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City Lights



Lou Stein

Game Of The Name

"You know North Island on Coronado? Well, what the hell ever happened to South Island?" Lou Stein demands with mischievous glee. "Did you know there was a South Island?" Hee, hee, hee. Lou Stein knows. "And what about Ramona?" He pauses dramatically. "Did you know that Ramona was named by default?" Yes, Lou Stein knows.

He knows how a member of the Fortolita expedition christened Encinitas with the Spanish words for "place of little oaks," and he knows where National City acquired its appellation (in the early 1800s, the Mexican government granted her as a cattle on "El Rancho de la Nación," a label later Anglicized by the area's developers). "I'm a name scholar," Stein says.

"Actually, I prefer to be called a name historian." A scholar by training, Stein moved to San Diego during the Second World War and quickly directed a lifelong interest in etymology into the local name puzzle. Upon retirement in 1971, he worked full time on solving them. "My aim was to get 1000. But after three years I had reached only 300, and I decided it might take another two years to pick up the extra 200." So the fruits of his efforts were published in 1975 in a volume called *San Diego County Place-Names*, now in its third printing.

Stein also lectures on that subject thirty-five to fifty times a year, and occasionally teaches it in even greater depth he's conducting an extension course on the subject at San

Diego State, for example. His audiences get a visual treat along with the volleys of information. Stein favors wearing shorts, and his small, thin body contrasts with a head which is large and weathered and accented with facial hair, a trim mustache, two dark ridges of eyebrows. Even at home, a tree-enshrouded hideaway just north of Balboa Park, he plays lecturer. "Place names are of four types," he declares, gesturing to a yellow posterboard bearing neat handwriting, which stands in the middle of his dining room.

Number one on Stein's poster, the biggest category, is physical description, which accounts for the names of local places ranging from Agua Caliente ("hot water") to Pine Valley. Stein says only one percent of all the county's place names still in use derive from Indian words; he compares to thirty percent Spanish words and sixty-nine percent

"Yankee," but all the Indian names describe physical characteristics, such as Jamul (variously translated as "slimy water," "place where antelope drink water," and "Joan or lather") and Poway (originally *poway*, meaning "place where the valley ends").

People, including twelve male and six female saints, are the second biggest source of local place names. ("Take Thing Valley [south of Mount Laguna], for example. It's got quite a story to it. It was settled by two Webb brothers whose family name had originally been Hogg. They didn't like that so they went in court to get

the name changed. The judge agreed, and asked them what they wanted instead. They didn't know, so they answered, 'Anything!' So the judge thought about it and decided to make it 'Thing'."

"Or take Grossmont," Stein suggests. That East County neighborhood was named after the partner of Colonel Edward Fletcher, an actor named William Gross, with whom Fletcher hoped to develop the area into an artist's colony. Stein also loves the tale behind the naming of Santee. "It's the whole history of a marriage," he exclaims. In his account, a rancher named George Cowles first owned the area, but he died and his widow remarried Milton Santee, the developer of Ramona. When the townsite was ready to acquire a post office, many residents favored crediting Cowles, but Mrs. Santee successfully lobbied to christen the place after her second husband.

Ramona falls into Stein's third category, that of names transferred to local places from other sources. In the case of the East County town, the Santa Maria Water and Land Company dubbed the place Ramona after the Indian heroine of poet as novelist Helen Hunt Jackson. But the United States Post Office

rejected the name because a Los Angeles County town had already claimed it. Only when that LA area town went defunct did the name become available again. "See, Ramona got the name by default," Stein means happily.

He seems to relish names generated in his fourth category, miscellaneous. "Among this type you have coined names. Fletcher, for example, invented the Solana of Solana Beach by taking 'sol' (for sun) and 'ana,' a Spanish ending. By the way, there's a motel up there called the Anas. That's Solana spelled backward!" he says. He digresses to mention that at least two towns in San Diego County bore names drawn from words spelled backward: Rades and Tulinaw. But both places have now vanished.

"Oceans" is another coined name. That's a neighborhood on the border between Oceanside and La Costa. There you have Oaxkana. What a terrible name! That's an area in the Cuyamaca State Park that has a lot of oak and manzanita. So they put 'em together. Cute. They named the town after him!"

"By the way, you may be interested to know that San Diego County has two tautologues. First, there's Agua Caliente Hot Springs. But *aguacaliente* means hot springs, so the name is 'Hot Springs Hot Springs.'" he chortles. Stein adds that similar mistakes dot the globe: the Niger River, ("That's River River since Niger means river"), the Sahara Desert, the Avon River in England. He says the other

local example is the El Prado Meadow in the Laguna region. He delights in the surprises. Rose Canyon, for example, was named after prominent citizen Louis Rose, rather than after any floral features. And North Island used to be an island in the days before a Navy landfill project reduced the effects of the high tides which used to flood the Strand and separate North from South islands. He recounts the human stories behind the names that dot the map — like Rainbow, a small town up near Fallbrook.

Stein says, "John Rainbow was a big shot," a former county supervisor whose "residence and county service, however, were somewhat brief." When state officials carved Riverside County out of San Diego County in 1893, Rainbow's ranch ended up straddling the line, with the house in Riverside County and the barn in San Diego County. Stein says Rainbow resigned as supervisor, contending that he had no intention of living in his barn.

Although Stein devoted not to trace street names ("That could take a lifetime"), he does throw out one interesting footnote on the designations of local thoroughfares. "Point Loma has the authors going from Addison to Zola streets, then they start all over again with Alcott but only go up to L [for Lynton] and stop." Stein quips, "Decca knows that the lettered streets downtown also stop at L7. And so do the bird streets [Alburtus through Lark] in Mission Hills. Isn't that something!"

Since Stein regards his place-name book as definitive, he now has turned his efforts to compiling a dictionary of American family names, a project now almost a quarter completed. Though the place-name work may be finished, Stein's encounters with the public constantly generate new material. "When I lecture, if ten people ask me questions about names, five will be challenges. Recently, this old guy got up and said 'I beg to differ with you on how Julian got its name.' He was quite bellicose about it. He said, 'My grandfather lived in Julian for years, and he always told me that the most famous mestizo in Julian had a cool named Julian. Nobody could fry potatoes like him! And the people loved him so much that they named the town after him!'" (Stein sticks to his account, which says that the town was named after a mining recorder for the gold mine established on that site.)

— J.D.

Union Shuts Down Clip Joint

Up until last week, the Union-Tribune Publishing Company provided one of the county's more valuable research services available to the public: an extensive clipping file that extended back nearly to the earliest issues of both the morning and evening papers. That service, though, was quietly discontinued last week, causing more than a little inconvenience to local amateur historians, students, and casual researchers.

Public access to the clipping library — called a " morgue " in newspaper parlance — had become something of a tradition even before the two newspapers moved into the modern glass-and-brick building in Mission Valley six years ago. Interested readers were allowed to enter the lobby, sign a guest register (while being scrutinized by a uniformed security guard), take an elevator to the fourth floor of the five-story building, follow a carpeted hallway, and arrive finally in an office furnished with file cabinets, counters, microfilm projection screens, and, for the patrons, a large conference table upon which could be set the clippings that had been checked out.

According to Gerald Warren, editor of the *Union*, the decision to close the library to the public was made about two months ago. The primary reasons given for the closing, were that the service was taking up too much staff time and that the space used by the library patrons could be better used by the library personnel, whose main job it is to provide background information to *Union* and *Tribune* reporters and to maintain back issues for the publisher's archives.

The library had been serving, on the average, ten to twenty people each day, between nine o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. The majority of those facing adversity of the service were students, a slightly smaller number were professional people, such as attorneys. The smallest group were the information-seeking citizens who may have only used the service once or twice for their own enrichment. The average number of users has remained fairly constant during the past three years.

The library did not charge for its service; however, there was a fee of fifty cents for each sheet of photocopied material. That rather steep price (elsewhere photocopying can be done for about one-tenth

that cost) was instituted not for profit but rather to discourage the more Xerox-happy among the researchers. Also, frequent trips to the library's photocopying machine by the library staff simply took time and effort that, the newspaper hierarchy felt, more rightly should have been directed toward the library's foremost function: aiding the reporters. (The library keeps a list of all its requests; the current lists reveal that the library receives about 550 calls weekly for information from the news reporters.)

The news clippings themselves are filed by subject

(for example, San Diego Zoo, 1968 to present), relieving the researcher of first foraging through an index. The Union-Tribune library, though, was the only facility in the county where one could actually see the clips, neatly accessioned from each issue. Other places that maintain copies of back issues of the *Union* are the libraries at San Diego State and UCSD. These copies, though, are on microfilm, and a researcher must first locate the particular story he wants in an index, which is prepared by the downtown public library on E Street, which also maintains

microfilm back issues. An employee of the downtown library, Joanne Johnson, who works in the California Room on the second floor where the newspapers are indexed, said she was unaware that the newspaper's research service had been discontinued, and so had not developed any plans to deal with an increase in newspaper researchers at the public library.

One of the tasks of certain public library employees is to complete the index to the *San Diego Union (the Tribune is not indexed, nor is it transferred to microfilm, which is then sold to the*

universities. One problem for researchers, though, is that the index is updated infrequently, and someone looking for a news story, say, seven weeks old, would be hard pressed to locate it unless he remembered exactly in which issue the story appeared.

The *Union-Tribune* library not only has been closed to public requests in person, but also to requests made by telephone. Employees of the newspaper's library will attempt to answer brief inquiries or requests for copies of photographs which arrive through the mails.

— M.O.



Alberto Garcia, Jesse Laguna

What A Town Without City Can Do

The future benefits of the San Diego Trolley have been as fully exploited as one might expect for such a large undertaking. The trolley will bring more tourists to the city; it will provide convenient rapid transit for South Bay commuters; it will be a sleek addition to the redeveloping face of downtown San Diego.

Those benefits were abundantly celebrated at last weekend's unveiling of the bright-red trolley cars downtown, with helium balloons and stirring speeches.

But sixteen miles south of downtown, at the terminus of the trolley tracks in San Ysidro, the merchants are not celebrating the trolley's arrival. Many of these businessmen see the trolley as a losing proposition for them. They interpret the trolley as confirmation that San Ysidro — a community of 12,500 residents, which is wholly contained within the city limits of San Diego — is considered the stepchild of San Diego.

And for that reason, among others, they want to accomplish something that may never have been done before in

California — to deannex a significant section of a city from its parent body.

The chairman of the nine-member committee to detach San Ysidro from San Diego is Alberto Garcia, a business consultant whose office is on East San Ysidro Boulevard. "The trolley was meant to serve the downtown merchants," says Garcia.

"They want to attract the tourist downtown, then send him to Tijuana on the trolley so he doesn't have to drive through San Ysidro, then pick him up at the border after he's spent all his money and take him back downtown."

What may even be worse for the San Ysidro merchants is that the trolley will also be taking Mexican shoppers from Tijuana to the planned Horton shopping center downtown. This is an important concern in San Ysidro, because Mexican

shoppers constitute eighty percent of the buyers who trade in San Ysidro, says Jesse Laguna, a businessman and associate of Garcia and secretary of the deannexation committee. (That percentage comes from a 1979 study by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce.) "If you pick up the people from Tijuana at the border," says Laguna, "and offer them the trolley ride north, they'll start doing all their retail shopping at the South Bay shopping centers in Chula Vista or at the stores downtown. They're human beings. They want to select from a large choice of beautiful things. They want to see big, pretty buildings."

The trolley tracks skirt around the San Ysidro business district along San Ysidro Boulevard by following Bever Boulevard almost to the border. Bever Boulevard is a wide, underpopulated strip of road lined with apartment buildings, industrial parks, and an infrequent convenience market. There are three trolley stops planned for San Ysidro when the trolley

begins operation next summer, but only the terminus is anywhere near local businesses.

One might assume, though, that the damage is done, as far as the location of the trolley is concerned; if business is going to be lost because of it, not much can be done about it now. There are motels that might suffer (the San Ysidro, the Flamingo, El Torcador), shopping centers that might be hurt (the Plaza Mayor center on Camino de la Plaza, which includes a Miller's Outpost, Srago's Drugs, Alpha Beta, and a dozen specialty shops; and a smaller center, anchored by a Safeway and a Long's Drugs on San Ysidro Boulevard near Interstate 805), and individual shops throughout the area that might lose business. So what could deannexation do for San Ysidro to reverse the perceived damage to its retail income?

"We cannot stop the trolley," Laguna admits. "It has been mandated by the state." What incorporation as an independent city would do, says Laguna, would be to give the citizens of the border village a direct say in the future, more control over tourist promotion, a chance to operate a school system where Mexican-American children (the community is eighty percent Hispanic) are taught English at the earliest possible level. "Actually, the list of things Laguna thinks the City of San Ysidro could accomplish is as long as it is grandiose. But implementation of any program is barricaded by a long process of deannexation, a process whose walls seem at times impenetrable."

San Ysidro has tried to deannex itself without success, once before in 1974. Annexation laws are highly volatile because of their direct effect on the citizens, and are subject to frequent change by politicians. Most of the salient requirements for deannexation today were also in effect six years ago. One of those requirements was that the residents of the area to be detached must present a petition signed by twenty percent of that area's voters in favor of the move. That petition must then be presented to the county Land Area Formation Council (LAFCO).

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Foot In It

"Thank you for the thorough and snappy 'short story' in the October 2 issue of the Reader ('Run and Groove Sane' Maybe?'). I am especially impressed with the accuracy and care with which it is written and in that spirit I would add:

1. We do not own this house. It is owned by the Kessler family. When we rented this house we had no idea that IART would grow or anything of that nature. It is a lovely home but we are now in violation of our lease agreement with the Kesslers, as our two children now spend equal time with us.

2. My 'return' to the non who did not appreciate my change from the obese, bearded psychiatrist was totally in my own mind. I was too nonplussed to do anything much except goggle and mumble something as I shifted from one foot to another.

3. The third sex consists of women who have consciously chosen to cease menstruating—usually associated with long-distance running. In addition, they usually have associated dietary and behavioral changes. They are thin, active and vibrantly healthy. It is a remarkable change. Since the article, another has contacted me. She, too, finds her freedom from the hormonal and associated emotional cycle of

menstruation to be positive. It is possible that this 'condition' is one of the available choices to women that has been submerged in the 10,000 years of agriculture and urbanization. It is curious to note that slavery and human sacrifice are associated with the beginnings of agriculture, and that the first victims were women and children.

Letters

Agriculture demanded that someone tend the fields—sacrificing their mobility. That tendency appeared to develop until the deliberate crippling of women, as in foot binding. It evolved into the foot-fetishistic erotic attachment to high heels and the manifest display of crippling associated with the gait and postures of women who willingly accept their nonmobile slave status.

Recognizing The Chair

In an otherwise interesting article on the cost of textbooks ('City Lights,' October 2), Mark Orsini has mislabeled the economics department at SDSU. The pertinent paragraph includes a

number of factual errors and a distasteful implication. Errors are: 1) Professor Venturis is not department chairman. 2) The chairman did not (nor did anyone else) suggest that any particular book be required. 3) The book in question is not a supplemental book; 4) the economics department permits all instructors, including temporary and part-time, to select the text of their choice.

The implication that the department (or any member of the faculty) uses coercion to increase sales of any particular book is totally false. The facts could easily have been gathered by talking with me, and a smug on our reputation thus avoided.

Robert Buckley, chairman
Department of Economics
San Diego State University

Mark Orsini replies:
Mr. Buckley is correct that Mr. Venturis is not department chairman. The confusion stems from the fact that the book's coauthor, Frederick Sebold, is a former department chairman. The information regarding the textbook Mr. Buckley mentions (Macroeconomic Model and Policy, \$22.95) came from an unimpeachable source who is enrolled in the economics class in which the book was assigned, and who has since verified his original comments.

Music To His Eyes

Congratulations to Jeff Smith and the Review on an article well done about the genius Harry Partch and his undeniably legacy ('The Partch Reconsiderations,' September 25).

By tackling head-on a complex subject few writers would touch—the politics of polytones—Smith let us experience the substance of life that which cannot be categorized. Thank you for the good vibes!

George Glider
San Diego

Intestinal Tract

Although this certainly seems to be an unpopular opinion, I think that Dunc and Steve are the greatest. Some may construe that as evidence that I am as opinionated and intolerant of mediocrity as they are; at least I hope so. It is the critic's job to digest the mass of "entertainment" that is constantly pumped through the public body, absorb those elements that have value, and eliminate the rest. I guess you could say that critics are the intestines of the entertainment world. Even though some of us (myself included) are, I'm sure

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Can you tell me where to find Oshkosh overalls in adult sizes? I can only find them in kids' sizes.

Sandy Jones
Enclines

I tried a couple of Western outfit stores, without success. You might write the company directly and ask which merchants in the country carry the overalls in adult size. The address is Oshkosh B Gosh Incorporated, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901 (telephone 414-231-8800).

Dear Matthew Alice:
I'm presently working on a book which I hope to have published. I would appreciate any information you could give me about publishing a book—who to see, what I need to have, etc.

Elizabeth Webster
North Park

Go to the downtown library and look through *The Writer's Handbook*, which is on reserve behind the librarian's desk in the literature section. In addition to listing markets of publication, the book contains articles intended to help the beginning writer. Some of these are "Manuscript Preparation and Submission," "Explore Your Own World," and of special interest to you, "The Role of the Literary Agent Today." Television has affected publishing like a shot of amphetamine. Almost everything to do with publishing is faster and more dense. About twice as many titles will be issued this year compared to ten years ago, and the production, distribution, and advertising of these new books must find approval with a public that



Illustration by Bob Cooper

selects entertainment with a dial. Editors who have no time to cultivate beginning authors have given the task over to agents. Assuming your book is nonfiction, you should finish one or two of the early chapters and write an outline of the remaining ones. A letter might interest an agent in reading your material. Agents are listed in the *Literary Market Place*, also on reserve at the library.

(With no intention to discourage you, I suggest you make better use of your dictionary. "Presently" means soon—not now. And you have made a grammatical error in your question, which I will not point out, as you would do better to find it yourself.)

Dear Matthew Alice:
When the doctor sends you to the lab for a CBC (complete blood count), what things are they able to test for or discover from the test? Also, what about an electrocardiogram (EKG)? What does that show the doctor?

Bill Taylor
San Diego

Although the number of cells varies with the individual's sex, psychological state, and general health, the normal count is five million red blood cells (RBCs or erythrocytes) and 7000 white blood cells (WBCs or leukocytes) in a cubic millimeter of blood. In general, a lower number of RBCs indicates anemia and a higher num-

ber indicates heart disease. Since WBCs defend the body against infecting organisms, a rise in their number usually indicates an infection, and sometimes an allergy. An extraordinary and prolonged rise in the number of WBCs is called leukemia. Until recently, a complete blood count required the laboratory technician actually to tally the cells in a microscopic sample and extrapolate the finished number. Now the work is done electronically by a Coulter counter or similar machine, which works in a matter of seconds.

An electrocardiogram is the drawing of a heartbeat made by a machine that traces electrical currents flowing through the muscle. The currents are traceable because a contracting muscle becomes negative, electrically speaking, in relation to other parts of the muscle that are still at rest. The original impulse for each heartbeat emanates from a spot in the right auricle known as the sino-auricular node. From here a wave spreads through the heart along fibers known as Purkinje's network. Changes from the normal pattern of electrical movement can be used to diagnose a heart attack, and the progress of recovery from a heart attack. Because it requires much practice to read an EKG, the impulses are sometimes transmitted via telephone equipment from the practitioner to the specialist.

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

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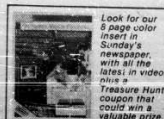
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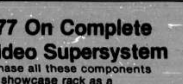
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From 5 to 9

(continued from page 1)

Once the customer leaves, Felipe puts the money into his pants pocket, without noticing that he forgot to zip up his fly, and resumes his I'm-not-here position. Every few minutes, though, he peeks around the corner of the fence to make sure his family is still sitting half a block down the street, enjoying the shade of a tree. Felipe might be alone on the corner, but his family is keeping an eye on him, especially the mother, who soon comes by. She doesn't like her boy talking to strangers.

Felipe speaks reluctantly. He only mumbles his first name and the price of his merchandise. He nods to indicate that yes, he is going to school. He extends five little fingers to indicate his age, while he tries to balance a quarter on the palm of his hand. His mother, also a bit reluctant, is the one who supplies most of the information as she puts her son's head, where a few weeks' growth of hair fails to cover some scars on the child's scalp.

Felipe's mother is a sturdy Indian woman in her early thirties, although at first glance she appears to be older. She wears several layers of clothing with very bright colors, the fashion among Indian women. All the members of the family sell chewing gum in the streets, she explains. With Felipe's entrance into the labor force, Mrs. Estrada Flores now has six children working. How does Felipe like his new job? The mother quickly answers that the boy loves selling gum. And Felipe? The boy looks at his mother, then lowers his eyes as he shrugs his shoulders. He doesn't know.

Understandably there are plenty of things Felipe doesn't know yet, but he will learn them eventually, as have the many other children of Tijuana who work in the streets selling everything, from newspapers to flowers. He'll learn that he is not allowed to sell in Tijuana's streets and that legally he won't be able to do so until he is eighteen years old. He'll also learn that he can be detained by police if he is caught selling; they will take the merchandise away from him and they will reprimand his parents. If he is unfortunate enough to be apprehended, he, like the majority of the working children here, will be back on the streets as soon as he gets out of *Comisaria*

de Policia. But just like the other kids, he will learn a way to forestall all that trouble, and that is to avoid any individual who does not strike him as a potential customer.

That is the technique Marcelo has almost mastered. Marcelo, a child of about seven, sells necklaces along Avenida Revolución. He carries five of them cushioned in a white handkerchief, thus giving his merchandise the treatment any piece of jewelry deserves, no matter its value. The necklaces are a cheap imitation of the American Indian, silver-and-turquoise style, a type of jewelry that sells well among Americans. Marcelo moves fast, weaving in and out of the crowds of tourists along the sidewalk. A quick glance tells him who is likely to buy and he immediately approaches that individual. "Do you like this?" he says as he shows the jewelry under a tourist's nose.

