

\$225 UNFURNISHED 1 bedroom apartment. West of Balboa Park off Laurel. Carpet, drapes, appliances. A/C. Leave message or call after 6:30pm. 579-6695.

4 BEDROOM, 1 1/2 bath house, Lemon Grove. Large family room, formal dining room, room for garden, located 10 minutes from downtown San Diego. Off Highway 94. \$420 per month. 253-4778.

MISSION BEACH. Large 3 bedroom, 2 bath duplex in the trees. Includes parking, extra storage, and is furnished just like home. \$585. Also, 2 bedroom, 2 bath ocean front cottage, \$550. Available now through June. 488-2100 after 5pm.

POINT LOMA TENNIS CLUB 1 bedroom, furnished, \$350 per month. Pool, four tennis courts. 223-1032.

\$485 MISSION BAY CONDO. 2 bedroom, 2 1/2 bath, 2 car garage, security building, sauna, gas barbecue, lease. 273-7013 evenings.

STUDIO APARTMENT \$165. Furnished, close to bus and park. 1107 28th Street. 453-9897.

TWO BEDROOM, old style house, nice. Completely redone. Off street parking. No pets. Owner accepted. Close to Balboa Park and downtown. \$350. 222-3900 daily 9am-5pm.

4 BEDROOM, 2 bath Terrasanta 2 story, furnished or unfurnished. Quiet street near grammar school. \$540. 742-3454 or leave messages at 560-1919.

LIVE ON Mission Beach near road for \$213 plus utilities. Shows 4 bedrooms, 3 bath house, sandcock, outside shower, laundry room, dishwasher. 488-7885.

CONDO LA JOLLA Village 3 bedroom, 2 1/2 bath, private jacuzzi, 2 car garage, furnished or unfurnished. Lease negotiate near UCSD. 1-745-6724.

POINT LOMA large 1 bedroom unfurnished apartment. Includes stove, refrigerator, drapes & carpet. Check & enclosed rent. \$285 per month includes utilities. 222-2568.

NEW 2 BEDROOM deluxe condo, Mission Valley. View of Mission Valley from top level private patio, all amenities, children welcome. 2400. 560-5169.

2 BEDROOM, 1 1/2 bath apartment, new open beam ceiling, fireplace, unfurnished except for stove and refrigerator. No pets. Encinitas, \$475. 438-7018 or 274-5481.

1 BEDROOM DUPLEX, unfurnished or partially furnished, 4 blocks from bay in Pacific Beach. Quiet and nice, available December 14. \$300. 270-3488.

RETIRED COUPLE wants to rent or house sit mid December through mid February. 485-4288 or 755-4855.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bath with pool, jacuzzi, laundry at Adelle Falls near Mission Valley. \$380 per month. 453-8877, 595-0225 or 453-4607.

CARPORT HOUSE, \$880 per month, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, dishwasher, patio, sprinkler, new school, park, shop, no pets. 342-1188.

YOUNG MOTHER with 2 small children desperately needs a 1 or 2 bedroom house with yard, responsible, clean. College area to Hillcrest, up to \$550 month. 282-9465.

\$375, 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT, SMALL Pacific Beach complex north of Garnet near beach and bus. No pets, walkable to restaurants. Only permanent mature adults. 488-5883.

3 BEDROOM, 2 bath condo near SDSU, full, only, visualized setting. Pool, jacuzzi. Kids OK. No pets. \$450. 387-4505.

\$70, DOUBLE garage, cement floor, lights, new building, 42nd & El Cajon. 270-1056 or 276-8287.

PACIFIC BEACH \$315, near 2 bedroom duplex with yard. New carpets, stove, new. 2345 Grand Avenue. 272-6788.

2 BEDROOM DUPLEX, stove, refrigerator, carpets, quiet, patio, pool, garage, laundry hook-ups available. Near shopping. East San Diego. \$225. 562-0380.

MISSION VILLAGE condo, 2 bedroom, 2 bath, pool, jacuzzi, washer & dryer, patio, one block to shop, business, new. \$475. Ann. 453-7080 or 250-7890.

\$380 MONTH DELUXE 2 bedroom, 2 bath condo, all amenities provided. Near SDSU and Mission Valley. Ann. 453-6885, 292-2228 or 295-8887.

COZY 1 bedroom on beach with surf view. Contemporary modern interior and furniture. Second private parking. Fenced yard. Call OK. \$325. 266-0788.

LARGE 2 car garage, ocean, convenient, \$25 to rent the space. \$250 for use. Car, boat, storage, workshop? 276-7043 evenings.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bath University City. Near University Tennis Center, fireplace, pool, off-white carpets. \$400. 432-9227.

\$250, NEW 1 bedroom condos, unfurnished all appliances, parking, quiet location, near SDSU, 50th Avenue, Available December 1, 2nd-10th.

A Toast to a new Paper Doll a wonderful paper shop in Escondido Vinyard Mall

At all three Paper Doll's we invite you to celebrate this opening with 20% off on all ceramic Pierrot gifts.
At our La Jolla shop - a sale, crystal champagne glasses reg. \$8.00 sale \$5.50



Sale starts
Nov. 22 thru Nov. 29 only.

Paper Doll
1111 Prospect, La Jolla
Hours: 10-10 Daily, 11-6 Sunday
453-0581

and now
Escondido
Paper Doll
15238 East Valley Pkwy
in the Vinyard Mall
743-6686

Paper Doll
1010 Pacific Coast Hwy.
in the Old Market Encinitas
Hours: 10-6 Daily 11-5 Sunday
436-3144

Sale subject to stock on hand.

Real Estate

HILLCREST-North Park, 2 bedroom, house, fireplace, view, garage, gardener, new kitchen and carpets. No children or pets. Available December 1st. 1979. \$400. 456-5791.

SUNNY 2 bedroom house up in Crest, wood-burning stove, hardwood floors and shingles of bedroom, \$175. Mark 444-4450 or 444-5805.

\$190 COLLEGE AREA, 1 bedroom, 1 bath, fireplace, view, garage, gardener, new kitchen and carpets. No children or pets. Available December 1st. 1979. \$400. 456-5791.

ONE BEDROOM condo, Point Loma Terraces OK, unfurnished. \$325 per month. Tennis courts. Jacuzzi. 223-1022 anytime.

POINT LOMA Terraces OK, 1 bedroom, furnished. \$350 per month, pool, 4 tennis courts, Jacuzzi. 223-1022 anytime.

LA JOLLA Spanish house and duplex, 3 bedroom, charming house and 2 bedroom duplex near Miramar. \$250,000. \$200,000. Submit terms. Ann. 272-7288.

IMMACULATE TOWNHOUSE in Village Park, 3 bedroom attached, 1500 square feet. Upgraded. Pool, tennis. Approx. 8 percent loan. Lowest price in area. Open Saturday, Sunday, 12-3:30. 145 Countrywood Lane, Encinitas. 436-1011 days.

NORMAL HEIGHTS 2 bedroom unfurnished. \$200. Upper unit view to mountains. Stove, refrigerator. Laundry, oil. OK. 270-4548 evenings & weekends.

How to Place Your Free Classifieds

CLASSIFIED ads must be to the Reader must be typed on 3x5 cards and sent INSIDE ENVELOPES. Official Postal Service cards 1, 10x3x5 and 4x6x9 may also be used and may be mailed without envelopes. No abbreviations or special classifications are allowed. Any instructions should be on separate paper.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS. Ads of less than 25 words are free to private parties and nonprofit organizations which do not charge for their services. Ads of more than 25 words cost 20 cents per additional word. All free classifieds run for one week only and must be paid in advance. All free classifieds run for one week only and must be paid in advance.

DEADLINES. Classified ads of any kind can be mailed to the Reader and must be received by 9 a.m. Thursday, one week before the intended issue. Only paid business ads and late private party ads may be brought to the Reader office (635 State Street, downtown) before 3 p.m. Monday (closed Saturday and Sunday). All late private party ads of 25 words or less require a \$5 late fee plus 20 cents per additional word.

FOREST PARADISE. 20 acre parcel with private lake, available by Magic Mt. Shasta No. Cal. Car or small down payment with no credit check. For ecology lovers only. 1 will finance! Randy 278-0286 x67.

BY OWNER. 2 bedroom home in East San Diego. Corner lot, large garage. 281-0142.

PARADISE HILLS bargain. Great 3 bedroom home, family room, 2 patios and private mini-forest. Selling below VA appraisal, only \$69,900. 3. Perry 426-9369.

\$9 ACRE IN POWAY. Sloping in county. Will take travel trailer, economy car or whatever for down payment. Equity \$13,000. Total price \$45,000. 440-6966.

MT. HELIX. \$99,000 only. 4 bedroom, 2400-square-foot house with super view, manicured trees, super terms. 272-7288 agent.

TROPICAL. FISH store in La Mesa for sale. Established 14 years, over 80 tanks, largest Arr-rana and Placu in the city. Nice shop, \$6500 down plus stock \$12,500 full price. 583-1809.

HOME HOUSE KIT. 35' diameter, 2 story, 1900 square feet. Complete plans. \$6000. 456-6881.

TRADE BEAUTIFUL. 2 1/2 acre organic farm, house, guest house, outbuildings, for remote large acreage with house, well, etc. Have over \$100,000 equity. More information 758-8997.

CONDO FOR SALE. 2 bedroom, garage, 2 bath, fireplace. \$79,000. Loma Point. New, pool, jacuzzi. 222-4440.

FOR SALE or trade. 30 acres suitable for poplar, 10 miles west of Barstow, close to road and school. \$750/acre, low down, owner will carry. 272-2286 evenings.

WANTED. REAR lot in beach area with without old house, can trade new condo or acreage plus cash, participate only. Rubens 225-8121 or 225-6236.

EAST SAN DIEGO duplex, 3 bedroom on Modesto Street. \$82,000, owner will carry, with 10 percent down. Low monthly payments. Owner/agent, Tony 299-5118.

THREE HOUSES on one large lot, 39th Street, close from bus line on University. Rents help pay mortgage and provide tax shelter. 453-0626.

13-PLUS ACRES on Palmdale Blvd. near proposed Antelope Valley airport, dividable in four parcels. \$2950 per acre, low down, owner will carry P.O. Box 80222, San Diego 92168.

UNDER \$80,000. Brand new three bedroom, two bath, split level home on Dictionary Hill. Negotiable terms including assumable loan. By owner. 458-2027.

ONE BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM in Mira Mesa (Quail Creek). Excellent location! Tennis, pool, shops, shopping, etc. \$57,700 lease at 10.20 percent. \$52,000. Owner/Agent. 458-7610 or 481-9844.

NEW E.R.A. office in Scripps Ranch/Villas. Mira Mesa. Call Conrad and check out the benefits! 271-5502.

MOBILE HOME 10x50' with patio. Adult section. Low down payment. The OK. Low equity cash/lease. Assumes very low payments. 453-8444.

VIEW SURFED and sunset from Crest 5 bedroom, 2 bathroom, dan, family room and more. Over 2000 sq. ft. on 2 acres by owner \$88,000. 288-0384.

DUPLEX FOR SALE. 2 bedroom plus 1 bedroom. \$54,000. Drive by 2027 Market St. then call 755-9000 or 272-1998.

BY OWNER. 2 bedroom, 1 bath (in University Heights) 10 percent financing available. Quiet neighborhood. Five minutes from zoo. \$65,000. 288-6921.

PINE VALLEY, over 2000 sq. ft., rustic house on beautiful wooded 1 acre lot, 2 fireplaces. \$119,500. 600,000-\$200,000 down. Owner. 598-4231.

CABIN IN BIG BEAR for sale or exchange for house in San Diego. \$65,000 on lot 60' x 140'. Home must be moved. Any reasonable offer. Call Phil 334-1058 or PH 233-3455.

TRAILER FOR SALE. 1982, 38' x 8' ft. \$10,000. Call Debbie collect 801-942019.

YOUNG COUPLE wants to buy 3 br. or larger home in Villavista area with creative seller financing attached. 279-1274.

BEAT THE RISING COSTS of homes. Large single bedroom mobile estate in solid park. \$7000 firm. 455-4343 evenings.

2 BR. DUPLEX 1225-27 Gregory St. Owner will carry with 10 percent down. \$75,000. Call Tony, Owner/Agent. 299-6118.

FLORIDA VACATION or retirement lot in lake resort area near Jacksonville. \$2000, terms. 478-5085.

HAWAII CONDOS, new Maui condos on the beach. \$100,000. \$100,000 investment, daily rental income. 714-280-1590.

READER

VOL. 8, NO. 47, NOVEMBER 28, 1979 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

SWEET, WET, UGLY, AND TOUGH

Life at the end of a lobster trap



Randy Miller

Some people say that the only other thing a lobster fisherman does besides fish is drink. This image of the hard-drinking, hard-working, hardheaded fisherman is traditional, and it might even be true. At any rate, it's true often enough that one has to wonder whether or not it is the fisherman who is attracted to drink, or the drunkard who is attracted to fishing. Lobster fishermen themselves don't do too much to discourage that impression of their profession. My impression is that they don't much give a damn what anybody thinks of them. People who insist on spending their lives alone in a little boat 300 yards to the west of the civilized world are hardly preoccupied with their public image.

By Steve Sorensen

(continued on page 8)

City Lights

Set It Over There By The Pterodactyl Bones

Several tons of prehistoric artifacts are languishing in a number of private garages throughout San Diego County for lack of a better place to go — and the county laws which created the problem are doing nothing to provide a solution. The artifacts — mostly stone tools, bones, and garbage from primitive cultures — were unearthed over the past few years by environmental consulting firms during routine excavations required before the county would issue a building permit. The artifacts are accumulating at such an alarming rate, though, that many of the firms say they are simply running out of storage room.

Our guidelines recommend that any artifacts collected during environmental studies be donated to appropriate nonprofit organizations," says Anna Noah of the county's environmental analysis division. (San Diego County's archaeological requirements are among the most stringent in the state.) The trouble with that recommendation, however, is that the two organizations which in the past have received such donations — the Museum of Man and the anthropology department of San Diego State University — are booked solid with collections of their own, and the law offers no other alternatives. "By law, the artifacts belong to the owner of the property [where they were discovered]," says Noah. "But most of the owners don't want to keep them because there are just boxes and boxes of them." One of the affected consulting firms — Flower, Ike, and Roth — has about two tons stashed away in a rented garage, according to spokeswoman Janet Eidness.

Artifacts stored by Flower, Ike, and Roth

And Stan Berryman of Archaeological Consulting and Technology estimates his firm has forty cubic yards in storage. Most of the artifacts collected in San Diego come from the La Jolla people, who inhabited an area from southern Orange County, through San Diego County, and into central Baja California as far back as 8500 years ago. (Some archaeologists feel there is evidence of human activity in San Diego County as long as 100,000 years ago.) A recent excavation at a housing project in Tecate in East San Diego County produced spears, choppers, and hammer stones used by the ancestors of the present-day Kumeyay Indians. A similar find at another housing project — this one in Jamul — consisted of

rodent bones (the remains of an Indian meal), ceramics, and clam shells from the coast, an indication of trade among these late prehistoric peoples. Researchers are hesitant to put a value on the artifacts, although few question their importance. "Archaeology in California has been ignored because the ancient people were migratory and didn't build anything impressive, like, say, pyramids," Eidness says. "The things we are uncovering may not be Stonehenge, but they are significant." Noah concurs, saying the value doesn't lie in the artifacts per se. "The value is in their scientific research potential," she says. "It's the analysis, once you get out of the field, that provides the most value."

But to get full research value, experts say, the artifacts must be stored in facilities that allow examination and comparison by other researchers. Since both San Diego State and the Museum of Man are at storage capacity, several alternate locations are being considered. Archaeologist Berryman says he has spoken with several Indian groups interested in locating repositories on San Diego County reservations. Some of the reservations mentioned as possible sites are Vieja, Pechanga, Cuyamipe, and Sequan. The San Diego Archaeological Society, a group of some 300 professional and amateur archaeologists, has initiated an effort to build a repository-museum in the Vaulain Hospital building at the terminus of Third Street in Hillcrest. Those plans, though,

have bogged down in the bureaucratic shuffle. Until a suitable location is found, then, the local environmental consulting firms must bear the cost and bother of storing the artifacts. Independent consultant Brian Smith, who estimates he has "probably a ton" of artifacts stored in a small rented garage, says there is little choice at this point. "If you dumped them or sold them," he says, "you would be ostracized by the archaeological community. It would be professionally unethical. I think everyone is willing to assume the responsibility since, really, there is no alternative."

—M.O.

Titles To Be Conferred On Giant Brain

Bill Sannwald, the new chief of the city library system, himself sounds abashed when he talks about the title that embarrasses city librarians the most. "One of the worst things for our people is for someone to walk in and say, 'I've been looking for a book for weeks and I can't find it anywhere,'" he says. "Now when that happens we can't help them because we don't know where it is ourselves." Sannwald's tone changes to exuberance when he talks about the thing that is about to change all that: a computerized circulation system which the library is on the brink of implementing. Sannwald says it's been possible to apply computer technology to libraries for maybe fifteen years, but only in the last two or three have libraries begun to do so practically. (The Detroit and

Chicago city systems, for example, still aren't computerized, he says.) Talk of computerizing the San Diego system has been in the wind for several years, but up to now, budgetary cuts have been more prevalent than major improvements. However, Sannwald says the last city budget incorporated about \$700,000 to cover the initial costs of the installation, and last week the library began receiving the first CETA

workers to help with the switchover. They're being trained now and the computer terminals they will work on will be arriving in the next three months. He predicts it will take the staff about a year and a half to program the computer with everything that describes each of the city's 1.6 million books as a unique item. The public won't see much of that activity (the terminals will be in the downtown branch, behind the glass windows on the second floor across from the exhibit wall), but more terminals should reach the checkout counters of all the branches in the next year and a half to two years. Shortly thereafter, Sannwald says, the changes should be obvious and

dramatic. For one thing, circulation workers will check out users' books either by passing a light wand or a laser beam over bar codes similar to those on food products in grocery stores (library staffers also are beginning to insert those in all the books now). When the system begins operating, librarians will be able to tell patrons exactly which branch has a given book on the shelf at any point

in time. Sannwald says the computerization also will allow users once again to reserve books (the old manual reservation system was scrapped in the wake of Proposition 13), and will make it much easier to catch users with illegally outstanding books and fines. He says even the traditional card catalogues will all disappear, to be replaced with microfilm or microfiche book records, and eventually even those static documents will yield; instead, book users will find the volumes they want by consulting terminals which will describe the moment by moment status of the city system's entire collection.

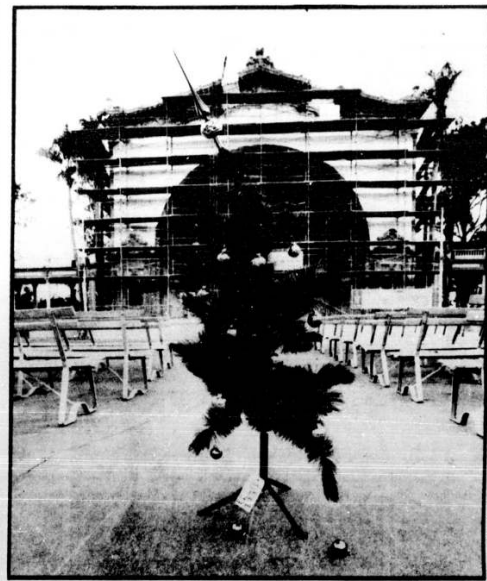
—J.D.

Tannenbaum Squad

And why shouldn't the city have a living Christmas tree? After all, everything from tulips to tomatoes grows here. Why deny living organisms every year for the sake of mere decoration? That was the logic which convinced the city five or six years ago to abandon a long-standing tradition. Up to then, local Marines had made forays into the Laguna or Cuyamaca mountains every yuletide and returned with a freshly chopped tannenbaum to be installed and decorated in Balboa Park's Organ Pavilion (and later discarded). When the first "live" needed evergreen was planted instead, the ecologically minded saw the beginning of an even more magnificent local institution. However, since then, one disaster after another has struck the city's Christmas flora.

The way Karl Schinzier tells it, the basic problem is that your real traditional Christmas-looking evergreens don't do very well in San Diego's subtropical temperatures. Schinzier is the general supervisor of the city's tree maintenance section; he points out that most of the needed evergreens, which grow in California from San Francisco northward, require neutral or acidic soil rather than San Diego's alkaline variety; plus, they need more cold weather than we experience. He says Monterey pines can be nicely shaped for the holiday, but in San Diego they have an extraordinarily short lifespan. One of the few evergreens which does fit the bill is the Atlas cedar (native to the Atlas Mountains of Morocco in Africa), a green or gray-needled tree. So the city first planned a towering gray-needled Atlas cedar on the eastern side of the Organ Pavilion.

Schinzier thinks that was in 1973 or 1974, and that first tree proudly wore the municipal



Christmas ornaments for at least a few seasons. Then came the winter of 1977-78, the first rain-drenched, storm-torn wet season to follow the drought. In March of 1978 two of the neighboring eucalyptus trees blew down and smashed the hapless Moroccan. This time, while the city's park division looked for a replacement, the decision where to plant it bogged down in minor bureaucracy. Finally, the

facilities committee of the park and recreation board (advised by several citizen's groups) ordered the tree to stand in a more prominent spot on the western side of the Organ Pavilion. At last the new tree arrived, but too late to be planted for Christmas 1978. Instead, it weathered the holidays in a planter in the middle of the pavilion, and only reached the chosen spot last spring. But then it began to

languish. Says Schinzier, "It had a problem which we don't fully understand. I'm not sure if it was watered too much or if the drainage was just too poor." The city crews tried for months to resuscitate the tree, even installing pipes to dry out its roots, but all to no avail; the tree died. City workers removed it altogether about a month ago, and in the meantime Schinzier began searching for still another

replacement as early as mid-September.

Since then, he says, he's found a lot of trees, but none with an acceptable shape. He's lowered his standards to search in the twelve- to fifteen-foot range; either for another Atlas or a Doadora cedar (native to the Himalayas and another acceptable alternative, but still the hunt has been fruitless. Schinzier also has located two existing trees elsewhere in Balboa Park which might possibly tolerate the necessary shaping, but he says moving one of them would cost more than buying a tree. (Park Maintenance Division Superintendent Dave Roberts says it would cost between \$2000 and \$3000 to buy a twenty-to-thirty foot tree and have it delivered, or about \$500 for a much younger twelve- to fifteen-foot tree.)

