

LIFEGUARD TELLS THE FULL STORY

— Ronald W. Jensen —

One evening a neighbor and I were sitting around talking. He had been a high-ranking official in a large lifeguard department in Southern California before retiring, and he was telling me a story about the "perfect" lifeguard: "Al would come to work every day on time," he said. "From the moment he arrived at the beach he never took his eyes off the water until it was time to leave. If you asked him to work overtime, he'd do it — and he'd never complain. When the rest of the guards had a grievance and would call a meeting to plan strategy, Al would stay home. He couldn't be bothered. He was the perfect lifeguard, he never had an original thought."

"Your problem Ron," my neighbor's wife volunteered, "is that you think too much."

Shortly after I took the job at the Del Mar lifeguard service that would wind up on the front page of *The San Diego Union* September 14, I knew I wasn't going to last. Apparently, my good friend and Captain of the lifeguards, Gardner Stevens, knew it too. "I was warned not to hire you back," he said, shaking his head.

What happened? Against orders from a supervisor, I sped to the scene of a reported rescue outside the city limits and the call turned out to be a false alarm. When I returned to the station, supervisor Grant Larson suspended me for violating his order. Rather than accept his suspension I resigned, saying "I don't want to work with an agency that is more concerned with boundaries and politics than with human lives." That quote and an account of the incident found its way into the *Union* next day under the headline, "Lifeguard Punished For Rescue Try, Quits." But there is much more to the story than meets the eye or than was ever reported in the paper. The incident called into question some of the most fundamental assumptions that have been made over the years about lifeguarding and the nature of public service.

The day began like any other summer day at Del Mar. It was cold and overcast, and there were no swimmers or surfers visible along the Del Mar coastline. I was settling down at lifeguard headquarters with the morning paper when the emergency phone rang. It was 8:30 a.m. I wasn't on duty yet and wasn't scheduled to come on until 10:00. But I was living at headquarters and Del Mar had the only 24-hour lifeguard phone in the entire North County. So I punched the button and picked up the receiver. Ranger Paul Anderson at San Elijo State Beach was reporting an emergency. Anderson said he had just received two separate reports of people calling for help and in danger of drowning off Swami's Point in Encinitas. He had tried calling both state and county lifeguards (who have jurisdiction in the area) but was unable to reach them, he said. That's not surprising, I thought, since they aren't on duty. The only lifeguard vehicle immediately available in the whole North County at that hour of the morning was sitting right next to me. So I told him I would respond from headquarters.

But a fellow lifeguard who happened to be my supervisor had other ideas. By



Photo by Elaine Hoffman

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coincidence, he was over at the fire department, which answers the guard phone after hours and provides dispatching services. He interrupted in an incredibly bored tone of voice: "Just wait a minute — wait, wait, wait, wait a minute, Ron," he said as if he wanted to forget the whole thing and go back to sleep. "We can't respond all the way up to Swami's!"

"Yes we can," I replied. "I've already worked out a procedure with Captain Stevens whereby we can respond."

Ever since Stevens and I had formed the service together back in 1965, our policy had always been to respond *first* to rescue calls and ask questions *second*. It was also our policy to respond "code three" (with red light and siren) to any call of a life-threatening nature — a standard procedure as far as most rescue departments are concerned. If the call was outside the city limits, or after hours as it was in this case, our thinking was that a unit would at least be rolling while an attempt was made to contact the appropriate agency. Since lifeguard vehicles are radio-equipped, there's no problem cancelling their response if the attempt is successful and a closer unit can be sent. But the policy had been changed and even though I lived at headquarters and would be the logical man to respond, I was never notified.

"No, Ron, just hold on," Larson ordered. "I'll call Peter Zovanyi (a county lifeguard) at home, and if I can't get a hold of him or any of the county guards I'll get back to you." I couldn't believe my ears. Surely it was a bad dream and I would soon snap awake. No, it was real. I hung up the receiver and paced around for about 15 seconds, dumbfounded, angry, upset. This was bureaucratic bungling and ineptitude at its worst! I'd never be able

to face myself if a life were lost because of it, I thought. So I took off code three down the highway in the rescue jeep. To avoid a confrontation over the air, I didn't tell the fire department I was enroute. Five minutes later, I arrived at Swami's Point.

On the bluff in the parking lot overlooking the ocean, a crowd had gathered. I asked them where the trouble was and one man pointed to a figure floundering in the water. I called headquarters and told them I was at the scene and was going in. As I ran towards the stairs leading down the bluff, I was met by Ranger Anderson who told me the man was a skin diver and appeared to be safe. He said he had checked the area out but couldn't find any evidence of trouble. To make certain that a drowning hadn't gone unnoticed, we checked again and questioned one of the men who originally placed the call. He stood his ground, insisting that he had heard calls for help.

Finally unable to spot any sign of trouble, I decided to return to headquarters. I had been at the scene five minutes, was five miles out of my territory and headquarters was scheduled to open at 9:00. As I headed down Pacific Coast Highway, I passed the County lifeguard truck heading North. Apparently, Larson's calls had finally gotten through.

When I arrived at headquarters Larson was fuming mad. So was I. "I told you not to go on that call, Ron, why'd you go?" he asked. "I can't believe your attitude, Grant," I replied. "The department does have a letter on file authorizing an immediate response in cases like this." "Yeah, I know about the letter," he growled. "Lathers (the county lifeguard captain) was really pissed when he got it. He saw it as a big power play." "Power Play? F—!"

I yelled. The politicalization of the lifeguard service had become complete, I thought. Traditions once considered "sacred" were going down the drain. Among them:

Don't second-guess someone who calls for emergency assistance on the basis of his or her telephone call. Respond with a maximum sense of urgency, as if a cardiac arrest were involved. If the call turns out to be of a relatively minor nature or a false alarm — well, no harm done. It's better that the public notify the guards when someone's safety is in doubt than not call at all.

Political considerations and artificial boundaries shouldn't interfere with the business of saving lives. The letter Del Mar had sent out earlier that summer — a letter that I wrote for the department and Stevens gave his approval to — was strictly a gesture to improve emergency aid to the public. It was in no sense a power play. To learn that it had been interpreted as such — and that the letter had been recalled and policy changed without even notifying me, even though I lived at headquarters and was the logical man to respond — was a stunning blow.

Moreover, a few days after I was suspended that day by Larson for violating his order and quit in protest, I stopped by the headquarters to straighten out some things with Lt. Neal. He was more upset that I had gone to the press than in anything else I had done. But he also had a few choice words to say: "You went *code three* on a possible rescue!" he asked, implying that I had done something horribly wrong. Then he added: "You ought to know better than to take calls like that seriously. What you do is divide them in two, reduce them by half as much

(continued on page 10)

City Lights

"SWEEPING" UNDER THE RUG

San Diego's illegal alien problem took on a renewed national focus last week as three major politicians made public statements on the country's policy towards Mexican nationals.

At a press conference at the federal courthouse here, newly-sworn U.S. Atty. Terry Knoepf announced a program to stem the increasing tide of aliens working in southern California. Knoepf's program, coordinated by Asst. U.S. Atty. Richard Strauss, will be aimed at the employers who use the aliens in their farms and factories. The attorney's office will oversee agents from the Border Patrol, Internal Revenue Service (IRS) and the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) who will compile evidence of tax evasion and contract violations on the part of employers.

Knoepf's plans are based on legislation authored by Peter Rodino of the House Judiciary Committee. The Rodino bill, currently awaiting a vote of the full House, would clarify and strengthen statutes against employing aliens. The bill would provide for stiffer and eventual fines and imprisonment of up to \$1,000 per alien and six months in jail for persons using the nationals.

A number of sources stressed that Knoepf's program is a break from the policies of former U.S. Atty. Harry D. Steward, who instituted the infamous alien "sweep" to break up illegal border traffic. Civil rights advocates were outraged at Steward's methods, claiming they harassed legal residents and avoided the root of the problem — the employers.

