

READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

January 10 to January 16

<p>San Diego's Only Complete Guide to the Silver Screen Duncan Shepherd spots 'em and dots 'em. PAGE 8</p>	<p>Sports, Museums and Galleries, Lectures and Talks, Theatre, Music This Week in San Diego. PAGE 2</p>	<p>Reader's Guide to the Music Scene in San Diego PAGE 7</p>	<p>Alan Pesin has the latest Las Vegas dope on the Superbowl PAGE 5</p>	<p>Classifieds PAGE 11</p> <p>The Best of the Television Week PAGE 7</p>
--	---	--	---	--

Jim Ellis CLOSE-UP

Ellis says no he wouldn't disqualify himself if the Sea World lease came up for a vote by the City Council. "That would be admitting I did something wrong."



DRAWING BY LINDA TRUJILLO

—John Hollands—

It's too bad. Someone is really going to ruin Jim Ellis. Ellis is one of San Diego's two recently elected new City Councilmen and he simply hasn't been around the briar patch of politics long enough to be careful. He just says all kinds of things that someone more careful, someone like Mayor Wilson, would never say. Ellis, for instance, will tell you about today's changing morality by describing how he and his friends used to sneak inside the drugstore in his Colorado hometown to see the then-scandalous "Petty Girl" in *Esquire*. He'll tell you that he thinks the biggest problem facing San Diego is growth, that he is in favor of the Pill, not in favor of abortion, and that his 13-year-old daughter pleasantly surprised him the other

day when she announced that when she gets married she will have one child and adopt one child. A more experienced public figure might fill your time with numbers and graphs and uninteresting stories, but Ellis is unashamedly personal. He says he's trying to do his part in saving the fuel by driving to work on Mission Gorge Road to Friars Road to 395, downtown, but, gosh, probably the most important answer to our pollution/congestion/energy problem is a smaller car. "Heck, I do almost all my driving myself. I don't need a big car — we have to develop something smaller for all of us to drive — even the VW is too big."

Ellis, who represents the district including San Diego State and the mushrooming tract-home Del Cerro-Serra Mesa-Tierra Santa expansion north of Highway 8, is a Protestant, Republican, and wears blue socks with his blue suit, blue eyes, and strawberry blonde hair. Though his 21 years as a Navy officer, including stints at the Navy Postgrad School in Monterey and at the Naval War College in Rhode Island, gave him polish, his personality is still pretty folksy; his

voice and his laugh seem to come from his early boyhood in Oklahoma (when he was 14 his family moved to Colorado). His "gosh" and "wash" sound like "gush" and "wash" and his laugh comes a little fast but not especially forced. You wonder how the folksiness of a Jim Ellis will stand up to the less rugged personalities of fellow Council members Maureen O'Connor, Floyd Morrow, or Pete Wilson.

Certainly Ellis will stand to the right of the others in his voting record. Not so frankly as Barry Goldwater, but more frankly than Richard Nixon, Ellis says he is a conservative. He says he's "probably the most conservative member of the Council." He explains that he believes in "the rights of the individual" but "there is no such thing as complete freedom. When people come to live together in society they have to sacrifice part of their freedom. If you were one man on an island, it'd be different."

But then Ellis clouds his position by saying he's a "conservative on economic matters but a liberal on civil servants." On civil servants?

Yes, he says. He knows what it's like to be a civil servant because he was in the military and "the military's a corollary of the civil service system." (A corollary?) When he was a brand new ensign in the Navy 24 years ago, he and his wife scraped along on their \$200 a month budget and rented a place for \$75 a month. The people across the street were renting a house for \$100 a month and that was really something. So he has a lot of sympathy for civil servants — a sympathy that's not so dumb politically in a town where the City bureaucracy has grown from 5000 employees to 6500 in the past five years. So I ask Ellis what he'll do if a department like the City's Planning Department finds itself with nothing to do. Would he rife some of these civil servants like a good conservative and save the taxpayers money? Or could his sympathy for civil servants be translated into featherbedding? Well, he says definitely, he doesn't think that'll be a problem; he explains how people thought automation would destroy jobs, but "we've replaced buggies with cars and have created more jobs."

Although Ellis says the main problem facing San Diego is growth, he holds to conservative economic principles when discussing the environment. "Developers only develop if they have a demand for a product. A developer's not going to go to the desert. The big problem in San Diego is "Can the City provide the necessary services if a development is made?" Ellis also says "you can't just pack people in so tight that they can't breathe" and that he is "a firm believer in open beaches." He thus maintains a belief in a floor space ratio requirement rather than strict height limitation. "What good would it have done to restrict buildings on the east side of Mount Soledad to a height of thirty feet?" Ellis says he's against billboards in certain areas but claims that "looking at a Coca Cola sign in San Diego's South Bay sloughs wouldn't bother me."

During the campaign Ellis became known as the candidate of the developers, most specifically because of the contributions from Sea World president George Millay and other Sea World executives

(continued on page 10)

Events

DIRECTORY

Actor's Quarter	480 Elm	234-9325
California State Univ.	San Diego	286-5234
Casuals Center Theatre	Barbosa Park	239-2754
City College Theatre	14th & C Sts.	239-7854
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts.	236-4510
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4856
Crystal Palace Theatre	3785 Ocean Front Walk	488-8001
Fine Arts Gallery	Barbosa Park	232-7531
Folk Arts	3743 Fifth Ave.	291-1786
Jewish Community Center	7917 Grand Ave.	459-3001
La Jolla Art Association	700 Prospect St.	454-0183
La Jolla Museum	3960 Mason, Old Town	239-6453
Mission Playhouse	Barbosa Park	239-2755
Old Globe Theatre	Palomar College	744-1150
Palomar College Theatre	373 Hale Ave., Escondido	744-6669
Patio Playhouse	Barbosa Park	234-5045
San Diego Art Institute	820 E Street	236-5800
San Diego Public Library	3500 Sports Arena Blvd.	224-4171
Sports Arena	Barbosa Park	238-5246
Tolson Art Gallery	La Jolla	453-2000
UCSD	La Jolla	453-2000
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

MUSIC

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Peter Eros, with pianist Jacques Klein, San Diego Civic Theatre on Thursday and Friday, January 10 and 11, at 8:00 p.m.

BOB WARD AND THE CIGAR BAND, Friday, January 11, 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Room 220, Grossmont College.



KOREAN MUSIC AND DANCE, Matthews Campus Recital Hall, UCSD, Saturday, January 12, 8:15 p.m.

MARVELLE CARIAGA, mezzo-soprano, The Civic Theater, Sunday, January 13, 8:15 p.m.

SONGS AND VIEWS OF THE MAGNETIC GARDEN, by Alvin Curran, a performance featuring various instruments, voices, tape, and live electronics, Matthews Campus Recital Hall, UCSD, Tuesday, January 15, 8:15 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2995.

ORGANIST TOMMY STARK, pop organ music, community singing, and several silent comedies, Southern Music Center, 3455 Imperial Ave., Lemon Grove, 8:00 p.m., Saturday, January 13, 453-7705.

SAN DIEGO CHAMBER ORCHESTRA will play, with Glenn Brock conducting, in St. James Episcopal Church, Saturday, January 12, 8:00 p.m.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, James DePriest conducting, with guest conductor John Browning at the Civic Theater, Saturday, January 12, 8:00 p.m.

COST LESS IMPORTS

We're Cleaning House!!

come down to our giant pre-inventory cleaning SALE

all three floors!

