Hillel did teach Jesus to enter manhood like Mark Spitz — brave, free, trained for life!"

A call on one of the two nearby, telephones interrupted the crescendo. It was a \$500 order from an alternative food distribution network in Berkeley. Bronner said he gives them a substantial discount and keeps his wholesale prices as low as possible to spread the profits around.

"Sharing full work, full truth, full profit, that's social action and it's ten times more radical than socialism," he said. "They can sell Mao's red book at a fifty per cent profit or they can sell my soap at a sixty per cent profit."

In addition to the order, the person on the line had a question about an ingredient listed on the label of Bronner's Cheezon Corn chips — sodium citrate.

"It's just salt — sodium chloride — and citric acid, it won't hurt you," he assured the caller. It's in the cheese we use, just a very little bit of it in there."

Upon hanging up, he placed a call to Laura Scudgers, where the chips are made according to his specifications.

"I wrote to you about this before, but you haven't done it yet," he said. "In the Cheezon Corn, the sodium citrate. There is very little of it in there and the Food and Drug does not require that it be listed on the label. I don't want it on the label. Take it off."

Several of Bronner's products are now made for his label by other companies, but the soap is made in a Los Angeles factory under the direction of his son, Jim.

"In 1944 it looked like all soap would be passe," Bronner remarked. "Detergents were the new thing and everybody thought they were ten times better than soap. Nobody knew detergents spoiled the water, that they didn't kill bacteria."

"I thought if the soap industry faded out, my soap would be the last of the Mohicans. But today when the detergent industry is fading out, it is the first and foremost."

Bronner said Lever Brothers has approached him with an offer to buy his franchise — a move he contemplates these days.

"But I will insist that the message on the bottle remain constructive because if you clean the body, what good does it do you if you don't clean the mind? If you use my soap and you read the label, you not only clean your body, you clean your mind, soul, spirit. All one! All one! All one!"

(Reprinted from the San Diego Edition. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing P.O. Box 1634, San Diego, CA 92101.)

LETTERS

KEEP CLOWNS OUT OF CORNER

Dear Reader:

I had a good day today. I rode my bike to the park. There were a lot of people there and there was a clown who was entertaining people and having some talented musicians and pantomimes. There were a lot of people enjoying the talent. I seemed to be in a light, relaxed feeling instead of a museum atmosphere. I've been told, I think, that it is an unnecessary law. It represents talent that I would like to enjoy. I hope that I see more of them and that they aren't pushed into a corner with the panhandlers and Jesus Freaks.

Sincerely,
Joan (last name withheld)

NO REDS IN PARK

Dear Reader:

I see where your readers are again confusing traditional American Folk Music with ill-fated and godless Communism and lord knows what else. I have spent many Sundays in Balboa Park listening to the musicians who gather there with the permission of the city who issues them permits, and I have yet to hear a Russian song or a discouraging word. Just good happy music, most of it from the mainstream of American traditional music. I think it adds life to the park and does for more to create good will & bridge the generation gap than any 50 honks.

PIPE DREAM

Dear Editor:

I think the Reader supplies one of the most valuable services I can think of by putting out a weekly guide to the movies in town. The guide to theater locations and phone numbers is also very useful. However, it is possible to include theater admission prices and show times in this list. Often, the box offices take their phones off the hook so you can't reach them, and it would be a welcome addition if the Reader could put the information in print for easy reference.

Thank you,
Sincerely,
Linda Kraus

BOW TO BETTER TASTES

Dear Editor:

Mr. Saville has shared with us, and you have commended to our attention, a remarkable discovery. There are currently existing an infantile like J.R.R. Tolkien who composes uniquely infantile. There are also a senile like Tolkien, an infantile genuine Tolkien, and a senile genuine Tolkien?

AMINOITY OPINION?

Dear Editor:

Although I find your "Guide to the Silver Screen" to be one of the finest I've ever seen, I have one basic objection to its format that makes it a little irritating at times, to say the least. It is a case of misplaced order.

When I look for a movie, I start out with one thing for sure. I don't want to have to go far out of my way to get to it. Therefore, I have a few theses that I frequent. Another thing I know for sure is that I usually don't know what they're showing.

To help me out of this mess, please make a suggestion to those that he lists his reviews alphabetically by theater so I can figure out what is going on.

Many thanks,
Ben Gill

BOW TO BETTER TASTES

Dear Editor:

Mr. Saville has shared with us, and you have commended to our attention, a remarkable discovery. There are currently existing an infantile like J.R.R. Tolkien who composes uniquely infantile. There are also a senile like Tolkien, an infantile genuine Tolkien, and a senile genuine Tolkien?

Perhaps Mr. Saville or you merely butchered his grammar. Perhaps, he means to say, "J.R.R. Tolkien, that infantile fake who composed infantile stories." He presumes that a preposterous Wagner opera reminds all of us of Tolkien. It is not Tolkien who suffers from intellectual incontinence. Just what is an "infantile fake"? Infants are not fakes; that affliction only visits twentieth century adolescents and adults. Perhaps Mr. Saville means a "fake" who writes about "infantile" subjects. Just what is an infantile story? Without settling that question, Mr. Saville distinguishes between infantile writers, who apparently believe what they write, and a mercenary class of infantile fake writers who do not believe what they write. All Mr. Saville makes clear in his gratuitous dismissal of the Trilogy is that he dislikes Tolkien.

