

\$200 LARGE 1 BEDROOM apartment air conditioned carpet, drapes, stove, refrigerator, heated pool, recreation room with pool, 5000 saunas, no pets. 579-2920 or 288-9911.

NORTH PARK DUPLEX 2 bedroom, 1 bath room, driveway on canyon, trees, garden, patio. Custom wood interior, hardwood floors. Adults, no pets. \$325, \$150 deposit. 282-9493 after 5.

SAN CARLOS HOME, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, newly decorated, landscaped lots of windows, patio area, many custom touches. Near schools, shopping. \$450, \$200 deposit. 282-9493 after 5.

\$240 MURKIN DELUXE 1 bedroom, close to beach, stone, new carpet, drapes, no pet, then pets. 436-2307.

3 BEDROOM NORTH PARK house, clean, \$350 month, \$175 deposit. Carpets, stove, refrigerator, swimming pool, 282-0279 evenings.

MODERN DELUXE 1 bedroom apartment in Pacific Beach, walk to beach and shops. \$250/month, 1251 Grand. No pets, adults. 274-3033.

CARLSBAD 1 bedroom, family room, fireplace, carpets, drapes, built-in, fenced yard, near schools, shopping, children, no pets. Available 10/17/92. \$425, 438-2079 after 5.

HILLCREST 3 bedroom, 1 bath, \$375 per month, \$250 deposit, kids OK, 274-4546 or 273-138 evenings.

ON THE BEACH 2 bedroom duplex, private fenced yard, covered patio, stove, refrigerator, carpets, drapes, parking. Considered well-kept. 475-9772 days or 284-5528 nights, weekends.

\$330 NORTH PARK, city 1 bedroom, close to Park, shops, bus. 3031 Thorne Street. Available immediately. 436-9880.

WANTED TO RENT: office space with good natural lighting in Hillcrest area, for graphic designer, around \$50/month. Sherry 299-5085.

VERY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE for rent, furnished, 3 bedrooms, bath, backyard, pool, available immediately. \$500/month. 236-1061.

ALOHA! Hawaiian beach condo on the prairie island of Maui, 1 bedroom on the beach, furnished every night, tennis courts, pool, jacuzzi. Kiste 295-9775.

LARGE FURNISHED STUDIO in Pacific Beach, security building, quiet, mature adults available September 1 at \$215 month. For appointment to see, call 274-2946 or 272-4810.

\$155 UNFURNISHED STUDIO, carpet, stove, sink, refrigerator, double doors, only, references required. Clean, quiet building. 234-0960.

NEW CONDO, 2 bedroom, 1 bath, fireplace, refrigerator, self-cleaning oven, washer, dryer, carpets, drapes. Year lease adults, no pets. Mission Valley area, \$410, 286-4370.

2 BEDROOM LUXURY condo in La Mesa, pool, security, 3 miles to SDSU, air conditioned, \$450/month, new. 497-4660.

3 BEDROOM NORTH PARK duplex, \$365, 9 months new, 1 1/2 baths, deluxe kitchen, dishwasher, eating bar, upstairs, view, no pets. 3300 Wadsworth Avenue, 292-3312 or 488-3383.

\$145 FOR A COZY ROOM on Grand Avenue in Pacific Beach, separate entrance, no cooking facilities. Arlen 276-4740.

RELIABLE PARTY wants to lease order home with 1 to 2 year option to buy. North Park or Golden Hills preferred. 286-1020 after 5pm.

BEAUTIFUL NEW 3 bedroom, 2 bath, 1000 sq. ft., carpet, dishwasher, stove, pool, garage, kids and pet friendly. Clean, quiet, friendly area, near freeways. \$250. Leave message 727-0287.

2 BEDROOM HOUSE, new carpets and drapes, large yard, stove and refrigerator. \$350, available September 1. Pacific Beach location. 272-4767 or 271-4302.

\$155 MONTH, UTILITIES paid, La Mesa, semi furnished studio, big yard, trees, pool, view. 487-7395.

PACIFIC BEACH, large 1 and 2 bedroom unfurnished apartment, adults, no pets, close to ocean. \$275 and \$375. 488-8685.

CONDO, 2 bedroom, 2 bath, college area, \$425, garage with opener, all amenities. Pasadita 482-1221 or 450-8882 or Pat 281-5331.

WORKSPACE ONLY: Room in house near Park Blvd. and University. Very quiet, no nonsmoker, day use preferred. House privileges and additional storage. \$95, 295-0110.

VILLA LA JOLLA CONDO, large 1 bedroom, 1 bath, pool, garden, parking, no pets. 452-2125 450-8055.

LARGE GOLDEN HILLS studio, huge kitchen, wooden floor, washer-dryer, charming backyard with fireplace, quiet, no pets, no smoking. \$195 including utilities. Randy 235-9191 or Mike 233-8331.

NEW 1 BEDROOM CONDO, La Jolla Park Villa, swimming pool and jacuzzi, very close to La Jolla Square and University Towne Centre. 453-6722.

10 AUGUST 30, 1979

BACK-TO-SCHOOL PANT SALE CHEMIN DE FER NOW \$14.98

* BUTTERFLY
* TUNING
* LACE-UPS
* STRAIGHT LEGS
* AND MANY MORE

ALL NEW FALL STYLES FOR
"BACK-TO-SCHOOL" ARE HERE NOW!

SAVE UP TO 70%

ON THEIR AMAZING BRAND NAMES IN
* PANTS * DISCO STYLES
* SHIRTS * SWEATERS
* FASHION TOPS * SHORTS

FREE PAIR OF SHORTS

1 PAIR OF SHORTS OF YOUR CHOICE WITH
PURCHASE OF \$25.00 OR MORE

359 NORTH 2ND STREET, EL CAJON (ACROSS FROM THRIFTY DRUGS) 444-8036

6175 BALBOA AVENUE, CLAREMONT (NEXT TO KOBY SHOES) 565-8411

BOTH STORES OPEN EVERY DAY

CLOTHES SCENE

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BOTH STORES OPEN EVERY DAY

CLOTHES SCENE

24 XRD MOBILE HOME, \$27,500. Adult
park. 1st Capri, 288-8410. C-21, North
Rd.

NORTH COAST Classic pole home in
La Jolla. Beautiful interior, 3 bedrooms, 2
baths on free covered lot. 9 months old.
\$132,000. Rex Smith Real Estate. 755-5138.

OFFICE SPACE for lease. 840 square feet.
Pacific Beach. Reasonable. 279-2990.

TANCO Need partners for shared ownership
of furnished condo near charity at Heavenly
Valley. Requires \$2000 down. Sold on first
come basis. Agent 375-1741.

LA JOLLA SPANISH house plus duplex, near
22nd Street. 3 bedrooms, 1 bathroom house plus
viewer 2 bedroom duplex, each with separate
garden. \$295,000. 272-7288 agent.

20 ACRES OF recreational land in Lassen
County, California. 10 miles from Cape Lake.
\$700 an acre. 20 acres \$13,500. 287-8123.

DEL MAR RACETRACK condo, \$82,900.
large 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath 2 story. Assume
loan. Agent 272-7288.

YOUNG COUPLE wants to buy a North
County home or duplex with a 5 percent down
payment and seller financing. 279-1074.

TWO BEDROOM HOUSE for sale by owner.
\$62,500. Renovated inside and out. All offers
considered. 291-8336.

1972 MOBILE HOME, 12 by 60 with 10 by 24
addition in nice Lateral park. Large yard,
fruit trees, air conditioning, washer, dryer,
carpeted, draperies, shed. 295-8281 or
444-5884.

HOME, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, fenced yard,
canyon view, 2 car garage, excellent
location. \$69,900 all terms, will help with financing. 294-2732.

NORTH PARK condominium on cul-de-sac.
Two bedrooms, one bath, carpet, new
drapes, washer, dryer, air conditioner, balcony with view. \$39,900. 231-5933 or
282-7145.

OWNER DESPERATE. Must sell fast. 2
bedroom condo in University City. Call Bob
new. 761-6151. See Bob.

HILLCREST 2 ON 1 home, studio, 2 garages,
\$63,000. \$18,000 down. OWC 281-4100.
1255-67 Lincoln Avenue. 273-4546 or
273-138 evenings.

BY OWNER. Assumable VA at 8 1/2 percent.
Spacious, 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom South Bay
townhome. Brick patio, upgrades, tennis
courts. 478-8052.

COUNTRYSIDE LIVING, 10x50 mobile
home, screened-in patio, large corner lot,
unique older place in fine condition. Privacy,
etc. \$10,000, any offer considered.
443-9969.

FALLBROOK, 6 acres excellent near new
2150 ranch house. Appraised \$300,000.
Owner financed, 8 1/2 percent with large down.
Offers: 728-8952.

HOUSE FOR SALE. University City 3 bed-
room, 2 baths, pool, 1350 square feet. Price
only \$135,000. 493-1592.

OWNERS ANXIOUS. La Costa 3 bedroom, 2
bath home, family room, 2 car garage, patio,
upgraded carpets, drapes, etc. \$110,000, 498-5681 days or 436-7271 evenings.

VENDING MACHINE business at sacrifice
price. Three machines and substantial in-
ventory. Possible locations also. 728-4145
after 5pm.

THREE TREE STUDIOS area in Northern
California, sell for \$4000. All for \$12,000. Low
down. Owner will carry. Call today. 479-9118,
pictures and map to area.

BY OWNER 3 bedroom, dining, fireplace,
enclined patio, shade roof, parking for recreational vehicle, beautiful corner lot, 2554 Muir
Ridge Road. \$93,500. 276-0708 or
493-1592.

CHOICE AVOCADO GROVE, 5 acre, 512
trees, 6 years old, lovely building site with
potential view of the ocean, 10 percent down.
By owner. \$125,000. 274-8889.

1 BEDROOM CONDO, Pacific Beach, 2
beds in town, clean, \$48,000, 10 percent down.
Owner finance at 10 percent, insured less
\$100 month, owner/manager, no pets.
279-5656.

50X120 EASY, BUILDABLE ocean view
lot, Del Mar, HI, must sell. 271-2824.

SEEKING TWO BEDROOM house or condo.
Barbosa Park or Pacific Beach area preferred. Under
\$100,000. No agents, please. 343-1400.
Himer One. Mike 446-8668.

CUL-DE-SAC, Model home 3 bedroom, 1 1/2
bath, one den, great condition, walk to
Grocery/Grocery. \$99,450. Owner.
481-0882 evenings.

SELL OR TRADE 20 acres suitable for goats
to 1000 acres of horses, 1 mile from school.
Access to road. \$750 per acre, owner will
carry balance. 272-2560 evenings.

BY OWNER, for sale or rent 2 bedroom, 1 1/2
bath condominium. Chula Vista. Principals. For
rent, \$285 per month or for sale, \$68,000.
299-4560 or 426-6172. Please call.

SECLUDED, RURAL cottage on two large
wooded lots. Ideal for young couple or single
person. \$15,000 down, owner carry balance
at 10 percent. \$47,500. 44-5432 evenings.

ALL MAILED ADS SHOULD BE
SENT TO:

READER CLASSIFIEDS
P.O. BOX 90063
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92108

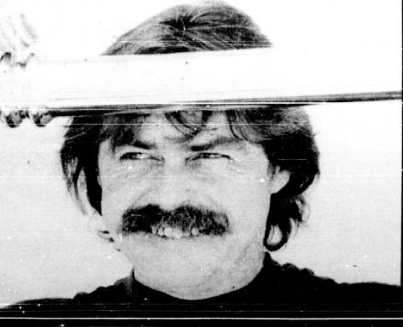
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edit or refuse classified ads due to
inappropriate content, space considerations,
etc.

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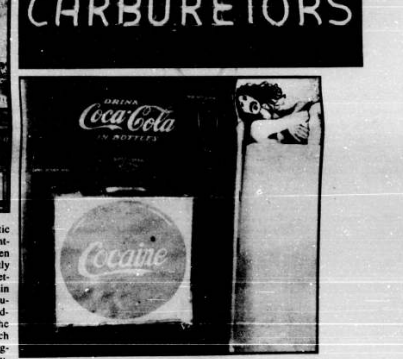
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P.O. BOX 90063
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92108

DEADLINES: Classified ads of any
kind can be accepted at the Reader's
office.

Peace, Love, and the Bottom Line



CARBURETORS



Vic McCully's head shop, Synthetic
Trips, has set its ramshackle content
at University and Euclid for eleven
years, squeezed between a bar (currently
called the Dynamite Den) and a close-
sties diner. It is the oldest head shop in
town, and the most traditionally ac-
counted, paraphernalia is the primary pro-
duct. It self-consciously maintains the
cluttered, cluttered look familiar to such
places a decade ago, with the falling-
down posters and the cracked display-
case glass and the cement floor and the
hint of incense all contributing to a vague
sense of ill-fitness. Ask Vic where the
ashtray is and he'll tell you you're stand-
ing in it. "I probably have the messiest
store in town," judges Vic, "and that's
the way I want it. Makes my customers
feel at home." McCully knows who his
customers are. "Heads!" he retorts in-
credulously when asked. "Potheads. (But
coke is really overtaking the grass.) The
dope culture, the counterculture, people
into getting high."

Dennis Hopper sprawls on his back in
the roadside weeds, his head a goxy blur.
Nearby lies his crumpled ashtray, a
Peter Fonda has leapt from his machine
and hurtles toward his blown-away side-
kick, soon to meet his own similar de-
mise. It is a moment from the movie Easy
Rider that has been captured and trans-

ferred to a black and white poster tacked
to the ceiling of Vic McCully's head
shop. It is a troubling image, oozing with
significance, struggling awkwardly to say
something about a past, a generation, a
dream.

Whatever that particular odd poster, one
of hundreds attached to the ceiling and
walls of Vic McCully's head shop, may
be trying to say about the Sixties and
Seventies, you won't hear it paraphrased
by Vic McCully. Like other head shop
owners in town, McCully doesn't hold
much truck with philosophizing and sym-
bolizing and labeling. But in other ways
McCully and his colleagues speak vol-
umes about that past which spawned their
industry, the drug paraphernalia industry,
and about that generation which is still
their clientele.

Photographs by David Corey
By Neal Matthews

(continued on page 10)

City Lights

Bazaar Way To Make A Buck

It's been two years since local entrepreneur Tom Hom opened Farmers Bazaar at Seventh and L in the outback of downtown San Diego, and in that period about a hundred small retail operations have frayed and folded there. Today that trend continues, with almost none of the thirty or so businesses renting space claiming to make much more than the rent, and several either on their way out, wishing they could get out, or biding their time until buildings in the Gaslamp Quarter are ready for them to move in.

The main problem centers around the sluggish business climate, but several shop owners also say they are fed up with the squabbling among themselves and with the manager, and many seem tired of paying what they consider to be high rents for the privilege of standing around hoping someone will buy something, anything. "I'm just sick of this place," laments one shopkeeper who prefers to remain anonymous. "I get up in the morning and have to drag myself down here. She's moving her health-food business to an 'art and cultural center' which will be operating at Fifth and Market early next year, partly because she can save about a hundred dollars a month on rent there. For a space in the Farmers Bazaar fourteen feet by twenty feet, and ten feet high, she pays \$290 a month. Another shopkeeper, Juanda Matthews, who is moving to the same place in the Gaslamp Quarter, runs an African art shop in the mezzanine level of the bazaar. She pays about the same amount of rent and says she has been forced to open a stall at the Spring Valley swap meet on weekends to try and make ends meet. She has the additional problem of being upstairs at the bazaar, where most of the turnover has occurred, allegedly because many people who come to shop don't even know there are businesses up there. Most of the time she sits and stares glumly down at the produce markets on the ground floor, impassively watching the occasional other person climb to the third step up and then turn back because he can't make it. The stalls around the mezzanine empty and fill with occupants almost as often as airport phone booths. But the most alarming development at the bazaar involves the produce sellers.

For the forty square feet of space in the center of the floor, Basilio Nieto has been paying \$610 a month, including the tenants association dues (fifty-four dollars). He's been there since the bazaar opened, but for the past several months he's been looking to sell his produce business. Asking price: \$7000. But the few nibbles he's had have remained just that, the prospective buyers perceiving the slowness of business and the unequal balance of the rent. Though most of the produce at the bazaar is cheaper and fresher than that sold in supermarkets, the high price of gasoline has discouraged many shoppers from leaving their neighborhoods for the drive downtown.

Next to Nieto's market is Muhammad Darwish's. Darwish is a Palestinian who's been in business at the bazaar for about a year, and who next month is going to cut his rented space in half. He pays \$765 a month, including dues, and even with his four children and wife doing most of the labor, he says he barely makes enough to cover the rent. He and the other produce sellers also pay fifty dollars a month for a small space in the cooler. Still, there's much spoilage of produce because the building can get very hot. Darwish has asked that fans be put in, but to no avail. "Hom don't care," he snarls. "He make money and that's it." (Actually, Hom

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conteration of the merchandise sellers), and the TV ads run only in the daytime, at a cost of about \$2000 for three days' worth of ads, about four spots a day. Tom Hom admits that one of the main reasons he keeps the bazaar open is the tax write-off the loss affords him. But he also says he's running it "as a fun thing." He says part of the reason for the high turnover of businesses is that most of the owners have never run one before, and Hom does not require business or credit references. "I can't think of another place in town where you can come in, plunk down \$200, and go into business," he says. Hom seems to be one of the few business people involved in the Farmers Bazaar who's having any fun losing money.

—N.M.

Sense, Nonsense, and Absence

Up to a week ago, the county registrar of voter's office was prepared to help local candidates with a totally novel concept in campaigning — the organized collection by campaign workers of absentee ballots. An interpretation of the election code issued this past spring had paved the way for this democracy by proxy. It said that anyone could distribute absentee ballot applications, return completed applications to the registrar, hand deliver the requested ballot to the voter, wait for him or her to vote, then hand deliver the sealed vote envelope back to the registrar to be counted. Two weeks ago, however, the state attorney general's office issued an interpretation which totally contradicted the first opinion, and now registrar Ray J. Ortiz plans to follow the more restrictive one.

