

STEADY

VOL. 4 No. 8

SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

March 6 - March 12, 1975

EMERGENCY ROOM

— Mark Woelber —

The police officer pushes his prisoner, locked in a wheelchair, through the Emergency Room doors. The man, a well-dressed scuffler, sits with his head on his chest and says nothing as the officer checks in at the front desk. The officer then wheels the chair through Emergency Surgery and into an examination room in Emergency Medicine, where he locks the man to his bed.

"We caught him inside a department store where we've had around \$125,000 in burglaries lately," the officer says. "His modus operandi fits the pattern. The burglar hides in the store just before closing, under a bed or something, then when everybody's gone, he'll get up, get the stuff he wants, more than he can run with, throw a chair through a window and break out. It takes us a few minutes to get there, wherever we are, so he might get away. But this guy set off a silent alarm in the fur locker."

The prisoner's chains rattle and the officer ducks into the room. "I want to take off my coat," the man says.

The officer unlocks the cuffs and, stiff-armed, helps the prisoner with his coat, keeping one hand at his gun-side. When the coat is off, he locks the man to his bed again.

"What did you bring him to the ER for?" the nurse asks.

"Says he's sick. Says he passed out and just woke up. He called our dispatcher about the same time we were pulling into the parking lot and said he was locked in the store. I don't know if he's the one we've been looking for. But the fur locker's one floor down and the other side of the building from where he says he passed out. He's got a record, too. How does he look to you?" he asked the nurse.

She shrugs. "Most of the ones you bring in are frauds. 'Chest pains' and 'fainting.' I know you're obligated by law to bring the guy here if he says he's sick. Oh, well, it buys him some time, and he gets a free check-up. Besides," she adds, "we might find something."

The Emergency Room at University Hospital greets its patients with the neutrality of a business office. They walk or roll or are carried through its pneumatic glass doors into the familiar atmosphere of nothing special: forms to sign and phones and IBM cash registers going tack-tack. The doctors are rarely dressed in surgical white; they wear, instead, striped shirts, bow ties, wallabies. The centrifuge in the back room, with its little vials of blood spinning out and around, whirs constantly, but it could as easily be the sound of a vacuum cleaner or Star Trek on a low-way television, and the sound blends easily with the hum of small talk.

The walls are white. Not a clinical white, but working white, trimmed with hard, bright red, violet and orange at the doors and counters.

If you were to wake up here, staring at the tiny holes in the ceiling tile and wondering where you were, you might simply think you were in a freshly painted room. You'd probably never guess that the only hint of a smell was wet cast plaster.

You might think you hadn't been noticed. But someone sees you from the corner of their eye and asks if there's anything they can do.

The ambulance radio announces a fight victim coming in. Two minutes later the victim rolls through the door, his jeans jacket and clothing stuffed on the rack below the



gurney. Except for his eyes, which he opens and closes slowly, halfway, he doesn't move. His friend, in jeans and jacket, with a wine bottle slung over his shoulder, walks alongside. "You're going to be okay, man. You just take it easy, okay." The man on the gurney, already being wheeled into the Emergency Surgery exam room, doesn't answer.

Nurses help the man onto an examination table. A pulpy blue wound covers his forehead and he moves his body sluggishly. While they inventory his personal belongings, nurses and staff try to coax his name, his cooperation, any response from him. He doesn't talk, only opens and closes his eyes.

When the doctor comes, he asks the man what has happened. The man moves his lips but no sound comes out. "Have you been taking any drugs?" the doctor asks, then turns to the man's friend, watching from the doorway. "Has he done any drugs tonight?" "Just a couple of brews. Maybe a quart ..."

The doctor turns back to the table. "Put your tongue out. Okay, now show me all your teeth."

The friend walks around to the head of the exam table. "Say something, man." No answer. "Hey, is he going to be all right?"

"What happened to him?" the doctor asks.

"These guys jumped him in Horton Plaza. Two big guys, man, for no reason. I can't believe this — he's a healthy dude."

The doctor returns to his patient. "Can you lift your feet?" Good. It's important that you answer the questions, all right?" The doctor presses his fingers around the forehead wound. "This hurt? This?" Suddenly the man lurches upright, shouting.

"Hey, man, hey, man," growling in the air.

"What's the matter with him?" his friend utters, agitated. "Man, he's a healthy dude."

One of the of the nurses pushes him

toward the door. "You'll have to wait outside. We'll let you know how he's doing."

The friend loiters around the exam room, peering in occasionally, asking incessantly about his companion. "Please go to the waiting room," the nurses say. "We'll let you know."

The friend puts on his dark glasses and slouches out. "Man, talking to these nurses is like talking to a brick wall."

University Hospital is the closest thing San Diego has to a county facility. Police cases — fights, auto accidents, city ambulance — uniformly come here for emergency treatment, as do drug overdoses, the indigent, MediCal patients, and any other rejects from private emergency facilities. According to one licensed vocational nurse, who got his training in Vietnam and has worked at several local hospitals, the University Hospital Emergency Room will "treat anyone," while some hospitals "just want to know who has your insurance."

As a result of this policy, he says, the UC hospital is in trouble because it can't collect its bills. But what counts is that it's got "the best staff around."

The intern calls down the hall to the psychiatrist.

"Doctor, Richard's back."

"Tell him I'm sorry, but I can't see him."

Richard's eyes protrude nervously. He stands by the door, his neck craning forward, a green t-shirt showing beneath his open jacket. He responds to the news in a staccato hiss. "You just don't care. I need help. I'm not kidding, if something doesn't change, I'm going to kill myself. You people are supposed to be here to help. You won't do anything, you just don't care." His eyes peer dryly down the hall at the intern.

The intern begins to interrupt, fitting his

statements into chinks in Richard's bug-eyed rant. "Richard, we can't help you. You've got to help yourself. You're not psychotic. You think you're going to spite me by doing yourself in. If you want to do it, you won't tell me, you'll do it."

Richard, tired of hearing this sort of thing, turns away and drags his tired eyes out the door. Maybe he would, may he wouldn't.

The intern, shaking his head, stops at a counter where a few people have gathered watching. "What do you do for that?" someone remarks. "He want you to do psychiatric surgery?"

"I wonder if he'll do it," someone else says. The intern shrugs.

One doctor lowers his magazine. "If he does, I hope he leaves the hospital first."

The pediatrics examination room is done up in bright colors, with mobiles in the corners and a Mickey Mouse clock and Bozo the Clown grinning down from the wall in paternal reassurance. Everybody's voices are pitched up to kiddy banter. In addition to specific treatment, the pediatricians have to be able to sway their small patients toward adult behavior, into accepting a pattern of breakdown, recovery and lollipop reward. Mothers say, leaving. "There, now, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

The pediatricians say their business comes in rushes. One, at sunset, when the kids come home with the badges of their adventures, to be discovered by mom who'd hoped they were done for the day; the second at midnight, when colds, flu and congestion still have everybody in the house awake "I prescribe demoral by the gallon," a pediatrician says. "That's the chemical name, so it's cheaper that way. One decongestant is as good as another."

He steps outside to join a conversation in the hall.

(continued on page 8)

Events

MARCH 6 — MARCH 12 1975

THEATRE

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE, by Tennessee Williams. Actors Quarter Theatre. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. Through April 12.

