Deja Vu at Camp Pendleton, p.5

READER

Vol. 4 No. 16 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY May 15 – May 21, 1975

GUERRILLA T.V.

Ironically, the conservatives were responsible for Public Access T.V.

—Mark Woelber—

For years, liberals gave television flak for pandering to middle-class values and creating a commercial wasteland. More recently, former Vice-president Agnew tapped a major source of public resentment when he accused television executives of being an elite group of Eastern liberal intellectuals. Furthermore, President Nixon directed federal authorities to investigate the three major networks for anti-trust violations. Engaged in what it considered to be a Constitutional issue, the networks fought back, in the press and the courts.

Everybody wanted a slice of TV. Critics and networks alike, paraded the First Amendment to back up their positions.

Certain conservative groups felt they should have the right to buy equal time. In the BEM (Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace) case, the Supreme Court rejected this notion. Upholding the broadcaster's right of discretion, the Court said that Congress had never intended the First Amendment to mean that "broadcast facilities should be open on a nonselective basis to all persons wishing to talk about public issues." At the same time, the Court warned that television still had an obligation to provide "the kind of uninhibited, robust and wide-open exchange of views to which the public is constitutionally entitled."

The general public, as opposed to the "private" public represented by the BEM wanted a better shot, too. Through the Sixties, manifold complaints hit the networks and the FCC regarding unfair coverage and, more grievously, lack of representation in entertainment, news, and public affairs. According to network news departments, they did their best to be fair. Still, the word "suppression" began to form on the lips of critics. Eric Sevareid of CBS News exposed the depth of the chasm between networks and groups "presumed to be suppressed" when he said, "How do you know about them to begin with, except through the press?" Newsmen have often been accused of parochialism. Sevareid confirmed the standards: "Nobody ever said anybody had the right of access . . . unless they were interesting enough to deserve attention." Millions of Americans knew it shouldn't be true.

A more sinister attack came from the federal government. In the late Sixties, the government demanded access and rebuttal time of its own, and threatened to take it. Nothing makes the media squirm like federal intervention.

The government claimed the media was nonrepresentative and elitist, and suggested stricter regulation. The networks already cringed under the gun of "ascertainment." Ascertainment is the process through which the FCC grants tri annual license renewals if the station has acted in the public "interest, convenience, and necessity"; that

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The result is a motley, somewhat crude, sometimes boring, but rather refreshing assortment of homemade, "people" television.

— Reba Janes —

Are you a Mission Cable television subscriber? If so, you may have run across some rather strange programs while idly twiddling the dial. Mission Cable Channel 24, at the far reaches of the dial, is San Diego's version of public access television, a do-it-yourself sort of thing that is nothing like television you usually watch.

The most obvious difference is the type of programs you might see. Commercial television abounds with slick cops-and-robbers, family conflict, and variety shows. Too often, the basic plots are the same, and the relevance of the characters' experiences to your own life may be slight. Public service announcements on commercial television, which are short "commercials" for nonprofit, community service organizations, are both shorter and more pointed than most public access programs. The programs on public television, in the style of KPBS, are definitely an alternative to commercial television, but they are still conceptualized and produced by professionals and generally deal with "high brow" cultural material.

Public access programs, however, are made by all kinds of people — students, senior citizens, and middle-aged folk, social change advocates, conservatives, and the unconcerned; artists, professionals, and your next-door neighbor. Accordingly, the programs treat a variety of subjects that directly pertain to the lives of San Diegans. Recent tapes shown on Channel 24 included documentaries on a comic book convention, the making of an operatic production, and vegetarianism; talk shows about public access (what else?) and racial conflict; and interviews with waitresses, energy experimenters, and local artists. There have even been a few "video-art" tapes.

The types of programs directly reflect the interests of the people who live in San Diego, because the people who decide what kinds of programs to make are those who would normally be on the receiving end of TV — you and me. There is no television executive deciding whether your program will sell a product; nobody decides whether your program is a worthy contribution to the world of television programs. Anything that you want to put on public access goes on, providing that it doesn't violate Federal Communications Commission prohibitions against obscenity, commercial advertising, political campaigning, and lottery information. The result is a motley, somewhat crude, sometimes boring, but rather refreshing assortment of homemade "people" television.

One way to get a better idea of what public access is all about is to watch it. But

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events

MAY 15 — MAY 21, 1975

The Events Page is compiled every week and is sponsored alternately by Southern California First National Bank and Bare Woods Furniture. Listings as well as drawings, photos, etc. should be sent to READER EVENTS, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138 and should be received by the Saturday before the Thursday of publication.

FILMS

THE MAGIC OF VENICE, travel film presented by Explorama Civic Theatre, Tuesday, May 20, 8:15 p.m. 236-6510.

IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG, Vietnam documentary by Emile De Antonio; David Harris will speak. UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, Thursday, May 15, 8 p.m. 452-4559.

AMERICAN ART IN THE SIXTIES, a documentary written and narrated by art critic Barbara Rose, featuring artists Helen Frankenthaler, Ed Kienholz, Jasper Johns, Kenneth Noland, Claes Oldenburg, Ed Ruscha, Andy Warhol, others. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Hall, Wednesday, May 21, 8 p.m. 454-0183.

LECTURES AND READINGS

ART CRITIC Henry Seldis will speak on "Art and the Critic," La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Thursday, May 15, 8 p.m. 454-0183.

INEX TALAMANTEX BROLASKI: American Indian Poetry, UCSD, Humanities Library Auditorium, Friday, May 16, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

PHOTOGRAPHER Robert Fichter will speak on "The Photo as Personal Document," La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Hall, Tuesday, May 20, 8 p.m. 454-0183.

JOSINE IANCO-STARRELS, Associate Professor of Art and Gallery Director at Cal. State, Los Angeles, will speak on "Contemporary Art: Questions of Relevance." Grossmont College Gallery, Wednesday, May 21, 8 p.m. 465-1700, Wednesday, May 21, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

THEATRE

THE HOT L BALTIMORE, by Lanford Wilson. Thursdays Fridays and Saturdays through May. 8:30 Premiere on Friday, April 18. Mission Playhouse, Old Town. 295-6453.

THE BAD SEED: Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, May 2 through June 14, 8:30 p.m. 238-9609.

TWIGS, a comedy by George Furth, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays through Sundays, May 9 through June 21, 8:30 p.m. 435-4856.

THE BOY FRIEND: Sandy Wilson's musical spoof of the 1920s, presented by San Diego Junior Theatre, in the Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, Fridays at 7:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays at 2 p.m., May 9 through 18. 239-1311.

SOUP FROM A STICK, a children's play, Mira Costa College, Friday, May 9, 7 p.m., and Saturdays, May 10 and 17, 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. 757-2121, ext. 51.

GUYS AND DOLLS, the Frank Loesser-Jo Swirling-Abe Burrows musical. Apolliad Theatre, Mesa College. Saturday, May 17, and Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24, 8 p.m. 279-[illegible].

H.M.S. PINAFORE, by Gilbert and Sullivan. North County Community Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, through May 31, 8 p.m. 726-9802.

THE TENTH MAN, by Paddy Chayefsky. Cassius Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, through Saturday, May 17, 8 p.m. and Sunday, May 18, 2 and 8 p.m. 239-2255.

DANCE

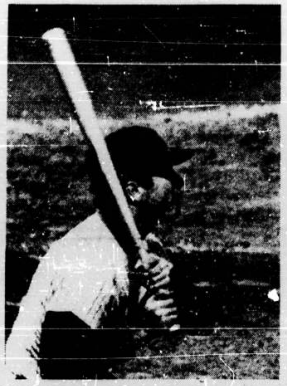
THE TAMBURITZANS, Slavic dancers from Duquesne University, presented by St. George Serbian Orthodox Church. Al Bahr Shrine Auditorium, 5440 Kearny Mesa, Saturday, May 17, 8 p.m.

DANCE ODYSSEY '75, directed by Katherine Cornwell, Southwestern College, Mayan Hall, Thursday through Saturday, May 15 through 17, 8 p.m. 420-1331.

LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS, a dance and mime theater, UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, Friday, May 16, 8 p.m. 452-4559.

SAN DIEGO BALLET and Natalia Makarova, Civic Theatre, Saturday, May 17, at 8 p.m., and Sunday, May 18, at 2:30 and 8 p.m. 236-6510.

SPORTS



BASEBALL: Padres vs. St. Louis, San Diego Stadium, Monday through Wednesday, May 19 through 21, 7 p.m. 283-4494.

GALLERIES

ALL MEMBER EXHIBIT, featuring Shirley Kalish, serigraphs; Norma McGee, paintings and drawings; Jeanne Otis, ceramics; Catherine Ruane, intaglio; Rush Glick, paintings. Triad Gallery, May 20 through June 7. 299-6543.

DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS by John Hoach, Artists Co-operative Gallery, May 20 through June 8. 296-0200.

STUDENT ART SHOW: Crafts, ceramics, jewelry, drawings and photography, through May 20; paintings, sculpture, concepts, and environments, from May 22 through 29, Southwestern College Art Gallery. 420-1331.

RIBBONS AND DRAWINGS by Sara Sealander, and "Black Works" by Kazuo Ota, UCSD Humanities Library Gallery, through May 23. 452-2864.

LITHOGRAPHS AND SCREENPRINTS by Carol Catalano, SDSU, Art Department Gallery, May 19-23.

"CONTAIN YOURSELF," an all member craft exhibition, Many-Hands Gallery, through June 15. 583-0928.

SPECIAL EVENTS

ICE FOLLIES, Sports Arena, Tuesday through Friday (May 13-16), 8 p.m., Saturday (May 17), 2 and 8 p.m., Sunday (May 18), 2 and 6 p.m. 224-5176.

6TH ANNUAL FIESTA DE LA PRIMAVERA: Indian exhibits, Spanish Folkloric dancers, fiddle and banjo contests. Old Town State Park, Thursday through Sunday, May 15 through 18, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 297-2119.

SOLAR ENERGY: FUTURE PROSPECTS AND PRESENT REALITY: a one-day conference sponsored by UCSD's Third College, UCSD, Revelle Campus, Room 2722 USB, Saturday, May 17, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. 452-4002.

HYPNOTIST Michael Dean will perform, UCSD, Revelle Cafeteria, Monday, May 19, 8:30 p.m. 452-4090.

MUSIC

THE OLD MAID AND THE THIEF, Menotti's opera, performed by Pt. Loma College students. Salomon Theatre, Pt. Loma College, Thursday and Friday, May 15 and 16, 8 p.m.

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY, with the San Diego Symphonic Chorale, will perform works by Kodaly and Mozart; conducted by Peter Eros. Civic Theatre, Thursday and Friday, May 15 and 16, 8 p.m. 236-6510.

THE CRUCIBLE, Robert Ward's opera based on the Arthur Miller drama. Presented by SDSU's Opera Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, S.D. State. Friday, May 16, 8 p.m.

GUITARIST Francisco Espinosa, performing fandangos, tangos, bulerias, jotas, alegrias, and zapateados. Grossmont College Student Center, Friday, May 16, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY, conducted by Thomas Nee, will perform *Piano Concerto No. 1* by Scriabin, *Symphonie Fantastique* by Berlioz, and *Inyo-Zu* by UCSD composer Michael McGee. UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, Saturday, May 17, 8 p.m., and Sherwood Hall, Sunday, May 18, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH," presented by the Grossmont College Community Orchestra and the Civic Youth Orchestra, assisted by the combined choirs of Grossmont College, Point Loma College, and Granite Hills High School. Grossmont College Gymnasium, Saturday, May 17, 7:30 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT, performed by the San Diego Symphony, Civic Theatre, Saturday, May 17, 10 and 11:30 a.m. 236-6510.

CHORAL CONCERT, Southwestern College, Mayan Hall, Sunday, May 18, 4 p.m. 420-1331.

CELLIST Alice Connolly, USD Camino Theater, Sunday, May 18, 3 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354

MINI-CONCERT: Festival Piano Quintet, with pianist Howard Wells, cellist Mary Lindbloom, violist Douglas Mounger, and violinists Mary Karo and Joanna White, will play Schumann's Piano Quintet. Grand Salon, Community Concourse, Monday, May 19, 12 noon and 2:30 p.m. 236-6500.

VOCAL RECITAL, with baritone Vincent Russo, performing songs by Handel, Krenek, Wolf, Chanler, Ravel. UCSD, Mandeville Recital Hall, Tuesday, May 20, 8 p.m. 452-3229.

COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA CONCERT. Guest conductor, John Garvey; piano soloist, Marsha Long. Madison High School Auditorium, Tuesday, May 20, 8:15 p.m.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Send listing for Music Scene, as well as photos, other promo material, to Music Scene, Box 80803, San Diego 92138. The deadline for receipt of Music Scene material is Monday.

ALBATROSS: NOVA (jazz), every night. 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar. 755-6744.

ANCIENT MARINER: RUBIN HUTSON BAND, Wednesday through Saturday; GUY & NANCY, Sunday. 2725 Shelter Island Dr. 224-8242.

ATLANTIS RESTAURANT: R. B. PEOPLE MOVERS, Tuesday through Saturday; LOVE & LAUGHTER, Sunday and Monday. 2595 Ingraham (next to Sea World). 224-2434.

BACKDOOR: McCOY TYNER, Friday & Saturday, May 16 and 17, 7:30 and 10 p.m. Aztec Center, San Diego State. 286-6252.

BOATHOUSE: LARRY PAGE (folk, soft rock), Tuesday through Saturday; DEAN SCHULENBERG, Sunday. 2040 Harbor Island Dr. 291-5011.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: EMERALD CITY (jazz rock), Wednesday through Sunday; GUY & NANCY, Monday and Tuesday. 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555.

CATAMARAN: BLOSSOM DEARIE (jazz vocalist), 9 and 11:30 p.m.; JOE PASS (guitarist), 10 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Both on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 16-18. 3999 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach. 459-6679.

CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE: DUSTY BEST & JOHN BACH, Wednesday through Saturday. 1250 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-5325.

CIVIC THEATRE: CHUCK MANGIONE, with concert orchestra and soloists, Tuesday, May 20, 8 p.m. 236-6510.

CLIMAX: OHIO SILVER (soul), Tuesday through Sunday; ANITA ROBINS & THE BIRDIE CARTER TRIO (jazz), Sunday, 4-8 p.m. 202 Market. 239-9336.

Grace Slick

CONCEPTION BAY FISH CO.: CLARENCE BELL & TOTAL SPECTRUM (jazz), Thursday through Sunday. 2806 Shelter Island Dr. 224-3611.

FAT FINGERS: THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, rock, Sunday, May 18. 1050 University, Hillcrest. 295-2195.

GREEN ONION: KENNY MUNNS & COUNTRY BRED (country rock), Tuesday through Saturday. 4000 Kearny Mesa Rd. 278-2230.

IRON HORSE: STAINED GLASS, Wednesday through Sunday. 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa. 465-7663.

JAMAICA JOE'S: CRYSTAL CLEAR, Tuesday through Sunday. 3595 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251.

LE CHALET: JOEL SONENSHEIN, Thursday through Saturday, 9 p.m. 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach. 222-5300.

LEDBETTER'S: HOLY SMOKE, Monday through Saturday. 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

MANDOLIN WIND: DARRYL RAY (folk rock), Wednesday through Saturday. 308 University Ave., Hillcrest. 297-3017.

MOM'S SALOON: STEVENS BROTHERS, Tuesday through Sunday. 943 Garnet, Pacific Beach. 488-3366.

NEUTRAL GROUND: JUMBALAYAH, Sunday through Tuesday, May 18-20. 47th and University. 284-9521 or 282-8106.

ORANGO'S VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT: SANDY DUTKY & WALT RICHARDS, Friday and Saturday, May 16 and 17, 9:30 p.m. 112 W. Washington, Hillcrest. 299-4174.

PARK PLACE LOUNGE: LITTLE SISTER & DANCE MACHINE, rock, Wednesday through Sunday; FOX, rock, Monday and Tuesday. 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 448-4111.

THE PEOPLE: CLAIRE MILNER, Monday through Wednesday; DAVE GARCIA & FRIENDS, folk and country, Thursday through Saturday; TOMCAT, blues, Sunday. 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach. 223-9773.

PRAIRIE CATTLE CO.: MARK BAKER, soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday. 12237 Pomerado Rd., Poway. 566-2050.

PUB 'N GRUB: RICK BRICE, folk, Thursday through Saturday, 9 p.m. 5505 Jackson Dr., La Mesa. 465-8080.

