

BUT I DON'T WANNA RIDE THE BUS

Under the Existing Trends alternative... downtown San Diego would attract less than one per cent of new population, and bus ridership would increase only slightly.

Under the Radial Corridors alternative... new population would be mainly attracted to areas already urbanized, with highest residential and industrial density located near the transit stations... More people would be living and working downtown... there would be 18 per cent less energy use... a 20 per cent reduction in air pollution.

JIM COHEN

And the federal government saw the Comprehensive Planning Organization, and saw that it was good.

The creation of CPO followed the realization by local elected officials in the early 1960's that the rapidly growing San Diego area needed an "association of governments" to provide regional cooperation and coordination in solving such area-wide problems as transportation, land use, air pollution, economic development and waste disposal.

Now, with the blessings and commands of the federal and state governments, and with the efficient assistance of computer technology, the CPO is preparing a Comprehensive Land Use — Transportation Plan for the region, due to be completed in the next few months.

It will attempt to provide the form, to fill the void in local planning. But what is this "CPO," and

relative voting strength. County Supervisor Dick Brown's CPO chair collected dust for several months until last fall when the County agreed to rejoin CPO while still attempting to attain voting strength equal to the City of San Diego.

Though none of the directors are compensated, CPO has a paid professional planning staff. Since mid-1971, the major project for the board, the planning staff and several ad hoc citizens' committees has been the creation of the Comprehensive Plan for 1995.

While CPO has neither legislative nor taxing power, it does exert authority in the following areas:

CPO has been designated by the federal government as the official "metropolitan clearing house" for all federal and state financial programs within the County that may have a regional impact. Any jurisdiction in San Diego applying for government



what is its dominion over San Diego?

The CPO board of directors consists of an elected official from each of the fourteen member agencies — Carlsbad, Chula Vista, Coronado, Del Mar, El Cajon, Escondido, Imperial Beach, La Mesa, National City, Oceanside, San Diego, San Marcos, Vista and San Diego County. Under the joint power agreement signed in September, 1972, each member government's voting power and membership fees are proportional to its population. Of CPO's \$1.98 million operating budget for 1973-74, fifty percent is federally funded, 35 percent is state and fifteen percent is provided by the membership.

CPO is a voluntary association and the County is playing hard-to-get, due to dissatisfaction with its

funds to finance such projects as water, sewer or transportation facilities must get CPO's review. For example, for the city of San Diego to expand the Metropolitan Sewerage System it must have CPO's recommendation before it receives federal assistance. These federal A-95 guidelines were intended to avoid duplication of effort locally, and it is unlikely that any federal grant application by local government would be approved over the CPO's objection.

CPO is recognized by the U.S. Department of Transportation and the state Division of Highways as the primary transportation planning agency in San Diego. CPO has received planning funds from both these agencies to help implement the transportation planning

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

FOOL'S GOULD

The mystery in the film, when Gould turns up immediately at the right place, is how did this stumble-bum locate the man...

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Contrary to rampant popular belief, Robert Altman did not spring upon the earth originally, fully formed, for the making of *MASH*. And it is the bitterness of betrayal, of illusions smashed, that must be employed to explain why I personally have camped among the nay-sayers on each of Altman's movies from *MASH* forward. On *Brewster McCLOUD*? No, generally. On *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*? No, again. On *Images*? No, emphatically. And on *The Long Goodbye*? No, no. A no of premonition from the moment long ago that it was revealed that Elliott Gould would be impersonating Philip Marlowe, the principled private eye of Raymond Chandler's detective series, and a no of distress from viewing the results. And I am already muttering oh, no in advance of the release of his next, *Thieves Like Us*, another '30s period piece and another Bonnie and Clyde piece, based on the Edward Anderson novel used for Nicholas Ray's *They Live By Night*. On that, let's wait and see, though.

Altman's credits, prior to his shimmering debut — with *MASH* — to the society of spotlights and write-ups and awards, include two virtually buried pieces — *Countdown*, 1967, and *That Cold Day in the Park*, 1969 — that attest to his undeniable talent (they display his greatest strengths without the force and fumbling that accumulate afterward) and that at the time raised my thirstiest expectations. The first is a lucid and deliberating accounting, within the contrivance of a faultily imagined first-man-on-the-moon plot, of the human stresses inside the space race. Not simply because the Mustang-wear sportshirts and the motel-decor colors closely echo Howard Hawks' *Red Line 7000*. Altman's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

BOXING, LOCAL STYLE

WILLIAM SULLIVAN

Here it is, friends. The big bad sport of boxing. Boxing. It starts with "B" and that rhymes with "Cockeyed," which is where the one guy he try knock t'other guy with his lobster-colored boxing gloves.

In San Diego, the game (it's called "the fight game") that fascinated kings, Hemingway, Miller, Of Blue Eyes Sinatra, and I don't know whom else, is carried out inside the wumbo-like Coineau, with yellow or baby blue benches and chairs for 3,320 adoring fans, stuck in the historic old part of town at 15th & E Streets. "Bienvenidos," it says on the door-mat as you hurry in. I think that may be Spanish for "Fasion your seat belt."

On a recent Friday night I sat and watched two preliminaries, a Main Event, and an after-the-Main-Event preliminary, and I had one of my deepest suspicions confirmed. I know I was right never to have followed a career in boxing.

It is far better that you buy a ricket and sit there and watch all the action rather than buy a TV and sit at home and watch. Tickets cost less than TV sets, for one thing. But more important, you get to see all the fights on the card instead of just the main event as on radio or TV. When I was a boy growing up, I thought all boxing consisted of the fights I got into after school, and those Joe Louis got into on the radio.



