

City Lights

Here Comes The Sun

One would have thought that anyone connected with San Diego's solar energy industry would have been wearing a big satisfied grin these past few days. After all, county

with jubilation at the prospect of the newly captive customers, but then surprisingly objected vociferously to the new mandate, and they claim it could cripple future solar development.

"In the short term at least, it's gonna have a negative impact," muttered Vern Souza,

which in turn will hurt the entire industry's image. He points out that for such reasons the California Solar Energy Industry Association recently voted against supporting any solar mandates statewide.

Brian Langston, vice-president of Southwest Energy Management Inc., the

to cover the mandate.

"Standards simply cannot be written that both allow innovation and cover the necessary ground," he asserts. "What these guys don't seem to realize is that the decisions as to what constitutes a good system are still being made in the marketplace. But I think they'll write standards anyway and do a poor job and have virtually no enforcement abilities." As a result, Langston also predicts that some builders will select the cheapest and poorest systems. "If they can buy paper mache systems, they will."

Even the Southern California Solar Energy Association, the San Diego-based solar energy promoters, failed to testify either for or against the local mandate at the recent meeting, partly because the association wasn't notified early enough about it, according to executive director Helko Demeter. Had the association been informed, "it's difficult to say whether we would have testified in favor of it," Demeter says. "I'm just a really free enterprise person in spirit, and that's one reason we didn't take a stand." She adds that the SCSEA also found what it felt were serious inaccuracies in the county study upon which the mandate was based, particularly those sections which conclude that solar energy can heat water more cheaply than natural gas. Looking forward to 1980, when solar will be mandated for natural gas areas, Demeter confides, "I think [solar] will still be marginal, to tell you the truth."

That section of the mandate

which requires solar systems in which the cost of natural gas hookup certainly has sparked the most controversy. Even the most impassioned critics of the solar mandate agree that solar energy can heat water more cheaply over the life of a home-heating system, if the only alternative heat source is electricity (which currently costs two and a half times as much as natural gas). But cost comparisons between solar energy and natural gas depend upon the future price of gas, a figure open to debate. In fact, even Supervisor Roger Hedgecock, the most prominent defender of the solar mandate, claims that the board of supervisors will have a chance to re-evaluate the solar mandate for the gas areas before it actually goes into effect in 1980 (even though the ordinance calls for the mandate to take effect in such areas automatically). Hedgecock dismisses the mandate critics within the solar industry impatiently. "The solar business, like any business that starts up, contains its share of naysayers," he says flatly.

In any case, solar businessmen who are complaining about the mandate don't seem likely to oppose it in court, nor do any members of the local building industry. "The uninformed would assume that the entire construction industry was opposed to solar," said one builder who claims to support solar while opposing the mandate. "And that's kind of like being against motherhood."

-J.D.



Brian Langston

supervisors Tuesday officially ordered that new homes built in unincorporated areas served only by electricity (areas like Ramona and Bonita) must use solar water-heating systems instead of conventional ones. That requirement will apply first to homes issued building permits after October 1, 1979, and one year after that it will start applying to new homes issued permits to be built in all unincorporated areas (served by either natural gas or electricity). Indeed, some solar energy proponents have reacted

president of the Great Western Solar company, one of the oldest and largest solar installers in the county. Souza predicts that the mandate will make it even more difficult for solar businessmen to deal with resentful building contractors and developers who have been resisting designing their projects for solar energy. Souza worries that such builders, who either don't believe in solar energy's value or want to avoid increasing the cost of new housing, will install cheap but grossly inadequate systems,

county's oldest surviving solar installers and engineers, also worries about the mandate fueling builders' anti-solar sentiments. "We've already heard it," Langston says. "What the hell is wrong with solar if the government's got to require it?" Langston argues that "a zillion less publicizable steps should have been taken first" to promote solar energy in the county, including the shortening of the permit process for solar projects. He also worries about the type of standards which they've written

neither the Union nor the Tribune would hire her. She was never told why, but she assumed it was because there simply were no openings. "The papers' New Year's Eve party

Applegate were in Becklund's class at Columbia. After getting her master's degree in journalism there, Becklund drifted back west, stopping long enough in Kansas City to apply



Laurie Becklund

for 1972 was at my house," Becklund recalls, "and it was also my last day. How weird." Al Jacoby, who was then the Union's Sunday editor, gave Becklund the name of a friend of his at the Costa Mesa Daily Pilot, where she went to work as a sports writer until she entered the Columbia School of Journalism in the fall of 1972. (Channel 10 reporter Gene Gleason and local writer Joe

for 1972 was at my house," Becklund recalls, "and it was also my last day. How weird." Al Jacoby, who was then the Union's Sunday editor, gave Becklund the name of a friend of his at the Costa Mesa Daily Pilot, where she went to work as a sports writer until she entered the Columbia School of Journalism in the fall of 1972. (Channel 10 reporter Gene Gleason and local writer Joe

at the Star. She felt she blew that interview, too. When asked what she wanted to be doing in ten years, she replied, "Working for the L.A. Times." When she returned to San Diego, she again approached the Copley papers and this time was given a job in the "Family Today" section of the Tribune. Two days later, Becklund was called by the Star and offered a position as a reporter.

Photograph by Jim Cook

I'll Write It Up

Ever since 1973, when she signed on as a feature writer in the old "Family Today" section of the Evening Tribune, Laurie Becklund seems to have been headed for bigger things. Like mica in granite. Becklund's stories at the Tribune shined with a special glint which caught not only the eyes of discerning local readers, but also those of other newspapermen. So it was to the surprise of few that Becklund was asked to join the staff of the Los Angeles Times when it began publishing an edition here in April, 1977. And it was to the surprise of even fewer when Mark Murphy, the Times's Los Angeles city editor, called down last month and said he wanted Becklund working for him up there.

Though the unassuming Becklund shrugs and says she guesses it's a promotion, others in the Times newsroom high up in the Central Federal Tower downtown effuse more liberally. "It's a giant leap," explains the Times's San Diego city editor, Dick Barnes. "It's a major chance at whatever she wants to make of it." Barnes says that Becklund is being called up to sit in the first row of about fifty desks fanning out in front of the city desk in L.A., and the people in these five desks "get the cream of the assignments. You show people what you can do, and as the

positions open up in Washington or a foreign bureau, you can fill them." Dale Fetherling, editor of the San Diego edition of the Times, worked as a reporter at one of those five desks for about a year before he was tabbed for his present position. "It's kind of like a testing," says Barnes. "She's obviously destined for bigger things."

"She was a person who was going to be going places," recalls a friend who knew Becklund at Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood during the late Sixties. "You can always spot a mover." Becklund had been spotted early. A native of San Diego, she graduated as valedictorian from Mission Bay High School in 1965, and landed a full academic scholarship to Immaculate Heart. After majoring in English and minoring in Spanish there for four years, Becklund applied for a Fulbright Scholarship, hoping to study in South America. She says she blew the interview, but was able to go to school in Mexico City at the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico on a grant from the Mexican government. Though her knowledge of Mexico and mastery of its language were later to be parlayed into qualifications for the Times's San Diego edition Mexico and South Bay cities beat, at the time, in 1970, she had no ambition to become a

journalist. It wasn't until her second stay in Mexico City, after her grant had run out, that Becklund had an inkling that journalism might be her calling. Becklund's mother, who had

neither the Union nor the Tribune would hire her. She was never told why, but she assumed it was because there simply were no openings. "The papers' New Year's Eve party

Applegate were in Becklund's class at Columbia. After getting her master's degree in journalism there, Becklund drifted back west, stopping long enough in Kansas City to apply

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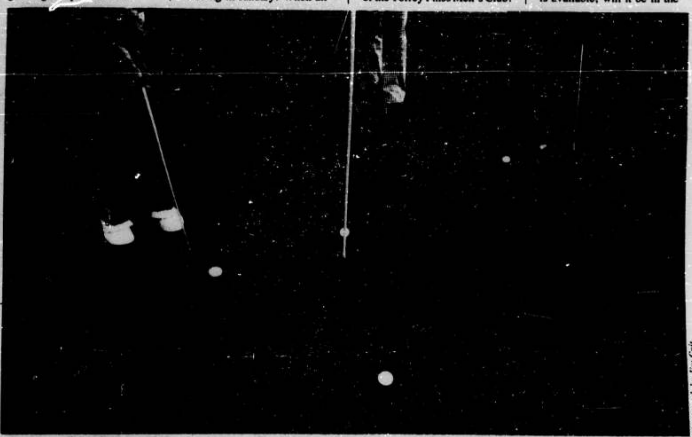
Tee Time

You wouldn't know it from the looks on the golfers' faces as they watch that little white ball sail through the blue sky and bounce down the green fairways. You wouldn't catch a hint of any ire from the way the players' golf shoes crunch the asphalt on the walk to the pro shop, or from the genteel greetings they hail to one

government's new-found taste for austerity. The grumblings in some city council offices are that the golf courses, which showed a \$46,000 deficit this year, should pay for themselves. So when the city got the lease proposal, it was decided that maybe this wasn't such a bad idea. Right now a prospectus is being prepared that will open the courses up for bidding in January. When all

took over. While many golfers are in favor of the city raising green fees, which is likely under any circumstances, they worry at the prospect of having the price of a round of golf at their two fine courses set by an entity that must make a profit. "If the golf course was leased, the only reason would be to make money, right?" observes Preston Crowell, past president of the Torrey Pines Men's Club.

Tournament, which is held in late January every year. The tournament's chairman, Hal Tebbetts, has sent a letter to the city "pointing out that we hoped we wouldn't lose the yearly contract we have with them for the use of Torrey." In the letter, which Tebbetts assumes has gone into "that big file cabinet in the sky," he wondered also that if the course is available, will it be in the



Photograph by Jim Cook

another from green and tee. But strife is coming, because a year from now golfers who play the city's courses, Torrey Pines and Balboa (which rolls around on the edge of Florida Canyon), may not be reaping the benefits of government-maintained verdure. Operation of the two courses may be transferred to a private firm, and on the whole, golfers are opposed to that possibility.

Golfers will tell you it started with an offer made to the city last July by California Golf and Tennis Company, of Santa Monica, proposing \$325,000 a year to lease both Torrey Pines and Balboa. But it probably started earlier than that, with

the bids are in, the city council will decide if it's advantageous to let private enterprise run the golf courses or if the city should keep them and make them solvent, probably by a combination of increased green fees and tighter administration. (The rumor among the golfers is that the bidding is really an attempt to get the park and recreation department to examine the way it runs the courses and come up with proposals to make the golf course operation more efficient.)

The golfers' wallets stand to lose either way. California Golf and Tennis has already stated that it would raise green fees if

"The company has agreed to pay \$325,000 a year, and make \$8 million worth of improvements over the next 10 years. Where's the money gonna come from? They'll have to raise green fees." And continue raising them, the golfers reason. Though the fees are variable, they work out to about \$2.50 per 18-hole round at Balboa and about \$3.50 per round at Torrey Pines.

Aside from the fears that many golfers, especially those who are retired and on fixed incomes, will be priced off the fairways, there are also many questions being raised about the Andy Williams Golf

condition needed for a professional tournament? Along with providing year-round maintenance for the golf courses, the city gives \$103,000 in backing for the tournament, which comes from the Transient Occupancy Tax. The concern among golfers is that this money may be lost once the city hands the courses over to a private company. Golfers also wonder what a company will think of having to close down Torrey Pines to accommodate the tournament for ten days each year, a suspension that would undoubtedly cost plenty in lost revenues.

-N.M.

Program May Decrease Busts

Every month about 125 San Diegans who are arrested for minor drug offenses elect to enter the "P.C. 1000" drug diversion program. If the person has not had a felony conviction or one involving a controlled substance for the last five years, if his crime did not involve violence, and if he has not been diverted within the last five years, he's generally granted a diversion. Six months later, the records of his run-in with the law are sealed and therefore not available to employers or other background-snoopers.

Diversion is a way to provide the convicted individual with information about drugs which will theoretically prevent him



Photograph by David Carey

from abusing them again, according to Randy McCluskey, a prevention

specialist with the County Department of Substance Abuse. "Before, people could

be busted for a minor offense, and the lengthy process was doing them more harm than the

(continued on page 26)



Gross Me Out

My only question is: why? Your article last week ("If Thine Eye Offend Thee," December 7) totally grossed me out. I found it thoroughly atrocious. You claim it is needed as "shock" value; is that really necessary? Try to remember that pictures of poverty often brought a helpful response; social programs or charitable organizations were often instituted. But whatever artistic value you attempted here was far outweighed by the chance it plays upon simple human dignity.

Frank Norris
San Diego

Look How Horrible

I'd like to comment on the recent review of the photographic exhibition of Jerome Liebling written by Alberto Las. Liebling's show contains photographs of human cadavers which Las feels leaves viewers anesthetized to horrors and eventually without capacity for feeling. These photographs were justified only for "the questionable drive to do what has never been done before, and shock for the sake of shock." In agreement with Susan Sontag, Las points out that "photographs of the slaughter-bench of history will most likely be experienced as simply, unaltered or as a demoralizing emotional blow."

Granted, then why perpetuate all the above? A two-page article, featuring copies of those questionable photographs, might be the stimulus that serves to perpetuate the need for "stronger images to stimulate our exhausted sensibilities." How many additional viewers were affected when these images were reproduced in a medium with

widespread distribution? "Each photograph is a conscious human decision and, like most human decisions, it has moral implications." What about reviews? Are they any less subject to moral implications? Let us be careful that in our zeal for questioning what is moral or valuable in art and life, we do not promote the very issue we find objectionable. Leave it; the issue will decay through lack of interest and itself become a corpse.

Paul Stacklick
Pacific Beach

No Snap Decisions

Gratuitous, lurid, and shocking are the age descriptions Alberto Las applied to Jerome Liebling's photographs of cadavers on exhibit at the Art Gallery at San Diego State University. These were my feelings when I first saw the photographs, and I have no doubt that they were felt by everyone who viewed the exhibition. Even though I am a physician, and had seen such sights before, I could not look for long and had to turn away. But after the initial jolt subsided I felt compelled to return, to see if there was any other reason for such emotionally wrenching pictures. Judging by the other photographs, I felt there must be.

Letters

The abandoned, wrecked buildings, the old men and women, writhed and died. Why did Liebling choose them as subjects? They are the useless, the worn out, the rejected, and as such are discarded out of sight and out of mind, but not out of existence.

They are there whether we choose to notice them or not. Lying forces us to look at them. He compels us to acknowledge their existence. If they are disturbing, if they convey a loss of dignity and a lack of admiration for humanity, look not at the "image in the photograph but at the reflection in the overlying glass, for we see ourselves. We are disturbed by the thought of growing old, but even more so by the fact that it is we who have thrust this uselessness upon the old.

Liebling carries aging beyond sagging bodies towards death, and even beyond to decay and disintegration. If there is anything we try to avoid, it is death and its reminders. But we are forced to look, just as we must all succumb to its embrace. The fact of death cannot be avoided by hiding its image from view. Facing death before the very and may allow better preparation for its ultimate arrival, but it should not be viewed solely from the egocentric point of view as an individual. Decay and disintegration are one aspect of a universal cycle that has birth and life as its other half. The slaughterhouse images allude to this cycle of one creature's death giving life to another. Yes, the pictures are shocking; so too is the step given to the newborn that warms it to the initial breath of life, and so too the pain caused by the incision necessary for the surgery which cures.

The rays of light coming through a lens do not carry aesthetic, emotional, or moral content, but, as Las states, each photograph is a conscious human decision. What he does not state is that the photograph to be complete must have a viewer, and that the viewer must be conscious and unconscious human decisions which have just as many implications as those of the photographer.

George Zaccari, M.D.
La Mesa

Drive, She Said

I can't understand how your restaurant critic could pass the Chateau Basque ("Basque Case," November 30). All of my experiences—several since I discovered the Chateau Basque in May—have been the exact antithesis of her's. Usually, I take a slow, beautiful drive out Highway 94, arriving in time for lunch. I order lamb, their specialty, which is always well prepared and delicious. The vegetables are delicately seasoned and correctly prepared. And as for their waitresses, I just can't believe those nice, friendly girls turn into witches on Saturday night.

I think Eleanor should pay a return visit to the Chateau Basque. Better yet, let Eleanor stay home, and those of us who appreciate well-prepared, delicious food will go instead.

Janet Feek
San Diego

Lamb Chop

I don't believe Eleanor Widmer, your so-called restaurant critic, ever went to the Chateau Basque. She just wanted to complain about the weather. Besides, anyone who has been to the Chateau Basque knows their specialty is lamb, which they "do" very well. You blew it, Eleanor.

Theresa Atzkeles
San Diego

Erratum

Last week's restaurant review by Eleanor Widmer incorrectly identified the Hungry Hunter, in Mission Valley, as the Happy Hunter. We regret the error.

—Editor

(continued on page 28)

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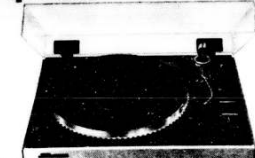
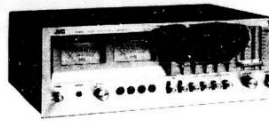
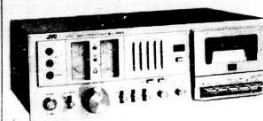
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Straight from the Hip

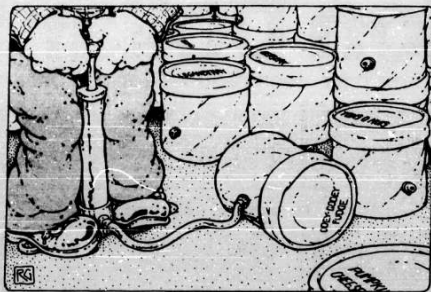
Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
I was stunned to learn that my favorite ice cream was fifty percent air, and that most commercial ice creams contain that same nothingness. What's the story?

Helen Sena
Pacific Beach

It's air to you, but the ice cream maker calls it profit. Shot into a batch of ice cream mix while the stuff is being churned in a freezer, air can double the batch's volume. One pint of ice cream — poof! — turns out as two. The best ice creams sold at Swensen's, Niederfrank's, and Farrell's contain air, too, but here the air is an ingredient and not a source of inflation. Its function is to yield a smoother product by separating the milk solids from ice crystals; and air helps most mixes of ice cream retain flavors. High-quality ice cream is twenty percent air by volume. The stuff one finds in supermarkets is fifty percent air or more, and the only reason some ice cream makers don't create a lighter-than-air product like Ice Cream On A String, or Aeropol Cream, is a federal regulation that requires all ice cream to weigh at least 4.5 pounds a gallon. Today I went to the supermarket and picked up (with two fingers) a half-gallon of Royal Host Catering Ice Cream, Black Walnut flavor, and found it weighed two pounds six ounces — or two ounces over the minimum. This half-gallon cost \$1.59. Assuming the ice cream was half-made of air, its price included one quart of sea-level atmosphere for eighty cents. Which is more than the atmosphere costs at a tasteless place like Farrell's.

Dear Matthew Alice:
How does one become a model? Please don't tell me to go to New York or to modeling school. Modeling is my ambition



and I am not about to give up on it. I am perfectly qualified to be a model.

M.F.A.
Ecuador

One doesn't have to live in New York to model. Many successful models live and work in Los Angeles or San Francisco, and there may even be one in Ecuador. If you want to break into modeling in this town, look up the telephone numbers of such modeling agents as Nanci Washburn and Mary Crosby (both in the Yellow Pages), and introduce yourself. I predict what they will say, "Come and show us some of your work." They mean your portfolio — photographs of yourself modeling for magazines or designers — for they'd rather see photographs than see you in person. Unless you have already done assignments you will probably not interest an

time I saw him he was working for free, and was thrilled at the chance to do so.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Did they ever get rid of the weeds that were taking over Lake Murray? Why is the lake still closed to recreation?

R. Burroughs
La Mesa

The weeds are still there and the lake is closed in part to help get rid of them, and in part because Proposition 13 cut out some money needed to keep the lake open year round. The water weed is called hydrilla. While proliferating, it takes oxygen from the water, and thereby suffocates fish. It drills has taken over 250,000 acres of wet ways and reservoirs in Florida since it was introduced there in 1960. Here, the weed seems well contained so far. It has established patches in the shallow east end of the reservoir, and the strategy is to drain off water through the Alvarado filtration plant until the weeds are dried and killed by sunlight. That was the strategy last year, anyway, when the lake was closed on July 17. But so much rainwater drained back into the lake that the weeds stayed wet and healthy. This year the state may try a poison called Vagran, which is now under study to see if it will kill the weed and not permanently ruin part of our water supply.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80603, San Diego, California 92138.

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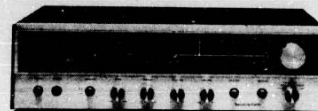
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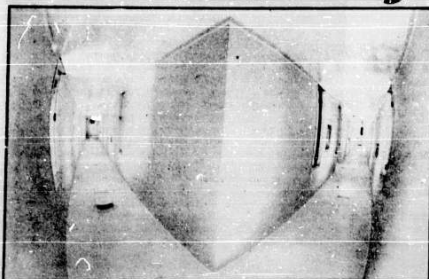
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Port Authority



(continued from page 1)

He's been in San Diego since 1960, when, as a young lawyer just graduated from Hastings, in San Francisco, he went to work for the city attorney and eventually got the port as one of his clients. Before coming here Nay had also gotten a master's degree in business from San Francisco State, specializing in world trade. Before that he served in the Navy, and before that he worked for Pacific Far East Lines, a steamship company. He had graduated from the California Maritime Academy in Vallejo in 1950. In 1966, at the age of thirty-six, Nay became the port director, only the third since 1911. It seems Don Nay's destiny was to run this port, and he does so vigorously. "Nay knows every foot of the port, where it came from and where it's going," says a former San

Diego city official who had occasion to work with Nay many times over the years. "You can't argue about the port with Don Nay. He knows more than you." Talking with Nay about the port is like talking to Neil Armstrong about the moon. You know it's there, maybe even how it got there and what it's made of, but what you don't have (and what he does have) is the dust of the moon, or the mud of the port, in your gut, where the minutiae settles and is slowly digested. As Nay sits in his huge office, windows running along two whole sides of it, a floor-to-ceiling world map behind his desk, and a plush beige carpet absorbing and softening his words, one is struck most by the quickness and efficiency of his mind. Dates, names, and details are immediately on his tongue; he seems never to struggle with memories. The port currently is in the black to the

tune of about \$24 million, and Nay doesn't speak lightly of the responsibility of the port in spending this money. "We need a way to spend this state money that's going to be the benefit of the San Diego resident," he says calmly, bringing the tips of his fingers together. The middle and fourth fingers of his left hand have rounded tips and no nails, the result of getting them chopped off in a mattress factory when he was fifteen. "We're trying to use some sense and some decency about how to spend this money. We don't think we're running off building a bunch of junk. People would like us to spend money in their particular area. . . . If a guy wants to be a customs house broker, he wants the money spent there. If he's a guy who wants to go on a picnic, he wants the money spent on parks. Coronado would like us to spend the money over there. It's a tug of war, and our board tries to be judicious about apportioning where the money is spent this year."

