

GARAGES, single car, North Park, 35th Street, \$30/month. Minimum 3 month period. No electricals, for storage only. PH# 231-1422.

BAYFRONT CONDO, 1 huge bedroom, sweeping and panoramic ocean and bay view, enjoy the good life right on the bay, well bar, fireplace, security. \$525. 453-5717.

MAMMOTH VACATION condos, fully furnished, kitchen, jacuzzi, sauna, in town, close to lifts, reasonable. 272-1064.

LA JOLLA CONDO for rent, near UCSD, new 2 bedroom apartment, built-in appliances, jacuzzi and pool, \$375 per month. 488-0187.

LARGE UNFURNISHED 1 and 2 bedroom new condos, Golden Hills area 1 block North Highway 94 ramps, close to bus and park, \$275 and up. 272-2800 evenings.

PHONE 582-3257 Rentals, custom built 2 bedroom apartment, good area, available soon. Also apartment to share, employed woman, privileges, large private bedroom, storage, 2 bus lines.

TERRASANTA CONDO, 2 bedroom, den, 1 1/2 bath, very quiet and clean, pool, tennis, near shops, \$400. Jim 225-6495 days or 453-7024 evenings.

HEART OF MISSION VALLEY, 2 bedroom townhouse, pool, clubhouse, volleyball, view, \$320 month. 296-1222.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL Magazine featured this luxury dream home overlooking El Cajon. Huge yard, pool, privacy, prefer professional person. 447-9079.

PLAYA VISTA CONDOMINIUM for rent, 3 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, pool, washer, dryer, refrigerator, near UCSD and University Towne Center. \$475/month. 453-5881 evenings.

WILL RENT OR SUBLET house, apartment or room in the Mission Beach or Pacific Beach area beginning June 1st. Call 448-4894 evenings.

ESCONDIDO 1 bedroom, 1 bath condo, pool, jacuzzi, adults \$550/month. 1811 Camino del Rio East, Apt. 184 (near Bruce in office). Area 225-4535, 297-4248 or 299-4555.

COTTAGE, 1 bedroom plus, new, yard, carpet, drapes, stove, refrigerator. No pets, call 282 OK. Available May 1. 3638 Van Dyke, 110. 452-0787.

MATURE COUPLE (retired minister and teacher) desires 2 bedroom bungalow or apartment with large living room. Climate-controlled, pet-free, no smoking. Reasonable. Would consider commuting. 450-1106.

STUDIO ROOM private entrance and bath, walk to State, quiet area, no smoking and driving. 582-6112.

1 BEDROOM, 1 bath, duplex, carpet, kitchen appliances, located in beautiful Chula Vista. 453-4403 or 255-8908.

GARAGES, single car, North Park, 35th Street, \$30 per month. Minimum 3 months period. No electricals. For storage only. PH# 231-1422.

PROFESSIONAL OFFICE space to lease. 50 cents square foot for air conditioned, carpeted space in new building. Previous renters must break lease. 275-2558.

\$345 MONTHLY, 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, condominium, Adobe Falls, available June 1st, adult couples, pool, jacuzzi, dishwasher, air, laundry room, trees, near SDSU. 271-1890 or 583-4894.

ESCONDIDO BRAND new house, 3 bedroom, 2 baths, living room, family room, fireplace, air condition, dishwasher, near school, shopping center. \$445. Mrs. King. 255-1441 or 456-8551.

HOUSE \$450, 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, fully carpeted, 2 car garage, fence, landscaping, tile floor, new refrigerator, new stove, fireplace, church, and schools. El Cajon. 466-7347.

2 BEDROOM TOWNHOUSE, Mission Valley, walk to major stores. Pool, clubhouse, vacant May 1. \$330/month. 296-1222, leave message.

NEVER 1 BEDROOM, 2 bath house, 2 car garage, fenced yard, walk-to-wall carpet throughout, water and gardening paid \$450 a month. 264-7088.

LOOKING TO FIND a small studio near beach up to \$150 a month. Could move in between May 1 through May 15. Call 275-2413.

NEW 2 BEDROOM luxury condo with fireplace, patio, pool, jacuzzi, Lennox stoves, call 17 releases from November. \$375. Ron. 284-9555 or evenings 488-1875.

LARGE OCEANFRONT studio, old Mer Mar. Part furnished, responsible adults only, no pets. May 1 to June 30. \$550/month, \$1000 per additional week. All parties are limited. 287-0643 evenings. 883-8034.

LOOKING FOR SUMMERFALL apartment with ideal location? 5th Street by State, 2 bedroom, nice place with reasonable rent. Enjoy college social life! 287-0643.

PACIFIC BEACH, small studio with front yard, 23455 Grand Avenue, \$185 (rent on Quincy Street). 272-6789.

WANTED TO RENT by new grads. House with room for 2 horses and garden. Local area. Would consider rent reduction for work or commuting. 272-1953 evenings.

2 BEDROOM apartment available now, cozy, bright, BUSU student preferred, young adults only. Call OK. 953-7841 after 10pm.

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COSTA VIVA CONDOMINIUM in Bay Park. A five minute walk from Mission Bay. 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, washer and dryer built-in with permanent press cycle, frost free refrigerator, pure drinking water system, 2 stoves, trash compactor, 2 car garage, pool, heated pool. \$425 per month. Ask for Hank Lawrence. 255-3155 day and 275-3726 evenings.

LA MESA - Large 2 bedroom, 1 bath with family room, laundry room, covered patio, garage. Plus - Separate 2 room studio which for your office or adult. \$495. Available June 1. 462-5447 after 6.

SUMMER SUBLET - Furnished house. Available after 9/15. 2 BR and 1st. Basement. Piano, patio, BBQ, canyon view. 15 minutes from UCSD, SDSU, beaches. Lease. \$425. 296-4019.

\$350. TWO STORY, three bedrooms, two bath townhouse. Double garage, pool, dishwasher, private yard. Close to 1510. 219-7455 (213) 434-4363 (213) 927-8903.

SUMMER RENTAL, 2 bedroom house, quiet view 2 blocks from beach, available May 40. Ocean Beach, Sunset Cliffs area. \$400 month. 222-8907.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bath large apartment in Casa de Oro (near La Mesa). New decor, laundry facilities, patio, adults. \$230 per month.

3-M 167 COPER, good condition. Call 275-2413.

NORTH PARK, 3 bedroom, canyon lot, fenced yard, furnished (7), pets (7), short term lease or other terms. \$395. 256-7054 evenings and weekends.

\$300. 2 BEDROOM HOUSE, immaculate, carpet, drapes, stove, fenced yard, child OK, no pets. 3583 Farm, San Diego. Available May 1. 465-5161 evenings.

NEW VIEW in bedroom condominium, 4 miles East University Towne Center. Spacious, luxury corner unit. Balcony, walk-in closet, pool, tennis, jacuzzi, covered parking. \$290. 453-4578.

LA JOLLA, original Woodlands, 2 bedrooms, den, 2 baths, beautifully updated and replaced, garage, pool, jacuzzi, sauna. Year available June 1. \$550 a month. 463-2688.

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3-M 167 COPER, good condition. Call 275-2413.

SUMMER RENTAL Large furnished single in excellent new security building, air conditioning, parking, laundry, approximately 5-20-80. Clean and responsible only. 295-2913 after 11pm.

1 BEDROOM HOUSE with 4 car garage, \$265 and 3 bedroom house with fireplace and garage. \$325. 239-7469 7/8am.

NEW AND UNIQUE 1 and 2 bedroom condominiums near USD. Each has 1 1/2 bath, room, garage and sunny bay view. \$235-310. 233-7555. 455-1564, or 281-9135.

MISSION VALLEY condo near SDSU. \$365. 2 bedroom, 2 bath, new carpets, drapes, air conditioner, built-in, pool, jacuzzi, laundry room, no pets. 275-1564 or 574-6563.

MOUNTAIN CABIN, Big Bear Lake, 2 bedroom, full fireplace, new, Reservations Range 480-3241 evenings, weekends.

\$210 NEW, APARTMENT 1 bedroom, El Cajon and 42nd Street, carpets, drapes, stove, refrigerator, laundry. 275-8287.

MISSION BEACH view condo, 1 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, sunny furnished, secured parking. 1 year lease, \$400 per month. 272-0598 after 5pm.

LARGER STUDIO for rent, partially furnished, stove and refrigerator, close to bus. Located on Reynard Way, San Diego. \$185 per month, available May 1. 449-4743.

WANTED: Comfortable, well-furnished home near beach for August. La Jolla or Del Mar preferred. Willing to pay in vicinity of \$800. See 453-3551.

ON THE BEACH, 1 bedroom apartment in duplex. Carpets, drapes, private yard, off-street parking. Furnished or unfurnished. Consider child or pet. 264-5528 or 475-9772.

EASY LIVING CONDO, 2 huge bedrooms, dishwasher, pool, covered parking, 2 bath. \$295. Worth \$335. 8445 Graves Street, No. 16, San Diego. 270-9846.

IMMACULATE 2 bedroom, 1 bath condo near University, UCSD, and UTC. Pool, bath, lawn, patio. Gated community. \$400/month. Available now. 273-9767.

CONDO POINT LOMA, brand new, 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bathroom, full security, built-in, balcony, carpets, drapes, available now. \$420/month. 252-2568.

GARAGE FOR RENT, furniture or car, storage only, \$40 per month. Bob, 11041 Woodside Avenue, San Diego. 488-2227.

3 PER CENT commission to sell your apartments or commercial. Co-op with other brokers in MLS service. Advertisements. Exchange meeting marketing. Lots more. Knowledgeable income broker. 272-9451.

10 ACRES near CAL. Mt. San Jacinto Co. Level, Tall Pine, Acacia Road, View, Cash price \$10,500-\$12,000 down take over payments. \$723/month. No credit check. 272-7094.

PINE VALLEY, over 2000 square foot, rustic house on beautiful wooded 1 acre lot, rustic kitchen facilities, washer/dryer, no pets. \$375/month. Stan 755-3429 between 5-8. 468-4408 or 561-6595.

LEUCADIA PROPERTIES, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, two-level house, walk to beach, pool, tennis, tennis court, views, fireplace. \$114,000. Ocean view, secluded, very private. 2 units on tree-lined lot. \$129,000. Ken. 468-4408 or 561-6595.

8445 ADULT 1 bedroom, excellent. Great country view, ached porch. \$4900. Low space rent, water, gas, cable paid. Pet OK. Owner 448-4408 or 561-6595.

LUXURY CONDO, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, washer/dryer, dishwasher, trash compactor, view balcony, tennis, racquetball. 2nd or 3rd floor. \$450. Adults only. 280-8945.

CONDO FOR SALE, 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, fireplace, washer/dryer. Mrs. Mesa, \$59,000. 271-8766.

1972 TRAILER, 12x60 with 10x24 addition in new leasehold park. Large yard, full trees, air conditioner, washer, dryer, carpeted bedrooms, shed. Main entrance. Must sell. 295-8291.

3 BEDROOM, 1 BATH Clearmont home in excellent condition. Large redwood fenced yard with stone barbecue and fruit trees. Separate laundry and workshop. Attached 1 car garage. \$71,250. 272-0921.

I JUST CAME INTO money and would like to buy some property without commission from an owner. \$83-9044.

20 ACRES OVERLOOKING Highway Valley from mountains 10 mi west of San Diego. School, low down. 272-2800 evenings.

MOBILE HOME, 24x60, 2 bedroom and bath, all rooms, very convenient, near ocean large deck, cement patio. Adults. 456-0339 after 5pm.

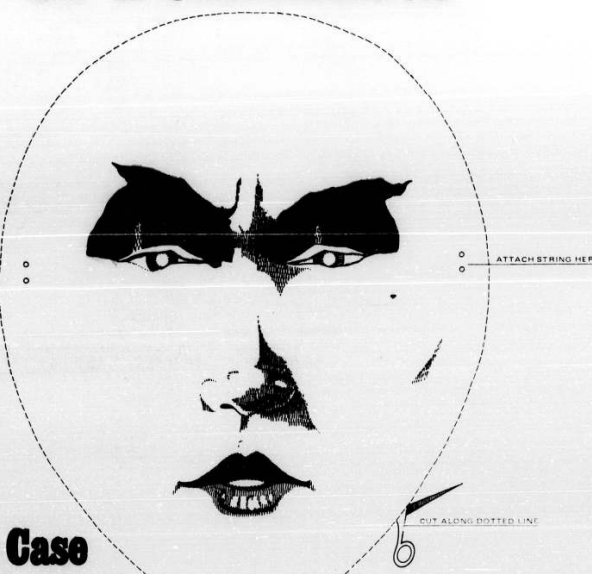
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VOL. 6 NO. 18 MAY 10 1979 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

On the Character of Feminists



The Case Against the Case Against Men

Let me tell you how to write a magazine article. It's not just a matter of spinning some brilliant story idea hidden away on page eight of the *Los Angeles Times* or the *Washington Post*, calling the guy, writing the piece, and two weeks later, you're \$500 or \$2500 ahead. What happens, rather, when you did that person's number is that his time is busy all that day and half of the next, and then when you finally reach him one night at 11:15 p.m. you spend the first two minutes apologizing for the lateness of the call.

As it turns out, he doesn't mind; he's a decent guy, happy to cooperate but terribly pressed for time, having so far that day given consecutive interviews to ABC, UPI, NPR, and three freelance writers. Still, he can give you five minutes, if that

will help, but after that he's got to meet with a film crew from *60 Minutes* and then there's a conference with his lawyers to talk about the book. Decent guy that you are, you thank him for his time, wish him well, and hang up the telephone.

Later that evening, alone in your kitchen, you contemplate the hard facts. Despite what everyone acknowledges as your talent, insight, and sensitivity, you are hardly the only person who can recognize a good story when he sees it prominently featured in the newspaper. Anyone who can read can do that well. If you expect to get anywhere, you surely need a new approach.

For a long time you've been dimly aware that you have an unusual ability to chance upon a minor footnote in a book, an

By Paul Ciotti
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID DILL

(Continued on page 13)

City Lights

Issues And Answers

To call San Diego Periodical Distributors a monopoly is to raise the ire of Art Jacobs. Jacobs, of course, acknowledges that his company has been the only major magazine distributor in San Diego for the last twenty years, but he also points to the existence of several smaller businesses, which, like hungry scavengers, manage to live off the scraps of the industry. "We don't fight 'em," says Jacobs. "They live and they have a right to live."

This month, for the first time, the presence of these competitors will be seen on San Diego newsstands, even though the average browser may not notice immediate changes. Consider the example of *Penhouse*. Ever since it was born, Bob Guccione's fleshy brainchild has made its way onto local news racks through a single channel. The national distributor of the magazine, a firm called Curtis Circulation Company, has delivered copies each month to San Diego Periodical's warehouse. San Diego Periodical employees have trucked it to local retailers. This month, however, one of the small fry, Jech Distributing, also received June issues of *Penhouse* along with other Curtis magazines such as *Ladies' Home Journal*, *House and Gardens*, *Vogue*, *Omnis*, and *Mademoiselle*. Next month another small outfit, Salona Distributing, also expects to receive the Curtis line — if Jacobs at San Diego Periodical doesn't squelch the blossoming competition first. Jacobs, short and immaculately groomed, doesn't fit the image of a cutthroat competitor. His fluffy hair is white and his face glows with good health beneath wire-rimmed glasses; he projects a snappy, forthright sense of energy. A native San Diegoan, he says he can remember the origin of San Diego Periodical even though he had no hand in starting the enterprise. That credit belongs to a family by the name of Hopkins, who established the Hopkins News Agency in April of 1912, when they began driving a horse and buggy down to the Santa Fe Depot at four every morning to pick up copies of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Ironically, Jacobs says the family only entered the magazine business under coercion — when the *Examiner's* publisher, Randolph Heurns, made them also carry his magazines, *Cosmopolitan* and *Good Housekeeping*.

If they began reluctantly, the Hopkins family succeeded with the magazines, however, and by the Thirties the news agency was one of three major magazine distributors competing for the dollars of San Diego retailers; the other two big ones were the San Diego News Company, a branch of the national American News Company, and Curtis Publishing Company, which produced the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and for which Jacobs worked for nineteen years. In fact, he was working for Curtis in 1950 when Jacobs and two partners bought the firm and held it until 1970, when they sold out to the national corporation for whom Jacobs now serves as San Diego Periodical's general manager.

Today the size of San Diego Periodical alone would have to intimidate any competitor. Jacobs boasts that the 115,000-square-foot warehouse on Morena Boulevard in Rose Canyon is the largest wholesale repository of books and magazines west of Chicago. The huge collection contains two and a half million copies of hardbound and paperback books, yet magazines still account for about sixty percent of the total volume. Jacobs estimates that at any one time he probably has a total of about 1600 current magazine titles.

Encroachment on Jacobs' business began two years ago, when the national distributor of *Hustler*, Capitol Publishing Company, stopped carrying the lurid sex magazine because publisher Larry Flynt began demanding payment for it in advance. Flynt retaliated by advertising for independent distributors, and among those who responded to his ad in the *Los Angeles Times* were three San Diegans: Leonard Rosenbloom of Leonard's News Agency, a small outfit which began in 1950 and now handles minor magazines such as *Swaring*, *Hungliders*, and *American Opinion*; and two newcomers named Bill Jech and Sal Salona, who grew so excited about the *Hustler* opportunity that they plunged into the business cold. Jech recalls that he and his partner began by ordering 7000 copies of the April, 1977, issue of the magazine and "we sold every one of them. I could have sold 20,000 of them if I had

been able to get them." Since San Diego Periodical had been cut off along with the national distributor, local retailers had been clamoring for the controversial publication, and Jech says the easy business continued for a few months. Then San Diego Periodical negotiated a new agreement for *Hustler*, and Jech says he and Salona felt the difference immediately. When the big outfit finally received its shipment of the September issue of *Hustler*, "we dropped from 4000 to 2000 copies a month almost overnight."

Jech says part of that loss resulted from heavy pressure tactics used by San Diego Periodical. He says the big distributor sent some stores many more copies of *Hustler* than they could possibly sell. Although stores can return unsold magazines to the distributor, they have to pay for them first and only later are credited for returns, so such a tactic can harass store owners by tying up their cash. Jacobs does admit to competing fiercely at the time. "If we're delivering everything else in a store, why shouldn't be [the retailer] take *Hustler* from us, too?" he demands. Some retailers chose to continue dealing with Jech and Salona (who split into two separate businesses a year and a half ago), and their enterprises slowly gained titles, such as *High Times* (a drug-oriented magazine also published by Flynt) and a number of small alternative publications, including *New Age*, *East West Journal*, *Mother Earth News*, and *Co-Evolution Quarterly*.

Jech and Salona have continued to work together closely, and Jech says the shipment of magazines from Curtis he received this month resulted from more than a year of negotiations among Curtis, Salona, and himself. Now Jech claims he hopes to avoid incurring further the wrath of San Diego Periodical by avoiding going after any of the bigger firm's business. Instead, he says, he'll try to push magazines that aren't being heavily sold by San Diego Periodical now, and look for outlets not currently being fully exploited by the larger firm. "If I started moving in on them, there'd be big pressure," he says. "But I don't need to do that; it'll just grow with the city, instead."

Salona sounds a lot more nervous. He says he was supposed to receive his first magazines from Curtis last month but hasn't gotten them yet. The last thing he wants to do is antagonize the bigger company, yet reluctantly, he

discloses that "at every turn, at every point, I'm getting pressure from them." He indicates that it has come principally in the form of Jacobs haranguing national distributors into not even talking to any potential San Diego Periodical competitors.

Sitting in his office, which overlooks the gargantuan warehouse, Jacobs vacillates when he assesses the threats from his competitors. First, he dismisses them as insignificant ("Right now they're grabbing at bones," he sniffs), then he declares that he enjoys competition ("If it's fair competition, it makes my men better"). Then he hints that Jech and Salona may not be dealing fairly. He claims that both are getting the use of racks he placed in stores (Jech and Salona contest this), and he says a more serious problem can arise when two distributors supply the same store. The San Diego Periodical general manager says that in such cases the store may not know to whom unsold magazines should be returned. Although both Jech and Salona counter that magazines can be easily marked to avoid that problem, Jacobs says the problem could force him to use one weapon against errant retailers: refusing to allow them to return any magazines at all.

He says he may not have to go to such limits, although he smiles skeptically at Jech's vow not to compete with him head to head. "Let's face it," he says, "if you were a little guy, wouldn't you try to go after my business?" —J.D.

I Like Jazz, Fellini, Mexican Food, And Handcuffs

Friday the thirteenth started out to be a bad day for video dating services last month, but instead, it turned out to be a fruitful, if not embarrassing, day for vice squad investigators. Not only did the raid at La Mesa's Video Encounters by the sheriff's department and La Mesa police lead to no standing charges, there are indications that an investigation by San Diego vice detectives into the only other video dating service in the area, Great Expectations, turned up nothing but ill will.

Bob Walcher, owner of Great Expectations, isn't sure he actually was investigated, and, curiously, police are unable to confirm or deny it. Walcher's suspicions were aroused after a visit on April 13, the same evening as the La Mesa incident, by two men who reportedly acted strangely as they filled out applications for the dating service. According to

Sod But True

The new lawn on Horton Plaza may be pretty, but in keeping with the master illusionists from Universal Studios who precipitated its sudden appearance, the seemingly lush and healthy blanket of turf is not necessarily what it appears to be. Earlier reports had indicated that the sod, laid over the weekend of April 21st to accommodate Marty Feldman's film *In God We Trust*, would be a permanent improvement for

the plaza. Installation of the grass also appeared to be another example of the efficiency of private enterprise, which could not only perform in two days what the bureaucratic city government planned as a fifty-day project, but have the work done at its own expense, as a favor to the city.

