

SEADER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

May 3, 1973



Tijuana — Now More Than Ever or what to do until your victory garden grows

**Liz Grotty —
John Mann**

Second only to the area downtown south of Broadway, my favorite place in the whole San Diego area is Tijuana. Go ahead and laugh. I've got my reasons. First of all, I think a walk through Tijuana is a good spiritual experience for any American. Especially a walk across the bridge over *Carolina*, the revered shantytown near the U.S. border. I think it's good to shake Gringo consciousness into a little compassion, and *Carolina* can't help but do that.

Secondly, there's the color of the town. A town that hasn't anesthetized its streets, but is handicapped and beggars, Taco-Belled and Jack-In-The-Boxed its food vendors. Somehow I revel in what most people shiver about in Teejoo. "Oh, but it's so dirty!" To me the dirt is the dirt of realism, the pain and tragedy of humanity, not hidden behind the smiles of Wrigley's spartan gum. And I think an American can't help but feel a little more human perspective.

But now, now in the inflation of the early 1970's, there's a third, less altruistic reason for San Diegoans to think about Tijuana. And that's the grocery shopping.

Although the produce there isn't consistently as good as produce in San Diego markets, and one can't bring all produce across the border (apples, oranges, tomatoes, potatoes and avocados with seed are prohibited by U.S. authorities), and although some of the meat tastes different from American meat (as it seems to have the heavily marbled fat that American meat has), you can save money in the Tijuana markets.

You can reach the biggest open market by walking or driving down the main tourist drag, Avenida Revolution, until you come to 6th or 7th Street. Make a left, and two blocks farther you hit it — Mercado Hidalgo. Much of the market is wholesale. Even in the late morning you may see trucks full of watermelons being unloaded in assembly-line fashion. Sometimes you can't buy anything except in the big lots. One vendor wouldn't sell us strawberries in little baskets — they had to be purchased in the six-kilo box. But the price was very nice — \$2.50 (21 cents per pound) versus the other staggering produce bargains.

bananas — 15¢ per pound
lemons — 25¢ per pound
cucumbers — 10¢ per pound
papayas — 15¢ per pound
garlic — 10¢ per pound
pineapple (extra large) — 60¢ each
coconuts — 30¢ each
rotisserie lettuce — 20¢ per head

Across the street from Mercado Hidalgo on Avenida Negrete, stands a small butcher shop (*carnicero*). The ground round (*lomo molido*) here goes for 90¢ per pound, the round steak (*lomo*) for \$1.40 per pound, pork chops (*chuletas de puerco*) for 90¢ per pound, and filet mignon (*filet mignon*) for \$1.75 per pound.

Both the meat and produce prices do fluctuate somewhat from day to day, and the supplies can vary tremendously from vendor to vendor, so shop with a careful eye.

Another open market, designed more for the individual customer, is *El Pazo*. *El Pazo* is on the other side of Avenida Revolution. Going north from the direction of Mercado Hidalgo make a left from Revolution to 3rd Street and walk three blocks to C Street. The produce at *El Pazo* seems to be a lot better. It's a little more crowded but one gets used to the push-over routine pretty quickly. Most of *El Pazo* is covered inside you can buy fish and most of the fish bargains are just about as astonishing as the meat bargain. medium-sized shrimp for \$1.60 a pound, fresh fillet for \$1.30 a pound, abalone for \$1.50 a pound, and Pacific Ocean lobster for \$2.00 a pound.

One can find similar bargains at some of the completely enclosed supermarkets in Tijuana. Several of the restaurant owners say they buy their food at *Supermercado Limon*, on Avenida Constitucion near 6th Street. The butcher at *Limon* has a "take a number, wait 'til you're called" system and chickens are 39 cents a pound but the produce shelves are not as carefully tended as in the open markets and things are a little too picked over. Another favorite supermarket is *Calif-Max*, near the corner of 5th and Constitucion.

Calif-Max also has some produce priced higher than *Limon* or the open markets, but, as the CALPIRG surveys show, every market has something that is cheaper than the others. *Calif-Max* sells watermelon for 9 cents a pound and — the day we were there — had a special on ground round, 60 cents a pound.

One sure note to the whole matter of shopping in Tijuana. People at the San Diego County Health Department will tell you "do so at your own risk" and warn you about the lack of sanitation south of the border. So, even if you aren't a germ paranoid, and you are interested in the TeejooJ shopping bargains, cook that meat well and wash that fruit. ☐

ONE LEVEL HIGHER

Carlos Bey

Mr. Crouch claimed his clients units would be... "across a very wide street (Pacific Beach Drive) from Mission Bay..."

No one should be surprised at how the San Diego Regional Coastal Commission works. Just look at the history of public commissions like it. One can find close analogies in the public regulatory bodies spawned in the Age of Populism almost a century ago. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, was designed to regulate the railroads, but instead became more concerned with protecting the railroads against competition.

And so it seems to have happened with the San Diego Regional Coastal Commission and the construction industry. No other Regional Commission in the state has approved so many projects, so soon, so quickly. And no other commission has had such a "problem" publicizing their meetings. Aside from the testimonies of the fledgling citizen groups from Pacific Beach, Ocean Beach, and Coronado and a smattering of individual home owners, the bi-weekly San Diego Commission meetings have been little more than festivals for construction interests to celebrate the City in Motion.

But written in the language of last November's Proposition 20 has been the right to appeal the decisions of these Regional Commissions to a state commission. The state commission met for the first time last Wednesday, April 18, in Newport Beach, to hear such appeals.

It was a little ominous that the first meeting like this should be held in Del Webb's Newport Inn, just over Lumberme Road from the Orange County homes and townhouses of East Bluff and Big Canyon. The meeting began at 8:30 A.M.

The twelve members of the State Commission, chaired by Melvin R. I. saw publisher of *Savoy Magazine*, patiently spent the morning wading through the call to order, the roll call, approval of minutes, the chairman's report, the executive director's report, etc. etc. Finally, an hour before lunch, the Commission heard its first appeal.

Velvet red flock and gold foil covered the walls of the hearing room, but the rectangular chandeliers and dark steel-blue carpet tempered the grandeur of the atmosphere. It was hard to figure out the number of 50 members of the audience. Unlike the crowd at the San Diego hearings, the audience here was polite, almost genteel. Middle-aged, well-dressed men and women ("the developers' lawyers"), young women with wire-rim glasses (Sierra Club members). The Commission members sat along a long table in front, on a stage about a foot above the level of the audience. Chairman Lane sat in the center of the twelve like the Christ of da Vinci's *Last Supper*.



The first case was an appeal by a collection of groups in Santa Monica — Bay Cities Democratic Club, Friends of the South Bay, the Sierra Club — protesting a huge, multi-unit project in the Pacific Ocean Park area. The attorney for the developers asked Commission members whether they would vote on a reversal of the lower commission's decision on whether this would be a hearing *de novo*. The Commission fell apart at this point. "What's *de novo* mean?" "Well, obviously it means a new hearing." "Let's ask Mr. Boronkay (the counsel sent by the state Attorneys General)." Even Mr. Boronkay fumbled and mumbled. Finally, the Commission decided not to decide. "We'll hold off voting until next meeting. By then we can find out what we're voting on."

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!" Fra Ruth Peyton from the Pacific Beach Planners. A lot of us have come all the way from San Diego. We want the Commission to decide today. We don't want the wrong kind of input into the Commission between now and the next meeting."

Commission Vice-chairman Ellen Harris, the Commission's only woman, warned Mrs. Peyton that it would be a big mistake to vote on the wrong issue. Better to hold the hearings now, and find out between meetings what we're supposed to vote on.

As the crowd filed out, one could hear Mr. Jeffrey Frautschy of Scripps Institute, San Diego's man on the state Commission, gently begging off an invitation by Mrs. Peyton and the Pacific Beach group to join them for lunch. "Have to be impartial, you know."

