

## Polishing Navy Brass

-Ed Papantonio-

Admiral Zumwalt is retiring from the Navy on June 26th and leaving, let's say, churning waters behind him. As Zumwalt completes his four-year tour as Chief of Naval Operations, the question is of course, to turn the recent NBC Special's title around, "Did this man really change the Navy?" Did he put enough of his people in the key positions in the Navy's high command so that the effects of his administration last beyond 1974?

"The people of his he did give power to are definitely in the minority," says a pro-Zumwalt Navy captain whose manner is sometimes passionate, sometimes jocular. He talks as he prunes roses in his sunny Chula Vista garden. "Most senior people in the Navy—Chiefs, Commanders and above, and L.D.O.'s (limited duty officers, those who worked their way from enlisted ranks) loathe Zumwalt. To senior officers, he's a traitor to his class. He represents all that is bad to these people."

It is only in the Navy that a controversy as deep as this could appear so quiet on the surface. It's the kind of thing that rarely rises out of the depths of the officers' clubs or beyond the confines of backyards in Chula Vista. (When I was a navyman, for example, I never heard my commanding officer say an unkind word about Admiral Zumwalt. Finally, after one and a half years, the day I got out of the Navy, over a couple of farewell scotch and waters, he explained in the plainest of language why some of Zumwalt's plans were worthless.)

One place that the controversy does surface is in the pages of this month's *Saturday Evening Post*. Hanson Baldwin, a respected writer in military affairs, dives into "The Troubled Waters of the Navy," armed with the 2500-page Hicks report, the report of the congressional subcommittee which investigated the *Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation* racial incidents of two years ago.

Mr. Baldwin quotes extensively from the Hicks Report which blames the trouble of the two aircraft carriers on "an environment of leniency, appraisal, and permissiveness" in the Navy. Getting closer to his target, Baldwin first attacks Z-57, Zumwalt's "harsh regulation," claiming that it produced "the widest variety of hairstyles in the Navy's history" and that even the later explanatory Z-grams about haircuts did not help. "Pandora's Box had already been opened." And then Baldwin hits the ombudsman concept, drug exemption officers, minority affairs officers, hot lines, gripe sessions—as bypassing the chain of command.

But according to the captain in Chula Vista, "What Zumwalt really did do was to break one of the most important rules in the Navy—that with age comes intelligence. Zumwalt applauding youth in the Navy is like saying democracy is wrong in America. Now the old adage about age and judgement may have been true in the sailing navy, where one needed to get seasoned or silly, but now it's debatable."

One of the interesting things about this controversy is that the Zumwalt admirers like Zumwalt split among the officer corps is very



**To senior officers, Zumwalt is a traitor to his class. He represents all that is bad to these people.**

clear cut. "As a rule," points out the captain, inspecting the rose leaves for aphids, "those officers Commander and above are anti-Zumwalt; those Lieutenant Commander and below (except for L.D.O.'s and Chiefs) are pro-Zumwalt. Aviators, like Zumwalt, because they're loose, submariners

like him because they're intelligent, blacknose types (those who sail ships, especially destroyers) despise him because they've always been the most hard-nosed and least resistant to any change."

Lieutenant junior grade Jay Blanchard spends most of his time dealing with the press on an official level from the Public Affairs Office of the Eleventh Naval District. But since he felt so strongly about the Zumwalt thing, we met on a Saturday afternoon in a downtown office building that used to be a warehouse. Jay Blanchard looked casual in his civilian clothes, a work shirt and blue jeans. "I was of ROTC

midshipman at the University of Colorado when Zumwalt became C.N.O. My ROTC commanding officer was in the same class with Zumwalt at the Naval Academy, but my C.O. was a captain—he had four stripes the same time Zumwalt got his four stars. So it wasn't so strange that he got out of the Navy and used Zumwalt as his excuse. I don't want to play this Navy's game," he commented. But many, many people are using Zumwalt as just an excuse to get out of the Navy. Blanchard's chief petty officer is getting out because "it's not the same Navy anymore." Even Blanchard himself is getting out because of Zumwalt, but he's getting out largely because Zumwalt is getting out ("Zumwalt made the Navy bearable for me").

In Lig. Blanchard's mind, it is the junior admirals and senior "strippers" who caused many of the problems with Zumwalt's Z-grams. "Most of the commanding officers I know of (shitcanned (threw away) a lot of the Z-grams. On my first ship in the Med (Mediterranean), for example, my best friend was Communications Officer. The commanding officer had a standing order to send all Z-grams that came over the wire directly to him. And a lot of them never got promulgated on our ship. Of course, you couldn't keep the Z-grams a secret. Everyone would get into port and talk to the guys on other ships."

Zumwalt did do some retreating, especially after receiving congressional criticism. He was very sensitive to congressional and White House criticism. Admiral Thompson, Chief of Naval Information, got him to retrench on his image, for example. "Anyone who has been watching Zumwalt's own hair length saw a definite shortening a little over a year ago. Almost everybody I talked to, including Jay Blanchard and the unnamed captain in Chula Vista, and Hanson Baldwin agree that the Navy has changed. That's not saying too much, though it would be difficult for a new C.N.O. to require World War II haircuts now. And Zumwalt was smart enough to 'take care of his own'."

