New Fish in the Tank

If your tank captain is cool and easy-going, life in your tank will run harmoniously. But if he's the egotistic leader of a clique, intent on his authority, life will be miserable for the new fish.

Merton Gaudette

The County Jail facility quantifies as a sad green hulk between "C" and "B" streets in San Diego. It is surrounded by the offices of the San Diego County Sheriff's Department: a parking lot full of green and white cars is across the street on Front. At this corner, one can hear a constant conglomeration of sounds through the six floors of maximum security windows: conversation, punctuated every so often by a short, loud bell and more exotic voices shouting unintelligible epithets over scores of hissing radios. A P.A. system reminds someone of a probation appointment or a court appearance ("Brush your teeth, please."). Occasionally, an inmate will howl at the young, platform-shod secretaries passing below. They don't often wave back, but almost everyone that goes by these echoing, thin mesh rows looks up curiously. Some of them smile.

A sign on the wall reminds the law-abiding that unauthorized communication with prisoners is a misdemeanor and violators will be prosecuted.

A white police car, with a young passenger held safely behind black mesh, slips down Front Street and veers right into a short, cement tunnel. A closed circuit T.V. camera stands watch over the main inmate reception entrance to County Jail. The young passenger is wearing handcuffs, a white T-shirt and faded jeans. He just happened to say that his partner was "wearing his arm around his neck, and he's heart it, crack.

During processing you will be in a holding cell, guarded by four men that can be identified as the inmates. Eat it, be polite, quiet, and affirmative. The hospital tank is infamous for sloppy medical care. Unless great fortune, like a friend who has a nurse, tells you to bail your out, should somehow intercede, you will spend two, maybe three days in the tank. Afterwards, you will be transferred to a regular tank. A basic tank is a self-contained unit with a floor of the jail. There are three to a floor, lettered A to F. During the day, under normal conditions, it is possible to go from one end of the tank to the other. There is a day-room at one end where T.V. is available. This is controlled from a panel operated by the inmates. Inmates wear a similar button on their belts. tanks differ slightly in style and quality. There is a drunk tank, of course, and a tank for gay's. Trust no one in a standard dormitory tank and then, there are the cell-type tanks. These can contain cells, but they often sleep six. New fish get the floor pads. Your tank will have a cell tank that would be the for the more highly polished, crapped out tank that to go across the board.

The quality of a tank and the inmates housed in it has a survival, especially as a morose jump is constant. Whether you are jumping the show - the homest. It is not, as many would think, some gun for the night who says, just like you, is doing time. The tank captain receives a little pay for those duties below the dignity of his (and your) jailer's keeping track of people and lets them lined up for count. He also manages the distribution of chow and is the lead wind in that he co-ordinates the weekly clean-up of mag field. If the tank captain is cool and easy-going, perhaps he has a degree in educational experience and an interest in the fine arts, life in his tank will run harmoniously. But he's the egotistic leader of a clique; intent on his authorities, with no little interest in trying to see what can exploit, life will be miserable for the new fish.

You have good tank captains, those that are sooo and bad tank captains, and anyone that walks through the tank is in trouble. They just start "fun" through there.

Once again, as a new fish, or square job, there is a lot hanging on your attitude as well as the amount of courage you can squeeze from your battered psyche. The more you're in the, the people, tone and vibes will have a direct effect on these assets, how much you use them and how
during. When you enter the tank don't expect a cheery welcoming committee. The visitors will lie to you, see what you're made of, before they accept you as just another guy doing time. They will test you in many ways, the severity of which depends on the tank you're in. Everything a square job, here the you walks, talks and holds himself in general is evaluated. The evaluation sticks and is a determining factor in how long you're in. Whenever one is treated. So treat these first introductions like a game of twenty questions. Scared? Let's have a look at what a tank racket! Who do you think you are? And finally, are you a square?

Be diplomatic. Open yourself to the vibes and subtle cues. If your tank captain is cool and easy-going, minimize the effect of your Chris or that of a big jerk or know-it-all, but try not to be a jerk, either. They'll know you're a square job, it is impossible to hide. Either by itself, just being a talk in an esoteric island of its own. You might have a bunch of fans for a week or so, if that is anything,
you're getting in with 'em. As many as they might be, it's better to be in than out.

So, common sense diplomacy, even education, can act as a shield against aggression. As long as no one tries to rig you off, be natural. Take your time getting to know the people around you and don't panic. If you're in a particularly bad tank, tough dog, what you have to do to survive may mean some very interesting friends.

But you have had, or will have, enough money to last your stay, you can probably skate. Remember, the adage, "money talks." Well, in County Jail, or any other prison for that matter, we sing the national anthem.

You won't be allowed cash in jail. Cigarettes are the financial standard and can be bartered for other goods and services. But your property card, a yellow slip, will indicate how you got to jail. You can't sign on the books. When stories come in, a signout system in someimates can set a certain may to your property card to obtain goods. Buy anything all you can during the week, more to last a while. An extra can from someone can be very nice.