I never knew there was a whole other world of boxing out there. It is what gets covered, if at all, in the sports pages in two lines of too-small type. Such bouts are known as The Preliminaries, and I don't mean what Alex Comfort calls "foreplay."

In the opening Preliminary of a recent Friday's card, for example, a couple of featherweights really showed us what boxing is all about. In the process they damn near annihilated each other.

Their names were Ramon Red Trunks and Charlie Chocolate Trunks. I am just kidding about their names, of course, but whoever printed the program didn't mention them at all.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY

Who can resist a pert, commonsensical, sizzling maid servant who tells all her employers off?

JONATHAN SAVILLE

The old Globe and the Carter Centre Stage have had a mediocre season, but their latest offering, Moliere's *Tartuffe* at the Carter, is a hit, a palpable hit. The troupe must be shared by Moliere himself, whose play is one of the masterpieces of the classic comic theatre; by Richard Wilbur, who did the justly famous translation into English rhymed couplets; by director Charles Vernon, whose taste for broad farce is justly tempered in this production by a sure sense of character and language; by a superb cast of players, all thoroughly at home with the stage, the natural yet cadenced speaking of verse, and the style of Moliere's comedy; and by Peggy Kellner, whose simple but elegant setting and judiciously flamboyant costumes are — as always — the very best of their kind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



ELEVATION

THURSDAY JANUARY 31
CONFLICT OF INTEREST: The ethics of self-broadcast and print journalism. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
UMBERTO D: By Vittorio De Sica. A film of the director's. Channel 15, 9:30 p.m.
THE AUTOGRAPH OF MISS JANE EATMAN: A comedy. Channel 15, 9:30 p.m.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 1
MASTERS OF THE AIR: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
RELIGIOUS AMERICA: The Lighthouse. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
COMEDY AND GET IT: Joe McGee. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
JUNE MOON: The American comedy classic. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
AL CONCERT: Ray Brown, the Oscar Peterson Trio, and the James Cotton Blues Band. Channel 15, 11:30 p.m.
ROCK CONCERT: Ray Nelson and Maria Mulderer. Channel 15, 11:30 p.m.
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL: Near Betty from the 1934 Broadway show with guests. Channel 15, 11:30 p.m.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2
CASH MCCALL: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
RED MOUNTAIN: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
GODZILLA VS. THE SEA MONSTER: A science fiction. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS: World Wrestling Championships. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
FRANKIE: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
THE TRUTH THAT HIDES FROM MAN: A documentary. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
UMBERTO D: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
DUCK SOUP: The Marx Brothers. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD: Gregory Peck. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
COLD DAY IN THE PARK: Sandy Dennis. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 3
HOCKEY: Montreal vs. San Jose. Channel 15, 11:00 a.m.

CHINA SEAS: Clark Gable, Jean Harlow. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
MESSAGE TO GARCIA: Wallace Berry. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
VICTORY AT SEA: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
THE CITY GAME: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
UMBERTO D: A comedy. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS: Qualifying Competition for the 1984 Olympic Games. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
RELIGIOUS AMERICA: The Lighthouse. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
COMEDY AND GET IT: Joe McGee. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
JUNE MOON: The American comedy classic. Channel 15, 8:30 p.m.
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"Red Dust"
Sunday, February 3 7:00 p.m.
Sunday, February 10 2:00 p.m.
Southeast Asia is the setting of the first film to star the screen's most tempestuous twosome, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. Says one critic of this 1932 film, "The formula... wasn't new, he chased him, newly-wed Mary Astor while the tarty Harlow chased him. But the wisecracks were fresh and the finish classic."

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OH HAPPY DAY!

I DON'T WANNA RIDE THE BUS



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

elements of the Comprehensive Planning program. A bill is now in the state legislature which would give more legislative and financial support to CPO's plan.

CPO is responsible for dispensing all funds collected from the gasoline sales tax earmarked for local transit improvement. CPO channeled over \$5 million to San Diego Transit Corp. last year.

The state has designated CPO as the Airport Land Use Commission in San Diego County, giving it advisory authority over development decisions on land adjacent to airports.

But the full extent of CPO's authority is still hazy and will be a much discussed issue among local governments when CPO completes its Comprehensive Plan.

The Plan's preparation has been a paragon of Western Rationality. First, nine Regional Goals Committee, comprised of citizens appointed by the board of directors, drew up goals and objectives to be achieved by the plan. These goals

were to eliminate or reduce regional problems in the categories of human resources, regional growth and economic development, the region's physical development, form housing, transportation, governmental structure and services, environmental quality, open space and recreational services.

The goals are an egalitarian's delight. Among the over 300 goals and objectives are to "provide for the economic well-being of every individual and family in the region... to adopt a land ethic for the balanced coexistence of man, wildlife and vegetation in the region and for the protection of wildlife and vegetation for its own beauty" and to "provide opportunities for active citizen participation in all levels of government."

Next, the planning staff began identifying various transport and land use policies that could help achieve these goals and objectives. It is Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" fed into a computer.

To permit comparisons among alternative land use policies, the various policy choices were com-

bined into three groups: "Existing Trends," "Controlled Trends," and "Radial Corridors," titles which refer to the land development pattern which would be created by adoption of each policy.

The alternative solutions were tested through CPO's Urban Development and Transportation Models, assuming a 1995 population of 2.4 million. Each was fed into the computer with its unique set of variables and the machine made such predictions as population densities and distributions, pollution levels and amounts of available open space.

