

# THE READER FIRST ANNUAL CALIFORNIA CLEAN LIMERICK CONTEST

THIRD CLASS  
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## READER

Vol. 5, No. 5 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY February 5 - February 11, 1976

### A FAREWELL TO FARMS



— Jacquelynne Garner —

**S**O, what is a cow? She is only the largest animal in the American economy. She gives us milk and cheese, steak, prime rib, hamburger and by-products. But like most animals, she hardly exists in the minds, let alone the neighborhoods, of those who associate milk not with cows, but just with bottles and cartons. Nor is it a likely tourist who, standing on the balcony of his \$57.50 per day room, will want to mingle the tingle of his margarita with the smell of cows.

This type of wholly unteleological and ungrateful attitude toward the most gentle and most generous of barnyard animals has driven her, as well as her barnyard, out of Mission Valley. She has been shipped with mean success to El Cajon, Escondido, Lakeside, and Alpine. But even there she is an embarrassment to her owners, as the land she needs to graze on claims so much in taxes. It seems some quiet kind of conspiracy is getting all the cows together in San Juan Valley, along with all the other farmyard types of things, to be scientifically born, raised, milked, and otherwise processed into what we Americans think of as beef and dairy products rather than animak. The cow's milk is then shipped in oil tanker-like trucks from the great central udder to all of California. The entire process does not affect the quality of the milk, but it does force the small dairy farmer toward extinction.

**F**RAGMENTS of the conversation of P. Ferrari, the Last Dairyman . . . "It is unconstitutional, yeah, the way they tax the land; they should tax it for grazing purposes, if my farm has been here for sixty years. I was born in that house right there, went to school with all these people, dairy farmers, truck farmers—lots of oriental truck farmers. Oh, they're all gone now. Bulldozed out by the freeway in '49 and then the stadium. Yeah, my father bought this land in 1896 from some Greek. My mother used to take the milk into town in a horse and buggy. Now you can't even sell milk unless you belong to the Pool. It's unconstitutional—they're trying to break it up now. Yeah, I don't dairy any more. I bought a couple of rundown buildings in El Cajon, fixed them up. I'm a landlord. Oh, this used to be beautiful grazing land. Real good for cows. You know, when I sold my cows I got more for the shipping rights for the milk than for the cows. That's unconstitutional. See there where the trees are (close to the stadium)? That used to be a beautiful lake. I leased that land for grazing land from the city. But

now all that land fill from the construction has filled it up. No, you can't dairy around here any more."

**I**t used to be, you would drive through Mission Valley and see the Mission Valley Country Club and dairies everywhere else. Then came a hotel, and some dairies disappeared. Then more hotels, and we had "Hotel Circle." Then May Company, or Mission Valley Shopping Center. Then the stadium and Fashion Valley, and suddenly, financial centers, apartment complexes; in short, the San Diego equivalent of Wilshire Blvd.

Where the big brass buildings are, a couple of houses and at least one farm still sit, each behind its own

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For Sale sign. The line of realtors' metal signs is continuous where land and lawns and fields still exist, each proudly proclaiming its suitability for leasing purposes. The old valley just ain't what it used to be. It's no longer a question of how you're going to get them back on the farm after they've seen the big city. Now if they just sit on the farm long enough, the city will come to them.

It is quite conceivable that a businessman can fly into San Diego and participate in a week of solid activities without once moving out of Mission Valley. Hotel, restaurant, convention center, business complexes, and a round of golf by day; and by night, the massage parlors come, on out-calls, to him. Those who want to pick up a dash of vanishing local color can drive down the freeway a bit to where the farm still is, then turn around and hit Old Town, where the relics of a more gracious past are collected in a grand enough manner for Wild Bill Hickok and the Indians, after the West was won.

**I**t used to be, back when I was a small child, about twenty years ago, that the inhabitants of Mission Hills could look out over the canyons across the green valley to the magnificently stark mesa which we now call Clairemont. By the time my generation reached puberty, those naturaphiles among us were beginning to bite our lips and stamp our feet, as more and more buildings and roads pushed the bushes and the grasses into smaller and smaller percentages of our vista. But those were the days when "tourist" was the worst epithet a surfing, woody-driving, native San Diego adolescent could hurl; and those days seem largely gone.

For one thing, many of us are beginning to feel a kind of guilt perhaps for feeling so entitled to claim a large portion of the land that is steadily filling up with more people and their various needs to make a living. Like Ferrari and his friends who grew up as truck farmers and dairymen in the farmland outside San Diego, which is now greater and greater San Diego, we feel that any lawyer who might attempt to help us keep the land would have to be a little "crooked," for attempting to fight City Hall and its zoning policies. Even though the old residents aren't happy with what they are left with or sent to—even though they feel a bit painfully bruised by the bulldozers which, in less time than it takes a calf to become a heifer, transformed their memories of green fields into visions cluttered with the paraphernalia of slick Southern California singles-style living—they nonetheless accept it as the way things are.

**W**HAT is confusing to people of my own generation is that the memories of what I used to call "paradise" before I was ten—the immense valley floating under salmon fog coming in from sea at dawn, walled on one side by a barren mesa and on the other by Spanish Colonial elegance fitted perfectly within bounteous vegetation—are not as painfully erased today as they were, say, ten years ago.

It seems that at the beginning of the wiping out of Mission Valley period, the clutter and ugliness was at its worst—billboards and beer cans and the least attractive architecture Southern California had to offer. But since you can't stop progress, maybe you can program it a bit; and it seems that Mission Valley, for the most part, is being programmed fairly well these days, with various newly erected architectural efforts well worth the looking at. Some diarchs who would prefer to gaze at cows might object, but most old-timers will tell you that anyone not blessed with a big hunk of Pollyanna spirit will not fare too well in This Ever Changing World We Live In. □



Illustration by Rick Geary

# City Lights

## RACING THE CALENDAR: KOLENDER

Police Chief-designate William Kolenander, who was virtually assured of the job when he assumed it on a temporary basis five months ago, has drawn the first demands that his confirmation be delayed.

Kolenander's major strength throughout the selection process was his success in keeping a widely-seen, positive media image. Support for his candidacy ranged from the San Diego Police Officers Association to the Chicano Federation. But last week, only two days after City Manager Hugh McKinley made public Kolenander's nomination, a committee of the local American Civil Liberties Union asked the City Council to delay confirmation until the Council completes its investigation of police intelligence operations.

The Council has approved the series of meetings, starting February 26, to probe the police department's involvement with FBI harassment of left-wing and

black power groups during the late 1960s and early 1970s. McKinley last week convinced the Council to complete Kolenander's appointment before the intelligence probe begins.

Larry Schwartz, chairman of the ACLU's Police Practice Committee, argued that a delay in the confirmation would be part of a continuing effort to "open up the process of city government." "We worked, with no luck, at getting some community input on the nomination, but it remains a closed process," said Schwartz. "If necessary, the intelligence probe should be sped-up, but we should know what the police were up to during those years before Kolenander gets the okay."

Peter Schey, legal counsel for the ACLU committee, argued that the confirmation would be premature. "Everyone remembers what a terrible time we had when Ray Hoobler was forced to resign, and the people of San Diego shouldn't have to go through that again," said Schey. Support for the ACLU proposal was also voiced by Herman

Baca of the National City-based Ad Hoc Committee on Chicano Rights. "Everything should be held at bay until this matter is cleared up," argued Baca. "Why should we validate Kolenander's actions by confirming him if he was involved in the intelligence activities? The rules of the game are drawn up before it's played, not after, and that's what would be done if he's appointed," added Baca.

But a spokesman for Councilman Floyd Morrow, who presented the resolution calling for the intelligence hearings, noted that the ACLU committee will have trouble halting the confirmation. "Unless they've got some conclusive evidence implicating Kolenander in the alleged activities the confirmation will proceed," said Phil Shafer, one of Morrow's aides.

City Manager McKinley voiced his continued support of Kolenander by arguing that the difference between the council's intelligence investigation and Kolenander's status. But a push for immediate confirmation has also surfaced from more liberal corners, though for different reasons.

"The real issue here, and the one we should be concerned with, is the covert activities of the police department," explained Larry Renner, an ex-

editor of the *Door*, a radical newspaper allegedly harassed by police. "If it comes out that Kolenander was involved in those activities, he'll have to face the consequences regardless of his rank," said Renner.

"The confirmation hearing should be completed so we can get on with the real business," Mateo Camarillo, director of the Chicano Federation, voiced support for the Chief-designate. "We're in the process of documenting police investigations of the Brown Berets and the Farm Workers and plan to make all our findings public. But that happened almost ten years ago. Kolenander wasn't calling the shots then so we're supporting his confirmation."

But Herman Baca of the Ad Hoc Committee and the ACLU's Larry Schwartz disagree with the idea that Kolenander's appointment would clean a dirty slate. "The difference between Hoobler and Kolenander is like that between Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum. They all must have known what was going on in their department," said Baca.

