

# READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

November 23, 1972

The jukebox switched to "FUNKIER THAN A MOSQUITER'S TWEETER" and the people started mouthing the words.

The READER dines out at the Korea House page 3

MOVIES ★  
MOVIES ★  
MOVIES ★  
page 6

Don't go on Thursday... Friday's the night. It'll be a real zoo then. page 4

## Mood on Campus

after the election



Tuesday, Election Day, 1972. I almost forgot what day it was. But as there of us at in the hallway waiting for the class before our class to end, I'm reminded of the election.

"Ya' think McGovern has a chance?" This student with Aiky blonde hair breaks the ice. Nobody answers. "I heard on an L.A. radio station last night there was this poll they took in L.A. last night and McGovern was ahead of Nixon."

Another guy with a hollow face and dark glasses, who all this time had been playing a little musical instrument which had little red fingers like the inside of a music box and produced random oriental music, mumbles something.

"What?" (the blonde kid.)  
"I just said I hope I'm — marijuana — genius."  
"Yeah, I do too. But I don't think it stands a chance."  
"I'd rather have it win than McGovern."

"Well, I'd rather have it win in California than McGovern. If McGovern's going to lose nationally . . . Thing is if Nixon wins, we're all going to need marijuana for the next four years."

The figures at the County Registrar of Voters indicate that most students in San Diego voted for McGovern. The McGovern majority among students, however, wasn't overwhelming. The heaviest majorities were at the polling places in Muir and Revelle Commons at UCSD where McGovern garnered Nixon 231-62 and 307-98, respectively. Most other campus precincts were less decisive: at the polling place in the USD library it was McGovern 128 and Nixon 112. And at San Diego State Nixon even won a majority of two of the college neighborhood precincts. So, when you start to analyze the post-election mood on the campuses in San Diego, you have to realize not everyone was disappointed by the returns.

I asked the girl who answered the phone at the student government office at San Diego State what the post-election mood at State was. She said she didn't know; I'd have to call the student newspaper, the Daily Aztec. Two staffers at the Aztec, Bill Hastings and Clare Farnsworth said most people there were pessimistic. Farnsworth amplified:

"People I talked to thought Nixon had used the peace treaty as a gimmick to win the election. They saw the war dragging on another four years. The campus is pretty quiet except for a demonstration by the Railroad Committee at the Administration Building . . . Most people are pretty depressed; they don't know what to do in the face of such a handslide."

In another phone call to San Diego State, I was offered the explanation by Associated Student Council member Jim Crawford that it was even quieter on campus before the election, that "things were pretty lively last spring, but after the nomination and the Engleton affair were botched, enthusiasm fell." Crawford said that nothing had really happened on campus since the election.

Rather than call the people at UCSD, I decided to visit the office of the Triton Times, the official campus paper, personally. A friendly staff member who later identified himself as copy editor, said he was a Democrat, but like "most of his Christian friends," he voted for Nixon. He claimed that the most general attitude at UCSD, before and after the election, was apathy. The Triton Times staff, however, was heavily McGovern and there was a sense of despair with them and most people coming in and out of the office, he noted.

The University of San Diego student government office, like the other San Diego student governments, seemed to want to abdicate the role of campus spokesman to the campus paper. This time it was the Triton, and the staffer who answered the phone echoed the mixture of disappointment and apathy on the part of most of the students. "Most of the Democrats were expecting to lose but not by so much," she said matter-of-factly. "What's happening now? Well, not much. Oh, yeah, the Mobilization Committee sent us a notice about some meeting, but I know nobody went . . ."

The Copy Editor of the paper at UCSD and I talked for some time about the cooling down on the campus, and why the McGovern feeling hadn't been overwhelming. He said it seemed like Spring of 1970 was the last real gap of widespread student political interest. Since then, things had been "real quiet." I began to think about Vietnamization, or maybe more deep sea, or maybe even the revival of Christianity as possible explanations for this political apathy. (He had been telling me, how there were some 40 members of Campus Crusade for Christ at UCSD, several hundred at State.) But perhaps these things, too, were mere symptoms of a general reaction throughout American society, students included, against the electric, politicized atmosphere of the Sixties. And perhaps McGovern and the student support he had, were up against something bigger than they were. ☐



Photographs Meyer/Schroeder

# theatre

For his first production as chairman of the Drama Department at UCSD Arthur Wagner has done well to choose Jean-Claude Van Itallie's exciting play *The Serpent*. It requires a large cast of performers — seventeen — in roles of equal weight, but what is more important, it gives avant-garde drama one of its rare hearings in San Diego. *The Serpent* is appropriately enough, a constantly moving, shifting spectacle of ritual and myth, both Biblical and American Political, and its performance is at all times engaging, intense, sometimes transfixing, and often unexpectedly humorous. For a little over an hour we are presented with sheer visual and aural (and oral) pleasure, a multitude of attractive bodies to watch and a plethora of sounds to hear, including, to name a few, drums, cracks, clicks, whistles, bleats, saps, trills, jangle sounds and hisses.

