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SHE'S NO MOTHER TUMS

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— Rachel Flick —

They tell tales, in the back rooms and archives and lecture halls of the anthropological world, of one John Peabody Harrington, linguist. Now that a comfortable fifteen years have elapsed since his death, they delight in his maniacal dedication to his work. Example: Harrington was pulling on a billy goat's ears in a very painful manner. The billy goat was protesting. A passerby asked him, "Harrington, what in God's name are you doing?" Harrington, however, continued pulling, and the billy goat continued protesting. Finally, when the passerby was about to burst with curiosity, Harrington sighed rapturously, "Isn't that the most perfect unlaut you've ever heard?"

Another story, somewhat more grim, concerns the enterprising Harrington signing up for long-term field work: the widow of a linguist informant on the very day of her husband's funeral.

Carobeth Laird, too, can laugh at these jokes now. She, one of a few in all the world, has had intimate experience with the late great Harrington's bizarre single-mindedness. Sixty years ago, at the eager, romantic age of twenty, she married him and became his "youthful slave and disciple." Seven hardworking, disenchanting years later she left him, to live with and eventually marry George Laird, one of the Indians whose language she and Harrington had been studying. Last year, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Laird published an autobiographical novel, *Encounter with an Angry God*, in which she attempts to explain.

At first, meeting Carobeth Laird, now living near Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, resembles the kindly grandmother of a bedtime story. A second glance, however, reveals that this is no Mother Tums. The voice quavers, the words do not. Her face is extraordinary in its

alertness and sensitivity. She is beautiful, it's true; but her beauty is of an unconventional sort.

"Enduring is something I'm very good at," Mrs. Laird once remarked. From the point of view of a 1970s woman, she has certainly endured a great deal. Early in the course of their relationship, when Carobeth still imagined herself to be very much in love with Harrington (the one she described as looking like an "angry god") he expressed satisfied admiration for the way she "thought like a man."

This compliment, if so it may be called, was one of the few she was ever to receive from him. "In his frame of reference, in the frame of reference of that time, I did think like a man was supposed to think rather than like a woman was supposed to think. I don't say that women didn't think that way, but . . . I had an analytical approach, a colder more analytical approach than women were supposed to have at that time," Harrington appreciated Carobeth's intelligence and efficiency for their usefulness to him in his work (his main purpose in life was to record Indian languages). But, she adds, "as a person with emotions, deep feelings, capable of being hurt, I was just a nuisance to him."

At the age of fifty-eight, long after he had been divorced from Carobeth, Harrington wrote to a friend asking that he find him a new wife. He specified that she be tall, German, and a typist. There is, from Harrington's point of view, a certain grim logic to these peculiar stipulations. Carobeth explains them thus: He wanted height because she, Carobeth, is quite short; he wanted a German because he had always respected that nation's scholars; and he

wanted a typist because Carobeth's typing had proved extraordinarily useful to him in his field work.

Harrington had not found his first wife to be particularly docile. Her emotional demands, few as they were, proved to be more than he could handle, for he had nothing whatever to give. As for his second wife, according to Mrs. Laird, "I guess he really wanted my opposite."

Carobeth stayed with him as long as she did, however, because "the life, with all its drawbacks, was opening up a new world to me." She was born in a small, dreary Texas town. At the age of nineteen, when she met Harrington, she had, in addition to all other handicaps, shored by intelligent women sixty years ago, an illegitimate infant daughter, no high school diploma, and a tremendous eagerness for education. Had she not married, she would have been forced to remain with her parents. Reading and self-directed study would have been her only outlets. Marriage to Harrington offered a life full of intellectual stimulation and education that she craved.

To be sure, with her small town upbringing, this adventure was at times almost overwhelming. Her talent for the field work earned her Harrington's trust to the degree that he sent her off to reservations to gather data alone. "It took a long time to grow out of the limitations of a small town country girl." To go alone, with no preparation, to an Indian reservation "was absolute agony at first." It was, however, either the reservation or the life of a dependent at home. She went.

At more than one place in *Encounter with an Angry God*, Mrs. Laird comments that she couldn't understand Harrington, that she never understood Harrington. Today, she remarks

with a laugh, "I don't know if I understand him yet." Shortly before she was to leave for the Chemhuvi reservation on her own, she reached a conclusion about her husband that crystallized all the disappointment and disillusionment that had gone before. After a bitter, quarrelsome night, when she was to leave for a rare visit to her parents, she watched him scowl angrily while she remained impassive to his attempts at a goodbye. "I called him an angry god," she thought, "and all the while he was just a dirty little boy having a tantrum." "Fini. Within a few brief weeks she had met George Laird, and her life of dedication to the brilliant, eccentric John Peabody Harrington was over.

Carobeth's first marriage was ended, her second began, and children were born. She never went back to school. "The doors that I wanted so badly to swing open never did." A rather sad, dreamy smile accompanied this statement. It was the smile of a woman who got her education the hard way. A good deal of what she did with Harrington is now meaningless to her. She regards the reservation work as no more important than an interesting crossword puzzle. Her own research and writing about the Chemhuvi Indians, however, she regards as extremely important.

Some of this research was done in collaboration with her second husband. His was one of the Chemhuvi reservations into which Carobeth had gone alone, and at first things were far from easy for her there. But their discovery of one another made this initially trying assignment one of the best things that had ever happened to her.

George Laird has been dead now for twenty-five years, but to his widow he is still "more real . . . than any living person." She has another book coming

out soon, to be entitled, *The Chemhuvi*. One gets the impression that the publication of this book, containing a legacy of her husband's people, is a kind of tribute to Laird himself. She refers to the Chemhuvi tribe as "our tribe." In *Encounter with an Angry God* she comments, "At that time neither of us cared whether we were Indian or white; we just wanted to be alike."

In her youth, Carobeth was a pioneer of sorts; any female anthropologist of the early nineteenth century certainly deserves to be called a pioneer. Her appearance now is one of philosophical serenity. But she has suffered terribly, recently as well as in her youth. Her next book (she is bursting with ideas for books) will be a description of what she refers to as her "year of crisis," spent in a nursing hospital. "Everything happened . . . when I had no income, no home to go to, no health. I was unable to walk . . . This was almost a year that had to be just lived through, just endured from one day to the next." With the help of loving friends and of her daughter, with whom she presently lives, the crisis was eventually resolved. Despite that year's happy ending, it is still with something of horror and sadness that she appears to remember it. Such memories can't easily be shaken off, and the subject absorbs her still.

Before she can begin her book on it, she must learn to use a tape recorder. Sitting at a typewriter, she quickly becomes tired. No matter, she will learn. Old age may appear to be quiet, and grandmothers may appear to be all twinkle, but looks can be deceiving, especially, perhaps, to the young. As for Carobeth, her parting comment to me was, "When you get to be eighty, everyone looks so very young to you. So very, very young." □



Photograph by James Glick

City Lights

WOULD BE VICTIMS CRY OUT AHEAD OF TIME

Though approval of cuts totaling \$3 million in next year's City budget is months away, workers whose jobs are threatened have already begun drumming up support to save their jobs.

Early disclosure of City Manager Hugh McKinley's proposed budget revealed cuts of \$1 million from the \$13 million Park and Recreation Department budget and \$400,000 from the \$4 million annual spending by the City libraries. On the other hand, the Police Department stands to lose \$350,000 of a proposed \$27 million, and the General Services Department will be off \$550,000 from a proposed \$21 million.

At "Park and Rec" \$100,000 would be saved by cutting winter lifeguard service in half. Swimmers at five of the city's six beaches would be protected presumably by warning signs, and the remaining lifeguards would all be stationed at Mission Bay.

"You'll notice there's no cutbacks at the harbors," claimed Ocean Beach lifeguard Mark Brown. "That's where San Diego makes its money, using the guards to write tickets and patrol the harbor to keep the City's insurance bill low. Our beach lifeguards have never been threatened before, but it's been so long since there's been a winter tragedy that the city's going ahead with plans to cut."

Brown claimed that support for the lifeguards is already surfacing. "We've been urging people to write letters and appear before the Public Facilities and Recreation Committee when the cuts are reviewed in March. Just yesterday an elderly La Jolla woman wrote to say she dreaded the day her beach, that has been supervised since 1917, would be without a lifeguard."

Head Librarian Walter Thorn will close two branches and discontinue Bookmobile service to bring his budget into line with requests from McKinley. His decision to close the Logan Heights branch on 28th Street near National Ave. is shaping up as the most controversial. Says an apologetic Thorn: "You have

the librarians out into the community and recruit readers, but when they come back to the Logan branch the librarian is embarrassed. There are no books the people find interesting. "It's like a vicious cycle," lamented Martha Tarenco, acting chairperson for BUSCA. "If you don't have a library with

Apparently, there are just too many folks in San Diego who want to celebrate freedom: each day the lines grow longer and the heat worse. Freedom-lovers began dropping like flies. The Red Cross was called in. Then the army—between engagements in Vietnam and Angola—came by with trucks full of cold water.

So instead of catching the Freedom Train I walked downtown past the newly-decorated bicentennial fire hydrant on Broadway to the Ecology Center at 340 Kalma Street. Now, I'm not one of these save-the-environment-at-all-costs nuts who's out to destroy what's left of the American economy; it's just that when the air's

clear enough to see it, the glop off the Pacific is pretty scary—from play to play: always the lecherous, oppressive Southern summer, always the longing for emotional closeness that can only be expressed through a sexual desire at a agonized and sentimental, always the feeble toying with repressed homosexual impulses, always the compulsive reaching for the bottle, along with the tawdry and tediousargon of the perpetually drunk. One play from this author might have been enough. And that one play might well be *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, one of his most successful works, now being performed excellently at the Old Globe in a production directed by Craig Noel.

The play is about a former football star, his covert homosexual feelings for a buddy, his guilt about the buddy's death, his loathing for his voluptuous wife, and his alienation from his forceful and consummately masculine father. The situation and the characters are pulsatingly real, like the pain of a wound, and it is certainly by its psychological truth that the excellence of this play must be judged. But the dramatic method that rises

—Steve Kowitz



Photo by John H. Kim

to make the cuts and take the consequences. We've tried a number of programs to increase the popularity of the Logan branch, but usage has fallen off drastically. It's a community that just doesn't respond."

But members of BUSCA (Bibliotecarios Unidos Para Servir Chicanos en Aztlan), an association of librarians working to improve the city's responsiveness to the Chicano community, see the situation differently. "How do you get Chicanos interested in books when they're all written in English?" asked one BUSCA librarian. "National Steel has donated almost all our Spanish books, which now total maybe 5 per cent. True, the City does have programs to get

a high circulation you get cut. But every community responds differently, and programs and facilities that work in one part of the city won't work somewhere else."

—Paul Krueger

BICENTENNIAL BLUES

I had every intention of bus-ing out to the Miramar Naval Air Station to board the Freedom Train, the only bicentennial exhibit cracked up to have any pizzazz at all. Like any good citizen, I was anxious to do my bit to help kick off the celebration of our 200th, and pay my respects to Abe Lincoln's hat and Hank Aaron's bat—until things started getting out of hand.

But it wasn't good enough; the bicentennial celebrants began arguing among themselves. Sure enough, it turned into an old-fashioned American riot. True, it wasn't as bad as the one in L.A. last week when 300 applicants showed up to apply for a single elevator mechanic job (now there's a bicentennial image to ponder!), but it was bad enough for the National Guard to be called out to maintain order. On top of that, there was the busing issue: the stalwart citizens who were willing to brave the perils of hell found themselves forced to wait several hours for buses to take them to the naval base so that they could wait several hours to—well, you see the problem.