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MUSIC SCENE

ROYAL PALMS RESTAURANT: STEVE AUSTIN AND PAUL SPRAGUE, jazz, Thursday, May 15. Carlsbad and Elm, Carlsbad. 729-2339.

SAFETY: LOVE, PEACE, AND HAPPINESS, Wednesday through Sunday. 6323 Imperial Ave., Logan Heights. 263-4590.

SIDE DOOR: LADD ROBERTS, folk, Wednesday, May 21, 8:30 p.m. Coffee Hut, Revelle Campus, UCSD. 452-4020.

SPORTS ARENA: JEFFERSON STARSHIP WITH GRACE SLICK, COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN, Wednesday, May 21, 7:30 p.m. 224-4176.

SPRINGFIELD WAGON WORKS: FRED SEIDEL, piano, soft rock. Thursday through Saturday. 690 N. 2nd, El Cajon. 440-5757.

STONE STEPS TAVERN: JACK TEMPCHIN, Friday, May 16; BLUEGRASS NIGHT, Sunday, May 18; HOOTNIGHT, Monday, May 19; HUNT AND PECK, Tuesday, May 20; MANZANITA, Wednesday, May 21. 756½ N. Highway 101, Leucadia. 753-9732.

SWAN SONG: DAVID CHENEY, flamenco guitarist, Thursday; STEVE O'CONNOR & BUTCH LACEY, jazz. 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach. 272-7802.

TIKI HOUSE: SCOTT PHILLIPS, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday. 1152 Garnet, Pacific Beach. 488-9301.

TOM HAM'S LIGHTHOUSE: SIDRO'S ARMADA, Las Vegas show group, through June 1. 2150 Harbor Island Dr. 291-9110.

TRITON RESTAURANT: RUE, JAMES, RUSSELL, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday. College Ave. and El Cajon Blvd. 583-3240.

USD: JAZZ WORKSHOP, high school and college musicians. Camino Theatre. Thursday, May 15, 8 p.m. 291-6480.

VOYAGER: NOONEY PICKETT, rock, Wednesday through Sunday; WUNDERLICK, rock, Monday and Tuesday. 1901 Shelter Island Dr. 222-0421.

YACHT CLUB: JUKE RHYTHM BAND, jazz-rock, Tuesday through Saturday; RED RABBIT, Sunday and Monday. 4268 W. Pt. Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

A Taco Was Never Like This

—Eleanor Widmer—

The Restaurant: Si Senor
Type of Food: Gourmet Mexican Cookery
The Location: Shopping Center off Jackson Drive and Fletcher Parkway, 8320 Parkway Drive. 465-3660
Price: Moderate: $3.25-$6.75
Open daily; dinners to 11:30 p.m.

Like it or not, we are strongly influenced by names. The constant imprecations from the mass media to favor one commercial product over another, to purchase items with such dubious claims as preventing "ring-around-the collar", or aerosol sprays that threaten the ozone layer, have made us both wary and sensitive to labels. And victims. Despite all caution, I find myself singing, "Make life a little easier" as if it were a folk song instead of a commercial, and one day folklorists may decide that singing commercials are just that. (I can remember a mother, some years back, urging her toddler to sing "Rinso white / rinso white / . . ." at a birthday party). Which brings me to the names of restaurants.

In general, I avoid eating places with the words "jolly" or "happy." Not because I am a misanthrope, but because the chain that calls itself The Jolly Ox serves little to give us the jollies. Because of our standardized responses to Paris as a city for lovers and artists, French restaurants, employing even one French word, such as **chez**, immediately have it made, whereas Mexican ones, beginning with Azteca House and ending with Su Casa, conjure up the inevitable combination plate — tacos, enchiladas, refried beans. For several months, I had heard of Si Senor but resisted it because its stylized ad of a Mexican in sombrero and pancho brought to mind yet another place where the **tostada suprema** was king. But Si Senor boasts gourmet Mexican cookery, and it delivers it.

To be sure, standard Mexican fare is available at Si Senor, ($3.25-$3.95), though one would be foolish to opt for it when so many unusual and marvelously prepared dishes are available.

The house specialty, **Queso fundido**, (melted cheese and spices) comes served in a chafing dish and with warm tortillas. This proved superior to any melted cheese dish I had sampled in a Mexican restaurant, and though we had it as an appetizer ($2.25) I was reluctant to quit spooning that smooth, warm, creamy stuff into the tortillas.

For sweetbread (pancreas) lovers, I recommend **Mollejas con chile verde**. Sweetbreads, most often associated with French cookery, receive royal treatment at Si Senor. It does cost $6.50, but its preparation and taste warrant the expense. My advice is to share the dishes that you order at Si Senor as if you were at a Chinese banquet where the main objective is to sample as many different dishes as possible. The shrimp in garlic sauce, **Camarones al mojo de ajo**, were outstanding ($5.95).

What about the exotic **Pechuga de pollo** (chicken in mole)? This consists of breast of chicken whose sauce tastes predominately of chocolate. As you are doubtless aware, chocolate has been used in Mexican cookery since the time of the Mayan Indians — I add cocoa and cinnamon to my chili and even to gazpacho soup as I learned the preparation of these dishes from someone who cooked "authentically." If you are not afraid of chocolate on fowl, the sauce, with raisins, nuts and cinnamon will not disappoint your search for the unique. This, too, should be eaten in conjunction with a dish that is more **piquante**, else it becomes cloying.

Mention should be made of the soups and salads. The meat ball soup was very fine, the **sopa de tortilla** good, but not exceptional, (60c a cup; 85c a bowl). The salad comes listed in the menu in the following way: "Mexico is not a land of salads. Ours is at best, ordinary. Tip: try the soups."

The dinners are served with black beans, which are superior in flavor to brown beans, Mexican rice, choice of soup or salad and hot corn and flour tortillas. My escort drank Noche Buena beer, which he praised as the equivalent of bock beer. There are several Mexican beers listed, but the beef remains U.S.D.A. choice eastern.

On the night we visited, (a Thursday) we were seranaded with Perfidia and other Mexican favorites. Although the restaurant is located in a shopping center, it has been tastefully decorated with plants, Mexican paintings, a glassed-in collection of pre-Columbian reproductions.

To my knowledge, this appears to be the only gourmet Mexican restaurant in town. It would be a welcome addition to any city, but is particularly so in San Diego, where the liberal use of guacamole has covered an all too inferior version of Mexican food.

As the price list at Si Senor should indicate, gourmet dinners will cost $5-$7 a meal per person. But you will find **alta cocina** at its best and well worth the drive to La Mesa to partake of it.

Camp Without Joy

– Hal Luton –

photos by John Maher

"She's a half-breed," the Marine tells his friend, a Marine cook. We're all sitting on some wooden boxes outside one of the chow trailers, and this little girl is playing with a piece of

a rosary. It looks like at least 7 Hail Mary's and one Our Father. She keeps swinging it around and around and talking to herself in Vietnamese.

"She's part French, I'm sure. You know the French were in Vietnam before we were. She's probably half-French."

At first I hesitate, but then can't resist: "But the French left in '54 and she's only 7 or 8." The Marine's sergeant orders him back in the chow trailer to help with the serving of the food. The little girl and I are left alone, looking at the stream of other Vietnamese – old ladies in black pajama pants and sweaters, and towels wrapped around their heads, young couples in European pants and American t-shirts, grey-haired ex-businessmen – as they file by with paper plates piled high with lunch. Stew, canned green beans, noodles, cheap American sandwich bread and small cartons of non-fat milk.

The little girl has a light blue barette in her sandy hair. I try asking her if she's from Saigon. No luck. She only smiles and runs away for a while. She comes back and I try a few more questions in my crummy Vietnamese. "An com chua (did you eat yet)?"

"Roi (yes, already)."

"Ten em la gi (what's your name)?"

"Xa."

Vietnamese have been brought to Camp Pendleton. The Camp Pendleton that sent Marines to Danang in the first place, just 10 years ago. With little imagination, you could think

It's sort of ironic that these that you were on a Marine base in Vietnam 5 or 10 years ago. Well, maybe the Marines are a little more – um – mellow. No rifles or barbed wire anyway.

Some Marine cooks are sitting on the grass making jokes with two girls with plucked eyebrows and rouged cheeks. Soul music comes from the chow trailers. The Vietnamese kids surround a Marine cook, take turns hitting him and running away. A Marine captain with heavily starched fatigue cap and blouse and pants walks by, booming out directions to a line of women and children in pidgin English, "Here. You follow me. I show you. This way." An older lady near the dining tents takes samples of fruit punch from the metal jugs and spits it out like beetle nut juice. A 14-year old boy pulls out a pack of Winstons from his t-shirt pocket and offers me a smoke. It's as if the Vietnamese never left Vietnam, or as if we never left.

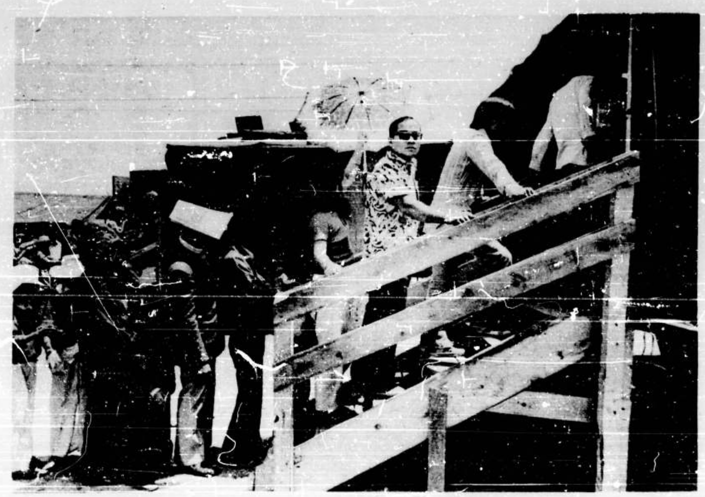
In each of the camps at Camp Pendleton, one of the most interesting things to do is to read the bulletin boards. Not only are there scores of Vietnamese leaving messages for other Vietnamese – lost friends and relatives – but there are the large notes to "The Employees of IBM", to the "Members of the Church of the Latter Day Saints," and a poignant note from an American Army enlisted man in Seattle to a certain Vietnamese Army enlisted friend of his. On each of the camp's bulletin boards, the note is scotch-taped to a Kodacolor print showing the American G.I. and the Vietnamese G.I. smiling at each other, sitting together in the Vietnamese sun on top of an armored track vehicle.

It's not easy to find the person you want to sponsor. You can drive past all eight of the camps and think, geez, I oughta be able to find him. But it's hard. The A.P. spent 5 days trying to find its Pulitzer-Prize winning Vietnamese photographer (the one who took the picture of the little napalmed girl running naked down the road). Finally, after studiously walking in and out of the camps carrying a large sign with the photographer's name on it, they found him.

The Marine officers at the official press briefing are not all that helpful when it comes to specifics. ("You'll have to ask another agency. We aren't in charge of that.") One thing they do know, the warrant officer who briefed us, says, "These are very religious people. Services every day. Buddhist and Catholic." On the tables next to the Officers' Club bar are strewn "Religious Fact Sheets," telling the press that all services are in Vietnamese and that 1500 to 2000 Vietnamese are going to Mass every day."

In Camp Number 8, even having a Marine escort from the Officers' Club doesn't cut it. "Sorry, sir. You'll have to have an escort from Camp 8 Headquarters." As it turns out, Camp Number 8 is where Nguyen Cao Ky is staying and the Marine Corps is being careful.

Up from Camp 8, back towards the Officers' Club a lady wearing a cowboy hat crosses the road cautiously. In a tent on one side of the road, three sisters play cards and laugh at a group of four Marines who walk by. Four little kids play frisbee with two other Marines near the tent, and an older girl on a small hill shows her younger brother how to use a hula hoop.



TV I

(continued from page 1)

is, if it has had a fair proportion of public affairs to commercial and program broadcasting.

Media countered with a charge of Big Brotherism. The debate became esoteric — the right to speak versus the right to be heard; television as government (with direct public representation) versus television as interpreter (professional representation); mechanical access versus "idea" dissemination — until no one could see the First Amendment hairs being split.

The battle focused on the FCC's "Fairness Doctrine," a result of the Communications Act of 1934, and its various interpretations. The act provides for "reasonable, realistic, practical opportunities for presentation and discussion of conflicting views on controversial issues." Networks charged that the government's interpretation of this doctrine amounted to censorship.

As far back as 1935, **U.S. News and World Report**, a media leader of the time, warned against the then-new FCC policy of ascertainment. Calling it a club over the head of broadcasters, **U.S. News** editorialized that "nowhere in law is a broadcaster obligated to comply with a mandate of serving public interest, convenience, or necessity. If there were a mandate, who is to make the rules or issue the instructions. To authorize them means censorship — the route to repression."

Thus, the spirit of free enterprise expressed itself during Roosevelt's New Deal administration. But the FCC prevailed, ascertainment became standard practice, and the Supreme Court sanctioned the Fairness Doctrine in 1949.

In the intervening years the notion of Fairness took on a new tone. Under Nixon, the interpretation of right of access became a "right to be heard," and the Fairness Doctrine, coupled with the ascertainment process, became the feared club. According to Clay Whitehead, Nixon-appointed head of the FCC, license renewal depended upon the applicant having "demonstrated that he has been substantially in tune with the needs and interests of the community concerned." Newsmen, in particular, prefered to decide themselves who to coddle or investigate, and considered the guidelines to be authoritarian.

The adversary relationships between private interest groups, federal government and network television created a lot of friction. The general public nearly got lost in the sparks.

But not quite. In its concentrated effort to dilute network power by any method, the Nixon administration encouraged legislation requiring cable networks to provide one channel each for government access, educational access, and public access television. After it became law in 1972, Public Access television was to have been the un-censored voice of Middle America.

Public Access got its first test at the Alternative Media Center in New York City. AMC had the equipment, and staffers were prepared to accommodate the FCC guideline of first come, first served.

But there was no Middle American crush at the door.

Instead, the Alternative Media center found itself becoming a medium for what Steve Crouch, program manager of KSDT radio, called the "embodiment of the middle class dream" — pornography. This raised questions Public Access didn't want at the time — censorship, moral responsibility, right of access.

Eventually, the thrill wore off and Public Access came into the hands of a few who interpreted its existence as an educational function. The "mandate of serving public interest" took on new meaning.

Its successes proved to its supporters that the public wanted responsibility for its share of information dissemination. Fairness was not subverted for partisan purposes; Middle America turned out to be another slogan, workers worked and loafers loafed. Public Access broadcast manifested an energy of its own, distinct from corporate or governmental.

As such, Public Access television is, according to Becky Smith of San Diego CVC, a "truly radical concept."

The question of partisan censorship is neatly avoided. "Anything goes," says Smith. There is no problem with what Dick Cavett calls the corporate network's "all-pervasive refusal to treat the viewing audience as adults."

Rather, it is predicated on a genuine public mandate — participation, and direct representation. It is programming designed for the specific interests of small groups.

The equipment is simple, sturdy and cheap, compared to network hardware. Sony and Panasonic Porta-Paks using ½ inch tape cost less than $2,000. Porta-Paks, observes Peter Weiner, author of **Making the Media Revolution**, "make it impossible for any one group to control the flow of televised information." Cable operators provide a channel, equipment and funding, usually matched by grants from outside sources — CVC is funded by a grant from the Alternative Media Center. Work is donated by the community. Red Burns, director of the Alternative Media Center, calls it a "de-mystification" of TV, a way to "plug the people back into the nation's media."

The extent to which the public can plug into Public Access TV is limited only by imagination and breeding.

Unlike network media, there is presently no competition for broadcast time, at least on CVC. And according to law, you can fill that space with whatever you please. Experimental theater. Documentary. How-to-do-its. Violence. Racism. Lies, even, if you'll take responsibility for them.

Just how far can a person go? The dictates of good taste and commercial pressures limit, or censor, the network media. Not so at CVC, although some of the politically-minded staffers would like to take a more affirmative hand in elevating public consciousness. Yet guidance is never allowed to become exhortation. If a tape is created depicting woman as household drudge, it is aired. A tape showing man to be a corporate lackey would also be shown. An Arab might speak on sending the Jews back to Israel, the virtues of vomit or the erotic utility of handguns may be extolled.

No limits? Well, says Becky Smith, "we kind of preview" the shows. It's impossible to know exactly what some of them will be, however, until they're shown. Most people, she says, know the FCC rules: No blatant pornography, no commercials, no political campaigning, no lotteries. Beyond that, anything goes, and the only person responsible is the one who made the film. Each film-maker is required to release CVC, coordinator Ann Prutzman, and sponsor Mission Cable from libel. There are, otherwise, no stockholders or advertisers to answer to.

