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# READER

San Diego's Weekly Volume 3, No. 35 September 19 to September 25

## Will the Real Bob Wilson...?



Photos by Bob Eckert

**I talked to President  
Nixon only one time  
in five years.**

—John Martin—

*(FD This is the first in a two-part series on the most interesting congressional campaign in San Diego this year. Next week's Reader will feature Wilson's opponent Colleen O'Connor.)*

If anyone thinks C. Arnholt Smith had a local rage to riches story to tell, he should talk to Congressman Bob Wilson. Wilson has risen from a San Diego State dropout and World War II army private to one of the most powerful congressmen in the country. It hasn't been one of those stories where it appears like hard, 12-hour work-days and really it was behind-the-scenes politicking. In Wilson's case he has made it unashamedly through hard politicking.

He is quite direct about being a politician.

*I thought the President's pardon of Mr. Nixon was premature, but then I'm a politician. For political reasons, I would've waited.*

Indeed, so many of Wilson's actions since his first term in 1952 have had political overtones that one would think he is merely a doggedly faithful water boy for his constituents. Though basically a conservative, in 1953 he pledged federal money to dredge Mission



Bay, in 1954 he favored federally supported housing in Linda Vista and an expansion of San Diego harbor to accommodate aircraft carriers, and over the years he has steadily brought more and more defense projects to the San Diego area. He has continually favored military pay raises. Even now, when President Ford tries to fight inflation by holding back on federal pay raises, Wilson is in

there fighting for what he calls "a justified increase."

But Wilson is more than a water boy for San Diego voters. He has been a mover — both in the Republican Party and as a sort of local executive who brings his influence to bear on other local centers of power. From 1961 to 1973 he served as head of the House GOP Campaign Committee and thus had the crucial control over which congressmen got national money. And at various times he has acted as a broker of power in town. In 1955 he opposed former Judge Hewicker's suggestion that the border be closed to Naxmen, in 1964 he opposed the construction of the Coronado Bridge, and in 1971 he was able to use both his party influence and his local pull to acting as broker in getting T.T.T. to kick in enough money to bring the national G.O.P. convention here.

It was, of course, this last bit of power-brokerage that scandalized the general public. Other than John Mitchell, Ed Reineke, Bob Haldeman, and Nixon himself, Wilson is certainly the one who has known from about that time through the Watergate scandal that the

And it's these associations of Wilson with Dita Beard, with fishing buddy and T.T.T. president Harold Gengen, and with local ad agency president Norm Tolle (Wilson is a vice president of the Tolle Agency, Tolle handles some T.T.T. advertising that continue to plague Wilson's image. But Wilson is redoubtable.

*I don't think I have to change my personal associations. I don't want to avoid seeing somebody just because I don't agree with them or they represent a certain interest. I've proposed full disclosure of campaign contributions, and the Republicans support full campaign disclosures. The Democrats don't want to support full disclosure almost for the cut out of the White House because they get so many contributions "in kind" from labor.*

The interesting thing is that although Wilson will suffer from guilt by association with the T.T.T. affair and the other Nixon Administration "affairs," special prosecutor Jaworski has cleared him of anything illegal, and Wilson claims he's been on the outs with the Nixon Administration for some time. Though Wilson was close to Nixon before 1968, he claims, "I talked to the President (Nixon) only one time in five years." In 1971 Wilson resigned his post as head of the House GOP Campaign Committee, first saying that he wanted to devote more time to his position on the Armed Services Committee, and then admitting that he felt that "some of the White House staff was trying to get rid of me."

Wilson now says that he thinks that he was "being rigged" by Haldeman while Nixon was in office (especially ironic because he was Haldeman's former boss in 1960 and because he, too, is a former advertising man). He also thinks Nixon let himself be walked off by Haldeman and Ehrlichman because "Nixon is basically a loner."

Now, with Gerald Ford as President, Wilson has access.

*I was invited up to the White House within 10 days after Gerry Ford took over. He and I were both members of the Wednesday morning Chandler and Marching group, and he came to my wedding in May. I want to support full disclosure almost for the cut out of the White House. I went into one of the rooms. I noticed Gerry Ford's exercise equipment. I noticed a rubber mouse. The President came in and bowed me out for leaving a door open and letting his daughter's cat out. Course I don't call him Gerry anymore. It's Mr. President.*



Wilson has an obvious affinity to the Ford Administration. He says that because the nation has suffered the intense shocks of Watergate and the quadrupling of oil prices, what the Ford Administration can best hope to do is to "shore up" restore confidence in the U.S. government. Wilson post-poo's the effect of Ford's pardon of ex-President Nixon.

Wilson's San Diego field office, just a short walk up Camino del Rio from the Union Tribune building, is not otherwise suitable for a press conference. One of Wilson's aides says they should've had the conference at the larger Press Club (unfortunately, across



Continued on page 16





—Duncan Shepherd—

Word for word, the dialogue runs in my memory just faintly, but the basic shape and import of the revelational scene in *My Name Is Nobody*—the sermon in the billiard parlor—sit there safely, still. Nobody, a mischievous *deus ex machina*, is explaining, painting in words, to his lifelong hero, the legendary L.A. writer Jack Beauregard, his mental image of the hero he can quote his hero's feats, to the exact date, place, and body count, as if they were the statistics memorized from the back of a bubblegum card, and Beauregard, self-deprecating, objects that the kind of man Nobody is raving about is scarcely one in a million, and Nobody returns, "yes, but they're the only kind that count," or something to that effect.

Nobody insists on perpetuating the faith of his hero, no matter how blind, shrill, putting, foot-stomping, perfectionist, vision try. This is a faith not to be easily, even though all the evidence accumulated through years of *romp* upturns it.

Seen close up, Beauregard would prefer to avert his fading, far-sighted eyes from the murder of his brother, the snipings at his own life, and the nefarious schemes of the railroad company; he would accept, dropping, his bribery payoff and vanish to a calm, cozy corner. And, left authority by the pondered earnestness of Henry Ford in the part, he argues the wisdom in this course of resignation and retreat. Yet he seems forever to be losing ground, under the withering, unblinking stare of Nobody. At the furthest reach of that stare, Nobody holds onto a prophetic vision of Beauregard coming out "in style," standing alone against the Wild Bunch, one hundred and fifty riders, and he waits, patiently, cockily, for Beauregard to see it, too.