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Jonathan Saville

Tennessee Williams has a fairly limited repertoire of themes: sexual frustration, homosexuality, intrusive parents, and alcoholism. All are real elements of human life, and throughout his playwrighting career Williams has demonstrated an exceptional ability to evoke them in all their poignancy. In his best days, the characters have an emotional reality that is sometimes too painful to bear, and the wearing agonies they undergo in their attempts to establish or preserve their relationships are as vivid as a cry from hell.

It ought to be said, however, that for all their truth to life these themes (and Williams' handling of them) are severely limited and limiting. I find an annoying monotony in Williams, from play to play: always the lecherous, oppressive Southern summer, always the longing for emotional closeness that can only be expressed through a sexual desire at a agonized and sentimental, always the feeble toying with repressed homosexual impulses, always the compulsive reaching for the bottle, along with the tawdry and tediousargon of the perpetually drunk. One play from this author might have been enough. And that one play might well be *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, one of his most successful works, now being performed excellently at the Old Globe in a production directed by Craig Noel.

The play is about a former football star, his covert homosexual feelings for a buddy, his guilt about the buddy's death, his loathing for his voluptuous wife, and his alienation from his forceful and consummately masculine father. The situation and the characters are pulsatingly real, like the pain of a wound, and it is certainly by its psychological truth that the excellence of this play must be judged. But the dramatic method that rises



A VIVID CRY FROM HELL

from Williams' interests creates limitations quite at great as the restricted nature of his themes. Relentless realism in time, place, events and language exclude nine tenths of the stage's possibilities, above all the possibility of any action valued for its own sake. In the typical manner of the realistic school that descends from Ibsen, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* has no real action at all; the entire focus of the plot (as in Ibsen's *Chairs* or Roemer's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) is on the gradual revealing of the hideous secret that has poisoned the characters' lives. In this case, the secret is the hero's repressed homosexuality; but it is revealed not through action but through talk. Nothing happens except in

the heart. These movements of the heart, its rejections and confessions, are absorbing in themselves, when presented as truthfully as Williams presents them in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, but I cannot help longing for something more—some alarms and excursions, the appearance of a ghost, even the sound of a breaking string, and at least a secret more terrifying than an erotic moment or two in the friendship of two football players.

The dramatic limitations of the play inevitably cause headaches for the director and scenic designer. Peggy Kellner and Craig Noel have done respectable jobs in the Old Globe production, but I am not sure they have managed to surmount all

the obstacles. Never before, in the years I have been observing and admiring Peggy Kellner's work, have I had occasion to find fault with her stage designs. Nor is there anything overtly wrong with the single setting she has designed for *Cat*: A bed-sitting room and section of the gallery of a plantation home in the Mississippi Delta," reads the evocative stage description, and Miss Kellner has given us just that—a bed, a chair, a couch, a chair, a stool, a bench, and some useful doors. But the whole thing lacks a specific style: it is neither lavish nor ascetic, neither in good taste nor bad, not decadent, not businesslike, not arrogant, not exquisite. It has no particular character, and it therefore contributes little to the emotional communication of the dialog; it serves merely as a setting, and it looks just like that: a stage setting, rather than a real physical environment that expresses the personalities of the people who live in it. Perhaps it was this very anonymity that Miss Kellner intended to convey—she is so fine an artist that I cannot believe it was simply the result of weak invention—but I did not find the effect a happy one.

As for Mr. Noel, his problem was keeping the stage alive through three acts in which the only important things happening are internal and emotional, and in which these are conveyed by a virtually uninterrupted verbal nattering in Southern accents. His solution—I am not suggesting that I could come up with a better one—was to have the characters in constant aimless motion, getting up, sitting down, walking onstage, walking downstage, as though on a drunken merry-go-round. If all seemed a game: each character was required to sit at least once on the bed, the chair, the couch, the stool, etc., and every

slight change in the direction of the dialog had to be accompanied with a change of seating. Would all the characters get through the round of seats before the play was over? Surely this sort of tension was not among those intended by the playwright, but then he did not give Mr. Noel terribly much potential to work with.

Mr. Noel's mastery as a director was more evident in the exceptional casting and in the way he coached the players in their roles. I have rarely seen a play at the Old Globe as consistently well acted as this one. The always wonderful Jennifer Henn subtly and beautifully characterized the hero's frustrated wife, mixing tenderness, sexiness, crudeness, vulnerability and an essential cattiness (she is the cat of the title) in a way I will not soon forget. Von Schauer seemed completely caught up in his role as the guilt-ridden, alcoholic hero; his pain was so palpable one could almost feel it sear one's eyes. In the part of the greedy sister-in-law, Judy Donham was superbly disgusting, her every intonation and gesture making you hate her more, yet with the whole character organized in a perfect de-orum of language and movement—the Southern belle as hypocritical harriard. Mary Bergquist played the hero's mother comically and pathetically at the same time, a skillfully modulated characterization. Best of all was Martin F. Gerrish, whose Big Daddy (the hero's father, and one of Tennessee Williams' grandest creations) gave the play a largeness, a power, and a connection with the source of true dramatic excitement that the rest of the script—along with most of Williams' other works—seems incapable of achieving. The quality of the acting makes this production one you ought not to miss.

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Reader's Guide to Video Duncan Shepherd

Airport 1975 — Jack Smith's homage to George Seaton's *AIRPORT* is lighter in construction with all eyes in the crowd of big-name actors turned toward the central crisis, and no time for subplot diversions. It is lighter at the best too, and it conspicuously looks like a homage to production values. If there is a shortage of audience on one, there is nevertheless a comfortable feeling of freedom and spaciousness in the camera's insouciance wheeling around the airports, as the full compositions inside of the forty 24.7, and in the exhilarating shots of the manned aircraft sailing low through Rocky Mountain valleys. In this sort of light-headed project, even the adjectives can be counted as pleasures. Linda Blair's misquoting memory of bunny rabbits with her cute button nose, the notion of how runs back and forth together. I believe that the most of these Hollywood persons, or worse. Karen Black acts perturbed when she must assume command of the jumbo jet, and she should certainly be perturbed about having to carry this movie around by the most of the way. She performs, in the words of Charlton Heston, just fine, honey. And when Heston takes over the plane and the movie, he begins immediately to crab about how difficult his job is, and his effort to salvage a little self-interest in the warning moments. (Parkway 3)

Amarcord — Another in the Fellini line of autobiographical entertainments, episodic and variable from episode to episode, this one set in the hometown of his youth. In his choice of recollections, there is a stronger ban on the banal (if hardly seems possible that this wonder of the film comes from McGraw's sophisticated cartoon technique, which piles on multiple transformations and incongruities with a zany abandon. 1974. (Century Twin 1)

Dog Day Afternoon — Sidney Lumet's three-ring circus treatment of a bungled bank stick-up. Brooklyn, 1972, that turned into a non-stop day standoff between the robbers and their hostages, inside the bank, and outside, the N.Y.P.D. and F.B.I. An exemplary New York street movie, rich in incident of the God-wot-next variety. And an exemplary actor, Al Pacino's and Charles Durning's across-the-street negotiations especially giving the thing a sort of dog-fight snarl and yip. It is also an audience movie, though. And the decision to construct it as an Al Pacino vehicle, with the predicament seen entirely from his inside-atrap vantage point, allows the viewer to contemplate the principal robber more as a headcase than as a criminal. (UCSD, 1/24)

The Black Bird — The overplayed version of THE MALTESE FALCON by John Huston and Company, 1941, is so near to parody itself that no charges of irrelevance can be laid upon David O. Russell's irrelevance. Yes, but the idea in this

resumption of the bird hunt are frequently amusing. Sam Spade, Jr. has inherited his father's job (God, I hate my life), debts, secret, has gone decidedly downhill (I, the man, ain't got enough spades in this neighborhood?). The pacing, on the other hand, is often lousy, and the ending is a pratfall. George Segal, Stephanie Audran, Lionel Stander, Lee Patrick, 1975. (Fashion Valley)

Crazy Mama — It's 1958 and a caravan of amateur nuttiness retreats from Long Beach, California, heisting loose cash along the road in order to buy back the ancestral home, rural Arkansas. Throughout the trip, director Jonathan Demme and writer Robert Thorpe pair of interludes, cast out an assortment of standard recyclable artifacts of American culture — Burns, Shaw, Arkansas, Vegas wedding chapels, golf-caddies, and whatnot — but they do it indiscriminately and messily, and the effect is merely heavy-handed pollution. Gloria Leachman, Stuart Whitman, Ann Southern. (Cabrillo)

Disby — Under the brick direction of Joe McGrath, this mating of English/Goon Show silliness with the Disney-formula animal story is brought off as if they were made for each other. The winning primitiveness of the film comes from McGrath's sophisticated cartoon technique, which piles on multiple transformations and incongruities with a zany abandon. 1974. (Century Twin 1)

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James Broderick, John Cazale 1975. (Grossmont)

The Drowning Pool — Paul Newman returns after a hiatus to the role of Lew Harper, P.I., but not to the same turf. Southern California. (Parkway 3)

Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask) — Woody Allen's satirical spinoff from Dr. Reuben's. (Parkway 3)

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Earthquake — A disaster and arbitrary cost of characters suitable for soap opera, is swept into melodrama, from the inevitable realties of possessions, and pursuits into a fantastic playing out of mirrored, presumed, and self-doubt, as the city of Los Angeles crumbles during an unprecedented earthquake. Mark Robins' skillful and sometimes inspired, move-making generates an edgy first half of luscious dreams, and deadly intermingled, the second half is given over mainly to marvelous, shrewdly manipulated visually and cliffhanger rescues. Charlton Heston, Genevieve Bujo, Ava Gardner, George Kennedy. (Parkway 3)

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The Great Wall of China — With this clean-minded tale about the bygone glories of early avant-garde, Roy Hill has again drawn a subject from faded photographs and boys' daydreams, and translated it into a bawdy, fresh, light-headed image. He is far, far removed from the source of such

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January 24 & 25
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9:30 with Liv Ullmann and Max Von Sydow

January 26 & 27
DON'T LOOK NOW
7:30 with Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie

January 28 & 29
LAST TANGO IN PARIS
9:15 with Marlon Brando (K&HATED)

January 30 & 31
NIGHT MOVIES 7:30 with Gene Hackman
MEAN STREETS 9:30, with Robert DeNiro

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A bizarre and enthralling fantasy, as a
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With Stephen Rea
An advertising executive who murders
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BUS STOP
JAN 22-23

Movies

(continued from page 5)

are very good at slanting the customary Kipling bravado toward a stunted, schoolboy silliness and irresponsibility. It is one of Huston's finest movies, and the worst rendering of Kipling on screen since 1975.

*** (Linda)

Putney Swope — Bob Downey's bloody-minded satire about a Madison Avenue ad agency that falls into the hands of blacks. Totally indelicate about who or what it slashes, and about how good or bad any of the gags are. Just on the law of averages, there are plenty of raunchy laughs. 1970. *** (Ken, from 1/25)

Rooster Cogburn — Stuart Millar's adamant pictorialism (around every self-interested manipulator to pass inspection as a spokesman for "life and liberty, just like Mr. Forman's treatment, unbothered, stresses the sentimentalities and rousing spiritual victories. Nicholson's World Series play-by-play in front of a blank TV screen, the patient's verbal outbursts in a basketball game, the giant Indian's escape into the wilderness. Turn in, depending largely on round-the-horn close-up reaction shots, handles the assorted nuts, neurotically, in a panel-moderator manner — your turn, your turn, your turn. The preponderance of greenish face shots does not add up to a very flexible movie. But the actors deliver convincing, if not spectacular, impersonations. And Nicholson, of course, dominates — a cunning, enterprising, attention-getting interpreter of a cunning, enterprising, attention-craving character. 1975. *** (C-rama)

The Other Side of the Mountain — An Olympic holdup in the foreground of a pretty snowscape and shouts to the mountaintops. "I'm Jill Kihn, and I ask — breaks her neck and is paralyzed for life from the chest down, and this true story is retold, in flashback, through a first-person narrator who has come to grips with her destiny and has decided to lead a life of quietude. The audience for a Reader's Digest inspirational anthology. Larry Pearce, the director, suppresses any acute rudeness or discomfort in the situations, and he pushes everything into a deeply nostalgic state at the edge of tears. David Walsh's misty color image, in particular, seems to need a good wiping with a Kleenex. Despite the lack of immediacy on the emotional level, Pearce and his players, including Marilyn Hassett, Beau Bridges, and Dabney Coleman, are often scrupulous about mundane details — the gossipers and gurchewers in the locker room. ("Mind your own bee's wax"), the skiers' sweaters and sunbats (a lighter area, in the shape of goggles, around the eyes). *** (Claremont; Century 21; Solana Beach; Pacific Drive Inc.)