The Pacific Beach Planners in their appeal claimed that the San Diego Commission had approved 428 Pacific Beach units in just a few hours, and had thus detrimentally increased P.B.'s population 2.6 percent. At 1:30, just after lunch, the first of three developers whose projects had been appealed began his plea. "A year and a half ago, another engineer from Ryan and I began to think about moving into condominiums. We saved our money, and we began to look around for a place to maybe build some ourselves. The Pacific Beach area is a nice part of town. We found a lot there that has nothing on it, completely barren." Mr. Inzaraci, the engineer who was speaking, had an accent and almost sobbed his lines. He closed by pleading with the committee, "I'm not a rich man. I've put my life savings into this project. It's only fourteen units." The Commission chairman cut him off.

The second "defendant," Santa Barbara and St. Ignace Condominiums, were represented by a smart-looking attorney, Les Crouch. Mr. Crouch claimed his clients' units would be two miles from the ocean across "a very wide street" (Pacific Beach Drive) from Mission Bay, and not detrimental at all to the environment. He said that the density problem is not in Pacific Beach but in Mission Beach.

Mrs. Peyton of the Pacific Beach Planners built her rebuttal around the issue of density, carefully detailing the history of the zoning laws in this area of San Diego. By the time she summed up, it was somewhat rhetorical flourish ("these units are straws on the camel's back"), there was a wave of impatient grumbling over the crowd. Because it was getting late in the afternoon, and there were so more appeals to be heard, the next two speakers for the P.B. Planners were greeted with indifference and louder murmurs. Part of this was due to their own rhetorical weakness, the first man showed slides of San Diego high rises, with little attention to the developers' appeal; the second man mentioned that he was "an avid sailing enthusiast" and then talked about the potential harm in Mission Bay breezes with solid weapons of high rises. Even San Diego's Mr. Frautschy stuck off the stage (to go to the bathroom!) The chairman, Mr. Lane, got more and more impatient with the P.B. Planners' request to discuss cumulative effect of projects on density.

A week later no one seems to know how the State Commission will vote at their next meeting, May 2. They did seem very impatient with the P.B. Planners' request to consider cumulative effect on density. But last Mr. Peyton is optimistic. The San Diego Commission itself refused two permits in the meeting on Friday (April 20). They told the developers to give an account of the effects on density. I think we've actually educated the Commission members on this density issue. And I think the San Diego Commission's vote will persuade the State Commission to consider our density arguments." ☐



MOVIES • EVENTS
TELEVISION • FREE CLASSIFIEDS
Wake up Buzzy Bavasi Send the Cotton Candy Back to the Circus page 6



The Family That Acts Together...

Jonathan Saville

Tennessee Williams' play *The Glass Menagerie* is currently playing at the Carter Center Stage. The production, in spite of some drawbacks is a very good one, and the play itself is one of the glories of the modern American theater.

The Glass Menagerie is a family drama, with a domineering mother full of nostalgia for her youth in the Old South, a pathologically shy and crippled daughter, a son who writes poems on show-boats in the factory where his soul is suffocating, and a long absent father who "worked for the telephone company and fell in love with long distance." Familiar enough fare, after two and a half decades of criticism. But Williams' play is the real thing, with an authentic knowledge of human character and suffering that scarcely any contemporary play can match. The people are so wonderfully alive, the sadness and fatality that envelops them is so palpable, and the language they reveal themselves and their situation in is so full of brilliance, energy, pothos and humor, that when this play is done well you simply forget that you are in a theater: it is life itself that has before you.

At the Carter the play is done very well indeed. Carole Margat, in the leading role of the mother, is nothing short of miraculous. Her pretentiousness, her smothering warmth, her extravagant visions of her past, her desperate, pathetic clinging to a world of illusion—these have not, in my experience, ever been done better. I have seen both Lettie Taylor and Helen Hayes in this part, and if Miss Margat does not excel them, her performance seems to me not a whit inferior to theirs. She is terrific. When I last saw her, again as a mother, in UCSD's otherwise unfortunate staging of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, I wondered what so fine an actress was doing in a college production. Now it turns out that, after a long professional career, she has settled in San Diego and intends to pursue her passion for acting right here among us. Miss Margat is playing that I found myself wondering how so pathologically shy a girl could bring herself to act in public. But it is just this sense of emotional authenticity that is missing in the

performance of Robert Hass, who plays the central character of the son. I liked Mr. Hass in the Old Globe's recent *San Who You Are*. I liked him for his coldness, his irony, his deft artificiality, all of which so perfectly suited that artificial comedy of nasty manners. But some of those characteristics are appropriate to the hero of *The Glass Menagerie*, who narrates in pain and grief the story of his youth, and of how he abandoned mother and sister to follow his father's irresponsible wandering footsteps into the world. Mr. Hass appears completely real until when he is angry—but being angry is one of the actor's easiest tasks. His idea of what a man is like when he is drunk resembles nothing ever experienced in the world—hasn't he ever been drunk himself? And when he narrates, a tone of disdain, one might almost say of scorn, keeps creeping in from the direction of *San Who You Are*. Mr. Hass seems to speak most of his lines according to some impersonal formula of recitation which he has mastered, but he rarely seems to feel what he is saying or to know what it is like to be inside the skin of Williams' fictional character. He has many things going for him as an actor: good looks, good voice, a sureness and grace in handling himself on the stage—but if he wants to be successful at anything other than brittle Brecht comedy he is badly in need of advice from Stanislavsky or Lee Strasberg.

As to the direction, it is quite good, but there is one device director William Roesch would have done better to omit. In one of his less intelligent fits of inspiration, Tennessee Williams apparently had the bright idea of bolstering up his perfectly self-sufficient drama with a simultaneous slide show, and Mr. Roesch has made the mistake of bowing to the author's bad taste. When the hero talks about his longing for adventure we are shown a murky slide of a ship, and at other times the action is accompanied with written commentary, sometimes a few words from the play, sometimes a comic book exclamation like "Ha!" Such artsy-fartsy phoniness fits this masterpiece about human pain the way a latex wad fits Sir Winston Churchill. The slide show is plain stupid, but luckily you can avoid looking at it, if you resolutely keep your eyes on the stage. And when Miss Margat, Miss Murphy, or the talented Steve Christopher (as the Gentleman Caller) are at work—as well as Mr. Hass in his better moments of which there are quite a few—you ought not to find it too hard to do that. □

events

Acklin's Quarter	480 Elm	234-9325
California State Univ	San Diego	286-5704
Cassius Carter Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2755
City College Theatre	14th & C Sts.	239-7854
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts.	236-6510
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4806
Crystal Palace Theatre	3785 Palomar Front Walk	488-8001
Fine Arts Gallery	Balboa Park	232-7931
Folk Arts	3743 Fifth Ave.	291-1786
Jewish Community Center	4079 54th	563-3300
La Jolla Art Assn.	7817 Grand Ave.	453-1001
La Jolla Museum	700 Prospect St.	454-0183
Mission Playhouse	3760 Mason Old Town	295-6453
Old Globe Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
Palomar College Theatre	Palomar College	154-1150
Patio Playhouse	373 Hale Ave., Escondido	746-6669
San Diego Art Institute	Balboa Park	234-5946
San Diego Public Library	820 E Street	236-5850
Sports Arena	3500 Sports Arena Blvd.	224-4171
Timken Art Gallery	Balboa Park	239-5548
UCSD	La Jolla	453-2030
USIU	Pi Loma	224-3211
USIU Conservatory	350 Cedar Street	239-0391
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

Museums & Galleries

RODIN BRONZES: A small but select survey of bronze sculpture by the French sculptor, August Rodin. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through April.

MEDIA SURVEY 1973: An invitation exhibition of new media art by California artists and craftsmen. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, Saturday through May 7.

BAROQUE PAINTINGS: Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, through May 13.

LIU KUO-SUNG: young contemporary artist of the Fifth Moon Group. Saturday through May 27. Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park.