Ortiz says he thinks that the state attorney general's opinion probably outweighs the first interpretation, which came from the office of the secretary of state this past April 20. So even though Ortiz's staff prepared a number of forms to assist campaigners with the absentee ballot collection, the registrar has now told his staff to refuse any attempts to submit absentee ballots in bulk.

Photograph by Jim Coit



City Lights

Campaigns still can distribute absentee ballot applications, but now Ortiz's staff will tell people that voters have to send in the applications, receive the ballots, and return the ballots only by mail or in person, rather than having someone else do it for them. Ortiz says he may ask the local county counsel for still a third opinion of the relevant section of the state election code. (Ortiz could then choose to follow that advice, even if it differed still further.)

Involvement in the more restrictive interpretation of the absentee ballot law came from the state attorney general's San Diego office, although the deputy attorney general who wrote the opinion says the request for it didn't develop locally. Cecilia Johnson says State Assemblyman Paul Bannai of Gardena asked for the opinion, and the attorney general's opinion section randomly assigned the job to her. Johnson's opinion focuses on the fact that the election code explicitly refers only to the voter applying for, receiving, and sending back the absentee ballot in person or by mail. In contrast, the earlier opinion focused on a section of the election code which says its provisions should be "liberally construed in favor of the absent voter," and thus took that to mean absentee voters could authorize "agents." Bannai's office in Sacramento says the assemblyman asked for the second opinion because he became alarmed last spring when a state senate candidate in a Long Beach election to fill George Deukmejian's seat used the absentee vote collection extensively. "Paul [Bannai] was just extremely concerned about the secrecy of the vote," says an aide. "The idea of having partisans alone with the ballot in that car just didn't sit right with him."

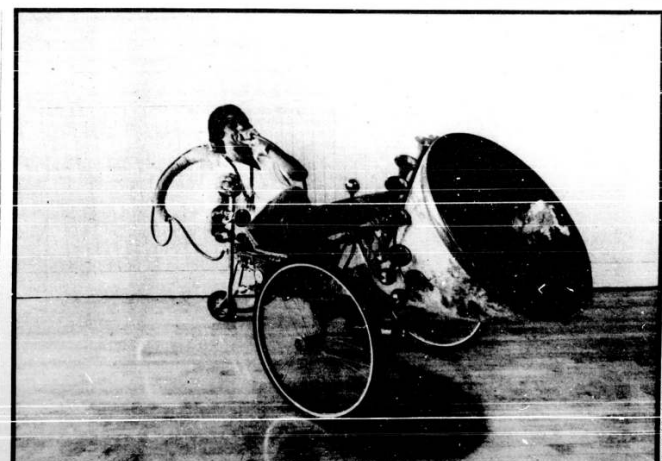
One campaign certain to be affected by the change is Si Casady's mayoral bid. Casady's camp earlier had announced plans to seek absentee votes actively, and reported collecting seventy-five applications for absentee ballots three weeks ago in Ocean Beach. However, the campaign worker who had been organizing the absentee vote collection drive has quit the Casady campaign since then, so the ballot applications have not yet been turned in. Now remaining Casady workers say they're not sure what they'll do to reverse that. —D.

Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only The Beepmobile Player

This story ought to begin with a description of the musical instruments Arthur Frick is building. The enormous creations are more interesting than Frick's explanation for why he's building them (though that's engaging, too), and they're even more interesting than the artist, who himself is one of San Diego's more colorful characters. But Frick's instruments nearly defy description. They are inventions from a children's fairy tale or a science fiction movie, too improbable to exist, but so carefully crafted that they seem as real and as solid as a carburetor.

He has almost finished working on them, in a downtown studio at Sixth and Market, the fifth work place he's occupied since he started this project four years ago. The San Diego Ballet uses the second story of the same building, and the Save Our Heritage Organization once claimed the space where Frick now tinkers. In fact, the SOHO sign still decorates the facade. Paper covers up the windows and protects the passing ballerinas and drunks and Gaslamp Quarter renovators from the shock of a glimpse of Frick's musical playground.

If the windows were open, the passersby could gawk at



Arthur Frick at the Beepmobile

The Hummer, now essentially complete. If they passed too quickly, they might mistake it for an organ. A wide, tall instrument with a console that wraps around like an outboard organ keyboard, the "keys" even correspond to tall metal rods which rise in the familiar pipe organ pyramid. The rods, however, aren't pipes; instead, electrical appliances are attached to the ends of them. When the musician hits a key, he turns on a corresponding machine. Frick has placed deeper-voiced appliances at the center; three ancient vacuum cleaners emit their slower RPMs at the summit, and descending down from them on both sides are other machines whose noises climb in pitch and finally dissolve into pure electrical hiss. With his hands he aims a light gun (mounted on a handlebar) at the ducks; with each hit the affected bird kicks backward to strike a dense aluminum gong, and the chiming, amplified, floods the space around the instrument with wave after wave of shimmering tone.

The Stomper, a percussion instrument, uses feet on a resonating box to produce its sounds. The musician stomps with his own feet, and he also moves levers to bring time pairs of mawkin's feet (clad in boots, tap shoes, and high heels) crashing into synchopation. And there's the Arc Harp and the Boat and four other instruments which each wriggle away from easy description with equal success. That pleases Frick, who says he never wanted his creations to be merely sculpture or merely musical instruments or merely props or partners for dancers. He says, "I wanted

each of those elements to have some vitality to it. A dark-haired young man, Frick could play Puck in the dream world he has created. When he laughs, his eyes crinkle up with a mischievous gleam. Though he's only twenty-seven, he can show off a book of press clippings which make him look like an accomplished master of the media event. Born in Missouri of academical parents, he grew up in Lebanon and says his musical career began more than ten years ago when he began traveling around, collecting music, and playing in the Middle East and Africa with a succession of rock bands.

From the beginning, Frick's groups were enraptured with paraphernalia; the musicians traveled with pigeons and pigs and fireworks. "We had garbage fights and food fights," Frick recalls. "The paraphernalia lists were enormous." When the groups finally disbanded and Frick returned to the U.S. and settled in San Diego (to study at San Diego State and UCSD), he continued to work with music; although another form of artistic expression sidetracked him for several years. In 1973 and 1974 he staged "spectacles," and organized a corps of "conceptual activists" at twenty-seven universities who undertook such projects as hoisting a giant can of deodorant up to spray the underarm of the Statue of Liberty, and flinging a large nose pinched by a clothespin over the polluted Los Angeles freeways. When Frick finally disengaged himself from the spectacle production, he and other local artists, including

(continued on page 18)

Photograph by Jim Coit



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Puff Peace

I adore Valerie Ehrlich's
fortitude (even if it is out of
desperation for her very life)! And
thanks to the Reader for
enlightening us about the various
and often ineffective no-smoking
ordinances which prevail ("City
Lights," August 30).

Valerie, any time you need a
witness—a willing witness—to
quote George Sorey (director of
Citizens Assistance &
Information), please consider my
availability! It is only as a majority
of society becomes potently aware
of the smoking scourge/affliction
that the problem will be resolved
completely.
Suzanne Michaels
San Diego

Story Telling

Referring to the article on
antismoking laws and enforcement
(August 30) in which I am quoted,
I wish to take issue on two points:
First, I don't think it is fair to
conclude that San Diego's
enforcement is any more lax than
that in the county or the other cities
in the county. For example, you
point out that the prosecuting
agencies cannot find a penalty to
apply in the case of the state law.
But in San Diego, there is a
penalty. Had the case originated in
the city, it could have been
handled differently.

Secondly, my quoted comment
about not enforcing the ordinance,
at counters was not a general
comment, but was made in
response to a specific question
from your reporter about
enforcement in liquor stores. The
comment was not intended to
apply to such establishments as
banks, markets, and
business-office counters.

Letters

Otherwise, the story was
interesting and informative. We
continue to rely on voluntary
compliance with what we believe
is a reasonable ordinance, but we
will refer cases for prosecution
when the evidence warrants.
George Sorey, Director,
Citizens Assistance & Information
City of San Diego

Dishonorable Mention

I sincerely hope that the cop
mentioned first in Joe Applegate's
article ("Anything Else Missing?"
August 16) is not representative of
either the San Diego Police

Department's employees or their
duties. However, I fear the worst.
Frank Allen
Imperial Beach

Source Pan

As an eternal optimist I keep
hoping that someday Eleanor
Wiener will undergo a
metamorphosis and become a real
restaurant critic. Visiting one
restaurant on only one evening is
absurd. This results in a review
based only upon a sampling of a
tiny fraction of the entire menu.
Any serious critic would not
attempt a review given such an
obviously insufficient data base.
Moreover, who ever heard of
reviewing a restaurant open for
only a few days or weeks? Perhaps
someday Wiener will understand
and master the art of reviewing. In
the interim I shall be forced to seek
my restaurant recommendations
from other more reliable sources.
Robert M. Foster
San Diego

It Ain't Joan, Bob

I usually find it possible to ignore
Steve Emsdolina because you have
several considerably better writers
on your staff, but I must make two
points in response to Emsdolina's
comments on Joan Baez.

He says in the end that he doesn't
question her integrity, but what
does he think he is doing by calling
her an opportunist and one who
lives off her association with
Dylan? Of the two, I don't seem to
have much trouble deciding who
the opportunist is, and it seems
likely that Dylan has used Baez
much more than she has used him,
at least if we are to believe the
Scadco book, which Dylan
himself approved.

As an songwriter, Baez has an
amazing ability to make lyrics
mean something for the first time,
especially in her recordings of
Dylan's songs. And it's not just that
she pronounces the words clearly so
that meaning and melody can be
joined. She also has a feel for
phrasing, which is the essence of
meaning in either speech or
singing.

What is most impressive is that
she can give Dylan's impossible
but wonderful songs musical value.
As a composer, she is capricious
and musically fairly simple, but she
does not pretend to more. It's
tempting to turn the word
"pretend" on Emsdolina, but this
really is a letter for Baez and not
against him. I'm convinced she is
not just a survivor of a fiercer era,
but that she causes something of
the quality of that time to survive with
her.
James Mack
Golden Hill

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

In January a neighborhood tomcat commenced to slipping through the kitchen window to visit this female cat of mine. On the floor I kept a fiberfill sleeping bag, which acquired a hideous odor and has kept it ever since. I'm told that the tomcat "sprayed" it and that nothing can remove the smell; dry cleaning has had no effect. What happened? Is there any way to remove the smell?

Eric L. DuVall

Del Mar

The tomcat got possessive and urinated on your sleeping bag, which was natural but uncool. Cats, wolves, dogs, and other hunting animals urinate in certain places to mark their territory, and apparently to guide themselves on trails. A tomcat's urine stinks from the abundance of hormones it contains, among them testosterone. There's a product in a pump spray container called F.O.N. (for Feline Odor Neutralizer); an eight-ounce bottle costs five dollars at the Kearny Mesa Veterinary Hospital, 8040 Arroyo Street. You might call a pet hospital in your area to see if it carries the product.

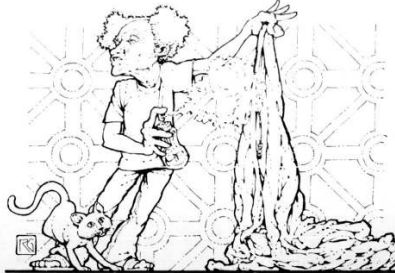
Dear Matthew Alice:

Are there more men than women in San Diego?

Curious Couple

San Diego

Men generally outnumber women in this city and will continue to do so in the next decade, according to the special census of 1975, and projections into 1980. But these figures show some interesting exceptions. In 1975, men between twenty and twenty-four years old outnumbered



women by about two thousand (75,024 men compared to 73,017 women); but in 1980 the majority is expected to reverse, with 80,487 women compared to 74,838 men. Demographers expect that a fair number of women in this highly mobile age group will move to San Diego, creating a bulge in their overall number. Men presently maintain the majority in age groups from thirty to forty-four, but suddenly become the minority at forty-five.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Could you please supply me with information on Servas International? How does it differ from Youth Hostels?

J. Okoniewski

Lake Murray

Servas and Youth Hostels share the same aspiration: to encourage world peace by putting all sorts of people under the same roof. But instead of maintaining a chain of hostels where students and young families find shelter during a trip, Servas puts people together in homes. Servas is a worldwide organization of people who agree to shelter fellow members during their travels. Nobody joins the group without being interviewed. Twyla Aspenleiter of La Mesa, who interviews prospective hosts, said she hardly cares if somebody keeps a spacious guest room. She cares to see if someone's thoughts on race and nationality are wide enough for guests. Hosts pay five dollars a year to be listed in Servas's North American handbook, and they

agree to nothing more than providing travelers with a place to sleep for two nights. A traveler pays twenty-five dollars for the year in which he travels (a family pays thirty dollars), in addition to a fifteen-dollar deposit for the handbook with its list of host families (who number 4000 in the U.S., including sixty in San Diego). To quote from a listing in the current handbook, Jewel Palmer of Phoenix, Arizona, will accept two travelers for two nights at a time, provided they phone ahead. The listing includes her telephone number and directions for finding her home, information on bus routes, and notes on her interests, languages, and travels. The guests arrive with letters of introduction and I.D. cards. Dr. H.C. Steinmetz, a retired psychologist who interviews prospective travelers in San Diego, usually asks the applicant for a couple of personal recommendations, and judges applicants on whether they seem likely to follow three rules: accept hosts of all races and nationalities, foster peace among nations, and behave as becomes a guest, offering to help with small chores and so on. Steinmetz has never rejected an application. "One thing I'm glad to see is some of the old folks becoming travelers instead of always being hosts," he said. "And the main thing I have to watch for, I guess, is to see that people who join Servas are really travelers, not salesmen who want to avoid the cost of a motel on a business trip."

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o The Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138.

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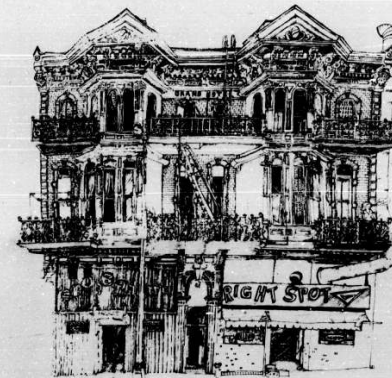
Get a little racy at the Del Mar Thoroughbred Club. First race, 2 p.m. Driving to the track, take the Via de la Valle exit from I-5.

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Restaurants

Le Champs Elysées

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Piret's.
The Location: 902 West Washington Street (297-2993).
Type of Food: French "delicatessen" to take home or eat there.
Price Range: Approximately five dollars for meals at lunch; breakfast rolls and coffee à la carte.
Hours: Open daily. Monday to Saturday, 5:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.; Sunday, 9:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.

The sudden arrival on the culinary scene of several establishments offering similar food has been a subject of some interest to historians of culture. I say culture because in its highest form, cooking is as great an art as any and may be considered a reflection of the general quality of life. Many people who do not know San Diego regard it with condescension on the incorrect assumption that this city is the foremost producer of tacos and tostadas. In recent years, the influx of people from Vietnam has broadened the dining spectrum, and more immediately, the emergence of several French shops that offer both take-out and in-house dining is a mark of the growing sophistication of San Diego as a serious dining center.

Because of its long history of excellence and innovation, French cooking has been considered the standard against which other cuisines test themselves. Vietnamese and even Chinese cooking have been strongly influenced by the French, and in the major capitals of the world, as well as in our larger cities, French cooking has been associated with dining elegance.

In San Diego, L'Escargot and La Chausserie have consistently turned out authentic French meals of high quality, and though the pastries of La Chausserie can be faulted, their entrees, particularly the nightly specials, are invariably interesting and well prepared. L'Escargot, of course, does fish and seafood superbly, and its variety of small preparations cannot be duplicated in San Diego.

However, while the new purveyors of French food are more modest in scope, they achieve high marks in excellence. There's a shop in La Jolla called French Gourmet [713 Pearl Street, 459-5332] that deserves your attention. Operated by two French chefs, it offers gorgeous bread (baked on the premises), a variety of pâtés (such as duck), quiche, stuffed eggs, and pastries. The food is hardly cheap — a quiche at French Gourmet is approximately double the price of the same dish at Queen of Tarts, though larger. But French Gourmet does afford San Diegans the opportunity to experience some beautifully prepared delicacies. I was virtually in a state of shock from a dessert called chocolate mousse meringue because its rich chocolate taste was every chocolate junkie's dream. Moreover, the bread and pâtés are interesting, and on certain days the chef prepares coq au vin or scallops, all for take-out.

It's too bad that French Gourmet does not have room for tables because it does everything so much better than the French Pastry Shop [La Jolla Boulevard], which is always jammed with people but where the service is slapdash and the product varies from good to passable. Its pastries are its crown, but it drags its French feet over its pâtés and salads. Nor does the French Pastry Shop have the devotion to disseminating it: refined virtues of French cookery is part of every good French establishment.

And that brings me to Piret and George Munger, who have opened a charcuterie on Washington Street in Mission Hills. A scant four years ago they opened the Perfect Pan (around the corner on Goldfinch Street), which sold gourmet cookware and



Illustration by Richard Markert

related products. Soon they expanded into the most extraordinary cooking school in this area. Noted chefs from distant parts of the world gave cooking demonstrations at the Perfect Pan, and the lunches, also prepared by established chefs and limited to about sixteen diners per meal, became legendary. Enthusiasts would sign up months in advance. Despite the escalating costs, no one blinched, simply because each meal was unique.

Now the Mungers have opened a charcuterie, which is the French version of a delicatessen. It offers, both for take-out and sit-down dining, a range of pâtés, salads, cheeses, quiches, bread, and pastries the likes of which cannot be encountered in San Diego. Pâté en terrine consists of meat, game, or fish, pulverized and placed in a dish (terrine) often lined with bacon and cooked in the oven. The product, which resembles a loaf, is served by the slice, cold. Pâté may also be prepared en croute, which is to say with a pastry crust. The French prepare pâtés from duck, goose (the famous *pâté de foie gras*), lamb, partridge, pheasant, rabbit — each with a distinctive taste. As a rule, Americans are not strong on pâtés, and many confuse it with commercial liverwurst. For those who have not tried pâtés (and for those who have), Piret's now offers several, prepared by a French chef. There's also a separate pastry chef, and you can have a continental-style breakfast of coffee and croissant or brioche as early as 8:00 a.m. The lunch, which is served until 7:00 p.m., costs approximately five dollars and may consist of cold dishes, including, for example, two salads served with pâté, or one or two hot items that may be added to the menu.