U.S. Senator John Tunney, in a statement issued Thursday through a local spokesman, called for support of Knoepf's plan but proposed a one-day

"amnesty" provision to allow all aliens presently in California to qualify as residents. While making them citizens, their immigrant status would remove the nationals from the ranks of illegal workers and presumably take them out of the enforcement issue. Noting that the granting of "amnesty" would apply to all aliens physically present in the

country on the given day, the spokesman did not disclose how Tunney would deal with nationals who crossed the border later.

Another politician who held a local press conference at the U.S. Border Patrol's San Ysidro Immigration Detention Facility was in total disagreement with the policies of Atty. Knoepf, Sen. Tunney and the U.S. Congress.

Pete Camejo, 35-year-old Presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers party, denounced Knoepf's new plan as a "cover-up and fake" that will only result in continued harassment of legal immigrants and further large scale deportations. Camejo, the country's first Latino presidential aspirant, read a statement protesting the refusal of Chief Agent Alan Gerhardt to allow

him to speak with inmates of the facility. Richard Batchelor, Gerhardt's deputy, limited Camejo's visit to a tour of the grounds, reassuring that "the facilities are on display, not the people."

The wary Camejo, who engaged Batchelor in constant argument throughout their half-hour meeting, claimed the Mexicans are "the true citizens of America" and that "the border is a false one established by Americans who conquered and overtook Mexico." He argued that the only solution to the alien problem is to open the border to all who wish to cross and for the U.S. to provide jobs for them. At one point Batchelor refused to continue the tour, asserting Camejo had no real interest in the facility and was using the inspection as a "purely political platform."

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO LUNCH?

The shape of your pocketbook won't be the deciding factor if you have a desire to inspect our new governor during his first San Diego visit this weekend. Governor Brown will host a 90 minute question-and-answer luncheon at noon tomorrow in the ballroom of the U.S. Grant Hotel. The meeting modeled after others held in counties throughout the state, will be free of charge for those who wish to ask the governor on the state's ups and downs.

Harry Farb, who coordinated the Brown's San Diego campaign, said he asked the ex-Southern seminar to "speak with the people" as part of a three day fundraiser that includes a \$100 luncheon for local Senator James Mills and meetings with organized labor.

Farb expects 300-400 people at tomorrow's open meeting, where a five dollar no-host

lunch will be available for those who wish to sample the hotel's culinary creations. Though ex-Governor Reagan refrained from such meetings in his eight-year tenure as the state's chief exec, Farb's 24-year association with the Brown



Photo by Lou Haines

family included planning lunches of this sort for the Governor's father, who held the Sacramento seat in the early sixties.

POOR MAN'S LAWYERS

A seven page directory of legal services focusing on the needs of minorities and the poor was released last week by the County Bar Association. The newspaper pamphlet,



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Reader subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for a year. The Reader assumes visiting of all kinds. Send any submissions to the editor.

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Reader, P.O. Box 80803
San Diego, Calif. 92138
714/236-6176

prepared by the Bar's Public Relations Committee, lists the addresses, schedules and services of 31 agencies in the city ranging from the Southeast Welfare Clinic to the Affirmative Action Office.

Attorney Lynn Schenk, who prompted the publication, claimed it is the "first comprehensive pamphlet of its kind in the city." Ms. Schenk admitted that while there are "several glaring omissions, the pamphlet will be even better next time."

30,000 copies, 10,000 of them in Spanish, have been printed and are available at over 150 neighborhood agencies. Copies can also be obtained from the County Bar offices at 1200 3rd, or by calling 232-6739.

Paul Krueger

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Duncan Shepherd

What was I saying last week? *Mahogany* and *Brief Vacation* in particular do not court-discomfort with the soap-opera vein, miles wide in them, and contemporary movies in general show the same discomfort by staying clear of this once-profitable genre altogether. Possibly for fear of being linked with daytime TV programming (*All My Children* for *Tomorrow* is the *World Tomorrow* rather than the dinner-hour, news, and comment, for fear of being linked with the daily paper's Dear Abby, Winnie Winkle, Mary Worth, and Apartment 34G rather than the op-ed page, *Mahogany* and *Brief Vacation* have prudently

tacked on some standard, liberal political sympathies and homilies as a frame of reference, or as a protective pad, for the lachrymose storylines. This social-conscious frame, probably an afterthought, bears little or no relation to the shape of the narrative events or the size of the emotions; and the disjunction gives these movies a frog-eyed, schizophrenic character. They both go in for fence-straddling: On one side is an old-fashioned, audience-identification, pursuit-of-happiness personal drama; and on the other, an informed, high-minded, right-minded political posture. (The disjunction would be easily bridged or avoided. Among recent soap operas, John Berry's *Claudia* works out its domestic crises fully in terms of the particularized social setting — the welfare allowance, the alimony payments, the month's rent. And Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* narrows its scope, maybe too exclusively, to a couple of universalized personalities — the stifled concept, the mutual dependence, the restlessness. They both appear, separate ways, to be fairly trustworthy movies.)

The most prominent case of schizophrenia in the near past was Sidney Pollack's *The Way We Were*, which seemed genuinely interested in analyzing nothing but the faces of the two stars, Streisand and Redford, in a through-the-years album of soft-lit, glowing portraits. Periodically, though, it would lob "Remember the Maine," style sobering thoughts of the world outside the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the HUAC witch hunts (Pollack's current release, *Three Days of the Condor*, is similarly two-faced, a baloney-and-Swiss-cheese spy thriller that, at the last moment, dispatches some editorial comment beneath the inspiring shadow of the New York Times building.)

It is anything but rare for the stereotyped soap operas of the past to entwine their personal dramas with the surrounding faces of the real world. Current events, economic conditions, social taboos, whatnot. One of the stand-by formats has been the wartime tearjerker of the *My Foolish Heart* - *Since You Went Away* - *The Moral of the Story* variety. In these global turbulence is looked on as something in the nature of an invasion of privacy, and the domestic drama serves as a unique way of re-interpreting the earth-shaking events, converting them to human scale, or home-and-heart-scale. In *The Way We Were*, if I'm not misreading it, that's subtly reversed. The social-conscious philosophy that it pays lip service to, while telling the same old story with the same old heartthrobs, is "We do these people's petty troubles matter alongside the pre-judices and injustices that afflict millions?"

The recent schizophrenic soaps strive, not very successfully or convincingly, for an editorial slant on the storyline which would give the broad-minded moviegoer something he can agree with in good conscience: Living conditions in the slums of Milan (*Brief Vacation*) or the slums of Chicago (*Mahogany*) are an outrage, and now let's get back to the real problem facing the heroine — Should she or shouldn't she?

The perennial stumbling block to serious appreciation of Hollywood movies of any kind, but of soap operas more than most, is the gnawing uncertainty about the filmmaker's intellectual capacities. Do they know what they are after, and do they know what they get? (Karl Marx would have approved of Vincente Minnelli, but would Minnelli approve of Marx?) Perhaps this concern shouldn't be any more an obstacle to the viewer's enjoyment than a concern about the intellectual capacities of Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. But a director like Antonioni presents a

flagrant case of vanity. Does it matter much what the filmmaker's biases are in regard to give intellectual respectability to soap opera material (*Eclipse*, *Red Desert*) by treating his characters, with



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rubber gloves, as sick souls attacked by fashionable maladies, alienation, ennui, fear of the Bomb, American movies like *Loving and Blame* in *Love* picked up Antonioni's chilly, diagnostic dismay, vulgarized it, comicized it, but preserved it as an attitude which could be embraced by viewers who are on alert for signs of decay, as if for gray hairs, in the American character. Of course if the editorial thrust is strong enough, a movie ceases to be thought a soap at all, and is accorded the same respect as a Mary McCarthy novel. In the next few years, it's a safe bet that any movie in the soap category, or the immediate vicinity, receiving such respect, will succeed by way of an intentional or accidental appeal to the feminist movement. *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and *A Woman Under the Influence*, for films if not entirely elusive reasons, have already been swept up, shoulder-high, in that cause.