When he a movie critic, talking with similar standards of his favorites, the Nobody character would certainly be called finicky, snooty, and far out of touch with real life, real people, real far. And his appreciation, deep and dotty, of his chosen hero can probably be seen as a reasonable takeoff on the adamant idolatries of pop culture connoisseurs, entranced and swept off by the myths of time novels, comic strips, movies.

The allure of *My Name Is Nobody*, which has not experienced a very healthy run locally, hinges on the indeterminacy of its intentions. How serious, upright, honorable is its courtship of the "American"? The hard-nosed cynicism of this quixotic movie grows out of a fierce stare-down contest between Beauregard's sagging, knowledgeable, sad, disrespectful eyes and Nobody's innocent, wild, thin eyes, lucid and luminous. One man sees as reduction, what the other sees as glorious. Yet it is the former, by his skepticism, his humility, his funeral clothes, and his dour walk (Linda seems to be pulled heavily, wearily, earthward from his fingertips, shoulders, boots), who holds the pose of the mythical western hero, and it is the latter, in pushing his rabid admirations and emulations to the degree of fantasy, who litters the path with practical jokes, snicker-than-the-eye sleights of hand, and buffoons.

If only, because it is exclusively this subject, *My Name Is Nobody* appears to be on the side of heroes. There is, in the cast of characters, a dense, proliferation of pastiches and parodies, which provide a broad

## On the Side of Heroes

The allure of *My Name Is Nobody* hinges on the indeterminacy of its intentions.

sampling of vices—pettiness, bigotry, bravado, stupidity—and they are swatted with intolerant dispatch. The exaggeration, the winking, the silliness which shroud the movie's celebrations of heroes suggest a self-mockery for the purpose of self-defense, and not self-destruction. In other words, it is a movie for the fanatics about westerns, more than for the debunkers. But it cannot be believed, quite, and it would not be believed, quite, but that it is not to



say it should not be believed. It keeps you guessing, and in the air, a common cause for down-to-earth dreaminess left about going to most movies—the dragging of feet on the way to, or away from, the theater—is, we might say, the complete visibility of the movie, from a distance (before actually seeing it), or from just inside the door after seeing five minutes of it. This kind of movie is the one that reveals itself, the intention to get gives itself away, hands itself over

to the primed expectations of the audience. Its secrets can be transferred, with little trouble, into the language of table talk, at least at the table for boys only, the movie might be called "easy," as opposed to "hard to get."

By all appearances, the normal movie pretends to observe a policy of 'No Questions, Please. It is not interested in bringing up any, in touching off any, nor in answering any. It depends, and plans, on the immediate acceptances, glad

resemblances between a new show and an established favorite.) Among recent movies, *S.P.Y.'s*, and bouncing in its chair, strains to be selected as the antipode of a movie that rings familiar bells in the viewer's mind. The asterisks in the title, plus the constellation of Sutherland and Gould, push you into the reasoning line—If you howled at *M.A.S.H.*, you'll roar at *S.P.Y.'s*.

As before, Sutherland and Gould appear to be placed in the audience, rather than on the screen. They are identified as long-time agents in the CIA, but they may be perceived, more properly, as subversives from the start, planned there to work for the popular cause of giggling at bureaucrats. Plainly, the highest priority of the movie is to arrange an irreconcilable split-up between these two, on one side, and their abusive bosses, in order to leave behind any awkward questions as to how nice guys like these got into a business like that. No hint of their own complicity in their situation—they adopt goggled expressions that say "How did I get into this mess?" or "Why me?" is permitted to taint the audience's hearty acceptance of them as common-sense innocents in a world run by maniacs and felons. (Innocence, obviously, is a dearly prized trait these days, and those who claim it are, one way or another, innocent for sure.) *S.P.Y.'s* traffics in reassurances of the stupidity, culpability, and, most of all, laughability of the pawns of government, and the impunity of innocents. From aftereffects of collaboration.

There is, predictable in most movies, a maddening (if you have not succumbed already to hopelessness) lack of interest in spending any time, thought, effort

welcomes, familiar embraces, and renewed acquaintances of the viewer. A request for an example of this kind of movie would draw, from the immediate vicinity, a full crowd of it, pressing forward, emboldened by a startling level of pride in its very compliance, predictability, acceptability. (By shooting a glance to the side, to television at the start of the new year, one can witness, undrained, the intention to get the viewer to recognize suspicious

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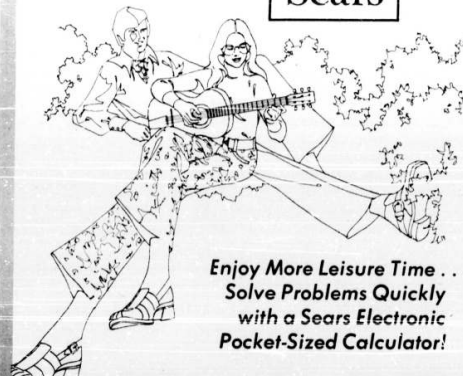
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on following through after the initial groundbreaking. Once the setting has been picked, and the characters, and, in projects of ambition, the mood, have been planted there, no further diggings downward to deepen the situation or outward to broaden it, are likely to occur. And, so, as not to blame solely the purveyors of the stuff, why should film-makers, after all, throw away energy and risk their finger nails to claw further, when audiences are content to sit back and wait in friendly recognition of the unchanging signposts of pop culture? The private eye, the neurotic widow, the megalomaniac rich man, the bought policeman (*Chinatown*), the nerveless professional assassins, the redneck sheriffs (*Parallax View*), the gun-happy Texans (*Sugarland Express*), the gun-happy, redneck sheriff (*Macon County Line*), and so on, are fixtures of the movie landscape, and as each of them come on screen, one at a time, it is in a congenial atmosphere of established precedents, beaten paths, and letters-of-introduction; the viewer is expected to say, "I know that fellow, let him pass."

What he ought to be saying, to the contrary, is something like "Oh, it's him again!" The preference ought, to be for characters, a little suspicious and irregular at the start, who are able to charm, bluff, or argue their way into the viewer's confidence.