I suggest he re-read *Lord of the Rings*. If he cannot bring himself to admire and love it, he should discreetly, like a tin-eared Chesterton did to lovers of genuine Bach (like Mr. Saville, perhaps, who at least does not like poor Bach), write to better tastes.

David Williams
Hawaii Hospital
San Diego

(Better taste prefers the *Elder Edda*, the *Ysboguesque* romances of *Christine de Troyes*, and *Malory's Morte D'Arthur*. Those are the genuine articles of which *The Lord of the Rings* is a feeble imitation. — Jonathan Saville)

READER

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The Reader
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San Diego, CA 92160
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The Cool-Hand Flute and The Short End of the Stick

Miss Schiff is actually twenty-two, wife of a doctor, sister of another excellent violinist, daughter of a mother inspired both in her progeny and in her cooking...on stage, however, she is Tolstoy's Natasha.

—Jonathan Saville—

Jean-Pierre Rampal is one of the world's great flutes. He is the son of the sponsorship of the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra. San Diegans were privileged to hear him last week at Sherwood Hall. He was joined in a concert of baroque and modern music by harpsichordist Robert Veyronnet. Both are musicians of the highest technical accomplishment, and Mr. Rampal's tone, in all three registers of his instrument (the ready low, the bell-like middle, the piercing high), is unmatched in its smoothness, clarity and limpid beauty.

Nevertheless, I had some reservations about the baroque portion of the program, which consisted of the B minor sonata by Handel and Bach, along with a pretty but

rather trivial piece by Jean-Marie Leclair. Mr. Rampal chooses to play this music in a cool suave, stand-offish style that is not at all to my taste, though it evidently places a good many other lovers of baroque music. He carefully avoids the kind of dynamics and phrasing articulation which would suggest that the music contains passion as well as loveless. Rising sequences are maintained at the same dynamic level, repetitions are absolutely identical, and the music is rigidly confined to a few planes, with scarcely ever a surge or a falling-away between them. No one wants this music played as if it were Stravinsky, but it is equally a mistake to play as unobtrusively as Mr. Rampal. The Handel and Leclair pieces are not emotionally weighty to begin with, and without a discreet influx of feeling from the

The final one — a Donizetti "sonata" that was really a preposterously delicious coloratura aria — gave me that feeling of totally uncritical happiness concert-goers experience when they are in the presence of indisputable perfection.

The special concert of the San Diego Symphony, presented by the Crocker Bank, was one of the high points of this musical season. The first half of the program was dominated by a wonderfully vital performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, with Zina Schiff as soloist, and the second half gave us a Tchaikovsky Fourth so tremendously exciting that all but a relentlessly analytical critic (guess who) would be willing to overlook its numerous flaws of detail.

Do you remember Natasha, from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*? Natasha, with her thin arms and shining eyes, the embodiment of life, hope and youthful energy that most of us miss. Imagine this wayward, thirteen-year-old girl, in a translucent pink, tenderly flowered gown over a corset, with a lavender sash, and delicate russet at her slender neck, and around her thin arms — and put a violin in those thin arms — and imagine her playing in the style of Jascha Heifetz, and there you have Zina Schiff, radiant on the

stage of the Civic Theatre. Miss Schiff is actually twenty-two, wife of a doctor, sister of another excellent violinist (Robert Veyronnet), a member of the orchestra, daughter of a mother inspired both in her progeny and in her cooking, and a self-assured young lady of unusual talent, destined for a fine career. On stage, however, she is Natasha, the re-creation of her performance was not her rich but controlled tone, not her superb intonation, not the incisiveness and strength of her bowing, not her sensitively Romantic phrasing (because all this is just what you would expect from a first-rate violinist in the Heifetz tradition), but the irrefutable demonstration that the spirit of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto is precisely the spirit of Tolstoy's Natasha. It was one of those rare instances in which the composition, the performance and the performer seem inseparable facets of each other.

As for the Tchaikovsky, it must first of all be said that conductor Peter Eros's overall understanding of this late Romantic masterpiece, together with the immense energy of his conducting, succeeded in the demand with astonishing skill. The work. The Tchaikovsky Fourth demands a virtuoso orchestra, and the San Diego Symphony met the demand with a virtuoso orchestra. Here too Mr. Eros must take a good deal of the credit, for the orchestra was certainly not playing this way when he took over two years ago. Mr. Eros knows Tchaikovsky, and he knows orchestra; this performance gave ample proof of both kinds of knowledge.

But — but when it comes to the finer details of interpretation, and even of reproducing what is the score, then Mr. Eros is not quite so satisfactory. One of the chief rhythmic characteristics of Tchaikovsky's style, in his symphony and elsewhere, is the accentuation of off-beats — in the Fourth, this is particularly prominent in the first and third movements. But under Mr. Eros's direction these accents are often insufficient or non-existent, thus weakening or eliminating the characteristic syncopated shape of a great many phrases. Mr. Eros's conducting also shows a certain lack of rhythmic flexibility, of the give and take which is the life blood of Tchaikovsky's musical thought. There is a deadening tendency towards the metronomic, which is sometimes all right for great, fast, turbulent sections, but which takes all the lift and lift out of such passages as the second subject (beginning on the clarinet) of the first movement or the main theme of the second movement. The latter was, in addition, considerably faster than it ought to have been, resulting in a lack of contrast with the supposedly faster middle section (*piu mosso*). The climaxes, of which this symphony is so full, were consistently exciting, but Mr. Eros showed a tendency to build them up too fast, so that at the ultimate moment there was nothing more left to give, and he also tended to build them in distinct steps, rather than by means of a rising flow, reaching ever higher. This way of conducting a climax is inappropriate to Romantic music, and it constitutes a serious flaw when the Romantic music is Tchaikovsky's, with its long (sometimes over-long), heaving, achingly impassioned sequences. And finally, Mr. Eros does not concern himself enough with the orchestral balance: he favors the violins far too much, and the second flutes (especially the almost inaudible violas) get — quite literally — the short end of the stick.

