

READER

March 15, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

THE MOOD WAS DIFFERENT THIS TIME



-Theodore Burke-

The day started out in confusion. Nixon had ordered a stop to the draft two days before, and I was still going over my orders to report for a physical in Los Angeles. Would I have to go? Friends suggested that the orders were cancelled, but my doubts persisted.

"Yes," came a haggard voice over the line, "everyone who has received orders for the January 30th examinations must still report," the Selective Service lady paused and cleared her throat, "under penalty of law if they fail to do so." Her voice went upon the word "penalty". In the background, three other phones jangled for attention. More of the same, she must have thought. No use harassing her further. I thanked her, and she hung up without saying goodbye.

"It's all a goddamned lie," he said, "and as long as Nixon or any other fool who gets elected maintains we gotta be big brother to the rest of the world, we're always gonna have a draft." He caught his breath and loosened his collar. Pulling a pack of Marlboros out of his shirt pocket, he shook the pack with one well-rehearsed flip of his wrist. Two cigarettes popped out on cue. He put one between his lips and let it dangle a la Bogart, then offered the other one to me. His name was Jim, and so far, he and I were the only "Selective Service personnel" who had shown up at the Greyhound depot.

Spotting other unfortunates was easy. The long manila S.S. envelopes sticking out of a pocket were an easily recognizable badge. Jim was a twenty-six year old construction worker from Pacific Beach, and he had been up long, sullen. Cigarettes began to burn at their filters.

"Will all Selective Service personnel please report to Gate Five." The instructions were repeated, barely discernible through the loudspeaker's crackle.

"First time?" The guy next to me on the bus asked.

"No," I replied, "second time around for me. Was up there six months ago. Should be the last time, I judge."

He grinned and winked, "don't count on it sport. This is

to L.A. six times since he was twenty, managing each time to score a deferment for high blood pressure. The military doctors were suspicious of high blood pressure cases, he commented. "It's about the easiest condition to fake."

The depot resembled a convention. Others with manila envelopes in their pockets were just now arriving, clutching overnight bags and being harassed. Conversations between strangers centered around the common complaints of lost wages, ruined week end trips, hassles with school schedules. Then long moments of silence. Faces grew my fourth time. Those clowns won't believe my story about my bad leg." Hmm. My initial optimism dimmed a little.

Next to us, a bus full of Mexican nationals bound for Mexico City started to pull out. Some of the prettier girls waved at us. "God, I'd like to get into her pants," one short-haired guy across the row gasped at a girl walking away from the bus. He stood and peered out of his window, eyes wide. She saw his stare, and hurried into the waiting area inside. His row partner offered a look, but returned to his Agatha Christie paperback.

As we pulled out of the station, the driver fumbled with his public address microphone, but was only able to produce sick splutters. Obviously irked by this, he placed the mike, back on its perch. Clearing his throat several times, he called to our attention several rules of the road. No alcohol, please use the ash trays for cigarette butts, please remain seated at all times. "And if you fellas got any POT," he said, "well, save me the butts."

It was six o'clock by the time the bus pulled in front of the Normandie Wilshire Hotel. The Normandie looked older than it had the last time. Its business seemed to have been robbed by newer, more expensive hotels in the neighborhood. But new light fixtures had been installed, the walls had been re-paneled, modern furniture had replaced older. Minute portraits of world leaders hung from huge pillars. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip. The King of Denmark. President Nixon and Family.

The manager spoke to us as we lined up to get our room assignments. Welcome, welcome,

she pretends to Stuart that she is in fact married to David, because she wants to ensure that their affair remain properly illicit. David, in the meantime, is having a platonic affair with Maxine, an eighteen-year-old petrol pump attendant...



SAY WHO YOU ARE page 5

page 3

TWINKLE TOES' GLITTER GANG



if there is anything we can do to make your stay more enjoyable, blah, blah. Then his eyes narrowed as he came more to the point. All manner of alcoholic beverage is verboten, by order of the LAPD and the Armed Forces. He enumerated all the sneaky ways we couldn't get booze past him because he was "hip to em all." Why was the order imposed? He proceeded to a horror story about a young boy, who while stoned on "something", raced from the hotel lobby into Wilshire Boulevard traffic and was killed when struck by a car.

BORED, BORED, GOD-DAMNM, AM I BORED? my roommate Mike yelled out the window. The street below was empty of most traffic. A cup drove by, slowing down as he passed the hotel, but not stopping. I tapped Mike on the shoulder. "It's probably in our best interest to remain calm," I suggested, "at least for the time being. Wouldn't be any use to piss off the management right off." He shrugged, turned around, and fell face first on to his bed. "Turn on the TV," he growled.

