

City Lights



Prize Package

Yes, it is an absolutely stunning photograph of the PSA airliner plummeting earthward. And, true enough, the lead article by Michael Grant and Jon Standefer entitled "A Point in Space and Time" is definitely comprehensive and well written. So why does a glance at the front page of the *San Diego Union's* Flight 182 "memorial edition" elicit a shiver, a wincing sigh, and a search for a reason beyond that one stated tersely on the back page of this extremely popular rerun of disaster? "It is our purpose to preserve this important slice of our history for posterity as it happened, and as we reported it." That part of the explanation. It also says this special twelve-page edition is dedicated to "those who died in the Sept. 25 tragedy and to those who have carried on so heroically." Fifty thousand copies were printed at a cost of \$2000, and as of last Friday nearly half of them had been picked up from six *Union-Tribune* offices around town. Those who are interested get to re-read, just about word for word, reprints of the front pages of the *Union* that appeared the first three days after the crash. These include, in the words of the explanation, "minor errors, made under the pressure of deadlines." An erroneous map depicting the mid-air collision is among these; so is the now contradicted article detailing what police spokesmen claimed were arrests for looting bodies. Associate Editor Peter Kaye says he "thought long and hard" about including the

looting story in the special reprint, and it was he who finally decided that it would go in. "It's a preservation of a daily history as it happened in a daily paper. We felt we'd live with it."

The appearance of the "memorial edition," with a complete list of the victims, nearly thirty articles and as many photographs, prompted some to call it a memorial to the *Union's* coverage of the tragedy. Some of those who did were in that paper's own newsroom.

"If my daughter got killed in that crash and some jerk newspaper started smearing it all over town like this, I'd feel pretty bad," said one *Union* reporter. "I think it's in really poor taste." Others in the newsroom expressed similar feelings, but about an equal number felt just as strongly that the edition was needed and was done well. And at least a few relatives of crash victims thought the edition was tastefully and sensitively presented.

Copies of the memorial edition were sent to 371 editors across the country—those with papers of more than 50,000 circulation—and the word was the *Union* is bucking for a Pulitzer Prize. Ken Zumwalt, assistant to the editor and the man who claims responsibility for conceiving the idea of a special issue (others say the idea arose spontaneously among several editors within a week following the crash), admits that Editor Jerry Warren is going to nominate the *Union's* coverage for journalism's most coveted award.

Americans aren't used to having disasters served up anywhere outside a movie theater, and this may account for the debate over the appropriateness of rehabilitating the tragedy. When the eye drinks in that one horrible image of the burning plane, surrounded by blue sky, and with "9:01:45, Monday, Sept. 25, 1978" emblazoned on the bottom of the picture, and when the whole thing takes up three-quarters of the front page of a "memorial edition," the mind starts to look for the star-studded cast and the show times.

—N.M.

The Angel Of Rosario

Peggy Jimenez tells of the time when she came up to San Diego from Rosario for a routine checkup. She had sat chatting with the receptionist in the doctor's office, when the receptionist mentioned that she and her husband had always longed to really help people. So they were thinking of joining the Peace Corps, she told Peggy. "I couldn't believe it," Jimenez recalls. She looks amazed as if an El Cajon resident had told her he was going to Florida to get some sun. "I told her, 'You don't need to join the Peace Corps to help people. There's nothing you could be doing in the Peace Corps which we also don't need right here.'"

"Here" is the modest building housing the Rosario Red Cross, just a few dozen yards down one of the unpaved side streets which cut off the main drag in Rosario. Jimenez has directed activities here for a half-dozen years, and today, as usual, emergency underscotes her words. She's just received word that a dam has broken near La Paz in southern Baja; 25,000 people reportedly have lost their homes. So Jimenez works doggedly, alone, pulling out spare blankets out of storage closets; fishing out and counting packets of water purification tablets. Her face bears an even grimmer look than usual, and tension pinches her deep-set eyes. She looks like a person trying to shoulder ten times more than any single individual could handle.

Indeed, it is difficult to take in the functions that this Red Cross encompasses, since it's one of the biggest sources of emergency medical services in Baja. In Mexico, only the Red Cross can pick up and transport victims, so Jimenez says when the drunken American tourist or the neophyte Mexican driver crashes on the lonely stretches of highway between Tijuana and Ensenada, word must wind its way, somehow, to these donation-supported life-savers. No other ambulances, public or private, exist. This Red Cross also runs a clinic, where patients, with care from rich Americans to peasant farmers, pay for routine medical aid with everything from dollars to pesos to cigarettes. Clean but simple hospital rooms in the back, which Jimenez has built up entirely from donated goods, can hold everything from maternity to intensive care patients; a volunteer life-guard service also has cut downings from at least one a week down to almost none. Yet Jimenez and all her other helpers, except for the ambulance drivers and nurses, work as volunteers; no money comes from the Mexican government. "It's like you had a radical passage of Proposition 13," one volunteer tries to explain.

Seven years ago, when the woman director first got involved with the emergency medical organization, things here were a whole order of magnitude bleaker. An American who had married a Mexican and has lived in Rosario for fourteen years, Jimenez then had started teaching first-aid classes through the Red Cross. The building which greeted her was little more than a shack with dirt

floors; the former director had disappeared with one of the ambulances. One day Jimenez found a man in the lobby, bleeding profusely from his head. No one was helping, so she stepped in and took charge. In a sense, she hasn't stopped since. Yet the slender woman shies away from talking about the past. "Just say that things were in a deplorable condition," she says brusquely. Sitting at her disorganized desk, she fiddles with stacks of papers, then suddenly leaps up, unable to bear the inactivity. She looks upstairs at another storage room, where she and another faithful volunteer work through a mountain of miscellaneous hospital goods donated from the United States. The two women sort stacks of stainless steel bedpans, boxes of syringes, dozens of miscellaneous containers and tubes and pieces of glassware. "I'm a professional beggar," Jimenez declares emphatically. The pile shrinks imperceptibly; she never seems to notice its size. Instead, she concentrates on opening these discarded medical supplies as if they were Christmas presents.

—J.D.

Suits And Ties

By the time Old California Square goes into operation, the name might be Very Old California Square. A number of weeks past there was a story in these pages about the developer of the property on the corner of Rosecrans and Sports Arena Boulevard—where the Cal Store slumbers—and the suit he brought against the owner of the land for breach of contract. Local entrepreneur Bob Peterson had made a more substantial offer than the developer, Ben Cipriani (who's been working on the project for three years), to buy the property, and Peterson's offer was snatched up and is in escrow now. In late amendments to his suit, Cipriani has charged Peterson with conspiracy, but the quagmire has thickened even more. Two weeks ago Pete Wolf, one of the tenants who had signed on to set up shop in Cipriani's four-acre "entertainment center" also filed suit against Peterson along with three other tenants. And as if the mess wasn't cozy enough, two L.A. brokerage firms who helped Cipriani get financing are getting set to file suits of their own against Peterson and the owners of the property.

All concerned thought that the way Peterson had to be served with the papers on Wolf's suit was odd and not a little comical. Peterson, who is known to be a difficult man to track down, is the husband of Councilwoman Maureen O'Connor. After trying to get hold of Peterson for three days, the server of the papers decided

he'd try to serve them on O'Connor, who came out of a council meeting and had her secretary, Paul Peterson, with her when the server, Paul Hamby, arrived. "I told her I'd rather serve her husband," Hamby relates, "and she turned her nose up, said he (Peterson) was out of the country, and started to go back in. I said, 'Wait a minute, I'll substitute service on you.' " After Hamby served the papers and returned to the law office where he is a clerk, a phone call came in for him. The voice on the other end said: "Hi, this is Bob Peterson. Where should we meet?" Hamby, who testified to this scenario in an affidavit filed with the court, noted wryly, "If I was thinking, I would have asked how his trip was."

Wolf and Cipriani are a little miffed because they think O'Connor fibbed about Peterson's whereabouts. O'Connor says her husband was out of the country at the time she talked to Hamby. "What burns me up," says Cipriani, "is O'Connor was supposed to be the Kennedy of San Diego when she was elected a couple of years ago." What also burns Cipriani and Wolf is the fact that Maureen O'Connor is vice-chairman of the



Pete Wolf

Metropolitan Transit Development Board, whose trolley line appears to be headed for realization, and the land her husband is trying to buy has been surveyed as a possible site for stanchions supporting a possible extension of the line to the Sports Arena.

According to an MTDB report which studied the possibility of putting an extension of the trolley line from downtown to the Sports Arena, there would also be a parking lot for the Sports Arena terminal somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Old California Square. "The land sat here for years and years," says Cipriani. "So why else is everybody interested in it all of a sudden?"

Peterson reacted with surprise when informed of the possible trolley extension. "Oh, really?" he asked. "Oh my God. If I ever got that property I'd fight them putting those stanchions there. It would lose up the parking."

"The last time we talked about Sports Arena was June, 1977," fumes O'Connor. "We have money for the north/south (downtown to the border) link, period. The extension isn't even proposed. I'm getting a little tired of this," the councilwoman continued. "No one has ever had to tell me about a conflict. I bend over backwards keeping my reputation intact: a, I was unaware he'd acquired the property, and b, any vote pertaining to Mr. Peterson, I abstain from."

MTDB officials say any

extension of the rail line is ten years away. "Last summer, that's what they were saying about the present line," grouses Cipriani.

—N.M.

Think Of Them As Big Stone Trees

Only a few highrise buildings now crowd up to the edge of Balboa Park, but Mel Shapiro already can see an army of them. Shapiro looks at the Imperial House and Bellefontaine buildings which stand together at Sixth and Kalmia on the west side of the park, and at the Casa Del Prado condominiums towering above

Sixth and Upas on the north, and he can envision a ring of steel and concrete which would encircle the park's perimeter like a noose, choking off the sunlight and the breeze and the feeling of open space. The vision reminds him of Central Park in New York, and he grimaces. "How can you compare Central Park with Balboa Park?" he cries. "This park is beautiful. I want to keep it that way."

Shapiro has been worrying about the height of the buildings surrounding Balboa Park since the early 1970s, when proposals to limit development along the coast were commanding attention. "I said Balboa Park to me is just as important as the seashore, and if you erect the highrises, if you make it part of downtown, it just wouldn't be Balboa Park any more."

Round One of his battle came in 1973, when the retired accountant asked the Balboa Park Committee (which advises the Park and Recreation Board, which in turn advises the city council) to recommend a fifty-foot building height limit along Sixth Avenue.

Committee members, however, voted six-to-five not to take a position, and Shapiro charges that the committee chairman, Irving Saloman, who then owned substantial parcels of property along Sixth, had a conflict of interest. Shapiro also claims that Saloman's influence accounts for the cool reception which met the height-limit suggestion when it reached the city planning commission, chaired by Saloman's son-in-law, attorney Louis Wolfshiemer, and at the Park and Recreation Board, then headed by Wolfshiemer's law partner, James Milch.

Frustration also plagued the second round of Shapiro's lobbying efforts, which occurred when the community planning group for the "Uptown" area (the section of the city containing the critical northwest perimeter of the park) drew up its recommendations for Uptown development. Adopted in 1975, called for downsizing much of the Uptown area (changing existing zoning designations to lower densities) it allowed high-density zoning along Sixth Avenue to remain, a move which Shapiro naturally deplored. A recommendation for Sixth Avenue building height limits also disappeared

from the final document, and Shapiro again points an accusing finger in Wolfshiemer's and Saloman's direction.

Since then, Shapiro has almost resigned himself to the advance of the "park view" giants, but the bell for a third round in the debate seems to be sounding. Ironically, the impetus is another controversial Sixth Avenue residence, the historic Klauer House, now facing demolition. While recent public furor has focused on the imminent destruction of the architectural landmark, rather than on sixteen-story apartment-condominium



Mel Shapiro

complex scheduled to replace it, the height of that replacement also has provoked more than just Shapiro's concern.

One of the voices now joining Shapiro's belongs to Uptown attorney Gordon Jackson, who argues, "The problem when you sell a park view to someone who's up there in a building overlooking the park is that you diminish the view of the people who are in the park. They're selling something that belongs to all the people." That argument also apparently troubled Balboa Park Committee member Bob O'Brien, who sat on the committee back in 1973, and who also remembers Saloman railing the group. When O'Brien recently heard about the Klauer House plans, he resurrected the height limitation suggestion, and the committee now is studying the idea.

Shapiro still sounds pessimistic about the chances for a Sixth Avenue height limit succeeding, since amending the community plan would be so difficult. And heavy opposition to such a height limit would surely spring up—from Wolfshiemer at the very least.

Wolfshiemer says he checked with the city attorney about his family's holdings and he says the city attorney told him there was no conflict of interest. Moreover, Wolfshiemer offers a passionate defense of park-perimeter highrises. "Almost every major city in the world that I know of has its highest development around its open space," he says. "You take a look at all the major in-city parks. . . . That's where you have the highest density because you have all this beautiful open space. I would love to see highrise development all around the perimeter of Balboa Park. I



think it's the best deal for the people. They can walk to their park. . . ."

Wolfshiemer pooh-poohs Shapiro's concerns about highrises diminishing the park's value. "You know how big Balboa Park is? You think a shadow from a highrise on Sixth Avenue is going to make any difference?" and, instead, laments that more highrises haven't been built, a situation he attributes to high building costs and community preferences for single-family dwellings. Yet the appeal of the park view condominium seems to be strengthening. Management at the Del Prado building on the north end of the park says it took several years to sell the sixty-six units (which opened for occupancy in May of 1973), but now ten to twelve people inquiring about them are being turned away every week.

—J.D.

—Jeannette DeWayne and Neal Matthews



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Cheap Shots

This letter concerns your article titled "Don't Shoot" ("City Lights," November 2). Don't you guys think this story has been exploited enough? When is the press going to stop nibbling the horrible North Park tragedy?

Haven't the victims suffered enough? Or do they not matter as much as printing hot stories in your paper?

And it's not only the families of those lost that suffered. All day long on September 25 there was a definite sense of panic and sorrow in this city. Flags suddenly dropped to half mast. Handcuffs filled the blood bank and the Red Cross, and there were many other acts of heroism.

But does the press remember those who tried to help that day? No. All it remembers is the mass of bodies that were dumped, two things that are obvious in San Diego by the press nearly every day. It's been more than a month now since the worst aviation disaster in our nation's history, but the media is still going full blast to make sure that the people have every ugly detail. Won't the victims of flight 182 ever rest in peace? Will their names and faces be shown to us every day to mourn over? We shouldn't forget what happened to flight 182, but let's at least let them rest in peace. I don't think this city will ever rest in peace until the fate of flight 182 rests peacefully in the pages of history.

Steve Silva
Point Loma

Makes One Shutter

What was it that irritated me about "Don't Shoot"? The more I read into photographs Leisenow and Fitzsimmons' indignation, the more hostile I became toward their plights. Ah! There it was. The last sentence by Fitzsimmons: "I'm disappointed that the paper's (the Reader's) own news men as much as Los Angeles on TV would."

That's it! These two guys got their professional feelings hurt while emergency personnel were trying to perform their job and keep a handle on their own personal trauma resulting from senseless shock in what they saw, smelled, and felt following the crash of PSA 182.

Really now, does flashing press passes give these photographers the right to disregard the guidelines, let alone the sensitivities, of emergency workers, and callously (aka, professional objectivity)

Letters

snap their shutters to capture the angles of death? And then to print the pictures for what audiences? For the same audience that made the police and security officers so necessary?

No, Fitzsimmons and Leisenow, PSA Flight 182 was neither a cinematic blockbuster nor Officer Mike Dean, the well-behaved cellblock heavy out of a TV episode; but rather, that day and the moments throughout it were a tragedy extending beyond the blocks of North Park, creating more than hurt feelings for the people forced to perform a necessary duty amidst devastation. No apologies needed; you were the victims.

Daniel P. Roarty
Mission Hills

Lay Off, I Said

Regarding your story "Herbal Mag Pulls Up Roots" ("City Lights," October 26), I would like to correct an erroneous impression conveyed by the omission of a few important details. In referring to the layoffs that happened this summer, I was quoted correctly as saying, "They were the ones I could do without." But in the interview I went on to say "in a pinch," which was omitted. I would hope that either I talk too fast, or that Neil Matthews writes too slow, and not that Matthews was trying to complete his "hawk-like" image of me. While it is true that I am learning to be more hard-nosed about certain aspects of business, it is also true that I value each employee who has worked for me. Especially in the case of our art director, who gave our magazine its larger, more professional-looking format. I must say that the omission of those three words, and also of my partner's mention of his importance to the growth of our magazine, painted an unclear picture of where we're at. The lesson for anyone who is running a small business is not to accidentally lay off people when the money is tight (I assure you it wasn't easy), but that as master how much talent you have, if the capital isn't there, or isn't being managed well enough, layoffs will probably need to occur during a crunch. Preventive medicine is the approach Well-Being takes to

Not So Hot

I very much appreciate the last cover story on the hike down the San Diego River, especially since it is one I've long considered. And indeed, I hope my favorite periodical continues to publish an occasional story on back-country areas.

However, for the sake of zoophylophiles, I would like to point out these two very important items. If you go out there in the winter you won't encounter any snakes, and of course, you won't be concerned with heat.

Jerry Benson
San Diego

Alone At The Alumni Dance

Re: your article "Don't I Know You From Somewhere?" (October 12): Either your reporter has misquoted Dr. Kemery, or the good "doctor" has conned him. There is no Hamilton State University in New York, a fact I can attest to from years of experience as a college advisor in a New York City high school. There is a fine private undergraduate institution in upstate New York called Hamilton College, which, as of 1971 when I retired, did not award Ph.D. degrees. Perhaps Dr. Kemery will clarify the facts regarding his educational qualifications.

Lesley Myers
La Jolla

Regarding the discrepancy, Kemery claims he miserably said that Hamilton State University was located in New York, when, in fact, it was based in Arizona. He adds that the Ph.D. he received was an honorary degree. We have been unsuccessful in confirming the existence of the school.

—Editor

Up The River

Just had to tell you how thrilled I was with Steve Sorensen's story, "River Run" (October 26). It was such a wonderful mini-adventure into God's country, and Sorensen did have to keep his head about him. I hope his smile has fully recovered. It's obvious that he cherishes the God-made wonders of the world. He must be part Indian—at least in spirit!

Please let us share more of the beauty you so vividly reveal.

Ann Murphy
San Diego

Mark's Back

As a former San Diegoan who has just returned from two years of traveling abroad, I was just amazed at the progress the Reader has made since I saw it last. The growth of your paper, both in size and quality, is really something. You guys now have a slick, professional paper that is capable, even surprising, say in the area. Your layouts, pictures, and whole visual appearance is much better than I remember, and on the whole your paper is just much more attractive.

Of course, I do have a little criticism. While the content of your paper is a lot better than before, with a lot less of those hacky articles you used to print about lawn bowling or stuff like that, you're still a little too middle-of-the-road for my liking. Come on Reader! Don't be afraid to put yourself on the line once in a while.

Also, why is that stinky Duncan Shepherd still with you guys? It seems to me there must be some more qualified movie critic in the area who doesn't think that just because some film was made in a foreign country it's automatically better than some American film. Another thing: what happened to your record reviews? I really enjoyed them, and though your reviews were sometimes too close for my taste, the record section was often one of the most enjoyable. Since returning to San Diego seven weeks ago I haven't seen a single record review, whereas they were printed regularly two years ago. What's the story?

Well, thanks for letting me get my two cents in. Here's wishing you guys all the best. My weekly Reader is still one of the highlights of my week.

Mark Nelson
San Diego

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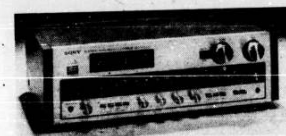
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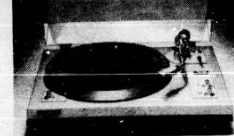
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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
I have some original comedy material that I think George Carlin could use. How do I contact him? And, in general, how does an ordinary person get in touch with show-business people?
Richard S. Julius
Pacific Beach

A library isn't the snappiest place around for breaking into show business, but if you don't know anybody, it's as good a place as any to start. The arts and music section of the downtown library (second floor) keeps several directories for looking up show people. The best or, more, the *Official Talent & Booking Directory*, 1978 edition, gives Carlin's address as follows: Monte Kay Management, 8921 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 90069. (Telephone 213-559-3870.) The two fat volumes of the *Academy Players Directory* is the best source for movie stars, and the *Celebrity Register* lists biographies and addresses for notable people of all kinds, from Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to Andrew Wyeth. (The 1973 register is somewhat out of date, however.) Some minor sources like the *Sandoz Blue-Book* and the *Star Address Book* claim to give home addresses, but nearly always list the addresses of stars' agents. Which brings me to your original question: How do you contact George Carlin? You say you want to pass on some material? You must be joking. If it's that good, you should get yourself an agent. Ask Carlin's if he'll take you on.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I am a European woman with a seven-year-old child. For two years now I have been living in the United States illegally. I

cannot apply for the status of legal resident, since our passports have a note that prohibits my entry into the U.S. until I can prove that I live in Mexico and have the financial backing to move here. The note specifies Mexico because that is the country I was coming from when I came here. After trying to renew my U.S. tourist visa, I entered this country and have been working ever since under a false name. I have not been able to fix my papers since then, and would appreciate any advice you could give me. For obvious reasons I must withhold my name and address.

The Foreigner

San Diego
Your story is fascinating. I hope you won't consider me brash for asking, but

are you single? If you are, one solution to this problem of passports can be obtained with a marriage license. By marrying a U.S. citizen or legal resident, you become eligible to apply for legal residency yourself, while your child becomes eligible for the same when your husband adopts him or her. This opinion comes from Albert Garcia, an immigration consultant, in San Ysidro, and is based on your description of the situation. But it's not the last word on your problem, and you might do well to consult a lawyer. Shopping for an attorney is advised; the fee for adjusting a resident's status can be as high as \$600.

In any case, the Immigration and Naturalization Service won't make you a legal resident for having lived here two

years already. True, marriage seems a high price to pay for legal residency (and it does not make you a U.S. citizen), but since you have been living under an assumed name for two years now, you might think of marriage not as a loss of freedom, but as the gain of another name.

Dear Matthew Alice:

As I was cruising recently down Interstate-805, I saw a lot of orange patches in the canyons. What causes these?