Admiral Halsey, the new Chief of Naval Operations, as of 1974, is a Zumwalt creature, but he is a youngish aviator and does have Zumwalt's approval. Admiral Worth Bagley, the Vice C.N.O., is, by definition, a Zumwalt man and is touted to be a likely candidate for C.N.O. four years from now. Admiral Todd, director of Naval Training (an important position especially in a peace-time Navy) and Admiral Baldwin from North Island, all but officially the new Chief of Naval Materiel, are also Zumwalt proteges. (The present Chief of Naval Materiel, Admiral Lew Kuhl, the most vocal of all anti-Zumwalt admirals, supposedly is to be banished to command in Europe.) Admiral Rauch, the most hated of all the Zumwaltites, was the one who got an angry letter from a Congressman for the massive photo showing him dipping with a black seaman, is still in charge of "Peas P," the command responsible for many recurrent problems (drugs, race, etc.) in the Navy.

So it looks like the key positions held by these supporters of Zumwalt point to more than just his service to the legacy.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF CONCERT PHOTO



## Fashion Show

-Gloria Fleming-

And so they came to the Civic Theatre, Sunday night. And they wore their best silks, satins and sequins. They wore a lot of sequins—on their shoes, around the eyes and as mustaches.

The men were in baggies, white sports jackets and panama hats. On their arms were beautiful women in ruffles, roses and red and white feathers.

They looked as though they were preparing for an Easter Sunday's stroll down New York's Fifth Avenue and although the Retrograde wasn't there.

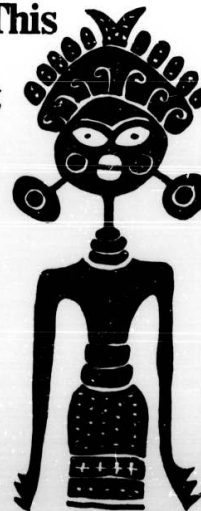
Actually they were coming to see the Pointer Sisters and surprisingly enough to have the Pointer Sisters see them. "All right. Now that you've seen us," the girls said in the

beginning of the show, "let's take a look at you." And so the lights were turned on the audience and all that creativity and imagination was rewarded, even if just for the moment.

And they listened as the Pointer Sisters performed, "Ladies and gentlemen, children too, these brown ladies gonna boogie for you." And they did boogie too, to such tunes as "Salt Peanuts" and "Steam Heat."

But outside in the lobby, after the show was over, people lingered just a little longer. They formed small groups and in soft whispers the words "fantastic" and "simply great" were audible but you really didn't know whether they were referring to the show or to some of the outfits.

## Could This Be Just Junk From Java?



...rice baskets, carved wooden bells designed for goats, pairs of wood and what seemed to be prematurely aged matrimonial dolls...

-Jennifer Kotter-

"maintenance." Prices of items spread from the \$5's to the \$100's. "Contemporary and traditional batik from Java will be highlighted in an exhibit of Indonesian Folk Art May 3 through 5, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

Puzzled by what "Indonesian folk art" would mean when sold and exhibited in a commercial western world, I wasn't sure what to expect. Supposedly, everyone—men, women, children, grandparents—in Java and Bali make things and/or perform. If this were true, then the typical folk art would be inseparable from any higher form of art. It could mean that the pieces on exhibit were made by children, or country folk or city dwellers. I was told that all the pieces in this show function as

Indonesian traditional pieces or as decorations in some ceremony or performance. I was also informed that the tendency of the Javanese and Balinese to discard after use, and then to replace with a new piece, is carried over into instances of theft, damage or almost any other circumstances of removal.

On my pre-view-visit I was accompanied by two privileged lady buyers who also had advance notice of the show and who were not secretive in their house decorating intentions. They were La Jollans, they casually said. Fortunately, their excited rummaging through boxes and papers led to our discovery that items were not just one of a kind. Similar pieces were packed together in their boxes of tens and twenties: rice baskets, carved wooden bells designed for goats, pairs of wood and what seemed to be prematurely aged matrimonial dolls, small batiks on frames, 70 year old Chinese burial plates left by immigrants, and brightly painted parade birds that hung from the ceiling in their horse-bodied wingedness. I wandered in my cultural ignorance wondering if a lot of this wasn't just junk from Java. My amazement reached a peak when I realized that the little stuffed pillows I had been tossing aside were traditionally patterned Balinese batik and that they certainly are for sale.

Some admirable pieces include the textile tools and stamps, the stoneware plates, carved totemic animals, ducks, chickens, deer, in one multicolored detailed batik, and the winged lion Singa, entrance hall guardian figure from Bali, abducted from his perch shortly before it was outlawed to do so—thus the increased rare treasure value—selling for \$400. More articulate batiks on sale along with slide music presentation of "trance dances" from Bali will be presented opening night along with a promisingly informative appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Jue from whose collection this show has been procured.

