

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY  
FREE CLASSIFIEDS • COMPLETE MOVIE GUIDE

READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY September 6 to September 12

"What more could I want?" asked Barbara. "I have a mansion, a pool, a butler, a maid, my old man, my kids, limousines. I live with the people I love. I never have to do any housework, I only cook a meal if I feel like it..."

—Connie Bruck—

There was Nate, on his way to hang another set of valances. Nate the valance man in his van bumping along behind me up the dirt roads in the back-hills of Rancho Santa Fe. We pulled into the circular drive of the old Spanish mansion together, me and Nate, and we both took in the Lincoln Continentals, and the butler in black and whites washing down one of the Cadillac convertibles.

"I... Somebody named Newman live here?" Nate yelled. He sounded skeptical, not to mention mad at having had to take such an off-road expedition for Christie just to hang a set of valances. But of course it wasn't just that; for Nate had come upon a More House, where he was about to learn that he too could have more and more and more — that he in fact need not be Nate the valance man. In only a week he would quit his job and be lounging around the pool here with his wife and kids, drinking gin and tonic served by a prettily uniformed maid, who obligingly bent over in the shortest skirt he'd seen in a long while.

Barbara and Irv Newman are More House missionaries, come to bring the Good News to the jungles of San Diego. Masterminded by Victor Barranco, the first More House opened in Oakland in 1969, and Barbara and Irv joined about a year later.

"Vic is a half spade, half Jew who made a couple million in business and then lost it and flashed on how none of it meant anything," said Barbara.

So he sat down in his backyard and thought and thought and came up with something that gave it all meaning, freed him to go on making a million but to enjoy more — the Institute for Human Abilities, he called it, or More House, and its goal, "to serve the world unselfishly and make a profit at it."

More House makes those profit by buying old, run-down houses which its people renovate while living in them. In the case of this Spanish mansion, for example, the Institute took a loan to buy it for \$100,000, has already improved the property value to \$160,000, now takes out another loan to buy the land adjoining it, all the while building credit rating, building property values, building more and more and more. They use as "tools" the aspects of this society which they once saw as evil — like taxes, which they don't pay.

Teaching is another source of profit. Institute members give "mark groups", evening courses in psychological game-playing for which the "commitment" is "\$2.50 or whatever", and weekend courses in sensuality, communications, hexing, or an unstructured "Weekend with Vic" (which may actually be taught by Irv, who is qualified to be Vic) for \$45 and no whatever. Barbara and Irv say

they sometimes take in \$1000 for a weekend course, and all money of course goes to the Institute. But the courses couldn't possibly produce all the highly conspicuous wealth — and no one quite explained how they could go on borrowing, borrowing, borrowing, without someday having to pay off their loans.

Barranco's philosophy of More

wanted to run his own garbage business, an under-cover agent who came to check us out and ended up moving in with his family, and a lot of hippies... but they don't stay hippies long. They start enjoying the good things in life."

Those good things would wholly satisfy the standard American middle-class appetite. "In a nation of people striving for middle class,

Barbara ordered another gin and tonic from the butler and sighed at the wonder of it all, at how very perfect it all is and how perfect, in fact, everyone is. "We have everyone as perfect, that's our basic assumption. People that come here feel they are being found right for what they are — and it's addictive."

"People out there are pain

According to the Institute or Barranco, it takes 18 months for the average person to learn to love all the time. And that's how long it took Barbara and Irv under the tutelage of another More guru, Patty Matlock, who was an archaeologist in his lesser pre-Institute life.

"Patty put us in a basement of a grocery store. The walls were greasy, it was full of cobwebs. He twisted his mustache and said, 'Make it pretty, kiddies.' When we were done, somebody said it looked like the Tower Suite. We take what other people see as garbage and make it pretty — everything from houses to people."

Barbara continued to reminisce. "They woke us up at 4 A.M., said 'we want four grilled cheese sandwiches and four matedes. We had no money, we had to wake up other people for money and car keys."

"And that taught you... what?" I wondered. "That taught me to feel I could do anything, anywhere, in any situation." A survival course of sorts.

Major facets of the Institute structure are role-playing and game-playing. "We create a play where there are a whole lot of roles to be filled," explained Barbara, "and we're not victimized by them. We dig being maids and butlers and chauffeurs."

The women also dig being the objects of nearly everyone's sexual fantasies. The Institute line is that the man provides everything for his woman, the man paints while the woman serves drinks. "we take care of our ladies."

"The men like to work more if we're around, wearing uniforms so short that they can see our butts if we bend over a little; we're very deliberate," laughed Barbara. "Role-playing is a way to have more experiences in life," Barbara continued, "and it's wonderful to serve. Irv still wears black-and-whites and plays butler when we go to visit Patty."

"I never see Daddy in black-and-whites," piped up Matthew their nine-year-old who was taking it all in.

"We serve now, all the time, by being committed to keeping all the relationships around here clean (honest)," said Barbara, "and we serve the public", too, who come here for weekend courses, wanting to clean up their relationships, wanting to get turned on sexually."

Paul the butler comes out to announce that the valances were six inches too short but it hasn't been a total loss — the valance man is going to hold a "mark group" in his house this week. "Far out," said Barbara. She turned to me. "It just flips people out, our being here, saying we're committed to giving you whatever you want. Rip us off, we're a blank check." (I try to oblige, by asking if I can come to a weekend course, without paying \$45 — for the story, of course. She tells me I can, if I work it off by playing maid for three days. Thank you, no.)

"Here, instead of how much you have being related to how much money you have, how much you have is related to how much you love," said Barbara, smiling and looking around.

(continued on page 8)

FOLLOWING THE  
YELLOW  
BRICK ROAD

is an odd mix of Horatio Alger, Dr. Masters and Johnson, and the democratic instincts of a Marine Corps drill sergeant. He promises that whoever joins the system and perseveres, from the bottom of the hierarchy — serving as maid, butler, painter, or builder — will reach the ultimate point of having everything he or she could possibly dream of having, and of being "together enough" to enjoy having that much.

The aim is "to be happy, and to feel good", and this can be achieved by looking for the good in any situation. The constant premium is on excitement, and since More Housers see sex as the most exciting thing in life, it is a major focus of the Institute. They study Masters' and Johnson's sex techniques avidly and disseminate this information, with great concentration upon the female orgasm, in weekend courses. They repeatedly ask new people in the Institute, or in mark groups, "Do you have orgasms?" "...how often?" "...how

well out-middle-class 'em." Yes, indeed. They take all the accoutrements of the life of the nouveau riche and place them in a different context, to void the void that accompanies those poolside afternoons in Newport, lurking always just beyond the mah-jong table, just behind the cabana. As Carl, No. 2 man to Irv, puts it, "Barranco took knowledge from the Bible, the Koran, and he made it appropriate, for middle-class Americans. It's an alternative that fits in better with American life than, say, the Maharishi."

"A girl from the Bronx living in a movie star's mansion," sighed Barbara, her glance moving from house to pool to her own deeply tanned anatomy. "that's making chopped liver out of shit."

I asked Barbara to repeat that one, and she explained that it was an expression of her grandmother's, she can't take full credit for it. But she continues to elaborate in her own way, showing

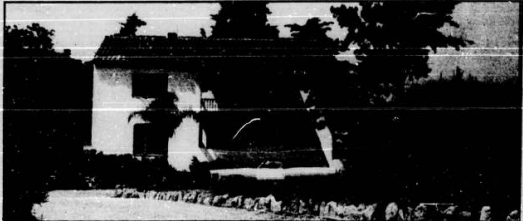
junkies," asserted Barbara, referring to the world outside of More House. "They're addicted to the bad."