The strategy of the performance is to relax the separation between audience and stage. As you walk into the theatre, the performers, all dressed in jeans and tops of warm shirker colors, are already on the bare stage (a kind of tie-dyed dais) and in the aisles, warming up, exercising, loosening up each others muscles or in the case of at least one couple, giving each other a somewhat more intimate massage. Do not be misled by my serene notions you may have about living theatre: you will not be carried into the theatre blindfolded or asked up on the stage to participate in bizarre games. As a spectator you will lose some of your safe and secure anonymity, but you won't feel as though your traditionally dark territory has been threatened; instead, a comfortable, low-keyed contact is established. It is all a way of leading us to the serious and the first scene, and there is

KATHLEEN WOODWARD

vague middle class voices, lost in their dreary lives, wonder in echoes how all this violence began. Shift to the tranquil Garden of Eden: the beginning, of course, lies with the serpent.

The temptation of Eve by the Serpent — a human snake of no less than five men — is by far the most stunning and sensual scene in the entire play. The five men in green envelope Eve, innocent, pale, uncertain, and swirl around her, insinuating themselves into her mind by argument, leering, flicking their tails, darting their tongues, outfling her with fruit, whispering, until Eve begins to listen, begins to sway, until, to sedulate in rhythm with them, turns coy, arrogant, and finally, takes a bite from one of the five red apples offered her. The seduction is deliciously long — I would have capitulated minutes earlier — and I looked forward to the next one, Adam's temptation by Eve. But Van Itallie and Wagner treated it perfunctorily, evidently deciding either that they didn't want to deal with temptation in psychological terms, or that one big temptation scene was enough for any play.

**"The seduction is deliciously long—I would have capitulated minutes earlier..."**

a similar fading-out at the end with the entire cast singing, of all songs, "Shine on, Shine on, Harvest Moon."

But I don't want to give an impression of furtiveness. Yes, the play is open-ended, yet there is none of the anarchy, blunder, and ultimately siring dashing from one part of the theatre to another that I found in a San Diego production of *Two Pluses* some years ago. In *The Serpent* there is a definite and clear rhythm. From a quiet low tide the play draws up into hard limits of passion, violence, and murder, and then subsides. The first tableau, which shows the autopsy and then the assassination of Kennedy I in fragmentary, accelerating replay, strikes like a bullet. Shift to a platitude key:



Wayne Schaeffer



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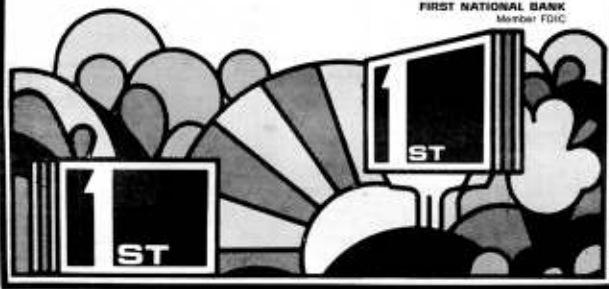
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# FOOD

THE READER DINES OUT AT THE KOREA HOUSE

There is a certain kind of restaurant, and San Diego is full of them. They can be described on a continuum of "unexpectedly had food in gorgeous surroundings" to "not in gorgeous surroundings." Now, there aren't many places in this city which serve Korean food; the Korea House, 620 12th Avenue, is one, and it falls somewhere along this line of expectation-description. The Korea House is in a so-called "run-down" neighborhood, flanked on one side by a second-hand used junk store and on the other by something either opening or closing. There was no one on the street the Saturday night we visited the place. The front was attractively painted red and black, with a keep on truckin' figure added (truck drivers move on?) to the corner. The door opened, and we were faced with a perfect parody of a San Diego Brand Beer Bar: two 25¢ pool tables, a clientele which was not too unfriendly and looked like it would die there, and way in the back, a few tables. And there was, on a black lattice-board, a list of Oriental Food, vaguely Korean.

