The city, only a few years ago, only wanted to expand

Horton Plaza.

You know, Horton Plaza, south of Broadway, across from Westgate Plaza. San Diego's Hyde Park: five Kitchens (all from robins, painted faces, ringing bells), black-and-white—fundamentalists. "Here we stand, take this!" (a savings). "The gift of God is ETERNAL LIFE!" (through Jesus Christ Our Lord.), room 6, 233. The pitifully brokentrained: "Hey, ya gotta shop? Hear! For a phone call, gotta call my shithole in Dusty Moke." According to the Report of the Task Force on Horton Redevelopment, however, the entire expansion of Horton Plaza into a city block would be too costly and return too small. But the revitalization of the entire area south of Broadway near Horton Plaza had promise. It was "briefed," and the city's researchers. A majority of the buildings were constructed over 60 years ago. There had been no significant construction in recent years. The economic difference between this area and the area just north of Broadway was staggering: tax revenue per block square of Broadway yielded less than $5,000. North of Broadway with its banks and airline offices, was close to $30,000 per block. And, of course, there was what the City's Community Development Department referred to as "social conditions." With an air of almost scientific rigor, it was dutifully suggested that "within two blocks, there are eleven people shown, across bars and assorted card rooms, tattoo parlors, and pawn shops.

But it's not a problem, delicious for the uneconomic or unattractive of the Project area that motivates its redevelopment, says a young, informed, non-structural analyst on the seventh floor of the City Administration Building. "It's the economics, the potential increase in tax revenue." One can see what he means by perusing the thick Redevelopment Design Manual. Beautiful sketches of tree-lined malls, expansively landscaped parks, modern apartment buildings. Horton Plaza itself is to be re-done in tune of the city's style with new palm trees, lawn furniture, water spays hit in amber and blue, the entire Plaza hit in turquoise (to highlight (continued on page 7)).

The pigeons in Horton Plaza—now there's an issue the city council could agree on.

by Nancy Banks

Oh, a few old ladies will always be scaring them off, but most of our voters realize that pigeons just don't belong here. They simply aren't San Diego. Did you ever see one on the beach, for instance, or in a suburban shopping center? Those bright pink feet, that officious waddle—preposterous!

A pigeon is a no-nonsense, back-alleyway bird. Dying on hands-and-knees, not even a pretty sight. A messy nuisance. Let's clean up Horton Plaza!

While we're at it, let's take a look at the human inhabitants—there's as bad as the pigeons, cluttering the area south of Broadway with their card rooms, two- and three-room hotels, porno bookstores. Let's clean them out, and make the area "convenient" with beautiful downtown San Diego.

It's only four o'clock, but already there's a two-bit pool hustler at the mar table, looking tough, selling fast and hard—and inaccurately. He winces whenever the door is opened. Daylight hurts his eyes.

Down the block a clerk is learning against the counter of the empty pot shop, chewing his cigar and glaring at the street. AFlash girl passes by, wringing an arm with a vivid orange strip angling back from her forehead. The clerk shouts something after her, and they both laugh—but as she turns away, her eyes are cold. Above their heads, the naked neon lady keeps blinking on and off.

No doubt about it, this isn't a "nice" neighborhood.

South of Broadway on 4th and 5th Streets, Old Doc Webb is about the only place you'll find much action on a Friday afternoon. When we met him Doc Webb is feeling over a customer's arm, wiping away the blood and ink. Underneath, a passenger is beginnings to take shape over the faded old tattoo, and "the Doc" nods in satisfac- tion as he spears out his sponge in a sink of murky water. "W'll color it in some now," he says, switching to a blue needle.

He could hardly have a more enthusiastic customer than this bald little man. Parts of other tattoos are visible on his other arm and at his

(continued on page 8)
"Now, boys, you twist her around like this," says Miss Lucille Vernon. "First she goes through and then he goes—because if they both go, they crash." Her 40 students laugh nervously, their feet inadvertently following hers. "Ready, everybody?" The boys slip their palms on the seat of their pants. They try it. CRASH!