Paper Moon — Con artists, a mustachioed charmer and a ten-year-old tomboy (played by Ryan O'Neal and his daughter Tatum), peddling gold-embossed Good Books to gulible widows in the depression-time Bible belt. To enjoy this frayed yarn, it is not really necessary to know much about the cunning, resource and adorability credited to the precocious little heroine, because Peter Bogdanovich and László Koltai, the director and photographer, embellish the storyline with plenty

toward an unreachable pitcher of water), her smoky magic mirror, Mr. Hyde transformation into an old hag who's a ringer for Lionel Barrymore, and her demise in an exciting D. W. Griffithian crowd-cutting climax. And the animation — the density of the image, the depth of field, the singularized movements of the figures — puts to shame practically all of today's spare cartoons. 1938. *** (Alvarado Drive In)

Steelyard Blues — A portrait, and a quite flattering likeness, of society's outcasts and outlaws, envisioned as refugees hiding from harassment in industrial junkheaps and dreaming of migration to a promised land where there are no jails. The project, starring Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, Peter Boyle, written by

humanist work since the HE AND SHE television series. Directed by Herbert Ross. 1975. *** (College Fashion Valley)

Sweet Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August — Lina Wertmüller's ADMIRABLE CRICHTON with new wrinkles. A rich bitch (Mariangela Melato) dishes out undiluted contempt to the hired help on a yachting expedition. But when she and one of the sailors (Giancarlo Giannini) are cut off from the rest and marooned on an uninhabited Mediterranean island, the tables are turned on her. The script often seems to preach communism, but the action bespeaks male supremacy, and the moral of Wertmüller's little parable is hopelessly garbled. In any case, the structure is faulty — first the conflict goes all one way, then it

W. W. and the Dile Dancings — A smiling holdup man, out of specific lust and general generosity, promotes a one-girl, four-guys city-western band to a debut at the Grand Ole Opry. The combination of the Nashville environment and a Red Hood band who admires Enrol Flynn generates some amusing mimicry of Hollywood melodrama, the fashions in 50s pop music, and radio religion. Best moment: a Red Hood-style talk-show, "Mama Was a Convict," written by Tom Rickman and Tim McIntire, and performed by Ned Beatty with steel guitars whining sensitively in the background. Burt Reynolds greatly enjoys the opportunity to direct his own movie. 1974. *** (Ken, 1/22; La Paloma, through 1/23; Fine Arts, from 1/25)

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Playing Favorites '75

of Hollywood Past, Hawks, Ford, Wellman, who, it sometimes seemed, would have been perfectly content to redo the same movie every year. The elusive problem, simplified, is somehow to calculate the drift of the art form, the direction and velocity, and to get out in front of it, not too far, in position to catch all forward-looking eyes and to call the following turns.

The wit's-end question, "Well, what's next?" has been mullied over regularly since the early 60s, once The New Wave had broken onto the scene and stayed, stagnated. The New Poof. Critics are in the habit of expecting the next great innovative surge to appear in roughly the size and shape of the latest surge designated in film history texts, Italian Neo-Realism and

the French New Wave. Thus, the ongoing efforts to draw circles around, and point arrows at, The New American Cinema, so-called, or The New German Cinema. These forced efforts serve at least as reminders of how much any movement, Neo-Realism and The New Wave included, depends on publicists' plays. As yet, the recent American and German agitations cannot claim the Pied Piper powers of the post-war Italian and late-50s French developments. The year past was actually a bit of a breather for the New Hollywood—no Coppola, no Scorsese, no De Palma, no Malick, no Lucas, and only a shovelled-over bomb by Bogdanovich. As for the Germans—what can you see from San Diego?

In mainstream movies, the concern to make the strategic

move is conceived in terms of what will milk the public's pockets, always an abundance of conning, computer-programmed movies, *Rollerball*, *Lucky Lady*, *Mahogany*, etc. There are some wayward tributaries of the mainstream, named Robert Altman and Ken Russell, for example; and from them comes some original work. The originality sometimes strikes me as on a par with the doodads, patents pending, advertised on afternoon TV, a miracle tarnish remover or multi-purpose glass cutter, fingernail clipper, pencil sharpener. That is, it's hard for me, watching one of Altman's amorphous, beanbag movies (*Nashville*) or Russell's over-heated, seething concoctions (*Tommy*, *Exorcism*), to say "just what I always wanted."

(continued next page)

Most often, the moviemaker's confirmation with modernism is resolved on the level of timely topics rather than new directions. This pertains even to the highbrow sphere. Antonioni's think-piece thriller, *The Passenger*, whose thematic elements (African nationalism, journalism's responsibilities) are plucked not from the fire, but whose stylistic inspirations proceed by fits and starts (the feat of prestidigitator never mind how he did it, the question is why he did it in the seven-minute single-take at the finish). From San Diego it is possible to observe that the population of private eyes is swelling (*Night Moves*, *The Drowning Pool*, *The Yakuza*, *Farewell My Lovely*, and, on the funny side, *The Black Bird*, *Pepper*, *Sherlock Holmes*, *Smarter Brothers*) but it is not possible to observe the explorations at the far boundaries of film art, 1970s. If, locally, there were no clear causes for hope during the last year, there were sufficient ones for solace. What follows are my confessed favorites.

Satyajit Ray's *Days and Nights in the Forest* was already five years old when, way last January, it came to San Diego, by and by. Perhaps it doesn't bear comparison with the 1975 line of products, but it was the one first-run with quality enough to mingle with the greatest movies, and it stands in, until this last, for the unknown greatest movie of 1975 which will not reach San Diego until 1980.

Hustle, written by Steve Shagan, directed by Robert Aldrich, commits some stylistic cruelties (the daytime sequences) and some errors of judgment, mainly when the anguished detective-hero starts asserting himself (dumping a dish of food into the lap of a dapper criminal lawyer, or butting in on the telephone while his callgirl-girlfriend is conducting business. "This is your Roto-Rooter man..."). With touch-ups here and there, this intense, inspired *police* could be improved, but not much.

Starisky, a bit pallid and overrated, cannot match the startling visual inventions of Alain Resnais's early features, and it should not be expected

(continued next page)



(continued from preceding page)

to. The sense of deep melancholy covered over with a rich, lacquered, elegant facade, the mesmerizing mystery-story tone, and the precision technique, all carry the director's stamp; and Resnais's return to moviemaking, after six years' absence, is an occasion to celebrate.

Farewell, My Lovely, Dick Richards' thirty-years-later remake of the Raymond Chandler detective story is a fervently motivated act of homage. As such, it has a strong quality of appreciation and of care, and an effete quality of dreaminess and of humble service. It takes on a heavy, florid production and image, but the movie carries itself throughout with deliberate-

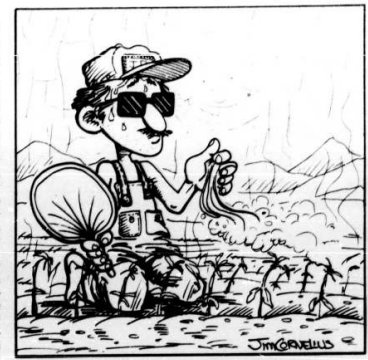
ness, caution, abstinence, toughness. Richards' movie earlier in the year, *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins*, hits most of the pitfalls and pitfalls of road movies, but for a finale, it stops, sets up, and stages a marvelously sustained episode of tawdry betrayal and commiseration in a roadside tavern.

La Grande Bouffe Marco Ferreri, in his slightly Swiftian satire of human piggishness, solves the question of taste with a detached and almost uninterested manner. The peculiar tension between Ferreri's repugnant subject and his bias approach to it reminds me of Francis Ford's morbid murder comedy, *Le Tueur* Informel, which turned up in Los Angeles, not

yet in San Diego, and which I would freely substitute for the Ferreri film on this list. (And since the subject is up, I might add a number of other movies, exclusive to L.A., that could swap places with most of the movies here: Claude Sautet's *Vincent, François, Paul, et les Autres*, at Filmex; Robert Mulligan's *The Nickel Ride*; Claude Lelouch's *And Now My Love*; Francois Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H.*; Jacques Demy's *Donkey Skin*; Andrzej Zulawski's *L'Important, c'est d'Aimer*; Michel Deville's *Love at the Top*.)

French Connection II. The change of scenery, New York City to Marseille, does not explain, in itself, the change for the better in the French sequel, a police drama more personal and less polemical than its hysterical predecessor. John Frankenheimer is basically a better director than William Friedkin and would likely have made a better movie if he'd been dispatched to Hoboken. As it happens, Frankenheimer is well acquainted with France (*The Train*, *Grand Prix*) and with his French cameraman, Claude Renoir (*The Horsemen*, *Impossible Object*), and this American-made movie is rich in local color, climate, texture.

(continued on page 17)



STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

Dear Matthew Alice,

What sort of effect does the unseasonably hot weather we've been having have on local crops?

Farmer's Daughter, Once Removed

Pacific Beach

Dear Daughter,

The ones with little feet walk down to Pacific Beach to wade in the surf. The rest, with all the farmers, pray for rain. San Diego County is some 6 inches behind its normal 14 inch annual rainfall. It has been so dry, in fact, that many farmers have not even planted yet. There is presently little danger that seeds which have been planted will be damaged by the dryness—they just lie there in the warm soil and wait for rain. However, if rainfall causes the seeds to germinate and another dry spell sets in, there will be trouble.

The County Agriculture Board assumes that the current dryness will cause some later leaf and fruit desiccation, especially in citrus. Although it is too soon to say for sure and rains may prevent this. Another secondary problem of any prolonged dry spell is the need to rely on the salter Colorado River irrigation water.

The farmers in the most trouble right now are those who grow feed grains which require early planting, before the rains have set in and the ground is too soft. Theirs is an attitude of plant and pray. It is no consolation to them, of course, but their crop loss will probably not amount to more than \$1 million, compared to a projected \$290 million harvest for all other San Diego crops.

Dear Matthew Alice,

I heard that recently the aircraft carrier Enterprise couldn't get into San Diego harbor because there were too many ships already anchored there.

Just how many ships will the harbor hold, anyway?

Arthur Lepp

SDSU

Dear Arthur,

The incident you describe did involve the nuclear Enterprise; however, the shortage of room was at the pier, not in the harbor. The 11th Naval District has one pier outfitted for aircraft carrier maintenance capable of handling two carriers at a time. Since there were already two carriers at the pier when the Enterprise entered port, she anchored in the harbor at North Island.

The number of ships that will fit in the harbor depends on the size of the ships; just a few aircraft carriers, lots of wooden PT boats, and an infinite number of rubber ducks. In fact, the harbor can accommodate nearly the whole Pacific Fleet when it is in town for holidays, as it was this Christmas.