## A PERFECT PARODY OF A SAN DIEGO BEER BAR

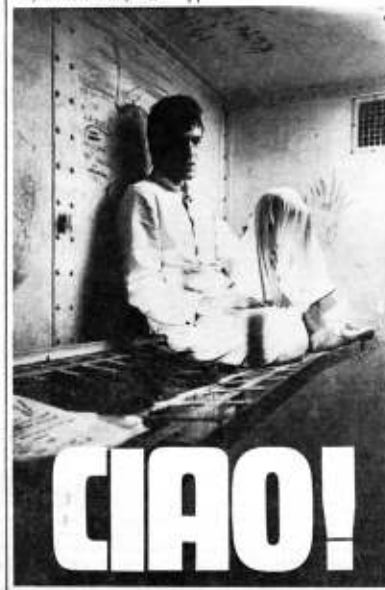
The jukebox was well-stocked with as much like and Tina Turner and Conway Twitty ("She's Not With The One She Loves") as one would want, as well as with some genuine Oriental mu-

sic — tunes like "Sakuya" and a number (very popular here) called "The Japanese Folks," which is played to the tune of "If You're Happy And You Know It Clap Your Hands (clap, clap)."

There were very few things to eat, but some were unusual. As a restaurant, the Korea House apparently made money on its breakfast specials — steak and eggs, 99¢, etc. Much of Korean food is hot — spicy — and is made with red and green peppers. The specialty of the house, however, was Beef Ko Kee, which was, as the menu told us, barbecued beef. It was served with rice and shredded lettuce, and was tolerably good (the beef was soaked in soy sauce, I suspect, and that accounted for its single-minded flavor). The won-ton soup was fine, and so were the fried wontons (Jung Kuk Bob): very stretchy to the Chinese, but spicier. There was also a nice soup, spicy prepared beef, and something called Soyons, which the waiting person (and cook, probably) blantly described as "roughage."

All this was served on clean melamine, in an area lit by a stark colored lantern and marked off by a number of green rubber sheets hung like shower curtains. It was too hot, but very good, with many vegetables soaked in a broth of red pepper and Kim Chee. It should be eaten hot because you can't taste anything after it. The whole meal was too expensive (\$5.00 per person) and somewhat rather strange. We were asked to come back.

Jeff Weinstein



# Don't go on Thursday...Friday's the night. It'll be a real zoo then.

Gerard Corrigan

The trig Marine Corps captain looked sentimental as he answered my question.

"Don't go on Thursday. If you want to see what it's really like, Friday's the night. It'll be a real zoo then."

His mouth curled into a wistful smile, and for the next five minutes the captain was in his own private world. Instantly I recognized the reaction. Such transformations were common among junior officers when the Marine Corps Recruit Depot was mentioned. The Thursday and Friday night dances at the Officer's Club had that effect on them. That inward-looking gaze, the curious Mona Lisa smile, the relaxation of tension lines around the mouth and eyes. It was like instant meditation. Immediately I resolved to witness with my own eyes the social miracle that, from all reports, joined the fanatical devotion of a religious war with the tactics of a wench and destiny mission. For one night I would risk to the jihad. That very Friday night I would join the crusaders on the field at MCRD, and live to write about it.

Arriving at nine-thirty, we followed a caravan of low-slung sports cars inching their way through the straightened lanes of the parking field. On my right my wife seemed to be comparing the attributes of the legions of Pershebes, Corvettes, and Jaguars with the sentimental qualities of our own sixty-five Pontiac.

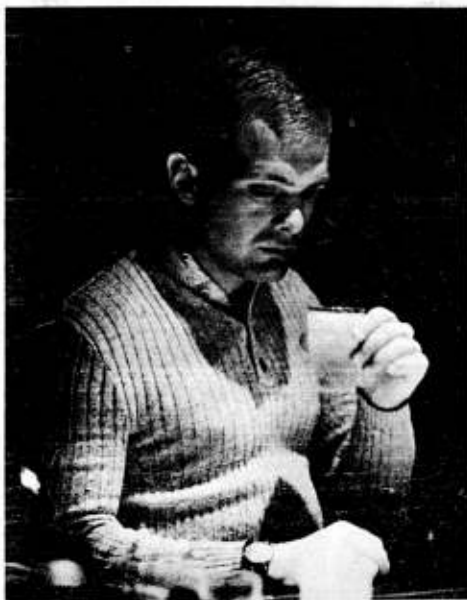
My hand patted the dash. "Nothing like a heavy American car," I said definitively.

"Yes, dear," she replied with a knowing smile.

Outside we shivered in the cool night air as forlorn fragments of clouds followed a brilliant full moon. Palm trees whirled in the breeze. In the distance the MCRD Officers Club loomed like a monument under the blinking moonlight. As we walked, we joined troops of young stylishly-dressed people flowing solemnly in its direction. It seemed to exert an almost magnetic pull on this relentless tide of humanity. A strange quiet caulked the air. Some stray musical notes escaped through an open door, and the flow picked up. A brace of girls broke into an excited trot. My pace seemed to quicken. Two minutes later we were at the doors.

