

READER

SAN DIEGO'S MOST PECULIAR WEEKLY

MARCH 28 TO APRIL 3

Time Out in "The Struggle"

I mumbled something about "life in the ghetto" and hung up.



"The Beach Boys do some benefits, but none politically based."

— Bill Wright —

Well, I really did it. Yep. I blew it again. I spent three weeks working on something that didn't happen. To tell you the truth, I would have been surprised if it had happened. It was a benefit. Not only a regular fund raiser, but one for the 1974 California Grass Trippers, people working on the statewide push to make it all okay and hassle-free. But, it's fun doing benefits, it brings back thoughts of storybook American hippie rock'n roll. You know what I'm saying: a little freedom, a clean, happy feeling. A day outdoors, with the open blue sky covering the natural music hall filled with sweet sound,

sweet smoke and pretty longhaired ladies slowly dancing. It's happened a few places; everyone has his favorites. But now it seems that those few places are somehow fewer today than yesterday and I have to pause and wonder why.

My little benefit concert for the M.D.I. — an attempt to raise funds for the statewide movement to keep people out of jail for using marijuana — seemed like a good thing to do and I thought we could get a lot of support from the music industry. But, as Clarence Darrow once said, "Any fool can speculate."

Some examples. When I spoke to Terry McVay of Far Out Management of Los Angeles who manages "War" about doing a benefit here in San Diego he stated, "Well, the group will be in the area at the time, we'll be here until March 11th; however War will be too busy to do any gigs. I had to turn down several excellent shows I wanted the group to play on; the most important thing War has to do now is work on their new album and get ready for our upcoming tours of Europe, Japan and maybe South America." I mumbled something about "life in the ghetto" and hung up. About three

weeks after I spoke to Mr. McVay, one of the members of War got busted, (not for grass but for coke). And speaking of coke, I spoke to Irving Azoff who represents David Crosby, Joni Mitchell, and Graham Nash, among others, about the benefit and he stated, "We don't smoke, we only do coke! How about a benefit for coke?" he laughed. "Sure," I said. "Just kidding," returned Irv, "everybody's booked, no benefit."

Before I go on, perhaps I should point out that M.D.I. had backers for the concert and the groups were going to be paid for the benefit. But many groups turned off to dope before they turned off to the benefit. A spokesman for Daybreak Management in L.A. who handles Seals and Croft roughly told me, "We don't do benefits of that nature. The group, (Seals & Croft) are completely against all drugs." Vincent Romero, (representing Grand Funk) told me from his New York office that the Grand One's were already planning to visit San Diego this June, but possibly they could help out in another way and make a tape commercial for M.D.I. saying that Grand Funk was behind the drive. Romero said he had to check with his lawyers to make sure "everything was okay." The Grand Funk story is a good example of why many large groups (especially English bands who can only work so many days in the States) find it hard to do any benefits. They are on a circuit (like roller derby), playing city to city for large promotion companies. If they play a benefit in one city they won't really be able to return until they are recycled there by some New York office. *We are stardust, we are golden, and we've got to get ourselves back to the garden.* — Crosby, Stills & Nash.

Still trying to get a group, I called the Grunt Records Organization and spoke to the road manager in Bill Thompson's San Francisco office. "We'd like to help out 'the smoke'," said the roadie, "but everyone is booked, Papa John Creach is in the East, Hot Tuna is in Europe and the Jefferson Star Ship (their newest act featuring Grace Slick & Paul Kaunter) is still in practice." Oh well, I thought, tell 'em a hooka-smoking caterpillar has given you the call. Feed your head. Feed your head. Another group.

The Beach Boys are making a hit, how about them? I reached their offices and the reply was, "The Beach Boys do some benefits, but none politically based." I smoked a joint and thought about the meaning of "politically based" and called a group I thought might do it, they were going on tour—the Mothers of Invention with Frank Zappa. Zack Glickman, one of Zappa's managers asked me, "would this make marijuana legal?" "Yes," I said. "No," Mr. Glickman returned, "we wouldn't be interested in that type of event at all." So much for the kid from Mission Bay High.

Feeling rather down, I smoked another reefer and called the Paragon Agency in Macon, Georgia. A spokesman for the Allman Brothers, Wet Willie, Marshall Tucker and other Southern groups told me, "none of our groups will be on the West Coast; the Allman Brothers are in the studio and probably couldn't get free. Anyway, they do most of their benefit concerts for the North American Indian Association." A worthy cause, I thought. Someone

said "Sly," and I dialed Steve Fargonli of the Ken Roberts Management Company in New York. "Yes," Mr. Fargonli stated, "Sly and the Family Stone will be on the West Coast at that time recording in Los Angeles, and they probably could get out of the studio for one show. It costs Sly about \$7,000 to \$8,000 just to put on a concert and we could probably do it for around \$15,000, maybe less." I told Mr. Fargonli that I knew the gas shortage was bad, but I had no idea it cost that much to travel from L.A. to San Diego. Next? How about the biggies? How about Black Oak Arkansas? Black Sabbath? Joe Cocker? Julie Driscoll? Eagles? Emerson, Lake and Palmer? Foghat? Claire Hamill? Heads, Hands and Feet? Or how about Free? Phrampton's Camel? The J. Geils Band? Or Gentle Giant? The Groundhogs? Humble Pie? James Gang? Jethro Tull? King Crimson? Grin? Mark Almond? John Martyn? Ralph McTell? Mountain? Mylon? Poco? Pousette Dart String Band? Procol Harum? Ramatan? David Rea? Roxy Music? Leo Sayer? Slade? John David Souther? Spooky Tooth? Steeleye Span? Strawbs? Livingston Taylor? Ten Years After? The Who? Tir Na Nog? Traffic? Tranquility? Robin Trower? West, Bruce and Laing? Edgar Winter? Johnny Winter? Yes? Or, Neil Young? All of the mentioned groups above are "owned" by Premier Talent and I spoke to Mark Felton, out of their New York office, who told me, "I'm sorry, but all of our groups are booked."

How about Judy Collins or Joan Baez? Nancy Carlen of Monterey told me, "Judy Collins is in retirement for the next couple of years." Gee, Great, I thought; and called Joan Baez who was out of the country, for which I don't blame her.

Feeling rather down, I lit yet another joint when the doorbell rang. In tripped a Western Union Telegraph Man who said he had a wire from England. With hopes high for a second, I opened the wire from Steve Orouke of Enka Productions in London which read, "The Pink Floyd are unable to play due to other commitments but thanks for the offer, regards."

Not everyone was booked. Boz Scagg's people were asking a cool \$5,000 for the benefit; Dr. Hook and Steely Dan wanted \$4,000 each; The Four Tops were taking bids of \$7,500. And so on and so forth down that giant list of rock superstars.

With all this negative rapping, I must defend the rock and entertainment industry in pointing out that as an industry it does "give" much more than many others to charity. Along with a score of San Diego-based groups, the following bands offered their services to the '74 Marijuana Movement: The Sons of Champlin, Butch Wacks and the Glass Packs, Copperhead, Stoneground, The Chambers Brothers, Tower of Power, Elvin Bishop, Malo, Azteca, The David LaFlame Band, and Marty Balin.

Well, kids — to make a long story a bit longer, it seems our rock 'n roll assemblage for the marijuana initiative is busted this year. No, not busted by the cops or the government, but busted by a time-out in the struggle. I rolled my last doobie and thought of the words of Donovan, "Freedom is a word I rarely use, without thinking, oh yeah." Oh yeah, I thought.

MUSIC SCENE

THE ALAMO: JERRY NAYLOR, Thursday March 28, GENE DAVIDSON AND THE STARROUTERS, nightly except Monday, 3093 Clairemont Drive, 276-2240.

ANCIENT MARINER: STAR-SHOCK, Wednesday through Sunday March 31, STEVE CORD, Monday and Tuesday, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-8242.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: MARY McCASLIN & JIM RINGER (both have new albums out on Philco records), Friday March 29, 8 and 10 p.m., 50¢. Hoot night on Tuesdays, 568 First Street, Encinitas, 753-1775.