Mr. House

Claremont
Those orange patches catch a lot of attention in the spring and early summer when they appear like scarves spread on the wild shrubs of hillsides. The patches are a flowering plant called dodder. A parasite, dodder contains no chlorophyll and draws its nutrients from green plants. More than one hundred species of dodder exist throughout the world in temperate and semi-arid climates; a half dozen species grow in this count. The one you saw was probably *Cuscuta canadensis*, the type which grows best on one of Claremont Mesa's most abundant wild shrubs, laurel sumac.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, Ca 92138.

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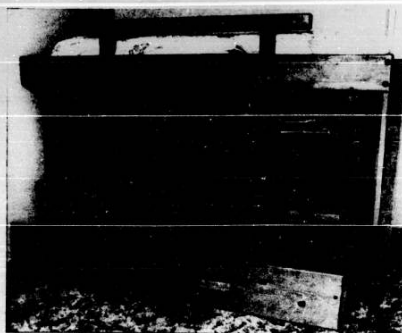
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THE TASTIEST MUSIC IN TOWN

THE FORESTS BELOW

(continued from page 1)

"Go home tonight," he continues. "Look for the more than seventy or so algin products extracted from kelp. You'll find that you're using our product every day."

With well-rehearsed precision, Bolen recites the many uses developed for kelp. "Most everybody knows that it is used in making ice cream. But then there are other kinds of desserts — gels, cakes, puddings, milk shakes, toppings, pie fillings. And dairy products were some of its first uses. There is salad dressing, canned foods, and all kinds of frozen foods. The alginates give these foods a smooth texture and a uniform consistency."

"It's not only food," he grins. "Algin is used to maintain a good head on beer; it keeps the foam from quickly collapsing. "Oh, there is also the printing and paper industry, textile dyeing, ceramics; if it weren't for algin, the colors wouldn't be as bright on these products and the colors would run together. There's paint, adhesives, car polish, cleansers, cosmetics, hand creams, and pharmaceuticals. Even products like carpets, drapes, and upholstery fabrics are coated with alginates to prevent shedding and enhance dyeing. These are really just a few."

To the layman seaweed is seaweed, but to seaweed harvesters there is only one type of interest: *Macrocystis pruriifera*, the giant kelp, or the "sequoias of the sea," as the weed is known in some circles. While the giant kelp beds like those off Point Loma and La Jolla are often taken for granted, there are actually very few areas in the world where the monster seaweed can grow. The ocean water temperature may be too warm, the ocean currents providing the plant with necessary nutrients may be too weak, or the ocean bottom may not be rocky enough to allow the plant to take hold. Consequently, the giant brown kelp is only found in certain spots along the Pacific coasts of Baja California, the United States, and Canada.

Once the "sequoias of the sea" find a suitable place to root, they are the fastest growing plants in the world. Under optimum conditions, they can grow two or more feet in a single day. Mature plants measure up to 200 feet in length.

For an industry based on such a limited and ecologically vulnerable resource (two weeks of ocean temperatures warmer than seventy degrees would destroy an entire kelp bed), Kelco's sprawling operations are enough to convince skeptics that there is plenty of money to be made in the seaweed business. It is one of only three com-

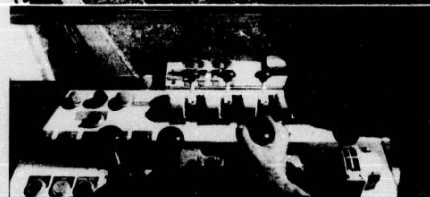
panies in the world engaged in the business of commercially harvesting seaweed, and it is by far the largest producer of algin. Approximately 800 employees are involved — from sea captains and divers to physicists and chemists. Kelco owns five huge, awkward-looking ships that resemble oil tankers. Hedge clipper knives, like large lawnmowers, are attached to conveyor belts that carry the freshly cut kelp on board. The knives trim only the top three or four feet of the weed. Each ship, after one or two days, returns with 500 tons of wet kelp, enough to make 2500 pounds of algin, which is enough to stabilize a 2,000,000-gallon milkshake.

Ron McPeak, a marine biologist, heads a team of five divers employed by Kelco to maintain the kelp beds. They weed around mature plants so the smaller plants have room to grow. They transplant and seed artificially when needed. They even have to use quicklime to combat the green equivalent of locusts — the towhee sea urchin, who back in the 1950s almost completely destroyed the kelp beds. The industry, dependent on adequate yields from kelp, is constantly in touch with these seaweed farmers.

"You never know what you're going to see when you go down in the kelp beds," McPeak says, "and I've been diving since 1951."

Anyone who has had the opportunity to dive and explore the underwater forests off Point Loma and La Jolla can share McPeak's enthusiasm for working as a seaweed farmer. Underwater the kelp forests seem green. The water has filtered out the red from the sunlight, leaving no clue that the plant is actually brown. The tall vines and leafy blades sway rhythmically with the steady, cool ocean currents; the thousands of tiny gas-filled bladders keep the huge plants upright. The only sound is the gurgling of air bubbles. It is a jungle of marine life. Kelp crabs and conical snails, all well camouflaged, graze up and down the fronds, hoping to avoid their fate as a meal for larger creatures. School after school of small fish, some red, some orange, some yellow, swim by. One even has bright blue stripes surrounding his thin red body; he looks like a barber's pole. Larger fish, much larger than the small creatures in lake forests, begin to approach, seemingly curious as to what species the kelp bed has attracted this time. Perch, rockfish, croakers, kelp bass, and such delicacies as abalone, rock scallops, and even the California spiny lobster have made their homes here, all looking considerably different from their well-scrubbed and manicured cousins packed in ice inside store freezers.

Although sharks and whales are always on the mind of even the most experienced diver, they are a rare sight. "It was back in 1973 at the Point Loma kelp beds," McPeak begins, delving into his well-stocked reservoir of diving tales. "My partner and I were transplanting kelp. I had this eerie feeling that we were being watched. I turned around, looked up and saw this three- or four-inch eyeball peering down on us. The whale was no more than twelve feet away. Just lying there watching. And then, when we both turned



around, he just swam off. Simply curious."

"The shark was more exciting," continues McPeak. "We had just been talking about white sharks, because we found the carcasses of a couple of sea otters nearby that had been attacked. As I was coming up to the boat, this big shark came swimming by within ten feet. I hid behind one of the kelp plants, whatever good that would do. It was only a basking shark. They're the second largest in the world, but they mostly feed on the plankton."

Seaweed farmers like Ron McPeak have more than a casual fondness for the shy sea otter. That animal will lie on his back and, using his chest, his dexterous forepaws, and a flat stone, deftly break open his tasty catch, a prickly black sea urchin. The sea otter is thus a kelp farmer's best friend. Sea urchins have been known to devour the roots of several hundred giant kelp plants in a matter of weeks, causing the tall plant to float away and eventually rot on the beach. Before restrictions were placed on the hunting of sea otters, the sea otter-

urchin-kelp ecological relationship was awry. Only in the last couple of decades has this precarious balance been restored. "Kelp is a very limited resource," warns McPeak. "A farmer can go out and chase and plow up another forty acres. We can maybe increase a forty-acre kelp bed to forty-two, but there are simply only certain places it can grow. And there have been very bad stormy conditions the last couple of years. Kelp needs plenty of sunlight. We were really concerned there last winter during all those storms as to how it would do."

Outside Kelco's bay-side plant under the Coronado Bridge, visitors are greeted at each of the many gates with a jumble of signs, all competing for one's attention: Absolutely No Admittance Without Pass From Officer; Danger; Underground Lines; Steam, Water, Alcohol; No Smoking Beyond This Point; Put Butts Here; Danger; Fire Lane; Danger; High Voltage Area.

"Most people in town don't know how large we are. I'm always getting phone calls from people who want to know if we are interested in buying some kelp that they just picked up off the beach."



Danger, Hard Hat Area; Danger, Eye Goggles Must Be Worn; No Parking; and Speed — 4 1/2 MPH.

Inside the plant, men in street clothes and yellow hard hats make their way around the complex sets of machinery and pipes that weave in and out of ladders, tall silos, steamy boilers, and ovens. At the adjoining docks, the kelp cutters unload the wet tons of decaying kelp. Later it will be cleaned, filtered, separated, chopped up, boiled, heated, dried, and processed into fine powders. Depending on the process and the chemicals extracted, the final products bear such names as Kellose, Kelvis, Keltek, Kelgin F, Kelco-Gel L.V., Kelzan, Kelcoloid D, Margal, and Keltrif F. All these items were developed at Kelco's research laboratories, located across town in suburban Serra Mesa.

In contrast to the processing plant, the research and administrative buildings are campus-like, modern and properly landscaped. Approximately seventy men and women, clad in white lab coats, work here. "Most people in town don't know how large we are," offers Pat Start, a receptionist in the main administrative office. "I'm always getting phone calls from people who want to know if we are interested in buying some kelp that they just picked up off the beach."

Doubling as a tour guide, Start leads the way to one of the laboratories, where several staff chemists are watching a sheet full of freshly baked cookies being taken out of one of the many ovens scattered about. Gail Evans, whose long brown hair is tied

in pigtails and whose blue T-shirt the letters "KELCO" on the front is barely visible behind her long white smock, is the first to offer a cookie.

"It's made with seaweed," she says with a smile. "I'm just trying to see how much seaweed to use in place of the one-half teaspoon of salt the recipe calls for."

"We usually don't do this kind of work here," Evans feels compelled to explain. "A lady from the Jacques Cousteau Society called us up wondering if we could find out how to make seaweed cookies. We're just doing it as a favor. Good PR, I guess."

The laboratory itself is a curious blend of a fully stocked kitchen — with pots, pans, ovens, stoves, and even familiar canned foods — and a more conventional research center — with microscopes, test tubes, centrifuges, flasks, and hundreds of bottles, each with its appropriate chemical insignia.

In the far corner, on a stool, sits a man painstakingly adjusting what appears to be a large drill into a familiar jar of thick, red Hunt's Salsa Spaghetti Sauce. Another white-frosted individual nearby is working with a bag of Friskies dog food, while yet another is peering into a bowl of what looks like Jello. Pat Start, the receptionist, says, "We are always trying to get new clients by showing them that their product could be made better by using our product."

Walking down the long, narrow hallways reminiscent of high school and college science departments, Start points to some of the many ovens scattered about. Gail Evans, whose long brown hair is tied

pending on their function, stock textiles, cosmetics, or large, unidentified paint cans. Other laboratories are at work on substitutes for kelp products. Xanthan gum, which was developed in these labs, is one. Kelco recently spent \$34 million on another factory in Oklahoma to manufacture xanthan gum. This organism, which can be grown in corn syrup, won for Kelco the coveted Food Technology Achievement Award in 1974 and has increasingly proven more versatile than the kelp products in some areas, notably, oil-drilling technology.

Forest of the Sea, a polished, eighteen-minute color film, complete with actors playing roles as Kelco employees, ends dramatically. Along the shore in Ocean Beach, an elderly actor/narrator portraying a retired Kelco sea captain, a veteran of forty years at the helm of a kelp cutter, turns his back to the camera and walks away. A young, blond surfer, emerging from the ocean, obstructs the sea captain's departure. A surfboard under his left arm, the surfer's right hand reaches for a strand of brown kelp clinging to his wet suit. With disdain, he throws it on the sand, and film fades to the accompaniment of a musical crescendo.

Ron Bolen turns on the lights, and while methodically rewinding the projector, he admits that he has only been in the seaweed business, as Kelco's, for a few months. "I was in advertising before this. Then while I was visi-

ting San Diego a friend of mine told me about a friend of his who was an executive at Kelco. When he told me what Kelco did, I have to admit, I had some doubts."

Today Bolen seems a veteran seaweed executive, as he lambasts "those ecological nuts who say we are raping the environment. People see our kelp cutters out there and they think we are just another company ripping off the environment. Actually, it's in our own best interests to be conservationists and make sure nothing happens to those kelp beds."

Like many other Kelco employees, Bolen feels that his work goes unappreciated by a public that does not understand the valuable contributions made by seaweed, the seaweed industry, and Kelco in particular. Nonetheless, even environmentalists who fully understand what Kelco does continue to voice their concern that the company is tampering with the fragile and delicate ecological relationship existing in the kelp beds. Abalone fishermen have complained that the quicklime used to kill the sea urchins has also decreased their yield of abalone. And surfers, who like the way the tall kelp soothes their waves, curse at the kelp cutters who mow off the important top three or four feet of their ocean lawn.

Still, there are those who would relish the thought of Kelco uprooting every plant, in order to keep the 200-foot-long nuisance from blighting the beaches. These critics do not welcome the fact that, as far as Kelco is concerned, San Diego's underwater forests are here to stay.

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Off the Cuff

How do you react to pick-up lines?



Gwen Duckett
Recapitulator
North Park
I thought I'd heard them all till I was sitting at the bus stop the other day and this guy comes up asking real serious about the bus. So I'm explaining and he waits all through it and then he says, "Well, how about me catchin' your bus and ridin' right on home with you?" and I had to start laughing because it was such a good one. The all-time favorite is, "Hey baby, what's your name?" and boy am I sick of that one!



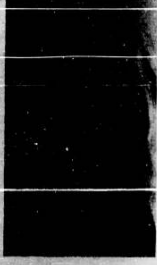
Jackie Kuntz
Unemployed
Spring Valley
If he's really gross then I just keep walking, but if he's nice looking, then I'll say hello or maybe I'll just smile. You gotta be casual. It doesn't matter so much what he says; it depends more on what he looks like and his attitude when he says it. The most common thing they say is, "You look good today, baby!"



Tami Pegler
Assistant Manager
La Jolla
These guys I don't know at all are always approaching me with questions like, "What are you doing tonight?" I guess they just take my appearance for what it's worth and I usually just pass it off. Me and my girlfriend were walking in Italy this summer and these guys come up and start telling us about a big quake that just hit Southern California. I told her not to listen to them because I knew it was just another pick-up line they were just using on us to make us stand there and pay attention to them.



Susan
Student
Horizon Hills
Just today some guy says to me right on the boardwalk, "Why don't you take off your clothes?" and I laughed. Then I said, "Why don't you take off yours first?"



Sandy Rogers
Student
Mission Beach
You hear so many of them all the time you just can't even think of one, except I remember this one guy the other day because he was so ridiculous. He just walks up to me out of the blue and says, "Hey, isn't your name Carol?" And I say, "No," and he goes, "Oh no, I think it's Sue. Oh, don't tell me. I know you from somewhere. It's Linda, isn't it?" and so on. This guy goes through every name and I knew what he was doing. He was crazy to try that one.

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CLASS & INSTRUCTOR	DAYS	DATES	TIME	AREA	PRICE
COOKING FOR SINGLE MEN Nancy Holmgren	Monday	4, 11, 18	7-8:30	Crescendo	25
A NEW BEGINNING—STARTING NEW RELATIONSHIPS The Single	Sunday	10	2-5:00	Balboa Park	25
COPING WITH THE HOLIDAYS AS A SINGLE Rita DeRosa	Saturday	9	9:30-4:00	Downtown	15
COMBINE SURGERY—WHY NOT NOW? Dr. Kenneth Spake	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	Downtown	5
COMMUNICATING ABOUT SEXUALITY Mary Christensen	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	Pacific Beach	30
IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK A LOT LIKE CHRISTMAS Cathy Jones	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	Pacific Beach	30
INITIATING RELATIONSHIPS Susan Aron	Friday	1, 8, 15, 22	7:30-9:30	El Cajon	25
BELLY DANCING Helen Landwehr	Saturday	2, 9, 16, 23	10:30-12:30	Chula Vista	25
SOLO DANCING I Danae W.	Friday	1, 8, 15, 22	3-4:45	Chula Vista	25
SOLO DANCING II Danae W.	Friday	1, 8, 15, 22	5-6:45	Chula Vista	25
BOOM DANCING David Kane	Thursday	7, 14, 21, 28	7-9:00	30th & Adams	35 couples
ELEGANCE FOR THE MATURE WOMAN Margaret Mitchell	Thursday	7, 14, 21, 28	7-9:00	La Jolla	20
LETTING GO Sherry Aronson	Saturday	2, 9, 16, 23	9:30-11:30	Balboa	30
TOTAL ASSERTION Anne Madson	Wednesday	13	11:30-7-9:00	La Jolla	10
RACHELGOOD SURVIVAL Martha Avelar	Thursday	7, 14, 21	7-9:00	La Jolla	15
CHRISTMAS IS CREATING Martha Avelar	Thursday	7, 14, 21	7-9:00	La Jolla	15
HOW TO HANG GLIDING Randy Aronson	Tuesday	5, 12, 19, 26	7-7:1	Mira Mesa	10
TRANQUILITY WITHOUT TRANQUILIZERS Randy Aronson	Tuesday	5, 12, 19, 26	7-7:1	Mira Mesa	10
HOW TO START YOUR OWN CHURCH Leland Nelson	Thursday	5, 12, 19, 26	7-9:00	Santee	25
LAS VEGAS GAMBLING Leland Nelson	Thursday	5, 12, 19, 26	7-9:00	Santee	25
LEARNING MYSELF (1 parent/1 child) Cathy Jones	Saturday	16 or 23	9:30-4:00	Chula Vista	20
ELEMENTARY PIANO Angie Amich	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	Stadium area	20
ELEMENTARY GUITAR Angie Amich	Saturday	16	12-2:00	Stadium area	20
DRAWING THRU SEEING Sue Leland	Saturday	16	9:30-4:30	Balboa Park	20
PHOTOGRAPHY FOR PUBLICATION Bill Reid	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	Old Town	20
AUTOMOTIVE SURVIVAL FOR WOMEN Linda Maud	Tuesday	5, 12, 19, & TRA*7-9:30	7-9:00	La Mesa	20
ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN Sue Leland	Friday	1, 8, 15	7-9:00	Downtown	25
YOU'RE WORTH MORE THAN YOU'RE MAKING Martha Avelar	Saturday	16	8:30-4:00	Mission Valley	25

CLASS & INSTRUCTOR	DAYS	DATES	TIME	AREA	PRICE
SMART HOUSE BUYING MADE SIMPLE Alan Korb	Saturday	9	9:30-3:30	Mission Valley	25
BUYING OR SELLING A BUSINESS R. Allen Lyman	Saturday	2	9-1:00	San Diego Proper	25
PROFESSIONAL SELLING SKILLS R. Allen Lyman	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:00	9:30-3:30	Mission Valley	25
COMPUTERS FOR NON-COMPUTER PEOPLE Randy Aronson	Tuesday	5, 12, 19, & TRA*7-9:00	9:30-3:30	Mission Valley	25
SMALL BUSINESS BOOKKEEPING Randy Aronson	Thursday	2 & 9	9:30-3:30	La Mesa	25
HOW TO SELL WHAT YOU WRITE Randy Aronson	Thursday	7, 14, 21, 28	7-9:00	Downtown	25
HYDRO-CULTURE GARDENING Randy Aronson	Tuesday	Dec. 6, 13, 20	7:15-9:30	Pacific Beach	15
TRAVEL—GREATEST TRAVEL BARGAIN Randy Aronson	Wednesday	6, 13, 20, 27	7-9:00	San Carlos	24
HANDWRITING ANALYSIS Randy Aronson	Saturday	16	9-3:30	Downtown	20
WILDERNESS SURVIVAL SKILLS John Whitting	Monday	4, 11, 18, & TRA*7-9:30	9:30-3:30	Pacific Beach	25
INTERMEDIATE SAILING Dave Blum	Friday	8, 15, 22, & Sat 23	7-9:30	Mission Gorge	35
BE A SUPER SECRETARY Dr. Elin Oberg	Saturday	16	9-12:00	Downtown	15
YOGA Randy Aronson	Monday	Dec. 4, 11, 18	6:30-8:30	Mission Hills	20
RADIO SHACK COMPUTER PROGRAMMING Randy Aronson	Thursday	Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28	7-9:30	San Carlos	30

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RUNNING COMMENTARY

ROBERT NORDLIE
You've all seen him, or her, or them. Probably you've been or are now one yourself. You're a Runner and you're carrying a good deal of heavy water in your Moccas (Moccasin) Hemoglobin T-shirt as you round the corner in Point Loma and head for home. What used to be called the power of positive thinking has banished all those foot of pain—the repetitious blister on the ball of your foot that takes joy in rubbing itself the wrong way against your shoe; the pulled groin muscle three years old this day (you rebelled against the Long-Slow-Dull regimen that day, remember? and tried some wild sprints, and your aging trunk counteracted); the permanently swollen ankle (whichever ankle you please) that everyone asks about at the spa; the rattling knee held in place by one of those elastic slave bands that makes your leg look bolted on like a prosthesis; the persistent but temporary (maybe) knifing thrust between shoulder blades wrenched by pull-ups in the fog on a weary Sunday—ignoring all these, I say, you are now plodding with anticipation through the final years to the haven of the refrigerator, which stocks all the beer you can drink, because, as Dr. Sheehan observes, "running takes it right off." Except that the next day you have to run ten miles around Mission Bay on a hangover, head throbbing, gut thirsty, muscles a sodden drag.

And shirts, or cooling the Gookinaid E.R.G. and dispensing it en route. But now she wants to run with him, or even without him. This is the new, close, sweaty lifestyle stumbling out of the confusion of our obsolete social patterns. The his-and-hers runners are that inevitability of our times, an ever-spreading metastasis aching to be turned into a hyphenated symbol. There they go: both upper-middle-class academic professionals (she's going to law school; he teaches sociology), both dieting, both half-tan with outdoor pallor. Soon they'll move to new jobs at UCLA, but what if one of them gets the electrolyte of fanaticism into the dendrites, and starts doing one hundred per week and carbohydrate loading?

As for independence, all you encounter is cranky individualists who insist on running at their speed, over their distance, at their time of day, swearing that their devotion would land them thirty seconds behind last year's America's Finest City Half-Marathon time. These people are so serious that a greeting from a fellow runner is usually received with baffled incomprehension, like the logical positivist philosopher who wonders what someone meant by "hello."