Existing Trends, for example, tests what would happen if the region continues to rely on the private automobile as the primary means of transportation, and present land development policies are continued. When this alternative was fed into the computer CPO got a prediction of the pattern and density of urbanization, pollution levels, locations of employment and availability of public services.

The Radial Corridors alternative features a high speed, high volume transit system connecting all urbanized portions of San Diego. The track would run along the travel corridors of Interstate 5 and State 78 and would have an extensive feeder bus system.

Under Radial Corridors, the CPO computer predicts new pop-

ulation would be mainly attracted to areas already urbanized, with highest residential and industrial densities located near the transit stations. More people would be living and working in downtown San Diego due to its easy accessibility. There would be a 20 percent less energy use under the radial corridors plan for all auto and transit operation, with a 20 percent reduction in air pollution.

In the Controlled Trends alternative, region-wide transit service would be provided by a "light rail" fixed guideway system in the metropolitan area with an expanded express bus network serving the area north of the city and connecting to the rail system.

A more extensive local feeder bus network would be provided than in Radial Corridors.

The CPO computer forecasts Controlled Trends policies would guide new residential developments to urbanized areas with more filling in of the remaining vacant urban land.

Accessibility to employment opportunities would be greater under Controlled Trends than with the other alternatives. However, the demand for auto travel would be greater than that in Radial Corridors as will the use of energy. The CPO staff describes Controlled Trends as a way of "accommodating the use of the auto while trying to minimize some of its adverse side effects."

CPO Associate Regional Planner Rick Alexander said the board is hoping to get its transit plan to voters with a bond issue by November. Alexander said the board is on an "accelerated decision schedule" so CPO can study the environmental impact of the chosen transit system, so the system will not suffer increased cost due to inflation, and so CPO

can "beat other cities to the trough for federal funds."

The nature of that transit system, of course, depends on the chosen land use policies. The CPO board will be summarizing and comparing the alternative policies during its next few meetings, in hopes of choosing a set of policies by the end of February.

CPO staffer Wally Jaconski says the board will probably choose a combination of the three alternative systems since there are trade-off benefits in each set. For example, the board might choose land policies of Controlled Trends, but use expanded bus service outlines in Existing Trends. The policies will be evaluated in terms of their cost-effectiveness and ability to achieve the regional goals and objectives. Once a land use transportation system is formulated, it will receive a thorough public review before revision into its final form.

CPO has little legal authority relative to the local governments in the region. Each city and the County have control over land use decisions within their boundaries. The city councils and the county board of supervisors will have to decide if, how or when to alter their general plans to conform with the comprehensive plan.

But CPO already has some indirect authority to assure some conformance to the plan through its role as "metropolitan clearing house" — a role which could expand as the federal and state governments increasingly bestow their blessings on the idea of regional government.

Jim Cohen is a staff member of the San Diego Edition. Extra copies of this story or subscriptions to the Edition may be obtained by writing to P.O. Box 3634, San Diego, CA 92103.

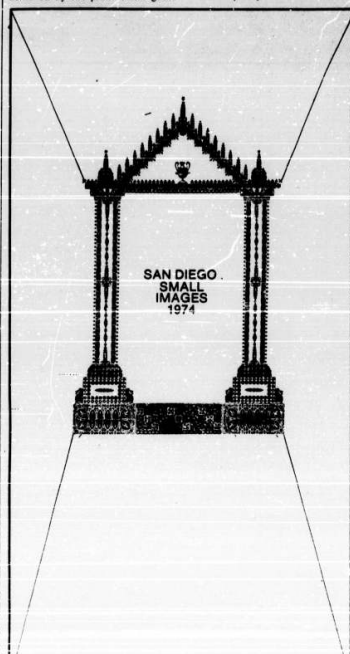
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Works selected for exhibition will be shown at the Jack Glenn Gallery in Valley View from Friday, March 8th through Saturday, March 30th, and will be reproduced in the March 14th issue of the Reader.

You can pick up entry forms and rules for the San Diego Small Images 1974 Award show at most major art supply and camera stores in San Diego. You can also call 454-1052 and we'll send you information.



EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY



Nothing could be more exquisitely disgusting and funny than the snafish darts of Tartuffe's tongue on the word "palpable" as he bends towards Mrs. Orgon's gorgeous half-naked bosom and demands "some palpable assurance of your favor."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Moliere's play is about a wealthy middle-class idiot who, in the throes of a kind of middle-aged enervation with self-righteous piety and familial authoritarianism, allows their embodiment, the swindler Tartuffe, to take over his wealth and home and nearly destroy the happiness of his whole family. Everyone likes to see a man in authority make a fool of himself, and that is what Moliere gives us, to the point of sheer noddle-headed perfection, in the person of Orgon. Everyone enjoys a clever swindler and what swindler has ever been so clever, so eloquent, so slimy and so disgustingly magnetic as Tartuffe? We all like to watch young lovers being separated in grief and ultimately reunited in joy, and that is what happens to Orgon's daughter (whom he has promised to the vile Tartuffe) and her silly boyfriend Valere. Who can resist a port, commensurate, sizzling maid servant who tells all her employers "papa" and that is the Orgon family's maid Dorine. What about violent conflicts between father and son — with the son, of course, in the right? Orgon's son, Damis, denounces Tartuffe, and, with his father, is disinherited, yet it is proved right in the end; it is just what we want. Seduction scenes? None more libidinous or hilarious than Tartuffe's attempts on Orgon's wife, the perfectly virtuous Elmire, who leads her hopeful admirer on in order to demonstrate to her husband what over he be taken into the household. A sense that, however badly we may be misled by human folly and error, there is a higher power — just, benevolent, forgiving — who will finally step in to put things right? For comic relief, that comes as powerfully as does Tartuffe, where Orgon is brought to the very brink of ruin and saved only by the last-minute intervention of that all-powerful dispenser of justice (and, that's the way Moliere portrays him), Louis XIV.

