

This issue in three sections

READER

VOL. 3, NO. 1, JANUARY 10, 1980 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Scrub Forest

The Cleveland is no Wilderness



San Diego County's back roads wind through hills overgrown with chaparral, a thick cover of brush that stands in most places no higher than the average person. Here and there boulders lie nakedly in the vegetation, and some of the hills are blanketed with them, as if the forces that created those areas had somehow overlooked plants altogether.

When I was a child my family would occasionally pile into the car and head up one of these roads; we would be going on a picnic, or to "the snow," or just out for a scenic drive, depending on the season. And on the way, no matter which route we took, we would always pass a wooden sign somewhere that spelled out, in bright yellow letters, "Entering Cleveland National Forest." Whenever I saw one of these signs I would inevitably look out across the dry, boulder-strewn hills around our car and think, "National forest? Where are the trees?"

(continued on page 7)

By Gordon Smith



City Lights

Was Moses A CIA Agent?

Moses Benson, 55, is a CIA agent, and he's willing to talk about it. He does the first thing you notice about him is his style of dress. He looks as if he got dressed with the idea of going to teach a Sunday School class, but then decided instead to take off his coat and tie, roll up his sleeves to his elbows, and chop logs for a while. It is an odd blend of the casual and the formal, with an open neck, collar and high-gloss military dress shoes. He is maybe fifty years old, no taller than five-seven, and just a bit on the stocky side. His hair is clipped on a close, military cut, and his eyebrows are shaved high. Yet despite the many outward trappings of a retired Marine colonel, he has a face that could sell cookies alongside the Pillsbury Doughboy. He does not look like a double-crossed agent of the Central Intelligence Agency or an antiterrorist commando, both of which he claims to be.

Benson, acting as attorney in his own behalf, filed a lawsuit in San Diego last November alleging that the Central Intelligence Agency and its director, Admiral Stanfield Turner, cheated him out of \$43 million. Briefly, and in amazingly crisp and descriptive exposition, Benson explained in the suit how he and his consulting firm entered into a contract with the CIA on May 15, 1975, to develop a program in which any citizen of any of nine Middle Eastern countries—including Egypt, Israel, and Iran—would be able to travel on ordinary business to any point in those countries and return home unharmed and unhindered. "I journeyed," Benson testified in his suit, "at the expense of the United States Government and the government of the USSR to Moscow in September of 1976 to secure the assent of several governments on the other side of the Iron Curtain to our undertaking the program. I journeyed at my expense in April of 1977 to take personal care of the operation—code-named Pilgrim Circle—at the urgent request of Admiral Turner and the government of Israel. The task was to the Saudi visit to Israel (which was the key to the eventual peace treaty between that country and Egypt), and I was able to return to the United States in January of 1978." In exchange for his work, Benson claims he and his organization were to be paid a flat fee of \$43 million, plus daily expenses of up to \$1 million.

It is 8:00 on a blustery Tuesday morning. Benson and a reporter meet in the lobby of the Thompson residential hotel on F Street just south of the federal courthouse, where the lawsuit was filed. Benson is



Moses Benson

reclined but cordial, and together he and the reporter enter the Federal Building and take the escalator to the second-floor dining room. "Whenever I go to a town with a federal building," Benson says, "I always make a point of eating in its cafeteria. It's substantial food and inexpensive." He does not talk like a man to whom is owed millions of dollars. At a formal table next to a picture window overlooking Broadway, Benson notices a look of skepticism on the reporter's face. "You don't have to believe me if you don't want to," he says, his eyes not moving from the listener. "But look at it this way. What if I'm telling the truth?"

With that, he launches into a rambling life story. He studied engineering in New York after World War II, then went to rabbinical school where he was ordained a rabbi. He was sent by his religious superiors to teach school in the Deep South in the late 1940s, but stayed there a relatively short time. "Then I was transferred to Pretoria, South Africa," he says. "I began spending time with other Americans, mostly engineers, and that started taking up a lot of my time." It was around that point in his life, during the early Fifties, that Benson began taking an interest in the events in Southeast Asia. France was pulling out of much of Indochina. "I developed a plan in which the United States could go into Viet Nam with medicine and food and get on the good side of this new government," Benson says. "I sold a friend of mine at the embassy on the idea, and he hooked me up with some people in the military who listened, but decided not to follow up on it."

That incident, however, convinced Benson that his true vocation was as an

international political consultant. He explains how he formed several firms—Ariel, Cindusco, Eagle System, and Parrot—to help in international political mediation and planning. At the beginning, he says, there were plenty of lean years. The business was not always prosperous, and in 1967 his wife left him, he says, because "she was a tough enough." But a big break came, he explains, when he was offered a job as an antiterrorist consultant to Israel in 1969.

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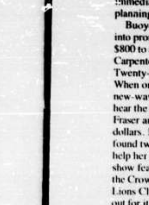
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psy, biology. Then she met Dan McLean, the drummer for the San Diego new wave band, the Penetrators, who took her to a party which introduced her to a new wave. "Punk, new wave, God, these terms are so hard to handle," Fraser says. "It's just a rock and roll revival. I'm too old to really be a punk rocker." In any case, she says, "The people were so lively that I just capitulated."

She wanted to lean more of the music, but no concerts seemed imminent at that time, so Fraser began talking to occasional punk promoter Harold Gee about working with him to stage a show featuring local bands. The result of the collaboration was a July 19 concert at the American Legion Hall in La Mesa featuring the Penetrators, DFX2, and the Dinctes. Some aspects of the show were disastrous. Unexpected publicity drew hundreds of people to the small facility, some from as far as Cardiff and Solana Beach, and La Mesa police even trooped through the hall accompanied by police dogs. But when Fraser and Gee counted the night's receipts, they were shocked to find they'd each made \$100. Almost immediately, they began planning a second venture.

Buoyed by her first foray into promotion, Fraser spent \$800 to rent the 300-seat Carpenters Hall at Twenty-third and Broadway. When only about 300 new wave fans showed up to hear the Zeros on September 1, Fraser and Gee each lost fifty dollars. Nonetheless, Fraser found two other partners to help her stage an October 13 show featuring the Plugz and the Crow at the North Park Lions Club. Only 160 turned out for it, and Fraser again split a \$100 loss. Yet she was undaunted when Gee introduced her this fall to a downtown property owner named Adrienne Webb, a woman with a building which seemed perfect for housing a punk-rock club.

Webb's building, the structure at 911 Fourth Avenue (directly across from Horton Plaza), had a basement which delighted Fraser, who by then had begun supporting herself by working from 11:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m. at the hospital. Fraser claims she worked out a tentative financial arrangement with Webb, contingent upon the building's passing certain official inspections. In any case, the nurse staged two concerts in the basement facility and rented it out for a third evening. But by mid-November she and Webb had parted ways (the two are still squabbling about unpaid rent) and Fraser handed out a flyer announcing the death of the infant Skeleton Club—but promising its resurrection.

"People were bummed. Everyone really thought it was a defeat. But that kept my spirit up. It made me look for a new place even faster. Within a few weeks, she'd found the building which fills up most of the northeast corner of the intersection of Second and Broadway. Fraser staged a benefit there to open the new Skeleton Club December 8 (featuring the Penetrators, Mature Adults, Non, and the Ricki Flus Band), and netted about a thousand dollars which helped to cover the \$1600 in start-up costs. Not too surprisingly, turnout christened that opening. The concert started late, a crowd grew to crushing dimensions, and police eventually told Fraser she'd either have to persuade some patrons to leave, or see the show closed. "It was bad,"

Fraser says. "I mean, my God, these are my customers. I depend on these people to keep this place alive, not to let me make money. I never do that. It is a tragedy." Fraser wound up refunding admissions to about forty patrons, many of whom were already disgruntled by the crowd and the threats from police to tow away cars. The several concerts which Fraser has staged there since then have at least avoided similar scenes, although San Diego police have continued to haunt the shows. Today the old lettering and the illustration of an atomic explosion on a sign which announces The Crows Club, where the rent is \$175, is still spending more. "I had a hint of dark circles under her eyes smudged Fraser's

although Fraser and friends have converted the black exterior with white, hand-painted letters announcing the Skeleton Club. At the moment, Fraser sits perched on the simple stage in the black and red interior and counts the remaining repair jobs. "There's really nothing major." She figures a bigger problem than the physical plant may be the elderly residents of the Douglas Hotel who live above the facility. "These people are not charmed." But she claims not to be intimidated by the two-year commitment to the facility. "I put on four concerts a month at the Lions Club, where the rent is \$175, I'd be spending more." A hint of dark circles under her eyes smudged Fraser's

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Matthew Alice

in an undeveloped strip of film. It normalizes the act of taking pictures, and then comes back to the owner, charges it, and is such for development, and refuses to make prints. "We do needs all the time," said a woman at Photoc's commercial department. "But she's not going to let you use it up to the lab manager to decide what's photographic. Of course, all the people who work in the lab are men, they're supposed to be trained to work on film. It's hard to tell what offends them. Not much. I guess. All the same, we have a lot of people working here, and we don't want them to have a capsule there to any kind of picture that they can't use." The woman added that Photoc also develops and prints the pictures taken by the San Diego Police Department's homicide division. "Some of the pictures are very good," she said, "and so as a courtesy to everybody



Lewis Collins
Pacific Beach

Coffee was known as a food before it became a beverage. According to one legend, a goat herder noticed that his animals perked up after eating the red berries of the coffee tree. The goat herder tasted the berries himself — and experienced man's first rush of caffeine. Sometime around the Tenth Century, AD, coffee was known

Golden Tip
To prevent cavities, any brand of toothpaste is less important than a tooth-brush, insofar as it's the brush and not the paste that actually scrubs away the plaque and bits of food. The best thing about commercial toothpaste is that it contains some form of fluoride, which strengthens the enamel on teeth.
Dr. Kenneth R. Kimball, says toothpaste can actually foster decay by wearing down the tooth's protective coat of enamel at its thinnest point—the base of the tooth where the enamel joins the bony layer. He suggests brushing with plain water, then rinsing with a fluoride solution (such as Colgate Palmolive's Fluoridurg, which is available at drugstores, over the counter, for about fifteen cents an ounce). If one is to use toothpaste at all, say, for its cosmetic effect, he says, "a Kimball recommends rubbing it against one's teeth with a wetted cloth or bage flaser."

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.

Scrub Forest

low, maple, and coast live oak. But the fact is, there aren't enough live oaks to be commercially viable, and this one simple thing has profoundly shaped the forest's development—or rather, the lack of it—over the years. The forest service's Washington directors tend to think of national forests as commercial tree farms, and they have never seen much reason to do otherwise. The forest is only about five percent of it is covered with only scrub brush and chaparral. While controversies have raged in national forests in the East

Local forest service officials say that the Cleveland's management plan is part of a nationwide program to assess and monitor more closely the resources of the nation's 150 forests. And for the next few years they will be soliciting public opinion at various stages of the plan. But there is little doubt that mass recreation will figure importantly in the final version, as more and more people are turning to the outdoors for the remaining relatively undisturbed tracts of land in San Diego County.

The role of the Cleveland is changing

and the Northwest over logging and its accompanying development, the Cleveland has had to scramble just to pull in its share of funds (there is currently no commercial logging at all going on within its

All that could change, however, over the course of the next decade, as the forest service begins to develop a management plan that will guide the use of the Cleveland National Forest through well into the twenty-first century. The population boom here has brought an increasing amount of pressure to develop the Cleveland for recreational uses, and catering to campers, sightseers, and picnickers has in fact become a big business here. Reservations for some of the forest's campgrounds can now be made through Ticketron, and there are plans to expand many of its camping facilities, which during the summer are filled regularly to capacity. In the winter, "cruel" of people "going to the snow" are backed up bumper to bumper along the Sunrise Highway and Highway 79, and in

whereas the park service emphasizes conservation, our emphasis is more on multiple use — the tangible assets. We do have a responsibility to protect the resources, but within the context of recent federal legislation we also have to find out what those resources are capable of."

All the modes well for the public, but it does not necessarily benefit well for the forest. The increasing number of visitors has already brought increasing amounts of crime, vandalism, and loss of open space, and expanding the recreational capacity of the Cleveland will undoubtedly exacerbate these problems. It may well be that the public could ultimately find they have lost the atmosphere which lured them to the forest in the first place; that they have, so to speak, overlooked the trees for the forest.

John Hobbs, a professor of political science at San Diego State University and conservation chairman for the local chapter of the Audubon Society, thinks that the resources of some areas of the Cleveland are already being overtaxed through mass recreation. "Recreation is the single most destructive element in the Cleveland right now," he insists. "It destroys the watershed, erodes the roads, interferes with the wildlife. . . . If the forest service's plan is vulnerable any way, it's that they're a little excessive in opening up some areas to camping uses. The Cleveland has to be managed in some way to keep the capacity down. I'm terribly afraid that, even with a compromise plan, in twenty years it will be a forest experience that most people will not want."

The Cleveland National Forest was established in 1908 by President Theodore Roosevelt, who named it after his predecessor at the White House, Grover Cleveland. But its history goes back much further than that, to about 100 million years ago, when mountains considerably

years ago, when mountains considerably taller than those in the area today dominated the landscape. "They would have looked a lot like the modern Andes in South America," says Dr. Pat Abbott, a professor of geology at SDSU. The mountains were eroded down, to hills over

tens of millions of years, and then through upland again at the Baja Peninsula before tearing away from mainland Mexico about eight million years ago. The best wood-pictorial I can use to describe those mountains is a map of the Sierra Nevada of that ancient Andean mountain range, uplifted over a tremendously long period of time," says Abbott. "In fact, they're made of the same igneous rocks as the volcanic plants, and with them the first seed-bearing trees, appeared about sixty million years ago, and were followed by early mammals: rhinoceros, camel, and mammoth. The area was then a savanna, and the area perhaps as long as twenty thousand years ago, but the only known tribes in recent history were the Diegueño Indians. The area was a savanna that had probably been in the area for several thousand years when the Spanish arrived. The former tribe traveled in and around the area of the Cucuyama mountains, while later, after the Spanish came, the Sierra Nevada Mountains; but both found themselves pushed out of their sacred grounds by the Spanish, and later by the white settlers, who came to the area in the late nineteenth century, and used the lush mountain meadows to graze their cattle. Gold was discovered near Julian in 1859, and the area was used for mining. The area was the destruction of even more trees for lumber, beer, and fuel. During the 1880s fire set by incursions miners burned out of control for weeks at a time, damaging the area. The area was used for logging, and to destroy the watershed for far-off San Diego. Public utility led to the establishment of a forest preserve in Trabuco Canyon (in Riverside County) in 1893, and in 1908, the Los Angeles County Forest Palomar and Laguna Mountains stream systems, incorporating all three areas under the name of the Cleveland National

Originally located in Escondido, the headquarters for the forest are now in the brick-red Federal Building in downtown San Diego, top floor, southwestern corner. On a visit there last month I was vaguely

(continued on page 8)

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Scrub Forest

(continued from page 3)

amused and disconcerted to find that the people who manage the forest, and who will be implementing the upcoming plan in whatever form it eventually assumes, work in tiny office cubicles, looking out at San Diego Harbor and the Coronado Bridge. They talk in terms of visitor days, multiple use, brush management, and animal unit months, all of which seemed to me to have about as much in common with a place where trees grow as the rocky hills I first saw through the window of my parent's car as a child. As it turns out, though, the management personnel of the Cleveland are rather large in number and widely scattered, and there are quite a few of them who live in and around the forest itself. The organizational structure of the Cleveland's management is in fact somewhat tree-like, branching out from the main trunk of the downtown headquarters to district offices in Alpine, Escondido, and Santa Ana, which oversee even more

widely scattered forest stations, campgrounds, and fire lookouts. There are three districts in all: Descanso, which begins a few miles north of Tecate and Camps and stretches northward to Julian, encompassing the Laguna and Cuyamaca mountain areas; Palomar, which is primarily the land in and around the Palomar Mountains; and Trabuco, which sprawls across San Diego, Riverside, and Orange counties east of Camp Pendleton. Altogether the forest occupies some 415,000 acres, the equivalent of fifteen percent of San Diego County's total area.

Within this huge domain the forest service reigns more or less supreme, taking responsibility for fighting fires and granting permits for various activities under the policy of multiple use. It is a wide-ranging policy, encompassing everything from wholesale mining to remote camping, and it has been the focus of controversy ever since the forest service officially adopted it in 1960. Conservationists have dubbed it "multiple abuse," claiming that the forest service has given precedence to production-oriented uses over those which preserve the landscape. The forest service counters

that preservation is not the only responsibility they have—that their charter mandates the utilization of forests for a variety of things.

Locally, forest service officials like Dick Modersheim, a resource officer with the forest service's district office in Alpine, He is a big man, thirty-three years old, with a full beard and a mischievous smile that right now spreads slowly across his face as he comments on the coyote. On the other side of Orbus sits the driver of the truck, Norm Machado, another forest service employee out of the Alpine office. Machado is forty-two rather quiet, with flecks of white beginning to appear in his dark, curly hair. The three of us have been cruising through the Cleveland National Forest's Laguna Mountain Recreation Area for most of the afternoon while Orbus and Machado point out to me what facilities there are in the area, and where new ones might soon be built. I asked for the tour because the Laguna Campground, which is probably the most heavily used area in the forest, and I wanted to see what effects, if any, it might be showing as a result.

Machado puts the truck back into gear, and we move slowly away from the meadow, along one of the asphalt roadways through the Laguna Campground. It is late November; the campground is nearly empty, and the broad yellow leaves of the black oaks cover the ground everywhere. It is hard to imagine the crowds that Orbus describes descending on this place on summer weekends, vandalizing the forest service's facilities and driving in unauthorized areas. The ground is covered with trash instead of oak leaves then, and the problem is, if anything, worse in the winter. "When the snow comes, everyone parks along the sides of the road," says Orbus. "Last May we had a bunch of volunteers who came in and picked up all the litter left over from the winter. Just working along the Sunrise Highway they came up with one dump truck plus one trailer load of trash, all of it within one hundred yards of the road."

Orbus seems genuinely aware of the problems that overdevelopment could bring to the Cleveland. Yet at the same time he talks about those problems he also talks about expanding the forest service's recreational development in the forest, as if the former somehow weren't related to the latter. It is an ambivalence that seems to run very deep in the forest service personnel I talked to, and perhaps to the very core of the forest service itself. Two years ago, for instance, the service prepared a lengthy environmental impact statement on the Laguna Mountain Recreation Area. The K-m-p Ranch, a centrally located, 2000-acre parcel, had just been purchased for \$1.6 million, and local officials wanted to revise their management plan for the entire area. The resulting seventy-nine page summation included such intriguing facts as the area's temperature extremes (10°F in winter to 90°F in summer), average annual rainfall (nineteen inches), and maximum PAOT (People At One Time) who could be accommodated by its combined facilities (about 5000, not including sightseers in cars). It also proposed several alternatives for managing the area's recreational capacity, which ranged from maintaining the current capacity to tripling it. The resulting compromise plan calls for roughly doubling the overall capacity of the area, in spite of the increase of vandalism, littering, and damage such an expansion is sure to bring. The forest service, it seems, tends to take a dim view of development on the land it controls—unless, of course, it is its own.

Now, as Orbus, Machado, and I drive through the Laguna Mountain Recreation Area, the two of them explain to me what

of it. Suddenly it turns—almost casually—and trots back towards the forest's edge.