CINDERELLA, adapted by Ginger Lody. Actors Quarter Theatre. Saturdays and Sundays, 2 p.m. Through April 13.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, by Robert Bolt. Westminster Arena Theatre, 3598 Talbot, Point Loma. Friday through Sunday, March 7-9, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, and 23, 8 p.m.

CANTERBURY TALES, a musical version of Chaucer's work. Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, Friday, Saturday and Sunday through March 15, 8 p.m. 4-1331.

LATERAL ZIG-ZAGS, three one-acts by Megan Terry and Sam Shepard. UCSD Theatre. Friday through Sunday, March 7-9, and Wednesday through Sunday, March 12-16, 8 p.m. 452-3120.

ENDGAME, Samuel Beckett's drama, directed by Michael Anderson. Mandeville Center, UCSD. March 11, 13-15, 8:30 p.m., Wednesday, March 12, 12 noon. 452-1320.

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND AND AFTER MAGRITTE, by Tom Stoppard. Cassius Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8 p.m., Sundays, 2 p.m. March 4-13. 452-1225.

THE CRUCIBLE, by Arthur Miller, presented by the San Diego Little Theatre at the Del Mar Fairgrounds. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. March 1-15, 755-5511.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, by George Bernard Shaw. Old Globe Theatre. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

SONORA, written and directed by Rosie Driffield. Crystal Palace Theatre, Mission Beach. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, through March 9, 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

BELL BOOK AND CANDIE, the John Van Druten comedy. Coronado Playhouse, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, through March 29, 8:30 p.m. 435-4555.

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT! a performance by Hal Holbrook. Civic Theatre, Sunday, March 9, 8 p.m. 236-5510.

MUSIC

MESA COLLEGE/ADULT EDUCATION COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA will perform "Winter" from Vivaldi's Four Seasons and the Bach Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor. Mesa College, C-116, Thursday, March 6, 12 noon. Free. 279-2300.

OPENING CELEBRATION of the Mandeville Center for the Arts at UCSD: "Stage Works by UCSD Composers" including works by Professors Francois, Gaburo, Reynolds, and Oliveros. Thursday, March 6, 9 p.m.; "The Bewitched," by Harry Patch, Friday, March 7, 8:30 p.m.; a performance by the Inner City Repertory Dance Company, Saturday, March 8, 8:30 p.m.; "Museums," an environmental music event, Saturday and Sunday, March 8 and 9, noon to midnight; "The Atomic Cafe," an experimental music program, Saturday, March 9, 8:30 p.m.; "A Chamber Concert in Honor of Ernst Krenkel," Monday, March 10, 8:30 p.m.; concert pianist Gary Graffman performs Tuesday, March 11, 8:30 a.m.; and "The Owl and the Pussycat," a world premiere by student Kawanoch, Wednesday, March 12, 8:30 p.m. Many events free of charge. 452-4090.

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY with guest pianist Gary Graffman. Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 20 in D Minor, Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, and Franz Schubert's Rosamunde Overture. Civic Theatre, Thursday and Friday, March 6 and 7, 8 p.m. 236-5510.

S.D. YOUTH SYMPHONY and the Irvine Master Choral will perform at the College Avenue Baptist Church, 4747 College Ave., Saturday, March 8, 8 p.m.

MYSTIC ORGANIST KORLA PANDEIT from India will play Tibetan raga and other pieces. Southland Music Center, Lemon Grove, Saturday, March 8, 8 p.m. 463-0308.

USIU CHORAL PROGRAM: Schubert's Mass in G, selections by Brahms, Vaughan-Williams, and early American songs. S.D. City College Theatre. Saturday, March 8, 8 p.m. Free. 471-4300.

MEN'S CHORUS of Loyola Marymount University and the Concert Singers of Loyola Marymount and Mt. St. Mary's of L.A. will sing sacred and secular music. St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Saturday, March 8, 8:30 p.m. 207-2266 or 295-1115.

OPERA A LA CARTE, highlights from Gilbert and Sullivan operas presented by Savoyard Richard Sheldon. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College, Wednesday, March 12, 8 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

DANCE



Photo by Sandy Ward

ROCK DIO (of blue agates) in Needles led by Curator of Minerals Josephine Spiess. Saturday and Sunday, March 8 and 9, 232-3821, ext. 33.

POWER BOAT RACING: Don Vynne Memorial race for Western U.S. drivers. Off East Vacation Isle, Mission Bay Park. Sunday, March 9, 10 a.m. 276-2800.

OPEN HOUSE at new Mandeville Center for the Arts. UCSD. Sunday, March 9, 12 noon to 5 p.m. (See "Music" and "Lectures" for more information).

SPORTS

VOLLEYBALL: S.D. Waves vs. Santa Monica-Long Beach. Golden Hall, Community College, Thursday, March 6, after 7:30 opener between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. 236-6150.

HOCKEY: Mariners vs. Houston, Thursday, March 6; vs. Winnipeg, Saturday, March 8; vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, March 11. All at Sports Arena, 7:30 p.m. 224-4176.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Indiana, Friday, March 7; vs. Memphis, Sunday, March 9; vs. Virginia, Wednesday, March 12. All at Sports Arena, 8 p.m. 224-4176.

TENNIS: Men's Doubles Championships. Pacific Coast, La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, Friday-Sunday, March 7-9. 454-7126.

TENNIS: Azteca vs. Pepperdine, SDSU Tennis Courts, Thursday, March 6, 3 p.m. Free. 286-5204.

VOLLEYBALL: Azteca vs. UCLA, Peterson Gym, Friday, March 7, 7:30 p.m. 456-5004.

BASEBALL: Azteca vs. Arizona, Friday, March 7, 7 p.m.; Saturday, March 8, 12 noon; vs. UCLA, Tuesday, March 11, 7 p.m. All at Smith Field, S.D. State. Free. 286-5204.

GALLERIES

SENSE OF REFERENCE: contemporary drawings, paintings, photographs, films and videotapes by artists Aycock, Beyer, Bond, Celmins, Christo, Cottingham, Dreilander, Geiger, Goings, Hascke, Hanson, Holt, Morris, Pettibone, Price, Reed, Ruscha, Sakula, and Zimmerman. Mandeville Center, UCSD, Friday, March 7, through Sunday, March 10, 452-3210.

PHOTOGRAPHERS: MIDWEST INVITATIONAL. Exhibition by 24 photographers from the Midwest. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Saturday, March 1, through March 30, 454-0183.

BILLY AL BENSTON, paintings and watercolors. Seder/Craig Gallery, Hotel del Coronado, through March 22, 457-5520.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ART SHOW, juried exhibition of students from 11 S.D. colleges, March 2 through April 6. JACK ZAJAC: SCULPTURE, through March 30. 18TH NATIONAL PRINT EXHIBITION, through March 30. HISTORICAL IMPLICATIONS OF ROMAN COINS, through March 7. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 236-7391.

LECTURES AND READINGS

JACK FOREM, author of *Transcendental Meditation*, will give introductory lectures on T.M. on Thursday, March 6 at 12:30 and 7:30 p.m. Council Chambers, Aztec Center, San Diego State, 280-1840.

FEMINISM AND SEXUALITY, talk by Carol Roberts of N.O.W. Wickes Furniture Community Room, 365 Arnette Ave., El Cajon, Thursday, March 6, 7 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 321.

