

A MOBY GRAPE SURVIVOR

I got tired of trying to be hip . . . I thought the Marines could help me be more the person I wanted to be.

Ted Naim Burke

Two related incidents to begin with. In 1974, a concert in the UCSD Gym with the Electric Flag and Moby Grape, two of the better bands to come out of the San Francisco era. They had broken up for several years but now were regrouped for what seemed at the outset to be an historical event, but turned out to be a has-beens weekend. The Flag were incredibly lame, going through the motions of trying to resurrect the old fire. The highlight of the effort was guitarist Mike Bloomfield's stomping off stage in disgust while drummer Buddy Miles did an impromptu vocal cast in the Chris Redding mold on who he needs his baby. But where the Flag at least managed some fake emotion, Moby Grape looked as though they were being held up by guide wires. The playing was dead, the expressions uncommitted, and the air smelled of formaldehyde. Bassist Bob Mosley, once hailed as the best white blues singer for his short-from-cannons howl he had in the Sixties, sang in a slightly inflected drone. He looked as if he were trying to hide behind his beard and microphone.

Spending New Year's Eve in National City's Harold's Club wasn't my idea of a good time. Packed elbow to elbow with servicemen who danced with cigarettes jutting from their lips and the West Pac widows who sat on bar stools with most Bud bottles in their hands and staring off into the club's smoky red tinted atmosphere, I spent the entire evening safe in my seat rubbing knees with those I came with. I felt like a vegetarian in a steakhouse.

After a while, I started paying attention to the band "Gooder-Brooks," a group that rattled off dispassionate versions of current chart toppers. The bassist looked familiar, and after some squinting I remembered who it was: Bob Mosley. His demeanor wasn't much more animated than when I saw him at UCSD, but he seemed comfortable at least, cracking a smile now and then, and taking healthy swigs from a drink between numbers.

Bob Mosley, a native San Diegoan now resettled in his home town after ten years on the road, looks a corn cob pipe, flukes a bit, and puffs hard on the pipe's stem to generate smoke. He rubs his chin slowly, fingers running through a neatly trimmed surfer blond beard, and answers a question in a measured matter-of-fact tone.

"The Grape reunion last year was real weird, just plain freaky. To me it was a matter

of get the money and get out, and pray to God that you don't go crazy before you get paid. I got out of that scene. Now I'm real cautious about the offers I get. I just don't like to get freaked out."

The reunions were indeed unfortunate because they produced only a poor facsimile of one of the best rock bands from the Sixties. Like that of the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield, Grape's sound had been a melting pot of American musical genres. But unlike the Byrds, who were merely eclectic at best, or the Springfield, who sometimes go farther than their abilities, Moby Grape had guts, a certain grandness that lent the band a deeper emotional base. Their first two albums (now out of print) remain two near perfect gems, covering hard rock, country, soul, blues, and folk ballads with the requisite grit in their vocals and instrumentation that goes beyond affectation. The band's primary fault, in fact, was that they were too stylistically varied to be saleable to a public larger than a small group of cultists. Columbia Records gave the Grape a hard promotional push, with massive ad campaigns and five releases on singles from the first album simultaneously, sort of in the vein that one of the tunes would stick. Even so, Grape remained relatively unknown, and the band's spirit reached ebb tide. The five releases following *Now* were void of the earthy magic that had made the first two such constant joys.

Mosley loaded his pipe. "It was over after the first album, really," he says laconically. "By the time *Now* had come out, the band had moved to Santa Cruz to get away from all the trendy scenemakers that were just crowding San Francisco so much that it got to be too much. San Francisco was

something. You could walk down the streets, smile at people, not feel uptight, you knew everyone. It was like being at home. But all the attention focused on it, the media caused everyone and his brother to come up and hang out. It was like having a horde of people just move into your house. You wouldn't dip it, would you? It just blew me away. The move to Santa Cruz on the band's part was an attempt to get away from the heaviness and snark that were going on there. My feeling had gone from the band. His pipe burns out, and after an attempt to relight it, he places it on the table.

How had Moby Grape formed?

Mosley laughs. "Kind of a long story. Early on, I was working with a three-piece band that included Joe Scott, Hill, and



Photograph by James Galt

Johnny Barbetta (drummer for the Turtles and now for the Jefferson Starship) and a girl singer. A guy on organ was asked to join the band. I didn't like organ at the time. I liked the trio sound, with a driving lead guitar, a solid bass, and a drum-

thought 'oh boy, now's my chance to get into the Hollywood scene.' Mosley laughs. "Anyway, he, a dude named Matthew Cates (later Grape's manager, along with Quicksilver and It's A Beautiful Day), a drummer named Skip Spence

Moby Grape's move to Santa Cruz was an attempt to get away from the meth and smack that were going down heavy in San Francisco.

who was just fired from the Jefferson Airplane, and I all went up to San Francisco where we met Miller and Stevenson. We formed Moby Grape there, and then we moved to Santa Cruz. We found clubs and places to play and built up a big local following.

Do you ever long for the old days when you were back up there?

"Not really. The only time I get anything like that is when I play the old Grape records. I listen to those songs and think about the early days, the times on the road, the people I've met, the situations I've had to deal with those songs under. Things like that. I have this hunger to get back on the road."

What caused the group to split up?

"Well, Skip Spence left the band. He was the main focus point of the group. He was exceptionally talented in the songs he wrote, and he was the player who wrote and he was the player who wrote. The Grape went on the road for two years without him. The whole feeling of the band originally had been dead, and eventually everyone went their own way."

In the wake of Grape's demise, Mosley returned to San Diego and worked in high schools as a janitor and later joined the Marines.

"I was a janitor in every high school in the city. I worked at an alternate, working for a service. I'd get a call saying where I was to go and I'd show up on the bus and go to work."

What made you decide to go into the Marines?

"I wanted to straighten myself out. I had gotten into a heavy scene with the music thing. I got tired of trying to be hip and showing the hell and such. I thought the Marines could help me be more the person I wanted to be. They're strict and they gave me a set of conditions I could live with. I figure that you can do anything you want within limits. Once you feel your way around a

round those limits, you can get along just fine. Anyway, they did do a lot for my brother. They helped him to cope with things, anyway, in a straight ahead manner, without getting hung up in a lot of childish games." He picks up the pipe again and scrapes the spent tobacco from it, stuffs more into the mouth, and lights it, this time puffing harder, making his cheeks look like the face of a stuffed chipmunk.

"Right now," he goes on, "I'm just playing bars, six nights a week, usually at Har-

Spring Valley. It's an easy gig, and the money is pretty good, about \$250 a week. It pays the rent and buys the food. I'm just glad to be working as a musician. I know that there are a lot of them who aren't working. Doing this but thing is the first time I've been off the road for a year, and it's made me lazy. I've gained ten pounds. I listen to those songs and think about the early days, the times on the road, the people I've met, the situations I've had to deal with those songs under. Things like that. I have this hunger to get back on the road."

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He gets up, leaves the room, and returns with two cassette tapes. He pops one into his machine, plays a few parts tentatively, while grimacing at the sound of his own voice, and then advances the tape for snippets he thinks are better exam-

ples of his work. "None of this stuff is done real really," he says finally and lets the tape roll through three songs. The first is a ballad with tight, intertwining harmonies with Jerry Miller's guitarwork weaving jazz, quicksilver lines throughout.

The other two are trickier with country blues tinges. Mosley's singing on them is expressive and laid-back in a positive sense, not so mellow that it becomes work to discern the easy peaceful feeling.

But envious as I might, Mosley flags in his chair, shakes his head contemptuously, and snaps a button on the cassette, cutting the music. "These were recorded over a year ago up in L.A. with some great musicians, but the performance rubs me the wrong way. Like the singing, the one song I wanted a soulful sound, but I came out sounding sound ing dead. I got tons of tapes in my room that I won't play for anyone, friend or foe. The songs are good, but I have to get them worked out the way I want."

What does the future hold?

"Well, I had the possibility of getting a recording contract with Warner Brothers through the Dobson Brothers. Their contract was up with them, and they were trying to negotiate a package deal where I could get an album done. I know those guys from Santa Cruz, and Pat Simmons, who was really impressed when he met Skip Spence, was doing his best to give some of the old Grape a break. Anyway, Warner Brothers said no, which leaves us all free to pursue other possibilities. I've got more time to write songs and put something together."

"What I really want more than anything else is a hit record, to have a gold record I can hang on my wall. We did San Diego band, the Mafias, recorded an album, and we had a

"The Little Pigs (Hog for You Baby)." When that thing reached that high, I was in seventh heaven. A hit record is the first thing I've wanted since I first played professionally. I'd like to get that old feeling back, the energy and enthusiasm of making music. I look for the old feeling whenever I play, and sometimes I find it. I don't know how many people are shooting for a hit. It must be everybody who plays professionally. I just hope I can come up with a combination that clicks."

He places his pipe back on the table. His eyes gaze at the carpet. A motorcycle roars full steam up the street. The sound of grinding metal seems to reverberate. Mosley's train of thought he shakes his head, and seems to sense that the conversation has run its course, he politely says that he has to pick up his wife.

City Lights

WOOLING THE LITTLE GUY

It's the year of the "common man" in state and national politics, and some of the candidates for three County supervisorial vacancies seem to be going after this same vote. Bill Mitchell, aiming for incumbent Lou Conde's District Three seat, has termed himself a "peopletarian not a politician," and District Three hopeful Loren McCann named his campaign committee "Little People for Loren."

