

# READER

January 25, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

"Marathons are really democratic. They run ya against King Kongs, studs, all kinds of people."



Andy Loos

"In high school I did a six minute 660 yard run with a grand faint at the end."

Six hundred and six feet in running shoes hit the asphalt at the crack of the gun. One pair of feet in ragged sneakers trailed the group as the Ninth Annual Mission Bay Marathon began.

The runners streamed 26 miles through scenic Mission Bay Park, to Sea World and around Fiesta Island, twice. Three hundred and three, old men, young track stars, and women, would try to finish, but not the girl in the worn-out sneakers.

After the first quarter mile, the sneakers ceased operation. My sneakers' pre-Marathon experience was premonitory. In high school I did a six minute 660 yard run with a grand faint at the finish line. Most of the other runners had been working out daily, circling their neighborhoods to get in their six or seven miles.

At 7:30 a.m. Saturday, January 13th, I mingled casually trying to look like a runner. A bearded man, about thirty, in a hooded sweatshirt, looked at my shoes and my Levi's which scraped the pavement.

"You gonna run?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes."

"This is my eighth marathon, and I've finished six of 'em." He rubbed his hands together. "Marathons are really democratic. They run ya against King Kongs, studs, all kinds of people."

He eyed the ragged sneakers, and began to move on. "Just lose your baby fat, work out easy and don't kill yourself," were his parting words.

A handlettered cardboard sign warned: "DO NOT RUN IF YOU DO NOT ENTER. RUN THE COURSE THE OTHER 375 HOURS IN THE YEAR. SO YOU WON'T FOUL UP THE RUNNERS WHO MAKE THIS RACE POSSIBLE!" Well, the San Diego Track Club and the American Athletics Union would just have to survive without my three dollar fee.

Ten minutes to go. The pungent odor of nervous

## BLOOD SWEAT AND BLISTERS

sweat permeated the air. It was not the buckets of wet sweat to come. Runners stripped off sweat pants and jackets. Observers, arms filled with cast-off clothing, lined North Mission Bay Drive. We massed behind the pale blue line. The gun's snap fragmented the runners. I fell to the rear immediately and hung behind until my quarter-mile finish. "You don't know what the meaning of pain is..." The words drifted from a thin, panting, boy in green shorts.

From the Hilton Inn, ten minutes later, one could see the runners, bobbing like colored toothpicks around Fiesta Island. Runners stretched for miles along Highway 5, each runner bearing his entry number on his racing shirt. The number on the youngest runner's shirt covered his entire chest. "Don't try to keep up my pace," panted the boy's dripping father. His nine year-old son waved and smiled as he jogged passed his old man.

The climbing sun turned the bay bluish-pink. While walking along the course, an elderly man in an orange shirt trotted passed me. Fifty feet ahead, a red-haired man leaned on his car, pointing his camera in our direction. The elderly runner paused for a drink from the camera man's water bottle and jogged on.

"Is that your favorite runner?"

"Yep. That's my dad, he's

73 years-old. Ever hear of Noel "Superman" Johnson?" he asked. The son of "Superman" set the movie camera and bottle in the car's open window. "He's the oldest runner here today," he smiled at his father's vanishing form.

"Always does. All Dad does everyday is run, eat and sleep."

The orange shirt was just a speck above the curving road. An overalled farmer in a white Ford truck gave me a ride back to the park. Men were constructing the finish area there by roping off a section with plastic flags, probably borrowed from a used car lot. A few spectators waited for the first runners to appear.

Aid Station No. 4 was across from the finish, at the 13 mile point. It was near the water, and black, white-beaked birds stood silently looking at the distant runners. These Aid Stations were manned by Track Club members at 2 1/2 mile intervals throughout the course.

A woman in a floppy blue hat held out two cups to a passing runner. "Water-Gookinaid-Oranges?" She shouted as he passed. "He's the first one here! Remember that shirt — it said East 1." Sweat flowed like resin down the runner's back.

Over a hundred blue and white cups filled with liquid, waited on a card table. Two Track Club women quickly sliced oranges and filled

plates. "Ask them what they want so we'll be ready!" the floppy-hatted woman yelled to a man standing up the path a few yards.

