

PRE-XMAS garage sale lots of small items suitable for inexpensive gifts baby items, glass, pens, knick knacks, 5044 34th Street, San Diego.

KIMBALL ORGAN, entertainer, singer, 300, 1977, 2 manuals, pedals, Onhears sound, rhythm. Must sell, sacrifice for \$1200. 452-0869 evenings.

ATTENTION ARTISTS: large heavy drafting table with Prager Junior. Excellent condition at a great price \$295 or make offer. Thom. 483-0186.

COME FIND your treasure at the Armed Services YMCA rummage sale. Friday, December 1st, 4pm-8pm Saturday, December 2nd, 8am-5pm. 505 W Broadway, San Diego, Ca.

TYPEWRITER, electric Smith/Corona portable. Fair condition. \$30. 942-2878.

SOLU, The dresser, not the mirror, it can be attached to dresser or hung on the wall take it away at \$25. 452-5818 or 452-8600.

ATTENTION COLLECTORS: Jim Beam bottles 1860 Republican Campaign (California) Elephant bottle \$15 and 1978 bicentennial "Crisis Attacks" bottle \$5. 452-9538.

MOVING? 5 x 8 utility trailer, factory built by Wells Cargo, Inc. Completely enclosed and weatherproof. Will sell for \$550 or best offer. 278-8512.

TABLE LAMP \$2, motorcycle helmet \$4.50, lots of bedspreads and trunks at low, low prices. 452-8912.

MULTI-HOUSEHOLD garage sale. Kitchen appliances, vacuum, cassette deck, roller bag, clothing, lots of other things. Saturday, 9 to 3, 1035 Stratford Court, Del Mar.

RECLINER: brown vinyl chair, \$15. Bedspread: yellow queen-size polyester, \$15. Hauling: wooden with steel hoops, 6 gallon, \$15. 282-4808.

ATARI TV game, used 1 hour, \$139; chandeliers, brass and crystal, \$45; rug backing for hooking, \$2000 inches, reasonable offer. 284-2028.

ELECTRIC STOVE: Used only 6 months. Frigidaire Twin oven design with self-cleaning lower oven. Harvest gold. Many features. \$400. 459-0078 8:30-9pm.

HAVING A baby? We have a very nice maple cradle, (with 2 fixed sheets) only \$30. Also a baby carter, only \$5. 224-1074.

8-8 GUN, great Christmas gift \$7.50. 454-8858.

BLACK SABBATH Van Halen concert tickets, CD, December 3, 275-8874, Jim.

WASHER AND dryer set, \$149.99. Hydro boost, no motor, assets 2, \$89.99. Wash time \$15 each. Leather upholstery, \$1500. 952-5008.

BAKER-BROTHERS: electric, portable, family size \$12. 459-8058.

ADMIRAL REFRIGERATOR. Harvest gold, 18 cubic inch, frost-free, 77 model, excellent condition. \$225. Also small kitchen utility cabinet. \$25. 226-0497.

WATERBED MATTRESS and 2 box springs, king-size less than a year old. Excellent condition. 487-9871 evenings & weekends.

BEAUTIFUL handmade butcher block table 41" square, 4 wood chairs to match. \$200. 228-2487.

GAS ROTARY: lawn mower, Briggs & Stratton engine, 314 P, good condition. \$40. 477-5870.

NINJA 78 Black leather high fashion boots. Excellent condition. Worn only twice. Paid \$85. Will sell for \$80. Jonathan. 452-2857.

ANTIQUE HUTCH, Duncan Phyfe, mahogany, recently refinished. Excellent condition. \$890. 452-0523 after 5pm.

ROCKY HORROR picture show, collector selling posters and stills, from classes. Ten. Write to R.H.P. 1086 Sycamore, Vista, Ca. 92083. Include phone number.

BOOK SALE: Translators Friends of the Library sale books for 5 cents to 50 cents. December 28, 9:30-4pm. Translators Blvd at Crafts Fair.

CYCLONE FENCE and gate - 4 ft by 92' long plus 65 galvanized metal posts. Best offer. 276-0214, evenings.

SOLID OAK dresser with beveled mirror, \$150. 2 rosewood cherry onyx and tables, \$100. 400 oak school desk, \$50. 1800's gaming table, \$75. 273-4528.

DAWK ranch mode double breasted for cost. size 6-10. Appraised \$2500. sell for \$700. Excellent. 862-7296.

POTTERS WHEEL, kick. Custom, built way, 20th m. \$75 or best offer. Tom 264-2645.

GARAGE SALE, lots of goodies, small appliances, luggage, clothes, moved to smaller house. Saturday, December 2nd only, 12065 Rose Road, Rancho Bernardo.

DIGITAL WATCH, ladies, \$15. 583-0289.

SINGER MODEL 360 sewing machine with cabinet. All features including built-in buttonholer. Dyanard of Perfect Condition. \$100. 223-1773 evenings.

SMALL BEDSIDE lamp, crystal, with shade. \$5. Sunbeam toaster \$5, director's chair \$14, sewing box stand (old) \$5. Nice china and glassware for Christmas gifts. 582-7296.

A Tune for the Holidays.



This coupon is for Volkswagens, Datsuns, Toyotas, and Hondas for only

With this coupon CCI will do a complete tune-up on most Volkswagens for only \$19.00

and most Datsuns, Toyotas, and Hondas for

\$33.00 This tune-up includes Valve Adjustment-Compression Check-Replace Points and plugs-Scope Engine-Replace Valve Cover Gaskets

This offer good through December 28, 1978

CHARLIE CITY IMPORTS
2355 India
between Hathorne & Laurel
238-1161

SIMMONS HIDEAWAY, colonial style, bed in excellent condition, sofa needs cover \$65, 10 gallon aquarium, complete. Good for freshwater water. \$35. 287-2305.

TRAVEL TRAILER 17', sleeps 6 adults, 5 C, sink, stove, ice box, toilet, heater. Nice layout. Very good condition. Price reduced. Must sell. \$1290. 287-2305.

EXERCISER, Slim Gym, heavy canvas sling, on aluminum heavy duty frame with springs. For male or female. Doubles as baby stroller with. About \$50. 288-2863.

KARASTAN RUG - 6' x 9', soft lime green, mohair wool. Wash \$600. Sell for \$300. Other interesting items. Offers considered. 452-8623.

FRANCIS WARE - Desert rose. Lovely collection - 69 pieces. Plates, bowls, serving. Water to R.H.P. 1086 Sycamore, Vista, Ca. 92083. Include phone number.

ANTIQUES - 2 beautiful oak violins \$140, \$185. Larkian desk with drop front \$275. Trede sewing machine \$85. Hand made antique quilt in excellent condition \$150. 452-8074.

MONTH-OLD complete saunx unit, redwood walls and benches, excellent condition. \$600. 281-4066.

PARKING LOT rummage sale, Saturday, December 2, 8am-4pm. College Park Presbyterian Church, 5075 Campanile Drive (corner of Montezuma Rd & Campanile Dr. near 520th).

PUMA "GAME Warden" Handmade Kilt. Folding, looking blade, new. Kilt will increase in value. Petate for \$67, wad \$45. Jack 223-2487.

BOOKS, 600 mac: hardbacks \$275, 232-4383.

CARPENTERS' roller square \$7, huge carpenter's tool box \$6, 8 power sander 3/4" x 1/2" \$25. New mini box & saw \$13. 295-8529 mornings.

LEATHER JACKET and trousers ideal for motorcycle. Hand made from antelope leather in Spain. Too doubles as sports jacket. \$150. 279-9819.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL - 2 stereo wall units. Oak construction with light walnut stain. Free-standing. Worth \$280. Will sell this weekend for only \$275. 452-1981.

ACEITELINE tank cost \$180 empty. Sell for \$95 full. 282-9874 after 5 or on weekends.

CAMPING COOLER \$7, hand set \$8, folding shovel \$4, backpack frame \$3, 4 aluminum steak platters new \$15, punch cooler \$4. 295-8529 mornings.

RCA REMOTE control color television small console. 20" screen. \$175. 561-4836.

GARDENING TOOLS: Shovel, rake, pick, cut-hoe, spade, garden shovel, pruner, electric hedge clipper, lawn edger, grass clippers, pruning shears, sprayer. All 295-8529.

ROCKWELL POWER plane, model 126, 1 1/2 h.p. For wood, plastic, nonferrous materials. Portable. Excellent. \$100 or best offer. 481-0211 days, or 755-1023 evenings. En-met.

TYPEWRITER electric portable with case. Sears best. Just like new. Cost \$300 sell \$150 cash. Call morning to be sure. 295-8329.

REAL estate, all may buy bids for \$5 for 25 words or less, plus 20 cents per additional word. All business ads must be paid in advance.

SEND ALL ADS TO: READER CLASSIFIEDS P.O. BOX 98903 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92136

THE DEADLINE for receipt of ads is 9 a.m. Thursday 7 days before the week. We reserve the right to edit or refuse ads.

IMPORTANT! ADS MUST BE MAILED HERE, NOT BE BROUGHT TO THE READER OFFICE.

POSTERS, FRAMED: Jackson, Scholier, Bragg (signed), Agam lithograph, \$40 each; signed Newman & Cagall "White Angel" \$50 each; Hundemesser foil \$50. 283-9614 evenings or weekends.

DEKAMPOFF: Sears therapy model, excellent condition. \$60. 575-2678 after 5pm.

DRESSER, GORGEOUS 4 drawer women's large mirror, antique white finish, elegant, mint condition. \$25. worth \$45. 481-0772 after 5pm. Mail order, small pink chair \$10. 270-9648.

SOLID OAK contemporary shelves, Walnut finish 59 1/2" x 16" x 35". Perfect for stereo & records. 284-2768.

COUTH & bed (full size) \$20 each. Randy 270-8265.

WHITE METAL kitchen cabinet with sink \$15. Electric stove and oven with second overhead oven, needs work. \$10. 478-1919 evenings and weekends.

BLACK AND white 19" TV set Montgomery Ward good condition portable \$75 or best. 488-4337.

BEAUTIFUL MAPLE built-in \$150. Red decorator desk and chair \$75. King size mattress and box spring, extra firm, new best offer. 562-2765 after 5pm.

SANYO FREE-standing 3201B refrigerator 6 months old good condition, great for small apartment or large bed \$150 or best. 488-4337.

CEILING CORK (great for floors), cheap; excelsior (looks like hair), cheaper; printing equipment (great for press). Call The Dolphin at 284-9888.

55 CARAT DIAMOND ring, appraised \$1500, set \$950 best offer. Lou. 284-9888.

POM POMS 2500 bluegold beauties (that's right, paper pom poms) great for Charger games. 30 cents each or best offer. Gerry 286-8299 or 284-8888.

DANISH MODERN solid teakwood liquor cabinet with 4 cubic feet electric refrigerator, like new. New cost \$800. Will sell for \$600. 228-0798.

EXPERIMENTERS, parts, unused: 24v. D.C. motor, Tigris 6-100 microammeter, 4 circuit relays, 1-540P tube, 2000 ohm 5 percent 8.5KV tank capacitors, 10 amp, 4 circuit 600V A.C. relay. 232-8205.

HAML, ETC. unused parts: H.P. R.T. coils, D.P.D.T. 12v. relays, filament trans. 115/6.3v. at 4 amp. time delay relay, heavy duty testable switches. 30 amp. 500V. A.C. switch. 232-8285.

100 YEAR OLD German clock, \$40 (Marine) 3 hinged wall table, \$15. 4882 34th Street, San Diego. 285-5854, evenings.

HUGE PATIO sale. Saturday, December 2, 8-4. Big selection, all kinds of things. 1652 Chaboudy, Pacific Beach.

UPRIGHT FREEZER \$175, electric dryer \$85, electric range \$85, radial tire \$25, tires \$5, drilling lamp \$17, floor lamp \$17, easy chair \$15. 235-1810.

SEVERAL ORIENTAL rugs from \$1000 to \$5000. 481-6772 for info. Thanks.

BACK RACK for auto. Outer hand massager, Patented body massager, Yamato steel spring pulley, 480 Electric-electric typewriter. \$400. Marshall 435-1285.

RCA COLOR TV, 20" console, picture tube resolution not as good as new, otherwise in very good condition. 1 owner, purchased 1967. \$75. 283-0847 evenings.

MAGNAVOX COLOR TV, 18" screen, walnut cabinet, pedestal base, 3-year-old, 5000, 588-1585.

LITHOGRAPHS, FRAMES: Kelly and Alvar pencil signed, Chagall, Vasily, \$50 each. Callers, glass signed, \$20 to \$100. Tamayo, Miro \$125 each. \$583-9614 evenings or weekends.

MUST SELL couch and chair. Gold print Couch holds down into bed. Fair condition. \$25 takes both. Also aquarium and stand. \$20. Deb 283-8885.

COLOR TV, RCA XU-100-19, 1974 model. Light to moderate use. Beautiful, bright picture. \$175. 222-8523, evenings.

PLAYPEN, FOLDING portable type, complete with pad. Lightweight yet sturdy. Can be carried through doorway when extended. Hardly ever used. \$15. Frank. 279-9289.

APARTMENT SIZED washer & dryer \$80, size 15x11" and 8'x9". Excellent condition, no spots. \$75. 273-9487.

THREE BKN natural/minicraft. Original price \$115, selling price \$50. Three also silver mini scarf, original price \$180, selling price \$35. 488-1280.

2 MARBLE PEDESTAL tables \$90 large double table \$115. 2 glass panels 248 500. 454-5438.

200 8 TRACK tapes, all excellent selections, most collectors items. Fantastic chance while I sell them all cheap. 225-0221.

BEAUTIFUL KING size waterbed. 12 drawers, mirror headboard. Was \$1000 new, sacrifice for only \$550. 225-0221.

OUTBOARD MOTORS: 1939 Evinrude 90 h.p. Antique but still runs. Only \$80. 1971 Evinrude 6 h.p. rebuilt, excellent condition \$300. Larry 488-7853.

READER

VOL. 7, NO. 48, DECEMBER 7, 1978 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Nine Pounds, Three Ounces



Martha Swaffield

Jason Peter Swaffield Arrives

JEANNETTE DE WYZE

Martha and Jim Swaffield saw the first photograph of their baby three and a half months before it was born. A technician at Palomar Hospital in Escondido had aimed an ultrasound machine at Martha's growing belly, and from the ultra high frequencies a black-and-white print had been produced. It showed a perfect-looking embryo, wide flung legs revealing his masculinity. 17-year-old Martha and Jim first started the photo, clings of excitement danced up their spines. Later, they found it hard to refrain from showing off their ripening son's image to friends. As the due date

approached, they felt they'd already met Jason Peter, and they were ready for him to enter their lives. Before she had gotten pregnant, Martha had felt the normal nervousness about childbirth, but as her body had swollen, her fears had subsided. As the due date had approached, she felt more than ready, even impatient. When she had taken Jim to visit the San Diego Birth Center and showed him the cozy room where their child would be delivered, Martha almost yearned to climb the stairs to the bed and end the waiting then. But the due date had passed, the days had melted away, and still Jason slept peacefully within her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM COIT

(Continued on page 8)

City Lights

Gideon's Bible Checks Out

James and Dorcas Mann will cluck their tongues and shake their gray-haired heads and tell you they can't believe San Diego's provincialism. The statement comes as a shock at first, for the Manns are a beatific pair who could pass for anyone's grandparents. They run the Pacific Beach Motel at 4773 Mission Boulevard. At the moment, they're sitting in their honey living room just off the motel front office, and a soap opera soundlessly plays on a large TV set at the front of the room. If you poked your head in the door, you probably wouldn't even see the other television screen behind James' soft armchair, on it, a shapely blond woman and a young man are engaging in energetic and totally explicit sexual intercourse. The soap opera will end, but the pornographic movies will continue late into the night, for this is an X-rated motel, one of the handful now operating in San Diego.

The scarcity of such enterprises draws the Manns' scorn. "Here you've had the movies in San Diego for five years, and there's still only four or five motels. Up in L.A. there are hundreds of 'em!" the elderly gentleman exclaims. "Sometimes two and three to a block," Dorcas adds brightly. "We had a place twenty years ago in Long Beach," her husband assents. "Course in those days they didn't have the movies. So they called 'em quickie houses.' You could get a room for three hours for three dollars. They had started in the Negro district around Figueroa Street and spread out from there. So Los Angeles people got educated — rather than going out and doing it in a car or in a bush or out on some mountain, they learned to come to the motels."

When the Manns finally moved to San Diego, they hesitated before deciding to try to educate San Diegans, and for years they ran their beach establishment as a normal motel. Then when the technology finally developed which enabled motel owners to connect regular television sets to centralized and videotaped porno movies, the Manns were tempted, but they fretted about disturbing the placid neighborhood. "Then came the gas crunch, and the tourism stopped cold," recalls James. "I said, 'God damn, I've got to pay the bills. To hell with the neighborhood!'" He says he first checked with the local vice squad to make sure that the movies were legal, then he installed the necessary wiring in thirteen of the twenty-six rooms, reserving the other thirteen for guests who don't have a yen for the spicy fare.

"A few of our regular customers got offended, but so few that we can't worry about it," James claims. In fact, the couple beams and says the skin



James and Dorcas Mann

flicks brought them unexpected benefits. When they raised the room rates (now ten dollars for three or four hours during the day, and twenty-five to thirty-five dollars for evening accommodations) to compensate for the movies and other extras (beige ceiling and wall mirrors decorate the clean, airy rooms, and five of the rooms also feature waterbeds), the clientele vastly improved, the Manns say. "We don't get the young people, 'cause they don't have the money. With thirty dollars they can go get a fifth of whiskey and a lid of marijuana and go out on the beach and have a ball," Dorcas explains cheerily. "Mostly we get the thirty- to fifty-year-old group."

