

READER

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That's Using Your Head



Photographs by Jim Hall

An injured player has to be practically writhing on the ground, gushing blood, to earn a time out.

— Bettina Brownstein —

It is 10 a.m. and miraculously the match is about to begin on time. The sky is clear, the air crisp and breezy. A few seagulls, in search of a little warmth, circle the field looking for bits of picnic leftovers. The players are ready.

United Iraqis in red, Panamerica in green, prancing in place, impatiently waiting for the toss of the coin. An athlete jokes with friends in Arabic and tells a dark-haired woman how many goals he's going to score for her.

The referee, in judicial black, flips the coin. It goes to Panamerica. Their center-forward takes the ball, dribbles a few unhurried steps, and passes it to the right-forward. Both teams start moving en masse toward the Iraqi goal, where their goalie tenses into a crouch, hands outstretched, daring the ball to enter his domain. The green forward hesitates, checking for someone to unseat the ball on as the opposition defenders close in. He tries to maneuver around the guard; a lateral kick is intercepted. The

players reverse directions and begin to run to the opposite side of the field.

The small number of fans are scattered on the grass of Robb Field, behind the sidelines. Most are wives, children, parents, and friends of the athletes. In between swigs of Coke, young men shout encouragement to the straining, sweating players. "Eso, Roberto, eso." Big-eyed children chase each other, struggling with regulation-size soccer balls, while their mothers occasionally lure them back with offers of oranges and other goodies. Young girls try to tempt the seagulls to land by holding up apple cores and potato chips. Here and there a kerchiefed grandmother reminds us that the Old World is not so far away.

When the ball isn't in his possession, the Iraqi's player-coach, a longish-haired Austrian, yells instructions and encouragement in guttural tones, accompanied by emphatic gestures. "Abdullah, up, up!" with a large sweep of the arms; "David, back!" plus a motion pointing out

the proper position. His Panamerican counterpart paces fretfully on the sideline, trailed by an entourage of substitutes and enthusiastic fans, all offering comments in Spanish that the players are too excited to heed.

The United Iraqis and Panamerica are both members of the San Diego County Soccer Association, a non-profit organization, staffed by volunteers, that has grown from six teams in 1964 to its present twenty-three teams and two divisions. The top eleven teams are in the major division; the remainder make up the first division. At the end of the season, which lasts from October through March, the top two teams from the first division move up to the majors, while the two with the worst records from the latter drop back.

According to Dieter Steinrichter, Secretary of the Soccer Association, sixty percent of the teams are sponsored by social clubs, such as the German-Americans, Italia-America, and

United Iraqis. The remaining forty percent are backed by small businesses. Sparta is the Athens West restaurant's team, while Solento is sponsored by the downtown bakers of the same name. Sponsors provide funds for Association fees, player registration, uniforms, laundry, refreshments, and an occasional victory treat. The cost of having a soccer team used to average around \$100 for the year but, like the price of everything else, has gone up to about \$600, with referees the most expensive item.

Although this is an amateur league, competition can become intense; the players sometimes forget that they are in suburban San Diego and begin to imagine themselves in the final game of the World Cup.

The press toward the Panamerican goal is on. No one is tired yet and the action is swift. The Iraqi center-halfback kicks a long, high one. A red and a green leap simultaneously in the air, red heads the ball. A teammate runs to retrieve it, using his body to prevent his opponent from getting

too near. He feints right, thrusts the ball around the Panamerican fullback and meeting it on the other side without missing a step, delivers it to the Iraqi right-forward. There is a hurried, diagonal shot at the goal — into the arms of the plunging goalie. The spectators sigh, some in relief, others in pain.

The ball arches high and deep into Iraqi territory. Two fullbacks race for it, bodies lunging, muscles straining, trying to edge each other out. The small Panamerican controls it. Using his body as a shield, he pivots and lateral to his teammate, who starts forward blindly and crashes into his guard. The Iraqi goes down, turning a fall into a graceful somersault. (Although soccer is not a contact sport, an injured player has to practically be writhing on the ground, gushing blood, to earn a time out.) The referee whistles; a penalty kick is awarded to United Iraq. The greens line up in front of their goal. The free kick sails over their heads and just misses

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City Lights

CHARITY SPIN-OFFS

A great buy for music fans, free publicity for KGB radio, and \$15,000 for the coffers of the county's biggest charity, that's how Homegrown III makes everybody happy.

The first Homegrown I grew out of a benefit concert staged by KGB for the United Way in November of 1972. Plans for a second concert were under way, but protests from the PTA and several city officials about the behavior of the sellout crowd closed the stadium to concerts. So KGB used its recording studio instead and turned out an album that sold 30,000 copies before you could say "Spring Valley Sally."

In 1974 Homegrown II brought \$12,281.51 to United Way after sales of 45,000 and this year's campaign is already well under way with estimates for a final sales figure set at 60,000. "It's a tradition already, and I don't see any reason to stop it," says Rick Leibert, program manager at KGB, with program director Ron Jacobs has put together the three albums.

United Way has backed the project from its inception, securing the necessary permits for the station, and using its considerable political clout to smooth over any political hassles. For while the charity doesn't scoff at the \$15,000 contribution to its \$81 million budget, United Way sees the money as secondary importance. "What's really great about the album is the publicity it gives us," says PR man Art Platt. "Most of the younger audience, the type reached by KGB, would never be exposed to our name otherwise. But when they get out into the working world they'll remember us as a non-profit agency that helps people."

Though Homegrown's sales come mostly from the under 25 age group, the United Way distributes the album's receipts in the same manner as all other contributions. "It wouldn't be fair to give the money just to agencies that serve the young," says Platt. "Then the traditional business contributors could demand a specific program for their donations." While United Way does accept designated funds, it tries to keep all strings off the contributions.

From this year's Homegrown III sales the Beach Area Free Clinic will take home \$28,500, Alpha Project will be richer by \$6,300 and the Legal Aid Society will get \$184,500. More traditional agencies that have long dominated the charity's disbursements will make a sizeable amount more. The Red Cross, which this year received \$778,480 in United Way funds, will get \$2,359 from album sales, the Boy Scouts \$868.50 and the YMCA \$888.

But United Way's priorities have not gone unchallenged. While Associate Executive Director Claude Townsend claims that the credit for the agency's massive re-organization started in 1972 should go to this United Way's own laudable success, a director of the Beach Area Free Clinic sees the impetus for change coming from outside protest.

"The pre-1972 United Way was a closed organization," claims Peter Szutu, of the Beach Area Community Clinic, "if alternative groups hadn't been hanging on the door since 1970 we wouldn't be getting any thing today."