And what was it like before Barbara became addicted to the good?

"Oh, I always wanted to be somewhere else. I always said to myself, 'what the fuck am I doing here?' Then I just realized that if I'm here I must want to be here, and I should enjoy every experience I have."

In their earlier life, Barbara and Irv were married at 16, lived in Plainview, Long Island, begat two children, Matthew and Ricky, and Irv travelled two and a half hours on the Long Island Railroad every day to go to his job as a diamond custer in the 47th St. jewelry district of New York City.

"We had a lot then," said Barbara, who is now 29, "but my old man was away from me all day dealing in cut-throat business. We decided there must be a better way."



do you know?" There are about fifty More Houses in the country, divided into classes "A" and "B". Directors, those who have risen in the hierarchy, live in "A-houses", which are suitably opulent and located in the country — such as this Spanish mansion, built by Frank Morgan who played the Wizard in "The Wizard of Oz". "B-houses" are in the city and open to serve the public. "We have a B-house in National City," informed Barbara, "and anyone can go there and get fed, crash, get rubbed on."

Institute members represent a cross-section of American society. "We get hairdressers, college professors, a guy who always

that her grandmother's gift for analogy has not been lost. "I'm a people freak," said Barbara. "I mean, it's just like with shoes. No matter how many I have, I always want more."

Given the nature of More House, it is good that Barbara feels this way. The more people and the more houses, the more Barbara will be able to have of everything she wants. Even if it's just more of the same.

"What more could I want?" asked Barbara. "I have a mansion, a pool, a butler, a maid, my old man, my kids, limousines, I live with the people I love. I never have to do any housework, I only cook to deal if I feel like it..."

That conviction led them, naturally, to California, where Irv went to school at UCSD and they began to live communally, becoming interested in the teachings of Meher Baba. "A bunch of people eatin' brown rice out of wooden bowls. Irv didn't wear any shoes, he wore a shirt of unbleached muslin — just like a typical hippie," Barbara exclaimed.

"But that got slow — nothing was shakin'."

From Long Island to San Diego and finally to Oakland, the search took them ever onward, in unceasing quest for what was shakin'. And there, in Barranco's Institute, they found it. They learned how to love all the time, for one thing,

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THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

**sports**

ALI-NORTON Closed Circuit T.V. Fight, San Diego Community Concourse, Golden Hall, Monday, September 10, 8:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, S.D. Stadium, Monday, September 10, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Houston, S.D. Stadium, Tuesday, September 11, 7:30 p.m.

**museums and galleries**

DEL MAR ART FESTIVAL, featuring works by actor-painter Harry Lauter, Doris Gilbert, Norberto Reyes, Old Del Mar Hotel site, Saturday and Sunday, September 8 and 9, 10:00 a.m. to sunset.

THE SPANISH TRADITION IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, drawings and photographs of buildings such as the Customhouse in Monterey, the Cabildo in New Orleans, the Alamo in Texas, San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park, September 10 through October 10.

LARGE INK AND DYE ABSTRACTS by Alice Marquis. Also, A Strange Collection of Assemblages and Graphics by Bert Kersey, prints by Kathleen McCord, and jewelry by del Castillo. Trad Gallery, 3701 India Street, near Washington, San Diego. Gallery hours: Tuesday — Saturday, 11—5 p.m., Sunday, 12—5 p.m.

BRUCE MCCrackEN, one-man show, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park. Through October 1.

LITHOGRAPHS by Nancy Graves and new paintings by John Baisley. Continuing — Nicholas Krushenick, paintings and collages, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, San Diego.

NANCY GRAVES. Paintings based on lunar and planetary maps, drawings and gouaches based on lunar, Martian and earth geography, and lithographs based on lunar landing sites. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Through October 7.

CITY IS FOR PEOPLE. Large sculptures lent by artists on East and West coasts exhibited throughout downtown area. Correlated exhibitions at Fine Arts Gallery showing development of San Diego and multi-media presentation of public art in major U.S. cities. Through September 23.

NEW SELECTION OF GRAPHICS by American Printmakers. Continuing: Sculpture Exhibition by Andrea Hoffman and Ron Tatro; Fritz Scholder Paintings, Drawings, and Graphics. Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, San Diego.

SVHLA COLLECTION, oriental ceramics and porcelains dating from the 10th through the 18th centuries. Fine Arts Gallery, Through September 23.

GALLERY 8 — jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as other pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia. All items for sale. International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 3:00 p.m.

**music**

SYMPHONIC JAZZ CONCERT. Full San Diego State Orchestra presents jazz and classical selections of Duke Ellington, Quincy Jones, Johann Bach, Rachmaninoff, and others. Calvin Jackson directs. Montezuma Hall, Aztec Center, San Diego State, Friday, September 7, 8:00 p.m.



PRO-ARTE TRIO, Jim Stark, violin, William Nathan, cello, Pamela Stubbs, piano. Wednesday, September 8, 8:30 p.m.

PIANIST Conrad Bruderer gives recital at San Diego State Recital Hall, Friday, September 7, 8:00 p.m.

JOAN BAEZ. Open Air Theatre, San Diego State, Sunday, September 9, 8:00 p.m.

MEFISTOFELE, the opera by Arrigo Boito, San Diego Opera, with Norman Treigiel in title role. Sunday, September 9, 8:00 p.m., Wednesday, September 12, 8:00 p.m., Saturday, September 15, 2:00 p.m. San Diego Civic Theatre.

THE SEASONS by Vivaldi, San Diego Chamber Symphonietta with Otto Feld, solo violinist. Third Floor lecture room, San Diego Public Library, Tuesday, September 11, 7:30 p.m. Free admission.

BENEFIT DANCE AND CONCERT for Mid-City Community Concert. Straight Flush and Backstep. Sat. Sept. 8, 8 PM—1 AM. Call 272-0656 for ticket info. None at door.

**films**

SEADREAMS, a surfing movie by French and Mastakia. The last surfing film of the summer. Pacific Beach Jr. High, 4676 Ingraham, Pacific Beach, Saturday, September 8, 8:30 p.m.

**special events**

RINGLING BROTHERS and Barnum and Bailey Circus, San Diego Sports Arena, Tuesday, September 11, 7:30 p.m., Wednesday, September 12, 4:15 and 8:15 p.m. Through September 18.

**lectures and talks**

CRIME, CONSUMERS, AND CON GAMES, June Sherwood, Attorney General's Office, College Grove Shopping Center, Public Auditorium, Wednesday, September 12, 1:30 p.m.

MAN, THE PLANETS AND THE FUTURE — AN EPILOGUE. Dr. Bruce Murray, Professor of Planetary Science, California Institute of Technology, San Diego Community Concourse, Golden Hall, Wednesday, September 12, 8:00 p.m.

**theatre**

THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN, Arthur Miller's play. Actors Quarter, Fridays and Saturdays through October 13, 8:30 p.m.

SLEEPING BEAUTY, play based on Grimm's fairy tale. Actors Quarter, Saturdays and Sundays through October 14, 2:00 p.m.

NIGHT WATCH, a play by Lucille Fletcher, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays through Sundays through October 6, 8:30 p.m.

