

Events

OCTOBER 31—NOVEMBER 6

Museums & Galleries

EUGENE BUECHEL, S.J.: Rosebud and Pine Ridge Photographs, 1922-1942. A set of photographs of South Dakota Indians taken by Jesuit priest, Grosvenor College Art Gallery, through November 27, 465-1700.

UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S SHOW, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Through November 10, 454-0183.

THE SOFT TOUCH: fabrics, weaving, and more, Triforium Galleries, Scandia Plaza, 225-9599.

CHARLES BALLACH, drawings and sculpture, Triad Gallery, Through November 14, 299-6543.

THE VARIETY SHOW, a show of 80 photographs by 40 eminent U.S. photographers including Diane Arbus, David Vestal, and others, Library, Forum, Grosvenor College Art Gallery, Through November 15, 465-1700, ext. 221.

LENORE SIMON, SUSAN SIMMEN, and GAYE GOODMAN, Limited edition graphics and original paintings by 30 local artists, Harlequin Gallery, La Jolla, 465-6077.

JAMES BARRY SPARKS, paintings, Founders Gallery, U.S.D. Through November 15.

ROBERT PERINE, watercolor, S.D. Art Institute, Balboa Park, Through December 1, 234-5946.

BODY COVERINGS, California Fibers show, Demonstrations, Jolin and Young Gallery, India Street, Through November 17, 295-9310.

WOODBLOCK PRINTS of the Yoshida Family of Tokyo, Artist, Concordia Gallery, India Street, Through November 10, 226-0200.

Lectures & Readings

NEW AMERICAN JEWISH NON-ZIONISM, a talk by Rabbi Benzer, Thursday, October 31, ZIONISM-JEWISH CULTURAL RENAISSANCE, a talk by Dr. Band, Tuesday, November 5, both at 7:30 p.m. Humanities Library 1148, UCSD.

NEW HOPE FOR INCURABLE DISEASES, a talk by Dr. E. Cherkas, part of "Mind, Man, and Universe" series, Convention and Performing Arts Center, downtown, Monday, November 5, 8 p.m. Free.

LOS CHICANOS, part of "Art Goes Public" series, Copley Art Museum, Balboa Park, Tuesday, November 5, 10:45 a.m. Reservations by November 2, 251-7591.

POETRY READING by Michael Palmer, part of New Poetry series, Revelle Formal Lounge, UCSD, Wednesday, November 6, 4 p.m. 452-3120, Free.

ASPEN YACHT CLUB, FLETCHER-MUNSON CURVE, Thursday, October 31, through Saturday, November 2, POKKA, Sunday and Monday, November 3 and 4, 4789 West Point Loma Blvd. 222-1111.

BOATHOUSE: SHANON and DEAN, Thursday, October 31, through Saturday, November 2, 2040 Harbor Island Dr. 291-8011.

THE DEN: TILLMAN THOMAS, Wednesday, October 30, through Saturday, November 2, 583 N. 2nd St., El Cajon, 441-4511.

FOLK ARTS: KATIE WALDRON joined by HUNT and PECK, country string fiddle band, Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 8 p.m. 3743 5th Ave. 291-1786.

GOLDEN HALL: "SOUNDS OF THE 40'S", Cab Calloway, Ray McKinley, The Modernaires, and Anita O'Day, Thursday, October 31, 8 p.m. BACHMAN YACHT OVERDRIVE, Sunday, November 3, 7:30 p.m. 226-6510.

GROSSMONT COLLEGE: MUTT and WEEKLY DUES, Friday, November 1, 8 p.m. Student Center, 405-1700.

J.J.'S: HOLLOWEEN BAND PARTY, Thursday, October 31, RAVENLOFT, Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, TRICKS, Sunday, November 3, 4025 Pacific Highway, 296-3655.

JAMAICA JOE'S: COMBUSTION, Thursday, October 31, through Saturday, November 2, 3595 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251.

LEDBETTERS: BLITZ BROTHERS, Thursday, October 31, through Saturday, November 2, JUMBALAYAH, starting Tuesday, November 5, 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

THE LOST KNIGHT: CITY LIMITS (country music), Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 4873 N. Harbor Island Dr. 223-3632.

MOM'S: SUGARBOLT, Thursday, October 31, through Sunday, November 3, 943 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 276-4653.

MONTEZUMA HALL: WOLFGANG, formerly back-up for Lynyrd Skynyrd, Thursday, October 31, 8 p.m. San Diego State, Artes Center, 286-6061.