As of Monday, Schinzier was planning to send scouts up to check out one last promising possibility. But even if the trip succeeds, any trees purchased now won't star in this year's Christmas festivities. The annual tree lighting ceremony, scheduled for this Sunday evening and organized by members of the Community Christmas Center Committee, will feature the twenty-seven foot top of a Julian pine. "The tree [from which the top was cut] will continue to grow. We did not destroy it," stresses committee president Les Earnest. Members of his group have already decorated the tree top, so Schinzier is looking forward to next year's Christmas. "I haven't been given any other direction, so we'll keep looking until we find what we want." In fact, the supervisor says he'd like to find several young trees, "so we can plant one of them at the Organ Pavilion and have a few of them in reserve this time."

—J.D.

Things Go Better With Pope

Advertising a religion is not a new concept, though. The domain of the more flamboyant evangelists. No longer Madison Avenue and the Vatican. Via di Conciliazione have intersected right here in San Diego; the Catholic Church has gone commercial. The San Diego diocese (comprising San Diego and Imperial counties) is undertaking a media campaign aimed at bringing lost and straying lambs back to the fold. "Come Home for Christmas," as the campaign is called, is being orchestrated by Father Bob Gavotto, who is the director of the office of evangelization for the diocese.

"We bought enough space to reach twenty-five percent of the population," he says. Besides the fourteen billboards

in Imperial County (seven in English, seven in Spanish), there will be twenty-four others locally (four of them in Spanish), arranged through Pacific Outdoor Advertising. The majority of the billboards say simply, "Come Home for Christmas — Your Catholic Community."

The signs are being leased with funds from Gavotto's special \$15,000 budget approved by Bishop Leo T. Maher for the project. The English-language boards went up November 25, while the Spanish-sign versions were erected two weeks ago. "The Spanish ones are a little

different," says Gavotto. "They say, 'Respira el Hogar — La Virgen con Su Hijo Te Espera — Tu Comunidad Católica'; or roughly, 'Come back home — the Virgin with Her Son awaits you — your Catholic Community.' The Spanish-speaking people thought the campaign should be tied in with the Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe, a big religious festival in Mexico." The San Diego County Spanish billboards have been set up in Vista, Imperial Beach, Chula Vista, and East San Diego. Gavotto has also placed an order for forty-seven San Diego Transit buses to carry the message on their side panels. Eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch posters similar to the billboards

are being distributed to the eighty-seven parish churches in the diocese, and others will be mounted in such public facilities as shopping centers. Forms are being distributed at the neighborhood churches which ask for names and addresses of nonpracticing Catholics. Those who are named will be sought out by church and urged to renew their faith. "The basic part of this campaign is really simple," Gavotto says. "Lots of prayer and personal visits." After a personally signed letter from Bishop Maher himself (for those who may be a little less inclined to rejoin), the nonpracticing Catholic might expect a knock on the door from the more devout. "They are not going to try to make anyone feel guilty," he says. "It's not like an evangelical explosion. It's just a friendly

call. It's kind of a welcoming thing." Responses to the campaign so far have been good, Gavotto says, but the measure of success won't be known until well after the campaign ends on December 25. Similar advertising jobs were successfully carried out last year in St. Louis and in Springfield, Illinois, though Gavotto doesn't expect one hundred percent cooperation from local parish priests. "It will mean more work at the parish level," he says. "We just hope they become as excited about the project as we are."

—M.O.

—Jeanette DeWyz and Mark Orwoll



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Red And Swelling

I read "On Manifesto" ("City
Lights," November 22) and would
like to thank Jeannette DeWye for
informing us of another pitiful
event happening before our eyes. It
is tragic and ironic that
construction by big business
threatens to end the saga of Red

EVERYTHING FOR THE TRAVELER

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- Quartz Travel Clocks
- Rainbow Wallets
- Swiss Army Knives
- Turtleneck Leather
- & Much More...



le TRAVEL STORE
C/SB 30-1000
C/SB 30-1000

House, whose inhabitants' philosophy was contrary to such
greedy domination. Yet I don't
feel this era is ending.

The Sixties was a time for
activism, with cries for peace,
brotherhood, and protection of
nature. This, I feel, is the heart of
our generation (one with no
distinctions of age, sex, race, or
creed), often crushed by modern
society's greed and corruption. In
the Sixties we've seen less
demonstration, but that doesn't
mean anti-establishment is dying.
To the contrary, the large
antimuclear protests and the rise of
new socialist and leftist groups
likely may be signaling a revival of
much greater force in the Eighties.
Let us enter the new decade unified
and strong in order to save this
planet for our children's children.
Viva Red House!
Joel F. Horvath
Coronado

Hello Folly

The lead story "The Animals'
Hour" (November 15) is a
poignant example of the folly of
man in overpopulation, with the
resultant inevitable rapid
utilization of the earth's limited
resources. The people of the world
must change their views on
population levels if mankind is to
continue reasonable levels of
culture and civilization and indeed
subsistence.
Don Scarle
San Diego

Beurskens Takes Stock

Your OMBAC article ("For Big
Kids Only," November 13) seemed
to serve no purpose. If this were an
article concerning other minority
groups such as Blacks and Latinos
that were harassed senselessly, I'm
sure this article would not have
been printed.

Each group has a right to have
its own opinions, no matter how
biased and misconceived they may
be. However, to print such an
article only shows that your paper
has a senseless and pointless
existence.

Letters

The gay community is trying to
fight stereotypes. This article only
reinforced the fallacies and further
made the gay community look
scumbag.
Richard Beckers
San Diego

Angels With Dirty Beer Bellies

I have never met anyone at the
four over-the-line tournaments I
have attended who was an active
candidate for defecation. I saw no
hubs, heard no trumpets sound,
witnessed no miracles performed. I
don't know whether any of the
many people on the sand around

me were directly affiliated with
OMBAC. I laughed at the sights
and sounds. Both males and
females were made the butt of
jokes by the team names.

It is a known fact that OMBAC
is a male-dominated organization.
It may be inherently sexist,
historically racist, and
intentionally abusive in its verbal
manner and treatment of women
and homosexuals of either sex. In
those respects, and in many others,
the members reflect our society as
a whole. They neither chronicle
the past nor predict the future. No
present-day Freud would waste a
single sentence on the behavior of
OMBAC's members in his works.
In fact, all that has been written in
response to your article is, at best,
superfluous (as is what is flowing
from this pen as well).

The only reason for it may lie in
Norman Mailer's recent comment
on what he said he has learned
about America and Americans:
"They are consumed by their own
virtue as well as the virtue of
others. With that in mind, the
OMBAC motto, 'We never have
any fun,' far better describes
those who write in and attack
OMBAC, than do those letters
justifying the felling of a single tree to
muralize and lambaste OMBAC.
Now if you think that this sounds a
bit pious of me, let me tell you that
my virtue is intact. Just ask me.
Arthur L. Roe
San Diego

Hans Saps Orchestra Pits

It is high time that someone take
Jonathan Saville to task for his
misplaced praise of the San Diego
Symphony. Two weeks ago my
wife and I were faced with the
choice of attending either the San
Diego Symphony or the L. A.
Philharmonic, which was in town
the following evening. Both
programs were appealing,
however, our budget allowed for
only one concert.

Although we did not hear our
symphony last year, I recalled
reading many glowing reports
from Mr. Saville, that memory
plus a dash of civic pride, enticed
us to hear the San Diegos. Never
again, Jonathan. There was a
complete dearth of musicianship,
except from the guest soloist,
Radolf Firkusny, who was a
delight. Peter Eris eschewed any
sort of interpretive nuances and
seemed to be content to have his
orchestra play the notes in a most
mechanical fashion. And even that
was not very well done; there was
a consistent dullness to the strings,
ragged intonations, and sloppy
attacks from virtually all choirs.

Sure, the San Diego Symphony
is an acceptable local orchestra,
but one should not expect to pay
such exorbitant ticket prices,
which are the same for the L. A.
Philharmonic, an orchestra Saville
places on a par with our own. That
contention is simply egregious
nonsense. But I think the final
indictment is that, even though
there is a fantastic amount of
wealth in this community, very
very little is contributed to support
the arts. If the orchestra could pay
decent salaries, then, perhaps, we
could hire the musicians Saville
imagines he hears.
Hans Schilgervitz
La Jolla

Erratum

"Tales of the Ticker Tape,"
printed in this paper November 8
and written by Sue Garson,
contained an error not of the
author's making. The phrase
"Black Monday" should have
read "Black Tuesday." We regret
the error.

—Ed

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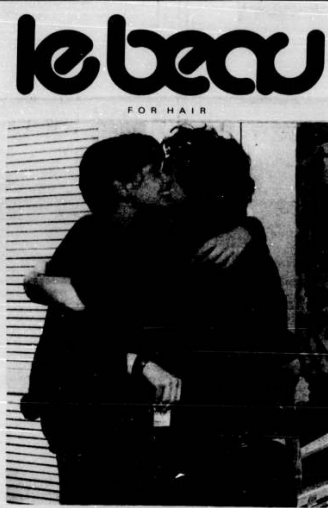
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HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
How does one get a government job for helping out with the national census next year?

Kent Murstein
Pacific Beach
In February be alert for advertisements by the government's Social and Economic Statistics Administration. It's then that the government will begin to hire "enumerators" (formerly called census-takers), who will go from door to door in April and May, collecting information on the county's inhabitants. In all, the government will hire 1960 enumerators—649 in Vista, 606 in El Cajon, and 715 in San Diego. (The hiring offices in these cities have not yet been established.) A spokeswoman for the census bureau in Los Angeles said that all of the enumerators will be hired from the same communities in which they will work. "Therefore, they won't be outsiders, and they won't arouse suspicion and hostility," she said.

In addition to living in their own census area, the enumerators must be eighteen years of age and have graduated from high school. These are the only requirements: one doesn't even have to be a U.S. citizen — "and that's unusual in government work," the spokeswoman said. Applicants will be given a one-hour test of basic skills in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Those hired must swear never to divulge the information they obtain from individual households. The fine for violating the secrecy rule is \$5000 or five years in jail, or both.

Although the enumerators will go from one door to another, asking the occupants to fill out the census questionnaires, they



Illustration by Rick Gray

will not necessarily go to every door in a neighborhood. Most people will already have completed their census forms by the time the enumerators are sent out. The nation's 86 million households will receive census forms on March 28, and the recipients will be asked to complete the forms and return them by postpaid mail before April 1. Then, during the first week of April, the government will create a list of households that didn't return the forms. These are the households that the enumerators will visit, earning about four dollars an hour as they go, depending on how fast they work. An enumerator will work forty hours a week and may spread the hours into the evenings and weekends.

For census routes that require a car, the government will pay an enumerator 18.5 cents a mile.

Once all the questionnaires have been collected and their data recorded by computer, the papers themselves will be destroyed. A microfilm of the questionnaires will be made, however, and shipped to Pittsburgh, Kansas, for seventy-two years of storage. No government agency will have access to this microfilm. None but an individual has the right to see his own census form, and then only that part of the form showing his name, address, and age. (Some people need a census form to prove their age, as when they have lost their birth records by fire.)

The results of the 1980 census will be published during the three years following in 300,000 pages of statistics that show the population in every aspect: marriage, earnings, housing, offspring, race. Census comes from the word censor—the title of an ancient Roman magistrate whose original function was to aid the tax collectors and army generals by entering the homes of citizens and registering their possessions, and the number of able-bodied men. While he was at it, the censor looked over the household's morals, and penalized moral offenders by removing their public rights.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Could you tell me what makes lead glass bottles turn that violet color after they've been in the sunlight?

Ian Hilker
Pacific Beach

The tinting is thought to be caused by the presence in the glass of manganese ions which absorb ultraviolet light and emit electrons, thereby altering the glass's chemistry. In ordinary glass, the effect is permanent. But in glass containing very small crystals of silver halides, the effect is reversible. When the silver halides are struck by bright sunlight, they darken the glass, and when the sunlight is gone, the glass returns to its normal tint. Thus the invention of eyeglasses that turn into sunglasses on a bright day.

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.

Even The Oldest Communications Center In The World Needs An Update



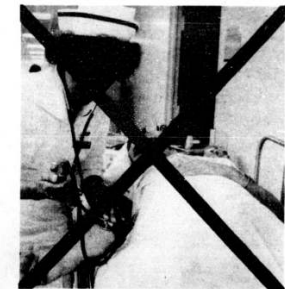
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California SB 666 abolishes current law regulating and defining nursing practice and education without providing effective substitutes.

Some implications are:

1. Anyone can become an RN without education.
2. Permits an individual to take the state examination for licensure as a Registered Nurse without prior attendance in an institution of higher learning.
3. Only the nursing profession has become the object of legislation which decreases a lower education standard than other helping professions.

The California Nurses' Association is opposed to the passage of SB 666.

Please support the nurses in their opposition to this bill by writing to:

Governor Jerry Brown State Capitol Sacramento, CA 95814	Senator Alex P. Garcia Chairman, Senate Business and Profession Committee State Capitol Room 4090 Sacramento, CA 95814	Senator Diane E. Watson State Capitol Room 4090 Sacramento, CA 95814
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The California nurses will be assembling at the Amtrak Train Station, 1080 Kettner Boulevard, on December 7th at 6:30 A.M. for a march in opposition to this bill.

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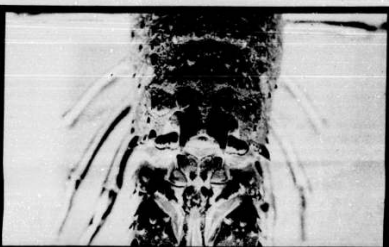
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LOBSTER

(continued from page 1)

Nevertheless, when I recently went out lobster fishing with Randy Miller, of Encinitas, he seemed sober enough for 5:30 in the morning. "I'm a family man," he protested as he cleared the beer bottles off the deck of his skiff. "I go to bed when my daughter goes to bed."

We shouted back and forth over the noise of his diesel engine as it warmed up. The sky to the east was just starting to turn orange when we pulled out of the Ocean-side harbor. It was a clear morning with a medium swell that, from the perspective of his open boat, looked bigger than it really was. "There'll be a wind from the north-west later on," Miller said.

We started checking his traps as soon as we were out of the harbor jetty. Miller's traps run from San Clemente to Cardiff, but today we would only go south as far as Swami's, in Encinitas. There were dozens of multicolored buoys, but only those aqua and white were his. I was surprised that the fishermen didn't have their separate territories staked out. "Now, I'm afraid the days of the gentleman fisherman are over," Miller said. Not only do the lobster fishermen have to worry about divers stealing from their traps, but fishermen have begun stealing from other fishermen's traps, and even taking another man's buoy and replacing it with their own — stealing the trap, in effect. "It's pretty cutthroat, really."

Miller snagged the first buoy with a long pole and dragged the line toward him. Then he slipped the line over a hydraulic davit, which has replaced human muscle for the backbreaking job of hauling the traps up off the bottom. As the trap boiled to the surface, he leaned over and hacked the seaweed off with a knife. Only then

could we see that the trap was empty — just a couple snails and a little starfish picking the bait clean. He re-baited the trap with a rock cod head, glanced at his fathometer to find the reef, then shoved the trap overboard. Whatever the romantic notions of lobster fishing might be, this simple, fluid, repetitive act — hauling the traps, re-baiting them, and showing them overboard — is really what the lobster fisherman does with his day. This is the reality of his trade.

"I don't know how these guys do it who drink all the time," Miller laughed. "I used to be able to do it when I was younger, but not so much anymore. One of the best fishermen on the coast recently had a 300-pound guy fall off a bar stool and land on his knee. I mean, that's the kind of thing these guys have to worry about. . . . I remember one time when I ran into this friend of mine. He was fishing out past the kelp beds on this cold December morning. He was waving a wine bottle around and called me over to share a drink with him. I thought, sure, why not? I started heading over there, and I could see from a distance that he wasn't wearing a shirt — I mean it was cold! When I pulled up alongside him, there was a woman aboard, and I swear to God she wasn't wearing anything but this guy's shirt." Miller shook his head. "That guy never has any money, but he always has these women. I don't understand it."

Miller has been fishing for lobsters for about fifteen years, "d gill-netting fish in the off-season. He doesn't look as salty as you might expect. Even in a grimy old baseball cap and rubber boots he looks young for thirty-four, not at all like someone who makes his living from the sea. Born and raised in Encinitas, he grew up watching the fishermen come in at Swami's. He used to help them with their catches, and he always thought it was something he'd like to try. In 1964, when he was going to MiraCosta College in Oceanside, he started fishing in order to earn his way through school. "I was playing a little basketball and wasn't really into school that much. One day I asked my coach how much money he made. He told me he made about \$900 a month. Well, I was making that much every two weeks and only working about four days a week. So I quit going to school and I've been fishing ever since."

The second trap Randy pulled was empty, too, except for a bunch of beer cans. "It's the standard catch outside the harbor," he shrugged. "The only thing I can figure out is that the bottom must be covered with them. I've hauled up sofas, chairs. . . . One time I pulled up a

stretcher with an outboard motor strapped on it." Not far away, lounging on one of the big buoys marking the entrance to the harbor, were a half dozen fat seals. They looked hungry and lazy, like many of the characters who hang around the Oceanside harbor. I asked Miller if they ever steal from his traps. "Sure," he nodded, "especially if you use bonito for bait. They love bonito."

Some lobster fishermen say that seals are their number-one enemy, supposedly, the seals know how to open traps and steal everything. But Miller says that scuba divers are his biggest enemies. "I hate divers. Five out of ten won't steal from you, but the other five will. If they're out diving and they haven't caught anything, and they see a big one in your trap, and no one's around, they'll take it." One time he hauled up a trap with a diver attached; his arm was in the hatch. The guy's wetsuit was torn and his arm was bleeding. I wondered if it ever made Miller feel like committing violence. "Sure, but I can't ever find anybody in the water mad enough to fight me." (One veteran fisherman out of La Jolla reportedly carries a submachine gun on board to intimidate divers. The same guy caught a diver stealing from his traps one time. He grabbed the diver by the collar, gunned his engine, and dragged him out to the kelp beds before letting him go. "Next time I'll take you clear out to the islands," he said.)

The third trap Miller hauled had a lobster in it. "That one's legal," he said. He gauged him to make sure they must measure three and a quarter inches from the eyes to the end of the body shell, not counting the tail, and tossed it in the bucket. Still, he wasn't satisfied. "Last year that trap would have been full." This hasn't been a good year for Randy and for lobster fishermen generally. The reasons for that are unclear. "Everybody has their theories, but nobody really knows," Miller conceded. "The biologists are researching the hell out of it, but I'm not sure that will do any good. The old guys who've been fishing for years and years — and I respect their opinion as much, or more, than any biologist — say that something's wrong with the bottom — currents, thermoclines, I don't know. I think it's the cold water, and a lot of other guys do, too. Last year the water never got below sixty degrees. It's already in the low fifties right now."

The season is still young — it goes from early October to mid-March — but the first month is generally the best. Almost everyone agrees, however, that there is no lack of lobsters. "I think the lobster population is as healthy as it's ever been," Miller said. "It's just hard to catch them right now."

In years like this, stories of the "big catch" haunt fishermen. Rumors of the boat that came in off San Clemente Island with 3000 pounds of lobster, or memories of the year when everybody brought in 700 or 800 pounds on opening day — these cause restlessness and frustration. These stories also get-rich-quick mentality to the industry, which in turn inspires a lot of amateurs to try their hand at it. Lobster is selling in the market at an all-time high of \$6.50 per pound, and the fishermen are being paid \$3.25 per pound. If you were to catch one hundred pounds, the novices reason, then you would make \$325, which sounds pretty good. But if they look into it further, they find that most fishermen have at least \$1000 invested in their boat, even if it's just a dinghy with an outboard motor; and some, like Miller, have more than \$20,000 in their boat. Traps, if you make them yourself, cost a minimum of fifteen dollars apiece, and can run as high as fifty dollars each. It isn't just fishing, either — you have at least fifty traps, and the best fishermen use perhaps 200 traps. So that's a minimum of another \$750. A commercial fishing license costs forty dollars, a certificate of boat registration is \$125, and a commercial lobster permit is \$125. That's \$290 in fees. So the would-be fisherman is looking at a \$200 investment before he even gets his boat wet. And any successful fisherman would tell you it would take a whole lot more than that. "Every year we get these guys," Miller says. "They come out with no license,

(continued on page 10)

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LOBSTER

(continued from page 8)

maybe five or six traps, working right off the jetty. They're using boat cushions for buoys—a boat cushion costs more than a buoy, but maybe they *had* the boat cushion. Who knows? Oh, we've got fishermen, school teachers, real estate agents out here. We've got the guy who fishes for the tax write-off on his sailboat. After the first big storm, they'll head in and sell some real estate or something. But I'll still be out here."

The first day of the season this year eliminated many of the would-be fishermen, it was the most disastrous opening day in memory. There were swells of fifteen feet. One lobster fisherman was killed off P. Loma the night before while setting his gear in the storm. The next morning a

woman lobster fisherman lost her boat, and several others came close to losing theirs. Nearly everybody lost traps in the storm; they were smashed to pieces, or severed from their buoys, or washed up on shore and stolen. It was an extremely discouraging experience for many fishermen who'd been working for two months in advance, preparing themselves for opening day. Why would anyone go out in conditions like that? "Because it was opening day," Miller said. "We were all broke, and opening day is traditionally the day of the big catches." Since then it's been all downhill. Miller says he hasn't even paid for his expenses yet this year. "I made more in one week last year than I've made so far this year. . . . It's the hardest adjustment a fisherman has to make—coming off a good year, just starting to get ahead a little, and then this. All you can do is lie low and try to get by."

Many people are inclined to think, particularly in a poor year like this one, that

lobsters are being "fished out" in the San Diego area. Apparently, this just isn't true. Very few game animals could survive the kind of pressure man is putting on lobsters along the coast of Southern California. But for lobsters, there doesn't seem to be much of a problem to survive, and even to thrive. The reason for that is the way lobsters reproduce. They resemble insects more than anything else, and are referred to almost affectionately as "bugs" by many fishermen and divers. Some refer to them less affectionately as "the cockroach of the sea." They do reproduce like insects—one female has been observed carrying as many as 500,000 eggs.

