

# READER

January 17 to January 23

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

## BOB DYLAN: a triumph of renewal

PATRICK GOLDSTEIN

*Here I sit so patiently waiting to find out what price you have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice.*

Bob Dylan opened his long-awaited national tour last week at The Chicago Stadium in an atmosphere that resembled a rally more than a concert. It was as if we had been granted a reprieve, if only for one night, from the constant cynicism and alienation of the 1970's. For a few hours there was more of the sensuous music, glitter, and down, that usually grace the shadows underneath of the rock experience. There was only a man in a white shirt, spotlighted in an eerie blue-white light at stage right, who looked more like an apparition than an emergent musical exile.

The crowd seemed to sense how elusive Dylan's presence was. A rather excited fellow a few rows back in the box seats couldn't believe that Dylan was really there in the flesh. He shouted, "It's him, it's really him!" Finally he settled into a rhythmic Howard Cosell type announcement, "Bob Dylan," he intoned, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Bob Dylan." My neighbor spilled most of his seaweed dinner trying to catch a glimpse of the show. The crowd seemed so afraid Dylan would disappear that they gave him a standing ovation every time he moved.

Dylan did eventually disappear, but only after 2 1/2 hours of music, an intermission, an encore, and one spoken sentence, "We're going to take a 15 minute break, so don't go away." Except for a short, post-intermission acoustic set, he played rock and roll. The Band alternated between backing up Dylan and playing sets of their own material. In stark contrast to their tour of seven years ago, The Band, and particularly Dylan, looked healthy and self-assured. A coach had been installed at one end of the stage for Dylan to relax in during The Band's set, but he rarely used it. His nervous energy propelled him around the stage. You could hardly spot him cranking in the dark corners or peering behind the amplifiers.

The Band's sets were, as usual, both predictable and phenomenal. They didn't perform any new songs and yet their act sounded far from repetitious. Numbers like "Cripple Creek," "The Weight," and "Stagefright" convey such finely etched subtleties that repeated listenings only enhance their appeal. The Band's music captures a special depth of affirmation that other American groups rarely approach. They are of course not perfect. They occasionally forget lyrics, botched an old country standard, "Long Black Veil," and were unable to reproduce the musical textures and vocal harmonies of their studio recordings. But their musicianship was flawless, especially Robbie Robertson's driving guitar solos. As a collection of consummate artists, they have certainly earned their name.

Dylan, like The Band, generally limited his performance to familiar songs. He did play what appeared to be three or four new or previously unrecorded tunes, none of which were anything to get very excited about. Dylan's present stable, settled lifestyle seems to preclude creativity as well as craziness. The rest of the show though was spectacular. It ranged from songs as old as "If I Ain't Got You" to as recent as "I'm a Lady Lay." Many of the numbers like "Leopardskin Pillbox Hat," "Maggie's Farm," and "Like a Rolling Stone." I can remember Dylan and The Band performing seven years ago.

What was so eerie and disconcerting about their renditions was that the songs had not aged at all. They seemed trapped in a time warp, just as alive and immediate as when they were first written. It's not often that an audience has a chance to re-evaluate an artist's work in its own lifetime, but Dylan's concert was a triumph of exactly that type of re-appraisal.

Almost a decade ago, Dylan was booed in every city and vilified in music magazines at a sell-out to rock and roll. His audience thought he had given up protest for profiteering. A song like "It's Alright, Ma, I'm Only Bleeding," seemed to ignore social conscience for a more personal consciousness. Now in the cynical, dispirited first days of post-Watergate 1974, Dylan's words seem to have a new meaning. They have become unsettlingly prophetic. Ten years ago it seemed self-indulgent for Dylan to sing, "Even the President on the United States sometimes must have to stand naked." Today it is chillingly accurate.



DRAWING BY MICHAEL MASSA



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBIN MANDLER

That seems the true function and definition of art: its timelessness and applicability to the different consciousness of each new generation. "It's Alright, Ma," its final words predict this. "Although the masters make the rules, of the wise men and the fools, I got nothing but to live up to." We feel these sentiments today just as we did in the 60's and as we will in the coming decade. Only each time it is from a different perspective.