"Her husband chimes in. "When we added the movies it changed from a whole lot of folks sitting in that parking lot to Cadillac and Mercedes Benz. . . . I have to tell you that the lady across the street has been very put out. She says the movies bring in unsavory people. But unsavory people do not drive Cadillacs, and Lincolns, and Mercedes!" James and Dorcas even claim that routine theft decreased when he added the sex movies. "No one's going to take one of our blankets home," the gentleman says with a mischievous twinkle. "If they did, someone might say, 'Where did you get that blanket?'"

Indeed, Murdock's place, a crisply clean set of buildings painted sparkling white with blue trim, hardly seems the sort to attract riffraff. It does entice ordinary tourists, Murdock says, and like the Manns, he merely informs them of the

Besides their ad in the yellow pages, the Manns only advertise the adult fare with a small window sign announcing "In-room movies." Dorcas says when unsuspecting customers come in off the street seeking shelter, "I always tell 'em we have rooms with X-rated movies and some rooms without 'em. Nobody gets offended!"

At the Dolphin Motel on Garrison Street in Point Loma, there's no sign of the pornographic extras (although owner H.D. Murdock also advertises in the phone book and occasionally in newspapers). Murdock says he did install a sign a year and a half ago when he hooked up the motel television to receive the erotic antics, but he immediately removed it when he noticed the clients it began attracting. "The city ought to copy us," the trim, sandy-haired businessman asserts firmly. "When you don't have signs out in front, you get a different type of clientele. The City wouldn't have the problem that it's been having with massage parlors if they just wouldn't let 'em put out signs. You wouldn't have the drifwood that just drifts in when they're drunk."

Indeed, Murdock's place, a crisply clean set of buildings painted sparkling white with blue trim, hardly seems the sort to attract riffraff. It does entice ordinary tourists, Murdock says, and like the Manns, he merely informs them of the

pornographic options and offers a choice. "Most of them take the movies." All of the Dolphin's rooms are equipped with the converted television sets, but Murdock says he can switch off those that don't wish to receive the service, and he automatically disconnects the service to rooms rented to individuals with children. He defends X-rated motels with vigor. "You know, the world is made up of all types of people. You've got your sex maniacs and your deviates, and this is a good outlet for them." Yet Murdock estimates that most of his customers are a more mundane lot. "I'd say probably sixty percent of them are married couples, a lot of them having anniversaries."

Out at La Petite Rouge Motel at 6840 El Cajon Boulevard, the manager/owner, who identifies himself only as Tom, chats nonstop. He also estimates that most of his guests are married couples who come primarily "cause they want to see the movies. They don't want to go downtown and sit in some theater with 500 sailors. Here, they have the privacy. I call it their little home away from home."

Tom also describes his operation as "the Cadillac of all the hotels in the trade," a description which at least applies to the high end of his price range. Day rates here come from nine dollars for a small, rather seedy room containing only a single bed and

the infamous television set, to fifteen dollars for a suite decorated in Early Bordello — red-and-black flocced wallpaper, a king-sized waterbed, a bar (Tom says he's still trying to figure out how to attach mirrors to the ceiling). Night rates range from twenty-five to fifty dollars per evening, yet from the outside, the building resembles any modest neighborhood motel, although several signs discreetly announce the adult entertainment.

Tom sits in a disordered office near the front. Next to him, glistening, writhing flesh parades intermittently across the television set, but the owner barely glances at the tube. "The amazing thing to me is that so many of our daytime customers are referred to us by priests or rabbis because the people's marriages are breaking up. We also get people coming here with medical problems. I've had therapists take a whole floor over to work with groups."

If the seeds of discontent towards Wilson haven't blossomed until recently, the librarians now say their boss began showing them back in the spring. Staff members grumble that during those critical city council hearings on the budget cuts, Wilson never fought to defend his department. "One of the functions of the librarian is to explain library functions to the city council. But we never had a chance with them," complains one disgruntled employee. Recently, an even

—J.D.

Globe Seeks Stage Presents

Bill Eaton, the spokesman for the Old Globe Theatre, looks back at the morning last March when the Old Globe smoked and smoldered in ruin, and gives a chagrined laugh.

"Yes," he muses, "that morning I blithely said we'd have another theater built in six months." Now that the smoke has cleared and the emotion of that spring morning has given way to the perspective of these winter afternoons, Eaton's proclamation appears to have been off by about a year and a half. The hope now is that the Old Globe will be rebuilt and ready for drama by the summer of 1980, but even that target date is not a certainty.

The reasons for that uncertainty are many, and they revolve primarily around the problem of fundraising. Right now the coffers show only about \$1.8 million has been collected — the goal of the fundraising campaign is some \$6 million. "It's not going great and glorious," admits Deborah Mazzanti Szekely, vice-chairman of the fund drive. Jim Mulvaney, who is the chairman, says there have only been six or seven gifts in

excess of \$75,000, and the rest of the money is in much smaller denominations. About half the big contributions have come from banks — Home Federal was good for \$100,000, San Diego Federal for \$75,000, and Bank of America for \$40,000 (Mulvaney can't disclose who the three or four individuals were who gave big money, one to the tune of \$200,000). "You need one really big gift of maybe half a million, and three or four of \$200,000," Mulvaney says. But so far the big money has eluded him, and it isn't likely that situation will change much before February because of an agreement the Old Globe has with COMBO and the United Way not to seek large contributions during those agencies' own fundraising drives, which are underway now.

Mulvaney sees several reasons for the slow growth of the rebuilding fund, as do others associated with the Old Globe. The first factor they point to is the inordinate amount of money San Diegans are being asked to contribute to various funds. "There is sixty million dollars being solicited here," declares Mulvaney. Some say more than in Los Angeles. Besides

COMBO and the United Way, there is the Aerospace Museum asking for money to rebuild in Balboa Park's Ford Building, the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art collecting for its new wing and remodeling effort, the downtown YWCA soliciting for renovation of its building at Tenth and C Street.

The Old Globe also may have suffered a bit from the fact that this fundraising effort took the opportunity to request money for the long-envisioned "third theater," to be built in the canyon where the temporary festival stage is now located. (The "second" theater is the Carter Centre Stage.) Mulvaney concedes that the third theater "might have confused things a bit," and that there were some potential donors who resented the move as capitalizing on the tragedy. Though many other Globe watchers and fund-drive workers said the same thing about the third theater, none could name anyone who withheld money because of it. The \$6 million goal of the drive is for both the Old Globe and the third theater, but the Old Globe itself is expected to require only about four million dollars. "We tried hard to make clear that our first priority was the Old Globe," says Mulvaney.

It wasn't until a couple of weeks ago that the preliminary architectural plans for the new Old Globe were received by those working on the rebuilding. This, too, Mulvaney considers a factor in the relatively small amount of large contributions. "It's tough to go to the public and try to get money without saying, 'Here's what you're gonna buy for your money.' People don't like to buy ideas, they like to buy hardware." As a consequence of the disappointing amount of money coming in, the operators of the Old Globe last July asked for an extension of the city's permit which allowed the festival stage to be constructed for last summer's Shakespeare Festival. The city council will decide next week whether that permit will be extended through the summer of 1979. The festival stage seats nearly 200 people more than the Old Globe did, and when the new Old Globe is built, it will have a capacity of 525, compared to the 420 in the one that burned down. The parking and traffic problems associated with such increased seating has led to criticism of the proposed permit extension. "This is a point the city has flubbed altogether," says Art Casey of Citizens

Coordinate for Century III, a citizens group headquartered in Balboa Park. "They [the city council] have a requirement to deal with the traffic problem. They've flubbed it for twenty-five years, and they'll continue to flub it." Casey predicts the city will sidestep the issue.

Meanwhile, the Old Globe continues to hold its winter performances in the Spreckels Theatre downtown, and though more seats are being sold there than were possible at the Old Globe, nobody associated with the Globe is jumping with joy over the turnouts. Nine hundred and sixty-one seats are available for sale, and they haven't sold out once yet. One of the most encouraging shows was a matinee last Sunday which sold 850 seats, but the average has been 650 to 700. "It's a little premature to make a determination if it's successful," says Bill Eaton. Others believe the move downtown has hurt the Globe. "They have lost maybe some of their Old Globe supporters," says Jackie Littlefield, operator of the Spreckels. "There were people who loved the small ambience, and the Globe itself."

—N.M.

Library Fine In Future, Says Top Tome Jockey

When the job of city librarian opened up last year and Kenneth Wilson stepped into the role, San Diego librarians knew that their new administrator had had little big-city library experience. They knew that Wilson came to San Diego fresh from serving as Burbank's librarian and that he'd also worked in Palo Alto and Santa Barbara. But the bookend nonetheless seemed to reserve judgment about their new chief, and even when the city council last summer hacked the library budget by fifteen percent and the staff by nearly a quarter, the librarians directed their ire toward the city, rather than at Wilson. But that situation has been changing in the past few months.

If the seeds of discontent towards Wilson haven't blossomed until recently, the librarians now say their boss began showing them back in the spring. Staff members grumble that during those critical city council hearings on the budget cuts, Wilson never fought to defend his department. "One of the functions of the librarian is to explain library functions to the city council. But we never had a chance with them," complains one disgruntled employee. Recently, an even



Kenneth Wilson

greater irritant has been the administrator's response to one suggestion which first surfaced after the cuts last summer — namely, to take \$250,000 out of the library's book budget and to use that money for restoring personnel instead. Among those now espousing that recommendation is the Citizens for the Library organization, headed by Robert Magness, who points out that the library already has at least a

16,000-volume backlog of uncatalogued books. Yet Wilson steadfastly has resisted the suggestion. He says, "I just figure that this library's never had enough money for books." Manifestations of the staff unrest have been subtle. "People have talked a number of times about getting petitions together to ask for his removal, but so far they've never succeeded because someone's name would have to come first, and they'd be blamed," says one librarian. Even more dramatically, a few members of

the local chapter of the California Library Association have suggested that the organization censure Wilson, according to the chapter president, Barbara Tillitt. But she says, "We finally decided it wasn't our place to censure him." That should come from his peers. "Wilson himself acknowledges the morale problem." What we call

the library faith has been deeply shaken," he admits, but he rejects the charge that he's been responsible for it. "I think there is what we call the morale curve," he says, in inter-of-factly categorizing the librarians' plummeting spirits. "At the moment I think we're still in the morale drop. It's a psychological thing," he continues confidently. But just you watch. It'll turn around."

—J.D.

—Jeannette DeWise and Neal Matthews



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Off On Our Rockers

I'm confused. For years I felt I knew the difference between rock and roll, pop, country, R&B, and all their marriages and offspring. I guess owning a record store and playing in a dozen rock and roll bands over the years can give you a false sense of expertise. For instance, I always thought there was a difference between the Stones and Chicago, early Elvis and Pure Prairie League, the New Power Generation, Celine Dion, and Kenny Rogers. Obviously I've been misled. For your cover story "So You Want To Be Rock and Roll Stars" (November 30) claims that it's all rock and roll!

Am I just being picky? Do Fleetwood Mac and Little Richard really sound the same? Would the Clash really fit on a bill with Jackson Browne? Is She Na Na a true representation of what rock and roll really is, and not a bad high school joke? Oh God, my head is spinning! I'm either gonna have to stop reading your rag or invent heavily in aspirin and beer.

East San Diego

Border Line

Why do you consider "A" decrease in the number of Mexicans who are caught by the Border Patrol "discouraging"? ("City Lights," November 30.)

I welcome any breakdown in the artificial border which keeps people out of their own land—especially people looking for a better life. I also welcome the defeat of any Bird who demeans his fellow humans by calling them "monkeys."

I say abolish the border. Institute decent wages and working conditions for all. Force the profiteers who exploit undocumented labor, and who have driven the Mexican economy into through a crowd, including small children, with no thought of their feelings or safety.

In the interest of saving the Chicken from any future public ridicule (and in order to protect yourselves as well), I suggest the Reader make a policy of not running any future ads (including classifieds, business advertisements, or articles) about him, referring to him, or using him as a promotion.

For my part, I will no longer attend sports events or concerts in San Diego, as long as the KGB Chicken continues to appear there. I will not listen to the KGB radio "KGB Chicken" appearing

recently, containing threats to those (like myself) who are not fans. I believe one read, "What find you I'm going to get you," or something to that effect. I find that frightening, considering the Chicken appears all over town!

I was also reminded of an article several months ago, on the various animal mascots of businesses in San Diego; and the fact that the KGB Chicken refused to be included because the others were all copying him. Now, I'm not too familiar with the histories of many of those in that article, but I do know for a fact that the Travelodge Sleepy Bear has been a mascot for twenty four years, and I just don't think that the Chicken was around then. I got the impression that Giannoulas might be having a problem relating to competition.

Being a public figure as he has become in the past few years (and I'm sure any other public figure could verify my theory), the Chicken should have realized by now that he is going to have competition, and that he is not going to be popular with everyone all the time.

Letters

If Giannoulas is concerned about embarrassment and shame, he might stop for a moment to consider his own actions. I very distinctly recall the embarrassment and shame caused me by his obscene, vulgar gestures toward me during a public concert at the Sports Arena. I can imagine the embarrassment and shame felt by Seamus Street's Big Bird when, during the Ice Follies show, and in front of a large audience of children, the KGB Chicken began "humping" him. (I'm sorry I couldn't think of a more discrete term for his obscene gesture.) And I can certainly remember numerous times seeing the Chicken rudely push his way through a crowd, including small children, with no thought of their feelings or safety.

In the interest of saving the Chicken from any future public ridicule (and in order to protect yourselves as well), I suggest the Reader make a policy of not running any future ads (including classifieds, business advertisements, or articles) about him, referring to him, or using him as a promotion.

For my part, I will no longer attend sports events or concerts in San Diego, as long as the KGB Chicken continues to appear there. I will not listen to the KGB radio

stations as long as they associate themselves with and support the antics of the Chicken, and continue to receive free publicity through his exploits. I will not give my business to anyone using the Chicken in advertising or allowing him on the premises. I will also not support any political candidates using the Chicken and his objectionable behavior in their campaign. I will make my feelings known to as many people as I can reach, and in the future when the Chicken appears in my vicinity, I will leave and take as many people with me as will go. And I intend to protest to my congressmen about the use of my tax money in the courts to support the ego of this man.

I find the KGB Chicken to be extremely obnoxious, rude, and vulgar. I don't wonder that he had to get a new head; he's obviously cutgrown the original.

*Carl Eileen Wexley
San Diego*

Cluck Watcher

Many famous people have been produced from the city of San Diego in past history, great like Ted Williams, Bill Walton, Ken Norton, et cetera. But not one person has caused more excitement in the United States than the KGB Chicken.

The Chicken has been entertaining the people of San Diego since March 26, 1974, and many think he is a big asset to "America's Finest City."

Anybody in his right frame of mind would know that the KGB Chicken has something to offer. Whether it's performing for the fans at a Padre game or out on the town with his "dream date," the Chicken seems to be everywhere.

His charm and wit have pleased many people from the shores of San Diego to the fields of Rupert, Idaho; and from the Golden Gates of San Francisco to the arches of St. Louis.

In my opinion, the KGB Chicken is the best thing that has ever happened to San Diego since my arrival here eighteen years ago. He makes things happen when he's around. There always seems to be that certain "buzz" in the air caused by his presence. I personally am excited by his arrival at any event due to his comedy routines and choreographed skits.

Let me ask you Reader readers a few questions. When was the last time you've seen or heard of a person (or persons) spending a night in jail and then getting a standing ovation the next night at a nearly sold out Padre game for it? The man has fans behind him, no doubt about it. Also, when was the

last time you've seen, or heard of, a person being invited by a famous rock star (like Paul McCartney) to Los Angeles for an opening night concert there? And one more for you "Chicken Haters" in the classified ad section. When was the last time you've seen a person do a series of commercials, each ten seconds in length, and win an Emmy for it? Or, have calendars put out in four consecutive years in his name? Or, have the California State Assembly award a certificate of appreciation for a comedy contributions to California and San Diego? If anyone can pinpoint one man (or woman) who fits the description of all the questions above, I'd like to meet him (her). But I don't think there is one person who has accomplished those feats and more, besides the KGB Chicken. He will go down in history amongst all the other greats that lived in this country. If it weren't for the slick master-thinking of KGB Oregon director, Rick Leibert III (the Chicken maker), Padre, Charger, and Hawks games would be rather boring. Many thanks to the Chicken, alias Ted Giannoulas, for the humor; to Ralph Haberman, for sticking out through thick and thin; to Rick Leibert III, for the birth of the Chicken; and mostly to San Diego, for backing up the Chicken with your utmost support. Thanks!

*Steven L. Costo
San Carlos*

Vegas Idea

When I read Steve Emedria's review of Bob Dylan's concert ("Do You, Mr. Dylan?" November 22), I sighed with relief. I felt as if someone else recognized that the emperor had no clothes, and was brave enough to speak up. But not until I read the two letters criticizing Emedria did I feel motivated enough to write.

Dylan's concert was appalling on all counts — his new melodies are senseless, his band totally out of scale and meaning for his performance, and his style laughable. He looked as if he were putting on a Las Vegas imitation of Dylan. (When the three women sang "Blowing in the Wind" I waited for laughter from the audience.)

I could go on—change for change's sake does not seem enough justification for Dylan's "new style"—but in essence I just wanted to thank Emedria for his review.