In most movies, though, the characters are required only to hold still, with a notion of not disturbing the set posture, the set expression, the letter-perfect imitation. Blake Edwards' *Tamarind Seed*, while its words are occasionally well-chosen and always in ample supply, is virtually a storehouse of preserved beliefs about Russians, English, spies, and socialists. Sam Peckinpah, within the context of a generalized violence-begets-violence philosophy, which he tries for a rather seductive movie of inevitable showdowns and flawless marksmanship (*Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*), does not flinch at integrating recruits from far-flung corners of movieville: a Mexican *jefe* with a private army of men riding horses and wearing crosscross belts of bullets; a business-like partnership of cosmopolitan gangsters with fine manicures and haircuts; a couple of motorcycle freaks with rape and plunder on their minds. These representatives are not allowed to cross paths, and so, one at a time, the viewer can nod, "I know that fellow, let him pass." The outstanding trait of Peckinpah's movie, which is fairly entertaining for the (continued on page 13)

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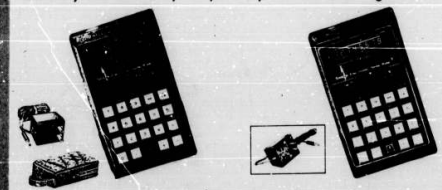
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## STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP



—Matthew Alice—

Dear Matthew Alice:

Where can I buy a used pinball machine? It doesn't have to be in good condition—I could fix it up myself. What are the going rates for new used pinball machines, anyway? Alexander W. Urquhart III  
La Jolla

Many amusement machine companies have occasional used pinball machines for sale. Star Service on 1061 India St. (233-5322) seems to have the most consistent supply. They sell both new and used pinballs, all in working order, and the cost ranges upward from \$395 depending on the size and condition of the machine.

Dear Matthew:

I had the misfortune to be in Los Angeles last week and in order to comfort myself I drove past the Ennis house, a modern form of the medieval castle, designed by the great architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. It set me to wondering—were we graciously with any Wright structures here in San Diego? Given his penchant for blending his buildings in with the land, I can't imagine what they would look like.  
Denise Wooley  
National City

We have a trailer here in Pacific Beach designed by William Wesley Peters and the students of Taliesin (Wright's school for architects). That's almost as good as a pure Wright original, isn't it? After all, you don't need as much comfort down here.

The trailer was built for a show put on by Taliesin to further Frank Lloyd Wright's ideas about prefabricated dwellings. At the beginning of the century, Wright became disgusted with the "decadent" little boxes working people had to live in. He decided to build them something more interesting, a pre-fab that would blend in with the natural landscape and give some evidence of individuality. All of this had to be low cost, of course, somewhere in the range of 10-25 thousand dollars by today's standards.

The structure we have here is two semicircles formed of three or four angular sides. At some points these side panels are totally of glass giving the effect of old Victorian bay windows. The two half circles meet in a straight wall on one side of the house. A rough little wood porch extends diagonally along the other side and curls gently around almost to the front of the house. Inside there is a feeling of space. There are six rooms by normal count, though it's hard to tell since all the rooms melt into each other. In narrow places there are mirrors to reflect the space and make it seem larger than it is. The floor to ceiling windows illuminate the house with natural light and bring in the outside surroundings.

Quite impressive. I suspect you don't have to be poor to live it.

Dear Matthew Alice:

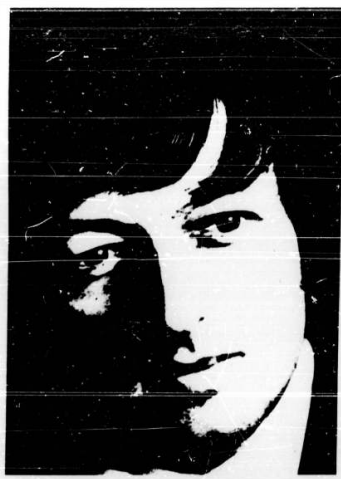
Who has sold more records—Montavani or the Beatles?

Fred Galloway

East San Diego

London Records, which puts out Montavani's records, reluctantly admits that the Beatles have sold more. But although he hasn't made much money, Montavani is a steady seller and a sure one. Not to be sneered at, unless you actually want to consider his music.

Hotshot expert-on-everything Matthew Alice will answer your questions. Send them to him c/o The Reader, Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138. A free L.F. will be given to the asker of the best question.



Jonathan Saville—

Andre Previn is one of the most remarkable and talented of today's younger conductors. He has had a particularly interesting career—child prodigy as a pianist in Berlin, Paris and Los Angeles; teenage member of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical staff; composer of thirty film scores, numerous works of serious music, and the musical "Coco"; four-time winner of the Academy Award for film music; successful concert pianist; and finally symphony conductor of

worldwide reputation. This career has been accompanied, in later years, with an interesting aura of romantic public relations, involving divorce, children, film stars, marriage, and other gossip items, so that Previn's name is familiar to a great many people who know and care nothing about his music-making. But the gossip-column career has neither interfered with nor artificially enhanced the musical career. Previn has made his way entirely on the basis of his talents, which

## Not a Fair Test

The question is whether Andre Previn, so brilliant in the specific repertoire that has made him famous, can handle the German and Austrian classics that are the basis of Western music in the past three centuries.

are prodigious. His recordings—mainly with the London Symphony Orchestra, of which he has been principal conductor since 1968—have been superbly successful, demonstrating his passionate affinity for twentieth century music in the romantic vein. Vaughan-Williams, Walton, Rachmaninov, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Bartok. It was therefore with a good deal of anticipation that I looked forward to his San Diego concert with the London Symphony. The appetite was whetted by Previn's unexpected bout with the flu, which kept him from a series of concerts in the Hollywood Bowl—would he finally make it to the Civic Theatre or not? In the end he did make it, but it might have been better had he stayed in bed. The concert was quite uneven in quality, and since we know a much better Previn from his records it seemed logical to attribute many of the defects primarily to the conductor's illness. In fact, he looked extremely unwell and was clearly getting through the program on sheer nerve. Nor was the orchestra at its best, except for some terrific playing by the percussion section. The first half of the program was distinctly superior to the rest. Vaughan-Williams' Overture to

The Wasps was almost as good as Previn's recording of it, with a grand sweep and a busy buzzing that brought out the strong points of both orchestra and conductor. The Prokofiev Suite from *Romeo and Juliet*, which followed, was also good. Previn's rhythmic precision and his fine sense of orchestral balances made the most of Prokofiev's jaunty and ironic marches, with their inventive orchestrations (it was here that the percussionists showed how very good they are). But in the poignant sections at the end of the Suite, with Juliet dead and Romeo at her tomb, Previn's powers began to fail. He did not evoke from the orchestra quite the tragic intensity his recordings have made us accustomed to in such passages; the heart cracked, but it did not break. After the intermission, things became much worse. The performance of Brahms' Symphony No. 2 was inadequate in crucial ways. It lacked to a large extent those great, arched, romantic surges (especially in the strings) that are a necessity for the Brahms symphonies. Even more damaging, it lacked a broad architectural sense; each passage or section seemed to be done— and done, often as not, rather perfunctorily—merely in terms of itself, without any strongly perceptible indication of how it fitted into the structure of the music as a whole. No music can take this kind of treatment, but Brahms least of all.

