

Saville on Mahler
Shepherd on Pornography

READER

Vol. 4, No. 43
SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY December 4 - December 11, 1976

Leave it to Cleaver

What's in a jail?

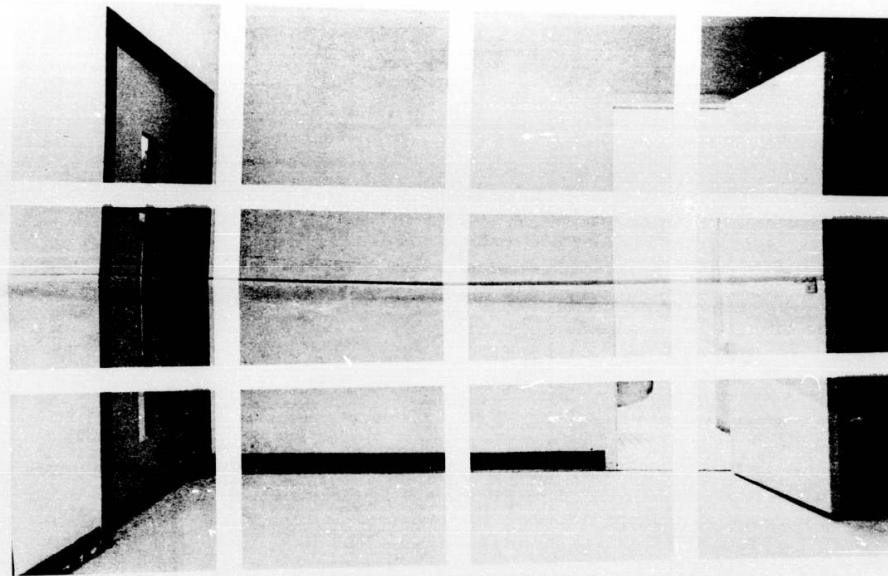


Photo by Jim Hall

One might easily believe that the thirty or so young Mexican men playing volleyball on the roof never had it so good.

—Karl Hazard—

Don't begrudge your prime connection if he is a few days late with his customary delivery; he may have taken time off to spend a well-earned vacation with Timothy Leary at the "Tijuana Wilson," 408 Union Street, known to law-enforcement agencies and law-abiding citizens as the Metropolitan Correctional Center.

This sumptuous new (one year old November 15th) Federal highrise is a striking example of penal architecture. A view of San Diego and outlying vicinities can be seen from each of the 22 stories

above ground. Two subterranean floors hold the main kitchen and inmate receiving. The earthquake-proof building, carpeted and decorated in pleasing hues of orange and gold throughout, is utilized to house offenders until such time as they go to trial and/or sentencing.

In case you have not been to jail lately (and the MCC prefers to call itself a "jail"), entry can be had via three diverse routes: (a) As a visitor. Visiting hours are from 6:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. weekdays and from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. on week-ends. Visitors have their own elevator and lobby to the visiting room on the floor where the inmate is housed. This room, compared to the Ward, is drab and uninviting. Lack of the standard air-conditioning adds to its

unpleasantness. A phone call from this room will re-admit the inmate to his Ward.

(b) As a tourist. Scheduled tours are periodically given to various groups from, for example, the American Beverage Control or recent Law Enforcement graduates. It should be noted that these tourists are not asked for identification nor are they searched prior to entering the wards. On "the honor system" those who have contraband or narcotics deposit them in the Security Room to be returned after the cordial and cursory tour.

(c) As a prisoner. Prisoners are admitted on the bottom floor, searched, taken by private elevator to Receiving on the second floor. Here they are frisked, finger-printed, photographed, issued a sporty one-piece

jumpsuit in a choice of colors and assigned to a Ward.

Once assigned to a Ward, or a Floor, inmates are given a medical examination and a psychiatric evaluation before being issued work assignments such as Laundry or Kitchen duties.

The Livingroom is the focal point (inmates are encouraged to socialize), with upper and lower "quads" breaking off into the corners. These Quads contain the individual cells and a lounge which features a long settee and a color TV. The women's floor, Floor Nine, has a hair-dryer.

(continued on page 22)

City Lights

KRISHNAS, CHRISTIANS, AND INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING

A venture in investigative journalism by the San Diego *Union* has led to a bitter showdown between *Union* staffers and members of the

a copy editor at the *Union*, to Al Jacoby, the *Union's* City Editor. Jacoby bought Parker's work for \$35, and assigned reporter Carol Kendrick to re-check the financial figures and piece together a news story. Kendrick, who describes herself as "apolitical," was "a little worried

money actually goes," he recalled. "But I don't feel my religious principles have caused a personal vendetta." Immediately after publication of the two-part article, Kendrick and Krishna attorney George Haverstick demanded a meeting with writers Parker and Kendrick



local branch of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON) and prompted the City Auditor to undertake a

about Bill's religious views" so she spent a month verifying Parker's statistics before Jacoby accepted the final work. The article carries both Parker's and Kendrick's bylines.

Parker's motive, choosing to investigate the Krishna finances has been questioned by George Levinson, president of the local ISKCON chapter. Parker is an active member of the Campus Crusade for Christ and agrees that Krishnas and Christians often see less than eye-to-eye on spiritual matters. "When the two groups converse," admits Parker, "the discussions often turn into heated arguments and then the name calling begins."

But Parker argues that his personal feelings did not enter into his choice of subject matter. "Having heard them solicit money for starving children, I wanted to find out where the

and editor Jacoby. At the meeting Levinson pointed out what he felt were misquotations, biases and misleading statements in the article. "His main concern was

Amendment says that newspapers must be shown to have had a malicious intent, and that would be next to impossible to prove in this case."

Haverstick and Levinson have thus limited their indictment of the article to what they feel it left out, not what it revealed. "They were not one bit concerned with the spiritual aspects of the work the Krishnas are doing," claimed Haverstick. "Yes, we made mistakes and were overly careless in our bookkeeping," admits Levinson, "but it doesn't mean we're ripping people off. All our mistakes were honest ones. We just never had anyone trained to fill out the

Parker and Kendrick used many of his comments out of context. "From a lengthy phone conversation," he relates, "the only lines Parker chose to attribute to me were that detractors of the group 'would experience a bad karmic reaction' and that Parker should 'seek spiritual values.'" Levinson pointed out that Kendrick's use of quotation marks around the words "Krishna consciousness," "educational programs," and "enthusiasm" cast doubt on the validity of the religion.

Parker, Kendrick and Jacoby deny without pause Levinson's charges. Says Jacoby: "I stand behind every fact in that story. We (Parker, Kendrick and Jacoby) all went out and checked on the Hare Krishnas at four locations: the Zoo, Balboa Park, the Airport, and Sea World and we witnessed all the solicitation practices we attributed to them. Their attorney (Haverstick) came to my office and told us how they were persecuted. But you know damned well that if there was anything factually wrong with the articles he would have been pounding his fists on the table and demanding retractions."

Attorney Haverstick, who claims the *Union* printed the story at the "urging of power figures in San Diego who are unhappy with the Krishnas," has steered clear of challenging the financial figures used in the article. "Even if the figures had been incorrect, the *Union* would not be responsible for that," Jacoby noted.

The police licensing bureau, which consists of two officers who oversee the financial

necessary forms."

Kendrick, unfazed by Levinson's appeal, emphasized that her main concern "was to see how the Krishnas stood in respect to city ordinances that control their use of funds. I'm neither convinced nor concerned that there's not a criminal intent on their part," she added.

While the *Union* published a lengthy reply from Levinson on the editorial page of last Saturday's paper, the matter is far from closed. Parker plans to write a letter of rebuttal to Levinson's reply and Kendrick and Jacoby are awaiting the results of a two week audit of the Krishna books, now in its sixth day.

While the stimulus for the audit is not agreed on (Kendrick claims it was Parker's original questions; Harold Keen, in an article he wrote for the *L.A. Times*, says it is the result of public complaints; and Officer A. A. Beckett of the police licensing bureau takes credit for discovering the inconsistencies himself), when the final figures are released, coverage by the *Union* can be counted on.

"As Jerry Warren (managing editor of the *Union*) has said, we plan to keep doing investigative reporting of this type," Jacoby noted.

The police licensing bureau, which consists of two officers who oversee the financial

(continued on page 8)



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Last Gasps

There is nothing else in Mahler's music to match Das Lied von der Erde; and no other composer I know of has been able to make something so beautiful out of so vast a negation.

—Jonathan Saville—

There is a special fascination about the very late works of the great composers. The preoccupations of a lifetime seem to be summed up, the imaginative world that has been changing and developing through the years now assumes its final, irrevocable state, and death — whether the composer is aware of it or not — is waiting to counterpoint the score. Two recent concerts by the San Diego Symphony gave us a chance to hear two of the greatest of these works, by Beethoven and Mahler.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony constitutes a whole dramatic universe in itself. The driving, tragic force of the first movement; the obsessive demonism and rough humor of the second; the transcendent serenity of the third — these impel us through a series of attitudes towards life, each asserted totally, yet each leading to the overwhelming affirmation embodied in the finale. This strange movement, with its discursive opening, like an operatic recitative, in which the string basses review and reject the themes of the previous movements, is revolutionary in form, and in that alone thoroughly in the manner of Beethoven. But the answer it gives to the questioning is also thoroughly and typically Beethoven: a melody of miraculous diatonic simplicity, repeated again and again with greater and greater forces; the bizarre, assertive vulgarity of the "Turkish" section; and, above and beneath everything, the sheer joy of it all.

Peter Eros and the San Diego Symphony gave this work a performance in *Das Lied von der Erde* of the orchestra was in top form, and so was Mr. Eros, whose driving rhythmic vitality accords well with much of Beethoven's style. The first two movements and the finale (somewhat impeded by poor soloists, with the exception of baritone Harold Eans, but greatly aided by the exceptionally well

trained San Diego Symphonic Chorus) were immensely exciting, surely the best music making Mr. Eros and his orchestra have done so far. The third movement always presents difficulties — transcendence is not the easiest experience to convey — and the solution chosen by Mr. Eros (and other conductors), to play it fairly fast, seems to me to weaken the essential expressive nature of the music, although it does keep it consistently lively. But this is a small quibble; the performance of the Ninth was altogether magnificent.

Gustav Mahler was deeply affected by the operatic structure of Beethoven's music, and especially by the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies. That music has something explicit to say to us about life, and that it does so through alternations of the tragic and the affirmative, is a basic presupposition of Romantic music; and there was no composer more Romantic than Mahler. Himself a man who suffered greatly — in his personal and professional life, and in the internal dispositions of his psyche — he made of his music a continuing diary of his efforts to turn his suffering into the kind of life-affirmation Beethoven achieved so majestically in the finale even of his minor-key symphonies. All of Mahler's symphonic work, with the single exception of the Sixth Symphony, follows the same emotional pattern: suffering, struggle, grief, followed by a moment when the skies open, a world of light is revealed, and ravaged humanity begins a majestic, passionate ascent into the Empyrean. In *Das Lied von der Erde*, a series of orchestral songs for tenor and contralto composed when Mahler knew he had only a short span of life left to him, the pattern is finally abandoned. Based on a collection of exquisite Chinese poems, *Das Lied von der Erde* explores the hedonistic pleasures of Spring, of drunkenness, of

physical beauty, of the energies of life — and with a power, delicacy and expressiveness that have rarely been equaled in the depiction of these experiences; but ultimately it abandons life, ending with a long, melancholy farewell, a withdrawal not into a world of light, as in the previous large-scale works, but rather into a world of emptiness and resignation. It is infinitely sad, but in no way tragic; the struggle — carried through to the desperate end in the Sixth Symphony — is gently, gracefully abandoned; the soul unfolds into the eternal, painless void of non-being. There is nothing in Mahler's music, great as it is, to match this final song, and no other composer I know of has been able to make something so beautiful out of so vast a negation.