Despite the opportunities for community service, self-indulgence and rhetoric, and despite the fact that, as one staffer put it, "people like to look at themselves on TV," Public Access has plenty of unfilled broadcast time. It's hard work to keep a schedule filled, a point of detraction to some. According to Richard Salant, president of CBS News and a Public Access critic, many "sub-groups" don't actually want to get on television in their own behalf, they want someone else (the networks) to represent their views, so they can "nod their heads up and down, instead of back and forth."

In fact, there are fewer than a dozen flourishing public access stations in the U.S. Of the three cable networks in San Diego, only one, Mission Cable, provides the public access service. Southwestern Cable had a public access station at one time, but, according to Willa Fitzgerald, cost too much money for too little use; right now, Southwestern picks up the CVC broadcasts from Mission Cable in order to oblige the FCC. This doesn't let them off the hook if desire for public access on Southwestern is expressed in the future. The third company, Televents, has a market of fewer than 3,000 subscribers on Coronado Island. They have no Public Access channel. If you want to make a tape at Televents, they "have a rate for private use." Otherwise, they'll broadcast "whatever's right for the community," as determined by program director Eileen Edinger. Televents staffers run the equipment.

Other factors further limit Public Access viability. The FCC regulations apply to new cable systems only, and until recently a moratorium prevented cable development. At this point, subscribers to Mission Cable's expansion system can pick up the CVC in Santee, Lakeside, Lemon Grove, National City, Normal Heights, Hillcrest, San Carlos, Imperial Beach and Chula Vista; via Southwestern's pick-up to Rancho Bernardo, Pacific Beach, La Jolla and Clairemont.

As cable service expands, the potential for real, wide-based public access increases. If, someday, competition for broadcast time requires decisions by someone as to who goes on, based on quality or potential profit of whatever sort—in a word, censorship—these problems and responsibilities do not bother Public Access yet.

The problem now is exposure, legitimacy despite a small audience.

It is no wonder that, with an intense constitutional debate at the corporate media levels over censorship, responsibility and fairness, not many people care that you could conceivably tune in CVC and watch a full-dress neo-Nazi eating scab lettuce. Middle America is watching Chico and the Man and doesn't care. And the federal government will certainly not go to Public Access television in order to rebut criticisms from the major networks.

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READER

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TV2

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here again, public access is different from commercial television. First, anyone with a TV set can watch commercial television, but to watch public access, you must be a cable television subscriber. More than that, you must be a recent Mission Cable subscriber — at least for the time being. Other cable systems in San Diego will have public access as soon as they have a demand for it. A second difference is that, far from following commercial television's all-day schedule, public access now appears on Mission Cable Channel 24 for only a brief time each week. Currently the channel is "lit" from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Friday nights (and rather than commercials between programs, Channel 24 shows a static title card with taped music in the gaps between programs). The amount of programming will grow as the number of people who make programs increases. The channel has nothing on it besides public-access programs, so there's still plenty of room for any shows that you may want to make.

One of the things that makes it possible for you and me to become television producers is the equipment that is used. Commercial television uses cumbersome, intricate, and temperamental cameras and videotape recorders. Public-access producers rely on small, portable, easy-to-use "half-inch" videotape equipment. The camera is slightly larger than an 8-mm film camera, and the videotape recorder can easily be slung over the shoulder for carrying (hence the name portapak). The tape is half an inch wide and comes on half-hour reels. As with audiotape recorders, the information that is being recorded is magnetically imprinted on the tape, which allows it to be immediately replayed or erased and reused. Anyone who can learn to use an audiotape recorder can learn, with a minimum of help, to use half-inch videotape equipment.

There is a great deal of this sort of equipment available in schools, museums, and other institutions, althought they do not usually allow the general public to borrow it to make programs for public access. There is, however, a way for people to get hold of the equipment. Although no other cable systems have yet set up their own public-access facilities, Mission Cable has established a public-access studio and office at 6225 Federal Boulevard to complement Channel 24.

When you first walk into the studio (after negotiating some stairs and a mazelike hallway), you are struck by the activity that fills two rather small rooms. The studio, which in no way resembles the sterile grandeur of a broadcast studio, is equipped with a movable curtain, some chairs, and odd pieces of set decor such as empty cable reels and posters from previous shows. There are lights, tripods, microphone stands, and the like, but the actual recording equipment takes up very little space. One of the cameras is set on a tripod and trained on the chairs. A table near the door holds a couple of larger recording decks and some monitors, and a small pegboard on the wall holds an assortment of cables. A little cluttered, but kind of comfortable. When not being used for a studio production, the studio is used for editing videotapes, teaching the use of videotape equipment, meetings, and socializing.

The socializing that takes place in the studio is spillover from the very small office. A desk, a table, a file cabinet, bookcases, and an old blue couch cover almost all the available floor space. A couple hundred black-boxed videotapes stand against one wall. Some books and magazines that deal with videotape production and the concept of public access overflow a small bookcase. Two phones ring constantly.

At the Mission Cable studio, you can produce a five-minute program, with half an hour of set-up time, for free. The people at the studio will run the camera and recorder. If you want to produce a longer program in the studio, you'll pay $1 per hour for using the equipment. (All funds collected for equipment use go into a maintenance fund, and any money left over will be used to buy new equipment.) To check out a portapak, you'll pay $1.25 per hour. No one is allowed to use the equipment without being certified, which means that you must attend two training sessions (at a cost of $5 for both) and work with a production assistant on a couple of programs before being allowed to check out equipment on your own. A more advanced videotape editing class costs $5.

These are ridiculously low rates by broadcast standards or even when compared to commercial rentals of half-inch video equipment or production-company rates. What makes it all possible is a happy confluence of Federal Communications Commission regulations, the type of equipment that is used, cable system cooperation, and a primarily volunteer staff. The Community Video Center (CVC), administrates Channel 24 and the Mission Cable studio. It is a nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation, open to the public, that was established to provide volunteer public-access services to the community and to encourage the use of the public-access channels.

As with any other organization, the CVC is an amalgam of people, and its history is that of people. In 1973, through an ad in the **Reader**, Peter Randolph and Rebecca Smith attempted to reach other San Diegans who shared their interest in public access and half-inch videotape. They made contact with several people who had been working with half-inch video and who realized that public accesss was not only a good outlet for their own videotapes but also an important community resource. For a time, these people merely compared notes and dreamed of using the public-access channels. Then Bob Broderick and Steve Dowers contacted Mission Cable and showed one tape on the public-access channel by patching their own equipment into Mission's transmitter; Peter and Rebecca followed soon after with a program of their own. Both shows appeared mysteriously on a black channel that lapsed back to black immediately afterward.

It had become apparent that if public access in San Diego was to take hold, a concerted, organized effort must be made. Through Experimental College videotape workshops at San Diego State University and more **Reader** ads, a core group of about a dozen people began to meet about once a week to discuss the way to provide public access in San Diego and the form that their organization would take. A few dedicated souls — Peter, Rebecca, Vic Schoenberg, and Rick Phetteplace — worked evenings and weekends to formulate the policies and documents to establish it. On July 1, 1974, the CVC was born.

The Community Video Center has had several concrete successes, and it is amazing that so much has been accomplished by a handful of people with full-time responsibilities in jobs and school. From the beginning, they saw one of their main obstacles as public ignorance about the existence of the public-access channels, as well as about how to use them. At the beginning, they were successful in drawing about twenty to thirty people to monthly meetings about public access and half inch videotape. Some of the people only came once, but many returned to help out. Incorporation, cost accounting, and other legal matters have been successfully completed with volunteer help. Tax-exempt status has been granted by the state and is pending from the Internal Revenue Service. The CVC has negotiated with Mission Cable for office space and a one-year contract to operate Mission's public-access studio. And they have been able to raise a small amount of money — from dances at San Diego State University, a grant from the Alternate Media Center (which was matched by Mission Cable), and a grant from the California Arts Commission. In part, these grants have allowed the CVC to hire one full-time staff member, Anne Prutzman, who is a program catalyst responsible for working with community organizations to produce programs. Anne and a staff of volunteers also coordinate activities at the Mission

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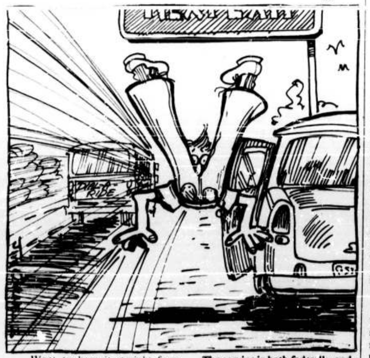
Straight from the Hip



Want to hear it straight from the hip? Send your questions to Matthew Alice, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138.

— Matthew Alice —

Dear Matthew,

While I was sitting on the right shoulder of the freeway the other day wondering how I was going to change my flat tire when the spare was also flat, a small bus whizzed past me that said "Dial A Ride" across its side, plus a phone number. If I had a dime in my pocket (which I didn't) and was near a phone (which I wasn't) would it have done any good for me to have given them a call?

B. Goodrich
Ocean Beach

I'm sure they would have been pleased to hear from you, but at that moment your dime, if you had one, would have been better spent on a call for a tow truck.

Dial-A-Ride functions as a door to door service to enable a variety of San Diego residents to get to and from medical, cultural, educational, and recreational facilities, for a charge of 25c each way.

The service is both federally and locally funded and works in close cooperation with the San Diego Transit. It coordinates three former transportation projects operating within the city of San Diego, the Dial-A-Bus project operating out of Linda Vista, the Centre City Senior Citizens Mobility Program, and the Southeast S.D. Model Cities Program.

Although it works on a demand-response schedule, Dial-A-Ride is not geared to rescuing absent minded motorists. You'd better get yourself together and off the freeway shoulder or you might be needing the number of dial-a-prayer, instead.

Dear Matthew Alice,

On a recent trip back east, I caught Michelangelo Antonioni's latest film "The Passenger." I think it's a terrific movie, though I'm waiting for the final word on it from your cohort Duncan Shepherd.

Now, this is why I'm writing: toward the end of the movie there was an incredible shot that starts in one house and swoops through the air, up and down, and ends in another house. I can't imagine how it was done with a conventional camera. What light can you shed on this?

M. Gange
North Park

Don your sunglasses and read on. The shot you describe was accomplished by the use of a newly invented contraption that uses gyroscopes to stabilize the camera which has been mounted within a sphere. When this unit (called a Westcam) is dangled from the usual crane, it can shoot 360 degree pans and even be rotated to shoot in mobius strips. The day of the Brownie is truly past.

Getting Along Well Without Muskatel

"You can say everything perfectly in one or two words . . . or even a noise."

—Anne Hutchison—

It was a rowdy gang that came to the Back Door last week to see Jack Tempchin and Honk, and they got everything they wanted. Both the Friday shows were sold out by 7:00, and the anonymous voice on the loudspeaker grew increasingly exasperated as it exhorted those already present to move toward the stage, since "we've got a lot more people out here waiting to get in." This kind of pleading met with hoots, catcalls and haphazard compliance, which combined to form the keynote of the evening.

Jack Tempchin was greeted with glee when he slouched out on stage. His first song didn't rouse much response from his fans though; he started with a slow blues tune "Slidin' Down Into Your Love," and the audience was waiting for something to match their mood. He pleased them right away, though, with a complicated ditty explaining how he could be his own grandfather. Most of the set was in the same trend. A little further on, he announced, "When they signed me up this time, it was stipulated that I'd have to sing at least one or two 'real songs' each set, so here's one," and he went into "Singing In the Street." But surrounding this slightly soberer note were such gems as "Mighty Moe," "Fifteen Days Under the Hood," and "Mange of Love," all played for the ultimate laugh.

Part of Tempchin's charm is his sloppy performance and his easy-going patter. He talked for a little while about writing songs under the influence of one intoxicant or other, and the perfection of creation under the circumstances "You can say everything perfectly in just a few words... or even a noise..." he said, and then sweeped into "Already Gone" with his own whoop urging the audience into competition. He was having a good time, and of course, so were we.

One thing, though. He laid on that country sob to the point of parody on everything, even what would otherwise count as a "real song" and it jarred a little. It's sort of a pity not to take some of that nice music seriously, although when it's cheek by jowl with "Mange of Love," it's hard to keep any kind of a straight face. Speaking of "Mange of Love," it must be a masterpiece of the genre. It cries out to be sung by a very earnest baritone at an amateur talent contest, and no throb in the voice is too much to use on it.

If the crowd appeared to be composed entirely of Tempchin fans, it was quickly identifiable as Honk fanatics when the lights went up on the second set. The lead guitar player called for another round of applause for Tempchin which nobody grudged, and then the second guitar, a lady with an amazingly lovely voice, got her chance to show off. The first tune was a pretty thing, a country-western lament in type, with the added filip of the horns and electric keyboard that Honk makes such good use of.

Their music seemed to fall into two categories after that first song; traditional hard rock on the one hand, and a sound like Benny Goodman doing the blues. Fascinating, that last. The horn had a lot to do with the big band sound, but the back-up harmonies a la Patty, Maxine and LaVerne really carried it off. One of Honk's advantages is the possession of three more than competent vocalists, and they obviously do a lot of rehearsing. You can see the results of the work — practice may not make perfect, but it sure does help.

Anyway, they were as professional as Tempchin was slovenly, but they seemed to be having just as good a time. The keyboard man said, "This is the most religious we ever get," and started on "Give Me That Bottle," a rousing forties-style tune with lines like "I can't get well without muskatel," and "Take my shoes, but give me that booze." As you can imagine, it went over big with the crowd, who had left innumerable empty bottles abandoned upright on the pavement outside while they waited in line.

There's something about Honk's sound that makes me feel justified in using the word "funky," which I normally avoid as frantically as "mellow" and "heavy," but they go in for original, low-down funk, rowdy and still sentimental. It's not an easy combination to carry off, but they do it better than anybody I've heard lately.

For their closing song, they did their big hit, "Heat Wave," and it was received with whoops and stomps to match anything Tempchin had produced. They were a cinch for a standing ovation from the audience they were playing for, and they got it.

One word about the Back Door; they have an exceptionally efficient clearing out process between shows. Waiting outside for the 11:00 show, you may doubt it, but the first group is channeled out with all possible speed. There is one more show at the Back Door before the semester's end, a jazz band of whom I am unfortunately ignorant. But if it's as good as the last show was, you shouldn't miss it.

French Films in L.A.

—Duncan Shepherd—

In Los Angeles this year, the French cinema has mounted — or, by the grace of the importers, has been permitted to mount — something that resembles a resurgence. (With the ghost of *Stavisky* lingering over the College Theatre, San Diego, too, has been touched by it.) Currently on, at the Plaza Theatre in Westwood, is Claude Lelouch's *And Now My Love* (originally, *Toute Une Vie*), a canny, cocky, heedless stunt, the object of which is to construct a love story that never gets beyond the preface, that

twenty-four). And, at the Los Feliz in North Hollywood, is Jacques Demy's 1970 fairy tale, *Donkey's Skin*, the final episode of an excellent series of French films that has included Claude Chabrol's *Nada Gang*, *Ophelia*, and *La Rupture*, and Michel Deville's *Life at the Top* (a non-attempt to translate *Le Mouton Enrage*). If you find yourself in Los Angeles during the next week, either movie is a good bet; it is not a good bet to plan on catching them when they come to San Diego.

It is not a good bet to plan on catching these movies when they come to San Diego.

The fantasy land in *Donkey's Skin*, like that in any fairy tale, is ruled by the severest standards. These standards apply, for example, when the queen, on her deathbed, exacts the pledge from her husband that he shall remarry only when he finds a woman "more beautiful and better formed" than she; they apply again when the king's daughter, the only woman who measures up to the queen's requirement, blocks the king's incestuous marriage proposal with exorbitant demands of her own, which the king must first fulfill — she demands a dress the color of the sky, and, that accomplished, a dress the color of the moon, and, that accomplished, a dress the color of the sun, and, that accomplished, she then demands the skin of the king's donkey, who defecates jewels and gold pieces that daily replenish the royal treasury. But with that demand, too, the king complies.

And so, disguised in the filthy donkey's skin, the princess flees the palace, taking a job as scullery maid for an orange-haired hag who spits frogs, and she waits for a suitable lover to come along. The high standards apply again, finally, at the tale's happy ending, when the princess wins the right to marry the young prince of a neighboring kingdom, who has consented to marry any maiden whose finger is dainty enough to fit a tiny ring, and one applicant after another, lined up in order of social rank, duchesses first and scullery maids last, has tried to fit the ring and has been waved aside as too pudgy.