There are giggles, apologies, and a few brief arguments over who did what wrong. But 20 mismatched couples are now scattered around the basketball court, craning their necks to watch the teacher and observe as much of the intricacies of the Swing.

Two or three couples call on first, their expressions of intense concentration giving way to actual enjoyment. Miss Vernon smiles broadly and-Speedy-coaching. Before long, nearly everybody has the idea, and they're even beginning to put a bit of "swing" in their Swing.

By now they're doing well enough for music. Miss Vernon puts "Dancing in Love," by the Roper Dance Orchestra, on the department's scratchy old record player, and suddenly it's about 1944. It's as though Elvis Presley never happened, or Bob Dylan or the Beatles.

A return to ballroom, or "smooth," dancing is part of the nostalgia craze now sweeping the East Coast. At San Diego State, nobody knows whether the students are nostalgic or simply trying to fill their gym requirements—but they've been filling Miss Vernon's classes to overflowing this year. All 400 places are taken, and she has a "crush" at least that high, plus a devoted group of advanced students who mean, surprisingly enough, mostly boys.

"Once a guy gets hooked on dancing, he's really hooked," says Miss Vernon, a lovely blonde lady who's not quite old enough to be called "spontaneously." "Why, I've even had to give private lessons to fiancés and young brides whose husbands learned to dance in my classes.

It looks as though a few private lessons are needed right now. A gangly, six-footer, biting his tongue in concentration, has just turned counter clockwise when he should have turned at all and ended up with his hands crossed behind his back, facing away from his partner. A moment earlier the girl was desperately trying to avoid his huge feet, now she just looks baffled. At this early stage, Miss Vernon lets them figure it out for themselves. "One, two, back step, one, two, back step, one, two, two," she keeps counting over an off-beat version of "Swingin' in the Rain."

She's teaching them the Swing, a simplified version of the Lindy hop, which in turn became the Jitterbug in the early '50's. Next will be the Cha-Cha ("to get them used to triple time"), and then more Rambunctious Latin steps. Once they perform their final Astairee imitation, where was her students try them outside of class?

That can be a problem, one of her advanced students told me. "Some of the full-time girls have a pretty old crowd, when you show up, like some old gentlem dance away with your girl, and then the old ladies grab you. It can be a real drag." But there are two-knightly places in town, among them the Hotel Del Coronado ("a fantastic band—they'll play anything you want"). the Hyatt House in Point Loma, the Star- dust Motel Hotel, and the Shelter Island Inn.

There is also the San Diego Smooth Dancers Association, which has discussed forming a youth group but decided that young people are too "transient" to form a real club.

She helps them get over their shyness by gently making fun of it. "OK, introduce yourselves, but no phone numbers yet—bring her in closer. You did get her name, didn't you? Don't lower your arm until you can see the whites of her eyes."

Even for those who will never try their "ballroom dancing" in a new ballroom, Miss Vernon's class has its rewards. When asked why they enrolled, students' replies ranged from "It's better than homework" to "It's nice to teach the partner you're dancing with, for a change!" to "A good way to meet chicks."

Outside, the marching band is trying to play the national anthem while twirling the letters U-S-A.

Inside, they're dancing cheek to cheek, Governor Reagan would never believe it.

Photography by Alan Forster

1. Don't move your arm until you can see the whites of her eyes.

2. A fasten-clap routine through the gym, looking too ridiculous themselves to notice. "What is that, anyway?" a struggle wants to know.


4. "Must be an intermediate class, at least."

5. "Nope—they're beginners. This is their very first lesson."

6. "Oh yeah? That kinda kind of fun," he says, hitching up his sweat pants and rushing off.

Follow the signs to no-service-checking.