In short, *Tartuffe* gives everyone in every audience everything he or she may desire in a comedy — and it does so with infinite grace and balance. It is a play that simply cannot fail; and when it is done as well as it is at the Carier, it brings home with irresistible force the old conviction — which our schools work so hard at destroying, but which avidly thrives — that

sure to restore — that, when all is said and done, the classics are best. Lyman Saville — as his name would naturally lead you to expect — is brilliant in the role of the liquid-brained Orgon: the goggling eyes, the pursing lips, the mingled looks of self-indulgent fanaticism and ineffectual rage, the deft touches of foppish effeminacy in gesture and voice — all these show an eminently witty understanding of the character and a complete mastery of the craft of comic acting. Mr. Saville has the insight and the technical skill to make Orgon at once outrageous, despicable, ridiculous, and pathetic — just the combination the text calls for.

The Tartuffe of Ron Ray is equally brilliant. How unutterably silly, the religious hypocrite is when he humbly instructs his servant to "hang up my hair-shirt, put my scourge in place." How vomitously he portrays the seething lushness of the fake ascetic wooing his benefactor's wife — nothing could be more exquisitely disgusting and funny than the snafish darts of his tongue on the word "palpable" as he bends towards Mrs. Orgon's gorgeous half-naked bosom and demands "some palpable assurance of your favor."

And how truly terrifying he becomes towards the end of the play, when he has Orgon at his mercy. Mr. Ray makes expert use of a face mobile as putty and a sonorous bass voice, transforming what might be merely a figure of social satire into a monster greater than life in its consuming will to power, money and sex. Moliere could have asked for no more.

Among the others in this uniformly fine cast, one might mention Julia Shelley, Orgon's wife, whose acting skill and command of language are quite as impressive as her delectable; Gail Mackler, full of zip and bounce as the sassy maid Dorine; Gail West Brown as the tearful, victimized daughter; and Steve Mackey as the ranting, outraged son. The production is so good that I can find nothing of greater note to criticize than Philip Schaub's mispronunciation of "impious," the cast's general confusion of stress in the name "Damis," and the hole in Valere's stocking.

Final credit must be given to the Carier's audience, who had the taste and wit to accept the fact that a play 310 years old can be funnier and more modern than one penned yesterday. They reacted to this marvelous production with continual delight, and so will you.

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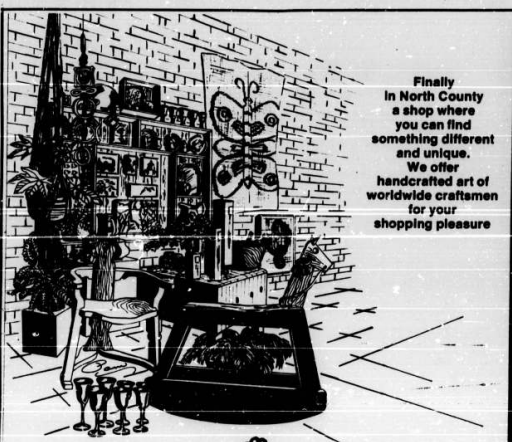
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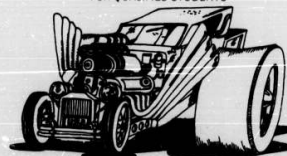
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FOOL'S GOULD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

style, there, suggests affinities with
Hawksian team spirit, classical
frugality of camerawork, and self-
effacing promotion of the actors'
ensemble playing, improvising,
overlapping, backtalking. The se-
cond, which by coincidence airs on
Channel 4 this Saturday night, is a
project of sleazy appearance, with
Sandy Dennis cast in a cruel deviation
of the standard sexual-
awakening-of-repressed-spinner



story.
Since then, toning up his reputa-
tion as a debaucher, Altman has
liberally discarded the bones and
the joints of conventional well-
made stories, with the result that
his fits and starts of inspiration are
more or less trampled in a free-for-
all of ideas, haphazard, impulsive,
trendy. Following any Altman
movie, post-*MASH*, is like trailing
after a dazed, or stoned, shambler
who is heedlessly dropping objects
from his pockets. The spectator
scrambles along, keeping pace,
trying to pick up whatever he can
from the stream, occasionally a
bright coin or crisp bill, but usually
a coat button, an empty
matchbook, a gum wrapper, rub-
bish. The regular gnawing sensa-
tion from watching Altman's
movies is that the twinkle-eyed,
swimming ideas have been so slack-
ly pushed-ahead or cross-
examined, in terms of their possible
implications, or of their freshness,
or certainty of their organization,
Altman is something of a very
indulgent parent.

Yet, over the course of his last
five pictures (a rather lengthy
count in his career's case these days),
Altman's stick-to-itiveness in
developing a style that conveys a
sense of shambling and slovenliness

and befuddlement has become for-
midable. (And, for me, *Brewster
McCoy* has come to look firmer
and funnier in memory than it did
on the screen.) This mushiness, as a
vision and a style of life, is certainly
substantial material for a movie,
and someday Robert Altman will
likely piece together the fortunate
elements to do that movie properly.
And Elliott Gould may be ideally
the actor for it, and Vimos Zsig-
mond could be the photographer for
it, but almost without doubt a
Raymond Chandler mystery novel
will not be the source of it. Which
returns us to the case of *The Long
Goodbye*, currently at the
Cinerama, where you should
hasten if you care to get in on a
movie that is, at the least, exten-
sively discussable.