The original story by Charles Perrault, told swiftly and sketchily in the traditional bedside manner ("Once upon a time," etc.), has been considerably fleshed out, decked out, by Jacques Demy, as each moment in the bare-boned story yields to Demy's imaginative, fastidious decoration (here a rope of flowers, there a gilt-framed mirror, there a pool of pink light). Demy's illustrations have something of the garishness of a child's coloring book, filled in with a free hand, an anarchic imagination, and a jumbo box of Crayolas: one kingdom is colored blue — faces, horses, piano — and another is red.

However, the popular notion that Demy is an authentic innocent, guiding us on a return trip to our early purity, is itself as fanciful as anything to be found in Demy's *Donkey's Skin*. The donkey's producing jewels from its rear, rather than its ears, and the princess being the king's daughter, rather than an adopted daughter — these are Demy's subversive inventions. And, like drops of acid, they erode the fairy-tale fabric, somewhat. Perrault's imaginary medieval world is pelted on several occasions with Demy's irrepressible modernisms: the king quoting from Cocteau and Apollinaire; a courtier in eyeglasses; the fairy-godmother arriving for the wedding in a helicopter.

Still, these intrusions are kept to a minimum, and kept muffled, as if not to alarm the children, and they do not hamper the inexorable developments of this formula fairy-tale: The prince on his red horse, the princess in hiding in her shack, and the parrot in the tree tops will all be singing the same song of love, yearned for but as yet unfound; and a benevolent rose will play cupid, whispering to the prince where he may find his true love; and soon the prince and princess will sing their love song as a duet, cheek-to-cheek (words and music by Michel Legrand). The poignance of Demy's movie is that he holds himself to the most worn conventions, the most untenable ideals, and the most banal gestures, in spite of everything — in spite of the currents in modern thought and in modern filmmaking and in modern children's stories; in spite of his own tendency to inject jaded and sophisticated jokes (a costume ball where the men are dressed as cats and the women as birds). Under the circumstances, Demy's effort to tell a reactionary children's story signifies a strenuous, unselfish act of will. Just how grim Demy could be within a fairy-tale format was revealed in his following movie, *The Pied Piper*, a gritty illustration of the medieval world, overrun by rats, plague, two-faced politicians, and ultimate despair.

MOVIES

READER'S GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO MOVIES

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore — A just-widowed housewife advancing toward middle age, hits the road, with her vocal twelve-year-old son in tow, in search of a future of some kind, hoping to make a go of it as the Alice Faye-style singer she dreamed of becoming in her childhood. (A passion for goldie-oldie songs and for the dreams dispensed in golden-age Hollywood movies is one of the earmarks of director Martin Scorcese, as of many others in the new breed of moviemaker.) The movie is quite good on the surprises, sudden energies, and childishnesses that lie buried in people, even though these revelations too often come out in the form of melodramatic mayhem and bellowing. Generally, Scorcese cannot resist scrounging for laughs, with precocious kids and wise-cracking waitresses and near slapstick at times, but at least he gets the laughs he goes after. It is less clear what he hopes to accomplish with his nerve-racking camera movements — tracking, craning, zooming, obsessively —, which equal Bertolucci in purposeless exuberance. Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, Harvey Keitel, Billy "Green" Bush.
** (Center 3 Cinema 2)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose — Artie Shaw's soft, big-band sound leads into a moony remembrance of Old Hollywood issuing from a heavily-lipsticked, middle-age mouth in between sips from a gin-and-tonic. This prelude serves to set the mood of Floyd Mutrux's old-fashioned, formula tragedy of fugitive lovers — two children of California car culture, a garage mechanic and a car-wash receptionist; but, as the voice at the beginning insists, things have changed since the old days, particularly the ability to tell this sort of tale and to believe in it. Mutrux tries to retard the capricious leaps of his narrative with the viscid, dampening images of William Fraker and the pensive, cautious hesitations and shrugs of Paul Le Mat. Like Mutrux's far-superior DUSTY AND SWEETS McGEE, this movie transpires in one weekend, but it could be a whole summer for all the sense of time and connection that comes from the innumerable fade-outs, dissolves, and pokey transitions between the story fragments. Mutrux possesses a trustworthy attraction toward specific cultural data — cars, fast-food restaurants, pop songs (with too much stress here on Elton John), the billboards along Sunset Blvd., etc. — but he is dragged in another direction by the problematical duties of a commercial Hollywood moviemaker.
* (UA Cinema 3)

Amarcord — Another in the Fellini line of autobiographical entertainments, episodic and variable from episode to episode, this one set in the hometown of his youth. In his choice of recollections, there is a stringent ban on the banal (it hardly seems possible that this wonderland is the same sort of town that Fellini fled in I VITELLONI), and yet the grotesqueries are toned down mercifully, and the egotism hidden away in a closet. If something does not appeal to Fellini's playfulness, it no longer appeals to him at all. There is an abundance of jolliness and of flawless, limpid, controlled color images (once again, a salute to the wizardly Giuseppe Rotunno) and of the director's cultivated obsessions. What is lacking is any modulation or momentum from one scene to the next; each one builds to an abrupt fade-out that is like a wonderstruck gasp, or sigh and then the next one starts all over, building.
* (Cove)

Andy Warhol's Dracula — Faced with a depletion of virgins in the Transylvanian countryside, a pouty, worried Count Dracula is impelled, at the urging of his spit-and-polish valet, to take leave of his home in search of virgin blood ("But I can't leave my family down in the crypt," he balks). And so, to Italy he goes, where Catholicism holds a firm hand over virginity; but at the rundown estate where the Count settles, the surly, liberated handyman (Joe Dallesandro) has been getting into the daughters' beds and putting radical ideas into their heads ("Don't you know what happened in Russia, you dope? They had a revolution, that's all"). Paul Morrissey's free translation of the staple vampire story, moving draggily through a very talky exposition, plays the same angles as in his version of FRANKENSTEIN. But in the earlier film, the sexual twist to the goings-on required more imagination to think up and harbored more implications on afterthought than there are in the Count's orgasmic blood-suckings; and the class-conscious political vision of weak, spoiled aristocrats and robust, abused workers was allowed to leak out more slyly. In all areas, it is hard to overlook the losses from FRANKENSTEIN to DRACULA — fewer interesting characters, fewer special effects, no 3-D. Still, Udo Kier, as the Count, is a constantly amusing actor; furthermore, in his grousing, his groaning, his coughing, and his vomiting, he creates the sorriest, neediest, most sympathetic Dracula in movies. Co-starring Vittorio De Sica, and, briefly, Roman Polanski, perhaps in reference to this director's own noteworthy vampire spoof, THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS.
** (California)

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, blase 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 obliging 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 sighingly 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, cashing in steadily on their Teutonic severity and arrogance, and Joe Dallesandro lending a dissenting voice of incongruous New Yawk sounds. 1974.
*** (California)

Capone — Ben Gazzara's prominent contributions to the portraiture of Al Capone is a stiff neck and cheeks stuffed like a chipmunk's. This otherwise unoriginal retelling of the gangster's career, directed by Steve Carver and produced by Roger Corman (whose ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE lends some spectacular footage of property damage by machine guns), pounds hard on the ironies surrounding a brutish punk who rises to silk-sheet czardom ("To me," he announces, "grand opera is the berries"). It is not sloppily made — e.g., an artful construction of an assassination, as a silhouetted ganglord strolls to his appointed death amid the pillars and pools of light in a deserted nightclub; because of that, and because everyone in the strong cast (Harry Guardino, Sylvester Stallone, Susan Blakely, John Cassavetes) seems to have taken the job seriously, it avoids campiness, even though it feels compelled to cover nothing but the commonest underworld rituals and the commonest highlights of Capone's career.
* (Center 3 Cinema 3; Clairemont; Fox; UA Cinema 3; Frontier Drive In; Rancho Drive In)

Chinatown — Lack of conviction vie 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. 1974.
* (Alvarado Drive In)

Cinderella Liberty — A clean-mouthed, fifteen-year sailor is stranded in port when his pay records are mislaid and, while waiting for the Navy to unsnarl the red tape, he strikes up a relationship with a hooker-pool hustler and her mulatto son, and generates an immediate and abiding concern for their problems, well-being, and ever-after happiness. He seems a saintly, strange character, one who drops into a situation haphazardly and toils dedicatedly to uplift it to his own level. James Caan plays the part with an overpowering sense of pre-eminence, too much of a Steve McQueen-ly aura of deep sensitivity and silence under a siege of hostility, loudness, meanness, vulgarity, and misunderstanding, from all sides. Particularly careless in this lopsided movie is the poverty of information about the mother-son relationship. Darryl Ponicsan wrote the script from his own novel, and much of the dialogue is dripping wet. With Marsha Mason, Kirk Calloway; directed by Mark Rydell.
** (Clairemont)

Cries and Whispers — Not without its impressive points — the decayed parchment-gray of Harriet Andersson's skin and the grunting effort of her acting — Bergman's film about three sisters and their painful memories is nonetheless one of his shallowest. The characters make ... tions that they are in a dream or in misery or in hell, but it looks like a familiar, wonderless Bergman set-up rather than any of those other states. 1972.
● (Ken)

Death Race 2000 — There are sufficient amounts of imagination and energy to fuel a boisterous, quick improvisational sketch; but the material — broad indictments of All-American violence, broad impressions TV personalities — is stretched to cover a feature-length, coast-to-coast car race (the territory covered all looks like Southwest desert), and, across that distance, the sleaziness is apparent and huge holes open up. Sylvester Stallone's sneer and wild eyes, in the role of Machine Gun Joe Viterbo, indicate the desired comic-book look. With David Carradine; directed by Paul Bartel.
● (Parkway 3; Del Mar Drive In)

Dirty Harry — Clint Eastwood and his favorite director, Don Siegel, took over the project from Frank Sinatra and Irvin Kershner, and the outcome is one more semi-shoddy, semi-sturdy Siegel cop movie, with a great deal of slightly motivated and slightly connected dashing around, huffing and puffing, punching and gouging. The grudge relationship between a loner cop and a psychopathic killer is developed mainly as a sequence of chases and stunts for the athletic star; only occasionally does Siegel pause to make something solid out of his countless locations — e.g., some sweeping, elevated views of San Francisco rooftops, streets, football stadium, or a close-up, earthbound view of a public park's giant concrete cross, the camera's nose pressed forcibly against the dwarfing structure. 1971.
* (Spreckels; Pacific Drive In)

Emmanuelle — X-rated French import, starring Sylvia Kristel, and directed by Just Jaeckin.
(State)

Fat City — John Huston's rather tired version of the Leonard Gardner novel about has-been and would-be prize fighters stagnating in Stockton, California. The too-quick tours of real city locations reveal sites that look like they could feed a movie well, but Huston's direction seems almost as shiftless and reliant on unimaginative moves as the boxing styles of the rundown characters. With Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges. 1972.
* (Unicorn)

Flesh Gordon — Some of the special effects — a swan spaceship; a five-story, putty-like monster with a dry wit — are reminders of the fantasy realm of antique movie serials; however, the sense of fantasy crashes to earth with every lethargic display of soft-core sex. The cross-purposes scheme of combining prurient interest with the straight-and-true morality of old-time movies succeeds only in anesthetizing both elements at once. Directed by Howard Ziehm.
● (Academy; La Paloma)

Funny Lady — The continuation of Fanny Brice's life story schemes for a repeat performance of FUNNY GIRL's box-office bonanza by way of exact duplication of the first installment: There is, for sure-fire guffaws, a stage production that disintegrates in miscues and malfunctions, the same as when the Broadway luminary was starting out in cheesy choruslines; there is a musical number, a la "Nobody's Gonna Rain on My Parade," done over a whirlwind montage of cross-country hurtling; and there is Omar Sharif, dropping in a couple of times to smile tepidly at Barbra Streisand's every antic. Really, the sequel has not much to add to the other; and yet — because of the subtractions, actually — it is a better movie. Streisand's celebrated "funniness" has been cut down and is treated as not so much a case of inborn bubbliness as a case of forced, cultivated guile. She is also not allowed complete dominion, as James Caan (impersonating Billy Rose) holds down his end of the seesaw with a performance — as mannered as Streisand's — of Peter Falk-ian gesticulations and Dead-End-kid dialect. Directed by Herbert Ross.
* (Valley Circle)

The Godfather, Part II — Francis Ford Coppola's sequel peddles backwards and forwards from the events of the first GODFATHER. But, while he ranges over great distances, from 1901 to 1958, he leaves a lot of vacancies along the way — characters dropped from sight, ... motives unguessed at. It is a movie that is vulnerable to quibbles over details; however, it is surer about what it is after and braver about achieving it than its forerunner. In any case, it seems futile to imagine possible alterations or additions for a grandiose production in which everything — performances, color and light, carefully researched cultural data — appears to have been poured into place like concrete. Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, John Cazale, Robert Duvall.
** (Cinema 21)

does help.
Anyway, they were as professional as Tempchin was slovenly, but they seemed to be having just as good a time. The keyboard man said, "This is the most religious we ever get," and started on "Give Me That Bottle," a rousing forties-style tune with lines like "I can't get well without muskatel," and "Take my shoes, but give me that booze." As you can imagine, it went over big with the crowd, who had left innumerable empty bottles abandoned upright on the pavement outside while they

The Great Waldo Pepper — With this clean-minded tall tale about the bygone glories of early aviation, George Roy Hill has again drawn a subject from faded photographs and boys' daydreams, and translated it into a balmy, fresh, light-headed image. He is far, far removed from the source of such stories and has not troubled to sort out the contradictions that have clouded up the intervening years. The archetypal movies about aviation pioneering, made by Wellman and Hawks in the 20s and 30s, rested pragmatically on the idea of flying as a job. Here, the flier is seen, through childlike wide-eyes, as a pure, mythic figure; and the commercialization of his field — by air circuses, Hollywood films, the U.S. mail service — is seen as corruption. This chivalric conception does not prohibit Robert Redford from playing it, engagingly, as a glamor-struck poser; nor does it get in the way of non sequitur swerves into slapstick, anti-populist vituperation, and facile nostalgia.
* (Fashion Valley)

The Harrad Experiment — James Whitmore fusses with his spectacles, his pipe, and his 800 furrows, and slips a frequent "in fact" or "in effect" into his speech so as to sound like a bona fide college dean. Tippi Hedren, as his wife, strives in vain to equal him in sincereness but finally earns her biggest laugh by stripping down to an impenetrable bra and panties which she probably borrowed from Dyan Cannon. The situation, played awesomely straight, is a college testing out co-ed roommates; there have been wackier films about school life, but not in the past three days. 1973.
● (State)

The Hot Rock — The stars strain like sled dogs to pull along the loggy William Goldman comedy about a jinxed hold-up crew. Whenever a gag does occur the actors tend to overamplify it. Some (Segal, Leibman) are funnier than others (Redford, Mostel), but they're all outshown by the imposing Manhattan cityscapes. Directed by Peter Yates. 1972.
* (Aztec, through 5/17)

Janis — Documentary on Janis Joplin, directed by Howard Alk and Seaton Findlay.
(College)

Juggernaut — Richard Lester's clipped, choppy flow of images delivers a rapid, pungent, short-lived impression of daily life on a luxury ocean voyage. After the bomb squad is dropped aboard to undo the booby traps of a diabolical extortionist, - the movie makes unreasonable, and finally insufferable, demands on the spectator's willingness to hold still and hold breath through innumerable, agonizing turns of the screwdriver and snippings of the wire-cutters. Richard Harris, Omar Sharif, Shirley Knight, Anthony Hopkins. 1974.
* (UA Cinema 1)

(continued on page 11)

(continued from preceding page)

The Last American Hero — If any scene does not begin in aggression, malice, or mulishness, it is certain to arrive there eventually, in this gathering of the likeliest actors (Jeff Bridges, Ned Beatty, etc.) for another exhibition of Southern gracelessness — squawling, braying, ass-kicking. Based on the life of stock car racer Junior Johnson; directed by Lamont Johnson. 1973.
● (Aztec, through 5/17)

The Last Detail — Like the concurrent movie, CINDERELLA LIBERTY, that originates in a Darryl Ponicsan novel of the U.S. Navy, this grainy portrait reveals far more interest in sailors than in the service, as it quickly divorces the narrative situation from the routine of military life. This is an advantage insofar as Clifton James' bombastic base commander and Michael Moriarty's hammerhead brig commander, the two bookends of the story, are surely the flimsiest cutouts on exhibit. In between, the story of a fling — an 18-year-old sailor's trip to military prison under the escort of two soft-hearted guards who want to give him a nice time — is composed of piquant events, most of which seem inevitable, but a few of which (the sect of chanters, the whorehouse) are made to seem, with sharp detail, happily accidental and believable. Jack Nicholson, whose most individual trait is the self-consciousness he shows for his tongue, is a moderately entertaining actor, but he is unreasonably greedy to possess every scene, to overload the relish, the cunning he puts into an average glance, an average four-letter word, an average gob. Directed by Hal Ashby.
* (Unicorn)

