

Too  
Outrageous  
for  
Point  
Loma

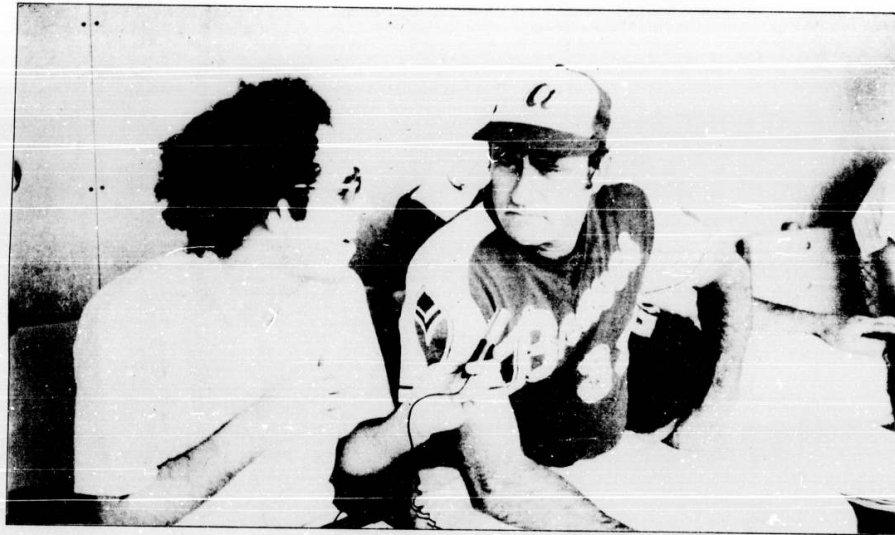
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# READER

July 26 to August 1, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

## Young Reporter Eaten Alive By Overweight Ballplayer



In the 1957 World Series Lew Bardette pitched the Milwaukee Braves to victory over the New York Yankees with three complete game wins. At the 1973 San Diego Padres' Old-Timers' Day, he was the most exciting interview around. Following is a verbatim transcript of a young reporter being eaten alive by an overweight ballplayer.

**Young Reporter:** "Mr. Bardette, you had a reputation for being a fun guy, and the thing that sticks most clearly in my mind is one time at the Polo Grounds my sister, who had worked for two days making a banner, threw it down to you in right field during hitting practice. You were shagging flies, catching them behind your back—they were bouncing off your back into your glove, and she asked you to autograph it. You took the banner, spiked it to death, then tied it up into little knots."

**Lew Bardette:** "You sure that was it? Skully?"

**Y.R.:** "No, he wasn't there then."

**L.B.:** "Well, I wasn't out there either, because Spahn and me was

**BY ALAN PESIN**

always together."

**Y.R.:** "Are you going to help Mr. Spahn with his Hall of Fame acceptance speech next month?"

**L.B.:** "Yep, I'm helping him out. When are you going to ask me a question?"

**Y.R.:** "If you were hired as a coach would you teach your pitchers how to throw the spitball?"

**L.B.:** "Never! You know better than that. Are you asking me real questions? You never saw a thing like a regular question. All you been doing is making statements and wanting me to make something else."

**Y.R.:** "What do you think of legalized gambling on sports events?"

**L.B.:** "Oh, Christ. Forget it. You never asked me a civil question yet. Not a civil one yet. You got something to ask me, fine. I'll answer it. But Jesus, the stuff you are asking me, that's a bunch of crap."

**Y.R.:** "Well, I asked your ex-

manager Fred Haney what it was like taking out Warren Spahn in the seventh game of the 1958 Series, and—"

**L.B.:** "Didn't take him out because I was the son of a gun that was pitching."

**Y.R.:** "You pitched the seventh game in '57?"

**L.B.:** "Well, I was pitching the seventh one in '58 too. I know exactly who was out there. Cause I lost it! And I know how I lost it too. Bad pitches!"

**Y.R.:** "Mr. Haney told me the story about how he was taking you out of a game one night and he said, 'Give me the ball Lew. I'm going to change pitchers. And you said, 'Who you got any better?'"

**L.B.:** "And I thought that was a very good question."

**Y.R.:** "And Mr. Haney said, 'Well, I may not have anyone better, but I could maybe have someone just a bit better than you, so give me that ball and get out of here.'"

**L.B.:** "That's true."

**Y.R.:** "You never were able to change his mind?"

**L.B.:** "Nope. He took me out."

**Y.R.:** "Did you ever gain the upper hand on any manager?"

**L.B.:** "Nope. Who in the hell would want an upper hand on a manager anyway when you're a player. That's a lousy question too. I don't mean to disrupt you now. Fall back and regroup and come back and ask me a decent question."

**Y.R.:** "Did you not use to catch balls backhand while shagging flies?"

**L.B.:** "I use to catch them behind me, but they didn't hit my back."

**Y.R.:** "I was scared. It hit your back and I said wait a second..."

**L.B.:** "You said they were bouncing off my back when I caught them. They never bounced off my back."

**Y.R.:** "You argued them this way so you saw a line reporter cross his arms behind his back on a

graphic example, but one of them bounced off your back and I felt really bad for you."

**L.B.:** "No they didn't!"

**Y.R.:** "I swear, I saw it!"

**L.B.:** "I've never been hit in the back. Never have been. Been hit in the front with a few. From out there." (Bardette points towards the pitching mound.)

**Y.R.:** "That's amazing. I'd like to ask you something civil, but I've lost right now."

**L.B.:** "Well, fall back and regroup and think of something civil to ask me and I'll be more than happy to answer you."