An example of more direct and personal and at the same time distanced and less disguised work might be found in "Tamar's" studio on India Street. The problem of confusion does not show itself in her work where its cushioned-quilted softness points to its sewn, painted, potted, bunched and collected methods. She models her pieces according to commissions and the mode of her materials and ideas. On a small scale her production flourishes in the small storefront room that is half taken up by her wide cutting table and sewing machine which she operates during store hours.

## Using Your Noodle

Kathleen Woodward—

It's a mad world. The Old Spaghetti Factory. A mad melting pot, a warehouse-sized cocktail party, a snappy bingo game where people, not numbers, are called every five seconds. May we have the Bradley party, may we have the Bradley party, comes the microphone command from the woman in platinum blonde beehive, and ten seconds later she cackles her impenitent punch. We have a last call for the Bradley party. And the Bradley party, two couples, an adolescent, comes scrambling, drinks in hand. They've been putting it away for 45 minutes—that's a standard wait first standing up in the noisy crush near the bar, then moving to one of the velvet sofas. Their surroundings are tiffans lamp, brass bed, monumental stained glass, and floating bar girl, and the tempo is both prohibition-mania and assembly-line efficiency. They're just sitting there, they're just playing with their coffee, complaints one of the hostesses to Microphone, and Microphone, in turn, casts an evil eye in the direction of the offending table and drums her fingers in a testy tattoo. The assembly-line has slowed down and that's unacceptable. But not for long. May we have the Reins party, the Scaramella party, the Franks party, the Hawthorne party, the Randall party. The Old Spaghetti Factory, at 6th and "K" downtown, seats 350 at once, so they say, and fills up and turns over four or five times a night. That adds up to about 60,000 spaghetti dinners per year, and what with a total of eight Spaghettis, *Fastoria* operating in the U.S., perhaps someone should get in touch with them as distributors for a food give-away program. As Dennis, one of the young managers, pragmatically said, *It works*.

The Spaghetti Factory gets a rapid turnover and lots of money, I presume, but what's the exchange? What does the process get? I haven't met one person who's been there who doesn't like the place—some had been there three times already and it's only been open a few months—so for starters, you get very popular popular culture. Also very cheap, and given mass production, very good food. Decanter of wine for four for \$1.75. And a solid spaghetti dinner which runs about \$2.25 and includes a respectable iceberg salad (served separately), a delicious loaf of sour dough bread if you run out, they'll give you another, and they'll also bring you a diggy bag for what's left over, save it for breakfast, and the large plate of spaghetti, and the collectible milk, and spumoni, and a mint. Now that's cheap, that's really cheap. Also a child's portion for \$1.45. And a large and talky. (Pino Chardonnay, that's pronounced PE-ano Shard-onay, gets wine out, and beer from Japan and Austria and 11 other countries. He's a clam sauce, a meat sauce, mushroom, tomato, and a chicken liver sauce (very thick with an almost beef bourguignon taste) and sauce browned butter and misirra cheese is a Homer (the sauce is rich but the a la Homer a bit cutesy—the legend has it, says the menu, that Homer lived in this while composing the *Iliad*).

Food satisfying and filling, food cheap, furniture impressive, service fast and cheerful and educated (our waitress with B.A. in economics from State). But what this noisy factory crowd has which is rare in San Diego is anonymity. You don't have to be a respectable customer or a good "worker." You don't have to keep your voice down to an appropriate level. You don't have to talk with your "party" while you're waiting your 45 minute wait but can try out the pleasures of merely circulating, as at least one person did that Thursday night the pulled out the old line. I don't think I've seen you there before. You can wink at the people sitting next to you (they're probably eating in one of the beds or in the elevator or maybe in the train). The factory is, in other words, a well-designed commercial set for theatre, and you can write your own script. The night we were there (dinner for four with wine for \$12), TV 8 had its cameras and lights out, and some crazy lady, pretending she was one of the managers, was asking tables and how did you enjoy the food tonight? This place may not be a San Diego scene (even though it's rumored that Neil Morgan has written about it three times) since it is after all reproduced around the country. But it's a scene, especially for kids, visiting firemen and cu-ups.

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# From Z to Z

-Duncan Shepherd-

Zed stands in the far, far future, at the finish of a heroes' alphabet that begins with Arthur and Beowulf. And Zardoz, the science-fiction epic of which he is the hero, negotiates the alliance between self-conscious myth and social-conscious editorial which seems to mark the new British wave in particular, of science-fiction writing. (Montezuma, Spinal et al.), although this is a bit of a loose-towed piece, since I myself seldom sink very much deeper than the rousing blarney and florid illustrations found on the front and back covers of paperbackbacks. It is something of a wasteful guess, too, for Zardoz's maker, John Boorman, is British, and it could prove lucrative to dig up the connection, if any.

