

READER

San Diego's Weekly

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August 15 to August 21

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 egocentric leader of a clique, intent on his authority, life will be miserable for the new fish.



—Merton Gaudette—

The County Jail facility squats like a sad green hulk between "C" and "B" streets in San Diego. It is surrounded by the offices of the San Diego County Sheriffs 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 excited voices shouting unintelligible expletives over scores of blasting radios. A P.A. system reminds someone of a probation appointment or a court appearance ("Brush your teeth, please."). Occasionally, an inmate will hoot at the young, platform-shoed secretaries passing below. They don't often wave back, but almost everyone that goes by these echoing, thick 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 male inmate reception entrance to County Jail. The young passenger is wearing handcuffs, a white T-shirt and faded levis.

Just suppose that passenger with the handcuffs is you. How would you survive your new environment? What would your life as an inmate be like?

Conversations with a number of the facility's alumni suggest that money, diplomacy and a certain amount of courage are the keys to survival within.

Anyone that wants to survive, can survive.

In a small room, through a thick reinforced glass window, you should be informed of the charges against you. If there is bail, you will be informed as to the amount. Processing has begun and the next

step is to another room, where you may spend fifteen minutes to an hour. Here telephones are available, as well as a toilet for nervous bladders. Take advantage of both. Eventually, after a thorough check for bugs 'n' drugs, you will be booked; your fingerprints, a picture and all of your valuables will be taken. In exchange you will receive a booking number and a property card; you are now the bona fide property of the State. As a result the quality of your life, your standard of living, will depreciate considerably and the quality of your survival becomes paramount.

After many hours of waiting on benches and standing in lines, you will be escorted to the fish tank. There is a misdemeanor and a felony fish tank and they are often very crowded.

As a new fish, be aware that your attitude is important. During processing, you will meet deputy marshals hardly given to any altruistic contortions of the heart. They may speak to you roughly, giving orders and making crude demands on your person. They don't care much for street talk or "hippie lingo" (Hey, man), and may react strongly to such.

If they want to kick the shit out of 'em, break a finger or something, they do it. I saw one guy get his arm broken. I didn't hear what he said, but all of a sudden they were throwing him up against the wall... they whipped his arm around his back and we heard it crack.

During processing you will be served a multicourse banquet of erow. Eat it, be polite, quiet, and attentive. The hospital tank is infamous for sloppy medical care.

Unless great fortune, like a friend with the funds to bail you out, should somehow intercede, you will spend two, maybe three days in the fish tank. Afterwards, you will be transferred to a regular tank.

Basically a tank is a self-contained unit within a floor of the jail. There are six 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 master panel operated by the jailers. There is also a "panic button", or emergency button, in each tank, in case someone has a heart attack or an extreme altercation with the guards. Roving deputies wear a similar button on their belts.

Tanks differ greatly in style and quality. There is a drunk tank, of course, and a tank for gays. Trustees live in a special dorm-style tank and then, there are the cell-type tanks. These are four-man cells, but they often sleep six. New fish get the floor pads.

You'd think the tanks with cells would be for the more highly powered fellas, but I haven't found that to go across the board.

The quality of a tank and thereby the quality of your survival, especially as a neophyte jailbird, depends on who's running the show—the bossman. It is not, as many would think, some gun totin' deputy, but another inmate who, just like you, is doing time. He is called a tank captain. The tank captain receives a little pay for those duties below the dignity of his (and your) jailers; he keeps track of people and gets them lined up for count. He also manages the

distribution of chow and is the head janitor in that he co-ordinates the weekly clean-up or field day.

If the tank captain is cool and easy-going, perhaps he has a degree in comparative literature and an interest in the fine arts, life in his tank will run harmoniously. But if he's the egocentric leader of a clique, intent on his authority, with no interest but what and/or who he can exploit, life will be miserable for the new fish.

You have good tank captains, those that are so-so and bad tank captains. They get real rank ones and anyone that walks through the tank is in trouble—they just start puttin' 'em through the mill.

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 tank you're in, the people, tone and vibes will have a direct effect on these assets, how much you use, when and how.

When you enter the tank don't expect a cheering welcoming committee. The residents will want to feel you out, 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 does—the way he walks, talks and holds himself in general—is evaluated. The evaluation sticks and has a direct effect on the way one is treated. So treat these first introductions like a game of twenty questions: Scared? What's your racket? Who do you think you are? And finally: are you one of us?

Be diplomatic. Open yourself to the vibes and slide easy. If someone hags a smoke the minute you walk into the tank, let generosity coat the apprehension you feel. Don't come on like a big operator or know-it-all, but try not to be shy either. They'll know you're a square job, it's impossible to hide since, by itself, jailhouse talk is an esoteric idiom of its own.

You might get a hunch of funky jobs for a week or so, but meanwhile you're getting in with 'em. As nasty 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 rip you off, be natural. Take your time getting to know the people around you and don't push. If you're in a particularly bad, tough tank, do what you have to do to survive—it may mean some very interesting friends.

But you gotta have heart.

The fact is, many convicts like jail, where life has been reduced to its lowest common denominator and social Darwinism reigns over any considerations of fair play. The strong survive. Many convicts perpetuate, by their own actions, the very system that keeps them locked up in a cement cage. You might say they are oppressed but don't know it; once on the street, social conditions can frustrate an ex-con's best plans for a better life. So a conscious choice is involved jail is easier. It represents three meals a day, an environment where one is accepted for his crimes, and an opportunity to instruct others, less practiced, in the same. So the professional jailbird returns with a deliberate regularity that tries the patience of liberal social workers everywhere.

You gotta have heart; in County Jail the square job is always con-

fronted, sooner or later, by the pro. The pro will come on full of the hardness he has learned behind the wall; perhaps he'll take a subtler, more manipulative line at first. The end is the same. Eventually, this person will try to rip you off and any diplomatic overtures will only be brushed aside, probably with a sneer. There isn't much you can do, but the other inmates will respect a person that "acts like a man". This is having heart.

If a guy calls you out, the only thing you can do is fight him. You don't dare back offa' that first guy. You might get your ass beaten, but that first ass beating might save you a hell of a lot later on.

Otherwise, you're a punk.

The term carries a heavy sex-role connotation. Basically, it applies to any inmate that won't fight back when confronted by another, to a person that is shy of physical altercations and would rather avoid the risk of being hurt than protect himself.

The man with a reputation as a punk can expect ongoing humiliation and disdain from the other inmates; they will have no respect, no pity. Often they will have no mercy, either.

I had one in County Jail, a guy from Washington state—fresh meat on the line and kind of cute. I helped him in 'cause I knew he had an extra sheet; I gave him a couple of cigarettes for the sheet.

He was kinda lonely, he needed someone to latch onto. He'd come down to my cell and the others would tease him; they called him my son.

One day, just to see what kind of stuff he was made of, I said, "you're gonna be my punk." He refused, but they grabbed him, about four guys. I got out the ol' buddy butter and turned him out right there.

There is much less sexual extortion at County Jail than, say, Chino or Tracy State prisons. There is, however, enough to be considered: a square job will sometimes fall for a common trick employed by more subtle operators. They will be solicitous, providing candy, cigarettes and other goods on loan. All smiles and generosity. Then, the day before the candyman arrives, payment is suddenly, vociferously demanded. The new fish is told that he will pay up one way or another. Now, Of course, the fellow won't have any goods yet.

So if you find yourself confronted by some leering sexist pig, you have but one recourse—"you either fight or swish".

If you have money, enough to last your stay, you can probably skate. Remember the old adage, "money talks"? Well, in County Jail, or any other prison for that matter, it sings like four-part harmony.

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 much cash you've got on the books. When stores come around, a system operated in some alphabetical order, you use the property card to obtain goods. Buy all you'll need, perhaps a little more, to last a while. An extra carton of smokes can be very useful.

But don't give your stash away; don't let anyone coerce or manipulate your funds into his hands. That's being a punk.

(continued on page 6)

EVENTS

THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

AUGUST 15 TO AUGUST 21

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT LANGILLE'S latest works, and others. Triad Gallery, 3701 India St. Show opens Friday, August 2 at 5 p.m. 299-6543.

GRAPHICS, PHOTOS and other works by local Chicano artists will be exhibited and offered for sale in conjunction with the Chilean show, at Poxteca Gallery, 2135 Logan Ave. 233-9445. Sponsored by Toltecas en Aztlan. Open daily from 10-3 p.m. until Friday, August 16.

VANISHING AFRICA, portraits of U.S. and African black people by Dennis Lee Clark, and "Landscapes of California" by Jules Gooden. Villa Montezuma, 1925 K St. Starts Sunday, August 18. Daily 1 to 3:30 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Mondays. 239-2211.

SAN DIEGO ART INSTITUTE 21ST ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT. Juried show open to all San Diego County artists. House of Charm, Balboa Park. Saturday, August 3 to Sunday, August 25. 234-5946.

TEN BY TEN, a special summer exhibit of 100 photographs 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 3 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday, 12 to 5 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 325.

PAINTINGS by Victor Perez, a one-man retrospective exhibition. Love Library, San Diego State. Through September 1.

ALEXANDER CALDER, special showing of lithographs and gouaches. Graphics Gallery, 5721 La Jolla Blvd. Through September 6. 454-8897.

JIM KACIRK and CAROLE MOSS, will show recent works at the Artists' Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India St. Show starts Tuesday, August 20 through September 8. Tuesday through Saturday, 11-5 p.m. and Sunday, 12-5 p.m. 296-0200.

MULTI MEDIA SHOW, arts and crafts and a special collection of acrylics by John Guerrero on exhibit at The Gallery, Bazaar Del Mundo, Old Town. Daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. 296-3161.

GRAFICAS CHILENAS, a collection of posters and silk screens smuggled out of Chile, left over from Allende's cultural campaign, loaned by Mrs. Allende. On show daily at the Torres Studio-Galeria, 2143 Logan Ave. 234-6008.

LITHOGRAPHS 1970-1972, 28 recent lithographs by Willem de Kooning. Starts Saturday, July 13. NEW PHOTOGRAPHY: THE BAY AREA, a show of 28 photographers, starts Saturday, July 13. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

SUMMER SHOW, the fifth annual, featuring sculpture, paintings and photography by California artists. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley. Closed Sundays and Mondays. 291-5970.

MARIO AVATI, mezzotints, CHER GONZALEZ, graphics and watercolors, and other contemporary artists, now on show at Orr's Gallery, 2200 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. Daytime and evening sessions. 435-6611.

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. 22 for early reservation.

CHEECH AND CHONG, the comedy team. Civic Theatre, 202 C St. Saturday, August 17 at 8 p.m. 236-6500.

JULIAN WEED SHOW, displays primarily of local weeds as well as weeds from as far as Arizona and New Mexico. Community Hall, Julian. Saturday August 17 through September 2, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. For further information call 765-0120.

HOPÍ INDIAN craft demonstration, silversmithing, basket making, pottery making and more. Museum of Man, Balboa Park. Friday, August 16 to Sunday, August 25.

POLICE COMMUNITY STOREFRONT OPEN HOUSE, sponsored by the San Diego Police Dept. at the following locations: 5025 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach. 3827 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach. 6943 Linda Vista Rd., Linda Vista. 2963 Imperial Ave., Southeast San Diego. 1808 Logan Ave., Logan Heights. 4010 University Ave., East San Diego and 268 W. Park, San Ysidro. Between Monday, August 19 and Friday, August 23, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

SPORTS

AMERICA'S FINEST CITY WEEK "UP YOUR SPORTS EVENTS": wheelchair track meet, Balboa Stadium; gymnastics demonstrations, 11 a.m., Balboa Park; soccer games, 2 p.m., Balboa Stadium; boxing, San Diego Coliseum 5:30 p.m., all on Saturday, August 17. Archery, Balboa Park Field Range, 9 a.m., rugby games, Robb Field, 1 p.m. and more, on Sunday, August 18.

