

City Lights



Mark Rich

Room No More

Mark Rich, the curator of mammals at the San Diego Zoo, has two gigantic problems — a couple of tons of bison flesh that nobody wants. Last week he stood outside the pen housing two adult male North American bison and mustered a sheepish grin. Then the grin melted into a sigh which underscored his cognizance of the ugly alternative he may eventually have to accept: the killing of the two animals, which until 1977 were thought to be the only two wood bison in the United States.

Wood bison (*Bison bison athabascensis*) followed the same route toward extinction at the same time as that of the plains bison (*Bison bison bison*). Americans mistakenly refer to both forms of bison as buffalo, and some of us will reluctantly own up to knowing that in the Nineteenth Century our ancestors wiped out sixty million of these animals while marching westward across the Great Plains. Both forms of bison roamed the topography denoted in their respective names: the wood bison ranged mostly in the Canadian forests and the Rocky Mountains as far south as Colorado. Over the last eighty years, the plains bison have staged a comeback that today finds them numbering about 30,000. For years the wood bison was thought to be completely extinct, but a small pocket of less than one hundred animals was discovered in 1957 near Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories of

Canada. Since then the Canadian government has exercised strict control over the animals, and the population of wood bison has grown to about 2000 today. There's a good chance they'll be taken off the endangered species list within a few years.

On July 5, 1973, two animals that were thought to be wood bison arrived at the prestigious San Diego Zoo. Clyde Hill, who was then curator of mammals (now curator of conservation) at the zoo, acquired the bison from the Alberta Game Farm, a trade which sent \$20,000 worth of animals to the respected and highly regarded Canadian facility. The zoo gave up a giraffe, an impala, three Thompson's gazelles, and a Przewalski's horse for the honor of being graced with the only two wood bison in the country. (Almost all animal acquisitions are made through such trades.) Because the wood bison are on the endangered species list, it took about a year to obtain the permit to import the animals, which were male and female.

The two animals mated and bore a male calf, and about a year later, in 1976, the female died. This left the zoo with two males. In the meantime, Mark Rich had become curator of mammals and something called the Wood Bison Advisory Committee had been formed in

Canada. In 1977 Rich wrote to the Canadian Wildlife Service and asked that the San Diego Zoo be considered to receive more pure wood bison from a herd established on Elk Island in central Alberta. Rich wanted another female so that other wood bison could be reproduced here. But in the Wood Bison Advisory Committee's subsequent perusal of the zoo's experience with wood bison, Rich was told that because of an inadequate fence designed to separate herds of wood bison and plains bison at the Alberta Game Farm, the animals acquired in 1973 couldn't be considered "pure" wood bison. The fence was constructed in such a way that young bison might have slipped through it and mingled with either herd, and even though Rich and other experts saw no significant difference between the zoo's original two bison and known "pure" wood bison, the remote possibility of their being hybrids was enough for the cautious Canadian Wildlife Service — it refused to loan the

zoo more wood bison unless assurances were given that the questionable bison would not be mated with the certified wood bison. This assurance was given, and after another long permit process, three bona fide wood bison, a male and two females, were shipped to the zoo last February — free of charge.

Mark Rich leans against the rail in front of the original bison's pen and gestures with a head tilt toward the hulking, hairy beasts. "Formally, officially, scientifically, ethically, everyone's agreed we can't call these 'wood bison' for breeding purposes," he says. There are no blood or chromo-some tests that can distinguish between plains bison and wood bison. For all anyone knows, the two animals may be wood bison, but with only 2000 known purebreds, the chance of vitiating the breed cannot be risked. Now the two suspect animals are identified on a small sign in front of their abode as "North American Bison (*Bison bison*).", avoiding any subspecies designation.

What the zoo traded \$20,000 worth of animals for has turned out to be a giant headache for Mark Rich. The Alberta Game Farm is for sale now (asking

price: \$8 million), and its owner, Al Oetting, has made himself scarce. The two mystery bison are useless as zoo specimens and Rich wants to get rid of them, but so far other zoos have shown no interest in the pair. He's offering them free. In an effort to increase his options, he's taken steps to have them removed from the endangered species permit by which they were imported. If the U.S. government agrees to take the two off the permit, the decision is due any time, then Rich will be able to give them to private individuals. Of course, the removal of the bison from the permit will also give him the option of killing them, which is rumored among zoo employees to be the plan. Though Rich says he's pessimistic about anyone taking the animals, he's got sufficient pen space now, and he envisions being able to keep them for a while. He says the zoo's policy is to put to death only those animals that are infirm or those that are surplus males. (The surplus males are mostly antelope, who form huge harems; therefore very few male antelopes are needed by any zoo. So far this year two male antelopes have been killed at birth.)

"Lethargizing animals that are healthy because you need the space..." Rich's voice trails off in the direction of knowing how cruel and senseless it sounds, but the ensuing silence resounds with the distinctive knell of his dwindling alternatives.

A.M.

And So, To Sleep

Travelers who've grown soft from sybaritic Holiday Inns or vibrating mattresses or room service aren't ready for the American Youth Hostel dorms in the Armed Services YMCA downtown. Only hardy voyagers venture here, to reach the only hostel in San Diego, they have to walk past boarded up massage parlors and a few still-circulating prostitutes and then enter the imposing YMCA building, which occupies the rear quarters of a block on Broadway between Columbia and India. When customers emerge from the

fifty-five-year-old elevator onto the second floor, they're led to one of two dorms, one for men and one for women. The rooms reek with the odor of strong disinfectant, simple beds with bare mattresses and a few lockers are the only furnishings. Lodging here costs just three dollars a night, and this tab buys admittance into one of the most cosmopolitan coteries in San Diego.

Greg Small works at the reception desk in the YMCA's red-tiled lobby. At 1:00 p.m., when hostellers can begin to check in, Lots of Australians and New Zealanders and Japanese fill up the guest register, along with a roster of Western Europeans, but Small can also point to the entries from more exotic places like South Africa. "In February I even had a tribal chief from Uganda. I don't know how he found out about this place."

Many speak English, but Small also frequently finds himself playing good-humored guessing games. "I'll get some Japanese in here and they'll look up what they want in their youth hostel book in Japanese, then they'll find the same sentence in English and point to it for me." Small says that the facilities attract travelers from a variety of age groups, the only prerequisite for admission is an American Youth Hostel card.

One attractive feature of the San Diego hostel, it has no curfew like many European facilities. However, it also lacks a kitchen, and Cleyné and Mulcahy say that the most offensive rule requires them to check out every morning and deposit their belongings in the lobby lockers for safekeeping (a service which costs an extra fifty cents a day).

Today the first young man to register, Jacques Morand, lists his home as Beaupré, France, but explains that he originally hails from Switzerland. He's just arrived in the U.S. from Tahiti two days ago, and he says he's been traveling nonstop for about a year and a half. Morand has arrived early and there's plenty of room, but Small says the eight beds for women and sixteen for men are filling up nightly even this early in the tourist season. The night clerk says he can look over travelers into \$7.50 per night single rooms in the building (except for the two military pay weekends each month, when the Armed Services YMCA rents its private rooms only to military personnel). When he's out of space entirely, Small directs disappointed hostellers to either the Salvation Army or the other YMCA on Eighth Avenue (they're not affiliated with American Youth Hostels), where room prices range from \$5.88 to \$8.85 per night.

In the small, cluttered women's dorm, Wilmy Cleyné from Amsterdam and Peta

Mulcahy from west of Australia perch on the lower berths of two of the four bunk beds and prattle about the death of hostels throughout America (which has a total of only about 200 hostels, compared to 5000 worldwide). Cleyné, a still blond who speaks excellent English, says she's been traveling since October and so far has stayed at hostels in Washington, D.C., Orlando, and Denver. She discovered the most unusual American hostel in New Brunswick, Georgia. "I didn't know how I would get there from the Greyhound station," she says. "But I called them and they came and picked me up in a car. The hostel was three miles inside of a forest."

Mulcahy, like Cleyné, has restricted her itinerary to destinations that promise hostel lodgings. "It really limits your traveling," she declares.

The women acknowledge one attractive feature of the San Diego hostel, it has no curfew like many European facilities. However, it also lacks a kitchen, and Cleyné and Mulcahy say that the most offensive rule requires them to check out every morning and deposit their belongings in the lobby lockers for safekeeping (a service which costs an extra fifty cents a day).

Howard Whitney, the executive director of the Armed Services YMCA, says he's aware of the complaints, but the rules have developed out of necessity. He says the Y added the hostel rooms about six years ago, when the director at the time was looking for a way to bring in more travelers.

Whitney says the Y offered cooking facilities for a while but they were inadequate and were finally closed to hostellers. The enforced daily check out sprung from persistent security problems, one of the hostels, which explains why both Whitney and the local AYH office look forward to the day when the YMCA-based hostel can be closed.

"I must have thirty to forty letters in my file that we've received in the last year alone from people [staying at the Y-based hostel] who've had everything stolen from them," says Aileen Elliott, the local AYH director. She says she's been trying for years to rent or buy an alternate building, at the moment she has about \$30,000 and says the organization could secure a low interest loan from its national affiliate. However, spiraling real estate prices have

frustrated the search. Candidates for a facility have included a few Gaslamp district hotels, the Pacific Land near Robb Field in Ocean Beach, and even more recently, the endangered Klamber House in Hillcrest, but none of these appears likely to come through. Elliott says the office will have to find some new home in the next year or two, since the city says it plans to demolish the Armed Services YMCA in order to make room for a new downtown convention center.

And Whitney says the relocated Armed Services Y certainly won't include room for hostellers.

Regardless of location, the AYH director would like to see any new hostel accommodate at least a hundred travelers.

"We're a gate-way city and we're a large city," she declares, and points to a brand new hostel on North Palms, Verde Drive near San Pedro in the Los Angeles area, which is already attracting large numbers every night. "The only other hostels in Southern

California are one at the Hollywood YMCA on North Hudson in Los Angeles, one at Camp Stevens in Indio, open to hostellers only during the winter, and a new one, which accommodates about twenty travelers at Camp Marston in Pine Hills, just east of Julian, San Francisco, in contrast, has five functioning hostels. Elliott stresses that although she's looking now for an urban facility, optimally it still should reflect the hostel philosophy.

"The whole idea is one of traveling under your own steam, apart from automobiles, getting out and seeing something of the country. It's not supposed to be just a cheap motel."

J.D.

Isaacson, DeWitt, and Neal Matthews



Greg Small



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Justice Of The Piece

See Gerson does it again! He's with account of snick people notice via small claims ("Strife on Principle," May 17) is not only a pleasure to read, but to identify with (My case comes up next week). Keep it up.
John Barron
San Diego

Harpo Certainly Didn't

In response to Elizabeth Abo's comment on Paul Cotti and the Reader's "Letters," May 17, I can't see anything more foolish than a novelist who thinks every nonfictional is a farce. Stop making sexual look childish. Did Mary go around ranting and raving?
Richard Gersovitz
San Diego

Permission To Operate?

Congratulations on your well-written article "The Battle of Florida Canyon" by Gordon Smith (May 10). Both the Sierra Club and the Century III organizations support the Navy's need for a new hospital for the Navy's method of dumping over the people of San Diego to get it. Balboa Park land use for nonpark purposes must be approved by two-thirds vote of the people in accordance with Section 55 of the city charter. Major land use decisions should be made by locally elected bodies working in concert with federal agencies, not by unilateral federal action. Also, since there are seven other sites available, why is the Navy choosing to put their hospital in the

heart of Balboa Park without adequately studying alternatives? A park is for recreational uses for everyone, it's not for a hospital for some. If you wish to help save our park land please call 233-7144 or 732-7196.
Ed J. Linder
San Diego

Say Hello, George

I wrote this small letter in great protest. Why does Steve Sorenson have two large spaces in the May 10 issue when George Varga has none? Perhaps there is an oversight but we in O.B. would like to read and hear more from George Varga.
Lester Lewis
Ocean Beach

Dry Eye

I want you and the author, Steve Sorenson, to know that I thoroughly enjoyed his writing published May 3 ("Pilgrims by the Shore"). Sorenson is apparently not intimidated by today's "why, precise, removed writers we are encountering in all our reading material." I congratulate him.
Joan Rogers
Chula Vista

National Inquirer Is Interested

I wish I were capable of expressing properly the delights I experienced over Steve Sorenson's "Pilgrims by the Shore." It was marvelous. Is there some way it could be given nationwide coverage? It may be concerned with the Colorado River, but I am sure it is describing behavior of the young at all Easter week resorts—Palm Springs, St. Petersburg, and so on.

To have the ability to see so clearly and express so well is a wondrous thing indeed.
Amy H. Smith
Carlsbad

Used Car

I just read Mrs. J. Fancit's rabid assault on Duncan Shepherd's "Letters," May 17. Not only does she accuse him of being "a small time wallflower in polysyllables, but words, italics, and bull," but she loads him with the fruit of "journalistic auto masturbation." Is this perhaps a perversion committed with one's car? Or is it a polysyllabic buzzword?

Taking Up Space

I have noted with amused regularity Eleanor Walner's cry of victory when she is able to order nothing and eat part of someone's dinner in a restaurant and then not be charged a service charge. On the reverse side, her hotel of outrage is equally amusing when she is asked to pay a service charge for taking up a paying space, and causing silver and napkins and things to be washed in her wake. She seems to regard this take up space with an extra plate not only as her right but also as a habit to be encouraged in others.

Letters

Should this practice succeed, I pity the poor restaurant with four couples waiting for a table and the restaurant full of fifty-four diners, forty-five of whom plan to pay. But if this is Walner setting a trend, let me add to her list:

Thurs? Smile and ask for lemon, please take out la causal, then notice the sugar bowl. And now what have we here? It's the water glass, tinkling with ice. And blessedly free. Voila, a femicide! And fresh at that. What's more than that, free.

And if you should discover a double shot of vodka in your purse well, never mind. Save it for another time. The time when you're going to pour half a bottle of free litchup into your water glass, working toward a double martini before eating someone's dinner.

I do envy Walner's reviews, though, and to express my gratitude, I'd like to send her a seven ticket to the symphony, free, if first she'll promise, of course, not to listen.

Thomas F. Mullen
La Jolla

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Lame Critics Out Of Step

Duncan Shepherd's review of the movie "Democracy" ("Current Movies," May 17) indicates that he obviously has not read or seen the movie. I want to see that movie on a tank and was so moved. For one thing, consider the sets and the real on location, no trash. Hollywood sets. That is tack. For second, consider the story, love and marriage. *Democracy* from the opening moments of the movie on through to the climax, the plot is as smooth as glass, but impossibly subtle. That is interesting, that is what keeps you watching. Shepherd might have looked in on the political theme, but the true story is romance. That is culture.

Cases Against The Case Against Men

When I first read Paul Cotti's article on feminism ("On the Character of Feminism," May 10), I was a little angry at being stereotyped again (democrat man hater). I thought about many dear friends, men and women, who are feminist and do not fit the stereotypes Cotti gave. I gave the article a lot of thought and decided Cotti sounds like a lovely person who is hurt and a bit confused.