The more pertinent question is how many ships will fit at the piers? That too is variable: the Surface Force Pacific Fleet specifies a minimum, optimum, and maximum number of ships of each type at a given pier. Below minimum number it is not worth it to run the pier; optimum occupancy allows each ship a complete rest while it is hooked up to shore facilities; maximum is the number of ships that can be "stacked" at a pier. Stacked ships are called "steamers" because they must keep their engines running to produce steam and electricity.

Some of the large ships that anchor at North Island are forced to do so because they are unable to get to the Naval facility at 32nd Street. For instance, the cruisers Long Beach and Truxtun are too tall to pass under the Coronado Bridge; some other ships draw too much water for the depth at the piers.

The Navy presently has two new piers under construction to accommodate these larger ships, one at North Island and another at 32nd Street. □

Got a question you want answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write Matthew Alice, c/o The Reader, P. O. Box 50803, San Diego, CA. 92138.

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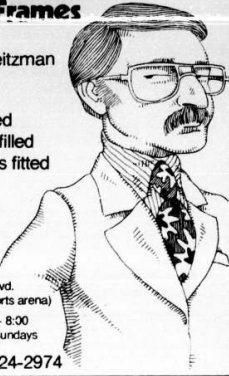
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AND YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TIGHTENING YOUR BELT

The only ones really seeming to enjoy it all were the flies. The dense clouds in which they swarmed were remarkable.

Tom H. Foote

In the end, the suffering always passes. . . We are happy. We have health. Health is the most important thing. And we have the family. What family does not have love to bind it together?

Margarita Mesa's outlook is typical of the 90 or more people of all ages who scavenge their living each day from the Basurero Municipal. The scene is not Bangladesh, Chad, nor Bolivia, but just 28 miles south of the financial skyscrapers of downtown San Diego. Here at the municipal dump (Basurero) of Tijuana, men, women, and children burrow through the city's waste in search of cans, bottles, plastic bags, coat hangers, clothing, and any other durables which might contribute to their survival. Money usually comes in two forms: either raw goods are sold to factories for recycling. However, Daniel, Margarita's husband, claims that when it does not come, credit from friends and the local grocery

store usually runs out quickly, forcing his people to add food to the list of things to search for amid the garbage.

The scavenged food is not much worse than what the family is usually able to buy on their combined 10 to 20 dollars per week income. For seven people, eating three meals each day, 10 to 20 dollars per week translates into no more than 7 to 14 cents per meal, per person. The situation is further complicated by the fact that food prices at the local grocery store, with few exceptions, are equal to or greater than what we pay in the United States (the prices of processed foods like cereals and canned items are almost invariably greater). What, then, does each 7 to 14 cent meal consist of? Needless to say, not very much of anything. Corn tortillas and beans account for the lion's share of the diet, although when times are better, a bit of pork, cheese, or vegetables might be wadded in. Cheap, cheap from our vantage, it appears that such times are more the exception than the rule.) The beans necessarily come refried, since the pot is more conveniently reheated

and added to each meal rather than cleaned out and washed regularly. Between meals, for lack of refrigeration, the unemptied pot simply remains on top of the very simple stove fashioned from a scavenged five gallon can.

The houses themselves are constructed almost entirely from dump debris. Dirt floors, leaky roofs, no electricity and no running water are the rule. Water must be trucked in at relatively great expense, which, in turn, places a premium on the washing of anything. A complete bath only once a month is not uncommon for the Basurero people.

Heat in the houses is nonexistent, except for the little warmth which a few blankets and several brothers and sisters provide. Night winter temperatures, near freezing, make it almost impossible to sleep.

Ultimately what passes for a home is typically a crowded, chilly, damp, and dirty cavern into which the inhabitants generously invited and hosted our small team of visitors. Indeed, the interpersonal warmth and spontaneity of these people compensated many times over for any deficiencies in the surroundings.

Outside, using only a metal fork wired to the end of a stick, the people spend their days plowing through the "fresh" garbage brought hourly by the fleet of big municipal trucks. The stench uncovered with each plowing was virtually unbearable to the novice nostrils. Daniel stressed that the piercing smell of the city's animal carcasses is often too much for even the well-conditioned Basurero people.

The only ones really seeming to enjoy it all were the flies. The dense clouds in which they swarmed were remarkable.

Once the usable items other than the metals (e.g., food, bottles, clothing, plastics) are selected from the "fresh" garbage, the remaining heap is set afire and allowed to cool. From this diminished pile, one usually begins to select items more easily selected and piled by type (e.g., tin, aluminum, copper). What remains is simply bulldozed over as landfill.

Despite their intimate exposure to disease-bearing microbes, to say nothing of their lack of proper nutrition, warm surroundings and general hygiene, the Basurero people claim that they enjoy a fair degree of health. The extent to which these claims represent the truth rather than an attempt to hide their sufferings, the disease mechanisms which their bodies have built up over the years might well rival that of the average American's. Some believe that the nearly vegetarian diet, high-exercise work day, and high exposure to sunshine help to compensate for the less healthy features of Basurero living.

When asked if he couldn't break out and earn a better living downtown making purses or selling something, Daniel, who was voted by his co-workers as their leader, stressed that he hadn't a ghost of a chance. He said he had tried before. Without contacts or formal recommendation from a former employer, and with unemployment as high as it is in Tijuana (Mexico's fastest growing city), he said he was quick to discover the futility of even thinking about a breakout.

What does the future hold for these people, other than apparent health and the family love of which Margarita spoke? Evidently not very much. Schooling opportunities, though much better than what they used to be, are severely limited. The government does in fact pay for the major operating expenses of the rural one room *primaria* (the Mexican primary school, including grades one through six). However, the families are still asked to pay 50 cents each week, per student, in order to cover the instructor's gasoline expenses. Because the costs of the *secundarias* (analogous to our junior high schools, including grades seven through nine) are beyond the reach of some families; and more significantly, because the children's time is used to helping to support the family, the *primaria* often marks the end of their formal education. The ultimate result appears to be a string of generations locked into poverty.

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Chuck Mangione, jazz and flugelhorn artist, La Paloma Theater, Saturday, January 24, 8:00 & 10:30 p.m. 1st and "D" Streets, Encinitas, 753-4397.

WAR, Community Concourse, Gold Center Mall, Thursday, January 22, 8:00 p.m. 236-6510.

Clubs

The Alamo: Gene Davis and the Star Routes, country western, Tuesday through Sunday, January 20-25, 3093 Claremont Drive, 276-2240.

Albatross: Nova, Tuesday through Saturday, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar, 755-6744.

Ancestral Mariner: Stone's Throw, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Southwood, Sunday through Tuesday, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 724-8242.

Another Bird: Aqua Dops, country rock, Wednesday through Sunday, January 21-25, 140 South Sierra, Solana Beach, 755-6734.

Atlanta Restaurant: H. B. Pange, Motown, reggae, Tuesday through Saturday, Joy Ride, Sunday and Monday, 2605 Topanah, Pacific Beach, 224-2434.

6140 University Ave. 286-1646.
Boat House: Larry Pace, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Bruce, Sunday and Monday, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8811.

Chuck's Steak House: Accapiano, progressive jazz, Wednesday through Saturday, 1260 Prospect Place, La Jolla, 454-5026.

Butterfield Express: Barry and Chris, Tuesday and Wednesday, John Drake Band, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-5100.

Chuck's Steak House: Ron Hanson, Tuesday and Wednesday, John Drake Band, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-5100.

Classic III: Mosquito, Latin music, Thursday through Saturday, March 1, every Sunday 3-8 p.m., 1862 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach, 429-1161.

Cote D'Azur: D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers, New Orleans Dixieland Jazz, Tuesday, 1250 Prospect Place, La Jolla, 454-2434.

Conception Bay Fish Company: Papa Joe, Friday and Saturday, 2806 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3811.

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

Culpepper's: Windfeather, pop, Thursday through Saturday, 7380 Golfcrest Place, 460-5400.

Dirty Dan's: Nooney Rickett, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Flavor, Sunday and Monday, 4000 Kearny Mesa Road, 278-2230.

Fat Fingers: Kirk Bates and the Fat Fingers House Band, Tuesday through Saturday, 6737 La Jolla Blvd., 459-3633.

Cafe Del Rey: As Children, soft rock, Wednesday through Sunday, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511.



DR. HOOK

The Bacchanal: Full Moon, dance rock, Sunday and Monday; Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show, with Thunderbolt the Wondercoco, Wednesday and Thursday, January 28 and 29, 8 and 11 p.m., 560-8022.

Big A's: Latin Fever, Latin style music, Thursday through Sunday.

Boom Trenchard's: Dan Murphy, folk, Tuesday through Saturday; Roy Butler, guitar, Sunday and Monday, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

Botsford's Old Place: Jinh Williams, Sunday through Thursday, Country

folk rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 6737 La Jolla Blvd., 459-3633.

Cafe Del Rey: As Children, soft rock, Wednesday through Sunday, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511.

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Main Gate: Brown Sugar, pop rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 405 Broadway, Chula Vista, 420-4528.

ORB: Storm, Sunday and Monday; Jerry McCann, Tuesday; Mountain Fresh, Wednesday through Saturday, 225 15th Street, Del Mar, 795-1414.

Hayley: Gabriel, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 4260 W. Point Loma Blvd., 226-9559.

Hungry Hunter: Don Parrish and John Tomson, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2445 Hotel Circle Place, Mission Valley, 291-8074.

Hungry Hunter: Rick Saxton, guitar, Wednesday through Saturday, Pioneer Street and Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517.

Infinity: Higher Ground, Wednesday; Brimstone, Thursday and Sunday; Emergency Exit, Friday and Saturday, 8622 Lake Murray Blvd., La Mesa, 464-8001.

Iron Horse: Thunderbolt the Wondercoco, Wednesday through Saturday, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 465-7863.

Iron Maiden: Ray Correa, acoustical guitar, Thursday through Saturday, Balboa and Genesee, 279-2033.

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

Ivy Barn: Sugar Bear, contemporary rock, Friday and Saturday, 911 Camino del Rio, 296-2164.

Jay's Cafe: Strik Players, Rod and Erick Lingner, Friday; Alan Souza, classical guitar, Saturday, 134 W. Douglas, El Cajon, 442-1331.

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

Jolly Oz: Road Work and Rich Faulkner, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 881 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1823.

Joe Murphy's: Wichita, Sunday through Saturday, 4302 Mission Blvd., 272-3220.

La Mesa: Bob Benks, Monday through Saturday, Don Mills, Saturday, 1441 Highland Ave., National City, 474-3222.

La Chet: Tally Maez, "Mr. Continnens", Sunday through Tuesday; Jo Trainer, piano, Wednesday through Friday; J. J. and Preston, jazz and blues, Saturday, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach, 222-5300.

LeBaron Hotel: Waterfall, soft rock, Tuesday through Sunday, 250 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-1777.

The Lost Knight: Joey, folk-rock, Thursday through Saturday, 4973 North Harbor Drive, 223-3632.

Mama's Mink: Fire Creek, western rock, every night except Sunday and Tuesday, 533 E. Main St., El Cajon, 442-9573.

Mammoth West: Zeelund, Tuesday through Sunday, 3505 Sports Arena, 226-1951.

Mandolin Wind: Sugar Bear, Wednesday and Thursday; Bob and Kip, Friday and Saturday, 300 University, Hillcrest, 297-3017.

The Mississippi Room: Jim Boucher's Quartet, swing music every night, 2201 El Cajon Blvd., 298-6886.

Mon's Saloon: Rainbow, Sunday; Soryan, Tuesday through Sunday, 943 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 488-3366.