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At the top of Regents Road in the Rossmoor Shopping Center

BY RODNEY WANKER

UC CYCLERY

At the top of Regents Road in the Shopping Center

October 5, 1972
My friends constantly complain that in San Diego there are no good, inexpensive, hole-in-the-wall restaurants like those of New York or San Francisco. To me, they are difficult to enjoy because of the exorbitant prices here. But there are some, and recently I found one: The Blue Man. This tiny French restaurant located is the unincroyable town of Lemon Grove, is the most exciting one I’ve discovered in the four years I’ve lived in San Diego. This is a restaurant sketched out of the best of bourguignonne France. For those who think that the famous, and expensive, Auberge in La Jolla is the best place to eat French cooking, try The Blue Man. It’s the poor man’s Auberge.

★

Roberto Amoreno, the owner, serves dinner only, by reservation only, and serves reservations only, which means that you’ll have to be an unexpected experience. First I made reservations with the answering service for a Sunday evening for two, a girl and I came to the phone number Sunday afternoon and received a call from the owner who said he was sorry, but the restaurant would be closed that night (later I discovered that he went to the bullfight). Disappointed, I switched to Tuesday. Monday night The Blue Man called to say that they would be serving a special party of six that evening and would be open until then. The next day, we arrived and were told that we would have the restaurant to ourselves since the other group had just cancelled. He and his waiter, Rusty Ludwig, were very welcoming, and we were served dinner in the only room. There was a question about the wine list, and Rusty assured us that he was a pleasure to serve just the two of us.

★

There are many restaurants I feel uncomfortable in, and these are not among them because of the dining room. I either have the feeling that the waiter is always watching me, that he is judging my conversation, or that the management is impatient for me to leave. In such a case, intimacy is lost. Not so here. The Blue Man

★

was friendly and intimate, and the owner, Rusty and Rusty to join us for coffee. The owner was just as friendly and as best as I could have hoped for.

★

The rest of the meal we served, simply said, was delicious. The food was cooked to perfection, and the owner, Rusty, and Rusty to join us for coffee. The owner was just as friendly and as best as I could have hoped for.

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tattoos on his arm...

(continued from page one) Nancy Banks

thrust; Doc Webb did them all. "The Doc's the only one I trust, will he tell you about his tattooing machine? Solid gold, see here! It's the world's finest. That thing's worth between four and five thousand dollars already." Doc Webb smiles with quiet pride, "Show them your other arm, Archie!"

"Yeah—here's one he did just this afternoon. It stopped bleeding so I took the bandage off. It'll leave a mark," says he.

"Nah, this is where the fun comes in. Look close, now, and you'll see the skin vibrates."

Another spectator, a dky kid with one pierced ear and a small gold cross for an earring, has crowded into the tiny shop. After looking over the hundreds of drawings on the wall, from modest hearts to sketchy serpents and sea monsters, he finally blinks out, "You got any swastikas?"

"I doubt it, Carol. Do we have swastikas?"

Carol is evidently Mrs. Went, a grandmotherly lady who's been writing letters in one corner of the shop. "Oh, I'm sure we must—just a minute," she says, reaching for her spectacles and going into the back room. She returns with adrawing of a swastika in red, outlined in black. "He's about the size of a fifty-cent piece."

"How much?"

"Five dollars, honey, for this one!"

Doc Webb looks up from the peacock and nuts, but the boy has gone. "Sometimes they get cold feet," he chuckles.

What about your own tattoo?—did you do them all yourself?"

"I cut all of 'em on my left arm and my leg, and most on my right arm. I've got 54, and I was only going to have one when I started." His conversation stops, and he looks across the room at Mrs. Webb. "We wonder how many tattoos she's got, but I don't seem to notice, do you? None of them are showing."

Doc Webb's special pride is a tattoo—a painting, really—this one done on a single rock, an epic battle between a gigantic squid and an octopus. We admire the photograph, but I can't help adding that I hope the sailor never regrets it. "Regret it?" Mrs. Webb exclaims, "Why should you be a beautiful thing itself?"

