

# Grown in the Sun Sold in the Shade



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID DIAZ

## By Rollins Bybee

Oscar has a saying about the business he's in: "Set the stage and in come the actors." Although Oscar loves drama, his business isn't the theater. The actors he's talking about are smugglers, drug dealers, narcotics officers, rip-off artists, IRS agents, armed robbers, and petty thieves. It makes no difference at all that Oscar is middle-class, with a wife and child and a fine home in a respectable neighborhood. That's just one of several costumes. If he sets the stage, the actors will show up at his door.

If you ask Oscar what he does for a living, he'll tell you he's a pirate. If you don't go for that, he'll figure you don't

have a sense of humor, and he'll tell you he's a warehouse distributor—he buys goods at wholesale and sells them at retail. If you say you want to buy something, he'll tell you the next shipment won't be due until December, and besides, he only sells to the trade.

If you think Oscar is a drug dealer, don't tell him that. "I grow pot! I don't want to hear about drugs. Sometimes people call me up and ask for Quaaludes or something. I'm not a drug dealer; I'm a legitimate businessman! The only difference between me and any other businessman is that I could be dead tomorrow." And Oscar's words pour forth as if he knows he'll be dead tomorrow, as if he's trying to say everything in five minutes that he may ever want to say. Trying to listen to him is a little bit frightening. It's like hooking 220

volts to a 12-volt circuit. The result is a dazzling display of smoke and sparks, frizzled wire, and the lingering smell of something burnt. He's both disciplined and slightly erratic, careful and sloppy, sensitive and cold.

Oscar has been in the business for about fifteen years ("Has it really been that long?" he asks himself). During that time he has visited the great marijuana-producing regions of the world, and has tasted their products, on site, with his own nose and palate. Pot growers, he notes, whether they're from Hawaii, Mexico, Thailand, Afghanistan, Colombia, or California, are very much like wine makers—they insist their product is the best in the world. Perhaps because of this, Oscar moderates his own pride when he

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# City Lights

## Tuna Catcher Roles

A few of the tattered and peeling bumper stickers reading, "Endangered Species: San Diego Fishermen," can still be seen around town, but outcries and the threats by local tuna fishermen to move the registration of their ships to foreign countries in 1977 have vanished. To be sure, several boats were sold to fishermen in countries like Panama, Costa Rica, the Philippines. Seven seiners were sold to foreigners in 1977, four in 1978, and so far one has been sold this year. About the same number of smaller tuna vessels, the jig and bait boats, have been sold abroad. But the mass exodus of tuna boats never materialized. George Teixeira, skipper of the *Mary Antoinette*, explained the main reason: "A lot of guys just don't want to leave the U.S. Look at Johnny here. His dad's the owner; he'll take over some day. You build something for your family and it's kinda hard to sell it out, you know?"

In 1977 the fishermen who own and work on the ninety-odd seiners home-ported here were fed up with the different government orders coming down to them. Starting January 1, 1977, it was illegal to fish "on porpoise," the most common means of locating and netting schools of yellowfin tuna. (The year before as many as 100,000 porpoise had been killed in the purse seine nets in the process of capturing a record 330,000 tons of tuna.) The boats went out to fish in February of 1977, however, after a ruling by an administrative law judge granted temporary permits to the fishermen. But after about a week at sea the circuit court in Washington, D.C., reversed that decision; they could not fish on porpoise until April, when official government permits would be issued. The fishermen said to hell with it and came back to port. (The government had sent planes down to Panama for surveillance of the fleet to make sure porpoise weren't being set upon by the fishermen.) Here in port the fishermen protested, held rallies, and threatened to leave the country.

Though 1977 was a disastrous year in terms of the tonnage of tuna caught, the situation resolved itself. Today tunamen say the biggest change

was the issuance of three-year permits by the government to fish on porpoise. (Before 1978 the permits were for only one year.) Also, due to experiments

170,000 tons of it was skipjack, which are not associated with porpoise. In years past the skipjack take has been about 40,000 tons. Also, the

net aren't frantic anymore," says one tuna boat skipper. "They just lay there and wait for the backdown [the procedure that causes the net's

the mercy of Mexican government regulations. That country is trying to develop its own tuna industry, and like other third-world countries, it differs with the U.S. philosophy, which contends that since tuna are highly migratory, they fall under the jurisdiction of no single country. In 1976 Mexico signed an agreement with the U.S. allowing 142 listed boats to fish within its 200-mile "economic zone," and there were special provisions for the boats to fish within the twelve-mile limit. Mexico now says the agreement no longer exists, but the small tuna vessels are still fishing off Mexico, waiting for that country's next move.

In the meantime, since the permits given the 142 boats cannot be passed on if the boat is sold or if it sinks, the number of boats on the list is dwindling. It's down now to about eighty jig and bait boats, small seiners, and small commercial fishing boats. Many of the boats have been sold to foreign countries, and a few, in order to continue fishing off Mexico, have been sold quietly under the table, with the seller retaining a small interest in the boat so that the buyer can use his permit. Still, it isn't free fishing down there. Art Haworth, a bait-boat owner who has a permit, says for his eighty-one-ton boat it costs him \$1800 for sixty days of fishing. He has to pay that every time he makes a trip south, and last year he made five trips. But he's not complaining. "Actually, it's a good deal for the people who are there," he says, referring to the lack of competition.

—N.M.

## Hold The Formica

Last May, builder Ray Huffman contacted the city with a proposal, and it seemed like the kind of offer that couldn't be refused. Huffman said if the city would waive the normal construction permit fees and let him use vacant city land, then he would build on it—at cost—a low-income housing project of any size (forgoing his normal profit). Months passed, however, and Huffman's office says it received no response. And when the city manager's office finally reacted, the manager's report recommended turning Huffman down. It said

floats to sink and allows the porpoise to swim out of the net). They're not thrashing around, looking for a way out like they used to."

The situation with the other part of the tuna-fishing fleet, the jig and bait boats, isn't as tranquil. (These small wooden boats catch their tuna on hook and line, the more traditional method.) Since most of their catch is albacore, and most of the albacore are found off Mexico, the smaller boats are at



Photograph by Jim Coll

carried out by the government and the industry together, new equipment has been put to use that sharply reduces the incidence of porpoise death. A smaller mesh web, referred to as the Medina panel, now girds the perimeter of the net and extends to a depth of about seventy feet, so porpoise don't entangle themselves in the net anymore. In 1978, with a kill quota of 55,000 porpoise, only 15,000 of the mammals died in the nets. But it wasn't just because of the better equipment. Of the 300,000 tons of tuna landed last year, about

yellowfin that swim beneath schools of porpoise were generally smaller in size and number than in past years. And the fishermen have noticed an increase in the number of porpoise who exhibit apparently learned behavior in the nets. "The porpoise [in the

net] aren't frantic anymore," says one tuna boat skipper. "They just lay there and wait for the backdown [the procedure that causes the net's

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# City Lights



Ray Huffman

the city should instead issue a request for similar proposals from all builders—giving all a chance to compete to build such housing at no profit.

"It's a sad commentary on today's way of life," bemoans Huffman's administrative aide,

Norma Barisic. She claims Huffman offered to undertake the project solely as a civic contribution. She says when Huffman proposed the plan (long before public furor engulfed him because of remarks about South Africa that

were published in his monthly newsletter) he had illustrated the idea to the city by comparing a hypothetical seven-unit complex to a real seven-unit project which he had just built. (Barisic says Huffman didn't intend to limit

the scope to only seven units, however.) She says while construction of that seven-unit building had cost \$170,000, Huffman had figured that subtracting the permit fees and the profit could have saved about \$28,500. "Or it could have been even less if the city had been willing to go with a slightly stripped-down version. You could use formica counters instead of tile ones, for example, and that would lower the cost still more." She says while the cost of land and finance charges had brought the price of that seven-unit complex up to \$260,000, Huffman argued that the low-income, no-profit version (which would have had no land or interest charges) could have cost only \$141,515. "We normally have to charge \$260 [rent] for a one-bedroom apartment, but with that difference we figured the city could have charged \$180—for exactly the same quality. . . . We have to charge \$300 for a two-bedroom, one-bath unit, but we figured they could have charged \$210."

Despite the altruistic ring to Huffman's offer, staff members in the city's housing development department point out that Huffman's proposal came with strings attached. Ed Schuller, a housing development administrator, says Huffman was asking the

city to give him special priority in processing all future building plans in exchange for the low-income units. Schuller also claims that it wouldn't have been possible for the city to waive all the fees, as Huffman requested. And Schuller's boss, Charles Cardillo, points out an even more fundamental argument against the city accepting any such proposal. "The city has said it is not just going to give its land away. What the city is doing instead is giving discounts when they're needed to make a project feasible."

Cardillo says within the next few weeks the city will be asking for proposals from builders interested in undertaking low-cost housing projects on six different city-owned sites. (The city has been exploring avenues for using its land for low-cost housing for the last couple of years.) Cardillo says builders who respond will be able to suggest discounts on the price of the land. He also predicts that if a builder like Huffman wants to offer to construct the project for no profit, the city certainly won't discourage him. Says Cardillo disbelievingly, "If a builder is willing to build at cost, that builder is most likely to win the competition."

—J.D.



Photograph by Jim Coll

## Turn In Your Twinkies

It was Saturday, and we had stopped in at the New Seed, the Pacific Beach natural foods emporium, to check up on the junk food trade-in program reportedly in progress. We'd been told that the store was issuing cash to patrons who brought in "high-carbohydrate, low nutrient food," paying seventy-five percent of the original cost of the junk food, and when we arrived the place indeed seemed abuzz with busy buyers. We could barely make our way to the barrel of selenium-fortified yeast powder; a cluster of customers

jammed the row of herbs next to it, peering into the shining glass jars filled with lungwort and mandrake root and senna pods. But Heather behind the cash register reported the fruits of the eccentric offer grimly: only a handful of customers, had shown up to exchange their empty calories for healthy ones, she disclosed.

She couldn't tell us exactly how much cash the store had issued (the deal had extended only to patrons who bought three dollars' worth of New Seed merchandise), but she waved dispiritedly to two torn cardboard boxes in back of her. We pounced upon them eagerly. Cake mixes and frostings seemed the most popular choice of the junk food traders, but we also counted four packages of D-Zerta Lo-Cal Gelatin, one crumpled envelope of Sloppy Joe mix, boxes of Jelly Spoon Candy, chocolate Whip 'N Chill, Twin Low Calory Granulated Sugar.

Obviously the criteria for "junk food" had softened with the dismal response: one box contained eight dusty cans of Loma-Linda Redi Burger (meatless vegetarian protein). Store owner Pat Love was dour, even taciturn, when we quizzed him about what had gone wrong. "I guess it's more or less a lot of trouble for people to collect their food and bring it in here," he grumbled. "It had just seemed like a good idea to us." However, he vowed to

carry out the original plan and deliver all the trade-ins to the needy. He confessed he didn't yet know who would be the lucky recipients. But if it's junk food, why fust it upon the impoverished? we pressed him. His response was swift, if a touch defensive. "Everyone's interpretation of junk food is different. To ninety-five percent of the people that stuff's not junk food. This is what Safeway's selling. If we're doing wrong, then they're doing wrong, too."

—J.D.

—Jeannette DeWise and Neal Matthews

MAY 1970



## MATTHEW ALICE

A professional psychologist in San Diego also gives tests to determine ESP. She is Dr. Mary Ann Brummer at 4640 Jewell Street in Pacific Beach. Telephone 273-1601. "The one thing I don't do is use cards and things," she said. She inter-



The results of any tests regarding ESP are questioned by scientists who note how difficult it is to verify findings when the experimenters, or their subjects, are eager for positive results. Still, the study of ESP has been accepted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. And the leader of ESP research in the United States, J.B. Rhine of Duke University, has noted that unbelievers are helpful in establishing ESP's existence. When a

person antagonistic to ESP is tested, the results are lower than might be expected by chance. Which indicates (but cannot prove) that what stands beyond sense is belief.

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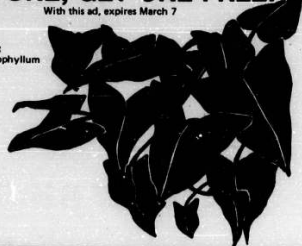


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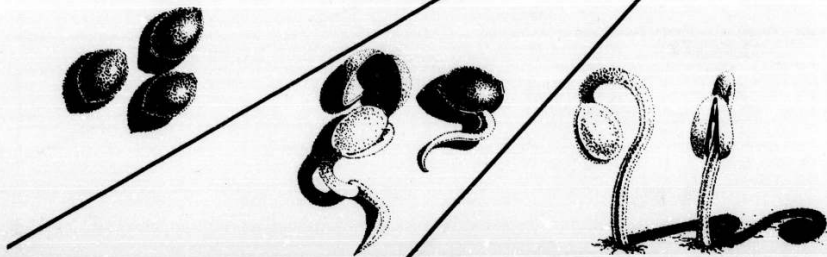
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## Grown in the Sun Sold in the Shade



(continued from page 1)

says that the strip of land from La Jolla to Oceanside, and inland to El Cajon, Escondido, and Fallbrook, only produces the best pot in the United States, not in the whole wide world.

The reasons this area is so good for growing cannabis are basically the same reasons it's so good for growing flowers. Marijuana buds are flowers. There's a growing season here that lasts from January to December; there's a near certainty that there will be no freezing nights; there's plenty of water, and unlike Hawaii, there are almost no bug or mold problems. In addition, along the coast there are cool, wet nights and hot, dry days in which the ground temperature sometimes approaches 140 degrees. When you put all these conditions together, they stimulate the plant into producing beyond what its potential would be anywhere else in the United States. "If somebody doesn't believe that this place grows the best marijuana around, let them try it," Oscar says, and he's always quick to pull a free sample from his pocket, like any other businessman might show his card. "Even if you don't smoke it, just taste it."

The local product, which is sometimes called "red hair," or "Fallbrook Red," sells for somewhere between \$1000 and \$2400 per pound, depending on the quality, the local supply, and the quantity purchased. Given those prices, almost anybody with a green thumb and a big back yard could make simple gardening very profitable. One reason for the high price of this marijuana is that there's an increasing

demand for high-quality buds grown in the style known as "sinsemilla," or seedless. The days of the four-finger, ten-dollar lids are over, and both dealers and narcotics agents say they haven't seen a kilo come out of Mexico in months. The Paragut scare is partly responsible for that, but the main reason is that the demand for marijuana of superior quality has dealt the Mexicans right out of the market.

Part of that demand is being satisfied by back-yard growers with just a plant or two for themselves and their friends. That kind of operation has become so popular that San Diego's Narcotics Task Force is ready to throw its hands in the air when it comes to enforcing marijuana cultivation and possession laws. "The judges and the prosecutors have become callous when it comes to marijuana cases," a spokesman for the NTF said. "Everyone's tired of hearing about it. There isn't as much emphasis put into a marijuana case as a drunk driving beef. Without public support, marijuana cases can't be prosecuted."

"Every other house in North County has a little plastic greenhouse," groaned Sam Boz, a sheriff's investigator familiar with the popularity of marijuana cultivation in north San Diego County. He complained that he knew of a large plot of marijuana being grown in the county, but because of certain legal complications, there wasn't anything he could do about it. Those "complications" require that he first observe the plants legally (without violating the individual's privacy), then obtain a search warrant and return to the site the next day, hoping the plants haven't been

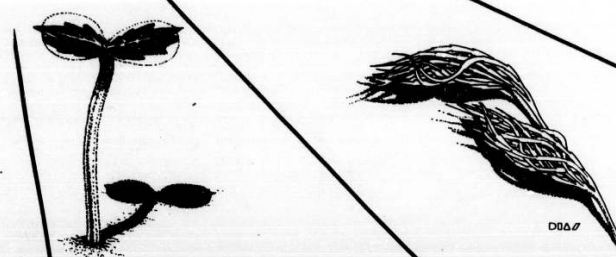
torn out of the ground. It isn't surprising, then, that the sheriffs have found a way to bypass all the red tape: many back-yard growers these days are coming home to find their plants gone and in their place a sheriff's card with a note on the back asking them to stop by the office if there are any questions.

It is true that helicopters have been used to spot marijuana plots, but only in a haphazard way. For example, an unusual-looking garden in Del Mar was spotted by the sheriff's helicopter last summer. It extended out of the back yard and a good ways up the adjacent hillside. That seemed odd to the pilot—why would anybody plant a garden up a hillside?—and upon closer inspection it turned out to be marijuana. By their own admission, however, the sheriffs don't find very much pot that way. In fact, a back-yard grower has to be more wary of neighborhood kids than of law enforcement agents, because, as a disgruntled grower put it, "Every fourteen-year-old kid in the county knows exactly what's being grown in his neighborhood. Stealing pot is sporting to them. It's like stealing watermelons used to be."

The more industrious back-yard growers soon discover that a good-sized plant will yield one pound of buds, and that if he grows only five plants, he could easily turn his hobby into payments on a house or a piece of land. If he grows only five pounds, he's making somewhere between \$5000 and \$12,000. It's almost impossible to estimate how many people are engaging in that level of activity; the Narcotics Task

Force won't even venture a guess. But Oscar will. He thinks there are maybe 300 to 500 growers in North County who grow more than five pounds per year, and perhaps one hundred growers who produce between twenty-five and one hundred pounds per year. Oscar doesn't want to say exactly how much he grows in a year or how much he sells it for, but he will say this: "Any grower who knows what he's doing could easily make \$125,000 to \$400,000 a year. That's tax-free nut money for next year." At that point, a gardener has obviously become a commercial grower, regardless of how innocently his enterprise may have begun; and he may find, like Oscar, that there will be actors appearing at his door.

The last time the actors appeared at Oscar's door they didn't even bother to knock. He was watching television with his brother-in-law when three men with nylon stockings over their heads barged into his living room. Given Oscar's volatile personality, he might have told them simply to get the hell out, but he didn't. They were pointing shotguns at him. This didn't really surprise Oscar, however, because he understands the rules of the pirate's trade. Still, he admits he was scared. The men, who spoke with Mexican accents, told him and his brother-in-law to lie on the floor face down. Then they went about robbing Oscar of all the cash and marijuana in the house. This happened just after the harvest season, and although Oscar doesn't like to talk about how much he lost, it was at least \$10,000 in cash and several pounds of the valuable weed. The



men wouldn't take jewelry, gemstones, or anything else that might be identifiable later.

"Armed robbery is the name of the game in this racket," Oscar insists. "It's the exact rules of piracy. If I raise my skull and crossbones, I can be hit from all sides. I know other people in the business who've been robbed at gunpoint and they always ask for the same things. 'Where's the drugs? Where's the guns? Where's the money?' They call marijuana a victimless crime, but that's a joke. The victims are the people growing it." For these reasons, camouflage is everything to Oscar. He thinks of what he does as a kind of guerrilla warfare, and this attitude is reflected most when he's in his fields.

Not long ago, between the January rains, we went out to take a look at his operation. It's located at the end of a dirt road in North County. The hillside was beginning to turn green from the rain, but the mesquite and sage somehow still looked dry, as if they were totally indifferent to weeks of moisture. It's the kind of country that looks dull from a car window, but becomes immediately attractive, even beautiful, when you enter it on foot.