**Y.R.:** "You've been my best interview ever. Except for one I had with Duane Thomas. Thank you."

This is just one of fifteen fun-filled baseball interviews with baseball old-timers now available on sixty minute cassette tapes from the San Diego Reader for \$5.95 plus \$2 for postage and handling. Order yours now, while the supply lasts.

DIANE CARY

# PADDER'S GUIDE TO THE SILVER SCREEN

—duncan shepherd

**Alice's Restaurant** — (see other page) ...  
**Bliss** — (see other page) ...  
**Bliss the Beasts and the Children** — (see other page) ...  
**Home in Love** — (see other page) ...  
**Cahill** — (see other page) ...  
**Comet** — (see other page) ...  
**Cornel Knowledge** — (see other page) ...  
**Day of the Jackal** — (see other page) ...  
**The Dirty Dozen** — (see other page) ...

**Fritz the Cat** — (see other page) ...  
**Godspell** — (see other page) ...  
**Harold and Maude** — (see other page) ...  
**Heartbreak Kid** — (see other page) ...  
**Mary Poppins** — (see other page) ...  
**The Mechanic** — (see other page) ...  
**The Sound of Music** — (see other page) ...  
**Straw Dogs** — (see other page) ...  
**Superchick** — (see other page) ...

**Let the Good Times Roll** — (see other page) ...  
**Live and Let Die** — (see other page) ...  
**Scarecrow** — (see other page) ...  
**Two English Girls** — (see other page) ...  
**The Wild Bunch** — (see other page) ...  
**Wild Ravens** — (see other page) ...  
**Yellow Submarine** — (see other page) ...

**The Thief Who Came to Dinner** — (see other page) ...  
**Tom Sawyer** — (see other page) ...  
**Touch of Class** — (see other page) ...  
**The Unicorn Cinema** — (see other page) ...

**Two English Girls** — (see other page) ...  
**The Promoter** — (see other page) ...  
**W.C. Fields Program** — (see other page) ...  
**The Thief of Baghdad** — (see other page) ...

**Two English Girls** — (see other page) ...  
**The Promoter** — (see other page) ...  
**W.C. Fields Program** — (see other page) ...  
**The Thief of Baghdad** — (see other page) ...



# CAKCLE, CAKCLE, Tsk, Tsk

**The Unicorn Cinema**  
 Two English Girls  
 The Promoter  
 W.C. Fields Program  
 The Thief of Baghdad

It had sounded just like a strident hen cackling proudly after laying an egg.

—KATHLEEN WOODWARD—  
 "It can't believe it," stutters the cartoon figure on Notsom Flotsum's menu made out of an old picture frame. And as Friday evening wore on at this Encinitas restaurant (take route 5 to Santa Fe Drive, Rasco); it incongruously located in a shopping center with a Thrifty and Razcos), I found myself mouthing the same phrase. "No reservations accepted. The

Tom Sawyer — A musical version of the Twain book.  
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 PLUS — WILD RAVENS 8:30 & 10:30  
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# TULL

Fortunately, Tull's music is just as meaningless as their visual accompaniment.

—Steve Esmedina—  
 The "art-rock" syndrome has always been a somewhat dubious phenomenon.

**Wild Ravens** — (see other page) ...  
**Yellow Submarine** — (see other page) ...

**FRITZ the CAT**  
 and What Do You Say To A Naked Lady  
 Friday Midnight Movie  
 Please Don't Eat My Brother (X-rated)  
 AS THESE LISTINGS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AT THE DROP OF A HAT BE SURE TO CHECK WITH THE LISTED THEATRE.  
 The reviewer's priorities are indicated by boldface letters and anticipated by the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

**STAND THEATRE**  
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place, now three years old, was full. "I'll be about 15 minutes," said the tall and aloof hostess dressed in white pants and orange halter. We went into the bar, sat down in one of the cushy love seats in front of an old schoolboy's desk, and ordered margaritas delicious from the rather harried waitress. Three minutes later, "Did you hear that sound," a man next to us asked unbelievably, "what's that for?" Yes, we certainly had. Everybody had. It had sounded just like a strident hen cackling proudly after laying an egg.

On to the menu. I've never seen so many bars the peculiar menu. Chicken \$3.95, lobster \$6.75, beef kabob \$3.50, lobster \$6.75, fish \$3.95 and a few other entrees. Extras: artichokes, baked potatoes, desert, rice plough (that's right, plough) at varying prices. That's

texture. More often, however, "art-rock" has fathered some of the stupidest, monotonously pretentious music available.

**Straw Dogs** — (see other page) ...  
**Superchick** — (see other page) ...

**THE BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE**  
 and ARTHUR ALICES RESTAURANT  
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all it said just the name, no descriptions. We looked at each other incredulously and started to laugh. What kind of chicken? What kind of fish? What, for heaven's sake, does "lobster" mean? "Could you give us some information about the food?" was the first question we asked our waiter. A pleasant-looking young man in a blue work shirt with long hair pulled back. "Do you mind if I sit down?" he replied. And, incredibly, he did, making himself right at home.

The chicken was Hawaiian, shobster a single lobster and two artichokes (fried and then steamed, he said). I looked skeptical. "Butter or mayonnaise for the artichoke?" I hesitated. "So you won't make a commitment," he quipped. "I'll put you down for both." And the house wine? Red, white or pink? "I'm surprised he didn't say," he said matter-of-factly.

