

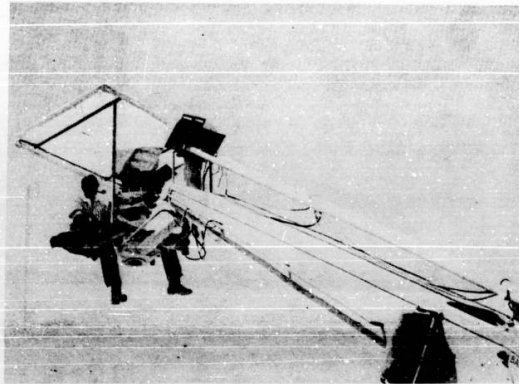
The Reader photography and art contest is coming this month. Watch for information on prizes and rules

# READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

January 3 to January 9

## A GOOD NAME **SAM FULLER** FOR A HEAVY



MASTER OF THE MOVING CAMERA: FULLER AT WORK ON *RUN OF THE ARROW*

—Mary Moreau—

She's a *Dead Pigeon on Beethovenstreet*, but she was feeding the live ones in Balboa Park recently when she and her husband were here in San Diego promoting their latest movie. She's Christa Lang, star of *Dead Pigeon*, and her husband is director Sam Fuller, well-known for his slambang, gutsy, sprawling, brawling westerns and war movies. While my friends and I waited for our interview with Fuller, we visited with Christa, a winsome, German-born actress.

She related how she nearly starred in a real-life, Sam Fuller-type scene. Her husband had been "stabbed in the back" by a producer during the filming of *Ruta* in Spain. It seems the producer, in a successful effort to have Fuller fired, showed the Warner Brothers executives some uncut, rough footage from the film. Enraged that her husband, who writes as well as directs, was snatched away from his creation, she imagined herself in a nightmare situation. She would stride into the Warner offices and, guns drawn, blast both producer and executives as coldly as she shoots Glenn Corbett in *Dead Pigeon*. One can imagine Miss Lang playing such a role after seeing her as the cool, blackmailing seductress in the film.

In fact, however, Christa wouldn't burn a pigeon's feather. Warm, friendly, and open, she has been suffering, as she puts it, from culture shock. At sixteen she left Germany for Paris where she later met Fuller. Since their marriage, they have lived in a number of

countries: Spain, Mexico, France, and the United States. The Fullers now reside in Los Angeles.

While Christa was explaining that above all *Dead Pigeon* was not to be taken seriously—it's a comedy—Sam called from the

bedroom, "Honey, I'll be there in a minute." A minute later we were introduced to Samuel Fuller.

READER: How do you do? I'm Mary Moreau.

FULLER: Like in Jeanne Moreau? READER: I'm Duncan Shepherd.

FULLER: That's spelled like a shepherd? READER: I'm Alan Pesin.

FULLER: How do you spell that? P.E.S.I.N.

READER: Yes, Pesin.

FULLER: That's an odd name. It's a good name for a heavy.

READER: Like your use of Dr. Bogdanovich in the *Dead Pigeon* on Beethovenstreet sex shop scene?

FULLER: You caught that. Bogdanovich was supposed to be in that sex shop scene. So was Chabrol, Trautau, and Godard.

Peter called from London and asked me to postpone the scene for a day. I couldn't. We only had the shop for two hours. Chabrol and Trautau were busy shooting.

Godard was mixed up in something which I don't want to get involved in discussing. So I said, well, what the hell. Stephane Audran came.

She was reading to start in Samuel's *Discreet Charm*, but she took a phone call. I knocked that scene off, and she went back to Paris that night.

*Dead Pigeon* is the first German-financed picture with a German crew and German cast, with the exception of Glenn Corbett, shot in English. All hell broke loose. The German studio at first said no. Well, let's reverse it. A

German director coming to California, going to Paramount,

using Paramount money and a Paramount crew. American cast and wanting to shoot it in German. They would throw him right through the stage door without opening it. But I fought and won, and that was that.

READER: In general all of your past is in studio films or with people with great backgrounds in studio films, cinematographers like Biroc, MacDonald, and Cortez.

What was the difference in approaching *Dead Pigeon* and getting it to look the way you wanted it to?