"Doesn't look too awkward, does it?" The man sitting next to me in the truck cab is Dennis Orbus, a resource officer with the forest service's district office in Alpine. He is a big man, thirty-three years old, with a full beard and a mischievous smile that right now spreads slowly across his face as he comments on the coyote. On the other side of Orbus sits the driver of the truck, Norm Machado, another forest service employee out of the Alpine office. Machado is forty-two rather quiet, with flecks of white beginning to appear in his dark, curly hair. The three of us have been cruising through the Cleveland National Forest's Laguna Mountain Recreation Area for most of the afternoon while Orbus and Machado point out to me what facilities there are in the area, and where new ones might soon be built. I asked for the tour because the Laguna Campground, which is probably the most heavily used area in the forest, and I wanted to see what effects, if any, it might be showing as a result.

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Now, as Orbus, Machado, and I drive through the Laguna Mountain Recreation Area, the two of them explain to me what

some of the new facilities will be. "Behind those trees we're hoping to put a visitors' center," says Orbus, pointing to a spot in the meadow near where the coyote appeared minutes before. "It would include a museum, but not the grand scale type museum—just small displays." Also planned, he says, are an entrance station, an equestrian campground, and about 150 remote campsites around the Big Laguna meadow. (Remote campsites are more accurately described as dispersed campsites, because, while they only accommodate four or five persons each, they are not always far removed from other more developed camping facilities.) "We'll also be expanding our larger campgrounds, Laguna and Burnt Rancheria," Orbus continues. "A lot of people think we should put in more of those type campgrounds, but I'm personally not very sympathetic to that type of reasoning. Most of our campgrounds now are the developed type."

Remote camping, hiking trails, and other types of dispersed recreation have been slow to catch on in the Cleveland. The forest service says this is partly because of the high fire danger in the forest; there has always been a fear that campers who aren't being closely watched could set the whole place ablaze. But the high fire danger in the Cleveland is in part attributable to the forest service's Smokey Bear fire policy, which has always been to suppress fires as quickly as possible. This in turn has meant that old trees, brush and undergrowth in the Cleveland have built up to unnaturally high levels, so that now when a fire breaks out it burns hotter and is



Dennis Orbus



Dick Modersheim

much harder to control. In 1970 the image of Smokey came back to haunt the forest service when a fire broke out near Horse Meadow in the Laguna Mountain Recreation Area. Norm Machado was working as a firefighter in the Cleveland then, and he was one of the first people to arrive on the scene. Machado, who had previously been a supervisor in the forest service's elite firefighting crew, the Hotshots, recalls, "We tried to keep it from jumping the road, but we couldn't. After that it just... It was quite an experience. It makes you realize how insignificant you are." The Laguna fire, as it came to be known, burned 180,000 acres in three days. Twelve people died, 382 homes were destroyed, and \$14 million in damage claims was filed. Several people—among them a local official from the state department of fish and game—later charged that the forest service had been negligent in letting the old growth accumulate.

Today the forest service is leaning more towards "controlled burns," deliberately set fires which burn more coolly than wildfires, and help rejuvenate the chaparral which covers most of the Cleveland. Helicopters rigged with a device that ignites sprays of jellied gasoline will fly over the area to be burned, while crews of firefighters stand ready nearby to contain the fire, if necessary. Controlled burns will reduce the fire danger while benefiting both plants and wildlife, but they might also indirectly encourage development of the remoter areas of the Cleveland for hiking and dispersed camping.

Machado maneuvers the truck down a badly rutted dirt road, through stands of stately Jeffrey pine and barren oak. John Hobbs swears that he hid down one of the dirt roads in this area not long ago and came upon a young man washing his car in the middle of the forest, stereo speakers blaring. But the only one who marks our passing today is a red-tailed hawk, who

(continued on page 14)

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The Grapplers

Illustration by David Diaz



(After more than four decades at San Diego's premiere boxing and wrestling showcase, the Coliseum, at 15th and E, downtown, went out of business in December. Inflation, a lack of customers, and the deteriorating condition of the building were cited as causes for the Coliseum's demise. But times were not always so bleak for boxing and wrestling. Ed.)

MARK ORWOLL

It will probably always be remembered as the quintessential locker-room interview. It occurred on a summer evening in 1963 within the ancient, cavernous confines of the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium. The televised conference took place during a break in the Big-Time Wrestling program going on in the main arena. Mr. Dick "Whoo Nellie" Lane, his gaunt face showing signs of fear and irritation, held the microphone up to the hideous, ruined visage of one of wrestling's top-ten bad guys of all time: Hardboiled Hagerty.

You had to hand it to Lane. He would not allow himself to be intimidated. Hagerty was using everything he had — feigning gestures, guttural snarls, overt threats — but still Lane pressed on. "You're washed up, Hagerty," Lane accused. "You ought to quit the ring. You haven't won a match in years. Babo Brazil wiped the floor with you last night! Mil Mascaras let you crawl out of the ring before he killed you! Hagerty, you're all through!"

To appreciate the tension here, it must

be understood that Dick Lane, the veteran wrestling announcer, weighed about 117 pounds, wore thick glasses, had a voice that quivered, and was on the lying side of deceptiveness. Hagerty, on the other hand, displaced a hulking 245 pounds, flexed his ominous pectorals every time his heart beat, and had in his eyes the look of an unsuccessful rapist. He was so big he had muscles in his teeth. But the copper was his head; it was shaved as smooth as an egg — a hardboiled egg.

Lane, feeling protected by the presence of the TV cameras, began to strut in front of the wrestler, taunting him. "Not only are you yellow, Hagerty," Lane barked, "you're soft. You've gone soft upstairs. You have silly putty where your brain used to be." What Lane apparently didn't know was that you could call Hagerty anything, but soft. "So I'm soft upstairs, am I?" Hagerty mocked, giving his noggin a resounding blow with his own fist. "Does this look like I've gone soft?" At that point Hagerty backed up to the wall, pawed at the ground like a bull, and charged head-first into the old metal lockers on the other side of the gym. A wicked crunch ripped through the room. Hagerty, unhurt, backed off and smiled. The television camera zoomed in on the locker door to reveal a dent the size of Hagerty's skull.

"So I'm soft, am I?" Hagerty said again. He sneered at Lane and began pawing at the floor with his feet. As he lowered his head, there was little doubt that he planned to do to Lane's solar plexus what he had just done to the metal closet. Lane was covering near

the locker-room entrance, anticipating the awful thud of Hagerty's head. But before the elephantine wrestler could deliver the head-thumping blast, the door flew open and there stood the irrepressible wrestler Freddy Blasie. Blasie — with his white pompadour and narrow, black bikini briefs — was as tough a bad guy as Hagerty, but he hated the chrome-domed wrestler as much as the most enthusiastic wrestling fanatic. Blasie galloped toward Hagerty and twisted him viciously backward until the hardboiled grappler was flat on the cement floor, howling in agony.

Blasie, the gentleman villain, made Hagerty apologize to Lane and promise to pay for all the damage he had caused. Lane muttered a weary "Whoo Nellie" and shook Blasie's hand. Blasie was pronounced "one of the all-time greats of Big-Time Wrestling" by the thankful Lane. The cameras then returned to the arena to catch the final event of the evening, a midjet tag-team grudge match, anything goes.

It is the memory of that night that nags me into buying a four-dollar ticket to the Tuesday night wrestling matches at the downtown Coliseum arena. Standing in line outside the ticket booth, I am assured not much has changed in sixteen years as I read the marquee: "See Mexico's Movie Idol and Strongman. The Great Mil Mascaras vs. Bad News Coage: Strap-match — Ramos vs. Mando; also Chavo, Mata, and others."

Two pre-delinquent juveniles in line behind me excitedly discuss the ringside adventure in store for that night.

"Chavo broke some guy's back last week," one says. "God, I wish I could've seen that. I heard it just snapped. Wow!" His young friend is as agitated as he is. "Yeah, and Mata and his brothers are gonna get him this week. I heard. This is gonna be great. Last time I saw Chavo he got some guy just like this," and the young fan demonstrates a slow-motion rendition of Chavo ripping out an opponent's medulla oblongata via the throat.

The interior of the Coliseum is straight out of a Bowery Boys movie. Long bench seats line the walls, with fold-down chairs near ringside for the well-to-do. It's dark everywhere except for an ill-defined light illuminating the wrestling ring. One might expect Slip Mahoney himself — the brim of his hat pinned to the crown — to come out and holler at the noisy crowd. "All right, already! Shut ya yaps and gimme ya full retention!" Instead, we see Coliseum owner Danny Millsap slip through the ropes and grab the microphone hanging from the ceiling.

Millsap is wearing black pants, a green polo shirt, and an orange windbreaker. He has a gray crewcut and looks like a not-quite-louebroke bulldog. He bellows into the malfunctioning microphone and introduces the first two wrestlers of the night: A 300-pound wall masquerading as a human being called Apache "Bull" Ramos is pitted against the somewhat smaller Mando Dinero. Mando, looking trim and fit in his orange bikini bottoms and white sneakers, gets a cheer from the crowd. He is the good guy. Bull Ramos, wearing black leotards under a

heavy black jacket, is jeered by the crowd. He is the bad guy.

The referee, a harmless little man named Mr. Ariano, checks Bull's coat for weapons, then makes him remove it. The bell rings; the match begins. The two behemoths slap palms like some ritual handshake, then Ramos pushes Mando down and goes in for the kill. But no! Ramos screams as Mando trips him with an unexpected flick of the ankles. Ramos falls to the mat, writhing in pain. Mando grabs the supine Ramos' foot and twists. Ramos escapes. They grapple. It's a standoff.

The session's bottle waiters to the cries of the fans. Mando throws the Bull to the mat once more and falls on top of him. Ramos is in an untenable position. Mando appears to have victory within his grasp when for some reason known only to the most avid wrestling aficionado he stands on his head and is immediately captured by Ramos. The 300-pounder grabs Mando and heaves him out of the ring, nearly landing him in the laps of some adoring fans. Mando shakes hands with his administrators in the expensive seats, then jumps back in. Before he gets his balance, Ramos begins to choke him ruthlessly — but the ref does not see; Ramos yanks Mando's hair. The crowd is howling! They can't stand it! But Mando counters with a punch to Bull's kidney and escapes.

Ramos twists Mando's arm and throws him to the mat, then kicks the dazed man without mercy. The referee protests, but Ramos turns on the ref and growls. Ramos makes no further demands on Ramos. But again Mando

escapes. He kicks Ramos in the groin gleefully and pushes him out of the ring. The crowd jeers at the evil Ramos. He threatens the more vocal onlookers, who scream in fearful delight. But as Ramos returns to the ring he is determined to win at any cost. Mr. Ariano, the ref, appears not to care too much that Ramos is violating every precept of fair wrestling — or even street fighting. Bull kicks Mando when he's down; he pokes him in the eye; he spits on him; he taunts him; he grabs him when he's not looking; he smashes his head against the corner post. Mando is knocked from the ring again, but when he tries to crawl back in Ramos won't let him; a smash to the face, a kick to the shins, an elbow to the nose.

Finally Mando makes it back. He is undaunted. He climbs on top of the ropes, springs high into the air and lands squarely on Ramos, flattening him. Ariano the ref slaps his open palm on the mat next to Ramos. One! Two! Three! Mando wins it! The crowd cheers. Ramos is furious. He can't believe it. He climbs out of the ring and heads for the locker room. He is pelted with popcorn and soft drinks. A young man stands in his way, and Ramos angrily pushes the foolish youth back into his seat.

Time for refreshment. I head for the snack bar and order an eighty-five-cent beer from the middle-aged woman behind the counter. "Everybody here likes beer," she says. "Oh, not the kids. Ha! I don't mean the kids. Oh, the kids, I guess they like beer, but I don't sell it to them. Not to the kids." Is there much of a difference, I wonder, between

the Tuesday night wrestling crowd and the Friday night boxing crowd? "Like night and day," the same woman avers. "At the boxing matches we even get some of the gentlemen wearing ties. You don't see many ties here tonight. But in general, the boxing night crowd, they're more patient. And they're big tippers. I made twenty-five bucks in tips one night. The crowds at the wrestling nights, they're not as high class." She looks at me and considers her statement. "Not that I mean you're not. Do you go to boxing?" I say I do and leave her a generous tip.

Drink in hand, I repair to the chest-high rail along the aisle and watch one of the less important matches of the event. An old gent comes up on my left and squeezes next to me. "Could you move down a little, please?" he asks. He pushes closer, trying for more space. "You don't have a reservation in this thing, do you?" he asks again. "A little more room, please, if you don't mind." He is about fifty-five, unshaven, and wears black hornrim glasses with one lens cracked. "Go Red!" he shouts at a wrestler. "That's it! Take him, take him. Oh! Agghh!" He sips at his beer. It is not his first of the night. "Set him home, hummer. Has off to you. Hey! Take him, take him." He then begins to make a noise in the back of his throat as if he is about to die. Such a sound cannot be reproduced here. I slide away and give him more room.

A young man with the mien of a successful warehouseman stands on my right side. He leans around and stares at the man making the death-knell gurgle. The noise is getting louder. It sounds not unlike bodily fluids escaping a freshly killed corpse; a kind of hissing-whooshing sound it comes from his mouth. My more somber roommate has just arrived and inquires if he has missed the strap match. "You know," he explains, "Where the two wrestlers are tied together with a strap." No, I say, he hasn't missed it.

He doesn't seem to have missed many matches. He looks to his left, then his right, then back at me. "Let me tell you something," he tells me. "I've seen blood out there. Real blood. These people are athletes of the highest sort. I bet you didn't even know they go to school for this." I have to admit I do not know this. "Well, they do," he continues. "There's a school in Anaheim, and New York City, and one in Nebraska, I think. I mean, sure, some of this stuff is for the benefit of the crowd, but when they give some guy the championship belt, you better believe he's the best!" By now my young friend has squandered his beer. In me a pose much like the one Bull Ramos assumed before ripping at Mando Dinero's nostrils. I say cheers and beg leave for a friendlier corner of the arena.

Danny Millsap clambers up to the now-empty ring and announces the feature bout of the evening. "Twenty minutes, first pic wins. In the blue corner, weighing in at 285 pounds, from New York City, Bad News Coage." And in the red corner, at 241 pounds, international wrestling star of Mexico, also appearing in many movies recognized throughout the world as one

of the most wonderful international wrestlers in the world, the one, the only, Mil Mascaras!" The Coliseum breaks into utter and complete pandemonium. Five hundred screaming fans are going schiao for this hulking brute with a mask over his head. Mil Mascaras, the man of a thousand masks, is here in the Coliseum.

Mascaras has been a wrestling mainstay for two decades, his trademark being the elaborate masks that cover his entire face and head. Tonight he wears silver wrestling boots, black leotards, a silver-and-black-striped bikini bottom, and a silver mask with black, plastic highlights.

Bad News Coage is a rather tame villain in his plain red trunks and white shoes. He proves beyond a doubt he is the bad guy, though, when the first thing he does is try to unmask Mil Mascaras. Mascaras responds by punching Coage in the eyes thirty times in rapid succession. Mascaras is tossed out of the ring (this seems to happen a lot), and Coage taunts the crowd with his arrogant strutting.

Mil gets back in the ring and delivers Coage a flying dropkick to the stomach. He bounces off the ropes and kicks Coage in the chest. They grab each other and waltz. Bad News, while gripping Mascaras tightly, yanks upward on the back of Mil's silver-striped bikini briefs, causing Mil to cry out in pain. Yes, Mascaras is hurt. The fans scream, but Ariano the ref always seems to be looking the other way. Mascaras complains. It does no good. Mil wheels around and lifts Coage high in the air, then slams him to the mat. Mil then climbs atop the ropes, leaps on Coage, pins him for a three-count and arises the winner. After fourteen minutes and eighteen seconds of battle, the crowd has won its reward for believing in the power of good over evil. The twentieth-century version of the medieval morality play is going strong in San Diego.

Driving back home from the arena, I think back to the early 1960s, when I still believed in wrestling. I had a friend named Mitch Carl who lived with his family in an apartment building. One of the other tenants was a fairly competent TV wrestler named Chief Red Cloud. The chief's trademark was his battle cry and war dance just before he attacked his opponent. He was a good guy. But it was because of him I became disenchanted with Big-Time Wrestling. Mitch came to the arena one morning almost out of breath from excitement. Something had happened the previous night, he said. Chief Red Cloud came home drunk last night. He was standing on the patio whooping and hollering. Somebody yelled out their window for him to keep quiet. The chief turned toward the noise and fell in the swimming pool. By now all the neighbors were at their doors, watching. When the chief climbed out of the pool, he began to dance his famous war dance. "Hiyeeahhh!" he yelled. "Hiyeeahhh!" The thought of Chief Red Cloud, drunk and soaking wet, dancing on the patio of an apartment complex in La Mirada, California, was too much to take. It was the end of my fascination with wrestling.

Okay If You Like Orphans



Maria Morell and Sandy

JONATHAN SAVILLE

I found *Annie*, which opened at the Fox last week, moderately boring. But that is one man's opinion, and in this case I seem to be out of step with practically everybody else. This musical, based on the comic strip *Little Orphan Annie*, has been acclaimed by public and critics, in New York, it won seven Tony awards, as well as the Drama Critic Circle's award for best musical of the year (1977); there is a successful London production, a Spanish-language *Annie* is a big hit in Mexico City, and three touring companies are bringing the show to the American hinterlands; and the audience at the Fox simply adored it. Since I myself found it such this great, I'm curious about what makes the whole world love it so much.

For one thing, there is the power of myth. The story, as worked out by Thomas Meehan and Martin Charnin, does not derive directly from the comic strip (in which

orange-haired Annie and her moon-eyed dog Sandy start out already ennobled in the home and affections of fabulous billionaire "Daddy" Warbucks). Instead, it recounts the pre-history of this relationship, and in dramatizing the events that bring wail and mogul together the authors have fallen back on the tried-and-true archetypes of folk and fairy tale. Who does not know this kind of story? A child of high virtue and noble bearing is brought up by hating and hateful parental figures, such as a hard-hearted fisherman, a wicked stepmother, an ugly dwarf, or a cruel witch. But it turns out that the child is a founding, and is really the offspring of the king or of a god. Reunited with the true and loving parent, who recognizes the child's exceptional worth, the tattered little victim becomes rightful heir to the throne and takes vengeance on those low-mannered persecutors who for so long had pretended to be mommy and daddy.

This sort of folk tale, found quite ubiquitously, corresponds to a common child-

hood archetype: "I am not the child of my parents, who are inferior to me in all respects and who treat me unjustly, my real father is the highest and best in the land or the universe, and my false parents will eventually have to acknowledge that it is I who am the master, not they." The satisfactions of such a fantasy are so great that even after we have left chronological childhood behind we react with pleasure to any story that re-creates the old wish: a fairy tale about a princess, a religious myth about a demigod, or a "realistic" novel or movie in which a waitress or construction worker is discovered to be heir to a great fortune.

Annie is of the same ilk. The dreadful Miss Hannigan, who overrules the orphanage in which the kind, strong-willed heroine Annie is confined, takes the place of the wicked stepmother of legend, a couple of insouciant crooks who pretend to be Annie's true parents in order to get some money function in an even more openly archetypal way. Daddy Warbucks, who has casual telephone conversations with the President of the United States, is the benevolent father who rules the world, and Annie's translation from the New York City Municipal Orphanage (Girls' Annex) to the Warbucks mansion at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street is a modern version of the folk tale hero's ascent from the poor fisherman's cottage to the royal court. For the archetype to manifest itself perfectly, Annie would have had to turn out to be the actual biological child of the billionaire. But that would have been a bit complicated to arrange, so the audience has to be satisfied with his adopting her. It is almost as good — and, in any case, people respond so strongly and so deeply to this sort of tale that they are willing to accept any compromises, provided that the core of the fantasy remains intact.