Along with the experienced salesman's sense that allows him to spot potential customers, Marcelo has developed a sensitivity that any minor working in Tijuana must have if he wants to survive, at least in the downtown area. That invisible antenna detects the *inspectores*, who every day patrol the downtown area in an effort to cut down the number of children working in these streets. "We comb Revolution daily

with our body of inspectors, but the children already know them and run away from them," said Jorge-Gildardo Lopez, city councilman for Tijuana's ninth district. "But a little while later the children are back."

The City of Tijuana is interested in keeping the young hawks out of the streets because, according to Lopez, "They spoil the image." Lopez said that the city and the downtown merchants have invested a lot of time and money to change the image of Tijuana, to make it more appealing to the American tourist. The young salesmen peddling odd merchandise detract from the image of order and professionalism that Tijuana is trying to project. Perhaps more importantly, these young kids siphon off a lot of business from the established merchants. In fact, Lopez said that often it is the downtown merchants themselves who tip off inspectors about the presence of young salesmen in the area.

Although the children working along Revolution might recognize most of the inspectors, they still keep an eye out for any new faces. Besides general appearance, the individual's questions are a sign for the child to run away. Often, two questions are one too many, especially if they are not related to the price of the merchandise. The children have been taught by their parents to deal with potential customers only.

Which is what Marcelo does. Among the lot of noisy people he tries to avoid, he includes reporters. He is not on the street to tell anybody his name, age, or the reason why he is there. He means business only. Still, Marcelo is quite young and, at least, he can be persuaded to stay and talk. However, at that point something strange happens—within a few seconds, a flock of hawks, all under ten, surround Marcelo and physically try to pull him away from the stranger. Some are friends, some are relatives. Marcelo's mother also comes by, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking.

But Marcelo apparently is too scared to run. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking. "Tell her you don't know your name," a girl in the group orders Marcelo. She is a couple of years older than he is, but she does not stop. With a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, she tells her boy to run away, and she keeps on walking.

She turns around quickly and runs across the street to her mother, who for a

while didn't say a word moments before. Marcelo's sister waits a quarter, too.

The city's problem of unlicensed salesmen in downtown Tijuana goes beyond the limits of age. A tourist strolling around Revolution is likely to be approached by ten, twenty, or even thirty hawks of all ages, who sell a wide variety of merchandise. Yet the City of Tijuana gives permits only to a limited number of Indian women (commonly known as *Marías*), and only for the sale of paper flowers along Revolución. "But sometimes these women bring their children along because they don't have a place to leave them," Councilman Lopez said. The city no longer issues permits for street sales except in the very outskirts of Tijuana, but obviously this restriction has had negligible effects.

Isabel Garrido is one of the children who has grown up in the streets; she sells paper flowers along Revolución. Her mother makes them at home; in the afternoon she, Isabel, and two more daughters head downtown with the colorful bouquets. By the end of the day each of them will have sold five or six.

Isabel doesn't remember exactly when she began to sell flowers. She says she believes she has been doing it for about six or seven years, which means she's been working almost all her life; she is eight years old. The experience has produced a sharp, fast-working girl. She has an eye for clients, and while she collects the money from one, she already knows who to approach next.

Isabel sells her bouquets for two dollars each, and she gives half of what she makes to her mother. With the rest, "I buy myself something to eat," she says. She is coming from a food stand, a paper bag with tacos in one hand, a bouquet of flowers in the other. She does not waste any time, and peddles her flowers on her way to the stand and back. She does take time to say she's not going to school this year. "They didn't let me in," she says without elaborating.

She turns around quickly and runs across the street to her mother, who for a

while has been making gestures to the girl. Isabel's sister waits a quarter, too.

Child labor is not at all uncommon in this city. What may be uncommon, or at least unexpected, is the good attitude of Isabel, and most children in her situation, have toward their jobs. It's true that they are in the streets because they have to be—their families belong to the lowest economic class of Tijuana—but their comments clearly indicate that not only do they not mind working, they even enjoy their jobs and perform them with a conscientiousness that belies their age. It is an attitude that most middle-class Americans who visit Tijuana might find strange. But then, most Americans know very little about Tijuana.

Mercado Hidalgo is one of the places in downtown Tijuana where the American tourist does not venture. Just a few blocks east of Revolución on Calle Séptimo, the market houses a large number of food stands, where only flies outnumber the customers. Fruit is piled in a brick-layered fashion, forming colorful, eye-pleasing pyramids of tomatoes, papayas, mangos, avocados, and other tropical fruits. There are meat stands, fish stands, and a tortilla stand, where some ten women all standing up, prepare fresh tortillas over hot stoves. There are juice stands for a quick, refreshing drink while shopping, large glass jugs containing white rice water, orange juice, pale green lime juice, again in a brilliant array of colors. The market activity spills onto the sidewalk where portable stands display everything from parrots to snake skin, a remedy for headaches.

Gildardo Risoño doesn't even have a stand. He carries his merchandise in a tin bucket. Gildardo, an eight-year-old second grader, sells fresh cheese to the customers of Mercado Hidalgo. He carries the

cheese wrapped in wax paper, which he unfolds carefully so the customer can better appreciate the product. One dollar a piece.

Gildardo works seven days a week ("because I like it," he says), and still has time to go to school. He buys the cheese from el Señor Agustín, who has about ten more children selling the white, milky cakes around town. Gildardo makes thirty-three cents profit on each cheese he sells. On the average day he earns ninety cents, it is, he says, "For mom. Sometimes I keep a *propeta* (one U.S. quarter) and I put it in my savings account for when it comes in handy—shoes, pants." Despite his savings, Gildardo appears to need new shoes, new pants, new shirts, and much more. The older men that surround him as he talks ask that clothes be brought down from San Diego for Gildardo.

The activity at Mercado Hidalgo never seems to stop. The shoppers, however, do take a break at one of the small restaurants located within the market. There are three customers eating at the counter of one of them. Behind the counter, two young women cook and wash glasses, and behind the customers Luis Alvarez sweeps the aisle between the restaurant and the other stands.

Luis is eleven years old now, but he has been working six hours every day since he was seven. He sweeps, cleans, cooks, and serves the customers at his father's restaurant in the market. Luis may be the owner's son, but he has to work as hard as any other employee. He agrees to talk, but says he has to finish his work first. He sweeps the unpaved dirt floor briskly and then puts the pan and broom away neatly. "It makes sure that the two women behind the counter can do without his for a few minutes, and only then he sits down at a stool, ready to talk. He leans over eagerly, pressing his hands to his knees. He is a well-built boy dressed in an O.P. shirt and new corduroys. As he talks softly, with well-thought-out answers, he

keeps an eye on the movement at the other side of the counter.

Luis studies in the morning and works in the afternoon. He is now a third grader at Delencos de Baja California. Although he enjoys working, he prefers going to school. "I learn more things there," he says. Next to school, Luis says he likes helping them," he says, gesturing to the workers at the restaurant. There is another reason why he loves his job. "I like to make money," he says. He makes sixty pesos a day (\$2.50), but even as a merchant's son, he follows the common practice among Tijuana's working children: the money goes to the mother.

In an indirect way, his job at his father's restaurant is preparing Luis for what he wants to do when he grows up. He looks at a fruit stand across from the restaurant and explains that he wants to sell fruit when he is older, he enjoys dealing with people.

From the sidewalk just outside Luis's restaurant comes the sound of loud music. It blares from a small stand with tapes for sale, many of them out of the pirate, or bootleg, industry. The music is ranchera, whoops and accordions galore, but the stand sells pop and melodramatic Spanish music as well. In charge of the stand is Luis's friend Arturo Huerta. Arturo is a thirteen-year-old fourth grader who has been in the music business for several years. He is an outgoing boy who admits he wouldn't mind spending the afternoon playing with his friends. Yet he says he is happy to devote all his free time to his father's business. "I help him, but I don't get paid," he explains with no sign of resentment. "He gives me money to pay for my books."

Arturo may enjoy studying and playing, but he is already looking forward to having a real job, and already he has a specific one in mind. He says he wants to work in a softly, with well-thought-out answers, he

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From 5 to 9

(continued from page 9)

factory, at the same one where his older cousins are now working. Arturo doesn't know much about the job, except that the factory produces foam rubber. Nevertheless, he talks about it with excitement.

Arturo's realistic view of the future is common to most of the working children; they know what it means to work, to earn a living, and to them the future clearly seems to be a mere extension of the present. Luis wants to sell fruit. Arturo wants to work in a factory. And José Martín wants to keep on selling ice cream, only he'd like to run his own business later on.

Actually, twelve-year-old José Martín Rodríguez is already halfway there. With his seven-year-old brother Miguel, he pushes an ice cream cart around Calle Quinta in downtown Tijuana. There are drawings of ice cream bars, cones, and paletas on the cart and around the words *Helados Fijos el Oso Blanco*. (Paletas are juice bars made of real fruit juice.) The owner, *el Señor Rogelio*, has several other children and adults pushing ice cream carts around town for him. The Rodríguez brothers together earn a flat fee of fifty pesos (\$2.17) per day.

Miguel and José Martín seem to have a great deal of fun just pushing the cart up and down bumpy Calle Quinta, but they are careful with it. Before breaking for a talk, they park the cart where it will not get in the way of traffic. Then they lean over it, enjoying the rest.

Amidst giggles, they express their feelings for their jobs. José says he's happy with his present life and looks forward to the future so he can do the same thing, but on a larger scale. Miguel, the young one, says, "I'd rather go to school and to college." Nevertheless, he doesn't seem to mind spending his free time earning some



money "to help my mother."

The mothers universally seem to be recipients of whatever money the children of Tijuana make in their spare time. Invariably the children say that their earnings go to the mother, and they say it very proudly. From an early age they are made aware of the economic reality of their homes, of the fact that their labor is part of an economic unit that depends on the cooperation of all family members.

Usually the mothers themselves find jobs for their children. Indian women (Marias) tend to opt for chewing gum, which they buy in boxes of about twenty-five pieces each for their kids to sell. That is what *Serabio Cruz* and *Andrés Torres* do during the weekend "in order to eat." *Serabio* is seven and *Andrés* is nine. Both are short and thin for their age; both have

an appearance of poverty, including a sad expression where the happiness of childhood might otherwise shine. Together they hit all the tourist spots in downtown Tijuana, each with a box of gum in hand. They walk fast, criss-crossing through the crowds, sometimes holding hands. Neither of them bothers to push the merchandise; they simply show it and walk away when the customer says no. They, too, can tell a definitive "no" from a "maybe."

To *Serabio* and *Andrés*, selling gum seems to be a part of life, something one does not question. A puzzled expression comes to their faces as they try to think of a reason for them to hold a job. "Mother sent us," *Serabio* says. Each of them makes about two dollars a day, and the money "is for home." *Serabio* tries to

explain that his family needs the money because there are several brothers and sisters. How many? "I haven't counted them," says *Serabio*.

It's dry and dusty on the way back to San Diego. On Calle Tercera the tired tourist looks for the last bargain, and along that street many hawks try to take advantage of the tourist's feelings and attempt to sell him plaster elephants, velvet paintings, pig banks, roses, and many other things he has refrained from buying during his visit to Tijuana. But there is some money left in the pocket and the desire to buy is stronger than ever. *Cesar Alejandro Elmer* is on Calle Tercera to give the tourist a last taste of Mexico. He sells *churros*, a deep-fried, sugar-coated treat made of flour and water. *Churros* are supposed to be eaten hot, but the conditions on Calle Tercera allow only for cold *churros*. *Cesar* carries the long sticks neatly piled on a tray and covered with wax paper so that they don't get coated with dust also. He recites the prices for different amounts of *churros* fast enough so as to be incomprehensible even to the Spanish speaker. *Cesar* does not give the tourist a second to consider; he looks him straight in the eye as he puts the tray through the car window.

Ten-year-old *Cesar Alejandro* is one of the most fortunate of the young salesmen, at least as far as earnings are concerned. He works during the weekends only, but on an average day he makes fifty dollars, which is almost all profit since his mother prepares the *churros* at home. His father and another brother also sell the sweet sticks and they, too, turn over the money to the mother. Sometimes, *Cesar Alejandro* explains, she gives three dollars to each of them. "I like the job because I want to be here, downtown," he says. He walks away with his salesman's smile. The small white apron and the tray at shoulder level are quite becoming to his gestures. He bends over to the driver of a car, his tray in perfect balance, his attitude smooth and assertive. He does not let the dust settle on his smile.

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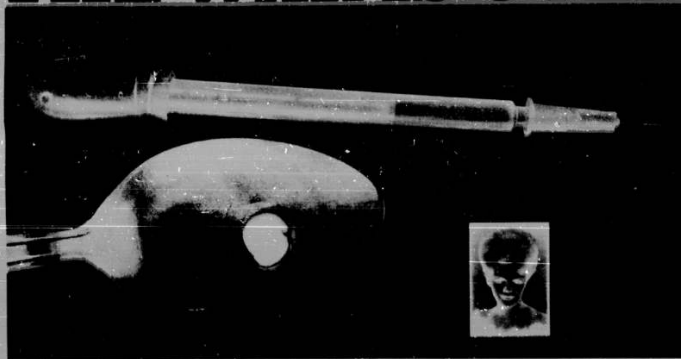
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Jessica: "He was the most paranoid speed freak I've ever known. He had built this sophisticated fantasy around laser beams in the sky that were out to get him. One day we were up in Clairemont — and they got him with a laser beam. He jumped off his motorcycle, opened up the gas tank, threw gas on his chest, and lit himself with a lighter to get rid of where they'd zapped him. I walked down the alley. I knew that CRASH was somewhere down there because we'd driven down Clairemont Boulevard. So I walked down the alley and finally found it. I spent a long time crying and carrying on and not knowing what to do. But this counselor was really excited because they'd just opened this house in East San Diego and she made it sound like it was exactly what I needed. She even gave me bus fare to get there. It was a beautiful old house and there were just a couple of people living there. The only

drawback was that you had to be drug-free." Every war story has a charred ending. William Burroughs writes from the perspective of fifteen years of addiction when ending *Naked Lunch*: "A heaving sea of air hammers in the purple brown dusk tainted with rotten smell of sewer gas... young worker faces vibrating out of focus in yellow halls of carbide lanterns — broken pipes exposed. — They are rebuilding the City." After the war, reconstruction.

Jessica used to look like junk, female junk. She was twenty-eight and had lived with two speed freaks in a row. She was wasted. Men and drugs dominated her. It was 1975. Now the site behind a desk at CRASH and runs her own therapeutic community; she supervises the rehabilitation of twenty-five addicts who agree to live in CRASH's rambling Mid-century house at Twenty-fourth and E Streets for almost a year, at which time they'll graduate from the program. There are two other such projects in San Diego County —

(continued on page 14)

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DON'T SHOOT: THE WAR IS OVER

(Continued from page 12)

House of Metamorphosis in Southeast San Diego and KIVA in Ramona — and they are also run by ex-addicts. It's a special territory.

Jessica grew up in Long Beach. She was an excellent student, a reverent Methodist. Her father died when she was four, her mother was a high school drama teacher. She was a model kid. But when she hit Long Beach High School, her life broke in half. "High school was real schizoid. I was in the top society. I got good grades. I went to the state finals in speech and debate. I started in the junior-senior play. And I started to experiment with drugs. That was '63, '64, '65."

"One-half of me was All-American and the other half was down on the beach on weekends, smoking grass, driving down to

Mexico and getting little white crosses, which were amphetamines, and hallucinating all the way back. Dropping acid."

Out of high school she continued to do drugs, but aside from a couple of hits of heroin, nothing sinister, at least by the standards of the time. In 1970 she was in Miami with a guy—the first met in L.A. "One night we got some heroin. So we got high together. For a couple of weeks we got high on Friday nights and sat around and scratched and nodded and threw up and had a great time. Then we started getting high on Friday and Saturday nights. Then we started getting high on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights."

She eventually followed another guy to New York, where she worked as a medical assistant, stole drugs from the office, and bought street heroin. Her mother in Long Beach was ill with a terminal brain disease, was growing senile. The two addicts moved from New York to her house and started buying heroin with mother's money.

Jessica: "We'd take my mother with us to buy drugs. We'd baby-sit her in the car and wait for the connection."

"We were using a couple of hundred dollars a day, used nonstop for maybe the next year. We were stealing and doing a lot of boosting at this time. After a year of dealing and ripping and running and abusing ourselves (in the meantime we got married in a Long Beach church) it was routine, this madness of getting up in the

morning, figuring out how to hustle the money or how to convince a dealer to give us enough to pay for our habit by dealing away part. By this time I wasn't working. I wasn't doing anything but shooting dope. We got on welfare and got an apartment in downtown L.A., a real sleazy neighborhood. Finally, when things couldn't get worse, we went to a drug program in Palmdale, out in the middle of the desert."

"We stayed in this beautiful hospital for two weeks. They had us on unacidone, sleepers and wakers, stomach pills. At the end of two weeks we were clean, feeling good, and we met this tremendous couple. We made plans to drive to Albuquerque to cop some dope. Ended up shooting all the dope by the time we got back to L.A."

"A month later we'd been running strong, and we knew we were hot, and the nurses knew about us. We were going to a drug clinic and they were giving us tranquilizers. Some days we'd try to stay clean. If we went into a group encounter at the clinic, they'd give us meds. One day we got two birthday checks (I was twenty-six) and Larry wanted to buy drugs — but I didn't. We had a fight. I went into the bathroom, locked the door, took out a razor blade, and slit my wrist."

When Jessica came to, her husband was already dead from an overdose. "I ended up getting busted on two felony charges: credit card and bad checks. The nurses came in and said, 'Okay, we know what's happening and we'll get your felonies knocked down to misdemeanors if you'll

set up a coke deal.' I said all right, but give me time."

"I spent the next month ripping and running and shooting all the dope I could. I was living in a shooting gallery where nothing but black people lived. I was the only white chick there. I was the only white person for miles. They had better dope. I hadn't set up the deal and I knew there'd be a warrant."

"I figured if I went on methadone, the police might understand that I was trying. I went up to Compton and this woman said it would be two years before I could get on methadone. San Diego was the biggest, closest city with methadone. When we got here, we went down by the Crossroads on Market and Coppert. We went to the methadone clinic, but they were closed. Ended up staying at a motel in Logan Heights because it was cheap. Unintentionally, we crashed with some people in a place off Thirtieth and Imperial. I had a connection from Long Beach and through him I started dealing. Got busted for no driver's license and possession and went to jail. I got bailed out in about two days (and I was kicking real hard) by a guy who owned a massage parlor. The bail was conditional. He'd put up the bail if I'd go to work for him."

"I was using everything I was making. I was starting to get real crazy and strong out. I ended up going to the methadone clinic. I was tired and desperate. I'd just sit in the corner. I felt like shit. But I didn't want to shoot dope."

"I met the in-crowd at the methadone clinic and the crowd was still shooting heroin. I'd been clean for about a week, but I started shooting again. I spent that year drinking methadone in the morning and shooting heroin during the day."

"I ran into this guy and he wasn't using heroin. Plus, he'd gotten off methadone. I lived with him for six months in Hillcrest, under the jets. Every morning I walked down from Second Street to the India Street methadone clinic. Drank my juice and walked back up the hill. I'd spend shooting heroin but I was convinced I'd never get off methadone. I was going to be a vegetable all my life."

"He was a stoned speed freak, shooting speed. He was obsessed with my getting off methadone. Because of him I kicked methadone. My last dose was May 1, 1975. They said that for six days it's really bad. So I ate a lot of speed and shot a lot of speed for the next six days, figuring that would get the methadone out of my system."

"I looked up with another guy who was also into speed. We spent the next four months shooting as much crack as we could. I got busted on a warrant and spent some more time in jail. Ended up back in county jail, speeding my brains out, the doors clanking, crazy screaming, and wondering how I'd gotten there."

"He was the most paranoid speed freak I've ever known."

Not every addict becomes a drug counselor. Jessica Lewis started on that road by

volunteering to work for a doctor at the Kick Pad a detox center in Southeast. Eventually she was hired there as a counselor full time. After three months, she went to work for NPESH House — a black residential program down the street from Kick Pad. After a month the county closed it down for "poor accountability." It was a precarious time. "I was standing on the corner in Logan Heights, thinking, 'Jessica, nothing's changed. You're clean but you're standing in the middle of the barrio. What's going on?'"

She then went to work as a counselor for VIDA, a residential program in National City, originally for Mexican-Americans (closed in June of 1980). It was still a rough neighborhood, her first night there a drunk resident attacked her. But later a consultant came in and did a program revision. Things improved. Jessica enrolled at Southwestern Community College and earned an A.A. degree in social services. She rented an apartment in East San Diego, paid her phone bills, and bought a Volkswagen bug. "It began to look like I had to do was stay clean and everything would work. And I still believe that."

"She became the interim and then permanent director of VIDA in 1977. Three years later she moved over to direct CRASH's ailing residential program."

Looking back, why didn't she try for a straight job? "I would have had to wear long sleeves. I couldn't get a job where I had to be bonded. I couldn't be licensed or certified by the state because I had a rec-

ord. And I couldn't conquer the fear. I'm bonded and licensed now and those things aren't issues. But six months clean, they were big issues." Now Jessica wears short sleeves when it's warm.

Government-keeps addicts at arm's length. All the public services for drug abuse in San Diego County — residential programs, crisis centers, out-patient counseling — are contracted out to private agencies by the California Division of Drug Programs. County Mental Health, for example, refuses admission to addicts. Even private psychiatric hospitals discourage admission to drug addicts unless there's a primary diagnosis such as depression or psychosis, which insures Medical payment. Moreover, the county board of supervisors cut off funding for methadone maintenance in 1977, making way for the licensing of private methadone clinics. Rehabilitating addicts is a local industry that will receive \$1,700,000 this fiscal year from state and federal sources.