Ultimately, however, it shows that despite all their art posing, Tull's desire for the dollar bill is different than that of the sand other less "sophisticated" bands currently glutting the rock market.

**Straw Dogs** — (see other page) ...  
**Superchick** — (see other page) ...

**THE BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE**  
 and ARTHUR ALICES RESTAURANT  
 6:00-8:30  
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**THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT**  
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Of course, this is conjecture. The real test of a band's worth is in their music, and perhaps their concert presentation. It is precisely these points where Jethro Tull is archetypal poseurs. Their neat, defensively couched musical "critiques" have apparently won them superstar status, at least in San Diego. Appearing before a capacity crowd at the San Diego Sports Arena, Tull exhibited all that is bad about "art-rock."

As for actual playing, Jethro Tull are probably the stiffest improvisers in rock. Jar Anderson's flute playing has yet to go beyond the stages of mere chirping, and his voice is unreasonably harsh. The other band members (guitar, bass, keyboards, percussion) fail to compensate by providing Anderson with an effective foil.

Another problem with Tull's current show is that it is so damn derivative. The fairly safe sequence of *Passion Play* is a direct rip-off of the Small Faces' *Ode to a Nat Cole*. *Fake* of five years ago. Unlike the Faces' piece, Tull's work has no self-effacing humor and is over-solemn. It is so pretentiously vapid that it is almost unrecognizable as listen to.

And that, friends, is the gist of Jethro Tull's problem. They are too lazy to support their ambition. For all their strained "artiness," Jethro Tull reminds me of nothing so much as a park kid who'll feign a Cockney accent in an effort to sound like a "professor."

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 and ARTHUR ALICES RESTAURANT  
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At first, the tale sounded strange enough; back in the early 1900's, a very mystical woman of extraordinary powers founded a colony of Universal Brotherhood, 500 acres on the tip of Point Loma that went by the name of Lomaland. There she started the "School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity"; built exotic structures with huge glass domes whose aquamarine and amethyst light shone nightly for miles out to sea—where some sailors must surely have thought they dreamed; that their enchanted waters be the shores of Byzantium; and within the deep canyons and eucalyptus groves, julsome orchards, pampas grass and rose gardens of this paradisaical Lomaland, the woman held court, surrounded herself with the devoted, who ranged from men of great wealth—to most renowned was sporting goods king A.G. Spalding, who built his own glass-domed house and 9-hole golf course on the grounds—to nearly a hundred Cuban opahans, all clothed, fed, and schooled at the expense of Lomaland.

# Too Outrageous for Point Loma

BY CONNIE BRUCK

The more that I learned of this woman, Madame Katharine Tingley, and Lomaland, the less strange the tale became. It is, rather, the story of a dream, and of a woman whose genius lay in molding reality—with her natural aptitude for the business of life—to the full, expansive contours of her vision.

Having founded Lomaland in 1897, Madame Tingley was its head until 1929, when she died during a trip to Sweden; the theological colony continued to exist on Point Loma until 1942, when wartime and their vulnerable location dictated their move to Covina, where they eventually dispersed. What was once Lomaland is now the campus of Pt. Loma College, just recently purchased from Cal Western. The glass-domed Temple of Peace and the Homestead are gone; all that bears physical witness today are some smaller buildings—among them the Spalding residence, the house where Madame Tingley lived, and a Greek theater, first to be built in America.

"Point Loma (i.e. Lomaland) put San Diego on the map," Iverson Harris is fond of remarking. Harris who is now 83 and just returned from a theological lecture tour of Europe, was one of Lomaland's first five students in 1900, and at the age of 14 became Madame Tingley's secretary, traveling with her on her European theological trips. He describes Point Loma, which Madame Tingley envisioned as the "Athens of the West"—as a cultural center which attracted not only theosophists but famous artists and scholars from the world over.

Although most who came and stayed at Lomaland were theosophists, its utter lack of dogma would have allowed the more skeptical to co-exist there as well. There were, however, certain guidelines. Modern theosophy's founder and patron-saint is Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, a 19th century Russian woman, mystic and intellectual, who wrote the Bible of Theosophy, entitled *The Secret Doctrine*. She insisted, however, that she was not creating any new system of thought, rather tracing a sacred thread which ran through all the great spiritual, metaphysical teachings, refractions of the light of the infinite universe. Thus, Madame Blavatsky states in *The Secret Doctrine* that its teachings "...belong neither to the Hindu, the Zoroastrian, the Chaldean, nor the Egyptian religion, neither to Buddhism, Islam, Judaism, nor Christianity exclusively. The Secret Doctrine is the essence of all these."

Theosophy, in brief, does encompass the doctrines of karma and reincarnation ("You don't have to believe in them to be a good theosophist," says Harris, "but they do explain all the injustice in the world"), and its three major principles are universal brotherhood, the study of comparative religions and philosophies (to better understand the interrelationship of the whole), and of the powers latent in man, or the occult—which merely signifies "hidden," that which is not material but spiritual, the soul. Under Katharine Tingley's rule, universal brotherhood became the focal point



head of the American Theosophical Society, William Quan Judge, and through him the doctrines of theosophy, which fit so neatly with her own humanitarian instincts.

Theosophy, then, became the vehicle for her compassion, for her childhood dream of a "white city in the golden land of the West" where people would nourish all the finer things in life, and the young would be taught how to live. Now, with proletarian energies finally given free flow, her hearty rallying cry was: "All right, we've got the philosophy, let's put it into practice!" So it was that Katharine Tingley, drawing from the wealth of her wisely selected crusaders and the largesse of her own extravagant spirit, began to give life to the dream.