BOATHOUSE: GLORY ROAD, Tuesday through Saturday, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8011.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: BILL BRACKET, Wednesday through Sunday, SWEETFIRE, Monday and Tuesday, April 1 and 2, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

CINNAMON CINDER: THE ELEVENTH HOUR, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 7578 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 463-9883.

CLIMAX LTD: NEW DYNAMICS, Tuesday and Wednesday, OHIO LAKESIDE EXPRESS, Thursday through Sunday March 31, 9 p.m., 2020 Market Street, 239-9336.

FOLK ARTS: PATTY HALL & KATIE WALDON, Friday and Saturday, March 29 and 30, 8 p.m. Hoots on Tuesday nights, 3743 Fifth Ave., 291-1786.

J.J.'S: NOBODY'S BUSINESS, Thursday March 28, JOJO GUNNE, Friday March 29, PACIFIC SPEED, Saturday and Sunday March 30 and 31, 4025 Pacific Highway, 296-3655.

LEDBETTER'S: MYTH, Thursday through Saturday March 30, LUST, Sunday and Monday March 31 and April 1, 5524 El Cajon Blvd., 583-4524.

P. RODNEY'S: COTTON MOUTHS, Friday and Saturday March 29 and 30, 271 N. Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-1729.

THE PEOPLE: DOUGLAS JOHNS and DAVID GEORGE, Thursday, Friday and Saturday March 28, 29, 30, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 223-9773.

RODEWAY INN: THE MOONLIGHT BAY COMPANY through June, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 224-3655.

THE SPORTSMAN: JANE NATE AND THE ELEVATION, Tuesday and Thursday, THE REDD EYE EXPRESS, Friday and Saturday, 5079 Logan, 262-0797.

SPORTS ARENA: JOHNNY WINTER in concert with THE BROWNSVILLE STATION, Saturday, March 30, 7:30 p.m., 224-4176.

WALLBANGER'S: CAN'T HANDLE IT, Monday through Sunday March 31, Midway and Rosecrans, 223-3138.

THE WESTERNER: THE CATALINAS, nightly, 22 West 7th, National City, 474-2919.

THE ZODIAC: THE GWANK MOVEMENT, Tuesday through Sunday, 1725 S. Hill Street, Oceanside, 729-8383.

LETTERS

**READER,
BOX 80803,
SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138**

FOX PATTED ON BACK

Dear Reader,

I want somebody, preferably Gale Fox, to know how much I enjoyed the article on Project Repair.

While reading it, I couldn't help but be aware of how well it is written.

Good subject, good article. I just wanted someone to know I thought so. Jan Walther

BERNSTEIN IMMORTALIZED IN MUSIC

Dear Sir,

After seeing your article on county employee Jim Bernstein, I thought you would like to see the enclosed song, written in his honor.

It was written by local students who would prefer to remain anonymous. Name withheld
Del Mar

sung to the tune of "I Feel Pretty"

It's my city;

What a city!

Progressive as a city could be.

Humbly speaking,

The success of it depends on me.

I'm so charming

It's disarming.

It's alarming how welcome you'll feel

In my office -

Relaxed and cool, but never real.

See the bureaucrats in the meeting there.

(What meeting, where?)

Who can those attractive men be?

Such a handsome Walsh,

Such a beaming Bear,

Such a brilliant Brown,

Best of all - ME!

I have travelled,

I have suffered,

I worked hard for my doctor's degree.

I'm in government...

Dare you doubt my sincerity?

I am selfless,

Sacrificing.

I give most of my advice for free.

Speaking briefly:

I'm the one good guy in history!

C.S. LEWIS BROUGHT TO TOLKIEN'S DEFENSE

Dear Mr. Saville,

If you enjoin me to learn Old German or Norse to appeal to your personal metabolic barometer, you put an end to all argument. Dr. Johnson's estimation of *Tristram Shandy* established that even a great critic may occasionally be blind. I think you are blind to the *Trilogy's* greatness.

Let me remind you, respectfully, that C.S. Lewis, a man of no mean taste or scholarship, grew up to Wagnerian music and to Norse and Celtic mythology, yet admired Tolkien and *The Lord of the Rings*. His loving both the "genuine article" and what you call the "tedious, didactic imitation" means

1) either William Morris is as phony as Tolkien and there is no genuine article; 2) or the *Trilogy* is as genuine in its way as the *Volsunga Saga* is in its, and a respectable love for both is not the impossibility you maintain; 3) or Lewis's estimation is not worth a damn, and if you say that about his then you have justified my saying that about yours.

Sincerely,

David Williams

*I have a strong bond with all those who feel passionately about serious art. Hence I welcome Mr. Williams's eloquent letter, even though I cannot share his admiration for Tolkien. I have two main objections to *The Lord of the Rings*. One is its simplistic moral scheme, which I find untrue to the complex human experience of good and evil, whether today or in any other period. The other is its insufferably coy and cute style, which debases the great imaginative themes it deals with. As to C.S. Lewis, we have to remember that he and J.R.R. Tolkien were great pals, sharing not only an interest in medieval literature but also a peculiarly snooty type of Anglican Christianity. It may be that Lewis allowed his critical judgment to be influenced by friendship and a sense of religious solidarity. If one wants High Church theology in fantastic dress, I think one might do better to read Lewis's own *Perelandra* trilogy, one of my own cult books; but in deference to Mr. Williams's passion I am going to try Tolkien again.*

Jonathan Saville

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READER

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Drawing by Richard Massa



—John Martin—

Larry Thomas may be the ideal press secretary for San Diego. Though he's young (26) and he's been with Mayor Wilson only a little over two years, he has the serious, tight-lipped personality of an older, more experienced person. Almost as if he had somehow missed out on childhood. Yet both his appearance (a thick beard, two-toned shoes, patterned pants) and his office (a Wizard of Id cartoon on one wall, a "Girth Control/you are what you eat" physical fitness chart on the back door) show a casualness of spirit that could only be San Diego's.

Thomas's bent toward the public light may be traced to his parents, both of whom were members of the fourth estate—his father succeeded Herb Klein (of Nixon Administration fame) as editor of the San Diego *Union* (1969-70) and his

Behind the Throne

We were messing around the bay in a 12 foot Lido. We had a case of Oly and as we came up close to this one aircraft carrier, I saw this poor s.o.b. scraping paint... on Monday I called the Navy and requested cancellation of my original request.

mother wrote both for the San Francisco *Call Bulletin* and for U.P.I. Or maybe it can be traced to his theatrical experience at Point Loma High where he graduated in 1965. He was Ben Harper in *Tom Sawyer*, Hugo in *Bye Bye Birdie*. It doesn't seem at all unnatural that he was already writing a television column for Copley News Service his freshman and sophomore years at San Diego State.

Perhaps Thomas would be even a more ideal press secretary if he'd served as a navy lieutenant on a destroyer or even as a marine officer as his boss the Mayor did. But Thomas's run ins with the military are almost as good as war stories anyway. In 1967 he gave notice to Copley News Service that he was volunteering for the Army. Then he ran into a glass door and among other things severed the tendon that controlled his trigger finger. Ineligible at least temporarily for the military, Thomas enrolled at

Mesa and worked on the school paper. "I was voted journalist of the semester. Before the semester was over, I was managing editor."

It was as a journalist that Thomas soon volunteered for the Navy. The Navy was processing his papers, when, one weekend, he and a friend were sailing around San Diego Harbor. "It was a beautiful day. We were messing around the bay in a 12 foot Lido. We had a case of Oly and as we came up close to this one aircraft carrier in the harbor I saw this poor sonofabitch scraping paint. I got this flash. I put myself in his place and just couldn't see it. And on Monday I called the Navy and requested cancellation of my original request." Thomas re-enrolled at State and gambled on the first lottery and won, with number 307.