Don't give your shank away; let anyone coers your valuable and manipulate your funds into his hands. That's being a punk.

(continued on page 2)
EVENTS

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT LANDIS's latest works, and others, Tried Gallery, 3701 India St. Show opens Friday, August 2 at 5:30 p.m.

GRAPHICS. PHOTOs and other works by local Chicano artists will be exhibited and offered for sale in conjunction with the Chicano Art Alliance of San Diego at 2133 Ave. C. Sponsored by Torescos en Accion. Open daily from 10-3 p.m. until Friday, August 7.

VANISHING AFRICA, portraits of U.S. and African black people by Dennis Lee Clark and "Landscapes of California" by Juan Piedra, Villa Montezuma, 2595 K St. Starts Sunday, August 18. Daily 1-5 p.m. Continues through Saturday, August 23.

SAN DIEGO ART INSTITUTE 21ST ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION. Juried show open to all San Diego County artists. House of Charm, Balboa Park, Saturday, August 3rd to Sunday, August 23. 254-5942.

TEN BY TEN, a special summer exhibit of 100 photos by ten artists, in cooperation with the Center for Photographic Arts. Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive. Through Sunday, August 25. Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday, 12 to 4:30 p.m. 269-1700. Extensive exhibition and educational events.


ALEXANDER CALDER, special showing of lithographs and gouaches. Galleria Graphic, 3751 La Jolla Blvd. Through August 25.

JIM KACIR and CAROLE MOSS, will see recent works at the Artists' Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India St. Show starts Tuesday, August 20 through September 6. Tuesday through Saturday, 11-5 and Sunday, 12-5. 269-0020.

MULTI MEDIA SHOW, arts and crafts and a special collection of sculptures. John Guercio's, Casa del Mundo, Old Town. Daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. 269-3161.

GRAFICAS CHILENAS, a collection of posters and silk screen smuggled out of Chile, left over from Allende's cultural campaign, loaned by Mrs. Amende. On show daily at the Torres Studio-Gallery, 2143 Logan Ave. 264-6000.


MARIO AVATI, mezzotinta, CHEER GONZALEZ, graphics and watercolors, and other contemporary artists, now on show at Otis College, 2000 Fourth Ave. 234-4765.

SPECIAL EVENTS

AMERICAN POLITICAL ITEMS COLLECTORS. 1974 convention. Exhibits, displays, auction, buying, selling and trading of U.S. political campaign items dating from 1789 to the present. Hotel del Coronado. Thursday through Saturday. August 17, Thursday through Sunday.

UNDERWATER TIDEPOOL, guided tour for swimmers experienced in snorkeling, led by Gary Ross of the Natural History Museum staff. Saturday, August 17. Call 232-3821, ext. 21 for early reservation.

LECTURES & TALKS

THE WORLD ECONOMY IN 2020 VISION, a lecture by Kenneth Boulding, Professor of Behavior and History, University of Colorado, Civic Theatre, 202 C St. Thursday, August 15 at 8 p.m. 286-5024.

ENERGY NEEDS — THE HAVES AND THE HUNGRY. A lecture by Mr. Harry Morrison, vice-president Western Oil and Gas Associates. International House Room 100, Social Sciences, Monday, August 19 at 8 p.m. 286-5024.

THE REALITY BEHIND PATTY-TANAYA AND THE S.A. Donald Fured, Lake Hedley, Angela Aboud, Wille Wolfe and Rusty Dill. Selected by a panel of San Diego artists. Richard Popenkin, former photography professor at UCSD. House of Hospitality, Balboa Park, Tuesday, August 20, 7:30 p.m. $2.50; $1.50 for students. 459-6603, evenings.

YOU don't have an extraordinary idea on an ordinary shoe.

Sport Root in leather (New Earth; suede
(Sahara).

Open Root in leather (New Earth, White; suede
(Sahara, Blue).
**Premature Grave Digging?**

A friend of mine remarked that Moby Grape could be the warm-up band for the Doobie Brothers.

—Steve Esmedina—

It’s difficult to recall the time when everyone considered rock and roll to be an emerging art form. Now a total lack of direction and inspiration seems to have affected the music to such a degree that the gasping rock enclave’s only recourse is to look back and look inane for some bygone, halcyon days. How can one still remain optimistic in the face of the pitiful facts? Burnt-out, adulatory rock critics are still shouting the praises of Bob-Dylan’s recent, "greatest hits" tour, despite the fact that the man has had nothing new or compelling to say since 1958. The Rolling Stones are trying to prolong their senility with a piece of T.Rex-ism trivia called “It’s only Rock and Roll (but I like it).” And people like Eric Clapton, Stu Stone, and Neil Young, all long past their peaks, are ensnared into the recording studio for the purpose of creating "predictable" music. Else, no matter how one looks at it, the scene is dying, and the hope grows dimmer every time someone turns on the radio.