CRASH is a spacious Golden Hill home with shade trees in the front. Only a weight-lifting platform in the back hints of special inhabitants. Getting "buffed-out" is one of the inevitable activities here, just as it is in prison. Jessica remembers when she first came to CRASH some six months ago. "There were rumors of using in the house. There'd been a jailyard mentality — threats of violence, weird things. Now it's a lot better; there's an emphasis on trust and responsibility."

Regulation of time and activities — dis-

cipline — is the curriculum at CRASH; there are fifty rules. Ashtara: They are kept in a cabinet drawer. If you want a smoke, you must get an ashtray from the drawer, smoke your cigarette, empty and clean the ashtray and return it to its drawer. Nearly everybody smokes at least a pack a day. If a resident breaks a rule, he answers to authority — Jessica, counselors, members of the group. According to Jessica, "In a therapeutic community you learn the strictest, most structured lifestyle that we can impose on you. If you get the hang of that, then you can go out and make your own rules. There are people in the group who say, 'When I move out of this program, I'm going to leave a coffee cup on every table. They'll be all over the house.' We say, 'Hey, that's fine. Glad you made the decision. But as long as you're here, you're going to follow the rules.'"

The twenty-five residents are mainly young and white, though there are a few blacks and Mexican-Americans. It is a surprisingly wholesome, even courtier, group — a coed fraternity. One encounter group a clean-cut young addict recalled hearing a couple of guys on the outside putting his house down. "I told those guys they may have been a time when CRASH was dirty and useless, but those days are gone. We're clean and making it. I felt good saying that."

The rooms at CRASH are separated according to sex. Typically, there are dramatically fewer women than men in resi-

(Continued on page 16)

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DON'T SHOOT: THE WAR IS OVER

(Continued from page 15)

desirable to have more women to help balance the numbers. But coupling is expressly forbidden. "Couples make negative contracts," Jessica says. "I may walk out together." This prohibition against sex is especially tough because of a general resurgence of libido in people who have recently kicked narcotic habits. "Sometimes I wish the whole thing just didn't exist," Jessica continues. "We say, 'Take care of yourself and be quiet about it.' It's the best we can do." At a recent group meeting a young man was forced by the group to admit that he had romantic feelings for a woman resident. It was a poignant moment when he promised to subordinate his sexual longings to the success of his therapy. The group promised to help him.

In order to graduate, a resident must have progressed through four developmental phases; the last includes enrollment in school or a job. Someone will graduate and CRASH there will be an empty bed. The program loses the \$5000-a-year payment from state and federal sources until the bed is filled again. But Jessica points out that there are people waiting right now in county jail for a slot to open up.

Even at full capacity, however, CRASH — and the other two residential programs — must eventually raise more money to keep up with the costs of operation. "The money we're getting from the government is seed money," Jessica says. "Sooner or later, we're going to have to go out and get into private enterprise or serious fundraising. CRASH receives \$143,000 from the government and adds \$24,000 in client fees (most of the residents are on financial relief). That's around \$6500 per person each year. But it costs about \$15,000 to keep an addict in jail for a year. Police estimate that forty percent of crime against property is related to narcotics. Residential programs like CRASH, if they work, are cost effective for taxpayers. But in fact, no one really knows how well they work. Though county-funded agencies must present an acceptable "success rate" if they're to receive next year's contract, finding concrete standards of success is difficult. Even professionals in the field are undecided if addiction is a disease with physical explanations (absence of endorphins, for example) or a phenomenon with psychological explanations. How can there be talk of "cure" when the problem itself cannot be located with any certainty? Addiction can stay clean for months, years . . . and inexplicably fall. There are no guarantees.

At VIDA Jessica reported to the county that forty percent of her graduates stayed clean. But VIDA's figure was derived from a self-reporting only thirty days after graduation. "We didn't have the money for a proper follow-up," Jessica admits. (The reported national average for rehabilitating heroin addicts is seventeen percent.) Success percentages appease the county's demand for visible results in an area of problematic achievement. As Jessica says now, "We're doing absolutely the best we can do at any given moment. We're effecting change, but beyond that I don't know for sure."

Here's another police estimate: There are 15,000 heroin addicts in San Diego County. But who really knows? The Mexican eradication program — poison the poppy fields — has caused such an inflationary heroin market (hundred-dollar-a-day habit) with bad, four-percent

Mexican heroin is probably the norm today) that many addicts are turning to other drugs — legal medicine, PCP, and the ever-ready booze. The population at CRASH reflects this flight from the heroin way of life — about half of the residents have had serious heroin habits, the others are polydrug abusers.

Oddly, there's a distinct nostalgia for the old-time junkie. Drug rehabilitation professionals mourn his passing. "The true heroin addict has a value system," Jessica says. "He has to survive in the streets in a very tight, ritualized society. He's got ethics, and he's more available to therapy. You replace one set of ethics with another."

One of the profound ironies of the narcotics scene is that heroin addicts, if they have adequate supplies, are rather healthy and sane. But a heroin addict who turns to booze or PCP might be enough to make an ambulance attendant puke. Police efforts to eliminate the heroin market could have an extremely deleterious social effect.

Though hard-core heroin addicts and polydrug abusers have different histories, they share a commonality. "Some of our residents come here because someone is forcing them to, usually from a court referral," says Jessica. "Others come because they've hit bottom. They've tried everything else and it hasn't worked. They've gone below skid row. For some people it takes losing everything. And it doesn't matter if it was alcohol or PCP or heroin that got them here."

In individual counseling, in scheduled and spontaneous group encounters (and marathons), the work begins in earnest. Jessica says that "addicts believe they possess a unique pain. 'You don't understand the pain I feel,' they say. In group, they realize that they are experiencing a common pain — and you don't have to shoot dope to deal with it." The street-wise persona — the jaded junkie — is stripped back, exposing the vulnerable and often injured psyche underneath. "We go for the gut," says Jessica. CRASH is a pure therapeutic matrix; everything thought and felt said in a therapeutic occasion. Getting up in the morning is therapy. Talking about your feelings when you have to return an ashtray is therapy. Life is therapy. And Jessica's relationship with the residents is therapy. Even her language reflects this nearly mystical commitment to interdependent self-esteem. "I believe in your strength as a human being and I'm going to continue to believe in you till you're dead. Take away all the mechanics, all the counseling tools, all the bullshit. If I can believe in you and you can come to believe I believe in you, you can come to believe in yourself. The sad thing is when I believe in you and you don't believe in you and you're trying to prove to you and to me and everybody else that you're not worth believing in."

To sit on an encounter group is to take a course in the vocabulary of counseling, among other idioms. "There are three languages going on in here: dope, prison, and counseling," Jessica says. It can be a confusing mix. You don't repress an emotion, for example; you *stuff* it. Spoken, the word sounds like an obscenity. You do not offend/manipulate someone; you *push* his buttons. Language plays such a large part in therapy (in a sense it's all talk) that it is no wonder that ex-addicts form the core of counseling staffs. Ex-addicts are trilingual.

The Synanon experience forces one to wonder if residential programs inevitably assume a gilded character. If you take away many addicts' drug careers, they're left with precious little. They've lost the mythology that had given their lives meaning. There's a particular style to the drug user, a way of life, a way of doing things, and it's a fundamental question how far the therapeutic community should go in arguing for conventional values. Jessica is attuned to this. "Look at monks with their robes and Marines with their uniforms. When you take away the front, you've still got a person. We want to change the self-destructive behavior. We don't want everyone to walk and talk the same. But for the guy who's wearing the headband and the slungshot T-shirt and the tattoos and the handkerchief hanging out of the back pocket and all he talks about is

pumping iron — there's an image of someone doing time. If you take away the image, what do you have?"

"We don't take away what's unusual just for the sake of conformity. But you need to take a look and see — is that unusual what's making you go to prison? Is that unusual what's making you shoot dope? You don't have to be straight to make it. You don't have to think as straight people do. But you have to know how to play their game."

She plays the straight game, but in a qualified sense, Jessica has established another dependence in her work. The process began back when she was living as a resident at CRASH and working in the Kick Pad. "I don't know how much I needed to see the pain of kicking drugs to remind me that I didn't ever want to go back again. It was a positive experience — to have that constant reminder, to listen to people and feel."

Ex-addict counselors feed off the

therapy they are creating. Quite possibly, they have become therapy addicts. By establishing strict standards of conduct, the ex-addict assures that he or she will never fall — twenty-five desperate people are depending on that person to stay drug-free. It's as good as a daily urinalysis.

"Very much to the point is the concept of 'role modeling,' as it pertains to drug counselors. Jessica says, 'I don't care if you're educated. I care if you can role model, if you can walk what you talk. If I tell you this is a drug-free program, then you won't go home and get high. If I say there's no sex in the program, there's no sex in the house — and I'm not going to hit on a client. If I'm happy, I don't break out the beer and bash the windows to show I'm happy. Appropriate behavior.' And no one needs to behave appropriately more than an ex-addict worried about falling. It's the perfect job."

In reality, Jessica's job is a bizarre mixture of paperwork for the county and

direct dealing with staff (one ex-addict, one ex-polydrug user, and one straight) and residents. She can participate in a marathon encounter one day and only herself in "stays" and the minutiae of running a house the next. She has developed estimable skills in her four years as a rehab director. Objectively, she could get a job away from drugs — but drugs form the territory in which she lives.

Jessica: "Drug addiction is the focus of my life. It has been and it will continue to be. I don't know if I'll always work around drugs, but I've worked in the field since I've been clean. And I'm not willing to leave drug work just to find out if I can make it in the straight world."

"One of the important things we need to offer at CRASH is a place to come back to. When I was at VIDA, I used to come back to CRASH. I also became involved in Narcotics Anonymous. I was giving so much and I wanted something back. I wanted to talk with people who had been off heroin

for more than thirty years and fell. I needed to know why that happened. Just being clean is not enough."

That's the focus of Jessica's daily life: a twenty-four-hour battle against drugs. It's her work. But what happens away from the supportive community and the methadone clinics and the out-patient services? What does the cleaned-up addict find outside? A tough neighborhood, another war.

At a recent Narcotics Anonymous meeting at an Episcopal church on Thirtieth Street in North Park, a young Chicana told the group that she'd been off heroin for forty-eight months. And then she said this: "I'm going crazy. But that's my right, to go crazy. That's what being off drugs is about. The first year I was off I was so high. I felt as if shackles were taken off my brain and my body. I was so happy with school and learning. Now everything is gray, you know? People aren't so great. It's my earned right not to be happy."

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Restaurants

Small Bites

ELEANOR WIDMER

If small rooms are called roomettes and small kitchens are kitchenettes, why aren't small jobs defined as jobettes? More germane to this column, why can't we use the word "mealette" to define a meal larger than a snack but less elaborate than a complete dinner? Not only do I prefer a mealette late at night, but there are certain crowded and tumultuous periods during the week when I don't have the time or the patience to prepare and eat a complete meal. At such moments a mealette would come in handy.

A mealette can be either hot or cold, but it's certainly not the same as that stale piece of bread with specks of suspicious mold, nor is it that sliver of leftover cheese whose gamy odor defies origin and purpose. According to my definition, a mealette is simply a reduced meal: fresh, pleasing to the eye and palate, and easy on one's purse. Also, it's not a sandwich. Ever since the fourth Earl of Sandwich, John Montagu, lent his name to the concoction in the eighteenth century, we've all been made to suffer from too much bread and too little variety in filling. Cheap, squishy white bread filled with deviled-ham spread is my idea of an all-time low, along with those prepackaged sandwiches found in supermarkets and convenience stores, which are heated in a microwave. Grrr.

In any event, in my travels about town, I've sampled some mealettes which I offer for your consideration. None are fantastic, but each restaurant provides at least one mealette specialty that is worthwhile. This list is by no means comprehensive.

The Restaurant: La Petite Cafe
The Location: 3896 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest (574-9400)
Type of Food: Soup, salads, quiche, etc.
Price Range: \$1.25 to \$5.75
Hours: Closed Sunday. Open Monday through Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to midnight.

One of the great deficiencies of San Diego is the absence of charming late-night dining spots, but if you are in the mood for a mealette as late as midnight, try La Petite Cafe. Open until midnight (with the same menu available day or night), its unobtrusive front at the corner of Fifth Avenue and University belies its delightfully appointed interior. The restaurant is small, and to provide character, awnings descend from the blue wallpaper on the side of the room; this creates the effect of an outdoor cafe. The handsomely dressed tables are as close together as if you were



Illustration by Elizabeth Arden

outdoors. Nevertheless, even when a musician is playing the classical guitar or harp (Monday through Thursday nights), it's done in a way that does not disturb your conversation.

La Petite Cafe not only serves mealettes, but its prices are appropriate for light meals: \$5.75 is the most expensive, and the bottom price (for soup) is \$1.25. The menu offers plates of cheese, pâté, salmon mousse, soups, salads, quiche, and even a hot vegetable dish. Two mealettes that I recommend are the melted brie cheese covered with almonds and served with fresh fruit and biscuits (\$3.50), and the salmon mousse (\$2.75). The former is wonderful with biscuits, but you may also ask for sourdough bread to go with the cheese. The latter, when available, is not only tasty and sensuous, but rare — few restaurants serve salmon mousse.

I've also tried the main dishes, of which the stuffed trout (\$5.75) is the best. It's a nice, plump, small trout, stuffed with vegetables. The curried seafood crepes are also pleasant (\$5.75), but the breast of chicken (\$4.75) is to be avoided. It tastes as if the chicken were boiled separately and then placed in a sauce of mushrooms and tomatoes. However, the other dishes are more than satisfactory, and for those who really like a whole bunch of raw vegetables in their salads, there's the Salade Marseillaise (\$3.25). My own preference was for the tuna salad with the elegant name of Salade Nicoise (\$3.95). The desserts look good but are without soul. The food at La Petite Cafe is not ex-

traordinary, but in conjunction with the surroundings and the low prices, it is definitely worthwhile. Mealettes are their specialty, but heavy eaters may order two items, such as a salad plus one other dish.

The Restaurant: Taming of the Stew
The Location: 441 University Avenue (299-1080)
Type of Food: Stews, omelets, soup
Price Range: Approximately \$1.00 to \$2.95
Hours: Closed Sunday. Open 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., Monday through Wednesday, and to 10:00 p.m. Thursday through Saturday.

Around the corner from La Petite Cafe is one of those modest establishments with a marvelous name — Taming of the Stew. Would that the food could equal the name! It, too, specializes in mealettes — you'll hardly stagger out and decide to begin your diet after eating there. It offers quiche, soup, chili, and the stews which give the restaurant its name. In all fairness, these stews are like soups. Chili is \$1.50, soups ninety to ninety-five cents, and the stews are \$2.50. There are also omelets, all under three dollars, served all day, until closing.

The concept of the Taming of the Stew is fine: minimalist decor, low prices, and a classical guitarist and flute player Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. But the onion soup, which is tasty, is served in a crock the size of a tea cup; the New England Brunswick stew is prepared with

chicken and ham which are hardly discernible, and the quiche is good but not baked in a crust. The best thing in the house the night I was there was the mushroom omelet (\$2.50), served with really good home fries. I did not sample the chili, but I quite started a diner on my way out by inspecting his beef stew, similar to a hearty soup with chunks of beef. You can, however, make an adequate mealette of the onion soup and omelet for \$3.50. While the food is not too interesting, it makes do — it is good for bargain-seekers with small appetites. The bowl of beef stew for \$2.50 would be an appropriate mealette. The salad bar is hardly worth mentioning for its sad offerings, and the quiche is not a good buy at \$1.75 a slice — you'd need two slices even for a mealette.

The Restaurant: La Hacienda Steak House
The Location: Mission Valley Inn, 875 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley (298-8281)

Type of Food: Steak, fish, seafood
Price Range: Sundowner dinners, \$5.75
Hours: Open daily. Sundowner dinners, 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. daily. Happy hour, Monday through Friday.

Last, there's La Hacienda Steak House, the new restaurant located in the Mission Valley Inn. The room is lovely, the tiled floor authentic, and the food fresh. But in taste it's only a step above cafeteria food. If you come between 5:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m., there's a sundowner special for \$5.75, which includes salad and a choice of one of three entrees: chicken, fish, or steak. I had the fish (what else if not red snapper?), and my friend had the chicken. Both were doused with Hacienda "sauce." The same red and green peppers that dotted the salad were stewed for the vegetable, and my fish came with an enchilada the likes of which has never been produced anywhere: a lump of cheese in a thick tortilla covered with Hacienda sauce. I mention this establishment only for those who are not fussy. Truthfully, they take basically good food and destroy it by careless preparation. So eat here only if you have small gastronomic expectations. How over, what I am recommending, though I never thought I would live to see the day, is the happy hour at the bar. Seafood is sold here by the piece, and according to my informant, it's virtually at cost. Clams and oysters are twenty-five cents each, shrimp and crab fifty cents apiece. During the happy hour, 4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., Monday through Friday, free chips and salsa are included. Therefore, you can have a nice seafood mealette here — in fact, one of the best buys in town. □

City Lights

(continued from page 3)

which must approve it before sending it to the area residents for a majority vote, after which the detachment must be finally approved by the parent-city's ruling body, in this case, the San Diego City Council. The 1974 move to deannex San Ysidro failed — legally, because LAFCO was sued by the city council for not requiring an environmental impact report (one was not subsequently carried out), but realistically, because the deannexation group of six years ago had neither the financial support nor the organization to carry on.

This time, say Laguna and Garcia, things are different. The committee, which has only been extant for two months, has the backing of the International San Ysidro Chamber of Commerce, an organization of fifty dues-paying businessmen. The deannexation committee has drawn up a three-year plan to fulfill its goal. "This first year is going to be our preparation campaign," says Laguna. "That includes staffing our

office, having our lawyers file the necessary paperwork so that our committee can incorporate as a nonprofit organization, and giving us time to investigate the different methods of going about deannexation."

The different methods — including the "burn under the saddle" approach, whereby the committee becomes a political sore spot until the city council breaks down and gives in — are all dependent on the good graces of the city council or an overriding effort of the state or federal government. "And it isn't entirely, frankly that the state or the federal government would take an interest in our proposal," says Laguna.

"They both put a lot of money into this area for border programs and minority programs, and I think any pleas we make to them would be listened to very carefully."

Laguna, Garcia, and the other pro-deannexation businessmen are more optimistic than the bureaucrats who will be dealing with the San Ysidro detachment movement. "The city council has never been offered this type of proposal before, other than just one or two small lots,"

says John Fowler of the city manager's office. "It's hard to imagine how the council would react to such a plan, but in the traditional sense of government, it wouldn't seem to make a lot of sense for a municipal government to relinquish control over a large portion of the city." Fowler also says he doubts the success of the movement unless it constitutes a greater area than just the five square miles now proposed by the fledgling deannexation group.

The members of the deannexation committee have met with LAFCO executive director Bill Davis since the committee's inception to discuss with him the proper procedure for developing the means to their goal. Davis says, "It has not been done before in this state, the detachment of a part of a city. At least, not to my knowledge." However, like Fowler, Davis does not offer much hope to the detachment proponents. "In this case," he says, "it's extremely unlikely."

— M.O.

Jeannette DeWitt and Mark Orvill

Letters

(continued from page 4)

including most critics, choose to partake, purely for the sake of roughage, of some muscles we know will go in one end and out the other, it's still the critic's job to point out their worthlessness. Sure, one man's meat is another man's twinkle, but we don't expect Eleanor Widmer to recommend McDonald's just because 50 million Americans can't all be wrong. Likewise, Davis and Seitz would totally lose their credibility if they pulled any punches in order to spare the feelings of the majority of consumers whose taste in music and movies is pure tripe. Tripe guys are paid to know what's going on in the frontiers of their fields, and if that makes them less tolerant of unimaginitive, overhyped, mass appeal acts, more the better. Somebody's got to demand some quality. Besides, even if, through the inevitable (not to say incredible, inimitable, inimitable) contradiction or confrontation of one man's (admittedly unformed and no doubt unrefined, but nonetheless not unconsidered) opinions with those of the critics who, by and large, are, through sheer persistence, not lacking in, but, in fact, take pride and perverse pleasure in, the ability to find

fault, but who also have a good eye for virtue, you find yourself, as I do, not infrequently, but at least less frequently than I don't, disagreeing with their considered opinions, you have to appreciate their style, uncompromising scrutiny, and above all those great mazes of grammar faultlessly through which they lead. *Read de God*
La Jolla

Gig Has Bob Struck In Sun

In response to the imbeciles who downgraded New York City obviously they have never been there. New York is the cultural and financial center of the nation. The excitement of the city would knock a San Diego off its feet. Granted, I do live in San Diego and I admit I would be back in New York. To live in New York is to live in the heart of our country. By just walking down the street you can feel a rush of excitement that is unequalled anywhere else in the United States. Eleanor Widmer's article was great. There are no other words to describe the feeling but I LOVE NEW YORK.
Bob Jungers
San Diego

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At Long Last, Orchestra



JONATHAN SAVILLE

The La Jolla Chamber Music Society is chiefly a social organization, rather than a musical one. It has its devoted subscribers, who have for a nice long time been meeting pleasantly at Sherwood Hall a few times a year and listening with benign patience to the feeble efforts of the little pick-up orchestra. There have been authentically memorable moments, usually due to the appearance of a fine guest soloist. The additional series, featuring world-famous chamber groups (quartets, trios, and the like) and not involving the orchestra, has of course always been first-rate. But no one has ever been under the illusion that the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra itself would be worth paying any attention to for purely musical reasons. No one would travel to Los Angeles to hear



La Jolla Chamber Orchestra

this group; it is inconceivable that it would ever make a recording. The only really stimulating events at its concerts take place during the intermission, when old friends meet and chat.

The previous paragraph represents the old story. I reproduce it here in the hope that I will never have to write it again. The new story is quite different.

