

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKL

February 1, 197

# THE

# Last

# MARCH?

-Kathleen Woodward-

## WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Heavenly Father Bless our President and our Vice President"

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS:

\*peace peace (18 times but no mention of Vietnam by name)

\*"In our own lives, let each of us ask — not just what will government do for me, but what can I do for myself?" (the Nixon Doctrine of the New Egotism)

### PARADES AND PARTIES:

- \*Nixon, in his tank-like limousine flanked by trotting Secret Service men, waving mostly to the RIGHT
- \*the Spirit of '76 (Redcoats and Indian maidens?) marches on schedule at 120 steps per minute
- \*Nixon, more relaxed than ever with his 61% mandate, dances
- \*Pat in pale turquoise, Julie in white satin, Tricia in rose satin, Mamie in pink

### SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

- \*Drop Nixon, not Bombs
- \*Gays against the War
- \*DON'T BLAME ME, I VOTED FOR McGOVERN
- \*Raza contra la guerra



January 20 was no day, as it has been traditionally, of uniting behind the President. Counterinagural parades and speeches were held in cities around the world to protest not only Nixon policy in Vietnam but his next four years in office. Washington: 30,000. London: 12,000. Helsinki: 10,000. Los Angeles: 3000. Tokyo: 1200. San Diego 1000 at the outside (the S.D. police said 600, the Indochina Action Committee: 3000.

Action Committee, 3000). Demonstrators met at noon in tiny Newton Park downtown to march to Balboa Park where speeches were to begin at 2. The mood was subdued and friendly, in fact, tranquil to the point of being slack. On the roof of the Atlas Lithograph Co. across the street, five Spiro Agnews with camera watched, and when the march started, three policemen followed at a 'respectful" distance, expecting "no trouble" from San Diego's "fifteen most radical groups" (after all, "there's nothing to destroy in the Park"). Everyone glided through what began as a warm afternoon (at one Washington rally fires were burned to keep warm, and by 4 p.m. that's just what San Diego needed).

Nixon's Parade was coordinated with computer efficiency. San Diego, people made their own signs on the spot, and when amplifiers broke down for a full hour, noone really seemed to care-eycept the woman in charge. Many did. By the time Tom Hayden—the featured speaker who was strategically placed last—got to the microphone, the crowd had shrivelled to a third of its original size. The last antiwar protest? In

Washington Bella Abzug hoped it would be. San Diego: the focus on Vietnam was diffused by special interest groups promoting their own women, gays with lavender ribbon arm bands. blacks from the Kitty Hawk, chicanos from MECHA, and everywhere men from the Young Socialist Alliance who, more than any others, circulated earnestly (within 45 minutes I talked with a mailman, county engineer, and ex-student). Observers? Except for the group playing football on the grass who upon hearing the marchers near the park, said "Oh Good! We have a demonstration!" most expected very little from the speakers. Said one man of about 30, somewhat pompously: "I'd like to see the War end, but this isn't going to end it. I don't understand what they're doing. I wish they'd all come out to the Nicaragua Fund. That's more important than something which has already happened.

In Washington the Yippies headed their march with a huge papermache rat named Milhous. In Montgomery protestors dressed in black robes and death masks. San Diego? no such theatre. But the quality of the speeches was high and the program varied, utitimately. The first four utitimately.

speakers were Chicanos from State. Then things branched out. Carla Kirkwood from Women Studies at State, Sidney Glass from the Kitty Hawk who explained the history behind the black courts martial, and Leonard Weinglass, attorney for Ellsberg and Russo in the Pentagon Papers Case, Said Weinglass: California, home of the Kitty-Hawk-Pentagon Paper-Del Mar III Trials is the focus of the "New Justice"; for example, Peter Bohmer is now incarcerated in Chino for "medical examination and evaluation". i.e., psychiatric probes

In Washington the beautiful, sad voice of black singer Ethel Innis made the last chords of the Star Spangled Banner sound like taps. Here Holly Near, with her deep, strong voice and new song, caught another

That's just a lie
It's one of the many
And we have plenty.
I don't want any more of the
same.

No more genocide No more genocide In my name.

#### DIRECTORY

Crystal Palace Theatre Mission Playhouse Off-Broadway Theatre Old Globe Theatre Patio Playhouse Sports Arena

236-6510 er Strand, Con-435-485 488-800 1743 Fifth Ave 960 Mason, Old Tow 235-6171 373 Hale Ave., Escondido 350 Certar Street Le Jolla

UCSD

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 25 & 26, 8:00 P.M.

CLARINET and PERCUSSION CONCERT, UCSD, Building 409, Matthews Campus, January 30, 8:30 P.M. MARTIN HENRY, THE NORMAL HEIGHTS LOUNGE LIZARDS, Folk Arts, January 26 & 27, 8:00 P.M.

CONTACT, North Indian Classical Music Program, UCSD, Building 408, Matthews Campus, January 27, 8:30 P.M. P.M.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Valley Music Theatre, El Cajon, evenings 8:00 P.M.