The Laughing Policeman — The Per Wahloo, Maj Sjowall police novel is transferred from Sweden to San Francisco, and the stress falls more on album-like portraiture of various slimy city types (pimp, pornographer, informer, etc.) than on the doggedness, or heroism, of detective work. Walter Matthau's tottering and smugness come close to comedy at times, but Bruce Dern, nastily amusing, and Lou Gossett, as his fellow cops, are tough characters. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. 1973.
** (Frontier Drive In; Rancho Drive In)

Live a Little, Steal a Lot — Allan Dale Kuhn's and Jack "Murf the Surf" Murphy's spectacular theft of the Star of India gem is turned into a modest little movie that knows which angles to play. The heist itself is cut into fragments and strewn throughout the movie, so that the main stress can fall on the beach-bum lifestyle of the jewel thieves and their unquestioning, tag-along girlfriends. And it is in the high-spirited, surfer personalities (the diet of sandwiches, the fishnets decorating their beach house, dialogue like "You're putting me on — man, you're a weird cat!") that the movie establishes its freshness as a crime story: after the heist, for instance, the crooks celebrate by playing marbles with the gems on the living room rug. The easy adaptation of the characters to full-time crime seems only a slight stretching of the elastic morals developed around the Miami hotels, swimming pools, beaches. Indeed, a speedboat tour of the coastline, with Kuhn as guide, seems to be simply the implicit flip-side of the standard sightseeing excursion, as Kuhn's steady commentary provides a rundown on the jewels and security provisions of every Miami Beach estate and penthouse. The images, by Michel Hugo, fully catch the sensual allure of leisure living, the beach climate and colors, the deep suntans, the swank hotel rooms, the white grid architecture. Robert Conrad's cool, as Kuhn, and Don Stroud's braggadocio, as Murf, are airs that these actors can affect in their sleep, but they have likely never been put in a more meaningful perspective. Directed by Marvin Chomsky.
** (Parkway 1)

Magnum Force — When not absorbed in raising admiration and chortles for Clint Eastwood, with glib wisecracks and subplots, this DIRTY HARRY sequel noses around a potential good idea about a secret "death squad" within the police force that institutes select executions without judicial red tape. Ted Post's direction is professional, and John Milius's script indicates an appreciation for weaponry, marksmanship, and morally ambivalent slaughter. In the long run, the hero worship of Eastwood and the body count reach such magnitudes that all issues are forgotten, and all that matters is when the bloody thing is going to end. 1973.
* (Spreckels; Pacific Drive In)

Murder on the Orient Express — A movie mystery with accoutrements of the finest quality (an all-star cast, photography by Geoffrey Unsworth, production design by Tony Walton, title and montage sequences by Richard Williams) and with the soul of a CHARLIE CHAN-ish, grade-B, grindhouse product. It comes from an Agatha Christie story, and she knows only one way of playing the detection-and deduction game; i.e., she cheats shamelessly. There are a fair number of small diversions along the way, with Sean Connery, Anthony Perkins, and Ingrid Bergman contributing generously. It is unfortunate, though, that the brunt of the talky screenplay falls on Albert Finney, as Hercule Poirot, whose constipated voice and cumbrously padded body make things seem all the more difficult and painful to get through. Directed by Sidney Lumet.
* (Fashion Valley)

The Organization — Third of Sidney Poitier's Virgil Tibbs detective series is an efficient job; it hyperventilates impressively through its lengthy action scenes; and it contains a good, soulful supporting cast including Raul Julia, Ron O'Neal, Billy Bush, Sheree North. Directed by Don Medford. 1971.
** (Aztec, through 5/17)

The Outfit — The storyline is a close parallel to that of POINT BLANK (both come from Richard Stark's low-grade fiction), although this one travels a rural route, not so lofty and luxurious — tacky hicksville hideouts, a greasy-spoon diner, a horse-flesh auction, a mission for derelicts, and a daily change of indistinguishable motels. John Flynn, an able director, displays a good eye for drab landscapes. But the movie's mainstay is its cannily selected cast, made up of relative movie newcomers who fit comfortably into the attitudes of the *film noir* (Robert Duvall, Joe Don Baker, Joanna Cassidy, Karen Black, Bill McKinney) and of movie oldtimers who evoke innumerable memories of this genre (Sheree North, Robert Ryan, Richard Jaeckel, Marie Windsor, Elisha Cook Jr., Tom Reese, Anita O'Day, Tim Carey, and Jane Greer). 1974.
** (Cabrillo, through 5/17)

The Paper Chase — This college-daze story of a Harvard law school student out for the attention of his hoary professor is only of TV calibre. The lack of genuine confrontation plus the dull flannel sobriety of the direction and photography leave the viewer with hardly any choice but to join in appreciation of John Houseman's Oscar performance as a father-professor above it all. Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner; directed by James Bridges. 1973.
● (Strand)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud — If J. Lee Thompson's version of the Max Ehrlich supernatural thriller stirs the blood at all, the credit should go to the mundane detective-story mechanisms (tracking down an unnamed New England town on the meager picture-postcard evidence of a park statue, and the eager anticipation of coming face-to-face with the murderess in an unsolved crime thirty years in the past). The reincarnation phenomenon, treated in imitation-Resnais flashes or puzzle-pieces of the previous life, is not enough differentiated from standard movie depiction of dreams; and so, the subject of reincarnation merely floats through the movie like a vague rumor. Michael Sarrazin, Margot Kidder, Jennifer O'Neill.
* (Cinerama)

Shampoo — Warren Beatty's self-designed vehicle (he produced and co-wrote) assigns him the role of a womanizing hairdresser who scuttles along a standardized course for philanderers, ending up in a heap of repentant whimpers. The beauty parlor itself serves mainly as a pivot for making quick connections with various stations on the Beverly Hills social circuit. It's a putdown comedy, and the winking observation of manners and mores elicits very few laughs; however, Robert Towne's dialogue shows a flair for the discordancies of polite conversation, and Jack Warden's impersonation of an image-conscious business executive is quite lovely. With Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn Lee Grant; directed by Hal Ashby.
* (Grossmont)

Skyjacked — Bargain basement AIRPORT, played out with some dedication by Charlton Heston and James Brolin. Handsome, sterile airplanes and sky and airport cosmetic counter and stewardess uniforms. 1972.
* (Campus Drive In)

Slaughterhouse Five — George Roy Hill's pretty version of Kurt Vonnegut's novel about a man who is "unstuck in time," i.e., he skips uncontrollably back and forth along his lifeline, which separates too cleanly into historical periods that have nothing in common except the presence of movie newcomer Michael Sacks. (He adapts to variously aged make-up effects with a wan passivity never attained by anyone portraying Mr. Chips.) The prime annoyances are the transitions: So much cleverness is spent to signal the time-changes with logical free-association connections that the movie bulges freakishly at the joints. 1972.
* (Strand)

Soldier Blue — Candice Bergen is the tough, know-it-all, foul-mouthed spokesperson for the Ways of the West and the Indian; and, in her nagging relentlessness, she manages to be more upsetting than the U.S. cavalry's climactic blitzing of an Indian camp, where the blood-letting and caricatures are lavish and glib. Directed by Ralph Nelson. 1970.
● (Fox)

Take the Money and Run — Woody Allen's send up of crime movies of all types — the prison break type, the stick-em-up type, the documentary type, the newsreel type, etc. The marital comedy, with Janet Margolin, is more consistent, especially in earning laughs. It is what Johnny Carson might describe as "wild." 1969.
** (Parkway 2)

Tommy — A Ken Russell film based on the rock opera by Peter Townshend. Starring Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, Roger Daltry, Elton John, numerous guest stars, including The Who.
(Loma)

The Towering Inferno — Fire erupts high up and climbs ever higher in a skyscraper of 138 floors (what is this edifice doing in San Francisco?) in this bauble contrived by Irwin Allen at a cost of $14 million. Since it advances editorials on the building codes and is dedicated to the world's firemen, it would be

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Letters

ED. The photo credit for the Herbie Hancock photo in last week's READER should have read "Gary Morgan."

(ED: Eleanor Widmer responds to last week's criticism by a Mr. Tom Bond)

Dear Tom Bond:

Perish the thought that I should praise the unpraiseworthy. However, try to appreciate the perils of my job as a food reviewer. No, I was not recognized at La Bouillabaisse, nor have I ever been greeted at any restaurant with whispers, raised eyebrows, or even a nod of the head that would signify the lack of anonymity. On the night I tried the Coquilles St. Jacques and the fish, both were fine. I cannot be held responsible for the fact that your fish was overcooked and that you were served potatoes instead of rice.

I would like to apologize for the omission of several paragraphs in my review of La Bouillabaisse which dealt with the soups — bouillabaisse, ciopino, onion — which I criticized for their olive oil base. The soup for which the restaurant is named proved expensive, too heavy in olive oil and saffron.

My advice to you, Tom, and to all readers who follow my column, is to complain to the management when you are disappointed or find the food in discrepancy with what I have reported. If you were overcharged for the wine, you should have demanded correction of your bill; if your fish or starch displeased you, you should have sent it back. And you should have asked to see the proprietor to redress your grievance.

Most people have great reticence to complain, and will submit to the worst rip-off rather than express their feelings or behave in a manner not associated with the genteel art of dining. But the only way restaurants can improve is by hearing of your justifiable complaints or comments. Your criticism of your dinner at La Bouillabaisse, Tom, should have been directed to the management, **before** you paid your bill. Yours for better dining,

Eleanor Widner

Editor

Re: Steve Esmedina's Herbie Hancock swipe: I hear you! That concert was as dry as the Mojave. I'm glad someone had the nerve to say it in print. All this talk about a jazz "revival" smacks of jive to me. When is the Jazz Preservation Society or California Concerts going to bring REAL jazz artists like Gary Bartz, Ornette Coleman or the Art Ensemble of Chicago to town instead of rock stars like Hancock or hasbeens like Carmen McCrea?

Peace,
Bryon Taylor
San Diego

DUNCAN SHEPHERD MOVIES

(continued from page 11)

fitting if it were somewhat clear how the building is put together, how the fire is being fought, what can be done, and what can't, and when, what's going wrong, what's going on, etc. Most of the muddled maneuvers in halls, shafts, staircases, mid-air would be acceptable only during a dream. And most of the problems — the plot is punctuated by regular billowy unexplained explosions — seem simply to be card-stacking in favor of the fire. Claustrophobia would appear to be the constant in Allen's thumb-screwing suspense formula, but this element is spread thin in the Panavision picture frame and the vast, swank, bizarre geometry of the sets. Newman, McQueen, and Holden contribute a commodity known as "star presence" to the sizable and attractive cast. Though Robert Wagner, sweetly suave, and Susan Flannery are most charming of all in a quaintly scripted scene ("Did you leave a cigarette burning?"), playing illicit lovers who bid one another a tender farewell before the flames get to them ("At least no one will ever find out about us").
* (UA Cinema 1; Campus Drive In)

The Train Robbers — Odd, minimalist western by Burt Kennedy: spare, vivid, comic-strip compositions, in Panavision; cleanly defined lines, concrete poses, large vacant spaces; occasional terse, steady, horizontal or vertical camera moves. The dominant image is of truncated chain-links (a string of riders, row of men, corral fence, railroad train) hanging together, in comradely fashion, amidst infinite desolation, loneliness. With John Wayne and Ann-Margret. 1973.
** (Cabrillo, through 5/17)

Twitch of the Death Nerve — With any trace of plot or character resolutely kept hidden until the muddled finish, this Italian-made terrorizer serves pure, undiluted apprehension and cold-hearted, punitive annihilation. Before the flippant finale the spell weakens considerably, but the mood of the opening endures — the fluid washing in and out of precise details and sensations in a shadowy, unsettling mansion and the blue-ish, drizzly outdoors. Cult figure Mario Bava (director-scriptor-photographer) will lose no followers with this. 1972.
** (Casino, from 5/18)

Two-Lane Blacktop — Monte Hellman's brooding think-piece about restless cross-country travelling in a souped-up '55 Chev is sort of a flat tire. James Taylor and Dennis Wilson are the speed demons and they're about as animated as they are in still photographs. 1971.
* (Del Mar Drive In)

A Woman Under the Influence — Another of John Cassavetes warm-hearted films made among friends — his wife Gena Rowlands, her mother Lady Rowlands, his mother Katherine Cassavetes, and his friend Peter Falk. Characteristically, the director seems intimate with, and interested in, the people themselves, and almost blind to the people's surroundings, jobs, pastimes, daily duties. This time he is dealing with a housewife's alienation from her well-meaning husband, as her capricious qualities, from her child-like mischief to her Ruth Gordon-ish mouth tricks, are understood to be insanity by those around her. It moves surprisingly fast for a two-and-a-half-hour movie taken up almost entirely with the actors' expansive, self-absorbed acting exercises.
** (UA Cinema 2; Century Twin, Linda)

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. 1970.
● (Ken)

Young Frankenstein — Mel Brooks' hermetic and familiar take-off on the old Universal Pictures horror series — it does not reach very far in any direction, but it exerts a good deal of comic verve within the narrow confines. Basically, it resembles the sort of nostalgic parody of old movies common on the CAROL BURNETT SHOW, although it is larger, fuller, and funnier. Brooks' stature as a movie-maker is enhanced considerably by his efforts to extend the parody even to the Hollywood studio techniques of the 1930s. On that score, he surpasses his nearest competitor in movie comedy, Woody Allen, who has long gravitated toward old movies in search of subject matter, but whose comic copies duplicate the proper cinematic style haphazardly at best; in his performances as well, whether he is imitating a bank robber, a Latin American revolutionary, a robot, or a Bogartian tough guy, Allen is always undermined by his feelings of imposture. Brooks suffers from no such insecurities. Starring Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Gene Hackman.
*** (Center 3; Cinema 1; Parkway 2; Alvarado Drive In)

more TV 1

(continued from page 6)

What special interest groups, including the government, want is not access, but audience. Public access grants no such audience. It gives, instead, access to equipment and the chance to work hard, at a local level. In this sense, it is a far more revolutionary concept than overthrowing corporate media, bending it, or grabbing its market, money, time — and headaches.

The network media decided the limits of its responsibility long ago. It is to report and interpret, as fairly as possible, events of note. Inherent in this format is a bias, not so much of special interest, but of professional tradition. If the fragmentation also inherent in its style misrepresents the community, Public Access TV has the potential to unify.

The heart of Public Access lies in its ability to elevate consciousness through participation, as Red Burns says, in the best Zen tradition, "the manner in which one acquires knowledge is part of that knowledge."

On the other hand, it might just be what Thomas Wolf of ABC News called an "electronic Hyde Park," where the soapbox is provided but the audience would rather feed the pigeons.

It's up to those who use it.

more TV2

(continued from page 7)

Cable facilities. The CVC has arranged with San Diego State University, the University of California, San Diego, and San Diego High School to allow academic interns to earn credit for assisting with productions and office work. The CVC now has about forty-five dues-paying members and other volunteers.

A new organization with diffuse leadership is bound to have a lot of problems. Perhaps foremost is lack of money. Because public access requires expensive equipment, there must be funds to buy, operate, and maintain that equipment. Mission Cable has helped to give public access a start by providing a basic package of equipment, but more is needed to give everyone who wants to make a program the means to do so. The CVC also needs funds to pay for a full-time office coordinator. The lack of a coordinator is sorely felt, as a visit to the office will prove. The staff at the Mission Cable facilities are struggling to keep their hours regular, to provide enough training sessions to meet the demand, and to keep up with all the paperwork involved in scheduling programs and checking out equipment. There is a great deal to do in educating the community about making programs and in telling Mission Cable subscribers that Channel 24 is operating. However, the CVC has not yet been able to search effectively for grants from local and national sources. In general, there is too much to do for the number of volunteers who are consistently and seriously involved.

There is also a degree of confusion about the directions that the CVC will take. Most of the founders of the CVC have been replaced, through organizational processes, and the new members have a less complete understanding of the history and purposes of the CVC. Another shortcoming is that most of the people who have so far been involved are members of the white middle class and most of the people who spend time at the studio are students. For public access to truly represent the community, as the CVC acknowledges, more members of minorities must get involved, as well as older people, women, and more traditional community-service organizations.