KIBBY UNWEAVER AND SUZI FITZPATRICK: mixed media pieces. San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park.

INDIAN: Contemporary interpretation of the American Indian. Joe Nyni, Orr's Gallery, 2202 Fourth Ave., through May 5.

PRE-HISPANIC MEXICAN ART: from Jules Berman Collection will be on exhibit at the Fine Arts Gallery, through May 5.

PHOTOGRAPHS: by Lillian Fayman, Harry Crosby, and John Wagaman. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

PHILIPPINES: Isles of Many Cultures, Museum of Man, Balboa Park.

INDIANS OF THE WEST COAST: Rare lun-of-the-century photographs and artifacts depicting life of the Indians. San Diego Public Library, opens May 1.

MIXED MEDIA: by Valerie Hanson and Roberts Garmans. Corridor Gallery, San Diego Public Library, opens May 1.

Shows

ANIMAL KINGDOM: Sports Arena, Saturday, April 28, 8:00 P.M.

MAGNIFICENT MONTAGUES ALL-STAR REVIEW: Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Friday, April 28, 8 and 9:30 P.M.

ART-ZA-POPPIN: music and arts festival. Salk Institute, Sunday, April 29, 12 noon.

RAMONA RAINY: Ramona Road, Handel Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 P.M. through May 13.

Theatre

PLAZA SUITE: San Diego Little Theatre, Del Mar Playgrounds, Fridays and Saturdays until April 28, 8:30 P.M.

THE CYRONIC STATE: Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, 8:30 P.M. through May 13, tickets \$2.00, reservations 488-8001.

Music

IRONWOOD CREEK: Palace Complex, 4025 Pacific Hwy., Thursday, April 26 through Saturday, April 28.

PINNACLE: Palace Complex, 4025 Pacific Hwy., Friday, April 27 through Saturday, April 28.

ZENIX: a rock group. Soledad Park, Cal State Univ., Thursday, April 26, 11:00 A.M.

THE CALIFORNIA BALLET: Town Park Theatre, 2985 University Ave., Thursday, April 26, 8:00 P.M., Friday, April 27, 2:30 and 8:00 P.M., and Sunday, April 28 at 2:30 P.M.

ELVIS PRESLEY: Sports Arena, Thursday, April 26, 8:30 P.M.

MUSIC OF THE '70s: UCSD Mathews Campus Recital Hall, Thursday, April 26, 8:30 P.M.

THREE THEATRE PIECES: UCSD Music Department, Mathews Campus Recital Hall, Thursday, April 26, 8:30 P.M.

ZENIX: electric music group from the Zenith Farm Arts Community, UCSD Recital, Catalina, Friday, April 27, 8:30 P.M.

JANE VOSS: RAY AND INA PATTERSON, Folk Arts, Friday, April 27 and Saturday, April 28 at 8:00 P.M.

WAR: Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, Friday, April 27, 8:00 P.M.

JANE HALL and FRANK HALLOCK: voice recital, Cal State Univ., Recital Hall, Friday, April 27, 8:15 P.M.

MARLIN AND JERI LEE OWEN: cellist and pianist, UCSD Mathews Campus Recital Hall, Friday, April 27, 8:30 P.M.

FIELD STRING QUARTET: St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Del Mar, Saturday, April 28, 8:15 P.M.

LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY: Cal State Univ., Drama Arts Theatre, Saturday, April 28 and Sunday, April 29, 8:00 P.M.

HARRIST GAIL DIETERICH DALBIG: Sherwood Hall, La Jolla, Sunday, April 29, 2:30 P.M.

SAN DIEGO YOUTH CHORALE: Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Sunday, April 29, 2:30 P.M.

ORGANIST ALBERT CAMPBELL: La Jolla Presbyterian Church, 7715 Drazer Ave., Sunday, April 29, 4:00 P.M.

J. GELLS BAND and MARK ALMOND: Sports Arena, Sunday, April 29, 7:30 P.M.

BATTLE OF THE BANDS: Palace Complex, 4025 Pacific Hwy., Sunday, April 29.

UCSD BRASS ENSEMBLE and Pi Loma and San Diego High School Chorus: groups, Russ Auditorium, Sunday, April 29, 8:00 P.M.

MARK ALMOND: in a five recording session at the La Paloma in Encinitas, May 3, 4, 5 at 1:30 and 10:30 P.M. and Sunday, May 6, at 8:00 P.M.

continued on page 7

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RAILBIRDS

—H. Phelps-Jones

The lady on the third floor of the County Courthouse knew exactly whom I meant. "Oh, the senior citizens. Yes, yes, they really get involved. They want to see justice done." She slapped her hand with her fist. "Wait a second. I'll get a bailiff. He'll introduce them to you." Both the lady, Mrs. Hummer, and the bailiff were very friendly.

"Yeah, they sit around over in Horton Plaza 'til the sun gets too hot, then they come over here and watch trials. They aren't really bums. None of 'em are w-i-h-alcoholos. They're real respectable. One of 'em drives a Continental, and wears a porkpie hat. I call him Mr. Thomas Beecham. They all know the judges and the judges know them. Last year one of the judges invited them all to a St. Patrick's Day party. About a dozen and a half of 'em showed up."

The San Diego Courthouse halls could have been the location for Kafka's short story, long, long, endlessly long, bleak-white, hospital-white. Hard, glassy floors. On the benches, outside closed courtroom doors, clusters of name-tagged jurors cackled like hens. Well-dressed lawyers battered with each other or talked anxiously with district attorneys. Some whispered furiously to their clients.

"Friday's not a good day to find 'em. Only the short cases are being tried today. The long trials, the real interesting ones, are Monday through Thursday. Oh, hey — there's two of 'em."

A stocky, pleasant-faced woman with an orange flower-petal hat and a thin, pale gentleman in a grey suit, grey hat and white shirt were going over the morning "hot" cases. The lady was wearing a beige coat, clutching her pocketbook to her chest and smiling broadly. The man had an Irish brogue so thick it was a little hard to believe him when he said his name was Mr. Smith. The woman said to call her Miss Judy. Although Miss Judy claimed to know very little about the courts ("I've been in Phoenix for six months"), she became almost pedagogue later in the conversation. "Oh, the judge doesn't decide... it takes two-thirds in a civil case."

Mr. Smith said the trials to watch were definitely not the murder trials. "I wouldn't watch a murder case for anything. I like a good fraud case. Take this welfare scandal case yesterday morning, now that was a good one." Mr. Smith added that he didn't think much of the women jurors' decision: "Agh, there were these two women from El Cajon and can you imagine — they voted yes on the false arrest and no on the compensation."

Where were the other court-watchers (or "railbirds," as the district attorneys call them)? "Well, there's the colonel from La Jolla. He's a vice-president of Standard Oil — course Standard Oil's got a thousand vice-presidents. He's not here today. But he's been in trouble lately. He got up and lectured the jury one day and the judge ordered him out of the courthouse. You're not supposed to talk to the jury, ye know."

Like the Electric Light Orchestra, The Move used to reveal a seemingly neurotic compulsion to show everyone how clever they could be. A final U.S. album, *Spiral Edge*, serves as a look at The Move's history of success in England, a collection of singles and album cuts previously unreleased in this country. The user notes give no mention of chronology, but if the cuts are in time sequence, little creative development is evident. *Spiral Edge* is a culmination of stylistic borrowings from other sources.



The rock press has hailed The Move over and over and is bewildered why The Move never made big time in this country. The Move, you see, broke up into two target groups, the Electric Light Orchestra (the group that picks up where "I Am the Walrus" left off) as one record company part of it and another called Wizard. The ELO now has a hit on the air waves, a gimmicky fusion of Beethoven and Chuck Berry. "Roll Over Beethoven" has the result of the mix is forced, mechanical, anything but smooth. And what's worse, the attitude, as "look how clever we are." Even Alex from Cleveland, *Change* would pose.