It was once thought that the old "bulls," such as the seventeen-pound lobster taken off Catalina in 1912, were responsible for fertilizing most of the female's eggs, in the same way that one old buck can keep several does pregnant in deer populations. But it is now believed that the old bulls may be sterile, and that they eliminate many of the

young lobsters by eating them, which is why the females sometimes kill the males after fertilization. Furthermore, it is believed that the smaller lobsters, the "shorts," which are protected by fish and game regulations, are responsible for fertilizing the female's eggs. Thus, by removing all lobsters over a certain size, the fisherman may very well be helping the whole population.

Almost everything that moves in the ocean is the lobster's enemy. It isn't easy being the tastiest animal around. Besides man, the lobster's biggest enemy is probably the sheephead, a fish that resembles a swimming jaw. A pretty good argument could be made that the sheephead has evolved to eat lobsters, so huge and powerful are its jaws. Sheephead have been found with dozens of lobsters in their stomachs. Another connoisseur of lobsters is the octopus, which seeks them out among the rocks, entangles them in its

(continued on page 14)

Restaurants

Pincer Movement

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Type of Food: Seafood and fish, especially Maine lobster
Price Range: Dinner, \$8.00 to \$12.95
Hours: Open daily. Dinner, 5:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Breakfast, Monday through Friday, 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Brunch, Saturday, 11:00 a.m. and Sunday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

A friend of mine who recently returned from the Orient explained how he sought out good restaurants, especially in Hong Kong. He always looked for the ones that had enormous tanks in the window filled with live fish and seafood that were actually used for the meals. On the eastern seaboard, lobsters are often brought to the table live for your inspection, and then served a few minutes later. But in San Diego, not only are fresh lobsters in short supply, but they used to be entirely a seasonal affair. The old signs, "Lobsters R in season," were meant as indicators of the fact that lobsters were available only in months that had the letter R in their spelling. (In San Diego, the season now runs from October to March.) With the advent of frozen lobster, however, the problem of season became less problematic. But freezing inevitably alters the taste of the delicate sea creature.

The problems associated with having fresh lobsters flown in raised the prices astronomically. Pisces restaurant in Carlsbad charges \$19.50 for its Maine lobster, which puts it out of the range of most diners. The current price for lobster in fish markets ranges from \$5.25 to \$6.98 per pound, and considering the weight of the shell, it's difficult to obtain a lobster under one pound. The days when I served lobster as a treat for my children because they had the sniffles, or because their father was out of town, are long gone. At these prices, lobster has become prohibitive. Smoked salmon, or lox, is approximately fifteen dollars per pound, but you can still buy three dollars' worth, or enough for about two bagels, if you are very frugal with your purchase. But you can't buy one mouthful of lobster. Franklin D. Roosevelt allegedly ate two lobsters at one sitting, and frequently served them to his guests. Of course, he was a partisan by birth, and a leader dur-

ing the Depression, when whole lobsters went for twenty-five cents.

And this brings me to Humphrey's, the new restaurant on Shelter Island which offers Maine lobster dinners as well as a variety of fish and seafood. The old Windong restaurant has been redecorated and refurbished—whirling overhead fans and wicker furniture, exposed brick painted off-white—and you have a view of the marina on Shelter Island if your table is close enough to the windows. The dining room seats at least 120 people; there's a separate full bar and an outdoor patio available for dining when the weather is pleasant. On the night my friend and I arrived, the place was so jammed we couldn't even find seats at the bar. We had come to take advantage of the much advertised whole Maine lobster dinner, which sold for \$9.85 Monday through Thursday, but was three dollars more on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. As it happened, we met two other friends and this allowed me to sample even more dishes.

Reservations are adhered to very strictly. My friends were ten minutes late and lost their table. When they decided to join us, we had to wait until the time of our

reservation at 7:30 p.m. We were seated at 7:40 and after a great many introductions to our waiter, we sat quietly and chewed on our napkins for another twenty minutes before I begged for some bread. The waiter was chatty, even solicitous. Six crustaceans inching across the ocean floor couldn't be slower than the arrival of our diners.

This is a review that could be done as a one-liner: stick with the lobster and forget the rest. By the rest, I mean everything that comes with the lobster dinner, as well as the salads, served à la carte, or any à la carte vegetables. The Humphrey's salad (\$1.50) is an abomination, with a ruffled dressing slopped over the plate, and barely crisped lettuce topped with almonds. It looks like an unsynthesized mess, and tastes like it. The cole slaw which accompanies the Maine lobster defies resemblance to any cole slaw I have ever encountered—it's ivory-colored and doesn't even have a cabbage taste. Even if it were prepared from prepackaged shredded cabbage, it should have some discernible flavor. As for the creamed spinach my friend ordered (\$1.25), it had the consistency of epoxy but was probably too

gether with flour and cream. After tasting it, we set it aside.

One of my friends ordered the Thursday night special of bouillabaisse (\$9.50), which was prepared without the classical ingredient, saffron. The seafood was of good quality, but the broth, served separately, was thin and without character. The whole dish was so lifeless to the eye and pallid to the taste that after sampling it, I averted my gaze.

Two of my friends ordered lobster pot (\$9.85). This arrived with the aforementioned cole slaw, redskin potatoes, an ear of corn, and some clams. The corn was overcooked and tough, the clams of no moment, but the lobster was sweet and succulent. Though I longed for the lobster, for the sake of trying as many dishes as possible, I had the king crab legs, admittedly frozen (\$10). These were properly steamed and advertised as weighing three-fourths of a pound. The tiny dish of zucchini was adequate.

Last, the desserts, which can be summed up in three words: save your money. We tried the peppermint ribbon pie (\$1.75), whose graham cracker crust was salty and had the pulverized look of those found on shelves in supermarkets. The peppermint ice cream was inoffensive, but the alleged meringue topping had the sponginess of marshmallow. When our waiter heard us express disappointment, he brought us some bananas Bogart, or fresh bananas with mocha ice cream and fudge topping (\$2). Since these are wicked times, I ate most of it.

Humphrey's appears to be doing land-side business, but of the diners I sampled, the only one for which it's worth crossing the threshold was the Maine lobster, and then only during the week, when it's slightly under ten dollars. Humphrey's is also open for breakfast (eggs, toast, etc.—no fish or seafood breakfast) and for lunch daily. For diners, it offers veal Oscar and London broil, as well as fish and seafood, but it may be wise to chance veal or beef in an establishment that specializes in seafood. Rather, it's best to order what is sure to be its choice culinary item.

The lobsters themselves can't be faulted. Whether you wish to endure the wait for a table or the other imponderables remains for you to decide. Just remember that when eating Maine lobster, you have to work at it by cracking all of the innest claws. A waitress in Nantucket once instructed me in the fine art of lobster-eating. "Just remember, dear," she explained, "the sweetest meat is in the tightest places."

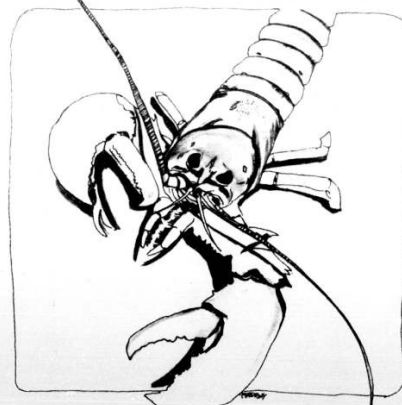


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BOOTS	3.00	5.50	7.50	9.50	11.50	13.50	15.00	1.50
POLES	1.00	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	.50

NUMBER OF DAYS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Add'l days over one week
SKIS, BOOTS, POLES	\$4.50	\$7.50	\$10.50	\$13.50	\$16.50	\$19.50	\$21.50	\$1.50
SKIS, POLES	3.00	5.50	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	1.00
BOOTS	2.00	3.50	5.00	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	1.00
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Let's Hear it for the PIANO PLAYER



By Mark Orwall



Gil Warner



Morris Silverman

Ina Souez, the well-known opera singer of forty years ago, noticed from behind the bar rattling a tray of beer bottles and telling the drinkers to hold their horses. "I'm coming, I'm coming," she said and security. The men at the table noticed the cold states of the other patrons, expressions which seemed to say, "You could sell at the bazaar when this was the Submarine Cafe, but it's the Opera Cafe now, and that's Ina Souez, so pipe down." It was 1952 and Ina was, to put it nicely, down on her back. The bar, located across from the Midway Drive-In Theatre, was a dump, and no one could deny it. But dump or no, it was a place where Ina was once again in the spotlight, and her fans came from as far as Los Angeles and San Francisco with record albums for her to autograph. Although they saw her now, serving beer to ignorant drinkers, they remembered her as the grand diva who recorded the Mozart operas at the London Glendebourne Festival with Fritz Busch conducting. The RCA Victor records were getting scratchy, but there was no hiding the magnificent coloratura or the utter sincerity of her phrasing.

The three drunks at the table took the beer from her tray and started to pay, but just then the music from the piano changed from a background cocktail tune to the opening strains of Verdi's *Aida*. Souez stood erect when she recognized the melody, left the table, and hurried to the bar, where she pulled an old apple crate from a corner. Standing on her crate stage, she began to sing, gesturing grandly. When she finished, she bowed, then turned and smiled at the pianist, Gil Warner. It was quite a memory for Warner, who now, at age fifty-eight, plays four nights a week at the Calypso on Fifth Avenue in Hillcrest. "When she used to sing, I'd get damp," he recalled. "Of course, Ina is quite old now, living in L.A. But it was just a fantastic experience."

Playing at the Calypso may not be quite as fantastic, but it's a living. On a recent Thursday night, the crowd in the bar was watching the Chargers trailing badly behind Oakland. The mood was unfriendly, if not outright hostile. There were perhaps sixteen people watching the game. The pool-hall camaraderie of the drinkers was at odds with the interior design of the Calypso, which, in its hokey, pseudo-Moonish way, would do credit to any downtown Hollywood set designer. Brass lamps hang from the ceiling, mosque-like shrines are embedded in the walls, miniature pillars surmount the mixing bar like something out of the Alhambra, and in a place of honor behind the piano bar is a huge oil painting of a stallion-mounted Prince of the Desert. But cutting through all the Arabic foldover, the bar can be seen for what it is: a nautically cocktail lounge, complete with formula table tops and red-glass candle cups. The candle cups, however, are not wrapped in white plastic fishnet.

The bartender that night was a smoothie; he mixed drinks as if he were doing you a favor. He wore one of those Cammy Street shirts with the long collars and puffy sleeves, and a black, double-breasted vest. He looked as if he'd raided the closet of one of James Brown's Famous Flames. He called most of the people by name, and commiserated with them as he turned off the game. While all the football fans grumbled their way outside, the barman turned the lights down low and a man in his fifties left the bar for the piano. Gil Warner hit a few minor-seventies and hummed along with the chords. "Show tunes, opera, popular music—that's the stuff of his repertoire. 'Country music eludes me,'" he says. He looks ten years younger than he is, and speaks in a rich baritone. "One night a couple of women walked in and said, 'Why don't you play some shit-kicking music?' And I said, 'Why don't you go to a shit-kicking bar?' Well, that sounded reasonable to them, so they finished their drink, and off I had it—the one going out to National City to one of those asteroid bars and asking them to play some Noel Coward. They'd look at me like I was possessed. 'People like to hear piano players for some reason. The classic example is the messy drunk who insists on hearing 'Melancholy Baby.' Three times in a row. But Warner says he's learned to handle it. 'They want you to pay attention,' he says. 'They want you to put them down. They want you to cheer them out. Anything? It's like a clinic. I either just ignore them or tell them off. I can get cruel about it.'"

But Warner isn't cruel simply because someone's had too much to drink. "I went into a bar in New York called the Cove," he says, remembering back twenty-five years. "It was near Madison Square Garden. I was going to meet someone. Down at the end of this bar there was a guy, and as I came in there were some empty seats there, so I just sat down a couple of seats away and said, 'My God! I had seen this musical called *New Faces of 1955*, and it had Eartha Kitt, Paul Lynde, Carol Lawrence—God, you name it. And Paul Lynde was in the sketches. Well, the show had been closed for some time, and nobody knows him. I said, 'Aren't you Paul Lynde?' And as he turns I see he's crying. So I gave him the bit about how great he was, and all of a sudden he went like this [smiles] and we started talking. We got to know each other pretty well, but there were nights when he was real down. I mean down, down. I couldn't talk. When he'd drunk, he's miserable. He's a sick, sick mess, but a great talent."

After Warner's 1955 New York sojourn, he went for a drink with some friends at the Streamliner, a fancy watering hole on El Cajon Boulevard. Warner was scrapping by on twenty-eight dollars a week unemployment dole, but still doing all right. He and his friends listened to the woman pianist who played there six nights a week. The owner came in and recognized Warner's pals. They mentioned that Warner was a pianist, and the owner said he was looking for someone to play Sunday nights. "I wasn't interested," Warner remembers, "so I said, 'In the first place, you can't even afford me. I'm sitting back, and he says, 'What do you mean, I can't afford you? How much?' So I said, 'Fifty bucks for the one night,' and he looks at me and groans. 'You start next Sunday,' and walked away." Warner started that week, and with his fifty bucks for one night he became an object of hatred for the other pianist, who played six nights for a total of eighty-two fifty. "I lived on that for months and months. The woman hated my guts, but it wasn't my fault."

Nor was it his fault that he ever got into the piano lounge profession in the first place. "I was pushed into it," he says. A friend of his took him to meet the owner of the old Choco-Choco restaurant, which used to be across from the Grant Hotel on the Fourth Street side. There was a circus bar at one end of the eatery and a Polynesian bar at the other end. The friend and the club owner got Warner to join the musicians union, and that was the start. "I opened in a panic. It was just a blur." From there it was the frenetic world of a working musician. He was featured in the Old Globe productions of *Camille* in the Art, a seasonal music revue which lasted six years from 1949 to 1955. He played in lounges all over town. He never married and never learned to drive a car. He never practiced except when there was a spotlight on him, and he loved it. But after thirty-two years he started at the Choco-Choco in 1948, almost any line of work can become depressing. The pay was never great, although he says he is "comfortable," and the night life often wore thin. Sometimes he

left him chucking it all, but he always found himself back at the piano bench. "It's called being a professional," he says. "This is a job. I'm getting paid. Sometimes you find yourself playing mechanically, and that's bad. Let's face it, an artist wants to be appreciated. There are some nights when it's bad, and some nights when it's wonderful. Some nights I didn't want to leave. When I was younger and I was doing the musicals, I thought it was fantastic. It would have been a great way to spend the rest of my life. But the terrible thing is, I've never had any ambition. I've never worked harder than I had to. But that means I'm the loser. I lose for this."

The Club 30, located at the corner of Thirtieth and Uvas, has been a neighborhood tavern for the past forty years or more. A visitor enters and asks the bartender when the piano player is going to start. "But he got pay down at the end of the bar," he says, "in a few minutes, as soon as he finishes his drink." Soon a big, white-haired man wearing nondescript casual clothes taps up to the piano and pounds out a forceful, but very Caucasian, version of "St. Louis Blues." The six people nursing drinks pay no attention, but instead gaze heavily-eyed at the bowling trophies lined up against the wall. The piano man goes into "Sentimental Journey," then bends into "Somebody Loves Me," never letting the bungled notes impede his forward progress. On top of the piano, next to a red-glass candle cup wrapped in white plastic fishnet, is a rose-colored glass for tips, but it remains empty, almost taunting the old musician as he continues playing.

The piano needs to be tuned, but no one seems to care. A woman stands up and weaves her way to the pianist. She begins to sing "Nothing Could Be Finer (than to be in Carolina)," and the pianist attempts to follow along. He can't get past the first verse; he doesn't know the rest. "Do you know 'Easter Parade'?" she asks, leaning on the piano to steady herself. He begins to play, and she looks dreamily up at the ceiling, swaying back and forth in time to the music. "On the avenue, Fifth Avenue, la de da da da, mmm mmm, in the Easter Parade!"

The Fontainebleau Room is only a few city blocks from the honky-tonk dives south of Broadway, but in sophistication and elegance it is miles away. Housed on the second floor of the posh Westgate Hotel, one reaches the dining area by ascending the forty-three steps of a sumptuously luxurious Louis XIV stairway. The lobby outside the Fontainebleau Room is lawned with a camel's coat of soft tan carpet. Three ladies walk past, their pastel chiffon gowns fluttering in the artificial, air-conditioned breeze. The room is lighted by five chandeliers of varying degrees of splendor. Black marble figurines mounted on gold-toned columns are placed on French provincial easels. Wartime-like landscapes are hung in key locations on the walls, painted in muted tones of sandy brown. And this is only the lobby.

The tinkling of a pre-World War I Steinway that once belonged to actress Deanna Durbin emanates from within the main dining salon. A lovely blond woman in a black formal gown introduces herself and leads the guests to the white-linen tables. Smokey waiters in full black tuxedos and white gloves stand ready for beckoning. And there on the left is pianist Joe Fox, probably the classiest solo act in the country. The way Fox has made his musical living certainly is not typical. At forty-three, he can look back and agree that he has lived a charmed life; almost everything has gone his way. A San Diego native, he is Filipino by heritage, and with his Merseybeat haircut, he looks not unlike some South Pacific Beetle. In the seven

years he has been at the Westgate, where he is now entertainment director. He has not only thrived but prospered. He is called being a professional. "This is a job. I'm getting paid. Sometimes you find yourself playing mechanically, and that's bad. Let's face it, an artist wants to be appreciated. There are some nights when it's bad, and some nights when it's wonderful. Some nights I didn't want to leave. When I was younger and I was doing the musicals, I thought it was fantastic. It would have been a great way to spend the rest of my life. But the terrible thing is, I've never had any ambition. I've never worked harder than I had to. But that means I'm the loser. I lose for this."

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After a brief stint in another local bar, Fox got an offer in Los Angeles that was too good to pass up, playing at a place called the King James on La Cienega Boulevard. Although he was there only six months, it was long enough to build a good following of local celebrities who liked to sing along with Fox's playing. "The kind of people I attracted there were really top-notch people," he says. "Robert Goulet was there. Elmer Bernstein was there—he gave me the music to *Hawaii*, which he wrote—Ann Francis, Ernest Borgnine, Ross Martin—he's great—and Ed Platt. You know, the guy who played the chief on *Get Smart*. He had a great voice. He really could sing. He did 'Old Man River' in this really deep voice he had. Robert Goulet came in a lot of times and sang."

Fox might have been there still had he not received a call from some old buddies in San Diego, telling him they had a chance to start a club of their own, and they wanted him as a partner and chief entertainer. "And so we opened up a place called the Four Winds. I had the most wonderful five years of my life there." Fox played at the piano but so well people had to be turned away. Since it was his club, he played what he wanted, which is every musician's dream. "What I would do," he recalls, "was open up for myself for twenty minutes or so, then I'd like to feature a singer." He would feature a soprano, or a baritone, or sometimes several singers at once. They would do show tunes, which are Fox's forte—and some opera, and invite people from the audience to take part. After a while they began attracting professional singers

(continued on page 14)

PIANO PLAYER

(continued from page 13)
from Starlight Opera and the Old Globe. "What gets me," he says, "is that by the time this thing got going we had a whole chorus. I mean twenty or thirty people. It was like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir."

But the good times ended in 1972 when the five-year lease expired and the property owner didn't want to renew. For says it was all very sad, but the show had to go on, if only to pay the grocers bills. So he played at several piano bars around the area before landing an audition with the Westgate.

It's not quite the same as running his own show, but he gets paid top dollar for what he does the wouldn't reveal his salary, and that's very enough. "I get a lot of requests," he says, "but most of them are really subdued. You can't really let loose, because, number one, everybody is dining and you can't blast them out. I'm just primarily a second attraction. The food usually comes first. But doesn't bother me. I've always wanted to be noticed by other people, but I know what my job is in that room."

An accomplished pianist with a music degree from San Diego State and

training under Malanie Levine at the Juilliard School in Music in New York, For would seem to have the best of everything with his cushy job at the Westgate. Not so, he says. In fact, one of his fondest memories is of the time he spent in a little bar on University at Thirtieth called the Clubhouse for two years prior to the *Sunday* show. "You should have seen the place the day before it opened," he says. "There was still gravel and sand and dust all over, and it looked like we'd never open, but we did, with just a piano there — not even any bar stools. The people put their drinks on the floor. It was like a little get-together, sort of. They used to come in like a real happy little family."

And given the chance, he'd like to do that again. "That's a selfish goal," he says, "but if I were selfish, I would open another club. You know, there used to be a lot of little piano bars where people could go in and sing a little bit. You don't find those anymore. There are very few legitimate piano bars left. A lot of people enjoy them, too; the people from say, thirty on. There are people in their thirties and sixties, they're still living, they still go to nightclubs. There's no place left where you can take your wife. It's sad."

In many ways, Morie Swanson can be seen as the quintessential piano bar entertainer. By his own account he may

have been the second such entertainer in San Diego County. "It was in 1951," says the fifty-six-year-old pianist, who has the manner of a retired lawn tennis champion. "I was playing at the Manhattan Room in Coronado. We heard about this thing at a bar called the Crystal Pier in Pacific Beach, where they turned the piano into a place where you could set your drink and sing along with the pianist, and they were calling it a piano bar. So we put something together on the same idea. It must have been the second one in the county, because I'd never heard of any others."

Swanson now plays in the Bayou Room of the Cotton Patch restaurant on Midway Drive, where he has been for the past four years. Before that he played mainly in Coronado, the small island-city which may be emblematic of the rise and fall of the piano bar.

Swanson played nearly all the piano bars on the island over a period of twenty-eight years, and was in a unique position to view the changes that have attacked his form of entertainment. He started out at Jen's 99 in 1947, then went to the Manhattan Room, Mexican Village, Dino's, the Bottle and Beef, and the Trade Winds. "I guess I played at almost every place in Coronado," he says, "but then they began taking out all the piano bars. Things were beginning to change by 1972. I guess, Dino's is now gone; it's a Chinese Mandarin restaurant with no entertainment. The

Trade Winds is also something else and it has no entertainment. There used to be seven piano bars over there. Now there are two."