For the creation of the dense
aura of fumbling and shambling,
Altman relies principally on the
slow, stealthy zooms and tracks of
Vimos Zsigmond's cameras. There
is a kind of woozy, weaving effect
gotten from the linking of these
inseparable camera movements,
now inching to the left, now
forward, now back. Every face,
every body, every chair, every
house seems to sit on its own ice
floes, ever drifting. Watching them,
you feel the need of reaching out a
steadying hand, or sitting down for
a spell, to stop the world's spin-
ning. Further, this sea-sickness
milking-around of people and
places generally occurs in semi-
darkness, or haze, or musty golden
light. And everyone in this
treacherous scenery talks calmly,
steadily over everyone else, as if
each is talking to himself alone, or
whistling in the dark.

It is not altogether apparent to
what use Altman's style might best
be put, and if you were to speedily
down half-a-bottle of bourbon you
might be in condition to more
closely approach the problem. By all
odds, though, to adopt a detective
story into Altman's blur seems a
misguided scheme. It might even
be suspected that Altman's maneuvers
are exercised, self-defensively, to
cover over the gaps in logic with
fog and fibrous.

The novel written by Chandler in
1953 is itself not the tightest
demonstration of plotting, but,
what it might have been without
the sloppy dithering.

and his hero. "The story is this
man's adventure in search of a
hidden truth, and it would be no
adventure if it did not happen to a
man fit for adventure." For the
story to go the way it goes, the hero
has to be a certain kind of man,
and Gould gives no evidence of
being that kind. He cultivates a
hipster's nonchalant shuffle, a five
o'clock shadow, and perpetual
mumbling, like hummingbird.
He appears to be led around by the
omnipresent cigarette in his teeth,
and the only show of ingenuity is in
his seeking out of spots to strike a
match.

He does no detective work to
speak of. When the clue of an
unknown "Dr. V." arises, the
mystery in the novel is how will
Marlowe locate the man, and
through a long day of exercising
perceptive contacts, know-how,
and tired legs, this mystery is
solved; but the mystery in the film,
when Gould turns up immediately
at the right place, is how did this
stumble-bum locate the man, and
this mystery is not solved. In the
matter of the grilling at the police
station, the book Marlowe refuses
to cooperate out of loyalty and
protectiveness for his friend and
client, whereas the movie
Marlowe's balking is reduced to
mere smart-assing because, first,
unlike the book Marlowe has
been too dim-witted to realize that
his friend was a fugitive, and, sec-
ond, the character of the friend
has been altered to a point where
Marlowe's fondness for him im-
dicates a shortcoming in taste and
perception.

The kind of character projected
by Gould changes the story,
somehow, into a different and
original story, and change is
highly acceptable in a movie
adaptation. But Gould's
characterization does not change
things — motives, actions, conse-
quences — as much as it ought to.
The reworking of Chandler's story
opens more questions than it
supplies answers for. What Altman
gets as a result of his loose-ended
twists and re-routings is not
nothing, but its interest comes less
from what it actually is than from
what it might have been without
the sloppy dithering.

Elsewhere in this week: In
view of the accelerated drip-drip-
drip of foreign films into this area,
almost any alien item deserves your
patronage, and currently there are
two that are not stingy with their
reward. *The Tall Blond Man With
One Black Shoe*, at the Capri, is an
unimportant film, unfortunately
dubbed, which houses more laughs
than *Sleeper*. *The Sting*, at the
Jonathan Livingston Seagull at the
Cinerama, is an important film with
no laughs and none needed.

Ash Wednesday — A wilted beauty undergoes plastic surgery, so as to regain youth and hopefully also her estranged husband. Despite the glaring possibilities for mid-century fantasy and melodrama, this is played as just romantic drama, with a few surreal closeups thrown in to critical the consumption of popcorn in the dark. The subplot, which is dropping in for gaudy luxurious romp into the playing of every sensation, whether it is a bite of poetry or a hyperdermic in the face, is a subplot that is dropping into one of his all-steps-out rampages ("Look at these breasts..."). There is a lot of a sort of charming heart-pounding, but most of all, it's a very typical of the, the Alphonse, the setting is... is filled by curious setting and impressive look. Henry Fonda, Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce.

■ (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Page 7

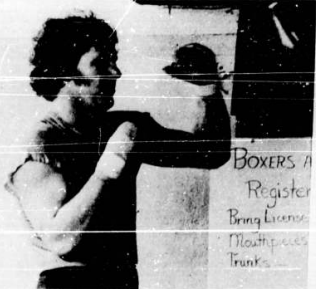
Ash Wednesday — A wilted beauty undergoes plastic surgery, so as to regain youth and hopefully also her estranged husband. Despite the glaring possibilities for mid-century fantasy and camp, this carefully, if played as just romantic drama, with a few surreal closeups thrown in to critical the consumption of popcorn in the cinema, is a superbly told and furcous luxurious romp into the playing of every sensation, whether it is a bite of poetry or a hyperdrama in the face of the inevitable. It draws us into one of her all-steps-out rampages ("Look at these breasts..."). There is a lot of a kind of charming heart-pounding, but most of all, it is a superbly exciting, the Alpine road setting is as ruffled by curious unending and impressive local Henry Fonda, Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce.

■ (Center 3 Cinema 3)

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BOXING

Heavyweight Duane Bobick working out before his second round K.O. of Lee Mandingo last Friday at San Diego Coliseum. Tomorrow night's fight finds south-western featherweight Bobby Chacon versus former featherweight champion of Argentina Jorge Ramos.