It's true that runners do at least "gather" for their various arcana of self-expression—their cake runs, their fun runs, their runs for life, their runs to defeat Proposition 6 or promote Proposition 5, their biathlons, their triathlons, their all-comers meets, their handicap runs, their fitness jogs, their family runs, their twenty-four-hour relays to benefit the kidney foundation, and the like. But all they talk about is training, injuries, and the love of the sport (not necessarily in that order). No, far from being a Renaissance man, your modern runner is likely to cram all of humanity's activities into a small, humid locker. They expatiate on running and being running and God, running with Jesus, running and nihilism, running and persons, children running with single parents, preschool running, the golden age runner and his problems running for number one, running without fear, running and madness. They discourse learnedly on treadmill times, age-weight-time ratios, pulse rates, vital capacities, cardiovascular endurance, blood in the urine, backache, hematomas, hamstring pulls, lactic acid buildup, metatarsals, Achilles' tendon troubles, and bean sprouts. They therapodize on the true grit of solitary running on ice or through snowdrifts, running across the Mojave in the good season (the winter), running in the rain—cool weather is better, as if you didn't know by now, for distance running. Their back issues of *Runner's World*, *Track and Field News*, and *San Diego Track Club Newsletter* are preserved fast in the epoxy of memory, for these are the tablets given on Mt. Sinai. They all have more than one story about some portly AAU official wearing a baseball cap who fouled up the finish of their favorite race. They dogmatize like Cotton Mather or the old Governor Brown about techniques and coaches—on interval training versus long slow distance, Farlek (anybody remember that?) and tempo running, Ceruty's sand dunes, Lydard's visit to Finland and Balboa Park, T. Nett in prewar Germany, Stamp forgotten in Australia, Igloi, Hal Higdon, Bowerman fishing for runners in Oregon.

We've heard too much about the improved fitness, better sleeping habits, heightened sexual congress, superior digestion, and transcendental ecstasies that are claimed to transport the runner out of the eco-destructive chaos of modern life.

Did You See What I Saw?

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Elka R.: Well, if you want to know what I thought of the San Diego Opera's *Così fan tutte*, it was all fluff, confectionary sugar, like a wedding cake. The opera is so light and trivial, it doesn't have any depth at all. And those ideas about women being incapable of fidelity in love — who wants that nonsense? Do you know what I did when Don Alfonso came out with that antifeminist diatribe? — "A man in danger, lost in the jungle's wilderness or in a shipwreck, is safer than the simpleton who founds his hopes on woman and her fidelity." I boooed; I hissed. And the acting wasn't convincing — you could always tell they were playing roles. The girls were just silly, and the men were completely untruthful. Now, in a comedy, you've got to feel sympathy for somebody, but I couldn't believe in any of them and I didn't care what happened to any of them. If I had paid for my ticket, I would have demanded my money back.

Jonathan S.: Of course it's all fluff — but that's the whole point. What the librettist, Lorenzo Da Ponte, was aiming at was to take an absurd proposition — that no woman can remain faithful for even a day — and to pretend to demonstrate its truth by means of a thoroughly absurd plot and thoroughly absurd stock characters. Everything is artificial, symmetrical, contrived — that's precisely the nature of this libretto, and what makes it so delightful. Fiordiligi and Dorabella are silly and frivolous in their actions and sentiments. Sure they are — just listen to their names! — and so are their boyfriends, Ferrando and Guglielmo. Much of the music they sing is a glorious parody of the arias in the serious, dignified operas of the period, with their lofty ideals, noble passions, and grandiose declamation. The girls' love of music is a parody of the sentimental style,

their grief music is a parody of the violent style, and while they are singing, the orchestra is making constant ironic comments on their exaggerated and self-conscious emoting. As to the men — if you could tell they were playing roles, that's just what you were supposed to tell. After all, the two young men have disguised themselves as Albanians and are pretending to be dying of love for the two ladies — it's all play-acting, and we are meant to be aware of that all along. Stage director Jac Bouwens seems to have coached his singers in a completely appropriate acting style — somewhat broad, somewhat sugary, fairly artificial, in line with the general tone of the opera.

Elka R.: But if you admit that the plot and the characters and the sentiments are all artificial, how can you say it's a good opera?

Jonathan S.: It's the artificiality that makes it a good opera, a great opera, the greatest of operas. In fact, *Così fan tutte* shows us the absolute essence of opera, with every element in it — including the artificiality — brought to a height of perfection. What can be more artificial than for people to sing to each other instead of talking — not to mention their singing together in quartets and sextets? If you can accept that fundamental convention, however artificial it may be, why not accept ridiculous wagers, disguised lovers, rapid changes of heart, tricky servants, and all the rest?

Elka R.: But what about feeling? What's the point in going to the theater — even the operatic theater — if your emotions aren't going to be touched?

Jonathan S.: What makes *Così fan tutte* so wonderful is that the artificial plot, type characters, conventional ideas, and mock sentimentality are again and again transcended by the most beautiful — and the most deeply felt — music ever composed. Ferrando, the tenor, is faking when he makes love to Fiordiligi, the soprano, but



Susanne Marceau, Andrew Foldi, Sung-Sook Lee

his music is so ravishing, so filled with longing and sensuality and ecstatic devotion, that it brings tears to one's eyes. No wonder poor Fiordiligi can't resist. And if Fiordiligi's big aria in the First Act is a parody, her big aria in the Second Act is truly poignant, deeply felt, filled with sincere tenderness and self-reproach and resolution to remain steadfast to her absent lover. This music is all the more moving because of the artificiality of the cir-

cumstances in which it is sung.

Elka R.: Maybe I just don't like opera. Or maybe the production wasn't a good one.

Jonathan S.: That's what I would say was wrong. One of the sisters was dressed in baby pink and the other was dressed in baby blue, and the whole thing was a pink and blue production. Lucy R.: The sisters looked like Barbie dolls.

Jonathan S.: The men looked like refugees from *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Jonathan S.: I suppose you're right that the costumes, by John Naccarato and Edward Johnson, were not the most outstanding part of the production. Maybe the details or the colors or the cut of the gowns were not of the utmost elegance and finish, but the designers' basic choices seemed to me substantially correct. The pink and blue were intentionally a little cloying, a little fluttery and doll-like, for that was at least partially what the characters of the girls called for (though I confess I would have preferred costumes more pompous and extravagant, to match the girls' other characteristics). And when the boys were disguised as Albanians, naturally they looked as though they had just come in from the musical comedy stage — they were in disguise, after all, and it was supposed to be a silly disguise.

Elka R.: They looked exactly like themselves, with a pair of moustaches plastered on. I don't see how their girlfriends could have been taken in for a moment.

Jonathan S.: But this is an artificial, operatic comedy, not *Hedda Gabler*. Besides, the point the costume designers were making was that these girls (like all women, according to the libretto) have no judgment in matters sexual and romantic — they can't tell one man from another. Lucy R.: I didn't like the stage set. It seemed so tricky and overdone. That raked circular platform with the symmetrical design on it, and the various bits of stylized furniture that changed from scene to scene, and all those rococo flourishes all over everything.

Jonathan S.: I saw the same things you did, but my reaction was exactly the opposite of yours: I thought John Naccarato's

set was just what *Così fan tutte* asks for. Its symmetries, its clever devices, its stylization, its decorativeness — all were completely in conformity with the atmosphere of an imagined eighteenth-century upper-class Naples. There was such a nice sense of coordination in the visual details, even to the cartouche in the proscenium arch and the ornate spiral decorations on the flies.

Jonathan S.: The stage squeaked! Whenever anyone moved, it set up the most awful squeaking, like a symphony of uncoiled hinges.

Jonathan S.: But I didn't hear a single squeak!

Jonathan S.: I heard squeaks from row N of the Loge section.

Lucy R.: I heard them from row Z in the Balcony.

Jonathan S.: Curious acoustics! I was in row J of the Orchestra, and I swear there were no squeaks.

Christie E.: What I'm more concerned with is the squeaks in the voices. I thought the singing was only fair, and sometimes poor. The soprano, Sung-Sook Lee, never sang quite on pitch. The tenor, Joseph Evans, couldn't reach his high notes. The maid Despina, sung by Katherine Hindle-Brydon, had a thin, shrill, squeaky voice.

Jonathan S.: I agree that the singing was not world-shakingly great. Some of the singers had evident flaws in technique. Both Sung-Sook Lee (Fiordiligi) and Joseph Evans (Ferrando) produce their top notes incorrectly, so that they have to strain and still can't manage to reach what they're straining for. Miss Lee was, as you say, sometimes flat. But in spite of the flaws, I thought both singers did respectable jobs: the voices themselves were

lowly, the technique was otherwise relatively secure, and both Miss Lee and Mr. Evans have a fine understanding of the Mozart line and phrase. As for Miss Hindle-Brydon (Despina), I couldn't disagree more with what you've said about her. The role of Despina calls for a high, light soprano. It is a typical eighteenth-century soubrette role, and Miss Hindle-Brydon's voice is exactly suited to it. The voice was well produced, there was no trouble with the tops, and the singing was altogether charming and musically — not a squeak in it.

Lucy R.: Up where we were sitting, you could scarcely hear it.

Jonathan S.: Poor Miss H-B can't be blamed for the failings of the architect of the Civic Theatre, can she? And what about the other singers? Susanne Marceau was extremely good as Dorabella, with a lovely floating tone and an admirable ability to express passion, coquetry, or humor while at the same time letting us hear all the notes. Equally pleasing was Lenus Carlson (Guglielmo), with his clear, smoothly articulated, lyric baritone voice.

And Andrew Foldi's Don Alfonso was an exceptionally good characterization, appropriately sung, deftly acted, suave, ironic, wittily expressive in vocal phrasing and physical gesture. Even if no one in this production was outstandingly brilliant as a singer, the cast as a whole was quite good, and since much of the singing in *Così fan tutte* is in ensembles, whatever slight shortcomings the individual singers might have were much less exposed than they would have been in a Handel opera, for example, which is composed entirely of solos.

And the ensemble singing was really excellent — a tribute to conductor Theo Alcantara as well as to the singers themselves.

Christie E.: Theo Alcantara! I thought his conducting was terribly dull and unimaginative.

Jonathan S.: The pacing was awful.

Lucy R.: There wasn't any variety. It all sounded alike.

Jonathan S.: From where I sat, the conducting certainly did lack the final degree of vitality and color. The little orchestral phrases that comment ironically on the action were not sufficiently pointed, the rhythm sometimes seemed mechanical, and many of the subtle effects of humor were obscured. But, all in all, I found the conducting more than adequate, and the pace was brisk enough for my tastes. I also very much appreciated the harpsichord continuo, although the electronic amplification made it slightly too loud. Musically, this seemed to me a winning performance, true to the spirit of Mozart's marvelous score. Visually, I found it pleasing, and as theater, I found it lively, comical, entertaining, a delight.

Lucy R.: Everything looked cheap and tasteless.

Jonathan S.: Everything dragged along; the staging was amateurish.

Elka R.: The opera itself is simply not worth thinking about.

Jonathan S.: Look, maybe we attended different performances. Sometimes opera performances can differ radically from one night to another. When did you go?

Lucy R.: Tuesday.

Christie E.: Tuesday.

Jonathan S.: Tuesday. And what about you?

Jonathan S.: Tuesday. . . . But we can still go on being friends, can't we? □

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READERS GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92183.**

Sports

CHARGER FOOTBALL. The San Diego Chargers will play host to the Kansas City Chiefs, Sunday, November 14, 1 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 280-2111.

CLIPPER BASKETBALL. The San Diego Clippers come home to play Indiana, Tuesday, November 14, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176.

AMATEUR BOXING. The Amateur Athletic Association Inter-City Boxing Championship will make its local debut on Wednesday, November 15, House of Ice, 5333 Lake Murray Boulevard, La Mesa. Call for times. 425-0561 or 425-9061.

Lectures

WORLD FOOD AND HUNGER MONTH. SDSU will get under way with a lecture by Frances Moore Lappé, author of "Diet for a Small Planet" and "Food and Survival: The Myth of Scarcity." Thursday, November 9, 7:30 p.m., Montezuma Hall, SDSU. 286-5204.

"NEW AGE ISSUES IN LIFE INTERACTIONS." A ten-part video/discussion series, begins with "Koinonia, a Spiritual Retreat Community for Persons in Transition." Thursday, November 9, 7:30 p.m., CPR, 1529 Hornbush Street, Pacific Beach. 273-4673.

FORNBERG WHITE HOUSE COUNSEL. John Demers will speak about his experiences during the Watergate scandal. Thursday, November 9, 8 p.m., Camino Theatre, USD, Alcala Park. 271-4431 or 425-6256.

"NON-RATIONAL FORMS OF ART: RANDOMNESS AND CHANGE." will be the topic of a lecture by Melinda Wertz, Friday, November 10, 10 a.m. to noon, Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"DR. W.E.B. DUBOIS: A ZEST FOR LIFE" will be the topic of a lecture by Herbert Apthamer, director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies, Friday, November 10, 1 p.m., Life Sciences Building, room 284, SDSU. 286-5455.

"WOMEN IN GREECE," a feminist forum presented by the Center for Women's Studies and Services, will take place Tuesday, November 14, 7:30 p.m., CWSS, 908 F Street. 233-8994.

"NEW VIEWS OF WOMEN" lecture series continues with "From Subliminal Seduction to Rape: Sexual Assault in America," presented by Joan Koopfer, coordinator of San Diego County Sexual Assault Services, Wednesday, November 15, 3 p.m., room SS-100, SDSU.

UCSD NEW POETRY SERIES continues with novelist and UCSD instructor Reinhard Lettau, Wednesday, November 15, 4 p.m., Revelle Formal Lounge, UCSD. 452-2533.

FOURTH ANNUAL POETRY READING SERIES, sponsored by the Feminist Poetry and Graphics Center, continues with Paul Dressman, Lawrence Brown, Steve Anderson, Klingman, and Jane Stein, Wednesday, November 15, 7 p.m., Lecture Room, San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown.

"NATURAL EVOLUTION OF MUSICAL SCALLES" will be the next offering of the Ed Yadinovsky, Thursday, November 16, 3 p.m., building 408, Warren Campus, UCSD. 452-5363.

Special Events

CHINESE FOLK FESTIVAL. The cultural contributions of Chinese-Americans will be honored with exhibits and demonstrations (including a calligraphy demonstration by Victor Chan, Sunday, November 12, 2 p.m.) through November 12, Villa Montezuma, 1925 K Street. 239-2211.



The violin first appeared in the mid-Sixteenth Century, a product of Italian master craftsmen like Andrea Amati. Using what are today considered only the most primitive tools, he was able to fashion out of wood elegant instruments of unusual beauty and sweetness of tone. In the great tradition of the time, Amati's craft was carried on by his sons, who made violins all played today and still famous for their quality.

It was Nicola Amati, grandson of Andrea, who became the teacher of a young apprentice named Antonio Stradivari. Stradivari went on to make nearly 1500 violins in his lifetime, most of which are considered among the best violins ever made. One of the things which distinguished Stradivari's violins was the unique varnish he developed, a varnish which preserved the wood well and kept it pliant. But experts generally agree that it was Stradivari's overall skill as a woodworker that enabled him to produce instruments of such extraordinary quality and tone.

Evidently the early makers of the violin knew what they were about, for in the 500 or so years since its development, the design and construction of the instrument have changed very little. The top is nearly always made of red Engelmann spruce, and the back, ribs, and scroll of maple. All of the wood used is well seasoned, and several stages of construction must take place during dry weather; otherwise, moisture can enter the wood and distort or crack the finished product. The graduation, or variation of the wood thickness on the back

Film

"THE COW," a French film about a farmer who loses his most valuable possession, will be screened Thursday, November 9, 2 and 7 p.m., room P-32, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x334.

"ELLA CINDERS," the original, uncensored version of the silent film epic will be presented with live organ accompaniment by Gayle Carter, Saturday, November 11, 8 p.m., Southland Music Center, 3450 Imperial Avenue, Lemon Grove. 463-0308.

"NEW AGE CONSCIOUSNESS," a film series coordinated by Joan Levine and Phyllis de Piccolto, continues with two films of Ram Dass, "Evolution of a Yogi" and "Illusion of Separateness," and "Expanding the Limits of Consciousness," Sunday, November 12, 11 a.m., Ken Cinema, 4061

KUNG FU DEMONSTRATION. featuring the 5th Kum Kung Fu Troupe, will take place Saturday, November 11, 1 p.m., Kung Food restaurant, 2409 Fifth Avenue.

NATURE TOURS conducted by the San Diego Audubon Society, covering plants, animal life, and rock formations in the 465-acre Silverwood wild life sanctuary, will take place every Sunday, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood sanctuary, Holmes Mountains, five and one-half miles east of Lakeside on Wildcat Canyon Road. 291-4271.

Radio/TV

When first conceived, FM stereo broadcasting held the enticing promise of providing the illusion of live music. Close your eyes, its proponents would say, and you'll be able to imagine a full orchestra in front of you. Sadly enough, this has not been the case. Anyone can tell the difference between the radio and a live performance. And this is not due to the limitations of a home equipment. Most high-quality stereo systems (costing, say, \$750 or more) can outperform the signal broadcast by a radio station. FM sound is constrained, with none of the ease and openness and bite of live music. FM also suffers in comparison with records, especially, when compared with direct discs and with some finely engineered conventional records.

The root causes of this anomaly lie in the competition for listeners across the FM dial and in the listening habits of the mass audience. Each station wants to sound louder than the others on the theory that listeners will prefer a station with a strong signal. Since a strong musical passage can be mistaken for a weak signal, most stations boost the quiet sections of the music. Why risk being overlooked (and underheard) as the quiet dial in search of a station? In order to maintain a loud signal without overmodulating (which is illegal) during loud musical peaks, however brief they may be, stations employ limiters, which reduce those peaks to the same level as the rest of the signal. The result is that low, middle, and peak levels in the original music sound equally loud—a compression of the dynamic range of music which sounds most unlike life.

Dynamic compression is fine when listening is confined to low-volume background music. Unfortunately, most listeners use FM for just that purpose—or so stations claim. True or not, it is another justification for the use of compressors and limiters. Listeners with a preference for live levels must suffer.

Also, stations use equipment which is rugged and reliable. Turntables and



and top, is the most difficult step, perhaps because it is so important in determining the eventual tone of the instrument. The suitability of San Diego's climate has led several contemporary violin makers to settle here. These craftsmen are noted as some of the most active in the nation in their field, and have produced instruments of consistently high quality. This week they will have a chance to compare their handiwork with the world's finest at the International Violin-Makers Competition and Exhibition at UCSD. The four-day event will feature workmanship and tone competitions for violins, violas, and cellos. The judges will look for overall craftsmanship as well as the responsiveness of each instrument, its playing ease, and the richness of its tone.

Lecturing on the state of the art will be some of the world's leading authorities on violin making: Otto Edelz, who has made over 2000 instruments in his career; Etienne Vaeleot, the noted French authority on stringed instruments and bows; and Andrew Hill, the current director of Wm. E. Hill & Sons of London, the oldest violin-making firm in the world. Other activities include concerts, displays of the instruments submitted for the competitions, and a silent auction of violins donated from all over the world.

The International Competition and Exhibition for Violins, Violas, Cellos, and Double Basses will begin Thursday, November 9, at UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium. For further information, call 452-3228.

"THE PRISONER," Patrick McGeehan stars in this 17-episode series about a man abducted from his London home and taken to an unknown destination (the last series which was aired on commercial television in the late 1960s), Friday, November 10, 2 p.m., Channel 15.

CLIPPER BASKETBALL. The San Diego Clippers' road game at Houston will be televised live, Saturday, November 11, 7 p.m., Channel 8.

"THE GREAT ESCAPE," Steve McQueen stars in this 1963 film concerning a mammoth escape attempt from a World War II German prison camp, airing Saturday, November 11, midnight, Channel 8.

cartridges must be able to play hour after hour for months without fail, and the stylus must be able to take the stresses of backtracking. But using good equipment is not necessarily the highest definition and fidelity. San Diego's KSDS, for instance, uses decidedly underpowered belt-drive turntables, and routinely switches from the bargain-basement Shure 44C cartridge to the better Stanton 6BEE.

Under the sponsorship of a local retail stereo equipment store, Audio Directions, KSDS has recently begun broadcasting a "super-fi" classical music program on Tuesday nights from 8 to midnight. For this program only, the station is using a state-of-the-art direct drive Denon turntable with a Denon tonearm fitted with the extremely tiny Shure 44C cartridge/preamp.

The Wm. Labs is linked directly to the microphone transmitter by wire, there are no intervening electronics. And there is no compression and no limiting. This arrangement was more than two months in the making, and had its tribulations. During an early trial broadcast the announcer broke his delicate tonearm, and said, sheepishly, "Well, I evidently do not have state-of-the-art fingers."

The records being broadcast are carefully selected for their technical perfection, and include conventional records, direct discs, and PCM recordings. The special selections are picked by the announcer from a group provided by Audio Directions. For example, November 14, there will be a mix of Baroque, chamber, and piano music, Mozart's *Symphony No. 41* and Tchaikovsky's *Capriccio Italien*.

The program has prompted KSDS manager Hal Rosenberg to say, "It opened my eyes," and he is considering expanding to another two-hour period. Also under consideration is a super-fi jazz program, perhaps to be scheduled after midnight, according to program director Dave KESD to jazz programming.

The Audio Directions concert is hosted by Les Flood and can be found at 94.1 on the FM dial, Tuesday evenings from 8 to midnight.



"SHOSHINE," a 1946 Italian neo-realist film by Vittorio de Sica, concerns two young boys who become involved in the black market, and are then sent to a reform school, Thursday, November 9, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

"DISTANT THUNDER," a 1973 film by Satyajit Ray, can be seen on "Cinema 54," Tuesday, November 14, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

"DELIVERANCE," starring Jon Voight, will be highly edited for television, Tuesday, November 14, 11:30 p.m., Channel 10.

"ALMATA SPEAKS WITH..." DAVE WINFIELD will discuss his career and community involvement, Wednesday, November 15, 7 p.m., Channel 15.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," Jean Seberg's classic 1946 film, will be shown Thursday, November 16, 10 p.m., Channel 15.



Les Ballet Trockadero De Monte Carlo

patterned after some of the works of Martha Graham, "Don Quixote" and "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," featuring a boy in blue, a boy in brick, a girl in purple (with a gray chiton overlay), a girl in orange (with a sparkle in her eye), and a girl in a suit of green (highly soiled).

The performance will be Wednesday, November 15, at 8 p.m., in the Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. For more information, call 452-3120.