RENEWAL THROUGH THE BIBLE: A Look at Biblical Research Today, lecture by Rev. John Huesman, S.J., professor of Old Testament and Archeology at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. Salomon Lecture Hall, U.S.D. Thursday, March 6, 7:30 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

FIELD TRIP TO PUNTA BANDA, with stops between Tijuana and Ensenada and finally at the blowhole "La Bufadora." Carports will leave Natural History Museum at 7:30 a.m.; Saturday, March 8, 232-3821, ext. 32.

(continued on page 11)

Southern California
First National Bank

ST
National

Photograph
Mondays and Fridays
At 41 key locations

We'll wait on you.
Till 7:30.

MIDNIGHT BAND:

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
CAB PRESENTS...

Bill Scott-Heron

BRIAN JACKSON

Friday, Mar. 7, 8 p.m.

Montezuma Hall, San Diego State

\$3.50 S.D. State students \$4.50 general public

STEREO

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Harman-Kardon 3308 | \$100.00 |
| P.E. 3012 3 speed changer | 109.95 |
| Base and Pickering 400H cartridge | 39.95 |
| 2 Marantz V, Studiocraft 220 or AR4as speakers | 158.00 |
| | \$507.95 list |

Special System Price

\$397.85

Also in stock: Design Acoustic D-4, Braun, EPI, Bose, Tandberg tape decks, Dual 601 and 901

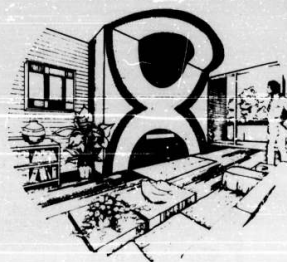
The Best for Less — at

SOUND PACIFICA in la jolla

7541 Girard 10-6 daily 459-9539

starting a business?
moving into your new abode?

(or perhaps there's a room you'd just like to decorate)



THE PRIMARY SOURCE specializes in interior graphic design at a savings far and above all other forms of decoration. Call us at 563-0579 and we'll send you a free copy of our sketches.

The Restaurant: Royal Palms
Type of Food: Italian and American
Price Range: Moderate • Dinners from \$4.95
Location: 3003 Carlsbad Blvd., Carlsbad

How would you like to dine in an authentic Spanish hacienda that was built fifty years ago, that hosted movie stars in the late 1920's and served as the location of the film, *Zorba the Greek*, and moreover serves excellent food? The place is the Royal Palms restaurant in the Royal Palms Inn at Carlsbad, and it is well worth the effort to drive there.

Unless you were directed to it, you wouldn't know that it existed because the Inn is situated well off the highway. The current dining hall with its beamed ceiling, massive stone fireplace, and Spanish chandeliers were once the private quarters of the owner. For dining there today, the service is so impeccable, there are so many waiters and busboys dancing attending, and the food is brought to your table with such flair, that you are made to feel that you are the individual guests of some baronial host.

When we arrived through the mist and fog, a fire burned in the fireplace, and it did not take the

A SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY BOOK- STORE?

You betcha. First editions, new, used, limited and out-of-prints. We also buy science fiction single titles and collections.



6162 El Cajon Blvd.

open 11-8 everyday

287-0830

BEACH BIKE SPECIAL

- *remove all rust
- *remove chain and clean
- *tighten spokes and true wheels
- *adjust brakes
- *adjust front and rear derailleurs
- *oil where needed (we use WD-40 exclusively)
- *adjust all cables
- *adjust crankset and headset
- *adjust wheel cones and bearings

\$10

1 day service with this ad

bike assembly available

HAMEL'S BIKE SHOP

704 Venture Place Mission Beach
(across from Belmont Park on boardwalk)
488-5050

DEJA VEAL

philosopher Wittgenstein to assure us that the red of the drapes and the upholstered furniture unified and dignified the room. We were seated at a window table and the waiter was introduced to us by name. A hushed, though not oppressive atmosphere made possible one of the world's oldest delights: conversation.

For many years the Royal Palms served nothing but Italian food, namely veal and chicken dishes. However, the menu has been expanded to include prime rib, lobster, shrimp, and crab. A half cut of prime rib costs \$4.95 and includes a choice of salad or soup, hot rolls and more fresh mushrooms than I have had since dining in France where champagne are considered a vegetable and not merely the garnish that they are in the United States. The servings at this restaurant will satisfy the heartiest appetites, and each dish is brought on a dining cart, preserved by the gold-and-blue flames of copper chafin dishes. This Continental or French service is usually associated with immoderate cost. Considering today's prices, the elegance, style and quality of the food would cost double were the restaurant located in the heart of San Diego.

We sampled the brochure of Beef at \$5.95 and the Saltimbocca veal at \$6.95. The veal dishes are the house specialty and since one of the managers is a former butcher, the veal is flown in from the east. For those who enjoy beef, the brochure arrives on a skewer, and the beef marinated in a sweet and sour sauce. The beef is tender, the flavor excellent, and the portions heroic. Since I am a great fan of homemade soup, I began my dinner with minestrone. The soup is hearty with vegetables and pasta, and on a chilly night seemed preferable to a cold, crisp salad. However, it proved too filling for the array and quantity of food that followed. My guest, who ordered salad with the Italian house dressing, was better able to do justice to the entrée.

However excellent the facilities may be for a nightcap, it is as a dining experience that I recommend The Royal Palms. Many readers have asked me for a superior restaurant in North County where two people could dine for about \$12. I am happy to report that I have found it in a proper Spanish setting in Carlsbad. Interstate highway 5 to the Elm Ave. turnoff will take you there, and where Elm crosses Carlsbad Blvd. you are certain to find gastronomic pleasure.

As for the veal, it is superior to that of L'Auberge where the price is double, or to any I have sampled, say at the Westgate Plaza. I recommend any of the veal dishes. They crumble, at the touch of the fork, are prepared in copper kitchens in one of the cleanest kitchens I have yet to inspect. The Royal Palms prides itself on its wine list — I had the Sebastian Chablis, the house wine with my dinner — which includes over 30 wines, not to mention seven champagnes and sparkling wines. These same wines are used in the preparation of the veal, and the marsala or saltimbocca would be my choice when I visit again.

Although I could scarcely finish the rice, veal and mushrooms, I forced myself to sample a dessert — ah, how we food reviewers suffer, and what sacrifices we make for the sake of this column! — and tried the lime chiffon cheese cake. This slides down slick as sin. There is also a fine and light spumoni. Coffee is extra, but contrary to the popular song of the 30's, the best things in life are not free.

The Royal Palms is open seven days a week, for lunch as well as dinner. The Monday luncheon special is lasagne or ravioli at \$2.25 and Manicotti at \$1.95 on Wednesday. The chef will prepare Spinach Salad, the house special at \$1.95 at any time, or any special orders. Dinners are served from 5:30 to 10 p.m., and live music accompanies your dining after 9 without additional cost. The Florentine Lounge serves drinks and has music until 2 a.m. as well as space for dancing.

However excellent the facilities may be for a nightcap, it is as a dining experience that I recommend The Royal Palms. Many readers have asked me for a superior restaurant in North County where two people could dine for about \$12. I am happy to report that I have found it in a proper Spanish setting in Carlsbad. Interstate highway 5 to the Elm Ave. turnoff will take you there, and where Elm crosses Carlsbad Blvd. you are certain to find gastronomic pleasure.