At least one city official, Ed Ricchio of the city's engineering department, was disturbed by that inference. Ricchio, who represented the city in its dealings with Universal Studios concerning

Horton Plaza, explained that it was the city and not the studio performing the favor, by temporarily delaying a city contract to landscape the plaza.

It would have been a meager favor, indeed, if Universal had intended to leave the sod as a contribution to downtown redevelopment. Improperly laid, portions of the once-green carpet are already turning brown, especially on the plaza's northwest corner at Third and Broadway.

Not only is the new sod dying, but its position on top of

the existing lawn is killing the grass underneath, which, Ricchio said, had been in good enough condition for the city's approval, but not for Universal. By depriving the lower layer of sunlight and oxygen, the plaza may soon have two layers of brown grass instead of just one. The same landscape contractor, Albert Leske, was hired by both the city and Universal Studios, and assures Ricchio that if the old grass doesn't revert back to its natural color after exposure to sunlight, he'll replace it. —D.T.



Horton Plaza

Walcher's office manager, Becky Devon, the two alleged investigators came into Great Expectations about seven in the evening. "In the first place," Devon said, "it's unusual for two men to come in together. Using the names Bob Hamilton and Bill Graham, the two completed their applications and then, according to Devon, began behaving in a suspicious manner. "In one of our advertising films, we say that a lot of meaningful relationships had begun at Great Expectations," Devon said. "These two said they thought the film said *sex* and relationships."

The pair seemed obsessed by the possible sexual opportunities offered by the service, Devon recalled. On the portion of the application that asks what the applicant would like to know about Great Expectations, they asked only, "How many women are available?" and "How do they feel about sex?" Devon said that during her interview with the pair, the man who went under the name of Graham appeared to let slip the fact that Hamilton was already living with someone. Graham, she said, appeared to be enjoying himself while his friend squirmed and explained why he wanted to join the service even though he was cohabitating. "By that time," she said, "I didn't even want

them to join." It was a week later, in the course of a routine follow-up, that Devon called the home number given by Hamilton. A woman answered and expressed no surprise when told Great Expectations was calling. The woman provided Devon with a phone number where she could reach Hamilton at his business, which, Devon had been led to believe, was an insurance office. She dialed the number, but instead of being greeted by an insurance company receptionist, the voice on the other end answered, "Vice squad."

Contacted later, San Diego Police Lieutenant Dave Worden confirmed that vice investigators visited Great Expectations, though he indicated that it was a possibility, particularly because the reported visit took place the same day as the raid on Video Encounters in La Mesa. (All charges against Video Encounters—felony pandering, solicitation to prostitution, and solicitation to commit a law act—were dropped after review by the district attorney's office. The business, which consists of both a regular dating service

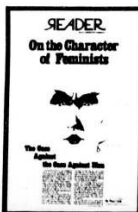
and one for "swinging" couples, is now using the La Mesa police and the sheriff's department for false arrest.)

"It's possible that we received a call from the La Mesa police or sheriff's department that said they were investigating this dating service," Worden said, "and that we might want to take a look at the one in our area. Normally, we don't look into dating services because they're a matching service. Prostitution is usually found where the business provides one of the partners." Though Worden added it was unlikely that any officers would use their real home phone numbers as part of an investigation, a thorough check of a dating service would almost certainly require the investigator to leave a number at which he could be reached.

Both Walcher and Devon stand by their story, and Walcher expresses dismay at

the incident at Great Expectations as well as the arrests in La Mesa. "I don't want to spend my time talking with undercover cops," he says. The La Mesa caper, however, may have an even more profound effect on Walcher's business. He reports that since the arrests were made, both inquiries and new customers have been cut in half. Art Bell, owner of Video Encounters, reports a similar decline, although he says that interest in his swinging service has climbed. Walcher, who disdains swinging as simply "using your mate as bait to get laid," laments, "We've spent three years promoting this as a good and safe way to meet people. Now our reputation has been tarnished and we didn't even do anything." —D.T.

—Jeanette DeWyz and Dan Triggoff



Publisher
James Hoffman

Editor
James Mullin

Contributing Editors
Merilyn Britt, Off the Cuff
Jeanette DeWyz, City Lights
Craig Kuhn, Events
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Reader, P.O. Box 80803
San Diego, CA 92138
635 State Street
(714) 231-7621

It Would Have Been Easy To Overdo This Little Letter

Permit me to congratulate you on
the article in the "City Lights"
section (May 3) entitled
"Prospects" and written by Mark
Oswell.

I was on the rim of the copy desk
of the late, not-very-lamented San
Diego Sun when Wagner White
won a Pulitzer for a story on an
eclipse of the sun. Strangely
enough, he was awarded the prize
for a spot news story, even though
the eclipse was of course
anticipated and he had written and

revised his piece many times.
In my opinion, the "Prospects"
piece is not only an appealing
feature, but is beautifully and
sensitively written. It would have
been easy to overdo this little story,
but happily, Oswald fully realized
its possibilities without slipping
over into sentimentality or
maskiness. I strongly
recommend that you submit this

Letters

little piece for consideration for a
Pulitzer as either a straight news or
a feature story.

I think I see from week to week
noticeable improvements in the
writing and editing of your
publication. DeWyz is excellent.
Saville is an intellectual of high
caliber and impeccable taste. We
my wife and I find Eleanor
Widmer reliable and lively. We
also with much satisfaction allow
ourselves to be guided by your
cinema reviewer, Duncan
Shepherd. We even like the snide
letters of criticism that you give
space to.
Harold Torbert
La Jolla

Lover Comeback

I am writing in regard to the
article, "The Candidate," about Al
Best's "City Lights." May 3,
concerning the reference to "his
twenty-six year-old lover." Bob
Fisher I wonder if Mr. Fisher and
Mr. Best told you to say "his
lover" in order to tell people they
are truly gay and need to prove it to
the world. It seems improper,
otherwise, to announce someone's
private sexual life. When speaking
of heterosexuals and their business
jobs, you do not say of them, so
and so and his lover, Miss X. Or so
and so and her lover Mr. X. Lover
is too personal. You could have
said roommate, friend.

I am not personally offended that
he has a male lover. I admire the
courage they have in fighting for
their sexual freedoms. Whoever
wrote the article sounded like they
were prejudiced by using that term.
Maybe our society doesn't have a
proper word. Still, why does
anyone have to prove their
sexuality by announcing who their
lover is?
Urvalle Zarde
San Diego

Who Do You Trust?

Surely the Reader has some
discretion in the ads that it prints.
For instance, if someone wants to
place a quarter-page ad in which he
offers the elixir that will cure all
illnesses—just send ten dollars to a
post office box—then hopefully
you would not print it. For indeed,
people are gullible, particularly the
elderly and teenagers.

It really surprised me to see the
ad on page forty-eight of the April
19 Reader exhorting male readers
to send three dollars to a post office
box for the privilege of being a
forty-dollar an hour paid male
escort! This "service" prints no
address, no telephone number, no
one's name.

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gone. Please don't encourage this
sort of thing. If we can't trust the
Reader for a little integrity, who
can we trust?
G.M.
Normal Heights

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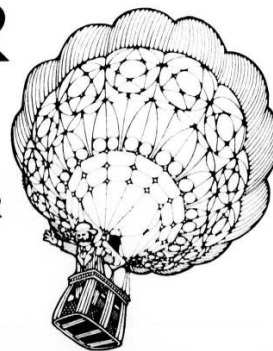
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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice: I've been told that every U.S. president leaving office, for whatever reason, receives for the rest of his life a pension from the federal government... and this includes Richard Nixon. I've also heard that an ex-president and his wife or widow receive FBI protection for the rest of his or her life. Is any of this true? James S. Hunter Hillcrest

It's the Secret Service and not the Federal Bureau of Investigation that guards our leaders and visiting heads of state. An ex-president and his wife are entitled to protection for the rest of their lives; the widow of a president loses her Secret Service protection when she remarries. The children of ex-presidents are protected until they reach age sixteen.

Secret Service agents are trained and employed by the Treasury Department, which seems itself to need some kind of protection from ex-presidents. According to *U.S. News and World Report*, the conservative news magazine, the pensions and other benefits allowed to Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon will this year total about \$800,000. Any former president is entitled to \$60,000 yearly for the rest of his life; his widow is entitled to \$20,000. (The incumbent president receives an annual salary of \$200,000 and an expense allowance of \$50,000, both taxable, together with a nontaxable allowance of \$100,000 for travel and entertainment.) In addition to this pension, an ex-president receives up to \$90,000 a year for office help, and additional allowances for mailing and office space. It is in these last two categories that Nixon and Ford are drawing their benefits to the fullest extent. Nixon's budget last year for office expenses — \$163,329 — more than doubled his pension, and this

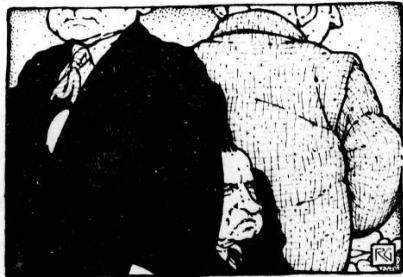


Illustration by Rick Gray

year he has requested an additional \$98,671, for a raise of forty percent. The expenses in his office budget include repairs to the ex-presidential golf cart, and the purchase of five ex-presidential color television sets.

Ford, whose pensions from the White House and the House of Representatives amount to \$106,000 a year, spent \$291,685 last year on offices and staff, and this year requests \$35,315 above that. Some of the expenses in last year's budget: \$23,000 for ex-presidential telephone calls, \$2,242 for ex-presidential office plants, and one hundred dollars a month to see that ex-presidential office plants are well watered.

Dear Matthew Alice: Recently I bought an album by Bandit, and

on the back it said, "This album was mixed using the Aphex Aural Exciter system." I recall that the same system was used in recording England Dan and John Ford Coley. What is Aphex and what's its purpose? T.H.

San Diego
The purpose of the Aphex Aural Exciter, which is a box of circuitry slightly smaller than a carton of cigarettes, is twofold: to enhance one's perception of electronic sound, and to make money. That it makes money is certain: rentals brought in \$1.5 million last year. But how much the device really improves sound is a matter of judgment; for the device not only modifies an electronic signal, it modifies the way you hear the signal. Or, as the Aphex people like to say, "Your brain is part of the circuitry." The Aphex gives

shadings to electronic sound that the brain interprets as real sound, but there is no way to prove what takes place — no brain meter to measure what sounds real or canned. The only proof is that James Taylor, Kiss, the artists you mention above, and others have been willing to pay (through their producers) the rental fee of thirty dollars per minute of finished product — about one hundred dollars per song. A touring band may rent a box at \$1200 for three months; musicians use it to enhance the sound from stage monitors, which are the speakers they listen to while performing.

The device that became Aphex (the name stands for aural perception hysteresis exciter) was invented by accident in 1956 when Curt Knoppel was making a sound amplifier from a kit. He assembled it wrong, but had a device whose sound he liked. It sat on the shelf for twenty years. He explored its possibilities again and made a business of renting it in a form that was difficult for competitors to tamper with secretly, for each device was sealed in a black box and the parts set in resin. The U.S. patent on the device was issued April 17, 1979.

Fantarc Studio in El Capon used to offer Aphex to its customers, but dropped that sponsorship in favor of buying a new device, a competitor called LXR.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 88893, San Diego, California 92138.

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The Battle of Florida Canyon



GORDON E. SMITH

By now the Navy's environmental study on the proposed expansion of its Balboa Park hospital into Florida Canyon has met with much disapproval. It has been criticized as being both inadequate and biased in favor of the Navy, and it has raised anew the complex questions of the legality of the move and the overall plan for land use near San Diego's metropolitan area. In spite of this, opponents on both sides feel that the study will have minimal impact on the outcome of the controversy, and may ultimately be little more than a token fulfillment of yet another federal requirement.

The Navy hopes to obtain the property to build its hospital by swapping part of the present site, near the junction of Park Boulevard and Interstate 5, for a section of undeveloped canyon land in the center of Balboa Park — as if the hospital would pick up one huge foot, pivot, and plant itself several hundred yards to the northeast (the 38.9-acre Florida Canyon parcel would then combine with part of the existing grounds for a total seventy-five-acre facility). The study, known as the Draft Environmental Impact Statement, details some of the consequences of this move, though it avoids consideration of Florida Canyon as the last significant tract of undeveloped land near L.A.'s metropolitan area. At length, however, it concludes that the proposed hospital would permanently alter the topography and biological environment of part of the canyon. This environment, the report goes on to say, which includes hunting and breeding grounds for red-tailed and marsh hawks, numerous other birds and rodents, and probably a family of gray fox, would be replaced by sleek multistoried buildings, extensive recreational facilities for recuperating Navy personnel (including softball fields, tennis courts, a volleyball court, a swimming pool, and a gym-

nasium), and parking for 3500 vehicles. The endangered coast band tigers and snake cholla would be transplanted out of the canyon, a process they might not survive. During the five-year planned construction period, the report also points out the portion of the canyon not to be used will be subjected to the noise of bulldozers, dump trucks, jackhammers, and cranes. Large amounts of dust will be thrown up by the construction process, increasing air pollution and affecting the remaining habitat of the canyon; and traffic along Park Boulevard and Florida Canyon Drive will be disrupted, and eventually, in the latter case, increased permanently.

The Navy aired the findings of its study last month at a public hearing at the Convention and Performing Arts Center's Silver Room. The hearing drew several hundred interested persons, and was a highly charged affair throughout much of its four-hour duration. Notable among the Navy's supporters were Tom Gade, city councilman for the Sixth District (and the only councilman present), and Lee Grissom, the executive vice-president of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. Grissom, the energetic and ambitious promoter of local business, has been highly vocal in his support of the move. He argued that the Navy had studied a number of sites and found Florida Canyon to be the only one that would allow the hospital to be built both quickly and economically. Noting that the present hospital was in danger of losing its accreditation as a training center for Navy medical personnel due to the poor condition of the existing structures, Grissom urged the Navy "to begin the construction at the earliest possible date."

Meanwhile, representatives of the Comprehensive Planning Organization and the county board of supervisors criticized the study's focus and wording, and questioned the need for a facility as large as the one the Navy was proposing. Don Reeves, an independent architect and a commander in the Naval Reserve,

criticized the Navy's study of alternative sites, claiming that costs and acquisition methods for sites near downtown had been grossly overestimated. And Art Casey, of the Citizens' Committee for Century III, opposed the Florida Canyon location — the ultimate review authority for environmental impact statements for federal projects — as considered unlikely to reject the statement even in its present form, the report is liable to have little influence on whether or not the project goes forward as planned. For this reason, opponents of the Florida Canyon site are focusing their opposition on the more fundamental issue of the land use itself: whether the Navy should or legally could build a campus-like medical facility in the middle of Balboa Park.

Virtually no one disputes that the Navy needs a new hospital, but critics point out that the Navy, with four golf courses, two air stations, one reserve air field, and numerous other facilities in San Diego city and county, already has plenty of potential sites other than park land on which to build. Architect Don Reeves doesn't look at the issue from quite that perspective, but he has adamantly opposed the construction of the hospital in Florida Canyon ever since the idea was first proposed by the Navy in November of 1976. "I love the Navy," says Reeves, who, at forty-two, is a ranking officer in the Naval Reserve Association (11th Naval District) and a vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, in addition to being a commander in the Naval Reserve. "No one's a bigger booster of the Navy than me, but when they're wrong they're wrong, and I can't lie about it."

Reeves is a tan, stocky man who talks quickly and confidently. He states flatly that the Navy's study of alternative sites was based on inaccurate information, and led to the rejection of two potentially prime sites — both south of City College downtown — for inadequate reasons. The Navy argued that either one of the sites would take seven to ten years to acquire

and develop at a cost of approximately \$40 million. But Reeves pointed out an intent for Frank Hope and Associates, when that firm undertook a similar development for the present City College campus, and he says that the acquisition and development of that land was completed in three years, with construction having begun after just fifteen months. As for the money needed to acquire and develop the site, Reeves says the Navy's figure presupposes a seventy-five-acre facility, and adds, "The Navy has never insisted the need for a seventy-five-acre facility. He has even put together a model which calls out of the proposed hospital facilities everything parking on a thirty-acre parcel (with no building more than ten stories high) at a density lower than that at UCSD."

In rejecting alternative sites, the Navy also argued that it would be cheaper to build on the Florida Canyon site because they will eventually be able to reuse Building 20, one of the major structures on the current facility. But Reeves disputes this, too. "The Navy commissioned a study that showed Building 20 is terminal," he insists. "They've admitted to me that they will spend more money fixing it up than they would to construct a new building somewhere else. They're just being bull-headed." Additionally, he says that the new traffic influx on Florida Canyon Drive will cause an overload of that route, necessitating a widening of the street and probably a new access ramp from Interstate 5. He says the Navy has been deliberately vague about the impact of increased traffic in the canyon because they know it will be a big problem.

Reeves claims that his firm is too small to undertake a design contract for a replacement hospital, but simply thinks it should go downtown because it complements the city's plan to revitalize that area. He points out that a hospital south of City College would be centrally located to a majority of Navy personnel (which the Navy has also admitted), and the proposed policy link to the South Bay would go right past either of the downtown sites. "And the city's

committed to building something downtown," he continues. "Who would be better to live on that housing than the city? I mean, if you work at the hospital? I mean, you're committed. I don't think the pros should be the planning here. And the city should put the hospital in Florida Canyon."

Supporters of the Navy's current plan are quick to counter that an exchange for the 38.9-acre of Florida Canyon site, the city could receive an equally sized parcel of prime park land now utilized by the present hospital. The Chamber of Commerce, Councilman Tom Gade, and others have repeatedly spoken of the advantages of this, pointing out that the returned park land will include the promontory known as Inspiration Point. "I don't see how the citizens could be better served than to have Inspiration Point turned over to them as park land," said Reim O'Connor, the Chamber of Commerce's director of trade, small business, and military affairs. "Where else can you get a view like that?"

The value of Inspiration Point as view property, however, has been seriously questioned. Looking southeast from the parcel one sees in succession a large parking lot, a freeway, the back of Balboa Stadium, the Coronado Bridge, and the houses on Coronado Island. To the west the pointed promontory view of the harbor and Point Loma is screened out by the high rise buildings downtown. To the south of the slope and haze are not too thick, you can see the bluish hills of Tijuana. Every few minutes a jet thunder, close overhead on a descent to Lindbergh Field, the area is directly under the flight path. "There is," Art Casey of Citizens' Committee for Century III said recently, "nothing inspirational about it."

Casey, a tall, fifty-one-year-old man with a wry sense of humor, was much in evidence at a Friends of Florida Canyon meeting held April 24 in the Museum of Natural History's auditorium. Casey's group has been vocal in its opposition to the proposed hospital construction in Florida Canyon, mainly on the grounds

that the city charter requires a two-thirds vote of the public to acquire park land for nonpark uses. The real issue is that the city cannot afford to park up the hill on this thing," he commented after the meeting.

Then official position — as of October 1978 — is to accept the Navy's contention that there are no viable alternative sites. Earlier the Navy had specifically requested the council not to put the issue on the ballot and the council consented. We're afraid that is an indication that the Navy feels they would lose out of the thing was put to a vote. But if the council continues the do-nothing attitude, what will happen is that the proposal to build the hospital will come up in a congressional committee meeting in Washington sometime, and the decision will be made without anyone locally having anything to say about it.

Casey says it would be very difficult to put the issue on the ballot by stamping for signatures, and thinks it is up to the city council to take the initiative. Supporters of the Florida Canyon site, meanwhile, contend that the public need not get involved at all. When asked if the issue should be submitted to local voters, the Chamber of Commerce's Lee Grissom replied, "I don't see any benefit that would come from that, either to the citizens or the city."

Think the issue is more clearly in the hands of the Navy? "City Councilman Tom Gade, who has long opposed putting the issue on the ballot, said, "It wouldn't matter" whether the issue was put to a public vote or not. "If the federal government says they want that land, they can apply the spirit of eminent domain," Gade said in a telephone interview, recently. "The city charter is one thing, the law of federal eminent domain is another." (The Navy does have the authority to condemn the property, but not without providing compensation to the city for the acreage lost. In 1960 the city sponsored Balboa Stadium, valued at \$100,000, and sold it for \$900,000 an acre. With inflation and real estate values soaring since then, the Florida Canyon parcel now has a price tag of well over \$40 million, an amount the

Navy has already indicated it is unwilling to pay for the alternative site development. The Navy's preferred plan is to acquire the site, park land and non-park land in Florida Canyon land, with no need to acquire it.

Councilman Tony Kellia, whose Eighth District includes Florida Canyon, says that the presence of the current facility, being a kind of an isolation base, led to an incomplete consideration of alternative sites. Kellia says he would prefer to see the issue handled locally, either by the council or the voters. But he also would like to see the Navy's report on alternative sites. Last October he gave a last approval to the Navy's current plan (the vote was 5-3 with Kellia, Tom Williams, and Maurice O'Connor dissenting). When asked if that meant the decision would be made in Congress, rather than locally, she replied, "I'm afraid that the way it will be handled. If there were any possibility of bringing the matter up in council, I'd do it, but I don't see any alternative."

Art Casey says that if the city rejects the Navy's land swap proposal, and the Navy moves to condemn the Florida Canyon property, his group and other opponents in court on the grounds that it is impractical. Currently Casey is hopeful that congressional action with congressional and federal review of officials will lead to an examination and revocation of alternative sites. But last week Congressmen Bob Wilson, a vocal supporter of the Navy's current plan, denied an authorization to condemn the Florida Canyon property through a House Armed Services subcommittee. "The first step in a series of legislative maneuvers that would ultimately allow the Navy to annex the park land."