"Water-Gookinaid-Oranges?"

SOUTH HILLS, MESA, FRESNO, L. B. C. C., WILSON H.S. — an atlas of shirts whoosed by. Some runners grabbed a cup and drank without breaking stride. Grab-gulp-toss-grab-gulp-toss grab-gulp-toss grab-gulp-toss. Some liquid in the mouth, some dumped over the head. "Can I ask what's Gookinaid?" I whispered to another orange slicer.

"Oh, you don't run, right? Well, it's that orange liquid with glucose and things good for runners," she turned back to her bowl of oranges.

I vaguely remembered a warning on the rules sheet: "THE ELECTROLYTE REPLACEMENT

SOLUTION IS COLORED ORANGE SO YOU WON'T MISTAKENLY POUR IT OVER YOUR HEAD." How many heads today were bathed in Gookinaid? The woman in charge stopped slicing for a minute and looked off into the distance.

"They say after the first 20 miles, your only half way done." Her blue hat brim rested on her sequined sunglasses. The plates of oranges warmed in the sun.

"Here comes our first place winner..." The crowd across the field gobbled up the announcer's words. "A record

for this course: two hours, 18 minutes and 6 seconds!" Applause smothered the winner's name. (Later a list showed a Doug Schmak had zoomed in with the record-breaking speed.)

Aid station No. 4 was dismantled and carried across the field to the recovery area. "Some runners won't be in for another two hours," said the floppy-hatted woman as she hauled four bottles of water to the finish line. "I can only run five miles..." her voice faded wistfully.

The bright sun made the recovery area too warm for relief. Runners limped in, some carrying their shoes. They crowded around the cool drink tables and stuffed orange segments into their mouths.

The area resembled a bloodless battle field. Pale runners huddled under blankets, some crawling towards any bit of shade. Friends hovered near, holding cups of water to trembling lips.

A cheer sped through the crowd as the first woman crossed the finish line. She stumbled to a stop as her time was called.

"Three hours, five seconds..."

"Damn it! I wanted to break three hours," she wheezed, as a blanket dropped over her head.

Why do you people run in marathons? The exhausted runners asked could only smile. Others offered,

"It's a challenge."

"Because it proves something."

"Um, I really don't know..."

The first 60 finishers were asked to check in for their "Merchandise Awards". Marathon t-shirts would be given to the first 240 finishers. And, parchment certificates would be sent to all finishing in under four hours. Maybe a hamburger and a lemonade at the post-race picnic would revive a 26 mile runner. If he could find the energy to eat or drink. Or maybe an award at the 12:45 ceremony would help. I didn't stay to find out.

Jane Weisman

AUGUST IN NEW YORK DOESN'T COME UNTIL FEBRUARY IN SAN DIEGO...

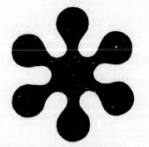


Like before any game, ground rules ought to be laid out, plainly, fastidiously, before ticking off the selection of the year past's stand-out movies. The only real requirement is to clarify the criterion for eligibility — what movies are ripe for picking as the year's best. For this particular playing of the game the rule is that the movies must have begun their first run in San Diego during the 1972 calendar year. Now this rule possibly sounds like it goes without saying. But certain problems come up merely from being confined to the San Diego vicinity. This area suffers most of the customary problems of living anywhere in the provinces of the USA, though somewhat intensified. As is immediately recognized by anyone who now and then leafs through the entertainment pages of an out-of-town newspaper any town at all, particularly — San Diego on some counts is destitute, feeling whatever full-breasted feelings you experience as you stroll along the new Interstate 805, or cast your gaze along the skyline of ships' masts in back of Anthony's Fish Grotto, or smilingly admire the sky koalas in Balboa Park.