Debbie Elliott, Senior Planning Consultant for the charity, is "very happy" with the steps United Way has taken to increase funding to non-traditional groups. "It's a

very difficult problem," says Ms. Elliott, "the established groups expect yearly increases while the new ones want to be added to our list. We've been able to keep them all going mainly because our re-organization plan has allowed us to tell the more conservative agencies, like the Boy's Club and YMCA, that the money we give them must be used for innovative programs."

Szutu, however, sees a tough time ahead for programs like the Clinic's. "We're the strongest street agency in San Diego and we've received the highest evaluation possible from United Way. But our grant (\$9,252 this year) still only pays our director's salary, just as it did in 1972. I only see United Way getting tighter and closer in the years to come." In protest the clinic staff has refused to contribute its "fair share" (contributions by individual staff members) to United Way, something the charity expects from all its member agencies.

Szutu is much more receptive to the Homegrown project than he is of the present direction of United Way. He agrees with KGB's Leibert that the station has been willing to give alternative agencies free air time and public service announcements. "And Homegrown is really a very nice idea," says Szutu. "It's really too bad that United Way is so out of touch with what's happening in San Diego."

THE GOSPEL TRUTH

Just nine months ago Dan McKinnon of KSON began his ill-fated experiment with full-time gospel music programming. Though the show failed within a month, KSON-FM still airs four hours of gospel every Sunday night.

Unlike McKinnon, who claims a close personal attachment to



GOSPEL SINGER ANDRAE CROUCH

and has managed to keep the sponsorship of both Jack-in-the-Box and Pacific Datsun, both large contributors to the former full-time show. The 41-year-old McKinnon still believes that "gospel music will make it big, there's no doubt about it. Our program was simply ahead of its time."

McKinnon's confidence seems to have given another local promoter reason to give gospel a chance. Esquire Holmes, a black country music promoter, will preview his new two hour show Sunday, December 7 at seven a.m. on KDIG-FM.

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Sad People in a Sad Place

—Jonathan Saville—

Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real*, currently visible in an excellent staging at UCSD, brings together a number of sad people in a sad Mexican plaza, allows them to express their sadness in a series of sad speeches, and after a while abandons them there. It is a weak, monotonous and painfully limited play, and it is a tribute to director Arthur Wagner and his company that their production is far less boring than the text itself warrants.

The essential function of dialog in drama is to reveal and develop relationships between people. No one has laid this down as a law; it is the result of centuries of experience in the theatre. What an audience is interested in, what engages their attention and emotions, is the interchange of feelings among the characters, feelings that lead to alliances or opposition, marriage or murder, friendship or battle. In *Camino Real* there is very little of this. Although characters sometimes engage in dialog with each other, there is no real give and take of feeling, no progress in relationship. They are basically engaged in monologues about the human condition and how unpleasant it is. There is rarely any reason why a character should address these ruminations to anyone else. He might as well come to the center of the stage and soliloquize — which is what several of the characters in fact do.

Another element of drama, validated by theatrical tradition and by the nature of human interests, is plot: that connected series of actions that propels the audience's emotions along, raises expectation, maintains tension, induces us to experience time as a force that definitively unites or separates and that intellectually leads to resolution and closure. Will Macbeth be punished for his crimes? Will the cherry orchard be sold? How will Hedda manage as the wife of a pedant? Most plays ask such questions, and answer them. *Camino Real* does neither. The world is seen as a prison house from which no one can escape, a swamp in which souls aimlessly drift and gradually sink, a moral emptiness in which nothing important ever happens. Any stirring of plot interest is

immediately undercut, and the play could have been twice as short or twice as long without being noticeably altered in its structure. Sixteen scenes, thirty scenes, three hundred scenes — what does it matter, when none of the characters has a future anyway?

Having taken the great risk of dispensing with plot and with meaningful dialog, Williams might have substituted another center of interest: character. Even in the stagnant atmosphere of random action and psychological solitude, a strong character would be bound to catch our attention and involve our emotions.



Williams' failure in this respect is characteristic of his whole theatrical career. Many of the characters in *Camino Real* are taken from fiction or from history. Don Quixote, Casanova, Camille, Lord Byron, the Baron de Charlus. In every case, the character has been grossly diminished by the passage through Williams' imagination. The Baron de Charlus, Proust's grand snob and pervers, with the stature of a corrupted King Lear, becomes in Williams' hands a feeble voluptuary. Byron, that wonderful mixture of romantic posturing, wit, high spirits and

sheer animal energy, limps around the stage making a dull grim speech about existential commitment. The cheerful, irrepressible, and for all of his millions of sexual experiences charmingly innocent Casanova has been turned into a nattering gloom puss. The one major character invented by Williams himself, Kilroy, the dumb American with a heart (literally) of gold — is pure congealed sentimentality, and even he is a spiritual borrowing from William Saroyan. The fact is that Williams has had, throughout his career, only two sources for the creation of strong and memorable characters: his father and his mother, and when, as in this case, he tries to create characters entirely through projections of himself, he produces nothing but weaklings.

Every theatrical technique has an effect on the world view conveyed by the play, and the technical weaknesses of *Camino*

Most of us go on to more realistic and variegated views of life. But the narrowness and callowness of Williams' world view in this play is not in itself a defect — we have no right to demand of a playwright that he be wise, and all the question is, and my own answer to it is obviously negative — whether the world view is true enough and profound enough to justify the means by which it is conveyed: the earnestness, the stasis, the anomie, and the endless morose philosophizing.

With all of this against it, *Camino Real* could never have been a good play. But it might have been rescued — at least partially — by an exceptional power and suggestiveness of language. Even if nothing is happening, and it is happening to people who are virtually nobody, still it all might be done richly. Also, the language of the play is as limp and ineffectual as all the rest of it. The attempts at



Real are no exception. Williams' choices in the management of dialog, plot and character result in a world in which people cannot communicate with one another, in which there is no escape from tedium, meaninglessness and loneliness, and in which human greatness — or even a significant assertion of the self — is merely a dream. Perhaps this vision of reality is worth writing a play about, and perhaps it is not; wisdom of the same sort comes to many of us during the depressive periods of our late adolescence, where it accounts for some of the passing gloomy thrills of youth.