Though Nay is always careful to mention the board of port commissioners when he refers to decisions the port makes, there are those who feel the commissioners play merely a secondary role to their director. There are seven commissioners, one each from National City, Chula Vista, Imperial Beach, and Coronado, and the other three are from San Diego. They are all appointed by their respective city councils and none of them receives a salary. "Don Nay plays the commissioners like a maestro," says one former port commissioner. "The board is carrying out Nay's policies, by and large. The commissioners don't get together that often. [They meet once a week, on Tuesday.] But Don knows who the strong ones are, who'll carry something, who's a sheep. And he's not overfamiliar with the majority of them. The board has always been made up of weak people. It's the nature of the appointment. It's a lot of prestige and fringe benefits. You get to go on a lot of trips."

This image of the board is entrenched in the minds of many people, including some

local politicians. "It's essentially an autocratic organization run by the staff," says County Supervisor Roger Hedgecock, who has opposed Nay on a number of issues. "The decisions are made behind closed doors, but that's the way it was set up." Assemblyman Larry Kapiloff has a similar view. "Business has operated the port from the start," he claims. "I'm feeling better now since Cohen, Leyton, and Smith got on the board. [Bernice Leyton and Alois Smith are from San Diego; Ben Cohen represents Coronado.] For the first time, these commissioners are actually listening to people. But the board in the past has been made up of weak people. That's the whole idea." Kapiloff introduced a bill earlier this year which would have put a regional commission over the port district, made up of representatives from all the cities in the region, not just those along the port. (Kapiloff later withdrew his bill after considerable opposition developed and is reworking it for introduction into the State Assembly next year.)

Commissioner Bernice Leyton disagrees with the assessment that the board is dominated by Don Nay. "Most of the important issues are still open," she declares. But the commissioner does go on to say that Nay is in a powerful and advantageous position with respect to the other commissioners. He works in the port full time. "With any governmental body, the staff has most of the cards," she explains. "It's a question of whether the cards are being used positively or negatively."

Of course, the answer to that question depends on whom you ask, and Don Nay is right when he says everyone wants the port to do more in their particular area. Though no one would argue that the port has not become a more beautiful and prosperous place since Nay became port director, there are plenty who take issue with the emphasis of the port's efforts. And the manner in which the port deals with these critics is legendary, at least among the critics.

That treatment, which is harsh and not

particularly embracing of open debate, seems to emanate from the inability of Don Nay to accept criticism. You can sense this from the look in his cold, frost-blue eyes. One can also sense it as a natural result of the way the port district is set up. Technically, it has no electorate; it has to answer to the city council. The city appoints the commissioners, and the commissioners appoint the port director. When then State Assemblyman Jim Mills helped organize the port district in 1963, he deliberately set it off by itself, autonomous, so as not to be unduly influenced by local special-interest groups. It has no history of and no mandate for having to respond to public sentiment, and this insulation and aloofness is personified in Don Nay. "He's a tough, cold, blue-eyed son of a gun," says a friend of Nay's who asked not to be identified. "He's totally spoiled. Nobody's been able to get at him for fifteen years, and they better not start now. He can't take criticism—that's one of the reasons why he's so cold. He always feels he's in a strong position of righteousness."

Nay's reaction to critics is perhaps best illustrated by an incident which allegedly took place inside The Rock. Nay denies the incident ever happened and threatens to sue Pat Rickon for telling the story. Rickon, a Loma Portal resident, eventually joined with more than 1,000 other people in filing a suit against the port for damages from airplane noise at Lindbergh Field. According to Rickon, Don Nay walked up and grabbed her purse from her in an effort to take back a map she had gotten from the port. The map detailed airspace and noise patterns for Lindbergh Field, and Rickon—who was then active in CRASH, a now-defunct group dedicated to moving Lindbergh Field—wanted to use the map to make a presentation to the city council on a matter which had nothing to do with moving the airport. Rickon recalls that she had asked Commissioner Alois Smith if it was all right to get a map she needed from the port, and Smith consented, so she went to the map room in the port building. The man in the map

room said he had the map she needed and he could change the scale for her and put it on thinner paper. As he went upstairs to do that, Rickon walked out to wait by the elevators because she was in a hurry. She says Nay was on a break from the commissioners' meeting, and when he saw her, he went into the office she had just come out of. He came back out and was standing in the hallway speaking with some people and looking at Rickon. "They were calling him back into the meeting room but he wouldn't go," says Rickon. "They called at least three times." Then the man came back down with the map and handed it to her. According to Pat Rickon, Nay then came over, took all the materials in her arms, including her purse, and started to walk down the hall. "I was absolutely dumbfounded!" recalls Rickon. "I couldn't believe anyone would do such a thing. My knees were knocking, but I followed and said, 'My purse!' He opened it, looked inside, took out the maps [which had gotten from the city, the county, and now the port], and gave it back to me. It was a big Locket-type purse, so he may not have realized it was a purse, but after he handed it to me he went into this room. I knocked on the door and said, 'Those are my things,' and walked in. He said, 'You can't just walk in here and take anything you want. I told him the whole story about why I wanted the map, and that Commissioner Smith said it was okay, and Nay said, 'Commissioner Smith, he's nothing. And he sneered when he said it. I was appalled. I said, 'Mr. Nay, there is a Freedom of Information Act. This is a public entity. We are permitted to have information.' He said, 'You are the enemy. You have filed a claim against the United Port District.' There were more than a thousand people who filed claims about the noise. It wasn't a formal suit, it was just to get a dialogue going."

Rickon says that as a result of this incident she became one of the thousand people who went on to file a formal lawsuit against the port because of the noise. (About 300 people have since withdrawn

from the suit.) Nay's story goes like this: "She must be mistaking me for someone else."

Stories similar to Rickon's are plentiful if one takes to critics of the port. Members of the Longshoremen's Union, Local 29, tell of someone from the port calling their business manager a couple years ago after he was quoted in the papers criticizing the port's meager cargo trade. The caller allegedly reminded the business manager that the local was a tenant of the port and was getting a sizeable break on the rent.

Though Vic Bernardino, the manager of Star Kist Tuna on Shelter Island, won't say anything about the port, people close to him say he got a call from the port after he attended a Coastal Commission meeting which dealt in part with the port's planned removal of Star Kist from Shelter Island. He did not testify at the meeting, he only observed, and the caller allegedly questioned him about his presence there. In answer to a question about the incident, Bernardino replied, "No comment. I'm not gonna go against Don Nay. I'm just not gonna say anything."

There are other stories like these, but Don Nay's short fuse comes forth in his resort to a question about the complaints of the small boat fishermen who are docked at the San Diego commercial marina, near the Anti-Submarine Warfare School on Harbor Drive. "You talking about legitimate fishermen or these guys down here at the commercial marina?" Nay replied. Then he quickly allowed that there are a lot of legitimate fishermen at the marina.

These fishermen, most of them independents who hunt for albacore, have been complaining for years about the conditions at the San Diego commercial marina, and they claim that as a result of the port's neglect in pressuring the leaseholder to make improvements, many of their colleagues have left to make other ports their home. The issue the fishermen are angered over is the way the docks have deteriorated since the current leaseholder for the marina, Robert Insinger, took over the operation in the mid Sixties. Right now there is a struggle between Insinger

and the city, which inspected the electrical system at the marina and found it in violation of the city's electrical codes. Insinger says it meets the port's requirements and that's enough. The city says it isn't enough, and that Insinger must upgrade it. The fishermen say that the electrical system is entirely inadequate, and that because seventy-six of them signed a petition last March decrying the condition of the electrical system and pointing out other deficiencies, Insinger has evicted some of them. And they further complain that once they leave or are thrown out of the San Diego commercial marina, there is no other place in the port for them to go.

"They're allowing a situation to exist at the marina that is opposed to the interest of the commercial fishermen," says Mike Tyler, a local fisherman and respected leader in the fishing community who received an eviction notice from Insinger. "They're taking facilities away." Tyler continues, "The number of berths for fish boats has been declining over the years, while the berths for other kinds of boats have been increasing." At the San Diego commercial marina, the taking of two piers in 1968 by the port for the purpose of making sportfishing docks has long been a sore point. Tyler says ninety slips were taken from the commercial fishermen in that move. "The small boat fishermen is stereotyped in the [port] commissioners' minds as having dirty, junky boats and running on shoestring operations," declares Tyler.

Port Director Don Nay is at odds with the fishermen on several counts. In reply to a statement that the piers at the commercial marina have been deteriorating since Insinger got the lease, Nay says, "I think that's a falsehood. From the mid Fifties to the mid Sixties, the port operated those facilities and they were crumbling then. Insinger got the lease, Nay says, "I'll take over, make repairs, and put it back in shape." He's upgraded it. "The fishermen remember it pretty much in reverse. They say when Insinger got the lease the piers were in (continued on page 10)

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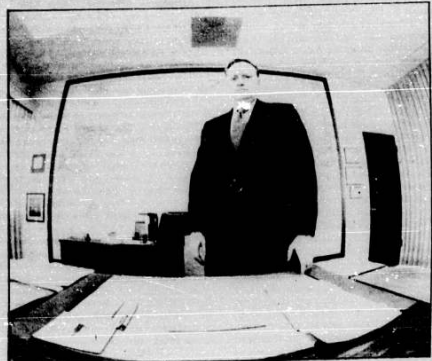
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Port Authority



(continued from preceding page)
good shape. "Fishermen are notorious for wanting things for nothing," continues Nay. "I don't want to sound like I'm championing Insinger. I don't think the marinas were in very good shape." About a week after Nay made these statements, the port commissioners unanimously voted to have the port attorney scrutinize Insinger's lease for possible violations.

On the subject of berthing, Nay is equally at odds with the claims of Mike Tyler. "There's more fish-boat berthing available today than there ever has been in

the history of the port. I think some of them are crybabies." Nay points with pride to the \$1.5 million O Street pier, where about thirty berths for fishermen were created a few months ago. Nay also points to the large tuna clippers, which the port obviously likes to display. In 1975, he says, the port spent \$3 million to upgrade the seawall at the Embarcadero so the seiners could continue to tie up there. That segment of the fishing industry generally has no quarrel with Nay.

Another area which Don Nay is proud of, but which has been the target of critics for a number of years, is the shipping in-

dustry in San Diego. "The flak he [Nay] gets is from people who are uninformed," says David Porter, a local custom house broker and foreign freight forwarder. "At cocktail parties, these retired Navy captains have always got him in the corner, saying, 'How come we don't have ships in here? What you oughta do...' Porter mentions the container crane which was installed at the 24th Street terminal in 1973 and has been used only about half a dozen times since then. "Nay knew it wouldn't

recalls Porter, "but people badgered him into putting it there." Nay actually opposed the crane, but the commission felt there was a need. The fact is, and Nay realized it then, says Porter, that San Diego's future is as a bulk cargo (loose, raw materials) port, not a container cargo port. Right now there is only one ship that is regularly scheduled in and out of San Diego that handles cargo other than grain, potash, or soda ash. This freighter, the Camella Ventura, comes around about every thirty-six days to pick up empty tuna cans manufactured in Kearny Mesa for the trip to Pago Pago, American Samoa, and drops off filled tuna cans from the canneries there. Most of the other shipping trade in San Diego is bulk cargo. "We don't have any industry here in San Diego that relies on water transportation," explains Nay. "If Mount Helix was a mountain of chrome ore, we'd have a lot more ships in this port. But when you're producing Salk vaccine, and I'm glad we are, believe me, I'm not saying it's bad, I'm just saying we don't have a basic industry of iron smelting, copper smelting, or bauxite, or coffee roasting, or sawmills. We have high technology manufacturing here which goes by air freight or goes by truck. It doesn't go by ships. A lot of people rejoice about that. We don't think it's a bad thing."

The port has a marketing department with a \$400,000 budget that tries to scare up shipping business from all over the world for San Diego, and in the last two years, bulk exports have increased markedly. Two million tons of bulk cargo were shipped out of here last year. "Nay even tried to get frozen meat from Australia," says Porter, "but it hasn't worked out yet. He's put on a long, sustained campaign for business, with one guy traveling the world looking for cargo. It's a problem of the hinterlands. You can't get out from here by rail unless you go north first. And it's been that way since the World Exposition of 1915."

But even without a lot of shipping, the port has managed to get itself off the tax rolls and into fabulous financial health. "The key to it," explains Nay, "is to put some cash registers around among the shrubbery. The port tries to leverage its development by getting private people to put their money in the ground. It increases your ability to develop because it's using public money. It ensures somebody is going to be serious. When they create the tax base, we don't get the money, but the city and county does."

"Complaints come from people who make the decision in their life (for instance), that 'I'm gonna be a customs house broker,'" Nay continues. "Then no matter what the port does to increase cargo, you're not gonna do enough, because he's basically a paper shuffler making money out of shuffling papers. He can turn in his telephone and cash in his leased desk and move to Portland tomorrow. But the guy that puts the money in the shipyard or the cannery or the shopping village or the restaurant or the aircraft plant or the boat repair yard, he's got his money in the ground. He's creating the tax base, he's gonna do a good job. That's why Nay is putting a boat repair yard on the one small piece of bayside land in Logan Heights—next to the Tenth Avenue Marine Terminal—which hasn't been developed yet. That's the place where some of the Mexican-Americans in the community want to have a park and access to the waterfront."

"We feel our job is to provide for things on the waterfront that really need to be on the waterfront. The Chicanos have made the argument, 'Well, we want a waterfront park,'" argues Nay. "Well, the people of Del Corno or Allied Gardens or East San Diego don't have a waterfront park either. But they all have the opportunity, and this includes those in the Barrio Logan, to go to Mission Bay, Spanish Landing, Coronado, or eventually to the park we're building at Brennan's Island. I don't know that just because you call yourself Barrio Logan you have a right to a park next door. I don't say that's the only point of view that can be logically entertained, but that's our position."

Larry Kapiloff is one of those who logically entertains another point of view. He feels we may be putting too many cash registers among the shrubbery. "We're creating places where people make money," asserts Kapiloff. "That's what I see. The assemblyman also be-

lieves the port spends too much money catering to tourists. "We're competing for our beaches and resources with the tourists," he says, referring to the large number of hotels on the waterfront, those planned for Navy Field, and the ongoing construction of Seaport Village on Harbor Drive behind the police station. "What is on Shelter or Harbor Island for the year-round person?" Kapiloff asks. He also wonders why the port should be running the airport. "It's a regional airport operated by the port cities," he says. "But the airport has nothing to do with the port of San Diego." Except that it lies on state tidelands.

Perhaps no other issue has brought the port district more criticism than the airport, and the removal thereof. The airport relocation groups come and go, the lawsuits simmer, and now there is a death toll to add to the clamor. According to a recent survey by Oscar Kaplan, fifty percent of the San Diegans polled now favor a location other than Lindbergh Field for the airport. This survey was commissioned by Channel 39 early in the fall, and opponents of the airport refer to that station's misrepresentation of the results as just another example of Don Nay's network of support which springs into action when his domain is threatened. Last October 23, when Channel 39 news aired the findings of the survey, the script read, "For one reason or another, most people in San Diego seem to prefer Lindbergh Field as the site for the major metropolitan airport." Five hundred people were asked for their opinion... most favor Lindbergh... thirty-nine percent" (ellipses theirs). What the reporter did not say was that fifty percent of those questioned favored either Brown Field, Miramar, or North Island for the airport.

The controversy continues, and sitting above it all, watching the newest terminal progress toward completion sometime this spring, is Don Nay. From his windows atop The Rock, Nay sees the big airplanes land and take off, but almost no one looks into the air-conditioned silence of his of-

fice. The opponents of the airport argue that the port district would be operating in the red if it lost the airport, but Nay scoffs at this. He does allow, however, that the airport accounts for slightly more than forty percent of the port district's revenues.

Nay speaks of the airport, and of those who want it moved, in tones that approach condescension. "We have real sympathy for some of those people," he says, referring to the ones who have brought suit against the port for approximately \$70 million. "It's noisy over there. Some of them are the opportunists, then there's the group that's lived there a long time, and the middle group, the ones who want the airport moved. The people are frustrated. They're looking for somebody to put the finger on. The FAA is just like a bowl of quicksilver, so they put their finger on us."

Nay says the port's position is that it is not the airport that is making the noise, it's the airplanes. And the port has no authority over noise standards for aircraft. "We're trying to pressure Congress into adopting stricter noise rules," Nay says. "I'm not trying to tell the congressmen how to do their thing, but selfishly, we would like to see the federal government say, 'God-damn it, if you're gonna fly those aircraft, you're gonna have to make them quieter.'" Nay is quite sure the airport will not be moved for the next ten to fifteen years. He looked up the total bonded indebtedness of San Diego County and found it was around \$550 million. He figures one billion dollars to move the airport "is not a crazy figure." Nay believes the important question now is, "will the technology be enough to compensate for the increased absolute amount of noise because more planes are coming?"

Nay is turning away airlines these days. "If the carriers want to get in here, we're telling them, 'Why don't you go down to Brown Field?'" Nay heard a lot of reports from CBO that Brown Field is a great place. "Nay was asked if Brown Field was

really feasible now. "Why not? There's no instrument landing system there, and the tower closes at ten o'clock, but those things can be changed. And there's a little collision hazard with Tijuana I think, but that's something you can watch for. I think it'd be real interesting if the city council starts yapping about the port not doing the right things to get these airlines in here, and we tell the airlines, 'Why don't you go down to the airport and see how they like it?' They like to throw rocks at us but..."

Nay is getting a lot of rocks thrown at him now, but like his building, he is impervious to them. He knows where he wants the port to go and he's taking it there. He predicts more marinas, more hotels and restaurants, and more industry. These things are in the planning stage now. He says there will probably be a parking garage erected along Harbor Drive between the county building and the Navy buildings on the corner of Broadway. An 1100-room hotel complex is slated for Navy Field, and Harbor Drive will eventually give up its starkness along the Embarcadero to hundreds of trees. But he acknowledges development is slow and arduous now. "You can't just rely on engineering and economics like you could at one time. Now you have to rely on the environmental aspects of it. I don't say that's all bad. Unfortunately, the environmental laws have politicized every decision." It's primarily the environmental constraints that the port finds itself waiting on most often now. The money is at hand, and so is the expertise, but with the long delays in getting a project underway, it's a good thing most of the expertise is not on the port district's payroll.

The port seems to be structured perfectly for today's political climate of financial austerity. In spite of the many large projects it undertakes, it only employs 275 people. "We don't load up our staff with a whole bunch of engineers and people that we can hire," beams Nay. "There's no sense for us to have a staff of architects." So the port is not encumbered

with one of the biggest problems of a typical American bureaucracy—having to pay for a huge staff which in slow times does very little work.

The port started hiring contractors to do most of its work years ago, and it's a system that other bodies, such as the city of San Diego, are beginning to embrace. "You know, there's nothing less inspired than a civil service janitor," Nay deadpans. "So in the airport we have a contract. Now, it's expensive; it costs us roughly half a million a year to have the janitor work done at the airport. But we think private enterprise is better equipped to do that kind of work, to hustle those guys around there (it's a very transient group anyway). The contract docks the contractors' pay if they don't do the work that day."

If you imagined yourself in Don Nay's shoes, and you looked out his window at the jets floating silently by, and saw the ships steaming in and out, and the hotels and the restaurants and the park-and-shops in bringing here, you'd probably feel a touch powerful—like the owner of all the property in a Monopoly game. When asked how he feels about it, Nay stays seated; he knows what's outside those windows, and answers immediately. "If I began to emote..." he begins, then backs up and starts again. "I think it's a beautiful place and I think it's a great medium to work in and I get a lot of psychic income out of seeing something happen that's better than it was. But if I began to give any kind of signals out to the board that I felt I was at the top of the pyramid or they were there to rubber-stamp my ideas or that I had all this power, I'd be gone by next Monday, because they wouldn't tolerate that."

"If you got your way every time you formulated an idea, you'd begin to feel infallible or something, and that would be the beginning of the end. The board doesn't accept everything I suggest. You have to take the ying with the yang sometimes."

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1978 3

Off the Cuff

What do you know now that you didn't know this time last year?



Wolf Panhauser
San Diego

What you give is what you get. See, I used to be a rowdy dude 'cause I used to fight a lot, but I've changed my ways now 'cause that's nowhere, man. If you just respect someone it comes back to you. This year I learned to respect people. I've been really tripped out actually from just dodging the man this year, tryin' to live, just tryin' to survive and say mellow.



Mike Green
Future Contractor
Pacific Beach

I've learned not to tease people anymore because they'll sock me and I learned the hard times tables in math and I've seen the tide at the boardwalk can come all the way up to the wall where I thought it never could.



Willie Felt
Physical Education Student
Mission Bay

I can't say I've been learning any new thing as much as I've been masterin' what I already know. I've been stayin' with the people I already knew and feeling better toward them so it's been a slow year compared to some others because I've stayed in the trends I was in. As far as something new, I did have one opportunity I'll probably never have again in my life when I went to Argentina for ten days where they speak Spanish and I don't. That was thrill-seeking. Just thinking about it, I have taken some things pretty much for granted all year.



Gail Moody
Bookkeeper
Mission Beach

Do you believe that now that I'm forty years old I've finally grown up a lot? I run away from home after twenty years of marriage and my two oldest children left home this year. It's made for an interesting year because I'm much more at ease with me and feel my independence that I didn't last year. This is not in any militant way, but as a person I'm stronger, better, and more self-assured. It was heavy this year, but I know a lot I didn't know a year ago today. I know a lot more than you have time to hear about.



Ray Kaczorowski
Retired
Paradise Hills

You just never know from one second to the next. One minute you're standin' here talking to each other and the next minute, whadda ya know, you're layin' in a box. That, and money, ain't worth anything anymore. These days you can sure see that anywhere you care to take a look.