The 52-year-old McCann brings an interesting background to the June 8 primary. A 30-year veteran of Southern California politics and former land developer, he was fired last year by the City after submitting a report to the County Grand Jury critical of the City's leased housing program. The report condemned the performance of Security Realty, a private firm hired to run the low-income program. Security has since resigned from the program. "All the allegations I made in my report have been proven correct, but the papers will give me no credit for it," said McCann.

McCann's announcement of candidacy revealed that the ex-assistant City Manager is unemployed. "I'm under-qualified for a few jobs and over-qualified for most, but so many people are in my position that it can only help my campaign," he asserted. McCann claimed his "budget-mindedness" would find him siding with Supervisor Lou Conde and Lee Taylor, the Board's traditional fiscal conservatives. But when reminded of a recent vote by Conde, Taylor, and Dick Brown that defeated a planned \$15-a-month increase in the maximum welfare payment, McCann said he would "have to look at each item as it comes up."

SEEN BUT NOT HEARD

A plan to provide City workers with daily child care service was killed last week after a poll of 6,339 employees found only 50 potential users. Noting several successful child care experiments throughout the state, City Councilman Leon Williams

last month prodded the City Manager to undertake a study of such a center.

But questionnaires sent out with the paychecks were returned by only 118 (2%) of the workers. "It definitely wasn't a very energetic survey effort," lamented Neil Gordon, an aide to Williams. In addition to the lack of response, the City Manager estimated a start-up cost of \$40,000 for a downtown site, since all possible locations would need some remodeling.

The only well-equipped facility is located in Balboa Park and its distance from downtown would have caused transportation problems. "It's a closed matter," said Good, "unless the employer's union wants to bring up the issue again."

George Allan, president of the 3,000 member Municipal Employees Association, noted the child-care idea is not new.

"I've got no ax to grind with Councilman Williams, but we've been working on the possibility for quite some time."

"For what I can tell," added Allan, "workers are more interested in increasing their paychecks than establishing a day-care center. A junior clerk making \$5,000 a year can use Head Start or some other facility and save themselves \$80 a month."

NO ROADIES, NO PROMO MEN, NO SCALPERS, NO...

Meg Christian, Chris Williamson, Margie Adams and Holly Near, all prolific feminist songwriters and performers, will open a six-city tour of California with a concert at USD's Camino Hall Sunday night at eight o'clock.

While most concert artists use a contingent of road hands to manage their instruments and equipment, in this case groups of women in each city have taken on responsibility for ticket sales, shows. Locally a group of 20 women have co-ordinated the concert and will split a percentage of the ticket sales with the producers and performers.

The tour culminates with a concert for inmates of the Cal-

ifornia Institute for Women in Frontera. Groups in all six cities have also arranged for the showing of "We're Alive," a film about women in prison. San Diego's film screening is set for seven-thirty Monday night at the Left Bank Bookstore, 4994 Newport in Ocean Beach.

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The Beach Area Community Clinic is joining its counseling and medical services to create a program aimed at helping San Diegans deal with the rigors of unemployment.

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"Joblessness is a many-sided problem," said Dr. Jeff Gordon, director of the Beach Area's medical clinic. "We've been seeing a number of people who are showing physical as well as psychological problems from the stress of unemployment."

Gordon hopes that discussions about the reasons for unem-



ployment and the development of job opportunities will help people "get a handle on the frustrations of being without work."

"We're here to offer our services as a clinic, but the program, like all others, depends on the

energy of people who participate in it," added Gordon.

The Hard Times Program starts February 11.

SEA WORLD GETS WET

Pulling \$27,500 from its till, Sea World has purchased the liquor license of Jose Murphy's Pub on Mission Boulevard. But there are no plans to let the pub benefit from the purchase.

"It's going to be used only for private banquets and parties," said a Sea World spokesman. "We host a lot of convention-goers and professional groups. Last year we had the Conference of Mayors here."

According to owner Terry Fox, Jose Murphy's has no plans to close. "We do most of our business in beer and wine, and that doesn't take a \$27,500 license. We'll expand the place and start some nightly dinner specials."

—Paul Krueger

it out of a sort of cocky, winning-team chubbiness ("She's okay, she's one of us"). If I counted myself a member of the club, I would regard Wermlinger with anxious eyes and a finger to my lips. As it is, my limited admiration for her reaches the ceiling when I am able, almost, to convince myself that in *Sweet Away* she's having fun with Marxist postures who, when they are away from the soap box, are rapists and wife-beaters at heart.

D.S.

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January 29 - February 4, 1976

Reader's Guide to Movies

Duncan Shepherd

Blackbeard's Ghost — Re-issue of a comedy-fantasy from the Disney studio, starring Peter Ustinov directed by Robert Stevenson 1968. (Fox, Claremont Parkway 1, from 1/30)

The Black Bird — The overexposed version of *THE MALTESE FALCON* by John Huston and Company 1941, is so near to parody itself that no charges of irreverence can be laid upon David Giler's take-off. In relevance, yes. But the ideas 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, secretary, and office, although the district has gone decidedly downhill ("Hey, man, ain't we got enough space in this neighborhood?"). The pacing, on the other hand, is often flat, and the ending is a pratfall. George Segal, Stephanie Audran, Lionel Stander, Lee Patrick 1975. (Fashion Valley)

Blame in Love — Paul Mazursky's bitter-flavored scrapbook of California fashions, fads, and the styles covers a Venice honeymoon, a Las Vegas divorce, a yoga class, a psychiatrist's office (the same Segal, Stephanie Audran, Lionel Stander, Lee Patrick 1975. (Fashion Valley)

Black Orpheus — Rio de Janeiro is visited by a French filmmaker and a Greek legend at the pinnacle of carnival festivities. Not a one hundred percent authentic image of urban slum culture in Brazil. The conflicts color, the percussion beat, the motion, and the music (Luis Bonfá and Antonio Carlos Jobim) are rousing, nonetheless. Directed by Marcel Camus 1959. (Ken, 2/4 and 5)

Blue Up — Antonioni tackles swinging London, and the city is fairly shaken up on the play. Not much swinging among the natives.

***** (Fine Arts, 1/29 and 30)

Dog Day Afternoon — Sidney Lumet's three-ring circus treatment of a bungled bank stick-up. Brooklyn, 1972, that turned into a hot summer day stand-off 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 Oh-God-what-next!

***** (Fine Arts, 1/29 and 30)

Flash Gordon — Some of the special effects — a swan space-ship, a live-story, putty-like monster with a dry wit — are reminders of the fantasy realm of antique movie serials; however, the sense of fantasy carries to earth with every lightning display of soft-core sex. The cross-purpose scheme of combining grandstand interest with the straight-and-true morale of old-time movies succeeds only in mellowing both elements at once. Directed by Howard Zivlum. (Plaza)

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a great deal of imported Antonioni scenery (pantomime) reveals, demonstrating that life is a game. A yardbirds concert at which the audience is gripped by rigor mortis, an artist gazing at his abstract painting and wondering what on earth it means), and worth seeing two or three times for some indelible scenes of the listless photographer-hero ordering his models around to cool background music, and working feverishly in the dressing room, and prowling in a windy park, day and night. David Hemmings. Vanessa Redgrave. 1967. (Ken, 1/30 and 31)

Blame in Love — Paul Mazursky's bitter-flavored scrapbook of California fashions, fads, and the styles covers a Venice honeymoon, a Las Vegas divorce, a yoga class, a psychiatrist's office (the same Segal, Stephanie Audran, Lionel Stander, Lee Patrick 1975. (Fashion Valley)

Black Orpheus — Rio de Janeiro is visited by a French filmmaker and a Greek legend at the pinnacle of carnival festivities. Not a one hundred percent authentic image of urban slum culture in Brazil. The conflicts color, the percussion beat, the motion, and the music (Luis Bonfá and Antonio Carlos Jobim) are rousing, nonetheless. Directed by Marcel Camus 1959. (Ken, 2/4 and 5)

Blue Up — Antonioni tackles swinging London, and the city is fairly shaken up on the play. Not much swinging among the natives.

***** (Fine Arts, 1/29 and 30)

Dog Day Afternoon — Sidney Lumet's three-ring circus treatment of a bungled bank stick-up. Brooklyn, 1972, that turned into a hot summer day stand-off 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 Oh-God-what-next!