With a bad script, and no realistic possibility of rescuing it through music, we are left with a quintessential example of a director's play. If the director doesn't measure up, all is lost. Fortunately, Mr. Wagner made the most of every minute opportunity to do something theatrical out of *Camino Real*. If there is no forward propulsion, and if the lengthy, static speeches are bound to bore no matter how well they are spoken, there still remain numerous local moments of theatrical possibility — the street cleaners who remove dead bodies, the arrival of a plane that signifies escape for all who can get to it, the courting of the gypsy's nephetic daughter by a semi-reluctant Kilroy — which, through an inventive directorial imagination, can generate the kind of dramatic interest and excitement that constitute the very life of the theatre. With an able group of actors (I particularly liked the raw gypsy of the immensely talented Joan Rosenthal, Patrick DeSantis's urbane and sardonic Gutman, and the vital and often touching performance of Kilroy by Rich Revelli), Mr. Wagner made *Camino Real* seem a considerably better play than it really is. His efforts were abetted by the superbly communicative set by Dan Dryden (broken-down, cobwebby rococo, the soul of Tennessee Williams made flesh), and the equally effective work of costume designer Deborah Dryden (including a set of demonic masks more expressive and more powerful than Williams' entire script). *Camino Real*, which continues this week at UCSD, is worth seeing for the sake of its production.

Photograph by Jim Har-

"poeticizing" the dreary succession of monologues produce a banality so embarrassing that one feels like crying for the pity and shame of it. For a note of hope we have violets breaking through rocks on the mountains, and the good Kilroy's heart is "as big as the head of a baby" — that's what the language of this play is like. What does a director do with such a script? One interesting idea that Mr. Wagner and musician Robert MacDougall came upon was to add music, even to the point of having some of the dialog sung. Desperately weak as a play, *Camino Real* might gain a bit of

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Lifeguard Stories Go On...

Ronald W. Jensen—

In the 16 years I've worked with various lifeguard departments first as an "apprentice" at Doheny State Park, then San Clemente, Los Angeles, Del Mar, San Diego and Hawaii before ending up at Del Mar again. I've had a love-hate relationship with the job. I was self-conscious in my first pair of red trunks. I was an excellent swimmer but not too sharp on first aid. Poking around in my first aid kit I couldn't tell the difference between a tongue depressor and an ice cream stick. One day I even called an ambulance and a lifeguard emergency squad for an old woman who had to go to the bathroom. I thought she was having a heart attack. What I lacked in brains, though, I tried to make up for in brawn.

Those were days of surf and sun. Abalone, lobster and fish were plentiful. You could drop a line in the surf and dinner would be happening on the beach in less than 10 minutes. One could walk for miles south from Doheny along lonely white sand beaches past the old Capistrano pier, gone now, or north along the rocky and secluded coastline to Dana Cove, now a sprawling commercial harbor but then a cove place to just surf, dive or loaf, or listen to the friendly call of gulls mixed with the roar of surf breaking off the point, or wander visually across a seemingly endless expanse of shimmering blue Pacific Ocean dotted here and there with surfers waiting to catch waves.

But as the years piled up, so did strain on the beaches and people who inhabit them. Seagulls disappeared, killed or frightened away by pollution; beaches overflooded during summers with trash cans, parking lots and people; and lifeguarding—once a glamorous symbol of healthy outdoor living—became a difficult and demanding choice to the public. What also happened at once a large group of inexperienced bathers, caught and dragged out to sea in swirling rip currents, or nothing happened at all.

jurisdiction have seriously jeopardized the business of saving lives. Relations have become strained between Fire Chief William Tripp and Lifeguard Captain Gardner Stevens over the years, the two men are barely civil to each other. Across the way at Solana Beach, County Lifeguard Captain Jim Lathers suggested to Stevens last summer that he didn't want any Del Mar units crossing over into county territory while on patrol. Contact between the two departments is confined mostly to emergencies, with county lifeguards backing Del Mar up with their rescue boat or other equipment when requested. Fortunately, there has never been a drowning in a guarded area as a result of all this. Only one

apathy have also been encouraged. Training has become lax. During the in-service training initiated last summer—after much arm-twisting and cajoling—cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) was reviewed in a sloppy, haphazard fashion. There was no opportunity to practice on lifelike mannequins or to debate key points with the instructor seriously—a must according to Heart Association guidelines. The assumption was that since CPR is rarely used, and since all the guards had all had the training at one time or another, more thorough instruction wasn't needed. The instructor was just standing up going through the motions, bored stiff.

Naturally, no description of the lifeguard service at Del Mar would be complete without a description of Stevens, the central historical figure of the dept. Like the man: he's a close personal friend. At nearly 50 years of age (perhaps more), he's a conscientious and dedicated lifeguard as can be found anywhere on the coast. His record, as far as swimming rescues and basic lifeguarding is concerned, is impressive.

But Stevens is also a timid, conservative administrator who has failed in some important ways to measure up to the challenges of the 20th century. His "Archie Bunker" social philosophy can't help but intimidate and harass people on occasion, and his penny-wise and pound-foolish ways have driven many staffers to the brink. "He's got an inferiority complex about asking for things," one guard complained in private. "Everything he does is halfhearted, incomplete. After a while it drives you plain nuts."

Unlike most administrators Stevens never paid his budget or asks for a cent more than he thinks he needs. Staffers have even accused him on a number of occasions of turning desperately needed funds back. All summer long the guards complained of equipment failures and other problems related to budget. Two of the four vehicles operated by the department were quite literally sinking apart. The jeep that I drove at 25th Street all summer was on the verge of collapse, ready to be wrecked and splattered into a pile of rusted nuts and bolts. The brakes on one occasion I've heard him bark rude comments at people over the loudspeaker. So I yelled at him from the tower, as he

became increasingly apparent that assumptions about their proficiency were grossly inaccurate. Few performed adequately; even fewer knew how to use the technique with oxygen.

Stevens' comment: "Well, hopefully one of us (senior guards) will be there."

Assumptions about the ability of some of the guards to respond to emergencies, evidently were also inaccurate. One day last summer, after a decision was finally made to respond to an accident at 15th and Camino Del Mar, the rookie guard who received the radio call got so excited he got his patrol unit stuck in the sand. The senior guard had to slide down out of the tower and pry him loose from the wheel. The senior guard then forgot to remain in touch by radio after he himself went on the call.

Yet, when staff meetings were suggested to iron out some of the disputes brewing between the lifeguards, the requests were ignored. Instead of intelligently discussing what should be done about such things as dogs, nudism and sexual assaults on the beach, etc., the dept. fell back on what a lot of people would consider not helping—the beach was practically empty. He was simply unwilling to let us help her. As the woman stumbled out of the tower muttering, confused and disoriented, one of our bright young guards quipped, "She walks like she has a corn cob up her ass."

Later that day, reports Animal Control Officer Erik Sand, the woman slipped and nearly fell off a cliff trying to retrieve her Doberman.

When I mentioned some of these things to Stevens, his response was, "Don't make waves! Enjoy yourself, Ronnie. I told you when I hired you that I didn't want any trouble this summer..." Benjamin Franklin, a Green Beret, threw a flying tackle on the man and had him completely subdued, the cop ran over and often the suspect on the head. He said in his report that the man tried to escape. Privately, Neil admitted the officer's statement was false. But he wasn't about to jeopardize rapport with the police department by blowing the whistle.