### SPORTS

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs Dallas, Peterson Gym, January 28, 8:00

BASKETBALL: Aztecs vs L.A. State, Sports Arena, January 31, 8:05 P.M. BASKETBALL: U.S.I.U. vs Aztecs, U.S.I.U. Gvm, January 26, 8:00 P.M. BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs Indiana, Peterson Gym, January 30, 8:00

### THEATRE

CLARA'S OLD MAN & DAY OF ABSENCE, U.C.S.D., Matthews Campus Theatre, January 26, 27, & 28, 8:00 P.M.

DINNER BRIDGE & FACE CARDS : Crystal Palace Theatre, January 26, 27 & 28, 8:30 P.M.

KISS ME, KATE, Performing Arts Center, January 24 through 27, 8:30 P.M.

THE TAVERN, OLD GLOBE MAIN STAGE, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays 8:00 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays 8:30 P.M. until Feb. 4 Final performance 2:00 P.M., Feb. 4.

SUMMERTREE, San Dieguito Little Theatre, Del Mar Fairgrounds, January 26 & 27, 8:30 P.M.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, Cassius Carter Center Stage, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Sundays 8:00 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays 8:30 P.M., Until Feb. 18:

SLEUTH, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 28, 3:00 and 3:00

### LECTURES & TALKS

GERALD CHRISTELLER, "Poetry and Music & the Songs of Schubert," UCSD, Building 409, Matthews Campus, January 25, 8:00 P.M.

FINE ARTS GALLERY: Chen Ting Shih, member 'Fifth Moon Group' through Feb. 18. Fine Artis Gallery: Contemporary typestries, J.L. Hurschler collection, through Feb. 18.

PLEASE SUBMIT ITEMS FOR THE READER **EVENTS CALENDAR** BY CALLING 276-3866

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA THURS-FRI, JAN. 25-26 PETER EROS CONDUCTOR ROBERTO DE GAETANO PIANIST CIVIC THEATRE 8 PM

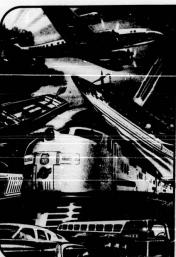


They were Turtles
They served with Zapps Now Happy Together

\$2.00 Pre Sale

The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie

HICSD & AZTEC CENTER SOSI UCSD Gym



t's not a train. t's not a plane t's not a speeding rocket

It's one of San Diego's aughest inhs Everyday San Diego's potenti with salesmen touting this newspaper; that magazine; this io station; that whatever. The READER is already woving its worth to me of San Diego's nost discriminating advertise the READER is the only way to effectively reach the asonable price. The READER needs someon nelp sell ad: ertising. f you would like take advantage of the excellent earning pportunities and are willing expend the considerable energy and time necessar for success in this difficult osition, please contact Jim Holman or Alex Farnsley

# Follow the signs to no-service-charge checking

ccount with us and you'll never pay another service



February 1, 1973 The POOP

DECK in Oceanside

-Jeff Weinstein-

How does a critic choose a restaurant to review? In order answer that question, it might be necessary to ask why there are reviews - and at all. There are many possible answers to that; the first is that some people

to the reviewing paper. It's an interesting fact that even ar unfavorable review can - and often does - attract more positive attention to its object than no review at all. Strange And so, contradicting a lit

tle of what I've just said, I will take a restaurant - one which has a small reputation as very good place to eat - and try to show how even a "good" restaurant can serve an abominable meal, leaving the moral of the story to you

"The Poop Deck" is a small make a living by writing I fish and steak house on the

fresh mushrooms in a strong sherry sauce, crunched as they were bitten, apparently cook wanted to get some local color - the beach - into the

It could be that we came at wrong time or that the real cook (the person who made that chowder) was busy making a house call. But nevertheless, we were disappointed, Perhaps, if we revisited the place, everything would be better - well cooked and properly served. It wouldn't take much, really, just a little bit of care.

Perhaps

San Diego

Mahler-lovers

may console

themselves with

a reminder that

the surfing in

Chicago is not

at its best

of year.

at this time

hazardine some wellintentioned scratches and ootles on various unfamilia instruments. Earlier this season, apparently under pressure from their precisionist new conductor Peter Eros, the orchestra seemed to realize that mere good will was not enough, and at times they began to sound like-well, not quite an orchestra, but certainly an ensemble. A sympathetic

shabby children (on Thursday scan-kneed Mahler First and a decerebrated Beethoven Fourth), clearly results from defects in both partners as such marriages tend to do. If Maestro Eros must put up with the orchestra, they must put up with him. The appearance of a conductor or the podium-his gestures, his head movements, what he does with his hips and his knees-ought not to affect our judgment of the quality of the music he produces. Let him