Oscar told me we had to walk more than a mile to get to the site. He picked up a thick stick to use as a club against the dogs that sometimes roam the hills. "We're in the war zone now," he said in absolute seriousness. "I have to think of it in that way just to survive. And you're putting yourself in danger, too, by being here." It was difficult walking through the brush without getting wet. Every now and

then a plane would fly overhead and Oscar would stop to look up at it suspiciously before going on. Finally he stopped, took a fat joint from his shirt pocket, lit it, and smoked it by himself while we talked. His mood seemed to brighten, and it seemed as if his imagination inflated with each puff. "I love it when I'm on here. It's a whole drama. It's the only time I feel one hundred percent alive."

We came to a plastic water pipe, which he told me was the main line to an agricultural field not far away. It came from the grower's well. He showed me where he'd tied into it by making a cut and inserting his own smaller plastic pipe, then putting it back together with glue. From there he had a network of pipes and hoses which fed into perhaps fifty smaller drip-feed sprinklers all over the hillside. "Nobody can see it, nobody can hear it, nobody has to know it's there," he said.

Under a scrub oak there was a matted straw hat and flannel shirt, both of them wet and moldy, practically dissolving into the earth. "That was my uniform," he said, nearly giggling with glee. "When I come out here in the summer, I wear a straw hat, pants with bright checks, and a red shirt. When the helicopters fly overhead I wave my hat at them so they'll know I'm just an illegal alien and not a pot grower."

The winter rainy season is the only time Oscar doesn't have a crop in the ground; at any other time he wouldn't dare bring a stranger out here. But as we walked around from site to site it was easy to see how successful his last crop must have been. In

small patches where the ground had been watered, fertilized, and protected by chicken wire, there were stalks as big around as a thumb. Oscar said some of them were more than eight feet high.

As we inspected the different sites, Oscar explained the horticultural process to me. For every five plants planted, only one will reach maturity. Half of the plants are male and must be uprooted to keep the female plants from being pollinated. This is what causes the plants to grow long, potent buds. "Of the plants left after the males have been eliminated," Oscar said, "you'll lose most of them to rabbits, deer, possums, and weathacks. The weathacks are your biggest danger because they live out here all the time."

Oscar tends his plants three times a week, in season. With his watering system he can irrigate the entire hillside in ten minutes, but he spends a lot more time carrying buckets of fertilizer down the slope, and in weeding and caring for each plant's particular needs. In the fall, when the Santa Anas blow, he wraps string around the plants, like lights around a Christmas tree. These keep them from being ripped to shreds in the canyon winds. He pinches the tips of the buds once or twice to make them sprout out. "But if you do that too much you get a nice-looking bush and not much yield."

In June Oscar picks the big "water leaves," but only after they turn brown and wither. "If you pick them too soon, like a lot of people do, you rob the plant of its vitality; you interfere with the photosynthesis."

"As far as insects, there aren't a lot of insect problems in the bush, but the plants will mildew if you plant them on the north side of a slope. It's best to plant on the south side for the maximum sunlight and maximum yield," he explained.

It's important for Oscar that he understand the entire ecology of the countryside. Once his plants were ravaged practically overnight by rabbits, and he couldn't understand why until he discovered that a nearby tomato field had been recently harvested and the rabbits were out looking for another free meal. "Animals love my marijuana in the heat of the summer because it's the only green thing to eat. I think even coyotes eat it," he said. "You always have to be looking for animal signs to see what the animals are doing. One thing I don't ever do is poison the countryside. It's bad PR and it doesn't work anyway. If I have animal problems I go to the zoo and get some lion shit and spread it around. Animals really shy away from that stuff."

These are all Oscar's techniques, but he's willing to admit that every grower has his own way of doing things. He respects another grower's methods, except when it comes to greenhouse growers. He thinks of greenhouse pots with the disdain a quality wine maker must think of Ripple. "All that controlled light and controlled heat—growing indoors is like growing in a bubble. It's like General Electric can replace what it took mother nature millions of years to evolve! Without real sunlight you don't have pot; you have rope!"

(continued on page 11)

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## Grown in the Sun, Sold in the Shade

(Continued from page 9)

In the fall, the cool nights begin to turn the buds of the plants red and purple, giving the marijuana its distinctive look and name—"red hair." This doesn't really improve the quality of the pot, as some people believe; it just gives it its trademark. After the crop has been harvested there's a manufacturing process, which involves trimming the buds into a more cosmetically pleasing product. It's a semiskilled job that demands good pay. According to Oscar, one man working with scissors requires about eight hours to manicure one pound of buds. The finished product is a bag full of green sticky buds, each of which is about the size of a thumb. To the untrained, they smell like any crushed weed, but if you're a connoisseur, they smell like fragrant crushed flowers. When the product is ready to sell, Oscar begins looking around for a buyer. "Right now it's a seller's market," Oscar says. "When people call me up, the first thing I do is find out how much money they have. Then I tell them what I've got and how much it's going for." He's sold his product to dentists, attorneys, advertising people. Once he sold five pounds to a famous rock group. People have come to him from Oregon, Boston, Texas, Chicago. The first and fifteenth of the month are always good for business, because those are payday; and not surprisingly, payday at Camp Pendleton is good, too, but Oscar won't sell directly to Marines. He thinks they're dangerous. Why? "Because they're trained to be dangerous."

The reason the market currently favors sellers is because there's a shortage of pot. This has developed, in part, as a result of the Mexican and Colombian governments having destroyed part of their countries' crops this year, according to Oscar. "People think the crop is being held back to raise prices," he says. "The truth is, the crop was wiped out." The effect, though, is that marijuana prices have gone up, and with less of it coming from other countries, the demand for locally grown pot has increased—to the benefit of San Diego growers. Sometimes a grower will buy from another grower because he knows he can get a higher price still from his own buyer. There's an elaborate jockeying process involved, much like any other wholesale business. But the danger is this: It's impossible for the grower, any grower, to market his product without raising his skull and crossbones. He must identify

himself as someone who deals in illicit goods, and at that point he is no longer a farmer; he's a lot of illegal aliens are out-and-out street crooks from south of the border. Eighteen-year-old kids are thirty years old in street experience. They strike me as being very hardened."

If a grower is wise enough to market his crop successfully, he is then faced with another problem: What does he do with his money? If he stashes it at home, like some kind of buried treasure, he's vulnerable to the pirates. If he spends it, the IRS will be on him faster than Blackbeard on a gold doubloon. The wise thing would be to launder the money the way other illegal businesses do, and some growers are able to do that. But others, such as Oscar, show a surprising lack of expertise in this area. "I haven't filed taxes since I was eighteen," he says, slightly bewildered. "Maybe I could go to the tracks and pick up a bunch of stubs and file as a gambler. What do you call that form? A 1040? Oh..."

Sometimes I'm going to learn all about that. I truly am. Oscar laughs when he tells about the time his son was looking through a dresser drawer for fifty cents lunch money. There was \$5000 in bills in the drawer, and his son kept rummaging through the pile of cash trying to find two quarters at the bottom. He never found them. A friend of Oscar's made some money in the business and went to South America to enjoy his profits. He came home with a shipment of 400 leather suitcases because he didn't know what else to do with his money. Oscar relates the story of another grower, who used to drive around with \$60,000 in the trunk of his car. One day he got in an argument with his girlfriend and she jumped in the car and drove to Escondido. The next thing he knew, she was calling him on the phone saying the car had been stolen. The money and the car were never recovered.

"People look at you differently when you have that kind of money," Oscar claims. "When I walk into a place with \$5000 in my pocket, people somehow know—women know. If I'm not allowed to pay for everything, I feel insulted. I sometimes want to be the source of everything. I want everything to flow for me. . . . It's all very much. That's why there isn't any women in the business. They just last about six months until some guy fleeces them."

Oscar donates some of his money to a local charity. He feels that giving it to the poor is better than giving it to the police. He doesn't want to say just how much he donates. "It doesn't matter. The point is that I've committed myself to helping them." He keeps a letter of gratitude from the school close at hand, almost as if it were a lucky charm. In 1974 Oscar made enough money so that in 1975 he could travel around the

world—flying anyplace he liked, doing anything he wanted, spending as much money as he wished. He came back with photos of an entire valley of marijuana in Afghanistan, of a "Thai stick" factory in Thailand, of people in Lebanon molding hashish in their hands, of a hashish bandit's hideaway in the Himalayas with 500 pounds of hash piled in front. "Every place I went, I somehow found the people who grow pot. I guess they were the only people I knew how to talk to."

Before Oscar left for his travels around the world, his relatives began to discover that he was involved in certain illicit activities. They were concerned, of course, and advised him not to waste his life on such things. Ironically, he recalls that "they had all been working straight jobs and telling me how much they hated it for fifteen years." But when Oscar left on his trip, they apparently became envious. They knew Oscar was a fool, but they realized if he could make that kind of money, they could, too. According to Oscar, they began smuggling marijuana, using Oscar's connections behind his back. When he returned from his travels, he found that the entire family had been arrested. "Needless to say, they're back to straight jobs now."

Lately Oscar has been a little disillusioned with the business, though. "If things work out, people applaud you; you're a success; you get to have all the things successful people have. If things don't work out, you're hanged. The short-term gains in this business really look good, but the long-term gains—for anybody with any potential—suck. It's a shabby existence, really. Eventually you go legal or you get out."

Oscar says he's getting out, not only because of the increasing violence, but because he thinks marijuana may soon be legal. "It's like prohibition right now—it's not legal and it's not illegal. That's the worst way. Nobody knows what to do, and since there aren't any rules, the police and the dealers go to war."

Not long ago Oscar was visited by one of his old partners, a man who made his way years ago in the marijuana business and has now bought himself a legitimate life. When they met again they talked about how the business has changed over the years, from the ten-dollar bid of Mexican bums to the demand for high quality buds. They decided that the real money these days was in Colombian pot, but smugglers led in such huge quantities now that if you haven't got a fortune you can't play that game. His friend told him that the anxiety of the business showed on Oscar's face, and he kidded Oscar a little about the fact that after fifteen years, out of their entire circle of business associates, Oscar was the only one who hadn't made his money and retired. Oscar didn't deny it. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, "I guess I learn slowly."

Oscar has tried to stay on the nonviolent side of the business. He doesn't use a gun when he goes to bargain with a potential buyer. "There's no forced-buy system here like there is in Texas. In Texas, if you show your product to a buyer, he's bought it." Nor does he use a gun to protect his fields. "A lot of growers say they use guns to protect their fields. Most don't. They use barbed wire, booby traps, trained guard dogs, bells, electric fences. In Mexico, they have men with shotguns who march back and forth across the fields. It isn't like that here yet, but it will be."

Oscar's decision not to use a gun, in spite of repeated offers, is a logical one. "If I'm caught with marijuana, I can buy my way out legally. It'll take me a while and I may get thirty days in Lompoc, but I'll beat it. If I use a gun, I'm going to be convicted of a felony."

But apparently not all of those who deal in drugs are as nonviolent as Oscar. According to Oscar, dealers are organizing among themselves to retaliate against those who have robbed them or plundered their fields. In one instance a group of growers found the man who'd robbed them. They raped his wife in front of him and pulled all his teeth out. Another time, when some growers found the person who had stolen ten pounds of hashish, they stuck him in a Jacuzzi all night and then shaved off his hair. "It isn't a game," Oscar warns. "It's a very real thing."

Oscar is particularly paranoid about illegal aliens, because he says it was Mexicans who robbed him in the past. He thinks the aliens are manipulated by the local "Mexican thugs" who prey on people like him. "They know if they ever get poor enough, they can always rob the growers. Growers are usually white middle-class punks; they aren't hardened criminals. You won't need a gun when you sell a lot to your surfer buddies on the beach. But if you're an illegals who has made it as far as Fallbrook, when everyone in the county is out to rob you, kill you, or throw you in jail, then you're a trained soldier."

Oscar has a small market ("Harry's—The Friendly Store") for over thirty years near the corner of Ventura Place and Mission Boulevard. He is a tall, heavily bearded man with a grizzled gray beard, and though he is fast approaching eighty, his blue eyes are bright behind rimless glasses. A green plastic kiosk bear a souvenir from a trip to Australia a few years ago—hangs on a chain around his neck.

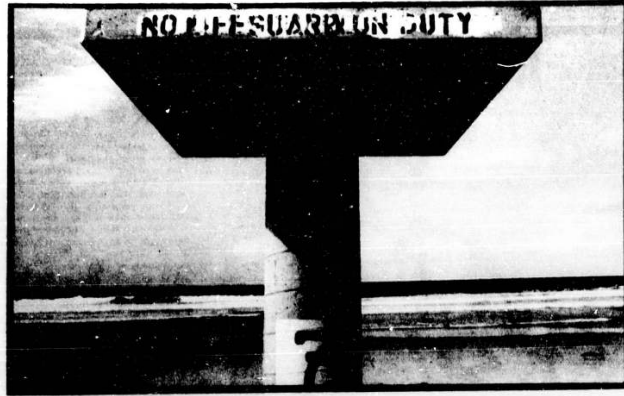
Harry is an institution in Mission Beach, having owned a small market ("Harry's—The Friendly Store") for over thirty years near the corner of Ventura Place and Mission Boulevard. He is a tall, heavily bearded man with a grizzled gray beard, and though he is fast approaching eighty, his blue eyes are bright behind rimless glasses. A green plastic kiosk bear a souvenir from a trip to Australia a few years ago—hangs on a chain around his neck.

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## Off Season

By Gordon E. Smith

From a distance I looked younger, or maybe it just seemed that a girl on roller skates at three in the afternoon would be in her late teens, at the most. She wore a plaid blouse and jeans, and kept her eyes lowered as she moved cautiously down the boardwalk towards me. Obviously, she was not an experienced skater. But as she came nearer she looked up and flashed a smile, and I could see the years in her heavily made-up eyes, the years that were filled out a little too tightly at her waist. Then she was past, the rumble of her skates on the concrete fading as she continued down the deserted boardwalk.

In the summer an encounter like this one would be utterly common at the Mission Beach boardwalk, which has come to be known as the biggest and cheapest singles scene in town. But in the winter it isn't as noisy, as jammed with people, bicycles, and dogs as it is in the summer. Men still come here to meet women (and vice versa), but their numbers are fewer and the chances not as good. The place takes on a quiet, almost elegant air, like a nightclub after it's closed for the night. All along the ocean front, signs in windows advertise "Apartment For Rent." Unused lifeguard towers rise up out of the sand, their metal railings dark and bare against the sky. Even the legend painted on them—"For Emergency Call 224-2708"—seems out of tune with the prevailing atmosphere.

One resident, in describing what the area is like in the winter, said, "It's like it's our own beach." But the character of Mission Beach has been changing over the last few years, giving the term "our" a new meaning. Many of the long-time residents have moved or are moving out and are being replaced increasingly by tourists or young adults attracted to the night life of the boardwalk. There are a few old-timers left, but for the most part they are people who have spent their lives here and have no intention of moving, or, more accurately, of leaving. They are people who appreciate the increasing crowds for the business they bring.

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"I think a lot of the local people feel this way, that they don't enjoy it [the beach] by themselves," Harry says. "They like people around them. Here, let me show you something." He leads me up the sidewalk outside his store and points to a mural that covers one entire side of the building. "Seagulls, a few clouds, and lots of blue sky," he grins, describing the mural. "Now that's Southern California. In the summer we get 100,000 people in a single day between the South Mission Beach pier and the Pacific Beach pier. That's where this area ends, you know."

Other than the tourists, Harry says a large portion of the summer crowd consists of students and young executives from all around the country. "This is a meeting place for them," he explains. But their numbers thin out in the winter, and most days the tourists (many of whom come from Canada and the Midwest, according to Harry) have the beach pretty much to themselves. Pausing to reflect, he admits there are fewer and fewer permanent residents, and that even the unique characters who flocked to the area in the late Sixties and early Seventies seem to have moved away one by one. He himself now lives in Pacific Beach. "When I first moved into this place two years ago I moved into a new location around the corner from his old store, I and the wife had it in mind to live upstairs. But some boys would come by at three in the morning wanting to party, pounding on the door and shouting up for a few six packs of beer. And you know what?" He grins and taps me on the chest. "I'll get it for them, too. So I had to move away. You need some privacy."

Squinting into the sun, Harry recalls with relish how in the summertime hundreds of people—Grossman and El Cajon are still arriving at the corner of Mission and Ventura at three in the afternoon. "But this winter has been the worst I've ever seen," he continues, shaking his head. "We had, oh, maybe 10,000 here just last weekend when the sun came out. But generally it's been a lot quieter than that. The cold and the rain keeps people away."

February afternoon confirms much of what Harry says. Overhead the sky is a dismal gray. Many of the cars parked along Mission Boulevard bear out-of-state plates: Ontario, Michigan, Illinois. A row of pinball machines in the Epicor of stands empty; no one is visible even behind the food counter. I hear footsteps on the sidewalk behind me, and when I turn, a man of perhaps twenty-five, with blond hair tied in a pony tail, overtakes me and

looks curiously. "It's a nice day," he says. He continues on, without turning around. "But it's a chilly wind."

On Strand Way an old woman wearing an apron stands in thought. She holds a yellow plastic tub in her hands, which, judging from the huge flock of pigeons feeding nearby, was full of bread crumbs a few minutes ago. A fluffy black-and-white cat sits at her feet, staring transfixed at the fantastic sea of bobbing pigeon heads in front of it. But when the old woman disappears into a nearby doorway moments later, the cat stands up and follows her contentedly. A short while later a sports car roars down the street and comes to a sudden stop. Three young women jump out and start peering at the houses around them. "Did you call first?" asks one of them. "How do you know it's for rent?" Soon they get back in the car and speed away.

Up on the boardwalk a young couple clad in down jackets sits on the sea wall, gazing out at the jade-green ocean. A few bicyclists cruise by now and then, but they're a far cry from the crowds that are here in summer, rolling past on a variety of bicycles, skateboards, and, in particular, roller skates. The young adults who frequent the boardwalk in increasing numbers have made roller skates the hottest fad since Hawaiian shirts, and consequently, for much of the year the boardwalk now resembles a free-lance roller derby. Young men with bleached hair and unburned faces whizz past without a word of warning; teenage girls roll by awkwardly, clutching hair brushes and laughing self-consciously. (The proliferation of roller skates helped bring about a new law banning glass containers in and around the beach, but the shattered glass here and there along the boardwalk attests both to the reason the law was enacted and the fact that it's largely ignored.)

Ray Hamel, owner of Harry's Cycles and Surf Shop on Ventura Place, doesn't hesitate to take credit for the roller-skating craze. "We started the whole thing about two years ago," he shrugs, referring to himself and his brother Danny. Hamel is a husky, rather brutish man of thirty-five, with copper-colored glasses and a Fu Manchu mustache. A sign on a post in his shop reads, "No Smoking—People Breathing." Standing upstairs among racks full of beachwear, he tells me that he moved to Mission Beach twenty-five years ago and has been in business at the same location for the last twelve. On a good day he rents out about 600 pairs of skates from his ocean-front store, across Ventura Place from the now defunct Belmont Park. Un-

like Harry Bushling, Hamel says he notices no seasonal variations in either the roller skaters or the beach crowd in general, but a smile crosses his lips at the question and he glances down at the people milling around outside his store on a warm winter afternoon. "They're the same year round, but we've got everything out for coming down here. We created some thing for them to do at night."