Fairy tales take place in a setting and time as unspecified as to suit everyone's imagination: "Once upon a time, in a country far across the sea..." *Annie*, in contrast, gives the familiar story a local habitation and a name and situates it at a particular historical moment. The time is December, 1933, the United States is in the midst of the Great Depression, millions of people are unemployed, Franklin Roosevelt is in the first year of his presidency, and the New Deal is in the offing. Annie, like the heroes and heroines of fairy tales, always thinks positive (that is what being a hero means), and her optimism in this historical context — always looking towards a better tomorrow — embodies and represents the sturdy American will to survive, even in the face of disaster.

History also provides the impetus for the only song in the show with any wit or intellectual bite, a satirical lambasting of Herbert Hoover sung by the inhabitants of a ramshackle "Hooverville" under the 59th Street Bridge, a song that accurately conveys its debt to the East Wall-Build

Brecht *Threepenny Opera* (which dates from 1928 and deals — on a much higher artistic level — with similar social problems). And, finally, history (or historical consciousness) gives us Oliver Warbucks, the capitalist with a heart of gold, who in true American fashion has worked himself up from poverty, and whose concern for the profits from his factories happens to be exactly complementary to FDR's concern for the welfare of the common man.

History, society and politics are treated in the most tenuous way in *Annie*. There is no attempt to project serious political ideas (as in the Weill-Brecht collaborations), and almost all the historical material — including even I see anti-Hoover song — is there more as local color than as a real attempt to explore conditions of life in the U.S.A. of half a century ago. The Hooverville scene carries just about the same weight as those scenes in which trivial radio programs of the era are mildly burlesqued. History nevertheless seems to account for much of *Annie*'s appeal, in the form of an unconscious nostalgia for a time when the country was stancher, problems were more clear-cut, basic values were self-evident, and heroic action was still possible.

In those days, when the government spent about as much on getting the country going again, it was perfectly clear what was being talked about; politicians still use the phrase, but today neither they nor their listeners are sure how or why, or in what sense the country has stopped "going," and no one knows what to do to make it start going again, or even in what direction to push it. Annie's optimism about "tomorrow" is hard to share in a world in which the well-off are motivated mainly by a desire for instant gratification of cheap desires, and in which tyranny is relentlessly spreading, without the "free" peoples exerting themselves in any way to oppose it. The faith in the essential benevolence of capitalism or in the efficiency and justice of federal regulation is threatened even among those who continue to be salesmen of these outward garments. In contrast, what a pleasure it is to look back, through the medium of a cheerful, light-hearted play, on an America where government intervention in the economy and the society seemed a way out of a mess, rather than an immense, intractable mess to itself.

Above all, there is the figure of FDR, one of the main characters in *Annie*, and, at this considerable distance in time, a model of what Americans would like their presidents to be. Whatever his flaws, whatever his mistakes, Roosevelt was a grand president, intelligent, flexible, magnanimous, and inspiring. He is not played very authentically in the present production (Tom Hutton may look like FDR, but he has little grasp of the famous Hudson Valley accent), yet even a small

(continued on next page)

Roosevelt is a million times more attractive than the wretched crew of contenders for the presidency in 1980 — weak, opportunistic, empty of moral courage, deficient in brains, lacking in style, and devoid of any human or political stature whatever.

There is one other element in *Annie* that makes it so attractive to most audiences: its reliance on children. Children on stage, if they have a modicum of talent, are felt to be irresistible. They are so young, so fresh, so innocent, so vital — and how astonishing it is to see them act, sing, and dance with the professional expertise we would ordinarily suppose to be the exclusive property of their elders. *Annie* exploits the audience's pædophilia in a resolute and efficient manner, and even a W.C. Fields — inveterate child-hater that he was — would have to admit that these kids give you your money's worth. Maria Morell, ten years old and stupendously talented, is Annie herself, acting with a sweetness and naturalness that seem too convincing to be mere stage trickery, though they are evidently accompanied with technical skills unusual in so young an actress. She also sings effectively, belting the music out in the Broadway manner, with a clear, loud, and sometimes expressive voice, and — even more surprising — with a sophisticated sense of phrasing that makes her by far the most musical singer in the cast, irrespective of age. Director Martin Charnin (who is the real creative force behind the entire show) must take a good part of the credit for Miss Morell's delightful performance, and the same expert touch is shown in his coaching of the other little girls, Annie's fellow orphans. Their comical song "It's the Hard-Knock Life" is probably the best thing in the show, its lively and inventive tune deftly mirrored in a clever, funny, and vivid production number. These little girls don't at all look or sound like neighborhood kids in the sixth grade pageant; they are pure Broadway choruses, with small.

"It's the Hard-Knock Life" is virtually unique in *Annie* for its memorability. The show's music is surely its weakest point. Composer Charles Strouse does a com-

pet job — he serves up whatever dish is ordered, and you can always tell the soup from the salad — but his musical imagination is limited, and scarcely any of the songs has that special taste or texture that makes you go out of the theater whistling. The requisite sentimental numbers — "Something Was Missing," "I Don't Need Anything But You," and the repulsively flaccid "N.Y.C." — are oatmeal without salt or sugar, the kind of stuff even the vicious Miss Hannigan would not dare serve in her orphanage. Nor do the performances rise above the level of the music. Aside from Annie and the little girls, who are terrific, there is no one in this cast who really knows how to deliver a song, and some of the singers — Jane Connell, especially, in the role of Miss Hannigan — seem to have no vocal technique at all. It doesn't much matter, I suppose, considering the quality of the music.

If the show is musically weak, however, it is visually strong, with lovely, evocative sets by David Mitchell. The 59th Street Bridge, seen from below; the Warbucks mansion on Fifth Avenue, its aristocratic windows looking out on the facade of the Metropolitan Museum; the touching shabbiness of the orphanage, with its precise, economical use of period details; the silhouette of the Warbucks Duesenberg, passing across the stage behind the orphanage scenery; the huge Christmas tree wheeled into the Warbucks ballroom; even the fall of snow outside the mansion's window — there is nothing startling in any of this, but Mr. Mitchell makes use of the old conventions with a taste, style, and sophistication much less in evidence in the other components of *Annie*.

There is, of course, a dog in this show: Annie's faithful companion Sandy. It stands to reason that whenever there is a dog in the show, the dog is the most important element, and I must express my disappointment at the rarity and brevity of Sandy's appearances. When he is there he is charming. So is the entire show, in the opinion of the great many people who have sincerely enjoyed it. You might be one of them.

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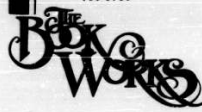
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Scrub Forest

(continued from page 9)

eyes as suspiciously from a blackened stump. "When it snows, these guys on three-wheeled trail bikes want to go everywhere," Orbus is saying. "We keep the gates across the dirt roads locked, but they'll go right around them and through the trees to get on the roads. If it's wet their tires just sink right in; that's where the rut came from. It's a tough regulation to enforce, but it sure is expensive to repair."

We found a bend in the road and suddenly are presented with a graphic illustration of what Orbus means. Off to the right is a huge excavation, a scar some fourteen feet high and fifty feet long where a hillside used to be. "We had to excavate here to repair the rut in the road further up," Orbus explains. "They were getting so deep the road was starting to wash away."

Halfway down the hillside into the Pine Creek Valley I hear gunshots booming off the distant hills. They are far enough away to give me no reason to pause, but if they come much closer I may have to play it more safely. I am here alone to hike across the Pine Creek area, a 13,000-acre tract of the Cleveland National Forest that is currently being considered for possible designation as a wilderness. (In a wilderness area, which can only be created by an act of Congress, mining, logging, and developed recreation are prohibited in favor of limited recreation such as fishing and hiking, which will preserve the pristine quality of the landscape.) Having made previous arrangements to be dropped off by a friend I have no choice but to complete the hike in order to get to my car.

A few days ago I called up Norm Machado and asked him how to get to the Pine Creek area. After explaining which turnoff to take after the forest service's Inland Station, he told me, "You should be able to find the trail head—it's on the right side of the road a few miles down. There are signs marking it, but they're kind of hard to see. Don't park your car there, though; it'll get shot up." Some wilderness, I thought. But as I continue on across the hillside now, with the sun blazing high overhead in a cloudless sky, it seems pleasant enough. The slopes are full of the thick green chaparral that covers most of the Cleveland; chamise, mountain sage, and buckwheat. Here and there weathered yucca stalks rise out of the shrubbery, and the trail is littered with the slender acorns of scrub oak. I can also make out along the trail the track of what looks like a motorcycle; even though this area is closed to off-road vehicles, someone has conveniently disregarded the regulations, although it is impossible to tell how long ago.

Ahead of me the green hills rise up impressively from here it looks all but impossible to cross the area in a single day, but by keeping close to the bed of Pine Creek I figure just as good hours of hiking will see me home. According to the forest service, this area is the only part of the Cleveland that is being considered for designation as wilderness. According to Frank Norris of the Sierra Club, there are at least three other areas that have been slated for further study and which could eventually become wilderness, including one just south of the

Pine Creek area and another near the San Diego River, west of Cuyamaca State Park. But the Pine Creek area, which lies just south of Interstate 8 between Japaul Road and Corte Madera Mountain, is the largest of all of them, and probably stands the best chance.

Congress defines a wilderness area as a roadless area of over 5,000 acres, but as I walk down the path towards Pine Creek I recall how Peter Matthiessen, the well-known author and naturalist, defined the term when he was in San Diego last April. Wilderness, he said, developed as a figment in the minds of Western Europeans, who migrated to America and perceived the land as something to be feared, conquered, and exploited. The primitive peoples of the world, he pointed out, know no "wilderness," and his is a compelling argument. Perhaps if our nation had thought less in terms of wilderness, we would today have more than the few remaining islands of undeveloped ground like this Pine Creek area.

At the bottom of the hill the trail opens into the main-creek valley, several hundred yards across. I am surprised at its size, and surprised, too, when I find Pine Creek itself a few minutes later—a cold, clear stream that even now, in the middle of the dry season in Southern California, runs swiftly through these arid hills. Around it grow cottonwoods and willows, the latter a thin, pointed-leaved variety. The water is a bright orange in the late morning sun. Not far away stands a huge coast live oak, its elephantine limbs thrusting upward at least seventy feet. The Diego Indians who were said to have prized the acorns of the coast live oak above all others; after cooking them in earthen pits the Indians ground the acorns into meal, which was then mixed with water to make a sweet gruel, or baked into cakes. Now, gazing up at this marvelous old tree, its boughs heavy with acorns, I think again of Matthiessen, who was recently told by an Indian woman to take this message back to his peers: "Tell them that their wilderness is our supermarket."

Working my way northward up the creek a few minutes later I come upon two three-wheeled trail bikes, parked side by side in a willow glade. Undoubtedly these vehicles made the illegal tracks I saw earlier on the trail, but there is no one around to claim them now, and I decide to simply ignore them and push on. As the valley narrows I begin to cross and recross the creek, in order to take advantage of the cattle trails that seem to wind everywhere through the brush. From here to my destination there is no path per se and I will have to make my way as best I can.

Although I see no cattle anywhere around me, their signs are everywhere, and they have clearly been here recently. Cattle are allowed to graze in certain parts of the Cleveland, provided their owners apply for a grazing permit and pay \$2.00 per head per year for the privilege. There aren't many people who take advantage of this, and I have heard that there are less than 2,000 head of cattle, all told, that graze in the Cleveland. But because there is no cattle pastureland in this forest, and because deer and cattle eat pretty much the same things, cattle grazing in the Cleveland has become something of a mini-controversy. Danielle Jerry, a wildlife biologist hired recently by the forest service to study wildlife in the Decadon district of the Cleveland (which includes the Pine Creek area), told me recently that the deer population in her district has been unusually low for a number of years. Recent studies by the state fish and game department have revealed that there is more competition for food and habitat between deer and cattle than was previously thought, and as a result, cattle grazing on the forest could be curtailed.

"There's no question in my district wildlife is the thing that has been getting short shrift," Jerry told me. "Recreation has been the thing that has been getting all the funds, that and fire management." Wilderness areas such as Pine Creek could help balance the ledger by providing wildlife with a place to breed and grow relatively free from man and his developments. Jerry pointed out that the stream beds in the Cleveland are particularly cr-

(continued on page 17)

Restaurants

Turkey at the Beach

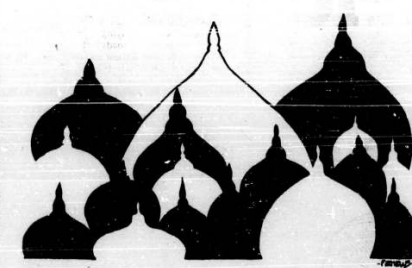


Illustration by Elizabeth Matthews

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Effendi

The Location: 3748 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach (483-2008)
Type of Food: Turkish and International
Price Range: Dinner entrees, \$3.95 to \$7.95
Hours: Closed Monday. Open for dinner 5:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. except Sunday when it closes at 10:00 p.m.

Like political cartoonists, sociologists thrive on communities in states of transition and on the controversial styles of life which they may engender. Mission Beach is an area that lends itself to such study, and many a sociology graduate student has made capital of the beach life, the drug and drinking life, the sex life. "You can get anything in Mission Beach," I've heard repeatedly. "Name your fantasy, and it's yours." Though it's difficult to believe that some of those mean and slushy streets can yield the stuff on which fantasies thrive, Mission Beach is both classless enough and open-ended enough in its mores to allow for both the best and worst experiences. People with a sense of adventure, as well as those fleeing from the straight world, may be found there. It's a city within a city, and as such it appears the unusual along with the grungy.

Least someone rush in and start categorizing restaurants in this vicinity, let me say early on that some of the restaurants in Mission Beach have achieved remarkable stability. Sanka's on Mission Boulevard offers some of the best values in the city. Year in and year out it turns out fairly creditable beef, fish, seafood, which is available nightly and is served until midnight, Friday and Saturday. The Debauchery, with its wild name and mild manners, thrives despite its location and fancy prices. The Jade Garden, which is hardly my idea of heavenly Chinese, has managed to remain in business. In other words, despite the many small coffee shops that come and go, Mission Beach has no greater turnover in restaurants than the rest of the city, and at present it offers a truly good new one.

The name of this treasure is Effendi,

which in Turkey is a word used as a mark of respect not quite as democratic as "friend" and not as aristocratic as "sir." A Turkish-American couple operates this restaurant, located one flight up steep steps at the site of Mama Leone's—in fact, the Mama Leone sign is still in evidence. Do not be put off by the bar directly downstairs, which reveals, among other sights, pubescent girls baring their mid-ribs over grimy jeans, and spaced-out characters discussing metaphysics in the basic vocabulary of four-letter words. I've been there twice and one of my friends (a sociologist) remarked that he didn't fear that anyone would break into his car as much as that it would be spiced up.

Once you manage to get upstairs you will be pleasantly surprised by the clean and tidy dining room with its Middle Eastern touches—cut-out spires and domes. There's no door upstairs that closes off the stairwell, so when the downstairs door is open it allows the street brawns to enter. Therefore, be sure to dress warmly.

The other caveat is the slowness of the service. Each dish is prepared individually. So it seems to take forever for the food to be brought out. On both of my visits, only two tables were occupied, and the chef-owner, visible in his kitchen, seemed to be working every second. Yet,

you have to count on at least a half hour for each course to be prepared if not longer. The wife, who waits on tables, is charming and generous—there's always one small dish which is free. But you need immense patience to wait for it. Bring along a crossword puzzle, a long novel, or a stock of conversation to get you through the Turkish night.

The food itself is simply wonderful, and amazingly, so are the prices. The appetizers range in price from \$1.95 to \$3.45 and are virtually complete meals. Entrees are \$3.95 to \$7.95, but the average would be approximately five dollars.

Though the names are slightly different in spelling, the food at Effendi is very similar to Greek. There are salads with feta cheese, spinach in filo dough, and stuffed grape leaves, not to mention stuffed lamb, and moussaka, happily made with a combination of ground lamb as well as beef. I've tried several of the appetizers and found the stuffed grape leaves with yogurt sauce (\$1.95) quite marvelous. It's called *yaprak*, is prepared with the ground lamb-beef combination, and the yogurt sauce is one of the smoothest delicacies around. I was not as partial to the *pinak borek*, similar to the Greek spanakopies, because of the proportions of dough to spinach—it's rolled with far too much

pastry. But it's always fresh, and if you don't object to that much filo dough, it's quite interesting (\$2.45).

Effendi also offers an eggplant dish which they spell *baba gurgur*, but which you may know as *baba ghanouj*. It's made from chopped eggplant, sesame seed paste (tahini), and Arabic spices and is eaten with pita bread (\$2.25).

However, you might also try some of the remarkable salads which are so vast that they could hardly accommodate several people. There's a Mediterranean salad with feta cheese and artichoke, as well as a fresh spinach salad with a bacon dressing and what appears like a garden full of mushrooms. The spinach dressing has a mildly sweet taste. Both of these salads are \$3.25 for the large and \$1.95 for the individual, though I noticed some people just having the spinach salad as the entire meal.

As for the entrees, one of the best bets is the combination plate. This consists of moussaka (eggplant and meat, topped with custard), stuffed zucchini, and stuffed grape leaves topped with yogurt sauce. This is served with rice as well as bulgur and at \$4.95 is not only economical but highly palatable.

The lamb stuffed with feta cheese and fresh mint is also fine (\$5.95), especially if you like your lamb well done. If you prefer seafood, you should also try the Istanbul scampi, which are, in fact, scallops in a wine-mushroom sauce (\$7.95).

Effendi does not serve the dessert called Turkish Delight, which I enjoyed in my childhood, basically a gelatin with pistachio nuts, and whose name evoked fantasies of the exotic. But it does offer a glorious baklava, dripping with honey. It is highly recommended. Much as I would like to praise the health food type of baklava made from sunflower seeds and peanuts, it simply is not classical baklava, which has to be made with walnuts. At seventy-five cents a square, it's worth every sinful second.

When I discovered Effendi, I called many of my friends, who urged me to keep this place a secret. Wish that I could. If you can overlook the almost exasperating wait, you will see what any *figli d'uomo* has long known, that *gustare* *mediterraneo* may be harvested along the thorny paths of urban disarray. □

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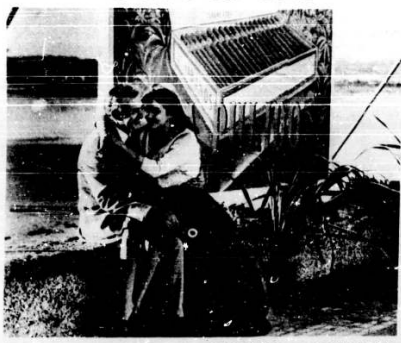
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Cuba Sí



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

If anyone had thought to ask what sort of movie I wanted for Christmas, I would have had to hesitate for only a moment, just long enough to run over in my mind the respective attractions of a classical Western and a period piece set during what is gloriously known as the Lost Generation, wasting no thought whatever on the detective and horror genres whose present fashionability keeps me in no state of craving, before answering definitely that I could be made happiest by something on the subject of pre-Castro Cuba — not by just anything on the subject, of course, but by something really well done. Even without anyone's asking, as luck would have it, my unvoiced wish was answered with something from Richard Lester rather than plain labeled *Cuba*, and nicely a moment to commemorate the New Year's Eve anniversary of Batista's overthrow. While it seems unlikely that any movie-maker these days would take up a different aspect of the subject, and certainly Lester does not, I myself would not insist that any movie on pre-Castro Cuba set during the Batista regime, and in fact pre-Castro by only a matter of days. (If given my choice, I would probably aim for two birds with one stone and ask that my ideal Cuba movie be set at the time of the Lost Generation.) The presence of Batista, however, does nothing to impair the romantic (I did not say idyllic) quality which inheres in pre-Castro Cuba, and which Castro himself related to the realm of legend with his ferocious housecleaning and discreet curtain-hanging.