Meanwhile, at the recent Friends of Florida Canyon meeting, comments were already ranging from phony to treacherous. "The Navy is just running ahead on this thing. They're just bulldozing ahead," lamented one. "Another said simply, 'This decision will affect the city for at least one hundred years.'"

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Festival Notes



Old and New Dreams



Bobby Bradford

STEVE FISMIDINA

Pianist Anthony Davis and flutist James Newton had just concluded a fabulous rendition of Newton's "Rose (68/69)" and proved once and for all that they are two of the best young jazz players alive. I sat mesmerized through the entire performance, which took place last Sunday afternoon at La Jolla Museum's Sherwood Hall, the final day of the La Jolla Jazz Festival, and was brought back to reality only by the sad fact that the piece had to end. But as I looked around me I saw that what had originally been a respectable crowd, maybe 500 people, had dwindled to half that. It occurred to me then that perhaps San Diegans deserve what they get, or more to the point, what they do not get.

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career as a published jazz fan. Those who either missed these shows or merely walked on only to be reminded for indirectly encouraging the onslaught of disco funk jazz masquerading as jazz concerts, which, out of general indifference, ignorance, or pure laziness, we have allowed to become dominant. While I don't wish to sound like an outraged evangelist, I do have that all local jazz enthusiasts, musicians, promoters, critics, admiring laymen—bless the responsibility of naming that these superb shows become regular, sustained events rather than once-in-a-lifetime anomalies.

For the most part, the festival was artistically triumphant. The concerts I held the highest advance hopes for were, I'm relieved to say, all quite good. The players who made them so are all master musicians, some of the best who have ever worked in the idiom. Sadly, it is one of the paradoxical occupational hazards of the jazz life that the most creative artists have to serve an apprenticeship of obscurity and impoverishment before a respectable number of listeners will clear out their ears and take notice of them. For reasons I am cognizant of but fail to comprehend, the term avant-garde seems to be immediately off-putting. It has always been this way, I suppose. A lot of people find the demands placed upon them by progressive jazz musicians too taxing, too esoteric. Artists such as those who brightened my last three Sundays at Sherwood Hall must consequently operate with the certain knowledge that they will most likely never have more than a meager bunch of die-hard supporters.

Whatever their inner, unvoiced aspirations might be, I doubt that any of these musicians suffer from undue delusions about their commercial potential. Art that strives to exalt and illuminate rather than merely occupy empty recreational hours has a preordained set of prejudices to battle and transcend. What offends me, though, is that this music is not accorded the proper respect it merits. Some people who should know better refuse to take it seriously at all. If you were to judge from a few of the follow-up reviews for each show, for example, anybody who was not in attendance didn't miss anything. For me, it is this music, as I am not accorded the proper respect it merits. Some people who should know better refuse to take it seriously at all.

My bitterness was not gratuitous. The last three weeks saw an amazing parade of renowned musicians appearing in San Diego, certainly more than have ever played here in such a concentrated time, and some who have never played in Southern California at all. Besides Davis and Newton, the La Jolla Jazz Festival presented Old and New Dreams (Ed Blackwell, Don Cherry, Charles Haden, and Dewey Redman), Air (Fred Hopkins, Steve McCall, and Henry Threadgill), Bobby Bradford and John Carter, and Hums (Newton, Mark Dresser, and Tylon Barca). Further, the Great Art Ensemble of Chicago (Leslie Bowie, Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Malachi Favors, and Don Moye) made a last-minute appearance at UCSD's Revelle Theater two Saturdays ago. The last three weeks have been, without doubt, the most exciting of my

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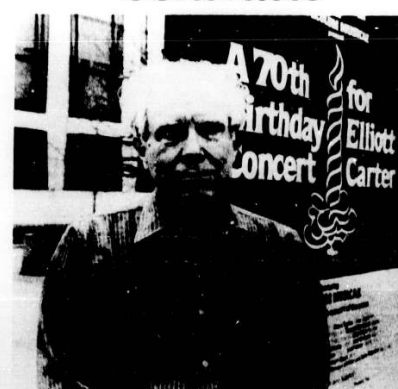
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A Study in Contrasts



Elliott Carter

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Composer Elliott Carter, some of whose works were programmed in the contemporary music festival at UCSD, is in his seventy-first year, and some people regard him as the present spiritual leader—the Pope, as it were—of serious American music. Whether he deserves this adulation, and whether such an attitude does a service to his music, were questions posed by the recent all-Carter concert.

The first half of the program was devoted to two chamber works: the Sonata for Cello and Piano, which dates from 1948, and the Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord, which was composed four years later. The two sonatas represent "middle period" Carter, and show a composer of very real talent successfully struggling with some of the problems of modern music. One of the concerns of twentieth-century composers has been to relate themselves to the music of the past (not to Ives, Stravinsky, Bartok, or even Brahms in the back of his mind as he composed his own piece in the same genre). The great, archaic, surging cello line in the first movement is Brahmsian; the music of the cello writing elsewhere in the sonata has the suppleness, the melodic contours, and the exploration of the cello's various registers that are already found in the Debussy sonata, and throughout much of the Carter work there is that busy rhythmic impulse, often resembling perpetual motion, characteristic of the Bach sonatas for viola da gamba and harpsichord.

Debussy and Ravel are perhaps the chief sources for the delicately varied effects of texture and color that in that of the Bach sonatas for flute, oboe, cello, and harpsichord. Here the composer's ideas are more predominantly in the realm of texture and color than in that of melody and harmony—a preference characteristic of much contemporary music. In addition, both the Carter sonatas make use of material from popular and

traditional dance music. The second and fourth movements of the Cello Sonata are wittily jazzy, and the final movement of the oboe sonata begins with a *forlane* à la Venetian poudrière; dance and proceeds through a series of other vicarious dance episodes.

All these are typical preoccupations of the period and can be heard—with diverse individual variants—in numerous other modern composers; the eclectic treatment of music history, the emphasis on colors-to-effects, the interest in jazz, the attempt to incorporate popular dance rhythms within a classical structure, even the recalculation of the harpsichord as a viable modern instrument. But the two sonatas also exhibit some concerns that he much deeper in Carter's own particular musical imagination. One of these is exemplified by the opening of the Cello Sonata. The cello part is expansive, lyrical, passionate. Brahmsian, while the accompanying piano part is cold, abrupt, percussive, almost mechanical. The contrast of "personality" in the two instruments becomes a prominent structural principle in the whole work, and Carter thus serves to hold himself the interesting challenge of holding these two contrived worlds together. Here, then, is the essential problem Carter has to deal with. On the one hand, a quite pronounced individuality of the component elements with a strong trend toward independence; and on the other, the composer's own firm control of the contradictory forces. This constitutes one of the fundamental tensions of the Twentieth Century. The result is distinctly different from its predecessors in the works of Bach, Brahms, Debussy, Beethoven, and Schubert.

The same concern is evident in the introduction of what Carter calls "metric modulation." In the Classical period, a movement of a sonata or symphony was almost always set at one fixed tempo; slower or faster sections within the movement would be regulated by the same, unchanging time value of the basic beat. Already in Beethoven, diverse tempos began to be introduced into a single movement, in order to intensify emotional and dramatic effects—and this becomes the usual procedure in later Romantic music. Some one composing in this fashion has to find a way of communicating to the performing musician what the proper relationship among the various tempos should be.

Many composers simply indicated "meno mosso" ("slower") or "piu mosso" ("faster") or "something of the sort," and left the precise decisions as to how much slower or how much faster to the discretion and musical intelligence of the performer. Others, who wanted to maintain stricter control over performance, indicated the tempo in terms of metronomic markings (such as *meno* performers nevertheless take as nothing more than rough guidelines—it is their own understanding of the score, rather than the ticking of a mechanical device, that ultimately governs their choice of tempo).

Carter, going much further, invented a system of notation that allowed for numerous, complicated, extremely subtle changes of tempo within a movement. But which also controlled these changes with a precision a Beethoven would never dream of. At any change in tempo, different note values are made equivalent, according to metronomic, arithmetical procedures—so that if the musician aims to follow the directions exactly (in any case, they will be speeding up or slowing down to the precise extent necessitated by the composer. The frequent (and often minute) changes of tempo make the music sound extraordinarily flexible, spontaneous, unpredictable, and organic—but, in fact, every shift of speed is totally determined by the composer's notational system. Spontaneity and control, and each pushed to an extreme—here we have the very heart of what was soon to become an obsession in Carter's work.

It was some time in the 1930s that Elliott Carter discovered he was a major composer, an original genius, and a unique influence on the course of contemporary music. His writings have led to the notion of his individual discoveries and inventions, and the way lesser composers have been imitating him. During this period, jazz, the dance, and the whole history of previous music disappear from Carter's major works—he is all alone, the exalted solitary creator, wrestling with the problem he himself has invented and only he can solve. The problem is, driven to an unprecedented extreme in the String Quartet No. 2 (1959), in which each of the four instruments has a totally idiosyncratic character, playing against the others rather than with them, and stretching the composer's power of domination over this self-invented chaos to the utter limit. By the time of the Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras (1961), Carter seems to have gotten the upper hand. On paper, Carter is still the master puppeteer, determining the fate of his instruments, the vicissitudes of the warming subunits and orchestras, but the music sounds like a messy, free Stravinsky called this Double Concerto a masterpiece, and I am not about to cross swords with the keenest musical mind of the century. All I can say is that repeated auditions, over and over, have convinced me that this work may now be accessible to me. It is a tough nut to crack, and I am not yet convinced that there is anything inside of it but a piece of shocked theory.

The two sonatas, in contrast, I find easily accessible. They are pleasing, interesting, and sometimes moving musical experiences. We would have known, and we know, however, from the UCSD performances by members of the Los Angeles Chamber Players, and of the Cal Arts Twentieth Century Players, that they are different from its predecessors in the works of Bach, Brahms, Debussy, Beethoven, and Schubert.

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Restaurants

Patch Work

ELANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Cotton Patch
The Location: 2720 Midway Drive
(224-7179)
Type of Food: American, with emphasis on beef and seafood
Price Range: Dinners from \$5.95 to \$11.95
Hours: Open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m.

Since I suffer from a common telephone nervous in which each ring seems to announce either jubilant news or tidings of doom, I can almost never let the phone go on peeping without answering it. Because I am always afraid of missing out on the most compelling message of my life, I invariably pick up the receiver as quickly as possible. When the phone rang this time, it was, no exception, but since the hour was dawn, my heart accelerated a bit more than usual.

"Darling, did I wake you from sleep?" It was my Aunt Bertha.

I blinked at my clock in disbelief. 6:10 a.m. What was she doing calling me so early in the morning? Trying to get in on the cheap rates? Then my mind cleared. She wasn't calling me from Chicago. She had never returned there. Aunt Bertha now lived a dozen blocks from my house.

"You know I am a morning person," she cooed, "and that's when I get most of my work done, especially thinking. I've been up for hours, and while I wouldn't dare to presume, I've been reading your recent columns." She paused for effect. I was dying to brush my teeth and wondered if I could beg off for at least a minute. But Aunt Bertha plunged headlong into her subject.

"That's wonderful that you've been hobnobbing with the higher echelons. I mean, there you are interviewing chefs, dining in restaurants where lobster costs twenty dollars a person. I don't wish to presume and tell President Carter that we are soaring over the earth in red balloons with this inflation, but let's face it: not everyone can cha-cha-cha at Carlos 'n' Charlie's or French fishing houses where a one-night stand is a week's grocery money, or at least used to be. So what I am suggesting is that you try a nice homey place, a restaurant not for high fliers. My memory is failing. I'm losing brain cells every day, even though I eat fish as much as possible, but I believe the last time we were at the Cotton Patch was April 26, 1950."

"Are you suggesting that we try it again?"

"Oh, darling, I absolutely wouldn't dare to presume. But I just wanted to give you food for thought."

Fish story, I thought, though in order to get to brush my teeth I would have made a pact with Faust. "Let's go on Thursday."

Aunt Bertha's sigh almost dislodged the



Illustration by Jeff Thompson

phone from my hand. "You're much too kind to your old Aunt. We'll have one enchanted evening." She signed off.

According to our plan, we converged on the Cotton Patch, located on Midway Drive, and as soon as we entered the darkened quarters, Aunt Bertha clutched at her heart. The restaurant had been expanded so that there were several rooms in which to dine, each with a fireplace. Opposite the bar stood a piano at which a man played old favorites. The walls had a log cabin effect. The chef, in a splendid white hat, plied his trade from an open kitchen with a brick facade. We were not seated in the main dining room but in a smaller one to its left. One of its walls had a rock and waterfall arrangement.

"The style is Frontier Grotto," exclaimed Aunt Bertha, "circa the 1950s. I feel myself moving back in time when I'm here. Take a look at the waterfall. There's a statue of a little black boy fishing. Is that a cliché of the Fifties or not?"

Our party of three moved into our banquet room as Aunt Bertha continued. "You really couldn't find a restaurant like this in Chicago. Notice the bird cages with stuffed birds made out of felt. They look like they haven't been dusted for years." She studied the menu. "We're in the Swamp Room, and there's also a Bayou Room. Tell you the truth, it's a perfect trying-out place for Susan Hayward and Tyrone Power. Can you just see them here saying good-bye to each other in *Mill Cris Tides*, one of those perfect grade C pictures?" When Tyrone tells Susan they have to end their affair because he has to go back to his wife, crippled with polio on the old plantation, the camera moves to that statue of the black boy. Then there's an overture of Helen Morgan singing "The Man I

people don't eat so much the seadays. To do justice to these portions, you would have to be a young person. And this restaurant is filled with people our age."

Sure enough, I blanched at my friend's portion of roast beef. It had not been trimmed as it would be in, say, Grant's Grill or Lubach's, but even discounting the fat, it looked like a giant slab of, well, dead cow. Discreetly, I averted my gaze. A baked potato the size of a small eggplant came with it, oozing its white layer of sour cream.

Aunt Bertha and I divided our crab legs and placed the skillet of German fried potatoes and onions between us. "Who's counting," she counted, "but we'll never be able to finish."

The crab was good, fresh frozen, as the popular saying now goes, and its one limitation was that it was not served with an implement to crack the crab. Aunt Bertha used her hands to pierce the shell and with drew each succulent morsel intact, which she then dipped in melted butter. "I'll try about my choicest tomorrow," she declared cheerily.

Our friend managed to tuck away all of the beef, which was of good quality, but we asked for baggies for the rest of our crab. Aunt Bertha went a step further—she took home most of the baked potato and the German fries. When we asked our waitress about the pecan pie, she shook her head negatively, and since our only other choice was Sam's cheesecake, we decided to exclude dessert.

As we left, Aunt Bertha made a quick reconnaissance. She discovered that some diners had found the fried chicken "wet" or underdone, but others who came consistently for steak. Very few young people were present. Aunt Bertha asked the man at the piano to play "Tenderly" and he complied. I half expected her to burst into song and to compete with the real birds in the aviary, but instead she began casting another movie.

"Maybe I was wrong about Susan Hayward. Maybe the Cotton Patch would have been the perfect setting for Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. They could have done the cake walk right on the bar."

The next morning when the phone rang, I took courage into my hands and placed the receiver face down without answering. By noon Aunt Bertha marched into my house. She placed yesterday's baked potato and the German fries in separate packets of silver foil, and while they heated in the oven, she tossed the leftover crab into a rather nice salad. The crab meal had cost us \$12.95. It had served two on the first night and provided us with a fine snack on the second. Nothing at the Cotton Patch is of gourmet quality. However, there are thirty-two entrees from which to choose, the food is fresh, hearty, and a bit above average in its preparation. Though I wouldn't want to presume you should eat so late, the kitchen stays open until 12:45 a.m.

We started off with a hearty split pea soup which had a pleasant taste. This was followed by the Caesar-style salad with shrimp. Its main fault was that it included too many ingredients: blue cheese, shrimp, croutons, as well as the Caesar, and style dressing. It was large in size, and fresh as well as filling, but I didn't think the blue cheese and the shrimp went well together.

When the entrees were placed before us, my Aunt Bertha exclaimed triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you we were back in the Fifties? I don't wish to presume, but

Feminists



(Continued from page 1)

Furthermore, as you soon discover when you begin the research, because you are no longer competing with fifty other reporters and the Instant Eye Camera from the six o'clock news, the people you call for information actually answer their telephones. To be sure, they're a bit surprised that any reporter would want to talk to them, but they're curious and cooperative and they invite you to drop by.

In the time, your story appears. Despite its impressive originality, it makes no big splash. Your friends say a few kind words, the next time you bump into them. You get

off the cuff remark in a casual conversation, an incidental fact in a long article about something else entirely, and then, in combination with many other such disparate fragments unconsciously absorbed over many years, to create a spontaneous and original thesis entirely and uniquely your own. Until recently, you always dismissed these as the random musings of a fevered brain, but now it suddenly occurs to you that such ideas—self-indulgent though they be—are nevertheless the raw material of terrific magazine articles.

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a handful of letters—one from a woman who'd like to meet the author, one from a man, half-joking, who says that your story can't equal the *U.S.*, and one from an admiring reader who totally missed the point. And that's it. No underhanded rule of all-burns-up-your-phone-fines. No law firm put you on notice of their intention to file suit. None of the local writers' guilds honors you with a distinguished journalism award.

Then one day eight months later, as you sit at your desk gnawing at your hammy and wondering what you've put yourself up to, you get a letter from a woman who's not your ex-girlfriend, but a new friend. She's from the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* or an *NBC* affiliate who says he recently came across your piece, liked it very much, and now wants to follow up on it. After that, you start reading about the subject in newspapers and magazines. The *Wall Street Journal* hails it as a new trend. And *Time* magazine immortalizes it with a cover.

None of this, of course, has anything to do with you anymore. Your name is never mentioned and you don't get any credit. Now is this anything you particularly regret? In creating the single crystalline drop that later grew into such a media torrent, you made an important and original contribution to the ongoing national dialogue. And for a professional writer like you, that's satisfaction enough.

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people who either tried to work in finance, a job continually complained about their hard lot in life. These people, however, seemed to have more capital.

He can't worth the powder to blow him up, and... He thinks the world owes him a living.

That the author's mother, frustrated by what she then considered a certain study from which she'd been character, tried to make him more tolerant of other people, including herself. Her favorite observation when her efforts failed: "Up to the girl you marry."

That as a child, he was timid and shy, uncomfortable around loud and noisy people, preferring grassy meadows to the pleasures of a baseball diamond, avoiding rules, and the people who made them.

That, as time passed, he grew up, went to college, served in the Navy, and eventually enrolled in Berkeley's graduate program in psychology, where, as his first outside assignment, he chose to write about an evening meeting held in one of the campus lecture halls attended by 500 women, the subject of which was feminism.

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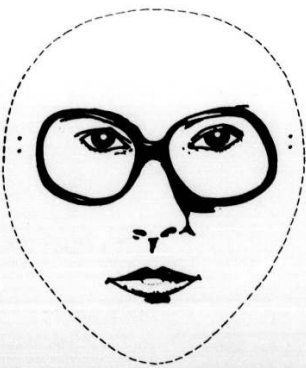
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Royal Dining

for Mother's Day!

Feminists



(Continued from page 13)

less important than their own. Thus, when a man got a raise and a transfer, he expected his wife to abandon her career and follow him. Well, women needed careers as much as men did, and if the husband got transferred, he'd simply have to start commuting home on weekends. An example was offered of two college professors, married to each other, teaching at different schools, where the husband did exactly that.

I spoke up at this point, asking what happened, say, when the husband was a geologist and he'd just been offered this big raise, except he had to move to Alaska. What did the couple do then?

Actually, my question was not phrased as tactlessly as it might have been. For a long time some of the speakers had been talking about the ingrained sexism of men. Would I like to hear something truly disgusting? Last night there was a meeting of feminists on campus. During the question-and-answer period some jerk stood up and said

union apart—a new job, graduate school, the need to pursue a career. I thought the light was better there. What I really wanted to know was, did feminists aspire to the married state? And if so, when some sort of problem arose, would they try to work it out with their husbands, or was that it, the finish—divide up the kids and the cats and file for divorce? In other words, did feminists believe in marriage, or was it just another patriarchal, capitalist trap?

A torrent from the audience: "Why should the woman be the one who has to move?" shouted an angry voice from somewhere high above.

"Yeah," said another. "How come she isn't the geologist?"

"Why didn't anyone give her a raise?"

"What's her husband doing working for the oil monopoly anyway?"

When people are angry with me I become too upset myself to think straight. My arguments, as a result, seem so disjointed, inarticulate, and ineffectual that even I don't believe them anymore. Half-way through my confused explanation one of the organizers cut me off by asking just what kind of a marriage did I want for myself. I mumbled something about wanting to live communally. There was a brief pause and then the feminists moved on to more worthy opponents. But just for those few moments, 200 women held me in contempt—contempt because I was another hated male oppressor, and contempt because I'd turned out to be such a poor specimen of one.

The next day I still felt depressed over the fact that 200 women now considered me the enemy. Hoping somehow to justify my position, I called one of the previous night's speakers and told her I was writing a news story on feminism which I hoped she could help me with. Ignoring my questions, she immediately began talking about the ingrained sexism of men. Would I like to hear something truly disgusting? Last night there was a meeting of feminists on campus. During the question-and-answer period some jerk stood up and said

it was the duty of a wife to give up her own job and go along if her husband got transferred to Alaska. Could I appreciate the attitude of that "She knew perfectly well who she was talking to and she knew I knew it, too. But I no longer had the will to confront her and I let the matter pass."