BULLFIGHTS: Gaston Santos, Felipe Zambrano, and Jorge Hernandez Andres of Mexico, plus Pedro Louceiro of Portugal. The bulls will be from the Tequisquiapan ranch. Bullring by the Sea, Tijuana. Sunday, August 18, 4 p.m.

FILMS

ROCK ME ON THE WATER, a surfing double feature by Bob McKnight and UCSD students. Pacific Beach Junior High, 4676 Ingraham. Saturday, August 17 at 7:30 p.m. 452-1849.

SOME LIKE IT HOT, Friday, August 16; HIGH NOON, Saturday, August 17; ROMEO AND JULIET, Sunday, August 18. All part of the Balboa Park Film Festival. Balboa Park Lawn, south of lawn bowling, off 6th Ave. 9:15 p.m. Free.

PLANKTON LIFE OF THE SEA, TV award-winning film, and CHALLENGE OF THE SEA, an introduction to oceanography. Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. Wednesdays through August at noon and 3 p.m. 232-3821.

LECTURES & TALKS

THE WORLD ECONOMY IN 2020 VISION, a lecture by Kenneth Boulding, Professor of Behavior Sciences, University of Colorado. Civic Theatre, 202 C St. Thursday, August 15 at 8 p.m. 286-5204.

ENERGY NEEDS — THE HAVES AND HAVE NOTS, a lecture by Mr. Harry Morrison, vice-president Western Oil and Gas Association. Part of the 32nd Annual Institute on World Affairs, SDSU. Room 100, Social Sciences. Monday, August 19 at 8 p.m. 286-6244.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PATTY-TANYA AND THE SLA. Donald Freed, Lake Headley, Angela Atwood, Willie Wolfe and Rusty Rhodes will lecture, followed by a panel discussion, featuring Richard Popkin, former philosophy professor at UCSD. House of Hospitality, Balboa Park. Tuesday, August 20, 7:30 p.m. \$2.50, \$1.50 for students. 459-6603, evenings.

YAHYA GEGHMAN, Ambassador of Yemen in Washington D.C., will lecture on a topic to be announced. Part of the 32nd Annual Institute on World Affairs. Social Science 100, SDSU. Wednesday, August 21 at 8 p.m. 286-6244.

CONVERSATIONS. The second in this series will feature Los Angeles artist Bruce Nauman and Larry Urrutia, Director of the Center for Photographic Arts. They will discuss the use of photography, films and more. Fine Arts Gallery, Copley Auditorium, Balboa Park. Wednesday, August 21 at 8 p.m. 232-7931.

THE MUSEUM AND THE MEDIA, by Stephen Brezzo, Curator of Education. First in a series of 5 curator lectures. Auditorium, Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla. Thursday, August 22 at 10 a.m. 454-0183.

PLAGUES ON MANAGING THE FUTURE, Joseph Coates, speaker; Mr. Coates is the Program Manager, Office of Exploratory Research and Problem Assessment, National Science Foundation. Civic Theatre, 202 C St. Thursday, August 22 at 8 p.m. 286-5204.

MUSIC

HOWARD WELLS, pianist, will perform with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, Peter Eros, conducting. Works include Grieg's Piano Concerto, Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, Tchaikovsky's The Nutcracker, and Ravel's "Bolero." SDSU Outdoor Amphitheatre. Friday, August 16 at 8 p.m. 232-3078.

SAN DIEGO JAZZ CLUB DINNER DANCE, with the sounds of Benny Goodman Quartet and Dixieland Combos re-created. Proceeds go to La Jolla Civic Center. Mission Room, Bahia Hotel. Friday, August 16 from 6:30 p.m. 459-4421 or write San Diego Jazz Club, 3344 5th Ave.

SAN DIEGO YOUTH SYMPHONY, conducted by Louis Campiglia, Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park. Sunday, August 18, 1:30 and 3 p.m.

SAN DIEGO MINI-CONCERTS: selections from Starlight Opera "Camelot". Community Concourse, 202 C St. Monday, August 19. Noon and 12:30 p.m.

MINI CONCERTS: San Diego Mini-Concert Brass Quartet, Monday, August 19; Police Dept. Five, Tuesday, August 20; City Park and Recreation Youth Chorale, Wednesday, August 21; Navy Band on Thursday, August 22. Daily Concourse Plaza, Downtown, 11:45 to 1:15 p.m.

DANCE

BALLET INTERNATIONAL, sponsored by the Committee of 100 as part of Balboa Park Festival. Balboa Park Bowl. Sunday, August 18 at 8:30 p.m. 291-9371.

THEATRE

SUDS IN YOUR EYE, comedy set in wartime Coronado. Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. Through August 17. 238-9609.

SALAD DAZE, a new play, written and directed by Joe Hogan. Crystal Palace Theatre, 3785 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach. Friday through Sunday, August 18, at 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

TWELFTH NIGHT, part of the National Shakespeare Festival. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park. Friday, August 16 at 8:30 p.m. and Wednesday, August 21, same time. 239-2255.

ROMEO AND JULIET, part of the National Shakespeare Festival. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park. Saturday, August 17 at 2 p.m. and Tuesday, August 20 at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

HENRY IV, PART II, part of the National Shakespeare Festival. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park. Saturday and Sunday, August 17 and 18 and Thursday, August 22. All at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

THE DRUNKARD and ROAD TO RAINBOW, two musical melodramas presented by the San Dieguito Little Theatre and the Stratford Court Theatre. Stratford Court Theatre, Del Mar. "The Drunkard" will be performed Friday, August 16 at 8:30 p.m. and "Road to Rainbow", Saturday, August 17 same time. Limited seating. 753-3388.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, by Shakespeare, Palomar College, Saturday and Sunday, August 17 and 18.

SOUTH PACIFIC, the musical, Palomar College, Thursday and Friday, August 15 and 16, 7:30 p.m.

THE MUSIC MAN, Meredith Wilson's musical, sponsored by The Rainbow Covenant Players and The Youth Dept. of the San Diego Catholic Diocese. Amphitheatre, Patrick Henry High School, 6702 Wandermere Drive. Friday through Sunday, August 18 at 8 p.m. 463-1536.

HAPPINESS IS A PUPPET SHOW, by Marie Hitchcock. Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park. Monday, August 19 to Wednesday, August 21, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, presented by Donald Ave. Balboa Park Puppet Theatre, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 16, 17, and 18, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.

DAMES AT SEA, the musical comedy. Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays, 6 and 9 p.m., Sundays, 2 and 7:30 p.m. Through September 1. 235-6535.

UNDER PAPA'S PICTURE, The George Tibbles-Joe Connelly comedy. Coronado Playhouse, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 7. 435-4856.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, comedy dinner-show. Uncle John's Dinner Theatre, 6766 El Cajon Blvd. Show is at 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, 7 p.m. Sundays. Open run. 463-2012.

STEAMBATH, a comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman. Mission Playhouse, 3960 Mason St. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. through August. 295-6453.

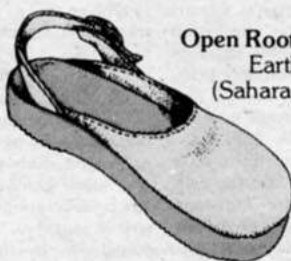
YOUR OWN THING, a "youth" musical suggested by Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, Cassius Carter Stage, Balboa Park. Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. and matinees 2 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. 239-2255.

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less work than it ever was before. But a big part of Roots' success lies in not how



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they're made, but how well. Only the finest grade Canadian hides are selected. These are hand-crafted into Roots, simply because, for much of our production, the most efficient machine is still the human hand. This is why, of all the reasons we could give you for trying Roots, none would fit quite so well as the shoe itself.

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 infected the music to such a degree that the gasping rock addict's only recourse is to look back and lament 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 *John Wesley Harding*, in 1968. The Rolling Stones are trying to prolong their senility with a piece of T.Rex-ish trivia called "It's Only Rock and Roll (but I like it)." And people like Eric Clapton, Sly Stone, and Neil Young, all long past their peaks, are enticed into the recording studio for the purpose of creating "product," and nothing 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 at the obvious end of the spectrum. Rock's present illness plagues not only the spotlight superstars, but also less renowned rock and roll journeymen like Moby Grape.

At one time, Moby Grape was the tightest, most invigorating band to emerge from the initial wave of San Francisco rock groups. Today, after several break-ups, shake-ups, and make-ups, Moby Grape is a faceless, crippled relic from the past. Appearing three nights last week at J.J.'s, San Diego's main haunt for rock and roll necrophilia, Moby Grape seemed tired, and prematurely world-weary. With the exhaustive but exciting hype and hoopla which followed in the wake of their first excellent album, it is embarrassing and painful to see what they have degenerated to.

In my state of distress, Moby Grape probably seem worse than they really were. They were not bad



Photo by Steve Esmedina

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 dissipated 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, listless 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 warmup band for the Doobie Brothers. Sad, perhaps, but undeniably true.

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

The songs were played, for the most part, with sombre composure. The entire band seemed un-

reasonably shy, reserved, and afraid. Whether purposefully or accidentally, individual instrumentalists could rarely be distinguished. This is a shame, particularly when one recalls the jagged, but sublime improvisational patterns of guitarist Jerry Miller and drummer Don Stevenson on the band's *Grape Jam* album.

Another depressing element of the reconstituted Moby Grape is their complete lack of a focal personality. Bassist/vocalist Bob Mosely, once one of the most extraordinary white rhythm and blues singers, has apparently been silenced. Mosely sang only a little back-up, and gave no indication to hint 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 heart throb of the band, now seems like a weak pulse. He stood back, strumming inaudible chords, looking bored and glassy eyed.

As is the usual case with this type of band, whose roots and style seem so undefined, the languid nature of the material is probably the key problem. The group made a few concessions to their past with songs like "Sitting by the Window" and "Omaha." Unfortunately, the distinction was a thin one, since the dreariness seems to have permeated even those solid numbers.

It is probably useless to lambast Moby Grape much further. At least they did not try to put on a "mouldy oldies" show for the fans of immediate nostalgia. Besides, their various problems are hardly unique. I don't know. Maybe my current disillusion 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 form of recreation. Whatever the case, as I sat in J.J.'s, watching guys drift from table to table, asking girls to dance, and attempting to pick them up, I felt depressed beyond belief. Is this where it all leads to? Do I feel sorry for the Moby Grapes of the world, or just for myself? Film critic Andrew Sarris summed up my confusion perfectly when he wrote, "Is it more pain or more pleasure that I seek as a reviewer?" Right now, stale from the sting of Moby Grape's sad, desperate performance, my mind is too distraught to search for an answer.

Straight from the Hip



Hi Matthew Alice!
Bet you can't 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 if 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 Canby
La Mesa

On various occasions Gene Roddenberry has let some numbers slip out. We know for certain that warp 1 is the speed of light (186,000 mph), 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 method behind this madness is left open to conjecture.

I calculate that for an even interger the warp drive equals the cube of that interger times the speed of light. Warp 6 equals 6 cubed (that comes out to 216 for most of us) times the speed of light. Warp 8 equals 8 cubed (512) times the speed of light, and by extrapolation, the space 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 interger minus the interger itself (now remember, you asked for this). Warp 3 equals 3 cubed minus 3, the

entire quantity times the speed of light. Warp 9 equals 9 cubed minus 9 or 729 times the speed of light. Unfortunately, the formula doesn't work for 1 (1-1=0). I can only assume that this is because the system breaks down for speeds at or below the speed of light as Einstein's theory of relativity predicts.