Emmett Small's mother brought him to Lomaland from Macon, Georgia when he was nearly two, and left him to be raised in this theosophical commune. "It was either a very brave, or very crazy thing to do, depending how you look at it," laughs Small, who now lives in Point Loma, within sight of the grounds that were Lomaland. Small was one of many children who were sent there from this country, Cuba, and Europe; they all lived together, and even those who had parents at Lomaland saw them only for a few hours on Sunday.

"Plato had a similar idea, you know," says Small, as we discuss Madame Tingley's reason for separating the children from their parents. "He would have said he was educating them for the state; I suppose she would've said she was educating them for theosophy."

This does not mean that the children were given classes in theosophy, however. "We absorbed it by osmosis," says Small. "The idea of universal brotherhood was in practice every day, it wasn't a Sunday-go-to-church-and-forget-it-on-Monday belief."

The school, which at its peak had 500 students, was called Raja-Yoga—a Sanskrit term translated "kingly union", which embodied Madame Tingley's ideal of a perfect balance between physical, mental, and spiritual faculties. This delicate balance was not left to chance; life at Lomaland was one of regimentation (against which some rebelled), insofar as everyone rose at a certain hour, dressed in uniforms, and had appointed classes or tasks to perform through completely filled days.

Recalling his boyhood days, Small says, "We'd get up at 5:15 every morning, run for miles before breakfast, then have school until 12. We had classes in the three R's, as they used to call them, and Spanish, French—then when we got a little older, philosophy, art, Latin, some Greek."

Afternoons were given largely to music and drama. "Even those who had no natural musical talent played. Everyone played at least one instrument." Lomaland had a symphony orchestra, a choir, and a band.

"She thought drama was an extremely important factor in teaching to bring out the great problems of life," continues Small. "She loved to put on the Greek plays; Aeschylus' 'Eumenides' was a favorite."

Small and his wife, who was born at Lomaland, stayed there as long as it lasted, until the move to Covina in 1942. "We loved it so," says Small quietly, thinking back to the early days. "We knew every square inch of the canyons, bushes, trails. We used to call each canyon by the names of the children who were kids."

He smiles, remembering. "We had a Welsh poet-in-residence, Kenneth Morris—as he used to often say, 'This is the only civilized way to live!'"

"The most unique thing about it," muses Harris, "was that hundreds of men and women, from some 26 different countries, completely dedicated themselves to the work, demanding nothing for themselves except the opportunity to serve."

"I am talking about the humble workers that did the dishwashing and the clotheswashing and worked in the

From the collection of Mr. Iverson Harris

Journalists sensationalized the place and the character of Katharine Tingley; she won a \$7500 libel suit against Los Angeles *Times* editor Harrison Grey Otis, for running stories which referred to Lomaland as the "spookery" and alleged "gross immoralities" during "midnight pilgrimages" made by residents "in their night robes".

printing press and the tailor shop and the orchards. Of course," he quickly adds, "it was made up of human beings, so it wasn't perfect...but it was as idealistic as anything in this world."

Because of the exotic splendor of Lomaland, because it was such a world apart, there were some who disliked and feared it. Those Lomaland glass domes, ornamented with gold, and the Raja-Yoga school had after all dared to rise in conservative San Diego, and some in the local churches suggested that the heathen was brazen in their midst. Journalists sensationalized the place and the character of Katharine Tingley; she won a \$7500 libel suit against Los Angeles *Times* editor Harrison Grey Otis, for running stories which referred to Lomaland as the "spookery" and alleged "gross immoralities" during "midnight pilgrimages" made by residents "in their night robes."

But the press of that period also carried statements from visitors who had been captivated by the rarefied atmosphere of Lomaland, or impressed with the excellence of the education of the moral and dramatic productions. A Columbia professor, Leonard Van Noppen, made a speech in which he declared that his visit to Lomaland had given him more hope for humanity than he had ever had. And for years the drama critic for *The Tribune*, Edwin H. Clough, wrote inspired editorials on magical Lomaland, so lovely as to make the rest of the world sordid to him by comparison; to their theatrical productions he gave highest praise, stating that they played Shakespeare's *A Few Lines* as well as the famous Benson players at Stratford-on-Avon.

\*\*\*

What brought a lifelong dream to fruition was the rare blend in Katharine Tingley of impassioned idealist and brilliant business administrator. Harris describes how a group of financial magnates were completely devoted to her, in some cases giving all they had to the cause. A San Diego newspaperman once asked her how she managed the support of such men, and before she could answer, Clark Thurston, owner of the American Screw Company, replied that she appeared to show more business acumen "than all of us together." Or, as the Cuban boys put it, in a somewhat different context, "She's no good for fooly."

Katharine Tingley was a short, stout woman, with dark hair and penetrating brown eyes, and she often dressed in long, regal robes which added to her stature. Thus, she incorporated her love of pagantry not only in the ceremonies and theatrical productions of Lomaland, but also in her dress and personal surroundings. There seems to have been something in Katharine Tingley's personality; it is probably fair to say that she could only have been the executor of her Lomaland, not one of the quietly uniformed participants.

Harris laughs. "As George Bernard Shaw wrote of his 'Saint Joan,' Katharine Tingley was a born boss. Or like they used to say about Teddy Roosevelt," he continues, "he had to be the bride at the wedding and the corpse at the funeral."