"I saw him here the other day, though," Miss Judy interjected.

"If you want to see something good today, go down to Felony Arraignment, Judge Cooney's court. He's a little guy, but he's a tough guy. He gives 'em about three minutes." Mr. Smith was finished. He tipped his hat to Miss Judy, got up, and trailed off down the long hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Maury Fish, an elderly Jewish couple from the East ("Oh, we also lived seventeen years in Palm Springs"), come to court every day. "Yes, you see, I come here every morning, my husband goes to the stock market, we meet for lunch and then we spend the afternoons together here." This afternoon they were with a friend, a Mrs. Leonard Cohen of La Jolla.

Mr. Fish used to be in the factoring business, but said he'd been around the courts enough to really know what was going on. Sometimes he would even have to pull a district attorney aside and tell him what arguments to use. "They don't say so, but a lot of times, they set up their arguments exactly the way I advise them to. You see, a lot of those D.A.'s are just freshmen. They're using the D.A. position as a stepping stone until they get enough experience to set up in private practice."

While Mr. Fish was talking, Mrs. Fish would nod her head and repeat the things he was saying. "Yes, they're just freshmen... yes, a stepping stone... yes, private practice..." When Mr. Fish paused, Mrs. Fish smiled at Mr. Fish and murmured, "he'd make a really good judge."

But both the Fishes felt the San Diego judges were excellent. "They're brilliant. They're very compassionate. They understand. There was the case the other day of the lady who picked up the cardboard boxes at Walker Scott's in La Jolla. The lady was a really old woman who wasn't well. She broke down and cried and said she didn't know she was stealing the boxes. She wasn't a thief, it was clear. So the judge called the prosecuting attorney over and they quietly dismissed the charges. And there was this coupool case the other day where the man hit the woman's body in a coupool." Mrs. Fish winced.

Further down the hall on the same floor, a woman with a gentle, withered face, white hair and rimless glasses invited to a friend, a bailiff with red hair and a reddish-brown mustache, tell her that Fridays were "the longest days of all." She gave him a slow pensive look and said something about the excitement of watching the courts — she'd just started a few months ago — and how she enjoyed every day. She spoke slowly and her voice quivered of old age. She seemed very gentle but said she liked to see justice done. "Especially the murderers. I like to see a murderer get convicted." Her soft eyes sparkled a little. A gaggle of jurors came down the hall and followed each other into the courtroom in twos and threes. The lady with white hair excused herself and walked over to the courtroom and walked in. The bailiff sighed, "Something about these old folk — I don't know what it is — it's just real nice to have 'em around." □

The Who and the Beach Boys find themselves combined in "Do Ya", with chunky, stock guitar licks, oooh-la-falsetto chorus and macho lead vocal, all thudding away mindlessly, albeit happily. Singer Jeff Lynne reminds you of someone standing in front of a mirror pretending he's Mick Jagger. Yuck.

The Kinks are the major influence in "Christians", a mildly racist tract that attempts cross-cultural civility but borders on outright offensiveness. Ron Wood's vocal is so Roy Davies-esque that it borders on outright imitation. Guitars are used to simulate all these "exotic, Oriental riffs" (so the liner notes say). It sounds rather funny, if that's what Oriental music is supposed to sound like.

"Message from the Country" takes from the Beach Boys and doesn't give much in return. No reason to settle for a reissue of "Cloud Vibrations" when the original retains a freshness that makes most current music seem pompous and bombastic.

"The Minister" sounds so much like "Paperback Writer" that it's a wonder the Beatles haven't taken these boys to court. Again, the borrowing is lame next to the original.

The Move's obvious (but would it) have been so outrageous if they had done a good job of emulation. Other groups, the Raspberries and the Raspberries, are able to imitate and produce a credible witness of good rock. The Move, unfortunately, were nothing more than would-be rock and roll wonders who never transcended mere imitation. □

MOVIES

reader's guide to san diego movies — duncan shepherd

Alisa's Restaurant — Like other such movies, this 1987 film is a love story. Alisa (Susan Sarandon) is a young woman who falls for a man who is a doctor. The film is a love story. Alisa (Susan Sarandon) is a young woman who falls for a man who is a doctor. The film is a love story.

Book of Numbers — Gambling operations in the South. With Raymond J. Barry and Fred Payne. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. (A) (Axe Drive in, Tu Vu Drive in)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon — Zeffirelli's new film about the life of St. Francis. Starring Anthony Quinn, Faye Dunaway and Judi Dench. (Fashion Valley) (A)

Butterflies Are Free — Generation gap vignettes are played off in executive well-oiled routine. All very familiar except that the audience of youth is blind. Incredible rendering of Milton Erwin's stage play. Directed by Frank Tashner. (Fashion Valley) (A)

Cerberus — Little small talk to level off ways... an anthology, an unbroken odyssey. In a series of short stories... and it's asking a lot. The time and place of 1932 Germany, contrast an urban setting. And it was a good idea to use the painted word and subtle play of a multimedia medium. Directed by Joel Grey. (Fashion Valley) (A)

Charlotte's Web — Animated feature from the folks at UFA. With voices by Debbie Reynolds, Paul Lynde, Agnes Moorehead, Jerry Robbins. (Scripps Ranch, Regency) (A)

Class of '44 — Follow-up to SUMMER OF '42, with the same ensemble cast in search of justice. Directed by Paul Bogart. (A)

The Clowns — Fellini has been making comedy movies for so long that his documentary-plus-fiction format on non-existing world of clown would seem very odd and odd. If it weren't so broad and predictable as it is, after a delicate spacing on the magical timing of a crowd next to dawn, the film becomes a mix of appropriate head-to-head and dramatic entertainment. Made for Italian TV. (A) (La Paloma, through 4/29)

Cries and Whispers — Not without its impressive points, the dejected parchment gray of Harriet Andersson is the driving effort of the acting... Bergman's new film about three sisters and their painful memories is nonetheless one of his best. The characters make unspoken declarations that they are in a dream or in an entry or hell, but it's not a dream or hell. Bergman set up rather than any of his other films. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Deadly Trap — Ray Donney's classic tapes of memory make a noticeable first film device. In the actress were able once in a while to speak a line in a deliberate voice. While waiting for Sara's Cinema's direction to dredge up a little suspense in the last reel, Actress Winslow's phrasing keeps the picture on an impressive climb, water-eyed tears and glimmers and heavy color with the same suspense would switch on a line and clear up the image. (Bobby)

Deliverance — Rather too dreamily photographed, but this little portable about four Atlanta brothers who are taken to a remote cabin in the Great Smoky Mountains is the most of nearly every film and the timing makes sense in the fact that the film is a thriller. From a script by James Dickey. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Five Fingers of Death — Action film, made in Hong Kong. (California Cinema Drive In)

The French Connection — Excellent scenes of the darkness of crime fighting, and excellent scenes on the ball. Among the best of the latter movies is the one for the ending of this movie, which makes it a lot more than just a thriller. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Fuzz — Ed Moran's 87th Percent runs like an over-populated household in TV domestic comedy — con-

front assault and spread. The crowning ground party, which is a love story. The film is a love story. The film is a love story.

The Girls — Swedish film by great women. With Harriet Andersson, Birgitta Andersson and Gunnel Lindgren. Directed by Alf Sjöberg. (A)

The Godfather — Although it finds room, in its three hours, for events even while graphic graphic, there is no convincing impression of being the work of a great director. The film is a love story. The film is a love story.

Jeremiah Johnson — The saga of a mountain man, with unconvincing, self-conscious, "legendary" qualities... ballads, heavily colloquial narration, quiet dialogue. With the actors (especially golden-haired Robert Redford) trying to be overly, with Paul's direction being for adult, suspense, generalizing, any sense of frontier hardship is blocked. (A) (Axe Drive in, Tu Vu Drive in)

Joe Kidd — The credits, scene a going of rough riding, with a director who has been and there, back like prime John Sturges directing. But the requirements of this Big Star vehicle everybody has to look foolish except Clint Eastwood are obvious. (A) (Axe Drive in, Tu Vu Drive in)

Lady Singe the Blues — Fictionalized biography of Bessie Smith, and the incursions will probably have a little bit of a problem. But the film is a love story. The film is a love story.