There are plenty of other ways in which the Lester movie falls short of my ideal. For one thing, Rita Hayworth at age thirty-nine is not in it; neither is Linda Darnell. For another, there is the inability of the cast to come anywhere close to agreement on whether the country ought to be pronounced CUE-ba or COO-ba. I could go on at some length without over-extricating myself from what I would re-

gard as quibbles — or as gilt-horse orthodoxy. I have had too little exposure to this subject in the movies of recent years to allow myself to become bogged down in quibbles. In fact, I have had none that I can recall since Coppola's *Godfather II*, which covers precisely the same few days of Cuban history as the Lester movie. But Lester, unlike Coppola, does not fall into the, at this late date, rather silly liberal extravagance — what to my mind is a bit more than a quibble, is really the sole blot on what is otherwise the best part of *Godfather II*, and is precisely the sort of posturing that has made Coppola the shining example in modern American cinema of mush-brained Leftism — of cheering on the Castro forces as the only alternative to Batista that any sane, freedom-loving, flock-following human being could contemplate.

Lester refrains from taking any side at all in the political issue, seeing quite sensibly that there is little chance for a display of political bravery twenty years after the fact. That sense of detachment toward the subject goes hand in hand with a sense of humor about it, and working from a very witty script by his frequent collaborator Charles Wood, Lester has fashioned what has a strong claim to being the funniest movie of the season. As long as you are willing not to look upon chickens and cackles as inferior forms of laughter, and as long as you are willing to agree that such things as 1950s-style women's dresses may fairly be classified as jokes, I would vehemently testify that there are more, better, and better-earned laughs in *Cuba* than there are in, say, *The Jerk* and *1941* combined. (I would be willing to bet that you could add *Scavenger Hunt* to the equation and still come up short, except that in order to collect on the bet I would also have to be willing to see the movie.) It is possible, though, that the humor in *Cuba* is a little too dry, too corner-of-the-mouth, too British, and too subsidiary to the main action to be very widely appreciated. That, at any rate, is one of the straw I must clutch at in order to explain why the movie was so coldly received by American audi-

ences and critics alike. Another of those straws is the political ambivalence that thoroughly curtails any effort of the viewer to work up the customary rooting interest in the conflict. For myself, I found it to be nothing short of brilliantly audacious, not of thrillingly perverse, to cast Seno Connelly in the role of a British soldier of fortune and crack counter-terrorist who is brought to Cuba at Batista's behest, intending, in a phrase that strikes the fancy of Batista's military chief, to "harry and kill" the enemies of the government. It has long seemed to me an interesting idea in fiction, and too seldom tried, to attempt to isolate the traditional qualities of heroism by enlisting the hero on the side of an ineffectually bad cause. And although his arrival in Cuba is too late in the game for him to get very much into the action and to inflict any real damage on the rebel troops (who, on their side, point no points on the heroism scoreboard for their machine-gun assault on a formal-wear dinner party), the Connelly character reaffirms me in the interestingness of the idea. One almost expects him, if one is led by custom, either to undergo a soul-saving radicalization like the Richard Burton character in *The Comedians* or to willingly play the imperialist villain like the Marlon Brando character in *Burn*. But he does not. On the contrary, his anti-terrorist speeches are delivered with something of genuine conviction and genuine disgust, and his deeply offended British gentlemanliness and sense of fair play give him the melancholy air of a vanishing species.

The romantic interlude that takes place between the Connelly character and an old flame of his played by Brooke Adams, who cannot act worth a damn and should certainly never have attempted a Spanish accent (she is of the CUE-ba faction), though cute as a cat's paw, is a little color and what a recent post on pondage on her arms and shoulders bring her into conformance with the physical requirements of a Latin love goddess. It is certainly the most inviting attack-point for the movie's enemies. Actually, it offers several attack-points, including the dolorous guitar solo that accompanies the lovers' first contact, the freeze-frame flashback of their earlier fling, their aimless wanderings after the end of the party massacre when Connelly comes to better understand his time plotting his next military stratagem, and the muddled scene when he abandons her in the rebels' clutches while he tries to save his own neck in a hijacked tank. Although most of this is played without a lowering of the general level of wit (for instance, Connelly showing the slightest flicker of Victorian prudery when he learns that the girl of his long-ago affair was not a respectable seventeen, as he had thought, but a mere fifteen), it really needs no other justification than as a replica of the lost-soul love affairs in the Rita Hayworth-Linda Darnell movies that originally helped establish the romantic screen image of Latin America.

As that, it has an unassailable place in a movie that presents itself less as history, or even as story, than as a free-form collage of style, wit, and artifice. The pleasures of pre-Castro Cuba: the cigar factory, the sugar plantation, the yacht club, the night club, the golf course, the jail-alai court, the cocktail party, the decision to go to the "hole-side, it got up, like Connelly, in his most dapper toupée), and I would still regard the creation of the atmosphere as an achievement of the first order, among those as yet unmentioned. Clearly there might all dissatisfaction with the movie seem like ingratitude — especially from one who got just what he wanted for Christmas.

Monde Hollywood starlet and her Santa Claus shipmate; to the billboards and the TV advertising ditties! "Mr. Clean gets rid of dirt and grime and grease in just a minute! Mr. Clean cleans your whole house and everything that's in it!" To Danny and the Juniors! "At the Hop!" on the car radio, to Batista himself watching in private a 16mm print of *The Horror of Dracula*. And on and on.

All of the several plotlines would be better understood, and less open to criticism, as sighting routes, and the characters better understood as signposts, traveling into areas rich in cultural data and functioning themselves as nothing more than pieces of that data. The impressionistic visual style of the film is the tipoff to Lester's intentions, a selective, freely skipping visual style less interested in tracing a solid line of narrative than in fanning out in all directions, gathering a wide range of material, and making both logical and illogical connections. The juxtaposition of a shot of a Batista henchman cutting off a rebel's ear and a shot of Brooke Adams clipping on a diamond earring in front of her mirror is not the subtlest or cleverest example of how this movie works, but it is one where even the most obtuse spectator can perceive an intelligence at work. It is a style not often employed in a fiction film, and even less often so effectively, except in the odd case where the filmmaker has a strong documentary bent (Roi, Coutard, Lelouch). And it suggests that this movie might profitably be compared, and might find suitable companionship, with such famous impressionistic portraits of cities or countries as Humphrey Jennings' *Listen to Britain*, Walter Ruttmann's *Berlin: Symphony of a City*, and Alberto Cavalcanti's *Rien que les Heures*.

A great amount of information is dispensed in Lester's skippings, and most of it in so shorthand and offhand a manner that it is perhaps largely lost on a viewer who does not know the first thing about the subject; on the other hand, it is, if I may flatter myself enough to testify, pretty engrossing to anyone who knows two or three things about it. The Danny De La Paz character, for instance, is a gold mine of information on the separate traditions of family honor and student terrorism; on yet a third hand, I suppose it might all seem pretty simplified to anyone who knows twenty or thirty things. I couldn't say for sure.

More than in hard information, though, the movie excels in its sense of atmosphere: the great disparities of living conditions, the 1950s period, the sensual colors (amber and lime-green cocktails, a robin's-egg hotel wall, a mustard tennis court, the total complement of scarlet lipstick and a café-au-lait complexion). And since the movie was shot entirely in Spain, with no evidence of coyness or concealment or fear that anyone would notice the difference, you have to add to its superb sense of atmosphere a superb sense of bluff. Take away the wit, take away the deep-seated political ambivalence, take away the fine, but artificial, touches, among those as yet unmentioned. Clearly there might all dissatisfaction with the movie seem like ingratitude — especially from one who got just what he wanted for Christmas.

Scrub Forest

(continued from page 14)

cial to wildlife because water is in such short supply; yet stream beds are the most commonly used places for building roads. "Our old roads in the Cleveland are definitely poor, really bad," Jerry complained. "They increase erosion — which is bad for the fish — and use up an area that for the rest of the wildlife is one of the most productive zones we've got."

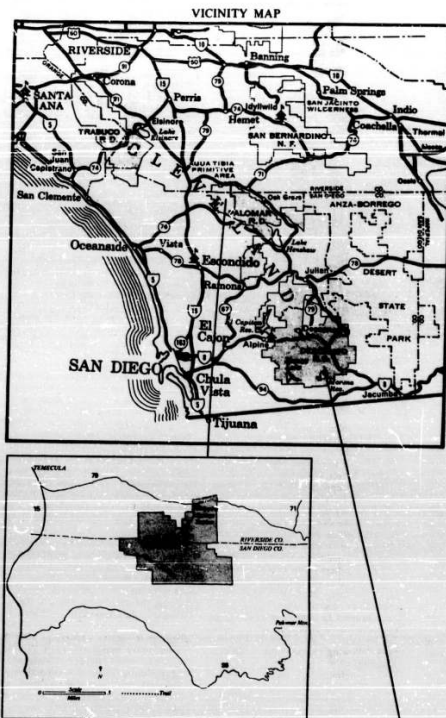
Here on Pine Creek there is no road, but if cow dung is any indicator, this place was recently something of a cattle freeway. Still, as I work my way farther and farther up the valley I rely increasingly on the cattle trails to make my way through the thick stands of brush. Without them, it would be tough going indeed. Here and there beneath the bushes I begin to see little mounds of scat, glistening and full of berries, coyote, probably, but I neither see nor hear anything but the chirping of white-crowned sparrows as I scrape through.

After several hours (I am reckoning by the sun, since I have no watch), I stop by the creek to rest and eat. The sound of water rushing over polished rocks drowns out everything but the occasional drone of an airplane, and I lean back and stare up a nameless hill that slopes steeply upward from where I am sitting for nearly 2000 feet. I don't really feel as if I have gotten all that far away from civilization. Along the creek-bed I have seen numerous shotgun shells, and near one bend I even stooped to pick up an empty Doritos bag. Still, this place is pleasant and secluded, and I feel I could stay here most of the afternoon. But unfortunately the breeze soon turns cool, and I realize I should move on.

It isn't long before I can see the valley is narrowing even further, and even the cattle trails begin to get hard to make out. I scramble around and over boulders taller than myself, only to find that the path I was following suddenly ends, and I have to turn back. Climbing stop a boulder after one particularly difficult stretch, I see that I have come only a hundred yards or so in the last half hour. Ahead I can see nothing but willows and rocks. But I continue on, and soon find myself crawling on hands and knees through dense thickets of willow and poison oak; the creek itself is so densely overgrown that I have no choice. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts to set out a small galle, I sit back and consider my options. Since my car lies several miles ahead, turning around means walking or hobnobbing some twenty miles around the area I am now going through. Furthermore, I am now so deep in this maze of brush that going back promises to be just as difficult as going on. But on the other hand, the afternoon is already getting old, and if the canyon is densely overgrown for much further I am going to be forced to spend a chilly night here sans sleeping bag.

In the end it was the Budweiser can that persuaded my legs to move on. There is something so irritating about sitting in what has to be one of the most inaccessible parts of San Diego County, and seeing an empty beer can caught in the brush nearby that I couldn't bear to turn back. Perhaps it did wash down from somewhere closer to civilization — so what? The point is that it was there. I crawled into the brush again, and soon found that the canyon was widening out and there were cattle trails everywhere. A few miles upstream I came across a cattle skull and backbone, picked clean by coyotes, which gave me cause to wonder briefly about the wisdom of following those trails after all. But I decided it was too late to come up with an alternative strategy, and an hour or so later I knew I was out of the woods when I saw a red-and-white sign nailed to an oak that read, "No hunting or trespassing under penalty of the law."

It took me eight hours to cross the Pine Creek area. That's two hours longer than I expected, but it says something about open space in the Cleveland when an itinerant



journalist can cross one of its largest undeveloped areas, at its widest point, in half a day. I wouldn't argue against the preservation of the Pine Creek area in its natural state — we need it for its beauty and its ability to support a diverse and healthy wildlife population. But we are deluding ourselves if we call this a wilderness.

The Palomar district office of the Cleveland National Forest is located in a small office building on South Juniper Street, near downtown Escondido. The building doesn't look as if it would house a forest service office — in fact, it looks like a modern apartment complex — and, in a way, it seems to reflect the lack of attention that the Palomar district has received in the forest service's scheme of things for the Cleveland. There are several reasons why Palomar hasn't figured more importantly: it is further from metropolitan San Diego than the Descanso district; its rugged terrain and scarcity of water have made developments of any type relatively difficult and expensive; and, perhaps most importantly, the pattern of private land ownership in the area has made large portions of the district inaccessible by public road or trail. Thus, other than the Palomar Observatory and a few campgrounds, the Palomar district's prime recreational development is one that isn't really a development at all: the Cleveland and San Diego County's only officially designated wilderness area, Agua Tibia.

Agua Tibia is a hilly, 16,000-acre tract that stretches down the northwestern slope of the Palomar Mountains and comes to an abrupt halt just over the Riverside County line, on State Highway 79. It used to be both home and hunting grounds for the Luiseno Indians (now confined to neighboring reservations), but in 1926 Agua Tibia became officially recognized by the government of the United States as a Primitive Area, and in 1964 it became a wilderness, one of the first areas in the nation to be so designated. It supports a wide variety of animals not commonly found in San Diego County — from mountain lions to golden eagles — and several habitats — from chaparral to pine forest — but within the Palomar district even Agua Tibia has a relatively low usage rate. The reasons, according to Tom Horner, a resource officer with the Forest Service, are twofold: it is a relatively small area, and it is a relatively remote area. (continued on page 18)

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Scrub Forest

(continued from page 17)
are the same as those that plague the rest of the Palomar district — lack of water and the pattern of private land ownership, the latter of which prevents the lone trail through Agua Tibia from linking up to any other public trail, road, or settlement. The hiker or hunter going up the Agua Tibia trail must either return the way he or she came or strike out through the brush.

Horner says the recent federal legislation that has focused an increasing amount of attention on the Descanso district hasn't yet had much effect on the Palomar district. "We don't even know what's out there yet," he told me with a hint of frustration. "We're still trying to find out." Currently part of the process of finding out involves a survey of mountain lions and large raptors such as eagles and prairie falcons, to determine the population and health of those which reside within the district's boundaries. The surveys are being carried out under the supervision of Steve Widowski, wildlife biologist for the Palomar district, and so far they have yielded some interesting results.

Widowski says the mountain lion survey, begun two years ago as part of a statewide effort to determine the status of mountain lions in California, has shown that at least seven adult lions are living in the Palomar district, and perhaps as many as twelve. Since the lions, as predators, are at the top of the food chain, and since an adult male may require a hunting range of as much as one hundred square miles, a healthy lion population is taken as one indicator that precious wildlife habitat is being preserved. But even in the Palomar district, Widowski notes, man's developments are beginning to make an impact.

"The biggest effect on the wildlife here is habitat destruction," he says, explaining that in recent years not only houses but avocado groves, too, began to replace forest and chaparral on Palomar's slopes. "If the habitat goes," he adds, "the lions go."

Widowski also has been taking a census of bald and golden eagles in the district, crosscounting the area in a helicopter for days at a time to search out nests. The

discovery of active golden eagle nests on the higher slopes, and the continued winter stopover of a few rare bald eagles near Lake Hemshaw, could lead to a management policy that would make parts of these areas off-limits to people, particularly during the crucial nesting season. But the potential for expanding the recreational capacity of the Palomar district is well recognized, and there are those within the forest service who hope that its potential will be realized as the Cleveland's comprehensive plan takes shape over the next few years.

"Right now it doesn't look like we're going to develop more developed-type campgrounds," says Horner. "They're too expensive to maintain. But there seems to be a potential here for greater amounts of dispersed recreation and grazing." Steve Widowski, meanwhile, worries that an expanded recreational capacity, no matter what shape it assumes, will have an adverse impact on the ecology of the district. "We hope its effect on wildlife will be positive," he told me. "It will probably be negative. But we hope to coordinate it to minimize the impact. Some things can enhance both recreation and wildlife."

A few days after Christmas a friend and

I drove up to the edge of the Agua Tibia wilderness area, which can be easily entered only from the forest service's Dipping Springs station, a few miles east of Temecula on State Highway 79. It had rained the night before, and as we hiked up the first half mile of the wilderness trail the air was fresh with the scent of pine and sage. Raindrops still glistened on spider webs in the manzanita, and to the north the countryside stretched for miles under a cover of ragged storm clouds. A decade was ending, and a new one almost here, and like the forest service's posters which recently announced public information sessions on the upcoming plan, I was wondering, "What's in the future for the Cleveland National Forest?" The forest service will very likely continue to be product-oriented, and it may well be that we will need the Cleveland's ground for raising food, or to provide mass recreation as an escape from our cities, we may even need its chaparral to provide biomass fuel to heat our homes or power our cars. But we will also need its open spaces, and the only way to ensure their preservation seems to be to label them wilderness areas and prohibit any further development within their borders. We need these areas not just to appease a few hikers, but because they are closely bound up with the quality of our lives as any automobile or electric appliance. We need them in order to preserve that which makes us human. Consider the multiple use of a wilderness area," he wrote. "While it is called 'single use' by those who hope to harvest the timber or extract the minerals, wilderness is actually one of the best examples of the multiple-use philosophy we have in America. Fishermen, hunters, hikers, photographers, riders, researchers, boaters, floaters, tubers, campers — all are accommodated by a wilderness area." Agua Tibia is such an area, and as I stood in its deep chaparral that morning, gazing up at a distant ridge, I recalled Andrus's statement. But at almost the same instant I recalled something else — something Steve Widowski had told me about the mountain lion survey that got underway in the Palomar district two years ago. The first day of the survey, he said, he and an assistant found a mountain lion lying in the middle of State Highway 79, at the foot of Agua Tibia. It had been hit by a car, and it was dead.

Off the Cuff

What haven't you been able to throw away?



Dave Chapman
Marketing
Lakeland

Bad habits. I'd rather not discuss all of them, if you don't mind. I smoke... that's a bad habit. I am not a pack rat if that's what you're asking. I'm a compulsive garage cleaner. Now my wife saves Christmas boxes, year after year after year. She forgets she has them. I throw them out. As a matter of fact, I just threw away last year's. People have all kinds of reasons for saving things. That's why people have garage sales — why the junk man stays in business.



Shawn Garcia
Student
San Diego

Newspaper articles. I have scads of them — old ones. There's just something about them. There are times when I haul them out and I'll go over them with friends and we have a good laugh. There are certain things in your mind that you can't get rid of. Something comes up that reminds you — a word, some conversation. No matter how hard you try you think about them. So I would say mental things are the hardest to throw away, to forget, 'cause they're always in your mind. You can't erase what's there.



Barbara Gentry
Homemaker
Mira Mesa

I have little tiny pieces of glass. My husband and I do stained glass. I save fruit jars. It's hard for me to throw away leftovers — soup, beans, casseroles. I was homecoming queen and just a few years ago I threw out my homecoming suit. It was so out of date, but it hurt. I didn't want to do it at all. I threw away clothes my aunt gave me when I was in the eighth grade. It was nice wool and I kept thinking that I'd make them over. But pretty soon you reach a point where you have to throw things away.



Christine Braun
Student
Del Cero

Papers from years in school like math papers, reading papers, social studies papers, English papers, art papers. I keep them in my drawers and in my closet, too. It gets kind of cluttered. I just keep stacking them in there. My parents keep saying to me, "Why do you always keep papers under your bed when they're already used?" I save them so I have memories when I grow up, so I can show my children when I grow up. They might be interested in seeing how I did when I was little.