And that is only the obvious end of the spectrum. Rock’s present illness plagues not only the scene but its offspring: the so-called renouned rock and roll scene. Witness one visit to Moby Grape.

At one time, Moby Grape was the tightest, most invigorating rock band in the West, the wave at the San Francisco rock scene. Today, all’s not well, except for occasional weekend cups of coffee. Moby Grape is a faceless, crippled relic of the stuffy, upper-class, hipster-hating, brief two nights last week at J.J.’s. San Francisco has Teams, the hippest of the hip, appearing on all the major TV shows, and Moby appears nowhere, not even on the roll poster, much less on any radio commercial. The group has been reduced to playing the small, stuffy, over-priced ‘barn dances’ that are the rage in the Bay Area.

Moby Grape seemed tired, and prematurely washed-up, but exciting hope and hoopla which follow the wake of their first excellent album, it is embarrassing and painful to see what they have degenerated into.

So in my state of distress, Moby Grape, probably seeing no hope that they really were. They were not bad

in any particular sense. That is just the trouble. They weren’t much of anything, except astonishingly mediocre. All of the magic that they once exuded has disintegrated in a fruitless attempt to catch up with contemporary trends, which, considering rock’s current state of almost complete non-direction seems a dead-end. If it is possible to pick a single name to describe Moby Grape’s 1974 music, it is probably country-rock. Or, more accurately, just plain country-rock. Somewhat on the level of the Eagles, or even Poco, only even less distinctive. A friend of mine remarked, facetiously, that Moby Grape could be the warm-up band for the Doobie Brothers. Sad, perhaps, but undeniably true.

The crisp, almost crystalline dynamism associated with songs like, "Omaha," and "Can’t Be Satisfied," seemed hundreds of miles away, stuffed in some Marin County pope dream.

The songs were played, for the most part, with somber counterpoint. The entire band seemed unreasonably shy, reserved, and afraid. Whether purposefully or accidentally, individual instrumenta
tists were rarely discernible, sometimes being completely dis
tinguished. This is a shame, particularly when one recalls the "jazzy" but simplistic improvisational patterns of guitarists Quicksilver Messenger Service and Peter Lewis on the band’s Grape Jam album.

Another depressing element of the reconstructed Moby Grape is the complete lack of a local personality. Bassist/vocalist Bob Mosley, once one of the most ex
traordinary white rhythm and blues singers, has apparently been silenced. Mosley sang only a little back-up, and gave no indication that his new, subordinate role serves any purpose other than space-filling. His bass work, which used to be so rich, vital, and expressive was repetitive and under
 amplified. Guitarist Peter Lewis, once the on-stage guardian of the band, now seems like a weak pulse. He stood back, strumming insubdi
ble chords, looking bored and phlegmatic.

As is the usual case with this type of band, whose roots and style seem so undefined, the mundane nature of the material is probably its saving grace. The group has a few concessions to their past with songs like “Sitting by the Window” an adequate mix, the distinction was a thin one, since the demarcation line and self-perpetuated even those solid numbers.

It is probably useless to lambast Moby Grape much further. At least they did not try to put on a "nostalgic" show. There are probably few fans of immediate nostalgia. Besides, their various problems are hardly unique. I don’t know. Maybe my current disaffection with much of today’s rock scene stems from a personal misconception about the music’s ultimate purpose. Perhaps I have erred in seeking profundity from what, after all, may just be a game. I don’t know. But I do feel nasty.

Cliff Richard Andrews

**Straight from the Hip**

Hi Matthew Alice! Can’t you figure this one out.

In the television program Star Trek, we are told the starship Enterprise can travel at different warp speeds. I know the ship can run at warp 8 and that it the engines are pushed, it can maintain warp 9 or 10 for short periods of time; what are these figures in miles per hour? Joyce Elsey, La Mesa

On various occasions Gene Rodenberry has let some numbers slip out. We know for certain that warp 1 is the speed of light (186,000 miles). warp 3 is 24 times the speed of light, warp 6 is 216 times the speed of light, and warp 8 is 512 times the speed of light. The warp speeds used in space travel are to be kept open to conjecture.

I calculate that for an even integer the warp drive equals the cube of that integer times the speed of light. Warp 6 equals $6^3$ cubed (that comes out to 216) for most of any time the speed of the light. Warp 8 equals $8^3$ cubed (512) times the speed of the light, and by extrapolation, the warp ship may reach a speed of 10 cubed (that’s 1000 if you have ten fingers) times the speed of light. Odd numbers must be calculated differently. The warp drive equals the cube of the integer minus the integer itself, (e.g., $5^3$; remember, we asked for this). Warp 3 equals 3 cubed minus 3, the entire quantity times the speed of light. Warp 9 equals 9 cubed minus 92$9$ 729 times the speed of light. Unfortunately, the formula doesn’t work for 1. 1$^3$ = 1. I can only assume that is because this system breaks down for speeds at or below the speed of light as Einstein’s theory of relativity predicts.