"...and if you happen to be home when we call you, and if you guess the lucky word of the day..."

"CLICK!"
"All my men wear..."
"CLICK! CLICK!"
"...and it is the opinion of Channel 5 that hitchhiking has become a statewide disgrace. Last year there were eighty-nine rapes in..."

"CLICK!"
"What do you wanna do?"
"Get out of the hotel room before we go crazy, to begin

with."
The night was dull. We cruised Wilshire Blvd. for what was vaguely termed "action", but nothing materialized. My last trip here at least had its compensations in that we all partied the night before. But this time the mood was different. Subdued, restrained. No spirit of rebelling against the System. Maybe everyone was confident enough about the war's end.

"Wow," he said, "look at this!" Mike handed the book to me, carefully pointing to a picture he had been studying inside a porno shop. Finally, I put back my copy of *Teen Age Dog Feishes* and tugged at his sleeve. The man at the counter seemed to be getting a tin pressed out of my dog-eared merchandise. The sound of him clearing his throat was getting louder.

The cruise ended at a Denny's. Might as well get speeded on coffee, we concluded. No one would buy booze for us two minors. Let alone lend us his ID. Southern Comfort would be nice to have right now, or Tequila. "Or even a six pack of Coors," Mike sighed.

"Coors? I'd sooner drink piss," I replied, feeling the mild amphetamine effect of the coffee speed up my sentences. "Another cup?" asked the waitress.

"Sure."
Topics of conversation switched erratically. "Did you see *The Godfather*, man?"

"No, but how about *Five Easy Pieces*? Man, that was hip."

"Yeah, I saw that; it reminded me of a film on Mt. Helix in my sociology class."
"Hell? Nice country. Ever been to Carmel Valley? It's nice but are they screwing it up and,

hey, pass me a smoke."

"Hey, tell me this why did Channel 10 in San Diego show *The Ugly American* the same day the peace agreement was signed?"
The babble went on. Our ashtrays were overflowing with butts; our cups had been empty for at least twenty minutes. Two policemen walked in, took seats about four spaces from us and ordered coffee.

Jack Webb must have used the Induction Center as a setting for police headquarters in *Dragnet*. Like the show's set, the design was basic twentieth century utilitarian, void of flourishes or art work, save for some lobby pictures of Americans in combat. Two Jims. But somehow the atmosphere was less intimidating than my first time here.

Like most everyone else up here, I was armed with all available evidence to show just how unfit for the draft I was. My excuse was a hearing loss. The big question was whether these guys would make me strip to my underwear again or merely administer the hearing test.

Luckily, it was the latter. A doctor took my folder, perused it, and pointed down the hall. "Station 13," he said, "follow the yellow line all the way." I was ushered into a single sound-proof room. A pair of head phones dangled from a hook over a thick observation window.

The doctor took the head phones, handed them to me, and ran through the instructions. When you hear something, press that little button. When the sound disappears, release it at once. The button resembled one of those machine gun triggers you see in force pilots use in war movies.

(Continued on page 6)

events

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|----------|
| Acorn Quare | 480 E. | 234-9325 |
| Baroque Chamber Theatre | San Diego | 236-5204 |
| Bay Area College Theatre | Balboa Park | 236-2250 |
| Community Concourse | 14th & C Sts | 236-7854 |
| Community Playhouse | 340 S 8 St | 236-6510 |
| Crystal Palace Theatre | Silver Center, Donmadi | 425-4556 |
| Fine Arts Gallery | 3785 Ocean Front Walk | 488-8001 |
| Fox Arts | Balboa Park | 232-7931 |
| Jewish Community Center | 3243 La Jolla Ave. | 291-1786 |
| La Jolla Art Assn. | 4079 54th | 583-3300 |
| La Jolla Museum | 7917 Grand Ave. | 459-3001 |
| Mission Playhouse | 700 Prospect St. | 454-1183 |
| Old Globe Theatre | 3960 Mason, Old Town | 295-4453 |
| Palomar College Theatre | Balboa Park | 239-2250 |
| Palo Playhouse | Palomar College | 744-1150 |
| San Diego Art Institute | 373 Hale Ave., Escondido | 746-6669 |
| San Diego Public Library | Barboia Park | 234-5046 |
| Sports Arena | 820 E Street | 236-8500 |
| Tinkler Art Gallery | 3500 Sports Arena Blvd | 224-4171 |
| USO | Barboia Park | 239-5248 |
| USU Conservatory | La Jolla | 453-3262 |
| Valley Music Theatre | Pl. Loma | 224-2111 |
| | 350 Cedar Street | 239-0291 |
| | 1340 Broadway, El Cajon | 442-0473 |

MUSIC

ED LANGE, concert of Paraguayan harp and guitar music, UCSD Summer Auditorium, Thursday, March 8, 12 noon.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT directed by Benjamin Tunney, UCSD Building 407, Murneys Campus, Thursday, March 8, 4:00 P.M.