The demand that a movie present viewers a reflection of their own attitudes seems a flagrant case of vanity. Does it matter much what the filmmaker's biases are in regard to give intellectual respectability to soap opera material (*Eclipse*, *Red Desert*) by treating his characters, with

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involved? Strictly on the ideological level it seems to me at least as worthwhile for moviegoers to see something they are in disagreement with as something they are in agreement with. Neither here nor there.

Hollywood's soap operas, with an eye constantly on the mass market, have consciously dealt in identifiable mundanities — ordinary problems, ordinary dreams, and the best of these remain impenetrably cultural documents whether or not the makers appreciate all the implications. *Strangers When We Meet*, *All That Heaven Allows*, *No Down Payment*, dozens more, watch tones of an American character that are outside the range of any book shelved in the Sociology section.

But where the soap opera more was once an available choice for commercial moviemakers, it has become an embarrassment. Tear-jerkers are approximately as scarce in movie theaters as westerns. It's too bad, because the commonplace, mundane, middle-class problems brought up in soap operas — which is the road to happiness? — are rarely touched on in a recognizable way in highbrow movies; and now they have been chased out of mass movies as well. The only two legitimate, old-style soaps to come from Hollywood this year, *Once Is Not Enough* and *Mahogany*, are nosed away from commonplace realities and commonplace dreams, and nudged toward the front page of the newspaper — if not the N.Y. Times, at least the *National Enquirer* — by dealing exclusively with celebrity characters. The show-biz soap opera is consistently the shallowest subdivision of the genre, a division of which Jacqueline Susann has written, and remains indefinitely the figurehead. Meanwhile, the bulk of popular movies today are pushing the notion that the national character is adequately mirrored in the activities of cops, con artists, CIA agents, dope peddlers, mafiosi, private detectives, corrupt politicians, etc.

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Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

The Music Scene is compiled every Sunday. Send information and photos to: **READER MUSIC SCENE**, P.O. Box 80893, San Diego, Ca. 92138 or call 236-6176 by Sunday.

In San Diego...

Concerts

Chet Baker Quintet, Catamaran Hotel, Wednesday (November 12) through Sunday, 9 p.m. 3999 Mission Blvd. 459-8552

Rick Wakeman, rock, Golden Hall, Thursday, November 13, 7:30 p.m.

The Funky Kins, featuring Jack Tempchin plus Ricky Tebel, Stronville and Beth Fisher (formerly of Monk), Back Door, Ameri Center, San Diego State, 8 and 10:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday, November 14 and 15, 286-6562

Harrison and Tyler, feminist comedy team, Camino Theater, University of San Diego, Friday, November 14, 8 p.m.

Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77, Cove Theater, Saturday, November 16, 8:30 p.m. 236-6610

Joe Hill Day Concert, Utah Phillips, folk, UCSD Main Cafeteria, Wednesday, November 15, 8 p.m. For more information call Student Center

Clubs

Alamo: Gene Davis and the Star Riders, country-western, nightly except Monday, 3093 Clairemont Dr. 276-2240

Albatross: College, jazz and country rock, Tuesday-Saturday, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar. 755-6744

Ancient Manner: Hip-hop, rock & roll and disco, Wednesday through Sunday, Paul Hobbs and Danny Walker, original acoustic rock, Monday and Tuesday, 2725 Shelter Island Drive. 224-8242

Another Bird: Gabor Szabo, Wednesday, November 13, Atlanta Rhythmic Section, Friday and Saturday, November 14 and 15, Harvey Mandel, Wednesday through Friday, November 18-20, 140 S. Sierra, Solana Beach. 755-6733

Atlanta Restaurant: R.B. People Movers, pop, Tuesday through Saturday, Joy Ride, Sunday and Monday, 2595 Ingraham, Pacific Beach. 224-2434

The Backdoor: Spooky, Hardie and Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt, Wednesday through Saturday, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. 560-8022

Big Al's: Latin Fever, Latin style music, Thursday through Sunday, 6149 University Ave. 286-1646

Boat House: Larry Page, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Dean, soft rock, Sunday, 9:12, Monday, Bruce of So Fine, 2040 Harbor Island Drive. 291-9011

Boon Trenchard's: Dan Murphy, folk guitar, Wednesday through Sunday, 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555

Boston's Old Place: John Hartman, acoustic guitar, Tuesday through Saturday, Jimmie Williams, Sunday and Monday, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla. 459-8262

Bump City: Odessa, Latin rock & roll, Friday and Saturday, 8th and National, National City. 477-1011

Butterfly Express: Chris Creamer, original guitar music, Friday and

Saturday, 6737 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla. 459-3633

Cafe Del Rey: As Children, soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 7549 El Prado, Balboa Park. 234-8511

Chuck's Steak House: Bandit, country rock, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 746-5100

Chuck's Steak House: Old Friends, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 1250 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-5325

Classie III: Moisco, Latin music, Thursday through Saturday, Luis Cache, mariachi, every Sunday 3-8 p.m. 1862 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach. 429-1161

Climax: Free Form Experience, soul, Tuesday through Sunday, 202 Mark. 239-9336

Conception Bay Fish Co.: John Alexander, guitarist, Tuesday through Saturday, 2806 Shelter Island Drive. 224-3611

Cora D'Anura: Cotton mouth Darcy Ovieland Band, New Orleans hot jazz, Tuesdays, 1250 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-2434

Covered Wagon: Cathy Collins & Co., country & western and mood music, Wednesday, Fridays and Saturdays, 8647 Mission Gorge Road, Santee. 448-9845

Crossroads: Bruce Cameron and the Esquinox, jazz, Fridays and Saturdays, 345 Market. 233-7856

Culepeppers: Larry Read, folk music, Thursday through Saturday, 7380 Golfcrest Pl., San Carlos. 460-5400

Dory Dan's: Nooney Rickett, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Sandy

and the Clooney, rock, Sunday and Monday, 4000 Kearny Mesa Blvd. 276-2230

Fat Fingers: Kirk Bates and the Fat Fingers House Band, soul, salsa, Brazilian rock, melody, 10313 Sanguinity, Hollywood. 788-2195

Folk Arts: San Diego State, Nore Singer, Tuesday evening, 3:45, 5th Avenue. 291-1736

G. R. B.: Jerry McGinn, rock, Sunday and Monday, Cooch, Tuesday through Saturday, 225 1st Street, Del Mar. 755-1434

Halycon: Splash, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Treck, rock, Sunday and Monday, 4260 West Point Loma Blvd. 225-0559

Hungry Hunter: Dean (from Reef God), soft rock/folk, Tuesday through Saturday, 2445 Hotel Circle Pl., Mission Valley. 291-8074

Hungry Hunter: Claudia Waters, country rock, Thursday through Saturday, Pioneer Street and Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 442-0517



Inn Horse: Golath, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa. 465-7653

Inn Maiden: Steve Barnes, folk-rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Bathoa at Genesee. 279-2033

Islands Hyatt House: Blue Wini Home, pop, Tuesday through Saturday, 1441 Queens. 224-3541

Ivy Bars: Social Bar, country/rock, Friday and Saturday, John Smith, pop/rock, Tuesday through Thursday, 911 Camino del Rio South. 296-9164

John Bull: Home Fells, soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 2200 Highland, National City. 474-2201

Jolly Ox: Beat, Next, guitar/vocals, Tuesday through Saturday, 801 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 291-1823

Le Baron Hotel: Waterfall, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 250 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. 291-1777

Le Chaleit: Jo Trainer, piano, Wednesday through Saturday, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach. 222-5300

The Lost Knight: Joy, folk/rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 4873 North Harbor Drive. 223-3632

Man Gate: Brown Sugar, pop rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista. 420-4628

Mammoth West (formerly Walter O'Sweeney's): Golath, Sunday and Monday, 3995 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251