turn thudding somersaults like

the bears in the Moscow cir-

cus; if the music we hear is

intelligible and expressive, he

has done his job, and for

visions of bodily grace we can

go to the ballet or a diving

exhibition. Nevertheless, the

eminent conductors of the

past and present fall almost

universally into two categories: those who make a

relative minimum of gesture

like Bruno Walter or

# in defense of criticism

# THE WALLABIES' TALE

listener could even suspect

reviews. Period. But that's no real answer, at least to people who don't write reviews It readers want information about restaurants - their cost, menu, location, etc., a list of all the restaurants in San Diego could serve that purpose well. But perhaps more information is desired how comfortable is the place, which dishes are good, who eats there, what is the "feeling" of the meal? If so, opinion becomes necessary. But herein lies a danger small struggling restaurant, even if it is sincerely bad? and sad. Should the same reviewer We were first served bother to talk about a place delicious creamy clam which "everyone knows" is chowder, one of the best I've good and will prosper whethe or not the review is written? I would say no to both possibilities, and would ideally limit my choice of restaurants to those which are interesting and/or excellent in unusual ways, or to ones which are publicly pretentious enough to demand some kind

be done without seeming too pushy or obnoxious. But the Critic might have another job: to talk about the pleasures of eating, and about the act of enjoying food and places and people. And perhaps a Critic can be nervy enough to suggest that we get more pleasure "eating out" or enting anywhere - if we begin to think about, criticize, "nlay with" the experience, so that our abilities to enjoy and understand can grow. suspect this is true too of seeing movies, of reading newspapers, of doing nearly anything, but it is also an apology for the existence of Critics, and a defense of being

of critical response. I believe

ripped off, and reviews can act

as an influence to improve the

quality of what is offered to

us. Reviews and Critics might

not be necessary for this if we

were all more critical and

acted on our opinions - for

example, complimenting a

restaurant on a good meal, or

suggesting improvements of a

oad one. And I hear this can

I guess it should also be said that reviews exist to drum up business and lure advertising

'wharf' in Oceanside: we walked up a flight of wooden room "romantic" small tables, candlelight, a hypothetically beautiful ocean view ('twas a dark and moonless night), and we began to relax, happy and comfortable. The menu was small: a few fish dishes, clams, lobster, steaks, rice or potato. salad, mushrooms, a few other things. So, to splurge, we grey Riesling, and ordered our leisurely meal. The progress from then on was interesting,

-Jonathan Savillehad in California, but it was a On moonlit nights in shade too cool. O.K., that Balboa Park, the hairy-nosed could be overlooked, and we wallabies of the San Diego drank and waited, our hunger Zoo tell an ancient story of almost tangibly sharp. AND ALL AT ONCE, a DELUGE our people. When the Goddess Fortuna was disof food: everything was tributing gifts to the cities of loaded simultaneously onto the world, so runs this tale, our table (which was the size She showed particular of a large checkerboard): generosity to San Diego. salads, bread and butter, rice, California. She endowed our potato, clams and all their metropolis with splended appurtenances, trout alman natural scenery, a perfect climate, a superb harbor, and line, mushrooms (which were supposed to be "appetizers") and water (for some reason the two of us deserved four otic wares and nastimes of Tijuana. But when She came glasses). This was funny, but to culture, She evidently decided that San Diego had had. So we started in, arranging our plates in layers and dividing up the spoils. received sufficient gifts And by the end of this already, and cast Her theaters, marathon we realized just how uniformly thoughtless orchestras and painting exhibitions in the direction of cooking can ruin perfectly good food. To list: the salad Los Angeles, San Francisco, Paris, London, and other was soggy (left too long more needy locations. Its somewhere), the rice had character forever cirsmail bits of raw grains (or cumscribed by the Divine hiding iuiubees?) Plan, San Diego remains a maliciously, the baked potato wonderful place for surfing must have sat plump in the for real estate speculation, and oven since the restaurant for pleasantly taking leave of opened (they can be overthe world in mobile home cooked) and had skin like an retirement tracts; but if you old wetsuit, the trout (frozen want to hear a good from Idaho) was dry and symphony concert, you must flavorless, covered with slivers take a two hour drive of burnt almonds which northwards looked very much like Nothing could have cockroaches (the taste of trout, even frozen trout, is wonderfully sweet and fine

and will disappear completely

f the fish is cooked for more

than a few minutes), the clams

were vulcanized, and the mushrooms, lovely whole

revealed more poignantly the poverty of our local musical life than the ragged and pedestrian concert of the San Diego Symphony or Thursday evening. This orchestra has in past years resembled a group of amiable that some of the instrumen talists, particularly among the woodwinds and percussion. had had professional training in their art. One did not need to be a hysterical optimist like the Symphony's publicity agents ("Enter the Fros Fra! Brilliant! Intense! Vivid Bold! Commanding!") to feel that the future of symphonic music in San Diego was at least a bit less dim than its The general movement, let

Toscanini, and those who are us continue to hope, may still be upwards and onwards. But themselves a pleasure to Thursday's concert surely watch, like Stokowski or Zubin Mehta. The great represented one of those disastrous regressions of the sort modern exception is Leonard that patients in mental Bernstein, the Elvis Presley o hospitals are subject to. The Philharmonic Hall, but I psychiatrists believe they have would judge that Bernstein brought the patient to a point has become a finer conductor where he can cope with doing in exact proportion to his a job, getting along with his progressive renunciation of family, and finding the right bus, when suddenly means of communicating with everything disintegrates, and his musicians. In his heyday as even the tying of a shoelace is a hip-grinder, Lenny was at accompanied with instant least sexy, though you could terror. Disintegration is the never hear it in the orchestra.