Inside, a brightly lit lobby served as a checkpoint for a glib-eyed duty manager to inspect I.D. cards. He was tall and lean with only a dusting of fuzzy hair on his shiny head. He seemed remarkably calm amidst the

*A brace of girls broke into an excited trot. My pace seemed to quicken...*



Photograph: Meyer/Schaefer

*"I'd like to castrate that guy," she pronounced with a glare in her eye.*

welter of activity around him. Here young men passed to grove they were military officers, or to register civilian guests. Girls fluttered by and shot into ladies rooms for a last minute appraisal of their combat readiness. Quickly passing the checkpoint, my wife and I halted before the ballroom entrance to decide on a campaign strategy. Smartly, I briefed her on my plan to split up and compare reports later. Winking, she agreed with mock enthusiasm and skipped off to the darkened hall. A minute later I followed suit.

An avalanche of noise battered me, as I stumbled into the twilight of the ballroom. Somewhere a hard-bitted rock music. In the unclear distance shadows boomed with other shadowbox a sea of sound that crashed from wall to wall. The ballroom was about the size of two basketball courts and so on. About fifty feet wide, the room was contained by dark paneled walls dropping from a vaulted ceiling. Overhead, exotic Spanish chandeliers hung solemnly with dim light. On the dance floor, twelve hundred gyrating bodies were corralled by a loose perimeter of wooden columns. A sprinkling of tables and chairs dotted the territory beyond. Table candles that looked like large frozen teardrops shed a wavery light across the faces of couples shouting in conversation. Around the border of the dance floor roamed restless herds of stray dancers seeking mates. Overseeing the entire spectacle was a large painting of a World War I doughboy. He stared impassively at some unknown vision.

Stationing myself within smother of a strangely quiet clump of girls, I focused on various aspects of the seeming mass before me. Discernible in front, a nearby young man seemed to be going through to a new dance routine. With the seriousness of a diplomat at High Mass, he chorused, pumped, and fluted amid the music, and he, quivered to a halt. Praying silently, he leaped back to the sidelines. Suddenly the quiet girls on my left opened to life. A dark pump fixed joined them from the dance floor. She was Latin-pretty with a wide honest face that spoke of cozy homes and large warm families. Her gis hinted of a candid heavy sense of humor. She somehow seemed out of place here. The once-quiet ones enveloped her as if to feed on her energy.

"I'd like to castrate that guy," she pronounced with a glare in her eye.

The group buzzed in response.

"I'd like to do it with a rusty tin can," she elaborated. The others giggled and closed in for detailed discussion. Nibbling my interest, two of the girls pulled me with poisonous glances and moved out of eavesdropping range. I was thankful on its own bid about.

Moving to a new observation post across the floor, I passed what could only be described as Vulture's Row. Facing the band at the opposite end of the room was a section that commanded an unobstructed view of the dance floor. Like blackbirds on a telephone wire, a string of unsmiling young men perched themselves along the rim of this section. Intently staring at the dancers, they seemed to resent any interruption to their view.

One heavy held a beer bottle like a lighted melon cocktail. I scooped by, eager for the other side.

Sitting next to a well-endowed blonde, I positioned myself to observe a critical juncture in the skirmish of the sexes. As the music of the Mixed Breed screamed to a resounding stop, a sense of tension mounted the air. The army of dancers parted. The Moment of Truth had arrived. Some couples split immediately, a cut neck or thank you their only exchange. It was unlikely they would dance together again. Others paused and relaxed, peace feelings in the form of either a perfunctory or impromptu remark. This was the most crucial point of the encounter. Here, the committed party exposed his ego to the cruel slash of the mob. I watched the dallying couple before me.

The modestly dressed fellow looked interested. "This your first time here," he asked the rubbernecking girl in hot pants.

"Yep. Been coming here for three years," she replied looking past him.

He maneuvered into her line of vision. "Uh... kinda crowded tonight, huh?" he pressed.

"Not really. Usually more people than this," she responded as her eyes locked onto someone or something in the distance.

It was already too late; he had committed himself.

"Look. You wanna dance again?" he urged almost frantically.

*She slammed it home. "No thanks. Excuse me. I see a friend," she trumped, scooting off...*

She slammed it home. "No thanks. Excuse me. I see a friend," she trumped, scooting off into the crowd to enjoy her victory.

As the band howled into its next number, the chop-fallen casualty picked his way off the dance floor. He seemed to accept his defeat with the resignation of a monk. I watched as he retreated into the anonymity of the crowd and marched off in the direction of the bar. Presently, the counting rate of the American switzer renewed itself. Another song ended. Another dance stopped. Couples went asunder or lingered for another in a wild bewildering melee of aimless conversation and wonderful body language. It was a Psyche student's dream.