NOTSOM FLODS: THE MOLE PEOPLE, Monday, November 4, 417 Santa Fe Dr., Encinitas, 753-0329.

OLE OLE: R.K.O. EAST, Thursday, October 31, THE MOLE PEOPLE, Friday, November 1, through Sunday, November 3, 221 Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-8804.

SPORTS ARENA: CHARLEY PRIDE, RONNIE MILSAP, and THE FOUR GUYS, Sunday, November 3, 8 p.m. 224-4176.

THE SPORTSMAN: MR. CLEAN and THE CLEAN MACHINE, Thursday, October 31, through Saturday, November 2, 5079 Logan, 267-0757.

TOM HAIN'S LIGHTHOUSE, ROY MOTTER, Sunday and Monday, November 3 and 4, ORAL CUNNINGHAM, starting Tuesday, November 5, 2150 Harbor Island Dr. 291-9110.

TUESDAYS: STEPPENWOLF, SONS OF CHAMPLIN, and TALL WATER, Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 8 p.m. 211 G Street, downtown San Diego, 239-2209.

Dance

FRANK HATCH DANCE COMPANY, Crystal Palace Theatre, Friday, through Sunday, November 1 through 3, 488-8001 or 583-3034.

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE CONCERT, Civic Theatre, Monday, November 4, 8 p.m. 235-6510.

Films

TURNER and MILLET, two films in "Romantic vs. Classic Art" series, Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Thursday, October 31, 10:30 a.m. 233-7421.

VOYAGE OF THE BRIGANTINE YANKEE, novel selling vessel, Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, Saturday, November 2, 3 p.m., and Sunday, November 3, 1:30 p.m. Free.

RIVERS OF SAND and SCIENTISTS IN THE SEA, Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, Mondays, 12 noon and 3 p.m. Through November, Free.

EUROPE'S MINI-COUNTRIES, Explorations travel-adventure series, Civic Theatre, Tuesday, November 5, 8:15 p.m. 236-6510.

GENERATION UPON GENERATION and THE LONG CHILDHOOD, part of "Descent of Man" series, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Wednesday, November 6, 454-0183, Free.

Theatre

THE MAD WOMEN OF CHAILLOT, San Diego City College Theatre, Wednesday, October 30, through Sunday, November 3, 8 p.m. 236-1181.

LUMP, written and directed by D. Ray Turner, Crystal Palace Theatre, Tuesday through Sunday, Through November 10, 8 p.m. Sunday matinee at 2 p.m., November 10, 235-2255.

SIX RMS RIV VU, by Bob Randall, Coronado Playhouse, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 8:30 p.m. Through December 7, 435-4856.

KISS ME KATE, Cole Porter musical, Patio Playhouse, Ex. 4410, Thursdays through Saturdays, 8 p.m. Through November 16, 746-6669.

THE PHILANTHROPIST, London and Broadway comedy hit, Music, Playhouse, Old Town, Fridays and Saturdays through the end of November, 8:30 p.m. 295-6453.

NO SEX, PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH, San Diego Little Theatre, Del Mar Fairgrounds, Fridays and Saturdays through November 18, 755-7236 or 274-8300.

I REMEMBER MAMA, Camino Theatre, U.S.D. Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 8 p.m. Saturday, November 2, 1 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

I AM A WOMAN, portrayal of women in history and literature, Mrs. Vinces, Lindfors, Ravella Cafeteria, UCSD, Saturday, November 2, 8:30 p.m. 452-4052.

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, by Mollere, Cassius Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Sundays, November 5, through December 6, 8 p.m. 239-2255.

Music

MANON, Mussenet's opera, S.D. Opera, Civic Theatre, Friday, November 1, 8 p.m., and Sunday, November 3, 2:30 p.m. 236-6500.

MOZART, SURINACH, and BRAHMS, performed by the Deatherage Quartet, Camino Theatre, U.S.D. Saturday, November 2, 8 p.m.

BANJO AND FIDDLE CONTEST, Julian Union High School, Athletic Field, Sunday, November 3, 11 a.m.

ORGANIST Pierre Cochereau, director of Cathedral Notre Dame de Paris, La Jolla Presbyterian Church, Sunday, November 3, 7:30 p.m.

MINI-CONCERT: Alan Merian, classical guitarist and lutenist, Grand Salon of the Civic Theatre, Monday, November 4, 12 noon and 12:30 p.m. 455-7551, Free.