FULLER: It didn't. It's not even the photographer's fault. I never worked with this kind of a crew before. I didn't like the crew. But the man who photographed it is an expert. A Polish cameraman called Jerry Lipman. He did *Knife in the Water* for Roman Polanski and *Kanal* for Wajda. But he doesn't speak English, and I don't speak Polish.

READER: You do an exact repeat of a shot from your own *Pickup on Suez Street* where you pull a man down the stairs by his legs.

FULLER: The man who played it in *Dead Pigeon*, Eric Gaspar, is a very nervous man. He came for an interview and said, "I'm Swiss, but I live in Germany. I'm a German actor. Shakespeare, Moliere too. I saw your film *Pickup*. I like very much. The dragging down the stairs. It was so good." So I say, OK. You have the job on the condition that you're dragged down the stairs. He was terrified, but he did it.

READER: You also have someone knock a wheelchair down the stairs. Is that in reminiscence of *Kiss of Death*?

FULLER: You mean Hathaway's? Oh no. The closest I ever came to Hathaway was when Dennis Hopper asked me to do *The Last*

Movie and play myself. The character's name was Sam. If I didn't do it, Dennis was going to get my friend Henry Hathaway to do it. I said, "That does it. A man with that face playing me?" So I took the part.

READER: It seems to us that there is a great similarity in your picking of male actors of a certain physical type, very slick dark-haired, glossy, frozen kind of faces, very unpleasant types: Barry Sullivan, James Best, Gene Barry, Cliff Robertson, Anthony Eisley, Peter Breck.

FULLER: I never gave it much thought, but you're right. Gene Evans, Cliff Robertson, Walmark. They're kind of frozen-faced fellows. You know, you're right.

READER: This isn't conscious, going for that type?

FULLER: No, I don't know. A man will come in for an interview, or else I'll have an idea who I want. I never give it too much thought.

My big thrill is getting recognition from certain directors in Europe where they would run my pictures, and almost with a pointer, explain things, reading things into them I never paid any attention to.

READER: Can we ask you about *Ruta*? We wondered if any of your footage was used in *The Dead Pigeons* which gives you story credit.

FULLER: None of my footage was used. Neither is it my script. The reason my name is on it is because I found *Ruta* and the Warner execs wanted it on the end of the picture. I said no, but they told me I would get residuals when it played on television. Well, I said OK, but now I'm sorry I said OK, residuals or not.

READER: What was your script like?

FULLER: My germ in one sentence is: What happens when a

sheriff, whose son has been brutally killed during a bank hold-up, goes out to hunt for the killer, planning to shoot him on sight, and meets a Mexican sheriff, whose job it is to bring the killer back alive. It's the story of two men, an American

lawman and a Mexican lawman, and the fight between them. The Mexican needs the American for tracking, while the American steals horses, rides them to death, and, to keep going, lives on peyote. This is the story of why a man, 100 years ago, takes a narcotic, and what it does to him. It lifts him up and naturally he sees things in a different way, but he keeps going.

Now this is the story of these two men, Mexican and Texan, both knowing that whenever they come across the killer, they will have to shoot each other. However, through an action scene, the Mexican is killed and the Texan's conscience hits him. Instead of killing his child's murderer, the whole last half of the picture shows him taking the killer back to the Mexican town for the dead Mexican lawman.

The killer, who is tied down to his horse, tries to break the sheriff. The sheriff won't let him piss and won't let him shit. And the killer is bloated. His kidneys are bursting. It's a tough film. Once the sheriff has to go over and take the killer's pecker out and hold it for him, and then he says, "No more."

*Ruta* is the story of this sheriff, and everyone thinks his conscience has gotten to him; he's not aware he's a murderer. He finally brings the killer back to the Mexican village. Now the American has done what the Mexican wanted him to do. He blows the sheriff's head off and rides away. And that's the movie I wrote!

READER: Thank you Mr. Fuller.

FULLER: Thank you.

SUN 12-6



## Letters

ADDRESS ALL  
CORRESPONDENCE TO  
READER  
BOX 80803  
SAN DIEGO, CA 92138

### Swab Town Left Behind

To Jim Cavieze  
If you have time I would like to tell you a little story about San Diego and its musical world.