And Schwartz bemoaned the fact that the issue has become one of the individuals involved, not the performance of the police department. "The media likes to make this an issue of per-

sonalities, not the credibility of the police and the selection process. This isn't just two Jewish boys, Larry Schwartz and Bill Kolenander, fighting over a piece of herring."

Paul Krueger

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Drawing by Jeff Yeomans

## A Raucous Revelation

— Steve Emedina —

Slickness seems to be the curse of the jazz-rock movement. For a skilful jazz player, primitivism is probably the hardest thing to put across successfully. Whether because of professional imposture or a simple lack of emotional spirit, it is clear that the economical temptation of jazz-rock has had a generally detrimental effect on the talents of musicians such as Donald

Byrd, Chick Corea, and Herbie Hancock. There is a depressing irony to this malady. These men are all very good composers and soloists within mainstream contexts, but their technical sensibilities are too linear and refined for the haughty physicality of rock. Records like Byrd's *Stepping Into Tomorrow*, Corea's *No Mystery*, and Hancock's *Thrust* and *Manchild* don't make it as either jazz or rock. The material lurches between emaciated funk and dismal disco; the structure is stiff-riff heavy;

and the improvisation is minimal. The overall feeling is one of extreme diffidence. The performances these musicians and their bands gave in San Diego last year were listless and convictionless, sick but slick. Faced with the impeccable blandness of most jazz-schlock it's easy to become jaded, to assume that the genre is a dead end. Thankfully, there are performers such as saxist Ronnie Laws and his band Pressure, who are able to fuse their trained precision with a bristling emotional

density that propels the music beyond studied ready-mades.

Laws and Pressure played last week at the Back Door, and for one expecting another evening of tamed, anesthetized funk-fuzzing, their concert was a raucous revelation.

Laws, brother of flutist Hubert and a former member of Earth Wind and Fire, is one of the few jazzmen to attempt a jazz and rock wedding that isn't arbitrarily smoothed out for easy-listening or speeded up for dancing. His approach is nowhere near as radical as what the late Albert Ayler concocted on *The Last Album*, or the marathon works of master megalomaniacs like Davis and McLaughlin. Laws' music is a rarity in that it seems totally without pretensions to "art." But, if it doesn't aspire to the moment-to-moment discoveries of Ayler, Davis-McLaughlin, it admirably avoids the orchestrated trivia of jazz-schlock as well.

Pressure's style, at least in concert, is closest to Joe Farrell's *Canned Funk* in its feisty, routing grittiness. The usual tack adopted by jazz players eager to "communicate" to a wider rock audience is to condescend to that audience. In place of physical intensity they simply offer louder volume. Long stretches of ethereal riffs, and melodically corny compositions that seem like leftover theme songs from science-fiction TV shows.

Laws does no such thing. He leaves the generic strengths of both forms intact. At the Back Door the stylistic nuances were rendered by the appropriate instruments: Laws' soprano and tenor provided the pain-wracked fire of jazz, while Roland Bautista's guitar doled out the raw scorch of rock.

Behind them, keyboardist Mike Cavanaugh reinforced the soloist with plush synthesizer and electric piano textures, while the rhythm section of bassist Clint Mosey and drummer Steve

Guitierrez hounded hard-edged support. During Bautista's ringing, spiraling, whining flurries of harmonics and hammer-ons, the buttressed attack of the group came close to an Isley Brothers-type fit of violent energy. The contrast between these moments and the gradual drops in dynamic tension, when Laws would improvise expansive lyrical passages with the tenacity of an eminent soloist like Farrell, were beautiful. It's a shame the hurricane clusters of sound that Pressure put forth so articulately are not adequately captured on their debut album, *Pressure Sensitive*. On the album, producer Wayne Henderson of the increasingly slickening Crusaders lays on too glossy a polish, muffling Bautista altogether, and coralling the music into the easy elegance of a bad CTI production job. The album is good, but it leaves out most of the wild slang, and all of the impromptu fervor of the group's live act.

Right now it's far too early to tell if Pressure will develop into a major unit, but it's obvious that even at this fledgling stage they are a dynamo of a band. They are not masters, but they don't cheat on their intentions. Considering the bulk of their competition, that's reason enough to applaud them. □

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## BELT TIGHTENING

Dear Editor:  
"And You Thought You Were Tight" by Tom H. Fouts, Jan. 22, was the best article to appear in the Reader as far back as I can remember. It had substance, sensitivity, and presented a glimpse of the contribution your paper could make here in San Diego. (Why was it relegated to the back pages?)

Your readers are literate and do want intelligent, in-depth presentation of relevant issues. You have proven that there are fine writers here who have something to say. Let us hear from them!

La Jolla

## CITY SLICKERS?

Dear Editor:  
Re: Article entitled "Heads Up-Heads Down" by Bettina Brewster, Jan. 22. The fourth paragraph, "City slickers stand out," etc., is very generalized and arrogant.

Ralph (my husband) grew up on a Kansas farm—broke horses, rounded up cattle, plowed and cultivated behind heavy teams. Up until four years ago we owned a quarter horse mare who was high-spirited enough for him and yet gentle and affectionate with me, an amateur horseman.

According to the article as a whole too much emphasis is placed on what is worn. When we attend horse shows, we "city slickers" wear flat shoes, regular street clothes, and put strange horses between us and our own. We do not own fancy riding habits or western clothes, but it doesn't make us greenhorns—no more than wearing the right clothes makes a good horseman.

Dear Rachel Flick:  
Of all the profiles, appearing in papers from coast to coast, and for the most part by well-known journalists, yours of "Mister Tums," January 22, 1976, is far and away the best. It is notable both for accuracy and for the way in which you capture the spirit of your subject.

Cathleen Laird  
Del Mar

## MOTHER TUMS RESPONDS

Dear Rachel Flick:  
Of all the profiles, appearing in papers from coast to coast, and for the most part by well-known journalists, yours of "Mister Tums," January 22, 1976, is far and away the best. It is notable both for accuracy and for the way in which you capture the spirit of your subject.

Cathleen Laird  
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# Music Scene

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## SAN DIEGO CONCERTS

**Larry Coryell:** Montezuma Hall, 5050, Friday, February 6, 8 p.m.

**New Expression:** Campus Theatre, San Diego City College, 15th & C Street, Friday, February 6, 8 p.m. 771-4271.

**Stanley Turrentine:** Catamaran, 3999 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach, Tuesday through Sunday, February 3 through 8, 9 and 11 p.m. 488-1081.

**Elvin Jones Quartet:** jazz, Back Door, After Center, SDSU, Monday, February 9, 7:30 and 10:00 p.m. 286-6567.

**Jazz Concert:** John Rest Abe Most, John Guarnieri, John Collins, Neil Kato, Jack Leiber, Gene Zizian, Phil Andre, Hawaiian Room, Hilton Inn, 1775 E. Mission Bay Drive, Sunday, February 8, 2 to 6 p.m. 296-1413.

**The Kinks:** Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Wednesday, February 11, 7:30 p.m. 236-6510.

**Kalapa:** Hawaiian music - La Paloma Theatre, First and D, Encinitas, Saturday, February 6, 8 and 11 p.m. 753-4397.

## CLUBS

**The Alamo:** Gene Davis and the Star Riders, country western, Tuesday through Sunday, 3003 Claremont Drive, 276-7240.

**The Albatross:** Pete Falico, folk, Tuesday through Saturday, 1309 Camino Del Mar, 755-6748.

**Ancient Mariner:** Stone's Throw, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Southwind, Sunday through Tuesday, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-8242.

**Another Bird:** The Travelers, Wednesday through Sunday, February 4 through 8 and February 11 through 16, 140 South Sierra, Solana Beach, 755-6734.

**Atlantic Restaurant:** R. B. People Movers, pop, Tuesday through Saturday, Joy Ride, Sunday and Monday, 2599 Ingraham, Pacific Beach, 224-2434.

**The Bacchanal:** Search, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Noe Marido Sextet, jazz, Sunday, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd, 276-5611.

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

**Boat House:** Larry Page, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Cottonmouth, D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers, New Orleans Dividend jazz, Sunday, Bruce Allan McFethin, Monday, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8011.

**Boom Trenchard's:** Dan Murphy, folk, Tuesday through Saturday, Roy Bruder, guitarist, Sunday and Monday, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5255.

**Bonsford's Old Place:** Josh Williams, Monday through Thursday, Counter Point, folk, rock, Friday and Saturday, 1205 Prospect Place, La Jolla, 459-9262.

**Butterfield Express:** Barry and Chris, folk, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 6737 La Jolla Blvd, 459-3633.

**Elbow Room:** Ruby Graves and the Over the Hill Gang, country western, Friday and Saturday, 710 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 488-9870.

**Fat Fingers:** Kirk Bates and the Fat Fingers House Band, Tuesday through Saturday, 1051 University, Hillcrest, 295-2195.