The reasons for the closing on so many piano bar lounges hinge on a change of attitudes of the young people, Swanson says. "There aren't people who go out to bars for a good time, like they used to," he notes. "The nightlife isn't what it used to be. In the old days it was wild. There would be singing gangs in every bar. It's more subdued now; it's quieted down an awful lot. A lot of the new bars come in now with either a guitar player or a pool table, because apparently the piano bars don't have the drawing power they used to have."

Morie Swanson, a pioneer after a fashion, is watching the demise of an institution he helped spawn. The questions as to why it is happening come easy; the answers, not so easy. "A lot of the young people going to the bars these days don't know the old songs," he offers. "That's part of it. But maybe the days of the piano bar are dying away because, like the dinosaur, they have been swallowed and spit out by a new age, an age that has no place for romantic illusions and corny, old-fashioned sing-alongs. Morie Swanson, the last of a breed, lights another link in his endless chain of cigarettes and reflects on the reasons why. "It's depressing," he says. "At least to me it is."

Lola's Little Dog



Martin Gerrish, Diane Smor

CHRISTOPHER SCHNEIDER

Good and honest people such as those who filled the Mission Playhouse on Saturday night are extraordinarily moved by the play which is currently being performed there — William Inge's *Come Back, Little Sheba*. But I am an evil and twisted being. Having long ago turned my back upon decency and compassion, I was

somewhat less than overwhelmed by what I saw on Saturday night.

The landscape William Inge shows us in *Little Sheba* is pretty depressing. And no one is more aware of this than its heroine Lola played by Diane Smor, a middle-aged and overweight housewife. The only possibilities for magic in her life are (1) going to see Rita Hayworth at the local movie show *Little Sheba* opened in 1950), Doc, Lola, and Marie are three nice people, portrayed with just the right degree

of wearying palms and South Seas enchantment. Apart from that, Lola is stuck as a distinctly world-weary. Lola was pretty, young and popular once, but then she had to get married and things sorta went downhill from there.

Lola's husband, Doc played by Martin Gerrish, is no happier than she. Doc isn't a real doctor; he had to give up his medical studies and become a chiropractor in order to support Lola. Most of the money Doc's parents gave him went to pay for Lola's operation — and that left her unable to bear children. It wasn't long before Doc became an alcoholic, which habit helped get rid of what little of his parent's money was left. Not a pretty situation.

When the play opens, Doc has been a member of Alcoholics Anonymous for a year. He isn't happy with his life, but he's learned how to control both his anger and his need for liquor; he is able to get from one day to the next. The only thing that gives Doc's days any pleasure is the presence of the young artist who boards with them, Marie played by Taffi Ashbrook. Marie isn't aging, fat, and sloppy like Lola, she's young, pretty, and innocent. Or at least Doc would like to think of her as innocent, if it weren't for that troublesome athlete friend of hers named Turk (played by Franc Ross), who comes to their house to model for Marie's life-studies drawings.

Life does things to people, as the mother says in Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. Just because Doc stretched with Lola on the cool grass when he was young and kissed her all night, the two of them are caught in a life that's a mess. And Marie, who's been doing some tall spooning with Turk, appears to be equally vulnerable to the traps of time. Doc feels much the same way about Marie as he did about the young Lola — although he keeps these feelings, like his desire for drink, under control — and he wants to save Marie from inadvertently taking the wrong step of the possibly can.

Doc, Lola, and Marie are three nice people, portrayed with just the right degree

of verisimilitude in the way they look and sound. They get into situations that make us feel sad. By the end of the evening, however, things are all right and the audience is given a number of truths to ponder on the way home, truths such as "We Moon I Hold On To The Past Too Tightly" and "We All Must Do What We Can To Muddle Through." For a playwright completely to provide the audience with all this requires a great deal of skill. But here are still those few unreasonably souls who, in the piteous recesses of their malign hearts, remain unsatisfied.

Actually, to describe the "truths" of *Little Sheba* this way is to be deliberately unfair. Some of the best scenes in world drama can be made to sound kitschy and obvious when described like that; the second of the above "truths," for instance, could be used for a gloss of one of my favorite scenes in Chekhov's *Sonya*, the final speech in *Uncle Vanya*. Here is where the author's style and tone become crucial. There are precious few original perceptions, after all, that a writer can offer us.

It's the writer's style, the writer's intelligence manifesting itself in word or gesture, that transforms a received idea into a statement that affects us deeply. There's magic in *Little Sheba* that has emotional resonance and in which we can recognize the way people really behave. But then, you could say the same thing about *Marjorie*. With all due respect to Saunders and Ernst, the authors of that comic strip, if I'm not half as affected as I might have been by what their characters say, it's because of the flat, overscript way in which they say it. William Inge's language here is equally off-putting. The unnamed mid-Western town in which *Little Sheba* takes place might as well be Mary Worth's faded Jennings, Ohio.

The main defense for Inge's language is that people really talk like this in the 1950s. The play is part of the Naturalistic tradition, isn't it? Its longwinded and lack of articulateness are attributable to the fact

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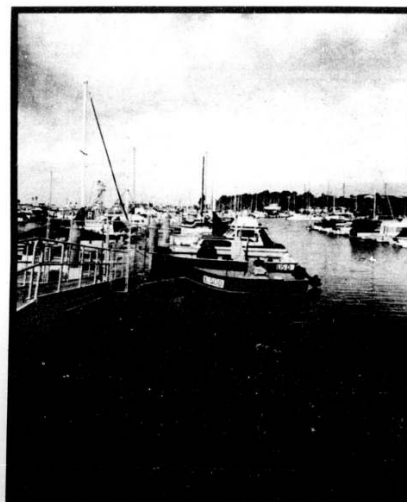
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LOBSTER

(continued from page 13)

For protection against these predators, called "varmints" by fishermen, the lobster has only its spiny shell, and its strong tail which allows it to move swiftly over short distances and which is lined on the underside with row-like thorns which are sharp enough to pierce a leather glove. Spiny lobsters have no claws. (The lack of claws has led East Coast fishermen

to claim that the Pacific spiny lobster isn't really a lobster at all, but rather a crawfish. This tends to anger West Coast fishermen, who answer in turn that the spiny lobster is more of a lobster because it has a bigger tail and therefore more meat.) Lobsters molt, or shed their shells, about once a year, usually in the late summer. This is necessary because their bodies outgrow their shells. Fishermen call this process "shooting their suit," and the lobster which hasn't yet grown a hardened shell is called a "rubber bug." They are extremely vulnerable to varmints at this stage, and quickly cut their old shells for the calcium necessary to grow a new one. "I had a friend one time," Miller said, "who brought in about a seven-pound

rubber bug. He was afraid it was going to die before he could sell it, so he was carrying it around in a blanket like a little baby, saying, 'Cook it now! Cook it now!'"

By the time Miller had checked his traps as far south as Pismo, south of Carlsbad, he had thirteen lobsters in the bucket. "Thirteen's a rough number to get stuck on. So is thirty, for some reason. After that I don't count anymore," he said while pulling seaweed off a trap. One look at a lobster trap and you know lobsters aren't the brightest creatures in the ocean. The trap basically is just a wire mesh cage with a funnel-shaped entrance. The lobster goes in after the bait, then can't remember how to get back out. They remind me of shopping malls, which operate on the same principle. A recent innovation is the mandatory escape port for undersized shorts. Lobsters caught in the traps are vulnerable to varmints, so the escape port lets the little ones out. It also keeps honest fishermen who are tempted to take shorts.

Another protection is the fish and game regulation that the fishermen check his traps every ninety-six hours. I asked Miller how often he gets checked by the fish and game. "Probably a lot more than I realize," he said. "They sit up on the cliffs with telescopes they could read the warning on a pack of cigarettes with. People tell me I'm being watched all the time. But I don't mind. I like it when the fish and game is active. It protects my livelihood." Most fishermen seem to feel that their rapport with the fish and game wardens, whom they call "fish cops," is pretty good these days. But there was a time not too long ago when this wasn't so. The classic example of this is the Dale Woodward case.

In the mid-Sixties, Woodward was by all accounts the premier lobster fisherman in Southern California. He was an imposing six feet, five inches tall, weighed 250 pounds, and had two purple hearts from his experiences in Guam during World War II. They say that he was bitter about his treatment by the Veteran's Administration, and sour about government in general. But as a lobster fisherman he was so intelligent and innovative that many of his contributions to the industry are still in effect. They say he built the best boats, and that the traps which are being used today were more-or-less developed by him. His abilities in finding and catching lobsters are still legendary. (He fished from Los Angeles to Baja to the channel islands, and

made a temporary home for himself wherever his luck held.)

At some point Woodward began taking large numbers of shorts in flagrant violation of the fish and game. He apparently understood quite clearly that this would eventually destroy his career, and was unhealthy for the industry as a whole, but they say he was inspired by his extreme dislike for the fish and game.

During this time, the fish and game in San Diego was run by a man known as Captain Glass. Fishermen describe Captain Glass as being a retired military sort of law enforcement nut who couldn't even identify the fish he was supposed to protect. They also imply that some of his wardens could be induced to overlook certain violations in return for a bag of lobsters or a bottle of whiskey. Whether or not this was true, Glass himself was very much disliked by the fishermen.

Now, even as an outlaw Woodward was inventive. It's said that he had refrigeration trucks made up to look like camper vans to transport the illegal shorts, that he made arrangements for airplanes to land at San Clemente Island to pick up the shorts and fly them to Las Vegas, and that he had a processing plant set up in his house where he could cook 1000 pounds of lobster at a crack. He made a lot of money at this, but it wasn't enough to keep him out of trouble.

Eventually, Woodward and the fish and game met head-on, and Woodward lost. His boat was impounded and his license was revoked. (They say it took the fish and game hours just to figure out how his boat worked — it had decks that slid back, and hydraulic this and that.) Fishermen still contend that Woodward's rights were violated in the bust, but there was really never any question that he was guilty. Woodward is supposedly fishing in Costa Rica now.

Other fishermen who didn't think on quite the scale of Dale Woodward didn't have any trouble selling all the shorts they could catch. They sometimes worked with a salesman, often a kid, who would peddle them door-to-door in La Jolla. Nobody considered this to be a bad thing — the customers often thought they were simply "buying direct." If you ask the fishermen if there's an active short business today, they will, of course, say no. And for the ten or fifteen professionals who stay at it all season, this is probably true. As Miller says, "Why should I endanger my livelihood?"

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This Is A Test



Richard Iglewski, Mark Browning, Kip Baker, Sandra Franklin, Jeanne Paulsen, Kevin Bush, Larry Paulsen

JONATHAN SAVILLE

The graduate students in the Master of Fine Arts program of UCSD's drama department take an unusual "final examination" in their third year of study. It consists (for the actors) of a recital prepared entirely by the student: a half hour or so of selections from classical and modern plays, as well as excerpts from fictional and nonfictional works, recitations of poetry, and a song or two. While to the department and the actors themselves this constitutes an exam, to the San Diego theater public it offers a unique opportunity to enjoy a theatrical experience of a kind all

too rare. The graduate recitals last week, aside from their intrinsic merit, were especially interesting in that they presented a large and varied sampling of this theatrical form and thoroughly illustrated its potential virtues and problems. The full-length single-actor show has a number of drawbacks. It is, first of all, tremendously hard on the actor, who must be continuously "on" for more time than is demanded by the most strenuous of normal roles. There is also the problem of audience boredom, since the stimulus of there being a number of different actors, engaged in various kinds of overt conflict, is — by the very nature of the form — lacking. The mode of integrating the show

also presents difficulties, the simplest solution being the impersonation of a single character throughout the evening (Teddy Roosevelt, or Emily Dickinson, for example). Finally, certain general problems of the actor's art are made much more acute in the single-actor recital: the problem of the relationship between the actor's own personality and the roles he plays, and the problem of the relationship between the actor and his audience. We see so much of that one actor, and we are so conscious of him as an actor doing a virtuoso job of impersonation (often multiple impersonation), that we — and the actor — are forced to deal with aesthetic issues that in an ordinary performance we would tend to

overlook. The UCSD recitals solve some of these problems simply by cutting down the length of the recital. Three or four actors in a single program offer the variety of faces some theater-goers need if they are to remain awake, and although the actors do not interact in the individual recitals, a pervasive air of personal friendliness and professional solidarity (they applaud each other, help each other with props, and so on) lightens the sense of dreadful solitude that in a full-length single-actor recital is sometimes as anxiety-producing for the audience as it is for the actor. Half an hour of uninterrupted acting is quite enough for us to admire the performer's stamina, and the comparatively short length of each recital allows the actor to divert more of his energies to inventiveness and variety in the different sections, to unity of the recital as itself a shaped work of art, and to the problems of actor-role and actor-audience relationships.

One device some of these actors used in order to give their recitals unity was the repeated return to a single text, which was thus performed bit by bit rather than all at once. Kip Baker, for example, punctuated his recital with sections from Larry Triton's *Diary of an Actor*, which he pretended to be dictating into a tape recorder. Larry Paulsen did something similar with Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*, the story of a small government bureaucrat who progressively loses his mind, to the point where he discovers that he is the true heir to the Spanish throne. It was an exceptionally good story to choose for this kind of treatment, since the clerk's madness tends to proceed by decisive stages — a structure dramatically intensified by the "intermissions" in which Mr. Paulsen is reciting from other texts. The growing irrationality and emotionalism of the clerk also reinforced the dramatic rhythm of the whole recital, with its effective movement of mounting climax. Mr. Paulsen's comic, pathetic, and frightening portrayal was so engrossing that it seemed a shame they stopped where he did. The final section of the story (which he omitted) shows the clerk as a prisoner in an insane asylum, totally degraded and suffering horribly — a scene that would have capped the recital with stunning force.

Another integrative device was chosen by Richard Iglewski, who dramatized his entire recital by setting it in the "Abby Pub" and by maintaining a continuous identity throughout: an amiable, half-drunk fisherman, drinking, smoking, singing songs, telling tales, and patently "acting" for an audience. It would be hard to praise this device too highly. The unity of setting and character overcame almost entirely the disjunctive effect of various different recitations yoked together — an effect that tends to plague even the best of these single-actor recitals. The device also provided entirely acted-out transitions between the various pieces. Mr. Iglewski was always acting — between his recitations from Tom Stoppard, Shakespeare, and Chekhov, he was never Richard Iglewski, but always the fictitious fisher — so that the particular tension that arises from the fact that someone is performing was never interrupted. In many of the other recitals — those of Sandra Franklin and Jeanne Paulsen, for example — the action stopped and the tension disappeared at each transition, when the performer

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This Is A Test

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seemed to be merely an actress, idle for the moment while she waited to assume her next role.

Mr. Iglewski's frame-situation and assumed character also helped him to deal forthrightly with the actor-role and actor-audience relationships. This is an actor with sensational presence, and his lumpy, dissolute, middle-aged Irish lush took total control of the audience from the very first instant, when he closed the backstage door and warned the onlookers that they could not get out. He then proceeded to make the audience accompany his song with hand-clapping, capping us, encouraging us, making faces at us, until we were all nicely ensconced in the palm of his hand: from this moment on, he could have blown bubbles or read the *Congressional Record* and the audience would have responded to his every twitch with laughter and tears. The relationship having been fully established from the beginning, Mr. Iglewski went on making use of it from time to time, fixing the audience with his bleary eye after one recitation or another and commenting how much he liked that piece (and — so to speak — daring us not to like it).

In addition to this explicit commentary of the actor on his various roles (a commentary cunningly complicated by the fact that it came from the mouth of the fictional Irishman rather than from Mr. Iglewski himself), the theme of the actor's art was elaborated in Mr. Iglewski's gripping monologue from Shogard's *Raven* and *Guidelines Are Dead* — a passage at once humorous and tragic, in which we learn that actors are the opposites of real people. It was a way of calling our attention to the fact that the human identity behind each of the recitals was that of an actor, someone who had intentionally chosen this profession and who had committed himself to discovering and asserting this truth by impersonating a series of false selves.

The recitals, after all, are a kind of *rite de passage* by means of which the student leaves his apprenticeship behind and plunges into the painful and exhilarating turbulence of the real actor's life. All these young actors must be preoccupied with the theme, and in fact it appeared more than one of the recitals, Kip Baker's amusing recitations from *Diary of an Actor* — the actor practically starving to death, unable to find work, compromising his principles by agreeing to try out for a porno flick, and having bad luck even with that — carried with them the ironic overtone of Mr. Baker's own consciousness of what he might be letting himself in for. Kevin Bash, in the song that concluded his recital

("Once in a Lifetime"), was clearly referring to himself, his moment of initiation, and his future as an actor. And when Sandra Franklin, an amazingly versatile black actress, wound up with a comic poem by Avon Long in which a black actress refuses to be typeset as Topsy, the line between the actress and the role she was playing all but disappeared.

Miss Franklin's recital also illustrated the special theatrical power of excerpts from longer works, and of the artful juxtaposition of such excerpts. This was most striking in her monologues from John Guare's *House of Blue Leaves* and James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner*, which were performed one after the other just before the "Topsy" recitation. Neither of these plays is fully successful in itself, but the quality of the excerpts Miss Franklin chose completely transcended the defects of the plays from which they were taken. Both are characterized by a tremendous command of expressive language as a means of

to show off her acting abilities in a spectacular way. One moment she had the audience shaking with laughter, a moment later she had turned into someone else, real tears were coursing down her cheeks, and those of us who were witnessing this metamorphosis were groping desperately for our handkerchiefs. And when it was over, back came that huge, sassy smile, and Miss Franklin was off into her "Topsy" routine. This is the sort of theatrical experience that only the recital form can provide.

The juxtaposition of significantly different styles of language was to be found in all the recitals last week, since all these student actors are required to show their ability in both modern plays and classical works (principally Shakespeare). All of them did decently by the classics — they created a character, added appropriate business, etc. — but the true home of several of them was evidently the modern stage, where they seemed comfortable in a

A. J. Mr. Browning was sparing of gesture, relying mainly on his power of language to choose intrinsically suitable to the nature of this theatrical form, but when he did make use of his body — as at certain dramatic moments of the *Tetzel* monologue — the motion was electrifying.

I have reserved for the end the recital of Jeanne Paulsen, which demonstrated how — beyond everything else — what counts in such a performance is brilliance of acting. Miss Paulsen used no framing device, projected no single fictional character, and paid no particular attention to transitions, which were merely empty (indeed, *suggestive*) intervals between individual excerpts. She made no attempt to let us know what Jeanne Paulsen the person was like. Nevertheless, her selections were beautifully integrated — by theme — and the varied characters she portrayed were united on a deep psychological level. Virtually all these characters — Sonya from Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, desperately and hopelessly in love; Hanna from Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Ignorance*, recounting instances of old men who have been attracted to her; Hermione from *The Winter's Tale*, falsely accused by her husband of adultery; LuAnn from Preston Jones's *LuAnn Hampton Lattery Oberlander*, delighted at having gotten rid of her man; Beatrice from *Much Ado About Nothing*, vowing to have nothing to do with the male sex; and Blanche Dubois from *A Streetcar Named Desire*, telling about her young husband's suicide — all are women attempting to cope with the problems of male-female relationships. Some are gentle and vulnerable, some are assertive and contemptuous, some are victims, and some are independent spirits; and in each case Miss Paulsen found just the right tone, the right voice, the right walk and stance, to create a full, living, individualized character who was at the same time exemplary of certain universal aspects of Woman. Her LuAnn, vulgar, yappy, brimming with the juices of life, was impeccably true to character and social class, with just enough extravagance of language and gesture to make her hilarious without detracting from her reality; her Blanche, fragile as fine crystal, in one of the most deeply moving portrayals of this languid, pathetic victim I have seen. Miss Paulsen's selections left no room for self-conscious musing about the profession of being an actress — and the omission was only to be expected, since in her performances the illusion of the actress from Milton's *Paradise Lost* (high British, with a gleaming-eyed Satanic delivery), an anti-Puritan poem (English demotic; slow-witted, and crudely energetic); Brecht's *Gallileo* (the heartfelt, suppressed eloquence of a stuttering monk), and — best of all — John Osborne's *Luther* (the speech of the indulgent-selling *Tetzel* delivered with searing satiric force in the accent of a Southern evangelist, U.S. of

The recitals are a kind of *rite de passage* by means of which the student leaves his apprenticeship behind and plunges into the painful and exhilarating turbulence of the real actor's life.

creating character — in the Guare play, a suburban school who thinks she is picking up Jackie Kennedy and Cardinal Spellman in her car, and, in *The Amen Corner*, a young mother whose child has died of a painful disease. In each case, Miss Franklin was right in the heart of the character, and in each case she made the most of the language the playwright had given her, the zany pathos of the Guare character, complete with perfect New York accent, and the eloquent and almost melodramatic dignity of Baldwin's woman, who refuses to accept the notion of God's mysterious justice. Good as these excerpts were in themselves, they (and their performer) gained enormously from their juxtaposition in the recital, something that could never have happened on the ordinary stage. The sudden change of accent, of rhetorical tone, of emotional content, gave each excerpt an added power, as well as permitting Miss Franklin

variety of styles and accents. Only two of the actors struck me as having that total control of formal, lofty rhetoric necessary for a convincing Shakespearean performance: Mr. Iglewski (whose "All the world's a stage" was hypnotic in its mastery of rhythm, intonation, and silence) and Mark Browning, perhaps the most "classically" oriented of these players. Oddly enough, Mr. Browning did not do any Shakespeare, but the clarity, precision, and expressiveness of his tongue were fully demonstrated by his excerpts from Milton's *Paradise Lost* (high British, with a gleaming-eyed Satanic delivery), an anti-Puritan poem (English demotic; slow-witted, and crudely energetic); Brecht's *Gallileo* (the heartfelt, suppressed eloquence of a stuttering monk), and — best of all — John Osborne's *Luther* (the speech of the indulgent-selling *Tetzel* delivered with searing satiric force in the accent of a Southern evangelist, U.S. of

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Apocalypse At Last



DUNCAN SHEPHERD
After four years and thirty-some million dollars, after nonstop reports and rumors, after Typhoon Olga and Martin Sheen's euphemistically diagnosed "heat exhaustion," after the indiscreet leakage to *Esquire* magazine of an inner-company memorandum announcing among other things that Francis Ford Coppola would be officially dropping his middle name ("This comes from a statement I once

heard which I feel is true: "Never trust a man who has three names"), after the publication and reviews of the estranged Mrs. Coppola's *Notes*, after the *Life* magazine cover of a bald Martin Brando, after the threats of reserved seats and higher ticket prices, after the sneak preview of a "work in progress" and the blitz of the Cannes film festival and the weighing of two alternate endings, one upbeat and the other downer, after all the waiting and wondering, after all the talk about how "talked about" it is, after all

this and so much more, *Apocalypse Now* turns out to be just a movie. And what did you expect? It's not on a 360-degree screen or in holograms or in ha-relief. It's wider than it is high and as flat as any other movie, and it's all over and done with in two and a half hours of sitting. The least that can be said for it, and perhaps also the best, is that it tries its damndest to live up to the hype and the hope. It is the sort of movie that is inevitably and inescapably described as "an experience," and there will always be a certain number of people

willing to sit through such a thing with their mouths hanging open for the full two and a half hours. And there will be others like myself who will only open their mouths once in a while in the last hour or so of it, and even then only to yawn.