very easy to pull in movies, from Los Angeles for example, that never arrived in theaters here but that would make much more solid, guileless picks than the best of the movies which were available locally. In short, there is a significant lack of synchronization between what goes on here and what goes on in New York. Bluntly, if the entire body of movies produced last year were thought of as the total area of Nebraska, then San Diego would have access to only the narrow strip of land that Highway 80 — the main line. (About the only theater in San Diego that appeal to hopes for unusual, wayward movies, movies that emerge from sources outside the main Hollywood — studio distributors, are the Unicorn and the Academy, when they occasionally play a first run film, and formerly the Academy's brother theater, the Fine Arts, until brother took an exclusive interest in skin). Of course, even in New York exists the backward and forward movies that can only be read about in film magazines covering the film festival in Trieste or San Sebastian or elsewhere. But New York receives — a relative windfall of odd — ms which are, in large part, buried on the spot. In addition to the drop-outs into oblivion from the available movies, there is also the aggravating slowness of films crossing the country, passing first through areas of proven high-interest in movies, making way pokily toward notorious end-of-the-line stops like San Diego. Which means that August's movie in New York might be February's movie in San Diego. And consequently, some of the titles mentioned subsequently are officially known as 1971's property, and some of the late released of 1972, which fed the Best Ten lists in national magazines, will not be arriving here for some time yet. But without further schling, follows the selection of preferred 1972 movies, in alphabetical order. Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime. Alain Resnais's most recent film, finished in 1968, was incredibly a-layed in its arrival in this country, and was shrouded during the wait in black-cloudy advance reports that it was in any case only a minor work of the director's. But Resnais's fixation on time and memory, put into a science fiction format, is a deeply fascinating, complex movie. Entering a pumpkin-like time machine, depicted with an inscrutable deadpan tone, the guinea-pig hero flips backward and forward through stiff, fuzz-less moments, equally weighted, from a long and dismal love affair. The stubborn misery of the lovers ("I used to wake up at night...I hated it...I stayed awake so as not to wake up") becomes incurable, unreachable under the cool, random impartiality of the selection and structure of past events, the obfuscations which the time traveller's uncooperative mind adds to the reliving of the past, and the empathy in Claude Rich's fine performance.

Walkabout, by Nicholas Roeg, maroons a couple of British school kids in the Australian Outback. The unsteady relationship of civilization and nature probably subsequently are officially known as 1971's property, and some of the late released of 1972, which fed the Best Ten lists in national magazines, will not be arriving here for some time yet. But without further schling, follows the selection of preferred 1972 movies, in alphabetical order.

L.A. smog and cityscapes, hidden beneath the furious, multiplied pursuits to turn an elusive suitcase of stolen money into personal profit. The Cattleper Cattle Co. A broad yarn about how an adolescent tries to keep up with the men on his first cattle drive, and how the character of the drive changes when four of the cowboys are killed and



DUNCAN SHEPHERD PICKS THE BEST OF THE MOVIES WHICH HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO SAN DIEGO DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Hickory and Boggs. Filled in the "Sleeper" folder. Robert Culp's first feature film directing try turned out to be a remarkably intelligent, unpretentious genre film (foney private eyes in the bullying city), which kept its undertones and implications, about city life and self-respect, where they belong — out of the characters' mouths, out of the line of action, out of sight, hidden beneath the characters' appearances, variously spiffy and tatty, hidden beneath the

are replaced by a quartet of toughs who consider themselves to be cowboys only after they are carousers and gunslingers. Dick Richard's directing style has tendencies toward the prettily picturesque, but otherwise the details of cowboy physique, equipment, and routine seem quite authentic, and unbiased by the limitations of a contemporary imagination. Jacques Demy's The Pied Piper slipped through town with no prior announcement whatsoever, and was not helped by being treated as a kids' show, which it definitely is not, co-billed with a nature movie starring a brown bear. This is a gloomy fairy tale of Dark Age oppression, black death, and disillusioned farewell to the hopeless world. The careful production values — somber-colored costumed and cluttered sets — drift unpointedly, unobtrusively, minus all of the vanity and price tags that are so visible in the average period piece. Donovan's meek acting debut is unremarkable, fairly bland and fairly likable, while the remainder of the cast is composed of people who can generally smother the spectator single-handedly (Michael Harder, Donald Pleasance, Jack Wild, Diana Dors). These overemphatic actors appear to have been chosen, out of perversity, as if