Seeing Dylan renew himself and his songs on stage gave his audience a powerful sense of community that one rarely experiences at rock concerts anymore. As the crowd roared for an encore and held lit matches high in the air, there was an enchanting awareness of all our generation shares and an equally melancholy awareness of what we lack. "The price you have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice" has been a high one for Dylan and for us as well. But, like most great performances like Dylan's, it seems a price well worth paying.

END

## BOB DYLAN: the folkie outlaw as Rock 'n' Roll Gangster

DAVID WITZ

Bob Dylan slunk onto the stage of the Chicago Stadium like a kid sneaking through an open exit door in a movie theater, surrounded (but not obscured by) his gang. Two and a half hours later, the audience went insane and the critics went "huh!"

What actually happened was, from a strictly musical view, a fine rock and roll concert. But, as though the music were a Red Wellington, there was a paucity of historical import, philosophic meaning and contemporary meaning that had to be pierced before the meat could be tasted.

Delicious meat, though. Not having been a rabid Dylan fan the first few times around, I didn't go to see a legend. I went to see, hear and participate in a rock concert and I wasn't in the least disappointed.

What I saw was a punk and his gang, the toughest kids on the street. The kid in his leather jacket did his howlegged twitch, seemingly uncaring and untroubled by the mob that had turned out for his first concert since 1971 and his first Chicago appearance since 1965.

It wasn't a squeaky-right set, but much more together than any band on an opening night usually is. The order of the songs was worked out on stage. The Band glanced around for Dylan when they were playing and he was off stage. See the man with stage fright!

What did we hear? "Hattie Carroll," cries of "sellout," a few "bushies," "It Ain't Me, Babe," and some new, incomprehensible tunes. Dylan sang raw (or maybe it was a scratchy sound system), the Band percolated, and nobody waked out of the hall to promenade during Dylan's set. Enough matches were held aloft to fire up 50,000 joints. The quietest audience response was a roar.

Dylan did old, new and middle tunes. This wasn't a protest Dylan, an electric Dylan, a folk Dylan, a country Dylan, or an unexpected Dylan. It was simply, Bob Dylan, pulling out songs because... why? Because they knew all the words to this one, or because that one was a good uptempo or, hey, let's see how this one works. Even an unplanned encore.

Well, what were you looking for? A new direction in life for the Seventies? Not from the man who told us "don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters." A spiritual rejuvenation? From one who knows too much to argue or to judge?

Nobody booed, like they did at Newport when the folk hero came out with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band behind him and started rocking. Those people thought he was setting out.

So thought people during every stage of Dylan's career, even now. Now he has a major tour and a private plane (never the grounds for complaint about sixth-rate yahoos like Alice Cooper), a record company and Bill Graham. Is that selling out? Buying in? Or just experience? We still don't see Dylan with a press agent or fan club, tee-shirts or multi-fold records, endorsing Tang or Muscular Dystrophy.

Bob Dylan was always a rock and roller, from the time in his youth when he was turned on to Little Richard, through his first rock single ("Mixed Up Confusion," "Corrina Corrina" released in 1962 right after the first album and a stone stiff) to the current tour. Of all the dozens of labels people have tried to glue to him, that's the only one that stands.

Bob Dylan did his acoustic set, a strange thing happened. He wasn't taking in my direction, of course, and there were 19,999 other people in the room, but I felt he was singing directly to me. Never in my hundreds of concerts has that happened; only rare days that one-to-one take place in a club. And, as I noted, I'd never been much of a Dylan fan.

Look, I don't know what anyone expected from Dylan. I expected a good, if sloppy, concert. What I got was a bit of fan fever. I thought I was much too old (aged 30) for it. I saw the folkie outlaw become the Rock and Roll Gangster and blast right through the ceiling.

Three bars into the first song all the highpowered manipulation behind the scenes, all the offhissness to the press, all the talk of four minutes and ten seconds, leaving irrelevant. All that mattered was Dylan and the Room and me. It was a morning.