Dance

Across the stage prance Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, eleven of the ugliest, ungainliest ballerinas imaginable. Flat-chested, heavily muscled, wearing old-lady wigs straight out of Psycho, they primp and phimp through a ballet repertoire filled with a team of bearded lumberjacks. The Trockadero dancers, who have devastated audiences from Syracuse to San Paulo, were formed three years ago for the purpose of carefully obliterating sacrosanct works by classical and contemporary choreographers. Since that time, the troupe has established itself as America's premiere travesty ballet. As in the parodying of any art form, an effective dismantling of a famous ballet work can only be achieved by people who have an intimate knowledge of the form.

To a "man," the members of Les Ballets Trockadero are passionate balletomanes who dance at least fairly well, who can dance on point, and, most crucially, have developed individual characterizations. During the course of an evening of brilliant awkwardness, the Trockaderos, dancing with the grace of men in spittle, manage to celebrate third-rate ballet and debunk every hollowed dance tradition on the same effort.

The troupe's featured stars include Ida Neversavaya, Dame Margalit, and William Vaynskaya.

This week, Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo will appear in San Diego for a performance of "Cinema 54," which consists of "Le Lac de Cygnes (Swan Lake, Act II)," "Phaedra Monotomous #1148,"

"CARMINA BURANA," performed by the San Diego Ballet, will be the season premier, Friday, November 10, 8 p.m., and Saturday, November 11, 2:30 and 8 p.m., Fox Theatre, Seventh and B Streets. 239-4141 or 236-6510.

FALL DANCE CONCERT will be presented by the Grossmont College Dance Group, Thursday, November 9, through Saturday, November 11, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 440-2277.

"ROPE," a dance concert utilizing original music composed for the production, will be presented by the Ed Dene Dance Studio, Sunday, November 12, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre, Women's Gymnasium, SDSU. 286-6821.

"PIPPIN," a musical by Roger Herson and Stephen Schwartz, will be presented by the San Diego Symphony, with Golden Hall, Thursday, November 16, at 8 p.m., Mayan Hall, 5055 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego. 421-6041 or 421-6070 x258.

"UNCLE VANYA," a play by Anton Chekhov that maintains that when a person is robbed of his life's illusions, he is robbed of his happiness, will be the next offering of the "International Showcase" series, Friday and Saturday, November 10 and 11, and Wednesday, November 15 through Saturday, November 18, 8 p.m., University Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU. 286-6884.

"SCREWTAPE AND OTHER WORLDS—An Evening With C.S. Lewis," will be performed by Tom Yip, Tuesday, November 14 through Thursday, November 16, 8 p.m., Lamb's Players Theatre, 500 East Plaza Boulevard, National City. 474-6442.

"TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES," the second play in the San Diego Junior Theatre's thirtieth anniversary series, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through November 18, 7:30 p.m., and Saturdays and Sundays, through November 19, 2 p.m., Casa del Prado, Balboa Park. 239-8335.

BAROQUE MUSIC CONCERT. featuring the All Souls Parish Choir and Soloists, with members of the San Diego Symphony, will include selections by Handel and Purcell, Sunday, November 12, 8 p.m., All Souls Episcopal Church, Catalina and Chatsworth streets. 223-6396.

VIOA RECITAL. by masters candidate Leonard Sachs, will take place Tuesday, November 14, 8 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall. 453-452-3229.

Theater

"THE CURIOUS SAVAGE," a comedy by John Patrick, will be performed by the newly formed Lemon Grove Players, through November 11, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 2 p.m., and Thursday, November 9, 8 p.m., Lemon Grove Junior High School auditorium, 7866 Lincoln, Lemon Grove. 463-9069.

DOCUMENTARY DRAMAS. "Passive Restraint" and "You May Be Right at That (The Life and Death of L. Menckens)," will be performed through Friday, November 10, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre Building, 409 Matthews Campus, UCSD.

"EQUUS," a play concerning the confrontation between a stable boy and a psychiatrist, written by Peter Shaffer, will be performed by the San Diego Roundabout Theatre, through Saturday, November 11, 8 p.m., San Diego High School, 800 Santa Fe, Encinitas. 753-1121 x76.

"THE MOUSE TRAP," a suspense drama by Agatha Christie, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 11, 8 p.m., Lamb's Players Theatre, 500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City. 474-6442.

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION," by George Bernard Shaw, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 11, 8 p.m., Actor's Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street. 238-9609.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE," by Henrik Ibsen, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through November 18, at 8 p.m., with a matinee on Saturday, November 12, at 2 p.m., Patio Playhouse, Vineyard Shopping Center, 1511 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 766-6669.

"BUS STOP," William Inge's comedy-drama concerning a group of people isolated in a Midwest diner during a snowstorm, will be presented Saturday, November 11, at 8 p.m., and Sunday, November 12, 2 p.m., The Lamplighters Community Theatre, 8035 University Avenue, La Mesa. 464-4986 or 465-1821.

"VANITIES," a comedy by Jack Heitner, will continue an open-end run, Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 18, 8 p.m., Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town. 264-4143.

"WITCH'S BREW," by George Gadsby, will be presented Saturdays and Sundays, through November 12, 2 p.m., Actor's Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street. 238-9609.

"ALPINE VALDEUILLE," presented by the Alpine Players, will be performed Fridays and Saturdays, through November 18, 8 p.m., Alpine School Auditorium, Alpine. 445-6266.

"THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES," by John Guare, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 18, and Sunday, November 12, 8 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 12th and C Streets. 239-7854.

"PIPPIN," a musical by Roger Herson and Stephen Schwartz, will be presented by the San Diego Symphony, with Golden Hall, Thursday, November 16, at 8 p.m., Mayan Hall, 5055 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego. 421-6041 or 421-6070 x258.

"UNCLE VANYA," a play by Anton Chekhov that maintains that when a person is robbed of his life's illusions, he is robbed of his happiness, will be the next offering of the "International Showcase" series, Friday and Saturday, November 10 and 11, and Wednesday, November 15 through Saturday, November 18, 8 p.m., University Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU. 286-6884.

"SCREWTAPE AND OTHER WORLDS—An Evening With C.S. Lewis," will be performed by Tom Yip, Tuesday, November 14 through Thursday, November 16, 8 p.m., Lamb's Players Theatre, 500 East Plaza Boulevard, National City. 474-6442.

"TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES," the second play in the San Diego Junior Theatre's thirtieth anniversary series, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through November 18, 7:30 p.m., and Saturdays and Sundays, through November 19, 2 p.m., Casa del Prado, Balboa Park. 239-8335.

BAROQUE MUSIC CONCERT. featuring the All Souls Parish Choir and Soloists, with members of the San Diego Symphony, will include selections by Handel and Purcell, Sunday, November 12, 8 p.m., All Souls Episcopal Church, Catalina and Chatsworth streets. 223-6396.

VIOA RECITAL. by masters candidate Leonard Sachs, will take place Tuesday, November 14, 8 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall. 453-452-3229.

"COUNT DRACULA," by Ted Tiller, will be presented by the California-Pacific Community Theatre, Thursdays through Saturdays, November 9 through 26, 8:30 p.m., Margus Public Theatre, 3717 India Street. 234-7938.

"WAITING FOR GODOT," a theatrical classic by Samuel Beckett, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 25, 8 p.m., with a matinee on Sunday, November 19, 2:30 p.m., San Diego Repertory Theatre, 1620 Sixth Avenue. 321-3585.

"BLITHE SPIRIT," by Noel Coward, will be presented by the CEA Space Players, Fridays and Saturdays, through November 25, at 8 p.m., with a matinee on Sunday, November 19, 2 p.m., CEA Theatre, 9115 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard.

"LADIES AT THE ALAMO," by Paul Zindel, will be presented Fridays through Saturdays, through November 25, 8 p.m., Coronado Playhouse, on the Strand, Coronado. 435-4856.

"MACHIRAGOLA," a comedy by Nicolo Machiavelli, will be performed by the Aquarian Repertory Theatre Ensemble, Saturdays and Sundays, through November 26, 7:30 p.m., preceded by the Crazy Quilt Music Theatre at 6:45 p.m., San Diego State University, 135 South Highway 101, Space D, Solana Beach. 724-6265 or 461-0100.

"SECOND TIME AROUND," a comedy concerning two senior citizens coming marriage, by Henry Denker, will be presented by the San Diego Little Theatre, through November 26, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m., Exposition Grounds, Del Mar. 755-7358.

"LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS," a Neil Simon comedy, will be presented through December 10, Tuesdays through Saturdays (dinner at 8:30 p.m.), Sunday evening (dinner at 8:30 p.m.), Fiesta Dinner Theatre, 9665 Camino Real, Spring Valley. 497-9977.

"VANITIES," a comedy by Jack Heitner, will continue an open-end run, Thursdays through Saturdays, through November 18, 8 p.m., Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town. 264-4143.

Music

JAZZ. Oregon, a quartet whose music encompasses Indian rag, baroque counterpoint and improvisational jazz, will be presented Friday, November 10, 8 and 10:30 p.m., Backdoor, SDSU. 286-5204.

ORGAN CONCERT. Virgil Fox will perform a solo recital Friday, November 10, 8 p.m., Golden Gymnasium, Point Loma College, 900 Lonsdale Drive, Point Loma. 222-4474.

"CELEBRITY POVS SERIES," presented by the San Diego Symphony, will begin with "The San Diego Symphony," with Golden Hall, Saturday, November 11, 7:30 p.m., Golden Hall, Convention and Performing Arts Center, downtown. 291-2721.

MUSIC COLOQUIM AND FESTIVAL at UCSD. The series will include performance of Renaissance and baroque music, and sponsored by the SDSU music department, will feature concerts, lectures, and discussions, Thursday, November 9, through Sunday, November 12. Call 286-6031 for specific times and programs.

"MUSICIANS IN THE MAKING," this program will commence with Joanna Dymott (violin), Helen Dymott (cello), and Christine Remington (piano), Tuesday, November 12, 3:30 p.m., Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street. 585-3000.

BAROQUE MUSIC CONCERT. featuring the All Souls Parish Choir and Soloists, with members of the San Diego Symphony, will include selections by Handel and Purcell, Sunday, November 12, 8 p.m., All Souls Episcopal Church, Catalina and Chatsworth streets. 223-6396.

VIOA RECITAL. by masters candidate Leonard Sachs, will take place Tuesday, November 14, 8 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall. 453-452-3229.

READERS GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

Galleries

ETCHINGS OF REMBRANDT AND HIS FOLLOWERS, although better known for his paintings, Rembrandt also has a reputation as a fine printmaker, as is reflected in this exhibit, which will continue through November 12, Four Arts Gallery of San Diego, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

RECENT PAINTINGS of John Register, whose works project loneliness, emptiness, and a visual remembrance of events in his life, will remain on exhibit through November 15, Bohm Gallery, Palomar College, 744-1150 or 727-7209 x343.

FACULTY ART SHOW, including color prints by Thalia Turley, paintings by Dick Robinson, and photography by Bob Schneider, will remain on exhibit through November 16, Southwestern College Gallery, 900 Olney Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 621-1691.

PAPER SERIES, recent paintings and drawings by Carl Roberts will be exhibited through November 16, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cajon.

THE MAGIC OF DOLLS, a survey of contemporary American designs, including soft sculpture, serigraphy, historical figures, paper and rag dolls, will remain on display through November 25, Gallery 8, 7444 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 454-9781.

FACULTY SHOW, the faculty of the SDSU art department will exhibit its works in a mixed media show, including painting, sculpture, jewelry, ceramics, furniture, and architecture, through November 22, University Art Building, SDSU, 286-3206.

GLASS QUARTERLIES, new works in leaded glass by Gene Morones, will be exhibited through November 25, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldsmith Street, Mission Hills. 286-2728.

GROUP SHOW, Florence Cohen, Gary Hansmann, Carol Lebeck, and Sabra Segal are the featured artists in an exhibition which continues through November 25, Lebeck Gallery, 645 1/2 Street (upstairs), 239-5252.

CHICANO ART, a traveling exhibit of contemporary art, organized by the Chicano Artists' Union of San Diego County, will remain on display through November 30, Spaulding Art Center, Balboa Park.

EXPRESSIONISM AND SPIRITUALITY, paintings by Stefania Howard, executed in mixed media, oil, and watercolor, will remain on exhibit through November 30, H. Hery Fine Arts Gallery, 3837 Park Boulevard. 942-6798.

NEW DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS by Nancy Kuntze, reflecting her interest in the theater, will be shown through December 15, Designback gallery, 1262 Kettner Boulevard. 236-1916.

AMERICAN POLA PAINTING, including 51 portraits, landscapes, and still lifes from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wilshire, III, will be exhibited through December 17, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

PERMANENT COLLECTION, seven selected pieces from the permanent collection and recent acquisitions, including Roy Lichtenstein's "Mirror" (1971), Ellsworth Kelly's "Red, Blue, Green" (1968), Claes Oldenburg's "Alphabet-Good Humor" (1975), Sol LeWitt's "Floor Piece #4" (1976), Carl Andre's "Thirty-Six Pieces of Zinc and Bronze" (1966), Richard Artschwager's "Untitled" wall construction (1966), and Richard Serra's "Drawing for Documenta VI" (1976), running indefinitely, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-9717.



Palmist Building/William Christenberry/4th high

Ordinary varieties of recognizable images — houses, factories, old store-front structures — have been brought together this week at UCSD's Mandeville Art Gallery with extraordinary results: a ghostly nostalgia, overwhelming texture and craft that are always engaging but never precious, and a synthetically sensual feel for architectural design, weathered color, and green urban landscape. The exhibit, entitled "Micro-Sculpture," includes small-scale tableaux and architectural sculptures by nine artists: William Christenberry, Jank Bark, Donna Dennis, Robert Graham, George Grant, Ira Joel Haber, Theodore Halkin, Roland Reiss, and Paula Sweet. While often historically referred to as "miniaturized objects," in relation to this exhibit the implication of contextually scaled objects would be misleading. Their more private, less heroic sensibilities literally take up little space but atmospherically command a great deal of it, and there are no doubts that such territorialism is exactly their intention. Roland Reiss's condominium-like version of vinyl angst is a three-part series entitled generally "The Diving Lesson." You create the story, or reconstruct the events that might explain the specific display of objects — tiny, exquisite cigarette butts, chocolate chip cookies, hamburgers, folding chairs, a piano, stools, potted plants — inside the clear acrylic cases, or "rooms,"

with "hardwood floors." Details provide evidence of some implied narrative while at the same time resisting, with an image reading of urban vanity, any interpretation or solution. Reiss's process of complete and extraordinary detail presents stunning facades that strongly suggest, actually more than any "event" or "narrative," successively voided spaces, or ghostly counterparts to what you only think you see. Rather than versions of an actual room's appearance, they variously define a room whose many objects (or clues) have been neutralized, leaving only the empty spaces between them. Mr. Reiss will speak about his work on November 15th, at seven p.m. in the gallery. Donna Dennis's work includes four maquettes for larger pieces that are not shown here. (They measure an approximate eight inches, while the full-sized replicas are a little smaller than life-size.) She calls them "dream spaces." They include maquettes for a modern subway station entrance and also for Victorian hotels, or houses, and they have a pristine but low-life suburban mood about them. Constructed from wood and tag board, they are naturalistically painted, but a vivid Pop hue will occasionally produce an authentic, vulgar thrust, as in "Maquette for a Subway Station With Yellow and Blue," the fragment of a vaulted subway entrance that shows off New York glitter and dirt with

modest and realistic detail. Theodore Halkin makes over and over again, in varying materials ranging from newspapers to salt dough, the same old house (often changing the position or shape of an attic room, archway, or front porch). Included here is a what-not shell with a cluster of weird, doghouse puddles that eventually come into focus as this same house cloned a few times and installed in a funky grove. It is more recognizable as a house in the other two examples of it, one made from wood and newspaper, and the other from cardboard and brown paper tape. They are unassuming and clearly constructed with a certain careful affection as well as a deadpan detachment — it is his house, but it could be anybody's. The exhibit combines the attractiveness of small details with, in each case, a densely formal presentation of subject — house, factory, a room — in varying economic states and degrees of plasticity. It runs November 8th through December 10th, at the Mandeville Art Gallery, Mandeville Center, Room 101, UCSD. An opening reception will be held from seven to nine p.m. on Thursday, November 8th. Gallery hours are Sunday through Friday, noon to five p.m.; and Wednesday evening, seven to ten p.m. It will be closed Thanksgiving Day. For further information, please call 452-2864.

— Elizabeth Guheen

What Two Can Easily Do

ELEANOR WIDMER

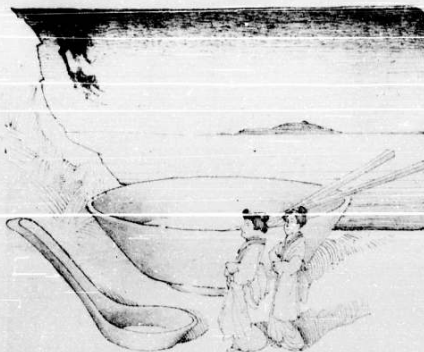
The Restaurant: Terada-Ya
The Location: 8008 Girard Avenue, La Jolla (454-4531)
Type of Food: Japanese
Price Range: Dinners from \$5.25 to \$19.50 per person; lunch, approximately \$4.00
Hours: Open daily. Lunch, noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. Reservations suggested over the weekend.

Two men were discussing Einstein's theory of relativity. The younger one remarked that he had always found the concept enigmatic, so the older sought a simple way to explain it. "Relativity is very easy," he said. "Suppose you're at work in a factory, doing the same job over and over again. The hours go by very slowly, and even though you look at the clock every five minutes, time seems to stand still. But suppose you're with your girl friend and you're having a happy time together. The hours seem to fly by like seconds. That's relativity."

The first man shook his head in amazement. "And from this Einstein made a living?" In an odd sense, I make my living from relativity — certainly not in the same manner as Einstein, but by assessing what is "relative" to dining. A few months ago, for example, I noted a new Japanese restaurant called Terada-Ya at the foot of Prospect and Girard avenues in La Jolla. For almost two decades the site had housed nothing more pretentious than a variety of coffee shops, and even the late lamented Chopinette Charlie's, in these same quarters, had shut down by five p.m.

Moreover, when I studied the new menu posted in the window, I was agast at the prices. Gourmet specials were listed at \$18.50 and \$19.50 per person, and the other complete dinners ranged from \$8.50 to \$9.75 per person. I walked away from there as quickly as possible and allowed the ocean breezes from Cove Park to calm me down.

Few of us associate Japanese meals with two-figure prices; we have come to expect Japanese food to be inexpensive because the basic ingredients — raw fish, beef, chicken, shrimp — are never served in huge quantities, and, except for the raw fish, are supplemented by larger servings of vegetables. The nature of the cuisine also precludes our notion of the chef's rising at the crack of dawn to start the cauldrons. To the contrary, much of it derives its identity from being cooked quickly in a sizzling Khan grill, to mention just a few methods of cooking in the presence of the diner. True, it does take time to prepare



sushi (rice with seafood, fish, egg, etc.), but this wasn't listed on the menu of Terada-Ya. Thus, when I glanced at the astronomical prices, I simply walked away because Terada-Ya could never be touted as an "underground" find. But as the man said in the anecdote, everything is relative. A friend of mine who has recently returned from a tour of French restaurants (in France) related some of the prices he encountered for fairly ordinary products: fourteen dollars for a box of Jordan almonds and almost thirty dollars for a box of chocolates, not to mention four dollars for pastry and coffee. Relative to those prices, Terada-Ya began to seem downright cheap, and in this spirit we repaired to the restaurant.

A word should be said about the hours. Terada-Ya is open daily, both for lunch and dinner, but if you should arrive as we did at 5:15 p.m., and you see a Closed sign in the window, have the patience to wait until it opens at 5:30 p.m. Given the minuscule quarters, they've done what they could to impart a Japanese feeling, and there's even a tiny room where you may eat on mats on the floor. In the main dining room there are small booths and tables (it would take some rearranging for a large party to be seated). My advice is to get to the restaurant as early as possible. Service tends to be slow and the acoustics are of such a nature that once the place starts filling up, it's quite a din. Ah, but the food is worth it.

My friend and I both ordered dinners — the sukiyaki at \$9.75 and the kushikatsu at \$8.50. The full dinners include an hors d'oeuvre consisting of crab meat and thinly sliced cucumber in a delicious sauce, a lovely clear soup (not miso) with mushrooms along the top, a truly superior

salad of very thinly shredded cabbage marinated in soy and sesame oil, a choice of either tempura or sashimi (raw fish), and finally a mammoth main dish. Even the most voracious eater will find that this is too much food for one meal. As for the quality, it's all of the highest excellence. Of the dishes offered, I ate the crab and cucumber, tasted the soup, consumed all of my salad, devoured the raw fish and tempura, and then shared the sukiyaki (pronounced skee-yaki) with my friend. The sukiyaki is quite wonderful and appears to be one of the highlights of this restaurant. The waitress will prepare it for you at the table. The pot is placed over an electric hot plate and the dish of raw meat and vegetables is gorgeous to behold. Into a broth of miso (or cooking sake), fish broth, and soy, are plunged elongated, tiny Japanese mushrooms, celery cabbage, onions, and mounds of thinly sliced beef. All of this is cooked just to the point where the beef is no longer red. Because of the mirin, the sauce is slightly sweet, and with all the ingredients so fresh and tender, I ignored my entire entree and both of us concentrated on the sukiyaki. Although I am not ordinarily a beef eater, I found it irresistible. This is not to be missed.

Needless to say, the \$9.75 dinner is more than enough for two people. The albacore raw fish that was my friend's selection and my modified order of tempura were both very fine. But my kushikatsu, consisting of deep-fried skewers of chicken, seafood, and vegetables, was uninspired compared to the sukiyaki. I merely tasted it and took the rest home. Dinner for two, with tax and a half-caraf of wine (served very beautifully in ceramic cups), cost a bit over twenty dollars. However, two dinners do not a review

make, so I set about the task of returning and trying to eat as cheaply as possible. My friend and I ordered one appetizer, teradadami (\$2.50), consisting of slices of beef wrapped around green onions. It was tender and succulent. For the main course we ordered yosenabe (\$7.50), and it proved to be a mistake. Yosenabe really is grandma's soup with chicken and vegetables swimming inside it. Again, the portion was more than two of us could handle, and also it was boring. In addition, some problem existed with its presentation. The large pot containing all of that broth was placed on the table with no American utensils — we received neither spoons or bowls. The Japanese manner of eating this is to pick out the chicken and vegetables with chopsticks, and then drink some of the broth. I first had to ask for bowls, and then for spoons. The manager/owner is most elegant, and when I asked whether yosenabe was a soup, he weighed my English very carefully and said, "It's an entree." While I do not wish to fault Terada-Ya at this level, it must be noted that few people associated with the restaurant understand much English, let alone its connotative meaning. Translations of the menu are not always understandable.