The strongest bit it makes to be taken as something Special comes right at the start: a long-held long shot of a tropical jungle, a slow-motion helicopter or two passing at closer range in front of the camera like bloated and sluggish dragons, a sudden and silent eruption of fire in the jungle, and then Jim Morrison and The Doors launching into "The End" — the use of which song, in this context, is just slightly subtler than hiring Alice Cooper or Frank Zappa to write and sing a synonymous original title tune named "Apocalypse Now Ka Pow!" The jungle scene then, in a seascap struggle to hold the screen, begins to be overpowered by the visual onslaught of Martin Sheen brooding in a Saigon hotel room, confusing the overhead fan with a helicopter propeller, growling the beginnings of a beard, cutting his hand when he karate-chops the mirror, and rocking back and forth on the floor in a personification of pure emotional turmoil unmatched since the death of James Dean.

This opening stretch — a delirium of dissolves and double images suggests unmistakably the underground film-making technique of someone on the order of Will Hindle. It is not unheard of, certainly, for underground techniques to be commandeered for use in the above-ground commercial cinema; it is, in fact, a pretty sure way to make a splash. But the usual limitation of such attempts (think of the Jordan Belson-ish psychedelic abstraction in 2001, the Peter Goldmann-ish lyrical street scenes in *Taxi Driver*, the Michael Snow-ish single-take backtracks and pique at the end of *The Passenger*) is that the underground section remains weirdly segregated from the surrounding movie, like a calico patch sewn into the seat of a pair of blue jeans. And as is usual, this movie, too, after the first ten minutes or so, snaps out of it, as if out of a dream or a drug-induced trance, and gets on with the nuts-and-bolts of conventional narrative exposition: two MPs show up at the hotel room door, knock-knock-who's there, and the first guy says, and the second guy says, and put on your pants and let's go. On rare occasions thereafter, Coppola injects a similar liquidity passage of dissolves and double images, but in the later (continued on page 20)

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Apocalypse

(continued from page 19)

appearances, and especially the one during the loggily constructed and long-drawn-out climax, this gambit looks less like an attempt to cross-pollinate the underground film and the conventional narrative film, and more like an attempt to cover up the thinness and disjointedness of the narrative material herein. Far from unconventional in its straight-ahead storytelling it doesn't much deviate from the simple up-river course of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, on which the original John Milius script was based; this movie strives for coherence as if it were in mortal fear of being critically declared insane and committed to the nearest artistic loony bin. Martin Sheen's vibrant-voiced narration is the best testimony to how desperately this movie desires to make sense. Commissioned late in production from Michael Herr, the author of the Vietnam war correspondence *Dispatches*, the narration functions first and foremost to build bridges and fill in blanks in the disconnected, dot-dash storyline. But like the liquidly visual montages, it disguises its pragmatic Mr. Fix-it function behind a smokescreen of flashy style. The style, in this case, is the hard-boiled idiom of the fictional private eye, and as such is probably a bit tribute to Conrad, whose own narrator, Marlow, gave his name to Raymond Chandler's narrator, and who is paid back here by having this updated *Heart of Darkness* narrated in Chandleresque style. "Charging a man with murder in this place was like handing out speeding tickets at the Indy 500." It was a way he had over here of living with ourselves. We'd cut 'em in half with a machine gun and give 'em a Band-Aid. It was a lie!" and so on.

Any early expectations that Coppola might be able to sustain the lofty visionary quality of the first ten minutes, or might replace it with something equally as beguiling, suffer a severe blow in the first

straightforward expository scene, where the Sheen character is given his assignment to search out and assassinate a teenage American colonel, named Kurtz, in Cambodia—a scene which hinges on the staggeringly banal irony, already done to death in Coppola's *Goodbye Vietnam*, of people discussing murder while passing around platters of roast beef and fried shrimp. "If you'll cut those shrimp you'll never have to prove your courage in any other way." These early expectations never further blows all along the desultory episodic, story-line, in episodes as heavily-handedly overdrawn as the one in which a trigger-happy patrol boat gunner opens fire on a boatload of Vietnamese traders when one of the women in the boat makes a sudden lunge to protect what turns out to be a puppy. It's as if Coppola doesn't believe it's bad enough that these massacred peasants are proven to be completely innocent; they must be shown to be puppy-lovers into the bargain. The final blow to these expectations comes when, in another half-spy of banality, the machine-murder of Col. Kurtz is intercut with the ritual slaughter of a caribou.

One thing to be said in favor of the assignment-giving scene at the start of the movie is that it draws out interminably in an effort to make the unbelievable believable, with G. D. Spradlin seeming to select his words with almost Henry Jamesian care, it is one of the few times in the movie where you feel you are allowed to look directly at the characters for any length of time. Elsewhere the movie appears to be afflicted with the fidgets; no attention span, no concentration, no steady gaze. The most irritating case of this inability to focus on anything is the characterization of Brandt's Col. Kurtz, who, when he finally makes his ghostly appearance in the last half-hour, carries permanent and immoderate shadows around his head wherever he goes, like the planet Venus carries clouds. This semi-ecstasized performance is a farciously insufficient payoff, not just for the Marlon Brando Club, but for the number of times the movie has tried to exert its interest in the mysterious Col. Kurtz by showing Sheen pondering over a top-secret dossier that amounts also to a sort of actor's portfolio, containing, as it does, numerous publicity photos of Brandt in his younger stages. I was sure I recognized one of him in his military uniform from *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, and I thought I recognized one also from *Savannah*. I recognized him

had a sense of humor, the dossier might have included one as well from his Nazi role in *The Young Lions*. Then again, if Coppola had had a sense of humor, or if any of his characters had had one, some made mention of the uncanny similarity between the Kurtz who has set up a private kingdom in Cambodia and the Kurtz who set up one in the Congo in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. In the absence of a sense of humor, it would have been wiser to give the Cambodian Kurtz another name. Coppola's right to fabricate a completely insular fictional world, one where a writer named Conrad never existed, probably comes under the sanction of poetic license, but it's a license I would like to see tightened up a bit. In no modernist vampire movie, for example, should the rudiments of vampire lore have to be pedantically re-explained, as they regularly are, as if none of the characters had ever in their younger days seen Bela Lugosi or Christopher Lee on the late show. The reason why that license ought to be revoked here is that Coppola, going out of his way to open the door to the literary world, pictures his Cambodian Kurtz as a man of letters, rather than the latter-day Edgar Allan Poe, as he is depicted in the novel. The *Hollow Men*, displaying copies of *The Good and Beautiful* and *From Ritual to Romance* on his night table, as well as having grown up in a rather hefty manuscript of his own, the only sample of which we are permitted to read is a large, hand-written, red-lettered scroll across a neatly typed page, saying "Drop the bomb! Exterminate them all!" and immediately dampening our interest in reading any of the smaller print. It's simply inconceivable that any well-read, modern-day Kurtz could use his dying breath to whisper "the horror, the horror" with a straight face.

If the movie is deficient in a sense of humor, though, it is downright misplaced in its sense of the absurd. In place of any fully drawn character, any narrative drive, or even any believable daily routine, Coppola goes unthinkingly for the bizarre: the men of the patrol boat dancing and water-skiing to the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction"; the cavalry-battled commander of the helicopter fleet (Robert Davall) seizing control of a particularly "haughty" beach, after announcing his attack to the enemy by piping Richard Wagner through loudspeakers; in order to indulge his mania for surfing, the official troop photographer (a pretentious cameo appearance by Coppola) telling his in-

validing comrades, "Don't look in the camera! Just go by like you're fighting!"; the U.S.O. show, staged beneath triangular and crescent-shaped light banks on an eerie set that looks as though it were based on Edoardo Gatti's offering, no other than three Playmate Playmates doing bumps and grinds until the audience is stupefied to the point of riot; etc. He further enhances the strangeness of it all with a kind of photography that can best be described in words out of the glutton's lexicon: startled, gorged, bloated, heavy, check-lift, and blurring over. Coppola's appetite for the odd and the extravagant (as is, for the "spirit" of the Vietnam war rather than the observable fact) is not war rather than the observable fact is still waiting for the Vietnam movie to be made: the complete, the definitive, the epochal.

Of course, Coppola is not obligated to deliver any view of the war but his own, although his surprisingly unimaginative use of *Heart of Darkness* as a blueprint does not speak well for his originality. Yet, in turn, we are not obligated to accept his metaphor of Vietnam—the Great White Masochist sequestered in a jungle kingdom better suited to an Ian Haggard novel and surrounded by worshipful white-painted natives and severed heads—as having the least bit of relevance to recent history. If as a director I am not obligated to regard four years of labor, thirty million dollars, and an advertising budget I would prefer not to know about as sufficient reasons in themselves why this movie is more worthy of attention, a red carpet, and a royal treatment than any other movie (and thus I have my ready alibi for whatever overights, slights, and imbalances I might be accused of), I have tried to convince myself that the real problem with this movie is the long-brewing curiosity it is now, impossibly and unfairly asked to satisfy. But myself would not be convinced. The problem, on reconsideration, seems to me to be quite the opposite. What keeps you in your seat more than anything else, I think, is precisely the curiosity that has been built up over the past several years by all the fuss made around, about, and about the movie itself. That, and the accompanying feeling, finally seeing it, of "So this is it!" If, on the other hand, it had been marooned on a desert island since 1969 and were to wander now into this movie without having heard a whisper of publicity, I tend to think that there is nothing much on the screen to arrest your interest.

Lola's Little Dog

(continued from page 15)

that this is the way these events would have looked and sounded had they happened in real life. But if what the audience is seeing is real life plumped through the theater's fourth wall, why is there so much fancy hand-me-down Freudian talk? It stinks of literature. I cringed at Ing's talk of his abilities at pavelin throwing—Ing's none too subtle metaphor for sexual potency. Turk has, he tells us, this big lance that heads straight for its target and quivers when its goal has been reached. And then at the end, when Lola recounts the big dream that wraps up all *Little Sheba's* loose ends, she indicates that her husband still has the stuff to thrill her when she says that Doc (in the dream) took over for Turk in a javelin contest. Surprisingly enough, when Doc tried it the thing flew right up. This coy indirection of Ing's might have been caused by the timeliness of the audi-

end of each act asking, "Just what did Ing mean to convey by the following images?" The issue of *Sheba*, Lola's little dog, is a perfect example of this. Lola lost *Sheba* before the play opens, but she keeps standing on the porch and calling for *Sheba* as if she were trying to recover her lost innocence and happiness. Moreover, we learn that Lola has decided to stop dwelling in the past when she tells Doc, in the

Little Sheba is the fourth production I've seen at the Mission Playhouse directed by Fedythe Prazm, and a pattern is beginning to emerge. They all have had marvelous ensemble work by their actors and actresses, but the pacing tends to be on the slow side. In *The Time of Your Life*, the slow pace gave the show a lachrymose sweetness, a good natured sort of charm. This easy-going quality, however, is the

in her giddy coquettishness, the latter like a man who has looked into the abyss and tried to tell the tale. Ms. Ashbrook and Mr. Rowson have been remarkably good at the rather one-dimensional Marie and Turk. He, who was one of the only good things about *The Red Before Yellow*, is only called upon to flex his muscles and exude sexuality. "I'm a brute, I'm a brute," he says to Lola, it's no wonder that Marie says of him, "He's not the marrying kind." Ms. Ashbrook's role is similar to the first two-thirds of her role in *Unlabeled*—a sweet young thing who's rather loose of morals but who has yet to become totally a result. They both seem quite comfortable in their roles.

Come back, *Little Sheba* is not a play I like. People whose opinion I respect highly, however, love it. And it does exert a strong hold upon the imagination. I hadn't read *Little Sheba* in some ten years and I was surprised at how much came back to me. The situation is, I think, this: I can appreciate and respond to what Ing is trying to show us, but I'm repelled by the flat-out, overly explicit way in which he does it. I can only tell you my reasons for being bothered with *Little Sheba*. If the criteria I express are of no importance to you, if you just want to react to the situation the characters find themselves in, see the show and you'll see some good performances. And I'll hide in the shadows until this strange, unconvincing, simple-minded play has finished its well-meaning run.

What I dislike is the predictability of *Little Sheba's* literary tone. It's almost as if there were a study guide at the end of each act asking, "Just what did Ing mean to convey by the following images . . . ?"

final scene, of having dreamed that she found *Sheba* dead. This caused Lola to resign herself to the fact that she's lost *Sheba*. And where once Lola wouldn't think of finding a replacement for cute little *Sheba*, now she's even willing to let Doc buy a big bird dog to go hunting with. There are, of course, easy symbols on a platter like a chopped liver and onion canape.

Just think appropriate for *Little Sheba*, it distills the play's dramatic tension. Perhaps it's an attempt, in accordance with *Little Sheba's* naturalism, to give the audience a sense of real time passing. In any case, this slower pacing doesn't seem to add anything to the work.

The two crucial roles in *Little Sheba* are, of course, Lola and Doc. Both Ms. Shor and Mr. Gerrish are superb—the former

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LOBSTER

(continued from page 16)

hood to sell a few shorts." Nevertheless, among the marginal fishermen, the fifty or sixty who are barely making it, there is little doubt that the short business still exists, though it is done clandestinely and usually among friends only.

By the time we'd reached Swami's, Miller had twenty lobsters in the bucket, which meant he would make a profit today. Still, he wasn't pleased. One trap had three good-size shells in it, but the meat had been picked clean by varmints. "These guys had to fight through the octopus to get to the trap," he said. It was a full moon, and there's always a lot of varmint activity on a full moon. He had pulled traps that day which had octopus, eels, and spider crabs still in them. Several traps had starfish as big as a plate. He'd fling them away like Frisbees.

I asked Miller if the lobster fishing was better off San Clemente Island — "outside," as it is called. "Well, those guys come back with big grosses, but I always want to look at their net profits. You've got to catch twice as much out there to make the same profit. I won't go outside unless I absolutely have to. You go out for ten days, and come back to find you weren't

the husband and father you should have been." There are lobster fishermen who say that the use of big boats going outside is where the future of lobster fishing is, and this is forcing the small, independent fishermen out of business. Others say they are being forced out by the economic realities of Southern California. One such fisherman is Gordon Culbertson.

Culbertson fished out of La Jolla for years. "I was born in La Jolla, that was my home. I rented a two-bedroom house there for seventy-five dollars a month, and there were cheaper houses. I fished out of my home, like all the fishermen. This was a time when people raised chickens in their backyard. As things began to change, I was told by my neighbors that I was a detriment to the neighborhood, that I had a messy backyard. It was full of traps and fishing gear. It wasn't beautiful, but it was my backyard. I began to receive notices of zoning violations from the city. They said I couldn't run a business out of my home. All fishermen worked out of their homes. Eventually, he was forced to leave. The house Culbertson lived in was recently sold for \$120,000. "Look what they're doing to La Jolla now," he says. "A bunch of rich bastards."

Randy Miller agrees that it's a pity that's happened to La Jolla. "You have to be a rock star or a cocaine dealer to live there anymore. Even the real estate agents are being squeezed out." He's concerned about the same thing happening where he lives, in Encinitas. "Everyone on my

street drives a Cadillac Seville. I drive a beat-up old pickup full of lobster traps. I'm sure all my neighbors wonder what I'm doing there." But my grandparents have owned that land since the 1800s."

I wondered how much help the lobster fishermen were getting from the fish markets. "They don't much care about the fishermen," Miller said. "They mostly care about themselves. I've known lobster fishermen who were dying, and the markets wouldn't raise their prices. They say they can get the stuff out of Mexico, but I don't believe that. I think the Mexican stuff is going to Japan." Other fishermen have compared the fish markets to the pilot fish on a shark — they're a sucker fish, making their living off another man's labor. Why don't the fishermen organize, form a cooperative? "It goes against the nature of a fisherman," Miller said. "They're too independent. I've been to a few fishermen meetings, and they always end in a big punch-out."

Shortly after noon we turned around and headed back to Oceanside. It was getting windy and a little rough, but it was still a beautiful day and a pleasure to be out. Miller checked a few traps on the way in, and picked up a few more lobsters, but mostly we were heading straight home — "making smoke." On the way back, we talked and told stories, "sea stories," as the fishermen call them, which is a polite term for lies. But Miller told me one story that didn't turn out to be a sea story because of the deadly serious manner in which he

told it.

"I was going a little too fast one day and not paying attention to what I was doing. I kicked a trap over the side, and at the same time gained the throttle. Well, as the line ran out it somehow got tangled around my wrist, and the drag on the line pulled me down and pinned me against the transom. I couldn't reach the throttle, so I just went around in circles there for maybe ten minutes. My arm was getting tired, and I knew I couldn't pull against that line much longer. I thought about jumping overboard and trying to untangle the line off my wrist. I'm glad I didn't do that, because I later had to cut the rope off with a knife — I would have drowned. What I did was I kicked the engine hatch open with my foot, then pulled the coil wire off with my toe. That was the closest I ever came to being killed on the ocean."

On the way back we passed other lobster fishermen. Some were heading in, too, but others looked like they were barely getting out. We waved at some, and even stopped to chat here and there. Before we got in, Miller cleaned up the boat, washed off the deck, shoved the pile of seaweed out the scuppers, and peeked in the bucket for a look at his catch. He had about forty pounds of lobster, for which he'd make about \$130. It wasn't much compared to the day he came in with 750 pounds, but for a nine-hour day it was equivalent to the pay in many other trades. "There'll be better days, and there'll be worse days," he mused. "But not much worse."

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Off the Cuff

Have you ever been caught telling a little white lie?

Robert James Student Del Cerro

This was back when I was selling some pot. I didn't have a car so I had to walk to the place where I was buying a pound at. In between my house and the dealer's house was this black ghetto. It was late at night in a small town near Chicago. I had the pot in a paper bag and I was walking by this bar where people used to hang around outside, and somebody asked me what I had in the bag. I said, "Carrots." They said, "Well, let's see what kind of carrots you have here." I got backed into an open storefront by four guys... and they looked at my carrots and took them.

Barbara Leahy Leather Shop Owner La Mesa

I borrowed my father's car one weekend during college. You're supposed to promise you'll drive safely and all that. I was in upstate New York where they have the radar traps on the side, going about eighty-two in a sixty-five zone. I never told him I got the speeding ticket. When I got home he asked me if I had a safe trip and of course I said yes. About a month later he got a fifty-dollar fine in the mail. I don't know why they did that — I was the one driving. He didn't say a word. My father's the silent type, you know — the dirty look.

Sandy Whitehouse Student Claremont

A million times I can think of one that involved my report card. Wow! You know, they have these little comments. The teacher circles a letter and you look up what it means on the other side. Mine was something stupid like, "She has very disturbing conduct in class." I erased it and then I gave it to my parents, telling them I did pretty good. Well, when my parents got it in the light there was a little hole right through the paper. I erased it too hard... and they knew. I got on restriction for a month, but it was for a bunch of other things, too.

Charles Stanton Cab Driver Chula Vista

Before I was twenty-one, I used to get into bars by passing the guy checking I.D.'s and say, "I'm a cab driver." I've got to talk to the bartender. "He'd just forget about me and I'd drink for the rest of the evening. If he started asking too many questions, I'd say, 'To hell with you, your customer can walk home for all I care.' I got caught once at this one bar because I forgot about my friend, who couldn't find a way in. About two hours later he came in looking for me. The bouncer found me for him and says, 'All right, game's over, let's go.'"

Kitty Powell Flight Attendant Hillcrest

My roommate was on a flight and asked me to withdraw money from our credit union in L.A. I called and said, "This is Kitty Powell calling for my roommate Rhonda and I want to withdraw \$400." They said, "We can't do that, the person whose account it is has to call in." I waited about a half hour, disguised my voice, and called back. A while later they called me back and said, "Look, we know you're lying. We recognized your voice." When Rhonda came home, I poured her a drink and explained what happened. She got on the phone and tried to cover up. They said, "You're both lying." It was embarrassing.

2nd Annual Adams Ave. Antique Row Christmas Show & Sale
Dec. 1 & 2 11 am - 5 pm

Antique Cars - Door Prizes
Refreshments - Entertainment
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Adams Ave. Antique Dealers
2600-3800 Adams Ave. North Park

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"Thought the class was excellent. The material, methods and the instructor all rate a 10' on a 10 point scale."
Pha Fleming
University Professor

"I enjoyed this class very much... have learned a lot of Spanish. I would recommend this class to anyone."
Sonya Franklin
Personnel Manager

"Was wonderful! The knowledge just 'sunk in' by itself without even thinking about it outside of class."
Becky Hydock
University Student

"(LOZANOV Method)... at least 5 times more effective than traditional methods."
PARADE MAGAZINE
March 1978

Dr. GEORGE LOZANOV, the Bulgarian Psycho-Therapist, has created a teaching method that, through the use of cultural immersion, music, art and laughter, recreates the joyful magic of childhood learning. The LOZANOV Method of teaching is so effective that we guarantee satisfaction. 24 class sessions. No homework. Attend a FREE DEMONSTRATION CLASS: call 298-3790.