Yet in spite of all this, there was real electricity in Mr. Eros's Tchaikovsky; and if the performance was sometimes dull, it was never dull. It says something of good for Mr. Eros, for his orchestra, and for the future of symphonic music in San Diego.

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to be a mystery only to those who dislike or refuse to recognize the facts. Do you care to live.

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MOVIES (continued from page 5)

Penelope — Frankie Schaffer sets aside several lurid moments to do his arrangement of multiple of uniformed figures, across a Pantheon scene. Nearly his movie is simply a small Steve McQueen propped in front of blue sky or grey wall. Some of the sex and some of David's Island survival creep in from Hein Chevalier's book, but not enough to separate this drizzle picture from much less superb — after Steve McQueen prison term. THE CROCODILE ESCAPE AND NEVADA SMITH. Co-starring Dustin Hoffman.

Pats and Title — Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett's strong roots in naturalism enable this far-mouled portrait of a middle-class marriage to evolve gradually and smoothly from low-key comedy to gaily tearful. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Ritt.

The Possession Adventure — Something of a little effort, struggling for survival. The characters are so obviously sincere, it would be a mercy for everyone if they were all eliminated quickly. It can be set through quite easily, out of tolerance for silliness.

Save the Tiger — The first line is "Shit" and the second is "When the tiger?" and by then it's plain that this is a tough look at modern angst. Glimpses of the behind the scenes pressure and shenanigans in the L.A. garment business are quite convincing, however there are also a hope high-hiver and a

Serpico — Sidney Lumet's expose of police graft, engrossing from start to finish, is so narrowly focused in its vision of police life (cop's spend most of their time making collections, evidently), and the low-key comedy to gaily tearful. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Ritt.

Stolen Kisses — Truffaut's easily silly, rapidly rapid collection of THE 400 BLOWS, who protested in a private eye. The job has been done in a way that is both Hope, building and falling but always the same. Truffaut's love for the color — appalling — and the plot complications — under production — let through the blunt, better, more charming tubes — assert the director's detachment. Written, directed by Alain Resnais.

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams — Stewart Stern's winter wishy into a small Apache raiding party and the heart of the movie is a love story among the white population. The comedy unit pursuing the Indians is composed of outcasts, quietly well played by Alan Lancaster, Bruce Davison, Richard Jancsek, and above all, Joyce Luck. But Stern's script is a little too much like a love story. The picture is strongest at its quietest, with bright and unforced accents of the heart. His first movie relies mainly on general feeling by somebody like Eudora Welles, although the director's alienation likelihood of a clattering bad line or a splashy nightmare episode.

Waiting for God — Exactly like Phil Karlson's 1955 PHOENIX CITY STORY, this one is a very different kind of story. Karlson winging talk about an ex-soldier who returns to his Southern roots and decides to clean up the organized vice that's set in during his absence. This is a question of direction, mainly because the lively roadside gambling-joint joints look of least healthy credible, and Karlson's old-Hollywood portrayal of infidelity is charmingly prudish. Whereas the surprising advertisements for Happy Family Life are baroque only when they achieve supreme silliness, which is pretty often, and it's good to see Elizabeth Hartman even in a nothing role, but both are largely wasted in an infantile plot made out of attacks and counterattacks and counter-attacks and so forth.

The Way We Were — There are, in Arthur Laurents' screenplay, some powerful notions of how to relate a long-range romance on screen, and Sidney Pollack's generally fine direction, there seems to be a deliberate striving to the old-fashioned, glossy, and malleable. But in the end (and it goes, the movie loses ground steadily) it all comes out on schmaltz, after every major moment in the American political pulse, from the Spanish Civil War to the Vietnam War, and the director is reduced to tediously contrived and repetitious confrontations between an activist Jewish woman and her cool, Jewish lover. The participants are, however, excellent, and the director, competition to rack up the highest total of flustering looks. Strained dialogues in front, by a score of 134 to 136.

Westworld — Michael Crichton, a science doctor, biochemist, college professor, real estate speculator, novelist in the fields of science fiction, youth culture, and popular psychology, and a screenwriter, turns in a movie that is neither directing nor a broad background are a shocker. Crichton's first movie relies mainly on plot, which is unfortunate because the movie is so much more than a plot. However, Yul Brynner is happily within his range in the role of a robot.

THE PROPHET

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Free-Flight of San Diego, P.O. Box 51722, San Diego 92115

Tony Waldrop turning for home during his World Indoor Record mile run at the San Diego Indoor Games.

The Unsung Villains

The controlled sports commentary has proliferated so that any toupeed, two-bit, wide-tied jackass can waste the sports fans' time with big-mouthed claptrap.

—Alan Pesin—

[illegible]

0-0. Suddenly the sound of a distant, piercing, train whistle was heard. The sportscasters, mistakenly believing that the whistle signaled the end of the game, walked off the field. The sportswriters scored eight plays later and won the championship.