With the lights brightening and the band beginning their break, I decided to take the offensive.

I found the barroom brawl. "May I ask why you came here tonight," I ventured as innocently as possible.

She looked uncomfortable and very suspicious, as if I had said something obscene. "Because my girlfriends made me," she responded tersely.

"That the only reason," I persisted.

"Yep," she replied as she moved away. "I don't like it here. I only came because they wanted to." She disappeared into the crowd.

I pulled out my pad and jotted down some notes. Out of nowhere shot a short pretty girl with curly hair and a smile at the ready.

"Why ya taking notes?" she asked cheerfully.

"Hi. Well, I'm writing a story for..."

"I know it. I know it." She jumped and clapped her hands as if excited over a home team touchdown.

"... the Reader. And now may I ask you a question?"

"She became wary. "Sure, I guess so. Fire away Mr. Reporter. But nothing embarrassing, okay?"

She had the kind of easy, receptive laugh that makes such people instantly liked.

"Okay. Why do you come here?"

After pausing a moment, she entranced me with one of those fragile confiding looks, and smiled as if with relief. "I suppose I came to find my knight in shining armor, or something like that. This is a good place to look. Most of the fellas here are officers, and they're usually gentlemen too."

"Have you ever come close to finding this knight of yours?" I persisted.

"Oh, yes. A couple of times in the three years I've been coming here. Somehow things never worked out, but you gotta keep trying, I suppose."

In the band's absence, the ballroom clattered with conversation. It sounded like a very large and popular restaurant in New York City at lunch time. The two bars in the room were besieged by clattering crowds waving dollar bills at bustling bartenders. Throughout, the noise dominated conversation scattered between couples craning to see everyone else. I searched the hall for some sign that the "zoo" was about to begin. None appeared. I think I was disappointed. Then relaxing against a column to absorb the scene before me, I was brought quite suddenly to attention by the action of someone behind me. I had been gazed! And it was a very definite and fearless gazing at that. Perhaps the "zoo" was about to begin, I thought, and with me!

Fortunately, my wife peeked around the corner of the column. "Hi, hon," she smiled mischievously.

After learning that she was tired and anxious to leave, I arranged to meet her in an hour. Then I decided to pay a visit to the back bar. Leaving, I passed a burly young man terrorizing his petite partner with a dance step that might result in involuntary manslaughter. The image of a disgraced skater out of control on a warped roller rink tickled my mind.

The back bar is really a large cocktail lounge nestled quietly behind the ballroom. Because of its relative tranquility, it has the reputation of being the preserve of the crosses, or the older women. It has also been referred to as the Conversation Room to distinguish it from the bustling Room, which is the ballroom. This lounge, about half the size of the ballroom, is also decorated along the same Spanish pattern. Chandeliers and table candles that smuck of Holiday Inn restaurants furnish a soft illumination. In one corner, and taking up about a quarter of the room's perimeter, squatted an inconspicuous brown bar. Behind it, bartenders in red vests. At the

opposite corner, a smaller bar serviced the thirsty from a nearby patio. Sitting at tables scattered throughout the room, newly-acquainted couples labored to get beyond the standard lines. Around three o'clock of regulars gossiped in circles in the most visible parts of the room. Along the bar, lugging stools tacitly inspected at places of prestige and seniority, sat the cronies. These women, mostly divorcees and widows with an occasional loose-wire wife among them, wore the size venoms of MCRD. Some of them had been cooking for ten or more years. Many were bedridden in flabby hot pants but most were more soberly dressed. All wore heavy makeup and seemed sad and stale. Suddenly, I felt tired and wanted to leave.

Choosing fresh air instead, I headed for the patio. Outside, the cool night breeze, the serene bay, and the swaying palm trees revived my spirit. Although I could hear the music, the ballroom seemed a million miles away. On the patio, contented couples sat talking at tables from which spring great meadows of beach umbrellas. They seemed to know each other better than the couples inside. Refreshed, I took some deep breaths and ducked back in.

In the lounge I encountered a well-dressed man who appeared to be in his early thirties.

"You wanna know why I come here?" he started. "Well, it's the best goddamn place in San Diego. The people are friendlier here. They're less inhibited. There is no cover charge, the booze is cheap, and the women are plentiful. I guess that sums it up for me."

Upon learning that he was forty-five, I asked him for his secret.

"Booze," he exhaled, and ambled off in the direction of the bar.

Deciding to give his youth formula a try, I followed suit.