It's true that roller skates figure prominently in the boardwalk's night life, but if there were no skates most of the people would undoubtedly find another excuse for coming down here. Many of them are too young to gain entrance to legitimate nightclubs, and for them the boardwalk presents a titillating opportunity to socialize with the opposite sex. It's also, not coincidentally, a popular place to get drunk. On a recent Friday night I watched one teenager with long, curly black hair stare down at the cement in front of him for an interminably long time. An open can of beer was perched on the sea wall nearby. A half moon rose over the silhouette of the Belmont roller coaster, and not far away a woman in her early twenties sat on the beach with her back against the sea wall, nervously sniffing through her fingers. She wore a long beige sweater and green pants, and kept pushing the hair out of her eyes as she glanced furtively at nearly everyone who walked, skated, or rode past on the boardwalk behind her. But even though it was a Friday night, it was only February, and there were long periods when no one came by at all.

In the distance a car engine rared, tires squealed. A woman's voice called out, "I love you, too!" Overhead two California jays swept past with loud cries before vanishing into the darkness. When I looked again at the woman she had turned and was saying something to a young man who was resting his elbows on the sea wall behind her. He had dark hair, a mustache, and wore a blue hooded sweatshirt. To the north the lights of the Pacific Beach pier were twinkling in the distance, a couple of miles south was the long, low outline of the jetty at South Mission Beach. Behind me rose a dark mass of apartments, cottages, TV antennas, and telephone wires, and to the west lay the cool gray fog that, particularly at this time of year, is never very far from shore.

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As a young graduate student at Columbia University, I was once hired by a leading advertising agency to discover why New York Italians did not eat Shredded Wheat. My job consisted of going from door to door in New York's Italian neighborhoods and asking, in Italian, what the people ate for breakfast. My knowledge of the language was strictly bookish; the city's "beat" with people who could talk circles around me. But the ad agency wanted someone who could handle the elaborate questions with discretion. In those far-off days I was interred, and the slums of Little Italy, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, or the enclaves in the southern Bronx, held no fear for me.

The one aspect of the work that I had not anticipated was the need for a family history. On my first day, equipped with my clipboard and questionnaires (all bundled into an ordinary paper bag so that I would not be taken for a social worker or a probation officer, for whom the Italians held such great contempt), I began my climb up the tenement steps. But in my very first interview on Mott Street I committed an almost irreparable gaffe. When asked by the mother of the family where my parents had come from, I answered without thinking, "Firenze," I said in my finest accent. Stony, suspicious silence greeted me. After a while, the rather corpulent householder showed me out the door. "You're not one of us," she shrugged.

Standing in the darkness of the narrow hallway, I thought very hard about this remark and then realized what she meant. Most of the Italians came from Sicily, and for me to have mentioned the great cultural center of Florence was to draw a distinction as pronounced as that which once existed between our Deep South and the industrial North. Winking my brains—my mind frequently flies out in such crucial moments of fabrication—I fell back on D.H. Lawrence, who had mentioned Tarrasina, in Sicily. Leaving that fabrication, I began again across the street, with a more appropriate Sicilian background.

Although the advertising agency praised



Illustration by Jeff Yeomans

my work, the job was not without its trials. The most difficult part of my day was the eating—you can't just stand in a doorway and ask questions in Italian; you have to make small talk, you have to go inside and chat, and finally, you have to eat. When you ask, "Do you ever eat Shredded Wheat?" and when you receive an explosive of ridicule, it follows that you then have to taste the cuisine of the household. Thus, I had to be polite and almost always hungry; to have refused this hospitality was unthinkable. Accordingly, I tasted every form of pasta available, of which the most frequently offered were conchiglie (shells), farfalle (butterflies), linguini (narrow, flat noodles), and mostaccioli (hollow pasta cut about two and a half inches in length). A cauldron of simmering tomato sauce always occupied the front burner of the stove, and I would hardly be seated in the kitchen, where all the interviews took place, when water would be set boiling, not for tea, but to cook the pasta, always *al dente*—soft without being soggy. In addition to all that pasta, I would sometimes eat as many as six cannoli a day, a dessert made of a crisp shell stuffed with ricotta cheese.

Did I gain twenty pounds? Hardly. Youthful metabolism can handle that and more, besides, climbing up and down those stairs helped. But in my many weeks spent on this survey, I had surprisingly little meat—once in a while a meatball or two, but certainly no veal, no chicken, and nothing in its own sauce. The tomato was ubiquitous with Sicilians, and to this day I

adore fresh, sweet Italian tomatoes (bell-shaped tomatoes that are called Spanish in San Diego).

These reminiscences serve to illustrate some of the basic differences between southern and northern Italian cooking. The south produces tasty, simple dishes, while the north regards the French as relative newcomers to the gastronomical constellations. So when I heard of the restaurant called Valentino's, and learned that the owners/chefs were from Sicily, I knew what to expect.

Of our long drive to Mira Mesa Boulevard I will say little. We had literally come to the end of the road and were facing a cliff when we at last spied the shopping center which housed Valentino's. There is little point in describing shopping mall culture; it exists and it will proliferate. Nor does it do any good to invoke a blanket rule about not making discoveries in shopping malls, as a recent visit to Crotch of the Day restaurant proved. Many family restaurants that are housed in shopping centers serve adequate fare. What they most frequently do not serve is outstanding fare.

Valentino's is run by a family. The son and the mother do most of the cooking, while the father still maintains his job in a supermarket. The sister thought of the name and acts as hostess. Everyone is friendly and tries hard. Most of the people who are there the night I did seemed quite content. The interior is inviting and warm, and the service is pleasant. But if you sense that I am now going to end my praises, you are correct. The pasta was good, but my

main course was a disaster. Why? There seem to be two sauces at Valentino's: the tomato, strong with fennel, which is okay; and some brown sauce heavily accented with Kitchen Bouquet, which is, to be most charitable, less than great.

I ordered a side dish of tortellini (\$2.00), which is like cannelloni but stuffed with chicken. My entire, spiedini brochette (\$6.95), consisted of rolled veal filled with ham and cheese. Strictly speaking, cannelloni and their various offshoots should be served with a white sauce. But the tortellini in tomato sauce was quite tasty, even though the pasta was a bit doughy. I also enjoyed the stuffed shell that came with the entrée. However, the main dish, rolled veal, was almost inedible because the veal had been doused in Kitchen Bouquet and because the vegetables arrived dark brown in color and so overcooked that you could scarcely distinguish a green pepper from a mushroom. The brown river swam to the edges of the plate, and apart from the taste, the sight of that unsightly brown color caused me to lift the veal out of the dish and to place it on my bread-and-butter plate. My escort, who thought to make light of the dark gravy, tasted it and quipped, "Maybe, it's a soy sauce from the Chinese restaurant next door."

Across from our booth, a young man signaled the waitress to tell her how excellent his steak was. It, too, had the same very brown look, with the mushrooms so overcooked that you could hardly recognize them. But he loved his meal.

As for my friend's calamari, or squid (\$4.95), it came in the same tomato sauce used in the pasta dishes.

When I spoke to the hostess about the generous use of dressing on the salad, she replied brightly that she liked to mop it up with her bread. And that seems to be the key to Valentino's—if you like mopping up stuff with your bread, there's plenty of both.

I would recommend the cannoli dessert (\$1.25). Just as in my youth, I could have had six of them. The shell was crisp and the filling creamy. But the cassata cake, the great specialty of Sicily made with many eggs and candied fruit, was just a white cake with the cannoli filling. (Christian's Danish Inn in La Mesa prepares a beautiful cassata, but their fixed-price dinner is now at least twenty dollars, and it's not possible to drop in there just for dessert.)

My conclusion about Valentino's is that it's an average family restaurant that does best with its pasta dishes, most of which are priced from \$2.95 to \$4.95. But I could not, in good conscience, recommend the entrées that I sampled. □

## Out of Context

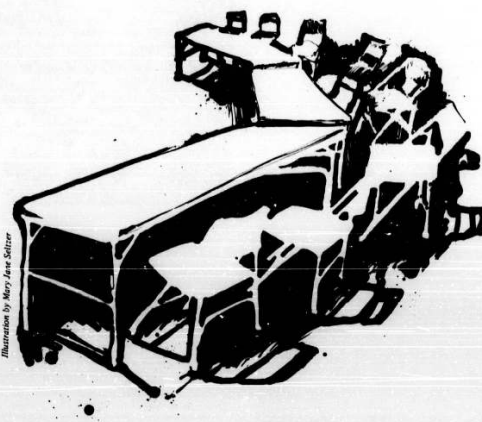


Illustration by Meri-Jane Schiller

BILL OWENS

Chances are you didn't attend the first meeting of a two-day course entitled "The Changing Face of San Diego's News Media." Held in room 2250 of the Humanities and Social Sciences Building on UCSD's Maui Campus, the meeting, which drew a meager audience of eighteen, began just after nine a.m. on February fifth. It ran until 1:20 p.m., with a coffee-and-doughnut break at eleven.

If you were not there, you might be interested in knowing who was, and some of what they said. The quotes themselves, though naked statements shorn of surrounding dialogue, taken out of their context, are accurate, give or take a prepositional. It is not the intention here to ridicule the panelists or moderator in any way. All of them were knowledgeable, engaging, forthright, and willing to give up the better part of a sunny Saturday to discuss the business they know best.

Moderator: Harold Keen, editorial director of KPMB-TV, veteran San Diego television, newspaper, and magazine reporter.

Panel: Lowell Blankfort, former co-publisher of the *Chula Vista Star News*.

Dick Carlson, former KPMB-TV anchorman and prize-winning television reporter.

Simon Casady, former publisher of the *El Cajon Valley News*.  
Sig Mickelson, first

president of CBS News, former president of Radio Free Europe, and currently a lecturer at San Diego State University.

Larry Renner, editor and publisher of *San Diego Newsline*.

Gerald Warren, editor of the *San Diego Union* and former assistant press secretary to President Richard M. Nixon.  
Paul Horton, attorney and outspoken member of the audience.

Casady: The basic news used to be in the first paragraph. Blankfort: When independent papers are taken over by [newspaper] chains, editorials tend to become less aggressive.

Carlson: I read four or five newspapers every morning. Carlson: Local TV news has no sense of history, not even a sense of yesterday.

Renner: The Sixties are over, and the Seventies are almost over without us noticing.

Warren: There isn't that much in San Diego that warrants investigating that isn't already being investigated.

Warren: One fifth of my potential circulation area is connected directly or indirectly with the military.

Mickelson: I discovered that a neighbor of mine in Westport, Connecticut, had overthrown the government of Guatemala.

Blankfort: You're doing a story on the poverty program. You tend to talk to the officials of the poverty program instead of the people who are poor.

Carlson: I remember seeing an ABC memo which talked about friendly teaminess and teeny friendliness.

Carlson: N.S.U. [non-specific urethritis] was called a *virile disease*. I heard it on the radio today, of all places.

Horton: If we start trusting newspapers again, we'd be back in the latter part of the 1960s.

Warren: Every institution in America is suffering a credibility problem right now.

Mickelson: By and large, the information being supplied to the American people now is vastly better than it was twenty years ago.

Keen (to Warren): Were you able to level with the press one hundred percent of the time [a-

While Home press secretary? Warren: There were times when I knew I was not telling everything that I knew.

Warren: It was like a school of piranhas swimming around trying to get a nibble of the big fish.

Mickelson: Marvin Kalb has a doctor of philosophy degree in Chinese affairs.

Carlson: May I say that the press has a tendency to follow trends.

Carlson: White House reporters, and I know a couple of them, have admitted that they knew Jack Kennedy was having extra-marital affairs.

Keen: You have to look at a truth from the standpoint of a possible deleterious effect, let's say.

Warren: Journalists do make mistakes, and they're burned by them sometimes.

Casady (to Warren): Why do you feel that you should know what the *Globe Explorer* is up to, and I shouldn't know?

Blankfort: What national security is involved if the Russians already know about that?

Warren: Honest men can differ on whether or not they want to publish that.

Renner: My point is that it's still a personal decision.

Carlson: The press has been male-dominated in the past.

Warren: Senators got drunk on the floor.

Renner: If you're gonna be in the business of reporting facts, you've gotta let the chips fall where they may.

Horton: We don't believe you anyway.

Carlson (sarcastically): If Gerald Rivera says it's right, it must be right.

Casady: Are you under some compulsion to tell the public everything you know?

Casady: The right to know only comes in between the citizen and his government, not between the citizen and his newspaper editor.

Warren (referring to the *Los Angeles Times*): Personally, I'm glad they're here. But I think we're still ahead.

Warren: We're not telling people what they [the public] are saying. Larry, you're not telling us what they're saying, and the *Reader* isn't telling us what they're saying.

Keen: Thank you all. □

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# READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday event 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 8089, San Diego, CA 92108.

## Special Events

**Benefit Dinner to raise transportation funds for the San Diego Theater of the Deaf** will be held Saturday, March 3, 1 to 6 p.m., Arroyo Center, 835 G Street, 233-8778.

**Arts Cooperative Open House, the Del Mar Arts Cooperative**, serving as a network and resource center for local dancers, musicians, poets, actors, and artists, will hold an open house on Saturday, March 3, 4 to 7 p.m., at the Stratford Studios Theatre, 1355 Stratford Court, Del Mar, 481-1300 or 481-1817.

## Film

**"Last Grave at Dimbarze,"** a film concerning apartheid in South Africa, assembled by exiles using smuggled footage, will be presented by the New American Movement, Thursday, March 1, 7 p.m., Council Chambers, Arts Center, 808U.

**"Angela: Victory of Hope,"** a film which records the history of the Angolan people, and "East Tamer, Isle of Fear, Isle of Hope," documentary on the Indonesian invasion of this former Portuguese colony, will be shown in the continuing political film series sponsored by the USC Committee for World Democracy, Thursday, March 1, 7 p.m., Room 142, Humanities Library Building, Revelle Campus, UCSD, 453-9389.

**"Tillie's Punctured Romance,"** starring Charlie Chaplin, will be offered as part of the continuing "Classic Comedy Film Series," Tuesday, March 6, 11 a.m., Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, 802 Clay Lake Road, Chula Vista, 421-1691.

**"Stonchenge,"** a planetarium show on this great stone circle in England, will be presented Wednesday, March 7, and 7:15 and 8:30 p.m., Palomar College planetarium, Palomar College, San Marcos, 744-1150.

**"Modern Times,"** Charlie Chaplin's 1936 film on factory life, and Laurel and Hardy's "Two Tars," will be screened in the continuing "Man and Machine in the Movies" series, Wednesday, March 7, 7 and 9:30 p.m., Unicom Cinema, 7436 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 452-9400 or 459-4341.

**"The Teacher,"** a Cuban film concerning a young literacy brigade volunteer, will be presented by the USC Committee for World Democracy, Thursday, March 8, 7 p.m., Third College Lecture Hall, TLH 107, UCSD, 453-9389.

**"Cosmos,"** a film exploring primordial ocean depths, volcanic eruptions, and black holes of outer space, will be shown with "The Great American Thrill Show," daily through March, Reuben H. Frier Space Theater, Ruloff Park, 238-1231 or 238-1168.



Harry Patch Ensemble

A unique opportunity for San Diegans to experience music by some of the world's foremost contemporary composers will take place today through Sunday at UCSD. The occasion is the fourteenth annual conference of the American Society of University Composers, hosted this year by UCSD, and the diverse range of lectures, seminars, and especially performances (all open to the public free of charge) is truly grand. For the informed connoisseur, the next few days represent a musical feast of such proportions as to satisfy the most gluttonous appetite. For anyone else (which is most of us), the conference will present a glittering buffet from which the uninitiated may sample fresh and exciting offerings of what has come to be called New Music.

The conference, which will be attended by such major American composers as Larry Austin, Barry Childs, Ben Johnston, Aureliu de la Vega, David Ward-Sheeman, and Charles Wuorinen, will begin each day (including today) in Mandeville Center's Recital Hall with lectures and panel discussions on a wide variety of topics, some of which may prove too esoteric for the layman ("A Categorical Approach to Rhythmic Analysis in Serial Mass Composition," "Olivier Messiaen's Compositional Use of Timbre Technique").

Much more accessible, if no less foreign to most ears, are the numerous concerts scheduled for the afternoons and evenings. A total of nine programs, featuring some fifty recent compositions, will be held in Mandeville Center's main auditorium, recital hall, and stage performance area.

## Music

**Symphony,** the San Diego Symphony, under the baton of Charles Kitcham, with flutist Dorian Burdell-Hall, will present Schubert's Overture "Rusland" (1811), Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 1, and "Symphony Fantastique" by Berlioz, Thursday and Friday, March 1 and 2, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, downtown; and Saturday, March 3, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon, 239-9721.

**Classical Guitarist Thomas Barclay** and flutist Richard Tibbitts will be featured in a concert on Saturday, March 3, 8 p.m., Bob La Brea Music Center, 1460 Rosecrans Street, 222-6686.

"Musik de Camera," a chamber music concert under the direction of Henry Kolar, featuring the Solisti de Akala chamber orchestra, will be presented Sunday, March 4, 4 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4192 Front Street, 298-9978.

The architect of this festive symposium, experience music by some of the world's foremost contemporary composers will take place today through Sunday at UCSD. The occasion is the fourteenth annual conference of the American Society of University Composers, hosted this year by UCSD, and the diverse range of lectures, seminars, and especially performances (all open to the public free of charge) is truly grand. For the informed connoisseur, the next few days represent a musical feast of such proportions as to satisfy the most gluttonous appetite. For anyone else (which is most of us), the conference will present a glittering buffet from which the uninitiated may sample fresh and exciting offerings of what has come to be called New Music.

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**Chamber Music Series** continues with the San Diego Chamber Players, under the direction of Charles MacLeod, Sunday, March 4, 8 p.m., Oaks North Community Center, 12578 Oaks North Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 466-0112.

**Bass-Baritone Duval Gramm**, accompanied by pianist Donald Hassard, will be presented by the San Diego Community Center Association, Monday, March 5, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 222 G Street, downtown, 236-6510 or 582-7454.

**Piano Duets,** the "Spring Chamber Music Series" will begin with Ilana Myosir and Michael Fubde performing music by Schubert, Stravinsky, and Mozart, Tuesday, March 6, 7:30 p.m., Third Floor Lecture Room, San Diego Public Library, 822 E. Street, downtown, 236-5849 or 236-5853.