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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 Kato. (UA Cinema, Aero Drive In, S — h boy Drive In, North Park)

The French Connection — Low minded tirade takes incessant swipes at the dilfiness of crime fighting, and every blow is below the belt. Among several Oscars, the funniest irony is the one for the editing of this movie, which milays its plot while roaming the streets in incantant car-and-mouse parades. The famous car-chasing runway subway extravaganza, a severe lapse of probability, is proof for a high over the length to which this picture will go to rotte the audience. (Big Sky Drive In)

over-cogitvshs through his convincing makeup disguise. (State)

Asylum — A new one of those English ghoulish horror movies. In the department DEAD OF NIGHT school, this one decidedly not up to snuff. Appearances by a disguised, bilious Richard Todd and a weirdly simplifying Clive Rumpel temporarily, ward off collapse of interest. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Cinequest)

The Man of La Mancha — Cervantes' here musicalized. Broadway-sized, Hollywoodized, and finally Peter O'Toole. Directed by Arthur Hiller. With James Coco as Sanchez and Sophia Loren as Rosalinde, presumably. (Loma)

Prantis, and Renee Taylor as prospective playmates all have less time to make themselves known. (Avalanche Drive In)

The Butcher — Claude Chabrol's latest visit to the French province yields observations on bourgeois life and taste that are both poignant and gently humorous, particularly in the opening wedding scene which first outcloses the ones in GODFATHER. Whenever Chabrol quietly shifts gears into strictness, cinema is at its best. Though, the movie says with pointed, pill-like guicks and ponderous psychology. The film has been dubbed into English with notable care, and Chabrol's wife, Stephanie Audran, actually seems a better, less languid actress with somebody else's voice. (Unicorn)

The Gateway — Sam Peckinpah's un-complicated as-on-on-the-land yarn comes more fully and familiar territory, train, sports, three-day hotel, the open road. There is a relative lack of interest in the film's over-crowded. McQueen acts straightforwardly with some morrowish hand gestures. Al McGuire acts offhandedly, with his habitual model's posture and Sally Struthers' look. The film's veterinarians wife who chucks her home life for some kicks as a gunnsm's mate. (Big Sky Drive In)

Man in the Wilderness — Sprud with revenge, lust and a poor musical accompaniment. Richard Harris arises from near-death and manfully tries after the companions who left him to perish in the wilds. Gerry Fisher's photography of winter wilderness is unconvincingly gritty, and his one surefire image is a Noah's Ark-type boat cresting the desolate plains on a wharf. (Trio Drive In)

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would be a martyr for everyone if they were all eliminated quickly. It can be set through quite easily, out of tolerance for illness. (College Pacific Drive In)

Prime Cut — A concise, draining caride from Chicago to Kansas City and a shotgun battle in toll grain are the main events in this sloppy gangster movie that carries a batch of very strange notions. Lee Marvin vs. Gene Hackman; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Frontier Drive In)

Red Sun — Unassuming dubbed muffs as Tawara Akino, Alvin Delon and Umberto Lenzi to join Charles Bronson in a self-indulgent game of cowboy-and-Indians in the same story written, filmed, scenarios in Spain and directed by Terence Young, who might have been in London at the time, sending instructions by carrier pigeon. (Pacific Drive In, North Park)

Where Does It Hurt? — Outenously hot, the medical record, this gruesome brew of appalling jokes — about sex, race, or whatever — is sure to offend — has the dringiness of a movie which expects nobody to see it. Peter Sellers manages, customarily, to size control and film, and plant momentary reminders of his latest talent. (UA Cinema)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? — Mike Nichols, in his first off-the-stage directing, finds a few flagrant moves to be cinematic with Albee's stage play about college and their wives ripping into one another, and

# country star that's what I are



Meyer/Schoepfer

Country-western music in San Diego? Ask the man on the street and the standard answer comes back. "Sure, there must be some people here who like it, but I don't know any. There's a club in San City (the Westerner) and there's that radio station; I've seen their billboards."