The opening concert of the 1980-81 season, in fact, indicated so radical a transformation in the musical status of the orchestra that it was as if a totally new organization had arrived in town. Admittedly, the quality has been gradually improving over the years, but the improvement up to now has been in the range between awful and mediocre. At this latest concert, however, there was a leap to a new level of energy seemingly independent of everything that had gone on before. For the first time, the orchestra was worth

listening to for its own sake; for the first time, the performances actually illuminated the music, rather than constituting a routine local run-through of something that the Academy of Saint Martin's in the Field could do a lot better. The J.C. Bach Symphony No. 1, for example, had the vitality, the precision of ensemble, and the purity of intonation which have been so notably absent in the orchestra's past, but, in addition, this was a performance that made vividly clear the particular nature of the younger Bach's style, with its early classical restlessness and rather overblown self-dramatizing. I could say afterward—something I have never done at these concerts—that I had learned something about the piece and about the musical world it came out of. I could also say that I had delighted in the sheer technical competence of the playing—and that was an even greater innovation.

Personnel changes in the orchestra may have been responsible for part of the transformation, but I am inclined to attribute most of it to visiting conductor Robert Frisbie. Mr. Frisbie, who comes from Chicago and is music director of the Chicago Opera Theater and the American Chamber Symphony, is a young man of contagious enthusiasm, firm musical ideas, strong will, and vehement identification with the score he is conducting. He likes fast tempos, sharp contrasts, clear articulation, and bold expressive devices—and in his evident project of gaining control of the orchestra and molding it to his own conception of the music, he was clearly unwilling to tolerate the amiable anarchy that has been the rule with these musicians in the past. Mr. Frisbie's conducting manner is not, however, impetuous; he makes bizarrely exaggerated faces at the musicians (jolly, gloomy, passion-

ate, etc.) in order to convey his notions of the spirit that should inform their playing; he expends a great deal of energy—and it all seems to work, for I have never heard this orchestra play with greater emotional involvement or with a more insistent sense that at any given moment the music must be felt to be going somewhere, doing something, saying something.

I do not want to exaggerate my praise of Mr. Frisbie—there is another side to the coin. The performance of Schubert's Symphony No. 5, which ended the concert, exhibited precisely the same qualities that characterized the J.C. Bach work that opened it, but what is perfect for 1765 is not necessarily optimum for 1815, and there is a world of difference between the personalities of the two composers. It was possible to appreciate the cleanliness and liveliness in the orchestral playing of the Schubert, but the fast tempos, the relentless rhythmic inflexibility, and the refusal ever to yield to Viennese grace and sentiment ultimately resulted in something cold, hard, and driven—which is exactly what Schubert ought not to be. In the third movement, for example, Mr. Frisbie seemed at home in the fierce outer sections but totally lost in the lilting gracefulness of the trio; this is music that virtually phrases itself, with its fluent *rubato* and refined lifts and pauses, but Mr. Frisbie seemed intentionally to fight against any ease or elegance of phrasing, rushing things along as though unaware that the central section of a scherzo is supposed to provide a formal and emotional contrast with the sections that sandwich it. But I must temper this negative assessment by noting that although the interpretation was wrong-headed and insensitive, it was nevertheless very decisively an interpretation, with will, intention, and control behind it. It was nothing like some of the orchestra's previous performances, which have had no character at all.

Soloist at the concert was pianist Lee Hoiby, who performed Mozart's Concerto No. 9 as well as the slow movement from his own Piano Concerto No. 2. Mr. Hoiby is essentially a composer, rather than a performer, and while it may sound unkind I think it necessary to point out that his talent as a pianist is negligible. About the best one can say for his playing of the Mozart is that it exhibited an adequate technique. Mr. Hoiby also seems to feel the music deeply. Like Mr. Frisbie, he makes a lot of expressive faces—and the expressions are invariably the right ones, and come at the right moments. But unlike Mr. Frisbie, he is unable to bridge the gap between emotion and performance. There was considerable pathos in watching the pianist show by his face how profoundly moved he was, while scarcely a shred of these feelings was perceptible in the music his fingers produced. Emotion is expressed in musical performance through phrasing, dynamic shading, rhythm, tone color, and other concrete elements of interpretation, but in Mr. Hoiby's Mozart none of these elements exhibited any dis-

tinguiveness; this was a conversion of the score into audible sounds, but it was not music. It belongs in the home, where gifted amateurs can entertain their friends, but not on the concert stage, where something a lot higher is expected.

As for Mr. Hoiby's own composition, it is hard to judge it fully since we heard only one movement of a three-movement work (the Chamber Orchestra is not large enough to play the more heavily scored outer movements). The style of this "Nocturne for Piano and Orchestra" is resolutely tonal, diatonic, consonant, and decorative; it is fitted with lyric melodies, expressive harmonies, and Romantic drama. It sounded for the most part like topical mid-West Rachmaninoff. But the audience quite naturally felt considerable gratitude toward Mr. Hoiby for giving them a piece of eminently listenable, familiar, and undemanding music in place of the dissonant, disjointed modernism some of them were in fear of when they noted that the Concerto was dated 1980.

Gratitude that things are not worse is not, however, a sufficient motive to sustain interest in a work of art, and the fact that it was composed in a thoroughly old-fashioned idiom was really the only noticeable virtue in this music. Whether we like it or not, the history of music demonstrates that it is impossible to write interestingly in a style belonging to a stage of culture that has passed by. It is possible to be deeply influenced by the past and to re-create it in one's own contemporary

language—think of Stravinsky re-creating Pergolesi and Tchaikovsky, while always sounding exactly like Stravinsky. But the attempt to arrest time, to pretend that the world we live in can be "reversed" in the living language of a dead generation, results in nothing but padding. It is the tragedy of our time that the musical styles that attract the most creative composers are so alien and unintelligible to most audiences, but if that tragedy is not a permanent one (as it may well be), the only way to overcome it is to go forward, not backward. Perhaps a hearing of the other two movements of Mr. Hoiby's Concerto might alter this perception of what he is trying to do, but the single movement he performed at Sherwood Hall struck me as little more than a sentimental cipher.

Mr. Hoiby was a guest who has come and gone. The La Jolla Chamber Music Society will have always with us. What was important about their recent concert was not that it was one of the grand events of the musical season—for it was certainly not that—but that one could take it seriously on musical rather than on purely social grounds. The orchestra's playing in the Mozart and Hoiby works matched its excellence in the J.C. Bach and the Schubert; it was an orchestra—and I have never felt this before—that I wanted to hear again. The question that now poses itself is whether its qualitative leap in quality signifies a permanent change or merely a brief—but much appreciated—aberration.

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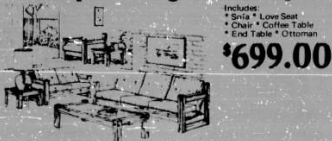
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BY JACKI SORESENSEN

Black Anthem



Southern California Black Repertory Theatre

JEFF SMITH

Last Saturday night the Southern California Black Repertory Theatre opened its 1980-1981 season with a benefit performance at the Educational Cultural Complex in Southeast San Diego. Fortunately, for those not present on this occasion, the company will continue its production through October 19, at the Second Avenue Theatre. I say fortunately because this is an outstanding theatrical event.

The program is a collage composed of dance, poetry, music, and dramatic monologues by black American authors. The materials for the performance, chosen collectively by director Floyd Gaffney and the members of the Black Repertory Theatre, come from all periods. The dramatic excerpts are drawn from the work of Lorraine Hansberry, Ed Bullins, and Ntozake Shange, and the poetry includes not only selections from Langston Hughes, Mari Evans, and Nikki Giovanni but also lyrics written by Repertory members Tanya Brown and James Tyrone Wallace. In effect, the program showcases the richness of black expression in the arts, the abundance of talent in the company, and the

often extraordinary versatility of its individual members.

It is usually the case with collages of this sort that they lack a central focus. Instead of being connected, they result in an evening of fragmentary, centrifugal splashes, unlinked moments that abandon all hope of formal, artistic unity. But one of the many strengths of *Black Anthem* (which is the name this production will assume when it begins its run at the Second Avenue Theatre) is the way director Floyd Gaffney has orchestrated the changing moods of his material, the spatial relationships on stage, and the smooth transitions from one subject to the next into a beautifully unified, professional production.

Gaffney, a professor of drama at UCSD, has organized the program around a central theme: the black experience in America. Within this theme, the company explores a broad panorama of subjects, including the varied forms of love, attitudes toward women, men, and interpersonal relationships, racist stereotyping, religion. The family, the need for militancy in the arts and in the street, childhood, education, dreams — all as seen from the black perspective. And Gaffney has added complexity to each subject by presenting it from at least two different points of view, a

technique that reveals the positive and negative qualities, the joy and the anger inherent in that particular topic. The overall effect is a sensitively woven texture, a blend of visual and verbal images at times playful and at times stark, immediate, and deeply moving.

The program commenced with two traditional Senegalese dances performed by the Diamano Coura West African Dance Troupe. Led by "master drummer" Zak San Diouf on the jam-tam, and by Diarra Lassana, whom most experts consider to be the best African acrobatic dancer on the West Coast, the troupe began with the "Lundjani," a ballet from Casamance representing the initiation of a newborn baby into society, as well as the celebration of two newly initiated women. At first this blast of energy, vitality, and skill, in which Lassana introduces the two young women to the community and also to the dance itself, appeared a rough act to follow. Then the troupe performed a "Mandiani," a dance reserved for only the most joyous of celebrations. In comparison with this second number, the apparently frenetic speed of the "Lundjani" seemed reduced almost to a slow jog or a walk in the park. And Lassana, combining Diabie and African acrobatic techniques, unleashed

such an array of expressive, dexterous movements that one is inspired not only to jump up and join in but also to reconsider the possible reaches of human joy.

The Diamano Coura Dance Troupe will not be a part of the *Black Anthem* production at the Second Avenue Theatre, but do keep the name in mind. They are definitely worth seeing, especially if you sense that the negative appears to be gaining on the battleground of your own personal map.

It is difficult, possibly even unfair, to single out individual performances from *Black Anthem*, since talent runs deep throughout the entire cast and since the production is clearly a collective effort. Several members do stand out, however, as foremost among equals. Araya P. Briggs, who has been instrumental in the creation of the Black Repertory Theatre and who has an impressive list of dramatic credentials, opens the show with a superb treatment of Queen Katharine's speech to the King in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* — the lament by a scorned wife of twenty faithful years. James Tyrone Wallace follows this with the angry outpouring of a scorned artist in "On a Black Entertainer." The combination of Briggs' and Wallace's speeches establishes a tone and a level of high quality that the production weavers from only one rare occasion.

Throughout the production, music and dance numbers are interspersed among the poetry and the dramatic monologues. Charlotte Brown-Seward, highlighting the music with a flexible, powerful voice that is as much at ease with a gentle lyric as it is with belting out the blues. She sings the latter with such force and conviction that one begins to believe that she has been a resident of the mythical town Bessie Smith once described as being so blue that "all the birds sing blues." Aside from their solid dramatic work, Deborah Branch, Sherrylyn Hicks, Grandison M. Phelps, J. Aubrey Island, and Rudy Lamont Newton also contribute effectively to the quality of the music, as does the Ervin Groves Ensemble, a small back-up group of capable musicians.

Michelle Jones performs several lovely and graceful modern dance routines. At one point she is accompanied by Eddie Kirkpatrick, who, like Jones, is a very accomplished dancer (his work in *Deirdre D. Wilson's Charisma*, performed for the Human I Theatre, was first-rate). Their dance sequence, an elegant combination of strength and finesse, is a singularly memorable event in the midst of an evening full of such moments.

The Southern California Black Repertory Theatre's production is remarkable for its expression, feeling, and depth. The materials chosen are eloquent, their enactment by the cast is consistently of a very high quality, and Gaffney's direction, which has molded many disparate elements into a unified, aesthetic whole, is excellent.

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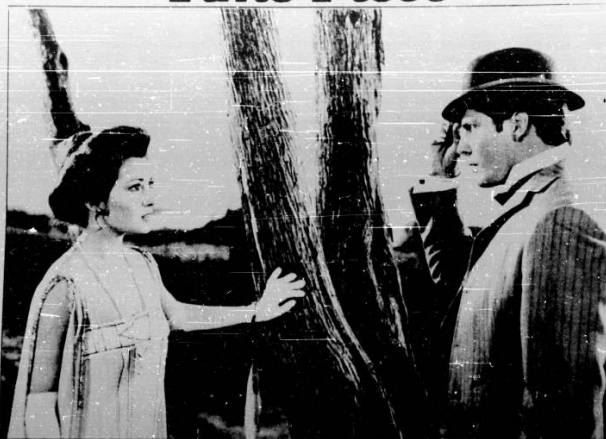
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Time Piece



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The first guaranteed tingle occurs at the end of the first shot, with the camera orbiting at the edges of an opening-night party for a campus play and having its view of the merry-making suddenly eclipsed by a silhouetted figure seen from the rear, sitting alone, just watching. The second such tingle comes a moment later, as this black-shrouded figure moves forward through the crowd, comes into view as a shriveled old woman, presses what turns out to be a gold pocket watch into the hand of the handsome young playwright who is the toast of the evening, and implores him

in a voice a breath away from the grave, "Come back to me." Thereafter, the number of tinges to be harvested from *Somewhere in Time* will probably depend on how obsessed you are with the sadness of time passing and the possibility that your Mr. or Miss Right may not have been put down on earth in quite the most convenient epoch. I myself experienced something close to an orgy of tinges. There follows immediately after the two-tingle prologue an eighth-year leap in the action, and we find the young playwright now prosperous and famous and on the rebound from an ordinary love affair gone ordinarily sour, deciding to get away from it all for a while and drawn by chance, or by some more benevolent

force, into a fabulous, fin-de-siècle resort hotel in whose Hall of History he promptly becomes fixated on the portrait of a once celebrated lady of the American stage who had appeared in the hotel theater in 1912. Then comes some invidious biographical research on her in the public library, the unearthing of a rare photograph taken late in her life that matches with the octogenarian who had — so to speak — propounded our hero eight years earlier, an inquiry into time travel with a philosophy professor who claims to have once projected himself self-hypnotically into the 16th Century, the strict implementation of his how-to tips including a thorough replication of the 1912 target date in the present day by such means as haircut and pinstripe

suit, a successful flight and landing via autoglossation, a meeting with the ogled lady of the portrait, and an attempt to wrest her from the Sverdrup grip of her manager and mentor. But enough of plot. Those of you to whom this procession of events sounds like exactly your cup of cannoli will want to discover for yourselves the niceties of how it is all worked out (and very nice most of it is, too), and the rest of you will already have heard sufficient evidence to suspect me of heaving some all mushy in the head. But before I break down sobbing, as under a Perry Mason cross examination, and concede the truth of that suspicion, I would request an opportunity to attempt to place this movie among its distinguished analogues in cinema history, for whatever rub-off value that may lend. Mainly I have in mind William Dieterle's *Portrait of Jennie*, Henry Hathaway's *Peter Ibbotson*, possibly Tay Garnett's *One Way Passage*. What all those have in common is a defense put up by one or another surrealist spokesman, back in the days when surrealism still retained some doctrinal substance and had not degenerated in the popular conception into a synonym for "let me out into a set of standardized graphic devices useful for decorating record covers. I don't know whether there are many card-carrying surrealists still about or whether they would take an interest in *Somewhere* if there were, but the kinship between this movie and those seems undeniable. The attraction of those others to first-generation surrealists, if I have understood properly and have allayed any of my own doubts that they may have been seeing more in those movies than is actually there, is the vision of the libido as clawing its way over all material obstacles, breaking through such inhibitors as manacles, prison walls, mortality, and time.

In keeping with that, the time travel in the current movie is effectuated not in the commonest science-fictional ways: not, as in *Time After Time*, by a motorized vehicle that can be hijacked by a Jack the Ripper and driven forward or backward along the time line as though time were to be perceived as a two-lane highway; nor, as in *The Final Countdown*, by an accidental parfall through a sort of open manhole in the highway of time; but rather by a conscious and deliberate tapping of a previously fallow and flabby part of the brain — and I'm all for that, although I didn't pick up many practical pointers on how the trick is actually turned. There remains a detail or two of plot logic that cannot be easily

swallowed, and for comfort would best be spat out, but I don't know of any other time-travel story where that problem is a less constant and nagging one than here. And as one has come to expect in this genre, there is never enough done, and here less than in others, with the time-traveler's adjustment to the alien culture through gaffes committed, manners mimicked, customs assimilated. What there is in that line — a running gag about his specially made suit being out of fashion, some sillier gaffs about his unfamiliarity with a dance step or straight razor — only makes one hunger for more. The vein of comedy entered immediately upon arrival in 1912, beginning with a bed-cum-surface scene of ducking into closets and behind chairs when the hero finds himself in his hotel room sixty-eight years earlier and in the crossfire of a lovers' quarrel, is welcome as a temporary mood-lightener, but is not much of a substitute for the overwhelming sense of flabbergast that must prevail at that point.

Of the analogues already cited, the closest would have to be *Jennie*, largely because it likewise involves a reaching-out across time, again not by science-fictional where-withal but by exercise of pure desire, and partially, too, because it uses Debussy in much the same way that the new movie uses Rachmaninoff, only more so. Normally I deplore the shunting of the classics as incidental music in movies — that being the easiest and least earned badge of prestige that a movie can acquire for itself, as well as being the surest and most tested way of wringing out audience emotion. But the sublimeness and divineness that

attach to some pieces of classical music in some people's minds, and the comeliness of accepting and utilizing such music for such qualities, seen at least somewhat more appropriate to ethereal fantasies like *Portrait of Jennie* and *Somewhere in Time* than to earthbound items like *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Ordinary People* (what Vi-valdi did for the former, Pachelbel is now doing for the latter). In any case, someone connected with *Somewhere* is to be congratulated on a clever bit of homework in selecting a piece of music that allows the hero to exclaim in 1980 over the coincidence of the actress whose life he is researching also sharing a taste for his: "Favorite music in the whole world" — and that allows him later (or perhaps I should say earlier) to hum to her in 1912 this piece which, while she already knows and admires the composer, she has never heard before because it will not have been written for yet another two decades.

A final analogue that I will throw in for whatever it's worth is what I take to be the ultimate refinement of the surrealist romance in abstract form, Alain Resnais's *Last Year at Marienbad* — a comparison called to mind by, among other things, the palatial locale where it takes place, the theatrical performance therein that parallels the central action, and the character of the heroine's ambiguous guardian who symbolizes whatever form of constraint you choose to imagine. It could well be objected to this that the similarity is pure chance, unintended, tenuous, superfluous, not a conscious cinematic *homage* at all. And to that I would be inclined to say: so much the better. I am talking about my

own reference points for, or stepping stones through, *Somewhere in Time*, and I don't know and don't much care where I would be without them, just as I don't much care for any philosophy of art appreciation that places more emphasis on what went into a work than on what can be gotten out of it.

None of this would be worth the bother of mentioning if the movie were less well done than it is. The most important thing it has in common with any of the forenamed analogues — and a consideration that rules out any number of other possible analogues — is the high level of inspiration and virtuosity on display. It's not an easy job to know how to allocate credit for that. I haven't read the Richard Matheson novel, *Midnight Return*, from which he himself derived the screenplay (I have leaped far enough into it, however, to learn that the original locale, before being switched to the shores of Lake Michigan, was our local Hotel Del Coronado, which certainly indicates a more sensible use of the place than having men in spiked helmets scrambling across the roof or doing headstands from the turrets as in *The Saint*), but I am familiar with a couple of his other novels, as well as with innumerable of his film and television scripts, with a special place of affection reserved always for his *Night Stalker* pilot, and I have long thought of him as a good one. Never as good as this, though.

French-born Jeannot Szwarc, on the other hand, is a director who I have never imagined aimed above mere competence, who I am not sure does even here, and who thus gives new and startling proof of how

far mere competence can be made to go in advantageous circumstances. I tend to be leery of attempts to compare the outmoded style of Movies Like They Don't Make Them Anymore. But if ever a willful retrogression in style were intrinsically justified in the material, a backwards time-travel story would surely have to be that occasion; and a convincing bringing-off of such a style, a feat facilitated here with a lot of portentous tracking shots which reminded me vaguely of last year's *The Promise*, which in turn reminded me vaguely of Hitchcock's *Vertigo* 1958, is not unimpressive as an act of mimicry if as nothing else, although I'm not sure any amount of rationalizing would help one to swallow the final shot of the film or to convince oneself that the difficulty of swallowing it is due to a lump in the throat. The photography leans a little too much for my taste toward misting, paling, bleaching effects, hitting a low in one of those lace-and-candlelight love scenes, but hitting a high and making up for a lot of in-between with a very pretty impression of walking through a momentarily blinding shaft of sunlight. No story of love as love was meant to be, and as so many movies have warned you into thinking it might yet be, would be able to stand on its four legs without a hero and heroine who seemed deserving, and there is no falling-down at that point here. Christopher Reeve, as the playwright and time-traveler, is one of the most believably nice guys in movies, and Jane Seymour, as the old-time actress whose personal motto — "Excess within control" — might just as well be the entire movie's, is believably beautiful. □

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How Does It Feel?