Some objected to the autocracy, to the ironbound constitution insuring her total power, which Katharine Tingley had herself authored at the start. But she repeatedly insisted that it was the best possible way to protect the proceeding of the work, unhindered by divisive factions. Later, she told of her own reaction after composing the constitution: "Although I had written these things, my mind could not conceive how any human being was going to accept them, how any human being was going to understand my purpose, and understand that I was willing to... he considered the most ambitious autocrat in the world."

"You know," remarks Harris, "they say that Napoleon nearly drove his marshals crazy by supervising every last detail—but then he was a military genius."

"Well, that's what it was like with K.T. For those dramatic productions, she chose every actor, designed each costume, down to the very last minute arranged every drop; she was a master director of drama."

"By the time of the performance," he continues, "everyone was so keyed up, so intense. She inspired everyone to do their very best, so that even the person with the smallest part felt the importance of his acting that well." It was this same talent coming into play in the larger drama of Lomaland which she directed, imparting that same inspired sense of importance to every dishwasher, cook, and gardener.

Her incisive mind was linked to her heart; all her activity can be traced back to that well-spring of compassion, which led her as a child of ten to run away to a Civil War battlefield to tend the wounded, to a convent with the desire to be a nun, to various philanthropic organizations and then the Do-Good Mission, and finally to Lomaland. She crusaded constantly in the Lomaland years against war, capital punishment, vivisection. To her, they were all indissolubly linked. As she wrote, "It is the insanity of the age that makes us imagine we can save life by sinning against life, or achieve good by doing what is so obviously evil." And she was absolute in these instincts of her heart. As she concluded an editorial entitled "The Rights of Animals," "We know that a man cruel to animals cannot be a good one."

Just as Katharine Tingley inspired others to do their best, so she was herself imbued with the necessity of carrying out her task in the world. She felt it an inexorable force within



Katharine Tingley. From the collection of Mr. Iverson Harris

So I say to Small, who was one of those children, that the whole idea was to instill in the young these ethics of life that they might disseminate them through the world, but Lomaland is gone. Raja-Yoga is gone, it must then have failed... "Failure is nothing," Small replies evenly, cheerfully. "Everything fails in this world. The only thing that counts is the effort." "She believed in throwing things out into the air... and the seeds would eventually take root and bear fruit, someday, somewhere. Yes," he repeats, "someday, somewhere."

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**READER**

August 2 to August 8, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

*This is California  
and we don't  
have spittoons here.*

**Spit  
and  
polish**

By Gale Fox

Deep downtown San Diego, in a bootblack booth so tiny it disappears after closing, thrives the wit, wisdom, and wistfulness of Walter H. Clark. That's "Clark" spelled "Klark" on the blackboard. "I do it just for devilmint."

He's got more jokes tucked up in his beard—all true stories, too—than would last a month of shoeshines. For nineteen years working that shoeshine stand on Third, south of Broadway, and for seventeen or so years before that, he's watched San Diego move north and south from downtown. The city renews his license every six months in exchange for \$2.50, and the owners of the adjacent parking lot rent him the land. It used to be such a good spot for collecting friends, stories, years, that he had assistants Wednesday through Saturday. From his Third Avenue experiences, Clark has evolved a certain harmony of life, though not an acceptance of the status quo. And he'll be glad to offer his point of view, provided he takes a shine to you.

Downtown is neglected nowadays. Only the downtown workers shop the downtown stores. "Loss of loyalty to the community," he calls it — the way "the white man destroys cities by taking money out and bringing it to the suburbs or sending it to New York or San Francisco." Suburbia and the conglomerates ruin the country by destroying neighborhoods. He reminisces about Montague and Cumming, the neighborhood grocery of his Charleston boyhood, where they gave away liver and pig feet since "no one had the money to buy it." And Clark isn't just crying "shame." The style of living he prefers blooms on his block because of his efforts to cultivate it.

"I'm a fighter for this neighborhood." And he means it in a peaceful way; he believes in the power of the written word. His chief weapon is that blackboard. When the stand is closed, passersby check the board for his work schedule and his cheery greeting. "If those that know good service will come with open arms and dirty shoes—I'm here to greet you." When he's on duty, they'll read his latest encouraging word on current politics, and stop to swap opinions. Clark's words and word about Clark have spread beyond the dimensions of his tiny stand.

"I'm a fighter!" And he means it in an ecological way; he believes in living harmoniously with his environment. Symbol of this harmony is his tree. Because of the cement stand high around the base, the city tree before Clark's shoeshine booth is different from the others on the block. He uses it as a planter for flowers and corn; passersby use it as a spittoon. The sign he tacked up, "Please do not litter my tree" aided him in clearing it of litter and spit, but the city made him remove the nailed-on sign. His story about the tobacco-chewing Texan is one episode in his long history of service toward that tree.

First thing of a morning, the scuffy-toed Texan insisted on a shine. Clark finally obliged him, though not ready to open. Hearing himself called "boy" in a very nasty tone of voice, Clark put up with Nicotine-mouth until he spit into the tree via Clark's head. W.H.C., in turn, let go of his temper. "This is California, and we don't have spittoons here. Now you get down from there and shine my shoes!" The Texan was eventually persuaded to step down, and Clark remembers, "I felt very, very good about that."

He talks to the tree, sings to it, and believes in his green finger which made his aunt's sickly plants thrive. "I'm a Baptist, and I know I shouldn't say it, but I can't help wondering if I wasn't ever a vegetable or a plant." He could just as soon have been a white salesman or a black doctor or a Mexican business man; he communicates so easily with all the life downtown.