The Feminist Double Standard

For the last ten years at least, lesbian separatists, radical feminists, and lots of other people who claim to be in the forefront of social change, have been going around describing men as the enemy. You can find it in *Ms.* magazine, in the *Rich Manifesto*, in feminist anthologies, and in all those little lesbian newspapers stacked on the floor around bookstore checkout stands. I have feminist friends who tell me, "Now Paul, don't go getting yourself all worked up about this. At the beginning of every political movement the rhetoric is somewhat extreme. No one considers you in certain areas of the media to actively seek out and accuse the Man in the Street for his critical opinions, and to serve up these opinions as a healthful dietary supplement to those of the professional pundits. So far, I admit, I have seen concrete evidence of this willingness in only a couple of places, but I take these outbursts to be a sign of a much wider spread and longer-festering inclination. I would not be thunderstruck to see more of the same. I would not be heartstricken to see less."

That's okay. I can live with reconciliation. One good enemy is worth a dozen warm friends. The only people who don't have enemies are the ones who have never taken a stand on anything. My resentment is not so much directed against those for whom reconciliation with men is a psychological impossibility as it is against feminists who say they don't hate men but who nevertheless can't manage to get it together enough to complain when someone labels their husbands or brothers or sons as enemies.

Last month in my neighborhood branch

(Continued on page 19)

You, the Critic

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Something has only recently come to my notice which I don't believe I am mistaken in tabbing as a new wrinkle in movie criticism. (If I say so myself, I have become a good deal more attuned to noticing new wrinkles during the years since *Monsieur* was no longer available to do my shirts.) The something I am thinking of is a willingness in certain areas of the media to actively seek out and accuse the Man in the Street for his critical opinions, and to serve up these opinions as a healthful dietary supplement to those of the professional pundits. So far, I admit, I have seen concrete evidence of this willingness in only a couple of places, but I take these outbursts to be a sign of a much wider spread and longer-festering inclination. I would not be thunderstruck to see more of the same. I would not be heartstricken to see less."

One of the two places I have alluded to is the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, where, as part of its heavily beefed-up movie coverage, there has appeared a new column called "CinemaScore" (one word, capital "C," capital "S") every Friday for the past several weeks. Rather than attempt to explain in my own words what this innovation is and how it operates, and thus accused of maliciously leaving out some vital information which in fact I haven't a clue to, I will quote its self-description in toto: "CinemaScore, a California-based survey research company, regularly polls movie audiences and tabulates their impressions of recent film releases. Between 500 and 1,000 people are asked what brought them to a particular movie and how they feel about it immediately afterward. The results include an overall rating—A, excellent; B, good; C, average; D, fair; F, poor—as well as rat-

ings for specific subgroups. "You now know as much about CinemaScore as I do. The other example I have encountered of this straw poll approach to movie evaluation is on one of the local TV stations (Channel 10), which has started dispatching its entertainment critics to be in wait outside movie houses and spring upon the patrons, with camera and mike, as they file out the exits. The polling procedure, here, is both more informal and more out in the open than that of CinemaScore. How frequently this TV station undertakes these night-time forays I don't know. The two times I have been fortunate enough to witness the results on the eleven o'clock news, the patrons, under the experienced probing of the investigative movie critic, were guided, coaxed, and cajoled into issuing such critical judgments as these: "It was okay," "Pretty good," "I liked it," "Sorta funny," "It was so-o-o funny," and "I thought it was great."

The obvious advantage of the TV poll is that it captures the opinions of average moviegoers in their own natural and uninhibited idiom, whereas CinemaScore, although it takes a much broader sampling of opinion, reduces everything to impersonal averages, percentages, and letter grades. (You will notice that the CinemaScore people get a trifle impatient when they try to express things in words. To them, a "C" translates as "average" and a "D" as "fair." Now, I quite frankly do not know how large the difference is between "average" and "fair," or even which of the two is the more complimentary, but as I recall from my school days, the clear and considerable difference between a "C" and a "D" can be the difference between *summa cum laude* and *sandwich*.) There is plainly a lot to be said against the CinemaScore system of averaging its findings, under such a system, the pro-

bad movie which you either love or hate will inevitably tend to average out into mediocrity. But the CinemaScore people make some effort to remedy the homogenizing effects of their system by dividing the audience response into subgroups, variable from movie to movie. Thus, while the overall grade assigned to *Old Friends* was a "D," it is discernibly pointed out that females graded the movie as low as a "D," but males more leniently graded it "D+" (which, if the CinemaScore people were to translate to the verbal scale, would probably prove to be the difference between "mediocre" and "ordinary"). It is further noted that the subgroup of Tulsa State fans (of whom I was interested to know there were any in existence) were willing to allow the movie as high as a "C" (perhaps meaning "so-so"). Other examples of the fine distinctions provided by the divisions into subgroups are that a moviegoer is apt to be in wait outside movie houses and spring upon the patrons, with camera and mike, as they file out the exits. The polling procedure, here, is both more informal and more out in the open than that of CinemaScore. How frequently this TV station undertakes these night-time forays I don't know. The two times I have been fortunate enough to witness the results on the eleven o'clock news, the patrons, under the experienced probing of the investigative movie critic, were guided, coaxed, and cajoled into issuing such critical judgments as these: "It was okay," "Pretty good," "I liked it," "Sorta funny," "It was so-o-o funny," and "I thought it was great."

These audience surveys are meant, I presume, to be an answer to the rampant feeling that the professional movie critic does not properly represent, or address, the "real people"—only they are not so much an answer, really, as a neat impulse. They are cast in the mold of a *Good Listener*. Fan magazines, of course, as well as the unimpeachable *Consumer Reports*, have for years engaged in this sort of solicitation of public critical opinion, but the solicitation, there, has never so clearly invoked the democratic principle of balancing the opinions of those who presumably know what they are talking about against the opinions of those who probably don't, thus, it has never before had quite the same potential for flattery.

There might, I think, be an even *laurel* precedent for the new public opinion polls. What they remind me of, particularly for their backslapping and glad-handing attitude toward the general public, are the John Doe endorsements which have occasionally been used in movie advertisements in the space normally occupied by critics' blurbs, and which invariably mean that the reviews of that movie have not been terribly colorful. Tom Laughlin's Billy Jack movies provide the classic

example of advertisement campaigns that try to draw a middle between the critics and the public. Advertisers, of course, are happy to exploit the critics' judgment as if it came from somewhere above Mount Everest as long as it is favorable, but when it is not, they will just as readily cozy up to the public and adopt a who-needs-them attitude toward the critics. In this latter, weathered friendship with critics, advertisers are at one with the public. Millions of otherwise generous, tolerant, liberal-minded citizens carry around with them the true belief that critics are leeches, mosquitoes, nifty rascals, and assorted other vermin, but they will only bother to air this conviction when they happen to be in badly disagreement with a critic. You will never read a letter to the editor in which a disgruntled moviegoer complains that he was so completely in agreement with a movie critic as to find that critic unenlightened, unstimulating, and unnecessary.

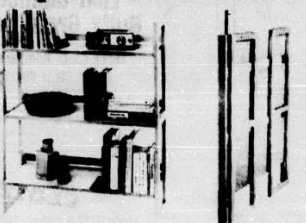
I don't really believe, though, that the general consensus of critics' critics is, necessarily, the more eccentric critics by averaging all of them together in CinemaScore fashion is as far out of line with the popular consensus as is often assumed, and as is apparently assumed by the public opinion pollsters. It is certainly less out of line in movies than it is in most other arts, and it is less out of line than it would be, and should be, if movie critics were better versed in and more committed to cinematic art than they frequently are. If, in other words, the movie critic's job were not so often filled, according to tradition, by the critic's nephew or by the Home and Gardens columnist who is due for a promotion. When I say that the critics and the public are not usually very much at odds, it is important not to equate the public's critical feelings with mere box office performance. *Fare of Heavens* did wonderfully with the critics, and not so wonderfully at the box office, but if you were to interrogate the "real people" who would tell us, I expect you would find as high an incidence of breathless admiration among them as among the critics. Conversely, there are movies that do hand over box office business at the box office which it is my hunch are not particularly esteemed in a critical sense even by the crowds who flock to them. Suppose, for example, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*. I am sorry to say, *The Warriors*.

I have no way of documenting these

(continued on page 24)

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributors: READER'S GUIDE monthly selected by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Editor's office reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER'S GUIDE EDITOR, P.O. Box 58085, San Diego, CA 92158.

Galleries

Assemblages and Collages by Peter Sar will be exhibited through May 11, Maudeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2864.

Mixed Media Paintings and Drawings by SUSA faculty member Gail Roberts will be exhibited through May 15, James Cunnely Gallery, MiraCosta College, One Burnside Drive, Oceanside, 757-2121.

Permanent Collection selections,

including works by John Baldessari, Robert Rauschenberg, James Collins, Jim Dine, Max Ernst, Fayta Friedman, David Foran, John Paul Jones, Richard Allan Morris, Christine Ottum, John Rogers, Carl Summers, Michael Todd, Judith Von Ever, and Patti Warshaw, will be exhibited through May 17, Bechtel Gallery, Palomar College, San Marcos, 744-1150 x145.

"Women at Work," an exhibit of woodcuts, photographs, and engravings which document the history of women's labor in New York City from the 18th Century to the present, will remain on display through May 18, The Other Gallery, room 1209, Humanities Library Building, Revelle campus, UCSD, 452-3120.

"You Can Tell a Book by Its Cover," an exhibit of works by Eleanor Antin's "Artists' Books" series, will continue through May 18, Humanities Library, Revelle campus, UCSD, 452-3120.

"Metal and Graphite," a two-person show featuring jewelry by Virginia Barber and drawings by Donna Lewitt, will continue through May 19, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills, 295-2725.

Two-Man Show, experimental photographs by Marvin Skoben and graphics by Jack Whidden will be exhibited through May 20, 1065 Gallery, 1065 15th Street, 219-2828.

"Irving Gili: The Artist as Architect," a presentation of the contributions of architect Irving Gili, who spent many of his most productive years in San Diego, will continue through May 20, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 322, 7931.

"Viewpoints: Ceramics, 1979," an exhibition featuring the works of Joe Bova, Stephen Detweiler, Dick Hay, Tom Heyburn, Ken Little, Tom Rypson, Joe Saklat, and Allan Wadsworth, will continue through May 22, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cerrito.

"Family Portraits," a photographic study of families of various ethnic backgrounds, will be presented by the Graduate School for Urban Resources and Social Policy in an exhibit funded by the NEA and the California Arts Council, through May 25, San Diego Photo Art Center, through May 25, El Cajon Boulevard, 267-4523.

"Drunkies," prints and graphic printed matter by Dutch artist Hendrik Nicolaas Werkman, executed by the Nazis in 1945, will include works based on the Chomsky legend of Martin Luther King, continuing through May 27, Gordon Gray Gallery and Galleries 1-7, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 750 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9717.

"WOMENWORK: An Exhibition of Art," a collection of works by women visual artists from San Diego County, will open Friday, May 4 and continue through June 2, Community Arts Gallery, Third and E streets, downtown, 231-0141.



Beverly Sills

The San Diego Opera season is now divided into two halves: one group of operas in the fall and one in the Spring. The Spring segment is in the offing. It begins this Sunday, May 12, with *Don Giovanni*. *Manon Lescaut*, continues with the twin bill of *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata* and *Verdi's La Traviata* (Leonore), and concludes with the world premiere performance of Gian Carlo Menotti's *La Traviata* — the last performance to be on June 10.

It will be a month of passion and torment, love and death. *Manon Lescaut* is about the desperate maturation of young Renato De Greco (the tenor) with the beautiful, perfidious, pathetic Manon (the soprano), who runs away with him, deserts him, returns to him, is exiled to America as punishment for her immorality, and dies in her lover's arms in the midst of the great desert of Louisiana. In *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata*, the tenor gets the pathetic, mezzo-soprano pregnant, deserts her for a promiscuous soprano, and then is killed by the soprano's jealous husband. The jealous man in *La Traviata* is the clown Cavaradossi, who kills his soprano wife and her lover in the middle of a staged concert. The chief motive in the new Menotti opera, *La Traviata*, is a poor Juanita of the Spanish royal house is deluded, abused, manipulated, imprisoned, and abandoned by her father, her husband, and her son. That this is a somewhat different kind of opera is evident from the fact that while Juanita is a soprano, this case has no less a soprano than Beverly Sills, the leading male singer is a baritone, and he sings the roles of all the men in Juanita's family, three generations of them.

Whatever the differences, the four operas of the upcoming season are equally rare, Italianate, brutal — in short, just what opera aficionados most enjoy. The focus on *Manon Lescaut* and *La Traviata* opera from a historical-historical point of view, respectively, from 1891, 1890, and 1892. All three are operas of intimate, personal life. *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata* resembles each other in their realistic settings and the emphasis on intense tragic passions among ordinary, lower-class people, a good reason for the tradition of their being

presented on the same program (to be in long enough to fill out a whole evening in the opera house). All three operas are staples of the repertoire and have earned their permanent place in the hearts of opera lovers. But most people would agree that the chief interest in this month of operatic performances is the new Menotti opera. Reports indicate that the composer is still at work on the score, adding a special treatment to the premiere. The opera has been composed expressly for Beverly Sills and her cast, tailored to her style in her most successful roles: tender, pathetic, victimized heroine in a Romantic historical drama. Her performance is especially looked forward to because it will be one of her last — Miss Sills will return to San Diego in the 1980 season to sing in *La Traviata*, and then she will retire, after a rich and productive singing career (she will be directing the New York City Opera).

La Traviata will also give San Diegoans another chance to see the San Diego Opera's general manager, Tito Capobianco, in his role as stage director for the will also direct *Manon Lescaut*. A number of other artists will be familiar to those who have attended the San Diego Opera during the past few seasons: singers such as Carlo Bini, Marcelle Caraga, John Del Carlo, Suzanne Marner, Joseph Evans, Robert Hule, and John Boebcher, and conductors Joseph De Rugiero and Calvin Simmons. There will be new faces and voices as well, including two (Mancoska Cape and Martha Lane Howe) who will be known to some from their singing in other operatic groups in San Diego.

The dates for *Manon Lescaut* are May 12, 15, 18, and 22 (matinee); for *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata*, May 19, 22, 25, and 27 (matinee); and for *La Traviata*, June 1, 5, 8, and 10 (matinee). There will also be a dress rehearsal of *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata* and *Giuseppe Verdi's La Traviata* open to San Diego County students from third grade through high school, on May 17 (call Patti Mattingly at 232-7616 for information). Tickets for the regular performances are available at the Cox Theatre (236-6101) and Select-A-Seater Theatre (236-6101).

—Thomas Arne

Music

Opera Soprano Hise Tashman will perform selected arias and art songs on Sunday, May 11, 7:30 p.m., Community Hall, San Diego American Apostolic Church, 3473 56th Street, 582-2136 or 279-8257.

Baritone Vocalist Ivan Rebhoff, accompanied by a Balalaika ensemble, will present Russian, Russian, English, French, and Greek folk music, Sunday, May 12, 8 p.m., Fox Theatre, Seventh and B streets, downtown, 236-6510.

Cabaret Music, performed by pianist Cecil Lytle and soprano Carol Plantamura, will be offered in a Mother's Day concert, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., Maudeville Recital Hall, UCSD, 452-3229.

"Elijah," by Felix Mendelssohn, will feature bass baritone Robert Hale, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 297-4366.

Chamber Music Series concludes with the San Diego Chamber Players, under the baton of Charles MacColl, performing music of Mozart, Fauré, and Debussy, Monday, May 14, 8 p.m., Foster Dinner Theatre, 8065 Canyon Road, Spring Valley, 697-7077 or 466-0112.

"Young Americans' Salute to Richard Rodgers" will be presented Tuesday, May 15, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Festival, 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon, 465-1700 x321.

"A German Requiem," Johannes Brahms' concert work in seven movements for choir, orchestra, and soloists, will be performed by Grossmont College Performing Arts organizations and 70 voices from Granite Hills High School, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church, 3415 5th Street and El Cajon Boulevard, and Sunday, May 20, 7:30 p.m., East County Performing Arts Festival, 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon, 465-1700 x321.

Lectures

"An Editor Takes the Fifth" will be the title of a talk by "San Diego Union" editor Gerald L. Warren, sponsored by UCSD Extension's Institute for Continued Learning, Friday, May 11, 10 a.m. to noon, room 111A, Administrative Complex, Matthews campus, UCSD, 452-3409.

Women and Discrimination in the Job Market will be the topic of a panel discussion moderated by Marilyn Poser, head of women's studies at SDSU, and held in conjunction with the ongoing "Women at Work" exhibit, Tuesday, May 15, 7:30 p.m., Humanities Library Auditorium, UCSD, 452-3120.

"Women's Music Network: An Alternative" will be the topic of a presentation by two members of Buttery Enterprises, in the final offering of the "New Views of Women" series, Wednesday, May 16, 3 p.m., room SS-100, SDSU.

"USCD New Poetry Series" continues with Robert Peters reading from his new work, Wednesday, May 16, 4 p.m., Revelle Formal Lounge, UCSD, 452-2531.

"Spring Colloquia Series," sponsored by the UCSD Center for Music Experiment, will continue with vocal and music faculty member Carol Plantamura discussing the spiritual attitudes between 17th century and 20th century music, Thursday, May 17, 1 p.m., building 45, Warren campus, UCSD, 452-4383.

"Local Poets Series" continues with Don Eukert reading from his work on Thursday, May 17, 7 p.m., Quil Fromage, 523 University, Hillside, 295-1603.



Robert Irwin

In the second decade of this century, Marcel Duchamp took an ordinary bottle rack out of the kitchen and placed it in an art gallery, changing the physical appearance of the bottle rack not at all. Instead, he pointed to the context within which the isolated object was seen — an "art space" versus a "kitchen space" — as the element which conferred meaning. Now, some sixty years later, artists who are usually grouped as the "light and space" people (Michael Asher, Maria Nordin, Jim Turrell, and, pre-eminently, Robert Irwin) have focused on the nature of our perception of space itself. In his current exhibition at the San Diego State University Art Gallery, Robert Irwin manages to isolate not an object, but a space.

Irwin's installation consists of a tall, translucent fabric scrim stretched across the middle of the room, the top portion of which is painted black to correspond with the ceiling color. A rectangle of string of the same distance as the back wall and at the same distance in front of the scrim is the wall behind the scrim is at the gallery entrance. The ceiling lights have been modified slightly to give a fairly even diffusion of light. Essentially, Irwin has set up a series of barriers within the space of the room: psychological, visual, and physical. Viewer entering the gallery who notes the string to tangle running along the floor, up the walls, and suspended overhead across



SUSA Art Gallery

the room invariably stop, hesitant to cross the line. Passing through this psychological barrier, a kind of immaterial planar threshold, one is confronted with the visual barrier of the scrim. Black, of a lovely, women-white synthetic fabric, the scrim is at once light reflective, transparent, and opaque, giving the empty space behind it an almost tangible, sponge appearance. The desire to enter this space and sort it out is blocked by the physical barrier of the scrim, only by leaving the gallery and coming around to the back door — a passage through the seemingly black, ether of the natural world — is the desire satisfied.

The interactive nature of the installation forces a re-examination of perceptual



Robert Irwin

understanding. Obviously, it is taken to what is substantial, physics is known as the Heisenberg uncertainty principle, the more deeply the viewer probes the psychological, visual, and physical spaces, the more these spaces are altered by the act of probing and the more their meaning depends on the kinds of observations made. The destiny of the viewer is linked to that of the spaces perceived.

Robert Irwin's exhibition continues through May 27, Wednesday through Sunday, noon to 4:00 p.m. For more information, phone the gallery at 296-5171.

—Christopher Knight



Robert Irwin

being rooms everywhere, according to Bill Gonsky, a La Jolla psychologist, are families who join together to make music (he calls it "bonding"). Gonsky's own family has organized itself into the Gonsky Family Inc. Band, involving him, his wife and six of their seven children. The Gonskys have performed at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the White House, and on the Gong Show, as well as at local sporting events. The Gonskys have paid for their "bonding" San Diego families out of the proceeds of and will spend an American Family Music Festival this Sunday, Mother's Day, at the University of San Diego.

Besides the Gonskys, the Mothers' Day concert will feature Christian Essence, a gospel group from San Diego which has recorded and performed throughout California, Colorado, and the Midwest. The Kent family of Bonita, a rock & roll concert composed of mother, father, and three daughters, will perform Renaissance and modern music. Members of the Wingard family of San Diego will perform classical string quartet music, in addition, father Hal Wingard will accompany his daughter in a performance of songs of his own composition. Debating at Sunday's festival will be the Barker Family Rhythm and Blues Band.

The concert, sponsored by the University of San Diego office of community development, is at 2:30 p.m. in the UCSD Amphitheatre. Tickets are one dollar a family, twenty-five cents for children, and a special discount for the day. Mothers' and SD students will be admitted free of charge. Information is available by calling the Gonsky family at 454-4545.

—Tina Kalka

Sports

World International Racquet Championships this third annual event, featuring tennis, badminton, and table tennis, will hold an impressive line-up of international players. Known for their U.S. singles badminton champion, "Shorty" Eddy (a time winner of the South American singles championship), John McEnroe (the Masters tennis champion), Dan Seidler (the top ranked U.S. table tennis player for the last six years), and the top professional tennis player, Mats Wilander, during the day and competition in the evening. Arts Health Hall, 901 Hurler Circle South, Mission Valley, 296-0321.

Women's Track and Field, the WAA Championships II will be held on Friday, May 11, beginning at 11 a.m., SDSU, 286-5342.

Palme Baseball, the New York Mets come to town to play the San Diego Padres, Friday and Saturday, May 11 and 12, 7 p.m., and Sunday, May 13, 1 p.m., San Diego Stadium, 281-4494.

