

READER

SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY Volume 3 No. 26 July 11 to July 17

COMING OF AGE IN SAN DIEGO



Mud and Sand 1st Prize

Keith Robinson
39 years old
La Jolla High School
University of Idaho, B.A.
University of San Diego, M.A.
Lives in Claremont (San Diego)
English teacher, Madison High School

Keith Robinson —

The mudflats sometimes stank at low tide; it wasn't really a bad smell, but a grassy, muddy smell

Hickville was everything except the other parts of San Diego, which we called downtown; a person from the government project called Frontier Housing — where the Sports Arena is now — was a hick from downtown, and so was a person from East San Diego, Mission Hills, Kensington, Loma Portal, or where ever.

that could be pleasant if you associated it with the kinds of things you did on the mudflats. When tourists and even people who lived in other parts of San Diego saw them, they usually called them sand bars, but nobody in South Mission Beach ever said anything but mudflats. They were very black mud, except for a few areas which never were covered by high tide; these, indeed were made of sand, but they were still called mudflats, not out of ignorance but because one of the relationships we had with the mudflats was the clubby right to call them that.

There were several things one did on the mudflats, so that a mention of them was a way of reminding ourselves that we were cool, and everybody outside of South Mission Bay was a hick. We called them all

hicks and hickville was everything except the other parts of San Diego, which we called downtown; a person from the government project called Frontier Housing — where the Sports Arena is now — was a hick from downtown, and so was a person from East San Diego, Mission Hills, Kensington, Loma Portal, or wherever. If there had been a Claremont then, somebody from Claremont who showed up in our section of Mission Bay would have been the archetypal hick from downtown. I suppose our naive and smug use of these appellations was a cousin to our habit of saying that anybody from Chicago, Omaha, Cleveland, or the like was from back east.

But as I was saying, the mudflats in the southernmost part of Mission Bay in the forties were mans

things to us. There was a sort of rite, for instance, which occurred at about the age of first communion, when one rode for the first time in the stern thwart of a skiff rowed by an older pal all the way over to the mudflats, if there is anyone from those days who can't remember his first giddy step on the oozy, sand-dollar-littered edge of the mudflats, trying not to get too excited while looking across the entire three hundred yards of water to his house on Bayside Walk or Dover Court or San Gabriel Place, he must have had a constant surfeit of thrills since that moment, for I can imagine almost nothing that might displace my own memory of this pivotal moment. And then of course one day you got to do the rowing, and Eddie or Wayne or whoever the older guy was dis-

(continued on page 2)

WE'LL WAIT ON YOU ALL 7:30.

THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

THEATRE

THE WITNESS, San Diego premiere of the play by Michael Kelley, presented by the San Diego Living Theatre Puppets Theatre. Balboa Park, Friday and Saturday, July 12 and 13 at 8:30 p.m. and Sunday, July 14 at 7:30 p.m. 284-6483.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, a musical adaptation of the Shakespeare play, presented by the San Diego City College Theatre. Balboa Park, Tuesday, July 13 at 8 p.m. 239-7854 or 239-1181.

A LIGHING MATTER by Susan de Verger. PANCHRESTON by Sen Helsen and CONVERSATIONS WITH THE PLANETS by Joanne Limney, three one acts, part of the second annual Crystal Palace Play Festival, Crystal Palace Theatre, 3782 Ocean Front, Walk, Mission Beach, Friday, July 12 through Sunday, July 14, at 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

HENRY IV, PART 2, part of the National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, Tuesday, July 16 at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

TWELFTH NIGHT, part of the National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, Wednesday, July 17 at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

ROMEO AND JULIET, part of the National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, Thursday, July 18 at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, part of the Starlight Musicals presented by the San Diego Civic Light Opera Association, Balboa Park, Balboa Park, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. through July 31, 420-1090.

SWEET CHARITY, a Neil Simon musical, Off Broadway Theatre, 2144 St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays, 8 and 9:30 p.m., and Sundays, 2 and 7:30 p.m. Through July 28, 235-6535.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, a play for children, Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, Chula Vista, Mondays through Fridays at 3:30 a.m. through July 31, 420-1090.

LITTLE LOST PRINCESS, Ginger Cody's children's play, Actors Quarter Theatre, Saturdays and Sundays, 2 p.m., 238-8609.

STEAMBAAT, a comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman, Mission Playhouse, 3960 Mission St., Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. through August, 295-6453.

SUNDS IN YOUR EYE, comedy set in wartime Colorado, Actors Quarter Theatre, Saturdays and Sundays, 2 p.m., 238-8609.

UNDER PAPA'S PICTURE, The George Tobias/Joe Connelly comedy, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 7, 435-4856.

YOUR OWN THING, a "youth" musical suggested by Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, Casaca Court Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. and matinees 2 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays, 239-2255.

MUSIC

SOPRANO Ermen Moradi, accompanied by pianist Pamela Stubbs, will sing at SDSU's Camino Theatre, Friday, July 12, 8 p.m.

NIGHT IN VIENNA, part of the Concert Series "The Sounds of Summer" with the San Diego Symphony, Peter Szos, conducting. Excerpts from Die Fledermaus, Der Rosenkavalier, and other works by Strauss, Mozart, Schubert, Sigmund Romberg and the concert premiere of Richard Wagner's "Prelude and Love-Deeds" to Tristan and Isolde. La Jolla Music Center, Contemporary Art 700 Prospect, Sunday, July 14, 2-4 p.m. 454-0183.

CONCERT BY THE SEA USCSD Summer Chamber Orchestra, musicians Rafael Brice, Brian Krav, performing works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Alessandro Scarlatti and Haydn. Sherwood Hall, La Jolla, Monday, July 16 at 8 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2055.

YACCA FETA FEEL, a group of local experimental musicians will present original compositions by members as well as works by Moses-Tobias, Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg and the concert premiere of Richard Wagner's "Prelude and Love-Deeds" to Tristan and Isolde. La Jolla Music Center, Contemporary Art 700 Prospect, Sunday, July 14, 2-4 p.m. 454-0183.

ADVANCED BEACHCOMBING SEMINAR, a one day workshop, Coastline Lagoons, Bays and Salt Marshes, San Diego Music Auditorium, Balboa Park, Tuesday, July 16, 7:30 to 9:45 p.m. 239-2811.

FILMS

THE MARK OF ZORRO, original and uncensored version with Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Southern California Museum, 3459 Imperial Ave., Lemon Grove, Saturday, July 13 at 8 p.m. 463-0308.

SPECIAL EVENTS

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS, San Diego Sports Arena, Friday, July 12 at 2:30 and 8 p.m., Saturday, July 13 at 11 a.m., 8 and 8 p.m., and Sunday, July 14 at 2 and 8 p.m. 224-4176.

FESTIVAL OF THE BELLS, 20th anniversary of Mission San Diego de Acosta. Numerous events will take place with entertainment featuring Dakota Indian, Spanish and Scottish folk dancers. Traditional ringing of the bells, Saturday, July 13 at noon. Saturday, July 13, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. and Sunday, July 14, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. 283-7319.