The result was that the performance rapidly became boring: one could not feel the comprehensive intellectual power which, in a truly good performance, directs the audience's perceptions of the music from one point to another, all the while building a large-scale understanding of how the total piece is put together. It is precisely this intellectual power that has characterized Previn's recorded performances of—for example—Vaughan-Williams; but it was not much in evidence in the Brahms. Second, I found myself repeatedly thinking, "What a dull piece of music! I really don't like Brahms' Second at all!" whereas in fact this is a work I deeply love.

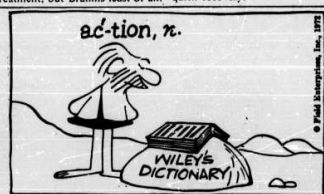
If Previn had performed Vaughan-Williams this way, there could have been no doubt at all that his illness, along with plane flights, jet lag, and simple fatigue—was responsible. But since he did all right with the Vaughan-Williams and (for the most part) the Prokofiev, and then fell down in the Brahms, the explanation must remain at least a bit ambiguous. He was probably too ill to conduct anything well after the intermission; but on the other hand, Brahms calls for musical resources on the part of the conductor that modern Russian or British music does not always demand. The question this time failed to answer satisfactorily is whether Andre Previn, so brilliant in the specific repertoire that has made him famous, can handle the German and Austrian classics that are the basis of Western music in the past three centuries. I would like to hear him conduct Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert, even Bruckner, Mahler and Strauss—these are the real tests of a conductor's mettle. (Angel has recently released Previn's recording of the Beethoven Fifth, which should be very revealing in this regard.) And as to his Brahms, I hope to hear it again under more favorable circumstances. For the present, I think it best to withhold judgment. No music can take this kind of treatment, but Brahms least of all.

## IT'S COMING!

Reader's Second Annual  
GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO  
Thursday, October 10

A Guide to San Diego Hiking Trails  
(Moderately) Cheap Eats—good meals for under \$3  
10 Busiest Corners in Town—where to sell apples if it comes to that  
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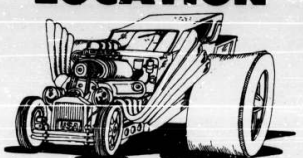
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## Glitter Bugs

Unlike Jagger or the shallow, idiotic Alice Cooper, Bowie goes beyond the put-on.

—Jim Hendon—

It was probably the most outwardly decadent affair ever to take place in San Diego. "Decadent" is not a term which should be used loosely, although since Liza Minnelli popularized "divinely decadent" in the film *Cabaret*, one hears it all the time.

In the case of David Bowie's *Diamond Dogs* concert last week, the term points directly at changes in the behavior and art of new artists, and at the changes in public attitude toward new artists. The fact is that Bowie's performance was absolutely fantastic. There has never been anything like it. It was incredible. You don't believe me? You should have seen him.

When the lights went out in the nearly full Sports Arena, a roar of frightening intensity broke from the audience. And a most unique audience it was. There were people at that concert that made my eyes bug out. You know, *hard core*.

A friend said later of the crowd and performance, "I thought I was ready for Bowie. I mean, I saw him in Oakland the last time he made a tour. I actually thought I could handle whatever came up at the

concert—and in the crowd. But after that first number I was on the edge of my seat with my mouth open until it was over."

The roar of the crowd remained stable for about a minute. Blue spotlights moved high above the crowd beamed around the arena. The level of excitement was so high it seemed it could go no higher. Then the opening strains of "1984" came clear from the speakers mounted on the sides of the three-story *Hunger City* set. The spotlights swept over the stage and Bowie's vocals started, sharp and sweet and louder than the hand and crowd combined. When the lights hit Bowie he was moving right up the center of the set. The entire audience was up and screaming at the sight. It was no surprise when the voice from the spotlight was nearly drowned out by the increasing roar.

He came at the audience with feet spread wide, his pelvis thrust forward. He was moving both feet together, kind of funky-chicken shuffling out to the front, looser than a rubber spider and wearing a floppy, powder blue, wide-lapels zoot suit with the coat open.

Suspenders. The whole thing was overwhelming. The delicate bones in his constantly changing face were set off by the lights. God, it was weird. And his hair! Bright orange and combed in an exaggerated 1957 Kookie Byrnes style. He belted out his first number as if to say "you ain't seen nothin' yet," and from that point on, he had complete command of the arena. He did four numbers right off without a break, including a rip-roaring version of "Suffragette City." His voice was strong. It held up all night and never broke, not at the top and not in the chest.

Bowie's act was as diverse and polished as a Broadway musical. The show had been choreographed and set up by professionals and each number came off smoothly. Two male dancers performed movements and took up vocal: to complement Bowie's lyrics, and the set itself was so full of surprises and tricks that you were never sure what to expect next.

But the set sounds and tricks were only background to the star. That orange hair!

Bowie was all over the stage. He leaped and kicked, slithered and swished, strutted and struck a hundred poses, suggesting everything his music and lyrics hold. At the end of the first four-song set, a "1984" came clear from the speakers mounted on the sides of the three-story *Hunger City* set. The spotlights swept over the stage and Bowie's vocals started, sharp and sweet and louder than the hand and crowd combined. When the lights hit Bowie he was moving right up the center of the set. The entire audience was up and screaming at the sight. It was no surprise when the voice from the spotlight was nearly drowned out by the increasing roar.

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## Fonteyn of Youth

Fonteyn dances as though she does nothing else.

—Gale Fox—

Two ticket stubs, one throwaway program, and a glossy souvenir program with a glossy typo are not all I have to remember the Thursday night performance of the New London Ballet, with guest stars Margot Fonteyn and David Wall. Although that was all my bruised hands, which had caught the clap, could hold, my head carried away new visions of what classical ballet can be.

Instead of the usual performance either of single long work or of a series of dramatic excerpts, the program of the New London Ballet (that's New London Ballet, not the one from Connecticut) mixed excerpted pas de deux from the traditional repertoire with short,

complete new pieces, both narrative and abstract. The result, after a brief warming up period, was not a single sustained mood but the juxtaposition of awe, laughter, and tears.

