

34 San Diego Movies
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A pocket of French resistance
in Lemon Grove, page 3

READER

October 5, 1972

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

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for girls." page 2

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SOUTH OF BROADWAY



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

Horton Plaza. by John Milton

You know, Horton Plaza, south of Broadway, across from Westgate Plaza, San Diego's Hyde Park: Hare Krishna (saffron robes, painted faces, ringing bells); black-and-white-fundamentalists—"Here son, take this" (a leaflet). "The gift of God is ETERNAL LIFE through Jesus Christ Our Lord," Rom 6:23b. The pitifully inebriated—"Hey, ya' gotta dime? Jusht for a phone call, gotta call my shishter in Duh Moin." According to the Report of the Task Force on Horton Redevelopment, however, the mere expansion of Horton Plaza into a city block would have been too costly and returns too small. But the revitalization of the entire area south of Broadway near Horton Plaza had promise. It was "blighted," said 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 south of Broadway yielded less than \$5000. 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 reported that "within two blocks, there are eleven 'peep' shows, seven bars and assorted card rooms, tattoo parlors, and pawn shops.

★

But it's not a puritan distaste for the unwholesomeness or unsightliness of the Project area that motivates its redevelopment, says a young, wire-rimmed-spectacled 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 envisions by perusing the thick Redevelopment Design Manual. Beautiful sketches of tree-lined malls, expensively landscaped parks, modern apartment buildings. Horton Plaza itself is to be re-done in turn of the century style with new palm trees, lawn furniture, water sprays lit in amber and blue, the entire Plaza lit in turquoise "to highlight

(continued on page seven)

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 scattering birdseed, 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 big-city, back-alleyway bird. Living on handouts. Not even a pretty song. A messy nuisance. Let's clean up Horton Plaza!

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

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

Down the block a clerk is leaning against the counter of the empty porno shop, chewing his cigar and glaring at the street. A black girl passes by, wearing an afro with a vivid orange strip angling back from her forehead. The clerk shouts something

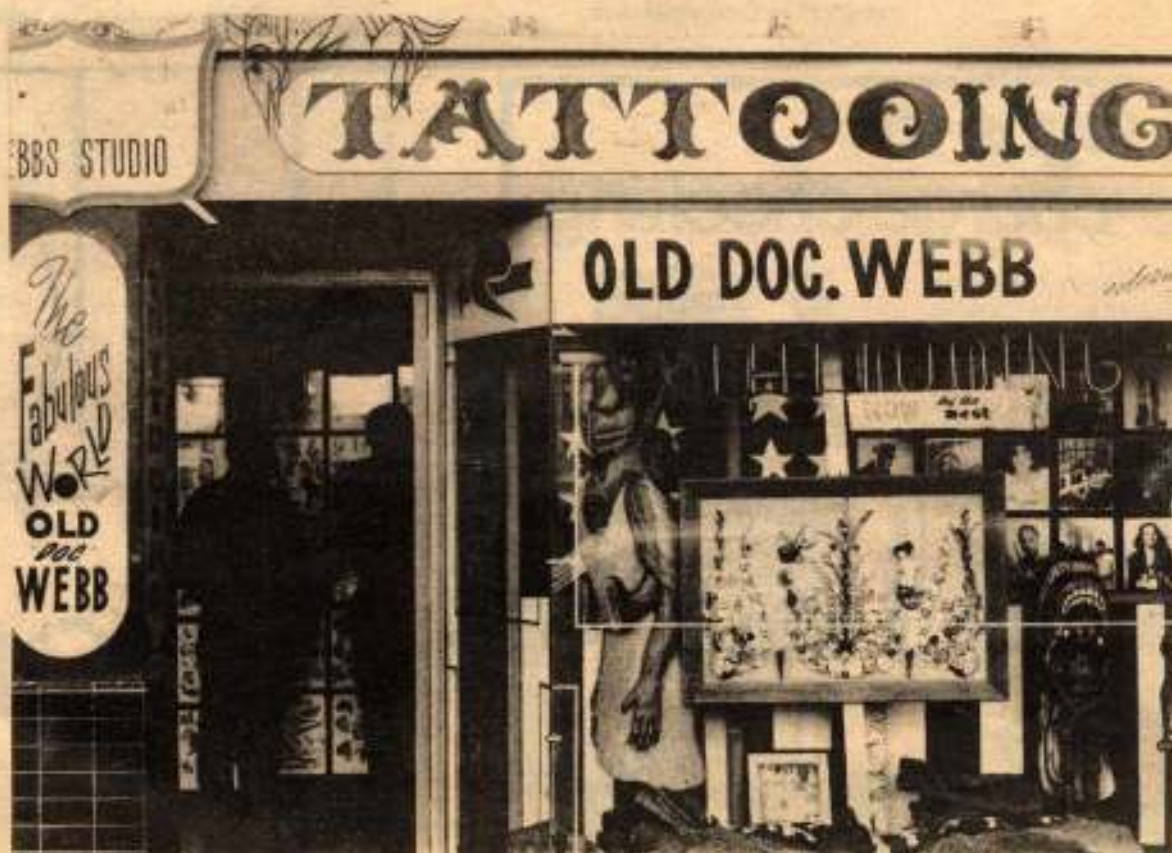
after her, and they both laugh—but as she turns away, her eyes are cold. Above their heads, the naked neon lady keeps blinking on and off.

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

South of Broadway on 4th and 5th Streets, Old Doc Webb's is about the only place you'll find much action on a Friday afternoon. When we get there Doc Webb is bending over a customer's arm, wiping away the blood and ink. Underneath, a peacock is beginning to take shape over the faded old tattoo, and "the Doc" nods in satisfaction as he squeezes out his sponge in a sink of murky water. "I'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

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SWINGING IN THE GYM

BY RODNEY WANKER

"Now, boys, you twirl her around like this," says Miss Lucille Iverson. "First *she* goes through and then *he* goes—because if they both go, they crash." Her 40 students laugh nervously, their feet involuntarily following hers. "Ready, everybody?" The boys wipe their palms on the seats 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 soon scattered around the basketball court, craning their necks to watch the teacher and oblivious to everything but the intricacies of the Swing.

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



Photographs by Alex Farnsley

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

A fencing class troops through the gym, looking too ridiculous themselves to snicker. "What is this, anyway?" a straggler wants to know.

"Ballroom dancing," I tell him.

"Must be an intermediate class, at least."

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

"Oh yeah? Looks kinda like fun," he says, hitching up his sweat pants and rushing off.

By now they're doing well enough for music. Miss Iverson puts "Dancing in Love," by the Roper Dance Orchestra, on the department's scratchy old record player, and suddenly it's about 1948. 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 fulfill their gym requirement—but they've been filling Miss Iverson's classes to overflowing this year. All 40 places are taken, and she has a "crash list" at least that long, plus a devoted group of advanced students who are, surprisingly enough, mostly boys.

"Once a guy gets hooked on dancing, he's really hooked. It's much more fatal for boys than for girls," says Miss Iverson, a lively blonde lady who's not quite old enough to be called "sprightly." "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 shouldn't 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 Iverson lets them figure it out for themselves. "One, two, back step...one, two, back step...one, two," she keeps counting over an up-beat version of "String of Pearls."

She's teaching them the Swing, a simplified version of the Lindy, which in turn became the Jitterbug in the early 1950's. Next will be the Cha-Cha-Cha ("to get them used to triple time"), and then more flamboyant Latin steps. Once they perfect their Fred Astaire imitations, where can her students try them outside of class?

That can be a problem, one of her advanced students told me. "Some of the ballrooms have a pretty old crowd...when you show up, first some old geezer dances away with your girl, and then the old ladies grab you. It can be a real drag." But there are livelier 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 Stardust Motor 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."



It's as though Elvis Presley never happened, or Bob Dylan, or the Beatles.