word for the San Diego

Symphony's behavior on

Thursday. The groups of the

orchestra seemed to be in fer-

vent competition with one

another as to which of them

could sound worst. The

strings were so out of tune

that certain passages

reminded one of the quarter

tone moanings of Krzystof

Penderecki, though none of

this composer's works had

been programmed. The aver-

sion of some members of the

violin section to playing in

time with their fellows did not

help things. We are evidently

dealing here with the anarchist

libertarians of the fiddling

world: each individual follow

his own notions of tempo, and

there is a free market in

pitches. The bassoon missed

bunches of notes in runs, the

oboe flatted, the horns and

trumpets cracked, coughed, yodeled, and sometimes could

ot get out an audible note at

all. Only the percussion

seemed exempt from the

general rout. One feels sorry

for Maestro Fros. and for

what he must put up with in

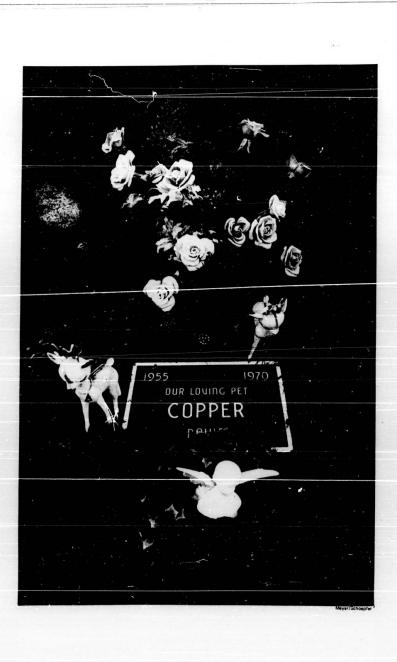
But Maestro Eros gives us neither economy of gesture nor beauty of form; nor could even the blue-haired matrons of the subscription series

For a lively and coherent Beethoven's Fourth, for a nassionate and dramatic Mahler's First (that piece of wonderfully sweet-and-sour Viennese neurotica), you still must leave fatally deprived San Diego and make the hundred-mile journey un Route Five; or-for the Mahler especially-you would do even better to hop a flight to Chicago, where you will find the white-hot Georg Solti and his magnificent orchestra. It is admittedly a bit far to go, on a Thursday night in January. Perhaps San Diego Mahler overs may console themselves with a reminder that the sur fing in Chicago is not at its best at this time of year. I suppose we ought to be thankful for our very real Southland blessings, and not gripe at what Fortune has denied us.

But if only we had an orchestra! If only we had a

the musicians he is now more or less permanently wedded On the other hand, this

page 4



READER

- Jane Weisman-

A twisting lane ends at the bottom of the hill, and nearly an acre of dormant brown grass stretches to the water's edge. Ducks create trails in the rippling lake. Five huge oaks guard the brown lawn and its rainbow carpet of flowers. A little closer, the grass is browner, with black granite markers nestled in neat rows. "Prissy - Our Valentine

Baby — 1950-1961"
"Moon Raby — You Gave

ndy, Be A Good Boy. We'll Re There Soon The flowers are bright and cheerful. Artificial flowers never die. But pets do.

# PET CEMETERY

Mrs Donna Linden owne of the San Diego Pet Memorial Park, believes pets death as well as life. With her short, frosted hair and sensible black penny loafers, she looks like a asuburban housewife, not an animal undertaker

Near the Park's office door. a large marker is decorated with a miniature Christmas tree and a plastic wreath. Two nale yellow plastic bananas also adorn the grave. A photo of a smiling spider monkey is embedded in the granite "Joker We Love You," the plaque reads.

The office is warm and woody. I sit down on a red chair and with horror in her voice. Mrs. Linden describes how a pet would be disposed of hy a veternarian. "The net is either sent to a sanitary refuse fill area in a plastic bag, or he becomes lard, fur scraps, and bone meal in a local rendering plant!" The emotion in her voice makes one want to invest \$30 to \$200 to provide a serene resting place for a beloved pet.

'They all know when it's their time," she says softly. She adjusts her black knitted vest, and picks an invisible thread from her black and white plaid slacks. A tired yellowing Christmas tree stands sagging in the center of the room. Glass bulbs with silver sparkle lettering weight down its limp branches.

"Each Christmas people bring us balls with their departed pets' names on them. to hang on the tree." cascade of needles hits the rug as she brushes past the tree. "We'll have to take it down soon

The picture windows behind the tree offer a fine view of the cemetery and lake. If my deaf and blind thirteen year-old spaniel really existed, he soon would join the others beneath the artificial bouquets on the lawn. "Jacky's" snapshot could also join the others in Mrs. Linden's small cedar chest.