Richard Pesin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1) Whoever printed the program had a Big Thing for Duane Bobick and Lee Mandingo, a pair of heavyweights who went against each other later last Friday night. They introduced Mandingo before the Main Event. My God, he is bigger than the front end of a diesel truck.

Let's get back to Ramon and Charlie. Featherweights make exciting fighters. Featherweights are little guys, like the little guys in your class in school, wherever you went to school. The little guys in every class in every school are always the same. They are sick and tired of being "the little guys". When the little guy in your class gets you into a fight, you better watch out, even if you are as big as Lee Mandingo.

Ramon and Charlie went at each other as if one were a Kamikaze pilot and the other the Lexington. I was sorry to see such splendid effort cut short but it was. In 3 minutes and 58 seconds of the third round, Ramon Red Trunks drove through a brick wall doing 97 miles-an-hour in second, or else Charlie Chocolate Trunks smacked him with a right to the head. It happened too fast to be sure.

I think Ramon came to on what would have been the count of 254 had the ref not stopped counting at 10, and started helping to revive Ramon instead.

A pair of middleweights then squared off in a 4-rounder which I assume was for practice because the announcer, resplendent in his suit of red plaid, said there would be no decision. Middleweights are bigger than featherweights, and ever so slightly less feisty. Middleweights sail into combat with the grace of a cruiser. Featherweights are more like dirty little PT boats.

The Main Event featured a fighter that the crowd called Eddie, although the program gave his name as Eduardo Mazon. (The only two advertisers in the program, by the way, were a ball boysman and Goodyear tires.) Eddie took on a taller opponent with a rubber left arm that dangled almost to the floor. His name was Tommy Hanna.

It was clear, as the fight moved along, that Eddie was a genuine, tough fighter who had entered the ring to do all the fighting he could. I suppose that is why he is a member of the respected Sid Flaherty fight stable.

Fighters who constantly back

away from opponents disgust me. They may win fights, but still they disgust me. When Tommy Hanna didn't back away, he hung his long left arm around Mazon's head, punching with his right. That is known as getting him in the clinches.

Somewhat, as you sit there beside the ring, with fighters dancing and sweating and bleeding up above you, you realize that what these people are doing is not that much different from what your everyday business and professional people do. I mean the businessman at his business, the storekeeper at his store, the doctor at his real estate. What they do up there in that ring looks brutal, folks, and maybe it is. But at least it is honest.

Try as they might, neither Eddie nor Tommy was able to knock the other down, not even after ten rounds of struggle. When the final bell sounded, I looked at my notes and found I had awarded two rounds to clinging Tommy, four to hurting Eddie and had felt four were even. One of the judges thought Eddie was the victor, but the other judge and the referee, who wore a blue velvet bow tie, called it even. The fight ended in a draw by a split decision. My findings weren't consulted.

LETTERS

SEND CORRESPONDENCE TO: READER, BOX 80803, SAN DIEGO, CA 92138

STILL GROWING

Dear Editor:

I wanted to know what I had to know to the Reader of last fall. It seemed as though you were on your way to being another Village Voice at that time. Now, as I hold you here in my hand, you've shrunk to a mere eight pages. What goes on?

Sheila Murnane, San Diego

(E.D. There are several reasons the January issues of the Reader are smaller. One is that January is traditionally the worst month of the year for businesses like the Reader (many advertisers have spent heavily at Christmas and are hesitant paying bills than advertising). Also, our expenses have taken a big jump (typesetting, printing, and distribution), and we haven't yet passed the cost on to our advertisers. Finally, our fixed costs are so large that the jump from eight to twelve pages or from twelve to sixteen pages is much harder to make than from, say, sixteen to twenty pages or from twenty to twenty-four. Once things get a little bit better, they'll get a lot better, we figure. By the way, our gross sales are up about 500% from last year so instead of losing \$500-\$600 per week, we're just about breaking even every issue.)

LAWBREAKERS

Dear Editor:

All along I've followed your little paper and enjoyed its fine sensibilities, its taste, and its artfulness. At first I was surprised to find it on military bases (I've seen it at North Island, Miramar, and MCRD), because it's anything but a military paper. But I didn't see much wrong with it. Now I sense an attitude I abhor rearing its ugly head in the pages of the Reader: the approval of civil disobedience. In Mark Wenzel's article on Street Theatre in San Diego in your last issue he clearly advocates civil disobedience. "A crowd gathers regularly (in Balboa Park) to hear illicit guitar music, see unlawful Mime shows and watch an illegitimate circus clown... Go ahead and break the law, and get today's best entertainment value."

It doesn't matter how distasteful the city ordinance is to Mr. Wenzel, nor how many of our national leaders may flout the phrase "law and order" in our faces, nor how facetiously Mr. Wenzel may have said what he said. What's sauce for Mr. Wenzel is sauce for ex-cive president Agnew; if Mr. Wenzel urges us to break this one law, how can we demand that anyone obey any law.

I urge Reader writers and Reader editors to expunge any such indications in the future.

Howard Bobben, Coronado



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THE ALAMO: GENE DAVILSON AND THE DIARRHOEISTS, nightly, 4003 Claremont Dr., Claremont, 278-2240.

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

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: EVANGELINE MADE (from New Orleans), nightly except Monday, 916 Pearl, La Jolla, 459-3300.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: JACK JEMPCHIN AND THE NEW HONKY TONK BAND, Friday, February 1, 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. 588 First St., Encinitas, 753-1775.