Letters

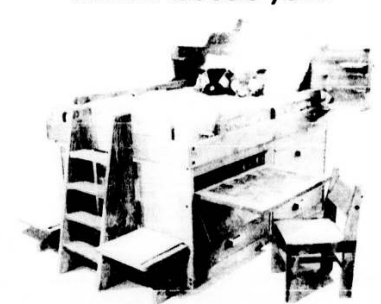
I remember my struggles—and those of my friends—to understand feminism. I was so force as to be what they considered men or women should be. How many times we'd sit and drink tea and be supportive of each other. We simply did not fit. "Too independent," "too bright," "too successful," were often thrown in my way. Believe me, living in from the other side, men (I say men because I have experienced it from this viewpoint) can be extremely cruel when they feel threatened, and both I and my friends have been attacked viciously for being as we are.

I have tried very hard not to be angry or hostile with men as a group, though many men have given me reason to feel angry, and despite the fact that many unhappy things have happened (i.e., girlfriends beaten and raped by angry men, attempts by men to undermine my confidence).

A few years ago I decided that I would try my best to be as open, regardless of how others respond. I felt when I made the choice that this would mean rejection by men, and I still believe that few men are able to accept, love, and respect a strong, confident, and independent.

(continued on page 7)

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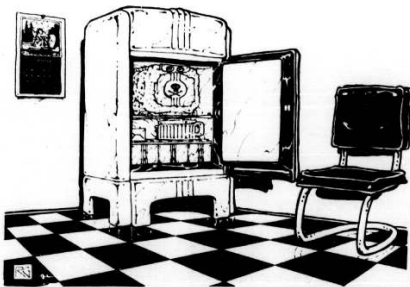
Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Mom used to forbid me to eat the ice that formed on the inner walls of the freezing compartment in her refrigerator, claiming that the stuff was bad for me. Since I'm now using an old frost-freeing refrigerator which has no ice-forming compartment, I've been eating those ice freezer walls more than ever. Was Mom right? Is there something delicious about freezer frost?
Richard Fleming
San Marcos

The frost is not going to kill you, so long as your old refrigerator is in good repair. As I have mentioned before in this column, the earliest refrigerators were dangerous because their coolant was ammonia, a poisonous gas. A leak in the cooling system made the refrigerator an unwholesome place to peek in for a snack. In the same way, it was dangerous to eat the ice that formed on the coolant tubes of those refrigerators. The public's wariness for refrigerator ice persisted, even when ammonia had long been replaced by a coolant that is inert and nonpoisonous. Be assured that if your refrigerator was built after 1950, the ice is safe to eat — as safe as anything else that congeals out of the air we breathe.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Every morning on my way to work in the downtown area, I see people driving official state cars to the California office building at Front and Ash. Most of the cars have only one driver. Once in a while there are a couple of people inside who may be carpooling. But why are there so many



single drivers and what are they doing driving to work in state cars? Don't tell me all these guys have special jobs where they might have to go out on an emergency at night or on the weekend. I thought Proposition 13 ended all that waste.
Anonymous
La Mesa

On average, about half of the fifty-two cars in the state's motor pool on Ash Street are kept overnight by state employees who take them out on business during the day. None of these cars, though, is permanently checked out to an employee, and the rules don't allow anyone to keep a car overnight on whim. To be entitled to drive the car home and bring it into work the next day,

the state employee must be with the car, away from the office, after his normal quitting hour. It happens more often, however, that a car is checked out for a week or more to a state employee who is visiting here from another city. An auditor, for example, arrives from Sacramento to check on local records, and is given the use of a local state car, which he drives every day from his hotel to various appointments around town. There are no rules that require state employees to carpool when they check out cars from the lot. (The cars in the pool, incidentally, are mostly compacts — 1978 Pintos and Vegas, '76 Gremlins, '71 Hornets, together with some midsize cars such as '69 Fairlans and '71 Matadors.)

Dear Matthew Alice:
About a month ago the lines marking a bike lane on Torrey Pines Road in La Jolla were blotted out. This seems a bit inconsistent with the welfare of cyclists on this much-peddled path. Was there a logical reason for this? Who made the decision?
Joy Heber
La Jolla

Since three accidents involving cyclists have occurred on the eastbound downgrade where Torrey Pines Road approaches La Jolla Shores Drive, the city's traffic department decided the bike lane was giving cyclists a false sense of security. (In one of the accidents, a teenage girl was nearly killed.) The road was safe so long as cars were moving on it normally, but during rush hours, when the traffic formed a line, the bike lane gave cyclists too much opportunity to speed next to the stalled traffic. The accidents occurred at intersections where a car pulled into the bike lane, and the cyclists going full tilt had no time to stop, nor space to avoid the collision. By erasing the lanes, the city hopes cyclists will be more cautious of the traffic. (All the accidents occurred on the south side of the street, but the city felt it couldn't erase the lane on one side and not the other, said Don Robbins of the traffic department.) Road signs continue to mark Torrey Pines as a bicycle route, and parking on that section of the road remains prohibited.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80863, San Diego, California 92138.



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Letters

(continued from page 4)

woman. When I see my friend's face, such a man, we treasure him. I have been very much myself. I met and recently married a man who loves me as I am.

I know many women who would love to meet an intelligent, loving, and sensitive man. I can't say why Cotti seems to have met none of them. I know from personal experience that many lovely people are feminist. I often wonder why no one ever tells them side.

Another thought: Perhaps this isn't an issue of male versus female at all, or of feminist versus traditionalist, or whatever. Maybe it's just that it's difficult to find the kind of people Paul Cotti seems to value.

Janet Shelton Dillon
San Diego

Beavis With Paul Cotti's article, the Reader finally establishes itself in the forefront of unambiguously feminist journalism. In one fell swoop, Cotti displays not only his utter ignorance of one of the most important issues of the day, but reveals his petty and vindictive motivations for doing so as well. As a socialist feminist who is not "angry, disillusioned, and unhappy," with the way my life is turning out, I can only express my disappointment that such a large amount of publicity has been given to this trivial. But then again, I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

Emily O. Gubner
San Diego

nails by betty burns

Vogue or Vogue Mechanics? Which magazine would classify your fingernails?

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I have not finished Paul Cotti's article and realize with great sadness that I must respond. It is a completely stupid and insensitive article. I could dismiss it. But the author has written objectively about some difficult experiences and lodged some valid complaints against people being "spatial and vindictive."

Unfortunately, the author has taken the worst and called it feminism. This only serves to undermine a cause that needs intelligent support rather than ridicule. It is evident that the author realizes that what feminists want is to be free human beings. What he fails to understand, however, is that within any movement there must be just that — movement. This includes anger as well as enlightenment, intelligent dialogue as well as belligerent behavior. There is no reason to insist on perfection in the women's movement in order to give it some respect.

Anger is necessary in human development. This is a difficult thing for men and women to accept. We have been raised to believe that women should always be sweet and kind. Anger need not be destructive, however. Anger directed against injustice is admirable, and anger against a system that propagates injustice, as well as anger against a human being who treats another human being unfairly should be respected and admired, not belittled or perched at arm's length. To believe that a number of men are threatened by the anger of a woman. Their attitude seems to be, "Sure, you'll get a fair shake, just don't go getting mad." Often a man who can react with respect to the anger of another man has no idea what to do with an angry woman, and so tries to diffuse this anger by pronouncing it silly or distasteful.

An odd but unfortunately true statement I have heard often by feminists is that as a man, you can never really understand! When a woman who has been sweet and

lovely for twenty or thirty years becomes angry, you cannot understand the torrent of confusion and rage and pain that ensues. You cannot understand all the little things that bother a woman, when these things mean nothing to you. At this point in time, men and women are different due to differences in socialization, and men and women often find themselves changing rapidly. I do not ask that all men should understand. But for the author, as well as men who are confused by feminism and who are sincere in their belief that women should be treated as free and equal human beings, I have some suggestions. Respect a woman's opinions. Accept her feelings as valid. Admit that you do not understand, rather than write it off as foolishness. Listen. Really listen. Ask questions. Argue intelligently. Leave your mind and heart open to learn from a woman. Be supportive of her yearning for freedom. Be proud of her anger. Trust in her capacity for growth. Give her the kindness and honesty and respect any human being deserves. Write more positive articles about the women's movement.
Diane Hildner

I agree that Paul Cotti is crying in his ink well by his examples of the feminist double standard. Use of Mr. magazine (as one example) led me to suspect that he did not have the ability to review the facts without interjecting personal biases. Even the most notoriously biased cannot be so self-indulgent. Anyone for their own evidence can review past and current editions of Mr. magazine for such examples. These examples will show the majority of coverage is devoted to many different issues, health matters, some of which are exclusive to the

feminist body, articles, and news. update on the status of the state and national legislatures as well as the pro-choice, and its myriad operations, articles by de-mythologize areas outside of most women's socialization, such as plumbing, automobiles, bicycles, organized sports, law, electricity, articles pertaining to child care, children's stories, and day care centers for children of the many working couples, articles to de-mythologize men and their socializations, articles of women and some men in usual or unusual occupations. These are just a few examples of the kinds of things that appear on a monthly basis, along with reviews on books, art, and music. No one could deny the slant is on women, however. And this is true of all "women's magazines." I hold that the material in Mr. is incomparably more humane than any past or current publications among the wide range of "men's magazines."

A final note. I am glad that the opportunity to read Cotti's article, and this saved myself from dining with him while he cried in his soup.

Linda Brown
Point Loma

Mr. Low Hennessy's response to "Letters," May 17 to Paul Cotti's muddled, rambling piece on feminism was excellent. With talented writers like Hennessy around, I'm amazed the Reader couldn't find anything else but Cotti's true confession: for a social class.

Richard Miller
Escondido

Never in all the years that I have been reading the Reader have I seen such a poor feature story — in content and quality — as the one

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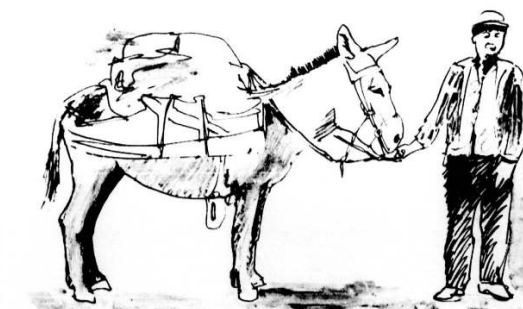
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MAR 24 1976



Travels With My Father

(continued from page 8)

the director of an elementary school not far from the hotel, and now he's gone to visit his school again. I didn't expect him back all morning. I took some money from his hiding place in my toilet bag and went down to the Terrace for breakfast and a magazine, but never recaptured the feeling of wealth I'd had the night before.

I saw Dad enter the hotel about one o'clock, and after a moment I went up after him. "Sorry," I said when I opened the door and startled him. He was standing in the middle of the room with his pants unhooked and his belt undone, looking in his wallet.

"Tell me about your day," I said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Aw, I had a wonderful time," he said flatly. He was still counting pesos. "Say, I'm going to have to cash a check."

"What?"

"Your day."

"Oh. Let me get rested first."

He removed his shoes and lay on the bed sideways with his head propped in his hand. I thought he looked rather boyish, and I felt a sudden rush of love for him this gladness that he'd enjoyed himself. I sat on the edge of my bed and, leaning forward, I said, "How did you get into the school?"

"I guess I just walked into the office and introduced myself to the roomful of secretaries. Told them I had been a high school administrator in Redondo Beach and would like to see their operation."

"Wait. Was this the elementary school you'd visited before?"

"No, this was a secondary school — like a junior high. Anyway, a secretary took me in to see the assistant director."

"What was he like?" I said, trying to imagine the scene.

"Young fellow."

"What was he wearing?"

"A suit. That's the mark of position among school people here, just like it is at home."

"Was he wearing those green-tinted eyeglasses?"

"Are you going to let me tell my story or not?" he said, and looked at his lips.

"You always want the journalistic details on things and I'm not going to give them to you."

I nodded, swallowed. Then Dad turned to look at his back. He began again, but not where he'd left off. He said the first thing he'd done that morning was to visit the elementary school, a three-story building with a courtyard, which was fenced with this steel bars painted orange. Just as he arrived, the children had assembled in the courtyard for the school's daily ceremony. The children stood at attention while the national flag was carried from the director's office and paraded 'round the courtyard; then they said the national pledge; then sang the national hymn; then heard announcements from the director; then marched away to their classes, the oldest children leaving first.

I sat on the edge of my bed and, leaning forward, I said, "How did you get into the school?"

"I saw the director had her hands full of details," said Dad, "so I didn't bother her."

I went over to the secondary school, and as I say, the secretary introduced me to some people — we talked about school business and my background in administration — until finally one of the fellows there, an English teacher, took me into his class. And boy, it sure was wonderful.

"There were forty kids in there, I guess, thirteen years old or so, boys and girls. Perfectly in order. Perfectly behaved. Say, get me a glass of water there, will you? All this talking is drying your old man out."

I poured him a glass of water and one for me, too, and dried the bottom of his glass on my bedspread before I handed it to him.

"This teacher really knew how to handle a class, and he was something of an artist. He drew little scenes on the blackboard and had his students work with dialogue related to each scene. He drew a store, and a park, and something else I can't remember. He'd told me before the class that his grasp of English was kind of shaky. So, there in class, he asked me about the pronunciation of the word 'limb,' which he thought was pronounced like 'lime.' I corrected him on it, then I said that any foreign language is difficult to pronounce. In other words, I built him up in front of his class, and still felt I was offering a pretty good explanation of how to pronounce the word."

I suggested a dictionary wasn't a bad tool, and Dad said, "Maybe so, maybe so." Then he got up and slid the window open all the way — as if that would relieve the heat.

"The next class I went to," he said, turning around, "was absolute chaos. It was run by the chairman of the department, who had spent fourteen years in Vermont or someplace; his method was to have each student stand up and talk with him for a minute. In other words, he gave

all his attention to one student, so nobody got very much attention.

"Anyway, after that class was out, it was time for siesta, when everybody goes home for four hours. And just as I was walking out the door, some students from the first class met me and escorted me to the gate of the school, where they kind of formed two lines for me, and motioned for me to walk between them. And as I did, they applauded! Yeah — they went —"

Dad pretended to clap his hands together, without making any noise. "Just like that, Gee," he said, "it sure made a guy feel great."

It took an hour to cash our traveler's checks because we waited in the exchange office that gave the best rate. By then the afternoon was beginning to cool. Dad suggested a sightseeing tour on a city bus; the fare was a dime.

"This will give you a pretty good idea of what the town is like," he said (he'd done his sightseeing on a bus two years ago). We rode past the municipal stadium, and the Church of Our Lady of La Paz, and the barracks of the Sixty-eighth Infantry Battalion. I'd bought a map earlier that day and noticed that the street names had made living, dusty institutions of Mexican history. There was a street named for Padre Kino, one of the great explorers and colonizers of the Southwest, who distributed grain and cattle among the Indians; and another street for Emiliano Zapata, a tenant farmer of almost pure Indian blood, who led a peasants' revolt and held the battlefields against armies representing government, landowners, and the church. He was murdered in 1919 by an emissary of President Venustiano Carranza, whose name is now a street three blocks to the north of Zapata's.