"We take these pictures as a free service to the family. See how natural our pets look?" White poodles are cuddled into pink satin lined coffins. Black mutts sleep peacefully amid blue tufting and bows. In many portraits she passes to me, a live cat or dog peers in the coffin at its dead pal.

"We encourage people to bring live nets to the burials. This lets the other pet know where its friend has gone, so he doesn't pine away." She looks tenderly at each snapshot. She hands me a picture of a parrot in a purple casket. The bird looks like a stuffed toy thrown in a purple lined toy chest.

"Did you bring Jacky?" she asks as she gently places the photos back in the chests and locks it.

No, the fictitious spaniel was not hiding in the trunk. "Well, I'm very good at judging size and weight by just ooking at a pet. How much does he weigh?" She sits with folded hands, her brown eves melting with sympathy. "A

forty-five pound dog will probably need at least a three I follow her to the back of

the building. A desk laden with cookies, nuts and mints, all sitting in their boxes, dare a guest to grab a nibble. Literature about the Park cover the desk. "We Care For Your Needs Today to Ease the Pain of Tom "What you Should Know About Deceased Pets".

A harsh, low drone fills the back of the building. The walls vibrate as we enter the casket room "Don't mind the hum. It's just the crematorium working on a seventy pound boxer. It takes about five hours." Mrs. Linden caresses the satin of a small sample casket. "We cremate one at a time with an oil fire. I didn't like the idea at first. But today everyone is in such a hurry You know, instant everything!" Mrs. Linden explains that

most people think only ashes remain after cremation. "Once a young girl brought me a tiny, velvet-lines iewelry box to put the ashes of her Doberman Pinscher in. He weighed ninety pounds and needed a human size urn!' She laughs with an understanding smile. She shows me a

baggie filled with chunks of bone and carbon that make up the dearly beloved remains of a poodle.

The dusty urns, starting at \$8.60 sit on three shelves. Some resemble books, some are cylindrical like oatmeal boxes. Two are custom designed for pets. One boasts cute engraving of a pet sleeping basket, and one is a nifty copper copy of Snoopy's dog house.

"Urns are placed in concrete at the time of interment at no extra charge." Mrs. Linden smiles and wipes the dust off the dog house roof.

With free snapshots and concrete. I could surely afford the \$100 to give my pet a "lovely burial." Mrs. Linden points to the pink and blue, rose-decorated caskets. These fiberglass beauties would shelter "those afraid of the earth" for only \$125. (Embalming included.) "My husband makes them all," she says proudly, . At times she is a wise grandmother, but later

she'd be a helpful young pixie. The redwood boxes, fully lined cost \$42 plus tax for a thirty-five inch model. "This would be about the size Jacky would need." She presents me samples of the pale pastel linings. "I'm not afraid to work with the nets you know. All pets are set to rest in their favorite sleeping position. Of course, arthritic pets pose a problem. They need bigger caskets because I can't break any hones... Her face beams with the pride of the skilled.

I have to decide whether Jacky should rest in an urn or draped in satin. A black granite grave marker would range in size from 8x12 inches and cost \$35 plus tax. Or perhaps he would like to settle comfortably in the Pet Repose Mausoleum and Colum barium for a mere \$65 plus cost of bronze plaque?

Mrs. Linden returns to the office to type a personalized price list. She calls from behind the door, "The time spent here for a pet's burial is more meaningful than most human burials." I munch a few chocolate cookies. looking across the lawn to the tiny A-frame "Chapel of Gcd's Creatures". The free snapshots were snapped in the chapel amid ceramic deer. rabbits, and bears. A man in muddy green pants and a yellow jacket carries a shovel toward the office. He disappears behind the side of the building and reappears without the shovel behind me.

"Hello there! I hear you have an old dear friend " Mr. Linden's sun-bleached fishing hat sits casually on his graying hair. His blue eves are moist with sympathy. I try to reply with a cookie-filled mouth how much we would miss Jacky when we finally put him to sleep.

"They just give him a big dose of sodium pentathol and he doesn't feel a thing. We've lost many pets, and they're all here with us at the Park." He pats me gently on the shoulder. He says dogs, cats, and horses rest in se sections of the park, "to be with kin folk."

Mr. Linden ushers me over to a collection of articles set under glass on top of the desk. He points out a resolution from the State of California Legislature proclaiming the second Sunday in June as "Pet Memorial Day!" "We founded that day, right here at the Park. Now we're trying to get it passed into a national holiday!" He asks me to write a letter to Nixon, Mr. Linden says he was the first president of the National Association of Pet Cemeteries. He smiles un-

der his ragged gray mustache. "A fellow pet cemetery owner, J. Alfred Nash of the Aspen Hills Park, once said "A man buries his wife because he has to, but he buries his dog because he

wants to. Mrs. Linden calls from the

office, waving a green sheet of paper, "Take this and decide on the details later. We're on 24 hour call and any pick-up will cost \$7.50 at the time of need." She looks at me over her half-lens glasses. "Don't

worry about a thing" she

whispers and pats my arm. The door bangs open and a couple led by a black with terrier barge in. A fat golden puppy skids around their feet. "Tawny - Pepper, calm down!" The young woman's platinum houffant hair glistens. She chases the puppy

licks her heavily rouged check. Her husband settles into the puffy red vinyl chair by the door. His short blond hair is wet and slick. He holds onto Pepper's leash, staring at the dog's wagging tail.

under the sagging Christmas

tree and finally grabs it. He

"Oh. hi there!" Mrs. Linden holds out her hands for the puppy. "Isn't he cute as the dickens!" she coos She turns to me, "The Walls have their red cocker here with us. Oh, we really love live nets the most!" Mrs. Linden clucks at the puppy and tells the Walls about my poor old Jacky. Mrs. Wall's hair doesn't move at me.