FEATURING THE HARP, Fall Chamber Music Series, Public Library, 3rd floor Lecture Hall, Tuesday, November 5, 7:30 p.m.

BOYS TOWN CHOIR, Father Flannigan's original choir, Civic Theatre, Wednesday, November 6, 8 p.m. 236-6510.

Sports

HOCKEY, Mariners vs. Chicago Cougars, Sports Arena, Thursday, October 31, 7:30 p.m. 224-4176.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. St. Louis Spirits, Sports Arena, Friday, November 1, 8 p.m. 224-4176.

FOOTBALL: Chargers vs. Cleveland Browns, S.D. Stadium, Sunday, November 3, 1 p.m. 280-2111.

Special Events

HARRY PARTON WEEK: films and tapes on Parton, San Diego State, beginning Thursday, October 31, "The Bewitched," Music Recital Hall, S.D. State, Thursday through Saturday, November 7 through 9, 8 p.m. 276-7707.

EXPERIMENTS IN LIGHT, SPACE, AND TIME, by Pass-Flora Environmental Design Group, Backdoor, Artes Center, S.D. State, Friday, November 1, 8 p.m. 286-6766.

CALIFORNIA NUMISMATIC ASSOCIATION CONVENTION, U.S. Grant Hotel, downtown San Diego, Friday and Saturday, November 1 and 2, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sunday, November 3, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

FIESTA DE LA CUADRILLA, annual feast of Square Dancers of the Southwest, Balboa Park, Friday through Saturday, November 1 through 2, 452-5254.

SAN DIEGO AQUARIUM and KOI POND SHOW, Malco Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday, November 2, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, November 3, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

NIGHT OF THE CANDLE, religious commemoration of All Souls' Day, Mission San Antonio de la Fels, Saturday, November 2, 8:30 p.m. 742-3317.

20TH ANNUAL MASSING OF THE COLORS, commemoration of the dead of all wars, Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Sunday, November 3, 2 p.m. Free.

ST. JAC. PORTFOLIO, arts and music festival, Salt Institute Courtyard, Sunday, November 3, 12 noon to 4 p.m. 455-6578 or 545-7972.

HER MAJESTY'S WELSH GUARDS and the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, massed bands, pipes, drums, and fencers, Golden Hall, Com. Unity Concourse, Monday, November 4, 8 p.m. 236-6510.

ICE CAPEDES, S.D. Sports Arena, Wednesday through Sunday, November 6-10, 224-4175.

Music Scene

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less work than it ever was before. But a big part of Roots' success lies in not how



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City Lights

Gale Fox Reporting

For 25 years, from the forties until his death a few years ago, Doolinda Oliver would watch from her Pt. Loma window as her husband left on the tuna boats. His leather apron, catching the fishpole like a flagpole, was brought from there and it, distributed all free, and in the U.S., as fisherman and wife. From the Rosecrans street area, his boats would travel hundreds of miles south to fish the fertile seas off the Mexican coast. Mrs. Oliver would wait alone for days, watching from the window that gave onto miles of his return. In their back yard, he would clean and fillet the fish. He and the skeletons thrown into the soil to enrich their garden have not yet all decomposed.

Today, the small fishing boat operating commercially is a rarity. Docked off Shelter Island, many are rented out hourly for pleasure. Tuna is big business now in San Diego, and getting bigger with the building of the new Van Camp cannery. The participants in the present tuna industry, however, are still mainly Portuguese fishers arrived in San Diego via the Azores.

Recent U.S. congressional hearings on legislation proposing the adoption of a national 200-mile protective limit has aroused both opposition and support from fishers. But the tuna industry takes a definite stand against. Supporters of the bill count on it as a conservation measure keeping foreign ships from depleting stocks of American coast fish. Representatives of the local tuna boat fleet and other opponents of the legislation predict immediate retaliation from other countries — a response of initiation of the U.S. line.

Buts leaving San Diego find their best fishing within the 200-mile zone of Mexico and other Latin American countries. Fishers also fear loss of present protection to tunaboats fined or

penalized for fishing in foreign waters without a license. Under the U.S. Fishermen's Protective Act, ships outside the 12-mile limit of any country are reimbursed for such losses resulting even from the regulations of countries which claim a wider protective zone. In establishing a 200-mile limit here, says the tuna industry, the U.S. would have to recognize the same zone around other countries.