I was born here 28 years ago, raised in L.V. (Linda Vista) and I am now "settled down working family man" (whatever that means). I wish I could take you back in time to 1959 through 1963 to help recreate my little story. There was a time when San Diego had first class, top-notch jamming and getting-on musicians mainly playing rock, blues and country. I can remember going out to Admiral Baker's park or El Monte Park and hearing good old down-to-earth, hot-in-the-pocket country tunes that could make you jump and shout or cry and wail. Lots of "Mr. Top Shred," "You Cheatin' Heart," "I Can't Help If I'm Still in Love with You," Carter Family tunes, etc., etc.

I ever heard of Bostonia Hall Room, or Smokey Brothers, Tommy Terman, George Ritter, Ed Welch, etc.? Well, there's a small fragment of the pushed-

to the only one that wasn't sophisticated enough but the music it's growth and expansion. *Radio*, I've been a major player for 15 years in these parts, and there are plenty of us still here. You probably see us every day dragging ditches, driving trucks, welding pipe, or whatever. But like you said in your article, overshadowed by L.A., man, you hit the nail. But as far as musicians, we've got 'em. When you want "Blues" live hot bands in 1963 playing R & B, King, Bobbi, Blind, old, old, pre-hip time R & B, James Brown, man, I've played the blues until my ears rang. But who needed it then? No, it was all after Joe from L.A. or Wild Thing from where ever it was. You didn't please the people, you didn't play. If you didn't play, you didn't eat.

(Man, I'm tired at writer's not if we were there, I could tell you more stories than you could stand to listen to. We're all still here - maybe only 2% of us are active musicians - but the 98% of us who are trying to feed our kids could still sit and sing like that and make a lot of people's heads spin. But who needs us or wants us? The closest I come to it is teaching on the side for the extra bread. Once in a while I meet an ex-musician at Safeway. He's a welder, an operator, or a cop. What was our father? Why didn't we make it? Were we good enough?

The answer to all of it is in your article. Back in L.A., too big to hear the obscure little tidbits from Diego, Swab Town, L.A. missed a lot of chances to make some tall bread and make S.D. a Memphis 5 years before Memphis was what was going on. If L.A. would have opened up and heard the real San Diego, they would have heard the mixture of Blacks, Whites,

and Browns combined into a sound that was lost at the W.F. Memorial Building 30 years ago. A few know what I'm talking about. The last San Diego sound. It was real. It was here. It is gone. It will live here, where I find them.

Sorry for your time.  
Max Dalton  
San Diego

### Dug Bard

My first reaction upon reading J. Cavieze's suppurative account of San Diego's music scene was one of condescension, but after having read it in full, I have come to the conclusion that old Jimmie doesn't know his head from a hole in the ground. I find it hard to believe that anyone attempting to critique as such would fail to get all the facts, not to mention his close-minded attitude toward rock and roll music.

Does this supercilious bugbear contend to condemn San Diego without considering the latent future of the music scene which the advent of J's antics? Does this case of monumental "crotch-headness" contend to gauge generalizations upon something which he knows generally

nothing about? I guess so. Why wouldn't he go to see the bands that he actually, prefer smaller audiences, which play at J's in the most part? I find that quite often even super groups prefer smaller audiences to larger ones, as evinced by Zeppelin's song, "The Ocean."

Perhaps it is because he doesn't like rock music. That's what? Maybe he really is writing about something which he generally knows nothing about. Why, if I lived out in cosmopolitan Tucson I suppose I would have the nerve to criticize others.

I think I would term his comments a "modest proposal" not to be taken seriously, when one considers that he is attempting to write a critique. That I agree that San Diego is at a paucity for times on show is certain, however, if *Bard* at J's has never rocked you or if you have never come to appreciate the amazing quality of San Diego amateur music on *Homegrown*, how can you say you know San Diego fully? Maybe he should stay at 31 Flavors looking for action if that's all he knows.

A.J.K.  
La Jolla

NOTE: Listings usually found in the READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE will be found this week on page 8 under "MUSIC."

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**A Rag and Bone Shop**

The hit of the evening was Kelly Britt... When this tall blonde first appeared on stage I felt kind of sorry for what looked like a lanky, boney, horsey plain Jane... By the time the last number was over I had decided that she was amazingly good-looking, marvelously talented and ludicrously attractive."

—Jonathan Saville—

Under the canny management of Don Wortman and Tom Hartog, the Off Broadway Theatre has brought San Diego a series of smoothly professional popular hits.