"We were so happy to find a beautiful place for our Cinnamon to rest. I'm sure she loves it under those old oak trees." Her silvery-pink lipstick matches her space age hair. "The chapel here is lovely. You'll feel so much better knowing your dog is resting peacefully in the Park," her voice drips with sincerity

"You know, we're zoned just like the human cemetery down the hill. This land can never be used for anything else." Mrs. Linden kisses the nunny's nose Perhans the puppy is a future customer. In fact, White-nosed Pepper would probably be the next to ioin Cinnamon in the Wall family plot at the Pet

Memorial Park I never did get the courage to tell the Lindens or the Walls that "Jacky" would not be resting here as well.

February 1, 1973

THE

End of Hornbland Pacific Res

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conjection

"Billy Pilgrim lives

to time."

The ken

STRAND

HEATRE

from time...to time...

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ANDY WARHOL'S

HEAT

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# MOVIES

## READER'S GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO MOVIES

## DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Across 110th Street — Gangsters in Harlem with Anthony Quinn and Yaphet Kotto. (Del Mar Drive In; Tu Vu Drive In)

Avanti — Romantic comedy from Billy Wilder — Co-starring Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills. (California; Campus Drive In)

The Carry Treatment — James Coburn is an M.D. who amoteur-slevith around boston in hand of a clamy obortional. A hemorrhaging teneage, as collision between a speeding cor and an accupied phone booth bring matters class to nause. Black Edward directed the thing to appeal or acceptance of the contract o

Clockwork Orange — Whatever miniscule alterations were required, this version of Anthony Burger's toolsched novel has recently traded its X for an R. Any worries about possible compromise of integrity would be prepatierous. Nowever, for a film that seems to be whally a cynical pander to

(Center 3 Cinema 2)

the Crowd Roors — Howard Howki's
initial spin in race cars, of 1932
wintage. Energized by the spirited
racing and the vigorous primitive action (Cagney, Ann Dverok, Joan
Blondell) you should be speeding all
night. (Co-billed with Michael Curtix'
SEA HAWK, starring Errol Flynn.

(Cinema Leo)

ativerance — Rother too devermity phestographed, but this little perable their development on a canse trip in uncertified hillbully country is very innessely category and a consecutive of their development on a canse trip in uncertified hillbully country is very innessely category by Burr roles. Mostliess is the issue all nearly every turn, and the verying responses in tense facing-up, and facing-dewns in tense facing-up, and facing-dewns in tense facing-up, and facing-dewns in tense facing-up, and the verying responses in tense facing-up, and the verying response in tense facing-up, and the verying response in tense facing-up, and the verying response in tense facing-up.

sery of a Mad Housewife — Fronk and Eleanor Perry't churning bilistriery against the folles of a frail purpose. The training program of the companies of the bands shaded and the companies of the bands. Inches deleaning ages through one of his charling. I'm-acreep per plays the unwilling partner with rony and the companies of the companies of the service of the companies of the contract of the ner overseased tace and needy. (Ken)

Nirty Little Billy — Another contribution to the Billy the Kid sagas, this one enacted by Michael J. Pollard. (Broadway; Frontier Drive In; Parkway2)

(Roxy)

The Balls — Entirely bewinking historical remonce with Douglas Fortbacks Jr. as Charles Share I., indiang out from the rubbless Roundheeds amoded the Majar collected and the Charles Share I., indiang out from the rubbless Roundheeds amoded the Najar collected as greated as Mac Ophul's gliding comerces, and the delicate diamed are plepticy by Poble Creating Montax, to deazle yew billing, but not before you see planish, why he is the object of a Baraction, subtercomposition of the Charless Committee Charless Cha

Huston's direction see as almost as shiftless and reliant un unimaginative moves as the boxing styles of the rundown characters. With Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges. (Fashion Valley)

Fiddler on the Roaf — Proadway musical rendition of Shalom Alecheim's stories, transferred to film via the stickly atmospheric photography of Oswald Morris. Topol, in the role of Tevye, senses his big movie chance and the over-eagerness shows through his consistence makes middless.