Last Saturday night at the Civic Theater, KSON, San Diego's only AM country-western (C-W) radio station, put on an amateur show, *Country Star*. They even had the audacity to charge admission to this strictly amateur show. The non-believer would ask, "How many empty seats?" Very few.

The country scene is far bigger in San Diego than it seems. The four or five big-star shows like Johnny Cash, which pack the Arena and get lots of publicity, represent only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. The reason country music has such a low profile

here must be the nature of its fans. When you attempt to pin down just who listens to C-W, you find yourself looking at an amorphous mass of middle America. Also, these fans carry a certain reluctance to admit that they listen to country music. Who wants to be thought of as a hayseed or a redneck?

This image problem is slowly disappearing, claim some of C-W's biggest pushers. KSON, for example, realizing the reluctance to identify with the country sound, is now promoting an "If You Like C-W, Be Proud of It" campaign. The performers no longer feel obligated to wear the old style costumes with spangled wagon wheels and other trappings of the singing cowboys. Ray Price now wears a tailored tuxedo; Lester Flat and Earl Scruggs (new dissolved) performed in business suits.

The people who keep radio

stations going, the advertisers, know all about C-W fans. Country and Western listeners have kept KSON consistently in the No. 3-No. 4 position on the ARB and Pulse ratings for the past few rating periods for the 25-49 age bracket. And there is none of the four- or five-station audience fragmentation as there is in the rock radio audience in San Diego.

The C-W radio advertisers also know about the extraordinary loyalty of the country fan. This is long-term loyalty, not the six-month two-album variety found in the rock game. Once a performer has established a spot in the country field, he can expect a long and profitable career. Remember Conway Twitty, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Ricky Nelson. As pop stars, they were three near-greats who enjoyed short commercial success during the early days of rock and roll. Today all three are going strong in C-W,



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fifteen years after their turn in the pop spotlight.

Before the show, I talked with Johnny Horton, the producer of *Country Star*, chief engineer of KSON, and owner Dan McKinnon's right-hand man. At KSON studios, everything from the citizen's band radio unit used to keep track of the station executives, to the small but lavishly appointed studios smacked of success. Razor cut and double knit, Horton seemed to be the complete opposite of the old time country stereotype. Trying to project the "now" country image that KSON is striving to program, he emphasized that "we don't play hillbilly music... or any of that stuff that sounds like people have beans up their noses."

KSON's programming is more uptown than down home; more Glen Campbell and less Earl Scruggs. This last comment seemed to be a

slight, directed towards Bluegrass, a style of country music currently enjoying remarkable popularity among some college students. Horton stated that KSON had tried a Bluegrass hour as a regular feature, but listener responses took it off the air. He felt that Bluegrass was best taken in small doses but promised that there would be some on *Country Star*.

According to Horton, the original idea behind the show was to discover local talent and try to give this talent a real break. KSON owner, Dan McKinnon, through his connections in the record industry, would be able to give a group an opportunity which could never be achieved on their own. Prizes for the show included a spot on the Grand Old Opry and a chance to audition for Capitol.

Last year, the finals were held at the Town and Country Convention Center on a week

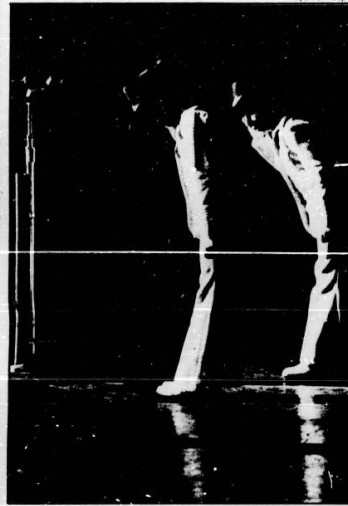
night. There was also a child act—two ten-year-olds, the Anderson twins. They managed to take second place, because, in one of the judge's words, "kids get to you." This must be the same thinking that pushes the Ommonds and the Jackson Five. I thought the soloists were up far beyond their bed-time.

The solo artists were backed up by Buck Wayne and the Bucksshots, a local group. Some performers were enhanced by skillful steel guitar work, but others were hurt by Buck's accompaniment, which at times did not follow the soloist.