The Mungers have displayed fine style in the design of the room (which is dominated by the counter where the food is displayed) and in the careful attention to the silverware, the dishes, and all the appointments. Not only is it a feast to gaze upon the glazed pastries with their fresh fruits, including raspberries, but the stuffed eggs, the cheeses, and the various entrees taste every bit as good as they

look. If San Diegans do not take this establishment to their hearts with overwhelming enthusiasm, it will only be because they require time to educate their palates to these continental "meal-cites." Above everything is the pleasure of the professionalism. When you eat at Piret's, you know that you are not in the hands of some midnight cowboy whose idea of French is French's mustard and who can only turn a hand at the hamburger.

Of equal importance is the fact that the Mungers have initiated a series of dinners prepared by some of the great chefs of Europe. Admittedly, the high cost may place these dinners out of the range of most people, but the price of fifty-five dollars includes all the wine you can drink as well as the tip. It's an experience you would have once a year. Last week Alain Dutois, the owner of Au Trou Gascon in Paris, flew in to cook for three evenings at Piret's. At age twenty-nine he is a two-star chef and one of the exponents of nouvelle cuisine, which, simply stated, means that he avoids the traditional sauces based on butter and cream. When I spoke with the more traditional French chef, Jacques Pépin, he explained that at least one and a half cups of cream go into an individual serving of sauce, and his rule for pâté is one pound of livers to one pound of butter. Alain Dutois avoids these products in his cooking.

Dutois told me that although he grew up in a kitchen (his father had a small hotel in southwest France and his mother taught him cooking), he never aspired to work in a larger restaurant. Both in his parents' kitchen near Bayonne and later in Toulouse he kept to tiny restaurants where he could exercise his ingenuity and resourcefulness. Once he was the chef in a Chinese restaurant in Munich, Germany, where he learned to prepare as many as 400 different dishes.

His recipes are entirely his own creation, and whether they succeed or fail, you know that you won't cross the street and taste them elsewhere. Dutois is obsessive — he thinks about recipes all the time and rarely tires of it. In his Parisian res-

taurant, Au Trou Gascon, he works eighteen hours a day, and the menus are contingent on what is available at the market. "When I go to the market, I think in my head, which is boiling all the time, all the time with ideas for food. Cooking is my life. You ask me if I have been influenced by this one or that, but no. I have not time enough for reading, but I dream of food all the time. When I see a fish, I dream of the taste of fish and also how it will look. I think of the colors of the dish and how it will look. My restaurant is a very old nineteenth-century place and on the walls are pictures of the four seasons. I change my recipes for all the four seasons and every time it's an adventure."

This sense of adventure was communicated to many dishes he prepared at Piret's. Some succeeded eminently, some less so, but no one could hide him for a lack of originality. The first evening I attended, the outstanding dish was the first course, which consisted of Gulf shrimp prepared with saffron and melon. The dish was a knockout, gorgeous in color and almost Japanese in its preparation with fresh raspberries and cinnamon bark floating on top, and the pink shrimp enhanced by the vivid yellow sauce.

The vegetables, prepared with cumin, were also fantastic, a mélange of fresh artichoke hearts, zucchini, blanched olives, and pimientos. Regrettably, the sautéed lamb chops did not work as well as they might have if they had been prepared in a rack with the elegant sauce spooned over them. They were sautéed individually but the result did not reflect the immense amount of work that had gone into them. I decided I would have to return to eat what my son called "chocolate bunny," or rabbit in chocolate sauce. "Ah," quipped my son the next night, "so that's why you're leaving, for chocolate bunny."

The meal the second night consisted of warm turtle salad with a pâté made from sweetbreads and pistachios. I had never had this combination before and it worked beautifully. Again, it was stunning visually, unique in concept, and marvelous to the taste. The second course was rabbit in bitter chocolate sauce served with fresh tagliatelle, or homemade pasta. The pasta was a bit overcooked, but the rabbit was distinctive. (For those who would like to prepare a modified version at home, Alain Dutois kindly shared his recipe with me. Cover the rabbit with salt, pepper, and Dijon mustard. Refrigerate for several days. In his restaurant, he lets the rabbit marinate for a week. Boil down red wine — sorry, he did not specify what kind — and add shaved bitter chocolate. Spoon this over rabbit and bake until the skin is crisp. The marination will make the rabbit extremely tender. Use chocolate to taste — this is not to be confused with Mexican moles.)

The dessert, listed as peach soup, was a combination of fresh fruit to which the whites of hard-boiled eggs were added in minute slivers. An almond gelatin, possibly a thin sauce and fresh mint left pi-quant. It was served in a huge soup bowl. If you are already groaning at reading this, bear in mind that three different wines were served: white for the sweetbreads, red for the rabbit, and champagne for the fruit dessert. I drank Perrier water throughout, and had to forego the freshly whipped sweet butter and bread, as well as the tray of imported cheeses which came after the entrees. I love my Aunt Bertha but I don't wish to acquire her pear-shaped body.

Gastronomically speaking, I have discovered more traditional French dinners, but I have rarely experienced such remarkable combinations of foods. In that sense, these dinners at Piret's are cultural in import, the introduction to San Diego of cuisines that we otherwise could only experience by flying to Europe. For this innovation and execution Piret and George Munger are to be loudly applauded. □

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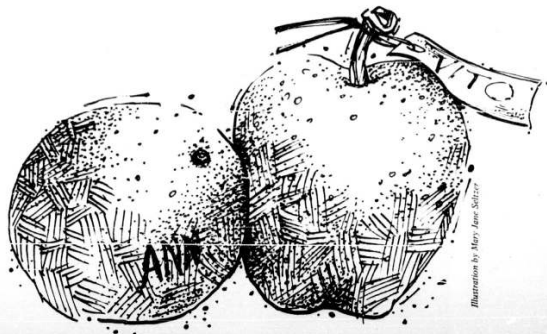
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INSTANT CREDIT



Life in the Fruit Bowl

By Sue Garson

"It's a helluva lot easier livin' with three guys than with just one," she winks. "and more fun than livin' with a bunch of yogs, veggie, holistic ladies. I've been that route, too," she adds, taking a slow drag on a menthol cigarette. "Too restrictive for me."

When I knew her several years ago, Maryann was the redheaded, freckled, chubby, blue-jean-and-sweat-shirt WASP princess-next-door who dutifully accompanied her mother to evening film classes at Mesa College and wrote unpunctuated, hypersensitive free verse on the fly.

Last week, nearly five years later, Maryann reappeared at a Sunday morning garden apartment bagel and lox festival. She wore a svelte, hand-embroidered Guatemalan ensemble and was accompanied by an attractive European gentleman in a Guayabera shirt, Hawaiian bathing trunks, and a wide-brimmed, dark suede cowboy hat. Vito, a former soccer player from Turin, Italy, has followed a long expatriate trail. He did a brief stint as a university student in Santiago, Chile, and following Allende's assassination, made the rounds in Rio de Janeiro as an upper-middle-class drifter. It was at a bossa nova bash in Brazil that Vito bumped into Jesus, his Colombian counterpart. The likely pair teamed up and made it as far as Tijuana, where they were detained for what turned out to be a lengthy engagement at the immigration office. Eventually they arrived in San Diego. Her looks: Vito immediately offered his culinary services concurrently to two continental restaurants (both jobs currently support his brand-new Alfa Romeo) and Jesus offered himself as a local hospital as an aide.

Together they found a furnished one-bedroom Pacific Beach apartment replete with balcony overlooking the ocean, Jacuzzis, and tennis courts; they took advantage of billiards, ping-pong, volleyball, sauna, steam room, Sunday brunch and the works. This was the life, before rent and other inflationary barometers went haywire.

Enter Uri, a one-time Pan American soccer star who met Vito, always an aficionado, at a match. Presently unemployed and loving it, Uri is the quintessential bon vivant—a beach jock. Divorce and its inevitable by-products (a therapist, ex-wife in New York City and a collection of one-night stands and other pyrrhic victories) have allowed Uri, a Spanish-speaking Sephardic sabra born and raised near the Dead Sea, to supply the ménage with good gossip, hyperbolic tales of local and international womanizing, tennis rackets, typewriters, televisions, stereos, and health club passes. No questions asked—no explanations given—the offerings are merely accepted at face value. Uri miraculously manages to come up with his seventy-five-dollar-a-month (utilities included) share of the rent, which ensures the semipermanent location of his single bed in the living room and exclusive use of the hall closet. House rules are flexible, save for Uri's sacrosanct corner—wherever gets in first has dibs on the bedroom's twin beds. Last one in gets the hammock, which is tenuously attached to the ceiling by a couple of plant hooks. Someone invariably gets stuck sleeping on the sofa.

Jesus's hospital connection supplies the apartment with essential freebies—soap, toilet paper, towels, and matching hospital gowns and pajamas—while Vito's employment provides leftover restaurant pasta and pizza, which often suffices as a hurried breakfast.

A year ago Maryann drifted in temporarily when she was waitressing at one of the restaurants where Vito does the *osso bucco* while she is in between places. She spent a couple of nights with the international crew, authoritatively invoked her high school Spanish, sharpened her understanding of multicultural humor, learned to step over rather than on crabbers Roberto (a waiter at Giallo's) and Javier (a dental assistant who works in San Diego, resides in Tijuana, and is often too tired to make the trip back home after a long day's work and a long night's partying), and eventually staked claim to half a closet and most of Vito.

"Jesus is definitely the 'mother' here. No doubt about that. He's on self-inflicted permanent KP and vacuum and trash detail. He's very busy—kind of a martyr," says Maryann. "Vito's the only room only because I'm the only one here who can't stand it dirty, not because I'm the only female. Vito is the group boss, but he compensates—music, midnight cooking, laughs."

"Sometimes it's hard for me to stand with all the noise around here, so I spend lots of time at the library or at the pool," she continues. "But when I had my finals, everyone cleared out for three days. Actually, they're considerate. It's true that there's no privacy here but there's no loneliness either. And with the money we all save on rent, we can do lots of other things. We spend too much money at the restaurants," she laughs. "And I just came back from a week in Mexico City with my friend Maria."

The bursting-at-the-seams apartment is

adorned with the artifacts of the former lives of four, sometimes five, characters in search of a genuine guru: soccer trophies; grim, shrunken Indian heads from Brazil; flamenco guitars; recordings from the Argentine pampas; month (utilities included) share of the rent, which ensures the semipermanent location of his single bed in the living room and exclusive use of the hall closet.

Uri confides, almost with a touch of pride, that eviction notices are served regularly due to complaints from neighbors regarding conflicting stereo-phonic equipment played at considerable volume. But Vito, the charmer and spokesperson for the group, consistently manages to cajole the management out of actually going ahead with the procedure. "It's a game. And so far we've been winning," grins Uri, the curly-haired crown prince of bedouin.

And it's also a style of life which helps write the obituary for the traditional Filipinos nuclear family, as well as for the alienated monasticism of the late Sixties and early Seventies. According to U.S. Census Bureau statistics, the number of unwed couples living together has more than doubled since 1970, when there were more than 530,000 heterosexual couples sharing a roof. This figure takes into consideration only a small percentage of unmarried arrangements; it discounts platonic and/or polyamorous groups, as well as homosexual coupling and tripling. Demographers attribute this trend not only to the incoincidence of income due to inflation, but to the increasing desire to pursue nonfamilial interests, and, of course, to the staggering divorce rate.

Only a decade or two ago the expression "roommate" suggested images of fraternity and sorority life—free-associated mascots, hazing, and football. Today's context is different. Based primarily on economics, plus the paradoxes of the human condition, many unmarrieds are eager to trade total autonomy for limited affiliation, as they enter a demilitarized commitment. Household combinations are creative, expansive, and seemingly limitless; they are not restricted to special-interest or hobby groups or to the under-thirty crowd. Single parents, grandparents, and never-marrieds participate either on a formal basis or through casual drifting together of extended family groups, many of which are multigenerational. People are becoming pragmatic. The prevailing attitude is, "The 'now' family seems based on the 'whatever works' syndrome. Due to a more clearly defined division

of labor, less traditional role-playing occurs, and due to the distinct separation of finances and relatives (no in-laws to blame for relationship failures), there seems to be more consideration of each other's life space. Yet sharing the same physical space brings with it emotional aspects that cannot be ignored. Many people realize that the more common interests they share, the better it will work. This, specifically explicit classified ads appear in the vein of the European immigrants at the turn of the century, who advertised for mates by playing ads in ethnic newspapers. Some of the ads run like this:

ROOMMATE NEEDED (plano), to help find and share an apartment in Chula Vista. Strangely, clean, quiet. No smokers, drugs, alcoholics. Eating of fish, poultry, and beef OK (no pork). Peaceful atmosphere. I'm a working woman. 35.

WANTED: Ex-Girl Scout who pays bills on time, to share 3 bedroom, 2 bath house in Pacific Beach with a girl and a guy. Pleasant, unambitious, good student preferred; more acceptable if happy and harmless. Must be non-cigarite smoker.

DO YOU KNOW a mother with small child who would be interested in locating and sharing a bedroom dwelling with a father and his 12-year-old daughter? Genuinely interested in creating a growth-oriented living environment.

ROOMMATE NEEDED to share spacious house with La Jolla with great view. Prefer gay man, nothing weird, and smokers welcome.

VEGETARIAN roommate invited to share "nothing weird" house in La Jolla, close to beach, organic garden. One mile from park. Ecology-oriented, holistic, natural living. No dogs.

WOMAN-IDENTIFIED woman wanted to share woman's household in La Jolla, close to beach, fenced yard, pet OK.

FRENCH-SPEAKING MALE, 39, will share three-level, two-bedroom, two-bath house (partially furnished) near SDSU with one or two other guys. Private sundae, pool, sauna, off-street parking, etc. Prefer semi-gay, private, responsible, stable individual(s) who can handle General humor and mood. No rock/television/phone freaks, raving ideologues, or anti-Semites/Gay-baiting OK.

HELP: Single father (30) needs single, sensitive female to care for little girl, household, cook. Live in my apartment near La Jolla. Meals, possible carpooling, and other domestic responsibilities. Consideration, young, health-minded, nonvegetarian, frivolous, fun-loving, intelligent, straight, unattached, basically Christian values. No rock, grass. If you exist, please send photo and personality description. Emphasize foods, music, TV you like, social life, values, standards, thoughts on children, etc. Consider a single mother.

PROFESSIONAL MAN with own social life wishes to share comfortable 1 bedroom La Jolla home near beach and Tennis Club with two women or one couple.

MELLOW WOMAN, son, dog need home, beach area. Will cook, clean for less rent. Please, no cigarette smokers. Prefer aware, higher-consciousness male.

FEMALE HOUSEMATE for cord house near SDSU. Energized, aware individual with their own life to lead. Clean, responsible.

Contrary to the formally structured communes of the East Coast, many San Diegans casually drift into consecutive numbers of innovative living arrangements that meet their individual needs at the particular time. Former Marine Jack Canaan, public relations and ad man and fifty-nine-year-old fugitive from a thirty-year marriage that produced four children, says that because he has been accustomed to heavy traffic throughout his life, he simply refuses to acclimate to a monastic cell. Immediately after his divorce, Jack roomed with San Diego nightclub singer Joey Gallo for a while ("An *Odd Couple* situation develops when two men share quarters cigar smoke and sweat socks," broods Jack), then moved into the condominium of a woman he was dating. The glib-gritty of household details and domestic life was romance. Jack left on friendly terms and moved into a plush two-bedroom apartment at the Oakwood Apartments in Pacific Beach, which he shared with his oldest daughter Mary, who was attending SDSU at the time.

Bananas and citrus fruit exteriors were initialed in felt pen. Even the eggs were inscribed with their respective owner's initials. Budweiser six-packs had primitively marked, hand-printed warnings that read, "Keepa you hands off."

After Mary left to create a life entirely independent from her father, who was footing the entire bill, Jack felt at a loss for companionship. This feeling prompted him to jump into the Jacuzzi at odd hours in hopes there'd be someone to rap with about local or national politics, or the Chargers, or real estate, or inflation, or anything at all as panacea for his loneliness and insomnia. Despite predictable Jacuzzis conversations, life was still hardly bearable for Jack while he was, in his words, "between productions," until he met Jean, a divorced, middle-aged secretary. Within half an hour of their meeting, he mentioned his predicament. Two hours later Jean moved in. They split expenses and household responsibilities right down the middle and maintained a brother/sister relationship until a few months ago, when Jean responded to an ad to share a Point Loma apartment with another woman at half the rent Oakwood charges. Jean visits frequently and gets along well with Ruth, Jack's newest roommate. Ruth, who manages a children's clothing shop in La Jolla, says, "I was married too long—thirty-three years—so I was living alone. An apartment is just not a 'home' when you live in it by yourself."

Because their situation is tenuous and fragile, Ruth and Jack take pains to be more considerate of each other than they purchased many years ago. For example, Ruth is improving her "casual" housekeeping because Jack likes the place to look like a "model," while he, in turn, has given up booze in consideration of Ruth. Both considerations are done voluntarily rather than by the continuing nagging that surfaced in their formal years. But economic independence is the key, they agree. They share the \$454-per-month rent equally, put eating money into a common kitty, and the ex-wife and Jack might declare a dividend with the leftover cash and splurge on a prime rib restaurant dinner. Jack and former roommate Jean don't keep food separately without sharing meals.

Jean says the experience of living with another woman feels totally different from sharing an apartment with Jack. "I'm much more careful and considerate—about noise and about keeping my things out of the bathroom. Our lives are entirely separate; we don't know the same people, we come and go at different hours, so we have practically no conversation. Although we're both divorced, we're not what you might call 'roommates,'" she explains. "In a sense, living with a man on a platonic basis is

easier because we complement each other rather than compete or conflict."