*Susan Challen
San Diego*

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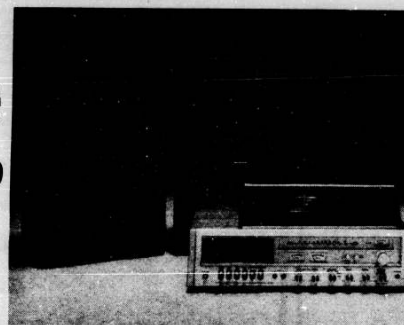
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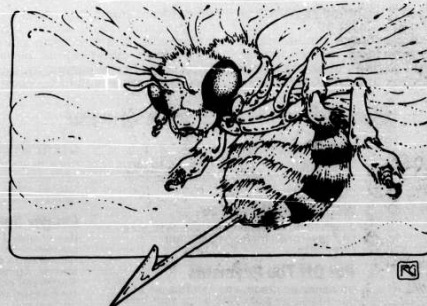
Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
My friend and I have a bet we haven't been able to settle. I say if you get a bee sting you put a paste of baking soda on it, and he says that he read to put meat tenderizer on it. Who knows best?
Wanda Retamal
San Ysidro

Only you can answer your question. There are several ways to relieve the pain of a bee sting, and their effectiveness depends on your individual reaction to bee venom. The first and best thing to do is scrape away the dark stinger that the bee leaves in the wound. A knife is best for scraping, but a fingernail will do. Then take your choice of antidote. *The People's Handbook of Medical Care* suggests a cold pack soaked with household ammonia and water. *You & Your Health* suggests a bandage soaked in Epsom salt solution, and the *Parent's Encyclopedia* says to cover the sting "with a paste of baking soda and water." All of these substances — Epsom salts, baking soda (sodium bicarbonate), and ammonia — are alkalies capable of neutralizing an acid, such as bee venom. The only source to mention meat tenderizer was Roy Edwards, a sixty-three-year-old beekeeper in East San Diego, and then, he's only heard of putting meat tenderizer on a sting. The active ingredient in natural tenderizer is papain, a brownish powder obtained from the juice of a green papaya. Medically it is used to aid digestion, and therefore I suppose it has some ability to neutralize acids.

See which antidote works best for you — but be careful: bees kill more people in the U.S. each year than do venomous snakes (according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which does not say how many deaths are caused by bees or snakes). Some people are allergic to bee stings and



orders to form ranks at the blast of a whistle. It seems logical to say that soldiers can do the job faster if half of them aren't handcuffed together in groups of various numbers.

I must add that Dr. Tom Prewitt, a physician at UCSD, obliged me by performing an informal experiment. In his lab he filled one ice-cube tray with hot water steaming from the tap, then filled another tray with cold tap water, and found that they froze at the same time. This, of course, does not corroborate the theory I found in a nice thick book (the *Columbia Encyclopedia*), and which I've explained at such length. Oh well. I said hot water only had a tendency to freeze faster.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Where can I get those PB decals that have the sailboat on them?
Ruth Barnum
East San Diego

The decals are free at Citizens Western Bank, 1606 Grand Avenue in Pacific Beach. Decals for La Jolla and Mission Beach are available as well, and there is no formal limit as to how many you can take. The bank is open from 8:30 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. on weekdays, and 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on Saturday. (Don't be surprised when you see the decals have "Citizens Western Bank" in small print at the bottom.)

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 89803, San Diego, California 92138.

need immediate treatment with adrenalin or epinephrine (both of which are synthetic forms of the body's natural adrenalinic), or a related drug called Isuprel.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I have heard all my life that if you place an ice tray of hot water in the fridge it will freeze at a faster rate than if the tray were full of cold water. Is this true? And if it is, what is the principle behind it?
Wes Strickland
East San Diego

It's true. Warm water has a tendency to freeze faster than cold water does, when the two are cooled at the same fast rate. This paradox is explained by present theories about the arrangement of molecules in water, and the structure of

ice. Molecules in water are believed to exist in three populations. At temperatures near the boiling point, single molecules are the rule. At mid-range between boiling and freezing, the molecules begin binding together in clusters where a molecule's single atom of oxygen, carrying a slight negative charge, is attracted to the positive charge of another molecule's two hydrogen atoms. Finally, at temperatures below 15°C (59°F), these clusters begin to form jagged aggregates of molecules, even though the water is still liquid. And because these aggregates are irregularly shaped, it takes a relatively long time for them to arrange themselves in the even, hexagonal columns of ice. Think of water molecules as soldiers strolling randomly on a parade field, with

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

"Jose Iturbi — is he still alive?" This comment, by someone who had asked me what I was reviewing for the present issue, reveals a lot about Jose Iturbi's reputation: the immediate recognition of the name, the suggestion that it is a name that has not been heard for a long time, and the astonishment at the Spanish pianist's age.

Mr. Iturbi is in fact very much alive, and still a grand musician, as his concert last week with the San Diego Symphony amply testified. The quality of his playing made one wonder just why, for so many years, his career has been relatively obscure. For some reason, Mr. Iturbi came to be associated with "popular" classics; short works of the Romantic repertoire that appeal to people who don't care much for classical music otherwise. Decades ago, he made famous recordings of the Chopin A-flat Polonaise and Debussy's "Clair de lune" that sold over one million copies each — extraordinary sales for classical records. But the present Schwann catalogue contains only one Iturbi record, a program of Chopin selections on the Seraphim label, and few people would mention the name Jose Iturbi when talking about the major pianists who appear regularly as soloists with the chief orchestras of the world. Some part of this lack of reputation is probably due to the fact that Mr. Iturbi has spent a great deal of his time conducting (with what results I don't know), part of it is no doubt due to the vagaries of the professional musical life, and part of it might have resulted from a failure on the part of many listeners to take Mr. Iturbi seriously as a pianist.

If anyone has held that attitude, Mr. Iturbi's performance of the Mozart D Minor Concerto in San Diego last week ought to have made it perfectly evident that this pianist is far more than a flashy virtuoso or a superficial crowd-pleaser. No piano music is more difficult to perform well than Mozart. Touch, phrasing, musicianship, the ability to make the piano sing — all these are tested by a Mozart score in the most demanding way possible, and the pianist's success or failure is totally exposed to the listener's perception. Mr. Iturbi's performance ranked with the very best, and his command of the Mozart style was absolute.

The style itself is at its fullest in this concerto, one of the composer's most intense and wide-ranging works. The score gave Mr. Iturbi the chance to show off the rich, powerful, blooming tone that was always one of his strong points, but it also demands the utmost in delicacy and precision, and here too Mr. Iturbi showed himself a Mozart pianist of the purest classical grace. The shapeliness of his phrases was admirable, and the balance between passion and formality, which is the essential characteristic of Mozart's music, was communicated with confidence and a sure mastery.

A performance must stand on its own, but it is surely worth noting that Mr. Iturbi's age — exactly eighty-three years — added a special thrill to his presence on our local stage. The sheer endurance of old age is always awesome, and it is particularly nonplussing to realize how long the careers of some of our most eminent musicians have been — Toscanini, Sikowski, Casals, Heifetz, Milstein, Serkin.

Mr. Iturbi's encore — on Friday evening the Chopin "Valse brillante" in A-flat — was as beautiful as his Mozart. Warm, ringing, impulsive, expansive, this was Romantic music-making of the best sort, and it exhibited the same unimpaired technical facility that characterized the pianist's performance of the concerto.

If there is anything that astounds more than the careers of long-lived musicians like Jose Iturbi, it is such shockingly short careers as that of Mozart himself, or of

Age Deference



Jose Iturbi

Horowitz, Rubinstein. When Jose Iturbi graduated from the Paris Conservatory (with the highest of all first-prize honors), Gabriel Faure was the Conservatory's director; the year was 1912. Mr. Iturbi's United States debut took place a half century ago, when he was already in his mid-thirties. The spaciousness of this career, whatever its idiosyncrasies may have been, is impressive enough. But Mr. Iturbi's performance last week showed, in addition, that the years had been well spent, for this was playing of ripe musical wisdom, the outcome of decades of identification with the music to the point where it seems an essential expression of the pianist's own personality. Mr. Iturbi walks like an old man; he moves his hands over the keyboard like a young man, and he plays Mozart like someone who is outside the flow of chronological time, for true art is ageless.

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If there is anything that astounds more than the careers of long-lived musicians like Jose Iturbi, it is such shockingly short careers as that of Mozart himself, or of

Franz Schubert, who died in his thirty-first year, leaving behind close to a thousand compositions. The deaths of Mozart and Schubert, along with that of the poet John Keats, are without doubt the most tragic events in the history of human creativity, for the great works that would have come from their pens, had they lived a normal span of years, not only will never — in the whole future of the universe — come into existence, but cannot even be imagined. We must be grateful for what time allowed these artists to give us, and Schubert's Fifth Symphony, which Peter Eris conducted preceding Mr. Iturbi's performance, is one of the happiest productions of its composer's "early" period (the composed it at the age of eighteen). It is pure Schubert, and pure Vienna, with its lifting melodies, its graceful charm, its fundamental gaiety of spirit.

There is a specifically Viennese way of performing this music, with an easy-going, affectionate quality expressed in a certain kind of mellow sound and a certain way of shaping phrases. For this Viennese attitude towards Schubert, with its songfulness, its warm-heartedness, its gracious nuances, one must go to recordings by such conductors as Bruno Walter or Karl Böhm. Most other conductors, especially nowadays, take a brisker and less "sentimental" approach to the music, and Maestro Eris is one of these. His Schubert

Fifth was notable for its vitality, its rhythmic impetus, its youthful freshness and clarity of viewpoint. There was less of the Viennese predilection for dwelling on the internal shape of a phrase, and more of a concern to place the individual phrases in a larger structure of energetic movement. Tempos were relatively fast, and Maestro Eris evidently sought a bright, crisp tone rather than the blend of honey and roses Viennese conductors are traditionally fond of. This is a legitimate attitude, and Maestro Eris's spirited interpretation was well realized by the orchestra, playing better than it ever has before.

The improvement in the San Diego Symphony, under the leadership of Maestro Eris, has been simply amazing, and it seems to me nothing but ingrained habit that keeps many San Diego music lovers from realizing that our local orchestra is now at least the equivalent of such frequently recorded and internationally known organizations as the Utah Symphony, the Louisville Orchestra, the Baltimore Symphony, or the Buffalo Philharmonic. That is to say, it is a fully professional, well-trained orchestra, made up of excellent musicians, and capable of turning in a good performance of anything in the orchestral repertoire. Those who grumble that it is not the Chicago Symphony or the Berlin Philharmonic are being unrealistic and unfair. To have transformed the mess of seven years ago into an orchestra equal to those of Salt Lake City or Buffalo would be a credit to any conductor, and it has taken Maestro Eris' exceptional skills in orchestra-building to bring about such a transformation. To expect that in this short time anyone could have made the San Diego Symphony one of the five or six greatest orchestras in the world is absurd; short of divine intervention, such a change would be utterly impossible, especially considering the shaky finances of the organization during this period of rapid growth.

The concert the other night showed just how far the orchestra has become, not only in the Schubert and Mozart works, but also in Leo Weiner's incidental music from "Csongor and Tünde," which ended the program. Weiner is one of Maestro Eris' specialties, a composer not quite of the first rank but surely good enough to be heard much more often than is the case. The "Csongor and Tünde" music, with its lavish orchestration, its dramatic tonalities, and its luxurious harmonic textures, belongs in the same general category of musical experience with the tone poems of — for example — Rimsky-Korsakov, Dukas, and Richard Strauss, but with a Hungarian flavor all Weiner's own. What the six-movement suite does more than anything else is make demands on the virtuosic skills of the orchestra, and the San Diego Symphony responded to these demands with some really splendid playing. Particularly outstanding was the brass, which is now a very good section indeed, but no part of the orchestra need be ashamed of this performance, which was one of the best I have heard from the Symphony.

No need San Diegans be ashamed of their orchestra. If Maestro Eris and his players can put on as good a concert as the one last Friday evening, they deserve to be acclaimed as one of our city's cultural treasures, with a future as rich in promise as that of any orchestra in the country.

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Nine Pounds, Three Ounces

Continued from page 11

Then all day Sunday, Jim had felt anxious and apprehensive. He hadn't slept well the night before, and when this sense of uneasiness gripped him, he paced back and forth in his living room. He worried about driving to Long Beach for his company in the morning, and mentally, he ran through his careful preparations, calculating over and over how quickly he could return to San Diego. About 10:30 p.m., Martha interrupted his reveries. She announced that her amniotic fluid appeared to be leaking and the first contraction had begun. The two grimaced at each other and grabbed for the phone to call the birth center and Martha's relatives.

Then they waited. At first Martha worried the pains like long-awakened friends; they felt merely like strong menstrual cramps. Jim talked to her, urging her to relax and concentrate as the two of them had practiced. Then he dozed on the couch for a while, assured that Martha felt in control. As her contractions quickened, however, so did Martha's concern. Each time her muscles tightened, she was more eager to know how many millimeters her cervix had stretched, she felt like a laborer toiling at some frustratingly hidden task. Around 2 a.m., her worries about false labor finally receded. With contractions five minutes apart, she roused Jim and they drove away from Poway, as thrilled as children going to a birthday party.

Outside, a piercing chill accompanied the darkness, and cold beams from the full moon made the night seem frostier, rather than brighter. Fragmented clouds scudded across the luminous sky, and beneath it, the freeways stretched silent, deserted. The Swaffields arrived at Washington and First streets in Hillcrest more quickly than they ever had before. Jim parked, then helped Martha to the doorway under the "San Diego Birth Center" lettering.

The warm offices within were familiar. Martha had been coming here throughout her entire pregnancy; in fact, Dr. Bob Gordon had confirmed her condition here nine months ago, except that then Martha had figured she would deliver her child in a hospital, like everyone else. On that first visit a nurse had mentioned that Gordon also delivered babies at the birth center (which is actually just one section of the gynecological offices), but the comment "just didn't register," Martha recalled. Later she wondered about it and inquired. Once informed, she and Jim didn't take long to decide they liked the birth center alternative.

That alternative — of having one's baby in a comfortable, homey facility, rather than the cold and forbidding hospital delivery room — recently has taken hold in San Diego. Before this past year, if you and your mate lived around here and were expecting a child, you had two choices: you could join the die-hard iconoclasts and plan your baby's birth at home, accepting the risk that comes with not having emergency medical aid immediately at hand, or you could choose from among the local obstetrical wards, places often frozen into inflexible and cumbersome tradition. In other cities, birth centers have been touted as a happy compromise, but for a long time San Diego had none. Then the San Diego Birth Center opened in March.

"Alternative birth centers" also have opened within Scripps, Sharp, Mercy, University, and Paradise Valley hospitals in the past twelve months. Details vary from one to another. "Nurse midwives," for example, deliver the babies at University Hospital's birth center, unlike the others, where physicians still run the show. Paradise Valley's birth center requires a minimum stay of twelve hours after delivery, in contrast to a mere six-hour minimum stay at most other centers. The degree to which each center seems to depend upon how much the attending physician believes in it.

Yet the birth centers claim more similarities than differences. All stress a return to greater naturalism as a funda-

mental reason for their existence. Costs range from \$825 on up for the total package, a price many couples find attractive (\$1,500 for a more traditional birth is common). The birth centers even look alike. Dominating the rooms are comfortable double beds, surrounded by rocking chairs, bassinets, plants, other domestic touches; they look like extraordinarily cozy hotel rooms. Above all, they don't look like hospital rooms, a calculated deception. And in this regard, the San Diego Birth Center stands out. Since it isn't a hospital, it doesn't have to contrive an atmosphere.

When Martha and Jim arrive, an expectant hush envelops the offices. Mary Foley, one of the obstetrical nurses who's arrived a few moments earlier, ushers them into the softly lit private waiting room. Martha heads straight for one of the four birth rooms, however, where she changes into a well-worn nightgown she's brought with her. She then shivers and settles under several layers of white blankets. Jim also sheds his clothes and dons a set of surgical greens, required by the center to minimize the chance of infection. He perches next to Martha, holding a gold pocket watch, a family antique, which he uses to time each contraction.

1:05 a.m. — Mary examines Martha for the first time. Using an oversized stethoscope, she listens to the baby's heart and

manually gauges the progress of Martha's contractions. Martha's cervix, the narrow outer end of the uterus through which the baby must emerge before entering the birth canal, has expanded from its normal closed state to a diameter of between four and five centimeters. Still, this is less than half what is necessary. Before Martha's labor ends, her cervix will have to expand to ten centimeters.

The pregnant woman trembles from the chill, snuggling under the blankets again and leaning back on two fluffy pillows. Her legs stretch out stiffly in front of her, the impossibly massive belly towering over them. Under the covers, the skin of her stomach looks mottled and angry, stretched like an overripe fruit to the bursting point.

"Contraction," Martha says a trifle breathlessly. At her side, Jim automatically reaches for the watch and notepaper. "Now just relax. Breathe. You're doing fine." His words come softly but Martha doesn't relax. She looks like a doll, her body mysteriously ballooned at the middle, her face as tranquil and motionless as a mask. The shallow, even breaths passing through her lips don't even move her chest. Then she pulls in a deep breath and her eyelids flutter; this contraction is over.

Martha and Jim are using LaMaze breathing and relaxation techniques; the couple just two weeks ago completed the

eight-week course, which explains the physiology of childbirth. Learning to relax is one of the requisites of the San Diego Birth Center, part of the commitment to undergo labor and delivery without drugs. To deliver her baby here, Martha also met other requirements. At twenty-three, she possesses excellent health, for one thing, and no risk factors have complicated her pregnancy. (She wouldn't have been accepted into this or any other birth center, for example, if she had had hypertension, diabetes, or other risky conditions.) The San Diego Birth Center also provides a series of prenatal classes, but Martha wasn't able to attend them since she had worked (as an X-ray technician at Palomar Hospital) until just ten days before her baby was due.

Are you going to stay home with the baby, Martha? asks Mary, the nurse, curled up in the polished wooden rocking chair at the foot of the bed. Martha shakes her head negatively. "It's kind of hard to make enough to survive if both of you don't work."

"Yeah," the nurse sympathizes. "With one salary you can usually make enough to get by, but nothing more."