FETCH A RABBIT SKIN by Rosie Driffield, and THE DEATH OF DOCTOR PARKER by Anne Sniderman, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays through Sundays through September 16, 8:00 p.m.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Saturday, September 8, 2:00 p.m.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday and Wednesday, September 8 and 12, 8:30 p.m., Sunday, September 9, 2:00 p.m.

KING LEAR, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday, September 7, 8, 9, and 11, 8:30 p.m., Wednesday, September 12, 2:00 p.m.

1001 DOG, a comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, Old Globe Theatre, Cassius Carter Stage, Saturday, September 8, 2:00 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

PRIVATE LIVES, a Noel Coward comedy, Old Globe Theatre, Cassius Carter Stage, Thursday, September 8, Friday, September 7, Sunday, September 9, 8:30 p.m., Sunday, September 9, 2:00 p.m.

THE BOYS IN THE BAND, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m., Sundays, 7:30 p.m. Through September 30.

BEYOND THE FRINGE, North County Community Theatre, 1320 Grand Avenue, San Marcos. Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Sundays, 2:00 p.m. Through September 23.

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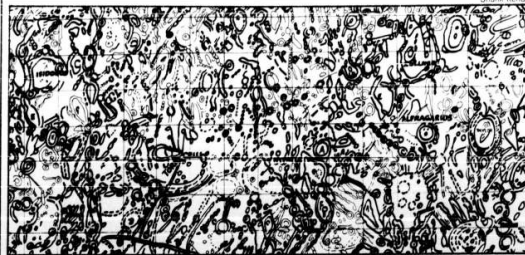
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**Kotter Takes on the Dotter**

—Jennifer Kotter—

In the same way that Pop artists use Coca-Cola, Marilyn Monroe, Comic Books, and Elvis Presley, Nancy Graves uses maps.

It is difficult to determine whether the view is a telescopic reduction — product of a vast geographical scanning system — or if it is a microcosmic detail of a world the size of a flea's eye. Prolonged gazing at a recent Nancy Graves painting allows your eyes to glide between mammoth and minute terrain. Perceptual information slips from a microscope slide of organisms in pond water to satellite relay video images from the Moon and Mars. Nancy claims her work is about mapping — all but "too immense to perceive." But her paintings are not specific in their attempt to transcend either the most immense or the most miniature of spatial environments.

Nancy Graves, whose work appears in a major exhibition at La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art through October 7, does not paint while holding hands with Science. Though the focus of her drawings, paintings and lithographs in this show is maverick, the finished work is something completely different. She seems to be closer to the Pop idea of reobjectifying a functional commodity. In the same way that Pop artists used Coca-Cola, Marilyn Monroe, comic books and Elvis Presley, Nancy Graves uses maps. Nancy's own research and accumulation of data charts and maps provide her with a rich supply of material which she condenses, reorganizes and reprocesses in pen, paint and pencil. Her choices are arbitrary, her intentions unclear, her information incomplete, and her final report inconclusive. The finished interpretation has an entirely new significance that would not be any help to someone lost at sea or looking for a place to land on the Moon. Careful attention has been paid

to the basic mapping concerns of area, shape, direction and distance, but not to any climactic degree. There is a basic awareness of Geometry's simple rules: all space is an infinite volume of points, a plane is one thin sheet of these points, a line is a single directed path of connecting points. Nancy segments her lines into particles resembling bacteria. She twists and tangles fine threads and coarsely wound yarn. She strags her lines with beads and arrowheads and weaves them loosely through aerial patchwork compositions. She runs them randomly off edges and stretches them tightly in the equidistant symmetry of a tensely quilted grid.

When armies of dots are crowded onto a rectangular canvas, spot vs. spot warfare is eminent. The painting becomes confused in not quite subtle enough and not quite distinct enough variations. Spot splatters try to be too many shapes, sizes and colors at once. The painting strains to grow into a dense textural field but cannot carry enough weight inside the confines of each dot. Nancy Graves gets lost in her mud. The painting rests in its muddled state — about as uncertain as overcooked oatmeal.

Edging their way into various distracted states, Nancy Graves' paintings have their confused moments. The dots wait uncertainly in their insecure positions. They gather together to form under-sea ridges of stacked line segments or speckled streaks of swirling silver-flecked water. They seem to cut off corners or form repetitious hard-edged para-rectangles of defense. Dotted multiples layered on in mosaic fashion diminish in their importance when spread out over a raw white surface according to how distant each element is from the other. White can gain the primary role and make the painted surface look limp, starved and frightened. Or it can work constructively to mute and soften the primary palette pigments delicately. The process works along with eyes of

the viewer as they participate in mixing the pigments mentally from its original spotty terse state into an overall air-filtering of gentle modulated hues. Stark white canvas is no longer considered a void or a hole but serves as adhesive for all the added elements. It seems that the less abrupt and blatant each painted statement is, the more chance there is for success in incorporating a successful whole of the painting. This solution stands on the fence that divides milk toast vagaries from over-flopped mud-dines.

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John Herlihy  
The Reader, July 9, 1973

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# NOT SO GAY DRAMA

Boys in the Band aims... to show us real human beings who suffer precisely because the roles they compel themselves to play are caricatures.

Jonathan Saville — Mart Crowley's "The Boys in the Band," which opened last week at the Off Broadway Theatre, is a play about homosexuals. It is very funny, very moving, and wonderfully acted. As a drama, there is a good deal of the derivative and chintzy about it, but its virtues far outweigh its flaws, and especially in the current production — it should have a strong appeal to several classes of playgoers.

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kinks kind of sex. Students of contemporary drama will be interested in seeing another of the numberless progeny of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" in plays in which some representative specimens of a particular social group are brought together, usually for a party, and made to insult and terrify each other and themselves for the length of an evening (this is distinguished from a new form of playwrighting, deeply influenced by the popularity of psychodrama and encounter group therapy). Anyone who loves good acting ought not to miss the Off Broadway production, for the nine members of the all-male cast do their jobs with stunning imagination and skill. And, certainly, anyone who wants to be entertained could scarcely find a more hilariously funny play than "The Boys in the Band."

The humor in the play is not unexpected. One of the staples of literary homosexuality is the "bitchy queen," a type character one of whose functions is to hurl an endless volley of nasty witticisms at all the other characters. This is a limited kind of humor, because as it does entirely of aggression. But since one of the most potent causes of comic laughter is the sudden release of hostility, it is a limited kind of humor with a very broad appeal — for who is there who doesn't have some hostility he would enjoy releasing, if only vicariously? In "The Boys in the Band" there are two very bitchy queens, a vulgar one (played by David Leisure) and an intellectual one (played by Henry Polic). And between them they keep the audience in a constant state of explosive — even painful — comedy. Mr. Crowley has provided them with awfully funny lines, but it is the quality of their acting that really makes the comedy overwhelming. Mr. Polic is thin and stiff as bamboo, scarcely moving anything but his head, which is in a perpetual wobble like a stoned snake about to strike. Mr. Leisure is extravagantly effeminate, posturing, mining, throwing up his hands, and the two of them produce voices so ironic, so scornful, and at the same time so oddly musical, that their wit is irresistible.

Mr. Polic and Mr. Leisure have the best lines, but the rest of the cast is in no way inferior to them in brilliance of acting. The difficulties of acting in this sort of play are exceptionally great. Mr. Crowley has assembled on stage a bunch of exotics, each marked by various eccentric traits of walking, gesturing, speaking and prancing. It seems very easy to act a part whose character is defined by so many external elements, the more exaggerated the better. In fact, it is quite easy, if all the play is as good as this.

## ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND

Ali teases Howard Cosell's cheek for having called him a washed up has been after the first Norton fight.

— Alan Pesin —

Ali's revenge? "The Battle of Broken Jaw," the rematch between ex-heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali and San Diego contender Ken Norton, takes place Monday, September 10 at the Inglewood Forum, the house that Jack Kent Cooke built. Bill Cosby, Jim Brown, Steve McQueen, and a host of Hollywood luminaries will be sitting \$100 ringside. I'll be sitting with C. Arnholt Smith in the \$12.50's. Locally you can try to catch me waving to my San Diego friends on closed circuit color screen set up at the San Diego Sports Arena or Community Center Golden Hall. I will be wearing a red sports coat with matching lapel pins.

This is the rematch that San Diego lost to Los Angeles because of a mixup between local promoter Louis Lake and nouveau riche Lee Fruin. It seems that Mr. Lake wanted to keep big-time boxing in San Diego no matter what the cost, and Mr. Fruin wanted to sit ringside with Bill Cosby and Steve McQueen at the Inglewood Forum. Since money will not outstay the audience in a constant state of explosive — even painful — comedy. Mr. Crowley has provided them with awfully funny lines, but it is the quality of their acting that really makes the comedy overwhelming. Mr. Polic is thin and stiff as bamboo, scarcely moving anything but his head, which is in a perpetual wobble like a stoned snake about to strike. Mr. Leisure is extravagantly effeminate, posturing, mining, throwing up his hands, and the two of them produce voices so ironic, so scornful, and at the same time so oddly musical, that their wit is irresistible.

to look ahead. **ROUND ONE** — Ali bounds out of his corner at his dancingest weight since the night of the ninth grade junior prom. Quickly measuring the distance, Ali flicks three lefts into Norton's face. He slips a Norton right, and backs away counter-clockwise. After one minute of the first round Ali has sized up Norton's chances of another upset. Now! Ali throws a crushing right at Norton's head, but pulls back at the last moment, saving his power for later. Norton keeps coming at Ali, but Ali's clockwise backpedaling throws Norton off balance. The bell sounds and Ali wins round one.

**ROUND TWO** — Ali springs from his corner bursting with energy. He is met and surprised by a Norton who continues to come on strong. Ali feels a right and left to the body, but shakes them off and realizes that Norton does not have the punch to finish him off. Ali, full of confidence, settles down to a couple of minutes of dancing and flicking secure in the knowledge that this is his night. Fans of Norton don't realize that he continues to bore in on Ali without letup. Round two is scored even.

**ROUND THREE** — Thirty seconds into the round Ali lets loose with a twisting left jab which stings Norton's face and gives Ken second thoughts about his pressing tactics. Ali, who has been dead serious until now (except for a small bit during the warm-up and introduction), proves that it has all been a pose by mugging to the audience in mid-round. All lets Norton hit him a couple of times, and Norton goes to life. But Ali ends the third round with a flurry, and comes away the winner

of the round. **ROUND FOUR** — Norton has had a good talking to by trainer Eddie Futch, while Ali begins the round after a minute of making faces with his mouthpiece. Ali seems to be playing with Norton, hitting him at will, and letting himself be cornered without apparent damage. Norton is in tremendous shape and realizes that he is not going to pull it off in the early rounds. He comes off as the crowd yell for more action. Ali is satisfied with his present situation, while Norton keeps plodding on, hoping for that one punch opening. Round four is scored even.

**ROUND FIVE** — Ali appears tired as he stands flat-footed holding Norton off with long left jabs. Norton's corner is yelling for the kill, figuring that Ali has run the eighth round, the referee stops the fight and declares Muhammad Ali the winner by a technical knockout. The crowd boos for just a moment, but then begins to cheer, first the loser, then the winner. Norton says the fight shouldn't have been stopped, and his trainer halfheartedly agrees. Howard Cosell is interviewing Muhammad Ali, who, after tweeking Cosell's cheek for having called him a washed up has been after the first Norton fight, is telling the audience, in as sedate a voice as Salvador Ali can speak, that he will take on both Joe Frazier and George Foreman as soon as either of them feel they might be ready for him. The fight is over. Ali has won. And Norton will be champ before too long. This was the trip over the track that Norton needed.

**ROUND SIX** — Angelo Dundee has told Ali that he's losing the fight. Ali knows it is just fight manager b.s., but makes himself believe it, and comes out like the Ali of old. Norton is confused, realizes for just a split-second that he doesn't belong in the same ring with Ali (but who does?), then puts such thoughts out of his mind. Ali lets Norton hit him the last minute of the round, and blood appears again on Norton's left eyebrow. Ali takes round six.

**ROUND SEVEN** — Norton jumps out ready to make up for the last round, but Ali is just too good. Norton hits Ali a few times in the (continued on p. 1 next page)

## ALI-NORTON

(continued from preceding page)

body, and once in the head, but they are all glancing blows. Ali is hitting Norton hard meanwhile, but just can't seem to knock him out, though one cutting right hand to Norton's left temple does stagger him. Ali wins this round.

**ROUND EIGHT** — The crowd cheers for Norton as he fights a losing battle to the hit. Norton lands one slipping right for every five flicking cutting hurting lefts of Ali. The crowd is torn between its feeling for the gritty, gritty showing of the young ex-Marine from San Diego, and the superb, remember-the-good-old-days performance of the persecuted contemporary object. Norton has cuts over both his eyes. At 1:57 of the eighth round, the referee stops the fight and declares Muhammad Ali the winner by a technical knockout. The crowd boos for just a moment, but then begins to cheer, first the loser, then the winner. Norton says the fight shouldn't have been stopped, and his trainer halfheartedly agrees. Howard Cosell is interviewing Muhammad Ali, who, after tweeking Cosell's cheek for having called him a washed up has been after the first Norton fight, is telling the audience, in as sedate a voice as Salvador Ali can speak, that he will take on both Joe Frazier and George Foreman as soon as either of them feel they might be ready for him. The fight is over. Ali has won. And Norton will be champ before too long. This was the trip over the track that Norton needed.

— Kathleen Woodward —

Jill Johnson, *Lesbian Nation: The Feminist Solution*, New York, Simon and Schuster, 1973.

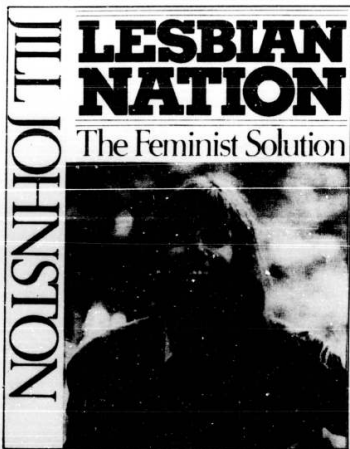
**DEDICATION**  
*This book is for my mother who should have been a lesbian and for my daughter in hopes she will be*

Question: Who's the most famous lesbian in the U.S.? Jill Johnson, writer for the *Village Voice* and mother of two, would jump up, rip off her blue work shirt, point proudly to her breasts, and answer "me me me," no doubt adding that she is also The Most Famous Lesbian on the whole earth and probably in the entire glittering cosmos.