The corn he planted in a kind of contest with the man around the corner was getting so high it almost reached his taste buds. But one night, darkly behind his back, the city did away with the corn. Clark was later informed that they were afraid someone might get sick from eating corn grown near a sprayed tree. His competitor's corn was broken by some anonymous citizens. "People tear up flowers and throw them in the street just out of meanness." Clark tends his tree out of love.



In 1937, the Navy brought Walter H. Clark from Charleston to San Diego. It was so pretty here he stayed. So many lakes, dried up now; Christmases downtown, faded now. San Diego was a small town, mostly Navy, and segregated. He knew nearly all the coloured people in town. Signs "NO NEGROES ALLOWED", dancing halls where he and his wife were ostracized, hard times for his children in prejudiced schools were everyday weather for Clark. But like the tree, "I bend with the wind."

Back then Clark hadn't yet experienced the satisfaction of self-employment. He left his job at Convair because he hates "clockwatches" and hates doing a job where something carelessly done can result in injury to a stranger. He has seen men leave a detail on an airplane job half done at the L-u-u-u-n-c-h call, and, once back on the job, forget the other half. "I know I can't hurt anyone by giving a half shine."

Chances are you won't get a half shine from Walter H. Clark. He'll either do his best or give you the brush-off. Customer appreciation gives him deep satisfaction. "The best things that ever happened to me are small things like someone telling me 'That was the best shine I ever had!'" Toward his steady clientele, "I'm that close with them that my customers are more like relatives." There are those, however, who never do come back for a second shine.

Take the Saturday night when the action still focused on downtown and the Cadillac pulled up outside Clark's stand. The driver wanted a wax shine, the 50c shine, not the plain shine for 35c. Clark let the man know the going rate, but after the shine, Mr. Caddy paid him only 35c. Said that all he pays for a shine is 35c. And he walked off. Clark got mad enough to pick up the old quarter and dime and throw them after Mr. Caddy, who retrieved them, pocketed them, and kept on walking. (Maybe that's how he got his caddy.)

Although his fondest memories were born at the Third Avenue stand, Clark spends only Friday evenings and weekend afternoons there now. Three years ago the downtown Florshiem asked him to work for them. He's there 9 to 4:30 during the business week with his TV tuned to Watergate. And he performs Saturday mornings at Courtesy Chevrolet in Mission Valley. For a while Clark had two Third Avenue addresses, this one, and the other one north of Broadway in the old California Building. Pin-ups and plain talk made it a gentleman's place, although women, too, would pass and laugh at the pictures, taking no offense until... The one of the fat lady spilling over into her goosy birthday cake captioned by Clark, "Be careful ladies or this could be you" offended two sensitive matrons. He told them that they just didn't get the joke and that he wouldn't take it down. "And they hooked me to death" and came back with a priest. The proper priest, stripped of sense of humor, kept insisting that the picture was evil. Clark lost his respect for priests. "Your damn white collar gets just as dirty as mine." When the priest brought along the police, the picture was still there. A young policeman, who understood Clark's feelings, suggested that he leave the evil thing up all that day and then take it down for good. "So I compromised. It would have taken too much out of me to take it down right then."

He hasn't much respect for healers, either, although he claims travel with the Navy drove all the prejudice out of him. In particular, the day he had a toothache and the toothless holiness lady came along to heal him...let Clark tell you the rest of that one, in person.

Despite his firmly held opinions, Walter H. Clark is loose enough to live through any downtown happening with twinkly-eyed tolerance. Father of five, including two step-children, he's an extremely young and vigorous fifty-five. People even criticize his dressing "too young" and give him grief about his beard. Clark gets along better with young folks than with people his own age and dresses the way he feels. When his customers watch others passing and cat about their clothes, he protests that people should try to get close to one another, not stand apart over trivialities. Blacks, black men, anyway, set fashion because they have the nerve not to care what people say and thus, dress to please themselves.

Clark's present Third Avenue address is 837, next to the Off-Broadway Theatre stage door. He knew it when it was a burlesque house. Clark's stand is tiny, but its aura colours half the block. Whether you stop by for a shoe job or a chat, you always step away with a shine in your soul.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Table listing various branches of Southern California First National Bank with addresses and phone numbers.

museums and galleries

FOUR-DIMENSIONAL analytic design. One man show. Leslie and Lynne Moore, July 10 through August 11, Monday - Saturday, 9 am - 5 pm.

BRONZE SCULPTURES by Andrea Hoffman, Welded Steel Sculptures by Ron Tatro. Nineteenth Century European Drawings and Watercolors.

CITY IS FOR PEOPLE. Large sculptures lent by artists on East and West coasts exhibited throughout downtown area.

SVIHLA COLLECTION. oriental ceramics and porcelains dating from the 10th through the 18th centuries.

COLOR LITHOGRAPHS and etchings by Pat Therob. Athenaeum, 1008 Wall Street, La Jolla.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN. California abstract painter, forty paintings and lithographs.

GALLERY 8—jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as ethnic pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia.

theatre

SUDS IN YOUR EYE, a comedy, Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M. Through August 18.

PLAY READINGS of new plays, presented by The New Heritage Theatre, Inc., Valencia Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Sundays, 6:30 p.m. Through August 5.

CABARET, presented by Valley Musical Theatre and San Diego City College, Wednesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m. and Saturdays, 2:30 p.m.

THE GINGERBREAD LADY, a play by Neil Simon. Mission Playhouse, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.

FETCH A RABBIT SKIN, by Rosie Driffell, and THE DEATH OF DOCTOR PARKER, by Anne Sniderman. Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 16.