Dear Matthew Alice,


*Feedback* is the process of letting bad information pass through biological systems the reason you haven’t heard of it is that no self respecting biological system remains in New York long enough to undergo the procedures. A pair of electrodes or some other sensing device is attached to a portion of the body. The impulses which are obtained are amplified and displayed as sound or light. Thus it becomes possible to sense changes in heart-rate, muscle tension and brain wave state as they occur. Based on this information people can be taught to change the way their bodies function. Training has proved useful in the treatment of headaches, high blood pressure, and other stress related diseases.
READER

August 15 to August 21

MOVIES

The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to four stars, and arbitrators for the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

As those used to want to change at the drop of a hat, please be sure to check with the listed theater.

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Darker Than Amber — John D. Macdonald's, novel, has never been better. The main character, Mike McGee, makes his movie debut, interpreted by Robert Redford, the result convincing. The film's stars are all splendid, and the plot is tightly woven about the characters, creating a complex, engrossing story that keeps the audience on edge. The film will be released in theaters on December 12, 1970.

** (RKO Pictures)

Death Wish — In effect, this Michael Winner version of a New York City street story is, blessedly, not an伍le-hyped garment, for it isn't any better than the原著 novel. In film terms, it is a CITY SIDE STORY, packed from beginning to end with every element of the原著 novel's success. The main problem is that the film was made without enough research. Christmas! Winner was so keen on making this with film veterans that he almost swallowed up the entire budget. Everything is left by the wayside, save for the beautiful, raga music, which somehow resists the film's otherwise sporadic quality. This is a definite miss, and the film is especially weakened by the absence of its most important element: the audience. (NBA Pictures)

Betty Cassidy and the Sundance Kid — Two young men, Newman and Hefner, have just the right kind of air, combine the New Wave technique with the hardboiled gangster feel of the Classic films. Newman, in particular, is excellent, but Hefner, as the Sundance Kid, is not. (Cinerama Releasing)

The Castleway — A Disney comic-adventure set in Hawaii, with James Doohan, Robert Culp, Vera Miles, directed by Vincent McErlane. (Buena Vista Releasing)

Chinatown — It's a combination of film noir and Spaghetti Western, as this mysterious private eye case, written by Charles Lippit, directed and starring Roman Polanski, set in the Far East, is a perfect example of the genre. The film is not only a thriller, but also a social commentary on the corruption of power and the emptiness of human existence. (Fox Films)

Civil Comedy — Comedy-drama of the life of the character, a world-weary writer, with Donald Cullin, James Edwards, and John Remy. (Citizen 2 Film)

Emperor of the North — A piece of political propaganda, the film is an attempt to glorify the North Korean nation, as it has been done before in Hollywood, and to promote its propaganda in the United Nations. The film is not only a failure, but also a missed opportunity for the North Korean cinema. (Fox Films)

Cloudeine — Cloudeine is a story of life in the French countryside, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Alain Delon. (Cinerama Releasing)

Endless Summer — Coupled with ON THE ROAD, THIS IS THE VIEWTHOUGHTFUL DOCUMENTARY ON THE AMERICAN SURFING MOVEMENT. THE FILM IS ORGAN MIXED WITH THE SURFING SCENE, BUT THE PEOPLE ARE THE STORY. THE FILM IS LONG, BUT IT IS WORTH IT. (C potentially)

The Goonies — A film about the search for a lost treasure, directed by Richard Donner, starring Sean Astin, Corey Feldman, and typing the characters. (Fox Films)

The Great American Cowboy — A documentary by Keith Replier, it provides an excellent look at the history of the American cowboy, and how the film of the American West is changing in today's world. (Cinerama Releasing)

Kidnapped — Another of Delbert Mann's first-rate and thoughtful treatments of American social issues, this film is a powerful story, which makes you think and feel. Run it in top pick. (Rowdy North Park)

The Guest — Just because the film-makers did not have to make a movie about the life of a famous singer, does not mean that they are not interesting. The film is about the life of a famous singer, and how his life is affected by the world around him. (Cinerama Releasing)

King — One of Philippe De baud's most interesting, moving and thought-provoking film, King is about the life of a famous boxer, and the way that his life is affected by the world around him. The film is a powerful story, which makes you think and feel. Run it in top pick. (Rowdy North Park)

Lady Sings the Blues — Fanciful biography of Billie Holiday, and the complex and sometimes painful story of her life. The film is a moving and thought-provoking story, which makes you think and feel. Run it in top pick. (Rowdy North Park)

Le Mans — The routine portrayals and the routine, make this film a routine, pedestrian story. The audience is not interested, and the film is not worth seeing. (Cinerama Releasing)