Dear Matthew Alice,

Ever since I got here from New York I've been hearing about "biofeedback". What is it? Perhaps an element of your infamous southern-California-encounter-therapy scene?
Martin Rosen
Mission Hills

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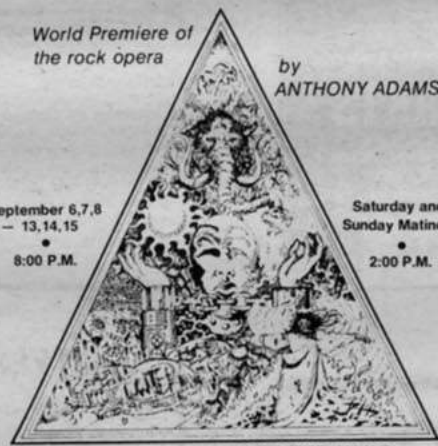
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MOVIES

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

As these listings are subject to change at the drop of a hat, please be sure to check with the listed theater.

DUNCAN SHEPHERD



Andy Warhol's Frankenstein — Paul Morrissey's disconcerting rearrangement of the Frankenstein tale, as a deadpan masquerade of beautiful young people seeking, scissoring and sewing in the laboratory for more beauty yet. Backed by Carlo Ponti, Morrissey is for the first time a man of means: forest and castle locales, graceful musical accompaniment, Luigi Kuveiller's smooth camerawork, and, above all, the 3-D images, and he parades his effects with barely concealed, blasé delight. For instance, he is repeatedly thrusting things at the audience, especially things that are ludicrously revolting, to take advantage of the 3-D process in the obnoxious spirit of one who is not remotely inclined to struggle against the current — that is, against what is obvious in the material, and what is expected by the audience. To the contrary, he nudges these things to an extreme, and all innocence, all illusion are signally sacrificed. The Morrissey cast of mostly fresh faces maintains, quite amazingly, a flawless front throughout, with Udo Kier and Monique Van Vooren, as the incestuous Baron and Baroness, flashing in steadily on their Teutonic severity and arrogance, and Joe Dallesandro lending a dissenting voice of incongruous New York sounds.

*** (Center 3 Cinema 11)

Animal Crackers — Re-release of the 1930 Marx Brothers movie that has been out of circulation for eighteen years. (College)

The Arousers — Sort of a male version of *REPUSSION*, about a boy, Phyl. Ed. Hunter, played sympathetically by a fit Tab Hunter, whose skin starts crawling whenever a female gets close, hot, and familiar. Its imagination runs along sadly worn paths, and, in any case, it gives the game away much too early when Hunter accidentally kills the first would-be seductress. Yet, the direction by Curtis Hanson is surprisingly downbeat and under-control, the horror stuff is handled quite skillfully, and there is at times a genuinely oppressive sense of everyday fowdriness in the people and their yearnings.

• (Cinema, through 8/17)

Bank Shot — Heist comedy, with George C. Scott, directed by Gower Champion. (Center 3 Cinema 3; Broadway)

Bloody Mama — Roger Corman's haphazard retelling of Ma Barker's career. Despite the guilt-ridden leeching off of BONNIE AND CLYDE, there is some serious acting done by Robert De Niro and Don Stroud. In addition, or in abundance, there is Shelley Winters, who may or may not be serious, but she is certainly the most immoderate of actresses. 1970.

• (Cabrillo, from 8/18)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid — Two grown men, Newman and Redford, having fun just like kids, never minding the hard times undergone by bank robbers in the Old West. A frilly western, sometimes pleasant, overrun with winsome wiles. Directed by George Roy Hill. 1969.

• (Parkway 1)

The Castaway Cowboy — A Disney comedy-western, set in Hawaii, with James Garner, Robert Culp, Vera Miles, directed by Vincent McEvety. (Fox; Parkway 2)

Chinatown — Lack of conviction vies with lack of tension for ultimate supremacy in this messy private eye case, written by Robert Towne and directed by Roman Polanski, set in the Thirties, fashionably. What you comprehend of the case seems not at all correct and the rest rushes right past you, out to sea. There are a few alluring romantic notions floating around, and Jerry Goldsmith's insidious music stirs things up somewhat, while the chic golden light and the wide-screen shots of pumpkin-like faces or, Polanski's preference, of backs of heads tend to weigh things down. And Polanski's career continues, as it has since his first coming to Hollywood, at an idle. Once again the question is, what interested him about this project? Starring Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, John Huston.

• (Cinema 21)

Claudine — Comedy-drama of life in Harlem, on welfare, underneath alimony, with Dianna Carroll, James Earl Jones, directed by John Berry. (Center 3 Cinema 2)

Darker Than Amber — John D. MacDonald's irritating hero, Travis McGee, makes his movie debut, incarnated in the heavy-set figure of Rod Taylor, and the result conforms gracefully to the contours of the American hard-boiled mystery story. William Smith provides a formidable, to say the least, villain — a bulgingly muscled, platinum-blond gorilla who has to struggle painfully in order to hold his speaking and breathing volume to a polite level, before he erupts inevitably and starts to fling bodies across rooms, through walls. Directed by Robert Clouse. 1970.

• (Cabrillo, from 8/18)

Death Wish — In effect, this Michael Winner exercise, a nightmare of New York City streets overrun by hopped-up muggers who flit and slither like belligerent rejected fugitives from a WEST SIDE STORY audition, picks up from the baleful curtain line of Winner's last movie, *STONE KILLER*: "You've got five more minutes, Christians!" Winner tries to keep this movie within the tiny, uncertain area of justifiable rage in order to congratulate and celebrate Charles Bronson, revenging the assault on his wife and daughter, after he cuts down all of the insect-like menaces who pester him in conveniently empty streets, parks, subways. It is a definite missed opportunity that the techniques of acrobatics were not shown in more of their variety. And the devices used to manufacture the emotional heat and loathe are often groaningly noisy. Still, it is fairly intriguing to watch a movie that approaches its editorial points — an urban-versus-rural living conditions, on police politics, on gunmanship and the cowboy mentality in America — stealthily, with whispery, indefinite insinuation.

• (Spreckels; UA Cinema 3)

Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry — Susan George, Peter Fonda, with Vic Morrow and Adam Roarke, directed by John Hough. (Del Mar Drive In)

The Education of Sonny Carson — Growing up black in the New York ghetto, from the book by Sonny Carson; with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon; directed by Michael Campus. (California)

Emperor of the North — A piece of mythology, dreamed up in a virtual void, for the tramps of the world. Set in the Depression, when vagabonding was in its fullest bloom and when its boldest achievement was hopping trains and its fiercest threat was the railroad man, this esoteric legend tells of the Herculean encounter between the meanest bouncer, Shack, and the bravest freeloader, A-No. 1. The incredibility, the one-note-acting, the boastful speeches, the ruthless violence, and even the great length all besit such a heroic saga. Impressively realized by Robert Aldrich and his regular photographer Joe Biroc, its grip on railroaders' costumes, on hoboes' grime and grizzle, and on the viewers' imagination is tenacious. With Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine.

• • • (Del Mar Drive In)

Endless Summer — Coupled with *ON ANY SUNDAY*, this is a chance to study the flyweight filmography of Bruce Brown. His subjects are great American pastimes, surfing and cycling, and if you do not already have a taste for them you will not pick it up here.

• (Rox; North Park)

The Exorcist — Just because the filmmakers do not trouble to work out one interesting development of character, situation, or metaphysics is no excuse for the viewer to sit back, dull. And it is to the film's credit that there are so many teasing possibilities to pursue privately in this horror story, at once lowbrow and pretentious, about a doubting priest-psychiatrist and a firm-of-faith, feeble-of-body medievalist who confront the demon that has entered the darling daughter of a famous Hollywood star. For a while, at first, the movie maintains the attractive mystery of utter confusion about its jarring noises, everywhere menaces, undefined characters, fragments of banal nastiness; however, once the little girl, Regan, is possessed and the special effects take charge, with muscle and meathedness, the movie becomes as routine as if it were dispensed by the American Vending Corp. Everytime somebody enters little Regan's door it is like a coin entering the slot and out comes a treat — a sock in the jaw, a cyclone of 45 rpm's, pea-soup vomit, masturbation by crucifix. This girl knows lots of tricks. Linda Blair owes her Oscar nomination to the make-up man and Mercedes McCambridge's dubbing — she can't act, can't sing, can't dance, but she can piss, can puke, can levitate. From the William Peter Bladder novel; directed by William Friedkin.

• (Cinerama; Campus Drive In)

For Pete's Sake — Streisand possesses, once again, all the good lines, and a sweet, gorgeous mate (Michael Sarrazin), and, otherwise, the loudest luck in New York City, when her under-the-counter financial dealings drag her into a you-wouldn't-believe series of predicaments. She whisks through brief stints as a prostitute, assassin, and cattle rustler, unfazed by all of it, buoyed undoubtedly by the blissful superiority of being the number one, the only, the unchallenged slapstick queen in current movies. Directed by Peter Yates.

• (Fashion Valley; UA Cinema 1)

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad — Ray Harryhausen's special effects cannot be seen too often (here we get a tiny, flying, squeaking homunculus, and a ship's figurehead brought creakingly to life, and a clanking statue of Kali swinging swords from six arms). John Philip Law, in a snug turban, is a fit Sinbad. Tom Baker breathes heavily as an afflicted wizard of the Black Arts. Caroline Munro is at least laughable — a Max Factor-ish model with gleaming oil spread on her bosom — as a slave girl. And, overall, the movie, directed by Gordon Hessler, succeeds admirably in renouncing its era; it looks as if it could have been made at any time in the preceding 15 years or so.

• (UA Cinema 2)

The Great American Cowboy — A documentary by Keith Merrill on rodeo riders, with Larry Mahan. (Century Twins; Clairemont; Solana Beach; Cove; Balboa; UA Cinema 1; Alvarado Drive In)

The Groove Tube — Comedy by Ken Shapiro. (Academy)

Kidnapped — Another of Delbert Mann's dull and dutiful treatments of classic British novels, and another movie try at this particular novel, which again misses most of R.L. Stevenson's meaning. On view, however, is the authentic Scottish

landscape, and that is worth something. Michael Caine.

• (UA Cinema 2)

King of Hearts — One of Philippe De Broca's moldering confections. Music box melodies, fairy tale costumes, and prancey acting unite to demonstrate that war is not good and that the inmates of a funny farm are saner than the people wheeling and dealing in the real world. With Alan Bates.

• (Capri)

Lady Sings the Blues — Fictionalized biography of Billie Holiday, and the inaccuracies will probably leave Holiday worshippers inconsolable. But Diana Ross, in her acting debut, has escaped with surprising success from her Supreme mannerisms and lives entirely inside her role. Snazzy period hairdos and costumes sustain the movie even through its excessive length and narrative clichés.

• • • (California)

Lawman — What appears to be a conventional western about blind justice, intelligently reworded in Gerald Wilson's fluent script, becomes something more in a tense, surprising climax, where violence creates its own momentum, out of human control, and for a change seems authentically sickening. Generally strong male cast, particularly Robert Ryan and Robert Duvall, and the lone woman, Sherree North, may be the consistently finest disregarded performer in American movies.

• • • (Cabrillo, through 8/17)

Le Mans — The routine portrayals and introspective dialogues of professional speed demons are minor drags on the documentary values of this extraordinarily agile, attractive racing movie. Director Lee Katzin (who displaced John Sturges on the project) and photographers Robert Hauser and Rene Guisart are totally enveloped in the giant shadow of Claude Lelouch.