SALE ENDS JANUARY 20, 1974.

SAN DIEGO—BETWEEN ROUTE 5 AND PACIFIC HIGHWAY 101, TAKE WASHINGTON ST. TURN-OFF 299-0100

LA MESA—CENTER AT JACKSON, GROSSMONT CENTER 460-6760

LA JOLLA—1152 PROSPECT STREET 459-3671

HOURS—9AM TO 9PM MON-FRI, 10AM TO 6PM SAT & SUN

WE ACCEPT BANKAMERICARD & MARTHACARD.

FILM

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS: Robert Bresson's *Bresson*, Bruce Conner's *A Movie*, Maya Deren's *The Very Eye of Night*, Ed Emshwiller's *Transposals*, Marie Menken's *Arabesque* for Kenneth Anger, and Stan Vanderbeek's *Breathless*, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Hall, Tuesday, January 15, 8:00 p.m. 454-0183.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION and the Science of Creative Intelligence, lecture by Dr. Paul Levine, Silver Room, Community Concourse, Saturday, January 12, 7:30 p.m. Free. 298-5742.

SPORTS

HOCKEY: San Diego vs. Denver, Friday, January 11, 8:00 p.m. San Diego Sports Arena.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Utah Stars, Golden Hall, Saturday, January 12, 7:30 p.m.

10th ANNUAL MISSION BAY MARATHON, 26-mile run starting and finishing on North Mission Bay Drive near De Anza Road, adjacent to Mission Bay Golf Course, Saturday, January 12, 8:00 a.m.

TENNIS: Third Annual Junior Singles Tennis Tournament, Saturday, January 12 and Sunday, January 13, all day, Morley Field, Balboa Park.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Indiana Pacers, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Sunday, January 13, 7:30 p.m.

HOCKEY: San Diego vs. Phoenix, Sunday, January 13, 7:00 p.m. Sports Arena.

THEATRE

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS, by Renee Taylor and Joe Balogna, San Diego Little Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through January 26.

EVERYBODY LOVES OPAL, Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through February 16.

COME BLOW YOUR HORN, by Neil Simon, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. through February 23.

THE BOX WITH THREE LOCKS, Actors Quarter Theatre, 2:00 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays through February 17.

BEN BAGLEY'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYE OF COLE PORTER, Old Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays, 2:00 p.m.; and Sundays, 8:00 and 9:00 p.m. 235-6535.

NIGHTWATCH, by Lucille Fletcher, Old Globe Theatre, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m. 232-2255.

TIME OF THE COMET, a new play by Rose Driffel, A biography of American poet John Stewart Kin, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30 p.m. through January 20, 488-8001.

EL DORADO, GARDEN COURT, by James Gray, Patio Playhouse, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through January 26, 746-6669.

LECTURES AND TALKS

BACKGROUND FOR THE FUTURE—MODERN FURNITURE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY, a lecture by Carl Magnusson of Fortress, Inc. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Hall, Wednesday, January 16, 7:30 p.m. 454-0183.

CAUSES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR: GERMANY, Alan Mitchell, speaker, Thursday, January 10, 7:00 p.m. 462-4262, Undergraduate Science Building, Revelle Campus, UCSD.

A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia with emphasis on Inca and Aztec ruins. Thomas Frith, Curator of Anthropology and Peoples, San Diego Natural History Museum speaking, Tuesday, January 15, 7:30 p.m. 2105 Bonner Hall, UCSD.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION and the Science of Creative Intelligence, lecture by Dr. Paul Levine, Silver Room, Community Concourse, Saturday, January 12, 7:30 p.m. Free. 298-5742.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT: "Children in Bondage," Lewis Hine's pictures of child laborers from the early part of the century. Saturday, January 12 through February 10, Library Foyer, Grossmont College, Monday through Thursday, 7:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Friday, 7:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Weekends, 12:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

VARIATIONS, an exhibit of original prints by Lenore Simon, San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front Street, through January 31, 236-2251.

MULTIMEDIA ART SHOW, Southwestern College students in the College Gallery, Thursday, January 10 through Friday, January 18.

DRAWINGS by Don Patterson and sculpture by Richard Colby, both of Grossmont College's faculty, Tied Gallery, 3701 India Street. (Also, continuing works of Tied Group.) 299-6543.

TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS—John Rogers, sculptor, Jean Swaggett, painter, Southwestern College Art Gallery, 900 Clay La Jolla Road, Chula Vista, Monday—Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Monday—Thursdays, 8:00 to 9:00 p.m.

WORKS by Friedlander, Vasarely, Altman, Picasso, and Matisse, as well as etchings by Charles Bragg, paintings by B.J. McCoon, and watercolors by Robin Pickford, Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, 324-4765.

ROBERT BECHTLE, new realist paintings, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, December 5 through January 3, 291-5970. Also at Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, December 8 through January 20, 232-7931.

INNOVATIONS: CONTEMPORARY HOME ENVIRON, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, December 15 through February 3.

SELECTED PAINTINGS of Carl Neubert, showing this month at Satterly's Gallery Tavern and Chop House, Solana Beach.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL, graphics and drawings, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, 291-5970.

HISTORY and Art of Early California explored with experts at Old Town State Park, through January 23, 9:00 a.m. to 11:45 a.m. daily, 291-6480-9221.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY ART MATH ASSOCIATION OUTDOOR SHOW: Arts and crafts exhibit, Balboa Park, Saturday, January 5 and Sunday, January 6, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 239-4717.

TROMPE L'OEIL, paintings by Robert Colby, plus representational paintings by many others, A Hunter Art Dealer, through January, 296-1522 or 295-8915.

ART SHOW: Watercolor artists Stan Swinski, Ron Stewart, Bill Bender, Austin Dyer, Charles Siegel, and Dave Hatch, Kessler Art Gallery, throughout January, 291-0119.

ONE-MAN show, Lenore Simon's graphic arts, San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front St. Open daily to public.

THEATRE 74

with Eric Christmas

Watch the 1974 Southern California theatre season unfold with a distinguished UCSD professor of drama, director, and stage, motion picture and television actor. Read and see four stirring plays and discuss them with actors and directors.

January 31 St. Joan, with Sarah Miles and Richard Thomas, Ammanson Theatre

February 14 Three Penny Opera Old Globe Theatre

February 28 Blood Wedding UCSD Theatre

March 15 Hamlet with Stacy Keach, Mark Taper Forum

THEATRE 74 will meet 10 Thursday evenings beginning January 17, Room 1330, Humanities-Social Science Bldg., Muir Campus, UCSD. An \$81 enrollment fee includes 3 units of credit, reserved seats at all plays and transportation to Los Angeles productions. Enroll now! For information call 453-2000, extension 2061.

CONCERT ASSOCIATES AND KIEL ENTERPRISES PRESENT

JACKSON BROWNE LINDA RONSTADT

SAN DIEGO CIVIC THEATRE SUN. JAN. 20

ALL SEATS RESERVED, \$5.00

Tickets Available at San Diego Civic Theatre Box Office, 3rd and "A" Streets, Registrar Room, 10:00 a.m. and at both Agencies.