AN EVENING WITH THE STARS, benefit concert for the Chicago Community Center, with Ann Miller, Xavier Cugat, Carmen O'Orourke, Mariachi Guadalupe de Oscar Amexcano and Ballet Folklórico de Mexico, Civic Theater, 202 S. St., Saturday, July 13 at 7 p.m. 293-6510.

TRK TO THE CROSS, symbolic annual trek in honor of Father Junipero Serra makes his journey up Pico del Cristo. Starting from old adobe chapel at Old San Diego Ave. and Conde St., Festivities held Old Town through Sunday, July 14 from 2:30 p.m. 291-4903.

ROCK DIG at gold mine in Pine Valley, sponsored by the National History Museum, Mission Recital Hall, SDSU, Saturday and Sunday, July 13 and 14, 5:30 p.m., a children's performance followed by ballet and modern dance at 7 and 8:30 p.m., 291-3971.

DANCE

BALLET INTERNATIONAL, directed by John Hart and supported by San Diego Conservatory Inc., will present a series of short mini-concerts, Music Recital Hall, SDSU, Saturday and Sunday, July 13 and 14, 5:30 p.m., a children's performance followed by ballet and modern dance at 7 and 8:30 p.m., 291-3971.

LECTURES & TALKS

EARTH 2020 - VISIONS FOR OUR CHILDREN'S FUTURE, a part of a series. The week Theodore W. Schultz, professor of economics at the University of Chicago, will speak on "The Food Revolution." Civic Theater, 202 S. St., Thursday, July 11 at 8 p.m. 286-2504.

THE CRISIS IN HEALTH CARE FOR SENIORS and the Future of Edgemoor Hospital, with speakers Joe Stern from Citizens to Save Edgemoor and Ken Davey, Socialist Workers Party candidate for state treasurer. The Millington Forum, 4535 El Cajon Blvd., 2nd floor, Friday, July 12 at 8 p.m. 286-1292.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR LAW, a lecture by Roger Ruffin, former judge of Superior Court, practicing attorney, SDSU, Social Sciences 100, Monday, July 15 at 7:30 p.m. 286-5204.

THE GRAYING OF AMERICA, a lecture by James E. Birren, PhD, professor of psychology and Director, Andrus Gerontology Center, USC, SDSU, Social Sciences 100, Tuesday, July 16 at 7:30 p.m. 286-5204.

WOMEN'S LIFESTYLE: THE FEMALE GUN THERCULTURE, a lecture by Marjory Mayer-Farrell, San Diego psychology professor, USCSD Extension, Room 1105, Basic Science Bldg., School of Medical Sciences, USCSD, Tuesday, July 16, 7-9 p.m. \$35. 453-2000, ext. 2061.

KACHINAS, part of the series on American Indian arts and crafts, "Sins Roy," with Linda Reservation, Hotellville, Arizona, Room 2100, Basic Science Bldg., School of Medicine, USCSD, Tuesday, July 16, 7-9:45 p.m. \$8. 453-2000, ext. 2061.

COASTLINE LAGOONS, Bays and Salt Marshes, San Diego Music Auditorium, Balboa Park, Tuesday, July 16, 7:30 to 9:45 p.m. 239-2811.

BIOCONVERSION (CONVERSION OF ORGANIC WASTE TO FUELS) a lecture by Ms. Doree Pinnard, consultant to the Energy Research Center, University of California at San Diego, Social Sciences 100, Wednesday, July 17 at 7:30 p.m. 286-5204.

Southern California First National Bank

JULY 11 TO JULY 17

SPORTS

BASEBALL: San Diego Padres vs. Montreal Expos, San Diego Stadium, Friday, July 12 at 7:30 p.m., Saturday, July 13 at 6 p.m., and Sunday, July 14 at 1 p.m. 283-4494.

OVER-THE-LINE SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT: Sponsored by Old Mission Beach Athletic Club. The game is similar to baseball but designed for beach play. Entry fee required. Over-the-Line Softball Tournament, Old Mission Beach, CA, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 13 and 14 at 8 a.m.

TRACK MEET: All corners meet. Balboa Stadium, Saturday, July 13 at 2 p.m. 236-6717.

MOTORCROSS: Motorcyclists race in cross-country course over hills, jumps and rounds. Practice runs, Saturday, July 13 at 2 p.m., Race, Sunday, July 14 at noon. Garfield Raceway, 727-1171.

BASEBALL: San Diego Padres vs. Philadelphia Phillies, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday through Thursday, July 18 at 7:30 p.m. 283-4494.

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

LITHOGRAPHS by San Francisco and Pastel Drawings by Peter Alexander, Jack Glenn Gallery, Fashion Valley, Thursday, July 14.

ERICA MARSHALL, graphic artist, will have a solo exhibit along with the JOURNAL July show at the San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Balboa Park, July 2 through July 21, 294-9946.

MARY MOLLER, semi-abstract oil and acrylic paintings. San Diego Law Library, Thursday, July 28, 236-2231.

PRE-COLUMBIAN SERIGRAPHS, photographs on display at the Encinitas Public Library, through Aug. 21, July 26-30.

WESTERN ARTISTS PAINTINGS by Paul Weber, Mary Lehman et al. Kessler Art Gallery, 2521 San Diego Ave. and 2481 Congress St., extension, Thursday, July 31, 291-1010.

THE HIDEOUS SEA, a collection of color photographs taken beneath the sea by Douglas Faulkner, The Unicorn, 7456 La Jolla Blvd. Through, July 459-4343.

JOAN MIRO: THE MALLOCCA SUITE, a series of etchings by one of Spain's most important living artists. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. Shows runs through August 15. Tuesdays through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday, 12:30 to 5 p.m. 232-7891.

ARTISTS CO-OPERATIVE GALLERY is featuring the portrait of EILEEN GUMPERT and the serigraphs of DONNA DE KNOX. 3731 India St. Gallery opened from Tuesday through Saturday, 11-5 p.m. and Sunday, 12-5 p.m. 286-2020.

HAND DECORATED GOURDS by Ridge Kunitz on show at The Gallery, Bazaar del Mundo, 3754 Balboa Blvd., Old Town. Continuing show. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sundays until 5:30 p.m. 286-3126.

BATIK: THE CRAFTSMEN'S ART, Indonesian batik paintings and panels. Joan and Young Gallery, 3719 India St. Show opens Friday, July 12 at 5 p.m. 295-9310.

DONALD ROLLER WILSON will have an exhibition of recent works at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Friday, July 13, 2-7 p.m. 454-0183.

MARK-ELLIOTT: LUGO is showing 20 drawings at the Villa Montezuma, sponsored by the San Diego Historical Society, 1925 K St. Show runs through August 15. Daily, 1-3:30 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Mondays. 239-2211.

COWBOY ARTISTS OF AMERICA, 32nd annual showing of Western art. Thackeray Gallery, 321 Robinson Ave. Show runs Friday, July 12 through Wednesday, July 31, 298-8788.

LITHOGRAPHS 1970-1972, 28 recent lithographs by Willem de Kooning. Signs Saturday, July 13. NEW PHOTOGRAPHY, THE BAY AREA, a show of 28 photographs, starts Saturday, July 13. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park.