Mr. Eros was to have conducted this work with the Symphony, but he fell ill and assistant conductor Charles Ketcham took his place. Mr. Eros, who has a great affinity for Mahler, would doubtless have given us a "hotter" performance than did Mr. Ketcham — more intense, more emotional, with sharper accents and greater dynamic contrasts. But Mr. Ketcham's understanding of the music was more than adequate to convey much of its greatness. Tenor Seth McCoy, with a clarion instrument and a vibrant personal involvement in the music, filled the happy songs with a powerful joy; and contralto Marvelee Carriaga, a grand and impassive as the earth itself, simply floated the world away on the tide of her stupendous voice. Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" demands a large, powerful chorus to shout out the praises of life; Mahler's "The Leveking" requires a singer who can shake her voice off to nothing, yet still make us hear the echo of it, the spirit deliquescing into the universe. This is what Miss Carriaga did, and she did it, flawlessly.

Dear Matthew Alice,

I have always been under the impression that Los Angeles was founded, along with many other California towns, as a mission by Father Serra, the Franciscan monk. However, I've heard recently that Los Angeles wasn't founded by Spaniards at all, but by blacks. If this is so, why the Spanish name?

Answer please.

Rene

San Diego

Dear Rene,

The city of Los Angeles was founded in 1781 as an agricultural colony. Of the original 44 pobladores, or colonists, 26 had some degree of African ancestry, 16 were Indians or mestizos, and two were white. The Spanish government recruited the settlers from Mexico. In contrast to America of the period, Mexican blacks were free men. The pobladores established a communal farming system, developed irrigation and cultivated grains and livestock. This community, in conjunction with the local military presidio, formed the nucleus for the City of Angels we know so well.

Dear Matthew,

I'm a member of a vocal ensemble which frequently sings old English madrigals. In one of these songs, the word "gay" keeps popping up (rhymes with May and play) and the guy next to me always suppresses a snicker. I know that gay used to mean fun-loving, but when did it take on the more familiar connotation of homosexuality?

Rhymes with Moon

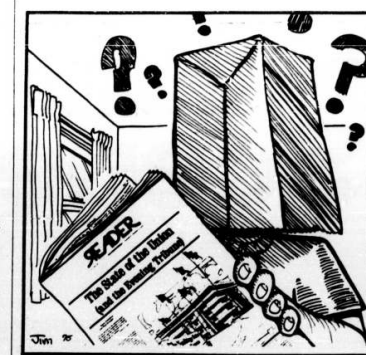
SDSU

Dear Croon? Spoon? June?

You might well have asked when the word *didn't* have some more notorious connotation. The root of the word is in Old High German, where it means impulsive. It passed through Old French into the English during the 15th century, and has from the first had associations of immorality. "Gay" was a 19th century euphemism for a prostitute. Although use of the word in a homosexual context may go back into the 1900s, the term as it is popularly applied is recent. Its first such appearance in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* is in the volume covering March 1970 to February 1971.

Perhaps that guy sitting next to you knows more than you think. Some of those madrigal tunes are pretty racy, you know. Fa-la-la, Fa-la-la la.

Want to hear it straight from the hip? Ask Matthew Alice your questions. Write him c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

—Matthew Alice—

Dear Matthew Alice,

It seems to me that every store I go to has a little sign on the door that reads, "NO ANIMALS ALLOWED" and then in small print just below it reads, "except seeing eye dogs."

My question is this, how is a blind person supposed to read the sign to know that he can enter with his seeing eye dog????

Ken Zepernick

San Diego

Dear Ken,

I get some kooky questions. Some tasteless questions. This question, of course, is neither kooky or tasteless. To see what I mean, try posing the question to any proprietor of any business from the Postmaster General on down. The question neither baffles, shocks, or offends any of them. Because the answer is obvious as air.

If you're still not sure what I mean, go back to the top and read this column with a grocery sack over your head.

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Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

The Music Scene is compiled every Sunday. Send information and photos to:
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 or call 235-6176 by Sunday.

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

Boat House: Larry Page, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Bruce, Sunday and Monday, 2040 Harbor Island Drive. 291-8011.

Cafe Del Rey More: As Children, soft rock, Wednesday through Sunday, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park. 234-8111.

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

through Thursday, Reef Cody, Friday and Saturday, 2806 Shelter Island Drive. 224-3611.

Cote D'Azur: Cotton mouth Darcy, Duvand Band, New Orleans hot jazz, Tuesday, 1250 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-2434.

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

Deisy's Restaurant: Rob Corlies, folk rock, Friday through Sunday, 6502 El Cajon Blvd. 582-0871.

Dirty Dan's: Nooney Rickett, rock, Monday through Saturday, 4000 Kearny Mesa Road. 278-2330.

Fat Fingers: Kirk Bates and the Fat Fingers House Band, plus Salsa, blues/jazz/rock, nightly, 1051 University, Hillcrest. 285-2195.

Folk Arts: San Diego Shape Note Singers, Tuesday evenings, 3743 5th Avenue. 291-1786.

Street, Del Mar. 756-1414.

Heilyon: Tricky, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Salem Tigers, rock, Sunday and Monday, 4260 W. Point Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

Hungry Hunter: Don Parrish and John Tomson, country rock, Friday and Saturday, Pioneer Street and Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 442-0517.

Hungry Hunter: Steve Jester, folk rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2445 Hotel Circle Plaza, Mission Valley. 291-8074.

Iron Horse: O.D. Corral, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa. 466-7663.

Iron Maiden: Nancy Matise, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday, Balboa at Genesee. 279-2033.

Island Hyatt House: Chris and Lee, pop, Tuesday through Saturday, 1441 Quivira Road. 224-3541.

Ivy Barn: Baba Ram Jet, Tuesday through Thursday, Sugar Bear, Friday and Saturday, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 296-0164.

John Bull: Chuck and Kenny, soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 2200 Highland, National City. 474-2201.

Jolly Os: Roadwork, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 881 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 291-1823.

Joel Murphy's: Wichita, Friday through Tuesday, Danny and Paul, Wednesday and Thursday, Mike Peed Trio, jazz, Sunday, 4302 Mission Blvd. 270-3226.

La Meza: Bob Banks, show times, Monday through Saturday, 1441 Highland Ave. 474-3222.

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

La Chafet: Tally Maez, "Mr. Continental," Sunday through Tuesday, Jo Trainer, piano, Wednesday through Friday, J.J. and Preston, jazz and blues, Saturday, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach. 222-6300.

The Last Knight: Joey, folk/rock, Thursday through Saturday, 4673 North Harbor Drive. 223-3632.

Main Gate: Brown Sugar, pop rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 415 Broadway, Chula Vista. 420-4826.

Mammoth West: Goliath, Tuesday through Saturday, Flame, Sunday and Monday, 3565 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251.

SPRIT



Boom Tremendous: Roy Bruder, Sunday and Monday, Shylo, Wednesday through Saturday, 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555.

Chuck's Steak House: Pure Corn, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 1250 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-5325.

Classic III: Mosaic, Latin music, Thursday through Saturday, mariachi, every Sunday 38 p.m. 1802 Palm Ave, Imperial Beach. 429-1161.

Climes: Disco, soul, Tuesday through Sunday, 202 Market. 239-0336.

Conception Bay Fish Co.: John Alexander, Sunday and Tuesday

Botaford's Old Place: John Hartman, acoustic guitar, Wednesday through Saturday, Jimmie Williams, Sunday through Tuesday, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla. 459-6262.

Butterfield Express: Chris Cressman, original guitar music, Friday and Saturday, 6737 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla. 459-3833.

Another Bird: Street Corner Symphony, Thursday, Travelers, Friday through Sunday, 140 S. Sierra, Solana Beach. 755-6733.

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

The Beachcomber: Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt and O.D. Corral, Friday and Saturday, Splash, Blitz Bros. Jumbalayah, Thunderbolt and O.D. Sunday, Splash and Blitz Bros., Monday and Tuesday, 8022 Claremont Mesa Blvd. 560-8022.

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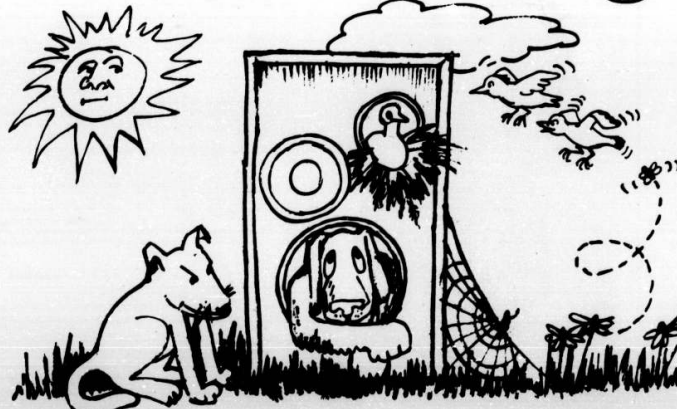
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San Diego



La Mesa

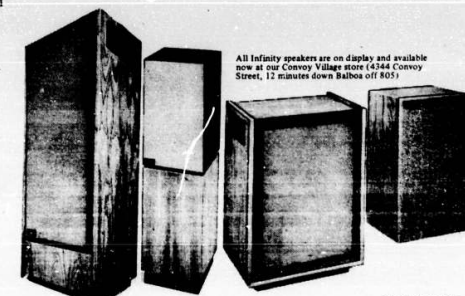
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There's the rub.

— Judy Lin —

No matter what obstacles are thrust in front of San Diego massage parlors—police raids, housewife marches, TV documentaries on sin-for-sale—they're still there with us, flourishing as never before. The authorities are beseeched for solutions to this critical problem. "You gotta catch 'em in the act," they explain, or, "There are so many of them all over the place, it's like the flu, you know, you get rid of it in one place and it turns up somewhere else."

What no one seems able to admit is the possibility that the parlors may exist not because of someone else's negligence, but because of hard work and shrewd business sense on the part of parlor operators. While big businesses and even big cities are going bankrupt, massage parlors thrive with the healthiness of a newborn spider, stretching all its legs and clamoring up the web to find its first fly. One need look no further than the dim little parlor down the street to restore one's sense of pride in American capitalism.

Unlike the typical view of the massage parlor as a parasite clinging to the undersides of more respectable enterprises, the parlors have grown robust on their own and stand on the brink of becoming a San Diego, if not an American, institution. La Jolla has its own parlor now, and cash on the bedtable has turned to major credit cards and checks (be sure to bring your I.D.'s, of course). And, as any amateur economist knows, the highest rung of the business ladder is reached when interrelationships with other businesses, from local to foreign, are developed. When one notes that massage parlors purchase at least three columns of advertising in the San Diego *Union* each take up four pages of the phone book, give a fast business to neon sign companies, pay for business licenses, phone bills, utilities, property rental, waterbeds, hairpray, air deodorizers and red curtains, support oil corporations with every trip to court, and foster increased international travel and good foreign relations (note the profusion of parlors near train stations and border crossings), there is no question that massage parlors are doing their all towards the world economy.