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NOVEMBER 29, 1979 3



THE LYCEUM THEATRE

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"... It works splendidly ... CHARISMATIC performers ..."

—Weldon Jones, San Diego Union

"... GREAT VEAVE ... versatile cast ... DELIGHTFUL costumes." —Bill Hagen, Evening Tribune

"... an EYE-POPPING effect ... cast is extremely talented." —Kathlyn Russell, Times Advocate

"TERRIFIC ... entertainment of the first order." —Jonathan Saville, The Reader

General Admission Prices
\$13.50 Fri. & Sat./Dinner Package 19.50
\$12.50 Tues.-Thurs.&Sun.Eve./Dinner Package 19.50
\$ 9.50 Sun. Matinee/Brunch Package 13.50

Reservations & Information 235-6535

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Master Charge—BoFA—Visa—AE
Group Sales—Joy Furby—225-0430
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THE LYCEUM THEATRE
314 F Street, San Diego, CA 92101

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

and even some sincere and touching emotion. Talent and energy are in such abundance that even if there is nothing more than excellent vaudeville, it would be impossible. In fact, it is so good that it is almost an apt parody of vaudeville, functioning at both levels throughout. It is that quality of the great that is irresistible. The inimitable Mortmain stamp, with its combination of naive entertainment and ironic sophistication. It is a quality that is not easily imitated, poking fun at them even while it illustrates all their tried and tested theatrical virtues. Each of the old-time vaudeville acts has a certain stylistic idiosyncrasies ludicrously exaggerated nevertheless, while all remaining surprisingly genuine, on three main points. And of course, the innocent and sweetness in what is parodied. Mortmain looks back with a certain respect to the past, for he has assembled a group of excellent singers and dancers — mainly young — who look good, sound good, and dance good. He has a certain degree that their parodies of their stage ancestors glow with a light as strong as the original. The dancing in the scene is Holy Babel, Dora Rubin, and Dee Ann Johnson. Wonderful costumes, lively music, a



Under Milkwood

companion, over Sir's affections. Superlative performance by Rosina Widdowsen-Reynolds as Sir's companion: the other two protagonists are merely fine in their roles. The three main characters are fascinating individuals, and there's enough of Stendhal's *Le Fraydeur* to treat to a generous amount of good dialogue. But why couldn't they have done the real thing? A production of the Women's Theatre Ensemble. (C.S.)

Second Avenue Theatre, through December 8, Wednesday through Friday at 8:00 p.m., Saturday at 5:30 and 9:00 p.m.

SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT
Touching drama of two solitary, unhappy people in a small New England inn on Christmas Eve. Both

are beset by troubles: the man's wife has been put in an asylum, having gone mad as a result of the accidental drowning of their son, and the woman is shocked by the sudden news of her husband's infidelity. Written in the late 1830s by Robert Anderson, author of *For My Sympathy* and *I Never Sang for My Father*, I remember this making a good, warty television movie in the 1960s with Lloyd Bridges and Shirley Jones. Be prepared for something that appeals to the heart rather than the head; and so, years from now, when you speak of this play, you'll be kidding.

San Diego Little Theatre, December 8, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

SON OF LILY FORTUNE
A musical drama of the Old West.

continuing the story of the Gurls of Lily Fortune. How about an adaptation of the Cole Porter/George S. Kaufman musical *Silk Stockings*, set in the Old West and called the *Rurds of Lily Fortune*? (C.S.)
The Bell-Star Players, Wild Bill's Restaurant, 10055 Mission Gorge Road, Santee. For more information call 448-1721 or 449-0060.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION
Amiable, unpredictable improvisational comedy group. Name an emotion and they'll mimic it. Name an author or director and they'll try to reproduce his or her style. Always a lot of fun.
Marquis Public Theater, Fridays only, through November 30 at 12:00 p.m.

THE STAR-SPANGLED DRAGON
The story of a mighty red dragon of good fortune who comes to Earth once every hundred years. A production designed for both adults and children by the Coronado Playhouse Theatre for Children. (C.S.) Coronado Playhouse, November 30 through December 23, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinees: Sunday and Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

UNDER MILKWOOD
The famous radio drama written by poet Dylan Thomas. It traces a single day in the life of a Welsh village in gorgeous, lurid streams of rich, orotund language. (C.S.)
UCSD, Mandeville Recital Hall, through December 1, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

WORLDS APART . . . A MUSICAL INDICTMENT
An entertainment written by Miles Friedar, with music by Jonathan Sacks, which speaks to us through song and dance about the current energy crisis and where it may lead. A joint production of the California-Pacific Theatre and the California Public Interest Research Group. (C.S.)
The Consumer Action Theatre Troupe, Cedar Community Center, 320 Duff Street, San Diego. Thursday November 29 at 1:30 p.m.

Theater Directory

CALIFORNIA THEATRE 1122 Fourth Avenue, downtown 239-2205	JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER 1000 Wilshire Boulevard, San Diego 360-3000-436	SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY Plan Science and Experimental Theater 250-6848
CALIFORNIA-PACIFIC THEATRE Balboa Park-Pershing Station, Balboa Park 234-7938	LAUREL'S PLAYERS THEATRE 500 E. Pacific Boulevard, National City 214-4241	Open an Amphitheater 250-6987
CARL CENTER SILE THEATRE Balboa Park 239-2205	LAMPWORKERS THEATRE Ben Bolak Fine Arts Center 2503 University Avenue, San Diego 454-4958	SAN DIEGUITO LITTLE THEATRE 1000 Wilshire Boulevard, San Diego 755-7358
CINE THEATRE 2020 C Street, downtown 236-6101	LYCEUM THEATRE 314 F Street, downtown 238-4181	SECOND AVENUE THEATRE 112 Second Avenue, downtown 233-3965
CORONADO PLAYHOUSE 1755 Strand Way, Coronado 455-4856	MARQUIS PUBLIC THEATRE 317 India Street, downtown 238-4181	SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE Arena Theater, Mission Hill 594-1200
EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER 210 E. Main Street, El Cajon 445-4000	MISSION PLAYHOUSE 4343 Court Street, Old Town 298-2664	THEATRE 232 Old Town, Chula Vista 421-6700 x285
EDUCATIONAL/CULTURAL COMPLEX THEATRE 14341 County View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego 263-7224 x33	NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE United States Theatre 724-3241	SPECKELS THEATRE 11 Broadway, downtown 233-6041
FIESTA DANCE THEATRE 9655 Canyon Road, Spring Valley 697-8977	OLD GLOBE THEATRE United States Theatre, Balboa Park 239-2205	STARLIGHT 2400 Sweetbloom, Balboa Park 232-5367 or 234-5741
FOURTH STREET THEATRE 233-6331	PATIO PLAYHOUSE Vineyard Shipping Center 619 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido 746-6669	UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL THEATRE 10455 Raymond Road, Scripps Ranch 232-5367 or 234-5741
GROESBECK CENTER THEATRE Staphegous Theatre 250-6848	SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE 239-1854	UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA RANCH THEATRE University of California, San Diego 594-1200
GRAND CENTRAL COLLEGE DRIVE, El Cajon 250-6700 x410	SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE 1620 State Avenue, downtown 231-5985	UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO Carnegie Theatre, Alcalá Park Lamont Auditorium, San Diego 591-1480

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Friday November 30, 1979 at 8:00 p.m.
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Ponchielli—La Gioconda

La Gioconda . . . Renata Scottò
La Cieca . . . Margarita Lilova
Enzo . . . Luciano Pavarotti
conducted by Bruno Bartoletti



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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributions to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 58383, San Diego, CA 92158.

Special Events

Christmas Plays, featuring folk dancing and singing, will be performed by the Lamb's Players, Saturday, December 1, 7:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.; Razzar del Mondo court and Old Town, 296-1161.

Antique Row Christmas show and sale, sponsored by Adams Avenue antique dealers, will include a Model A car display, clown, and entertainment. Saturday and Sunday, December 1 and 2, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., 2700 to 3800 Adams Avenue, San Diego. 283-5989.

COMBO TV Auction Weekend this year will include a Holiday Bazaar, featuring appliances and club memberships. Saturday, December 1, 1 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sunday, December 2, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Monday, December 3, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Golden Hall, downtown. 239-1381.

"Christmatime '79," presented by the San Diego Floral Association, will take place Saturday through Monday, December 1 to 3, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Majestic Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park. 232-5762 or 281-5027.

"Christmas in Flowerland Bazaar," featuring poinsettias, plants, handcrafted and homemade items, will be held on Sunday, December 2, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Quail Botanical Gardens, 210 Quail Garden Drive, Encinitas. 446-3036 or 753-5741.

Open House at the Carrousel Art Gallery will feature baroque Christmas music by the Castle Beau quintet, and works of Marjorie Morgan. Sunday, December 2, 1 to 5 p.m., Carrousel Art Gallery, 2121 Newcastle Avenue, Cardiff by the Sea. 753-8472.

Opening Ceremony of the Community Christmas Center will feature performances by the U.S. Marine Band, the San Harbor Chorus, and organist Jared Jacobson, and lighting of the Christmas tree and Christmas scenes. Sunday, December 2, 4 p.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. 565-4415 x259.

Christmas Home Tour, sponsored by All Souls' Episcopal Church of Point Loma, will take place on Wednesday, December 5, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in Point Loma. 523-6984.

"Once Upon a Christmas Eve," a presentation by puppeteer Marie Hinckoch, will be performed on Sunday, December 2, 9 and 16, at 1, 2, and 3 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park. 466-7128.

Old Town Christmas Parade, featuring bands and clowns, will take place on Sunday, December 2, 2 p.m., from San Diego Avenue and Annapolis, along San Diego to Twigg Street, to Juan, and to Wallace. 291-4903.

Dance

Modern Dance Concert, featuring The Company and Friends, will be presented on Saturday, December 1, 8 p.m., The Company Studio, 860 Third Avenue, downtown. 233-4149.



Ralph Dudgeon

One of the deep preoccupations of many people these days is to find out what a bagpipe is, and the preoccupation has become especially acute now that San Diego's Goodman Band is about to offer a concert for that very instrument.

Everything, unfortunately, has a history, and the bagpipe is no exception. The standard bagpipe is a brass instrument with a conical bore (not mainly cylindrical, as in the trumpet), and its pitch is made entirely by the pressure of air blown through the mouthpiece. Because of the physics of tubes of vibrating air, this limits the bagpipe's notes to a relatively small number—principally those notes used in standard bagpipe calls. In the early Nineteenth Century, a bagpipe with a hole in it was sent to Joseph Halliday, Master of the band of the Cavan Militia then quartered in Dublin, who, noticing that the hole affected the pitch, then and there conceived the idea of an instrument with four closed keys (something like those of a clarinet), on which a complete chromatic scale (that is, all the notes with their sharps and flats) could be played.

Parenting his invention in 1810, Halliday subsequently sold his patent rights to the Dublin instrument maker Matthew Piers, who appears to have made the first full-fledged bagpipe. Dedicated to the Duke of Kent, commander-in-chief of the British Army, the instrument became known as the Royal Kent Bag, and was soon regularly used as the soprano voice in British military bands. It was introduced to the Continent during the last phase of the Napoleonic wars, and was soon available in various sizes, from the high-pitched E-flat keyed bagpipe down to the bass bagpipe or euphonium.

Now you know. What sort of music was played on this interesting instrument? Aside from its military uses, it became a standard component of the nineteenth-century "social" orchestra—what an orchestra mingling the vernacular and the cultivated traditions and playing for social dances and other light entertainment. The upcoming concert will bring back this 150-year-old musical style, as performed by Ralph Dudgeon, key leader of Kenneth's team, piano, Doree Lakin-Thomson, flute and

clarinet, and two singers, soprano Sue Terpena, and baritone John Hubbard. Together, they make up a group called "I'm not making this up—" The Miss Lucy Long Social Orchestra and Quick Step Society.

What does this enigmatic title mean? A quick step is a dance popular in the early Nineteenth Century, and there is in fact a minstrel tune known as the "Lucy Long Quick Step"—an item which will be performed on the MLLSQA's forthcoming program. The program will also include (in addition to other quick steps) a number of parlor songs with keyed bagpipe obbligato: "Time Forever" by Sir Henry Bishop, "The Bagpipe Horn" by Rimbaud, and various Stephen Foster songs (which were often scored for voice, piano, and keyed bagpipe). Perhaps the bagpipe number will be Joseph Kilfian's Polka for Keyed Bagpipe, a virtuoso piece that will enable Ralph Dudgeon to show his stuff. Those who know his musical performances (he is also a trumpeter) testify to his brilliance of technique.

Just a few days later, the Goodman Band (San Diego's foremost organization devoted to Renaissance and Baroque music) will present a concert that plunges even more deeply into the past, with its nearly forgotten musical styles and instruments. This will be a recital of seventeenth-century music for viol da gamba and harpsichord, by Los Angeles Ensemble, St. Columbe. To find out of your questions: a viola da gamba is a bowed string instrument something like a cello. The concert of nineteenth-century music will take place Tuesday, December 4 at 8:00 p.m. in the San Diego State Music Recital Hall. The concert of Baroque music by the Ensemble St. Columbe will be given on Sunday, December 9 at 8:00 p.m., in the SSU's Music Recital Hall. For further information, call 296-2052.

— Thomas Arne

Galleries

An Exhibition of Recent Paintings by Lois Wolcott will be on display through November 30, Gallery IV, Malcolm Love Library, SDSU.

"Color, a Feminine Eye," an exhibit of paintings by Mary K. Parker, will be on display through November 30, H. H. Harris Fine Arts Gallery, 3817 Park Boulevard, San Diego. 297-5775.

Group Show of works by Community Arts public artists will be exhibited through November 30, Community Arts Gallery, 870 Third Avenue, downtown. 233-2141.

Sculpture by John Rogers will be exhibited through November 30, Deunbach gallery, 1262 Kerner Boulevard, San Diego. 236-1196.

"Testimonio de Latino America" and "America en la Mira," contemporary Latin American graphics of social relevance, will be exhibited through November 30, El Centro Cultural de la Raza, 2024 Park Boulevard, Balboa Park. 235-6135.

New Works by sculptor Joe Nyin and printmaker Chris Wotruba will be exhibited through December 1, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfish Street, Mission Hills. 295-2725.

"The Naive Eye Now," an exhibit of contemporary, primitive, and American folk paintings and sculptures, will continue through December 6, Founders Gallery, USD, Alcala Park. 291-6480 x4296.

Blown Glass by Jim Lundberg will be exhibited through December 7, Touch of Glass, 2491 San Diego Avenue, Old Town. 299-5184.

"Forms in Metal," an exhibition of jewelry and metalwork by seven artists, will continue through December 7, Grossmont College Drive, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. 525-5936.

New Works by Gary Hansmann will be on display through December 7, Mike Stamm Gallery, 525 Spruce Street, Hillcrest. 299-0784.

"Paintings and Drawings from Victoria's and Around the World," an exhibition of oil paintings and drawings by Jim Randall, will be on display through December 7, Mandeville Annex Gallery, UCSD. 452-3120.

"The Decorative Impulse," an exhibit of works by Billy Al Bengzon, Cynthia Carlson, Joyce Koloff, Robert Kushner, Kim MacConell, Lucas Samaras, Miriam Schapiro, Frank Stella, George Sugarman, Robert S. Zakantich, and Barbara Zucker, will be displayed through December 9, Room 220, Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. 452-2864.

Sculpture, Working Drawings, Watercolors by Fletcher Benson, will be exhibited through December 13, with a lecture Thursday, December 6, 2 p.m., Room 220, Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. 452-2864.

Canadian Eskimo Art Exhibit, contemporary sculpture in bone, ivory, and stone, and graphics, from the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service, will be displayed through December 24, Scripps Aqueduct Gallery, Scripps Ranch, 1602 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla. 452-4086.

"Art Inc.: American Paintings from Corporate Collections," a traveling exhibition from the art collections of thirty corporations, including works by Thomas Hart Benton, Alexander Calder, Richard Diebenkorn, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, Robert Motherwell, Norman Rockwell, Saul Steinberg, and Andy Warhol, will continue through December 30, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7971.

Radio/TV

"NFL Thursday Night Football" will pit the New England Patriots against the Miami Dolphins in Miami, Thursday, November 29, 5:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," musical revue filmed with Brel and Jacques Brel in 1975, will be televised, Thursday, November 29, 9 p.m., repeating Sunday, December 1, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

Three Title Bout, world welterweight champion Willy Porter will defend his crown against undefeated Sugar Ray Leonard, world middleweight champion Vito Anttonen will defend his against top challenger Marvin Hagler, and light-heavyweight champ Victor Galindez will defend his against former titleholder Marvin Johnson, Friday, November 30, 5 p.m., Channel 10.

Blues Singer and Songwriter Alberto Hunter will be Dick Cavett's guest for two nights, Monday, December 3, 6:30 p.m. and midnight, and Tuesday, December 4, 6:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m., Channel 15.

"Aunt Mary," a real-life story about a woman who coached 50,000 children on and off the baseball diamond, star Jean Stapleton, Wednesday, December 5, 9 p.m., Channel 8.

"NFL Monday Night Football," this week it's the Oakland Raiders and the New Orleans Saints in New Orleans, Monday, December 3, 6 p.m., Channel 10.

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"The Magnificent Ambersons," the 1942 film directed by Orson Welles and starring Joseph Cotten and Dolores Costello, about a fading aristocratic family in Indianapolis around 1900, will be televised on Saturday night, December 1, 12:30 a.m., Channel 8.

Great Radio Comedians will reminisce and re-create the golden age of radio comedy, with the help of films and tapes, Sunday, December 2, 6 p.m., repeating Saturday, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

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Blues Singer and Songwriter Alberto Hunter will be Dick Cavett's guest for two nights, Monday, December 3, 6:30 p.m. and midnight, and Tuesday, December 4, 6:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m., Channel 15.

"Aunt Mary," a real-life story about a woman who coached 50,000 children on and off the baseball diamond, star Jean Stapleton, Wednesday, December 5, 9 p.m., Channel 8.

Great Performances will present George Bizet's opera Carmen, staged by Franco Zeffirelli and featuring Elena Obrazova and Placido Domingo with the Vienna State Opera, filmed in 1978, Wednesday, December 5, 8 p.m., repeating Sunday, December 9, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

Music

Folk, Blues, and Jazz singer Barbara Dane will appear in a program co-sponsored by San Diego Friends of Old Time Music and the Center for Women's Studies and Services, Thursday, November 29, 8 p.m., Normal Heights United Methodist Church, 4650 Mansfield Street, San Diego. 282-7833.

Opera Workshop will include performances of Puccini's Gianni Schicchi and Menotti's Amdahl and the Night Vision, Thursday through Saturday, November 29 to December 1, 8 p.m., and Sunday, December 2, 2:30 p.m., Camino Theatre, USD, Alcala Park. 291-6480 x4296.

Trombone Recital by Vinko Globokar, featuring works by Berio, Globokar, and Maurizio Kagel, will be presented on Thursday, November 29, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-4229.

Young People's Concert series, presented by the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, will begin with "Let's Meet Our Orchestra," featuring works by Gershwin, Gould, Dvorak, and Beethoven, Friday, November 30, 10 and 11:30 a.m., Civic Theatre, downtown. 239-9721.

Folk Music Concert, featuring folk singer Sam Hinton and bongo virtuoso Stu Jamieson, will take place on Friday, November 30, 8 p.m., Normal Heights United Methodist Church, 4650 Mansfield Street, San Diego. 282-7833.

Choral and Orchestral Music by Respighi, Hindy, and John Gardner will be performed by the La Jolla Concerts in the University Symphony and Chorus, featuring Marne Clark, Susan Dixon, Michael Freer, and Jared Jacobson, Saturday, December 1, 8 p.m., and Sunday, December 2, 3 p.m., St. James Church, 743 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 273-3335.

Traditional Irish and American Music will be performed by the Sanna Gael Gail Irish Band, Saturday, December 1, 8 and 10 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Leucadia. 458-4030.

"The Messiah," a twelve-fourth annual presentation of the Handel oratorio, will be performed by the University Chorus and University Symphony, Sunday, December 3, 3 and 8 p.m., Peterson Gym, SDSU. 265-5204.

Advent-Christmas Music Series will begin with a vocal-instrumental program, Sunday, December 2, 7:30 p.m., Saint of Joseph Church, 4735 Cass Street, San Diego. 458-3275.

Contemporary and Traditional Music will be performed by the Grossmont Concert Band and Jazz Ensemble, Sunday, December 2, 7:30 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 465-1700 x321.

Folklore Series will begin with a performance of works by Berlioz, Dvorak, Wagner, and Ravel, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m., Powers Auditorium, Balboa Park. 728-8096 or 728-7620.

Gospel Music will be performed by the UCSD Gospel Choir under the direction of Joseph Slade, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-3229.

In Concert, the Jewish Community Center Orchestra and the ERA string trio will perform works by Beethoven, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m., Stratford Studio Theatre, 1355 Stratford Court, Del Mar. 296-4025.

Symphony, the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, with guest conductor Roberto Benini and pianist Mahlon Singer, will perform Respighi's Ancient Airs and Dances Suite No. 3, Puccini's Tu mi parli di patria, and Ravel's Pavane for a Dead Princess, and Rostropovich's Symphony No. 3 in G minor, Thursday and Friday, November 29 and 30, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, downtown, and Saturday, December 1, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 239-9721.

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Russian Pianist Laila Berman will perform works by Hindui, Khachaturian, and Liszt, presented by the San Diego Concert Series, Sunday, December 2, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, downtown. 236-6510.

Cottage Concert series will present music by Telemann and Vivaldi, performed by violinists Howard Hall, Karen Davis, John Stubbs, and Alexa Hill, Monday, December 1, 12 and 12:30 p.m., Scripps Cottage, SDSU. 265-6526.

Bamboo Flute and Jo performance and interpretation will be performed by Jayara's Watsumi-Da, Wednesday, December 5, 8 p.m., room 113, Music Building, SDSU. 265-5204.

Spanish Language Film program will present Luis Buñuel's first film, Los Olivos, Friday, November 30, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 203 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

"The Gentle Giants," a film about humpback whales, will be introduced by aquanaut Sylvia Earle, sponsored by the American Cetacean Society, Friday, November 30, 7:30 p.m., Summer Auditorium, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla. 299-1151.