According to Oakwood's "Roommate Scrapbook," which lists potential roommates, these situations transcend social, professional, and class barriers. The scrapbook lists names, ages, occupations, sex preferences, smoking habits, occasional photographs, and offers a cross-section that includes a fifty-year-old male financial planner, a thirty-four-year-old male bartender, a manager of the San Diego Symphony, a bank teller, an optician, lawyers, waitresses, retirees, unemployed, and a forty-two-year-old female art teacher whose blurb states, "No disco music." What they all have in common is obvious—they all choose to live at Oakwood, albeit expensively, because Oakwood is a microcosmic urbane center providing social events, classes, tournaments, and recreation which meet quite a large number of social needs. Rumor has it that an Arabian sheik is a tenant, as well as most of an international soccer team and retirees from the talm industry.

Doug, a divorced environmentalist and father of an eleven-year-old son in Seattle, has had six sets of roommates in four years. "As far as I'm concerned," says Doug, "there are only two advantages: economic and telephone messages. And as far as messages go, live roommates can

around," Laura says. "It had nothing to do with money. They stayed for months on end and didn't pay anything. Most of them were students or else they worked for foreign consulates. I guess they slept on the couch."

From the collage of faces, ages, incomes, and sexual styles of those who decide to live collectively or communally for spiritual and emotional comfort, as well as for economic and physical convenience, Thea, a fortyish classical ballet aficionado, more accurately a dilettante, must be temporarily displaced.

Thea leaves in her wake a crowded trail of former husbands and lovers, some of whom have already taken leave of this planet while others have merely departed this county. Each relationship was so profitable monetarily that now Thea considers herself a patron. She throws trendy parties at her Mission Hills place at which members of the local and Los Angeles artistic community are frequent guests.

"I feel so free, now that I can actually afford to live alone," exclaims Thea as she plunges into the redwood hot tub on the back patio. The tub already contains five other humans bobbing around in 110 degrees of water.

As the story unfolds I learn that this "freedom" has emanated from a long series of living arrangements, a procession that had endured almost a quarter of a

century. Thea seems to enjoy the ruminations of her past liaisons, but like the chorus of an old refrain, every paragraph ends with the same exclamation: "But now I feel so free." She keeps busy, she says, attending the ballet here and in Los Angeles and sometimes in San Francisco, attending astrology lectures, and working her plants, all of which, she claims, is terribly consuming. "They're addicted to my kind of music, too. Every time I play Swart Out they come running in like a bunch of inch. Suckulents are my life!" she says, gesturing to several dozen varietals.

Thea climbs out of the tub and motions for me to follow her into another part of the house. "Here, meet my secret roomie. His name is Mischka," she says, motioning to a cage near the closet, introducing me to a sleek-looking pet python. "He's named for Baryshnikov, of course."

"Who else?" I agree, moving gingerly in the direction of the door while wondering (but not asking) when Mischka is due for his next feeding and what his culinary preferences are.

A flurry of activity accompanies the arrival of Thea's sister J.J., who drops in just to see how she is getting along, or so she says. She carries with her two offerings: one, a rare Arizona Pincushion cactus; the other is a copy of the current *Family Circle* magazine, which neither Thea nor I show any interest.

J.J. expresses dismay that her kid sister is presently the only occupant of nearly 2000 square feet of living space valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

"Such a waste," sighs J.J. as she wanders toward the piano then wriggles out of her wine-colored Daniels and descends into the tub, leaving a scattered trail of shoes, purse, and skirt along the way.

Family Circle is left abandoned on the kitchen counter, opened to page thirty-eight, which happens to be where *Family Circle's* "Longevity Test" begins.

"If you are living contentedly with someone else (it need not be a spouse—a child or a roommate will do), add two points to your life span," it says.

"If you live alone, subtract one point in the plus column." It can continue.

"If you live alone, subtract an additional point and subtract one for every ten years you have lived alone since age twenty-five," it goes on.

"Thank God for Mischka," Thea laughs. "How many plus points for cactus?" she asks J.J. and the five bobbing heads as she climbs back into the tub.

Through a Child's Eyes



John Sinsor, Frank White

JONATHAN SAVILLE

If, on seeing William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* (currently in a pleasant production at the Mission Playhouse), you were to conclude that the author was totally talentless, no one could blame you for the mistake. But a mistake it would be. Saroyan, in the brief time he caught the public's interest (in the 1930s and '40s), was the author of a fairly large number of charming autobiographical sketches, works which still have a freshness and sweetness to them, like old lavender. The trouble is that the qualities that gave these sketches their special delicate aroma are exactly the qualities least adaptable to the art of the stage. *The Time of Your Life* shows us Saroyan utterly out of his element, like a designer of gloves trying to build a submarine.

First of all, the only period of life Saroyan had any accurate feeling for was childhood. Books like *The Human Comedy* or *My Name Is Aram* have a lovely knack for evoking the color, humor, and innocence of a particular kind of childhood experience. Saroyan is especially good at

reproducing the atmosphere of the seminal San Joaquin Valley (where he grew up in the second decade of this century), as perceived through the sensibilities of a lovely, happy child. Even as a treatment of childhood, this is a very limited and partial picture: there is no tragedy, no suffering, no loss, no hatred, no ambivalence, no psychological conflict. But it is rich in mischief, in eccentric personalities, and in fun. Saroyan had — and has maintained — a perfect, idealized, nine-year-old personality.

I do not mean to belittle this gift. It is no easy thing to write truthfully and vividly about childhood, and *My Name Is Aram* has just the right touch of reality and of whimsy to make it a classic of its kind. But the nine-year-old personality is a bit too limited as an authorial point of view when it comes to writing for the theater. *The Time of Your Life* shows us a random group of people in a San Francisco saloon, and — alas — only one of them is anywhere near nine years old. This is a musical newboy (played on the night I saw the show by an astonishing kid named Lincoln Horton, whose ringing high tones — produced all wrong, but nevertheless there — suggest

that when his voice changes he might be a terrific natural tenor). The newboy does little more than express his desire to be a singer, demonstrating his ability with a rendition of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" — but with his simplicity, vitality, naivete, and unembarrassed joyfulness, this character comes across as unalloyed Saroyan, a walking cliché and yet wonderfully real.

The other characters, however, show Saroyan at his weakest. He had no idea of how to portray adults, except as light-niggling character parts that strut eccentrically for a moment and then are gone before we can start to wonder what they are really like, underneath all those jolly external quirks. For example, "Kit Carson" (amusingly played by John Sinsor) is an old diffident in the tradition of extravagant American liars; he does his little number, like a vaudeville act of tall tales; but who he really is, or what it is really like to be in his skin, are questions Saroyan never asks. This is not an adult who has lived in the world for fifty-eight years; it is an adult seen through the eyes of a kid with a taste for the bizarre.

The same thing is true for most of the

other characters, all of whom are both extremely childlike in themselves and further limited in characterization by the limited perceptions of their childhood observer, William Saroyan. The most complex character in the play — or, rather, Saroyan's most desperate attempt at a complex character — is Joe, a rich, good-hearted drunk who sits in the saloon all day, does good deeds, makes wise philosophical observations, and suffers from some kind of melancholy. He, too, is infatigable in his tastes, his whims, and his playfulness, and that is where all his charms lie. But otherwise the character is a fantasy, without a coherent structure of personality, without an intelligible past, without the precise details of living that give the real world its fullness and thickness, and without the kind of motivation that would allow us (or the author) to make sense of his actions. Joe is played with great skill by Frank White, a remarkably able actor, but not even Mr. White, with his litting voice (sometimes not completely audible), expressive eyebrows, and realistic body gestures of age and drunkenness, can make Joe seem anything more than a character in a play — that is, someone dreamed up, constructed, pasted together, rather than a creature of flesh and blood.

Another of Saroyan's qualities that serves him decently enough in his stories is his philosophy of life. He believes that man is essentially gentle, dignified, and loving; he believes that life is good and the world is good, and that the only reason there is unhappiness is our crazy refusal to live and let live; he does not like industrialism, capitalism, cruelty, or war; he is fond of workers and poor people, contemptuous of authority figures and rich people; and he doesn't care beans about history, philosophy, politics, or any other complicated, intellectual way of trying to understand what people are and how they have gotten that way. In short, he is a pro-rural, anti-intellectual sentimentalist, a late, feeble and inarticulate echo of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

I can see to be making fun of these attitudes, it is not because I myself am an apostle of factories, violence, or millionaires. What the sage of Fresno says about life calls up a deep, yearning, emotional response in me (as in practically everyone) that I often find my critical faculties in a stupor when I am confronted with one of his literary productions. But with great effort I tear myself back to the world of reason, realizing that it is not what Saroyan says that makes me sick of

him, but the way he says it (and says it again and again and again). For example: "In the time of your life, live — so that in that good time there shall be no ugliness or death for yourself or for any life your life touches. Seek goodness everywhere, and when it is found, bring it out of its hiding-place and let it be free and unshamed. Place in matter and in flesh the least of the values, for these are the things that hold death and must pass away. Discover in all things that which shines and is beyond corruption. . . . Despise evil and ugliness, but not men of ugliness or evil. These understand. Have no shame in being kindly and gentle, but if the time comes in the time of your life to kill, kill and have no regret. In the time of your life, live — so that in that wondrous time you shall not add to the misery and sorrow of the world, but shall smile to the infinite delight and mystery of it." Did you ever hear such a farrago of muddled thinking, pseudoreligious fervor, and pomposity? The tone of it is simply unbearable — like John the Baptist selling used cars.

Varied and elaborated, with all its truths and half-truths and all its defects of thought and style, a passage like this accounts for much of the sweet unreality of Saroyan's stories and plays. When he is able, for sentimentality, nostalgia, fantasy, naïveté, and sincere breathlessness are all traditional elements of the genre. But in *The Time of Your Life*, this way of thinking (or feeling) results in such characters as the whore with a heart of gold, the bartender with a heart of gold, the drunk with a heart of gold, the bum with a heart of gold, the cop with a heart of gold, and indeed so much gold that you wonder why it all has that sickly greenish tinge. There is only one evil character in the play — the chief of the vice squad, a hateful devil who is trying to interfere with the business practices of whores with hearts of gold. In the play's only bit of action, this melodramatic villain is shot dead, to everyone's approbation.

You have to remember that *The Time of Your Life* was first produced in 1939 — so

that what Saroyan is telling us is that everyone is good except Hitler, Adolf Hitler (and the other wicked "leaders") and humanity's natural goodness will take over and write the world. There is, in other words, a willful refusal on Saroyan's part to see the mixed nature of people, the fact that there is a big piece of evil in every one of us, and that our central moral enterprise is to recognize and deal with that evil. To suppose that life is something external to most of us, and that it only appears in a few select tyrants, is once again a thoroughly childish view of the world. If Saroyan had not had such principled contempt for history and philosophy (and theology), he might have had to face the silliness of his views. As it is, whatever the value of his naive philosophy as philosophy, it has the pernicious dramatic result of depriving the play of virtually everything that makes a play interesting: struggle, conflict, moral dilemmas, self-scrutiny, the inner life.

This is not the only artistic flaw in *The Time of Your Life*. Saroyan, in fact, was intentionally inarticulate: he had contempt for art, just as he had contempt for ideas. "I am a story-teller," he writes, "and I have but a single story — man. I want to tell this simple story in my own way, forgetting the rules of rhetoric, the tricks of composition. I have something to say and I do not wish to speak like Balzac. I am not an artist. . . . If you turn to these magazines, you will find any number of perfect stories, full of plot, atmosphere, mood, style, character, and all those other things a good story is supposed to have, just as good mayonnaise is supposed to have so much pure olive oil, so much cream, and so much whipping. . . . Do you know that I do not believe there is really such a thing as a poem-form, a story-form or a novel-form? I believe there is man only. The rest is trickery." Golly.

In fact, every literary work has rhetoric — that is, the artful arrangement of language and of the art's other elements — and the only question is whether you will use good rhetoric or bad rhetoric. You can admittedly get away with a lot in a series of informal sketches about kids, but

no literary form depends more on technique than the novel, and *The Time of Your Life* offers indisputable evidence that William Saroyan knew no more about how to make mayonnaise. What's more, he loved his ignorance, his ineptness, he was proud of it. Unfortunately, it is not enough for a playwright to have his heart in the right place. If he wants to convey his vision of life to an audience, he has to find the technique: the rhetoric, the rhetorical devices that will make that vision moving and alive. *The Time of Your Life* is almost unbelievably bad. It has no plot, its characters are unreal, its language is sometimes flat and cliché-ridden and sometimes horribly inflated and "literary," its pacing is excruciatingly slow, it has no tension, no conflict, no movement, no nothing.

Why, then, did Edythe Pirazini, the director of the Mission Playhouse and an extremely acute woman of the theater, choose this play to open the comfortable new theater on Twigs Street in Old Town? First of all, it must be said that *The Time of Your Life* won the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award in 1939 — which means that someone once liked it. (The judges back in 1939 actually seem to have liked it better than *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Philadelphia Story*, and *Mumbo's Daughters*.) Then there is the historical interest — this play is a voice out of the past of the American theater, a voice now forty years old and awfully hoarse, but still worth hearing now and then. It is also true that there is an innocent sweetness of temperament in *The Time of Your Life* which manages to break intermittently through the fog of artistic ineptitude — and, however sentimental this sweetness may seem in an age that has seen decades of unparalleled mass murder, it certainly maintains its appeal to the devotee of children's stories within each of us. And perhaps Saroyan's various attitudes — his belief in natural goodness, his simplified social doctrine, his muddled thinking, his worship of sincerity, his disdain for intel-

ligence and art, his conviction that we reach the height of our moral and spiritual development at the age of nine — perhaps all these have a special attractiveness for certain audiences nowadays, when the retreat from adulthood is once again in full swing.

One sure reason for this revival is Mrs. Pirazini's recognition that the script offers a large number of juicy but fairly undemanding parts, and that it consequently allows her to show off one of her greatest theatrical virtues: her taste in cast selection. It is a very good cast she has chosen. In addition to those I've already mentioned, there are Terry Pierce, Doug MacDonald, D'Ann Paron Peace, Doug Smallshire, and Greg Dumas, along with many others. They are directed with the naturalness and attention to detail that are Pirazini trademarks, and if the show seems slow and placid, that is substantially Saroyan's fault.

Saroyan really does not need to be criticized. He speaks best for himself. If you haven't yet gotten a sufficiently clear idea of what he is like, here are some clichés (none of them, by the way, from *The Time of Your Life*, but all quite typical of it): "I am not using great material. . . . Nothing is going to happen in this play. I am not fabricating a fine plot. I am not creating memorable characters. I am not using a slick style of writing. I am not building up a fine atmosphere. . . . I am not trying to compete with the great writers of short stories, men like Sinclair Lewis and Joseph Hergesheimer and Zane Grey, men who really know how to write. . . . I have no desire for fame. I am not out to win the Pulitzer Prize or the Nobel Prize or any other Prize."

"I very much enjoy a wild, meaningless, emotional sermon. I don't much enjoy one that affects intelligence. It invariably seems spurious to me, as if a whirler had decided to put a few classical ballet movements into ecstasy. . . . Even the tribulations of Mickey Mouse make my heart bleed, for I know that he, artificial as he may be, is actually a symbol of man."

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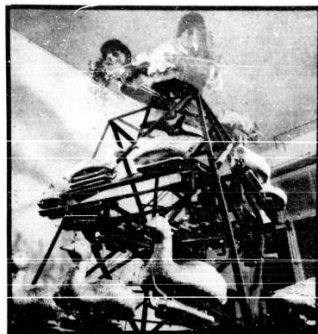
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The Stomper

City Lights

(continued from page 3)

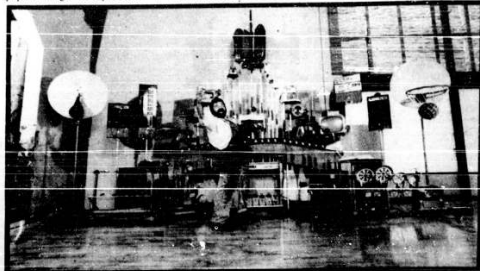
Michael Davidson and Carole Collier, launched a literary magazine called *Tugboat* in October of 1975; but the idea for the current musical project

soon claimed his attention. He says the basic concept came to him in a flash: his idea was to combine the paraphernalia of his rock group days with elements of his spectacles, adding several new concepts altogether. He envisioned mounting a musical show which would use

the giant sculptural instruments. His goal was to expand his audience's concept of music and musical instruments, while keeping the experience fun. "It's not meant to be an academic thing any more than it's meant to be a popular thing," he says. Frick

aspect of it to be unsatisfying. He found that the musician tends to lose "the sense of chops, the visceral actions of playing." He asserts, "With an electronic piece, the actual act of playing is almost that of punching it out; the viscerality isn't there. There's a certain

sounds to be put together in endless combinations. So he sat down and designed some instruments to allow for that. He says for two months he drove from his College area home down to the Bob's Big Boy at El Cajon Boulevard near College Avenue to drink coffee

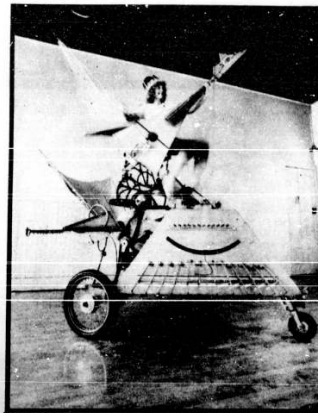


Billy Dwyer and the Harp

rejected the idea of producing the show electronically for several reasons. He says when he worked with electronic music in the past, he found one

immediacy that's missing. "Furthermore, Frick wanted his show not just to expose listeners to new musical sounds, but to allow for those

and sketch out ideas. He claims he produced hundreds of novel concepts for everything from "broomphones" to instruments which flew



The Arc Harp

through the air like footballs, finally selecting a handful which would give him all the sounds he needed to produce traditional as well as totally novel music. Frick says that with his current ensemble, he can play "everything from Greek bouzouki music to Wagnerian concert, but we can also do much more." Designing the instruments turns out to be only part of the project. Financing and building them evolved into a separate

saga. In his garage, Frick built an early version of the Arc Harp; then he traveled the country in search of development funds, a hunt which finally ended in a Los Angeles financier friend arranging for some initial backing. In the one and a half years that followed, Frick began work on most of the instruments and finished a few of them, assisted by a fluctuating crew of workers and friends. Sculptor Billy Dwyer did all the welding, for

example, and Frick says local musicians John and Jonathan Glasier (father and son) helped considerably with tonal and acoustical problems. Then a little over a year ago disaster struck. The financier friend met an accidental death and thus the money dried up at the very same time that Frick fell off of a twenty-foot ladder and broke his arm. So the artist put all the work in storage, labored for months to get more money, and finally decided to fund it himself with the proceeds of other jobs, which ranged from house painting to real estate brokering. Work on the instruments began again this past spring, and Frick says the end should come within a month, whereupon he promises to begin rehearsals.