Last Tango in Paris — An four-fifths like Benno Besson's film with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. (Cinema 21)



The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean — After the title, in "THE GREAT CALIFORNIA" and "BUTCH CASSIDY" have been paid up, this John Huston biography, which only takes a mixed case change... quite a strong, beautiful opening, as the title. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Limbo — A study of POW wives cultivates some of the best possibilities of stage space... the equalization of characters, the complex structure... the metaphors. Average America shown without comment... and avoid some of the worst features... the metaphors, the interior underlines, the closeness. This movie was behind the headlines by the time of its release. But the slight brightness hardly matters since much of the method... the timing of Aid Long. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Lost Horizon — Box Hunter's musical remake of the 1937 film of Shangri-la. The original cast... including Peter Finch, Sally Kellerman, Lu Linton, and Charles Boyer as the high lama... has been replaced by a man who neither works to please everybody and believe many can turn any rock. Songs on by Bostrom and David. (A)

Macbeth — Roman Polanski's not very engaging, nor strongly motivated, remake of Shakespeare's play, with a strong, little-known cast. There are a few stunning surrealistic scenes, and the violence in its original form, is very starkly felt. Several minor roles in the original play were taken over by the film's director, Roman Polanski. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

MASH — The upside-down scene of humor is more nauseating than the bloody operating room splat-

ing. Giggles are contracted to have a practical joke that, where there is always a victim and a perpetrator. The scene is a pair of bulls played by Elton Gould and Donald Sutherland, and the audience is supposed to thoroughly enjoy their barbarian roasting of the creature. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Nelson Affair — Teena Karter's dialogue is so corned with address, questions, and vulgar that the dialogue is frequently a bit too long to take. Her line, and they have trouble enough to get to see their copious. Peter Finch, Glenda Jackson, Anthony Quayle. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Night Digger — Suspense film with Patricia Neal, directed by Alister Reed. (Fashion Valley) (A)

The Omega Men — Chorton Heston defends his fortified townhouse against a breed of zombies with black clubs and white faces, in one of those long-man-earth science fiction number. On occasion, the action keeps you on edge. (A) (Axe Drive in, Tu Vu Drive in)

The Organization — Third of Sidney Pollack's Virgil Tolle director series is an efficient job. It features Heston's impressive through its lengthy action scenes, and it continues a good, solid supporting cast including Red Jullie, Ron O'Neal, Billy Bush, Sheree J. Wilson, and Don Madson. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Play Misty for Me — Clint Eastwood's first directing job with his favorite director Don Siegel paired in the other side of the camera in a futuristic case role as a friendly bartender has an amazing presence... a woman's nightmare about a casual cop who doesn't want to let go and become passionately homicidal about the problem. More enthusiastic than Alfred, and such a success. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Position Adventure — Something a little different in the holding order, straight-for-ward spirit. The characters are so obviously naive, it would be a mercy for anyone if they were all eliminated quickly. It can be set through quite easily, out of tolerance for silliness. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Prime Cut — A concise, dining corridor from Chicago to Kansas City and a shotgun battle in tall grass use the main events in this slaying gangster movie that contains a lot of very strange notions. Lee Remick vs. Gene Hackman, directed by Michael Ritchie. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Red Sun — Unexciting adventure pariah such body dubbed game as Taylor Mikko, Alan Dean and Urvil Andros in John Huston. Roman is a tall Indian game of cowboys-and-Indians. A costume party year... lined somewhere in Spain and directed by Terence Young, who might have been in London at the time, sending instructions by carrier pigeon. (A) (Pacific Drive In)

Reputation — Polanski's profoundly modest effort about London aristocracy who harbors a consuming hatred of sex and open specterically naive, one wasted, locked inside her... the walls turn to purple and the faces purple and the world won't keep away. Catherine Deneuve is for once used cover to her sense opportunity. 1965. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Save the Tiger — The first line is "Shit" and the second is "What the fuck?"... a film about a tiger. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Serpent — Another in the rapid procession of Michael Winner's fierce, fatalistic action films. This one, compared to his previous work, is a bit more... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Silver — Crime comedy places a mock treatment-movie into background of James Earl Ray's... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Soldier Boy — Candice Bergen is the tough, sexy, fact-motivated anti-heroine of the Wars of the War and the Indian, and the somehow manages to be more appealing than the country's current... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Sometimes a Great Notion — Last-gasp smothering by Richard Dreyfuss and Henry Fonda in massive drama scenes are the big events in Ken Kesey's Oregon lumberjack saga. Paul Hume as director Paul Newman goes to splash around in his favorite pastime—cycling, beer drinking, and leading really rebellious... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Sound of Music — The return of if you did not see it the first time around, there is no progressive reason... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Soylent Green — From the heights of his crazy machine body, Charlton Heston gives a good world has come to pass... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Steady Burn — Flaming image of society's job... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

They Only Kill Their Masters — A small-town sheriff... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Two People — Robert Wise production of a 36 hour offer between an Army deserter and a Vogue model... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Valenti Papers — Aracis European-made gangster movie... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The War Between Men and Women — This try to change please be sure to check with the listed theatre. (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

The Unicorn Cinema — Evenings through Wednesday... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Women's Film Festival — A selection of the best films from this recent festival made by women... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Sci-Fi Fiction Classic — Best of the best... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

Beginnings — The beginning... (A) (Center 3 Cinema 3)

7456 La Jolla Blvd. 459-4341

As these listings are subject to change please be sure to check with the listed theatre.

movie theatres

Academy	3721 University	284-1000
Ace Drive-In	8015 Imperial, Lemon Grove	449-8328
Aero Drive-In	1470 East Broadway, El Cajon	499-9300
Alvarado Drive-In	7310 El Cajon Blvd.	499-9300
Artec	655 5th	233-6723
Balboa	4th & E	233-3326
Big Sky Drive-In	2245 Main, Chula Vista	423-3377
Capri	3812 Park	298-0577
California	1112 4th	234-8259
Campan Drive-In	6147 El Cajon Blvd.	592-1777
Center 3 Cinema	2120 Camino del Rio North	298-1888
Cinema Leo	944 Garnet, Pacific Beach	498-3353
Cinema 21	1440 Hotel Circle North	291-2121
Cinema	5939 University	593-8201
Clairemont	4140 Clairemont Mesa	276-0901
College	6303 El Cajon Blvd.	298-1455
Cove	7730 Grand, La Jolla	459-5404
Del Mar Drive-In	Highway 5 at Via de Valle	745-6757
El Cajon	330 West Main, El Cajon	444-3272
Fashion Valley 4	1110 Fashion Valley	291-4404
Five Arts	1818 Garnet, Pacific Beach	274-4000
Fox	720 B	233-6331
Frontier Drive-In	3801 Midway	222-6966
Grossmont	5500 Grossmont Center Dr., La Mesa	465-7100
Harbor Drive-In	32nd and D, National City	477-1392
Helix	7966 La Mesa, La Mesa	463-4485
Jerry Lewis	9692 Camino Road, Spring Valley	460-9781
Jerry Lewis Twin	3815 Chula Vista	422-5287
Kan	4061 Adams	283-5909
La Paloma	4711 Tel Street, Friern Hill	783-2052
Linda	2280 Linda Vista Plaza	277-1389
Loma	3150 Rosecrans	324-3344
Midway Drive-In	3091 Midway	223-8342
North Park	2895 University	293-8778
Palmer Drive-In	2800 Palms and Garnet	274-1400
Palomar College	Room P-3, Escondido	744-1150
Parkway Theatres, 1,2,3	1286 Fletcher Parkway	449-7800
Roxy	4842 Cass, Pacific Beach	498-3303
Ranchito	Federal and Euclid	293-1337
Solana Beach	Solana Beach	755-9719
South Bay Drive-In	2170 Coronado, Imperial Beach	423-2727
Spreckels	Broadway and 2nd	233-6541
State	4712 El Cajon Blvd.	294-1428
Strand	4950 Newport	223-3141
Tu Vu Drive-In	5535 Kearny Villa Road	277-4888
UK Cinema	Interstate 8 at Magnolia, El Cajon	440-3308
UCSD	2722 USB Revell Campus	453-2000
Unicom	7456 La Jolla Blvd.	459-4341
Valley Circle	Mission Valley Center West	291-2931
Village	820 Orange Avenue, Coronado	435-6161
Vogue	226 3rd, Chula Vista	422-1436