Martha and Jim look strained. "No, we couldn't even get by on just one," they chime in simultaneously, laughing. Martha explains how buying a house and a van and getting pregnant all converged on

expectedly, and now the financial pressure weighs upon them almost visibly.

Martha's attention snaps back to her bulging belly.

"Contraction," she whispers, inhaling a cleansing breath. When the pain finally ebbs, she explains that the contractions now are claiming her immediately, then declining from a peak of intensity. Suddenly, she begins trembling violently, and Jim massages her legs, laying another blanket over her. Chill still permeates the room and Mary fiddles with the heating controls.

Mary, a petite brunette with three children of her own, quietly answers a question about how Martha's experience differs from what it would be in a traditional hospital setting. There, Martha would be confined to a narrow hospital bed with high sides, and liquids now would be dripping into her body intravenously. The tubes naturally would restrict any movement. In contrast, the nurse points out that some mothers laboring at this birth center feel most comfortable walking up and down the halls, even into the main lobby where regular patients await appointments. At the moment, however, the cool of the night discourages Martha from doing so, moving from one position to another under the covers, she feels warm and secure.

The nurse chafes a little at comparisons between the hospital and the birth center. In addition to working here part time, she also still works part time in Mercy Hospital's regular obstetrical ward, and "I don't like to see either one put down," she says. "We feel that probably the most optimal situation is to avoid invasion [into the natural birth process] as much as possible, but there are many situations when the medicated and the other procedures are really good." Some women run high risks and can't qualify for the birth center, plus "Many women really need that structure. They want to be taken care of. They don't want to be that involved with the responsibility. But when you do get a couple that's

really enthusiastic about this type of setting, that's probably best."

5:01 a.m. — The nurse examines Martha again. Now her cervix has stretched to five and a half centimeters.

"Contraction," Martha sucks in a breath. Her face now looks a little more set, and concentration grips it more noticeably. As she sits upright, ankles crossed and silently counting her breaths, she resembles a feminine Huskita, somber and Western. Jim caresses her back and arms. "Keep your concentration on your focal point," he reminds her. Inches away from her, he whispers "I love you" with tender urgency. "I love you, too," she murmurs back, distracted.

Now the contractions are coming every four minutes, a little earlier they lagged to seven minutes. Martha comments that they're strengthening in intensity, with the pain pressing her for longer before receding. The unevenness of the contraction intervals rounds everyone of another pitfall of first pregnancies — uterine muscles, unfamiliar with the demands of birth, can take twelve, eighteen, even twenty-four hours to push the baby downward. Time seems to be passing more slowly, Martha notes. "Maybe I'm starting to get tired. Earlier I was amazed at how fast it seemed to be going."

Indeed, the small space of this quiet room seems to be warping time for everyone. The hours and minutes which Jim faithfully lists in growing columns now seem meaningless, irrelevant, all that counts is the imminent contraction. And during the wait, expectation builds and mingles with a slight hint of fear. The tension drowns on as faintly and persistently as the distant hum of the heater on the silent room, and unspoken questions shape the suspense — how wide does Martha's cervix measure now? Will the contractions build quickly, stop altogether? Will Martha and her baby make it through the birth safely? Despite Jim's proximity, Martha seems removed and very alone, like a solitary piece of driftwood on a wide

beach, caught up in and at the mercy of pounding, incoercible waves.

Jim leaves the room for a moment, ad joining to the brightly lit birth center kitchen. He sits at the formica table and nervously smokes a Marlboro, occasionally hugging his arms close to his body. "I'm anxious, really anxious," he says steadily. At the moment he feels so attuned to Martha that it almost seems as if he's in labor, too. "I don't know what it is, but Martha and I have something going," he says. "Many times I'll walk in the door and say, 'Let's go out to Filippi's,' and she'll already have called and ordered a pizza." Stubbing out the cigarette, he returns to the room, where through the window, the darkness can be seen pressing way to shades of gray. Martha doesn't even have to tell him a contraction is starting; he senses it, grabbing for the watch and paper.

7:02 a.m. — A new sound interrupts the quiet, as if Martha were catching her breath, only steadily and gently. A few moments later she declares that she keeps feeling close to panic. "Like I want to scream."

"Don't worry Martha," says Mary. "You're doing real fine."

7:50 a.m. — The office Muzak suddenly kicks on, at strange and intrusive intervals, and in someone's bedroom other noises also are drifting; office workers have begun to arrive. Mary declares that she probably won't examine Martha again, since the doctor should arrive momentarily. Although the four doctors who operate this birth center make an effort to each deliver their own patients, chance has dictated otherwise in this case. Dr. Gordon has left town for a short vacation, and Martha's will be the first delivery he has missed at the center. Before leaving, however, he introduced the Swaffields to Dr. Benjamin Fries, a who instead will assist with the birth. While she waits, Martha adds a putting bubble to the other types of breathing. She looks like she's blowing out bubbles and Jim helps her by calling

off a sequence. Despite her fears, Martha still exudes discipline. But her eyes have reddened. Her face looks worn.

9:07 a.m. — The air inside this room has grown warm and humid, and Martha's heavy body has pressed wrinkles into the white sheets. Outside, the fully lit sky is an unbroken gray. When Fries, a friendly, exclaims that he brings frustrating news: Martha's cervix as yet has dilated only seven centimeters, about the diameter of an orange.

An hour later, he reports that it has waded by less than a centimeter, but the baby's head has started to descend a bit more. Martha lies on her side, fighting off a nausea that has troubled her now for several hours. She extends only a wan greeting when her mother arrives from El Centro.

10:20 a.m. — Martha moans for the first time. "Oh, that really hurts!" she cries. She asks for a pain to choke up more stomach fluid. Her belly still looks massive and immobile, and it stands to believe that within it, a human baby could be plying its own means. Martha's mother sits on the rocking chair, big-eyed and subdued, but nervousness soon drives her into the hallway. She bids her lip and whispers plaintively. "If I could do it for her, I would."

11:25 a.m. — Fries says the cervix has now dilated by eight to nine centimeters. The baby's head is bulging Martha's side instead of downward, and he reports, but it should dip into the proper position soon. It should speed things up, once it turns, he promises.

11:40 a.m. — Another contraction hits hard, and Martha at last seems to be losing some of her self-control. "Relax," Jim moans to her, forcefully. Martha protests, but she can't help herself to loosen up.

"Get your focal point," Jim whispers as another contraction rolls over her. Concentration on it, but keep concentrating. Just keep concentrating. Relax. You're all right. Keep relaxing." Jim up, more the sweat which bathes his own brow as he sponges off his wife's face.

It seems this can't continue much longer, and at last Fries announces good news. When he checks Martha a little after noon, he reports that her cervix is now fully open. A minor aberration intrudes; the doctor wants to administer liquids to her with an intravenous needle, something which the vast majority of women laboring here do without. But Martha has lost a lot of fluids through perspiration and vomiting, and she needs more energy. Fries decides.

Quickly, the nurses tape the needle to the back of Martha's hand and stand the hanging bottle next to the bed where a plant had hung a little earlier. Now the baby is poised at the top of the birth canal, and Martha now uses her muscles to push it down toward the extended cervix. Calm fingers in the room for a moment, then Martha sucks in her breath.

"I can't do it," Jim asks, and she nods abruptly.

She drops in a huge handful of air and slides her feet up close to her buttocks, then she grabs her knees apart. Suddenly, Jim pushes her back to stand and supports her in the sitting-up position.

Ready? he nearly yells. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten! Martha expels the breath explosively, but simultaneously gasps for air and makes the effort again. All the muscles in her face bulge with effort as she strains and Jim shouts out the count. She inhales, controlling once again, and then makes one last time, collapsing onto her pillow at the end of the contraction. Jim slides her legs down to rest and places her hands.

The break is short-lived. Martha's body with each contraction has been pushing more and more toward the birth canal. Now, at last, the new-born baby is fully open with Martha's head and neck protruding upward. But she does not deliver the newborn suddenly, she pushes her continuously.

Oh, God, that hurts, it hurts, it hurts, she moans. But Jim and the nurses stay close, as if the moment were theirs, and she keeps going.



Bless This Smile



Terry Cole-Whittaker

BILL OWENS

People told me about this woman. They speak slowly and seriously of Reverend Terry Cole-Whittaker and her La Jolla Church of Religious Science, her electrifying sermons, and the difference she was making in the lives around her. You've got to see her, they would say; she's phenomenal.

So I went to see "Reverend Terry." At the Women's Center in La Jolla one Wednesday night I sat in on the seventh meeting of her eight-week course entitled "Mastering the Illusion of Life." The reverend was at the podium addressing an audience of sixty or so in the hushed auditorium. I sat in one of the folding chairs toward the rear of the room and looked and listened. I saw a tall blond woman in her late thirties with sparkling, straight teeth, and bright, dancing eyes. She was not draped in ministerial black, but dressed in crisp, attractive style.

Scanning the snug little audience of attentive men and women twentyish through fiftyish, I sensed something else. There was an aura in that small auditorium. As Terry Cole-Whittaker stood there speaking, it struck me. These people adored her.

"If we look at what works and be that way more often," she said from the podium, "we will find that we can expand our ability to experience peace, harmony, and tranquility." Here and there a head bobbed in quiet agreement. "Notice what works," she continued, "and if it doesn't work, drop it. Constantly practice behavior that's going to reinforce the way you want to be. Notice what's going on in your life. Observation gets it."

The lecture was not formal. She would toss in a relevant personal note, or shift to explore a tangent at any time. A good laugh was not unusual. This was breezy, stand-up evangelism.

The reverend moved on to "the mind." Expectation, she was saying — not being here from moment to moment — takes us out of the Kingdom of Heaven. "To feel One with another



Photograph by Jim Grot

person," she said. "I stop thinking about myself. What happens that takes us out of Oneness with the universe is that we think too much." Oneness, she noted, is lovingness, trusting. "Just experience," said the reverend, "don't think. After a while you'll find it's easy to stop the mind. Thinking is only appropriate at times. And although the mind is beautiful, it can also ruin us; the mind kills us. Sex," she added with a grin, "is great until you invite your mind."

As the class wound down, she talked about truth. "Now who is the one that imprisons you?" she asked, extending her arm like a Louisiana senator to grasp the podium. "You do. I do. And what is that powerful statement? The truth shall set you free? Ever notice how any time you told the truth it wasn't as bad as you thought it would be? The Worker of the Universe will get us to the place where everybody benefits if we just let it."

"Did you ever notice that whole galaxies move through one another and nothing collides? Everything is going the way it should be. There is nowhere else to be. You're clear. You're in charge. You have power. I talk to the power that's in me. I say, okay power, I don't know what to do. You do. Do it."

The class ended and the students stayed and chatted. Cole-Whittaker joked, counseled, and advised all the way out the door. Outside the Women's Center, she said her final goodbyes for the evening. "Now, where's my car?" she asked, walking down Silverado Street. "I understand the universe but I can't find my car."

I was still unclear regarding the reverend's link with religion. She looked good up there talking and people obviously liked her enormously, but what about prayers and articles of faith? Talk of oneness with the universe is Sausalito, but where was the liturgical stuff? I felt the need for a flickering candle or at least a whiff of burning incense.

That Sunday I dropped by the church.

The Church of Religious Science, an international body with centers in Europe, Japan, Canada, and Mexico, was founded in Los Angeles fifty-one years ago by Ernest Holmes, a former purchasing agent for the city of Venice, California. Holmes, who would later be known as a "metaphysical teacher," had laced together an eclectic philosophy which he outlined in a book published in 1926 titled *The Science of Mind*. It was, he wrote, "the result of the best thought of the ages." The core of Holmes's teaching was that God is within all of us, and that we all have the capacity to experience God and to take charge of our own lives.

The La Jolla Church of Religious Science is one of three in San Diego County, and one of approximately ninety-five in California. Established about twenty years ago, the La Jolla church sees the Science of Mind as "a teaching ministry that is built upon the understanding and practice of the Universal Laws of love and life in order that you may experience your true potential."

Terry Cole-Whittaker was ordained minister of the Church of Religious Science in 1975. She took over as minister of the La Jolla church in February of 1977, at which time average attendance on Sunday was about fifty.

Three separate services are held these Sundays in the auditorium of Pacific Beach Junior High School on Ingraham Street. Cumulative attendance is often over 2000. The organization has recently acquired a forty-acre site near Del Mar on which to build a large facility to include classrooms, natural-food stores, and a "real" church with pews and stained-glass windows.

I attended the middle service, held at 10:45. The steps of the auditorium were covered with people laughing and smiling. Greeting, gray-haired parishioners held hands. Scrubbed and beaming children skipped in the sunlight. A large chunk of the congregation seemed to be somewhere between twenty-five and

forty-five years old, and middle class. There were plenty of "business types." People were dressed nicely, a rung or two below formal — few ties or tight collars; no jeans. Except for the children, the crowd was pretty much an extension of Wednesday's class. Most of these people filing into the auditorium were not poor, not old, and not sad.

I waded through the smiling faces, stepped inside, and found a single seat up front. A woman softly played a tune I didn't recognize on a small piano just in front of the stage. On the stage itself was a modest lectern which served as the pulpit, three vivid floral displays and two slightly worn easy chairs, one on either side of the lectern. At the far end near the piano was a standing microphone for the soloist. The slight woman at the keyboard drew an earnest but restrained applause and it was time to begin.

A stocky, blond young man in a cream-colored suit with a red carnation in the lapel stepped onto the stage and up to the "pulpit." He was the assistant minister. "Let us take this time now to build that center within," he said softly. Heads bowed and eyes closed as the young minister urged those before him to reflect on "this innate perfection and wholeness." The man then sat down in one of the chairs and closed his eyes. The soloist, in pink shirt and tuxedo, sang "Holy, Holy, Holy."

The assistant rose again and noted that today's topic would be "It's Okay To Be Human." Cole-Whittaker walked from behind the curtain and joined hands with the assistant minister and the soloist for the "Affirmation in Music." The congregation was invited to rise, join hands, and sing "On A Clear Day."

The reverend then began her sermon. "There is no limit to the highest a person may experience, or the clarity. Right now," she said emphatically, leaning into the sentence, "is the opportunity to experience the kingdom of heaven."

(continued on page 22)

Everyone around me is smiling all the time and they all talk in platitudes. They say they can "come here and be themselves." When I ask what that means, they look at me funny.

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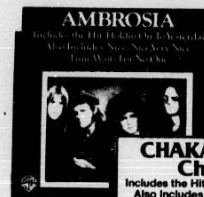
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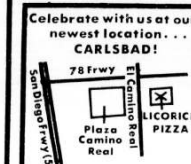
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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

Theater

"CATCH ME IF I FALL," a Christmas musical for children, will be presented by the CRA Space Players. Fridays and Saturdays, through December 9, 7:30 p.m., CRA Theatre, 9115 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard (just east of Highway 163). 277-8900/1111 or 277-8026.

"THE SILVER WHISTLE," a light comedy, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through December 9, 8 p.m., Stagehouse Theatre, Grossmont College, 11100 Grossmont College Blvd., El Cajon. 465-1700 x410.

"SKULL AND DAGGER ONE ACTS," the cream of the SDSU student directed one-act plays offered through the semester, will be presented Friday and Saturday, December 8 and 9, 8 p.m., Experimental Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU, 286-6884.

"THE THREE CUCKOLDS," a 17th-century Italian comedy, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through December 9, 8 p.m., Little Theatre, Miracosta College, One Ramon Drive, Oceanside. 757-2121.

"LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS," a Neil Simon comedy, will be presented through December 10, Tuesdays through Saturdays (dinner at 7, curtain at 8:30 p.m.), Sunday evenings (dinner at 6, curtain at 7:30 p.m.), and Wednesdays and Sunday matinees (lunch at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.), Fiesta Dinner Theatre, 9665 Campo Road, Spring Valley. 897-8977.

"FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS," a dramatic presentation depicting a Renaissance family's celebration of Christ's birth, will be performed Wednesdays through Saturdays, through December 16, 8 p.m., Lamb's Players Theatre, 500 East Plaza Boulevard, National City. 474-4542.

"GOLD STRIKE (OR A MOTHER'S TREASURE IS HER DEVOTED SON)," a melodrama by David Kane, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through December 16, 8 p.m., Actor's Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street, 238-9029.

"DON'T DRINK THE WATER," a comedy by Woody Allen, will be presented by the San Diego Mesa College drama department, Thursday, December 7, and Fridays and Saturdays, through December 16, 8 p.m., Apollod Theater, Mesa College, 7250 Mesa College Drive, 279-2380 x236.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," Otto Nicolai's opera adapted from Shakespeare, will be presented by the SDSU Opera Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, through December 16, 8 p.m., Main Stage of the Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU, 286-6884.

"THE WORLD OF WILLY WONKA," adapted from the story "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory," will be presented by the Coronado Playhouse Theatre for Children, Fridays and Saturdays, through December 22, at 7 p.m.; and Saturdays and Sundays, through December 23, at 2 p.m., Coronado Playhouse, Silver Strand, Coronado. 435-4866.

"THE ENCHANTED," a romantic comedy by French playwright Jean Giraudoux, will be presented nightly, except Monday, through December 24, at 8 p.m., with added matinees at 2 p.m., Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, 231-1941.

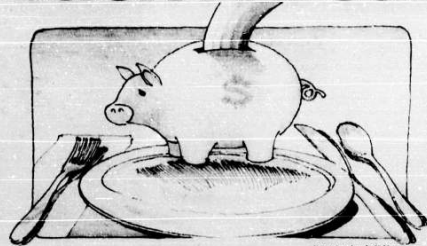
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL," the Rep's third annual production of Douglas Jacobs' original adaptation of the Charles Dickens story, will be presented nightly except Monday, through December 30, 8 p.m.; with added matinees on Saturdays and Sundays, 2:30 p.m., San Diego Repertory Theatre, 1620 Sixth Avenue, 231-3585.