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Mandolin Wind: Barret, Wednesday and Thursday, Bob and Kim, light jazz, Friday and Saturday, 308 University Ave., Hillcrest. 297-3017

Mom's Saloon: Salem Tigers, Monday through Saturday, Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt every Sunday, 943 Ganel, Pacific Beach. 488-3366

Nite Owl East: Bob 'A' La, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, The Social Workers, modern, Sunday and Monday, 667 N. Melrose, El Cajon. 447-3554

Orange's: Lani Karmick with Sam and Ella, blues and ragtime guitar, Friday and Saturday, November 14 and 15, 112 W. Washington, Hillcrest. 291-1786

Palos 500: South Bay Transit, rock, Monday through Saturday, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. 291-7131

Palomino Star: Bramble, country/rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 3008 Main, Chula Vista. 427-5889

Park Place Lounge: Leroy Zeke, rock, Wednesday through Sunday, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 448-4111

The People: Tomcar, blues, Sunday; Keith Martineau, piano, Monday through Wednesday; David George, Douglas Johns, Thursday through Saturday, 4870 Voltaire, Ocean Beach. 223-8773

Rain Tree: Free Spirits, rock, Monday through Saturday, 10450 Friar Road. 280-1141

Royal Palms Restaurant: Nova, jazz, Monday through Saturday, 3003 Carlsbad Blvd., Carlsbad. 729-2339

Safety: The Hill Sisters, soul, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 6323 Imperial Ave., southeast San Diego. 283-4590

Shakey's Pizzeria: George Schurr, reggae piano, and Don Peithe, the Flying Dutchman, banjo, Friday through Sunday, 7888 Ornelio, Kearny Mesa. 279-3300

Shakey's Pizzeria: Roy Youngs, popular guitar, Friday and Saturday,

2720 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 461-3771

Shelter Island Inn: Head and Mr. pop, Tuesday through Saturday, 2051 Shelter Island Drive. 222-0561

The Shepherd: Patrice, piano, Saturday and Wednesday, Chae Ameri center arch John Spenser, Friday and Saturday, 1126 S. Hwy. 101, Escondido. 753-9740

Sherraton Harbor Island: Sundowner Lounge, Garakara Phruamoney,

Springfield Wagon Works, 1740 Light Lamp, soft rock trio, Wednesday through Saturday, 680 North 2nd, El Cajon. 480-5752

Springfield Wagon Works: First Fleet, rock trio, Wednesday through Saturday, 5205 Kearny Villa Road, Escondido. 560-2272

Stallion Oaks Resort: A Taste of Honey, country rock, Friday and Saturday, Blackie Creek Road, Broomfield. 488-4179

Tom Ham's Light House: Roy Muter, contemporary music, Sunday through Tuesday, 3841 J. Road, San Diego. 291-6700

Top of the Art: Valerie Formed and 244 Gold, pop rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 3841 J. Road, San Diego. 291-6700

Tom Ham's Light House: Roy Muter, contemporary music, Sunday through Tuesday, 3841 J. Road, San Diego. 291-6700

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Soup's On

Eleanor Widmer—
The Restaurant: The Hungry Years
Type of Food: Soup and Salad
Price Range: Inexpensive. Top price \$3.25; average \$2.25
Location: 7341 (Laurelwood Mesa) (Independence Square)

It is not without reason that the quest for nostalgia—the recapturing of a black past to dim the dehumanized present—should locate itself in a glistening new shopping center, itself dedicated to evoke memories of a by-gone age. We thus get the mirror effect. The shopping center, in this case named Independence Square, uses as its stylistic motif the colonial period in America, with its white-washed walls, its steeple, feathered hats and brass fittings. The restaurant in this 1976 setting is called The Hungry Years, and its decor, theme, and style of food recreate the Terrible Thirties when people queued up at soup kitchens across the country. Whether or not this appears bizarre in theory, it works in fact. Casts of thousands are flocking to this new soup kitchen, with new good reason.

Right off you should be advised that The Hungry Years is no place for the tete a tete, the whispered exchange of confidences, or the scene of the sequestered table. The Hungry Years is noisy, crowded, boisterous, communal. Your table may be jammed next to another, very much like a school cafeteria. And the soup kitchen "helpers," dressed in coveralls and caps, dart across the rooms with enamel coffee pots as if they were in a musical comedy and about to explode into a modern dance routine.

The walls are covered with 30's memorabilia: pictures of Franklin Roosevelt, signs about the NRA. The menu promises "Big Band Music of the Thirties"

which it delivers at top volume from the now classic early radio. But if you don't mind a lively cafeteria atmosphere, and can withstand the hustle, you will get your money's worth at The Hungry Years.

The basic menu consists of soup and salad. You have to stand in line and help yourself, but this enables you to be creative. Plates for the salad are chilled and may be filled with crisp greens and any variety of vegetables: cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, garbanzo beans, kidney beans, alfalfa sprouts. Egg salad is also available, either as a topping or a salad in itself. There are 4 types of dressing, as well as sesame seeds and coarsely ground pepper.

The law requires that the salad bar have some form of covering. The Hungry Years uses an overhang which is slightly hazardous—watch your head. Should you be overly zealous in reaching for one of the platters placed on the rear of the bar, you may smack your cranium. I found it a little inconvenient to juggle my tray, reach for the vegetables, and circumvent those little glass windows, but if you go through the line often enough you should become adept and the skill will help in any sport requiring wrist-shoulder coordination.

O.K. So you've made it with a massive plate of salad through the line. What happens next is that you pay at the register. Salad or soup goes for \$1.50, with many refills as you require. But the best buy costs \$2.25 for soup and salad.

The day I ate there they had navy bean soup, vegetable, cream of mushroom and borscht. The restaurant rotates 20 soups. I ate my salad first, then sampled 4 soups in turn. They were all good, but the navy bean proved the most filling. With it you may have

homemade corn bread with whipped butter or whipped honey butter. No one stands over you or shoulders you, so you may gorge yourself at will.

For the same \$2.25, you are served a beverage, poured by sleek youths in protective aprons, and dessert is also brought to the table. Advertised as "delicious desserts from the thirties," you are given a choice of jelly or ginger bread. The gingerbread is very gingery and it sinks to your stomach like lead. No matter. For a little over \$2.00, which in today's market covers a scant hamburger and fries, you may indulge yourself with as many helpings of salad as you like and as much soup as you can hold. The food is fresh and tasty, the atmosphere, far from recreating the Troubled Times, is sunny.

Of course, if you are really into the big bucks, you can splurge with the \$3.00 special of soup or salad plus beef stew or chili or a sandwich. The tab again includes beverage, cornbread, butter, dessert.

The Hungry Years is a good family restaurant, a good student restaurant. It's open Monday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. If your psyche should be in tempestuous or fragile condition, wait until you're feeling strong enough. The Hungry Years is jammed at lunch and conventional dinner hours, 6-8 p.m. But this restaurant proves one of the best buys in town. It's located on the right hand side of the plaza and it's the last door down, but you can't miss it. Even as you read this, someone is lining up to fill a growing stomach with more goodies than were dreamed possible during the truly hungry years.

Dear Matthew Alice:—
I'm new in the area and just recently took my first trip into Mexico. Coming back across our border I noticed that the customs man appeared to be feeding information into what was probably a computer as each car approached the inspection area. I saw two cars sent to another area for closer inspection almost immediately and yet, when my husband and I reached our turn at the booth we were asked only our birth places, what we purchased and how long we had been in Mexico, then thanked and permitted to drive home. I'm sure our car's license number was typed into a computer, but since we weren't even asked our names what information could they have received about us? Can you explain this to a newcomer?

Curious L.H.
Allied Gardens

Dear Curious:—
The man in the uniform asking all those funny questions about your good time south of the border had indeed typed your license plate number into a teletype machine connected to a Burroughs 5500 computer. Whom. Ten seconds later, and before questioning you, he got his answer. Your car was not stolen and had no prior record of criminal activity, which means of course that you should always borrow a car for bank jobs, kidnappings or illegal parking. That way your car stays clean and you can go to Mexico. Theoretically, if your car is clean you're clean unless, of course, you become nervous and arouse a suspicious customs man.