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A Whole New BALL GAME



LARRY MCCAFFEY

Pandemonium raged in the stands as the Yankees trotted onto the field. Seventh game of the Series! No tomorrow! Yankee Stadium, brand new and gleaming, was jammed to the rafters. Behind third base there were even several thousand Cub fans who had made the exhausting twenty-hour train trip out, and as the Cubs' player-manager, Frank Chance, started to toss the ball around on the infield (Tinklers-to-Evers-to-Chance — words for poetry!), several brash Cub fans unfurled a huge banner which read, "Yankee Sluggers 'Taylor Made' for Lost!" (a reference to the Cubs' starting pitcher, Jack Taylor). The colorful strike had made this a late-arriving crowd, but even a quick scan of the box seats showed that all the big names were there: Cal Coolidge, of course, was throwing out the first ball; Lillian Gish and Charlie Chaplin (sans dog) were signing autographs; Dempsey and Tunney

were only a good left jab apart, although they seemed unaware of each other's presence; even the glamorous novelists Ernest Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald — both back editors — had put aside their personal differences for a while, and could be seen sipping a mysterious concoction as they chatted amiably with some Yankee rooters. Meanwhile, over in the Yankee dugout, a rowdy, good-natured team was being had by all. While third-baseman Jimmie Joe Dugan menacingly filed his spikes to a razor's edge, Yankee slugger Babe Ruth, bleary-eyed from a night out on the town, was playfully holding manager Miller Huggins (all five feet, four inches of him) up in the air. With his boss held aloft, the Babe was yelling spiteful obscenities over at the Cub catcher; but Ruth's moon-faced grin broke through several times when wide-eyed children leaned over the dugout, and he was always ready with a "Hiya, kiddie!" when asked for

an autograph.

The game itself proved to be as exciting as expected. The Cubs scored first in the second inning when Jimmy Sheppard singled, stole second, and then scored as Yankee outfielder Eric Combs threw wildly to third on Wildfire Schulte's long fly ball to center. Sheppard scored again in the fourth when he tripled on rookie pitcher George Figgens' wild toss. Jack Taylor, meanwhile, had the powerful Yanks eating out of his hand through six innings, but ran into trouble in the seventh. After Mark Koenig singled home Bob Meusel from second with one run, Taylor gave up two more singles to Joe Dugan and pinch hitter Johnny Grabowski, and then walked Combs to force home a run. At this point Cub manager Chance yanked Taylor in favor of Ed Reulbach (20-4 during the regular season), who got Tony Lattin from the seventh to the sixteenth inning. Reulbach and Yankee relievers Winney Moore and Bob Shawkey

held both sides scoreless, but in the top of the sixteenth, Jimmy Sheppard squeezed home Johnny Evers from third. The Yankees vainly tried to come back in their half of the inning, and loaded the bases before Reulbach got Lou Gehrig to ground into a force play to end one of baseball's most exciting games ever.

For many baseball fans, a game such as the one described above represents a dream come true: two of the greatest teams in history — the 1906 Chicago Cubs, winners of 116 games (a record still unsurpassed), squaring off against the powerful 1927 Yankees (considered by many baseball experts as the best team ever assembled) to see who would be crowned king of the roost. Actually, the above scenario, more or less, was recently enacted on a San Diego table-top, and was played not with Louisville sluggers and real baseballs, but with cardboard discs, metal spinners, and various detailed charts. The game, called *Greatest Baseball Teams of the Century*, has been designed by a San Diego State University computer engineering professor, Nick Panos, to provide baseball fans with the closest approximation available of actual ball-park situations, from batting, pitching, and fielding performances, to strategic maneuvers such as sacrificing, hi-and-run plays, and stealing.

Although there have been many efforts to create a table-top baseball game that could duplicate some of the excitement and strategy of real baseball, Panos claims his product has numerous realistic features which his rivals (such as the widely popular Stratomatic or APBA versions) cannot come close to matching. "My plan was to create a game which would reflect the conditions and strategic effects of actual ball games," said Panos recently, as he explained to me the intricacies of his invention. "I think I've succeeded."

I had consulted Professor Panos, in part, because of my own fanatical involvement with a table-top ball game (put out by Cadaco, Inc.) almost twenty years ago. The arrangement of my game was simple: each player's lifetime batting records were translated into various numbers on a cardboard "batting die"; all I had to do was twist my spinner, see which number came up, translate the number into an "eve it," and record the result. Hour by hour I would sit in my room alone, spinning the spinner,

replacing discs, while re-creating the atmosphere of the games in my own mind. Naturally I kept elaborate records — baseball isn't baseball without the mystery and order provided by numbers and statistics — so for every game I meticulously filled in all the necessary information, including pitching and fielding records, which gradually accumulated until I had an entire "season's" statistics. Looking back at it now, I can see that the amount of energy I put into that game was tremendous. But it was all worth it to see my favorite old timers (Ruth, Gehrig, Ty Cobb) mix it up with the current crop of stars (Al Kaline, Harvey Kuenn, Bobby Avila). But talking with Panos in his office at SDSU, with his game's paraphernalia spread all over his desk, I discovered that I was seeing "big-league" table-top fanaticism for the first time.

Panos has been a baseball fan for years. Growing up in Brooklyn he played on the same high school baseball team with the legendary Connie Hawkins, his brother-in-law. Nick to join him in a heretical admiration for the Yankees. These were the days of intense rivalries in the New York Area — Poe Wee Reese versus Phil Rizzuto, Mantle versus Mays versus Snyder, and so on — and Nick quickly found himself caught up in the excitement. In the off-season, he began developing an interest in the same Cadaco game that I had

found. "On and off, I played the game for years," Panos recalled, "and I played full seasons and kept complete records and everything." But like me, Panos found that he couldn't completely devote himself to the Cadaco product because of one drawback: "There was no pitching — all you had was better discs, with no pitching match-ups at all. For me, that destroyed the game's credibility, along with the fact that there was also, in effect, no fielding or base-running strategy. You spun the spinner, the batter either got a hit or flew out or whatever; there were never any errors, no sacrifices, no stealing — none of the strategy that makes baseball such a rewarding game from the fan's standpoint."

Another problem for Panos was the fact that Cadaco's players were simply All-Star contingents. "I wanted to see how my Yankee teams would perform against other teams on the teams, and I not only wanted the full teams, but I wanted

pitching and fielding as well. So eventually I lost interest in the game — the table-top version — and concentrated on the real thing for a while."

Around 1970, however, the imaginative fires were rekindled for Panos when the first *MacMillan Baseball Encyclopedia* appeared. "For the first time," he explained, "I had at my disposal enough information to really make my game authentic. The MacMillan book included a lot of information that previous baseball encyclopedias didn't — like all the walks, strikeouts, fielding records, and to devise the batting stats for pitchers." With sufficient numbers now at hand, Panos went to work and devised his own batting discs for the 1927 Yankees and the 1906 Cubs. His choice of these two teams was based partially on sentimental and partially on historical reasons. "I'm really interested in the history of baseball," admitted Panos, "so when I picked my original teams, I made sure I had a representative of the old 'dead-ball' teams — like the 1906 Cubs — and a team more in keeping with the modern, slugging era, like the '27 Yankees." As most baseball fans know, the year 1920 is usually seen as the dividing line between these two eras, for after 1919, the baseball was "juiced up" to allow stars like Babe Ruth to hit more home runs. (This was accomplished by increasing the density of the ball, thus making it more lively when smacked with a bat.) The game changed in a hurry (Darwinian principles are as applicable to ballplayers as they are to other species), and today it is almost impossible to compare the dead-ball teams, with their singles hitters, base-stealing, and sacrificing — to the power-laden modern teams. Impossible, that is, until the "Greatest Baseball Teams of the Century" hit the market this past year.

The professor's tinkering with the batting discs of the 1927 Yankees and the 1906 Cubs did not pay off immediately. "The Yankees squashed their game after game," smiled Panos ruefully. "It got to be pretty discouraging. After all, the Yanks had a team batting average of .307 that year and a lot of power as well, while the Cubs hit only .262 and had only twenty homers all year. That's when I decided to try and make things more even by adding pitching to the game. I figured if I could introduce the pitching element, my game would reflect the talents of the respective

teams more realistically." Making pitching discs which could be introduced compatibly with the batting discs proved extremely difficult — it took Panos more than two years just to develop the mathematical equations. Finally, though, he had his cardboard players on the table, ready to do battle, and things went sour almost immediately. "After all that work, I discovered that my Cubs still couldn't handle the Yankees. Oh, now their pitching did a reasonably good job of controlling the big Yankee sluggers — Three Fingers Brown and Big Ed Reulbach were

shockingly lost in a subway series against their arch rivals, the White Sox." "What my book showed me was that the Cubs lost to the Sox because they didn't play what the baseball writers called their inside game, which revolved around bunting, stealing, sacrificing, and the hit-and-run play." Suddenly Panos had the answer to the problem of bringing teams from different eras into competitive balance. "It became obvious that I had to build into my game all the strategic elements of baseball, and to devise individual ratings for each of them." In order to compute the

are completely competitive with recent clubs," he said, adding that he sees this as "validating the dead-ball era." When I asked if he didn't feel that his success was a kind of allegorical triumph of intellect and reason over brute strength, he enthusiastically agreed. "Exactly. All along I was rooting for those early teams to do well for purely intellectual reasons. Baseball should be a game of strategy and finesse, as well as sheer power, and my game allows these elements to interact with one another. Look, give the 1906 Cubs to a ten-year-old kid and he will lose them every time. What I've found, though, is that if you play the Cubs' game the way they played it, close to the vest, with good pitching, taking advantage of base runners' speed, and using the hit-and-run play to your advantage, they're as good as any team that ever played the game."

My curiosity about the type of person who would become so intrigued with such a game led me to ask Panos if his evident fascination with numbers could explain his involvement. He was quick to deny this. "No, I don't think it was the numbers so much as the competitive aspect, but I think the reasons that people get involved in these games are too individualized to make generalizations." When pressed a bit further, however, Panos admitted that he had noticed a few things about the people who had really gotten hooked on his game. "I'd say that most people who like games of this kind are strategic, chess-player types. If you feel you haven't been completely absorbed into the real world, you can go home and become part of the game; and in the game, you have something that doesn't have any demands on you, something that doesn't ask any questions." Panos has experimented with other table-top games, as well. He's created a short version of Monopoly ("You deal out all the property cards, but don't begin with any money"), and toyed with basketball and football games. But in the end, he always returned to baseball, and the reasons why are revealing of that game's unique appeal. As he explained, "Baseball is the ideal game to develop a table-top version from because baseball is the most statistically covered game in the world; it's also so wonderfully ordered. It has a batting line that regulates everything, and each of its events can be isolated, which makes it easy to quantify every-

necessary equations to incorporate these additional aspects into the game. Panos needed to have a complete information about each of the seasons since 1902 — information not even included in the *MacMillan* book. After consulting various bookstores and trying to track down baseball guides through newspaper ads and magazines, he finally broke down and shelled out some \$700 to acquire a complete set of guides. "Today," he noted, pointing at a copy of the 1977 *National League Official League Averages*, "this is my game's lifeblood." With the addition of these other strategic elements, Panos found that his dream had at last come true. "Nowadays, the 1906 Cubs

are completely competitive with recent clubs," he said, adding that he sees this as "validating the dead-ball era." When I asked if he didn't feel that his success was a kind of allegorical triumph of intellect and reason over brute strength, he enthusiastically agreed. "Exactly. All along I was rooting for those early teams to do well for purely intellectual reasons. Baseball should be a game of strategy and finesse, as well as sheer power, and my game allows these elements to interact with one another. Look, give the 1906 Cubs to a ten-year-old kid and he will lose them every time. What I've found, though, is that if you play the Cubs' game the way they played it, close to the vest, with good pitching, taking advantage of base runners' speed, and using the hit-and-run play to your advantage, they're as good as any team that ever played the game."

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thing. But take basketball, which I'm trying to work with right now. With basketball I can suppress the balls and strikes and turn it into a twenty-five-minute game, but in basketball everything is much more fluid and difficult to quantify, so I'm having a hard time shrinking it down to less than an hour." With football, of course, the situation is a table-top's nightmare. "You just can't create a football game on an individual basis — you'd have twenty-two discs that you'd have to be spinning on every play, and even then there aren't enough statistics on line play to make things realistic." Panos also reinforced my own view that it is much harder for football fans to identify with their heroes than it is for baseball fans. "That's why table-top football games can get away with relying on the aggregate effect of a team's statistics, which makes the whole process boring and less personal. I bought a Stratomatic football game a few years ago and never made it through a half. No, I want the baseball-card collector for my game, the guy who relates to the faces and personalities of real ballplayers."

"What about the greatest team of all time?" I wondered. Was it, in fact, the 1906 Cubs, or were other teams in the running? Panos has created entire rosters for many of the most famous teams — the 1902 Pirates, the 1912 Giants, the '55 Dodgers, the '61 Yankees — but his answer surprised me. "I had to admit it," he smiled. "But it looks to me like the '39 Yankees can beat anybody pretty consistently. In fact, I've already gotten a flood of letters from game owners complaining about the way that team manhandles everybody else. Maybe I've created a monster." For those of you who don't remember that team, it was led by Joe DiMaggio (who hit .381 that year), had a line-up in which seven of the eight regulars batted in over eighty runs, and also featured great pitching (Red Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, and others). As far as the greatest individual batting and pitching seasons, the answers — but his surprising exception — were predictable: Babe Ruth in 1922 (.378, 59 h.r., 170 RBI's) and Ted Williams in 1941 (.406, 37 h.r., and an on-base percentage of .550) had the best hitting records, while Walter Johnson in 1913 (36-7, 1.09 E.R.A.) had the best season as a starter. But the most overwhelming pitcher's career

(continued on page 2)

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributors to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138.

Special Events

CHRISTMAS LIGHT BOAT PARADE, the seventh annual, involving more than 75 decorated boats, will be held Sunday, December 17, beginning at 6 p.m., at the Star of India on the 1300 block of North Harbor Drive, traveling north along the Embarcadero, past Harbor and Shelter Islands, and ending inside the Shelter Island Yacht Basin. 291-0802, 274-8792, or 224-5522.

AN EVENING OF POETRY AND CLASSICAL GUITAR, featuring Paul Dreveson, Karen Glenn, Joan Levine, and Dane Gage, will take place Sunday, December 17, 7:30 p.m., La Paloma Bookstore, First and D streets, Encinitas.

"HOLIDAY STRINGS." Marie Hitchcock's annual Christmas puppet show for children ages 4 to 10, will be presented Tuesday, December 19, 10:30 a.m., Children's Room, San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown.

FAMILY HEALTH FAIR, to familiarize the public with the numerous health resources available in the San Diego area, will feature exhibits, demonstrations, films, and testing. Sunday, December 17, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., San Diego Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street, SD-3300.

NATURE TOURS conducted by the San Diego Audubon Society, covering plants, animal life, and rock formations in the 40-acre Silverwood wildlife sanctuary, will take place every Sunday, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood sanctuary, Holmes Mountains, five and one-half miles east of Lakeside on Wildcat Canyon Road. 291-8271.

Film

"THE SEVENTH SEAL," an early Ingmar Bergman film which takes place in medieval Europe, will be shown Thursday, December 14, 2 and 7 p.m., Room P-32, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x434.

"NEW AGE CONSCIOUSNESS," a film series coordinated by Joan Levine and Phyllis de Picotto, concludes with "Where All Things Begin." "New Age Communities: The Search for Utopia," and "Extraordinary Powers." Sunday, December 17, 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., Ken Cinema, 4061 Adams Avenue. 223-0350 (days) or 284-9668 (nights).

FILMS FOR CHILDREN, including "Pluto's Christmas Tree," "A Very Merry Cricket," and "Santa's Toys," will be screened Thursday, December 17, 2:30 p.m., Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x254.

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM," a planetarium show which depicts the sky as it appeared over Bethlehem 2000 years ago, will be shown Wednesdays, through December 27, 7:15 and 8:30 p.m., planetarium, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x254.

"TO FLY," "SKY THOUGHT," and "ONLY IN SAN DIEGO," will be presented Wednesday, December 17, 7:15 and 8:30 p.m., planetarium, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529 x254.

Music

"A HOLIDAY SAMPLER OF AMERICAN MUSIC," a chamber music concert featuring music played in the early American home during Christmas, will be presented Friday,

December 15, 8 p.m., St. James Church, 825 South Nardo Avenue, Solana Beach. 755-2545.

THE FESTIVAL OF NEW LESSONS AND CAROLS will be presented by the Choristers, Sunday, December 17, 4 p.m., St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth and Nimitz streets, 298-7261; and by the parish choir, strings and handbells, 7:30 p.m.,

Saint Brigit's Church, 4735 Cass Street, Pacific Beach. 488-2875.

TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY SONGS will be performed by the Mesa College Olympic Singers and Olympic Chorus, Sunday, December 17, 8 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street, and Thursday, December 21, 12:30 p.m., Room C-119, Mesa College.



Lectures

"NEW AGE ISSUES IN LIVING DEATHS," a ten-part video discussion series, continues with psychologist Gary Doty and a member of "Changin'," a therapeutic community in Chicago, Thursday, December 14, 7:30 p.m., Center for Psychological Revolution, 1529 Horrell Street, Pacific Beach. 273-4673.

"SIGNS AND SYMBOLS IN MODERN WESTERN ART," a lecture series sponsored by the Docent Committee of the Fine Arts Gallery, will conclude with "College About Modern Art II," presented by P.C. Contini, Friday, December 15, 10 a.m., Copple Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT UPDATE," a talk on tax rebellion, foreign tax havens, hard money, and anti-bureaucratic tactics, will be presented by John Joseph Matonis at the Libertarian Alternative dinner meeting, Tuesday, December 16, 8 p.m., La Paloma, 8199 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard.

"COPING WITH STRESS AND DEPRESSION DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON," will be the topic of a talk by Robert Moorhead, concluding the Vista Hills Hospital lecture series discussing the effects of mental illness and drug abuse, Wednesday, December 20, 3 p.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. 426-3000.

Dance

"ANDANTE AMORIS," a dance to the "Canon in D Major" of Johann Pachelbel, and other pieces will be performed by The Dance Players, a North County modern dance company, Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15, 8 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 15th and C streets.

"THE SNOW QUEEN," a Christmas ballet production based on Hans Christian Andersen's tale, will be presented by the San Diego Civic Ballet, Saturday, December 14, 8 p.m., and Sunday, December 17, 2 p.m., La Jolla Village Theatre, Balboa Park. 233-3060.

"THE NUTCRACKER," by Tchaikovsky, will be performed by the California Ballet Company, Saturday, December 16, 8 p.m., and Sunday, December 17, 2:30 and 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon; Friday, December 22, 8 p.m., Saturday, December 23, 2:30 and 8 p.m., Sunday, December 24, 2:30 p.m., and Tuesday, December 26, 8 p.m., City Theatre, Third and B streets, downtown. 560-5676 or 236-6510.

"THE NUTCRACKER," by Tchaikovsky, will be performed by the San Diego Ballet, Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15, 8 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday, December 16 and 17, 2:30 and 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, Third and B streets, downtown. 236-6510 or 239-4141.

Sports

SEA WORLD SNOW WORLD SPECIAL REUNIONS, featuring night snow events for the developmentally disabled, will be held Friday, December 15, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., Sea World, San Diego. 524-6463.

HAWK HOCKEY, our San Diego Hawks will entertain the San Francisco Shamrocks, Thursday, December 14, 8 p.m., and the Anaheim Ducks, Saturday, December 16, both at 7:30 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 225-4633.

10,000 METER RUN, the Festival of Lights Sunday, December 15, will feature more than 1000 runners of various ages and ability. Sunday, December 15, beginning at 8 a.m., Patrick Henry High School parking area, 6022 Wardsen Road. 583-3300.

CLIPPER BASKETBALL, coming to town to challenge the Clippers in the Phoenix Stars, Sunday, December 15, and the Philadelphia 76ers, Tuesday, December 19, both at 7:05 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 224-4176 or 226-1275.



It was a Monday evening in the late fall of 1976, and with three hours to go before the opening of the first of the more television technicians than fans in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium for a nationally broadcast game between the Bengals and the New England Patriots. High above the field, in a special booth reserved for the league's reigning play-by-play triumvirate of Howard Cosell, Frank Gifford, and Don Meredith, a settled Cosell was loudly berating a member of the ABC sound crew.

"Whaddya mean, I'll take a minute to fix? I don't have a goddamn minute! Now let's try it again," Cosell adjusted his headset and launched into his familiar, unapologetic tirade. "The place Riverfront Stadium Cincinnati Ohio a capacity crowd has gathered to watch their favored Bengals battle a challenge by a renegade New England Patriots team that has its heart set on an upset, hell I'm Howard Cosell, and I can't waste my valuable time."

"Just then the booth's television monitor flickered and went black. Cosell leaped from his chair and screamed in the direction of a nervous technical team. "What the hell is wrong with you people? You've had all goddamn day to get this crap ready! What's the matter, don't they pay you enough?" A technician entered the booth and attempted to explain the difficulty, but a loud Cosell would hear none of it. "Don't 'Cosell' me, goddammit! I'm a very busy man and I can't waste my valuable time waiting for you people to do your job. Now, are we quite ready to go?"

Cosell resumed his position and began again. "The place Riverfront Stadium Cincinnati Ohio a capacity crowd has gathered to watch their favored Bengals battle a challenge by a renegade New England Patriots team that has its heart set on an upset, hell I'm Howard Cosell, and I can't waste my valuable time waiting for you people to do your job. Now, are we quite ready to go?" Cosell resumed his position and began again. "The place Riverfront Stadium Cincinnati Ohio a capacity crowd has gathered to watch their favored Bengals battle a challenge by a renegade New England Patriots team that has its heart set on an upset, hell I'm Howard Cosell, and I can't waste my valuable time waiting for you people to do your job. Now, are we quite ready to go?"

This Monday night the threesome will again convene to provide the background noise for a potentially captivating but ultimately pointless match between the New England Patriots and the Miami Dolphins. By winning last Sunday, Miami joined New England and three other American Conference teams in being guaranteed berths in the playoffs. The contest's major attraction—a portion of the ferocity of this intra-division rivalry—lies in guessing how many newscasters Cosell will find to elude the virtues of the Patriots' quarterback, Steve Grogan. And, as the season's final Monday Night Football telecast, the game will give viewers their last chance to hear Meredith waffle his favorite country and western into a portion of the lyrics he uses each week to signal the beginning of the end for the losing team ("...turn out the lights, the party's over...").

The game will be televised Monday, December 18, at 8 p.m., on Channel 10. — John D'Agostino

Theater

"ELVIS DANCING ON THE KILLING GROUNDS" will be presented Thursday, December 14, through Saturday, December 16, 7:30 p.m., drama 140P-33, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150.

"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 Kase, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays through December 16, 8 p.m., Acter's Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street. 238-9609.