RENO WIX

The fact that our family chemistry is the DNA that directs our relationships for the remainder of our lives could be the contemporary goldmine which attracted Robert Redford to Judith Guest's novel *Ordinary People* (the optioned it when it was still in galley, long before it enjoyed the all-hail position on the *New York Times* best-seller list) and the reason he eventually selected it to commence his evolution from actor to director. He and screenwriter Alvin Sargent (a reliable adaptor of original material for *Paper Moon* and *Julia*, among others) respect Guest's writing by reproducing many scenes verbatim, by news-wiring far from her purposes when proving, supplementing, or creating scenes, and by never spelling out exactly what is commonplace about the Jarrett family depicted here. One snare of *Ordinary People* is considering what justifies the adjective in the title (the people certainly aren't average socio-economically, residing in affluent Lake Forest and enjoying what some other ordinary people might call luxury). The common denominator evidently is anguish, evoked here by the loss of their elder son through accidental death; their divergent responses become a matrix of familial disintegration. Because we have no view of the family's

interaction before the death, when they were four (excepting some perfunctory, clumsily inserted flashbacks which are not helpful), we're allowed most of the way to observe and/or experience the emerging dissonances without being coerced in our sentiments. This lack of the more usual dramatic clues as to how we should feel about the characters is the durable strength of the movie. Oblique in style, solid in craftsmanship, and with an absolute death of eccentricity, *Ordinary People* is a satisfying, though never electrifying work, firmly in the Hollywood tradition of prestige pictures. (Paramount's understated promotion, holding "advance presentations" rather than plain old sneak previews, suggests a concern for status and an eye to next spring's Academy Awards.) Donald Sutherland as the father, Timothy Hutton (in a more demanding acting opportunity than his father, the late Jim Hutton, ever received) as the surviving son Conrad, Mary Tyler Moore as the mother, and Judd Hirsch as Conrad's psychiatrist, together fuse in a convincing balance of substantial portrayals. Sutherland is a solicitous father whose anxious scrutiny, while too much too often, comes from a guilt over his lack of perception before Conrad's breakdown. He's loving beyond question and moving in his falsely light-hearted exclamation, "Here he is now!" His drooping basset-hound look works well as he strives to comprehend the

force of change in people he thought he knew. There's a considerable physical solvency to Sutherland which, when it's vulnerable, becomes less powerful and more weighted with the responsibility he's assumed as a worried parent. Yet this heaviness falls away so nicely when he finds himself disarming one-on-one in the psychiatrist's office, squirming in a believable blend of ambivalence and curiosity.

The requisites for Moore were not as stringent, the prime one being to still look beautiful after twenty-one years of marriage. As a woman whose compulsive need to maintain order has priority over any risk of vulnerability to the lie and now of her family, she is adequately taut. As matriarch, her obsession with appearance and surface detail prevents those intimate with her from allowing their dark sides to breathe in her presence, this controlling nature engenders eruptions of cataclysmic intensity, a pattern dished up symbolically in a pat broken-plate scene in which she becomes fixated upon the likelihood of repairing a "clean break" to the detriment of the messier, more urgent disrepair of her relationships. As the deck slacks against the mother — after a party which could have come to life from *New Yorker* cartoons; during a bitter golf-course confrontation; and quietly at home on the family-room couch under the intent gaze of her husband — *Ordinary People* ultimately affixes blame to her inflexibility.

From a movie delivering a classic existential bill of goods (the theme is that life is a random, no-fault, unfair state), this finger-pointing feels out of place. At Conrad, Hutton traverses grueling territory from paranoid kid with unruly hair and bumpy skin to healed, reassuring confidant to his father; along the way he arouses compassion for, and at the same time gives dignity to, one of society's harder-to-swallow characters, the disturbed adolescent. The strain between the boy and his mother is painfully unresolved, and better characterized in a light-handed upstairs hall scene in which, without missing a beat of the dialogue, she reminds him not to lean against her furniture, then it is in the increasingly inhuman encounters most typified by a backyard cynosure of non-listening, that culminates with Conrad's "art" (a scene from whole-cloth rather than Guest, though a tip of the hat here to this production for resisting any urge to show us the unsavory bathroom from which "everything had to be pitched" . . . even the tie had to be re-gouted" after Conrad's suicide attempt).

The permissive and freedom Conrad is given in the therapeutic relationship is continually juxtaposed with the sterility of his WASP home environment, so, soon after his mother has roasted his father for choosing candor about "Con" over circumspicion, his psychiatrist, Berger, is

pointedly instructing him, "Forget how it looks, how does it feel?" Supposedly the boy has therapy out of his neighborhood in a Philadelphia newspaper for subjects needed in a regressive hypnosis experiment. Fifty people answered the ad, and out of fifty he chose only two — me and an American Indian. He took me back . . . this was all on tape. I went back to ancient Egypt. Unfortunately, I recalled being a laborer. We were pushing a large wooden boat onto logs, to be launched into the Nile. There were whips — the whole bit. In other words, I was a slave. Hot, thirsty, tired. I was overwhelmed by the whole thing. Even though I didn't like the situation, I'm sure it's a connection to another time that I'm a part of.

More than a refined initial effort from a sexy star on the other side of the camera, *Ordinary People* will probably enjoy enormous approval for devoting an unusually generous percentage of screen time to the way people feel about one another and for its saintly respect for these feelings. The film's promotion includes such lines as "It's his home" and "Some films you watch, others you feel." Perhaps real ordinary people bring themselves together as this movie does, around moments when, in spite of or because of unresolved conflict, they realize love. For her inability to expel love every time Conrad needs it, her honesty about interpreting every event by how it affects her, and her refusal to participate in negotiation about giving in her marriage, the mother is consigned to cinematic Sodom (after an unduly explicit climactic scene), while the rewards of bonding, first between Conrad and Berger, and finally between him and his dad, are keenly emphasized. *Ordinary People* seemingly reinforces some of the fundamental affirmative experiences of humankind; and could be cathartic, considering that when people are aware of impending death the regret expressed more often than any deed done or word spoken is the regret of withholding, most particularly their loving feelings. Notwithstanding the extremely high emotional quotient here, we are spared mawkishness when the emphasis is kept upon the intriguing separateness of the characters' individual perspectives, which, though colliding, compose a kaleidoscopic cycle. (Mother: "Is there anything he won't do to hurt me?" Conrad: "She hates me!" Father: "She doesn't hate you!" Mother: "Mothers don't hate their sons!" To be a survivor in the Jarrett family is to experience a change in the gestalt, to become aware that forces are moving, that cannot be fixed for examination, something like the way we feel when we first learn that matter isn't as solid as we thought. □

Off the Cuff

Do you ever feel an affinity with another time?



Bongo Widerness
San Diego

About five years ago I answered an ad in a Philadelphia newspaper for subjects needed in a regressive hypnosis experiment. Fifty people answered the ad, and out of fifty he chose only two — me and an American Indian. He took me back . . . this was all on tape. I went back to ancient Egypt. Unfortunately, I recalled being a laborer. We were pushing a large wooden boat onto logs, to be launched into the Nile. There were whips — the whole bit. In other words, I was a slave. Hot, thirsty, tired. I was overwhelmed by the whole thing. Even though I didn't like the situation, I'm sure it's a connection to another time that I'm a part of.



Lauri Brenner
Golden Hill

Always, I don't feel an affinity to this period of time at all. I definitely have a penchant for the Victorian age. Even though it was a repressive time in many ways, I've always felt the styles suited me best. I would feel more comfortable wearing those kinds of clothes. They were more feminine. The restrictive customs of that society actually lent themselves to a simpler way of life. You knew what was expected of you and what to expect from others. I think dealing with so many choices creates a neurotic society that's harder to cope with. I don't feel connected to this time at all.



Ken Randall
La Mesa

The turn of the century. Great discoveries were made in a very short period of time, innovations that changed the world. People got radio, television, the movies, so fast. It had to be a very exciting time. Most people feel that the past was simpler. It was probably more cut-and-dry. What people find so distressing now are the complexities of an issue. At the beginning of the century we would have invaded Iran. The Teddy Roosevelt in me says, "Charge! Damn the torpedoes!" Today man sees that there's more to it than pride. If I ever went back, I'd prefer to be wealthy. That's just common sense.



Gary Fulps
Pacific Beach

Definitely the Forties. I'm attracted to the music of that period. Be-bop was big. It was an avant-garde thing to be playing it. Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie — the existence that surrounded them was exciting. There was a war going on. Dance bands were big. It was possible to get work as a musician. The majority of those people are dead now, and I think it had to do with the way they lived. Music war their life. I have a feeling I had some contact with that period, whether it's from a memory of some sort or from the stories my dad told.



Maria Poper
Del Cerro

Totally. The Sixties. I just think it was a real time for change in this country. I was up in Berkeley this summer trying to imagine it all — it was kind of weird. I was very young when it was all happening, but I had a couple of cousins who were involved and they used to tell me about it. Whatever the person felt, they did. It's like that now, but the Sixties were the beginning of it. Everything was brought out, like the sexual revolution. Everything was just there. I was too young to know what was going on but I still loved the music — the Beatles, Bob Dylan. A lot of it is exaggerated. All the worst of it is remembered and none of the good.

— Lin Jakary

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Section 2

There are two kinds of photographs: those that respond to time and those that respond to light. Of course, all photographs must respond to both time and light, but frequently the photographer emphasizes one over the other, taking on one of two very different styles. Photographs that respond to time are quick, volatile, complex, frequently witty, ironic, or funny, and many times create new meanings by the juxtaposition of unrelated objects and people within a single image. These photographs capture life as it rushes by, and the photographer tries to be

which prized images have been transferred by a lithographic process. The transparency of the fabric and the substance of the images contrast with one another and create a tension between delicacy and munificence.

The Bones were made in 1975 in the affluent Indian textile city of Ahmedabad, where Rauschenberg stayed at the Gandhi Ashram. Gandhi advocated, among other things, simplicity of lifestyle and the use of homespun cloth; and the Bones are spare, three-dimensional objects made of handmade paper, bamboo, and fabric. They are luminous pieces, both in the way light passes through them and in their spirit of grace and clarity. Their names refer to throws of dice.

The *Publicons* were made in late 1978. They are intended to be "public icons," and are modeled after icon cases: plain boxes hung on the wall that, when opened, reveal bright, lighted collages of fabric and objects. The central image and the titles — *Stations* — suggest the sacred, but the flamboyance of color and utilitarianism of

Massachusetts, were first shown at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and forty of them comprise Meyerowitz's successful book *Cape Light*.

Capa's images are marvelous. Meyerowitz is shrewdly aware that a subtle change in the color of light as perceived by us makes an obvious difference on color film. Our brain automatically adjusts to small differences in the color of light so we are not aware of how yellow our houseplants really are, or how green fluorescent tubes really are. Color film shows the difference, and this is most evident in Meyerowitz's night shots. His is a merry night decorated with yellow and green fluorescents. Blue glows from television screens, whitish car headlights, and reds from reds. In a way, his night photographs are a poetic recording of man's success in reclaiming the night and chasing away fear.

All of Meyerowitz's photographs seem to have an anchor, a visual element that brings bedrock stability to the



Public-Station 1/Robert Bauserhabe

• If there are modern masters in the contemporary art world, Robert Rauschenberg (1925-) seems to be one.

place in San Diego: the opening of an exhibition of some of his work since the mid-Seventies; and a screening of a retrospective film of his career.

The exhibition will consist of five of the *Hoarfrost* series, three of the *Bones*, and four of the *Publicons*. The *Hoarfrosts*, made in 1974 and 1975, are hanging, unstretched cloth pieces onto

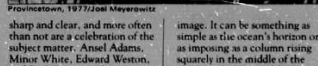
Currently in its fourth year, UCSD's annual Political Film

entrenched class of Dutch administrators as well as by the native aristocracy whose prosperity is dependent upon slave labor. As his real is gradually swallowed up by the unfeeling bureaucracy, the dispirited Havelaar eventually sees that the intransigent system is so deeply rooted as to be beyond the reach of anyone.

Directed by the critically acclaimed Dutch filmmaker Fons Rademakers and shot in Indonesia against lush, verdant landscapes, this spectacular and expensively mounted film vividly re-creates the time and place in which European rule, behind the masks of Civilization, Order, and Stability, sought only to profit from subjugated lands and peoples.

The series continues in the same vein in coming weeks with

(continued on page 4, col. 5)



sharp and clear, and more often than not are a celebration of the subject matter. Ansel Adams, Minor White, Edward Weston, and Paul Caponigro have practiced photography in this

There was the early Joel Meyerowitz whose photographs responded to time, and there is the present Joel Meyerowitz whose photographs now respond to light. The early Meyerowitz used a small 35mm camera and photographed mainly in black and white. Today's Meyerowitz uses an eight by ten view camera (i.e., the camera produces negatives that are eight by ten inches in size) on a tripod and photographs exclusively in color.

A very large exhibition of his color photographs will be on view in San Diego beginning tonight. Ninety-five prints, divided between Southwestern College's Gallery and Gallery Graphics in Hillcrest, will be on display through November 6 and 7. These photographs, taken in 1976 and 1977, in Cape Cod

image. It can be something as simple as the ocean's horizon or as imposing as a column rising squarely in the middle of the photograph. Many of the photographs are symmetrical, and there is an overriding concern for geometry, scale, and proportion. Above all there is clarity in the presentation.

Everything is sharp, precisely located, and contained in the soft envelope of the always-changing light.

Meyerowitz's basic elements of light, water, sky, and earth are as big as the forces of nature and evoke in us an appropriate response. This is not mere sentiment, but something deep, primordial. Take the photograph in which a glass-topped table appears in the foreground. At first sight, there is a clear separation between what is man-made and what is nature. The top of the railing divides the photograph with the authority of a chalk line. The glass top, however, looks very much like water, and is immediately linked

(continued on page 4, col. 4)

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Film

Architecture Films The City, a 1939 film documenting the look and ideas of the architecture of the Thirties, directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke and narrated by Lewis Mumford and H. Rodickson, with music of Aaron Copland and Howard Hanson. Architecture, a 1979 film of interviews with Lewis Mumford and leading contemporary architects, will be shown Thursday, October 9, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

"The General," the silent film classic by Buster Keaton, will be shown before a pre-talk dinner, Friday, October 10, 6 p.m., Bird Hall, First Unitarian Church, 4102 Front Street, Hillcrest. 290-3636.

"Man Has a Plan," an epic film that exposes the inhumanity of the Dutch colonization of Indonesia, will be shown as part of the UCSD Political Film Series—Friday, October 10, 7 p.m., USC 2222, UCSD. Free. 452-1362.

Two Films, The First Americans and **Two Gods** and the award-winning **In Search of Lost Worlds** narrated by Orson Welles, will be shown in conjunction with the current Golden Treasury of Peru exhibition, Monday, October 13, 3 and 5 p.m., Copley Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Robert Rauschenberg: Retrospective," a film that traces the artist's development from his student years to the 1976 Smithsonian retrospective of his work at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1977, will be shown Tuesday, October 14, 8 p.m., Heidi Hardin studio, 633 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 265-6511.

"Mount St. Helens," the world's largest newsreel, **Conan, Forces**, a mixed-media presentation about the influences of comic energies on our lives and **Viva Bas**, an Omnimax film with an aerial survey of the Bas Peninsula, will be shown through November. Reuben H. Frey Space Theater, Balboa Park. 238-1233.

Dance

Ballet Season of California Ballet Company will open with a two-act production of **Romeo and Juliet**, with music by Prokofiev and choreography by Charles Bennett, and **Serenade Encounters** with music by Hans-Isidor Shapin and choreography by Maxine Mahon. Friday, October 11, 2:30 and 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 210 East Main Street, El Cajon. 440-2277.

Dance Performances on Saturday, October 11, will be given by All Kabaleyan Vietnamese Dancers, 4 p.m., Copley Auditorium, downtown. Free. 294-9160.

International Folk Dance Festival will end twenty-four years of performances by Cypriot Dancers, under the direction of John Hancok, Sunday, October 12, 2:30 p.m., Starlight Bowl, Balboa Park. Free. 455-0932.

Lectures

"Birds of Ecuador" and their habitats will be discussed, with slides, by noted field ornithologist Richard E. Webster on Thursday, October 9, 7 p.m., Photographic Art Building, Balboa Park. Free. 297-7571.

Planetarium Lecture Series will continue with "The Amazing Pyramids," presented by Jon Olson, who asks if they served some astronomical function, Thursday, October 9, 7:30 p.m., Southwestern College planetarium, 920 Clay Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-1180.

Media Man Herbert G. Klein, newly appointed editor-in-chief of the Copley Newsroom, former editor of the San Diego Union and director of communications for the Nixon White House, will speak at the San Diego Chamber of Com-

merce's Fiscal Point sack lunch, Friday, October 10, noon, 3800 Del Mar Road, El Cajon. Free. 440-2277.

"Back Flowers," an introduction to the history and uses of Bach flower remedies, will be presented by Bonnie Green, Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., Alchemi Hall, 1830 Ray Street, North Park. Free. 296-1310.

Sports Medicine Clinic will continue with orthopedic surgeon Edwin Fuller speaking on "Bone Injuries of the Lower Extremities," Saturday, October 11, 9 a.m., Ray General Community Hospital, 655 1180 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. Free. 420-0920.

Poet Tom Clayton will read selections from his poetry, Monday, October 12, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Village, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

Museum Director-General and former Palmach commander Yoram Ravin of the Israel Museum, the national museum in Jerusalem, will present a lecture and film on the museum, Monday, October 13, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

"Gods, Graves, and Gold in Ancient Peru" will be the topic of a Meet the Masters lecture/luncheon talk by UCLA's Museum of Cultural History director Christopher Donnan, Tuesday, October 14, 10:45 a.m., Copley Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Great Expectations," a series of design and city-planning lectures sponsored by the San Diego American Institute of Architects and the San Diego Museum of Art, will present Vancouver's Ray Spaxman, Tuesday, October 14, 7 p.m., Copley Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"The Tragedy of the Disappeared—What's to Be Done?" will be discussed by Amnesty International's southwestern regional coordinator Gloria Tierney, Tuesday, October 14, 7:30 p.m., Newman Center, 5845 Hardy Avenue, San Diego. 265-1637.

"Collecting and Conserving" will

be the subject of a lecture by Lata Amich, art authority David Bernson, Wednesday, October 15, 6:30 p.m., San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Change the World It Needs It," a program of songs, La Bonté, directed by Kurt Weill, and Hans Esler sung by Jani Wittich, will take place Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. Free. 521-3229.

"Jazz Cohort" will herald the forthcoming Wednesday Evening at the Mandeville Center concert series with local jazz artists and special guest Red Callender on jazz tuba and bass, Thursday, October 9, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. Free. 521-3229.

"Mazzu Soprano Kathleen O'Brien" will perform in a music department concert, Wednesday, October 15, 11 a.m., Performance Hall, Palomar College, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 x349.

Classical Guitar Concert, Kim Blum will play works of Albizu, Barrios, Carlevaro, and the premiere of one of his own works, Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., Community Arts Gallery, 470 Third Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-0411.

Nighttime Concerts will feature a guitar recital by John Lyon, Wednesday, October 15, 12:15 p.m., French Parlor, Founders Hall, USD. Free. 291-6480 x426.

Friday Evening Concerts will present flutist Judy Mendelsohn and French horn player Robert Roush, accompanied by pianist Ilana Myron, in a program of works by Hummel, Rame, Bach, Tiel, Debussy, and Poulenc, Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDOU. 265-6947.

Blues Guitarist Sparks Rucker will sing gospel and mountain songs, Saturday, October 11, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 144 North Highway 101, Lucinda. 436-4030.

Classical Song Recital, song of Haydn, Brahms, and Lauber-Ginastera, and Copland will be sung by SDOU mezzo-soprano Mary McLaughlin, accompanied by pianist Mary Burroughs, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDOU. Free. 265-5224.

Harp Concert will feature Melina Morgan, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., Earthwater Gallery, 305 Ray Street, North Park. 296-1560.

Opera, the San Diego Opera will present Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* with Beverly Sils as Adèle and Dame Jeanne Seibel as Rosalinda, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., La Jolla Village Club, 215 Silverado Street, La Jolla. 454-2354 or 454-6428.

Contraalto Carolyn McDaniel will present a program of vocal music, including Mahler's "Kaiserlieder" and Manuel de Falla's "Siete Canciones Populares," Sunday, October 12, 4 p.m., La Jolla Presbyterian Church, 7715 Driest Avenue, La Jolla. 454-1605.

In Concert, University Wind Ensemble I will perform works of Pyton, Grainger, and David 2nd.

READER'S GUIDE

Music

Concert Series of the Navy Band will continue under the direction of CW04 John Ingram, Thursday, October 9, 7:30 p.m., Naval Air Station theater, North Island. Free. 225-5278.

Contage Concerts will present pianist Robert Haffenden playing sonatas by Antonio Soler, Monday, October 13, noon, Scripps Cottage, SDOU. Free. 265-5204.

Fall Chamber Music Series will present the Miramar Trio, and music of Quantz, Prosser, Davern, Brahms, and Berkeley, Tuesday, October 14, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 827 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-3800.

Chamber Music will be presented by the San Diego Brass Trio, Wednesday, October 15, noon, Community Arts Gallery, 470 Third Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-0411.

Nighttime Concerts will feature a guitar recital by John Lyon, Wednesday, October 15, 12:15 p.m., French Parlor, Founders Hall, USD. Free. 291-6480 x426.

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To LOCAL EVENTS

Stemmen, Saturday, October 12, 7 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDOU. 265-5204.

Classical Chamber Music will be performed by a brass ensemble led by Charlie Lauer, Monday, October 13, 10 a.m., room J-1, MainCote College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanside, and noon, Del Mar Center, 9th Street and Stratford Court, Del Mar. Free. 757-2121.

Cottage Concerts will present pianist Robert Haffenden playing sonatas by Antonio Soler, Monday, October 13, noon, Scripps Cottage, SDOU. Free. 265-5204.

Fall Chamber Music Series will present the Miramar Trio, and music of Quantz, Prosser, Davern, Brahms, and Berkeley, Tuesday, October 14, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 827 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-3800.

Mazzu Soprano Kathleen O'Brien will perform in a music department concert, Wednesday, October 15, 11 a.m., Performance Hall, Palomar College, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 x349.

Chamber Music will be presented by the San Diego Brass Trio, Wednesday, October 15, noon, Community Arts Gallery, 470 Third Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-0411.

Nighttime Concerts will feature a guitar recital by John Lyon, Wednesday, October 15, 12:15 p.m., French Parlor, Founders Hall, USD. Free. 291-6480 x426.

Special Events

"Feelin' Good" Health Fair will offer preventive health care information and testing, Friday, October 10, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street, San Diego. Free. 291-1620.

Open House of Planned Parenthood Association of San Diego will be held Friday, October 10, 4 to 8 p.m., 2102 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. Free. 231-6820.