Produced by LINDA K. ANDERSON

cpb UCSD Campus Program Board, Drama Dept. and Inter-campus Cultural Exchange present

Studio II Theatre Laboratory of Denmark

PRODUCTION:

POSSESSION

January 15th 8 PM UCSD Theatre

Admission: UCSD Students \$2.00

General \$3.00

BOX OFFICE: LOBBY, UREY HALL (714) 453-2000, Ext. 1391
HOURS: Tuesday—Friday, noon to 5 PM

cpb UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO CAMPUS PROGRAM BOARD PRESENTS

Viola Farber Dance Company

"To enjoy the Viola Farber Dance Company you must be willing to see beauty in stark, unadorned bodies in motion."

January 20th 8 PM UCSD Gym

Admission:

UCSD Students \$2.00

General \$3.00

Box Office: Urey Hall or

call 453-2000, ext. 1391

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO READER BOX 80803 SAN DIEGO, CA 92136

LETTERS

GIVE US A BREAK

Dear Reader:

As a frequent advertiser and consistent reader of your newspaper, I have come to enjoy the caustic and concise criticisms of film fare written by Duncan Shepherd. It's because of my regard for Mr. Shepherd's opinions that I feel I must respond to his critique of local movie houses.

Mr. Shepherd groups the Strand, the Ken, the Linda, and the Rovy as "run current movies and which, according to Mr. Shepherd, offer almost as much excitement from the uncontrolled viewing audiences and the underfoot trash. As to the film fare offered by these houses, it is utterly true that there's a long wait before the patron can see prime product at a low rate. The bidding procedures and excessive cost of concession supplies, utilities, advertising, and countless smaller expenses, make up the monthly financial "nut to crack." Every independent must consider this before gambling on "newer" product, which may bring in more business, but requires more immediate out of pocket cash by the exhibitor.

As to "rambunctious customers," none of the three independent I cite, the Strand, Ken, and Linda, face a different problem, and each handles its situation accordingly. I'm sure that the management and ownership of these theatres do not consider an uncontrollable crowd to be an "attendant excitement" to film viewing. On a daily, weekly, monthly basis, theatre management must walk the narrow line which assures every patron the right to a good time. Frequently the "good times" must be reminded that the joyous excitement produced by an epic plot such as *On the Waterfront* or *Lawrence of Arabia*, is expressed by martial arts exhibitions—the theatre's lobby.

At the Linda, we're proud of our capacitor track record. Our location doesn't allow us to cater only to a collegiate audience. We must mix all age groups and provide a community source of entertainment. "Rambunctious customers" are a rare occurrence. The community realizes our serious attempt to provide good entertainment at an affordable price. Personally, I wouldn't want to watch a film, no matter how cheap my ticket was, in a dirty theatre—nor do I expect my patrons to do so. We have a "dived-out" policy (no outside munchies allowed in) and at the Linda we don't sell "Drive-ins."

Mr. Shepherd—give us a break! We only became the "new Linda" in February, and we want to increase our patronage. We've installed new walls,

fluor, ceilings, plumbing, electricity, carpet, and most of all, attitude. It's a clean house, a quiet, low-cost community theatre. We like San Diego to thrive, and discover this fact for themselves.

We hope that the Reader's audience will like the New Linda, and prove to themselves that Mr. Shepherd's generalizations are fallible.

Sincerely,

Marie Maher
Manager, New Linda Theatre
Former Manager, Strand Theatre
Former Manager, Ken Theatre

WHO IS BEING EXPLOITED?

Dear Reader,

What is the story with Duncan Shepherd's black dot review of *The Harder They Come*? I'd been warned about Mr. Shepherd's forthright and hard-edged opinions. His attack on the eccentricity, when I first came to San Diego not long ago, but this is a man who has resided in the greatness of *The Coppertop Cattle Co.*—a man whom, you would suppose, you could count on to bring a fair and a fluid, colorful, and a wonderfully supportive soundtrack. Both these movies are great because they establish their "reality" so authentically, and achieve such an unadmitted "documentary" feel.

Now, if it is true that great expectations are the soul of disappointment, then I will be doing the film no service by heaping upon it a list of superlatives. I suspect it was the east coast/Rolling Stone dope-film hype of this film that Mr. Shepherd's "review" was a reaction against. And yet, someone must speak for this movie. One of the greatest disservices a critic can do for a work of art is to blithely subsume it into some broad category that does nothing in the way of "specifying" it for its potential audience. *The Harder They Come* is not a "struggling-young-artist" thing that turns, halfway through into a "killer-on-the-loose" thing. It is a story about a Jamaican country boy with music in his head, who comes to the Big City, encounters a fast, sophisticated street scene, and rises up fast. Jimmy Cliff is one fine actor, and reminds me, in manner and gesture, of no one so much as Bob Dylan.

If this film is distinguished by sure, original camera-work and surprisingly competent, understated acting, that together build quite a plausible dramatic reality, while giving us no few insights into the life that is lived in Jamaica. "Some are some pore," writes Shepherd. "Exploitative movie-making, shoddiness." This is bewildering. Who is being exploited? Which of us is in a position to say? I don't know about Mr. Shepherd, but the scene in Kingston is not such "old hat" to me that I can gibbly dismiss Perry Henzell's version. He and his crew have made a strong projection of another culture at the same time they've engaged us in the lives of a few unusual

people. For a film to engage us emotionally, without embarrassing itself, is no small achievement. I think satire and parody seem to have become the character of modern film. *The Harder They Come* walks a delicate line, and miraculously resists collapsing in the face of all the busy issues that could have bedevilled such a venture (colonialism, race, modernization in a "young" society, etc.). Instead, somehow, the movie remains true to itself as it shows us the music in Martin's head, and the way he struts out on the music. With all the schlock being shown in San Diego, how can a man who liked the *Coppertop Cattle Co.* not pick up on a film that projects such? Les Wolf, San Diego



Wedding Photographer

will shoot professional pictures then give you the film

222-2214

NOW THRU JANUARY 20

Yvonne De Carlo

BEN BAGLEY'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYE OF COLE PORTER

staged by Harold Lang

A bright and happy musical that has no message, no moral, just fun. Go home whistling Cole Porter tunes!

GROUP SALES: Jay Kline, 744-2323

Don Wortman - Tom Hartogz

OLD BROADWAY

TELEPHONE RESERVATIONS SUGGESTED 235-6535



Cops and Creeps

Certainly the deviants that the police turn up — junkie, stool pigeon, lesbian, Hell's Angel — form a gaudy parade of cameo performances.

—Duncan Shepherd—

Hope, during most of the year, releases, expires quickly. Just into the credit sequence of *Dead Poets Society* — the cast members appear dressed as downs, blowing whistles, waving flags, carrying on — you realize that the new Sam Fuller movie is a fraternity party, actually, and that you are expected to greet with whoops the cues to insiders — Fuller's own novel, *144 Piccadilly*, displayed in one shot on a table; a snippet of Hawk's *Rio Bravo* or Godard's *Alphaville*, featuring Fuller's wife, Stephanie Audran playing a "Dr. Bogdanovich" — as well as the mock nostalgia for tidbits of faded Fifties private-eye fiction — the sex blackball plot; the strawberry bismark on the femme fatale's thigh; repartee like "Then you came into my life, you

with your funny way of talking. I love you, Sandy." "I love you too, knobhead." In *The Seven Up* expectations of mere competence disintegrate while watching the microphone plunge into the top of the picture throughout the opening sequence, and, soon after, while witnessing one of those dust-covered scenes of secret voyeurism by the river's edge — the two figures lean casually on the railing overlooking the water, pretending not to notice one another, and exchange idle comments from the corners of their mouths about how filthy the water is now and how they used to swim in it bare-assed when they were kids.