AMERICA Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Thursday, March 8, 8 P.M.



AMERICA

LA JOLLA CIVIC-UNIV. ORCHESTRA & CHORUS, UCSD Gym, Thursday, March 8, 8:00 P.M.

CHAMBER MUSIC, UCSD Mathews Campus Recital Hall, Thursday, March 8, 4:00 P.M.

WESTWOOD WIND QUINTET, Conservatory Outdoor Fine Arts, Recital Hall, Friday, March 9, 11:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M.

S.E. NEFF AND THE KORN FAMILY, Fine Arts, Friday, March 9, 8:00 P.M.

LA JOLLA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA and vocalists Zina Schiff, Sherwood Hall, La Jolla, Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, 8:30 P.M.

COLD BLOOD AND WHITE HORSE, Warburgers, Friday through Sunday, March 9-11, 9:00 P.M. and 11:00 P.M.

HELEN DELL, organist, Southland Music Center, 3455 Imperial Avenue, Lemon Grove, Saturday, March 10, 8:00 P.M.

THE SCHUBERTIANS OF UCSB, Saint James Episcopal Church, La Jolla, Saturday, March 10, 8:00 P.M.

ANGUS GODWIN, trombone, Grossmont High School Auditorium, Saturday, March 10, 8:15 P.M.

LOREN SALTER, tenor, Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, Sunday, March 11, 4:00 P.M.

KING BISCUIT LIGHT BRIGADE, MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE AND RUSHBY CENTER, 4079 54th St., Sunday, March 11, 12 noon to 5:00 P.M. free. (Bring something to eat on.)

FRED WARING and the Pennsylvanians, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Sunday, March 11, 8:00 P.M.

Concourse, Sunday, March 11, 8:00 P.M.

ROBERT HAFFENDEN, pianist, Atherton, La Jolla, Monday, March 12, 12 noon.

VAN CLOONEN, Mira Costa College Auditorium, Tuesday, March 13, 8:15 P.M.

KRIS JUNGLE Jim MONTHLY DANCE, featuring YAZ, Thursday, March 15, The Palace Complex, 4025 Pacific Hwy.

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, POLYARTS OF REBELLION, USIU, Golden Gym, Monday, March 12, 8:00 P.M. Free.

AMERICAN COMPOSER AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Donald Eric, UCSD Building 409, Matthews Campus, Tuesday, March 13, 12 noon.

VERE WOLF previews *The Daughter of the Regiment*, Central Public Library, Tuesday, March 13, 7:00 P.M.

ROD SERLING LECTURE AND FILM SERIES, Screens, Slides - Some *Off-the-Cuff Observations About Current American Art Forms*, Cal State Univ., Montezuma Hall, Aztec Center, Wednesday, March 14, 7:00 P.M. Free.

ALAN MILLER speaks on photography, Sherwood Hall, La Jolla, Wednesday, March 14, 8:00 P.M.

A PARTICIPATORY EVENT by the DOZEN, Jeff Raskin production, UCSD Art Gallery, Humanities Administration Building, Thursday, March 15, 7:00 P.M. Friday, March 15, 7:00 P.M.

Please submit items for the READER events calendar by calling 276-3866 or type them on a 3x5 card and send to: READER, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138

PAULINE OLIVEROS, PME Presentation, Pavilion, Friday, March 9, 8:00 P.M. The theatre of ancient trumpeters, UCSD, Saturday, March 10, Advance reservations necessary, call 453-2000, ext. 2892.

BASEBALL, Aztecs vs. U. of Arizona, Cal State Univ., Smith Field, Friday, March 9, 2:30 P.M.

BASEBALL, Aztecs vs. U. of Arizona, Cal State Univ., Smith Field, Saturday, March 10, 12 noon.

TENNIS, Aztecs vs. UC, Santa Barbara, Cal State Univ., Tennis Courts, Sunday, March 11, 11:00 A.M.

BASKETBALL, Conquistadors vs. Utah State, Peterson Gym, Cal State Univ., Sunday, March 11, 7:30 P.M.