BOATHOUSE: TIM MORGAN, nightly except Sundays and Mondays, 2040 Harbor Island Dr., 291-8011.

ROOM TRENCHARD'S: THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT, Wednesdays through Sundays, SWEETFIRE, Mondays and Tuesdays, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

CINNAMON CINDER: THE DISSER GANG, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, February 1, 2, and 3, 7570 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 463-9883.

CLIMAX LTD. NEW DYNAMICS: Tuesday through Sunday, February 3, 8:00 p.m. 3745 Fifth Ave., 291-1738.

WATTS 103rd STREET RHYTHM BAND: starting Tuesday, February 5, 2020 Market St., 239-9336.

FOLK ARTS: GORDON PIPER AND MARTIN HENRY, folk music, Saturday, February 2, 8:00 p.m. 3745 Fifth Ave., 291-1738.

IRON HORSE: O.D. CORRAL, Wednesday through Sunday, 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 465-7663.

JTB: PAUL BUTTERFIELD'S BETTER DAYS, Sunday, February 3, 8:00 and 11:00 p.m. 4025 Pacific Highway, 296-3655.

LEDBETTERS: BLITZ BROTHERS, Tuesday through Saturday, 5524 El Cajon Blvd., 583-4524.

THE PEOPLE: DOUGLAS JOHNS AND DAVID GEORGE, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 31, February 1 and 2, TOMCAT, Sunday, February 3, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 223-6773.

SPORTS ARENA: MOODY BLUES AND SHAWN PHILLIPS, Friday, February 1, 8:00 p.m. 224-4176.

UCSD: GABOR SZABO AND CHICK COREA AND RETURN TO FOREVER, Sunday, February 3, 7:30 p.m. 453-3362.

WALLBANGERS: BURGUNDY EXPRESS, Tuesday through Sunday, through March 3, 2666 Midway Dr., 223-1138.

THE WESTERNER: THE CATALINAS, nightly, 22 West 7th, National City, 474-2918.

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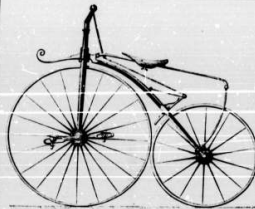
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JANUARY 31 TO FEBRUARY 6 THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

SPECIAL EVENTS

THE TIJUANA SLOUGH, a nature walk sponsored by the S.D. Natural History Museum. Saturday, February 2. For reservations call 232-3821.

ORCHID SOCIETY OPEN HOUSE, Majorca Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday and Sunday, February 2 and 3, 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 233-1980.

ANNUAL CAMELIA SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW, Conference Building, Balboa Park, Saturday, February 2, 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.; Sunday, February 3, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 233-1980.

CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS, Kung Fu demonstrations, "Lucky Lion" dances, Flower Bowl dance, traditional food. S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Sunday, February 3, 239-2001.

THEATRE

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



LENNY, the story of Lenny Bruce, starring Ted Schwartz. Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays, 8:00 and 9:00 p.m.; Sunday matinees, 2:00 p.m. 235-6535.

TARTUFFE, by Moliere. Cassius Center Center Stage, Balboa Park. Nightly except Monday, 8:00 p.m. 239-2255.

EVERYBODY LOVES OPAL, by John Patrick. Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays through February 16, 8:30 p.m. 238-9809.

TIME OF THE COMET, a new play by Rosie Driffield. A biography of American novelist Lucian Stewart Kent. Crystal Palace Theatre, Saturdays and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through February 3, 488-8021.

THE BOX WITH THREE LOCKS, by John Patrick. Actors Quarter Theatre, 2:00 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays through February 17. 234-8225.

TOM SAWYER, a children's play presented by the San Diego Junior Theatre. Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Fridays at 7:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays at 2:00 p.m. 239-1311.

THE PRICE, by Arthur Miller, produced by the Performing Arts Department of Southwestern College. The Arena Theatre, Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, Chula Vista, Wednesday through Saturday, February 6 through 9, 8:00 p.m. 420-1331.

NIGHTWATCH, by Lucille Fletcher. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, nightly except Monday, 8:00 p.m. 239-2255.

MUSIC

LIFE, an Afro-American music, presented by the Co-Real Artists of Los Angeles. Montezuma Hall, San Diego State, Thursday, January 31, 8:00 p.m.

BIG BAND CALIFORNIA, featuring Freddy Martin, Bob Crosby, and George Shearing, vintage songs as well as songs representing the '30's and '40's Big Band sound. Mira Costa College Gymnasium, Oceanside, Friday, February 1, 8:15.

THE BOSTON SINGERS, Camino Theatre, University of San Diego, Saturday, February 2, 8:00 p.m.

CHICK COREA AND GABOR SZABO AND RETURN TO FOREVER, a jazz concert. UCSD Gymnasium, Sunday, February 3, 7:30 p.m.

PIANIST VASSO DEVETZ, Sonata No. 52 in E Flat major by Haydn, Fantasy in C minor by Mozart, 32 Variations in C minor by Beethoven, Rhapsody by Schumann, Sonatine by Kabalevsky, and Andante Sostenuto and Grande Polonaise by Chopin. Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sunday, February 3, 8:00 p.m. 454-0183.

AMERICAN INDIAN MUSIC, songs of the Havasupai and others, played and discussed by Learne Hinton (daughter of San Diego's boxer Sam Hinton). First in the series "Inter-American Music." Room 2722, USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, Tuesday, February 5, 7:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2077.

CHAMBER ARTS QUARTET, San Diego Public Library, Tuesday, February 5, 7:30 p.m. 238-5800.