Once upon a time sportscasters and sportswriters, dressed in shirt sleeves and baggy pants, reported the latest sports news with preci-



sion and without flourish. The average sports fan heard his favorite team's final scores and read concise accounts of who did what in the previous day's games. Slowly and insipidly "the commentators" slipped into the sportswriters-sportscasters-reportorial style. At first the forward march of the sportswriter's welcome aberrations by sports festsatiated with televised sports events hosted by house announcers and sports pages overstuffied with promotional press releases. However, like the Australian rabbit, the uncontrolled sports commentary proliferated until any one of the two-sided tickle machines can waste the sports' fans' time with big-mouthed claptrap instead of who, what, when, and where.

In baseball it was just announced by Atlanta Braves President William Bartholomay that Henry Aaron will sit out the first three games of the 1974 season. Aaron needs only one more home run to tie the greatest home record of them all, 714 lifetime home runs by Babe Ruth. By keeping Aaron out of the lineup during the Braves' first three games at Cincinnati, Bartholomay is assuring that the

record will not yet be broken beginning a lucrative eleven game homestand, including a nationally televised home opener against the Braves on a rather toothed sportscasters and sportswriters thus far have fired off millions of words in assasinating the character of Major League Baseball Commissioner Bud Kuhn, the Atlanta Braves, and even Henry Aaron: for participating in a giant charade; for putting in a fix on major league baseball; for being a part of the National Broadcasting Company. Announcing your intentions three months ahead of time does not make you a prophet. Henry Aaron, with or without Aaron cannot beat the Cincinnati Reds; and pandering to NBC in this situation means that rather than there being a conspiracy to keep the Cincinnati's witnesses to Aaron's feat, any person in the United States wishing to be a party to this bit of baseball history need only watch the game on TV set Monday night, April 8.

The many, unintelligent, little-thinkers that clutter the newspapers and airways spouting opinions on any subject (i.e.

"professional football is on the verge of collapse because of marijuana smokers playing under the influence," says the "horrific drug up to two weeks after taking a puff" consider themselves experts in every sport. February 9th found the Los Angeles Invisational Track Meet breaking the world record with a put of over seventy feet. The record was broken indoors performance was not accepted as a genuine world record by the governing body of world records. The governing body knows that indoor records have always been listed separate from outdoor records. (This is done for the same reason as the record is not so logical). But the verbal hubbub springing out of the facial orifices of overweight, knowledgeable people is not "Woods tragedy" was heard non-stop across the country. When the next weekend found Tony Waldrop breaking the world record of 3:55 at the San Diego Indoor Games, these same mental midgets, men who had defended Woods' right to a world record the week before, were silent. They were readers and worshippers that

Waldrop's race had been run on an unfair surface, and his world indoor record should have been disallowed.

Professional football is where the sports-writing-sportscenter lunatic runs most rampant. "The birds flow in from all over the world," says a friend in San Diego about the size and mental state of number one draft pick: "not a single word is spoken against a system where option contracts are the norm, where both force-disfranchised American employees to find new jobs or else move to Canada, the only alternative being to get the hell out of the League into existence. The National Football League Rules Committee is currently in session. When their common-sense rule that no player can be hit with balloons could be launched from the gaseous excretions of your local all-knowing, all-seeing, sports-writer-sportscenter providing the only news on the subject, the most important information, how he would have changed the rules of football. Most likely sportscenters will scream that football fields should be covered with the same yardsticks and sportswriters will scream just the opposite.

Wolf claims that *Dracula* sheds light on such basic human problems as "Christianity, insanity, identity, incest, marriage, homosexuality, immortality, and death."

—William Pike—

Weird inspectors have flown, crawled, and otherwise oozed by the hundreds from the dark corners of the human soul, but none of them (unless it's Satan himself) can rival the media exposure given to Dracula, Transylvanian count and midnight Rambler.

Everybody knows Dracula and everybody knows what it means when those fangs of his sink into another sweet neck. Dracula has

become one of the great myths of our time, complete with hidden meanings and inner workings that beckon for analysis. None other than university professors on research grants are doing studies on the origin, history, and psychology of the same Dracula who not long ago was fit only for kids down at the Saturday matinee.

The book in point is *A Dream of Dracula: In Search of the Living Dead*, which Popular Library now publishes in paperback. The author

is Leonard Wolf, Transylvania native no less and teacher of vampirism at CSU, San Francisco, formerly San Francisco State.

Despite 19 pages of very fine print footnotes and bibliography, *A Dream of Dracula* is not your usual dull, pompous academic stuff. In keeping with Dracula's popularite, Wolf gives him a free and easy treatment that skips back and forth from the historical Dracula to the Hollywood Dracula, from madmen of the mid-

die ages to the Hell's Angels, from literary history to contemporary USA vignettes and personal anecdotes about Wolf's own trip to Transylvania and the Borgo Pass. In all, it's lively, interesting, and a little too breezy. In the end, these different things don't quite cohere.

Regardless, the quintal event in the creation of the modern Dracula myth, says Wolf, was the 1897 publication of Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*. But that's not the part that novel didn't originate with Stoker. Instead, it goes far back into the middle ages, at least as far back as the middle of the 15th century when the historical Dracula ruled a Wallachian principality. His real name was Vlad IV, but he is usually remembered as Dracula or as Vlad the Impaler, a nickname he earned through his penchant for skewering his enemies on stakes.