"DON'T DRINK THE WATER," a comedy by Woody Allen, will be presented by the San Diego Mesa College drama department, Fridays and Saturdays, through December 16, at 8 p.m., Apollod Theatre, Mesa College, 7250 Mesa College Drive. 279-2200 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. 256-6884.

"DRACULA," starring Jeremy Brett, will be presented Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15, 8:30 p.m., Saturday, December 16, 2:30 and 8:30 p.m., and Sunday, December 17, 2:30 and 7:30 p.m., Fox Theatre, Seventh and B streets, downtown. 231-8995.

"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 and 24, 2 p.m., Coronado Playhouse, Silver Strand, Coronado. 435-8586.

"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 Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park. 231-1941.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL," the Repertory Theatre's original production of Douglas Kase's annual 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.

"BABES IN TOYLAND," a musical which takes place in Mother Goose Land, will be presented by the North County Community Theatre, Wednesdays and Thursdays, through December 28, 2 p.m., and Fridays and Saturdays, December 22 through 30, 8 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 West Orange, Vista. 726-9092.

"MY THREE ANGELS," a comedy best known in its movie version with Humphrey Bogart, will be presented by the North County Community Theatre, through December 31, 8 p.m., Marquis Public Theatre, 3717 India Street. 298-8111.

"6 RMS RIV VU," a comedy, will continue through January 7, Tuesdays through Saturdays (dinner at 7, curtain at 8:30 p.m.), and Wednesdays and Sundays (lunch at 1:30, curtain at 1:55 p.m.). Fiesta Dinner Theatre, 9605 Campus Road, Spring Valley. 497-8977.

"VANITIES," a comedy by Jack Hittner, will continue an operation on Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park. Old Town. 284-6453.

Radio/TV

"L'AVVENTURA," Monica Vitti stars in this 1960 American film concerning modern life's ups and downs. Thursday, December 14, 1:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL," a program featuring old radio shows, will broadcast "The Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Christmas Show" and "The Abbott and Costello Christmas Show," both from 1947, on Thursday, December 14, 7 p.m., KTRS-JM (89.5).

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY WANDA JUNE," a 1971 film adaptation of the Kurt Vonnegut novel, starring Rod Steiger and Susantha York, will be televised Friday, December 15, 3 p.m., Channel 10.

AZTEC BASKETBALL, the SDSU Aztecs will be featured in a game against perennial power UCLA, Saturday, December 16, 8 p.m., Channel 5.

"FESTER STREET," a 1975 film which tells the story of young Russian Jewish immigrants and lives last experiences in America, will be televised Saturday, December 16, 7 p.m., Channel 15.

"THE SPORTS SPECIAL OF THE MONTH," a taped delayed boxing match of December 5, will feature Light Heavyweight Champion Mike Roman vs. Aldo Traversetti, Saturday, December 16, 11:30 p.m., Channel 6.

"NFL FOOTBALL," the last week of the regular season will feature a game between two faltering, used-to-be-great giants, the Minnesota Vikings and the Oakland Raiders, both trying to cut to a playoff berth, Sunday, December 17, 1 p.m., Channel 8.

"WHO ARE THE DEBOLTS?—AND WHERE DID THEY GET 19 KIDS?" an Academy Award-winning documentary concerning a California family devoted to "unadoptable" handicapped children, will be broadcast Sunday, December 17, 7 p.m., Channel 10.

"JULES AND JIM," a 1961 French New Wave film by Francois Truffaut concerning a ménage a trois set in pre-World War II France, will be shown Saturday, December 16, 9:30 a.m., repeating Thursday, December 21, 1:30 p.m., Channel 15.

Galleries

NEW DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS by Nancy Kretzler, reflecting her interest in the theater, will be shown through December 15, Designbank Gallery, 1262 Kettner Boulevard. 236-1016.

PRINTMAKER Ruth Rodman will have her work exhibited through December 15 at The Art collector, 4151 Taylor Street, Old Town. 299-3232.

AMERICAN FOLK PAINTING, including 51 portraits, landscapes, and still lifes from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Whitshire III, will be exhibited through December 17, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 232-7501.

PAINTINGS by Robert Baumann will remain on exhibit through December 20, Malcolm Levee Library, SDSU.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Jerome Lubling will remain on exhibit through December 21, Old Town Gallery, SDSU.

"ARTISTS," recent works by Lynn Schuetz, will continue to be exhibited through December 21, San Diego Academy of Fine Arts, 1780 Kettner Boulevard. 231-8861.

RECENT WORKS by Francine Gilet will be exhibited through December 22, Orr's Gallery, 2222 Fourth Avenue. 234-4765.

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

"THE THEATRICAL DESIGNS OF JOHN WENJER." 35 paintings by theatrical and scenic designer John Wenjer, best known for his work for the Metropolitan Opera, Ziegfeld Follies, RKO and Romy Theatre in New York, and Paramount Studios, will continue through December 22. Founders Gallery, USD, Alcala Park. 291-6480 x4296.

ALL MEMBERSHIP SHOW, featuring more than 50 artists working in sculpture, jewelry, cloisonne, graphics, fibers, paintings, leaded glass, banks, furniture, ceramics, prints, mobiles, and enamels, will be exhibited through December 30. Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills. 295-2725.

"INVITATIONAL '78," a state-of-the-art presentation of blown and sculptural works in glass, featuring pieces by Buzz Bisdgett, Steve Corra, John Lewis, Harvey Littleton, Jim Lundberg, Richard Marquis, Kim Newcomb, Val Sanders, and Norm Thomas, will continue through December 31. Touch of Glass, 2491 San Diego Avenue. 296-5184.

AMICKEY MOUSE EXHIBIT, a portfolio for four limited-edition Mickey Mouse cels will be exhibited to celebrate the cartoon character's 50th birthday, through December, Old Town Circle Gallery, 2501 San Diego Avenue, Old Town. 296-2596.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS by Frank Lewon will remain on display through December. H. Hery Fine Arts Gallery, 3837 Park Boulevard. 297-5775.

"ASPECTS OF A RETROSPECTIVE," a collection of multimedia works by Richard Allen Morris, will continue through January 2. Boehm Gallery, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1130 x345.

DECEMBER JURIED MEMBERSHIP SHOW, to run concurrently with a one-man show by Douglas F. Knutson, will be held through January 4. San Diego Art Institute Gallery, exhibiting at Community Arts Gallery, E Street and Third Avenue. 233-0141 or 234-5946.

"WEARABLE FOLK ART," featuring more than 150 textiles and objects from the major geographic areas of the world, representing international variations of weaving, applique, dying, and embroidery, will remain on display through January 16. Mingel International Museum of World Folk Art, Building 1, Space 7, University Town Center. 453-5300.

EARLY SAN DIEGO SCULPTURES, including the work of Allen Hutchinson, Anna Valentini, Arthur Putnam, James Tank Porter, and Donald Ford, will be highlighted in an exhibition which continues through January 28. Tower Gallery, Junipero Serra Museum, Presidio Park, Old Town. 297-3258.

PERMANENT COLLECTION, seven selected pieces from the permanent collection and recent acquisitions, including Roy Lichtenstein's "Mirror" (1971), Ellsworth Kelly's "Red, Blue, Green" (1963), Claes Oldenburg's "Alphabet Good Humor" (1975), Sol LeWitt's "Floor Piece #4" (1976), Carl Andre's "Thirty-Six Pieces of Zinc and Magnesium" (1969), Richard Aronson's "Untitled" wall construction (1966), and Richard Serra's "Drawing for Documents VI" (1976), running indefinitely. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-9717.

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A Whole New BALL GAME

(continued from page 17)

of all time turned out to be Bruce Sutter's 1977 season with the Chicago Cubs — for that one year, over a short span as a relief pitcher, Sutter was the most dominating pitcher who ever threw a baseball.

This brought up the question of contemporary teams. How would they stack up against the great teams of the past? About this issue, Panos was apologetic. "There's a big fly in the ointment, here, at least until my game really gets off the ground. The Major League Players' Association wants \$2500 a year from my company (Electrical Design Concepts, in El Cajon) to use the names of current players. So I can't market current teams,

although I've naturally made up their discs and played games with them on my own. In case you're wondering, the recent Cincinnati teams can't compete because of their poor pitching." But there's at least one thing about the modern game that saddens Panos — the designated hitter rule in the American League, which he feels is symptomatic of a depressing tendency, evident in baseball since the twenties, to exploit the offensive aspects of the game at the expense of its overall harmony. "I lament the fact that the American sports fan reveres quantity rather than quality. I lament things like the DH rule, which takes away from the strategy of the game and inflates run production artificially." (Panos later revealed another reason for his lament of the DH rule: it makes it difficult for him to create batting

stats for American League pitchers. "I have to go back to their minor league statistics. I try to use Triple-A records when I can, but some pitchers move right up to the majors from Double-A or college ball, so then I have to use what I can.")

Before I left his office, I remembered a private secret about the game I used to play years ago. As my Little League team's star pitcher and hitter, I had Walter Minty-ish major-league aspirations of my own, and it was a simple matter for me to create my own batting disc, which I placed in with those of Ruth, Cobb, and Mantle (modestly, I made myself mostly a singles hitter). When I asked Professor Panos if he was ever tempted to insert himself into his own operation, I discovered that he was way ahead of me. Reaching

into the contents of his game, he pulled out a "Nick Panos" batting card and a companion "Nick Panos" pitching card. It so happens that Panos plays in an informal stickball league ("You can take the man out of Brooklyn, but you can't take Brooklyn out of the man," I thought) that gathers out in El Cajon every Saturday afternoon. Since Panos keeps elaborate batting and pitching statistics for all the games (he has complete records dating back to 1961, and partial stats back to his 1957 Brooklyn days), it has been a simple matter for him to translate these records, along with fictitious fielding and running records, on player discs. "I gave most of us relatively low running and fielding ratings," he said, "but we've got reasonably good pitching and excellent power."

"But how do you guys fare when you go up against the '39 Yankees or the '54 Indians?" I asked. My hopes for an upset, for the ascendancy of imagination over hard facts, were quickly dashed. "Nah, we can't compete with them," shrugged Panos. "We hit a lot of home runs, but we strike out too much and hit into too many double plays. We usually lose."

I haven't told the professor, but I'm already making plans for sneaking my own disc into the 1927 Yankee squad, maybe as an unobtrusive long-relief pitcher. Imagine the thrill of running roughshod over the St. Louis Browns and the Philadelphia Athletics... those great train trips to Detroit and Chicago... playing cards with Ruth and Tony Lazzeri... signing autographs. □

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Low Neck Lines



JONATHAN SAVILLE

The audience at the Fox Theatre seems to be having a merry time with the latest production of *Dracula*. I can't think why.

This *Dracula* represents the confluence of two traditions. The first is that of the horror story, a tradition which, if not exactly honorable, is at least respectable. The horror story is at bottom an attempt to re-evolve the irrational terrors of our childhood. The fear of being abandoned by everyone who is good and of being left to the mercies of huge, powerful, evil beings—this is a child's fantasy of the results of being "bad"; it is guilt made concrete. The monsters themselves—the ghosts, vampires, fatal ladies, and wicked lords—represent the child's vision

of his parents in their role of threateners, punishers, and keepers of mysterious adult secrets. In vampire tales, the bizarre violent activity of blood-sucking is a ghastly infantile fantasy of what sex is about, and the enthrallment of the victim to the vampire (variously male or female) embodies the child's idea of what happens to you when you are overwhelmed with sexual passion. Miss Lucy, submitting to Count Dracula's sanguinary blandishments, and bound to him—against her will—like a person in a trance; that is one of the child's less realistic notions of Mcmurry's relationship to Daddy.

Unlike stories that appeal (at least in part) to the adult faculties of our minds, the tale of horror tells us nothing of social reality, of the way people actually live at a given time and place. It takes place in

Transylvania—which is to say nowhere. Nor does it involve us in problems of moral choice. Instead, it gives us the dreadful roller-coaster thrill of careening back to a period in our lives before we had to pay attention to either society or morality; it does for us when we are awake what nightmares do for us when we are asleep. No one would willingly return to the ignorance and helplessness of a small child. But how exciting it is to recapture the intensity of feeling and vividness of imagination of that early stage in our lives, now that we are big and strong enough to be able to take care of ourselves, and need not really be afraid of the silent, gloomy house, the harsh footstep in the corridor, the corpse moldering beneath the floorboards, the evil thing that creeps in at the window. Hence the success of the horror story, in print or on film or

on the stage.

Horror stories of this particular type go back to the Eighteenth Century, when some of the more lurid superstitions of religion (demons, hell-tortures, the Prince of Darkness) were falling by the wayside. The horror tale has taken the place vacated by the terrifying sermon about sin and damnation. The other tradition that flows into the present production of *Dracula* is far more recent. Lately there has been something of an epidemic of "parodies" of Victorian melodrama. I use the word parody with caution, because a real parody aims at throwing ridicule on a serious and admired literary manner. The *Dove*, the famous film parody of Ingmar Bergman's art, is a case in point: it is only because Bergman is taken so seriously as an artist that a parody of his films, exaggerating his mannerisms and travesty his themes, can be so funny.

Victorian melodrama, on the other hand, does not lie high on anybody's list of significant art. It is not even a current art, one worth attacking in order to raise the quality of taste; it is as dead as Queen Victoria herself. If I were to write a parody of (for example) Philip Roth, it would be because I think naive readers value him too highly; I would want to show how silly certain aspects of his writing are, to take him down a peg. Who has to take Victorian melodrama down a peg? Nobody takes it seriously; nobody values it too highly; nobody even gets a chance to see it nowadays—except in mocking versions like this *Dracula*.

This, then, is not really parody; it is mere "camp." The procedure is to take something obviously ridiculous in itself, and to make it

seem especially ridiculous because you know it is ridiculous and you are showing your audience that you know it. The conventions of melodrama are so chintzy to begin with, the extremes of good and evil, the type characters of wicked authoritarian men, helpless victimized women, ineffectual parents, corruptible servants; the stylized attitudes and gestures; the high-flown, artificial dialogue; factitiously induced tension. If you want a mild laugh at the tawdry theatrical tastes of the past, all you need is to put on one of these melodramas straight, just as it might have been produced a hundred years ago. But productions such as Dennis Ross's *Dracula* seek their laughs by exaggerating what is already preposterous enough.

Now, it must be said for Mr. Ross's skill as a director that he has achieved a consistency and perfection of execution in the style he has chosen for this play. No one in *Dracula* simply walks. Instead, they all make busy little trots to various parts of the stage, like a flock of miniature poodles when you have scattered Purina Dog Chow over the floor. No actor can make a statement without first busily moving someplace; it doesn't matter whether what he is saying actually motivates such a movement. Every ordinary act—turning on the radio, sitting down on a couch, opening a door—is transformed into a little ballet, the normal operation of the bones and muscles being overlaid with an exquisite self-conscious preciousness. Everyone is always grimly serious (except the servants), and the cast speaks not like human beings but with a theatrical style so formal and inflated that it seems

No one in *Dracula* simply walks. Instead, they all make busy little trots to various parts of the stage, like a flock of miniature poodles when you have scattered Purina Dog Chow over the floor.

ready at any moment to break into *Il Trovatore*.

Like a man standing on his head, all this is funny—at first. But for me, at least, the funniness lasts about five minutes. After that it is just more and more of the same thing, a fairly amusing joke told over and over again to the point where it becomes as amusing as washing dishes. A real parody, with a real aim, can become more and more outrageous as it goes on; its satire can become crueler; its exaggerations and distortions can grow continually more extreme; it can keep our critical imagination alive and awake. A fake parody—a parody of something that is in itself an unintentional parody of decent theater—can never go anywhere, for it has nothing more to tell us than the fact that it is an imitation and that it wants to make us laugh.

The campy style of *Dracula* is therefore of very limited appeal. Its long-run effect, so far as I am concerned, is not to make me laugh but to bore me to exhaustion. Its extremely weak potential for humor is nevertheless strong enough to have another—and crucially

debilitating—effect. The campiness utterly squelches the potential for horror. Overpowering dread, the crawling of the skin, the sudden screaming shock, all the intense regressive pleasures we look for in the horror story (or play or movie)—these are totally eliminated. To get those pleasures, you have to have at least a little belief in the reality of what you are seeing. That is why the movies, with their innate power to make us believe in the reality of practically anything, are such a successful medium for this type of theatrical experience. But in *Dracula* the exaggerated, parodic, precious style drains the story of its terrors more effectively than the abominable Count drains his victims of their blood.

There is one element of the vampire story that might still have been effective. That is the disguised violent sexuality that lies just underneath the surface of Count Dracula's power over his helpless, hysterical Miss Lucy. Dracula ought to be sexually hypnotic, overwhelmingly, irresistibly, horribly attractive. It ought to be clear—to the audience's

unconscious—that his victim is enslaved to him not because of the mystical mingling of blood or the curse of the living dead, but because she longs to be brutally ravished by this dazzling male creature. Jeremy Brett, who plays the Count in the production at the Fox Theatre, just does not have this sort of compelling sexuality. Mr. Brett is an accomplished actor, and he manages the campy ferociousness of Dracula with skill; but he is not handsome enough or sexy enough to make us feel that Lucy would have been agonizingly attracted to him even had he not sunk those fangs into her soft white neck. Frank Langella, who played the role on Broadway, is surely not an abler actor than Mr. Brett; but his voice, his face, his eyes, his whole being radiate the cold, self-indulgent, overpowering sensuality that is the essence of Dracula's personality—why do you think Carrie Snodgrass was so smitten with this epicure actor in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*? I didn't see Mr. Langella in the Broadway production, but I would bet anything that he made the sickening most of his

part. Jeremy Brett makes very little of it. He is admittedly very good at twirling his cape, but I discovered, after going home and practicing with a tablecloth, that anybody can twirl a cape.

The best thing about this production of *Dracula* is the sets, which are by Edward Gorey, the well-known author and illustrator of mock-grisly tales. Mr. Gorey is one of the few exponents of camp art who knows how to carry it off. In the last century, he would have been a brilliant illustrator of Dickens or Wilde Collins. His drawing is superb; his sense of light and shadow, of composition, of atmosphere, of texture, puts him in a class with the greatest masters of the etching—Callot, or Pranset, or Gustave Doré, for example. But he has chosen to place this immense talent in the service of Gothic self-parody. His remarkable books on pictures deal chiefly with the violence, sadism, and hidden sexuality of the Victorian horror tale, and all the expected elements there, and done marvelously, the gloom, the mansions, the frightened children, the tortures,

the monstrous parental figures, the bare branches, the lowering clouds, the diabolical apparitions, the ambience of terror, helplessness, and unremitting menace. But it is all turned into a joke, a mockery of the horror tale rather than a serious representation of its forms and aims. What makes Gorey's books exceptional is that the mockery does not quite stamp out the horror. His pictures often have the capacity to make you smile with amusement and at the same time make your flesh creep. In *Dracula*, the vast libraries and crypts and stormy landscapes studied with bats are clearly jokes, imitations of a style and subject matter no longer taken seriously; but they are so beautifully drawn, their parodic exaggerations are so cunningly modulated, that along with the humor they also evoke the thrill. The same cannot be said for *Dracula* as a whole, which I found—all in all—to be a cheap, silly thing, not worth wasting a precious evening of my life on. But you might feel differently; the rest of the audience certainly seemed to.

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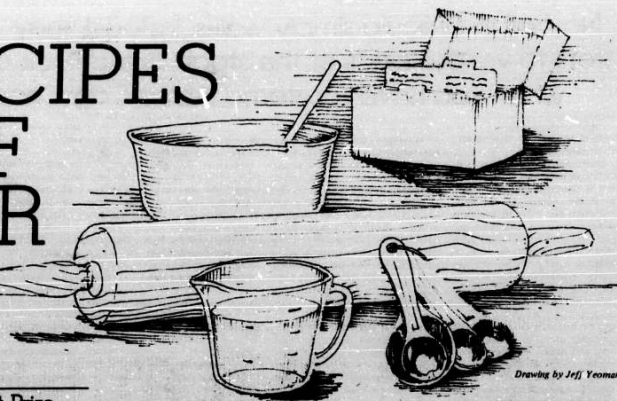
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RECIPES OF OUR TIME



ELEANOR WIDMER

Thanks to those of you who entered the second Eleanor's Edibles contest. Since the first recipe arrived, I have used the following ingredients: five pounds of butter, six pints of whipping cream, about a gallon of sour cream, five to ten pounds of sugar, and several dozen eggs. My thanks to the friend who gifted me with Jack Daniels and Courvoisier—both called for in certain recipes. After all, why should I do less than Julia Child, who doesn't bat an eye at pouring an entire bottle of Calvados into a chicken dish?

Almost all of the recipes (eighty-five, including one all the way from Chicago) were excellent, and the difficulty lay in selecting the winner. The most overwhelming number were in the chesecake category, and many were duplicates. Two recipes quite amused me. Though they had virtually the same contents, one was called "Gammie's Dessert," and the other, "X-rated Dessert."

Though I followed the recipes as scrupulously as I could—I am given to improvising, adding and subtracting and substituting by weighing amounts in my hand—I did not substitute margarine or oil for butter, though you may do so if you like. In any case, it was a pleasure to make these fine desserts, and I hope that at least one of them will appeal to you.

First Prize

Janet M. Browne

Imperial Beach

Mocha Torte

Cake:

1 1/2 Tbsp. instant coffee

1 c. cold water

6 egg yolks

2 c. granulated sugar

2 c. flour

1 c. ground walnuts

6 egg whites

1 tsp. vanilla

pinch of salt

Filling:

1 stick (1/4 lb.) softened butter

2c. powdered or confectioner's sugar

1/2 tsp. instant coffee

2 Tbsp. cointreau or triple sec

2 Tbsp. orange juice

Frosting:

4 c. powdered sugar

4 tsp. cocoa

1 tsp. instant coffee

4 Tbsp. cointreau or triple sec

4 Tbsp. (1/2 stick) melted butter

1 tsp. vanilla

walnut halves

Cake:

Preheat oven to 325°.

Dissolve coffee in cold water.

Beat egg yolks until light. Add

sugar in a stream and beat until

thick. Sift together flour,

baking powder, and pinch of

salt. Gradually add the sifted

ingredients to egg mixture,

alternating with coffee. Add

vanilla and ground walnuts.

Beat the egg whites until stiff

and fold into batter. Pour into

three buttered and floured

9-inch cake pans and bake for

30 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes and remove from pans. Do not add filling until completely cool.

In mixing bowl, beat all ingredients until smooth and add to each layer.

Frosting: Beat all ingredients and frost cake. Garnish with walnuts.