Now, a brief note of thanks to the convention of guest artist, Galina Samsova and Andre Prokowsky, successful dancers in traditional companies, created the New London Ballet as a vehicle for new styles, new choreography, new music for classical ballet. Being only three years old and lacking a corps de ballet, an S. Hurok, or a large orchestra to contribute to the customary spectacle of classical ballet, the N.L.B. alone on a bill might not have attracted the civic center sized crowd, Margot Fonteyn, however, is irresistible. And in enticing us to the ticket office, she afforded us the twofold pleasure of seeing her dance in the excellent company of the N.L.B. As in the notices, Fonteyn's name is big in the title of this review. Now that you're in, we'll let you

know what the show was really about.

The evening began not with ballet music but with Beethoven (closet dancers rejoice), a piano quartet choreographed by Prokowsky. The first two movements were abstract, the dancers representing the development of the themes of the quartet. The third movement became a dance hall tango in black and silver. Laughing with the dancers is a new emotion for the classical ballet audience. The vamp, funny surprise of the Palais de Dance deserved no less than the hearty response of having gotten the joke. But reactions in the mood of the music and romance as if we had just sat through the first two acts of the ballet. The Palais de Dance had broken the ice; Fonteyn warmed us through and through. Whatever chilly corners remained were taken care of by the champagne at intermission.

Before the next intermission was a pair of exciting and contrasting pieces. "Folk Songs" was danced by seven of the company, not including Jorg Salavisa, who created

the designs. Prokowsky, who choreographed it, and Samsova who rested for the next dance. An enormous sun, burning like a setting soul, enhanced the wild mood of Berio's songs. Changing with the languages of the songs, the dances told stories of love and loneliness in the esperanto of the eyes.

A new pas de deux from Le Corsaire, choreographed for Samsova and Prokowsky, changed the mood again. Samsova had danced a light, strong principal in the Beethoven piece. Prokowsky was only now introduced to us as dancer. Like the man in black in the Kabuki play who changes costumes and props for the players, the traditional male dancer is conventionally almost invisible. Except for his inevitable scenes of leaps, he is Partner. The New London Ballet, however, allows the males to be soloists as well as partners. They are all appropriately graceful, dramatic, sarcastic, and leapy young men. Prokowsky is something else. A certain sturdiness, a rustic air, a chubby heroism instantly endeared him to us. Samsova was elegant; Prokowsky was jolly. The pas de deux was unrelenting in its fast collection of difficult movements.

It was a heady evening. Fonteyn appeared again as Juliet, not in Prokofiev's R & J, as the souvenir program will eternally err, but in Berio's. She does a beautiful precocious 14. (Who wouldn't after all those years at it?) The N.L.B. danced the finale as soloists, each in a virtuosic bit. Bob Smith of the dancing face, Elaine McDonald of chameleon character, and others had become familiar personalities by now. The final curtain closed on the mischievous "Vespre".

It was a new ballet experience: Fonteyn dancing the old style as a young girl and the young dancers creating something new from the classic.



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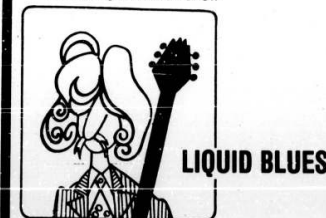
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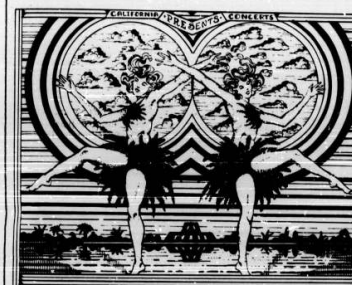
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**BLUE RIDGE MUSIC:** RAY BIERL and LONE STAR, Wednesday, September 25, 8 and 10 p.m., 568 First St., Encinitas, 753-1775

**BOATHOUSE:** REEF CODY, Wednesday through Saturday, 2040 Harbor Island Dr., 291-8011

**BOOM TRENCHARD'S:** DAN MURPHY, Thursday through Sunday, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555

**BOTSFORD'S OLD PLACE:** COUNTER POINT, Tuesday through Saturday, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-8262

**CONCEPTION BAY FISH CO.:** WILSON and FAIRCHILD, Tuesday through Sunday, 2828 Shelter Island Dr., 224-3617

**CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE:** BANDIT, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-5100

**FISH HOUSE WEST:** SQUATTERS RITES, Saturday and Sunday, September 21 and 22, 1 to 5 p.m., 2633 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-6438

**FOLK ARTS:** MARTIN HENRY and WAYNE STROMBERG, Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21, 6 and 10 p.m., 3743 Fifth Ave., 291-1786

**J.J.'s BLUE ICE:** Thursday, September 19, RAVENLOFT, Friday, September 20 to Sunday, September 22, 4025 Pacific Highway, 296-3655

**JAMAICA JOE'S:** SAGA, Thursday, September 19 to Sunday, September 22, 3595 Sports Arena Blvd., 225-1251

**THE LOST KNIGHT:** KATHY COLLINS, Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21, 4873 North Harbor Island Dr., 223-3632

**MANDOLIN WIND:** DARRYL RAY, Thursday, September 19, FRIENDS, Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21, 308 University, Hillcrest, 297-3017

**MONTEZUMA HALL:** HARRISON and TYLER, Tuesday, September 24, Aztec Center, San Diego State University, 286-6947

**SPORTS ARENA:** JOHNNY CASH, with JUNE CARTER, CARL PERKINS and THE TENNESSEE THREE, Friday, September 20, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Blvd., 224-4176

**TOM HAM'S LIGHTHOUSE:** WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, Thursday, September 19 to Sunday, September 22, 2150 Harbor Island Blvd., 291-9110

**WALLBANGERS:** LIQUID BLUES, nightly, Midway at Rosecrans, 223-3138

**OPEN HOUSE**  
Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m.  
2900 Sixth Avenue

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at the old globe theatre and carter center stage

### WHY SUBSCRIBE?

1. ONLY AS A SUBSCRIBER can you see as many as 3 plays absolutely FREE!
2. ONLY AS A SUBSCRIBER are you GUARANTEED prime seats at all plays.
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## 5 SAN DIEGO PREMIERE PRODUCTIONS INTRODUCING the 1974-75 Season of Exciting Plays

### old globe theatre

1 October 8 through November 10

#### GOODSPELL

music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz  
An international hit... cheerfully irreverent, spirited, loving... woven around the teachings of Jesus