BILL NOONAN, famous for his paintings of World War I aircraft, and Carol Gianni, potter, will have two-man show at India Street Art Colony's Artists Co-operative Gallery, July 8 through 26.

This events calendar is compiled each week by the READER and is a service sponsored by the SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. All notices regarding the events listed here should be made to the READER at 233-5776. Send yours for listing to the READER at Box 80093, San Diego, CA 92162. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

Southern California First National Bank
DRIVE THROUGH MONDAYS & FRIDAYS AT 41 KEY LOCATIONS
Southern California First National Bank

2nd Prize Growing Up With San Diego: A Midwesterner's Account



Linda Brown, 32 years old, East High School, Denver, Crawford High School, San Diego, Stanford University, San Diego State, B.A., M.A., Instructor, Mesa Evening College and U.C. Extension

—Linda Brown—

The first thing I noticed in San Diego was nine-year-old girls buying nail polish. The five feet tall, hair long and sunbleached, tanned mini-versions of teenaged surf girls, they plunked down their change for pink tubes and went giggling off. I was fifteen, a recent import from Denver, where wearing colored nail polish was like putting a red light on your door. So many San Diegians are transplants. Midwesterners (Easterners, Southerners), perhaps many readers share the perspective that coming to San Diego is always a "coming of age," however old you are when you arrive. As I came here during my adolescence in the late '50's when the whole country was waking up from the political torpor of the Eisenhower years, I like to think that I came of age with San Diego. The title indicates that dual point of view; what is, by now, a historical perspective on San Diego (the beginnings of the cultural/political tremors of the '60's as I experienced them in 1959) and coming to San Diego, the recalcitration of a female Midwesterner.

Coming to San Diego from the Midwest it like being let out of a square box and catching a ride on a large balloon just as it takes off from the Del Mar fairgrounds into a bank of fog and sun. It's exhilarating to be free of rules, constraints, formalities, but also disorienting. In Denver, city blocks are laid out in squares; the town is neat, compact. From my suburban home I could hear the whistle of trains leaving Union Station in downtown Denver. The people on our block stayed put, living in the same houses thirty to fifty years. Geographically San Diego was a like to coast, wandering up and down, in and out of canyons. The (partly migrant) population was newly-arriving mobile. For my two years in high school here, the pace accelerated. Horses had just been converted from the canyons behind my house when I first explored it in 1957. The corral was still there along with groves of trees and a small dam to catch crawdads. In 1959 the first stages of that canyon's transformation to a medical buildings and a 200-unit apartment complex were complete. I-8 (near 800) was a two-lane road then, but change was in the air. The houses seemed built of paper and easily replaced for the next phase of San Diego's growth. People were always moving on. No one "settled" in San Diego but those

who came to retire. This suburban movement was what was disconcerting — one did not live in San Diego; instead it was a jumping off point, a duty station, a place to get it together before moving to Berkeley or Boston. There was one constant — sunshine. In Denver seasons arrived visibly. Fall was bushels of leaves gathered for compost heaps, gutters clogged with rotting leaves, sidewalks that cracked underfoot littered with dried elm leaves, trees arched colorfully over the streets. Winter was a cold, clear time. Spring was signalled by a change of clothes. In spring we put away our calf-length dark wool skirts and began starching shoes

to spell "engaged," then read off her sentence — "We were going to get engaged, but we decided to get married this Christmas." I was shocked. No one in my old high school married until after college (from high standards). This was different from holding hands on the ski train or getting pinned. I scared at the girl who was getting married in three months. She seemed a Tahitian with cantaloupe breasts, stacked hair and clearly pencilled eyebrow lines. She wore chunky gold earrings (earrings of any kind, pierced or button, were out in the Midwest) and carried a heavy lucite purse which, by its size alone, would have marked her as "cheap" in Denver. (How simple things were in the Midwest! The size of the purse equaled the amount of makeup worn: only cheap girls wore anything more than light lipstick.) In San Diego I discovered that nice girls wore mascara and carried big purses. All this was long before the sexual Revolution and its even more leveling effects.

After the initial shocks had passed, I settled down to, if not coming of age, at least becoming aware of what was going on around me. For activities: going to the beach to pick up guys, cruising Dobbs's drive-in in La Mesa much like the restaurant in *American Graffiti*, sock hops, proms with arches worn like wrist watches. We were the last generation to attend the Senior Prom looking like Scarlett O'Hara in layered tulle and unmanageable hoop skirts... half-dozed crinolines. We melted into pastel colors, full skirts with cinch belts, and wore flats instead of bunny socks and saddle shoes. In San Diego there was no change — of clothes, of weather, of seasons — not the kind of change an outsider could detect. It was serene, the sun shining all the time, girls dressing in winter overcoats and complaining of cold on mere overcast days. In winter we were here. I wore sleeveless blouses, fog or shine, and felt overwarm; my blood was still thick to compensate for Denver's altitude.

There was democracy in San Diego — of a type I couldn't have conceived of "at home." Denver was still — let's be frank — having problems accepting Jews and Catholics, let alone the one Negro at the 2500-student high school I went to. East High was built like a college prep class and back (vocational trades/home ec) with the exception of the uniforms in two corridors on the side of a huge auditorium that connected and separated the two tracks of students. Front-hallers and back-hallers, college and non-college, went out different doors to lunch, frequented different drugstores and cafes, wore different clothes to indicate status as a "hood" (James Dean motorcycle club, long hairdo, the kind your minister warned against) or a "rod" (crewcut, letter-sweater and levis, yellow Ford converted). The only time the two crowds mingled was at Friday afternoon pep rallies. Japanese and Mexican friends (some of whom high school days were part of) Manul Arts High School's gerrymandered district. I never met a person who wasn't going on to college during my sophomore year at East; I never talked to a hood. One of my friends took jewelry in an elective class in the back hall. That was as close as I ever came to it.

In my senior year during the first week in school, the girl behind me tapped my shoulder, asked me how

go to them. My favorite was the Settlement on Adams Avenue, a long dark room with lots of tables and an impression of greenery, as you entered. It was a good place for conversation. A place a woman could go to alone. San Diego needs another Settlement. Whether because of Judy Henkel's thrifty local folk singer whose rendition of "This Land Is My Land" was as raucous as The Folkhouse phase in San Diego lasted from 1959 to roughly 1961, their more durable success. (I believe the Candy Company and the Heritage are a sense of the return of a cultural style one Saturday night recently, sitting in the Mid Heaven Clear Factory as an old-time jazz group was packing up their instruments and steam was escaping from the espresso maker.

Consider us, the class of 1959, as we were, coming of age before voter registration drives, Kennedy, Helen Gurley Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl*, the Beatles, marijuana, the Space Corps, Timothy Leary, flower children, the twist, go-go dancers, be-ins, L.B.J., Vietnam, Somalia, the Monterey Pop Festival, Hoffman in *The Graduate*, the Free Speech Movement, Montgomery, Chicago, Mick Jagger, Martin Luther King's *Heart*, *Starwood*: I. *Powerful*, Stokely Carmichael, Woodstock, Allamont, Malcolm X, the Fillmore Auditorium, Weatherwomen before the Pill. We were children of the day before the millennium caught in a quiet moment before the clock rushed down a savagely through the '60's and altered a nation's consciousness.