"MY THREE ANGELS," a comedy best known in its movie version with Humphrey Bogart, concerns three convicts and their efforts to play "angel" to a family on Christmas eve, and will be presented Thursdays through Sundays, through December 31, 8 p.m., Marquis Public Theatre, 3717 India Street, 298-4111.

"VANTIES," a comedy by Jack Heinzer, will continue an open-end run, Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:00 p.m., Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town. 295-6653.

ELEANOR WIDMER

Such A Deal



Drawing by Jeff Youmans

The Restaurant: The Happy Hunter
The Location: 2145 Hurl Circle, Mission Valley (291-8074)

Type of Food: Beef, seafood, fish
Price Range: Early-bird specials, \$4.95; other dinners to \$11.45

Hours: Open daily. Dinners, Monday through Saturday, 5:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 3:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

What is it about American character and our economic system that produces "scams" or "con games" in which a single individual can make millions by the exploitation of some gimmick which involves pennies? For example, a Los Angeles accountant became very wealthy by accumulating millions of supermarket redemption coupons and then "selling" them back to General Foods at face value. At the height of this seemingly innocent fraud—who could take seriously anyone who paid five dollars a pound for coupons clipped from newspapers and magazines?

For under a dollar. Now, even with the discount, we each paid seven dollars, or what we would have spent at one of the best Chinese restaurants.

Undaunted, and still with a sense of expectation, I set out for widely advertised "early-bird" special at the Happy Hunter in Mission Valley. If reviewers were to give cynicism about bad books, movies, concerts, and meals, they would never venture forth. So a certain amount of clan is required for the party. Though I knew that the Happy Hunter was part of a chain (Monte Carlo Whaling Co., London Opera House), I felt more than willing to try their complete dinners, served between five p.m. and seven p.m. for the easy price of \$4.95.

The Hungry Hunter uses a format of beef, seafood, and fish, to which has been added soup and salad, plus a choice of baked or fried potato, rice pilaf, or corn. In other words, there's lots of food mass produced to fill your stomach without tantalizing your palate. Which is not to say that the Hungry Hunter lacks atmosphere. To the contrary, it's designed at two levels with a bar downstairs and the dining room above, done in pioneer modern—namely, wood and some freshly produced artifacts of early American life which appear deliberately tarnished.

Although we arrived soon after the dining room opened at five, all the tables were occupied and we had to wait in the bar for an alleged fifteen minutes (which turned out to be forty). The bar has a fireplace, is cheery, and vibrates with deafening rock music. (The waitress appeared stunned when, after a quarter hour of abrasive sound, we asked whether the music could be lowered.) We felt quite relieved when we were finally shown to our table.

Fortune gave us a wink in the form of our waiter, a most affable and honest young man. When I asked whether the soup came from a can, he replied, "No, from a box." Sure enough, the large tureen of soup tasted like Lipton's packaged "paper" soup, to which you add water. (It reminded me of the bring home my sons were in nursery school and everyone cooked lunch by bringing a packet of dried soup to be resuscitated by boiling water—hence the name paper soup.) You can fairly swim in the amount that's served, or expand your belly a la LaFollet, but it's not very satisfying in flavor.

The salads are brought in a large bowl with a good variety of freshly sliced mushrooms and cucumbers, and to be honest, I dined mostly on salad. When the waiter accidentally took away the salad bowl too soon, he brought me another bowl of greens. You pour your own dressing, and the blue cheese has the most flavor.

As for the entrees, we ordered the three that were available for the specials: stuffed shrimp, red snapper, and prime rib of beef. Avoid the stuffed shrimp dish even if they give it away free—it's orange glue baked over mortar and rolled on a shrimp that has not been consulted about its final resting place. I begged my companions to help me, and though they dutifully took one each, none of us could get through this concoction.

The prime rib was of good size, as was the red snapper, but the meat seemed stone cold and the snapper just tepid. The waiter did mention that the fish was frozen. Whether the dishes were prepared hot and then allowed to sit around until cold or whether they had been microwaved too quickly, can only be conjectured upon.

The loaf bread—one of those brown-and-white affairs—was again edible, but not distinguishable.

Is this early-bird special worthwhile? If you wish a standardized meal with the realization of its limitations, then it's adequate for the price. Should you like prime rib of modest quality, then for a "finit" you can't go wrong. You can ignore the soup and just have salad, beef, and baked potato, or fish of the fish, invariably frozen. The beef isn't as good as that at Luba's or the Giant's Grill, but then it's half the price.

The menu offers, among other items, lobster, abalone, king crab—all at exalted prices—and there's nothing about the cooking that would allow me to recommend that you try them. To get your money's worth, arrive as soon as the doors open at five p.m. and stick with either beef or fish, avoiding the shrimp. These specials are available Sundays, three p.m. to ten p.m. If the food is served too hot for your taste, be sure to ask to have it cooled.

The Restaurant: Swan River Fish Co.
The Location: 918 Prospect Street, La Jolla (459-4999)

Type of Food: Fish and seafood
Price Range: Dinners, \$3.95 to \$13.95

Hours: Closed Tuesday. Open for dinner only, 5:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday, and to 10:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

The Swan River Fish Co. has been in existence for several months. It occupies a beautiful site in La Jolla with views growing indoors. But there has been such a dizzying change of management and types of food offered that I waited to see whether the new owners would take root before trying them. Moreover, from time to time I would see an advertised special, and this past week's seemed particularly tempting: lobster dinner for \$5.95. By all means try the lobster dinner if it's offered again, as it's obviously a loss leader—the people are making no money on the meal; they hope to entice you there for a second try.

The salad was unremarkable, as was the roll, but the lobster could not be faulted, particularly at the price. My friend had the highly breaded crabmeat seafood scallop at \$5.45. It consisted of shrimp, scallops, and fish, and was of average quality—not as good as Anthony's, but not as poorly done as Ocean Fresh. The people who run this restaurant have recently come from Perth, Australia—he's a native but she's from San Diego—and they do seem concerned about their customers. Whether their regular menu deserves attention, I will have to reserve for the future. Should you see a special at Swan River, my advice is to give it a whirl. It's really better than getting caught up in clipping coupons.

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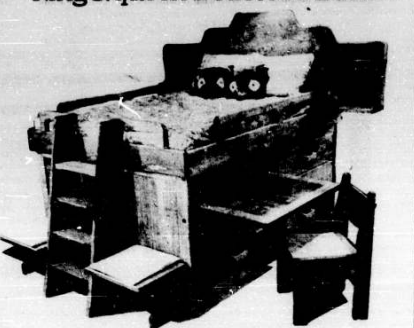
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If Thine Eye Offend Thee

ALBERTO LAU

If the history of photography is the discovery of new subjects, then photographers, in presenting novel images, must bear the responsibility of dealing with the moral and aesthetic sensibility of their public, as well as their own. The camera is omnivorous; it will ingest anything and everything. No subject is intimidating: not the frigid ice flows of Antarctica; nor the volcanoes of Mars; nor the emptiness of space; nor war, poverty, or famine; nor, it seems, human cadavers. This is because the camera is essentially amoral. It cannot distinguish between right and wrong, proper or improper, insulting or not, offensive and inoffensive. The machine achieves its consummate amoral status in the form of the unmanned surveillance camera. Surveillance camera photography is mostly boring, but it has priceless moments. The film of Patty Hearst robbing a bank is a gem precisely because of its seeming cool objectivity, its lack of moral and/or. (Patty Hearst did not come off too well, though.) Given to a chimpanzee, the camera still performs its blind duty, as recent photos in *National Geographic* magazine demonstrate. After all, how can rays of light coming through a lens carry aesthetic, emotional, or even moral content? The worst atrocities, as last month's pictures of Jonestown remind us, are reduced to pure light; the camera does not recoil from the horror.

Photographs of poverty and starvation no longer have the same impact as when we saw them for the first time. Like junkies looking for a stronger fix, we now require stronger images to stimulate our exhausted sensibilities.

The mass suicide in Jonestown provided the dubious opportunity to make photographic history. Here was a subject that had not been photographed before, and isn't that what photography is all about? The Jonestown photographs fall in a line that runs through Andersonville (Civil War photos of ill-clad, skeletal prisoners), American internment camps (Dorothea Lange's photos of Nisei), Dachau (Nazi extermination camp), and Vietnam. In each instance, photographers colonized previously uncharted territory and raised the ante for what is permissible to photograph. We undoubtedly gained much knowledge or, at least, much information from those photographs. Whether we are now wiser is another question, however. For in viewing each one of those pictures we were perhaps anesthetized to their horrors. In gaining knowledge we lost some of our capacity for feeling. Photographs of poverty and starvation no longer have the same impact as when we saw them for the first time. Like junkies looking for a stronger fix, we now require stronger images to stimulate our

exhausted sensibilities. Such images can be found at Jerome Liebling's photography exhibit in the Art Gallery at San Diego State University. But in order to examine fairly Liebling's controversial photos in the context of this show, mention must be made of the other works on display. As one views the sequence of photographs — and they were clearly placed in a sequence by curator Larry Urrutia — the familiar litany of photographic subjects unfolds: a wedding, women, workers, crowds, politicians, old people, Spain, horses, pigs, clothes, an insane asylum, automobiles, a slaughter house, abandoned buildings, mannequins, and handball players. The photographs from Ruth Schwartz's 1946 wedding in New York City are a humorous parody of professional wedding photography and prefigure such masters of the unheeded as Garry Winogrand. The wedding party is caught in various expressions of gastronomic indignation, shared indiscretions, wide-eyed expectation of the blind flash, joviality, disapproval, and swallowing. These,

and the photographs of the handball players, are the best in the show. Taken in Miami in 1977, the pictures of handball players make them look like sweaty septuagenarian gladiators. They depict not the peak of action, but the aftermath of strenuous exercise. The diffuse overhead light and the blank walls, combined with the aged players' ragtag collection of underwear, sport shorts, socks, and gloves, create the impression of an austere and demanding sport which the immured gladiators must play out till the end (of their lives?).

If Liebling's handball players are evocative of gladiators, his other photographs are evocative of something else — namely, other photographers. His insane asylum (1965) recalls Avedon's last chapter in *Nothing Personal*; his pictures of George Wallace, Hubert Humphrey, and other politicians (1958-68) remind me of Robert Frank; his slaughterhouse (1962), of Frederick Sommer; his horses (1964) are evocative of Alfred Stieglitz's photograph of the hindquarters and erect penis of a horse wearing a plow harness, called *Spiritual America*; his clothes in a window display (1958-74) bring to mind the French master Eugene Atget. Good company, good photographs. Liebling is not guilty of imitation. As the dates show, in some cases he was a precursor (Winogrand) and in some others a contemporary of the same kind of work (Avedon). In most cases he came afterwards, and his evocation is more like a comment than a quotation.

There is also a less familiar photographic subject in this exhibition which, unfortunately, might become more familiar with each passing day: dissected human cadavers. The images are grisly, lurid, and shocking. The only justification seems to be the questionable drive to do what has never been done before, and shock for the sake of shock. After all, these are not medical records, kept confidentially in file cabinets, for doctors' eyes only. These photographs are presented to us as Art. The handout at the exhibition, based on an essay by Estelle Jussim, would have us believe that they are a weapon against injustice. The delirious Jussim essay



Cadaver, New York City, 1974



Handball, 1977

compares Liebling to the thundering prophet Jeremiah and to St. Jerome, kneeling before "the awesome suffering of mankind." But no invocation of saints will get Liebling off the hook. A weapon against injustice? Which one: war, poverty, alienation? The handout reads, "During World War II... Liebling encountered and assimilated the atrocities of war. The pain and suffering we find in his work may result from the depth of these experiences." Jussim also writes, "Indeed, the pain and suffering which we find in Liebling's pictures may be the result of his soul's wounds not having sufficiently healed. It is as if the wounds he experienced are still pulsating raw, sensitive to the end, showing afresh with each new vision of the hell into which humanity flings itself from time to time." The photographs of dissected cadavers, were taken in 1974 in New York City, and even conceding a

lifelong trauma about the pain and suffering Liebling witnessed during the Depression and the Second World War, it is baffling that such an accomplished photographer misunderstands the nature of documentary photographic communication. We do not know whether these dead people are victims of war, murder, old age, famine, poverty, or what. As Susan Sontag so correctly observes, "What determines the possibility of being affected morally by photographs is the existence of a relevant political consciousness. Without a politics, photographs of the slaughterhouse and pictures of details of cars. Nearby there are photographs of mannequins wrapped in plastic. The cadavers are exactly that — a demoralizing emotional blow." Liebling's cadavers are exactly that — a demoralizing emotional blow. In looking at these photographs, how can anybody believe that such a carcass was ever the vessel for thoughts, feelings, and aspirations



Ruth Schwartz's Wedding

and wrinkled, vain, pathetic, and tired, waiting out their days in Miami. In no way do these pictures convey a sense of dignity and admiration for humanity. The juxtaposition equalizes everything: cows hacked to pieces are the same as dissected human beings, which are equal to wrecked buildings, which are the same as wrinkled old people, which are equal to mannequins wrapped in plastic. But in the midst of all this muddled despair and seriousness we come to a visual gag, a joke: the tail lights of a car are like the face of a cadaver. It is in bad taste, and Liebling and Urrutia risk not being taken seriously. It is true that a characteristic of genius is the ability to see the universal principle that links many disparate particulars. It is also true that those who are not able to make moral distinctions between cows and human beings, between buildings and human beings, between mannequins and human beings, and between the living and the dead, are treading dangerous, critical waters. Let us concede that this last point is exactly what Liebling is trying to communicate. The problem is that his message is not clear and risks being confused for its opposite.

It should be obvious that any discussion of the moral formal ceremonies of photography is irrelevant here. Liebling is concerned with the content that form does not really matter. Indeed, he seems indifferent to technique — his pictures are scratched, dust and hair mar his negatives, and he has not bothered to cosmetically touch up his prints. The photographs are matted on pebble board (something only amateurs and supernumerary professionals use), and some of the Plexiglas is underexposed. You can see this if you look carefully. However, when you come to the cadaver photographs, you no longer want to look carefully. Liebling has gone beyond technique.

Photographers are not like automatic surveillance cameras or chimpanzees, which exist and operate in an amoral universe. Each photograph is a conscious human decision and, like most human decisions, it has moral implications. It is valid to ask whether such images will advance the cause against injustice, or whether they will simply reduce our capacity for feeling, again raising the ante for ever more sensational photography, and making us emotional cripples in the end.

The exhibition of Jerome Liebling's photographs can be seen at the San Diego State University Art Gallery through December 27. The gallery is open Sunday through Wednesday from noon to 5 p.m. On Tuesday, December 12, at 7:30 p.m. Mr. Liebling will speak at the gallery, and will be present for further discussion the following day, Wednesday, December 13.

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Bless This Smile



(continued from page 12)

The sermon was alive, well-delivered, and well-received. She talked about a sterner, more severe brand of church worship. "I wonder," she said, smiling brightly, "why anyone would even go? They make you feel so miserable. I mean, you feel worse when you leave than when you came in." Laughter ripples through the faithful. Instead of that, suggested Terry, instead of being agnostic so many things, "let us be for love, for self-expression, for truth. If we all get clear on who we are, I'll be out of a job." The congregation laughed again.

She said that people have perpetuated the belief that human isn't good and that "our beliefs are manifested into form." Don't get stuck, she warned. "Don't stop participating. If you have died again in your mind, your body will soon follow." Eyes flash, blond hair swaying, she

wouldn't stop. "It's okay to be human," she said, "because human is all. Accept that you are the finest being possible. Get off judgment and condemnation of self. It's okay to be human. Human is where it's at. Thank you." She backed from the lectern, smiling broadly, to a burst of applause.

After a song ("Secret of Life," by James Taylor) and passing of the collection baskets, the 10:45 service had been celebrated. Cole-Whittaker left the auditorium, as did most of the celebrants, to mingle and talk. Out in the warm sun, she was inundated with affection. She beamed and pumped hands and caressed and mixed with her people.

But so far I had not so much as seen a crucifix or heard talk of a shattered commandment. Whatever was going on here in Pacific Beach did not fit my picture of a religious experience. Wherever happened to sin and guilt? Where the hell was hell?

Gregg and Marla, a young couple who have been attending the services a little more than a year, agree to chat with themselves and the church. To make ends meet, Gregg and Marla "do workshops based on Ken Kesey Jr.'s *Handbook to Higher Consciousness*," and "share other metaphysical techniques to help people be happy."

They met Cole-Whittaker at a "pot luck" where the reverend immediately invited them to come to church and hand out their brochures. "Terry is totally real," says Gregg, a short man near forty with a dark, tidy beard, and twinkling eyes. "She supports everybody in doing or being what they are, and her support is total. My business is helping people grow. I still have a lot to learn, and there aren't that many around who can teach me. Terry is one. I haven't found anybody who expresses love more than Terry, and that's contagious."

They talk about their personal religious backgrounds. "My path," muses Gregg, "was Christian Science to atheism through Judaism. Then I got into Spiritualism. But my early religious upbringing was in Christian Science. I left it a long time ago, though," he sighs, "it was so rigid. And the service bored me silly. I got tired of feeling guilty every time I lit a cigarette. Terry's church allows and encourages me to just really be me and feel okay about it."

Marla, a thin, serious woman with straight brown hair, was brought up in the Methodist church in Pennsylvania. "That church," she recalls bitterly, "made you feel like what you really are is shit, and you've got to cover it all up with prayers and contributions to the collection plate." She remembers an incident in a Sunday school class in Pittsburgh when she was eighteen. "We always got a lot of stuff about being saved," she says. "There was a young man teaching the class who

was studying to be a minister. He told us that day about a certain species of ant which he claimed were the most civilized animals on the face of the earth. If the group is starving, the leaders would lay down their lives so the others could eat, and some could be saved. He told us we had a lot to learn from those ants." She shakes her head sadly. "I was so distressed and mixed up. That really blew the fuse. I got so frustrated thinking that this was what church was all about that I ran out in tears. I left the church and never went back."