On the occasion of my first visit, I asked the waitress whether one could order one appetizer and one dinner for two people. She said she thought that would be all right during the week, but not during the crowded weekends. My current thinking is that the most economical manner of eating at Terada-Ya is for two people to order one of the appetizers (sashimi at \$3.75, tempura at \$2.75), and then — a la carte — one order of sukiyaki at \$7.50. The excellent salad is served with all a la carte entrees, and this, too, could be shared. If you are not a lover of raw fish, you will be spared the most expensive appetizer on the menu. And thus, with two tempura and sukiyaki a la carte, dining for two will cost only ten dollars.

I saw several people having the seafood special at \$19.50 per person, but I doubt much I could ever afford it. I was so satiated that when this seafood platter is presented, a stunning lobster shell reveals not lobster, but shredded cabbage. Pity.

Dining at Terada-Ya is a bit like eating first-class on Japan Air Lines. You are offered a hot towel first, and of course there's some bowing with the presentation of each dish. They didn't use garland chrysanthemum leaves in the sukiyaki, but the food is a feast for the eyes as well as palate. In my opinion, the size of the portions should be reduced, and with them the prices, but since Terada-Ya is always crowded there's little impetus for the owners to carry out my suggestion.

This is, without doubt, one of the most elegant Japanese dining rooms in San Diego, and if you're on a budget, it's still possible to dine here if two people share the food which is served up for one.

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Fruits of the Festival:



The Holy Office



Conversation Piece



The Last Woman



Heart of Glass

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Since I have seldom in my life been on the exhibitor's end, as opposed to the consumer's end, of the movie business, and never before on a scale so grand, I was obliged to watch the just concluded San Diego International Film Festival under unusual stress. I couldn't just sit back, relaxed, and unworriedly enter into the familiar routine of the theater lights growing dim and the blank screen suddenly lighting to life — a routine which one of the early philosophers of cinema likened to falling asleep and plunging into dreamland. In the terms of that metaphor, I was a hopeless insomniac for the duration of the festival. Prior to the opening night performance I had not yet seen our dearly rented projectors, screen, and sound system in operation, but had merely heard this equipment subjected to the same sort of gloomy forecastings that Robert Fulano reportedly heard before launching his steamboat. Thus, when Jules Dassin's *Dream of Passion* came onto the screen that first night, and went off again two hours later without a hitch, I must admit to experiencing a keener appreciation of the technological miracle of movies than I ever had before.

The dreaded equipment troubles came later, seemingly in a rash throughout the first four days, and only spottily thereafter. The most spectacular calamity occurred during the United States premiere of *The F.J. Holden* when, according to eyewitness accounts, one of the projector's spindles and smoked and, untouched by human hand, tumbled bodily onto the floor. Ah, the magic of movies. Such troubles as there were, however, only added to the air of adventure and adversity which was, after all, the motivating spirit of the enterprise in the first place. The nine days of the festival were not devoid of scintillating inaneities, such as when Bert Lancaster, a good liberal, started off his question-and-answer session after *Conversation Piece* with a pre-election editorial on Propositions 5 and 6 (yes and no, respectively). He explained that, although he himself smokes a pack and a half of Camels per day, he feels he can perfectly well smoke someplace else if need be, and then he cavalierly lit up a cigarette in Sherwood Hall where no smoking is allowed. The festival also had its astonishments. Henry Jaglom was in his second hour of talking about *Tracks* and about the madness of his star, Dennis Hopper, when, at one a.m., a woman walked directly up to the foot of the stage and identified herself as his — Dennis Hopper's — estranged mother. "Has he given up?" she wanted to know from Jaglom. No, Jaglom assured her, he has not given up; he is simply a very difficult person for Hollywood to accommodate. "He was a very difficult child to raise," his mother added. But he is also a genius, Jaglom proclaimed. "Well, we like him," said his mother. You don't get this sort of

stuff at Mann's Sports Arena Staples.

Apart from Claude Sautet's *Mado*, which I have written about already, my own favorite films at the festival were the three following.

The Holy Office deals with religious persecution (of Jews, by Catholics, in 16th-century Mexico), but without the usual Joan of Arc histrionics, moral victories, and rooting interests. Directed by Arturo Ripstein with a surrealist's inscrutable poker face, and photographed by Jorge Stahl with a clear, sculptural light bathing the stiffly costumed figures and the rugged stone-wood-paneled surfaces, this movie walks very softly, passively, fatalistically. There's a spooky sense of formality and unmaliciousness about the torture of the Jews and an equally spooky sense of fickleness about their resistance. Religious conviction, here, is not an assertion of free will or faith, but rather a kind of compulsion, like kleptomania, which is easy to deny, under pressure of torture or the third degree, but which is impossible to eradicate. Cynical disguised as clinical, Ripstein's view of this irresolvable dogma-against-dogma conflict is dr. in perversely to such bizarre rituals as the grisly self-circumcision in the forest and the public castigation of blasphemers in which differently designed dunecaps are assigned to each category of sinners (witches, adulterers, fornicators, etc.). Terrific central performance, tensely evocative, fiercely restrained, by Jorge Luke, who played the Indian cavalry scout in Robert Aldrich's *Ulzana's Raid*.

Conversation Piece, directed by the late Lucino Visconti and art directed — a seldom-seen task on a movie — by Mario Garbuglia, is a specimen of studio moviemaking in its fullest flower. Much in the old MGM style mastered by Vincent Minnelli and Charles Walters, where character is ceaselessly revealed through decor and costume, in every inch of the screen, and in every nook and cranny of the set, this film is pervaded with the aesthetics of "production values."

A critical exegesis of the thing could proceed room by room through the cluttered, labyrinthine, deluxe apartment from which the action never for an instant escapes, and could ogle, fustle, and appraise the bric-a-brac piece by piece, as if doing inventory in a fine antique store. For now, I will content myself with taking special notice of the wonderful mock-up of Rome's domed rooftops which is visible from the apartment balcony, and which is the only glimpse of the outside world permitted in this fluidly orchestrated chamber piece. The blatant illusionism of this one set, with its paint-and-pasteboard fakery and its artificial indoor lighting, evokes a nostalgia for the 1950s studio style which was both moribund and wildly extravagant, as though unable in its death throes to refuse

itself anything. The princely surroundings wouldn't be worth fussing over if they were merely decorative and were not the central issue of a movie about a wealthy American expatriate whose only companionship is with the inanimate figures in the 18th-century family portraits he so passionately collects (they are the "conversation pieces" of the title) and who undergoes a sort of cultural shock when his static, hermetic world is invaded by a brazen nouveau riche countess and her entourage of frivolous young bedonkists. After all the reviews and rumors testifying to how laughable this movie is, it was interesting to discover that it is in fact a comedy (albeit with a dolourous turn, like late Chaplin, which identifies it as an old man's movie) — a point that has been insufficiently stressed. So, let them laugh, no matter whether they are in on the joke or not. But Lancaster, as the Peace and Quiet advocate whose chief provocation is the petulant Helmer Berger (of his first fifty spoken words, at least twenty are obscenities), is able to play in the vein of psychotic aloofness which has been his best groove from *The Swimmer* to *The Gypsy Mother* to *Lawrence of Arabia's* *Raid* and so on, and which has enabled him to make a comfortable adjustment to weary senior citizenship. His suborned defense in which differently designed dunecaps are assigned to each category of sinners (witches, adulterers, fornicators, etc.). Terrific central performance, tensely evocative, fiercely restrained, by Jorge Luke, who played the Indian cavalry scout in Robert Aldrich's *Ulzana's Raid*.

The F.J. Holden, Australian "New Wave" director Michael Thornhill's 1977 feature is loosely structured, with a documentary veneer, but it seems at heart reminiscent of "socially committed" British films of the early Sixties, with their emphasis on working-class frustrations and ennui. This movie, though, works less as melodrama than it does as the thorough and complete establishment of its stifling suburban milieu. Australian suburbia looks unsettlingly like a mirror image of the American variety, its shopping malls, neatly-trimmed lawns and kitsch-strewn interiors, very familiar yet vaguely foreign. In fact, as the desultory storyline follows the blank young hero (and his single central character, a high-spirited young woman, leader of her island community's women's militia, who singlehandedly holds her people together during the difficult days immediately following the revolution. As traditional family structure changes, she becomes a dispenser of marital and sexual, as well as political, doctrine, and some of the situations are unexpectedly amusing. Nothing particularly momentous about this one, but it's often quite endearing in its sunniness and naivete.

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A few plums, a few lemons



The F.J. Holden



The Killing of a Chinese Bookie

RICK GEARY

Some loosely collected thoughts on a few of the presentations in the San Diego film festival.

Island Militia Women. Propaganda films are a very limited corner of cinema, and for good reason: their rigidity of outlook is the antithesis of art. Nevertheless, most are interesting on some technical or sociological level, and this sweet-natured movie from the People's Republic of China offers some pleasant Oriental twists to old formulae. Crudely and mechanically made, with no pretense to the heavy dynamics of the classic Soviet films, it focuses on a single central character, a high-spirited young woman, leader of her island community's women's militia, who singlehandedly holds her people together during the difficult days immediately following the revolution. As traditional family structure changes, she becomes a dispenser of marital and sexual, as well as political, doctrine, and some of the situations are unexpectedly amusing. Nothing particularly momentous about this one, but it's often quite endearing in its sunniness and naivete.

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Dirty Hands. From the first scene, in which a kite drifts down from a clear blue sky and lands neatly on Ronny Schneider's nose, this promises to be Claude Chabrol's silliest movie — and we're not disappointed. The story of a restless wife (Schneider) who gains new respect for her alcoholic husband (Rod Stinger) after he survives her attempt to murder him, is made up of warmed-over film noir elements, but the director doesn't seem to be interested in mining the full po-

ssibilities of the material. Without the full engagement of his sense of high-style irony, we're left with nothing but absurd plot contrivances. The only item of passing interest in this piece of trivia is the perpetual torment in Steiger's huge, mushy face, upon which the camera lingers perversely.

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie. This forgotten 1976 potboiler is probably as close as John Cassavetes will ever come to making a genre film, and as such it seems more rigorous and lively than any of his other work. At the same time, it's difficult to take any of it very seriously or to imagine what's on screen as anything other than a typical Cassavetes lark among drinking buddies. The tone is both starchy and sleazy, the LA strip club owned by Ben Gazzara supplied with stage shows out of *Cabaret* and a fat, white-faced encephalitic Fellini. The supporting cast of assorted mobsters, strippers, and lowlifes adds more than one note of demented caricature. Gazzara takes the project seriously enough to put some genuine conviction into his performance, but that's not really sufficient to recommend this relentlessly downbeat and pessimistic movie.

Tracks. Henry Jaglom's intense, idiosyncratic, high-speed meditation on the effects of the Vietnam war is compelling cinema and the most serious of the American films

in the festival. Dennis Hopper has possibly the role he was born to play in the earnest, moody sergeant escorting a flag-draped coffin across the country by train, and encountering a richly etched gallery of American types on route, before making his final, solitary descent into madness. The entire cast, in fact, with the exception of the one female fantasy figure (Taryn Power), has an edge of insanity, and Jaglom keeps things moving in a quirky rhythm as he weaves them into his carefully constructed pattern. The film is an editing tour de force in the venerable Sixties art film tradition: scenes of "real life" and scenes of "fantasy" are kept on the same level of cinematic reality, with no transition between the two. This is a tricky technique in "madness" stories and at worst becomes a tiresome guessing game for the audience. But Jaglom gets away with it through sheer high spirits, along with his sure sense of American caricature and a true desire to "say something." His only real excess is the recurrent use of romantic pop songs from WWII on the soundtrack: pleasant to hear, but their cultural point is forced. Made in 1976 and never distributed, *Tracks* not only predates, but is clearly superior to, the current wave of Vietnam aftermath movies like *Coming Home*, *The Boys in Company C*, and *Who'll Stop the Rain*.

Remember My Name. For those like me who thought Alan Rudolph's first film, *Welcome to L.A.*, drab and arid, his second, *Remember My Name*, is a heartening surprise. A taut, stylish soap opera, with elements of mystery and suspense, it's basically a wry updating of Hollywood's psychological melodramas of thirty years ago, particularly, it seems, Joan Crawford's 1947 *Posessed*. Rudolph's camera continues its love affair, begun in *Welcome to L.A.*, with Geraldine Chaplin, who, in her most disciplined, disturbing performance, portrays an unstable, violent-tempered young woman, just released from a lengthy stay in prison, who proceeds to make life unbearable for her ex-husband (Anthony Perkins) and his new wife (Berry Benson). Rudolph cannily makes use of Chaplin's delicate physical presence as counterpoint to her angry, tough-cookie character, and this exquisite tension forms the core and major attraction of his story. Other attractions in this somber, finely-tuned movie include some tantalizing character vignettes (especially those involving Jeff Goldblum and Moses Gunn), several deft touches of black humor (a running series of television reports on a major earthquake in Budapest), and a juicy soundtrack of blues songs written and performed by Alberta Hunter.

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Festival

(continued from page 18)

of a Schwitters collage. The erotic content of this alternately farcical and poetical movie gets off to a depressingly mundane start with a blunt, biological exhibition of horse-humping. But from then on, with the chief exception of a masturbation scene which offers a feast of diverse facilities (the water-soaked gossamer nightgown, the wicker headboard, the silvery state sheets, the bare flesh, and the red rose used as a phallic substitute), the eroticism in this movie is confined to the whimsical realm of special effects: namely, a bear costume outfitted at the crotch with a preposterous black hose that grows in length like a telescope and that discharges an endless supply of curdled milk. Some members of the audience, I'm told, took offense when the festival director, Greg Kohn, introduced the film to a packed house with the comment, "It's always interesting what sells out." I feel certain he did not mean to cast aspersions on any people who might have been particularly attracted by the caution that accompanied this movie in the festival program ("Note: this film contains explicit sexual material"). If we had been similarly up-front about the content of all our movies, it's safe to assume — isn't it? — that we also could have sold out such sparsely attended offerings as *The F J Holden* ("Note: this film contains explicit automobile material") and *Jeanne Dielman* ("Note: this film contains explicit meatloaf material").

No film festival, of course, would seem legitimate without some share of unmitigated agony. For one, this was provided by *Heart of Glass*, Werner Herzog's laudic experiment with hypnotized actors, a bad idea that seemed to get worse with each passing minute. By no means the lowliest, but perhaps, because of higher expectations, the most disappointing movies, for me, were Marco Ferreri's *The Last Woman on Sanyat* and *The Chess Players*. The Ferreri movie, an exhibitionistic display of phallic symbols (a toy tank and cannon, a sausage, an electric carving knife, etc.) as well as of Gerard Depardieu's real thing, is more authentically sexy than *The Beast* if one can stomach the sterile, whitish lighting that makes the acres of exposed flesh look like laboratory specimens and, more importantly, if one can stomach Depardieu's preposterous belly-belly bellowing, his just slightly more mature delight in his own erections. The most palatable moments in the movie — Depardieu and his onscreen infant cavorting together improvisationally, both of them as naked as the day they were born — appear to be mimicking Joe Dallesandro's romp with an infant in Paul Morrissey's *Flesh*. There is something racist in even the better ones among Ferreri's movies which I have not yet succeeded in tracking to its source. The alarming revelation about *The Chess Players*, a lucid, if simple-minded, depiction of political corruption in 19th-century India, is that after more than twenty years and more than twenty movies, Satyajit Ray still has not established a solidly personal and predictable syntax. Who would have imagined him capable of the mish-mash of garish color, voice-over narration, reversed zoom shots, travelogue inserts, period paintings, and Monty Python-style animation, with which he opens this elementary history movie?

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A Turkey from Istanbul

STEVE ESMEDINA

It will be a surprise if *Midnight Express* doesn't become a huge success. It has all the potent ingredients necessary for an instant classic: a timely "true story" that inspires reviewers to gush about the "strength and resilience of the human spirit," strategic injections of squalor and slow-motion gore, and a triumphantly upbeat ending. *Midnight Express*'s adaptation of Billy Hayes' personal recounting of his 1970 arrest and imprisonment in Turkey for attempted hashish smuggling, and his eventual escape, has already engendered gaping responses. The most prominent of its many advertising blurbs proclaims it to be no less than "the most important film of the decade"; even before entering the theater one is primed for an awe-inspiring experience. That experience turns out to be brutal, torpid, and one-sided to the point of being propaganda. At heart it's just one more Big Theme treatise about "man's inhumanity to man," but it carries with it a convenient defense: how can you argue with the horrors depicted here when they actually happened (at least some of the time)?

It is pointless to argue over a movie's relation to its source material, whether that be a book, a newspaper clipping, or a simple anecdote. Questions of faithfulness are only applicable when the original work or news item has been tampered with beyond recognition, and I am in no position to judge whether or not any of *Midnight Express*'s profusely illustrated depravities correspond to the truth. But even if they do, they are presented in so crude and rabble-rousing a fashion that any semblance of cold documentation is lost. Like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, this is a smug and conventional paranoid melodrama in which the hapless inmates are battered by sadistic incarcerationists who slobber around inflicting unspeakable agonies with no visible traces of humanity. A ready-made smash.

If Hayes hadn't lived to write of his experiences, a hack screenwriter could just as easily have invented them. This thing is so schematic that each scene follows the previous one like letters of the alphabet. Hayes, a leery American undergraduate (Brad Davis), is caught at Istanbul airport with two kilos of hashish that he "only" planned to sell to his friends. He is dragged in front of a court and given a four-year sen-



Midnight Express

tence for possession, despite assurances from his father, lawyer, and the American Consulate that "everything's being done." The reason for the unexpected jailing is, the movie presumes, that the Turkish government is angered over America's involvement in the Cyprus tug-of-war and wants to use the luckless Hayes as an example. From that point the movie is a catalogue of indignities: the naked Hayes, hoisted by chains to the ceiling, has his feet beaten to a pulp by a blubbery warder (Paul Smith); a seven-year British inmate (John Hurt) finds his beloved kitty-cat strung up by the neck; a troublemaking American (Randy Quaid) is given a ruptured hernia for attempted escape. We come to understand that the Turks aren't the nicest fellows. Past the halfway point they reverse Hayes' sentence to life imprisonment. The reason why is mere hearsay, as the movie's credibility completely he biberes the Attila-like warder with a C-note. The warder takes the money, tosses him into an empty torture chamber, and pulls down his pants. Hayes, hardly a specimen of physical robustness by this point, kicks this gorilla across the room straight into a spear-shaped

coat hanger. "Yay," cheers the audience. Somehow he finds a perfectly tailored guard uniform and makes an abrupt exit. My, how stupid these Turks are. Driving by in an armored truck, they don't notice this emaciated, light-complexioned man walking unmolested in the middle of the street.

It should be no grave matter that I have "given away" the ending; it was preordained. This is exactly what disgusts me about *Midnight Express*: it's a sympathy magnet. Nothing is revealed, but an awful lot is taken for granted. Prison brutality is a long-standing pet peeve of those who fancy themselves as humane, and if all that is shown actually transpires I doff my hat to Hayes for his endurance. But the truth is that this isn't the expose it thinks it is. Turkey is labelled a nation of pigs; and the Americans, lawbreakers they may be, are exemplary testaments to the sanctity of life. Since the country is tucked thousands of miles away, it's no big deal to cast its people in this light. One wonders what sort of horrified rally-cries would have resulted if such an all-encompassing image had been stamped on, say, Mexicans. Also, since no one else has, I must ask:

how was Hayes able to get away with murder?

Political and ethical discrepancies aside, the worst thing about *Midnight Express* is that it is boring. Pure physical assaults are its only solutions to the prevailing lethargy — feet poundings, ass stabbings, eyeball gouging, tongue tearings, head dividings. The heralded "production" also yields little that isn't expected. Director Alan Parker leeches one of William Friedkin's favorite tricks; by shooting a few picturesque scenes of harbors, temples, and Istanbul natives running willy-nilly through marketplace, he easily earns credit for "realism." He could have done just as well pilfering from the archives of *60 Minutes*. Giorgio Moroder's music, too, is laughable; initially it's all synthesizer murmurs reminiscent of Donna Summer's "I Need Love," later it's swooning Nino Rota romanticism. And haven't moviemakers progressed far enough that they can forever discard thump-thump heartbeats on the soundtrack every time tension and fear are on the agenda?

The actors don't contribute much either. In the lead role, Brad Davis is sufficiently haggard, but is unable to make transitions from mood to mood. He switches automatically from a defenseless puppy to a raging bulldog. He is also forced to mouth the movie's stupidest, most gnostic lines: a cellmate bellows about slitting a stoolie's throat and Davis retorts, "His throat is already slit!"; a psychotic resident of the loony bin screams incessantly about "the factory and the machine," and Davis, strands of sunlight framing him from all sides, booms out with a godlike authority usually associated with Charlton Heston, "I AM THE FACTORY!" As soon as your spine stops tingling you may wonder, "Huh?" to yourself. The one cast member who enlivens this gloomy exercise is Randy Quaid. With his cantankerous bedside manner ("Shut up, you fucker!") and his die-hard dreams of freedom, he is the only character who realizes that he is not an icon of "resiliency," but simply a frustrated quarry with a yearning to get out.

I am generally reluctant to pick apart a movie on ideological grounds, and I am definitely not averse to screen violence. But I found this smug, self-congratulatory enterprise excruciating from start to finish. It displays all the ex post facto courage of an anti-Hitler or anti-slavery editorial.