Spring Doubles Tennis Tournament, featuring competition in men's and women's A, B, and doubles, will be held Saturday and Sunday, May 12 and 13, Northwest YMC, 8353 Isthmia Avenue, La Jolla, 453-1481.

Soccer Soccer, the San Diego Sockers will play host to the Tampa Bay Rowdies of the Eastern Division on Wednesday, May 16, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Stadium, 280-6041.

Film

"Spear of the Nation," a documentary on the current Black liberation struggles in Southern Africa, will be screened by the UCSD committee for World Movements, Thursday, May 10, 7 p.m., room 2622, Undergraduate Science Building, Revelle campus, UCSD, 452-3162.

"With Babies and Banners," the film documentary on the ongoing "Women at Work" exhibit, Thursday, May 10, 8 p.m., Humanities Library Auditorium, UCSD, 452-3120.

"China Close-Up," series continues with "The Revolution and Professor Tashman" by documentary filmmaker John Hertz, Sunday, May 14, 11 a.m., Ken Cinema, 4260 Adams Avenue, 232-1583 (adults or 284-9600) (evenings).

Special Events

Lenon Grove Old Times Days celebration, this 16th annual event, featuring art and crafts show, folk dancing, music, and square dancing, will take place Friday, May 11, beginning at 10 a.m., Lenon Grove Junior High School, and a picnic on Saturday, May 12, beginning at 10 a.m., along Broadway, Lenon Grove, 465-2109.

27th Annual Eastern San Diego County Junior Fair will include live entertainment, and other shows, Tuesday, May 15 through Friday, May 18, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., San Diego County Fairgrounds, modular and Pindalo, May 12, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Lakeland, Bakers, Oceanside, Highland 65 and Mapleview, Oceanside.

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—Tina Kalka

Dance

"Strings Too Short to Save," a new work by Ray Arca director, choreographer, and performance artist Jim Nade, will be performed by the artist along with her piece, "Row for Me," Friday, May 11, 8 p.m., Theatrical Company Studio, 862 Third Avenue, downtown, 233-4149.

"Spring Dance Concert," this 10th annual concert, presented by the Grossmont College Dance Group, will feature new choreography by the Grossmont College dance faculty and advanced students.

along with a performance by guest artists from the Samahin Philippine Dance Company, Thursday, May 10 through Saturday, May 12, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Festival, 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon, 465-1700 x227.

Grossmont Union High School District Dance Festival, presented by the SDSU Choreographer's Ensemble, will feature selected works by high school students, Friday and Saturday, May 11 and 12, 8 p.m., Studio Theatre, Women's Gym, SDSU, 286-6821.

Visiting Dancer Alarmed Vally of India will be featured in a performance on Monday, May 14, 8:30 p.m., Studio Theatre, Women's Gym, SDSU, 286-6821.



The Coursons

Nearly ten years ago, a small audience gathered in the UCSD gym to hear a concert by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, popular British folk singers. The concert that evening had not been well publicized so the turnout was not large and the raised platform and microphone were unnecessary. Instead, the performers sat right down among the audience, and their powerful ballads embraced the listeners as if the gathering were assembled in a family living room instead of a cavernous gymnasium. One listener was moved three generations older than most of the others. He wrote a hearing aid and coaxed his head shyly, fattered mirthfully, and at each song's completion, clapped along with everyone else. He also seemed to be smiling in his own pride. He was Charles Seeger, father of one of the most popular folk-singing families of this generation, Mike Seeger, Peggy's brother, a frequent visitor to the San Diego State Folk Festival and an accomplished banjo, fiddle, guitar, dulcimer, autoharp, and mandolin player. Mike and Peggy recently recorded the album *American Folk Songs for Children*, based on the book of the same name, which was written by their mother, Ruth A. Seeger, in the 1940s. And, of course, son Pete Seeger hardly needs an introduction.

It was inevitable not to feel a surge of warmth and gratitude toward this elderly, dignified gentleman who fathered a family and so wisely spread the spirit of folk music over every rock and cranny of the globe. Charles C. Seeger's Seeger family is a real music-deposit, and this February, at the age of ninety-two.

The tradition of music in families did not begin or end with the Seegers. Hidden in

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

Radio/TV

"The Chevy Chase National Humor Test," a hit or miss speed on national TV tests, will be presented Thursday, May 10, 9 p.m., Channel 39.

"The Ultimate Imposter," a spy movie made for television in which Joseph Hacker stars as a secret agent whose brain receives computer information via alpha waves, will be shown Thursday, May 12, 9 p.m., Channel 6.

"The Prince of Miss Jean Brodie," a six-part series based on the novel by Muriel Spark chronicling the life of a 39-year-old Scotswoman teaching at an all-girls boarding school in the 1930s, will debut with "Edinburgh," Saturday, May 12, 10:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"NBA Basketball Playoffs" continue with selected games broadcast on Friday, May 11, 11:30 p.m. and Sunday, May 13, 10:30 a.m., Channel 6.

"Broken Blossoms," a 1919 D.W. Griffith film starring Lillian Gish, Donald Crisp, and Richard Barthelmess, is based on a chapter from Thomas Burke's "Limbohouse Nights," concerning a sadistic prizefighter whose fragile daughter is rescued from mistreatment by a sympathetic Chinese youth, presented on "The Silent Years," Saturday, May 12, 9 p.m.; repeating Tuesday, May 15, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"Georgia O'Keeffe," an interview with this exclusive New Mexico artist will include clips of her paintings and photographs of her past, on "The Originals," Saturday, May 12, 7 p.m.; repeating Sunday, May 13, 11 p.m.; and Tuesday, May 15, 2:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"Pablo Picasso," the San Diego Padres travel to Cincinnati to play the Reds, televised live on Tuesday, May 15, 5 p.m., Channel 6.

Theater
"Mare/Sade," Peter Weiss' "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" will be performed by the Southwestern College theatre arts department, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, through May 12, 8 p.m., Arena Theater, Southwestern College, 900 Otay Lakes Road, Chula Vista, 421-6100.

"The 'Ah, Wilderness!' Project," based on Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!," will be presented by graduate students of the UCSD drama department, Thursday, May 10 through Saturday, May 12, 8 p.m., UCSD, 452-1220.

"Firemen's Follies," a musical revue and variety show benefit for the Poway Fire Department and Paramedics, will be presented Thursday, May 10 through Saturday, May 12, 7 p.m., Mount Carmel Performing Arts Theatre, 748-6161 or 566-0468.

"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," by Tennessee Williams, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through May 12, 8 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 West Orange, Vista, 726-9802.

"A Flea in Her Ear," a French farce by Georges Feydeau, will be presented by the San Diego Little Theatre through May 12, Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Apprenticeship Building, Del Mar Fairgrounds, Del Mar, 755-7358.

"A Night Passage" will be performed by the media ensemble Kiva, which is composed of a dancer, percussionist, trombonist, flutist, and a small group of actors, Saturday, May 12, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD, 452-4559.

"Jimbo," a musical comedy satirizing the 70s, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays through May 12, 8 p.m., La Palma Theatre, Encinitas, 436-7469.

"The Canteen," a drama by Harold Pinter, will be the final play of the current Old Globe Theatre season, presented nightly except Monday, 8 p.m., plus added Sunday matinee at 2 p.m., through May 13, Carter Centre Stage, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

"Akhnaton: A Poetic Drama," written by Eric Miller and presented by the Poet's Players, will utilize poetry, dance, and mime to show the catastrophic results of the confrontation of the monotheistic beliefs of Pharaoh Akhnaton with the established religion of ancient Egypt, Mondays through Wednesdays, through May 16, 8 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 298-8111.

"A New Silence," incorporating mime, music, improvisation, and dialogue, will be presented by the Theatre of the Disabled, Wednesday, May 16 through Friday, May 18, 8:30 p.m., UCSD Theatre, UCSD, 452-3120.

"P.S. Your Cat Is Dead," a comedy concerning an unsuccessful actor and a contemporary American couple's changing marital relationship, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through May 26, 8 p.m., CRSA Theatre, 9115 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 277-8900 x1111 or 277-8626.

"The American Dime," a play which incorporates readings, letters, newspaper articles, and court records in tracing the changing role of women through history, will be performed by Center Stage Productions through May 19, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m., and Sundays at 2 p.m., Second Avenue Theatre, 863 Second Avenue, downtown, 233-0141.

"Promises, Promises," a musical comedy about a struggling young businessman, will be presented Friday and Saturday, May 11 and 12, and Wednesday, May 16 through Saturday, May 19, at 8 p.m., with added Sunday matinee on May 12 and 19, 2 p.m., Main Stage, SDSU, 286-6884.

"Curse of the Starving Class," the contemporary story of a California ranch family battling for survival, written by recent Pulitzer Prize winner Sam Shepard, will be presented Thursdays through Sundays, through May 19, 8 p.m., San Diego Repertory Theatre, 1620 Sixth Avenue, 231-3585.

"Angel Street," a Victorian suspense thriller, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through May 19, 8 p.m., Stagehouse Theatre, Cleveland College, El Cajon, 465-1700.

"Susan Slept Here," a comedy concerning a Hollywood writer who gets an unexpected gift on Christmas Eve, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, through May 19, 8 p.m., Actors' Quarter Theatre, Fifth and Elm streets, downtown, 238-9609.

"We Have Always Lived in the Castle," a Hugh Wheeler mystery based on the novel by Shirley Jackson, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays through May 19, 8 p.m., with a Sunday matinee on May 13, 2 p.m., Patio Playhouse, Vineyard Shipping Center, 1511 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 746-6669.

"Showtime on Broadway," the 21st annual musical revue by the Rhythm-Aire Players, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through May 19, 8 p.m., Hornblower Hall, 1721 Hornblower Street, Pacific Beach, 273-1976.

"Seventeen," the 1951 musical version of Booth Tarkington's saga of adolescent romance, will be presented by the San Diego Junior Theatre, Fridays through May 18, 7:30 p.m.; and Saturdays and Sundays through May 20, 2 p.m., Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 239-8355.

"No Much Velvet," the world premiere of Wilson Lett's play concerning a contemporary American couple's changing marital relationship, will be presented Fridays and Saturdays, through May 26, 8 p.m., CRSA Theatre, 9115 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 277-8900 x1111 or 277-8626.

"The Mouse That Roared," a comedy by Leonard Wolberly about a microscopic country in the Alps which declares war on the United States, will be presented by The Lamplighters Community Theatre, Fridays, and Saturdays, through May 26, 8 p.m., with an added matinee on Sunday, May 20, 2 p.m., Five Arts Center, 6833 University Avenue, La Mesa, 465-1621 or 464-4598.

"The Fourposter," Jan de Hartog's comedy about the joys and struggles of married life, will continue on Wednesdays through Saturdays, through June 9, 8 p.m., Lamb's Players Theatre, 500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City, 474-4542.

"The Good Doctor," a Neil Simon comedy, will be offered Thursdays through Sundays, through June 10, 8 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 298-8111.

"Barefoot in the Park," a Neil Simon comedy, will be presented Fridays through Sundays, through June 16, 8 p.m., Colorado Playhouse, 1775 Strand Way, Coronado, 435-4856.

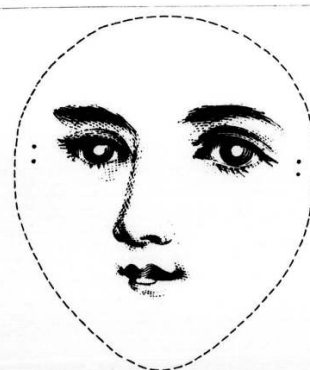
"Same Time Next Year," the Bernard Slade comedy concerning a couple who annually celebrate their first one-night stand, will continue through June 17, curtain at 8:30 p.m., Sunday evenings (dinner at 6, curtain at 7:30 p.m.), and Wednesday and Sunday matinee (lunch at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.), Fiesta Dinner Theatre, 9665 Campo Road, Spring Valley, 697-8977.

"Absurd Person Singular," a British comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., in an open-end run, Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town, 295-6453.

"A Few Years Ago Ms. Magazine," a British comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., in an open-end run, Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town, 295-6453.

"A Few Years Ago Ms. Magazine," a British comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, will be presented Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., in an open-end run, Mission Playhouse, Old Town State Historic Park, Old Town, 295-6453.

Feminists



(Continued from page 14)

library I randomly opened a feminist anthology to find myself reading a proposal to kill all the men on the grounds that they're responsible for all the wars in history and thus deserve to die. Or, if some women are not ready just yet for such a final solution, at least to confine the men to game preserves, as is done in Africa with animals.

A few years ago *Ms.* magazine published an issue devoted to the topic of men. One article consisted of interviews with feminists who had the misfortune to be

boys. One mother who had "badly wanted" a daughter was shocked and appalled to find out that she'd given birth to a son instead. "When the doctor held him in the palms of his hands, all I could see was *prick*." Now, I don't object to their printing that quote. It's important to know there are feminists who feel that way about their newborn sons. What is disturbing to me is that you can search that issue of *Ms.* all day without finding any indication that anyone considers such antipathy toward an infant in any way twisted or sick.

Similarly, it doesn't bother me that a modest proposal to kill all the men was included in an anthology of feminist works. People ought to have the right to say whatever they want in print, including things that make them look ridiculous. The double standard shows up when feminists refuse to speak out against unfair and hate-filled attacks on men for fear of offending their sisters. In a recent *Newsday* story, Gloria Steinem said she never discussed her personal life in public because the fact that she lived with a man might be seen as an indirect slur on lesbians. "I mean," the article quoted her as saying, "if someone said to me, 'Are you a lesbian' and I said, 'Oooh no, I'm not that horrible thing,' how would that make... a lesbian feel?"

On the plus side of the ledger, there are some feminists who have defended men against unfair attacks, one of the more prominent ones being Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, who was quoted by the *National Enquirer* last January as saying that the women's movement made a mistake in characterizing men as the enemy.

It might also be noted that *Ms.* magazine, while it doesn't print articles condemning hateful attacks on men, does occasionally run letters to the editor from individual women asserting that their husbands are wonderful people and not at all like the caricatures one or another *Ms.* writer made them out to be.

Finally, although this perhaps more correctly falls under the category of damning with faint praise, *Ms.* also once printed a review of a feminist novel in which the reviewer complained that, compared to the lively women characters, the men in the book were all so transparently selfish, stupid, and dull that there wasn't any suspense in their inevitable defeat.

Guilt Is Our Most Important Product

Tell me what you like to live in Berkeley. A year ago last winter, before

moving south, I was chopping onions to make dinner and listening to radio station KPFA. It's a Pacific station, leftist politically, uncritically supportive of feminism, black militancy, Indian rights, gay rights, Cesar Chavez, and indigenous revolution. That evening a talk show host was interviewing a young man and woman who, with the aid of a government grant, had set up a counseling program for "battering males"—men who beat their wives. The battering male, the couple said, constituted a social problem the full dimensions of which were only now being fully understood; the women suffered tremendous abuse. The causes were several, including early male conditioning, macho self-image, backlash against the feminist movement, the inbred violence of the American male, competition, materialism, homophobia, and reactionary politics. The ultimate solution, it seemed, was restructuring society on the feminist-socialist model. In the meantime, any man who felt an uncontrollable urge to beat his wife should immediately come in for counseling at a center such as theirs.

After this, the couple seemed to have run out of things to say, and the host, trying to be helpful, asked them how long their center had been in operation.

"About a month."

"Oh, that's interesting. How many come in for counseling on an average day?"

"Well, it's a bit early to tell. Actually, no one has come in yet."

The host of the show, I'd like to note, had marvelous aplomb. He went right on without missing a beat, just as if the answer had come back, "Oh, it varies—fifty or sixty a week." Neither were the two counselors in any way embarrassed by the fact that they had identified and solved a problem for which there was no apparent demand. They knew the world was rampant with battering males. The fact that none had come in as yet only proved that men were sicker than they thought.

(Continued on page 20)

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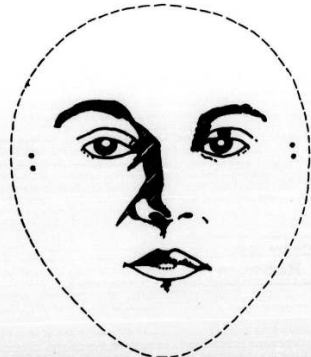
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Feminists



(Continued from page 19)

The Art of Joan Didion vs. Feminist Socialist Realism

Eight years ago I saw Joan Didion speak at a panel discussion at the San Francisco main library in honor of National Library Week. Four men were on the panel with her but none were anywhere near her league. To their credit, they realized that it was not for the purpose of hearing them talk that so many people had turned out for library week, and they gave Didion every opportunity to speak.

Even so, she proved remarkably reticent. Mostly she just sat there behind the panelist's table tracing wet lines with her fingertips in the water tray. When called

upon to speak, she frequently ran down before finishing her thought and her words came slower and more softly until, halfway through a sentence, her voice trailed off completely.

She proved nearly as shy four years later when, after a twenty-year absence, she returned to UC Berkeley to accept a month-long appointment as a regent's lecturer. She was leaving immediately after the meeting to catch a plane out of town. She had given another public talk a few days earlier and had been so nervous she nearly threw up. As she waited in the faculty club lounge for the program to begin, she looked so small and lost you almost wanted to put your arms around her shoulders and say, "There, there, Joan. Everything's going to be okay." The fact that she might not have appreciated such sentiments wouldn't have entered your mind. She was wearing a yellow blouse,

large gold earrings, and oversized sunglasses, which she took off when she stood up to answer questions.

Almost immediately a young woman asked why Didion wrote about women who "weren't very strong?" From the questioner's tone it was clear that she both admired and respected Joan Didion, but she also seemed puzzled and perhaps a bit hurt.

"I'm not that interested in women who have it all together," explained Didion. A novelist doesn't choose her characters; they choose her. And once created, they take on a life of their own not entirely under the novelist's control.

Another woman then asked what female novelist Didion most admired (Joyce Carol Oates), and a man, thinking perhaps he had hit upon a new trend in Didion's thought, asked why Didion, in response to an earlier question about her favorite novels of the last five years, had neglected to mention any of Norman Mailer's works.

"Have you changed your mind about Mailer?" he wanted to know.

Not at all, answered Didion, but the question had specifically asked about novelists who published in the last five years. "Mailer hasn't written a novel in five years." But Didion liked him very much and in the course she taught at Berkeley he was on the required reading list.

Not long afterward, *M*, magazine ran an interview with Didion and her husband, John Gregory Dunne, which had taken place in their Malibu home. As with all of Didion's interviews, it was one of those awkward, fragmented conversations with long silences, interrupted thoughts, and sentences begun either by Didion or Dunne and finished by the other.

Not wanting to antagonize Didion with what now must seem like a complaint, the interviewer saved her most important question till the end. Why was it, she asked, that Didion never wrote about strong women?

Didion stared at her plate and picked at an egg, while her husband answered for her. Anyone who can ask that kind of question, he said, "doesn't know a god-damn thing about literature."

Make-up as a Capitalist Tool

Early in the 1972 presidential campaign, I volunteered to work in the Berkeley

headquarters of the McGovern for President committee. This was before McGovern won the New Hampshire primary. There were few workers and little money. We mimeographed our own campaign literature, attributing to McGovern those positions we thought he should have. An enterprising telephone freak rewired the office phones so we didn't have to pay for long distance calls. The more ideological volunteers debated important issues with each other and passed around petitions for everyone to sign. I typed mimeos, stuffed envelopes, and wrote letters to the editor, a few of which were printed.

Once it became apparent that McGovern was going to win the Democratic nomination, ambitious veterans from the other campaigns warmed aboard like the U.S. Marines, acting officious, insisting on the chain of command, and setting up empires all over the place, which, after McGovern beat Nixon, they could redeem for staff jobs at the White House.

Despairing of working with such people, I decided to drop out of the campaign, staying on only long enough to attend a final party where the women's origin staff at the northside apartment of a woman volunteer, where, as was our custom, we sipped cheap red wine and complained that McGovern's stand on issues was too far to the right. Some of the women present were feminist activists who looked at every gathering as an opportunity to raise mass consciousness. One of them, an organizer named Anita, began to explain about what she said was the incredible sexism of a society where attractive women had lifelong advantages over women of below-average looks.

It was a condition, apparently, which everyone present had long deplored. Make-up, they readily agreed, was a sexist trick for making sexual objects out of women, thereby guaranteeing their continued subjugation. It forced women into competition with their sisters for the attentions of a man, while, at the same time, it permitted the cosmetics companies to call obscene profits from the human misery they themselves created.

"Well, if I had to choose between two women for a job," I interjected, "and both were equally qualified, except one was pretty and one was not, I'd hire the pretty one." I furthermore said I didn't see anything wrong with this; it was human nature to appreciate beauty.

Once again I had the sensation of sitting alone on a stage while 200 people shouted at me in the dark. I was accused of sexism, insensitivity, and racism—the latter on the grounds that my white male standards of beauty discriminated against our black sisters. Besides, all this, Anita's husband now noted that in the example I gave I naturally cast myself as the employer. Didn't that show, he triumphantly asserted, on which side my sympathies lay?

I tried to defend myself, but as everyone seemed to think my politics were grievously in error, I bowed to the general will. As the discussion moved on to other matters, I sat there brooding over the injustice of my being cast as a defender of make-up, whereas in fact, I never liked it at all and on those rare occasions when a woman asked my opinion, I always recommended that she wash it off.

Unkinder still was the fact that, except for Anita herself, the women who had attacked the wearing of make-up were themselves wearing lipstick, eye liner, eye shadow, and, in two instances, mascara so heavy it stuck together in grainy clumps on the tips of their lashes. "If make-up is a tool of oppression," I asked a woman next to me on the couch, "then why are you wearing mascara?"

Unlike me, she didn't see this as a contradiction. "We've been conditioned to think we need it. We can't help ourselves."