Thomas's father had always told him that "if you want a good background in journalism, get into the wire services." His father had been San Diego's one-man U.P.I. bureau years before his stint with the *Union*. And, lo and behold, another employment plum fell Larry's way. Terry Crawford (now of Channel 10) was leaving the local U.P.I. bureau. Thomas: "Larry Pinkerton was my boss. A tough old Army man. Boy, was he

mean. But he really taught me. He came by and looked at my first story which I was writing long hand. He grabbed it and tore it up. 'You're going to learn to think on a typewriter,' he said. Within two weekends, I was sending out pictures, writing stories for radio, T.V., and newspapers."

Then there was the Channel 15 job. "Peter Kaye, the political writer for the *Tribune*, was leaving to work for Channel 15. Channel 15 had just gotten a Ford Foundation grant for a series of 30 one-hour specials on the youth movement. It was a great job. Here I was, 23 or 24, earning \$200 a week, and the youth movement was just beginning to blossom. The Greeks — uh, fraternities — were losing influence on the campus, sexuality was becoming big." All this time Thomas was carrying 15 units at State. "It was rough on the weekends. I'd go out Friday night and get loaded and not get any sleep and still have to work on Saturdays."

Finally, appropriately (?), Thomas went to work as political writer at the San Diego *Union*. He claims he "broke the story on the Republicans choosing San Diego as their convention site." But, more interestingly, he was "almost-roommates" with Bob Cox. Cox was the *Union* political reporter who played the tape leaking the initial I.T.T. involvement with the G.O.P. convention to a couple of Baltimore *Sun* reporters and was promptly relieved of his job.

"Yeah, it was weird. Cox and I were very close. I was covering the mayoral race here. He was covering the council races. We were trying to get a \$240 apartment in Cabrillo Square here downtown which would've been real convenient. But there weren't any vacancies. So the owner of Cabrillo Square, who was also owner of the Bahia, put us up in rooms out there. The day after the story broke, Cox got in his car and started driving. No one knew where he was and everyone was calling me and trying to find out. I think he ended up in Newport Beach. Anyway, the next night we met at this little pizza place in Pacific Beach and he told me how it happened. The people at the *Union* insisted they weren't demoting him, they were just going to put him on a special investigative task force. But everyone knew he was through."

In spite of the fact that Cox is still a buddy ("he's gonna be in my wedding this spring"), Thomas is pretty mild toward the Copley Press, maybe even more than the politics of his present job would dictate. "My loyalty to the *Union* is that they were very good to me. Mr. Copley was very good to my

father. Even though my father retired before his time was up, Mr. Copley was very generous to him... A lot of the problem with the *Union Tribune* is that many people operated over the years by saying 'this is what Jim wants' when those may or may not have been Copley's wishes." Thomas also contends that Mrs. Copley may surprise people now that she's taken over. "She may be the next Katherine Graham (publisher of the Washington Post)."

But what about the quality of the *Union's* writing? What about the lack of in-depth reporting? "Partly the nature of the beast. The *Union* is constantly trying to get the news out fast and perhaps doesn't have the staff of the L.A. *Times* does, for instance." Thomas commended Harold Keene of *San Diego Magazine* — "he's really the only one to do in-depth coverage here."

What really bothers Thomas about his job, if not the Copley Press? Two things. First, "spending the time to get facts and disseminate them in different ways for different media and having the media get the facts wrong." Almost as if to prove his point, Bob White, the Mayor's "executive assistant," comes in the door from his adjacent office. Thomas: "God, did you see what Channel 8 did to us? They want a response to the Askew thing. They're saying the City comes to a halt 'cause the Mayor's out of town (Mayor Wilson had left on his trip to Israel). I've told 'em we can give 'em the facts but not a policy statement."

"Geez, that Askew." "Now, Askew's on our side. He's on our side. He's on our side." Thomas excuses himself to Bob White's office for a while.

"The second frustration with the job is the time concern — being responsible to the people as well as to the media." Then for some reason Thomas goes into a story about the Wall Street *Journal* covering San Diego.

But it doesn't seem that these occupational frustrations are overwhelming. After all, being the Mayor's press secretary does have certain advantages. Thomas is getting \$16,500 a year compared with his \$13,000 job at the *Union*. And in spite of what Councilman Alan Hitch told him when he started two years ago (Thomas as a reporter had roasted Hitch about getting a free ride to Hawaii paid by some construction interests), "You'll see how hard it is up here on the other side Larry," Thomas appears to enjoy a position he seemed almost destined for.



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GUIDE TO THE SILVER SCREEN



WALKING TALL

The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to four stars, and antipathies by the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

American Graffiti — The peak adventures, climactic decisions, and profound self-revelations of an inconceivable quartet of bosom buddies (four diverse types, from class prez to hot-rod hood, who would not speak two words to one another in four years of high school) compressed into one long night, placed vaguely at the end of summer, in 1962. Non-stop pop songs, and putdown slang (twerp, dark, punk, etc.), and Sunset Strip culture are flung into the pot, gaily, knowingly, nostalgically. The effusion, in conjunction with the confusion, produces an effect of lightness and abandon that is more like confetti than graffiti. Directed by George Lucas.

* (Fashion Valley; Campus Drive In)

Billy Two Hats — An American Western, shot in Israel, with Gregory Peck, Desi Arnaz, Jr., directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Blazing Saddles — Leading off with fiery lettering for the credits in the color of cheddar cheese and a whip-cracking parody of Frankie Laine's RAWHIDE theme song, Mel Brooks bursts onto western plains, but the field gives way, shiftily, and opens wide to allow any whim: a street brawl that spills across Warner's studio lot, onto a Busby Berkeley-ish musical stage and into the employees' cafeteria; a lippy, lumpy imitation Dietrich, droning "I'm Tired"; and a camera-conscious villain who addresses his gang on the eve of his Waterloo. "You are risking your lives, while I am risking an almost certain Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actor." Brooks, modest, doesn't attempt to push this burlesque into satire, even though he freely kicks around hot, bright ideas about the bigotry in the American melting pot, the musclebound and cross-eyed blundering known as Progress, and the clichés in Hollywood movies. He understands the ideas to be commonplace, basically, and settles for the comfortable satisfaction of doing the gags to a turn. And if, in some stretches, the comic invention seems to flag and to fall back on rank language, the excuse is the intention of staying offensive, which is at least connected to funny. With Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman, and Brooks.

*** (Center 3 Cinema 1; UA Cinema 1)

The Burglars — Jean Paul Belmondo tries to go Steve McQueen one better, with personally performed stunts to make you gape. The risk to bodily wholeness seems doubly reckless because of the overall insignificance of this project.

• (Casino, from 3/31)

The Candidate — Robert Redford's little-boy sullenness and reluctance don't add conviction to this political fabrication about a nice boy becoming an overnight bigtime politico. Along campaign trail, there are some peripheral amusements but there is a sense that the film-makers know more than they are telling about politics behind the scenes.

* (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Carey Treatment — James Coburn is an M.D. who amateur-sleuths around Boston in hunt of a clumsy abortionist. A hemorrhaging teenager, a sadistic gum-chewing masseur, and a collision between a speeding car and an occupied phone booth bring matters close to nausea. Blake Edwards directed the thing to appeal to a swinger's daydreams of snappy repartee, posh pad, and a Jennifer O'Neill to snuggle with.

* (Midway Drive In)

Cinderella Liberty — A clean-mouthed, fifteen-year sailor is stranded in port when his pay records are mislaid and, while waiting for the Navy to unsnarl the red tape, he strikes up a relationship with a hooker-pool hustler and her mulatto son and generates an immediate and abiding concern for their problems, well-being, and ever-after happiness. He seems a saintly, strange character, one who drops into a situation haphazardly and toils dedicatedly to uplift it to his own level. James Caan plays the part with an overpowering sense of pre-eminence, too much of a Steve McQueen-ly aura of deep sensitivity and silence under a siege of loudness, hostility, meanness, vulgarity, silliness, and misunderstanding, from all sides. Particularly careless in this lap-sided movie is the poverty of information about the mother-son relationship. Darryl Ponicsan wrote the script from his own novel, and much of the dialogue is dripping wet. With Marsha Mason, Kirk Calloway; directed by Mark Rydell.