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

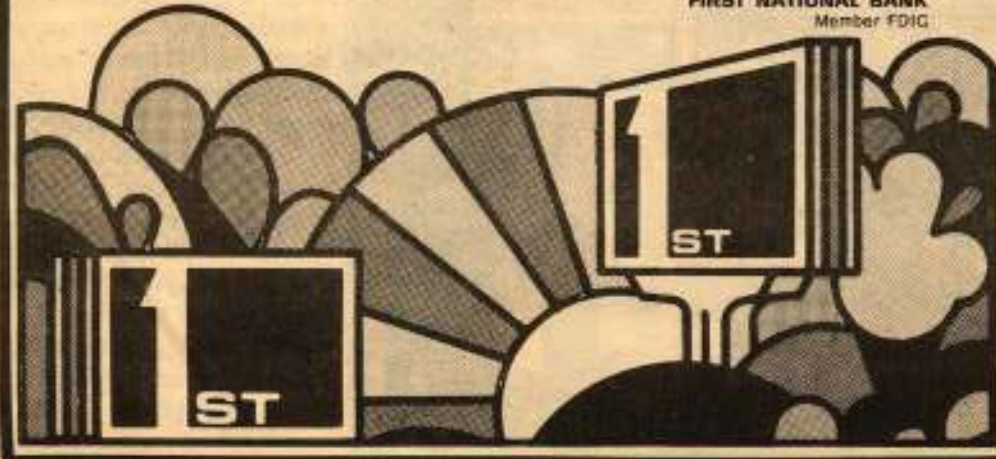
Outside, the marching band is trying to play the national anthem while forming the letters U-S-A. Inside, they're dancing cheek to cheek. Governor Reagan would never believe it.

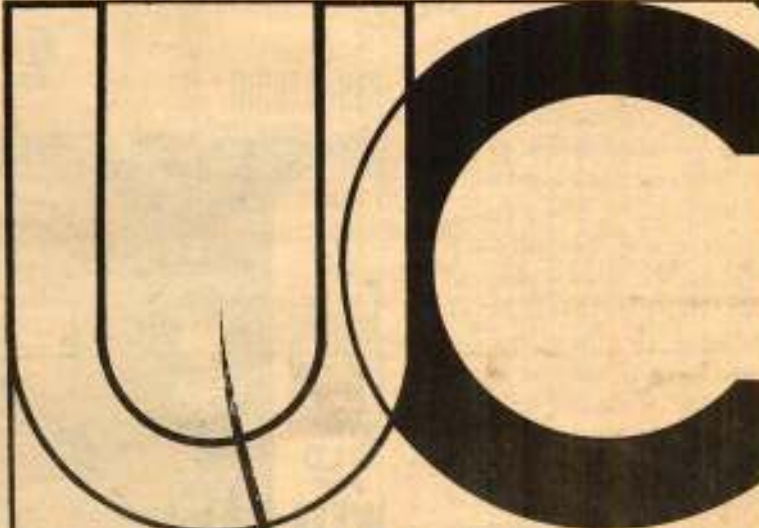
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FOOD

THE
BLUE MAN

BY
KATHLEEN
WOODWARD

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. True, they are difficult to ferret from the morass of eating places here. But there are some, and recently I found one: *The Blue Man*. This tiny French restaurant located in the unlikely 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 straight out of the best of bourgeois 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 Amouroux, the owner, serves dinner only, by reservation only, and even making reservations, I found, can turn out to be an unexpected experience. First I made reservations with the answering service for a Sunday evening for two; a girl took my phone number. Sunday afternoon I 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 bullfights). Disappointed, I switched to Tuesday. Monday noon *The Blue Man* called to say that they would be serving a special party of six that evening and would we like to come then instead of Tuesday. There was no question about it—yes. I love plans that shift at the last moment. But the story doesn't end here. When we arrived, the owner told us that we would have the restaurant to ourselves since the other group had just cancelled out. He and his waiter, Rusty Ludwig, a nice young man with a careful and quiet presence about him, graciously kept the place open just for us. Rusty assuring us that it was a pleasure to serve just two people.

★ There are many restaurants where I feel uncomfortable if there are not several other people in the dining room. I either have the feeling that the waiter is always watching me, that he is overhearing 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 evening, and it did turn out to be an evening, altogether a wonderful one.

★ There are six booths with red table cloths and a bar, and it's dark—one of my prime prerequisites for a small place. The menu, which changes periodically, is also small, listing only six or so main courses: the night we were there they ranged from "foie de poulard saute au cognac" (chicken livers) to "cotes de Porc, sauce moutard" with the price hovering constantly around \$4.50.

The rest of the meal, we learned, is simply served to you without the asking, and everything—*everything*—was superb. First came a rich onion soup, then hot French rolls and a sliced, ripe tomato salad with a French dressing expertly seasoned with basil and green onion. For the main course Dan had "escalope de veau, sauce normande" ("very good," he nodded), and I ordered "coquille de mer," a complicated affair involving first poaching turbot, then flaking it, and serving the fish in a wine and black mushroom sauce. I reasoned that if he could do something with turbot (I've tried many times and can't), then he could do almost anything: it was delicious. Then creme caramel and coffee.

★ This is the regular fare, but *The Blue Man* also serves a special dinner of eight courses for groups of six or more at \$8.00 per person, and my friends and I are already organizing a party. It's expensive, but an evening I know will be more than worth it.

★ The food was splendid and so was the wine (you can have house wine or one of the six or so selections that make up the wine list), but it was what happened afterwards that made the evening so wonderful. We asked

a
pocket of
french
resistance
in
lemon
grove...

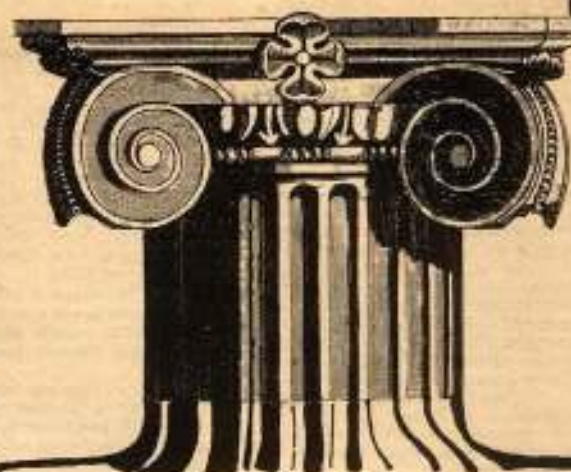
the owner and Rusty to join us for coffee—the former drank sherry instead—and we talked for another hour and a half at least. I didn't want to leave.

★ Roberto Amouroux, it turns out, is part French, part Mexican, and part American Indian, and learned to cook in the Les Halles district of Paris. He's dark, good-looking, has a robust vitality to him, and is very intelligent—we talked about things from pornography to recipes to Trollope. And he tells a good story.

★ Where does the name *The Blue Man* come from, I asked, "Do you want the truth or fiction," he asked. "The truth," I answered. Then he told us about the nightmare he had one night right before he opened the place. It was jammed with people and he couldn't get the food out fast enough when, just at the moment of complete nervous collapse, he turned to see standing next to him in the kitchen, a blue man who was calmly and competently helping him saute the mushrooms and put everything in order. "Wonderful," I said. And he smiled. "That's the story," he said, "the truth is sentimental, involves a woman and a song."

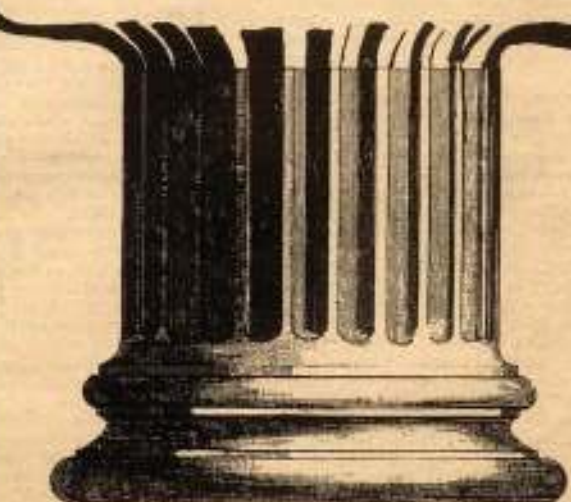
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The Baby Maker (Grossmont) Couple cannot have baby, so they hire Barbara Hershey to have it for them (the wife wants it to be her husband's child). Sincere soaper, reasonably written and competently directed, with some good acting moments by Collin Wilcox-Horne as the wife. The problem is that the film just isn't all that interesting.