Denny Boswell
Student
Alpine

Well, my mom and dad divorced and my dad moved to Arizona. It's pretty hard for me to throw away things that remind me of my dad. Like my dad gave me an old baseball glove of his from when he was about three. I have some pictures of him from when he was a baby and some from when he was in high school. He was really into school. He got thirteen letters and he gave some of them to me. It's a long drive to Phoenix so I don't get to see him very often. The old stuff he gave me would be pretty hard to get rid of.

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10851 Sorrento Valley Road, Suite 1G
Telephone: 455-0628

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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

Art As We Don't Know It

Performance art, which emerged from the happenings of John Cage and Allan Kaprow during the Fifties, is an attitude shared by painters, sculptors, dancers, and other artists who cross over the boundaries imposed by their respective media to create a visual work composed of actions and non-actions. A performance piece usually contains elements of theater such as behavior, interaction, persona, and the audience's feeling that they are experiencing artistic production. Interdisciplinary by nature, performance pieces cover a wide range of work.

The Artus Work Here series, a succession of exhibitions presented in alternative spaces and put together by local artists Lynn Schuerie and Susan Minnick, next week will offer three consecutive days of performances by a diverse selection of San Diegans. Entitled *Artus Work Here II: Performance Series*, the event is guest curated by Walter Lab and will take place in the large private studio of Judith Essex, located at 424 F Street, downtown.

Opening the series next Thursday, January 17, from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m., will be Helen and Newton Harrison, Sari Austin, and Jerome Rothenberg. The Harrison's pieces of late have entertained cultural and ecological concerns. Embodying tenets of agropop, guerrilla theater, and teaching, their collaborations are laden with informational textures, inducements to action, and social, ecological, and political coloring. With a natural mixture of science and art they have, in the past, explored the ecosystems of lagoons, ducks, and the Sacramento River. For this program they will be performing a conceptual piece entitled *Roarings and Rappings*.

Local poet Sari Austin will be presenting *The Renaissance Ceremony*, derived from her writings and poetry. Her subject matter, which she treats with realism and wit, is the single mother in the suburbs, her fondness for blues and early rock 'n' roll, and her memories of growing up in the rural South. Often mislabeled a feminist poet, she is a poet who is also a feminist. Austin originally read her work in the traditional "poet-sits-down-with-glass-of-water-and-whisky" style of presentation, but in the

Twentieth will recast the program in the direction of modern music, in a period in which composers have explored to the depths the flute's musical possibilities. Claude Debussy's *Symphony (1912)* was originally titled "The Flute of Pan" and was composed as incidental music for a play (*Psyche*) by Gabriel Mourey. Symyx will be followed by *Flute Variations*, a spectacular *Density 21.5*, which the composer wrote in 1936 for Georges Barrère, on the occasion of the introduction of the flautist's all-platinum instrument (21.5 is the specific gravity of platinum). This is certainly one of the most astonishing works in the flute literature, and its exploitation of various coloristic effects has never been surpassed — it sometimes sounds as though several different instruments are playing. Finally, there will be three pieces by UCSD composers: Robert Erickson's *Qwey* (a piece of almost insuperable technical difficulty), Roger Reynolds's *Amalgams*, and a piece called *Permit* by Bartscheler himself.

Flute Flourishes

The flute has become a very popular instrument lately, what with international superstars such as Jean-Pierre Rampal and James Galway, as well as accomplished jazz flautists like Herbie Hancock. The cool, detached, and yet clear and penetrating tone of the instrument gives it a unique appeal, and it offers great opportunities for virtuoso display. An expert classical flautist has been living in the San Diego area for some time now — young Bernhard Bartscheler, who is a member of the music faculty at UCSD, and whose recital with pianist Peter Kainoff a while back was an impressive event in San Diego's musical life. Now San Diegans will have a chance to hear Bartscheler in a recital devoted to works for unaccompanied flute, a concert notable for its variety and for its challenge.

The program will begin with a partita by Johann Sebastian Bach and a sonata by one of Bach's sons, Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. A quick skip from the Eighteenth Century to

the Twentieth will recast the program in the direction of modern music, in a period in which composers have explored to the depths the flute's musical possibilities. Claude Debussy's *Symphony (1912)* was originally titled "The Flute of Pan" and was composed as incidental music for a play (*Psyche*) by Gabriel Mourey. Symyx will be followed by *Flute Variations*, a spectacular *Density 21.5*, which the composer wrote in 1936 for Georges Barrère, on the occasion of the introduction of the flautist's all-platinum instrument (21.5 is the specific gravity of platinum). This is certainly one of the most astonishing works in the flute literature, and its exploitation of various coloristic effects has never been surpassed — it sometimes sounds as though several different instruments are playing. Finally, there will be three pieces by UCSD composers: Robert Erickson's *Qwey* (a piece of almost insuperable technical difficulty), Roger Reynolds's *Amalgams*, and a piece called *Permit* by Bartscheler himself.

Born in Basel, Switzerland, Bartscheler studied in Lucerne, Basel, and Paris, one of his teachers was James Galway. He has earned acclaim for his interpretations of Baroque music, especially the sonatas of J.S. Bach. But he also has a great predilection for contemporary music, as his forthcoming program demonstrates. His unusually large repertoire extends to the frontiers of new music. His extensive solo appearances

(continued on page 4, col. 1)

Hardbound for Glory

Books are the most compact and portable instruments of communication we have, tumbling televisions and traveling companions notwithstanding. They are also a means of transportation, enabling us to shop in the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul or climb to the top of Machu Picchu in Peru or follow Alice down a rabbit hole into Wonderland, all while sitting in an easy chair, indoors, on a rainy day. And while Johnny may not read as often or as well as he once did, every year he has more books to choose from.

Close to 200 new books are currently on display in the lobby of the central library in downtown San Diego; all of them were published during the past year by local authors. The authors represented in the exhibit range from Cornelia and Jack Addington, authors of *Joy of Mathematics*, to Al Zolman, author of a book of poetry entitled *The New Physics*, and include old and new authors. One of the old, and perhaps the best known, is Theodor Geisel: Dr. Seuss. His latest book is called *Oh Say Can You Say?* One of the new, and also to be well known, is William Harry Harding. His first novel, *Rainbow*, was published simultaneously in the U.S. and Great Britain, will be made into a film by Warner Brothers next fall, was a book of the Month Club selection, and soon will be published in paperback in the U.S., Canada, and Great Britain. It is a blockbuster or book, one of that new marketing genre that is reshaping the publishing business just as multimillion dollar films are affecting the motion picture

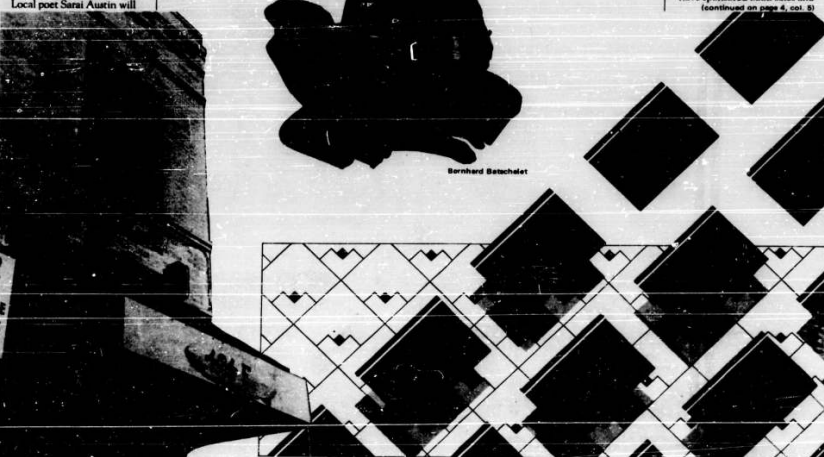
industry, with huge initial investments requiring massive promotional campaigns to ensure super sales.

There are books on physiology and psychology, genealogy and allegory, cooking in and eating out, religion and computer programming, San Diego and the universe. There are books for children, for singles, for collectors, and for writers.

The library initiated the Local Author Exhibit in 1966, the current one is the fourteenth. The first exhibit consisted of forty-four books; this year there are more than four times as many. San Diego's bicentennial year, 1969, had more, and 1977 had the most. Frank Bonham, whose new book is *The Forever Formula*, had a book in the first exhibit. Other longtime and prolific local authors are Carol Prink, G.C. Edmondson, Hal Evans, Tim LaHaye, Richard Fournelle, George and Omerita Sanderlin, and Robert Wade. "Only the academic community contributes about twenty percent of the total titles, this year there are Abraham Viktor's book on the poet William Carlos Williams and Gertrude Stein's book on her late husband, the sculptor Leo Sillard. The current exhibit also includes Frank Todd's *Waterford*, at forty-five dollars, it is the most expensive book ever exhibited in this series, and it may be too expensive to be on the library shelves after the exhibit is over. The rapidly rising prices of books have forced librarians everywhere to curtail their purchases, and increasingly to buy paperbacks instead of hardbound books.

Two meet-the-authors receptions will be held by the Friends of the San Diego Public Library in conjunction with the exhibit. The Friends, a nonprofit organization that serves as a liaison between the library and the community, was formed in 1978 and has supported the library with money for step-stools and Spanish-language books. They have sponsored book sales and

(continued on page 4, col. 1)



Bernhard Bartscheler

READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue i., 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: **READEREVENTSEEDITOR, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138.**

Dance

Dance Concert by the San Diego Dance Theatre will include the "Liberation Ballet" from *The Wiz*, excerpts from "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and the hoe-down from Aaron Copland's "Rodeo," Saturday and Sunday, January 12 and 13, 8 p.m., Pacific Beach Junior High School Auditorium, 4676 In-

graham Street, Pacific Beach.
488-3403.

Film

Children's Films of picture book classics, *Curious George*, *Madeline's Rescue*, *Ferdinand the Bull*, and *Dr. Seuss on the Loose*, will be shown on Thursday, January 10, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

Films at the Library will include *Mother Goose Stories* and *Three Little Pigs*, Friday, January 11, 3:30 to 4:30 p.m.; *Greatest Zoo of the World*, San Diego and *Source of Wonder*, Calgary Zoo, Monday, January 14, 7:30 p.m.; and *Penny Serenade* starring Cary Grant, Wednesday, January 16, 7 p.m., Chula Vista

Public Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. 575-5064.

"Rushes," a multimedia feature film simulation satire of sex, drugs, rock and roll, will have its world premiere showing on Friday, January 11, 6 p.m., the Screening Room, 1968½ Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach. 264-3837.

"The Chicago Maternity Center Story," a film documenting the efforts of the Chicago community to save its 78-year-old home birth program, will be sponsored by Womancare to benefit the W.A.T.C.H. (Women Acting Together to Combat Harassment) Defense Fund, followed by a consumer inspection of Sharp Hospital, Saturday, January 12, 2 p.m., room 118, Mesa Community Col-

lege Building H, San Diego.
298-9352.

"Uphear in Heaven," an animated cartoon made in China and based on the classic Chinese folktale Monkey King Journeys to the West, will be presented by the U.S.-China Friendship Association. Monday, January 14, 4 and 6:30 p.m. Hibbard and Landis Recre-

Lectures
"Gulls and Terns," a slide and lecture presentation pointing out the differences in plumage and behavior between these two species of permanent and migratory residents in San Diego, will be given on Thursday, January 10, 6:30 p.m.,

Natural Hist. Dry Museum auditorium, Balboa Park. Reservations: 232-3821.

Tax Information Lecture by Barbara Hutchinson will be presented by Holistic Productions, Thursday, January 10, 7 p.m., Forum Hall, San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, University Towne Centre, La Jolla. 744-7410.

"Alcohol — A Family Affair," a program featuring a film, *Soft is the Heart of a Child*, and Joan Kroc, founder of Operation CORK, a nationwide alcoholic education and rehabilitation organization, will be held on Thursday, January 10, 7:30 p.m., Grossmont Hospital auditorium, 5555 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa. 465-1700 x321.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Columnist Neil Morgan will look at the Eighties and launch the San Diego Chamber of Commerce's Focal Point brown-bag luncheons. Friday, January 11, noon to 1 p.m., Sala Rosa Room, California First Bank, 530 B Street, downtown. 333.21.24 x 32.

"Shapers of Modern Culture" film forum series will commence with a lecture entitled "What is Modern Culture," presented by Alice Marquis, and a film, "Art of the Middle Ages," Friday, January 11, 7:30 p.m., Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. 465-1700 x321.

"Diabetes, How Sweet it is Not," a health care program offered by Paradise Valley Hospital, will feature Dr. David Lorenz, who will

"The Clavichord in the Musical Social Life of the XV to XVIII Centuries," a concert/lecture presented by Bernard Brauchli, will

"Piano Trio" concert will be presented on Wednesday, January 16, 10 a.m., MiraCosta College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanside; and 1 p.m., Del Mar Shores Center, 225 9th Street, Del Mar. 757-2121.

Lunch-Time Theater will present Don MacLeod and his jazz quartet, Wednesday, January 16, noon, Marquis Public Theater, 3717

Civil Rights March in commemoration of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., will be presented by Knox Elementary School, Monday, January 14, 10 a.m., Knox Elementary School, 1098 South 49th Street, San Diego. 262-2473.

Senior Days, a series of programs for adults age 45 or over, sponsored by the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, the Senior World Foundation, and San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, will begin with a ballet demonstration and performance by the San Diego Ballet Company's Dance Education project, Tuesday, January 15, 2 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium,

"The Jupiter Effect," a planetarium show on a rare plane-

(223-1627), and Fisherman's Landing (222-0391), all through mid-February; by the California, an old-fashioned sailing ship (298-6691), and the Rendezvous, a brigantine sailing ship (222-0521), daily through February 29; by the


Sports

will take place on Saturday and Sunday, January 12 and 13, 8 a.m. to dusk, La Mesita Park, Dallas and Fletcher Parkway, La Mesa. 469-4128.

Mission Bay Marathon, the sixteenth annual, will have approximately 3000 runners of all ages. Sunday, January 13, 6:55 a.m.

Radio/TV
Art Dealer Leo Castelli, who discovered and promoted pop artists Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, and others, will be Dick Cavett's guest, Thursday, January 10, 6-10 and 11-13 p.m.

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Sat.—Sun. 7 a.m.—9 p.m.

**The
Coles Carpets Hour**

7:00 p.m.

Thursday, January 10th

Schubert—String Quartet
No. 10 in E^b, D.87
Opus 125, No. 1 Quartet Italiano

Mozart—Violin Sonata in E^b, K.302
Goldberg, Lupu



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ography for the Santa Barbara
Symphony Orchestra, 10 p.m.,
5.6 p.m., Copley Auditorium,
San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa
Park, 2-22-79/31.

Living-Tree and Wheat-grass
Symphony, Dr. Ann Wignante will
lecture on Wednesday and Thurs-
day, 7 p.m., 17 p.m.,
Hippocratic Hall, 6970
Central Avenue, Lemon Grove.
466-3436.

Music

Symphony, the San Diego
Symphony Orchestra, with guest con-
ductors, will perform the sym-
phony Schumann's Overture to
the Fourth, "The Sorcerer's Appren-
tice," and the San Diego Sym-
phony No. 1 in C major and
Nielsen's Symphony No. 4, 8 p.m.,
Civic Theatre, Thursday and
Friday, January 10 and 11, The
Civic Theatre, downtown
San Diego, 2-22-79/31.
Symphony No. 1, East County Performing Arts
Center, 220 East Main Street, El
Cajon, 2-22-79/31.
January 13, 8 p.m., Rivers at
San Diego, 2-22-79/31.

**Special
Events**

International Antelope Show and
Sale, reportedly the biggest one in
Southern California, will take place
Thursday through Saturday,
January 10 to 12, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.,
10 a.m. to 11 a.m., 13 noon to 6
p.m., Exhibit Hall, Del Mar Fair-
grounds, Del Mar. 755-1233.

"Wonders of Gish, Clamont,
and Lagron," a series of lectures
sponsored by the Natural History
Museum, will feature the San Diego
Lagron and the Solaris and the
Candill area. Sunday, January 13.
Reservations: 323-3821.

Equal Rights Amendment Labor
with the Group
documentary With Babes and Bom-
bers and San Diego women trade
show, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
13 p.m., International Association
of Machinery Fair, 5150
Rivers Mesa Road, San Diego.
292-5150.

Loma, or from a whole waiting
cruse offered by H&M Landing
(222-1146), Islanda Sportfishing
(222-1166), Seashore Sportfishing
(224-1383), Pajar Loma
Sportfishing Association

will have forty-eight teams from
the western U.S. competing.
Saturday, January 12, 7 a.m. to
dusk and Sunday, January 13, from
8:30 a.m., with the finals begin-
ning about 2 p.m., Robb Field,
National Orchestra of France, and
Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D
Major with the Boston Symphony
Orchestra, Thursday, January 10, 8
p.m., repeating Sunday, January
13, noon, Channel 15.

Presenting The Lobster Pot.

Fresh Maine lobster every day. Steamed
with succulent Littleneck clams.
Served with drawn butter, redskin
potatoes, golden ear of corn,
home-style cole slaw. \$14.85
Sunday thru Thursday \$11.85



HAMPDEN

Lobster for lunch, too! Plus
a delectable seafood dinner.

Tennessee Public Schools. Gary Cassano will present a children's concert, Sunday, January 12, noon; and a collection of Irish and American tunes and ballads, Irish/Celtic Caravan, Sunday and Tuesday, January 12, 7:30 and 8:00 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1436 North Highway 101, Lewisville, 436-4030.

"Musicians in the Making," a recital by high school students from Cookeville, Sunday, January 12, 7:30 p.m., Dugan, French horn player, will be played by Correll, Saine, and Saine, January 12, 7:30 and 8:00 p.m., at the Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street, San Diego. 583-3300.

Chamber Music Concert, the New York Chamber Soloists, a 21-member ensemble, will perform at Brandenburg concerts, Sunday, January 13, 7 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-6645.

Organs Concert featuring Robert Curdigan, chief organist of the Mormon Tabernacle, will include works by Bach, Beethoven, and Vienne, Muller, and Curdigan, Sunday, January 13, 7 p.m., North Chapel, 1431 Training Center, Point Loma 463-0308.

Chamber-Concert series will feature the Los Angeles Music Society and pianist Lars Christensen performing works by Czerny, Schubert, and Liszt, Sunday, January 13, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-6645.

San Diego Technical Institute is accredited by the National Association of Trade and Technical Schools. This status gives you a top-notch education in a highly competitive field where most other schools have 20 edges.

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READERS GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

American Film Theatre will present *The Horseman*, a 1971 film version of Harold Pinter's *Four Award-winning plays*, directed by Peter Hall and starring Michael Jayston, Ian Holm, Cyril Cusack, and Paul Rogers, Thursday, January 10, 9 p.m.; repeating Saturday, January 12, 9 p.m.; Channel 15.

"Free to Choose," a ten-part series in which Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman examines the economic problems facing the U.S. today, will begin with two free markets work, Friday, January 11, 9 p.m.; repeating Monday, January 14, noon, Channel 15.

Golf, the \$30,000 Bob Hope Open Classic tournament will open the 1982 PGA tour in Palm Springs, Saturday, January 12, 1 p.m.; and Sunday, January 13, 1:30 p.m.; Channel 39.

Tennis, the Colgate Grand Prix Masters, with contenders John McEnroe, Bjorn Borg, and Jimmy Connors, will feature the semifinals on Saturday, January 12, 1:30 p.m.; and the finals on Sunday, January 13, 1 p.m.; Channel 6.

"The Almost, Not Quite, Sure Thing," a program about weather forecasting and the effects on weather on activities such as balloon racing and fashion designing, will be shown on Saturday, January 12, 6 p.m.; Channel 6.