Nite Owl East: Bach'A La, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 3003 Carlsbad Blvd., 729-2339.

Organ Power: Jim Hanson, Sunday; Chris Gorsuck, Tuesday and Wednesday; Wayne Suppala, Thursday; Jim Hanson, Friday; Cheryl Creel and Wayne Suppala, Saturday, 1165 Garnet Ave., 272-7000.

Palms 500: Waterfall, Tuesday through Saturday, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131.

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

Park Place Lounge: Viceroy Duns, Monday and Sunday; Explosion, Monday and Tuesday, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111.

Sharon Harlow Island-Sundowner Lounge: Guadalupe Philharmonic, rock, Thursday through Saturday, 291-2900.

Shogun: David Cheney, Flamenco guitar, Thursday and Friday, 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 272-7802.

Stingonee: Rosie Flores and Kurtis Karm, country rock, Thursday, Jan. 22; Bandit, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23 and 24; Squatter's Last Rights, bluegrass, Sunday, Jan. 25; Rosie Flores and the Screamin' Monkeys, Jan. 26; Slick and Allene Baker, Tuesday, Jan. 27; Talent Night, Wednesday, Fly By Night String Band, old time music, Thursday, Jan. 28, 656 1st Ave., Encinitas, 753-2578.

Tommasino's: The Four Winds, variety, Friday and Saturday, Tex, country western, Monday through Thursday, 843 Grand Ave., San Marcos, 744-1649.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse: Four Freshmen, January 13 through 25, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, 291-9110.

Top of the Arc: Valerie Formost and 24K Gold, pop rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Breeze, Sunday and Monday, Travelodge, Harbor Island, 291-6700.

Trison Restaurant: RPM with John Mason, Cookie La Falca, David Ray and Shane Alexander, Tuesday through Saturday, College and El Cajon Blvd., 583-3240.

Voyager: Search, Tuesday through Sunday, 1901 Shelter Island Dr., 222-0421.

Wendy Grossman: Wendy Grossman, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2955 Midway, 223-3154.

Spirit of 76: Steve Schmidt, Wednesday through Saturday; Masa, Friday and Saturday; Mexican Fiesta Roving Baladeros, Sunday; Steve Lorenzo, country western, Tuesday, 1130 Buena, 276-3953.

Springfield Wagon Works: Home Folk, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday; Pat Quillin, guitarist, Monday, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, 585-2272.

Steamboat Willie's: Peter Rabbit, Saturday; Rocket, rock, Monday through Saturday, 5524 El Cajon, 583-4524.

The Safety: Taste of Honey, soul, Friday through Sunday, 6323 Imperial Ave., S.E. San Diego, 262-4590.

Shakey's Pizza Parlor: George Schurr, ragtime piano, and Don Pathe the Flying Dutchman, banjo, Friday

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Sharon Harlow Island-Sundowner Lounge: Guadalupe Philharmonic, rock, Thursday through Saturday, 291-2900.

Shogun: David Cheney, Flamenco guitar, Thursday and Friday, 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 272-7802.

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LYRICALLY FEROCIOUS/ GUT WRENCHER

Dear Editor:

I've just returned from a visit to skyscraper Babylon, where reviewers in every college and neighborhood papers are calling Patti Smith's *Horses* one of the ten best albums of 1975, to sunny San Diego, haven for happy hedonists, where *Reader* contributors Ted Burke has denounced it as one of the year's ten worst. I'm not surprised, but I'd like to register a dissenting opinion. I take issue as well with Steve Esmedina's putting Patti Smith in a "Special Awards" category with Bruce Springsteen; what ever made Patti Smith, it wasn't media hype.

Patti Smith is emphatically not an entertainer; her songs are not sunnier postcards or saccharine melancholy complaints. They are wretched, searing, scari-fying visions told in electric spacetalk, stories learned inside coffins and brought back at huge risk to be exorcised in the telling. "Don't talk to me that way, I'm not listening," she says to the angel in "Break It Up." So say Ted Burke and Steve Esmedina to Patti Smith, and with some cause, I'll admit. There is nothing in these songs—songs about suicide on Redondo Beach, about death-dealing ravens in

funeral fields, about doing the Watusi on horses' hooves after a locker-room stabbing that is easy to listen to. "Can't you show me anything but surrender?" sneers the Angel of Death in "Land." Patti Smith stands on the verge of the abyss and will not surrender; she hurls her curses at greased stars that slip from skies that split, and reads in them as well their tender meanings. It took me three listenings to realize that these lyrics, every one of them, *live* songs; one small, stubborn, defiant voice tugging it out in the face of grief and loss and grinding dread, and, by god, she's winning.

This album is only for those who are willing to hear about the shadows beneath the shining surf and who are willing to travel with this hero, at least part of the way, on her violent odyssey. "Man is my shape burnt in the sky," she writes on the album jacket; and the sun does seem to blaze brighter when we're surfaced. I am not exactly "recommending" this album, though I admire it intensely—it's certainly not for the squeamish, but if you're into lyrical ferocity and don't mind having your guts wrenched a bit, there is no soundtrack remotely like it. My vote is "Best in Show."

Stefanie Ramsdell
San Diego

CRITICS AND COWPIES

Dear Editor:

The pomposity of Ted Burke's and Steve Esmedina's best and worst album picks was disgusting.

Burke and Esmedina are both supposed to be rock critics, yet both discard Bruce Springsteen and Patti Smith as critics' favorites and not really worth any serious musical attention. Both were sucked into the hype surrounding Bruce Springsteen and obviously never bothered to listen to the album. Bruce Springsteen is not an overnight sensation. He made two albums before *Born to Run*, and both show a slight lack of focus.

Born to Run conserves the strong points and adds fantasies, every one of them, *live* songs; one small, stubborn, defiant voice tugging it out in the face of grief and loss and grinding dread, and, by god, she's winning.

How can Burke call *Born to Run* a cowpie and then list James Taylor's *Gordie* as one of the best? Springsteen is a rocker with a seventies' consciousness, while Taylor is an anemic folkie with no consciousness outside his own up-per-class world. Burke calls Tom Waits and Patti Smith talentless. He dismisses Waits as a guy who can't imitate Kerouac well. The

reason is that Waits is not an imitator. Waits' abilities as a singer and a writer are missed by Burke because he hears only the monologues, not the songs. He listens for the bad rather than the good. Kerouac was a neurotic romantic. Waits would like to be a romantic but sees the callousness in all situations. Call "Better Off Without a Wife" for his vision.

Patti Smith is also an original and has nothing to do with Rimbaud. Burke looks for things that aren't there; no wonder he's disappointed. *Horses* is the first album by a woman that is really a rock record. It is the nearest thing to *Highway 61 Revisited* as far as a wedding between poetry and good music.

Burke calls Waits' and Smith's voices rough and their music pre-fab. Yet he has the audacity to include Genesis and Gentle Giant in his Best Albums list. Both groups are keyboard-oriented and boast singers who sing in a high-pitched, nasal way the mystical, meaningless words (not lyrics) over wandering, tuneless, mood music created by synthesizers and mellotrons. When groups get away from the guitar as the main instrument, you know it's trouble.

If you want to hear synthesizers put into a rock context by somebody who can write a tune-fun song, good lyrics, and can sing, check out *Don't Take Tiger Mountain* (by Strategy).

Both "critics" listed *The Who by Numbers* as one of the year's worst, really a nearsighted view. *By Numbers* is a sixties group trying to come to grips with the seventies. It is a complex album. The lyrics tend to banality, yet in the end *The Who* have decided to keep on rockin' as opposed

to Rod Stewart (and like him) who makes a noncommittal album like *Atlantic Crossing*, totally uninteresting and lacking in the charm of the first five Rod Stewart albums.

Esmedina's sly dig at Neil Young did not go unnoticed. *Tonight's Night* is one of the few records that has tried to understand the decay and horror of living in the United States in the seventies. Young came up with a frightening vision of a world ravaged by war, dope and depravity; of course it wasn't easy to accept. The vision lightened up some with *Zuma*. Both albums show Young at the zenith of his talents as a writer, singer, and musician. *Zuma*, if Esmedina listened to it, should put to rest the "Rock's No Fun" comment.

Esmedina, at least has the cars to pick up on the best band around by far: Roxy Music. There may be hope for him. Burke is a lost cause. He even hedges on his picks (*The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway* and *Sedaka's Back* were released in 1974).

What it all boils down to is the like or dislike of rock music. Neither Burke nor Esmedina likes it much. This is one of the problems with a lot of critics and the electronic media. What I call anti-rock is growing fast. By anti-rock I mean all English keyboard groups that are pseudo arty. John Denver, disco music (most anyway), German electronic groups, and jazz-rock. When great ROCK GROUPS like the New York Dolls and The Dictators are allowed to die from lack of interest, something is going wrong.

David Walters
San Diego

January 27, 1976

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

(Continued from page 9)

Out of Season, Awards for costume and set design usually go to overestimated items. *Young Lady on Lovers' Laid*, that look like they've been assiduously researched at the Public Library; but, in Alan Bridges' *Insula* and perhaps pointless chamber drama, the quiet and knowing work in these areas achieves a perfect feel of place and time. English coast, dead of winter. Bridges makes a good deal of the insularity of the costumes, the friction, the cumulative pressure; and Cliff Robertson, Vanessa Redgrave, Susan George create watchful, unassuming characters that combine believable mannerisms and inconceivable motives.

The Hunchback, Robert Wise hadn't quite the what-it-takes to do away entirely with familiar, flat-footed dramatic exchanges ("Yes, God damn you, my grandmother was Jewish!") and to dwell instead on coldly dis-gaming this complex pre-WWII history lesson and on showing off the architectural majesties of the last zeppelin. Where Wise's greatest pride seems to be centered—where he channels his millions—is in the latter area; and there he achieves them, not too distant from 2001, unattainable to movies of modest means.

Alternates, also-rans, others. *Hard Times and Thieves* like *Us* are evocations of down-at-the-heels life, 1930s, that are impressive for their understatement, terseness, backbone. The first is impressive on those counts because Walter Hill, scriptwriter, had never directed before. The second because Robert Altman, when he directs, tends to wander, fool around, wink at the audience; my opinion of his movie, however, will have to remain in the air until I can catch up with it again and see the first half again, which, from what I've heard, does not sound as solid as the three half-hours I saw.

In the documentary field, Peter Davis' surprising statement on the Vietnam War, *Hearts and Minds*, is surprising for the breadth of the course it charted

(Continued on page 18)



Photograph by Ken F. Phipps

The Best Is the Best

"I don't trust any musician who says that the most accessible music is the best. The more involved the music, the more difficult, hence the better. Any musician who does less, who starts harping about 'communicating' to the people is just kidding himself and those who bother to listen to him."

Keith Jarrett

— Steve Esmedina —

Keith Jarrett has come closer to closing the gap between personal creator and performing celebrity than any other jazz musician in the Seventies. Although the last three years have seen a number of jazz players successfully courting pop audiences, none of them—not Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul, Miles Davis, or even John McLaughlin—have given us such a varied or extraordinarily beautiful body of work as Keith Jarrett. Jarrett's dedication to the pure art of his music is an uncompromising as of neglected geniuses like Archie Shepp and Ornette Coleman. It is for this reason that his ever-growing popularity is all the more astonishing and encouraging.

Jarrett and his excellent band—bassist Charlie Haden, reedist Dewey Redman, and percussionist Paul Motian—performed to a capacity crowd at the UCSD Gym last Friday. Realizing the danger of a hyperbolic claim, I can still only say that the quartet's concert completely dwarfed any other I have ever seen and heard—including those of McCoy Tyner, Roxy Music, Ornette Coleman, Elvin Jones, King Crimson, and Mahavishnu Orchestra—all very hard acts to follow. With music as rich and eloquent as Jarrett's, it is difficult to speak with detachment. The best is the best; no less.