Two Films about the zoo will be shown on Saturday and Sunday, December 1 and 2, 1 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-3821.

"Disinvin," a film about the Navajo cultures in northeastern Arizona 700 years ago, will be shown on Sunday, December 2, 1 and 2:30 p.m., Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

"La Femme en Bleu," a 1972 film by Michel Deville, will be sponsored by the French-American Club of San Diego City College, Wednesday, December 5, 7 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 16th and Crestre, downtown.

Dart Tournament, the San Diego Open, will take place on Friday, November 30, 10:30 p.m., no admission, Saturday, December 1, 11 a.m. to midnight, and Sunday, December 2, 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Conference building, Balboa Park. 298-2755.

Dasson Dash for Bravery, a fifteen-kilometer run sponsored by the Children's Asthma League to benefit the National Jewish Hospital/National Asthma Center, will take place on Saturday, December 1, 8 a.m., starting at De Anza Cove and circling Fiesta Island, Mission Bay. 566-4447.

La Jolla Classic Basketball Tournament will begin with games between Sonoma State and Claremont Harvey Mudd and between UCSD and Pomona Pitzer, Friday, November 30, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m., and conclude with a consolation game and the championship game, Saturday, December 1, 6:30 and 8:30 p.m., UCSD Main Gym. 452-4211.

Racquetball Tournament, for men and women, will be held at the University of California, B. C. and novice divisions, will be held on Saturday and Sunday, December 1 and 2, Northwest Family YMCA, 1355 Cliffside Avenue, La Jolla. 453-1443.

Atter Baseball will get underway with a game against Fort Hays State University, Saturday, December 1, 7:18 p.m., and a game against USD, Tuesday, December 4, 7:15 p.m., Sports Arena. 265-5547.

Fall Horse Show will include English division, Saturday, December 1, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., and western division, Sunday, December 2, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Redwood Grounds, Camp Pendleton. 725-4925.

Charger Football, the San Diego Chargers will face the Atlanta Falcons, Sunday, December 2, 1 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 282-1111.

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blocks away, then Genevieve gives a signal, perhaps blinking the lights three times, so that the zoomers can zero in on the correct window, and then Cronch issues the final order. "Okay, phone up Genevieve, tell her to wave her blouse in the window so we know when she's ready, and tell her then to peek around the curtain, just her head and her left breast." With Michael Douglas and Richard Widmark. (Village)

Corvette Summer — Gitterbug movie which demands that the audience go ga-ga over customized sports cars and vans, garish paint jobs, hydraulic lifts, waterbeds, wigs, the night lights of Las Vegas, and others of its little extras. It uses two unassuming actors — Mark Hamill as a glibbie grease monkey and Anne Parillo as an inept prostitute with a voice better suited to a telephone operator — to play Red Piper to the youth audience, and lure them onto a spree of consumerist gluttony. Mar. 1979. (Cineplex)

Escape from Alcatraz — Don Siegel, a sort of connect-the-dots director who is very good at chewing the fat on or tracing a course of action, takes such a pragmatic interest in locale and procedure that he restores a certain credibility, if not freshness, to the prison movie clichés collected here. The locale, really, is the whole point — its walls, its watchtowers, and its by mile-wide moat serving as the strict equivalents of Houdini's handcuffs, straitjackets, and underwater caskets. The narrative problem of how to get out of that awful place is laid out as fast as a hot potato in a classical John Dickson Carr locked-room mystery. (Cineplex)

The Exterminating Angel — Luis Buñuel in his most cryptic mood: no clues and no clarifications. The elegant party guests in a high-rise Mexico City neighborhood adjourn to a living room after dinner and, for days following, are unable to leave the room, and are helplessly persecuted and exasperated by their peculiar inability. Buñuel hardly gives pause to the puzzle aspect of the thing, but rolls up his sleeves and digs into it in a meticulously realistic detail, as though were a Robinson Crusoe survival problem. He has almost never had a merrier time unearthing the private perversities, shames, and squanderedness of the human race. And the cumulative sense of claustrophobia, of frayed nerves, of stench and decay, and of shadowy horror is quite overwhelming. With Sylvia Pinal and Claudio Brook. 1963. (Ker, 125 and 6)

Eyes of Laura Mars — The premise is hard to swallow and harder to digest. A fashionable fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway), who shoots sadomasochistic pictures with an imperceptible moral purpose behind them, periodically blanks out the world in front of her face and sees momentarily through the eyes of an anonymous killer as he stalks the photographer's associates: one by one and pokes out their eyes with a stiletto. The way Dunaway describes her unpredictable visions, it's as if the killer were transmitting a TV image, albeit a fuzzy one, into her brain. No explanation of this unusual phenomenon is offered or sought, and the audience is left to wonder what prevents the heroine from having one of her visions when the killer is signing a check or brushing his teeth in front of the bathroom mirror, thus revealing his identity then and there. This is one of those dishonestly plotted mysteries in which the more you learn, the more you understand. The only thing that lightens up this strained and muddled suspenseful, which has a soupy gray look to it, like New England-style clam chowder, is the laughable vacuousness of the aesthetic issues. When Dunaway swoops nighly into her gals, she's not just coping, for instance, the vultures reporters seep her with catwalkers like "relax," "relax," "a hype" and so on, and she, the universal Misunderstood Artist, signs in exasperation. "Does anyone have anything positive to ask?" With Tommy Lee Jones, Renee Baer, and Brad Dourif. Directed by Irvin

Kershner. 1978. (Center 3 Cinema 1)

The Farmer — A night-mare might revenge tale about a war hero who returns to his home soil, hangs his Silver Star on his scorecard, and is forced back into combat by big-town mobsters. The first half dawdles through 1940s period details, and the second plunges into 1970s gore. Gary Conway, Angel Tompkins. Directed by David Semel. 1977. (Towne, through 12/1)

Fiddler on the Roof — Oppressed Jews singing and dancing in Czarist Russia. The Broadway rendition of Sholem Aleichem's stories is transferred to the screen by way of the clockwork atmospheric photography of Oswald Morris. Topol, in the role of Tevye, senses his big movie chance, and his overzealousness shows through the thickest makeup on the set. With Norma Crane, Leonard Frey, and Molly Picon. Directed by Norman Jewison. 1972. (Cinema Plaza 5; College Cove; Flower Hill Cinema 3)

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh — Stoddy and amiable basketball comedy about the precision teamwork of an all-Pittsburgh professional ball club. You wonder why Julius (Dr. J.) Erving, in a suit and tie, couldn't have taken the director aside and given him a few pointers on the game. "Hey coach, listen up and listen good. Don't you know the man don't shoot no free throws on no offensive foul?" The unrelenting basketball action seems to be choreographed purely for the benefit of the soundtrack album, you watch as the home team, trailing by eight points, reefs off about twelve consecutive dunk shots, and then, when the accompanying music dies down, you are dumbstruck to find out that there is one second to play in the game and the home team is still behind by one point. With Stockert Channing and Jonathan Winters. Directed by Gilbert Moses. 1979. (Bibou, Center 3 Cinema 2; Parkway 4; University Town Center)

Flash Gordon — Some of the special effects — a swan-shaped spaceship; a five-story, puttylike monster with a dry eye — are reminders of the fantasy realm of antique movie serials; however, the sense of fantasy crashes to earth with every lethargic display of soft-core sex. The cross-purpose scheme of combining pulpy interest with the straight-and-true morality of the science-fiction movie succeeds only in anesthetizing both elements at once. Directed by Howard Ziehm. 1979. (Frontier Drive In, South Bay, Drive In)

Good Guys Wear Black — His screen presence is pretty pure, his voice is unadorned, and yet Chuck Norris, the martial-arts maestro, has an authentic machismo that could go to good use in a movie less slapdash and short on action than this one. A far indication of its seriousness is when murder and paranoia have risen to the panic point, Norris grills Anne Archer. "Are you some kind of finger-man?" she pouts prettily. "Finger-man." With Lloyd Haynes, James Franciscus, and Dana Andrews. Directed by Ted Post. 1978. (Century Twin 2, from 11/30)

Grease — Plasticized, inflated, and outrageously glorified replica of the 1950s — a distinctly 1970s replica with 1970s music, dance, and condescension infusing the Byrnes and Bobbysox milieu. There are some pleasant musical numbers: a parallel-constructed duet that pingsongs between John Travolta at the football stadium bleachers and Olivia Newton-John at the high school; a "Beauty School Dropout" fantasy sequence; and Travolta's "Stranded at the Drive-In" lament. (This last number memorably, once and for all, the classic double-entendre snick-bar advertisement in which a holiday bus commands a wander to do somersaults before it invites the obedient warden to enter its cozy fold.) Travolta is given rather little to do, although he is encouraged to do over and over again, his postcard, and funniest moments come when he is put through a series of athletic trials almost identical to Buster Keaton's in COLLEGE. The only dizzy musical is so cliché-minded (plumber darts, "Lovers Lane," high school hop, drag race, etc.) that it inevitably strikes a few resounding cultural chords; but it has no idea how to develop them into a harmonious whole. With Stockert Channing, Eve Arden, Sid Caesar. Directed by Barbra Streisand. 1978. (Bibou, Camino Cinema 4, Mid-

HELP!

Two green file cabinets were taken from the front of the O.B. Peoples Food Store early Sunday morning, November 25. They contained invoices, records and order books that CANNOT be replaced. Any information, please call 224-1287. No questions asked. Jo Ann or Jim.



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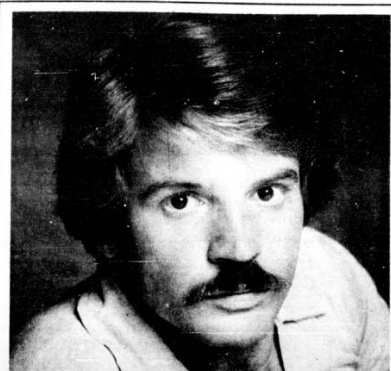
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CURRENT MOVIES

way Drive in Parkway 1, Sports Arena 6, Spring Valley, State, University, Towne Cinema, Vogue.

The Groove Tube — Ostensibly a takeoff on television, this collection of Ken Shapiro's sketches transferred to film from underground TV, strays way beyond the actual and the probable in search of laughs (a kiddie show with stymie pornography readings, sports coverage of the Tijuana Six Olympics, etc.). So what it has to do with television is very little; it manages to be wild, in some sense, continually, and to be amusing spitefully. It should well please the intended audience, which can recognize itself

by a favorable reaction to the word "groove." 1974. (Frontier Drive In; South Bay Drive In.)

Halloween — A spectacular opening a circumspect single take which travels a little uneasily, up the hallway of a modest Middle American home, all the way around the side of the building, through the kitchen door, briefly into the caddy drawer where a hand reaches in from offscreen to select a fearsome butcher knife, up the stairs, case, into the bedroom of a teenage girl who is swiftly aashed to death at her vanity, back down the stairs and out the front door. Parkway through

this shot, just prior to the stabbing, the same hand that earlier selected the sturdy murder weapon reaches in to pick up a Halloween mask from the floor and fit it over the subjective eye of the camera, and then the shot continues with the entire screen blocked out except for an aperture in the center which is cut in the shape of the mask's eyeholes. (As this device of blocking out part of a movie image is technically called a "mask," the use of there is quite a witty visual pun.) After the virtuoso opening, though, the movie drops to a lower level. For a story set on Halloween night in a Midwestern smalltown, there's a conspicuous thinness of atmosphere,

Americana, sociology, or however you care to classify the peculiarly profane trappings of this religious holiday. Where are all the trick-or-treaters, the costumes, the candies, the "pumpkins"? Starring, Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. 1978. (Mesa Cinema; Pacific Drive In; Plaza, from 11/30)

The Happy Hooker — A dirty trick. With Lynn Redgrave, in variable hardos eyebrows and lipsticks, as Nivara Holander, directed by Nicholas Sparto. 1975. (New Valley Drive In.)

The In-Laws — Alan Arkin is a finely tuned comic reactor, in a style that might be described as freeze-dried hysteria. But he is severely overacted in a ridiculous spy spoof that subjects him — a Manhattan dentist, home and family in New Jersey — to a handbrake CIA agent, an excess of Mack Sennett chases, and a ding-a-ling Latin American dictator. The laughs are occasional; the shtick, jaundiced color is constant. With Peter Falk, written by Andrew Bergman, directed by Arthur Hiller. 1979. (Mesa Cinema)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers — A conscientious and not disgraceful remake of Don Siegel's science-fiction classic about creeping conformity in the Eisenhower Era. It's a bit sad how much the motivation for the remake appears to be based on adding more explicit, explicit, and special effects to the economy-sized original. And anyone acquainted with the previous version will be a step ahead of the most delicious plot revelations, if not always all of the cheap thrills (you are expected to leap in your seat when a clock chimes or an anonymous hand reaches for the hero's shoulder from offscreen). As if to put an official seal of approval on the venture, Kevin McCarthy, the star of the 1956 version, pops up in this movie in the same part he was in when the earlier one ended, and Don Siegel himself takes a cameo spot as a cab driver. With Donald Sutherland, Brooke Adams, Leonard Nimoy, directed by Philip Kaufman. 1978. (Towne, 12/2 through 4)

The Last Waltz — Yes, yes, it's better photographed than a record concert movie, and it's better recorded, and the music itself is on the whole better. And so what? It's still a concert film, and it's still a movie. (A couple of bonus numbers, "The Weight" and "Evangeline," are staged in a studio and sweeping camera movements and swirling smoke, and these show off director Martin Scorsese's cinematic prowess at full tilt, and at the same time show in the limitations of the authentic concert stuff.) The lugubrious end-of-era sentimentality lavished onto The Band's all-star farewell concert, Thanksgiving Day, 1976, is nowhere justified in the post-mortem interview with the gloriously world-weary Robbie Robertson, conducted by the stuttering, spouting Scorsese. ("Well, well, they weren't just friends, I mean, I mean — get that?") Featured performers include Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Muddy Waters, Emmylou Harris, Jon Mitchell, Neil Young, Neil Diamond, and Van

Morrison. 1978. (Strand, 11/30 and 12/1)

The Legacy — Thriller with Sam Elliott, Katharine Ross, and Roger Daltry, directed by Richard Marquand. (Bijou, Cinema Plaza 5, Fiesta Two, Frontier Drive In, New Valley Drive In, South Bay Drive In, Sports Arena 6, UA Cinema 3)

Life of Brian — The emotional blackmail implicit in this tedious Biblical spoof, from the Mony Python group, is that by not finding it funny, you are liable to be taken for a bluecoat. It could be argued, though, that the followers of Cecil B. DeMille actually have more reason to be offended than those of Jesus H. Christ. With Graham Chapman, Michael Palin, John Cleese, Eric Idle, and Terry Jones, directed by Jones. 1979. (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Lords of Flatbush — The promotional campaign was predictably geared to suggest a spinoff of AMERICAN GRAFFITI, which does a disservice to this humble, frugal recreation of Brooklyn, late-1950s, including in much less wing-flapping and cowering, it is not at all guaranteed to appeal to the same crowd. The first feature of Stephen Verona and Martin Davidson, while funny at times in a painful and secondary sort of way, is concerned mainly with the pitifulness of characters who have nothing much to do, nothing much to say, and who frequently run into redundancies, ruts, and time-worn rituals (for some of the lack of imagination the novemakers must share the blame). To get away with camerawork so detached and docile, the two directors bank heavily on the anonymity and credibility of their unimproved actors, and to the smallest details, come through nicely. Sylvester Stallone, also credited with "additional dialogue," particularly pulls more than his share of the load, and his share is the biggest to begin with, in the role of the big moose in a gang of high school kids on the verge of drifting apart, riffs into adulthood. With Perry King, Susan Blakely, and Henry Winkler. 1974. (Baltco)

Luna — Bernardo Bertolucci's teenage boy's subconscious quest for the father he has never known. Jill Clayburgh, a rather scary opera singer, is the mother he knows a little too well. A field day for Freudians and other symbols; an ordeal for the viewer's attention — the sudden throat-grabber, the violent mood-changer, the thousand little irritations and irrationalities — give the movie the personality of a spoiled brat. 1979. (Fashion Valley)

The Magic Flute — Something for the culture-vultures. Ingmar Bergman directs, for television, a Swedish

opera company in a performance of the Mozart classic — a radical change of pace for Bergman, who, for years, has banished music from his movies.

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The Main Event — A deeper dimension, and a whole new definition, has been added to the word "pest" by Barbra Streisand. Streisand, as a successful perfume manufacturer (her nose is her fortune), who, for far-fetched financial reasons, assumes management of a reluctant boxing-for-boys manual during his sparring sessions, she butts into his corner between rounds to give him advice like "Try to remember to hit him more than he hits you" — in short, she does things that would not be funny

even if someone other than Barbra Streisand were doing them. We are awarded a wide variety of views of the

star's midquarters, but these are not enough to compensate for the tongue that never rests, the nose that knows,

and the new reddish hair tint that does not go at all well with the rose and rust colors Streisand is always wearing or

CURRENT MOVIES

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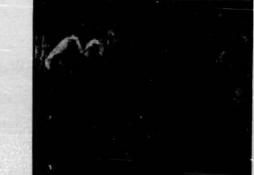
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CURRENT MOVIES

black Beverly Hills psychoanalyst, and the damp-eyed characterization of an aging party girl, Edwards tolerances, however, does not extend to the sexual barbarism of the younger generation — which is what gives the movie its lesson. There's some good comedy based on physical discomfort, a good physical performance by Dudley Moore, and a good cerebral one by Jane Andrews. With Robert Webber. Bu Devis. 1979. (College Plaza Twin 2, Sports Arena 6, University Towne Center)

Time After Time — Sci-fi thriller about H.G. Wells chasing Jack the Ripper in modern-day San Francisco, with Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Written and directed by Nicholas Meyer. (Fashion Valley, UK Cinema 1)

Tree of Wooden Clogs — The appeal of the vision of Lombardy life, at the turn of the century, is rooted in its proximity to "real life," which is forever and always the middlebrow, most unshakable criterion of artistic excellence. The vision is not close, the total of real life, but only to that part of it that is clean, pure, healthy, evoking inspiring or ingenuously engaging. It is tempting to see Leonardo Orm's no-idea representation of Italian peasant life as a level-headed, each spoken rebuttal to Bernardo Bertolucci's obstreperous 1900. Every detail is exact, ethnographic fiction is implicit in the thirty-year-old tenet of neorealism, except perhaps the lush painterly lighting that is spread like Betty Crocker cake frosting on top of the warm, solid subject matter undergirding. 1978. (Five Arts)

Up in Smoke — Cheech and Chong's marijuana puff piece is simply a stoner (a pot smoker's a stinkpot).



The Runner Stumbles

Gas masks are advised. With Stacy Keach and Tom Skerritt, directed by John Ader. 1979. (Sports Arena 6, from 11:30)

Walkabout — Edward Bond's screenplay — two school children, accustomed to crisp uniforms and transistor radios and such things, find themselves marooned in the Australian outback — possibly a more complex in its ideas about a cultural misadventure than is readily apparent. No matter. Nicolas Roeg's bright, clear any images create a wonderland of surreal encounters, altered perspectives, magnifications, and dimensions. Jerry Aukler. Lucien Juch. 1977. (Strand, 12:5 and 6)

When a Stranger Calls — Strained but not necessarily tense lady-in-distress thriller, with a storyline neatly divided into thirds, about a lunatic child murderer who, having escaped from the nuthouse seven years after his crime, is pursued by a retired policeman with a personal interest in the case, now operating as a private investigator and carrying, inside his form-fitting, knitted sportshirt, the perfect visual definition — the absolute Platonic ideal — of a psychotic. The middle third, coming in between Carol Kane's shifty appearances as a terrified babysitter and then as a suburban housewife with children of her own, has a nice low for the distant existence of big-city detectives. With Charles Durning. Colleen Dewhurst. 1979. (Strand, 12:5 and 6)

and Tony Beckley, directed by Fred Walton. 1979. (Center 3 Cinema 1, Crest, from 11:30; Flower Hill Cinema 2, from 11:30)

White Line Fever — A revival, sort of, of Warner Brothers' working-man melodramas of the 1930s, by Jonathan Kaplan, a reigning whiz-kid in the action exploitation genre. He helpfully (Fred Kuehn's) exulting camerawork, gets some handsome views of the monster trucks and the Southwest highways. Jan-Michael Vincent, quite good at inspiring shaky confidence, is the common-man hero in a war between honest independent Tucson truckers, just scraping by, and the industry big shots. Essential caricatures who spend their time playing golf and fondling paid companions. The comic-strip Marxism may be simplified, but it's not altogether dim-witted. This regrettably plotted movie actually shows more sense than most in its efforts to find action-movie thrills in a fight against an elusive corporate villain, headquartered in a towering, unapproachable edifice called the Glass House. Its world view aside, the movie boasts a fine collection of checkered shirts plus a couple of hot-dam jack-offers. With Ray Liotta, L.Q. Jones, Sam Pickens. 1975. (Towne, 12:2 through 4)

The Women in Blue — French romance, directed by Michel Deville (BENJAMIN), with Michel Piccoli, Lea Massari, and Simone Simon. 1972. (San Diego City College Theatre, 12:5, 7 p.m.)