United Central Palsy Telethon, with celebrities hosts and guests, will be broadcast from Hollywood, Los Angeles, New York, and University Towne Centre, Saturday, January 12, 9 p.m. through Sunday, January 13, 5 p.m.; Channel 10.

New Chicago Report on Nazi war criminals living in the U.S., featuring interviews with Simon Wiesenthal, Elie Wiesel, and Elizabeth Holzman, will be telecast on Sunday, January 13, 7 p.m.; Channel 10.

World Record Events in the new Guinness Book of World Records can be seen on Sunday, January 13, 8 p.m.; Channel 10.

"3-2-1 Contact," a program of science and technology for eight to twelve year olds, will debut on Monday, January 14, 5:30 p.m.; Channel 15.

Live from Lincoln Center will present Tereza Luciano Pavarotti perform with the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin

Mehta, Monday, January 14, 8 p.m.; simulcast in stereo with KPBS-FM 90.5, repeating Thursday, January 17, Channel 15.

Hit Maker Artists will be highlighted nightly, Monday through Friday, from Monday, January 14 through Friday, February 15, 11 p.m. to midnight, K-Bar 95 FM.

Galleries

"Artists in the Courtroom," an exhibit of drawings by courtroom artists Bill Robles of CBS, David Rose of ABC, and Ruben Lopez of KTTV, who have covered the trials of Patty Hearst, Susan Sontag, Charles Manson, Daniel Ellsberg, Gary Gilmore, and others, will be shown through February 10, with a reception for the artists on Friday, January 11, 5 to 8 p.m.; Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-264.

"The Dotted Caravel Tradition — Four Generations of an American Folk Art," an exhibition of hand-carved carved animals, will be on display through February 17, Mingus International Museum of World Folk Art, University Towne Centre, La Jolla, 453-3302.

"The Art of the Muppet," will be shown in sketches and photographs, videotape, and more than 100 Muppet characters, through January 11, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 239-4497.

"40 Years — The Permanent Collection," an exhibition of works that span the transition from representational to abstract art and the rise of pop, minimal, post-minimalist and conceptual art, will continue through January 13, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

Two Man Show, an exhibition of works by prizewinner Maurice Lee Gray and silvermaster Al Ching, will continue through January 15, Boehm Gallery, Palomar College, San Marcos, 744-1150 x345.

Recent Works, multiples in colored laminated acrylic sculpture by Vasa, will be on display through January 16, Winger Gallery, 4663 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 454-4414.

"Visions of Mexico," an exhibition of photographic color prints by Bradley Smith, will be on display through January 16, J. Trevis Art Gallery, 1227 Prospect Street, La Jolla.

"Oklahoma is O.K./Seasonal Rituals 1959," an exhibition of paintings and drawings from family photographs and home movies, by Heidi Hardin, will be on display through January 17, Community Arts Gallery, 850 Third Avenue, downtown, 233-0141.

Selected Works of Rufino Tamayo, Francisco Zúñiga, and Azevedo Navarro will be displayed through January 16, Chic's Gallery, 2222 Fourth Avenue, downtown, 234-4765.

"The Year of the Hopi," an exhibition of photographs and watercolor by Joseph Maza that chronicles the Hopi ceremonial year cycle, circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, will be on display through January 20, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 239-2821.

"Images of Two Cities," an exhibition of drawings of Florence by Viviane de Kosinsky and photographs of Rome by Leo Smit, will be on display from January 11 through January 24, with piano works of Liszt performed by Leo Smit at an opening reception, Friday, January 11, 6 p.m.; Opus 5 Art Studio, 125 Via de la Valle, Solana Beach, 461-2533.

All-Membership Show of arts and crafts will continue through January 26, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch, Mission Hills, 297-2725.

Autistic Artist Richard Wazro will have on display a collection of drawings and prints, through January 27, Penhouse Gallery, Village Blvd. of La Jolla, 1110 Prospect Drive, La Jolla, 281-7165.

Graphic Artists of Spectrum Gallery will be represented in a group show through January 30, Bard Hall, Unitarian Church, 4190 Foster Street, San Diego.

"Recent Works in Lithography" by Barbara Foster and "Horse and Rider Series" works on paper by Walter Peck will be exhibited through January 30, Palm Gallery, Plaza 1, 520 E Street, downtown, 252-3775.

"Constructivism," an exhibition of works by Mike Shelton, will be on display through January 31, H. Heri Fine Arts Gallery, 3837 Park Boulevard, San Diego, 291-5775.

Group Sculpture Exhibit, featuring works of Jerry Dumas, Jesus Dominguez, and Ron Tanno, will continue through February 1, Keller Art Center, Point Loma College, 1845 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma, 222-6474 x230.

"The Animal and the Artist" exhibition will continue through February 2, Celebrations Gallery, 645 G Street, downtown, 239-5252.

"The Seaside Image," an exhibition of nature photographs by William Logan, will be displayed through February 5, Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-1821.

Art (continued from page 1)

Recent past her readings have become just as powerful as the poems themselves. She prinks herself and her stage with precise detail, making each body of work stand out as a tableau.

Sometimes she appears to take on that trancelike rhythm of Southern preachers as the heaves family history in her native dialect. Other times she elicits uneasy laughter with her observations on life or lamp the throat with her love poems that speak of grating relationships and men who "done her wrong."

Performing his work in an incantatory style, poet Jerome Rothenberg uses a somewhat surrealistic mixture of various oral and cultural characteristics emanating from primitive, archaic, and ethnic tribes to create his intense images and drawings and prints, through January 27, Penhouse Gallery, Village Blvd. of La Jolla, 1110 Prospect Drive, La Jolla, 281-7165.

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Flute (continued from page 1)

throughout Europe, the west coast of the United States, and Mexico have established his reputation as one of the most promising young flautists in the world.

The Bernhard Butschler flute recital will be placed next Thursday, January 17, at 8:00 p.m., in UCSB's Mandeville Recital Hall. This is the first event in a UCSD course entitled "Experiences With Contemporary Music," which will be open to members of the community through University Extension, and which will include, in addition to eight musical events, a number of pre-event talks hosted by Professor Will Ogden, as well as informal post-event discussions with music faculty.

For information about the course, contact 452-3279. For information about the Butschler concert, which is free and open to the public, call Irene Solomon at 452-3229.

—Thomas Arne

Hardboard (continued from page 1)

puppet shows, the authors' recollections, began last year, are their main activity. Last year's recollections were well attended by authors and readers, and provided a rare opportunity for interaction and dialogue.

The Local Author Exhibit will continue through Saturday, January 19 in the lobby of the central library, 820 E Street, downtown. Library hours are 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Monday through Thursday, and 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

The authors' receptions will take place on Wednesday, January 16, from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., and next Friday, January 18, from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. in the library lobby. For further information, call 236-5849 or 236-5830.

—Amy Chu

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Put great cassette sound in your home and car...and got twice the run out of your tape collection. The cassette deck offers record and playback versatility, high fidelity and—more than ever before—affordability. Car units don't record, but do provide all the entertainment value of home decks. So, get double the mileage from your cassettes. Play them at home...and on the road. Our super buys make it happen now!



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Last seen, priced at \$149! The Technics RS-M7 is a versatile front-loader with Dolby® noise reduction. You get a low 0.08% (WRMS) wow and flutter, durable LH record/playback head, locking pause control to eliminate unwanted programming, and a three-position tape selector for all types of tape.

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Featured at \$99 a year ago, too! Our complete package includes Sanyo FT-478 AM/FM stereo cassette player and Jensen 5 1/4-inch speakers with 10-ounce magnets. Local distance switching lets you enjoy great reception whether commuting through the city or driving in the country. Inflation beater! Not as shown.

Panasonic car stereo!



Panasonic CO-6800 in-dash AM/FM stereo cassette player and Panasonic EA8-752 6x3-inch coaxial speakers with huge 20-oz. magnets. Automatic frequency control locks in hard-to-find FM signals. Hours of easy listening!

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To let club entertainment call 256-7468 Saturday before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92136, or call 235-4236 Friday before 5 p.m.

Styx and the Babys: Sports Arena, Thursday, January 10, 8 p.m. Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4176

Cecilio and Kapono: Catamaran, Thursday, January 10, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

The Hilmakers, Les Dinettes, and the Stingers: Skeleton Club, Friday, January 11, 8 p.m., 202 Market Street 293-7556

The Tubes and Lion: Catamaran, Friday, January 11 and Saturday, January 12, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

The Crowd, Angry Samoans, Busters, and the Stan: North Park Lions Club, Saturday, January 12, 8 p.m., 3927 Utah Street 282-7735

Richie Havens: Catamaran, Sunday, January 13, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Leon Redbone: Catamaran, Wednesday, January 16, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

Tom Petty and the Fabulous Poodles: Golden Hall, Friday, January 16, 7:30 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center 236-6540

Sarah Vaughan: Catamaran, Friday, January 18 through Sunday, January 20, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

The Demos, Middle Class, and the Standbys: North Park Lions Club, Saturday, January 19, 8 p.m., 3927 Utah Street 282-7735

Kenny Rodgers: North Park Lions Club, Saturday, January 19, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4176

Clubs

The Aloha, 3063 Claremont Drive, Claremont 276-2240: Zone Wood and Biting Saddle, country western, Tuesday through Sunday

Albee's Beef Inn, 1201 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-1033: John Whelan, jazz pianist, Tuesday through Sunday

Anchorage Fish Company, 3879 Camino Boulevard, Carlsbad 729-3170: Jay and Fran, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday

Anthony's Harborside, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island 232-4544: Lenny Salinas, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

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

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North Canyon Avenue, El Cajon 442-0827: All Times, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay 224-3434: Kiki Bates and Band, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Bacchani, 8222 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont 940-6222: Beat, rock and roll, Tuesday through Sunday

Bahia, 506 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 488-0581: Mercedes Lounge, disco, featuring Roger Bay English, night, Piano Lounge Gary Narmon, mellow jazz, Tuesday through Sunday

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

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista 724-0910: Country, country and western, Friday through Sunday

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay 274-6630: Three-O-One, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach 222-6822: Cindy and the Sinner, rock, Friday and Saturday

Billy Bones Restaurant, 957 Highland Street, Pacific Beach 272-2780: Spectrum 20 featuring Sean Price, swing, disco, Latin, and jazz, Thursday through Sunday

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa 279-3100: Gospel, Latin, and jazz, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista 426-2220: Portland Blues, contemporary, Monday through Sunday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672 Federal Boulevard, East San Diego 584-5797: Holly Gentry

Black Angus, 1006 Graves Avenue, El Cajon 439-5085: Summerville, contemporary, Monday through Sunday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

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Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road, Mission Valley 553-5862: Tru, contemporary, Monday through Saturday

Quintet, jazz, Thursday through Sunday, Holly Gentry Quintet featuring Elia Ruth Higgins, jazz, Friday through Sunday

Rooney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Claremont 276-2240: Brian Connelly, Irish and international folk, Wednesday through Sunday

Boathouse, 3040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-1033: Dallas Collins, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

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Comedy Store, Ramada Inn, 2151 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-6501: All-comedy nightclub, Tuesday through Sunday

The Corporation, 380 North El Camino Road, Escondido 842-1674: Disco, Tuesday through Sunday

Country Bumpkin/Amex, 1602 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 424-1411: Country, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

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Da Vinci's, 626 S Street, Chula Vista 427-6880: New Post, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Disco 4000, 6323 Imperial Avenue, Encinitas 263-5976: Disco, night

Disco Heaven, Executive Hotel, 151 and C streets, downtown 233-4544: Disco, Tuesday through Sunday

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Favorite Son featuring Russ Knapik, rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Tuesday through Sunday

Galactica, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal 224-1282: Disco, night

Great Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131: Soft Touch, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday

Halligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 274-3474: Shogun, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday

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Halligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 274-3474: Shogun, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday

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EGGLES IN L.A. **RUSH** **FOGHAT** **SCORPIONS** **CLIPPERS**

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JANUARY 8TH-19TH

ROUGE

**DRINK SPECIALS
WEDNESDAY NIGHT
KAMAKAZIS 75¢**

ANOTHER
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LIVE AT THE ROCK THEATRE

One of rock's most
freshest guitarists

Rick Derringer

Sun Jan. 13 8:00 p.m.
One show only

Dr. Hook
—plus special guest—
Sun Jan. 27
Two shows 7:30 & 10:30

enter night
at the
Calamarian
HOTEL & RESTAURANT

KICKS
and a musical evening with

the Tubes

and
Lion

**8:00 &
10:30 p.m.** **Friday & Saturday
Jan. 11 & 12**

Advanced tickets now on sale at Sears, Wards, and all Taborian outlets.
For advance ticket information call 565-9947.
3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach 488 10C1

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar 725-6614. Ryd and
McDonnell: country and rock,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Wilson Cargo Bar, 1775 East
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay.
276-4010. People Movers, disco
and top 40. Tuesday through
Saturday. Wild Flower,
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.

Horse Shoe Tavern, 76 1/2
Broadway, Lemon Grove.
469-6344. "Knock": knock and
roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Humphrey's, 1401 Moon Inn, 2241
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island.
224-3577. Gloria McQueen and
Sung Fever: contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon 442-0817.
Lorrie Hulan: contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way,
Oceanside 433-2633. Rose and
the Screeners: contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday. Pite
and Jay: contemporary. Sunday
and Monday.

Hydra, 2526 South Highway 101,
Carlsbad 753-9068. David Cheney:
Romantic guitar. Tuesday
through Saturday.

Innovative, 10240 Poway Road,
Poway 748-7531. Disco, nightly.

Jay Barn, 91 Camino del Rio
South, Mission Valley, 296-0329.
Jeffrey Ryan Moore:
contemporary folk. Friday and
Saturday.

Jackie O's, 3191 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Loma Park 226-0281.
Disco, nightly.

John Bull, 2202 Highland Avenue,
National City 474-2201. Joe
Marino Quartet featuring Ron
Satterfield on vocals, jazz.
Tuesday through Sunday.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach.
293-3220. Thunderball the
Wondercat: country rock.
Tuesday through Saturday. Tall
Cotton: country rock. Sunday.
Cindy and the Sinners: rock.
Monday and Tuesday. Tall Cotton:
country rock. Wednesday.

Josephina's, 3595 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Loma Park 223-5096.
Gaelight Square: contemporary.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Journey, 5375 Kearny Villa Road,
Kearny Mesa 270-2040. Disco,
nightly.

Justine's, 1828 Garnet Avenue,
Pacific Beach 273-5200. Black
Foghorn: contemporary and top 40.
Thursday, Ken and Clarence: disco,
jazz, and rhythm ballads. Friday.
Jackstraws: bluegrass, traditional,
and folk rock. "Cotton": Charles
Wellcome: easy listening, mellow,
ballads. Sunday. Larry Rathbone:
originals, easy listening, and
olderies. Monday. Jackstraws:
bluegrass, traditional, and
bluegrass. Tuesday. Jim and
Teresa Horton: Irish, folk, jazz, and
sing-along. Wednesday.

Kelly's Roadhouse, 596 North
Mission Avenue, El Cajon.
442-0353. Anna Shure: pop, rock.
Tuesday through Saturday.

King's Grill, 1333 Hotel Circle
South, Mission Valley, 297-2231.
Linda Chace: contemporary and
folk. Tuesday through Saturday.
strolling minstrels, nightly.

King Lili, 5125 Linda Vista Road,
Bay Park 291-4279. Wayne L.
Cohen: Thursday through Saturday.
Disco: belly dancing,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Kung Food, 2649 Fifth Avenue,
Mission 291-7352. Tom
McCanna: classical guitar.

2 GREAT SHOWS!

The sensational group
SRO
performs Tuesday through Saturday, 8:00 p.m.
to 1:30 a.m. & sensational shows to see after a good
dinner at Doc Masters!

Hosts: K. H. H. and K. H. H.

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at the Shelter Island Marina Inn.
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proudly presents
North County's finest entertainment

Thurs. **Scrimshaw** Country
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Tues. New class of country swing dance lessons 7-9
Buddy Craig & Friends
Coming: Route & the Screamin' Paches Jan. 18 & 19
Check Wagon & the Wheels Jan. 25 & 26
Happy Hour 5-7 Mon.—Fri. 15¢ hot dogs—\$1 pitchers—25¢ glass
636 First St., Encinitas 753-2578

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Tuesday—Saturday
return engagement of
TAXI
Rock and Roll

Early Dining Special
Tuesday—Thursday
\$1.00 off any entrée
5:30 to 7:00 p.m.
with this coupon

Thursday, John Lyon: classical
guitar. Friday, David Roth:
classical guitar. Saturday and
Sunday.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas
Boulevard, Encinitas 753-1488. El
Quintero Chula: Latin. Friday
through Sunday.

**Lakeside Hotel and Cocktail
Lounge**, 9040 River Street,
Lakeside 443-9277. Pony Express:
country rock. Tuesday through
Saturday. Dollar Gang: country
rock. Sunday afternoon.

**L'Chaim Vegetarian
Restaurant**, 154 West Douglas
Avenue, El Cajon 442-1331. Maria
Mourades: classical guitar.
Wednesday and Thursday. Cass,
folk. Friday and Saturday.

Le Chateau, 5046 Newport Avenue,
Oceanside 222-5300. Big City
Blues Band: blues. Thursday. Solid
Funk: jazz. Friday and Saturday.
Solid Funk: jazz. Sunday and
Monday. Big City Blues Band:
blues. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley
Road, Del Mar 755-1383.
Thunderbolt the Wondercat: rock
and roll. Wednesday. Frank
Sherman and the Swing Band:
swing. Friday. German polka
band, polka. Saturday.

London Opera House, 5404
Balboa Avenue, Clairemont.
276-2390. Passin' thru:
contemporary. Tuesday through
Saturday. John Bonas:
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.


Moche's, 2966 Midway Drive,
Loma Park 224-2401. Cabour:
Latin disco. Thursday through
Saturday. Mark of Time: top 40.
Sunday. Mesa: Latin disco.
Tuesday. Colour: Latin disco.
Wednesday.

Magic Lamp, 1522 Miramar
Road, Mira Mesa 271-6780. Disco,
nightly.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8481
Magnolia Avenue, San Marcos.
448-8550. "Knock": rock and roll.

the Belly Up TAVERN

Wednesday 9 p.m.—1 a.m. (lowest price)
New Spoons
Thursday 9 p.m.—1 a.m.
Tall Cotton
Friday & Saturday 9 p.m.—1:30 a.m.
Favorite Son
Southern Rock
Sunday January 13
Jorge Santana
with pre-show entertainment by
Jerry McCann



Brother of Carlos Santana, & former
leader of "Melo"
Two shows 7 & 10 p.m. Tickets \$4.00
143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022



THE TUBES

Friday and Saturday: disco,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Milk, 533 East Main
Street, El Cajon 442-5573. D.A.
and the Neckerline: country rock.
Thursday through Saturday. Jettin:
variety. Sunday and Monday. D.A.
and the Neckerline: country rock.
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University
Avenue, Hillcrest 297-3077. King
Reclut Blues Band: blues. Thursday
through Saturday. T.D. and the
Mustard: outrageous bluegrass
and a-jazz rock. Tuesday and
Wednesday.

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

Mike's Hideaway, 8203
Wintergarden Boulevard,
Lakeside 443-9508. Blue Edge:
rock. Friday and Saturday.

Mission Inn, 502 East Mission
Road, San Marcos 746-2203.
Divided Highway: country.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Mississippi Row, 2223 El Cajon
Boulevard, North Park 298-8686.
Back-to-back: variety. Thursday
through Saturday. Dave Tazello:
big band. Sunday through
Tuesday. Frick-a-lia: variety.
Wednesday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Garnet
Avenue, Pacific Beach 488-9598.