On another occasion a lifeguard supervisor brought his dog to the beach at 17th St. and let him run loose in front of headquarters while he went for a morning dip. Obviously, he knew the rules about unleashed dogs. On more than one occasion I've heard him bark rude comments at people over the loudspeaker. So I yelled at him from the tower, as he

shocks and undercarriage were rusted out, there were other serious problems. According to Lt. Neal, Stevens turned money back at the start of the summer shift for repair of the vehicle.

His basic problem is that his programs lack depth or boldness, and that he has surrounded himself with people who are either unwilling or in-competent. Stevens' comment: "Well, hopefully one of us (senior guards) will be there."

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and the beach was crowded, people would get so uptight they would sometimes shout curses or give the finger to lifeguard jeeps passing in patrol. As the jeep tires crinkled over steep kelp over the beach, the flies would be disturbed, swarming over the peoples bodies and food like locusts. Once, while driving Unit 90 up at the north end of the beach, I was attacked myself. As the flies bombarded my eyelids and clogged up

my nostrils I hit the brake peddle three times and prayed that the vehicle would roll to a stop without rolling over someone. Then I lept from the jeep. With the "mike" cable stretched as far away as I could, I hit the transmitter button and called for help: "Unit 90 to Station Three. I'm under attack by a swarm of man-eating flies. My vehicle is completely covered and I am unable to continue on patrol. Can you send Unit 92 to the foot of 26th St. with a can of Raid?"

"Silence." "Unit 90," Lt. Neil replied from headquarters. "Is this a 902 fly (a reference to the "902" series of police codes)?"

That was about the closest I came to throwing up that summer. And the time a nearly-blind woman wandered into headquarters one morning and asked for help locating her dog. I wanted to put her in a jeep and take her for a ride to search for the animal, but the supervisor wouldn't allow it. There was no real reason for not helping—the beach was practically empty. He was simply unwilling to let us help her. As the woman stumbled out of the tower muttering, confused and disoriented, one of our bright young guards quipped, "She walks like she has a corn cob up her ass."

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"That's affirmative," I replied. "a 902 fly, code two (urgent but without red lights or siren)." "104 Unit 90," Neil said reluctantly. "92's Enroute."

Two minutes later lifeguard Vern Rye pulled up to the street-end in the Datsun pickup and rushed down on the beach with the Raid. "Geez," he said, appraising the buzzing black swarm that had settled over the driver's

Stevens became very upset when I pressed him on the issue; he threatened to fire me if I went up to him. "I know the flies are bad," he kept telling me. "But if you think they're bad on this beach, you ought to try walking down to the water's edge. They never get cleaned. I went down to Cardiff on my day off the other day, and boy, I'm telling you, you wouldn't believe it."

I suggested that we could go to the newspapers to ask for help from the public, that we could start a campaign to lick the problem, that we didn't have to settle for flies. We could even ask for donations to rent a large enough tractor or equipment to haul the stuff away. I pooled people on the beach on my day off and a lot of them said they would be willing to get one morning aside to help. I even took their phone numbers and addresses. They said they would be willing to bring shovels and rakes to load it aboard Public Works vehicles.

For a fleeting moment it even looked like the plan might be approved. But when Public Works was contacted, the foreman shot it down: "If you think I'm sending any of my men or equipment down here on a crazy stunt like this, your nuts, I'm telling you, Jensen," he said. "You keep that kind of stuff up and you're not gonna get yourself in trouble. Your gonna get your butt in trouble. The old man up at city hall, he ain't in no mood to take no shit off his staff." "Besides," he added, "Most of those people who come down to the beach don't even live here. I could see cleaning a real nice if it were just for the residents, but not for a bunch of people who don't even pay taxes. Those people don't generate no income for this city, just problems."

Once, when a false rumor got started that the lifeguards were circulating a petition demanding better equipment and working conditions, City Manager Wayne Dornett got Stevens on the phone and chewed him out. In characteristic fashion, Stevens passed gruffly worded orders down that anybody caught saying "bad" things about the dept. would be "let go." We were told to say, if anybody asked, that things were ok.

I typed up a three-page complaint about the flies to Stevens and asked that he forward a copy to city hall. What happened was that the Public Works department had failed to clean the beach until three generations of flies had been



my nostrils I hit the brake peddle three times and prayed that the vehicle would roll to a stop without rolling over someone. Then I lept from the jeep. With the "mike" cable stretched as far away as I could, I hit the transmitter button and called for help: "Unit 90 to Station Three. I'm under attack by a swarm of man-eating flies. My vehicle is completely covered and I am unable to continue on patrol. Can you send Unit 92 to the foot of 26th St. with a can of Raid?"

"Silence." "Unit 90," Lt. Neil replied from headquarters. "Is this a 902 fly (a reference to the "902" series of police codes)?"

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A Walker in Our Town

Who could survive without "wheels" and how could such a situation be borne?

E.J. Rackow

Whenever there's a fall at a party I lean forward and say, "You know I don't drive."

Of course, if I announced that I had given up sex, not a head would turn, not a voice would be raised. Everyone knows that the mind is for sex fluctuates, that it creates sadness as well as joy, that it can prove disruptive as well as productive in our lives. But not driving in southern California! That's the very stuff of improbable madness!

"You mean you actually don't drive, or you just don't own a car?"

At once, a lemming shriek of protest arises, and the party in its doldrums springs to fresh heights. Who but a madwoman could survive without "wheels" and how could such a situation be borne?

Not easily, but tolerably.

Over twenty years ago I did drive a car. Without resorting to hyperbole, I was one of the worst people ever placed behind a wheel. Tense, lacking the nerve to pass a truck, my heart racing every time I had to attempt a left hand turn against traffic, I managed only on a clear stretch of highway where I could tool along at 35 magnificent miles an hour. But the young man who was then assisting me with my driving held ambivalent attitudes towards me. On the one hand he wanted me to learn; on the other he was sufficiently hostile to allow me to place myself in danger. The car is a lethal weapon, make no mistake about

it. On this particular day two decades ago, I was attempting corners, growing more and more tense, and I failed. Instead of seeing that I had had enough, my would-be instructor/destructor said, "You're going to make those turns if you have to stay here all night."

Cautiously, I put my foot on the brake.

"Put your foot on the brake," barked my friend.

Since my foot was already on the brake, I placed it on the gas, swooped into a wall, and crashed against a tree. The car, an Austin A-40, collapsed into my lap. My right knee cap was broken in two places. I limped for a year and still can't squat like an anthropologist.

Needless to say, I should have started driving soon after the accident. But I didn't. About 8 years ago I took lessons again, this time from a professional driving school. My object was to get myself from my house in La Jolla to the university where I teach. No sweat, I thought. After all, 16 year old teenagers can do it, why not myself?