Yes, we have no Alternative. We used to have one. From December to August, Al Gross published the *Alternative* financial, it distributed it free, and worked 60-80 hours a week to keep it going. Lon Stine, editor, had conceived of the *Alternative* as "somewhere between the *Door* and the *Copley* press." We knew the *Door* was going out of business and the *Edition* wasn't going anywhere. . . . A paper " . . . dealing with today's issues" without the "raving rhetoric" typical of the underground press is what the *Alternative* became. Stine figures the *Alternative* stopped publication because the business and Al's end, was not organized. Perhaps Al didn't spend enough money to make money, didn't advertise, didn't trade spots with other media. But Stine is still optimistic about the experience.

"I think it worked," he feels the *Alternative* attracted the audience that would have read the *Door* and the *North Star* (both of which have lately become invisible as well as underground) and the *O.B. Rag* but was scared off by four letter words and America with a "k".

"The *Alternative* was getting known around town . . . we had some credibility . . . we didn't go on the street with lies. We took pains to protect our sources, and word got around." Stine said if he had the money he'd probably "start running it again". Unlike

Gross, he did it as a hobby. "My meal ticket was punched. Al didn't want it to be his livelihood but he was spending all his time to make it break even. I doubt that Al will become involved with alternative media again."

If you're lucky, you'll have to miss the march of the jobless on Friday, November first. The downtown parade, from Ninth & Broadway to the County Administration Building, 1600 Pacific Highway, will appear in hard hat decor with heavy construction equipment accompanying the bands. Most San Diego county labor unions and some employers support the demonstration. You may have noticed the causes of the protest: estimated 35% unemployment rate for construction workers, estimated 40% unemployment rate for minorities. Why not catch the march on your return from the unemployment office, near 12th and Broadway? Hopefully, though, you'll be dillying your blue or white collar on the job.

More signs of the times? The San Diego County Small Claims Court, which handles civil suits involving no more than \$500, reports a significant increase in the number of claimants. do-it-yourself bill collectors trying to get their own debtors to settle the account. . . . Doug Carlson, clerk of the court who has worked in small claims for about a year, says he is twice as busy now as when he started with the department. Supervisor Walter describes the breakdown of cases tried thus:

| | |
|--------------|------|
| 1973 | 1974 |
| Jan-Mar 4002 | 4382 |
| Apr-Jun 3087 | 4146 |
| Jul-Sep 4006 | 4456 |

... Or, an average of over 100 more cases per month in 1974.

Or, an average of over 100 more cases per month in 1974.

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Gambler's Secret Passion

—Duncan Shepherd—

Warning signals may be picked up early that Karl Reisz's *The Gambler* does not intend to draw the audience close to the side of its principal character, Axel Freed, and encourage it, in support of him, to bite its nails and cross its fingers prior to the next turn of the card or throw of the dice. To begin with, the title suggests a broad view of things; it addresses the category, aloof and definition-minded, of this special breed, as opposed to the individual, familiar and friendly, that is addressed in past portraits of gamblers entitled, for instance, *The Cincinnati Kid*, *Mr. Lucky*, and *Johnny O'Clock*. And then, this gambler, at the movie's outset, is already so deep in a hole, owing \$44,000 to the mob, that the only game he is allowed to play could be named Cutting Your Losses and Saving Your Skin. Moreover, the smothering music of Jerry Fielding, a takeoff on a theme by Mahler, turns loose the harbingers of fate and confirms the early suspicion that the movie, taking a dim view, means to keep its hero in the hole. The gambler is less interested in a fair fight than in a dire plight, as a condition of modern man, and consequently, far less time is spent in playing games than in dodging creditors and sweet-talking bookies.

Most of the movie's tension — and of that, there is plenty — is generated by the subject's stubborn resistance to movie treatment, rather than by the excitement of winning and losing. The gambling bug, or whatever it is that motors the hero, and luck, or whatever it is that he runs up against, are invisible and beyond the camera's range, by nature. Yet the camera was determined, staying close to the gambler's face. And James Caan's hard, sturdy, sharp-angled physique and his self-conscious expression — a mouth drawn tight at the corners as if by laces, a coyly cocked eyebrow — make a formidable, unyielding enunciation for the gambler's secret passions. Questions from girlfriend or mother, which seem to be directed toward the psychiatrist's couch (how do you explain that you have "the morals of a viper"?), are parried, with a joke, or blunted, with an understatement, or absorbed, with a hostile silence. He is a tough nut to crack — and he is not, certifiably. He is more

demonstrative, actually, than the archetypal gambler with a poker-face and a white inner jacket. But his emotional displays, pounding a fist on the table or chewing knuckles or writhing and whimpering in the bathtub during Chick Hearn's play-by-play of the final minute in a Lakers-SuperSonics game, come in flashes, quickly snuffed out; and they resemble a lunatic's flailing, in pantomime, at some phantom persecutor. Reisz has resigned himself to playing up the inaccessibility, the unresponsiveness, the invisibility of the subject as a tension builder (the effect is something like peering intently and calling out into pitch-blackness: you work up most of the worry and the wonder by yourself). And in that, Reisz is playing his own game cautiously, guardedly, stingily. However, this on-the-defensive approach is probably advisable for movies that are not particularly clear or confident about what they are up to.