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View From The Floor



...much higher than the floor... the floor of movies available in San Diego, since there is practically nothing here that does not spread out to every sizable city in the country. Onto San Diego's floor spills an occasional scrap from the heights of New York art houses, from the film festivals, or from the preserved past, something by Fellini or Godard or Bunuel or some other promising individual. The local filmpicker is in the position of gazing dog-eared to the heights; and certainly, from this low-slung point of view, it is always an excitement, to be pounced on, whenever one of those alien drops in. The danger is in allowing the puff of excitement to cloud standards. It is not crass ingratitude — though it may seem to be — when a filmpicker snarls about the inferiority of a Berolucci (*Spider's Strangeness*) or a Fellini (*The Clowns*), even though they may be as close as he has gotten in months to the bounty above. It is not impertinent to snarl at a hunk of sausage which has tumbled down to the floor when what you want is the eggs and the cornbread and the strawberry jam and the oranges, all of it.

The low-angle point of view in San Diego and the structure of demanding standards converge, currently, over the new Ingmar Bergman, *Cries and Whispers*. On one hand, nobody interested in movie needs to be told to see this movie. A new Bergman is invariably something to attend no matter what you have heard about it, and it becomes doubly important in a town which for four weeks has offered little besides *Calver* and *The Godfather*. On another hand, once the bizarreness of a Bergman movie in Mission Valley has settled into focus (in other words, once the new Bergman has been placed in context with other Bergmans) instead of what *Judge Roy Bean*, it becomes reasonable to suggest that this one is an awful movie.

Much of the meaning of *Cries and Whispers* is conveyed via announcements by the characters: "I feel as if I'm walking in a dream" or "It's constant misery and torment." These little commentaries on the situation are probably supposed to imbue themselves in the viewer's brain, like hypnotically induced suggestion. The acting, out of these stated conditions is agony in the abstract, divorced from cause or consequence. Harriet Anderson screaming and writhing in her sickbed or Liv Ullmann backed against a wall and sweltering with lust after she blocks the doctor's path to the door and forces him to finger her pearls and her slightly concealed breast. Such puzzling demonstrations would probably seem more

powerful if they were not easily recognizable as movies, the Bergman repertoire of sufferings, like "My Way" in Sinatra's song book. Setting aside the familiarity of these demonstrations, there is still considerable difference between the admiration Harriet Anderson arouses with her death-pallor face and strenuous contortions and the suspicion Liv Ullmann stirs up, in the aftermath of her promotion to the cover of Time Magazine, with her Raquel Welch hairdo and cleavage.

The abstractions — the aiming of ideals of disgust or lust or pain — would undoubtedly be more interesting to watch if more nuance infiltrated the film by way of some vehicle other than Bergman's overtrained actresses. But the few props permitted are almost weightless, deflated by their commonness — clocks, flower bouquets, candles, fancy dinnerware. If this is to be a dream of sorts, it needs more fluidity or soundtracks which amplify the scratch of a pen, the rustle of a dress, the parting of lips, but hears no communion or layered noise.

Faces that reveal everything and dialogue that repeats the message, and colors — red, black, or white — that repeat again the message, constitute Bergman's style here, a solid style. Nothing specific or idiosyncratic or confusing or complicating happens; nothing happens, in short, that might cause a redefinition of Bergman's proud position as the film artist with the most understanding, the most acceptance, the most empathy, and the most acting jobs for women.

Ingrid Thulin's big scene of self-mutilation, which concludes with the actress spread-legged and bleeding on white sheets, is a perfect example of Bergman's broadness: the image can conjure up sexual pain, loss of virginity, childbirth, whatever. This is a perfect example, too, of Bergman's limitations. Because, at the same time that the idea of inserting broken glass into a vagina is definitely disconcerting to think about, it is overwhelmingly silly to look at, especially at the restrained conclusion when Thulin wipes a bloody smear across her mouth and grins like an infant who has been a slub about swallowing Gerber's strained plums. What into some commentators is Bergman's intention to mean more than he has figured out how to say. More than ever, he is relying on heavy, aesthetic signals like the ponderous ticking of the clock or the opening series of four quick shots, of misty dawn trees, which belong in a David Lean epic for the pretty beauty of

— Duncan Shepherd —

Serious moviegoing, as it is known and pursued in New York City (to take the severest example of serious moviegoing) is largely a spectacle of covering territory. It is moving deviously across the field. It is dividing energies so as not to miss the big Italian import which will play ten weeks at a plush Upper East Side theater because it has the joint endorsement of Rex Reed, Judith Cray, and Women's Wear Daily, but also so as not to miss the newly discovered Japanese classic which is appreciated only by Roger Greenspan of the Times and will play one week before retiring permanently to the shelves. It is, in a normal day, ricocheting from a program of recent Hungarian cinema at the Museum of Modern Art to a Betty Davis retrospective in Greenwich Village to the current sleeper on a trashy double bill in Times Square, and reading the latest Film Comment issue on the subway in between.

Seriousness of this kind is out of the question in San Diego. One of the chief reasons is simply the limited field. If a local filmpicker decides it is not strictly required to check up on every black crime film at the Spreckles, nor every Danny Devito at the Fox — that is, if the local filmpicker exercises any discrimination at all, it is quite difficult for him to appear any more frenetic in his pursuits than a big league outfielder. Another impediment to New York style seriousness is the pliancy of the field. Movies here are somewhat like the 45s on the top forty chart: you can turn your back on them for six weeks, go to study optical illusions in the Anza-Borrego, and on returning to town wonder what's all this stuff about accelerated changes in modern society.

It is distantly possible to keep aloft an illusion of seriousness by adopting a few basic attitudes. By (1) designating Los Angeles a suburb of San Diego and making frequent outings therein, and (2) taking seriously movies which do not ask to be taken that way, and (3) realizing that the layout of movies advertised in the Union is a thin curtain that hides behind it vast ranges of movies which are unlike, though not necessarily better, the kind that stretch uniformly from El Cajon to Ocean Beach.

This last point is especially important to the upkeep of any standards of taste that aspire

displacement of one bone will subject nerves to pressure and irritation. This causes pain and impairs function of the organs in your body, and lowers resistance, thereby subjecting the body to many kinds of sickness.

In spite of the fact that the official medical world scoffs at this chiropractic theory, the increased popular acceptance of acupuncture, the religious following commanded by Adelle Davis, and the promotion of always self-treatment by women's libbers, lead one to think that the chiropractors have chosen an ominous time to push their unconventional theory.

The Miss Posture Perfect contest itself consisted of four parts. Although the first two parts, a series of exercises with the stomach and back muscles and a judging on a "posture meter", were held in the privacy of a "doctor's" office, the exercises were demonstrated for the public on Sun-Lan early A.M. television show. The second two parts, a bathing suit and an evening gown competition, were held as the highlight of a dinner in the Caribbean Room of the El Cortez Hotel.