Zardoz, in any case, shows off a rather admirable skill: the ability to do a science-fiction movie, the usual movie excursion into an imagined future is a curious venture, with one foot held for history and comfort, in familiar modern times, one way or another. Either the possible future drops out unexpectedly in the present day (the *Invaders from Outer Space* Prehistoric Past/Chemical Laboratory type, *The Blob*, *Raiders*, *War of the Worlds*), or emulates from the present day visit the possible future (this is the *Nosferatu* to Outer Space Lines-plored Continents/Another Time type, *Planet of the Apes*, *The Lost World*), or the possible future is set so close-at-hand to the present day that its customs and costumes remain perfectly recognizable. (*Sovent Green*, 2001) Zardoz, for the most part, has caught up, and keeps up, to the liberated, free-floating, fringe-scratch fantasies expected even in the most run-of-the-mill sci-fi literature, setting up a future that is, at all points, severed from the familiar today. Its features have to be felt out, in mystification at first, by the outsider Zed, whose puzzlement duplicates the viewer's, and is exceeded by the viewer's additional puzzling over Zed. The laws, physical and social, of this future bend further, frequently, than the viewer's credence can. But the magical happenings, here, are regularly brought off by Boorman with the confidence and flourish proper to magic acts, and the social issues, here, can raise political issues that are teasingly close to 1974's issues, but they can be traced, allegorically, hypothetically, without any embarrassing qualms about exhibiting simple-mindedness or paranoia. In this completely remodeled society, even a figure as friendly, familiar as James Bond Connery can look shockingly strange, possibly repugnant, a dark hairy, naked oak in the company of pale, smooth, demurely draped willows.

Zardoz opens as if it belongs in a Saturday morning little show, children's hour, as a plump-checked wizard with a petified beard on beard and mustache introduces the narrative. "For your entertainment and amusement." But, although often throughout the tale you might feel you are enclosed within Action Comics, the father-around-new-childrens tone is demolished immediately.

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## Shanghai

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as a huge stone head fit looks something like the Great Sphinx doing an imitation of Tragedy's Mask), hovering slightly above the ground, vomits guns to its militia, and Connery/Zed, in mimicry of George Barnes at the end of Edwin Porter's *Great Train Robbery*, but with more determined malignity, turns his gun on the camera and explodes it.

The story, one of the infinite varieties of the Quest story, is of Zed's penetration of the privileged oasis, the Vortex, where all knowledge, all culture are protected, gathering dust from disuse, and where immortality has been attained and the way to death has been forgotten. Having seen through the deception that has kept his poor, brutish people subjugated, killing their own kind to keep down the population according to the Vortex's order, Zed assaults this oasis, bringing vengeance, blindly, unquestioningly. Boorman's creation of this place, on a visibly limited budget, in Ireland, is somewhat hit-and-miss. His irony tends to be glib, if not smirkingly juvenile: for instance, the automatic assumption that life everlasting would be, in the most jaded British-bias tone, ever so having, my good man. But, as in his *Deliverance*, Boorman manages to set up, and set in motion, some lively, hard-headed polemics inside a he-man adventure story. At one point, as Zed recruits his first two allies in his "fight for death," that is, for the leveling of eternal equilibrium and the pushing-ahead of everyday evolution, each one un-

derstands the goal differently: "an end to eternity," and "a higher form," and, simply, "revenge."

Boorman's depiction of this future, with its quasi-Hamletic fashions, has no runous cracks in it. There is a certain obviousness and mandarin affecting many of its props (beams of clear plastic, cellophane, diaphanous Daggies, some large puffed-up baggies, some Christmas-tree tinsel) and its cinematic gimmicks (reverse motion, slow motion). But, as well, there are some intriguing images, especially the obsession for images-within-images (mirror-multipled images, video screens on which are projected Zed's memories, ghostly apparitions transmitted into thin air by a magic ring) which recall one of Boorman's unforgettable visual borrowings, in *Point Blank*, when a nightclub's slide show goes about Lee Marvin, and across his face, as he pulverizes two hoodlums in the stage wings.

There are a few appealing facets, too, to the society Immortals, too, to the society Immortals, such as the controlled aging process that is used to punish dissident Immortals and the consequent Old Folks' Home, where the wretched outlaws, dressed up in decayed tuxedos and ballroom gowns, carry on a perpetual, grotesque Guy Lombardo New Year's Eve. Ultimately, though, the appearance of things in Zardoz is less commanding as a vision of the future than as a freely abstract illustration of Boorman's regular, violent world. The features of this world, after half-a-dozen movies, perhaps can be pronounced solidified. Running

the full length of Boorman's world is the gulf, the chasm, that separates a population into insiders and outsiders, haves and have-nots, strong and weak, and that stimulates suspicious, hostile stares between sides. There is this gulf between the Madison Avenue-styled mobsters, cozy within a labyrinthian crime syndicate, and the bullish, destructive lone operator, in *Point Blank*, between the inept American marine and the survival-smart Japanese soldier, thrown against one another, stalking, shrinking, without even language in common, on a jungle island, in *Hell in the Pacific*; between a disenfranchised nobleman, gazing down through spyglasses from his mansion, and the black ghetto it towers over, in *Leo the Last*; and between the quiet of Atlanta businessmen, on a sportsman's weekend in the back country, and the insular hill people, in *Deliverance*. Other regular features: the strangeness, over-helmingsness, of the landscape, whether it is made up of cold gray concrete towers or lonely thick forests or sterile plastic; and the eventual dominance of a monumental hero, his destructive power, his role as a titan, an overman.