The majestic sweep of the quartet's performance was due largely to the flowing tension that exists in every aspect of their music, from composition to ensemble work and improvisation.

Jarrett's material, too lavish overlooked in the rush to overtaken his piano solos with accolades, cannot be matched for its somber, introverted intensity. His melodies are always so brooding and poetic that they resonate as an exalted cross between Debussy, Ellington, and Coltrane in his most self-absorbed moments. Jarrett is one of the few contemporary jazz artists to whom composition plays as important as

role as improvisation. One unimpeachable result of this fervent craftsmanship was the band's recent album *Death and The Flower*, a record that is to the Seventies what Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, Shepp's *Fire Music*, and Davis' *In A Silent Way* were to the Sixties—precursor, by which everything else should eventually be measured.

The poignancy of Jarrett's writing is matched by the intellectual precision of his arrangements and the emotional density of his band's ensemble work. Even though both of the quartet's sets maintained a level of thorough brilliance, the quartet's opening rendition of "Death and The Flower" was clearly the most all-encompassing example of their lyricism. This geometrically complex masterpiece unfolded with a haunting momentum—a four-way collision between Motian on various gongs, bells, and shakers; Jarrett improvising violent phrases on wood flute and Osi drum; Redman walling like a banshee on a Chinese mawsette; and Charlie Haden developing elongated, looping bass patterns.

This fifteen minute exercise in spatial and temporal dynamics spiraled into a piece of stateliness but volatile intricacy. During

this work, and for the duration of the evening, the musicians developed their very particular stylizations. Redman played loud and sensual tenor sax lines and trills, he lunged and dignified every melody in much the same way that Coltrane enveloped and intensified tunes like "Too Young To Go Steady" and "Body And Soul." Motian ran the gamut of emotional and technical sounds, bashing rhythmically, shimmering rapidly, rolling precisely and pounding insistently. Haden as always crafted long, sinuous lines with a disciplined sense of quiet virtuosity.

Then, metably, masterfully, there was Jarrett. By any standard he is certainly the most eclectic piano improviser in jazz. Within the space of a given composition his solo drifts, modulates, and incorporates so many styles of playing that I am awestruck by the grandeur of his flow. He moves with absolute ease from classically-oriented scale passages, to funky blues runs, to stride, and to a bizarre hybrid of gospel and free-form. Amazingly, Jarrett doesn't signal the changes. They race by indeluctably.

There is a deep, meditative quality to the recreated patterns of his left hand melodies, and there is a razzle-dazzle romanticism to the swooping, immaculate movement of his right hand. The exquisiteness of every phrase, the magical, concentrated use of very large chords—all seem to go against the grain of Jarrett's non-stop gyrations. Within a cramped space, he is the freest, most physically unbridled musician I have ever seen, and yet there is never any slackening of technical rigor.

Jarrett's romanticism is not savage like McCoy Tyner's, archly oblique like Cecil Taylor's, or unabashedly sentimental like Bill Evans'. His music, no matter how mobilized and involving, always retains its cool, reflective personality. He is a soulful artist, committed to the twin goals of experimentation and personal passion, but even stancher about the most important element of all: excellence.

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Heads Up Heels Down

— Bettina Brownstein —

More horses reside in U.S. country than in any other U.S. country. About sixty of them gathered in Encinitas on January 3 to participate in the Tapawingo "Grand Opening Horse Show." Owners and riders tagged along, wearing scuffed boots, plaid shirts, and dusty trousers. They talked about barrel racing, feed, the seats of various carriages, and the gaits of the horses in the ring.

Tapawingo Ranch is located east of Moonlight Beach and Interstate 5.

Bounded by low hills and Manchester Avenue, there isn't much there but scrub land and timeworn trees. It's easy to imagine yourself back in the days when haciendas dotted the landscape and the pony express was the primary means of communication.

A whitefence corral has been

set up with a raised platform in one corner for the master-of-ceremonies, assistants, ribbons, and official papers. About one hundred feet away are pens which hold horses, who are either waiting to compete or have finished for the day. City slickers stand out. They wander around the pick-ups, horse vans, and spectators, wearing low-heeled shoes, carrying cameras, petting strange animals on the snout, and asking ignorant questions. The locals are friendly and glad to tell you about the many riding organizations in the area, inform you of upcoming shows, and instruct you as to what to watch for during events.

Four little girls on big horses are solemnly trotting around and around the judge, who stands out in his Palm Springs outfit of powder-blue slacks and matching checked jacket. The event is English Equitation, number eight of twenty-five. The riders

are dressed identically in cream-colored jodhpurs, blue blazers, black bowlers, and shiny boots. The master-of-ceremonies shouts commands: "Walk, sit-trot, post-trot, canter, reverse." The action between rider and mount must appear smooth and effortless. If a wisp of hair escapes from the flat, points are subtracted. The winners are announced; all four get ribbons.

Thirteen-year-old Punk'n (sic) Swanson earned the blue ribbon. She's been riding three years. She and her friends all take lessons at Chestnut Hills Academy and only ride English. Punk'n practices one hour a day, spends more time brushing, grooming and cleaning up her horse, and plans to be a horse trainer or Olympic rider. All the girls definitely see horses in their future.

The master-of-ceremonies megaphones for the next event: Barnyard Jumps. Ringhards start setting up the necessary props: jumps made of hay, old tires, a fence, and long horizontal poles. The object is to get around the course in the fastest possible time without missing a jump. There is even a sophisticated, electronic timing device that measures to the hundredth second.

The horses are excited and hard to control. They edge sideways, heads up, muscles rippling. The action is fast, and several horses shy, to be urged over on the second attempt with clucking noises and the master's pressure of knees and heels. One contestant almost topples off, and you wonder if her parents are watching.

An average horse costs approximately \$300, but, depending on the amount of training, can go as high as a few thousand. Jim Galt, manager of the North County Gymkhana Association, says that it isn't only wealthy families that keep and show horses. Rancho Santa Fe does have more than its share of gentlemen cowboys, but there are many who live in Solana Beach, Cardiff, Encinitas, Vista, Escondido, etc. Gaucher added that if a girl wants a horse bad enough she could persuade her folks to keep it in the back yard.

A preponderance of girls participates in horse shows, especially at the local level. The ratio runs close to ten to one, although boys tend to dominate in the tougher events, such as bronc and bull riding.

The different San Diego riding associations sponsor shows of varying size and complexity throughout the year. The largest takes place in the summer as part of the Del Mar Fair. Small shows, such as Tapawingo, serve as training grounds for state and national level competitions. San Diego boasts many good riders, including those from Lakeside, who won ribbons at the recent Phoenix regional horse show. No wonder Jack Ford came here to learn cowboying.

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

(continued from page 17) for itself rather than for the discoverer it makes along the way or for the self-congratulatory enlightenment it offers that it fortunately stifes most of the time. *Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman*, even at the one-hour running time, seems a little loose; yet it attaches a glowing sentimental value to the experience of the woman conductor, Antonia Bico, *Lucky Luciano*, Francesco Rosi's piecemeal and speculative dramatization of the gangster's career, boasts a more unsettling, unsettled, documentary manner than the foregoing two, foraging through newspaper accounts, eye-witness testimonies, underworld myths, with a dauntless journalistic noisiness.

In the comedy field, Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein* flashes more style, Woody Allen's *Love and Death* more intelligence. In movies, style generally outweighs intelligence, which can be acquired, free of charge, at any lending library.

It's to Allen's credit that, in the haunts of Tolstoy and Turgenev, he relies on his own self-discovery. It's also to his credit that he enlisted cinematographer Ghislain Cloquet, who provides Allen with extraordinary close-ups, although Allen manages the images rather sloppily. Blake Edwards' *Return of the Pink Panther* is enjoyable, mildly, but, excepting the cartoon credit sequence by Richard Williams, is a Saturday sea of lefthanders and afterthoughts from two earlier Inferno Clouseau comedies and Hitchcock's *To Catch a Thief*.

Film About a Woman Who... carted into town by its creator Yvonne Rainer, for one-night stands on college campuses, Paul and UCSD, was a real stray in the area movie scene: independent, non-commercial, a companionless emissary from the province of cinema patrolled by Jonas Mekas. Tremendous visual wit, playfulness, poise. A fusillade of narrative devices to get out of the knowledge of the lives of the New York art crowd; none of the devices conceals the filmmaker's tasteless superiority to the characters.

Within the confines of classical action-film genres, Claude Pinoteau's *The Great Munch*, Edward Dmytryk's *The Human Factor*, and Jonathan Kaplan's *White Line Fever* yield some small niceties. *Sharks' Treasure* is by turns bizarre and banal under the erratic, headstrong captain of Cornel Wilde, producer-director-star (a spy, cave performance). Marvin Chomsky's *Live a Little, Steal a Lot*, the best of the bunch, takes

up the factual Star of India crime case, plays down the playdown caper element, and plays up the sun-drenched characters and milieu.

Smile, Michael Ritchie's malicious satire, while guilty of overkill, offers long, painful, and salutary exposure to humiliating embarrassments at a small-time teenage beauty pageant. And Jeremy Lerner's script faithfully reproduces American speech and manners with some of the quality of Sinclair Lewis (at his vulgarist). Two feisty New York movies, Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon* and Scorsese's two-year-old *Mean Streets*, channel their energies where you can see them. I liked both, although, through the mail, I got a few slaps for not liking the Scorsese movie enough. I still think that at least half of his exuberance is amateur, undiscovered, and compulsive; the remaining fraction is what distinguishes it from the movies that college film students, all over the map, would make by the hundreds, if only they could.

It's the bag of greater and lesser disappointments, overlord or overrated, I put Spielberg's *Jaws*, Antonioni's *The Passenger*, Penn's *Night Moves*, Forman's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, De Sica's *Bianca*, Schlesinger's *Day of the Locust*, Milos's *The Wind and the Lion*, Bunuel's *Phantom of Liberty*, Altman's *Nashville*, and, bottom, *Le Petit Theatre de Jean Renes*.

Back in the present. The new year has gotten off the afurious and curious start. Unexpected things all over: Lina Wertmüller's *Sweet Away* (etc.) at the computer; the remaining fraction is what distinguishes it from the movies that college film students, all over the map, would make by the hundreds, if only they could.

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COFFEE EFFECTIVELY with one's problems is helped by knowledge of oneself and community resources. Free course begins January 28 at Patrick Henry Adult School, 286-8040.

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CERAMICS—WHEEL THROWING, handbuilding, sculpture, etc. Monday, 9 a.m.—noon, first class and January 19, 26, 31. 1366 Hornbush, 436-3232, 230 Birmingham, Cardiff.

JOIN AN FELSBERG free basic and advanced Monday 8:30 p.m. beginning January 26. St. Agnes Hall, 1145 E. European Street, Point Loma. Further information: Midway Adult Center, 223-1671.

FIGURE DRAWING classes each Tuesday night, 6:30 to 9:30. Room 115, 464-2411 for information.

BLUES HARMONICA lessons. Beginning students accepted. Jan. 27, 8:00 p.m., 438-8560.

PRINTMAKING CLASSES. Etching, engraving, aquatint, linocut, woodblock. Day and evening classes. To be held each Thursday starting January 29. 464-2411 for information.

REWEAVE LESSONS in traditional and blues styles of the guitar and five-stringed banjo. Picking finger picking. Don Rees, 226-4224.

SEPARATION/DIVORCE group for men and women. Goals include helping to make this difficult life transition easier and more successful. The value in change. National Center for Human Relations, 226-4224.