Beneath The Planet of The Apes (Mission Valley Center 3) Sequel to **PLANET**, directed by Ted Post, who made a distinguished start with a Clint Eastwood western, **HANG 'EM HIGH**, in 1968. The novelty of the apes has worn out by now, but the series is pleasant and capably handled (unlike, say, the **Bond** series). James Franciscus takes over for Heston, and Kim Hunter and Roddy McDowall continue to be endearing.

Bluebeard (Cove) It's all Richard Burton in this super-camo, modern dress version of the Bluebeard story. Along the way, the ever-popular hero snuffs out the likes of such penumatic lovelies as Raquel Welch, Virna Lisi, Karin Schurbert, with Joey Heatherton as the abrasive one that gets away. Edward Dmytryczuk, the apes, ever-dependable hack, knows which buttons to push, and directs in his late-Playboy style. Especially recommended for male chauvinists.

Boxcar Bertha (Palm) Pistol-packing mama, youth division, Barbara Hershey stars, with paramour David Carradine bringing up the rear. Produced by Roger Corman's New World Productions, the film was directed by Martin Scorsese, a promising young talent whose **WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR?** received its major run in Chicago.

Butterflies Are Free (Fashion Valley 4) Sick, patent version of the pastently sick hit Broadway play, directed by stage hand Milton Kates. Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart and introducing Edward Albert as a sweet young blind man, Blythe Danner, where are you?

Cabaret (College) Offbeat, amoral romance in decadent interregnum Germany. The gloriously raunchy cabaret numbers comment on the plot and the historical scene, and, being presided over by showbiz creep par excellence Joel Grey, they are disgustingly entertaining as well. But the numbers and the love story never quite mix, and the film could have applied a bit of its irony back upon itself, particularly when Christopher Ishywood leaves Liza Minnelli for E.M. Foster.

The Candidate (Mission Valley Center 3) One of the few political comedies without any elements of satire—it's refreshing, earnest, unprofound, and very entertaining. Robert Redford is the vacuous candidate who gradually becomes aware of his vacuity—not too many steps ahead of the audience but way ahead of the voting public. The details are what make it—and they are just accurate enough, particularly in Peter Boyle's intense squinting as the campaign machiavelli and Allen Garfield's media specialist.

Conquest of The Planet of The Apes (Alvarado Drive-In, UA Cinema Mission Valley Center) Fourth and formerly last in the continuing saga of the Planet of the Apes, with the small survivors of the last one gradually fomenting major revolution against the remaining humans. Directed by the incredibly incompetent J. Lee Thompson, this is by far the least of the four to date. Next one is **BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**, which is squeezing a sequel somewhat.

Dirty Harry (South Bay Drive-In) Donald Siegel's latest Clint Eastwood flick is a superior rendition of the bad-news good-cop. Lots of well-timed action, a bit too much well-calculated violence, and the usual Siegel skill at character touches and offbeat situations. Extremely good, but nothing more than is expected of Siegel, who has done more significant work.

Everything You Have Always Wanted To Know About Sex (But were afraid to ask) (Valley Circle) Just as Woody Allen's skill as a comedian is far more verbal than visual, so his direction is far more mimetic than personal. However, in this bright series of seven sex skits, Allen proves himself a cameramimic of hilarious accuracy. Everyone else is better at reading Allen's lines than Allen himself, but there are plenty of supporting characters around. Very funny, but nothing more, so don't let anyone give the jokes away; there won't be anything left.

Fiddler on the Roof (Loma) Literal but rousing musical version of Sholom Aleichem stories, set in the Russian Pale. Norman Jewison's impersonal technology demonstrates just how far craftsmanship can go in making a near work

of art: the musical numbers have a gritty texture and the Broadway stickiness has been skillfully excised. Topol is excellent in the role of Tevye, the rest of the cast of a piece. Recommended.

The Gang that Couldn't Shoot Straight (Lakeside) Gangster comedy in modern dress, courtesy of Jimmy Breslin. Good cast includes Jerry Orbach (stage star of **CARNIVAL** and **PROMISES, PROMISES**), Leigh Taylor-Young, Jo Van Fleet, and the great Lionel Stander returning to American films after decades on the blacklist.

The Godfather (Cinema 21) Dynamic. Francis Ford Coppola finally puts it all together in an entertaining narrative film with novelistic complexity. The characters, the details, the action are all impeccably staged, and some of it, most notably an Italian wedding, leaps out of fiction into the fresh air of truth. Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, James Caan, Robert Duval and Richard Castellano stand out in a perfect cast.

Hannie Caulder (Midway Drive-In, Vogue) More sexual mores of the West, with Burt Kennedy at the helm and Raquel Welch riding high. Robert Culp and George Kennedy are sidekicks. Kennedy (Burt, that is) started his career off with some quiet westerns, but as the noise level has risen to his incipient talent has fled.

The Hot Rock (Clairmont) Cutesy heist picture with Robert Redford the stoic head of a manic band of professionals, including George Segal and Ron Leibman. Zero Mostel co-stars.

Is There Sex After Death? (Academy) Offbeat examination of porno today, from the Abel couple. The humor is heavily based in New York's own brand of insecure put-on, and too often sweating hard at it substitutes for belly laughs. Allen Garfield, however, manages both.

Kansas City Bomber (Broadway, Roxy, Helix) Rough and ready Raquel Welch as the upcoming star of roller derby, with all the floss and jargon of America's most latent sport. Kevin McCarthy is good in a comeback role and the atmosphere is compellingly slimy. Better than you might expect.

Last of the Red Hot Lovers (Vogue) Alan Arkin wants desperately (desperately!) to get laid, but his assignments always gang aft a-gley, three times aft, with Sally Kellerman as a Polish maiden, Renee Taylor as a best friend of the wife, and Paula Prentiss as her usual zonked self. A little hymnal to the rejections of the sexual revolution, from the Neil Simon hit, directed by Gene (Chuckles the Clown) Saks.

The Man (Fashion Valley 4) James Earl Jones lends some saving grace to a silly movie about a black President. Joseph Sargent directed.

Morgan (La Paloma) Karel Reisz's story of a radical Marxist and eccentric ape-lover is a precursor of a whole slough of today's movies about wacky alienated heroes—but few people noted MORGAN's own antecedents in screwball thirties comedy. There isn't quite enough of that here, although Vanessa Redgrave makes a smashingly funny debut.

The New Centurions (Fox) Plotless saga of old cop-new recruit on the prowl in the urban jungle, familiar territory for writer Stirling Silliphant (**NAKED CITY**, **THE LINE-UP**). George C. Scott and Stacy Keach star, with Rosalind Cash featured. Richard Fleischer directed.

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (Mission Valley Center 3) Vincente Minnelli returns to the musical form after a ten years' absence, and his talent is as apparent as it is somewhat out of date. Barbara Streisand has ESP, a green thumb, and several previous lives: a psychic researcher (Yves Montand) falls in love with an earlier incarnation. Minnelli's camera gives elegance to some vulgar scenes, and his romantic temperament occasionally soars. Streisand acts best when she sings, and then she is remarkable. Perhaps the most tender film of recent years, it deserved a better critical reception. It has what **THE BOY FRIEND** lacks.

The Other (UA Cinema) Robert Mulligan finally puts it all together. After the considerable partial achievements of **UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE**, **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD**, **SUMMER OF '42** and **BABY THE RAIN MUST FALL**, the most lyrical talent in Hollywood has crafted a nearly perfect work, based on Thomas Tryon's horrific novel. Mulligan has his own sense of rhythm and space, and his story is splendidly terrifying and yet compellingly beautiful. Mulligan never cheats on his unique subjective viewpoint—his story is rigorously told from the vision of a most troubled child.

Portnoy's Complaint (Fashion Valley 4) Incredibly ugly and ill-conceived filmization of the Roth novel, with impact more smug than scatological. Producer-writer Ernest Lehman, making his directorial debut, has no concept whatever of coherent filmmaking, let alone style. What he has given us is a dirty comedy that isn't very dirty and not at all funny. Lee Grant and Jack Somack are totally wasted as the parents, though Richard Benjamin gives his best performance to date, making some sense of the witless character Lehman has written him. Karen Black makes an affecting Monkey; indeed, her quarrels with Benjamin add some bite and pathos to the film's artistic void.