Ordinarily, I dislike working with layers because inevitably one comes out higher than another or with a bump. There's always a moment of anxiety when the cakes have to be removed from their pans. I place the pans on wet towels and try to have the patience to let them cool, not ten minutes, but half an hour. I did not cut the layers. Thin layers are elegant, but they require more filling and more work. If the filling or frosting seems insufficient, the proportions may be doubled, or you may thin the contents with some half and half or milk. I used some coffee liqueur instead of cointreau, but only because it was handy.

—E.W.

Runner-up

William B. Jones

San Diego

Formaggio Amaretto

3 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1 c. sour cream

1 c. sugar

2 Tbsp. flour

3 eggs, separated

3 Tbsp. Amaretto di Sarnona

liqueur

1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet

chocolate chips (melted)

Crust:

1/2 c. chocolate cookie crumbs

1/2 c. almonds

1/2 c. melted butter

3 Tbsp. sugar

9-inch springform pan

Place cookies and almonds in

a blender or food processor and

blend into crumbs. Melt butter

and combine with sugar and

crumbs. Press on bottom of

springform pan and chill.

Preheat oven to 350°. Soften

cream cheese and beat till

smooth. Add sour cream,

sugar, and flour. Slowly add

egg yolks one at a time,

blending thoroughly. Whip egg

whites until they hold soft

peaks. Fold in the whites and

the Amaretto into the cheese

mixture.

Pour mixture into the

springform pan. Gently drizzle

the melted chocolate chips into

the pan and swirl with a knife to

give the cake a marbled effect.

Bake about one hour. Turn

off the oven and open the door

until cool.

Refrigerate three hours

before serving.

Honorable Mentions

Irma's Mysel, submitted by

Irma Geller Ousfield, La Jolla.

1 8-oz. can almond paste

1 c. cocoa (real cocoa, not

presweetened)

1 c. sugar

1 egg

1 cube or stick of butter (1/4 lb.)

1 10-oz. box of Arrowroot

cookies

2 Tbsp. strong coffee

1 tsp. almond flavor

In large mixing bowl blend

almond paste and butter with

electric beater. Add egg and

cocoa and beat.

Over a low flame, heat sugar

and two Tbsp. coffee until sugar

is dissolved. Add to contents in

mixing bowl and beat with

almond extract.

Break Arrowroot cookies into

walnut-sized pieces and add

to mixture. Stir entire

contents with spoon.

Put a dome-shaped bowl

and press mixture into bowl.

Chill overnight or at least six

hours. Unmold by running

knife along the edge or dipping

bottom of bowl into warm

water. The contents will slide

out easily. Sprinkle with

confectioner's sugar. May be

frozen.

This will serve twelve

delicate eaters and six

"addicts."

—E.W.

Biscuit Tortoni, submitted by

Vendy Levitt, San Diego.

1 c. sugar

egg yolks

1/2 Tbsp. Amaretto liqueur

1/2 Tbsp. crushed macaroons

(almond)

1 pint heavy whipping cream

Ribbon together egg yolks

and sugar in mixing bowl. Add

crushed macaroons that have

been soaked in liqueur. Add

cream which has been whipped.

Fill parfait glasses and freeze

8 hrs. before serving. When

partially frozen, add additional

macaroon crumbs.

You may serve this with

shaved chocolate, or fresh

strawberries.

—E.W.

Mississippi Mud Cake

(Fudge Cake), submitted by Pat

Bassett, Pacific Beach.

1 c. coffee (brewed), or 2 tsp.

"Sunrise" chicory instant

and 1 c. boiling water

1/2 c. bourbon

5 squares unsweetened

chocolate

2 sticks (1/2 lb.) butter cut in

small pieces

2 c. sugar (white or brown)

2 c. flour

2 tsp. baking soda

2 eggs

2 tsp. vanilla extract

Melt chocolate and butter in

double boiler or dish placed

over pan of hot water and low

heat. Add and beat coffee and

bourbon to chocolate-butter

mixture.

Remove and transfer to

electric mixer bowl. Stir in

sugar, 1/2 c. at a time. Add flour

and beat two minutes. Add eggs

and vanilla extract.

Line a 9-inch tube pan with

wax paper, large enough so that

the paper comes up around sides

of pan. Pour in batter and bake

in slow oven, at 275° for 1 1/2 hrs. Be sure to test cake before removing from oven, as it may require a few more minutes. Let cool in pan until completely cool (1-2 hrs.). Remove from pan and carefully remove wax paper. May be served with whipped cream, ice cream or plain.

If you dust the pan with cocoa and flour, you may have some trouble removing it from pan, hence the wax paper. This cake may be dusted with confectioner's sugar, which is what I did. The cake is very rich and moist, and as its name indicates, fudgy. I am contemplating adding walnuts to the batter the next time I prepare it.

—E.W.

Forget-Me-Not Cookies,

submitted by Bonnie D.

McDonough, San Diego.

3 egg whites

1 pinch salt

1 tsp. vanilla

1/2 c. sugar

1 c. chopped pecans

1 c. chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 375°. Beat

egg whites with salt and vanilla

until frothy. Beat in sugar until

stiff peaks form. Add nuts and

chocolate chips. Spoon by

teaspoonful onto foil-lined

pan. Put in oven and TURN

OVEN OFF. Leave in oven at

least 8 hours or overnight. Do

not open oven door during that

time.

Richard's Delight, submitted

by Susan Ulevich, La Jolla.

Chocolate Walnut Crust:

1 6-oz. pkg. or 1 c. semisweet

chocolate morsels

2 Tbsp. oil

1 c. finely chopped nuts

Filling:

1 1/2 c. crushed macaroons

1/2 c. sugar

1/2 c. half and half

pinch salt

1 1/2 c. whipped whipping cream

1/3 c. brandy

Crust:

Melt over hot (not boiling) water semisweet chocolate morsels and vegetable shortening. Mix well, stir in walnuts and let cool. Line a 9-inch pie pan with foil. With fingers, carefully apply mixture to form a crust. Refrigerate 1-3 hrs. Remove foil carefully and return crust to pie plate.

Filling: Combine macaroon crumbs, sugar, half and half, and salt in large bowl. Fold in whipped cream. Slowly add brandy. Carefully pour into chocolate pie shell and place in freezer. Serve frozen.

This sounds more difficult to make than it is. The advantage is that it can be prepared the night before. The hazards are in cutting it. I used a wet knife dipped in hot water. Ms. Ulevich chopped her walnuts and macaroons with a Cuisinart. I did it with a rolling pin.

—E.W.

Mom's Ice Box Cake, submitted by Tony Beck, La Jolla.

3 pks. lady fingers

6 eggs (separated)

1 lb. German sweet chocolate

3-4 Tbsp. sugar

4 1/2 tsp. water

1 pint whipping cream

OVEN OFF. Leave in oven at

least 8 hours or overnight. Do

not open oven door during that

time.

Line sides and bottom of

springform pan with lady

fingers. Pour layer of lady

finger crumbs, add layer of

chocolate, add layer of lady

fingers, ending with chocolate.

Add one pint whipping cream.

Refrigerate for several hours.

This is a very easy and rich

dessert. Since I was impatient to

taste it, I put it in the freezer

two hours. It's quite delicious.

—E.W.

Apple-Rum Cheese Cake,

submitted by Arlene Bacas, Del

Mar.

Sauce at bottom of pan:

1 stick butter

1/2 c. honey

1/2 c. rum

cinnamon, nutmeg, vanilla,

lemon juice to taste

5 large pippin apples

Filling:

2 large pkg. cream cheese (8

oz. each)

1/2 c. honey

City Lights

(continued from page 3)
 "original crime," says McCuskey. "This program diverts them out of the criminal justice system altogether."
 But at the working end, where the program is actually administered, the government's intent is interpreted this way: "This is so you won't get busted again," says Judy, a lecturer in the diversion program at Pathways in Pacific Beach. She was answering a question from one of the eight divertees who were there to listen to her drug education presentation, one of four sessions they are required to attend to complete the diversion

program. "This is also so you won't kill yourself," Judy adds before starting her talk before the group, which is made up of the scruffy as well as the clean-cut. They include a father, a high school student, a former heroin user, and an engineer with a top-secret clearance. They all scrunch down in their seats, trying to say as anonymously as possible, and most are bemused. "This is freaky," confides one of them after the lecture is over. What is freaky is the information Judy imparts, and also that which the prompts from the group. "You know the best way to make marijuana brownies is not to put the marijuana itself into them," Judy had said. "What you do is sauté the marijuana in butter first. It extracts the THC and

actually makes it stronger. Then you use the butter in the brownies and throw the marijuana away." Her audience had perked up at this point, the same way it did when Judy talked about the hospital. "Hospital emergency rooms have a no-bust policy," Judy said, "as long as the drug is inside you. But make sure you're clean when you take a freaked-out friend to the emergency room. They can bust you."
 During lighter moments, when members of the group are actually talking, some other useful information is offered. "Did you know you could take acid by putting it on your eyeball?" one divertee enthuses. "Yeah," gushes another, "it's supposed to get

you off immediately." "It's supposed to scar your eye, too," offers a third.
 While most of the divertees are thankful that they're in such a program, many express confusion over what they're supposed to be learning. "The philosophy of most of the programs is that it's impossible to prevent drug usage," explains McCuskey. "I want to prevent drug abuse. The way a person knows how not to let drugs abuse him is to know all the facts. The diversion program was insightful for law enforcement."
 Perhaps this insight on the part of law enforcement is what confuses some of the people in the program. They're never told not to use drugs. "There are basically three categories of

drug usage," Judy had said. "Abuse, misuse, and use. If I were you, I'd stay in the last two." That's about as pedantic as it gets. "I prefer to refrain from making value judgments as to whether or not what they got busted for was right or wrong," says the clinical coordinator at Pathways.
 "Trying to change their behavior is a waste of time. They are becoming educated and informed about the drugs they're using and the legal implications."
 "This is weird," a divertee says after hearing one member of the group explain how to use a needle without wrecking the vein.
 —N.M.
 Jeannette DeWyze and
 Neal Matthews

You Can't Take the Corn Out of Kansas

STEVE ESMEDINA

The Wiz is as bombastic, witless, and pointless as current critical consensus would have it. Like so many of the other multimillion-dollar suicide missions of recent years—*At Long Last Love*, *The Blue Bird*, *Sorcerer*, *King Kong*, and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—you keep wondering where the reported exorbitant budget ended up. It certainly could not have been spent on production values. Tony Walton's costumes and sets look as if they were purchased at a Hollywood studio swap meet, and Albert Whitlock's special effects are no more awesome or imaginative than what can be had from any Japanese fire-breathing monster movie. It's difficult to ascertain whether anyone on the creative end gave any thought at all to the enormous problems of transplanting a hailed Broadway musical such as this to the screen. By all appearances they must have assumed that something which was so ecstatically received on stage would naturally fall into place as a movie. Most of the actors and dancers certainly behave as if they are involved in something



The Wiz

Perhaps the biggest reason that I am not entranced with this so-called betrayal of its Broadway parent is that I was disinterested in its outcome from the start. I skipped the play and do not feel particularly negligent about having done so. This is because, even as a child, I was never particularly taken with the Judy Garland-ized movie version of Frank Baum's "children's classic." The easy moral lesson of "finding what you need in yourself" seemed to me no less provocative or profound than a fortune-cookie message, and the unrelenting singalong optimism and corniness were intolerable.
 When repeatedly told how "dazzling" Broadway's black revision of the movie was, I could only answer with an unimpressed shrug. What sort of additives could have increased its stature so significantly? The change of color and locale (Kansas to New York), or the elaborate dancing and faked-up new songs? If the film version is basically true to its source, these had to be the only things that ele-

vated it over its Caucasian predecessor. Only the most phantasmagoric trimmings could have turned such simple-minded drivel into such a smash hit.
 Enough of that is discernible in director Sidney Lumet's expensive screen treatment, but unfortunately, the film comes off more as a mass-market illustration of why the play was so popular rather than as should be the case, a living and breathing movie capable of getting along comfortably on its own merits.
 In this incarnation, *The Wiz* makes even less sense than the annual albatross foisted on us year after year on network television. The story is the same, barring irrelevant "changes," which, really, do not matter at all. At movie's end, you're left with the hope that the play has to be better.
 It's been a long time since an American director was able to make a musical of this sort that succeeded without apologies (I thought Stanley Donen's *The Little Prince* made the grade, but that's a minority opinion). Lumet has had a

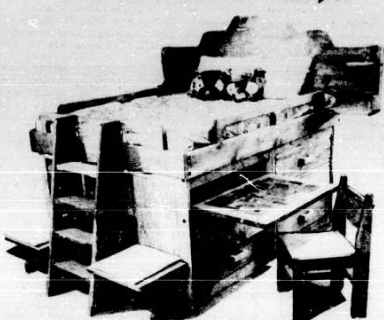
spotty career; he's tackled almost every genre except musicals, and I cannot think of a filmmaker whose temperament is so unsuited to such a special task. Lumet's forte is grubby urban naturalism. He's quite good at orchestrating confusion and yelling sessions; he also understands the bustle and intensity of New York City as well as any filmmaker outside of Martin Scorsese (evinced most effectively in *The Anderson Tapes*, *Serpico*, and *Dog Day Afternoon*). But in this thing, it wouldn't matter if the nominal location were San Diego; the yellow brick road from Harlem to Manhattan (the Emerald City) could just as well have been Highway 94 to Horton Plaza for all the magic and razzle-dazzle on exhibit here. Lumet doesn't have a fan-dazzle down-to-earth; so the props, choreography, and special effects either fall flat, pass unnoticed, or just out crudely. His photographer, Oswald Morris, doesn't make, but inaudible comment is the only explanation for her willingness to take on this part.

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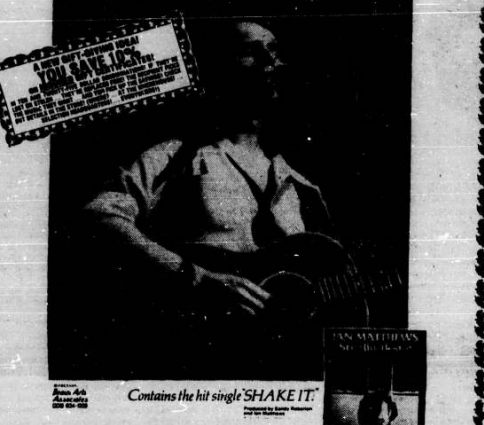
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Chula Vista	Imperial	San Marcos	San Diego
Escondido	San Diego	San Diego	San Diego
San Diego	San Diego	San Diego	San Diego

I wrote to the Chicken a letter just to tell him "thanks" for staying in San Diego and he took the time to personally answer me. And that is what you call "big-headed"?

Letters

(continued from page 4)

Clair And Present Danger

The San Diego League of Conservation Voters wishes to thank the *Reader* for printing Neal Matthews' story "City Lights," (November 16) about our contention that Rep. Clair Burgener's election material had misled voters about his real record on environmental issues. The League is indeed grateful that your newspaper brought this information to the public's attention, particularly in light of the fact that the county's largest dailies, the *Union* and *Evening Tribune*, did not consider it "newsworthy" for publication. Clair Burgener's recent campaign ads present a classic example of how difficult it can be for environmentally concerned voters to distinguish a candidate's true background. To help alleviate this situation in future elections, the League invites those of your readers who wish to be informed of a candidate's environmental profile to write us: Don Szalet, League of Conservation Voters.

The Total Chicken

I am writing this letter to let everyone know how I feel, but I am personally addressing it to Gail Siltner. Yesterday who spoke out against the KGB Chicken in the December 7 edition of the *Reader* ("Letters"). Well Gail, have you left off all of your steam and all of the pressures that have been building up inside of you since who-knows-when? I hope so because now it is my turn to speak! I love the KGB Chicken. I am proud to live in San Diego (where he lives), go to concerts (at which he performs), listen to the radio station (which created the Chicken), and go to sporting events (where he is helping cheer the team on). You're so! Well, judging by the opinions that people I know (and I will admit that these are not the opinions of everybody) had after they read your letter, you aren't going to be missed one darn bit! In fact, it will be a pleasure not to have you there!

I don't think that the Chicken's actions are embarrassing if you do, then you must also find Steve Martin embarrassing when he appears on TV wearing diapers. (Gonna stop watching TV?) I don't think that he is obscene either! If you do, you must not go by any porno theaters or bookstores. (Let me know how you are managing to stay away from downtown San Diego!) That is quite an accomplishment!

And as for your thinking that the Chicken has a big head (I disagree totally), explain to me how, if you were to get an offer of \$100,000 to move to a new city, you would keep your head size down to your minute size (which it must be, judging by the brain you show).

Our tax money is not going to support the Chicken. I don't even see how they could get a price on his job. He works seven days a day, twenty-four hours a day, fifty-two weeks a year, 365 days a year, rain or shine. That's \$760 hours. How many people do you know with this dedication? And when he was offered the job in Atlanta where he would have had a much higher salary, not to mention better benefits, did he take it? No! He taught young and old alike that money isn't everything, nor can money buy happiness. You can't put a price on smiling faces, and that is all I see when the Chicken appears onscreen.

I wrote to the Chicken a letter just to tell him "thanks" for staying in San Diego and he took the time to personally answer me. And that is what you call "big-headed"?

Term Paper

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I'd love to get specific with you when I say these things, but it would take too long to cover everything. It would be a great relief to me and others if you would print this. Keith Loveland, Del Mar.

Blow Your Own Horn

I am a loyal fan of your paper and enjoy your articles, interviews, and reviews. Your new, however, does have a thorn, that being the people you have chosen to review movies, plays, etc. They seem to fall far below the quality and intellect of the rest of the *Reader*. They always seem to have a very negative view and most of the time show poor taste in their attack. San Diego offers many avenues of escape (in the form of entertainment) for its people, and just as varied as the people are, so must the entertainment be. I know obviously that all are not gems, but perhaps the critics you employ in the future should be a little more worldly and mature. Zebastian Corwin, San Jose.

Stay Tuned

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Current Movies

Where do you get your definitions from? I love you, KGB Chicken. Don't ever leave San Diego! Jamie Szabo, Chula Vista.

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Ipizinda

facade. The plot moves along at a nice clip; only afterwards, on analysis, does it feel to pieces. With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. 1978. (Carnegie Cinema 4, Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Big Sleep — Although relocated in modern-day England, this says closer to the letter of the Raymond Chandler original than Howard Hawks' 1946 version did. And yet, lacking the noir mystique as if pos-

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CURRENT MOVIES

double-breasted suits and slicked-down hair, re-enacts the underworld passions played out on the Warner Brothers lot in the 30s by Cagney, Robinson, McHugh, Blondie, et al. The kids break into periodic song-and-dance routines, and the puns are loaded with lethal whipped cream. The whole show has a disorienting effect, something like those old movies in which midgets would dress up in cowboy duds and ride Shetland

ponies. Once you adjust to the concept, though, there are not many surprises forthcoming. Alan Parker, who masterminded the project, seems rather patronizing of the children as well as of the gangster genre (juvenile moviegoers, if they had their druthers, would most likely prefer to see the latest Clint Eastwood movie), still, there is a redeeming amount of affectionate affection in the reproduction of sleazy underworld settings and hard-boiledingo. With Julia Foster, Scott Baio, Fompe Dugger, music by Paul Williams. 1978.

• (UA Cinema 2)
Chastity — Lack of conviction vies with lack of tension for ultimate supremacy in this racy private-eye case, written by Robert Towne and directed by Roman Polanski, set in the 1930s, fabulously. What you comprehend of the case seems real at all correct, and the rest rushes right past you, out to sea. An occasional mega-rouse a certain nostalgia for the romance of private-eye life (Jack Nicholson slicing through space with the brim of his fedora, or furiously rummaging through a desk drawer and rifling through check stubs), and Jerry Goldsmith's insidious music further stirs things up, but the chic golden light and the widescreen shots of pumpkin-like faces or Polanski's preference of blacked heads, tend to weigh things down. And Polanski's career continues, as it has since his first coming to Hollywood, at an idle. Once again the question is: What interested him about this project? With

Faye Dunaway and John Huston. 1974.
• (Strand, 12/18 and 19)

Coma — A slightly suspenseful but soporific medical mystery, with a lot of hide-and-seek played around hospital corridors as the (loathsome) Gothic heroine tries unavailingly to solve a series of bizarre coma cases. It appears to be building up to a sweeping indictment of modern medical science but ultimately settles for a familiar, if extravagant, example of doctor's greed. Michael Uccion, who doesn't seem bothered by the loose ends, throws himself more than ever into the rigors of directing. Consider, for instance, the amount of effort that must have gone into one worthless shot of Genevieve Bujold showing herself naked in the window of a Holiday Inn. First, Genevieve is checked into a room, then the camera is installed on a taller building two blocks away, then Genevieve gives a signal, perhaps blinking the lights three times, so that the zoom lens can come in on the correct window, and then Chrichton issues the final order, "Okay, phone up Genevieve, let her to wave her blouse in the window so we know when she's ready, and let her then to peek around the curtain, just her head and her left breast." With Michael Douglas and Richard Widmark. 1978.

• (New Valley Drive In, Poway Playhouse)
Comes a Horseman — As stark and stately as the artist work of John

Ford, this western is set during World War II, though it's easy to lose track of that fact. The narrative events, concerning the cattle ranchers' seemingly eternal struggle to preserve their way of life in the face of social change, are almost completely engulfed by the delicious Romantic landscapes (shot by Gordon Willis) and by the oppressive American Gothic mood of the piece. Jane Fonda in Stetson and levis looks so much like her father, Henry, that if you put a mustache on her, she could be playing Wyatt Earp. Her sculptural portrait of an ornery frontierswoman is fortunately not fashioned as a prototype of a Liberated Woman, but is realistically tinged with sour, stiff, sociopathic tendencies such as would be apt to the prairie. Richard Farnsworth earns the coveted Ben Johnson Award for his clear and true performance as an old cowboy called "Dodge." Jim Davis, a past recipient of that award, is installed on a taller building two blocks away, then Genevieve gives a signal, perhaps blinking the lights three times, so that the zoom lens can come in on the correct window, and then Chrichton issues the final order, "Okay, phone up Genevieve, let her to wave her blouse in the window so we know when she's ready, and let her then to peek around the curtain, just her head and her left breast." With Michael Douglas and Richard Widmark. 1978.