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movies

(Continued from preceding page)

directing effort, has the matter well in hand. He drums up the proper excitement for the man-to-man showdowns, and he achieves a persuasive seedy, low-key, green walls and drab costumes, except for James Coburn's unaltered, always-in-the-pink control, a redneck gambler, and he demonstrates as well an alert lookout for the peripheral details of a scene — a black kid's methodical sidewalk shuffle, the staidest folk musicians on an outdoor country jamboree. With Jill Ireland. Striker Martin. *** (Grossmont)

Heater Street — Jewish immigrants on Manhattan's Lower East Side, the turn of the century, an independent production, with Stephen Keats and Carol Kane, written and directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (State)

The Hindenburg — Robert Wise's remedial history lesson on the end of zeppelins maintains an effortless, abrupt, shuttle between the mundane (the pre-WWI plots, politics, banal personal anecdotes) and the fantastic (the overblown blimp, actually a 25-foot model, sailing smoothly past clouds, the diamonds-on-velvet night lights of Hammond, cebra, rainbows, Manhattan's skyline, and, in the interior, an Erector Set maze of gears, rigging, airships, catwalks and ladders). It does not bear many of the marks of disaster movies, so called, except for the apocalyptic crash. Until then it is a scrupulously controlled, even-tempered, and cramped epic, in shadowy, low-key lighting and austere, blue-and-gray color. George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, William Altman, Charles Durning, Gig Young. 1975. *** (Loma)

Hurry Up, It's 1930 — Independently produced comedy with John Lefkowitz, Linda DeCorti, directed by Joseph Jacoby. (Academy)

Muscle — Robert Aldrich's bitter, lurid vision of assorted dreamers and schemers in the City of Angels, a dangerous, chaotic, intimidating territory of murky shadows and smoldering colors. Scripter Steve Shapiro's procedural policeman is dotted with stray lunatics and sick, untouchable villains and ambivalent cops, and the main case, a girl corpse washed up on the beach, is teasingly well-plotted, among numerous interruptions and postponements. Aldrich gives the

thing force and coherence with his well-worked-out and fully extended mise-en-scene, brutal, edgy, nasty, some strong work, too, by the cast. Most of all, Ben Johnson, as the acrimonious and inconsolable father of the dead girl. But the movie's most striking feature is the contrasting breezy, instinctive art. 1973. *** (Valley Circle)

Jaws — How to cope with a rogue shark, with all the usual summer beaching on a New England vacation, is a possibly plausible crisis, pulled up however to the proportions of a whopping fish story. The plot appears to be fooling with some adventurous chemistry (the hunting party brings together a brash reporter from the Oceanography Institute, a mystical mariner out of evil, and a befuddled hydrophobic upstart from the big city), but the questions soured in the stream-lined thriller are no dearer than "Who's next?"

"What's next?" on the agenda of the inscrutable Great White Menace. Director Steven Spielberg shapes the Peter Benchley book into a cautionary tale of human unpreparedness, and he stirs up considerable amusement around people's inadequacy to the threat — their initial heroism, but their eventual haphazardness, and their eventual face-to-face with the beast (an impressive mechanical contraption usually photographed from a dentist's point of view). Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss. *** (UJA Cinema 2)

Jules and Jim — Truffaut acts the dandy, trying out child and charming moods and images — like rides in misty countryside, antique newspapers of French warfare, Jeanne Moreau singing a romantic ditty in a rocking chair, or leaping from a bridge on a whim, or dressing up as a mustached cigar smoker — almost as if they were so many different hats and handkerchiefs, in this glibful treatment of H.P. Roche's novel of a liberated woman in the early part of the century and the two men who worship her. Moreau's glamor goddess performance almost tosses this fragile toy, and Georges Delerue's music repeatedly smooths over the possible damages. Oskar Werner, Henri Serre. 1962. *** (Ken, 2/4 and 5)

The Last Tango in Paris — A contribution to the lesbian-buddies genre. The strangeness of the set-up is probed no deeper than the dear-me expressions on hotel clerks, real estate agent, etc. The strangest aspect — the inexplicable aspect — is how this particular manial Bugs Bunny-ish female manages to keep these two handsome males wrapped around her little fingers, left and right (kick the word for it). In the role, Lisa Minelli, forges another characterization to give hope and inspiration to young women everywhere of queen-size self-esteem and penis-size talent. All the pieces are on hand for an ornate, gaudy period production, but they are smothered beneath the Revlon hallucination of Geoffrey Unsworth's image and the blustery good-time, old-time music. Gene Hackman, Bar Reynolds; directed by Stanley Donen. 1975. *** (Cinema 2)

Lenny — Dustin Hoffman's diligent impersonation bears an unlikely naive Lenny Bruce, imperceptive and uncalculating. And, odd for a former dancer-choreographer, Bob Fosse robs his actors of movement and body, preferring to hand them with light closeups, in arty Bergmasque black-and-white, that bluntly undercuts the

frustration of everyday life, but less Lenny, and to create movement with occasional flurries of cut-out montage in freely jumping about in time, from nightclub routines to private life, he fractures the film. In the role, Lenny is a lame-and-heartbreak formula, in order to establish some feeble rapport with an audience on screen, silent, rap, unthinking, with representative, every age, sex, race, and nation. *** (Roxbury)

Use My Father Told Me — Ted Allan's autobiographical screenplay about boyhood in a Russian-Jewish tenement in Montreal, the 1920s (with Allan himself playing the Leninist proselytizer, Mr. Baumgarten), inclines a little toward the schmaltz, and no matter how true, the story spends considerable time on things predictable and inevitable. The little hero's preference for his grandfather over his father is presented as nothing other than good taste; and the innocent, inquisitive acceptance of the characters at face value might be acceptable as a child's-eye view, except director Jan Kadar does not allow the viewer to see a few of the actors after insights that are well above a child's perception. The movie's chief advantage is its unflinching face, though, particularly that of Len Bermin, as the bony and unrepentant father who squanders his energies on revolutionary literature and the elastic cuff link. With Yossi Yadin, Marilyn Roth, and Jeffrey Lynne. 1975. *** (Fashion Valley)

Lucky Lady — A menage-a-trois of prohibition bootleggers around the

Mexican border is played cozily, as a contribution to the lesbian-buddies genre. The strangeness of the set-up is probed no deeper than the dear-me expressions on hotel clerks, real estate agent, etc. The strangest aspect — the inexplicable aspect — is how this particular manial Bugs Bunny-ish female manages to keep these two handsome males wrapped around her little fingers, left and right (kick the word for it). In the role, Lisa Minelli, forges another characterization to give hope and inspiration to young women everywhere of queen-size self-esteem and penis-size talent. All the pieces are on hand for an ornate, gaudy period production, but they are smothered beneath the Revlon hallucination of Geoffrey Unsworth's image and the blustery good-time, old-time music. Gene Hackman, Bar Reynolds; directed by Stanley Donen. 1975. *** (Cinema 2)

The Magic Flute — Something for the culture-vultures: Ingmar Bergman directing, for TV, a Swedish opera company in a performance of W. A. Mozart's opera, a radical change of pace for Bergman. For years, his banished music from his movies. To set the tone for the event, Bergman introduces an audience on screen, silent, rap, unthinking, with representative, every age, sex, race, and nation. *** (Roxbury)

Midnight — Robert Kramer's and John Douglas's partly scripted and fictionalized three-hour film on the present faces of political activists of the 1960s. *** (La Palma, through 2/3)

Night Moves — Harry Mosby, of *Mosby Confidential*, absorbs a lot of abuse, from all sides, for working as a lone-wolf private eye, Philip Mosby. Neither a strict film-opera (a film of an opera) nor a loose opera-film (a film from an opera), it's something of a hybrid, rather, something back and forth. 1975. *** (Cinema 3)

The Man Who Would Be King — John Huston, at long last realizes his plan to adapt the Rudyard Kipling story, which he first took up, twenty years earlier, as a project to star Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart. Whether it's because of the new age, or Huston's old age, or simply the increased distance from the line of gung-ho GUNGA DIN-type interpretations of Kipling, the film has a weary, wise detachment from the footpath adventure — a travesty of British imperialism — undertaken by two unscrupulous vagabonds, adrift in the Queen's India, who travel north to Kalistan, in the footsteps of Alexander the Great, with the intent of using their knowledge in sophisticated weapons and

military strategy to advance themselves to the rank of kings. Sean Connery and Michael Caine 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. 1975. *** (Fashion Valley)

Mean Streets — Martin Scorsese's volatile movie about growing up in New York's Little Italy. It's made out of a listful of tough, partial truths, that are repeated frequently and insistently to give the impression of the whole truth. His main idea of how to keep the excitement at a fever-pitch is to have the camera periodically chase around the room after several scrambling bodies. His other idea is to feed dimes into a juke box of gold-oides and let these driving, enveloping sounds manipulate his agitated images. The visual style is a vigorous, incisive homologue: amateurish experimentation, on one hand, and auteurist emulation, on the other. Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel. 1975. *** (La Palma, through 2/3)

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simple case of a runaway teenager, the movie possesses some of the social-worker compassion that Ross MacDonald gets into detective stories. And the effect is doubled by turning Mosby's personal life into a replica of one of his routine, shabby divorce cases. Gene Hackman plays the detective as if he's pleading the cause as best he can, and he and the rest of the cast sprinkle the movie liberally with observant naturalistic details. *** (La Palma, through 2/3)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest — The Ken Kesey novel, which has never had avoided without some degree of sturdiness, uses a mental-asylum setting to allegorize a 1960s' anti-establishment orthodoxy — the guardians need watching more than the guarded. Really, the hero figure, Jack Nicholson's McMurphy, is too much a self-interested manipulator to pass inspection as a spokesman for Life and Liberty. Still, Miles Forman's treatment — unbroken, stresses the sentimentalities and rousing spiritual victories — Nicholson's World Series play-by-play in front of a blank TV screen, the patients-versus-orderlies basketball game, the giant Indian's escape into the wilderness. Forman, depending largely on round-the-horizon close-up reaction shots, handles the assorted nuts democratically, in a panel-moderator manner — you 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 superficial, mechanistic, and Nicholson, of course, dominates — a cunning, entertaining, attention-getting interpretation of a cunning, entertaining, attention-grabbing character. 1975. *** (Cinema 4)