A Clinic for Your Car's

Tape Cassette OR 8-track

*major lubrication
*clean & de-magnetize heads
*clean & check roller
*clean tape-slide area
(imp. 12.50)

\$2.49 with this ad
(carry-in unit)

BUY our re-cycled Stereo Receivers Amplifiers Turntables Tuners, or

SELL your equipment on consignment

down to earth

a truly unique emporium
5867 EL CAJON BLVD. 286-2430

LETTERS

Dear Reader:

My opinions about the literary quality, insight, competence, and general intrinsic value of Duncan Shepherd's reviews, rejoinders, and rebuttals, all of which I have read with interest and enjoyment, place me in what must be an underwhelming minority. Of Reader readers, judging from the representation in the Letters Department.

I would prefer to believe that there actually are silent horrors of us out here among the Reader ship who believe 1.) that "obscure" references are a challenge, not an insult, 2.) that it is of value to the public (that's all of us) to have available an incisive, thoughtful and conversation provoking forum, and 3.) that Duncan Shepherd is one capable and refreshingly literate critic. Unfortunately, I can't pull myself that far. No silent horrors, muttering hundreds, or even an appreciative many mingle among the maddening you know what.

Not because I think that he needs encouragement (having amply demonstrated his strength of purpose), but because I do believe it, I take this opportunity to say, keep up the good work. Duncan and you are appreciated a great deal by a few.

Alan Niemann
Solana Beach

Dear Reader:

I'd like to comment on a letter by Dwight Johnson, a Navy guy who enrolled in a computer dating program because of the "snobish San Diego girls." I've heard that charge before, but perhaps if Mr. Johnson was a girl who'd been brought up in this Navy town, he'd understand the problem. Don't get me wrong, my grandfather and many of my friends' parents are in the armed forces, so I was not raised to hate servicemen. But since I was 13 years old, I have been accented and engaged in conversation by overly friendly strangers, mostly young swabs who refer to a female as "for an answer." I guess if I take no for an answer, she will see me as far from game. I admit I've never been out with a Navy guy, but things I've seen and heard make me adverse to the whole idea. I've got several

choice of show, and the benefits the student cast received in working with the show — although at the outset I confess to a feeling of despair in trying to communicate to someone who, by his own admission, does not appreciate puns.

The play, I grant you, is not one of the highwater marks of the American theatre. Nor is it probably the work for which Conan Doyle or William Gillette would want to be remembered exclusively. Yet the choice of the play in an educational environment is defensible on a number of grounds. Melodrama, of course, as a distinct form of theatre has probably been more widely used than any other since the dawn of the theatre.

To Dwight Johnson: Hopefully this earth will grow out of its need to maintain national military defenses. Maybe "surfboards and fraternity boys" are the enlightening way to support this movement, enjoyment and education are fertile seeds, and sharing one of their blossoms. When we know how to share, we lose the need to defend. Peace and love.

Sincerely,
Another dove.

Dear Jonathan Saville:

In order to put this letter in the proper framework, let me begin by saying how much I enjoy the reviews you write for the Reader. They are uniformly honest, thoughtful, carefully written; and your readership is given a fair picture of your own preferences and biases. Moreover, you are one of the very few critics in this area who seems to appreciate Goethe's advice to critics that their first responsibility is to understand what the artist was trying to do.

Only then can the critic comment on how well the artist achieved his objective, and, finally, on the value or significance of that undertaking. Nowhere have I more appreciated the care you take in your reviews than in the notice you gave my show *Sherlock Holmes* in last Thursday's Reader. Although the cast seemed depressed by your comments (they shouldn't have been since most of the wistful slapping was aimed at me for my choice of the play), I found your careful distinction between what you liked and didn't like — and why — exhilarating. I would only like to take issue with a couple of your comments with regard to the

tragedy.

On the question of melodrama acting, many people regard these exaggerated posturings as absurd, pointless, and beneath a "serious" actor's dignity. Indeed, in the hands of untrained actors, and lifted from the theatrical context in which and for which this style was created, they provide easy "cheap" laughter and endless opportunities for comical parody. But because of the extreme physical stylization, the complexity of its pure form and the enormous physical vitality demanded by it, this style is one of the most difficult for student actors to achieve and sustain. In the hands of the same way it is possible to dismiss a Mondrian painting as nothing more than lines, squares, rectangles, and blobs of color that any child is capable of. True, because of the apparent simplicity of its basic components it lends itself not only to imitation, but also to easy parody. Yet how difficult it would be for us to attempt a serious work of art limited to its forms and conventions even though we take him seriously and sense in his painting a form, a focus, and significant visual relationships.

Anyway, thank you and keep up the good writing. Sincerely,
Ray Rattelle
Administrator,
Winston Voteyball League

Dear Editor:

Your articles on poetry in San Diego stink. Very sincerely,
Helen McKenna
Pacific Beach

To: The Reader

From: Michael Davidson
As if illustrating the very lack of imagination that I felt existing in the San Diego Poetry Scene, I made a series of errors which I would here like to correct as well as make a few additions to my recent Reader articles.

1) Apparently there never was a quarrel between dissident Samovar contributors and the establishment of *Cafeteria*. Samovar is relatively young as a magazine (Spring, 1973) according to its editor, Rhonda Johnson, and magazines such as *Cafeteria* and the Phoenix existed much earlier. To those who might have read an ongoing intercaste struggle between the two journals, I offer an apology.

2) San Diego State offers no MFA in Creative Writing. There is, as mentioned, a Creative Writing Section of the Department of Literature with a full curriculum at the undergraduate level.

3) The proper address for Samovar is c/o Rhonda Johnson or Dwayne Kieran, Creative Writing Section, San Diego State Univ. The proper address for *Cafeteria* is c/o Box 16191, San Diego, 92116.

4) Originally, the next series of *Transcript Communications* was

(continued on next page)

March 6 - March 12, 1975

(continued from preceding page)
to feature the work of Arthur Frick, but the schedule has since been changed. The new pamphlet in this series is *Achaia* by Edwin Fussell.

5) Michael Holzman was right to mention Alurista's as a major local poet in his letter to the Reader. I was not acquainted with Alurista's work at the time I wrote the article and have been reading a book of his poems published by the Centro Cultural de la Raza in San Diego which is excellent.

6) In my second installment, reference was made the Barbara Mor (in, Mov as printed through my error). She and Jose Medina direct San Diego's Poetry in the Schools project which, although limited financially, is one of the most significant inroads towards a community definition of writing.

Similar programs in San Francisco, Chicago and New York have been influential in acquainting junior high and high school students with development in recent poetry and in providing a certain amount of money for local poets who participate in the program.

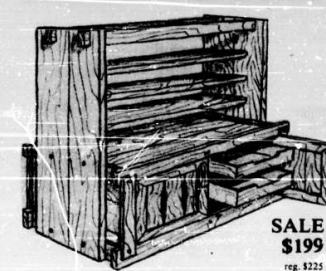
Barbara Mor, in addition to her work in this Project and as a poet, is putting together a magazine, *The Golden Hills Poetry Express*, which will sell for 50c and will publish local poets.

7) A good number of criticisms of my article concerned the fact of omissions — the fact that I hadn't mentioned one or another local poet or hadn't gotten in touch with a certain group to find out what was going on in this or that sector. I want to emphasize my original intent in writing at all about the poetry scene: that due to factors, geographical, demographic or otherwise, there is a lack of communication between writers here. This article was intended to be an inaugural statement of what seems to be a large and diversified activity in writing. It was not intended to be definitive. It seemed necessary to begin stating the fact that there is something going on and to provide sources: places, addresses, phone numbers and dates. Future articles, hopefully, will fill in the gaps.