However, public access is a community service worth struggling for, as most anyone who is involved would vehemently argue. It offers a means for all segments of the San Diego community to get to know one another. And there are ways to become involved. Mission Cable subscribers have only to tune in to Channel 24 on Friday nights. Those who cannot receive the channel in their homes are invited to the studio at 6225 Federal Boulevard to view the Friday-night programs. In the near future, many San Diegans will probably be asked to appear in programs being made for the public-access channels. Another means of involvement is to make a program — about your club's or organization's activities, on a special talent of your own or a neighbor's, on a personal opinion, about community events. And the CVC invites anyone who is interested in helping them out to volunteer some time to answer phones or to assist in productions, to donate money or equipment, or to participate in any possible way. The first step is to call the Mission Cable office at 263-2424 to find out more about people television. From there, it's up to you.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS

Notices

ART, CRAFT, and antique sale in Mission Hills home. Work by locally and nationally known artists. Saturday, May 17, 10-5. 1913 Fort Stockton Drive.

WOMEN — having trouble obtaining credit although you are credit worthy? Contact Women's Credit Alert, a Human Care Services project, for free assistance. Call 277-7480.

VETERANS. Veterans Outreach Program is Veteran service agency. Job development, career counseling and para-legal assistance are some of the services offered. Call 477-9351.

TRIPPING U.S.A. or serious need to be elsewhere? Travelers Aid Travelboard has car owners going your way. Share gas and driving preferred. Free referrals. 232-7991.

OCEAN BEACH Community Free School needs musicians for our 2nd annual crafts fair, May 25th. Come and enjoy. Nothing too loud. More information, call 222-5442.

NOW EVEN NORMAL HEIGHTS has a new book store. It's called Back to Eden and not only does it have Castaneda, Watts, Krishnamurti but it has plants as well. Stop by and see us at 3316 Adams. 283-3263.

GOING TO MEXICO? I will buy Mexican mini booze bottles when you return. Ralph Vaughan, Box 1022, Del Mar.

GAY — Need info or just want to talk? Call the UCSD gay phone line. 452-3931.

CHURCH OF MAN services, Chapel of the Roses, Glen Abbey Park, Chula Vista, 9:30 a.m., Sundays. Using the mystical approach and symbology. Kathryn Breese-Whiting, Minister.

THE KIDS in the neighborhood say Joey's Place is the best for getting your hair spiffy looking, 'cause they're friendly and nice. Hairshapes, Thomas at Cass, Pacific Beach. 488-3716.

ORIENTAL PARTY! Sample Yoga, Tai Chi movement, and Shiatsu (acupressure massage). For health, relaxation, energy. $1. Refreshments. Friday, May 30, 7-9 p.m. Downtown San Diego YMCA, 8th and C.

RAPE CRISIS COUNSELING program on "what to do if your friend gets raped." Beach area residents. Men and women invited. Left Bank, 4994 Newport, Ocean Beach, May 19, 7:30 p.m.

COMING TO TERMS WITH DEATH. A workshop that explores the meaning of both physical and spiritual death. Saturday, May 31, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. NCEHP. 272-7330 or 223-3962.

AN INTRODUCTORY talk and film on Eckankar, The Path of Total Awareness, will be presented at The San Diego Public Library, Thursday, May 15 at 7:00 p.m. For information call 298-5748 Monday-Friday, 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m.-7:30 p.m.

KRISHNAMURTI LIFE EXPLORATION GROUPS focusing on exploring problems of human living. Attend Sunday or Tuesday evenings, 8-10 p.m. To enroll, call 223-3962.

THE SAN ELIJO LAGOON will be a prototype for preservation of lagoons along all of the north San Diego County coast. Come and hear the story from county flood control people and the San Elijo Alliance, regarding their cooperative efforts in the enhancement of this lagoon. Refreshments will be served; bring your own cup. Wednesday, May 21, 7:30 p.m. Del Mar Heights Elementary School, Boquita Drive, Del Mar.

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

MUSIC, Games, Prizes, Food! The Ocean Beach Free School Craft Fair and Carnival. Sunday, May 25, 11 to 6. Saratoga Street, by the beach.

KNOW OF ill treatment, psychiatric, or other abuses of people in jail? Committee to Reinvolve Exoffenders taking testimony. 926 C San Diego [illegible] 236-0570, 236-1416.

FREE Recycling List of San Diego County and other environmental information. Call or write the San Diego Ecology Centre, 340 Kalmia, 92101, 235-0066.

YOGA mini-retreat in Ramona hills May 17 and 18. Integral Yoga Institute. 291-1513.

INTEGRAL YOGA Institute satsang (company of fellow seekers) Thursdays 7:30 p.m., 4118 Mississippi. Chanting, discussion of yogic principles as taught by Sri Swami Satchidananda. Everyone welcome.

TEAHOUSE — Now Open, with live entertainment at Harmony Vegetarian Restaurant, 1877 Cable in Ocean Beach, 9 p.m.-12:30 a.m., Thursday thru Sunday.

ARE YOU an unemployed or under employed veteran? Consider college. Your GI Bill can help you develop salable skills. Call 465-1700, ext. 417.

YOU, MONEY, and personal survival. Utilize this inexpensive workshop to explore your personal "hang-ups" about money and economic survival. Cost $8 with advance registration. Meets Saturday, May 24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. To enroll, call Dr. Larry Holden 223-3962.

ECKANKAR, The Path of Total Awareness, will be presenting a seminar Saturday, May 24 in the Loggia Room of the House of Hospitality in Balboa Park from 12 p.m. to 4 p.m. Info: San Diego Satsang Society, 3509 5th Ave. 298-5748.

MR. CHRISTOPHER Hegarty will speak at the US Grant Hotel, in the Pavilion Room Thursday, May 22 at 5 p.m. "Stress and the Modern Man. (How long will you last?)" is the topic of this free lecture which will discuss how Transcendental Meditation can serve as an important tool to reduce stress in each individual. For information call 280-1840.

WE'LL MAKE the best submarine in San Diego for only $1. (After 5 p.m.) The Yellow Submarine, 1961 Abbott, O.B. (across from the lifeguard station). 224-9017.

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CHECK THE OTHERS OUT before you come here. Major VW tune up and oil change for only $19.95 includes Bosch parts, plugs, points, valves adjusted, compression test, plug wire resistance test, distributor check-out, carburetor check-out and castrol oil change. People's Car, 5228 Cushman Pl. 299-5724. Off Morena Blvd.

FINE IMPORTED GUITARS. We also have electric guitars and banjos. Roberto Torres instructs in classical guitar. Casa La Guitarra, 5649 La Jolla Blvd. in Bird Rock. 454-5378.

Pets

YAFEH — 20 month old neutered male Abbysinian cat, gone several weeks now. Reward for his return, or for information leading to return. 276-8209.

FREE 3 YEAR-OLD Cocker Spaniel to good home. Adorable dog, but am moving and can't take him. Please contact Ann: 224-1272.

ALASKAN MALAMUTE — Kimo needs a good home with children or a playmate. He's a beautiful person. 8 months old, male. Roger. 287-7500.

IRISH SETTER, male 1½ years old. Large, East Coast breeding. AKC championship, with papers and shots. Good water dog. $75 firm. Selling only because he's bigger than our yard. 449-6695.

BEAUTIFUL KITTY free to loving home. 8 months old, black and white, affectionate and very playful. Please save her from the pound. 488-0925.

WANTED: Irish setter pup, shots not necessary, but helpful. For friendship on 80 acre Oregon farm. Call 264-1366 and leave message for Jim.

DOG, loving German Shepherd, female, four months old. Free to loving home with big yard. 286-2863 or 286-1694. She's a beautiful dog!

KITTIES (9). All crazy. Free to good lovers. La Jolla. 459-0327.

DOG KENNEL — sturdy American Airlines large size kennel. Used only once. They charged us $28 for it. You can have it for $20. 272-7649.

DOG OBEDIENCE training by knowledgeable avid dog lover. Reasonable. Call Carina. Days 8-4:30, 286-6437, eves. 286-3127.

Personals

PROPHETESS desires companionship of idealistic single male peace officer who has had contact with death, and whose purpose for joining force was humanitarian. 291-1596. Loren.

SURFER, 23, LONGHAIR, would like to meet together, open minded locals for mellow times. P.O. Box 1087, Del Mar 92014.

A FOOL sees not the same tree that a wise man sees. He whose face gives no light shall never become a star. — Proverbs of Hell.

HAIR FACTORY — the natural haircutting and hair-care center in La Jolla, wants to thank its Reader readers for their referrals; business is great. For an appointment or further information call 459-2400.

DISILLUSIONED, but determined, male 25 — desires to meet female who demands and expects her dreams to materialize in her effort to truly live! 223-3381.

HASSLES? LONELY? Things got you down? We're the Help Center, Counseling and Referrals. Call or walk-in. 5069 College Ave. 582-Help. Confidential. Peace!

LISTEN to the fool's reproach! It is a kingly title! — Proverbs of Hell.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE of international banking cartel, now retired and bored with women and yachting will assist with valid problems. Terrence — 296-4756 after 10 a.m. Hop aboard.

VAPOROUS CACTUS trots about the swirling camel into a sailing ship, here, in the diamond-like desert, as the eye distills the ethereal black hole.

A RHINO-BLEND of meditative foxes buckpasses to the obscure footprints of some phantom guard, and the phoenix fallen, gaping beside the crimson sphinx.

KIM KINNISON: alert your family, this looks like trouble! Alia. Who are you? Worsel.

MIKE: thanks for encouragement, am rotten chess player. King's knight to King's Bishop three. Who's Caissa? Black: King's pawn to King three. White.

SO WHAT? I'm glad you understand it, too, now, but (1) does anyone else? (2) you're being kinda melodramatic. (3) how about dinner sometime!? (rumrf)

ANDY: hope that your week has fond memories of the past weekend. No guarantees. Your Mello Lady.

PUSSYCAT — with you, I was alive; without you, I will just survive. Will love you for eternity. R.

TURQUOISE: the real thing

Pharaohs and Queens of Egypt were entombed wearing their finest turquoise. It was to bring them luck — good luck — as they traveled the river of Death. Today, great gold bracelets, encrusted with turquoise in the shape of the Royal Eagles of Egypt stand on display in the Royal Museum of Cairo. These bracelets date back 4,000 years! The conquering Moors as they sped across Spain wore pendants of silver and turquoise in the belief it would bring them luck and make them invincible in battle. The Ancient Chinese rubbed nuggets of turquoise to soothe them, to calm them, to make them feel good. And finally, the traders of Persia wore turquoise as an omen of luck and good fortune in business and in their travels. No trader in his right mind would take a 1,000 camel caravan across the sands without the blessing of the charmed stone, turquoise!

Imagine now it is 1547; Francisco Vasquez de Coronado sets his Spanish boot in New Mexico. He comes hunting for the fabled Seven Cities of Gold. But what does Coronado find? He finds, instead of gold, gentle Pueblo Indians, mischevious Apaches and Navajos, all wearing turquoise. And wearing it for the same reasons the Pharaohs and their Queens wore turquoise. For the same reasons the Moors, the Ancient Chinese, the traders of Persia wore turquoise! The Indians of this, the new world, wore turquoise because it brought luck and good health and happiness and love into their life!

Today, almost 500 years since Coronado brought horses and gunpowder to our American Southwest, the love, the mystery and the excitement for, and about turquoise, continues.

Mystery? Why? Most of those same mines that yielded turquoise to the gentle Pueblos 500 years ago still yield. Descendants of those Pueblos, Navajo and Zuni Indians work, and work hard, to bring to the marketplace fine items of their craft in silver and turquoise.

So why the mystery? Because, as with all things popular, imitation and sub-standard products have come to some of the stores where Indian art is sold.

*The question then is, '**How to Know the Real Thing.**' The answer is — and you may not like it, because of its simplicity — 'Know Your Turquoise Dealer!'*

Honestly, that's the best advice I can give. Talk to your turquoise dealer, see the excitement in his eyes as he talks about the charmed stone. You can feel the excitement in his voice as he talks about it as well. If you can, ask him (or her) if they have some cheap or imitation turquoise around the store, so you may note the difference. Most dealers do carry, in their backrooms or in some desk drawer, a piece or two of imitation or badly flawed turquoise. And most dealers are more than willing to compare these 'cheap' pieces with quality pieces of turquoise to show you the difference.

*Frankly, I'd be skeptical of a dealer who was reluctant to take the time to tell me all he or she could about turquoise. I sincerely believe it incumbent upon the retailers of Indian jewelry to keep the public informed and educated about this wonderful gem-stone. And you, you who buy it and wear it, we want you to know all you can about the wonderful charmed stone, **TURQUOISE!***

*This bit of history and information presented by the folks at **THE RESERVATION**, San Diego County's most complete Indian jewelry store!*

THE STARCHILD is pleased to announce that it's gonna be a rock 'n' roll summer.

YOUNG WIDOWER, professional, financially secured, tired of bar scene, is interesed in meeting girl (21-28) as same. 462-8417.

MAGAZINE WRITER with large van seeks young woman interested in writing, politics, science, for national travel. Write Stuckey/Henahan, 3426 Yosemite St., San Diego.

MELLOW, warm, intelligent, unencumbered, fiftyish male looking for adventurous liberated woman for weekends and occasional evenings. Interests: Art, music, nature, food, weeds. G. B. 299-5354.

THE INSTITUTE of Misogyny announces the appointment to its Board of Trustees of Ms. Vynyian Broad, retired former head of the international Pro Boneon cartel. Mail congratulations to Box 33016, San Diego, 92103.

WE'LL MAKE the best submarine in San Diego for only $1. (After 5 p.m.). The Yellow Submarine, 1961 Abbott, O.B. (across from the lifeguard station). 224-9017.

THE KIDS in the neighborhood say Joey's Place is the best for getting your hair spiffy looking, 'cause they're friendly and nice. Hairshapes, Thomas at Cass, Pacific Beach. 488-3716.

Wanted

BEGINNING WOOD sculptor seeks unusual logs (any size or shape). Whatever we can share is beautiful. Lauren. 486-9683.

TAPE RECORDER wanted. 233-1905.

PHOTOGRAPHER WANTED: I need a portfolio now. Have little money, but will have once I have a portfolio! Willing to pay you what I can now and work out a trade in plants, something. Am desperate. 222-9276 early morning or evening.

MINI BOOZE bottles wanted by collector. Liquor, beer, wine or soft drinks. Will buy one or a collection. Ralph Vaughan, Box 1022, Del Mar.

WANTED: person to reweave torn portion of a panama hat. 299-1759.

NEED MOTOR HOME for 7 days from 25 June. 4 persons, 2500 mile roundtrip. Responsible; references. Offers to: 560-7488.

Jobs

WANTED: Outgoing person for sales in Windsurfing store. Sailing experience essential, windsurfing experience not necessary. Call 488-8200.

JUGGLERS, UNICYCLISTS, clowns, fools, wanted for First Annual Memorial Weekend Juggling Picnic and Unicycle Races at Robb Field in O.B. 224-6011 for more info.

NON-AGGRESSIVE novice stock broker to profit from esoteric but fail-proof short-term option trading approach. Much homework. Write: G.B. 4531½ Park Blvd., 92116.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTOR — Established independent Jewish Sunday school — Send resume/inquiry P.O. Box 25, La Jolla, 92038.

A NEW NEWSPAPER, San Diego County Alcoholism Digest, is scheduled for publication sometime this summer. Volunteer writers, editors, researchers needed to assist publisher. For information, call Pat Doering, 299-3718 between 9-5 daily.

HELP needed with general household chores and to cook simple meat dishes three times per week for three people. $3 hr. 20 hours week. 291-3590.

MAINTENANCE PERSON. 20-30 hours a week. $2.50 an hour. General upkeep of 2 duplexes. General skills in plumbing, plastering, electrical household repair. Must be able to work independently. Send resumes directly to Project Oz, 3304 Idlewild Way, San Diego, 92117.

SECRETARY/RECEPTIONIST. 35 hours a week. $5,000 a year. Good office skills required as well as knowledge of statistics and bookkeeping. Administrative experience helpful. Must be able to function well around adolescents and parents. Knowledge of social service agencies preferred. Send resumes directly to Project Oz, 3304 Idlewild Way, San Diego, 92117.

SALES DEMONSTRATION IN SWAP MEET. Part-time female student needed, good talker, responsible, no experience necessary. Work only Saturday and Sunday. Easy money, minimum $20.00 a day. Call: 1-729-5888 12 a.m. to 6 p.m., 1-722-3095 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. Takamatsu Company, San Diego.