The Seven Samurai — Kurosawa's masterpiece, it is a story of the samurai, and their fight against the evil forces of the world. The film is a powerful piece of cinema, which makes you think and feel. Run it in top pick. (Cinerama Releasing)

The Sculptor — Is totally muddled in the plot, and the acting is poor. (Cinerama Releasing)

** (Fox Films)

On Any Sunday — Bruce Brown's, it is a story of the motorcycle riders, and their life on the road. The film is a powerful piece of cinema, which makes you think and feel. Run it in top pick. (Cinerama Releasing)

The Unicorn Cinema

THURSDAY AUGUST 15

Women in Love

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

The Decameron

The Temple of Xian

THURSDAY AUGUST 15

CINEMA LEO

August 15 to 20

DANCE

Step Like a Lady

Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall

(About the current performance at the The Unicorn Cinema)

494 GARNET

848-3353
Sunny and Jed — A Sergio Corbucci western in which the Chinese political party, with a satisfying quota of action scenes, is depicted. The gunplay and stuntwork in the film is being high-lighted behind the scenes by the British censor, a very funny performance by Thomas Meighan, and a pulp serial-type band member modelled from the Collier, a delicious kitchen knife thath hails from between the harses of the ancient and the ancient war (Sisso George). The two main leads, saved by Hal Scott, mark the image of the West played out of chilly Chiao. Shao’s grey greatcoat, bittercous, coarsy, and dark, and were surrounded by stern goldfishes.

Sister — With Tilly Satterva, Lora Bell, Lora Scott.

The Sting — THE BUCKET CASHIERS gang, a group of con men including George Roy Hill, represents for a MASHED LOT. This is a film you can never see that even the insane could not accept as the face of the world (Sisso George). Shao’s grey greatcoat, bittercous, coarsy, and dark, and were surrounded by stern goldfishes.

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Even Beyond Childhood Dreams

The illusion created by 3-D becomes a sort of superior leer at anyone who ever spoke a gullible "wow!" about a severed head or a skewered body during a horror movie.

Duncan Shepherd—

When I was in my childhood at any rate, in head off any part of the hostilities sort, when I was in an earlier stage of my childhood, the crowning event of the neighborhood birthday parties it was, in fact, the sole entertainment which could sway me to attend those affairs—came, after the unravelling and the desoration, when the shell mob was herded into a couple of cooperative station wagons and carried off to a matinee movie. Preferably it ought to have been a horror movie and out of the democratic outpouring of backtalk, backseat driving, flights of fancy, and wishful thinking that was stirred up by the movie and poured about among the celebrants, there arose such shop-keeping ideas on how to improve horror movies that any impartial looker might ask himself whether the real ghosts were in the movie, or at it. If these rambling and detailed ideas which would have been, in the talk of that time and that social circle, proclaimed "keys" or "murderer"—were clung to, over the years, and reproduced at a later date, with fanatical fidelity and an interfusion of acquired taste, tact, or repulsion, the outcome might look something like Stud WARNER'S Frankenstein. It is for good reasons, then that Paul Morrisey's (fugitive ANDY WARHOL) imperious vision of the untiring Frankenstein tale is haunted by a pair of pole, pretty young things, keen and not heard, who get the movie underway by guillotining a stuffed doll and who, spying on the diabolical designs in the bedrooms and cells of Castle Frankenstein, feed their morbid curiosities until they at last inherit the premises, laboratory, scalpels, and one live body to saw off with.

What is most important, though, about the unhallowed fantasies of gore and guts in Morrisey's revamped Frankenstein is the sense of the scenes that have stubbornly preserved for years, all the while that other early illusions, faithful, true to the period.

The tip-off, mocking tone of this Coogan's Travels is possibly like what you would get if you exactly remembered and recounted, straight-faced, a dream which was terribly gripping, convincing, and yet without the interfusion (or while you were young), but which evaporates into unutterable non-sense in the light of day (or of advanced age). The combination of revulsion childhood imagination and dead, gory obsessions today is dizzying. As the 3-D imagery, with its fish suspended a few inches in front of your face, its shadows seemingly separated by twenty feet from the bodies, its vampire bats leaping from the screen.

In place of the mock-insouciance that normally characterizes the authors in the Warhol Factory, Morrisey has substituted its reverse-side, a mock-enthusiasm. Conversely, childish visions are proscribed, in a sense, into cold-blooded, uninterested realizations. As if in obliging response to spec- tor's snuff off horror movies it is hopelessly in bad taste, Morrisey parades the effects that Carl Pont's money has procured for him snears that oozed blood, stumps of bodies that appear to have been washed with a shamelessness and aggressiveness that would be depressing or insulting if it were not so silly. The illusion created by 3-D, when there are no hordes of inarticulate foregoing threat in front of your face you aren't afraid of, is that you are, take them, becomes a sort of superior leer at anyone who ever spoke a platitudinous "wow!" about a severed head or a skewered body during a horror movie.