As a matter of fact, massage parlors are getting so respectable these days, they almost remind you of banks, where you give them your money and get a little interest back. They both stay open late, both have special services for people in a hurry, and while banks have tellers that smile, massage parlors have smilers that won't tell. But the similarities stop there, just short of the stock exchange and a main office skyscraper downtown. With

all of this in mind, I decided to get a firsthand view of true business finesse in action.

I went to one of the more popular parlors: Sweet Sue's Oriental Swedish French Indian Greek Italian Polish-American Famous Fingers Magic Massage. "Yes, We're Open!" said a big sign in the front window. I walked in to the tinkle of a little bell above the doorway. Quiet. No one was there, so I sat down on the plush orange and gold mediterranean-type couch next to the platter cherub statues, across from a bent gray metal desk and pink princess telephone. Muffled noises floated through a hallway from the back rooms. I wondered if they'd heard me come in, as I looked around the room. Oh, OFFICE, a big sign behind the desk proclaimed. A large collection of exotic magazines and *Reader's Digest* lay on a battered coffee table beside me. A little window behind the desk had Christmas decorations with little elves wrapping gifts. Underneath that a sign said, "We Have Waterbeds!"

A young woman walked into the office, dressed from neck-to-ankle in a silver jumpsuit, a gold chain clasped around her waist. She eyed me suspiciously. "Looking for a job?" she asked. "We ain't got none right now. Do you always dress that way?" She filed her red nails.

"Are you Sue?" I asked.

"No, I'm Slinky-B," she replied, popping her gum. "There ain't no Sue here. Oh, you must mean Fats. You mean Sue who runs this place. That's Fats. I'm really Cookie, but I'm Slinky-B. Trash is Aquarius, Barbie's Sugarbelle, Joney's Loveturtle, Lala's Gig, Angel's Tinkerbell, and Ralph's Ralph. He's the janitor." She scratched her scalp, careful not to muss the teased coil wired to her hair behind her ears.

"I'd like to see Sue, I mean Fats, please. Is she free?"

"Yeah, I think so, lemme check." She turned in the doorway and lit a brown cigarette. "FATS!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. I heard a murmur from the back. "She's coming," said Slinky-B. "I got a customer in the whirlpool trying to find his wedding ring." She straightened her chain and left the room.

Five minutes later an absolutely huge woman came lumbering down the hallway, dressed in a gargantuan muu-muu with slits down the sides.

"Fats, I presume," I said, extending my hand.

"Yeah," she said, ignoring my hand. "One of the girls says you're looking for me. What can I do for you? Looking for a job? We haven't got any right now. Do you always dress like that?"

I told Fats about how impressed I am with the prospering business of San Diego

massage parlors, and I was interested in learning how they do it.

"A what?" she queried cautiously. "Are you from the cops? You guys was just here last month, jeez!"

I straightened my bra strap and popped my gum. "I mean, how, with all the hassles you guys go through all time, with gettin' yur girls hauled in and losing your licenses and all that jazz, I mean, how do you afford to keep on going, to keep payin' Ralph to clean out the bathtub rings. I mean, how can you even face another day of all this?" I lit a cigarette and cleaned my nails.

"It ain't easy, babe," Fats replied, sinking back slowly (she was too fat to sink back quickly) into a chair behind the desk. A year crept into the corner of her eye, and she wiped it away quickly with a pudgy finger. "Ya see," she said, "We care about people. I mean, these guys who come in here, they haven't got nobody. Most of 'em are just poor lonely servicemen types who haven't seen a woman since the day their mothers took 'em down to enlist. They depend on us. Without us, they'd just be out there on the streets, gambling, going to porno shows, gettin' in trouble. In here we provide them with a decent homey atmosphere. We give 'em baths, comb their hair, change the channel on the color TV for them, just like their mamas did when they were little boys. They need us! That's how we keep going!" she cried. It was a poignant moment.

"Hey Fats!" someone yelled from the backroom. "There's a guy in the john who says he won't come out unless we give him another bubble bath!"

"Tell him to get out or I'll come and pull him out, from the bottom up!" she yelled back. "The nerve!" she said to me. "Says right here," she showed me an coupon, "one to a customer. Give 'em an inch, and they stomp on your foot!"

"So," I continued, "You do it because you care about people. May I ask what your fee is?"

"Our fee is quite reasonable," she intoned slowly. "May I ask why you ask?"

I explained that I knew some parlors charged less than this one.

"Well, lemme tell you, those places just haven't got no class. Listen, honey," she said, leaning her mammoth form back into the chair, clasping her fingers seriously before her. "You see, those places that charge less are just trying to make money off people without giving anything in return. They take a guy in and rub his neck for a couple minutes, then head him back out the door. Hell, no way we're gonna do that. His head ain't hurt him! We give our customers the works, and we even have a tummy that runs it all. Here, wanta

oreo?" she asked. She munched through a row of oreos.

"Anyway," she continued, "anyone with good business sense knows you don't charge cheap prices and expect anyone to come back again. The more it costs, the more it means to our customers. What we do is like therapy, you know. Any good shrink is gonna charge his customers at least 40 bucks an hour, whether or not the guy gets any better. If he didn't charge the guy so much, how would the guy know the therapy was any good? And here we guarantee satisfaction."

"Or money back?"

"Oh, we do even better than that. If a customer says he isn't satisfied, we send him down the block to one of those cheap joints with the tinny music and 18-year-old kids parading as real women. They usually come running back here begging for a second chance."

"So you see this place as a respectable business?" I asked.

"Respectable is one word," she answered, pulling out a bag of barbecued potato chips. "Dignified is another. We are very dignified here. No girl here wears curlers after 10 a.m., or uses spike-heeled shoes in her routine. I got one of the best bunch of girls in town!" she seriously intoned.

"Hey Fats!" screamed a girl from the back. "We're running outta bubble bath!"

"Use the Tide!" she screamed back. "And we're clean here. I mean, really spotless clean. No runs running down the floorboards here. And clean towels and fresh flowers every other week."

"What do you see as the future of San Diego massage parlors?" I asked.

"Well, kid, the cops and the public don't realize it, but we're on top of 'em all. Just yesterday I hired me a consultant to come out here to plan a business expansion. The little parlor will soon be a thing of the past. We got it all planned out. Got my eye on a little office near the bus station. From there, who knows? Maybe franchises. Workshops for the inexperienced, bowing lectures, collections for UNICEF, and patented parlor products like Famous Fingers Glossy Gloves, and..."

"Hey Fats!" someone interrupted. "Ralph says he wants to change his name to Turkeywing!"

"Tell Ralph he's outta his mind, gotta keep consistent around here!" she yelled. And tell him we're outta Tootsie Rolls!" pulling out a half-empty bag.

"Well, listen babe, I gotta customer locked back there in the steam bath, real up tight guy said he had to get back to the bank for a meeting. He oughta be just about melted out by now. Look for us on Wall Street!"

With that, Fats bumbled down the hallway, cookie crumbs trailing behind her. I stood to leave, just as a woman with a briefcase engraved "Hotstuff LeFleur, Consultant," walked in, leaned in the doorway. "Hi," I said, putting my gum. "Looking for a job? We ain't got none right now. D'ya always dress that way?" The little bell tinkled a little and the sun outside almost burned out my eyes.

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Duncan Shepherd—

One of the puzzles of the movie scene, here and everywhere, is the enduring prosperity and, more, the proliferation of the "hard," "strong," "triple-X" movies that are never mentioned by name in the S.D. *Union-Tribune* and are confined on movie, quarantine-style, on one page in the L.A. *Times*. It is now years after these movies have successfully nose-thumbed the last taboo (what was referred to by avant-garde realists in the girl-movie business as "going all the way"). And there still isn't a discernible decline in the number of penny arcades, book stores, card rooms, laundromats that convert to mini-theaters, so-called, to showcase the "hard" stuff, nor in the number of long-standing movie houses that fall to the same temptation. (Locally, the Capri, Broadway, Tower, Fine Arts, Academy, Guild, which group includes some of the theaters with, formerly, the most creative programming in San Diego.) I don't imagine I can explain it, and am not going to try, except to explain why it's a puzzle to me, too.

The class of movie I'm thinking of, not to be confused with the class that is called "soft-core," "simulated," and "sissy stuff," has basically the instincts of a dog. It goes straight for the crotch. With an unblinking patience almost unknown outside of structural cinema (Warhol's eight-hour long-shot of the Empire State Building) or cinema verité (Shirley Clarke's listen to the rambling, point-blank confessions of a black homosexual), it records the motion described picturesquely in Anthony Burgess's futuristic world as the "in-out." A motion as monotonous, methodical, mechanical, but scarcely as beautiful, as a piston's. Once past the point of penetration, and probably long before that, the course of events is completely predictable and the spectator is left to measure the duration by the number of minutes, the number of "in-outs," or the number of Sweet Tarts he can consume. And past that point, I'm inclined to think the interest of the scene, if any, is strictly between the He and She on screen.

The excitement of watching this

Thick Skin



spectacle, it is commonly supposed, is the excitement of the voyeur. And maybe it is, partially. But if it is voyeurism, it is voyeurism minus the covertness, and minus the risk, and minus the ingenuity. It is possibly more like witnessing a case of exhibitionism — minus the surprise. Either way, the spectator's detachment from the on-screen spectacle frees him from complicity. (When vice squads were still actively on alert — on their marks, get set, go — in defense of public morals at large, it was of course the film they

seized in such cases.) And either way, the spectator's paying for the privilege of witnessing this stuff makes it seem less clandestine. The actors, or athletes if you'd rather, have agreed to perform; they have not been "caught" at it. There's, plot or no plot, practically no fictional illusion in these movies; they deal in the real thing. There is, for sure, little about the typical image in these movies to create any illusion. The intention is to "show all," including, if necessary, knee bruises and appendectomy scars and

whatever; and the result is a harsh, scalding, shadowless, all-over lighting effect: like over an operating table. Under these conditions, the human skin — by far the dominant color — looks about as healthy as if it had been stripped from the bodies, stretched, pounded, dried, and used for lamp shades. Myself, I have to look away from this sort of thing on screen sooner than I look away from hatchet murders and machine gunnings. These movies are almost always made cheaply, and almost always

incompetently, and the encouraging blurbs reprinted in the advertisements ("the Rolls Royce of porn" for *Behind the Green Door*) must be understood relatively. They know next to nothing of the seducer's wiles — the prurient effect of the proper light and shadow, color, upholstery, camera angle, whatnot that were practiced, for instance, by Vadim, Peck, and others, in the early flow of dubbed French imports, before they were finally chased out of Adults Only theaters by the hardcore article.

Pornographic movies, these days, tend to understate how much the erotic effect depends on a mental state — a subjective point of view. Instead, they are content to offer just the physical aspect (and that, generally, from a fixed, gynocological vantage point), and the variations on that level are severely limited — variations in the number of bodies, the amount of eye-rolling and lip-licking inserted in the action, and the additional props (molasses, snakes, finger-paints, what-have-you). With all their limitations, the Vadim-Peck romanticists at least sufficed their movies with an aura of private fantasy that could pass as a credible notion of eroticism. The porn-movies today are in general so aggressively anti-erotic, vacuous, and monotonous that they can serve better as wide-open playgrounds for radical film theorists and discussions of *Art Brut* pictorialism, anti-narrative structure, the spontaneous conventions of an incipient film genre, and so on. And anyone in search of a bit of below-the-belt stimulation could hardly do worse if he stuck to his own daydreams.