And yet we were, without knowing it, the front end of the American transformation. One of the first group who had heard of marijuana associated it with musicians, another world. Ours was a simple rebellion — when lighting a Lucky Strike was the equivalent, as an assertion of adulthood, to shooting the warden. We talked softly of what we would do when we got to college.

San Diego spawned a number of coffeehouses that spring — the Upper Cellular, the Villain, the Settlement — featuring capricious, folk music and a self-conscious intellectuality. Coffeehouses admitted minors, although it was considered risqué in some circles to

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DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The reviewer's grades are indicated by one to four stars... The book listings are subject to change at the drop of a hat...

Belongs... Terry Malick's controlled, nearly stately emotion of the Charles Starkweather story...

Borghese... Franco Nero, none of whom can sing...

Chinatown... Lack of conviction with which a police officer...

Blazing Saddles... Leaving off with a bang...



The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean... After the failure of TRUE GRIFF, CARY HOQUE...

Our Time... Romantic drama set in a girls boarding school...

The Parallax View... Wading into the stream of SEVEN DAYS IN MAY...

The Seven Samurai... Kurosawa's inspired, specifically to Sturges's MANGY-FEET SEVEN...

The Delicate Delinquent... They GOT ME COVERED BOO MERRY AND DONORY LEMMON...

Music of the People... The RESOLUTION OF NOBIE WAIN... MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE...

Murder in the Heart... MURDER IN THE HEART... MURDER IN THE HEART...

The Exorcist... The EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST...

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MOVIES

(continued from page 5)

are clearly comic, but director Frankamer, exercising far more skill than sense, re-creates a fantastical...

Oskaloosa Drive... Often, good far-fare, espousing Stanley Kramer with a photographer...

Our Time... Romantic drama set in a girls boarding school, New England in the 1950s...

The Parallax View... Wading into the stream of SEVEN DAYS IN MAY...

The Seven Samurai... Kurosawa's inspired, specifically to Sturges's MANGY-FEET SEVEN...

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Murder in the Heart... MURDER IN THE HEART... MURDER IN THE HEART...

The Exorcist... The EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST...



American Graffiti... The peak of teen films, climactic deaths and profane self-reflection... The reviewer's grades are indicated by one to four stars...

Belongs... Terry Malick's controlled, nearly stately emotion... The Exorcist... The EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST...

The Exorcist... The EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST...

The Exorcist... The EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST... THE EXORCIST...

Advertisement for CINEMA LEO featuring 'The King of Hearts' by Akira Kurosawa. Includes showtimes, prices, and venue information for Park Blvd. and University.

Advertisement for THEATRES listing various venues and their showtimes. Includes 'Jazz at the Movies', 'The Exorcist', and other theatrical offerings.

Advertisement for a film about JIMI HENDRIX, featuring Andy Warhol's HEAT and FLESH. Includes showtimes and venue information.

Advertisement for JON VOIGHT, STAR OF 'DELIVERANCE', featuring 'CONTRACK'. Includes showtimes and venue information.



Dodes'ka-den The Slum As Spectacle

A teenage girl, never rising from her kneeling position even to sleep, folds dainty paper flowers to support her indolent father... an unfaithful wife sneaks back to cook meals or tear rags for her silent husband.

—Duncan Shepherd

Akira Kurosawa's latest film (1970), his first one since *Red Beard* (1965), his first ever in color, begins with a scavenger hunt for odd human types strewn around the rusted automobile shells, and rubble heaps which compose the vibrant, colorful mosaic of a Japanese shantytown. (The human specimens unearthed—every one a monkeyish mugger or brooder—are certainly intended to be pathetic players in La Comedie Humaine, though the vision of domestic squatter looks closer, usually, to La Comedie Lard and Hardy.) It goes on and on, and this, this excavation and refuse, and for a busy half-hour a new specimen is ferreted out every few minutes. And quickly the lineup of characters has stretched out so far as to remind one of Kurosawa's famous fondness for Russian novels and American detective fiction.

Despite their numbers, the characters, from the first, are meticulously inspected, tracked, imbedded, singularized. To be generous, they could be called unforgettable, although the reasons for their indelibility should admit, one, that each character is approximately as complex as an exclamation point, two, that each is a very well-known type before hand. But Kurosawa, with the certainty and simplicity of a sailing classicist, knows to forge characters with weaknesses to eye appeal. And so, characters of all persuasions, the boy, the hungry, the suicidal, the

"trilogy crazy" kid charges back and forth through an idyllic slum district whose outstanding feature, for a Kurosawa movie, is the absence of a magnetic Mifune-Shimura hero figure stationed above the swarm of cringers, criers, cowers.

Largely, the sense of misery and degradation in this ghetto comes from the surrender of dignity in the acting. Automated toylike figures, going through the same motions every time they are seen, Kurosawa's players grind into motion performing exaggerated routines of stagers, gyrations, rubbery gymnastics, whistles, hops, steps, and grimaces. Off-stage or in the background, a Kurosawa player is a stilled nonentity, but once the attention swings his way, the actor lurches into his spectacular personal program, seeming to suck in energy from the warm glow of limelight. Any member of Kurosawa's well-coached team will fling himself into the fray with the most selfless abandon of all post-Griffith cinema.

For the most part, the actors are not remembered as flesh-and-bone figures but as grotesqued characteristics—abstract shape, color, props, habits. Among the specialties: A rigid, eyelidless zombie, moving about as if on casters, who never fails to padlock his worthless shack in the morning when he goes out to nowhere; beggar boy who totes a tiny pail to restaurants' backdoors, collecting throwaway scraps; a brassy wife who comes into focus on the chest of her rigger shirt, where concentric black stripes zero into bulleyes over her nipples.

Paganism, as usual, seems to be a large part of Kurosawa's plan. Working in color for the first time, with bingy excitement, he dresses up and backs up the painted-faced, whirling-dervish actors with wildly theatrical, unselfish colors. The images, in surreal sharp focus, pick up varicolored, minute surface detail: The gooseflesh of a white plaster wall, the crumpled sides of a tin shack, the wrinkles in a hangy gray overcoat, the myriad particles

in a junk pile. Shocking splashes of sandy color patch the basically muddy gray landscape. The imaginary trolley conductor's home is wallpapered with red and blue flowers done in kindergarten style; a starving beggar's hallucinatory image of a red-headed riding teacher is a luminous Swiss cheese facade encircled by iron fences atop a golf-course green ground; and, periodically, the skies are soaked with smogs of lurid orange, green, blue Tempur poster colors.

The austerity of this exotic tainting, splashing, flooding with color is in the defiant refusal to bend to the pat social realism, social protest, or heart-tugging implicit in the situations. Kurosawa—and, again, who else since Griffith has been so forthright and bold?—serves up lower-depth existence in the dimensions of spectacle, rather than in bite-size, recognizable slices of life. Through this grandness of spirit, vision, intention, the small scrupulousness of the story are promoted, indisputably to monumentalize. The most mande

dance of props and activities are employed as respicacies for the outpouring of loyalty, apoplexy, sacrifice, solace, charity, and, in the process, they come to seem exalted, consecrated: A teenage girl, never rising from her kneeling position even to sleep, folds dainty paper flowers to support her indolent father; a mother attacks chalked insides addressed at her son with scrub brush and water bucket; an unfaithful wife, repentant, sneaks back to cook meals or tear rags for her silent, catatonic husband; a craftsman courteously informs a nocturnal thief where his money chest is hidden, so as to stop the invader from mistakenly walking away with the needed tool box.