The Treasury Enforcement Communications System (TECS) is a computer just like you thought, but what a computer. The computer-based network that your license number was typed into consist of more than 500 terminals located at land and border crossings along the Canadian and Mexican borders, key ports of entry at seaports and international airports, field offices of the Customs Office of Investigations as well as some other freaky places. TECS users include the U.S. Customs Service, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, IRS Inspection Service, IRS Intelligence Division, and INTERPOL, Washington. I think I'll change my name to Alice Matthew.

If that potato isn't hot enough for you, the computer also has online access to the FBI's National Crime Information Center (NCIC). NCIC contains files on wanted persons, vehicles, license plates, articles, guns, securities, boats and criminal history records. Initial plans for the San Diego based system included the possibility of feeding other information on suspects into the computer. Information such as names, descriptions, birthdates, distinguishing features and other factors could help the good guys catch more of the bad guys.

Got a question you want answered straight from the hip? Write Matthew Alice c/o The Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

—Matthew Alice—
The first time I saw B.B. (BeBe) was 1967; she was in a white corduroy jockey suit and cap. She reminded me of a 90-pound white rat on speed. Later at an after-the-party party for Theatre Five in Pacific Beach, Bob Glavin, the director, threw her over his shoulder and carried her from the theatre screaming, "You're all fascists, you live off the rich." I looked to check the response of her husband, San Diego Superior Court Judge Roger S. Ruffin. . . . there was none. A few years ago, Warhol put her in his film he shot on the beach at La Jolla. She appeared in a black Rudy Gerreich bathing suit with top, but she was the first American woman I had ever seen who didn't shave. The film was not released but B.B. was.

Recently I interviewed her as she sat among the Bekins boxes as she prepared to evacuate her family from San Diego.

Winifred: B.B., whenever I talk about B.B. everyone wants to know who you are? B.B.: I'm no one. That's what is so important. I'm no one. (B.B. grew up in Taos surrounded by shepherds, artists, writers, her neighbor-painter Georgia O'Keeffe and with occasional visits from Tennessee Williams.)

W: We heard you were the first woman to drive a 20 mile tube. B.B.: Yes, but that was two or three husbands later. They don't allow women in the Packer's Association. I just started doing it; only ten miles.

W: What was Taos like? B.B.: Eating organic food, being the only anglo among Mexicans or Spanish Americans. No one wanted to sit next to me on the bus. They called me a white-assed gringa bitch.

W: You went there because your father was a writer. B.B.: It was cheap. My aunt was a friend of D.H. Lawrence and his wife, Frieda. They talked my father into going there instead of Paris. We got in an of Chevy and drove to La Jolla first. We lived on the corner of Hillside and Soledad for \$25 a month, four bedrooms. There were a lot of artists and writers in La Jolla and then we went to Taos to live on D.H. Lawrence's ranch.

W: How did you become a stunt girl in the movies? B.B.: Everything in Taos was done on horses. They were doing a Jimmy Stewart movie in Santa Fe so I did that movie and then went to L.A. and worked for Paramount for two years.

W: I thought it was the other way around. How did he get to be known as Ruffin the Red? B.B.: When I met him he was isolated, surrounded by real estate men and elevator salesmen. You see, you don't have to do much in San Diego to get known. All he did was free a few Black Panthers, who wouldn't steal an apple pie from their mothers. As soon as the movement ended they started taking drugs, not heroin but pills they got from their family doctors. He O.R'd some students, just a few gestures that any sane person would do. That is why I am leaving here. Things get so magnified. I lasted 3 days, then Jerry six months, then Ed day a year, then Winifred, an artist, then Roger Ruffin, the judge.

W: You almost were Jean Seberg, right? B.B.: I was a stunt girl and script girl. You made about \$150 a day of which you got about \$35. So if you were smart, you whored on the side; but I wasn't.

Goodbye Radical Chic

You don't have to do much to get known in San Diego . . . First you go social and they invite you to the Jewell Ball, then you go in the theatre and you get rave reviews, then you go into Radical Chic and you are known as Ruffin the Red and B.B. the Commie Marxist.

—Winifred—

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I'd just pack them up and take them into the mountains.

W: What about this rumor that you have had five husbands? B.B.: Very true, very true. I didn't marry Michael's father (Michael was B.B.'s first son, now an actor in New York) because anglos weren't allowed to marry Mexicans. We ran away and lived in a railroad car in Nebraska. I thought he should go back to his people so he did. Then I thought that I should marry for money, it lasted 3 days, then Jerry six months, then Ed day a year, then Winifred, an artist, then Roger Ruffin, the judge.

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W: What do you think of La Jolla? B.B.: This is a youth oriented town. Everything is youthful, beautiful and blond. It's Fascist. Fascism is very romantic and elegant. The uniforms, the young lieutenant, all, talk, Mick Jagger, the costume, Communism is the dull blue suit, Mao Tse Tung. The Wall Street Journal said that in San Diego you have the ocean on one side, the mountains on the other, and lethargy in the middle. . . . One thing they do have here is good heroin. People from N.Y. used to the weak stuff come here and overdose.

W: You went from radicalism to working for Jack Walsh, explain yourself.

B.B.: Radicalism meant you didn't want to go to war, so when they got the voluntary army you went back to party raids. That's what radicalism means to me. I put a whole god damn bunch of money and ten years of my life into this left wing and where is it? Bunches. They're buying \$80,000 houses.

W: So what did you do in Walsh's office?

B.B.: Jack Walsh called and I had a job.

W: Like getting a part in a play. B.B.: Exactly. I got in there and it was a circus. Jack Walsh works harder than any politician in San Diego, a 15 hour day. Bernstein (this side) had this terrific energy. They were like two children playing with ideas; but they were very serious. Right off I did something wrong. I hit this girl over the head with a purse. She was bragging about how many guys she made it with at Wounded Knee. I figured that if I could remain anonymous then I could get something done. The first week I kept hearing, "She's a commie, she's married to a pinko." But that stopped when they got more socialists in the government.

W: They did? B.B.: Jack's not a socialist. He is a real apple pie man, wife and seven children. The socialist working downtown don't hide it; they just don't talk about it.

W: What about this Criminal Justice thing?

B.B.: That has gone forward. You work your ass off for a year and

(Continued on page 11)

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Week of November 17-21

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Both Ed and Helen were five-year residents of Eastern Institute, Big Sur, and students of Mary Whitehouse. The workshops include dance and martial arts exercises and movement problems focused on finding interior movement rather than on performance.

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Joe Page

A rock show is first of all excitement. The band itself may be entirely unskilled but if amplifiers are turned up high and every niche of the hall or arena is filled with sound, loud relentless sound, then the show has achieved the minimum, excitement! Savoy Brown's first of two nights (last Sunday and Monday) at San Diego State's Rockdown was at the very least exciting.

I looked forward to Savoy Brown's performance with an eye toward the nostalgic rather than the sexual. I was too young during the '50s to identify with rock and roll revival shows which have become commonplace in the seventies; the first music I identified with was produced by a cluster of English bands formed in the east and middle-classes. Savoy Brown was one of these. The band was created by Kim Simmonds (the only surviving member of the original group) and John O'Leary.

In 1965 during the adolescent stage of the English blues renaissance centered around John Mayall's bands. The blues of this period was generally fast paced with guitarists such as Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, and Jeremy Spencer and their powerful interpretations of native American blues riffs. Simmonds' earliest influences were the blues that emanated from Chicago in the mid-fifties, and he has never strayed far from his roots. His work on slide guitar is one of the few remaining remnants of the period which has not altered dramatically. It was a treat to be able to see him perform in a small club such as the Backdoor. Savoy Brown's personnel changes have been numerous, so it's been difficult for Simmonds to keep the group alive. His present band includes Andy Roe (bass), Tommy Farnell (drums and percussion), and Paul Raymond (keyboards).

and second guitar), a refugee from an earlier Savoy Brown band that produced *Street Corner Talking* in 1970, near the height of the band's popularity.