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roads. Otherwise, the big-name director is reduced to little more than a glorified traffic cop in his banal interpretation of C.W. McCauley's phantasmagorical song. Kris Kristofferson is cruelly miscast as a two-faced trucker with a flower-stem physique and Nozema-smooth skin, and McGraw is brought back to the screen after a five-year absence, spitting, evidently, in the acquisition of a luxurious sunhat. With Burt Young, Franklin Ajaye, and Ernest Borgnine. 1978 (Carnegie Drive In, 11/10)

Death on the Nile — Following in Albert Finney's footsteps, Peter Ustinov perpetuates the corpulent sleuth Hercule Poirot, but this tub-like villain (eager to hero worship) was once a doctor only to the most fanatical followers of Agatha Christie, the queen of the who cars? without. In this one, the murder is more than an hour in coming, as, indeed, for the crime are moved into place with all the laboriousness and foreboding that must have gone into constructing the Great Pyramid. If the buildup weren't too long enough, the final denouement of sand from the Sandman are provided in an exhausting, exasperating series of fantasy scenes which demonstrate that each one of the boatload of campily acted suspects could have done the deed. With David Niven, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, Maggie Smith, and Angela Lansbury, directed by John Gillingham. 1978. (Carnegie Plaza 5, Loma Plaza Twin 2)

East My Duet — The town sheriff is no-evil, well-sun, a pug-nosed red-head, wears the winning Mulholland star, a stock-car racer — simply to appease the whim of an American blonde bitch in white hot pants and knee-high boots — and takes off on a day-long joyride with a Keystone Kops posse in hot pursuit. Charles B. Griffith, a veteran scriptwriter for Roger Corman (BUCKET OF BLOOD, WILD ANGELS), is given a rare chance to direct, for Corman's New World company, and he doesn't mull it. A throwback slapstick comedy, EAST MY DUET is closer in spirit to Mack Sennett than it is to contemporary car-crash movies. And as in a Sennett or a Looney Tune chase movie, the continual exaggeration serves to distance, or cushion, the moral violence in the writing. Griffith created a volatile Preston Sargent cast of characters: a deputy sheriff with a Harvard vocabulary, a Chinese attorney with a Southern drawl, an ad-dict accident victim taking total gibberish (as he is ushered by the elbow into the police station). 3 prefer the smell of a bakery? More surprising, Griffith shows, in the directing, a real flair. Tally-ho or Tashin'-come, for comedy timing and comedy camera placement. Very American in its iconography (the garish stock cars, the young hero's Civil War cap, the ubiquitous Jack-o'-lanterns) the movie is also very American in its conception of stunted sexual growth. In one afternoon, the adolescent half progresses from juvenile-gang camaraderie to flirtation and disillusionment with his

Miss Teenage Tease, to a final stage of lonely, self-fufilling profane sexualism. Starring Eric Roberts and Christopher Norris. 1978. (Mira Mesa Cinema)

Elvira Medusa — Star-crossed lovers, a circus funambulist and an army deserter, tread through an amorphous ooze of summer colors and impressionist lighting effects while savouring their meager allotment of bliss. Outdoor scenes alternate with indoor scenes, lock-tuck lock, and you drift into a stupor in less than twenty minutes. Play Deegemart and Tommy Berggren, directed by Bo Widerberg. 1968. (Ken, 11/12 through 14)



Foot Play — Comedy thriller assembled by the Dr. Frankenstein method, from the assorted body parts of past thrillers. This sort of grave-robbing, scissoring, and sewing procedure is apt to cause some spectators some aesthetic squeamishness, but the resulting creation is reasonably well coordinated and good-looking. Chevy Chase, in his first big role, gets only an occasional chance to show the smirking, winking style of comedy he cultivated on SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE; he shows instead the good sense not to force his charms where there is no chance. Heiller laughs are raised by Dudley Moore as would-be swinger who has acquired his technique from men's magazines and adult book stores, and by Burgess Meredith when he faces off against Rachel Roberts as a death-karate duelist. With Goldie Hawn, Eugene Roche, and Billy Barty, written and directed by Colin Higgins. 1978. (Century Twin 2, Paradise Twin; Parkway 2, Sports Arena 5, University Towne Center)

Gray Lady Down — A huge freighter, manned by uneducated Norwegians who speak only in subtitles and know nothing of the maritime traffic laws, plows into a U.S. submarine and sends it plummeting to the edge of an underwater cliff, where it teeters in such a precarious position that the survivors, inside, are photographed with nothing but tilted camera angles for the remainder of the movie. To the rescue comes a cute miniature submarine which looks exactly like the Woodstock character in REANULTS. This is strictly mechanical stuff, but well-oiled and smooth-running. With Charlton Heston, Stacy Keach, David Caradine, directed by David Greene. 1978. (Ace Drive In, To V Drive In)

Grease — Plasticized, inflated, and brutally grotesque replica of the

1950s — a distinctly 1970s replica with 1970s music, dance, and condescension infiltrating the Byrnes and Bobby-sox milieu. There are some pleasant musical numbers, a parallel-constructed duet that brings together John Travolta at the football stadium bleachers and Olivia Newton-John at the high school lunch tables, Frankie Avalon's "Beauty School Dropout" fantasy sequence, and Travolta's "Stranded at the Drive-In" lament. (This last number memorializes, once and for all, the classic double-entendre snack-bar advertisement in which a hodgepodge bunch of women to do somersaults before it invites the obedient wienie to enter its cozy folds.) Travolta is given rather little to do, although he is encouraged to do it over and over again, his oddest, and funniest, moments come when he is put through a series of athletic trials almost identical to Buster Keaton's in COLLEGE. This noisy, bawdy musical is so cliché-minded (summer party, Lovers Lane, high school boy, drag race, etc.) that it inevitably strikes a chord with no one who has not had the idea how to develop them into a meaningful whole. With Stockard Channing, Eve Arden, Sid Caesar, directed by Randal Kessler. 1978. (New Valley Drive In)

Halloween — A spectacular opening, a circuitous single-take which travels, a little unsteadily, up the walkway of a modest Middle American home, all the way around the side of the building, through the kitchen door, briefly

into the cutlery drawer where a hand reaches from off-camera to select a leechlike butcher knife, up the staircase, into the bedroom of a teenage girl who is swiftly slashed to death at the front door. Partway through the scene, just prior to the stabbing, the same hand that earlier selected the sturdy murder weapon reaches in to pick up a Halloween mask from the floor and fit it over the subjective eye of the camera, and then the shot continues with the entire screen blocked out except for an aperture in the center which is cut in the shape of the mask's eyeholes. (As this device of blocking out part of a movie image is technically called a "mask," the use of it here is quite a witty visual pun.) After the wretched opening, through the movie drops to a lower level. For a story set on Halloween night in a Midwestern small town, it's a shockingly thinness of atmosphere, Americana, sociology, or however you care to classify the peculiar profane trappings of this religious holiday. Where are all the trick-or-treaters, the costumes, the candies, the pumpkins? Starring Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. 1978. (Lia Cinema 1)

House Calls — Uncomplicated romantic comedy about a widowed doctor whose Second Youth is jeopardized by a torrid divorcee

Heaven Can Wait — Warren Beatty's bewitching performance as MR. JORDAN — he's the star, the producer, the co-writer (with Elaine May), and the co-director (with Buck Henry) — is scrupulously clean, moderately liberal, reverently respectful, and refreshingly any. Such qualities were rampant in the Depression years when this comedy-litany came, but have been increasingly scarce ever since. The only updating necessary was in making the specifics less with current California interests in dust pollution, the dwindling porpoise population, health foods, and the L.A. Ram Super Bowl hopes. The direction is graced with delicate comic touches, and the supporting cast, especially Charles Grodin as the blandly traitorous villain, is quite strong. But the movie is a little out of the center. Julie Christie, like a latter-day Katharine Hepburn or Jean Aron, is personably pleasant, but the head for being a woman who takes an interest in politics, speaks her own mind, gets hopping mad, and yet still displays deep maternal instincts toward the boyishly callow leading man, her underdeveloped romance with Beatty is supposed to be automatically fascinating simply because she and he were once an "item" in the Hollywood gossip columns. With Jack Warden, James Mason, Buck Henry, and Dyan Cannon. 1978. (Carnegie Cinema 4)

Intentional Velvet — Warren Beatty's bewitching performance as MR. JORDAN — he's the star, the producer, the co-writer (with Elaine May), and the co-director (with Buck Henry) — is scrupulously clean, moderately liberal, reverently respectful, and refreshingly any. Such qualities were rampant in the Depression years when this comedy-litany came, but have been increasingly scarce ever since. The only updating necessary was in making the specifics less with current California interests in dust pollution, the dwindling porpoise population, health foods, and the L.A. Ram Super Bowl hopes. The direction is graced with delicate comic touches, and the supporting cast, especially Charles Grodin as the blandly traitorous villain, is quite strong. But the movie is a little out of the center. Julie Christie, like a latter-day Katharine Hepburn or Jean Aron, is personably pleasant, but the head for being a woman who takes an interest in politics, speaks her own mind, gets hopping mad, and yet still displays deep maternal instincts toward the boyishly callow leading man, her underdeveloped romance with Beatty is supposed to be automatically fascinating simply because she and he were once an "item" in the Hollywood gossip columns. With Jack Warden, James Mason, Buck Henry, and Dyan Cannon. 1978. (Carnegie Cinema 4)

Hooper — Hal Needham's salute to Hollywood autumn in the Howard Hawks mode of *This Special Breed* makes camaraderie movies. Needham, a celebrated stuntman and stunt coordinator himself, knows what he's talking about, and he seems to be drawing from a fairly deep well of feelings. Even his god-riche of a hot-shot Steven Spielbergian director (Robert Klein), a pampered superstar (Adam West), and an over-budgeted Hollywood blockbuster (it's THE SPY WHO LAUGHED AT DANGER), smack of authentic inverted snobbery. Still, he lacks a sense of drama (not even the stunts themselves pay off like they should), and, worse, a sense of fundamental seriousness about his work (any move that ends with a freeze frame of the hero giving the high sign to the camera has a critical shortage of integrity). With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jan-Michael Vincent, and Brian Keith. 1978. (Roxbury Cinema Plaza 5, Parkway 3, South Bay Drive In, Sports Arena 6, University Towne Center, Vogue)

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ers, and inasmuch as we remain completely ignorant of their work, it is difficult to take much of an interest — indeed, to take any attitude but the one expressed by all the characters here: "I have my own problems." Alan has previously parodied Ingmar Bergman, most notably in LOVE AND DEATH, but here he is openly emulating the king of scab-pickers, starting immediately with the credits sequence: a bleak background, plain enameled lettering, and no music. This is unintentionally better parody than Allen's earlier evocations of Bergman, but it is too painful to be fun. With Geraldine Beck, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan, and Diane Keaton. 1978. (Carnegie Cinema 1)

International Velvet — Sparingly plotted sequel to NATIONAL VELVET, strung together with the most verbose narration heard outside a Jacques Cousteau underwater documentary. Most of its "adult" and common-sense innovations merely undermine the fairy-tale quality of the original. For instance, the elephant writing photographic novels under the pen name "Jacques Delacroix" in order to foot the bill for the heroine's riding lessons, or the replacement of the and-neck tricks of the steeplechase with the more light-hearted equestrian Olympic-style equestrianism. Obviously, a great chance for emotional resonance was lost when filmmakers failed to enlist Elizabeth Taylor to resume her own role, thirty-eight years later, and settled for Nanette Newman in her place. Newman is not bad, but, in every sense, she carries less weight. At all, this shaky-legged movie is played with admirable conviction. Anthony Hopkins and Christopher Plummer, entertaining, as always, in their billy wags, and Tatum O'Neal is quite frighteningly self-assured in a role that stretches from ten years old, piglets, and babies, to engineers, independence, and wedlock. Directed by Bryan Forbes. 1978. (Carnegie Cinema Drive In, Harbor Drive In, Mira Mesa Cinema, Paradise Twin, Poway Playhouse)

June 2 — Leaving aside the obvious profit motive, this sequel, which greets off a golden glow as if bathed with melted butter, demonstrates no other purpose or point whatever. Typical of its pettiness is the 15-for-15 revenge it exacts on no feeble a foe as ORCA. Because the latter had the gall to show a Great White shark being tormented by a Killer Whale, this movie retaliates by showing a sunken ship named Orca as well as moving a beached Killer Whale that has had large chunks of its hide removed by a vindictive Great White. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. 1978. (Ace Drive In, To V Drive In)

Kentucky Fried Movie — The Los Angeles-based Kentucky Fried Theater ensemble makes its movie debut by stringing-together parodies of movies and television (included are an interminable take-off on Bruce Lee and a reasonably amusing shorter one on TV courtroom dramas). These parodies use a grapes-shoot attack, which is to say they are off-target more than on. Obviously, this movie is in the footsteps of THE GROOVE TUBE and TUNESVISION — is a series of humor in collage (i.e., barbanic) and it qualifies as a movie only by technicality. Cameo appearances by Bill Bixby, Donald Sutherland, and George Lahr, directed by John Landis. 1977. (Lia Cinema 1)

The Locomaker — Isabelle Huppert's size-making performance, directed by Claude Falletta. (Gould, from 11/10)

The Lords of Flatfish — The political campaign was predictably geared to suggest a spinoff of AMERICAN GRAFFITI, which does a disservice to this humble, frugal recreation of Brooklyn, late-1950s. Including in much less wing-flapping and crowing, it is not at all guaranteed to appeal to the same crowd. The first feature of Stephen Verona and Martin Davidson, while funny at times in a painful and secondary sort of way, is concerned mainly with the pitifulness

of characters who have nothing much to do, nothing much to say, and who frequently run into redundancies, ruts, and time-worn rituals (for some of the lack of imagination the movie-makers must share the blame). To get away with caricature as detached and stock, the two directors tack heavily on the anonymity and credibility of their unknown actors and the actors, to the smallest details, come through nicely. Sylvester Stallone, also credited with "additional dialogue," particularly pulls more than his share of the load, and his share is the biggest to begin with, in the role of the big mouse in a gang of high school kids on the verge of drifting separate ways into adulthood. With Perry King,

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CURRENT MOVIES

Seven Years Itch — Henry Winkler
1974.
*** (Alvarado Drive 1)

Shogun — Suspense film with Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, and Burgess Meredith, directed by Richard Attenborough.
(Valley Circle, Vineyard Twin 1)

The Matinee Pelican — The third and the most recent (but, please, not the definitive) movie version of Hammett's mystery novel. It insists on the fun involved in private-eye escapades, as it wobbles underneath the consequences of some whetted casting and playing — Sidney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Elinor Cook, Mary Astor, and Bogart as Spade. This is John Huston's first directing job, and he seems determined to make a lot of it. Some of that spirit is contagious.
1941.
*** (Grand, 11/13 and 14)

The Shogun — Imitative horror movie, offering a haphazard diversity of special effects, and having to do

with a 400-year-old Indian medicine man whose latest reincarnation manifests itself as a fetus on Susan Strasser's neck, which grows day by day into a walnut-sized lump to a Quasimodo-sized hump. On the outskirts of the action, Della Stevens appears briefly as a gypsy spiritualist wearing just slightly less gaudy than Olivia's. Directed by Richard Attenborough.
(Valley Circle, Vineyard Twin 1)

Midnight Express — True story of an American student's incarceration in a Turkish jail for smuggling hashish; starring Brad Davis, directed by Alan Parker.
(Cinema Plaza 5, Cinema, Vineyard Twin 2)

The Missouri Breaks — Thomas McGuane's western gem plenty of wild, desolated effects into their speech. They use stiff, formal, four-

dor words ("engine, effective, mechanically minded, 'the brain part'), and they use images that represent a rather tedious notion, on the author's part, of the picturesqueness of American language ("as sick as an owl on a doornob"). For all that, McGuane's western is absolutely conventional in structure: the rascally horse thieves, the civilized capitalist in his prairie palace ("Pull down THIS TRAIL SHANDY again for me, will you?"), his well-bred pacifist daughter, her romance with a charismatic outlaw, the onerous arrival of a legendary hired killer, etc. The Montana scenery is beautiful and beautiful, but there is nothing very special about this movie beyond the bygone fact that it brings together, for the first time, Martin Rando and Jack Nicholson. The brooding 1950s rebel chafes and his braying 1970s successor. Directed by Arthur Penn. 1976.
*** (Aerie, through 11/11)

Modern Times — Charlie Chaplin's stubbornly delayed acquisition to

sound modernizing reality for some stomach-growing sound effects and a little bit of song in gibberish) offers a slapstick treatment of the expressionist man-versus-machine ensembles. Doing this in 1936 is characteristic of Chaplin's foot-dragging through his career. A few of the "bits," such as the automatic horse thieves, the civilized capitalist in his prairie palace ("Pull down THIS TRAIL SHANDY again for me, will you?"), his well-bred pacifist daughter, her romance with a charismatic outlaw, the onerous arrival of a legendary hired killer, etc. The Montana scenery is beautiful and beautiful, but there is nothing very special about this movie beyond the bygone fact that it brings together, for the first time, Martin Rando and Jack Nicholson. The brooding 1950s rebel chafes and his braying 1970s successor. Directed by Arthur Penn. 1976.
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National Lampoon's Animal House — Surprisingly coherent and polished piece of work, considering it's from the writers of the National Lampoon and from the director of KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE, not as much as you might expect. Held in check perhaps by the tight, music of the 1982 period setting, and not as funny either. This first-house comedy has good rapport with the lowbrow crowd; a report it maintains through the constant congratulations and rewards it hands out to its understanding go-off

characters. With John Belushi, Tim Matheson, directed by John Landis.
1978.
*** (Cinema 4, Fashion Valley, Power Hill Cinema 3)

One to Billy Joe — Herman Raucher, the scriptwriter, has fleshed out the bare-boned, movie-plot song by Bobbie Gentry, and in the following scenes he has changed the feeling altogether. The song was nothing if not horrid, whereas the movie is nothing if not horrible. The people are all witty and sympathetic: no coldness, no loneliness, no ignorance, no poverty. This new creation is enjoyable on its own terms, and is most valuable as a corrective of the usual movie image of the South (typically photographed, here, by Michael Hugo). Robbie Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, as Billy Joe and Bobbie Lee respectively, are quite winning as two teens in the warm-up stage of mating — he a cocky, posy attacker and she a graceful, gentle defender. The script is particularly good on their

playful use of language: like the girl in *BADLANDS*, Bobbie Lee feeds her dreams on *Torrid Romance* because she is a virgin (my simple breasts, and so forth) because she delights in it, and not because she believes in it. Directed by John Landis.
1978.
*** (Cinema 3)

The One and Only — Ghastly-looking movie (bitterish sun tones, barren settings) about a starstruck egomaniac who asks as if the world is his oyster and who is supposed to be executed for his behavior because Henry Winkler plays the role. With Kim Darby and Gena Saks; directed by Carl Reiner. 1978.
(Century Twin 2)

Paradise Alley — Sylvester Stallone directed, wrote, and stars in this portrait of Hell's Kitchen and the professional wrestling world; with Joe Spinell, Anne Archer, and Tom Walls. (Fashion Valley, from 11/10)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again — The Inspector Clouseau series has gone the way of the James Bond one, and just as fast. It has gotten involved in toppling back, and it has quickly gotten out of hand. Simply put, the Clouseau character, a severely imbalanced personality, doesn't inspire much respect; and while the individual jobs are as good as ever, they seem to be merely out-takes from earlier Clouseau escapades. The ludicrous team of Peter Sellers, star, and Blake Edwards, director, might have paid off bigger dividends if they had just expanded their territory (e.g. THE PARTY). Herbert Lom, Lesley-Anne Down. 1978.
*** (Mesa Cinema; Village)

Providence — Reviewed next issue. With John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Barkin, and David Warner; directed by Alan Resnais. 1977.
*** (Ken, 11/15 and 16)

The Return of the Pink Panther — As a first principle of comedy, Blake Edwards suggests there is no sure guarantee of laughter than the audience's confident expectation to laugh. This predestination is prime in this case, by Edwards' two earlier Inspector Clouseau films and by his maintaining a schedule of gag as incessant, as punctual, and as emphatic as in *Warner's* *Louise*. The gags do flow easily, even if the gags are no better than interchangeable comic moves in the two sequels, and Peter Sellers merits a strong commendation for stepping into his old characterization with no need of retaloring. But the multiple redundancies (the storyline itself is a reversion of Hitchcock's *TO CATCH A THIEF*) create a much cozier situation than in Edwards' best comedies, harsh, mortifying. 1975.
*** (Flower Hill Cinema 1)

Revenge of the Pink Panther — Robert Webber, Robert Loggia, and Paul Stewart carry with them the strong masculine smell of the straight gangster movie, and Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau trails after them, skunking up the air as though armed with perfume atomizers and deodorant aerosols. His most direct and telling blast at gangsterdom comes when he disguises himself as a balloon-like Godfather figure such as might float down the street in a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Blake Edwards, the writer and director, erases this tired reprise with his patented blend of innocuous dirty jokes and sterile visual opulence. Herbert Lom, Dyan Cannon. 1978.
(Century Twin 1; Cove, Flower Hill Cinema 1; Mesa Cinema; Village, Vogue)

Sideways — Classic Comics on screen. A paper-thin travelogue through northern India, lavishly photographed by Sven Nykvist, it slides over any notion of pain, struggle, intellectual conflict contained in Hesse's novel about a man's search for spirituality. Directed by Conrad Rooks. 1972.
*** (Strand, 11/10 and 11)

Silent Running — This ecologically concerned outer-space fiction, directed by Douglas Trumbull, taps the audience's fondness for household plants and for cute, pet-sized robots. The use of Joan Baez songs as mortality boosters is facile but at least understandable: the casting of Bruce Dern in the lead role is less understandable, as he transforms the lone defender of pure life into a sort of pinkie-anthropoid, glibly, barely-eyed. Directed by Douglas Trumbull. 1972.
*** (Aerie, through 11/11)

Ted Driver — The moviemakers, director Martin Scorsese and scriptwriter Paul Schrader, have started with an old-style Warner Bros. working-man premise and tried to cram their learning into it: essential philosophy from Sartre and Camus, nomadism to stress on PLURIMITY, and DAILY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, and typical sketches of New York. After Dark styled after undergrounders like Peter Goldman, and a gory bacchanal shoot-out styled after Peckinpah. None of this learning, however, is injected into the seething, glazed-eyed principal character, a White Knight obsessed with riding the city streets of human garbage. (Indeed, for all that's divulged about a cab driver's profession, the movie might as well be called *STREET CLEANERS*.) You never have to confront this slow-witted semi-literate's ideas as ideas, and you aren't given sufficient clues to figure out what makes him tick. The portrait of the character is enough to give you the creeps, but not much more.
Robert De Niro, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Harvey Kalish. 1978.
*** (Towns, through 11/11)

To Have and Have Not — The legend is that Howard Hawks waged William Faulkner that he could make a good film out of Faulkner's worst novel (or some such wager), and this was the chosen project. Hawks lets himself be guided in his task by the tested formula of *CASABLANCA*. There's Bogart, there's some duff wartime patriotism, and there's a boxed-in, stage-bound look to the re-creation of exotic, Moroccan. However, there's also some fresh and spontaneous — albeit adolescent — mischief, melodrama, and prurient interest (Lauren Bacall, straight from the pages of *Vogue*, shows in her movie about a sophisticated understanding of the angles and planes of her face, shoulders, hips). And there are some eccentric, secondary characters: Dan Seymour's obese, effeminate policeman and Walter Brennan's loathless, slap-happy lunatic (his sad test for anybody he meets is the question, "Was you ever bit by a dead bee?"). Screenplay by Faulkner and Jules Furthman. 1944.
*** (La Palma, through 11/11)

Unburied of Chatterbox — All of the dialogue is witty, funny, and sung (music by Michel Legrand) and the cheerful colors come from Candy Land. These aggressive stylistic devices soon tire themselves out, straining to become the neatest, and which gloomily shadows the storyline; but they maintain a respectable level of taste and intelligence throughout. With Catherine Deneuve; directed by Jacques Rivet. 1984.
*** (Ken, 11/12 through 14)

Up in Smoke — The comedy team of Cheech and Chong in their movie debut, directed by Lou Adler.
(Alvarado Drive in Cinema Plaza 5; Parkway 1; South Bay Drive in Sports Arena 6; University Towne Centre)

A Wedding — There's a sort of protoplasmic scum over the image that makes everything appear somewhat blurred or blurred, symbolic perhaps of the altered state of consciousness you would need to be in to enjoy this broad burlesque of the marriage rite. Watching this movie is like being alone at a party where everyone else is wagging a loose and a thick tongue and laughing giddily at absolutely nothing. The scene guarded by John Considine, with their military manners, plain dark suits, and walkie-talkies, are funnier than most things in this movie, but no less broad. Carol Burnett, Dean Cain, J. D. Merrill, Lillian Gish, Nina Van Pallandt, Vittorio Gassman, and Mia Farrow, directed by Robert Altman. 1978.
(Sports Arena 6, University Towne Centre)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe? — Fully ham and cheese omelette. Robert Morley spoofs nothing but gag lines, George Segal mugs like a monkey, and Jacqueline Bisset comforts herself with the same degree of self-preservation and self-pacing practiced by the Venus de Milo (in other words, she is a stiff). The high point is the Sears catalog-style display of fine, dainty, dainty during the credits. Directed by Ted Koltchitzky. 1978.
(Gussman)

The Wild Geese — Adventure in Africa with Richard Burton, Roger Moore, and Richard Harris, directed by Andrew Davis.
(Cinema 4 Cinema 2; State, University Towne Centre, from 11-10)

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Story on Page 2

Story on Page 2

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Second Section

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

Progressive jazz musicians who choose to base themselves anywhere in Southern California must learn to live with public and critical indifference. In certain cities on the East Coast and in the Midwest, Los Angeles-based artists such as Arthur Blythe, James Newman, Jimmy Lynch, Horace Tapscott, Bobby Bradford, and John Carter are venerated. The latter two, especially, have been recognized for some time now as this region's eminent, influential jazz figures, aside from being splendid instrumentalists in their own right. They have also fostered and produced many of today's young, ambitious players to notoriety by their influence as university teachers. But if you look to Southern California's most prominent jazz critics for any indication of this fact, the pair doesn't even exist.