MAME, presented by Grossmont College's Griffin Players, Stagehouse Theatre, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11, 8:00 p.m. For reservations, call 465-1700, ext. 327.

PAL JOEY, the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy, starring Dean Jones, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; Sundays, 7:30 p.m.

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, a musical comedy presented by the San Diego Junior Theatre, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 8:00 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 p.m.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday and Saturday, August 2 and 4, 8:30 p.m.

KING LEAR, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday and Tuesday, August 3 and 7, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday and Wednesday, August 5 and 8, 2:00 p.m.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Sunday and Wednesday, August 5 and 8, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

PRIVATE LIVES, by Noel Coward, Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Friday, Sunday, and Tuesday, August 3, 5, and 7, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

I DO! I DO!, a comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Thursday, Saturday, and Wednesday, August 2, 4, and 8, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday, August 5, 2:00 p.m.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES, presented by the McIntyre Puppet Players, Balboa Park Puppet Theatre, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 3, 4, and 5, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, Starlight musical, San Diego Open Air Theatre, Wednesday through Saturdays, through August 18, 8:30 p.m. Opens August 8.

lectures and talks

GARDENS AND ARCHITECTURE, ninth in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan. James R. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Tuesday, August 7, 7:15 p.m.

THE ARTS OF JAPAN AND THE WESTERN INFLUENCE IN THE PRESENT CENTURY, tenth and last in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan, James R. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Wednesday, August 8, 7:15 p.m.

EXPLORER JACQUES-YVES COSTEAU, "An Artificial Ocean for an Artificial Planet," San Diego Civic Theatre, Wednesday, August 8, 8:00 p.m.

sports

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Monday, August 6, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday, August 7, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Philadelphia, San Diego Stadium, Wednesday, August 8, 7:30 p.m.

dance

LA KOTA INDIAN DANCERS, Balboa Park Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Thursday, August 2, 7:30 p.m.

BALLET FOLKLORICO en Actian, part of Evenings in the Park series, Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 7:30 p.m.

FOUR SHORT BALLETS: "Imansem," "Summer Dance Festival," with original music and chants from the Iroquois, Sioux and Winnebago nations.

music

E.L. BLUES BAND, Neutral Ground, Wednesday, August 1 and Thursday, August 2, 8 and 11 p.m.

STRAIGHT FLUSH, Conference Building, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 8 p.m.

NANCY WILSON, with the Cannonball Aderyn Quintet, benefit concert for the Elementary Institute of Science, San Diego Civic Theatre, Friday, August 3, 8:00 p.m.

OLD TOWN, the country duo of Ken Shaw and Jim Morris, Folk Arts, Friday and Saturday, August 3 and 4, 8:00 p.m.

MOZART IN AUGUST, an all-Mozart concert, conducted by Rafael Druian, concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, featuring pianist Sidney Foster, Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla, Saturday, August 4, 8:31 p.m.

SAN DIEGO CHAMPIONSHIP OLD-TIME BANJO AND FIDDLE CONTEST, Pepper Grove, Balboa Park, Sunday, August 5. (Starts about 11:00 a.m.) Admission free.

MARK ALMOND, Joe Walsh and Barnstorm, and Robin Trower, San Diego Civic Theatre, Sunday, August 5, 8:00 p.m. All seats reserved.

JOHN GREENE and PIANIST JAMES FIELDS, with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, San Diego State Open Air Theatre, Monday, August 6, 8:00 p.m.

MUSICA TIJUANA Y DRUIAN, presented by UCSD, Tijuana City Hall, Tuesday, August 7, 8:00 p.m.

THIS EVENTS CALENDAR IS COMPILED EACH WEEK BY THE READER AND IS A SERVICE SPONSORED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. ALL INQUIRIES REGARDING THE EVENTS LISTED HERE SHOULD BE MADE TO THE READER - 454-1052 - OR TO THE EVENT SPONSOR. PLEASE SEND ITEMS TO BE LISTED TO: READER, P.O. BOX 80803, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138 OR CALL: 454-1052.

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Aug. 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 - matinees

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Cabaret advertisement with logo and show details

Mark Almond and Joe Walsh & Barnstorm advertisement

T. Rex and Albert Hammond advertisement for San Diego Civic Theater



All in the Lear Family... a Night Away From the Louds

Jonathan Saville

All literary tragedies, whether on the stage or in fiction, are about unhappy families. Apparently there is no human experience which so engages our passions of love, hate, guilt, revenge, remorse—the tragic passions—as the experience we all have, at one time or another, of being dependent for our whole emotional existence on parents, on children, on brothers and sisters.

move us beyond any other art form. And hence the power of King Lear. Shakespeare's—and the world's—greatest tragedy. A single line in the play's second act sums up, with the force of a descending axe-blade one of those dreadfully painful conflicts, not a member of the audience—of any audience—can have been free of. Lear, who is old, silver-haired and cranky, has divided his kingdom between two of his daughters, Goneril and Regan, who are flourishing in their youth, their beauty, their easy command over the pleasures of sex and sense.

of King Lear; and, oddly enough, it is supremely satisfying, for all of the unbearable suffering the characters and the audience must undergo. Somehow we feel a unique exaltation in living through, in our imaginations, all the most horrible consequences of those family passions we have otherwise learned to get along with as inevitable and unresolvable. A great performance of a great tragedy, like King Lear, can do something for our emotional well-being that nothing in "real life" itself can do.

It is the universal conflict between the child who owes everything to his parents, yet cannot bear the sense of obligation this engenders; and the parent whose every gift is a subtle emotional I.O.U., to be paid on demand. The parent will give the child the whole world, but he will not give him freedom—yet not even for freedom will the child give in return what the parent desires: an unforced loving gratitude.