The next morning was cold and windy under a clear sky. We rose at six-thirty to catch the bus to Cabo San Lucas, the town at the end of the peninsula. The fare was \$3.40, and I told Dad I'd pay my own way, but he wouldn't have it.

"Dad," I protested, "this is ridiculous. We've been here nearly three days and I've spent only twenty bucks of my own money."

"That's all right," he said. "I want you to see these rocks at the end of the peninsula. I did two years ago and I tell you it's something a guy ought to do at least once in his lifetime."

I thought: So? What does that have to do with paying my own way? But I knew that it was useless to resist. I might have forced the money on him, but the day was too young to be ruined, and we had a four-hour bus ride ahead of us. Dad always wins because it's not only easier to give in, it's cheaper.

We crossed the Sierra de la Victoria and skirted the Sea of Cortez, which was pretty but boring — like a lake, without surf or people. And because I was sitting on the right side of the bus, away from the

(continued on page 14)

Dance to Death



Marlene Jones, Dance to Death California Ballet

BILL HUMMER

The ballet *Giselle*, presented last Friday night by the California Ballet Company at the East County Performing Arts Center, is a ballet very much of its time. Paris, the July Monarchy, 1840. In two days, elves and sylphs cavorted on the stage on ballet nights at the Theatre de l'Academie Royale de Musique. Across the channel at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, tutu-clad nymphs with romantic notions tempted young men to leave their mortal lovers. To the south at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan, mischievous fauns with carnal intentions whispered in the ears of noble young wives, enticing them with promises of wild delights. Ballets throughout western Europe were haunted with woodland sprites, undines, fairies and nixes, not all benevolent. Plots centered around the interactions of these free creatures with the acquiescent young men and women, usually causing terminal cases of divided affections. Out front, in the boxes and stalls, ladies of fashion wore muslins and gauzes to affect an ethereal look, while young men moved over them, their live-sick glances intended to charm their beloveds with the thrilling possibility of suicide. It was the period present-day students of culture call early Romantic.

In this climate of taste and sensibility, the French poet and balletmaster Theophile Gautier devised the scenario for *Giselle*. The story, based on a fable he had found in a collection of German folk tales, concerned strange night creatures called "Wilis" (the German equivalent of the wights of the wipers). The Wilis were the spirits of maidens who, engaged in life to be married, had died before their wedding day. They were said to surround young men who wandered into their domain at night, forcing them to dance until the men dropped dead from exhaustion. Using Gautier's scenario, Eleanora Coralli, the George Balanchine of his day, created the

ballet for the famous ballerina Carlotta Grisi, with the assistance of Grisi's husband, Jules Perrot.

Act I of *Giselle* is set in a village in the German Rhineland. Giselle is a frail village maiden who loves both dancing (this for the sake of logic) and a young man named Loys, who in turn has declared his love for her. Unknown to Giselle, however, Loys is really a duke, Albrecht by name, and is engaged to the princess Bathilde. Another sister named Hilario, rejected by Giselle, discovers Albrecht's secret, and when the princess happens by the village with a hunting party, he exposes Albrecht to the assembled royal visitors and peasants, cursing Giselle to go mad with despair and then die. (In some versions, she kills herself with Albrecht's sword.)

Act II is set in a forest glade, the site of Giselle's grave. In the moonlight, Wilis fill here and there. Then Myrtha, queen of the Wilis, appears and summons forth Giselle from her grave, making her a Wilis. When Albrecht comes to visit the grave, Giselle is forced by the queen to entice him to dance. Giselle's passion for Albrecht, however, has remained as strong as ever. Thus, although she must comply with the queen's command, she times things so that Albrecht, though dancing to exhaustion, is saved by the rising sun. The Wilis flee, Giselle revives Albrecht, they embrace, and she returns to her grave.

Given the contrivances of its plot, it's difficult to understand why *Giselle* didn't fade into obscurity with the other ballets of its time. To the contrary, it has experienced continual revival in the 140 years of its existence, and in the last forty years it has been connected in some way with the fate of many of famous companies and dancers. Again and again, famous choreographers, such as Antony Tudor, Leonard Lavrovsky, and George Balanchine have each turned to this seemingly dated material and recreated a new *Giselle* that captured the public fancy.

Bruno Bettelheim has shown us in his book *The Faces of Enchantment* that fairy tales have the power to work past our apparently thin veneer of sophistication and afford us the opportunity to experience a communalism of human need and desire, to see played out before us once again the struggle and triumph of those ideals and values that reaffirm a belief in ourselves.

In *Giselle*, this ideal is a simple one: it is the power of love — love that can cause anguish and despair but which ultimately, so we think, will bring emotional and spiritual fulfillment and perhaps even immortality.

If *Giselle* is to succeed in this, it must do so as theater, not as a fairy tale. A performance of this work must draw us into the story, make us believe in the characters and their dilemmas. Sets, costumes, and music are a crucial part of the effort, as a director whose understanding of stylized movement as a medium of expression must inform the action. The final responsibility, though, rests with the dancers. They must have technical proficiency, of course, but they must also be able to transcend technique and find within themselves that spark of inspiration, of passion, of conviction which will give their performance that special numinous essence which will allow the frail vessel which is *Giselle* to be meaningful for us.

From a dramatic point of view, the role of Giselle is impossibly demanding. In Act I the ballerina must run the emotional gamut from Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm to Elektra, and in Act II she must combine the elusiveness of the goddess Dana with the seductiveness of Salome. In addition, the romantic ballet style requires from her a kind of life and limpid tragedy, fluid movement, and an introspective quality.

Marlene Jones, who danced the *Giselle* on Friday night, is obviously a fine dancer, but the romantic idiom is not her forte. Miss Jones is a dancer of strength and grace; her style is outward moving, she plays to the audience in the grand manner.

When the public called for more, she provided some excellent moments. In the first act, especially in the second act, when attention was riveted on her as the Wilis, Albrecht tried to protect her from the same fate. But when the role required hard, virile, and subtle, she was less convincing. For this reason, I was not as involved in her portrayal of a Dane as I was with other *Giselles*.

On the other hand, Dan Schulte, who danced the part of Albrecht, fit the role stylistically. More involved in his line, languid in movement and carriage, he appeared to embody the romantic temperament. In fact, he carried off the role as an extreme. I got the impression that it was not wholly under his control. Schulte can't look at the audience; he seemed self-conscious in his dancing, less sure in his execution than one would have liked. Still, on these occasions when he forgot himself, he treated us to the kind of heroic, gravity-defying leaps and turns we'd fight in from a dancer, at one point a head-turting exercise of four double turns en l'air that left the audience gasping in admiration. Schulte is a better dancer than perhaps he himself believes, and from a dramatic point of view, he gave a convincing performance.

The production had other strengths. The choreographic skill of Marlene Jones, who taught the company the *Giselle* Part I choreography, provided the focus that gave this performance its coherence.

This was particularly evident in the ensemble dancing of the Wilis in the second act. Robert Eaton's costumes were gorgeous, though they tended to get washed out against the background of Charles McCall's traditional and workable first act set, which was painted in similar hues.

The production's weaknesses, however, came close to canceling its strengths. Karen Gabeau and Jon Martin danced the peasant pas de deux with clannish and Karan Evans danced the queen of the Wilis with appropriate icy demeanor. But these three talented students rather than polished professionals, and it showed. Moreover, the apparatus and stage department of the corps de ballet, mostly adolescent boys and girls rather than men and women, suggested more a high school musical than a professional dance company.

Adolphus music, written for the original production, was recorded and, although I suspect this was done out of financial necessity, the possibilities inherent in the interaction of dancers and music could never be developed. An important component of the creative art of the dance was thus lost.

These last remarks raise a question about the California Ballet Association's stated claim to professionalism. Is this group fundamentally a commercial enterprise, which operates an extensive system of ballet schools (which it does) and mounts productions for the experience and thrill it provides the students and their parents? Or is their main thrust the establishment of a ballet company in which professional dancers, choreographers, designers, and musicians can come together to produce the finest in ballet for San Diego? If they are the latter, then they should put quickly to rest the kind of San Diego boosterism that leads their spokesman to brag that the company is composed entirely of San Diego dancers. If dancers flooded to San Diego as they do to New York, the use of local talent exclusively might be a workable goal. However, the current focus in the other direction for the most part, California Ballet will have to stop using amateurs if it wishes to be taken seriously in its claim to professionalism.

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Writer's Piece



GORDON E. SMITH

On April 30, 1979, when a committee in New York was publicly announcing that Peter Matthiessen's latest book, *The Snow Leopard*, had been selected as the winner of the National Book Award for contemporary fiction, the author himself was driving a pick-up truck somewhere near the Utah-Nevada border. For the last several weeks he had been traveling around the Great Basin of the western United States, accompanied by a Mohawk friend who was helping him locate Indian shamans and other spiritual leaders. Matthiessen has long been interested in what the modern world has come to call "primitive" peoples, and it was typical of him that he primarily wanted to talk with Indians who still believed in the great mythological and spiritual traditions of their ancestors. It was also typical that when he learned of the National Book Award Monday night, he did nothing to alter his travel plans, which were resumed the next day.

Less than a week later, Matthiessen, who among other things has also rafted down rivers in the mountain rain forests of South America, lived with primitive tribes in New Guinea and Africa, and trekked some 250 miles and across the remote Nepalese Himalayas, breezed into San Diego for a three-day stint as Belkin Lecturer at UCSD. He was giving the Mandeville Suite on the top floor of Toga Hall, and the task of addressing the topic of wilderness for the benefit of students enrolled in Contemporary Issues 20, Wilderness and Contemporary Man.

Matthiessen opens the door of his bedroom in the Mandeville Suite. About thirty people, mostly students, have gathered in the suite's living room and kitchen for an informal dinner-reception. Nearly an hour ago he told them he needed to get some sleep, but as I greet him now he admits that he was using the time to write.

At fifty-two, Matthiessen is trim and

tall; his face is tanned and deeply lined. He wears faded blue jeans, a faded denim shirt, a dark blue V-neck sweater. Coming out of the bedroom he moves into the kitchen, sipping wine and chatting good-naturedly. Through the windows behind him hang gliders can be seen floating gracefully up and down the La Jolla coast. It is evening; light is fading, the wind is coming up. Matthiessen listens patiently to students who tell him that they want to move away from their parents, that they liked the characters in *The Snow Leopard*, that they hope to do senior thesis work among the Indians of the Southwest. He jumps from subject to subject willingly, energetically. When he laughs, his mouth forms a small inverted triangle around his gleaming teeth.

Half an hour later everyone moves into the living room to eat dinner. Matthiessen sits near a piano, answering questions about his journey into the Himalayas six years ago (the expedition he documents in *The Snow Leopard*). I ask him about the incident in the book in which he describes what may have been a manlike Yeti darting behind a rock. "After the evidence I've seen, I'm convinced there's something there," he replies. "Contrary to what you might think, it's hard to fake a 700-pound footprint. Maybe one or two, but 400? Whole trails? What are you going to do, trudge around with sacks of flour on your back?" He chuckles. "A lot of these tracks are on steep slopes," he continues, holding his hand nearly vertical for emphasis. "It would take a machine to fake it."

Many of the students present are curious about Smith's interest in Buddhism and what he has spoken of as the "mystical" in the natural world. Matthiessen has been a practicing Zen Buddhist for many years. "If you take an interest in nature, and in the whole earth around you, mystical experience is inevitable," he says firmly. "But achieving samadhi [the state of supreme enlightenment] is harder than you think." Still, the effort of trying, he explains, is a powerful experience in itself. He glances at the piano nearby. It is hard,

however, missed. "Almost achieving it is like almost jumping off a cliff with a hang glider," he says.

Peter Matthiessen is often compared to Ernest Hemingway, another American writer who developed a yen for exotic, far-off places. It is a comparison Matthiessen is not particularly fond of. He feels Hemingway was concerned with overcoming fear, particularly his fear of death; he constantly challenged himself, threw himself into the most dangerous situations possible, to see how he would react. By contrast, Matthiessen talks often of learning to accept death, of surrendering willingly when it comes. "I'm not interested in overcoming fear," he once observed. "Basically, I'm a very fearful person, and it takes a really good story to get me going somewhere."

On Tuesday night, May 8, Matthiessen gave a public lecture at UCSD's Undergraduate Sciences Building. In it, he put forth the argument that the concept of wilderness is a product of civilized Anglo-European culture. The American colonists, he said, feared the wilderness and perceived it as a place to be tamed and dominated. The attitude remains a part of the American sensibility to this day. By contrast, the Indians and other primitive peoples see the wilderness simply as home. "What we perceive as wilderness, they perceive as a place to go to be healed, to be born, to gather food, and to die. I was out talking to a Cahulla medicine woman not long ago, and when she heard I would be speaking here soon, she said to me, 'Then tell them something. Tell them... tell them that their wilderness is our supermarket.'"

Next he drew parallels between Buddhist thought and the spiritual beliefs of primitive tribes all over the world, including the Indians of North America. Noting that these beliefs often include "supernatural" phenomena "for which our very limited perception of reality has no vocabulary," he pointed out that they have survived among Indians in the United States only where they have been concealed or protected from the white man's influence. During the question-and-answer session after the lecture, a young man asked why it is that primitive peoples are almost always encroached upon and often wiped out by civilized cultures. Matthiessen looked amused. "That's a question you'll have to put to God," he said.

The Wednesday afternoon following his lecture Matthiessen and I met at Sea World. Hurdled downing a hot dog and beer, he tells me that he came here simply because he has a general interest in marine biology. "Did you see the striped bass?" he asks. "You should really see these fish. They can live almost anywhere—salt water, fresh water, brackish. They're extremely adaptable." He leads the way to a lime-colored tank in a corner of Sea World's storage and maintenance area. Kneeling, he peers through a glass panel in the tank. The striped bass can be seen dimly inside, swimming around and around in the filtered sunlight. Each is about fifteen inches long with bright green-and-gold stripes from gills to tail. Matthiessen smiles. "They're beautiful fish. Good to catch, good to eat. They live in salt water but they spawn, you know, in fresh. Back East they built a dam across one of their spawning rivers, and they assumed the fish that were already upstream would die. They just wrote those guys off. But they went back a few years later and found them in the lake that had formed, and they were thriving. When they were transplanted to the West Coast," he continues, "they survived a trip via truck, in tanks, with no problem."

Can you imagine?" Then, as if he has come to expect such folly, he adds matter of factly. "Now they might have to reintroduce them back there, from the Pacific coast. Pollution is killing them off."

We walk towards the exit, and Matthiessen tells me he will be flying back to New York that night. "I'm getting pressure from home," he says, grinning. (Matthiessen has been married twice; his second wife died in 1972. His youngest son, Alex, is fifteen and still lives at home.) I ask him if the extensive traveling he has done throughout his career has been hard on his personal life. He nods. "It seems like it's one or the other. It's a difficult choice to make. I got married the first time before I was done traveling; there were all these places I had to go, but the romance was so beautiful. Right after we got engaged I went off birding on the Canadian coast—a remote place on the Canadian coast. That was in 1951. Crazy about birding then." He shakes his head.