Back in Horton Plaza, a man with three days' worth of beard is making kitchen into the fountain. Bright patterns from the sunlight on the water play across his face and his added red sweaters. He clutches the concrete rim of the fountain so tightly that I think he's going to throw up, but he turns away instead and picks up a long piece of green bank. Slowly and carefully, he probes the bottom of the pool with it. All I can see on the bottom are cigarette butts; the water is colored with weak tea, although a faint blue stripe around the surface indicates that the pool has once been painted.

"How are you doing?" asks a little girl. Her mother is waving in line at the first refreshment booth.

"There's money down there," he answers quietly. The girl's mother takes up and walks her away, and he goes back to his probing. Soon he gives it up and drops the waterlogged bank into the fountain. He wanders off, not even a nickel richer.

"Ash, you shouldn't pay any attention to these wimps," says Bob Johnson, owner of the Taylor's. "They just sit in here all day and dream, wasting their government checks."

Bob Johnson has been in business south of Broadway since 1921, but he says not much has changed in the sense "Except the inflation dollar. Back then, if you had a dollar in your pocket it was worth something." He used to own the Off-Broadway Theatre next door, the last burlesque house on the West Coast, and "When it opened I paid $5 a week rent, and I inoc in $10 a night and thought it was good money. I paid the girls a dollar apiece, and put the rest in my pants pocket and took it home. Didn't ever have a tale. These days, god damn it, you need a bookkeeper to take care of your business, and the bookkeeper needs a bookkeeper."

The walls of Johnson's bar are covered with old photographs, handwritten by them, mostly autographed: movie stars, prizefighters, politicians, strippers, jockeys, baseball players. Denoyer with a punched bag in 1932. Dempsey with Gene Tunney in 1926. Schulz and his trained snare. "Melody Lady sliding a pianist, really backseat. Mandell Sills, the Governor's daughter, in a review with Johnson's daughter. "Mamas are coming to Horton Plaza next week, and she always calls up and says hello."

The late afternoon sun reflects off the coins covering the pictures, dust dances in the air, and the faces seem to be staring out of another world. The bar is going to be affected by the Horton Plaza Redevelopment Project, but Johnson is mostly concerned about his photographs. "I've got an easy of them, I don't know what I'll do with them all," he says, looking at his life up there on the walls.

"So many pictures...."

There's Johnson with Lili St. Cyr in 1946: "I gave her her first job as a stripper," Chief Myers, a catcher for the N.Y. Giants in 1920—"He celebrated his birthday last January, in that chair, that's your chair—sitting in."

Mildred Hurley and Elta Gray, Charlie Chaplin's wives. "They didn't do any strip, you understand. Just stood up and sung a few songs. That's what burlesque was, mostly song and comedy routines. Nothin' to it—it was all double entendre, you know, jokes with two meanings."

Burlesque has been replaced by blue movies and bottomless dancers, and now "Johnny Carson and Denis Martin are using the same joke on TV that we used on stage 40 years ago. It makes me sick."

Johnson doesn't even approve of legitimate films anymore. "The last movie I saw, and I've never gone in an orphan, was Lisa Minnelli in Cabaret."

"I took my wife and daughter, and the first thing Lisa Minnelli says is, 'Do you want to get screwed?' and then two minutes later she says, 'Oh shit.' Now, is that nice, or am I crazy?"

There's a photograph of several hundred sailors waiting to buy tickets for the show in the last sale, under a marquee reading "Vickie Evans—the girl in the Robert Mitchum c a s e."

"That was when he got into trouble for dope, remember? No, of course you don't—I'm old enough to be your grandfather."

Was there much dope in San Diego in those days? "No, I honestly don't think so. Mr. I still can't believe it what a marquee cigarette looks like, or whether heroin is a powder or a pill or what."

Did his burlesque theater ever get in trouble with the law? "Nothin' to speak of—oh, every once in a while the police might get a little too carried up and ask that I was nothin' compared to what we've got on this street today."