A Gay Celebration

The Gay Center for Social Services presents "Celebration '75" at Diego Severn at 1041 7th Ave. Auditions are March 31st and April 2nd. Actors come at 7:00 pm (bring an open mind). Dancers at 7:30 pm (bring leotards or loose fitting clothes). Singers at 8:00 pm (bring sheet music or tapes). For more information call Peter Messina, 232-7525 2250 S. Street, San Diego 92102.

the bare woods™



ENTERTAINMENT CENTER
Solid wood, four foot entertainment center. Adjustable shelves above, serving area in the middle and storage drawers for tapes and records below. Stained wood choice of colors. Free delivery.

off Mission Gorge at Hwy 8
4678 Alvarado Canyon Rd.
San Diego 92130
3-9 Weekdays
10-6 Saturdays

READER

Page 5

Straight from the Hip

— MATTHEW ALICE —



reperitory from the Gregorian Chant of the eleventh century up to the Baroque period. Now that's a lot of music.

As for the authenticity of it all — musicians now have access to a large storehouse of annotated collections of musical material from way back yeh. Unfortunately, the general public has gained a false idea of the sonorous of early music since the instruments used by many musicians have often been anachronistic. The troubadours of the twelfth century, for example, did not use the same instruments as the sixteenth century Italian court musicians, and therefore playing all old music on the recorder, crumhorn and ranshepphute is misleading to the modern ear.

More recently, however, this "early" music we're getting to hear so much of includes not only Renaissance music, but even older, medieval compositions, and spans more than 500 years of

ensembles have dedicated themselves to following the intent of the early composers as closely as possible by using exact copies of the original instruments, resulting in a truly historical sound. These instruments are being handmade by craftsman in Europe, Japan, and here in our own back yard. For more current information on the early music scene, you might get in touch with the Westcoast Early Music Society, 861 Arlington Blvd., El Cerrito, CA 94530. If you're in need of a lute, psaltery, chitarrone or pochette, they will tell you where to go.

Dear Matthew:

How far does the metropolitan area of San Diego extend? And which are the real cities in San Diego County, in contrast to mere

towns and communities?
Emily Todd
La Jolla

According to the U.S. Bureau of the Census, the San Diego metropolitan area and the County are synonymous, covering the area from Mission to San Clemente, and from the Pacific Ocean to Imperial County, roughly 70x80 miles.

Depending on one's personal perspective (as dictated most probably by one's place of origin, it is possible to hazard the guess that this county is actually devoid of true cities. London, Paris, Rome, San Francisco, New York, Chicago — these are the places that come to mind when one says "city."

Nevertheless, true cities, fully incorporated, not only exist, but also number thirteen, all within our own metropolitan area. To the north we have Oceanside, Carlsbad, Vista, San Marcos, Escondido, and Del Mar. To the east are El Cajon and La Mesa. The southern stretch includes Coronado, Chula Vista, Imperial Beach, and National City. And the hub of all this excitement is, of course, our very own city of San Diego.

READER

PUBLISHER
James E. Holman
EDITOR
Robert V. Eckert
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Bruce Pachter
Howard Tice
Bill Wideman
PRODUCTION
Jane Kramer

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.
READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER
P.O. Box 80802
San Diego, CA 92138
7141 235-6176

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

THE READER welcomes writing of all kinds. Please send any contributions to the address below.

READER subscriptions are \$3.50 for 3 months, \$6.50 for 6 months, and \$12.50 for one year.

AUDIO and RADIO
REPAIR SPECIALISTS
• TAPE UNITS
• AM & FM STEREO
• TURNTABLES and
• CHANGERS
• harmonic distortion
we'll give a free distortion test to your "component" amplifier.
* JUST BRING THIS AD!
OPEN MON-SAT 9:30-6:30
2216 cable 8 225-0333

R.B. NATURAL FOODS
— buy in bulk —
CASHEWS
raw — pieces **73¢** lb.
5 lb. limit in bulk
FARM: FRESH ORGANICALLY GROWN PRODUCE
food stamps accepted
4658 Mission Blvd. (next to Tug's)

THE JEWELRY SHOPPE
10 A.M. - 10 P.M. DAILY
JEWELRY • KAMA SUTRA • LEATHER
PIPES AND PARAPHERNALIA
ACROSS FROM BELMONT PARK
3219 MISSION BLVD. MISSION BEACH
Sat. 11-6

FREE \$30 set of sheets
with this ad and purchase of complete waterbed system
Captains Cabin
Mon.-Fri. 11-8
Sat. 11-6
4344 Conroy St.
(Conroy Village)
955-8095

THE CREPE SHOP
FREE snack crepe
(honey, marmalade, or lemon)
with any crepe entree
with this ad
P.S. We have pizza too
5192 College Ave.
(by S.D. State)
237-6310

Brunch at the Beach
Every Sat - Sun 10-2
Specialties include crab benedict, cheese mushroom & European omelette and apple crepes
Complimentary homemade kasha-bran muffins
And libations to keep your weekend loose
from a Boozie-Knoshie to a Greenery fizz
GREENERY
Beef-Lamb Seafood Spirits
Mission Blvd. at General 276-5821
Open 7 days for lunch and dinner

off Mission Gorge at Hwy 8
4678 Alvarado Canyon Rd.
San Diego 92130
3-9 Weekdays
10-6 Saturdays

OAKWOOD TENNIS SHOP
3860 La Jolla Village Road
San Diego 92037
230-2232 or 230-3711

TRADE IN ANY PAPERBACK

it's worth 10% of its published price. We trade books for books, plants for books, plants for plants.
Thanks to your patronage we've grown to over 6,000 titles in paperback. We have a great selection of fiction, plays, and poetry (we especially need non-fiction).

BLOSSOMS BOOKS & DARTS
3277 Park Blvd.
(across from Capri Theatre)

"OUTRAGEOUSLY FUNNY!"
Saturday Review

THE GROOVE TUBE

A Ken
Coppola Film

**REPORT TO
THE COMMISSIONER**

STRAND

950 NEWPORT OCEAN BEACH 223-3141

Daisy Miller

RD

RAINBOW ALLIANCE

theatre

4081 Rainbow Ave.,
San Diego, Kerrington

MAN
USE
FILMS

13 at 2:00 p.m.
at 7:00 p.m.

CARD, director,
National Museum
ster, New York

Center Box Office
Series \$5.00
Series \$10.00
7-12-70DU

**THE
DISE**

erwolf'

LOMA

ST. ENCINITAS 753-3955

aGirl
ment of forbidden pleasure.
recognize the male and female leading
"TOWN" and "HAWAII FIVE-O." This
y. Sorry we cannot use their names.
CALL MAN • IN EASTMAN COLOR • **ADULTS
ONLY**

ILD
nue 295-2000
us from noon daily

AND GET THAT FLYING HORSE!

Jonathan Saville —

Saint Augustine, in one of his more bizarre moments, opines that the reason for the existence of the Red is to provide an aesthetic balance for the Good. God, like all good artists, loves symmetry. In attempting to find a good word to say for the San Diego Opera's production of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, I suppose I must fall back on the same argument. The company's excellent production during the past couple of years — *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Mefistofele*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Manon* — shine that much brighter when placed alongside the dark disaster of this *Walküre*. But a disaster it was.