There it was again, that marvelous ability to ignore contradictions as the ducks ignore the rain. Depending on your current ideological requirements, oppression could mean anything you wanted it to, from what Hitler did to the Jews to the subtle brainwashing by which men force Berkeley feminists to wear mascara against their will.

The Art of Lesbian Seduction

Between 1973 and 1976 I worked as a stringer for the San Francisco bureau of *Time* magazine. In those days it was easier to get sex stories into the back-of-the-book sections than any other kind. Con-

sequently, when I ran out of money, I'd suggest stories on homosexuals, bisexuals, transsexuals, and everything in between. Once, while doing a story on bisexuality, I interviewed a young woman named Lisa, who at the time worked for a sex information hotline. She had an advanced degree in psychology. She was bright, witty, and attractively seductive.

I'd just put away my notebook after a long talk on bisexual theory and practice and was preparing to leave when she began telling me stories about bisexual parties. By her account, the number of cross-reactions and combinations at such events was so varied and intense that at times she simply had to close her eyes and stand still until her pulse slowed down. But for sheer nerve-wracking pleasure, said Lisa, the most fun of all was the seduction of another woman.

"When I meet someone I like," she said, "I ask her over for dinner in the middle of the week. You can always invite a woman over for dinner on a Tuesday night without raising eyebrows. The other thing I do is serve wine—a lot of wine."

After dinner, Lisa would approach the subject obliquely, asking about her friend's politics, the kind of books she read, whether or not she liked poetry. "If she liked lesbian poets, for instance," said Lisa, "that was an excellent sign."

The tending of a sexual offer was for Lisa a matter of the greatest delicacy. She never propositioned anyone outright, preferring instead to make her desires known during what to outsiders would seem a perfectly innocent conversation, but which to Lisa was subliminally interwoven with subtle invitations to sex. The problem, Lisa complained, was that it was entirely possible to talk in such a fashion for an hour or more without fully knowing whether one's offer had been accepted or even understood. "My head would just be spinning," she said.

I never wrote about Lisa for *Time*. She dealt too much in nuts and bolts to use a subtle story of texture and tone. A year later, when I was finally ready to attempt such a story, I called Lisa back. She wasn't

as friendly as she'd been before. She said she was no longer a bisexual, having given up on men entirely to become a full-time lesbian. I told her that I didn't see that as a problem. I'd been very impressed with her account of her erotic encounters with other women and now I wanted to write a story on lesbian seduction.

"I don't understand," said Lisa. "I explained that her account of inviting women over for weekday-night dinners, serving them wine, asking them about lesbian poetry, and conducting these multileveled conversations was a marvelous story. Lisa was aghast. 'But that sounds like the way men seduce women.'"

"Lisa, that's what you told me last year!" On the contrary, said Lisa, it wasn't what she'd said at all. In typical male fashion I had twisted everything she had told me about the love between two women and made it seem shabby and pornographic. She didn't want to be part of such a story. If I really wanted to learn something about women, I ought to read Shulamith Firestone's book, *The Dialectic of Sex*.

A Guilty Male Is A Masterpiece

In Berkeley I lived with a feminist for two years. We tended to disagree about everything, including the issue of feminism. She once spent most of a long automobile ride from San Francisco to the Russian River trying to get me to agree to the proposition that men oppress women. She had formulated it as an oath which she wanted me to swear to. The fact that I wouldn't, she said, showed arrogance and lack of character.

I said I'd never swear to any such thing. It was demeaning and I resented the fact that she'd even ask.

She said she resented my resentment against such a fundamental truth: men did oppress women. If it weren't for my perverse stubbornness, I'd have been admit-

ted the obvious long ago: women faced systematic, widespread discrimination in every facet of society, from marriage to education; employment to the arts. I don't remember precisely which arguments she used on this occasion, but having lived so long in Berkeley I was familiar with them all. Marriage was a trap that held a woman down, and children were a disaster that finished her off completely. The professions had excluded women so long that now they only held a small percentage of the highest-paying jobs. Men who never finished high school made more than female college graduates. In business, most of the secretaries were women and all the executives were men. In government, what did women have — a few congresswomen, an occasional Republican senator from Maine, someone named Krieps in the commerce department?

Under the circumstances, my girlfriend asked, how could I sit there and blandly deny that women were discriminated against?

I wasn't denying there was discrimination, I said. A period of temporary discrimination is the universal fate of every group when at first aspires to higher positions of responsibility and power. But it was not so much a nationwide plot to keep women down as it was the law of inertia in human affairs. Besides, I complained, why was she blaming me? I never hired or fired anyone in my life. The postcard-peddler in the most unlighted firm still made more from her job than I did from mine. And yet to hear her talk, I was enjoying all these fantastic perquisites of wealth and power just from having been born a male.

I reminded her of what Nora Ephron had said in a lecture we'd attended at the College of Marin: "It's always been harder to be a man." If men had it so easy, I wanted to know, why was it that women lived eight years longer than they did? Why was it that men suffered from higher rates of suicide and heart attack? Why was the male death rate higher than that of the female at every age?

(Continued on page 22)

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Feminists

(Continued from page 21)

Look, she explained, she wasn't blaming me. She was only trying to explain how men oppress women.

Well, if she wasn't blaming me, then I didn't want to hear about it.

I couldn't shut her up with threats. She'd talk about what she wanted to.

Look, she could talk all night, for all I cared. I just didn't want her talking to me.

Did I know what was wrong with me? I couldn't face the truth.

Did she know what her problem was? She was mad at her father, except he wasn't around, so she was taking it out on me.

She wasn't taking it out on me at all. She was only explaining what everyone in the world recognized except me, and I was getting defensive about it.

I was getting defensive about it because she was blaming me.

She wasn't blaming me. She was only explaining how men oppress women.

Well, if she wasn't blaming me, then I didn't want to hear about it.

Generally, our arguments went on in the same vein until, after an hour or so, their absurdity became apparent even to us. Then we would laugh and apologize and, for a while, everything would be fine.

Turning the Antimaterial Tide

Before leaving Berkeley last fall, I gave a going-away party for myself and invited all my friends, including a former classmate from graduate school. She'd been very busy in the intervening years,

writing a food column, running a restaurant, falling in and out of numerous relationships, camping in Hawaii, vacationing in the Greek Isles, tennis twice a week. At my party, though, she was pensive and subdued. She was over thirty now, she was tired of running around. She wanted to find a stable man, settle down, and "have babies."

I remember being abashedly touched by that announcement. Having lived eight years in an area so thoroughly imbued with feminist ideology as Berkeley was, it never occurred to me that a bright, attractive woman might deliberately clutter up a successful career just to "have babies." The only women who still saw babies as a viable alternative, I'd been led to believe, were those who fell into the bottom third on the Stanford-Binet test, unassimilated immigrants, fecund Roman Catholics, and the lumpenproletariat. Under the circumstances, hearing an educated, attractive, and independently successful woman say that she had a need in her bones for children made me feel protective and warm and pathetically grateful.

Bank & Utter Bank

Let me tell you how I came to write this piece. One morning last January I was sitting at the dining room table with my feet up on a chair, sipping Earl Grey tea and reading a newspaper account about a conference of male feminists at UCLA. The purpose of the conference was to show solidarity with feminists and gay men, to attack masculine role models, to learn to play and hug and cry and do all the things that men are supposed to do but allegedly can't.

Among the conferees was a group from Madison, Wisconsin, calling itself "The Other Side of the Coin." According to the news account, it was their unique perspective that women oppressed men, and they wanted a forum to argue their cause. The collective that had organized the conference refused them official sanction, whereupon they held their workshops on

the lawn. Afterward, the newspaper quoted one of the conference organizers as saying that the notion that women oppress men was the "sheerest bunk." He didn't say that the reverse was also bunk, just the notion that women oppress men. Well, it seemed to me that I called the distinction was a story somewhere. I recalled several men from the collective, met with them in their offices and homes, studied the literature they gave me, turned over in my mind their detailed analysis of my old sexist ways. In their various voices, they all said the same thing: I was wrong in feeling blamed. Feminists didn't consider me the enemy, at least not anymore. The problem was an unnecessary one, created totally by the media, which, in sensationalizing a few unrepresentative shrill voices on feminism's outermost fringes, served to cause undue divisiveness between women and men. This was not to say that women didn't have cause to be angry. You'd be angry, too, if you'd been held down, ground under, and otherwise oppressed by men. It was, rather, that feminists no longer blamed men for oppressing them. The real enemy, they now understood, was the patriarchal capitalist system, which, in forcing men into their oppressive roles, made victims out of men and women alike. As such, the system had to be struggled with and fought against until, collapsing under the weight of its internal contradictions, it fell before a newer, finer socialist system based on principles of universal justice, compassion, and equality.

Until I talked to this collective of male feminists, I'd never been able to figure out what it was about feminism that I didn't like, why, for instance, as I once complained to an old friend, I wished there were some way to vote for the E.R.A. and at the same time vote against some of its louder and more offensive proponents, the people who, once it passed, would not be content with viewing it as a victory for equality, fairness, and simple human decency, but who would rather proclaim it to be a justly deserved and properly humiliating defeat for men. Those kind of

feminists I couldn't stand—the ones who were spiteful, vindictive, and who, no matter what they might say about not "blaming" men, nevertheless truly and unquestioningly believed that men were the enemy, the ones who talked about "struggle" and "oppression" and the "patriarchal capitalist system," and who, ten minutes after you met them, began likening the struggle of women with the struggle of blacks and comparing what they said was a man's desire to run his wife's life at home with the desire of American imperialists to run everyone else's life abroad.

In fact, I quickly discovered, it wasn't feminism per se that I objected to at all—that is, if by feminism what was meant was equal pay for equal work, an end to discriminatory practices in credit, housing, unemployment, and the right of a woman to apply all her talents and all her abilities to anything she wanted to. The part I had trouble with was that feminism seemed to come incoherently intertwined with the standard leftist ideological line—the concept of class struggle, the ruthlessness of capitalism, the moral degeneracy at America's heart, the belief we cause most of the world's misery, the willingness in the name of justice to smash all contrary points of view, the moral certainty of one's superior vision, and so strong a desire for not only equality of opportunity but equality of result that any measure to bring it about was fully justified, including, a Russian dissident recently wrote, "attempts to straighten the stooped and shorten the tall."

There are feminists, I know, who don't believe in socialism and the patriarchal, capitalist, imperialist conspiracy, and the next time I meet one I plan to ask her to lunch. As for the feminist-socialists, I know they're angry, disillusioned, and unhappy with the way their lives are turning out. But the fact is, to paraphrase James Thurber, everyone is disillusioned. That's no excuse for blaming dashed hopes and scattered dreams on the perfidy of men. That's mere pettiness, and not worthy of the free and independent women they truly are.

Festival Notes

(continued from page 10)

triet work to keep listeners in a disconcerting state of suspense. And, at the end, Steve McCall proved himself one of the most commanding trap drummers in the history of jazz. He moved ineluctably, hypnotically, from high-hat and cymbal tinkers to martial figures on his snare and tom-toms to volcanic eruptions all over the kit. I've always admired McCall's work on Air's albums, but it wasn't until I experienced him in person that I understood just what an incredible percussionist he is.

Seeing Old and New Dreams, I felt the same way most rock fans would have if they were witnessing a reunion of the Beatles. At different points these players were the core of two of my most cherished bands—the early Ornette Coleman quartet and Keith Jarrett's Seventies quintet. They

have all individually contributed an enormous amount of energy and artistry to the "new" music. I considered Ed Blackwell, like Steve McCall, one of the genuine surprises of the three weekend events. For this show, something was almost sing, sizzling chords and melodies out of an instrument you would think did not have the capability. Don Cherry was, typically, lean, somber, sober self. Charlie Haden also matched his legend as a darting, elaborate, proflix romantic, the most endearing bassist alive. And Dewey Redman, who I think is one of the best tenor stylists of all time, acquitted himself well, although his incoherent sing-song technique on tenor sax and music were underemployed that evening. However, even if they didn't uncover any new startling treasures, Old and New Dreams offered sufficient proof that their admirers should encourage them to remain intact.

Trumpeter Bobby Bradford and clarinetist John Carter were also excellent, although not quite as pleasurable as they were last year at UCSD. Both are unmistakable stylists, and, at their finest, magnificent ones. For this show, something was missing. Perhaps it was the overbearing theatricality of drummer Alex Cline that set off the pleasure. But in the interest of fairness and reverence, I must say that Bradford's rich, full-bodied tone and Carter's slinky, snakelike sound were as much in evidence as ever.

I skipped several of the festival's shows, either because of overriding responsibilities (Storm, Jeff Lorber, Charles McPherson) or downright antipathy (The-Don). Then, too, there were a couple I wish I had avoided: the funky fiasco of Julian Priester and Eddie Henderson and the effete movie soundtrack erotica of Art Lande's Rubiva Patrol. These gaps aside, I feel safe in saying that this festival is to

take shape as a vital yearly event if it has to make the billings more stylistically compatible, (2) include fewer local groups (and please, no poets or ballerinas), (3) compress itself into consecutive days, the idea of a "festival" invokes notions of a daily, carnival like atmosphere, and from week to week, people's memories tend to dissipate, and so this would be a helpful reminder, and (4) finally, I believe that it would help the festival's credibility if it were moved out of La Jolla. For a form of music, two-thirds of whose best exponents are black, contemporary jazz is shamefully underappreciated by blacks in this state (and this city). I can't say if that is the fault of the performers or of the promoters, but if the situation could be somehow rectified (a downtown San Diego location should be considered if it would be a genuine boost for art centered).

You, the Critic

(continued from page 15)

hunches, and the public-opinion polls may be useful toward that end, if the critic is really interested in pursuing it to the end (kindly include me out). But I don't believe the motivation behind these polls is anything so scientific. I suspect that it is no more high-minded or spirit-inspired than a simple desire to short-circuit the often-voiced complaint that movie criticism is irresponsible and unbalanced journalism.

Whenever you hear the complaint that a particular piece or practitioner of movie criticism is insufficiently objective, what is meant, of course, is that the complainant's own subjective opinion has not been adequately represented. And the public-opinion polls, by bringing criticism close to us as reporting, and by providing an illusion of democracy (what seems to be democracy would more accurately be thought of as demagoguery), are a perfect

crowd-pacification device. In addition, these polls are a balm to the ever-popular view that anybody can be a movie critic. I cannot imagine that there is any other job, unless it would be that of managing a sports team, that is so routinely second-guessed by the layman—the layman, in this case, being the person who hasn't given a moment's thought, all week long, to the art of cinema or the drudgery of criticism, until he props up a periodical at lunch one day, and, almost choking on his sandwich when he runs smack into an opinion poll disagree with, finds himself uncharacteristically formulating an aesthetic opinion: "What a crock!"

It may after all be true that the public-opinion polls offer a better—and certainly a plainer—indication of how the average viewer will feel about a given movie than is offered by all the professional critics combined, and thus a better indication of how well invested his three or four dollars will be. But this, even if it were true, seems a negligible virtue to somebody like me who prefers to think of moviegoing as

an adventure in fumbling in the dark. And the publication of such polls will almost certainly add fuel to the polemical fire that says criticism is supposed to serve as a kind of consumer buying guide—a fire that, to my liking, ought to be permanently doused the better to facilitate fumbling in the dark.

I hope I am not taken to be an isolationist, or something worse, when I say that I am not the least bit interested in seeing public opinion—raw opinion, un-developed and undeveloped—presented in the form of Harris Poll statistical breakdowns and three-word interviews on the eleven o'clock news. The truth is, I tend to be almost compulsively interested in what just about anybody thinks of a movie.

Allow me to overbear someone saying, "Well, I went to see *Love at First Bite* last night," at the adjacent table in a restaurant, and I will begin to gravitate in that direction at a sixty-degree tilt. Still, I do not care to be confronted with critical opinions bunched up and passed off as the Vox Populi, or Democracy in Action, or

Mob Justice, or something similarly intimidating. I am no more interested in critical consensus of average moviegoers than I am in the consensus of professional critics. For credibility and interest, this consensus stranks alongside the presidential platform statements of the two major political parties. It seems to me that the innumerable letters-to-the-editor forums now in existence already afford enough of a welcome mat on which the individual fan in the Street can wipe his critical shoes, if he is so inspired. And it seems to me, too, that out of the swollen ranks of professional critics there are already enough critical opinions flitting through the media and spitting fire and hot lead at one another. What is needed on the critical background is not more opinions, but better criticism. I am sure there are plenty of people whose opinions are as good as or better than those of the professional critics, but that doesn't make them better critics, or worthier of being heard. To be a critic is not to have opinions; it is to be a writer.

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Hair for Nadia Comaneci and the rest of the Romanian Olympic team. But on balance, this vampire sport with its ignorant and arrogant stereotyping of communists, blacks, Jews, and other minorities, ranks well below *Potemkin's* FLAUNT VAMP PIRE; KILLERS and Paul Morrissey's *ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA*, closer to, but still lower than, Gene Donner's *OLD DRACULA*. The numerous allusions to TV advertising ("Flick my eye," Morris the Cat etc.) may be as interesting in light of director Stan Dragoti's long association with a top ad agency, and the characterization of a high-paid fashion model (Susan Saint James) as an addicted pop-popper and insecure career woman. Sometimes I feel like a convert to it.

has one, would know for sure how interesting any of this is. And, if he indeed has one, then the characterization of a wispy washy Freudian (Richard Benjamin) may be interesting as well (1979).

* (Campus Drive In, Cinema Plaza 5, Fashion Valley, Pacific Drive In, UA Cinema 2)

The Magnificent Ambersons — Orson Welles' second movie, taken from the Booth Tarkenton novel, is stronger than his first, *CITIZEN KANE*, in most ways — in coherence, in complexity, in common sense. Welles, for a change and for a relief and for a better balance, put as much in this one. The story tells of the last generation, represented solely

sonnet of Stanley Cortez's lighting, which transforms and devalues the bygone Midwest, is a more tangible force than Progress, however, and this alone accounts for the feeling of debilitation and desperation that pervades the capricious beauty of American aristocracy, with its sheep sale cases, herded balustrades, chilly groves, and its unseen ghosts of loneliness and traditions. With Joseph Cotton, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, Anne Baxter. 1942.

**** (Part 5: 13 and 14)

Manhattan — Woody Allen's new comedy with Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, Marley Hemingway, Meryl Streep, and Allen himself.

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Manhattan
between those that
give the impetus
convergence to
bonus, to Dylan
about not by an

Platonic comrades
that Norma Rae's
descent (and its a
thematic) is brought
perceptible rise in



But if there's one thing you can't do on a boat, it's sit back and relax. The smooth, carpeted deck doesn't help. The boat's underpinnings are noisy, clanging, rattling, clanking, and

quency to spend more time with his children at home. "I don't want to be a very distant father," says the actor, who is married to actress Susan Sarandon. "I don't want to be like my dad."

Slueth In the early stages of his mystery show, Slueth is characterized by a logical, almost clinical approach to solving crimes. But as the series progresses, the character has a more emotional side, and plotting reveals that he failed to be the father and mentor he thought he was. "I'm a father, a husband, a brother," he says. "I'm absolutely human."

Boyz n the D In the first of several episodes, the two main characters, a black and a white, are shown in a

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National Lampoon's Animal House
Surprisingly coherent and polished piece of work, considering it's from the writers of the National Lampoon's *HUSTLER*. More so, as rarely as you might expect, held in check (perhaps by the fact that it's a comedy, and it's based setting and tone on a fairly ethnic). This flat-house comedy has good appeal with the audience, crowd a little, but it's a good idea to start congratulations and rewards if funds out to its understanding go-off to the National Lampoon's Animal House. (78) (1978 Year 1: Sports Area 6)

Old Boyfriends
Treadwell's old
roommate, who
is currently a
graduate student
at the University
of Iowa.

Padre Padrone
The brothers—
Padre and
Padrone—are
able to suppress
their emotions
and feelings
in the presence
of their father,
but they are
not able to do
so in the presence
of their mother,
who is the only
one who can
bring them back
to reality.

The Tavarini and Vittonis' study was a post hoc analysis from a larger study by Sardanani et al. The latter's research examined the effectiveness of the minimally invasive approach compared with open surgery in patients with benign breast disease.

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written by Don Cox
 (see *Notes*)
 Poetic, though not
 modern India. 1948
 Poetic, though not
 modern India. 1948
 The first mentioning
 of "I" by a non-Indian
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 the things, is an apt
 answer to the ques-
 tion, do the Indians
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 the first. The final
 line, "I am a
 Universal Student
 and you are
 here, and I have
 been here, and
 the more you
 know, the more
 the more, such as

[illegible][illegible]

And Her Husband
Rogers, who had his
right hand paralyzed
when, young, he
lost his right arm,
was largely responsible
for the equipment for supplying
the back country
with mail. He built
the post by himself.

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[illegible]

the soundtrack that delivers a Mr. T. If he dedicates that post is not, however, of that intention: a choral organist, he cendos over the 1977

— (Piero, 5/16 and)

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Salon
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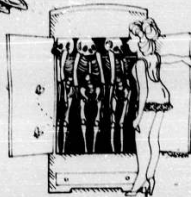
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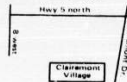
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Mike Tavelieri
Buyer
Pacific Beach

I'd love to go for it but I don't think I could because of my employer. I'd love to go for it but I don't think I could because of my employer. I'd love to go for it but I don't think I could because of my employer.



Bill Sharp
Business Student
San Diego State

I was going to pose but I was late getting over there. My roommate was doing it for some magazine called *Focus*, which supposedly was tasteful and paid up to a thousand dollars, depending upon how many shots they use. I wouldn't especially care for mom to see it. Her peers might say her son's a doer, but my dad would think it's funny and my friends would think it's hysterical!