• • • (Parkway 3)

On Any Sunday — Bruce Brown's documentary on dirt-bike racing. (Fashion Valley; Strand; Rox; North Park; Frontier Drive In)

The Seven Samurai — Kurosawa's inspiring — specifically to Sturges' *MAGNIFICENT SEVEN* — action film about a loose team of individualistic, unemployed samurai who are hired to defend a small village against bandit raids. The movie is usually shown in a version about half as long as its original four or five hours, and its pacing is surely a problem, although more length does not present itself as the obvious solution. The action scenes, like the cast of characters, are varied and highly charged, nonetheless. Toshiro Mifune. 1954.

• • • (Unicorn)

Sleuth — Anthony Shaffer's veddy veddy clever play, a triple twist plot, is acted in virtuoso style by Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. A roving eye, inspecting the cluttered surroundings inside the British country estate, will probably find more interest amongst the bric-a-brac than the devious plot revelations. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

• • • (Ken)

(continued on next page)

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The Sting — The BUTCH CASSIDY gang, Redford and Newman and director George Roy Hill, regroup for a MISSION IMPOSSIBLE-style caper (you can never be sure that even the snafus are not part of the fake-out scheme) set in the urban 1930s. Recreation of the period is lavish in terms of sets and clothes styles, but in terms of cinematic style it is done absent-mindedly, with a dash here, a pinch there, strictly on the sleeve. The movie's only concern, though, is that you like the stars and pray for them to come through unscathed. Newman by now presumes you like him, or he no longer cares, while Redford keeps on pushing, pushing. With Robert Shaw.

• (Grossmont)

The Tamarind Seed — It is something of a comfort, although of a minuscule degree, to encounter a movie so amply, intricately written, in these hard times of infinite car chases and of comic punch lines four-letters in length. To sit through this romance-plus-intrigue, written and directed by Blake Edwards, requires a rare exercise of patience, and to stick close to the slow, convoluted developments among the suave Parisian espionage set yields some rewards, by and by. But while it is encouraging to observe a pair of characters (Omar Sharif's Russian spy and Julie Andrews' English governmental secretary) who are clearly attached to ideological convictions, it is deflating to have these characters exposed through such unrelenting, fatuous, fun-poking fencing about their differences. And the obstinacy, until the end, from action, suspense, and love stuff might appear more impressive if Edwards' direction were not so nervously, distractingly gimmick-ridden. With Anthony Quayle, Don O'Herlihy. * (Loma)

That's Entertainment — A truckful of "highlights", across the years, from the MGM musicals, and in the heap there is a lot of precious pleasure to be found. Notably: Astaire dancing with the hotact in ROYAL WEDDING, O'Connor dancing up the walls in SINGIN' IN THE RAIN, Gable doing a rowdy song-and-dance in IDIOT'S DELIGHT, Esther Williams or Mickey Rooney doing anything in anything. There is, however, a certain pressured, hurried anxiety about savoring all the goodies on exhibit, because of the big-name narrators (of whom Mickey Rooney and James Stewart are the most believable, while Liz Taylor and Liza Minelli, even though playing themselves, reaffirm their eminence among the world's worst actresses) who talk over the film clips, and because of the sudden, and sometimes pre-mature, fade-outs. The information dispensed is kept minimal — generalities, clichés, and brazen untruths. But credit for the creation of the MGM musicals is clearly handed out, in order of billing, first to the studio, second to the stars (particularly Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Judy Garland, Judy Garland, and Judy Garland), and third to a few household-word directors (a "genius" such as Busby Berkeley). The studio's self-congratulation seems a bit lavish — especially the inscription "Beginning Our Next 50 Years" next to the MGM emblem — for a movie planted so deeply and distantly in the past. The selection of clips never draws near to the year, nor to the raunchiness, facetiousness, animality, and strange

new sounds of, for instance, Elvis and Ann-Margaret in VIVA LAS VEGAS. The room for second-guessing the selections is large enough to accommodate one of Vincente Minelli's ballets. Mainly, in keeping with the MGM image and the salesmanship tone of this homage, the standard for selection seems to have been "bigger is better". ** (Valley Circle)

The Three Musketeers — In Richard Lester's rambunctious, semi-slapstick treatment of Dumas's staple story, the musketeers carry out their appointed exploits apparently only because the book says they shall and not because they are able. It seems a bright idea to show swashbuckling as a laopy, heedless, head-over-heels activity; but the swashbuckling genre has always had a steep inclination toward humor, and few examples, from the Douglas Fairbanks-Errol Flynn-Burt Lancaster paragon to the Bing Crosby-Danny Kaye-Bob Hope travesties to De Broca's sly CARTOUCHE, have shown a sense of humor as pinch-minded as Lester's. However, its laughs are frequent, its pace is quick, and its promised sequel is not unwelcome. A wealth of period curiosities were dug up, or dreamed up, but it is symptomatic of Lester's stinginess that they are never displayed in a fashion to enlighten historically, but always to boggle surreally. With Michael York, Oliver Reed, Frank Finlay, Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston. * (Fashion Valley)

Uptown Saturday Night — The roster of players (Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, Harry Belafonte, Flip Wilson, Roscoe Lee Browne, Paula Kelly, Richard Pryor, Calvin Lockhart) ought to be dynamite. But the hoped-for chemical reaction never happens, as the cast members, forbidden to mingle, are led out one at a time, given an instant in the spotlight, and hustled off-stage. The script of this underworld hunt for a stolen wallet is fairly flat and underworked; still, a few scenes come to life, and the actors individually drum up some fun, and cheerfulness is maintained throughout. Directed by Poitier. * (State)

Valley of the Dolls — Jacqueline Susann's potboiler on the cruel and ironic trials of the Hollywood crowd — paraplegia, breast cancer, the treadmill of pill-regulated ups and downs — is true trash, and Mark Robson's treatment is true tolerance. With substantial background in handling soap operas, Robson has picked up the daily, domestic virtue of carrying on, somehow, unflinchingly, self-defensively, in the most shameful circumstances. Each of the three main lifelines under scrutiny offers a distinct climate for the spectator, Patty Duke's being foul and brutalizing, Sharon Tate's being bawdy in every way and intoxicating, and Barbara Parkins' being the most comfortable and a fine place to finish up, in the New England winter, with a quizzical Henry Jamesian ending. And somewhere in the congestion of vulgar hysterics, sufferings, fleeting joys, Lee Grant performs nobly in a straightforward expression of bitterness and frustration and superiority. 1967. ** (Casino, through 8/17)

Winning — Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward and Robert Wagner bring an unreasonable quantity of somber self-evaluation into their impressions of the car racing breed. Neither they, nor the director, James Goldstone, appears to be in sparkling touch with the subject. 1969. • (Alvarado Drive In)

Women in Love — Incredibly lurid presentation of the D.H. Lawrence "spirit." The movie that launched Ken Russell, who critics have been vengefully trying to shoot down ever since. Starring Oliver Reed and Alan Bates, in his seventeenth nude scene, and several women who behave exorbitantly, taunting bulls in the pasture, and colliding with a side of beef hanging in the meat market, and baring their bodies with enormous, slack-shouldered, masochistic self-loathing. • (Ken)

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(continued from preceding page)
MOVIES

Slither — Crime comedy places a mock treasure-hunt intrigue into backgrounds of banal Americana, a bingo hall, trailer camp, laundromat, trucker's cafe. Several veterans of television commercials had a hand in the making, so the fondness for kitsch, Hollywood clichés, Big Bands music, etc., tastes a bit like it's out of the freezer — not bad. The actors — James Caan, Peter Boyle, Sally Kellerman — have sense enough to play as quietly as the material merits, and their modesty and pleasantness generate a spirit of good will.

•• (State)

Some Like It Hot — In the late developments of Billy Wilder's career, there is an evident pull toward the romantic and euphoric (LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON, IRMA LA DOUCE, AVANTI), and there is, too, a pull toward the nasty and raucous (ONE TWO THREE, THE FORTUNE COOKIE, the Roy Walston-Cliff Osmond parts in KISS ME, STUPID). This one, most of all, belongs in the second batch, for the impression made by Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in drag, among other things, is unfortunately deeper, stronger, and longer-lasting than the impression made, in spots, by Marilyn Monroe. 1960.

• (Cinema Leo)

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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 or at any rate, to head off any jeers of the he-still-is 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 enticement which could sway me to attend those affairs came, after the unwrapping and the devouring, when the shrill mob was herded into a couple of co-operative station wagons and carted 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 passed aloud among the celebrants, there arose such chop-licking ideas on how-to-improve-horror-movies that any impartial onlooker might ask himself whether the real ghouls were in the movie, or at it. If these ravenous and detailed ideas which would have been, in the talk of that time and that social circle, proclaimed "keen" or "neat-o" were clung to, over the years, and reproduced at a later date, with fanatic fidelity and without the interference of acquired taste, tact, or repression, the outcome might look something like *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*. It is for good reason, then that Paul Morrissey's (forget Andy Warhol) impertinent revision of the untiring *Frankenstein* tale is haunted by a pair of pale, pretty young things, seen and not heard, who get the movie underway by guillotining a stuffed doll and who, spying on the diabolical doings in the bedrooms and cellars of Castle Frankenstein, feed their morbid curiosities until they at last inherit the premises, laboratory, scalpels, and one-live body to toy with.

What is most important, though, about the uninhibited fantasies of gore and guts in Morrissey's revamped *Frankenstein* is the sense of their having been stubbornly preserved for years, all the while that other early illusions, faiths, enthusiasms fell by the wayside. The tipsy, mocking tone of this *Frankenstein* is possibly like what you would get if you exactly remembered and recounted, straight-faced, a dream which was fretfully gripping, convincing, and sweaty while you were asleep (or while you were young), but which evaporates into unutterable non-

sense in the light of day (or of advanced age). The combination of wanton childish imagination and jaded, spoiled nihilism is a mixture as 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 that cast them, its vampire bats leaping from the screen.

In place of the mock-insouciance that normally characterizes the toilers in the Warhol Factory, Morrissey has substituted its reverse-side, a mock-enthusiasm. Covert, childish visions are prostituted, in a sense, into cold-blooded, uninspired realizations. As if in obliging response to speculators who sniff out horror movies in hopeful search primarily of the guts, Morrissey parades the effects that Carlo Ponti's money has procured for him scars that ooze blood, stumps of bodies that spurt it, wounds that spill out intestines with a shamelessness and aggressiveness that would be depressing or insulting if it were not so silly. The illusion created by 3-D, when pretty pink organs are thrust in front of your face (you wanted guts, here they are, take them), 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.

Even the unchanging patented, self-mocking, feckless acting style, because it is liberated in this preposterous story from all possible confusions between the actor and the role, seems cleaner, sharper, wlier in this insincere but contented masquerade. There is, for instance, no muddying suspicion that you are confronting Joe Dallesandro directly, as he is, with his special, calculated projection of "cool," of wry talk, or of jaded experience, when he comes out, deadpan, with a line such as "We'll come back with a gun and make them put your head back on." In addition, Morrissey's acting team is bolstered enormously by the acquisition of Udo Kier, an intense little fellow with skin too tight and a twisted tongue ("My death shall not be in vain..."), and Monique Van Vooren, a pinched yammerer with occasional flights into aberrant colloquialisms ("Nope, no way").

(continued from page 1)
The best way to survive is to have money, period. If you have money, you can always make more and you won't have to borrow from people that will charge twice the amount you're borrowing.

The books, of course, are kept by the jail administrators. It might be advisable, if you're on trial and expecting conviction, to sell that stereo or automobile. With the proceeds, a trusted friend can make weekly deposits for you on the books, insuring a steady flow of economic sustenance. The quality of your survival increases in direct proportion to the quantity of money you have. A property card that indicates a few healthy digits will make even the meanest tank captain smile and once those digits are converted into smokes and candy bars the neophyte jailbird may find himself drowning in friends. Literally.