At the bar, I ordered a CC and ginger. I was charged seventy cents. Other mixed drinks ranged between sixty and eighty cents with bottled beer costing forty cents. Outside the service clerk with no drink could cost up to double the amount. When I noticed the maraschino cherries in the tray, my eyes widened. Being a cherry freak, I snatched two of the succulent red globes and popped them in my mouth. They were the best maraschino cherries I had ever eaten.

As I turned to leave, I noticed the striking redhead sitting on my right. I decided on one more interview before leaving.

After I learned that she had been coming to MCRD for nine years, I asked her about the old days and the Club's reputation for being a "zoo."

"She lit up. "Oh, this new generation doesn't know how to enjoy themselves anymore," she complained. "They're all potheads. Too quiet. Too reserved. Nobody gets drunk anymore. Why I remember when this place was really wild!" She looked past me. "Well, I'll see ya. I'm meeting somebody. Bye."

I said goodbye, as she checked her makeup in a compact mirror. Then she left. I thought her makeup was too heavy.

# zoo then.

*Along the bar, hugging stools tacitly respected as places of prestige and seniority, sat the cronies.*

*I asked him for his secret. "Booze," he exhaled, and ambled off in the direction of the bar.*

It was one-thirty when I met my wife in the lobby. The club would close at two. Taking her hand in mine, we strolled into the crystalline night. A few other people walked hand in hand. Many more walked singly in their cars.

"She was frantic in there," she whimpered.

I knew she was glad to leave.

"She was. But there were some pretty good cherries in there."

"Just what do you mean by that?" she shot back.

"The maraschino. The best I've ever tasted."

"Oh." She kissed me on the nose.

Swiftly, we drove home. □



*"Because my girlfriends made me," she responded tersely.*



**Analysis** - A new set of three English omnibus home movies, in the classic DEAD OR MIGHT... (Continued on page 10)

**Blackout** - Richard Burton, acting the role of a man who has been in his house for seven years in his waking hours... (Continued on page 10)

**The Brother** - Claude Chabrol's first movie... (Continued on page 10)

**Burtonian Air Free** - Repetitive film segments are whizzed off in an especially well-edited manner... (Continued on page 10)

**Children of Paradise** - Marcel Carné's 1945 attempt to make a movie about the life of the street boys... (Continued on page 10)

**Clay's Kiss** - For its minimalist but intense heart-tugging... (Continued on page 10)

**Dark Victory** - 1939 suspense film Dark Victory... (Continued on page 10)

**Get in Know Your Rabbit** - Well-known and established writers... (Continued on page 10)

**The Griefline** - Although it feels more like a travelogue... (Continued on page 10)

**Dr. Zhivago** - David Lean's vision of Russia's revolution... (Continued on page 10)

**Drive** - Steve McQueen's first feature film... (Continued on page 10)

**Elvis Medges** - Six-screened feature... (Continued on page 10)

**Everything You Have Always Wanted** - A comedy about a man who... (Continued on page 10)

**Forster on the Road** - Broadway musical production of Stephen Sondheim's... (Continued on page 10)

**Foot in the Pocket** - Unconventional musical production... (Continued on page 10)

**The Fresh Connection** - Live musical production... (Continued on page 10)

**Get in Know Your Rabbit** - Well-known and established writers... (Continued on page 10)

**The Griefline** - Although it feels more like a travelogue... (Continued on page 10)

**Get With the Wind** - The most talked-about movie... (Continued on page 10)

**Heide Candler** - Pathetic through the credits... (Continued on page 10)

**Lawrence of Arabia** - The movie that introduced Peter O'Toole... (Continued on page 10)

**Little Fences and Big Hairy** - Contemporary personal relations... (Continued on page 10)

**Man** - The inside-down sense of humor... (Continued on page 10)

**Man** - The inside-down sense of humor... (Continued on page 10)

**Man** - The inside-down sense of humor... (Continued on page 10)

**Man** - The inside-down sense of humor... (Continued on page 10)

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GIANT 2 x 3 BLOW UP... 4445 UCCAN Blvd. San Diego, CA

BEACH AREA GENERAL STORE... food co-op... 2827 Mission Blvd. 482-2501

Micro earth BOOKS... 6367 EL CAJON BLVD. 582-2121

carter centre stage... 1299 Ninth Avenue. Located in the new Cabrillo Sq. Apartments

contempo 10... 461 University Ave. San Diego, California

Vegetarian Restaurant Cultural Center... 461 University Ave. San Diego, California

GRAND OPENING... 3721 UNIVERSITY AVE 284-1000

Captain's Quarters... Men's Hair Styling Salon

SPECIAL SCREENINGS... MIDNIGHT FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17&24th

ACADEMY... 3721 UNIVERSITY AVE 284-1000

## Rides

**RIDE NEEDED EAST** to Boston, Mass. Anytime within next 2 weeks. Ask for Rick at 2193 Abbott St. in Ocean Beach. See 11/23/72 issue.