Even the unchanging patented self-mocking, gullible acting style which because it is libereted in this preposterous story from all possible confusions between the actors and the role, seems clever, sharper, wider in the inscrute but contemptuous masquerade. There is, for instance, no looming suspension that concrete one is confronting Joe Dallesandro directly, as he is, with his special, calculated projection of "fool," of very talk, or of jaded experience, when he comes out, with the words: "What a shocks you have come with a back and made them put you in jail." In addition, Morrisey's acting team is bolstered enormously by the likes of Vito Russo,: an innumerable little fellow with skin too tight and a twiglike tongue ("Why what shall we be in war顶...", and Monique Van Voeren, a pinched yammerer who is altogether unutterable colloquialism ("Noope, no way")...
How to Apply for a Job Without Really Crying

It was the first time, for many of us, that we admitted in public how dissatisfied we were at not being able to use our brains. Heaven forbid we should mention that to a personnel director.

Kathleen Morse

QUESTION. What do you do these days with seven years of college and an M.A. in French?

ANSWER. You can be a typist and type your life away, a sashimi at $2 an hour, or worse still, sit at home, talk yourself into being a part-time, uneducated human being. And teaching completely. You are overeducated and unskillled (with the skills you have teaching behind you), and as many inter-

Newspaper is a sound familiar.

Being the kind of person who doesn’t really feel the need of other groups are my cup of tea, and who is turned off by any kind of socializing with other students, I am of the opinion that it is better to be a Spring Quarter “Group Counseling for Women”. This course involves a group, small group counseling, has become so popular that these services are offered in the Fall.

The need for this course arose from the fact that, as explained Arch McFall, publisher of Explore, “just because so many women have been out of the job market for a while want to go back and don’t really know what to do.”

We found ourselves, that first evening, in a circle and staring at each other, not really knowing what to expect. But there we were, 12 women, 8 to 10 years old, 50, students, married or divorced, all with the same objective in mind, “What can I do to change my present status?”

...Led by Sue Luce, a totally inadequate, stupid, and, the counselors, we tried to explain our reasoning, the need for counseling, the reasons for counseling, the need to concentrate on something exclusive of myself.

“My husband’s in the Navy and I have nothing to talk about in terms of his assignments, that I don’t know what to do about joining the mainstream,” said Mary. “I’ve been a nurse for twenty years, and I don’t know what I can do to begin with.”

Forty women with at least four-

The underlying feeling at that first meeting seemed to be a sort of defense, of husband or others; we were all a little on the defensive at society; highly educated wives of professional men especially experience a lot of dissatisfaction when their talents are not put to use. Through role models and counseling, Ms. Shavitz and the counseling staff hope that many of them will become motivated enough to face the working world against.

Women are traditionally low-

risk takers,” according to Ms. Shavitz, “but their future lies in learning skills up to now reserved for men. Now is the time, since many companies are hiring women or else lose subsidies. Women are becoming more and more aware of their role and this kind of counseling helps the one who needs a new idea to explore. We have a lot of contacts willing to help, and I sometimes call clients asking me to recommend someone from the course, because I see so many talented and experienced people.”

The counseling program is only three years old at UCSD, and Sue and Anne, co-counselors for the group, are deeply interested in it after having taken the course themselves. They helped Ms. Shavitz in Extension for some time, and are now both working for the same company.

They are ready to branch out and organize other classes in all parts of the county. “We realized what a raw deal we were getting, and I wanted to do something to correct it,” Ms. Luce told me. Several role models and sessions later, at least 80 of us had a pretty good idea of the direction we wished to pursue; some will go back to school to get additional training, others realized they knew enough about a subject to be able to teach. While the rest are still evaluating the various fields that remain to be explored.

Publications abound for the housewife in search of her true self. But these are the ones that are recommended: How To Go Back to Work, When Your Husband Is Against It, Your Children Aren’t Old Enough and There’s Nothing You Can Do An Anyhow, by Felicia Schwartz, Magna Schiller and Susan G. How to Get Your Employer, by Richard Irish: I Want to Run Away From Home But I’m Not Allowed To Cross The Street, by Gabrielle Burton, and So You Want to Be a Housewife. You need the most up-to-date bibliography on all the adult educational opportunities in the area, and we can help you to it together by Janice Shavitz, with the help of Sue Luce and the Extension staff.

If you have one year of college and are 24 or over, you might like to become a member of Catalyst, a national women’s organization (Ms. Shavitz is the local contact) which acts as a clearing house for any individual who would like to be considered for a job in numerous locations. It is free of charge. For direct contact write: Catalyst, 6 E. 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028 and they will send you literature.