BOBBY BRADFORD

Trumpeter Bradford's mark was made long ago, though, for his work with Onette Coleman and his own excellent records, "Seeking" and "Love's Dream." He has a full, fat sound and an impeccable sense of emphasis. Carter is even more obscure, but has been referred to by more than a few reviewers as the most imposing claimant to emerge in the last couple of decades. Again, the paucity of ill-reputed records who've taken on claimant as their signature instrument may explain why he's been lavished with such a laurel. But he has no reason to feel humbled. His work is as fervid, idiosyncratic, and unmistakable as any great soloist. The two played in San Diego to a sparse but enthusiastic crowd of 100 last spring in a quartet format. This Friday night they will perform duets at Del Mar's Bradford Court Theatre.



I have no doubt that our fair city's many jazz aficionados will be there. Wednesday, the less publicized, less popular half of Parliament Funkadelic will perform at the Fox Theatre. Since they first acquired some attention, group leader George Clinton has insisted that the group

has an equal interest in the commercially sold dividends of disco, and the eclectic explorations of "space funk" rock. To prove his conviction, the band's current tour consists of small hall dates, to be sure, but will emphasize their rock side. P.F. has never been more than a highly accomplished joke band, and I

wouldn't quarrel with anyone who believes them excessive and overbearing. Still, I retain a perverse, lowbrow affection for their junk music. They are fairly funny, headily off the wall, and their organic, heavy metal provides the same kinky pleasure one now gets from listening to an old "rock rock" album. What's more, lead guitarist Mike Hampton is as delightfully obnoxious a show-off as any Ted Nugent you ever heard of.

One punk group I regard with unqualified scorn is Rush. Like Parliament Funkadelic, their name-making is also reminiscent of paragon of disco-headed acts such as Blue Cheer and Savage Resurrection, but they don't appear to recognize that their devil is a grade-A one. Rush is devoid of serious and dead-end playing. The two headlines over guitar and bass are a capable if lackluster shadow of Johnny Winter. Saturday at the Sports Arena.

Those who believe jazz died in the mid-1970s can be fooled. It was never dead. It was merely in a coma. It was in a coma when Harry James' Big Band was in its prime. It was in a coma when the Mission Boys' Band was in its prime.

Another in the continuing series of new wave fun tests occurs Sunday at UCSD's Student Center, featuring The Alleycats, Middle Class, and The Cockpits. Even if the quality of these groups ranges from gloriously and purposefully amateur to helplessly wretched, the shows are rarely less than amusing, even liberating in some sense.

—Steve Tarnedino

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Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday. Send information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138 or call 234-1507 by 4 p.m. Friday. IMPORTANT: Information must be received by the Friday preceding the Thursday issue to insure inclusion.

San Diego Concerts

Stanley Turrentine: Catalonian, Thursday, November 9 through Sunday, November 12, 9 and 11

p.m., 3090 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Bobby Bradford and John Carter: Stratford Court Theatre, Friday, November 10, 8 p.m., 1353 Stratford Court, Del Mar, 755-8623.

Harry James' Band: Bahia Hotel, Mission Bay Room, Friday, November 11, 8 p.m., 958 West Mission Bay Drive, 488-0501.

Rush and Pat Travers: Sports Arena, Monday, November 13, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Alleycats, Middle Class, and Cockpits: UCSD Student Center, Sunday, November 12, 9 p.m., 286-4970.

Parliament/Funkadelic and The Brides of Funkenstein: Fox Theatre, Wednesday, November 15, 7:30 p.m., 7th and B streets, 236-6510.

Richie Havens and the Ruby Slippers: La Paloma Theatre, Thursday, November 16, 8 and 10:30 p.m., First and D streets, Encinitas, 436-7788.

Bob Dylan: Sports Arena, Friday, November 17, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Philip-Dimitri Galas with The Monk Dresser Quartet: featuring James French, Damiana Golos, and Phil Keeney, Friday, November 17, 8 p.m., Stratford Court Theatre, 1353 Stratford Court, 755-8623.

Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes: California Theatre, Saturday, November 18, 8 p.m., 4th and C streets, 233-9373.


The Great American Showdown: featuring The Dillards and others, Big Oak Ranch, Saturday, November 18 and Sunday, November 19, 10 a.m., Harbison Canyon Road, El Cajon.

Peter Gabriel: California Theatre, Sunday, November 19, 7:30 p.m., 4th and C streets, 233-9373.

Van Morrison: Civic Theatre, Friday, November 24, 8 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6510.

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Reader's Guide to

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Sports Arena, Sunday, December 3, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4176.

Clubs

Annex, 1802 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach 429-1161. Bar
Noria, country, Tuesday through
Saturday, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Tuesday through Saturday.
Anthony's Hotbar, 1505 North
Harbor Drive, 233-6358. Danny
Salinas, pop, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Antonio's, 822 National Avenue,
National City 477-2208. Sky's the
limit, live 40. Monday through
Saturday.

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street,
Mission Bay 224-5434. Daniel
Chambers and others, disco, rock,
and odds, Tuesday through
Saturday.
Bocachon, 8022 Clairemont
Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont
560-8222. Juice featuring Monica
Hopkins, top 40 and disco,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Bar X Ranch House, 117 East
Broadway, Vista 724-0010. Sky's the
limit, live 40. Monday through
Saturday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village
Hotel, Mission Bay 275-6000. Shire
#1 On, disco and top 40, Monday
through Saturday.
Belly Up Tavern, 143 South
Cortina, Solana Beach 481-9222.
Tall Cotton, country-rock, Tuesday
through Saturday.
Black Angus, E Street, Chula Vista,
426-9200. Magic, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Groves
Avenue, El Cajon 440-5055.
Summer Wine, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5427 Kearny Villa
Road, Kearny Mesa 270-3000.
Gabe Lapiano Band, pop, Tuesday
through Saturday.
Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island
Drive, 291-8010. California,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday, Steve's Throw,
Monday and Tuesday.
Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway,
291-5555. Mike Spencer, guitar
and vocals, Thursday through
Saturday.

Charlie's Horse Lounge, Winner's
Circle Lodge, 5500 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar 755-6666. Channorm
Ridge, country, Thursday through
Saturday.

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue,
582-5820. Vess Dethell, 30s to 60s
music, Wednesday through
Saturday, Steve Johnson, Harry
James-style music, Monday and
Tuesday.
Chico's Steak House, 1403 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido,
746-5100. Windfall, country and
folk, Wednesday through Saturday.
Comedy Store, 916 Paul Street,
La Jolla 454-9176. Dick Shawn,
Thursday through Saturday.

Crowroads, 345 Market Street,
downtown, 233-7856. Carl Evans
Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday.
Daley's, 1390 Third Street, Chula
Vista 477-8441. Bill Russell, light rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

Daley's, 1390 Third Street, Chula
Vista 477-8441. Bill Russell, light rock,
Thursday through Saturday.
Dick's of the Beach, 327 North
Highway 101, Solana Beach,
755-7672. Bratz, rock, Wednesday
through Saturday, auditions,
Monday and Tuesday.
Distillery, 9522 Miramar Road,
Mira Mesa 271-8780. Serpentine
Fire, contemporary, Monday
through Saturday.

Freelife, Washington at Centre
City Parkway, Escondido 745-1931.
Dr. Downs, Thursday, Disco Ken,
Friday, Keri, Saturday.

Freelife, Washington at Centre
City Parkway, Escondido 745-1931.
Dr. Downs, Thursday, Disco Ken,
Friday, Keri, Saturday.
Freelife, 5373 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley 291-8635.
disco and top 40, nightly.
Gold Coast Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, Mission Valley,
291-7331. Dearly O' Downey,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Kalev, 4258 West Point Loma
Boulevard, Loma Pointe 225-9559.
Midnight Sun, top 40 and disco,
Thursday through Saturday.
Arizona, 4258 West Point Loma
Boulevard, Loma Pointe 225-9559.
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Carl Evans Quartet
CROSSROADS

La Costa Cantina
is now open for
lunch & dinner.
"The best Mexican
food north of the border."
CUARTETO CRYSTAL
Sensational you & your guests
while you dine, every Thurs.,
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Open daily from 11 a.m. -
Sunday from 12

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Saturday & Sunday - 10 a.m. until dark
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Tickets include
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town
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The Big Oak Ranch - 445-3947
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An Electric Octopus Production

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the Music Scene

Harporn Henry's, 2725 Shelter
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Throw, music from the 20s to the
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His Place, 740 South Escondido
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Friday, Colour, contemporary and
Latin, Saturday.
Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East
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People Movers, top 40 and disco,
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Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach.
270-3220. Tall Cotton, country rock,
Thursday and Friday, Thunderbolt,
rock, Saturday and Sunday, Joe
Morris presents Pat Brigham,
Sunday afternoon, Nitty Bumpo,
contemporary, Monday through
Wednesday.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach.
270-3220. Tall Cotton, country rock,
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★ RICK DANKO & GARY BUSEY
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Robert's Mountain, 7357 S. Hwy. 278-1373: David
Lester, hostess, Tuesday through
Thursday.

Mya's Hearthside, 5530 La Jolla
Village, 454-0318: Ray Coe,
American traditional and pop/Latin,
Thursday through Saturday.

Indulgent, 6608 Mission Gorge
and 280-265: Shane Garg,
contemporary, Friday and
Saturday.

Shelter Island Inn, 2051 Shelter
Island, 222-0551: John
Campbell and Crystal, dancing
and pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Aratara North Island, 1330
North Island Road, 291-2900: Fred
and Ann, live and the Guadalupe
band, music, Tuesday through
Thursday.

Smoky's Saloon, 2855 Midway
E., 223-3154: Disco, Thursday
and Wednesday.

Elmer's, 100 Sunset Avenue and
1000 Broadway, 275-3993:
Timothy/Lay, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; Buzzards, rock,
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at ozzie's music you can make any gig... with guitars, drums, electric keyboards, band instruments, piano, organs and lots of other good stuff at discount prices.

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Doing Pop, Boogie, Rock & Roll Dance Music

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ALL YOU CAN GET



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SALAD BAR ~~~~~	\$5.00
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SANDWICHES ~~~~~	1.50
SOUP AND SALAD BAR ~~~~~	2.50
5 SANDWICHES + SOUP OR SALAD BAR ~~~~~	8.50
SANDWICH ~~~~~	1.50
5 SANDWICHES + SOUP OR SALAD BAR ~~~~~	8.50
5 SANDWICHES ~~~~~	7.50
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SOUP AND SALAD BAR ~~~~~	2.25
--(ALL OF THE ABOVE INCLUDES)	
DRINKS ~~~~~	50c/each
COFFEE ~~~~~ 50c/each	
IMPORTED BEERS 1.25 CREAMS 1.00 FOUNTAIN	
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Van Halen
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Call immediately

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A OPEN NECK BLOUSON DRESS
WITH FULLY BELLEMAN
SLEEVES (ELASTIC WAIST)
IN BLACK, BONE, JADE
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13 REG. \$4

B 1/2 SLEEVE WITH ELASTIC
SMOCK BACK (ELASTIC
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SIZES
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CREPE DRESSES

A. OPEN NECK BLOUSON DRESS
WITH SPLIT FRONT WAIST
SLEEVES. ELASTIC WAIST
IN BLACK, BONE, JADE
OR TEAL CREPE. SIZES 8-12
REG. \$34

B. V NECK DRESS WITH ELASTIC
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WAIST WITH SELF TIE BELT
IN BLACK, BONE, JADE
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C. SHAWLLET COLLAR WITH
SHORT BODICE SLEEVES.
ELASTIC WAIST IN BLACK,
BONE, JADE OR TEAL CREPE
SIZES 8-12 REG. \$41

NOW
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NOV. 16TH

4" POT
TALL
BUY ONE FOR
\$2.50
GET ONE FREE!

the BASKET CASE

180 WASHINGTON ST.
THIRD FLOOR, WASHINGTON
OPEN 9-7, 7 DAYS A WEEK, 291-0215

MUSIC LOVING: Health oriented, quiet, non-smoker housewife needed immediately to share our beautiful old and large La Mesa house \$150. no utilities. Scott 462-4545, Mary Jane 462-0316.

ROOMMATE: Wanted to share Santa Mesa home. Furnished bedrooms, water, gas, pool, bathroom. Clean, quiet, convenient. Full-time student, darkroom, heated swimming pool etc. \$200 with utilities included. 279-8558 leave message.

ROOMMATE WANTED: Near Pacific Beach, 2 bedrooms and den. Large yard, garden, pool, and terrace. Female preferred, low-key environment \$180 plus utilities. 454-8812 or 270-8448.

ROOM: LARGE, private entrance. Large housewife. Quiet, neat, non-smoking, non-drinking. Organic garden, eggs, gold, gold. \$150 includes utilities. \$500 deposit. No pets. Santa Monica 448-4408 Marlene.

HUGE ROOM with private bath for rent in spacious and quiet apartment to 100, non-smoker. Furnished. Pool. Foreign student preferred. \$160/month plus utilities. Leave message at 276-7887.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted, 21-30, to share lovely Spanish bungalow with 1 bedroom, pool, and garden. \$187.50 per month. 295-8122 or 276-6644.

\$100 a MONTH room, with pool and bay view. \$21.30, non-furnished, male or female. Non-smoker, share utilities. 448-1947.

ROOMMATE WANTED: to share 3 bedroom house with 2 others in North Claremont. \$120 plus 1/3 utilities. No smokers. Don 483-1947.

ROOMMATE NEEDED: nice 2 bedroom apartment in Pacific Beach. \$175/month includes utilities, pool, BBQ, good view. Wayne 482-3786 (keep trying).

FEMALE TO share with same furnished 2 bedroom townhouse in La Jolla, 1/2 mile UCSD. Non-smoker, clean, responsible. Tennis courts, jacuzzi, pool. \$176. 454-1231 or 290-0193.

POSITIVE ORIENTED mixed house looking for someone seeking their own directions. Positive attitude. 264-3854 after 3:30pm.

ROOMMATE NEEDED: nice 2 bedroom apartment in Pacific Beach. \$175/month includes utilities, pool, BBQ, good view. Wayne 482-3786 (keep trying).

2 BEDROOM: 2 bed condominium near Mesa College, Santa Monica, pools, laundry facilities, well furnished. To share with MF. \$150 1/3 utilities. 279-1545.

HOUSEMATE (a) Wanted: Casual 3 bedroom house in La Jolla. Rent utilities \$230, yard and fireplace wood. Non-smoker. No pets. Thank you. Available immediately 458-7818.

GERMAN GRADUATE: student would like to share apartment in Mission Beach, beach area. Please contact Michael at 286-7834.

YOUNG LADY with 5 year old girl would like to share 2 bedroom home with 1/2 bath with male responsible female. Rent utilities \$150 & 1/3 utilities. \$50 deposit. 440-2865.

SHARING: 3 bedroom house. Quiet, peaceful, canyon view. No drugs. 282-7742.

MF For co-ed house near SDSU, seeking active, individualistic person, must be clean responsible \$100. Sorry no pets, keep 563-0632.

HOUSE FURNISHED: room in apartment, for rent to lady, non-smoking female. Please call. Pool. No pets or kids. \$145/month plus utilities. Harry Wirt last 276-7887. Philip. Leave message.

WANTED: Female roommate. La Costa New home. fireplace, washer & dryer. \$160 plus 1/3 utilities, non-smoker, no pets. Mesa 438-4202 or 438-4703.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted to share 3 bedrooms, 2 bath house in Pacific Beach area. Must be unattached, pretty, neat and mature. \$100 per month. Jan 279-3665.

SMALL CLEAN 2 bedroom house in Pacific Beach needs female, considerate, responsible, non-smoking person. Own room. Prefer female over 21. \$115 plus 1/3 utilities and deposit. 276-7887 or 276-7887.

27 YEAR OLD vegetarian male needs very cheap place to live (\$50). Sleeps out safe. Please no female calls. 744-6640-4640. Thanks.

FEMALE, NON-SMOKING roommate to share 3 bedroom house in South Mission Beach with 2 single girls. \$150 plus utilities. (714) 482-7275 after 5:30 or all day on weekends.

PACIFIC BEACH \$200 apartment. Woman over 25 very much into dance needs professional woman to share clean furnished apartment. No kids. No tobacco. Vinyl. 488-1641.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted to rent 3 bedroom house in North Pacific Beach. \$120 plus 1/3 utilities. No smokers. Don 483-1947.

WANTED: WOMAN 28-38 to share 4 bedroom/2 bath house in Claremont with same. Prefer professional or graduate school. Non-smoker/pets. \$150 plus utilities. 482-3786 (keep trying).

WANTED: HOUSEMATE: Open, hearty, active individuals with interesting, independent, intelligent, responsible, and fun. Sharing their understanding. Able to share and merge non-egocentrically. 284-5867.

MALE SHARE: bedroom and large home with others in North Park. \$84 month. Student or employed gals 18-25. Enthusiastic people. 282-0186.

WANTED: MATURE, conscientious roommate (male) to share 3 bedrooms, 2 bath, Enclitas house (fireplace, fenced yard). Prefer student, non-smoker. \$170 plus utilities. 942-2728.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted to share furnished 2 bedroom townhouse in La Jolla, 1/2 mile UCSD. Tennis, jacuzzi, and pool. Non-smoker, clean, responsible. \$150-455-1731 or 295-0513.

RESPONSIBLE FEMALE: Non-smoker to share 4 bedroom, 2 bath in La Mesa home with one male owner. Fireplace, 2 car garage, own room and bath. 588-466-3075.

26 YEAR OLD female has 1 bedroom to rent in Pacific Beach. Own room and bath. \$120 per month. Non-smoker, immediately. After 6:30pm 270-9022.

FEMALE to share large furnished one bed room apartment in La Jolla. \$100 month. You get the bedroom as I'm rarely home. 568-585-1012 or 482-1116.

ROOMMATE NEEDED: Adorable female, clean, responsible. 1/2 bath, pool, jacuzzi, recreation room. Near SDSU/1575. 453-6497.

HOUSEMATE WANTED: \$125 rent. \$35 utilities. Has laundry room and much space. Annual welcome. Location National City, 2112 E St. See National City. Come see Don 272-8741.

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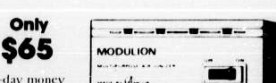
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Top light wood body, dark wood, 3/4 guard;
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GIBSON SG 1966 walnut with mint mite
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transportation, be 21 or over and sing. 298-
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CABLE SPIRIT piano, excellent condition
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Disco, new equipment and transportation.
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ALTEC 1215 a mixer with 6 channels and 10
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PRACTICE ROOM for rent, carpeted with
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Rock & Roll band. Both electric and acoustic.
Let's get together! 465-1117.

CHRISTIAN ROCK and Roll band new form-
ing. We need you for live. 465-6117.

VOK SUPER Continental Organ good condi-
tion original stand and cases. \$450 or offer.
442-4508 days ask for Rick 448-0388 after
4pm.

LESLIE 122 with Allen 15" speaker in bottom
375. 287-2065.

"FULL SAIL" available for casual or part-
time steady gig. Easy listening soft rock,
disco, etc. Dave 755-5765 or Bob 296-1674.