Matthiessen has traced his interest in nature to his brother's fascination with snakes when they were both boys growing up in New York state. He, too, became interested in snakes, and later branched out into bird-watching (his brother eventually became a marine biologist). In 1951, when Matthiessen was twenty-four, he published his first two stories in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They won the Atlantic Prize that year as. Right after he was a previously unpublished writer. In the fall of 1951 he left for France, where he lived for the next two years, founding the *Paris Review* with George Plimpton, a friend of his from childhood. When he returned to the United States he worked as a commercial fisherman in New England for three years. Then in 1956 he approached *The New Yorker* magazine with an idea for a series of articles on the vanishing wildernesses of the earth. "To my utter astonishment," he said many years later, "they bought it."

His first work of nonfiction, *Wildlife in America*, appeared soon after that. In 1959 Matthiessen traveled to South America for over six months, writing an article on his experiences which later appeared in book form as *The Cloud Forest*. In 1961 he accompanied the Hays and Keady Expedition to New Guinea, his observations in two seasons spent dwelling there among stone-age tribes were published the following year in *Under the Mountain Wall*. In 1965 he published *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, a complex novel about missionaries, revolutionaries, and Indians in South America. Several works of nonfiction followed, including *Blue Meridian*, an account of the shark-hunting expedition also chronicled in the movie *Blue Water, White Death*. His most recent novel, *Fur Torpedo*, took nine years to complete, but was hailed as an artistic masterpiece when it was published in 1975. It is based on the vanishing life of the turtle fisherman in the Caribbean. Matthiessen was born the same day Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic (May 22, 1917), thereby being "rather seriously upstaged," as he puts it. "It's the story of my life," he adds with a laugh.

Wednesday evening we drive down La Jolla Shores Drive past the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Matthiessen leans back somewhat wearily in the passenger seat of a light blue '65 VW sedan. He wears a worn blue sport coat, cordons shirt, and jeans. To the west the sun is setting like a piece of glowing iron into the wide, blue-black sea. Matthiessen is on the way to a farewell Chinese dinner with the discussion leaders of the wilderness class.

"I still consider myself a fiction writer in spirit," he says. "I know the record might not bear me out but..." He stops to consider his words. "Fiction is more emotionally exciting to me. The highs are higher; the lows are lower. There's a satisfaction in writing nonfiction, the craft, but it's not like fiction. With fiction I get caught up sometimes, I get almost dizzy. Not so much while I'm working, but when I'm conceiving something."

Everything will fall into place. I considered writing *The Snow Leopard* as fiction, but I figured it was already so mythical. I was surprised and pleased when it won the National Book Award. It would be happy rate of it to say I was pleased. But I think I've written better books. It would have been more emotionally satisfying to win it for *Fur Torpedo*. I think that's my best book."

A few minutes later, in an alley behind the restaurant, we get out of the car in the darkening evening air. Matthiessen brings his notebook with him, it contains his notebooks and he refuses to leave them unattended. I ask him why he began writing nonfiction. "Well, I wrote two novels before I wrote any nonfiction. Maybe that's why I started writing nonfiction." He chuckles. "No, I was working as a commercial fisherman then, and I needed some income. That's when I came up with this whole sea for *The New Yorker*."

Inside the restaurant Matthiessen is at his regenerative best, telling stories and bantering with the students. Over dinner he signs a few copies of *The Snow Leopard*. "I thought I had a very thin line on me," he says, "I congratulate one woman on her upcoming marriage. Sadly, it's time for him to leave. He stands up abruptly, bows his head to his shoulder, and says a few last good byes."

We drive down the lighted avenues of La Jolla, Pacific Beach, Mission Beach. Matthiessen is in a hurry to get to the airport, but he's animated now and tells a series of anecdotes as we make our way through traffic to the freeway. One concerns his dislike of bird-watching, who are obsessed by the number of species they have seen and who keep scrupulous track of their "life lists." "A few years ago I was leading a tour to Buxton, and this one woman was just going on and on. One

day she was telling everyone she had just seen her Stubby Auk and so forth until I turned to her at dinner, and I was going to say something privately, but it was one of those times when automatically extreme politeness and my sense of being a good host took over. I said, 'What are you going to do with your life, for when you come to the end of your life?'

At the airport there is a long line of people waiting for tickets. The airline employees behind the counters seem harassed. Matthiessen waits in line, good-naturedly. I tell him that he has seemed reluctant to submit to an interview, and he grins sheepishly. "No, it's not that I'm reluctant. It's just, you know, you come to town for three days, and you get tired of talking about yourself, coming off like some guru or something." He laughs, a little embarrassed. "It's not that at all. Ask me anything." I ask him if there is any particular issue that has surfaced on his

recent travels among the Indians.

There is one thing that seems to come up again and again, he says, and that's that the way and time are constantly being laid across the people's traditional land. "I've thought about it a great deal. That's one thing all the Indians talk about. Tradition is so important to the people. I visited the South Sea Islands, Santa Clara, Solomon Islands. At that the government, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, would be interested in protecting these places, but they don't seem to be. But this is really quite important."

In the glaring airport lights, Matthiessen's face shows fatigue, the pace of his visit is catching up. Through the floor to ceiling windows behind him a honey-colored moon is rising over the hill to the east. A few moments later we say good-bye quickly, efficiently, he presses through the security check and heads for the jet that will carry him to New York.

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Travels With My Father

(continued from page 10)

I stood on the wharf while Dad made all the arrangements. He asked about the price, repeated his questions a couple of times, allowed himself to be led to a fiber-glass boat fitted with a blue canopy, then signaled for me to follow.

"It's a hundred pesos for the both of us," he said. "That's not bad is it?"

I said it didn't matter as long as he was paying, which made him laugh. "I know when you're teasing the old man," he said.

Our pilot, a middle-aged man with aviator sunglasses and a cowboy hat, steered us out of the yacht harbor and past the Calmex cannery factory, where workers in white boots and smocks were eating lunch in the building's shade. Far off, the Sea of Cortez was smooth as a bedsheet, and it had that bland, colorless look that water takes on when light is directly over it. But where we were, gliding in the shade of a rocky cliff, the water was green as a river. Small yellow beaches had formed here and there against the rocks. "Take a look at that, will you," said Dad, indicating a rock that seemed covered with pelicans. The pilot took us past the birds, who'd seen so many tourists they didn't even twitch when we passed close enough to view the toenails on their blue-grey feet. When we reached land's end, the pilot turned west toward the Pacific and steered us into a wide channel between the rocks. The water roughened and the hull began to thud and slap against it. The rocks were spectacular — maybe dazzling is a better

word, since they were covered with white guano — but the scenery didn't compare to the feeling of entering the Pacific — an astonishing prairie of wind and blue water and whitecaps. "Get!" said Dad, "you can hardly take it in."

He was right. We motored a quarter mile up the coast, bouncing off the swells. Looking straight ahead, or to the left, or off in back of us, there was no point of reference to show that we'd moved a foot. Everywhere we looked was one substance:

blue and white water, and a suggestion of mist; and of course the wind, which had us shouting to each other in a twelve-foot boat.

We turned back and rounded the outer-most rock of the point, and returning to the harbor, our pilot called out the local landmarks as we passed them: a washed-up tunabout called the Santa Maria, the rock called Sierra Larga, and the beach called Playa del Amor.

I'd enjoyed the trip so much that when we docked, I let Dad go on ahead of me and tipped the pilot twenty pesos. He looked a bit confused as he took it, and not wanting to be thanked, I strode away. Just as I stepped onto the ramp leading to the beach, the pilot caught up with me. He said I owed him a hundred pesos for the trip. I stared at him. A hundred pesos, he said. The fare is a hundred pesos each.

"Wait a little minute," I said, and turned to look for Dad, who was standing on shore, watching me with his hands on his hips.

"To hell with it," I said in English and pulled out my wallet. I'd enjoyed the trip; it was worth every penny of five dollars; it wasn't too much to charge for a man's time and equipment.

"What happened?" said Dad.

"Nothing."

"I saw you give him some money."

"I took a deep breath — it was too hot to argue — and I explained as cheerfully as I could what had taken place."

"Well I'll be darned," he said.

"Here."

He held out a hundred-peso note. (What is it about parents that makes them think gratitude is the same as love?)

"Take it," said Dad.

I took it. "Look," I said. "I'm going to hike up the hill and see that hotel — I'll see you later."

Tonight, I promised myself, I'll take him out to dinner; I'll treat him to his own game. And I imagined how the evening might go as I stood on the hotel's magnificent terrace, trying to recapture the feeling of richness. Of course, when we actually got to the restaurant, later that night in La Paz, Dad refused to let me pay. He reached across the table and turned the page on the waiter's notebook, forcing him to write a separate check.

I wondered if it would be the same with me some day, as I made a mental note on how much my own dinner was going to cost me. Ninety-six pesos for broiled fish and thirty pesos for two beers — if I remember it correctly. And I think I do. □

Good writing about modern biology is even rarer than good writing about most other things. Probably because the more remote is his or her language from the rest of us, it is damned near impossible to write racy and interesting prose using words like "prokaryocytes," "phenomenes," "endosymbionts," and "meningococcus" — to mention only a few of the most elementary generic terms.

While this is true of other scientific fields as well, it is especially true of biology, and you can probably count on the fingers of one hand the number of biologists who can command the respect of others in their profession. The only living person I can think of who would be unquestionably included on almost anybody's version of that highly select list is Lewis Thomas.

Thomas is the president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York. He is a distant graduate of Harvard Medical School and has taught and done research at various major medical centers throughout the country. In 1971 he began writing a regular column on medical matters for the highly respected *New England Journal of Medicine* and in 1974 these columns were collected and published as a book called *The Lives of a Cell*, which is regarded by its admirers as having a status just slightly below that of a sacred, divinely inspired text.

The Lives of a Cell made a deep impression on me when I first read it, largely because of the remarkable introductory essay in which Thomas searches for

Biologic



Illustration by Tom Ives

FRED MORAMARCO

something — some image — that will capture in a nutshell the totality of the life of our planet. He tries to come up with an image that will make us see concretely what the earth is most like — to discover a metaphor that will have us all nodding our heads in agreement. William Blake, a visionary mystic, taught us to see the world in a grain of sand, but Thomas, a scientist, shows us the whole world in something even smaller.

I have been trying to think of the earth as a kind of organism, but it is no go. I cannot think of it this way. It is too big, too complex, with too many working parts lacking visible connections. The other night, driving through a hilly, wooded part of southern New England, I wondered about this. If not like an organism, what is it like, what is it most like? Then, satisfactorily for that moment, it came to me: it is most like a single cell.

The value of a great metaphor is that it enables us to see something in a way that we have never seen it before. It brings to the surface of the conscious mind in a single image what it may take philosophy a volume, upon volume of tortuous intellectual argument to convey. Thomas's comparison of the earth to a single cell changed my way of thinking about the world and wondered about this. As the jellyfish gets larger, and when this process is completed, nothing remains of the jellyfish except a small vestigial parasite, permanently affixed to the edge of the snail's mouth. Thomas observes these creatures with a kind of troubled awe

rather trifling protoplasmic displacement. *The Lives of a Cell* is a book that has not faded much from my mind over the past few years, and when I heard that Thomas had published a new collection of his columns called *The Medusa and the Snail: More Notes of a Biologist Wanderer*, I was eager to read it. Now that I have, I can make two apparently contradictory statements about it: (1) Thomas is writing as well as ever, and (2) the book is a disappointment. Thomas is a master of the short essay form and each of the finely honed pieces in *The Medusa and the Snail* is a model of its kind. The writing is crisp and clean, the biological issues are important ("On Cloning a Human Being," "On Natural Death," "The Health Care System," "On a Scientist's View of the World," "On Transcendental Metaphysics," "On Communitarianism").

In a wonderful essay called "An Apology," he describes the miraculous activity of swinging the universe around a single point — something he does all the time from his office desk on East 65th Street.

What I do, at these times, is to change the way the system works. Instead of every twenty-four hours, I hold the pencil point and make the sun revolve slowly around East 65th Street. Anyone can do this. It takes a bit of heaving to get it started, but after a few minutes it had thought you can hold East 65th Street as the still, central point, and then you can feel the sun rolling up behind you from the right side, making the great circle around. Once you've got the sun started, it is not too difficult to organize the rest of the solar system.

Of course we realize, as Thomas's description continues to extend beyond the solar system to the galaxy and to the outer edges of the known universe, that he is describing the activity which occurs every time any of us open our eyes to look out at the world around us. All of us see the world — the street upon which we live, the city and state it is located in, the nation, the entire planet, and solar system, and galaxy, and universe — from the perspective of a single point: our own inner selves. We are all wheeling the universe around every time we even think about it.

Since most of the essays in *The Medusa and the Snail* are equally revelatory, it is probably a nagging criticism to speak of this book as a disappointment, but I do so because as I read it I kept thinking of that exactly right metaphor at the beginning of *The Lives of a Cell*, and feeling that there is just nothing quite so crystalline here. Thomas tries for a similar insight in the introductory essay. In it he describes the symbiotic relationship of two sea creatures — the medusa (a jellyfish) and the nudibranch (a common sea slug or snail) observed in the Bay of Naples. It appears that these two creatures are so mutually dependent upon one another that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. The jellyfish engulfs the snail in its tentacles, but it cannot digest the snail's hard shell. The snail, entrapped within the jellyfish's body, begins eating it very slowly from inside out. As the jellyfish gets larger, and when this process is completed, nothing remains of the jellyfish except a small vestigial parasite, permanently affixed to the edge of the snail's mouth. Thomas observes these creatures with a kind of troubled awe

and then tries for the Grand Metaphor, an old feeling. They do not remind me of anything, really. I've never heard of such a cycle before, and at the same time, like a capsule retelling of the story, they remind me of the whole thing all at once. I cannot put my mind to it, and still think it through.

The reason why Thomas's mind will not stay still and think it through is simply that the analogy between the medusa and the snail on the one hand and the whole earth on the other is just not as good, not all-encompassing as the comparison between the earth and a single cell. It is a bit fuzzy around the edges and doesn't set off lightning bolts in the reader's mind. But then again, how many great metaphors are any one writer allowed in a lifetime?

Speaking of writing about science and of metaphors for the whole earth, I received in the mail today a copy of the Spring 1979 issue of the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, one of those little magazines that you will not find on your newstand, but which occasionally puts together an issue on matters of more than just academic concern. The current issue is devoted entirely to "The Moon Landing and its Aftermath" and features essays, stories, poems, and artwork about the impact of the voyage of Apollo 11 on the American psyche and on contemporary culture generally. While the contributions to the issue are uneven, there is an inspired introductory essay by Daniel C. Noel called "Re-Entry: Earth Images in Post-Apollo Culture" that ought to be widely read as we approach the tenth anniversary (on July 20) of Neil Armstrong's first step on the moon. Noel drives home a point earlier made by biophysicist John Platt and by many other observers of the Apollo, Mariner, and Viking programs. The point is that it is not so much what we are learning about outer space that is the central value of these programs, but rather what we are learning about ourselves and the earth we occupy. "That great picture of earth taken from the moon," said Platt, "is one of the most powerful images in the minds of man today and may be worth the cost of the whole Apollo project. It is changing our relationship to the earth and to each other. I see that as a great landmark in exploration — to get away from the earth to see it whole."