Vega will be presented. Eight p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, SDSC's brass quintet will perform David Ward Sheeman's composition, "Bancroft's Bass Reels." SONOR plays Hill and Shaw Wals. Saturday, March 3. Two p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, Dorian Mitchell conducts the Harry Patch Ensemble in the works of Foster, Simons, and Patch. Four p.m., stage performance area: Musical creations of Falconer, Curtin-Smith, Vercoe, Semegen, Rhodes, and Borge presented. Eight p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD graduate student ensemble, SONOR, and the SDSC brass quintet play Larry Austin's "Quadrants Event" complex No. 6, in addition to pieces by Louis, Levin, Zelle, Kennedy, and Reed. Sunday, March 4. Two p.m., Center for Music Experiment (Building 40N, Warren Campus, UCSD). Works exhibiting the use of synthesized and computer generated tape and other electronic techniques by McLean, Wells, Ghent, and Dodge conclude the day and the conference. (If you've never heard music made thus the tape piece, Adam, this concert should be of special interest.)

Should you seek information about the conference or schedule of performances beyond that contained here, please call 452-3239 or 452-3120.

—Peter Gockel

## Theater

**"The Homecoming,"** Harold Pinter's view of family relationships following a young man's return after an absence of several years, will be presented as a master's thesis project of director Terry L. Hoch. Thursday, March 1, through Saturday, March 3, 8 p.m., Experimental Theatre, Dramatic Arts Building, SDSU, 286-6884.

**"Harvey,"** a comedy about the six-foot white rabbit who ends up in a mental hospital, written by Mary Chase, will be presented by the El Capitan Community Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays through March 3, 8 p.m., in the Little Theatre, El Capitan Valley High School, 1035 Madison Avenue, El Cajon, 529-1108.

**"Sexual Perversity in Chicago,"** the Monique Uhly Theatre's production of this David Mamet play will be extended through March 4, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 p.m., and Fridays and Saturdays at 10:10 p.m., Second Avenue Theatre, Community Arts Center, 80 S. Second Avenue, downtown, 238-8111.

**"Mark Twain Tonight,"** a solo performance by Hal Holbrook, will be presented Tuesday, March 6, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown, 236-6510.

**"Private Life of the Master Race,"** a new translation of Bertolt Brecht's testament against Nazism, will be performed Thursday through Saturdays, through March 10, 8 p.m., Room 2350, Humanities and Social Science Building, Main Campus, UCSD, 452-3120.

**"The Shogun Boy,"** a Pulitzer Prize-winning drama by Michael Crotwell, will be performed by the San Diego Mesa College drama department, Thursday, March 1, and Fridays and Saturdays, through March 10, 8 p.m., Applied Theatre, Mesa College, 279-1300 x236.

**"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,"** a musical comedy, will be presented by SDSU's School of Performing and Visual Arts, Friday and Saturday, March 2 and 3, and Wednesday, March 7, through Saturday, March 10, 8 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 14th and C streets, 271-4353 x411 or 238-7854.

**"Steve Bando is Dead,"** a one act play portraying the survival of Blacks in white-ruled South Africa, directed by UCSD drama professor Luther James, will be performed by the Southern California Black Repertory Theatre, Thursdays through Sundays, through March 11, 8 p.m., Mungas Public Theatre, 517 India Street, 288-9111.

**"A Streetcar Named Desire,"** the Tennessee Williams drama, will be presented by the UCSD drama department, Sunday, March 1, through Sunday, March 4, Wednesday, March 7, through Sunday, March 11, and Wednesday, March 14, through Sunday, March 17, all at 8 p.m., UCSD Theatre, UCSD, 452-4574.

**"Dial M for Murder,"** a thriller by Michael Crichton, will be presented by The Lamplighters Community Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, through March 24 (except Sunday, March 9), 8 p.m., and Sunday, March 11, 2 p.m., The Fine Arts Center, 8251 University Avenue, La Mesa, 464-4998 or 463-1621.

**Neon Concerts,** the UCSD Vocal Collegium, under the direction of Dan Plantamura, will present selected works, Thursday, March 8, noon, Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD, 452-3120.

**"Abound Person Singular,"** a British comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, will be presented Thursday through Saturday, 8:30 p.m., in an open-air run, Mission Fleishman, 1011 Losos Street, Historic Park, Old Town, 295-6453.

**"On Borrowed Time,"** will be presented by the San Diego Little Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays through March 24, 8:30 p.m., through March 27, 8:30 p.m., and Sundays, March 4 and 18, 2 p.m., exposition grounds, IRL Mall, 755-7358.

**"Equus,"** an Old Globe Theatre production, will open Tuesday, March 6, and continue nightly, except Mondays, through April 1, 8 p.m., with added Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Spreckels Theatre, 239-2755.

**"A Delicate Balance,"** a contemporary drama concerning a family crisis, by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Edward Albee, will continue nightly, except Mondays, through April 1, 8 p.m., with added Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Spreckels Theatre, 239-2755.



New Hungarian Quartet

Hungary has produced more than its share of the world's great performing musicians, with conductors and string quartets leading the field. This very predilection may lead to some confusion. There is no difficulty, of course, in differentiating our Fritz Reiter from Eugene Ormandy (both Hungarian-born conductors), but when it comes to string quartets the problem becomes a bit more acute. Most famous of the Hungarian quartets is the Budapest, which was founded in 1918 and played its last concert (with a completely new set of musicians, of course) in 1967. A large part of this group's career took place outside Hungary—in the United States, in fact, which seems to be the rule for the best Hungarian quartets (and conductors, too). The same thing is true of the Hungarian Quartet, a well-known group which made its debut in Budapest in 1935 (when the Budapest Quartet was already seventeen years old) and which took up residence in the U.S. in 1952.

But is neither of these quartets that will be appearing this week in San Diego. The musicians visiting San Diego State University make up the New Hungarian Quartet, a completely different organization which, however, shares with its predecessors the Hungarian names of most of its players and its location in America. The quartet, which is currently in residence at Oberlin College, consists of Andor Totk, first violin, Richard Young, second violin, Vera Kozman, viola, and Andor Totk, Jr., cello. They have been hailed as one of the world's leading string quartets by critics throughout Europe and

the U.S., and their work may be familiar to some recent collectors through their recordings on Vox of the last Schubert quartets. There will be no Schubert on their San Diego State program, for a taste of what they do with that composer San Diegoans will have to go to the recordings. The New Hungarians will, however, give us a sample of their Mozart, Beethoven, and Bartok. The Mozart Quartet in C, K. 465, is generally known as the "Bowman" Quartet, though this nickname, which refers exclusively to some strange harmonic happenings in the slow introduction to the first movement, is quite misleading; it is not a work of brevity and intense intensity, with none of the effect you would expect from a work called "Bowman."

For real, pervasive dominance you would do better to listen to Bartok's Quartet No. 1, which will also be on the program. In the sort of work to which the epithet "aggressively modern" was naturally applied in 1927 when it was composed. More pertinent to our estimation of the great work is its emotional texture, its rhythmic vitality, its instrumental color, and its tight, clear structure. As for the third work, The New Hungarians will be playing the Beethoven Quartet in A Minor, Op. 132, in the Berglund period.

The New Hungarian Quartet will perform at eight p.m. Thursday, March 1, in the Arts Center's Musicology Hall. Tickets for the concert, which is sponsored by the San Diego State Associated Students' Culture Arts Area, are available at the Arts Center ticket office (phone 286-6947) and at all Select-A-Seats outlets. —Thomas Arns

## A Fantasy

The experimental film as we know it today was pioneered in Europe in the 1920s, most notably in the famous collaboration of Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí. Their initial effort, *Un Chien Andalou* (1929), was the first and most influential surrealist film and remains a genuinely powerful experience to this day, even for those who have seen it many times. In its shocking opening sequence, Buñuel himself wields the razor that slits a young woman's eyeball, and then the film plunges into the world of the subconscious with a startlingly clear-eyed symbolic, actual parable, laced with grim humor and disturbing imagery. With their opening, the two artists were trying, above all, to literally open our eyes—not only to the life of the psyche but to the awesome possibilities of the cinema. Since then the underground has always been with us—a minority of filmmakers who believe that the natural visual power of the medium can be put to more uses than simple storytelling and the making of pretty pictures.

It is to the citizen-scientist possibilities that the "As You Like It Film Festival" at San Diego State University addresses itself. Arranged into five weekly programs, the festival offers a large, varied, and intelligently chosen array of experimental shorts, from here and abroad, old and

recent, live action and animated, and employing every conceivable technical innovation and eccentricity. Each program is grouped under a loose title, and the first, called "Surrealities," opens with a joint by Un Chien Andalou, featured with it is *Moulin Rouge* (1903), by the leading American experimentalist, Stan Brakhage; a film made without a camera but with actual mouth wiggles between clear acetate on the film itself; and from Canada's Norman McLaren, the haunting, animated *Phantasy*, made for the National Film Board. Also on the bill are *Renaissance*, *Y. Street Music*, and *Dream of the Wild Horses*.

Upcoming weeks continue in this generous vein. The films in the second program, called "Zen," all utilize jazz in some way to achieve or heighten their effects. The prize in this group is a 1935 classic by British animator Len Lye, *Colour*, which is one of the first experiments in applying images directly to the film stock. Also on this program are Scott Joplin's animated biography of the great ragtime composer, *The Invention by American* Ernest Pinoff, *The Jazz Sandwich*, *Glass*, *The Hat*, and *Mister Bluesman*.

"Dance" is the theme of the third program, which features Ballet Macabre (1924), a pioneering study in pure movement by the painter Ferdinand Léger; Len Lye's brightly colored *Rainbow Dance* (1936), which combines live action and

animation; Norman McLaren's lively enhancement of the ballet, *Parade de Danse*; some early use of electronic imagery in *Pola Gough* (1933) by Mary Ellen Bute; and perhaps most fascinating of all, Ed Emshwiller's *Thapsipops* (1962), which achieves truly startling effects with time exposures on every frame of film.

The fourth program of the festival brings us a survey of American "Underground Masters" with Lucien Krug, Kenneth Anger's apocalyptic follow-up to *Surrealities*, West Coast filmmaker Will Hindle's *Chinese Frenzy* (1968), the whimsical *Wheels* by collage artist Van Der Beek, and Curtis Harrington's heavily symbolic, *On the Edge* (1949).

Recent developments in animation are showcased in "New Age Animation," the festival's final program. This bill includes *Sans Pitié's Furies*, the bizarre and delightful *Queste at the Quacadero*, *Our Lady of the Spheres*, *Mind Madness*, *Somno*, and a number of others.

This exhaustive compilation, which should provide satisfying to all those with a taste for out-of-the-mainstream cinema, opens this Monday, March 5, and continues on the next four Mondays. Showings begin at 7:30 p.m. at the Back Door in Aztec Center, SDSU. Admission is free, and for more information, call 286-6551.

—Rick Geary

## READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

## Sports

**Tennis Tournament, the Pacific Coast** Sectional Men's Doubles Championship, featuring competition in professional, amateur, and intercollegiate categories, will take place Friday, March 2 through Sunday, March 4, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, 2855 Spenard Drive, La Jolla. 454-7126.

**Hawk Hockey, the San Diego Hawks** will entertain the Spokane Flyers, Sunday, March 4, 7 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 225-9033.

**Clippers Basketball, the Houston Rockets** will come to town to play our San Diego Clippers, Wednesday, March 7, 7:05 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena. 226-1275.

## Dance

**Traditional African Ball** will be performed by the Western African Kumpo Dancers, Thursday, March 7, 7 p.m., the Back Door, Ance Center, SDSU.

**SDSU Faculty Dance Concert**, presented by the Choreographer's Ensemble, will take place Friday and Saturday, March 2 and 3, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre, WU 208, SDSU. 386-6821.

## Radio/TV

**"The Works of Ellen Griffin,"** local video artist Ellen Griffin will televise her "Abandon and the Bishop" piece, Friday, March 2, 4:30 p.m., Mission Cable Channel 24 and Southwestern Cable Channel 16.

**"As You Like It,"** the next offering of "The Shakespeare Plays," an excellent series which will feature all of the plays of Shakespeare over the next six years, will be shown Sunday, March 4, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

**"Scared Straight,"** a documentary concerning a prison program for juvenile delinquents, will be shown Wednesday, March 7, 9:30 p.m., Channel 8.

**"Academy Leaders,"** a program which highlights Oscar-winning and nominated actors, will continue with "Din" by Robin Leighton, "Closed Mondays," "Floating Free," and "That's Me," Monday, March 5, 9:25 p.m., repeating Thursday, March 8, 2 p.m., Channel 15.

## Lectures

**"Artists in Mass Media"** will be the subject of a talk by artist Leslie Labowitz, who is associated with the Women's Building in Los Angeles and will also screen two of her video tapes, "Record Companies Dog Their Feet" and "In Mourning and In Rage," in a presentation sponsored by the UCSD Department of Visual Arts and the Ford Foundation, Thursday, March 1, 4 p.m., Room 103, Mandeville Center, UCSD.

**"La Frontera,"** a performance piece by New York poet Ed Friedman and San Diego artist Kim MacConnel, will be presented by the UCSD Department of Visual Arts and the Ford Foundation, Thursday, March 1, 7:30 p.m., Room 103, Mandeville Center, UCSD.

**Illustrated Archaeology Lecture,** the cultural ramifications of the prehistoric shift from hunting and gathering to domestication of plants and animals will be the topic of European archaeology professor Ruth Tringham, who will discuss her recent research in the area, Friday, March 2, 7 p.m., Room 351, Social Sciences Building, SDSU.

**"Men Against Sexism,"** a public forum sponsored by the Golden Hill Men's Group and the Men's Study Group, will be held Friday, March 2, 7:30 p.m., Exploring Family School, 836 Claremont Drive, San Diego. 234-1636.

**"Working Women, In Their Own Words"** will be the topic of a lecture by Sherna Clark, in the continuing "New Views of Women" series, Wednesday, March 7, 3 p.m., Room 8810, SDSU.

**"UCSD New Poetry Series"** continues with poets Charles Bernstein and Barbara Emily reading their own work, Wednesday, March 7, 4 p.m., Revell Formal Lounge, UCSD. 452-2535.

**San Diego Community Olympics,** a service program cosponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Wickes Furniture, will present a seminar on exercise and nutrition, led by Dr. Ash Hayes, Tuesday, March 6, at 7 to 9 p.m., repeating Thursday, March 8, at 7 to 9 p.m., Wickes Furniture, 965 Arroyo Avenue, El Cajon. 447-2492 for reservations.

## Galleries

**Old Master, Modern Master, and Contemporary Prints,** including works by Callot, Dürer, Da Vinci, Dürer, Goltzius, Goya, Rembrandt, Whistler, Peretti, Andreassen, Richard Hunt, wood engravings by Henry Wolf, and Japanese woodblock from the Ukiyo-E School, will be presented by The Lakeside Studio and Phaeon Gallery, Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4, Phaeon Gallery, 1111 Prospect Street, Upper Level, La Jolla. 454-6330.

**Indonesian Art, ranging from masks to** wooden architectural details of winged animals and gods, from the Serres collection, will be exhibited through March 4, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7911.

**Color Photographs: Cibachrome Prints,** by Andrea Becal, will continue through March 8, A.C.C.E.S.S. Gallery, 3957 Goldhawk Street, 286-6219.

**"Night Unseen,"** a series of photographs by Ruth Maxcyon Gilbert, will be exhibited through March 9, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cajon.

**Two-Person Show,** featuring the photographs of Kathryn Harris and the figure paintings of Ellen Irvine, will continue through March 16, Celebrations Gallery, 645 G Street, upstairs. 239-5252.

**"New Art—A Graduate Student Exhibition,"** featuring a collection of contemporary multi-media works by San Diego County graduate art students, will continue through March 16, Community Arts Gallery, 807 Third Avenue, downtown. 233-0141.

**"Painting Faculty Exhibit, 1979,"** an annual show featuring the works of SDSU art department faculty members, will continue through March 16, Master's Gallery, SDSU.

**Local Laid Glass Artists,** including B.J. Daniels, Larry Oviatt, Claude Smith, and work from the studios of Genesis Glass Studio, Sanborn Gallery, The Glass Studio, The Glass Menagerie, The Glass Rainbow, and Graphic Illusions, will be featured in a show dedicated to the memory of Dick Kenyon, whose work will also be presented, through March 19, The Office Park, 3103 Falcon Street.

## Record Review



Change of Heart  
Eric Carmen  
Arista Records

This musical pillaging is not so repugnant in itself, since composers and other artists have been pilching each other's ideas for centuries. And no one seems to mind when the aforementioned songwriters "borrow" from the Beatles, the Beach Boys, or Phil Spector, since these people have proven themselves incapable of sustaining the same quality that marked their earlier works, leaving the public to clamor for suitable imitations. But Carmen, who may yet become the de Hory of popular music with his detailed forgeries, has often made the mistake of plagiarizing stylists who are still very active, thereby reducing some of his efforts to little more than parody.

While it is no secret that Carmen owes his greatest debt to genius, he has also taken a page from Wilson of the Beach Boys, whose segments of whose melodies, harmonies, and arrangements have found their way into Carmen's songs. It may be said that Carmen's treatment of the style is always loving, tasteful, and acceptable in the absence of the real thing. It is only when he offers role imitations of artists such as Rod Stewart or Elton John that Carmen is embarrassing. On *Change of Heart*, Car-

men has selected Randy Newman as his model on one song, not only aping his writing and vocal delivery, but even opening the album with a string arrangement of the tune that sounds remarkably like the charts Newman's uncle wrote for his *Sail Away* album. Carmen may believe that by putting himself in the company of a writer of Newman's stature he is expediting his own acceptance as an artist, but somebody should whisper in his ear that it's been done before and much better.

In terms of originality, *Change of Heart* shows that Carmen has taken only a few short baby steps toward identifying a personal style, but the album is nevertheless a radical departure from previous efforts in its overall sound and approach, a fact that may be directly attributable to recent changes in Carmen's life. The archetypal "loner," Carmen drenched his first two releases in the sort of piano-heavy pathos that establishes a songwriter as a "sensitive" artist, and his yearnings for love and understanding in a cruel and lonely world (read Hollywood) were as earnest, as good, and as believable as martial bliss. A desire to return to his former style would suggest that *Change of*

late in 1977 Carmen packed his bags and went home to Cleveland, where after months of soul searching and aimless sexual binges he met, fell in love with, and married his beautiful twenty-year-old second cousin (Carmen is twenty-nine). Back in the studio again, he recorded an album's worth of songs that betrayed his new-found optimism and playfulness. On *Change of Heart*, Carmen has replaced the California-classical pop sound of *Eric Carmen and Ryan Adams* with the smooth, danceable, Philly-style R&B sound that so many white crooners seem attracted to these days. For the first time, Carmen covers another artist's material, the Holland-Duizer-Holland classic, "Baby, I Need Your Lovin'," and carries it off superbly well.

In fact, the entire album is enjoyable on a simple pop level, but it is still too early to tell whether *Change of Heart*'s title should be taken literally. On a recent talk-show appearance, Carmen confessed a need to become depressed again in order to write more sad love songs (which, one is led to assume, is difficult given his current state of marital bliss). A desire to return to his former style would suggest that *Change of*

*Heart* was recorded as a lark, a temporary depression aimed at proving that Carmen's Cleveland roots are not lily-white, after all, and that he can compete in the AM marketplace. But its derivative nature—Carmen has merely switched role models from Brian Wilson to Gamble/Huff—would seem to confirm the nagging suspicion among some critics that Carmen is incapable of writing an Eric Carmen song. In that sense, the more his heart changes, the more it hurts exactly the same.