Marla adds that the Methodist church continually told her that she had to change, to get "better" somehow. "With Terry, though," she says, "you don't have to do anything. You don't have to get any better."

Gregg sums up. "People who come here," he says, "are people who have found out that it's okay to love. People who are very rigid and have a lot of stuff about what church should be are not very happy with Terry. Her whole thing is that works now. Besides, I can't think of anything better to do on a Sunday morning. It used to be sleeping, but that ain't it anymore."

"I don't know if I'm any closer to understanding this phenomenon or not. Everyone around me is smiling all the time, and they all talk in platitudes. I speak with an ex-Baptist, an ex-Quaker, another ex-Methodist, and Sam and Rame, a Hindu couple. The message is always the same. There are no stories of discarded crutches or restored eyesight. No up-from-the-gutter litanies. They say that they are involved because they can "come here and be themselves. When I ask what that means, they look at me funny."

I want to speak about this with someone outside of Cole-Whittaker's aura. An ex-Religious Scientist who has switched allegiance to a "mainstream" church would be fine. A person with those qualifications who has seen the reverend in action would be even better. I ask around and am told of a woman across town who would be perfect.

Reverend Carolyn Stahl was schooled in Religious Science since childhood and formerly served as assistant minister at the Pomona Valley Church of Religious Science in Claremont, California, for two years. After a painful and prolonged internal struggle, she left the Church of Religious Science for an "organized religion." She turned to Methodist six years ago, and in July of this year was appointed pastor of the Mission Hills United Methodist Church, a proud if slightly crumbling edifice on Clark Street, with cracked steps and a leaky roof. Her flock there numbers around two hundred.

Inside the church, seated in her book-lined office a few quick strides to the right of the altar, Reverend Stahl discusses her

denominational shift. She is dressed conservatively and her brown hair is brushed back on her head in the neat and modest style of a librarian. Stahl is a scholarly woman who talks of Zen and Jung and Paul Tillich with her hands folded primly on the desktop.

"Religious Science states that spirit, mind, and body are united," she begins. "Psychology affirms that now. I don't need to be a Religious Scientist to believe that. I've found that Methodism and psychology affirm what I held onto in Religious Science. And I took a course in Zen which helped me know that I didn't have to hold on to the label of Religious Scientist. Also, I'm sure that having dated a Methodist minister had a lot to do with it. I really worked hard to get inside his reality. Anyway, I've passed the polarity."

Stahl says that those attending the more free-wheeling and joyous Religious Science services sometimes have the experience that "the lid is off. People will then say things like, 'They're teaching what I've always believed.' But that's what the Christian message has to say." She points out that for some people the attraction "revolves around the word that Religious Scientists don't use, and that's 'sin.' Religious Science basically says we're good and that sometimes we make mistakes." The minister rises and pads over to a shelf from which she hauls down a heavy, brown book. "The big fat book of discipline of the Methodist church," she says, "is down and flops the tome open. 'The best definition of sin that I have found from the theologians is that sin is preoccupation with the self. When I recognize I am able to transcend that,' she states crisply, "that's being free from sin."

Reverend Stahl claims that things are simply not as rosy as Religious Scientists point them. "Life is more complex. It has more of what Jung calls 'the shadow side.' And I honestly believe that we can grow through owning all of our limitations as well as our possibilities." She adds that guilt is not the private property of traditional religion. "I know some very good Religious Scientists who will feel guilty because they are ill, because they don't have enough faith. I think that's very sad."

Finally, Stahl talks about Terry Cole-Whittaker. She says she had heard a lot of talk about her and recently attended one of her services. "I felt the electricity there," she recalls, "and I got something out of the sermon. Terry was really self-disclosing. She acted like her life was all together now, and she even discussed a mistake in her past. That punctured the balloon." Stahl is convinced that she herself would have been able to "succeed" in Religious Science. "But," she says, "I didn't want my ministry to be god-dominated. I feel more comfortable in what seems to be a less solo-oriented set-

ting. There is a tendency in Religious Science to pattern the local church around the minister. Methodist ministers move around more frequently.

"I feel I could do what she is doing, I know the language. But seeing her just brought it all to life. The truth is that I don't think of her as competition, but just as a good sister of mine. And I was really glad that I wasn't her. What happened in seeing Terry was that I was truly happy that I am who I am."

It is time to go to the source. The next day at the Eads Street offices of the La Jolla Church of Religious Science I speak with Charlotte Brent, the reverend's program coordinator. Charlotte gives me some preliminary biographical information to read and sets up a luncheon appointment for the three of us. A few days later, I am seated across from the reverend in Harry's Coffee Shop on Girard Avenue. She orders half a cantaloupe with a scoop of cottage cheese, and we begin to talk.

Terry Cole-Whittaker is a fifth-generation Californian, born in Los Angeles. Her early education took place in the Newport Beach public school system. Terry claims that as a child, she was the same way that she is now, and that "I've allowed what I was as a child to finally be okay."

She admits to being "an organizer" even when very young. She oversaw "funerals for dead birds," and produced and directed neighborhood plays. Her parents gave her no money so she earned it herself by selling Christmas cards and candy. At the age of twelve, she sold subscriptions to the *Newport-Balboa Press* to earn enough money to buy a popo stick. Her parents were not religious. "They would much rather that my three sisters and I stayed home on Sundays and read the funnies," she says, munching a bit of cantaloupe. "My Dad was a minister, Lutheran, and he didn't want us to get the fear that he felt was inherent in organized religion. He used to say that church was for those poor people who needed it, not for him."

There was an old man, a friend of Hall's, in the hospital at the time. The

prognosis was that he wouldn't last the night. "The three of us prayed," she recalls. "I was sitting on the bed and my great-grandmother and the practitioner were at the kitchen table. We found out the next day that the man was healed. It was the first time I ever had a real feeling of the power within me." Cole-Whittaker was seventeen.

She "dabbled" in Religious Science during her college years. She attended Orange Coast College, where she was homecoming queen; Pasadena City College; and LaVerne College, a Christian college where she received a bachelor's degree. Following college, she sang in concerts and musical comedies for a while. She worked in TV production and became a public relations representative for Quaker Oats. In 1968 she was chosen Mrs. California and also Mrs. Panake of America (She invented a pancake). "My world-famous tangy strawberry roll-up," she laughs. "While the jobs and titles enabled her to make money and to be with people, she saw that they were not what she wanted to do or have. 'I would close a door,' she says, "and move on to the next thing. And the next door would open. It always has and it always will."

When she was twenty-eight, she was asked by a minister in La Canada to give a talk there. She had been praying to have the right profession open up to her, "to fulfill God's will." She consented to give the talk and it was a grand success. "I got my first real sense then that I had the ability," she says. "From then on I had no choice. I couldn't stop it if I wanted to."

Ordained in 1975, she was called a year later and asked to consider the position as minister of the La Jolla church. She said no at first. "I hung up the phone," she recalls. "Five minutes later I had a total revelation, a click. I'm going to La Jolla. I thought, 'That's where I'm supposed to be. It was almost like a preordained post.' She called back and accepted the post.

And so in February of 1977 she came to La Jolla. The congregation, she says, "was ready for me and I was ready for it." Attendance has snowballed. Terry Cole-Whittaker is currently the minister of what biographical hand-out says "may be the fastest growing church in the United States." At the suggestion that the popularity of the church could be attributed to the comfortable moral climate it provides and to its lack of stricture, her eyes flash. "Some might call our church a 'swinging church,'" she says. "Really, what's there is an open teaching that I feel is exactly what Jesus has taught, but without doctrine, dogma, or shoulds and oughts. Yet there are the fundamental guidelines of what works and what doesn't work in people's lives. Responsibility is put upon the individual. Our church does not play the role of the parent with a pointing finger. We feel that people are intelligent enough to make up their own minds."

But there are still questions. What about God? Sin? The Ten Commandments? Organized religion? "The experience I have of the cause of the universe," she begins, "that many people call God is that this force is what I am and what all life is. It is the cause and effect, a totally loving, supporting force. There are certain characteristics displayed by this force that when I have an understanding of them I may direct my life as I choose."

And then: "The only sin there is is self-hatred." "The Ten Commandments aren't shoulds or shouldn'ts; they are just what works." "Organized religions tend to suppress and kill the spirit in favor of rules, regulations, and power struggles. And it's the people in authority positions who lose the message. Organized religion, even in Religious Science, doesn't work."

The reverend beams, swoops up the check, and the three of us leave Harry's and walk back to the church office. □

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2

CURRENT MOVIES

interest stories on every streetcorner, a marshallman version of the megatonianism in THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (1977), actually less like a New York Newsweek spokesman for civic pride, decency, and fellowship. The tearjerker finale, during which the audience is beaten defenseless by Bill (ROCKY) Cori's tumultuous ballet composition, has to be seen to be believed. Directed by John G. Avildsen. 1978. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

A Special Day — A housewife and a househusband, two slightly types in vic-
Fascist Italy, have a one-day fling in their evacuated tenement, as everyone else in Rome is thronging the streets to take part in a big reception for Adolf Hitler. There's some good stage business about the uncomfortable host-guest relationship between apartment-house neighbors, but the movie is mainly just bread-and-butter Italian humors, beginning with one of those squallid family breakfast scenes, the boy smoking turpentine in the john, the girls picture hidden under the pillow, the teenage seduction going down in the kitchen, and the bedraggled mother bumping her head routinely on the low-hanging kitchen lamp. Sophia Loren, doing without her normal eye makeup, and Marcello Mastroianni, professing his homosexuality to moments before he beds Sophia for the umpteenth time on screen, both act as if they are making great personal sacrifices in a noble, liberal cause. Directed by Ettore Scola. 1977. (Ken, 12/8 and 9)

State of Siege — One of Costa-Gavras' transformations of recent history into declaratory melodrama, for popular consumption, this one suggested by the kidnapping of U.S. agent Dan Mitrone at the hands of Uruguayan terrorists. The method here seems to be an attempted balance, or ping-pong game, between the rigorous claustrophobia of THE CONFESSION and the lively detective-horror of Z. The implications, the stock characters (intrepid reporter, bumptious bureaucrat), the congregation of automobiles and the hammering of the message tend to chip away at the inherent strength of the subject matter. In one area, at least, a certain cloudy complexity is achieved by casting Yves Montand's sympathetic Mitrone in the dual role of villain/victim. Written by Franco Soza (BATTLE OF ALGERIES). 1972. (Ken, 12/7, 12/8)

Shy Hungary — The sole survivor — and notorious bad penny — in a family of landed gentry outside Birmingham, Alabama, cultivates an interest in the hangers-out at the grubby Olympic Spe gymnasium, which is bristling with excitement as the resident musician, an immigrant Mr. Aus-



The Last Picture Show — Until the finish, and his long-awaited unveiling is no disappointment. As in director Bob Fosse's FIVE EASY PIECES, the privileged hero, exercising his inherited freedom of choice, turns his back on the American Dream, which in this case is made up of colonnaded mansions, country clubs, fancy-dress balls, and cut-throat capitalist enterprise. There is, all the same, an unmistakable fulfillment at play in this tale, and also a kind of reverse social striving ("You sure got some pealed-hoopin' relatives," observes the healthy, sun-browned Sally Field, a spunky actress). Relation is less than a probing social analyst; he tends simply to go along with the tide. Yet he is, as a result, a fairly reliable weathercock of current biases and sentimentalities. The gymnasium talk, with its elaborate and elegant body-building contraptions, and also the backwoods moon-shiner's retreat, are well-chosen and strong-smelling subjects, and it's a pity that Fosse gives them only a glancing treatment. He does better — perhaps because of his natural curiosity — at keeping close to the large and diverse cast of characters, ranging from top to bottom across the

entire social scale. With Jeff Bridges, R.G. Armstrong. 1976. (Ken, 12/10 through 12)

Summer Paradise — The first film directed by Daniel Lindenberg, one of Ingmar Bergman's repository actresses (THE SILENCE, WILD STRAWBERRIES), with Agneta Ekman and Holger Löwenad. (Guld, from 12/8)

Supervisors — In the early going, Russ Meyer gives the heartening impression of having regained his finest form, especially in the snappy business around Martin Borman's Texas station (a chatty coquette gyrates in the doorway of the ladies' room while the aging attendant squabbles on the phone with his wife, an insatiable man-eater who is at the moment tilling on her bed, sitting a series of calendar-girl poses). But Meyer seems to be pressing harder than before for laughs (possibly he has been studying the "appreciations" of his work in higher film journals). He quickly exhausts his bag of razzle-dazzle tricks, and, with nowhere to hide or catch his breath in the single-track story line, he slips into dull-witted and mechanical routines, interrupted only occasionally by a flurry of inspiration. Shari Eubank, a wisht, give-me-something-to-play-with looker on her face, is a commendable discovery, and it's pleasing to see Meyer's past actors turning up all along the way, but most of them are given nothing to do and the pleasure dies in a hurry. 1975. (Crest)

Up In Smoke — Cheech and Chong's marijuana puff piece is simply a stinker (a not stinker) a stinkpot. Gas masks are advised. With Stacy Keach and Tom Skerrit, directed by Lou Adler. 1978. (Alvaredo Drive in Cinema Plaza 5; Parkway 1; Plaza Two 2; Sports Arena 6; University Town Centre)

Vien — Russ Meyer lingers around in the forested wilds of Canada, or thereabouts, choreographing every sort of sexual stunt he can imagine (the only constant is a mammoth mamman), and throwing in, for good measure, a bit of lesbianism (a young, lively actress, unreluctantly ambulatory, and, in the long run, treacherous. With Erica Gavin. 1968. (Crest)

Waterhole Down — The decently drawn cartoon version of Richard Adams' best-seller recalls Walt Disney's early feature films in its meticulous mimicking of real-life animal models. It always stays sincere to naturalism than Disney ever did, but if it doesn't venture far beyond naked-eye observation into mind's-eye imagination, it also doesn't descend very deep into caricature. Like Disney, too, it has a sense of hot-blooded melodrama, although the timing of its

here's breadth escapes and rescues is occasionally too hurried, due to some labor-saving and penny-saving shortcuts in the arduous animation process. This superior kiddie movie is probably the most metaphysically sophisticated animal story yet to reach the screen, but none among its quick and cunning animated rabbits is fit to challenge Bugs as the screen's premier bunny. Written, produced, and directed by Warren Foster. 1978. (Center 3 Cinema 2; Clearmont; UA Cinema 2)

We All Loved Each Other So Much — Ettore Scola's celebration of male friendship and the Italian postwar cinema, with Vittorio Gassman and Nino Manfredi. 1977. (Ken, 12/8 and 9)

A Wedding — There's a sort of proletarianism about the image that makes everything appear somewhat blunted or blurred, symbolic perhaps of his work in higher film journals. He quickly exhausts his bag of razzle-dazzle tricks, and, with nowhere to hide or catch his breath in the single-track story line, he slips into dull-witted and mechanical routines, interrupted only occasionally by a flurry of inspiration. Shari Eubank, a wisht, give-me-something-to-play-with looker on her face, is a commendable discovery, and it's pleasing to see Meyer's past actors turning up all along the way, but most of them are given nothing to do and the pleasure dies in a hurry. 1975. (Crest)

The Wild Geese — A gaggle of middle-aged Englishmen cheerfully throw up their mean and degrading civilian lives for the chance to get back into khaki and form a mercenary squad to rescue a kidnapped African mission named Lombard (pronounced like the pro football player, not Barney). Handled as it is the course of this topical potboiler, all of them more quickly and less painfully than yourself. Richard Burton, Richard Harris, Roger Moore, and Hardy Rogers, directed by Andrew McLaglen. 1978. (Camino Cinema 4; Clearmont; Frontier Drive in)

The Wile — Black musical based on THE WIZARD OF OZ, starring Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Richard Pryor, and Lena Horne, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Fanny Valley)

Wizards — Science-fiction cartoon about a cosmic struggle between the forces of Magic and those of Technology (the former a group of Peter Pan and Tinkerbell-like elves and fairies, the latter a group of Nazis and reptiles). At best the conception is rather spagy. But its mythic possibilities are brought even closer by

Ralph (FRITZ THE CAT, COONSKIN) Bakshi's deeply ingrained funkiness (e.g., the good wizard Avatar is a round red nose and Peter Falk's Col-unbo voice). 1977. (Strand, 12/8 and 9)

A Woman at Her Window — A 1930s political drama starring Romy Schneider and Victor Lanoux, directed by Pierre Granie-Deleane. (Grossmont)

The World's Greatest Lover — A sketchy, inconsistent comedy about a sandwich-rube from Milwaukee who travels to Hollywood in the 1920s ("Hollywood!" he shrieks from his hotel window. "Lillian Gish is the housewife!"). Intent on launching himself on a new career as a Melrose id. Gene Wilder. (Chaplin is my idol, quintuple-threat moviemaker, actor, director, producer, writer, songwriter, and the most versatile man in the business, a pitch of strident hysteria, but he yearns to expand his range to include everything from pie-in-the-face slapstick to lump-in-the-throat pathos, and he jumps capriciously from one role to another as though he's flipping a TV dial. For the most part, the material here seems to be still in the brain-storming stage, before sense and selection have begun to prevail. The movie ends with an intriguing thank-you note from Wilder to "his friend" Federico Fellini, for encouragement at the right time. What manner of encouragement did he get? Did Fellini encourage him to pilot from the plot of THE WHITE SHEET? Did Fellini encourage him to copycat the vision of hush-bustle on a movie set and the Nino Rota music from 1977? This resembles the sort of encouragement a mugger gets from a snicker on a park bench. Carol Kane, Don DeLuise. 1977. (Mira Mesa Cinemas)

Z — Costa-Gavras's muckraker-style unmasking of the military regime in Greece, thinly disguised here as a fictitious country. Simple-minded as politics, and even as melodrama, the investigation of a political assassination, conducted by the admirably impartial and relentless Jean-Louis Trintignant, turns up a good deal of quick gratification for Lofist perennia and plenty. With Yves Montand and Irene Papas. 1969. (Strand, 12/10)

Zerkow — A classically styled heroic myth, set in a remote, thoroughly imagined future society, where there still exists a class division of a sort and a hairy, naked, vile Sean Connery likes to restore dead to the pale privileged class, cursed with immortality. Frugally made, but not obviously stretched too thin, cleverly conceived and executed, but not quite mind-boggling. Written, directed by John Boorman. 1974. (Strand, 12/8 and 9)

Court Costs Plus Overdue Bill Equals Net Profit



Gene Shue

Prothro, and served not only to break the ice between the uncomfortable trio, but also to endear Shue to the five NBA fan-fetichists in the viewing audience who had managed to sit through the entire debacle. Shue was right, of course. The Clippers' defense is not very good. In fact, it is nonexistent. Unlike their crostowned football counterparts, who have established a proud and unbroken tradition of blowing golden opportunities in tight games, the Clippers cannot be cited for lacking a "killer instinct." It's just that when they do have murder in their hearts, it is more suicidal than homicidal in nature.