If she weren't before (she "came out" in *Voice* print on July 1, 1970), she is now. *Lesbian Nation* is her very own "autobiography." It's a confessional hodgepodge of her columns, journal entries, and assorted essays. It's the saga of her rise to revolutionary lesbianism.

Like any compulsive talker with a political ax to grind, Jill Johnson won't let you go. She's a Jehovah's Witness and Fidel Castro with a crucial difference: no preaching, no holier-than-thou attitude. When she's at her best which is her most disorganized her sentes run on forever you'll never finish a paragraph, she'll get by the arm and talks nonstop about her first lover the reality of myth her first man her first abortion the Amazon woman and the books she's been reading lately all in a witty and often funny stream of words that occasionally rises into perceptive cultural analysis and all too often toward the end degenerates into the standard language of the consciousness-raising rap.

The first two chapters are the most engaging, for this is where she presents herself as the number one female exhibitionist and lets her style all hang out without getting too sticky or intolerably self-indulgent. Like Mailer she's arrogant and a show-off (she modestly advertises herself as "a rebellious critic, an innovative writer, and a revolutionary lesbian") but like Mailer she is also candid and honest enough to acknowledge herself the fool and the clown. Remember the passage in *Armies of the Night* where Mailer admitted that during his few days in jail he was most concerned not about the political impact he was making, but about whether he could keep his shirt from clean and get out in time to make a



whirlwind party in Connecticut? That's true, candor, and throughout *Lesbian Nation* Johnson is quick to confess, for example, just how silly and in the pithdick she has been politically. At the beginning of the book she hasn't a green stamp's sense of what it's all about and spends her time feeling guilty, getting married, and hanging upside-down from pipes in Village loft apartments. By the end of the book she no longer qualifies or apologizes for the statement "all women are lesbians" and proclaims that the amazon state must replace stagnation.

Much of it reduces to a year by year, blow by blow account in no coherent order of the few recent scandalous events in her life. As though she were in analysis, she comes back to them again and again. The Town Hall Affair in May 1971 when she was on stage with, among others, Germaine Greer and Norman Mailer (the couple of the century, as she calls them) and Mailer interrupted her speech and she responded by dandling about on the platform with her girlfriends and then he told her to "act like a lady!" The hot August East Hampton party the year before when she stripped off her clothes in the middle of a speech by Betty Friedan and plunged into the pool, swimming several lengths in her superb Australian crawl. Her 1969 honey-moon trek across the country with an american princess named Polly whom she later followed to the ends of the earth (Spain) only to realize that she was not only doomed to tragedy as a lover but that she had fallen into the clutches

of the heterosexual model of the one-to-one relationship. Her first visit to a gay bar (the very bar, it turns out, in *The Killing of Sister George*) in the summer of '68 which prompted her return to America as "a roaring lesbian." I mean that I discovered, I could sleep with a woman and not feel like it was the beginning or the end of the world. Meaning it was possible to just go to bed and have a good time and get up and share a cup of coffee or not and say goodbye and thank you quite amicably like any self respecting male chauvinist for whom the pleasures of the body are not necessarily complicated and constrained by the emotions of greed envy fear guilt anger jealousy etcetera all the defensive aggressive equipment attending the "ouging of romantic love."

Going beyond Marx, Johnson came to the conclusion that heterosexual sex was the "staple nuclear unit of oppression," that the feminist movement was not a solution, but just another complaint whose aim was to get a better deal from the man in the form of child-care centers and equal pay; given this, the visionary lesbian, and because psychologically/emotionally if all women have a stronger attraction to their mother than their father 2) a lesbian relationship is naturally more satisfying since it is not based on power with one partner having a social and biological advantage. Paradise on earth, she believes, is polymorphous perversity and the reunion of all women in the Eleanora Syles. She also, predictably, argues on physical grounds that women should be lesbians because women know more about their own bodies than men do etc.

Never mind about her so-called arguments based on her own flights-of-fancy takeoff on Jung. Her attempts to establish a reputable genealogy for Woman are about as futile and sloppily slapped together as her own desperate invention of a suitable past to impress one of her girlfriends. She tumbles into a basic trap which she doesn't see: she tries

to define woman *qua* woman, woman apart from culture, which is not only impossible but furthermore meaningless at this point in history, since generic man is no longer man-in-nature but man-in-culture.

In other words, none of the arguments based on either lineage (history) or nature are to be taken the least bit seriously, although few readers, I imagine, are in danger of doing so.

And even if they were, the notion of a separatist community to whom "arguments for a lesbian sexual characteristics would be admitted is clearly just as sexist as the past "colonialization" of women by men. But on the other hand, *politically speaking*, her argument for lesbianism does have the virtue of providing an alternative (of which we need as many as we can get) to what Johnson sees as the basic institutions of oppression: heterosexual marriage, the nuclear family, and all attendant upon them.

The importance of her book, then, lies not in any of her "arguments for a lesbian sexual characteristics" which she offers (although these are often entertaining and make for wonderful reading) but that she has come out so openly for what has always been taboo, that she is trying to teach us that lesbianism isn't after all something to be so frightened of.

*Lesbian Nation* is, in other words, significant as a personal document which is, by the way, not at all juicy. Don't check it out hoping to find pornography. There are no gory sex details and fortunately only a very few pseudonymously passages of the type "I'm not terrible enough to be beautiful and I'm not a streaming pillar of orange was a girl in a hot tub and melting away under the sun and I don't have an appointment at the end of the world," which actually isn't so bad to think of.

What you will find are impossible puns by the dozen. Johnson, it seems, just can't help herself, "let's batter latent and never," "the second sucks and the feminine mystique," "to have and to harm till death do parts," "in the room women come and go speaking of Marhabergal."

Scattered throughout you'll find John and Yoko, Brown and Marcuse, Ti-Grace and Kate and Gloria and Valerie Solanis and JILL JILL JILL. And suggestions for further reading: And Johnson on Sigmund, the lesbian chauvinist, and the myth of the myth of the vaginal orgasm (she pleasantly ridicules the feminist who attacked Masters and Johnson's discovery of the "insensitive vagina" as a weapon against phallic imperialism).

*Lesbian Nation* is fascinating, important, and not nearly so outrageous as one might expect, perhaps partly because she draws herself with some humorous lines, partly because the book is completely devoid of vituperative anger, partly because she is an intelligent and courageous woman as well as a crazy jane, partly because some of it makes sound sense. To wit: "You are who you sleep with," she says and adds that her first and final line if she "had only one subject would be that if you can't walk out your door and down the street and into the park in your familiar embrace with the one you love the whole society is in trouble." She's right. □

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**MORE HOUSE**  
(continued from page 1)