—John D'Agostino

erly are particularly impressive, few country artists can sing the blues without sounding a little bit hokey, and Tucker joins Willie Nelson as one of the exceptions.

Tucker is able to breathe a fiery freshness into the songs of others that results in her version being every bit as good as the originals. Her jubilant reading of Chuck Berry's "Brown-eyed Handsome Man" makes Linda Ronstadt's recent treatment of Berry's "Back in the USA" pale by comparison. Like Ronstadt, Tucker is backed by top-notch musicians. Guitarists Bill Joe Walker, Jr. and Jerry Swallow both produce stinging solos and tough, gritty rhythm work, while the remaining members play with a deft agility, kicking hard on the rockers, demonstrating a suitably restrained approach on the more subdued material.

Still, TNT is not an altogether faultless record. Jerry Goldstein's production doesn't quite give Tucker's singing the presence it warrants, and she too often has to fight to keep from being overpowered by her band. Also, "It's Nice To Be With You" is totally out of context here, sounding like the kind of inoffensive pop better left to Debbie Boone. Otherwise, TNT is a forceful, confident work, one that shows considerable promise for the future.

—George Varga

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STEVE ESMEDINA

The phrase "beautiful but empty" has become a critic's cliché. I have learned is usually best ignored, if I didn't discount it, the movies of such exemplary beauticians as Alain Resnais, John Boorman, and Walter Hill might have passed me by unseen and unlamented. The latest object of this dubious description is Terrence Malick's second feature, *Days of Heaven*, a picture I believe, after three sessions with it, is truly beautiful, period. Those who have not been especially taken with this film have suggested that Malick has fallen into a George Stevens-David Lean rut. The implication is that his fascination with pure pictorial splendor precludes whatever sense of conventional, earthbound drama it takes to keep people awake through a ninety-minute feature. However, at a time when so few American directors are interested in sharpening our cinematic vision, and are even less convinced that we will comprehend their work without the benefit of schematic motivations and elaborate set-pieces, Malick's "visual drama" is refreshing and encouraging. I am impressed by the respect he displays for his audience.

This is not to say that *Days of Heaven* is immediately likable. As he proved six years ago with *Badlands* (scheduled to play three nights at the Ken beginning March 18), Malick is, by nature, arty, cryptic, and blatantly self-conscious. He tackles subjects which, in the hands of a more conventional director, would likely end up no more provocative than your average television movie. But to his credit he doggedly chooses to freeze, observe, interpret, and force the viewer to fill in the blanks for himself. The most frequently voiced complaint about *Badlands* was that its characters were placed at too far a distance. It is certainly true that the film's premise—a liberal adaptation of the Charles Starkweather-Carol Pugsley murder spree—was prime fodder for a tawdry melodrama. Malick, though, opted for a more poetic, objective, and perceptive interpretation. The movie struck me as a tabloid clipping shaped into a grown-up fairy tale. It is strange, magnificent film, done with little regard for commercial conventions and, typically, one which everyone appears to have forgotten.

To a lesser degree, *Days of Heaven* has suffered from the same disregard. Even many of the critics who have thought it to be at least regard it as a serious movie nonetheless deride it as visually bombastic, thematically arid, and dramatically stilling. I am not sure, to tell the truth, that human characters play no more significant a role in the film than do the animals, insects,

## Pretty Picture



changing seasons, machines, and geographical landmarks, but I do not believe that that diminishes its effectiveness in the slightest. If I have understood his intentions correctly, Malick wanted to evoke a time (1916) and a place (the Texas Panhandle) in America as completely and coolly as he knew how. This is a vision of mobile snapshots: a goal, for sure; Malick has given us an emotionally austere depiction of nineteenth-century pastoralism being supplanted by the mechanization of this century. The plot consists of no more than a basic outline; and by my best estimate, I would say that in ninety minutes, there is no more than a half-hour's worth of dialogue. As should be expected from a relentlessly metaphorical, metaphysical filmmaker like Malick, the people in *Days of Heaven* function solely as representatives of a form of life possessing no less but no more claim to supremacy than any other creature inhabiting this planet.

The story elements, what few there are, add up to a sort of fable which was derived from the book of Genesis, chapter twelve, verses ten through twenty, in which Abram and Sarai, man and wife, travel through Egypt pretending to be brother and sister. The Pharaoh falls in love with Sarai and, be-

lieving Abram to be her brother, rewards him with land and riches. Subsequently, he is besieged with a multitude of plagues for committing inadvertent adultery. The movie follows this line of action closely. A disgruntled steel mill laborer (Richard Gere) presumably kills his foreman in a sudden flourish. He then takes it on the lam with his girlfriend (Brooke Adams) and sister (Linda Manz), and winds up a field hand in the Texas Panhandle, working for a wealthy, terminally ill farmer (Sam Shepard). As in the biblical parable, Gere and Adams pretend to be siblings. At Gere's behest, Adams marries Shepard in order to secure a motherhood for themselves when Shepard dies. This scheme, unfortunately, is doomed from the start. After the two are married, Shepard's health miraculously returns, and Adams finds herself slowly falling in love with him. In the end, Shepard figures out their deception and, like the Pharaoh in Genesis, is punished for his unwitting error by a plague of locusts and, finally, death at the hands of Gere. Gere, too, pays for his sins with his life; Adams and Manz by separation and displacement. In Malick's universe, most actions engender harm, inevitable reactions. A strong sense of predation is prominent in both of his films; the characters have no more control over their own lives than over the locusts, quails, rabbits, horses, and wolves they must compete with for screen time. Like a Jesuitical Catholic, Malick evidently sees man as an animal defenseless against the unfathomable and unavoidable whims of fortune. But he is not exactly making a fine-and-brimstone condemnation of humanity, as is made clear by Linda Manz's voice-over declaration that "Nobody's perfect. There was never a perfect person around. I guess everybody just got half devil and half angel in them." Throughout, Malick never demonstrates a strong attitude toward any of these characters. For him, what is, simply is. People, conflicts, dialogue drift by without comment; the script is so spare that it often seems impenetrable. His decision to detach himself in this manner is undoubtedly the main reason that the response to *Days of Heaven* has been so guarded, even when it has been favorable on the whole. By standing so determinedly aloof from his protagonists, he makes it well-nigh impossible for us to take any sort of reading on them, and consequently there is little opportunity to empathize with anybody in this movie.

It is, too, hardly a minor reservation about Malick's somberness. Whenever a filmmaker

shrinks his characters into virtual insignificance he naturally runs the risk of losing our interest altogether. And unlike Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek in *Badlands*, the actors here are a mere two bland, drawn, and glassy-eyed. They don't possess the intricate suggestive qualities necessary to flesh out such sparsely conceived and written roles. But my discontentment with the performers is really an inconsiderable quibble. *Days of Heaven* is, most importantly, a feast for the eyes. It would be premature for me to claim that Malick, after only two features, is a great artist, but except for Walter Hill, he is the only member of the "New Hollywood" who displays an intrinsic skill for telling a story through imagery alone. He doesn't have quite so imaginative a script to work from here as he did in the absurdist *Badlands*. This time all the narrative color and tension are created through a dazzling array of vivid, limpid, surreal visuals. The photography by Nestor Almendros is undeniably breathtaking. The ceaselessness may largely account for the charges of "beautiful but empty." In this case, though, self-conscious beauty is anything but purposeless.

All of the more tantalizing qualities in the movie—the love triangle, the portentous biblical allegory, the nonjudgmental depiction of migrant workers in transit, the stark portrait of pre-World War I Americana—achieve their impact on account of Malick's and Almendros' stunning vision. Although I enjoyed Emilio Moriconi's romantic score, the sound is practically useless; all that we need to know is in front of our eyes, elevated almost to the realm of the magical. There is an endless variety of dazzling, glittering pictures: a train shunting across a mid-air trestle; wheat fields swaying and slapping with the wind; disheveled, weather-battered laborers straggling behind monstrous farm machinery; a menagerie of animals disposing themselves in the underbrush, all ways out of human contact; a forlorn Victorian mansion erect and proud in the middle of nowhere; a wine goblet descending to the bottom of a babbling brook; and, most spectacularly, dozens of farmhands framed in silhouette against a purple sky and thousands of ravaging locusts.

It is difficult to maintain without fear of contradiction whether or not a movie can be heralded as a "masterpiece" purely for its looks. *Days of Heaven* is such a masterpiece, and the fact that it would likely have been disregarded if it were not for the epic-worthiness of its looks, with the poetic, the mysterious, and the unashamedly gorgeous has manifested itself in a bizarre and, yes, beautiful movie which, if not exactly a masterpiece, is the next best thing. □

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Three theatrical traditions went into the composition of *The Chitin Vendor*, which was given its premier production recently by the San Diego State University Theatre. The three traditions are the family comedy, the thriller, and "black" theater—and they are in an interesting relationship in this first play by San Diego author Estelle McDill.

*The Chitin Vendor* is about the Cooks, a contemporary black family, and about the difficulties their paternalism encounters when he runs for a local political office. It is a large family, with members ranging in age from a wise old grandpa to a bumptious twelve-year-old girl, and it is certainly Miss McDill's greatest achievement to have made this family to us utterly lovable that you go on missing them once the curtain has been rung down. Film, radio, television, and the stage have been creating families of this sort for a long time, all of them with two basic characteristics. First, there is the ethnic or regional flavor, with frequent concentration on the accents, mores, and folkways of a minority group. Whether such plays are about WASPs (*Life With Father*), Scandinavians (*Remember Mama*), Jews (*The Goldbergs*), Italians (*Life With Luigi*), or any similar group, they appeal both to members of the group who enjoy seeing themselves portrayed on stage, and to audiences from the outside, who take special pleasure in what is for them a mixture of the homey and the exotic.

A second characteristic of these fictional families is that, all in all, they are fabulously happy. This is not to say that conflicts between members of the family are excluded, but underlying all such conflicts, and inevitably successful in resolving them, there is a deep, general, mutual love and respect that holds individuals and generations together.

Both of these characteristics have an enormous appeal to American audiences. Racial, religious, and ethnic bigotry, which has played so great a part in American life for hundreds of years, makes us uncomfortable because it runs so contrary to equally widespread American ideals of equality and generosity. The plays I'm talking about try to show us that all categories of Americans are fundamentally alike—that whatever the color of our skin, the faith of our fathers, or the accent we speak in, we all have the same kinds of problems and are capable of the same kinds of virtues. It is a way of lessening suspicion and alienation, and this kind of theater seems actually to have had some effect—particularly in recent years—on our national consciousness.

The other characteristic of these family plays is even more appealing. How many happy families are there, in reality? Not so many, if we can believe the statistics of sociologists and the gossip we hear from acquaintances and newspapers. The lack of love and respect, the breakdown of communication between the generations, the disappearance of traditional beliefs that used to help keep a family together, the failure to resolve conflicts—all these have become so widespread in our society that we relish nothing more than a fictional portrayal of a good, loving, old-fashioned family, the kind of family so many of us long for and so few of us belong to. That is

## Family Room



*The Chitin Vendor*

precisely what Estelle McDill has given us in *The Chitin Vendor*. The father of this family, Telis Cook, is a man of kindness, humor, authority, dignity, courage—a head of household who deserves his position. The three or four generations of Cooks have minor quarrels with each other, but they are held together by firm loyalties and by love: the ties that bind parents and children together are felt as sources of strength, rather than as impediments on personal liberty. This is a Christian family, anything but fanatical in its beliefs, but thoroughly comfortable with its traditional adherence to the Church. Moral behavior is second nature to all the Cooks; and they are not only good, they are nice.

It would be foolish to imagine that all families are like this, or that all black families are as stable and successful as the one Miss McDill has created. If you don't like warm-hearted idealization, you could say that *The Chitin Vendor* is sentimental. A penchant for grim realism, for opening one's eyes bravely to America's ugliness and cruelty, would demand at least one atheist, one drug addict, one suicide, a painful divorce, and a large amount of intrafamilial hatred (do you remember the Lauds on television?). But sentimentality has its proper place in the theater—there is nothing wrong with feeling happy, once in a while—and if *The Chitin Vendor* does nothing else, it does make you feel happy. The warmth and charm of these characters was greatly enhanced, in the San Diego State production, by a marvelous cast, of whom the most outstanding members were Harold J. Surratt, a wonderfully dynamic and convincing Telis; and Gloria Ann Knight, who beautifully combined comedy and tenderness as the grandmother. The younger players were also quite fine. Liveliness, naturalness, and technical excellence characterized every one of them, so that you could really believe—and this is one of the chief requirements of "happy-family" theater—that the family

was a real one, and that its members had lived together for years.

The second tradition in *The Chitin Vendor*, quite distinct from the first, is that of the thriller. What plot there is provided by a psychopathic serial killer who worms his way into the Cook household and spends a good deal of time threatening to kill political candidate Telis. Well, some story line was needed, and this sort of spine-chilling plot device has been as popular and successful, in its own way, as the happy-family play itself. Miss McDill's problem was to combine the warm realism of her depiction of the Cook family with the paranoid melodrama of the thriller plot. In many ways, she succeeded, and the swift, clever direction by Mark Owen almost makes one overlook the places where the two types of theater do not completely mesh.

Nevertheless, various elements in the plot remain unconvincing or unexplained. The killer's manner of getting into the house is unnecessarily elaborate, his change of character between Acts One and Two does not ring true, the possible role of the television interviewer in the murder plot is confusing, it is unclear where the police guards are (if they are there at all), the father's nonchalance about the telephone murder threat does not seem in character, the interviewer's return at the end is insufficiently motivated, and so on.

One gets the feeling that the play is basically a sentimental comedy of the sort that makes a good television series (that is, mostly character and atmosphere, with plot merely decorative), but that Miss McDill has attempted to graft a gripping story of terror onto it and has not quite gotten the graft to take. While the thriller plot and the family characterizations do get firmly joined, however—when the freerackers of the pre-teen brat or the explosive of the willful adolescent pressure cooker make our hearts stop because we are afraid the bangs have come from the killer's gun—Miss McDill and Mr. Owen

have given us first-rate entertaining theater, the kind that is bound for a more than local success.

What about "black theater" in this play? By this term some people mean plays about the life of American black people, a category to which *The Chitin Vendor* surely belongs. But usually when critics and authors speak of black theater they are referring to plays that attempt to make a radical political statement about white racism: Baraka's *Dutchman*, for example. There is virtually nothing of this in *The Chitin Vendor*. Miss McDill recognizes the existence of racism, of course, and a few stories about the Cook family's past serve to show what they have had to undergo because of white bigotry. But Miss McDill is much less interested in politics than in people, and her view of race relations in this country—as embodied in this play—is optimistic and integrationalist; there is nothing radical or apocalyptic about it. The best friend of twelve-year-old Punkin Cook is the daughter of the white school principal, a girl who is shedding her family's standard antiracist prejudices through her experience of all the delightful Cooks. Badise Cook is engaged to a white man (the zany Lionel Stokking, one of Miss McDill's best comic creations), and both the black and the white parents have, after some initial qualms, accepted the relationship. For Miss McDill, friendship and love are the real ways towards solving the "race problem." Political action, such as the father's successful candidacy for city councilman, is a necessary ingredient, but not the primary one; and Miss McDill's genial faith in the electoral process and in the decency of the ordinary voter is a far cry from the hatred of whites and of "white" political institutions that one finds in the more radical forms of black theater.

The very nature of the villain the author has invented shows her optimism. The intended killer is a derisive racist, who thinks of blacks as animals, who is willing to use violence to put them back in what he considers their place, and who at one point even suggests that the Cooks should be better off if slavery were reinstated. But the fellow is crazy—and the effect is to suggest that these kinds of ideas no longer have any vital current. In the culture that they are confined nowadays to the minds of maniacs. And even the maniac himself is treated with compassion. Miss McDill shows us his reluctance to bring death and disruption to people whom he has—in spite of himself—come to like and admire; she sympathetically details the misfortunes of his childhood and youth that gave rise to his bigotry; and she even allows him to get away scot free at the end.

Whether you agree with this attitude towards black-white relations in America is one thing; but there can be no doubt that it makes for good theater, appealing as it does to the most generous instincts and the most deep-seated hopes of virtually everyone. *The Chitin Vendor* is not, in the political sense, a "black" play—though it goes the graft to make it so. While the thriller plot and the family characterizations do get firmly joined, however—when the freerackers of the pre-teen brat or the explosive of the willful adolescent pressure cooker make our hearts stop because we are afraid the bangs have come from the killer's gun—Miss McDill and Mr. Owen

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## Letters

(continued from page 4)

### Just Let Me Hear Some Of That

In Matthew Alice's column of February 8 he responded to a question about rock and roll stations in San Diego. I think he passed over some important details in this answer. Is he familiar with the cable radio system in San Diego? For the same price as hooking up cable TV (it's free if you already have cable), anyone south of Del Mar in San Diego County can get cable radio.

Stations that broadcast exclusively on cable include KCR (98.9), which broadcasts from State College, and KSDT (95.7), which broadcasts from UCSD. These stations have free-form programming of a rock/jazz style, with an emphasis on new releases. They are both nonprofit.

I'm sure that readers would like to be informed about these little-known radio stations. Listeners will really benefit if they appreciate good rock and roll.

Collette Leborgne  
KSDT Radio

### Buy And Cosell You

I am writing this in support of the Reader's seemingly unfavorable choice of Steve Esmedina as writer of the always colorful music section.

Let's face it, folks, in this twisted world of ours poor journalism makes controversial copy.

Controversial copy, in turn, makes for large readership, and larger readership means, of course, larger advertising revenues. And that's what it's all about, right?

I choose to call it the Howard Cosell School of Underhanded News Reporting. Everyone hates Cosell's unfounded, opinionated brand of reporting, but who's number one in the ratings? And

what better choice by the Reader management to pull this off than Esmedina, a man apparently too egoistical to realize that his grad-school adjectives are being used for economic, not artistic, ends.

Blend with that a clear and present disregard for the presentation of musical opinion and look what you've got. Let me recap a couple past gems off the top of my head.

Calling Bruce Springsteen a second-rate performer, while admitting later on in the same article that he's never actually seen him perform.

Having the distinction of being the only person I can think of over the age of fifteen who can truly appreciate Black Sabbath's music.

But hey, Steve, it's not your fault. I am one reader who unfortunately realizes the economic necessity of irresponsible journalism. I choose to look at it this way. As Bob Dylan once said, Steve Esmedina is "Only a Pawn in Their Game."

Barry Goldberg  
San Diego

### Buck Stops Here

When is your paper going to have a music review worth reading? I've been reading the garbage that Steve Esmedina writes (or tries to), and can never understand how he got the job. If it weren't for dictionaries, this guy would still be playing juke boxes at the mall shop. Please get someone with musical knowledge and ability to write, so we can understand the goings-on in our area.