Certainly the script by James Toback (author of a biography of Jim Brown, and, like the hero of *The Gambler*, a professor of English Literature) supplies the laziest and silliest moments of the film when it twice visits the hero's classroom and allows him, during discussions of Dostoevsky and William Carlos Williams, to add a verbal commentary onto his life-style. These scenes, couched in classroom discussion and elementary educational value of the professor's song-and-dance and the scornful, lean-digital choros from the athletic-scholar. In the room, may be taken lightly as over-the-shoulder potshots at New York City College and open-admissions policies in general. But they are embarrassingly facile as expressions of the character and even as classroom discussion. The professor leaves a thought dangling — "the element of . . ." — and pauses expectantly until an eager-beaver student raises a hand and supplies the missing word — "risk!"

Toback's script generally stirs up a good deal of dust and hot air whenever it is maneuvering, in words or in incidents, to clarify the values of this character, hooked on the idea of testing himself and proving himself, of living on the edge of calamity and trying always to extend the limit. The dramatic illuminations of this character unfortunately tend to fall in step with the most

(continued on page 4)

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LETTERS

To the Editors:

In her recent article, Jeannette De Wytze was careful to emphasize Libertarian Party (L.P.) or rather her interviewees took great pains to underscore standard symbols and metaphors. What was inexcusably missing from the article, however, was any discussion of the programmatic-organizational content of the party's position. After all, the L.P.'s political effectiveness will obviously turn upon the quality of its theory and practice, not upon the label under which it travels.

What, then, aside from "libertarianism" (which I suggest has no more objective meaning in and of itself than the word "good" might carry) does the L.P. advocate? Historically, the theoretical antecedents of the current L.P. are Jeffersonian Liberalism and the political economy of Adam Smith. This is the theory of social organization which advocates private ownership of land and the instruments of production, competition between the units of production, production of goods for sale and profit and minimal government regulation of business life. In the 18th and early 19th centuries, when the founding fathers of laissez-faire capitalism (as this theory was called) were active, the average adult male was self-employed and owned his own tools of production. Business units were considerably smaller than today and economic competition was keen. In short, the doctrines of

laissez-faire bore some reasonable relation to social reality.

Today the physical units of production are gargantuan in comparison to the modest freeholds and were compelled to fold. The victims of these business failures were precipitated into the enlarging ranks of the industrial working class. Both as workers and consumers, humanity has suffered too long and too much from the barbarism of capitalism to warrant a return to the historical starting point of that system.

From the foregoing, we can discern that the L.P. conception of freedom is predicated on an anthropological model that is highly economic and narrowly egoistic. For the L.P. man is not seen as a social being whose freedom arises from his relations with the collective. Rather, the L.P. views man as a privatized, self-contained "nomad" whose freedom is necessarily restricted by his contact with the social totality. I suggest that this fundamental error in L.P. philosophy is the theoretical source of the party's entire reactionary program.

Reader: Butts might be interested to learn that there are several non-hierarchical, anti-statist tendencies at work today on the political left in America. To cite just a few, there is the social ecology school of Murray Bookchin, the council communism represented by such writers as Jeremy Brecher, and an organization known as the New American Movement.

William Blum

Dear Reader,

I wish to second Fred Nader's plea in his October 24 letter that you "keep the Reader out of the mire of the underground press."

If we wait political distributers we have to do it turn on the

of the "underground press" techniques expanded and prospered those which failed to revolutionize production became uncompetitive and were compelled to fold. The victims of these business failures were precipitated into the enlarging ranks of the industrial working class. Both as workers and consumers, humanity has suffered too long and too much from the barbarism of capitalism to warrant a return to the historical starting point of that system.

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J.W.