*** (Capri; Spreckels)

Cisco Pike — Some cursory glances at the business of dope sales; some star-gazing at the agitated twitches of Gene Hackman and the profound quietude of Kris Kristofferson, debuting as an ex-singing star and legendary L.A. drug peddler. The strong point is actually an interestingly played bit part, a strung-out pill-popper.

* (Casino, through 3/30)

Citizen Kane — The perennial winner, at a trot, of all Best Movie Ever polls; it was hardly that awesome when it first appeared, but Time has been a favorable ally to this movie, which is, for one thing, a most convenient and crammed storehouse of cinematic tricks

already executed or only dreamed of, up to that moment, 1941. As crammed as it is with sparkling ideas, it is inevitably more impressive for its individual set pieces, or set-up, or sleights-of-hand, than it is for overall sense, or strength. And the sinister, expressionistic ambience is surely more useful for what it hides about the limited budget than for what it reveals about the William Randolph Hearst-ian hero. The principal characterization is never solidier than in the perfect newsreel facsimile at the start of the movie; after that, it disperses into the shadows, the dramatic camera angles, the mummy makeup, the pop psychoanalysis. Starring, and directed by, Orson Welles, at age twenty-four; written by Herman Mankiewicz; photographed by Gregg Toland; with Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Everett Sloan.

*** Cinema Leo)

Crazy Joe — Carlo Lizzani's speculative, serio-comic gangster chronicle is based freely on the career of Joe Gallo, however reference to the character's real-life identity is limited to a coy shot of a carton of Gallo wines. The sketchiness plus the speed equals a pretty bumpy ride. Peter Boyle, Rip Torn, Eli Wallach.

• (Fox)

Cries and Whispers — Not without its impressive points — the decayed parchment-gray of Harriet Andersson's skin and the grunting effort of her acting — Bergman's new film about three sisters and their painful memories is nonetheless one of his shallowest. The characters make unproven declarations that they are in a dream or in misery or in hell, but it looks like a familiar, wonderless Bergman set-up rather than any of those other states.

• (Roxy; North Park)

Day of the Dolphins — One is disarmed of the urge to quarrel with the expansive inanities — a cuddlesome dolphin speaking, or squeaking rather, in English, and a political melodrama plot fetched, at the last minute, from deep left field — in the gush of the usual sumptuous gently undulating emotionalism of Georges Delerue's music, extolling the lulls, the pensive moods, and the dolphins' precision gracefulness. With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere; directed by Mike Nichols.

• (Loma)

Electra Glide in Blue — The JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR of action films, a chokingly puffed-up portrayal of Arizona motorcycle cops, arranged in a sequence of blocky, unblended set pieces which demonstrate important truths about policemen — trigger happiness, sexual inadequacy, uniform fetishism, human-ness, sense of humor, etc. Conrad Hall's liberated camerawork indulges in slow, grandiose wind-ups and follow-throughs, so that the movie repeatedly appears to be beginning or ending. Put between book covers, the imagery would make a handsome coffee-table companion to Arizona Highways and the Modern Photography Annual. Some of the behaviorisms of Robert Blake and Billy Green Bush are nicely, quietly observed, but ultimately they are availed in the production-number atmosphere created by rock music entrepreneur James William Guercia in his first try at movie directing.

* (Center 3 Cinema 2; Broadway)

Emperor of the North — A piece of mythology, dreamed up in a virtual void, for the tramps of the world. Set in the Depression, when vagabonding was in its fullest bloom and when its boldest achievement was hopping trains and its fiercest threat was the railroad man, this esoteric legend tells of the Herculean encounter between the meanest bouncer, Shack, and the bravest freeloader, A-No. 1. The incredibility, the one-note acting, the boastful speeches, the ruthless violence, and even the great length all besit such an heroic saga. Impressively realized by Robert Aldrich and his regular photographer Joe Biroc, its grip on railroaders' costumes, on hoboes' grime and grizzle, and on the viewers' imagination is tenacious. With Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine.

*** (Capri; Spreckels)

The Exorcist — Just because the film-makers do not trouble to work out one interesting development of character, situation, or metaphysics is no excuse for the viewer to sit back, dull. And it is to the film's credit that there are so many teasing possibilities to pursue privately in this horror story, at once lowbrow and pretentious, about a doubting priest-psychiatrist and a firm-of-faith, feeble-of-body medievalist who confront the demon that has entered the darling daughter of a famous Hollywood star. For a while, at first, the movie maintains the attractive mystery of utter confusion about its jarring noises, everywhere menaces, undefined characters, fragments of banal nastiness; however, once the little girl, Regan, is possessed and the special effects take charge, with muscle and meheadedness, the movie becomes as routine as if it were dispensed by the American Vending Corp. Everytime somebody enters little Regan's door it is like a coin entering the slot and out comes a treat — a sock in the jaw, a cyclone of 45 rpm's, pea-soup vomit, masturbation by crucifix. This girl knows lots of tricks. Linda Blair owes her Oscar nomination to the make-up man and Mercedes McCambridge's dubbing — she can't act, can't sing, can't dance, but she can piss, can puke, can levitate. From the William Petey Blodder novel; directed by William Friedkin.

• (Cinerama)

Fantastic Planet — Animation seems a favorable, and as yet underexplored, means of doing science-fiction and fantasy subjects, for, with less trouble than the average special effects department, the gap between imagination and realization may be crossed over rather easily. And this prize-winning French-Czech cartoon, by Rene Laloux, about the battle for global supremacy between tiny, naked Oms and monstrous, blue Dragons evidences a rampant imagination, to go with a somewhat tame, although often amusingly morbid, wit. Unfortunately, the stiff-jointed animation usually gives the sensation of paging through a picture book rather than of watching a motion picture.

• (Century Twin 2; Strand; Clairemont; Parkway 2; Frontier Drive In)

Godspell — Easily beats its close-by rival, SUPERSTAR, in the rock-religion field. What this one has that the other doesn't is a director (David Greene) with a lively sense of detail, a cast with an agreeable sense of democracy, and an overall, liberating sense of the casual, the antic, the reckless. Still, the idea of flower children impersonating Jesus and the apostles is hard to swallow because of the possible insult to Jesus, the positive flattering of flower children, and the giggly-embarrassed manner of talking with which the actors attempt to make the Scriptures palatable to the now crowd.

*** (Clairemont)

The Harrad Experiment — James Whitmore fusses with his spectacles, his pipe, and his 800 furrows, and slips a frequent "in fact" or "in effect" into his speech so as to sound like a bona fide college dean. Tippi Hedren, as his wife, strives in vain to equal him in sincerity but finally earns her biggest laugh by stripping down to an impenetrable bra and panties which she probably borrowed from Dyan Cannon. The situation, played awesomely straight, is a college testing out co-ed roommates; there have been wackier films about school life, but not in the past three days.

• (California)

I.F. Stone's Weekly — Jerry Bruck's casual documentary on the fireless, independent Washington political journalist, Izzy Stone, relies, for source material, too heavily on random public addresses delivered in recent years by the high-pitched Stone. Still, the narrator's fill-in on Stone's history, the samples of Stone's analysis at work on key events of the decade past, and the candid footage of Stone ripping apart and poring over the daily papers, or of Mrs. Stone at home, licking envelopes, while Mr. Stone strolls to the corner mailbox to send off a bundle of his little weeklies, add up to the sweetest celebration of the newspaper profession to reach the screen in ages.

*** (Unicorn)

I Love You Alice B. Toklas — A reputable, buttoned-up Jewish attorney drops out into hippiedom. As might be expected, the Hollywood notion of sub-cultural beings (Leigh Taylor-Young) is significantly less appropriate than the notion of proper people (Peter Sellers, who is pretty funny, and Joyce Van Patten, who is pretty hilarious). Directed by Hy Averback from a Paul Mazursky-Larry Tucker script. 1968.