Changing the subject. — The Aztec theater, one of the all-night triple-feature grindmill downtown, bears the following pronouncement on its marquee: "ITS FIRST RUN TILL YOU'VE SEEN IT." This week at least, the hint of defensiveness contained there may be dispensed with completely. Through Saturday, the Aztec is showing Francesco Rosi's *Lucky Luciano*, which has not until now played in San Diego, and which to my knowledge hasn't played in Los Angeles either, and which has caused me to drum the desk impatiently for more than a year.

Apricot Pits Can Be Poisonous

—E.J. Rackow—

he used milk, honey and 24 apricot kernels, which had been roasted at 300 degrees for 10 minutes. He pulverized these ingredients in a blender, the while munching a few kernels. The wife declined to finish her milkshake because she did not like the taste. Her husband drank his own, as well as the remainder of his wife's, with an estimated total consumption of 38 apricot kernels.

One hour later, the man developed a severe headache, heavy perspiration, dizziness, flushing, faintness, and violent vomiting. Fortunately, he and his wife were wise enough to go to the emergency room of the nearest hospital. Both were given ipecac to induce vomiting, and fragments of the kernels were observed in the vomitus. Laboratory analysis proved that they were victims of cyanide poisoning. The couple showed no further symptoms after the apricot kernels had been dissolved.

According to the San Diego Poison Control Center, this was the first case of cyanide poisoning due to the ingestion of apricot kernels. Although apricot kernels and similar pits and seeds are sold widely at health food stores, for

their alleged preventive and curative properties, they contain a substance called amygdalin which reacts with digestive chemicals to release hydrogen cyanide.

Amygdalin may be found in apricot pits, peach pits, wild cherry pits, bitter almonds, apple seeds, choke cherry seeds. The Poison Information Center at University Hospital contains the following statement on its poison information card:

"Crushed seeds of some of the mentioned varieties are marketed as health foods. They are also marketed and sold surreptitiously as cancer remedies or vitamin supplements. 'Lactril,' 'Ben-Seventeen,' 'Apriken,' are some product names. Lactril is sometimes referred to as B-17. The glycosides (amygdalin) themselves are harmless, but when the seed is crushed and the pulp moistened, an enzyme, which is also present, catalyzes the reaction which produces cyanide.

"The average lethal dose is estimated to be 50-60mg for an adult. Per 100 grams of moistened seed, the peach contains approximately 88mg of hydrocyanic acid, apricot 8.9mg, wild apricot 217mg. One of the richest sources

of amygdalin is the bitter almond and it has been established that 40 to 60 seeds, yielding 70mg of cyanide would result in severe toxicity or death."

In the past, problems from the ingestion of such kernels or seeds were infrequent. But increased usage has prompted Dr. Donald G. Ramrak, acting director of Public Health, to issue this warning. "Apricot kernels are relatively toxic. They contain a substance which in the presence of moisture changes to hydrogen cyanide. Even small quantities of roasted kernels may be dangerous." (Roasting intensifies toxicity.)

One of the most interesting aspects of this statement was that it was sent out as a press release on November 10th. As of Monday, November 24, when I spoke to Ms. Joan Friedenberg, Chief of Community Health Education, not one paper had printed word of the poisoning.

To verify the myth of the beneficial aspects of apricot kernels I called over 15 health food stores, ranging in area from Grossmont and Lemon Grove to North County. It must be understood that clerks in health food stores cannot recommend that any product will perform in a certain way, nor are they responsible for the products sold in the stores. Some spoke to me with the greatest recollection and one man said, "We don't recommend. We're not doctors. And you may be from the F.D.A. (Food and Drug Administration) tapping this." But he did add that he believed that most people bought apricot kernels for cancer prevention.

Of the places I called, not one carried a warning on the packages. Most stores purchased the kernels in bulk and sold them in one-pound bags (prices varied from \$1.69 to \$1.98 a pound). Here are some typical comments from clerks: "It's used in cancer research." "It's Lactril." "It's a source of Vitamin B." "It prevents a lot of things and prevents cancer." "Pop a few or grind them up and put them in a drink. It's a high source of B16, like in Lactril." "Apricot kernel is used in Lactril treatment, that's all I know." "People use them for glandular tumors."

Only one nutritionist attached to a health store spoke of its "possible toxicity and the release of cyanide" but he told me he knew of a man who ate a half pound of apricot kernels a day for the last 6 years "with no harmful effects."

How are we to assess the case of the apricot kernel? On the one hand the Department of Public Health has issued an official warning. On the other hand, the underground reputation of the kernel is so great, and its mythic qualities as a cancer preventive and cure so widespread, that it would take even stronger evidence than that posed by Public Health to dissuade its users.

The controversy over the drug, Lactril, rouses passions on both sides. The drug, utilizing amygdalin from the apricot kernel, has been banned in 24 countries, but is employed in Mexico. No clinical (as distinct from animal) studies on Lactril have been done in this country since 1953. Lactril has been branded as "quack drug." Precisely because the medical establishment has banned it, many believe that a conspiracy exists to keep it from those who would benefit from its use. And, of course, there are those who obtain Lactril illegally or in Mexico, who swear to its curative powers.

Mark McCarty, a second year medical student at UCSD has written a two part article for the *Trist Times* on the subject of this drug and he told me, "There is sufficient evidence from animal studies to justify, and indeed mandate, carefully controlled clinical studies in humans. A large part of opposition to Lactril in the medical establishment is based on prejudice, rather than on substantial evidence."

The prestigious Sloan-Kettering Clinic in New York issued a statement this week saying that it would investigate Lactril. Perhaps once and for all that cancer institute will determine myth from fact and set into proper place the role of the apricot kernel. Until then, rather than show up as a statistic in "California Morbidity" (the weekly report from the Department of Health), proceed with caution in the popping, baking, and chewing of potentially noxious seeds.

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(Continued from page 13)

The Great Dictator — Chaplin films two roles: a Jewish ghetto barber and a Hitler caricature. In a bravado, circa 1940, to defile Nazism with joking and pontificating. Even in the most famous scene (the feathered Hitler Phoebe, romping in private with his world globe) there is the underlying discomfort about the movie's inadequacy to its subject and worse, its inappropriateness. (Unicorn, 12/10 and 11)

Guitar Picks and Roach Clips — A musical fantasy that explores a form faith in grass, sunshine, and the multiplicity of colors in a hand-drawn water color kit. Still the hand-drawn sights are perhaps the tonest, dull all-gray ones of an old man on a beach, otherwise the images, a mix of animation and live action, suggest a parade of potential album cover designs. The no-name cast of musicians makes for a low pressure, low-keyed, joyful spirit, and the reproduction of sound and image is very high quality. Written, produced, and directed by Anton Novak. (Cinemaria)

Hearts of the West — With its fond, indulgent pleasures, Howard Zeff's sweet tempered spoof of early Hollywood seems actually more condescending than a Nationalist's view of the movie colony. For instance, the Jeff Bridges protagonists on low farm boy who journeys West to be a Western writer is played as such a wool-gathering rube that it's simply a shock to learn he's supposed to be a genuine talent after all. Some of the supporting players make sadder impressions out of characters who are more limited — Alan Arkin as a martinet director of B-pictures, and Andy Griffith as a dream-eyed fallen star who rests now in a constellation of bickering bit players. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

I.F. Stone's Weekly — Jerry Bruce's casual documentary on the breezy, independent Washington political journalist, Izzie Stone, relies, for source material, too heavily on random public addresses delivered in recent years by the high-pitched Stone. Still, the narrator's fill-in on Stone's history,



the samples of Stone's analysis at work on key events of the decade past, and the candid footage of Stone ripping apart and poring over the daily papers, or of Mrs. Stone at home, licking envelopes, while Mr. Stone strolls to the corner mailbox, are played as such a wool-gathering rube that it's simply a shock to learn he's supposed to be a genuine talent after all. Some of the supporting players make sadder impressions out of characters who are more limited — Alan Arkin as a martinet director of B-pictures, and Andy Griffith as a dream-eyed fallen star who rests now in a constellation of bickering bit players. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

Jaws — How to cope with a rogue shark, who's choosing his meals among the summertime beachgoers on a New England vacation, is a possibly plausible crisis, pushed up however to the proportions of a whopping fish story. The plot appears to be fooling with some adventurous chemistry (the hunting party brings together a brash naturalist from the Oceanography Institute, a mystical manner out of Melville, and a befuddled hydrophobic uprooted from the big

city), but the questions sounded in this streamlined thriller are no deeper than "Who's next?" or "What's next?" on the agenda of the inscrutable Great White Maneater. Director Steven Spielberg shapes the Peter Benchley book into a cautionary nag at human unpreparedness, and he stirs up considerable amusement around people's inadequacy to the threat — their initial hem-hem, dubiousness, and ha-ha frivolity, and their eventual holly-cow awe when they come face-to-face with the beast (an impressive mechanical contraption usually photographed from a dentist's point of view). Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss, and Andy Griffith as a dream-eyed fallen star who rests now in a constellation of bickering bit players. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

King of Hearts — One of Philippe De Broca's modeling confections. Music box melodies, fairy tale costumes, and prance-acting unite to demonstrate that war is not good and that the inmates of a funny farm are sadder than the people wheeling and dealing in the real world. With Alan Bates. 1965. (Loma: Academy, 12/6 midnight)

Le Mans — The routine portrayals and introspective dialogues of professional speed demons are minor drags on the documentary

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in one sense or another. Made in 1952, though it recalls 1932 with its artifice. Camera work is competent, barren studio sets. With Claire Bloom. (Unicorn, 12/10 and 11)

Lucky Luciano — Francesco Rosi's re-creation of the gangster's life with Gian Maria Volontè and Rod Steiger. First San Diego showing, 1974. (Aztec, through 12/6)

The Magnificent Ambersons — Orson Welles's second movie, taken from Booth Tarkington's novel, is stronger than his first, CITIZEN KANE, in most ways, in coherence, in complexity, in common sense. Welles himself, for a charge and for a relief and for a better balance, is not on screen in this one. The story tells of the last generation, represented slyly by Tim Holt, of a declining Midwestern industrial dynasty, trying to uphold proud family customs in the crush of new ways, new powers at the turn of the century. The portentous Expressionism of Stanley Cortez's lighting, which transforms and denatures the bygone Midwest, is a more tangible force than Progress, though, and this alone accounts for the feeling of debilitation and desperation that pervades the overweening home of American aristocracy, with its steep staircases, tiered ballustrades, chilly foyer, and its unseen ghosts of forefathers and traditions. With Joseph Cotton, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, Anne Baxter. 1942. (Kern, 12/4)

Blue Water, White Death Values of this extraordinarily agreeable, attractive racing movie. Director Les Katzin (who displaced John Sturges on the project) and photographers Robert Hauser and Rene Guisart are totally enveloped in the giant shadow of Claude Lelouch. With Steve McQueen. 1971. (Century Twin 2)

Let's Do It Again — The reunion of Bill Cosby, who does the 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 surrealist Looney Tune 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 McCarrey. (Grossmont)

Umbight — Chaplin's sentimental tribute to himself, in the role of an aging vaudeville still burning with creativity, charity, wisdom, dignity. Astonishingly self-glorifying, volubly talky, almost totally undomestic. Its chosen vein is pathos, and it is definitely pathetic

