

**HOW THE  
DEL MAR  
WHIZ KIDS  
BLEW \$16  
MILLION BUCKS  
part 2**

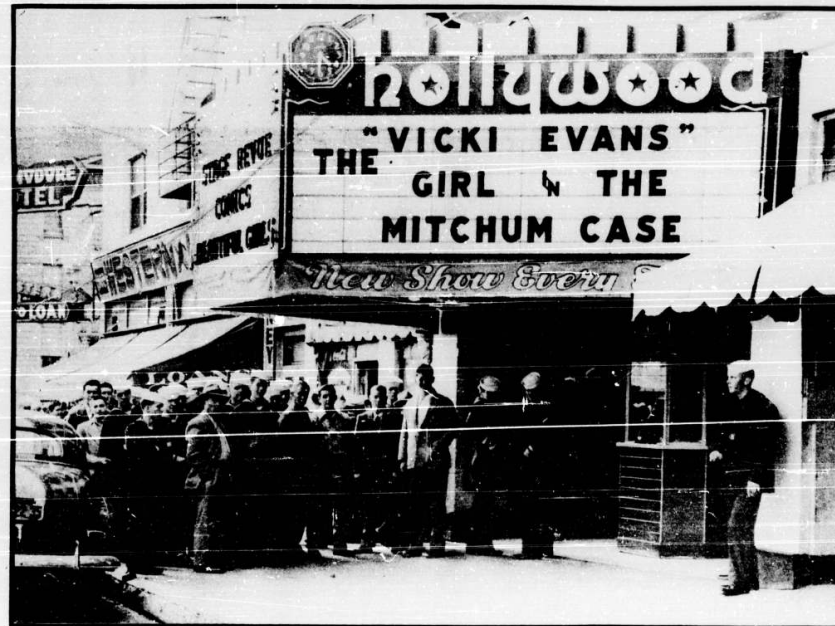
**SAN DIEGO'S  
ONLY COMPLETE  
MOVIE GUIDE  
FREE CLASSIFIEDS  
EVENTS  
TELEVISION**

# READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

June 21, 1973

**"This Is The Elephant's Grave, You Know."**



Robert Mitchum... had just been caught with drugs, and this girl was with him... the crowd is waiting five-deep in a line that winds around the block outside an already packed theatre.

San Diego. I think it will always remain a ghost town to me, no matter how many office buildings shoot for the sky, no matter how many re-development projects tear down the old and exalt the look of tomorrow. I cannot find the pulse of this city, try as I may, except in the few old places where the past is more alive than the present. There the echoes drown out today's silences.

Every city, after all, has its own distinct rhythm. I remember back in New York, on East 14th St., the old man who was always walking along that street chanting:

"Change, change, change, change. Change, change, change, change. Change," he would moan. And he did well at his calling. His particular talent was knowing how to catch the beat of the street of the city, and strike a responsive chord in the people he wanted to reach.

Echo of a distant vitality in this bland town, where does it pulse from? From the years of World War II, when Broadway and G Street were so crowded you could barely make your way through them, when the scene was the desperate post-time of war-time, when the sailors who had known

for too long only the measured rhythm of the waves came ashore to find a more frenetic beat, something to warm and thicken their blood. It was, of course, just a brief shore-pass from one unreal world to another. San Diego had become a town heart and soul dedicated to catering to its deluge of hungry sailors, with entertainment, girls, food, drink, music, concentrated doses of sensory stimuli, a wild neon life to counteract the spell of the somber spectre.

(continued on page 4)

BY CONNIE SCHLOSSBERG

# events

**Actors' Quarter**  
California State Univ.  
Crested Gate Theatre  
City College Theatre  
Community Concourse  
Coronado Playhouse  
Crystal Palace Theatre  
Folk Arts Theatre  
Folk Arts  
Jewish Community Center  
La Jolla Art Center  
La Jolla Museum  
Mission Playhouse  
Old Globe Theatre  
Palomar College Theatre  
Palo Alto Playhouse  
San Diego Art Institute  
San Diego Public Library  
Sports Arena  
Tinseltown Art Gallery  
UCSD  
USU Performing Arts  
Valley Music Theatre