Nothing, apparently, diverts or depletes or devitalizes Kurosawa's sentiments, over the course of their initial conception to their translation into tangible objects, actions, faces, colors. *Dodes'ka-den*, practically any of the current movies lacks, more or less, like *Dodes'ka-den*. It is at the Lincoln through Tuesday.

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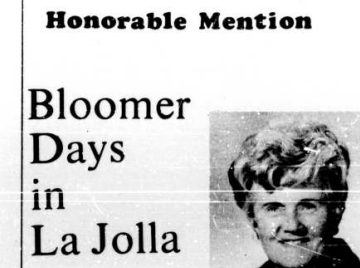
Bloomer Days in La Jolla

—Chaffee Castleton

How wonderful it was, wearing those voluminous white pleated Bishop's School bloomers, growing up in the village that was La Jolla in the Twenties! All the natives were very conscious of those pleated white bloomers... they were seen all over town.

The author's teen-age memories are tied up with things like long solitary swims at Spindrift, a deserted beach which started below the Gordon Gray home on Torrey Pines Road and stretched gleaming and pristine north, up what is now Long Beach, to the old Biological Pier. This pier belonged to the "bighouse," as the Scripps Institution of Oceanography was affectionately known then by the natives, and which now is a part of the La Jolla campus of U.C.S.D.

The La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club was not even a gleam in Bill Kellogg's eye at that time. The Spindrift was a modest Inn, with maybe 12 rooms, and between it and the Pier where the cliffs began, was an empty stretch of beach where from time to time a herd of cows would be seen wandering among the sand dunes.



Chaffee Castleton, 62 years old, Bishop's School, Mills College, B.A. and M.A. Lives in Sherman Oaks, California. Housewife, free lance writer.

ground. This was long before anyone thought of "surfing," and that beach was considered the quietness of danger to adventurous swimmers, of which there were only a handful.

When I was growing up in La Jolla, the social life of the young people was divided. I belonged to the club that spent the mornings at the public tennis courts, and the afternoons at the Cove. There was another group which spent its mornings at the Cove and afternoons at the tennis courts.

The "Cove" was the heart of La Jolla. Playing those seven long sets in succession at the tennis courts, we had but one anticipation in mind: our reward would be flinging our bodies in joyous abandon into the ocean at the Cove.

Many golden moments were spent sitting on the crude wooden raft out in the Cove, letting our legs hang over into the cool water. From the raft we would swim to the "reef," a slab of rock pitted by chertions that rose from three to five feet from the surface of the sea, depending on the tide.

Long before we started wearing snorkels, masks and fins, we could see the golden shark fish with our naked eyes, and swim after them, weaving in and out of the waving eel grass and seaweeds. We never caught them, for these rare and beautiful fish were protected even then. My brother once caught one by mistake in his fishhook and the minute it was taken out of the water, the bold gorgeous gold color began turning drab, and we all learned our lesson.

The "reef" at the Cove is still there, having withstood the onslaught of the feet of countless generations of La Jollans growing up at the Cove. Its smoothness attests to its constant use. I would not hesitate to say that that reef is one of the most valuable natural assets in all of San Diego and environs. Hundreds and hundreds of people, growing up in La Jolla, can identify with it.

There was a boy named "Marty" who always was to be found at the courts, as well as Major Rummy, playing tennis in his Bishop School bloomers and his many jangling silver bracelets.

"The Major" was one of our favorite characters. All the children adored him. It was said that he had a silver plate in his head. Anyway, he was eccentric enough, and delightfully so, to capture the imagination of every child around.

When not on the courts, the Major was to be found at the Cove, sitting in his overstuffed livingroom chair at water's edge, cooling his feet and ankles in the surf, and surrounded by adoring children.

Much later, the Major took a wife, a Tennessee hillbilly type, with golden curls and sunny disposition, always barefoot and always pregnant. I remember that

they drove away on their honeymoon in a pickup truck, their belongings packed into two of three shiny new galvanized garbage pails in back.

The Major had a lovely niece named Leslie, and Leslie amazed the natives by swimming in the sea, in the most turbulent frigid waters, every day, all the year round. I can see her freckled face to this day, wearing a grin from ear to ear, her wet ringlets flying wildly up to her neck in sea foam in the champagne cup south of what was later the Casa Breakwater.

No breakwater in the days when we were growing up so blissfully, when La Jolla was a village.

The natives had Archie Talbot to give them tennis lessons. I was a Bishop's School day scholar, so I had the privilege of being instructed by Eleanor Tennant, on the Bishop's School days, next to the municipal ones.

Being a Bishop's School day scholar had its moments. I remember the seagulls swooping down on us in the school patio at "eleven," snatching our peanut butter sandwiches out of our hands. What with the sneezing and swooping of the feathered allies of cocoa was spilled during those mid-morning snacks.

Being a Bishop's School day scholar also meant afternoons on the hockey field, and long periods in study hall, supervised by a matron, who frowned even if a hand looked up from his studies. Beside this daytime study, we studied at least two hours each night.

My yearly scholarship with almost no effort.

However, this serious study regimen also had its lighter moments. As a day student, I could sneak in food to the boarders for their orgies. In retrospect, these orgies seem a little sad, but at the time, they generated tremendous excitement among the entertainment-starved boarding girls.

I would buy raw hot dogs and buns, and dollops of ice cream from Puffy's (Patnam's) Drug Store a recreational center about which a whole lot of reminiscence could be written, and sneak in to the school grounds through a large dry drainage pipe.

I would sneak up to one of the boarders' rooms on the second floor—this feat in itself, without being seen by the ever-watchful eye of the dormitory supervisor, evaded me.

Even the sea was different, then. I remember sitting in my classroom on the second floor of the La Jolla High School, looking out the window at the white spots, marking the annual migration of the gray whales down the coast in California. It all seemed so natural, in some growing up in La Jolla in the Twenties.

Life was so sweetly simple, then. The biggest outing imaginable was going in to San Diego for the day, and we didn't do it often. Shopping sprees for a girl growing up in La Jolla meant Mr. Aaron's for clothes, and then across the flats fragment with marsh grass, the tracks paring the bullwhisks of Mission Bay.

Then through the quaint rows of town of Old Town, with Ramona's home, and its olive-oil presses the only factory in town. Then past the rundown houses on State street, even to Broadway, with its shops for sailors, up Broadway to the Plaza, where we were deposited hot, tired and dusty in front of the U.S. Grant hotel.

Mission Bay was a remote natural bird sanctuary then, with many an aircraft complex in sight. Pacific Beach was a scattering of modest homes, and there was a double row of cottages at Mission Beach.