* (UA Cinema 2)

Jeremiah Johnson — The saga of a mountain man, salted with uncomfortable, self-conscious "legendary" qualities — ballads, hammy colloquial narration, quaint dialogue. With the actors (especially golden-haired Robert Redford) trying to be lovable, and with Pollack's direction trying for aloof, expensive pictorializing, any sense of frontier hardship is blockaded from the screen.

• (Fox; Solana Beach)

The Last Detail — Like the concurrent movie, CINDERELLA LIBERTY, that originates in a Darryl Ponicsan novel of the U.S. Navy, this grainy portrait shows far more interest in sailors than in the service, as it quickly divorces the narrative situation from the routine of military life. This is an advantage insofar as Clifton James' bombastic base commander and Michael Moriarty's hammerheaded brig commander, the

(continued on next page)

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(continued from preceding page)

two bookends of the story, are surely the flimsiest cut-outs on exhibit. In between, the story of a fling — an eighteen-year-old sailor's trip to military prison under the escort of two soft-hearted guards who want to give him a nice time — is composed of piquant events, most of which seem inevitable, but a few of which (the sect of chanters, the whorehouse) are sketched with originality enough to appear happily accidental and believable. Jack Nicholson, whose most individual trait is the self-consciousness and distaste he shows for his tongue, is a moderately entertaining actor, but he is unreasonably greedy to possess every scene, to overload the relish, the delight, the cunning he puts into an average glance, an average four-letter word, an average gob. Directed by Hal Ashby.

* (Cinema 21)

Lawman — What appears to be a conventional western about blind justice, intelligently reworked in Gerald Wilson's fluent script, becomes something more in a tense, surprising climax, where violence creates its own momentum, out of human control, and for a change seems authentically sickening. Generally strong male cast, particularly Robert Ryan and Robert Duvall; and the lone woman, Sherree North, may be the consistently finest disregarded performer in American movies.

*** (Casino, through 3/30)

Lenny Bruce Performance — The martyred comic, near the end, doing a nightclub routine — he is held down, somewhat, by his own dogged format, editorializing point by point on his prosecution for obscenity, and by the cold distance of the camera-eye. A superficial document, which has to do with moviemaking mainly at the basic level, recording data.

* (Unicorn)

Macho Callahan — Gloomy, bluesy, downbeat western, in which David Janssen, still twitching obsessively as a fugitive Confederate POW, drags down Jean Seberg into mutual miserableness, as he searches hopelessly for a Never-Never Land called Felicidad. It is uncompromising in its dismal, poetic vision, but director Bernard Kowalski tends to lay on the effects a little crudely, 1970.

*** (Casino, from 3/31)



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Magnum Force — When not absorbed in raising admiration and chortles for Clint Eastwood, with glib wisecracks and subplots, this DIRTY HARRY sequel noses around a potential good idea about a secret "death squad" within the police force that institutes select executions without judicial red tape. Ted Post's direction is professional, and John Milius's script indicates an appreciation for weaponry, marksmanship, and morally ambivalent slaughter. In the long run, the hero worship of Eastwood and the body count reach such magnitudes that all issues are forgotten, and all that matters is when the bloody thing is going to end.

* (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Man on a Swing — The preliminary probings, lab reports, photographs, that are the first legs of a sex-murder investigation, place this police case in Simonson's neighborhood, with Cliff Robertson gazing obsessively at color slides of the dead girl and trying to fill in the girl's character, the logic of her end. With the brightening arrival of Joel Grey, in springy white shoes, the material becomes more regular for a Frank Perry movie — hard, thumbnail characterizations, performed with mocking mirthful glints in the eyes, of psychiatrists, college professor, and a dynamic clairvoyant. Everything pulls a bit, though, beneath the brutish overlighting.

*** (Fashion Valley)

Night of the Living Dead — A blinding quick start, a blistering blitzkrieg pace, and a sincere determination to make you nauseous, distraught and suicidal have earned this made-in-Pittsburgh shoestring a high place among subterranean, midnight cult movies. Some crudity, some dreadful acting, some inexplicably upsetting moments, some goopy make-up, some surprisingly funny and convincing parody of television news coverage, and some lasting aftereffects. Directed by George A. Romero, 1969.

*** (La Paloma, through 3/31)

Paper Moon — Con artists, a mustachioed charmer and a ten-year-old tumbler (played by Ryan O'Neal and his daughter Tatum), peddling gold-embossed Good Books to gullible widows in the Depression-time Bible Belt. To enjoy this frayed yarn, it is not really necessary to swallow all the cunning, resource and adorability credited to the precocious little heroine, because Peter Bogdanovich and Laszlo Kovacs, director and photographer, embellish the storyline with plenty of show-off style, and the Midwest towns, flats, and roads provide some sobriety.

*** (Cove)

Papillon — Franklin Schaffner sets aside several torpid moments to do his arrangements of multiples of uniformed figures across a Panavision screen. Mostly his movie is simplicity itself. Steve McQueen propped in front of blue sky or gray wall. Some of the ins and outs of Devil's Island survival creep in, from Henri Charrière's book, but not enough to separate this escape picture from — much less surpass — other Steve McQueen prison terms, THE GREAT ESCAPE and NEVADA SMITH. Co-starring Dustin Hoffman.

* (Valley Circle)

Pete and Tillie — Walter Matthau's and Carol Burnett's strong roots in naturalness enable this fair-minded portrait of a middle-class marriage to evolve gradually and smoothly from low-key comedy to gutsy tearjerker. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Ritt.

*** (Campus Drive In)

Play It Again, Sam — Conservative Woody Allen comedy about a klutzy movie buff, played by Allen, whose emulations of Bogart yield a predictable run of jokes about bungled seductions. Sappy excerpts from CASH BLANCA further remove the worshipful Allen character from respectability.

• (State)

The Poseidon Adventure — Something a little different in time-

ticking-away, struggle-for-survival epics: The characters are so obnoxiously ineane, 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.

* (Ken; Parkway 3)

Rider on the Rain — Although it is easy to get hooked immediately on the moody rainstorm that appears to have blown in from A MAN AND A WOMAN, and on the True Crime sensationalism of the rape-murder, it becomes pretty trying to sit out the subsequent cat-and-mouse game played by an uncommunicative Charles Bronson and a coquettish Marlene Jobert. Directed by Rene Clement.

* (Casino, from 3/31)

Save the Tiger — The first line is "Shit" and the second is "When's the funeral?" and by then it is 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 hippie hitch-hiker and a fantasy about the casualties of Anzio which are purely appalling. Jack Lemmon and Jack Gifford do very well at escaping their customary grooves. Directed by John Avildsen, and written — it is primarily a writer's movie — by Steve Shagan.

*** (Cave; Roxy; North Park)

Serpico — Sidney Lumet's expose of police graft, engrossing from start to finish, is so narrowly focused in its vision of police life (cops spend most of their time making collections, evidently), and Al Pacino's voyage into disillusionment and hippie grooming and institutional boat-rocking, accompanied by the maulin music of Theodorakis, is so swift that the game appears to have been fixed. In a movie that affects naturalism (the washed-out colors, the authentic faces and places), the thorough dominance of virtues over faults in Pacino's plump character seems awfully indulgent, especially alongside the stick figures who otherwise fill up the movie. However, the imitations of petty bureaucrats are sometimes delightful, and the playing of disagreements which provoke heated hollers and chair kickings is very invigorating.

*** (Fashion Valley)

Sleeper — The two-hundred-years-in-the-future format admits some fond reprises of science fiction nonsense (battling a giant ball of chocolate pudding with a broom) and the usual round of gags about computers, robots, utopias. Typically, in this sterile and stark white-black-and-flesh colored movie, Woody Allen is so negligent about establishing comic ambience or momentum that each joke stands singly, fighting for its individual laugh. There is some pleasant stuff, but most of it, despite the expensive sets and props, seems basically ad lib, and no more fastidious in the thinking-over than in the thinking-up. With Diane Keaton.

* (Century Twin 1; UA Cinema 2; Del Mar Drive In)

Start the Revolution Without Me — Bud Yorkin's inventive, inebricated parody of the preposterous intrigues of historical fiction, with Gene Wilder, often a scream, and Donald Sutherland each portraying mismatched twins — dimwit peasants on one side and cruel nobles on the other — who are all brought together by Destiny's design on the eve of the French Revolution. 1969.