The street-level scene is familiar to any visiting sailor. The steady, slow-motion excitement of the card rooms, hole-in-the-wall saloons with Jose Alfredo Romones on the juke box. Fundamentalist going away choirs from "The Bark of Eternal Life." made out to Whosever, Believer, and at least three shoe shine stands per block. After dark, the street bursts into race, blazing and flashing, no garrets and overdone as an old woman's makeup.

Above the blaze of signs, in two-dollor rooms with a sink in one corner and along walk down the hall to the jobs, lonely men are spending another night staring at red and blue reflections on the ceiling. Golden West Hotel: the noise isn't it is a monstrosity, a horrid joke...

The Golden West. At the edge of the continent, at the end of their lives, they've finally found it—a room with a bare whitewash and curl curtains flapping out the window, in a step of gray carpet, pattemed with faint pink roses like some state, and a kibosh as dusty as a train station. Soon, the hour will change and the city council's vision of the Golden West, complete with planted shrubs and wooden planks, will replace it. But that's not a vision these men will be around to enjoy. ***
plaza...turquoise...

(continued from page one)

John Milton

trees and lawns." The Stuckey building is to become an art center with large productions of theatre, opera, ballet, and symphonies, with art galleries and restaurants for 500 or so artists. Theatre entrance doors will be painted bright peacock blue to match theatre lobby, and "Mexican owners should finance the elevator doors." The Balboa Theatre, on the other hand, will be an intimate mixture with workshop plays, with modern dance, classical and bireguque opera.

How could anybody fight? When the San Diego City Council took its final vote on the Horton Project July 25, 1972, only one member said "Why did you oppose it?" I asked, scrambling to think up other questions in the unpremeditated interview. ("You have only twenty minutes. And I'll come in then to answer that." Concession Floyd Morrow's business as secretary had financially manifested.) After seventeen years, Texas decayed wholesale, shanty, cleared out, but slightly faintly. Mr. Morrow had the conflict. He said it wouldn't have opposed the Project if the City were going to keep ownership of the land instead of selling it to private investors. I kept trying to put across reasons why this was a pragmatic position: did he feel that leasing would work better than selling? "It's an ethical matter," he said. The question was "should we all in common own it or should we own it as individuals? It is the same question as the ownership of black slaves." I began to try think about the legal extension of that whole thought, when he began to quote Confucius and invited me to sit in on his seminar at State.

I asked one of the Broadway merchants to be affected about his opposition (he destined to be directly involved) to think of something else. I was a able to "work out" satisfactory in the City. You aren't trying to hold out for a higher price? "Not at all. I don't own it. The property, I think. We've been trying to buy it from the landlord for years. Years ago, a man who held our for more money, like Tommy Shang of the Shang Haw Restaurant, sold against the Westgate Project, was a tough man. But today the government's power of eminent domain is too strong... we want to stay. This store (absolutely Navy-oriented) depends on its location. It's near the bus station and the Sprouts Theatre." But I thought the City had to find you a comparable business location and reimburse you for the difference, "All they have to do is make an effort at relocation. Meanwhile we're in a state of suspended animation. You can't buy large measures if you lose tenants, you can't fix up the building. This man, too, claimed the building was surface, but for reasons nothing like Councilman Morrow's. This man questioned the whole ethics of eminent domain in the Project. "Of course property rights aren't absolute - if we were going to be used for a road or a college, it would be different - but because we are 'blighted,' or because we don't pay enough tax revenue... What's to stop the City from clearing out any area that doesn't provide maximum tax revenue?"