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Jonathat Saville-

Dames at Sea, now playing at the Off Broadway, is a spoof of stage and movie musicals of the 30's. I have always loved the word 'spoof'...just try saying it aloud a few times...and you'll agree to report that in this case the thing is quite as delightful as the word. Authors George Haimsohn and Robin Miller have resurrected the, now every cliche of plot, character, sentiment and language, and have treated them with a perfect mixture of innocence and mockery; they make fun of the old conventions but at the same time exploit them for all their theatrical effectiveness. It is, therefore, a show that has a considerable value. There is no doubt that dazzling young creatures from Utah trying to break into Broadway as a tap dancer. There is her boyfriend, a sailor, who is a haphazard poet, and who is torn between his love for the tap dancer and his ambition. There is a tough Broadway chorus girl, with a heart of gold. There is a sentimental ballad called "It's Raining in My Heart," staged with some scenes of umbrella dancing; a tragic bit of Orientalia, "Singapore Sue," from those happy days when stage race was bland and unmindful, rather than cleverly ironic; a sultry romance between a tap dancer and an amorous sailor in a Pennsylava, Florida; a brassly brassy number about fabulous Wall Street; an echo number in Swiss costume; and a finale on a battleship. Everything is so familiar, so silly, and so satisfying that Dames At Sea convincingly demonstrates that the old time musical is spoofing. We have themselves been spoofed, for it becomes impossible to believe that such cliches can ever have been taken as anything but self-parody. Even the music, by Jim Wise, is just right - perfect in style, always doing exactly what you expect it to do, exaggerating the leitmotifs and making them music tricks of its own music. Only, enough of that. The upshot of it is that we can safely and elegantly composed in such a way that it makes us long nostalgically for that bygone age when even popular junk was sincere and artistic (as opposed to our own more forthright age of rock music, when junk is always authentically junk).

Neil Kenyon, who directed this show, has repeated his triumph here, with a production that never goes for an instant down. It's range of good humor and malfeasance saucer, cast could not conceivably be better. June Keane dominates the stage with her tragicomic sensibility as the star of the Broadway show. He is no mistake. Mr. Story, the actress herself, unflaggingly pro-

ects a character made up in face parts of witless enthusiasm and heartless sentimentality (it's raining in her heart); Robert Corff, the sailor-singer-actor-chorus-revels in the wide-eved artificality of the play's style; Dee Ann Johnston, as the golden-haired chorus (Miss Johnston seems to specialize in such roles), all legs, pouts, bust and feet, and the other is just as good. Everyone sings and dances marvelously.

At a point early in this musical, the ardent songwriter shows one of his songs to the sexy Broadway star. She looks at it for a few minutes, pronounces it wonderful, climbs up on the piano, and begins to sing it, while the composer watches and bobs with the keyboard with a look of the most supreme satisfaction (Mr. Corff measures this expression as he passes the manner born). Miss Keane, extravagantly posed on the pinup, sings from the sheet music for a line or two, and a melodramatic gesture tosses it away and goes on belting out the music out from memory, while a chorus suddenly appears from the wings to back her up. The song is called

Regard to Broadway

Dames at Sea demonstrates that the old time musicals is spoofing must themselves have been spoofs.

"That Mister Man of Mine." That is what Dames at Sea is all about. It is worth seeing.

Equally worth seeing is the new show at Uncle John's Beach Dinner Theatre, Neil Simon's Barefoot in the Park. Uncle John's, you will remember, often the price of admission includes both dinner and the play. I have no intention of musing in on my colleague the food editor's territory, and in any case when it comes to food "I don't know much about it but I know what I like." I will say that I liked the meal, with its inventive aspices at the salad bar, its nice little steak, its attractive German chocolate cake, and its excellent coffee.

As for the artistic side of the evening: everyone knows by this time the sort of thing Neil Simon does and how expertly he does it. The method of Dames at Sea is never to get anywhere near human reality, but stick to relentlessly to purely theatrical devices. Neil Simon gets his comic effects in somewhat different. There is always some kind of human reality behind his plays, and it is always a painful reality - loneliness, loss, misunderstanding, family quarrels, nervous breakdowns. But Simon touches all this suffering so lightly, and so smoothly, and so smoothly, that by the end of the play you aren't sure whether you've seen it or not, like a subliminally fast frame of open heart surgery inserted in a Donald Duck film. One is lost in admiration for the deftness with which this consummately slick playwright trivializes deep emotion and extorts superfluous laughter.

In the present case, the human reality is the disappointment of a young man who has just married a selfish and stupid wife, the loneliness and social awkwardness of her widowed mother, and the desperation of a penniless young actor who lives above the newlyweds' apartment. Those of you who know the play, either from the stage or from the Hollywood version, will wonder whether I have taken leave of my senses (such as they are) in speaking of this flatly amusing comedy in such terms - but that is really what the play is about. Ad

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Beaches: La Jolla and North County

San Diego's North County beaches, though not the most accessible, certainly the most serene and stupendous. The crowds particularly the influx of La Jolla Shores, the nudists of Black's, and the surfers of Cardiff and Encinitas work to obliterate the wild descriptions of any easterner about Southern California. And the scenery is stunning, the deep turquoise of the waters, the swarms of starfish on the cliffs - draw San Diegans of all kinds, even from the other beach communities.