This penchant for self-destruction was again in evidence last Thursday night, three weeks after the Texas massacre, as I sat in the Sports Arena with 6556 other befuddled patrons and witnessed the latest embarrassment, this time at the hands of the Houston Rockets. It was a strange sensation, watching the newest San Diego basketball team duke it out with our city's first professional effort. The Rockets, who had difficulty beating eggs when they were the San Diego Rockets, nevertheless looked like the NBA All-Stars while pummeling the Clippers, 113 to 104.

As in the San Antonio game (and many others this year), it wasn't just the fact that the Clippers lost, but *how* they lost that had the crowd shaking its collective head afterwards. Time after time, when an opponent drove for the basket or moved out side for a long shot, the Clippers shifted into what I call the "Banana Defense," in which all available defenders peel back to give the shooter plenty of room. Like a pack of sheep, the Clippers always play watch-and-wait, assuming the roles of spectators while mediocre opponents execute unchallenged behind-the-back passes, base-line lay-ups, slant dunks, and thirty-foot jump shots. Even when their offensive game is shooting in double figures, the Clippers play defense as though they're up against a visiting team from the island of Molokai.

Indeed, it is this "hands-off" style of defense that has proven the margin of defeat for the Clippers in their first season. In a league which traditionally places a high premium on players able to produce megapoints, the playoff teams are usually those with an ability to limit the effectiveness of opposing hotshots. Seeking to reverse this trend, the Clippers have developed a method of transforming rival second-stringers into stars by generously

allowing them whatever number of uncontested shots they find necessary to score two points. Like kids in a playground pickup game, each of the Clippers wants to shoot, but no one wants to defend or ball-hawk. This has resulted in a slew of high-scoring, often exciting games in which the Clippers usually draw the short straw.

But although it is no fun watching the home team lose, the most regrettable by-product of the Clippers' slovenly defensive play is the fact that it obfuscates the true potential of this team. With all its foibles, the team is still only four or five games under .500 at any one time, and could conceivably make a run for a playoff berth, an accomplishment which would be especially notable given the short time these players have had to adjust to each other. But something tells me that the Clippers' passivity will continue as long as the same combination of players takes to the court every night.

I'm not suggesting a wholesale departure from the established line-up. I'm as much in awe of Lloyd "World" Free's bizarre talents as anyone. I think Randy Smith is one of the league's most undervalued players; I believe that Freeman Williams will blossom into a first-rate power very soon; and I still nurture the hope that Sidney Wicks will rediscover the form that made him such a formidable performer at UCLA.

But there's something missing from the Clippers' roster — a presence, a kick-ass, take-charge catalyst who can turn the clock losses into wins, who can prevent the few Clippers-dominated contests from slipping away in the late minutes, who can, quite realistically, change this talented but losing team into a viable force in the NBA's Pacific Division. I am not alone in my contention that the one player who could bring about this redirection is Bill Walton.

Walton, in case you've been in solitary confinement on Devil's Island for the past several years, is the 6-foot, 11-inch, 225-pound native San Diegoan and former Helix High standout who has cut a controversial swath on and off the court during his brief, injury-ridden tenure with the Portland Trail Blazers. Outspoken and iconoclastic, Walton has caused almost as many headaches for the Portland front office as for opposing players. The media's obsession with Walton's indirect involvement in the Peary Heart case (he is a close friend of Jack Scott — the sports writer/educator who was more directly tied to the case), as well as with his "counterculture" lifestyle and proclivity for seemingly unapologetic remarks, has all but eclipsed the fact that he has been one of the game's reigning superstars.

But none of that would matter a damn to local basketball fans if they knew they could look up on their contoured plastic seats and see this redheaded Sequoia lumbering down the court in a Clippers uniform. San Diegans are by now resigned to the inevitability that hometown sports heroes seek the more lucrative, media-saturated pastures of New York or Chicago when it's time to turn pro. Thus, the possibility of a bona fide star like Walton ever returning to perform for the hometown folks has until recently been little more than idle conjecture in articles by sports columnists short on so-called ideas. Suddenly, the notion is not so far-fetched.

There isn't a hoop ball in this town who doesn't realize that when Walton injured his left foot in a game against Philadelphia last February 28, he may have inadvertently limped right into the Clippers' future. The subsequent furor which arose from Walton's charge of medical mismanagement at the hands of Portland's trainers (Walton claimed that his injury was treated only with pain-killers, thereby preventing healing and jeopardizing his career) was yet another hot-button-connection in the owner's ear, and made Walton a less-than-desirable employee. It came as little surprise, then, that when the athlete asked to be traded, the Portland executives made it known that they would certainly accept any reasonable offers.

Since that time, Walton has become the object of a gentlemanly tug-of-war between the Golden State Warriors and the Clippers, the two West Coast teams mentioned by Walton as having the inside track on his talents. Clippers owner Irv Levin

has thus far been decidedly cautious in his remarks about the chances of landing Walton, but has also been understandably encouraged to see Walton attending Clippers home games and leaping excitedly from his seat like any other partisan when the San Diego team does something good. The report that Walton was looking for a home in Del Mar did nothing to cloud Levin's guarded optimism.

Levin, although not a native San Diegan himself, is fully aware of the impact that Walton's signing with the Clippers would have on the local sports scene. Like new Charger coach Don Coryell, Walton has the potential to make the tumultuous hum. His intimidating physical presence alone would give the Clippers the fighting edge that has eluded them thus far (without Walton, who took them to the NBA championship in 1976-77, the Trail Blazers have managed only a 12-10 season, at this writing). There is the psychological advantage of having fans cheering for "one of their own." And, perhaps most importantly, there is the fact that the Clippers would finally have a center with enough guts to match the sounds of most current rebounders and generally dominate the key.

In all fairness to both Levin and coach Shue, it should be said that, even without signing Walton, they have shown good faith to this point, and should be applauded for such a formidable performer at UCLA.

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- The Bay City Rollers** (LP OR TAPE \$5.98)
Includes: "THE BAY CITY ROLLERS
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BARRY MANILOW GREATEST HITS.
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| CARLSBAD | Plaza El Camino Real | LA JOLLA | University Towne Centre | SAN DIEGO | 6335 El Cajon Blvd |
| CHULA VISTA | 485 Fifth Avenue | LA MESA | Grossmont Center | SAN DIEGO | 39th and University |
| EL CAJON | Parkway Plaza East | MISSION VALLEY | Mission Valley Center | SAN DIEGO | Fashion Valley Mall |
| ESCONDIDO | 1702 East Valley Parkway | NATIONAL CITY | 1499 E. Plaza Blvd | SAN DIEGO | 3750 Sports Arena Blvd |
| KEARNY MESA | 4344 Convey Street | PACIFIC BEACH | 1414 Garnet Street | SAN DIEGO | San Diego State Campus |

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HIS LATEST ALBUM...
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| KEARNY MESA | 4344 Convey Street | PACIFIC BEACH | 1414 Garnet Street | SAN DIEGO | San Diego State Campus |

B.B. King: Catamaran, Friday
December 8 through Sunday,
December 10, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999
Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Reader's Guide to

10, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Mark/Almond Band: Ray Theatre, Tuesday, December 12, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Ray Ayers and Ubiquity Starboard: Calamarian, Tuesday, December 17, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Ramsey Lewis: Ray Theatre, Wednesday, December 13, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Uinda Sonstad and Livingston Taylor: Sports Arena, Friday, December 22, Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Binu featuring James Newton, Tylan Barro, and Mark Dresser: La Paloma Theatre, Saturday, December 23, 8 p.m., 471 First Street, Encinitas, 755-8023.

Doobie Brothers and Eddie Money: Sports Arena, Wednesday, December 27, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Clubs

Alpine Gardens: 926 Turquoise, Pacific Beach, 488-1400; Paul Sammon, guitar, Thursday; Tom Grey and James Mehan, guitars, Friday; San Diego Sheila, Saturday; amateurs, Sunday; Jim Wright, jazz, Monday.

Anchorage Fish Company: 5440 La Jolla Boulevard, 452-6534; Gary Puckett, Wednesday through Saturday.

Annes: 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 426-1161; Bar None, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Feelin', top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anthony's Harborview: 1336 North Harbor Drive, 232-6358; Danny Salinas, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Antonia's: 822 National Avenue, National City, 477-2208; Sky's the Limit, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

Atlanta: 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434; Daniel Chambers and Fairfax, disco, rock, jazz, Monday.

and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchani: 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 560-8022; Balance, top 40 and disco, Monday through Saturday.

Bar X Ranch House: 117 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510; Who's Drivin', country and Western swing, 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, 276-3100; Gabe Lapiano Band, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Boathouse: 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-4000; John and John, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Larry Page, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Bolander's Old Place: 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-8262; Fred Lohman, R&B, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Spencer, Sunday and Monday.

Cafe Del Ray: 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511; Morning Thunder, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Cashways: 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Jose, 449-6700; Listen, rock, top 40 and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

Charlie's Horse Lounge: Winner's Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-4466; Cinnamon Ridge, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Chateau: 3623 College Avenue, 682-6620; Baccho's, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Chuck's Steak House: 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-5100; Country Follies, nightly.

Chuck's Steak House: 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325.

the Music Scene

Sammy Jim Group: jazz, Friday through Sunday; Mark Leshman Group, jazz, Monday through Thursday.

Crossroads: 345 Market Street, Downtown, 233-7856; Carl Evans Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Dick's of the Beach: 327 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-7672; Broz, rock, Wednesday through Sunday; North Roll, Monday, Fall Cotton, country, Tuesday.

Distillery: 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780; Serpentine Fire, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Firebird: Washington at Centre City Parkway, Escondido, 745-1931; Dr. Dobbs, Thursday; Disco Ken, Friday; Kent, Saturday.

Flanigan's: 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 291-8635; disco and top 40, nightly.

Gold Coast Lounge: Town and Country Hotel, Mission Valley, 291-7131; Derby O' Downey, Tuesday through Saturday.

THE RAMONES



opening act—**THE PENETRATORS**

Friday, Dec. 15, 8:00 PM, SDSU Montezuma Hall
SDSU Students \$3.00 Faculty, Staff and other students \$3.50
General Public \$4.00 Tickets available at Artec Box Office (286-6947) and all Select-A-Seal Outlets
Sponsored by the AS/Cultural Arts Board

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The show legend of
Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee
Tom Dec. 12
The Ramones
with
The Penetrators
Fri. Dec. 15, in Montezuma Hall
All shows 8 and 10:30 p.m.
Tickets available at the Artec Center Box Office, Bill Gamble's and all Select-A-Seal Outlets.
Ticket Information: 286-6947
THE BACKDOOR
Artec Center, San Diego State University

James Mehan
Unique Song
Stylin'
Tenderly
With Don
Victor's
Outragious
Comedy
Wednesday:
Masked Hamster variety
Thursday:
Paul Sammon guitar
Friday:
Linda Retes autoharp
Tom Grey guitar originals
Saturday:
S.D. Sheels Muzgrass & Traditional
Sunday:
Talent Night please arrive time early
Monday: Closed
Espresso - Light Meals
Sugars Desserts
926 Turquoise
(between Cass & Bayard)
488-1400

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at D Street, Encinitas - 438-2186
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Reggae at its Best
IN CONCERT - SAT - DEC 16 - 8 & 10:30 - \$4.50

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The focus for nighttime entertainment and superb dining in San Diego is Atlantis. In the beautiful Bacchus Lounge, "EDDIE PRESTON UNLIMITED" plays your kind of music... Contemporary... Golden Oldies... Funky Disco... and more for listening, dancing, enjoying! Tuesday thru Saturday - 8:45 pm 'til 1:30 am. Beautiful.
Atlantis
2380 Ingraham Street on Mission Bay next to Sea World. Phone 224-3434

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
MY EVERYTHING WITH
GOLDEN HALL
Wednesday
December 27
Thursday
December 28
7:30 pm
Tickets \$7.50/\$9.50 reserved - Available at Center Box Office, Bill Gamble's Men's Store and all Select-A-Seal Outlets.
For further information, call 714/236-6571

what sort of man joins a television dating service?
Our average male is 31.8 years old, with the youngest being 21, and the oldest 58. 25% have advanced degrees and the average have had 3 years of college. They find the bar scene plastic and unrewarding and are looking for something more meaningful. The large majority feel that honesty is the most important ingredient in a relationship. IF YOU'RE ready to risk being honest give us a call.
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Call now for a free demonstration.
Next week you'll be delivered your date.
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Crazy Shirts has a boatload of high quality 100% cotton T-shirts all wrapped and ready for Christmas giving.
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Binu featuring James Newton, Tyron Barea, and Mark Dresser: La Paloma Theatre, Saturday, December 23, 8 p.m., 471 First Street, Encinitas, 755-8623.

Double Brothers and Eddie Money: Sports Arena, Wednesday, December 27, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Clubs

Alpine Gardens: 926 Turquoise, Pacific Beach, 488-1400. Paul Sammon, guitar, Thursday; Tom Grey and James Mehon, guitars, Friday; San Diego Shells, Saturday; amateurs, Sunday; Jim Wright, jazz, Monday.

Anchorage Fish Company: 5440 La Jolla Village, 452-6834. Gary Puckett, Wednesday through Saturday.

Annex: 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Bar None, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Feelin', top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anthony's Harborlands: 1356 North Harbor Drive, 232-6358. Danny Solinas, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Antonio's: 622 National Avenue, National City, 477-2028. Sky's the Limit, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

Atlanta: 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434. Daniel Chambers and Fortite, disco, rock, jazz, Monday.

and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bachelorette: 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont, 560-8022. Balance, top 40 and disco, Monday through Saturday.

Bar X Ranch House: 117 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510. Who's Drivin', country and Western swing, Thursday through Saturday.

Black Angus: E Street, Chula Vista, 456-7000. 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, 279-3100. Gabe Lopez o' Band, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Boathouse: 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8210. Juke and John, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Larry Page, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Bolton's Old Place: 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-6262. Fred Lohman, R&B, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Spencer, Sunday and Monday.

Cafe Del Rey: 1569 E Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511. Morning Thunder, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Castaways: 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Jose, 449-6700. Listen, rock, top 40 and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

Charlie's Horse Lounge: Winner's Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 795-6656. Chameleon Ridge, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Chateau: 3623 College Avenue, 582-5620. Boonchik, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Chuck's Steak House: 1403 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-5100. Country Folks, nightly.

Chuck's Steak House: 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325.

the Music Scene

Sammy Triff Group: jazz, Friday through Sunday; Mark Lessman Group, jazz, Monday through Thursday.

Crossroads: 345 Market Street, Downtown, 233-7856. Carl Evans Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Dick's at the Beach: 327 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-7072. Betty, rock, Wednesday through Sunday; North Rail, Monday; Tall Cotton, country, Tuesday.

Distillery: 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780. Serpentine Fire, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Firebird: Washington at Centre City Parkway, Escondido, 745-1931. Dr. Downey, Thursday; Disco Ken, Friday; Kent, Saturday.

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opening act—**THE PENETRATORS**

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SOSU Students \$3.00 Faculty, Staff and other students \$3.50 General Public \$4.00 Tickets available at Artex Box Office (286-6947) and all Select-A-Seal Outlets

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enter 1st 78

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Sonny Terry

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Tues. Dec. 12

The Ramones

with **The Penetrators**

Fri. Dec. 15, in Montezuma Hall

All shows 8 and 10:30 p.m.

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Music at the

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Tuesday

With Don

Victor's

Outrigger

Comedy

Wednesday:

Marked Hammer variety

Thursday:

Paul Sammon guitar

Friday:

Lisa Rites autoharp

Tom Grey guitar originals

Saturday:

S.D. Shells blues/jazz & traditional

Sunday:

Talent Night phone reserve time only!