The show he expects to mount hasn't changed much since he dreamt it up four years ago, at which time he wrote all the music and scored the entire show. Frick says it should run about an hour and a half and involve twenty-four performers, including himself. He claims that he's negotiating with both a Los Angeles investment firm and a recording company to finance the tour. Meanwhile, a Los Angeles booking agency has begun scheduling performances in colleges and cultural centers in thirty cities. Frick says he'll kick things off with at least one San Diego performance, though once again details are as yet unresolved.

The instruments standing in the Market Street warehouse give a solid promise to those plans reaching eventual fulfillment, however. Even



The Stomper

after the years of work on them, Frick darts among them like a child in a toy shop. Afternoons find him adjusting the amplifying systems and adding decorative bits scrounged from the Salvation Army, from toy stores, and from a dozen other sources. When he talks about what he's trying to do with the creations, his tone is unassuming.

He explains that he's made the pieces visually exotic partly for the musicians and partly for the audience. "If the musicians are having fun while they're performing, I think that conveys itself to the audience; it adds something to the performance." Similarly, he asserts that if the instruments are beautiful to look at, it can add a dimension to the audience's enjoyment. "It's kind of like the way you fix your house. If you fix it nicely and one day you come home depressed, the house can help you."

Listening to music has become more and more a conscious act, he asserts, and in line with that evolution he

avoided concealing the instruments' inner workings. "To see the guts of the mechanics is interesting," he says. "And with a knowledge of the mechanics you can have a lot of play in that." The notion of play seems very central. "It's not serious in the ultimate sense of mechanical seriousness. Things are done the wrong way and the upside-down way part of the time."

He also stresses that he has never intended the giant instruments and the novel sounds to be a reaction against traditional music. "I don't even think of myself as a rebel, because that implies reaction to some authority. And I love all kinds of music. I listen to Beethoven and to Donna Summers and everybody. Instead, the artist should be working for the authority of some idea. This is just an attempt to carry that artistic ball down the road just a few more feet."

—J.D.
—Jeanette DeWyz and
Neal Matthews

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Beethoven

String Quartet no. 4 in c, Opus 18

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Your Concert Music Station

"Classical Brunch-Time Concert" series will continue with a performance by the Portland Baroque Orchestra, September 11, 11:45 a.m. to 1 p.m. Tickets: \$10. Tickets may be purchased at the door. Tickets are available at the Portland Baroque Orchestra, 1111 Broadway, Portland, Oregon 97203. Tickets may also be purchased at the Portland Baroque Orchestra, 1111 Broadway, Portland, Oregon 97203. Tickets may also be purchased at the Portland Baroque Orchestra, 1111 Broadway, Portland, Oregon 97203.

Lectures

Chamber music is alive and well in San Diego, with a large number of local performing groups as well as frequent visits from famous quartets, trios, and other

to be worn, by Correen Kaufman, continuing through September 8, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch Street Mission Hills, 295-2725.

cially since the Deatherage Quartet is particularly able group of musicians: Michael Deatherage is principal cellist for the San Diego Symphony; and the other

Recent Paintings by Frank Perkins, including watercolors of natural settings, will be exhibited along with the work of Robert Bechtol, through September 10, L

bonne cuisine," which consists of music settings of four culinary recipes. Miss Jorin will be accompanied at the piano by Jane Prim.

The three October concerts include two piano recitals and a program for cello and piano. On October 2, pianist Kevin Kenne-

7710 Fay Avenue, La Jolla, 459-1940.

Theater

Wednesday and Sunday business lunch 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Friday, 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Free Dinner Theatre, 9665 Campo Road, Spring Valley. 697-8977.

ders and leaders of Walkabout International. They began their group walks in 1976 with six people who met monthly with one volunteer leading the walk. (But



A recent walk, "The Scenic Drive on Foot," named for the meandering route

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Among the walks in the upcoming week will be "Mountain Vista," Thursday, Sep-

Illustration by Vince Toranzo

Photographic Exhibition Posters, including the work of Ansel Adams, Dyan Abzug, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Inaogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, Andre Kertesz, Dorothea Lange, Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Jerry Uelsmann, Edward Weston, and more than 100 others, will be displayed through September 8. Galleries: Graphics, 3847 Fifth Avenue. 295-5538.

Two-Person Show will feature sculpture based on tribal forms of native tribes. By Joe Lawrence, and metal pieces designed to be worn. By Corneel Kaufman, continuing through September 8. Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldsmith Street, Mission Hills. 295-2725.

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Illustration by Vince Toranzo

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from previous page)

Dance

Ballet Works from the repertoire of the San Diego Ballet will be performed Sunday, September 9, 3 p.m., Festival Stage, Edison Center for the Performing Arts, Balboa Park. 219-4141 or 219-2255.

Clogging and Square Dancing by the Raylin Cloggers, led by caller Ray Schweinhart, will take place Sunday, September 9, 2 to 4 p.m., Pink Plaza, adjacent to the Casa de Bandini, Old Town Historic Park. 294-5182.

Special Events

Women's Success Rally will take place Friday, September 7, 1 to 5 p.m., Golden Hall, Civic Center, downtown. 565-8933.

Open House and Multi-Media Art Exhibit will be held Sunday, September 9, 1 to 4 p.m., at the gallery and lobby, Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street. 581-3300.

First Annual Fiesta will feature games, raffles, and a Shave-Dance, Saturday and Sunday, September 8 and 9, noon to 7 p.m., Holy Angels Byzantine Catholic Church, 2235 Galahad Road. 268-3458.

National Hispanic Heritage Week will be celebrated with programs including singing, dancing, displays, films, and Latino cooking on Monday, September 10 through Sunday, September 16, National City Public Library, 300 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

"The Minerals of San Diego County," a permanent exhibit which includes gems and minerals from the local basic mining area within the county, can be seen at the San Diego Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-1821.

Sports

First Annual Run for Mental Health, a 10,000-meter run sponsored by San Diego Mental Health Association, Parents of Adult Schizophrenics, and Genesee East Health Center, will take place Saturday, September 8, 8 a.m., south of the Information Center, Mission Bay. 277-9410.

La Jolla Water Swim, the 49th annual, will be held Sunday, September 9, with junior age group competition at 10 a.m., and the adult event at noon, La Jolla Cove. La Jolla. 454-1444.

Charger Football, with both teams coming off impressive victories in their season openers, the San Diego Chargers will play host to the Oakland Raiders, Sunday, September 9, 1 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 282-2111.

Naval Training Center Critterville Bicycle Races, the seventh annual day-long event for all ages of cyclists hosted by the San Diego Bicycle Club, will feature the U.S. Cycling Federation Senior Men's (18-35) 50-mile race at 11:30 a.m., with other events beginning at 11:30 a.m., Sunday, September 9, NTC's Double Field.

Del Mar Thoroughbred Racing, the 43th annual season, will feature nine races daily from Thursday through Sunday, September 12, with the first post at 2 p.m., Del Mar Turfcourse, Del Mar. 399-1400 or 755-1141.

Thunderbolt Unlimited Festivities will include a bathtub race on Saturday, September 8, 11 a.m., a jet ski regatta on Sunday, September 9, 8 and 9, noon to 7 p.m., a multi-hill sailing regatta and 10K run on Sunday, September 9, and then the hydroplane qualifying heats on Thursday, September 13, with the trophy race on Sunday, September 16, 4 p.m., all on Crown Point Shores, Mission Bay. 219-0141.

Sixth Annual Prindle 16 Nationals will feature more than 70 Prindle 16 Catamarans competing in six championships races, Monday, September 10 through Sunday, September 15, Sea Lodge Motel, La Jolla Shores.

Cardio-Vascular Bicycle Rides, designed for people recovering from heart attacks and as a form of preventive medicine, will be conducted by American Youth Hostels, Sunday, September 9, 9 a.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. 234-3339.

Radio/TV

"The Prisoner," this 17-episode series, starring Patrick McGoohan as a man "subjected by his London home and taken to an unknown destination, will be repeated in its entirety on Sundays, beginning on September 9, at 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"ABC Monday Night Football" will have two editions this week, the first featuring the Los Angeles Rams at the Denver Broncos, Thursday, September 6, 5:30 p.m., and the second pitting the Atlanta Falcons against the Philadelphia Eagles, Monday, September 10, 8 p.m., Channel 10.

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"For The Love of Elvis" is only for the Elvis buffs who don't want to miss a tad of all the ridiculous tributes, with this one starring Michael Douglas, Jane Fonda, Diane Keaton, Sally Field, Mick Jagger, Rod Stewart, The Who, Kim, and clips from the respectable TV movie, "Elvis The Movie," starring Kurt Russell, and filmed during the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, Sunday, September 9, 7 p.m., Channel 6.

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Peace, Love, and the Bottom Line

(continued from page 11)

wood, and glass shopping center at Balboa and Genesee. A FedMart store occupies most of the center. The shop, Trip West, is situated between a sporting goods store and a gym, just down from a Hallmark Cards shop. In the front of the store is a hot tub display, clothing, and jewelry. In the back are posters, candles, paraphernalia, and a ticket agency that Cabados owns half of. Paraphernalia is actually only one section of the store, but the bright plastic bong and glass car-buretors and the coke mirrors and electric pipes and the "Beat the Border" smuggling games on display seem to attract the most people, predominantly the very young. It is a business with apparently nothing to hide.

"Fooly Town," the second of its episodes starring John "Money Python" Cleece as Basil Fawlty, a small hotel proprietor, will be telecast Tuesday, September 11, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"Pete Baseball," the San Diego Padres will travel to Atlanta to play the Braves on Saturday, September 8, 4:30 p.m., and then on to Los Angeles to meet the Dodgers, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 11 and 12, 7:30 p.m., all on Channel 6.

"Holocaust," the NBC docudrama, will be repeated in four parts on Monday, September 10, 8 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday, September 11 and 12, 9 p.m.; and Thursday, September 13, 8 p.m., Channel 39.

"Keen," Jean-Paul Sartre's farcical comedy would address the antics of 19th century English actor Edmund Keen, star Anthony Hopkins in the role, and will be telecast Sunday, September 9, 9 p.m., repeating Tuesday, September 11, 1 p.m., and Friday, September 14, 10 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Road McCoys," reruns of this television comedy, with Bruce Berman and Richard Crenna, can now be seen Monday through Friday, beginning September 10, 1:30 p.m., Channel 6.

"1978-79 Los Angeles Philharmonic Season," under the baton of Maestro Carlo Maria Giulini, will be broadcast on Thursday through September 27, 8:30 p.m., KFRS-FM (89.5).

U.S. House of Representatives Proceedings will be telecast live when the House is in session (approximately 175-200 days a year) on weekdays, 9 a.m. to 3 or 4 p.m., Mission Cable Channel 25 and Southwestern Cable Channel 17.

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to work for Fulbright. At that time Cabados owned a towing business, but he realized right away that his future lay in head shops, so he sold it and became manager of The Trip. In 1972 he became half-owner of one store and in 1978 he bought the whole chain.

Cabados, who only needs Calculus 51 to graduate with a degree in social economics, attended San Diego State University between 1968 and 1974. He was what you'd call in those days "radical." He was a member of the Student Mobilization Committee. Most of his clique became teachers. But he sees no irony in his metamorphosis from an organizer of rallies and demonstrations against the war and other oppressions to a thriving, calculating businessman who won't confirm or deny whether he uses drugs. When asked about this oddity, his tightly controlled face, outlined by shoulder-length hair, showed not a sign of being troubled by the obvious presence of the profit motive as the driving force in his life. "I've got certain goals," he shrugs. "If it takes money to see them through, then I'll make money." He won't reveal these goals. Later he adds, "Our country is not per se capitalist. We do have socialistic tendencies. I make a good living, but I pay a lot of taxes—unemployment, social security.... We contribute to socialistic programs."

Of course, Cabados' main occupation is helping people get stoned, and he has become a specialist in the use of the establishment to make a buck, then the joke is on all those young, naive, middle-class pot-heads who sold one another marijuana as a symbol of a new order, a way to say you definitely were not a member of the establishment, and a way to set yourself apart from a rotten-pot world. But the Sixties perspective is mostly dead, replaced by the perspective illustrated by Sid Crown, managing editor of *Paraphernalia Magazine* and the spokesman for the WNPA. "We market these things because the generation demanded it,"

Crown says. "We did not create the demand. The toilet-paper roll steamboat evolved into a bong because there was a demand. And all the kids at Woodstock said, 'Give us a better bong.'"

"I agree money is the root of all evil, but in this day and age nobody believes you're a success when you win a Pulitzer Prize. They think you're a success when you pull up in the parking lot in a Maserati."

Today the ads in Sid Crown's magazine and in *High Times*, the hip leisure publication, which this month is celebrating its fifth anniversary, look uncannily as if they stepped right out of a Sixties satirical spoof on the marketing menace. "Are you snoring more and enjoying it less?" asks an ad for *Paraphernalia Magazine* for the latest dope rag—a chemical processing kit which transforms cocaine into its pure form (eliminating the cut) so that it can be smoked in a special pipe (sold by the same company). "Shit to Gold!" declares another ad in *High Times* for an "isomerization converter," which purports to "turn 'shit' grade pot into pure marijuana. Not only does KIK increase marijuana potency," the copy continues, "but it also improves taste, smell, and color of all grass with no weight loss. Something to think about if you happen to be in the business." (Italics theirs.) There are ads for complete marijuana growing systems, for scales accurate down to a hundredth of a gram, and for white chemical substances used to dilute cocaine.

Dope paraphernalia has become just another multimillion dollar consumer goods industry, founded partly on the ethic expounded by Belinda (not her real name), 17 (her real age), found shopping in Rick Cabados' Clairmont store one afternoon. While she was looking at all the colorful bong and pipes and car-buretors, Belinda was asked if she and her friends were interested in using such gadgetry when all it really takes to smoke a joint is a pack of thirty-cent papers.

"Into gadgetry?" she restated. "Oh yeah, definitely. Anytime I have extra money I come down here and see what's new, see what else I can try. The act [of smoking] is what gets you going on it. Like with some of these bongs, you see the smoke spinning and turning and it gives you an extra head rush."

But it isn't just teenagers who buy the gadgetry. According to head shop employees, it's the older people, twenty-five to thirty-five, who buy most of the new goods, since young people, on the whole, are short on cash. And as Belinda points out, it's hard to hide a big, bulky bong from your parents. Clerks at The Black, in Ocean Beach, which is the second oldest business on its block, tell a story about parents rushing into the store, ranting and raving, because their fifteen-year-old son purchased a marijuana-leaf T-shirt there. He was allowed to exchange it.

Actually, the marijuana-leaf T-shirt was one of The Black's original items when Jack (who won't allow his last name to be used) set up shop in Oceanview in 1967. Its staple products were leather jackets from Mexico, velvet paintings, and T-shirts. To the shirts Jack would transfer messages like "Member of the Tijuana Pussy Posse," and "Think Snow." Jack and his store were run out of town after only four months of operation because the townspeople didn't like him selling those velvet paintings from Tijuana with naked women on them. He moved the store up to Long Beach and sold the same things, but it still wasn't what you'd call a head shop yet, though Jack's destiny was obviously in that industry. "Paraphernalia just wasn't being supplied," he says of the early days. So why did he get into paraphernalia at all? "If Coca-Cola was looked down on, we'd have handled Coca-Cola, as long as it was legal."

Jack started using space in a building on Newport in Ocean Beach, near The Black's present location, as a transfer point for the goods he was buying in Mexico. Late in 1967 a company called Plant Manufacturing was opened in Los Angeles, definitely. Anytime I have extra

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Peace, Love, and the Bottom Line

(continued from page 21)

After the economic slump of 1974, the poster market cooled considerably, forcing the closure of many shops that relied on it. And now the poster is back, but it's changed. Whereas in the late Sixties it was a medium for the expression of an opinion, a point of view, today it seems to be more an expression of aesthetics. The Black and other head shops sell a lot of nature scenes, sports moments, pin-up girls, and surrealism. And black lights are popular.

Because of this fluctuating component of the business, The Black expanded into other goods besides paraphernalia. It carries clothing now, and jewelry, as well as books and musical instruments. Jack owns only the paraphernalia and jewelry sections of the store.

Jack emphasizes that he never really went into business with the intent of opening a head shop. He doesn't regularly ingest drugs. He smokes dope once or twice a year, says it puts him to sleep. He's done cocaine "ten or twelve times." It doesn't do anything for him. It's got a lot of things against it. Personally, I think it's addictive. "Friends of Jack's say that the last time he tried cocaine was at his house in Mission Hills. He and some friends smoked a bunch of it and decided to crawl down through the nearby canyon to the freeway, and then crawl back up again. Jack got such a bad case of poison oak that when he came to work the next day his eyes were almost swollen shut." Jack says that over the last year he's heard from many people who've quit smoking marijuana. "It seems like a point is reached where you've just smoked enough," he says. "It's bad for you."

In August, 1969, about the same time The Black was opening, Spencer Wold was passing through San Diego on his way to Hawaii to go to college. Since he'd run what were considered to be head shops in several towns in Ohio, including Cleveland, he was carrying a couple showcases of "gift items" with him. He laid eyes on Mission Beach and liked it so well he decided to stay. After pumping gas as a civilian at MCRB and working at the Palace bar on Pacific Highway, Wold opened up the Get-It-On Sh. ppe in 1970.