In partial justification, it should be noted that at the present moment it may be impossible to cast this opera adequately anywhere, much less at the San Diego Opera, with its limited budget. Among Wagner's talents, an aptitude for good vocal writing is notably absent; yet very special voices can ever sing his music accurately, expressively and beautifully; and right now there is a world-wide shortage of good Wagnerian singers to accent that the oil crisis seems a bagatelle in comparison. By coincidence, the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday broadcast last week was also *Die Walküre*, and while the singing there was marginally better than what we suffered through in San Diego, it was still far short of acceptable: Birgit Nilsson demerit once again, as she has been demerited in San Diego. The only memorable singer in the cast was Johanna Meier, whose lovely voice, expressive lyricism, and exceptionally musical treatment of the Wagnerian vocal line made her Sieglinde generally a pleasure to listen to. Yet even Miss Meier has gross defects in technique: when her voice rises above the staff it develops a shriek, and when it rises above a mezzo-forte it develops a pronounced wobble. Miss Meier is a voice on the road to ruining a lovely voice, and there is already a noticeable deterioration from her performance here last year. Most of the other singers are already in ruins, or in that state of powerful ugliness that characterizes so many current singers on the Wagnerian stage. Jon Andrew (Siegmund) combined the forcefulness, flatness and deadness of his vocal production with a rhythmic sense so faulty that he was invariably rupturing ahead of the beat or behind it. Noel Fry (Wotan) croaked hopelessly around in the endless low register singing the megalomaniac Wagner demands of his chief God; there was flattening, there was quavering, and sometimes there was a total abandonment of singing for the sake of pitiful declamation, that last resort of desperate Wotans. Anna Greig, who sang Brunhilde, would have been better cast as a minor *Walküre*, since her constant shifting of placement and the peculiar vocalization of her last phrases might have been drowned out by the howling of inequity-endowed sisters. Samuel van Dusen (Horn), decent job, but

lathsome. Hundung, and Marcella Caraga was right as Fricka, although her diction was often unintelligible and the thinning of her voice at the top sometimes interfered with her shaping of the line.

Decent Wagnerian singers may be hard to come by, but stage directors and set and costume designers are a much less rare breed, so that it is hard to find any justification for the relatively ugly sets and costumes of John Naccarato and the grotesquely inept stage direction of Ghita Ben-David. The realistic romantic set constitutes a welcome return to tradition, after the epidemic of abstract submarine bases that has been infecting the world from Bayreuth in recent decades. But rather no scenery at all than an ash tray that looks like congealed lava, or a mountain pass that has exactly the same U-shaped outline as Hundung's tedious crude mess of a set.

As for the costumes: since we know absolutely nothing about the formal attire of the primaries — Germans — and especially of mythical primaries — Germans — there hardly seems any pressing reason to dress the chunky, wrinkle-kneed Mr. Andrew in the traditional leather tunic that made him look so ridiculous; and one wonders whether the gaudy tastelessness of shape and color in (for example) Brunhilde's outfit was consciously intended to show us why this young lady had no boyfriends. But even a colorblind fool would have noticed that the comically exaggerated movements and gestures of this favorite of Wotan's hand, make up a perfect work of art in themselves, like an aria of Mozart's Fiordiligi. The dentist is expertly played by V. Craig Hederreich, who has the advantage of a brilliantly expressive speaking voice and the smile of Charlie Chaplin (Mr. Hederreich's only salient flaw as an actor is his particularly graceless and imitating way of walking, as though he were always back-peddaling on a unicycle). Michael LaFleur and Nancy Titus are their bratty perfection as the intimate (though not incestuous) brother and sister; beautiful Janet Raycraft cleverly rings the changes on the naughtily-confused, defeated-triumphant character of Gloria, the embodiment of the sexual force of nature that attracts and entrap the dentist; Ron Durecki is sweetly witty and sublimely as the wise Water; and Dave Rehorth is sweetly witty and arrogant as the Water's barrister son. Over all these charming performances hovers the grand theatrical intelligence of Mr. Noel; he has outdone himself in *Die Walküre*.

So has Peggy Kellner. Cecil Beaton himself might have designed a set more elegant and frivolous, a magnificently Fragonardian set of variations on that noble form, the curlicue. And there is no theatrical designer who could come near equalling the preposterous Edwardian beauty of Miss Kellner's costumes. You Never Can Tell is worth seeing for the sets and costumes alone. And since you are also offered an excellent cast, a few directors and a very fine play, you would be well advised to make haste to the box office in Balboa Park before all the tickets are sold out.

• • • • •
Die Walküre is about the windows of life — a family, with wife, husband, brother, sister

with sister, and father and daughter are excessively bound together by anger and love. Bernard Shaw's play *You Never Can Tell* is also about family problems. Here too we have an imperious wife (in this case an early female liberationist who writes pedagogic novels) and a willful but ultimately cowed husband. Here too daughter and father are locked in a love-hate relationship, in spite of their having just met after a separation of eighteen years; and there is even an inseparable brother-sister pair who share all the sentiment to the point of completing each other's sentences. But whereas Wagner's opera is great tragic drama, Shaw's play is mere comic fluff, the shallowest and most delightful trivia from that eminently shallow and delightful mind. Hence, the husband really enjoys being domesticated; the quarrels are all made up; there is no hint of anything as exciting as incest; and the whole thing ends with a marriage, neatly and inevitably engineered by the Life Force, which in this comic world takes the place of Wagner's baleful Dynamic Force.

If there are odd similarities between these two theatre works (all families are basically the same, after all), there are no resemblances whatever between the production of *Walküre* at the Civic Theatre and that of *You Never Can Tell* currently at the Old Globe. Admittedly, director Craig Noel has not had to worry about finding sinners with the power of trombones, and the endurance of pack horses. But he has assembled an unusually able cast and has drawn from it a consistently stylish and amusing performance of this very frothy, very witty, very British play. As usual, Clenden, the lady novelist, with her brood of eccentrically educated children, Gertrude Doo-tille demonstrates to us again her mastery of the Shavian manner of Shaw did not have much good to say of the liberated woman whose power comes from intellectual self-assertion rather than from a yielding to the power of nature within her, and Miss Coolidge, under Mr. Noel's artful guidance conveys with supreme skill the essential pomposity and ineffectuality of this character type; her looks and gestures at the teacup, as she confronts the young dentist who is suing for her daughter's hand, make up a perfect work of art in themselves, like an aria of Mozart's Fiordiligi. The dentist is expertly played by V. Craig Hederreich, who has the advantage of a brilliantly expressive speaking voice and the smile of Charlie Chaplin (Mr. Hederreich's only salient flaw as an actor is his particularly graceless and imitating way of walking, as though he were always back-peddaling on a unicycle). Michael LaFleur and Nancy Titus are their bratty perfection as the intimate (though not incestuous) brother and sister; beautiful Janet Raycraft cleverly rings the changes on the naughtily-confused, defeated-triumphant character of Gloria, the embodiment of the sexual force of nature that attracts and entrap the dentist; Ron Durecki is sweetly witty and sublimely as the wise Water; and Dave Rehorth is sweetly witty and arrogant as the Water's barrister son. Over all these charming performances hovers the grand theatrical intelligence of Mr. Noel; he has outdone himself in *Die Walküre*.

So has Peggy Kellner. Cecil Beaton himself might have designed a set more elegant and frivolous, a magnificently Fragonardian set of variations on that noble form, the curlicue. And there is no theatrical designer who could come near equalling the preposterous Edwardian beauty of Miss Kellner's costumes. You Never Can Tell is worth seeing for the sets and costumes alone. And since you are also offered an excellent cast, a few directors and a very fine play, you would be well advised to make haste to the box office in Balboa Park before all the tickets are sold out.