Baby, a Texas based group, picked up by Savoy Brown for the tour, opened the show with some loud contemporary rock and roll. Their performance was a fair interpretation of the hardcore, "foot-stompin'" sound produced by such bands as Black Oak Arkansas and Grand Funk Railroad. The acoustics in the Backdoor did not suit Baby favorably and their music was barely intelligible. The best part of their performance was an excellent solo — both instrumental and vocal — by their lead guitarist. Baby's role was to set the mood in both pace and intensity of sound for the more experienced and musically more ar-

ticulate musicians of Savoy Brown and in this they succeeded. From the moment the main attraction walked on stage, eyes never seemed to wander far from the blond haired guitarist and principle song-writer of the group, Kim Simmonds. Now twenty-seven years old and a veteran of twenty-two American tours, Simmonds appears to have lost none of the enthusiasm that sparked his earlier bands. He played his guitar while dancing around the stage and he played it stiffly playing quickly up and down its neck. But each note rang clear and vibrant. Through the entire evening every number had a spot for Simmonds to play his guitar unfettered by other instruments and he never disappointed. The lead often switched back and forth between Raymond's organ and Simmonds' guitar but there was never any doubt as to who was in control.

Despite my obvious affinity for Kim Simmonds as a musician, the first show as a whole was a bit disappointing. Difficulties with the musicians' monitors led to a number of lapses and the band often appeared emotionally uptight as a unit. The present group has only been together for about eleven months and this fact was obvious in their first performance. Savoy Brown ignited a buzz in the crowd with their first number, "Tell Mama" (one of their trademarks), but it never really got beyond that. They played about seven numbers in a really short show (one hour), the best of which was entitled "Hero to Zero" from their latest album, *Wire Fire*. It was not really a typical Savoy Brown piece, generally characterized by screaming vocals, in that the melody lines were much sweeter. Paul Raymond's voice seems suited for a wide range of

melodies and it is surprising that he was not used more. The first time I heard the cut, it struck me as being somewhat impudent to Simmonds' who wrote it. Backstage between shows, he confirmed my suspicions. His band does not have the reputation that it once had and this disturbs Simmonds. He places the blame on his own failure to put himself in the limelight on earlier tours as well as the tremendous hype rock music has become in the seventies, strongly affecting many of the older groups.

The second performance that evening began much the same as the first. The band opened with "Tell Mama", and the crowd reacted to buzz. But the buzzing intensified and the band picked up the excess energy. It seemed that the real Savoy Brown fans had waited for the late show and they were now making their presence known. The audience was a little rowdier than the first and became quite vocal. An unrehearsed tune, "Look What You Done," featuring Raymond on the keyboards and Simmonds on harmonica, was especially well received by the entire house. An old song "Hellbound Train" vocalized by bassist Andy Roe complete with gesticulations was the only real attempt at theatrics and they carried it off very well. The last number of the evening had the crowd on its feet, pounding the floors and walls, and screaming for more. A few minutes earlier in the evening the band provided me with exactly what I had come for. Somewhere in the middle of the finest blues number of the performance a spotlight shifted to Kim Simmonds. He cradled his guitar and began playing some classical blues riffs slowly sinking to his knees as his progression developed. Amidst cries of "get down! get down!" Kim Simmonds got down.

W: What about S.W.A.T. (Special Weapons Attack Team)?
B.B.: I don't know anything about S.W.A.T. I didn't go after S.W.A.T. because I felt it was dangerous to my health. Larry Rumer (former editor of the *Door*, now working for Tom Hayden) went after S.W.A.T. and got fired, no actually got neutralized. S.W.A.T. is America's answer to no war. They can't fight overseas so now they are going to fight in the street. They are going to fight like soldiers, they have their little army boots and khakis, they use M-14 rifles and they go bang, bang in the community. They are trained by Green Berets.

W: In Watts now ten years after, a guy said that the next time they think about going out trashing, S.W.A.T. will be there to rub them out. No more guys running down the streets with t.v.'s on their shoulders singing "The revolution will be televised." You want insects not people.
B.B.: The next revolution, there will be none. This country is not prepared to die for its cause. It is prepared to kill but not to die. Kent State is an example. The

what?" I asked, adding, "It was hard to tell from where I was sitting and I didn't see any of your guards go out."
"Yes, it was (a rescue)," he replied. "But we sweated it out on the beach... Maybe when someone drowns out there the county will put a lifeguard station in."
(Next Week — A Look in the Lifeguard's Closet)

Lifeguard

(continued from page 1)

again, and take them with a grain of salt. Those may not be Neal's exact words, but they are very close.

I had collided with Neal on several

issues before. Once, when I spotted what looked like a rescue about a mile north of my tower at 25th St., off Cherry Cove in Solana Beach (an unguarded area patrolled occasionally by the county). I sent one of our jeeps, which happened to be nearby, down to check it out. Later that week I called me on the phone and snapped, "That's the county's territory! Let them take

care of it!"
We did. We called the county and a few minutes later one of their trucks arrived. The bathers, who were clinging to a surf mat, appeared to be caught in a rip current and were struggling towards shore. But no guards were sent out to assist. Later that week I bumped into a county guard on patrol. "Was that a rescue out there the other day, or

Throwback to the '60s



Photo by Jay Gitterman

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(continued from page 7)

nothing. They wanted to build a large juvenile jail, 160 beds. So we thought, let's not. Sheriffs scream the jails are overcrowded. There is not a sheriff in the U.S. that doesn't scream that. Jail to a sheriff is like a woman's house. He likes it to be big overgrown. He likes it to be big overgrown. That is his home, his empire, and they complain and we keep building them and they keep filling them. You are being ripped off more in this town by the law and order people than by the burglars. More taxes to support law enforcement.

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B.B.: The next revolution, there will be none. This country is not prepared to die for its cause. It is prepared to kill but not to die. Kent State is an example. The

minute they killed four students, the whites gave up. The minute they stopped drafting them, they gave up. All the anti-war people were pacifists. I don't want to be a pacifist. I was against the war; but I might not be against the next one. I may be the leader, if one doesn't hurry up and come along. I'll take it into my own hands. Revolution doesn't have to be with guns. They had the Industrial Revolution.

W: And the Sexual Revolution. What about politics with guys like Hayden and Harris running?
B.B.: I like Tom Hayden and support him because he is against

Tunney. I like David Harris because he is polite. Tom Hayden has to go out and raise five hundred thousand dollars. It is embarrassing, humiliating and theatrical. I would rather join a circus. I want socialism; instead of my taxes going for these large freeways... I want free medical care so that when I get a toothache I don't panic. Everyone should have free medicine and free lawyers. This isn't a democracy. This is capitalism. I don't want power to the people. The people gave me Nixon. Power to the people I believe in... all 20 of them.

W: Any comments on the women's movement?
B.B.: I grew up surrounded by strong women, Freida Lawrence, Georgia O'Keeffe and Spanish women. There are strong black women in the movement. They work their asses off because there is no man in the family. In Taos, the men went out and herded sheep and worked the land. They only came home a couple times a year. The women worked in their gardens growing food; they built their houses... I drew was no such thing as alimony and child support.

That is a luxury of the middle class. It is not a luxury of the women who worked as secretaries at Wahl's office. They have two and three kids and no child support. Maybe men have it better, they don't have to have babies and suckle children but I don't know how you stop having your period or get rid of your boobs. Like a peacock having feathers I'm not going to pull anything out or go against what little nature there is left. I had a child because I felt like it. It is much harder taking care of a child, married to a lawyer with a maid and gardener than it was when I raised Michael and was making 90 cents an hour. Women should have their children and move in with other women and have their own thing. The husbands are just to give the children. Look at cats, if the male comes near her she'll fight him to the death.