480 Elm  
San Diego  
Baboo Park  
14th & C Sts.  
236-6510  
Coronado Playhouse  
3785 Ocean Front Walk  
232-7931  
Folk Arts  
4617-14th  
La Jolla Art Center  
1917 Grand Ave.  
La Jolla Museum  
700 Prospect St.  
3960 Mason, Old Town  
239-2255  
Palomar College Theatre  
373 Haze Ave., Escondido  
234-5445  
820 E Street  
3000 Sports Arena Blvd.  
234-4171  
Tinseltown Art Gallery  
UCSD  
350 Cedar Street  
239-0391  
1340 Broadway, El Cajon  
242-0473

LENNY starring Sandy Baron. Off Broadway Theatre. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Through June 24, 8:30 P.M.  
FORTY CARATS. Coronado Playhouse. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays through June 30, 8:30 P.M.  
THE GINGERBREAD LADY a play by Neil Simon. Mission Playhouse. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.

## sports

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday, June 19, 7:30 P.M.  
BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, San Diego Stadium, Wednesday, June 20, 7:30 P.M.

Please submit items for the Reader Events page by calling 276-3000 or send typed manuscript to the Reader, Box 9000, San Diego, CA 92138

## music

ROD SPILL, by the Young Actors Workshop, Mary Star of the Sea Auditorium, 7727 Grand, La Jolla, Thursday, 14, 7:30 P.M.  
PRINCE, Thursday, June 14, 8:00 P.M.  
and Saturday, June 16, 8:00 P.M.  
June 19, The Palace Complex, 4025 Pacific Highway, San Diego

RARE EARTH, San Diego Sports Arena, Friday, June 15, 8:00 P.M.

THE RICK AND JOE SHOW and JERRY COTTELL, Friends of Old Time Folk Music, Folk Arts, Friday and Saturday, June 15 and 16, 8:00 P.M.

SWEET OLD ROCK and ROLL, featuring the Dintars, the Olympics and the Meadowlarks, Folk Arts, Friday and Saturday, June 15 and 16, 8:00 P.M.

GLEN YARROUGH and THE 11 MILLERS, San Diego Civic Theatre, Saturday, June 16, 8:00 P.M.  
SAN DIEGO YOUTH SYMPHONY, Casa del Prado Auditorium, Balboa Park, Sunday, June 17, 1:00 and 3:00 P.M.

## lectures and talks

ANTHROPOLOGIST MARGARET MEAD speaks of "Our Open Ended Future," San Diego Civic Theatre, Wednesday, June 20, 8:00 P.M.

## dance

THE LONDON BALLET, with Dame Margot Fonteyn, San Diego Civic Theatre, Thursday and Friday, June 14 and 15, 8:00 P.M.

## museums and galleries

1930's EXPOSITIONS, a photographic show, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through July 1.

NAVAJO ARTS AND CRAFTS - demonstrations and exhibits of Navajo rug weaving, silver smithing, jewelry, arts by Navajo Artists and Crafts Guild of Window Rock, Arizona, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, through June 17, 10 A.M.-4:30 P.M.

GALLERY 8, traditional and contemporary African art, as well as other hand-made crafts (jewelry, ceramics, baskets, weavings) from U.S. and abroad, International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD Tuesday through Saturday, 11 A.M.-5 P.M.

HU-CHI-CHUNG, paintings by contemporary artist of Fifth Moon group, representing the Chinese ink wash painting movement, Fine Arts Gallery, through June 15.

KIBBY LINAWEAVER and SUZI KITZPATRICK, mixed media pieces, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, through June 15.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Lillian Fayman, Harry Crosby and John Waggaman, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, through June 15.

PHILIPPINES: Isles of Many Cultures, Museum of Man, Balboa Park.

JOHN DIRKS, constructions and kinetic sculptures, Founder's Gallery, UCSD, through June 29.

TEMPURA and watercolor paintings by Robert Victoria, featuring abstract realist, through July 8, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park.

INDIANS OF THE WEST COAST: Rare turn-of-the-century photographs and artifacts depicting life of the Indians, San Diego Civic Theatre.

## theatre

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday, Sunday, Wednesday, June 16, 7:30, 8:30 P.M.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, June 15, 16, 17, 18, 8:30 P.M.

SANDWICHES AND BEER, presented by Theatre Research and Development, Crystal Palace Theatre, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 9:30 P.M. through June 24.