Puppet on a Chain (North Park) Turgid thriller in the marionette tradition, with uncharismatic heroes and a bewildering plot. From the Alastair MacLean novel.

Ryan's Daughter (Capri, Pacific Drive-In) A romantic madness of a film, utterly respectable and thoroughly out of its mind. David Lean's unflinching craftsmanship makes something special and obsessed out of an old-fashioned story. It's the closest movie equivalent I know to a Victorian artifact crafted with modern technology.

The Salzburg Connection (Alvarado Drive-In, Mission Valley Center 3) Helen MacInnes thriller with a good seedy set of players, produced by Ingo Preminger.

Slaughter (Palm) New Jim Brown, who makes 'em do what they order. Stella Stevens co-stars.

Slaughterhouse Five (Cinerama) Vonnegut's sexist, sophomoric anabism is rendered palatable by the unbelievably fluid and facile direction of George Roy Hill. The film is superlatively made and the essential conceits, with their Menichian and other cosmic overtones, are very, very clever. But through all the time-tripping there are rarely semblances of any meaningful real emotion.

Snow Job (Mission Valley Center 3) Several superlatives are in order for this indifferent and unsuspenseful heist picture. First, the most apt title since **BOY DID I GET A WRONG NUMBER!** Second, Jean-Claude Killy makes the most expressionless debut since Wayne Maunders (actually, since John McGuire in **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND** in 1935, if such honors can creditably span decades).

What's Up, Doc? (Mission Valley Center 3, Solana Beach) Peter Bogdanovich has fashioned what is simply one of the funniest comedies ever filmed. Ryan O'Neal is a complete delight as the absent-minded musicologist who comes to San Francisco with his battle axe fiancée (Madeline Hyde). From the moment he nearly runs into kooky Barbara Streisand (subdued and very funny), the chaos and madness never let up. DOC draws from nearly every great tradition in American comedy, proving that you can't see too many good movies.

The Wild Bunch (South Bay Drive-In) Sam Peckinpah's masterpiece that unleashed new realism in blood-letting. Robert Ryan gives his best performance as the man who watches while a group of cutthroats pursue another group of cutthroats. Violent, lusty, brilliantly choreographed, and intellectually compelling, **THE WILD BUNCH** established Peckinpah (**STRAW DOGS**) as one of the great original talents of this film generation.



The Wrath of God (North Park, Lakeside, UA Cinema, Jerry Lewis) Actioner set in Mexico sometime after the first flush of the revolution. Mitchum is an adventurer dressed as a priest and toting a machine-gun in his suitcase; Ken Hutchinson is an Irishman who somehow gets adopted by a tribe of patriarchal Indians (and Paula Pritchett is my candidate for the most stunning screen Indian maiden in many moons). Ralph Nelson (**LILLIES OF THE FIELD**) directed this over-long film, and adapted the screenplay from a novel. Only the last reel, where Mitchum pulls a switch on the idea of crucifixion, is recommended.

X, Y, and Zee (Fox) Three troupers put soap opera through the wringer with intelligent dialogue by novelist Edna O'Brien. Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Caine are married; Susannah York, interferes. Brian G. Hutton, known for mindless action and such, directed this change of pace.



is there SEX after death?

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—Vincent Canby, New York Times

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Bradway	Broadway at 8th	233-6473
California	1112 4th	234-8259
Campus Drive-in	6147 El Cajon Blvd.	582-1717
Capri	3812 Park	298-0577
Cinema Leo	944 Garnet, Pacific Beach	488-3353
Cinema 21	1440 Hotel Circle North	291-2121
Cinerama	5889 University	583-6201
Clairemont	4140 Clairemont Mesa	274-0901
College6303	6303 El Cajon Blvd.	286-1445
Cove	770 Girard, La Jolla	459-5404
Del Mar Drive-in	Highway 5 at Via de la Valle	755-8757
El Cajon	9692 Campo Rd., Spring Valley	460-9781
Fashion Valley 4	110 Fashion Valley	291-4404
Fine Arts	1818 Garnet, Pacific Beach	274-4000
Fox	720 B	233-6331
Frontier Drive-in	3601 Midway	222-6996
Harbor Drive-in	32nd and D, National City	477-1392
Helix	7966 La Mesa, La Mesa	463-4485
Jerry Lewis	9692 Campo Rd., Spring Valley	460-9781
Ken	4061 Adams	283-5909
La Paloma	471 1st St., Encinitas	753-3955
Linda	2280 Linda Vista Plaza	277-1389
Loma	3150 Rosecrans	224-3344
Midway Drive-in	3901 Midway	223-8342
Mission Valley Center 3	2120 Camino del Rio North	297-1888
North Park	2895 University	295-9378
Pacific Drive-in	Balboa and Garnet	274-1400
Roxy	4642 Cass, Pacific Beach	488-3303
Rancho Drive-in	Federal and Euclid	264-1337
Solana Beach	Solana Beach	755-9719
South Bay Drive-in	2170 Coronado, Imperial Beach	423-2727
State	4712 El Cajon Blvd.	284-1428
Strand	4950 Newport	223-3141
Tu-Vu Drive-in	5535 Kearny Villa Rd.	277-4688
UA Cinema	Interstate 8 at Magnolia, El Cajon	440-0306
Unicorn	7456 La Jolla Blvd.	459-4341
Valley Circle	Mission Valley Center West	297-3931
Village	820 Orange Ave., Coronado	435-6161
Vogue	226 3rd, Chula Vista	422-1436

THEATER

In his first play, which opened the winter season at the Old Globe's Main Stage last Tuesday, Robert Marasco gives us, unfortunately, just what his title promises: child's play. This is not the work of an accomplished playwright nor one which can give us much hope for his development as a writer. It is a play written by an unexceptional child, hopelessly muddled in conception and relying upon cheap and lurid thrills

for effects. It reads and plays in fact, like an essay exam written by a second rate student who has no definite idea of how to answer the question and starts off in a different direction at the beginning of every page. Yet he manages to hold the whole production together momentarily with a few witty lines and a bang-up conclusion. The latter is brilliant dramatically but adds up to little upon inspection. What is worse, Marasco himself appears not to have seen through his own work, for he prefaces the Random House edition of his play with a pretentious quote from *Oedipus Rex*, which illuminates nothing in the play itself, but does warn us of his inflated sense of self-importance.

The theme of *Child's Play*, first produced in New York in 1970, rides the crest of the current vogue for supernatural melodrama in the manner of William Blatty's novel *The Exorcist*. It is set in a Catholic private school for boys, and the boys, we learn in the opening stylized tableau, are acting strangely. So strangely in fact, that they are soon attacking one another viciously—one loses an eye and another is strung up in the chapel—and apparently without reason. It is the mystery which keeps us vaguely interested in the action until the end—we are given no intermission so there is no chance to get away—but at the end of an hour and a half the mystery is not satisfactorily resolved. Just who or what is really responsible for letting loose the poison which produces this wave of student terrorism and faculty self-immolation and suicide is not clear. Marasco had the opportunity to make several important social points about schools and teachers, religion and education, but he missed them all.

We do not get a real sense of an entire school since the students are only shadowy presences creeping up and down the stairs. But we do get a good portrait of the small and ingrown faculty: it is composed of twisted and pallid men who make the critical mistake of making the school their life.

Can't expect miracles

The conflict in the play turns on the relationship between Jerome Malley (played by D. Ray Turner), a Greek and Latin teacher who is afflicted with an hysterical persecution complex, carries the cross of a dying mother, and believes in sadistic discipline, and his apparent opposite, Joe Dobbs. Dobbs is the Used-Car-Salesman Teacher, at bottom peevish and malevolent, who wants to convince all the kids that he has the friendliest and best deal in town. Both Malley and Joe are weak men who receive none of our sympathy. Fortunately for us, though, their battle of wills is refereed by the play's third main character who is the most engaging of the entire cast. A young teacher and former student, he is the only person in the school who still has fresh and innocent beliefs about the good in human nature and relies upon his own good-natured intuitions to size up the situation in the institution. Even if we do not learn anything from Marasco's play, he thinks he does. But the truth is that he goes where his good nature leads him, and yet at the end of the play he is as guilty as Dobbs of walking out on another human being. This reveals just how confused in conception this play is. Marasco evidently thought he was using the easy stock formula of Good Boy Learns a Lesson about Evil and Leaves Home, but he even bungled that.