The violence in Boorman's movies makes a tangled toy. It has become, since *Deliverance* at least, a safe bet to chastise Boorman as an anachronistic purveyor of male-ness, muscularity, force, triumph. But this male-ness is undercut, from several angles. The violence is evidently distasteful, bringing with it no release, no satisfaction, no reassurance. Throughout *Point Blank*, Marvin

causes his adversaries to be killed, but he is never once in on the kill, he only looks on, coldly. In *Hell in the Pacific*, the two soldiers, each uncertain about his enemy's prowess (each, in fact, envies his own death in a fight), do not dare to have it out, hand-to-hand, and avoid each other, poster each other, humiliate each other, childishly. In *Deliverance*, the corpses of dead men linger on screen, interminably, problematically, sickeningly, awaiting examination and burial. The exercise of violence is usually depicted by Boorman as an obligation: in *Zardoz* it is reduced to a job. Connery is an official of the future, shooting down men on the run, men unarmed. A field worker collapses, exhausted, and Connery raises his gun and shoots him.

The most a Boorman hero can hope for is adequacy to the task. Doubts, ridicule, humiliations haunt him, in images more direct than Jon Voight's trembling hand or Ned Beatty's degrading over-helmingsness of the commitment into a seduction, and it is accomplished at a drunken party with John Vernon, his seducer, lying directly on top of him. In *Zardoz*, Connery, whose violent actions are mainly confined to his memory, is a passive object most of the way, acting as laboratory specimen and as servant, acting out a mock birth (he crawls underneath a woman's dress and emerges again blind), and submitting finally to a disguise as a bride, in a wedding dress and veil. Connery's performance, totally functional, is in the granite-monument school. He appears to have as much fun as a stone.

# An Awkward Honeymoon

Every time Mr. Smith took a bow he would pounce on Miss Garvey and drag her from her seat to share the applause, and the same time madly beckoning the orchestra to rise, like Zarathustra summoning the sunrise.



-Jonathan Saville-

In what must have been a painful divorce for all concerned, conductor John Garvey recently left the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra (which he had founded) in the middle of the season. The orchestra's management hastily searched for a replacement and came up with two of them: Rafael Druian, presently concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic, who will take over the podium next season, and Lawrence Smith, conductor of the Oregon Symphony, who filled in for this season's third concert.

Both Mr. Smith's conducting and the orchestra's playing were quite uneven, in part because of the swiftness of their union; the divorce seemed a bit ragged

around the edges, and the new spouse, for all of his passionate gestures, often had difficulty keeping things under control. Bach's *Third Brandenburg Concerto*, which began the program, had one special excellence: the strings were divided on stage in such a way that the texture of the orchestration became wonderfully clear, the contrasts between the various groups and between the solos and tutti standing out both to the eye and to the ear. But something in the playing was distinctly wrong—perhaps because Mr. Smith played the cello himself and had to conduct with nods, frowns, grins and twitches of the nose, signs which the orchestra may not fully have understood, for lack of long familial acquaintance. There followed a fairly unsatisfactory performance of Mozart's

*Piano Concerto No. 23*, with Misha Dichter as soloist. Mr. Dichter is a fine young pianist; the last time I heard him he was in splendid form, playing Brahms with the L.A. Philharmonic under Michael Tilson-Thomas—but Thursday evening's concert did not find him at his best. The Sherwood Hall piano seemed to give him considerable trouble, with its peculiarities and poorly adjusted action. The result was a good deal of unevenness in runs, occasional buzzes on the low notes in soft passages, and a general air of grim irritation on Mr. Dichter's part, as though he were sorry he had ever set foot in La Jolla. The orchestra seemed under-rehearsed, the coordination between conductor and soloist was none too good, and the characteristic cheerfulness and melancholy of this marvelous work

got pretty much lost in the shuffle. After the intermission, however, things picked up. First there was a finely shaded performance of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, sensitively conducted and skillfully played; the orchestra had at last begun to respond properly to Mr. Smith's advances. Finally, all discomfort between them was overcome, in Alberto Ginastera's *Variaciones Concertaneras*. This is a work of no depth whatsoever, but with so gloriously glittering a surface that to worry about what might or might not be underneath would be mere pedantry—who cares whether Raquel Welch has a soul? Ginastera has provided the orchestra with a gorgeous opportunity for virtuosic display, a series of solos that exploit all the extreme possibilities of the various instruments, and concerted passages calling for the utmost energy and precision. Mr. Smith must have chosen this piece as a challenge to an orchestra that has scarcely any tradition of continuous, disciplined ensemble playing, give them something so hard that they will have to shape up or quit. The challenge worked. The La Jolla Chamber Orchestra has never played so brilliantly. The soloists had the zest and flair of a flame-bossant company of ballet dancers—particularly Mel Warner, with his pirouetting, squealing clarinet. Paul Anderson, whose playing of the opening statement of the theme seemed to propel his cello to the highest trapeze, without a net, and bass-player Glenn Black, who flexed his ungainly instrument as beautifully, flexible and expressive as beautiful Nancy Garvey. Every time they played, the orchestra seemed to be in a state of high alert, as if they were waiting for the next move.