As I read that, I remembered a poster, popular in 1969, which showed the famous picture of Neil Armstrong setting the American flag on the surface of the moon as it appeared on the front page of the *Daily News*, the mock headline reading, in bold caps, SO WHAT? And then I read the quote from Neil Armstrong that precedes the introduction in this issue of the *Michigan Quarterly Review*. It is not the famous "One small step for a man" quote, but rather his lesser known utterance of July, 1969: "I suppose they are going to make a big deal of all this." And then, finally, I remembered Neil Armstrong, the first man to set foot on a barren satellite and look back at our dazzling blue jewel of a planet. I remembered him on television last night, trying to sell me a Chrysler. And I tried to bring these images and images together in my mind to add up to some definitive statement about the moon voyage. I find that I can't. I cannot get my mind to stay still and think it through.

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Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80853, San Diego, CA 92138.

Galleries

"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 Gallery, 6610 El Cajon Boulevard, 287-4523.

"A Gallery Installation by Robert Irwin" is the title of a new exhibit to be featured through May 27, University Gallery, SDSU, 286-6551.

"Druckerei," prints and general printed matter by Dutch artist Hendrik Nicolaas Werkman, executed by the Nazis in 1945, will include works based on the Chaussee legends of Martin Buber, continuing through May 27, Gordon Gray Gallery and Gallery 1, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 750 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9717.

Paintings and Etchings by Colorado artist Sue Tushingham McNary will be exhibited through May 27, San Diego Art Institute, Central Federal Building, Second and E streets, downtown, 234-5946.

Banners and Fabric Collages by Helen Petre will be on display through May 31, Galeria, Glendale Federal Savings and Loan, Carmel and Lamont streets, Pacific Beach, 270-5070.

Recent Paintings by Jean Wahman, Ruth Coad, and Lois Wolcott will be featured through May 31, La Jolla Art Association, 7917 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 459-3001.

"Recent Intaglios and Monoprints" by David M. Shawley will be exhibited through May 31, at The Art Collector, 4151 Taylor Street, 299-3332.

Works in Bronze and Hand-Cast Cellulose by sculptor A. Wasi will be exhibited through June 1, Bagat, 410 Market Street, downtown, 239-0563.

"Slough Cycle: A Natural History," a work composed of photographs with paintings of the San Elijo Sloughs by Judith Spiegel, will be exhibited on May 28 through June 1, The Other Gallery, room 1200, Humanities Library, Revelle Campus, UCSD.

"Environmental Graphic Imagery," a master's exhibition by Kevin Immel, known for his environmental murals painted on the Bay Theatre of Pacific Beach, will open Monday, May 28, and continue through June 1, Master's Gallery, SDSU.

"WOMENSWORK: An Exhibition of Art," a collection of works by women visual artists from San Diego's County, will continue through June 2, Community Arts Gallery, Third and E streets, downtown, 233-0141.

Watercolorist George Lykos will have his work featured through June 2, Corridor Gallery, San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown, 236-5840 or 236-5830.

Wax Paintings by Laurel Most will continue to be exhibited through June 4, Deagbanki Gallery, 1626 Ketterer Boulevard, 236-1916.

Mixed Media Drawings by Seattle artist Joyce Fitzgerald Eide will remain on exhibit through June 8, at "Objects," 1224 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-1917.

Scrigraphs and Watercolors by Lebadang will be exhibited through June 10, Old Town Circle Gallery, 2501 San Diego Avenue, 236-2598.

Videotapes, Paintings, and Drawings by Bill Mosley, Elizabeth Cullen, and Brad Stenberg will be featured in a M.F.A. exhibition, continuing through June 15, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2864.

"The Many Faces of Mexico," an exhibit of 35 new paintings by Vic Herman, will be presented in commemoration of Cinco de Mayo, through June 15, Mexican American National Bank gallery, 330 A Street, downtown, 234-8821.

Two-Person Show, "Linda Beggs-James/Drawings, Designs, and Paintings," including the artist's cover designs for "Appalau" and "San Diego Opera" magazines and "Contemporary Forms in Ceramics and Painting," featuring the work of Sandra Berlin, will continue through June 16, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills, 295-2725.

"Covers and Containers," an exhibit concentrating on the functions of the objects shown, taken from the museum's Asian Decorative Arts Collection and loans, will include robes from the Chinese Imperial Court, glass ceramic bottles from first-century China, Persian and Japanese pen cases, Turkish prayer carpets, a Han Dynasty wine cup, and a Baluchistan salt bag, will continue through September 2, Galleries 4 and 5, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7391.

Music

Contrabass Choir, directed by Thomas Neg, will accompany bassist Ben Turetsky and percussionist Daryl Pratt in the performance of works by Johnson, Gubins, Mingus, Schuman, Lehar, and Turetsky, Thursday, May 24, 8 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD, 452-3229.

Orchestra Center, the Point Loma College-Community Orchestra will perform Stravinsky's "Second Suite for Small Orchestra" and other selections, Thursday, May 24, 8 p.m., Salomon Hall, Point Loma College, 3900 Lomaland Drive, 232-6474.

Jazz and Contemporary Chamber Music, featuring John Wolfe (piano) and Carlos Pena (percussion) performing works of Bartok, Ravel, and Hovhannes, and the Reality Jazz Ensemble performing music of Miles Davis, Bobby Hutcherson, John Lewis, Dizzy Gillespie, and Chick Corea, will be presented by the SDCC Theatre departments, Friday, May 25, 7:30 p.m., City College Theatre, 14th and C streets, 239-7854.

Renee Scherel studied photography with Judy Dater and Eva Rubenstein and has had several exhibitions on the East Coast. The opening of her show is Friday, May 25, from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., public invited, at the A.C.C.E.S.S. Gallery, 3957 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills. The show runs till July 1st. Gallery hours are 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. For more information call 296-6219.

— Alberto Lau

Visiting Choir, the forty-voice Pfeiffer College Choir from North Carolina will present a choral program which will include early church music, 20th-century church music, American folk music, and Bach's motet "Singet dem Herrn," Friday, May 25, 7:30 p.m., Chula Vista Presbyterian Church, 940 Hilltop Drive, Chula Vista, 425-1929.

Flute Sonatas and Soprano Arias by Bach and Handel will be performed by Marcia Core (flute), Leonard Ranscher (flute), Melinda Bell (flute), and Michael Parker (soprano), Sunday, May 26, 8 p.m., Great Hall of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth and Nimitz streets.

Jazz Concert, featuring the music of Charlie Parker, Thad Jones, and Count Basie, will be presented by the Mira Costa Stage Band, Sunday, May 27, 2 p.m., out lawn of the Carlsbad City Library, 1250 Elm Avenue, Carlsbad, 727-7931.

Opera, the San Diego Opera will present Pietro Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Ruggero Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Friday, May 25, 8 p.m., and Sunday, May 27, 2:30 p.m., Civic Theatre, 202 C Street, downtown, 231-3088 or 236-6510.

Voice Recital, soprano Carolyn S. Terpieta will present three Bach cantatas, songs by Henri Dupuy, Richard Strauss, and Nial Rorem, as well as Joaquin Turina's "Poema" and the aria "For pace, mio Dio" from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," Sunday, May 27, 8 p.m., Dana Theatre, SDCC, 234-1151 or 238-1181 x295.

Pianist Christopher Arpin will present a concert of 20th-century music, featuring works by Berg, Liszt, Poulenc, and Stravinsky, Sunday, May 27, 8 p.m., Granger Music Hall, fourth and Palm streets, National City.

"Choral Spring Program," presented by the Mission Bay High School music department, will have the Music Shoppe Vocal Ensemble, Mission Bay Junior High Choir, and the Mission Bay High School Concert Choir, and will include selections from "Fiddler on the Roof," Tuesday, May 29, 7 p.m., Mission Bay High School auditorium, 2475 Grand Avenue, Pacific Beach, 720-0373.

Love Songs and Laments from the 15th Century to the present will be performed by the Five Centuries Ensemble as the final concert in the "Wednesday Evenings at Mandeville Center" series, and will include "Sing, Sing, Ye Ducks" by Henry Purcell, "Romanesca: Oltine do'e il mio ben" by Claudio Monteverdi, "The Wonderful Walk of 18 Spring" by John Cage, "Sequentia III" by Luciano Berio, and two improvisational pieces, Wednesday, May 30, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD, 452-4559.

"Invitational Celebrations Box," a show featuring works by Jennifer Pratt, metal, ceramic, wood, paper, painting, and glass, will remain on display through June 15, Celebrations Gallery, 645 C Street, uptown, downtown, 230-5222.

About 1950, John Cage, Christian Wolff, and other American composers began introducing methods of chance, indeterminacy, and regulated improvisation into their musical compositions. These systems of chance, or aleatory, were adopted for use in other avant-garde performance media, especially theater, happenings, poetry, and performance art. Most of these artists were heavily influenced by Cage, as evidenced by the fact that many of the widely acclaimed experimentalists, such as Toshi Kiyomasa (music), Allan Kaprow (happenings, performance art), and Jackson Mac Low (performance poetry), studied with Cage in his "Composition of Experimental Music" class at New York's New School for Social Research between 1956 and 1958.

Jackson Mac Low has emerged as one of the more important pioneers in the field of performance poetry. Composing since the late Thirties, Mac Low utilizes his extensive musical training to create poetic works which he says "are not only musical in structure, but also combine musical and other nonverbal sounds, as well as visual elements and often dance, with words." Mac Low divides his performance poems into two main categories: "simultaneous," which are performed by groups of people and often include nonverbal sounds and visual elements as well as words; and "word events," which are free improvisations by individuals or groups, in which the phonemes of a single word or phrase are broken apart and used, both separately and recombined into other words, phrases, and sentences. Many times the performance of these works includes the playing of tape recordings of past performance of the same works or other material. These recordings and electronic modifications, combined with the "simultaneous" and "word events," produce a type of work Mac Low refers to as "electronic poetry."

The art of Mac Low has enjoyed many diverse outlets. Besides having his poems published in numerous international literary magazines, many of his verse plays have been produced, including his superb *The Murrewing Maids* (this was composed in 1958-59 by means of systematic chance operations and performed by the Living Theatre, using such operations during the performances). He also composed *The Poemans—A Collection of 40 Dances—For the Dancer* to be realized by dancers. His



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—Greg Kahn



Photographers have always been fascinated by the very rich and the very poor. In recent years, however, the affluent middle class in America seems to be the subject of more and more photographs. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80853, San Diego, CA 92138.

minimalist. Using a square-format camera, the photographer made flat, two-dimensional, overlapping, ambiguous spaces in the seeming conviction that the appearances of laws and bodies reveal an interior life. It is a comfortable life, to be sure, with vegetation sometimes delineating the limits of a family's property and in most cases growing so full that it serves to conceal the house. Television's antennas, visible in almost all photographs, seem to be electronic periscopes to the outside world. The photographs are cool, classical, poised, having to do with a certain fullness of growth, of exuberant potential, of restrained growth. They are not boring, not empty, but suspended. There is something hermetic, though not necessarily created, about these photographs. San Diego is depicted as a kind of depopulated suburbia, in calm contentment, affluence reduced to trim hedges and cracked pavement. It would be facile to read the cracks in the

pavement as warning signs of California's impending catastrophe; they are probably the result of California's sun. The absence of people, the silence, and the sun all contribute to a feeling of surrealism, which is not without humor. In a photograph taken in La Jolla, the curved contour of a hedge team with a canvas awning to resemble a deep eye. In another picture, a large monkey pool tree has been clipped flat underneath, giving the windows of the house just a peek out to the street. Renee Scherel studied photography with Judy Dater and Eva Rubenstein and has had several exhibitions on the East Coast. The opening of her show is Friday, May 25, from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., public invited, at the A.C.C.E.S.S. Gallery, 3957 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills. The show runs till July 1st. Gallery hours are 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. For more information call 296-6219.

— Alberto Lau

Though many of their readers cast them in the role of modern-day pundits, the three newspaper columnist meeting here Friday night know that their prime qualification is the ability to grind out consistently readable prose day after day. By virtue of this regularity, and the necessity of drawing from their city and their lives the raw material that goes into the daily columns, Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Jack Smith of the *Los Angeles Times*, and Neil Morgan of the *San Diego Evening Tribune* have become representatives of their respective cities. In reality, none of them is either more or less representative than any other long-time resident of California's three west-coast burbs, but since they're professional observers and chroniclers of daily life, it is expected that pious pontification will be the order of the evening.



Herb Caen

his way back to San Francisco early Saturday morning. "You can't expect me to spend a whole weekend in San Diego, can you?" he notes ribs. Each writer, unabashedly chauvinistic, has given the other two cities good-natured put-downs in other two cities, which gives rise to the notion that there is a rivalry among them. Not true, says Morgan and Smith, and one can infer the concurrence of Caen.

But Caen and Smith do rival each other in the rapid-fire, "three-dot" format, and Smith exclusively writes 800-word essays, neither will ever be accused of dullness in their columns. The third grader, as would Caen in his column a couple of weeks back, "carried away by fat mania, have munched a chick in sodium carbonate, under the tutelage of teacher Harriet Gore, no relation." Sixty-two-year-old Caen has been writing his column since 1938. Smith, also sixty-two, has been at it daily only about ten years. Before that he was doing it three times a week. The terrain of both writers' style is similar to that of their respective cities. Caen is eclectic.

inventive, as likely to throw in a steep hill hitching about Shane Alexander's book on Patty Hearst ("Ms. Alexander will be here next week to flip her book. If she wants further digging, she knows where to go") as a deep valley describing the singular charm of his city on a typical Sunday afternoon. Smith, on the other hand, describes his column as "a personal diary in the old-fashioned form, like the essays everybody had to write in school." This makes for a flatter, broader topography, completely devoid of the one-liner Caen uses. Unlike Caen, Smith almost never goes to parties and seldom lunches with anybody. "What my column's about is living in Los Angeles," says Smith. "As a matter of fact," continues the writer, "I can hear right this minute the sound . . . I'm filling my swimming pool." Smith unknown himself to Caen and his column by saying,



Jack Smith

"Herb is the confidant of everybody in San Francisco. I.A. isn't that kind of city. It [Caen's] is the kind of column San Francisco can produce and support. Because he doesn't produce a three-dot.

broader's column. Smith feels tremendous pressure to find material he can write about. "No matter how trivial, I have to have something," he says. Smith's deadline is ten a.m. for the following day's edition, and he carries no backlog of columns; he writes on deadline. "Every column is an act of desperation," he admits. The end product, which to the reader looks like anything but an act of desperation, has made Smith one of the highest salaried writers on the *Times* payroll.