THE RHINEGOLD, the prelude to Wagner's Ring cycle, presented by the San Diego Opera. S.D. Civic Theatre, Wednesday and Friday, February 6 and 8, 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, February 10, 2:30 p.m. 236-6510.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL, Conquistadors vs. Indiana. Golden Hall, Convention and Performing Arts Center, Friday, February 1, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

RUGBY, S.D. State vs. Argentina Touring Side Aztec Bowl, SDSU, Saturday, February 2, 1:00 and 2:30 p.m. 222-3445.

HOCKEY, S.D. Gulls vs. Portland. Sports Arena, Saturday, February 2, 8:00 p.m. 224-1176.

BASKETBALL, Conquistadors vs. Virginia. Golden Hall, Convention and Performing Arts Center, Sunday, February 3, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

LECTURES AND TALKS

JOURNALIST MURRAY KEMPTON lectures on "What Might Newspapers Be?" Gannet Auditorium, UCSD Medical School, Thursday, January 31, 8:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 1382.

PERSONAL INSIGHTS INTO THE ART WORLD, Lecture by June Wayne, artist and director of Tamarind Lithography Workshop, Los Angeles. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Thursday, January 31, 7:00 p.m. \$5. 453-2000, ext. 2077.

THE RUSSIAN ALLY, lecture by Dr. Neil Heyman of S.D. State, part of "The Second World War: Causes and Consequences" series. Room 2722, USB, Revelle Campus, UCSD, Thursday, January 31, 7:00 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 2081.

NATIVE AMERICANS VS. THE DEVELOPERS: WATER AND LAND RIGHTS IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY, a panel discussion with Ron Abu of the Indian Legal Services in Escondido and Fred Ragoskie, a Native American lawyer. Milken Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd., Friday, February 1, 8:00 p.m. 282-1292.

ROLLO MAY, the psychoanalyst, will lecture on "The Courage to Create." Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College, Friday, February 1, 8:00 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

IRISH HISTORY CLASS, House of Ireland "the House of Pacific Relations, Balboa Park, Friday, February 1, 8:00 p.m.

MRS. JACK'S PALACE, lecture by George L. Stout, former director of Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum of Boston. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Tuesday, February 5, 10:45 a.m. 232-7931.

IMAGE OF WOMEN IN ADVERTISING, first of eight "Working Women's Lunches." San Diego Gas and Electric Auditorium, Wednesday, February 6, 234-8451.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

WORKS by Friedlander, Vassary, Altieri, 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, 232-4765.

DRAWINGS by Don Patterson and sculpture by Richard Coyle, both of Grossmont College's Pacific Trust Gallery, 3701 101st Street. (Also, continuing: works of Trad Coop.) 299-6543.

ROSENQUIST, a major exhibition of paintings, drawings, and graphics from 1963-1973. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, 291-3970.

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MOLAS (applied blouses) of the 20th Century, by the Curia Indians. Also pre-Hispanic "fades." S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park. Open daily, 10:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. 232-9146.

E. IRVING COUSE, Tans School, oils, drawings, watercolors. Through February, Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, 234-4765.

PAINTINGS by West Coast abstract artists Tom Holland, Ed Moses, and Richard Yokom. UCSD Art Gallery, Humanities Library Building, Open daily 12:00 noon to 5:00 p.m. and 8:00 to 10:00 p.m. on Wednesday. Through February 15.

MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MUSIC, marimba, drum, gub-bucket, tin, and brass chimes and complete instructions for making them. Ethnic Music Room, S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, open daily, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. 239-2001.

REFLECTIONS OF EUROPE, a collection of black and white photographs taken by U.S. Army men in the early 1960's. S.D. Mesa College Art Gallery, from January 28 through February 15. Gallery open Monday through Friday, 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

FIBERS AND STITCHERY by Donna Leavitt and ceramics by Carol Crannell. Artists Co-operative Gallery, 3731 India St. 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Tuesdays through Saturdays. Open to 5:00 p.m. Sundays, January 20 to February 9, 296-0200.



Pierre Bonnard: *The Cat*
Collection: Kyra Gerard and Alfred Ayrton, London

PIERRE BONNARD, 114 drawings. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, February 2 through March 3, 232-7931.

QUILTS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY, exhibit and sale, Saturday, February 2, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. (11:00 a.m. sides and lecture). Also quilting workshop, February 2 and 10, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Gallery 8, International Center, Mathews Campus, UCSD, 453-2000.

AMETHYSTS, including "The Rose of France," an amethyst taken from the Carlsbad area. Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, Through February 1. (Also grab-bag and rock sale, Sunday, February 3, 232-3821).

STUDIES IN FIBRE, body adornments, dimensional forms, by Chuck Koehler. Spin It Weave It Studio, 840 Leand Place, E. Chula Vista, February 2 through April 1, 442-7445.

GRAPHICS by Martha Mathews. WATERCOLORS by Robert Watt. San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, Through February 24, 234-5946.

JAPANESE INK PAINTING, sixty-two pairings from the Edo Period (1600 to mid-1800's). Fine Arts Gallery, through March 3, 232-7931.

BATIK, the hot wax art, taught in this one of series of Ethnic Crafts Workshops. S.D. Museum of Man, Balboa Park, Wednesday, February 6, 10:00 a.m. 239-2001.

RALPH HULETT, one of the original Disney artists. Oil paintings, watercolors, drawings, linocuts, and sketches of the western scene. A Hune Art Dealer, 3010 Fifth Ave. 296-1522.

A readers 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 80603, San Diego, CA 92138. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

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