Romeo and Juliet — Zeffirelli's super-production of the Shakespeare lovers' tragedy clings to the favorite method of high school drama classes for achieving pizzazz — lots of countless charging around, to and fro, and lots of yelling. It's true that Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting are almost the

right age for the early-teen lovers, and that they get some alarming eagerness into their clinches, and Zeffirelli does find some expressive locales; but the movie desperately needs a few breathers from the zest and exuberant, heavily-expended, and whatnot. 1968. *** (Cine 4)

Now White and the Seven Dwarfs — Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon has the wonderful sense of a pool of talents working at top beat, holding nothing back. There is some canny borrowing of what works in live-action movies, particularly the stuff on the Bloody Mary queen — her shadowy Gothic castle in a dungeon cell, a skeleton lies for eternity with an arm stretched through the bars toward an unreachable pitcher of water, her smoky magic mirror, her Hyde transformation into an old hag who's a ringer for Lionel Barrymore, and her demise in an exciting D. W. Griffith cross-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. *** (Alvador Drive In)

The Sunshine Boys — Neil Simon's backhanded tribute to all vaudeville, gone or still hanging on, is almost a Lardneresque exercise in the stylized behaviors of show-biz oldtimers — the perseverations, memory-lapses, chronic nostalgia, and dog-eared maxims. It's as funny — cupcake is funny, cucumber is funny — but it's and it's not funny. The difference is that Simon's observations, unlike Lardner's, are invariably softened, muted beneath a sweet and pacifying feelings of endearment. Actually, the one open exhibition of sentimentality, with all defenses dropped, is the movie's most surprising and endearing scene: Faced with the thought of retirement, Walter Matthau's 70-ish, inviolated, cantankerous com, suddenly reddens around eyes and nose, and his agent-nephew is so taken aback that he's tongue-tied for a moment — and that silent moment confirms the old fellow's darkest, tormenting imaginings. 1975. *** (Cinema 4)

Swept 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 and the hired help on a yachting expedition, but when she and one of the sailors (Gianni Giammi) 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 goes all the other, and at the drawn-out resolution it doesn't know where to go. Wertmüller's direction favors loud voices and applause lines

about a struggle for supremacy in a Godforsaken 17th century village. The feudists on both sides are so petty and bawdily (what protects them is their cowardice that the only just solution is to send an idiot into the midst of an unemployed samurai who tips the balance of power, and out of whimsical wrath, annihilates them all. Toshio Miura nudges this dull, grumpy, nihilistic character into haughtiness, swagger, and exuberant blood lust that his implausible and unimportant superiority becomes very irritating. And Kurosawa's bold, varied images — cramped inside the tacky wooden buildings with sliding windows and doors, or spacious outside in windblown, dusty streets — show off his matchless control of the still-life Cinemascope picture frame. 1962. *** (Fine Arts, 1:31 through 2/2)

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

Throne of Blood — Kurosawa's fierce, strenuous, physical adaptation of Shakespeare. The tragedy of Macbeth is located amid cats-and-dogs forest showers, fog banks, and wind gusts across dusty hills, and it is given an incredible hair-raising climax in which Toshio Miura's carefully padded body absorbs a hail of arrows shot from just off-screen by expert archers. 1962. *** (Fine Arts, 1:31 through 2/2)

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Winterhawk — A tale of the Blackfoot tribe, with Michael Dante, Leif Ericson, written and directed by Charles B. Pierce. (Center 3 Cinema 1, California, UJA Cinema 1, Solaris, DePaul Campus Drive In, Pacific Drive In).

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Winterhawk — A tale of the Blackfoot tribe, with Michael Dante, Leif Ericson, written and directed by Charles B. Pierce. (Center 3 Cinema 1, California, UJA Cinema 1, Solaris, DePaul Campus Drive In, Pacific Drive In).

Yojimbo — Akira Kurosawa's bi-modally minded political parable

about a struggle for supremacy in a Godforsaken 17th century village. The feudists on both sides are so petty and bawdily (what protects them is their cowardice that the only just solution is to send an idiot into the midst of an unemployed samurai who tips the balance of power, and out of whimsical wrath, annihilates them all. Toshio Miura nudges this dull, grumpy, nihilistic character into haughtiness, swagger, and exuberant blood lust that his implausible and unimportant superiority becomes very irritating. And Kurosawa's bold, varied images — cramped inside the tacky wooden buildings with sliding windows and doors, or spacious outside in windblown, dusty streets — show off his matchless control of the still-life Cinemascope picture frame. 1962. *** (Fine Arts, 1:31 through 2/2)

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

Throne of Blood — Kurosawa's fierce, strenuous, physical adaptation of Shakespeare. The tragedy of Macbeth is located amid cats-and-dogs forest showers, fog banks, and wind gusts across dusty hills, and it is given an incredible hair-raising climax in which Toshio Miura's carefully padded body absorbs a hail of arrows shot from just off-screen by expert archers. 1962. *** (Fine Arts, 1:31 through 2/2)

The Hindenburg — Robert Wise's straight-man performance, cleaning up after the two stars, the finest in the film and Benjamin's humanist work since the HE AND SHE television series. Directed by Herbert Ross. 1975. *** (College, Fashion Valley)

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Yojimbo — Akira Kurosawa's bi-modally minded political parable

The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to five stars, and antipathies by the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unrated.

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

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I asked him why the price of Mexican beer is so high in the U.S. "It's the taxes," he said.

Rich Donnelly

San Diegans drink a lot of beer. The area has a beer drinking climate, so why not? Most people know what they like, and bars have been known to empty for no greater crime than running out of Coors. Nevertheless, many local beer drinkers are surprised to learn that there's a brewery within 50 miles of San Diego. It was high time for me to investigate, so I recruited a carload of friends, dusted off my Spanish dictionary (then forgot to take it), and went to Tecate, Mexico.

Those who sneer at Tijuana

ought to take a look at Tecate for contrast. About 40 miles east of the city on Highway 94, it's a quiet, clean town in the hills just south of Campo. Sometimes it is said that border towns combine the worst elements of both countries. This statement seems to be supported by Tijuana, where Colonel Sanders coexists with people living in cardboard houses. But Tecate is a friendly and very Mexican place, and perhaps its only obtrusive incongruities are stop signs that say "ALTO . . . Pepsi." There is some English spoken there, but it can be hard to find.

Tecate remains a quiet town because it really doesn't have much to attract the tourist, and because it isn't in a heavily populated area. Its big industry is beer, and the *Cerveceria Cuatrecasas* dominates the town's skyline. The brewery is an easy walk from the border, and there's no town to park your car on the U.S. side.

It can be a challenge calling Mexico by phone. I had spent a day just trying to find out when the brewery is open (8-12 and 1-5, Monday through Friday). We got there late in the morning and had to wait until after lunch to tour the place. So we went looking for diversion.

Tecate's railroad station behind the brewery had been re-erected and the town had turned out to watch a movie in the making there. The filmmakers had to be good to shoot a movie and not include the beer factory, which towers above the old wooden train station. Horses and vaqueros and vendors were everywhere. It was hard to tell who was an actor and who was a spectator. But there was no mistaking a crowd of brewery secretaries on their lunch hour—they were all dressed in burnt orange outfits.

After lunch, we got down to business. Señor Villareal, the *gerente* (manager) of the brewery, was a friendly, energetic executive in a maroon leisure suit who took us on a person-

alized tour of the plant. He seemed to know each worker by name, and greeted any we encountered with a slap on the back and a few pleasantries. This made me think of the principles of the *Cerveceria Cuatrecasas*, which I'd seen posted on the wall of the otherwise bare waiting room in the plant's main office. They included "Remember the tremendous value of the manual laborer," and "Think is the interests of business." The workers, I was told, make a minimum of \$1.87 an hour, \$15 a day, not bad by Mexican wage standards.

Our host kept me busy translating numbers throughout the tour. The brewery, he said, opened in 1947. There are 1500 workers employed at Tecate, and *Cuatrecasas* has 25,000 employees at eight breweries in Mexico. The main plant in Monterrey opened in 1890. They make four brands of beer—Tecate, Carta Blanca, Bohemia, and Klotter. Only the first two are made in Tecate, where the brewery produces 95 million liters of *cerveza* annually. Malt is also made there for use in the brewing.

Inside the factory, everything is noise, bright light, and best of all, beer. The cans rattle along conveyor belts like shiny red soldiers going off to battle. They are washed and inverted so the pop-top side is down, and the bottom (which is now the top) is open. They then hop onto a silver merry-go-round where they are filled with the freshest, coldest, tastiest beer within 50 miles of San Diego. This was where our tour guide picked four of those unsealed cans off the production for our continuing education, then grumbled one for himself.

As we strolled around the factory, our host kept supplying us with more and more information, but alas, no more beer. This brewery supplies Baja California, western Mexico, and California. The cans come from National Can in Los Angeles. There are organized tours of the



plant through the summer, beginning in April. "Tours are at ten, twelve, and sometimes in the afternoon," he said with a shrug and a smile. There is also a beer garden serving tour groups during the busier months.

Except for missing the beer garden and a part of the brewery where construction was underway, I preferred the tour, and the reception we experienced to the atmosphere of an organized tour. It's not often one has the welcome mat put out by the head honcho of a big organization, and he wearing a maroon leisure suit, no less.

My Spanish was coming to me in fits and starts. I asked him

why the price of Mexican beer is so high in the U.S. "It's the taxes," he said. "To protect the American industry."

"Yes," I told him. "The American industry is very . . ." and then my vocabulary gave out. He made a choking motion with his hands. "Sí," he said. "Very tight."