The crowd, however, had stage presence and delivery could not have come from singing in the shower. Maria Ledgerwood, who was also National City Rodeo Queen, performed similarly, but just slightly subdued. The other female vocalist, who took third place, seemed almost virginal compared to the other two. Her floor-length dress was a far cry from Miss Ledgerwood's hot pants and black vinyl boots. This third girl belted out the Linda Rhonstadt and Patsy Cline numbers while accompanying herself on the guitar and violin.

The crowd, however, had

Meyer/Schoepfer



night in March. Public response was sorely underestimated. The hall was packed half an hour before the show, over 3000 fans were turned away, and there was heavy congestion on Highway 8. This year Horton booked a bigger hall.

The show itself this year was slick. A carefully varied selection of finalists, a strict two-song limit and a D.J. who kept the performers hustling along with the efficiency of a boxcar's mite running a shot-line all made the amateur show seem far shorter than two and a half hours.

Most of the performers on the program could be grouped into distinct classes. As is always expected, there was the family style group. If you had ever seen The Famous Stonemen or the Carter Family, you quickly realized that the family groups on *Country Star* have a long way to go from their efforts Saturday

There were three male vocalists in the top three. The judges perhaps felt that a solo male vocalist without a gimmick is not a viable product now.

One of the singers was from Georgia, and another sang about returning to Georgia. It tended to make you believe that there was something in red clay that enabled a "sell" brother to do such a fine job with a country ballad. The third of the three, Billy Lavender, underscored Johnny Horton's contention that the country look has changed. Except for his big Martin guitar, Billy Lavender looked the perfect young urban Georgia businessman out for a night in underground Atlanta.

The three female vocalists presented a real study in contrasts. Kitty Hale, in both manner and song, proclaimed that she had been around. Her

come to see down-home-foot-stomping-bluegrass. When the eventual winners, Montezuma's Revenge, and also-ran San Diego Grass and Electra appeared on stage in their "real" style clothes, the audience really warmed up.

Montezuma's Revenge, six musicians using various costumes, and electric fiddle and mandolin, two guitars, a five-string banjo, a stand-up bass and a kazoo, played two numbers which leaned more towards skiffle or jug band music than traditional Bluegrass. Their version of Mongo Jerry's "In Summer-time" was easily their better number, judging from crowd response. The lead singer's country version of the famous stage-wide Mike Jagger strut showed that this group is very with it. Montezuma's Revenge was affixed in a manner which can only be described as back-country Goodwill.

(Continued on page 6)



# THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear"

Last week a panel of four journalists from the *Christian Science Monitor* toured the West Coast from Seattle to Los Angeles presenting political predictions for 1973. Their primary purpose, as their well-organized, well-modulated appearance in San Diego's Community Concourse's Golden Hall January 11th made clear, is to publicize the paper and sell subscriptions. As we entered the Hall, countless ushers handed out a well-piled together package of material containing subscription blanks, a statement of editorial stance ("the paper's aim is to be objective") and the results of a 1970 Seminar survey which judged the *Monitor* to be the "fairest" newspaper in the US and indicated that almost as many people thought the paper was liberal as conservative (in the same survey, which gave the *Monitor* a 95, the *San Diego Union* received a 15). As we left we received the latest edition of the paper.

## THE SELLING OF THE MONITOR

The evening began at exactly three minutes after eight and in an unexpectedly ceremonious manner. To the crowd of 2,500, about 75% of which was between the ages of 45 and 65. Someone unctuously introduced Pete Wilson, San Diego's "Man of Action." Wilson in turn introduced John Hughes, the urbane, cool and clipped Pulitzer Prize-winning Britisher who has been Editor of the *Monitor* since October, 1970 was one of the 23 newsmen who traveled to China with Nixon. Hughes then proceeded to introduce the rest of the panel which was obviously carefully selected to represent a "healthy diversity of opinion" as Hughes later put it.

Courtney Sheldon: A youthful middle-aged man with a Dick Cavett build, but without Cavett's wit, a man of good heart, commitment, morality, and vague idealism who admires Ralph Nader. He alone criticized the President's policy in Vietnam and his avoidance of press conferences. Chief of the Washington Bureau.