END



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## GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

**THE ALAMO:** GENE DAVIDSON AND THE STARROTTERS, nightly, 3093 Carmel St., Carmel, 276-2240.

**THE ANCIENT MARINER:** RHYTHM RANGERS, Wednesday through Sunday, throughout January, JIM CONDER, Mondays and Tuesdays 2725 Shelter Island Dr. 224-8242.

**ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE:** SHANNON AND DEAN, Wednesday through Sunday, 10 January 26, STRAIGHT FLUSH, Mondays and Tuesdays, 916 Pearl, La Jolla, 459-3300.

**BOOM TRENCHARD'S:** THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, Wednesdays through Sundays, SWEETFIRE, Mondays and Tuesdays, 2668 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

**CINNAMON CINDER:** THE GIESSEY GANG and SOMA, Friday, January 18, 7578 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 463-9883.

**CLIMAX LTD:** DUCT BUTTER, through January 29, 202 Market St. 239-9336.

**CIVIC THEATRE:** JACKSON BROWNE and LINDA RONSTADT, Sunday, January 20, 7:30 p.m. Community Concourse, 236-8510.

**BLUE RIDGE MUSIC:** SHEP COOKE and GRAG GOODWIN BAND, Friday, January 18, 7:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. 588 First St., Encinitas, 753-1775.

**FOLK ARTS:** PATTY HALL, Friday, January 18, 8:00 p.m. 3743 5th St. 291-1788.

**IRON HORSE:** O.D. CORRAL, Wednesday through Sunday in January, 8236 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 465-7663.

**J.J.'s:** PAPA JOHN CREACH, Friday, January 18 and Saturday, January 19, 8:00 p.m. 4025 Pacific Highway, 290-3655.

**LEDBETTER'S:** EMERGENCY EXIT, Thursday, January 17 to Saturday, January 19, HEDADIS BLUES, Sunday, January 20, MIF, Monday, January 21 and Tuesday, January 22, 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4343.

**THE PEOPLE:** THE BROTHERS FARAGE, Thursday, January 17 to Saturday, January 19, TOMCAT, Sunday, January 20, MELTING POT, Monday, January 21 to Wednesday, January 23, 4970 Vista, Ocean Beach, 232-9773.

**SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE:** SAM HINTON presents "Singing Across the Land," Sunday, January 18, 10:30 and 4th and C Sts.

**THE SPONTANEOUS:** MAD DOG FIRE DEPARTMENT, Thursday, January 17 to Saturday, January 19, SYMBOLS, Sunday, January 20 and Monday, January 21, 5079 Logan, 262-0797.

**WALLBANGERS:** EDDY HADDAD, Thursday, January 17 to Thursday, January 24, 2966 Midway Dr. 232-3138.

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## DUNCAN PICKS TEN

Actually, I am always sufficiently abashed to identify my favorite movies of the year... that to conform with this year-end ritual seems to me as comfortable an undertaking as public confessional, or indecent exposure.

—Duncan Shepherd—

Long enough now I have kept back, motionless in a shadowed niche while most of the regular movie reviewers parade in public view their various — and without exception vulnerable — opinions as to 1973's best movies. Although gnawing may sponsor other interpretations, the reason for my tardiness is not that I wanted to safeguard against the chance of some other reviewer mentioning one of "my" movies. Anyone is welcome to poke a straw into my watering hole.

Undoubtedly there is a close and meaningful correspondence between the occurrences of my enthusiasm and the relative rarity, or unpopularity, of the objects that occasion that enthusiasm. Yet the significance of this correspondence is certainly nothing as easy to swallow as standoffishness, or perversity, or leg-pulling, on my part. Actually, I am always sufficiently abashed to identify my favorite movies of the year — or even my favorite one around town on any random day — that to conform with this year-end critic's ritual seems to me as comfortable an undertaking as public confessional, or indecent exposure. And who needs it? — who craves this unnatural preference-making, and secret-sharing, and soul-baring? The justification of it has to do with some hazy regard for the reader's right-to-know, mainly. So, on with Operation Candor.