## the convention

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## THE PACIFIC BEACH

### convention

IS A HEAD SHOP...

BUT this week you can buy your GUITAR STRINGS at the convention for

off by mentioning the READER.

D'ANGELO, MARTIN, GIBSON, FENDER, GUILD, LABELLA, ERNIE BALL, EARTHWOOD, BLACK DIAMOND, DARCO, and AUGUSTINE.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 21, 1973.

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Saturday Review

AN  
EDUCATIONHow the Del Mar Whiz Kids  
Blew 16 Million Bucks

part 2

Nicholas Charney

BY BOB KUTTNER

Since June, 1971, [MORE] A Journalism Review has been an intelligent and driving force for journalistic excellence in this country. The following article, from the May, 1973, issue is copyrighted by [MORE], P.O. Box 2971, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017, and is reprinted with their permission and our appreciation. Subscription rates (and well worth it) are: 1 year—\$10, 2 years—\$18 and 3 years—\$25.

The autumn bailout by investors Louis Marx Jr. of the toy fortune, investment banker Daniel Larkin, and the Rock Island Corporation left Charney and Veronis with badly watered SR stock, amounting to less than 10 percent of the total, and to early prospect of going public, as they originally planned. It also left a self-fulfilling cycle of bad trade publicity, a jittery advertising department, and some very nervous investors, who promptly inserted Frederick Wyle as chairman of a new "executive committee" to monitor the operation. Charney, whose own control clearly had diminished, insisted that Wyle was just what the doctor ordered. "Fred is a very down-to-earth, numbers-oriented guy. He is providing us with a kind of in-house skepticism, a general executive ability that the business badly needed. In the Defense Department, Fred ran Europe for Bob McNamara." (Charney once explained to a staff meeting: "When you're starting a magazine, you need a man of genius. You know, an expert in cost accounting.")

With Wyle looking after financial matters, Charney began to turn his attention to "shaping up the editorial side of the business." The editorial staff also felt increasing pressures from Wyle, the investors, and the ad department, which was run in New York by John Veronis' brother, Peter. Admen, investors, advisers, everybody seemed to be ordering or vetoing articles. An investor was impressed by one of California Senator John Tunney's speeches. An article was duly commissioned. A special SR Science supplement on mechanized agriculture was overruled. No advertising angle. A similar story turned up in SR/Society. John Veronis asked for and got a profile of Jas. Rockfeller. Fred Wyle thought a long-term publishing plan would be a useful idea. Difficultly, each of the four editorial staffs worked up lengthy generalizations on the mission of their magazine, the intended audience, as well as story ideas for the coming year. Something concrete to show investors and advertisers. Harried editors put on the phone to writers, pumping them for story outlines; several freelancers were promised commissions that never materialized, but turned up nonetheless in the publishing plan. No sooner were the plans drafted than the ad department complained that the format was changing too fast and speaking Madison Avenue.

One day in September, during the height of the first cash crisis, Nicholas Charney was leading Ed Scarfe, an investor from the Rock Island group, on a tour of SR's offices. On a production board, the visitor glanced at some galleys left over from the October "primer" issue, which had closed earlier in the week. The article, a profile of

Bob Kuttner recently returned to Washington as national editor of The Village Voice after six months in San Francisco as a reporter with public television station KQED.

Part One of this two-part series described the takeover of the Saturday Review by Nicholas Charney and John Veronis — the two wonder-boys who made a success out of *Psychology Today*. Part Two details the story of *Saturday Review*'s final days.

then White House Science Advisor Edward David by SR Science's Washington editor Daniel Greenberg. "If President Nixon's Science Advisor is like being bartender to a teetotaler," Scarfe, a big Republican contributor, scoffed. "If that's the kind of crap you print, forget it." Charney ordered the lead changed on the spot. As it ran in the October SR Science, Greenberg's story began: "The job of science advisor to the President figures large in fictional sagas of crisis and government, but in the reign of Richard M. Nixon, that is not quite the case." The editors were promised it wouldn't happen again.

It did, of course, again and again, as the magazines became "people-oriented, not policy-oriented." The architect of this new course was Peter Drucker, futurologist, management consultant and philosopher of free enterprise. (He was alternately known at SR as "Charney's guru" and "Mother Drucker.") Shortly after the move west, editors began pilgrimages to Claremont to sit at Drucker's feet. His grand design for SR was spelled out in a cranky, 40-page position paper, and subsequently at a stormy meeting in San Francisco with the editors.