2 November 19 through December 22

#### AN INSPECTOR CALLS

by J. B. Priestley  
A Victorian mother teaches her children "advanced" ideas while away from home... after returning, they discover ideas sup- planted with ever-changing life-styles

3 January 7 through February 9

#### 6 RMS RIV VU

by Ron Randall  
A charming writer and a cheerful housewife, both married but not to each other... potential centers of a New York apart- ment... become romantically attracted in this fresh comedy

4 February 18 through March 23

#### YOU NEVER CAN TELL

by George Bernard Shaw  
A Victorian mother teaches her children "advanced" ideas while away from home... after returning, they discover ideas sup- planted with ever-changing life-styles

5 April 1 through May 4

#### ABELARD AND HELOISE

by Ronald Miller  
One of the greatest love stories of all time... a 12th century monastic scholar and poet loses his heart and reason to love... enforced separation provides drama in the highest spirit

### carter center stage

1 September 24 through October 27

#### BUTLEY

by Simon Gray  
This brilliant comedy-drama keeps you laughing at this infatig- ally college professor... he attempts to make life a living hell for himself, family, friends and associates

2 November 5 through December 8

#### SCHOOL FOR WIVES

by Moliere  
Trained since childhood to become the obedient and faithful wife to an older man, a young girl is shocked from the outside world... her husband outwits himself in this sparkling comedy romp

3 January 21 through February 23

#### MACBETH

by Eugene Ionesco  
Ionesco, one of the foremost of "Theatre of the Absurd" based his play on the play-within-a-play technique... revolves around a romantic quadrangle, murder and mad-cap confusion

4 March 4 through April 6

#### THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND

by Tom Stoppard  
Two drama critics become involved in this cleverly intricate plot... the play-within-a-play technique revolves around a romantic quadrangle, murder and mad-cap confusion

5 April 15 through May 18

#### THE TENTH MAN

by Paddy Dayke  
A warm, amusing and vital adaptation of the traditional fable "The Dyak". An elderly life joins with friends in seek a cure for his grandfather, believed to be possessed by a devil

Plans subject to change at the discretion of the management

### STUDENTS

Full time through college

### SAVE UP TO \$15.50

### ON A PAIR OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

(OFF REGULAR TICKET PRICE)

5 plays Student/Military Subscription Office

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Sunday Evening

One ticket (includes tax)

A \$12.75, B \$10.00, C \$7.25

\$11.00 or \$10.00

Sunday Matinee \$10.00 or \$9.00

1. Available for both Old Globe Theatre and Carter Center Stage

2. BONUS Subscription offer not available toward Student/Military Subscription Office

3. Subscriptions Series Tickets will be held for you at the box office until the day of your first performance

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## Will the Real...

...come from page 11

Highway 8. In the time-space of the office, the Channel 8 cameraman, Channel 8's Harold Kacem, the Tribune reporter, people from major media all trip over each other as they adjust their camera lights or the volume on their cassette recorders. Wilson sits down at his desk, just under a photograph of the shaking hands with a crew-cut freshman congressman Wilson, and calls on reporters by first name. Since he's just arrived from Europe to junk, says his opponent, Colleen O'Connor, "the respect West German armor and look over the Cyprus situation," most of the questions stick to the political subject of foreign policy and military affairs. Here Wilson shines. Though he was only in the army a very short time (he got a humanitarian discharge because his sister had rheumatic fever), he speaks with the authority of a four-star admiral.

Built on stretch of the Tribune mentions an aircraft carrier that the Russians are building in the Black Sea, Wilson passes over the thrust of the question that the carrier will have to violate a Turkish prohibition to pass through the Dardanelles and says, "Ah, yes, that's there."

Wilson has the uncomfortable sense of humor of a politician who has been around for a while. When a photographer stops to get a picture of him from below, he quips, "Get that double chin, huh? Huh?" He comments on a portrait photograph in the front office, "Yeah, this guy from La Jolla, you know him?" He said if I lost 8 pounds, he'd take another 8 pounds off me with the lighting and shadows."

Wilson has won by heavy margins, thrice through his elected career. He won by more than a two-to-one margin over Frank Caprio two years ago. But given a heavier Democratic registration in his district, given a young female opponent, and given the mercenary flow of national politics, he still has much to do to take to voters, to small businessmen, and to P.O.W. wives. He continues to do his political homework.

CHUMMED BUMPER for all small trucks, \$27.95, complete with back seat, pickup, 1984, 1.6, 1.9, 2.0, without brackets. Free — new wreaths, used wreaths, too. Genuine wholesale prices to public. Dogtail Bait, The Tire Guy, 277-2777.

ANOTHER BAJA? Baja's Pacific offshore islands and lagoons, or the isolated islands in the Sea of Cortez are even more remote than the peninsula itself. For more information contact D.E. Box 1484, Vista, Calif.

TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN who is a "man of knowledge?" What are the major doctrines in his path? What is the nature and dynamics of "spirituality?" really and how does one "step the world?" A course will be offered this Fall that will explore these questions in depth as well as the magical world of Don Juan, the Yagouai Indian shaman and teacher as popularized by Carlos Castaneda. The course will be both theoretically as well as practically oriented, dealing with such subjects as the medicinal experience, alternative realities, access to "power," the crisis between the worlds, methods of mind expansion, the nature of "willing" and "death." Time: Wednesday evenings, 8:00-9:30 p.m., starting September 18. Place: Pacific Beach Junior High, Room 203 (4876 Ingraham Street) Course is free and open to the public.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED is already within you. Discover it! An Aztec Indian, Medicine and Shaman. Free open house every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Area Institute, 2900 Sixth Ave., 298-3222.

UNPRECEDENTED RESPONSE to our countrywide invitation to "An Evening With Our Intention" in November has caused us to erect a team to for those inclined to offer or learn. On display, by special arrangement with Centers, will be the officially authorized gold plated seals of one of the groups created by Mary Wells's personal master. Soul was expecting a seal to "come up and see her sometime." Details, 298-4756.

OPEN HOUSE at the National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential will return Thursday, 19 September at 7:30 p.m. All are welcome. For information call 272-7200.

DIRTY PICTURE CONTEST, sponsored by San Diego Ecology Center, Inc. 340 Kaimia St., 250-0068. Here is a snapshot of what you believe to be an environmental problem; the deadline is November 27 by 5 p.m. Winners will be announced Friday, December 5.