RODEO, Sports Arena, Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10, 8:00 P.M. Sunday, March 11, 2:30 P.M.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

DAVID FRISK, chessman, furniture, wood sculpture and panels, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Sunday, March 11, through April 1.

BRUCE BEASLEY, ucle sculptures, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through April 1.

MAX BECKMAN GRAPHICS, German expressionist, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through April 8.

HUNG HSIEN, contemporary Chinese woman painter of the Fifth Moon Group, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through April 8.

KIBBY LINAWEAVER AND SUZI FITZPATRICK, mixed media pieces, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, through April 8.

ANITA STORCK, paintings and drawings, Central Library.

ALLAN MILLER, Paris and Accessories, photographic works, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

LES LAWRENCE, ceramic sculptures, Boehm Gallery, Palomar College.

MARTHA SMITH AND OFA JULLI, La Jolla Art Association.

THE BILL COSBY SHOW, plus Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, March 9, 8:00 P.M.

MOVIE, *Israel, the Land and its People*, Madison High School, 4833 Dovea Dr., Thursday, March 8, 8:00 P.M. Free.

ORMAND MAGILL, Hypnotist and Vespertine, USD Student Union, Friday, March 9, 7:30 P.M.

LECTURES AND TALKS

LECTURE SERIES, Exploring Cable Television, UCSD, 2100 Basic Science Bldg., Thursday, March 8, 4:00 P.M.

EXPODRAMA, *Four Fatihm World*, Concourse, Friday, March 9, 8:15 P.M.

CONNOISSEUR SERIES, *The Rise and Decline of the Royal Families of Mexico*, and *Secrets, Brain Wonders and Scavenger Hunt*, James C. McPherson Auditorium, Fine Arts Center, Saturday, March 10, 10:30 A.M. Admission \$2.00 for non-members, reservations required.

SURVEY 1973, juried crafts exhibition, Cal State Univ., West Commons Gallery, through April 20, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Free.

TWO MAN student sculpture and painting exhibit, Cal State Univ., Art Department, Gallery, through March 16, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Free.

GRAPHICS AND PAINTINGS, Dorothy Stratton, USD Founders' Gallery, through April 15.

POOR LITTLE MICHAEL FINNEGAN, Mission Playhouse, Saturday, 8:30 P.M.

JAPANESE, Peach Festival, doll collection, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Sunday, March 11.

THE BOY FRIEND, North County Community Theatre, 1320 Grand Ave., San Marcos, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M. through March 18.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD, Cal State University, Dramatic Arts Building, March 9, 9:10, 8:00 P.M.

DINNER BRIDGE, FACE CARDS, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays & Sundays through March 11, 8:30 P.M.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Valley Music Theatre, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:00 P.M. Sundays at 7:00 P.M. through March 11.

GETTING MARRIED, Cassius Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, Thursday and Sunday at 8:00 P.M. Friday and Saturday at 8:30 P.M. through April 1 (Matinee Sunday, March 11 at 2:00 P.M.)

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays through Saturdays until March 24, 8:30 P.M.

OLD TIMES, Mission Playhouse, Old Town, Fridays 8:30 P.M.

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Photographers' Workshop
8151 Fairmont Extension, Suite 113, San Diego, Sat. March 17 or Sun. March 18, 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Fee: \$10.00 (may be tax deductible). Enrollment limited. Advanced registration required. 283-5558

HARD ROCK EDGE



-Theodore Burke-

Producer Lou Adler (of Mamas and Papas/Spirit fame) had a flash one night as he slept. "Why not do the Who's rock opera all over again," his dream told him, "but this time, give it the works! Big orchestra with violins and oboes and kettle drums and a choir and a number of Superstars thrown in as 'Guest Soloists.' It can't miss." From there, one assumes, Adler woke up, wrote the idea down and proceeded to work on it the next morning.

The guest soloists sound equally confused. Rod Stewart's "Pinball Wizard" is tired with the none of the usual Stewart expertise. His voice rarely transcends a strangled caricature of itself. Steve Winwood's "Father" is absolute Second Diner, the pathos of his voice removed. Ringo as uncle Ernie is lovable, but dumb. Everyone else seems to share the same strip throat condition. Even Arthur Peter Townshend's narration is indifferent. (Given the bridemaids who prance behind David's train.