Geoffrey Godsell, Sheldon's opposite. A portly English Hank who thinks incisively in terms of military strategy (we must develop the nuclear-empowered ballistic and antiballistic missile submarines). Godsell surely would have bet that Phineas Fogg would never have made it around the world in 80 days. The fastest-talking, quickest and most trenchant mind of the four who has, at the same time, the

we'll be too occupied for a crisis that would involve the three powers in a major war. What the panel didn't talk about was just as interesting — perhaps even more so — than what they did emphasize. Vietnam was scarcely mentioned in the opening statements, and when it was, it was just to say that the "outlook was brighter than in many a recent year." Why this avoidance of the War? Was it really because they believed that the issue is no longer an important or controversial one and is routinely drawing to a close? I would have been more tempted to believe this if Hughes had not carefully postponed Vietnam until Question Eight (the future of the Navy and Common Cause came well before). And when he finally did raise the question of Vietnam, he admonished both audience and panel to "Fasten your safety belts. We're now going to get into Vietnam." (I wondered if he realized just what he was saying. I'd rather get out.) Perhaps the *Monitor* was trying not to alienate or inflame their obviously hawkish audience. Or it might simply have been another example of their general tendency toward defensiveness about their positions — whether hawk or dove — which I noticed throughout the evening. In many cases they seemed to apologize for their opinions rather than present themselves as experts or even just informed observers.

But the pervasive tone as set by Hughes was genial and good-humored. All four joshed one another and laughed and seemed to have a good time. Hughes started off in a light vein by saying that they didn't have a crystal ball and so couldn't tell us if Howard Hughes was coming out of anonymity, or, for that matter, whether Kissinger was going into it. And the audience reinforced this feeling of jolly fellowship by being very attentive and well-mannered and by applauding at the end of every statement. This showed a euphoric fuzziness in thinking, for the same people who supported one side of a question would also applaud the opposite side. Everyone seemed anxious to be polite, civilized in an English, genteel fashion, and eager to please one another. The *Monitor* is a highly respectable, highly respected paper, and the audience was equally reasonable and respectable. As Antony said of Brutus, "So are they all, all honorable men."

The major topic was China, and the *Monitor's* major production for 1973 was that the most significant political developments would result from the adjustment of the rest of the world to the new relationships among the USSR, China, and the US. Their optimism was extraordinarily high. 1972 was an "astounding year", and 1973 is going to be a "promising" and "fascinating" year. Just as China is "seeking a period calm and order", so is the entire globe experiencing a "thaw" and looking forward to the "business of relaxation". The word "relaxation", in fact, came up more than once or twice. We're all going to be so busy relaxing, they seemed to imply, that

deepest blind spots. When asked, for example, when we could expect a woman president, he gave his male chauvinist version of the myth that a poor boy from the ghetto can make it to the White House: when a woman candidate appears who is better than the male candidate, he said, she will be elected. Overseas News Editor.

Curtis Sinton. The only undistinguished person on the panel. Looked more like a local TV weatherman or high school coach than a critical-thinking journalist. As Western Bureau Chief, he sounded bored and said nothing that was even mildly interesting. Included in slick non-sociology of the West (Westerner's like to "make it on their own") and made the startling observation that the Environment would become a major issue.

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(Country Star continued from page 5)

San Diego Gross and Ecclectic, on the other hand, favored traditional Bluegrass. Their performance was polished; both of their selections were played with the stone-faced look made de rigueur by Earl Scruggs. In between numbers, their stand-up bass player asked the audience to "pull up a hay bale and dig it." But somehow they didn't smack of country authenticity. Perhaps it was the neutral California accent when playing Bluegrass that left something to be desired. Maybe they could have used some of that nasal twang KSON is avoiding.

Probably more indicative of the popularity of country western music than anything else was the appearance of the man who presented the trophies at the show. In spite of all the talk of winning the youth culture vote, and in spite of George McGovern's slowly enunciating Woody Guthrie's words as he accepted the Democratic nomination, a clue of the local importance of country western was the presence of Mayor Wilson Saturday night. At the show's end, Mayor Wilson handed the trophies to each of the winners. And the mayor was still backstage talking to KSON's McKinnon and the performers long after the final curtain.