Drucker's paper was particularly harsh on SR/Society, which he said was trying to be "just another journal of opinion." SR/Society, Drucker wrote, is "predictable" and "grim," as well as "anti-people." Drucker urged pieces such as: Is heroin really addictive? The early escape to the suburbs in the 19th Century. The disenchantment with big government spending. In addition, he wrote, "I would love... to see in SR/Society a piece that tells the reader how beautiful much of the Interstate Highway System is." Drucker also put down SR/Society as "The magazine of the dashed hopes of the Kennedy liberals, who now look for a scapegoat." Not surprisingly, the criticism appalled SR/Society's managing editor, William Honan, whose credits include a biography of Ted Kennedy.

Honan is reluctant to discuss the contretemps. But a colleague provided his reply to Drucker. In it, he agreed that SR's focus needed to be on "people," denied that he was publishing an opinion magazine, and concluded by listing the liberal, "ideological" pieces published in five issues of SR/Society, rating four of them liberal, four conservative and three as balanced. More to the point, Honan observed:

If an editor is forced to think in ideological terms, he will begin to "play it safe," and my dear colleagues, there is no quicker way to plunge our magazines into dullness than by creating an environment, whether deliberately or otherwise, in which editors "play it safe" because they suspect or believe that management is engaging in Welch Hunts or because management permits slurs against the integrity and good judgment of its editors... There is only one way for management to deal with an editor, any editor, in order to get the best out of him: trust him. It comes to that, Trust him. If management cannot do that, there is another solution: severance pay.

Charney declined the offer, but Honan gave notice as soon as The New York Times from which he had been plucked, offered him an expanded version of his old travel badluck. Before he came back east, however, Honan suffered the additional indignity of having to publish a special supplement entitled "Can Business Save Us?" that starred none other than Peter Drucker.

Drucker's pro-business essay was carefully paired with a con article by New York Mayor Edward I. Koch. But this editorial balance hardly negated the fact that the supplement grew primarily out of advertising demands. Indeed, all managing editors in the SR family were asked to come up with a special issue each that could be keyed to ad sales. The SR/Society editors resisted the order at first, but finally compromised on the 16-page "supplement." One of the 16 pages was headed, KLUDOS FOR CONSCIENCE, and congratulated several companies for "corporate responsibility," to wit: "On May 1 of this year, Quaker Oats introduced a learning program for young children on its Life cereal boxes. The back and side panels of 12 million packages will be used to print a series of six lessons designed to increase the learning power of children." (Actually, such puffery was a throwback to the old Saturday Review, in which Norman Cousins constantly plugged the splendid efforts of advertising and public relations.) Drucker may think that business can save us, but it didn't save this supplement. Neither it nor an SR Arts supplement on steroids raised enough ad revenue to pay for the paper they were printed on. (Travel supplements on the other hand, did well.)

"You can manufacture perfectly good shoes like this," says one of the editors who was bailing out, "but you can't put out a magazine."

The great hope for the new, "people-oriented" SR was a how-to-do-it section in the back of the book, that the editors called "departments." Introduced in February, after several months' delays, they were in display and content a deliberate copy of New York magazine, one of Charney's great success models. SR editors were persuaded that the feature gave the magazine a utilitarian as well as an intellectual appeal. But with New York pushing highly-focused local consumer intelligence (cleanest postman, cleanest steam baths) and Harper's new "Wraparound" preempting the cosmic version of the genre, SR had staked out a huge, amorphous middle-ground.

SR was offering the sort of all-purpose, better-living tips Kiplinger's magazine served up back in 1958. SR/Society, for example, divided how-to-do-it into five departments: Politics and Government, Business and Economics, Lifestyles, The Law, and Communications. The assumption appeared to be that the reader, high suburban demographic and all, would subscribe to SR. (A piece transcribing the economics of second-hand appliances advised: "The for-sale classified ads in your local newspaper are a good place to begin.") Other samples were genuinely informative, but the vein was heavily overworked.