Vlad was a true monster, a connoisseur of torture. Besides staking people, Vlad had them boiled, beaten, burned, and hacked. He killed Turks by nailing their turbans to their foreheads. He rubbed salt into wounds and had goats called in to lick the salt. He cooked mothers and fed them to the children. But staking remained his speciality. One of Vlad's favorite pastimes was to dine with his court amidst the stakes and bodies. Anyone who complained was made part of the scenery.

Other ogres, real and imagined, contributed to the lore of Vlad the Impaler, and somehow over the centuries he was transformed from a historical madman and monster into a mythological bloodsucking vampire. Wolf glosses over the how's and why's of this transformation by suggesting in passing that it has to do with collective unconscious fears and fantasies.

By the 18th century (the so-called "age of reason"), the transformation was complete, the legend was on its feet, and Europe was drenched in vampire lore. A popular literature of the supernatural emerged in the form of Gothic novels. With this shift in focus from folklore to literature, Wolf gains confidence. In a rapid, Sears catalogue fashion, he runs through some 100 years' worth of Gothic novels until he gets to what he considers the best of the lot: *Bram Stoker's Dracula*.

Who knows what psychological meaning is sucking of blood from one human by another might have?

Wolf answers that question in sexual terms. Stoker, he says, suffered from "sexual terror," a common enough malady during those Victorian times. Dracula is the "transgressor, the violator, the one for whom Victorian morality is nothing but wind. As such, he must be stopped, and those who finally do stop him are, in Wolf's words, a bunch of "sexual incompetents" — "a bunch of middle-class, prudish homosexual" bond and who are working under the aegis of a highly pure female named Lucy Westenra.

All this sexual business is beneath the surface of the novel of course. In fact, it's so far beneath

the surface that Stoker, the author, wasn't even aware of it. Dracula was the personification of Stoker's deepest desires and fears, things he couldn't deal with directly, and in the interest of repression, Dracula had to be destroyed.

Anyone who has read the first 70-80 pages of *Dracula* (the Transylvanian section, some of the most terrifying writing ever) knows there is more to it than some strange fairy tale. Especially unnerving is the scene where the prim and proper Englishman Jonathan Harker stumbles across the three beautiful lady vampires hidden away in the basement of Dracula's castle and finds himself nearly dumbstruck by the simultaneous loathing and urgent desire that he feels for them. That scene, says Wolf, indicates Stoker's attitude as a whole toward Dracula, and it might point out the force that has sustained the Dracula myth over the centuries.

Such is the lure of illicit sex. Practically all sex was illicit to Bram Stoker.

One of Wolf's most provocative comments about *Dracula* is buried deep in a footnote with no real further explanation: he says there that the blood *Dracula* seeks and needs can be equated with semen. What does that say about Count *Dracula*? What does it say about people who go to see movies about him?

Wolf claims that *Dracula* sheds light on such basic human problems as "Christianity, insanity, identity, incest, marriage, homosexuality, immortality, and death." This may or may not be true, but it's interesting to read that about a novel that is usually given the dubious distinction of standing alongside *The Three Musketeers* and *Robin Hood* and just a shade above the Hardy boys and Nancy Drew.

The discussion of Stoker's *Dracula* is the heart and core of *A History of the Vampire in Literature*, the best discussion of that novel yet. The rest of the book (including a quick interview with Dracula) is a series of vignettes, each a vignette of an encounter group with its psychic bloodbinder; another vignette of a Hell's Angel; another of a vampire who is performing cannibalism on a menstruating woman; interviews with terminal cancer patients and with a terminally ill woman; Gilles de Rais, Marshall of France and infamous child mutilator; a discourse on the physiology of vampirism; a discussion of the vampire in San Francisco (?!); and a meeting with a young gay man who actually does seek people's blood (seems to be a vampire, but is not) researched. In short, Wolf tries to say more than he has to say.

But still, the next time you're reading *Dracula* or *The Horror of Dracula* or *The Return of Dracula* or *Dracula's Daughter* or *The Brides of Dracula* or *The Hound of the Baskin's* or *The Blood of Dracula's Castle* or *Taste the Blood of Dracula* or *The House that Draped Blood* or *The Fearless Vampire Killers* or *The Vampire of the Green Leeches* or *Billy the Kid Versus Dracula*, ask yourself, why am I here, doing this? I know how I feel. I know how I should feel. I know how I should want. Lemme out.



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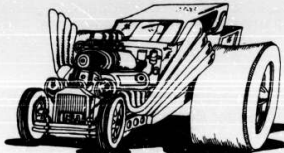
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The Exorcist: No Compassion, No Sense of Humor

The movie's own morality, its concern with good and evil and its intentions to inspire audiences to reaffirm the powers of God and the Devil is abused by the lack of a human idea.

—Leslie Kienholz—

The *Exorcist* succeeds in being evil to think, to think back on, and to write about. It is chillingly self-absorbed. Greedy carnal intentions are disguised with excessive class and some fancy, copycat photography; the exorcist in show-

down stance opposite the winged demon statue in an orange-lit sunroom, the exorcist pausing in the glow of a street light underneath the demon girl's window, a slant shot of nuns with their long pious veils.