FEMALE SEXUALITY, fee \$15, understanding anatomy, physiology, and sexual responsiveness. Ten-week class for women at Florence Elementary School, 11327 Washington, in Hillcrest. To register, call 298-7147. First class Thursday, January 22, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m.

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LEARN TO USE your camera, develop and print your own pictures. Basic photography at the Photo Workshop begins Monday, February 2, 2:30-4:30 p.m. for additional information and registration.

Notices

DAY CATHOLICS. Dignity of San Diego has religious and educational programs for young adults. Call 360-1001, San Diego, 92119 or call 448-8384 for information.

ARTISTS' ARTIST COOPERATIVE is seeking new members. The Art Garden, Shafter Square, Dept. 106, 755-4304 or 755-2832, evenings.

KEN CATTIN of San Diego photo-tutors presents pictures of golf, the most famous in the world. January 27, 7:30 p.m., 2020 Colveston. Call 276-0575 for details.

HELPI! LOST SHELTY. Looks like my collie, black, 14 years old. Found around Grand and Lamon. Has collar with L.A. license, 270-9130.

I AM LOOKING for partners for a job, paid health exercises, Jan. 29-30, 1986, leave message.

UNDERGROUND TELEVISION (women!) Comedy, satire, variety, you can't see anywhere. Money, money! Brains, brains, brains, needs professional sales center, tech, recruits, writers, 264-1837. Starting now, go!

CREDIT CHILD CARE. Starting right, human, reduction, and older women are some of the interests of the National Organization for Women. Dial 295-5669.

DR. DEMONTO FANS. I will be interviewing Demonio January 30 for a magazine. If you have questions or wish to participate, call 773-2150.

LIVE JANUARY 2, Friday evening. White jacket and one pair participation. Spectacles, in the car of someone who gave me a ride. Call Mike, 234-5827. Dispute for the year.

EFFECTIVE STUDY students open to volunteer participation. Hypnosis, stress, phobias, etc. Professional hypnotist, 270-7701.

OCEAN BEACH Community Service, 5041 Newport Avenue, 92036. In-person counseling, 225-0305. Local counseling, 225-0305. 225-1107 Monday-Friday, 12:30 p.m. Community education programs. We're here to help!

MENSA DISCUSSION group, Sun. 10:30 a.m., 270-9130. 270-9130. Coronado Island in Ocean Beach, 270-9130. Life-style and fun. Call us at \$1.50 for refreshments, 222-7347.

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ADULT EDUCATION free course Tuesday nights, 6:30-9:30, starts January 27. "Human Relations for Family and Friends of Nursing Home Patients." Kearny High, Room 603, instructor: Neal Vetter, 296-4201.

SUN AND MOON yoga, a series of exercises to control and align your body, mind and spirit. Stretching, balancing, eye exercises, weight control and meditation, 3316 Avenue, 296-6546.

CLEAN AIR. Blue skies, fine horses. Beautiful mountain trails and good views. Come share them with me. Call me at The Shrike, Station Oaks, in Decano, 445-9532.

WE'VE A CAT who's well loved, ready to go. Call the cats, The Cat Center, 5080 College Avenue, 582-1550, Monday-Friday, 2:10 p.m.

IT IS IN SOUL that all consciousness resides, and all power. Everything begins with the mind and the heart. Free time and lecture on Eckankar, the ancient science of self-trust, in the YWCA and North County or ask operator for Zenith 270-9130, 270-9130.

WITNESS, PUBLISHERS, artists. Learn how to write, edit, and publish your work in the Florence County Press. Call 270-9130.

THE PROFESSIONAL staff of the Daily Tribune will help with any crisis. Call 270-9130 for information. North County or ask operator for Zenith 270-9130, 270-9130.

JANUARY WALKING trips. Three-hour coastal cruises every Sunday. This is a new, exciting, and fun. Coronado Island every Sunday. American Cruiseline Service, 566-3800 for reservations.

REGISTER FOR FREE basic acting classes. This is a new, exciting, and fun. Call 270-9130 for information. Midway, 223-6171.



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FIDDLE CLASS, "A Creative Approach to Country Music," to start January 26, 6:30 p.m. Room 810, Helix Adult School, 270-9130. Call Mike, 234-5827. Dispute for the year.

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WANT TO RENT alone or with house, room or apartment, no need, educated, employed, under 30, no pets, no smoking, no need. February 1, Jan. 287-8544.

LARGE HOUSE, very comfortable, for rent. Four bedrooms, two baths, fireplace, two yard, great street, great. Good for family, no roommates. Point Loma area, 226-9000.

FEMALE ROOMMATE to share house near State. Nice, own room, \$62, including utilities, 296-3400.

NEAT, RESPONSIBLE, non-smoker desired to share large home with pool, patio, recreation room, two fireplaces, furnished, unfurnished, \$110/month and one-fifth utilities, 277-5495.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share large apartment with two graduate students. Share cooking, own room, but small. Near Harbor. 370-9130.

HOUSEMATE WANTED, Ocean Beach, large apt. with garden area, own room, \$75/month, includes utilities. Mike, 270-9130.

ROOMMATE NEEDED, Large private room in two-bedroom apartment, non-smoking, no pets, \$80/month, 270-9130.

COTTAGE WANTED with rent free or reduced rent, for gardening and light maintenance. Experienced gardener, Steve Clements, 263-7730.

MELLOW TEACHER seeking one or two roommates in apartment in O.B. If you have house or want to rent for fun, call 222-5759, evenings.

FEMALE ROOMMATES wanted. No children or pets. \$70/month, one third utilities, off-street parking, 270-9130.

HELLO, MY NAME is Bill and I would like to live with two females on a non-sexual basis, either in Hillcrest, O.B., P.B., or North Park. This means little, room, no pets, no sex, anything after 9:30, Saturday morning, 270-9130.

FEMALE STUDENT seeking female roommate, 25-35 years, to share near beach. P.O. 225-9955.

RENTAL TO SHARE, Pacific Beach, three-bedroom house, small pet, \$100/month, 272-1917.

NEEDED BY FEBRUARY 1, apartment, near Pacific Beach area, P.O. 225-9955.

ROOM WANTED in vegetarian household. East San Diego area, must be quiet for meditation and preferably sunny for houseplants. Steve, 263-7730.

EMPLOYED FEMALE, 25, and cat need house by February 1. Own room, \$100 or less. Caring environment, 224-7786.

ROOMMATE WANTED, Ocean Beach, large apt. with garden area, own room, \$75/month, includes utilities. Mike, 270-9130.

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WANT ROOMMATE to share house, room or apartment, no need, educated, employed, under 30, no pets, no smoking, no need. February 1, Jan. 287-8544.

LARGE HOUSE, very comfortable, for rent. Four bedrooms, two baths, fireplace, two yard, great street, great. Good for family, no roommates. Point Loma area, 226-9000.

FEMALE ROOMMATE to share house near State. Nice, own room, \$62, including utilities, 296-3400.

NEAT, RESPONSIBLE, non-smoker desired to share large home with pool, patio, recreation room, two fireplaces, furnished, unfurnished, \$110/month and one-fifth utilities, 277-5495.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share large apartment with two graduate students. Share cooking, own room, but small. Near Harbor. 370-9130.

HOUSEMATE WANTED, Ocean Beach, large apt. with garden area, own room, \$75/month, includes utilities. Mike, 270-9130.

ROOMMATE NEEDED, Large private room in two-bedroom apartment, non-smoking, no pets, \$80/month, 270-9130.

COTTAGE WANTED with rent free or reduced rent, for gardening and light maintenance. Experienced gardener, Steve Clements, 263-7730.

MELLOW TEACHER seeking one or two roommates in apartment in O.B. If you have house or want to rent for fun, call 222-5759, evenings.

FEMALE ROOMMATES wanted. No children or pets. \$70/month, one third utilities, off-street parking, 270-9130.

HELLO, MY NAME is Bill and I would like to live with two females on a non-sexual basis, either in Hillcrest, O.B., P.B., or North Park. This means little, room, no pets, no sex, anything after 9:30, Saturday morning, 270-9130.

FEMALE STUDENT seeking female roommate, 25-35 years, to share near beach. P.O. 225-9955.

RENTAL TO SHARE, Pacific Beach, three-bedroom house, small pet, \$100/month, 272-1917.

NEEDED BY FEBRUARY 1, apartment, near Pacific Beach area, P.O. 225-9955.

ROOM WANTED in vegetarian household. East San Diego area, must be quiet for meditation and preferably sunny for houseplants. Steve, 263-7730.

EMPLOYED FEMALE, 25, and cat need house by February 1. Own room, \$100 or less. Caring environment, 224-7786.

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WANT ROOMMATE to share house, room or apartment, no need, educated, employed, under 30, no pets, no smoking, no need. February 1, Jan. 287-8544.

LARGE HOUSE, very comfortable, for rent. Four bedrooms, two baths, fireplace, two yard, great street, great. Good for family, no roommates. Point Loma area, 226-9000.

FEMALE ROOMMATE to share house near State. Nice, own room, \$62, including utilities, 296-3400.

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COTTAGE WANTED with rent free or reduced rent, for gardening and light maintenance. Experienced gardener, Steve Clements, 263-7730.

REPERATE VIBING come in need of money. Open to any kind of work. Trained in working with animals, children and adults. Laurie, 462-9369.

LEAD GUITARIST who sings back up and plays slide, has time, transportation, experience, and excellent equipment. Open to work. Will join union. Steve, 214-666-0966.

NEED A CLASS I driver or co-driver? Male, 23, with license, long haired country music fan, will go anywhere. Roger, 222-4745.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING work wanted. Experienced in scientific and commercial applications. Languages include FORTRAN, COBOL, PL/I, RPL, and IBM Assembler. Call 224-6649, anytime.

ALASKAN PIPELINE related businesses. List of 45 companies with addresses, including forestry, banks, airlines, etc. Only \$2. Fred P.O. Box 9025, Palo Verde, Pennsylvania, CA 90274.

AUDITIONS Sunday night. Call Bill on Tuesday or Wednesday to schedule. 296-9164. Looking for singles or duos doing country rock or soft rock.

FILMMAKER/WRITER, M.A. Professional experience in commercial and educational film and television production. Seeks work. (714) 423-6778.

HARVEST VOCALIST needed, must have equipment, transportation and be driving, with a decent ability to read. 463-2297, 711 a.m.

BASS GUITARIST sing, good equipment, experienced in night club work, played in Hawaii and Guam in top clubs with top bands. John, 466-0071.

Music

STEREO REPAIRS in Claremont. Fastest service, best prices in town by our expert stereo specialists. All makes and kinds of repairs, such as receivers, turntables, 8-track decks for car or home. Sounds Unlimited, 4471 Claremont Mesa Blvd. 270-8162.

KAWAI GUITAR, classical type, accepts steel or nylon strings, excellent condition, \$15. 277-8997.

OLDER LAFAYETTE stereo, good sound, \$75 or best offer. Michele, 452-9374.

FOUR-TRACK STUDIO recording, \$10 per hour, 12 inch, 1800 rpm. Crown-powered JBL 4320 monitors. Released without check our sound. Jim Harvey, 278-0233, evenings.

D-76N, THE PENULTIMATE amplifier from the makers of the state-of-the-art preamp. Audio Research. For \$500 and give me a call at 224-4689.

KLM MODEL 24 stereo/FM, beautiful wood, 1/2"x10", speakers in excellent condition, \$175, 436-5238.

SHERWOOD SEL300 FM tuner, current finest model with digital read-out tuning, spotless condition, reasonable. 454-0439.

PHILLIPS GA-212 turntable with Microamatic cartridge. Electronic operation, strobe and speedometer, tonearm perfectly matched, \$200. Come hear it. 224-4689.