San Diego

Dear Reader,

Doesn't your movie critic Duncan Shepherd enjoy any movie actor or actress other than Barbra Streisand? According to

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unrenewable movie preoccupations with proper macho manners. At one point, Canaan accompanies a legman for the mob as he calls to collect his debt and, when the payment is not ready, methodically smashes furniture and snaps an arm or two; after this demonstration, Canaan checks the mobster's pulse and, deeply impressed, remarks, "Never missed a beat." At the movie's end, Canaan wanders alone into Harlem against strong cautions ("They're cannibals in there"), causes every head to turn along the street, bumps into a seven-foot, three-hundred pound giant, and does not find real contentment until he has a pimp's knife at his throat (now this looks like a challenge). It could be admitted that this scene succeeds in extending the limits further than they are anywhere else in the movie, but this scene also creates a feeling of squeamishness that was surely not intended.

Still, *The Gambler* presents a more manageable staging of the warfare between the brains and the beast in domestic man that does Peckinpah's *Street Dogs*, for example. This is because it can stand fairly well without the sort of hypo

noted that the only movie he enjoyed this week was *For Pete's Sake* which contains basically the same clichés as *Barbarian* and *Do!*, whereas *Gambler*, an excellent film, is "sleazy," I protest!

Otherwise, I truly enjoy the Reader, especially the personal classifieds. I am a Star Trek fan and would be interested in any revival movement or group of Star Trekkers.

Sincerely,
Maureen Donnelly
U.S.D.

supplied by Toback's, not to mention Peckinpah's, dramatic demonstrations and declarations, even though it must stand fairly still. For while no very satisfactory way is found to "bring out" the gambler character in action or in words, Reisz manages to outfit him and Canaan manages to impersonate him with a credible image. In particular, they pitch the character's flirtation with macho manners at a dilettante level, where it is the concern with image that seems to matter most. The nervous tugging at his short curly bangs to keep them over his forehead, the shirtfront that is kept open down to the third button to show off his hairy chest, the imitation of Ali's and Frazier's boxing styles in front of a mirror (the movie, in fact, ends in front of a mirror)—all tie in to the narcissism of personal grooming. In excess of these things, the promise of blood and man-to-man combat seems superfluous, at least as long as it is confined, in the treatment, to easily calculable characters, played by cozily familiar character actors—a mob musclemen played by Vic Tayback, a black pimp played by Antonio Fargas.

*

Straight from the Hip

—MATTHEW ALICE—



Dear Matthew Alice,

My dog died recently. In my shock, I just buried him in my backyard. Now I'm wondering is this safe? Is it legal?

Sally Anderson
Del Cerro

It is legal to bury dead pets within the city limits if you get them two feet below ground level. You can also call the city's Dead Animal Removal (236-5660), but only expert service during regular business hours. The animal removal people take the bodies to varying sanitation fills. You can call the number above, get the current address and take the animal there yourself if you wish.

Also, a word of comfort, there is a veritable plethora of puppies in San Diego. The animal shelter (1104 Azusa and 8661 Jamacha in Spring Valley) is bursting with dogs you can take home for a mere \$10.

Dear Matthew,
I've always wondered about the movie distribution company "United Artists". Are they really united artists? And united against what?
Elizabeth Harper
San Diego

Right now United Artists is like most other distribution companies, it's united whoever-owns-the-stock. There was a time when all the stock was actually owned by artists.

In 1918 the production companies in Hollywood planned a forty million dollar merger, which would have tied up every movie theatre in America. They had it worked so that for five

years there'd be only one studio selling (and making) pictures. Some actors got wind of the plan and with startling alacrity realized the advantages of a competitive market (i.e. money). They decided to put off the merger by scaring the top executives of the production firms. Mary Pickford, D.W. Griffith, W.S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin gathered together for an elaborate dinner in the Alexandria Hotel, and after going through some purely fantastical business jargon announced to the press that they were going to form their own distribution company.

It made such a splash in the business world (several heads of production firms offered to resign their posts and come manage), they decided to go through with it.

In its prosperous days the company grossed between forty and fifty million dollars a year, but one by one the artists sold their stock back to the company, depleting its resources until in 1946 it was one million in debt. The last two stockholders, Pickford and Chaplin, were sold out to Wall Street in the early fifties.

Matthew—

I know a female who is 22 who insists on being called a woman. I am 23 and I would be shocked if anyone were to call me a man. Most people refer to males my age as guys, so is it fair to say that my 22-year old female friend is a gal? I am completely confused by feminist terminology, but I don't think I am sexist. I don't call females chicks and I don't expect to be called a dude. Please help!
Peter S. Engle
La Mesa

You are shocked at being called a man (though, unless names deceive, I take it that you are one), would you like being called "boy"? I know certain streets in this city where it is dangerous to call a 15 year old "boy"—the epithet implies inferiority and a lack of dignity which is not well received in those quarters in this day and age.