The oblique lyricism and story structure are too confusing for a simple horror idea. The movie may have taken too long to make,

spread too thin and then cut. Some implications are never followed through. The little girl Regan's foul language is suggestive of her mother's cursing around the house; the girl talks, baring her grubby new permanent teeth, like a depraved, aged tramp. Probably the length and cost of the project caused the makers to subtract slight things, like subtleties of

characters, as they decided that only the horror effects were worth the time, effort, and money. They became obsessed, influenced, and finally controlled by the success of their own abusing effects. And these scenes are intensely the best. They are cut well and cut short. Everything that happens in the little girl's room, and that place only, is concentrated energy. The violent sequences of shots are put together as if to glance off what is too terrible to see with rocket speed. Relief comes whenever the movie leaves the room; tension builds whenever it again approaches the room's door, in expectation of a hurricane of records, toys, little-girl knickknacks, or angry rappings and risings of the girl's bed, or the window bursting and flying, or, worst of all, the demon girl's barked oaths, avocado ejaculations of vomit, her seeping-in, seeking-possession tone of voice. "We will have you with us."

What separates *The Exorcist*, and what makes it evil, frightening, is purely its *Godfather* scale; it is a huge half-life, or a perverse defeat. The movie's own morality, its concern with good and evil, and its intentions to inspire audiences to reaffirm the powers of God and the Devil is abused by the lack of a human idea. Traditionally, monster, ghost, and horror stories rest on implicit symbols for human diseases, and their dealings with monstrosities are, at their root, really, compelled by compassion.

But *The Exorcist*, profit hungry, seems pressed by the enormous budget and generous allowance of filming time to surrender to its own abusing effects. Contrarily, the impression given by big-time, high-budget movies like this one is that they keep on the movie, and don't look back. A 360-degree swirl of the head accomplished one day, and a successful levitation something up the next. Friedkin reveals no sense of humor about what people might see behind his massive movie: the caring for profit, the layering of work and the passing-off of responsibility, the sweet traditional catering to Americans' interest in questions of morality, the authority to besiege and take over an area or a town, which this does. The moody area around a Georgetown campus and hilltop red-brick residence provides a foil to the tan sandstone ruins at an archeological dig in Northern Iraq, and the market places, jangling with drums and bells. Hundreds of Arabs were employed to wield pick axes at the dig, and the Arabs picked like demons, really putting their backs into it, which is probably the first and last glint of mischievous fun in the movie. This part does not have much to do with the movie, just that Friedkin wanted some romance and mood from his locations, both of which are odd.

BEST SELLING RECORDS NATIONAL

1. Bob Dylan/Planet Waves
2. Joni Mitchell/Court and Spark
3. John Denver/Greatest Hits
4. Carly Simon/Cat's Paws
5. Love/Unlimited/Under the Influence Of
6. Jim Croce/Don't Mess Around Jim
7. Neil Young/Tomorrow's World
8. Elton John/Yellow Brick Road
9. Paul McCartney and Wings/Band On The Run
10. Charlie Rich/Behind Closed Doors

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SAN DIEGO

1. Doobie Brothers/What Were Vices Now Are Habits
2. Steaks & Cuffs/Under the Sun
3. Tower of Power/Back to Oakland
4. Marshall Tucker Band/Nothin' But the Boogie
5. Grateful Dead/The Best of the Grateful Dead
6. Ann Murray/Love Song
7. Porter Wagoner & Dolly Parton/Plenty
8. Johnny Winter/Blues and Sinners
9. Maitreya/Ascension
10. Papa John Creach/Playin' My Fiddle For You

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BEST SELLING BOOKS NATIONAL

1. BURR/Gore Vidal
2. THE JOY OF SEX/Alan Crutcher
3. THE HONORARY CONSUL/Griffin Greene
4. POSTER OF FATE/Agatha Christie
5. THE HOLLOW HILL/Mary Stewart
6. THEOPHILUS NORTH/Thornton Wilder
7. THE FIRST DEADLY SIN/Lawrence Sanders
8. NICKEL MOUNTAIN/John Gardner
9. BEULAH LAND/Lonnie Coleman
10. THE SALAMANDER/Morris L. West

GENERAL

1. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND/Midred Newman
2. THE JOY OF SEX/Alan Crutcher
3. I SPEAK AT THE WHITE HOUSE/B. West with Mary L. Kutz
4. PLAIN SPEAKING/Mary L. Kutz
5. ALISTAIR COOKES AMERICA/Alastair Cooke
6. IN ONE ERA AND OUT THE OTHER/San Levinson
7. THE BEST OF LIFE/David E. Scherman
8. PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE/Nigel Nicolson
9. COSELL/Howard Cosell
10. REAL LACE/Stephen Birmingham

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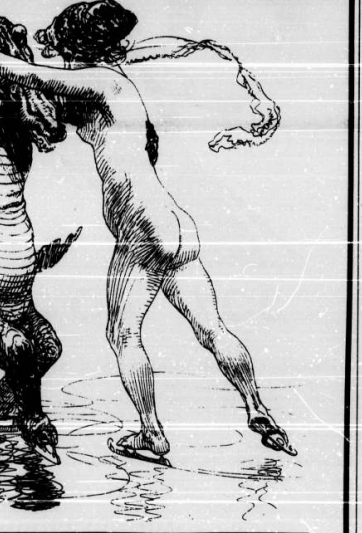
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2. COME NINEVEH, COME TYR/Alan Drury
3. THE HOLLOW HILL/Mary Stewart
4. THE HONORARY CONSUL/Griffin Greene
5. THEOPHILUS NORTH/Thornton Wilder
6. POSTER OF FATE/Agatha Christie
7. NICKEL MOUNTAIN/John Gardner
8. THE SALAMANDER/Morris L. West
9. BEULAH LAND/Lonnie Coleman
10. REAL LACE/Stephen Birmingham

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1. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND/Midred Newman
2. UPSTAIRS AT THE WHITEHOUSE/B. West with Mary L. Kutz
3. IN ONE ERA AND OUT THE OTHER/San Levinson
4. PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE/Nigel Nicolson
5. THE BEST OF LIFE/David E. Scherman
6. COSELL/Howard Cosell
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THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

SPORTS

BASKETBALL: Aztec vs. the University of the Pacific. Peterson Gym, San Diego State. Thursday, February 28, 8:00 p.m. 286-6947.