Given the quality of the script one cannot expect, even in a Catholic play, miracles from the performance. In general the characters are dull and two-dimensional and the dialogue flat, and the performances were also. On opening night there were disappointing slips in speech which is somewhat unexpected since most of the major actors are veterans of the Old Globe. Perhaps this can be ascribed to nerves. Practice, however, cannot change the quality of this play. It has

BY
KATHLEEN
WOODWARD

so little substance that at one point, for example, the central interest lies in Malley sharpening his pencils and at another in Dobbs polishing the table.

There were, happily, two exceptions, and it is perhaps not surprising that these are the two characters who display some spirit and small insight. Ken Hickman who plays Paul Reese, the young teacher, is a delight throughout the play, and on opening night it was he who kept the play together; it was, in fact, his first long speech about the boys' attack in the gym which really began the play by capturing the audience's interest. The other exception is Michael Smith who plays the drinking man's teacher, Father Penny, all-Irish in his earthy and pointed wit and love of liquor. Although several of his opening lines were thrown away, he made good use of the rest of them, revealing his and Marasco's talent for one-liner comedy. Father Penny's irreverent sense of humor and often biting irony provide welcome relief from the rest of the sluggish, well-meaning, and inept Fathers. "Why are you so late for your biology class?" one Father asks him. "I was in levitation and couldn't get down," he answers.

The set for the play is nicely done in Gothic with wonderful long translucent blue windows at the back of the stage. It is the large red cross which defines the chapel that gives the most startling effect. As for the rest of the production, I can only say that it is completely uninspired. Craig Noel has done some brilliant plays for the Old Globe—I think specifically of last year's production of John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves*—but this is not one of them. Only an excellent production could save this play, but excluding the last scene which is very effective, even gripping, dramatically—and it is here that Jack Rigney (Dobbs) gave his best performance—the rest is stagey.

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tattoos on his arm...

(continued from page one) Nancy Banks

throat; Doc Webb did them all. "The Doc's the only one I trust—did he tell you about his tattooing machine? Solid gold, see here? It's the world's finest. That thing is worth between four and five thousand dollars."

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."

Uh—doesn't that hurt a little?

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

Another spectator, a shy 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 six-inch serpents and sea monsters, he finally blurts out, "You got any swastikas?"

"I dunno, Carol, do we have swastikas?"

Carol is evidently Mrs. Webb, 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, readjusting her spectacles and going into the back room. She returns with a drawing of a swastika in red, outlined in black. It'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 nods, but the boy has gone. "Sometimes they get cold feet," he shrugs.

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

"I did all of 'em on my left arm and my legs, and most on my right arm. I've got 94, and I was only going to have one when I started." His customer laughs, and so does Mrs. Webb. We wonder how many tattoos she's got, but it doesn't seem polite to ask. None of them are showing.

Doc Webb's special pride is a tattoo—a painting, really—he once did on a sailor's back, 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 he, a beautiful thing like that?"

Back in Horton Plaza, a man with three days' worth of beard is staring intently into the fountain. Bright patterns from the sunlight on the water play across his face and his faded red sweater. He's clutching 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 palm bark. Slowly and carefully, he probes the bottom of the pool with it. All I can see on the bottom are cigarette filters; the water is the color of weak tea, although a faint blue stripe around the surface indicates that the pool has once been painted.

"Hey—what are you doing?" asks a little girl. Her mother is waiting in line at the tourist information booth.

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

"Aah, you shouldn't pay any attention to those winos," says Bob Johnson, owner of the Palace "Buffet," a bar at 328 F Street. "They just sit in here all day and drink, waitin' for their government checks."

Bob Johnson has been in business south of Broadway since 1921, but he says not much has changed in the area "except the allmighty dollar. Back then, if you had a dollar in your pocket it was worth somethin'." He used to own the Off-Broadway

Theater next door, the last burlesque house on the West Coast, and "when it opened I paid \$5 a week rent, and I took 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 even have a safe. These days, goddam 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, hundreds of them, mostly autographed: movie stars, prizefighters, politicians, strippers, jockeys, baseball players. Dempsey with a punching bag in 1932; Dempsey with Gene Tunney in 1926. Sheba and her trained snake. Melody Lady riding a palomino, really bareback. Maureen Sills, the Governor's daughter, in a review with Johnson's daughter. "Maureen is coming to San Diego next week, and she always calls up and says hello." The late afternoon sun reflects off the glass 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 so many 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 1948: "I gave her her first job as a stripper." Chief Myers, a catcher for the N.Y. Giants in 1906—"He celebrated his 91st birthday last January, in that chair you're sitting in." Mildred Harrison and Lita Grey, Charlie Chaplin's wives—"They didn't do no strip, you understand. Just stood up and sang 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 Dean Martin are using the same jokes 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'm never gonna see another, was Liza Minnelli in 'Cabaret.' I took my wife and daughter, and the first thing Liza 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?"

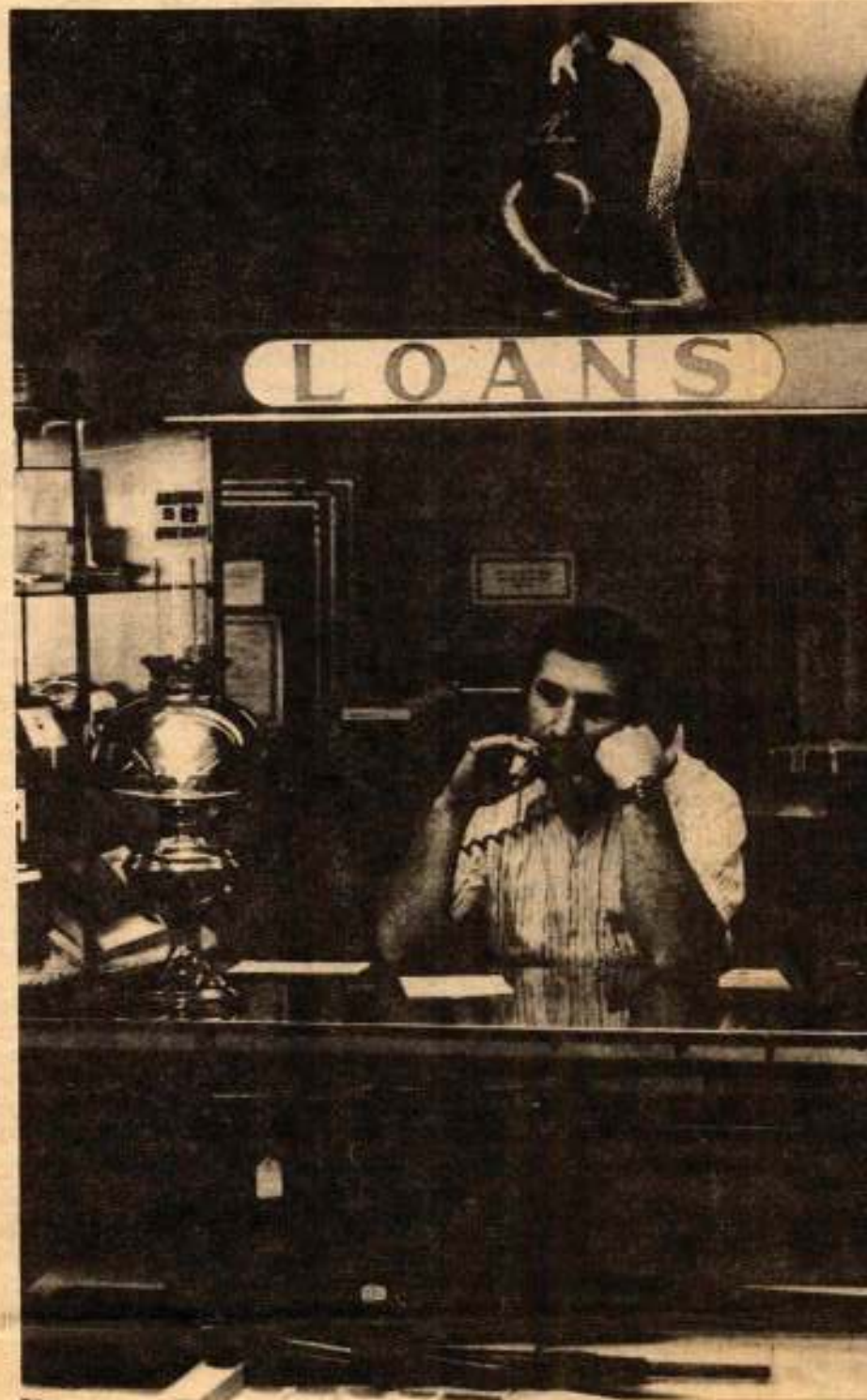
There's a photograph of several hundred sailors waiting to buy tickets for the show in the late 40s, under a marquee reading "Vickie Evans—the girl in the Robert Mitchum c a s e." "That was when he got into trouble for dope, remember? No, of course you don't—I'm old enough to be your grandfather." Was there much dope in San Diego in those days? "No, I honestly don't think so. Me, I still couldn't tell you what a marijuana 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 pasties might get a little too shriveled up. But it was nothin' compared to what we've got on this street today."