**Folk Art:** Cedar Creek Symphony, bluegrass, Johnny Walker, yachse, folk, Friday and Saturday, 3743 5th Ave, 291-1786.

**Folk Pub:** Thader, 9, Tom Barkley, 10, Bob Smith and Phil Hill, 11, Tree, Friday, Copenhagen, contemporary soft rock, Saturday, Steve Dampire, country folk, Sunday, Bud Homer, Monday, Bill Steele, Tuesday, 8, Traditional Irish Contraband, Irish folk, 10, Cosmic Comfort, popular blues, Wednesday, Bob Kepler, rock, 7061 El Cajon Blvd, 460-0503.

**Gulio's:** Giarrantana, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 809 Thomas Ave., Pacific Beach, 488-9126.

**GRB:** Storm, Sunday through Tuesday, 225 15th Street, Del Mar, 755-1414.

**Halcyon:** Gabriel, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Drake Planet, Sunday and Monday, 4260 W. Pt. Loma Blvd, 225-9559.

**Hungry Hunter:** Rich Faulkner, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2445 Hotel Circle Place, Mission Valley, 291-8074.

**Hungry Hunter:** Tomson and Parish, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, Pioneer St. & Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517.

**Iron Horse:** Zeeland, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 465-7663.

**Classic III:** Mexico, Latin music, Thursday through Saturday, mariachi, every Sunday 3 to 8 p.m., 1862 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach, 429-1161.

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

**Conception Bay Fish Company:** Papa Joe, Friday and Saturday, 2806 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3661.

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

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

**John Bull:** Chuck and Kenny, soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Sunday and Monday, National City, 474-2201.

**Orange:** Cedar Creek Symphony, bluegrass, Johnny Walker, yachse, folk, Friday and Saturday, 112 West Washington, 299-4174.

**Palomino Star:** Bramble, country/rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 3008 Main, Chula Vista, 421-5889.

**Park Place Lounge:** Weekly Dots, Wednesday through Sunday, Explosion, Monday and Tuesday, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111.

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

**Red Fox Steak House:** Charlie Cannon, show tunes, Tuesday through Saturday, Carey Baker, singalong, Tuesday, 2253 El Cajon Blvd, 297-1313.

**Reuben's:** Joey Gallo, pop, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Harbor Island, 291-9300.

**Royal Palm Restaurant:** Lottie Jo Jones & Oasis, pop, Tuesday through Saturday, Blaze, Sunday and Monday, 3003 Carlsbad Blvd., Carlsbad, 729-2339.

**The Saffery:** Peace, Love and Happiness, Thursday through Saturday, 6233 Imperial Ave, 263-4590.

**Shakey's Pizza Parlor:** George Schurr, ragtime piano, and Don Pathe the Flying Dutchman, banjo, Friday through Sunday, 7888 Othello, Kearny Mesa, 279-3300.

**Shakey's Pizza Parlor:** Danny Lopez, popular guitar, Friday and Saturday, 2220 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 461-3771.

**The Shepherd:** Patricia and Jeff, piano and guitar, Friday and Saturday, 1126 S. Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-9740.

**Sherron Harbor Island-Sundowner Lounge:** Guadalajara Philharmonic, rock, Thursday through Saturday, 291-2900.

**Ute Owl East:** Bach's A's, rock, Tuesday through Saturday, The Social Workers, modern, Sunday and Monday, 667 N. Mollison, El Cajon, 447-3854.

**Organ Power Pizza:** Chris Gonsauch, Tuesday and Wednesday, Wayne Sepala, Thursday, Tommy Stark, Friday, Wayne Sepala and Cheryl Creel, Saturday, Jim Hansen, Sunday, 1165 Garnet Ave, 272-7000.

**Ivy Barn:** Sugar Bear, contemporary rock, Friday and Saturday, 911 Camino Del Rio, 296-9164.

**Jay's Cafe:** Thakara, Indian music, flower, with Doug Parent and Bobby Duck, easy country rock, 134 Douglas, 442-1331.

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

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**Silver Sands:** Art Hall, piano vocal, Thursday through Saturday, Marge Knack, piano, Sunday, 995 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach, 424-8414.

**Sparky's Saloon:** Salva, rock, Tuesday through Sunday, Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt, Monday, 2955 Midway, 223-3154.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** Alas, Thursday through Saturday, 620 North Second, El Cajon, 440-5757.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** Home Folk, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Pat Quillin, guitarist, Monday, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, 565-2272.

**Spirit of 76:** Steve Schmidt, Wednesday and Thursday, Mass, Friday and Saturday, Mexican Fiesta Roaring Baladros, Sunday, Steve Lorenzo, country western, Tuesday, 1130 Buena, 276-3993.

**Straw Hat Pizza Palace:** Pacifico Bluegrass, Saturday, Fletcher Parkway, 442-1659.

**The Stingers:** Rob Strickland & Silverado, country western, Thursday, Rosey Flores & The Screamers, country rock, Friday and Saturday, Squatters Last Rise, bluegrass, The Sound of Light 2:30 - 6:00 Sunday, Rosey Flores and the Screamers, Monday, Clay & Allene Baker & Honky Tonk Band, Tuesday, Talent 'N' Night, Wednesday, 656 1st Ave., Encinitas, 753-2578.

**Swan Song:** Steve O'Connor Jazz Trio, Wednesday, David Cheney, Thursday and Friday, Reef Cody, country rock, Saturday, 4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 772-7802.

**Tommaso's:** The Four Winds, variety, Friday and Saturday, Tex, country



ELVIN JONES

western, Monday through Thursday, 843 Grand Ave., San Marcos, 744-1640.

**Webb's:** Window Ridge, Friday and Saturday, 1921 Bacon, Ocean Beach, 272-6622.

**Wallbangers:** Andy Hardy, Sunday, Disco, Monday, Midway and Rosecrans, 223-3138.

**Wagon Works:** Search, Tuesday through Sunday, 1901 Shelter Island Drive, 222-4211.

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## LOS ANGELES CONCERTS

**Bobby Short:** Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Music Center, Monday, February 9, 8:30 p.m. 626-7211.

**A History of the Beatles:** Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Friday, February 6, 8 p.m. 393-9961.

## CLUBS

**Coconut Grove:** Jimmy Witherspoon and Chico Hamilton, Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, 9 & 11:30 p.m., Ambassador Hotel, 3400 Wilshire Blvd, 480-0086.

**The Palomino:** Tanva Tucker & Dennis Agopian, Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, 9 & 11:30 p.m., Ambassador Hotel, 3400 Wilshire Blvd, 480-0086.

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## Stanley Turrentine

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## STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP

— Matthew Alice —

Dear Matthew Alice,

Is it possible to refreeze meat after it has been frozen once and already thawed?

John Marcus  
Del Cerro

Dear John,

It's possible, depending upon the kind of meat and the length of time it's been out. In general, be careful of pork, fish, and poultry, which spoil and dehydrate easily. Beef is somewhat safer.

With all meats, though, it's a matter of common sense. If it has no odor it's probably still good. It can then be refrozen (although connoisseurs will say that this detracts from the flavor) or cooked, so that it will remain fresh for another three to four days.

Dear Matthew Alice,

I have a friend who tells me that brushing my teeth with baking powder will wear away my enamel. Since I see baking powder sold in all the reputable health food stores, I find this hard to swallow (heh heh). Can you be my referee?

C. B.  
Normal Heights

Dear C. B.,

Baking powder as a toothpaste? Are you quite sure that's what you mean? If so, it's news to me. Baking soda, however, is frequently used to clean teeth and does no harm at all to your enamel. It works just as well as toothpaste. According to some reports, you could even brush your teeth with water and get perfectly satisfactory results. The way you brush is important, say these authorities: toothpaste is just for taste.

If you really have your heart set on wearing away your enamel, however, there are still ways. Some dentists say that the "whitener" toothpastes (i.e., Closeup, Pearl Drops) can take care of this for you.

Incidentally, health food stores don't stock just any baking powder. They carry brands that, unlike the popular supermarket variety, don't contain aluminum. Aluminum, they say, is toxic.

Dear Matthew Alice,

I have a Jewish girlfriend who keeps calling me "booby." Is that obscene?

Emmett Tucker  
Del Mar

Dear Emmett,

If she's speaking English the answer is no, but it still isn't awfully flattering. I'm afraid. According to Webster's Unabridged, your girlfriend is calling you "a dunce, a stupid fellow or a nitwit." But take heart! It's also possible that she could mean that you come from "Any of several birds of the genus Sula . . .," which is somewhat prettier, at any rate.

As for some specifically Jewish meaning, "booby" does resemble the Yiddish word of endearment "bubbeleh."

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

John Dos Passos' novel *U.S.A.* is now being presented at the Carter Centre Stage in an adaptation by the author and Paul Shyre, with some additional editing by the present production's director, William Roesch. It is a very curious affair, an odd mixture of successes and failures that offers some interesting lessons in dramaturgy.