**RIDE NEEDED TO WASHINGTON**, general area. Starting Dec. 8. Will be willing to help with gas or driving. Call Bill Lard at 224-3335, RM 305.

**RIDE** offered to NY or East Coast in early Dec. Share gas and driving. Go quickly. Leave message for Wade 457 MC or 453-0000, ext. 1995.

## Bikes

**FDR SALE 1969 Royal Enfield 750**, \$750. 280-3404 or 449-0180.

**89 HONDA CB 350**. Best offer over \$350. Call Dennis 274-6714.

**BIKE, WOMAN'S 2 wheel, 26"**. Large tank, generator lights. Good condition, new tires and tubes. \$25 or best offer. Call 287-2830.

**71 KAWASAKI**. Immaculate. 175 cc street. Great tank signals. Very low mileage. Never raced. Helmet, battery charger, shop manual. Only \$390 for all. Four hp. Tote-Gate mini-rail. \$75. Please call 295-5924.

**CYCLE TRAILER**. Custom built, single rail, heavy metal, perfect condition. Only 9 months old. Seldom used. Asking only \$215. Call 273-9381, after 6 p.m.

**SCHWANN CONTINENTAL 10 Speed** in good condition. Just \$99. Call Mike at 229-4802 after 6 p.m.

**FUGRO 10 Speed**. \$80. Call David at 385-6730 after 5 p.m.

## Wanted

**ORGANIST, SINGER**. Much experience want work in soft rock jazz vocal group. Soon. I can play jazz vocal group. Soon. I can play jazz vocal group. Please call Randy at 453-0454.

**NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY** Model wanted (female). 30+ city locations. Call Walt at 280-1814, 7 to 9 p.m.

**WANTED: SET 141** new, rear wheel steel from 195-15. Preferably quality brand (Michelin, Goodyear, etc.). Call 229-1938.

**WANTED: QUEEN** avid partner with or without strings. Please call 459-8822.

**WE NEED A teacher** for excellent, artistic, money-making endeavor. Lightweights need not call. 488-9560.

**OCEAN BEACH FREE SCHOOL** is interested in meeting new people who have special skills (Spanish, Math, Art) or those who just enjoy being with kids. Any amount of time you can spare. Call 222-2265, 4844 Veterans Street, Ocean Beach.

**WANTED: KODAK Carousel 35 mm** slide projector in good working condition. Call 454-1542.

**WANTED: MEN** to sing barbershop, rock, modern, C and W, pop, gospel in a quartet. For live and backup for profit. Call Tom at 263-6798.

**WANTED: CAMPER SHELL** for '69 El Camino. New or used. Pay top dollar. Call Greg # 224 El Cerrito, 853-9213.

**WANTED: AM/FM Stereo system**. Cheap. Call John at 455-8817.

## Lessons

**TUTORING IN Chemistry, math, or physics**. Concepts, program sets. Experienced tutor holds Bachelors Degree from UC. Small groups \$15/hr/ person. Individuals \$25/hour for free if you need help but can't afford the fees. Send postcard with your phone number to: Bob Greenhigh 425 Nantilla, La Jolla, 92037.

**TUTORING IN ENGLISH**. Reasonable rates. Telephone 582-7238.

**AQUARIAC MEDITATION SOCIETY**. Teaching occult philosophy, yoga, metaphysics. Now organizing. Call 463-3608.

**GUITAR LESSONS**. Learn folk songs, music techniques, chords, etc. Call Dan at 582-6048.

**RAJA YOGA** (Meditation, awareness development) instruction at the La Jolla Center. Call 224-7322.

**GUITAR LESSONS**. Individual instruction, beginning or advanced. \$12 a month. Call Melissa at 224-7322.



THE READER WILL NOT PUBLISH OVER THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS—NEXT ISSUE NOV. 30

## Notices

**HAVE YOU NOTICED** that you are getting headaches from those Ray-Ban semi-wrap around sunglasses. Auburn plastic frames. You loved them in UCSD Revolve Cafeteria over the weekend, Nov. 3. They are prescription. Call 463-2973 after 7 p.m., Rowland 86.

**FREE TO SKIERS**. Yes! Southwestern Ski Club has a gift for all San Diego skiers. Write for yours today on P.O. Box 9300, San Diego, Calif. 92109. And remember "You American first."