Rick West  
San Diego

### One Good Turn

As San Diego's leading entertainment weekly, the Reader has been keeping me informed and amused for years. Why, then, have I been forced in recent months to turn to the *Union-Tribune* for record reviews? There is certainly no shortage of record-store advertisements in the Reader. You must be aware there is an audience out there listening. Also, how about some live concert reviews?

Come on, people. Get with it. Gary Lehmann  
San Diego

## Off the Cuff

What have you learned the hard way?



Thomas Costi  
Hamburger Maker  
Downtown

Somewhere dyin' on ya. My first wife died fifteen or sixteen months ago in a motorcycle accident, leaving me with two little kids. I learned a whole lot of things, but the biggest thing I guess is that even though she's gone, she left me two of the greatest kids anybody could ever ask for. If she'd have died and left me with nothing, it would have hurt even more. She'd just have left me with only the memories we'd had.



David Gibson  
Retired Marine  
San Diego

I learned San Diego's not the place for David Gibson and I'm getting out of this place today. My mom's wiring me the money to fly back to Ohio. They picked me up here on a 647F, which is drunk in public, and gave me six months suspended provided I don't do it again. Well, I'm alcoholic and when I get up in the morning I like a little vodka in my orange juice. The Congress of the United States passed a law in 1972 saying being drunk is a sickness, and I'm a sick man. In L.A. they let you get drunk. In L.A. they know these things. But San Diego, damn! The cops put this lump on my head for drinking.



Jerry Lawrence  
Theater Attendant  
Hillcrest

Somewhere once told me if you put a gun to your head and squeeze the trigger you'll blow your brains right out, so I don't have to do it to find out and prove it. You don't have to learn things the hard way in this life. I gotta do my homework just like everybody else, but that's the way it is. Life's a journey you're on, not a destination you achieve.



Bill Goldate  
Unemployed  
El Cajon

Just getting around by myself in the world, because I'm disabled. Some psychologist said I'm sort of retarded and others say no. I can be a dishwasher, a busboy, and do cleaning-type work, which I like very much, but no one wants to hire me and I don't know why. They say they'll keep me in mind but they don't. I'm a member of the Ronald Bruce Nipon Foundation for young adults of limited potential, and in Pennsylvania we got together and took trips together, but they'd pay half if I'd pay half. But they don't have that here.



Lanny McWhinney  
Elevator Operator  
Hillcrest

Goin' out into the world and workin' and being on my own. The reason I moved out was mom was an alcoholic and I was seventeen. I'm twenty-four now and it still feels hard, having responsibility, knowing you have to do the work or you won't get the paycheck. It's great having your own place, but it's tough having to do what you do to keep it. My advice to anyone thinking about it is stay home as long as you can until you've got a job, got some money put away, and are mentally and physically prepared to take on the responsibility. Every morning you lie there and you think if you don't get up and go to work, you don't get the money.

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## Second Section

## Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

### This Week's Concerts

It may be time to profile or lengthen about the superiority of Sister soul music to Seventies disco, but if it's a point I feel too strongly about to ignore. Wherever the subject of black pop music is raised, I must confess that I am undoubtedly nostalgic. I am prejudiced in favor of physical excitement and am not enthralled by the precious, fashion show choruses that apparently go on in foot with contemporary R&B (call it disco, call it funk, call it anything you wish except good).

Don't fear, this ranting is purposeful. Friday night, Al Green, whom I believe to be the best old-style soul singer alive, will perform twice at the Fox Theatre. Green is not the chart-topper he was half a dozen years ago when the andies vibrated with "Tired of Being Alone" and "Still in Love With You," and now he seems to be one of a dying species. Bluesy, gritty soul singer with gospel inflections is a rarity these days, and Green, who deserves and certainly commands comparison with redoubtable artists such as Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, David Ruffin, and Wilson Pickett, has stubbornly stayed true to his charmed course. For proof, the curious need only listen to his last two albums—"The Belle Album" and "Truth and Time." The first is a lament to Green's god (on the opening cut, "Belle," Green informs us in no uncertain



AL GREEN

terms the reasons for his sudden "born again" conversion when he tells his woman, "It's you that I want, but it's Him that I need"). Even more telling is his version of Luther's "To Sir With Love" on "Truth and Time," which he transforms from a giddy schoolboy's paeon to a worshipful teacher to a touching tip of the hat to his father, the great soul singer of the last twenty years are nothing if not sincere, and Green is no exception. He's a wonderful vocalist, an individualistic writer, and a unique interpreter (aside from "To Sir With Love," he also given new life to "I Say a Little Prayer," "For the Good Times," "One Woman," and "I

Stand Accused"). In person he shows too far in the direction of show business comers, but the fact that he will recognize the need for establishing a viable, consistently entertaining rapport with his audience makes him an artist worthy of our attention, respect, and maybe even love. Also on Friday, the nucleus of the famous Invisible Ensemble—namely, bassist Mark Dresser, vocalist Diamond Dallas Gales, saxophonists Jim French and Tripp Spogues, and drummer Phil Keeney—will be featured in the fourth concert of the Music Forward Festival's third set. This crew's concert last year at Collopy's in

San Francisco has been hailed the immediate to endow Big

Arcton and with, to my mind, one of the few instances in which local jazz musicians, armed at creation rather than reaction, a

repertoire. Whether or not he appreciates the big, Dresser, an involved, broad, compatible

musicians such as Dave Holland and Fred Hopkins, has been one of the city's leading jazz impresarios by

value of his programming, and financially previous lack of bringing to town "radio" jazz

players (Bobby Bradford, James Newton, John Carter, George Lewis, to name a few) those who

are unapologetic to chant garbo (or may close their ears and claim the music's adjectives are

cramp and swollen, but so what? Aside from Dresser, the talent in this band is considerable

Gales is one of the few young singers who is bent on exploring innovative uses of her talent, the same goes for French and Spogues, two reedists who display a reverence for and an active

interest in all variety of saxophone styles, from bechet to Shipp. And Keeney is always a solid, plastic percussionist. This show, which takes place at the Fox, Big Jim Hardy, and drummer Phil Keeney, will be featured in the fourth concert of the Music Forward Festival's third set. This crew's concert last year at Collopy's in

by the music of "progressive" rock, is a very long way from the charts with "That's How I Feel" (it would be a shame to have, with a

bullet note).

Saturday, singer Flora Purim, and pianist and arranger Joe Raposo, will

perform at the Fox Theatre. Raposo, who has been working with the original

Flora, and Raposo's contribution to Miles Davis's "Agharta"

Concert (see page 10) is a very long way from the charts with "That's How I Feel" (it would be a shame to have, with a

bullet note).

Sunday, singer Flora Purim, and pianist and arranger Joe Raposo, will

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**TANGERINE**  
Wednesdays, Thursdays  
Tangerine is led by saxophonist Bill Sharrock and features his brother, Buddy Sharrock, on guitar, Patrice Griffin on keyboard, Roy Tamasaka on drums and Fred Ubaldo on bass. The group presents lyric renditions of such songs as "Shadow of Your Smile," "On a Clear Day," "Touch," "Spain," "Take Five," "Floating" and "Tangerine."

**SEQUENCE**  
Fridays, Saturdays  
Led by Richard Milburn, Sequence presents the big band sounds of the '30's and '40's. All members of the group back up Martin Stone on vocals. The group includes Charles Smith on vibes, Barry Franklin on keyboard, Greg Porter on drums, David Chamberlain on bass, John Yamachi on guitar, Ken Ramele on sax, Bernard Hill on trombone and Juan Yambu on bongos.

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## Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday. Send information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80853, San Diego, CA 92188 or call 234-1507 by 4 p.m. Friday. IMPORTANT: Information must be received by the Friday preceding the Thursday issue to insure inclusion.

### San Diego Concerts

**Taj Mahal:** Ravy Theatre, Thursday, March 1, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**Earlatha Hines:** Calamarian, Thursday, March 1 through Sunday, March 4, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

**Paolo Bryson and Phyllis Hyman:** Fox Theatre, Thursday, March 1, 8 p.m., 7th and 8 streets, 236-6510.

**Al Green:** Fox Theatre, Friday, March 2, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., 7th and 8 streets, 236-6510.

**Mark Dresser, Diamanda Galas, Phil Keeney, Jim French, and Tripp Sanguine:** Stratford Court Theatre, Friday, March 2, 8 p.m., 1353 Stratford Court, Del Mar, 755-8623.

**Ambrosia:** SDSU Montezuma Hall, Friday, March 2, 8 p.m., 286-6947.

**Jose Feliciano:** Ravy Theatre, Friday, March 2, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**The Zeros:** Glorietta Bay Park, Saturday, March 3, 9 p.m., Coronado, 469-0338.

**Tom Chaplin and Thunderbolt the Wondercat:** USD Camina Theatre, Saturday, March 3, 8 p.m., 299-1040.

**Black Oak Arkansas:** Ravy Theatre, Saturday, March 3, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**Elvin Bishop:** Ravy Theatre, Sunday, March 4, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**Florio Putin and Afro:** Back Door, Sunday, March 4, 8 and 10:30 p.m., SDSU, 286-6947.

**Dwight Tilley Band:** Back Door, Wednesday, March 7, 8 and 10 p.m., SDSU, 286-6947.

**Papa John Creach and Dan Nicks:** Calamarian, Thursday, March 8, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

**Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band:** Sports Arena, Thursday, March 8, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 234-4176.

**Howie Smith and Pacific:** Stratford Court Theatre, Friday, March 9, 8 p.m., 1353 Stratford Court, Del Mar, 755-8623.

**Jamie Fan (Klinger from "MASH"):** Calamarian, Friday, March 9 through Sunday, March 11, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

**Jimmy Buffett and Amazing Rhythm Aces:** SDSU Peterson Gym, Sunday, March 11, 9 p.m., 286-6947.

**J. Geils Band:** Sports Arena, Monday, March 12, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 234-4176.

**Judy Collins:** Civic Theatre, Tuesday, March 13, 8 p.m.,

Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6510.

**Freddie Hubbard:** Calamarian, Thursday, March 15 through Sunday, March 18, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

**Shawn Phillips:** Ravy Theatre, Friday, March 16, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**Amazing Rhythm Aces:** Ravy Theatre, Wednesday, March 21, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

**Crusaders featuring Joe Sample:** Calamarian, Friday, March 23 through Sunday, March 25, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

**Brooklyn Dreams:** Ravy Theatre, Saturday, March 24, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

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 KFSD proudly presents jazz at its best every Saturday night at 10:00 p.m. All-time greats sound almost "live" through the special electronics of Audio Directions, San Diego's highest fidelity store. This experience in music sponsored by Series 20, perfectionists in music reproduction.  
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 Your concert music station

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 We are proud to announce the culinary renaissance of Pacific Beach with the  
**Grand Opening**  
 Sunday March 4th  
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 • Free Balloons to all clowns  
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**JUDAS PRIEST**  
**WIRELESS**  
**SAN DIEGO CIVIC THEATRE**  
 MONDAY-APRIL 2-7:30PM  
 ALL TICKETS RESERVED \$7.75  
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**TOGA at THE CLIPPERS HOUSE!**  
 THE WILDEST CRAZIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR  
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**SAN DIEGO Clippers**  
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 MEET ALL THE REGULARS FROM UNIVERSALS DELTA HOUSE  
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 AND IT WON'T BE A PARTY WITHOUT THE UNDISMISSABLE  
**CHUCK BERRY**  
 IN CONCERT  
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 SATURDAY, MARCH 10  
 7:05 PM  
 Featuring NBA Basketball and Chuck Berry in concert all for one low price. Tickets: \$9, \$8, \$6, \$4 at Sports Arena, Bill Gamble's and all arena ticket outlets. Phone reservations: 236-6456  
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## MARCE HERMAN CONCERTS AND SDSU CULTURAL ARTS BOARD BRING YOU

**Jimmy Buffett**  
 and The Coral Reefer Band  
**SDSU PETERSON GYM**  
 SUNDAY-MARCH 11-9:00PM  
 TICKETS \*725 SDSU STUDENTS \*775 GENERAL  
 TICKETS AT AZTEC CENTER BOX OFFICE, BILL GAMBLE'S AND ALL SELECT-A-SEAT OUTLETS  
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**UP IN SMOKE**  
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**CHEECH AND CHONG**  
 LIVE...  
**IN WILD CONCERT**  
 Thursday, April 12, 8PM CIVIC THEATRE  
 PRESENTED BY  
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 TICKETS RESERVED \$7.50 ON SALE AT CENTER BOX OFFICE, BILL GAMBLE'S AND OTHER SELECT-A-SEAT OUTLETS. CALL 236-6510 FOR INFORMATION





# Reader's Guide to

Steel, light rock, Sunday through Tuesday.  
**Hamburguesa**, 2784 Camino 255-0884. Melissa McClacken

## Jazz Vocalist Flora Purim

with Anita



Sun-Mar, 4  
 Backlot, Aztec Center, SDSU  
 8:00 & 10:30 p.m.  
 SDSU Student \$3.50  
 Other Students \$4  
 General Public \$4.50

Tickets available at Aztec Center Box Office (286-6947) and at Select A Seat Outlets. Sponsored by the Associated Student Cultural Arts Board. Coming up Fri., Mar. 2. Ambrosia.

Hanoi, 2270 North Circle North, Mission Valley, 247-4141. Affirmative, Latin and disco Tuesday through Sunday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-8242. Homegrown, contemporary Friday and Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, 276-4070.

People Movers, disco and top 40 Tuesday through Saturday.

Horse Shoe Tavern, 1067 Broadway, 469-6344. Magic Band, rock, top 40 and originals Tuesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanview, 433-2633. Checkfield, contemporary and soft rock.

Wednesday through Saturday. Night song, contemporary and soft rock. Sunday through Tuesday.

Isabelle, 14240 Poway Road, 448-7531. Disco, seven nights a week.

Ivy Bar, 911 Camino del Rio South, 518-0140. Dave Rowley, mellow rock. Tuesday through Saturday, auditions, Sunday.

Jay's Vegetation Cafe, 4527 Mission Boulevard, 272-1781. Indian Joe, oldies and originals. Thursday. Joque Lowell, folk, Friday.

Jeremiah's Steak House, 1701 West Bernardo Drive, 487-7781. Mister Lucky, variety music, Friday and Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201. Lighthouse, originals and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220. Thunderbolt the Wondercat, country and disco. Thursday through Saturday. David Bradley and the Maniacs, hard country rock and comedy. Sunday and Monday. Disco Cowboys, country rock and blues. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Journey, 5475 Keano Villa Road, 279-2040. New Joy, disco and top 40. Friday. Seventh Wonder, disco and top 40. Saturday. Disco all week.

King's Grille, 1333 Hotel Circle, 297-2231. Straining minestrone nightly.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, 753-1488. Querkis Crystal, mariachi. Thursday through Saturday.

Le Chateau, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach, 222-5300. Seven's Party, jazz, Friday and Saturday. Even Steven, jazz, Sunday through Tuesday. Fossil Four, jazz Wednesday and Thursday.

Little Savaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383. Tall Cotton, country rock. Thursday. Frank Sherman, swing, Friday. Alperin, German music, Saturday. Bats, rock, Wednesday.

London Opera House, corner of Balboa and Genesee, 279-2390. Jobe and John, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Masche's, Midway and Rosecrans, 224-2401. Colour, Latin and disco. Wednesday through Sunday.

Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780. Disco seven nights a week. Belly dancer, Monday through Wednesday.

Magnolia Mulvaney, corner of Magnolia and Mission Gorge Road, San Marcos, 448-6550. Night Fever, disco. Thursday through Saturday. Teen disco, Wednesday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 267-3007. King Biscuit Blues Band, Blues and boogie. Thursday through Saturday. Michael Bleck, contemporary, Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Auditions, Monday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard at Freeway 78, 744-3520. Disco, night, Gang Show, Sunday. Dance Contest, Tuesday.

Mike's Hideaway, 8203 Wintergarden Boulevard, Carlsbad, 443-9528. Blue Edge, blues, boogie, and rock. Friday and Saturday.

Miki San, 2424 Fifth Avenue, 275-6141. Japanese music, Friday through Saturday.

Mission Inn, 502 East Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-2203. White Lightning Express, C&W. Thursday through Saturday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard, 298-8686. Jack Contrasto and Jerry Woo, Contemporary, Wednesday.

## MONKS

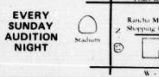
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 Monday thru Saturday thru March 10th the exciting  
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and

★ DAN HICKS

Fri.-Sun. Mar. 9-11

An evening of comedy with

★ JAMIE FARR

("Klinger" from M.A.S.H.)

and special guests Alperin & Sheene

Alperin & Sheene, comedy duo, with M.C. Larry Hammel.

Thurs.-Sun. Mar. 15-19

★ FREDDIE HUBBARD

Fri.-Sun. Mar. 22-25

the

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 Advance Ticket Purchase at 702-740-0014, 702-740-0015

# the Music Scene

through Saturday. Dave Tazillo, disco and top 40. Sunday through Tuesday.

Mom's Saloon, 543 Carmit Avenue, Pacific Beach, 448-3366. Night Flyer, rock, Tuesday through Sunday. Vince Vance and the Valiants, 50's rock and roll, Monday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0960. Monday through Saturday. Joe Morris, jazz, Sunday afternoon.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400. Great Scott the Magician and Cheryl Deeds, folk. Thursday through Saturday. Rhyme Rascals, nostalgia. Wednesday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino Del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-6338. On Stage, C&W and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Wayne Gre, Folk rock, Sunday and Monday.

Moonglow, 4615 Clairemont Drive, 273-0222. Sandy Stewart and Co., Top 40. Tuesday through Saturday. Danny Lopez, Oldies but goodies. Sunday and Monday.

Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, 583-6670. Dorian Gang, C&W. Friday and Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, 465-1782. Knock, top 40. Tuesday through Saturday. Disco, Sunday and Monday.

Ohlunghy's, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 248-0133. Day and Night, folk, country, jazz, and contemporary, nightly.

Old no. 7 Distillery, 140 South Serra Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-0713. Michael Ray Bandridge, juggling. Thursday. Weekend Party, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Joseph, magic. Tuesday. Jerome Carle Show, dancing. Wednesday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Vantage, Ocean Beach, 222-2440. Tom Cat, blues. Thursday. C.Y. Dig it, country. Friday. Munny and Capewell, pop-rock. Saturday. Patric, Scott and John, variety. Sunday.

Auditions, Monday. Tom Verhees, pop. Tuesday. Kraft 52.4, folk rock. Wednesday.

Organ Power Pizza, 5375 Kearny Vista Road, 560-9891. Tammy Stark, contemporary and pop. Thursday through Monday. Chris Gorsuch, classical and contemporary, Tuesday.

Outpost, 652 Grand Spring Valley, 464-9007. Single Brand.

Palomino Star, Main and Hermosa, Chula Vista, 427-5889.

Peikani Club, 7828 Roadway.

Coronado Cowboys, C&W. Thursday through Saturday.

Lemon Grove, 464-9264. Sunday. See, soft rock and country. Thursday. Trippy, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Portfolio, Holiday Inn at the Embroidery, 1355 North Harbor Drive, 232-3667. Tapas dancing. Music. Tuesday through Saturday.