And so I went back in the seventh floor of the City Administration Building to put the question to them. This time Paul Demuth, the Community Development "Coordinator," said good urban renewal. They've had a renaissance in both cities. New York has had some failures but some successes, too... We're persuading ourselves after Super Center in Baltimore. The size and usage there are the same as San Diego's Project." How is San Diego going to be different from the failures? "We're not just razing buildings and then waiting for tenants. We're not trying to market the Project area... We're going to be different from Beatty Hill Project in L.A. in that we're not going to buy it all at once. We're doing it bit by bit." Mr. Demuth discussed my Navy-oriented Broadway merchant's losses, by claiming that the Navy had changed. "The new uniform..."
B.W. STEVENSON

Moses Allison at Funky Quarters

The saxists are sweeter, lighter, and a red-orange glow, and conversation is worn at Funky Quarters. Whether you choose a free-form leather couch, one of the tampered tables, the corner "coug," or (as many do) the floor, the mood is that of conversation. The room seats no more than thirty-five (see from the performers). It is altogether an appropriate atmosphere for a swing jazz pianist like Moses Allison.

Moses has been around a long time. His popularity peaked years ago. Now, the elegant jazz piano and maneristic vocals are a bit discredited by some who remember him from the Sixties. But when he recorded albums after albums of his own material. That was a wide and varied period. Following Friday night at Funky's, however, there were only a few left from those old days. The rest had come simply to enjoy "contemporary musical theater." Either way, the evening was interesting.

It was touch-and-go, however, throughout the evening. Ronnie Blakely. She is yet another neo-Carly Simon/Carole King in a warm dress, trying hard to negotiate downtown. Her heavy-handed piano playing is irritating. And the uniformly insipid lyrics of the material she uses do not do justice to her boisterous rhythm and capable voice. A lively little song called "Hollywood Vice," which she has had recorded on the Elektra label, was by far the high point of her act.

Following Ms. Blakely, Moses Allison was greeted by the likeable audience with enthusiastic applause. He began "Home Again," soured by Barry Mann/Cynthia Weil tune, "A Long Way to Go." "Highway One" is a song I liked as soon as I heard it. It's filled with beautiful images of northern California shores, sanatas and sleepy El Camino routes. It's a song about the girl that "takes my blues away." "On My Own" is another lyrical poem about departure, about losses whose paths must go in different directions. "A captive of your heart ... you're a broken part of a twirling tale." "I want to be on my own, it's a long way home, I feel like a baby boy, just being born." Being the last cut on side two, that chorus really lingers with you, just as the blossoming talent of B.W. Stevenson, a very nice man.

The last time Seals & Crofts played at Funky's, I was pleasantly surprised by the bandlike, shredding, guitar player, singer/ songwriter that opened the show. B.W. Stevenson's kimono, BuckWheat, is a young man from Texas who decided it was more advantageous being a professional musician than selling shoes at Kinneys. He began singing at North Texas State University and later at a lot of Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Dylan, Steve Stills, and The Moody Blues. Knowing how to play the guitar and piano helped a lot.

Between songs, B.W. tells such hilarious funny stories, they make Auto Gittens's tales seem almost sadistic. His harp player, Mickey Rappaport and bass player Richard Sullivan at B.W.'s music with just the right amount of funk.

On the debut album, B.W. has captured most of the tunes, along with a tune by Carol King, "Home Again," and Barry Mann/Cynthia Weil tune, "A Long Way To Go." "Highway One" is a song I liked as soon as I heard it. It's filled with beautiful images of northern California shores, sanatas and sleepy El Camino routes. It's a song about the girl that "takes my blues away." "On My Own" is another lyrical poem about departure, about losses whose paths must go in different directions. "A captive of your heart ... you're a broken part of a twirling tale." "I want to be on my own, it's a long way home, I feel like a baby boy, just being born." Being the last cut on side two, that chorus really lingers with you, just as the blossoming talent of B.W. Stevenson, a very nice man.
CARNEY
LEON RUSSEL
by S.R. Ray

There is a philosophy of aesthetics that teaches: Art for art's sake alone. Most people believe, however, that their relationship to the artist and his products actually constitutes the aesthetic.

Because of the importance of the relationship and the mind-bending skills of the media, the audience is often manipulated. Acceptance by the public then becomes only the illusion of artistic judgment. Particularly in the press rock music, manipulation and illusion abound.