YAMAHA SILVER FLUTE, YFL-32, sterling head joint, hard shell and leather case included. Must see and play to appreciate. Beautiful condition, \$200. 223-7409.

COMPLETE P.A. system for duo. Ampeg head and speakers, cords, mikes and mixer stands. Excellent condition. \$800. Jon or Carol, 272-8532.

HARMONY MANDOLIN with case, good tone and action. \$55 firm. 260-9279, evenings.

FOUR-PIECE DRUM set, including high hat, blue sparkle, Remo heads, \$75. 270-9285.

AUTOMATIC RADIO stereo cassette deck. With built-in auto-reverse speakers. 3P monitor. VU meters in good condition. \$75 or best offer. Rob, 582-1862.

DYNACO STEREO AMP and pre-amp, PAT-4 and Stereo 120, both for \$200. 223-7020.

LARGE LATIN percussion setup. Four brass timbales, bells and cymbals with stands. Large assortment of nose-makers and sticks. Call for details. 223-7409.

ADVENT CASSETTE tape deck with Dolby, excellent condition, one year old, new drive train and heads, \$200. 459-3956, 7-8 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

COMPLETE P.A. system, six channels, four mikes, and accessories. Excellent condition. \$800. 272-8532.

ROCKBOTTOM PRICES on new and used stereo gear. Free estimates on repairs, discounts on cash. Stereo DTE Stereo, 8802 El Cajon Boulevard, S.D. 92115. 286-8430.

ARMSTRONG FLUTE, excellent condition, \$100. Margaret, 755-7187 or 755-9626.

PARTIES, HAPPENINGS, restaurants, social events. Copenhagen, acoustic-electric band, now available for your entertainment. Good music, contemporary, rock, blues, country. Call 488-1081, ext. 279.

NOTICE!

**MEN,
WOMEN
AND
CHILDREN**

BICYCLE BRUNCH AT THE BEACH



You are hereby informed of an event which is to take place at the Greenery Restaurant in Pacific Beach hereafter on Saturday and Sunday from 10:00 to 1:00. Parking accommodations for your bicycles will be provided.

The Greenery

4474 MISSION BLVD. AT THE FOOT OF GARNET. TELEPHONE (714) 276-8331

**PROVIDERS: PREMIUM
BEEF • LAMB • SEAFOOD • SPIRITS**

ORGANS FOR SALE. I have access to beautiful, used organs. These instruments are trade-ins and in great shape. Example: Lowrey, 2 keyboard, mahogany cabinet, excellent condition. \$550. 298-2532. Delivery included.

UPRIGHT PIANO, excellent condition, new hammers, \$400. 299-4853, weekdays only, after 6 p.m.

TROMBONE Olds Recorder, fine condition, with case, \$175 or best offer. 583-7281.

1975 FENDER Telecaster Deluxe, has Shalies, two Humbuckers, custom black color and case. In excellent condition, cost \$510, will sell for \$300. Fender Fuzz-Wah volume pedal, new, \$75. Steve, 466-0966.

GARY MUSIC COMPANY, 15% off with this ad. String, capo, picks, sticks, bells, etc. 4429 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 272-0221.

1968 TELECASTER, beautiful cherry sunburst, \$200. Unused Peavey bass amplifier, \$200. Les Paul copy electric, \$125, 466-2446.

YAMAHA professional audio mixer. Cost \$500, sell for \$600 or best offer. Still under one year warranty. Larry, 296-8559.

GUILD D35 acoustic Gating guitar with hard shell case, fine tone, excellent condition, \$325. 278-0425, evenings and weekends.

GIBSON RIPPER bass for sale or trade for other bass. Blond neck and finish, hard case, excellent tones. 299-1734.

FENDER JAZZMASTER, 2 years old, excellent condition, includes case, \$200 or best offer. 296-4617.

WE ARE LOOKING for a country western band to play at our party at the end of February. If interested, please call 280-3439.

JENSEN 15" G-610 Triaxial loudspeakers with volume and frequency controls and plans for cabinet. Very efficient. \$150 pair. 755-4566.

AMPEX VT-40 guitar amp, very good condition, \$500 new, take \$250 or best offer. Flute, Pedler premier, with case, \$50. 224-9656, mornings.

TWO SHURE microphones, like new, \$30 each. Larry, 296-8559.

WURLITZER FUN-MAKER organ, has tape recorder and player, rhythm buttons and double standard keyboards. Will include instruction tapes and books. \$755. 566-0973.

NEW OVATION Classical in flawless condition, possesses clear, distinct tone and fine action. Can be amplified. With hard shell case. Must sell, only asking \$400. 225-1851.

SPEAKERS, APOLLO 700, 3-way stereo, 12" bass, clear highs. 10" cost \$250, asking \$130 for the pair. 264-2474.

RICKENBACKER THIN hollow body guitar with stereo output, volume controls. Excellent condition, with case. \$250. 560-5953.

OLDS SLIDE TROMBONE, with accessories, used two years, \$100 or offer. Paul, 755-0720, evenings.

PIONEER KP-333 car cassette deck with 5-source Lesget speakers. Excellent condition. 299-1734.

WHITE CRYSTAL 10" x 10" and white speaker enclosure, reflex chamber, cassettes, new condition. Bass, Lead, etc. \$150. John, 466-0077.

GIBSON EB3 bass, beautiful condition, has Rotosound strings, \$250 firm. Gibson Les Paul copy, good sound, \$100. Fender Champ Amp, \$45. Larry, 755-9160.

LEFT HANDED GIBSON ES 335 with case, \$350. Randy, 224-6155.

1963 STRATOCASTER, black, \$325. Ron, 224-4711.

GUITAR, DRUMS, sax, looking for bass, piano to form funk/rock dance band with eventual recording concert intentions. Ron or George, 224-4711.

1974 GIBSON LES PAUL bass with case, natural wood finish, excellent condition. 1967 Rickenbacker bass, \$225 firm. Randy, 224-6155.

1974 FENDER TELECASTER custom with two Humbuckers, semi-hollow body, like new. \$275. 222-9004, days. 286-4096, evenings.

STEREO, THE PRE-AMP made by Quik of England. \$175. Serial 20 High Definition speakers, \$145 each. Cartridges, Shure V15 III, \$25. B&O SP12, \$35. Ken, 459-7582.

PROFESSIONAL ZICKO drum set, transparent plexiglas, five drums, heavy duty Rodgers stands, five zildjian cymbals, head decent offer. Baldwin acoustic piano, \$550. 743-1406.

FENDER SUPER-REVERB amp, six months old, four 8" speakers, excellent sound for rock or country music. \$300. Dennis.

COMPLETELY RECONDITIONED upright piano, Walnut veneer with stool. Best offer, 236-9026, nights and weekends.

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

READER

January 22, 28, 1976
AKKO STEREO SYSTEM, almost new, 6 months of use, cassette, turntable, AM/FM, 2 speakers, all for \$250. 1431 Santa Barbara Street, San Jose, 223-3707.

B&O 302 SPEAKERS, \$100 each. Dynaco PAT-5 and Stereo 150, \$225 each. 755-6833.

PEAVEY P.A. COLUMNS, live test call with four 8" woofers and three tweeters. Almost new, sound excellent. \$400 or best offer. Dennis, 582-8840.

Bikes

BMW 1000, 1967. Runs good, body needs work. Radiats, best offer over \$1000. 280-7291, evenings.

1968 KAWASAKI, 250cc, twin cyl, under, sharp. \$275. Sean, 454-1023.

1974 YAMAHA 250 Enduro, street or trail. Original owner, perfect condition, with shop manual, custom tank, helmet and more. Best offer over \$640. In Pooey, 748-4109.

1971 SUZUKI 185, classic, 21" front, aluminum rims, extra 3.50 knobby, trail sprocket, Hooker pipe, etc. Street or dirt. Registered through December. \$350. 753-9276.

SCOOTER, SUZUKI 50cc, 95 mpg, like new, less than 4,000 miles, red and white, \$180. 295-2255.

1969 SUZUKI 1125, good condition, new tires and battery, must sell. \$225 or best offer. 270-9285.

1974 VESPA 125, clean, low mileage, must sell. \$600 or best offer. Jayne, 239-3664.

RALEIGH bicycle, three-speed, 26" wheels, blue, \$30. Margaret, 755-7187 or 755-9626.

TEN-SPEED, 21", good condition, 225-0100 or 443-2213.

YAMAHA 750 motorcycle, 1973, extras, 271-0867, after 5 p.m.

1972 HONDA 500, excellent condition, extras, \$1050. \$853,112.

1969 BSA 441 Victor. Needs work, runs fine. All registered and legal. \$250 or best offer. Rich, 282-8111 after 8 p.m.

1969 HONDA 90cc, 5,000 miles, \$175 or best offer. 270-2395, evenings.

1974 HONDA XL 250, 4,000 miles, clean and looks like new, ridden mostly on street, asking \$725. 224-2966.

ZEUS TEN-SPEED bike, 23" Reynolds frame, set-ups, in excellent condition. \$250 or best offer. Ryan, 454-4623, evenings.

MEN'S HEAVY-WEIGHT ten-speed bicycle. \$30. 286-1431.

1967 BSA 441cc cafe racer. Fiberglass tank and seat, new racing tires, great strong, chrome, offer. Mark, 583-0816.

1967 HONDA 450cc, 4-speed, in excellent condition. Needs tires only. \$325 firm. 222-8092, after 7 p.m.

HONDA 350 CL, 4,500 miles, like new, two helmets, must sell, make me an offer. Dave, 452-4335, 8-5.

1969 HONDA 450cc, excellent engine condition, good transportation. 280, 1431 Santa Barbara Street, Point Loma, Sergio, 233-3707.

SCHWINN FIVE-SPEED for sale, with pump, rack and lamp, good condition, \$70. Mike, 453-4612.

1972 HONDA 500, just rebuilt, fairing, \$900. 1970 Norton 750, low miles, \$600. 270-4953.

1971 TRIUMPH Daytona 500, excellent condition, 9800 miles, \$775. 286-9531.

THREE-SPEED new Raleigh boy's bike, \$75. 436-4487, after 5 p.m.

SCHWINN SUBURBAN ten-speed, large women's frame, \$60 or best offer. Good condition. Julie, 459-2390, ext. 401, days only.

IVERSON MEN'S ten-speed bike, street use, Shimano components. 231" frame, must sell now, \$80 or best offer. 436-5995.

TEN-SPEED Wulien model, 27" wheel size, gold colored frame, \$35. 755-0416.

1974 SUZUKI T250, street or trail, 50-60 mpg, excellent mechanical condition, \$450. Ken, 458-6023.

1972 HARLEY-DAVIDSON sports, ter, K.L.H. lot or trade for small car, 1000cc, 28,000 miles, rebuilt engine, runs perfect, looks great. \$1700 or offer. 488-7617.

ITALIAN-MADE MAZI ten-speed 21 frame, all campy, equipped, unicon saddle, chrome condition, \$850. Kathryn, 755-9533, Del Mar.

GIRL'S BIKE, yellow Huffy, easy riding for 5-8-year-olds, \$20. 270-3000.

TEN-SPEED RODDY, man's light weight, racer, 23" frame, 21" wheels, one new tire and tube, reflectors, good condition. \$35. 291-1787.

BICYCLES 10 and 3 speed, correct, amplifier, movie camera, tape recorder, artist picture file, opaque projector. Jan. 24, 25 9-5, 1126 Archer Street, Pacific Beach.

How to Place Your Free Classifieds

DON'T CALL US . . . Due to the large volume of classified ads we cannot handle visits or phone inquiries concerning classified ads. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel ads, or to request the phone number from an ad you saw two weeks ago, etc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

READER