The street-level scene is familiar to any visiting sailor. The sleazy, slow-motion excitement of the card rooms. Hole-in-the-wall cafes with Jose Alfredo Jimenez on the juke box. Fundamentalists giving away checks from "The Bank of Eternal Life," made out to Whosoever Believeth, and at least three shoe shine stands per block. After dark, the street bursts into neon, blinking and flashing, blinking and flashing, as garrish and overdone as an old whore's makeup.

Above the blaze of signs, in two-dollar rooms with a sink in one corner and a long walk down the hall to the john, lonely men are spending another night staring at red and blue reflections on the ceiling. Golden West Hotel: the name itself is a mockery, a lurid joke...

The Golden West. At the edge of the continent, at the end of their lives, they've finally found it—in a room with a bare 60-watt bulb and dirty curtains flapping out the windows, in a strip of grey carpet, patterned with faint pink roses like vomit stains, and a lobby as drafty as a train station. Soon, the hotel will change and the city council's vision of the Golden West, complete with planted shrubs and sunken plazas, 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 lawn." The Spreckels Building is to become an art center with large productions of theatre, opera, ballet, and symphonies, with art galleries and residences for visiting artists. Theatre entrance doors will "be painted bright peacock blue to match theatre lobby," and "Mexican onyx should frame the elevator doors." The Balboa Theatre, on the other hand, will be an intimate theatre with workshop plays, solo modern dance, classical and baroque opera.

How could anybody fight that? When the San Diego City Council took its final vote on the Horton Project July 25, 1972, only one member did. "Why did you oppose it?" I asked, scrambling to think up other questions in this unplanned interview. ("You have only twenty minutes. And I'll come in then to assure that," Councilman Floyd Morrow's business-like secretary had firmly admonished.) After several lengthy, Texas drawled sentences, suntanned, clean-cut but slightly paunchy Mr. Morrow had me confused. He said he 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 pin him down: was this 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 to think about the logical extensions of what he had said, 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 declined to be identified because he thought he might still be able to "work out" something with the City). You aren't trying to hold out for a higher price? "Not at all. I don't own the property. Wish I did. We've been trying to buy it from the landlord for years. Years ago a man who held out for more money, like Tommy Sheng of the Sheng Haw Low Restaurant did against the Westgate Project, was a sharp man. But today the government's power of eminent domain is too strong... we want to stay. This store (obviously Navy-oriented) depends on its location. It's near the bus station and the Spreckels 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 inventories, you lose tenants, you can't fix

up the building." This man, too, claimed the basic issue was moral, 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 provide enough tax revenue...? What's to stop the City from clearing out any area that doesn't provide maximum taxes?"

And so I went back to the seventh floor of the City Administration Building to put the question to them. This time Paul Desrochers, 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 patterning ourselves after Charles 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 demolishing buildings and then waiting for tenants. We're out testing the market in the Project area... We're going to be different from Bunker 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. Desrochers discounted my Navy-oriented Broadway merchant's fears by claiming that the Navy had changed. "The new uniform



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that greater tax revenue wasn't the main purpose. "We want to stop urban sprawl. This land is underutilized. We want to encourage greater density at the city's core and facilitate public transportation." But what about the failures of urban renewal in Eastern cities and in Los Angeles? "Well, what about the successes? Boston and Philadelphia are good examples of

regulations have cut down on the need for locker clubs. Sailors can wear their hair longer and blend into the communities at Ocean Beach and Mission Beach, and so they're leaving the Broadway area."

I'm still bothered by the moral issue, I told Mr. Desrochers. What is going to stop the City from moving into any area with "under-utilization," declaring it

fit for urban renewal, and removing the occupants? Where does the right of eminent domain end? "Well," he looked at me with one of those "just-between-you-and-me" looks, "we realize it's going to be a hardship for some people. But we're doing everything we can to help. You just can't be all things to all people."



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NOV 16/17	HENRY MAZER, CONDUCTOR LILIT GAMPEL, VIOLINIST Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 1 Debussy: "The Three-Cornered Hat" Brahms: Violin Concerto, G minor
DEC 7/8	MICHAEL ZEAROTT, CONDUCTOR ORCHESTRAL Glinka: "Ruslan and Lyudmila" Glinka: Variations on a Theme Sibelius: Symphony No. 1
JAN 8/9	YEHUDI MENUHIN, VIOLINIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Bach: Violin Concerto, E major (Conducted and performed by Mr. Menuhin) Mozart: Violin Concerto, A major Schumann: Symphony No. 3
JAN 18/19	PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR ORCHESTRAL Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 Mahler: Symphony No. 1
JAN 25/26	ROBERTO DE GAETANO, PIANIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Hindemith: Nobels Violon Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2 Elgar: "Enigma" Variations
FEB 15/16	ISIDOR LATEINER, VIOLINIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Smetana: "Moldau" Symphonic Poem Bartok: Dance Suite Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto, D major
MAR 1/2	HELENE WICKETT, PIANIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Brahms: "Cradle" Overture Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1 Roy Harris: Symphony No. 3 Debussy: La Mer
APR 5/6	ROBERT ZELLER, CONDUCTOR ALEXIS WEISSENBERG, PIANIST Shostakovich: Festive Overture Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3 Faure: "Pelléas et Mélisande" Respighi: The Pines of Rome
APR 12/13	PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR CHORAL Overture: "Stabat Mater"
MAY 17/18	EDUARDO MATA, CONDUCTOR DOROTHY KIRSTEN, SOPRANO Berg: Roman Carnival Overture Arias from "Tosca"—Puccini; "Adriano Lecocquer"—Gile; "Louise"—Chapentier Messiaen: Pictures of an Exhibition

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NOV 16	HENRY MAZER, CONDUCTOR LILIT GAMPEL, VIOLINIST Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 1 Debussy: "The Three-Cornered Hat" Brahms: Violin Concerto, G minor
JAN 18	PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR ORCHESTRAL Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 Mahler: Symphony No. 1
FEB 15	ISIDOR LATEINER, VIOLINIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Smetana: "Moldau" Symphonic Poem Bartok: Dance Suite Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto, D major
MAR 1	HELENE WICKETT, PIANIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Brahms: "Cradle" Overture Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1 Roy Harris: Symphony No. 3 Debussy: La Mer
APR 12	PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR CHORAL Overture: "Stabat Mater"

SERIES C (6 THURSDAYS)