Neil Morgan, fifty-five years old, writes an altogether different kind of column. He includes about a page's worth of news content for each column, and he goes after scoops with the same fervor he had in 1948, when he started the column in its present form with the *San Diego Journal*. But true to his town, Morgan doesn't imbue his column with a distinctive flavor of terrain, and the general effect is impersonal. Unlike Caen or Smith, Morgan's column is less a commentary or respite from the fare available in the rest of his paper as it is an adjunct to it. Hence, Morgan doesn't really stand out and enjoys the notoriety of his two colleagues. With tongue only half in cheek, he says, "Caen is so much wiser than I am, more smart-ass. He's in much greater demand [locally], so he can afford to be snottier."

"An Evening With California's Best Known Columnists" begins at 7:30 p.m. Friday, May 25, at Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. The program is being sponsored by the City Club, San Diego's oldest newsletter, and the UCSD Press Office. For tickets and further information, call 452-3120.

—Neal Matthews

(continued on next page)

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Puccini Comes to Grief



Hona Simon, Carlo Bini

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, which I saw last week in a generally unsatisfactory staging by the San Diego Opera, is burdened with so many dramatic problems that a fully successful production is practically impossible. Consider, for

example, the defective way the plot is handled. In Act I, Des Grieux meets the teenage Manon (who is being sent to a convent), falls in love with her at first sight, and escapes with her to a romantic love nest in Paris. By the beginning of Act II, however, the tryst is already over, and a series of intrigues has led to Manon's now being the mistress of rich old Geronte; all

the intermediate action is omitted, being merely alluded to in subsequent dialogue. Des Grieux sneaks into Geronte's house, and Manon's love for him is rekindled; Geronte discovers them together and denounces Manon to the police; at the end of the Act she is arrested. Act III shows us the imprisoned Manon, about to be exiled to America with a bunch of prostitutes. Des Grieux arrives and persuades the captain of the prison ship to let him go along with his beloved. Act IV: Des Grieux and the deathly ill Manon are discovered in the middle of the endless Louisiana desert. How did they get there? Listening to the dialogue will tell you nothing. The answer can only be found in the novel by Abbé Prévost on which this incoherent libretto is based: the lovers traveled across the Atlantic and reached New Orleans. Manon became involved with the Governor's nephew, Des Grieux killed him in a duel; the two have been forced to flee the French colony; and so they find themselves in their present plight. No audience ever has the least idea of what has been happening. The lovers are simply there, with Manon undergoing a prolonged death agony: when she dies, the opera is over.

All these crucial omissions from the plot might have been justified if Puccini had devoted more time to the development and exploration of character; then we could have felt that, for the sake of profound characterization, the composer had been forced to sacrifice coherence and intelligibility in the telling of the story. But a large part of *Manon Lescaut* is actually devoted to padding and tinsel. In Act II there is a chorus of students; in Act III there is a madrigal, a dancing lesson, and a pastoral song; Act III is chiefly devoted to a picturesque roll-call of the dozen ladies of easy virtue who are being mustered at the port of Le Havre for transportation overseas—and there is also a song by the local lamplighter. Each of these pieces is charming in itself, they create atmosphere and give the composer an opportunity to vary styles of music-making; but they are

all purely decorative, adding nothing to either plot or characterization. In conjunction with the episodic nature of the scenes, they weaken the libretto's tensions, giving the drama a peculiarly diluted, flaccid quality. Yet how welcome a bit of decorative entertainment would be in Act IV, a long, monotonous, declining lament, with little variety and no action whatsoever.

A final problem is the character of Manon herself. The story suggests a development from innocence and idealism to selfish coquetry to tragic despair. How is the singer-actress to bring off such a transformation, especially since so much of the action is left out? I might as well begin my comments on Tito Capobianco's production of the opera by mentioning his solution to this problem. Mr. Capobianco's Manon, soprano Hona Simon, presented herself from her very first entry as a loose-moraled sex-pot. With her inviting smiles, rolling eyes, and swaying hips, she seemed quite ready for anything Des Grieux (or anyone else) might suggest—an impression enhanced by the gaudy eye make-up of a desperate floozy. This emphasis on Manon's shiftness and vulgarity solved the dramatic problem neatly enough: no surprise was occasioned when, after an acquaintance of ten minutes, this chippie agreed to go off to Paris with a young fellow—a tenor, no less—professing to adore her; and it was no surprise, either, to find her soon established with the repugnant but rich Geronte. For the sake of consistency in this characterization, however, Mr. Capobianco and Miss Simon sacrificed any sense of complexity, depth, or pathos—although the music Puccini assigns to Manon in Act I is consistently tender, fresh, sad, and pathetic.

As for the staging of the "atmospheric" pieces: these were generally pleasant, but here, too, a lack of subtlety was often evident, as well as a lack of convincing, detailed realism. The insouciant gaudiness of the students seemed stiff and artificial; the students seemed stiff and artificial; the students seemed stiff and artificial.

(continued on next page)

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ficial, with the artificiality especially prominent in the mannered gestures and fixed smile of chief student Edmondo (Gary Fisher). The performance of the madrigal was pedestrian and dull (no wonder Manon kept yawning as she listened to it)—it exhibited nothing of the style appropriate to courtly entertainment in the palace of an eighteenth-century French Treasurer-General. In the dancing lesson, Manon plodded gracelessly, and the femininity of the dancing master failed to amuse. The Le Havre scene was considerably more successful, with a nice differentiation of character in the portrayal of the twelve prostitutes. But there was carelessness with details (one of the ladies was supposed to cover her racking shoulders with her hands, but in fact she carelessly kept the palms away from her face, as though afraid to disturb her stage make-up); the crowd's behavior was thoroughly unreal; and the misadventure of the prison ship looked and sounded more like a high school sophomore at his first prom than like a hearty sailor in a position of authority.

There isn't much any director can do with static Fourth Act, but Mr. Capobianco was more than usually hampered by the materials he had to work with. Marsha Louis Eck had provided excellent sets for the earlier scenes; sufficiently realistic, pleasingly colored and textured, with a good workaday shapeliness of the stage space. The Act II palatial decor and the odds and ends of barbaric lumber in Act III were particularly well done. But the

Louisiana desert of Act IV turned out to be one of those featureless submarine bases employed in Wagner operas at Bayreuth; it communicated scarcely anything and was neither interesting nor beautiful in itself, whereas a good set in this Act might somewhat have made up in poetic evocativeness for the lack of dramatic action and the uniform gloom of the music. Mr. Capobianco also had to contend with tenor Carlo Bini, a remarkably stiff actor, but surely Mr. Bini ought not to have been permitted to portray "weary walking through sand" as though he were a comical mime pretending to have his feet stuck in peat bogs; and there are more effective ways of expressing grief than falling on one's back and convulsively thumping.

First-class singing could have made you overlook all these flaws; the opera has much lovely music in it, after all, and at times the *passion despassion* desperate passion of Manon's and Des Grieux's arias comes close to equaling the mature Puccinian expressiveness of *Tosca* and *Madama Butterfly*. Alas! The best singing in the San Diego Opera's *Manon Lescaut* comes from the Geronte of Carlos Chausson—an important role, admittedly, but not exactly the chief reason people go to hear this opera. I have not been too impressed with Mr. Chausson's work in the past, but his Geronte made me aware for the first time of the richness and power of his dark and mellifluous bass voice. Mr. Chausson also acted exceptionally well, conveying with great panache the rich old man's elegance, pomposity, and cold vindictiveness.

Tenor Carlo Bini, the Des Grieux, has a loud voice, firmly produced and projected, with a fairly agreeable tonal quality that turns up and blasting on all high notes. He employs most of the expressive means of Italian tenors, those vocal gestures traditionally felt to convey intense emotions of love, joy, longing, and suffering—a style not inappropriate to an opera pervaded by *passion despassion*. But there is also a becoming intelligence in Mr. Bini's singing; a lack of total and dynamic shading that makes his emotional sound monochromatic and oppressive. One particular mannerism does great damage to Mr. Bini's listenability. He terminates almost every phrase with a spasm of expelled breath, a tight constriction of the sort you might make if you were sad, dead, or in the belly of a soccer ball. Mr. Bini uses this grimace not only as an means for cutting off the flow of sound but also as a way of showing emotional intensity. Sometimes in the *Manon Lescaut* production the spasm actually made his head jerk, and on several occasions it seemed to galvanize his whole body, like an electrical shock. The tedium of this device, repeated endlessly, is not to be described; but its worst effect is to break up the flowing line of Puccini's vocal writing into a series of spastic fragments—just about the worst thing you can do to any piece of Italian music for the voice.

In judging Hona Simon's performance, we have to take into account the fact that she was brought in virtually at the last moment as a replacement for ailing Jocella Lugi, who had been originally scheduled to sing Manon in this production. On the positive side, it should be said that Miss Simon has none of Mr. Bini's difficulties in maintaining the vocal line—she has an admirable sense of phrasing, a graceful fluidity, a nice sense of shading, and a pervasive musicality. She understands the expressive possibilities of the music, and makes the most of them; she interprets the text dramatically, with a close and intelligent attention to the words, yet all within the context of the unrepentant, flowing, Italianate cantilena. But Miss Simon is nowhere near ready to sing a role such as Puccini's Manon. Manon requires a fairly large voice, a lyric soprano or a spinto, and Miss Simon's voice, for all its flexibility and expressiveness (and its lovely timbre), is much too light, soft, small, and weak to deal adequately with the musical and dramatic demands of the role. The question is whether this is actually a small voice, which ought to confine itself to sopranette roles, or whether Miss Simon is in fact a real lyric soprano who just doesn't know how to produce her voice correctly. I am in the second explanation.

What I heard was a potentially excellent vocal instrument being used at about half its capacity—which provides a cheerful note to end this rather uncharitable review, for it means that if Miss Simon gets a good teacher and improves her technique, she might one day turn out to be a very good Manon Lescaut indeed.

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THE TASTIEST MUSIC IN TOWN

Second Section

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

When master artists are able to sustain themselves over time, it becomes easy to take them for granted. Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins is an obvious example. There is no certain method of defining the many ways in which Sonny Rollins has inspired contemporary jazz saxophonists, but you hear him invoked by practically every worthy tenor stylist. In all likelihood, Rollins has not given much thought to such matters. He knows that he is great. Besides, he has always done exactly what he believed behooved him. Whenever he suffers from "player's block," he retreats from performing without fanfare or excuses. Then, when revived, he returns as if he never left, silently cackling at those who want to believe he is washed up. To my recollection, this has happened at least three times. Such incidents would seem just a nostalgic testimonial if it weren't for the fact that Rollins remains one of the most exciting, volatile improvisers alive. He speaks, sings, bellows, and screams through his horn. He can be as playful and explosive as Ornette Coleman, but unlike Coleman, he doesn't violently assault our notions of what is "right and wrong" in music. He will toy with genres (blues, bop, cool jazz, R&B), though in a fashion that belys seduces. Even when his sidemen refuse to cooperate (as in



SONNY ROLLINS

some of his recent fusion bands and the Milestone All-Star showoffs), Rollins can take command of the situation. He epitomizes the basic principles of

jazz: competence, confidence, and resolute imagination. He'll put those qualities to the test this Tuesday and Wednesday at the Catamaran.

The most intriguing concert often conflict with each other in San Diego. Also on Tuesday, Diamonda Galt will perform an unaccompanied vocal recital at UCSD's Mandeville Recital Hall entitled "Medea Lament." Galt is a fantastically unpredictable musician—one of the few avant-garde jazz singers I continually find myself analyzing, arguing about, defending, and returning to. Her vocal gymnastics are derived from a global variety of musical influences, but for handy reference purposes, she can be compared to the late tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler. Rappantly, startlingly theatrical in her own words, she is an expressionistic cabaret performer who wants to heighten experience, not embed it. A singer who has won the favor of Bobby Bradford, John Carter, Bart Tursky, Mark Dresser, among others, knows what she is doing, and is certainly not winging it. This short recital is based on the classic Greek tragedy by Euripides.

In the early Seventies I considered Yes one of the brightest of the moxy, art-rock bands. Singer-lyricist Jon Anderson's sketchy mysticism and labyrinthine personality always annoyed me, but the group played with enough fervor (especially in "Trilogy" and "Close to the Edge") that his inflating eccentricities were easy to overlook. I may be a connoisseur, but after the superb drummer Bill Bruford resigned to join King Crimson, the previous artiness

escalated and the orderly declined. Though guitarist Steve Howe and bassist Chris Squire are as malleable as before, the former's thrill and surprise, unfortunately, is gone. Yes, who will play in the round at the Sports Arena on Sunday night have allowed Eurotechnics to harden into frozen clichés. Vulgarly can be refreshing when it is openly admitted. When it is the product of smug self-delusion, it is only vulgar. Trumphet Maynard Ferguson has long assumed that volume equals strength, and that musing in the big band instrumentation with the latest fashion proves he is adventuresome. He is simply loud, overbearing, and patronizing. Perhaps he wants to be forever young, and indeed his version of "Star Trek" and "Gonna Fly Now" are childish. He blasts off tonight Thursday, at the Bahia Hotel. A kindred "young at heart" spirit, Woody Herman, will be at the Catamaran on Monday night. If Tania K's life in the "Foodchain" has gone in one ear and out the other, it's because we've been inundated with smart-aleck hard rockers who don't know how to distinguish between parody and sincerity. But Tania has been compared to Randy Newman, Chris Costello, and Graham Parker, three brilliant madmen who know how to transform cruel jokes into pearls of wisdom. Also, anyone who can write "Yes I with I was as mellow" (continued on page 34)

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5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

(continued from page 18)
As for instance Jackson Browne: But Fountain of Sonow, my ass. I hope you wind up in the ground. I want you getting to know well. He yacks up Monday at the Ray.
The remaining showcases include the gifted, lavishly touted jazz guitarist Pat Metheny, tonight at the Ray, and a new wave show featuring The Upbeats (San Diego's most controversial new wave band) with the Tokyo's, Panel World, and Non, Saturday at USU.
A last minute addition, tonight at the Catalamans Kon-Tiki Room, Stephen Bishop headlines over a view of local performers. Bishop, the bard of broken teenage heart laments, is one of the most nationally successful pop musicians to emerge in this city, and it is peculiar that he has not played here in over three years. His obsession with cruises and belting girlfriends is made palatable by a fine sense of craft and a penchant for subtle clowning. Appearing also will be an Elvis impersonator named Jim Wilson, magician Doug Bennett, and rock band Lenny and Francis. — Steve Tasmadia

San Diego Concerts

Stephen Bishop with Doug Bennett, Jim Wilson, and Lenny and Francis: Catalamans Kon-Tiki Room, Thursday, May 24, 8 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 275-3366

Maynard Ferguson: Bahia Hotel, Thursday, May 24, 9 and 11 p.m., 995 West Mission Bay Drive 488-0551

Pat Metheny: Ray Theatre, Thursday, May 24, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

The Upbeats, The Tokyo's, Panel World, and Non: USU Studio Theatre, Saturday, May 26, 8 p.m., 3045 S. Flanders Road 246-4970

Amazing Rhythm Aces: Ray Theatre, Saturday, May 26, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

Yes: Sports Arena, Sunday, May 27, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4176

Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd: Catalamans, Monday, May 28, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Tonio K.: Ray Theatre, Monday, May 28, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

Diamanda Galas: Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD, Tuesday, May 29, 8 p.m., 452-4000

Sonny Rollins: Catalamans, Tuesday, May 29 and Wednesday, May 30, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Papa John Creach and Dan Hicks: Catalamans, Thursday, May 30, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Sarah Vaughn: Catalamans, Friday, June 1 through Sunday, June 3, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Cindy Bullens: Ray Theatre, Monday, June 4, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

Stephen Stills with Bonnie Bramlett and Mike Finnigan: Sports Arena, Wednesday, June 6, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4176

Kool Jazz Festival featuring **Teddy Henderson, Natalie Cole, The Bar-Kays, Rick James, and E.B. King**: San Diego Stadium, Friday, June 8, 8 p.m. 565-9947

Kool Jazz Festival featuring **Marvin Gaye, The Emotions, Chic, Rose Royce, and Tavares**: San Diego Stadium, Saturday, June 9, 8 p.m. 565-9947

Helen Reddy: Kit Carson Park Amphitheatre, Escondido, Saturday, June 9, 7:30 p.m. 747-6766

Leon Redbone: Ray Theatre, Tuesday, June 12, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

John McLaughlin: Ray Theatre, Sunday, June 17, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach 488-3303

New England: Ray Theatre, Monday, June 18, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4642 Cass Street, Pacific Beach

Clubs

The Alamo, 3093 Claremont Drive, Claremont 276-2240. Brunch featuring Ernie Wood, country western, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anchorage Fish Company, 5450 La Jolla Village Road, La Jolla 459-6834. Gay Puckett, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

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Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

Anthony's Horseshoe, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island 212-8545. Danny Schmidt, pop; Tuesday through Saturday.