Of the holiday batch, the two movies decidedly worth catching, although even they are borderline cases that fall more in the territory called Disappointment than that called Delight. *are The Laughing Policeman* and *Don't Look Now*.



The first holds a good, sound notion, for a murder investigation movie, of distributing the legwork and brainwork among an army of cops instead of centralizing all the guts and the insights in one all-purpose Philip Marlowe-style gumshoe. There ought to be quite a bit more of a sense achieved of policemen fanning out and raking over the city's seamy side in search of clues, and each one returning to the precinctoffice with a possible piece to the puzzle, hoping to get it alongside some else's piece, usually finding that it belongs to another picture altogether. This sense of a multitude dispersing, rejoicing, dispersing again, comes across primarily in the early episode of the night-long combing over the scene of the crime. It is the length of this sequence, plus the stationary field of action, that performs a fairly fluid transfer of focus from one policeman to another, one discovery to the next. Afterwards, the investigation evolves into a steady series of fact-finding interviews, each of which hits with about equal impact — bam, bam, bam, bam, and into an unexpected sort of monotony. This rhythmic regularity occurs despite the conscientious effort to vary the tone, from snarling to icy shrill to sullen, of the question-answer sessions. Certainly the deviants that the police turn up — junkie, stool pigeon, lesbian, Hell's Angel — form a gaudy parade of cameo performances. But the director, Stuart Rosenberg, invariably records each nut in the dish with enormous close-ups, faces and even as the faces

change, the intensity rises and falls, change, possibly Welles, who, in considerable excess of Rosenberg, also overacts the deliciousness of weirdos as characters — would contrive elaborate and distinct plans for the shooting of each scene and dialogue dispatched on the run, diagonally through deserted streets; another volleyed back and forth across three congested apartment rooms; another shouted from a speeding car.

Rosenberg's tight-laced attachment to face-shot portraiture of his urban deviants is a hangover from his background in television, or it may be an unshakeable commitment to the Human Interest motif of the particular to dramas he worked on (*The Defenders* — this week the case of a pacifist draft dodger, next week one of a compulsive child molester). The fascinated inspection of faces works to advantage when the playing is sharp (Lou Gossett in an exultating scene, too-tot-toe glaring contest with a sadistic pimp). But, curiously perhaps, the well-meant humanism tends to shrink the import of this detective business. Intentionally or not, Rosenberg walks off the loftier levels of detective stories in the material, which is accompanied by splintering the action, Roeg dislodges the holiest story, the most contrived titillations, from the thick, persuasive mood that might sweep them along discreetly. Here, a scene, a shattered pane of glass,

Roeg's cutting sometimes seems to be following desperation's formula (when your footage is not much good, snip it into split-second bits and call it collage, or collision, or chaos) and it suggests an unfirmness of faith in the material, which is accompanied by splintering the action, Roeg dislodges the holiest story, the most contrived titillations, from the thick, persuasive mood that might sweep them along discreetly. Here, a scene, a shattered pane of glass,

Don't Look Now labors diligently to rid itself of the patness expected from a ghost story authored by Danne Du Maurer. Nicholas Roeg's fracturing of the narrative line — glimpses of actions, abortions of actions, channel-switching between actions — has a disquieting effect entirely of its own that owes nothing to the conventional story developments concerned with unseen presences and psychic powers and a killer on the loose along Venice canals. There is something of the tease about Roeg's abrupt, unpredictable cutting — the alluring come-on followed by the abrupt turn-off. And the viewer grows edgy and bothered, even if this condition is not augmented at all by the nebulous mystic mood and uncertainty in the storyline.

(continued on next page)

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

(continued from preceding page)

Roeg's ghost story is only halfway liberated, however. And if he was going to do away with the careful, enveloping mood and buildup of conventional ghost stories, he would have been better advised to also do away with the standard trappings: The stock characters — a pair of matronly English tourists in the Dame Mary Whitby tradition; a peculiar, in-direct police detective; and a smug, knowing priest — and the red herrings and the gleeful "surprise twist" ending. As it stands, *Don't Look Now* supplies most of the signposts of staid supernatural storytelling; but, because of the disruptive cutting, it disengages them from the intricate, unswerving story construction and swift current that allows them ordinarily to slide by, as quietly and gracefully as possible.

Roeg's cutting sometimes seems to be following desperation's formula (when your footage is not much good, snip it into split-second bits and call it collage, or collision, or chaos) and it suggests an unfirmness of faith in the material, which is accompanied by splintering the action, Roeg dislodges the holiest story, the most contrived titillations, from the thick, persuasive mood that might sweep them along discreetly. Here, a scene, a shattered pane of glass,

sightless eyes, trancelike sexual frenzy, become extravagantly alarming — and thereby dramatic — images because they are set off from a comfortable place in the flow of events. Anywhere you read about this film — advance word from England raised expectations impossibly high — you are likely to read of the particular brilliance of the Julie Christie-Donald Sutherland lovemaking scene, a frank enough scene that is keenly intercut with shots of dressing after dressing. But what brilliance? A case, probably, could be made for this scene on the basis of its brazen gratuitousness, or for its preliminary, steady-handed treatment of a married couple's blasé simultaneous occupation of the bathroom. But it is hard to imagine a blander point than the one suggested by this juxtaposition of lovemaking and its aftermath, unless it might be found in the pedantic, unrelenting violence that comes at the film's end. To handle a sex scene in terms of scant glimpses of several statuesque positions (illustrations A through K in the bedside sex manual) that are shuffled with flash-forwards of zipping-up, tucking-in, and smoothing-down makes slight addition to the proceedings, except to stir wonderings about the director's ability to stage an action from start to finish, and about the tenacity of his interest in treating this material at all.

What I Really Wanted for Christmas Was...

—Ted Burke—

When my brother gave me the *Ringo* album for Christmas, I smiled at him when thanking him but I'm sure my jaw sunk a little. Ringo might be the most lovable Beatle, but I still don't want to hear him sing flyweight songs. Before Christmas, I had made a greedy list of the albums I did want, hoping holiday cheer would spare me having to buy them. Holiday past and vacation over, the list remains unchecked, only growing longer. *Brain Salad Surgery* by Emerson, Lake, and Palmer tops my list. Keith Emerson has fit his overdrive keyboarding into a dynamically interacting group effort for the first time since the group's first album, resulting in a devastating attack on the central nervous system. A ballad and other wasted songs slow

the pace, but they aren't dwelled on. Throughout, *Brain Salad* breathes hell fire. My hands get shaky just thinking about it.

Down the list, but not far behind, is Frank Zappa's *Overnight Sensations*. Zappa, longtime rock boogymen genius, has mellowed these days, which is to say that he doesn't bite your hand all the way off now. *Sensations* is a commercial effort, easily accessible to folks who like to follow songs instead of having to figure them out. Unexpected time changes abound, but the songs return to basic melodies before slipping into instrumental excursions. Zappa dominates every facet here, the writing, arranging and producing, giving a splendidly crafted and unfailingly entertaining result. Which is more than I could say for Jethro Tull.

Farther down the list is Steve Miller for the hard rock impulse. His latest, *The Joker*, is straight rock and boogie, free, thank god of Chuck Berry licks. "Shu Ba Du Du Ma Ma Ma," the album's finely cut gem, is a killer, winsome funk with no apologies for its saving grace simplicity. *Twice Removed From Yesterday* by Konin Trower is more fine rock, heavily steeped this time in the Jimi Hendrix droll. There's no need to shout "rip off" here. Trower's emulation is reverent and reserved, saying only what needs be said. *Interventions* by Steve Wonder is incredible, almost beyond words. Wonder's sudden explosion of music emanating from his spirit instead of Motown's song-written slayaway may make him the single most important American artist in years.