With money you can buy protection.

Protection is a racket. In jail there are numerous rackets (or hustles) and most are illegal. Nevertheless, you will invariably meet some eager tattoo artist, a guy who has refined the art down to its most primitive essentials. He'll probably procure his ink by burning carbon paper, and the needle he uses is likely to resemble a paper clip.

Two for one dudes, or two for one stores, is very common. It is

the lending of commissary goods (cigarettes, etc.) at usurious rates like two packs of smokes and a candy bar for one pack. In prison this hustle is well-organized, but in County Jail it's perpetuated, for the most part, on new fish.

If you're low on cash, you can always hustle another inmate's chore on field day. You can write letters, even legal correspondence (if you have the skill) for the less literate of your tankmates. A large fellow, demanding of enough respect, might churn up the humanistic corpuscles in his blood and pull slack for some endangered square job it's dangerous, but worth a lot of cigarettes.

With the proper skills (typing, even cooking or painting) and a little luck it is possible to land a paid position at County Jail as a trustee. Trustees live in a special dorm-style tank and enjoy a lot more mobility than the average inmate. Besides, the work will keep you busy and can help soften your stay appreciably.

Boredom is the bane of every man behind bars.

You just do whatever the hell you can find to do all day, until things get quiet enough, so you can sleep.

Given that survival connotes a psychological as well as a physiological quality of being, it might be advisable to make a pact with Father Time, a gentlemen's agreement: he won't hassle you if you won't worry him.

It is a matter of survival.

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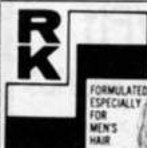
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How to Apply for a Job without Really Crying

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, be a salesgirl at \$2 an hour, or worse still, sit at home, talk yourself into being a totally inadequate, stupid, and unmotivated human being. And of course, forget about teaching completely. You are overeducated and unskilled (with three years of college teaching behind you), and as many interviewers have pointed out to me, with all that background, I'd be bored with the job anyway. Does this sound familiar?

Being the kind of person who doesn't really feel that encounter groups are my cup of tea, and who is turned off by any kind of socializing women's clubs, be it bridge or flower arranging, I found myself — after several interviews where I had to compete with 100 other applicants — on the verge of becoming rather antisocial. Maybe what I needed was a little more education in order to keep in touch with the campus atmosphere, I thought, so I had the UC Extension *Explore* catalog mailed to me and discovered classes in subjects I didn't know existed. The practical aspect of one of them appealed to me especially, and I enrolled in the Spring Quarter "Group Counseling for Women". This course, focusing on vocational counseling, has become so popular that two sessions will be offered in the Fall.

"The need for this course arose from the community, explained Arch McFail, publisher of *Explore*, 'just because so many women who have been out of the job market for a while want to go back and don't really know how to go about it.'"

We found ourselves, that first evening, sitting in a circle and staring at each other, not really knowing what to expect. But there we were, ranging in age from 17 to 50, students, married or divorced, all with the same objective in mind. "What can I do to change my present status quo?"... Led by Sue Lucas and Ann Carli, the counselors, we tried to explain our reasons for being there. "My children are grown up and gone, and I've already volunteered my services to five different organizations," said Joan; "I've spent enough time taking care of others, I need time for myself," added Julie; "I started college, but dropped out because I was bored," said Mary; "I have two teenagers and sometimes I feel the need to concentrate exclusively on myself," "My husband's in the Navy and I have such a short time to work with in between his assignments, that I don't know how to go about joining the mainstream," "I've been a nurse for twenty years, and I don't want to watch people die anymore," "I don't want to be totally dependent on my husband." Fourteen women with at least fourteen reasons for joining the group. The underlying feeling at that first meeting seemed to be a sort of defiance, of husband or others; we were all a little on the defensive at

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

Slowly, through the different sessions, we learned that we weren't that maladjusted after all; we took a values test to determine where our aesthetic, moral and other values lay; we jolted down on paper the components of an ideal job, surroundings and workmates; still another test defined our personality, and to narrow down our interests, or find out what they were, we took a strong vocational interests test. Things finally started falling into place. I mean, you don't have to learn how to type, if you don't want to (although it seems to be a standard requirement for women). Sue and Ann encouraged us to talk about the vague aspirations that we had, and some ideas crystallized. "I want to be a TV technician, and work behind the cameras," Sandy had decided "because I've always been fascinated with the medium, and besides I want to do something different". OK, do it, what's there to stop you? And she went ahead to find out about the job she fancied. As part of a project, we were to go out and interview professionals whose jobs sounded appealing. We had trouble convincing some of them that we were not going to take their place, but the information gleaned was certainly very informative for all of us. The fact that it was a group provided incentive to go out and do something so we could report to the others. By the end of the 5th session, we already had a sense of accomplishment.

A series of speakers were scheduled on different occasions. Fred Sherman, who teaches methods of self-assertion, specializes in how to help instill self-confidence into badly shaken egos. He spent 10 years with the Los Angeles Probation Department and four years in the Peace Corps. The rotund Mr. Sherman is the picture of self-assertion, by his mere presence; although his methods didn't hit home with me, the rest of the class certainly enjoyed being told how to get rid of a persistent salesman and how to discourage manipulators.

In another session, the organizer of this course, Marjorie Shaevitz, proved to be a very inspiring speaker, because she had been through it all several years earlier and had decided to do something about finding the perfect job for herself. A very attractive and articulate woman, Ms. Shaevitz talked one of the deans at UCSD into forming a counseling service; she succeeded in setting up various programs for women, especially for the ones who had been out of the job market for a while but wanted to return to it. She became aware of the special needs of women before it was fashionable, when she was director of one of the women's residence halls at Stanford. She has found that the average woman who takes this class is in her mid-30's and belongs to all segments of

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. Shaevitz and the counseling staff hope that many of them will become motivated enough to face the working world again.

"Women are traditionally low-risk takers," according to Ms. Shaevitz, "but their future lies in entering fields up to now reserved for men. Now is the time, since many companies must hire 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 get calls 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 Ann, co-counselors for the group, got interested in it after having taken the course themselves. They helped Ms. Shaevitz in Extension for some time, and are now both working towards their Masters at SDSU. They are ready to branch out and organize other classes in all parts of the county. "I realized what a raw deal we were getting, and I wanted to do something to correct it," Ann told me. Several role models and sessions later, at least 10 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 it, while the rest are still mulling over the various fields that remain to be explored.

Publications abound for the housewife in search of her true self, but these are the ones 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 Anyhow*, by Felice Schwartz, Margaret Schilter and Susan Gilotti; *Go Hire Yourself an 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 Go Back to School*, a compilation of all the adult educational opportunities in the area, put together by Marjorie Shaevitz, with the help of Sue Lucas 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 nation-wide organization (Ms. Shaevitz 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. 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028 and they will send you literature on the most promising fields open to women at this time.

All that talent uncovered during the past 5 weeks is now ready to conquer San Diego! A writer, a painter, a gourmet cook, a future dentist, a new law student, and more, all emerged with a pretty clear idea of what to pursue and bearing in mind the skepticism expressed in the beginning, the practical aspects of this class are not soon to be forgotten.

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—Jonathan Saville—

Dames at Sea, now playing at the Off Broadway, is a spoof of stage and movie musicals of the 1930's. I have always loved the word "spoof" just try saying it aloud a few times and am pleased to report that in this case the thing is quite as delightful as the word. Authors George Haimsohn and Robin Miller have resurrected the genre's every cliché 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, which is considerable. There is a naive but dazzling young creature from Utah trying to break into Broadway as a tap dancer. There is her boyfriend, a sailor, who is also a song writer, 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 sou'westers and twirling umbrellas; a tragic bit of orientalia, "Singapore Sue," from those happy days when stage racism was blatant and unselfconscious, rather than cleverly ironic; a sultry beguine about romance between a taxi dancer and an amorous sailor in Pensacola, Florida; a brassily inane song about fabulous Wall Street; an echo number in Swiss costumes; 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 musicals it is spoofing must themselves have been spoofs, for it becomes impossible to believe that such clichés can ever have been intended as anything but self parody. Even the music, by Jim Wise, is just right: perfectly in style, always doing exactly what you expect it to do, exaggerating the little melodic and harmonic tricks of '30's pop music only enough to make you aware of the joke, yet so tuneful and elegantly composed in itself that it makes you long nostalgically for that bygone age when even popular junk was suavely artistic (as opposed to our own more forthright age of rock music, when junk is always authentically junk).

Neal Kenyon, who directed this show in New York, has repeated his triumph here, with a production that never for an instant deviates from the proper tone of airy good humor and maliceless satire. His cast could not conceivably be better. Jane Kean dominates the stage with her autocratic sexiness as the star of the Broadway show the dazzling tap dancer is trying to get into; Jennifer Williams, as the ingenue herself, unflaggingly projects a character made up in equal parts of witless enthusiasm and tearful sentimentality (it's raining in her heart); Robert Corff, the sailor-songwriter-boyfriend, revels in the wide-eyed artificiality of the play's style; Dee Ann Johnston, as the golden-hearted chorine (Miss Johnston seems to specialize in such roles), is all legs, pouts, bust and fun; and the others are just as good. Everyone sings and dances marvelously.

At a point early in this spoofy musical, the ardent songwriter shows one of his songs to the sexy Broadway star. She looks at it for two seconds, pronounces it wonderful, climbs up on the piano, and begins to sing it, while the composer weaves and bobs at the keyboard with a look of the most supremely idiotic joy on his face (Mr. Corff manages this expression as if to the manner born). Miss Kean, extravagantly posed on the spinet, sings from the sheet music for a line or two, then with a melodramatic gesture tosses it away and goes on belting the music out from memory, while a chorus suddenly appears from the wings to back her up. The song is called

Regards to Broadway



Dames at Sea demonstrates that the old time musicals it 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 Family Dinner Theatre, Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*.

At Uncle John's, you will remember, the price of admission includes both dinner and the play. I have no intention of muscling 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 aspics 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 at all, but to stick relentlessly to purely theatrical devices. Neil Simon gets his comic effects somewhat differently: 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 smotheres it so rapidly in gags, 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 superficial laughter.

In the present case, the human realities are 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, ageing lothario 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 fluffily amusing comedy in such terms — but that is really what the play is about. Ad-

mittedly, after one's feelings have been drugged by two hours of comedy about sixth-floor walkups and Albanian cooking it is virtually impossible to revive them enough to feel any sympathy for these miserable unfortunates, or even to perceive how miserable they are. If you think emotional narcosis is a desirable theatrical effect, you will approve of what Neil Simon does; if not, not. But I suppose no one can argue against the fact that the gags are funny, and that the play is amusing, once you have allowed your sensibilities to be stupefied by it.

Because the present production goes along with a dinner and takes place in a restaurant you should not think that it is in any way amateurish. The production is of completely professional quality and worthy of any proscenium. Christopher Michaels has directed it with unobtrusive — and therefore all the more masterly — skill; the pacing is flawless, the acting natural, the gags perfectly timed and executed, and the little stage — mounted between ranks of dinner tables and aspic platters — exploited with truly brilliant ingenuity. The whole cast is wonderful, without exception. Robert Hays is an exceptionally talented comic actor, with a knife-sharp sense of timing, and as the wretched young husband he is at the top of his form; so long, Mr. Hays, give my regards to Broadway. Gertrude Waggaman flutters and frets with great aplomb as the mother; Gayle Sacco is naturalness itself as the hairless wife, rising to awesome heights of stubborn irrationality in the grand quarrel scene of Act Two; Doug Vernon reeks of old Budapest as the women-chasing neighbor from upstairs; and Tony Caprio has every gesture and accent of a New York telephone repair man down pat.