NOV 2	PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR ORCHESTRAL Mozart: "Magic Flute" Overture R. Strauss: Death and Transfiguration Bruckner: Symphony No. 7
DEC 7	MICHAEL ZEAROTT, CONDUCTOR ORCHESTRAL Glinka: "Ruslan and Lyudmila" Glinka: Variations on a Theme Sibelius: Symphony No. 1
JAN 8	YEHUDI MENUHIN, VIOLINIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Bach: Violin Concerto, E major (Conducted and performed by Mr. Menuhin) Mozart: Violin Concerto, A major Schumann: Symphony No. 3
JAN 25	ROBERTO DE GAETANO, PIANIST PETER ERÖS, CONDUCTOR Hindemith: Nobels Violon Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2 Elgar: "Enigma" Variations
APR 5	ROBERT ZELLER, CONDUCTOR ALEXIS WEISSENBERG, PIANIST Shostakovich: Festive Overture Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3 Faure: "Pelléas et Mélisande" Respighi: The Pines of Rome
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B.W. STEVENSON



The last time Seals & Crofts played at Funky's, I was pleasantly surprised by the bearlike, shittickin', guitar playin', singer/writer that opened the show. B. W. Stevenson's his n a m e. BuckWheat, he's a young man from Texas who decided it would be more advantageous being a professional musician than selling shoes at Kinney's. He began singing at North Texas State University and listened to a lot of Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Dylan, Steve Stills, and The Moody Blues. Knowing how to play the guitar and piano helped a little bit. Between songs, B.W. tells such hilariously funny stories, they make Arlo Guthrie's tales seem almost subdued. His harp player, Mickey Raphael and bass player Richard supplement B.W.'s music with just the right amount of funk.

On this debut album, B.W. has scripted most of the tunes, along with a tune by Carol King, "Home Again," and Barry Mann/Cynthia Weil's 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, sunsets and lonely El Camino roads. It's a song about the girl that "takes my blues away." "On My Own" is another lyrical poem about departure, about lovers whose paths must go in different directions. "A captive of your heart . . . you're a broken part of a living fairy 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 blooming talent of B.W. Stevenson, a very mel-low man.

J.L.

Mose Allison at Funky Quarters

The smells are sweet, lights cast a red-orange glow, and conversation is warm at Funky Quarters. Whether you choose a free-form leather couch, one of the terraced tables, the corner "cage," or (as many do) the floor, the mood is one of communion. (No seat is further than thirty-five feet from the performer.) It is altogether an appropriate atmosphere for a vintage jazz pianist like Mose John Allison.

Mose has been around a long time. His popularity peaked years ago. Now, the elegant jazz piano and monochromatic vocals are most appreciated by those who remember him from the Sixties when he recorded album after album of his own material. Then, he had a wide and devoted 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 satisfying.

It was touch-and-go, however, through the opening act—Ronee Blakely. She is yet another neo-Carly Simon/Carole King in satin dress, trying hard to sing downhome. Her heavy-handed piano playing is imitation blues. And the uniformly inane lyrics of the material she uses do not do justice to her bouyant rhythm and capable voice. A lively little song called "Hollywood Tree," which she has recorded on the Elektra label, was by far the high point of her act.

Following Ms. Blakely, Mose Allison was greeted by the laid-back audience with extra enthusiasm. He needs no contrast, of course, to look good. Raised in Mississippi, Mose has been playing and singing so long that it looks and sounds as easy as breathing. His set was structured with care to create a narrative progression in lyrics, laced with all the bitter wisdom and wry humor one expects from a natural jazzman. (It included his classic, "Parchman Farm.")

S.R.

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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 product actually constitutes the aesthetic.

Because of the importance of this 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 judgement. Particularly in the art of 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 panties or a handy-dandy stash box as a come-on. Truly, the conning of America is a fascinating process.

It is in this process, and his role in it, that Leon Russell examines in *Carney*—from a most relevant position. For Russell is himself a carnival star, inviting our approval (not to mention cash) by the telling of his story.

Looking at his album conceptually, Russell's first song, "Tight Rope," introduces a compelling image: "I'm up on a high wire/ One side's ice and one is fire." The strange off-sync calliope accompaniment sets his scene. "Out In the Woods" uses a shadow vocal to heighten the sense of the lyrics: "I'm walking in circles [but] try me one more time." The following song, "Me and Baby Jane," is a metaphor for the negative relationship possible with an audience which can be trapped and hyped to death just like his young sweetheart.

"Manhattan Island Serenade" goes on to describe the star himself trapped, as surely as every one else. Fame, he says, is a "mirror looking back at me / Saying you're the only one." "Cajun Love Song" and "Roller Derby" extend the description by illustrating different reflections of the same man: the corny country minstrel and the tender tough good-time rock and roll singer. "Acid Annapolis" then adds a screaming lunatic to the identity montage. "Take your pick, folks. He is what you want him to be.

"If the Shoe Fits" reverses the lens. Leon lays down what has to be the all-time statement of the incomparable crap attendant upon superstardom. He poses the questions for himself: "Can I have an autograph / Can I sit on your lap / Are you really into witchcraft like they say?" Yet he can see that; after all, he was the one who chose the carnival life. In "My Cricket" he mocks his own expressions of loneliness using, as medium, the classic sappy country lament. "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 banal arrangement is itself part of the masquerade.

The final song completes the story. "Magic mirror, if we could/try to see ourselves as others would."

On the two levels of this album the lyrics and the style shadings of the arrangements—Leon Russell appears to be aiming for an honest dialogue with his audience. Putting it together with his recent San Diego concert appearance, he is the essence of flash and artistry in rock.

Carney? Definitely. At the same time he can recognize his reflection in the carnival mirror 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. Mac Davis: Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me
2. Michael Jackson: Ben
3. O'Jays: Back Stabbers
4. Main Ingredient: Everybody Plays the Fool
5. Raspberries: Go All the Way
6. Bill Withers: Use Me
7. Elvis Presley: Burning Love
8. Three Dog Night: Black & White
9. Chuck Berry: My Ding-A-Ling
10. Hot Butter: Popcorn

ALBUMS AND TAPES

1. Chicago: Chicago V
2. Leon Russell: Carney
3. Rod Stewart: Never a Dull Moment
4. Cheech & Chong: Big Bambu
5. Elton John: Honky Chateau
6. Three Dog Night: Seven Separate Fools
7. Neil Diamond: Moods
8. Curtis Mayfield / Soundtrack: Superfly
9. Gilbert O'Sullivan: Himself
10. Chuck Berry: London Sessions

LOCAL TOP TEN (based on information from the Wherehouse)

SINGLES

1. Michael Jackson: Ben
2. Spinners: I'll Be Around
3. Harold Melvin and Blue Notes: If You Don't Know Me By Now
4. Chuck Berry: My Ding-a-ling
5. Luther Ingram: If Loving You Is Wrong
6. Al Green: I'm Still in Love With You
7. Temptations: Papa Was a Rolling Stone
8. Lynn Collins: Think (About It)
9. Doobie Brothers: Listen to the Music
10. Hot Butter: Popcorn

ALBUMS AND TAPES

1. Seals and Crofts: Summer Breeze
2. Loggins and Messina: Sittin' In
3. Curtis Mayfield: Superfly
4. Temptations: All Directions
5. Leon Russell: Carney
6. Boz Skaggs: My Time
7. John Denver: Rocky Mountain High
8. Cheech and Chong: Big Bambu
9. Rod Stewart: Never a Dull Moment
10. Jefferson Airplane: Long John Silver

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mr. fixit

water closets

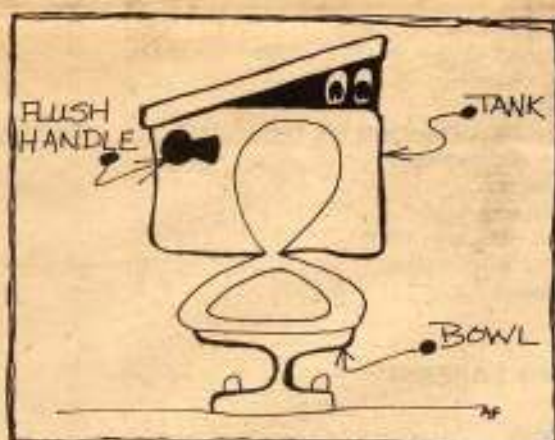
Man's hangups over toilets begin at age 2. From the moment of toilet training, the associations start to build. They are *unclean*; they take away a part of self which all one's associates reject.