At the bottom of the list are albums I haven't heard but look forward to. I've heard four cuts

from Rick Derringer's *All American Boy*, liked three, putting the odds in Derringer's favor. The sound is clean rock and roll, riffs, rhythms and leads equally emphasized. So far it sounds good. *Wade of the Throat by the Granddaddy* is a reputed departure from the group's psychedelic-organic stance. Considering that the Dead has never made a bad album (their worse stuff usually sounds better than a lot of people's best, including Dylan's), *Wade* should be something of an experience.

At the very bottom of it all are records I wouldn't buy, the wasteland of the unwanted. The list this year is indeed a motley crew, including:

1. Berlin by Lou Reed: sickening pastiche of violins dripping over a bunch of non-songs sung in a voice resembling the romantic nuances of a dial tone. Ugh.

2. *Goats Head Soup* by the Rolling Stones: A sad record of the decline of the world's greatest raunch rock unit. Once so vital, now so boring.

3. *Passions* by Jethro Tull: Ian Anderson thinks he's Frank Zappa, but he hasn't proven it to me.

4. *Quadruphonia* by the Who: Who said Peter Townsend had to top Tommy? Who's Next sounded fine to me.

5. *Yerangs* by Yes: A live presentation of Yes. They're like watching a V-8 engine operate for your own amusement. The complexity is fun to watch, but it becomes more systematic noise after a while.

6. *Parables and Billy the Kid* by Dylan and Bob Dylan: Well, even God makes mistakes.

We sell many good speakers. Pioneer's new R300 is a great one.



PIONEER® R300
10" 2-way, 2-speaker system

This remarkable bookshelf unit is one of Pioneer's new brand of speaker systems that is destined to become the universally preferred sound reproduction system. Combining a newly designed 10-inch woofer with an improved horn-tweeter, there's exactly the right balance for smooth performance. The use of exclusive FB cones provides vigorous bass, mellow midtones, clean-cut highs and minimum distortion. Drivers are flush mounted up front for wider dispersion. Decorative 2-section removable grille in black and sunset orange with acoustically padded walnut cabinet. 8 ohms.

\$119.95 EACH

NOW IN STOCK: Pioneer 99A's
Pioneer 63DX's
Pioneer R-500's & R-700's
Pioneer 66's



TERMS: TRADES, BANK CARDS
"Hi-Fi Alley"
5722 El Cajon Blvd.
Sat. 9-6
Sun. Closed!

SYSTEM DISCOUNTS

The Super Bowled Ones

Alan Pesin makes Predictions after spending three days in Nevada asking questions.

—Alan Pesin—

Every baseball player in the United States wants to win the World Series; basketball players dream of victory in the Playoff Championships; the ultimate goal of hockey players is to win the Stanley Cup; and Canadian football players yearn for victory in the Grey Cup. But this coming Sunday in Houston, two professional football teams consisting of forty grown men each will fight to their deaths to win a superbowl.

In college football the well-trained, disciplined, amateur athlete plays his season in hopes of winning bowls of cotton, sugar, oranges, roses, and probably someday Anderson's Split Faa Soup. The over-paid, overweight, over-stored, out-of-condition professional football player, who

needs a thirty-second break after each eight-second play, strains only at the thought of silver bowls overflowing with the ugly green of tainted dollars, money taken from unsuspecting fans expecting displays of precision action, but receiving instead fumbles, interceptions, and field goals.

Many people are asking why the Miami Dolphins have been made seven point favorites over the Minnesota Vikings in Superbowl VIII. (The National Football League's Commissioner's Office sent out press releases reminding sportswriters to use Roman numerals when referring to the Superbowl.) I spent three days in Nevada last week asking that same question. Here are some of the answers.

The Vikings lost two regular season football games this year,

one at Atlanta, the other at Cincinnati, both stadium games containing artificial playing surfaces. The Viking home field is not an artificial surface. Miami lost two regular season games this year, one at Oakland, the other at Baltimore, both stadiums containing natural playing surfaces. The Dolphins' home field is an artificial surface.

Houston's Rice Stadium, site of this year's Superbowl, has an artificial playing surface. The result is a one point disadvantage for Minnesota, a one point advantage for Miami, thus Miami begins the game with a two point advantage. Miami Dolphin all-pro, offensive right guard Larry Little means two little points more. With Little blocking on third and short yardage runs, Miami first downs become inevitable, and first and goal to go situations invariably result in touchdowns to the right side for the Dolphins. Minnesota defensive lineman Alan Page means two points to the Vikings. He will stop all third down and short yardage Miami runs against his side of the line, and with his Super Bowl experience (1972, a one point fumble, Miami remains two point favorites).

Slow and steady Dolphin quarterback Bob Griese and scrambling, spectacular Viking quarterback Fran Tarkenton balance each other out. The Miami running triumvirate (1972, a Super Bowl experience, 1973, a 71-0 loss to the Dallas Cowboys, 1974, a 14-7 victory over the Washington Redskins) another for their superior specialty teams (punt, kick, punt return, and kick off return); and a third for the field goal and kick off ability of Gato Yepremian as opposed to Viking kicker Fred Cox; and the Dolphins minus seven becomes a fair betting line. Personally I am expecting a great game from Tarkenton despite a 23-13 victory for the Miami Dolphins in the 1974 Super Bowl.

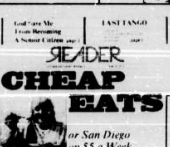
HOW MANY OF THESE DID YOU MISS?

READER TOUCHY FEELY

READER

READER

READER



READER MORALE SEEMED SO HIGH...

SUBSCRIBE NOW

PYRAMID SOAP

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ONE!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK FOR \$10.00
Send to: P.O. Box 98003, San Diego, CA 92108
SUBSCRIBE NOW, DON'T MISS A SINGLE ONE!

The Screaming Meemies

—Jonathan Saville—

"But I tell you it was a dead body I saw! Why doesn't anyone believe me? Why do you keep looking at me as though I were crazy?"

Hear this kind of stuff before! Well, if you want to hear it for the hundred and first time, and in its most incompetent version, you will want to see Lucille Fletcher's *Night Watch*, an un-

terrifying and unmythical drama of terror and mystery which opened last week at the Old Globe. I have nothing against dramas of terror and mystery. In fact, I am addicted to them. And there are few theatrical experiences I relish more than being driven into the screaming meemies by a film or play about monstrous plots, bleeding corpses, terrifying sounds in the next room, and helpless females whom nobody will believe. A great many people share this morbid taste — otherwise they would not give such lavish patronage to the thriller industry, which flourishes as a popular appetite like a gruesome Colonel Sanders of the arts. Why do we like to be terrified this way — to allow the fictitious characters and situations on the screen or stage to stretch us to such a point of intense horror that if something unexpected were to happen in the theatre — if someone were to rock the air with a sudden explosive sneeze, for example — perfectly normal businessmen and housewives would jump up from their seats screaming? It seems that there is a large potential for paranoia in each of us. The characters of thrillers like *Night Watch* — the solititous husband who gives intermittent signs of wishing us rotten in the grave, the dear friend who offers us a glass of what may be poison, the eccentric neighbor who at brief instants looks like a homicidal maniac — these have the power to draw from our unconscious the deep suspicions we have entertained at one time or another, that those who love us most dearly are in fact our mortal enemies, cunningly bent on our destruction; and these suspicions may very well derive from the fact that, in some secret corner of our minds, we have sometimes been their mortal enemies, plotting their death in a fantasy world so deeply hidden that it is not accessible even to ourselves. The theatrical thriller allows us to experience this paranoia vicariously, through the fictional events on the stage; and having experienced it and gotten rid of it for the moment, we come out of the theatre drained but relieved. The Greek called this "catharsis," a kind of emotional enema.