**AMBROSIA** FRI. MAR. 2  
 MONTEZUMA HALL, 8 PM SDSU  
 SDSU STUDENTS \$4.50, FACULTY, STAFF & OTHER  
 STUDENTS \$5.00, GENERAL PUBLIC \$5.50  
 TICKETS AT AZTEC CENTER BOX OFFICE (286-6947)  
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## SOUND AND SILENCE

PAUL WINTER  
 CONSORT

KEITH BERGER  
 MIME



FRI. MARCH 9 MONTEZUMA HALL, SDSU 8:00 pm  
 SDSU Students \$3.50, Fac. & other Stu. \$4.50, G.P. \$5.50  
 Aztec Center Box Office 286-6947 and Select A Seat Outlets  
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 delicious!

Great food and a lot of fun for a reasonable price. New in San Diego, enjoy JOSEPHINA'S Italian Specialties, and unique sandwiches, salads, deep-dish pizzas and desserts. Open for lunch and dinner, late dining and cocktails.



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 SALADS & SANDWICHES  
 SUGARLESS PASTRY  
 Now open at 10:00 a.m.  
 Entertainment nightly!

Tues. Peter Calderwood, Guitar  
 Wed. Charles Wellcome, Guitar  
 Thurs. & James & Thomas in collaboration  
 Fri. Ruby Slippers, Comedy  
 Sat. Carl Schneider, American Traditional  
 Eric Blatter, guitar

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 Alpine Gardens Cafe  
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 426. Laramie Center  
 Pacific Beach 444-1400

RED HOT AND LIVE AT THE  
**ROXY** 10442 CAMINO PACIFIC BEACH 466-5383  
 CONCERTS  
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 THURS. MAR. 14 7:30 & 10:30 \$5.75

**JOSE FELICIANO**  
 FRI. MAR. 20th 8:00 & 11:00 \$8.50

**BLACK OAK**  
 SAT. MAR. 26th 8:00 & 11:00 \$7.75

**ELVIN BISHOP**  
 SUN. MAR. 27th 7:30 & 10:30 \$7.75

**SHAWN PHILLIPS**  
 FRI. MAR. 16th 8:00 & 11:00 \$5.75

**KENNY RANKIN**  
 FRI. MAR. 16th 8:00 & 11:00 \$5.75

**THE AMAZING RHYTHM ACES**  
 SAT. MAR. 23rd 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75

**BROOKLYN DREAMS**  
 SAT. MAR. 24th 8:00 & 11:00 \$5.75

**DIRE STRAITS**  
 THURS. MAR. 27th 7:30 & 10:30 \$5.75

**MICHAEL FRANKS**  
 FRI. & SAT. APR. 10th & 11th 8:00 & 10:30 \$5.75

**GEORGE THORGOOD**  
 and the Destroyers  
 FRI. APR. 13th 8:00 & 11:00 \$7.75

SOUTHWESTERS SHOWCASE MONDAYS  
 SAT. APR. 19th & APR. 26th & APR. 30th 8:00 p.m. \$3.00

TICKETS ON SALE AT: ROXY THEATRE  
 & TICKETRON OUTLETS CALL 565-9947 OR 488-3303



## Reader's Guide to

Steel, light rock, Sunday through Tuesday.  
**Homburguesia**, 2754 Calhoun  
 295-0584, Melissa McCracken

Guitar and vocal, Sunday through Tuesday. Drove and Mother, contemporary duo, Wednesday through Saturday.

### Jazz Vocalist Flora Purim

with Arto



Sun, Mar. 4  
 Backdoor, Artec Center, SDSU  
 8:00 & 10:30 p.m.  
 SDSU Students \$3.50  
 Other Students \$4  
 General Public \$4.50  
 Tickets available at Artec Center Box Office (286-6947)  
 and all Select-A-Seat Outlets.  
 Sponsored by the Associated Student Cultural Arts Board  
 Coming up Fri., Mar. 2  
 Ambrosia

Honalei, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1141. Alternative, Latin and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, 224-8242. Homegrown, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, 276-4070.

People Movers, disco and top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

Horse Shoe Tavern, 72nd Roadside, Lemon Grove, 465-5441. Magic Band, rock, top 40, and originals, Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-2633. Checkered, contemporary and soft rock.

Wednesday through Saturday. Night Song, contemporary and soft rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

Ivanhoe, 14240 Poway Road, 748-5351. Disco, seven nights a week.

Ivy Sam, 911 Camino del Rio South, 574-9641. Dave Rowley, mellow rock, Tuesday through Saturday, auditions, Sunday.

Jay's Vegetarian Cafe, 4827 Mission Boulevard, 272-1781. Indian Joe, oldies and originals, Thursday.

Jeremiah's Steak House, 17761 West Bernardo Drive, 487-7181. Mister Lucky, variety music, Friday and Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201. Lighthouse, originals and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220. Thunderbolt the Wondercat, country rock, Thursday through Saturday. David Broderick and the Maniacs, band, country rock and comedy, Sunday and Monday. Disco Cowboys, country-rock and blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Journey, 5475 Kearny Villa Road, 270-2040. New Joy, disco and top 40, Friday. Seventh Wonder, disco and top 40, Saturday. Disco all week.

King's Grille, 1333 Hotel Circle, 297-2231. Striking minutes nightly.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, 753-1468. Quattro Crystal, mariachi, Salsa, Tuesday through Saturday.

Le Chetel, 5046 Newport, Ocean Beach, 222-5350. Seven's Plenty, jazz, Friday and Saturday. Even Steven, jazz, Sunday through Tuesday. Farol Four, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383. Tail Catton, country-rock, Thursday. Frank Sherman, swing, Friday. Alpinet, German music, Saturday. Bozz, rock, Wednesday.

London Opera House, corner of Balboa and Genesee, 279-2390. Jobe and John, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Mascho's, Midway and Rosecrans, 224-2401. Color, Latin and disco, Wednesday through Sunday.

Magia Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780. Disco seven nights a week. Belly dancer Monday through Wednesday.

Magnolia Mulvaney, corner of Magnolia and Mission Gorge Road, San Jose, 448-6850. Night Fever, disco, Thursday through Saturday. Teen disco, Wednesday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3071. A & Biscuit Blues Band, Blues and boogie, Thursday through Saturday. Michael Bico, contemporary, Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Auditions, Monday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard at Freeway 78, 744-3520. Disco nightly. Gong Show, Sunday. Dance Contest, Tuesday.

Mike's Hideaway, 8203 Wintergarden Boulevard, Chula Vista, 443-6008. Blue Edge, blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

Miki San, 2424 Fifth Avenue, 255-0443. Japanese music, Friday through Sunday.

Mission Inn, 507 East Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-2203. White Lightning Express, C&W, Thursday through Saturday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Camino Boulevard, 298-8636. Jack Contarino and Jerry Wood, Contemporary, Wednesday.

## the Music Scene

western, Saturday.

Palomino Star, Main and Hemosa, Chula Vista, 427-5889.

Coronado Cowboys, C&W, Thursday through Saturday.

Pelican Club, 7628 Broadway.

Lemon Grove, 464-9254. Saddle Song, soft rock and country, Thursday. Topsy, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Portfolio, Monday thru the Embassy, 1355 North Harbor Drive, 235-1841. Table dancing music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Camel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-3366. Night Flyer, rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Vasea Vasea and the Valiant, 50's rock and roll, Monday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0960. Fantasy, top 40, rock, and disco, Monday through Saturday. Joe Morillo, jazz, Sunday afternoon.

Monterey Jack's, 11040 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400. Great Scott the Magician and Cheryl Deeds, folk, Thursday through Saturday. Rhythm Rascals, nostalgia, Wednesday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 687 Camino Del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-6538. On Ridge, C&W and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Wayne Gre, folk-rock, Sunday and Monday.

Moonglow, 4815 Clairemont Drive, 273-1022. Sandy Stewart and Co., top 40, Tuesday through Saturday. Danny Lopez, Disco hot goodies, Sunday and Monday.

Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, 583-6670. Dalton Gang, C&W, Friday and Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8915 Navajo Road, 665-1780. Rock, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday. Disco, Sunday and Monday.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0333. Day and Night, folk, country, jazz, and contemporary, nightly.

Old no. 7 Distillery, 140 South Santa Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-6733. Michael Roy Baldrige, juggling, Thursday. Weekend Party, Friday and Saturday.

Joseph, magic, Tuesday. Jerome Carter Show, dancing, Wednesday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 222-2146. Tom Carl, Blues, Thursday. C7 Digi, country, Friday. Murry and Carpenter, pop-rock, Saturday. Peter, Scott and John, variety, Sunday. Auditions, Monday. Tom Vernee, pop, Tuesday. Kraft Shine, folk rock, Wednesday.

Organ Power Plaza, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, 560-9895. Tommy Stark, contemporary and pop, Thursday through Monday. Chris Gorsuch, classical and contemporary, Tuesday.

Outpost, 657 Grand, Spring Valley, 464-0037. Single Brand.

Alpine Gardens

CAPPUCCINO  
 SALADS & SANDWICHES  
 SUGARLESS PASTRY

New open at 10:00 a.m.  
 Entertainment nightly!

Tues. Peter Calderwood, guitar.

Wed. Charles Wellcome, guitar.

Thurs. & James & Thomas in collaboration.

Fri. Ruby Slippers.

Sat. Carl Schneider, American Tenorband.

Eric Blaise, guitar.

Closed Sunday & Monday.

Alpine Gardens Cafe between San & Bay and 925 Larkspur Center.

Pacific Beach, 488-3366.

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 Come get comfortable in our HABIT  
 Monday thru Saturday thru March 10th the exciting  
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Every Sunday from 3-7

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 with  
**JOE MARILLO**  
 Quintet  
 Jamming

EVERY SUNDAY AUDITION NIGHT

10475 SAN DIEGO MISSION ROAD 563-0060

From Sat. 8  
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Wed.-Sun., Feb. 28-Mar. 4

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 An evening of comedy with

\*JAMIE FARR ("Klinger" from M.A.S.H.)  
 and special guests Albert & Sheena  
 Acoustic vocal comedy duo with M.C. Larry Howard.  
 Thurs.-Sun. Mar. 15-18

\*FREDDIE HUBBARD  
 Fri.-Sun. Mar. 23-25

\*CRUSADERS  
 with Joe Satriani  
 Thurs.-Sun. Mar. 29-Apr. 1

\*HUGH MASEKELA  
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 Advance tickets exclusively at TICKETRON OUTLETS, see 565-8881

**AMBROSIA** FRI. MAR. 2  
 MONTEZUMA HALL, 8 PM SDSU  
 SDSU STUDENTS \$4.50, FACULTY, STAFF & OTHER  
 STUDENTS \$5.00, GENERAL PUBLIC \$5.50  
 TICKETS AT AZTEC CENTER BOX OFFICE (286-6947)  
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**SOUND AND SILENCE**  
**PAUL WINTER CONSORT**

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FRI. MARCH 9 MONTEZUMA HALL, SDSU 8:00 pm  
 SDSU Students \$3.50, Fac. Staff & other Stu. \$4.50, G.P. \$5.50  
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Great food and a lot of fun for a reasonable price. New in San Diego, enjoy JOSEPHINA'S Italian Specialties, and unique sandwiches, salads, deep-dish pizzas and desserts. Open for lunch and dinner, late dining and cocktails.

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 Sat. 5:00 PM-2 AM • Sun. 5:00 PM-midnight • (714) 223-5596

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**TAJ MAHAL**  
 THURS. MAR. 1st 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75

**JOSE FELICIANO**  
 FRI. MAR. 2nd 8:00 & 11:00 \$8.50

**BLACK OAK**  
 SAT. MAR. 3rd 8:00 & 11:00 \$7.75

**ELVIN BISHOP**  
 SUN. MAR. 4th 7:30 & 10:30 \$7.75

**SHAWN PHILLIPS**  
 FRI. MAR. 16th 8:00 & 11:00 \$5.75

**KENNY RANKIN**  
 SAT. MAR. 10th 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75

**THE AMAZING RHYTHM ACES**  
 LETS ROCK! 21st 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75

**THE BROOKLYN DREAMS**  
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**DIRE STRAITS**  
 TUES. MAR. 27th 7:30 & 10:30 \$5.75

**MICHAEL FRANKS**  
 TUES. APR. 10th 7:30 & 11:00 \$5.75

**GEORGE THOROGOOD**  
 and the Destroyers  
 FRI. APR. 13th 8:00 & 11:00 \$7.75

SONGWRITERS SHOWCASE MONDAYS  
 WALK 10th & 10th & APR. 2nd & 10th 8:00 p.m. \$4.00

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**\$15** per month

Use our Comparison Room and Half-Price Turntable Offer to create a system like this: Kenwood KR-2050 AM/FM stereo receiver, Sonice 470E speakers, and fully-equipped TransAudio 1800 turntable. Don't forget—our written Service Agreement is included, too!

Total cash price (including 6% sales tax) \$330.67; down payment \$30.67; 24 monthly payments of \$15 each; total deferred payment price \$330.67; ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE 18.25%.

Special deals this week on systems in our Comparison Room.

# Save 50% on these turntables!

TransAudio 1800 belt-driven turntable with base, cover, and Empire EXL-10 cartridge. This manual model is both quiet and rugged. Just half price with a speaker/receiver combo from our Comparison Room!

**\$169.95** separately



**\$84.95**  
with a comparison room system

The only way to purchase a new stereo system is to hear and compare components in a controlled listening room. Not every stereo or department store has an environment where you can do this. But at Pacific Stereo, we've got one to three listening rooms in every store! These special rooms make buying stereo gear exciting. But what makes them more exciting is this: this week we've set aside one Comparison Room and specially-priced every component inside! That's 16 receivers and 16 pairs of speakers.



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Get a super deal on a complete system! Here's how. Match-up any speakers and receiver combination from our Comparison Room. Then save 50% on one of the two turntables you see featured here! Put it all together and you've got a complete music system...backed, of course, by Pacific Stereo's written Service Agreement!

Dual CS-1246 belt-driven record changer with base, cover, and Empire EXL-30 cartridge. Precision record play with fully automatic convenience. Half price with a speaker/receiver comparison room combination!

**\$364.95** separately

## More Customer Care

Our Listening Rooms are separated from our sales floor. They offer a relaxed, unhassled environment for comparing components. So the system you listen to in the store sounds more like it will in your own living room.

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You expect more from

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San Diego 279-0612  
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La Mesa 661-6922  
8323 Hercules across from the Akron  
Cleveland 633-6515  
2506 El Camino Real across from the Plaza Camino Real Shopping Center  
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Weekdays 9 to 9,  
Sat. 10 to 6,  
Sun. 12 to 6

# READER FREE CLASSIFIED ADS

(PLEASE SEE BACK PAGE FOR INSTRUCTIONS)

## Notices

**HOLISTIC APPROACH** to creatively standing blocks to the creative process by Yvonne painter Jen Oliver Ains, further information, 222-4460.

**ADOPTERS:** Graduate student needs dissertation subjects. Those searching for birth parents and those who are not confident guaranteed. Call 222-4360. Please leave name, telephone number.

**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT:** A one-person show by Tom Volden. February 28-March 13. Photo Workshop, 6151 Fairmount Avenue, No. 113. Monday-Thursday noon to midnight. Saturday, Sunday 10am to 6pm.

**SINGLE PARENT CELEBRATION:** March 10th, 2111 Camino del Rio South. Personal growth workshops all day for singles, single parents, teens and children. Information 234-3150.

**HIGH RENTALS:** Organize, don't agonize! Help us circulate the Fair Rent Initiative. New office at 3119 San No. 1. Fair Rent Coalition 294-9888, 10 to 4.

**WANT TO QUIT smoking or help someone else to quit?** Call 225-6446 from 1-4:30pm Mondays - Fridays. Get help from an ex-smoker.

**PREPARE FOR THE Masters Swimming National Championships:** May 4-7 at Mission Viejo, with specifically designed workouts for Masters Swimmers in Mira Mesa, 596-1414.

**FOUND:** Surfboard, on Manchester Avenue by San Diego Lagoon. Credit, on 8-11-79. Call between 5-8pm to identify, 278-5654.

**SPRING CLEANING?** We will pick up your unused or unwanted items for our upcoming garage sale. Tax deductible. Naranja Valley Center, 282-2111 or 282-0863.

**CASINO GAMBLERS:** Monthly junkies to Las Vegas. Call for schedule information and reservations, 585-0411.

**"GETTING THROUGH THE CRISIS"** Lecture and discussion Thursday, March 1, 7:30pm. South Area Adult Information and Service Center, 911 Hornbald, Pacific Beach.

**ROLLING DEMONSTRATION** of the technique of connective tissue manipulation by Certified Rolfer Russ Ramsey, Tuesday 13 March 8pm, 4522 Bermuda Avenue, no charge, 224-7877.

**ARTISTS AND TAXES:** Lecture by Jesse Stark, sponsored by Artists Equity Association at Glendale Federal Savings and Loan, 1910 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach 10am.

**WANT TO TRIBE** to the top of your profession? Troubled by your personality or attitude? Get free personality analysis. Find out why, 452-6978.

**GAY LUTHERANS:** Meet other gay and non-gay Lutherans working in your support. Area Lutheran Council, Box 33463, San Diego, CA 92103. Confidentiality assured.

**MARCH 7, 7:30pm:** Golden Hill Hall, 29th Broadway. World Synagogue story and Dance for Life. Music, insight, benefit, 296-9717.

**DYNAMICS OF Lifestyle: Reevaluation.** Replacing dependency in 1980's with self-reliance. Eight 2-hour classes detailing active exploration of values. P.O. Box 782, Encinitas 436-5891.

**FOUND: DOWN jacket** in South Mission Beach on February 18. Please identify color and pocket content. Contact Bob, P.O. Box 9994, San Diego 92109.

**TRAVELING COMPANION** wanted, female, 23, wants to meet same for adventures this summer in Europe. Toni 466-6872, leave a number.

**NEW MEMBER** sought for women's support group. Commitment 6 weeks. For more information phone Bernice at Alpha Project: 282-2117.

**START YOUR weekend right.** Visit the Community for the formerly married for growth, friendship, and fun. Meetings Friday evenings 7:30. College Lutheran Church, 8650 Montecito.

**OPEN POETRY READING:** Friday March 2, Ocean Beach Writers Group Readings will be held at the Ocean Beach Elementary School, Santa Monica and Sunset Cliffs, Room 18, 7pm, 1st Friday every month.

**EXPERIENCE LOVE** on all channels! Send stamps for chakra bridging information. Palmrests, Box 9628, San Diego, CA 92109.

**COUNSELING** of personal lifestyle problems: Couples, families, individuals, substance abuse, sexuality, adjustment and communications by licensed professionals. Fees on sliding scale. For San Diego appointments and information call 231-3855, x112, in Carlsbad, call 725-2941.

**RECOMBINANT DNA RESEARCH:** High-technology entrepreneur seeks like-minded individuals who desire to capitalize on forthcoming biotechnical gold rush. Box 19446, San Diego, CA 92119.