*Gypsy*, *Lesly* (returning at the end of this month), *The Boy in the Band*, *Pal Joey*, *Stilus Quo Vadis*. But even the best batter strikes out occasionally, and I'm afraid that's what has happened with *Ben Bagley's Decline and Fall of the Entire World as seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter*. This is not to say that the current production is completely without merit. There are a few entertaining moments, and the cast has a lot of talent; but if I were to advise you to spend from \$4.00 to \$7.50 on it you would probably wind up cursing both me and yourself.

Cole Porter wrote some uniquely elegant and expressive songs. Most of the really good ones are romantic ballads with sophisticated sweet-and-sour lyrics and sinuous, haunting, deftly chromatic melodies: "So in Love," "Begin the Beguine," "I Get a Kick Out of You." You will not hear these songs in the *Cole Porter Revue*, except in a perfectly vile concluding medley which tears them into fragments and mixes all the bits into one raucous hotchpotch. Instead, Ben Bagley (the creator of this revue) has assembled from Porter's various shows a copious collection of deservedly forgotten minor numbers, such as "I'm Unlucky at Gambling," "Leader of the Big Time Band," "I'm in Love with a Soldier Boy," and "You've Got That Thing." If you don't recognize these titles, believe me you aren't missing anything. There are a few love ballads, quite in the Porter vein, though not one of them has "that thing." Most of the songs are comic, however, and their comedy is as sparkling as a 1935 newspaper. Two lonely excep-

tions were a song about an oyster making a disappointing odyssey through the digestive tract of a wealthy matron, and the deliciously witty "But in the Morning No," which plays on sexual double entendres in the jargon of hunting, the stock market, and poker. The humor of the rest depends almost exclusively on the use of proper names, a roster of the "beautiful people" of four decades ago, designed to appeal to the snobbiest of pseudo-sophisticated Broadway audiences in the nineteen thirties and forties. These endless "in" references to Grover Whelan, Billy Rose, Elsa Maxwell, Rudy Vallee, Barbara Hutton, and Margie Hart are even more rapid today than when they were first sung; and they are set of melodies even less important and less memorable than the people they refer to. It is hard to see why anyone should have wanted to resurrect songs so trivial and so dull. The current kitschy exploitation of nostalgia — exploitation which has people paying 1974 dollars for recordings of the authentic voice of Howdy Doodie or for full-color facsimiles of the first quarto of "Flash Gordon" — is based on the feeling some people seem to have that even the crap of yesterday is preferable to the general lousiness of the world today. No, it is more than that — it is a willful taste for the worthless in culture and a willful indifference to what is valuable in it, a taste which memorializes Cole Porter not with "Night and Day" or "Just One of Those Things," but with "I'm Throwing a Ball Trough" and "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please." In its small way, *Ben Bagley's Cole Porter Revue* makes its contribution to that blunting of sensibility which reveals a civilization on its last legs.

The Off Broadway's production of this rag and bone show is good, but not quite first rate. It lacks the ultimate polish that can make even the twaddliest of musical comedy wars give off a sheen — the sort of slick precision that characterized

the music and dance in the Theatre's *Pal Joey*, for example. Still, the individual singers are all competent professionals, and each one has his or her moment to shine. Yvonne De Carlo does not have much of a voice, but she does the oyster number with real fire, and her hilarious takeoff on Sophie Tucker (the travesty of a travesty, so to speak) is the high point of the show. Sybil Sealfon does a very funny cane-woman dance, and I'm crazy about her smile, all innocence and sexiness — though she could do with some more vigorous movements. George Reeder is an excellent dancer; and the talented Jerry Clark, with his delightfully quirky voice, comically noble face, and oodles of white teeth, is another Phil Silvers — if you want another Phil Silvers. The hit of the evening for me, however, was a girl named Kelly Britt. When this tall blonde first appeared on stage, I felt kind of sorry for what looked like a lanky, boney, horsey plain Jane who would never go anywhere in show business. By the time the last number was over, I had decided that this same Kelly Britt was amazingly good-looking, marvelously talented, and ludicrously attractive. She had, by far, the greatest versatility of anyone in the cast. Her voice was beautifully produced, whether she was socking it out of the chest or floating it out of the head. One moment she was a bleary-eyed trooper, the essence of drunken vulgarity; and the next, in evening gown, she was an exquisitely languid aristocrat, coolly refusing to do in the morning what she evidently relished doing in the afternoon. She even carried off an imitation of Beatrice Lillie, from the sheep-like contralto voice to the faintly awkward gestures, everything exaggerated to just the right degree. *Ben Bagley's Decline and Fall* etc. may not be worth going to see just for the sake of watching Miss Britt at work. But she is someone to keep an eye on. The next time she comes to the Off Broadway, she may very well come as a star.