Aside from the ups (very high) and downs (fairly low) of the music on the program, the concert had its moments of drama. Mr. Smith is a passionate and impulsive man, aside from being a good musician, and he directed much of his passion and impulsiveness at concertmistress Nancy Garvey. Every time he took a bow he would pounce on Miss Garvey and drag her from her seat to share the applause, at the same time madly beckoning the rest of the orchestra to rise, like Zarathustra summoning the sunrise. On two or three occasions, he returned from the wings, he pounced on her from behind, grabbing her at her elbow and virtually lifting her erect, apparently a rather startling experience for Miss Garvey, who never quite seemed to get used to it. Perhaps this was Mr. Smith's dramatic way of symbolizing the happy musical marriage that he and the orchestra finally consummated with such great success.

Francisco Regnat's piano recital last week was a mixture of rage and pity. Miss Regnat has evidently worked very hard to achieve what is certainly a formidable technique: muscular fortis, limp pianissimos, a fabulous dexterity in runs and arpeggios. But all this technique is put at the service of a woefully deficient musical sense. The fortis leap all at once to their hypomost height, and when a crescendo is called for Miss Regnat has nothing left to give. The pianissimos are all exactly alike, without shading or color or phrasing. The runs and arpeggios have no shape, no meaning; they are not strings of pearls but flasks of conflict. Most of the program was chosen for such display. Brahms' bombastic first sonata, Ravel's roaring, ringing, gurgling waltz *Gaspard de la Nuit*, and Prokofiev's frenetic *Sonata No. 3*, and the un-interrupted succession of insipid fireworks acted on my nerves like a traffic jam on a Los Angeles freeway. The only decorous piece on the program, a Haydn sonata, received a performance lacking all humor and drama; and in this, as in the other pieces, there was never any notion that what sounded like a series of smooth and flashy fragments could make a larger musical whole, with a comprehensive musical structure and an organically developing musical emotion.

What Miss Regnat ought to do is sit down with her scores, away from the piano, and read them silently for a year or so in order to find out what the composers are really talking about. Her facile technique distracts her from what counts in music, and if that technique, which is in itself extraordinary—is not to be wasted, she will have to meditate long and deeply on the bones and blood that lie beneath all those furbelows and coiffures.

**SOLICITED ENDORSEMENT.**  
Hi. My name is Glenn and I write for the Reader. This doesn't pay any bills, naturally, so I thought I'd make a few extra bucks selling the Reader in downtown San Diego. I worked. I made a few extra bucks. I also was approached by panhandlers, kicked off the steps of a bank and got suspicious stares from people who had never seen a Reader before. At this time, I'm recommending the Reader to anyone who wants to make money and have fun at the same time. You can even panhandle on the side, if you don't get caught!

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**Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams** — Several stars...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe** — A rubber-tipped assault...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**Ten from Your Show of Shows** — Selected from the Golden Age...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**The Three Musketeers** — In Richard Lester's...  
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**Tomatoes and Bushrod** — With Max Julian...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**The Undeclared** — William Clapham's...  
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# Letters

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## "WIZARDS" WARNED

Dear Mr. Glenn Grant:

As a serviceperson for one of the largest pinball operators in town, I take exception to your definition of a pinball "wizard."

A true "wizard" does not push the release plunger. The "wizard" has played the particular game before and knows exactly how far the plunger must be retracted for high-point play-acted action. Pushing the plunger allows the player no initial ball control and causes innumerable service problems... because the outside plunger spring is not designed for such heavy abuse. I can foresee the problems we are going to have from pinball amateurs following this dubious practice.

I have also observed that many of the better players use their body weight by straddling right up to the game. They say that their arms don't tire out as fast.

I have also observed that many of the better players use their body weight by straddling right up to the game. They say that their arms don't tire out as fast.

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**USA** — Anthony Perkins...  
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**Three Musketeers** — In Richard Lester's...  
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being "left outside" to a writer who did everything he could to bring his readers inside. Lewis was an apologist...  
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will send the ball higher up into the playing field when the ball strikes the rubber flapper material harder...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**SAVILLE MISGUIDED**  
 Dear Mr. Saville,  
 I have no particular admiration for J.R.R. Tolkien's books. I never finished *The Rings*. But when you dismiss him, along with C.S. Lewis, whom I greatly admire as "noisy," you lose me. You're putting your own feelings of

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# READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

**THE ANCIENT MARINER:** STAR SHOCK...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**THE BACK DOOR:** BATOFOR AND RIDGEY...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**BLUE RIDGE MUSIC:** PENDLETON PICKERS AND WHISKEY SUE...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**ROOM THIRDAIRY:** THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**ROTFORD'S OLD PLACE:** JOHN HARTMAN, guitarist...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**THE CIVIC THEATER:** TODD RUNGREN...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**CORONADO CHURCH:** THE ELEVENTH HOUR...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...