With the fixation to people-orient the back of the book, Charney, Wyle and Drucker moved to play down SR Up Front, which had been producing much of the magazine's better writing and thinking. Originally, SR Up Front was intended to help glue together a family identity for the four otherwise distant magazines. But the concept flew head-on into the marketing plan to promote four separate monthlies. Up Front's material was seen as too general for a specialized reader, nor did it provide any useful advertising tie-ins. Moreover, charged Drucker, it was "anti-business." He attacked the section as "poorly written, with animosity and spite, as grim as Nineteenth Century teetotalers' tracts, and apparently written by the same kind of 'people.' Last December, Up Front was finally killed as a distinct weekly feature.

The death of Up Front along with the ensuing tug of war among admen, investors, Charney and the managing editors left executive editor Ron Kriss with almost no role beyond writing editorials and memos. Unlike Charney, whose enthusiasm (at least on the surface) seemed boundless, Kriss was grim, resigned and looking for a job, as were many other SR editors. "You can manufacture perfectly good shoes like this," says one of the editors who was bailing out, "but you can't put out a magazine."

True enough. And the unhelpful irony was that despite the corporate taffy-pull, the men and women who came west with Charney did manage to put out a magazine that sometimes contained first-rate material. SR published the first excerpt from the provocative Christopher Jencks thesis on education and inequality; it printed Bruce Porter's lengthy investigation of asbestos poisoning in Mansville, N.J.; Ernest Dunbar's moving account of a fallen upper-class black family, and a delightful profile of the man who writes Ripley's Believe It or Not. SR also examined archaeological commerce long before the Hovind-Kraier affair surfaced in New York, and the magazine turned over much of one issue to an incisive appreciation of Vladimir Nabokov.

But the solid writing always ran side by side with the fluff. The new SR never quite lost the reek of packaging. And for all the charts and formulas, SR's not only the scientific publishing operation it professed to be, "These are not evil guys," travel editor Ken Pierce commented weeks before the collapse. "I've seen Nick wheel and deal, make commitments, and change his mind. Mercury is the prevailing element of company policy. They're both very western, very open, they're not really corporate types at all."

Saturday Review's monthly long distance phone bills, strictly budgeted at \$13,000 were regularly exceeding \$20,000.

And that, of course, was the rub. Despite the computer-era trappings, the financial hanging was legion. SR's rate base was raised prematurely, the 18-million-piece promotional mailing last December was an all-or-nothing gamble, the move west was a foolish extravagance. But ultimately, SR died because the public didn't buy it, and the public wouldn't buy it because, as several frustrated editors remarked, it never found its editorial soul. Even Charney's one authentic success, *Psychology Today* — for all its slickness — grew out of an editorial conception, not a set of marketing axioms.

Similarly, editing a national magazine from San Francisco, away from "incestuous New York," was a reasonable idea. But then why do with transplanted New Yorkers? In part, SR's identity crisis persisted because the staff never recovered from psychic let lag. "The move was a great idea," one editor told me. "But it was much more disorienting than most of us expected. After all, journalism runs on contacts." After six months on Pacific Street, most of the staff was still looking wistfully eastward. Copies of The New York Times have been hard to come by in San Francisco because the first 35 were reserved for the distributor's best customer, Saturday Review. SR's monthly long distance phone bills, strictly budgeted at \$13,000 were regularly exceeding \$20,000.

On April 24, Fred Wyle called the staff together and announced that the board had filed for bankruptcy. Charney and Veronis, in fact, had run up a net loss of \$16 million, including the \$5 million they paid for SR. Their huge December mailing netted a return on about 45,000 subscribers per magazine, just over one per cent; each new subscriber cost SR nearly \$25. Circulation had been projected at an average of 675,000 per magazine. The reality was under 900,000 all told, half of them Cousins' faithful weekly subscribers, who were continuing to write letters inquiring after John Casadi. Still, Charney had been prepared to mortgage everything to keep going until the renewal cycle began in July. This time, the investors said no. Before bankruptcy was declared, word went out to 20 publishing concerns — including Time, The New York Times and McGraw-Hill — that SR was for sale. Nobody was interested.