Improvisational Comedy will be performed by the San Diego Improvisational Comedy troupe, Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Village, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

October International Festival will feature performances by the

Camurata Punta Del Este, Uruguay, Saturday, October 11 and Sunday, October 12, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., Spanish Rite Center, Mission Valley. 232-6385.

Western Roundup and Hootdown will feature country music and dancing, hot dog and chili fest, watermelon seed spinning contest and greased pig tackle, Saturday, October 11, 11:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., La Mesa Park, adjacent to the Y at 8881 Dallas Street, La Mesa. 464-1323.

Country Fair, with variety booth, barbecue, bingo, and a midway, will be held Sunday, October 11 and Sunday, October 12, noon to 9 p.m., St. Patrick's Rectory grounds, 1885 10th Street, North Park. 282-2848.

Monument March, a walk sponsored by Walkabout International, will lead to a historic spot honoring Wladimir Waterman, Saturday, October 11, 6:30 p.m., from Our Lady of the Rosary Church, 1659 Columbia Street, San Diego. 439-7621 or 213-WALK.

Commemoration Celebration of El Dia de la Raza will feature traditional Mexican and North American music, Aztec and regional Mexican dances, exhibits and food, Sunday, October 12, noon to 5 p.m., El Centro Cultural de la Raza, 2004 Park Boulevard, Balboa Park. 235-6135.

Flocks of Fiction, herds of hardbacks, packs of paperback and a menagerie of magazines will be offered at the fourth annual San Diego Zoo Library book sale, Saturday, October 11, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Otto Center courtyard, San Diego Zoo, Balboa Park. 231-1515.

Greek Festival will include Greek food and a taverna, Greek music and dance, Greek handicrafts, Greece on film, and a presentation on city planning in classical Greece and contemporary California given by Greek architect Harry Anagnostis, to all benefit the Greek Orthodox Church of North San Diego County, Saturday, October 11, 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., and Sunday, October 12, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Del Mar Fairgrounds, 292-0415 or 292-1445.

"Folk Faire," the ninth annual multiethnic event sponsored by San Diego Ecumenical Conference, with this year's "O-Matsumi," the Japanese "Honorable

Festival," will provide music and dance, puppetry, crafts, foods, and more, Saturday, October 11 and Sunday, October 12, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., Spanish Rite Center, Mission Valley. 232-6385.

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Los Angeles Artists Bob and Bob will autograph copies of their new book, Sunday, October 12, 3 to 5 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, and appear with their new film, Monday, October 13, 8 p.m., HISS 1130, UCSD. Free. 454-3541.

Walking Tours of Gaslamp Quarter will be conducted by the Gaslamp Quarter Association, Wednesday, October 15, 10 a.m., Thursday, October 16, 5:30 p.m., and Friday, October 17, noon, 652 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-7931.

Radio/TV

Baseball Playoffs will continue in the American League with the Kansas City Royals at the New York Yankees, Thursday, October 9, Friday, October 10, 5 p.m., and, if necessary, Saturday, October 11, 5 p.m.; and in the National League with the Philadelphia Phillies at the Houston Astros, or the Atlanta Braves at the Los Angeles Dodgers, Friday, October 10, 11:30 a.m., and, if necessary, Saturday, October 11, 1 p.m., Channel 10, with the World Series starting Tuesday, October 14 and Wednesday, October 15, 5 p.m., Channel 39.

"The Great White Hope," a film version of the life of Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion, starring James Earl Jones and John Alexander, will be shown Thursday, October 9, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

Opera Broadcasts of the San Francisco Opera production of Janacek's *Jenufa*, performed in the original Czech, will be presented Friday, October 10, 8 p.m., KPSS-FM 94.1, and Sunday, October 12, 7 p.m., KPSS-FM 90.1.

Baseball, the defending NBA champion Los Angeles Lakers' game at the Seattle SuperSonics will be televised, Friday, October 10, 11:30 p.m., Channel 8.

"The Blues is a Woman," a cele-

brity performance, will be shown on the 1976 Smithsonian retrospective of his work at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1977, will be shown Tuesday, October 14, 8 p.m., Heidi Hardin studio, 633 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 265-6511.

"Mount St. Helens," the world's largest newsreel, **Conan, Forces**, a mixed-media presentation about the influences of comic energies on our lives and **Viva Bas**, an Omnimax film with an aerial survey of the Bas Peninsula, will be shown through November. Reuben H. Frey Space Theater, Balboa Park. 238-1233.

Planetarium Lecture Series will continue with "The Amazing Pyramids," presented by Jon Olson, who asks if they served some astronomical function, Thursday, October 9, 7:30 p.m., Southwestern College planetarium, 920 Clay Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-1180.

Media Man Herbert G. Klein, newly appointed editor-in-chief of the Copley Newsroom, former editor of the San Diego Union and director of communications for the Nixon White House, will speak at the San Diego Chamber of Com-

"Gods, Graves, and Gold in Ancient Peru" will be the topic of a Meet the Masters lecture/luncheon talk by UCLA's Museum of Cultural History director Christopher Donnan, Tuesday, October 14, 10:45 a.m., Copley Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Great Expectations," a series of design and city-planning lectures sponsored by the San Diego American Institute of Architects and the San Diego Museum of Art, will present Vancouver's Ray Spaxman, Tuesday, October 14, 7 p.m., Copley Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"The Tragedy of the Disappeared—What's to Be Done?" will be discussed by Amnesty International's southwestern regional coordinator Gloria Tierney, Tuesday, October 14, 7:30 p.m., Newman Center, 5845 Hardy Avenue, San Diego. 265-1637.

"Collecting and Conserving" will

Blues Guitarist Sparks Rucker will sing gospel and mountain songs, Saturday, October 11, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 144 North Highway 101, Lucinda. 436-4030.

Classical Song Recital, song of Haydn, Brahms, and Lauber-Ginastera, and Copland will be sung by SDOU mezzo-soprano Mary McLaughlin, accompanied by pianist Mary Burroughs, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDOU. Free. 265-5224.

Harp Concert will feature Melina Morgan, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., Earthwater Gallery, 305 Ray Street, North Park. 296-1560.

Opera, the San Diego Opera will present Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* with Beverly Sils as Adèle and Dame Jeanne Seibel as Rosalinda, Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., La Jolla Village Club, 215 Silverado Street, La Jolla. 454-2354 or 454-6428.

Contraalto Carolyn McDaniel will present a program of vocal music, including Mahler's "Kaiserlieder" and Manuel de Falla's "Siete Canciones Populares," Sunday, October 12, 4 p.m., La Jolla Presbyterian Church, 7715 Driest Avenue, La Jolla. 454-1605.

In Concert, University Wind Ensemble I will perform works of Pyton, Grainger, and David 2nd.

A Celebration on Ice

La Jolla Figure Skating Club in cooperation with Ice Capades Chafet presents "Celebration on Ice" Sunday, October 12th, 5PM-8PM

Also featuring

- Bobby Kent's "Entertainers"
- Colson Family Band
- Ice Capades Chafet, Food Pavilion!
- All free to the public!

La Jolla Village Drive, between I-5 and I-15

Happy Birthday, University Towne Centre

KUNDALINI YOGA

Celebrating 20 years of serving people worldwide

3HO

New class series starting, Beginning, Monday, Oct. 6 & Monday, Nov. 3 Intermediate, Thursday & Saturday, Dec. 16, 18

Quincy Ram Day Ashram 1421 Myrtle Avenue 299-4155 (just west of Park Blvd. 2 blocks north of Zoo)

Everything you ever wanted is at the GREAT AMERICAN MARKET at the DEL MAR FAIRGROUNDS

new Pat O'Brien Building

Saturday Oct. 11 & Sunday Oct. 12 and every Saturday and Sunday 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

Free Parking Free Entertainment For You San Diego Free Admission

"The Market" is back for its second season (every weekend) with a bigger selling market in the new Pat O'Brien Building—new wholesale merchants and manufacturers for the biggest savings ever. Buy direct—no costly middleman. This is a Fair—Home Show—Gift Festival—Farmer's Market

Second Hand Rows (don't throw it away—turn trash into cash)

RECORD MARKET Over 50 dealers

FARMER'S MARKET Great savings! Chees - meat - fish - olives - honey - vegetables - fruit - "FREE samples"

10450 Friars Rd. at Mission George Rd. in the Friars Village Shopping Center • 280-1141

Info: 755-3693 Del Mar Fairgrounds Seller's Info: 755-9758

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

bration of women's contributions to blues and early jazz will begin this season's jazz series. Saturday, October 11, 6 p.m.: KPBS-FM 89.

Clippers Basketball. The San Diego Clippers will be televised live against the Golden State Warriors. Saturday, October 11, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

After Football against the University of Nevada. Rebels will be tape-delayed Saturday, October 11, 11 p.m., Channel 6.

Sunday in the NFL will feature the Cincinnati Bengals at the Pittsburgh Steelers. Sunday, October 12, 10 a.m.; and the San Diego Chargers at the Oakland Raiders at 1 p.m., Channel 39.

Winter Season Preview of the San Diego Symphony will include music of Mozart, Donizetti, Elgar, and Beethoven. Sunday, October 12, 6 to 10 p.m., KPBS-FM 94.1.

Monday Night Football will match the Washington Redskins at the Denver Broncos. Monday, October 13, 8 p.m., Channel 12 and KSDO 1130.

"Nova" will present "The Sea Behind the Dunes," a year in the life of a coastal lagoon and the fragile tidal ecosystem that supports the entire ocean. Tuesday, October 14, 8 p.m.; repeating Friday, October 17, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Body in Question" will present "How Do You Feel?" with Jonathan Miller discussing what aches and pains reveal. Tuesday, October 14, 9 p.m.; repeating Friday, October 17, 10 a.m., Channel 15.

"A Question of Place: Sound Portraits of Twentieth-Century American Music" will present a radio essay on James Joyce, presented by Radio Telescene. February Company of Ireland. Wednesday, October 15, 7 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"An Evening with Dionne Warwick" will feature a medley of twenty-three of the singer's hit songs. Wednesday, October 15, 8 p.m. (simulcast with KPBS-FM 89), repeating Sunday, October 19, 2 p.m., Channel 15.

Clippers Basketball. The San Diego Clippers will open their home season against the Houston Rockets. Friday, October 10, 7:25 p.m. Sports Arena. 126-1275 or 236-8456.

Crazy Women Wheelchair Basketball Tournament. The sixth annual conducted by Disabled Sports Recreation Division of the San Diego Park and Recreation Department, will take place Saturday, October 11 and Sunday, October 12, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Municipal Gym. Balboa Park. 236-5685.

"Late Entries to the Chicago Tribune Tower Competition," an exhibition of sixty-eight architectural drawings that are theoretical designs or whimsical commentaries on the original 1922 competition for a skyscraper to house the newspaper offices of the Chicago Tribune, will be on view through October 12. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 705 Prospect St., La Jolla. 454-3541.

Recent Works of four San Diego artists. Lynn Schuerie, Barbara Sexton, Diane Mounoud, and Susan Verin Minicelli, will be exhibited through October 12. Alternative Space Gallery, 534 Sixth Avenue, downtown. 233-1785.

"Recent Street Works," paintings by Richard Sigmund, will be on display through October 17. Crumley Gallery, Montecito College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanview. 757-2121.

Sound Sculptures from multi-channel field recordings by Bill Fontana will be featured through October 17. Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD. 452-2864.

Socio-Political Art is the theme of an all-media exhibition continuing through October 25. Community Arts Gallery, 870 Third Avenue, downtown. 239-4238.

"Contemporary: A Selection of Portraits Photographs" including Dame Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, C.P. Snow, Golda Meir, Margaret Thatcher, and others, taken by Bern Schwartz, will be on view through October 30. East Room, Mandeville Center, UCSD. 453-3120.

"Large Semi-transparent Paintings" by Carole Fren, installed with natural and artificial light sources, will continue through October 31. Thomas Barber Gallery, 2470 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 454-0345.

"Nine Squared," an exhibition of recent work by Mark Schwartz, Gary Chazand, and Thom Dicoali, will open with a reception on Friday, October 10, 7 to 10 p.m.; and continue through November 7. Gallery 552, 552 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 233-1977.

Acrylic Paintings by Andrew Speer will be on exhibit through October 10. Masters Gallery SDSU. 565-5204.

"Flower Images," a multimedia group exhibition of paintings and works on paper, glass, fiber, and metals, will be on display through October 12. New Visions Gallery, 2454 Heritage Park Row, Old Town. 692-4100.

"The Last Five Years," an exhibition of intaglio prints and etchings by Barney Reid will be on display through November 1, with a reception for the artist on Friday, October 10, 7 to 9 p.m., Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldsmith Street, Mission Hills. 295-2725.

Rauschenberg (continued from page 1) was made with the participation of composer John Cage and choreographer Merce Cunningham, both of whom

have been major influences in his career, and with whom he has collaborated on dances and performances. Included is footage from a performance of *Pollux*, the first work Rauschenberg choreographed and designed, in which he roller skates while wearing a winglike frame of parachute silk.

The exhibition will open with a reception tomorrow, Friday night, October 10, 6:00 to 8:00 p.m., Thomas Barber Gallery, 2470 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. Gallery hours are 11:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, and 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. Sunday. The film will be shown next Tuesday, October 14, 8:00 p.m., at the studio of artist Heidi Hardin, 835 Fifth Avenue, downtown. For information about the exhibition, call 454-0345; for the film, 265-6511.

—Amy Chu

Meyerowitz (continued from page 1) to the ocean. The wrought-iron table celebrates apples, grapes, and plums — fruits of nature. Beyond, we see the huge expanse of ocean and sky, light on the horizon line, almost exactly in the center, the white speck of a boat's sail. What appears to be a clear separation between man and nature turns out to be a clean, sophisticated, interlocking that extends all the way to the horizon. Man's evolutionary ancestor may have left the ocean, but he remains deeply attached to it, is nourished by it, and feels a spiritual link in being able to see a great distance over the water.

There is a feeling of solitude and silence in these pictures, but it is not like being alone, or lonely, or alienated. It is a calmness, born of attention. It is as though we could sense Meyerowitz himself working alone, in a heightened state of awareness.

May I suggest something unusual? Buy or borrow Meyerowitz's book *Cape Light*. Then look at the photographs upside down. As Meyerowitz himself points out, this is the way the scene looked to him in his camera's ground glass (and also reversed right to left).

Recent research has shown that looking at pictures upside down helps people learn how to draw because (the theory goes) this shuts down the left hemisphere of the brain (which is verbal, analytical, time-oriented, and activates the right brain (which controls perception and has no consciousness of time). Upside down, according to theory, you perceive the world in pure terms of color, form, and depth.

Without the internal noise of the names and concepts for

things that the left brain supplies, you perceive directly. Perhaps this is an ancient reason that Joel Meyerowitz has turned away from time and to eloquently moved toward light.

There will be two opening receptions for this exhibition, one at each location. The first is tonight, Thursday, October 2 from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., at Southwestern College's Gallery, 900 Gray Lakes Road, Chula Vista. The second is tomorrow, Friday night, October 10 at Gallery Graphics, 2647 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., in what is promised to be a community event complete with searchlights. Southwestern's gallery hours are 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday. Gallery Graphics' hours are 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday. For further information call 421-1180 or 295-3538.

—Alberto Lau

Films (continued from page 1) an impressive selection of politically oriented cinema from around the world, much of it new to San Diego screens. Among the titles: Marcel Ophüls' *The Nemesis of Justice* (1974), a massive and detailed study of the Nuremberg trials and their implications; *Blacka Britannica* (1978), a British documentary that explores that country's ongoing racial tension from the point of view of the black community; a program of three silent classics by the Soviet master Sergei Eisenstein, *Strike* (1924), *The Battleship Potemkin* (1925), and *Ten Days That Shook the World* (1927), made to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; *The Blood of the Condor*, a documentary exposé of the Ponce Cova among the Quechua Indians of Bolivia; *The War at Home* (1979), the Academy Award-nominated documentary about the Sixties anti-war movement on the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison; Emil de Antonio's *Underground*, a study of the Westerners, On Company Business (1980), a comprehensive dissection of the CIA and its activities from the early Fifties to the present; *Blow for Blow*, a 1971 French account of the takeover of a textile mill by its female workers.

This week's offering, *Mao's World* will screen tomorrow, Friday, October 10 at 7:00 p.m. in room 2722 of the Undergraduate Sciences Building on the UCSD campus. For further program information call the University Student Center at 452-3362.

—Rick Geary

Free Lecture: MEDITATION/TRANSFORMATION by Swami Shantananda

October 10, 7:30 p.m. California Theatre Arts Bldg. 1122 4th Ave. 3rd Floor

Sponsored by the San Diego Open wine bar and hors d'oeuvres. Hosted by Freda Tate. Call 295-2343 for more information or just drop by the Marvin. (Just west of Mission Center Road in Mission Valley, next to the Akron, 299-0630)

Friday October 10th 5-8 p.m. Open wine bar and hors d'oeuvres. Hosted by Freda Tate. Call 295-2343 for more information or just drop by the Marvin. (Just west of Mission Center Road in Mission Valley, next to the Akron, 299-0630)

Siddha Yoga Center 295-1617

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater listings are compiled by Jeff Smith; commentary is by Catherine Sullivan. All times are in Pacific Time. Information is accurate according to material given us, but it is always wise to phone the theater for last-minute changes and to inquire about ticket availability. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military, ask at the box office.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Fly, a confidant of Mr. y. Frank Wayne directs the production; the first to be performed on the Fiesta Dinner Theatre's new, permanent stage. (Sm.)

Fiesta Dinner Theatre, through November 5, Tuesday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, dinner at 6:00

p.m., curtain at 7:30 p.m., matinee Wednesday and Sunday, lunch at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.

CLOUD 7

A comedy by Max Wilk about Newt, a heretofore domesticated husband and father who experiences a midlife crisis. Seeking to recapture his diminishing

youth, Newt quits his account job at a frozen food company and attempts to enjoy life while he feels he still can. During all of this, his family must cope with his many excesses. The cast includes Leslie Beaumont and Peggy Male in the lead roles, with Port Baldwin, Irene Billingsley, and Mary Edens in supporting parts. Sandy Palm directs the play, a production of the Scripps Ranch Community Theatre. (Sm.)

Wargenheim Junior High School, 9230 Cold Coast Drive, Mesa, Nev. Friday, October 10 through October 25, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 566-7300, x216.

EL EXTENSIONISTA

A highly acclaimed drama performed in Spanish about the efforts of Mexican farmworkers to gain control of the land they work from its corrupt owners. A theatrical group from Mexico City performs the play. They are directed by Felipe Santander, who also wrote the piece. The group, which has been performing in Mexico City since 1978, has a nine-month run as part of Tijuana's month-long festival of the arts, Octubre Internacional, and will take their production to Spain upon completion of their performances here. (Sm.)

Educational Cultural Complex, Performing Arts Theatre, Wednesday, October 13 through October 15, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.; matinee Saturday, October 18 at 2:00 p.m.

GOD'S FAVORITE

His, maybe, but not mine. The Colorado Playhouse production of this Neil Simon comedy — until the very end when the semblance of genuine feeling occurs — treats the tale of a modern, patent job as if he were a comic-strip character whose own is the source of far more humor

than hurt. Simon has Joe Benjamin, a Long Island version of the Biblical Job, suffer not only from "torments of the flesh" but also from a cruel shopping list of serious ailments, most of which are played for comic effect (psoriasis, which is "high on the list, may not lead to the "heartbreak" that adventures for nerds claim, but its recurrences covered with white scales that came through the skin like scales should hardly be the stuff from which laughter is evoked). And Simon surrounds his protagonist with such a flood of family of relatives — bent asunder even further by the actors playing them — that one wonders if the test of Job's patience really began long before his announced starting point, in the middle of the first act, only the performances of Gary Wright, as God's favorite, rearranged messenger Sidney Lipson, and John Dally, whose work as Joe's impatient son is consistently solid, manage to provide the play with the illusion of life and credibility. On occasion Neil Simon likes to redo the classics, giving them an altered and sometimes twisted twist — but in the case of *God's Favorite*, he strips the Biblical tale of everything that gives it its nobility and places it in a modern setting. He might turn it into a remake of "Father Knows Best." (Sm.)

Colorado Playhouse, through October 25, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

LAURA

A murder-mystery directed by Helen F. Quenell and starring TV's Crawford, Joe Greenberger, Diana Goldsch, Ronald Barnett, Robert Mitchell, and Jackie Bello. Guernsey College, campus stagehouse, Thursday, October 2 through October 18, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHALLOT

The Lambs' Players' production of the Jean Giraudoux play gains momentum as it moves toward its conclusion. It is an emotionally satisfying — at times intellectually tough-to-swallow — theatrical experience. According to the playwright, the logic of men has altered the world severely. Pigeons no longer fly (they walk), the air is impure, and rampant materialism threatens to destroy even the streets of Paris, since oil deposits have been discovered beneath them and since a corporate president, with a small band of moral skeptics, plots to burn the Eiffel Tower into an all America. Added to his complex are three other madwomen. Countess Anick, the Madwoman of Challot, conceals a successful scheme to do in the president and the other madwomen. The first act of the play, for the most part, contains an almost endless amount of expository material, which this production does well beyond its own about richness into a more melodramatic treatment than is necessary to make it go. The second act, however, is consistently on the mark, and the second act provides more than compensates for the initial difficulties of the production. Like the play itself, the performance of Flora Richards as the Madwoman begins slowly and also gathers momentum. Her character is both completely crazy and disturbingly, impressively sane. And though Richards' version of the Madwoman sides toward sanity a good portion of the time, she does communicate the fundamental, crazy wisdom of her character convincingly and demonstrates a deft comic touch throughout. Other performances of note include Pamela Smith's sassy Countess, David Anthony's Rappaccini, and Ginny Hartigan's Irma. The colorful costumes by Terrell Redford, the sets — especially the Madwoman's cell, which looks like the Castle Keep of a garage-sale junkie — are by

seniors. Lamplighters Community Theatre, Thursday and Friday, October 12 and Saturday, October 13, at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, October 12 at 2:00 p.m.