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TWINKLE TOES GLITTER GANG

-Brandon Wander-

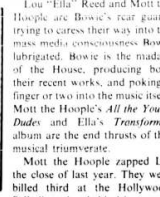
Spinning from Saturn's rings into the spaced pan-sexuality of the city of LA descend David Bowie and The Spiders from Mars. David Bowie will sprinkle fairy dust on the glitter children of Sunset Strip this Saturday under the guise of legitimate concerts. In this, his second galactic journey through the American heartland, he and RCA mean to clean up on the coming twinkie bottom, "Deep Throat" sect. But same strip throat condition. Even Arthur Peter Townshend's narration is indifferent. (Given the bridemaids who prance behind David's train.

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5275 Kettner Blvd. San Diego, CA 92107



LOU REED-TRANSFORMER

Lou "Fella" Reed and Mott the Hoople are Bowie's rear guard, trying to career their way into the mass media consciousness. Bowie (labeled) is the madman of the House, producing both their recent works, and poking a finger or two into the music itself. Mott the Hoople's *All the Young Dudes* and *Ellie's Transformer* album are the end throats of this musical truncheon.

Mott the Hoople zapped LA the close of last year. They were billed third at the Hollywood Palladium, but behind iron-cross guitars, bellybutton tie tops, and hair-sprayed mops, Mott made a definite splash. Hoople hoopla has romanced the FM jocks, and squizzed the Hollywood Mondo Bizarro. Title track "All the Young Dudes," written by Bowie for Hoople just when they were about to break up, was their first top 40's infiltration. It's Bowieized to the point that Ian Hunter, piano and lead vocals, sounds like Ziggy.

An independent identity or Mott is difficult in coming. The album starts with Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane." But Ian, Ralph, Overend Watts, Buffin, and Verden "Fally" Allen bring their own rock grinder with "Momma's Little Jewel," electronic wizardry slithering into "All the Young Dudes." Typical of Bowie products, "Dudes" has "ooohing" high background vocals with Ian's lead bouncing around and off them.

"Sucker" comes in sharp halting motions, Bowie lending a hand with sleek axes. A simple, clean song, it's happily without diffusive background sound aimed at mindless volume. "Jerkin Croust" finishes side one, tussling at first thrust like vintage Rollingstone brown sugar. Flip side's a notch down. "One of the Boys" is dialed on the phone (literally). Bowie and right-hand man Mick Ronson, arranging strings and brass for the final 1812 "Sea Diver" overture, slip instead of bob and make Mott miss the spot. Still, *All the Young Dudes* marks a solid five stars on a one to six scale.

Lou Reed is also pushed under Bowie's blanket. But he barely needs it. Reed displays original material some of it plain lousy and cliché ridden, some grittier and harder-hitting than Ziggy's. No passenger whispering in Lou's ears, but he does a lot of corny fag trapping.

"Beat-the-price-increase"

(Yes Sonny, most components are going up 10-20% very soon due to the dollar devaluation)

SALE \$274.05

"HI-FI ALLEY"
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WOLVES

READER'S GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO MOVIES

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Across 110th Street - Despite the Harlem crime flick's usual cool/hot cats and hip/didjays and upright violence, the general impression created by Barry Shear's slick film technique is one of bourgeois industry. Every mobology bannister is shined up with lemon oil and every piece of plot machinery is liberally greased. With Anthony Quinn and Vaghi Kato. (A-C; Drive In)

Avanti - One of the best 1959 movie made in 1972. Billy and Betty's latest caper today, bene, it's Samuel Taylor French's romantic comedy. In several layers of undertones, rising from the director's complex blend of sources, very sentimental, and com. Playing off Jack Lemmon's parented Irish-American businessman, Juliet (sister of Hale) Mills lives up to the promise that was held in limbo during her NANNY television series. (North Park; South Bay Drive In)

Bye Bye Birdie - Musical comedy of rock and roll idols, fanatical fans, Ed Sullivan, small-town family life, commercialism, etc., etc. The prolonged exposure to a certain myth and its attendant and -underably-realities, the blaring color, directed by George Sidney's suave vulgarity, and Ann-Margaret's full-bloom innocent sexuality are a combination that may be harmful to delicate nervous systems, but this is a capsule of American culture too potent to pass up. (Unicorn; 3/10 midnight only)

Cabaret - Liza Minelli asks to be loved all ways - as a sexbomb, an awkward adolescent, as a Carnegie Hall entertainer - and it's all done with a wit and setting of 1932 Germany contain an inherent moodiness. And it's all done with a wit and setting of 1932 Germany contain an inherent moodiness. And it's all done with a wit and setting of 1932 Germany contain an inherent moodiness. (Fashion Valley; UA Cinema 3)

Carnal Knowledge - Mike Nichols' first feature film, directed on sexual mores. With Ann-Margaret, Jack Nicholson and Art Carlucci. (Ken)