Shake, rock and roll. Tuesday
through Sunday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission
Road, Mission Valley 563-0960.
Sugar Daddy: top 40 and disco.
Thursday through Sunday.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo
Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo.
566-2400. Harmon: contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday. Cheri Deeds:
contemporary. Thursday and
Friday. Stearns: Rich Hunt:
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.

Monterey Whirling Company,
887 Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley 291-1638. East-West band:
contemporary. Tuesday through

Saturday. Jim Hawley:
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.

Moonglow, 4615 Clairemont
Drive, Clairemont 273-1022.
Sandy Stewart and Co.:
contemporary. Tuesday through
Saturday. Jim Neen Trio: country,
western. Sunday and Monday.
Sandy Stewart and Co.:
contemporary. Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Navajo Inn, 5515 Navajo Road,
San Carlos 445-1730. RPM: top 40
and originals. Tuesday through
Saturday.

Night Owl East, 667 North
Mallory Avenue, El Cajon.
447-3854. Fewer: rock. Thursday
through Saturday. Back-a-lia:
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday. Fewer: rock. Tuesday
and Wednesday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Avenue,
Chula Vista 426-2977.
Zigadobadaga: country and
rock. Thursday through Saturday.
Crawford: country. Monday and
Tuesday. Zigadobadaga: country
and rock. Wednesday.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del
Coronado, 1530 Orange Avenue,
Coronado 435-6011. Sweet
Seasons: contemporary. Tuesday
through Saturday.

O'Connell's, 1310 Marina
Boulevard, Bay Park 276-5637.
Scott Kolos: variety. Tuesday.

Orly's, 2906, 6th and
Wendland, 3rd and 4th floors.
Tijuana, Mexico Live disco,
nightly.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego
Avenue, Old Town 298-0133.
Continuous live entertainment:
daily, jam session. Monday.

O'Hungry's, 5555 Galford Drive,
San Carlos 497-3232. Larry
Rathbone: originals, easy listening,
and olderies. Thursday. Charles
Wellcome: easy listening, mellow,
and ballads. Friday. Ken and
Clarence: disco, jazz, and rhythm
ballads. Saturday.

San Diego's renowned

Gary Puckett

at
Bomb's



**Solid gold entertainment live in the Bomb shelter
Tuesday—Saturday 9—1:30**

Limited Engagement—No Cover

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Get the hottest licks in town

8:45-1:30

SUGAR DADDY

limited engagement

through Jan. 14th

FREE
Fri. & Sat. nights

Live entertainment every night
Happy Hour till 8:30 with three 1/2 ounces for \$1.99
5-5:30 7

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Ecstasy

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Dinner includes:

- Appetizer
- French Onion Soup
- Open Salad Bar
- Baked Potato

Full out \$8.95
Petite out \$6.95

Choice Top Sirloin Steak Dinner \$5.95

Scallops and Shrimp \$5.95

Entertainment by
John & Eddie
W.D. Pabst & Co.
Purveyors of Fine Food & Spirits
Located in The Rowdway Inn
Reservations accepted Nimitz at Rosecrans
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Irish Music

Tuesday-Saturday
5:30-7:30

Wear anything green
(we get to see it)
and the first regular drink is on us.

As always, a large soup
and salad bar
Drinks by the yard
(would you believe green beer?)
and plenty of holiday spirit

2547 San Diego Ave. 298-0133
Old Town

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Old No. 7 Distillery, 181 South Sierra Avenue, San Diego Beach, 755-2133, disco, nightly.

Old Time Cafe, 1661 North Highway 101, Leucadia, 435-4031, Brian Fargo and Jennifer Batten, jazz guitarists, Tuesday, Rosalie Serlet, folk and originals, Friday, Ray and Candace Corbair, and John Tobey, folk and contemporary, Saturday, Bernadette Corbair featuring Molly Stone, bluegrass, Sunday, Old Time Hoag House, Tuesday, All Star Revue, benefit for Red Cross (Seaside Beach), music and theater, Wednesday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Voltaire Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2466, Tom Cat, blues, Thursday, Andy Bryan, country rock, Friday, Paul Shire, folk rock, Saturday, auctions, Sunday, Donna Beatty, folk, Monday, Rite of Passage, Tuesday, special attractions, Wednesday.

Organ Power Pizz, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 560-6888, Tommy Stark, contemporary and pop, Thursday through Tuesday.

Outpost, 652 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley, 464-9007, Disco, Thursday through Saturday.

Pat Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 286-7873, Pat Brigham Preservation Band, rhythm and blues, Thursday through Saturday.

Pelaminos Star, 3038 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5889, Jack Richards Robin's Roast, country, rock, and swing, Thursday through Saturday.

Park Place, 1260 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111, Weekly Duet, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Tacoma, rock, Sunday and Monday, Weekly Duet, contemporary, Wednesday.

Pavilion Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7101, Merrill Moore, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pelican Pub, 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 454-9284, Ronnie Lewis, country and folk, Thursday, Saddle Creek, contemporary, Saturday, jam session, Sunday, Phil Kaufman, originals, Wednesday.

Porthole Lounge, Holiday Inn, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Encinitas, 433-3341, Eddie Preston Unlimited, rock and roll, Monday through Saturday.

Posidon, 1570 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 758-0345, Top Miller, disco, nightly.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4401 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-7488, Los Bell and Pam Souper, mellow jazz, Los Bell and Pam Souper, classical, folk, duets, Thursday, Saturday, and every other Sunday, Orion, guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Sunday.

Raspulini's, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 223-1593, Spirit, rock, Monday through Thursday, Eden, rock, Friday through Sunday.

Red Candle Lounge, Mission Valley Inn, 870 North Circle South, Mission Valley, 293-8281, International Affair, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Reuben E. Lee, 855 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1880, Juan Campbell and Conspiracy, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reubens, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3604, Dudy and Melissa, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reubens Harbor Island, 1550 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1880, Strater and Christopher, mellow music and belly dance, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Swan Song Dance of the Universe Orchestra



featuring
Peter Sprague • Kevin Lettau • Tom Aros
John Leftwich • Tripp Sprague

Friday & Saturday 9-1

Dinner 5:30-11
4278 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 272-7802

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We buy and trade tickets, too!

Whole Wheat Waffles

Our own recipe made completely from scratch.

KUNG FOOD
Vegetarian Cuisine
2949 8th, near Balboa Park, 298-7302

Reubens Plankhouse, 7637 Santee Avenue, Claremont, 278-7273, Don Livingston, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rio Cafe, 5660 Kearny Mesa Road, Kearny Mesa, 277-7937, Neutro Ground, contemporary and country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn, 632 E. Street, Chula Vista, 428-2500, Lee Wittington, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

San Diego Disco, 1051 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-4195, Disco, nightly.

Sandy's, 510 W. Mission Avenue, Encinitas, 743-0920, Ambergio, top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Shepherd Natural Foods Restaurant, 1126 South Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-1124, Live dinner music, nightly.

Sherron Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2003, Fred Thompson and the Suahababara Band, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Show Biz, 1421 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 291-1551, Female impersonators, Wednesday through Sunday.

Smuggler's Inn Diner Club, 402 Fashion Valley Road, Mission Valley, 291-7170, Disco, Monday through Saturday, disco performance featuring Louie and Joana Lugo and Big Band sound with James Dean, Sunday.

Spanky's Saloon, 2855 Midway Drive, Lemon Grove, 233-3564, Disco, nightly.

Spill, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Bay Park, 278-3993, New Wave Showcase 11 bands, Thursday, Friday, New Wave and rock, Saturday, New Wave Showcase 4 bands, Sunday.

Stargate, 1091 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 275-2965, Disco, nightly, New Age, jazz and disco, Sunday.

Stratus, Young Adult Nightclub, 9520 Camino Road, Spring Valley, 597-8634, Disco, Friday through Sunday.

Swan Song, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802, Joe Marino quartet featuring John Satterfield on piano and vocals, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Sweeney's Cove, 135 North Highway 101, Solana Beach, 755-3010, New Spoons, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday, mystery band, Sunday through Wednesday.

Tiburon, 1st and Date streets, Imperial Beach, 429-8000, Window Frame, acoustic folk rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Tio Leo's, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-9944, Craig Coulter and Mark Lewis, guitarists and storytellers, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110, Sanderov and Joyce, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Donna Cole, variety.

Top of the Arc, 1650 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700, Summerweek, contemporary, Thursday through Sunday.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 436-8877, Pelican Alley, jazz and rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 562-1070, The Tom Band, older and rock and roll, Wednesday through Sunday.

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

VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7101, Derby O'Donoghue, ragtime, Tuesday through Saturday.

Harbor lights, happy nights! Danny Salmas

Sparkling nights on the harbor set the scene for Danny Salmas, and his exciting group. They're appearing now in the Sunset Lounge, with fantastic dancing music and entertainment—featuring a sensational Neil Diamond medley and a memorable Elvis style performance. Start your evening with an Anthony's world famous seafood dinner, then enjoy San Diego's favorite, Danny Salmas—beginning at 9PM in our beautiful lower-level showroom lounge. **OPENING JAN. 22: CUB HAYDEN**, from Las Vegas with style!

Anthony's Harborside

Directly across from Anthony's Fish Grille, on Harbor Drive • For reservations phone: 232-6358
Lunch 11:30-4:00, Dinner 4:30-10:30, Entertainment from 9:00, Tues-Sat.

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Greatest collection of opera, orchestral, sound track, original cast, and jazz—at discount prices.

A different kind of record store
1st Storewide Sale
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Additional savings on our already low discount prices.

Open Mon.—Fri. 9:00-7:30 Sat. until 5:45
Free parking in the Park'n Shop lot at 7th & C

RICHIE HAVENS Catamaran

HOTEL & RESTAURANT
3999 Mission Blvd. 488-1081
Advance tickets at Ticketron

Sunday, January 13, 8 & 10:30

DICK'S AT THE BEACH

DINNER, DANCING & ENTERTAINMENT

THURS. FRI. SAT. LIVE OCTAVE
(FORMERLY SUNSET)
FEATURING LEAD SINGER MARYANN PALUSO

SUN. MON. NEW SPOONS
ALL OFF-DUTY BARTENDERS, WAITRESSES, WAITERS AND MUSICIANS WELCOMED.
MON. AT 11:00
AHVA & LINDA BELLY DANCERS

TUES. WED. CARDIAC KIDZ
NEW WAVE ROCK
THE FAINTHEARTED STAY HOME

CHICKEN-IN-A-BASKET
FISH & CHIPS - STEAK - HAMBURGERS
SERVED FROM 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M.

327 N. HWY. 101 SOLANA BEACH 755-7672
2 BLS. NORTH OF LOMA SANTA FE
OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

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

West Coast Production Company, 1645 Hancock Street, Midtown, 295-3724. Disco, nightly.

Wrangler's Room, 6008 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Viejo, 295-5263. Lenny Puff and Cannonball Rogers, country western, Wednesday through Sunday.

Los Angeles Concerts

Foreigner and Rick Derringer: Inglewood Forum, Monday, January 17, 7:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Bob James and Earl Klugh with Harvey Mason: Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Friday, January 18, 8:30 and 11:30 p.m. (213) 972-7011.

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and the Fabulous Fools: Inglewood Forum, Sunday, January 20, 7:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.



LEON REDBONE

Wille Nelson and Rita Kristofferson: Inglewood Forum, Wednesday, January 23, 7:30 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Pat Benatar: UCLA Royce Hall, Friday, January 25, 7:30 p.m. (213) 922-9111.

Clubs

Backlot Theatre, 657 Robertson at Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, (213) 659-0472.

Concerts by the Sea, 100 Financiers Wharf, Redondo Beach, (213) 375-4961. Art Blakey, Thursday through Wednesday.

Dante's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 750-1560. Shelby Flint, Thursday, Joe Farrell, Friday and Saturday.

Golden Bear, 300 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, (714) 532-9000. Richie Havens, Friday and Saturday; Mervyn LaRocca, Sunday; Leon Redbone, Thursday.

Jason's, 4202 Riverside Avenue, Burbank, (213) 845-6356. Hurricane, Thursday through Saturday; J.F. Givens, Sunday through Tuesday.

Landmark, 211 South Glendale Avenue, (213) 247-5719. Country music, nightly.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach, (213) 372-6911. Richie Cole and Jack Wilson, Thursday through Sunday; Mase Allison, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Madame Wong's, 949 San Mar Way, Chino Hills, (213) 624-5346 or 973-0670. Monte Carlo, Summer, and Sweethearts, Thursday, Andy and the Rattlers, Friday; Naughty Sweeties and Little Tech, Saturday.

Madame Wong's West, 2900 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, (213) 829-7562. Spookies and Conchey Heyon, Thursday; Dylan Diamond and Robert Stoddard, Friday; King Bees, and Robert Stoddard, Saturday.

Palomino, 6007 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 764-4010. Mario Muldoon, Friday and Saturday; Jerry Wallace and D.C. McBride, Monday; Claudia Nygard, Tuesday.

Parlison Room, La Brea and Washington, (213) 936-8704. Cedar Walton, Thursday through Wednesday.

Pasquale's, 22724 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, (213) 456-2007. Ron Schelle, Thursday; Art Pepper, Friday and Saturday; Royce, Sunday.

Roxy, 9009 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 878-2222. Heavens, Thursday; Fosse Smith TV Show and Fusions, Friday and Saturday; Tower of Power, Sunday and Monday.

Starwood, 1551 Santa Monica Boulevard, (213) 656-2200. 707 and New Town Heroes, Thursday; Yesterday and Today and Here, Friday and Saturday; The Know and the Tootlers, Monday; The Pugs and the Gipsy, Tuesday; Mick Smiley and the Testones, Wednesday.

Troubadour, 9081 Santa Monica Boulevard, (213) 376-0941. Clean Gang, Friday and Saturday.

Whiskey a Go Go, Sunset Strip, (213) 688-4822. The Symptom, Steven 1, and Car Monte, Thursday; Gary Myrick and the Figures and Rites Mates, Friday; Cindy Bullens and Gary Myrick, Saturday; The Figures, Sunday; Penetration, Berlin, and Mr. Lucky, Tuesday; Movies and Fast Foursome, Wednesday.

CURRENT MOVIES

All reviews are by Duncan Shepherd. Movies are indicated by the number of stars (five stars being the best) and the number of stars (five stars being the best) and the number of stars (five stars being the best).

And Justice for All — This case against the American legal system is so well prepared and presented that it ought never have been brought to court. Add to that the whirling liberal ploy of Al Pacino and the aggressive ugliness of the image, and you have sufficient cause to skip it with a contempt citation. **John Forsythe**, Jack Warden, directed by Norman Jewison. 1979.

Apocalypse Now — The biggest asset of Francis Ford Coppola's \$10-million-dollar Vietnam war movie is the curiosity it stirred up while keeping the public cooling its heels for 10 years. Without that, there would be little to propel the viewer through this desolating yet never-excuse-unnecessarily patterned after Joseph Conrad's *HEART OF DARKNESS*, bogged down along the way by a kind of photography that can best be described in words out of the glum's lexicon: (suffler), (gargled), (heavy, chock-ful), and (brim-ning over) and by a first-person narrative in the third person about the fictional private eye "Charging a man with murder in this place was the handing out speeding tickets at the Indy 500." It was a way we 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, and capped off by the ghostly appearance of Marion Brando, carrying permanent and impenetrable shadows around his shaved head wherever he goes, like the planet Venus carries clouds, and whispering with his last breath his mystical insight into the Vietnam experience. "The horror, the horror" — a general purpose insight which served Conrad earlier on his expedition into the Dark Continent, and which should serve the moviegoer as well. With Martin Sheen, Robert Foy, and Dennis Hopper, original screenplay by John Milius and narration by Michael Herr. 1979.

Baroque — As inconspicuous a movie as you are ever apt to come across in the upper-crust economic bracket, it appears actually to be missing several pieces, including most of its marbles. The luncheon that sometimes accompanies badness is set on very few occasions, the only outlier one being Don Gassner's guided tour of a pharmaceutical plant — a little industrial documentary dropped into the middle of this high-society mystery. Audrey Hepburn's moments of cool-headed alertness when she finds herself alone in a dark house, stalked by the killer, are well enough executed to remind a much happier time when she and her director, Terence Young, were working together in *WALTZ DOCTORS*. 1979. **Charles Martin Smith**, **Rory Scriver**, and **Barbara** (James Twin 1; Poway Playhouse).

Black Hole — Must be without competition the shortest twenty-million-dollar movie ever made (clocked at well under ninety minutes, minus the credits), which is but one crude measure of how much more money than imagination went into this scorchingly derivative and over-the-top sci-fi film. The bulk of its debt is payable to *STAR WARS*, chiefly for the two styles of robot, the storm-trooper model employed by the German (i.e., Nazi) and the comic relief model employed by the American (i.e., Nazi) and the comic relief model employed by the American (i.e., Nazi).

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The Buddy Holly Story — Gary Busey's surly, burly performance in the lead role somewhat elevates the conventional musical biography, which skirts without pause over the limp-wristed type trying to teach another how to butter a piece of Melba toast "like a man." 1978.

La Cage aux Folles — The homosexual proprietor of a homosexual night club.

California Suite — West Coast transplant of PLAZA SUITE is second gear Neil Simon, a quartet of sketches allowing for a view of Southern California jokers (it's like paradise with a sobriety) and moving progressively into lower and lower comedy. Simon is on his happiest level in the one with Maggie Smith as a neurotic Oscar nominee and Michael Caine as her homosexual husband. Higher artistic aspirations are hinted at, though, in a credits sequence utilizing David Hockney's paintings and background music by a jazz ensemble made up of "names" such as Hubert Laws, Shelly Manne, others with. Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Bill Cosby, and Richard Pryor, directed by Herbert Ross. 1978.

Camelot — It is not altogether easy to do an unfavorable review of a picture such as this one, which is the story of the Arthurian legends. One might say that it is a bit of a cliché, but all of whom engage in some intense competition to exhibit the most sensitive eyes, brows, lips, nostrils. Directed by Joshua Logan, who spreads pie-dish hater-scholar, 1967.

Cable — Reviewed this issue. With Sean Connery, Brooke Adams, and Danny De La Paz, directed by Richard Lester.

Center 3 Cinema 1: La Jolla Village, LA Cinema 2.

Dracula — It might have proved a viable idea to emphasize the local-people (and their) and somewhat of the DRACULA story, identifying the Count as an object of male sex and his enemy. But the idea, if that's what the idea indeed was, is lost in general turmoil — the swirling atmospheric, the thunder, the overcasted settings in John Williams' musical score, the misleadingly Russell-sh handling of a lunatic asylum. Director John Badham, who ushered John Travolta to sex symbol

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The Electric Horseman — essaying movie is lingered on longer than the uttering, drawn-out, drawn-out approach to Hollywood. Much has been made of the fact that the actors themselves play and sing the music. But while

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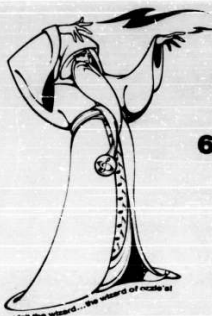
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Section 3/Classifieds

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WOOD BURNING or coal French antique stove including pipe and pipe for installation. \$200. 297-1088.

HIDEAWAYS. Never used. Finest quality fabric. Handmade. Also contemporary occasional table, samples at great savings. Home and garden furnishings, wholesale showroom. 1517 N. Cuyamaca, El Cajon. 449-7818.

RANGE. Ultra deluxe combo. Oven below, dishwasher above. 220V. Combination stove top, yellow. \$550. 960-4670.