## Housing

**FEMALE ROOMMATE** needed to share place near San Diego State. Call Joan at 593-3701.

**GOING HOME FOR the Xmas holidays?** Trustworthy UCSD student needs place to stay when home close. Call Les at 493-0836.

**FEMALE ROOMMATE NEEDED** to share apartment with one other. One bedroom, furnished, utilities paid. \$73 a month. One and a half miles to State. 4333 College Avenue, Apt. 2K. Ask for Dede at 582-8007.

## Services

**SOMETHING BUGGING YOU?** Interested in primal, genetic, sensory awareness, psychokinetics, fantasies? Find out about the Core approach to personal growth. Unusually deep, natural, rapid, effective. One-on-one, private sessions, workshops. For more information, call 226-2416.

Where the music is...

**AM 910**

Mail in year free READER classified ad to Box 98863, San Diego, CA 92178 or call 276-3999—word limit—35 words. Commercial classified \$5.00 per insertion—limit 38 words

## Personal

**YOUR WISH HAS** come true Jessica. Now that you've received a personal ad, how do you feel? Call Joe UCSD 463-1884.

**DEAR JESSICA**. Your dream come true? This is my personal ad to you! Larry. Call 493-0840.

**DEAR JESSICA** of Mesa College. That sure was a funny last name but you are my kind of woman. Love, Eric 287-2387.

**DEAR JESSICA OF MESA**. I hope this ad is sufficient for your last wish but I believe you have two more going. Call 226-8460. Holder of the Lamp.

**JESSICA! YOU'RE REAL!** I need you and someday we may meet again. Glen.

**TO JESSICA OF MESA COLLEGE**: HAVE a good day thinking of you. R.P.

**TO JESSICA OF MESA COLLEGE**: Here's a personal ad to you for crick. Where are you at? Justin time and when.

**TO JESSICA AT MESA**. From Brian at Mesa. Here is your own paper column, for sat, night, and any personal ad. Even more than you wished for.

**MY DEAR JESSICA**. Had I known you wanted a personal ad written to you, I would have had this printed weeks ago! Now, are you happy?

**HOLLY**. We can't keep this up. You singing drove me mad with passion. Let's work something out. Charles at 463-4470.

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY BIRTH**. I thank you for the most beautiful three months of my life. All my love, Poppanal.

**TO BROWN EYED GIRL**. I'm still trying to get my feet together. So patient. You're the best thing that has ever happened to me. Wendie.

**TERRY**. HOW CAN YOU forget the night we spent together in the gutter. Give me a break! Turkey.

**DEAR ELIOT OF CITY COLLEGE**: You are a great guy. When you become rich and famous, I'll be your cobbler. Love, Pat.

**KATHY**: STILL WANT you and need you. Always love and always will. Les. 582-1266.

**I PRESSED FOR "just one more"** on a borrowed Harley in front of State's LS 610. How did they come out? Do I get one guy?

**MOLLY**: Don't like furniture so careful, get a mattress on wheels for you. Put on boxers. Kawaii, P.S. Call me for translation.

**DENNIS**. YOU'RE still a young moon baby! House a Tenaya, UCSD.

**WANTED: UCSD** male with four door black Jaguar (ADA sticker). Single UCSD get ready to play a little football. The "mystery" email and to a "love set." "L" P.O. Box 6449 Rhoad. 463-6996.

## Cars

**1967 DOUGLASS CORDNET 440** Wagon in top condition. 60,000 miles. V-8. Auto power. \$1,000. Call 277-6649.

**1968 MERCEDES 230S**. Broken clutch. Very good otherwise. General, etc. Call Jim at 459-4166.

**1969 SUNBEAM TIGER 202**. V-8 with high performance. Tonneau cover. 8" mag. Four new tires. \$1995 or trade \$900. Call 283-0300 or 280-7410 and ask for Mike.

**1970 MAVERICK** in good condition. \$1200. Call 426-3651.

**TR-6 1971**. Low mileage. Radio, all extras. In perfect condition. Just \$3000. Call 224-4063.

**1966 VW BUS**. Rebuilt engine and brakes. New voltage regulator and battery. Good tires, also curtains and bench. \$995. Call Pat at 272-9330 or 463-3060, ext. 2301.

**1969 FORD VAN BUMPERS**. Front end. Just \$700. Call Mike Lottice at 488-1993.

**1968 CHEVY STEP VAN**. Good tires, reliable, excellent for camping or business. \$675 or best offer. Call 223-0182.

**1966 PONTIAC LEMANS**. Convertible with air conditioning. Full power. Best offer. Call 270-2148.

**1968 VW BUG**. Good condition. Low mileage, radio and cassette player. License race, good tires. \$690. Call 273-2458.