Wold, 35, was labeled a hippie at those days, though he never called himself that. Today he's a vegetarian, hasn't eaten dairy products for about two years, and is thinking of adding a second floor to his shop so he can expand the health products (vitamins, protein powder) he carries. He, too, has diversified into other areas besides paraphernalia, even opened up a gift shop down the street (Images). But paraphernalia is the primary product in the head shop.

Though Wold doesn't admit to seeing it that way, one whole display case in his shop seems to cater to dealers. Mortars and pestles, little spatulas, scales, small vials, and even an electronic debugging device are prominently displayed. But still he remains just another small businessman, concerned with his own market and in business primarily "to put food on the table." "You try to stay on top of what seems to be happening," says Wold. "If hash oil comes in, you get hash pipes." In the past Wold had an excellent opportunity to stay in tune with the dope scene — in '72, '73, and '74 he was the San Diego County coordinator for NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) which unsuccessfully tried to pass Proposition 19. The vanity plates on his rickety old VW read "YES CMI" (California Marijuana Initiative). He says he doesn't smoke as much marijuana as he

used to, and he admits to experimenting with cocaine, "to determine the validity of what I've read about it. Also, to have items available to people. I have to be assured that what the item could be used for wouldn't be harmful." He says he doesn't use cocaine regularly.

Though he's worked hard for the legalization of marijuana, Wold realizes that it would mean a big blow to his paraphernalia sales if it ever came about. This is one of the reasons Jack from The Black almost prefers to see marijuana remain illegal. The rationale is that once it's legal, places like Sears, Penney's, and May Company, and even smaller five-and-dime stores would put in paraphernalia displays, further eroding the business that has already been depleted by the availability of those items in 7-Elevens and record stores. Part of the attraction for a head shop is that it sells supplies for a black market, and somehow the business has managed to maintain an air of intrigue, which has been used as one of its most effective marketing tools. A clean head shop, Tower Posters, has already crumpled up, and has established stores throughout the state (in San Diego at Sixty-fourth and El Cajon and on Fletcher Parkway in El Cajon). Nearly every ad in the trade journals keys explicitly on higher profits. The distribution and manufacturing companies have stabilized into about twelve large firms. Legalization of pot would be a boon for the industry, but a special shop, a head shop like Vic McCully's dealing mostly in paraphernalia, would no longer be required. As for the others — Cabados, Jack, and Wold — it's been years since they catered strictly to the underground market, so they will survive in some form. And when the next revolution comes, they'll be in on the ground floor.

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Noon, like *The Ritz*, is a comedy of sexual mores. Most pronounced of the similarities between the two plays is the author's attitude of condescension and goodwill. *Village Voice* drama critic Michael Feingold recently wrote, concerning a production of Dore Wilson's *A Perfect Relationship*, that "many gay plays, including the prototypical *Boys in the Band*, give an impression that the author loathes homosexuals." I'm not sure I know what

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It was a joyous scene: hetero and homo were reconciled by silliness.

Noon isn't about homosexuality per se. It doesn't pit homosexuality against heterosexuality. This McNally play is about sexual fantasy. He shows us a diverse collection of characters, each in pursuit of a different set of fantasies. There's a ubiquitous gay man (played at the Marquis by B. Lance Wiff), who comes dressed in a three-piece ice cream suit and is ready to whip out his amyl nitrate at the slightest suggestion, an innocent misquoting of a writer, who, when Wiff makes advances, recognizes it as something he's read about in Tennessee Williams, an eager housewife (Jody Cardwell), whose husband forces her to read fifty Grove Press novels but refuses to live up to his literary tastes, and an affluent suburban couple (Penny Andros and J. Michael Ross) whose taste for leather leads them to search for someone to dominate. Each has answered an ad placed by someone named Dale. They all come to a single apartment, ready for a noon assignation with this Dale, whom none of them has met. Since the name Dale is conceivably either male or female, each newcomer to the apartment thinks that the first person he or she meets is Dale. They all attempt a seduction, each in his or her preferred manner.

Dale never appears in the play. We don't learn whether or not this person actually exists. He/she becomes emblematic of the erotic ideal of which we all dream and for which we all strive, never to be encountered in real life. The characters in *Noon* are all disappointed, but they end the play as hopeful as they were at its outset and still in search of lustful travail.

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Is Dale In?



B. Lance Wiff, J. Michael Ross

CHRISTOPHER SCHNEIDER

The Marquis After Theater Theater is performing, through September 8, an amusing and more-than-a-little obscene comedy about the pursuit of that Bohemian babe, that olean rebel of whom Carmen sings so slyly: love. It's Terence McNally's one-act play *Noon*.

Terence McNally is an accomplished playwright. Several titles of his plays come to mind, among them *Where Has My Money Gone?* and *Bad Habits* (not to be confused with *Nasty Habits*, the film adaptation of Muriel Spark's novel *The Abbess of Crewe*). An anti-Vietnam

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Endless Summer



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Am I getting old, or was the pile of new movies this summer bigger, steeper, and more forbidding than normal for this time of year? Ordinarily I have little trouble staying atop the aforesaid pile, but this summer it has been an unrelenting battle. In one memorably bloody week, the first in August, I counted no fewer than eleven new movies in the space of three days. That was the extreme, but it was also the general tendency, and for most of the summer the most realistic prospect I could envision of ever catching up with the new arrivals was for the San Andreas Fault to split so wide open as to swallow up Mann's University Towne Centre (also known as my summer home) and Sports Arena Six. The critical pickle I thus found myself in could be summarized as follows: (1) I could not find the time to see all the new movies and still find time to write about them too; (2) on the other hand, I could not very well see all the new movies and then not write about them, if professional ethics were to be served; and (3) the only other course open to me would have been to write about the movies without seeing them — a course which, in view of the outward appeal of most of the movies in question, had its powerful temptations,



and professional ethics be damned. The spook of this paralyzing problem, however, was that this summer I did not do as much of either seeing or writing as I should. In explanation to all those concerned readers (three by actual count) who wrote in to inquire about my silence throughout the past couple of months, I wish I could offer some such excuse as an unfortunate foul-up in the regular shipments of black mamba venom with which I ritually compose the rough drafts of my columns. Instead, I can only offer a critical chronology of the current season's first-run fare, marking the start of the summer onslaught somewhat arbitrarily with the arrival of *Alien*, although there was no breathing space between it and a late-spring deluge that included *Manhattan*, *Hurricane*, *Last Embrace*, *Silent Partner*, *Old Boyfriends*, *Wifemistress*, *Love at First Bite*, *The Class of Miss MacMichael*, *Dreamer*, *California Dreaming*, *Van Noy Boulevard*, *Hanover Street*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, *Down of the Dead*, *Phantom*, *The Psychic*, *Winter Kills*, and *A Little Romance*, and omitting nothing from the record but the most marginal and transient of movies. A mere roll call of the movies over the past three months seems to me a sufficient explanation for almost any form of aberrant behavior, from suicide to drinking a book.

Alien — This movie acquires its prestige through its pocketbook. Never mind the reported six-million-dollar outlay for an ad campaign. Each cubic inch of the commodious sets and each doodad that decorates those sets are like bribes to the viewer. The script is 1950s grade-Z. (Has anyone made mention of the fact that Dan



O'Bannon was also the man credited with the script of *Dark Star*?)
The Invention — Directed, so it is said, from a sickbed and via video screens, after his previous movie, *Conversation Piece*, was directed largely from a wheelchair, and his previous movie to that, *Ludwig*, was declared to be his official filmmaking farewell, this one must certainly be the last movie of the late Luciano Visconti, unless he finds a way to direct one by way of periscope and spiritual medium. A sad-sending movie in more ways than intended, and a less fitting swan song than *Conversation Piece*.
Ravagers — I watched a couple of very dark minutes from the street outside a drive-in, in total silence obviously, not counting the Padre game on my car radio, and was not encouraged to watch more.
Voices — I maintained total silence, as well as blindness, with this one too.
The Working Class Goes to Heaven — Elio Petri's live-wire satire on Italian unionism was the one upper-class movie of the entire summer, but because it was dug up from the year 1974 for its local premiere, and because I myself first saw it in that year, it could scarcely be counted as much of a boost to either Summer '79 or to me.
The Prisoner of Zenda — The first theatrical film made by Richard Gere in five years, reason enough for merrymak-

ing, for me at least, even if he is not in the finest form. Peter Sellers, the star, is, on the other hand, in finest form, another reason for merrymaking.
Fedora — Likewise, the first film made by Billy Wilder in five years, but unlike Wilder, no reason to uncork a bottle. It is based on a story from Tom Tryon's



Crowned Heads, which I have not yet gotten around to reading and now doubt whether I ever will, it being heretofore demoted on my list of literary priorities to a spot between *Shogun* and *Dune*. Whatever the original story's merits, Wilder has infused it with enough 1951-style smart-aleck dialogue (having written the script in collaboration with his loyal ally of some twenty years, I.A.L. Diamond), enough self-plagiarism (the William Holden narrative, as well as the overall plot, loudly echoing his *Sunset Boulevard*), and enough spleen-venting, soul-baring rancor ("It's a whole different business now!") runs Holden in the role of an out-of-work Hollywood producer. "The kids with the boards have taken over! They don't need scripts! Just give them a hand-held camera with a zoom lens!" so that the auteurist critics have recognized it at once as an intensely "personal" work, and have thus accorded it more generous reviews than it honestly deserves.
Summer Camp — Among my mother's numerous prescriptions for a normal and healthful upbringing (swimming lessons, drying the dishes in equitable turn with brothers and sisters, conformation, summer camp, et al.), the only one I evaded with complete success was summer camp. I evaded this movie as well.
Forbidden Dreams — Truth in advertising (that... the inclusion in the new-

paper ads, or on the posters outside the theater, of the name of anyone in addition to Roman Polanski who worked on this film, for example the name of either Marcella Mastroianni or Sydney Rome) would have enabled any passably knowledgeable film buff to guess that this film is nothing other than *What?* under a new title, and



would have prevented those buffs from having to shell out for a ticket in order to make that dreadful discovery.
Escape to Athena — Roger Moore as a Nazi prison camp commandant, Elliott Gould as a Jewish vaudeville act on tour in Nazi-occupied Europe, Stefanie Powers as a stripper in the same troupe, Telly Savalas as a Greek resistance leader, Claudia Cardinale as a bordellogo madame also in cahoots with the resistance, and the paying customer as an all-day sucker.
Game of Death — Billed as an all-martial arts movie starring Bruce (R.I.P.) Lee and Kareem Abdul Jabbar. My disbelief did not burgeon into curiosity.
The Brood — Strong, and strongly repellent, stuff from Canadian director David Cronenberg, one of the leading researchers in the modern movement to change the horror film's standard reaction from "yike!" to "yuck!"
Players — The drawback of tennis as a screen sport is that, unlike just about any other sport you can think of, it can never come down to a climactic moment where either of the two combatants can emerge the victor, and you are consequently always a step ahead of the moviemakers' futile attempts at suspense-building. The romantic chemistry of Ali MacGraw and Dean Paul Martin has all the kick of lemon juice, but Pancho Gonzalez is likable in the role of a slave-driving tennis

coach named Pancho Gonzalez. "If you're looking for sympathy you'll find it in the dictionary right behind shit."
Raucous — More tennis anyone? I de-faulted on this one.
Butch and Sundance: The Early Days — There must be something wrong with me when I start to skip movies made by the



likes of Richard Lester. Or it might be that there is something wrong with the likes of Richard Lester when he agrees to make movies as undemanding and unappetizing as this so-called "prequel" (a word I hope I have heard the last of, and one I see no reason to coin for this occasion if not for *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*, *The Nightcomers*, *The Godfather-Part II*, and God knows what else) about the devil-may-care desperadoes from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.
The Last Wave — This marked the conversion, or reconversion, of the Fine Arts theater in Pacific Beach from porno films to, despite the ominous title, not surf films, but art films. The film itself, a piece of Australian occultism, invites comparison to Nicolas Roeg, which is like inviting an elephant onto the opposite end of your teeter-totter (well, maybe not quite).
The In-Laws — Despite the title, not a domestic comedy, but a — you could say — global one, to do with a loose-screwed CIA agent. It's in the *Get Smart* class, and very passé.
Prophecy — With John Frankenheimer maintaining a pre-release level of secrecy that has been seldom matched since the development of the A-bomb, and doing the utmost to publicize his security measures and the necessity thereof, it comes as a bit of a letdown to finally get a look at this

old-fashioned, lily-liberal message movie disguised as a monster movie, or monster movie disguised as a message movie, take your pick.
Rocky II — The greatest success of this sequel, before things began downhill, is that it manages to reassemble one hundred percent of the original cast. Of course, this



criterion carries less weight in measuring a movie than it would in, say, a high school class reunion, baseball spring-training camp, or family Thanksgiving dinner.
Lost and Found — A reunion of the stars and director of *A Touch of Class* may have struck someone as an impossible to pass up prospect (no one I know personally, I hope), but to me it brings to mind the old saw, "Once bitten, twice shy." I steered clear.
No Time for Breakfast — My sometime admiration for Annie Girardot and Jean-Louis Berruelli, the director, was not quite strong enough to overpower my dread of hospitals. I ducked it.
The End of the World in Our Usual Bed on a Night Full of Rain — Its two-day stay at the Ken theater was too short for my sense of professional responsibility to mount an offensive against my personal resistance to Lina Wertmüller.
Shogun — Its one-day stay at the Ken was too short for my blah-blah to Eastern religions.
The Main Event — The poorest proportion of jokes to laughs all year long (117 to 2). Boxing's image is bad enough already without the addition of Barbara Streisand.
Escape from Alcatraz — Personally, what most impressed me about this minimalist prison movie (almost Bressonian, only with eye-contact) was that at

this stage of their respective careers, Clint Eastwood, just coming off *Every Which Way But Loose*, and Don Siegel, coming off *Telefon*, were able to gather their wits and produce something so lean, hard, no-nonsense. However, it is worth noting in passing that the substitute movie reviewer on the *New Yorker*, one Susan Lardner,



who admitted to having never seen a Don Siegel movie, or a Clint Eastwood — liked it too.
Nighthaw — Heap big bore about vampire bats nesting on an Indian reservation, the second movie in as many weeks directed by Arthur Hiller. *The In-Laws* being the first. No one that I know of took advantage of this occasion to attempt an auteurist reassessment of Mr. Hiller.
Bloodline — The only way to make sense of this mess would be to go to the Sidney Sheldon source and read it; but to do so, you would have to care a great deal more than I do. No one under the sun, as far as I know, claims to like this movie.
The Muppet Movie — Almost everyone under the sun claims to like this one, although no one I myself have had a chance to cross-examine. I would tend to look squint-eyed, in any case, at any testimony given independent of a polygraph test. Without doubt the most mysterious, impenetrable, and far-reaching conspiracy of the cinematic summer.
Moonraker — It is too much to hope that now that the moviemakers have exhausted (or exterminated) the last of Ian Fleming's Bond novels, they will call the series quits, not with all the money *Moonraker* is raking in. Onward to the short stories!
Dracula — An aggressively vile vampire, given many of the attributes of a

(continued on page 27)

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Endless Summer

(continued from page 25)



comic-book superhero, and given an accommodatingly muscle-flexing, earth-shaking, sensibility-battering production. This is rape, not seduction. *The Inheritance* — Not much of a movie, but by pooling resources with its Italian compatriots, *The Innocent* and *Wifemistress*, it could stock a whale of an antique store. *Meatballs* — Cf. *Summer Camp* above. Same goes here. *The Apple Dumpling Gang Rides Again* — I didn't mount up the last time either. *Just You and Me, Kid* — I heard some good things about this George Burns-Brooke Shields vehicle (talk about

chemistry!) but not so many that I wanted to see for myself.

The Wicker Man — Not even the restored sixteen minutes of footage, the sub-sequence film festival appearances, and the critical blub-dubbing it "The Citizen Kane of its [sic] genre" could convince me to give another chance to this 1974 relic which I hadn't liked in 1974.

All Four Eyes Soul — So-so Fassbinder pseudo-soap opera, another item seized in a raid on the 1974 movie cubard. When, outside of the movie classes at UCSD, is this city going to see the movies that justify the reputation of this prolific German wunderkind?

The Frisco Kid — More questions: Why did Gene Wilder, in whose hands this pet project rested, select Robert Aldrich, of all people, to direct a pious, pacifistic Jewish comedy? And why, alternatively, did Aldrich accept? Whatever qualities Wilder may have thought that Aldrich would bring to the project apparently never arrived.

Rest Never Sleeps — Didn't see it.

Hometown USA — Didn't see it.

Despair — I've bled in the English language, closer to the present (1978), also close to the worst. Dirk Bogarde also close to his. One hilarious line, delivered by Andrea Ferrel, when a police investigator asks her if her husband was in the habit of lying to her: "How would I know?"

The Amityville Horror — Mock haunted house movie, supposedly true, but without the documentary quality to make it seem real, and without the imaginative quality to make it seem better than real.

Blue Sunshine — Someday, I fearlessly predict, word of Jeff Lieberman will spread to the world at large. For now, it seems to circulate pretty exclusively between me and a few friends. Consequently, the considerable thrills of his latest movie are augmented by the thrill of secrecy.

Goldengirl — Didn't see it.

The Lady in Red — Didn't see it.

The Concorde - Airport '79 — There were plenty of movies around this summer that were as bad as this one, and plenty that were worse; but none of the ones that were

as bad as worse, and few of the ones that were better, were more fun.

Breaking Away — Too much infatuation with winning, for a movie supposed to be about aimless smalltown adolescents. Because lightweight, not hard to bear, but nevertheless as manipulative a movie as any this summer. The critics' catchword for it was "fresh," as, I suppose, in Pine Sol.