If it's an emotional enema you want, you won't get it at the Old Globe's *Night Watch*. For the terror to overwhelm us, for the hidden fears to rise to consciousness, we have to be expertly manipulated by plot, characters, language, and rhythm. But Miss Fletcher's plot, a rather facile variation on *Gothic*, is absurdly unconvincing, full of improbabilities and loose ends; her characters lack force and definition; and her language is as flat as Twigg. Her play is so poorly put together that it would not scare a three-year-old child given to nightmarish.

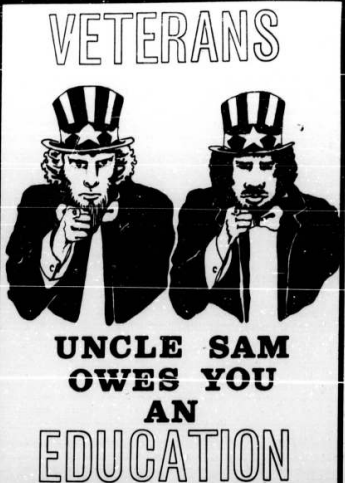
The Old Globe production of this remarkably bad play, furthermore, is characterized by subtly bad acting — the worst I have seen at the Old Globe. However, the level of acting is usually extremely high.

What is particularly notable is that a number of the actors, who do poorly here have shown themselves as more than competent in other San Diego productions. Gillian Hailes, who plays the heroine at such a constant pitch of hysteria that you can barely stand listening to her from boredom, was quite delightful as the doctor's wife in *What the Butler Saw*. Burt Miller, who was so perfectly stylish in Craig Noel's production of *Getting Married at the Census Office*, is thoroughly inauthentic in the role of the skeptical police lieutenant who refuses to pay attention to the heroine's incessant screams for help. Even Dagmar Box, who made a deserved hit in *Say Who You Are*, barely manages to create an acceptable living character as the heroine's closest friend (or is she her closest enemy?). Bill Snary, as the "menacing" husband, is wooden, awkward, and dull; his voice is about as expressive as a dial tone, and even at the most dramatic moments he drags his body around as though it were an old tree stump he has gotten stuck to. Jeff Larsen, as an effeminate neighbor, and Paula Juska, as a supposedly comical maid, overact like Punch-and-Judy puppets appealing to an audience of retarded infants.

But it would be wrong to blame the actors for their performances, especially since several of them directed. The main fault clearly lies with director Peter Nyberg, who in coaching his cast seems to have been satisfied with monotony, flatness, stiffness and exaggeration perhaps even to have encouraged these qualities. He should have made the heroine work up gradually to her hysteria, driving the audience before her in an ever-mounting tension. He should have made the husband and friend much more menacing, mysterious, fatal, terrifying. The neighbor should have been forced to wonder whether they too were in on the diabolical plot. But Mr. Nyberg's failings in over-direction were even more damaging than his inability to give his characters focus and roundness. Starting from a very bad play, he could at least have exploited the dramatic techniques appropriate to the drama of terror — swift pacing, unrelenting tension, sudden shocks, pregnant pauses. Instead, the production ambles along like a shopper with a whole afternoon to spend in Fashion Valley, not driven by any momentum except a general desire to get through the whole thing before the day is out. The flabby timing reaches its point of most excruciating limpness at the very climax of the play, when the stage is left completely empty for what may be only ninety seconds but what seems like ninety years. The dramatic ineptness of this moment may be experienced to be believed. Here author Fletcher and director Nyberg have collaborated in destroying whatever excitement an audience might find in *Night Watch*. We don't demand that the author of a thriller be a Shakespeare or that its director be a Max Reinhardt. Profundity and brilliance are not needed for this theatrical genre, which makes so deep a psychological appeal to our hidden fears and wishes that any halfway decent job will do the trick. All that we ask is that author and director possess a minimum mastery of their craft. But if we ask too fast. Send \$50 to cover postage and handling to **READER GUIDE**, Box 80603, San Diego, CA 92135.

It is an emotional enema you want, you won't get it at the Old Globe's *Night Watch*. For the terror to overwhelm us, for the hidden fears to rise to consciousness, we have to be expertly manipulated by plot, characters, language, and rhythm. But Miss Fletcher's plot, a rather facile variation on *Gothic*, is absurdly unconvincing, full of improbabilities and loose ends; her characters lack force and definition; and her language is as flat as Twigg. Her play is so poorly put together that it would not scare a three-year-old child given to nightmarish.

The Old Globe production of this remarkably bad play, furthermore, is characterized by subtly bad acting — the worst I have seen at the Old Globe. However, the level of acting is usually extremely high.



UNCLE SAM OWES YOU AN EDUCATION

HAVE YOU FOUND THAT... Life away from the military is not what you thought it might be?

HAVE YOU FOUND THAT... The job that you took after you got out really isn't what you want?

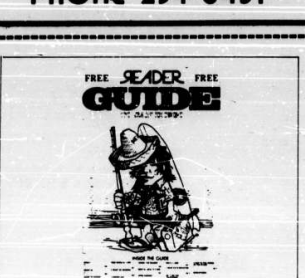
HAVE YOU FOUND THAT... Is it very hard to find a rewarding and challenging job?

MAYBE ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE MORE EDUCATION OR A SALABLE SKILL!

If you still have some unused educational benefits, we may be able to show you a way to learn while you earn. Our student peer counselors, **RALPH, ROBB, RICARDO, or LARRY** will sure try to help YOU.

GIVE US A CALL — 234-8451, extension 305; DROP BY ROOM A-112 AND RAP WITH US; OR, IF IT IS MORE CONVENIENT, CALL US AND WE WILL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO COME SEE YOU.

SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE
1425 RUSS BOULEVARD
SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA 92101
PHONE 234-8451



Did you miss something this fall? If you didn't get a copy of the **READER GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO** (we distributed 30,000 you've still got a chance if you hurry. We've gotten many requests for extra copies and our supply is dwindling fast. Send \$50 to cover postage and handling to **READER GUIDE**, Box 80603, San Diego, CA 92135.

GUITAR CLASSES

BEGINNING INTERMEDIATE
Folk Blues Classical
Guitars—Strings—Accessories

MANGO MUSIC STUDIO
CENTER GUITAR
1851 BACON OCEAN BEACH
222-5511 222-6004

THE GREEN GRATE
Green & Blooming houseplants
SPECIAL—Large Boston Ferns \$3.98
thru January 23
476 First Street Encinitas, CA
Across from the La Paloma 436-2469

LAW



Cabrillo Pacific University
GRADUATES RECEIVE J.D. DEGREE AND QUALIFY TO TAKE THE CALIFORNIA BAR EXAM

Transfers Accepted
For information, call **560-7666**
3620 AERO CT. SAN DIEGO 92123

READER
The READER is published every Thursday and distributed throughout San Diego County.