**POOLSIDE**  
time: one week later.  
cast: Anna, C. B., Greta's husband Ben, their baby Ari, Barbara, Irv, and a peripheral audience, cheering their More team on: Cindy, who lives there, and Nate the ex-valiance man and his family.  
**Barbara:** Irving, let me know when you've had enough of these schmucks and I'll take you upstairs and... (she went on to describe in mouth-watering detail the pleasures that awaited her spouse).  
**C.B. (to Barbara):** But why did you invite us here?  
**Irv:** I got passed off at her for doing it. You can't really hear me. You should be paying for a weekend course, if you want to be able to hear the answer. (But he goes on talking anyway.)  
**Irv:** The idea is to see the goodness in life, and then that's your life experience. Otherwise you're a pain freak, and you lose. Someone in a course once asked me to see the goodness in Hitler, and for a mink I ment I didn't know. But then I flashed on how there were twelve million Jews in Europe at the time and if I survey had been taken, I'm sure half of them would've given their lives for the state of Israel. (Pause. C.B. stares blankly at him.) And half of them did.  
**Ben:** Everything you say is convenient and arbitrary.  
**Anna:** I'd have a hard time seeing the goodness in Hitler.  
**Irv:** O.K. Lose.  
(Enter Jerry the butler, asking if he can get us anything more. Irv asks for another gin and tonic. Jerry replies there isn't any more tonic, Irv tells him to go get some. Jerry, until joining More House a couple of months ago, was a biochemist at Salk Institute. Exit Jerry.)  
**Irv:** I have the viewpoint that Jerry can do anything and that he's perfect. So he's chosen to live with me, to get fixed, to have my viewpoint. He will flash out that he's in touch with the abundant source of the universe. (Noting his visitor's expressions) I have to answer and come to a course. Or, you want to go on in pain... do it. When you're doing, you'll flash out into it.  
**Barbara:** (grinning) But then it'll be too late.  
**Irv:** Yeah, it'll be too late. (He laughs).  
(C.B. and Ben's two-year-old, Ari, is knocked over by the Newman's German shepherd, falls flat on his back onto the pool deck, and cries.)  
**Irv:** Look at that, the whole family are pain freaks.  
(Exit Anna, C. B., Ben, and Ari) (Curtain)

We assembled at a house in Mission Beach for a "mark group". It was led by Greta and Paul, who run the National City B-house and joined More House about six months ago. Greta's ex-husband, Jerry, who was the butler in the last scene, was also there; he lives in the B-house along with

Greta, his and Greta's two children, Greta's new old man, Paul, and some other people. Greta's mother, Sarah, is here, too. She has just flown in from New York for a visit for her grand-daughter's birthday.

The rules of the evening's games were outlined. There is mimicry in which you mimic what your partner is saying, the hot seat, in which you answer the questions put to you by either telling the truth, lying, or refusing to answer, and we were told that in life "the hot seat is always strapped to your ass, so this is a mockery of your life"; and "withholds," in which you tell people what you are withholding from them, and the assumption is that you are always withholding something and the telling, even if cruel, is a kind of communion — and essential for a clean relationship.

Sarah and I chose each other for mimicry partners. I told Sarah how familiar she was to me, so much like relatives at home, and how difficult and strange I thought this situation must be for her. We laughed because I knew Sarah knew this even before I told her and we had a pleasurable two minutes of putting full attention on each other, which is the idea of the mimicry. I saw that Sarah was game and was not surprised when she volunteered for the hot seat.

Someone asked Sarah what she thought of Paul, and she answered that "he's a smart cookie!" "More House life is fast, only for the hands," Paul told us. "Many are called but few are chosen."

Joey is in More House. He jokes very softly and wears an expression of beatitude, an untripped surface beneath which something moves. His old lady, Pat, has just joined. She is from Minnesota, has long flowing blond hair, and wore a round-collared flowered blouse like the all-American girls with whom I went to high school.

"I want to be happy," declared Pat. "I'm definitely a pain freak. I don't want to just sit and complain about how bad things are and listen to my friends complain. I want to be happy."

They put Jerry on the hot seat and attacked. His face pained, he insisted that he really is happy. They asked him then why he is able to have so little, why doesn't he have a car, an old lady.  
"I guess it's too much for me to have right now," recited Jerry.  
Mockery was the structure and atmosphere of the evening. The "hot seat" game is mockery of life; there was mockery of any area of vulnerability the moment it was exposed and of people who challenged the More line.  
As I left, Jerry asked me to write

a loving story about loving people.

I saw Sarah again a week later, at here grand-daughter's birthday party in the National City B-house. "Your better half has been digging shit and slinging it," Sarah told Paul.

"I thought you'd create some motion," Sarah. That's why Irv wanted you to stay here," from Paul, grandly.

"Well, he can go fuck himself," Sarah turned to me. "Normally I'm a lady, I've never had use for this kind of language in all my life."

She took me aside. "I'll tell you what this is, it's 1000% brainwashing. I'm not saying it isn't good for some of them, even Greta — they have a better life than they might otherwise. But it's brainwashing, pure and simple."  
"And something else," she added ruefully, "these people have no sense of humor."  
Later that evening, at a "mark group" for leaders which was led by Cindy and Carl, the following dialogue ensued:  
**Carl:** Greta, do you think Jerry and David have been doing their exercises?  
**Greta:** Well, I guess not, because I put a sash of vaseline in the kitchen for anyone to use and I don't think they've taken it.  
**Carl:** Thank you. Do you realize it's shocking for a house mother to

have someone in her house who's not using vaseline!

**Greta:** Yes.  
**Carl:** Thank you Greta, did you do your exercises today?  
**Greta:** Yes.  
**Carl:** Thank you. When did you do them?

**Greta:** While I was lying on the bed this morning, watching television.  
**Carl:** Thank you. What was on television?  
**Greta:** (laughing) You know, those morning quiz shows.  
**Carl:** Thank you. Which one?  
**Greta:** (still laughing) Several.  
**Carl:** Thank you.

Remember the Wizard of Oz? On they came, the poor scarecrow wanting brains, the cowardly lion longing for courage, the tin soldier wishing for a heart, and the little girl who wanted to get out of Oz and go home to Kansas — all asking the Wizard to make them whole and perfect. Now they come to the "A-house" in Rancho Santa Fe, wanting to be "fixed." And old wizard Irv, holding court poolside, makes the guarantees. It bears mentioning, for you who may not remember the Oz tale too well, that the Wizard was no wizard at all; he was a sham. But the fairy tale ended happily nonetheless — because that Wizard, and we are told, "though not much of a wizard was still a good man."

TELEVISION

Friday, September 7

**EVENING AT THE POPS.** Original: Vigil For John Arthur Fleeter and the Boston Pops in pieces by Jørgen Bach. Dvorak and Grieg. Channel 15, 3 and 10:00 p.m.  
**ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.** Starring Humphrey Bogart (1943). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.  
**THE LADIES MAN.** Starring Jerry Lewis and Helen Traub (1962). Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

**IND. CREET.** Starring Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant (1956). Channel 8, 9:00 p.m.

**FIRING LINE.** William F. Buckley, Jr. hosts. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

Monday, September 10

**GAMES.** Starring Simone Signoret and James Caan (1967). Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

**AN AMERICAN FAMILY.** Bill looks for an apartment, the children register for their first day of the school year, and Kevin mastsmonds a pep rally. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

Tuesday, September 11

**RED DANUBE.** Starring Peter Lawford and Janet Leigh (1950). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

**EVENING AT THE POPS.** Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

**SPEAKING FREELY.** Guest is King Hussein of Jordan. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

Saturday, September 8

**WORLD SERIES OF GOLF.** Channel 10, 2:00 p.m.

**VICTORY AT SEA.** Guadalcanal: America's first ground victory in the Pacific. Channel 6, 4:30 p.m.

**PLAYHOUSE NEW YORK.** Repeat of Thursday's show. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

**GREAT MAN'S LADY.** Starring Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck (1942). Channel 39, 11:15 p.m.

**HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT.** Starring Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur (1937). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

**FOLLOW THAT DREAM.** Starring Elvis Presley and Arthur O'Connell (1962). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

**A MAN CALLED ADAM.** Starring Sammy Davis, Jr. and Louis Armstrong (1966). 12:00 midnight.

Sunday, September 9

**U.S. OPEN TENNIS.** Channel 12 noon.

**GOOD NEWS.** Starring June Allyson and Peter Lawford. Channel 6, 2:00 p.m.

**NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.** Special exhibition of man and his relationship to his planet. Channel 10, 4:00 p.m.