Sometimes an operation like this takes on the look of a whole society within itself. The atmosphere in the *cerveceria* made human participation seem almost unnecessary. The machines were taking care of everything more quickly than the human eye could follow. The full, sealed cans of beer went shooting by in single file on their way to being sixpacked. An electric eye (*ojo electrico*) spotted the defective cans, and a terribly efficient metal fist sent them flying off the belt into a battery of trash cans waiting at the end of their flight path. But not even a machine is perfect. Sometimes it missed the trash cans with a particularly wild punch from the electric fist.

Just to show that the total automation of the bottling process isn't too perfect yet, little foamy rivulets of beer appear here and there around the plant. And should you happen to step in one while being hit by a stray rejected can of beer, you could be in serious shape. You'd probably spill the beer; you're carrying and wiping the floor is your just drink. The moral is: Be careful; the floor can get slippery.

The advisable way to tour a brewery is with a proper perspective. Of course Brewery X's beer will taste best if they're giving it to you free. So, become familiar with your subject—sample Brand X beforehand. Sample the competition beforehand, too. Then tour the brewery. And when that's done, check the competition again. It's probably best to get it all taken care of in one day. Longer periods devoted to intensive beer study could leave you in worse trouble than the bar that ran out of Coors.

January 29, February 4, 1976

January 29, February 4, 1976

Spouting Off

I had unhappy premonitions of passengers forever pressing forward, in a nautical variation of king of the hill.

Bert Cochran

People have not been kind to whales. The sense of awe they have felt when confronted with the whale is probably not much older than their desire to kill the animal. Over the years, man's awe has remained constant, but his capability for finding and killing whales has increased many times over. The result has been the wholesale slaughter of whale populations. Even now, with most of the great whales perilously close to extinction, there are still people, particularly in the Soviet Union and Japan, who continue to assert that the greatest good is served if whales are turned into cosmetics, soap, car wax, margarine, pet food, and automatic transmission fluid.

Most of the world has finally recoiled at the prospect of killing off every whale on the planet. The United States, having virtually no whaling fleet at all, has led the fight for a moratorium on whale killing or, failing that, a reduction in the quota killed. In the early 1970s, the U.S. placed the great whales on the endangered species list, outlawed American whaling, and banned the importation of any whale products. Later, a consumer boycott of all Japanese and Russian goods sprang up. There's probably greater public awareness now about whales and about their problematical future than at any time in the past.

People in San Diego are fortunate in having the chance every winter to watch firsthand the southward migration of one of the great whales, the California Gray Whale, as it passes just offshore on its way from the Bering Sea to the calving grounds in Baja California. The present population of these whales is estimated at between 8,000 and 14,000; and the animal, unlike most whales, is apparently out of danger of extinction. This wasn't always the case. Twice, overwhelming reduced the population to critically low levels, most recently in 1938, when the whale was finally granted protection by international treaty. Only aboriginal tribes living in the Soviet Union are now permitted to kill gray whales, and their kill is limited to approximately 150 whales per year.

Normally, the herds are first sighted in the San Diego area around Christmas time and continue to appear, offshore long into February. At the peak of the migration, usually in January, well over a hundred whales per day are sighted swimming past. Crowds of people drive out to Cabrillo National Monument to watch; others, wanting a closer look, put down their money and go out on one of the many excursion boats. Still others go out in the small private craft whose numbers and tactics have caused so much concern this year.

I went out early one Saturday morning aboard the *New Sea-*

forth, one of the commercial boats, on a trip hosted by the American Cetacean Society. As we started out, it seemed to me the boat was overcrowded. Most of the people aboard were wedged together at the bow; and I had brief, unhappy premonitions of disgruntled passengers along the sides forever pressing forward to catch a glimpse of a whale, in a sort of ongoing, nautical variant of king-of-the-hill, which would result from time to time in the ejection of the king over the bow and into the ocean, where he would enjoy the best view of all. Happily, this never occurred, and everyone seemed fairly satisfied with the view he or she had. There were better and worse locations on the boat, however, as I'll explain later.

By the time the boat emerged from the channel into the open ocean and picked up speed, it must have been obvious to anyone wearing just a T-shirt that he had made a serious miscalculation. I consider myself not much more sensitive to cold than most, but I wasn't overly warm with my T-shirt, sweater, and windbreaker.

Probably most of the passengers, like myself, don't get out in a boat very often; and for me at least, the mere experience of being at sea for three hours was almost worth the price of a ticket: the light sting and smell of the wind, the water curling and tumbling along the hull, the rise and drop through the swells, the whetted anticipation.

As it happens, we had a good time for whale watching, and before our time was up and we had to return to the landing, we had sighted some twenty whales. The success of a whale watching trip isn't measured simply by the number of whales spotted, however, but by the pilot's fortune and ability to maintain an unobtrusive presence somewhat behind and to the side of a whale (or, preferably, a group of whales) for a period of time. Here again we were lucky. Not long after we had gotten well past the mouth of the channel, we spotted a group of four whales swimming south. The pilot maneuvered the boat slowly into position behind the whales, and for the next hour we stayed with this one group. The whales almost always sur-

faced within fifty yards of the boat, often much closer, and never made any attempt to evade us. When we finally separated from them it was only because we had deliberately dropped back to turn our attention to other whales.

Gray whales, which normally swim along at about four knots, are alive to sounds, and the sound of a boat engine revving up and down is likely to alarm them and cause them to take evasive action. However, they'll usually become accustomed to the steady sound of a constant engine speed. What a pilot tries to do, then, is maintain a speed just slightly faster than that of the whales, usually about five knots, and control the boat's position relative to the whales by zig-zagging slightly if the boat begins to pass the whales. Our trip was a morning cruise and the pilot tried to maintain position to the left of the whales (the shore side), so the passengers would not be looking or taking pictures directly into the sun. Thus, on our boat the right side provided the best opportunity for whale watching. This is probably true for most morning trips.

If the whales accept the presence of the boat, they will maintain their normal breathing and diving rhythm and continue to surface in the same position alongside the boat. This rhythm can vary greatly, but a normal cycle includes a three-to-four minute dive, then a series of three or four blows about fifteen seconds apart between short, shallow dives, then another prolonged dive. Often, but not always, the exhalation, or blow, is visible, rising perhaps ten feet in a column with a whooshing sound. After each blow the whale inhales and submerges. If the whale is comfortable with the boat's presence, it usually arches its back and raises its fluke out of the water as it dives after the last blow. This is the moment photographers always catch.

Hardly any of the photographs I've seen of whales do justice to the experience of being there and seeing them. Part of the problem is the way the whale surfaces, almost never displaying its entire forty to fifty foot length at once. Another problem is simply one of

reference. For example, an adult whale's fluke is about a dozen feet across, but in most photographs it's impossible to understand that, because there's nothing else in the picture to compare it with.

This year's small controversy has flared over the question of whether the whales are being harassed by boats. Dr. Raymond Gilmore of the Natural History Museum, whose concern was voiced in the *San Diego Union*, received enough inquiries to call a press conference on January 13 so he could elaborate further. Generally, he had praise for the commercial sportfishing boats, which he said apparently observe a set of ground rules for viewing the whales; his concern was directed at the tactics of some of the small boats, but obviously harassment does occur. One of the National Marine Fisheries Service whale counters out on Point Loma told me of seeing a group of five or six whales, forced or panicked by boats into diverging from their normal southward course, heading straight out to sea.

These speedboat cowboys should be educated or torpedoes. Even boat owners of good will and modest professionalism should take the time to go out on the commercial boats and learn what they can about whales and their behavior. Until they know what they're doing, they shouldn't be out there.

Commercial boats leave daily from Seafarth Sportfishing (224-3383, adult \$3, child \$2), Islandia Sportfishing (222-1164, adult \$3, child \$2), and H&M Landing (222-1144, adult \$3.50, child \$2.50). All of these companies expect their trips to continue through mid-February. The trips hosted by the Natural History Museum and the American Cetacean Society are over for this year.

Page 7

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Reader's Guide to Local Events

Film

FESTIVAL CHICANO Richard Soto's "A la Brava, La Migra" and "La Cosche": final presentation in the Arte Picta film series. Thursday, January 29, 7 p.m., Room 2722 USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD 452-2860.

YANKEE SAILS THE MEDITERRANEAN, narrated in person by Capt. Irving M. Johnson. Thursday, January 29, 8 p.m., Montgomery Junior High School, 2470 Ulric Street.

THE AMAZING AMERICA OF WILL ROGERS, a travel film narrated in person by Dr. John Nicholas Booth, photographer-lecturer-explorer. Friday, January 30, 7:30 p.m., Ben Polak Fine Arts Center, La Mesa 465-1700, ext. 321.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ROOK, film explaining how this crow-like bird survives extermination efforts by Scottish farmers. Saturday, January 31, and Sunday, February 1, 1:30 and 3 p.m., 232-3821.

MAYA THROUGH THE AGES, documentary on the achievements of the Mayan civilization. Sunday, February 1, at 1, 2, and 3 p.m., San Diego Museum of Man, 239-2001.

THE JAIL Final part of film series, "The Documentary—Images of Reality." Monday, February 2, Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum, 454-0183.

PROBES IN SPACE AND VIVA BAJA, return engagements, through April 4, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre. For showtimes, 238-1168.