How does it work? The sanction of an underground newspaper or a major national ad campaign can make you think you dig. You may even get a pair of paper posters, an awkwardly wrapped box as a consolation. Truly, the coming of America is a fascinating process.

It is in this process, and this role in it, that Leon Russell maintains his career. From a most relevant position. For Russell is himself a musical star, inviting our approval (not to mention cash) by the telling of his own story.

Looking at his albums conceptually, Russell's first song, "Stable Rope," introduced a compelling image: "I'm up on a high wire/ One side's fire and one is life." The strings offstage, collapse accompaniment sets the scene. "Out in the Woods" uses a shadow vocal to heighten the sense of the lyrics: "I'm walking in circles [but] try me once more.

The following song, "Me and Baby Jesus," is a metaphor for the swallow relationship possible with an audience which can be tapped and hyped to death just like his young sweetheart.

"Manhattan Island Serenade" goes on to describe the liltiest trap: as freely as early as yesterday, in New York. This is a matter of looking back at one's / saying you're the only one. "Cajun Love Song" and "Roller Derby" extend the description by illustrating different reflections of the same man: the country man, the tender touch, the country music, and the tender tough good-time rock and roll singer. "Arkansas" then adds a screaming hook to the identity montage. "Take your pick, folks. He is what you want him to be.

"If the Shoe Fits" reverses the tone. Leon lays down what has to be the all-time statement of the inappropriately popular adjective upon superstitious. He poses the question for himself: "Can I have an autograph? / Can I sit on your lap? / Are you really from Arkansas like they say?" Yet he can see that, after all, he was the one who chose the carnival. In "My Country's" he mocks his own expressions of nationalism using another, less country country, language. "This Masquerade" returns to the "Out in the Woods" theme. "Lost inside this lonely game we play..." trying to understand why we carry on this way. The basic arrangement is itself part of the masquerade. The final song completes the story. "Mule's Mirror, if we could try to see ourselves as others would.

On the two sides of this album the lyrics and the style shading of the arrangements-Leon Russell appears to be aiming for an honest dialogue with his audience. Parting it together with his recent San Diego concert appearance, he is the source of flux and activity in rock.

Carney? Definitely. At the same time, he can recognize his reflection in the carnival structure and is willing to show us—or to try, at least—how the trick works.

NATIONAL TOP TEN (From BILLBOARD, 10/7/72)

SINGLES
1. Neil Diamond: Baby, Don't Get Hooked On Me
2. Michael Jackson: Ben
3. Ohio's: Back stadards
4. Main Ingredient: Everybody Plays the Fool
5. Bee Gees: More Than a Woman
6. Elton John: Love Me
7. Elvin Bishop: Burnin' Love
8. Three Dog Night: Black & White
10. Her Boy: Reprocho

ALBUMS AND TAPES
1. Chicago: Chicago V
2. Love: Forever
3. Rod Stewart: Never a Dull Moment
4. Chicago & Chlop: Big Band
5. Blue Cheer: Hickey Rush
6. Three Dog Night: Seven Separate Fools
7. Neil Diamond: Mountain Man
8. Carlos Gardel: Song of My Life
9. Simon & Garfunkel: Time Out
10. Chuck Berry: London Symphony

LOCAL TOP TEN (based on information from the Wherhouse)

SINGLES
1. Michael Jackson: Ben
2. Spancer: I'll Be Around
3. Paul & Ringo and the Magic Men: If You Don't Know Me By Now
4. Chuck Berry: My Ding-a-Ling
5. Esther Phillips: If I Love You It's Wrong
6. All Queen: I'm Still in Love With You
7. Temptations: Papa Was a Rolling Stone
8. Lynyrd Skynyrd: Street (About It)
9. Course Brothers: Listen to the Music
10. Hot Butter: Popcorn

ALBUMS AND TAPES
1. Stevie and Croft: Summer Breeze
2. Longong and Mooney: Sinister
3. Curtis Mayfield: Superfly
4. Temptations: All Directions
5. Leon Russell: Carney
6. Yes: I Can't Dance Next Time
7. John Denver: Rocky Mountain High
8. Chappell and Curtis: Big Band
9. Rod Stewart: Never a Dull Moment

"it's the REAL thing!"