**AMBUSH.** Starring Robert Taylor and Ariane Dahi (1950). Channel 6, 4:00 p.m.

**SAN DIEGO CHARGES.** PRE-SEASON. Chargers. Minnesota. Channel 39, 5:00 p.m.

**THE YEARLING.** Starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman (1946). Channel 10, 5:30 p.m.

**THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.** Starring Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck (1947). Channel 6, 7:00 a.m.

**EVENING AT THE POPS.** Guest is Anna Moffo, soprano star of the Metropolitan, San Francisco and Chicago Operas. "Un Bel Di" from Madame Butterfly and "Climo Every Mountain" from The Sound of Music. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

**IND. CREET.** Starring Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant (1956). Channel 8, 9:00 p.m.

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**EVENING AT THE POPS.** Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

**SPEAKING FREELY.** Guest is King Hussein of Jordan. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

Wednesday, September 12

**TO PLEASE A LADY.** Starring Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck (1951). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

**HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT.** Starring Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur (1937). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

**FOLLOW THAT DREAM.** Starring Elvis Presley and Arthur O'Connell (1962). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

**A MAN CALLED ADAM.** Starring Sammy Davis, Jr. and Louis Armstrong (1966). 12:00 midnight.

**U.S. OPEN TENNIS.** Channel 12 noon.

**GOOD NEWS.** Starring June Allyson and Peter Lawford. Channel 6, 2:00 p.m.

**NARUKAMI.** THE THUNDER GOD. University of Hawaii. Drama Department presents traditional, Kabuki-style play. Channel 12, 8:00 p.m.

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FOR SALE OR RENT... MAH JONG SET... WANTED... MAH JONG SET...

READER



SAN DIEGO'S MOST COMPLETE INVENTORY OF PIONEER JVC Sherwood KLH

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bikes

1972 TRIUMPH TROPHY... GREAT STREET MACHINE... 70 SUZUKI 250 cc street bike...

rides

RIDER NEEDED to Florida... PLEASE HELP ME!... RIDER WANTED to Chicago...

1 2



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housing

FEMALE INTO PRIMALS... CONDOMINIUM... HAVE CHOCOLY PRIVATE ROOM...

jobs

ATTENTION tape recorder... THIRTY-YEAR-OLD ex-ditchdigger... FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT...

services

MATH AND GUITAR tutoring... EXPERT PAPER HANGING... MOTORCYCLE TUNE UP... AKC REGISTERED SMOYED...

FREE CLASSIFIED ADS

35 WORD LIMIT... NAME... SEND TO: READER... Classified deadline - Monday Morning before Thursday issue.

cars

OFFICIAL U.S. PATENT... BUY OUR '65 Chevy... '67 DATSUN WA00N... 1959 RAMBLER American no door...

cars

THREE PORTABLE TYPERWRITERS... CHARCOAL-Black "light bag"... FARFISA portable organ... SEARS A-1 table lamp...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

1947 GMC to top pick up... 1966 BUICK SPORTS WAGON... '67 MUSTANG 289 V-8 three speed automatic...

for sale

MAKE OUT on two-piece nine-toe sectional sofa... NOSTALGIA FOR SALE! I have over 100 78 rpm records...

cars

1966 TR SPITFIRE... 1962 CHEVY 11 NOVA... 1967 DATSUN WA00N... 1959 RAMBLER American no door...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

Graphic for Boutique Turquoise Fine Art Botanicals Hair Cutting. Includes a circular logo with a star and the text 'FRAMING OF HAIR'.

UNIQUE OLD TIME SHOP

THE ONLY COFFEE ROASTING FACILITIES IN SAN DIEGO... SURFBORD AND SKIS... COWBOYS SAGAC... SEWING MACHINE...

cars

1966 TR SPITFIRE... 1962 CHEVY 11 NOVA... 1967 DATSUN WA00N... 1959 RAMBLER American no door...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

NEW HARMON KARDON 630 stereo receiver... GUITARS, guitars, and more guitars... TWIN FOAM RUBBER MATTRESS... BESSON TRUMPET...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

RECTOR LINEAR... FENDER electric guitar... POLAROID land camera... SURFBORD AND SKIS... COWBOYS SAGAC...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

DECORATIONS NOTICE... WATERBED MATTRESS... SHERO STALL... TAPE RECORDER... KING-SIZED BED...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

NOTICES... RUMMAGE SALE to benefit the Mid-City Community Clinic... THE CASE FOR THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT... PEPPER CANYON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

LIBERAL CATHOLIC CHURCH? Haven't heard of us?... PERSONS passionately devoted to the idea of true democracy... ARE YOU BORED?...

CLASSIFIEDS CONTINUED

too late to classify... HAPPY BIRTHDAY to you... SAVE OUR HERITAGE Organization is having a general election meeting... GRAND OPENING of the Renaissance Guild...

LETTERS

Address all correspondence to THE READER, Post Office Box 80603, San Diego, California 92138

Dear Editor: When Russel Cuhel says that comparisons between Yes and Jethro Tull are ridiculous, I agree with him. Yes' music is intricate and very intriguing. Tull's is flat and monotonous... Dear Duncan Shepherd: Could you give me an example of a four star movie? I've been reading the Reader for a while now and I can't ever remember seeing one...

THE DIRTIEST THE MOST CLEVER THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THE WILDEST IN THE WEST. SILK SCREENED "T" SHIRTS. KEEP ON TRUCK! FLOWERS. MUSHROOMS + TRIQUINA PICKER AND MANY X-RATED AND SILK SCREENED "T" SHIRTS.

GET IT ON SHOPPE 3219 MISSION BLVD. MISSION BEACH. ACROSS FROM BELMONT PARK. 488-9753. THIS COUPON GOOD FOR ONE FREE ADMISSION OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 20. there's a party every night! LEDBETTERS. 8524 EL CAJON BLVD. 583-4524. BEER+WINE+DANCING+7 NITES A WEEK.



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old globe theatre  
and  
carter centre stage  
in balboa park

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SEE up to 2 PLAYS FREE (off regular ticket prices)

### old globe theatre

- JABBERWOCK**  
by Jerome Lawrence & Robert E. Lee  
a new comedy success... teenage James Thurber and his appealing non-conformist family life... 1st San Diego Production October 9 thru November 11
- SUMMER AND SMOKE**  
by Tennessee Williams  
a drama of rare beauty... powerful emotional conflict of passion and frustration... November 20 thru December 23
- NIGHT WATCH**  
by Lucille Fletcher  
intriguing suspense in this unpredictable new thriller... mounting tensions lead to shocking disclosures... January 1 thru February 3
- THREE PENNY OPERA**  
by Bertolt Brecht; music by Kurt Weill  
robust and witty... haunting melodies, sardonic humor... a love story of knaves and thieves... February 12 thru March 17
- HADRIAN VII**  
by Peter Luke  
fantasy and reality co-mingle... extraordinary and celebrated drama... a man who wanted to become the Pope. 1st San Diego Production March 26 thru April 28