Bikes

DIRT BIKE. 125cc. Sachs. 1970, off road registration. 460-7176. Ask for Zino.

'62 HARLEY DAVIDSON. '74 Panhead just rebuilt. Fully chopped. Lots of chrome. Call 224-1528 after 5 p.m.

1973 HONDA XL250. Rated best in its class for durability and dependability. Excellent condition, many extras. Asking $700. Call Dale between 5-8 p.m. only. 222-6927.

1973 SUZUKI 250 twin street bike. 6-speed transmission, front disc brake, carrying rack, 7600 miles, owned by Suzuki mechanic. $565. Includes oil. 442-6748.

1973½ YAMAHA TX500. Street bike. 45-plus mpg. Showroom condition, always properly maintained. New Dunlops, chain. Just tuned up and ready for summer. Call 295-6083. First over $975 gets.

'71 HONDA 600, radials, shag carpet, 40 mpg, excellent running condition, $950.00. Call Wednesday between 8-5. 560-6022.

YAMAHA 175 Enduro. New engine, runs perfect. Must sell, only $350. Call 274-0429 or 560-6022.

RALEIGH Grand Prix 10-speed. Near new condition. Light, rack, lock, $150 new, sell $100. 454-1878 or 459-8201. Bob.

YAMAHA RD-350, superb, extras, tools, parts, rack, etc. $700. 755-3536 evenings. (Del Mar).

GIRL'S 3-speed Schwinn bicycle. Price negotiable - cheap! Must sell soon. Call 488-9635 evenings. Also, standing bookshelf, wood, good condition.

'68 YAMAHA 305. $200.00 or best. 460-1968.

For Sale

PACHINKO MACHINE in good mechanical condition but in need of some refurbishing; have lost interest in game. $15 or best offer. 272-0177 evenings.

WOOL TROUSERS. Muted brown-gold glen plaid. 31-34. Make offer. 299-1759.

STRAWBERRIES 25¢/lb. - you pick your own. Lakeside. 10384 Palm Row Drive.

YOUR GOLD OR SILVER — redesigned, engraved, enameled, repaired, or set with fine diamonds or colored gems. Aaron Jewelers, 973 Grand, Pacific Beach. Open 9 to 5.

ANTIQUES: moving, must sell variety of relics, all in excellent condition; including wicker rug beater, ice tongs, canvas fire bucket, photos, much more. 447-4245.

CORKABLE wine bottles for your homemade wine. 6¢ each, any amount. Call the Ecology Centre, 235-0066 or 436-5433.

BED, single mattress, springs, and frame - $30. Also red carpet and pad, approximately 15x18, new - $60. 276-8209.

HISHI BEAD necklace with turquoise stone. $30.00. 225-9043.

TWO MATTRESSES in excellent condition, $25 each. Also two night stands or end tables, $5 for pair. Call 274-9635.

ARTISTS: jewelry equipment; beginning tools, tool box, apron, sheet brass, casting nickel silver and brass-all $20.00; silkscreeners: 18"x24" frame, 18" squeegee $10. 447-4245.

VITAMIN C (Radiance chewable acerola 150 mg.) 100 tablets $1.45 at Tommy's Natural Foods, 6866 El Cajon Blvd.

BOY'S CLOTHES: box of 30 plus pieces. Including sport coat, rain coat, jeans, shirts, etc. Size 6-8. $30. Red, white and blue 'little soldier' lamp. $5. 565-9071.

GIRL'S CLOTHES: 25 plus pieces, including dresses, sweaters, raincoat, rainboots (size 5) and ice skates (size 5). Clothes are size 10-12 pre-teen. $25. 565-9071.

SINGLE BED, $23. Call 273-7694.

UPHOLSTERED CHAIR and matching sofa. Sofa folds down into an uncomfortable bed - but it will do in a pinch! Clean, both for $65. Call 447-7186.

DUNCAN-PHYFE, mahogany, dropleaf table. Needs refinishing. Must sell-my dog needs a hair cut! Call 447-7186. $25.

OSTRICH SHELL heishi and shark vertebrae on strands from Africa at General Bead, No. 506, 520 E Street, downtown San Diego. Tues.-Sat., 12-5:30. 235-0800.

TWIN BED and frame, $15.; desk, 2-drawer (medium), $30.; chest, 8-drawer (black lacquer), $20.; sofa (green, old-fashioned), $20. 299-6366 after 6 p.m.

REFRIGERATOR. $20. After 6. Call 582-2368.

9-FT. COUCH. Excellent condition; coffee table, kidney shape, 5x2 feet; recliner chair (Lazy Boy); TV, excellent condition. 582-8412.

UNIQUE LAMP: new, solid brass ornate lamp with crystal prisms. 2½ feet high. Table or floor lamp. Cost $90. Must see. Offer ?. 488-1863.

19" PHILCO Ford TV, with UHF and VHF, excellent picture reception, $65 or offer. 453-1551 after 7 p.m.

CONTEMPORARY desk with end table. $40. Dan, 280-5269.

WEDDING DRESS. Beautiful. Size 8-10. $40. Call Cathy for details. 283-9987, 283-5359.

CARPET, red, nylon, shag, 78 square yards, 1 year, excellent condition, best offer. GAF super 8 movie camera, projector, and lights. Best offer. 291-8297.

PATIO OR LAWN glider. Two tones of green, weatherproof upholstery. Excellent condition. $40. 582-7296.

BLACK SUIT with gold shirt, black bow tie and cumberbund waistband. Bargain on price. 299-1759.

BROWN corduroy suit: size 40L. Excellent condition. Bargain on price. 299-1759.

EARTH SHOES 11-1 (10½B). Little wear. Make offer. 299-1759.

FLORSHEIM boot-shoes. Excellent leather with neolite soles and heels. 10½N. Bargain. 299-1759.

WESTINGHOUSE Continental electric stove, light yellow, stove above. $50. Wood desk 30"x50", drawers both sides, $50. 459-4957 p.m.

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SMITH CORONA portable typewriter $20. Brian. 272-5866.

PLAYBOY MAGAZINES — large quantity from 1964 to 1973. Also Psychology Today and New Times. Any offer will do. 279-4667.

ANTIQUE WINDSOR rocking chair from England. $80. 283-9166 days.

OLD FOOTSTOOLS: needlepoint, 3 feet long for $35 or an oval-shaped upholstered for $25. Call 283-9166 days.

BOWMAR MX-100 slide-rule calculator with accessories. Warranty valid until December. Has all trignometric and logarithmic functions and memories. Must sacrifice. $80. Call 280-1386 (after six p.m.).

PATIO SALE: waffle iron, toaster, blender, typewriter, clothing, etc. 233 Nautilus St., La Jolla. May 17 and 18. (10-5)

GARAGE SALE. By appointment. 582-3257. Antiques, kitchen utensils, rugs, fishing rods, floodlights, spotlights, mirror, Lazy Susan, etc.

KING-SIZE BED and complete bedding, $250; Royal Holland pewter coffee service, $60; Instamatic camera, electric eye, $20. 454-4059.

Photo

DURST 606 Enlarger. Simple elegance for 35mm and 120 formats. Many parts and 80mm Schneider Componon lens. $160. 461-4887 before 9 p.m.

PENTAX SPOTMATIC with f1.4 lens, $180. Honeywell Strobonar 800, $80. Vivitar (Pentax mount), 28mm, f2.5 with filters, $60. Call 239-8352.

NIKKOR 7.5mm Fisheye lens. 180 degree coverage. $375 or trade for other Nikon equipment. Roger. 287-7500.

ARGUS COSINA 708 super 8. Auto-exposure with manual override. 3 speed, split image focusing, ASA 25-160, 8:1 zoom. Check rated, cost new $200, asking $125. 263-3282.

MINOLTA 135mm f2.8, case, shade, excellent. Asking $110. Vivitar 2X tele-converter, $20. Throw in Minolta camera case (new SR) and eye cup with purchase of both. 263-3282.

Cars

'61 SCOUT. New tires, clutch, brakes, rear end. $900. 277-2423, days.

'70 BUICK LeSabre. Automatic, air conditioning, power brakes and steering, FM, clean, runs well. Roomy trunk, interior. 49,000 miles. Book $1500, sell for $1000 cash. 272-4794.

1969 RENAULT R-10. Reliable transportation in good condition. 34-38 mpg, Michelin Z-X Radials, radio, repair manuals. $700 or best offer. 453-7665.

1970 DATSUN 510 sedan. 4-speed, green, good condition, good mileage, good tires, good buy at $1050.00. Call 224-3121 or 223-1900.

SAAB. 2-stroke, new factory engine and transmission, new clutch, front tires, rebuilt alternator, very clean interior. For Saab specialists. $975. Bruce, 235-6176.

'69 SAAB Deluxe. Good condition, economical, must sell. $1300. 299-8511 during p.m.

CAR RADIO. Bendix AM. Perfect condition. $39. Selling because want an FM one. Bruce, 235-6176.

MAZDA Hmmm... '71 R-100, good as new, 22-plus mpg, white with black. Free horse? 459-0327.

4 WHEEL DRIVE International Scout. '72 engine, '74 transmission, still on guarantee — extras. $1500 or best offer. Call 566-7348 after 5 p.m.

1973 BMW 2002. 24,000 miles, AM/FM, 4-speed, foglamps, spares, shop manual. Offer over $5000 and continue loving care. 461-4887 before 9 p.m.

'69 GMC 2½ ton truck with 22' van box and lift gate, 5-speed, with high, low plus more. New clutch, tires, paint, wiring, etc. Like new and hardly used. 277-4863.

1967 CHEVELLE. Runs good. Make offer. 459-2220.

1962 RAMBLER American. Needs engine work. Make offer. 459-2220.

1971 TOYOTA LAND CRUISER with overdrive. Blue, excellent condition, roll bar, tape and many extras. Must sell. $2995. 454-8287.

1966 VW VAN. Very good condition. $1300. Call 223-1144. Ask for Carol.

VW TIRES 4 ply '15 with chrome hubs for $60.00. Six wooden telephone spools, 3 different sizes, $8.00, $6.00, and $5.00 each. Call 262-9716.

1963 CHEVROLET convertible, red body, black top, red interior, excellent condition. Call 469-0283 after five p.m. or on weekends.

'67 OPEL. Runs but needs work. $225. Contact Marcia, 3777 Riviera Drive, Pacific Beach.

1970 MGB/GT. Excellent condition, 25 mpg, $2400, wire wheels, 225-2675/7114 days, ask for Daryl. 5046 Saratoga, evenings and weekends.

'67 FORD 1/2 ton pickup, V8, with camper shell, new steel-belted radial tires. Good condition. Must sell, $850 or offer. 453-1551 after 5 p.m.

'67 TRIUMPH 4A-IRS. New top. 8-track and FM stereo. 28 mpg. $875. Bruce, 284-5290, 459-4883.

'68 CUTLASS convertible. Power steering and brakes, air conditioning, $675. Bruce, 284-5290, 459-4883.

'63 FORD Galaxie. Auto, radio, heater, runs just great. Only $300.00. 276-2022.

1969 RAMBLER REBEL 4-DOOR. Needs some work. $500 or best offer. 286-2863 or 286-1694. Between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

1970 FORD FALCON. 56,000 miles. Wholesales for 1000, asking $900. Call 222-4517 or 299-99??, ext. 74.

1973 CHEVY Vega G.T. Hatchback. 4-speed. Radials all around. FM stereo with cassette tape deck. California gold with white racing stripe. Clean inside and out. A-1 excellent mechanical condition. Must sell - $1575. 281-0656.

1968 VOLVO 142-S 2-door, clean, excellent condition, new brakes, shocks, clutch. $1,400. 452-4304. Michael.

Sport

WINDSURFING group classes now forming for week-ends at $20.00 for four-hour instructions. Private instruction by appointment. Call Windsurfing Mission Bay 488-8200.

5-TIME U.S. CHAMPION surfer Corky Carroll will give surfing lessons this summer, beginner or advanced. 223-1049.

KAYAKS—CANOES: Zodiac, Avon, Achilles, Sevylor inflatables. Surf-skis, Klepper folding boats, Sunflower sailboats, Porta-boats. Ocean Ventures, Inc., the small boat center. 1011 Orange Ave., Coronado. Open 10:30-5, Monday-Saturday. 435-6779.

WOMAN'S SKIS, poles, boots, size 8-9. All in good condition. $70. 753-7893.

2 SETS twin '72 diving tanks, U.S. Divers (hardly used), single hose regulator, Scuba Pro wetsuit, large, weights and belt. 464-1864 after 9 p.m.

EARTH SHOES style 501 sandal. Original price $30 will sell for $20. Hardly worn, excellent condition. Kat 272-4018 or 459-3818.

PFLUEGER MEDALIST flyreel and Eagle Claw flyrod, new — $40 or trade for spinning setup. Call Jim at 296-4175 or come over to 3693 Florida on all odd days this month.

SURFBOARD 6'5", only $15. Call 225-9043.

SURFBOARD — 5'2" swallow tail, $30. Skis — Blizzard 205 cm. Nevada toes, Gezeheels, includes size 9½ lace boots, $75 or ?. 454-1878 or 459-8201. Bob.

JVC SHORTWAVE 6 band all transistor. Super power, must sell $100 or offer. You can listen to the world. 463-3917.

TENNIS RACKET: new $10. Am-Fm radio, new, ac/dc with charger $15. Man's jacket, leather-look vinyl, like new, size 40. $15. 488-1863 day or evening.

RADIO SHACK Realistic 8 channel police scanner with 8 crystals and antenna, $110. Call 280-6906.

HEATHKIT VHF radio, $10. Dr. Pepper and 7-Up clocks, both for $10. UHF converter for $15. Call 280-6906.

BOAT. '71 Thunderbird, 16 foot. Tri-hull, 110 hp Mercury. Coast trailer. Walk-thru windshield. Skis, etc. $1800. Bruce 284-5290, 459-4883.

RACHLE "Palu" 10½ medium hiking boot. Excellent uppers. Make offer. 299-1759.

SURFBOARD — 7' diamond tail crisp, clean lines. Very good condition. $45. 223-1429.

COMPLETE WOMAN's ski outfit. Skis, boots, goggles, white fur parka, black and white jumpsuit. Make an offer — all or part. Carol, 272-5866.

SCUBA TANKS. Twin 50's. Dacor. Galvanized blue. Never been used! $195. Call Jim, 234-0866 (anytime).

'74 CATAMARAN — 14 foot. Excellent condition, custom sails, tilt bar trailer. Fast!! $800. Call 566-5587.

SURFBOARDS. Guns for Mexico and summer fun. Excellent condition. Reasonable. 224-2646.

Lessons

SURFING LESSONS given by 5-time U.S. Surfing Champion Corky Carroll. Beginner or advanced. 223-1049.

SPIRITUAL PATHS: an introduction. An introspective introduction then weekly sessions each with tapes, speakers, and methods of one path. $15.00. NCEHP, Pacific Beach. 272-7330 or 276-3280.

ASTHMATIC CHILDREN can participate in a new series of Lung Association breathing improvement classes. For an application, call Mr. Friend at 283-2251.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION. Free lecture on the simple and natural technique which provides each individual with greater freshness and clarity and stability. Monday, May 19 at the Pacific Beach Rec Center, 1405 Diamond, 7:30 p.m.

GUITAR LESSONS: Rock, Blues, Folk, Bluegrass, Ragtime, Bottleneck, Beginning, Intermediate, Advanced; $3.50 per half hour by appointment: call Les Preston 281-0932.

WORKSHOP IN meditation and consciousness expansion. A universal approach, all welcome. Call 565-7405.

SUMMER BRIDGE CLASSES at The Bridge Center. Beginners and Intermediates. Sundays (7-9) From May 18. 8 weeks — $16. Weekly prizes. Instructor: Patrick Mahoney (Life Master, National Champion and SDSU Professor). For information, reservations, call 295-7942 or 295-4772.

PRANA YOGA (Centered Energy) seminar Saturday, Sunday, June 7-8 San Diego. Hatha Yoga evening classes also available. Information call Yogi Chandra, 284-4336.

BEAUTIFUL YARD, creative play garden, field trips, hot lunch, nutritious snacks, preschool, full day. We don't teach your children, we let them learn. 239-4025, 282-2216.

LEARN FOLK GUITAR. Experienced and very patient teacher welcomes students from absolute beginners through advanced. Learn to fingerpick, play bass melody, and lots of other styles. Diana Sternbach. 459-1895.

TENNIS INSTRUCTION from Steve Bassett, member of the United States Professional Tennis Association. Private and semi-private lessons offered with discounts for students and advanced payment. Now rather than the crowded summer months is the time to learn. Call 459-3755.