W: But these women have no way to support themselves.
B.B.: In a peasant society a woman can go out and work an acre garden. If you think that's hard, it's not.

W: What about the women's jail here in San Diego?
B.B.: All the N.O.W. women were for the new jail because they want their women in a nice place. What they don't realize is that they don't need to be there at all. They want beautiful jails with pink and yellow rooms with big keys that lock them in. I don't understand that.

W: What about the F.B.I. report on San Diego Regional Bookings?
B.B.: It shows that there were more than 15,000 bookings for driving under the influence, over 6,000 for possession, 3,000 for burglary and criminal contempt.

It shows that a lot of people are put away for really unimportant things. There's lots of crime in La Jolla but it is not recorded. It's done by rich kids. Everyone wants to bring up their kids in La Jolla right in the middle of all these rich rip-off artists. (She names several) Try and tell your kid not to steal in a town where C. Arnold Smith is a hero. I sure wish I could rip off what he ripped off and get a \$100 fine a month for life. What a payback. I have to pay more than that on my loan. No interest and he ripped off \$27 million.

W: He should at least get an honorary Ph.D. in Capitalism.
B.B.: If they hadn't caught him, he would have gone down as a rich, clever successful, San Diego business man.

W: Do you think that gossip is the news of the future?
B.B.: I think we've proved that. A year before *Newsweek's* story you knew there was something mysterious going on with what's his name? Leggett up there at the Gagosian mansion. (Charles Leggett surrendered on Halloween to charges of grand theft.) And the people at the San Diego Street Journal were investigating the Smith-Nixon dairy chain years before Watergate happened. And for that they were destroyed, run out of town with a price on their heads. How come you stay here?

W: No where to run to. But the Street Journal people all went up north and continued investigating... organized crime, assassination conspiracies and even the sorcery conspiracy. See, the gossip here has always been that the mafia was here. This goes back to the

50's... then everyone said they were at La Costa. So Lowell Bergman (ex-Street Journal writer) writes that article for *Penthouse* and now La Costa is selling him for something like \$5 billion dollars. Those ex-graduate students really know how to do research. What do you intend to do in San Francisco?

B.B.: Write... I figure it takes ten years to get published. And in the meantime I intend to make San Francisco an interesting place for myself.

A lot of people will miss B.B. and Roger Ruffin (now an attorney in San Francisco) because they really tried to practice what they preached. B.B. was criticized for living in a big house in La Jolla but she was quick to point out that it wasn't her fault that a house that had cost \$30,000 tripled its value in eight years. They gave their time, money and energy freely to causes they believed in. Their home was used over and over for fundraisers including anti-war, minorities, the non-violent, not so non-violent, artist's shows, political campaigns and various other groups B.B. had barely heard of. Sometimes I would come to her house and wade through all kinds of people, finding her in the back of the house. "Who are all those people out there?" She would respond, "I don't know, they needed a place." At one large fundraiser B.B. was at the door and the five and the gave me a ten. Through her I met Herbert Marcuse, (the favorite), Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsburg, David Harris, Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Andy Warhol, Viva, Eldridge Cleaver, Angela Davis, and all the scientists and politicians you could stand but best of all her family. B.B. made San Diego interesting for herself and a lot of others.

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Reader's Guide to Movies Duncan Shepherd

The Best of Walt Disney's True Life Adventures — Compilation of highlights from Disney's nature documentaries.

Beyond the Door — An unashamed wedding of *THE EXORCIST* and *ROSEMARY'S BABY*. This Italian produced horror makes very little sense, but still is a pretty good example of the genre.

Blissed Event — Lee Tracy, with a machine-gun mouth and a Barney Google self-pleased expression on his face, delivers a dizzying, quicksilver performance as a Broadway gossip columnist, a spiteful genius of insult and innuendo, who wages a particularly venomous campaign, day after day, against an effeminate nightclub owner named Bunny Hanson (Dick Powell). One of the essential 1930s newspaper pictures, irredeemably anti-aleck, cynical, culturot directed by Roy Del Ruth. 1932 (RUCSD 11/15).

A Boy and His Dog — A tip piece of science-fiction mayhem in the stereotyped wastelands of post-WWII. Man's best friend is still his dog, and woman is still his Garden of Eden under (The dog's interior monologues, and telepathic dialogues sound like a canine counterpart of Morris the Cat — a dog wit, jaded, bored.) There is a Cornish-in-grade-2 frugality about the shooting in all these locales, however. 1. O Jones, direction is not without diligence and not without pretensions toward the "offbeat" — a character named Felice, a gallery of painted faces, and a volley of anti-American ironies. The venomous punching, which is probably the prime incentive that kept the film-makers plowing eagerly through the shaggy dog storyline, is pretty much what you might expect from a science-fiction award-winning novelty. by Marlon Ellison. With Don Johnson, Susanne Benton, Jason Roberts. (Center 3 Cinema 3, UA Cinema 3, Del Mar Drive In).

California Split — In the professional gambler's circuit from the Santa Anita track to Reno casinos, Robert Altman again has selected a fortuitous stretch of terrain to survey. However he seems unable to find much that interests or makes sense to him there, and he sweeps aside most of the gambling drama to make room for the offhand improvisations, or imitation improvisations, of his taciturn cast. George Segal

looks slightly concerned about what he ought to do or what is expected of him, and Elliott Gould outmaneuvers him in every episode by following a strategy of complete relaxation and complete uncertainty. 1974. (UA Cinema 1).

Carnal Knowledge — Series of sex pieces, dedicated to proving the un-

Candice Bergen. Art Garfunkel. 1971. (Casino, through 11/15).

Crazy Mama — It's 1958, and a caravan of amateur outlaws retreats from Long Beach, California, heading loose cash along the road in order to buy back the ancestral home in rural Arkansas. Throughout the trip, director Jonathan Demme and

(Ken, 11/19 and 20).

the film director, played a

nightmare voices — "You have to

finish in seven weeks. Why don't

you film political films? ... Erotic

films?"). With Jacqueline Bisset,

Jean-Pierre L  aud, Valentina

Corlese, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

1973.

(Ken, 11/19 and 20).

rewards.

documented by the 45-year-old

star/director provide their own

rewards. 1974.

(Parkway 2).

8½ — Felini's still-intriguing inter-

weave of fantasy and reality,

dealing with the drama of a fictional

movie director's creativity. Parasites,

vampires, visions, and, above all,

proteus drift by as if on floats, or

turntables — this remarkable new

groove for Fellini turned into his

personal rut. Marcello Mastroianni,

Enok, Aimee, Claude Cardinale,

Sandra Milo. 1963.

(Ken, 11/19 and 20).

Emmanuelle — A perfumed, chi-chi

piece of erotica, exported from

France and bearing a fairly

irritating, vain savoir-faire attitude

about the ins and outs of carnal

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adventures of the plie wife of a

French diplomat in Southeast Asia

rely mostly on frivolous, obvious

amusements — masturbating in

front of a Newman pin-up,

smoking a cigarette in the vagina.

With Sylvia Kristel; directed by Just

Jacklin. 1974.

(Ken, 11/19 through 18).

Evil Knievel — George Hamilton's

inclination to insert sidekick winks

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does not impair the likability of this

partially true tall-tale about a great

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defying, John-Wayne-and-Eli-

Presley hero — an ace motorcycle

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the human types have beautiful

color and charm. Directed by

Marvin Chomsky. 1971.

(Aztec, through 11/15).

Farewell, My Lovely — An old-

style, meticulously plotted and

paced private-eye case steers

close to parody (Mitchum's dark

narration, a bluesy horn solo on the

soundtrack, Charlotte Rampling's

Bacall imitation). But Dick

Richard's steadily-handled direction

holds it to a course so sure and

straight that it achieves instead a

fundamentalist rigor. This early

operation in a Western ghost town

with his congregation of lost souls

emprisoned in eyesless bodies.