Looking to the future, Charney put out a characteristic press release, declaring that SR was "merging" with Norman Cousins' World. The staff was told that Cousins had raised nearly \$5 million to pay off creditors. But Cousins says: "He's not spending a nickel on Charney's back debt." "We have to take it clean, or not at all," he says. After a bankruptcy plan is accepted and the creditors disposed of, Cousins hopes to take over the name and the list. SR's investors would get stuck in the new venture. Thanks to the kind of bankruptcies Chapter 11's SR declared, the creditors kept the staff. All but a handful were fired on two days' notice. The long-term contracts, moving expenses, and even back expense accounts are lumped with nearly \$4 million of other company debts to be settled at so many cents on the dollar. The investors will make the staff "a gift" of one week's severance pay.

At Fred Wyle's announcement that everyone was fired, Charney stepped forward with four cases of champagne. "Those of you who want to go home, old salt," Charney said, "We thought we should go out in style." Several gamely accepted the offer, some went home to slink, others rushed to the bank to exchange their last checks for cash. □

ELEPHANT'S GRAVE  
(Continued from page 1)

It's walls are covered with photographs of San Diego's high-stepping and raucous past.

that winds around the block outside an already packed theater.

"It's Saturday, pension checks just came through, so business looks good."

"That's what business was like in those days. During the war, this place was really jumping," reminisces Johnston. "Remember, there was no El Cajon, no National City, no Chula Vista. That was all open spaces. So when the sailors got off the ships, they came here. No more."

He gestures toward his elderly patrons. "It's Saturday, pension and welfare checks just came through, so business looks good. By Monday, they'll be running again. You can't make any money here anymore."

I ask Johnston about the death of his Hollywood "Theater." "I couldn't buck the peep shows. You can't have burlesque anymore."

The remembrance of burlesque, gorgeous fantasy-life, all obsolete. He shakes his head. "The mind goes blank, when you see what they show in these shops," says the man who ran burlesque for half a century. "The rotterier it is, the more they like it. Rather than go that low, I sold the theater."

I wonder how he first got into the theater business, and Johnston says it is something that just happened. By the time I have gathered that he is quite fatalistic and this answer reflects his general life-view, I ask for specifics nonetheless.

"Well, I was selling peanuts and popcorn in the theater, and I was making more money than the man who owned it. So I bought him out for \$1000 and paid \$5 a week rent for the theater."

"Stingy Michael McPherson... after I bought the theatre from him, he became a barber."

The place is immense, and its long walls are covered with photographs of San Diego's high-stepping and raucous past. This building was built in 1887, part of it was then a livery stable, and the photographs date from that time.

Champion racetracks, heavyweight champions, comedians, movie stars, strip-tease of every decade, tracing the gradual change in the state of the art. An early 20's stripper hair cut straight right beneath the ears, formality of the black high heels, elaborately connected trimmings of pasties. A picture of Lily St. Cyr, whose career began here at the Hollywood, taken in 1948; starting nymph's body on white fur, the trimmings utterly devoid, rubbed lips, platinum curls as chandelier-looking as the column she leans against, her whole figure bathed in a strange luminosity, a mythical vision. And there are Johnston and his daughter, at the Del Mar Racetrack, with George Katt and Jimmy Durante. Burt Crosby's three kids, Dempsey, Louis, Jack Johnston who worked here for \$35 a week after having been heavyweight champion of the world.

Johnston, who is now 77 years old and owns owned this place for close to 50 years, points to a picture taken in 1945. It shows the Hollywood Theater, next door to the Palace and now called the Off-Broadway, which he sold just a couple of years ago. The marquee proclaims "Vicki Evans. The Girl in The Mischum Case." Robert Mischum, Johnston explains, has just been caught with drugs, and this girl was with him. To secher what bygone innocence the crowd is waiting five-deep in a line

who seems truly at home here, it is a supportive surrounding, validation of a big-time past attested to on every inch of these walls. His customers, leaning their tired weight against this ancient masonry, are not less surrounded by their memories, but theirs, of course, appear not as autographed and framed moments but slow phantoms, visible only to each of them, moving in and out of focus, now as luminous as the rubs lips of Lily St. Cyr, now fading back into memory's dim chiaroscuro.

"This is the elephant's grave, you know."

The Golden West, just a block south of the Sports Palace, is another place where you can hear the echo, faint vibrations of a time when there was enough life to fill this sprawling hotel of 400 rooms, now marked for reconstruction by the re-development project. It was built in 1913, designed as a comfortable, modest place—rooms were 35¢ a day, \$2 a week. In wartime, especially, crowds thronged through its wide halls. Now, the silent I see I enter tells the story: "We must clean the lobby at 12 p.m. Please cooperate."