Three times a week, I made my way up Torrey Pines Road. I loved red lights and enjoyed them. They meant a haven of rest. As soon as the lights flashed green, I had to maneuver the car up the hill again. The slightest curve in the road traumatized me as if I were proceeding up the last mile of Mount Everest in a blinding snowstorm with bare feet. Often,

when I managed to arrive at the intersection of La Jolla Scenic Drive I would be covered with sweat and hyperventilating. I found myself growing increasingly depressed and blamed it on my job. Wildly, I thought of quitting. Nothing was worth the nagging depression. I experienced as I drove the family car — always with a seasoned driver — beside me. But reprieve came in the form of nature. A heavy coastal fog caused my husband to announce that he would drive me to the university. Miraculously, my depression lifted. I vowed never to get behind the wheel of a car again. I haven't and I won't.

But how do I manage? First off, I walk. The purchase of my house was determined by its proximity to the Village — I am an old La Jolla and still call the center of town the Village. I walk to all stores and to most of my doctors. I walk to and from the beach, though it means chugging up several hills to get home.

My life is different from other people's because I have to allot hours to what takes a driver 5 minutes. Also, there are many places I never get to because of not driving. I can't afford the luxury of realness.

I have a rather limited view of San Diego, although I have resided here for two decades. Would you believe that I never went to Fashion Valley until my oldest son drove me there two years ago? At present, a bus runs from Matthews Campus at UCSD

to and from Fashion Valley. But before that I had to have a car. Last week my son drove me there and I took 2 buses to get home — the 41 to Matthews Campus and the R bus down Torrey Pines Road. Portal to portal, it took one hour. It was a great adventure.

How have I managed to raise two children, maintain my job and a social life without driving? I have good friends. Everyone who knows me realizes I don't drive. Some of my friends call me and offer to drive me to the supermarket or where ever they are going. My students or my teaching assistants often drive me from the university. I take buses and taxis. I used to hitch hike when it was safe and friendly. But I had to jump out of a moving car some years ago when the driver suggested that we could do something more interesting than head for the supermarket where I was going to pick up some ice cream and sherbet for my youngest son who had a fever. So I vowed not to hitch hike again.

However, I sometimes make instant friends on the line of supermarkets and ask for a ride home. Contrary to the stereotyped image, little old ladies in tennis shoes are frequently the most hostile and suspicious and scrutinize my face closely in case they have to identify me later for some minor crime.

Not only am I a walker, but a sleeper, that is, I haul and carry packages, cartons of milk and

doughnuts to feed my starving sons — who are both over 6 feet tall. I have shopped for my psychoanalyst and I have traversed the pale deserted streets to arrive by 8:30 a.m. at the sales at Magnin's and Saks. Needless to say, I walk to the post office to mail a letter. There are octogenarians who drive electric cars. Not me, I'm still walking.

The walks I mentioned dealt with necessities, errands, raising a family, my job. But almost daily I have walked for pleasure. I have circled Cove Park hundreds of times throughout the years, puffed to the top of the cross at Mt. Soledad, walked to the Shores, to Bird Rock. Distances of several miles don't phase me. I walk to Black's Beach, to Torrey Pines Park.

If you are interested in walking beaches, you should obtain a tide chart. At low tide, when the sand is impacted, you can walk from the southern end of Mission Beach to Del Mar. It's a day's hiking, and at certain points you have to ascend to the street before you gain access to the beach, but it's worth it.

A decade ago, I was a middle-of-the-night walker, but no longer. Nor do I suggest Horton Plaza after dark without an escort. But I still walk to and from the Cove theater and at times from the Unicorn. Since I was raised in New York, I am a cautious after-dark walker and keep away from

(continued on page 15)

FRIENDSHIP...

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—Duncan Shepherd—

The Human Factor is not much enlightening as a tract on political terrorism, nor does it propose to be. I should probably say it is not much enlightening on any front, except (what might be considered mitigating circumstances) its aspirations barely go beyond a bedtime-pastime type of entertainment; it maintains a decent level of conscientiousness within its accepted limits, and finally, there is no point in thrashing a movie for what it is not, if you can live with it and stay awake with it for what it is.

Still, there is little likelihood that *The Human Factor* can escape being bracketed with recent movies like *The Terrorists*, *The Nads Gang*, *Hennessey*, and *Roseland*, and being reckoned part of a new trend, or if that's too strong a word, a sudden spate, a spatter. These hurried, get-in-step movies — excepting Chabrol's nutty *Nada Ganga*, a special case — offer nothing like the steady, studious, direct approach to the subject that you find in isolated pretentious movies, *The Battle of Algiers*, *The Night of the Living Dead*, *The Revolutionary*, or *State of Siege*. Their efforts do not lift them above the routine incomprehensibility of an L.A. Times news story. And they are blameworthy not so much for their hankering to cash in on a hot-potato topic as for their lazy, page-one imagination.

If *The Human Factor*, by the veteran, very erratic, take-what-you-can-get director Edward Dmytryk, wishes to be excused please from the debate on political terrorism, it ought to be permitted to go its own way and no hard feelings. It gravitates, really, toward the sort of violent formula fiction that Dmytryk turned out during the 1940s, his most consistently exciting period; and it is almost equally as "topical." (In *Crossfire*, 1947, the murder victim, a homosexual in the original novel, is converted into a Jew, and that preliminary switch is as deep into the subject as this nasty murder mystery gets.) The new Dmytryk movie comes particularly close to his revenge thriller, *Connered*, 1945. Dick Powell tracking down the Nazi war

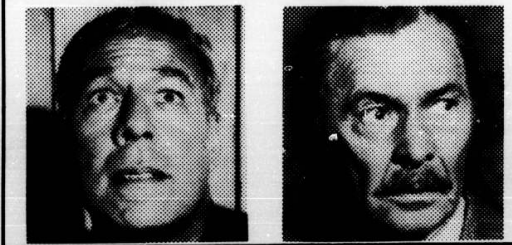
criminals responsible for his wife's death. But the new vendetta, Kennedy against former U.C. Berkeley students and S.D.S. members who have executed his wife and children, lacks the moral certainty, or rather the overall moral climate, of Powell's single-handed, post-war cleanup; and in its naivety, it conforms closely to

the current stereotype of a fascist film, just as *Connered* conformed effortlessly to the wartime anti-fascist stereotype. Times do change, but either label looks a little gaudy on either movie. What both of these movies exhibit, thirty years apart, is the common urge to translate politics into plain melodrama: "Nobody pushes us

around." "It's them or us." "They'll pay for this," etc.