Mr. — Musical comedy with Anthony Newley who did the music and lyrics), David Hemmings, and David Warner, directed by Michael Tuchner. (Center 3 Cinema 2)

The Odessa File — Frederic Forsyth's paranoid plot merits a

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buffoonish 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 sympathy to Wayne's side. (Loma)

Rules of the Game — Jean Renoir's momentous, moralistic comedy of the war in France, which shows class and its pastime pursues, pre-WWII, offers a good deal more than the coy promise of simple

lesure. The fear of dehumanization, a staple science-fiction motif, is made a bit less compelling by Katherine Ross's abstracted performance and by the tangible evidence presented as her finest work in her search for personal creative fulfillment. (Loma) Sunday-supplement photographs of children hanging around with an activist Jewish woman and her coolie, Wash-up hero. The particular of the French Resistance and in the fierce competition to rack up the highest total of flattery, close-ups. Stress and finishes in front, by a score of 154 to 136. With Bradford Dillman. Los Angeles. 1973. (College)



Westworld — Michael Crichton, a sometimes doctor, biochemist, college professor, real estate speculator, novelist in the fields of science fiction, youth culture, and popular pornography, and a screenwriter, turns inevitably to film directing and demonstrates that novice freshness and a broad background are a shaky guarantee. His movie relies mainly on plot, which is unfortunate because the storytelling is rather untidy. However, Yul Brynner is happy within his range in the role of a robot. 1973. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

White Line Fever — A revival, sort of, of Warner Brothers' working-melodrama of the 1930s, by Jonathan Kaplan, a reigning whiz-kid in the action-exploitation genre, who gets some handsome images from the Southwest highways, the monster trucks, and Fred Koensel's swirling camera-work. Jan-Michael Vincent is very good at inspiring shaky confidence as the common-man hero in a war between honest independent Tucson truckers, still scraping by, and the industry big shots. Eisensteinian caricatures, who spend their time playing golf and finding paid companions. The comic-strip Marxian may be simple-minded, but it's not altogether dim-witted. This negligently plotted movie shows more conscience and common sense than most in its attempts to find action-movie thrills in a fight against an elusive villain that is seen as a vast invincible syndicate, centered with a towering, unapproachable edifice called the Glass House. Its world view aside, the movie boasts a fine collection of checkered shirts, plus a couple of hot-damn jackets. With Kay Lenz, L.Q. Jones, Slim Pickens. (Casino)

Three Days of the Condor — Sidney Pollack's spy thriller, from the James Grady novel, caters to an intellectual's insulated ego. Innocence, book-learning, and beginner's luck are called on to fend off an army of cold-blooded CIA hit-men and traveling assassins. The hounded, solitary hero appears comfortable with thriller literature, art photography, and the New York Times; his characterizations, though, which send out jarring volleys of little quirks and odd shocks. By far the most entertaining and unflagging of them is Cornell Wilde's own — his gente Southern drawl, cagy winks, explosive disgust, teletotaler philosophizing, and firm, springy 60-year-old body. With Yaphet Kotto, Cliff Omond. (Loma Cinema 2; Campus Drive Inn)

The Shepherd Wives — Boiled down, La Levin's skimpy novel — a women's lib nightmare about a Spic-Span suburb populated by contented Barbi Doll housewives — could pass muster as a half-hour episode in a weekly series like TWILIGHT ZONE. As it is, the gimmick seems too clear and clean to warrant putting it up so much; the viewer is able to stay well ahead of the game and to dream up more promising twists and turns at

the end (as it goes, the movie loses ground steadily) it all comes out as schmalz, after every major moment in the American political pulse from the Spanish Civil War through Communist Witch-hunts, is reduced to tediously contrived and repetitious confrontations between an activist Jewish woman and her coolie. Wash-up hero. The particular of the French Resistance and in the fierce competition to rack up the highest total of flattery, close-ups. Stress and finishes in front, by a score of 154 to 136. With Bradford Dillman. Los Angeles. 1973. (College)

Underscores Here — A spy comedy by the Bouting brothers, starring Peter Sellers, in the Nashville environment generates some amusing mimicry of Hollywood melodrama, the fashions in 50s pop music, and radio religion. Best

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a defensible striving to be old-fashioned, glossy, and memorable. But in the end (as it goes, the movie loses ground steadily) it all comes out as schmalz, after every major moment in the American political pulse from the Spanish Civil War through Communist Witch-hunts, is reduced to tediously contrived and repetitious confrontations between an activist Jewish woman and her coolie. Wash-up hero. The particular of the French Resistance and in the fierce competition to rack up the highest total of flattery, close-ups. Stress and finishes in front, by a score of 154 to 136. With Bradford Dillman. Los Angeles. 1973. (College)

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moment a theu. Foley-style talking. Mama Was a Convict, written by Tom Ricamar and Tim McIntire, and performed by Ned Beatty with steel guitars whining sensitively in the background. But Reynolds greatly overworks his representative tendency to direct his charm toward the moviegoer instead of toward the other actors. Directed by John G. Avildsen. (Claremont)

Young Frankenstein — Mel Brooks' humorous and familiar take-off on the old Universal Pictures horror series — it does not reach very far in any direction, but it is a good deal of comic view very far in the narrow confines. Basically, it resembles the sort of nostalgic parody of old movies common on the CAROL BURNETT SHOW, although it is larger, funnier, and funnier. Brooks' stature as a movie-maker is enhanced considerably by his efforts to extend the parody into the Hollywood studio techniques of the 1930s. On that score, he surpasses his nearest competitor in movie comedy, Woody Allen, who has long gravitated toward old movies in search of subject matter, but whose comic poses duplicate the proper cinematic style haphazardly at best, in his performances as well, whether he is imitating a bank robber, a Latin American revolutionary, a robot, or a Bogart tough guy. Allen is always undermined by his feelings of impotence. Brooks' films from no such insecurities. Starring Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Gene Hackman. (Claremont: Solana Beach)

The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to five stars, and antipathies by minus signs. Books are for no such, antipathies. Starring Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Gene Hackman. (Claremont: Solana Beach)

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

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Bettina Brownstein—

There is an as yet unacknowledged rule in my family, which is that 80% of the way we react to a foreign country is based on what passes through our lips and into our stomachs during our stay there. For instance, if you ask my husband how he enjoyed his month-long sojourn in Brazil or wherever, and he replies enthusiastically with eyes rolled upwards, you'll know he gorged himself on huge quantities of succulent shrimps all the way. If on the other hand, the response is tepid and he starts commenting on fauna or flora, you'll realize that he had to subsist on American imitations. My own refinement to the above precept is that I order my favorite plates on the basis of a minor but vital ingredient of the native cuisine — the sno-cones they offer up to both citizenry and tourists.

I fear that my future children may grow up never knowing the taste of a real, non-synthetic, no preservatives sno-cone. That is why, while other mothers save to send their kids to college or for next Christmas' breakable toy, I'll be hoarding for a trip to Merida, Mexico, sno-cone capital of the world.

Every aficionado can tell you that there are two components to the sno-cone — the ice and the syrup. Each has its special texture and quality, and both must be up to standard to insure a product worth eating, sucking, or drinking, depending on your personal style. The ice must be clean, clear, and shaven to yield a powdery fineness that dissolves instantly on the tongue. The roughly chopped variety that needs chewing (and causes a headache), or the firmly-packed, pre-packaged, American drugstore model with the calcified sno is only worth trying for research purposes. The syrup must be homemade from fresh fruits with a viscous consistency and only mildly sweet. Preferably it should contain definable, visible pieces of fruit that stick deliciously to the tongue and upper palate as the melted sno slithers down your gullet.

I awakened to the phenomenon of sno-cones in 1973. It was a year I spent in Japan eating at least one cone a day (and usually more)

There's No Cone Like A Sno-Cone

There is one place in the U.S. to get a decent sno-cone — Little Tokyo, Los Angeles.

during the months of June, July, and August. It was this experience, a grounding in California sno-cones, plus subsequent experimentation in Mexico that earned me the ranking of intraglobal expert in this gastronomic specialty.

Of course, as a child I realized that sno-cones existed, when I read stories about Christmas in Vermont, when all little Vermont children run out into the snow drifts, maple syrup bottles clutched in grubby mittens to lap up the state dessert — maple syrup and snow — the original sno-cone.

While I was growing up, you could get a tolerable item on the Santa Monica pier. The topping was really frozen lemonade, but at that age we were still primitives, more after the thrill of crunching ice than having bits of real fruit stick to the roof of our mouth. In any case, it was better than the average American product, which consisted of kool aid juice poured over coarse ice. Before we could eat it, the ice melted and we were left with sticky liquid leaking out of the thin paper cup all over our hands. For all practical purposes (i.e. eating), the U.S. mass-consumer market has destroyed the carefully constructed sno-cone

that can still be found in Mexico and occasionally in Japan.

For the most part, sno-cones in Japan have also become casualties of the synthetic age. I have no quarrel with the ice, but the sugary, artificial dreck that they pour on top of it never ceases to dismay me. (I do admit: to having eaten more than my share of the stuff. Another family maxim is: if you can't get the best, go with second or third.) In fact, sno-cones enabled me to make it through a tour of Nara on one of the hottest days of summer. I did it by mathematically working out a certain ratio: one sno-cone to one temple. That day I consumed ten of the former. (Actually, it's more accurate to label them snow-dishes, since they're served in plastic dishes and eaten with spoons. Even the Japanese can't handle shaved ice which is chopsticks.)

Throughout the grounds at Nara, sno-cone makers had set up shop — a low table for customers to sit on, some dishes and utensils, a tub for washing the ingredients, and the sno-machine. Half the fun in getting a sno-dish is watching the machine grind the ice. It is a two-foot high contraption with a circular block of ice attached by prongs to a cylindrical stem. When the switch is pulled, the

cylinder whirls the ice while lowering it to meet a stationary disk that has a slit with a razor affixed to it. As the ice turns, shaved particles spurt out the slit into the waiting dish below. The chef, wrapped in a large, white apron, thumps the dish once or twice to settle the contents and then asks what flavor you want. You point to the red or green or whatever. It won't make any difference; any distinction is drowned in the cloying sweetness. As you sit on the low table, slowly spooning the mush, your mouth assumes the color of the syrup. The spoon begins to travel ever more languidly in order to postpone the next temple on the itinerary.

There is one exceptional, first-class sno-cone in Japan: one that boasts three components — the sno and two toppings. One is sickeningly sweet, the other slightly bitter; the combination neutralizes the effect each would have separately. This concoction is the *yukikimochi*, a name to which I devoted more practice than the rest of the entire Japanese lexicon. I would begin to whisper *yukikimochi* five blocks away from the ice cream parlor. Occasionally the waiter would understand my prongs to a cylindrical stem. When the switch is pulled, the

want one.) It would arrive — a tall parfait of lightly packed, shaved ice cream. It was large, colorful, and possessed both flavor and textural contrasts. In short it was the Orient's answer to the hot fudge sundae.

There is one place in the U.S. to get a decent sno-cone — Little Tokyo, Los Angeles, where one of the neighborhood soda fountains is equipped with a large, imported Japanese sno-machine. You can get a *yukikimochi*, minus the green tea ice cream, which can serve as a prelude to the real thing and may have you stowing aboard the next charter for Tokyo. The owners of the fountain, however, adhere strictly to the Japanese seasons and it's impossible to get a sno-cone after August 30, when fall comes to Japan. I remember one sweltering September day, when I enticed a friend to accompany me to a Music Center matinee by promising her a Little Tokyo sno-cone before the performance. We walked expectantly into the shop only to find that the machine had been whisked away with no concessions made to California climate. My friend would accept no consolation less than a banana split.