North Dallas Forty — Too much infatuation with losing, for a movie about the Dallas football team. Along with such ancient revelations about the sport as the drugs, the groupies, the corporatized and computerized ruthlessness, it contains such hogwash as the little vignette about a veteran offensive lineman, who has absent-mindedly missed a block on a pass play, being cut from the squad (not merely benched, but terminally cut) the week before the championship playoff game at season's end.

Bubu — Didn't see it.

Your Turn, My Turn — Didn't see it.

The Kids Are Alright — Didn't see it.

The Miscreants — Didn't see it.

H.O.S. — Didn't see it.

The Villain — Saw it.

More American Graffiti — Saw it.

The Picture Show Man — Saw half of it.

The Toy — Didn't see it.

Sinbad — Didn't see it.

Unidentified Flying Oddball — Didn't see it.

Americathon — Didn't see it.

Hot Stuff — Didn't see it.

Beyond the Poseidon Adventure — Didn't see it.

Nu — Saw it, sans subtitles, last year in French Canada, and passed up this opportunity to fill in the gaps in my translation.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan — A smartly scaled-down *Advice and Consent* about the workings of the Washington political machine, as well as about the playings of its machinists. More interesting on the home front than the Capitol Hill battlefield, but too smooth and swift over to go dull.

Saint Jack — After an almost three-year

absence, Peter Ronstadt returns to moviemaking in a highly sober and seemingly checked state. He would no doubt be tickled pink to have his even-keeled direction likened to that of Ford, or Hawks, or Preminger, but to keep it within his own generation, I would rather make Dick Richards (and where, all this time, is he?) or Wim Wenders (suspicious coincidence: Wenders' photographer, Robby Muller, was also the photographer here).

And that takes us pretty well up to date, although the still unclotted flow of new movies quickly takes us out of date again. *Thrill*, *City on Fire*, *Love and Bullets*, *Jaguar Lives*, *Panic at Hanging Rock*, *Wanda Nevada*, *The Wanderers*, *Slayers*, *Swap Meet*, and what next. Several people in my acquaintance, in apparent seriousness (and with perhaps covert sadism), have manually lifted my eyelids and asked me whether I have run up to Los Angeles to see *Apocalypse Now*, or whether I plan to.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you! Francis Ford Coppola was in no hurry to make *Apocalypse Now*, why should I be in a hurry to see it? I will confess that I was interested in it for the first couple of years or so, but I have not been able to keep myself in a state of perpetual arousal. In the state I am now in, I am no more convinced of my need for *Apocalypse Now* than I am of my need for Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve or Aqua-fresh toothpaste, which seems to me a not incongruous comparison. What I believe I need even more than a truly supercharged movie is a slow week or two. Even leaving aside the one straggler from the past (*The Working Class Goes to Heaven*), and even acknowledging the low ceiling on what were for me the highest pleasures of the movie summer (*Blue Sunshine*, *Escape from Alcatraz*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, *Saint Jack*), five respectable movies still might not seem such a bad haul for three months if it were not for the more than usual number of movies that were more than usually unpalatable, unspeakable, or, for me, uneatable.

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CURRENT MOVIES

All reviews are by Duncan Shepherd. Points are indicated by one to five stars and are awarded by the black spot. Unrated movies are for review only.

Alan — This creature-feature has, and is a good time, but it works very hard and spends a lot of money in order to have it. The question is, is it

worth it? This question comes up not only because this movie seems much too heavily endowed for the simple, 1950s-style monster movie it essentially is, but also because it gets too far

into its inanity, but it is hardly more impressive than its close cousin in such penny-pinchin' horror movies as **THEY CAME FROM WITHIN** and

ERASERHEAD; once it reaches full growth, its appearance becomes annoyingly coy and fragmentary — this monster, like the one in **JAWS**, is

mostly mouth. The storyline is glibly traced, the camerawork overabundant, the soundtrack radiate, the computer graphics rather good, particularly the

touchscreen. Significantly, Weaver emerges as the unexpected star of the movie, although Yaphet Kotto, as the ship's well-intentioned and head-

banded mechanic, steals more than his share of scenes. Weaver, who has

feeling reminiscent to Jane Fonda in her face and voice, ought to make the feminist happy, and if not, it won't be for lack of trying. With Tom

Stewart, Harry Dean Stanton, Veronica Cartwright, John Hurt, and Ian Holm. Directed by Ridley Scott. 1979. (Fashion Valley)

Blue Sunshine — Several Starline staff, although Paul Dooley could not have played the red-blooded American any better if he had been

coached for the role by Sinclair Lewis. 1979. (Center 3 Cinema 2, Plaza Twin 2; UA Cinema 2)

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The Big Fix — At the heart of this up-to-date private eye caper is the question, "What ever happened to the student radicals of the 60s?" And the several gangsters are not lacking in humor, nor in sentimentalism for the good old days of peace marches, SDS meetings, and such. That one of these radicals, a Berkeley alumna named Moses, has turned into a standard seedy private eye implies that left-wingers are as much as anybody to the romantic and melodramatic fantasies of the detective genre, or at least it implies that such fantasies are stronger and longer-lived than any passing political fancy of course. Marxist private eyes are no more alien to the genre (see Hammett) than are reactionary ones (see Spillane), although all private eyes, left and right, traditionally come from perfectly straight backgrounds, like rank-and-file police only, and not from campus riots. The case here, tailor-made for Moses Wine because it fits the dramatic activist light for the regulations of Jerry Rubin and a Cesar Chavez plot, involves a political conspiracy as tawdry as any since THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE suggested the right-wing movement in America is actually a Communist facade. The plot moves along at a snail's pace, only after a particularly tedious chapter does it become more than a plot to the pieces. With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon, directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. 1978. (Cinema 1, from 9:15)

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The Amityville Horror — Completely credulous (not to say credulous) haunted house thriller, based on a documented case. The spacious Long Island house — an attractive object which favors the side, or profile, view — seems to affect devout Catholics (a priest and a nun have to vent their merely breathing its air more readily than it affects the outwardly gay James Frawley and the coquette Margot Kidder who represent the average American couple. Their travels as first-time homeowners (odors, houseflies, backed-up plumbing, etc.) are a mild degree of interest on the way to a non-existent climax labored out of rain, thunder, and mystical cross-cutting with Rod Steiger, Michael Sacks, and Don Stroud. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. 1979. (Cinema Cinema 4, Frontier Drive in New Valley Drive in, Sports Arena 6, UA Cinema 3, University Towne Centre)

Breaking Away — A nice subject, the tensions between the natives and the student radicals of the 60s? And the several gangsters are not lacking in humor, nor in sentimentalism for the good old days of peace marches, SDS meetings, and such. That one of these radicals, a Berkeley alumna named Moses, has turned into a standard seedy private eye implies that left-wingers are as much as anybody to the romantic and melodramatic fantasies of the detective genre, or at least it implies that such fantasies are stronger and longer-lived than any passing political fancy of course. Marxist private eyes are no more alien to the genre (see Hammett) than are reactionary ones (see Spillane), although all private eyes, left and right, traditionally come from perfectly straight backgrounds, like rank-and-file police only, and not from campus riots. The case here, tailor-made for Moses Wine because it fits the dramatic activist light for the regulations of Jerry Rubin and a Cesar Chavez plot, involves a political conspiracy as tawdry as any since THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE suggested the right-wing movement in America is actually a Communist facade. The plot moves along at a snail's pace, only after a particularly tedious chapter does it become more than a plot to the pieces. With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon, directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. 1978. (Cinema 1, from 9:15)

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General Public \$5.50
Azzie Center Ticket Office 265-6947 and all Select-A-Save outlets
Sponsored by the A/Cultural Arts Board, SDSU and supported by the National Endowment for the Arts.

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Small Change — Francis Trufaut's
indirect movement to the children
of the world. The cluster of LEAVE
IT TO BEAVER style anecdotes, cen-
tered around the student body of a
boys' school in France, is de-
signed for general appeal, the con-
tent is middlebrow, prosaic, pat-
ernizing, and perfectly suitable for
consumption by children. The single
trace of the mean-minded stringency
which characterized Trufaut's more
about, unapproachable movie about
childhood (WILD CHILD), and which
once characterized his naughty, as-
sured criticism, is the intimation im-
plicit in the crowd pleaser. You don't
like this movie? You mean you don't
like kids? 1976.
(Strand 9.9)

Star Wars — George Lucas's hom-
age to Flash Gordon embraces, too,
some of the beloved clichés of
cowboy, swashbuckler, and avatar
movies. The story is set in a remote
galaxy in the remote past, so that it
can't be mistaken as a reflection of
anything in modern-day society, ex-
cept Hollywood hokum, and it can be
recommended warmly to anyone with
a mental age of under twelve. The
miniatures and special effects are the
best that money can buy, the whole
some heroes, Mark Hamill and Harri-
son Ford look as though they were
recruited from a collegeball court on the
California coast; the anthropo-
morphic robots, especially the
crotchety one who takes in the voice of
a prissy British valet ("I've got such a
bad case of dust contamination I can
barely move"), are as adorable as
your household pets, and the narra-
tive, despite a bewildering prologue
three paragraphs in length, is not so
complicated or imaginative as an
average Captain America comic.
Should Lucas be thought primarily
believed for giving the audience
such blissful, innocent, simple-
minded thrills, or primarily cynical for
deciding the audience requires noth-
ing more? With Alec Guinness, Carrie
Fisher, Peter Cushing. 1977.
(Cinema Plaza 5, Claremont; UA
Cinema 1, Vogue)

SteppeWolf — The grating music at
the outset establishes the tone as
something severe, serious, edifying.
But this adaptation of the Hesse novel
develops into an easily digestible
lesson in humanity, along the same
lines as *ASHRA THE URBAN*, about a
self-destructive, stuffed-shirt intel-
lectual learning to embrace life.
Learning to tolerate, for example —
under the tutelage of Dominique
Sandoz. The thick, uncertain
English-language communications of
the European cast (Sandoz, Von
Sydow, Clement) tend to bog down
the journey to enlightenment. Di-
rected by Friedhelm. 1975.
(Strand 9.12 and 13)

The Villains — A live-action ROAD-
RUNNER cartoon, faithful to the for-
mula all the way down to the business
of painting a tunnel on a sheer rock
face, setting up a devious sign, and
then watching the would-be victim
disappear into the painted tunnel, with
Kirk Douglas as a human incarnation
of Willie Coyote. A few of the virtues
of the cartoons, missing here, are no
plot, no psychology, no secondary
characters, and a running time no
longer than seven minutes. With
Ann-Margret, Arnold Schwarzeneg-
ger, and Paul Lynde directed by Hal
Needham. 1979.
• Caripia Drive In, Center 3 Cinema
3, Cinema Plaza 5, Pacific Drive In,
Parkway 3 Village

Wanda Nevada — A 1950s period
western, directed by and starring
Peter Fonda, with Brooke Shields.
(Casino, New Valley Drive In, Univer-
sity Towne Centre, from 9.7)

The Wanderers — Another look at
New York street gangs, with Ken
Walt, Karen Allen, Toni Kalem, and
Linda Manz, directed by Philip Kauf-
man.
(Harbor Drive In, Sports Arena 6,
State, University Towne Centre, from
9.7)



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Off the Cuff

What do you want for your child?



Henry Serrano and Bianca
Chula Vista

I wish she could have
everything she needs. I hope
I'm able to get it for her — a
certain dress, a new toy. She's
gonna get love, that's for sure.
I love her. I'm always afraid
about a lot of things going on
— the crazy people running
around. I hope that she doesn't
have contact with people like
that. It's going to get worse.



Rhonda Edstrom and Jason
La Jolla

Probably the main thing is
that I want him to grow up in
an atmosphere where he can do
anything. Like for instance,
we're from Nebraska, and so
come out here it's quite a
change. You just don't have
the open space, the freedom.
Well, people are friendlier in a
small town. I don't think kids
have the opportunity in the big
city. So as soon as my
husband's time is up here in the
Navy, that's it. We're going
back to Nebraska.



James Manson and Jasmyr
Southeast San Diego

On the serious side, I want
her to have a decent education,
a private education — to study
in a parochial school. They
discipline the children there, to
come out here it's quite a
change. You just don't have
the open space, the freedom.
Well, people are friendlier in a
small town. I don't think kids
have the opportunity in the big
city. So as soon as my
husband's time is up here in the
Navy, that's it. We're going
back to Nebraska.



Cindy Ellison and Amy
El Cajon

See, I don't know.
Everything. I'd like her to be
bright in school, have lots of
friends, marry someone
wealthy and successful. I'd like
her to be content and healthy.
I'd like her to sleep all night
long and wake up and feed
herself. Now... she's really a
good baby.



Francisco Ramirez and
Gabriel National City

It's kinda hard, right off the
bat. I hope he likes school, or
goes to school. The young
generation's doing too many
wild things; they have modern
ideas. I hope he gets a lot of
school, or finds his own way in
his own business — especially
in San Diego, the way things
are skyrocketing. I don't want
to push him into anything, but I
will keep him from wrong.

Ahoy Mate! Your Captain is having a "Sail"!

Slant
\$339

Complete with Liberty 13-
year mattress, Liberty
heater with control,
full kit, algicide, and
pedestal.

First Mate
\$159

Complete with Liberty 13-year
mattress, Liberty heater with
control, full kit, algicide,
and pedestal.



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Waterbeds**

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Compare the tough
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panels for long-lasting
patio covers and green-
houses. Alsynite® blocks
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Only glare-free diffused
light passes through!
• Fade-proof colors and clear
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(See Alsynite in Fire in 1977)

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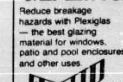
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The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday, to list club entertainment, call 266-7468. Saturday before 5 p.m. send concert information and photos to: **READER MUSIC SCENE**, P.O. Box 80833, San Diego, CA 92183, or call 266-4430 Friday before 5 p.m.

San Diego Concerts

Jeff Lorber Fusion: Catalonian, Thursday, September 8, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Donald Byrd and The Blackbyrds: Catalonian, Friday, September 7 and Saturday, September 8, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Jean-Luc Ponty: SDSU Amphitheatre, Friday, September 7, 8 p.m., 266-6947.

Dan Hicks and the Acoustic Warriors: New, Los Tavern, Saturday, September 8, 8:30 and 11 p.m., 1432 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach 481-9022.

The Cars and Nick Gilder: Sports Arena, Saturday, September 8, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Nana Mouskouri: Civic Theatre, Sunday, September 9, 8 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6502.

Buddy Rich: Catalonian, Sunday, September 9, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

AC/DC and Prism: Sports Arena, Sunday, September 9, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Anita Ward and Edwin Starr: Civic Theatre, Thursday, September 13, 8 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6502.

Count Basie: L. U. Amphitheatre, Thursday, September 13, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Stanley Clarke: SDSU Amphitheatre, Friday, September 14, 8 p.m., 266-6947.

Freddie Hubbard: Catalonian, Friday, September 14 and Saturday, September 15, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Kenny Loggins: SDSU Amphitheatre, Saturday, September 15, 8 p.m., 266-6947.

Blues Project with Al Kooper: Catalonian, Sunday, September 16, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

R.E.O. Speedwagon and Blackfoot: Sports Arena, Tuesday, September 18, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Don McLean: Catalonian, Wednesday, September 19, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Foreigner and Brom: Tchaikovsky, Sports Arena, Thursday, September 20, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Joe Pass: Catalonian, Thursday, September 20, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Tavarez: Catalonian, Friday, September 21 and Saturday, September 22, 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Five Leaves Left and the Bob West Trio: Miramar Public Theatre, Monday, September 24, 8 p.m., 3117 India Street, 298-7674 or 298-4111.

B.B. King: Catalonian, Thursday, September 27 and Friday, September 28, 8 and 10 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Clubs

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240. Bar/club featuring Ernie Wood, country western, Tuesday through Sunday.

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Fine Italian Cuisine
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Most extensive menu & wine list in North County
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Happy Hour 11:30 to 3:30 p.m.
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A most cordial welcome to the ALL NEW
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Located at the Roadway Inn
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THURSDAY 50¢ HAPPY HOUR 7-9 P.M.
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FRIDAY BACK FOR A 2-WEEK STAND
SATURDAY THUNDERBOLT THE WONDERCOLT
SUNDAY COME AND WATCH THEM DISINTEGRATE ON STAGE
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Thursday (tonight) HI-FI
Friday & Saturday
Tilman Thomas
New and old Rock & Roll (recording artist)
Tuesday Sept. 11 Foreman
Wednesday Sept. 12 The Gents
Coming Sept. 13th
"New Wave Show"
Featuring The Cardiac Kidz, The Stand Bys, The Exterminators Tickets on sale now.
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Cocktails, food, dancing, 21 and up.

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... by the sea
New Happy Hours
5 to 7 p.m. Tuesday-Friday
Well doubles for the price of singles
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Weekend Breakfast Special
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Cheese omelet, hash browns, biscuits
Free with \$1.00 drink
Monday Night Football
Enjoy our Advent wide screen T.V.
Spaghetti Dinner \$1.99
Löwenbrau draft 50¢ during game
Bluegrass Sunday Afternoon
Kick back and relax with us
5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300

JAZZ
9 p.m. nightly—no cover

Solid Funk
Friday and Saturday
Led by percussionist Michael Kellner, SOLID FUNK, as the name implies, fuses the basics of jazz with rock elements for a distinctive new musical style. Ron Lane on guitar, Albert Wright on bass, Kevin Tilley on keyboard, Roderick Kirkland on drums, and Paul Greene on sax, bring a new dimension to jazz.
These guys are really hot, come early!