Ernest Borgnine, William Shatner,

Ida Lupino, Eddie Albert; directed

by Robert Thom, a pair of

interviews, cast out an assortment

of standard, recyclable artifacts of

American culture — Burma Shave

ads, Vegas wedding chapels,

gold-odds, and whatnot —, but

they do it indiscriminately and

messily, and the effect is merely

highway politeness. Cloris

Bishop, Stuart Whitman, Ann

Sothern.

• (Parkway 3).

Day for Night — Truffaut's

demonstrative wobbly, and

somewhat bullying attempt to

propose a toast, with which all film

lovers are expected to chime

harmoniously to the charming and

admirable and fallible folks who

come together temporarily and

strive for the highest and funniest

around somewhat and, ultimately,

create a little magic for the millions

(what is also known, prosaically, as

a movie). Truffaut's aroused

yearning, movie-fan enthusiasm

reappears in the form of agitated

hand-held camerawork, obligatory

homages to his deities (Ah, the

books I ordered! — on Hawks, on

Hitchcock, on Lubitsch, on

Bresson, etc.), and naive

miscalculations (a dream scene in

which the film director, played by

Truffaut himself, is tormented by

nightmare voices — "You have to

finish in seven weeks. Why don't

you film political films? ... Erotic

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• (Parkway 3).

by Robert Fuerst.

(California).

Dr. Mabius — With Edy Williams, Randy Boone, William Smith, directed by Hikmet Avkats. Co-located with SWINGING BARMAIDS. (Calrol).

The Eiger Sanction — Agent Woodward's throat is cut for the microfilm concealed inside a Bazooka submachine gun, and to get revenge, Dr. Dragon, the Nazi albino who masterminds U.S. intelligence operations in Europe, calls for his ace assassin (Clint Eastwood), now retired as the bespectacled Dr. Hemlock, Professor Art and persuades him to take the assignment by offering a

Pissarro canvas as bait. Eastwood, working as director this time too, maintains an ingenious and excited involvement by continually revealing alert, suspicious, and

eccentric responses to alien forms of human life (homosexuals, old maids, bureaucrats, tart), and by inactivating repartee, and above all by personally scaling mountain peaks in marvelous Monument Valley and Alpine settings. Even if all the rest seems like comic book stuff, the vertiginous stunts are intrepidly performed and

documented by the 45-year-old star/director provide their own rewards. 1974.

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his self-protection into a neighborly next-door-neighbor. The Frenchman's... (text continues)

Let's Do It Again — The reunion of Bill Cosby, who plays the double talk and Sidney Poitier who does the double takes and also does the directing, maintains a satirical... (text continues)

Magic Christian — Chadic, incantant, preference based on Terry Southern's book, about the... (text continues)

Love and Death — Woody Allen makes an unexpected reveal, taking along his wryness and... (text continues)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail — Monty Python's skits... sometimes... (text continues)

Play Fists For Me — Clint Eastwood's first directing job... (text continues)

Rollerball — The vision of William Harrison's screenplay is... (text continues)

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Music

GARY MUSIC COMPANY. Shure mikes and mikes, one half price. 4429 Cass St. Pacific Beach. 272-2021.

4-TRACK STUDIO RECORDING. \$10/hour. 12 input custom board. Copan-powered JBL 4320 monitors. Relaxed setting. Check out our sound. Jim Harvey. 275-0233, evenings.

RICKENBACKER THIN HOLLOW body guitar. Two pickups with individual controls and phasing. Stereo and normal output jacks. Excellent condition. Best offer. 360-8983.

VINTAGE GUITAR. Made in the 1930's. Fine tone. Good condition. \$150/offer. 272-9066.

MARTIN D-18 GUITAR. Excellent condition. Must sell immediately. Make offer. Please call 272-0066. Keep trying.

SINGLE-BASS DRUM set with cymbals. Tempo make, ideal as a practice set or for beginning drummers. \$100. Also, double bass drum practice pad set with cymbal stands. \$100. 565-7405.

6 STRING STEEL guitar, good condition. \$45. Call 284-1223.

BUFFETT CLARINET R13, \$225. Latin percussion bongos, \$75. Steve. 291-8732.

FENDER STRATOCASTER 1963 model with Shaller tuning keys and case. 1975 Fender telecaster deluxe, custom color and Shaller. Steve. 466-9965.

WANT TO TRADE. tenor saxophone (hung for size of comparable value. New pads and recently adjusted. Robin or Barry. 281-1812.

WORKING, SINGLE, LOUNGE entertainer wishes to expand. Want male or female vocalist/instrumentalist (guitar, bass, flute, etc.) to do originals and top 40. John. 225-0081.

DI MARZIO cream humbucking super distortion pick-ups. Start & Tele super gain replacements also available. 279-6893.

54 FENDER TELE like Roy Buchanan's. \$385. Fender deluxe amp prototype serial no. 006. 279-8993.

ACCORDIAN for sale or trade. Best offer. 463-2297.

GIBSON GUITAR, 355 Stereo varitone, Schaller Keys. Deluxe case & cover. BB King model. \$500. 563-0460. After 6 p.m. 296-8900.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gibson acoustic guitar, steel string, excellent condition. Must sell. \$250 or best offer. Box 6425, San Diego 92106.

OLD GIBSON GUITAR made in 1930s, excellent condition. Must sell. \$300 or best offer. 272-6860. Max Ruhnke.

SO YOU LIKE to play loud. After 15+ in two dynamic cabinets? Make me an offer I can't refuse. Call Steve. 458-4410.

STEREO, good condition. Garrard turntable. Also includes AM/FM receiver, headphones. \$100 or best offer. Call John. 224-4854, after 5:30 p.m.

GUITAR. Castilla nylon string, good condition, nice tone. \$30. 223-2761.

BIG POWER quad receiver. Kenwood No. KR340, 50 watts RMS x4. Fits all 4 channel modes, VU-Meters and Power PL-120 manual turntable w/AT-155a cartridge. \$600 or sweep. 270-1313.

SITAR, new from Pakistan. Spare strings and picks. \$250 Bill. 275-2008.

AUTOHARP-GERMAN 12-bar with case. 755-3074.

JAZZ MUSICIANS interested in the music of Corea, Hancock, Jarrett, Crusaders, Davis, etc. Call 755-3074.

WE ARE LOOKING for a bass player to jam with. No gigs intended, just good times and music. David. 565-7084.

BIG VENTURI FORMULA 2, 3-way speakers, must hear, handles 75 watts only. \$175 for the pair, 4 months old. Call Hal. 453-3893.

MARANTZ 1030 stereo amplifier, 15 watts per channel. \$120. 12-string acoustic guitar. \$40. Daniel. 436-3370, evenings.

MAESTRO PHASE SHIFTER less than a month old. A deal at \$125. Call Steve. 488-1410.

RICKENBACKER 12-string, like Roger Maguinn's. Sunburst finish. Excellent condition. \$365. 279-8893.

FENDER FUZZ WAH, is wah wah fuzz. All business ads must be paid in advance.

LEAD: GUITARIST wanted by union dance band. Must be a lead singer. Call Steve. 291-8733, or John. 423-6410.

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DON'T CALL US... Due to the large volume of classified ads we cannot handle visits or phone inquiries concerning classified ads. 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, etc.

ADS OF LESS THAN 25 WORDS are free to individuals and non-profit organizations which do not charge for their

services. Ads of more than 25 words cost 10¢ per additional word.

ADS MUST BE TYPED, double spaced, on a 3x5 card and mailed to Reader Classifieds, Box 80803, San Diego 92138. No special capitalization or abbreviations. Any instructions on separate paper.

THE DEADLINE for receipt of ads is 10 a.m. Saturday, 5 days before the Thursday issue. Limit

— two ads per week. We reserve the right to edit or refuse ads.

BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS. Businesses (businesses include you if you are giving lessons, counseling, selling real estate, etc.) may buy ads for \$3 for 25 words or less, plus 10¢ per additional word.

All business ads must be paid in advance.