I don't want this rave review to give you an exaggerated picture of what you will get if you go to see *Barefoot in the Park*. Uncle John's is not the *Tour d'Argent*, Neil Simon is a far cry from a really good playwright, and even Robert Hays is not yet quite in the class of Jack Lemmon. But taken all together the combination was perfectly good enough for me, and I think it will be so for you too.

— Jerry Leverentz —

San Diego's North County beaches, though not the most accessible, are certainly the most stupendous. The crowds — especially the affluent of La Jolla Shores, the nudists of Blacks, and the surfers of Cardiff and Encinitas

hear out the wildest descriptions of any easterner about Southern California. And the seashore scenery — the deep turquoise of the water, the massiveness of some of the cliffs — draws San Diegans of all kinds, even from the other beach communities.

La Jolla's **Windansea** has got to be San Diego's most jingoist beach. "Those are the kind of surfers with nails sticking out of the front of their boards," according to a surfing 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 "tourists" from La Mesa and El Cajon to come out and spend the day. In spite of the general unfriendliness and cliquishness of Windansea locals, it is a nice beach to visit both because of the good waves — even the waves are crowded here, though — the jade color of the water, and the interesting formations the small cliffs make with the beach.

The **Cove** is probably the most visited of La Jolla beaches; the proximity to plush Prospect Street and the Caves as well as the potential for snorkeling off the rocks must account for this. On any weekend, however, there's barely enough room to set a towel down in the sand, so it might be best to save this beach for a week-day.

Of all La Jolla beaches, **La Jolla Shores** seems the most Mediterranean. As one stands in the public beach, looking south to the striped cabanas and, uniformly colored umbrellas, it brings the beach scene in *Death in Venice* to mind. Here, as well as at other North County beaches, you can find the UCSD grad student studying his covalent

bonds, infinite number sets, or his favorite logical positivist. Here you meet two young women, their copy of *Anais Nin* lying half-buried under a towel, with their eyebrows furrowed over some burdensome political question. And here you can see the young Anglo-Saxon second-generation La Jollans, home from Groton or Brown's Academy, wholesomely playing volleyball.

As one travels north, the beach is left by the rising shore, so that one has to climb down the stairs to reach the beach in front of **Scripps Institute**. The beach is narrower than the Shores — about 50 feet only — but this allows enough room for a few biologists to toss the frisbee around or a secretary or two to spend their lunchbreak sitting in the sun. Because the parking is restricted to Scripps employees and students on weekdays and opened to the public on the weekends, the crowd varies from a young, mostly noontime crowd Monday through Friday to groups of families on Saturday and Sunday.

At low tide you can walk along the sand in front of the cliffs up to **Black's Beach**, but a more common route is to turn from La Jolla Shores Road to La Jolla Farms Road. If there's parking available nearby, one can sneak down one of the two paved UCSD roads near the La Jolla Farms Rd. turn off. But the route the local residents encourage everyone to take is about a mile and a half beyond the turn-off. The hike down this dirt road/path makes you feel like you've just started on the John Muir Trail: down some steep, eroded paths, a rock climber's slide down a knotted rope, a muddy canyon covered with manzanita and sage. Two young guys from North Park wearing jeans jackets and holding motorcycle helmets walk boldly behind a family with two children. "I used to have a lot of hang-ups. The first time I came here I didn't take my clothes off, but then I realized it was just a hang-up."

Beaches: La Jolla and North County



Photo by Bob Eckert

"Yeah... Everyone knows about Black's, you know. My mom, I told her I was going to the beach in La Jolla. She said, 'Oh, Black's Beach, huh?'"

You come out of the canyon all at once and directly in front of you is the sign dividing 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 football, eating picnic food — all butt naked. The excitement wears off in a minute and you feel like you're just in a high school or college gym shower room. Except that most people are so completely tan that they look like Gauguin's

Polynesians. If you're a first-time visitor, you stare a bit, get more stares in return (especially if you're not at least down to a swimsuit), and turn self-consciously toward the other side of the sign.

The cliffs at Black's seem to be 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. (There is no way down to the beach from this point, however.)

Just north of Torrey Pines State

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

Del Mar comes closest of all San Diego cities to similarity to San Francisco's Marin County. It gave McGovern his largest percentage of all cities in the county, it boasts a large, moneyed, young, educated class of people that elected the county's youngest mayor (a UCSD student), it is populated with lots of natural wood exterior houses, and it wages fierce battles against North County developers. In spite of the apparent liberalism, however, there is not a lot of easy access to Del Mar beaches. Some of the beach is monopolized by developments like Del Mar Woods, and part of it is limited by the lack of parking space and the obstacles of a few berms and railroad tracks to jump over. There is a small parking lot at the end of 15th Street and there are some paved streets running right up to the sand north of 15th. Though there are no public sidewalks along the beach like Coronado's or Mission Beach's there is a dog run near 28th Street, and in general, the sand is very clean and uncrowded.

Much of **Solana Beach** is high cliff rather than beach. And if there is one place in the county devoted to the natural wood condominium/townhouse development, this is it. In the middle of Solana Beach's commercial district, however, one may turn off to the Solana Beach Park, a nice, small cove with lifeguards, fire rings, and restrooms.

(Ed. — neither time nor space allows for comprehensive coverage of the beaches north of Solana Beach at this time. Promises have been made by a local attorney-surfer, however, to write about San Diego County's northernmost beaches, including San Onofre.)

Beach	Access	Lifeguards	Amenities	Cleanliness	Regulations
Windansea	Some street parking	Summer only: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.	Fire rings	Clean	No dogs between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. Surfing/swimming areas.
The Cove	Some street parking	Year 'round: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.	Fire rings	small amount of trash	Same as Windansea.
La Jolla Shores	Some street parking; parking lot on Camino del Oro	Summer: 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; winter: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.	Restrooms, fire rings, v-ball, nets, large grassy area	Very clean	Same as Windansea
Scripps	50c visitor parking on weekends; Scripps parking only on weekdays	Same as La Jolla Shores	Fire rings	Very clean	Same as Windansea
Black's	Some street parking on La Jolla Farms Road	Weekends only, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.	Nothing	Very clean, some scattered beer cans on access route	Same as Windansea; clothing optional north of sign.
Torrey Pines	Parking spaces inside the park; \$1 per car 8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.	Lifeguards available	Restrooms, fire rings	Clean but some seaweed	No dogs
Del Mar	Some street parking south of 15th Street; parking lot at Seagrove Park; street parking north of 15th; Parking lot at Park	Summer: 9 to 6 p.m. (9 to 7 p.m. on weekends). Winter: 9 to 5 p.m.	Fire rings, some v-ball nets	Clean	Dog Run near 28th Street; no dogs otherwise
Solana Beach	Parking lot at Beach Park	Year 'round	Fire rings, rest rooms (at Park only)	Clean	No dogs anytime in Park; dogs o.k. on leash north and south of Park
Cardiff	Parking at San Elijo State Beach	State lifeguards at San Elijo	fire rings, rest rooms at State Beach	Clean	No dogs.
Swami's	Parking off Highway 101	Summer only	Fire rings	Clean	No dogs



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LETTERS

URBAN RENEWAL
CRIMES DETAILED

Dear Mr. Martin:

I read your article in the July 4th issue, and have some inputs for you and Ed Scott that are the boiled-down essence of a four year struggle of my own against the same kind of rip-off. I won, but the price paid was a terrible one. I lost a job with a government contractor, my driveway was strewn with nails and my family was subject to all sorts of pressures (including my children). For this reason I have not signed my name or given my address. But the material herein is so self evidently true that you will immediately recognize its value.

First you must understand what urban renewal is, and what it really does, as separate from what it is supposed to be and do in theory. Under eminent domain private property may be seized for public use or public ownership as for a school, road, library, etc. Under Renewal, private property is seized to be transferred to another private party or corporation, to be used for their profit. (The public is supposed to derive some benefit in the process, but the statement is essentially correct).

Here is how Renewal works. 1. Private property is declared "blighted". This immediately insures the rapid deterioration of the area in question, since no bank will lend money to improve property about to be condemned, and no one will put up his own money to improve such property if it is about to be taken from him. 2. The property is taken, bought with the taxpayers' money...this is called the "acquisition" stage. 3. The buildings are then mostly demolished, with taxpayers' money...termed the "demolition" stage. 4. The vacant land is then improved with better roads, sewers, curbs, street light, etc., paid with taxpayers' money...called "improvement". 5. The large area of vacant improved land is then sold at a terrible loss, since the lots were bought with buildings, but sold as vacant land, usually below market price due to several devious methods, one of which is to declare the buyer a "preferred developer" well in advance, thus giving him an advantage by eliminating effectively the process of competitive bidding. The losses are paid for with taxpayers' money. 6. The land then becomes the property of the buyer who uses it for his personal profit and all profits belong to the developer!

Now there are some things you must know about the above. First, there is no real definition of the term "blighted".

Often expensive buildings have been seized for minor repairable defects. Second, and very important, is that a renewal contract between the city and Federal Agencies involved is really a "carte blanche" since all renewal projects must operate in accordance with the regulations of the Renewal agency, and these regulations change constantly. They are set forth in The Renewal Manual which must be made available to you in your local renewal office. This manual is in several volumes, with many hundreds of pages. Who would sign a contract permitting the other party to revise the contract terms unilaterally after the contract is signed?

Further, although most renewal projects start with a small "local project" involving a "blighted area", the terms require that comprehensive "City Plan" be made, which is invariably used to expand the renewal, first into a "general neighborhood renewal", and finally into a "city wide renewal", going as far as it can until stopped by public outcry. The reason for this is simple. Once a renewal starts, many employees and a Renewal Director are hired. They deal with developers and contractors. All these people are on the payroll, including high priced "planners" and "consultants" who get big fees for finding the need to continue the renewal program. Now did you ever hear of a man terminating his own paycheck? When a renewal terminates, so do the jobs, thus the employees see to it that the renewal, once started, never ends.

In the past, renewal projects have displaced many people creating great criticism. Thus the Federal Regulations require that a plan must be made in advance, showing where every person living in the renewal area will be rehoused in safe, sanitary, decent housing at reasonable prices. If such a specific plan cannot be shown in your case, the renewal is immediately voided. General statements such as, "There is sufficient housing in the community nearby as shown in our consultant's studies...", is not enough. Tell that to Ed Scott!

Although I have personally inspected over 400 renewals, less than five percent could be called successful by any stretch of imagination, and these are used as showplaces to demonstrate how great renewal is while the failures are studiously ignored. To define "success" (which renewal bureaucrats never do)...a successful project is one in which the residents of the area are rehoused, the project is completed on time, and the project brings in the rateables (taxes) and benefits predicted. There is a reason why I have specifically defined it in this matter....

First, it is common practice for developer to show an interest in an area, then after the buildings are demolished depriving the city of the taxes formerly taken from the area, and the area becomes a conspicuous vacant area looking like the result of a war...the developer drags his feet and indicates he would need further "advantages" like a twenty year tax abatement, reduced price, etc., etc., etc., and he gets it because the city fathers are under mounting pressure due to the

highly visible vacant area above mentioned. The local politicians want to get "the white elephant" off their back. And, like many other federal projects the "ten percenters" are all over the place taking their piece of the action.