The Human Factor maintains a 1940s-style unpretentiousness, mixing careful work with slapdash until only a thriller addict would want to bother sorting it out. The careful work revolves principally

Humans And Terrors



around the soft, mushy, sentimental, unpretentious human qualities which the terrorists flagrantly threaten. A backdrop of invaluable middle-class comfort and civility is set up in the quick opening shots, TV-advertisement-style, of coffee brewing, bacon sizzling, toast popping, eggs frying, and the breakfast table laid out with Cheerios, Folger's Coffee, and Planter's Peanut Butter. The setting is hazy Southern Italy, where suddenly every seventy-two hours a random American family is slaughtered, and there are some apocalyptic declarations that such things simply do not happen there. The George Kennedy character is employed in a NATO computer center where he plots possible military maneuvers, calculates probable body-count ratios, and wipes out entire countries, but all in a penny-arcade spirit of playing computer war games. And the final shootout takes place in a NATO super-mart where, beneath the din, the hostage housewives scream and the system transmits bland recorded announcements of the day's special buys.

The roles are better cast than they are written, and some sympathetic behavioral detail comes out of them: Kennedy's expression, under noisy police questions, passing rapidly from shock to rage to understanding; or Barry Sullivan's unnerved bubbling at the scene of a massacre and his soothed bubbling over countless drinks afterwards. And perhaps the most precise expression ever of human frailty comes when Kennedy's friends at the computer center, worried about his obsessive search for the killers, feed his confidential psychological profile into the computer to determine what he is likely to do: he locates them (probability: he will try to kill them) and, if he tries to kill them, what are his chances (probability of success: eight per cent). When they confront him with their findings, Kennedy peers into the clearing fog of his future, a lump in his throat and a look on his face like Tommy Prothro's when he sees the betting-line for the Chargers-Vikings game, and incredulously he moans, "Eight per cent!"

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from a bridge on a whim, or dressing up as a mustache cigar-smoker — almost as if they were so many different hats and handkerchiefs in this gaudy treatment of H.P. Lovecraft's novel of a liberated woman in the early part of the century and the two men who worship her. Moreau's glamor goddess performance almost squashes this fragile toy, and Greig's Delerue's music goes repeatedly smooths over the possible damages. Oskar Werner, Henri Serre 1962. *** (Grossmont College 11/22 and 23)

The Legend of Hell House — The old college try is put out for a trial haunted house story that unwise duplicates the situation in THE HAUNTING (1963), a better film than this one by far. The my-way-is-better-than-yours bickering between the psychic experts who are studying the spooked English mansion is fairly fun, and Pamela Franklin, a delicate-looking girl with a sly talent for implying devilry below the surface, is quite admirable as a mental medium who faces up to ghosts fearlessly and receives in turn a new set of clues and scratches and bruises every few minutes. Directed by John Hough 1973. *** (Heila)

Let's Do It Again — The reunion of does Cosby, who does double-talk, and Sidney Poitier, who does the double-takes and also does the directing, maintains a willful ignorance of gambling, boxing, and hypnosis throughout its stumbling, stop-and-go pursuit of laughs. The sly and underdeveloped script begs for the surrealistic Looney Tunes treatment that a Frank Tashlin might have given it, but it inclines instead toward the traditional, mundane, underdog sympathies of the little-man comedies by Capra and McCarey. (Grossmont)

Mahogany — Diana Ross climbs to fame, from a dressmaking factory in the Chicago slums to the international fashion scene in Rome, while Billy Dee Williams supplies the nagging voice of conscience, stays home wears bluejeans, talks on street corners through a telephone, and works tirelessly for the betterment of His People. This is not really more social-conscious than the Chicago Six, but it is the social-conscious stuff more credible. And, although Berry's advice directing suggests he has studied a few movies, he doesn't totally know how to make these movies like they used to. David Wadkins' color image is

messy and faded, like a ragged collage of torn-away posters on a brick wall, and the costumes, designed by Diana Ross herself, are supposed to create a big splash on the fashion market. (The kabuki look, but they bring your eye as if they're out of an eyepopper. With Tony Perkins, Jean-Pierre Aumont. ** (Spreckels Parkway 3)

Man Who Loved Cat Dancing — The cute credits saddle and the pictures of spurs and saddles and other cowboy handies — opens up



onto Richard Sarafian's wide-open, wide-screen spaces, where ladylike Sarah Miles, fleeing from a husband who wears tight white pants and a broad white hat that would not fit through the average saloon door, is liberated from her refined ways by the tough bearishness of Burt Reynolds. 1973. ** (Aztec, through 11/22)

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returned to again, although many of the jokes are brought up again in the shooting (Russ Meyer's for example). But Brian De Palma's direction is peppy enough, maniacal enough in fits and starts, although it leaves the spectator feeling a little queasy. Starring, and musical scoring by, Paul Williams. ** (Heila)

Roster Cogburn — Stuart Millar's adamant pictorialism (around every bend and over every bluff, the



glories never cease) could cause a step-up of tourist activity in the Oregon wilds. The credits sequence is quite nice (cartoon-like silhouettes of horses and riders progressing gradually into dusk and darkness), and it would have been quite enough, too. The bloated sequel to TRUE GRIT replaces Kim Darby's precocious teenager with Katharine Hepburn's spinster evangelist (shades of AFRICAN QUEEN). John Wayne, with his bufoonish pique, still manages to be funny now, and again, and Hepburn, with her nagging, nose-upturned recitations of Bible passages, maxims, and words to the wise, manages to sway all the

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needed more follow-through in the writing and a more confident hand in the shooting (Russ Meyer's for example). But Brian De Palma's direction is peppy enough, maniacal enough in fits and starts, although it leaves the spectator feeling a little queasy. Starring, and musical scoring by, Paul Williams. ** (Heila)

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sympathy to Wayne's side. (Loma)

Royal Flash — Richard Lester, following THE THREE and THE FOUR MUSKETEERS, perseveres in creating two-leaf-lett swash-bucklers. In this mock PRISONER OF ZENDA, Oliver Reed's and Alan Bates' waxed-mustache Prussian villains are played with the comic style of cooked eyebrows, while Malcolm McDowell's British non-hero, a sort of boys' school mischief-maker, and chronic shirker, is done broader and pushier and friendlier. And although the gags are mostly ad hoc as they are before, the musty Geoffrey Unsworth image, in princely 19th century decor, is supremely luxurious. With Florida Bolan. *** (Cinerama)



Rules of the Game — Jean Renoir's momentous, moralistic comedy-of-manners on the French leisure class and its pastime pursuits, pre-WWII, offers a good deal more than the coy prologue promise of simple entertainment. It is more shrewdly conceived than normal for Renoir and more splendidly dressed and decorated, although the acting conforms to the normal, fey, hippy-hoppy gait, with Renoir himself, in the role of old-faithful Octave, setting the pace. Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Roland Tolain, 1939. *** (Unicom)