This sign is yellowed, it hangs under a steel's immense horns of the same shade, the walls seem to have been washed down with lime's jaundicing, the whole scene is fluorescent-lit, and now I note that opposite the steel's 10-foot horns hang a huge silver-blue swordfish. Absurd counterpoint between horns and swordfish, so utterly incongruous here, so sadly misplaced.

What was that long-ago message, and can I still hear its whispering? These are the trophies of the Golden West, that is the great richness of the land and the unfathomable bounty of the sea, so come, take it, for it is yours for the taking, for the mounting upon the walls that you will build for the housing of your plenty and your wealth. Did I go something like that, and these somnolent men, caved in to the wooden, stiff-backed chairs, did they, all young and golden, once hear it and rise to its siren call?

"You a reporter, girl?" starts me out of my musing. A middle-aged Mexican man is standing over me, smiling. I tell him, yes, feeling the quick guilt inherent for me in this activity, in my observing these people whose lives are so far from mine in the non-privacy of their home. But he likes the fact that I am writing about this place and wants to know what I will call the story. What would he call it, I ask.

"The unseen life of San Diego," he promptly replies. He takes a seat and turns to me, says confidentially, "This is the elephant's grave, you know."

I don't know. "Yes, you know, like elephants when their time is coming, they find a place to die. Well, that's what this place is. I know they want to clean up this place, but it's just not that simple. There are all these people going to go? Are they waiting to move, all the winners to Mission Valley?"

An old man walks by with a color's rolling put, but tilling, not sidwink as an angle that did not come from the sea. "He's younger than me. I never take a drink. How could I, when I see what I do?"

Johnston sits up even straighter and adjusts his dark blue tie which lies so perfectly against his immaculate white shirt, as if to further emphasize the contrast between him and them. There is no cord. His clear blue eyes, sharp, prisms unweathered face is conspicuous here among these ravaged countenances.

Even in what he and his patrons share, this house of memories, they are a world apart. For Johnston,

he is getting on the same boat. Then, as if he had not uttered those words, "I do live here, I am just waiting for a friend."

I nod too quickly, fix on the faded roqueto tapestries that hang on the walls, the blue and white Newsworld's Edward Ginn, and John Kenneth Galbraith. Channel 15, 10:00 P.M.

NIGHT OFF THE GENERALS, starring Peter Onorati and Omar Sharif. Channel 39, 8:00 P.M.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE, starring Richard Egan and Robert Strauss. Channel 8, 11:30 P.M.

POET SONGMAKERS, featuring Grammy Award-winning John Hartford, Iron Mountain Depot, and Sals and Crofts. Channel 15, 6:00 P.M.

JOYCE CHEN'S CHINA. The Chinese-born and U.S.-born Chen travel to Red China and discuss visit with Newsworld's Edward Ginn, and John Kenneth Galbraith. Channel 15, 10:00 P.M.

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## TELEVISION

Thursday, June 14

A FOREIGN AFFAIR, starring Marlene Dietrich and John Lund. Channel 39, 9:00 A.M.

Friday, June 15

THE GAMBLER, Dame Edith Evans stars in two-part dramatization of Dostoevsky's novel. Channel 15, 9:00 P.M. and 9:30 P.M.

BLOOD ALLEY, starring John Wayne and Lauren Bacall. Channel 39, 7:00 P.M.

THE REAL GLORY, starring Gary Cooper and David Niven. Channel 8, 7:00 P.M.

THE GAMBLER, Part two of Friday's show. Channel 15, 9:30 P.M.

MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT, starring Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones. Channel 39, 10:00 P.M.

FIRING LINE, "Meet Prices and Firing Line," hosted by Earl Warren. Channel 15, 10:00 P.M.

FIRING LINE, Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 7:30 P.M.

CAPE FEAR, starring Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum, and Polly Bergen. Channel 10, 9:00 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.

THIRTY MINUTES WITH... Senator George McGovern is interviewed by Washington newswoman Elizabeth Drew. Channel 15, 7:30 P.M.

GOODYEAR MR. CHIPS, Channel 8, 8:00 P.M.