In one project I examined, the "sponsor" (developer), acquired a twelve million dollar shopping area and high rise building for a total investment of twelve thousand dollars. He did this by taking a federally guaranteed loan because he was providing "needed housing". His tax subsidies (reductions as "sponsor" of the project) more than paid for the payments on the loan which he took to finance the project. He even had a tax carry-over which he used to reduce taxes paid on other real estate ventures he was making a profit on. Because this project was completed, it was termed a "success" in the papers. But the displaced people never all got rehoused, the community lost tax money, many small business men went out of business, the project was occupied by business which moved out of buildings in the adjacent streets, creating a new surrounding "blighted area" (which was used as an excuse for trying to expand the renewal area), city taxes were raised in consequence. Often the argument is raised that while the renewal may be painful to the residents of the city, some future residents will benefit. I do not buy that sort of apologetics.

In closing I suggest that you read *The Federal Bulldozer* as a starter. As one priest said so well, in a Congressional Hearing in Washington... "Urban Renewal fractures community life..." and a social worker testified... "If our government had inflicted the brutality upon the conquered Japanese in World War II that it has inflicted upon its own citizen with Renewal, there would have been an immediate outcry from all over the world". I cannot improve upon those words.

Good luck. God go with you.
A veteran of the renewal wars.

AGAIN SHEPHERD
BEGGED FOR ASSISTANCE

Dear Reader People:

Re Duncan Shepherd: I, like many others, have been somewhat provoked by his occasionally perceptive and too often blind reviews. Perhaps Mr. Shepherd might save his reputation as a critic and assist *Reader* devotees like myself by once more explaining his "star/spot" movie rating system and by telling us what besides new breakthroughs in the cinema he looks for when he sees a movie. I've seen one too many great movies given "the black spot" without sufficient explanation.

Yours truly,
David Benzvi
La Jolla

P.S. While he's at it, Duncan should tell us why he never saw "legitimate" films like "Mame", "The Great Gatsby", "The New Land", or the current "The Groove Tube" and did see obvious trash like "Fists of Fury" and "Enter the Dragon." If Mr. Shepherd truly looks for excellence in film, he should see the potential greatness before he does the obvious quick-buck movies.

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CLASSIFIED POLICY: Classified ads are 50¢ for 35 words, or \$1.00 for businesses. The deadline for Thursday's issue is Friday noon, preceding the issue. The ads may be mailed to the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138, or they may be dropped off at one of the drop-off places. Currently, these are Tiffinanny's, 6980 La Jolla Blvd. in La Jolla and Wahrenbrock's Books, 649 Broadway, downtown San Diego.

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LESSONS

PIANO, GUITAR and accordion instruction. Music college graduate. 20 years teaching all ages. Play popular and classical. Learn reading, theory, and playing by ear. 30 minute weekly lesson. \$15 per month. Pacific Beach Studio, 488-5161.

THE INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE offers classes in Hatha Yoga at 3383 30th St. near Upas. Donation, \$1.50/class. Tuesday-Friday, 9 a.m. Monday, Friday, Saturday, 10:30 a.m. Monday - Thursday, 6 p.m. Monday and Wednesday 7:30 p.m. 283-YOGA. All welcome.

SAN DIEGO CLASSICAL guitar workshop: August 12 to 18 at the La Jolla Congregational Church in downtown La Jolla. The workshop is open to beginners and advanced players (advanced players must audition). There will also be a special lecture series on guitar history, literature and performance practice. The workshop will be conducted by Lee Ryan, instructor of guitar at SDSU and UCSD. Lee Ryan has studied in Master classes of Andres Segovia, Michael Lorimer and Oscar Ghiglia, and has given numerous recitals in the San Diego area. For more information, call 459-7626 or write for a brochure to: Guitar Workshop, 1229 Park Row, La Jolla, CA 92037.

TENNIS INSTRUCTION by Steve Bassett (member United States Professional Tennis Association). \$9.50/hr. Call 459-3755 or 272-6055.

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(continued from page 10)

TRANSLATIONS from French or German to English by UCSD grad student. Call Sue, 755-5203 evenings.

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NOTICES

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LISTEN TO HOMEGROWN, a locally produced music radio program on KOZN-FM 103.7 Sunday nights from 10-11. Have you got locally recorded material? Listen to Homegrown for instructions. Homegrown is a Danny Antell Production.

GAY CATHOLICS: Dignity of San Diego has a religious and educational program for you. Write Dignity, Box 19071, San Diego 92119 or call 448-8384 for information.

DEAR LA JOLLA — SAN DIEGO friends: Friends of Children of Vietnam is here. A non-profit organization whose cause is to save the children of Vietnam. Interested? Call chapter director Sheree Ashapa after 6 p.m. 459-5632.

ACTRESSES NEEDED for pilot film shooting weekends. Need an attractive brunette (around 18) to play a cool, sophisticated groupie; and need a "Viva" type (around 23). For further info., jingle 264-3837, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

AN EYE IN EACH HEAD, rock opera by Anthony Adams, has its world premiere production September 6 through 15.

WANTED

WANTED: MODELS, girls or romantic couples for photography. Please leave number on machine if not here. Bill Reid, 232-1312.

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HOUSING

GRAD STUDENT will share house. Clairemont. \$65 per month. 279-2097.

FEMALE, AGE 25, looking for room to rent in a house or apartment in the Pacific Beach or Ocean Beach area. Please call Marcia at 583-1131 or try 488-2193 and leave message.

MATURE FEMALE TO SHARE cozy 3 bedroom home, 1366 Pacific Beach Dr. One block to Bay, near shopping, ocean, recreational area. Furnished, utilities paid. Washing furnished. \$100/month, one bedroom, \$125/month, one bedroom, 270-5953. Perry. (Winter rental.) Available 9/15 to 10/1.

RESPONSIBLE COUPLE wanted to share large, 4 bedroom house in University City with same; very quiet, lots of room; your rent would be \$180 per month. No cigarette smokers. Please call Bob or Sue at 452-1132 or 453-7500 x3433.

COMMUNAL LIVING. Three bedroom house in Baja La Jolla. \$55/month. Available August 1. Must be friendly and open. 232-1312.

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ROOMMATE NEEDED: for two bedroom apartment in the 1100 block of Grand Avenue in Pacific Beach. \$82.50/month plus \$30 security and utilities. The apartment is reasonably large, clean, sunny, and has new shag carpeting. Its chief drawback is the sometimes excessive noise from Grand Ave. I'm 27, teach tennis locally and am into surfing, guitar, and ice cream. Looking for man or woman, non-sedentary person, health and outdoor conscious, non-smoker, non-drugs, sans deviations. Call Steve, 459-3755 or 272-6055.

I NEED A ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT in the Hillcrest area. Cat allowed. \$100-120. Call Jan. 8:30-5:00 pm 239-0149, after 5:00 pm and weekends 583-1570.

NEED RESPONSIBLE CHRISTIAN GIRL to share my La Jolla home one block from the ocean. \$100 per month includes utilities and phone. Must like my poodle. Phone 459-8576 evenings and weekends.

UCSD GRAD needs roommate to share large, furnished apartment in Pacific Beach. Own room; \$87.50 per month. Contact Richard Resco, 1461 Missouri, No. 4; 274-0776.

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FOR SALE: bicycle motor \$65, bowling ball \$15, size 9 shoes \$5. Realistic turntable \$25, new clock radio \$10, bathroom scales \$3, desk lamps \$5 and \$3, 9 inch portable TV \$25, 6 month old Solex 5000 Mo Ped \$275. Call 279-2097.

LARGE DRESSER \$15, air conditioner \$75, 10 speed \$25, two bookcases \$7.50, each, two down bags \$25 each, platform rocker \$20, eight foot couch \$15. Call 466-8954.

BACKPACKING EQUIPMENT for sale: goose down sleeping bag, 3 lbs. down, mummy style, slant box, construction, rip stop nylon for person 5'10" or smaller, \$50. Camping cookware, nylon poncho, canteens, also for sale. Call Marty, 276-8156.

FOR SALE. Galanti 6-string dual pickup electric guitar with vibrato wand and steel reinforced replaceable neck, leather case. Make offer. 272-6229 evenings.

THE BEST BUY IN TOWN! Good used gas stoves guaranteed 100%. We deliver, washers \$50.00, gas and electric dryers, new appliances cost and 10%. Aztec Appliance Co., 4162 Park Blvd, 298-4882.

RECYCLE CLOTHING. We have used dresses, furs, jewels, boots, hand-knits, pants, a little of everything, come by and see us... Buy, sell, trade, consign. Kay's Resale, 3925 Fifth, Monday through Saturday, 10 to 6. 291-7747.

MUST SELL. Best offer. AR turntable and cartridge, double bed, typewriter (Olympic desk model), Farberware grill and rotisserie. Call 459-2547 or 453-2000 x2046.

BEAUTIFUL, CONSERVATIVE blue and green 7' foot couch. Almost like new. A steal at \$50. Call after 6 p.m. or on weekends. 223-8501.

JOBS

EARN EXTRA MONEY stuffing envelopes at home. Great for housewives, shut-ins. Send 25¢ and self-addressed, stamped envelope to "Jan", Dept. TM, P.O. Box 368, Del Mar, Ca. 92014.

YOUNG WRITER interested in working with solid composer (rock/jazz/avant-garde). Philip Dimitri 234-2960.

PROFESSIONAL WRITER, editor, ghoster, formerly with Universal Studios, Capitol Records, seeking free-lance assignments. Write PO Box 99233, San Diego 92109.

PERSONALS

BECAUSE YOU ARE AN INDIVIDUAL you are uniquely different. For that reason your wedding should be as unique as you. I'll perform your wedding however and wherever you like. Call 460-5430.

USS ENTERPRISE NCC101: We have an emergency shipment of quadrilateral for Omega Alpha which we are unable to deliver. Please advise us as to your status. Love, USS Constitution NCC 1836.

PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE... for all of us... 298-0861... Jan.

GUY OF AVERAGE height and appearance would like to meet girl of same; interested in Christian fellowship, plants, country-folk music, sun, bikes, tennis. M.K. Box 99911, San Diego, 92109.

SEND ME A DOLLAR and a stamped, addressed envelope, and I'll send you a dumb thank you note. Address: Sender of Dumb-Thank-You-Notes, Insanity Unlimited, 4581 1/2 Park Blvd., San Diego, 92116.

HELP ME WRITE and mail Dumb-Thank-You-Notes. If you write the note, you get the buck. Dumb female over eighteen preferred. Sender of Dumb-Thank-You-Notes, 4581 1/2 Park Blvd., San Diego 92116. 299-8854.

ASTROLOGER(S) WANTED: who wants fame and publicity. I will publicize you and create a public-student workshop, seminar, lecture, convention, etc. Write press releases about you and get you on T.V., radio, news, etc. for 30% of your intake from the event(s) created. (Anne) 295-0961, 6 to 8 p.m. daily.

BACKPACKING THIS SUMMER? Like rambling over miles of Sierra High country, lying out by mountain lakes and scrambling up to surrounding summits? I do. I'm a 23-year-old leftist male med student looking for companions for a trip from August 15-22. Call Marty, 276-8156.

MEN, DID YOU know there's a guy (in La Jolla, no less) that still believes in finding out what you want for an end result before, yes before, he styles your hair? He's weird, but he offers suggestions on keeping your hair long or full, but cut properly so it's no hassle for you, without jells, sprays, etc. It's not really expensive; a cut every three months is less than 10¢ a day. Call Tom at The Hair Factory, 459-2400. He's someone you can recommend to your friends. See our display ad on page 9.

MAN, 27, wishes to meet young woman (18-30) who enjoys bicycling, music, sports and the beach, to share oceanfront apartment in Mission Beach. Call Ed, 488-1549 evenings.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH. Plan on beginning informal weekly group meeting soon. Make new friends. Share experiences, questions, problems and meditation. Tentative depending on number of responses from those interested in growing with others. Chuck, 291-3353.

WE NEED STUDENTS to give a minimum of 10 hours a week to help runaway teenagers experience a summer that might make a difference. Learn how an established street agency, providing a professional service, works. Project Oz 272-3003.