It is no wonder, then, that toilets are fearful contraptions. Toasters, which could electrocute a person—anybody sticks knives and forks in them. But toilets, which could never hurt anybody, are *hands off*. No matter that the tank contains nothing but tap water—it's a toilet, isn't? In fact, water closets are one of the simplest 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

Discourse on Toilets

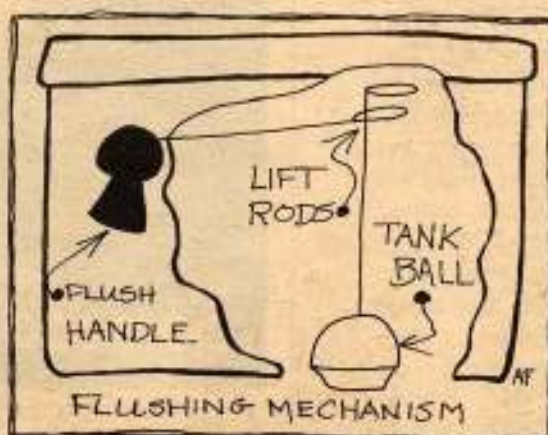
Toilets are of two basic types. One type, found only in larger apartment buildings and public institutions, operates directly from water pressure, and does not have a tank. That type will not be discussed here, since such buildings generally have readily available janitorial help, and there is not much 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



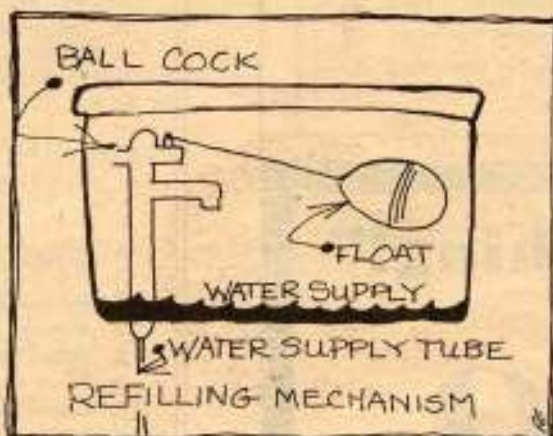
often molded together. The part one sits on is called the bowl, and it contains no moving parts. The only thing that can go wrong with it is for its drain to be stuffed up. On that problem, more later.

The tank, which contains the moving parts and which is most prone to problems, must perform two functions. The first of these is flushing: when you push the handle on the outside of the toilet, it releases a rush of water 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 have been devised 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 bend naturally.



Should your flushing mechanism not work properly, look at it carefully to determine the problem. Replacement rods can often be purchased for as little as 25¢.

The other potential source of trouble in the flushing mechanism is the tank ball itself. Generally made of rubber, the tank ball is prone to decay over time. Naturally, once it is decayed, it cannot properly close the hole at the bottom of the tank, so that the toilet will seem to run continuously. Since tank balls only cost about 50¢, it is silly to let a dribbling toilet drive you crazy. The only hitch is that to successfully work on this part, you will probably have to turn off the water: this will involve shutting off water to an entire building floor, or apartment if there is no intake valve on the toilet itself.



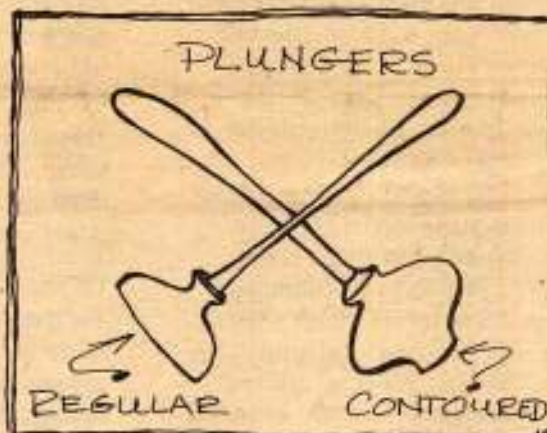
Refilling is the tank mechanism's primary function, and it is slightly more complicated as it fills the tank up to a pre-specified level and then shuts off the water until the next time the toilet is flushed. This requires a valve, called the "ball cock," plus a float, which can detect the water level.

There are three common problems with this mechanism. The least common is a worn-out or defective valve: since the valve handles only cold water, it seldom wears out. More commonly the washer at the base of the water supply tube leaks. This causes a drip onto the floor at the back of the toilet. For some reason, however, the most common difficulty is with the float filling up with

water. Old toilets often have metal floats with seams, which may leak, and if the process starts it is prone to accelerate, since the float becomes heavier and then rides lower in the water. Soon the toilet is filling higher and higher, and eventually water will start going out through the overflow drain, causing a constant dribbling not unlike that caused by a defective tank ball. Luckily, this problem is easy to fix; the floats cost about 50¢ and screw simply and easily into the end of the rod that attaches it to the ball cock.

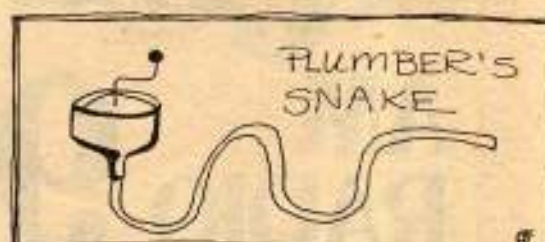
Problems with the tank mechanism are easily handled. The stuffed toilet is a rather more frustrating problem, however. One cannot "get at" the problem, in the sense of being able to look at a mechanism; generally some large foreign object (such as a feminine napkin, for example) catches itself on the joint between the bottom of the toilet and the top of the drain, at or near the floor level. That is separated from the amateur plumber by several loops of drain trap, which prevent sewer water or gases 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 contoured for use in a 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 porcelain area of the toilet, the heat it generates can easily crack the bowl. New toilet.

The tool of last 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 not a job for beginners. The best rule, however, is to see that only human waste and toilet paper ever goes down a toilet. Other objects and materials invite trouble, and should be avoided. Paper towelling, feminine napkins, or plaster of Paris do not qualify.



Mr. Fixit would like to hear about your household problems. Write to him, c/o The Reader P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for his reply. Problems of general interest will be used for later columns.

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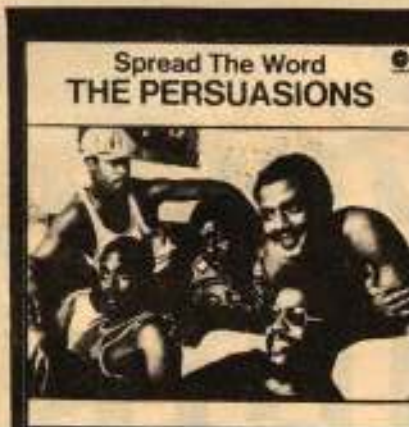
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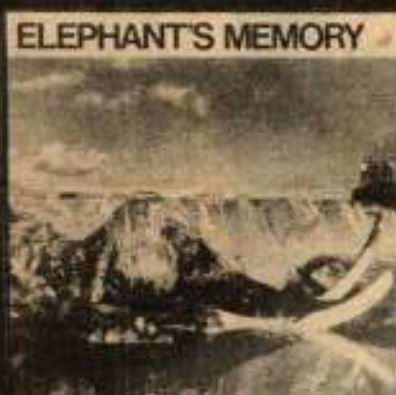
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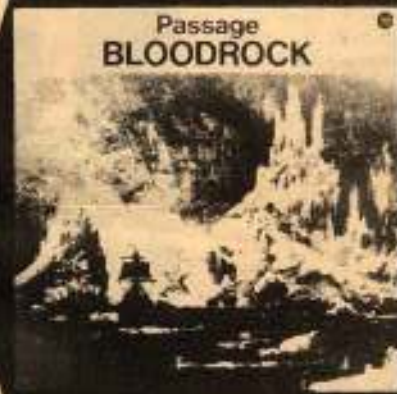
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FOLK SING for McGovern Friday October 6 at 7:30 p.m. at the Grossmont College center, \$1.50 donation; children under 12 free. Performing Sam Hinton, Grayson Express, Pat Rusconi, John and Cindy.

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NEEDED BADLY, used, math book by Rodin. Phone 582-3311.

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