• (New Valley Drive In, Sports Arena & New York Cinema Centre)
Crossed Swords — Based on Mark Twain's *THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER*. The title, reportedly, was changed in the belief that not enough of the moviegoing public is familiar with the story or its author. A more respectable reason would have been a desire to escape comparison with the book or the 1937 film version, both of which were, and are, a lot of fun. In this, all the fun is contained in the epilogue, until then, it's a pretty stiff, lifeless show, awash with golden color to give it an expensive look. Starring Mark Lester (whose gangling adolescent physique is difficult to reconcile with the angelic little boy he used to

be) Oliver Reed, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, and Charlton Heston, directed by Ronald Farrow. 1978.
• (UA Cinema 3)

Demolition Alley — Although the story comes from a certified science-fiction author, Roger Zelazny, and has been adapted by a couple of good hands, Alan Sharp and Lukas Heller, this post-World War II adventure is a virtually unpolished sight-seeing tour through over-the-hill wastelands (i.e., the serviceable Southwest desert crisscrossed by Kool Aid skies). It has one worrisome episode with "amoral-planned cockroaches," and it also has some of the proudest process shots ever turned out of Hollywood. George Peppard delivers a staid performance in what he doesn't seem to realize is a second-banana role, the program co-narrator of a group of survivors who are driving a futuristic vehicle to Albany, N.Y., and a teenage boy who's a dead shot with a stone at a distance of 50 yards. Jan-Michael Vincent, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield, directed by Jack Smight. 1978.

• (Cabrillo, from 12/15)
Dereu Uzalé — Alongside Akira Kurosawa's customarily witty and athletic work, this slow, contemplative movie is apt to be seen all the more for being a subject of doubt, if not indelible, comic possibilities — the subject of terminal illness and suicide (A typical lame-brained line: "I thought I'd wake up dead," cracks Reynolds, regarding consciousness after awakening an overdose of sleeping pills). And also like Lewis, Reynolds seems to have become so fatigued or concealed that he is forced to delegate the most energetic comedy business to an eager second banana, Dom DeLuise. With Sally Field, Joanne Woodward, and Kristy McNichol. 1978.

• (Ken, 12/17 through 19)
Eisenhead — Equipped with a too sooty black-and-white image and a sadistically overamplified soundtrack, David Lynch's nightmare visions belong somewhere in the area of "fantastic art," but have found a somewhat uncomfortable home on the midnight-cult circuit. The main narrative thread, if one can be extracted from the jumpy snail, centers around a slimy, encephalic birdlike creature (a fine example of "montage" special effects, and one that the makers of *STAR WARS* and *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS* might well look at with envy), which has somehow been sired by the movie's sadistic hero, and which now lies on a table in his apartment, mewling, spitting up, contracting chicken pox, and being generally disgusting, and this thread possesses something of the quality of Gogol's and Kafka's satirical horror stories.

The Duchess and the Driveway Fox — Veteran writer-director Mel Frank delivers one scene that's on a par with the material he used to give Bob Hope and Danny Kaye: two stagecoach passengers going in a sort of piddly polka to so as not to be understood by a third party ("I'll stoned by a third party"). But by then, you are in red mood to laugh. By then, Frank has demonstrated a sense of color and composition equal to a kindergarten finger-painter; George Segal has plagiarized George Burns with his cigar, his lascivious tongue, and his marionette mouth, and Gaille Hawn has masterfully mimicked three different dialects and sung one city three different times ("You can touch my berries, but please don't touch my plums..."). Eventually, by the time the bobby Vinton sings "Lollipop," Lemmy Duggs, and Rainbows, a song which is to be repeated over the end credits, you are in no mood even to jeer. 1978.

• (Mira Mesa Cinema)
The End — But Reynolds cultivates a mustache and beard which serve to muffle, or muzzle, his charm as a comic actor, and also serve to enhance his image as a serious actor. In that, it-begotten movie, Reynolds further demonstrates his seriousness by handing a subject of doubt, if not indelible, comic possibilities — the subject of terminal illness and suicide (A typical lame-brained line: "I thought I'd wake up dead," cracks Reynolds, regarding consciousness after awakening an overdose of sleeping pills). And also like Lewis, Reynolds seems to have become so fatigued or concealed that he is forced to delegate the most energetic comedy business to an eager second banana, Dom DeLuise. With Sally Field, Joanne Woodward, and Kristy McNichol. 1978.

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although not as firmly embedded in a believable background and a liquid, factual tone. The shock value of the movie's various images of excruciations, eruptions, diseases, and depictions, and so forth, is largely nullified by its thorough submersion in a delirious, delusional world where anything goes but nothing ever comes of it. Still, this pitiless little movie, produced in co-operation with the American Film Institute, leaves you with the feeling in the pit of your stomach that you are apt to have after stepping accidentally on a snail. 1977.

• (Guild, 12/16 midnight)
Farewell, My Lovely — An old-style, meticulously plotted and paced private-eye case steers perilously close to parody (Robert Mitchum's droll first-person narration, the bluesy horn solo on the soundtrack, Charlotte Rampling's Bacall impersonation). But Dick Richards' steady-handed direction holds it to a course so straight and sure that it achieves instead a kind of fundamental rigor. This early Raymond Chandler novel, filmed twice before in the Forties, has been tampered with only slightly and helpfully, a couple of messy spots have been tidied up, and a couple of nice gimmicks have been added (the detective follows Magnum's 56-gauge hitting streak in the daily papers all the while that he pursues his own, grueling summer ordeal). And it's been decked out with an immense, insidious home-movie blue and gray suits wandering in a desecrated, intimidating environment of lurid colored lights and vulgar cluttered decor — like the interior of a portal machine. 1975.

• (Paloma, 12/14 and 15)
Foul Play — Comedy thriller assembled by the Dr. Frankenstein method, from the assorted body parts of past thrillers. This sort of grave-robbing,

scoffing, and sewing procedure is apt to cause some spectators some aesthetic ap-earnsness, but the resulting creation is reasonably well coordinated and good looking. Chevy Chase, in his first big film role, gets only an occasional chance to show the smirking, winking style of comedy he cultivated on SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. He shows instead the good sense not to force his charms where there is no chance. Heffer laughs are raised by Dudley Moore as a world-bee singer who has acquired his technique from men's magazines and adult book stores, and by Burgess Meredith when he faces off against Rachel Roberts in a life-and-death karate duel. With Gaille Hawn, Eugene Roche, and Billy Barty, written and directed by Colin Higgins. 1978.

• (University Town Centre)
The Fox — Diagrammatic adaptation of the D.H. Lawrence novelette allows very few unselfish moments, such as the one about coming in from the winter cold and savoring a hot cup of coffee in a simple country kitchen. Most of the time, the peaceful Canadian farm is forced to seem terribly sinister, and, making matters worse, Sandy Dennis is just about the last person in the world you want to observe portraying sexual repression. With Anne Heywood, Kerr Dallas, directed by Mark Rydell. 1968.

• (Ken, 12/15 and 16)
The Go-Between — A hoary old man's rainy-day remembrance of a traumatic boyhood summer, which he

spent in sumptuous English countryside, scampering conspiratorially between the majestic household of cool, blond aristocrats and the neighboring farmhouse tenanted by a sweetly, dark commoner. The polite conversation (by Historic Pictures) out of an L.P. Hartley novel) is spiked with

nasty thorns and thistles, the



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setting-up of the milieu (Joseph Losey, director, and Gerry Fisher, cameraman) is effortless and assured, but the dramatic tone is rather overinflated by the all too obvious actors (Alan Bates, Edward Fox, Julie Christie, and especially, quivering and queaking Margaret Leighton) and by the exasperating music (Michel Legrand) 1971

*** (La Paloma, 12/17 through 19)

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and a ratty desperado. They are played, respectively, by Mary Steenburgen, who looks as if she has stepped out of a Jacques Louis David portrait, and Jack Nicholson, who sounds as if he is in constant need of Dr. Frankenstein's assistant. Nicholson working also as director for the first time since DRIVE, HE SAID, keeps the camera hovering close to their faces, lavishing equal love on hers and his own, and the movie's considerable charm owes more to her demureness than to his devilry. The painterly images by the French cinematographer

rapher Nestor Almendros whip up a thicker atmosphere than this headlong western comedy needs or merits. 1978
** (Sports Arena 6)
Groove — Placated, inflated, and bulging grotesque replica of the 1950s — a jaunty 1970s replica with 1970s music, dance, and condescension, irritating the Byrnes and bobby-sox milieu. There are some pleasant musical numbers, a parallel-constructed duet that pringspins between John Travolta at the football stadium bleachers and Olivia Newton-John at the high school lunch tables. Frankie Avalon's "Bobby's School Dropout" fantasy sequence and Travolta's "Stranded at the Drive-In" lament. (This last number memorably once and for all the classic double entendre snack bar advertisement in which a hoteling bus commands a woman to do somersaults before it enters its cozy folds.) Travolta is given rather little to do, although he is encouraged to do it over and over again, his oddest, and funniest, moments come when he is put through a series of athletic trials at most identical to Buster Keaton's in COLLEGE. This tricky, blowy musical is so cliché-minded (plumber party, "Lovers' Lane," high school hop, drug race, etc.) that it inevitably strikes a less resonating cultural chord, but it has no idea how to develop them into a meaningful whole. With Stockard Channing, Eve Arden, Sam Casar, directed by Randal Kloser. 1978
** (Flower Hill Cinema 1; Frontier Drive-In; Mira Mesa Cinemas; Parkway 3)

Sports Arena 6; Vineyard Twin 2)

The Groove Tube — Ostensibly a larkoff on television, this collection of Ken Shapiro skits transferred to film from underground TV, strays way beyond the actual and the probable in search of laughs (a kiddie show with storytime pornography readings, sports coverage of the Tijuana Sex Olympics, etc.). So what it has to do with television is often very little, it manages to be wild, in some sense, continually, and to be amusing sporadically. It should well please the intended audience, who can recognize itself by a favorable reaction to the word "groove" 1974
* (University Towne Centre)

The Happy Hooker — A dirty trick With Lynn Redgrave in variable hard-core, myeloid, and lipstick, as Kari Kerkorian, directed by Nicholas Sperro. 1975
* (Dixie)

The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington — The number of known names in the cast is depressing testimony to the difficulty of finding decent jobs in today's Hollywood. (Some of the knowns — Ed Williams, Joyce Kilmer — appear exclusively in the credits and never make it onto the screen.) All of them, and the most conspicuously George Hamilton and his flashing teeth, seem to have no idea how to develop them into a meaningful whole. With Stockard Channing, Eve Arden, Sam Casar, directed by Randal Kloser. 1978
** (Flower Hill Cinema 1; Frontier Drive-In; Mira Mesa Cinemas; Parkway 3)

only? "Only if you're in a car driving fast when you're 17" as if the magnates herself to be the new Max Baer. In reality, she is just a punk. Directed by William Levy. 1977
* (Star)

Heaven Can Wait — Warren Beatty's atavistic remake of HERE COMES MR. JORDAN — he's the star, the producer, the co-writer (with Elaine May) and the co-director (with Buck Henry) — is scrupulously clean, moderately liberal, inventively inventive, and refreshingly airy. Such qualities were rampant in the Depression years when this comedy farfary came, but have been increasingly scarce ever since. The only sparkling recovery was in making the specific job with current California interests: industrial pollution, the declining population, health foods, and the L.A. Home Super Bowl. The director is graced with delicate comic touches, and the supporting cast, especially Katharine Hepburn as Jean Arden, is patronizingly panned on the head for being a woman who takes an interest in politics, speaks her own mind, gets hopping mad, and yet still displays deep maternal instincts to ward the boyishly cowering leading man. Her underdeveloped romance with Beatty is supposed to be automatically fascinating simply because she and he were once an "item" in the Hollywood gossip columns. With Jack Warden, James Mason, Buck Henry, and Dylan Cannon. 1978
** (Harbor Drive-In; Sports Arena 6; UA Cinema 1; University Towne Centre; Vineyard Twin 1)

House Calls — Uncomplicated romantic comedy about a widowed doctor whose Second Youth is jeopardized by a forthright divorcee who plays only for keeps. Both of them are presented uncritically, and a bit too sweetly, as "good catches." The wispish dialogue by a bureau of screenwriters and the deft playing by Walter Matthau and Genda Jackson are like a rich ambrosia atop the threadbare storyline. With Richard Benjamin, and Art Carney, directed by Howard Zief. 1978
*** (Center Cinema 3)

International Velvet — Sparingly plotted sequel to NATIONAL VELVET, strung together with the most verbose narration heard outside a Jacques Cousteau underwater documentary. Most of its "adult" and common-sense innovations merely undermine the fantasy quality of the original: for instance, the dispatcher writing pornography, novels under the pen name "Jacqueline Delacour" in order to foot the bill for the heroine's riding lessons, or the replacement of the neck-and-neck ride of the steeplechase

with the more tight-nerved tensions of Olympic-style equestrianism. Obviously, a great chance for emotional resonance was lost by the new Max Baer. In reality, she is just a punk. Directed by William Levy. 1977
* (Star)

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MOVIES

son by an unrelenting tirade that must have been paid under the table by the aspirin industry, is, if not dead, at least comatose. Caddyshack at thirty in vain to musically the events forward with musically aggressive camerawork, the most extreme example of which is a series of laughable shots taken through the golden spray-painted anthers of a sacred stag. With Irene Pappas. 1977
* (Ken, 12/20 and 21)

Islands in the Stream — Hemingway's discursive unfinished novel wasn't yet pulled together when the author died, but the movie-makers, undaunted, plow through two barely connected storylines, one a family drama and the other a TO HAVE AND

NOT smuggling escapade, as though they imagine they are dealing with great fundamental wisdom (I know now, they have the two confidants at the end, there is no one thing that is true, it is all true). Despite their obvious worthlessness of him, the movie-makers have tenderized the author, and his worrisome masculinity, with some demonstrative eroticism, some childish comedy relief, and a final maudlin hallucination in which the general lover hero sees himself and his family united in love and in glowing white clothing. George C. Scott is generally a better actor the closer he plays to paralysis, and the stereotyped Hemingway hero seems to inspire him in that direction. But the fictional character, the artist Thomas

Hudson, tends to disappear into the Hemingway mystique and the white-whiskers Papa Hemingway makeup job. With David Hemmings, Glenn Close, Susan Lynett, directed by Franklin Schaffner. 1977
** (Harbor Drive-In)

Kentucky Fried Movie — The Los Angeles-based Kentucky Fried Theater ensemble makes its movie debut with strung together parodies of movies and television (included are an interminable take-off on Bruce Lee and a reasonably amusing shorter one on TV courtroom dramas). These

parodies use a grapefruit attack, which is to say they are of target more than on. Obviously, this movie is in the footsteps of THE GROOVE TUBE and TUNNELVISION — in sense of humor is collegiate (i.e., barfatic) and it qualifies as movie only by technicality. Cameo appearances by Bill Bixby, Donald Sutherland, and George Lazenby, directed by John Landis. 1977
** (Vogue)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar — Case history of a single, hair swinger, chronicles in full from Irish Catholic

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virginity to Sexual Revolution, the writer-director, crams the movie with a mixture of various types and of dubious merit. He noncommittally offers up several large clues to the heroine's self-destructive, self-debasing nature, plus, for added psychological "insight," several ludicrously over-the-top fantasy sequences (in one, she imagines herself winning an Olympic Gold Medal for figure skating; in another, her father, lying in his coffin, opens his eyes, Court Dracula-style and laughs maniacally). He also throws in a whopper of a red herring—namely, the heroine's job as a patient, compassionate, and miraculously successful teacher of deaf children—in order to build her up as a Jekyll-and-Hyde figure, "Saint Theresa by day, swinging Terry by night." And to give the story an additional Puritanical tenor, he shooshes in several forebodings of swinging Terry's inevitable bloody demise (why inevitable? why not surprising?). It all adds on a bit and a bit less. With Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiel, and others (Campus Drive In; Frontier Drive In; Strand, 12/18 and 19)

The Lords of Flatbush — The promotional campaign for this special American GRAFTL, which does a disservice to the human condition, is a creation of Brooklyn, late-1960s, indulging in much less wing-fapping and crowing, is not at all guaranteed to appeal to the same crowd. The first feature of Stephen Verona and Martin Davidson, while funny at times in a painful and secondary sort of way, is concerned mainly with the pill-popping of characters who have nothing much to do, nothing much to say, and who frequently run into each other in the same time and place (for some of the lack of imagination the movie-makers must share the blame). To get away with camerawork so detached and docile, the two directors bring heavily on the economy and creativity their unapologetic actors and the actors to the limited details, come through nicely. Sylvester Stallone, also credited with "additional dialogue," particularly puts more than his share of the load, and his share is the biggest to begin with, in the role of the big moon in a gang of high school kids on the verge of doing separate ways in adulthood. With Perry King, Susan Blakesley, and Henry King (Campus Drive In)

Lucky Lady — A marriage-a-la-mode of bootlegging, bootlegging, and the Mexican border is played, broadly-minded, or leech-like-minded, as simply another contribution to the buddy genre. The strangeness of the unorthodox arrangement is probed no deeper than the dead-end expressions on hotel clerks, real estate agents, etc. The strangest aspect — the incomprehensible aspect — is how this particular anecdotal Buxy-Burny female is able to keep them all in her handsome males wrapped around to her fingers, left and right (Buxy is the word for it). In the role, Lisa Merrill forges another characterization to give him and inspiration to young women everywhere of queen-sized self-esteem and pawn-sized talent. All the fixings are on hand for a quality, jaunty period piece, but they are

squashed beneath the Ravon hallucination haze of Geoffrey Unwin's image and the oppressive merriment of the music. Gene Hackman, Bud Reynolds, directed by Stanley Donen, 1978. (Mira Mesa Cinema)

Meat — The old gimmick of the ventriloquist's dummy with a mind of its own, good enough for a short-story segment in DEAD OF NIGHT, good enough for a TWILIGHT ZONE episode, but blown up here to feature

atrial to divulge the facts of the case in her own sweet time. With Richard Burton and Lee Remick, directed by Jack Gold, 1978. (Twilight Zone 2, Spring Valley)

Midnight Express — The true story of the old gimmick of the ventriloquist's dummy with a mind of its own, good enough for a short-story segment in DEAD OF NIGHT, good enough for a TWILIGHT ZONE episode, but blown up here to feature

smooth, liquid y because of his habit of singing, primarily, to himself, and she hawks the two interesting features with an exceptional cast of the mysterious photographer, E. J. Belasco, who diligently captured the working girl of the district on film. The movie seems frozen in the same way that a still photo is frozen, and it "develops" hardly more than a still photo "develops." It never really gets moving, but it is indeed enriched in a cozy, tasteful color scheme, dominated by browns, and in rich, fastidious sets and costumes. Which is perhaps just what you ought to expect from a script written by an experienced production designer, namely Polly Platt, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields, photographed by Sven Nykvist, directed by Louis Malle, 1978. (Campus Drive In; Frontier Drive In; Strand, 12/18 and 19)

Saturday Night Fever — A so-called, popularized version of the MEAN STREETS topic: the half-relation of Italian Catholic buddies in the New York borough. You can also see traces of ROCKY in the awkward, inarticulate boy-girl romance, and in the Sylvester Stallone poster that hangs on the wall alongside the more respectable poster of Bruce Lee. Al Pacino, and Ferris Buccini (John Avildsen, the director of ROCKY, was not in this project early in production). The lead roles — a paint store clerk who, Choderlos-like, blossoms into a discoing every weekend — his John Travolta as snuggly as his pants, and who is scolded, directed, and later in 1946 (preceded, though, by a font of the black-and-white Universal Pictures logo, circa 1931), the story of He's Kitchen, professional wrestling, and three chummy brothers is infused with an atmosphere so thick it could close down La Guardia airport. Stallone, dressed in a black and white, is a good example of a good person in a good place, a raring party of cook-roaches, and an organ grinder's monkey, but he has so little understanding of character development that, for a change of pace, he has two of the brothers, badly exchange personalities as easily as swapping overalls. Stallone gives himself a gratuitous role, but with his fognish voice, this is not a particularly satisfying move. He is actually out-charmed by the gentle-giant performance of heavy-weight boxer Lee Canaleto, with Ryan O'Neal and Candice Bergen, directed by John Korty. (Loma, from 12/15)

National Lampoon's Animal House — Surprisingly coherent and polished piece of work, considering it's from the writers of the National Lampoon and the director of KENTUCKY FRED MOVIE, not as raucous as you might expect, held in check perhaps by the tighter morals of the 1962 censorship, and not as funny as the first. This last-house comedy has good rapport with the lowbrow crowd, a rapport it maintains in its constant congratulations and rewards it hands out to its understanding goof-off characters. With John Belushi, Matthew, directed by John Landis, 1978. (Cinema Plaza 5; Valley Cinema)

Forever My Love — A moderately lengthy and rather over-the-top production, which might justify such lavish expansion, with Anthony Hopkins, Anthony Margul, and Burgess Meredith, directed by Richard Attenborough, 1978. (Cinema Plaza 5; Valley Cinema)

The Medusa Touch — Following in the footsteps of De Palma's CARRIE and THE FURY, but going a couple of steps further, this supernatural thriller defines "telekinetics" as a mental power sufficient to bring about the flood or the parting of the Red Sea. In real life, you would be pretty impressed if someone, by power of concentration, were able to deflate a begonia; but the people behind this movie seem to have not been impressed unless their psychic superman is giving a jumbo jet to a London skyscraper or is disassembling Minister Cathedral stone by stone. Rich, creamy color images of a disassembling, a silently automotive performance by Lino Ventura as a detective who does not believe in the progress is made to look effortless.

Heavily — Robert Altman proceeds to course over salient features of the American scene with amazing, canny mobility. His leaps-and-bound progress is made to look effortless.

spring, but Agnes Varela is a woman born to stare, and she has a camera, and she hawks the two interesting features with an exceptional cast of the mysterious photographer, E. J. Belasco, who diligently captured the working girl of the district on film. The movie seems frozen in the same way that a still photo is frozen, and it "develops" hardly more than a still photo "develops." It never really gets moving, but it is indeed enriched in a cozy, tasteful color scheme, dominated by browns, and in rich, fastidious sets and costumes. Which is perhaps just what you ought to expect from a script written by an experienced production designer, namely Polly Platt, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields, photographed by Sven Nykvist, directed by Louis Malle, 1978. (Campus Drive In; Frontier Drive In; Strand, 12/18 and 19)

Padre Padrone — The Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio's — Cannes festival award-winner, a parable of oppression adapted from Gavino Ledda's autobiography about his ascendancy from Sardinian shepherd to linguist. The hero's moments of enlightenment — his discovery of music, his immersion in Latin — are truly inspiring, but the movie-makers dwell longer on the barbarism from which he has risen: his father comes to yank him out of the school-room, and shamefaced, he pees in his pants; he runs away from a snake in the night and his father, to teach him a lesson, drags him back and flogs him with the whip; and so on. The movie is renowned for the incoherence of its soundtrack; the onery goat who delivers a M. Dr. minor monolog is his delicately malapropous into a mispell is not, however, the best example of that incoherence; neither is the "horror" of the movie, which is a good example of the countryside at night.