GOVERNOR REGAN needs to hear from you before he acts on Assembly Bill 2758 which will partially decriminalize marijuana possession. Write, telephone or telegraph the Governor, c/o State Capitol, Sacramento, CA 95814, or send a 15-word message to the governor for only \$1 by calling (800) 548-4100 toll free.

ECKANKAR, the path of total awareness. Only when Soul is awakened from its sleep, can the illusion of the dream be realized. It is only by this awakening that the soul can be released from its bondage to the material world, which is not of God's nature is worthless. When this awakening from sleep occurs, you know the true nature of itself. SRP Paul Titchener, Eckankar is soul travel. Its purpose is to establish Soul, during earth life, on the Soul plane which lies above the physical plane, to establish Soul, during earth life, on the Soul plane which lies above the physical plane, to establish Soul, during earth life, on the Soul plane which lies above the physical plane.

PEACE CORPS and VISTA now seek volunteer applicants with skills in nursing, home economics, and education, business, accounting, teaching, industrial arts/vocational education, and general farming. The 2-year Peace Corps assignment or one year in VISTA represents a career alternative to the graduate school seeking practical experience. Tables in front of Love Library, 600 S. San Diego, now through September 27, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Call 293-5083 for further information.

ROCKER SOLE In a natural stride weight moves from the heel, down the outer side of the foot then diagonally across to the ball, which change you off on your next step. Rocker sole helps this shift in weight making every step a step into a little levitation.

Roots  
NATURAL FOOTWEAR  
1218 Prospect St.  
La Jolla, Calif.  
(714) 459-3611

JOHN. THE PHYSICAL FITNESS classes for women, Tuesday and Thursday, 6:30 to 10:30 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. at the First Fitness Studio, 1420 3rd corner of 3rd and Ash. For information call 296-4042 after 4 p.m.

JOHN. TO your body! New publication put together by SSU students presents the ultimate lifestyle — your good health and a 25% N. delivered monthly, only \$1.95/academic year. Ann LUSTON, SSU 1530 Ardenway, Suite 5402, College, 92115-5827.

MARK. Uicked remains to be conquered — I don't get on sure things. What payment you get for pink lemonade? (Umm, umm-o-o-o) I'd prefer not to break. Orange.

COMMANDER S. no one has the right to call Cass bigmouth but me! Cass — you are a big mouth! Adore.

VEGETARIAN MALE, new to San Diego, looking for exercise, sports etc. Would like to meet females with similar interests. Also enjoy movies, theatre and events. Call Bill at 296-1000. Vegetarian, 296-1000.

COMMANDER S. What's this about you and 17? M40.

CASSANDRA. Bignolm! Commander S. C.F. Could M. First help with the GWC leak? The tire is driving us crazy! And I haven't done anything at all to him! What?

SEBASTIAN. your observations are required what shall we do to L and M's wedding party? They'll be back in a week or two. It seems the 460-5430 wedding party arranged something for you.

DAVID. MB rumor has it that Dua and Sebastian are planning something for your return. Look out! I think I'll move to the Moon.

SICK OF EATING? How you need shoes, pills, WH. TOPS, Ayds, etc. but nothing works? If you want relief from compulsive overeating, if you hate yourself! Call, or if you stay here, call 296-1000. No drugs or fees, we are a fellowship. We choose to live.

GUY desires association with a girl to bring him back to the world. Love, love, love, love, love. Call 270-7897.

DAVID. Welcome back, babe! Give me a call. I'm back. Cap is back. Love you like before. Our Brazilian love is for out. Love, love, love.

GI GANG! Just got back from vacation, what's this nasty story about jetsetting me? Naughty naughty. Besides, I'd never debase myself by setting balloons on a star fleet vessel.

AL. Hi to the N. Captain Philmore. AL VOUCLO are you alive, well and living in SoCal? Call Melanie (of Melanie and SoCal) at 222-5607 after 5 p.m.

ALONE. Buy happy, single human being (gay) would like a pleasant person for conversation, ping-pong, books and golf. I'm a 30-year-old male, single, living in SoCal. Call 296-1000.

COL. F. Want to join your organization. Give me the meeting place. D.W.

GENTLEMAN, 40, would like to meet woman over 30. Annual pictures at Mt. Pedro. Allende, Espana (Santa Fe) Argentina. PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED. Call 469-1911.

UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE is trying to hear what they're not saying, what they perhaps never be able to say. 236-0671.

FOUND KEYS on knife at September 25 and owner. Stephen at 428-5555.

HOUSING

MALE WIDOWS to share new townhouse community near UCSD with same \$150 rent includes furniture, grand piano, pool, 25% N. delivered monthly, only \$1.95/academic year. Ann LUSTON, SSU 1530 Ardenway, Suite 5402, College, 92115-5827.

HOUSE TO SHARE four year new modern, furnished, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 cars, 25% N. delivered monthly, only \$1.95/academic year. Ann LUSTON, SSU 1530 Ardenway, Suite 5402, College, 92115-5827.

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THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO SEPTEMBER 19 TO 25

Southern California  
First National Bank



## THEATRE



**BUTLEY**, comedy-drama. Cassius Carter Centre Stage. Balboa Park. Tuesdays through Sundays, through October 27, at 8:30 p.m. 239-2255. Opens Tuesday, September 24.

**LUMP**, a play written and directed by D. Ray Turner. Crystal Palace Theatre, 3785 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach. Every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, evening through November 3. Show starts at 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**, comedy dinner-show. Uncle John's Dinner Theatre, 3766 El Cajon Blvd. Show is at 8 p.m., Fridays and Saturdays, 7 p.m. on Sundays. Open run. 483-2012.

## DANCE

**DISCOVERING BALLET**, with the California Ballet Company. First in a series of three presentations. Recital Hall, Balboa Park. Thursday, September 18, from 7 to 9:30 p.m. 239-4717.

**A WEEKEND OF ETHNIC DANCE**, The Influence of Spain with the Ballet Folklorico en Aztlan and the Samahani Filipino Dance Company, on Friday, September 20, and the Classical Dance of Japan and Korea with Masako Reeves and Mimi Cuso, on Saturday, September 21. The Crystal Palace Theatre, 3785 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach. Dances of India with Vasanthi Shenoy on Sunday, September 22. Call for times. 488-8001 or 583-3034.

## LECTURES & TALKS

**SHAKA PREVIEWS: 1974-1975 EXHIBITIONS**, a lecture by Jay Bellini, curator. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect, La Jolla. Thursday, September 19 at 10 a.m. 454-0153.