Big City Blues Band
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
Kathy Brown—Vocals
Dale Enders—guitar, Terry Fenwick—Keyboards
Ricard Parnaveau—Drums, Garry Wilson—Bass
San Diego's only authentic Rhythm and Blues

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San Diego's
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David Fountain (Keyboards) Gerry Logan (Guitars)
Mike Tapogna (Drumset) Pete Wilkinson (Bass)

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JEAN-LUC PONTY
--SEPT 7--
STANLEY CLARKE
--SEPT 14--

Anchorage Fish Company,
5450 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla

459-6832, John and John,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday

Anthony's HarborSide, 1385
North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island

232-6358, SRO, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday

Antonio's, 827 National Avenue,
National City, 477-2208, Disco,
nightly

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North
Johnson Avenue, El Cajon
442-7027, All Times
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego
595-1813, Disco, nightly

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street,
Mission Bay, 224-2434, Roberto
Linn, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont
Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont
442-7027, Rock, Tuesday
through Saturday, Magic II, variety
show, Sunday and Monday

Bahia, 998 West Mission Bay Drive,
Mission Bay, 488-0581, Mercedes
Lounge, disco, featuring Roger
Guy English, nightly, Piano Lounge
Johnny Nims, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday

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

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East
Broadway, Vista, 724-0880,
Country, disco, country and
western, Friday through Sunday

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village
Hotel, Mission Bay, 724-8330,
Shine It On Show, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday

Brighter Day, contemporary,
Sunday and Monday

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822,
Blue Edge, harmonica blues,
boogie, and rock, Friday and
Saturday

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South
Cedra Boulevard, San Marcos,
481-9022, Don Hicks and the
Acoustic Woman, rock, Saturday

Berkley's, 5800 Grossmont Center
Drive, La Mesa, 463-9825, Disco,
Tuesday through Sunday

Billy Jones Restaurant, 959
Hornblower Street, Pacific Beach,
222-7380, Paul Greig,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Sunday

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa
Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3102,
Gabe Lapiano, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula
Vista, 429-9220, Summerline,
contemporary, Monday through
Saturday, disco Sunday

Black Angus, 1000 Graceland
Avenue, El Cajon, 442-5055, Tex,
contemporary, Monday through
Saturday

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contemporary, Monday through
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Black Angus, 1000 Graceland
Avenue, El Cajon, 442-5055, Tex,
contemporary, Monday through
Saturday

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672
Federal Boulevard, East San
Diego, 254-7797, Sammy Tiff
Organ Trio featuring Eli Roth,
Foggy, jazz, Thursday through
Sunday

Blaney Stone Pub, 5677 Balboa
Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033,
Brian Connolly, Irish & international
folk, Wednesday through Sunday

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island
Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8072,
Dallas Collins-McIntire,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, Sunday and Spive,
contemporary, Sunday and
Monday

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway,
downtown, 291-5000, California,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, Bill Brockert, comedian,
Sunday and Monday

Boisford's Old Place, 1205
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-4267,
Steven Voss, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday,
Suzanne Igou, variety, Sunday
through Tuesday

Cafe Del Rey, 1549 El
Pardo, Balboa Park, 234-8511,
Novo featuring Jaime Valle, Larry
Logan, and Paul Bley, jazz,
contemporary, and Latin, Tuesday
through Saturday

Cafe Jorango, 4527 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach,
272-1781, Indian Joe, folk,
Thursday and Saturday, Jackie
Lowell, folk, Friday, Chris Ryan,
contemporary, Sunday

Calph's Piano Lounge, 3102 Fifth
Avenue, Hillcrest, 298-9899, Gil
Warner, piano, Wednesday
through Saturday

Carles 'n' Charlie's, 5530 La Jolla
Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-0318,
Disco, nightly

Casa Salas Restaurant, 625 H
Street, Chula Vista, 422-0801,
Bobby Maxine, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday

Cask and Cleaver, 140 South
Serra Boulevard, Solana Beach,
481-8286, Barry and La,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday, Terry Scheldt,
contemporary, Monday and
Tuesday

Cask and Cleaver, 2329 Center
City Parkway, Escondido,
741-2604, Sami Castiblanco,
originals, vocals, and guitar,
Thursday through Saturday

Casloways, 10752 Woodside
Avenue, San Luis Obispo, 470-1202,
rock, Tuesday through Saturday

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Avenue, San Luis Obispo, 470-1202,
rock, Tuesday through Saturday

Charlie Horse Lounge, Winner's
Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar, 755-6666, Don Mel and
Rock, country, boogie, and blues,
Tuesday through Saturday

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue,
College Grove, 582-5020,
Vendeth Trio, contemporary,
Wednesday through Sunday

Chuck's Steak House, 1831 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido,
746-5003, Timpecca,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

The Corporation, 380 North El
Camino Street, Poway, 945-1111,
disco, Thursday, 942-7676, disco,
nightly

Country Bumpkin Annex, 1862
Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach,
429-1161, Country, Country
country, Wednesday through
Sunday, disco, Monday and Tuesday,
Feelings, disco, Tuesday
through Saturday

Crystal's Emporium, 500 Home
Circle North, Mission Valley,
291-7131, Disco, nightly

Daisy's Lounge, 405 Clairemont
Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont,
272-5661, Bobbie Kato, other,
Monday and Tuesday

Daisy's Lounge, 405 Clairemont
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272-5661, Bobbie Kato, other,
Monday and Tuesday

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Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont,
272-5661, Bobbie Kato, other,
Monday and Tuesday

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Monday and Tuesday

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272-5661, Bobbie Kato, other,
Monday and Tuesday

Chuck's Steak House, 1831 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido,
746-5003, Timpecca,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue,
College Grove, 582-5020,
Vendeth Trio, contemporary,
Wednesday through Sunday

Chuck's Steak House, 1831 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido,
746-5003, Timpecca,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

The Corporation, 380 North El
Camino Street, Poway, 945-1111,
disco, Thursday, 942-7676, disco,
nightly

Country Bumpkin Annex, 1862
Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach,
429-1161, Country, Country
country, Wednesday through
Sunday, disco, Monday and Tuesday,
Feelings, disco, Tuesday
through Saturday

Crystal's Emporium, 500 Home
Circle North, Mission Valley,
291-7131, Disco, nightly

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KPRI FM106
and WOLF & RISSMILLER CONCERTS ANNOUNCE
.....The.....
CARS
and
NICK GILDER
SATURDAY, SEPT. 8 7:30PM
SPORTS ARENA
All seats reserved. \$7.75 & 6.75
Tickets available at Sports Arena Box Office

SEPTEMBER 6, 1979



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
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SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
92115
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INK'S
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Sunday nights
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INK'S
Mission Road
Corona 92108
960

Organ Food Pantry, 5375 Kearny
 Monday, 6:30-8:30pm. Kearny Mesa.
 564-9898. Tommy Salk.
 contemporary and pop.
 Wednesday through Monday.

Outpost, 652 Grand Avenue
 Spring Valley. 664-9007. Live
 country music. Sunday.


Pat Joel's, 5147 Warring Road
 San Diego. 594-1111. Heart and
 Down Home. country, western.
 Thursday through Saturday.
 594-1111. Out, country and
 bluegrass. Sunday.

**Palomino Star, 3003 Main Street,
 Chula Vista. 427-5889. Jack
 Richards. Bob's Roast, country,
 rock and swing. Thursday through
 Saturday.**

**Paradise Lounge, Town & Country
 1001 Hotel Circle North,
 Mission Viejo. 291-7131. Intense
 Music. contemporary and swing.
 Tuesday through Saturday.**


**Pelican Club, 7823 Broadway,
 San Diego. 524-9956. Saddle
 Soap. soft rock and country.
 Sunday.**

**Porthole Lounge, Holiday Inn,
 1356 North Harbor Drive.**



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HOTEL & RESTAURANT
 998 W. MISSION BAY DR.

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featuring Disco D
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ON SALE AT: ROXY THEATRE
OUTLETS - 567

ROCK'S TICKET

CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW

HENNY LOG
7P. 15 & SUN. SEPT. 16-EXCELLENT
7:30 SAT. SEPT. 8 AC/

TANLEY CLARK
D SPEEDWAG
FOREIGN
SAT. SEPT. 22 TODD RUM
LTON JO
LANTAN AMPHITHEATRE, L.A.

RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW
MAC • PINK FLOYD • VAN
AGLES • SPRINGSTEEN • KIS
MARGERS
NO SEPT. 9 • BUFFALO SEPT. 16

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FUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEE

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87 OR 488-3303

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EATS ON SALE!
SUN. SEPT. 9
FRI.
SEPT. 14
TUES.
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THURS.
SEPT. 20
SUN.
SEPT. 22

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HN ★
26-OCT. 6

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CLIPPERS GAMES
GAMES
BUY TICKETS!
IONS. CALL US!
YOU CHOICE SEATS

CALL US!
24 HOUR PHONE

SEPTEMBER 6, 1979 45

46 SEPTEMBER 6, 1979 SEPTEMBER 6, 1979

1978 TOYOTA Corolla SR Sport Coupe, 12,000 miles, like new. Good gas mileage. AM/FM radio. \$500.00. Call 224-7005.

1969 VOLVO 1400, excellent running condition, very clean interior with AM/FM radio. \$1,100.00 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1974 DODGE VAN for sale, sportsman model, 8 cylinder, automatic, new tires, brakes, shocks, upports. FM stereo, extras. \$3,500. 299-9446.

CUSTOM Jeep, Willys CJ classic with 327 V8, 4 barrel, no bar, new top, upgraded suspension, wheels, brakes, paint, more. Mint condition. \$3,000. 270-8233 or 452-3318.

1963 FIAT 850 Spider convertible sport car, 40 mpg. \$875. 741-6334.

1974 PINTO STATION wagon new cam, 100,000 miles, needs little \$1,000.00 or 214-2269 after 6pm.

1977 CHEVY Vega, 4 speed, radial tires, stabilizer bar, radio, regular gas. Best offer. \$1,000. 459-6508.

1959 AUSTIN HEALEY Bugatti Spider, rebuilt engine, needs minor work. Best offer. \$1,000. 459-6508.

1970 AMC AMBASSADOR SST station wagon, good condition. \$1,000. 459-6508.

1976 Fiat 128 Coupe in great shape, many new parts, bought in Europe, good gas mileage. \$400. 941-1358.

1974 ALFA ROMEO convertible, new paint, minor top, 12000 miles in great shape. \$749-8035.

1965 CORVIR, Monza 2 door, 1400 cc, 2000 miles, under 100,000 miles. \$1,700. 207-3970.

MUST SELL NOW: 1970 350 Ford big mile on rebuilt, automatic, power steering & brakes, adjustable shocks, rebuilt mags. Runs and looks good. \$1,800. 272-9416 evenings.

1968 MUSTANG, run great and looks great 302 automatic, AM/FM, new tires, power steering, racing noose, vinyl top. \$1,400 or offer. John. 489-4867.

1969 VW Bug with upholstery, carpet, paint, front radio, 4000 miles in great shape. \$1,795-445 or 272-4747.

1976 FORD COURIER fully equipped cabin chassis, refrigerator, fully carpeted with seat and back, New engine block, with only 5000 miles. Excellent condition. \$3,550. 448-5850.

1976 CAMARO, low mileage, power steering & brakes, air conditioning, AM/FM cassette stereo, vinyl top, new tires, great gas mileage. \$2,850. 270-9357 or 578-4186.

1977 DATSUN 280Z, automatic, air conditioned, stereo, new tires, 100,000 miles. \$3,550. 270-9357 or 578-4186.

1978 351, automatic, power steering & brakes, shocks, sunroof, air, leather, bed, 3000 miles. \$2,500. 224-5986.

LOOK! 1969 VW Bug with super new motor, brand new engine, new guaranteed engine which cost \$750. That's right, \$750 have no re-calls. 201-9074.

1975 VOLVO 1400ES, low miles, excellent condition. \$1,100.00. 224-7005.

1971 FORD MAVERICK, Good condition, low miles, 1 owner. \$1,100 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1975 TOYOTA COROLLA 1600 TC engine, runs great, 100,000 miles. \$1,100 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

SUPER JEEP AM/FM, fits most vehicles, adjustable shafts. This is a brand spank new. Never been used. \$21. 741-6334.

1975 MAZDA RX3, Burned oil seals, needs new engine, great gas mileage. \$300 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1967 CHEVY CAMPER-SUPER van, beautiful finished out with oak, leather, Coleman table and stove, built storage compartments, 61700 or 207-429-4343.

MORRIS MINOR WOODY WAGON, rebuilt engine, excellent condition. \$1,500. 459-6508.

1970 CJ5 JEEP, soft top, 4 wheel drive, V8, 3000 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1975 DODGE DART Swinger, light blue with top, low mileage, excellent condition, one owner. \$3,000. 447-1988.

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1975 DODGE DART Swinger, light blue with top, low mileage, excellent condition, one owner. \$3,000. 447-1988.

1970 VW SQUAREBACK, light blue, low miles, AM/FM stereo cassette, Good gas mileage. \$1,100 or best offer. 224-7005.

1964 FORD MUSTANG, 289 cubic in. running needs some work, good shape overall. Make offer or trade for good economy transportation. \$71-157.

1977 F10 X18, excellent condition, low miles, with tan interior, AM/FM cassette, \$450 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1970 DODGE CORONET, 383 engine, mag wheels, very clean, good condition. \$850 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1969 FORD MUSTANG, Good complete, runs great, interior and exterior excellent, runs good, sacrifice at 1130 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1972 240Z, 4000 condition, air conditioned, runs great, needs a good home. \$300 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1967 CHEVY CUSTOM '71, new tires, shocks, tie rods, automatic, V8 AM/FM cassette. Solid reliable truck. \$1,100 or best offer. Steve. 287-5260.

1978 TOYOTA CELICA, 5 speed, air conditioning, sunroof, leather interior, AM/FM radio, 24 mpg with 100,000 miles. Excellent condition. \$4,500. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1963 KARMAN GHIA, a project for body work, runs good but needs some mechanics. \$300 or best. 436-7008 keep trying.

1968 FORD MUSTANG convertible, 3000 cc, 24-681 or 452-2750, keep trying.

1968 FIREBIRD 6 cylinder engine, must sell. \$1,221-0314.

1972 DATSUN 510 wagon, automatic, AM/FM radio, regular gas, 3000 miles. \$1,100. 295-5881 or 298-4335.

1965 VW CREW cab 5000 miles, cassette radio, 224-7005.

1973 FORD PICKUP 54,000 miles, 4 speed, 2400 cc, 24-681 or 452-2750, keep trying.

1973 DATSUN 510 wagon, automatic, AM/FM radio, regular gas, 3000 miles. \$1,100. 295-5881 or 298-4335.

1967 TRIMPH TR6, 2 door, excellent condition, AM/FM stereo, New Michelin radial tires. 224-7005.

1971 TOYOTA Corolla station wagon, excellent condition, clean, 9675, 268-6912 evenings.

1971 MOTO GUZZI, Ambassador, mint condition, chrome, touring seat, Valtor, 2400 cc, 24-681 or 452-2750, keep trying.

1974 ALFA ROMEO Spider sports car, excellent condition, new 38,000 miles, blue, 35,000. Jean. 440-4918.

CHORD ORGAN, walnut finish, 2 keyboards, push button mellow beats and other accessories, excellent condition, will sacrifice for \$300. 440-4918.

1970 TOYOTA wagon, radio good, good paint, will be sold, \$750. 561-9410.

1977 TOYOTA Corolla yellow stick shift, new 100,000 miles, 478-6151.

1976 CHEVY LUPO, 2000 miles, mint condition, 4 speed, rebuilt, new radials, stock bumper. 291-2786.

1968 FORD pickup truck, 2 door, power, air conditioned, good transportation, large truck, runs good, tires, good engine. \$400. 471-1073.

1967 FORD pickup truck, 2 door, power, air conditioned, good transportation, large truck, runs good, tires, good engine. \$400. 471-1073.

1971 CHEVY van, 10,000 miles, 478-6151.

1977 DATSUN 510, 4 speed, new tires & battery, good power. 270-0295 after 5:30pm.

1968 OLDS CUTLASS SE Continental, steel wheels, 3500 226-1819.

1964 FORD MUSTANG, 289 cubic in. running needs some work, good shape overall. Make offer or trade for good economy transportation. \$71-157.

1977 F10 X18, excellent condition, low miles, with tan interior, AM/FM cassette, \$450 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

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1971 TOYOTA Corolla station wagon, excellent condition, clean, 9675, 268-6912 evenings.

1971 MOTO GUZZI, Ambassador, mint condition, chrome, touring seat, Valtor, 2400 cc, 24-681 or 452-2750, keep trying.

1974 ALFA ROMEO Spider sports car, excellent condition, new 38,000 miles, blue, 35,000. Jean. 440-4918.

CHORD ORGAN, walnut finish, 2 keyboards, push button mellow beats and other accessories, excellent condition, will sacrifice for \$300. 440-4918.

1970 TOYOTA wagon, radio good, good paint, will be sold, \$750. 561-9410.

1977 TOYOTA Corolla yellow stick shift, new 100,00 miles, 478-6151.

1976 CHEVY LUPO, 2000 miles, mint condition, 4 speed, rebuilt, new radials, stock bumper. 291-2786.

1968 FORD pickup truck, 2 door, power, air conditioned, good transportation, large truck, runs good, tires, good engine. \$400. 471-1073.

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1971 CHEVY van, 10,000 miles, 478-6151.

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1977 DODGE panel van white, 318 CI sun roof, perfect for home use. You can't afford to miss this. \$475. 224-7005.

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TIRES: Four 13-inch workhorses, 4 up. Excellent condition. Must sell. Perfect for VW Bug. 459-5074.

1972 DATSUN 510 WAGON \$1295, Very clean, 4 speed, 1971 Ford Maverick, 6 cylinder automatic. Excellent. \$1295. 563-1064.

1971 DATSUN 240Z, New Mulholland shocks, stereo, mag, runs great, needs a good home. \$300 or best offer. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1975 VOLVO 240GL, automatic with air conditioning, sunroof, leather interior, AM/FM radio, 24 mpg with 100,000 miles. Excellent condition. \$4,500. 224-4452 or 452-3318.

1963 KARMAN GHIA, a project for body work, runs good but needs some mechanics. \$300 or best. 436-7008 keep trying.

1968 FORD MUSTANG convertible, 3000 cc, 24-681 or 452-2750, keep trying.

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1972 DATSUN 510 wagon, automatic, AM/FM radio, regular gas, 3000 miles. \$1,100. 295-5881 or 298-4335.

1965 VW CREW cab 5000 miles, cassette radio, 224-7005.

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1968 OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS, Brown head, 3500, air conditioning, 277-9187.

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