Paradise Alley — Baroque entertainment from Sylvester Stallone, on whose scrawny neck it is based, and who is scolded, directed, and later in 1946 (preceded, though, by a font of the black-and-white Universal Pictures logo, circa 1931), the story of He's Kitchen, professional wrestling, and three chummy brothers is infused with an atmosphere so thick it could close down La Guardia airport. Stallone, dressed in a black and white, is a good example of a good person in a good place, a raring party of cook-roaches, and an organ grinder's monkey, but he has so little understanding of character development that, for a change of pace, he has two of the brothers, badly exchange personalities as easily as swapping overalls. Stallone gives himself a gratuitous role, but with his fognish voice, this is not a particularly satisfying move. He is actually out-charmed by the gentle-giant performance of heavy-weight boxer Lee Canaleto, with Ryan O'Neal and Candice Bergen, directed by John Korty. (Loma, from 12/15)

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Other's Story — Sequel to LOVE STORY, based on the book by Eric Segal, with Ryan O'Neal and Candice Bergen, directed by John Korty. (Loma, from 12/15)

The One and Only — Ghostly-looking movie (tabooish in tone, based on settings) about a starstruck woman who acts as if the world is his oyster and who is supposed to be exposed for his behavior because Henry Winkler plays the role. With Kim Darby and Gene Jones, directed by Carl Reiner, 1978. (UA Cinema 1)

One Single, the Other Doesn't — This feminist, transsexual and sisterhood-simpling coincides with a couple of other female "buddy" movies, JULIA and THE TURNING POINT, to signal a kind of backlash to the profane male "buddy" movies. The principle of "separate but equal" is evident. The friendship here, sustained mainly through postcards and long-distance well-wishing, is not as convincing, nor, it follows, very in-

Pretty Baby — A faded, laundered memory of the notorious Storyville, New Orleans '98, light district and of the mysterious photographer, E. J. Belasco, who diligently captured the working girl of the district on film. The movie seems frozen in the same way that a still photo is frozen, and it "develops" hardly more than a still photo "develops." It never really gets moving, but it is indeed enriched in a cozy, tasteful color scheme, dominated by browns, and in rich, fastidious sets and costumes. Which is perhaps just what you ought to expect from a script written by an experienced production designer, namely Polly Platt, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields, photographed by Sven Nykvist, directed by Louis Malle, 1978. (Campus Drive In; Frontier Drive In; Strand, 12/18 and 19)

Story of Adele H. — Truffaut, in the Seventies, divides his time evenly between the serious and the frivolous: first one, then the other. This one belongs with the first type, along with WILD CHILD and TWO ENGLISH GIRLS, in ping-pong opposition to BED AND BOARD, SUCH A GORGEOUS KID, LOVE ME, and DAY FOR NIGHT. If this opposition also happens to separate his period pictures from his present pictures, it probably shouldn't be taken to mean that Truffaut, like the Thelberg-Selznick mogul of Hollywood Past, conceives of a "classy" movie in terms of horse-drawn carriages, ruffled cuffs, canes, and put pads. But it probably could be taken to mean that his sensibility, when it is most nakedly exposed, is not quite of the present-day world. Even if he's not, Truffaut tends to be preoccupied with sentimental, wistful, and in ADELE H., he is dealing with a documented case of famous and the story of Truffaut's daughter who runs away from her famous father's home and bravely follows a sea and runs a soldier across the Pacific to his outpost in the New World. It is a tale of misadventure, loss, her wild, monomaniacal romanticism set against his stiff-necked pragmatism. Truffaut, in 1951, was not as calculated, well-crafted, but tender brand of romanticism, urges us to see his misadventure as a sort of mystic, beyond reach, beyond reproach. With Isabelle Adjani, 1975. (UA Cinema 1, 12/17 through 18)

Superman — Christopher Reeve stars as the Man of Steel, with Mark Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, and Glenn Ford, directed by Richard Donner, 1978. (Cinema 21, from 12/15)

Supervisors — In the early going, Russ Meyer gets the heartening impression of having regained his fitful form, especially in the snappy business around Martin Barm's Texaco station (a cheaply coultre greys in the doorman of the ladies' room) and the aging attendant's snuggles on his own. With his wife, an insatiable man-eater who is at the moment taking on her bad, striking 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 highbrow film journals). He quickly exhausts his bag of razor-dadze tricks, and with nowhere to hide or catch his breath in the single

Slow Dancing in the Big City — Comedy-romance concocted from old Tracy and Hepburn recipe, about two sensitive Manhattanites who both have the aging attendant's snuggles on his own. With his wife, an insatiable man-eater who is at the moment taking on her bad, striking 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 highbrow film journals). He quickly exhausts his bag of razor-dadze tricks, and with nowhere to hide or catch his breath in the single

Swamp Thing — A radically scary, balletic dancer, diving her frail body to an early wheelchair, and the man (Paul Sorvino) a Daily News columnist who encounters heart-warming human interest stories on every streetcorner, a marshallable version of the megalomaniacal success in THE SWEET SMELL OF CULDEE (1967).

actually less like a New York newspaperman than a Mayor Beame spokesman for civic pride, decency, and the Mayor's "good" ideas. Belasco, who diligently captured the working girl of the district on film. The movie seems frozen in the same way that a still photo is frozen, and it "develops" hardly more than a still photo "develops." It never really gets moving, but it is indeed enriched in a cozy, tasteful color scheme, dominated by browns, and in rich, fastidious sets and costumes. Which is perhaps just what you ought to expect from a script written by an experienced production designer, namely Polly Platt, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields, photographed by Sven Nykvist, directed by Louis Malle, 1978. (Campus Drive In; Frontier Drive In; Strand, 12/18 and 19)

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track storyline, he slips into dual-witted and mechanical routine, interrupted only occasionally by a burst of inspiration. Stan Eubank, a wretched, few-something-to-look-with look on his 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 dims in a hurry. 1975. (New Valley Drive In)

Tail Driver — The movie-makers, director Martin Scorsese and scriptwriter Paul Schrader, have started with an old-style Warner Brothers working-man premise and tried to cram the learning into it: existentialist philosophy from Sartre and Camus, homages in Bresson's PICKPOCKET and GIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, lyrical sketches of New York After Dark styled after undergrounds like Peter Goldman, and a gory sexual shoddy styled after Peckinpah. None of this learning, however, is injected into the seething, glazed-eyed principal character, a White Knight obsessed with hiding the city streets of human garbage (mostly all that's divulged about a cab driver's profession, the movie might as well be called STREET CLEANER). Yet, "ever have to confront this slow-witted semi-literate's ideas as ideas, and you aren't given sufficient clues to figure out what makes him tick. The portrait of this character is enough to give you the creeps, but not much more. Robert De Niro, Cybil Shepherd, Julie Foster, Henry Kotel, 1976. (Strand, 12/17)

The Tenant — A meek Parisian clerk takes over an apartment whose previous occupant leaped out the window, and he gradually comes to suspect there is a conspiracy among his neighbors to drive him out the same window. It is tempting to see Roman Polanski's black comedy of urban paranoia as a companion piece to his REPLICATION, only in the masculine gender, with Polanski himself playing the tough, pitiful little hero. Really, though, it has as much in common with Roman Polanski's PRESIDENT OF SECOND AVENUE, the man similar to the tenant's, is in the mechanical — and very skillful — management of light gimmicks. This one, however, presents such a gnawing part of queer characters and bizarre occurrences that there is no standard by which to gauge the hero's sanity, and all it adds up to is little more than some really nasty tricks for the viewer. A classy and funny piece of work, with crowded, claustrophobic decor and chilly, grainy color (Sven Nykvist, photographer), but a bit of a miscalculation. With Isabelle Adjani, Shelley Long, Melvin Douglas, and Jo Van Fleet, 1976. (Strand, 12/20 and 21)

Up in Smoke — Cheech and Chong's marijuana pot piece is simply a

stinker (a pot stinker? a stinkpot?). Gas masks are advised. With Stacy Keach and Tom Skerritt, directed by Lou Adler, 1978. (Alvarado Drive In; Baboon, Century 12; Cinema Plaza 5; Parkway 1; Plaza 12; South Arena 6; University Towne Centre, Vogue)

Vision — Russ Meyer liddies around in the forests of Canada, or thereabouts, choreographing every sort of sexual stunt he can imagine (the only constant is mammoth mammas), and throwing in, for good measure, a bisexually lascivious, hopelessly timely racial slur. Unrelentingly raucous and, in the long run, tiresome. With Erica Gavin, 1976. (New Valley Drive In)

Waterbury Down — The decently up-dated cartoon version of Richard Adams' best-seller recalls Walt Disney's early features in its meticulous mimicking of real-life animal models. It always stays stricter 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 cute caricature. Like Disney, too, it has a sense of half-blooded melodrama, although the timing of its

stone cold at a party where everyone else is wagging a loose and a thick tongue and laughing giddily at absolutely nothing. The security guards led by John Considine, with their military manners, plain d'ink suits, and their guns, are "funnier than anything in this movie, but no less broad. Carol Burnett, Desi Arnaz, Jr., Dina Merrill, Lillian Gish, Nina Van Pallandt, Vittorio Gassman, and Mia Farrow, directed by Robert Altman, 1978. (Cove, from 12/15)

Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? — Robert Altman's clever, perverse, and lethally venomous valentine to Old Hollywood, filmed in Rudolph Valentino's baroque former residence, where two retired show-biz sisters are shut away in a deremented battle of wits. For the most part, the mixture of has-beens, might-have-beens, and still-could-be-dreams of stardom, the casting of Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Joan Crawford, is nothing short of inspirational. And on occasion, with surprising suddenness, Altman is able to bring to the fore the grotesqueness of the situation. 1962. (Kia, 12/15 and 16)

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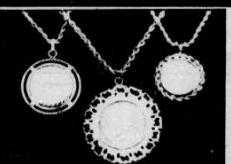


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Gold Coin jewelry has become one of the most fashionable of all gold jewelry to be worn. We have in stock over 150 settings for gold coins. These make beautiful gifts and with the way the price of gold has traditionally risen the price of these gems have risen as well. These are not only remain gorgeous jewelry but a sound investment. Remember our name La Jolla Coin Center, we've been in the coin business for over 10 years. We know how to deliver to you first quality Gold Coin Jewelry and at prices not to be beat.



Diamond Pendants

Remember going into your favorite jewelry store and seeing those gorgeous pendants with a beautiful diamond. Oh yes, and remember the beautiful price. Well remember no longer. We offer these attractive pendants at a mere fraction of what you would expect.

Retail Price \$47 Our Low Price \$23.99



Italian 14KT Gold Serpentine

7" Serpentine Bracelet	Retail \$18.00	Our Low Price.....	\$7.99
15" Serpentine Chain	Retail \$32.00	Our Low Price.....	\$13.99
18" Serpentine Chain	Retail \$40.00	Our Low Price.....	\$16.99
20" Serpentine Chain	Retail \$45.00	Our Low Price.....	\$18.99
24" Serpentine Chain	Retail \$47.00	Our Low Price.....	\$19.99



Diamond High Style Rings

These are 14KT gold rings with genuine diamonds. Dazzle your friends with these beauties. They are available now at this incredible low price and we will even have them sized for free!!

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14KT Charm

14KT solid gold charms. Each charm is a precious addition to any chain or bracelet. You can purchase any of the above charms at our low price.

Retail Price \$20 Our Low Price \$9.95



Maximilian Rings and Pendants

When was the last time you saw either a coin ring or pendant as pretty as these. We have seen these offered for as much as \$5.00 in major department stores. But not from La Jolla Coin Center. We offer these at a price not soon to be repeated.

Retail Price \$64.95 Our Low Price \$23.99

SUPER BONUS: With any purchase with this ad, you can buy:

14KT Floating Heart Retail Price \$8.99 Our Price \$2.99

14KT Puffed Heart Retail Price \$14.99 Our Price \$6.99

La Jolla Coin Center

7521 La Jolla Blvd. at Pearl 459-4101

Hours:
9-5 Weekdays
9-5 Saturday
Open Christmas Eve
9a.m.-2p.m. Absolutely ends December 24

Second Section

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

The one new wave band that has been successful of sustaining interest is the Ramones. Considering that ninety percent of the groups that have been designated as new wave seem unable to transcend their status as adolescent misanthropes (or, more accurately, (d.s.) with bachelor degrees), the Ramones' consistency is noteworthy. After their first two records, I smugly assumed that their surplus of rage, irony, and collegial humor had pretty much been spent. They came back to prove me wrong with two equally barbarous but slightly more varied and winsome albums — "Rocket to Russia" and "Road to Ruin." The Ramones have a bizarre catalogue of songs which swing from the downright as child beating ("Beat on the Beat"), mental vomiting ("Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue," "I Wanna Be Sedated"), spontaneous murder ("Glad to See You Go"), beach parties ("Rockaway Beach"), and frequenting punk discos ("Crazy Heart"). They also tackle oldies with less solemnity than your average AM radio host will pay a fortune for every lugubrious Buddy Holly or Motown cover version Linda



RAMONES

Roadside can crack out, but they snicker when you rave about the Ramones' rendition of "California Sun" and "Needles and Pins." Stylistically, they haven't changed much in the course of four albums: you still hear the same revved-up chords, roadrunner tempos, and amorphous vocals, and none of their songs lasts longer than the necessary three minutes. Although I don't agree with those who claim

the Ramones are the best of their particular genre (I'm holding out for Talking Heads and Devo), they've proven they are here to stay for a while. Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee, and new drummer Marky offer another session of aural laboratory Friday night at the Backdoor. Adding to the madness will be the Penetrators. When faced with a famine, the temptation to feast on crumbs is

unavoidable. A couple of months ago I called Rods of Creation the finest local reggae band I was being disingenuous, as far as I know, they're the only one. When inspired, Rods can surprise in the same way a talented paragon band can surprise. When uninspired (as they were at Starlight Bowl in October), they may as well stay in a garage. I still believe they have enough of the

needed ambivalence associated with the better reggae groups to men, unapologetic, what they lack is a guiding direction to help them fulfill that promise. Inagone goes over quite well in Lincoln, so maybe just maybe their Saturday night performance at the La Jolla will help steer them in that crucial direction.

— Steve Esmedina

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Hungry Hunter MARY PERRIN performs Thursday through Saturday
LARRY PAGE performs Sunday
At The Hungry Hunter near OCEANSIDE (413 2633)
NIGHTSONG performs Sunday - Tuesday
HUMMINGBIRD performs Wednesday - Saturday

Monterey Bricks located in RANCHO BERNARDO 11940 Bernardo Village Dr. Phone 565-2493 485-1262

The London Opera House located in CLAIRMONT corner of Balboa & Genesee Phone 279-2390

DEE AND KEVIN perform Tuesday through Saturday

Bill Brackett Show performs Sun. and Mon.
DALLAS COLLINS MONTRE performs Tues. - Sat.

Wayne Gire performs Sunday and Monday
OH! RIDGE performs Tues. through Sat.

ENTERTAINMENT SCHEDULE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. PHONE FOR INFORMATION

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene



Thursday night
TALL COTTON
Friday & Saturday night
JOHN SCOTT
and
JERRY MC CANN
and
LEFT COAST

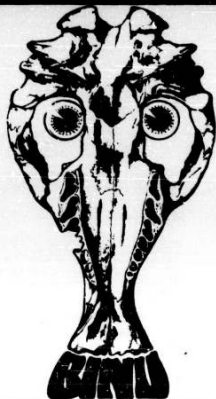
143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

La Paloma
1st & D Streets • Encinitas • 436-8508



ROOTS OF CREATION

IN CONCERT SAT DEC 16, 8-10:30, \$1



JAZZ
JAMES NEWTON FLUTE • MARK CHESLER BASS • TYLON BARRA PERCUSSION
IN CONCERT • SAT DEC 23 • 8:30 PM • \$3.75

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday. Send information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92181 or call 234-1507 by 4 p.m. Friday. IMPORTANT! Information must be received by the Friday preceding the Tuesday issue to insure inclusion.

San Diego Concerts

Boy Ayes and Ubiquity
Starbooby: Caramoran, Thursday, December 14 through Sunday, December 17, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Ramones and The Penetrators
SDSU Montezuma Hall, Friday, December 15, 8 p.m., 236-6947.
Booth of Creation: La Paloma Theatre, Saturday, December 16, and 10:30 p.m., 1st and D streets, Encinitas, 753-2881.

Under Bonaldi and Livingston
Taylor: Sports Arena, Friday, December 22, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Bluu featuring James Newton, Mark Dresser, and Tylon Barr
La Paloma Theatre, Saturday, December 23, 8:30 p.m., 1st and D streets, 753-2881.

Roger McGuinn, Michael Clark, and Chris Hillman: Roy Theatre, Saturday, December 23, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Double Brothers and Eddie Money: Sports Arena, Wednesday, December 27, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Grateful Dead: Golden Hall, Wednesday, December 27, 7:30 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6593.

Cheep Trick and Mick Gilder
Civic Theatre, Tuesday, January 2 and Wednesday, January 3, 8 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6593.

ROXY FM106
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TANYA TUCKER
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Tickets available at Sports Arena Box Office, all Bill Gamble's Stores and Arena Ticket Agencies. Information: (714) 224-4176

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PRODUCED BY WOLF & RISSMILLER CONCERTS

Clubs

Anchorage Fish Company, 5440 La Jolla Boulevard, 459-6834. Gary Russell, Wednesday through Saturday.

Annex, 1802 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Bar, home, country, Tuesday through Saturday. Feelin' top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anthony's Harborside, 1356 North Harbor Drive, 232-8352. Danny Solinas, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Antonio's, 822 National Avenue, National City, 477-2208. Ray's the Limit, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North Johnson Avenue, 442-9827. Neutral Ground, country and soft contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434. Eddie Preston Unlimited, contemporary, oldies, and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Bahia, 908 West Mission Bay Drive, 488-0551. Kwanza, jazz and funk, Thursday through Sunday.

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Outrigger
Comedy

Wednesday
Charles Wellcome
Thursday
Paul Sammon guitar

Friday
Luba Rites autoharp
Tom Grey guitar originals
Saturday
S.D. Sheeks bluegrass & traditional

Sunday
Talent Night please reserve time early!

Monday: Closed

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Savory Desserts

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between F & Bay and
488-1830

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

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022. Tall Cotton, country, Thursday, John Scott, Friday and Saturday.

Black Angus, 1 Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200. Magic, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Black Angus, 5427 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100. Gabe Llopiano Band, pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, 291-8070. Jazz and jazz, contemporary, Wednesday

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December 13-16, 27-Jan. 1
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STARGARD

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FOX THEATRE, 7th & B St.
\$8.50-7.50

Tickets available now at Center Box Office, 202 C Street, all Bill Gamble's Men's Wear and other Select-A-Seat Outlets including Stanley Andrews Sports Outfitters in Escondido and Chula Vista. Information: 236-6510

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 Arctic Box Office
(786-6947) and all Select-A-Seat Outlets.
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WITH SPECIAL GUEST STAR **LIVINGSTON TAYLOR**
FRIDAY • DEC 22 • 8 PM
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Reader's Guide to

through Saturday; Larry Page, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.
Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, 291-5555: Nightly entertainment.
Bolton's Old Place, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-6502: Fred Lohman, R&B, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Spencer, Sunday and Monday.
Cafe Del Rey, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8911: Morning, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Costaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Mateo, 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, 755-5555: Chameleon Ridge, country, Thursday through Saturday.
Chateau, 3533 College Avenue, 582-5320: Acoustic.

contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.
Chubby's Steak House, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-0100: Country folkies, nightly.
Comedy Store, 946 Pearl Street, La Jolla, 454-9176: Funny folks, nightly.
Crossroads, 345 Market Street, downtown, 233-7855: Carl Evans Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday.
Dick's of the Beach, 327 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-7672: Brat, rock, Wednesday through Saturday; North Rail, Monday; Tall Cotton, country, Tuesday.
Distillery, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780: Serpentine Fire, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.
Elk's Club, corner of Commercial and Hensley, 237-9475: Locally, pop, Sunday.

Freddie, Washington at Centre City Parkway, Escondido, 746-1931: Dr. Down, Thursday; Disco Ken, Friday; Kent, Saturday.
Franklin's, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 291-6335: disco and top 40, nightly.
Haley's, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Park, 225-9559: Trivia, top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.
Holligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 274-3474: Ron Bolton Group, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Harpson Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-5242: Stone's Throw, Thursday through Saturday.
His Place, 740 South Escondido Boulevard, 741-1905: Soul Purpose, Friday; Colour, contemporary and Latin, Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, 276-8200: People Movers, top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday; The Mark of Zoro, Sunday and Monday.
Hone Shoe Tavern, 7664 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 467-6344: Eclectic, top 40, Thursday through Saturday.
Hungry Hunter, Interstate 8 at Taylor Street, Mission Valley, 291-8074: Mary Fern, Tuesday through Saturday.
Ivanhoe, Delmar, Sunday, 14240 Poway Road, 748-5311: Sounds of Friendship, contemporary, Monday through Saturday; Dick Brown's Big Band, Friday and Saturday.
Ivy Room, 911 Camino Del Rio South, 574-0641: Lewis and Lee, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Jay's Vegetarian Cafe, 4527 Mission Boulevard, 272-1781: Jackie Lowell, folk, Friday.
Jewett's Steak House, 17051 Avenida Vista, San Diego, 487-7181: Steven Vaux, singer-songwriter, Friday and Saturday.
John Bull, 2201 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201: East/West, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Scillo, guitar, Sunday and Tuesday.
Jose Murphy's, 4322 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: Live bands, nightly.
Journey, 5475 Kearny Villa Road, 279-2040: Frank Sylvest, disco, Thursday; New Day, soul and disco, Friday; M and M's, disco and funk, Saturday; Hollywood Hollis, disco and funk, Sunday.
Kings Little, 1333 Hotel Circle, 2-7-2331: Linda La View, Jack Cloyd, Chris Hoppehammer, and

the Music Scene

Don Loper, old English ballads and Renaissance music, Tuesday through Sunday.
Long Road, 2049 Fifth Avenue, 298-7302: Harry Wolf, Thursday; Iverson Joe, Friday and Saturday.
La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, 753-1488: Cuarteto Crystal, salsa, Thursday through Saturday.
Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383: Bratz, rock, Wednesday; Swing band, Thursday through Saturday.