My conversion to full-fledged addiction came during a camping trip my husband and I took through Mexico and Central America. Nine thousand miles, on the move sixteen hours a day, much of it through jungle and wilderness, and I actually gained two pounds! I owed it to an average consumption of at least three superlative sno-cones, (locally known as *naspado*) a day.

The minute I crossed the border I was in a constant state of anticipation — the next vehicle to round the corner could be a *naspado* cart meandering down the hot, dusty road. It's a state of expectation analogous to being a kid and waiting in suspended animation while the far-off song of the Eskimo Pie wagon gets louder and closer (and more out of tune).

In Mexico the industrial revolution stops short in the face of sno-cone production. It's strictly cottage industry; each *naspado* maker takes pride in his craft and no two sno-cones are alike. The *naspado* man (I've yet to see a woman) has a wooden cart which he either pushes by hand or propels by

(continued on page 24)

— Alice Bace —

A young lady in black mesh hose inspects some postcards. Another reads some letters. A man with a goatee flips through some manuscripts. A young couple leafs through a black loose-leaf binder discussing and remarking on its contents.

The people described above were some of those present at the opening of "UC-Irvine 1965-1975," an exhibit currently at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, and the postcards, letters, manuscripts, and binder are part of the show. The works are those of faculty, graduate and selected undergraduate students who have been affiliated with the University of California, Irvine, during the last ten years.

These works cannot be called simply paintings or sculpture. The approach in viewing them is different from that of viewing paintings, traditional, abstract, or otherwise. It is immediate; it is one of participation. These works demand your attention and because of this outright demand, the attention span of the viewer seems to have been shortened. He feels pressed to go on by this immediacy. Many viewers seemed to be beached by the next piece of work, without really taking the time to look, to see, to participate, to think, as if what they were looking for were in the next work. You have to keep going back to see if "there isn't something I missed."

There is one piece, in particular, which might help to solve one's dilemma in deciding whether art is or isn't art — Barbara Smith's *The Art/Life Question*, cast resin, plaster body cast, and bird wings, an assemblage representing two violent events, namely Chris Burden's *Shoor* piece and "Dick's" motorcycle accident. This may perhaps be the most easily comprehensible "statement." The motorcycle accident is just that, an accident, unplanned, whereas Burden's pieces involve preconceived violence, preconceived harm to one's body. If you aren't familiar with Chris Burden, photographs of his pieces are in a black loose-leaf binder entitled *Chris Burden*.

1971-1973, which is on display on the second floor of the museum. Ms. Smith is posing "the continually provocative Duchampian question, 'Where is it that life leaves off and art begins?'" as written in a statement posted next to her work. She is opposing/presenting a plaster body cast with bird wings attached at the shoulders, and a hill-like form of cast resin which contains photos of the *Shoor* piece and other items.

Another intriguing piece entitled *Carving: A Traditional Sculpture* by Eleanor Antin is made up of 148 5x7 photographs in which the artist was photographed every morning from July 15, 1972 to August 21, 1972. In the same four "traditional" positions: front, back, and the left and right profiles of the whole body, nude, in front of a door, during which time she was dieting. The photographs are arranged so that the first day's photos are in a vertical column to the extreme left, with each subsequent day's photos following in the same vertical pattern proceeding to the right. By this arrangement, the viewer is free to "read" the photographs in any sequence, from left to right, right to left, top to bottom, bottom to top, etc. Most viewers, I noticed, chose to read it from left to right, as July began the series on the left and August ended it on the right.

USA, October 1, 1974 to September 30, 1975 may well be Chris Legawa's diary, and it is through daily U.S. weather forecast maps clipped from the Los Angeles Times, sections of road and street maps of areas in and outside California, and notations for omitting maps on some days, all set up in a calendar sequence, that the artist makes his statement. Looking at these weather maps closely, one will find that, according to the legend, areas of blue denote rain; yellow, snow; and the red lines, storm fronts. Stencil-like lettering on the street and road maps indicate places, dates, and times. Perhaps the familiarity with weather forecast maps contributed to the interest of many of the viewers in this work.

Gary Beydler's statement

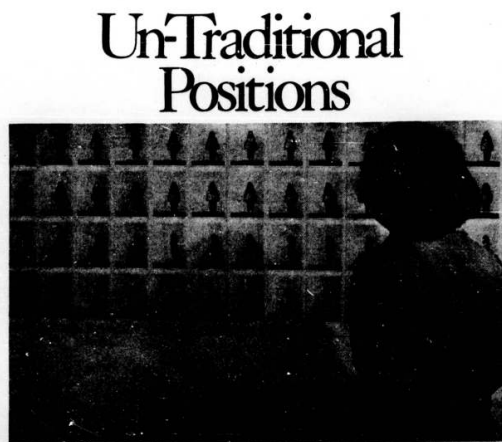


Photo by Jim Hair

The artist was photographed every morning in the same four positions, during which time she was dieting.

presents an illusion in volumes. Its form is classical because of its allusion to the "Golden Section" concept, and at the same time contemporary because of its employment of a basic geometric shape — the rectangle. Each of the six rectangles is delineated by thin lines of dark grey paint and by beige string. The volumes are those of pure space. *Green-Capote*, an acrylic painting by Shirley Pettibone, is one such. A "moment in time," the breaking of a wave, is caught on canvas as an eternal moment. One feels the sun's presence as a glowing light on the water; the colors are full and rich. The "suspended-in-time" wave is a diagonal reaching from the upper

both illusion and structure within one object. The size of the three latter works ranges between three to seven feet in height and between twelve to twenty feet in width, as are many in the exhibit, and larger. Conversely, the statements of smaller dimension have the same intensity as the larger pieces. *Green-Capote*, an acrylic painting by Shirley Pettibone, is one such. A "moment in time," the breaking of a wave, is caught on canvas as an eternal moment. One feels the sun's presence as a glowing light on the water; the colors are full and rich. The "suspended-in-time" wave is a diagonal reaching from the upper

right-hand corner to about two-thirds up from the bottom of the lower left-hand side of the painting. This breaks up the activity of the water into two parts: the serene, horizontal movement of the waves not yet felled by the breaking wave, and the swirling, frothy water of fulfilled waves in front of the breaking wave.

The variety of artists, of statements, and of media in this exhibit is too vast to describe, but a discussion of some of the work put forth by these artists gives an idea of this exhibit which is at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art until December 14.

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Reader's Guide to Local Events

Dance

NUTCRACKER BALLET. California Ballet Company. Friday, November 28, 7 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, November 29-30, 5 p.m. Same times each weekend through December 21. Mission Valley Center Mall. 296-6375.

FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE START. Olga Fricker Dancers illustrate transfer of a young dreamer into a ballet dancer. Thursday, December 4, 8 p.m. Montgomery Junior High School, 2470 Uric Street, 423-7533. Free.

Special Events

LILY TOMLIN, comedienne, in concert. Friday, December 5, 7 and 9:30 p.m., Montezuma Hall, SDSU. 286-6947.

CHRISTMAS IN FAIRYLAND. San Diego Floral Association Christmas show. Friday through Sunday, December 5 through 7, 11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (4 p.m. Sunday). Majorca Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park. 732-5762.

SOUTHWESTERN ANTIQUE AND ART FOUNDATION SHOW. Friday through Sunday, December 5 through 7, 1 to 9 p.m. (noon to 6 p.m. Sunday). Scottish Rite Masonic Temple, 297-0395.

25th ANNUAL OCEANSIDE CHRISTMAS PARADE. Saturday, December 6, Euclalytus, north on Hill Street to First, starting 10 a.m. 433-9000, ext. 290.

20th ANNUAL VISTA CHRISTMAS PARADE. Saturday, December 6, East Vista Way, west to Santa Fe Avenue, to Escondido Avenue, starting 10 a.m. 726-1122.

CACTUS NATURE WALK. Field trip to Anza Borrego State Park, sponsored by the Natural History Museum, Saturday, December 6, 232-3821.

OLD TOWN CHRISTMAS PARADE. Sunday, December 7, from Congress and San Diego Avenue, north to Twigg Street, east to Juan, north to Taylor, Old Town State Park, starting 2 p.m. 291-1503.

CHRISTMAS AT THE VILLA MONTEZUMA. Main floor decorated for Christmas in Victorian style; display of antique toys in upstairs gallery. December 7 through January 3 (upstairs display through January 16). 239-2111.

SAN DIEGO CHRISTMAS CENTER. 50-foot community Christmas tree and life-size displays of biblical scenes, Santa's workshop, etc. Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Open through December, special programs Sundays, 2 p.m.

FOURTH CLOWNOLOGY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES. Curly the Clown presents graduation certificates for the only university-accredited clown class in the U.S. Wednesday, December 10, noon to 1 p.m., Aztec Center, SDSU. 286-5204.

2nd ANNUAL ARTS AND CRAFTS CHRISTMAS SHOW. Thursday and Saturday, December 4 and 6, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Friday and Sunday, December 5 and 7, 1 to 11 p.m. Community Concourse, Plaza Hall, 202 "C" Street, 236-6510. Free.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, multi-media program explaining the sky the night Christ was born, December 1 through January 4, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park, 238-1166.

Theatre

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK. Thursday, December 4, 7:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday, December 5 and 6, 8 p.m., Madison High School, 278-6116.

AN EVENING OF ONE ACTS, including one-act plays by Ionesco, Sam Shepard, and Wallace Stevens. Friday and Saturday, December 5 and 6, 8 p.m., SDSU Dramatic Arts Building, Experimental Theatre. 286-6884.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, the Oscar Wilde comedy presented by San Diego Junior Theatre, Friday, December 5, 7:30 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday, December 6 and 7, 2 p.m., Casa del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, 238-8355.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN, a modern fable by Edward Albee. Fridays and Saturdays, 8 p.m., through December 13. Senior matinee, December 7, 2 p.m. Building 6, Del Mar Fair grounds, presented by San Diego Little Theatre. 755-7358.

THE CURIOUS SAVAGE. comedy by John Patrick, 8:30 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays through December 13 in Actors Quarter Theater, 450 Elm Street.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Tuesday, November 25 to December 28. Tuesdays through Sundays 8:15 p.m., Broadway Dinner Theatre, Hotel San Diego, Broadway at State Street, 234-3453.

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS. a comedy by Neil Simon, will be presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15 p.m., Sundays at 7:15 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday matinees at 1:30 p.m. in the Broadway Dinner Theatre, 339 W. Broadway.

THE CONVENTION, a new play by T.K. Blakesley. Crystal Palace Theatre. Performances are at 8:30 p.m., reservations, 488-8001.

THE HOT L BALTIMORE, drama, Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, 8:30 p.m. daily except Mondays and 2 p.m. Sundays, November 4 through December 7, 239-2255, after noon.



TIME REMEMBERED by Jean Anouilh, Fridays and Saturdays, through December 13, 8 p.m., Apollid Theater, Mesa College, 278-2300, ext. 236.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, comedy set during American Revolution. Daily, except Mondays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays at 2 p.m. Starting Tuesday, November 18 through December 21, Old Globe Theater, Balboa Park, 238-2255, after noon.

THE FANTASTICKS. Tuesday through Friday, December 2-5, 8 p.m., Grossmont College Student Center, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon, 465-1700, ext. 321.