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

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

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego 582-1813. Disco, nightly.

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay 224-2434. The

Gathering, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont 940-8022. Magic, rock, Thursday through Sunday. Blitz Box, rock, Tuesday through Thursday.

Bahia, 988 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 488-0501. Mercedes Lounge, Kiki Boller, dancing, Tuesday through Saturday. Franco Lounge, Johnny Pina, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

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

Barr X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista 726-0510. Country, rock, country and western, Friday through Sunday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay 274-6630. Blue Edge, harmonica blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach 222-8822. Blue Edge, harmonica blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022. Tail Cotton, country, Friday and Saturday. Even Steven, blues, Sunday.

Berkley's, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa 463-9825. Disco, Tuesday through Sunday.

Billy Bones Restaurant, 958 Hamilton Street, Pacific Beach 272-7180. Paul Greig, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista 426-9200. Ink, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon 440-5005. Summerwine, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa 279-3100.

Gabe Lapiano, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blonney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Claremont 279-2033. Brian Connelly, Irish & international folk, Wednesday through Sunday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-8070. Sandbar & Spaz, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Boam's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 291-5555. Onridge, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Brackett, comedian, Sunday and Monday.

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272-1101. Disco, nightly.
Caligin's Piano Lounge, 3112
Elm Avenue, National City 442-9205.
Cal Warner, piano, Wednesday
through Saturday.
Carlos n' Charlie's, 5040 La
Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla
454-0338. Disco, nightly.
Casa Salva Restaurant, 620 H
Street, Chula Vista 422-0767.
Marty Morales, contemporary
folk, Wednesday through
Saturday.
Cask and Cleaver, 140 South
Serra Boulevard, Solana Beach
481-8238. Remy & Co.
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday.
Cask and Cleaver, 2329 Center
City Parkway, Escondido
747-2424. The Rite, World Home,
contemporary and country rock,
Thursday through Saturday.
Castaways, 10757 Woodside
Avenue, San Jose 447-0100.
Sunset, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.
Charlie Horse Lounge, Winner
Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la
Valle, Del Mar 795-6666. Daniel
and Mel, country, boogie, and
jazz, Tuesday through
Saturday.
Chatpau, 3623 College Avenue,
Crestview 426-5820.
Bachanga, contemporary
Wednesday through Saturday.
Chuck's Steak House, 1603 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido
746-8100. Drags, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday.
Chuck's Steak House, 1250
Project Street, La Jolla
454-5325. Jazz and Andie on
Vocals, jazz, Friday through
Sunday. Joe Mancoske and jazz,
Monday through Thursday.
Comedy Store, 442 High Street,
La Jolla 454-0776. Comedy Store
Players, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.
The Corporation, 380 N. El
Camino Real, Pajaro Encinitas
Road, Encinitas 442-1671. Disco,
nightly.
Country Bumpkin Annex, 1602
Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach
429-1161. Country, Cajonovale,
country, Wednesday through
Sunday. Duck for Revue,
nostalgia, Monday and Tuesday.
Feelings, disco rock, Tuesday
through Saturday, disco, Tuesday
through Saturday, jazz, Sunday.
Crossroads, 345 Market Street,
San Diego 233-7856. Sammy Tim
Trio featuring Big Sam Piggie,
jazz, Thursday through Saturday.
Buck Lacey, jazz, Sunday.
Crystal F's Emporium, 100 Hill
Street, San Marcos 746-1000.
291-7147. Disco, nightly.
Daisy's Lounge, 4105
Claremont Mesa Boulevard,
Claremont 272-5667. Remy &
World Home, Monday and
Tuesday.
Dick's at the Beach, 3017 Palm
Highway, 101, Solana Beach
255-1400. Remy & World Home
through Saturday. Thursday
the band performs through
Sunday and Monday. Magic
Band, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday.
D.O. Mills & Co., 4250 Camino del
Real, San Diego 594-1000.
Disco, nightly.

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Downtown: J&T World Travel 693-8181, 225-6286
D.D. State Agency, Farm Travel 5090 Colburn Ave., 296-0551
Great Beach: Sunset Travel International, 4808 B. Santa Monica, 225-8185
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Reader's Guide to

El Amigo Pizarro Restaurant & Ballroom. 5401 Broadway, El Cajon. 442-0537. Swing Set, music of the 40s. Friday.

Elario's. 7655 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla. 454-0541. Jan Taber and Dave Rogers, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. John Small, contemporary. Thursday through Monday.

Elk's Club. 6 Hensley, downtown. 237-9475. Disco. Friday through Sunday.

Fireside. 439 West Washington Street, Escondido. 745-1931. Disco. nightly.

Flonigan's. 5273 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley. 291-4635. Disco. live band. DJ. nightly.

Gold Coast Lounge. Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. 291-7131. Brighter Days, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Halcayon. 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point. 225-6555. Passion rock. Tuesday through Saturday. Bratt, rock. Sunday and Monday.

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

Hamburguesa. 4096 Wadsworth, Del Mar. 755-6654. Corner and Dabon, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Light House, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hawaiian. 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. 297-1012. Madrigal, contemporary and Latin. Wednesday through Sunday. Jimmie Williams, contemporary. Monday and Tuesday.

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

Horse Shoe Tavern. 7664 Broadway, Lemon Grove. 459-6341. Eclipse, disco and top 40. Thursday through Saturday.

Hill House. 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar. 755-6654. Corner and Dabon, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Light House, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hilton Cargo Bar. 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay. 276-4201. People Movers, disco and top 40. Tuesday through Saturday. Meandrea, contemporary. Sunday and Monday.

Hungry Hunter. 2440 New Circle, San Diego. 291-8014. Kevin Brown, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter. 502 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 442-0517. Jeff Bradley, popular country. Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter. 1221 Villa Way, Escondido. 433-2633. Indies, Fight, jazz and pop. Sunday through Tuesday. Harmony, country rock. Wednesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter. 2440 New Circle, San Diego. 291-8014. Kevin Brown, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter. 502 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 442-0517. Jeff Bradley, popular country. Thursday through Saturday.

Innhouse. 14240 Poway Road, Poway. 748-7531. Disco. nightly.

Ivy Room. 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 299-3544. Disco. nightly.

Ivy Room. 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 299-3544. Disco. nightly.

Ivy Room. 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 299-3544. Disco. nightly.

Ivy Room. 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 299-3544. Disco. nightly.

the Music Scene

448-8560. Disco. Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mini. 533 East Main Street, El Cajon. 442-5273. D.A. & the Necklines, country rock. Monday through Saturday. Pony Express, country. Sunday.

Mandolin Wind. 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest. 297-3017. Big City Blues Band with the Soul Serenaders, blues. Thursday through Saturday. Daniel Ray, on keyboards. Sunday, Quilsons, Monday. Daniel Ray, on keyboards. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark V. 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.

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

Mississippi Room. 2231 El Cajon Boulevard, North Park. 298-8066. Jack Constantino and Glen Wood, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. Dave Torallo, disco and top 40. Sunday through Tuesday.

Monk's. 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley. 563-0040. Fantasy, top 40. Monday through Saturday.

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Monterey Jack's. 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo. 566-2400. Friday. Vapors, contemporary. Friday and Saturday. Great Scott, magicians. Friday and Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company. 487 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. 291-1638. Brian Renley, contemporary guitar. Sunday and Monday. Snake Eyes, country rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Moonglow. 4615 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont. 273-1022. Sandy Stewart and Co., contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Paul Gregg, organ. Sunday and Monday.

My Rich Uncle's. 4205 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego. 287-7332. Disco. nightly.

Nashville Country. 5933 University Avenue, East San Diego. 583-6670. Robert Allen & Trio, country. Friday and Saturday.

Navajo Inn. 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos. 465-1739. RHM, disco. Tuesday through Saturday.

Night Owl East. 657 North Mission Avenue, El Cajon. 447-3854. Japanese, 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. 1538 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach. 427-5889. Mainstream, country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Ocean View Room. Hotel Del Coronado, 1600 Orange Avenue, Coronado. 435-8611. Jesse Davis, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Odyssey. 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point. 224-8292. Disco. nightly.

Ohlungr's. 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town. 298-0333. Folk, country, jazz, and contemporary. nightly. jam session. Thursday.

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

One Night Stand. 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach. 222-2146. Tom Cat, blues. Thursday. Andy Byron, variety. Friday. Knott She, folk. Saturday. Gary Wilson & the Bird Dates, variety and jazz. Sunday afternoon. Andy Byron, variety. Sunday evening. auditions. Monday. Dave Johnson, variety. Tuesday. special attractions. Wednesday.

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

Outpost. 652 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley. 464-9007. Live country music. Saturday.

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

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

Pelican Club. 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove. 464-9284. Saddle Seat, soft rock and country. Thursday.

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

Poseidon. 1670 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar. 755-0345. Bob Miller, disco. Tuesday through Saturday.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant. 4461 University Avenue, East San Diego. 283-7448. Lon Bell and Pam Soper, mellow jazz. Lon Bell and Carl Grapfield, classical flute duets. Thursday, Saturday, and every other Sunday. Ocean, guitar duo. Wednesday, Friday and every other Sunday.

Reuben E. Lee. 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-1880. John Campbell and Company, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Red Candle Lounge. Mission Valley Inn, 875 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley. 298-8281. Steampunk, folk, contemporary. Monday through Saturday.

Quinn's Pub. 5517 La Jolla Village, La Jolla. 444-0546. Tony Hines, Bing Rogers, jazz, blues and country. Thursday through Saturday. Don Glaser, jazz. Tuesday.

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

Raspolini's. 4320 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point. 223-1693. Disco. nightly.

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Friday and Saturday, 8:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Thursday and Sunday, 8:30 - 12:30 a.m.

Sammy Tritt
Hollis Gentry
Gary Nieves
Ella Ruth Piggee

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★ **MAYNARD FERGUSON**
★ **GEORGE SHEARING**
Mon., May 28
★ **WOODY HERMAN**
Tue. & Wed., May 29, 30
★ **SONNY ROLLINS**
Thursday, May 31
Special double bill
★ **PAPA JOHN CREACH & DAN HICKS**
Fri.-Sun. June 1-3
★ **SARAH VAUGHAN**
Thursday, June 7
★ **BRIAN AUGER**
with Marilyn Scott
Friday-Sunday, June 8, 9, 10
★ **ROY AYERS**
and **UBIQUITY STARBOOY**
Monday, June 11
★ **PASSPORT**
Tuesday, June 12
★ **TRIBUTE TO CHARLES MINGUS**
featuring Ted Curson, Joe Farrell, Charles Haden, John Handy, Jimmy Knepper, Don Pullen, Danny Richmond
Wed., Thurs. June 13, 14
★ **STAN GETZ**
Fri., Sat., June 22, 23
★ **TOM SCOTT**
Sunday, June 24
★ **CALDERA**

AT THE **Catamaran**
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SUNDAY, MAY 27 - 7:30PM

SPORTS ARENA
All seats reserved. \$7.75 & \$7.95
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Saturday, June 9th
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY
7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

Admission: CASUAL SEATING \$11. RESERVED SEATING \$14.
TICKETS ON SALE NOW AT
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THURS. MAY 24th 7:30 & 10:30 \$6.75

AMAZING RHYTHM ACES
SAT. MAY 26th 8:00 & 11:00 \$6.75

Reader's Guide to

Reuben's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa 565-3464. Country, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's Harbor Island, 680 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-5030. Dan Murphy, variety and comedy, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reuben's Piano House, 7637 Babcock Avenue, Chatsworth 276-1313. Fred Adams, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rib Cage, 3550 Kearny Mesa Road, Kearny Mesa 277-7437. Bill, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

San Diego Disco, 1081 University Avenue, Mission 295-2745. Disco, nightly.

Shelter Island Inn, 2081 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 222-0887. Spring fever, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sherraton Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-5030. Rock, Friday and Saturday.

Spunk's, 291-2920. National Guadalupe Philharmonic, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

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

Spirit, 1130 Buena Avenue, Bay Park 276-3993. Top rock, Thursday, Blitz Bros. rock, Friday and Saturday. Harmonica John.

Stargate, 101 University Avenue, Hillcrest 295-2195. Hollis Gentry, jazz, Sunday afternoon.

Springfield Wagon Works, 680 North Second Street, El Cajon 442-5757. Mainly live, featuring Gary Lehmann, Wilson Wade, and Deane Zatzsch, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Skunk Hollow, country rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Swan Song, 4287 Mission Avenue, Pacific Beach 272-7802. David Cheney, flamenco guitar, Thursday and Friday.

Tavern, 1208 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-9587. Butch Lacy and Guests, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Top of the Arc, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-6770. Pam Navare and Pyramid, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101, Cardiff 436-8877. Kent & Max, contemporary and folk rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131. SBO, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

West Coast Production Company, 1445 Harborside Street, Midtown 295-3724. Disco, nightly.

Windsong, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 224-3577. Denise Jeller and Jefferey, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday. Rita Moss, piano and vocal strings, Thursday through Saturday.

Wrangler's Roost, 6605 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley 280-5250. Lenny Pratt, country western, Wednesday through Sunday.