### carter centre stage

- AND MISS REARDON DRINKS A LITTLE**  
By Paul Zindel  
strong and honest portrayal... two spinster sister school teachers... struggling against private torments... 1st San Diego Production September 25 thru October 28
- CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN**  
by Lonnie Elder III  
poised between comedy and tragedy... new drama filled with honesty, vitality and power... 1st San Diego Production November 6 thru December 9
- TARTUFFE**  
by Moliere  
zesty and zany comedy classic... conniving scoundrel involved in romantic intrigue and deception... January 15 thru February 17
- NO EXIT**  
by Jean Paul Sartre  
constantly absorbing... modern classic of dramatic literature... forerunner of all contemporary avant garde theatre... February 26 thru March 31
- THE PRICE**  
by Arthur Miller  
compassionate drama... searing human relationships revealed... two brothers meet after a long estrangement... 1st San Diego Production April 9 thru May 12

### old globe theatre

Series	Day	Play 1	Play 2	Play 3	Play 4	Play 5	
1	Tue	Oct 9	Nov 20	Jan 1	Feb 12	Mar 26	
2	Wed	Oct 10	Nov 21	Jan 2	Feb 13	Mar 27	
3	Thur	Oct 11	Nov 22	Jan 3	Feb 14	Mar 28	
4	Fri	Oct 12	Nov 23	Jan 4	Feb 15	Mar 29	
5	Sat	Oct 13	Nov 24	Jan 5	Feb 16	Mar 30	
6	Sun	Oct 14	Nov 25	Jan 6	Feb 17	Mar 31	
7	MAT	Sun	Oct 14	Nov 25	Jan 6	Feb 17	Mar 31
8	Tue	Oct 16	Nov 27	Jan 8	Feb 19	Apr 2	
9	Wed	Oct 17	Nov 28	Jan 9	Feb 20	Apr 3	
10	Thur	Oct 18	Nov 29	Jan 10	Feb 21	Apr 4	
11	Fri	Oct 19	Nov 30	Jan 11	Feb 22	Apr 5	
12	Sat	Oct 20	Nov 31	Jan 12	Feb 23	Apr 6	
13	EVE	Sun	Oct 21	Dec 2	Jan 13	Feb 24	Apr 7
14	Wed	Oct 24	Dec 5	Jan 16	Feb 26	Apr 9	
15	Thur	Oct 25	Dec 6	Jan 17	Feb 27	Apr 10	
16	Fri	Oct 26	Dec 7	Jan 18	Feb 28	Apr 11	
17	Sat	Oct 27	Dec 8	Jan 19	Feb 29	Apr 12	
18	Sun	Oct 28	Dec 9	Jan 20	Mar 1	Apr 13	
19	MAT	Sun	Oct 28	Dec 9	Jan 20	Mar 1	Apr 13
20	EVE	Sun	Oct 28	Dec 9	Jan 20	Mar 1	Apr 13
21	Tue	Oct 30	Dec 11	Jan 22	Mar 3	Apr 15	
22	Wed	Oct 31	Dec 12	Jan 23	Mar 4	Apr 16	
23	Thur	Nov 1	Dec 13	Jan 24	Mar 5	Apr 17	
24	Fri	Nov 2	Dec 14	Jan 25	Mar 6	Apr 18	
25	Sat	Nov 3	Dec 15	Jan 26	Mar 7	Apr 19	
26	Sun	Nov 4	Dec 16	Jan 27	Mar 8	Apr 20	
27	Tue	Nov 6	Dec 18	Jan 29	Mar 12	Apr 23	
28	Wed	Nov 7	Dec 19	Jan 30	Mar 13	Apr 24	
29	Thur	Nov 8	Dec 20	Jan 31	Mar 14	Apr 25	
30	Fri	Nov 9	Dec 21	Feb 1	Mar 15	Apr 26	
31	Sat	Nov 10	Dec 22	Feb 2	Mar 16	Apr 27	
32	EVE	Sun	Nov 11	Dec 23	Feb 3	Mar 17	Apr 28

\*Sold Out  
All Evenings 8:00 p.m. (except Opening Night)  
All Matinees 2:00 p.m.

### old globe theatre



### carter centre stage

Series	Day	Play 1	Play 2	Play 3	Play 4	Play 5	
1	Tue	Sept 25	Nov 6	Jan 15	Feb 26	Apr 9	
2	Wed	Sept 26	Nov 7	Jan 16	Feb 27	Apr 10	
3	Thur	Sept 27	Nov 8	Jan 17	Feb 28	Apr 11	
4	Fri	Sept 28	Nov 9	Jan 18	Feb 29	Apr 12	
5	Sat	Sept 29	Nov 10	Jan 19	Mar 2	Apr 13	
6	Sun	Sept 30	Nov 11	Jan 20	Mar 3	Apr 14	
7	Tue	Oct 2	Nov 13	Jan 22	Mar 5	Apr 16	
8	Wed	Oct 3	Nov 14	Jan 23	Mar 6	Apr 17	
9	Thur	Oct 4	Nov 15	Jan 24	Mar 7	Apr 18	
10	Fri	Oct 5	Nov 16	Jan 25	Mar 8	Apr 19	
11	Sat	Oct 6	Nov 17	Jan 26	Mar 9	Apr 20	
12	MAT	Sun	Oct 6	Nov 17	Jan 26	Mar 9	Apr 20
13	EVE	Sun	Oct 7	Nov 18	Jan 27	Mar 10	Apr 21
14	Tue	Oct 9	Nov 20	Jan 29	Mar 12	Apr 23	
15	Wed	Oct 10	Nov 21	Jan 30	Mar 13	Apr 24	
16	Thur	Oct 11	Nov 22	Jan 31	Mar 14	Apr 25	
17	Fri	Oct 12	Nov 23	Feb 1	Mar 15	Apr 26	
18	Sat	Oct 13	Nov 24	Feb 2	Mar 16	Apr 27	
19	EVE	Sun	Oct 14	Nov 25	Feb 3	Mar 17	Apr 28
20	Tue	Oct 16	Nov 27	Feb 5	Mar 19	Apr 30	
21	Wed	Oct 17	Nov 28	Feb 6	Mar 20	May 1	
22	Thur	Oct 18	Nov 29	Feb 7	Mar 21	May 2	
23	Fri	Oct 19	Nov 30	Feb 8	Mar 22	May 3	
24	Sat	Oct 20	Dec 1	Feb 9	Mar 23	May 4	
25	MAT	Sun	Oct 21	Dec 2	Feb 10	Mar 24	May 5
26	EVE	Sun	Oct 21	Dec 2	Feb 10	Mar 24	May 5
27	Tue	Oct 23	Dec 4	Feb 12	Mar 26	May 7	
28	Wed	Oct 24	Dec 5	Feb 13	Mar 27	May 8	
29	Thur	Oct 25	Dec 6	Feb 14	Mar 28	May 9	
30	Fri	Oct 26	Dec 7	Feb 15	Mar 29	May 10	
31	Sat	Oct 27	Dec 8	Feb 16	Mar 30	May 11	
32	EVE	Sun	Oct 28	Dec 9	Feb 17	Mar 31	May 12

All Evenings 8:00 p.m.  
All Matinees 2:00 p.m.

### STUDENT SUBSCRIPTIONS

(full time through college)

Subscription Series	Old Globe Theatre Section		Carter Centre Stage Section
	A,B,C	D,E,F	A,B
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- ALL EVENING PERFORMANCES 8:00 p.m. ALL MATINEES AT 2:00 P.M.



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