**"TWO OF THE DISCO SCENE?"** Now smoky, too loud, too in the crowd? Now San Diego has a natural alternative—"Celebration," the dance where you're free to be yourself. No smoking, no alcohol, no drugs, no gimmicks. Just fun, music, dancing, cooperative games, and plenty of free organic refreshments in a relaxed, non-competitive atmosphere. We play rock, soul, funk, jazz, classical, reggae, and even some disco. Dance the night away! Every Saturday night from 8:30pm till 7:10pm. 2000 square feet of dance space. Donation Adults \$3, children \$1.50. Call us for location and information. Nonprofit, 456-1971.

**DISASTROUS EXPERIENCE** with the opposite sex because you do not know how to converse and how to present yourself? Let us help you non-psychotherapeutic program. 224-4444.

**WE DARE YOU** to become outgoing and fun. This you can control! Unlimited success with your social and professional life. Exclusive and non-psychotherapeutic program. 224-4444.

**WOMEN:** Would you like to provide sexual information to other women in workshops and private counseling? You could become a Holistic Sex Counselor in our next 4-week course regardless of your academic background. You'll train and work under the guidance and supervision of Dr. Kaufman, Ph.D. and staff. We are a nonprofit professional association devoted to raising the quality of human relationships. 291-7049.

**HAS ANYONE** had extensive dental work done in Tijuana? If so, I would like to talk to you. 270-6545 after 5pm.

**OPEN POETRY READING:** Friday March 2, Ocean Beach Writers Group Readings will be held at the Ocean Beach Elementary School, Santa Monica and Sunset Cliffs, Room 18, 7pm, 1st Friday every month.

**UNIQUE CONCEPT** for meeting other single people in a variety of settings. Serving North County residents, community residents, 942-2196 for recorded information.

**SOL-MATES:** Projecting chakra energy, invites the Light Seed stamps for information. Rainbow Stamps, Box 9628, San Diego, CA 92109.

**OPEN POETRY READING:** Friday March 2, Ocean Beach Writers Group Readings will be held at the Ocean Beach Elementary School, Santa Monica and Sunset Cliffs, Room 18, 7pm, 1st Friday every month.

**INTERESTED IN VOLUNTEERING** in a non-sexual, non-racial school? Work with young people ages 5 through 18 at Exploring Family School. May 23-26/81.

**VICTIMS:** Horizon House offers a new alternative for the sexually abused child. For information and assistance, 230-2010 telephone, 463-9875.

**LOOKING FOR SINCERE** and serious female traveling companions to share fun times in Europe. Leaving end of May for approximately 2 months. Luc 277-3747 after 6.

**GROW SUGAR BEANS:** Suburban lettuce corn, and tomatoes in the Ocean Beach Community Garden. Save money on vegetables. Senior citizens welcome. 222-1566, evenings.

**ALL JEWISH** Vegetarian Society members if you wish to stay on mailing list, send 6 self-addressed stamped envelopes to JVS, 7454 Goffroad Drive, San Diego 92118.

**INTERGROUP MEDIATORS** now planning Three-Lined Spring Meditation Meetings. The Davidson Room every Thursday, 10:30am & 1:30pm. All are welcome.

**EDUCATING CHILDREN INTELLIGENTLY:** A 3-week seminar which examines education in its broadest sense focusing on how it is possible to raise and educate human beings who are aware, compassionate and intelligent, possessing true concern for themselves, others, and the whole of humankind. Because of increasing trends of indifference towards education, difference, violence, and egotism in the younger generation, this seminar becomes vitally important for all concerned parents, educators, and teachers. 5 Monday evenings beginning March 5. Additional information, 234-1967.

**BATES METHOD** of vision education: ongoing workshop for all students. Unity Church, 1770 Alhambra (near 26th and University). Friday, 7:30pm, \$1 Facilitator Don Hanna.

**CASH REWARD** offered for return of lost rolls of color film. Elacophone 400 and Fujicolor 400. Call at Jackson Bolewe contact January 29, 330 436-5568.

**YOUNG LIFE** fellowship U.C.B.D. meets Friday afternoons 3:30 U.S.B. 4030 B. Come for fellowship. Bible study & leadership training. Open to all. 753-5081.

**RAW FOOD** Community offering space, rent and/or work or paid jobs. Room in garden, etc. Rural North County area. 758-8967.

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**VICTIMS:** Horizon House offers a new alternative for the sexually abused child. For information and assistance, 230-2010 telephone, 463-9875.

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female: female: yes: 100, yes: 100  
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
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Two skate for price of one or—  
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1

















KINGSIZE HEADBOARD and frame, shaped headboard with finished wood, very classy. \$45. Brand new frame \$15. 270-0104 even- ing.

ANTIQUE BEDROOM SET: 4 piece bedroom suite, in beautiful hard wood. Includes bed, nightstand, vanity and dresser with curved mirrors. 459-4684.

ANTIQUE FIND: Golden oak swivel desk chair, circa 1880. New cane seat. Only \$125. 459-4684, be persistent.

BLANKET, king-size, almost new, cost \$23. sell \$6. Shag throw rugs 3x5, deep royal blue, excellent condition, \$7 each. 583-1650 any- time.

SOFA, 4 piece sectional, light brown, con- dition, excellent condition. \$125. Jeff 560-5584.

ANTIQUE MIRROR, square, gold fancy, floor lamp, oak lamp table, and wall table. Friday only. 4022 State, San Diego.

1 PAIR BEAUTIFUL, English antique brass metal carriage lamps, bargain, \$135. Antique bridge lamp and shade frame, \$30. 777-3993.

DINETTE SET for 4, butcher block top, attrac- tive orange forward chairs, \$150 or best offer takes it. It's sharp! 281-1073.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS for Saturday, March 3, Super Garage Sale, 1544 Reed Av- enue, Pacific Beach.

CHAIRS AND COUCH: 2 elegant living room chairs, excellent condition. \$50. 1 king room couch with bedfold bed, \$200 or best offer. 481-9113.

ALL 4 COPIES of Eric, mint condition, \$300. No. 425-2833.

ANTIQUE BEVELED mirror, unframed, 24x28, \$50. Porsche car top, brand new, \$30. 275-5847 or 275-4886.

OAK DRESSER, beautiful antique looking, circa 1900, with very large beveled mirror, 3 drawers and brass hardware. \$250. 775-9419 or 275-5547.

RACING CAR BED, perfect for the little race car fan. Takes standard mattress, wood construction with casters. \$50. 480-8629.

WOOD PARSON'S TABLE measuring 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 by 6 with black lacquer finish which could use touch-up. \$15. 488-3180 after 4.

CAMPING CLAMPER, set of 4, heavy duty, \$15. Rattan headboard, \$5. 480-8629.

FIBER BARRELS, 50 gallon size, with lids. Perfect for storage, \$1 each. 239-1206 week- days 9am to 5pm.

COUCH, gold crushed velvet, 7 long, excel- lent condition, only \$150. 454-8098.

SLEIGH CLOSET DOORS with track 8 high by 6 wide, never installed, new condition. \$15. 271-5558 or 484-2030.

COUCH, \$150, beautiful, long, modern, brand new. Must sell, can be seen at 4085 Park Boulevard, 9-11am only.

WATCH, ladies' Seiko Quartz, gold face and hand, date, day, calendar in English and Spanish, excellent condition, \$165. 278-7798 after 5pm.

19" RCA COLOR TV, \$100. Magnavox stereo console, AM/FM, tunable, \$100. 2 Duane. Modern chairs, \$35 each. 488-5274 or 488-7184.

REFRIGERATOR, white, 2 door, frost-free, 10x11 light gas green cabinet, American Stand- dard bottom seal, twin box springs and mattress, gas freonless top. 272-8633.

CARPETING, green plush, approximately 45 yards, excellent condition, \$60. Also ap- proximately 50 yards of blue and white Plush magazine. Ad for \$10. 582-9333.

GARAGE SALE: Factory portrait for Play- boy camera, women's clothes, size 7-8, pictures, and more. Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4, 9 AM. Seaside, Pacific Beach. 488-9558.

GENUINE ANTIQUE walnut armchair, heavy bottom, top covered with beech, circular glass window, large and elegant, \$450. Kent 382-1421 evenings.

CHANGING TABLE with bath, baby backpack, Joy Jumper, small Big Wheel, riding horse (Windor), clothing, girl's size 2-22. 627-8272 evenings.

REFRIGERATOR, 14 cubic feet, \$150 or best offer. Aquarius, 20 gallon odyssey greenhouse with stand, \$40. Restara 453-1177 after 5pm, anytime weekdays.

BACKPACKING STOVE, Optimus 8R, good condition. \$20. 560-4051.

OAK DESK, antique drop-front, refinished in excellent condition, 54" x 18", 28" long. Must sell for \$200. 280-3551 or 294-9778.

CHANDLER, versatile, 4 piece attractive set yellow. Combos with chair and table. \$85 value, price \$35. Days 13-30 or evenings 295-3116.

GARAGE SALE: Saturday 3rd, Sunday 4th, furniture, antiques, clothes, women's and children's, plants, patio furniture, 607 Rosemont Street, La Jolla. 454-1241.

MORRIS CHAIR, oak dining table, chairs, XVII Century English style, rare, beautiful, priced at \$599, valued \$900. 454-1241.

COLOR 19" PORTABLE Admiral, like new, \$300. 234-8008.

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### TOP TWENTY LP's & TAPES

AS OF MARCH 1, 1979

WEEK	WEEK	ARTIST, TITLE AND LABEL
1	1	ROD STEWART "Blondes Have More Fun" (WARNER BROS.)
2	5	BLUES BROTHERS "Briefcase Full of Blues" (ATLANTIC)
3	3	BABRA STREISAND "Greatest Hits-Vol. 2" (COLUMBIA)
4	2	EARTH, WIND & FIRE "The Best Of..." (COLUMBIA)
5	4	BEE GEES "Spirits Having Flown" (RSO)
6	6	TOTO "Toto" (COLUMBIA)
7	11	ELVIS COSTELLO "Armed Forces" (COLUMBIA)
8	10	CHEAP TRICK "Live At Budokan" (EPIC/RSO)
9	8	BILLY JOEL "Living Street" (COLUMBIA)
10	9	SANTANA "Inner Secrets" (COLUMBIA)
11	13	DOOBIE BROS. "Minute By Minute" (WARNER BROS.)
12	14	DIRE STRAITS "Dire Straits" (WARNER BROS.)
13	16	THE CARS "The Cars" (ATLANTIC)
14	15	EDDIE MONEY "Life For The Taking" (COLUMBIA)
15	12	NEIL DIAMOND "You Don't Bring Me Flowers" (COLUMBIA)
16	—	JEFFERSON STARSHIP "Gold" (JANNEY/RSO)
17	7	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN "Totally Hot" (RSO)
18	18	THE VILLAGE PEOPLE "Cruisin'" (CASA/ATLANTIC)
19	20	DONNA SUMMER "Live And More" (CASA/ATLANTIC)
20	—	CHIC "C'est Chic" (ATLANTIC)

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 Escondido,..... 1102 East Valley Parkway  
 Kearny Mesa,..... 4344 Convey Street  
 La Jolla,..... University Towne Centre  
 La Mir,..... J.Grossmont Center  
 San Diego,..... San Diego State Campus

NEW 500 LB. Olympic set, \$450, power rack, easy curl bar, benches, lat machines, dumbbells, 5 to 100 lbs. May be seen at 4246 Alerte, 583-2654.

100 PERCENT WOOL, pale celery shag car- pets, 8x12, 10'x12, 12'x12, Saturday 291-0209.

1975 FORD WAGON, needs front end and \$750. 1978 Sears 19" portable color TV, \$150. Mead German Shepherd/Golden Retriever watchdog and mixed-breed puppies, live, 749-1992.

APOLLO EXERCISE SYSTEM, better than Subcompact \$15, 800 lbs, 85 lbs, 85 lbs or heavier cage, \$3. Playmate and PP chair's blocks, \$5, coffee makers, \$3 and \$2, 1000, \$5, 450, \$5, 450, \$5, 450, \$5, 450.

WASHER AND DRYER, \$175. Sears Ken- nors 3 cycle electric dryer and General Elec- tric clothes washer, both in perfect condition. 454-1545.

HOOPER UPRIGHT vacuum attachments, \$80. 427-1008.

2 BIG O.D. microphones, electric impact wrench, 2 socket sets, all bag wrenches, other tools. Electric motor with deduction gear, excellent, reasonable. 582-7286 after 4pm.

REFRIGERATOR, 14 cubic feet, \$150 or best offer. Aquarius, 20 gallon odyssey greenhouse with stand, \$40. Restara 453-1177 after 5pm, anytime weekdays.

BACKPACKING STOVE, Optimus 8R, good condition. \$20. 560-4051.

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BACKPACKING STOVE, Optimus 8R, good condition. \$20. 560-4051.

OLDER 32' TRAILER, good condition, wood interior, 1 bedroom, bath with tub and shower, new water heater, live cheap, \$2700. 733-3468.

SOFA, custom pillow 8" with matching covers, solid natural wood and imported fabric. Excellent condition, \$875 or offer 278-2775 evenings or 232-2900 days.

GARAGE SALE: March 3 and 4, 8526 Glenhaven Street, San Diego. Clothing, chil- dren's sizes 8 to 7, boys and girls, 8 to 12 ladies, men's sizes medium and large, mis- cellaneous.

GIANT YARD SALE: Furniture, clothing, books, appliances, miscellaneous. Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4, 4512 Arizona Street near Monroe and Texas. 295-1708.

GOLD AND SILVER engraved wedding band set, never worn, female 4 1/2, male size 8. Paid \$250, sacrifice at \$175. Kodak Ektar camera with case, excellent condition, \$15. 272-5118 after 6pm.

BRAND NEW drawing board, 30x42", fully adjustable, \$60. Artist's lamp, \$15. 24" metal easure, \$15. France 459-4155 days or 224-4961 evenings.

GARAGE DOOR hardware with heavy duty springs. \$28. 288-2389.

BOOKS, 71 volumes Great Books of the Western World, \$195. 232-8333.

IMPERIAL 15' chest freezer, used 8 months, \$250 firm. Ward's double oven harvest gold, used 1 month, self-cleaning, \$500, all unit, 3-year warranty. 571-8738, keep trying.

STENOGRAPH, brand new, only used for 8 months, includes stand, case and note box. \$200. 278-3481.

ENCLOSED PATIO ROOM, 3 sides, 12x24", 14x14 windows and screens, partially disas- sembled, \$150. 495-8194.

BULLWORKER isometric and isotonic. Even- clear. Tones muscles for compressing press or pulling cables, holding for 7 seconds. Carry case, exercise chart included. \$35. 288-4604.

PINE DRESSER stained dark walnut, 6 drawers, 48" long, 30" high, like for \$15. 464-2052 evenings.

SONY TRINITRON, 17" color TV, \$275. Anti- cokes oak patio table, \$34. rocker, \$60. oak buffet, \$85. small drop-front desk, Queen Anne legs, \$89. More. 582-2537.

RUBIES FROM 1/2 to 1 1/2 carats in oval, square and emerald cuts. Priced at \$350 to \$700 per stone. Ken 454-8058.

TOP QUALITY fullsize French Provincial bed- room set with head and foot boards, night stands, dresser, and mirror, \$350. Also fol- lowing guest bed, \$25. 488-4720.

WATERCOLORS by Eileen Monaghan Wheeler, "La Posita" and "All Dressed Up". Both 22x30", 297-0895, leave message.

AIR COOLER, Sears sold state portable, ex- cellent condition, like new. Works well but not needed. New \$189, now just \$125. 582-9429.

LARGE ROUND BED, mattress and springs, and green spread. Ad for \$50. 755-1029 after 5.

STOVE, \$300. Couch and chair, \$15. 4 1/4 chrome wheels for Couster or Datsun pickup. \$40. 428-8778 before 7pm.

FURNITURE in excellent condition. Sofa, gold stained velvet, \$200. 2 satin barrel chairs, gold, \$75 each. Danish sofa-sleeper, \$150. Other items. 488-1137, keep trying.

GARAGE SALE: Outgoing wardrobe, Wo- men's size 8-10 blouses, slacks, trousers, more. Excellent condition. Boys' 12-14, trousers, \$100. 6028 Harburt, March 3 and 4, 9-5.

FREEZER, 12 cubic foot Frigidaire upright, excellent condition, \$125. 272-9581.

RAILROAD TIES for sale, 8 footers, 8 each, 8 footers, 8 each, 561-4023.

NAVY OFFICER uniforms, size 40-41, mess dress blue and white, dress blues, tropical white long in double knit, high collar white (the kind you get married in). 224-0324.

REMODELING our kitchen, will sell all kitchen with hardware, double bar sink, Frigidaire oven with new broiler unit, Formica counter tops. 288-3767.

NEW HOLLIST DESK, large with beautiful natural finish, selling \$275. 453-8308.

WINDOW, aluminum 8x4, 2 sliding panels each end, 2 aluminum screens, new, \$45. 488-2887.

RCA 19" portable black and white TV, good condition, works just fine, \$70. 477-4330.

ZENITH PORTABLE TV with stand, \$65. Panasonic tape recorder, \$30. 2 matching lampshades, 15" new, \$7 for both. 1 lampshade 18" new, \$4. 454-3841.

KINGSIZE WATERBED, frame, Chemex heater, heater, and pad, \$15. Chris 223-9409 (in and out, keep trying).

SUPPLY, Philippine mahogany, 66 by 32 1/2", 4 drawers and 2 side cabinets, beautiful wood, excellent condition. \$300. Joan 286-9971.

8 TRACK TAPE DECK with speakers, \$40. TV Zenith 12 inch \$75. Agas movie \$10 camera, \$50. 571-8738.

## How to Place Your Free Classifieds

ALL ADS MUST BE TYPED double spaced on a post card or 3x5 card. No abbreviations or special characterizations are allowed. Any instructions should be on separate paper.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS: Ads of less than 20 words are free to private par- ty and nonprofit organizations which do not charge for their services. Ads of more than 25 words cost 20 cents per word. Free classifieds must be placed in one free classified per week. No firm ads will be accepted at the Reader office.

DON'T CALL US: Due to the large volume of free classifieds, we cannot handle calls or phone inquiries con- cerning them. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel ads, or to request information from ads seen in this issue.

BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS: Business men and women are free to place ser- vices, profit making enterprises, real estate sales, etc. I may buy ads for \$60 to 75 words or less, plus 20 cents per addi- tional word. Business classifieds must be placed in one free classified per week. All business ads must be read in advance.

DEADLINES: Classified ads of any kind can be placed in the Reader and must be received by 9 a.m. Thursday, one week before the intended issue.

Only paid business ads and late private party ads may be brought to the Reader office (630 State Street, downtown) before 3 p.m. Monday (closed Saturday and Sunday). All late private party ads of 25 words or less require a \$6 late fee plus 20 cents per additional word.

THE READER reserves the right to edit or refuse classified ads due to in- appropriate content, space considera- tions, etc.

ALL MAILED ADS SHOULD BE SENT TO: READER CLASSIFIEDS P.O. BOX 80823 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92138