Monday: Closed

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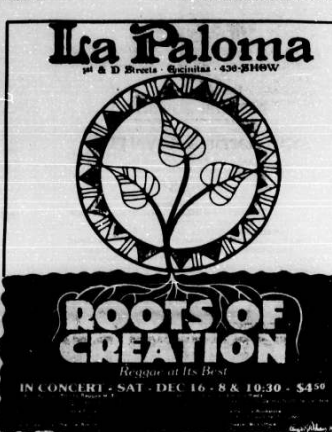
926 Turquoise

(between Cass & Bayard)

88-1400

La Paloma

at D Street - Encinitas - 436-8888



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Resigned at its Best

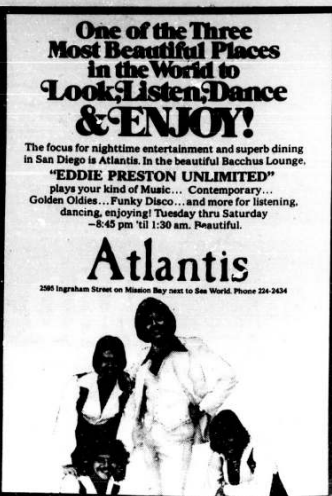
IN CONCERT - SAT - DEC 16 - 8 & 10:30 - \$4.50

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The focus for nighttime entertainment and superb dining in San Diego is Atlantis. In the beautiful Bacchus Lounge, "EDDIE PRESTON UNLIMITED" plays your kind of music... Contemporary... Golden Oldies... Funky Disco... and more for listening, dancing, enjoying! Tuesday thru Saturday - 8:45 pm 'til 1:30 am. Beautiful.

Atlantis

2080 Ingraham Street on Mission Bay next to Sea World. Phone 224-2434



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THE GRATEFUL DEAD

GOLDEN HALL

Wednesday
December 27

Thursday
December 28

7:30 pm

Tickets \$7.50/\$5.50 reserved. Available at Center Box Office, Bill Gamble's Man's Store and all Select-A-Seal locations.

For further information, call 714/236-6519.

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Intro Video

Call now for a free demonstration
Next week you'll be delighted on our disk.

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Crazy Shirts has a boatload of high quality 100% cotton T-shirts all wrapped and ready for Christmas giving.

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For a first cabin Christmas, drop by Crazy Shirts today!

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Dinner for \$3.95!

At the Riviera Bistrò, we will serve you a delicious dinner for only \$3.95—or up to \$1 off the regular price.

Choose from Chicken Mediterranean, Beef Stroganoff, Beef Kabob, or the Catch of the Day. Plus baked potato or rice, soup or salad bar, and fresh rolls.

Just bring in this ad. It's good each evening from 5 to 10 p.m.—for you and everyone in your party.

Tonight through December 31

Riviera Bistrò

4110 West Point Loma Blvd. 223-1113
(next to Midway drive-in)

THE BLUE GUITAR WORKSHOP

FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS

7:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Admission: \$5.00

Free will contribution

Donations: \$1.00

Free will contribution

Donations: \$1.00

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1916 Cable Ocean Beach

Hours: 10a.m. - 8p.m.
6 days a week. Closed Sundays.

phone orders: 223-8063

Food to go.

Halcynne, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 223-9559: Stephens Brothers, top 40, disco, and funk, Tuesday through Saturday.

Halligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 274-3474: Ron Bolton Group, Wednesday through Saturday.

Harpson Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-6242: Stone's Throw, Tuesday through Saturday.

His Place, 740 South Escondido Boulevard, 741-9965: Soul Purpose, Friday, Colour, contemporary and Latin, Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, 275-4900: People Movers, top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday; The Mock of Zoro, Sunday and Monday.

Horse Shoe Tavern, 7664 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 449-0344: Foliope, top 40, Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-2833: Hummingbird, Tuesday through Saturday; Nighthang, Monday.

Hungry Hunter, Interstate 8 of Taylor Street, Mission Valley, 291-8074: Mary Poppins, Tuesday through Saturday.

Ivanhoe, Deland, Sunday, 14240 Poway Road, 748-7331: Sounds of Friendship, contemporary, Monday through Thursday; Dick Brown's Big Band, Friday and Saturday.

Ivy Room, 911 Camino Del Rio South, 574-7664: Lewis and Lee, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Jay's Vegetarian Cafe, 4527 Mission Boulevard, 274-7871: Social Lowell, folk, Friday.

Jeremi's Steak House, 17091 West Bernardo Drive, 467-7181: Steven Yous, singer-songwriter, Friday and Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201: East/West, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Sello, guitar, Sunday and Tuesday.

Jose Murphy's, 4332 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: live bands, nightly.

Josmary, 5475 Racine Villa Road, 270-2040: The M and M's, disco and top 40, Friday; Seventh Wonder, funk, Saturday; Ladies Loathe, variety, Sunday.

King's Table, 1333 Hotel Circle, 297-2231: Linda La Vene, Jack Clays, Chris Hapshammer, and Don Lopez, old English ballads and Renaissance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Kung Food, 2949 Fifth Avenue, 598-7322: Italian Joe, pizza and originals, Thursday and Friday.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, 753-1488: Cuarteto Crystal, serenades, Tuesday through Saturday.

L'Chaim Vegetarian Restaurant, 134 West Douglas, El Cajon, 442-1331: Maria, classical guitar, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday; Troy, acoustic guitar, Monday and Tuesday.

Le Chateau, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach, 222-5300: Fanny Four, Wednesday and Thursday; 7's Plenty, Friday through Sunday; Gale Susan Quintet, Sunday through Tuesday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383: Ruke, Wednesday and Thursday; swing band, Friday; German polka band, Saturday.

London Opera House, corner of Balboa and Genesee, 279-2390: Dallas Colina McCymble, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Brackett, Sunday and Monday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3071: King Biscuit Blues, Thursday through Saturday; Sunny and Jenkins, contemporary folk styling, Sunday; Tuesday, and Wednesday, auditions, Monday.

Mike San, 2424 Fifth Avenue, 238-4142: Japanese entertainers, Friday and Saturday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard, 298-8886: Jack Conterio's Quartet, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Dave Torzillo Due, Sunday through Tuesday.

You Can't Beet Our Garden Restaurant!



Fish and fowl and meats and vegetables and fruits and wines and bread. You're going to like the Spice Rack, a garden restaurant!

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Mission Blvd. Near Grand, Pacific Beach 8 am-2:30 pm and 5 pm-10 pm

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\$4.95 Famous Roast Prime Rib of Beef

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in Plaza Del Rio Shopping Center

Reservations Suggested
Banquet Facilities Available

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TALL COTTON

Thursday night

JOHN SCOTT

and

JERRY MC CANN

and

LEFT COAST

143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

The Prophet Has New Winter Hours

| Dinner served: | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Tuesday | 5 p.m. - 10 p.m. |
| Wednesday | 5 p.m. - 10 p.m. |
| Thursday | 5 p.m. - 10 p.m. |
| Friday | 5 p.m. - 11 p.m. |
| Saturday | 5 p.m. - 11 p.m. |
| Sunday | 4 p.m. - 9 p.m. |

Closed Monday

Lunch served as usual
Tuesday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

Featuring—private meditation dining rooms, the finest non-alcoholic bar in the country, a quiet, relaxing atmosphere with classical and jazz entertainment.



The Prophet

International Gourmet Vegetarian Restaurant
4461 University Ave. 283-7448



Fat Cat's

Russ Kirkpatrick

FAVORITE SON

Bombs Away Party Last Time in Town This Year

Thursday

TALL COTTON

country

Friday

ZZYZX Rd. Band

contemporary

Wednesday

Barry Lynn

sing along country

NEW YEAR'S EVE ANNIVERSARY PARTY
FEATURING FANCY PEACHES
Lunch served 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Pinball—pool—open 7 nights a week, 11 a.m. - 2 a.m.
656 First St., Encinitas 753-2578

Mom's Saloon, 943 Carmel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-3366: Hot rock, Tuesday through Sunday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0040: SRO, top 40 and disco, Monday through Saturday.

Monterey Jack's, 1940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400: Deb and Kevin Brown, Tuesday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, South Side of Interstate 8 at Mission Center Road 291-1035: Oni Ridge, Tuesday through Saturday; Wayne "Parchedelic" Gile, Sunday and Monday.

Moonlight, 4015 Claremont Drive, 273-1023: Good Times, Tuesday through Saturday; Danny Lopez, Sunday and Monday.

Mulvaney's, 340 West Grand, Escondido: Richie Hunt, acoustic guitar, Wednesday through Saturday.

Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, 583-6670: Ron Carson (Bowie, variety), Tuesday through Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8915 Navajo Road, 465-1730: Jodi Effert, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Gibson, disco, Sunday and Monday.

Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822: Jai Friends, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Old no. 7 Distillery, 140 South Sema Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-6733: Coastal Dancers, Thursday; Storm, disco and salsa, Sunday; Jerome Carter Show, Wednesday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 222-2146: Tom Cat, 1888, Thursday; C.Y. Dig It, country, Friday and Saturday; auditions and special entertainment, Monday; Mashed Hamster, variety, Sunday; Greg Long, folk, Tuesday; Kraft Shire, folk, Wednesday.

Organ Power Plaza, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, 560-9898: Tammy Stark, Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Wednesday; Chris Gorsuch, Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Palomino Star, Main and Hermosa, Chula Vista, 427-5889: Mark Loathee and the Coronado Cowboys, country rock, disco, and originals, Thursday through Sunday.

Pelican Club, 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 464-9284: Sunset, top 40 and disco, Friday and Saturday; Sea Goat, listening pleasure, Sunday.

Possidon, 1670 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 755-9545: Felix, disco, cover.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4461 University Avenue, 283-7448: Orion, guitar duo, Tuesday and Thursday; Bill Coleman and Fred Brin, jazz, Wednesday; Lori Bell and Pam Saper, classical and jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Quinn's, La Jolla Boulevard at Turquoise, 488-0548: Jon Lyons Band, sophisticated rock, Thursday through Saturday; Don Glaze Trio, jazz, Tuesday.

Raspullin's, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, 223-1993: Ron J. disco, nightly.

Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, 291-1880: Blue Skies, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3463: Don Livingston, country, Tuesday through Saturday.


Reuben's Plankhouse, 7637 at Balboa Avenue, 278-7373: David Bradley, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rudy's Heartache, 5530 La Jolla Boulevard, 454-0318: Ray Corado, American traditional and top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sandpiper, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, 289-5253: Shane Gang, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Shelter Island Inn, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, 222-0561: John Carabattelli and Crystal, dancing music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Road, 291-2900: Fred Thompson and the Guadalupe Philharmonic, Tuesday through Saturday.



ROY AYERS AND UBIQUITY STARBOOTY

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TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY
DEC. 12-17

ADVANCED TICKETS
NOW ON SALE
AT SEARS, WARDS AND ALL TICKETRON OUTLETS
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"See what Beatlemania is all about"

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Monday, December 11, 1978
8 p.m.

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Other Students 6.00
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Urban dance and show
Tonight's Line Up:
Monday, December 12, 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday, December 13, 8:30 p.m.
Charges & After tickets available
Phone: 560-1234
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Between 805 & 163
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presents:
Grease, Slick & Lightnin'
Live Fridays and Saturdays
135-37 N. Coast Hwy 101
- Solana Beach -
* food * beer * wine
\$1 cover charge at the door.

Spanky's Saloon, 2855 Midway Drive, 233-3545. Disco, Thursday through Wednesday.
Split, 1530 Buena Avenue and Moreno Boulevard 276-3093. Sky train rock, Thursday, Ambassadors rock, Friday and Saturday. Transport rock, Sunday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 690 North Second, El Cajon 443-2571. Skate, roller, medley folk, Tuesday and Wednesday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Mesa Road, 565-2772. Homefolk, Wednesday through Saturday.
Swan Song, 4267 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 272-7802. David Cheney, flamenco guitar, Thursday and Saturday. Chuck Parris, guitar, Friday.
Tavern, 1208 Prospect, La Jolla 454-5587. Lighthouse, contemporary and originals, Thursday through Saturday.
Togo, 101 Broadway, Chula Vista 252-6522. Post World War II, acoustic guitar and vocals, Friday and Saturday.
Tom Horn's Lighthouse, 2150 Highway 56, Escondido 443-2000. Laura Zombo, Wednesday through Sunday.
Top of the Arc, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, 291-0702. Miles Spencer and Company, Tuesday through Saturday.
Trojan House, 6177 University Avenue, 542-1070. Touch of Country, Wednesday through Sunday. Disco, Sunday through Tuesday.
Vacation Village bar/caf  , San Marcos 274-6530. Joanne McLean and Freddie Talmann.
VIP Lounge, 500 Hotel Circle North, Town and Country Hotel, 291-7131. Best of friends, pop.
Windings, Hill Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive. Threesomes, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Rite Moss, Tuesday through Saturday.
Zard's, 1310 Moreno Boulevard, 276-5637. Disco and top 40, nightly.

Los Angeles Concerts
Janis Ian: Santa Monica Civic, Saturday, December 9, 8 p.m. (213) 393-9901.
Jeon Lee Puffy and Mark Almond Band: Long Beach Terrace Theatre, Sunday, December 10 and Monday, December 11, (213) 436-3001.
Linda Ronstadt and Liv Taylor: Inglewood Forum, Saturday, December 23, 8 p.m. (213) 851-8080.
Doobie Brothers and Eddie Money: Inglewood Forum, Sunday, December 31, 9:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.
Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers: Santa Monica Civic, Sunday, December 31, 9:30 p.m. (213) 393-9901.
Clubs
Backlot Theatre, 657 Robertson West Hollywood, (213) 659-0472. Anita O'Day, Thursday through Sunday.
Concerts By The Sea, 100 Fishermen's Wharf, Redondo Beach, (213) 379-0991. Seawind, Thursday through Sunday.
Dante's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 372-6911. Mel Martin and Lates, Thursday through Sunday.
Parison Room, La Brea and Washington, (213) 936-8704. Hank Crawford, Thursday through Sunday.
Starwood, 8151 Santa Monica Boulevard, (213) 686-2200. Ray Gallagher, Thursday through Saturday.
Whisky & Go-Go, Sunset Strip (213) 652-6252. George Jones, Friday through Sunday.

We've Put it All Together
Our deliciously different menu draws the highest praise. From Coppino, to Crepes, Steakoff, to Bouillabaisse Salad, to Shrimp Gumbo, to our Prime Rib and Lobster... topped off with our giant cocktails. No wonder people keep coming back!
IVY BARN
Tastefully yours
Mission Center Exit, Mission Valley

RED HOT AND LIVE AT THE ROXY
TOM WAITS
LEON REDBONE
Sun. Dec. 10, 7:30 & 10:30 \$8.50
MARK ALMOND BAND
Tues. Dec. 12, 7:30 & 10:30 \$5.75
RAMSEY LEWIS
Franklin Ajaye
Wed. Dec. 13, 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75
TICKETS ON SALE AT ROXY THEATRE
BILL GAMBLE'S SELECTED SEAT OUTLETS
MCGUINN
CLARKE & HILLMAN
Sat. Dec. 23, 8:00 & 11:00 \$6.75
Tickets on sale at Ticketron Outlets
Songwriters Showcase starts Mon. Dec. 18

LA PALOMA AND CROWDHOOD WHITE YOU TO ENJOYA
HOT WINTER NIGHT
featuring
FLUKE
GUEST ROCK & ROLL TO NOISECIDENT
AND
APPURE
SATURDAY DEC. 9
LA PALOMA THEATRE
11 P.M. & 12:30 A.M.
40% SHOW
ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE AT:
ENCINITAS LA PALOMA BOX OFFICE - OPEN ENROLLS
Selected paraphernalia to 1/2 off
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20% OFF all with a
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LORRAINE PIZZAZZ 25% OFF
FLUKE THE RED 25% OFF
SAN DIEGO THE RED 25% OFF
GENERAL ADMISSION
\$3.50

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Notices
WOMEN RUNNERS (and others) needed now to help organize 2nd Annual 10K/5K/2.5K All Women's 10K/5K Meter Run to be held February 18, 1979. Call 239-0355.
GROW YOUR OWN lettuce, celery, carrots, cabbage, peas, and tomatoes. Come garden with us. Ocean Beach community garden, senior citizens welcome 222-1096.
RELATIONSHIP and individual outliners? The Family Institute has a staff of licensed professionals and interns offer assistance. Fees based on your income. 297-7181.
THIS MOM didn't mean to be for Christmas, but it was broke to provide one for her 3 little ones and 3 teenagers. 264-6996.
NORTH COUNTY Parents without partners, discussion, family activities, dances, adult parties. Membership Eligible, single parents due to death, divorce, separation or unmarried status. 726-2345.
POETS, A new poetry magazine. Golden Mountain Poetry, 2686 E. Street, San Diego 92102. Include SASE with your poems.
OIL COMPANIES are ripping us off by billing creating artificial shortages between refineries. Write to: American Petroleum Institute, 1200 17th St., Washington, D.C. 20037.
ATTENTION game p... 1st Monthly games group (board games, cards, etc.) 1st meet Dec. 10/12/88. 2nd meet Dec. 18/20/88. 3rd meet Dec. 25/27/88. 4th meet Jan. 1/3/89. 5th meet Jan. 8/10/89. 6th meet Jan. 15/17/89. 7th meet Jan. 22/24/89. 8th meet Jan. 29/31/89. 9th meet Feb. 5/7/89. 10th meet Feb. 12/14/89. 11th meet Feb. 19/21/89. 12th meet Feb. 26/28/89. 13th meet Mar. 5/7/89. 14th meet Mar. 12/14/89. 15th meet Mar. 19/21/89. 16th meet Mar. 26/28/89. 17th meet Apr. 2/4/89. 18th meet Apr. 9/11/89. 19th meet Apr. 16/18/89. 20th meet Apr. 23/25/89. 21st meet Apr. 30/1/89. 22nd meet May 7/9/89. 23rd meet May 14/16/89. 24th meet May 21/23/89. 25th meet May 28/30/89. 26th meet Jun 4/6/89. 27th meet Jun 11/13/89. 28th meet Jun 18/20/89. 29th meet Jun 25/27/89. 30th meet Jul 2/4/89. 31st meet Jul 9/11/89. 32nd meet Jul 16/18/89. 33rd meet Jul 23/25/89. 34th meet Jul 30/1/89. 35th meet Aug 6/8/89. 36th meet Aug 13/15/89. 37th meet Aug 20/22/89. 38th meet Aug 27/29/89. 39th meet Sep 3/5/89. 40th 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