**SAVETTA LIVINGSTON** will be conducting a workshop on backstrap weaving (as related to Peruvian weaving). John and Young Gallery, 3719 India St. Thursday, September 19 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Call 295-9310 for details.

**CHICANO CULTURE**, a lecture-film by Paul Jacques. Part of the Ethnic Cultural Awareness series. Grossmont Hospital Board Room, 5555 Grossmont Center Dr., La Mesa. Thursday, September 19 at 7:30 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**WOMEN IN REVOLT: AN INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE**, A lecture by Jessica Star, from the Socialist Workers Party. The Millard Forum, 4635 El Cajon Blvd. Friday, September 20 at 8 p.m. 280-1292.

## SPORTS

**NOVIOLADA**, novice bullfights at Coliseo San Jose, in honor of Mexican Independence Day celebration. Half mile south of Plaza Monumental (bulking by the sea). Friday, September 20 through Monday, September 22, 2 to 5 p.m. (RS) 367-1052.

**TRACK**, four mile all-comers cross country run. From 6th Ave. and Nutmeg, Balboa Park. Saturday, September 21, from 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. 232-7451 or 236-5717.

**SOCCER**, Aztecs vs. University of Arizona. Aztec Bowl, SDSU. Saturday, September 21 at 2 p.m. 266-6947.

**INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIX CLASSIC** equestrian tournament. San Diego Country Estates. Saturday and Sunday, September 21 and 22 at 1:30 p.m. 788-2505.

**74 UNLIMITED WINDBOAT REGATTA**, a regatta. Part of the Semana de Agua celebration. Sunday, September 22, gates open at 9 a.m. First event at noon. 259-3613.

**MOHAMMED ALI VS. KEN FORMAN BOXING MATCH**, closed circuit TV presentation. San Diego Sports Arena. Tuesday, September 24 at 6:30 p.m. 224-4176.

**BASEBALL**, San Diego Padres vs. San Francisco Giants. Tuesday and Wednesday, September 24 and 25, 7:30 p.m. San Diego Stadium. 283-4434.

## MUSIC

**ON BROADWAY WITH THE SUNITONES**, women's barbershop harmony by Sweet Adelines. International Room, El Cortez Hotel. Friday, September 20 at 8 p.m. 463-1012 or 582-3698.

**RUDOLF HIRKUNY**, pianist will perform Mozart's Piano Concert No. 15, with The La Jolla Chamber Orchestra and Rafael Druian, conducting. Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla. Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21 at 8 a.m. 459-4421.

**DANIEL HARDING BURTON**, the organist, will perform with the San Diego Symphony. Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E flat Major, and a premiere of Burton's work "Images for Organ and Orchestra" from the "Poetry of Walt Whitman". First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino Del Rio South, Mission Valley. Sunday, September 22 at 8 p.m. 265-2865.

**BAROQUE TRIO CONCERT**, violin, harpsichord and cello. San Diego Public Library, 840 E. St. 3rd floor lecture room. Tuesday, September 24 at 7:30 p.m.

## MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

**GRAVEN IMAGES**, acrylic paintings by Alice Marquis. Triad Gallery, 3701 India St. Friday, September 13, through Thursday, October 3. 299-6543.

**CAROL JABLONSKI**, oils, lithographs and etchings. Old Town Civic Gallery, 2021 San Diego Ave. Monday through Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and 10:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on weekends. 296-2598.

**ARMAN**, SELECTED WORKS 1958-1974, first museum retrospective exhibition to be held in the U.S. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect, La Jolla. Opens Sunday, September 15, through Tuesday, October 29. 454-0153.

**BRUCE MCCracken**, one man show. San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Balboa Park. Through Sunday, September 29. 234-5946.

**FOUND OBJECTS**, an exhibit of prints and assemblages made from found objects. Helen Peire. San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front St. 286-2231.

**KEN FRIEDMAN**, artist and writer of conceptual art, performance pieces and multimedia, in a one-man show. Graphe Gallery, 5721 La Jolla Blvd. Through October 2. 454-8897.

**DEL CASTILLO** paintings and jewelry with demonstrations in jewelry making by the artist each Saturday. Tarbox Gallery, 1025 Prospect, La Jolla. Open daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed Sunday. 459-0442.

**ADOBES IN THE SUN**, photographic essay from California Historical Society. USD, Alcalá Park. Through Saturday, October 5. 291-6840, ext. 354.

**MARJORIE REED AND CHARLES SULTAN** will exhibit paintings, drawings and watercolors. A Huney Gallery, 3010 5th Ave. Show opens Tuesday, September 17 through October. Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 296-1522.



## SPECIAL EVENTS

**1974 CABRILLO FESTIVAL**, 432nd anniversary of the discovery of the West Coast by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. Portuguese music and dancing and flag raising ceremony at the Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma, on Sunday, September 22 at 1:30 p.m. Cabrillo's advance party "invades" the County Board of Supervisors' boardroom at the County Administration building on Tuesday, September 24, at 9:30 a.m. Other happenings are planned.

**INDIAN MAGIQUE**, free street theatre troupe, the worst theatre in the world. Zoro Gardens, Balboa Park. Saturday and Sunday, September 21 and 22 from 1 p.m. until dusk. 235-0517.

**HARRISON-TYLER COMEDY TEAM**, female recording stars. Montezuma Hall, Aztec Center, SDSU. Tuesday, September 24 at 8 p.m. 266-6946.

**NANCY LEE HALL**, San Diego writer and author of *A True Story of a Drunken Mother*, will talk informally and sign copies of her book. The Women's Store, 2965 Beech St. Sunday, September 22, 12 noon to 4 p.m. 233-4164.

**CARMICHAEL TRAVELING STREET BAND**, part of the series "Cavalcade of Pre-eminent Performing Artists". Recital Hall, Grossmont College, El Cajon. Friday, September 20 at 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

**SYNTHESIA**, a multi-media presentation that uses slides, music and poetry. Part of the Evenings at the Apollod series. Montgomery Junior High School, 2470 Ulm St. San Diego. Wednesday, September 25, 8 p.m. 279-2300.

The 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 — 454-5176. Send your letter to the READER, Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138. The deadline is the Friday before the following Thursday's issue.

# DRIVE THROUGH MONDAYS & FRIDAYS AT 41 KEY LOCATIONS

Southern California  
First National Bank