What did the villagers do, before World War II? I remember a life! Many of us took walks in the evening, after supper, whole families together. The breeze would be redolent with the odors from gardens mingled with the smell of the sage on Seledad, released in the most evening breeze, with just that suspicion of skunk to make it piquant, and even the smell and the feel of old La Jolla.

This ambience is not entirely gone from the face of La Jolla. In spite of its high-rises, its X-EE-T birds and Jags swirling around its crowded downtown streets, its hordes of residents from all over the nation drawn by the delight of what La Jolla used to be, in spite of all this, there is still to be found the ubiquitous cockroach, its black back shiny in the moonlight, to scamper across the sidewalk and scatter in the gutter.

Riding horses would be rented from "Stevie" or Anna Stevens, the beloved red-head, a riding teacher. Her stables were on Pearl street, metamorphosed later into a hotel, and still later into business offices.

Now it is a parking lot for a supermarket.

One rode out from Stevie's in those days, up Muirlands, on a lively little horse named Billy, and the horse saddle, a jaunty one, to hold the stirrups. Muirlands was all wild, with wildflowers and aromatic bushes, and wonderful views of La Jolla lying peacefully in the sunlight beside the blue blue sea, far below.

This was long before the big white Cross had been planned, or the radar station installed, or even the bunkers and gun emplacements of World War II vintage. Just heather, wild flowers, and sage, and the flickering welcome shade of a few eucalyptus trees, and the sea lying like pewter in the sunlight beneath you, surrounding you on three sides.

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Honorable Mention

Growing Up Absurd in San Diego

Paul Sammon
San Diego's town of brilliantly blind blue skies...
Paul Sammon
San Diego's town of brilliantly blind blue skies, the hazy blue of a perpetually lasting hazy-blue team, the metropolis of slow mental suffocation...

people as long as they kept their mouths shut. That was off to the docks and aboard one of the hundred of the military's A-1...
In the summer of '65 (I was fifteen), we got our orders for San Diego (again). Having lived through 'The Assassination' and becoming curious about those outrageously dirty rock and roll bands...

mentally near the faintly, only made his seasickness and diarrhea that much worse.
[It] loved that dog. It was a great pup, animal, liver colored with spots to match. My father, in a rare mood, named it after one of the local Filipino politicians, Pachecko. I came home from school one afternoon and found that it had fallen into the swimming pool...

When we pulled into the harbor that afternoon in August of '65 the first thing that struck me, as it must always be for the traveler, were the thin figures that sprawled into the sea, colored with buildings—in this case it was Point Loma.

My family had been going through the usual Naval shuffle for as long as I could remember a base or a commissary.

This was the second thing. There was this girl on the boat—she had a crush and she was waiting for a boyfriend at the dock who pointed him out to me. So my first impression of San Diego's populace was a rather short, well-tanned guy about eighteen. He had short brown hair, was wearing harem pants and shorts, had his sunglasses pushed back up on his head...

I remember using a pay phone at the corner of Garnet and Ingraham one hot July night, and amidst all the graffiti was penciled, "Jesus Loves All of You Except Tourists."

friend in San Francisco and had the good fortune to see the Airplane at a party. The Airplane was up there belching out "White Rabbit," and when I got back to town, KGB and the Q hadn't even started to air "Somebody to Love."
Isolated in the backwater we all missed out. We had our acid, drugs, our Hippodromes, but the vibrant optimism of those days? When the word peace hadn't made it to a poster, when anything you wanted to do was ok with me, but when the subtle class structure of drug taking hadn't yet made itself apparent—it always came to San Diego late, second hand.

There, in the countless articles exploiting the new madness that was sweeping up all us privileged war babies with a protest ion, was never a mention of our town. San Diego stayed solid, somnolent, as if all those transient phantoms, young and old, waved their ethereal wands for a brief beautiful moment and then vanished, leaving the ghost of a new happening quivering in the breeze on the sea wall at Mission, singing down Newport in OB, leaving empty pelatin capsules in the forests of the East County.

Sadly apparent that we were all part of it, but not in the front lines. The tradition: we dug in Chicago while we watched—our town reared at Belhel, and, finally, we were evicted at Kent State simply for saying "No."

September. College began as a promise, an empty room, and for so many others, turned to anathema. There was new learning, even the new radical academicians, the ones whose classes you took because they sat on their desks instead of behind them.

I thought of all it, the atmosphere of the city didn't change. Be cool. Be groovy. Enjoy the weather. Curran went out. Wilson came in. proving that we'd bought the same package with a prettier bow. People still treated each other as they ignored you once, then broke heads down at the beaches.

My first real brush with close human desire, the blasphemous, the seductive. He knew he was dying. So did everyone else. Uniformed, though now it was in terms of cool. In short, we merchandised the strip.

We graduated into a time when poverty, cosmically alternate, was the new life style. And since then, here in San Diego, nearly everywhere, we kept drifting.

An intense love affair ended leaving me with the sad rear-end of a woman leg.

I'm tired, depressed and underpaid and that's all I'll say about coming of age.

Honorable Mention

Untitled

The San Diego Zoo has beautiful animals with white fur.
It's good to know this when you're unfolding lettuce at dawn and the wind blows the dirty leaves into the water.
It makes you think of North Africa and the ports of the Moslem world. It makes you wonder if it rains on the decks of aircraft carriers, if the ships on the horizon are decks of cardboard.

Another challenge was swimming all the way across the mudflats, and I have never looked at other rituals such as killing a lion alone with a spear without thinking that they didn't have an idea what a real feeling of accomplishment was. I think I was about eleven years old the first time I did it, and the only parallel I can think of was getting a car five years later, both events brought a total unexpected feeling of freedom, of a world suddenly many times larger and many times more accessible. We are allowed only a few moments like that, and for this and other

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Mud and Sand

(Continued from page 1)
even have to tell you he was doing you a favor. You didn't get alarmed when the tide carried you many yards north or south of the point you were aiming for on the mudflats, but you would have if Wayne or Eddie hadn't been there.



Once there, we trapped snelt and other small fish so that they could be used for bait; we put bread, trying not to handle it too much, in a wire trap which was always home-made, and then we went to another area to wait for the fish to swim into the trap. They were already trapped by the receding tide, and it was the resulting concentration of them in shallow depressions that made them so easy to catch. Sometimes we would spend an hour or so blasting each other with handfuls of mud, which was fun to throw at each other because a good hit always rattled the victim with six or eight splats, perhaps starting at the belly and moving up to the face. Like a machine gun burst in a gangster movie. Often after a mudfight we would go exploring. We used that term, even though we knew exactly where we were because it made us feel adventurous and because there was always the chance that something had changed.

There was, for instance, a huge packing crate in the higher dry sand with pop bottles and empty Camel and Lucky Strike packages in it. We called it the fort, and we frequently checked it out to see if anybody had used it since our last visit, and sometimes there were new wrappings or other evidence. Once we spent half an hour sneaking up on the fort, bellies in the sand in the best commando style, because we thought we had seen movement in it through the one-inch peephole. We assumed it was a boy and at least seemed because that was the most exciting thing we could imagine. The last ten minutes or so was spent behind a dune only twenty yards from the fort, wondering if the guy would beat us up if we caught him making love; it was delicious agony, hoping and wanting to move the last twenty yards to see... what? maybe a girl with her bathing suit straps undone?—but afraid of the actual confrontation. We finally got up the nerve to dash by the open part of the fort, and of course there was nobody in it, but I remember we were not terribly disappointed; it was the process of getting there that had been the challenge.