• • • • •
Die Walküre is about the windows of life — a family, with wife, husband, brother, sister

western state university college of law of san diego

Is now accepting men and women who have a minimum of Two Years of Accepted College Credits (60 units).

Call or Write Today for more Information or Catalog. The Western State University Building 1333 First Street, San Diego, 92101 (714) 232-6506



ENROLL NOW FOR AUGUST 28th CLASSES (Both Day and Evening Classes)



ENROLL NOW FOR AUGUST 28th CLASSES (Both Day and Evening Classes)

appearing March 5-9 March 11-15 March 19-23 THE DEN LEOBETTERS THE DEN



next month's dates to be announced

TONY AWARD—BEST ACTOR N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE—SPECIAL CITATION "One of the treasures of the American Theatre" IN PERSON HAL HOLBROOK MARK TWAIN TONIGHT

CIVIC THEATRE SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 8 p.m. TICKETS: \$7.00—\$8.00—\$9.00—\$4.00 ON SALE AT CREDIT BOX OFFICE 202 C STREET 236-6510 ALSO ALL SEARS, HIGHLANDERS MEN'S STORES AND TICKETRON OUTLETS

Reasons for Roots. No. 2. Comfortable arch support.

If you spend a lot of time moving around — or standing around — on hard floors or city sidewalks, your arches need this kind of help.

The Spring Root, one of 10 styles

Sold only at Roots shops. Gift certificates available.

1214 Prospect St. La Jolla, Calif. (714) 459-3611

City feet need Roots.

Restless Roadies

— Duncan Shepherd —

There are undeniably bias stretches on the itinerary of Dick Richards' road movie, *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins*. In fairness, though, a share of the responsibility for these can be allotted to influences outside the movie proper. To the movie audience at large, for example, inasmuch as it was apparently an unbiased and unadvised comprehension of the comic temperament that swayed the film-makers to press for certain types of comedy — automobile accident, fruitcake characterizations in the bit roles; the whole can come across as uneasy and unwise in a movie whose smoothest approach is the sly and sidelong. And to the road movie genre as a whole, a share can go, also, just as the very conditions of Hollywood studio moviemaking, once upon a time, undoubtedly promoted the cultivation of chiaroscuro lighting, claustrophobic environments, angular geometries (what is broadly categorized as expressionism), and the cultivation of custom furniture

groupings, lamps, bric-a-brac, wallpaper and upholstery patterns (what might be termed the school of interior design), so there should be current, on-the-road conditions of film production be called into account for the tendencies, potentialities and labors, of the neo-picaresque movies. Where Richards shows himself to be a smart traveler, while John Kay's patchwork script rapidly deals out brief encounters and quick getaways of variable quality and pertinence, is in maintaining a wild-animal alertness to whatever locale he chances upon, even to one as thoroughly tramped and tamed as Las Vegas, Nevada. (In this vigilance, he is assisted handsomely by Ralph Woolsey's nimble camerawork and accurate, immaculate color.) The lineup of the offices of the California Highway Department, service stations, bus depot, hotel lobby, country-western nightclub — it is all the same terrain that is crossed in *Alice Doesn't Live Anywhere*, even to the Daily Parton tunes on the jukebox, although no false faces are presented

here in order to teasingly manipulate hope into horror. Each site receives a comprehensive once-over and a quick risk to determine who's there, where are the sounds coming from, what's going on. Each is sketched with a light, fitting style that suggests a natural, finely-tuned curiosity. It is a curiosity, though, linked with wariness. It is attuned to the dangers — aggression, malice, vindictiveness — harbored in people. — a surly Vegas gambler with a Dracula haircut; a petty thief and pyromaniac who maintains a gracious, prosaic-are-beautiful. Mike Douglas philosophy; a chain-smoking garagman; a proselytizing religious fanatic; a crippled Vietnam veteran and sure-knew-the-lady ladies. The lineup of suspicious characters should not forget the vagrant, frisbee-playing heroiner, who bega ride an athletic, state-employed driving instructor on his lunch hour, produce a revolver from their knapsacks, and hijack the car with orders to head for New Orleans. Once the road movie escapes his kidnappers and has a chance to weigh the certainties of life in the California Highway Department against the uncertainties of life on the

in any direction, but it exerts a good deal of comic verve within the narrow confines. Basically it resembles the sort of nostalgic parody of old-time movies of the CAROL BURNETT SHOW, though it is larger, fuller, and funnier. Burnett, as a movie-maker is enhanced considerably by his efforts to extend the parody even to the Hollywood studio techniques of the 1930s. On that score, he surpasses his nearest competitor in movie comedy, Woody Allen, who has long gravitated toward old movies in search of subject matter, but whose comic copies duplicate the proper cinematic style hardly at best; in his performances as well, whether he is imitating a bank robber, a mad scientist, a revolutionary, a robot, or a Bogartian tough guy, Allen is always undermined by his feeling of impotence. Brooks suffers from no such insecurities. Starring Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Gene Hackman. *** (Carter 3 Cinema 1)

MOVIES

(continued from page 9)

A Woman Under the Influence — Another of John Cassavetes' war-torn films made among friends — his wife Gene Rowlands, her brother Lady Rowlands, and his friend Peter Falk. Characteristically, the director intimates with and interested in the people themselves, and almost blind to the people's surroundings, jobs, pastimes, daily duties. This time he is dealing with a housewife's alienation from her well-meaning husband, as her gracious qualities, from her child-like mischief to her Ruth Gordon-like mouth tricks, are understood to be insanity by those around her. It moves surprisingly fast for a two-and-a-half-hour movie taken up almost entirely with the actors' expansive, self-absorbed acting exercises. (State, Alvarado Drive In)

Young Frankenstein — Mel Brooks' hermetic and familiar take-off on the old Universal Pictures horror series — it does not reach very far

LESSONS

(continued from page 9)

TENNIS TOURS, 3 weeks long, beginning March 10 through March 24, 1975. Enrollment, Quoted Tennis Shop, 3866 Ingraham, Pacific Beach, San Diego, 92111. \$25-232. Learn to play and improve your game. Only \$20.

LEARN FOLK GUITAR Experienced and very patient teacher welcomes students from absolute beginners through advanced. Learn to fingerpick, play bass lines and solo in songs and styles. Diana Sternbach, 459-1895.

TENNIS INSTRUCTION, from Steve Bassett, member of the United States Professional Tennis Association. Private and semi-private lessons offered with discounts for students and advanced players. No other than the crowded months is the time to learn. Call 459-3755.

KUNDALINI YOGA classes are being offered throughout the San Diego area. Learn the essence of yoga practice. For free schedules, phone 265-5373.

FOOT REFLEXOLOGY class. Learn foot massage and pressure points. Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 12 p.m.

EVENTS

(continued from page 2)

THE CASE OF DR. EDELIN AND THE RIGHT TO ABORTION, a panel discussion. Militant Forum, Friday, March 7, 280-1292.

NEW DIRECTIONS IN ARCHITECTURE, a panel with Arthur Sienkiewicz of the *A. Times*, Samuel Hurlst of USC, A. Quincy Jones (head of firm which designed Mandeville Center), John Lautner (L.A. architect), and Richard Byrne of USC. Room B-202 at Mandeville Center, Sunday, March 9, 2 p.m. 452-3120.