Los Angeles, as I have noted before, pulls in more movies than

should stand, without wobbling, as a historical record. Amazingly, the many characters, all at cross-purposes and cross-intentions, are presented without flattery or put-down at any point, without approval or disapproval. In that it affects aspirations, virtually scientific and unjaundiced and unconvincing perception of middle-class character, sentiment, locale, and occasion, as well as a passion for reasonableness, understanding, and open-endedness. The veteran director, especially, of soap operas — Mark Robson presides over the going-on with a loose grip and at a cautious distance which protect the inflexibility of the characters' feelings.

**The Hiring.** Adapted from the L.P. Hartley novel in which the permanence of class instincts provides a base for subtle and suspenseful exchanges, between characters high-born and low-born, of mistaken gestures and perceptions. One of the most professional of movies, making clever use of shifting subjective viewpoints, it advances into prominence the director, Alan Bridges, whose previous work consisted of a pair of programmers, *Act of Murder* and *Invasion*.

**Empire of the North.** Another of Robert Aldrich's exhausting, exhilarating, life-and-death games of "king of the mountain," this one staged in the flavorful, and purposeful, setting of Depression era railroads and hobo camps, and related with the chest expansion and lung power demanded of folk tales.

**Heavenstruck.** Don Levy's ambitious, protracted, and punishing underground feature is undoubtedly derivative in its telling of a failed, furious young hammering pitifully at the massive base of the commercial system, but it rings some original and lasting notes of ferocity, despair, disgust.

**Raw Meat.** An unrelenting and surprisingly touching depiction, by newcomer Gary Sherman, of the lowest level of human existence — putrid, sanguinary somewhere in a caved-in London subway, and of the normal level of existence — instable, ambivalent — of the people above. By now, the tireless

Limbo. A soap opera set up, as POW wives await word and stay busy and waver in resolve. By the time of its release it was awkwardly out-of-date; by some future time, it

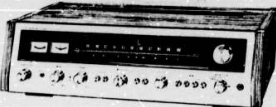
Ruy Guerra's *The Gods and the Dead*, Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man*, Sergio Sollima's *The Fury*, Michael Winner's *Scorpio*, Jacques Demy's *The Outside Man*, Claude Sautet's *Cesar and Rosalie*, Anthony Summers' *The Optimist*, Leonard Horn's *Corky*, and Peter Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon*.

On the flip side, the movies that made the worst impression, producing grimaces and gapes, were Jan Troell's *The Emigrants*, Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*, Peter Medak's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, Robert Altman's *Images*, John Milius' *Dillinger*, the Milos Forman segment in *Visions of Eight*, *Fists of Fury* and the rest of the imports from Hong Kong. *The Devil in Miss Jones* and the rest of the rotten hard-cores, and others too painful or petty to bring up.

Performances that I particularly prized included Robert Blake in *Corky* and, less so, *Electra Glide in Blue*, Robert Shaw in *The Hiring*, Jack Lemmon in *Saw the Tiger* and *Avanti*, Robert Mittern and Richard Jordan in *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, Gene Hackman in *Scarecrow*, Dennis Hopper in *Kid Blue*, Michael Moriarty in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, Bruce Dern and Lou Gossett in *The Laughing Policeman*, Peter Sellers in *The Optimist*, Donald Pleasance in *Raw Meat*, and in the other sex division, Kate Jackson and Kathleen Nolan in *Limbo*, James Mills in *Avanti*, Romy Schneider in *Cesar and Rosalie*, Ann-Margret in *The Outside Man*, Pamela Franklin in *The Legend of Hell House*, Lee Purcell and Janice Rule in *Kid Blue*.

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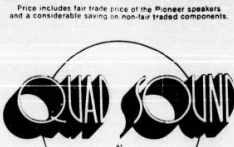
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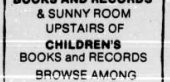
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JANUARY 17 TO JANUARY 23

## THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

## THEATRE

**BYE, BYE BIRDIE.** The USIU School of Performing Arts International Company will present the musical at 8:00 p.m. Friday, January 18 through Sunday, January 20 in the San Diego City College Theatre. 239-7854.

**LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS.** By Renne Taylor and Joe Borogina. San Diego Little Theater. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through January 26.

**EVERYBODY LOVES OPAL.** Actors Quarter Theater. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through February 16. 234-9325.