When addressing feminists be guided by the fact that they regard themselves as undoubtedly human, and independent of that. Not only are animals out, so are vegetables, and assorted sweets. Words which imply youthful frivolity are out—where goes baby and girl.

The consensus is that "girl" is out too. It is girl to the second degree, conjuring up images of poor and creatures in their forties who have never been capable of anything and commonly indulge in boxes of chocolate over bridge. Also, if I may add a personal note, the word gal always reminds me of a woman who keeps miniature poodles. In the interests of simple humanity I think it best not to wish these wretched animals or innocent self-respecting strangers.

I admit that I haven't left you much. There is still woman of course (and a nice word it is too). "She's quite a woman," for instance, takes care of admiration, approbation and similar—I trust purely Platonic—emotions. There is also person. A competent word but unfortunately not suitable for some occasions. I can't see "Come on you persons" as ever really catching on. Actually, there isn't any casual friendly way to refer to a woman, you must either stand on her dignity as a human being or pretend that she's not old enough to drink beer with you. All things considered, I'd go formal—after 5000 years of viliification a little ceremony isn't going to hurt.

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Strings Strung Up



Jonathan Saville

The second concert in the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra series was in many ways a disappointment. There were three soloists: violinist Nancy Garvey, harpsichordist Elizabeth Hamilton, and cellist Nathaniel Rosen, each of whom was less than satisfactory. There was some remarkably bad orchestral playing. There was the conducting of Rafael Druian, which, excellent as it was in its conception and in its means of communication, only rarely realized itself in the actual sound of the orchestra, and then only against great odds.

Miss Garvey was soloist in two Vivaldi concertos. She had numerous problems of intonation, and there was a tension and stiffness in her bowing which ill suited the singing qualities of the Vivaldi melodic line. These concertos make considerable demands on the soloist's virtuosity, demands Miss Garvey did not seem thoroughly at ease with. Her solo work on other occasions in the Bach Double Violin Concerto last year, for example, has been much better than this; can it be that she had not practiced the Vivaldi works sufficiently?

Elizabeth Hamilton, who regularly (and quite successfully) plays continuo with the orchestra, was doubtless handicapped by her recent bout with the flu, and certainly handicapped by the dreadful instrument she played on. This wretched harpsichord produces sounds which are not only weak, thin and lifeless but also positively irritating. The result of these various unlucky circumstances was a performance of J.C. Bach's E Flat Harpsichord Concerto lacking in rhythmic incisiveness and clarity of articulation, and marred by frequent mistakes. Miss Hamilton is an accomplished musician, with a thorough knowledge of eighteenth century keyboard style. I should like to hear her in perfect health, well rehearsed, and on a decent harpsichord.

Nathaniel Rosen is a brilliant cellist in the grand romantic tradition. There are certainly no faults to be found with his intonation, bowing

rhythms, he could not disguise the fact that two radically different interpretations of the concerto were going on at the same time. The only way this performance could have achieved stylistic unity would have been if the conductor had chosen to interpret Haydn the way Eugene Ormandy does—a sacrifice of musical principles to sheer musicality; and they were unwilling to make. Mr. Rosen's cadenzas were stunning in their virtuosity, their lush tone and their sheer musicality; and they would have sent Joseph Haydn right up the walls of the Esterhazy palace. I am no pedantic purist when it comes to musical performance, but there is a limit to the licenses even a great musician can take, and I think Mr. Rosen exceeded those limits.

The orchestral performances owed, as usual, an enormous debt to Mr. Druian's musical intelligence. In the Rossini Sonata for Strings, for example, it was Mr. Druian who was responsible for the rhythmic lift, the suavity of the phrasing, the beautiful sense of proportion in the larger structures of the work, and the mischievous humor in

the timing of the long-held pauses, in the articulation of the sly little grace notes, and in the dynamic shaping of the double bass's elephantine solos. In fact, everything of value in this performance came from the conductor; the orchestra's contribution was purely negative. I believe there is at least one player in each of the string sections who plays on pitch; but there is at least one in each section who does not; and the four young ladies of the second violin section seemed to have four quite definite—and quite different—ideas about what constitutes an A or a B. Some pitch problems are inevitable in all but the very best string sections, but the problems of the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra have to deal with, I believe all San Diego's musical institutions deserve support and encouragement. I deeply value Rafael Druian's presence in our community. But to continue to deserve our support and Mr. Druian's leadership the orchestra is going to have to improve radically. I hope such an improvement will be forthcoming by the time of the next concert, in February.

no attention but look idly around the auditorium to see if they can find their friends. They never attempt to imitate the phrasing or articulation of anyone else, even if that is what the music obviously demands. When they play off pitch, they do so insistently and unchangingly, as if they were dead both to the other musicians and to themselves.