L'Charm Vegetarian, Boulevard, 151 West Douglas, El Cajon, 442-1331: Maria, classical guitar, Wednesday; Friday and Saturday; Tony, acoustic guitar, Monday and Tuesday.
Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383: Bratz, rock, Wednesday; Swing band, Thursday through Saturday.

Friday, German polka, Saturday, Osearland, Sunday afternoon.
London Opera House, corner of Balboa and Genesee, 279-2390: Dallas Collins McCarty, Tuesday through Saturday; Bill Brackett, Sunday and Monday.
Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017: King Recital, blues, Thursday through Saturday.

Saturday, Soney and Jenkins, contemporary folk styling, Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, outlaws, Monday.
Miss Sam, 2424 Fifth Avenue, 233-6444: Japanese Trio, Friday and Saturday.
Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard, 298-6686: Jack Condon's Quartet.

contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Dove Tostito, Del Mar, Sunday through Tuesday.
Mom's & Pop's, 943 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-3366: Hot rock, Tuesday through Sunday.
Munk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060: SRO, top 40 and disco, Monday through Saturday.

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BRATZ
 Every Friday
THE FRANK SHERMAN ORCHESTRA
JOHN BEST
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 In addition to our regular menu, which includes entrees such as: Scammanan Roast Chicken with sour cream - Cognac sauce & Indonesian Beef Satay with peanut sauce, we offer our International Peasant Feast. The entree and accompanying courses offer traditional & creative peasant cuisine of the country we feature each week.
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 The setting is one of the newest, most New York discos in town... Alison De Rosa, S.D. Tribune
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 every Wednesday night
 This is how it works-upon entering My Rich Uncle's every lady is given a screw and every gentleman is given a nut. But, only three sets of the screws and nuts match. The first couple to find a match wins \$100. 2nd and 3rd couples win assorted prizes.
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 First place \$100 2nd & 3rd - Assorted prizes
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MAGIC NIGHT
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LADIES' NIGHT
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"The soul survivors" X-CHARGETTES VARIETY SHOW
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 Includes: dinner, 1 drink, band, magic act
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 The greatest rock & roll band in San Diego
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Monterey Whaling Company, South Side of Interstate 5 at Mission Center Road, 291-1638. Oni Ridge, Tuesday through Saturday. Wayne "Psychotic" Gise, Sunday and Monday.
Moonglow, 6615 Claremont Drive, 273-1023. Good Times, Tuesday through Saturday. Danny Lopez, Sunday and Monday.
Mulvaney's, 340 West Grand, Escondido, 437-1111. Contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, 583-6070. Ralph Carlson Revue, variety, Tuesday through Saturday.
Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, 465-1730. John Elford, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Gibson, disco, Sunday and Monday.
Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-8822. Ju-Friends, country rock, Friday and Saturday.
Oldies 7 Duetters, 140 South Sierra Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-6733. Coastal Dancers, Thursday, dance contest, Monday; Jerome Carter, Wednesday.
One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 222-2146. Tom Cat, R&B, Thursday; C/T Dig It, country, Friday and Saturday; auditions and special entertainment, Monday. Mashed Homers, variety, Sunday; Greg Long, folk, Tuesday; Kraft She, folk, Wednesday.
Oregon Power Plaza, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, 560-9898. Tommy Stark, Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Wednesday; Chris Gonsch, Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday.
Palomino Star, Main and Hermosa, Chula Vista, 427-5889. Mark Lashlee and the Coronado Cowboys, country-rock, disco, and originals, Thursday through Sunday.
Poseidon, 1607 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 756-9345. Felix, disco, forever.
Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4461 University Avenue, 283-7448. Cien, guitar duo, Tuesday and Thursday; Bill Coleman and Fred Roth, jazz, Wednesday; Lori Bell and Tom Kasper, classical and jazz, Friday and Saturday.
Quinn's, La Jolla Boulevard at Turquoise, 488-0548. Fanny, rock, and Creamy, variety, Thursday through Saturday.
Raspoutine's, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, 223-1693. Ron J. disco, night.
Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, 291-1880. Blue Skies, Tuesday through Saturday.
Reuben's, 5655 Grassmont 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 Heathside, 5530 La Jolla Boulevard, 454-0318. Ray Corea, American traditional and pop Latin, Tuesday through Saturday.
Sandpiper, 6638 Mission Gorge Road, 280-6263. Shane Gang, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.
Shelter Island Inn, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, 222-0561. John Campbell and Crystal, dancing music, Tuesday through Saturday.
Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Road, 291-2960. Fred Thompson and the Guadalupe Philharmonic, Tuesday through Saturday.
Spanky's Saloon, 2855 Midway Drive, 223-3534. Disco, Thursday through Wednesday.
Spirit, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue and Mission Boulevard, 276-3993. Jamblin'way, rock, Friday and Saturday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 590 South Second, El Cajon, 440-5157. Sunk Hollow, mellow folk, Tuesday and Wednesday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny, 566-2272. HomeFide, Wednesday through Saturday.

THE BLUE GUITAR WORKSHOP
 STRINGS ALWAYS 1/2 PRICE

 3969 Arista St.
 291-1830

AN EVENING WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

GOLDEN HALL
 Wednesday, December 27
 Thursday, December 28
 7:30 pm
 Tickets \$7.50/\$8.50 reserved. Available at Center Box Office, Bill Graham's Main Store and all Select-Seat locations. For further information, call 714/236-6576.

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MAKE YOUR PARTY ONE THEY'LL TALK ABOUT!!!
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HURRY!!! Selective Dates Going Fast

Turkey Dressing.

 In addition to our regular menu, this Holiday we have the best dressed turkeys in town... complete with sage dressing, candied yams, pumpkin pie and all the fixin's.
Open from 8 a.m. Christmas Day
SPICERACK
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Best Available Seats
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Cheap Trick Dec. 29th
 A small refundable deposit guarantees you the best seats.
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 Fine Food & Spirits
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\$4.95 Famous Roast Prime Rib of Beef
 Dinners served with a bucket of soup or salad, fresh hot bread and a baked potato with all the trimmings.
Opening mid-December
 Plaza Del Rio Shopping Center
 Reservations Suggested
 6737 La Jolla Blvd. 1400 Camino De La Reina
 Breakfast Facilities Available (Across from Bullock's)
454-0459 297-1661

Swan Song, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802. David Cheney, Romeno guitar, Thursday and Saturday; Chuck Perin, guitar, Friday.
Tavern, 1208 Prospect, La Jolla, 454-9587. Lighthouse, contemporary and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.
Thog's, 1011 Broadway, Chula Vista, 422-9522. Paul Wayne Beach and Friends, dance music, Friday and Saturday.
Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, 291-0110. Laura Zambro, Wednesday through Sunday.
Top of the Arc, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, 291-6700. Mike Spencer and Company, Tuesday through Saturday.
Trojan Horse, 6779 University Avenue, 582-1070. Touch of Country, Wednesday through Saturday; Disco, Sunday through Tuesday.
VIP Lounge, 500 Hotel Circle North, Town and Country Hotel, 291-7331. Best of Friends, pop.
Windstrong, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Three some, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Rita Moss, Tuesday through Saturday.
Zorba's, 1310 Morena Boulevard, 275-5637. Disco and top 40, night.

Los Angeles Concerts
Ramsey Lewis: UCLA Royce Hall, Thursday, December 14, 8 p.m. (213) 825-2953.
Kenny Loggins and Firefall: Anaheim Convention Center, Sunday, December 17, 7:30 p.m. (714) 535-5000.
Linda Ronstadt and Livingston Taylor: Inglewood Forum, Saturday, December 23, 8 p.m. (213) 851-8080.
Grateful Dead: UCLA Royce Hall, Saturday, December 30, 7:30 p.m. (213) 825-2953.
Richard Pryor with Pam La Belle and Roy Avers and Ubiquity: Starbuckey Long Beach Tropic Theater, Thursday, December 28 and Friday, December 29, 8 p.m. 300 East Ocean Boulevard (213) 436-3061.
Marvin Gaye: Hollywood Palladium, Sunday, December 31, 8 p.m. Sunset Boulevard (213) 466-4311.
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) 393-9961.

Clubs
Bucklin Theatre, 657 Froberston, West Hollywood (213) 659-0472. Anita O Day, Thursday through Sunday.
Concerts by the Sea, 100 Fisherman's Wharf, Pacific Beach, (213) 379-4998. Les McCann, Thursday through Sunday.
Dante's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 769-1556. Bill Watrous, Friday and Saturday.
Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach (714) 536-9800. John Hartford, Friday and Saturday; Papa John Creach, Sunday; Larry Carlton, Monday and Tuesday.
Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach, (213) 372-6991. Eddie Harris, Thursday through Sunday.
Palomino, 4007 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 765-9256. Ronnie Baker, Thursday; New Riders of the Purple Horse, Friday and Saturday.
Panison Room, La Brea and Washington, (213) 436-8164. Hank Crawford, Thursday through Sunday.
Roxy, 9005 Sunset Boulevard (213) 474-2100. Top Spot, Friday and Saturday.

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DANCE CONTEST
Free Dance Lessons
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Why is Everyone Talking About the Only True Health Food Restaurant in San Diego?
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 AND BECAUSE WE WANT YOU TO COME FOR LUNCH, AND YOGURT, AND DELIVER WITHIN THE AREA FROM 12-2:30pm... your orders should be called in by 12 noon. FOR JUST A SNACK, OR FOR DINNER WE ARE INCLUDED IN OUR BELOW A COUPON THAT MAY BE USED ON YOUR NEXT VISIT.
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 New Year's Eve Fat Cat's 9th Anniversary Party
 Luthie, 11:00-1:00 am
 Pinball, pool, open night, 11:00-1:00 am, 2:00-4:00 am
 686-6671, 1st Floor, 758-2578

DECEMBER 14, 1978 DECEMBER 14, 1978 57

NORTH COUNTY BASS PLAYERS, we need you (1) to complete our newly formed band to include rock, jazz-rock, and other. Members. Andy 733-4863.

YAMAHA CLASSICAL GUITAR with case, excellent condition. \$120. 270-2732 after 5.

SONY STEREO reel to reel tape recorder, 2 speeds, 2 built-in speakers, new, totally unused. \$85 or best offer. 239-5871.

LEAD SINGER WANTED, male or female, must be into rock and roll and have own transportation. 436-9026.

BASS AMP Head Carvin SC 3000, 150 watts, 7 band graphic equalizer, good condition. Selling for \$225. Steve 290-5350.

STEREO SYSTEM, Yamaha, A.R. S.M.E. ADC. Quality sound, great deal, all questions answered when you call 239-5871. Leave name and number, keep reply.

JANZEN ELECTROSTATICS 110401 speakers, clear, detailed, full-range, superb tonal range, superb midrange, 8 years left on speaker warranty, 1 year on woofer, \$189 the pair. 283-9712.

LEAD VOICELIST wanted for versatile Christian rock group. Must be serious and creative. Band is together and ready to go. Tom 232-4426 or 272-6741.

FUNKY BASSIST needed for developing jazz group. Want for fun serious, innovative, working band into Latin-jazz, fusion and funk. Los 279-4445.

KEYBOARD-SYNTHESIZER needed for jazz band. If you have a serious, innovative, totally serious view towards music, the universal language, call 278-6279 or 278-6279.

ORGAN WITH 4000 bass, bench, \$290.00 or best offer. Bed, down, new, \$290.00. Colateral hanging repairs, \$60. 7810 Church western records. 278-5687 evenings.

DRUMMER, 5 years experience rock, jazz, funk. Can read music, am 21, have equipment, transportation, looking for serious 20 band with gigs. Russ 273-5687.

KENWOOD STEREO RECEIVER, 80 watts per channel, 1 year old, beautiful, only \$235. Original owner. 222-6310.

1-BL 0140F 8 ohm speaker, excellent condition, \$60 or best offer. 272-8737.

POWER ALTERNATOR. Let us turn down volume without affecting full power tone and sustain. Audio Arts model, new, \$50. 224-6271.

BIC 940 TURNTABLE, wood base and 3 months old SAE-VL 81 cartridge, excellent condition, \$65. Phil 488-4451.

BUY MY PEAVER! Standard guitar amplifier and get a 12 speaker cabinet thrown in for \$200 for your stereo system, including repair. Randy 273-8186.

CONSOLE PIANO, Cable, 1978, antique pipe, excellent condition. Originally \$1400, selling for \$950. 236-4607.

1961 PIRE-CBS FENDER STRAT. Sunburst, excellent action. Original vibrato bar and tan case. Beautiful, you don't see these anymore! \$575. George Sear 274-8546.

15 YEAR OLD PIRE-CBS FENDER STRAT. Sunburst, excellent action. Original vibrato bar and tan case. There aren't many around like this anymore! \$575. George Sear 274-8546.

GUITAR, Orlando acoustic, 6 string, excellent condition. \$30. 745-9909.

ADVENT 300 RECEIVER, amp section has 15 watts per channel, very accurate, 2 months old. Originally \$279, sacrifice \$195. 277-7075.

ESTABLISHED BASS SEeks male vocalist "Ola-Ma" needs a singer with a good range who wants to work. Experience and good stage presence a must. 748-2540 or 433-5975.

CRYSTAL CLEAR, excellent component audio system, 2 Shure mikes and 1 stand, \$300. 748-2573.

KENWOOD TUNER, model KT500, excellent condition, \$100. 233-5735.

PIONEER QP 949 amp, 1800 3500 watt, 8 track, Pioneer PL 505 turntable, 4 Kenwood KL 333 speakers, all 4 channel headphones, \$1000. 233-5735.

ELECTRIC GUITAR, 2 Shure mikes, 50 watts, cherry walnut finish, both mikes condition, reversed \$800 each \$150 each, great bargain. 272-2617.

HAMMOND ORGAN, M2 and Leslie speaker, sound great, good condition, must sell, \$850 or best offer. Frank 222-7908.

UPRIGHT PIANO, good condition, only \$300. 748-4115 after 6pm.

FENDER TWIN reverb, perfect condition, 2 12" Altec Lansing, master volume, wheels, 100 watts rms, used over 8075. Fantastic Xmas gift at \$475. 488-2716, keep reply.

5 STRING BANJO, Alvarez Deluxe top of the line model, considered by experts to be the best. Custom tuners, hard case, cost over \$600, new, the perfect gift at \$275. 488-2716, keep reply.

THOMAS SPINET ORGAN with pedals, and percussion, \$300. 264-8918.

PIANO, 1 year old Story and Clark spinet, line tone, \$1100. 293-4222 evenings and weekends.

HAVE YOU TRIED playing music on your organ? Or don't you have one? 2-keyboard Hammond organ, 1800, \$450 or best offer. 265-9287.

REEL TO REEL, Sony TC-630 in fine condition, built-in amplifier, portable speakers, sound on sound, echo, etc. Cost \$450, new, asking \$225. Bob 272-2915, keep reply.

ARIA AC-20 classical acoustic guitar, 1 year old, bright concert tone and beautiful condition, case included. \$185. 433-1070.

MARTIN 12 string guitar, excellent Xmas gift. 10 years old, standard case, light neck, Victoria headstock. \$300. 343-0417.

PEDESTAL TUNER, good condition for a New Year's Eve gift. 747-7284.

CLASSICAL (or Mexican) guitar, unfinished. Handmade in Mexico. \$185. 433-1070.

AUTOMAP, Oscar Schmidt 15 bars, like new, \$65. 465-5031.

GUITARIST from "Grace" and the Berkeley College of Music is teaching jazz-rock, hard rock, and electric guitar. Bob 272-2915.

CLASSICAL GUITAR, good condition for beginners, \$48. 1954 Les Paul guitar, groovy, nice, machine heads. \$60. 279-5777 or 461-0988.

6 TRACK, MOTOROLA, well-made, sturdy, never used service. Perfect for car, boat, radio, or player. Bob 272-2915.

SAFARIPLATE FLYER, union, in work joining 3 piece into all music, ready to play. 461-0988.

12 STRING GUITAR, rarely used, frequently re-stringed and conditioned, \$100. Mary 296-6797.

BASS PLAYER, good, El Cajon area, backup, experienced, rock and roll, country western. Larry 561-0334.

ACQUATIC 450 guitar amp head and bottom with 6 1/2" speakers in excellent condition for \$425. 431-7178.

TEAC A-100 portable reel to reel tape recorder and 19 tapes. Solid state auto reverse, just cleaned and adjusted by Kenji. \$270. 755-4006.

AMPEG BT for sale, 8-10" speakers, 300 watt rms, good condition, \$550 or best offer. Rick 439-8465.

CROWN MUSIC, Cruiser cassette tape player, automatic reverse. 279-4790.

VOCAL CHORDS wanted for high energy rock group. Only males need reply. Being under 25 and living close to El Cajon would probably help. Call 744-7697.

SAE 2400 AMPLIFIER and SAE 2100 parametric pre-amplifier equalizer, less than 1 year old, excellent condition, 5 year warranty. 296-2783 or 291-0544 after 5pm.

THORENS TO REEL, Sony TC-630 in fine condition, built-in amplifier, portable speakers, sound on sound, echo, etc. Cost \$450, new, asking \$225. Bob 272-2915, keep reply.

AMERICAN DREAM custom fiddle, 1000-45 style, solid alder body, Barbra Berry, Brazilian rosewood, Schaller, plain case, beautiful. \$500. 2588 Epiphone Casino 330 245, \$180. 224-5861.

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SAE 2400 AMPLIFIER and SAE 2100 parametric pre-amplifier equalizer, less than 1 year old, excellent condition, 5 year warranty. 296-2783 or 291-0544 after 5pm.

SEEKING FEMALE lead vocalist for progressive jazz rock group. Gensies, Yee, Jon, Brand X, etc. Interested in music, not money. Instrumentalist. 279-5850 or 440-3057.

ELECTRONIC ORGAN, Thomas, just re-piped, solid alder body, Barbra Berry, Brazilian rosewood, Schaller, plain case, beautiful. \$500. 2588 Epiphone Casino 330 245, \$180. 224-5861.

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SAE 2400 AMPLIFIER and SAE 2100 parametric pre-amplifier equalizer, less than 1 year old, excellent condition, 5 year warranty. 296-2783 or 291-0544 after 5pm.

SHORE DRUM with brushes, just in time for Xmas. \$22. 224-7445. Leave message with 438-6313, will answer.

MCINTOSH 2100 STEREO amplifier, tested at 135 mhz per channel at 1 THD, mint condition, original owner, \$475 or best offer. 279-5850 or 440-3057.

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CROWN MUSIC, Cruiser cassette tape player, automatic reverse. 279-4790.

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SAE 2400 AMPLIFIER and SAE 2100 parametric pre-amplifier equalizer, less than 1 year old, excellent condition, 5 year warranty. 296-2783 or 291-0544 after 5pm.

45 RPM RECORDS wanted for \$55. Older, preferred. Also J.P.'s. Harry 223-9407.

KONING SOON at Kinos, it's another hot band! featuring the best live view of rockers known as Kinos. Also the Standbys will make their debut beforehand.

I WANT TO buy a cheap tube or microphone. Will pay reasonable price. Jon 498-5809 or 321-5122.

VIOLEN, 1/2 size, king headband, record cabinet, turntable, light volume, baby wiring and stage presence to tone polished through out. \$200-2895.

NEW CLASSICAL, Spanish guitar for sale. Made by Sanchez Caspe in Valencia, America. Best price, \$575, asking \$400 including hardware case. Must sell 578-5428.

GOYA-LEVIN GUITAR, classical, made in Sweden, has a very mellow tone, model LG-10, \$185. 296-2288.

MALE VOICELIST looking for right band. Can sing lead or harmony. I'm 26, Bono, Led Zep, Springfield, Stealers, Also Talking Heads, Van Halen, Money and Cars. Mark 224-1283.

AMPLIFIER, Gallen-Kruger 2000, new, 2 self-contained channels, excellent for distortion and control control, 2-12" speakers, current model, more. 296-7271.

FEMALE VOICELIST looking for the right band. Want for Top 40 and soulful music. 755-6648, leave message.

NEEDED: LEAD SINGER with exceptional voice and wide range. Must have good P.A. 445-4487 or Claudio 45-8585.

GIBSON LES PAUL, superb, \$550, good condition. 222-6321.

DOCKHORN 8140 4 channel reel to reel with sound on sound, echo, and multi-amp. Lists for \$2000, will sell for \$350, barely used. Tom 506-5560.

NEW HAMMER SUNBURT, early maple top, case, \$750. Must 224-5488 days or 276-8407 evenings.

STEREO, console type with AMFM radio and reel to reel tape, Curtis-Mathes, \$50. 286-2001.

GILSON GUITAR, 1st owner, hardly used, excellent. 279-5850.

FOUR GUITAR, 1st owner, sound used, excellent. 279-5850.

MULTI-STEP STEREO, Sound Design, with record changer, 33, 45, 78 rpm. AMFM, 81.75 base. \$50. 488-0941.

INFINITY HEADPHONES, model ES-1, electronic with power supply. Brand new, in box, never used. Absolutely state of the art. \$250. Mr. Harmon 436-8728 or 757-8820.

CUNYCORD CR-400 stereo receiver, 24 watts per channel with 4 channel output. Excellent. Jim 453-2534.

ACQUATIC GUITAR for sale, Ase 6 string rock. Excellent condition. \$100. Peter 229-4390, Monday thru Friday, 445-3555 evenings and weekends.

STEREO COMPONENTS: 360 watt, Anycar 7000 amplifier with mikes, tape deck, 4 channel synthesizer, and 4 A.B. speakers. Hardly used. \$875. Ray 230-8082.

GUITARIST AVAILABLE. Want full time work. Professional attitude, good equipment. Can double on bass, some vocals. Drag 281-2900. Afternoon, early evening.

VIOLEN, 1/2 size, king headband, record cabinet, turntable, light volume, baby wiring and stage presence to tone polished through out. \$200-2895.

I WANT TO buy a cheap tube or microphone. Will pay reasonable price. Jon 498-5809 or 321-5122.

VIOLEN, 1/2 size, king headband, record cabinet, turntable, light volume, baby wiring and stage presence to tone polished through out. \$200-2895.

NEW CLASSICAL, Spanish guitar for sale. Made by Sanchez Caspe in Valencia, America. Best price, \$575, asking \$400 including hardware case. Must sell 578-5428.

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MALE VOICELIST looking for right band. Can sing lead or harmony. I'm 26, Bono, Led Zep, Springfield, Stealers, Also Talking Heads, Van Halen, Money and Cars. Mark 224-1283.

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