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JANUARY 4 TO JANUARY 9

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City College Theatre	14th & G Sts.	239-7854
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts.	236-6511
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4856
Cyril Place Theatre	3785 Ocean Front Walk	488-9001
Fine Arts Gallery	Barboza Park	232-7931
Folk Arts	3743 Fifth Ave.	291-1786
Jewish Community Center	4079 San	583-3300
La Jolla Art Assoc.	7917 Grand Ave.	459-3001
La Jolla Museum	7200 Prospect St.	434-0183
Mason Playhouse	3960 Mason, Old Town	295-6453
Old Globe Theatre	Barboza Park	239-2255
Palomar College Theatre	Palomar College	724-1150
Patio Playhouse	373 Hale Ave., Escondido	746-6669
San Diego Art Institute	Barboza Park	234-5946
San Diego Public Library	820 E Street	239-9860
Sports Arena	3500 Sports Arena Blvd.	294-4171
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UCSD	La Jolla	453-2000
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

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SAN DIEGO COUNTY ART MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OUTDOOR SHOW: Arts and crafts exhibits, Barboza Park, Saturday, January 5 and Sunday, January 6, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 239-4717.

TROMPE L'OEIL paintings by Robert Conley, plus representative paintings by many others, A. Hurley Art Dealer, throughout January. 296-1522 or 295-6915.

ART SHOW: Watercolor artists Stan Sowinski, Ron Stewart, Bill Bender, Austin Dull, Charles Sabin and Dave Hatch. Kessler Art Gallery, throughout January. 291-0119.

ROSENTHAL, a major exhibition of paintings, drawings and graphics. Gala opening Friday, January 4, 6:30 p.m. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley. 291-5970.

ONE-MAN show, Lenore Simon's graphic arts. San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front St. Open daily to public.



INNOVATIONS: CONTEMPORARY HOME ENVIRONS. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, December 15 through February 3.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL, graphics and drawings. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley. 291-5970.

OILS by Kathleen McCord, graphics by Herbert Blanchet. San Diego Art Institute, Barboza Park, December 4 through January 5. 234-5946.

CARL NEUBERT and Frederick Ashley, Seascapes, Expressionist and Full range Dimensions. George's Gallery Restaurant, 2600 South Highway 101, Cardiff-by-the-Sea. 755-0537.

ROBERT BECHTLE, new realist paintings. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, December 6 through January 3, 291-5970. Also at Fine Arts Gallery, Barboza Park, December 8 through January 20, 232-7931.

THE EDWARD CLINTON YOUNG COLLECTION, American painters including "bohemia" and "luminist". Fine Arts Gallery, Barboza Park, December 8 through January 20, 232-7931.

WORKS by Friedlander, Vasarely, Albers, Picasso, and Matisse, as well as etchings by Charles Briggs, paintings by B.J. McCoon, and watercolors by Rollin Pickford. Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue. 234-4165.

DRAWINGS by Don Patterson and sculpture by Richard Colby, both of Grossmont College's faculty. Triad Gallery, 3701 India Street. (Also, continuing: works of Triad Coop.) 299-6543.

TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS — John Rogers, sculptor. Jean Swiggett, painter. Southwestern College Art Gallery, 900 City Lakes Road, Chula Vista. Monday — Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., Monday — Thursdays, 6:00 to 9:00 p.m.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

WHALE EXPEDITION: S.D. Natural History Museum is sponsoring 6-day expeditions into Baja California to study the gray whale calving in Scammon's Lagoon. Departures at midnight on January 14, 23, and 29; February 6, 14, 22 and March 5, 202-1144.

SAN DIEGO DANCE THEATRE, with Pat Argo and Rebecca Hagen. City College Theatre, Saturday, January 5, 8:00 p.m.

## SPORTS

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Seattle, Sports Arena, Sunday, January 5, 7:00 p.m. 224-4176.