The novel itself was already a peculiar thing, difficult to classify and difficult to assess. It traces, in three fat volumes, American history in the first three decades of this century, focusing on the life histories of some representative fictional characters and interspersing their adventures with authentic (or authentic-sounding) newspaper headlines from the period and dramatic little biographies of real persons, from Rudolph Valentino to Eugene Debs. Unlike E. L. Doctorow's recent *Ragtime*, Dos Passos' work never attempts to amalgamate the world of fiction and the world of history—the fictional characters are seen against a background of real people but never interact with them—the two books resemble each other in that they both represent extreme forms of nineteenth century literary realism, with its emphasis on historical truth, accurately dated social reality, and the lives of ordinary people (Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is the masterpiece of the genre).

A striking characteristic of the novel *U.S.A.*, and one which differentiates it radically from the great realistic works that preceded it, is the shallowness and dullness of its fictional cast. Though their lives are not intrinsically uninteresting, these businessmen and secretaries and young men on the make are scarcely the stuff of which heroic drama is made, and Dos Passos made no effort to explore their feelings and perceptions according to the realistic novelist's method of rendering the trivial absorbing. They are seen mainly from outside, so that we rarely feel sufficiently interested in any of them to identify with their triumphs and losses; we look into this novel's stream of life and see nothing but drifting fragments of cardboard, never



## Impersonal History

We look into this novel's stream of life and see nothing but drifting fragments of cardboard, never the image of our own faces.

the image of our own faces. No doubt Dos Passos intended things this way. It is history that is real for him, not individuals; people are victims, "caught up and whirled away by historical forces they cannot command; even the great ones, the Woodrow Wilsons and J. P. Morgans, are mere vignettes in an endless film that has no director. Hence, the artistic center of *U.S.A.* is not the narrative about the fictional J. Ward Moorehouse or Janey Williams, but the bits and pieces of contemporary history that continually interrupt that narrative as isolable "newsreels" or historical character sketches. There are

few novels that create so palpable a sense of history as an uncontrolled superhuman force and of human beings as pathetic debris blown before it. But there are also few novels that seem as ill-adaptable to the stage.

The adaptation at the Carter does its best with these problems but never really overcomes them. The characters remain shallow; the multiple focus on the life strands of too many different characters diffuses interest, and the rapid shifting from one strand to another weakens (and finally eliminates)

(continued on page 7)

February 5 - February 11, 1976

(continued from preceding page)

dramatic tension; and the constant interruptions of the "story" for Dos Passos' newsreels and biographies, as well as for charlestons, apache dances, and other bits of historical local color, transform what sometimes seems like a play into what must be wearily recognized as a pageant. *U.S.A.* might have been better done as pure pageant—that is, as a dramatic reading of the historical vignettes with the described actions mimed by actors and dancers. This is precisely how Mr. Roesch has chosen to do these sections, and they are uniformly successful. But when we are shown fictional characters involved with each other through action and dialogue—even if the characters are as flat as J. Ward Moorehouse and company—then we want to go on seeing a play, a fictional world in which actors act, rather than an oral presentation of a book, however well narrated. The novel is a form so capacious that it can encompass a whole group of literary modes without falling apart; the theatre is tighter, narrower, more intense, more demanding of organic unity. If you are going to mix genres on the stage—play, reading, pageant, vaudeville—you need more compelling (by which I mean more inherently dramatic) material to work with than Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*

A good part of the theatrical interest aroused by the production at the Carter lies in the ingenuity of the director, who uses only six actors and two dancers to portray dozens of characters, and in the versatility of the actors themselves, as they metamorphose from part to part.

There is considerable pleasure in becoming gradually acquainted with the personalities and talents of the eight remarkable people in the cast, through their manifold and endlessly changing disguises. Trina Bruce, who can at one time be the snooty and neurotic Gertrude and at another a slyly leering French-accented narrator, is a comedienne of great panache, with a throaty, sexy voice that seems to serve for every emotion, from satirical scorn to nervous breakdown. Ruth Nordgren appears lofly at home in a succession of cold, pretentious, overbearing and self-dramatizing women, showing her colors most spectacularly in her role as the gushy aesthetic idealist, Eleanor Stoddard. Perhaps most versatile of all, Lee Murphy is dead and sharp as secretary Janey Williams, coarse and smarmy as a southern evangelist, cool and tender in her narrative parts. The men—William Bruce, Wynn Rowell, and Larry Olson—are all excellent, with Mr. Bruce's sonorous voice and versatility of characterization particularly outstanding. The dancers, Diana Tennyson and Doug Hinkston, are delightful; Miss Tennyson's portrayal of Isadora Duncan is at the same time a subtly funny caricature and a beautiful piece of dancing; Marge and Jack Tygart have contributed lively and inventive choreography; and the ferocious apache number, which some of the main characters watch in Paris after the 1918 armistice, is terrific dance and terrific theatre, in the root meaning of "terrific."



## Rendezvous with Marilyn

— Robert Moreau —

Last Saturday night at 8 p.m. Marilyn Chambers, star of *Behind the Green Door* and *Resurrection of Eve*, appeared naked at the Capri Theater, answering questions and promoting her most recent film, *Inside Marilyn Chambers*, advertised in the progressive *Union-Tribune* under the title, *The Marilyn Chambers Story*. General admission was \$4. Senior citizens were admitted for \$2.

Members of the Reader staff were invited to chat with the star shortly before her performance. On the way to her hotel one of us practiced with the tape recorder, while the other two sorted out potential questions (e.g., "How did you lose

your virginity? How would you rank these prospective lovers: Henry Kissinger, Wilt Chamberlain, Mickey Rooney, Andy Warhol, President Kennedy?").

Reader Staff: Miss Chambers, I was wondering, I assume you watch pornographic movies, or see them, and I wondered what you watch for especially, what you have an eye for, because of your experience or interest, your professional eye, in other words?

Marilyn Chambers: You mean, what do I look for?

RS: Yes.

MC: Well, when I watch an X-rated film, and it's usually at a private home or something, I can always judge it if I get super turned-on by it, and then I stop watching it. Then it's a

good film.

RS: Do you get turned on by watching your own films?

MC: No, that gets old. All hard-core films get boring after a while. I liked *Devil in Miss Jones*, *Deep Throat*, *Behind the Green Door*—we all thought *Green Door* was going to be something special—maybe *Teenage Fanatics* a little. But *Emmanuelle* was all simulated. You could really tell.

RS: Do the Ivory Snow people still talk with you?

MC: The Ivory Snow thing turned everything on for me. They told everyone they were going to cancel my contract and take my picture off the box. Here they had searched for this young mother—99 and 44/100% (continued on page 8)

## THE READER FIRST ANNUAL CALIFORNIA CLEAN LIMERICK CONTEST



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Limericks they'd sing,  
As they danced in a ring  
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ENTRY DEADLINE: Friday, February 20, 1976.  
Only one entry per envelope.  
Entries will be judged by the Reader editors. Their decision will be final, and they won't discuss it with you, so don't call.  
Winners and entries selected for publication will appear in the February 26 issue of the Reader.

FIRST PRIZE: \$25.00  
SECOND PRIZE: \$10.00  
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MARILYN CHAMBERS  
(Continued from page 7)

pure, and they said it was ruined. But what they really did was renew my contract for ten years. And they gave me a lot of money. They wanted people to run out and buy the product.

RS: I have about eleven boxes in my closet.

MC: That's how they made their money.

RS: During your stage debut in *Mind with the Dirty Man* at the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas, what did you do with all your spare time? Did you go gambling or what?

MC: Oh, I never gamble. Actually I'm a pretty earthy person. I would go out into the desert. I like to hike. I shoot guns. I drove a jeep around in the desert. I did all kinds of weird things like that. I love Las Vegas. Everyone thinks it's just that glittering strip, but there's mountains and snow and an old ghost town.

RS: Did you enjoy working in the show?

MC: Oh, I just loved it. It was my first time. 52 weeks, 6 days a week, 2 shows a day, working with Jane Kean and Phil Ford. It was super.

RS: Didn't it get old after a while?

MC: Never. Sometimes I wouldn't wear any panties and I'd bend over in Phil's face. That would kind of spice things up.

RS: What's next on your agenda?

MC: I have a musical I'm going to star in on Broadway in March. It's called *Bellybutton*. It's a musical. And it has nudity in it. At the Diplomat Hotel.

They've turned the ballroom into a cabaret. Let me tell you a bit about it. It's a really funny show. It takes place in 1986, and it's a nostalgia trip back into the 70s. It's about all our sexual hangups today. Like there's one little scene in there where this chick is talking with this dancer dressed in a big dog's costume, and she just caught him haling a French poodle down the street. Like bestiality now is a very taboo thing, but hopefully then people will be able to appreciate things like that. Anyway, the dancer tells her, "I can't help it if I'm bisexual." A little like *Mind with the Dirty Man*.

RS: Sounds like the same script. Are you looking forward to touring in New York City?

MC: Oh sure. I'm from right around there. I was born in

Rhode Island and brought up in Westport, Connecticut.

RS: Does that make you a Long Island Jew?

MC: From Rhode Island? A Long Island Jew?

RS: You have a Jewish star around your neck.

MC: Oh no, it's got a cross in the middle of it.

RS: That makes you a bisexual, I guess.