K'DE-O
AM 940
"where the MUSIC is!"
Mr. Fixit: Water Closets

Man's invention of toilets begins at age 2. From the moment of toilet training, the association starts to build. They are useless, but they target a part of off which all men's associations reject.

It is no wonder then, that toilets are fearful of contact. Toilets, which could eradicate a person's identity, are known to be inanimate objects. But toilets, which could never hurt anybody, are headless. No matter what the tank contains, nothing but tap water—'it's a toilet, isn't it? In fact, water closets are one of the cheapest household devices, and should never intimidate anyone. Older apartments often have slightly malfunctioning toilets, and a bit of work could eliminate the annoyance they cause. To which end is dedicated this week's column.

Toilets are of two basic types. One type, found only in larger apartment buildings and public institutions, operates directly from water pressure, and does not have a tank. That type will not be discussed here, since such buildings generally have easily available janitorial help, and there is no much an amateur can do to them.

What we will discuss is the water-closet style of toilet, which relies on gravity to develop water pressure for flushing. These toilets consist of two basic parts, although in modern toilets they are often molded together. The part one sits on is called the bowl; and it contains no moving parts. The only thing that can go wrong with it is for its drain to be clogged up. On that problem, more later.

The tank, which contains the moving parts and which is most prone to problems, must perform two functions. The first is that of a flushing chamber, where jets of water are forced into the bowl. For this purpose, the tank ball, which is the stopper in the bottom of the tank, must be lifted. Various types of rod and chain mechanisms are used to do this, and all can be easily figured out by examining them. Problems arise in older toilets when the parts are bent or corroded so that they do not move properly. Recently, chains have become more popular than rods, since they tend actually to water. Old toilets often have metal bowls with seams, which may leak, and if the process starts it is prone to accelerate, since the bowl becomes heavier and then sides lower in the water. Seem to the toilet is filling higher and higher, and eventually water will start going out through the overflow drain, causing a constant dripping not unlike that caused by a defective tank ball. Luckily, this problem is easy to fix; the float costs about 50¢ and screw simply and easily into the end of the rod that attaches it to the ball cock.

Problems with the tank mechanism are easily handled. The stuffed toilet is a rather more frustrating problem, however. One cannot "get at" the problem, in the sense of being able to look at a mechanism; generally some large foreign object gets stuck as a temporary solution. For example, look at the joint between the bottom of the tank and the top of the drain, at or near the floor level. That is separated from the water closet by several loops of drain trap, which present serious water overflows from coming back up the toilet.

The best that can be done, therefore, is to work at it from the top. The first thing to try is a plunger: it will work in only about 25% of the cases that present themselves, but no harm can be done with it. If possible, select one that is concerned with the toilet. The second possible tool, especially if there is reason to believe that the material stopping the toilet is organic, is a chemical drain cleaner. Here you take a calculated risk: if the drain cleaner starts to work in the partition area of the toilet, the heat it generates can easily crack the bowl. New toilet.

The final resort, which a plumber would use, is a snake. Snakes present the danger of cracking or chipping the bowl, but they can be counted on to clear out all but the most stubborn stopped-up drains. In the event that a snake does not work, it will probably be necessary to remove the bowl from the drain, which is a job for a plumber. The best rule, however, is to see that only human waste and toilet paper ever goes down a toilet. Other objects and materials contain toxic, and should be avoided. Paper towels, feminine napkins, or plastic bags of P.A. are not qualify.

Mr. Fixit would like to hear about your household problems. Write to him, c/o The Reader P.O. Box 50800, San Diego, California 92138, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply. Problems of general interest will be used for future columns.
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