The tone for the evening was set by the garish crepe paper runways, flourishes and table centerpieces. Chiropractors in their Robert Hill double knits, their wives, and nervous parents of the contestants filled the room. In the first of many departures from the official program, the diners were interrupted mid-meal for the invocations and introductions. Councilman Floyd Marrow led the pledge of allegiance only to fall silent after "for which it stands."

The hearty pagant, like the Atlantic City spectacle, called to mind the old burlesque, with dirty old men in raincoats salivating at jaded strippers. The girls here, however, were real, many were uncomfortable and nervous. It seemed that they were performing just to please Mom and Dad.

Perhaps the most beneficial side-effect of the pagant was a poster contest run concurrently in San Diego schools. One end of the banquet hall was covered with posters done by school children. The theme the children were to portray was "good posture does more than make you look good!" At least maybe these artists stood straight for the couple of weeks they were working on the posters. Maybe they'll even remember the message for a while and make tomorrow's drill sergeant's and boot polisher's job just a little easier. ☐

BACK TO BACKBONES

Albert Barret

Chiropractors have an image problem. They just don't enjoy the status of medical doctors and are generally approached with caution. To help correct this public image, the San Diego Chiropractic Society put on a Miss Posture Perfect contest. April 11th, and crowned Miss Pamela Hekker as the Queen Miss Hekker will go on to the state contest, national contest, and no doubt fame and fortune.

According to the evening's program, most kinds of human ailments can be traced to bad posture.

Unbalanced body weight or poor posture is one of the several causes of strain to the spinal column leading to displacement of vertebrae and pressure on the nerves in the spinal cord. Since the nerves branching from the spinal cord to all parts of the body emerge between the bones of the spine, a

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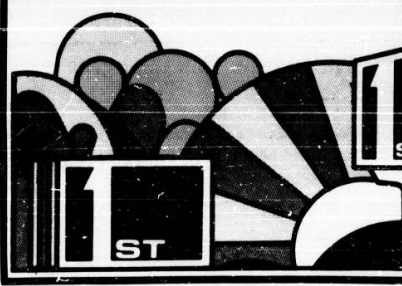
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THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

Jonathan Saville

The Changeling written by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley in 1622, is a great play. It is a new rotten play. The recent San Diego State production of *The Changeling*, under the direction of Michael Harvey and young student actors, was neither thoroughly great nor thoroughly rotten, though it had strong elements of both.

Admittedly, these Jacobean tragedies present great problems for modern actors and directors. Their central concern is the representation of evil, always an interesting subject, and no body of literature has matched them for their portraits of the extremes of cruelty, destructive ambition, and consuming sexual lust. It is this very extremity that underlies their success. As a

result their authors neglect the complexities of human character as well as anything resembling a naturalness of plot. Truth and verisimilitude give way to sensational stage moments of murder and dismemberment; the real needs of human beings is replaced by stunningly gorgeous declamation in the language of obsession and madness. There is no social reality, no psychological analysis, only a monomaniacal concentration on mankind's essential—eventhological—depravity.

The Changeling is one of the best and worst of its kind. It is about a Spanish lady, ironically named Beatrice who, though in love with and about to marry the noble Alonso de Pizarco, senses a sudden passion for another suitor, Alonzo, and in order to get rid of the first fiance contrives to murder him. Her partner in crime is De Flores, a grotesquely ugly courtier hating with lust for her, whom she hates, manipulates, become more and more implicated with, and finally comes to regard as a soul-mate in evil. Other acts of deception, forgery, prostitution, and another murder follow quickly upon the first delicious plunge into wickedness; and in the end, when the crimes have been revealed, De Flores kills Beatrice and

himself before the horrified eyes of her father, her husband, the court, and the audience. For this reason, it is said, the authors added a subplot about the young and lusty wife of a simple doctor in charge of an insane asylum. In spite of the amorous possession of two attractive women, he has despised himself as a madman in order to win her favors; the virtuous Isabella resists all evil temptation and remains true to her doctor of a husband. By means of the subplot, Middleton and Rowley managed to show that not all women are as depraved as Beatrice, and that the devil's wares can be resisted by a combination of native decency and good humor. The subplot also enabled them to introduce a fresh piece of the comic into the crypt-like atmosphere of the Beatrice-De Flores story, as well as to write some of the most ravishing poetry of the play, in the sarcastic lines of the bogus madmen.

But where the authors, in their theatrical wisdom, had added variety and breadth, director Harvey evidently decided that the vision of the main plot ought not to be qualified by the comedy, poetry and virtue of the Isabella scenes. With violent disregard of the total reality of the play, he chose to omit the subplot altogether. Then, to compound the error scarcely anyone who knows the play could regard this as anything else, he reintroduced some elements of the subplot through the back door, as it were, with dubious result. To bring in a bit of comedy, he had the murdered suitor, Alonzo, played as an effeminate fop. Very funny, but the result was to explain and even justify (in part) Beatrice's resolution to get him out of the way. What woman in her right mind would want to be married to such a thing? But how badly this weakens the impression the play means to give us of Beatrice's total, almost inhuman wickedness—wickedness to the point of magnificence, like the Prince of Darkness himself. And to replace the comic-grotesque dance of the madmen from the eliminated subplot, the director invented a bunch of death-head dancers who shimmy obscenely in niches above the stage, illuminated in blood-colored light and accompanied by repetitive nauseous music. As a stage device to emphasize the perversely sexual nature of the relationship between Beatrice and De Flores, this worked splendidly the first time we saw it; the next few times were acceptable, but by the end of the play I, for one, was heartily sick of this same pathological symptom, twitching at the sight and again during each change of scene.

Of the actors, two must be singled out for praise, and two for the opposite. The De Flores of Wayne Thornton was convincingly evil with his dizzying lust for Beatrice's body and his superb disregard for any other meaning or value in life. The only trouble was that Mr. Thornton is far too good-looking for the part—a fault, however, which must be attributed to his parents and to an inadequate make-up artist. Richard Lundquist was fine as Alonzo's brother, the play's revenge figure, with some more training in diction he will doubtless make a good professional actor. On the other side, one must regret the casting of Beatrice herself. The cold fire and ferocious grandeur of Middleton and Rowley's archetype of this misused young lady, who recited much of her part in the incomprehensible song-song of an airline stewardess instructing passengers on the use of the oxygen mask.

With all of this said, it must nevertheless be added that the production was more often successful than not. Aside from his vast mistake (committing half the play), Michael Harvey showed himself intelligently and creatively in control of the stage action. The set, designed by B. William Van Loan, was splendid. And the play itself, in spite of all its own flaws, is so strong that it came through as a valuable theater experience anyway. Half an experience is better than none, and the Program Department of San Diego State deserves our thanks for attempting so difficult a play at all.

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television

Thursday, April 26

LOVE TENNIS: The Loo and the Smash, channel 15, 7:30 P.M.
OLIVER TWIST: John Howard Davis plays Oliver Twist and Alec Guinness as Fagin in the 1947 British adaptation of Dickens' classic. Channel 15, 8:00 P.M.
ROBERTA FLACK: a guest star on the Flip Wilson Show, channel 10, 8:00 P.M.
FIVE PRESIDENTS OF THE PRECEDENCY: The last five chief executives are interviewed on the CBS News Special, Channel 8, 9:00 P.M.

Friday, April 27

MASTERPIECE THEATRE: The Golden Bowl, part 5, Channel 15, 8:00 P.M.
SEARCH FOR THE NILE: Discovery and Betrayal. Award-winning series of the Nile. Channel 8, 8:00 P.M.
THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE: Strange and Terrible Times. An analysis of crises in American history which have threatened the nation's existence. Channel 10, 9:00 P.M.
INGONCERT, channel 6, 11:30 P.M.
MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, with host Jerry Lee Lewis, channel 15, 1:00 A.M.