MC: Ha-ha.

RS: Your new film mentions that you've had small roles in major movies. What were they?

MC: One is *The Godfather Part II*. I played Barney's girl, Robert Klein. Then I did a thing called *Together*, an R-rated thing about Esalen. It was supposed to be a documentary, but it was a lot of B.S. Those are the two films.

RS: Are there any directors

you would especially like to work with?

MC: My favorite director is Ingmar Bergman. He's my goal. He could make a super X film.

RS: In the new film did anybody write your dialogue?

MC: No, no. They asked me questions, and I answered honestly. The film is sort of a documentary of my career and the two X-rated films I did.

RS: It came across more as an historical novel.

MC: What?

RS: An historical novel. I mean you even have a different demeanor here than in the movie.

MC: Well you see, I'm about to have my hair done. You caught me at the wrong time.

RS: Last question. A phenomenon that was shown in the film was the "get-em-up girl" who's like a double who would prepare the men, then you would jump in. Are there other things that would come in this area of illusion? Things that you are not aware of when watching a porno film, but things that are done while filming it?

MC: No, no.

On the way back to the Reader office one of us listened to the tape recorded, while the other two sorted out potential questions for our next anticipated interview, this time with Jerry Gross, San Diego sports savant ("How did you lose your job? How would you rank these prospective losers: Chargers, Mariners, Padres, C. Arnold Smith, Gene Klein?").

MC: No, no.

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**Manson**

7:30

**No Way Out**

9:00

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Movies  
Duncan Shepherd

**Aloha, Bobby and Rose** — Arnie Shaw's soft, big-band sound leads into a moony remembrance of Old Hollywood issuing from a heavily-lipped, middle-age mouth in between shots from a gin-and-tonic. This pride serves to set the mood of Floyd Murtry's old-fashioned, formula tragedy of fugitive lovers — two children of California car culture, a garage mechanic and a car-wash receptionist; but, as the voice at the beginning insists, things have changed since the old days, particularly the ability to tell this sort of tale and to believe in it. Murtry tries to retard the capricious leaps of his narrative with the vivid, dampening images of William Fraker and the pensive, cautious hesitations and strugs of Paul Le Mat. Like Murtry's far-superior *DUSTY AND SWEETS* McGEE, this movie transpires in one weekend, but it could be a whole summer for the sense of time and connection that comes from the innumerable fade-outs, dissolves, and pokey transitions between the story fragments. Murtry possesses a trustworthy attraction toward specific cultural date — cars, fast-food restaurants, pop songs (with too much stress here on Elton John), the billboards along Sunset Blvd., etc. — but he is dragged in another direction by the problematical duties of a commercial Hollywood movie-maker.

Blackbeard's Ghost — Re-issue of a comedy-fantasy from the Quiner studio, starring Peter Ustinov, directed by Robert Stevenson, 1968.

(Fox; Clairemont; Parkway 1)



ALOKA BOBBY AND ROSE

**The Black Bird** — The overused 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. Irreverence, 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 spades in this neighborhood?"). The pacing, on the other hand, is often faulty, and the ending is a pratfall. George Segal, Stephen Auer, Lionel Stander, Lee Patrick, 1975.

(Fashion Valley)

**Chinatown** — Lack of conviction vies with lack of tension for ultimate supremacy in this messy private eye case, written by Robert Towne and directed by Roman Polanski, set in the Thirties, fashionably. What you comprehend of the case seems not at all correct and the rest rushes right past you, out to sea. There are a few alluring romantic notions floating around, and Jerry Goldsmith's insidious music stirs things up somewhat, while the chic golden light and the wide-screen shots of pumpkin-like faces or Polanski's preference, of backs of heads tend to weigh things down. And Polanski's career continues, as it has since his first coming to Hollywood, at an idle. Once again the question is: what interested him about this project? Starring Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, John Huston, 1974.

(Cine 3 Cinema 3)

**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 variety. Al Pacino's and Charles Durning's across-the-street nego-

tations 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-a-trap vantage point, allows the viewer to contemplate the principal robber more as a headache-sufferer than a headcase-causer. Chris Sarandon, James Broderick, John Cazale, 1975.

(Grossmont)

**The Drowning Pool** — Paul Newman returns after nine years to the role of Lew Harper, P.I., but not to the same turf. Southern California, instead, he is jetted to New Orleans, where he, his co-star Joanne Woodward and director Stuart Rosenberg had visited once before with interesting results (WUSA), and where the multi-farious dialects affected by the actors drag his often-repeated name in several directions — "Hoppa," "Hah-h-h-pah," "Hawp." The blackmail and murder plot is from an early and unspecial Ross Macdonald novel, and rather than push the movie into the convoluted trails charted by Macdonald in later books, the moviemakers have elected to hold things within the ordinary expectations aroused by the private eye genre. The nymph on the motel bed ("Don't you think I'm sexy?"), the hassling Southern cops ("Okay, grab the paint!"), the private detective who, for amusement, adopts poses as a pest exterminator, a black belt karate expert, a burglar, a dopey old worker, and who enjoys a bit of wordplay with the Dixie dimwits ("I spotted your car. You spotted my car? Will it wash off?"). And Gordon Willis, the photographer, except for a few handsome postcard shots, keeps the proceedings in the conventional low-key by lighting the faces as if to illustrate all the phases of the moon.

(Frontier Drive In)

**Fantastic Planet** — Animation is obviously a favorite, and as yet underdeveloped, way to do sci-fi and fantasy subjects — a more direct and less compromising outlet for

the imagination than is offered by the average film studio special effects department. And this prize-winning French-Greek cartoon by Rene Laloux, about the battle for global supremacy between tiny naked Oms and monstrous blue Droogs, evidences a rampant imagination, to go with a somewhat tame, sometimes morbid, wit. However, the stiff-jointed animation gives the sensation of pacing through a picture book rather than of watching a motion picture, 1974.

(Vista Arts, 2/8 through 11)

**Going Places** — Bertrand Blier's film of his own novel (the title in French translates properly as *Balls*) is an exercise of pacing shots, smooth and light-on-the-feet, to keep up with the cross-country sprinting and joy-riding of its two punk protagonists. Things come very easily to this petty and pretty pair — stolen cars, stolen cash, stolen kisses — as trains, homes, streets, a neighborhood, an entire town are helpfully evaluated so that there is nothing to interfere with the open expression of his-in-and-run free-living, adulterous, and it is handsomely photographed, in sedate color, by Bruno Nuyton, in some beautiful air settings — a resort town in the off-season, a Corbiatish man-made canal lined with trees. And in its infrequent best moments (for example, when one of the two toughs circles around and around a dopey old store detective, swapping boasts and insults), it allows you to refrain from

\*\*\* (Ken, 2/11 and 12)

**La Grande Bouffe** — Four satiated hedonists unite at a suburban Parisian estate, well beyond its best days, for a private "gastronomy seminar," at which they literally gorge themselves to death. In Marco Ferreri's handsome, muted, and droll comedy of gluttony, and of humors, the subject matter of ingestion and digestion has

(continued next page)

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probably enjoyed a surer time in centuries past — from Rabelais's to Swift's, for instance. Advisedly, Terrier has striven to distance the material with a style — standoffish and unflappable — which can accommodate tactfully the most unbuttoned cutting up. Each of the players — Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, Philippe Noiret — is outfitted with distinct and personalized manners, weaknesses and post-dead; and there is a refreshing feeling of creative participation in their deaths. (K, 2/1 and 12)

**Hearts and Minds** — Peter Davis's diagram of the American involvement in Vietnam, its history, its rationalizations, its repercussions. In striving for comprehensiveness, Davis has put his many fingers onto many points of interest (film clips from WWII Hollywood movies suggest the moldy shape of American patriotism; the melodrama surrounding a high school football game testifies to the national obsession with winning). Davis, who also made *THE SELLING OF THE PENTAGON* for television, often scores points speciously or facetiously, and the information from any one source is often so clipped that it has meaning only in terms of Davis's undisputed ideas of right and wrong attitudes. The best moments are the passive camera's confrontations with a forthright, unyielding personality — Daniel Ellsberg choking up suddenly during his interview with Bobby Kennedy; or L.G. George Coker, a POW returning with his ideas intact and lecturing, on tour, in front of hometown folks, school children, and America's mothers, ironically, unnapily, this step up for Davis — from TV documentary work to an Academy Award — is apt to be seen by far fewer people than it would have been on the home screen. 1974.