ISN'T THE NAME ENOUGH?

Comic Don Victor and actress/comedian Whoopi Goldberg present an evening of improvisational comedy and general irreverence guaranteed to "ruin your day with laughter." Castamp Quarter Theatre, Sunday, October 12 and Saturday, October 19 at 8:00 p.m.

THE MAGIC BOW

Thunderbolt and Comstock, two authors of equal talents, comic Singing Dove, the daughter of an American Indian chief. Before she is able to decide between them, Giant Giant kidnaps her, and the two lovers must come to her rescue. With the help of the animals, trees, and trees or the forest, Thunderbolt obtains a magic bow to aid him in his battle with Giant Giant. MinCosta College, campus stagehouse, Thursday, October 2 through October 18, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

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Gary MacDonald and Russell Corderberg and the lighting by Terry Wutrich are in keeping with the genre. High quality of visual appeal that is a part of the production.

Lambs' Players' productions. (Sm.) Lambs' Players' Theatre, through October 18, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, October 11 at 2:00 p.m.

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THE COMEDY STORE
proudly presents
a continuous show of comedians

LA JOLLA, Fri. Oct. 10-Sun. Oct. 12
LA JOLLA, Tues. Oct. 7-Thurs. Oct. 9
MISSION VALLEY, Tues. Oct. 7-Sat. Oct. 11

Steve Moore
Lois Bromfield
Jim Bullock
Bette Glenn
May Davis
Karin Babbitt
Robert Aguayo
Hilda Vincent
Vic Dunlop

Tickets available at:
LA JOLLA, 916 Pearl St. 454-9176 (Open every night)
MISSION VALLEY, 2151 Hotel Circle at Ramada Inn 291-9950
Sorry, you must be 21 or over, 2 drinks minimum.
Entertainment line-up subject to change.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

drapes, the carpets, and the entire banking system — plus giving advice to the lovers on the side. *Eight* Night also begins with an apparently



Sweet Bird of Youth

p.m., matinee Sunday, October 12 at 2:00 p.m. For information call 445-5775.

BARBARA BERENHARDT AND THE BARK AND BATH INDOIT
Two comedies by Richard E. Peck. Sandy Bernhardt and her troupe, Sandy Bernhardt and her troupe, Sandy Bernhardt tries to open a savings account and change her name. In the process, she attempts to alter the

simple situation. William Carter enters her apartment, shortly before his fiancée is to arrive. But he finds a strange woman in his bathtub. Lucie McBride, Bob Francis, Bonnie Stark, and Michael Bader play the leads, and Marge Caserio directs both plays. (Sm.)

Marina Vista Center, 840 Imperial Beach Boulevard, Imperial Beach, through October 18, Friday and

Saturday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 424-9666.

SCAPINO!

Based on a French farce by Moliere, *Scapino!* is the work of two British authors, Frank Dunlop and Jim Dale. Though set in Italy of the 1930s, the actors perform using British accents. Every step tends to remove Moliere's *Scapino*, the legendary trickster of the Italian commedia dell'arte, from his origins. The production by the Old Town Opera House manages to capture some of the spirit of the commedia, but for the most part it helps get upon track upon get such a break, part that he can extract enough cash from her to foster his own youthful illusions. Will Simon directs *Scapino!* as Alexander del Lago, the fading actress, and David Paul as *Scapino*. The young lower. Other members of the cast include Pamela Adams, Donna Walker, Richard Packard, Mike McQuillen, and Joe Appleby as *Scapino*. Sets by Robert East. *Scapino!* by Margaret Perry Castamp Quarter Theatre, through November 13, Tuesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

WITHIN THE WALLS

A new, four-part serial play by the San Diego State Theatre, *Within the Walls* is a "ghoulie" tale of the Prohibition Building, reputedly haunted, has been scheduled for demolition. Several concerned groups want it saved. For reasons that range from the historical to the metaphysical. Directed by Byron LaDue, this comedy combines a satire of gothic horror clichés with a dose of the Street Theatre's promise of the real thing. Principal performers are Theresa Johnson, Les Lashaway, Roger Smith, Don Victor, Ron Elliott, Sharon Silvergate, and Kathy Eyles. The play will be presented in four parts, with one episode each week until October 31. (Sm.)

Second Avenue Theatre, Thursday, October 10 through October 31, Thursday and Friday at 12:15 p.m. For information call Gary Crotty at 233-0141.

A San Diego Premiere



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"Fascinating, dazzling, touching... makes you eager to see more!" Newsweek

TWO NIGHTS ONLY!

November 1 & 2, Saturday & Sunday, 8:00 p.m. Mandeville Auditorium
G.A. \$10 (orchestra), \$8 (main floor)
USD \$1: \$7 (orchestra), \$5 (main floor)

Ticketron, Select-A-Seal & University Events Box Office 452-4559

This engagement is presented by the University Events Office in cooperation with the California Arts Council and is supported in part by funds from the National Endowment for the Arts

UC San Diego Chamber Music Series 1980-1981 proudly presents the

Guarneri String Quartet

"World's master of chamber music!" Time Magazine

Beethoven: Quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1
Bartok: Quartet No. 6
Sibelius: Quartet in D minor, Op. 56

October 17, Friday, 8:00 p.m.
Mandeville Auditorium
G.A. Orchestra \$10.00
Main Floor \$ 9.00

Tickets University Events Box Office 452-4559

NOW PLAYING

MITRO-BUNN PRODUCTIONS INC. PRESENTS...



READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

Time is the ultimate judge: it is a showman's adage that has been invoked for centuries by artists and fanatics of the arts. As with any cliché, it is profound and utterly banal at the same time. It is a truism that the ultimate judge is time, and it is a truism that the ultimate judge is time. Most artists are aware of this, and attach a disclaimer and no-fault clause to everything they produce. ("Well, if they don't appreciate it now, maybe after I'm dead they'll come to their senses.") And all critics of the arts are insecure. ("Two days from now I might change my mind, but I hope no one notices.") Time is a capricious relative, though, and should not be viewed as an infallible aesthetic magistrate. But it is. Perhaps this can explain why, in the amphitheater of art, "rock musicians are still on the waiting list — for back-row seats, time is just not on their side. If they maintain notoriety for a couple of years, they are said to have live promise. If they do it for more than five years, they are called seasoned veterans. If they do it for more than fifteen years, as Ray Davies and the Kinks have, they are considered a phenomenon. Rock acts traditionally have had a high mortality rate (figuratively as well as literally), and so the fact that this sixteen-year-old band still has three original members and is enjoying more commercial success than ever before is a startling and, in a way, death-defying. The Kinks, at their midlife, have discovered the notion that for a rock musician, the middle crisis starts at the age of twenty-five and accelerates as the audience looks younger and younger every year.



RAY DAVIES

The Kinks' idea is the fact that they have never lost their love of performing. By nature I am a shoddy, immobile concertgoer, but the Kinks invariably manage to turn me into a devoted fan. They are an awful lot of fun. Perhaps that is why they have probably the most devoted following of any rock band anywhere. Leader Ray Davies is one of the most unique personalities in rock history: he is a guitarist, a singer, a producer, a pompous, a wit, an inimitable drunkard — all at once. In the world of rock and roll, those with brains tend to be schizophrenic, and Davies is a good example of this. He can be the mocho hard rocker (no heavy-metal beats have been able to match the ferocity of "You Really Got Me" or "All Day and All of the Night"), a social pundit ("Mistah"), a well-respected

Man ("Black Messiah"), "Twentieth Century Man," "Victoria," a rock warden ("Lola"), "Aldous Huxley," "Sunny Afternoon," "Low Budget," or a sentimentalist as beautiful as any country-western balladeer you could think of ("Dancing in the Streets"). My admiration for Davies should not be taken as a slight on the talents of brother Dave Davies — a very good guitarist who has just released a solo album that is marvelous. Nor is it a slight on drummer Mick Avory, bassist Jim Rodford, or keyboardist Gordon Edwards. They are all superb in their supporting roles in the Kinks. But this is indisputably Ray's group.

For years the Kinks have been little more than a dearly loved cult band. No more. They are going to play at the Sports Arena this Saturday night, a clear indication that they are being appreciated

in their own time. Maybe I should consult my attorney to see if I can sue myself for program before I repeat something I wrote two years ago (not that anyone would remember). Regardless, it is still appropriate. As a lifelong Kinks fan, it's more than a little heartwarming to find that they have regrouped on such a grand scale. No sense in offering that opinion now. Opening for the Kinks will be an Australian band called Angel City. Like their fellow countrymen, AC/DC, they are feisty hard-rockers who reveal more than a few hints of influence from Humble Pie and the Stooges. Their debut album shows that they are not up to the standard set by those bands of their best. But they are a virgin band; give them time.

Something is afoot when the Commodores can be headlined on the most popular soul band in America. As funk specialists they are merely adequate. They lack the sassy swagger and soul that sitting ducks, say, the Isley Brothers from an on-again disco act such as Chic. Nevertheless, they have stated in "Rolling Stone" that they want to be "bigger than the Beatles." Well, what band wouldn't? Throughout their career, it has been obvious that they've been aiming for a crossover audience, which is to say an audience that includes middle-class, record-buying whites from the suburbs. In doing so they have sacrificed their routine to the point that they seem bland, afraid of showing signs of perspiration or even humanity. Their "sensational" songs (politics) carry all the force of a Kenny Rogers mope. The new album, "Heroes," has been glowingly reviewed and given points for being "honest," but in fact it is simply a dud. If they might, the Commodores do not inspire you to shake your body, much less to think. But as easy as a Wednesday

(continued on page 19)

Johnny & Lita presents

TOMORROW!

AMBROSIA

with **WALTER EGAN**

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10

CALIFORNIA THEATER

4th & C Streets, Downtown

ALL SEATS RESERVED - \$7.75 advance, \$8.75 day of show

Tickets available at the Roxy Theater, Sears, Wards, & all downtown outlets. For more information call (619) 591-0001

Coming October 31 to the Roxy Theater:
KGB FM101.5 HALLOWEEN PARTY WITH
THE DIXIE DREGS

The Triton Restaurant

primarily presents
The Best in Live Jazz Entertainment
(Wednesday and Thursday 8:30-12:30
Friday and Saturday 9-11)



The Bob Holtz Quartet

Chuck Schiele - Bass, Leon Petties - Percussion, featuring Lita Brown - Vocals

October 16-18 Thursday-Saturday

The Hollis Gentry Quintet

Bill Coleman - Guitar, Bill Andrews - Bass, Jim Gilbert - Drums, and Bud Ward - Vocals & Percussion

October 23-25 Thursday-Saturday

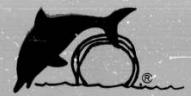
The Bob Magnusson Quartet

Jim Plank - Percussion, Bill Mays - Piano, Peter Sprague - Guitar

October 30-November 1 Thursday-Saturday

The Triton

a truly distinctive seafood restaurant
8011 El Cajon (at College) 583-3240
Dinner served from 5 p.m.



TONY KAMPMANN presents and LARRY VALLON presents

KGB-FM 101.5 announces

THE POLICE

Monday, November 3 8 p.m.

CIVIC THEATER 202 C STREET

Tickets are \$8.75 and \$9.75

Available at: Off The Record, 6136 El Cajon Boulevard, 565-0507; Stiff Competition, 1146 Garnet Avenue, 579-8509; Civic Center Box Office, Bill Gambles, and all Select-A-Seat outlets. Call 936-6510 for more information. Charge line: 565-2865.

Six ticket limit per person

with special guest **V2**

THIS SATURDAY

THE BEST FOR SAN DIEGO FROM MARC BERMAN CONCERTS KPRI FM106 AVALON ATTRACTIONS

THE KINKS

& ANGEL CITY • SAT-OCT 11-8PM

SPORTS ARENA

PRODUCED BY Marc Berman CONCERTS Avalon

Tickets \$7.50 and \$9.50 available at 140 JACKS SOUND CENTERS and 1500 SAN DIEGO AVENUE CLOTHING STORES. AVAILABILITY TICKET AGENTS and the SPORTS ARENA TICKET OFFICE call 204-4170 for info.

Summer Breeze, contemporary.
Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 10310 Friars Road.
Mission Valley, 563-5862. Summer
wine, contemporary. Monday
through Saturday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672
Federal Boulevard, San Diego.
264-5777. Sugar free, jazz.
Friday through Sunday.

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street,
La Jolla, 454-9131. New Tuxedo
Jazz Band, jazz. Thursday, Charles
McPherson Quartet, jazz. Friday
and Saturday. Diner. Friday, Duo.
classical. Sunday, Stone 3 Throw.
jazz. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Bob LaRocca Music Center, 1400
Riverside Street, La Jolla.
222-6606. Riverfront Bay Club.
folk. Saturday.

FRI. & SAT. 9:00-1:00

Ella Ruth is back!

ELLA RUTH PIGGEE appearing with selected Jazz Greats:
GARY NIEVES—drums, CLAY NIEVES—bass, STEVE NIEVES—saxophone.

CROSSROADS

San Diego's Oldest Jazz Club
345 Market Street "Downtown in the Gaslamp Quarter"
on the corner of 4th and Market 233-7856

Belly Up TAVERN

Thursday Oct. 9 & 16, 9 PM
Guaranteed to keep you dancing!

Jerry Rane & The Shames

Friday & Saturday, Oct. 10 & 11, 9 PM
From the Sweetwater in Redondo Beach:

James Conroy Band

Every Wednesday in October, 9 PM

Rosie and the Screaminers

Coming: Saturday, October 18 (one night only)

J.J. Cale

Two Shows: 8 & 10:30 PM
Tickets available through Ticketron
Call 565-9947, or at the Belly Up.

Willie Dixon and the Chicago Blues All Stars

Two Shows: 8 & 10 PM
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Giant Screen Charger Football

Happy hour 12-1 PM 35c Hotdogs
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Halloween Party

with
Jerry McCann

Featuring fresh sandwiches nightly

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Bombay Bicycle Club, 2806
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island.
get wild on any given weekend!
Duo, jazz. Wednesday and
Thursday, 88C show.
contemporary. Friday and
Saturday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway,
downtown, 267-5555. New
Jazz Band, contemporary
and rock and roll. Tuesday
through Saturday. Scenic view,
country western. Sunday and
Monday.

Bourbon Street West, 355 South
Highway 101, Solana Beach.
765-5161. The 10 Cents Diner.
downtown jazz. Friday and
Saturday.

Buttercup Lounge, 1245 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido.
743-6422. Harry Paul and Mel

Vernon variety. Thursday through
Sunday.

Cafe Del Rey More, 1547 E.
Fiesta, National Park, 234-6991.
From 1950s, contemporary. Quilt.
Friday and Saturday. Sharon
Bogden, classical. Friday and
Saturday.

Cash and Cleaver, 140 South
Serra Avenue, Solana Beach.
481-9236. Free Style.
contemporary. Wednesday
through Saturday.

Country Pump, 13230 Old
Business Route 8, El Cajon.
541-5893. Country Comfort,
country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street,
downtown, 233-7856. The Holla
country variety. Tuesday through
Saturday.

**Cunningham's Restaurant and
Country Western Nightclub**,
1054 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa.
578-1212. CUC club for information.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161.
Grand Slam, top 40 rock.
Wednesday through Sunday, rock
and roll. Monday and Tuesday.

De Vito's, 626 E. Street, Chula
Vista, 427-4816. New Tuxedo
contemporary. Tuesday through
Sunday.

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Cashways, 10757 Woodside
Avenue, San Diego, 481-4300. Multi
rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Catamaran, 1599 Mission
Boulevard, Mission Beach.
481-1011. From 1950s, contemporary. Quilt.
Friday and Saturday. Sharon
Bogden, classical. Friday and
Saturday.

Chateau, 3423 College Avenue,
College Grove, 582-5820.
Vespa/Barrio Trio, contemporary.
Wednesday through Sunday.
Tuesday through Saturday.

Country Pump, 13230 Old
Business Route 8, El Cajon.
541-5893. Country Comfort,
country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street,
downtown, 233-7856. The Holla
country variety. Tuesday through
Saturday.

**Cunningham's Restaurant and
Country Western Nightclub**,
1054 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa.
578-1212. CUC club for information.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161.
Grand Slam, top 40 rock.
Wednesday through Sunday, rock
and roll. Monday and Tuesday.

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La Jolla, 454-9176. Ross Bennett
Shawn Moore and Los Romeros
comedian. Thursday.

Comedy Store, Ramada Inn,
2781 Hotel Circle South, Mission
Valley, 481-6040. Tim Jara, Black
and Lane, and Diane Nichols,
comedians. Thursday through
Saturday.

Country Pump, 13230 Old
Business Route 8, El Cajon.
541-5893. Country Comfort,
country rock. Friday and Saturday.

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Driftwood, 5286 Baltimore Drive,
La Mesa, 462-0531. Steve Johnson
Duo, contemporary and swing.
Tuesday through Sunday.

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Tuesday through Sunday.

THE LOADING ZONE

It's A Way Of Life
Thursday—Friday—Saturday
High energy rock & roll with

Eagle 1, 545 San Marcos
Boulevard, San Marcos, 441-7401
Country, blues, country western
Wednesday through Saturday

El Rio 1, 788 La Jolla Village
Drive, La Jolla, 459-0841
Maurice's bar, jazz, Wednesday
through Sunday

Fat City, 2137 Pacific Highway
South, San Diego, 524-1111
Contemporary, jazz, blues, rock
Tuesday through Thursday, Friday
and Saturday

Fish House West, 2633 South
Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-6438

Fish Jazz, Thursday through
Saturday, 441-7401
Contemporary, jazz, blues, rock
and jam session Sunday and
Monday

Fogcutter, 2858 Carlsbad
Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3146
Multi rock and roll, Wednesday
through Saturday, incognito, new

Wave, Sunday through Tuesday
722-1111
Contemporary, jazz, blues, rock
and jam session Sunday and
Monday

Francine's, 429 North Hill Street
Camarillo, 722-7123, call club for
information

Goshlight Theatre Club, 2855
Midway Drive, Loma Point
283-8122, call club for information

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley, 271-7121
Contemporary, jazz, blues, rock
and jam session Sunday and
Monday

Grant's Tomb, 326 Broadway
downtown, 232-3121, Leslie Gold
vocals and pianist (Gershwin
through contemporary), Tuesday
through Saturday

RESTAURANT
BLUE PARROT
Live Jazz

Thurs. **New Tuxedo Jazz Band**

Fri. Sat. **Charles McPherson Quintet**

Sun. **Stone's Throw**

Backstage and private parties available.
1208 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-0841
Open every day, lunch & dinner 11:30-2:00 a.m.

DANCE
with the
T-BIRDS
and
OBSESSION
JOURNEY

Admission \$3.50 This Friday! 8:30 p.m. - 1 a.m.

1376 Kearny Villa Rd. (Charmant Plaza entrance) 5th 2040

POSTER EMPORIUM
★ TICKET SYSTEM ★

Elton John Oct. 29 Best seats
Kinks Oct. 11 Best seats—great prices
Commodores Oct. 15 Floor Sec. B1-4
Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard Anaheim
Hank Williams, Jr. Nov. 3
Jethro Tull Nov. 10

Coming soon:
Dobie Bros., Wings, Rolling Stones, Cheap Trick,
Rod Stewart, and more
If you want to sit close, call:
578-SNOW
8670 Miramar Rd., next to Malibu Grand Prix

New Ownership
Lemore invites you to
—The Chateau Lounge—
3623 College Ave.
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
FREE homemade Slurpee Juice

Sun.—Tues.
LOVE 'N' COUNTRY
featuring Frank Buckley & Julie Evans

Wed.—Sat.
THE MADERIAN TRIO
Tues. Thurs. Sat. 7:30 p.m.
25 MARGERITA
Cocktails 10:00 a.m.—Sat.
"2-FERS"
hours 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 582-5820

Fish House JAZZ
West
Thursday, Friday & Saturday

Purl
Bob Frye, Janis Massey, Bret Helm, Bill Burhans
Sunday & Monday

Anthony Ortega Jam Session 5:30 p.m.
Monday
Blue Monday Jazz Jam Session 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday—Call for entertainment information
Wednesday
Mark Lessman
Open every day lunch & dinner
2633 So. Hwy. 101, Cardiff 753-6438

LITTLE BAVARIA
Carnival Style
Live Music
Folk & Country
Texas Rattler
Alpiners
German Folk & Band
Sunday
John Beck and all new jazz
Wed. 1-9
Carnival House
Blues and
6-8 p.m.