La Jolla's Windansea has got to be one of the most exciting long beach spots. Those are the kind of surfers with nubs sticking out of the front of their suits waiting for another regular at another beach. Even the City of San Diego's effort to construct restrooms at Windansea has met with a stiff "Ban the Can" campaign, one argument of which is that it would encourage "profit" from La Mesa and El Cajon to come out and spend the day. In spite of the general un-friendliness and cluelessness of Windansea locals, it is a nice beach to visit both because of the good waves and the awareness of the color of the water, and the interesting formations the small cliffs make at low tide.

The Cove is probably the most visited of La Jolla beaches because of the proximity to Prospect Street and the Caves as well as the potential of sailing, skating, and other fun you must account for. On any windy day there's enough room to set a towel down in the sand, so it might be best to save this beach for a week-end.

La Jolla Shores seems the most Mediterranean. As one stands in the public beach, looking south to the striped cabanas, palm fronds, parasol umbrellas, it brings the beach scene in Italy. I'm sure the first time I came as well as all other North County beachgoers you can find the UCSD grad student studying his calculus book, infinite number sets, or his symbolic logic position. Here you meet two young somethings, their copy of Anais Nin long-haired un-laid with their eyebrows furrowed over some burdensome problem and here you can see the young Anglo-Saxon generation Groton or Brown's Academy, wholesomely playing volleyball.

As one travels north, the beach is less crowded, the rising shore, so that one has to climb down the stairs to reach the beach in front of Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Here it is narrate.

You come out of the canyon all once and directly in front of you is the sign divining the "clothes optional" beach from the "clothes required" beach. To the right are hundreds of people (even on a weekday) carrying surfboards, toward the water, throwing footballs, eating picnic food. All but naked. The excitement wears off in a minute and you feel you're just in a high school or college gym gymnasium. Except that most people are so completely tan that they look like Quagmire's Polynesians. If you're a first-time visitor, you stare a bit, put more stances in return (especially if you're not at least down to a swimsuit), and turn self-conscious toward the other side of the sign.

The cliffs at Black's seem to sit at least 150 to 200 feet high and the drama of the drop is breath-taking. One should get a look both from below and from above. Above, from the perch next to the Salk Institute, near Glider Point, you may have to stand next to the Black's voyeurs with their binoculars and their telephoto lenses, but the view is worth it. No walk way to the beach from this point, however.

Just north of Torrey Pines State Beach, where you can also get the feeling of being in the mountains and cross the view of the ocean below, there is parking for Torrey Pines Nudist Beach. It's a narrow strip of beach that runs along Highway 101, on the Park to the Del Mar city limits. Parking is $1 per car, however.

Deception is used of all San Diego cities to similarity to San Francisco's Marin County. It gave Marin County the highest percentage of all cities in the county, it boasts a large, monied, young, educated class of people that elected the county's youngest mayor to UCSD students, it is populated with lots of natural wood exterior houses, and it wages fierce battles against North County developers. In spite of all this, however, there is not not a lot of easy access to Del Mar beaches. Some of the beaches are simply prohibited to developments like Del Mar Woods, and part of it is limited by the lack of parking space and the obstacles of a few herms and railroad tracks to jump over. There is a small parking lot at the end of 10th Street and there are some paved streets running right up to the sand north of 15th. Though there are no public beaches along the coast, like Coronado's or Mission Beach's, there is a dog run near 9th Street, and in general, the sand is very popularly occupied.

Much of Solana Beach is high cliff rather than beach. And if there is one place in the county devoted to the natural world conserving the downtown development, this is it. In the middle of Solana Beach's commercial district, just north of the sand, is the Solana Beach Park, a nice, small cove with lifeguards, fire rings, and restrooms.

Ed. none more nor more parks are available for swimming, camping or recreation of the beaches north of Solana Beach. Though if you have not been made by a local attorney-surf report, however, to write about Solana Beach, you may have to walk a bit or skateboard north of Torrey Pines beaches, including Sun Olafy.

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Beaches: La Jolla and North County

La Jolla Shores
- Lifeguards available
- Restrooms, fire rings

Windansea
- Lifeguards
- Restrooms, fire rings

The Cove
- Lifeguards
- Fire rings

La Jolla Shores
- Summer only: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- Fire rings

Scripps
- Summer only: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- Fire rings

Black's
- Summer only: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- Fire rings

Torrey Pines
- Lifeguards available
- Restrooms, fire rings

Del Mar
- Summer only: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- Fire rings, some v-ball nets

Solana Beach
- Lifeguards
- Restrooms, fire rings

Cardiff
- State lifeguards at San Elijo State Beach
- State fire rings

Swami's
- Summer only

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