LOST ABOUT one year ago 2 ceramic dresser lamps, one a girl at bottom of tree trunk, one a boy against the tree trunk. A ceramic barbeque ash tray, a porcelain clock. I made the ceramic pieces and they are personal treasures. I've not been able to locate them and hope better results of ad in paper. I moved from Marie Kolopis, 3527 Cowly Way, 92119 to Sue P. Thompson, 7946 Donzee St. 92123. A college boy moved me, David, works at a station and going to Mesa College. Anyone knowing of these pieces please contact me immediately. Perry, 270-5953.

SINCERE INDIVIDUALS with an over average IQ who believe in the future of a direct and participatory democracy are asked to volunteer for pilot project in research of new discussion techniques which will make it possible to implement into reality a modern concept of democracy leading to a true people's self-government. Call Moritz, 299-2347.

PERRY HOLLEY WRIGHT, or anyone who can help me to get in touch with her: contact June Rybolt at 8509-C Villa La Jolla, La Jolla: 452-8556.

DONATE YOUR REUSEABLE discards (clothing, furniture, appliances, etc.) to Christian Outreach, a non-profit, non-denominational organization. Call 235-6900. Same day pick-up in most cases. Tax deductible.

UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE is trying to hear what they're not saying, what they perhaps will never be able to say. 236-DEFY.

PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED. Call 469-1911.

TROUBLED? DEPRESSED? Don't know where to turn? In your Bible please read Psalm 42:5 and 11 and Job 33: 15 and 16. If you do not own one, the Public Library is well stocked with Bibles.

TALL PROGRESSIVE man, 50, seeks attractive younger housekeeper Full time or part time. Salary open. 2 bedroom, 2 bath luxury apartment. Good life for right person. 291-7716.

CARS

1972 TOYOTA Hi-lux pickup. Good condition. New tires. Assume payments. 488-2541

1963 OLDSMOBILE Super 88, radio, heater, four door, new tires, smog certified, full power, excellent condition, \$250 or best offer. Call 452-1217.

VW BUS, rebuilt engine, \$1100. 755-7852.

1968 RAMBLER AMERICAN: tight transportation car, AM radio, heater, five new tires, completely pollution certified. \$700. Call 272-6055 or 459-3755.

1968 CORVETTE, 327, 4 speed, AM/FM. Call after 6 pm. 278-5835.

BIKES

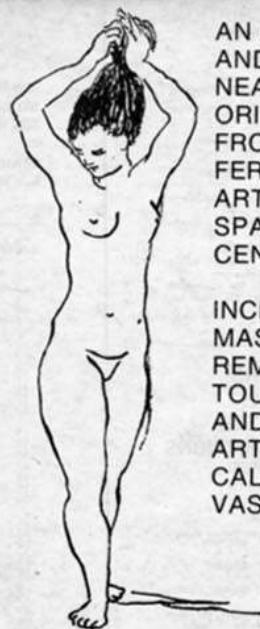
BENOTTO TOURING, all Campi, universal brakes, Columbus tubing. \$280. 20" sting-ray. \$20. 755-3148.

1973 KAWASAKI G3-90cc listed as 2nd best buy of '73 by "Cycle Magazine". Virtually new bike, 62 m.p.g. 272-6055 or 459-3755.

RIDES

RIDERS (1 or 2) needed to share expenses to Tucson. Leave August 19 or 20. Contact Chuck at 279-0390 (days).

Enjoy!



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5 SAN DIEGO PREMIERE PRODUCTIONS INTRODUCING the 1974-75 Season of Exciting Plays

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1 October 8
through
November 10

GODSPELL music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz

An international hit... cheerfully irreverent, spirited, loving... bolstered with rock, folk, country and pop songs... woven around the teachings of Jesus

2 November 19
through
December 22

AN INSPECTOR CALLS by J. B. Priestley

Highly suspenseful drama... each member of a wealthy family reveals some implication in the death of a shop girl... all deny guilt until faced with incriminating evidence

3 January 7
through
February 9

6 RMS RIV VU by Ron Randall

A charming writer and a cheerful housewife, both married but not to each other... potential renters of a New York apartment... become romantically attracted in this fresh comedy

4 February 18
through
March 23

YOU NEVER CAN TELL by George Bernard Shaw

A Victorian mother teaches her children "advanced" ideas while away from England... after returning they discover ideas sup-planting with ever-changing life-styles

5 April 1
through
May 4

ABELARD AND HELOISE by Ronald Millar

One of the greatest love stories of all time... a 12th century monastic scholar and poet loses his heart and reason to love... enforced separation provides drama in the highest spirit

carter center stage

1 September 24
through
October 27

BUTLEY by Simon Gray

This brilliant comedy drama keeps you laughing at this infuriating college professor... he attempts to make life a living hell for himself, family, friends and associates

2 November 5
through
December 8

SCHOOL FOR WIVES by Moliere

Trained since childhood to become the obedient and faithful wife to an older man, a young girl is shielded from the outside world... her husband outwits himself in this sparkling comedy romp

3 January 21
through
February 23

MACBETH by Eugene Ionesco West Coast Premiere

Ionesco, one of the forerunners of 'theatre of the absurd', based his newest play closely on "Macbeth"... Shakespeare lovers will be intrigued with the new plot twists

4 March 4
through
April 6

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND by Tom Stoppard

Two drama critics become involved in this cleverly interwoven plot... the play-within-a-play technique revolves around a romantic quadrangle, murder and mad-cap confusion.

5 April 15
through
May 18

THE TENTH MAN by Paddy Chayefsky

A warm, amusing and vital adaptation of the traditional fable "The Dybbuk." An elderly Jew joins with friends to seek a "cure" for his granddaughter, believed to be possessed by a devil.

Plays subject to change at the discretion of the management

STUDENTS
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through college

MILITARY
Enlisted
active duty

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Old Globe Theatre SECTION A, B, C D, E, F	Carter Center Stage SECTION A, B
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Sunday Matinees	
\$10.00 or \$9.00	\$9.00

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2. BONUS Subscription offer not available toward Students/Military Subscription Offer
3. Not available Friday or Saturday evening
4. Subscription Series Tickets will be held for you at the box office until the first performance
5. Show proof of status to box office for each Subscription purchased when you arrive for your first performance

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2. BONUS Subscription offer not available for this Special Senior Citizens Subscription offer
3. Subscription Series Tickets will be held for you at the box office until the first performance
4. Show proof of status to box office for each Subscription purchased when you arrive for your first performance

old globe theatre

Performance	Section	5 Play Subscription Price	Regular Single Ticket Price	SAVE
Fri & Sat Eve	A, B, C	\$17	\$4.25	\$4.25
Fri & Sat Eve	D, E, F	\$15	\$3.75	\$3.75
Tue, Wed, Thur or Sun Eve	A, B, C	\$15	\$3.75	\$3.75
Tue, Wed, Thur or Sun Eve	D, E, F	\$13	\$3.25	\$3.25
Sun Matinee	A, B, C	\$13	\$3.25	\$3.25
Sun Matinee	D, E, F	\$11	\$2.75	\$2.75

STUDENTS (full time) MILITARY (Enlisted active duty)

Series	Day	Play 1	Play 2	Play 3	Play 4	Play 5
1	Tue	Oct 8	Nov 19	Jan 7	Feb 18	Apr 1
2	Wed	Oct 9	Nov 20	Jan 8	Feb 19	Apr 2
3	Thur	Oct 10	Nov 21	Jan 9	Feb 20	Apr

SENIOR CITIZEN 60 and over (Matinee only)

6 MAT	Sun	Oct 13	Nov 24	Jan 12	Feb 23	Apr 6
7 EVE	Sun	Oct 13	Nov 24	Jan 12	Feb 23	Apr 6
8	Tue	Oct 15	Nov 26	Jan 14	Feb 25	Apr 8
9	Wed	Oct 16	Nov 27	Jan 15	Feb 26	Apr 9
10	Thur	Oct 17	Nov 29	Jan 16	Feb 23	Apr 9

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

*SOLD OUT
**LIMITED AVAILABILITY

carter center stage

Performance	Section	5 Play Subscription Price	Regular Single Ticket Price	SAVE
Fri & Sat Eve	A, B	\$17	\$4.25	\$4.25
Tue, Wed, Thur or Sun Eve	A, B	\$15	\$3.75	\$3.75
Sun Matinee	A, B	\$13	\$3.25	\$3.25

STUDENTS (full time) MILITARY (Enlisted active duty)

Tue, Wed, Thur or Sun Eve	A, B	\$11	\$3.75	\$7.75
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SENIOR CITIZEN 60 and over (Matinee only)

Sun Matinee	A, B	\$10	\$3.25	\$6.25
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Series	Day	Play 1	Play 2	Play 3	Play 4	Play 5
1	Tue	Sept 24	Nov 5	Jan 21	Mar 4	Apr 15
2	Wed	Sept 25	Nov 6	Jan 22	Mar 5	Apr 16
3	Thur	Sept 26	Nov 7	Jan 23	Mar 6	Apr 17
4	Fri	Sept 27	Nov 8	Jan 24	Mar 7	Apr 18
5	Sat	Sept 28	Nov 9	Jan 25	Mar 8	Apr 19
6	EVE	Sept 29	Nov 10	Jan 26	Mar 9	Apr 20
7	Tue	Oct 1	Nov 12	Jan 28	Mar 11	Apr 22
8	Wed	Oct 2	Nov 13	Jan 29	Mar 12	Apr 23
9	Thur	Oct 3	Nov 14	Jan 30	Mar 13	Apr 24
10	Fri	Oct 4	Nov 15	Jan 31	Mar 14	Apr 25
11	Sat	Oct 5	Nov 16	Feb 1	Mar 15	Apr 26
12	MAT	Oct 6	Nov 17	Feb 2	Mar 16	Apr 27
13	EVE	Oct 6	Nov 17	Feb 2	Mar 16	Apr 27
14	Tue	Oct 8	Nov 19	Feb 4	Mar 18	Apr 29
15	Wed	Oct 9	Nov 20	Feb 5	Mar 19	Apr 30
16	Thur	Oct 10	Nov 21	Feb 6	Mar 20	May 1
17	Fri	Oct 11	Nov 22	Feb 7	Mar 21	May 2
18	Sat	Oct 12	Nov 23	Feb 8	Mar 22	May 3
19	EVE	Oct 13	Nov 24	Feb 9	Mar 23	May 4
20	Tue	Oct 15	Nov 26	Feb 11	Mar 25	May 6
21	Wed	Oct 16	Nov 27	Feb 12	Mar 26	May 7
22	Thur	Oct 17	Nov 28	Feb 13	Mar 27	May 8
23	Fri	Oct 18	Nov 29	Feb 14	Mar 28	May 9
24	Sat	Oct 19	Nov 30	Feb 15	Mar 29	May 10
25	MAT	Oct 20	Dec 1	Feb 16	Mar 30	May 11
26	EVE	Oct 20	Dec 1	Feb 16	Mar 30	May 11
27	Tue	Oct 22	Dec 3	Feb 18	Apr 1	May 13
28	Wed	Oct 23	Dec 4	Feb 19	Apr 2	May 14
29	Thur	Oct 24	Dec 5	Feb 20	Apr 3	May 15
30	Fri	Oct 25	Dec 6	Feb 21	Apr 4	May 16
31	Sat	Oct 26	Dec 7	Feb 22	Apr 5	May 17
32	MAT	Oct 27	Dec 8	Feb 23	Apr 6	May 18
33	EVE	Oct 27	Dec 8	Feb 23	Apr 6	May 18

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No. of Subscriptions	_____
Carter Total	_____
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