REVIVING UP, family play on the American Revolution, Fridays and Saturdays, 7 p.m., and Sundays, 2 p.m., through December 21, Patio Playhouse, Escondido, 746-6669.

HERE'S LOVE, Meredith Wilson's musical based on *Miracle on 34th Street*, Fridays and Saturdays through December 20, 8 p.m. (senior matinee December 14, 2 p.m.), North County Community Theatre, 726-9802 (evenings).

POSADA, traditional Christmas play presented by the Spanish Club students. Tuesday, December 9, 7 p.m., Rose Room, USD, 291-6400, ext. 354.

Sports

HOCKEY. Mariners vs. Winnipeg. Thursday, December 4, vs. New England. Saturday, December 6, 7:30 p.m. Sports Arena, 224-4176.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING. SDSU Aztecs vs. Cal State, Long Beach. Friday, December 5, 3 p.m., William E. Terry Pool, 286-5204.



AMATEUR BOXING. Jr. Golden Gloves. All-Navy, All-Marines, A.A.U. Saturday, December 5, 5:30 p.m., San Diego Coliseum, 232-8362.

27th ANNUAL NATIONAL SENIOR HARDCOURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. players from throughout the U.S. Monday through Friday, December 1-7, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, 2000 Spindrift Drive, La Jolla, 454-7126.

Film

BIRDS OF PREY. two documentaries. Saturday and Sunday, December 6 and 7, 1:30 and 3 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

OLDENBERG. "Humor and Chaos as a Medium," "Happenings I," "Store Days I and II," part of the 60's film series. Monday, December 8, 8 p.m., Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum, 454-0183.

WHAT GOD'S WORD SAYS ABOUT TODAY'S EVENTS. Lecture by Hal Lindsey, author of *The Late Great Planet Earth*. Thursday, December 4, Camino Theater, USD, 291-6480, ext. 354.

ISLAMIC MYSTICISM. Lecture and film by Hamid Algar. UC Berkeley professor. Thursday, December 4, 7:30 p.m., SDSU, Room AS 113.

CONTEMPORARY CHINA'S ARTISTIC LIFE. Lecture and slide presentation by Paul Pickovitz. Friday, December 5, 7:30 p.m., La Jolla Recreation Center.

FBI, CIA CRIMES. A victim's testimony, with Don Sorsa and others. Friday, December 5, 8 p.m., Militant Forum, 280-1292.

LOCAL POET Joyce Nowell will read. Saturday, December 6, 11:00 a.m., John Cole's Bookshop, La Jolla, 454-0814.

MEN'S LIB WORKSHOP. coordinated by Linda D'Addario. Sunday, December 7, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Suite 27, 7255 Grand Avenue, 459-7483.

POETRY READING by Carolyn Forché. Sunday, December 7, 7:30 p.m., Loft Bookstore, 235-0463.

CALIFORNIA GRAY WHALE FORUM. panel of six moderated by Dr. Ray Gilmore. Monday, December 1, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, 232-3821.

CALIFORNIA ART OF THE 70's. Lecture by Peter Plegans, art critic and author of *Sunshine Muse*. Wednesday, December 10, noon and 8 p.m. (optional luncheon before noon lecture), 454-0183.

INNER AND OUTER SELVES IN TUNE THROUGH COMMUNICATION. Lecture by communications consultant George McGreggor. Wednesday, December 10, 8 p.m., Fine Arts Rectal Hall, Grossmont College, 465-1700, ext. 321.

WINTER SOLSTICE AT STONEHENGE. Thursday, December 4, 10 and 12, 7:30 p.m., Southwestern College Planetarium, 900 Gray Lakes Road, Chula Vista, 420-1331.

Music

OPERA THEATRE. *The Good Soldier Schweik*, music by Robert Kyrka based on the novel by Jaroslav Hasek. December 5, 6 and 13, 8 p.m., SDSU, Dramatic Arts Theater, 286-6884.

PIANO CONCERT by Lidia Grycaltowna. Friday, 8 p.m., December 5, Copper Room, Community Concourse, 236-6510.

A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS. concert by The Legends of Jazz sextet. Friday, December 5, 8 p.m., Grossmont College Gymnasium, 460-7025.

CHAMBER MUSIC. USD's Solisti de Alcalá Chamber Orchestra plus classical guitarist Joseph Trotter perform pieces by Bach, Bartok, Elgar. Saturday, December 6, 8 p.m., Camino Theater, USD, 291-6480.

LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY CHORUS. concert conducted by David Chase including works by Bach and Vaughn Williams. Saturday, December 6, 8 p.m., UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, 452-3228.

FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS performed by 100-voice Concert Choir and 25-voice Chamber Chorus, including works by Verdi and Dvorak. Sunday, December 7, 7:30 p.m., Student Center, Grossmont College, 465-1700, ext. 321.

18th CENTURY CHURCH MUSIC. Haydn's *Mass in A* performed by Parish Choir. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sunday, December 7, 8 p.m. 298-7261.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH performed by the University Chorus and Symphony Orchestra. Sunday, December 7, 3 and 8 p.m., SDSU, Peterson Gym, 286-5204.

RUSALKA. American premiere of Dvorak's opera by San Diego Opera Company. Saturday, November 29, Wednesday, December 3, and Friday, December 5, at 8 p.m. Also, Sunday, December 7, 2:30 p.m. and Tuesday, December 9, 7 p.m. Civic Theatre, 292 "C" Street, 236-6510.

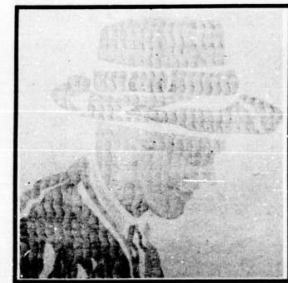
Galleries

AL CAPP. Paintings and graphics featuring his comic strip characters. Through December. Old Town Circle Gallery, 296-2595.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Bernard Kolisher, John Rocco, Kean Wilcox, George Zucconi. through December 31. My Eye Gallery, 454-7223.

RECENT WORKS by Reesley Shaw, and paintings and drawings by Don Patterson. December 6 through January 4. Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

THE AMERICAN WEST in watercolors and drawings by Charles Sultan. December 7 through 31. A. Hunej Gallery, 296-1522.



SIX IN SAN DIEGO. painting, constructions, drawings, photography, jewelry and multiples by six San Diego artists — Steve Handler, Reesley Shaw, John Rogers, Allan Sekula, Toza Radakovich, and Russell Baldwin. Era Gallery, the Vineyard, Escondido. Wednesdays through Sundays through December 14, 1-5 p.m.

MARTHA BARR LEWIS. painting exhibit entire month of December. San Diego County Law Library, upper lobby, 1105 Front Street, 238-2231.

MARSHALL THOMPSON. photographic exhibit December 1-15. Focal Gallery, 1965 Fifth Avenue, 235-4237.

DONNA LEAVITT. drawings and etchings. December 1 through 31. Artists Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India Street, 296-0200.

THE GRADUATION SERIES. by Carol Esaki, now through December 19. Founders Gallery, University of San Diego, Alcalá Park, 291-6480, ext. 354.

UC IRVINE 1965-1975. students and faculty from the UC campus show painting, sculpture, conceptual works, and installation pieces. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, through December 14, 454-0183.

DELAUX and the FRENCH ROMANTIC PRINT. an exhibition being circulated by the Smithsonian Institution, now through December 28 at the Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

THE ROSE FAMILY IN SAN DIEGO. watercolors by Albert Valentini, now through December 22. Natural History Museum, main lobby, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

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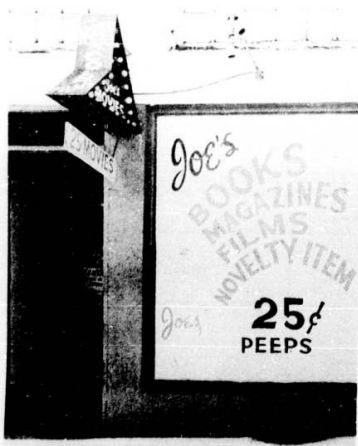


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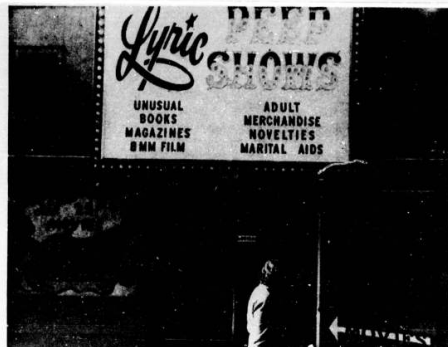


Photos by Jim Hair

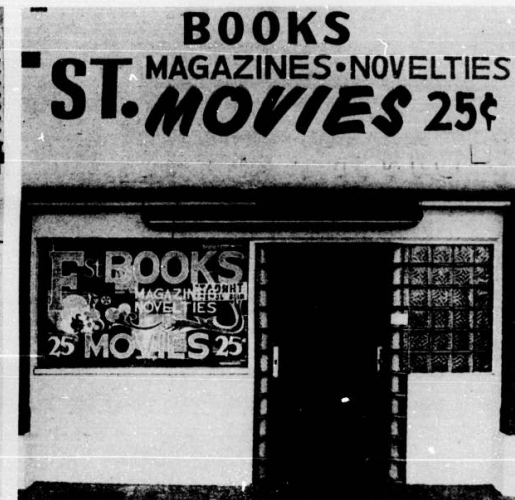
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Open Mind Bookstore,
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Twilight Massage, 600 5th Avenue
J's Bookstore, 718 5th Avenue
Lyric Peep Shows,
826 5th Avenue
F Street Bookstore, 321 F Street
The Playroom, 420 F Street
4th Street Arcade, 838 4th Avenue
Topside Health Spa (out of
business) 424 West Broadway



ADULT BOOK STORE ARCADE



What's in a jail?

(continued from page 1)

Each floor has a kitchenette where the food, sent up from the main kitchen, is reheated in micro-wave ovens. The kitchenette also has a coffeemaker, milk and soft-drink dispensers, a toaster and a refrigerator. A typical meal: hot roast beef, small green salad, tapoca pudding and a beverage. In addition, an inmate can place an order with the Commissary prior to 8:00 a.m. for popcorn, for example, for 20¢, cigarettes at 30¢ a pack, or VO-5 hair conditioner at \$1.20.

Paraphrased here is a random sampling of posted bulletins.

1. No smoking, (a) in bed, (b) in the kitchen, (c) in the showers. All cigarette butts must be deposited in the ashtrays.

2. No trials will be scheduled from December 21st through January 2nd due to the holidays.

3. Only one visitor allowed in your room at a time and you must be present with your visitor.

4. Requests to see the chaplain must be addressed to him by name and signed by the inmate. The envelope is then to be passed to the chaplain by the Correctional Officer on duty.

5. The Quad whose turn it is for kitchen cleanup must be prompt. Also, morning chores (washing, sweeping, mopping, etc. surrounding area) must be done promptly. No TV until the areas are cleaned. (No TV before 10:00 a.m.)

6. Sign up here for group therapy. Sometimes you will feel better about your situation if you discuss it with others who have the same problems.

Each floor has a Correctional Officer on duty at all times. They work an 8½ hour shift (8 hours duty with a ¼ hour briefing before and after). One-third of the COs are women who, like the men, oversee Wards of either sex. There is a little chance for foul-play however, as all of the Floors are monitored by TV screens in the teletype-equipped Security Room. In addition to the CO a Social Worker is on duty at all times.