Sports

MARINERS HOCKEY: San Diego vs. Calgary. Thursday, January 29, vs. Cleveland. Saturday, January 31, vs. Minnesota. Wednesday, February 4, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena, 224-4176.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL: UCSD vs. USD. Tuesday, February 3, 8 p.m. USD Gymnasium, Fullerton vs. Mesa College. Wednesday, February 4, 7:30 p.m., Mesa gym; Palomar College vs. S.D. City College. Wednesday, February 4, 8 p.m., Palomar gym.

Music

"SATURDAYS WARRIOR", musical revue. Thursday and Friday, January 29 and 30, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 236-6101.

LA JOLLA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY (formerly the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra) performs works by Tchaikowski, Beethoven, and Rossini, with guest conductor Piero Gamba of the Winnipeg Symphony and featured soloist Nathaniel Rosen, cellist. Friday and Saturday, January 30 and 31, 8 p.m., Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Art; Sunday, February 1, 3 p.m., Palomar Junior College. Also a Master Class demonstration lecture, with Rosen; Saturday, January 31, 2 p.m., Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street, 455-6645.

SAN DIEGO YOUTH SYMPHONY has its first local concert, performing pieces by Handel, Bach, and Mahler. Saturday, January 31, 8 p.m., College Avenue Baptist Church, 277-0101.

MINI-CONCERT with pianist Zuzanna Hollenberg. Monday, February 2, 12 noon, Athenaeum Music and Arts Library, La Jolla, 454-1549.



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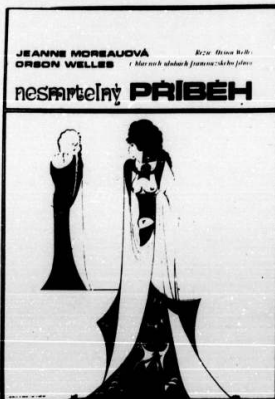
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VOCAL CONCERT by Marilyn Niska, Soprano. Monday, February 2, 8:15 p.m., Civic Theatre, 465-5483.

Galleries



JEANNE MOREAU & ORSON WELLES 1. Moreau sketches & Welles sketches. 2. Moreau sketches & Welles sketches.

STONEWARE AND CERAMIC ARTIFACTS from Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Panama: heads, full figures, bowls, etc. January 31 through April 26, San Diego Museum of Man, 239-2001.

PHOTOGRAPHY, landscapes and cityscapes, by Tom La Bron. February 1 through 15, Focal Gallery, 235-4237.

JURIED MEMBERSHIP SHOW, plus a one-man watercolor exhibit by Stanislaus Sowinski. February 3 through February 29, San Diego Art Institute Gallery, 234-5946.

"MOSTLY CATS AND DOGS", photos by Helen McKenna. Through January 30, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Lobby, City Administration Building, 202 C. Street. Also February 2-13, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:30-5:30 p.m.; Wednesday 1:30-9:30 p.m.; Saturday, 10-3 p.m., at The Women's Store, 2965 Beech Street. Presented by The Feminist Poetry and Graphics Center, 239-3664.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE: 19th and 20th Century. Fifty pieces of sculpture from tribes of Western and Central Africa. Through February 20, Boehm Gallery, Palomar College, San Marcos, 744-1150, ext. 345.

"LAST MINUTE" painting exhibit by James Christensen. Through February 14, Triad Gallery, 290-6543.

THE KONDON COLLECTION: Expressionist work dated 1910-30 and paintings by the Feminist Poetry and Graphics Center. Through February 14, Triad Gallery, 290-6543.

FREDERIC CHURCH, 80 oil sketches and drawings by the 19th Century Romantic landscapist. January 10 through February 20, Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT with works by Richard Beveridge, Robert Collins, David Dye, Steve Mullensky, Bill Paine. Through February 6, Jenner Street Gallery, La Jolla, 450-0811.

CHICANO ART EXHIBITION, including works by Guillermo Acevedo, Mano Lima, Tomas Castaneda. Acevedo Art Gallery Internacional, 238-8798.

RECENT PAINTINGS by Chen Tan-chang, Professor and Director of the Arts Department, University of Chinese Culture, Republic of China. Through February 29, Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

PHOTOGRAPHY by Ross Horowitz, through January 31. Focal Gallery, 235-4237.

SAN DIEGO 50 YEARS AGO, works of San Diego painters of the 1920's. Through February 29, Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

ARTE PICANTE: CONTEMPORARY CHICANO ART: exhibit through February 7, Mandeville Art Gallery, 452-2650.

A FOREST OF FIBERS: Bundu masks, Ethiopian grass baskets, Amazon cactus baskets, Bolivian apaca weaving, hibiscus bark tape from the South Sea, and more, through January 31, Bozarius Trading Co., Del Mar, 755-7087.

RECENT PAINTINGS by Dan Lawitt, through January 31, Artists Cooperative Gallery, 296-0200.

THE BEST OF SAN DIEGO ART, featuring Robert Landry, Mary Elizabeth Brown, Pat Turentine, Ruby Agney, and others, through January 31, A. Hunej Gallery, 296-1522.

JURIED MEMBERSHIP SHOW and a one-man exhibit of service by Anthony Sindler, through February 1, San Diego Art Institute Gallery, 234-5946.

WESTERN PAINTINGS, including works by Robert Wagner, Olat Weighorst, Bill Bender and Paul Weber, through January 31, Kester Art Gallery, Old Town, 291-0119.

Lectures

INDIVIDUAL CONSTRAINTS AND INCENTIVES IN GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF BUSINESS, lecture by Henry G. Manne, Director of the Center for Studies in Law and Economics, University of Miami. Thursday, January 29, 8 p.m., Salomon Lecture Hall, USD, 291-6480, ext. 354.

January 29 - February 4, 1976

JILL JOHNSTON, columnist for "The Village Voice," speaks on the subject: "The Status of Women in American Society," sponsored by the UCSD Women's Resource Center. Thursday, January 29, 8 p.m., Revelle Cafeteria, UCSD, 452-2923.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, professor of American history at Amherst College, lectures on "The Nation's History: A 200 Year Celebration." Friday, January 30, 8 p.m., Copper Room, San Diego Convention and Performing Arts Center, 202 C Street.

POLITICAL FORUM on the fiscal, social, and environmental crises of contemporary society, led by Stanley Aronowitz, author of "False Promises," and John Hardisty, Professor of Economics at SDSU. Friday, January 30, 7:30 p.m., Council Chambers, Aztec Center, SDSU.

FOCUS ON CHICANO ART, lecture and Mandeville Art Gallery tour. Monday, February 2, 8 p.m., Mandeville Art Hall, UCSD, 452-2860.

THE MALE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, discussion led by Jeffrey Gordon and Susan Horowitz, M.D.s. Sunday, February 1, 7:30 p.m., Beach Area Community Clinic, 3705 Mission Blvd., 488-8325.



GEORGE McGOVERN, U.S. Senator from South Dakota, speaks on the upcoming Presidential election. Tuesday, February 3, 8 p.m., Camino Theatre, USD, 201-6420, ext. 354.

S. I. HAYAKAWA, semantich, former president of San Francisco State University, and Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, lectures. Tuesday, February 3, 12 noon, More Hall, USD, 291-6480, ext. 354.

FRANCOISE GILOT, author-artist-lecturer, discusses "A Personal Approach to Drawing and Lithography." Tuesday, February 3, 10:45 a.m., James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MARINE MAMMALS AND MAN, lecture by Dr. Raymond Gilmore. Wednesday, February 4, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, 232-3821.

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ANGOLA: ANOTHER VIETNAM FOR THE U.S.? Speaker: Tony Thomas, author, editor, lecturer, national committee member of the Socialist Workers Party. Friday, January 30, 8 p.m., Milford Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd., 280-1292.

Special Events

KUNG FU DEMONSTRATION by four Masters, refugees from Vietnam. Thursday, January 29, 7:30 p.m., Downtown YMCA, 1115 Eighth Avenue, 232-7451.

POET'S NIGHT AT FILIPPI'S: celebration, reading, and raffle drawing sponsored by the Feminist Poetry and Graphics Center. Saturday, January 31, 7:30 p.m., Filippi's Italian Restaurant, 1747 India St., 286-6604.

POLKA DANCE with the Eddie Tomazin Orchestra, sponsored by the Holy Angels Byzantine Catholic Church. Saturday, January 31, 9 p.m., St. Columba's Hall. For information, 582-9531.

CREATIVE SINGLEHOOD: a weekend workshop with Joe Kusak, M.A. January 31-February 1, 9:30 a.m. - 6 p.m., Center for Personal Growth, De Mar, 463-8643.

FOSSIL FISH AND PLANTS, specimens from 50 million year old deposits in Wyoming, on exhibit through February 15, Natural History Museum, 232-3821.

Dance

BALLET INTERNATIONAL-USIU, choreographed by faculty members and performed by students of the USIU School of Performing and Visual Arts. Friday, January 30, 8 p.m., Saturday, January 31, 2:30 and 6 p.m., Sunday, February 1, 2:30 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 234-7911.

"EXTENSION OF A MAN": Dance concert and choreography by Day Power. Friday and Saturday, January 30 and 31, 8 p.m., Dramatic Arts Theatre, SDSU, 286-6684.

POLISH MIME BALLET THEATRE performs "The Menagerie of the Empress Filipsa," based on an 80-year old scenario by German playwright Frank Wedekind. Sunday, February 1, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD, 452-3120.

PILOBUS DANCE THEATRE presents an "energy circus," combining dance, acrobatics, and group sculpture. Sunday, February 1, 8 p.m., Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU, 286-6947.