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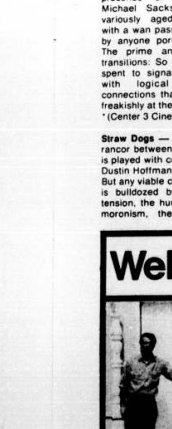
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Seven Alone — Family film, with Dewey Martin and Aldo Ray, directed by Earl Bellamy. (Fashon Valley, California, Cove Parkway 1, Pacific Drive 1)

Slaughterhouse Five — George Roy Hill's pretty version of Kurt Vonnegut's novel about a man who's "unstuck in time," i.e., he skips uncontrollably back and forth along his lifetime, which separates too clearly into historical periods that have nothing in common except the presence of movie newsmen Michael Sacks. (He adapts to variously aged make-up effects as with a passively never attained at 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 treacherously at the joints. 1972. ** (Center 3 Cinema 3)



Straw Dogs — The sudden marital rancor between mismatched mates is played with considerable edge by Dustin Hoffman and Susan George. But any viable character interaction is bulldozed by the all-pervasive tension, the human meanness, the morosism, the muscle and the

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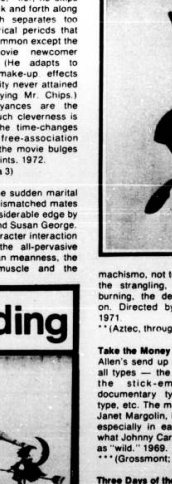
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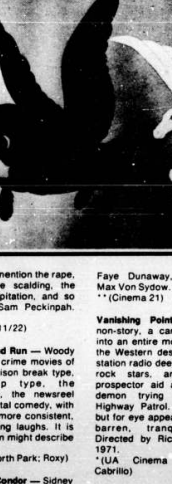
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Vanishing Point — Nonsensical non-story, a car chase prolonged into an entire movie. The setting is the Western desert, where a sou-station radio deity, naked hippies, rock stars, and a crazy old prospector aid and abet a speed demon trying to outpace the Highway Patrol. Totally brainless, but for eye appeal it has handsome barren, tranquil backdrops. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian. 1971. ** (UA Cinema 2, Claremont; Cabrio)



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The Wind and the Lion — Raisuli, the Berber chieftain, kidnaps an American widow and her two children in far-off Tangiers, and Roosevelt, the cowboy president, sends the U.S. Marines to the rescue. Double-time. The vision of history is something a fanciful adolescent might have concocted, sitting over his schoolbooks, eyes closed. What dances into view is often just the handiest stereotype, energetically from whistle-stop to target range to sparring session to Colorado hunting party to a private moment of reverence at the foot of a fuddy's stuffed grizzly bear; and, in the action scenes, some of the most requested stunts in Hollywood



The Wind and the Lion — Raisuli, the Berber chieftain, kidnaps an American widow and her two children in far-off Tangiers, and Roosevelt, the cowboy president, sends the U.S. Marines to the rescue. Double-time. The vision of history is something a fanciful adolescent might have concocted, sitting over his schoolbooks, eyes closed. What dances into view is often just the handiest stereotype, energetically from whistle-stop to target range to sparring session to Colorado hunting party to a private moment of reverence at the foot of a fuddy's stuffed grizzly bear; and, in the action scenes, some of the most requested stunts in Hollywood

W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings — a amusing, bawdy-caper, out of

horses crashing through garden walls, or a rifleman, picked off in his lower perch, doing a head-first forty-foot dive and spitting a row of raters at the first-floor level! But, in the fleshing out or putting up of the facts of the case, writer-director John Milius tries out any number of appealing and conflicting possibilities — more or less remote, and the resulting mixture has an interesting, elusive over-the-top taste — its partly idealization, partly debunking, partly put-on, partly traditional, Hollywood technique, partly this and that. The Americans, whose reputation marches ahead of them in the threatening query "Have you heard of the Big Stick?" are seen, even in their noblest moments, to be trigger-happy: the Berber chieftain, escorted by Jerry Goldsmith's quasi-Scheherazade musical accompaniment, is thoroughly glamorized, striding tall in black dress against light desert colors, or appearing alone on the crest of a hill and galloping full tilt to the rescue of a damsel in distress with his sword held motionless above his head like Milne in HIDDEN



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respective picnic jugs. They are hot and tired and seem grateful for the halftime respite. Some men take off their shirts and wring the liquid out of them. They gulp down bottles of soda and juice



the goal — no score.

Panamericas, to the attack, relays the ball down to the other side. The linesman's flag jerks up: the whistle blows. Offside! Ball to United Iraqis, quickly intercepted by a Panamerican, who dribbles to the left and lets loose with a strong kick to the right corner of the goal. The goalie dives

and exchange heated observations about the first half. "We gotta pass more, man. Give me the ball when I'm wide open."

"I wish I'd gotten more sleep last night; then I'd outrun that guy."

One of the fathers has brought oranges fresh from his El Cajon

playing and don't deserve any. The oranges are sweet and good, not having made the trek from farm to central receiving to supermarket. Teams tend to form along ethnic lines, reflecting the cultural composition of San Diego — Italian, Greek, Arab, Mexican, Yugoslavian, English, and all-American — but there is a lot of intermingling. For instance, the United Iraqis have an Austrian coach, Chicano and Greek forwards, a Chinese halfback, and a couple of Americans among its Arab majority.

Participants range in age from high school through middle age. Some of the fifty-year-olds look like they spend most of their afternoons in the neighborhood gym, and what they lack in movement, they make up in savvy. They seem to know instinctively where the ball is going, so don't have to chase around so much.

Steinricher said that the emphasis of the Soccer Association is on participation, and that the interest in soccer has grown so much in the past two years, especially with the arrival of Pele, that the league expects thirty teams to sign up next year. There are more American players now, and both Mesa College and UCSD field teams in the major division. Steinricher added that

The athletes enjoy having people besides their families watching them play. One last swallow, one last pull on their knee socks and the players jog out for the second half, with determined expressions. There is one point separating the two teams, which Panamerica is resolved to defend, and United Iraqis to overcome. The men are tired — the previous night's activities are



beginning to tell — and the action is slower. There is more trotting than running, and tempers are

territory. The red left-forward dribbles toward the goal; a green moves to the defense. There's a whistle — blocking or pushing? The ref rules pushing, and the Iraqis surround him voicing disagreement. Some argue, others supplicate; the coach stands in front of him, arms outstretched, palms upward. Voices are raised. Suddenly the referee whips out a yellow card and takes down the name of a player — a warning for

selling. One more offense and the player will be suspended for two games. His teammates put him on



The United Iraqis have an Austrian coach, Chicano and Greek forwards, a Chinese halfback, and a couple of Americans among its Arab minority.

desperately and misses — score. Panamerica 1, United Iraqis 0. Halftime. The teams amble off the field and gather around their

grove. He distributes them to participant and observer alike, laughingly overriding the latter's weak protests that they aren't

they'd like to see more spectators at the matches, which are usually played on Sundays at Robb Field and other community colleges.

short. The atmosphere tightens up; several fans stand up to get a better view. The Iraqis control the ball deep in Panamerican

the shoulders to calm him down and push him away from the referee. Everyone settles down to business and play resumes.