**COME BLOW YOUR HORN.** By Neil Simon. Coronado Playhouse. Friday, Saturdays and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. through February 23. 435-4856.

**TIME OF THE COMET.** A new play by Florio-Ruane. A biography of American novelist Lucian Stewart Kent. Crystal Palace Theater. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30 p.m. Through January 20. 486-6071.

**EL DORADO GARDEN COURT.** By James Gray. Palo Playhouse. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. through January 26. 746-6969.



**TARTUFFE.** Moliere's comedy. Cassius Center. Stage, nightly except Mondays, 8:00 p.m. through February 17. 239-2255.

**NIGHT WATCH.** By Lucille Fletcher. Old Globe Theatre. Tuesday through Sunday, 8:00 p.m. Sunday matinee at 2:00 p.m. 239-2255.

**BEN BAGLEY'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER.** Off Broadway 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.

**THE BOX WITH THREE LOCKS.** Actors Quarter Theater. 2:00 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays through February 17. 234-9325.

## LECTURES AND TALKS

**THE CHANGING ROLE OF THE ARTIST.** Changing artistic concerns since the fifties, geographic shifts, achievement of recognition for women artists. Lecture by Miriam Shapiro, artist and faculty member of the California Institute of the Arts, Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Thursday, January 17, 7:00 p.m. \$5. 453-2000, ext. 2077.

**CAUSES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR: JAPAN.** Lecture by Dr. Alan Cox of San Diego State's Center for Asian Studies, Room 222, Undergraduate Science Building, Revere Campus, UCSD. Thursday, January 17, 7:00 p.m. \$5. 453-2000, ext. 2077.

**POLITICAL TRIALS IN SAN DIEGO.** Peter Bohmer and Salm Kois discuss their defense trials. MilantForum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd. Friday, January 16, 8:00 p.m. 280-1292.

**BRIAN IVON JONES** will lecture on American Silver in the opening lecture of the 1974 Connoisseur Lecture Series presented by the Fine Arts Gallery. Saturday, January 19, 10:30 a.m. in the James S. Copley Auditorium, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

**A SENSE OF HUMOR: THE GOD'S EYE VIEW OF LIFE.** Lecture by Robert E. Kavanagh, Counseling Psychologist, UCSD. Room 1156, Humanities and Social Science Building, Murd Campus, UCSD. Monday, January 21, 7:00 p.m. \$6. 453-2000, ext. 2077.

**WHAT IS ART?** Seminar, Wednesday, January 23, 7:00 p.m. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Speakers are Eleanor Blangsted and Jay Beloit. 273-3221 or 454-5324.

## SPORTS

**BASKETBALL.** Harlem Globetrotters. Friday, January 18, 8:00 p.m. San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176.

**BASKETBALL.** San Diego vs. Denver. Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, January 18, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**RUGBY.** San Diego State vs. UCLA. At UCSD, Saturday, January 19, 2:00 p.m.

**TENNIS.** 3rd Annual Singles Tennis Tournament. Morley Field, Balboa Park. All day, Saturday and Sunday, January 19 and 20.

**HOCKEY.** San Diego vs. Seattle. Saturday, January 19, 8:00 p.m. San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176.

**HOCKEY.** San Diego vs. Denver. Sunday, January 20, 7:00 p.m. San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176.

**GOLF.** Andy Williams' PGA Open Tournament. Pro-Am, Tuesday, January 22 at La Costa and Lomas Santa Fe Country Clubs. Wednesday, January 23, north and south courses at Torrey Pines.

## MUSIC

**SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.** with guest conductor Isaac Karabitschewsky. Music of Villa-Lobos, Beethoven, De Falla and Tchaikovsky. "Overture" to Romeo and Juliet. Thursday, January 17 and Friday, January 18, 8:00 p.m. at the Civic Theatre. 239-2210.

**STEPHEN KATES.** cello and Lisa Hurling, classical guitar, duo. Friday, January 18, 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Room 220, Grossmont College. 465-1700 x321.

**SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY.** North County appearance. Palomar College. Corral, San Marcos, Saturday, January 19, 8:00 p.m. Phone 744-1150.