READER
The READER is published every Thursday and distributed throughout San Diego County.

READER
The READER is published every Thursday and distributed throughout San Diego County.

The Best of the Television Week

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10
SKYLAB IN SCHOOL: An "open house" of the Skylab crew, a direct report from the Skylab crew and a session with Pete Conrad and William Schneider with children in grades 4 to 12. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11
RELIGIOUS AMERICA: The religious picture of America is presented in this new series of 13 programs. Channel 15, 6:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12
BULLETS OR BALLOTS: Humphrey Bogart and Joan Blondell. 1936. Channel 15, 8:00 a.m.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13
ONCE UPON A TIME: Cary Grant and Jean Blair. 1944. Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

MONDAY, JANUARY 14
THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR: Rex Harrison and Gene Tierney. 1947. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15
SAN DIEGO STATE PRESENTS "The Creation": Channel 15, 6:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16
WATCH OUT! THE BEANS: Sette Davis and Paul Lucas. 1943. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17
THE CITY GAME: Examination of the San Diego Coastal Plan recently adopted by the Comprehensive Planning Organization. Channel 15, 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18
WAR AND PEACE: Pierre is saved from the firing squad and forced to join the retreat from Moscow. He escapes and begins to rebuild his life with the rest of Russia. The series ends with Pierre and Nicolas arguing over war vs. peace. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19
HOLLYWOOD TELEVISION THEATRE PRESENTS "CONFLICTS": Double feature, by Robert Anderson, Richard Crenna and Susan Clark. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20
THE ALAMO: GENE DAVIDSON and THE STARRUTTERS, nightly, 2000 Claremont Dr., Claremont. 276-2240.

ASPER PUBLIC HOUSE: SHANNON AND DEAN, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. THE RHYTHM RANGERS, Sunday, January 13 and Monday, January 14. 916 Pearl St., La Jolla. 459-3300.

BOATHOUSE: TIM MORGAN, nightly through January. 2040 Harbor Island Dr. 291-6440.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, Thursday, January 10 — Sunday, January 14. 14 CHITTENDEN, Tuesday, January 15 and Tuesday, January 15. 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: FRIDAY NIGHT CONCERTS, 8 p.m. Admission, 60¢. 568 First St., Encinitas. 753-1775.

CLIMAX LTD.: HIGH VOLTAGE, Thursday, January 10 to Sunday, January 13. DUST BUTTER, Monday, January 14 to Wednesday, January 16. 202 Market Street, San Diego. 291-9336.

FOLK ARTS: TOM WAITES, JACK TEMPECHIN and BOB WEBB, Friday, January 11, 8 p.m. 3743 5th St. 291-1786.

J.J.'s: COMMANDER CODY and NEW RIDERS, Friday, January 11 to Sunday, January 13, 8 p.m. 4026 Pacific Highway. 296-3655.

LABORER'S: BLITZ BROTHERS, Thursday, January 10 to Saturday, January 12. 5324 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

MANDOLIN WIND: THE BROTHERS CONSPIRACY, nightly, 308 University. 297-3017.

NOTSOM FLOTOM: BAD MANNERS, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas. 753-0239.

THE PEOPLE: HEWITT AND HENDERSON, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. TOMCAT, Sunday, January 13. LAST CHANCE, Monday, January 14 to Wednesday, January 16.

SPORTS ARENA: STEVE MILLER BAND and DAVE MASON, Saturday, January 12, 7:30 p.m. 3500 Sports Arena Blvd. 274-4176.

WALLBANGERS: EDDIE HADDAD and CANYON, nightly, 2966 Midway Dr. 232-3138.

WESTERNER: THE CATALINAS, nightly, 22 West 7th, National City. 474-4215.

THE LION: William Holden and Trevor Howard. 1962. Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE: Sean Connery. Channel 39, 9:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15
SAN DIEGO STATE PRESENTS "The Creation": Channel 15, 6:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16
WATCH OUT! THE BEANS: Sette Davis and Paul Lucas. 1943. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17
THE CITY GAME: Examination of the San Diego Coastal Plan recently adopted by the Comprehensive Planning Organization. Channel 15, 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18
WAR AND PEACE: Pierre is saved from the firing squad and forced to join the retreat from Moscow. He escapes and begins to rebuild his life with the rest of Russia. The series ends with Pierre and Nicolas arguing over war vs. peace. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19
HOLLYWOOD TELEVISION THEATRE PRESENTS "CONFLICTS": Double feature, by Robert Anderson, Richard Crenna and Susan Clark. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20
THE ALAMO: GENE DAVIDSON and THE STARRUTTERS, nightly, 2000 Claremont Dr., Claremont. 276-2240.

ASPER PUBLIC HOUSE: SHANNON AND DEAN, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. THE RHYTHM RANGERS, Sunday, January 13 and Monday, January 14. 916 Pearl St., La Jolla. 459-3300.

BOATHOUSE: TIM MORGAN, nightly through January. 2040 Harbor Island Dr. 291-6440.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, Thursday, January 10 — Sunday, January 14. 14 CHITTENDEN, Tuesday, January 15 and Tuesday, January 15. 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: FRIDAY NIGHT CONCERTS, 8 p.m. Admission, 60¢. 568 First St., Encinitas. 753-1775.

CLIMAX LTD.: HIGH VOLTAGE, Thursday, January 10 to Sunday, January 13. DUST BUTTER, Monday, January 14 to Wednesday, January 16. 202 Market Street, San Diego. 291-9336.

FOLK ARTS: TOM WAITES, JACK TEMPECHIN and BOB WEBB, Friday, January 11, 8 p.m. 3743 5th St. 291-1786.

J.J.'s: COMMANDER CODY and NEW RIDERS, Friday, January 11 to Sunday, January 13, 8 p.m. 4026 Pacific Highway. 296-3655.

LABORER'S: BLITZ BROTHERS, Thursday, January 10 to Saturday, January 12. 5324 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

MANDOLIN WIND: THE BROTHERS CONSPIRACY, nightly, 308 University. 297-3017.

NOTSOM FLOTOM: BAD MANNERS, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas. 753-0239.

THE PEOPLE: HEWITT AND HENDERSON, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12. TOMCAT, Sunday, January 13. LAST CHANCE, Monday, January 14 to Wednesday, January 16.

SPORTS ARENA: STEVE MILLER BAND and DAVE MASON, Saturday, January 12, 7:30 p.m. 3500 Sports Arena Blvd. 274-4176.

WALLBANGERS: EDDIE HADDAD and CANYON, nightly, 2966 Midway Dr. 232-3138.

WESTERNER: THE CATALINAS, nightly, 22 West 7th, National City. 474-4215.

HARLOW'S Boutique
January Clearance Sale
Save 20—50%
Your kind of store...
IN THE OLD MARKET
ENCINITAS 753-2774

THE BEANBAG SHACK
"something to sink into..."
4878 Ronson Ct. *D
560-8078
127 N. Magnolia Ave.
El Cajon 447-6463
2183 Sunset Cliffs Blvd.
Ocean Beach 225-0451

Beethoven, The Boston Symphony and
Bozak's the choice of discerning music listeners and the nation's great orchestras. Listen to the little Sonora and hear the big BOZAK SOUND in a small enclosure. Or you can build your own system from plans supplied by Bozak.