Gimme Shelter — The Maysles' coyly noncommitted decumentary about the Rolling Stones sour that ends with a Altonact. The conversa never catch as much as you want to see, but they catch enough to qualify this as a nemione is oblined countered and the see of the see

(Academy Theater, 1/27 midnight)

loreld and Maude — The folk-huiddle jokes ore predictable and the zony old day jokes are typice, but this unimaginable romance between Bud Cort and RVM Gordon has a sick-sweet tolerance for private perversity that is quite beguilling. And the many Cot Stevens songs at intervals give things a lift. (La Palama, through 1/28)

Mickey and Baggs — Culp and Casby, rewinted I SPF pair, ploy two baggy memory and they have wrung autheric acting of the comedy-mon glibnes flowinded in their TV series routines. This glum, nicely paced thrills in directed by Culp, who plays his cards very smartly, if conservatively.

(Strand, 1/25 midnight only)

Kansas City Samber - Raquel Welch, who keeps plugging away, is now a rafler derby stor. Unfortunately, last year's irreplaceable DERP documen-tary makes an almost impossible show to follow, and, consequently.

serious, but so unvaried that your attention wanders. Located appealingly in Atlantic City, of which more should have been made. Directed by 8ob Rafelson of FIVE EASY PIECES and written by Jacob Brackman, who, while film critic for Equire. was Rafelson's biggest admirer. Starring Jack Nicholson and Bruce Dern. (Fashion Valley)

Klute — For this middle-brow psychological thriller, Alan Fakulo adapts a strained adule-wiscl style, beauly indebted to the tolian harrer flam in the strained and the strained (UCSD, 1/26)

Lody Sings the Blues — Firstonolized biography of Billis Holiday, and the inoccuracies will probably leave Holiday worshippers inconsolable. But Holiday worshippers inconsolable. But Holian Ross, in her acting debut, has excepted with surprising success from entirely inside her role. Snozzy period holidas and conturnes sustain the movie even through the accessive length and controlled citizet.

(Fashion Valley) Macbeth — Roman Polanski's nat very engaging, nor strongly molivestel, remode of Shekespear's joby, with a young, little-knows cast. There are a young, little-knows cast. There are a the solution, in its solidier armore suit, is harty-jestily hactic. Seward minor losts in the original play have been united inventionly size on Erabication composite character who becomes the embediment (it effects).

The Man of Le Mancha — Cervontes' hero musicalized, Broadway-ized, Hollywood-ized, and finally Per O'Tooled, Directed by Arthur Hiller, With James Coco as Sancho Panza and Sophia Loren as Rasinante,

Marjee — Cinema-verite expose of the revivalist circuit. It's an "inside job" since the store examplest went through with his tour for the benefit of the cameras, although his heart and soul were not in his act. (La Paloma, through 1/28)

Pete and Tillie — Wolter Mattheu's and Carol Burneti's strong root in naturalness enable this fair-minded partial of a middle-class marriage to evoive gradually and smootiny from low-key comedy to gutty tearpriser. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Kill. (Grossmont)

Vegos has been transferred to film, fragmentation intect, by Frank Françon, who can make the most difficult mosterial seem imple-minded. While Tuesday Welfer likeness to a deshrit mosterial seem imple-minded. While Ferkins, Adden Rooker, Tammy Grimes generally are entrusted with more lor under his net hey can control. Still. "As pertify colored mossic of jededness, dellying, and cotatonia remains interesting, largely because of incharacture of the control of the cont

(Capri)

Hit Man — Action film with Bernie Casev.

The Passidan Adventure — Something a little different in time-ticking-away, struggle-for-servicel epics. The characters are so abnosiously inane, it would be a marcy for everyone if they were all eliminated quickly. It can be sort through quite easily, out of tolurance for silliness. Partific Drive Inc. the Heuse That Screamed — Quite a conservative, cosy horror bit, made in Spain, with a predictable ending and an unexpectedly pleasant, controlled performance by Lilli Polmer as a language teacher in an expensive, expansive country school. r silliness. (College, Pacific Drive In)



Reefer Madness — A 1936 "shocker" about the evil weed has been dug up, primarily for laughs, for those who want to feel superior. (Academy)

(Big Sky Drive In)

(Fashion Valley) southernbouse Rive — A pritty version of Kort Vannegor's never labor or monitoring of Kort Vannegor's never labor or monitoring of Kort Vannegor's never labor or monitoring or monit

(Center 3 Cinema 1)

Twitch of the Death Nerve — With any reac of plot or cheracter resolution to the control of plots of the control of plots of the control of plots of the control of the con

eikabeut — Nicholar Regis seond featurs, stunning to view, less so to ponder. Two Sinits school kids ore marooned in the Australian Outhook and are guided back to powerest notice. Battery-op radio, picnic supplies, and milk-white pomyhous eart milk-white rest runks, parched earth, and curious menagerie of furry, and curious menagerie of furry, battered, or former to the control of the control

What's New Pussycat? — Under Clive Donner's direction, Woody Allen's humor finds the richest seture, the most varied moods, of any film version of Allen's farcical brain-storming, Starring Peter O'Tools, Peter Sollers, Paule Prentis, Romy Schneider, Music by Burt Bacharach, 1965.