BOXING: welterweight Hedgemon Laws of Los Angeles meets Jose Miranda of Mexico. Coliseum, Friday, March 1, 232-1904.

TENNIS: Pacific Coast's men's doubles championships. La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, Friday, March 1 through Sunday, March 3, 454-7126.

KARATE: Second Quarterly Intramural and Interclub Tournament. UCSD and San Diego Karate Clubs. UCSD gym, Saturday, March 2, 1:00 p.m. Free and open to the public. 270-6353.

C.L.F. BASKETBALL PLAYOFFS: S.D. Sports Arena, Saturday, March 2, 6:30 and 8:00 p.m. 224-4176.

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Seattle. S.D. Sports Arena, Sunday, March 3, 7:00 p.m. 224-4176.

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Salt Lake City. S.D. Sports Arena, Tuesday, March 5, 8:00 p.m. 224-4176.

DANCE



THE GRAND UNION: an improvisational dancer-choreographer company, will perform at the Women's Gymnasium, San Diego State, Friday, March 1, 8:00 p.m. 286-6947.

BALLET USU: "Giselle," originally choreographed by Jean Coralli and Jules Perrot to music by Adolph Adam, and "Debut," a new work by Wayne Davis choreographed to music by Shostakovich. The Theatre, S.D. City College, Thursday through Sunday, February 28 through March 3, 8:00 p.m. 291-9371.

LECTURES AND TALKS

FDR AS A WAR LEADER: part of lecture series on WWII, by Robert Dallek, professor of history, UCLA. 2722 USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, \$5, 453-2000, ext. 2207.

COMEDIAN LARRY WILDE will discuss the art of wit and humor. Kearny High School Auditorium, 7651 Wellington Way, Friday, March 1, 7:00 p.m. 234-8451, ext. 211. Free and open to the public.

INNOVATIVE MUSICAL CONCEPTS: a talk by composer Dane Rudhyar, 2722 USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, Tuesday, March 5, 8:15 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2005.

DIEGO RIVERA: a talk by Martin Petersen, part of a series on Mexican muralists. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Wednesday, March 6, 8:30 p.m. 232-7931.

SPECIAL EVENTS

USD WOMEN'S WEEK: Career Fair in Camino Lounge, all day Thursday. "After Liberation — What?" a panel of professional women. More Hall, USD Law School, Thursday noon: a Health Food Fair. Camino Lounge, all day Friday. "What a Man Thinks a Man Thinks a Woman Doesn't Know," a lecture by Dr. John Swank, professor of philosophy, Camino Lounge, Friday noon: Fowler-Pull football game, USD Sports Center, Friday at 2:30. dance. Student Union, Friday 9:00 to 1:00 a.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

HORSE SHOW: hunter and jumper show. Shadowland Ranch, 9761 Blackgold Rd., La Jolla. All day, Saturday, March 2, 297-3805.

HORSE SHOW: western show, sponsored by the Soroptimist Club of El Cajon, P.O. Box 100, Olney Lakes Road, Jamul, all day Sunday, March 3, 427-8820.

NATURE TRAIL ECOLOGY TOUR: A tour of the Natural History Museum's newest outdoor exhibit, Florida Canyon Nature Trails. Pick up directions at Museum desk. Tours leave trail head at 1:30 and 2:00 p.m. Sunday, March 3, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

HARNESS RACING: benefit exhibition (no betting). County Fairgrounds, Del Mar, Sunday, March 3, 2:00 p.m. No admission charge. 297-0338.

MUSIC

2 D. SYMPHONY: with pianist Gino Delmonico as guest soloist. Peter Eross conducting. Brahms' Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Opus 98 and Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major will be included. S.D. Civic Theatre, Thursday and Friday, February 28 and March 1, 8:00 p.m.; Palomar College Gymnasium, Saturday, March 2, 8:15 p.m. 236-8510.

LA. PHILHARMONIC: with guest conductor Erich Leinsdorf. Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 77, by Brahms, and Symphony No. 5 in B Flat, by Prokofiev. Romanian Violinist Silvia Marcovici solos in the Brahms. S.D. Civic Theatre, Saturday, March 2, 8:00 p.m. 236-8510.

TO LIFE: a montage of Yiddish and Hebrew music by the Farband Theater Ensemble, presented by the Jewish Community Center, Horace Mann Junior High School, 4345 54th St., Saturday, March 2, 8:00 p.m.

BACH'S UNCLE: a quartet. Music from the early 18th Century to the mid-20th. Revelle Cafeteria, UCSD, Saturday, March 2, 8:30 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 1391.