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

Los Angeles Concerts

Nancy Wilson with Noel Pointer and Nat Aschery, UCLA Royce Hall, Thursday, May 24, 8 p.m. (213) 825-9563.

Yes, Long Beach Arena, Friday, May 25, 8 p.m. (213) 436-3061.

the Music Scene

Dave Mason and Ian Matthews, Creek Theatre, Thursday, May 31 through Sunday, June 2, 8 p.m., 2700 North Vermont Avenue (213) 660-8802.

Bad Company and Carlini, Inglewood Forum, Monday, June 11 and Tuesday, July 12, 8 p.m., 4 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Jay Ferguson, Santa Monica Civic, Wednesday, June 6, 8 p.m. (213) 393-9481.

Playboy Jazz Festival featuring **Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughn, Joe Williams, Harold Land and Charles Mingus**, Alhambra, Hollywood 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.

Robin Williams, Universal Amphitheatre, Saturday, June 30 and Sunday, July 1, 8 p.m., Universal City (213) 980-9343.

The Doobie Brothers, Universal Amphitheatre, Monday, July 2 (530-9501) Brian Auger, Friday and Saturday, Don Hicks and Frazer Smith, Wednesday.

Eddie Money with McGuinn, Clark, and Hillman, Universal Amphitheatre, Wednesday, July 11 and Thursday, July 12, 8 p.m., Universal City (213) 980-9343.

Clubs

Backlit Theatre, 657 Robertson, West Hollywood (213) 659-0872. Freda Payne, Thursday through Sunday.

Baked Potato, 3787 Calaverita, West Hollywood (213) 980-1615. Don Randi and Guest, Thursday through Sunday.

Concerts by the Sea, 100 Fairhaven's Wharf, Redondo Beach (213) 376-8998. Willie Bobo, Thursday through Sunday, George Shearing, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Don't, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 769-1566. Dave Finkberg Trio and Dave Peir's "Big Conference", Thursday through Saturday.

Playboy Club, 2020 Avenue of the Stars, Century City (213) 277-2777. O.C. Smith, nightly.

Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach (714) 536-9501. Brian Auger, Friday and Saturday, Don Hicks and Frazer Smith, Wednesday.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-6911. John Fahey, Thursday, Freddie Hubbard, Friday through Sunday.

Maino Bistro, 2908 Washington Boulevard, Marina Del Rey (213) 871-4953. Joe Pass, Thursday through Saturday.

Palomares, 6907 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 765-9256. Jimmy Rabbitt and Renegade, Friday and Saturday, Phishman Band, Monday, Gibson Band, Tuesday, Mission Mountain Wood Band, Wednesday.

Passion Room, La Brea and Washington (213) 936-8704. Sweeth Edison and Lockjaw Davis, Thursday through Sunday.

Pasquale's, 22724 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu (213) 456-2007. Pat Senatore, Thursday, "Memorable Weekend in Malibu", Friday and Saturday, Garl Glesman, Sunday, Bill Hannon, Monday.

Playboy Club, 2020 Avenue of the Stars, Century City (213) 277-2777. O.C. Smith, nightly.

Roxy, 9009 Sunset Boulevard (213) 878-2222. Amazing Rhythm Aces, Thursday, Backstreet Boys, Friday and Saturday, Haza Purnim and Arto, Sunday and Monday.

Starwood, 8951 Santa Monica Boulevard (213) 656-2200. Gedda, Ales Hagaba and various other bands, Thursday through Monday.

Whisky a Go Go, Sunset Ship (213) 652-4202. Lenny and Sweeth, Thursday through Saturday, Backstreet Boys and The Metro Squads, Sunday.

APPEARING AT THE CATAMARAN

GEORGE SHEARING
Tues.-Sun. May 22-27

WOODY HERMAN
Monday, May 28

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DECEMBER 8TH
DECEMBER 9TH
DECEMBER 10TH
DECEMBER 11TH
DECEMBER 12TH
DECEMBER 13TH
DECEMBER 14TH
DECEMBER 15TH
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DECEMBER 22TH
DECEMBER 23TH
DECEMBER 24TH
DECEMBER 25TH
DECEMBER 26TH
DECEMBER 27TH
DECEMBER 28TH
DECEMBER 29TH
DECEMBER 30TH

fat cats
Thurs. **FOUL BALL** Rock 'n Roll
Fri. **CINDY and the SINNERS** Country
Sat. **CHUCK WAGON and THE WHEELS** Country
Sun. **TALL COTTON** Country
Tues. **TALL COTTON** Country
Happy Hour 5-7 Mon-Fri. 35c hot dogs 1 pitcher 25c glass
456 First St., Encinitas 753-3574

ROCK
Bacchanal
560-8022
Bretton Hall, 1616 Broadway St.
8022 Claremont Mesa Blvd.
Tonight! Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., May 24, 25, 26, 27
magick
Sun.—Bacchanal T-shirt Party
Tequila Shooters or Kamakazi 50c
BLITZ BROS.
No cover charge 3 nights
TUES., WED. DRINK SPECIALS
Tequila shooters, margaritas and strawberry daquiris **85¢**

TICKETS
AVAILABLE NOW, THE BEST SEATS IN TOWN TO
IN THE ROUND **★ YES ★** SUNDAY MAY 27
ROD STEWART EXCELLENT SEATS FOR
THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND JUNE 2
BAD CO. JUNE 5 **STEPHEN STILLS** JUNE 6
★ GORDON LIGHTFOOT JUNE 22
BEE GEES' JOHN McLAUGHLIN NEW ENGLAND KINKS AND MORE!
A SMALL, REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU CHOOSE SEATS
BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE
273-4567

LOOK OUT SAN DIEGO! FOR THE NEW RAIN TREE
WHERE JOINT EFFORT
is back and smokin'
Tuesday thru Saturday 9-1:30 10450 Friars Rd. San Diego 280-1141
Monday—free disco dance lessons
TUESDAY—MARGARITAS ONLY 75¢
Wednesday—Ladies' night—all well drinks just \$1.20 for ladies.

Orange julip
One of our refreshing drinks to go with our refreshingly different menu.
SPICERACK
A GARDEN RESTAURANT
Mission Blvd., Near Grand, Pacific Beach

TICKETRON
Your neighborhood box office.
IS PLEASED TO CONGRATULATE
Marc Berman
ON THE UPCOMING SERIES OF SUMMER CONCERTS UNDER THE STARS AT SAN DIEGO STATE OPEN AIR AMPHITHEATRE, AND AT THE ROCKY THEATRE. WE LOOK FORWARD WITH SAN DIEGO TO A SUMMER OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT.
tickets available at all TICKETRON OUTLETS
at the ROCKY THEATRE, 2475 EL CAMINO REAL, SAN DIEGO, CA 92108
at the ROCKY THEATRE, 2475 EL CAMINO REAL, SAN DIEGO, CA 92108

Good Food
Good Music
Good Whiskey
The Halcyon is not only San Diego's finest night club, it is also a fine restaurant. We feature a selection of four entrees nightly at moderate prices. Served along with the entree is our famous garlic bread, appetizers, homemade soup, crisp salad, and garden fresh vegetables. So don't drive around and look for a place to eat, call and make reservations today.
Passion Tues.-Sat. **Bratz** Sun.-Mon.
HALCYON
4258 W. POINT LOMA 225-9559

Memorial Weekend Special
Complete Dinners \$5.95
Thurs. Sun. Served 5 p.m. - Midnight
Choose from the following entrees (in-house Greek salad, sautéed cracked wheat and rice pilaf, sautéed fresh vegetables and homemade baklava dessert.)
Zorba Combo Platter
Moussaka, grape leaves and zucchini, stuffed.
Kotopoulos Yernisto
Cornish game hens stuffed with ground sirloin, deviled rice, pine nuts, blanched almonds and raisins.
Psary Plake
Fillet of fish, shrimp, onions, sautéed in dry white wine, olive oil and Greek spices.
souvlakia
Marinated pork sirloin cubes, bell peppers, mushrooms, onions, broiled, and served on a skewer.
Plus we are serving our regular menu which consists of Rack of Lamb, Greek Lamb, Seared Kalbasi and twenty more entrees and house specialties.
Belly dancers in the classic tradition while you dine.
THE MAD GREEK
Restaurant/Disco
3191 Sports Arena Blvd. (in Stadium Plaza) Near Rowdies
Lafayette Room
226-0281

HONDA 175CL 1973 great gas excellent shape, street bike. \$300. 261-1862.

WANTED: bicycle, ladies 3 speed in good condition. 483-3028 evenings.

1978 YAMAHA YZ250: motocross. Baker for 4K. Lot of tires, sun gear, etc. in good condition and in super condition. With stand. \$850. John 266-9662.

MOTORCYCLE: 1977 Honda CL 350 runs, needs work. \$150 or best offer. 281-1862.

SUZUKI 1976 RM 250: never ridden, stock, well maintained. \$500 or offer. Will consider trade for street bike or other Volkswagen. 484-4153.

1973 YAMAHA 175: Enduro, excellent running condition, low mileage \$310. Linda 270-2065.

1969 CZ 250CC MX: excellent original condition. Mikuni carburetor, AK front rims, Koni shocks. Many spare parts and manuals. \$325. Doug 277-1346.

1971 Yamaha 250 twin start, strong on gas and runs good. Must sell. \$175. Dave 562-3774.

1976 Yamaha 750: heavy, luggage rack with tank, crash bars and custom seat. Excellent condition. \$1800. 607-8066.

SMALL GIRL'S bicycle for sale. 13" Huffy with tank, crash bars and custom seat. Excellent condition. \$180. 607-8066.

HARLEY DAVIDSON Springer 1977 - low mileage 7,000, very nice. like new or better running condition. \$2100. Greg 271-4367.

Wanted

CLASSIFIED DEADLINE CHANGE: This week only, paid business ads and late private-party ads will be accepted at the Reader office (635 State Street, downtown) Saturday, May 26, until noon. The Reader will be closed Monday, May 28.

1975 HONDA CB-200T: excellent condition, regular servicing. Very dependable. 70mg helmet included. \$450 or best offer. Don 272-4579.

1977 Yamaha 650 motorcycle low miles, extra excellent condition, moving stock. Any reasonable offer, must see to appreciate. Gas saver. 452-0616.

1971 HONDA CB 100 cherry condition, only 850 miles, must see to believe. Also 3rd trailer 1500 cap. Asking \$700. Jim 484-1878.

MUST SELL! 1973 Honda 500 foot. Good condition. \$850 or best offer. Will 281-0808. Keep reply.

HONDA ACE 100 motorcycle, dirt bike runs strong. \$150 or best. 272-9017 after 3:30. Joe Suzuki.

SUZUKI 125MX, excellent condition. \$350. 452-0664.

BIG MOTOR! brand new 215 mg. pedal down/motor. Motor up. 175. 481-8425.

OUTBOARD MOTOR: 2.3hp 1.5hp or 1.8hp. 200 to 160 cc. 607-6040. Free message.

WHEELS 27x1 1/2: tires, tubes, treaders, everything. \$20 each. \$1. 283-1343.

AGRICULTURAL: original, tires, tubes, treaders, everything. \$20 each. \$1. 283-1343.

1964 TRIUMPH 650cc: Bonneville model. Excellent condition. You must need the money. 701-67-1721.

1976 Yamaha 400: Enduro, only 425 miles. Showroom condition. Must sell \$1200. 282-4394 keep reply.

WOMEN'S 10-speed touring bike. Used twice and like new. \$65. 460-6233.

1972 Classic Harley-Davidson 350cc: SK Sprint, not much road bike, few miles. New parts, reconditioned. \$1000. Cherie 263-4865.

WANTED: Used 10-speed bicycle 13" frame. Adult man's, preferably Peugeot. \$83-8969 after 5:30pm.

1976 HONDA CB 300: good condition. New tires, Cromwell handlebars, wires to handlebars. Reconditioned. Presently not operating. \$150. 484-8453 after 5pm.

SMALL GIRL'S bicycle for sale. 13" Huffy with tank, crash bars and custom seat. Excellent condition. \$180. 607-8066.

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NEED RIDE to Monterey end of May. 1 week ride for a bike. Low mileage. 481-4865.

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First Mate \$149

(reg. \$189)



Includes: Liberty 12-year mattress, Liberty 1 four-year heater with control, safety liner, tact strip, particle board and deck, stained frame with headboard, full kit.

Captain's Cabin Waterbeds

4344 Conroy Street
Conroy Village, Kearny Mesa
565-8095

... a truly distinctive seafood restaurant!

6011 El Cajon Boulevard at College Avenue, San Diego

Why pay outrageous prices for eyeglasses and contact lenses?

SPEND YOUR EYEWEAR DOLLAR WISELY.

You can now obtain quality eyewear, professional services and a written guarantee without paying outrageous prices. Even more, you can save on designer frames (Dior, Pierre Cardin, Elizabeth Arden, Yves Chantal...), save on tinted lenses, save on high-powered prescriptions, even save on your eyeglass exam.

Read and Compare

2 Pair of Single Vision Glasses in Selected Frames	\$39.50
1 Pair of Bifocals in Selected Frames	\$39.50
Eyeglass Exam (with glaucoma test)	\$15.00
2 Pair of Conventional Contacts (without professional services)	\$69.50
2 Pair of Conventional Contacts (with professional services)	\$110.00
2 Pair of Flexible Contacts (without professional services)	\$89.50
2 Pair of Flexible Contacts (with professional services)	\$135.00
2 Pair of Soft Contacts (without professional services)	\$119.50
1 Pair of Soft Contacts (with professional services)	\$175.00

ALL EYEWEAR GUARANTEED IN WRITING
Call For An Appointment Today.

DR. SCHOONER	DR. TATMAN
OPHTHALMOLOGIST	OPHTHALMOLOGIST
NATIONAL CITY — CHULA VISTA	NORTH COUNTY
674-8723	758-7280
at Sweetwater Road just off 805	at Sweetwater Road just off 805
near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway	near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway
DR. McDOWELL	DR. SCHOONER
OPHTHALMOLOGIST	OPHTHALMOLOGIST
COLLEGE AREA — S.E.D.	EL CAJON — LA MESA
787-9331	562-7550
near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway	near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway
near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway	near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway
DR. TATMAN	DR. SCHOONER
OPHTHALMOLOGIST	OPHTHALMOLOGIST
CLAREMONT — PACIFIC BEACH	CLAREMONT — PACIFIC BEACH
562-8581	562-8581
near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway	near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway
near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway	near exit to Interstate 5, before Parkway

OPEN SIX DAYS A WEEK
BankAmericard • Visa • Master Charge

Why Worry?

This Memorial Weekend, you'll have two choices—

either you join the legions of drivers dealing with long gas lines and overcrowded parking lots or—

Rent a Moped!

\$10—4 hours
\$15—all day
\$25—24 hours
\$55—per week

Group rates (6 or more)
Rental bikes for sale
Daily rates applied to purchase

DON'T BE FUELISH!

Rentals-Easy Financing-Factor-trained Service Technicians

vespa at the beaches

"HOME OF THE EASY TWO-WHEELER" 1556 Garnet, Pacific Beach 270-3660

BankAmericard Mastercharge