\*\*\* (Third College Auditorium, UCSD, 2/6 and 7)

**Heater Street** — Joan Micklin Silver's ambitious, but penny-wise independent production about the Americanization of Jewish immigrants on Manhattan's Lower East Side, at the turn of the century. The substantial subject is filtered

down to individual scenes which are tidy, to the point, and a bit thinned out. (A big line comes over loud and clear. "You can't pee up my back and make me think it's rain.") This lucid movie, Silver's first as director, plays rather like a piano tune for one finger, however, the finish, in those terms, is fancy, apt, surprising finger-work. The conscientious documentation of distant customs makes the movie a valuable museum piece, although it takes a while just to get oriented to the milieu, and it takes longer yet to get into the central story. Once Carol Kane's introverted performance as the Old Country wife of Stephen Keats loud party brings together, a beach, a rationalist from the Oceanography Institute, a mystical manner out of Melville, and a befuddled hydrophobe uprooted from the big city, but the questions sounded in this streamlined thriller are no deeper than "Who's next?" or "What's next?" on the agenda of the inscrutable Great White Maneater. Director Steven Spielberg books the Peter Benchley book into a cautionary nag at human unpreparedness, and he stirs up considerable amusement around people's inadequacy to the threat — their initial hemphousness and ha-ha frivolity, and their eventual howl awe when they come face-to-face with the beast (an impressive finish. Until then it is a scrupulously controlled, even-tempered, and cramped epic, in shadowy, low-key lighting and austere, black-and-gray color. George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, William Atherton, Charles Durning, Gig Young. 1975.

\*\*\* (Loma)

**Hustle** — Robert Aldrich's bitter, fever vision of assorted dreamers and schemers in the City of Angels, a dangerous, chaotic, intimidating territory of murky shadows and smoldering colors. Scriptwriter Steve Shagan's procedural policeman is dotted with stray lunatics and sick, untouchable villains and anti-villains; cops, and the main case, a girl's corpse washed up on the beach, is teasingly well-plotted around numerous interruptions and postmodernist director Robert Aldrich gives things force and coherence with his fully 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 Reynolds, Catherine Deneuve, Paul Winfield, Ernest Borgnine, Eddie Albert. 1975.

\*\*\* (Valley Circle)

**Jaws** — How to cope with a rogue shark, who's choosing his meals among the summertime beachgoers, a while just to get oriented to the milieu, and it takes longer yet to get into the central story. Once Carol Kane's introverted performance as the Old Country wife of Stephen Keats loud party brings together, a beach, a rationalist from the Oceanography Institute, a mystical manner out of Melville, and a befuddled hydrophobe uprooted from the big city, but the questions sounded in this streamlined thriller are no deeper than "Who's next?" or "What's next?" on the agenda of the inscrutable Great White Maneater. Director Steven Spielberg books the Peter Benchley book into a cautionary nag at human unpreparedness, and he stirs up considerable amusement around people's inadequacy to the threat — their initial hemphousness and ha-ha frivolity, and their eventual howl awe when they come face-to-face with the beast (an impressive finish. Until then it is a scrupulously controlled, even-tempered, and cramped epic, in shadowy, low-key lighting and austere, black-and-gray color. George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, William Atherton, Charles Durning, Gig Young. 1975.

\*\*\* (Loma)

**Lies 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 towards the schmaltzy. And no matter how true, the story spends considerable time among 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, incurious acceptance of the characters at face value might be acceptable as a child's-eye view, but director Stanley Donen does not really push that possibility, and a few of the actors offer

insights that are well above a child's perception. The movie takes advantage of its unfamiliar faces, though, particularly that of Len Birmah as the busy and unprepared father who squanders his energies on revolutionary inventions like the creaseless trouser and the elastic cuff link. With Yossi Yadin, Marilyn Lightstone, and Jeffrey Lynas. 1975.

\*\*\* (Fashion Valley)

**The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean** — After the debts to *TRUE GUN*, *CABLE HOGUE*, and *BUTCH CASSIDY* have been paid up, John Huston, bureau-western retains only some scattered loose change — quite a strong, flavorful opening; some nice, typical Maurice Jarre music; and some novel grotesqueries (an albino gunfighter, a pet grizzly bear). The John Huston script, torn between mythifying and demythologizing the western, between spoofing and sentimentalizing, is a garbled piece of work, but here and there it's a clear, effective note.

\*\*\* (North Park, Row)

**Lucky Lady** — A *Ménage-a-trois* of Prohibition bootlegging around the Mexican border is played, as a contribution to the boom-bust-busts. The strangeness of the set-up is probed no deeper than the clear-me expressions on hotel clerks, real estate agent, etc. The strangest aspect — the inexplicable aspect — is how this particular saucy Bumsy-Bumy-Vel female manages to keep these two handsome males wrapped around her fingers, left arm clutching lady's the world for it. In the role, Liza Minnelli forges another characterization to give hope and inspiration to young women everywhere of queen-size self-esteem and pawnlike talent. All the pieces are on hand for an ornate, gaudy period production, but they are smothered beneath the Revision hallucination haze of Geoffrey Unsworth's image and the bluish good-time, old-time music. Gene Hackman, But Reynolds, directed by Stanley Donen. 1975.

\*\*\* (Cinema 21)

**Marty Python and the Holy Grail** — Marty Python's skills sometimes funny, always silly comedy about stupidity — take a linear route, spouting the King of the Rings. The road-movie format (traveling lightly and quickly through spots that are never returned to again, although many of the jokes are brought up again in the sequel) is a very flexible movie. But the actors deliver convincing, if superficial, impersonations. And Nicholson, of course, dominates — a cunning, entertaining, attention-getting interpretation of a cunning, entertaining, attention-craving character. 1975.

\*\*\* (Cinema)

**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 gun-ho GUNGA DIN-type interpretations of Kipling, the film has a weary, was detachment from the footpath adventure — a travesty of British imperialism — undertaken by two unscrupulous vagabonds, led by 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)

**Memories of Underdevelopment** — "Tommy's" Cuba is not an expectedly subtle, sophisticated, even stylish in treating a bourgeois and Liberty. Still, Milos Forman's treatment, unbuttoned, stresses the sentimentalities and raising spirits. The film is around the post-Revolution homeland, which most of his peers have seen fit to evacuate. 1970.

\*\*\* (UCSD, 2/7)

**Monty Python and the Holy Grail** — Monty Python's skills sometimes funny, always silly comedy about stupidity — take a linear route, spouting the King of the Rings. The road-movie format (traveling lightly and quickly through spots that are never returned to again, although many of the jokes are brought up again in the sequel) is a very flexible movie. But the actors deliver convincing, if superficial, impersonations. And Nicholson, of course, dominates — a cunning, entertaining, attention-getting interpretation of a cunning, entertaining, attention-craving character. 1975.

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**The Man Who Would Be King** — John Huston at long last realizes his

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sequences. Directed by Terry Jones and Terry Gilliam. "The Holy Grail" (K, 2/6 and 7)

**No Way Out** — Single-minded and simple-minded story, a hit man's vendetta against the mob bosses (one down, three to go, and so on). Nevertheless, Duccio Tessari plots the increased distance from the line of gun-ho GUNGA DIN-type interpretations of Kipling, the film has a weary, was detachment from the footpath adventure — a travesty of British imperialism — undertaken by two unscrupulous vagabonds, led by 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)

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest** — The Ken Kesey novel, which you cannot have avoided without some degree of stultification, uses a mental-ward setting to allegorize a 1960's anti-establishment orthodoxy. The guardians need watching more than the guarded. Really, the hero figure, Jack Nicholson's McMurphy, is too much of a self-interested manipulator to pass inspection as a spokesman for Life and Liberty. Still, Milos Forman's treatment, unbuttoned, stresses the sentimentalities and raising spirits. The film is around the post-Revolution homeland, which most of his peers have seen fit to evacuate. 1970.

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**The Man Who Would Be King** — John Huston at long last realizes his

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**The Other Side of the Mountain** — An Olympic hopeful who whistles suddenly into the foreground of a pretty snowscape and shouts to the mountaintops, "I'm Jim Kimmont, and I ski!" — 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 slant the thing toward the audience for a Reader's Digest inspirational anthology. In the end, Pierce, the director, suppresses any acute rudeness or discomfort in the situation, 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 Kleenex. Despite the lack of immediacy on the emotional level, Pierce and his players, mainly Marilyn Hassett, Beau Bridges, and Dabney Coleman, are often scrupulous about mundane details — the gossipers and guncatchers in the girls' locker room ("Mind your own bees wax"), the skiers' sweaters and sunbats (a lighter area, in the shape of goggles, around the eyes).

\*\*\* (Century Twin 2)

**The Parallel View** — Wading into the stream of SEVEN DAYS IN MAY and THE MAN WITH THE CANDIDATE, Alan Pakula contributes to feverish political fantasies a thriller about a hypothetical organization for the recruiting of professional assassins. This stuff gets out of hand, really. The incredible premise which feigns an attitude of desperate alarm-sounding while it exploits the situation with cool opportunism — becomes less offensive, somehow, because of the equally incredible exposition — a barroom brawl, a splashy fight in river rapids, an obligatory car chase. An insouciant side show on the values of God, Country, Mother, Father, the Enemy, etc., is the highlight of the movie, and not merely because it functions as a welcome commercial interlude.

\*\*\* (Century Twin 2)

**Stunt Running** — Ecology-minded outer-space fiction, by Douglas Trumbull, taps the audience's fondness for plants and cute pint-sized robots. The use of John Cazale as a morality booster is understandable, but the casting of Bruce Dern in the lead role transforms the lone defender of plant life into a sort of junkie-astronaut, a comic, bleary-eyed, choked-up. 1972.