18" ZENITH remote control color TV. \$150. 1 year guarantee. 25" Zenith color TV, console. \$150. 1 year guarantee. 454-8918.

GARAGE SALE. Complete bedroom set. Handwood dr. & black and white portable TV. Many real to real. Buy 10 and get 10 and other items. Saturday, January 12, 9am-12. 1807 Main St., Pacific Beach.

WATERBED. 3 months old. Queen size with padded frame and headboard. Access: seamless mattress, matching Caladell comforter and linen, safety pad, heating unit. Originally \$950, must sacrifice at \$500. 449-7302.

ANTIQUE OAK DINING and kitchen tables. 15 restaurant, and ready for free delivery. All priced under \$500. 449-8513.

5-PIECE DREXEL corner group. 3-drawer dresser, 7-drawer hutch chest. Like new. Must see to appreciate. \$150. 449-3711.

LOVE SEAT and chair (1 year old). Table with 2 hardwood chairs. Kingsize waterbed. 226-1981.

LOUIS & JOANNA'S Dance & Modeling Disco. World Enterprises presents open house gold sale. 50-55 percent off. 1401 gold, costume jewelry. For that special Valentine. 224-9998 or 265-0541.

USED CRIB and almost new mattress, both for \$40. 436-9010 in Encinitas.

VITA-MIX 3000 JUICER and commercial quality blender for sale, very good, and has 2 years of warranty left. \$175. 436-9010, Encinitas.

MUST SELL. Decorator hideout, brand new, soft and comfy, \$550 value, will go \$280. Must see to appreciate value. Lynn 449-7818 days 18 5.

ANTIQUE OAK dresser with carvings and mirror. \$325. commode \$115 with 3 drawers and 2 doors, looking with long wall mirror. \$299. All excellent. 277-2488.

KENMORE ELECTRIC dryer, perfect condition. \$225. corner bed set. \$25. color TV. 291-8382 or 276-8283.

ANTIQUE BURLED walnut display case. \$800. job heater. \$35. gold center pin. \$150. trade comparable value to antique dealer. crystal chandelier. 436-3710.

OR. CL. TRANSCOVER, never used. \$30. 270-9512.

GORGEOUS, authentic Japanese kimono for only \$250. 281-7128.

HI FI RADIO CRAFTSMEN antique vacuum-tube type radio and amplifier with chrome chassis, original instructions, schematics, tubes, etc. 442-1416.

MAGNATE VIBRATOR. 1908 antique, perfect condition, in original anti-rust case (well-ventilated), with attachments. One of earliest electrical appliances ever made. \$110. 436-1782.

RATTAN DAY BED, handmade in Hawaii, over 100 years old, excellent. 291-8382 or 276-2914.

QUEENSIZE WATERBED. 3 months old, must sacrifice. Has padded frame and headboard, seamless mattress, matching Caladell comforter and linen, heater. Originally \$600, now \$330. 449-7302.

KENMORE CLOTHES dryer, rebuilt and in good condition, not pretty. \$40. 297-1176.

WHEELCHAIR, excellent. \$125. electric hand motor. \$6. Reverse handles. \$15. several rockers. \$45. Sears black and white TV. \$30. large print \$50. \$25. 477-1573.

CLOTHES CLOSET, extra large, excellent condition. \$50. telescopic couch, Lazy-Boy chair, both for \$50. 223-0885.

ORANGE CONICAL, fireplace, 3 section pipe and elbow. 71/2". \$135. 281-7834.

TYPEWRITER. Royal Model 10, portable electric and case, like new, cost \$250, sell for \$125. 950-4005.

DISPLAY for trade show, solid construction, portable, double doors, paginated display area, electric lighting, storage cabinet, light wood paneling, 10' wide x 8' high, \$100. 275-1838 or 960-1131.

SINGLE BED, complete with mattress and chest of drawers. \$30. 607-7953.

G.E. WASHER, dryer, refrigerator, long-life bed, \$50 each. Moving sale. 950-0372.

30" GAS RANGE, frostless refrigerator, both with 2-speed heater like, gas fireplace like, electric lawn-mower. 275-2430.

CHILD'S WATERBED, 42" long, used twice, like new. \$35. Camo game with stand, like new. \$15. 274-8889.

SLEEPING BAG, brand new, 3 lb. weight, bargain. \$15. 2 insulated vests, large size, brand new, bargain. \$12 each; genuine Denim Rumple, beautiful design. \$12. 757-2900.

TYPEWRITER in perfect condition. Smith Corona Select model with a new ribbon—\$990 paid and carrying case. \$40 firm. 461-2590.

LIVESTOCK POWER BOAT, \$3000 cash. Find your riding buddy. No engine, but nice living space in San Diego Bay for 1 or 2 people. 453-2172.

DINING ROOM SUITE, oak, table and 6 chairs, china cabinet, buffet, good condition. 278-5091 after 5pm or weekends.

RADIO, LOYDS solid state, 8 multiband, \$40. clothes closet, very large, excellent condition, with sliding doors. \$50. 224-6717.

ROLLAWAY BED for sale. \$35. 270-7877 evenings.

REAL ESTATE salesperson's basic supplies: briefcase, tape measure, etc. Some items never used. 288-7344.

OAK SIDEBOARD, with mirror, 4 drawers, 2 doors, 1 shelf. Must sell. \$330. Donna 273-8063.

BOOKSHELVES, beautiful walnut stained wall unit, staggered shelves, contemporary design, perfect for stereo, TV, albums, and books. Must sell. \$200. 453-8514.

SHOES. Wholesale retail, all types. Men, women, children, boots and athletic shoes, too. Cancellations, discounts, below dealer cost. Quantity buyer opportunity! Rite Shoe Jobbers, 1517 N. Cuyamaca, El Cajon. 449-7818.

SHOW CHAIRS \$20. Blue rack \$15. Boating gear: Canoeing above \$15. Lumber \$10. Coat \$10. 4 dividers chairs \$50. Industrial shop-light \$50. Heater \$12. 205-4028.

TOSHIBA COLOR REMOTE TV, still in box \$300. 15" radio \$50, slide projector \$10, globe \$5, lawn bag chair \$5. 238-7008.

SINGLE BED, box springs, mattress, and frame. Excellent condition. \$30. 266-9598 or 453-1728.

DRINKING WATER PURIFIER. Don't pay for your pure water by the gallon when you can have your own Reverse Osmosis purifier. Never used. \$95. 278-8555.

1/4" SOCKET SET, 11 pieces, 3/16" to 1/2", 1/2" ladder, dark brown, saddle seat, size 12. \$11. 5 Oak printer knolls, single beds, rosewood handles, excellent. \$10. 273-4955.

40-GALLON AQUARIUM with accessories, fish, ten 1 Undergravel and outside filter. \$15. gallon also tank. All just \$225. 273-2200. 297-3282, 283-4586.

OAK ANTIQUES. 2 barby-head chairs. \$300. dresser with beveled mirror. \$215. 222-9404 or 222-8418.

UNITED NATIONS Association Gift shop in Balboa Park has imaginative gifts from every area of the world. Open weekdays 10-4; weekends 10-5.

QUANT OLD DEER CLOCK, electric Hammond-synchronous, runs perfect. \$15. trailer for a VW Bug, all the parts but needs some work. \$5. 282-0264.

WASHING MACHINE, built for commercial use, works well. \$40. electric dryer, 200V, 2 years old, as new. \$90. we cannot see either machine. 455-5253.

MINI. GORGEOUS scarf of four whole skins each 30 inches long. Drapes & wrap it, dangle it, 50 inches of luxurious glamour. \$150. 278-9955 mornings.

AMERICAN AIRLINES ticket good for one way to Philadelphia. Can use up to Feb. 4th. 200. San 270-2644.

COLDSPOT FREEZER from Sears. 21 cu. ft., chest type, works great. \$200. \$611 like new, white brushed steel, good condition. \$20. 940-2552.

BAGNET with mattress and liner, good condition. \$15. 444-6760.

Moving Sale: Sears stove, couch and chair, metal shelves. 4 (300-14) tires. 2 (175-14) tires. 2 (13) tires. Custom 4-speed transmission. 2838 48th Street. 383-4743 after 5pm.

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| Men's Casual PANTS Reg. to \$28 \$9.99 Save \$18.01 | Men's Long & Short Sleeve SHIRTS Reg. to \$22 \$9.99 Save \$12.01 |
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QUALITY • HAND PRINTED \$700 \$1095
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round top, 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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QUEEN SIZE BED headboard and frame
\$20. Lumber and hardware. 18" x 30" x 30"
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DRESSER WITH MIRROR. Contemporary
style. Excellent condition. 18" x 30" x 30"
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enclosure. Deluxe model. 18" x 30" x 30"
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TOASTMASTER continuous-cake toaster
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automatic timer and signal light. 753-4533

SEARS ATAIR. Television plus three
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TREE. Star. Healthy. 5' x 8" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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BRAND NEW HIDEAWAY. Roomy and
modern. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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SUPER 8 MOVIE PROJECTOR. GAF. Also
camera. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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19 PORTABLE TV with stand. Three years
old. In excellent condition. 28" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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PLANTS AND POTS. Gardening. 18" x 30" x 30"
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CHIFFON. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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ANTIQUE. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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MAHON. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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WATERED. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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SOFABED. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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CONTEMPORARY TABLES at wood brand
new \$150. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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CHEWEL. BEDSPREAD \$175. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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GREAT BYTES. Audio makers on sale. 18" x 30" x 30"
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2 PAIR OF SUPER-SLIPPER. 18" x 30" x 30"
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YARD EQUIPMENT. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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NEW SEARS BO SPRINGS and mattress
18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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SOFA AND CHAIR. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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WINE. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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DRIVER. Kenmore electric clothes dryer. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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MUST SELL. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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ENDTABLE with top of storage media. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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NEW HYPNOTIC glass ceramic cooking
countertop-burner unit. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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SLEEPER. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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COFFEE table with matching and table. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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25" ZENTH COLOR GOLD LINE. 18" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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CHARPANT table. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
with 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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ATARI VIDEO COMPUTER system with
cassette tapes. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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CHEMEX. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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SEARS. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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TELEPHONE. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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EXTRA LARGE bag chair. 18" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30" x 30"
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CHILDREN'S PLAYHOUSE. 18" x 30" x 30"
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MINOLTA 35mm SLR camera, 118 lbs. heavy, automatic exposure control, camera case, 35mm film, new, \$125, used \$50. 455-1076.

SUPER 8 SOUND movie equipment, can run 514 XLR camera, ELMO 5100 D projector, 860 turner, tape, cases and accessories. Also, 860 turner, 860, used, \$100. 466-8074.

P. PHOTO ENLARGER, 4x5, with all accessories, excellent condition. \$100. 321-1553 or 239-4229.

NIKONOS 35mm lens, all extras, 2000 strobes, excellent condition. Tam 222-0005.

ZOOM LENS, brand new, 80-205mm, 1:4.5, bayonet mount, lightweight, with night lens and case. \$145. 486-6505 evenings or 560-7070 4250 days.

16 MM PROJECTOR, RCA 1600 auto threading, good condition, \$280 or 7 286-8053.

COLOR ENLARGER, Minolta Mod-11, 11x14, 11x17, 11x20, 11x24, 11x28, 11x32, 11x36, 11x40, 11x44, 11x48, 11x52, 11x56, 11x60, 11x64, 11x68, 11x72, 11x76, 11x80, 11x84, 11x88, 11x92, 11x96, 11x100, 11x104, 11x108, 11x112, 11x116, 11x120, 11x124, 11x128, 11x132, 11x136, 11x140, 11x144, 11x148, 11x152, 11x156, 11x160, 11x164, 11x168, 11x172, 11x176, 11x180, 11x184, 11x188, 11x192, 11x196, 11x200, 11x204, 11x208, 11x212, 11x216, 11x220, 11x224, 11x228, 11x232, 11x236, 11x240, 11x244, 11x248, 11x252, 11x256, 11x260, 11x264, 11x268, 11x272, 11x276, 11x280, 11x284, 11x288, 11x292, 11x296, 11x300, 11x304, 11x308, 11x312, 11x316, 11x320, 11x324, 11x328, 11x332, 11x336, 11x340, 11x344, 11x348, 11x352, 11x356, 11x360, 11x364, 11x368, 11x372, 11x376, 11x380, 11x384, 11x388, 11x392, 11x396, 11x400, 11x404, 11x408, 11x412, 11x416, 11x420, 11x424, 11x428, 11x432, 11x436, 11x440, 11x444, 11x448, 11x452, 11x456, 11x460, 11x464, 11x468, 11x472, 11x476, 11x480, 11x484, 11x488, 11x492, 11x496, 11x500, 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ROOMMATE FOR 2 bedrooms in Mission Valley. Pool, jacuzzi, recreation room. Respondent: \$225 includes all. See Brian 582-4705.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted to share 4 bedroom house in University City, pool, jacuzzi, tennis, and garage. Low rent. 452-1779.

I WILL SHARE a 4 bedroom, 2 bath house in Poway with a mature, unfurnished 2nd floor fireplace, extra 15 minutes from Kearny Mesa or Escondido. \$150 plus utilities. Jan 27-30-37.

ROOMMATE MALE or female unfurnished 2 bedroom apartment. \$125, 11 utilities, 32nd and Adams, available now. Must be over 21. See for information: 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Mature individual, graduate student/professional. Spacious 2 bedroom house. \$216 plus 13 utilities, 32nd and Adams, available now. Must be over 21. See for information: 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Prefer graduate student or serious student over 22, responsible. Share trailer home with female. No drugs. 282-7996 keep trying.

HOUSEMATE NEEDED to share Caroll Creek condo, good jacuzzi, volleyball, 13 minutes from San Diego. Female non-smoker wanted. Vets. 241 Caroll. Call 482-9207. Own room \$100 per month.

FEMALE ROOMMATE needed for large 4 bedroom house in Mira Mesa. 482-9207. Washer/dryer, small dog considered. 271-6992.

FEMALE ROOMMATE for 3 bedroom condominium located in Poway. Suite 4. Graduate. Commute offers many amenities. Own bedroom, room, parking. 8471 plus utilities & security. 582-4843.

WANTED: NONSMOKING, semi-vegetarian (no heavy meats) to share 2 bedroom house in Mira Mesa. Must have quiet, easy-going lifestyle. Furnished \$175 per month. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Male or female to share my fully furnished, 1 bedroom house in Pacific Beach. Prefer non-smoker. Responsible. \$120 per month. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share 3 bedroom house in Hillcrest. Vegetarian, mediator, eyes open! 282-7151.

ROOMMATE NEEDED quiet & responsible. 2 bedrooms, 2 bath, 2nd floor, 2nd floor, 2nd floor. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE: "EDDIE" to share 2 bedroom house in University Heights area. Beautiful, quiet canyon view. \$125 per month. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share a second bedroom in a lovely house on top of Mt. Carmel in Ocean Beach. From new through May only. \$125. Non-smoker. 282-7151.

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ROOMMATE WANTED to share 2 bedroom house in Poway. All amenities. Commute offers many amenities. Must be responsible. 582-4843.

FEMALE ROOMMATE to share 3 bedroom house in University City, pool, jacuzzi, tennis, and garage. Low rent. 452-1779.

I WILL SHARE a 4 bedroom, 2 bath house in Poway with a mature, unfurnished 2nd floor fireplace, extra 15 minutes from Kearny Mesa or Escondido. \$150 plus utilities. Jan 27-30-37.

ROOMMATE MALE or female unfurnished 2 bedroom apartment. \$125, 11 utilities, 32nd and Adams, available now. Must be over 21. See for information: 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Mature individual, graduate student/professional. Spacious 2 bedroom house. \$216 plus 13 utilities, 32nd and Adams, available now. Must be over 21. See for information: 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Prefer graduate student or serious student over 22, responsible. Share trailer home with female. No drugs. 282-7996 keep trying.

HOUSEMATE NEEDED to share Caroll Creek condo, good jacuzzi, volleyball, 13 minutes from San Diego. Female non-smoker wanted. Vets. 241 Caroll. Call 482-9207. Own room \$100 per month.

FEMALE ROOMMATE needed for large 4 bedroom house in Mira Mesa. 482-9207. Washer/dryer, small dog considered. 271-6992.

FEMALE ROOMMATE for 3 bedroom condominium located in Poway. Suite 4. Graduate. Commute offers many amenities. Own bedroom, room, parking. 8471 plus utilities & security. 582-4843.

WANTED: NONSMOKING, semi-vegetarian (no heavy meats) to share 2 bedroom house in Mira Mesa. Must have quiet, easy-going lifestyle. Furnished \$175 per month. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Male or female to share my fully furnished, 1 bedroom house in Pacific Beach. Prefer non-smoker. Responsible. \$120 per month. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share 3 bedroom house in Hillcrest. Vegetarian, mediator, eyes open! 282-7151.

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3 ROOMMATES needed for lovely 4 bedroom house in Poway. All amenities. Commute offers many amenities. Must be responsible. 582-4843.

POSITIVE minded, quiet, working adults seeking own room & bath exchange for light housekeeping. Please contact: 482-9207.

2 M/F TO SHARE a 3 bedroom house in the heart of San Diego. Non-smokers, responsible, nice, quiet, and mature. \$100. 1/11 utilities plus \$50 deposit. 282-7151.

FEMALE OR MALE non-smoker needed for 4 bedroom house in Mira Mesa. All amenities. \$195 plus utilities and security. Call only if responsible. 582-4843.

SHARE SPACIOUS apartment! Pacific Beach. \$80/month. No pets. Central. Call: 482-9207.

QUIET, NONSMOKING, female college student looking for room to rent in Mission Hills. Own room. 582-7205.

HOUSEMATE WANTED to share 3 bedroom house in Carlsbad. Over 21, no cigarette. \$110 per month & 1/11 utilities. 482-9207.

FEMALE HOUSEMATE to share mansion on Presidio Park. Own bedroom, bath, spacious grounds. Must be non-smoker. Rent \$177. 1/11 utilities. 482-9207.

2 OR 3 NONSMOKERS wanted to share 3 bedroom 4 bedroom house with 28 year old male. Available late December. 282-7151.

FEMALE ROOMMATE preferred, non-smoking, graduate student/professional. Suite 4. Graduate. Commute offers many amenities. Own bedroom, room, parking. 8471 plus utilities & security. 582-4843.

ROOMMATE NEEDED to share large 2 bedroom apartment in La Mesa. Pool, jacuzzi, game room, nice grounds. \$157 plus 13 utilities. 482-9207.

ROOMMATE WANTED to share large 2 bed room house in Ocean Beach with ocean view. \$150 per month & 1/11 utilities. 224-6557.

EMPLOYED NONSMOKER share 3 bedroom, 2 bath house. "Tropical" culture. Trade housekeeping for some rent! Live US! \$189 monthly. 11 utilities. 1/11 utilities. 282-7151.

ROOMMATE (E) wanted to share 3 bedroom house in Hillcrest. Vegetarian, mediator, eyes open! 282-7151.

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WANTED 2 MALES to share 3 bedroom, 1 bath furnished apartment home. Prefer male students. No pets. 482-9207.

POSITIVE minded, quiet, working adults seeking own room & bath exchange for light housekeeping. Please contact: 482-9207.

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interested in nutrition, fitness, and counseling people. Intelligent females. 25-40, with a computer service and heating, apply to: Steve Babin 225-1489.

THE WINSIGHT program of human resources management and development needs. Computer training. Extensive application. Opportunity to learn to learn to learn. 282-7151.

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS? Female college students, choose your own 3-day work week. Good location, easy access. \$185/month. 482-9207.

FEMALE ROOMMATE needed at quiet, country home in Lakeside, great room with small bath. \$150 plus 1/11 utilities (37% security deposit). 482-9207.

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