EXERCISE CLASSES for women. Tuesday and Thursday mornings and Tuesday and Friday evenings. First Lutheran Church, 1420 3rd Ave. Call 296-4942. 4-6 p.m.

BALLROOM DANCE Classes — fox trot, swing, rhumba, cha cha, waltz, etc. Wednesdays 8:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Call 295-4942 after 6 p.m.

Housing

FEMALE STUDENT needs apartment or house to share with same. Under $100. Prefer East San Diego. No cigarette smokers. Call 286-1121.

ROOMMATE WANTED — working person 21-30 to share beautiful house on ½ acre in rural Poway. Own bedroom, bath. $125 month. Call Saturday for Ed, 748-0538.

SUBLET COZY La Jolla Studio apartment near ocean. $165. Available June 1, summer only. References. Star, P.O. Box 99984, San Diego, Ca. 92109.

ROOMMATE WANTED. I am looking for someone with a good head on his or her shoulders, to share my three bedroom house in Mission Hills. If interested, call 291-3555, ask for Ken.

OCEAN VIEW house in Ocean Beach. Will consider male, female, or couple to share expenses. Furnished. $100 a month. Available June 1. Call John, 224-3938.

2 OR 3 FEMALES need 2 or 3 bedroom housing for summer, preferably South Mission Beach. About $125 per month each (maximum). References. 488-8996.

STUDIO ROOM for rent. Private entrance and bath. Quiet area. Walk to State. Available June 1, 1975. 582-8412.

SHARE HOUSE in East San Diego. June 1. $65, $75, $80. No animals. Call Nancy or Rae at 583-8976 or Rae at 292-2228 before 2 p.m.

HOUSEMATE NEEDED. Young adult male or female. Private room, private entrance. $65. Next to bay. 3777 Riviera Drive, Pacific Beach.

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(continued from page 15)

VISITING PROFESSOR needs home near UCSD — July 28 through August 22. Two adults and three children. Excellent references provided. Contact Political Science Dept., UCSD. 452-3548.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share 2 bedroom apartment in East Clairemont. Full recreation facilities, mountain view, quiet. $110 a month. 565-7301.

THE FUNKY Newport Hotel, rooms and apartments for rent $100-$120 per month. Linens and maid. Enjoy a hassle-free beachside existence. Perfect location, downtown Ocean Beach. Beat the summer crowd. 4961 Newport. 224-2323 (days).

I'M A FEMINIST looking for same to live with. Prefer Beach or Mission Hills area. Call Breen at 296-0566 or 281-9540. Leave message.

SERIOUS FEMALE Engineering student seeks quiet room in private residence near SDSU for fall semester. Please call Kathy 466-6627, leave message.

FEMALE available to share rent with other female(s). Mission Beach, Pacific Beach, or La Jolla. 273-7601, ask for Brandy.

2 FEMALE roommates needed by June 1. 2-bedroom apartment to share with me. $46.67 a month. Call Odette or leave message, 287-1425.

ROOMMATE WANTED, male or female, ultra-mod redwood townhouse, direct oceanfront, fireplace, Encinitas. Good vibes ... rent negotiable. 436-5809.

YOUNG WIDOWER with small child seeks compatible female housemate (21-28), non-smoker, to share 4 bedroom house, free rent in exchange for light duties. Call 462-8417 or 225-0719.

SHARE semi-furnished house, own room, private entrance off patio, garden, 1 mile to State, near bus, quiet, off street parking. $83 plus 1/3 utilities. 464-8766.

DELUXE OCEAN BEACH summer beach house! Enjoy a giant yard, trees, and good vibes! House includes outrageous bedroom with queensize bed! Call Robert, 224-1144.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted to share cozy La Jolla house near beach. Own wood-paneled bedroom with dutch-door to backyard. $110 plus utilities. 459-7471.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted: Quiet P.B. area, furnished apt. own room and bath. Non-smokers — only $100 a month, available June 1. Call 270-7381.

HOUSE WANTED: responsible married couple desires to rent a 2 bedroom house by June 1 in a quiet residential neighborhood within 10 minutes of USD. 296-2922.

SENSUAL FEMALE age 25 to 40 — to share 3 bedroom home. Male owner, no strings. Private bedroom if desired. Non smoker. $75 month plus. 560-4460.

MALE OR FEMALE roommate wanted: to share house with three others. Serra Mesa area, close to Mesa College. $75 plus utilities. 565-4297 by June 1. Big back yard. Dog welcome.

LIVE RENT free. Private room for relaxed female who enjoys cooking occasionally, share chores, type a bit and laugh at limp one-liners. Nemo. 296-4756.

ROOMMATES NEEDED in beautiful Point Loma home. Large yards, fruit trees, sunny side of hill. Male, female, or couple. Non-smokers please. Mike 225-0820.

ROOM FOR RENT $100 share furnished 2 room house in green open Vista. Garden, air, peace. Be inhibited and kind. Tom. 436-3191. It's really great.

2 FEMALES for 2 bedrooms. Available June 1st. $69 a month plus utilities. Non smoker. Vegetarian preferred. Call 225-8478.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Female. Pacific Beach apartment, own room, large, very nice, near ocean. I am 26, a teacher. Please call Ann, 272-0609. $100 a month. Keep trying.

ROOMMATE NEEDED — third woman with child (2-4) to share house. Your rent $67 plus utilities. For a feeling of family call Leah or Carolyn. 239-1057.

FEMALE WISHES to share 4-bedroom house in Del Mar, with 2 others, extras. $160 firm. Call 755-3069.

NEED Female roommate to share roomy two bedroom apartment. Near O.B. No cigarette smokers. $75 per month plus utilities. 223-6106.

ROOMMATE NEEDED. Own room and bath in big, three bedroom house with yard 1 miles from State. Available June 1. 287-6975. $100 a month plus 1/3 utilities.

SIXTH PERSON needed for mellow woods, living in Pt. Loma. Own room. $80 per month plus utilities. 222-2962.

ARE YOU MOVING? (Know someone who is?) two guys with two cats need a 2 bedroom place near beach. Call Pat. 488-6363 or Ron. 488-6510.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share woodsy Birdrock area home. Male or female. Features separate bedrooms, large garage for projects, private backyard. I'm male, 32 and working. If interested please call 459-1138.

FOR RENT: 5 bedroom furnished house in Mission Hills. July & August only. $400 month. Call 295-8673.

RENTAL. $250. Unfurnished house, 4426 48th St. 582-3257. $50 per month managing rebate, 2 bedrooms, carpeting, fireplace, formal dining with builtins, adults, garage available, near all.

RENTALS: house, formal dining, fireplace, good location, couples, bus: 2 bedroom apt., stove, refrigerator, storage, garage: furnished 1 bedroom apt., sublet 4 months. 582-3257.

Rides

TRAVELING TO Canada June 6, stopping everywhere. Need someone to share expenses. Datsun camper. Mechanic preferred. Not coming back. Please call Robin. 224-2090 late or early.

LEAVING TOWN in your car, van, or ? Riders all cities U.S. will share costs and driving. Free community service of Travelers Aid Travelboard. 232-7991.

RIDE NEEDED — to New York (or close) for two people. Will share driving and expenses. Prefer leaving weekend May 24-25. Call Ray, 225-1401.

RIDER WANTED to share expenses to South Lake Tahoe. Leaving around the middle of May. Contact Marcia. 3777 Riviera Drive, Pacific Beach.

NEED ONE rider or a ride to Michigan (Lansing, Detroit). Leave May 22, return by June 6. Rob, 273-836.

MOTOR HOME to San Antonio, Texas, roundtrip, last week June, may have space for one civilized passenger. 560-7488.

RIDE WANTED towards Miami, Florida area-future trips. Call 488-5513 ask for Steve.

Services

NEW ASSOCIATION for apartment managers and others interested in housing. Make money in useful projects. Call Bill Nibling, 276-3707, 5 p.m.-9 p.m.

RESUMES — all typing services. Letter composition, ad copy, printing, mailing. Dictation 24 hour phone. 286-7600, information, 286-2494. Acumen, 4501 Collwood Blvd. at Monroe.

T-SHIRTS screen printed for groups, organizations or whatever. Reasonable rates, quality dyes. 1 dozen or $20 minimum. For specifics call John at 277-9562.

SKILLED THERAPIST. Trained in Rolfing, Energy Flow, Reflexology, Shiatsu, and Zone Therapy. Graduate of the three most outstanding training schools of massage. Former resident masseuse at Esalen. Excels in deep Swedish massage. For appointment call: Donee Whelan, 283-9236.

WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHY — Complete color coverage. Reasonable. Call weekends or before 7:15 a.m. And after 10 p.m. 444-7657.

SPRING CLEANING? Reliable students will work on that yard. Trash, discards hauled away with our labor. Good rates. Steve. 287-7158.

FREELANCE ARTIST: need a logo, brochures, flyers, design or cartooning. Give me a call and avoid the high cost of commercial studios. Jim Cornelius. 272-4623.

PICTURE FRAMING ... matting, mounting, stretching (painting, posters, fabrics, photos, etc.) Top quality work at lowest prices. Moved to new, central location ... (formerly in Pacific Beach). Jim's Frame Shop. 3689 Park Blvd., San Diego. 299-0775.

WEDDING MUSIC. Ceremony and reception, easy to work with, also available: seamstress, photography and invitations. 463-2297, 466-6337.

BUGGY? TAPPED? You are not defenseless! For information on electronic counter surveillance devices Write: Aegis Electronics, P.O. Box 81616, San Diego, Ca. 92138.

HEADING EAST June 1-5. Will transport goods or vehicle. Personal or business for reasonable sum. Star, P.O. Box 9984, San Diego, 92109.

EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL photographer available for weddings, graduations, protraits, etc. Very reasonable rates due to no office overhead. Quality at lowest possible cost. Michael, 453-8329.

Music

MUSICIANS WANTED to perform the works of Asimov, Clarke, Lovecraft, Poe, Nietzsche, Orwell, Verne, Wells. Call Nine Day King, 270-8078.

STEREO EQUIPMENT — bought, sold, traded. Stereo Unlimited, 4116 University Ave. 283-4537.

ALTO SAXOPHONE. Stock model, newly reconditioned with case, mouthpiece and neckstrap. $100. 459-5271, 453-0243.

RTR SPEAKERS — 400E — acoustic suspension 12" bass driver, 4 panel electrostatis midrange, piezoelectric tweeter (25,000 Hz). Cost $560, sell $375 for pair. 440-5587.

TAPE RECORDER. Reel to reel, $15. Succulent 4' tall with large clay pot, $10. 582-7296.

COMBINATION STEREO and a radio console model. Black cabinet good tone, plus portable stereo with double speaker. $90 total cost. Call 453-8515.

SHERWOOD RECEIVER with 3 year warranty, BSR turntable, SRL speakers 30 inches high. Walnut cabinets. Excellent sound quality. $400. 488-0925.

KEYBOARD PLAYER (male or female) wanted for country/rock band. Must have own equipment and be over 21. Call Frank at 477-0473.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC offers lessons in guitar, banjo, mandolin, autoharp, bass, flute. Four lessons, $16. New location at 509 Hwy. 101, Encinitas. 753-1775.

ELECTRIC ORGAN, excellent condition, reasonable. Tressle table, hardrock maple, two leaves, like new. Call before 10 a.m., after 7 p.m. 274-0739.

BUILD YOUR OWN GUITAR. Supplies, pearl inlays, pre-cut backs and sides, hard-to-find materials. Westland Music, 7936 Lester, Lemon Grove. 460-5535.

HAGSTROM BASS guitar with case. Red and black, good condition. $100 or offer. Call 444-6421 ask for Louis.

COUNTRY ROCK. Guitarist singer, 22, very serious. Ready to start over or mix in. 459-0327.

HI-FI PORTABLE Webcor. $40 or best offer. Brian, 272-5866.

OBOE FOR SALE: Rigoutat. Excellent condition, fully keyed, good scale, a professional quality instrument. $850. Dave Larwood, 287-4459.

FOLK GUITAR for sale. Aria 9430 with hard case and strap, etc. Like new. Asking $200. Call Bill at 279-7627.

MARANTZ Model 22 receiver 40 watts per channel rms, $275. Sony MX 12 mixer, $100. Will consider trade for other equipment. John, 488-9638.

ROCK DRUMMER, 28, experienced, has quality equipment, prefers "YES" and similar commercial and original progressive rock. Seeks solid group. 449-5728.

STEREO AM-FM radio-8 track and turntable console with music lights plus bookshelf. Paid $550 sell for $300. Call 224-1528 after 5 p.m.

STUDENT GUITAR, small body and neck ideal for child, accurate fretting, good sound, sunburst finish, straight neck, absolutely like new, new strings, only $20. 264-1370.

MUST SELL my fine stereo system, Marantz 2230 and Dual 1229, $400. 2 JBL L-100 speakers $400. Call Steve, 488-6923.

HARMON-KARDON CAD-5 Dolby cassette deck like new, only 25 hours use, includes tapes $145. Jim. 274-8316.

ROBERTS 333X tape recorder. Records reel to reel, 8-track and cassette. Like new, barely used. Must sell or trade $350. 463-3917.

VOCALIST for lounge duo. Versatile style with good repertoire. 435-2516.

VOX AMP 1½ years old. Two 12 inch speakers and horn. Reverb, vibrato, chrome dolly and covers. In mint condition. $295. 487-3528.

FENDER RHODES stage piano (73), like new, private party. $690. Negotiable. Best deal around! 466-6337.

GOOD, EXPERIENCED drummer would like to find or form band to play good country and/or rock. Alex, 459-7374.

MUSICIAN WANTED. Multi-talented musician needed for out of state work. Percussionist who plays other instruments greatly needed, contemporary music idioms. Kevin, 466-6337 or 463-2297.

'66 FENDER Mustang. Recent action work. Speakers: 2-12's and 1-15 in good cabinet. Must sell. $125 each. 459-0327 days.

DANCE BAND AVAILABLE for parties, dances, receptions. Versatile with a tasty sound. Reasonable rates. Steve 420-6797 or John, 423-6410.

LOOKING FOR A BETTER GUITAR? Look no further. The Taylor guitar is made right here in San Diego and is available for a limited time only at up to 40% savings. Westland Music, 7936 Lester Ave., Lemon Grove. 460-5335.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC has moved across the street to 509 Hwy. 101, Encinitas. 753-1775. We carry Guild, Fender, Mossman, Peavey, AKG, Shure. Concerts and hoots.

4-TRACK STUDIO RECORDING. Musicians — the time is past where getting a professional demo done meant $30-$60/hour. For $10/hour I'll give you a tape that will more than satisfy — and at that price you might just relax enough to put down your best stuff! 12 Input Board. Crown-JBL Monitoring. Check it out! — Jim Harvey. 275-0233. (eves., after 5-20-75)

FREE ADMISSION coupon to Ledbetters in this issue of the Reader. Music and dancing 7 days a week. 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

AUDIO WIZARD at work! Everything in the realm of tape systems, turntables, radios, and amplifiers — it's all a snap for The Mad Electronic Man to fix. Open until 6:30 Monday through Saturday. The Mad Electronic Man, 2216 Cable, Ocean Beach (Cable at Voltaire). 225-0333.

'71 GIBSON ES 335 with hardshell case. Perfect condition. Dark mahogany finish. $350. Gibson LG0 acoustic guitar, $100. Steve. 420-6797.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS!

How to Place Classifieds

Business Classifieds. Businesses (businesses include you if you are giving lessons, counseling, painting, selling real estate, etc.) may buy ads at the rate of $3 for 25 words or less, plus 10 cents per additional word. All business ads must be paid in advance.

Free Classifieds. Ads of no more than 25 words are free to individuals and non-profit organizations. Ads of more than 25 words cost 10 cents per additional word. Ads must be typed on a 3x5 card and mailed to READER CLASSIFIEDS, Box 80803, San Diego 92138. Deadline for receipt of ads is Saturday, five days before the Thursday issue. If two insertions are desired, a duplicate 3x5 card must be enclosed in the same envelope. Ads run in no more than two consecutive issues. Absolutely no ads accepted over the phone; no ads accepted in person by Reader staff, no ads accepted postage due; no ads accepted with special headlines, capitalization, spacing, stars, limit — 2 ads per week. We reserve the right to edit or refuse ads. Failure to follow these instructions may result in your ad being discarded. Unfortunately we cannot handle inquiries concerning the classifieds. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel ads, or to request the phone number from an ad you saw two weeks ago, or with other inquiries about the classifieds.