Yanks — The British homeland in the Second World War, invaded by an army of Americans who appear to have nothing to do with their days but pursue lecherous romances with the abandoned wives, fiancées, and girlfriends of army soldiers. It's rather nice, as cautious and slow to develop as they are, how much meaning is gotten into the emotional commitments of the characters. It's not always nice, however, how much meaning is gotten, or attempted to be

gotten, into each and every difficult, twinkly-eyed, radiant-complexioned closeup of a tight-mouthed actress named Lisa Eichhorn. What this politely observed movie has to say about the national character of the United States and England seems finally to be a little puny in relation to the massiveness of the production. With Richard Gere, Vanessa Redgrave, and William Devane, directed by John Schlesinger. 1979. (Fashion Valley)

Yellow Submarine — The Beatles' cartoon. I want to be, but it is not the Beatles equivalent of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear. Clever enough and colorful enough to be diverting for half an hour or so, though it goes on a bit longer than that. Directed by George Dunning. 1968. (Unicom)

Young Frankenstein — Mel Brooks' regular spoof on the old Universal Pictures horror series — it doesn't reach very far in any direction, but it expends a good deal of comic energy within the narrow confines. Basically, it resembles the sort of abject parody of old movies common on the CAROL BURNETT SHOW, although it is larger, funnier, and usually funnier. Brooks' stature as a moviemaker is boosted considerably by his efforts to carry the parody even to the Hollywood studio techniques of the 1930s. On that score, he rises ahead of his closest competitor in screen comedy, Woody Allen, who has long gravitated toward did movies in search of subject matter, but whose comic copiers haphazardly at best. Some goes for his acting style. Whether it's an emperor, a bank robber, a Latin American revolutionary, a robot, or a Bogart-type guy, Allen is always undiminished by his feelings of imposture. Brooks suffers from, or at any rate displays, no such insecurities. With Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, Cloris Leachman, Tenen Gans, and Feldman, and Gene Hackman. 1974. (Sports Arena 6, University Towne Center)

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
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1975 HONDA CR-125, excellent condition, red line swing arm, PMF carburetor, many extras, good Christmas present. \$445. 274-8899

10 SPEED, Peugeot U.S. 8, men's 22 1/2" frame, excellent condition, pump, tools, lock and cable included. \$150 or offer. 453-9657. 2800. 442-4167

2 BIKES FOR sale. 5 speed Schwinn Goldleg 26" with accessories & 10 speed hybrid 26" \$50 each. 282-9803

1977 YAMAHA RD400, mint condition, maps, helmet, spare parts, extras, just tuned. 56 mpg, low miles. \$1095 or best offer. 475-43507

1979 KIA VESPA Special, new September 650 miles, oil serviced, helmet, front basket 120 mph, 1 speed automatic, drum brakes \$450. 447-4200 evenings

21" CUSTOM 3 speed Branch, alloy components. Only 25 pounds including light & rack. \$125. 267-0399

BOYS 24 Murray 3 speed bicycle. Green & yellow colored \$40. 286-3471

GIANT TANDUM. 23.21 31 frame and fenders. Complete. \$100. 286-4088 after 4pm or 753-0539

VESPA SUPER. classic has everything but rear wheel and battery. Complete manual included. \$45 or best. 448-1636 or leave message

PEUGEOT Moped for sale, excellent condition, like new, speeds up to 45 mph. \$280. 276-5271

3500CC Honda motorcycle in excellent condition. Includes helmet, view battery and many other extras. Must see immediately. \$500. 283-3588

1975 YAMAHA 400 Enduro, street or dirt. Best offer. 438-2949 before 5pm or 582-9039 after 5pm

MOTORCYCLE PARTS. new used front & rear wheels. Triumph carb that ignites, etc. \$70. Beautiful custom springer. \$170. 291-7498

LADY'S BICYCLE 26" electric, barbed wire chair, two bed frames, women's shoes, like new. Sun Gym, smart board, back massager. 442-9707

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1975 KAWASAKI ZK600, many extras. Good condition. \$750. 571-7609

UCANIAN 10 speed moped, \$50, paper bike, beach cruiser \$30. 461-8425

BATAVUS moped, excellent condition only 100 miles. Comfortable, reliable and cheap transportation. 150 mph, 1.5 gallon tank. \$400. 702-4362

1976 HONDA CB 500T, fairing, roll bars, highway gear, luggage rack, 11,000 miles, like new. \$390. 286-4265 after 3pm

HONDA CB255, very good condition, runs well, with helmet (smalls). \$325. Ramona 799-8224

1979 SUZUKI GT550 crash bar, 15,000 miles, new battery, helmet and shop manual included. \$650. 443-7897

1979 KAWASAKI ZK1000 excellent condition, low mileage, fender, saddlebags, other extras. \$2000. 299-3402

SUZUKI RM500, excellent condition, never raced, well cared for, extras including books. \$400. 436-7460

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1979 KAWASAKI ZK100

KIDSKIN BOOTS. cordovan color with hand stitching, size 9½N with shoe trees and polish, cost \$80, asking \$10. 262-0354.

OR XMAS: Lovely Karastan area rug, imported candelabra lamps, Simcoo mirror con-

CHAMPION JUICER, \$120; Centurion 10-

ETTES, 5 piece formica, \$25; brown vinyl

ERSOFA, twin longboy finished pine
 , brown furry cover, matching cushions,
 Chemelex thermostatic heater, \$15;
 rd 440M record changer, \$20. Craig

3 BAR STOOLS, swivel, heavy-duty, chrome-plated, 18" x 18" x 30", 150 lbs. capacity, 483-2297.

MOVED, sacrifice white hutch, beaded lamp, \$50, amethyst la

25, green
\$35, 3x5

DRESSER, large antique mahogany; nate mirror, in excellent condition; drawers 3 wide by 18" deep. \$25. 234-0240

OAK ANTIQUES: kitchen sideboard w/ mirror, \$175; buffet, \$100; 1890s folding oyster-barley-twist chairs, \$30 each; more, 222-9404 or 222-9404.

1995
 \$95
 419

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50mm F 4	\$160.00
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28-45 200m	\$520.00

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CDS Finder	\$220.00
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35mm Lens	\$390.00
35mm	\$240.00
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P-Finder	\$115.00
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65mm Lens	\$240.00
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NOVEMBER 29, 1979 21

DEL MAR: Excellent for holiday visitors. Available December 20-January 10. Swimming pool, jacuzzi, support, laundry facility. Kathy or Dan: 750-8627. Great deal!

LARGE: three bedroom, two bath, high ceilings, wood floors, new painted duplex in Golden Hills. \$55,000. \$350 includes utilities. Arthur: 750-2080.

ENCINITAS: Luxury 2 bedroom condo. Near shopping, schools and beach. \$350. First, last and deposit. Kids OK. No pets. 436-9144 evenings.

LARGE: furnished studio near Babco Park. \$175. utilities paid. Available 12-1-79. 2125 5th Ave. Inquire Apt. 14 or call Ron 283-1008 before noon or after 7pm.

2 BEDROOM: 1 bath house in lovely East San Diego. Many amenities such as fireplace, garage, flushing toilets. For details call 583-5814 \$329 per month.

MISSION VALLEY: New 1 bedroom, 3 miles to SDSU. 1/2 mile to Stadium. \$300. Plus jacuzzi, game room, tennis, complete kitchen. \$1,000 deposit. 255-1422.

PACIFIC BEACH: \$300. 1 bedroom, 1 bath, new apartment. Security building, 2 blocks to ocean. 1018 Loring St. 273-0970.

BEACH FRONT: most lodge daily weekly monthly rates available. 707 Reed Ave. Pacific Beach. 488-8838. Lowest rates on the coast.

FOR LEASE: New professional building, Mission Hills. Air conditioning, parking, carpet all-inclusive. Rent to suit. 296-9679 evenings.

3 BEDROOM: 2 bath condo at Adobe Falls (near SDSU). Recently vaulted ceiling. Kids OK. No pets. Rent: jacuzzi. \$425. 287-4332.

HOUSE FOR RENT: Stage College area. 3 bedroom, 2 bath, fireplace, balcony, stone fireplace, carpeting, drapes, 2 car garage. \$410. Available January 10. 273-1534 evenings.

NORMAL HEIGHTS: 2 bedroom, unfurnished apartment. \$27. Newly redecorated, view to mountains. Blue, white, yellow, orange. Child OK. \$350. 3530 N. Mission Ave. 270-4546 evenings and weekends.

2 ONE BEDROOM UNITS in Mission Beach on Bayview Lane. \$295 with view. \$285 without view. New carpets and new throughout. Street, refrigerator. Child OK. 270-1096 or 270-8287.

MISSION VALLEY: new Piers Rd. and 163. 2 bedroom, furnished beachhouse, pool, sauna, volleyball. Near shops, buses, no pets. \$450 per month. 273-7175.

\$30 CONDO FOR RENT: Paradise Hills-Bonita area. 2 bedroom, garage, pool, car-pets, drapes. 1 unit OK. Sunday. 223-6233.

1 BEDROOM: new condo. \$250. unfurnished, all appliances, stainless steel, parking. Near SDSU, 50th & University. Available now. 298-1164.

1 BEDROOM COTTAGE: Ocean Beach. A/c. Small pet. \$295 per month. Rick. 280-3651.

MISSION BAY: view home. Lovely, 1-level, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, has two pools, fireplace, all modern kitchen. 2 car garage. \$600. No pets. 295-1232.

DEL MAR: 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. \$600 a month. 750-4037.

DELUXE: 4 bedroom, 3 bath home in Mira Mesa. Fireplace, family room, carpets, drapes, built-in, pool and fenced yard. \$640. 274-8866.

WANT TO RENT: Roomy, two bedroom house or duplex in Hillcrest-Mission Hills area. Responsible minor, clean. \$300 per month. Can move in after January 1. For apartment, call 581-71-4883.

2 BEDROOM: 1 bath house, screened in porch, warm, built-in, fenced yard, view. Kids OK. \$350 per month. 4511 Marine View. 263-1586.

CARDIFF: NEAR Hwy. 940. 4 bedroom, 2 baths, fireplace, dishwasher, patio, sprinkler, near schools, parks, shops. No pets. \$40. 715-8.

2 BEDROOM HOUSE in Ocean Beach. 2 blocks from the ocean. Garage, pet, stove, refrigerator, air conditioning. 1, 1975. \$400 per month. 583-1909.

DICTIONARY HILL: brand new 3 bedroom 2 bath house with fireplace, pool, view and more. \$450. 489-2007 for details.

\$375. 2 bedroom apartment, small Pacific Beach complex north of Garnet near beach and bus. No pet, wireless or motorcycles. Only permanent mature tenants. 488-9983.

CLAIREMONT: 3 bedroom house. \$450. Covered patio, enclosed yard, garage. Quiet cul-de-sac, nice area. Call Glen. 451-5000. Square 3655 Puchanosa Court, kids OK, no pets. 483-1913.

HILLCREST-NORTH PARK: 3 bedroom house. Fireplace, view, garden, new kitchen and carpets. No children or pets. Available December 1. 1975. \$400. 455-5791.

NORTH PARK area: 1 & 2 bedroom apartments from \$210. Stone, elegant carpeting, convenient location. 299-772.

\$495. Large 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath condo in University City. 432-0513.



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Unique inexpensive items. 754-0909

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Gaslamp Quarter, 5th & K Streets, downtown, San Diego
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HILLCREST: Fourth and Robinson near all one bedroom unfurnished stove refrigerator no children no pets water paid. Only \$250 per month. \$100 deposit. 255-1422.

LEUCADIA: super beach cottage. Just steps to Grandview Beach. Two bedroom, family room, fireplace. \$495 month. 559-2386.

2 BEDROOM: 2 bath, unfurnished condo, newly decorated, wallpapered, near stadium, pools, tennis, jacuzzi, den, dining room, laundry room, covered patio, small yard. \$500—December January. 563-1283.

ONE BEDROOM: full service apt., refrigerator, stove, patio, clean. \$210 a month. 286-0078.

SMALL STUDIO: utility paid. La Mesa country like area. Hot view. \$130 month. Single only. Kids OK. \$350 per month. 4511 Marine View. 263-1586.

CARDIFF: NEAR Hwy. 940. 4 bedroom, 2 baths, fireplace, dishwasher, patio, sprinkler, near schools, parks, shops. No pets. \$40. 715-8.

2 BEDROOM HOUSE in Ocean Beach. 2 blocks from the ocean. Garage, pet, stove, refrigerator, air conditioning. 1, 1975. \$400 per month. 583-1909.

DICTIONARY HILL: brand new 3 bedroom 2 bath house with fireplace, pool, view and more. \$450. 489-2007 for details.

\$375. 2 bedroom apartment, small Pacific Beach complex north of Garnet near beach and bus. No pet, wireless or motorcycles. Only permanent mature tenants. 488-9983.

CLAIREMONT: 3 bedroom house. \$450. Covered patio, enclosed yard, garage. Quiet cul-de-sac, nice area. Call Glen. 451-5000. Square 3655 Puchanosa Court, kids OK, no pets. 483-1913.

HILLCREST-NORTH PARK: 3 bedroom house. Fireplace, view, garden, new kitchen and carpets. No children or pets. Available December 1. 1975. \$400. 455-5791.

NORTH PARK area: 1 & 2 bedroom apartments from \$210. Stone, elegant carpeting, convenient location. 299-772.

\$495. Large 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath condo in University City. 432-0513.

Real Estate

How to Place Your Free Classifieds

CLASSIFIED ADS placed in the Reader must be typed on 24 cards and sent **INSIDE ENVELOPES**. Official Postal Service cards, 10x3 1/2 and 4 1/2x6 1/2 may also be used and may be mailed without envelopes. No abbreviations or special characters, nor are allowed. Any instructions should be on separate paper.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS: Ads of less than 25 words are free to private parties and nonprofit organizations which do not charge for their services. Ads of more than 25 words cost 20 cents and may be mailed without envelopes. Live number of weeks provided proper payment is received. All business ads must be paid in advance.

BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS: Businesses, including all types of good services, profit making, unincorporated, may buy ads for \$5 for 25 words or less plus 20 cents per additional word. Business classifieds may run for any number of weeks provided proper payment is received. All business ads must be paid in advance.

DEADLINES: Classified ads of any kind can be mailed to the Reader and must be received by 9 a.m. Thursday, one week before the intended date. Only paid business ads and late private party ads may be brought to the Reader office (1635 State Street, downtown) before 3 p.m. Monday (closed Saturday and Sunday). All late private party ads of 25 words or less require a \$6 late fee plus 20 cents per additional word.

THE READER reserves the right to edit or refuse classified ads, due to inappropriate content, space considerations, or other reasons.

ALL MAILED ADS SHOULD BE SENT TO:

READER CLASSIFIEDS
P.O. BOX 88807
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92138

OWNER MUST SACRIFICE: 6 acre major corner Lancaster, all utilities available, only 5 percent down payment. 275-3603.

EIGHT WOODED ACRES in Northern Idaho 12 miles north of Shoshone. \$15,000 negotiable. 753-2905.

TOO POOR to buy a home? So are we! Unless we share. Prefer someone VA eligible, with credit OK. 281-4737 or 748-7486.

WASHINGTON D.C. 4 bedroom, 3 bath home in Springfield, VA. Walk to bus school, shopping. New carpet throughout. Huge family room in basement with fireplace. \$94,000. 703-978-7543.

MOBILE HOME: 10x20 patio and fenced yard. Adult pet OK. Easy take-over and small payments. Clean and solid. 455-6848 evenings.

80 ACRES: highway and ocean frontage. Daily beach. New South. \$16,500. Private owner. 714: 753-6783.

PINE VALLEY: over 2000 square foot, rustic duplex on beautiful wooded 1 acre lot. 2 fireplaces. Super potential. \$100,000. \$20,000 down. Owner. 360-4231.

BY OWNER: 4 bedroom, 2 bath, fireplace, completely refurbished, automobile loan, O.W.C. 2nd T.D. lease purchase option. 292-0757 after 6pm and weekends.

BY OWNER (please, no realtors): 2 bedroom, 1 bath house in University Heights. Quiet, convenient neighborhood, only 5 minutes from zoo! \$65,000. 299-9921.

BY OWNER: Beautifully decorated, upgraded 3 bedroom, 2 bath home. Huge yard, view, fireplace, 34-ft. living room, charming kitchen, plush extras. \$60,000. 448-7419 after 5pm.

SOLANA: Beach trailer with attached wood A-frame. Hot wood stove, storage shed, large space in small country park. \$8,800. 481-1810.

DRESS SHOP with attached apartment and sundeck on Garnet. Rent \$95/month. \$4900 and it is all yours. 578-6592, 272-8920, Sat.

BEAUTIFUL, ALL WOOD ocean view, 3 bedroom, 2 bath home. South Oceanside. 1800 square feet, quiet, near schools and beach. Assumable loan. \$125,500. 725-0286.

JULIAN AREA: 3 bedroom, 1 bath house pool, completely redone. \$62,711. \$15,000 down. \$612 monthly. \$16,000 or 9% percent assumable. Owner will carry, no payment 3 years! 785-1287.

BEST BUY in NORTH PARK: 10% percent financing, brand new 3 bedroom, 2 baths, fireplace, large garage, carpets and drapes. Only \$77,000. 3604 Main Street (day, not noon).

MOBILE HOME: 1971 Champion 12x60, immediate 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 baths, large new kitchen, deluxe adult park, large view of fruit trees, jacuzzi, pool, clubhouse. \$17,500. 433-5140.

1 BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM in Mira Mesa (Quiet Creek), excellent location! Tennis, pool, spa, sauna, etc. \$37,700 loan at 10.25 percent. \$52,000. Owner-agent. 456-7910 or 481-5644.

CONDO, NORTH PARK: 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, ground floor. Adults, super location, maintenance fee only \$35. Drive by 4070 Wabash. Unit 3 (north of University). \$59,900.

3 BEDROOM, 2 BATH home, nice, quiet neighborhood, assume 8% percent FHA at \$260,000, view 10 percent \$200,000 2nd at \$200,000, for \$12,000 down, \$67,000 total. 394-2330 evenings.

DUPLEX FOR SALE: 2 bedroom plus 1 bedroom, \$54,000. Drive by 2027 Market Street. Call 687-7788 or 755-8050.

4 RENOVATED UNITS: South Ocean Beach, close to beach, excellent views. \$185,000. Call Ron. 247-1184.

UNDER \$80,000, brand new 3 bedroom, 2 bath with view of valley and ocean, fireplace, dishwasher and negotiable terms. Dictionary Hill. 459-2027.

MOBILE HOME: 10x20 with 10x13 expansion. 2 bedroom, 1 bath, new carpet and drapes, no down rent. 10x13 storage shed, asking \$19,000 (owner will carry with \$5000 down). 699-7371 or 481-7544.

MOUNT HILLS: \$99,000 only. 4 bedroom, 2 bath, 2400 square foot house with view, avocado trees, great for large family. Submit form. 270-1722 or 499-4604.

HAWAII CONDOS: new Maui condos on the beach. Outstanding investment, daily rental income. 280-1550.

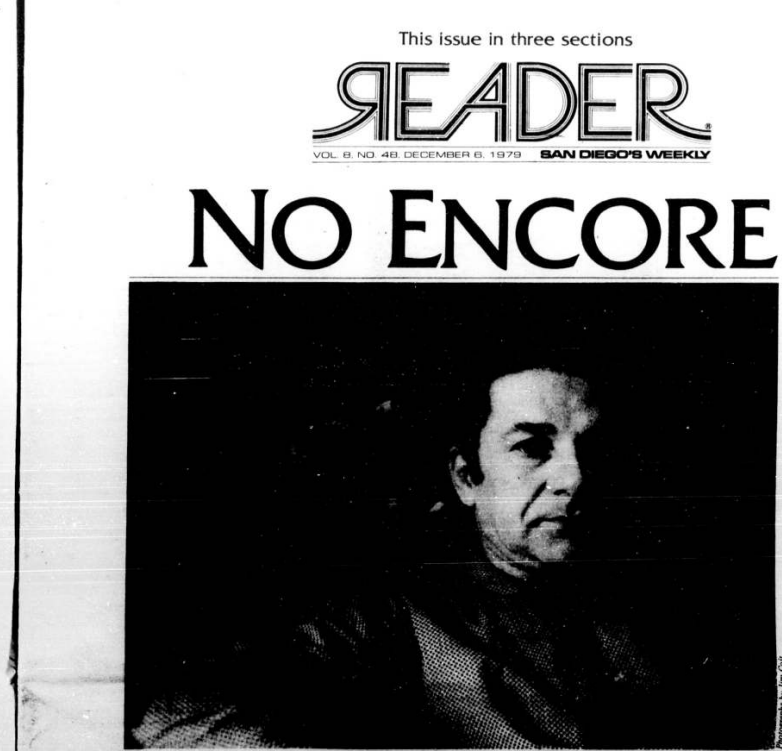
LEVEL BEACH LOT: 12 miles south of border. All improvements ready to build, utilities, sewer, water, etc. Call for details or submit offer. 275-5566.

20x40 MOBILE HOME: Coronado Palms, adult park. Space 40, by owner. Leaving. 424-6307 evenings.

YOUNG COUPLE wants to buy 3 bedroom or larger home in Villavieja area with creative seller financing attached. Principals or listing agents only. 275-1574.

LA JOLLA SPANISH house and duplex in Windansea Beach, some of the most private gardens, excellent terms. Agent 272-7288.

1 BEDROOM HOME: Lado de Loma area, Villa, lovely mountain view, granite roof, new carpet, great potential. \$65,000. 479-6732 or 941-0227.



Maestro Peter Erös Takes His Last Bow

The young Hungarian conductor was sure the great George Szell wouldn't bother to come, but he invited Szell to one of his Amsterdam concerts anyway. The year was 1959. George Szell was conductor with the Cleveland Orchestra, one of the world's best assemblages of classical musicians, and Szell was considered a virtuoso, one of the demigods that the peculiar history of classical music spawns and then feeds on. The twenty-seven-year-old Hungarian, Peter Erös, was a mere assistant conductor with Amsterdam's prestigious Concertgebouw, but like Szell, he was born in Budapest, and perhaps that figured in the master's decision to attend Erös's concert. It was a matinee which was over at about forty. Backstage, Szell approached Erös and said in German, "Very good, very good. Change your dress and come over to my hotel. I want to talk to you."

Neal Matthews

Erös arrived at six o'clock at the Amstel Hotel, and he and Szell ate dinner together. Though Erös didn't know it yet, he was about to become a "spiritual child" of Szell's, his career guided and shaped by the great conductor until Szell's death in 1970. During dinner that night in Amsterdam, the seasoned maestro stated to the neophyte, who spoke no English, "Well, you have to come over to America." Erös asked why and Szell declared, "Because that's where the future is."

Twenty years later, Erös sits before a mirror in his small dressing room backstage at the CBS Theatre in San Diego. It is seventy-fourth, opening night of his eighth season as resident conductor and music director of the San Diego Symphony, and it is Erös's last opening night here. This year he will conduct about half the concerts, next year he will conduct two, and the following year there will be a new resident conductor sitting where Erös, dressed in white tie, is sitting now. He conducts business in a loud voice, making

Photograph by Jim Coe

(continued on page 14)