Catch 22 - Joseph Heller's novel, re-done by Mike Nichols with help from cameraman David Wain and Anthony Perkins and Alan Arkin. (Ken)

The Damned - Visconti's tremendous, horrendous vision of the world. It starts inside a furnace and for three hours thereafter presents an almost tangible disease. Starring Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger. (Paloma 3/9-11)

Deliverance - Rather too strongly photographed; but this little picture about four Atlanta businessmen out of their element in the uncivilized hillbilly country is very interesting, especially by Robert Redford and Burt Reynolds. The very truckers' manliness is the key to the movie's success, and the varying responses in the facing-up and facing-downs provide much cover. The film is narrated by John Boorman from a script by James Dickson of his own best-seller. (Cinema)

Derby - Cinema Verite excursion into the roller derby scene catches the inner view of the skaters, their bruising bouts and city-to-city traveling and locker room sessions as well as the outside view of a newspaper worker who watches on television and aspires to skating stardom himself. A perceptive rendering of lower-middle class milieu, people. Directed by Robert Kivler. (U.C. 3/10 only)

The Devils - Ken Russell's ghoulish vision of the exorcising of evil spirits at Loudon, done in three basic colors - black and white and blood - in constant swarming motion. As ridiculous as can be, but too repulsive to be laughable. (Academy)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie - Luis Buñuel's latest reminder that, at age 72, he's still on the way. If the student revolutionaries seem a bit off-keg, the South American ambassador and the Catholic Bishop and the loyal maid and the various dreamers are extremely comely. The gags are elaborated with considerable language and redundancy, and they mostly tire out before the movie. But it's quite involving for Buñuelian insiders; for others it may be incomprehensible or indifferent. Very easy to drive very well-behaved, very bourgeois. (Center 3 Cinemas)

The Emigrants - Jan Troell's tribute to the Swedish emigrants of 19th Century who took off the blinding color, directed by George Sidney's suave vulgarity, and Ann-Margaret's full-bloom innocent sexuality are a combination that may be harmful to delicate nervous systems, but this is a capsule of American culture too potent to pass up. (Unicorn; 3/10 midnight only)

Four Daughters - A musician and his wife, Priscilla Lane, etc. and their loves (John Garfield, etc.). Directed by John Ford. (U.C. 3/10 only)

Erotic Films - Collection of erotic shorts from the Crow's Nest stockpile. (Unicorn)

The French Connection - Low minded tirade takes incessant waves at one ubiquitous on crime and over the top. Directed by John Schlesinger, starring Clint Eastwood, one of the editing of this movie, which may be a bit over the top. Directed by John Schlesinger, starring Clint Eastwood, one of the editing of this movie, which may be a bit over the top. (North Park; Ace Drive In; Aero Drive In; South Bay Drive In)

I Love You Alice B. Toklas - A reputable, buttoned-up Jewish attorney drops out into hippieism. As might be expected, the Hollywood notion of sub-

The Getaway - Sam Peckinpah's uncomplicated ex-con on the lam yarn covers some family fun and familiar territory, train robbery, car chase, and the open road. There is relatively little action but when it comes it's hard to resist. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Linda)

Jeremiah Johnson - The saga of a mountain man, salted with humorally, self-conscious "legendary" qualities - ballads, homely colloquial narration, and a few touches of the "ballad" (especially golden-haired Robert Redford) trying to be lovable, and who Pollock's direction trying for aloof, expensive picture. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Linda)

Lady Sings the Blues - Fictionalized biography of Billie Holiday, and the inaccuracies will probably leave Holiday worshippers uncomfortable. But Diana Ross, in her acting debut, has excelled with surprising success from her Supreme mannerisms and lives entirely inside her role. Stazzy period hardos and costumes, and the movie, even though it is excessive length and narrative clichés. (Fashion Valley)

The Man of La Mancha - Cervantes' hero musicalized, musicalized, musicalized and finally Peter O'Toole. (U.C. 3/10 only)

The Heartbreak Kid - Uncanny-funny, and directed by Elaine May, this comedy has more cruel meaning than most scripts with Neil Simon's name attached. Charles Grodin (a cross between Redford and Hoffman) meets his dream girl (a Clairol golden-haired Minnesota princess, Cybill Shepherd) while on his honeymoon in Miami Beach. It stumps pretty far for the sake of the laughs, particularly at the expense of the pathetic little bride (Jeanie Berlin, Elaine May's daughter), Eddie Albert, as the backbone of Middle America and Fatherhood, is terribly hollow and unengaged, however. (Center 3 Cinemas)