There is no solution to this conflict. Give tolerance and time, it usually works itself out in compromise, not fully satisfactory to either party; that is the way of the world. Pressed to the extreme, it results in the disintegration of the family, in wounds that cannot be repaired, in wounds that destroy the whole organism. This is the way of tragedy; it is, supremely, the way

Advertisement for Occult & Astrological Supplies, featuring a list of items and contact information for New Eon Metaphysical Center.

Richard Greene, Lee Corrigan, Peter Nyberg, Charles Haid and Herb Foster are more than excellent in some of the lesser roles. Only Charles Lanier appears somewhat miscast as Edmund. Mr. Lanier is an accomplished actor, but he is just a bit too bland, a bit too full of the milk of human kindness, to bring out fully the gorgeous romantic wickedness in Edmund's character. Most of these actors seemed to me as good as anyone I have ever seen in their roles. Two members of the cast, however, were far better than anyone else I have seen playing their parts, and in fact I cannot conceive of greater performances than the ones they are giving now at the Old Globe. The two are Penelope Windust as Cordelia, Lear's one good daughter, and Sandy McCann as Lear's Fool. There is a tendency for actresses to play Cordelia as all sweetness and light, so as to contrast her as sharply as possible with Edmund and Regan. None of this for Miss Windust. In her early scenes she is hard, stubborn, willful, sharp-tongued, clearly not some angelic changeling left on a matter of who her sisters are wicked, and she is good, but just as there is a tough wickedness so hers theirs, as we see by the end of the play, as we see by the end of the play, as we see by the end of the play, as we see by the end of the play.





# READER'S GUIDE TO THE SILVER SCREEN

—duncan shepherd

AS THESE LISTINGS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AT THE DROP OF A HAT, BE SURE TO CHECK WITH THE LISTED THEATRE.

**The Daring Dobermans** — A fast-paced, action-packed, colorful, well-paced, and well-written. Co-starring with the great... (Linda)

**Day of the Jackal** — Frederic Forsyth's bestseller about an attempted assassination of DeGaulle by the world's most famous contract killer and the elaborate police effort to head him off... (Linda)

**Jesus Christ Superstar** — Norman Jewson's rock and roll musical... (Linda)

**Man Who Loved Cat Dancing** — The cure cures sequel... (Linda)

**Bananas** — Woody Allen's humor is not very verbal, nor very visual, but very conceptual... (Linda)

**Butte for the Planet of the Apes** — The fifth and final installment of the APEs movie... (Linda)

**Billiger** — A new version, with Warren Oates and written/directed by John Milus... (Linda)

**40 Cars** — The Broadway hit, an film... (Linda)

**The Friends of Eddie Coyle** — Most of the movie's vigor comes from the special vision of the George Higgins novel... (Linda)

**Billy Jack** — Sort of a modern-day SHANE... (Linda)

**Bobo** — A film about a young boy... (Linda)

**The Last of Sheila** — Murder mystery at its most farcical... (Linda)

**Mad Kelly** — Tony Richardson's de-glamorized, dark biography of a sort... (Linda)

**Sess** — About a snake-man. With Susan Martin, Norman Macaskill... (Linda)

**Born Yesterday** — A film about a woman who is reborn... (Linda)

**Boys** — A film about a group of young men... (Linda)

**The Last Tango in Paris** — Bernardo Bertolucci's splash... (Linda)

**Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid** — The Billy the Kid tale... (Linda)

**Play It Again, Sam** — Conservative Bill Allen... (Linda)

**Brother Sun, Sister Moon** — Frances of Assisi promoting poverty and nonviolence... (Linda)

**Harold and Maude** — The fate-sidekick jokes are predictable... (Linda)

**The Heartbreak Kid** — Unconquered funny, directed by Elaine May... (Linda)

**The Lone Ranger and the Lost City of Gold** — Plus THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD... (Linda)

**Trader Horn** — Rod Taylor, Anne Heywood... (Linda)

**Butterflies Are Free** — Generation gap arguments are waged off and on... (Linda)

**Camelot** — It is not altogether easy to do such an interesting version of this... (Linda)

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THE HEARTBREAK KID



# Hustle But No Acrobatics

—Leslie Kienholz— In Truffaut's Two English Girls the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, is mostly working in lenses, camcorders persons within

Shanghai Mandarin & Shanghai Style Chinese Restaurant

LA JOLLA 1017 prospect 454-5806

THE UNICORN Cinema SUNFLOWER SEEDS

down, which makes you wonder as you're laughing if he's intending to be funny when Claude's mother says her son "I built you stone by stone" or when the narrator says, as Claude touches Anne's breast for the first time, "Will she slap him?"

The movie works like a charm in bringing out what different people Claude arrives at the Whitehouse he is wearing a bicycle-riding outfit that would look crazy if it didn't blend into the landscape.

HI-YO SILVER! ...AWAY UP SCOUT

IT'S THE Lone Ranger & Tonto in The Lone Ranger & Lost City of Gold

LA PALOMA 730-1100

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San Diego engagement at the Unicorn, as a big movie, a film festival type, and is well made, but it's just okay, even though it holds attention.

The way it holds attention is smart. Truffaut wanted a sketch of the characters, lives that would make their meanderings stand out in bold relief.

LA PALOMA 730-1100

LA PALOMA 730-1100

LA PALOMA 730-1100

LA PALOMA 730-1100