DRUMMER NEEDED for weekend of De-
cember 14, 15 & 16. Must play top 40. Pop.
Disco, new equipment and transportation.
298-1874, 755-7655, 277-3821.

ALTEC 1215 a mixer with 6 channels and 10
watts x 4 in. avg. \$700. 277-0630.

FOR SALE: Fender bassman 100 speaker
cabinet. \$85. Professional live hockey net.
skates, \$10 each. 277-0630.

SECULAR MUSIC has no purpose? Musi-
cians needed for Christian Rock/Pop band.
Fun, fellowship, adventure. Steve. 465-6117.

OLDS TROMBONE with case. Excellent con-
dition. \$85. Professional live hockey net.
skates, \$10 each. 277-0630.

GIBSON 5 string bongo & case long neck
\$250. 274-4127.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS: Astro trumpet
excellent, many new. French horn, Flugelhorn.
\$80-450.

COMMERCIAL ROCK band available to play
quity dance music by a variety of top 40
artists for your wedding party, club or other
occasions. Reasonable rates! 461-2039.

2 TONALM custom speakers. Excellent
condition, both with 15 inch woofers, 2-612
inch mids, and 2-212 inch horn tweeters.
\$150 each. 277-1198 after 4pm.

ALTO SAXOPHONE: Salmer-Pais. Super
for sale or trade for soprano or tenor of equal
value. Tom 454-4161.

MARZANT 2200 receiver with walnut case for
sale. \$165. Like new. 272-7779.

AUDIONICS CC-2 power amp, Meridian 101
pre-amp. Super quality. 100 month old. Best
offer. Total value \$950. 360-3924.

MUSIC GROUP manager/agent representa-
tion needed by serious, original group. Re-
sponsible, experienced, and experienced. Con-
tacts or experience necessary. Demo. 268-8375.

ROCK and Roll band looking for lead singer
(male). Experience not necessary, but inter-
est and desire to play is. 444-7857 or
460-1865.

PRACTICE ROOM for rent, carpeted with
electricity. Very private, and affordable. In
North County. Rick 724-148 evenings.

MONITOR FOR sale \$10. 264-8918.

MKR STEREO graphic equalizer \$110.
263-1330.

GIBSON 6 string top steel 1959 model \$819
with original hard case and bar \$75.
263-1366.

WANTED: Musicians to be in a new Christian
Rock & Roll band. Both electric and acoustic.
Let's get together! 465-1117.

CHRISTIAN ROCK and Roll band new form-
ing. We need you for live. 465-6117.

VOK SUPER Continental Organ good condi-
tion original stand and cases. \$450 or offer.
442-4508 days ask for Rick 448-

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For Sale

READER CLASSIFIED USERS: Ads for the issue of November 30 must be received by Wednesday, November 22, one day prior to Thanksgiving.

LOVESEAT for sale, like new, comfortable, sold for \$250 new, now \$125. 250-1250 after 5pm.

CARPENTRY. Approximately 30 yards of good siding in good condition. Enough for 2 bedrooms or large living room. \$118. 250-7587.

ANTIQUE PINE dresser with hand-carved drawers, good condition. \$120. Antique smelting table, hand-carved, good condition. \$80. 250-7587.

VERY LARGE FRODO Benjamin, 10, excellent condition. \$150. 460-3841.

POWER POWER 4 ton, like new, complete with rain and sprayer. \$115. Samsonite luggage in mint condition. \$15. Conquest motorcycle, \$40. Jim 222-3075.

1974 SMITH CORONA Deluxe 110, excellent condition. \$150 or offer. 250-0911.

24 KENICRAFT TRAVEL TRAILER, self-contained, heating, air conditioner, real bath, electric stove, refrigerator, 220V/110V/50Hz. 220-7587. 1974 Honda 1100 cc 250 cc 220-7587.

ANTIQUE, Pine table with 2 pattern back chairs, chisel of drawers, hand-carved cabinet and legs. Yarnell 235-1857.

CHEAPERS: 4' blacklight, handy used, 30. 8 track stereo, works fine, \$15. Samsonite luggage in mint condition. \$15. Conquest motorcycle, \$40. Jim 222-3075.

DESK, executive walnut desk, 36", excellent condition. \$165. 231-2903.

REFRIGERATOR, brand new, never used. O.E. refrigerator, \$400. You save over \$100 of regular sale price. 250-7584.

MOVING SALE: Double bed, dresser, TV, linens, bedspread, etc. \$100. All must go. Saturday, November 11, 10am to 7pm. 4601 Port Loma Avenue. 225-8911.

ALL NEVER USED. Camper/Bonanza/Bonanza. \$25. Coleman. 10' x 6' x 6'. 275. North Pacific Coast Motel. 250-0702.

RATTAN DINETTE set includes a 40" square table and 6 chairs. \$225. Ann 257-8139.

OK ROLLTOP DESK, circa 1880, just refinished. 8-cube, best offer. 463-7066.

YARD SALE: Saturday, November 11, 10am to 12pm. Various items, including furniture, appliances, and more. 250-7587.

DO YOU HAVE ALLEGES? For sale, air filter with stand, \$50. 450-2081 days or call 210 new. 450-2081 days or call 210 new. 450-2081 days or call 210 new.

REFRIGERATOR - Westinghouse, perfect apartment size. A bargain at \$85. Call 250-7587.

DINING ROOM TABLE, round, 4 chairs, good condition. \$50. 450-6209.

KING SIZE bed with frame. 460-9552.

KENMORE PORTABLE, 10-gallon, 140, kitchen sink with cupboard and future. \$25. 250-7587.

QUEENSIZE WATERBED complete with mattress, sheets, comforter, and pillows. \$100. 250-7587.

ELECTRIC FRYING PAN, extra large capacity. 1000 watts, 110V. 250-7587.

MOVING SALE: 1000 watts, 110V. 250-7587.

DOWN SLEEPING BAG, Army \$30. Coleman sleeping bag with waterproof cover. \$15. 250-7587.

UNCLE BERT'S CARDS, take advantage of this unusual variety. United Nations Association, 1000 University. 250-7587.

CLOCK, 400 year (Anniversary), German. 1920s, complete but not working. \$5. 454-0262.

JOAN COLLINS' autobiography "Past Imperfect" not published in U.S., names names. \$10. 454-0262.



SKI ANDORRA! JANUARY 3-16

• FLY ROUND TRIP — LOS ANGELES/MADRID

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• 8 DAYS AND NIGHTS IN ANDORRA

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USED HARDWARE store fixtures, do-it-yourself cabinets, cases, wire racks, shelving, etc. 455-1525. Keep trying.

16 TRAVEL TRAILER, 8 ft. self-contained, sink, stove, toilet, heater, 2 dining tables, very good condition. Price reduced. Must sell. \$150. 257-2505.

QUEENSIZE WATERBED, totally complete, 6 drawer pedestal, only \$120. 221-4402.

RECORD-4 CALL model T10 RBV and T10 RBV. Has papers on it. 2 works. Cost new \$400. Selling for \$250. 250-0877 evenings or 450-2831 days.

TYPEWRITER, portable electric. Smith Corona's current model, like new. \$150. Paid \$200. 450-4488.

DINING ROOM TABLE, round, diameter 54", 4 leaves, opens to 8 ft., hardwood, \$50. cash only. 250-0989.

QUEENSIZE WATERBED, 6 drawer pedestal, like new. \$150. 450-5085.

7 FIREWOOD, good stacking, cheap! 250-0989.

7 BARS OF EXCELBOND (padding material), and a whole truck of calling card, cheap! Call The Dolphin at 254-0689.

2 CAMPING COOLERS, 7.5 x 2.5 x 2.5, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48, 54, 60, 66, 72, 78, 84, 90, 96, 102, 108, 114, 120, 126, 132, 138, 144, 150, 156, 162, 168, 174, 180, 186, 192, 198, 204, 210, 216, 222, 228, 234, 240, 246, 252, 258, 264, 270, 276, 282, 288, 294, 300, 306, 312, 318, 324, 330, 336, 342, 348, 354, 360, 366, 372, 378, 384, 390, 396, 402, 408, 414, 420, 426, 432, 438, 444, 450, 456, 462, 468, 474, 480, 486, 492, 498, 504, 510, 516, 522, 528, 534, 540, 546, 552, 558, 564, 570, 576, 582, 588, 594, 600, 606, 612, 618, 624, 630, 636, 642, 648, 654, 660, 666, 672, 678, 684, 690, 696, 702, 708, 714, 720, 726, 732, 738, 744, 750, 756, 762, 768, 774, 780, 786, 792, 798, 804, 810, 816, 822, 828, 834, 840, 846, 852, 858, 864, 870, 876, 882, 888, 894, 900, 906, 912, 918, 924, 930, 936, 942, 948, 954, 960, 966, 972, 978, 984, 990, 996, 1002, 1008, 1014, 1020, 1026, 1032, 1038, 1044, 1050, 1056, 1062, 1068, 1074, 1080, 1086, 1092, 1098, 1104, 1110, 1116, 1122, 1128, 1134, 1140, 1146, 1152, 1158, 1164, 1170, 1176, 1182, 1188, 1194, 1200, 1206, 1212, 1218, 1224, 1230, 1236, 1242, 1248, 1254, 1260, 1266, 1272, 1278, 1284, 1290, 1296, 1302, 1308, 1314, 1320, 1326, 1332, 1338, 1344, 1350, 1356, 1362, 1368, 1374, 1380, 1386, 1392, 1398, 1404, 1410, 1416, 1422, 1428, 1434, 1440, 1446, 1452, 1458, 1464, 1470, 1476, 1482, 1488, 1494, 1500, 1506, 1512, 1518, 1524, 1530, 1536, 1542, 1548, 1554, 1560, 1566, 1572, 1578, 1584, 1590, 1596, 1602, 1608, 1614, 1620, 1626, 1632, 1638, 1644, 1650, 1656, 1662, 1668, 1674, 1680, 1686, 1692, 1698, 1704, 1710, 1716, 1722, 1728, 1734, 1740, 1746, 1752, 1758, 1764, 1770, 1776, 1782, 1788, 1794, 1800, 1806, 1812, 1818, 1824, 1830, 1836, 1842, 1848, 1854, 1860, 1866, 1872, 1878, 1884, 1890, 1896, 1902, 1908, 1914, 1920, 1926, 1932, 1938, 1944, 1950, 1956, 1962, 1968, 1974, 1980, 1986, 1992, 1998, 2004, 2010, 2016, 2022, 2028, 2034, 2040, 2046, 2052, 2058, 2064, 2070, 2076, 2082, 2088, 2094, 2100, 2106, 2112, 2118, 2124, 2130, 2136, 2142, 2148, 2154, 2160, 2166, 2172, 2178, 2184, 2190, 2196, 2202, 2208, 2214, 2220, 2226, 2232, 2238, 2244, 2250, 2256, 2262, 2268, 2274, 2280, 2286, 2292, 2298, 2304, 2310, 2316, 2322, 2328, 2334, 2340, 2346, 2352, 2358, 2364, 2370, 2376, 2382, 2388, 2394, 2400, 2406, 2412, 2418, 2424, 2430, 2436, 2442, 2448, 2454, 2460, 2466, 2472, 2478, 2484, 2490, 2496, 2502, 2508, 2514, 2520, 2526, 2532, 2538, 2544, 2550, 2556, 2562, 2568, 2574, 2580, 2586, 2592, 2598, 2604, 2610, 2616, 2622, 2628, 2634, 2640, 2646, 2652, 2658, 2664, 2670, 2676, 2682, 2688, 2694, 2700, 2706, 2712, 2718, 2724, 2730, 2736, 2742, 2748, 2754, 2760, 2766, 2772, 2778, 2784, 2790, 2796, 2802, 2808, 2814, 2820, 2826, 2832, 2838, 2844, 2850, 2856, 2862, 2868, 2874, 2880, 2886, 2892, 2898, 2904, 2910, 2916, 2922, 2928, 2934, 2940, 2946, 2952, 2958, 2964, 2970, 2976, 2982, 2988, 2994, 3000, 3006, 3012, 3018, 3024, 3030, 3036, 3042, 3048, 3054, 3060, 3066, 3072, 3078, 3084, 3090, 3096, 3102, 3108, 3114, 3120, 3126, 3132, 3138, 3144, 3150, 3156, 3162, 3168, 3174, 3180, 3186, 3192, 3198, 3204, 3210, 3216, 3222, 3228, 3234, 3240, 3246, 3252, 3258, 3264, 3270, 3276, 3282, 3288, 3294, 3300, 3306, 3312, 3318, 3324, 3330, 3336, 3342, 3348, 3354, 3360, 3366, 3372, 3378, 3384, 3390, 3396, 3402, 3408, 3414, 3420, 3426, 3432, 3438, 3444, 3450, 3456, 3462, 3468, 3474, 3480, 3486, 3492, 3498, 3504, 3510, 3516, 3522, 3528, 3534, 3540, 3546, 3552, 3558, 3564, 3570, 3576, 3582, 3588, 3594, 3600, 3606, 3612, 3618, 3624, 3630, 3636, 3642, 3648, 3654, 3660, 3666, 3672, 3678, 3684, 3690, 3696, 3702, 3708, 3714, 3720, 3726, 3732, 3738, 3744, 3750, 3756, 3762, 3768, 3774, 3780, 3786, 3792, 3798, 3804, 3810, 3816, 3822, 3828, 3834, 3840, 3846, 3852, 3858, 3864, 3870, 3876, 3882, 3888, 3894, 3900, 3906, 3912, 3918, 3924, 3930, 3936, 3942, 3948, 3954, 3960, 3966, 3972, 3978, 3984, 3990, 3996, 4002, 4008, 4014, 4020, 4026, 4032, 4038, 4044, 4050, 4056, 4062, 4068, 4074, 4080, 4086, 4092, 4098, 4104, 4110, 4116, 4122, 4128, 4134, 4140, 4146, 4152, 4158, 4164, 4170, 4176, 4182, 4188, 4194, 4200, 4206, 4212, 4218, 4224, 4230, 4236, 4242, 4248, 4254, 4260, 4266, 4272, 4278, 4284, 4290, 4296, 4302, 4308, 4314, 4320, 4326, 4332, 4338, 4344, 4350, 4356, 4362, 4368, 4374, 4380, 4386, 4392, 4398, 4404, 4410, 4416, 4422, 4428, 4434, 4440, 4446, 4452, 4458, 4464, 4470, 4476, 4482, 4488, 4494, 4500, 4506, 4512, 4518, 4524, 4530, 4536, 4542, 4548, 4554, 4560, 4566, 4572, 4578, 4584, 4590, 4596, 4602, 4608, 4614, 4620, 4626, 4632, 4638, 4644, 4650, 4656, 4662, 4668, 4674, 4680, 4686, 4692, 4698, 4704, 4710, 4716, 4722, 4728, 4734, 4740, 4746, 4752, 4758, 4764, 4770, 4776, 4782, 4788, 4794, 4800, 4806, 4812, 4818, 4824, 4830, 4836, 4842, 4848, 4854, 4860, 4866, 4872, 4878, 4884, 4890, 4896, 4902, 4908, 4914, 4920, 4926, 4932, 4938, 4944, 4950, 4956, 4962, 4968, 4974, 4980, 4986, 4992, 4998, 5004, 5010, 5016, 5022, 5028, 5034, 5040, 5046, 5052, 5058, 5064, 5070, 5076, 5082, 5088, 5094, 5100, 5106, 5112, 5118, 5124, 5130, 5136, 5142, 5148, 5154, 5160, 5166, 5172, 5178, 5184, 5190, 5196, 5202, 5208, 5214, 5220, 5226, 5232, 5238, 5244, 5250, 5256, 5262, 5268, 5274, 5280, 5286, 5292, 5298, 5304, 5310, 5316, 5322, 5328, 5334, 5340, 5346, 5352, 5358, 5364, 5370, 5376, 5382, 5388, 5394, 5400, 5406, 5412, 5418, 5424, 5430, 5436, 5442, 5448, 5454, 5460, 5466, 5472, 5478, 5484, 5490, 5496, 5502, 5508, 5514, 5520, 5526, 5532, 5538, 5544, 5550, 5556, 5562, 5568, 5574, 5580, 5586, 5592, 5598, 5604, 5610, 5616, 5622, 5628, 5634, 5640, 5646, 5652, 5658, 5664, 5670, 5676, 5682, 5688, 5694, 5700, 5706, 5712, 5718, 5724, 5730, 5736, 5742, 5748, 5754, 5760, 5766, 5772, 5778, 5784, 5790, 5796, 5802, 5808, 5814, 5820, 5826, 5832, 5838, 5844, 5850, 5856, 5862, 5868, 5874, 5880, 5886, 5892, 5898, 5904, 5910, 5916, 5922, 5928, 5934, 5940, 5946, 5952, 5958, 5964, 5970, 5976, 5982, 5988, 5994, 6000, 6006, 6012, 6018, 6024, 6030, 6036, 6042, 6048, 6054, 6060, 6066, 6072, 6078, 6084, 6090, 6096, 6102, 6108, 6114, 6120, 6126, 6132, 6138, 6144, 6150, 6156, 6162, 6168, 6174, 6180, 6186, 6192, 6198, 6204, 6210, 6216, 6222, 6228, 6234, 6240, 6246, 6252, 6258, 6264, 6270, 6276, 6282, 6288, 6294, 6300, 6306, 6312, 6318, 6324, 6330, 6336, 6342, 6348, 6354, 6360, 6366, 6372, 6378, 6384, 6390, 6396, 6402, 6408, 6414, 6420, 6426, 6432, 6438, 6444, 6450, 6456, 6462, 6468, 6474, 6480, 6486, 6492, 6498, 6504, 6510, 6516, 6522, 6528, 6534, 6540, 6546, 6552, 6558, 6564, 6570, 6576, 6582, 6588, 6594, 6600, 6606, 6612, 6618, 6624, 6630, 6636, 6642, 6648, 6654, 6660, 6666, 6672, 6678, 6684, 6690, 6696, 6702, 6708, 6714, 6720, 6726, 6732, 6738, 6744, 6750, 6756, 6762, 6768, 6774, 6780, 6786, 6792, 6798, 6804, 6810, 6816, 6822, 6828, 6834, 6840, 6846, 6852, 6858, 6864, 6870, 6876, 6882, 6888, 6894, 6900, 6906, 6912, 6918, 6924, 6930, 6936, 6942, 6948, 6954, 6960, 6966, 6972, 6978, 6984, 6990, 6996, 7002, 7008, 7014, 7020, 7026, 7032, 7038, 7044, 7050, 7056, 7062, 7068, 7074, 7080, 7086, 7092, 7098, 7104, 7110, 7116, 7122, 7128, 7134, 7140, 7146, 7152, 7158, 7164, 7170, 7176, 7182, 7188, 7194, 7200, 7206, 7212, 7218, 7224, 7230, 7236, 7242, 7248, 7254, 7260, 7266, 7272, 7278, 7284, 7290, 7296, 7302, 7308, 7314, 7320, 7326, 7332, 7338, 7344, 7350, 7356, 7362, 7368, 7374, 7380, 7386, 7392, 7398, 7404, 7410, 7416, 7422, 7428, 7434, 7440, 7446, 7452, 7458, 7464, 7470, 7476, 7482, 7488, 7494, 7500, 7506, 7512, 7518, 7524, 7530, 7536, 7542, 7548, 7554, 7560, 7566, 7572, 7578, 7584, 7590, 7596, 7602, 7608, 7614, 7620, 7626, 7632, 7638, 7644, 7650, 7656, 7662, 7668, 7674, 7680, 7686, 7692, 7698, 7704, 7710, 7716, 7722, 7728, 7734, 7740, 7746, 7752, 7758, 7764, 7770, 7776, 7782, 7788, 7794, 7800, 7806, 7812, 7818, 7824, 7830, 7836, 7842, 7848, 7854, 7860, 7866, 7872, 7878, 7884, 7890, 7896, 7902, 7908, 7914, 7920, 7926, 7932, 7938, 7944, 7950, 7956, 7962, 7968, 7974, 7980, 7986, 7992, 7998, 8004, 8010, 8016, 8022, 8028, 8034, 8040, 8046, 8052, 8058, 8064, 8070, 8076, 8082, 8088, 8094, 8100, 8106, 8112, 8118, 8124, 8130, 8136, 8142, 8148, 8154, 8160, 8166, 8172, 8178, 8184, 8190, 8196, 8202, 8208, 8214, 8220, 8226, 8232, 8238, 8244, 8250, 8256, 8262, 8268, 8274, 8280, 8286, 8292, 8298, 8304, 8310, 8316, 8322, 8328, 8334, 8340, 8346, 8352, 8358, 8364, 8370, 8376, 8382, 8388, 8394, 8400, 8406, 8412, 8418, 8424, 8430, 8436, 8442, 8448, 8454, 8460, 8466, 8472, 8478, 8484, 8490, 8496, 8502, 8508, 8514, 8520, 8526, 8532,

riveted, soldered, contoured to fit any boat.
\$90 or offer. 297-9457.

REMOTE CORDLESS phone, for invalids or others wanting phone at various places around home with no cord. \$400 new, now \$125. Not CB. 272-2222.

WATERBED, kingsize, complete. Good condition, with extra mattress. 2 years old. \$100 firm. 287-1396 after 4.

Winners of and Answers to Reader Puzzle #29, You're on the Right Track

Boy, were you on the right track. The only problem was that the track was so crowded we haven't the faintest idea how there was any room left for the horses and jockeys to breathe, let alone run a race. There were 575 of you hanging around the track, and as far as we could tell (we admit our eyes did get blurred by all those brightly colored silks), none of you made even a tiny slip. That's right: 575 winners. We'd written up a fairly detailed

1. Donna Recht, San Diego
2. Scott Metzger, San Diego
3. Julie Branim, San Diego
4. Nancy Ferebee, San Diego
5. Cyndy Soper, San Diego

Position	Horse	Jockey	Colors
First	<u>CITATION</u>	<u>CORDARO</u>	<u>GREEN & WHITE</u>
Second	<u>LUCKY DAN</u>	<u>VASQUEZ</u>	<u>BLUE & GOLD</u>
Third	<u>SEATTLE Slew</u>	<u>GODIVA</u>	<u>RED & YELLOW</u>
Fourth	<u>SWAPS</u>	<u>CRUGHER</u>	<u>PURPLE & YELLOW</u>
Fifth	<u>BOLD RULER</u>	<u>PARRANO</u>	<u>ORANGE & GREEN</u>