Midnight Cowboy - James Leo Herlihy's appealing story of a teenager and a stud (Woody from Voight) who travel to Manhattan in order to sell his body to deprived city women and family men into gutter companionship with an afflicted scrounger (Dustin Hoffman). Except for Voight's performance on occasion, the movie is a wally soft - the movie is a wally soft - the movie is a wally soft - the movie is a wally soft. (Linda)

Murder, My Sweet - The first screen Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) adapted from the first Raymond Chandler mystery novel (FARWELL, MY LOVE). Directed by Edward Dmytryk. (U.C. 3/10 only)

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

The Poseidon Adventure - Something a little different in time-ticking away, struggle-for-survival epics: The characters are obviously not meant to die, but a mercy for everyone if they were all eliminated, which can be said through quite easily out of tolerance for film. (Center 3 Cinemas; UA Cinema 2)

Prison Girls - In 3-D and rated X. (California)

Red Sun - Uninspiring adventure permits such badly dubbed music as a Tashiro-Mifune-Deton and Yusa Andress to join Charles Bronson in a self-indulgent game of con games and Indians. A costume party with a few good scenes from Spain and directed by Terence Young, who might have been in the time, sending instructions by carrier pigeon. (Pacific Drive In)

Reverend Madness - A 1936 "shocker" about the evil weed has been dug up, primarily for laughs, by a good, who wait to feel superior. (La Paloma; 3/9-11)

Save the Tiger - The first line is "But" and the second is "When the lunatic" and by Kennedy, spare, vivid, comic-strip compositions, in Panavision; clearly defined, concrete space, large vacant spaces; occasional terse, steady, horizontal or vertical camera moves. The dominant image is of truncated chain-links (a string of riders, row of men, coral fence, railroad train) hanging together, in comedy fashion, amidst infinite desolation, loneliness. With John Wayne and Ann-Margaret. (Tu Vu Drive In)

The Sensitive Teenager - Not as good as teenagers, as the title suggests, but not from Denmark as the French original. This is an unusually skillful piece of French erotica from cult director Alex Pécas and his faithful cameraman Robert Lefebvre. The film is done in patterns (corporeal images) and against patterns (pretty disguised Texaco adverbs) in superb color. Starring Sandra Julien, Jean-Louis Trintignant, whose dialogue and dubbing are ridiculous, but whose bodies are at home in a sex fantasy. (Plaza; Big Sky Drive In)

Shall - Richard Roundtree as a black private eye dressed in rather suit and added emphasis by Isaac Hayes' musical motif. Directed by Gordon Parks. (Parkway 1)

Shampoo - There's a good, fast, fiery opening and a good, pokey, comic follow-up, to begin this ambitious private eye case. Before the end, the small-minded takes over with numberless, tasteless mistics. But Bert Reynolds gets plenty of chance to exhibit his athleticism and subtle comic improvising. Directed by Buzz Feiszler, who seems to have heated a few ideas from THE BIG SKY. (U.C. 3/10 only)

Skykidd - Bargain basement AIRPORT, played out with some dedication by Charlton Heston and James Earl Ray and airport sterility and bus and air-port stewardesses uniforms. (Alvarado Drive In)

Sleuth - Anthony Shaffer's veddy veddy, Heston and Reynolds in respective death scenes are the big events of the movie. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Cinema 21)

Sometimes a Great Notion - Lattagat emong by Richard Jack and Henry Ford in respective death scenes are the big events of the movie. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Cinema 21)

Sounder - Authentically intently peeks through with the title song in time-ticking away, struggle-for-survival epics: The characters are obviously not meant to die, but a mercy for everyone if they were all eliminated, which can be said through quite easily out of tolerance for film. (Center 3 Cinemas; UA Cinema 2)

Steely Blues - Flattering image of sordid's outcasts and outlaws. So as a referee's hiding from harassment in industrial life. Directed by Terence Young, who might have been in the time, sending instructions by carrier pigeon. (Pacific Drive In)

The Train Robbers - Odd, minimalist western by Burt Kennedy, spare, vivid, comic-strip compositions, in Panavision; clearly defined, concrete space, large vacant spaces; occasional terse, steady, horizontal or vertical camera moves. The dominant image is of truncated chain-links (a string of riders, row of men, coral fence, railroad train) hanging together, in comedy fashion, amidst infinite desolation, loneliness. With John Wayne and Ann-Margaret. (Tu Vu Drive In)