FACULTY RECITAL: Roger Greenberg, saxophone; Sylvia Greenberg, flute; and Terry O'Donnell, piano. Recital Hall, San Diego State, Sunday, March 3, 8:00 p.m.

CARLOS MONTJOYA: S.D. Civic Theatre, Sunday, March 3, 8:00 p.m. 236-8510.

CELLIST JONATHAN ABRAMOWITZ: third in the Young Concert Artists Series, Revelle Cafeteria, UCSD, Sunday, March 3, 8:30 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 1391.

VOCAL CHAMBER MUSIC: featuring Jean Stone, soprano. Part of Spring Chamber Music series. Third floor Lecture Room, S.D. Public Library, Tuesday, March 5, 7:30 p.m.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

THE WOVEN ART OF SOUTH ASIA: costumes, looms, and fibers. Founders Gallery, University of San Diego, Alcalá Park, Through March 29, 291-6480, ext. 354.

HAITIAN PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS: by Francois Turenne des Pres, with tales from Haitian folklore. S.D. Public Library, downtown, Through March 30.

OIL/ACRYLIC: by Mary Moller. MIXED MEDIA: by Barbara Waldon. San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Balboa Park, Through March 31.

CLOISONNE: by Maggie Seelye. Botswana baskets and gourds from Ethnopia. Gallery 8, International Center, Mathews Campus, UCSD, 453-2000.

THE BEAUTY OF THE GHEI/O: by Ernie Barnes. Continuing oils, drawings and watercolors by E.L. Couze. Orr's Gallery, 231-4765.

BERND AND HILLA BECHER: German conceptual photographers. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Through March 31, 454-0183.

CAROL MOSS: a one-woman show. Woodcut, original oils, ceramics, and stoneware. Gallery at Land's End, 4984 Cass, Pacific Beach, 470-7850, Through March 4.

HEURISTIC FORMULATIONS: a sculpture exhibition by local artist Ida Horowitz. UCSD Art Gallery, 1260 Humanities Library, UCSD, through March 15, 453-2000, ext. 1383.

INVITATIONAL WATERCOLOR SHOW: Art Department Gallery, San Diego State, February 25 through March 15, 286-5204.

LAGUNA ORIGINALS: featuring Frank Whipple and his miniatures. Harbor Island Hotel and 1250 Prospect, La Jolla.

MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MUSIC: marimba, drum, gut-tucket, violin, and brass chimes and complete instruction for making them. Ethnic Music Room, S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, open daily 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. 239-2001.

JAPANESE INK PAINTING: sixty-two paintings from the Edo Period (1600 to mid-1800's). Fine Arts Gallery, through March 3, 232-7931.

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SHIRLEY LIGHTMAN: sculptures, a one-woman show. Artists Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India Street, Through March 7, 272-5235.

EXTRAS MUST ENTER THRU EAST GATE: photographs by Kelly Crawford, Unicorn Theatre, Pearl and La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla, Through March 1.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH BAY: artifacts, historical photographs, and antiques. Also, outdoor sculpture by Ron Tatro. Southwestern College Art Gallery, through March 1, 420-1331.

CERAMIC PAPERWEIGHTS: works by Bob Stone. Triad Gallery, 3701 India Street, February 10 through first week in March, 299-6543.

STUDIES IN FIBRE: body adornments, dimensional forms, by Chuck Koerner. Spin It Weave It Studio, 840 Leand Place, El Cajon, February 2 through April 13, 447-4745.

THEATRE



NO EXIT: by Jean Paul Sartre, Old Globe's Cassius Carter Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m. Through March 31, 239-2255.

BORN YESTERDAY: by Garson Kanin. San Diego's Little Theatre, County Fairgrounds, Del Mar, Fridays and Saturdays through March 16, 8:30 p.m. 297-0338.

SAINT JOAN: by George Bernard Shaw, performed by the Alpha Omega Players, Oceanside First Presbyterian Church, Sunday, March 3, 7:30 p.m.

THE THINGERS MACHINE: by UCSD student Bennett McClellan, presented by the UCSD Children's Theatre Players, Mission Bay High School, Pacific Beach, Saturday, March 2, 2:00 p.m.; UCSD Theatre, La Jolla, Saturday, March 3, 1:30 and 3:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 1391.

BORN ON A ROTTEN DAY: by Christopher Friel. Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, Chula Vista, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays through March 9, 420-1331.

IRMA LA DOUCE: with actress Ruta Lee. Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays, 8:00 and 9:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 and 7:30 p.m. Opens Wednesday, March 6 Through March 31, 235-6535.

KING OF HEARTS: by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke, presented by the North County Community Theatre. Eucalyptus Auditorium, 150 Escondido Avenue, Vista, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:00 p.m. Through March 9.

BLOOD WEDDING: a modern folk tragedy by Francisco Garcia Lorca, presented by UCSD's Drama Department, UCSD Theatre, Mathews Campus, February 28, March 1, 2, and 3, 8:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2491.

AMPHITRYON 38: by Jean Giraudoux. Mission Playhouse, Old Town, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.

THREE PENNY OPERA: by Bertolt Brecht (music by Kurt Weill). Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:00 p.m. Sunday matinee, 2:00 p.m. 239-2255.

THE GLASS MOON POST: A play by Todd K. Savelley. Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 498-8011.

This events calendar is compiled each week by the READER and is a service sponsored by the SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. All inquiries regarding the events listed here should be made to the READER — 454-1052. Send items for listing to the READER, Box 80603, San Diego, CA 92138. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

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