Theatre

THE WEDDING BAND by Alice Childers: Drama of racial tension in South Carolina, 1918. Friday, January 30 through Sunday, February 1, and Tuesday, February 3 through Sunday, February 8, 8 p.m., UCSD Theatre, Matthews Campus, 452-3781.

ANY WEDNESDAY, contemporary situation comedy. Fridays and Saturdays, through February 13, 8 p.m., North County Community Theatre, Vista, 726-9802.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE, the George Kaufman-Moss Hart comedy. Thursdays through Saturdays, through February 7, 8 p.m., Patio Playhouse, Escondido, 746-6669.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, the Pulitzer Prize-winning drama by Tennessee Williams. Tuesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m., and Sunday matinees, 2 p.m., through February 8, Old Globe Theatre, 238-2285.

L'I L'ABNER, musical comedy adapted from Al Capa's comic strip by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, performed by the San Diego Junior Theatre. Fridays, 7:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sunday, 2 and 7:30 p.m., January 23 through February 1, Casa Del Prado Theatre, Balboa Park, 239-8355.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES, children's theatre. Saturdays, 2 p.m., USIU School of Performing and Visual Arts City Stage, 1777 Fifth Avenue, 234-7911.

U.S.A., Paul Shyre's stage adaptation of the John Dos Passos novel, directed by William Roesch, through February 22, Tuesdays through Sundays at 8 p.m., Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Carter Centre Stage, 234-3601.

THE AU PAIR MAN, the London and Broadway hit by Hugh Leonard, every Friday and Saturday through February 28. Mission Playhouse in Old Town, San Diego State Historic Park, 3960 Mason Street, 295-6453.

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SHEPHERD
(continued from page 13)
warehouse hideouts, waterfront watering holes, and candy store backrooms.) Nevertheless, the dismal, unpromising assignment is tackled with unflinching gusto and full exertion that someone like Tommy Prothro might appreciate.

The storytelling is stripped n'ed—a sequence of executions (one down, three to go, and so on). And each episode is approached as a matter of problem-solving: the logistics of injecting a bit of razzle-dazzle into a rudimentary gangster-movie bump-off.

Tessari's stylistic strength in this matter is his cutting. Juxtaposing widely disparate, often outlandish camera angles, he gets a surprising lurch and quick

pick-up in his scenes. Also, DeLeon, with a male model's economy of expression, makes the ideal actor for the comic-book sequence of shots; and wherever his rigidity might become a liability, Tessari covers for him. He is looking down from his apartment window at his wife and child getting into the family car, and when the car explodes, his faces freeze and the window shatters in front of him. (This unpretentious metaphor strikes me as a better solution to an impossible-to-act moment than anything Charlbi tried in *Just Before Nightfall*.) When Audran hears her husband's confession of murder, the back of her head is in the camera; and when Perier hears the same confession, his face is obscured by the night.) But

more than anything else, Tessari's real ace is his impressive sadistic imagination. *No Way Out* is rough stuff. One of the mob chieftains orders his moll to drive him a bath, and throughout the following chitchat she is sitting on the edge of the bathtub, and steam is billowing behind her, and we are wondering, "What is she trying to do—boil him for supper?" At last he tests the water with a single toe and then he, too, wonders out loud. What are you trying to do?—and he kicks her backwards into the tub and has himself a good laugh. □

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OLD DOLLHOUSES and old doll house furniture needed. Please contact anyone you know who might be able to help me with my request. 234-8885.

SEWING MACHINE, portable and in good running condition. Prefer Singer, not plastic. \$50 to make. LORRI'S Sewa Mass Shopping Center, 560-7942.

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GO-CART or go-cart frame, wheels, a horsepower motor. In good condition, want to buy cheap. 560-2357, after 4 p.m.

EIGHT-LOU Chevy or GM wheel(2), 10x16.5, and 10x15.5 wheel(2). Want diver's pressure gauge and buoyancy compensator. 460-3553.

SHORT ROOF rack for VW bus. Front tire mount. Baffled down gate, or 60x40 down parker-car. Rick, 453-1070.

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GOOSE DOWN sleeping bag, 3% down, and jacket. Both are brand new. 488-3833.

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SURFBOARD, 8'1", pintail, good rider for less than it costs at dive shops. If your price is right, more one person interested. 464-0139, after 2 p.m.

NEW FEMALE SKI poles, \$7. Ski boots, San Marcos, brand new. Men's size 7, with carriers, \$70. 488-3758, after 4 p.m.

WETSUIT, BOTTOM brand new, good seams, padded both sides, excellent condition, men's small, 488-1755, evenings.

TWO DEEPSEA fishing reel, Ocean Star. Never used, excellent condition. \$15 or best offer. Gregg, 287-9299.

SCUBA TANKS, still in boxes, never used. High-vis orange galvanized iron. Single 72", \$30 for both. Also, medium size, 66", \$30. Mark, 488-8439.

SAN MARCOS ski boots, size 8 1/2, excellent condition, only with twice used set. \$30. 270-9797.

YAMAMOTO SKI boots, ladies size 8 1/2, and boot tree, excellent condition. \$40. Scott poles, \$10. Kathy, 582-0421.

HIKING BOOTS, Puma "5", 8 1/2, narrow, smooth leather uppers, used set. \$30. 270-9797.

HIKING BOOTS, Fabiano mountain boots, 8 1/2, like new, \$50 value, set for \$30. Jim, 291-3675.

HANG GLIDER, red sail, six harness. \$200. 280-1323.

GOLF CLUBS, PGA Ryder Cup II, 2-iron through pitching wedge. Excellent condition, \$65. Alan, 459-0489.

SURFBOARD, 7'8", Infinity Mark, excellent condition, \$70 firm. 488-1687, evenings.

WILSON T-3000, restringing and in great condition, with new strings. Also, five surfboard fins. Steve, 466-0966.

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MIKE SHAWAN on Interstate 5. Will share gas expenses and driving. Share in, 222-9102.

I NEED A Ride to Chicago area first week in February. Share driving and expenses. Sue, 281-9875.

HEADING TO Connecticut or New York in March? I'm willing to share gas and driving. Carol, 758-5775.

DESPERATE! Young to young in need of money. Open to any kind of work. Trained in working with children and adults. Laurie, 462-3969.

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WANT TO be certified as a scuba diver for less than it costs at dive shops. If your price is right, more one person interested. 464-0139, after 2 p.m.

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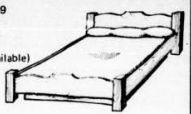
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CATS AND DOGS: economically sound and neutered, open to heat or pregnant. Call Pet Assistance, 222-1590.

Personals

LINDA GREGG: My grandmother told me you called. The Reader has my phone number. Jim.

APHRODITE: Please get in touch with me. Hermes, P.O. 2252 S.D., Ca. 92122.

MARY THANKS: Umberto and Paul at the Lagan Deli for their famous Party Tray. It sure was a life saver and delicious. I recommend it highly.

ATTRACTIVE GUY: well-traveled, well-educated, mid-forties, seeks sexy female companion to share the good life. Kurt 276-0670.

TAURUS WISE: Who do you address? Someone new? See last week's explanation. Mr. S.R.

THE PARASITIC female is an image of women which creates a burden on men who do not need the masaging of their false ego structures.

THE MALE EGO is a man's second most fragile instrument. Do not project his ego. Projection only reinforces weakness.

IN A CERTAIN kind of light children play soccer. The grass is deep green. In no time day ends. Something new is born.

RECLUSIVE, hostile Jewish mother, slow to connect, might eventually submit, in all her essential warmth and loveliness, to a classically witty/crazy, munch, P.O. Box 95945, S.D. 92109.

LIBERATION ultimately a question of finding acceptable bondage. The rhetoric of the garbage can and the sausage, indelicately suggestive, inhibits before relinquishment into indecision. Madnickovski.

STRUTTER AND FIREHOUSE: Hit rock bottom. It's the two timer with strange ways? If to get away and find some ladies in waiting. Natalie.

INSANE IRISHMAN: Beauty is eternally gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror. Forever, Belt.

THERE IS NO Bodhi tree! Nor stand of mirror bright! Since all is void? Where can the dust alight? Zen Meditation, 1611 30th St. 222-8551.

TIS LANG: Congratulations on training. And don't worry about ToRas. Brothers go through these phases. Christy.

ATTRACTIVE, professional woman, interested in art, classical music, and houses, antiques and bicycle riding, wishes to meet stable, gentle, professional man. Non-prodier. P.O. Box 16000, San Diego, 92116.

PAGON: Glad to hear about the colts. Yoking and breaking is never easy, but it is rewarding. Master Peter.

AS IT IS WRITTEN: a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush unless he pecks you to death. Leja Laje.

AMAN: Please send my wife home. I miss her. A gossip is all very well, but! Shawn.

SUNNIE, ANNA: Judas and I remain on the west of standings. He's all yours. Jud Maker. Hal.

LOSE WEIGHT: through insight counseling with a group of compulsive eaters. 488-3825.

CREDIT: CHILDCARE, equal rights, human reproduction, and older women are some of the interests of the National Organization for Women. Dial "GALL NOW" (295-5669).

LAW STUDENT, 26, Stanford graduate. Anxious to meet a more slender, lovely female who enjoys skiing, bridge and golf. Call Fred, 755-5084.

"GOD SO LOVED the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever should believe in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

STRUTTER: Dream on, because you're stranded in the jungle, and you're probably a white punk on dope. Horter than Hell.