Another challenge was swimming all the way across the mudflats, and I have never looked at other rituals such as killing a lion alone with a spear without thinking that they didn't have an idea what a real feeling of accomplishment was. I think I was about eleven years old the first time I did it, and the only parallel I can think of was getting a car five years later, both events brought a total unexpected feeling of freedom, of a world suddenly many times larger and many times more accessible. We are allowed only a few moments like that, and for this and other

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its meaning, and whose use in those days immediately identified the user as a person from the beaches of Southern California. In fact, when I went to collect in another state, I didn't understand at first how some people knew I was from San Diego; they had ever talked to other beach people, they recognized *hichen*, but some people looked at me as though I were swearing. And the reciprocal of that story is the way newcomers to our neighborhood would try to pick up their linguistic membership cards, and in so trying would commit pathetic blunders like, "Man, the surf Woodson is really bitching today," and we loved those blunders because we could live each other our ultra-cool looks which, though they lasted only a second, meant, "No need to say anything—I can go to make it anyway." The Beaches seemed sense that if somebody had to be told things like that, it wasn't authentic knowledge.

Our favorites were the men who wore street shoes and argyle socks to the beach and bathing suit we called a marble sock, and talk in our secret language, perfect our recall of the kind of bathing suit we called a marble sock, and talk in our secret language, perfect our recall of the kind of bathing suit we called a marble sock...

Once in the restaurant on the other side of headquarters, they called us Captain by everybody except two or three of the lifeguards that we called a captain. The Beaches and the man who ran the plunge and the man who rented surf masks, we knew the Orange Julius man and the marvelously eccentric old woman who owned the hamburger joint to one side of headquarters, and they all knew The Beaches.

Four years later when I put on my red trunk that the blue San Diego Lifeguard Service patch and on my first day's duty as a real lifeguard it was a thrill, and I had always known it would be, but when I realized, not sadly but perhaps with a kind of joyful welcome maturity, that the kinds of jobs The Beaches knew in the sand and sun that year were gone forever, one cannot forever go on walking long, barefoot, on the blazing hot sidewalk in front of a tourist who would rather not even make it to the shade without stopping and putting down his towel or something else to stand on. We go on to other jobs, equally intense, perhaps, but... different.

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No Gnats or Dragonflies

Jonathan Saville—



Rafael Druihan conducted the UCSD Chamber Orchestra in a magnificent concert at Sherwood Hall. Mr. Druihan is a very intense conductor. He is on top of every detail, every orchestral balance, every bit of dynamics, every offense. He drives his orchestra with relentless energy and precision. The result is a performance in which all elements of the music are realized to their fullest. When the conductor calls for a march, as in the last movement of Mozart's Divertimento No. 11 and in the first movement of Dvorak's Wind Serenade, Mr. Druihan gives us a march, even though these pieces particularly the Dvorak are often conducted at an amble. Inner voices that other conductors ignore were brought out with full clarity. Every phrase has a dynamic shape. Every instrumental timbre is insisted upon as a prime element of expression. Tempos are firm, often brisk, always pliable but never lax.

Mr. Newman is one of those musicians who is at the same time a "personality" — like Glenn Gould or Barbra Streisand... Luckily, it is Mr. Druihan who is staying with us in San Diego.

Nothing could have better demonstrated the startling effect of

such a performance than Mr. Thomas's interpretation of Delius's *Summer Night on the River*. This piece of impressionistic tonal painting is usually conducted in a sleepy, dreamy, slappy way, full of "atmosphere" — which is to say, a musical haze. Even Sir Thomas Beecham, the composer's greatest exponent, used to conduct Delius as though the orchestra were half asleep. The aim of *Summer Night on the River*, interpreted in this way, was to call up in the listener's mind vague impressions of "gnats and dragonflies darting over the water-lilies and the faint white mist hovering over the willow-tressed banks."

Mr. Druihan's treatment, in contrast, was short on atmosphere and astonishingly long on purely musical interest. What he sought to do, and accomplished with great success, was to make clear every nuance of Delius's subtle orchestration, inventive harmonies and complicated rhythmic effects. No gnats and dragonflies, no mist, no sleepiness — just the music, as it was composed. I found this performance a revelation — a revelation of their musical value in a piece I had always used as a pretext for daydreaming. In my new

enthusiasm I turned to Sir Thomas's recording again, and half the music wasn't there! It was hiding behind the willow-tressed banks, I suppose, you simply could not hear dozens of details that were perfectly clear to the eye in the orchestral score. Mr. Druihan is a conductor who lets you hear what is in the score. Can one pay a conductor a greater compliment than that?

Unfortunately, I can't pay the same compliment to Anthony Newman, who played and conducted Bach's D Minor Harpsichord Concerto at the Sherwood Hall concert. Mr. Newman is one of those musicians who is at the same time a "personality" like Glenn Gould, or Barbra Streisand. Sometimes he can be quite spectacular on a purely musical level, but one almost always detects in his performances a deep concern with his own interesting character and a conscientious effort to project it, even at the expense of the music. When Mr. Druihan conducts, you are conscious of Mozart or Delius. When Mr. Newman performs, it is Bach and Anthony Newman — and sometimes Anthony Newman and Bach.

I found it hard to understand the audience's enthusiasm for Mr. Newman's performance last week. Perhaps they were applauding his name, or his turtle-neck sweater, or his well-publicized devotion to transcendental meditation. I can't believe they were applauding Bach, who definitely got the short end of the baton. Conducting from the keyboard is in itself a matter of self-advertisement nowadays, and in any case it is absurd to think that a soloist can fly in, spend a few hours rehearsing with a group that doesn't know him from Landowska, and then expect them to follow every twitch of his eyebrow or nose. A good deal of the time, the orchestra was really not conducted at all — and that is what it sounded like. Alas, Mr. Newman did manage to get some of his ideas across. For example, the idea that at the end of practically every subsection of the music everything must slow down like a jogger who feels he is getting a heart attack. Those constant retards effectively destroyed all the rhythmic propulsion of this supremely — almost demagogically — propulsive music; but they certainly kept the audience aware of Anthony Newman. So did the grotesque electronic amplification of Mr. Newman's instrument, which would have been quite adequately *au naturel*, if Mr. Newman had not played it, with affected modesty, at the back of the stage. And as for his own playing — what a mess! Imprecision in the trills, imprecision in the runs, an unnecessary flamboyant ornamentation, general muddling of the sound, and a rhythmic articulation so imperfect that when he was playing solo you often not only lost the sense of the rhythm, you even lost the sense of the meter.

Luckily, it is Mr. Druihan who is staying with us in San Diego who will be teaching at UCSD and conducting the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra. Mr. Newman, having avowed his fate as a clubbable J.S.Bach has gone off to join the other stars of stage, screen and self-worship.