*** (UA Cinema 1)

The Sting — The BUTCH CASSIDY gang, Redford and Newman and director George Roy Hill, regroup for a MISSION IMPOSSIBLE-style caper (you can never be sure that even the snafus are not part of the fake-out scheme) set in the urban 1930s. Recreation of the period is lavish in terms of sets and clothes styles, but in terms of cinematic style it is done absent-mindedly, with a dash here, a pinch there, strictly on the sleeve. The movie's only concern, though, is that you like the stars and pray for them to come through unscathed. Newman by now presumes you like him, or he no longer cares, while Redford keeps on pushing, pushing. With Robert Shaw.

• (Grossmont)

The Three Musketeers — From the Dumas novel; with Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Lester.

(College)

A Touch of Class — Extramarital flinging. The locales switch between the London business world and the Malaga vacationland, while the human behavior switches between improbable and inconceivable. It is entirely in the modest cause of getting laughs, and there are several gotten. The thin coating of unpleasantness comes from the color — appalling — and the plot complications — ulcer producing — and the blunt, bitter, uneasy charm of the players — George Segal, Glenda Jackson. Written, directed by Melvin Frank.

* (Alvarado Drive In)

Walking Tall — Exactly like Phil Karlson's 1955 PHOENIX CITY STORY, this new Karlson wingding tells 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 questionable decision, mainly because the tacky roadside gambling-hustling joints look at least halfway credible, and Karlson's old-Hollywood portrayal of sinfulness is charmingly prudish. Whereas the simmering advertisements for Happy Family Life are bearable only when they achieve supreme silliness, which is pretty often. It's good to see Joe Don Baker in a lead role, 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.

* (California; UA Cinema 3)

The Way We Were — There are, in Arthur Laurent's screenplay, some plausible notions of how to relate a long-range romance on screen; and, in Sidney Pollack's generally frozen direction, there seems to be a defensible striving to be old-fashioned, glossy, and memorable. But in the end (as it goes, the movie loses ground steadily) it all comes out as schmaltz, after every major moment in the American political pulse, from the Spanish Civil War through Communist Witch-hunts, is reduced to tediously contrived and repetitious confrontations between an activist Jewish woman and her cool-it, Wasp-ish lover. The participants are Streisand and Redford, and in the fierce competition to rock up the highest total of flattering closeups, Streisand finishes in front, by a score of 154 to 136.

• (State; Alvarado Drive In)

Yellow Submarine — The Beatles cartoon. It tries to be, but it is not, the Sixties' equal to Lewis Carroll. Clever and colorful enough to be diverting for a half-hour or so, though it lasts a lot longer than that.

* (Parkway 2)

Top 10 National LP's

1. GREATEST HITS/John Denver
2. COURT AND SPARK/Joni Mitchell
3. TUBULAR BELLS/Mike Oldfield
4. THE WAY WE WERE/Barbra Streisand
5. BAND ON THE RUN/Paul McCartney and Wings
6. PLANET WAVES/Bob Dylan
7. HOTCAKES/Carly Simon
8. RHAPSODY IN WHITE/Love Unlimited Orchestra
9. GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD/Elton John
10. YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM/Jim Croce

Top 10 National Singles

1. SUNSHINE ON MY SHOULDER/John Denver
2. HOOKED ON A FEELING/Blue Swede
3. SEASONS IN THE SUN/Terry Jacks
4. BENNIE AND THE JETS/Elton John
5. DARK LADY/Cher
6. MOCKINGBIRD/Carly Simon and James Taylor
7. JET/Paul McCartney and Wings
8. COME AND GET YOUR LOVE/Redbone
9. ERES TU (TOUCH THE WIND)/Mocedades
10. THE LORD'S PRAYER/Sister Janet Meade

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San Diego Gets a Splendid Choice

The transformation of the expression on that young and earnest face, from stony dignity to tickled pink, was itself worth the price of admission.

—Jonathan Saville—

Last week's concert of the San Diego Symphony Chamber Orchestra, at USD's Camino Theatre, was interesting not only in itself but also for the chance it gave San Diegans to become acquainted with Charles Ketcham, the new assistant conductor of the Symphony. A native of our city and a former student at San Diego State, Mr. Ketcham has studied conducting with Eric Leinsdorf, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Walter Susskind, Franco Ferraro and Jean Fournet. He was appointed to his present post last June by Peter Eros. On the basis of the recent chamber concert, it is evident that Mr. Eros has made a splendid choice.

Mr. Ketcham is a young man — perhaps a very young man, though he may be older than he looks. From a conductor of that age one might expect a certain brashness, a vigorous energy a bit rough at the edges. Everyone remembers the young Leonard Bernstein and what he was like. What one would not expect is the extreme elegance of Mr. Ketcham's conducting, a restraint, refinement and grace that are not so often to be found even in conductors much more experienced than he. The most striking quality of the performances was their sense of proportion. Within a fairly limited dynamic range — a limitation dictated by the size of the chamber orchestra, the nature of the hall, the kind of music programmed, and (evidently) Mr. Ketcham's own inclinations — there was a wonderfully subtle balancing and contrast of the varying degrees of loudness. The phrases were always well shaped, but never in such a way as to call attention to themselves; they were rococo rather than romantic, pastel shadings rather than intense surges. Overt expressions of passion were generally eschewed; instead there was a sense of tensions always held within bounds, of energies modulated by courtesy, of a tailored aristocrat of the emotions.

This style was perhaps not the happiest one for the opening piece, a suite drawn from Handel's *Water Music*. That this music should be elegant no one would dispute, and for some people Mr. Ketcham's exquisitely elegant performance was all the music needed. As for me, I feel he missed the element of vulgarity that so often tempers the elegance in baroque music, and especially in Handel, and especially in the *Water Music*, which I think comes across much better as rather garish outdoor music for performance on barges. I found Mr. Ketcham's interpretation a bit too delicate, the tempos often too slow, the contrasts too muted; and with so little variety of key in the suite, the result was a beautifully refined tedium, music to drowse by in a slightly stuffy drawing-room, instead of vivid background music for a jolly cruise along the Thames.

Mr. Ketcham's approach was, however, indisputably right for the next piece, Mozart's *Symphony No. 33*. This is music without pretensions to great expressiveness or great formal interest. It lacks the color of the *Symphony No. 31* ("Paris") and the drama and poignancy of the *Symphony No. 34*. It is, simply, a small piece of great charm, put together with the usual Mozartean skill, but content

with its task of delighting the ears without particularly intriguing the mind or moving the heart. As such, it could not have asked for a better interpreter than Mr. Ketcham, who treated it with affection but without undue awe. His main efforts had clearly been devoted to getting the orchestra to play precisely what is in the score — always the conductor's first concern, but more important than ever when the music itself makes so modest a claim on our attention. (I think of Toscanini's recordings of the *Skaters' Waltz* or the *Trisch-Tratsch Polka* — not to put Mozart's *Thirty-Third* quite in that category, however.) These efforts met with great success. It was particularly nice to hear the rapid figures in the main theme of the last movement played with such clarity, where with less meticulous preparation and conducting they can so easily blue into an unarticulated shiver.

After the intermission, the orchestra played Hindemith's *Trauermusik*, with Harry Rumpel as viola soloist. This is music of mourning, but mourning so restrained, so polite, that an outburst of real passionate grief, with all the devices music uses to express such emotion, would be completely alien to its world. If you think of the funeral march from Beethoven's *Eroica*, or the last movement of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth*, or Rodolfo's cry to the dead Mimi at the end of *La Boheme*, then you will know exactly what Hindemith's *Trauermusik* is not. It expresses its sadness through the dark timbre of the strings, through mild dissonances, and through the constant decorative modulation that is characteristic of Hindemith's music. It seems to end before it has begun. But it is a lovely piece, in a rather wispy and pallid way, and it responded very well to Mr. Ketcham's restrained approach. Mr. Rumpel played with equal restraint, quite suppressing his instrument's ability to sob and suffer, and he and Mr. Ketcham gave particular pleasure in the elegant balance they achieved between the sonorities of the orchestra and the solo instrument.