**FOX ARTS:** JOHN BOSLEY AND THE NORMAL HEIGHTS LOUNGE LIZARDS...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**IRON HORSE:** SUE VERA HARK...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**IVY BARR:** BILL ROBINSON...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**LA MESA MOVIE:** BACKSTREET...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**LEONETTE:** BLITZ BROTHERS...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**MURRAY'S:** JUMBALAYAH...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**NOTION FLATIRON:** MOONSHOTS...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**THE PEOPLE:** DOUGLAS JOHNS AND DAVID GEORGE...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**P. ROONEY:** JEFF, nighty 7...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**SPRINGFIELD WAGON WHEELS:** CLOUD...  
 ...the movie's only concern... is that you like the stars and...  
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**WALLBANGERS:** JOE HORTON AND THE STONE PARADE...  
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## THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO



## MUSIC

**THE MIRECOURT TRIO** will perform works by Cirri, Mendelssohn, Bartok and Dvorak. Grossmont College Fine Arts Recital Hall, Friday, May 3, 8 p.m. 465-1700 x321.

**THE DECORATIVE ARTS TRIO** will perform works by Mozart, Cowell and Beethoven. Villa Montezuma, 20th and K streets, Friday, May 3, 8:30 p.m. 239-2211.

**MORRIS MIZRAH**, Iugoslav, Revellie Cafeteria, UCSD, Sunday, May 5, 8:30 p.m. 453-2000 x1391.

**MADRIGAL SINGERS** of the University of San Diego, annual Spring concert at USD's Camino Theater, Sunday May 5, 8:15 p.m. 298-8245.

**CONCORD STRING QUARTET**, Montezuma Hall, San Diego State University, Tuesday, May 7, 8 p.m. 285-6020.

**MUSIC OF YOUNG ITALIAN COMPOSERS**, Bldg. 409, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Tuesday, May 7, 8 p.m. 453-2000 x2095.

## THEATRE

**THE IN-DWELLER**, a new play by Ted Reed about a deceased woman who is brought back to life by her desolate husband. Crystal Palace Theater in Mission Beach. Opens April 19 through June 2. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

**WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** a play by Edward Albee, San Diego Little Theater, Del Mar Fairgrounds, Fridays and Saturdays from April 19 to May 4, 8:30 p.m. 753-1636.

**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE**, the Leonard Gershe comedy, Uncle John's Family Restaurant/Theatre, 6166 El Capito Blvd. Fridays and Saturdays, 6:30 dinner, 8:00 showtime; Sundays, 5:30 dinner and 7:00 showtime, 453-2012.

**THE PRICE**, by Arthur Miller, Cassius Carter Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m. Through May 12, 239-2255.

**JANUS**, a comedy by Carolyn Green, Coronado Playhouse, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesday through Fridays at 10:30 p.m.; Saturdays 5:00 and 11:00 p.m.; Sundays, 5:00 p.m. 239-6635.

**BIMBO'S COSMIC CIRCUS**, by Kenny Ortega and John Flynn, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesday through Fridays at 10:30 p.m.; Saturdays 5:00 and 11:00 p.m.; Sundays, 5:00 p.m. 239-6635.

**THE ORESTEIA**, Aeschylus' classic trilogy, San Diego City College Theatre, 1425 Russ Blvd. Thursday, May 2, 8 p.m. and Saturday, May 4, 4 p.m.

**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**, Robert Bolt's historical drama, Grossmont College Student Center, Thursday, May 2 through Sunday, May 5, 8 p.m. 465-1700, x321.

**CAREFULLY TAUGHT**, a revue illustrating the American musical as an educator in human rights, Camino Theater, University of San Diego, Friday and Saturday, May 3 and 4, 8:30 p.m.

## SPORTS

**EASTERN LEAGUE TRACK PRELIMINARIES**, Balboa Stadium, Friday, May 3, 2 p.m.

**TENNIS**: 27th annual Ralph Morton tennis tournament, Morley Field, Balboa Park, Friday, May 3 to Sunday, May 5, all day.

**CREW**, San Diego Invitational, with teams from UCSB, SDRC, CAL U, UCSD, SDSU and USC, Mission Bay, Saturday, May 4, 8 a.m.

**BOXING**: Number one contender, Pacific Beach's Art Haley vs Ricardo Garcia, 10 rounds, Featherweights, Friday, May 3, 8:00 p.m. San Diego Consuem, 232-6362.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**HORSE SHOW**, Lions Club full classification A show, Rancho California, Temecula, Saturday and Sunday, May 4 and 5.

**BULLFIGHT**, Eloy Cavazos, Curro Rivera, two of Mexico's finest and newcomer Jorge Blando. First major bullfight of the season. Bulls on display at 12 noon at Bullring corral, Downtown Bullring, Tijuana, Sunday, May 5, 4:00 p.m.

**THE INCIDENTS OF LIFE**, a "montage of life," performed by Indian Magiques, Mid-Heaven Cigar Factory, 3842 Mission Blvd. Opening May 1, running indefinitely, Tuesday through Sunday, 8 p.m. 488-8391.