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THE ALBATROSS: NOVA, Monday through Thursday nights, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar, 755-8744

THE ANCIENT MARINER: RUBEN HUTCHINGS BAND, Wednesday through Sunday, 11:30, 2929, Shelter Island Dr., 424-6242

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: SWEAT & HOOD, Thursday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13 and Tuesday, July 16 and Wednesday, July 17, THE RIVINGTONS and O.D. CORRAL, Sunday and Monday, July 14 and 15, 916 Pearl St., La Jolla, 459-3300.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: MARC TURNBULL and THE NEW HONKY-TONK BAND, Wednesday, July 17, 8 and 10 p.m., 568 First St., Encinitas, 763-1776.

BOATHOUSE: REEF CODY, Wednesday through Sunday, through August, 2040 Harbor Blvd., San Diego, 281-8011.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: DAN MURPHY, Tuesday through Saturday, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

ROTSFORD'S OLD PLACE: EASY FEELING, Tuesday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 448-8888.

CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE, MOONSHOTS: Wednesday through Sunday, 12:30, 2502 Prospect, La Jolla, 454-5325.

CINNAMON CINDER: BLUE, Friday and Saturday, July 12 and 13, PAIN, Friday, July 12, 7578 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 465-9883.

CLIMAX LTD.: OHIO SOUL SUPERB, Thursday, July 11 to Sunday, July 14, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 16 and 17, 202 Market, 239-9356.

THE DEN: THRESHOLD, nightly, 583 North Second St., El Cajon, 447-4511.

FOLK ARTS: PHIL GROSS and JOHN BOSLEY, Friday and Saturday, July 12 and 13, 3743 Firm Ave., Hillcrest, 291-1786.

GOLDEN HALL: RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS, Friday, July 12, Community Concourse, C St., 236-8500.

IRON HORSE: TERRY ALLEN, Tuesday through Saturday, July 27, 6528 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 468-7663.

IRVY BARK, JANET and STEVE, Thursday, July 11 to Sunday, July 14, BILL ROBINSON, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 16 and 17, 911 Camino del Rio S., 295-9164.

JAMAICA JOE: CROSSBOW, Thursday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13, FACONA, Sunday and Monday, July 14 and 15, 5624 El Cajon Blvd., 583-4524.

LEDDRETTERS: BLITZ BROTHERS, Thursday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13, EMERGENCY EXIT, Sunday and Monday, July 14 and 15, 5624 El Cajon Blvd., 583-4524.

THE LOST KNIGHT: DON HOGSTED, Friday, Saturday, July 12 and 13, 4873 North Harbor Dr., 223-3833.

THE MOTHER LOUD: ROBERT SAUSAGE EXPLOSION, Thursday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13, WATERFALL, Sunday and Monday, July 14 and 15, 2806 Shelter Island Dr., 224-3611.

PARK PLACE LOUNGE: JERRY McCANN, Wednesday through Saturday, 12:30, 4177 Eastern Dr., Encinitas, 763-0320.

PARK PLACE LOUNGE: THE CHARADES, Wednesday through Sunday, PEACH, Monday and Tuesday, 1285 Fletcher Dr., El Cajon, 448-4111.

THE PEOPLE: ROAN BORDAGE, Thursday, July 11 to Saturday, July 13, TOMCAT, Sunday, July 14, NANCY WATTS, Monday, July 15 to Wednesday, July 17, 4870 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 223-9773.

PURPLE TURTLE: JOHN HARTMAN, Monday through Saturday, 9:130, Ramada Inn, 2151 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-6500.

THE SAFETY: HIGH VOLTAGE, Thursday, July 11 to Sunday, July 14, EDUNOV, 5:30, afternoon and Monday, July 15, 6322 Melia Ave., 263-4590.

SPORTS ARENA: J. GEILS BAND with PETER FRAMPTON, Tuesday, July 16, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Blvd., 224-4176.

THE SPORTSMAN: WILLY JACKSON SHOW, Friday, July 12 to Sunday, July 14, 5078 Logan, 262-0787.

SPRINGFIELD WORKS: TIM MORGAN, Wednesday through Saturday, through July 17, 5055 Kearny Villa Rd., Kearny Mesa, 565-2272.

STRAWHAT PIZZA PALACE: PACIFIC BLUEGRASS, Saturday, July 13, 8 p.m., Jackson and Fletcher Parkway, La Mesa, 460-8042.

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JOB: Need young lady to clean studio one a week. 22 and 30 years. 9 a.m. to 12 hours. \$11.00. 246-2410. Leave number if not here.

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WANTED: Offer to stay in Washington Spokane area. Will bring with experience. Call 274-4743 Mon. - Fri. 9:00 - 5:00. Ask for Joyce.

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LOOKING FOR A TRAVELING TRUCK with drivers and space to haul containers. Willing to pay 16 to 20 hours per week. 272-8854.

IM CRUISING NOW. So I need an old time bus to go with my new 38 Chevrolet if you have one for sale. 44 giraffe a call. 7m 31. 278-3233.

WANTED: Job tape recorder for operation or repair. Must be in working condition. Please leave message on machine if not here. Bill Hill 232-1312.

WANTED: Pop Mechanics. Pop Science. Mechanics. Illustrated or any woodworking magazine before 1986. Call 238-2167. Mail send into: Al Shur P.O. Box 493, Gardn. Cal. 92027.

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WE NEED YOU to help runways. Temporary. Be a part of a unique service project. No fly over night awards. Get people with something they love to share. Cook a meal, teach your thing. Two — hours a week. Project. 627-3303.

HELP ME split — need small station wagon can carry cash immediately to provide cash. No good call. Will 74-77521.

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(continued on page 12)

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(Continued from preceding page)

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DRAW TREBOR. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. **To them who have called according to the purpose. Bengi Nymak.**

COLF and Lynn's, etc. Who am I? Better you should ask what am I — a one creature vengeance force with your ultimate demise as your goal. **Nya ha na. Captain Phoenix.**

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PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED. Call 469-1191.

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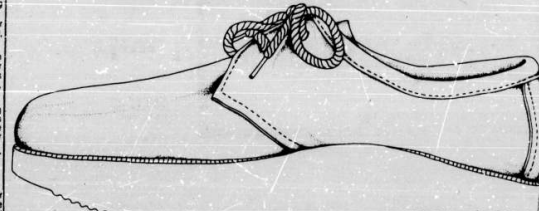
TRIOULET? DEPRESSED? Don't know where to turn? In your Bible please read Psalm 42:5 and Job 23: 15 and 18. **If you do not own the Public Library is well stocked with Bibles.**

SWEET OCCIDENTY did the Moon rise and the Sun set. **Star Shoe 291-3012.**

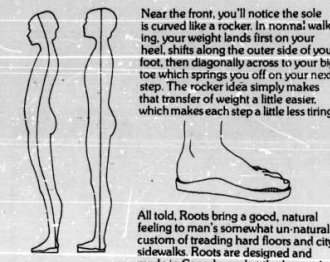
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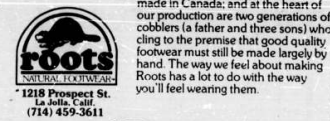
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