BOND'S bafflebox
1010 Pacific Hwy.
The Old Market
Encinitas 753-6280
11—8 Tuesday—Sunday
Open 'til 9 Friday

OLD FASHIONED
UNMATCHED ELEGANCE
dinner from 5 p.m.
entertainment
from 8 p.m.
A BOLD STEP FORWARD
Notsom Flotom
417 SANTA FE, ENCINITAS
753-0324

Copyright © 2006 John Wiley & Sons, Ltd.

MARIJUANA DECRIMINALIZATION INITIATIVE

ACT NOW

To qualify the 1974 California Marijuana Decriminalization Initiative for the November 1974 Ballot we must gather the signatures of 325,504 registered California voters by February 18. Time is growing short — ACT NOW!

DEADLINE FOR THIS PETITION IS FEBRUARY 1st!

1

Each year thousands of Californians are arrested on marijuana related counts. In 1972 73,000 were arrested; over 20% of all adult felony arrests are marijuana related. Over 50% of these adult/felony marijuana cases are for simple possession (with a possible sentence of 10 years in a state prison for a first offense). Current law has served to make a felon of the user — a participant in a vicious crime. Criminal records can prevent one from obtaining jobs or voting. 100 million dollars annually is spent in California tax dollars to enforce existing laws. In 1972, in the city of San Diego over 1,450 juveniles got permanent blights on their lives for marijuana related busts.

3

The new decriminalization law is working well and to our advantage. Only 100 people have been cited not charged with a felony as here in California. 50 cases have come to court, all 50 showed up (1, plead guilty, and received average fines of \$30 (no jail sentences or probation).

2

The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse... "In the unanimous opinion that marijuana use is not such a grave problem that individuals who smoke marijuana, and possess it for that purpose, should be subjected to criminal procedures... in general, we recommend only a decriminalization of possession of marijuana for personal use on both the state and federal levels." Decriminalization would relieve "the law enforcement community of the responsibility for enforcing a law of questionable utility, and one which they cannot fully enforce."

4

Teachers support decriminalization... The National Education Association representing 1.4 million teachers has joined the call for decriminalization. Last year's report of the NEA Task Force on Drug Education supported the position of the National Commission of Marijuana and Drug Abuse. The NEA acted on that report and passed the following resolution:

"The National Education Association is concerned about the individual and societal problems which underlie psychological and physiological drug dependency by youth children and adults. It recognizes the need for improved educational programs about drugs and for the uniform categorization of drugs. It urges its affiliates to support legislation leading to the standardization of drug laws and improve the drug rehabilitation program. The Association discourages the use of marijuana, but believes that penalties for its private possession and use should be eliminated."

TWO WAYS YOU CAN HELP IF YOU ACT NOW!

1

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT IN TODAY!

TO LINE TO GIVE A FUND RAISING PARTY IN MY HOME. PLEASE LET ME KNOW HOW TO DO IT.
☐ TO LINE TO VOLUNTEER AT THE PETITION DRIVE. PLEASE LET ME KNOW HOW TO DO IT.
☐ TO LINE TO CONTACT ME TO TALK ABOUT IT.
☐ TO LINE TO CIRCULATE A PETITION FOR MY FRIENDS, ETC. TO SIGN PLEASE SEND ONE TO EACH OF THEM.
☐ TO LINE TO SIGN A DEPUTY REGISTRATION OF VOTERS SO MY FRIENDS CAN SIGN A PETITION.
☐ TO LINE TO SIGN A PETITION.
 MY PHONE NUMBER IS _____
 THE BEST TIME TO CALL IS _____

MARIJUANA DECRIMINALIZATION INITIATIVE
 MAIL TO: 101 VOLTAIRE ST., SAN DIEGO, CA 92107
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____
 ZIP _____
 Please PRINT your name in full on the back. We need to VERIFY.

CALL 222-7744
 MAIL TO: 101 VOLTAIRE ST., SAN DIEGO, CA 92107
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____
 ZIP _____
 Please PRINT your name in full on the back. We need to VERIFY.

2

INITIATIVE MEASURE TO BE SUBMITTED DIRECTLY TO THE ELECTORS

MARIJUANA INITIATIVE. PROPOSES A STATUTE WHICH WOULD PROVIDE THAT NO PERSON EIGHTEEN YEARS OR OLDER SHALL BE PUNISHED CRIMINALLY OR DENIED ANY RIGHT OR PRIVILEGE BECAUSE OF HIS PRIVATE USE, POSSESSION OR TRANSPORTATION FOR PERSONAL USE, OR CULTIVATION FOR PERSONAL USE OF MARIJUANA. REASONABLE STEPS MUST BE TAKEN TO SHIELD CULTIVATION FROM PUBLIC ACCESS. GOVERNING BODY OF ANY CITY OR UNINCORPORATED AREA HAS A FINE NOT TO EXCEED ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$100). NOT TO BE CONSTRUED TO PERMIT SALE OR COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION.

PLEASE READ INSTRUCTIONS

1. You must be a registered voter to sign and/or circulate the petition.
2. The circulator may collect signatures only from voters who are registered in the same county as the circulator.
3. EVERY PROSPECTIVE SIGNER IF HE OR SHE IS CURRENTLY REGISTERED TO VOTE IN YOUR COUNTY.
4. Each person must sign the petition with name and address as registered. Use full name when in doubt. Women should not use husband's first name. Every signature and address must be legible. You may sign your own petition.
5. Address should be PRINTED for clarity. Last name should be PRINTED in space indicated.
6. USE BALL POINT PEN ONLY.
7. Make sure the signer fills in the entire date: month, day, year.
8. Never use dits (1 marks, P.O. boxes or business addresses).
9. Each circulator must sign the DECLARATION OF CIRCULATOR. Signatures must be collected in a manner which would allow the circulator to truthfully complete the Declaration. Do not complete the Declaration until all signatures have been obtained. The date of the Declaration must follow the date of the last signature on the page. An invalid signature does not invalidate the entire petition, but an invalid Declaration does.

YOU MUST BE REGISTERED IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

FOR COUNTY CLERK	SIGNATURE AS REGISTERED	DATE	PRINT LAST NAME	PRINT ADDRESS AS REGISTERED NO.	CITY OR TOWN	ZIP CODE	PRECINCT	OFFICE USE
1)		1974						
2)		1974						
3)		1974						
4)		1974						
5)		1974						
6)		1974						

(DO NOT SIGN (AS CIRCULATOR) UNTIL YOU READ IN PETITION.)

DECLARATION OF CIRCULATOR

I am, and during all the time while soliciting signatures as herein set forth was, a qualified and registered voter of the County of San Diego and of the State of California; I am the person who circulated the attached and foregoing section of the initiative petition of which said section is a part and who solicited the signatures to the said section; I have circulated said section within the above named County (or City and County) of the State of California; all of the signatures to the attached section were made in my presence and upon the date shown after each signature and were solicited by me within the above named County (or City and County) of the State of California; to the best of my knowledge and belief each signature is the genuine signature of the person whose name it purports to be; that all signatures to said section were secured by me; that my residential voting address at the time of execution of this declaration is as shown below, and that this declaration is executed in the State of California.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

SIGNATURE OF PETITION CIRCULATOR PRINT REGISTERED ADDRESS CITY (IN FULL) ZIP DATE

PLEASE PRINT FULL NAME

PLEASE SEND ME _____ MORE PETITIONS

MAIL TO: M.D.I. 4753 VOLTAIRE ST., SAN DIEGO, CA. 92107

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL 222-7744