ORPHEUS IN HELL, Offenbach's 1858 opera, a frivolous comment on life. Channel 15, 10:00 P.M.

THE BLACK CAT, starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Channel 8, 11:30 P.M.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, Joe Bonine, Savory Brown, Maxine Weis, John Womack, King Harvest, Little Anthony and the Imperials. Channel 10, 1:00 A.M.

Saturday, June 16

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE, starring Richard Egan and Robert Strauss. Channel 8, 11:30 P.M.

POET SONGMAKERS, featuring Grammy Award-winning John Hartford, Iron Mountain Depot, and Sals and Crofts. Channel 15, 6:00 P.M.

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NIGHT OFF THE GENERALS, starring Peter Onorati and Omar Sharif. Channel 39, 8:00 P.M.



GRAND PRIX, starring James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint. Channel 10, 9:00 P.M. First of two parts.

THE DRINKING PARTY and THE DEATH OF Socrates, two films based on Plato's dialogues The Symposium, The Phaedo and The Phaedrus. Channel 15, 9:00 P.M.

FANNY, one of the first all-girl rock groups. Channel 15, 10:00 P.M.

ORPHEUS IN HELL, Repeat of Friday's performance. Channel 15, 11:00 P.M.

FLYING TIGERS, starring John Wayne and Anna Lee. Channel 10, 11:30 P.M.

Sunday, June 17

THE SEA CHASE, starring John Wayne and Robert Montgomery. Channel 39, 10:00 P.M.

FANNY, repeat of Saturday's performance. Channel 15, 8:00 P.M.

THE REAL GLORY, starring Gary Cooper and David Niven. Channel 8, 7:00 P.M.

THE GAMBLER, Part two of Friday's show. Channel 15, 9:30 P.M.

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MENTAL CASE  
(Continued from page 3)

are the Dead End Kids of rock, nothing to lose and everything to gain, tough study ready to take on the Man and make him regret it. Images of freaks armed with electric guitars and M-1 carbines standing triumphantly over the carcasses of slain policemen. The Grande sounds as though it were rented to a psychedelic Nazi Rally.

The 5 leave the stage, shattered instruments strewn about their path. At once, the unwashed exuberance of the audience subsides, replaced by a resigned sobriety. They are exhausted, and now ponder the next event. Iggy and the Stooges.

Iggy Stooge is the only legitimate mental case in rock. Rumors of him being a former patient in a state institution have been told and repeated around Detroit until it has become cliché. The story's never been validated, but his stage act gives it credence.

Iggy would never feel satisfied with a performance unless he had drawn blood, usually his own. At times, he wraps himself tightly in the microphone, then spins out of the bind rapidly as the rubber cord burns into his flesh later in the act, he tears at his chest with drum sticks, making like King Kong by way of Buddy Rich. As a highlight, Iggy picks fights with males in the audience by insulting their girlfriends. Whatever the routine, Iggy likes to get hurt, and he and the band have no qualms about subjecting the crowd to his sado/masochism.

Usually, the Ig (as his most die-hard fans call him) resembles a skeleton held together by skin. The cover of *Raw Power*, his new album, has him looking his most deathly, the ghastliest homomorph gross out. His face is pallid, eyes swathed heavily in makeup. He is

shirtless, pants hanging low on the hips, just above the pubic hair. Iggy may be a mixed up punk from the homeland of punkdunk, but his presence is so offensive, that even the most hardened veterans of the scene keep their lunch when seeing the Stooges. At least the

MC-5 had masculine meat under that hair.

Five years since the days of high energy Detroit motivation, the Stooges return with a new album, and whatever improvement there is, is minimal. The groups first two albums were the simplest songs ever recorded, making even basic no-talents like Slade look complicated. "Regressive rock" they called it proudly.

*Raw Power* is the distillation of every clumsy, fumbled chord ever played by a garage band. Part of the Stooges' appeal is their rank amateurism that transcends perfection (so we are told) and gets down to business by having snot in its nose, teen-age sexual confusion in its brain, and constipated emotion seeking release. From that premise of aesthetic dysfunction, we're to assume everything Iggy and the boys do, however tasteless, is valid. Instead, *Raw Power* stinks with heavy handed bravado. After the Ig goes out on a limb, the band is heavily validated, but his stage act gives it credence.

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## A LIBRARY OF WESTERN AMERICANA

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