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Salt Lake City, San Diego Sports Arena, Saturday, January 5, 8:00 p.m. 224-4176.

DRAG RACING: Saturday Night Street Drags, Carlsbad Raceway, Saturday, January 5, 7:00 p.m. 727-1171.

BOXING: The Coliseum, Friday, January 4, 8:00 p.m. 232-8382.

JAI ALAI: Fronton Palaco, Tijuana, Friday, January 4 through Tuesday, January 8, 232-3612.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Carolina Cougars. Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Sunday, January 6, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. San Antonio Spurs. Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, January 4, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

## MUSIC

HOWARD WELLS, Great Hall of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sunday, January 6, 8:00 p.m.

THE ALAMO: GENE DAVIDSON AND THE STAPROUTERS, nightly. 3093 Clairemont Dr., Clairemont. 275-2240.

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: SHANNON AND DEAN, Friday, Jan. 4 and Saturday, Jan. 5. THE RHYTHM RANGERS, Sunday, Jan. 6 and Monday, Jan. 7. 816 Pearl St., La Jolla. 459-3300.

BOOM TRENCHARD'S: THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, Friday, Jan. 4 to Sunday, Jan. 6. SWEETPIRE, Monday, Jan. 7 and Tuesday, Jan. 8. 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-5555.

CINNAMON CINDER: GIESSER GANG, Friday, Jan. 4 and Saturday, Jan. 5. 7576 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa. 463-9683.

FOLK ARTS: THOMAS SHAW AND FLIP, Friday, Jan. 4, 8 p.m. 3743 5th St. 291-1786.

J.J.'S: FLASH CADILLAC AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS, Sunday, Jan. 6, 8 p.m. 4026 Pacific Highway. 296-3655.

LAST TANGO IN P.E.: TULLY BASCOM, STRING BAND, Wednesdays through Sundays. 4627 Cass St., Pacific Beach. 270-1661.

LEDBETTER'S: TACOMA, Friday, Jan. 4 and Saturday, Jan. 5. LAUGH, Sunday, Jan. 6 and Monday, Jan. 7. 8117 Brothers, Tuesday, Jan. 8 through Saturday, Jan. 12. 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

NOTSOM FLOTSOM: BAD MANNERS, Friday, Jan. 4 and Saturday, Jan. 5. 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas. 753-0239.

THE PEOPLE: HEWITT AND HENDERSON, Friday, Jan. 4 and Saturday, Jan. 7. TOMCAT, Sunday, Jan. 6. LAST CHANCE, Monday, Jan. 7 to Wednesday, Jan. 9. 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach. 223-9773.

P. RODNEY'S: THE MOLE PEOPLE, Friday, Jan. 4 to Sunday, Jan. 6. 271 N. Highway 101, Solana Beach. 755-1729.

TIC SPORTSMAN: BROTHERS FIVE, Friday, Jan. 4 to Sunday, Jan. 6. 5079 Logan. 262-0797.

THE WESTERNER: THE CATALINAS, nightly. 22 West 7th, National City. 474-2919.

## THEATRE

GODSPELL, Community Concourse, Friday, January 4 to Tuesday, January 8, 8:00 p.m. 236-6510.



NIGHTWATCH, by Lucille Fletcher, Old Globe Theatre, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m. 239-2256.

TIME OF THE COMET, a new play by Rose Driffield. A biography of American novelist Lucian Stewart Kent. Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30 p.m. through January 20. 488-8001.

EL DORADO GARDEN COURT, by James Gray, Patio Playhouse, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through January 26. 746-6666.

LION IN WINTER, Friday, January 4 and Saturday, January 5, 7:30 p.m. Copper Room, Community Concourse. 236-6510.

BEN BAGLEY'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER. Old Globe Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; and Saturdays, 6:00 and 9:00 p.m. 235-6535.

THIS EVENTS CALENDAR IS COMPILED EACH WEEK BY THE READER AND IS A SERVICE SPONSORED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. ALL INQUIRIES REGARDING THE EVENTS LISTED HERE SHOULD BE MADE TO THE READER — 454-1052 — OR TO THE EVENT SPONSOR. PLEASE SEND ITEMS TO BE LISTED TO: READER, P.O. BOX 80603, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138 OR CALL: 454-1052.

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