Eddie Farrey
The Mission Bay Post
Mission Beach

I'd do it for nothing for the hell of it. I've been doing it for some time. I've been doing it for some time. I've been doing it for some time.



James Male
Wanderer
Mission Beach

I'd do it for nothing! I must certainly, would be pleased to be selected to exhibit my body for all those lascivious young ladies out there. In fact, I might even hide them twenty five bucks to do it, it's good ad. enticement, you know. You could put my phone number in the paper and maybe they'll call me.

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Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

It would be very hard to gauge the success of a single concert. But the success of a concert can be gauged by the fact that it is being held. When it comes to the success of a concert, the only way to gauge it is by the fact that it is being held. When it comes to the success of a concert, the only way to gauge it is by the fact that it is being held.



CHRIS REAGAN

Reagan is a member of the band... (text is small and partially obscured)

Reagan is a member of the band... (text is small and partially obscured)

The night's concert... (text is small and partially obscured)

Reagan is a member of the band... (text is small and partially obscured)

DICK'S AT THE BEACH

DINNER, DANCING & ENTERTAINMENT

Thursday-Friday
Saturday

THIEVES

Sunday-Monday

**THUNDERBOLT
THE WONDERCOLT**

Tuesday-Wednesday

LISTEN

We have record ROCK GUIT right when these boys play!

Arista Records
presents the
Southern California
Night Club Premiere of

THIEVES

7 piece Rock & Roll Band
Hear the songs
from their new album
THIEVES—YUCATAN
to be released June 15th

Full on Rock Show
Thursday-Friday-Saturday 8:00-11:00
\$2.00 Cover—\$5.00

327 N. Highway 101 Solana Beach 755-7672 2 blocks north of Loma Santa Fe Open for lunch and dinner.

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. Please call 222-5300 for more information. For advertising information, call 222-5300. Send your ad information to the publisher, 1130 Buena Vista Ave., San Diego, CA 92103. For more information, call 222-5300. For more information, call 222-5300. For more information, call 222-5300.

San Diego Concerts

Joe Pass: California, Thursday, May 10, 8 and 11 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

Mary Invers: Live, Thursday, May 10, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642, 10000 Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Boast, Sweat, and Tears featuring David Clayton Thomas: California, Friday, May 11 through Sunday, May 13, 9 and 11 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

George Benson and Sea Wind: 11:00 p.m. for Angelika, Saturday, May 12, 7 and 10:30 p.m., 286-6947.

The Police: Live, Thursday, May 10, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642, 10000 Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Cecilio and Kapono: California, Friday, May 11 and Saturday, May 12, 9 and 11 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

The New Barbarians featuring Ron Wood, Keith Richards, Stanley Clarke, Ziggy Modeliste, Ian McLagan, and Bob Welch: Sports Arena, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Steve Goodman: Live, Thursday, May 10, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642, 10000 Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

George Shearing: California, Friday, May 11 through Sunday, May 13, 9 and 11 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

Yes: Sports Arena, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Sonny Rollins: California, Sunday, May 13, 8 and 11 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd: California, Sunday, May 13, 8 p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard, 488-1001.

DYNAMITE SEATS! THE ROLLING STONES' KEITH RICHARD & RON WOOD

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST STARS
Stanley Clarke, Ian McLagan, Ziggy Modeliste, Bob Welch

YES

T 'N T TICKETS
582-8866

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Offers good with coupons only

**Foster Farms
Chicken
Franks**

16 oz. pkg.
Reg. \$1.00
Now
79¢
Expires 5/16/79

**25¢ off
any of**

Our famous
deli sandwiches
Reg. \$1.00
Now \$1.70
Salad included
Expires 5/14/79

THE MEAT PALACE

A WHOLESALE DELI MEAT MARKET
3040 SPURD AVENUE, SAN DIEGO, CA 92106
(619) 584-1000

MINING CO. A RESTAURANT & PUB

Presents

A Free Meal For Mom

Just bring Mom on Mother's Day (Sunday, May 13), a party of three or more, and Mother gets any meal in the house with our compliments.

Reservations Required
Drinks and sales tax not included

Remember, parties of three, plus Mom!
And call ahead for your reservation

Open 7 days & holidays, nightly 5-12 Fri & Sat 5-2
Complete Take-out and Delivery Service within 5 mile radius
272-2733

1165 Garnet Ave., Pacific Beach
Free Parking on Garnet adjacent to building
Happy Hours 5-7 Monday through Friday

LATE VINTAGE FILMS



The NEW BARBARIANS

starring

RON WOOD KEITH RICHARDS
Stanley Clarke Ian McLagan "Ziggy" Modeliste
Bobby Keyes

special guest star BOB WELCH

TUESDAY, MAY 22 at 8:00 p.m.

All Seats Reserved: 9.00, 8.00

Tickets available at all billiard parlors, sports bars, all arena ticket outlets, and the Sports Arena ticket office.

Produced by Sports Arena Productions, Inc.

JAZZ JAM SESSIONS 2 pm Sundays

San Diego's leading jazz musicians play for their own enjoyment during jazz jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. New groups are invited to audition for future engagements at Le Chalet. Individual musicians are invited to bring their axe and join in the flow of energy. Qualified musicians will be selected to join new groups.

Rare Energy

Fridays, Saturdays

Led by Richard Milburn and Bernard Hill, RARE ENERGY presents the most innovative and individualistic jazz on the San Diego scene. Performances range from the big band sounds of the 40s to intricate renditions of original material flavored with a hint of purple rhythms and primitive instrumentations. Band members include Barry Franklin on keyboard, Barry Farrar on drums, David Chamberlain on bass, Jim Woodward on guitar, Ken Parnelle on sax and Don Juan on congas.

Jalonen Jazz

Wednesdays, Thursdays

This new group formed by drummer Chris Jalonen of San Francisco draws on the jazz styles of various parts of the country. Saxophonist George Lane is from New York, Bob Mortensen on bass is from Hawaii, Ben Garrison on keyboard is from Los Angeles. Their jazz ranges from Charlie Parker to Herbie Hancock with a liberal sprinkling of their own material.

Solid Funk

Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays

Led by percussionist Michael Kelleher, SOLID FUNK, in the name implies, fuses the basics of jazz with rock elements for a distinct new musical style. Ron Lane on guitar, Albert Wright on bass, Ron Kirkland on drums, Paul Greene on sax and Louis Leig on keyboard bring a new dimension to jazz. For a change of pace, Kelleher on vibraphone and saxophonist Paul Greene combine in the melodic, lyrical and swinging of traditional jazz.

5046 Newport Ave.
Ocean Beach 222-5300



FREE JAZZ

Nine Nightly!
Never a cover charge



the AUDIO-VISION show
you've been waiting for!

BOMBARD YOUR SENSES

with color and sound

at the ROXY in Pacific Beach—488-3303

FRIDAY, MAY 11th

an evening you won't forget

Doors open—6:00 p.m. One Show Only—7-11

Featuring: Some of the Southland's
Greatest Bands and the winners of
DevonSounds Search for Talent:

IGNITION
Dan Duffy
Glide

Tickets \$4.00—
on sale at box office May 11th at 6:00 p.m.
Get there early!
Presented by DevonSounds Recording Studio
Produced by Bill Ferson

Jerry Herrera's

SPIN

Thursday (tonight)
...loves to play hard!

Friday & Saturday
Blitz Bros.
HELD OVER

Wed May 10 to Spice
Tues. John Garza

1130 Buena Vista Ave.
& W. Mission Blvd.
Club Rentals Available

Cocktails & Dancing

Reader's Guide to

Anthony's Harborside, 1335 North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island 733-4304. Contemporary, jazz. Tuesday through Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Antonio's, 822 National Avenue, National City 477-2208. Disco, night.

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North Johnson Avenue, El Cajon 442-9827. Neutral Ground, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Camino Boulevard, East San Diego 522-1812. Disco, night.

Atlantis, 2545 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay 224-2434. The Gathering, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchus, 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont 960-8022. Rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Bacchus, 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont 960-8022. Rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Barbary Coast, 2431 Pacific Highway, downtown 233-7359. Disco, night.

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista 724-0880. Country, rock, country and western. Friday through Saturday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay 274-4630. Shave It On, contemporary. Monday through Saturday.

Bahia, 308 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 488-0551. Merceques Lounge, funk, blues, jazz. Tuesday through Saturday, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Berkley's, 2600 Government Center Drive, La Mesa 461-9575. Disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Billy Bones Restaurant, 959 Highland Street, Pacific Beach 272-7780. Contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Edwin and Buford comedy and contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E. Street, Chula Vista 426-2000. The contemporary. Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-8070. Contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Edwin and Buford comedy and contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 291-8555. On the Ridge, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Brackett, comedian. Sunday and Monday.

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Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 291-8555. On the Ridge, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Brackett, comedian. Sunday and Monday.

Black Angus, 1200 Graves Avenue, El Cajon 442-5525. Summerline, contemporary. Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-8070. Contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Edwin and Buford comedy and contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 291-8555. On the Ridge, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Brackett, comedian. Sunday and Monday.

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the Music Scene

Crystal T's Emporium, 1501 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7331. Disco, night.

Daily's Lounge, 4066 Charming Road, Kearney Mesa 279-3830. Contemporary, Friday and Saturday. Monday through Sunday.

D.O. Mills & Co., 425 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 291-8070. Disco, night.

El Amigo Plaza Restaurant & Ballroom, 1580 Broadway, El Cajon 442-0537. Swing, jazz, music of the 40s, Friday.

Elton's, 7565 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 459-0541. John Lennon and Peter Dinklage, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. John Small, contemporary. Thursday through Monday.

Elk's Club, 4144 Broadway, downtown 233-7475. Disco, Friday through Sunday.

Fai Cafe's, 6601 East Street, Encinitas 753-2578. C.Y. Dapt, country rock. Friday and Saturday. Ball Cotton, country. Sunday. Stagecoach, country. Wednesday.

Freddie, 439 West Washington Street, Escondido 745-8331. Disco, night.

Hamm's, 3371 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley 291-8035. Disco, live band. DJ, night.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 580 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131. Brighter Days, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Haley's, 4254 West Pearl Lane, Escondido 745-2559. Funk, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Holligan's, 4255 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 274-3474. Iron Bottom Group, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Humburg's, 406 Wallace Street, Old Town 295-0541. Melissa McCracken, guitar and vocal. Sunday through Tuesday. Doyle and Mother, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday.

Honolulu, 2710 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7331. Contemporary and Latin. Wednesday through Sunday. Jerah Williams, contemporary. Monday and Tuesday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 274-8342. Alex Slaters, contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar 755-6644. Corner and Dublin, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Light House, contemporary. Sunday and Monday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 274-4630. People Movers, disco and pop. Tuesday through Saturday. Monday. Stagecoach, country. Wednesday.

His Place, 400 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido 741-9665. Joy, rock, Friday and Saturday.

Horse Shoe Tavern, 7601 Broadway, Lennox 442-5525. Disco, night.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Escondido 433-2633. Exiles. Flight, jazz and pop. Sunday through Tuesday. Harmony, country rock. Wednesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 2445 Hotel Circle Place, Mission Valley 291-8074. Kevin Brown, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Ivanhoe, 14240 Puma Road, Poway 748-7531. Disco, night.

Ivy Barn, 2911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 291-8070. Bert & MacDonald, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City 474-2020. Daybreak, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Wayne "Psychotic" Cox, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, San Diego 272-7360. Harold & the Mink, contemporary. Wednesday. Thursday through Saturday. Dave Bradley & His Mink. Band. Country rock. Sunday. Candy & the Street, country rock. Monday through Wednesday.

Journey, 5375 Kearney Villa Road, Kearney Mesa 279-2040. Disco, night.

Kelly's Roadhouse, 5616 Mission Avenue, El Cajon 442-0533. A.J. of Joy, arcade rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Kings Grill, 1333 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-7331. Shilling, merle, night.

Kung Food, 2649 14th Avenue, Hillside 298-7302. The Math & The Kungies, ska & folk. Thursday through Sunday.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas 753-2556. Sterling, guitar. Friday through Sunday.

L'Chaim Vegetarian Restaurant, 134 West Douglas Avenue, El Cajon 442-1331. Coss. Folk, guitar. Thursday and Saturday. Tom Baskin, classic of guitar. Friday. Phil Gross & Henry, country folk. Sunday.

Le Chetel, 2446 Newell Avenue, Ocean Beach 222-5330. Blues. Energy, jazz. Friday and Saturday. Solid Funk, jazz. Sunday through Tuesday. J.S. Jones, jazz. Wednesday and Thursday. Jazz jam, Sunday afternoon.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar 755-1363. Full Cotton, country western. Thursday. Frank Sherman, swing and jazz. Friday. Frank Sherman and the Alpines, German polka. Saturday. Johnny Bell, jazz. Sunday.

London Opera House, 1511 Broadway, San Diego 226-1951. Disco, night.

Mad Greek, 1511 Broadway, San Diego 226-1951. Disco, night.

Magic Lamp, 9522 Main Road, Mira Mesa 774-8780. Disco, night.

AN EVENING WITH
MAYNARD FERGUSON



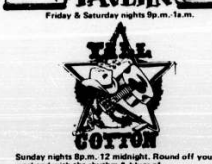
THURSDAY
MAY 24th
at the
MISSION BAY
BALLROOM

Bahia
999 West Mission Bay Drive
8:00 P.M.
\$8.50 PER PERSON

Advance tickets on Sale
NOW at the BAHIA Hotel,
488-0551 or call
TICKETRON, 565-9947

the BAHIA TAVERN

Friday & Saturday nights 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.



Sunday nights 9 p.m. - 12 midnight. Round off your
weekend with the rhythm & blues of

Even
even

(Ladies' night no cover)
143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

KCFM 1360/FM 101.5 INVITES YOU TO THE
ROXY
RED HOT AND LIVE AT 4642 CAMINO PACIFIC BEACH 488-3363
CONCERT
Vince Sarno

MARY TRAVERS
THURSDAY, MAY 12, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.

HORSLIPS
THURSDAY, MAY 12, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.

POLICE
THURSDAY, MAY 12, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.

AMAZING
RHYTHM ACES
SAT. MAY 26, 8:00 & 10:00 P.M.

LEON REDBONE
TUES. JUNE 12, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
SUN. JUNE 17, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND
SAT. JUNE 10, 7:30 & 10:30 P.M.


THE KNACK
WED. JULY 11, 8:00 P.M.

RESERVED SEATING
SONNENSHINE SHOWCASE
MONDAY, MAY 24th 8-10-11-12-13-14

TICKETS ON SALE AT: ROXY THEATRE & TICKETRON
OUTLETS 565-9947 OR 488-3363

The best is at Boon's

Oh! Ridge



The masters of music and buffoonery of the highest order. Join in the fun and enter the bawdy contest. Tues. - Sat. 9:00 - 1:00

And To cure the "nothing-to-do-on-Sunday or Monday night" blues - San Diego's no. 1 funniest comedy entertainer.

Bill Brackett
Sun. & Mon. - 8:30 - 12:30

Boon's
Boon's Freshman's Flare Path
2888 Pacific Highway West • 291-8555

enter stain ment 79

Tonight
Thurs. May 10
* **JOE PASS**
Fri.-Sat., May 11-12
* **BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS**
Featuring: * **DAVID CLAYTON-THOMAS**
Fri. & Sat. May 11 & 12
* **CECILIO & KAPONO** with JOHN BATDORF
Sun. May 22-23
* **GEORGE SHEARING**
Appearing at the BAHIA HOTEL May 24. Sold out night only
* **MAYNARD FERGUSON**
Mon. May 28
* **WOODY HERMAN**
Tue. & Wed. May 29-30
* **SONNY ROLLS**
Thursday, May 31
Special double bill
* **PAPA JOHN CREACH & DAN HICKS**
Sat. June 1, 2, 3
* **SARAH VAUGHAN**
AT THE **Catamaran**
HOTEL & RESTAURANT
3999 Mission Boulevard, San Diego, California 488-1051
Advance tickets exclusively at TICKETRON OUTLETS, OR 565-9947

LIVE! in outdoor concert...

HELEN REDDY

KIT CARSON PARK
AMPHITHEATRE
Escondido

Saturday, June 9th

TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY
7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

Kit Carson Park Amphitheatre, Escondido, California, is proud to present Helen Reddy. Now enjoy the singing magic of one of America's most talented performers outdoors under the stars. Whether you relax casually on the grassy slopes of the park amphitheatre or in reserved front seating, this evening with Helen Reddy will be a night to remember. Don't miss her - get your tickets today!

Admission: CASUAL SEATING \$11. RESERVED SEATING \$14.

TICKETS ON SALE NOW AT THESE CONVENIENT LOCATIONS:
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY, where in Escondido: Chula Vista, Mira Mesa, Mission Valley, Poway, Ramona, Rancho Bernardo, San Marcos, and Carlsbad.
SANDSEN'S ICE CREAM FACTORIES in Escondido, Pacific Beach, La Jolla, Del Mar, National City, Grossmont Center, Escondido and University Towne Centre.
OR WRITE OR CALL FOR TICKETS:
DR. CONCEPT PRODUCTIONS, INC., P.O. Box 1253, Escondido, CA 92025. Telephone (714) 747-6766.

Coming June 23rd - CRYSTAL GAYLE!
Coming July 7th - SEALS & CROFTS!

Presented by DR. CONCEPT PRODUCTIONS, INC.

LIVE! in outdoor concert...

HELEN REDDY

KIT CARSON PARK
AMPHITHEATRE
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Presented by DR. CONCEPT PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Reader's Guide to

Magnolia Mulvoney's, 8801 Magnolia Avenue, San Jose 448-6550. Disco, Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5573. D.A. & the Necklines, country rock, Monday through Saturday, Pony Express, country, Sunday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017. King Beatz, Blues, funk, blues and soul, Thursday through Saturday, Daniel Ray, piano, Sunday and Tuesday, duet, Monday, RPM, mellow rock, Wednesday.

Mart's, San Marcos Boulevard at Freeway 78, San Marcos, 744-3520. Disco, nightly, Oldies But

Goodies, night, Sunday, dance contest, Tuesday.

Max's, 1299 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-3544. Disco, nightly.

Mike's Hideaway, 6203 Wilesgarden Boulevard, Lakeside, 443-9508. Blue Edge, harmonica blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

Mission Inn, 502 East Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-2203. While Lightning Express, country, Thursday through Sunday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard, North Park, 298-8686. Jack Conlon, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, Dave Tancito, disco and top 40, Sunday through Tuesday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Ganel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 276-4553. Fortress, rock, Thursday through Sunday, Four Eyes, rock, Monday, Fortress, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mom's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060. Fantasy, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

Monterey Jack's, 11540 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 562-2400. Brian Vasco, contemporary, Friday and Saturday, Great Scott, magicians, Friday and Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. Brian Reney, contemporary, guitar, Sunday and Monday, Snake Eyes, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Moonglow, 4675 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 273-0222. Sandy Stewart and Co., contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Paul Gong, organ, Sunday and Monday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon Boulevard, Loma Portal, 224-8282. Disco, nightly.

Nashville County, 5933 University Avenue, East San Diego, 583-0670. Robert Allen & Trio, country, Friday and Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1200. RPM, disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Night Owl, 667 North Mission Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854.

Trapeze, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, Fever, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 426-2977. Jack Richards, country western, Thursday through Sunday.

Ocean Beach Inn, 1638 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6761. Song of Praise, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611. Jesse Davis, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Odyssey, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 224-8282. Disco, nightly.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0233. Folk, country, jazz, and contemporary, nightly, jam session, Thursday.

Old No. 7 Distillery, 140 South Broadway, Solana Beach, 755-6733. Disco, nightly.

One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2146. Tom Cat with special attraction, Sam Chapman, Blues, Thursday, Andy Byron, variety, Friday, C.Y. Byrd, folk, rock, Saturday, Andy Byron, variety, Sunday, Mountain Leaf, country, Monday, Dave Johnson, variety, Tuesday, Mountain Leaf, country, Wednesday.

Organ Power Pizza, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 560-9898. Tommy Stark, contemporary and pop, Wednesday through Monday.

Outpost, 652 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley, 444-9007. Live country music, Saturday.

Pat Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 286-7873. Blue Skies, contemporary, Thursday through Sunday.

Palomino Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5889. Mainstream, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Pelican Club, 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 464-9286. Soakies Soar, soft rock and country, Thursday.

Porthole Lounge, Holiday Inn, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Encinitas, 232-3861. Taste, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Posedon, 1670 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 755-9345. Bob Miller, disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4441 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-7448. Lori Bell and Pam Soper, mellow jazz, Lori Bell and Carl Campbell, classical, folk, duets, Thursday, Saturday, and every other Sunday, Orion, guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Sunday.

Quei Fromage, 523 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-1600. Howard MacWills, Irish harp, Saturday.

Quinn's Pub, 5157 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 488-0848. Toney Fine String Band, jazz, blues and country, Thursday through Saturday, Don Glaser, jazz, Tuesday.

Rain Tree, 10450 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 280-1141. Joint Four, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Raspberries, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-1693. Disco, nightly.

Red Candle Lounge, Mission Valley Inn, 872 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 295-8261. Steampunk White, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-5030. Dan Murphy, variety and comedy, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's Plankhouse, 7637 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 278-2373. Fred Lohman, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rib Cage, 5550 Kearny Mesa Road, Kearny Mesa, 271-7937. BBC, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

San Diego Disco, 1051 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-2195. Disco, nightly.