STARTREK FANS: please write channel eight and ask them to move Startrek back to 4.30 vice 4.00.

LILORA: I'm back! Thanks for looking after the pets. I brought Symon. Let's go to dinner. How's Daniel? Magna.

CHRIS CHAN: Glad to hear from you. Would it be possible to talk to him? Need help. Trust and Love. P.S. Fu Baby?

I COME FROM FAR and I carry a great weight on my shoulders. Will any wife man be my friend? Oberon.

RED: I have personal control again, so I've John and stopped calling him the Big Dude. But my son's first word was God. Help! Donagan.

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CANDI Y. Happy 18th. happiness, sunshine, heavy music, and all my love to you. Let's celebrate! All yours, Howie K.

TOP 2% QUALIFY for Mensa, the high-I.Q. society. Full information for 13 cent stamp to: Mensa, Box 80772 San Diego 92138.

MOST OF RICHARD Nixon's white house aids belonged to DUNSA. For complete membership information, play "Born to Run" by Bruce Springsteen backwards.

HEY KEVIN: this thing brought us together, but not all the way. What's wrong with the bike? Why don't we talk about it. Roseanne.

I WILL TRADE you massage or odd jobs in exchange for lessons in hair-cutting or sewing. Jordan 286-0211.

CAPTAIN MARCULOUS: I am reporting two of our prize students. It seems they've made scandalous accusations against Miss Van Snoot. Dr. Kentrix.

MALE COLLEGE teacher, 28, seeks bright, attractive, unattached culturally-oriented lady, 25-35, for companionship for inexpensive travels in Europe this summer. Bob, 295-4556.

NEED SOMEONE to talk to? Ocean Beach Hotline is open Monday-Friday noon-9 p.m. If we can't help, we'll try to find someone who can! 225-1243.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF international banking cartel, now retired and bored with life. Anxious to meet a more slender, lovely female who enjoys skiing, bridge and golf. Call Fred, 755-5084.

WANT LAUGHTER, fun, camaraderie, adventure, etc. Call pool owner to Ramona, 785-1142.

ALL THE SPAGHETTI YOU CAN EAT! Just \$1.99. Sunday-Friday at Halcyon. Includes meat sauce, salad, garlic bread. 4268 W. P. Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

C. S. MUNDORFF: How dare you attack my rabbits. Try the hamsters. Norale.

INSANE IRISHMAN: You are beautiful. I am enchanted. Happy 21st. Love-Belt.

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BEARDED LITERARY man, 33, San Francisco graduate seeks bohemian lady, 25-40, for cinema, conversation, bicycling, music, etc. Non-smoker preferred. 464-3810.

MARY, YOU SHALL conceive, bear a son and name him Jesus. He will be great and be called Son of the Most High. God will give him the throne of David his ancestor. Luke 1:31-32.

OUR LORD, Jesus Christ, humbled himself to become a man, like us, that we may be inspired to become like Him, holy!

ARE YOU SLIM HIPPED and dangerous? If not, join the weight reduction group at the National Center (Non-profit). 272-7330.

FATTIES WANTED for weight group. 488-3825.

STRUTTER? Binge Schwartzki, Gipsky, Schatzelgrink and living Sinkfinger like to rock and roll all night and party every day. Anyone else?

EST GRADUATE, Sagittarius with Moon Aries and Rising Sagittarius, would like to meet a beautiful, wealthy woman. Call Scott, 270-9370.

HEY MAD DOG: Jano says four can be better sex two when they belong to you. So shine today before she says nay. Sloth.

BANDIT: you rescued me from destruction November 28th at World Famous. I'd like another chance to know you better. Koko's Coffee.

NEED SOMEONE to talk to? Ocean Beach Hotline is open Monday-Friday noon-9 p.m. If we can't help, we'll try to find someone who can! 225-1243.

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WANT LAUGHTER, fun, camaraderie, adventure, etc. Call pool owner to Ramona, 785-1142.

ALL THE SPAGHETTI YOU CAN EAT! Just \$1.99. Sunday-Friday at Halcyon. Includes meat sauce, salad, garlic bread. 4268 W. P. Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

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DEAR BOOPER!!! Well, now that school has started and we are going to be seeing more of each other, I have a few things to take over with you. So meet me in the hall closet at 8:00 p.m. sharp! Love, Your Little Buzz Saw.

JINI MAY and crew: This is your Captain speaking. I'd like a little action and a lot less talk. Captain McGary.

RHINOCEROS, ELEPHANT, The Great White American Eagle Council and Pigeon Pacing Society questions efforts to stop quills meeting in Eucalyptus. Woolly Mammoth, secretary.

IF ANYONE SHOULD SIN, we have our advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, who is just; he is the sacrifice that takes our sins away, and not only ours, but the whole world's. Reply in this column. Dan.

TANTRIA is beyond superficial seeking blind leading the blind-it is a deep well of bliss-even beyond joy-it is a male-female at a body, mind, soul. God 284-4336.

THE PROFESSIONAL staff of the Dely counseling line will help with any problem situation. Call 238-3339. From North County ask operator for Zenith 3339, toll-free.

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GENEAL KING: considerable man, 30, who enjoys the outdoors and gentle activities to meet female companion. Call, P.O. Box 13711, San Diego 92117.

DO YOU NEED some free legal advice? Call the Help Center 622-HELP or come to 5469 Camino Ave. for appointment. Office open 2:10 p.m. Monday thru Friday. Pence.

FEMALE PARTNER 30's wanted share ownership and living in sunny Guadalupe, Mexico with 45 year old male white or what have you. Write 8885, Lancelotti Drive, Las O. La. 70127.

NOW National Organization for Women! supports the constitutional right to choose a woman's right to decide to have a child or to choose abortion. 295-5669.

EUROPE FROM \$299-round trip get. We'll get you. Euro! youth hostel cards, visa, insurance, international student cards. Great American Passage Company, 237-7422.

BEST JAZZ CONCERT of 1975! You tell us. KSOS 88.3 Jazz Poll Ballots at City College radio station and Downtown Library's Art & Music Room.

TALL GUY, 36 loves to hug and cuddle a lot. Loves outdoors, kids, non-smokers. Wishes to meet female. Please reply to P.O. Box 22, S.D. 92115.

PROFESSIONAL MALE. Recently separated. Desires to meet with attractive, economically solvent female, age 30-45. Purpose companionship. 297-7897.

SHARP FEMALE under 30 wanted to share thoughts, reality, tennis, sunshine, sunsets, walks, talks, love, life with tall, straight, vegetarian under 25. P.O. Box 7111, San Diego, Ca. 92107.

BILTZO: As for unequivocal pleasure of feeding you, am also looking forward to your lunch-kind of love, my questionable dinners, and our non-existent lunches. Toujours, Charbel.

RAINBOWS are ephemeral phantas magoria whose beauty depends both on physical reality and observer's status. I will always crave the pot of honey at rainbow's end.

PARISIAN Ph.D. sought to meet man who wishes to share companionship factor in his life. German. Spanish. Super. Bonn. University. proficiency required. "NSTAFIL" 453-1128.

ALTER: I'm being smothered in woman! Get me out of this harem! Report me to the Shah! Anything! Yellow Willow.

POPEYE: Next time you see a one headlight car, be sure to kiss me. Love Sambo the cat.

WANT TO GET into shape? 19 year old college student seeks someone to run and/or exercise with in Hillcrest daily. Phone Craig 296-4490.

STRUTTER: My art's a week late, cause some of us hard rock nuts procrastinate. What have you in mind? Reply in this column. Dan.

IF YOU THINK all bookstores are alike, you've never been to Earth Song Books. Well worth the trip to Del Mar. 1440 Camino del Mar. 785-4254.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Brazil Nut. Stick with me kid and you'll have many more. I love you, Pretty Pat.

SEXUAL CLARITY Seminars with SF's fantastic sex therapist and author Sondra Part I Jan. 29, Part II Jan. 30, 315. Theta Seminars. For information and reservation call Toni 565-8642.

FREE SHORT TERM counseling is available 10 to 10 Mon-Fri at EPIC. Lemon Grove. Call a counselor at 462-EPIC for an appointment.

TRAVELING COMPANION needed for fun in the sun trip to Mazatlan Mexico. Accompany three other responsible young people. Feb. 11-15-5896.

DOES THE "SHOTGUN" spit in your ear too much? Try our jocks on for size. KCR 38.9 FM Mission Cable means alternative radio for San Diego.

JIMMY: I love your dimples. Let's go to Mexico-I promise not to yell at you if you won't tease me. Hecle and Jackie.

ATTRACTIVE MALE 30 interested in books, movies, travel, seeks female for good times. Exchange photo. Write Peter, 722 Oliver Pl. S.D. 92109.

I QUALIFIED! DUNSA forever! Yay Duns! Duns! rule! How next?

LOVING RELATIONSHIPS: train me 2-day seminar led by beautiful Sondra & Marshall of SF. Sat Sun, Jan. 31-Feb. 1. Theta Seminars. For information and reservation call Toni 565-8642.

LINDA, CRASHED CAPRI! we've met, shared. Want to be more than friends...in working on my shyness, maybe soon. Happy Valentines Day. C.R.

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. 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 giving lessons, counseling, selling real estate etc.) may buy ads for \$3 for 25 words or less, plus 10 per additional word. All business ads must be paid in advance.

READER CLASSIFIEDS BOX 80803 SAN DIEGO, CA 92138