RISE
featuring Don Beck on sax
Top 40, Swing & Oldies
Dancing
Tuesday—Saturday 9 p.m. No cover charge

PAL JOEY'S
5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens
(up the hill from Howard Johnson's Off Hwy. 8)
Unlimited parking 286-7873

THE BLUES
Every Sunday & Monday

at **THE RICH CIRCLES**
6205 El Cajon Blvd. 287-7332

Specials: Sunday night
All well drinks 50¢
Monday night—shots of
Tequila 25¢ from 9:00-9:30
and from 12:00-12:30

Berkley's RESTAURANT & LOUNGE
IN CROSSBENT

RPM
Tuesday—Saturday 8:30-1:30
Monday & Tuesday—Rock Hop
Evening Monday—Saturday 11-4
Dinner Tuesday—Saturday 5-10
Sunday Brunch 10-2

5500 Grossmont Center Dr.
463-9825

Holly Bobb, 141 Mission Valley
Center West, Mission Valley
298-2010, Live Arabic music and
belly dances, nightly

Holligan's, 4258 West Loma
Boulevard, Loma Point, 225-9556
The Rock, Tuesday through
Saturday, Rock Band, rock,
Sunday and Monday

Holligan's, 4325 Ocean
Boulevard, Pacific Beach
234-3434, Stringer, rock, new
wave, Sunday and Monday

Humburgues, 406 Wallace
Street, Old Town, 295-0564
Diverse, jazz, guitar and
variety, Wednesday through
Friday, Melissa McCracken, guitar
and variety, Saturday and Sunday

Harpwood Henry's, 2725 Shelter
Island Drive, Shelter Island
224-8242, Coast to Coast
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle
Del Mar, 755-6614, Duckward,
country rock, Wednesday through
Saturday, Freestyle, light country
rock, Sunday and Tuesday

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay
276-4010, People Movers,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, Salsabele,
contemporary, Sunday and
Monday

Holiday Inn/Harborview, 1517
First Avenue, Embroidered,
239-6771, Call club for information,
Thursday through Saturday

Houlihan's, 5323 Mission Center
Mission Valley, 297-6370
Highway, contemporary, Thursday
through Saturday

Humphrey's, Half Moon Inn, 2241
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island
224-5377, Spring Fever,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fifth
Highway, El Cajon, 442-9517, Two
Tones, contemporary, Thursday
through Saturday

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way
Oceanside, 433-2633, Back Alley,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday, Sky High, new
rock, old wave and originals,
Sunday through Tuesday

Huntman, 1511 413 East Valley
Highway, Escondido, 743-7105
Hornet's, country, rock and
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday

Hutches, 1463 Palm Avenue
Imperial Beach, 423-3479, Pony
express, country rock, Thursday
through Saturday, jam session,
Sunday

the Old time CAFE
The North Coast Alternative
1464 N. Hwy. 101 - Encinitas, CA 92024 - (714) 436-4030

LATE NITE COFFEE HOUSE
FOLK CLUB
FOLK BLUES BLUEGRASS

Rusty Strings
Good time music—Guitar & violin
Original folk band
7:30 to 11:30 \$1.50

Barry Solomon & Tom Sauber
Traditional American Music
Banjo, guitar & fiddle
7:30 to 9:30 \$3.50

SPARKY RUCKER
Country blues guitar
7:30 to 9:30 \$4.00

STONE'S THROW
Vintage jazz & blues—Ensemble performance
7:00 & 9:00 \$3.50

Old Time Hoot Nite
An old time—Benefits for
Grass Roots Events
7:30 to 10:30 Donation \$4.00

LUNCH SUPPER SUNDAY BRUNCH
Open 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. to midnight Sunday—Saturday
Open 10:00 a.m. to midnight Sunday—Closed Monday
Advance reservations recommended for Fri., Sat. & Sun. nights. 436-4030

Dynamite Seats!
on sale now:
VAN HALEN
Oct. 12
ELTON JOHN & KINKS
Oct. 29
Commodores & Jethro Tull
Oct. 15 New 10

Reserve now:
Only 2 offices to serve you!
24 hour information:
TNT TICKETS
SHIP & COMBAT

FEATURING: 800 AREA 811
ALTERNATIVE: 800 AREA 811
ALTERNATIVE: 800 AREA 811

292 1121
PHONE: 582-6866

STATE COLLEGE
1999 College Ave.
1.88. south of
7th Street
582-6866

TUBA-MANS
Grand Slam and Sports Nostalgia
Live Bluegrass
This Saturday 8:00
Hardtimes Bluegrass Band
Live Bluegrass every Saturday

GIANT SCREEN T.V.
Cocktails, Beer
and Fine Food
Families Welcome
FOOD TO GO
2551 University 265-9425
(just east of Texas St.)

Now featuring homemade Mexican food
Santitas's Mexican Kitchen

D'Onofrio's
Steak House
7363 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa
460-1500
Thursday, Friday, Saturday

King Biscuit Blues
Wednesday night
Shack Junction
Country western
Monday night
Giant Screen T.V.
Free admission

Sunday and Tuesday
Live Performance
Comedy Western Play
Tickets \$4.50
Bell Start production, call for reservations

Monday—Thursday
Prime Rib
All You Can Eat \$7.50

Sunday—Thursday
Two Top Sirloin
Dinners for \$9.95

The New East/West Band
One week only Oct. 7-11th

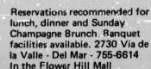
Scrimshaw
Great Country
Sun.—Mon.
8:00-12:00

Oh! Ridge
is coming back! Starting Oct. 14th

Bom's
2388 Pacific Highway
Overlooking Litchfield Field
281-5555

Raubens Harbor Island, 880

Light country rock, Sunday & Tuesday



LIVE AT THE
BACCHANAL
PHONE 560-0025
BETWEEN HWY. 168 & CONVOY ST.

2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 299.2828

Reservations suggested at 287-6718 or 298-1723

1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar 755-6744

Los Angeles Clubs

Baked Potato, 3787 Cahuenga West, Hollywood (213) 980-4000. Don Ramon and guest. Thursday through Saturday.

Concerts by the Sea, Taherem's Wharf, Redondo Beach (213) 378-4998. Richie Cole. Thursday through Sunday.

Cuckoo's Nest, 1714 Pico Santa Avenue, Santa Monica (714) 645-0390. The Plugz and Middle Class. Thursday, the Pilsnauts and the Barbies. Saturday.

Donte's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 491-1000. Man John and John Quinn. Thursday, Freddie Hubbard. Friday and Saturday.

Flippin's, La Cienega and Santa Monica, West Hollywood (213) 652-4290. The Ocean. Friday and Saturday.

Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach (714) 536-9000. Steve Landesberg. Friday and Saturday. Maria Muldaur. Sunday.

Improvisation, 1862 Melrose Avenue (213) 651-2583. Real

People Stand Up Comics, Thursday and Friday.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-6011. Joe Pass. Thursday through Sunday.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun May Way, Chatsworth (213) 621-5345. The Orchids, Tony and the Movers. Tans from the Sun. Thursday, Bus Boy. Friday and Saturday.

Madame Wong's West, 2900 Wilshire, Santa Monica (213) 820-7302. 20/20. Thursday. Heaters and Wet Ponic. Friday and Saturday.

McCabe's, 3101 3rd Street, Santa Monica (213) 528-4997. (closed through Sunday and Monday).

Moody's, 321 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica (213) 481-5003. Jazz. Weekends.

Palomina, 6907 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 764-4010. John Stewart. Friday and Saturday. L.A. Bears. Sunday. Pease, Moray. Jim Gibson Band. Tuesday, Summer and the Pop. Wednesday.

Parison Room, La Brea and Washington (213) 356-8704. Willie Bobo. Thursday through Sunday.

Pasquale's, 22724 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu (213) 456-2007. (closed through Sunday and Monday).

Reay, 909 Sunset Boulevard (213) 878-2222. Eddie Rabbitt. Thursday through Saturday. Robert John. Sunday. Steve Hackett. Wednesday.

Starwood, 8151 Santa Monica Boulevard (213) 656-2200. A La Carla and the Difference. Thursday. Steve and the Orchids. Friday and Saturday. The Makers. the Barbies. and Andy and the Rattlers. Monday.

DOOKIES

Friendly Neighborhood Steak House

presents special two week appearance "THE ENTERTAINER"

DAVID HEIKKILA

San Diego's popular, young entertainer and vocalist at the piano bar! Tues.-Sat.

Try our fine food and cocktails
4125 El Cajon Blvd.
283-6581

UC San Diego's University Events Office proudly presents
The Vibes President of the U.S.A.



Lionel Hampton
and His Orchestra

One Night Only!!!
October 23, Thursday, 8:00 p.m.
Mandeville Auditorium
UCSD Faculty/Other Students \$9.00
G.A. \$7.50, UCSD St. \$5.00

Tickets at Ticketron, Select-A-Seat & University Events Box Office 452-4559

The Trojan Horse Cocktail Lounge

8179 University

Monday **Minx**

Tuesday **Things**

Rock & Roll—New Wave

Wednesday through Saturday **Stallion**

formerly Trix

Sunday **Audition Night**

Bands wanted

KRAZY GEORGE'S

located next door to the Trojan Horse

presents

Artisan

Thurs., Fri., & Sat. Rock & Roll

Step Child

Wed. & Sun. Country Rock

6179 University 582-1070 (College & University)

San Diego's CLASSIC Country Night Club

For an uptown time of Country entertainment and fun, come to **Abilene** any day of the week! Weeknight Happy Hour offers special beverage prices and plenty of country-good munchies from 4:00 p.m. till 9:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday from 9:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. you can two-step away to the tunes of

WILD ROSE and the Silver Dollar Band

And don't forget our soon-to-be famous Sunday Country Brunch, every Sunday 10 till 2.

ABILENE

Formerly the V.I.P. Lounge. Just off I-8 at the Town and Country Hotel, Hotel Circle, Mission Valley, 291-7131.



Friday, October 10, 1980
9:00 a.m.

Adventures in Good Music with Karl Haas

presented by:
La Jolla Village Square

Viva Verdi!...

An examination of Verdi's operas in the light of the Risorgimento Period in Italy's political life, of which Verdi was very much a part.

KFSF-FM 94.1
Your Concert Music Station

Sweetwater, 264 North Harbor Drive, Redondo Beach (213) 372-5445. Casella and Kapono. Friday through Sunday.

Whisky a Go Go, Sunset Strip (213) 652-4202. Plomatics. Thursday through Saturday. Toronto. Wednesday.

Concerts

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The Delta Shrine Auditorium, Saturday, October 18, 8 p.m., 649 West Jefferson (213) 670-2311.

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Talking Heads and the English Beat, Hollywood Palladium, Monday, October 20, 8 p.m. (213) 642-5700.

Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard, and the Healers, Peeking Palms, Friday, October 18, 7:30 p.m., 129 North Raymond, Pasadena (213) 796-7001.

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CURRENT MOVIES

The Last Tango in Paris — Bernardo Bertolucci's big splash: It has been overdubbed that nearly every incident seems familiar even as it is happening. And so the focus of attention is narrowed to where many persons — the extravaganzas of Bertolucci's juicy romantic style, his inextricable bursts of camera movement, gusts of music, rich lighting effects, in the acting department, Brando's muffled-over mannequin are effectively counterbalanced by Maria Schneider's bare, insatiable air. (Ken, 10/10)

Little Deaths — Two teenage girls from opposite sides of the tracks enter a virginity-testing contest at summer camp. Monty, vulgar and vicious, seducing and seducing. But Kristy McMenold, merely matching Tatum O'Neal's snarl for snarl, ends through the first several scenes with a burr in the throat and runs away with the movie, and very likely the viewer's heart as well. Directed by Richard D. Maxwell. 1980. (Festa Twin, Sarties Drive in)

Live and Let Die — Roger Moore confabulates the James Bond role with no trace of apology or regret; he is smooth and pretty and unperturbed, and he acts as though always poised for a still photographer to snap his portrait. This Bond escapade — a ditzy reactionary tale of Britain and American intelligence battling against uptight blacks — starts off rather well.



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(her nose is her fortune), who, far-fetched financial reasons, as far as management of a reluctant preflight. She reads him top to bottom between rounds to give him advice like "Try to remember to be funny even if someone other than Barbra Streisand were doing them. We are awarded a wide variety of views of the star's mind-blowing, but there's not enough to compensate for the tongue that never rests, the nose that knows, and the new red hair tint that does not go at all well with the rose and red colors Streisand is always wearing or standing in front of. With Ryan O'Neal, directed by Howard Zief. 1979. (Century Twin 2, from 10/10)

The Mountain Man — Charlton Heston and Brian Keith hunt beaver, but have better luck with Indian riddles (please, no jokes). In some mighty pretty Wyoming country, both of them bundled up almost to the point of immobility in fur coats, Lucksacks, and beards, and munched their rounds by a towering Blackfoot chief whose war paint includes the hand-drawn mustache of the villain in Western melodrama. With Victoria Ragnor and Stephen Macht, directed by Richard Land. 1980. (New Valley Drive in, from 10/10)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail — Monty Python's skills — sometimes funny, always silly, illustrated in their own slapstick — are strong together in a more or less linear narrative, spoofing King Arthur in Old England. The picaresque, literary (traveling lightly and quickly through spots that are never returned to again, although many of the jokes are

with a deep, dark secret and a shuddersome reputation. Tony Blair's debut, in a gaggle of Capricorn. Come and Raymond Marbe (one of the coral-red hair, he of the swimming pool) and the deliciously sadistic (and the deliciously sadistic) face named Adam Baldwin, is quite nice whenever he is obliged to open his mouth and stop looking miserably. With Chris Malachuk, Matt Dillon, Martin Mull, and Ruth Gordon. 1980. (Cinema 8, Fashion Valley, from 10/10; La Jolla Plaza, Parkway 3, Rancho Bernardo 8)

National Lampoon's Animal House — Surprisingly coherent and polished piece of work, considering it's from the writers of the National Lampoon and from the director of KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE, not as much as you might expect, held in check perhaps by the lighter moral of the 1962 period setting, and not as funny either. This trash-house comedy has good support with the lowbrow crowd, a support it maintains through the constant congratulations and rewards it hands out to its undeserving goof-off characters. With John Belushi, Tim Matheson, directed by John Landis. 1978. (Avo, from 10/10)

1941 — The sighting of a stray Japanese submarine off the California coast in 1941 is the premise of a movie that might more revealingly have been titled THE JAPS ARE COMING, THE JAPS ARE COMING. Steven Spielberg must have figured that if Stanley Kramer could produce a slapstick comedy (OF A KIND, MAD, etc.) WORLD, then so anyone could. But he is so preoccupied with spending period re-creation, intricate scene construction, and elaborate feats of engineering (including an admirably exciting aerial dogfight above Hollywood Boulevard and an admirably spectacular shot of a ferry wheel loosened from its moorings and rolling down Santa Monica Pier) that he gums up the joke machinery. There are a lot of slam-bang chain-reaction jokes, a lot of dirty double entendres, and a lot of movie in-jokes. None of them is the slightest bit amusing, with the single exception of Robert Sacks's shot of a ship's propeller.

Private Benjamin — Goldie Hawn joins the Army, co-starring Eileen Brennan and Armando Asanilla, directed by Howard Zief. (Cinema 8, Frontier Drive in, from 10/10)

Snokey and the Bandit — It's only tickles your arm, turn. If fast cars, crashed cars, a mama elephant, and a baby elephant make you go "whoa," "whoa," "whoa," and "how cool," respectively, and if the movie's age hasn't permanently soured five, then this is your movie. Everybody else may take a slight bit of interest whenever the script turns to the question of whether or not the Bandit, the famous legendary American folk hero, actually lives himself anymore. They may even wish they could help him make up his mind. But they will not be too taken by surprise when he finally decides that yes he does after all. With Robert, Sally Field, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, and Don DeLise, directed by Hal Needham. 1980. (Avo Drive in, Balboa, Century Twin 1, Clarendon, Flower Hill, Cinema 1, Harbor Drive in, Midway Drive in, Sports Arena 6, Spring Valley, Vogue, from 10/10)

Northern Lights — Fictional political fun about the life of North Dakota farmers in 1915, directed by John Hanson and Nick Spoon. Lo-billed with THE WOBBLES, a documentary history of the WWI, directed by Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer. (Union)

Oh, God, Book II — Sequel to OH, GOD, with George Burns repeating the title role, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Cinema Cinema 4, Campus Drive in, College, Parkway 2, University Town Center, Vineyard Twin 1, from 10/10)

Ordinary People — Robert Redford's directorial debut, an adaptation of the Jewish Guest best-seller, comes out as an emotional piece of work, giving that practice, especially if done in line cardigans, is seen as a balm to the psychological scars of a quiescent teenage boy (Tim Hutton, who, like his father, Jim, gives his face, muscles a real workout). The movie is rather nervous in its visual style and pettish in its attitude toward upper-middle-class, prim-and-properness embodied by the brittle Mary Tyler Moore, but a couple of needle-sharp subjective effects almost make it worthwhile. The first being the boy's wounded feelings at a family photo taking session, and the second being his disgust over the antics of his high-school peers at a McDonald's. The daffy Donald Sutherland character and his husband is supposed to be not a bad guy, but the real hero of the movie is the woman, Jewish psychiatrist (Judd Hirsch). His ministrations, rather not as a dramatic device and rather devalued as a view of the profession, cause the teenager into a spectacular Freudian slip, prompting him to rise out of his chair, float to the window, and of flashing coded lights in his face as he undergoes a play-on-the-movie-revision. 1980. (Cinema 8, from 10/10; Rancho Bernardo 6, from 10/10)

Strangers on a Train — Unconvincing suspense film from Alfred Hitchcock, watered down from the diabolical Patricia Highsmith original. Too many luridly set pieces and too many stuffy characterizations (a glamorous maid in a fancy larder, the U.S. Senator's wife, a gaggle of Capricorn psychopaths). However, the beautifully synchronized opening, Laura Elton's impersonation of a bona fide bitch, and the deliciously sadistic finale are well worth seeing. Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Leo G. Carroll. 1951. (Ken, 10/9)

The Shunt Man — The subject is illusion and reality and the blurred border between those states, and the lesson is conducted at an easy introductory level, geared perhaps to the audience of HUCKLEBERRY FINN. The story is really made simple. The shunt man's treatment of the matter is pretty strictly limited to what we might agree to call the Magic of Movies, a simulation brought about by the movie-within-a-movie plot format, as well as by director Richard Rush's artistic compulsion to mislead, outwit, and subvert the viewer by means of a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't visual style. Rush never can, or anyway never does, suspend his viewers in a state of uncertainty for longer than it takes to set him up for a cheap surprise. And of those there are plenty. With Peter Onorati, Barbara Hershey, and Steve Railsback. 1980. (Cinema Plaza, La Jolla Valley, from 10/10; La Jolla, Cinema 3, from 10/10)

Urban Cowboy — A Texas oil worker (John Travolta, who would not look out of place at a dude ranch) experiences deep emotional fulfillment with his success in riding the mechanical bucking bronco at Mickey Gilly's Texas-sized saloon (three and a half acres, capacity of 7,000 — and y'all come now, hear). His fun is soon spoiled, though, when his willful wife becomes almost as good as he is, and when a mean-looking stranger in a black leather suit proves himself to be an even better rider. This barroom rivalry would have lent itself well to the rock-heroic mode, and can hardly help leaving that way from

CURRENT MOVIES

time to time. As the side-of-working-class life it wants to be, the movie is actually fun on work life (you blink at the wrong moments you may miss the oil fields altogether), on locale, and on the cowboy mystique that's supposed to be laid bare. With Debra Winger and Scott Glenn, directed by James Bridges. 1980. (Festa Twin, Strand, 10/15 through 2/1)

Why Would I Lie? — Contemporary romantic comedy with Treat Williams and Lisa Eichhorn, directed by Larry Peerce. (Cinema Cinema 4, Rancho Bernardo 6, Sports Arena 6, La Jolla, Cinema 2, University Town Center, from 10/10)

Willie and Phil — For a movie about two men in love with the same woman to begin with those two men initially meeting one another at a screening of JULES AND JIM seems a bit illogical, if only because of the comparison it invites. This beginning, though, gives only a tiny taste of the embarrassments to come. In the interest of unrelenting entertainment, writer-director Paul Mazursky sugars and spoons every incident and every character to the point where not one is natural, plausible, or palatable more. Any characteristic of Mazursky, the large number of bases he touches, or comes close to touching, allows him to affect an air of knowingness without ever having to reveal

anything of what he actually knows. With Michael Ondaatje, Ray Sharkey, and Margot Kidder. 1980. (University Town Center)

Wise Blood — John Huston was not the wisest choice to direct the Flannery O'Connor novel about a street-corner religious fanatic in the rural South. Seemingly a bit benevolent, as in Fat City, he takes the most convenient short-cut to the most conventional color: still photos of rubber tires and such behind the opening credits to evoke a Walker Evans vision of the South, a GRASS OF WRAITH opening scene with dusty roads and a pickup truck, endless images of "The Tennessee Waltz" on the soundtrack. The flavor and faithfulness rendered O'Connor's language tends to overwhelm the impoverished imagery, and the plucky actors, obliged to mouth that language, stick out their chins and chew hard. With Brad Dourst, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright. 1981. (Festa Twin, from 10/10)

Women in Love — Ken Russell's deep-puce summing up of the D.H. Lawrence "poem." This is the movie that initially launched Russell, whom even if many of his early backers have been expensively, carefully, and quietly trying to shoot down ever since. Starring Oliver Reed and the Bates, the sales in his seven, teen or so nude scene, and several women who behave very exuberantly, dancing abandonantly in the drawing room, taunting buds in the pasture.

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colliding with a side of beef hanging in the rear market, and baring their chests with enormous, slick-shouldered, masochistic self-killing. 1970. (Ken, 10/10)

The Wrong Man — The real excitement in this semi-documentary crime story are not Hitchcock's fancy stylistic inventions (the camera's drawing "fern-wear" circles around the hero's dizzy head or following the fellow through an ear-canal; "he pretends to start an invisible door behind him), but rather they are the ill-fated creations of banal big city life. Henry Fonda's moosey, Stork Club musician who endures a series of personal humiliations with the heart in his throat and his tongue tied. Harold J. Stone's gracious, generous police officer (I think looks bad for you, Manny, very bad, but I want to give you every opportunity —) and Anthony Quinn's earnest but unpracticed defense attorney, whose pooling cross-examination technique provokes one juror, probably led by adding the latest script, letting Perry Mason case, to stand up in the jury box and protest. Do we have to listen to this, "Pro Honor?" 1957. (Ken, 10/9)

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365 HEAD 185 cm with bunnies. They also use semi-used (older) bikes. They are in good new shape. Must see! \$1000. 272-1198

CAR 34 BOOTS, new ladies size 7, 150 Trailview, black, perfect. 500. Unusual. Condition. 445. Boy's speed skates, size 7, 130. 422-8353

34 PAINTS, ladies size 7-8, short, Asian. Worn, see big. One pair one light blue. 110 pair 272-1827

CHAMPIONSHIP SALOM. The Corvette Owners Club of San Diego is sponsoring a auction at San Diego Stadium on October 12, 1980. Newer models are welcome. First run at 4pm. 579-0944

SCUBA GEAR, complete set. \$250. Original, clean, good condition. Tank, regulator, weighted fins, mask, a complete vest, plus 9 miscellaneous items. \$643.13. new \$643.13


36 PATROL member riding equipment. 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