\*\*\* (Fine Arts, 2/6 through 8)

**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 showbiz oddities — the persnickiness, memory-lapses, chronic nostalgia, and dog-eared maxims (it's a funny 'un, cupcake) is funny, cucumber, is funny — but it's not funny because it functions as a welcome commercial interlude.

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Gordon Willis's photography includes some chilling compositions of modern architecture, though his lighting is dimly effective, as usual. Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway. 1974.

\*\*\* (Unicorn)

**Rooster Cogburn** — Stuart Millar's adamant pictorialism (around every bend and over every bluff, the glories never cease) could cause a step-up of tourist activity in the Oregon wilds. The credits sequence is quite nice (cartoon-like silhouettes of horses and riders progressing gradually into dusk and darkness), and it would have been quite enough, too. The bloated sequel to *TRUE GUN* replaces Kim Darby's precocious teenager with Katharine Hepburn's spinster avenger (shades of *AFRICAN QUEEN*). John Wayne, with his buttonhole pique, still manages to be funny now and again; and Hepburn, with her nagging, nose-upturned recitations of Bible passages, sermons, and words to the wise, manages to sway all the sympathy to Wayne's side.

\*\*\* (College; Fashion Valley)

**Sweet Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of Ankara** — Line Warner's *ADAMANT* CRIGHTON with new wrinkles. A rich bitch (Mariangela Melato) dresses as a prostitute to get 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 sailors are turned on her. The script often seems to preach communism, but the action bespeaks male supremacy, and the moral of Wertheimer'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 dawn-out resolution it doesn't know where to go. Wertheimer's direction favors loud voices and applause lines (mostly the ideological debate is carried out on the level of name-calling; but her color scheme of sky, sand, and tanned skin

Lardner's, are invariably softened, muted beneath sweet and pacy feelings of endearment. Actually, the one open exhibition of sentimentality, with all defenses dropped, is the movie's most surprising and enduring scene. Faced with the thought of retirement, Walter Matthau's 70ish, inviolated, cantankerous comic suddenly reddens around eyes and nose, and his agent-nephew is so taken back that he's tongue-tied for a moment — and that silent moment confirms the old fellow's darkest, forlornest imaginings. Matthau and George Burns, a team of ex-comedians who haven't seen one another in eleven years, are superb in twelve brief, assured and basically headless performances. Richard Benjamin, the agent-nephew, functions as referee-diplomat-interpreter, and this straight-man performance, cleaning up after the two stars, is the finest in the film and Benjamin's humanest work since the *HE AND SHE* television series. Directed by Herbert Ross. 1975.

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# Reader's Guide to Local Events

## Film

**SWITZERLAND** Travel film narrated by Thayer Soule, Friday, February 6, 8 p.m. and Saturday, February 7, 2 p.m. Horace Mann Junior High School, 4345 54th Street.

**HEARTS AND MINDS** Peter Davis' Vietnam documentary, sponsored by Groundwork Collective. Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, 7:30 p.m. Third College Auditorium, UCSD, 452-4090.

**TOO MANY ELEPHANTS** film on the East African elephant. Saturday and Sunday, February 7 and 8, 1:30 and 3 p.m., San Diego Natural History Museum, 232-3821.

**DINSHYIN**, an ethnographic chronicle of people who have lived in the area of Canyon Chelly, Arizona. Sunday, February 8, 1, 2, and 3 p.m., Monterey Hall, San Diego Museum of Man, 274-0313.

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

**MEN'S LIVES**, film about socialization of American males. Followed by discussion led by men's group. Tuesday, February 10, 7 p.m., Montezuma Hall, SDSU, 266-5218. Free and open to the public.

## Sports

**MARINERS HOCKEY**: San Diego vs. Cleveland, Thursday, February 5, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena, 224-4176.

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL**: Mesa College vs. Orange Coast College, Saturday, February 7, 7:30 p.m., Mesa Gym; San Diego City College vs. Chaffey College, February 7, 8 p.m., San Diego High School; USD vs. Cal Poly Pomona, Tuesday, February 10, 8 p.m., USD gym.

**9TH ANNUAL ANDY WILLIAMS SAN DIEGO OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT**: \$10,000 Celebrity Pro-Am Tournament on Wednesday, February 11, \$180,000 PGA Tournament, Thursday through Sunday, February 12 through 15, Torrey Pines Golf Course, La Jolla, 291-5372.

## Galleries

**JURIED MEMBERSHIP SHOW**, plus a one-man watercolor exhibit by Stanislaw Sowinski. Through February 29, San Diego Art Institute Gallery, 224-5946.

**"MOSTLY CATS AND DOGS"**, photos by Helen McKenna. 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, 299-6543.

**FREDERIC CHURCH**, 80 oil sketches and drawings by the 19th Century Romantic landscape. Through February 29, Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT** with works by Richard Beveridge, Robert Collins, David Dye, Steve Mullensky, Bill Payne. Through February 6, Jenner Street Gallery, La Jolla, 459-0811.

**CHICANO ART EXHIBITION**, including works by Guillermo Acevedo, Manó Lima, Tomas Castaneda, Acevedo Art Gallery International, 238-8798.

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

**SAN DIEGO 50 YEARS AGO**, works of San Diego painters of the 1920's. Through February 8, Fine Arts Gallery, 232-7931.

**ARTE PICANTE. CONTEMPORARY CHICANO ART**: exhibit through February 6, Mandeville Art Gallery, 452-2860.

**MIXED MEDIA PAINTINGS** and drawings by Walter Wojtyla. Reception for the artist on Friday, February 6, Artist's Co-operative Gallery, 296-0200.

**THE SUBSTANCE OF LIGHT**: Sunlight Dispersion, The Solar Burns, Point Source/Starpace, by New York artist Charles Ross. February 7 through March 14, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 454-0183.

**FABRIC ART** and paintings by Sibyl Quilts. Through March 2, Unicorn Cinema Gallery, 459-4341.

**COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS** by Phil Napala. Through February, Corridor Gallery, San Diego Public Library, 235-5800.

**EASTERN EUROPEAN MOVIE POSTERS** from the collection of Delmore Scott, Love Library, 50 p.m., State, February 6-29.

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

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

## Lectures

**IMPROVING ECONOMIC POLICY**, lecture by Herbert Stein, Professor of Economics, University of Virginia. Thursday, February 5, 8 p.m., Salomon Lecture Hall, USD, 291-6480, ext. 354.

**LASERS AND ART CONSERVATION** are the subjects of Dr. John Aumus, associate research physicist at UCSD. Thursday, February 5, 8 p.m., Room 2722 USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, 452-3120.

**WOMEN ALONE**: Panel discussion on being a single woman in a coupled society. Sunday, February 8, 7:30 p.m., Beach Area Community Clinic, 3705 Mission Blvd, 488-8325.

**YVONNE RAINER** discusses the development of her work as dancer, "event-maker," and film-maker. Tuesday, February 10, 7:30 p.m., Room 2622, USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, 452-2860.

**WORLD AFFAIRS**, lecture by Dr. Alonzo Baker, Monday, February 9, 1:00 p.m., House of Hospitality, Balboa Park, and Tuesday, February 10, 1:30 p.m., La Jolla Women's Club, 224-2063.

**ALPHONZO BELL**, Republican member of the House of Representatives and candidate for the U.S. Senate, lectures, Monday, February 9, 12:30 p.m., More Hall, USD, 291-6480, ext. 354.

**THE WORLD OF MY AMERICA**: One-person dramatization of black history by Pauline Myers. Tuesday, February 10, 8 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 238-1181, ext. 238.

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**FEMINISM AND THE ARTS**. Seminar conducted by Joyce Fowler. Wednesday, February 11, 11 a.m., Casa Roca, 3300, 286-6604 or 239-3664.

**POETRY READING** by Jeff Winkelman and Howard Cohen. Wednesday, February 11, 8 p.m., Revelle Campus Forum Lounge, UCSD, 452-4090.

**MARINE MAMMALS**, their sounds and training, are the topics of Dr. R. H. DeFran, SDSU psychology professor, and Dr. William Cummings of the Naval Undersea Center. Wednesday, February 11, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, 232-3821.

**ART AND TECHNOLOGY**, lecture by Dr. Paul Salzman. Wednesday, February 11, 8 p.m., Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 454-0183.

**OMARI MUSA**, Socialist Workers' Candidate for U.S. Senate, speaking on Tuesday, February 10, 12 noon, at San Diego City College, Main Quad; and on Thursday, February 12, 12 noon, at Blair Plaza, UCSD.

**SECRET ARMY ORGANIZATION** - F.B.I. terror in San Diego, talk by Bill Ritter. Friday, February 6, 8 p.m., at the Militant Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd, 280-1292.

## Music

**LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC** with guest conductor Gennady Rozhdestvensky and guest pianist Viktoria Postnikova. Saturday, February 7, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 274-2063.