The final selection was Stravinsky's "*Pulcinella*" Suite. This subtle comic masterpiece made more demands on Mr.

Ketcham's talents than anything else on the program. Stravinsky's arch transformations of the music of the early eighteenth century Neapolitan composer Pergolesi, with their cunningly interjected or enhanced dissonances and their bizarre orchestration, must be handled with great poise: too serious and straightforward and the humor will be lost, too exaggerated and the intricate musical fabric of tribute and parody will fall apart. Mr. Ketcham comported himself like a master of this sort of music, skillfully walking the tightrope between formality and farce. This interpretive balance was matched by the balance in the orchestral forces, which brought out with wonderful clarity all the peculiar effects of orchestration Stravinsky imposed on poor, helpless, dead Pergolesi. Only in the "Vivo" section, near the end of the suite, did Mr. Ketcham kick balance down the back stairs — but he really had no choice. This sec-

tion, eccentrically scored as a kind of miniature double concerto for trombone and double bass, is so grotesquely funny that Mr. Ketcham's qualities of restraint, refinement, elegance and grace would have been as appropriate as champagne with pizza. Here he finally let himself and the orchestra go, showing a welcome streak of the vulgar that the rest of the concert had concealed.

In any case, concealment never works for long in any public performer. Mr. Ketcham received a great deal of deserved applause at the end of this quite successful concert, and his reaction to it gave the evening its last delectable touch. The transformation of the expression on that young and earnest face, from stony dignity to tickled pink, was itself worth the price of admission. Like all true artistic experiences, it led from seriousness to happiness, from the carefully formal to the essentially and delightfully human.

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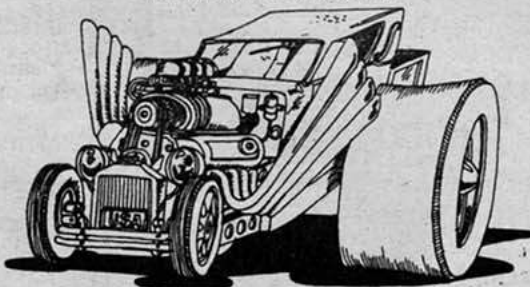
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TELEVISION

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, the last battle to be fought in Britain. Written, directed, and produced by Peter Watkins (1964). Humanities Film Forum. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

CONVERSATION WITH BRAGE GOLDING, S.D. State president Golding is joined by his counterparts William McElroy of UCSD, Hughes of USD, and a president of one of the local junior colleges. Channel 15, 10:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS. Sarah is pregnant again, and Watkins offers to make her an honest woman. The Bellamies are persuaded that the happy couple would be better off far from Eaton Place. Channel 15, 3:00 and 9:00 p.m.

RELIGIOUS AMERICA. Reba, a Christian community of 180 men, women, and children in Evanston, Illinois. Channel 15, 6:30 p.m.

BLOOD AND SAND. Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell (1941). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL. Wishbone Ash, Sha Na Na, Slade, David Essex, Judi Pulver, Leo Kottke, and the show's announcer, Wolfman Jack. Channel 10, 1:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

LOST COMMAND. Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon. (1966). Channel 39, 1:00 p.m.

THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY. Glenn Ford and Rhonda Fleming (1950). Channel 8, 3:00 p.m.

RED STAR. Russians win the famous armored battle at Kursk. Part of World at War series. Channel 8, 7:00 p.m.

LA RONDINE. Puccini's opera, with Teresa Stratas of the Metropolitan Opera and an orchestra drawn largely from the Toronto Symphony. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

FEASTING WITH PANTHERS, a dramatic portrayal of Oscar Wilde's life and works. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

U.S. - U.S.S.R. RELATIONS, a discussion by Elliot Richardson, Senator Henry Jackson, and former director of U.S.I.A. Frank Shakespeare. Channel 15, 10:30 p.m.

THE GREAT MOMENT. Joel McCrea, Betty Field (1944). Channel 39, 11:15 p.m.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET. Lana Turner and Van Heflin. (1948). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31

BATTLE OF BROADWAY. Brian Donlevy, Victor McLaglen (1938). Channel 6, 2:30 p.m.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, repeat of Thursday's film. Channel 15, 4:00 p.m.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS. Richard Egan, Lee Remick (1959). Channel 39, 5:00 p.m.

THE MARK OF ZORRO. Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell (1940). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

RELIGIOUS AMERICA. "Jim," the story of rubishman who doesn't go to church but considers himself religious. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

THE MOVIES. Part I. Jack Nicholson narrates, Jack Lemmon, Rock Hudson. Channel 39, 8:30 p.m.

LAST HOLIDAY. Alec Guinness, Wilfred Hyde White (1949). Channel 6, 9:00 p.m.

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS. The concluding episode: Elizabeth leaves Karekin, James returns from India with a fiancée, and Watkins and Sarah pay a surprise visit to Lady Marjorie. The family gathering is interrupted with the news that King Edward has just died. An era has ended. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

HELL'S HORIZON. John Ireland, Maria English (1955). Channel 39, 11:15 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 1

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse (1955). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE MOVIES. Part II. Gregory Peck, Karl Malden, Jack Nicholson. Channel 39, 9:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2

ACADEMY AWARDS, broadcast live from the L.A. Music Center. Channel 10, 7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3

THE LADY TAKES A FLYER. Jeff Chandler, Lana Turner (1958). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS. Arthur Miller's portrayal of blue-collar life in the thirties. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

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(continued from preceding page)

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TERMS: 50¢ for each 35 word ad. Payment must accompany your ad or ads. Deadline for ads is the Saturday before the next issue. The READER is published and distributed every Thursday morning. BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS are \$1.00 per 35 words per insertion.

**Southern California
First National Bank**

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THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

SPORTS

BASEBALL: Aztecs vs. U.C. Berkeley, Smith Field, Thursday, March 28, 3:00 p.m.; Aztecs vs. Cal State Dominguez Hills, Smith Field, Friday, March 29, 3:00 p.m. 286-6947.

VOLLEYBALL: Aztecs vs. Pepperdine College, Peterson Gym, Friday, March 29, 7:30 p.m. 286-6947.

BASEBALL: S.D. City College vs. U.C. Riverside, San Diego High field, Saturday, March 30, 1:00 p.m. 234-8451.

RUGBY: Aztecs vs. Cal State Northridge, Aztec Bowl, S.D. State, Saturday, March 30, 1:00 p.m. 222-3445.

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Salt Lake City, S.D. Sports Arena, Sunday, March 31, 7:00 p.m. 224-4176.

BOXING: Undeclared contender Renato Garcia vs. former champion Denny Moyer, 10 rounds middle-weight, New Coliseum, Friday, March 29, 8:00 p.m. 232-8362.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

GRAPHICS AND MIXED MEDIA by Helen Petre. CORRIDOR Gallery, S.D. Public Library, April 1 through 30.

SCULPTURE by Richard Colby, Triad Gallery, Through April 19, 299-6543.

PAINTINGS, collage and pastels, by Pat McReynolds; ceramics by Ted Saito. Artists Co-operative Gallery, Through April 24, 296-0200.

SAN DIEGO SMALL IMAGES 1974, The 10 winners of the Reader-Jack Glenn Gallery contest of photography, drawings, prints, and paintings will be exhibited along with other selected entrants, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, March 8 through March 30, 291-5970.

WELDED STEEL, brass and iron sculpture, by Dale Watkins; painting by Susan Macnolfsky. Artists' Co-operative Gallery, Through March 28, 296-0200.

WESTERN PAINTINGS from 1915 to present, by Frederick Becker, an early Taos artist. A. Huney Gallery, corner of Fifth Avenue and Quince. Opens March 24, 296-1522.

CALIFORNIA HAWAII Regional Exhibition, 100 selected works, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Through April 21, 232-7931.