Saturday, April 28

THE WILD ONE: starring Marlon Brando and Mary Murphy. Channel 39, 9:30 A.M.
MAJOR LEAGUE: BASEBALL. Chicago at Boston, channel 10, 11:00 A.M.
WHOS AFRAID OF OPERA: La Traviata highlights. Channel 15, 12:30 P.M.
LOVE TENNIS: The Loo and the Smash, channel 15, 2:00 P.M.
FOLK GUITAR PLUS: Laura Weber teaches banjo, guitar and autoharp chords. Channel 15, 2:30 P.M.
PAUL NEWMAN in The Prize: Also starring Lee Remick, Jane Fonda, Leo G. Carroll, Edward G. Robinson. A winner goes to Sweden to accept his Nobel Prize and finds himself on the trail of an international conspiracy. Channel 10, 5:30 P.M.
PAUL NEWMAN in Adventure of a Young Man: An adaptation of Hemingway's semi-autobiographical Nick Adams stories. Channel 10, 9:00 P.M.



OLIVER TWIST, channel 15, 8:00 P.M.

Sunday, April 29

NBA BASKETBALL, channel 6, 11:00 A.M.
RUSSIAN AND UNITED STATES OLYMPIC BASKETBALL TEAMS will meet, Channel 8, 12:30 P.M.
OLIVER TWIST: John Howard Davis plays Oliver Twist and Alec Guinness as Fagin in the 1947 British adaptation of Dickens' classic. Channel 15, 2:00 P.M.
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: Snow: The Endless Horizon. Travels on the Trans Siberian Railroad. Channel 10, 4:00 P.M.
WHOS AFRAID OF OPERA? A mini-opera presentation of Charles Francois Gounod's Faust. Channel 15, 8:30 P.M.
THE GOLDEN BOWL: The End Game. Final program in the series. Channel 15, 9:00 P.M.

Monday, April 30

CRACK IN THE MIRROR: starring Orson Welles. A murder in Paris, a courtroom trial, with a famous lawyer and a double love triangle. Channel 39, 7:00 P.M.
FIRING LINE: Buckley's guest George governor Jimmy Carter. Process of Welfare. Channel 15, 7:00 P.M.
THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN: Sean O'Casey's dramatization of a case in Ireland in the 1920's. Channel 15, 8:00 P.M.

Tuesday, May 1

FOLK GUITAR PLUS: Laura Weber teaches "Michael Row Your Boat Ashore" for the second banjo, guitar and autoharp. Channel 15, 3:30 P.M.
LOVE TENNIS: Single Strategy, Channel 15, 6:30 P.M.
NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY: starring James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich. Channel 39, 7:00 P.M.

Wednesday, May 2

LOVE TENNIS: Single Strategy, Channel 15, 8:00 A.M.
THE GLASS MENAGERIE: starring Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas. Channel 39, 9:00 A.M.

Send the Cotton Candy Back to the Circus

—Alan Pesin—

Is baseball flapping in San Diego? Can the people of San Diego support the San Diego Padres? Are the fathers of Padre Stadium, Padre management, and Padre Stadium correct?

If you sliced the average baseball fan in half and analyzed the remaining cross-section, you would find a brain full of the accumulated lifetime statistics of his favorite players called from annual team yearbooks, one eye focused on the scoreboard centerfield of tiny boxes, and the other on the scoreboard, and a stomach full of hotdogs and beer.

The Virgin Padre fan, however, whose enlightenment is a necessity to the future of overflown baseball crowds at San Diego Stadium, thinks the only yearbook published in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, uses the scoreboard as a cushion for his tired fancy, watches a scoreboard continually filled with cartoons, commercials, and lists of attending groups that who'd best explain difficult plays, here's had a baseball quiz in over a year, and refuses to give even the scores of American League games, and has a stomach upset by cotton candy, eaten out of desperation.

At Padre Stadium scorecards are sold as if they are simply souvenirs, rather than the most important part of a baseball fan's equipment. The Padres print a fifty cent scorecard filled with information on everything from minkettek plans to an explanation of old Alan John ads, but now here is there even a brief explanation of the scores of the American League games, capable of fitting in the little boxes.

My greatest thrill of all time was the Sunday afternoon in 1964 I returned home from Shea Stadium with my own personally kept record of history. Jim Bunning's perfect game victory over the New York Mets, the first perfect game ever pitched in the National League. But the Padre management subverts baseball's inherent greatness at every turn through its obnoxious ignorance of the baseball fan.

Buzzie Baxas, President of the Padres, hasn't been a fan in many years. He's a baseball man, not a fan. His son, Peter, Vice-President and General Manager of the Padres, has probably never had the opportunity to be a fan. The result is management oblivious to the real needs of a baseball fan. A season's attendance of one million people can't be built on one-time-only admissions. The experience of one game should be satisfying, not satiating.

Some examples: I'll pay fifty cents for a hot dog, but I want to get it at my seat. I'm sick and tired of missing an inning of a game because I had to wait on line at a concession stand for the thing that should be shoved in my face by vendors every time I turn my head. Why do I have to ask the guy three rows away from me why a radio what the score of the Yankee game is? It's Baxas's prerogative to be against the despatched pitcher and interleague play, but I'm interested in four pennant races, and I want to know the scores of all the games. Maybe the Padres can't afford to print a real yearbook, but all the other teams do. Would it give the Padres an extremely complex to admit to this by selling other team's yearbook? I don't really care, but either the Padres should start pushing baseball at the gates or stop blaming the fans who aren't interested.

Tickets are sold at reasonable prices. \$4, \$5, \$6, \$2, \$3, and \$1.50 with a 20% discount for students on the three higher priced seats, and 10% cents off on general admission seats. But at many games with less than 10,000 fans, the lower priced seats force you to sit almost in isolation from the rest of the stadium. When the New York Mets played at the Polo Grounds

they opened up much closer seat in areas for the general admission ticket holder at games they knew had small potential, and this was more than half of their schedule.

For the future of Padre Stadium is that almost every seat is within foul ball reach. This puts you into the game until the very last out, except for the general admissions who are placed out of range even with crowds of only 5,000. If there is one thing that will make a youngster force his father to bring him back to the ballpark, it is a foulball coming within two sections of him. But these are the people forced to sit so far away from the game, because they are their only salvation. At a packed house, no one cares where they sit because they are surrounded by their peers, but would it hurt the Padre management to open up right field, field level sections 40, 41, and 42 to general admission patrons at certain games?

I'm not overly concerned with professional problems like the condition of the field or the lights. But what I want is a management which treats its customer like a baseball fan. I want scorecard seminars before the game rather than Marine Marching Bands. I want baseball quizzes, American League scores with winning and losing pitchers and home runs, and hitting leaders on the scoreboard instead of junkmail. I want hotdog, peanut, and soda vendors at my disposal, and they can send the cotton candy back to the circus. I want crowds of 30,000 even if they have to sell every seat at half price for the day. I want to be able to read the Pittsburgh Pirate yearbook during the fourth pitching change for the Padres. I want 50,000 people at Padre Stadium. Do I want many more people? I want baseball to come alive in the dead air of San Diego Stadium. ☐

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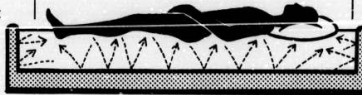
No longer is the waterbed a fad, a trip, or a specialty of the young. Doctors across the country are advocating its use. Hospitals are installing them by the hundred. And experts are predicting that, within a few years, almost everyone will have switched to waterbeds. They just contribute too much to relaxation, a good night's sleep, and general physical well-being to be ignored.

Until now, you may have found it difficult to consider the waterbed a serious piece of furniture. But that's all going to change. Because now San Diego has a serious waterbed dealer — and manufacturer. One that can provide styles to fit any room, any home. Natural Environments is going to put San Diego firmly into the waterbed age.

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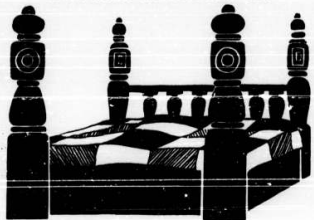


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