The present La Jolla Chamber Orchestra is vastly inferior to the group of students Mr. Druian conducted last summer—a group which he ultimately molded into a good chamber orchestra that gave some excellent performances. I sympathize with the problems the organizers of the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra have to deal with. I believe all San Diego's musical institutions deserve support and encouragement. I deeply value Rafael Druian's presence in our community. But to continue to deserve our support and Mr. Druian's leadership the orchestra is going to have to improve radically. I hope such an improvement will be forthcoming by the time of the next concert, in February.

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The Rhyme of the Major League Mariners



injunction that will allow them to play in the Sports Arena this season.

Whatever the reason, Mayor Wilson's action was a costly one. At the time, season ticket sales were brisk. When the council's decision clouded the Mariners' future in San Diego, sales came to a halt. "I would estimate the city cost us \$300,000 in season ticket revenue with their 5-2 vote," laments Feldman. "We had hoped to sell 2,000 full season tickets. Right now we've sold about 800."

In the meantime, the Mariners are going about making this town forget the Gulls the best way they know how. They completed an exhibition schedule with a fine 3-1 record. Included in those wins were victories over Phoenix, San Diego's biggest rival, and the California Golden Seals of the NHL. Unfortunately, the largest crowd was a measly 4,400 at the California game.

Still, Feldman is hopeful of big crowds at the Sports Arena. The Gulls averaged 7,100 last season but Skip is shooting a little higher. "We feel we should average 9,000-10,000. Since the California game the phones have been ringing off their hooks."

The Mariners' performance in the exhibition games suggests that the team has improved enough to better their last place finishers of the past two years. "Definitely," says Feldman. "From their play so far I would say they have improved 75% over last year. And they're still getting better." Might one day look ahead to the play-offs? "The play-offs are not out of the question. That's what we're pointing towards and I'll be disappointed if we don't make it. This is not a last place team. We're going to surprise a lot of people."

The question of the quality of play in the World Hockey Association has also been answered by the Mariners' early success. "People started to believe that we were really major league after we beat California," Feldman says. Those who doubt that the Mariners are any better than the Gulls only need to look at what happened to Tom Trevelyan.

Trevelyan, a 30-goal scorer on the Gulls last season, could win a spot on the Mariners roster as a center. The competition for the position was keen, and included Andre Lacroix, whom Feldman calls "the best centerman in the league and one of the best three or four in all of hockey." Trevelyan was recently cut.

"Tom Trevelyan played very well for us," says Feldman. "He would be very valuable to us, both as a player and at the box office because he is so popular here. But I feel the way to get people in the building is by playing good hockey on the ice. We are going with our 20 best hockey players." Evidently, Tommy T. wasn't one of the best 20.

The last remnant of the Gulls (Trevelyan) is now gone, but there are new names to replace the old heroes. Besides the flashy Lacroix, there is also 39-year-old Harry Howell, the grayheaded coach who doubles as a defenseman. Craig Reichman and Jamie Bateman are aggressive wingers who will undoubtedly become crowd favorites. There's none better around the net than the slick Wayne Rivers and, for those who prefer the violent side of hockey, Ted Scharf is possibly the best in the league at hand-to-hand combat.

Feldman knows the Mariners will win the fans over if they are given a chance. "We just want to be judged by our performance on the ice," Feldman says. The people who have seen the team have no complaints. Well, hardly. Says one fan, "My only complaint is the team's name. San Diego has enough of a sailor image without naming the hockey team that way."

While he waits for the attendance to pick up, Feldman remains optimistic. "It would have been unrealistic to expect a better reception right away," he reasons. "Because of the politics involved with City Hall, we're probably the only team in professional sports to fight City Hall just to get on the ice. It's a little slow right now, sure, but I'm happy."

The crowds will come. San Diego has proven itself too good a hockey town not to support the team. Right now, though, it's a lot like having your ship come in when there's a dock strike on.

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