THE WOVEN ART OF SOUTH ASIA, costumes, looms, and fibers. Founders Gallery, University of San Diego, Alcala Park, Through May 3, 291-6480, ext. 354.

PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW, featuring the work of Phil Steinmetz and Fred Lonidier of UCSD, Grossmont College Gallery, through April 5, 465-1700, ext. 321.

ARTIFACTS from Melanesia and Polynesia: tapa cloth from Fiji, baskets and combs from the Solomon Islands; purses, placemats and jewelry from Tonga. Gallery 8, International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Through March, 453-2000, ext. 1942.

PAINTINGS AND ASSEMBLAGES by Reese Shaw, Triad Gallery, Through March 28, 299-6543.

POTTERS GUILD SHOW, juried potters show with live weekend demonstrations, S.D. Museum of Man, Through March, 239-2001.

EARLY 20TH CENTURY ARTISTS of America, including works by Maurice Braun, C.A. Fries, and Alfred Mitchell. Orr's Gallery, 234-4765, Through March.

20TH CENTURY EUROPEAN SCULPTURE: Rodin, Renoir, Moore, Gonzalez, Derain, Bourdelle, and Bonnard, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, March 8 through April 20, 291-5970.

STEPHEN WELLS, photographs, Unicorn Theatre Lobby, Through April 11.

ALL ABOUT KIDS, works for and about children (children's furniture, toys, puppets, marionettes, etc.) Many Hands Creative Arts Co-op, 6350 El Cajon Blvd, Through April 27, 299-2647.

ARTISTS' EQUITY SHOW, including sculpture by Shirley Lichtman, oils by Jean Braley, watercolors by Robert Perine, mixed media by Eleanor Blangstead, graphics by Lenore Simon, and macrame by Jackie Anderson. Wells Fargo Bank, La Jolla, Through May 3.

MINIMALIST Robert Mangold, recent paintings and drawings, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, March 23 through May 12, 454-0183.

GRAPHICS AND MIXED MEDIA by Helen Petre, Corridor Gallery, S.D. Public Library, April 1 through 30.

THEATRE

READERS THEATRE: Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus, S.D. State Little Theatre, Thursday, March 29, 8:00 p.m. 286-6988.

DON'T DRINK THE WATER, by Woody Allen, performed by the Alcala Park Players, Camino Theater, University of San Diego, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 28, 29, and 30, 8:00 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

OF MICE AND MEN, based on John Steinbeck's story, Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. Through April 13, 234-9325.

THE HOBBIT (HOBBITS ARE LITTLE PEOPLE), musical version of Tolkien story, S.D. Junior Theatre, Casa Del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, March 22 and 29 at 7:30 p.m., matinees, March 23, 24, 30, 31 at 2:00 p.m. 239-1311.



HADRIAN VII, by Peter Luke, first San Diego production, Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m. Sunday matinee March 31, 2:00 p.m. 239-2255.

STAR-SPANGLED GIRL, Neil Simon's play, Uncle John's Theatre-Restaurant, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, dinner 6:30, curtain 8:00 p.m.; Sundays, dinner, 5:30, curtain 7:00 p.m. 463-2012.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS: "Where's Mother Goose?" and "Oh Nell, Poor Nell", Actors Quarter Theatre, Saturdays at 2:00 p.m. Through April 13, 234-9325.

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.

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

THE GLASS MOON POST, a new play by Todd K. Blakesley and Rosie Driftfield, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through April 14, 488-6001.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK, portrait of Lorraine Hansberry, presented by the Southeast Community Theatre, Lincoln High School Auditorium, March 29, and 30, April 5, 6, 12, and 13, 8:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2854 or 264-3696.

CHILDREN'S THEATRE: Names and Nicknames by James Reany, S.D. State Experimental Theatre, Saturday and Sunday, March 30 and 31, 1:00 and 3:00 p.m. 286-6033.

SPECIAL EVENTS

PASSOVER CELEBRATION: Seder table, Matzo brei, traditional Hebrew and Passover songs sung by Children's Choir, recorded traditional Passover chants, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Sunday, March 31, 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. 239-2001.

UKRANIAN EASTER EGGS by Luba Kylastra and jewelry by Sanford Aschinger, Sivia Mann, David Pendell, Carrie Taylor, and Ellen Van Fleet, Gallery 8, International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Through March, 453-2000, ext. 1942.

CARNIVAL DE MEXICO, starring Mercia Zuniga, folksinger, and others, S.D. Civic Theatre, Tuesday, April 2, 8:00 p.m. 236-6510.

BUILDING WITH A SLAB OF CLAY, last in series of ethnic craft workshops, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Thursday, March 28, 10:00 a.m. 239-2001.

PEDDLER'S SPRING FAIR, arts and crafts and small merchants fair, Plaza Hall, Convention and Performing Arts Center, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 29, 30, and 31. No admission charge. 222-0521.

HORSE SHOW: Hunter and Jumper Show, Saturday, March 30, 9:30 a.m. Saddle Seat and Western, Sunday, March 31, 8:30 a.m. Benefit for Bishop's School, La Jolla Farms, 9761 Blackgold Rd., La Jolla, 453-1330.

AMETHYST DIG and weekend field trip to Kingstone Peak behind Death Valley, Sponsored by the S.D. Natural History Museum, Saturday and Sunday, March 30 and 31, 232-3821.

FILMS

LUCIA, Cuban women's film, Changing Times Book Store, Solana Beach, Tuesday, April 2, 7:30 p.m. 755-5410.

EIGHT OR NINE IN THE MORNING, film on education in China. Accompanied by a speaker, Changing Times Bookstore, Solana Beach, Wednesday, April 3, 7:30 p.m. 755-5410.

LECTURES AND TALKS

JOHN DRYDEN, lecture by Dr. Edward Foster, Dean of College of Arts and Sciences, Salomon Lecture Hall, University of San Diego, Thursday, March 28, 7:30 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

WOUNDED KNEE ON TRIAL, a talk by Julie Christensen, organizer for American Indian Movement and United People for Wounded Knee, Militant Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd, Friday, March 29, 8:00 p.m. 280-1292.

HOW TO HANDLE DEATH, a conference sponsored by the Telephase Society, Aztec Center, S.D. State, Saturday, March 30, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. 454-4613.

ECKANKAR, the ancient science of soul travel. A one-day seminar, Women's Club, Saturday, March 30, 298-5748.

THE COUNTRY BLUES, introduction, African origins (tapes), early recorded blues, defining the country blues. Lecture by Lou Curtiss of Folk Arts, 2346 Humanities and Social Sciences Building, Muir, UCSD, Monday, April 1, 7:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2061.

LIBERTARIANISM: Philosophy and Program, a lecture by John Hospers, 1972 presidential candidate on Libertarian ticket and professor of philosophy at U.S.C. Part of course Liberty and Property, 2722 USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, Tuesday, April 2, 7:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2061.

POETRY READING: Nathaniel Tarn, British poet and professional anthropologist, UCSD Revelle Formal Lounge, April 3rd, 4 p.m. and Thursday April 4th at SDSU Aztec Center, 8 p.m.

MUSIC

TOSCA, Pucini's opera, S.D. Civic Theatre, Wednesday and Friday, March 27 and 29, 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, March 31, 2:30 p.m. 236-6510.

MESA COLLEGE COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA: Fanfare for the Common Man by Copland, *Concerto No. 4 in G Minor for Piano and Orchestra* by Beethoven, *Symphony No. 4 in E Minor* by Brahms, Illana Mysior at the piano, Kearny High School Auditorium, Friday, March 29, 8:00 p.m. 279-2300.

CLASSICAL GUITARIST John Lyons in concert with the Solisti de Alcala Chamber Orchestra, "Sir John's Almain" and "Fantasy" by John Dowland, Study No. 1, 5, and 17 by Fernando Sor, and "Chaconne" by J.S. Bach, Also Giuliani's Concerto for Guitar and Strings, French Parlor, Founders Hall, University of San Diego, Sunday, March 31, 4:00 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

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 80803, San Diego, CA 92138. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

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