—Albert Barrat

(August New York continued from page 2)

trial for Demy's stylistic exercise, in which the cameras follow the actors at a wary distance and each individual scene runs on uninterrupted by conventional editing punctuation. Watching even these hammy players weave across the screen is stately choreography, shadowed by Demy's graceful, stealthy cameras in a placid, lulling experience.

*Uzana's Raid*, by Robert Aldrich (director) and Alan Sharp (screenwriter), injects a stereotypical Western form with a horror story's frenzied emotional content; dislocated, dread feelings are dredged up by deceptively familiar sights of mounted troopers and Indians peering over rock rims. The apparent topicality of a white-vs.-Indian cultural clash is continually turned back from digestible moralistic clichés, as the spectator, like the character, is kept floundering in mixed feelings and inadequate understandings.

If running off at the mouth was permitted, the next movies to be mentioned, as a second string, would be Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie*, *Pete and Tillie*, *Deliverance*, *Arado's Macanaima*, *Coltrane's Two Cool*, *Pasolini's The Decameron*, *Chabrol's The Butcher* and *Ten Days' Wonder*, and Henry Jaglom's *A Safe Place*.

—Duncan Shepherd

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**events**

**MUSIC**

ROLLING STONES, Los Angeles Forum, January 18, 8:00 p.m.  
 TRAFFIC, FREE and John Martyn, Sports Arena, January 24, 7:30 p.m.  
 LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA & CHORUS, Riford Senior Center Club, La Jolla, January 21, 3:00 p.m.  
 LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 21, 8:00 p.m.  
 OPERA: The Bartered Bride, California State Univ. Dramatic Arts Building, January 12 and 13, and 19 and 20, 8:00 p.m.  
 SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 18 through 20, 8:00 p.m.  
 DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS, KITE, CUSIC, KING & FLOERSCH, Palomar College Dome, January 19, 8:00 p.m.  
 FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Valley Music Theatre, El Cajon, opens January 18, 8:00 p.m.  
 NORMAL HEIGHTS LOUNGE LIZARDS, Folk Arts, January 19, 20, 8:00 p.m.  
 THE VOICES FROM APPALACHIA, First Presbyterian Church, January 21, 7:30 p.m.  
 YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT by San Diego Symphony, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 20, 10:00 am and noon.  
 AN EVENING WITH GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, Patio Playhouse, January 20, 21, 8:30 p.m.

**THEATRE**

STORM IN SUMMER, Off-Broadway Theatre, Through January 21—Tuesday thru, 8:30 p.m.

DINNER BRIDGE, by Ring Lardner, and FACE CARDS, by Tad Reed, Cristal Palace Theatre, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 8:30 p.m.

THE TAVERN, Old Globe Theatre, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday, 8:00 p.m. Friday and Saturday 8:30 p.m. Plays through Feb. 4.

CINDERELLA, Actor's Quarter, Saturday and Sunday through February 18, 2:00 p.m.

THE PEOPLE OF SPOON RIVER, Pacific Group Theatre, Copper Room, Community Concourse, January 19, 20, 8:30 p.m.

SUMMER TREE, San Dieguito Little Theatre, Del Mar Fairgrounds, January 19, 20, 26, 27, 8:30 p.m.

**LECTURES AND TALKS**

PME LECTURE DEMONSTRATION: Mime and Masks, Arne Zaslav, Artistic Director of National Theatre, School of Canada, UCD, January 20, Building 408 Matthews Campus, 8:30 p.m.  
 GERALD CHRISTELLER, "Poetry and Music in the Songs of Schubert," UCSD, Building 408, Matthews Campus, January 25, 8:00 p.m.

EXPLORAMA PRESENTS: "Rhine Journey 70's," Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 22, 8:15 p.m.

**SPORTS**

BASKETBALL: Atrics vs. U. of Arizona, Peterson Gym, January 15, 8:05 p.m.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

HOLIDAY ON ICE, Sports Arena, Through January 21.

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