A typical cell is shown on the drawing. This format is the rule except on

Floor Five which houses inmates who are in transit and will only be incarcerated from two to three days. This floor has open sleeping areas, has no cells per se.

The phenomenon of open sleeping spaces gives rise to the question of homosexuality

given Methadone, which is outlawed in Federal institutions, but are given Librium and/or Darvon and sugar-water.

The age range has been from 76-year-old C. Arnold Smith to the nine-week old illegal alien. Forty percent of the inmate

Eldridge Cleaver, incarcerated on the Fifth Floor, expressed a desire to be able to "do no time" there. This is an understandable wish particularly in light of prison conditions at large. Crime in our country has increased 18% in the past year. The current nationwide prison population, ac-

Forty percent of the inmate population are there primarily for the sale of narcotics, probation violation, bank robbery, murder, and flight to avoid prosecution. The balance, sixty percent are illegal aliens.

in the MCC. One CO said "We don't have too much of it, but it does happen. It's a natural part of living there isn't it? Too much we can do about that! ... Offenders can be prosecuted, though."

Unlike most penal institutions the MCC, which can house over 500 inmates, has no Yard. Rather, the Roof maintains a top security deck where the inmates (a mean age of 25) are free to engage in sports except, of course, in inclement weather, in which case they're confined to the Ward and its limited diversionary techniques. There is no planned recreation although each Ward has one or more pool tables and at least 4 color TVs.

There is no library. School-aged juveniles have no formal education while incarcerated, and any learning they come by will be administered by a staff member who supervises a correspondence course. There are neither arts nor crafts.

Juveniles, aging from 17 down to a recent 9-week-old infant, have their quarters on the Third Floor. Almost without exception they are in for illegal entry into the U.S. Also on the Third Floor is the Dispensary, the Dentist's office, the Doctor's office, the Psychiatric Ward (where Mrs. Moore was detained), Examination and Physical Therapy rooms. According to one nurse, "We have at least one case of heroin withdrawal per day." These patients are not

population of the MCC are incarcerated primarily for sale of narcotics, probation violation, bank robbery, murder and flight to avoid prosecution. The balance, or bulk, of sixty percent are illegal aliens. This high percentage is the source of the dubbing: Tijuana Hilton. One might easily believe that the thirty or so young Mexican men playing volleyball on the Roof "never have had it so good."

"To the contrary," one local merchant says, "No wonder they're bitter!" Why "bitter"? "They've gotten the short end of the stick. The economic stick. The short end of life! Their country is overpopulated, under-educated. Their whole set-up is backwards. The land isn't distributed properly — it's operating on the vestigial patron system where the large estates own the land and the people can't live on it. So they come here, to the United States, in "land of opportunity," where they can find work and better themselves and then they get thrown into our prison and find that our prison is better than any home they have ever known. No wonder they're bitter." A consensus being that these aliens will return for, at best, housing in the MCC.

Why is our Federal Government spending such impressive sums on a prison that could be regarded as a glorified holding tank, since the length of tenure is from two days to seven months at the most? For one reason, it is the only pre-trial detention center on the West Coast.

According to a recent issue of Time magazine, is 200,000. "Florida State Prison at Starke has 446 inmates living in Army tents and converted warehouses. Georgia's maximum security prison at Reidsville is so overcrowded that 119 prisoners are forced to double up in 8' x 5' cells." One prison official suggests in this article that even though conditions are grossly overcrowded, new prison facilities not be built because they will only fill up with prisoners!

This writer asked a San Diego attorney if he agreed with this premise. He replied, "More room" is not the answer to Rehabilitation. It requires a working Philosophy. A Philosophy that begins with the administrators and goes down to the warden and even to the guards."

The September/October issue of the California State Bar Journal contains an article on "Prison Reform: Backward or Forward?" In it authors Murray, Ringer and Alarcon report that "Folsom and San Quentin are disgraceful dungeons; Vacaville and Solis are wholly inadequate places to house human beings. The warden at San Quentin was asked whether, if he had unlimited funds, he would favor prison living quarters with separate rooms, beds, furniture, bathrooms, and other facilities commonly found in the house of a civilized man. His answer was: 'No; what you have to understand is that these people have already lived in a civilized society and they failed there.'"

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Death of a film magazine

Great Expectations

— William C. Newby —

FADE IN: Exterior. Graveyard. **CLOSE UP** of a marble tombstone which reads "San Diego Cineapse, June 1, 1975 - Nov. 4, 1975 — Died prematurely in labor." **SOUNDS** of wind and dry, tumbling leaves.

MONTAGE of yellowed newspaper clippings circa 1972 through early 1974. They all indicate that Mayor Pete Wilson sternly, repeatedly rejects the idea of a film bureau to promote San Diego as a locale for motion picture and television productions.

CUT TO: Exterior. La Jolla Restaurant. July, 1974. Electric cables spill out into the street like black spaghetti. **The Harry O-TV** series begins filming in San Diego. Mayor Wilson welcomes David Janssen and company and tells the media how San Diego is becoming a major site for motion picture and television productions.

CLOSE UP of red-faced Mayor Wilson November, 1974. Off-screen **NARRATION:** For numerous reasons including union problems, lack of trained local actors and technicians, and local bureaucrats hassling them for permits, **Harry O** leaves San Diego after 13 weeks.

CLOSE UP of newspaper clipping circa July, 1975. Eight months after the **Harry O** embarrassment, a Chamber of Commerce Motion Picture and Television Bureau gets a tentative OK and \$28,000 from a City Council committee. The approval by the Public Services and Safety Committee must still be reviewed by the full council. The goals of the bureau would be to stimulate new business for San Diego area movie makers, television producers and advertisers to promote San Diego as a filming location, and to encourage national advertising agencies to use local production firms.

FLASHBACK to 1963: Exterior. **ROOM** Mann Jr. High School. Lunch area. **ZORAC** (N on a student (me) who, after school, has been experimenting with 8mm and is considering a career in film. He's disgusted that no film courses are being offered at this or any other local senior high.

DISSOLVE TO: Interior. Crawford High School. Classroom. 1967. Our student, still disgusted that no film courses are being offered, forms "The Underground Filmmaking Club" a.k.a. "Crawford Cinema Arts." As with other local movie buffs, he usually finds out about film festivals, contests, and special screenings after it's too late. He wishes there were some source of useful, practical info for students like himself.

DISSOLVE TO: Interior. Our film student's home. 1972. He's putting finishing touches on his first feature-length screenplay after completing film courses at San Diego Mesa College, and Columbia College in Hollywood. (In L.A., he discovered he knew more than his Academy Award-winning instructors. His first week there, they thought he was a graduate student.) He decides to see what he can accomplish out in the real world. After promoting himself, he begins his first 16mm short in early 1973.

CLOSE UP of 1973/74 calendar. Wind blows the leaves of the calendar off one by one.

MEDIUM SHOT of our filmmaker still working on his first 16mm short. During the interim, he has had his first professional film credit as an actor in a psychology film, and was a roadie for David Bowie's "Diamond Dogs" concert tour. Locally, a few film production courses have begun below the college level. Some San Diego filmmakers are winning festivals. The more he looks into it, the more film and video production he discovers.

CUT TO: Exterior. Presidio Park. Our filmmaker and crew shooting a scene on a grassy knoll with a San Francisco model, and a paranoid schizophrenic bisexual hooker. (These are real people, not the characters they're playing.) **CAMERA CRANES UP & OVER** to the other side of the hill. We see a new car TV commercial in production. Hmm, could this be a trend?

CUT TO: Interior. Our filmmaker's home. Our filmmaker at desk. The more problems and delays he encounters, the more appealing the idea of publishing the first San Diego film magazine becomes. By this time, he knows that if he doesn't do it, nobody else will. He sketches a cover design, outlines format ideas, and stuffs it in a drawer. The feature-length screenplay he had written finds its way into the hands of three of the top people in the industry. But these things take time. Like months. Like years.

CUT TO: Exterior. 54th Street and College Grove Drive. Night. February, 1975. A '66 Olds sedan is wrapped around a "Walk Don't Walk" pole. The brakes went out coming down the hill. Our filmmaker survives, but the car is pronounced dead at the scene. Well, that clinches it. He figures a filmzine could be handled mostly by mail: contributors sending in material and our filmmaker-editor sending the mag out to subscribers. After all, Truffaut, Godard

(continued on page 25)

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(continued from page 16)

(continued from page 2)

June, 19
posting, p

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The Place For Poetry

— Bert Cahoon —

Two days before Thanksgiving William Stafford came to San Diego State and gave a poetry reading in Casa Real. The timing of his visit was appropriate; Stafford in much of his poetry celebrates home, friends, and family; and Thanksgiving is a time

when we share what we have with the family we can gather. Stafford is in his early sixties. He was born in Kansas and I suppose his face is a Kansas face. Except that his hair is combed he looks as though he has been standing out in the wind for a long time. His voice surprises: higher than you expect, and gentle — not lacking force, but gentle. Sometimes it is even musical, and then it drops and rises with the phrase as though the words were being cradled through a quiet arc. The voice carries the poetry well. The voice carries the poems are their plainness. They don't jump at you, they don't shout to promote themselves; they're simply there. If you are in a hurry you will walk by them. This is from "Allegiances."

*It is time for all the heroes to go home
if they have any, time for all of us
to locate ourselves by the real
things we live by.*

The desirability of being located in the world — having a place to live, something to hold to — is at the center of many of the poems. A related idea is the fragility of the present, all of the possibilities of the Here and the Now. Often these ideas come together as in "Earth Dweller."

*If I have not found the right
place,
teach me, for somewhere
inside, the old are
vaulted mansions, lines
through the barn sing
for the saints forever, the shed
and the windmill
rear so glorious the sun
shudders like a gong.*

A poet's popularity is not worth much as a measure of his work, but there are good reasons why Stafford is still comparatively unknown. His poems are very low-key. Some people will find them boring. Subtle, a character in one of the poems, is "fugitive from speed, antagonist of greatness," and that could describe almost everyone that Stafford places in his poems. And

although the poems often tell a story they remain curiously non-dramatic — a fact Stafford acknowledged early in the reading. If you read or listen, impatiently awaiting the stunning denouement, the Grand Statement, you have already run past the poem.

Then too there is a sameness to many of the poems. Stafford suggested that perhaps all his work is really one piece and that all his poems are little individual chips off of it and I think he's right. As it happens, none of the poems I quote from here is one Stafford chose to read, and yet they are not very different from the ones he did read.

That isn't to say that all the poems are equally realized; they're not. Some of them work for me and some of them don't. I don't believe that distresses the poet. On the back of one of his books he wrote, "I would like to be a poet. These poems, they would climb toward the reader without my proclaiming anything. But sometimes for every reader a poem would arrive it would go out for him, and find his life." Some of these poems find me, poems such as "Allegiances," "Before the Big Storm," and "A Walk in the Country" (with which Stafford ended his reading). These are good poems. If they find you they stay awhile.

Once a critic said that Stafford's poetry was poetry for the mountain cabin. I think I know what he meant — these poems are invitations to unclutter our lives, invitations to open ourselves to the presence of the world — but I think he had it turned around. It's those of us without that mountain cabin, stranded in the electric city, who can learn the most.

*This is the end of
"Allegiances."
Suppose an insane wind holds
all the hills
while strange beliefs whine at
the traveler's ears,
we ordinary beings can cling to
the earth and love
where we are, sturdy for com-
mon things.*

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