POETRY READING, Adrienne Rich, author of *Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law*, will read her poetry. Mandeville Center, USC, Monday, March 10, 4 p.m. Casa Real, S.D. State, Tuesday, March 11, 8 p.m. 452-3210.

CATALOGING THE RAINBOW, a lecture on the relationships between the arts and sciences by physicist and director of Scientific American, Mandeville Center, USC, Monday, March 10, 7 p.m. 452-3120.

ACTIVITIES, a lecture by Tom Marioni, director of the Museum of Conceptual Art in San Francisco. Palomar College, San Marcos, March 10, 7 p.m. 744-1150. ext. 254 or 345.

WHO KILLED JFK? a presentation by Assassination Information Bureau of Massachusetts. Camino Theatre, U.S.D. Monday, March 10, 8 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

THE IMAGINATION IN PHOTOGRAPHY a talk by New York photographer Duane Michals. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art (Sherwood Hall), Tuesday, March 11, 8 p.m. 454-0183.

ACUPUNCTURE AND CHINESE SELF MASSAGE, illustrated lecture by Greg Colvert and Juliette Mondot. College Grove Shopping Center Community Hall, Tue.-Wed., March 11, 130 and p.m. 449-1700, ext. 321.

WORKS WITHOUT PICTURES, a lecture by Brian O'Doherty, artist and director of visual arts program for Endowment for the Arts, Tuesday, March 11, 4 p.m. THE DEFINITION OF A MODERNIST SPACE: THE ART GALLERY, also by O'Doherty, Wednesday, March 12, 7 p.m. Mandeville Center, USC, 452-3120.

ECUMENICAL TRENDS, a lecture by Rev. Joseph Spae, Secretary General of SODEPAC (Committee on Society, Development and Peace) of the Vatican. USD, Wednesday, March 12, 7:30 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

FILM

EL PUEBLO SE LEVANTA AND PUERTO RICO PAIS COLONIZADO films or night of Puerto Ricans at the Center, San Diego State, Thursday, March 6, 7 p.m. Free. 286-6551.

WHITE-HAIRED GIRL, ballet-opera depicting oppression and liberation of Chinese women. Changing Times Bookstore, 1946 Broadway, Saturday, March 8, 7:30 p.m.

JUNG, 1875-1957, a centennial film, unicorn cinema. La Jolla, Sunday, March 9, 12 and 4 p.m. 459-9341.

RARE FILMS from Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y., including *Old Wives for New* by Cecil B. De Mille (1918), *Olympia* by Leni Riefenstahl (1936), and *Madame T. T.* by Leni Riefenstahl. Wednesday, March 10, 10-11 p.m. Mandeville Center, USC, 452-3120.

WHITE-HAIRED GIRL, ballet-opera depicting oppression and liberation of Chinese women. Changing Times Bookstore, 1946 Broadway, Saturday, March 8, 7:30 p.m.

JUNG, 1875-1957, a centennial film, unicorn cinema. La Jolla, Sunday, March 9, 12 and 4 p.m. 459-9341.

RARE FILMS from Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y., including *Old Wives for New* by Cecil B. De Mille (1918), *Olympia* by Leni Riefenstahl (1936), and *Madame T. T.* by Leni Riefenstahl. Wednesday, March 10, 10-11 p.m. Mandeville Center, USC, 452-3120.

FRESH FRUIT

OPEN 106 EVERY DAY
GOLDEN DELICIOUS APPLES 85¢/lb
3 HEADS CAVENDISH 49¢
3 BASKETS STRAWBERRIES \$1
AVOCADOS 10¢ each
FRESH CORN 10¢

If you're in the San Diego area, visit our friends at Tony's Produce, 14000 Mission Gorge Road, Rainbow Valley Produce, 5371 El Cajon Blvd. (across the street from Int'l House of Pancakes)

\$1

valuable coupon!

good for one free admission — worth up to \$1 — expires March 13

LEDBETTERS

this weekend

\$1

6524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524
BEER WINE DANCING
7 nights a week

CANORA'S SANDWICH TERRACE

"SANDWICHES THAT MAKE A MEAL"

We have sandwiches from Avocado to Zucchini with 17 different kinds of bread

CATERING DONE TO YOUR ORDER
DINING ON OUR TERRACE
FAST EFFICIENT SERVICE

Mon. - Sat. 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.
Sund. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.
291-5538 / 291-5039

Celebrate and Save! GRAND OPENING SALE

Thursday, March 6th through Sunday, March 9th.

WE'RE IN SAN DIEGO!

1321 Garnet Ave., Pacific Beach, San Diego/270-5150

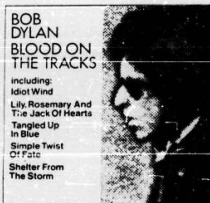
THESE COMPLETE
CATALOGUES!
AND MORE!

\$3.66*
each LP
\$4.99
tape

*Single LPs or Tapes

All Bob Dylan

Another Side of Bob Dylan
Blonde on Blonde
(\$5.88 2-record set)
Bringing It All Back Home
Dylan
Greatest Hits Volume I
Greatest Hits Volume II
(\$4.88 2-record set)
Freewheelin'
Highway 61 Revisited
John Wesley Harding
Nashville Skyline
New Morning
Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid
Self-Portrait (\$5.88 2-record set)
Times, They Are A-Changin'



All Chicago


Chicago Transit Authority
Chicago II
Chicago III (\$5.88 2-record set)
Chicago IV at Carnegie Hall
Chicago VI (\$7.88 4-record set)

Chicago V
Chicago VII
Chicago VII (\$5.88 2-record set)

All Loggins and Messina

Loggins and Messina
Sittin' In
On Stage (\$4.88 2-record set)
Full Sail
Mother Lode

and More
Great Catalogues
from other Labels!

Great  Columbia Single
LPs \$3.66 and \$4.99 Tape



MUSIC

STORES

and More Great LPs on other Labels!

GREATER LOS ANGELES

Downey
11215 Lakewood Blvd.
862-8414

Hollywood
8878 Sunset Blvd.
657-4221

Long Beach
245 E. Fifth Street
436-2739

South Bay
16807 Hawthorne Blvd.,
Lawndale
370-7277

West L.A.
11876 Wilshire Blvd.
477-7400

SAN DIEGO

Pacific Beach
1321 Garnet Avenue
270-5150

ORANGE COUNTY

Anaheim 621 W. Lincoln (714) 778-5898
Costa Mesa 1811 Newport Blvd. (714) 645-0566

Garden Grove 12122 Brookhurst (714) 636-8080

Santa Ana 1212 South Bristol (714) 545-5269



SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Canoga Park
6559 Topanga Cyn. Blvd.
884-8234

North Hollywood
12802 Victory Blvd.
985-7900

Keseda
18142 Sherman Way
996-6600

HERE'S HOW YOU GET IT NICER: Great Selections of Records & Tapes • Pizza Platter Information Sheet • No-Hassle Exchange Policy • Friendly and Knowledgeable People • Easy and Comfortable Atmosphere • New Releases First • Sorry We're Out Ships (Rainchecks) • New Release Call Book • In-Store Quad Systems • Free Special Orders Service • Quick Efficient Service • And Much, Much More!

YOU GET IT NICER • YOU GET IT NICER • YOU GET IT NICER • YOU GET IT NICER • YOU GET IT NICER