**19TH ANNUAL LOCAL ARTIST CONCERT**, featuring baritone Melvin Bartel and pianist Larry LeBlanc. Saturday, February 8, 8 p.m., Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College.

**COFFEE CONCERT** by the La Jolla City/University Symphony, featuring works by Bloch, Pops, Ginastera, and Beethoven. Sunday, February 8, 8 p.m., Bishop's School, La Jolla, 452-3229.

**MINI-CONCERT** by the San Francisco Piano Trio. Monday, February 9, 12 noon and 12:30 p.m., Grand Salon, Civic Theatre.

**CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT**: Works by Beethoven, Poulenc, Berg, Rossini, and Pops, performed by the UCSD Chamber Ensembles. Monday, February 9, 8:30 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD, 452-3229.

**ATOMIC CAFE**: "Next Week's Concert Tonight," a five-hour multi-media event/concert. Tuesday, February 10, 7 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD, 452-3229.

## Special Events

**INDOOR RODEO** at the Sports Arena, Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, 8 p.m., and Sunday, February 8, 6 p.m., 224-4176.

**WORLD OF ILLUSION** with Andre Kole, authority on the supernatural. Friday, February 6, 8 p.m., UCSD, 452-4090.



**DANCE CONCERT** by the Dance Players of Poway. Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre, Women's Gym, Room 208, SDSU, 286-6821.

**INTERNATIONAL FAIR**: movies, exhibits, music, and international foods, co-sponsored by the International Club and Campus Travel Services West. Friday, February 6, from 4 p.m., International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN AIR SHOW**: Benefit for the Aerospace Museum, with displays and air show. Saturday and Sunday, February 7 and 8, from 10:30 a.m. (air show, 2 to 4 p.m.), Brown Field, 234-8291.

**29TH ANNUAL CAMELLIA SOCIETY SPRING SHOW**. Saturday, February 7, 1 to 5 p.m., and Sunday, February 8, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Conference Building, Balboa Park, 232-5762.

**VALENTINE'S DAY DANCE** with Fred Budhi and his Rhythm Makers, sponsored by the International Ballroom Dance Association of San Diego. Saturday, February 7, 7:30 p.m., Balboa Park Club, 479-2682.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE**: Display of original document signed by President Lincoln giving Mission San Luis Rey back to the Franciscan Padres, plus related documents. Sunday, February 8, 1:30 to 4 p.m., and Monday through Thursday, February 8 through 12, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Mission San Luis Rey, near Oceanside, 757-3651.

**FOLK PUPPETS FROM AROUND THE WORLD**: exhibit of puppetry from India, Turkey, Mexico, China, etc., plus puppetry demonstrations on February 7, 21, and 28, 1 and 2:30 p.m., San Diego Museum of Man, 274-0313.

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1965 VW Squareback, rebuilt engine, standard transmission, good condition, excellent gas mileage, \$1100. 563.9937, after 5 p.m. weekdays, anytime on weekends.

1971 GMC 1-ton van, 6 cylinders, automatic transmission, air, live new tires, AM/FM cassette, factory interior, perfect condition, \$2800. Michelle, 481-9762.

1957 CHEVY V-8 stock, new front end, brakes, tires, bought truck must sell, \$750 or best offer. 274-5478.

1972 COUGAR XR7, excellent condition, fully equipped, must sell, \$2650 or best offer. 466-5541.

CAMPER, doghouse-type, for mini-pick-up, wood shingle roof, fully insulated, heat, tinted windows, removable double bed, \$100. 447-7163.

1972 FORD VAN, 1-ton, V-8, with air conditioning, power steering and carpet. Excellent condition, \$3000. 298-0908.

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WANT 911 PORSCHE front bumper, spoiler metal. Craig, 488-9997.

1968 COUGAR XR7, very nice, has sunroof, air conditioning, power steering and brakes. Brand new tires and complete brakes. Excellent mechanical condition, \$900. 225-9090.

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1972 COUGAR XR7, power steering, power brakes, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo tape, new brakes, custom interior, low miles, vinyl top, expensive tires, beautiful. 469-8768.

1964 CHEVY half-ton pick-up truck, runs good, recent engine work, including valve job. New tires, 6 cylinder, four-speed, \$750. 223-1409.

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I NEED A cheap dependable 4 or 6 cylinder car. Please help! Dan, 282-1475.

1970 VW AUTOMATIC bus, excellent condition and tires, only \$1350. 283-6261.

1972 FORD VAN, air, V-8, carpeted, paneled, new new value job, paint, curtains, radio, shocks, 69,000 miles, \$3500. 454-6046.

1968 BUICK LE SABRE, automatic, air, 67,000 miles, great full-sized car, \$675. 284-3247.

TWO TIRES, 5.6x17, very good condition, \$20. Two 195 F 14" new caps, different brand radials, \$45. 284-2247.

1970 VOLVO station wagon, super shape, radials, AM/FM, air conditioning. Baby bug beauty, \$12,000 or offer. 488-6812.

TRAVEL TRAILER, stove, ice box, with sink and tank, seats and table convert to king-size bed. Closet, storage space, \$695. 278-4469.

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THIRTY FOOT trailer, one mile south of Rosarito Beach, all hook-ups, fully furnished, asking \$950 or best offer. 463-5845, evenings.

1971 CHEVY VAN, good condition, \$1700. If interested, send self-addressed post card to R.J. Montgomery, care of General Delivery, San Diego, 92101.

LESSONS

ONGOING JEWELRY construction class, Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10 p.m. Instructor: Steven Brinner. Supplies and tools furnished for beginners only. Class fee, \$40 for 16 lessons. Meet Sat. 3636 35th Street. 299-1760.

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1968 HONDA 160 Runn great \$185. 1969 Honda 197 4047

MAN'S 10-SPEED bike, \$40. 565 4219.

TEN SPEED yellow Schwinn Varsity. 21" frame. Like new. Used twice. \$90. 755-5011.

1972 SUZUKI 185. Rebuilt engine, rebuilt carburetor. Starts first kick. Excellent condition. \$425. Mike, 453-9663.

NEW RALEIGH 3-speed boys bike. \$75. 436-4487.

1971 HONDA CL 350. Low miles, looks and runs good. \$525. 296-4567.

1969 YAMAHA 100Twin. 5,000 actual miles. Has not been ridden in less than 100 miles. \$400. 463-7401.

1972 HONDA 500. Excellent condition. 50 miles per gallon, extras. \$1000. 502-3112.

1973 HONDA XL 250. 4,900 miles. Luggage rack. Great condition. \$710. 801 Liverpool Court, Mission Beach.

MO-PED (motorcycle-bicycle). Excellent condition, a get-around mobile. 778-2932.

1973 YAMAHA TX 500. Low miles, excellent condition, helmet included. \$675. 281-7462.

1974 HONDA 750. Low miles, custom paint. Cream puff. \$1400. 291-4899 or 1-755-5566.

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1972 SUZUKI 850. Sacrifice. \$500. Must sell now. Low miles. New rear tire. Good condition. Call John, 582-3194, Room 323, evenings.

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MEN'S TEN-SPEED, 23" frame, excellent condition. Just repainted, shined and completely overhauled. Cited and adjusted. \$50. 468-1263.

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ALL POINTS U.S. Share expenses. Drivers and Riders needed. Travelers Aid Travelboard. 232-7991. A free community service. Register now.

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WANT USED darkroom equipment: enlarger, trays, anything. Why not clear your clutter and let us put your old equipment to use. Bob or Mark, 755-9533.

BRONICA S2A, F2.8 Nikkor, new, only two films exposed. 50 and 35 mm Nikkor lenses, extra back, accessories. All or separately, priced right. 464-6439.

MINOLTA 101, two Rokkor lenses: 58 1.4, 135 3.5, Bushnell 28 mm 2.8. Great camera for your travel and home photography. \$270. Bob, 755-9533.

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MINOLTA SRT-202 with 50 mm f/1.7 lens, leather case, 10 filters, lens hood, and Soligor 2x extender, \$220. Tachometer, 35 mm normal macro zoom lens, \$300. All new. Christmas gift. Tommy Head, 462-0711 Ext. 263, days. 462-6468 evenings.

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NOVOFLEX f5.6, 400mm lens. Nikon mount, excellent condition. \$50. 286-1240.

10 SPEED BIKE in excellent condition. Good derailleurs, tires and lock. Have to sell. \$50. Also Panasonic cassette recorder, \$20. Valerie, 776-6019.

PEUGOT 10 speed, 40 months old. Suntour dealer with extra wide-range touring sprocket. Brake lever extensions. Nylon bar bag. \$125. 223-3256.

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KODAK POCKET carousel slide projector, model 200, brand new, with timer, shut and control. \$75. 270-7416.

SUPER-8mm sound projector. Canon \$146 camera and tripod. All or part. Complete outfit \$295. 488-4503

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YASHICA 800 Electro Super 8 powerful 8 to 1 automatic zoom. Excellent condition, \$300 new, asking \$200. Remote control, slow motion. Kevin, 488-5453.