Travels with My Aunt - Whatever happened to the Maggie Smith who used to score heavy, but surreptitiously, in humble supporting roles? Having collected an Oscar for her worst screen performance as Jean Brodie, here she returns worse yet, mating the George Cukor decor in audacious, over-the-top mannerisms that are a dispirited British gentleman to open his arms to life, is told so that the audience is a sex fantasy ahead of every astonishing revelation. Two flashbacks that are a dispirited British gentleman to open his arms to life, is told so that the audience is a sex fantasy ahead of every astonishing revelation. (Cove; Parkway 2; Alvarado Drive In)

Twelve Chairs - Mel Brooks' latest for the force is, sometimes resorts to fast motion to keep up the hectic, does the obvious. Revolution Russia, about a cross-country treasure hunt for jewels hidden in a stuffed chair. With actors like Brooks, Ron Moody, and Don DeLoe, the content does not seem to emphasize anything the opposition so much as out-mugging them. (U.C. 3/10 only)

Up the Sandbox - Grayish-toned New York comedy hovers basally around fashion and feminist themes, although it never lights on anything, except in the way of ideas, characters, plot. The focus is Streisand as a Columbia professor's wife who has no life of her own, except in her ridiculous, out-mugging them. (U.C. 3/10 only)

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good nasty fun



SAW YOU YOU ARE

Jonathan Saville

Bedroom face is an established dramatic genre with a number of fine characteristics. Its main theme is adultery; its linguistic medium is risqué wit; its characters are flat, being shaped exclusively by their role in the intrigue (cuckolded husband, lustful mistress, etc.). And its plot is artificial and complicated, involving mistaken identities, overhear conversations, hairbreadth escapes from discovery, and other familiar devices descended from the comedies of Plautus and Terence. When written and performed with real expertise, it can be very funny.

The best examples of the genre tend to serve various social and psychological purposes as well. *Saw You You Are*, currently playing in an excellent production at the Old Globe Theatre, is no masterpiece, but as bedroom farce it is by no means negligible. The plot is of the usual type, with a few variations to give it a contemporary flavor.

Unbeknownst to London businessman David Lord, his wife Sarah has lent her Kensington flat to her friend Valerie for Friday evening assignations with Stuart, a married man. Valerie, an analytical chemist, is single, but she pretends to Stuart that she is in fact married to David, because she wants to ensure that their affair remain properly illicit. Having a platonically close relationship with a man, she is having an eighteen-year-old

WOODSTOCK
plus
Peter Sellers in I LOVE YOU CATCH-22 ALICE B. TOKLAS
STRAND Theatre ALL SEATS 75¢

doing symbolically all along. The result of castration is impotence, and that too is a pervasive theme here, from actual impotence in bed to a hilariously funny bit of stage business involving the withdrawing of the cork from a champagne bottle. The play's final judgment on the sexes is that man is an impotent blunderer, his character reduced to omelet by his sexual need for woman, and that woman is, in David's words, "the immortal slut."

The conventionality of the genre, the conventionality of this archetypal view of the sexes, and the conventionality of the characters themselves (for they are the most ordinary middle-class people, with no really individual characteristics) are all reflected in the paradoxically banal quality of much of the play's language. All the characters, but particularly the two men, repeatedly define their roles in quotations from soap operas and the lives of famous women. A man, we are told, "needs to stand tall among his fellows"; another character declares himself to be engaged in "picking up the threads of a shattered life." Even the lives of characters lead, their passions, deceptions and adulteries, all seem patterned after the way people do these things in bad films and bad plays in bedroom farces, in fact, the elements of parody, both of the genre itself and (by implication) of a sophisticated modern society in which you "saw you are" sexually by living through the clichés of cheap fiction, makes Waterhouse and Hall's play not only a cleverly managed bedroom farce but also a cutting (sic) commentary on the real face of the bedroom, and not only in Kensington.

Don't be afraid that this psychological and social commentary and the conscious literariness that conveys it are so much in evidence that you are in for an evening of "deep" theater. Everything is swiftly paced and full of laughs; it is all good, nasty fun. Director Charles Nelson never lets us or his actors forget that farce must above all, be entertaining, and the four actors - Robert Hays, Dagmar Box, Jennifer Henn, and Anthony Drake - do a splendid job of communicating the brittle frenzy of errors and revelations that constitutes the proper tone of this kind of drama. Only now and then do they give us a momentary glimpse of the cruelty and fear that would tyrannize the souls of any people in the real world resembling the flatly artificial monsters and victims they are playing. There is just enough of a dread to make your stomach flutter, but it is controlled so well that afterwards you scarcely know you have been terrified - not as a quarter-second shot of cannibals at dinner were almost imperceptible to flash by the midst of the Lucy Show. □

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