(Cinema 21)

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Per Paolo Pasolini THE DECAMERON and LUMINOUS PROCURES



Being fluid and dynamic is the power of contemporary music. Like Henri Bergson's elan vitale, the force flows not forward or back but, simply, through space and time's dimensions, creative sparks shooting in all directions. Some smolder, some

flux, there have been a lot of sparks: "rock 'n roll," "urban blues." "pop." "jazz/blues fusion," the "California-Detroit-Nashville sounds," and so on. Although labels are meaningless (a song by any name sounds as sweet?), it is useful at times to draw broad lines of distinction. Considering the differences between rock music and folk music, for instance, one can see the basic elements rhythm. lyric and intention. "Rock and roll" uses sexual

rhythms - repeated in-KURT VONNEGUT. Jr.

human feelings, passion and desperation, through the beat of the music. Words and structure merely show the rhythmic expression. It is a performing art whose exponents are entertainers as well as musicians. Think of red tongues on banners above the stage, snakes and smashed In the post-1950 musical guitars, genitals exposed, the flash of sequins and highheeled boots, space suits, shouting celebrants, stoned stars, son et lumiere: it is music as folk theatre.

strumentally and in combina-

tion with voice - to evoke

personal, intimate dialogue

between poet-musician and

This is not to imply that

rock music never has anything

important to say. Its

messages, however, are subor-

dinate to the sensual and psy-

chological experience it

creates, while folk music func-

tions to describe and, illuminate the culture and

Randy Newman, Grace Slick

and Joni Mitchell, Rod

Stewart and Paul Simon,

Jagger and Dylan, the Zep

and Joy of Cooking: theatre

and dialogue. Of course, even

if one draws this very broad

distinction, some musicians

are equal parts of each. Artists

like the Beatles, Van

Morrison, Leon Russell and

the Moody Blues represent a

unique and valuable blend of

To avoid the compromise of

using the term "folk-rock."

however, I would put these

artists in the contemporary

folk category. The folk these

musicians and poets are

singing is different from that of

other times. Our present shock is enough to generate an

tricate and intellectual folk

music. Randy Newman can

sing "Sail Away" in 1973 with

all the relevance and commit-

ment of a Pete Seeger, 30 years

ago, stocking cap askew, singing "This Land is Your Land" or a Belafonte

enumerating, in calypso, the

advantages of building houses

on rock foundations, or of a Guthrie or a Leadbelly or any

of the nameless folkies of past

generations whose songs were

a thread of continuity in the

The weavers at work on a

song tapestry for our times are

many and diverse. Dylan

achieved perhaps the most ac-

curate expression of a cultural

moment and his work still has

he apparently has turned to

films. Paul Simon, eloquent

in the Sixties, is now writing

with the added dimension of

perspective and maturity.

Remember in the next few

months when "reggae" will be

tremendous power though

social fabric.

the two

Contrast David Bowie and

audience.

Contemporary folk music, on the other hand, evolves primarily out of language. from man's need to talk about his life, his social and historic experiences and his feelings. Rhythms and melodies are a frame for the story or message The performance is important only to the degree it enhances the singer's ability to

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LOS ANGELES ADVERTISIN Bill Butler

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discovered its possibilities two years ago, sensing that the bright rhythm would act as an interesting and complementary frame for his ideas. Neil Young is an increasingly potent force on the folk scene. lending his insight and imagination to the commonplace. Carole King, in spite of the negative reaction to her latest album, possesses such a sureness and depth of understanding about life that her work will continue to be important. Jackson Browne, known for several years in the music in-group to be a brilliant young musician, is emerging as a strong and telling voice in the folk dialogue of the Seven-Joni Mitchell is another im

the trendiest sound in the

portant folk songwriter Powerful, literate and wholly committed, she is just begin ning to fulfill her potential as a singer and musician. She is so honest and natural when she interprets her own material that she becomes vulnerable. Understanding this fact renders Joni's writing even more relevant, since an overwhelming awareness of vulnerability is central to our generation. Especially in For the Roses, latest of her albums, her experience and thought are expressed in an idiom personal and intimate enough to be universal. In terms of her function as a

folkie. Joni's work always requires some commitment from her audience: she demands a dialogue. A good example is Pete Seeger's version of her song from the Now". Seeger, in the best tradition of individual contribution to the evolution of a song, added another verse in order to reply to the young composer herself that life. after all, does make some sense if you live long enough. (Typically, he dedicated this microcomposition to Joni with the words "for my longlegged friend.")

work lies in the limitation of her subjects which are predominately (though by no means exclusively) unhappy love affairs and the difficulty of achieving satisfying human relationships. Since she is so perceptive and skilled, I hope that maturity and experience (and one happy romance of her own probably wouldn't hurt) will broaden her vision. Nevertheless, the fact that she reveals these inadequacies for our recognition and understanding makes them the

It is worthwhile occasionally to take a fresh look at artists like Joni Mitchell the contemporary folk singers

in order to understand and re-evaluate their function. Although "rock" is important to our culture in a special way. folk music is, I believe, vital to society. It is the dynamic force: a mirror and a touchstone and a way for us to speak in Time.

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