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Soccer

(continued from page 8)

bushes, alleys, dark spots. Even at 9 p.m., I sometimes walk in the street instead of the sidewalk, and I go at a brisk pace. It does give an old-fashioned sense to the evening if you walk to the local movie house and return with a double scoop of ice cream. Think that's for teen-agers? It's one of my great pleasures.

Should you feel reluctant to embark as a walker, try driving to a spot that interests you, and commence from there. This is a contradiction in concept, but it will launch you on a walking career. Walkers inevitably become good talkers — the more you walk the more you talk to strangers, and with gratifying results. You will also discover shops, bars, office buildings, small parks, even rest rooms, that you didn't realize existed before.

Example: walking up Washington Street to Goldfinch will put you in fine shape (Saville, of this paper, jogs to Mt. Soledad with ankle weights) and at the end of your climb you can visit some good antique shops. Or pick any neighborhood that you haven't visited before and start walking. I was amazed at the changes in the coast line of Coronado by walking there recently, and at the solid phalanx of condominiums and apartment complexes planted on the cliffs of what once was the sparsely populated Solana Beach. If you are tired of San Diego beaches, drive to Encinitas and walk north. The beach and the town itself will take you back in time at least 5 years.

Recently, after a long hike, I collapsed on a bench in Cove Park before making the last lap to my home. A couple, no less than 80 years old, sat beside me, chattering like katydids. When I told the woman the distance from which I had come, she turned to her husband and said, "This young lady is a walker in our town."

From the vantage point of 80, I had been designated as a "young lady." It renewed my aching legs. It's not difficult to become a walker. All you need is what most Americans squander: Time.

Dear Reader:

I enjoyed your November 6th edition — lots of information I don't receive from several dailies. Especially I would like to thank Jonathan Saville for putting into words perfectly the way I felt after hearing Rubinstein. Our local paper, the Union, had such a stingy review, and yours was so satisfying! Dorothy Ziskin Rancho Santa Fe

I am not actually a critical grump — the food was not bad and very filling. The price change is unfortunate. Sincerely, R.S.

Dear Eleanor Widmer,

When I saw your article, The Lean and the Fat, I was ready to read a good article. It was good until I

Did you really expect the owner to reveal to you her secret sauce? If you compare her modest restaurant, servings and prices with Main Chance Spa and the Golden Door, then conveniently you forget to mention the prices you have to pay there.

One thing is very sure, you are not a true weight watcher. You don't know what it takes to stick to a diet for more than a year and then watch it, though more moderately, the rest of your life.

Dear Reader:

Another whitewash of the faustic Copie Press. Los Angeles San Diego

Dear Reader:

When a group decides to picket against the media, they unfortunately put themselves at the mercy of that very same media, with the resultant problem being lack of objectivity in coverage of the event.

It was not without a lot of thought that staff people at the Gay Center decided to picket Channel Ten in response to their decision to rerun "Born Innocent." The overall effect of that action remains to be seen.

What happened with Channel Ten was an event of particular interest to many of us. It was therefore highly gratifying to observe the coverage of that incident in your "City Lights" section. Once again, your newspaper has presented a successfully objective assessment of an issue that was previously misrepresented. I particularly applaud the efforts of Mr. Paul Krueger to delineate the facts, without interjecting personal bias or humor, as this is indeed a serious issue to many of us.

Thank you for the good coverage of events in a community where objectivity of the press is much too rare. Best wishes to all the staff of The Reader.

Gary Rees (former director of the Gay Center for Social Services)

Dear Reader:

The "State of the Union" article that you ran two weeks ago was pretty good reporting. One thing I must find fault with, however, is the criticism of Neil Morgan's gossip column. Perhaps it may seem "small-town" or cliché to you, but I feel it really has a place in a town like San Diego. If all we had in our daily papers were the dry, factual news stories about the world, nation, state, and city, it would be a crashing bore. Morgan gives the Tribune's readers something to laugh at, something to share with their friends, and frankly, I know three or four of my friends who subscribe to the Evening Tribune primarily for his columns. In fact, I myself turn to his page after looking over the front page every night.

Sincerely,
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YARD SALE, November 22. 6525 Naagana, Ocean Beach. Come and buy your Christmas gifts (lots of goodies at cheap prices, side tractor, clothes, jewelry, toys.

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STURDY PADDED BAR stool with back and arm rest. Must be inexpensive. 270-7916.

BINOCULARS, Leitz Triovut Zeiss, or Zeiss of same preferred. Must be in excellent condition. reasonably priced. 224-0626.

LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAIN, steam locomotive and diesel engines, freight and passenger cars, made from 1925 through 1970. Private party sale. Call 453-0780.

MUSICIANS TO PLAY acoustic type tunes, any style. Jazz, blues, folk, classical, even "bagpipes". Contact Danny at the Fox Pub after 9 p.m. 460-0503.

KITCHEN CHAIR, preferably wood that can be fixed up. Can pay about \$5 for each. Call 272-8141.

WANT SOMEONE to do my mending. I can deliver. Bill. 299-6195.

DIVERS UNDERWATER LIGHT, in good condition, booster, down, up, 100' beam, 12" x 16" lenses and lens. Alan. 460-3553. 236-3338.

SECOND HAND FILE CABINET, Aspland and pershing writer wants to organize later at. Phone 663-1163. Thursday or after 6 p.m. Must be reasonable.

WANT TAPE of the KGB Grateful Dead radio concert. Name your price. Please call Andy. 283-3555.

CATALYTIC CAMPING heater, some metric wrenches. A-16 big pack tent and emso. pad. Please call 453-1070. Rick.

VOLVO SHOP MANUAL, factory or Clymers's, for 1967-1975. Call 452-3177 or 291-1409.

I'LL PAY 75¢ for your old record albums. Must be scratchless. 452-8865.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, BUTTONS. Call Stu Jones. 270-7108. evenings and weekends.

WANT A 1950's director set with motor. Call 273-8368. evenings.

LAPIDARY EQUIPMENT, Cash paid for best offer. Phone 428-1509.

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