**INDONESIAN FOLK ART EXHIBIT**, including batik, wood carvings, shadow puppets, baskets and a few Chinese pieces found in Indonesia. Opening May 3, 7:30 p.m., Saturday and Sunday, May 4 and 5 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Gallery 8, UCSD International Center.

**MAGIC SHOW**, with "Uncle Duke" Johnston at Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Modern Art, 700 Prospect St., La Jolla, Saturday, May 4, 2:00 p.m.

**CINCO DE MAYO CELEBRATION**, Grossmont College, the Community College Consortium and the San Diego County Library will present a special celebration at the El Cajon Library and adjacent park, Saturday, May 4, 1 to 5 p.m.

**LIBRARY BOOK SALE**, Central University Library, entrance, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Saturday and Sunday, May 4 and 5, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

**CINCO DE MAYO CELEBRATION**, Reyna's Spanish Ballet, music and dance. The Mermaid, Rancho Ramona, Rancho, May 4, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sunday, May 5, noon to 5 p.m.

**BEYOND THE MYSTIQUE**, Opening observances of new Women's Center with films, discussions, art, music and drama events through May 6, Muri Campus, UCSD, 453-2000 x1030.

**MAYTIME BAND REVIEW**, Over 50 bands in annual event. Parade starts 10:30 a.m. at 8 and J streets, west on 8th to National, south to 12th, National City, Saturday, May 4.

**FESTA BRAZIL**, UCSD Gymnasium, Wednesday, May 8, 8 p.m. 453-2000 x1391.

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## MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

**TOULOUSE-LAUTREC GRAPHICS**, 90 of his lithographs from the Baldwin M. Baldwin Collection. Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, Balboa Park, from April 19.

**MEXICAN/CHICANO SURREALISM**, drawings by Raul Trejo and sculpture by Benjamin Serrano, Southwestern College Art Gallery, Southwestern College, Chula Vista, through May 10, 453-1300.

**INVITATIONAL SHOW**, a special exhibition of current work by San Diego's young innovators of the late 60's. Artists' Co-operative Gallery, 3131 India Street, April 26 through May 28, 223-3039.

**ON AN AFRICAN THEME**, mixed media by Esther Scott, Corridor Gallery, S.D. Public Library, Opens May 1.

**STUDENT ART 74**, a multi media show including short films on plaster casting, West Commons Gallery, San Diego State (Shows at 11 a.m. and 12 noon, Monday through Friday.) No admission charge. Through May 3, 280-5578.

**STUDENT AND FACULTY** art display: paintings, ceramics, pen and ink sketches, macrame and hand-crafted candles, Abraxas Experimental High School, 1350 30th St. Sunday, May 5, 1 to 5 p.m.

**ASIAN ARTS BAZAAR**, Spring bazaar of prints, paintings etc. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Saturday, May 4, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**YOUNG ART**, All-media exhibition selected from classes in the San Diego City School District. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, May 4 through June 2.

**JAMES KACIRK** and Gary S. Damon, 2 one-man exhibits, San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Plaza de Panama, Balboa Park, Through Sunday, May 26.

**SEVEN CENTURIES OF CHINESE ART**, Central Library, San Diego Public Library, 820 E St. Opens May 3.

**JOHNSON GRAPHIC COLLECTION**: 55 graphics by Rico Labrun and Picasso from the Leslie L. Johnson collection. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Opens April 19, 232-7331.

**ENAMELS**, works from the collection with examples from local craftsmen, Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, April 13 — May 19, 232-7331.

**WOMEN AND WOMEN'S WORK**, special photography exhibit featuring the work of Dorothea Lange, one of the United States' greatest woman photographers. Library Foyer, Grossmont College, beginning April 15, 465-1700, extension 321.

**MONUMENTAL PAINTINGS OF THE 60's**, a new exhibit at the Fine Arts Gallery in Balboa Park, April 19 through June 16.

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

**LECTURES AND TALKS**

**SENATOR CHARLES PERCY** will address a public brunch sponsored by the Republican Associates of San Diego County, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay, Saturday, May 4, 11 a.m.

**READING FROM INFLATION AND SURVIVING DEPRESSION**, Thomas M. Kelly, M.B.A. leads the seminar, Room 2113, Applied Physics and Mathematics Bldg., Muri Campus, UCSD, Saturday, May 4, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

**NUCLEAR POWER DEBATE**: Should We (Substantially) Invest Our Energy Future in Nuclear Power? Humanities Library Auditorium, Revellie Campus, UCSD, Monday, May 6, 8 p.m.

**MONOTHEISM AND REVELATION**, a panel presented by Ecumenical Center for World Religions, Salmon Lecture Hall, University of San Diego, Tuesday, May 7, 8 p.m.

**FOUR PERSONAL VIEWS OF CHINA**, Dr. Irene Cheng looks at artistic and cultural life of "new China," International Center, UCSD, Wednesday, May 8, 7 p.m. 453-2000 x2001.

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 — 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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