Shelter Island Inn, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 222-0861. Spring Fever, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2900. National Guard, Phish, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

the Music Scene

Reuben's, 5555 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 455-3466. Lion Livingston, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's Harbor Island, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-5030. Dan Murphy, variety and comedy, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's Plankhouse, 7637 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 278-2373. Fred Lohman, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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San Diego Disco, 1051 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-2195. Disco, nightly.

Shelter Island Inn, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 222-0861. Spring Fever, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2900. National Guard, Phish, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Spunky's Saloon, 2855 Midway Drive, San Diego, 223-3154. Disco, nightly.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Bay Park, 276-3993. Left, rock, Thursday, Blit, rock, Friday and Saturday, Spice, rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Timepiece, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Skunk Hollow, country rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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Stargate, 1051 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-2195. Hills Gentry, jazz, Sunday afternoon.

Swan Song, 4247 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802. David Cheney, harmonica guitar, Thursday and Saturday, Chuck Krenn, contemporary, Friday.

Tavern, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-1967. Butch Lacy and Gush, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

THE TRIP TICKETS AGENCY
THE BEST AVAILABLE SEATS FOR
GEORGE BENSON
THE NEW BARBARIANS MAY 20ND
FEATURING KEITH RICHARDS, RON WOOD, STANLEY CLARK
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ROD STEWART JUNE 19TH
TAKING A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT FOR
YES, MAY 27. BAD COMPANY, JUNE 11. BLUE OYSTER CULT
TRIP TICKETS 268-3838
24 HOUR PHONE

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Fresh Seafood, including Fresh White Sea Bass with
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Tuesday - Friday 5-7 p.m.
All Well Drinks are Doubles at Regular Price
Dancing with Columbia Recording Star
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Thurs. **C.Y. DIGIT** Country Rock
Fri. Sat. **CINDY and the SINNERS** Country Sea Rock
Tues. **TALL COTTON** Country
Wed. **STAGECOACH** Country
Comin' Roundin' w/ten from Phoenix
DUSTY CHAPS May 18 & 19
Happy Hour 5-7 Mon.-Fri. 35c hot dogs \$1 pitcher 25c glass
656 First St., Encinitas
753-2578

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant
4441 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-7448. Lori Bell and Pam Soper, mellow jazz, Lori Bell and Carl Campbell, classical, folk, duets, Thursday, Saturday, and every other Sunday, Orion, guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Sunday.
Quei Fromage, 523 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-1600. Howard MacWills, Irish harp, Saturday.
Quinn's Pub, 5157 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 488-0848. Toney Fine String Band, jazz, blues and country, Thursday through Saturday, Don Glaser, jazz, Tuesday.
Rain Tree, 10450 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 280-1141. Joint Four, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Raspberries, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-1693. Disco, nightly.
Red Candle Lounge, Mission Valley Inn, 872 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 295-8261. Steampunk White, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.
Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-5030. Dan Murphy, variety and comedy, Tuesday through Saturday.

THE MAD GREEK
THE DISCO FOR PEOPLE WHO DO MORE THAN DANCE!!
RESTAURANT & DISCO HAS SOMETHING SPECIAL EVERY NITE
Mother's Day Complete Dinners \$595
Choose from the following entrees: (includes Greek salad, sautéed cracked wheat and rice pilaf)
1. Roast turkey & chestnut dressing
2. Roast New York steak au jus
3. Stuffed Cornish game hen
4. Zorba's cubana (moussaka, grape leaves and zucchini stuffed)
5. Grecian lamb stuffed with feta cheese and fresh spinach
6. Seafood kabob (shrimp, scallops and mahi-mahi)
7. Pistou (stuffed noodles, ground lamb and sautéed bechamel)
Served from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
Children under 12 \$3.95
Belly dancing while you dine
Reservations suggested
Sunday - Young adults party 16 years and over beginning at 7 p.m. in our Pilew Room
3181 SPORTS ARENA BLVD. THE SCANDIA PLAZA (NEAR ROSSCORN)
658-0981

TICKETS
AVAILABLE NOW, THE BEST SEATS IN TOWN TO THE
★ ALLMAN BROS. ★
WITH **ELVIN BISHOP** SUNDAY MAY 13
IN THE ROUND **YES** COMING MAY 27
ROD STEWART SAN DIEGO & LOS ANGELES
RON WOOD & KEITH RICHARDS FROM THE **ROLLING STONES** AS THE NEW BARBARIANS SAN DIEGO MAY 22 & A FORUM MAY 18
GEORGE BENSON MAY 12, THE POLICE MAY 15
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WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. CALL US!
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K 105 FM & UC SAN DIEGO UNIVERSITY EVENTS
presents
Tower II
OR CANCELLED
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David Sheils & Sonora
May 13, Sunday, 8 p.m.
UCSD Gym
UCSD St. \$6.00, G.A. \$7.00
Another Pop Event
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Thurs., Fri., Sat. - May 10, 11, 12
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San Diego's craziest rock band
Tonight only - Thurs., May 10
All Tia Maria drinks **75c**
Tues. & Wed. - May 8, 9
MAGICK
Tequila shooters, strawberry daquiris & margaritas **85c**

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

Togo, 1011 Broadway, Chula Vista 479-9532. The Catalysts, mostly Midtown 258-3724. Disco nights.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Blvd. Drive, Harbor Island 291-0100. Daily Lighthouse, guitar, Wednesday through Sunday. Donna Cole, variety, Monday and Tuesday.

Top of the Arc, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-6770. From Navarre & Fremont, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Undisco, 4473 30th Street, North Park 459-1971. Rock, reggae, classical, jazz, folk, ethnic, and expressive dancing, Friday.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101, Carlsbad 456-8877. Kent & Mox, contemporary and folk rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6170 University Avenue, East San Diego 582-1070. Ram Rock, rock, Wednesday through Sunday.

VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 5000 Civic Center, Mission Valley 291-7131. SMO, rock, Tuesday through Sunday.

Voyager Kona Club, 1901 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 222-0421. Disco, Wednesday through Sunday.

West Coast Production Company, 1445 Camino del Mar 258-3724. Disco nights.

Windsong, 1445 Camino del Mar 258-3724. Disco nights.

Wong's Place, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley 280-6263. Larry Ruff, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Zard's, 1310 Moreno Boulevard, Bay Park 276-5637. Disco and top 40, nightly.

Los Angeles Concerts

Bob Welch, Cal State Fullerton Gym, Friday, May 11, 7:30 p.m. (213) 993-9601.

George Benson and Savind, Claremont College Bldg., Audition, Sunday, May 13, 6:30 and 9:45 p.m. (714) 621-8032.

The Allman Brothers Band, Inglewood Forum, Tuesday, May 16, 7:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

The New Barbarians, Inglewood Forum, May 16, 7:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Nancy Wilson with Noel Pointer and Nat Aschley, UCLA Royce Hall, Thursday, May 24, 8 p.m. (213) 825-2653.

Yes, Long Beach Arena, Friday, May 25, 8 p.m. (213) 435-3661.

Bad Company and Carlin, Inglewood Forum, Monday, June 4, 8 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Jay Ferguson, Santa Monica Civic, Wednesday, June 6, 8 p.m. (213) 393-9601.

Playboy Jazz Festival featuring **Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughn, Joe Williams, Harold Land and Charles Mingus**, Alhambra Bowl, Friday, June 15, 6 p.m. (213) 642-5700.

Frank Sinatra, Universal Amphitheatre, Friday, June 15, 8 p.m. (213) 990-6557.

Playboy Jazz Festival featuring a variety of stars, Hollywood Bowl, Saturday, June 16, 3 p.m. (213) 642-5700.

Clubs

Backlot Theatre, 657 Robertson, West Hollywood (213) 659-0472. Musical events, Thursday through Sunday. Freda Payne, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Island Palms, 3787 Cahuenga West, Hollywood (213) 980-1015. Don Ford and guest, Thursday through Sunday.

Comedy and Magic Club, 1018 Hermosa Avenue, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-1193. Gary Mule Deer, Thursday through Sunday.

Concerts by the Sea, 100 Fairview, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-1193. The L.A. Four, Thursday through Sunday.

Don'ts, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 760-1500. Mike Garson Trio, Thursday, Joe Farrell Quartet, Friday and Saturday, Motin, Sunday.

Golden Bear, 304 Canal Highway, Cerritos and Kapona, Friday through Sunday.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-6991. Hermosa Silver, Friday through Sunday.

Marino Bistr, 2601 Washington Boulevard, Marina del Rey (213) 321-4503. Jimmy Ritz and Bob Holloway, Thursday through Sunday.

Palomina, 6007 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 765-9256. Doug Kershaw, Friday and Saturday, Elvin Bishop, Monday through Wednesday.

Parlour Room, La Brea and Washington (213) 936-8704. Carmen McRae, Thursday through Sunday.

Playboy Club, 2020 Avenue of the Stars, Century City (213) 272-2777. C.C. Smith, nightly.

Rocky, 9009 Sunset Boulevard (213) 875-2222. Gilberto Gil, Thursday, Gil Scott-Heron, Friday and Saturday.

Stardust, 8151 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica (213) 760-1500. Mike Garson Trio, Thursday, Joe Farrell Quartet, Friday and Saturday, Motin, Sunday.

Whiskey a Go Go, Sunset Ship (213) 642-4202. Joe Jackson, Thursday through Sunday, Horlips and Reggie Kingdom, Thursday and Wednesday.

Whiskey a Go Go, Sunset Ship (213) 642-4202. Joe Jackson, Thursday through Sunday, Horlips and Reggie Kingdom, Thursday and Wednesday.

Notices

GO AWAY For the weekend and find your self "informed" for personal growth group. May 18-20. Registration deadline May 13th. Join ongoing groups forming now. Facilitator: 296-9771, afternoons.

ATTRACTIVE reasonable and community located meeting room (up to 20 people) needs and weekends. Flat fee for percentage or both. Holistic Center, CIMA 299-8921.

DO YOU NEED office clerical services space to grow your business? Call 222-9813.

MOTHER'S DAY gift for daughters. Inspired by My Mother, May 11. Offering an opportunity for you to learn to work, relate and understand your relationships. All women welcome. May 18, 7:00 p.m. May 19, 10:00 p.m. Please call Nancy Shaffer, M.A. 481-7980 or Kathy Kramer, M.A. 483-1340 for further information.

LIBERTARIAN QUOTE: "Thank God we don't get all the government we pay for." Vol. Rogers. The Libertarian Party, Vol. Rogers. Call 452-0382.

CALL A CLOWN, send a Singing Happy Birthday Clown to the office, the home, even the disco. Call a Clown at 299-0084.

EXPLORE HUMAN Emotions: A very meaningful 1-week seminar involving participants to understand the nature of emotionality and the operation of a number of common human emotions including anger, fear, sadness, hate, love, joy, and compassion. 5 Tuesday evenings beginning May 18. Admission free. Call 296-5987.

DRAWING WORKSHOP (Holistic Approach): An informal 4-week workshop focusing on self-understanding through the medium of the drawing process. By Yolande Garner, Jan Oliver Arms. Starts Tonight! Further information: 292-4840.

THE COLLEGE Graduate Social Interaction Group is an on-going group of educated people who meet weekly to share interaction and conversation. Our philosophy is that relationships are more meaningful and in-depth when formed in an atmosphere where people meet regularly - as opposed to passing encounters such as meeting someone in a bar. Next meeting Friday May 11th, 20:30 to 3:00. Group fee \$28.00. Call Deborah 281-0382.

PSYCHO-KINETIC integrative program offered by Linda Moffatt R.H. M.T. Practice sessions combine deep tissue, relaxation, massage, energy, and visualization. Free consultation by licensed professionals. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

READY FOR A non-polluting environment? Many are forming a non-smoking, non-drinking, non-voting, non-polluting community. 75 miles from San Diego. Two clean air, high-consciousness community of the new age. As the existing cities, businesses, consumer goods, disaster relief, etc. keep getting worse, don't you think it's time to stop complaining? For more info call 222-9813.

WHO AM I? where am I going? Am I satisfied with what I'm getting out of work, relationships and personal goals? Take the 4-day Memorial Day weekend finding the answers to these and other questions high in the Laguna Mtns. Limited reservations are still available for the Reflections I program May 25-28, 8:00 includes workshop, food & lodging. Reflections I, PO Box 983, Solana Beach, CA 92075, 772-1508.

SWAMI SHANKARANANDA speaks and answers questions about South Indian Philosophy, May 4th, 8pm at 1122 4th Avenue. Chanting, meditation, refreshments. Free. 295-1517.

NOW - ASTROLOGY you can afford! Psychic-Astrologer Jaci Rochelle offers non-chart psychic readings every Thursday noon to 10. No appointment needed. \$7.00. 1000 University Ave., Suite 207, Mission Beach, 483-1509.

ANATOMY WEEKEND - Call dissection and comparative anatomy classes designed especially for massage technicians and bodyworkers. May 18-20. Call I.P.S.B. 235-5969.

SUMMER BODYWORK - Dynamic training process for personal growth and for learning professional bodywork. July 8-28 Maui, Hawaii. July 29-August 31, San Diego. I.P.S.B. 235-5969.

GET YOUR act together. Free actor's workshop Saturday 11-1pm, Tuesday 7-9pm. Call Spike at Marquis Public Theater at 296-8111.

GAY CHRISTIANS and friends are invited to celebrate the Holy Communion with the gay community of America (The Forum) next meeting Friday May 11th, 20:30 to 3:00. Group fee \$28.00. Call Deborah 281-0382.

COUNSELING of personal analysis, problems, feelings, talents, interests, and abilities. About: sexuality, adjustment, communication, by licensed professionals. Free consultation by licensed professionals. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

MALE-FEMALE "Liberation" - An all-day seminar designed to deepen understanding of actual problems currently existing between men and women. Topics include: human attraction, image-making, interpersonal politics, intimacy and trust, pathology, love, and freedom in relationships. 10:00am-5pm, Saturday, May 12. Registration information: 234-5967.

JOIN THE AYH PACK, May 18th, 8am to 3:30 in the Cuyamaca, meet at Fairwell's Fashion Valley for carpool. Join 283-9393.

WE CAN HELP YOU to encourage you to write restaurant to provide a non-smoking section. Free information: Call Lung Association 297-3901.

WEEKEND RENEWAL AND CAMPOUT - June 16-17, meditation, singing, visualization, yoga, nature, food. Social, philosophical organization. 284-5495, 282-9288 or 427-0808.

SPRING CLEANING! We will pick up your unused or unwanted items for our upcoming fundraising garage sale. Tax-deductible. Call 282-2111 or 282-0663. Ralston's Yoga Center, 282-2111 or 282-0663.

FOUND in Ocean Beach, 4:28, man's silver and black ring, missing. Please return to 282-2111 or 282-0663.

JEWELRY SINGLES! Monday 9-14, 4456 Maryland, 82. Dancing, ask more. Ben Cohen or call Meah 582-7887, over age 21. Beth Tefila Community Singles.

DANCE! The Undisco: No smoking, no alcohol, live organic, refreshments. Every Friday, 8-11. Adults \$2, children \$1.50. 4473 30th Street, North Park. 459-1071.

INVESTOR WANTED to finance young musician. Free information: Call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

THE ACTION of Science 7:30pm, Wednesday, May 10. A series of lectures on the relationship between science and the spiritual. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Free information on this service. Call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

UNDERSTANDING HUMAN attraction: A 3-hour seminar exploring into how human beings are attracted to one another and when such attractions are intelligent. Information: Monday, May 16, 7:30pm. Send stamp for further information. Rainbow Beach, Box 9626, San Diego, 92109.

SHY PASSIVE or with the opposite sex? Problems expressing yourself in social and professional situations? Bad experience with shyness and aggressive individuals? Learning not to be afraid to always a "yes man"? Do you always have to drink before you can feel at ease in communicating with the opposite sex? The Scandinavian Institute for Behavioral Research is exclusively devoted to solving these problems, quickly, easily, and non-psychosurgery/psychiatry. Please do not hesitate to call because of your shyness! 234-4444.

SINGLES LIFESTYLE seminar: 4 evening sessions, \$15 each. Younger age group, but also open to older. Free registration: P.O. Box 1223, Laguna Hills, CA 92653, 697-6948.

LIFE ENERGY: You have inexhaustible sources. Learn how to tap, channel, direct, and focus this energy for creative self-expression in everyday life. Introductory experiential lesson in Aqueduct, La Jolla, Tuesday, May 12, 7:30pm. \$10. Call 234-5967.

MIDLIFE TRANSITIONS workshop, May 19, 7:30pm. Goal: Gaining perspective and direction through individual journal with values clarification, and small group discussion providing mutual support. For those 35-45 and beyond the foreign. Pre-registration required. For further information call Dr. McKernan at 283-5051.

FREE! Inspiring demonstration. Butting changes body structure through a balanced technique, enhancing overall personal functioning. For more information, call Dr. McKernan, M.A. Certified Reiki, 424-5375.

LANDLORD PROBLEMS! Under rent increase? He kept your property or leaving? Rent? Refuse to make needed repairs? Get out of leases? Etc. We help. Give us a call. 232-6608. Protecting, defending, and enforcing tenants' rights.

EXPERIENTIAL to seminar: Motivation, self-esteem, self-confidence, self-awareness, self-actualization, ego, psychology, philosophy, spirituality. The "Gardens" Society 284-5495, after 5pm.

A SMALL SELECT GROUP of professional single people over 35, actively attending new members from all over the world. Free information: Call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

CHARA BRIDGING (invite you to meet others and share yourself at the same time). Send stamp for further information. Rainbow Beach, Box 9626, San Diego, 92109.

MATCHBOOK COLLECTORS: Share in hobby with other collectors. San Diego Matchbook Club meets 2nd Sunday each month at North Park Club House, 4044 La Jolla Village, Box 12, San Diego, 92161.

HUMAN SEXUALITY Beyond Technique: Working to expand (expand) P.O. at the Islandia, May 12 and 13. Call YRCA Human Development Center at 231-1551 for information.

GETTING TOGETHER: Under concept for meeting other single people in a variety of personal growth-oriented situations. Spring North County coastal communities. Call 942-2136.

SAN DIEGO Parents Without Partners has family activities, children's activities and adult activities. Discussions, games, parties. For more information call 222-3353.

MIDLIFE CHALLENGE: personal growth and support group needs additional members. Creative Psychology Center, 234-1194.

ADDITIONS for Summer Comedy Festival by appointment at San Diego Repertory Theatre. At Studio May 11, 14, 15, and 16, 8-9pm. May 13, 4-7. Call 231-3985 for more info. Scholarship options available.

WILDLIFE RESCUE RUN: Annual live-upon savings sponsors for 30-mile run on May 8th. For more information, call 291-3865, in Carlsbad call 729-0941.

WALK THE TALK of Santa Park with Walkabout International, May 11, 7pm. Meet at the Merry-Go-Round 223-WALK.

PSYCHO-STRUCTURAL brainstorming for women. Discover the self through deep discussion and other activities. Free bodywork techniques. Contact certified instructor, qualified practitioner. Karen at 284-9432.

The Ram Band
Wednesday-Sunday 8:30-1:30 is at
The Trojan Horse

Kevin Rick

Brian Steve

Discos-Oldies-Rock-Top 40
Wed-Late right-center prices, wed drinks \$5-11
Thurs-Sat right-center prices, sat drinks \$5-11
Sun-Wed drinks \$1 Mon-Tues-Disco
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582-1070

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Champagne Brunch 9:30 am - 3:30 pm
Dinner 4:30 - 9:00 pm
(Menu reservation suggested)
I enjoy our sidewalk cafe, garden deck, or cozy indoor dining room.

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Saturday for Lunch
New Hours Monday-Saturday 11 am - 11 pm
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Lunch Special \$2.55
Different entree, daily a basket of bread
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Thru June 15
New: for Saturdays

Chef Neal Lee agreed today to offer pre-valuation lunch specials for Saturday shoppers. Complete meals from just \$1.75 should provide welcome temporary relief for inflation sufferers.

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Victorian Kitchen—that's what featuring delectable sandwich creations, more of San Diego's famous historical monuments.

Casual dining inside and out
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San Diego's best-kept secret!

134 west douglas, el cajon 442-1331
a little hard to find—but so close to home!
open Monday, Tuesday 11 am to 8 pm
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1/2 Price Wicker Sale!
AD GOOD 'TIL MAY 17th

4" BASKETS	\$3.80	\$1.50
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WITH BASKET PURCHASE ONE PER CUSTOMER

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BUY ONE FOR \$2.00
GET ONE FREE

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NEW SHOES.

If you have to wear shoes this summer, try a pair of these. Wherever you decide to take in the San Diego sun-on the boardwalk, in the park, or in your neighborhood, they'll get you where you want to go.

CLAIREMONT SURF SHOP now stocks a complete selection of the finest roller skates available, including the incomparable Beta and Dominion lines. Why wait? Shop now for summer! Also, check out our complete line of summer wear.

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prove your inner and outer being. Learn natural self hypnosis and astral projection at will. Two hour session, \$40. Free book, "Natural Mind Control" included. 239-0206 x90.

People," an all-day workshop Saturday, May 19th will give you specific techniques you can use. Individuals or couples. Adventures in Living 291-4842.

GOING TO LAS VEGAS? Junkets available to a major casino. \$1800 minimum front money. For details and reservations call 562-0411 evenings and weekends.

LOST YOUR WAY? Don't know what's right anymore? Jesus said, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. For help, call 464-0652. Fisherman's Net.

STOP THE INHUMANE SLAUGHTER of
whales and harp seals. Call Greenpeace San
Diego for information. 276-3102.

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Make offer. 272

er Champ amp with 8" JBL
in absolute mint condition.
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Electricity will be needed. No done there. Phil 284-4353.

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3.50. Stratocaster. Les Paul. Les from \$139. And many Ask! Guitar Trader 565-8814. the Hilton Hotel and Monday night bookings.

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