**CHAMBER CHOIR.** UCSD, Matthews Campus Recital Hall, Saturday, January 19, 8:15 p.m.

**COFFEE CONCERT.** La Jolla University Symphony, with Martin Owen, cello; Jerri Lee Owen, pianist; Rachel Kam, violist. Music by Ditters von Dittersdorf, Bloch, Barber and Chopin. Bishop's School in La Jolla. Sunday, January 20, 8:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2095.

**SAN DIEGO CHAMBER ORCHESTRA.** music by UCSD composer John Celona, by Bach, Chopin, Mozart and Debussy. Matthews Campus Recital Hall, UCSD. Tuesday, January 22, 8:15 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2095.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**DANISH GYM TEAM.** folk dancing, rhythmic gymnastics, and artistic vaulting. College Gym, Southwestern College. Friday, January 19, 7:30 p.m. 420-1060, ext. 285.

**CAMELIA FLOWER SHOW.** Camelia Society Open House. Majolica Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, free. Saturday and Sunday, January 19 and 20, 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 233-1980.

**VICIA FARRER DANCE COMPANY.** Sunday, January 20, 8:00 p.m. in the UCSD gym. 453-2000 x1391.

## MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

**ROSENQUIST.** a major exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture. 1963-1973. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley. 241-5970.

**RECENT PAINTINGS** by La Jolla artist Françoise Giot. USD. Founders Gallery, Acacia Park. 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. weekdays through February 22. 291-6460 x353.

**ERNESTINE BRADLEY.** Artist of the Month. Corridor Gallery, S.D. Public Library, 820 E Street. Through January 31.

**BEADING.** an ethnic craft workshop. San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park. Wednesday, January 23, 10:00 a.m. 238-2001.

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**ACRYLIC PAINTINGS** of Reginald Hager will be on display at the Triad Gallery, 3701 India St. from January 20 through February 9. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 11:00 to 5:00 p.m. and Sunday, 12:00 to 5:00 p.m. 299-6543.

**THE EDWARD CLINTON YOUNG COLLECTION.** American painters including "tonalists" and "luminists." Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. December 8 through January 20. 232-7931.

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

**SELECTED PAINTINGS** of Carl Neupert, showing this month at Slatery's Gallery Tavern and Chop House, Solana Beach.

**HISTORY and Art of Early California** explored with experts at Old Town State Park, through January 23, 9:00 a.m. to 11:45 a.m. daily. 291-6480 x221.

**TROMPE L'OEIL** paintings by Robert Conley, plus representational paintings by many others. A Turney Art Dealer, throughout January. 296-1222 or 225-0215.

**ART SHOW.** Watercolor artists Stan Sowinski, Ron Stewart, Bill Bender, Austin Duet, Charles Selsky and Dave Hatch. Kesler Art Gallery, throughout January. 291-0119.



**INNOVATION'S CONTEMPORARY HOME ENVIRONS.** La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, December 15 through February 3.

**FIBERS and STITCHERY** by Donna Levitt and ceramics by Carroll Charnell. Artists' Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India St. 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Tuesdays through Saturdays; noon to 5:00 p.m. Sundays, January 20 to February 9. 296-0200.

**WORKS** by Friedlander, Vasarely, Albers, Picasso, and Matisse as well as etchings by Charles Bragg, paintings by B.J. McCoon, and watercolors by Robin Pickford. Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue. 234-4765.

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

**TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS.** — John Rogers, sculptor. Jean Swiggett, painter. Southwestern College Art Gallery, 900 Olney Lakes Road, Chula Vista. Monday — Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Monday — Thursdays, 6:00 to 9:00 p.m.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBIT:** "Children in Bondage." Lewis Hine's pictures of child laborers from the early part of the century. Saturday, January 12 through February 10. Library Payer, Grossmont College, Monday through Thursday, 7:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Friday, 7:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Weekends, 12:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

**VARIATIONS.** an exhibit of original prints by Lenore Simon. San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front Street. Through January 31. 236-2231.

**MULTI-MEDIA ART SHOW.** Southwestern College students in the College Gallery, Thursday, January 10 through Friday, January 18.

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. Send items for listing to the READER, Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

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