

There will be no copy of the Reader next Thursday. Next issue will be out Friday, January 4.  
Happy Holidays.

# READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

December 20 to January 4

oh my, oh me!

1973

tweedle dum  
tweedle dee



**Conversations I wish I'd heard this year.** John Kern, political reporter, *Evening Tribune*.

1. The Grand Jury when they decided not to bring an accusation against City Attorney John Witt for taking his \$100 campaign contribution
2. The District Attorney's office when they decided they would bring charges against Dorothy "Sam" Kolis for election code violations
3. The conversation between Mayor Wilson and District Attorney Ed Miller on Election night when they decided on amnesty for candidates who broke the election code
4. The conversation between City Manager Kimball Moore and Mayor Pete Wilson after Proposition B failed
5. The conversation between Dr. Gaylord Parkinson and George Millay of Sea World when they decided on arrangements for the \$30,000 fund-raiser for Ray Lussa and Jim Ellis.

**Best albums of the year.** Mike Harrison, KPRI Program Director.

1. 10 cc, 10 cc
2. *Quadrophonia*, The who
3. *Dark Side of the Moon*, Pink Floyd
4. *Lynyrd Skynyrd*, Lynyrd Skynyrd
5. *Brothers and Sisters*, Allman Brothers Band
6. *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, Elton John
7. *Passion Play*, Jethro Tull

**Luckiest people of the year.** Gerry Gross, Channel 8 Sports.

1. Harlan Scare, because his friend Gene Klein made him Charger general manager and pays him \$50,000 for just sitting in his office
2. Ron Waller, who as of yesterday (December 16) at 5 P.M. said goodbye to the pitiful mess called the Chargers
3. Johnny Urtias, because he gets paid \$400,000 a year without playing
4. Wolf Chamberlain, because he gets \$600,000 a year without playing

**Best bargains of the year.** CALPIRG, consumer survey study group.

1. large eggs, 55¢ a dozen, February at Big Bear
2. Farmer John bacon, 93¢ a pound, February at Bradshaw's
3. lean ground beef, 87¢ a pound, February at FedMart
4. white onions, 22¢ a pound, February at Safeway
5. milk, homogenized, 56¢ a half gallon, February, almost everywhere

**Worst bargains of the year.** CALPIRG:

1. large eggs, \$1.02 a dozen, September at Mayfair
2. Farmer John bacon, \$1.52 a pound, September at Alpha Beta
3. lean ground beef, \$1.22 a pound, September at Mayfair
4. white onions, 29¢ a pound, September at Bradshaw's
5. milk, homogenized, 67¢ a half gallon, November at Bradshaw's

**Best concerts in San Diego this year.** Cameron Crowe, local free-lance writer for *Rolling Stone*.

1. Joe Walsh at the Civic Theatre
2. Allman Brothers Band at the Sports Arena
3. Yes at the Sports Arena
4. Led Zepplin at the Sports Arena
5. Jesse Colin Young and the Eagles at the Community Concourse (upcoming)

**The most significant deals that took place in San Diego this year.** Richard Spaulding of the *Daily Transcript*.

1. The buying of U.S. National by Crocker Bank
2. the sale of the Padres (if it goes through)
3. The sale of the 502-unit Plaza Apartment complex in Pacific Beach for over \$10 million. (The largest sale of its kind in local history)
4. The sale of USU campus to Pasadena College and the City of San Diego for \$114 million (when it becomes final)
5. The Penasquitos, Inc. land "sold" by Irvin Kahn to the Teumeters Benson Fund for \$22.5 million.
6. The sale of Kearny Industrial Park to a Canadian insurance company for \$3.95 million, (11 buildings, 14 acres). The largest sale of its kind in southern California

**Where I've eaten the best meals of 1973.** Neil Morgan:

1. At home
2. La Favorite
3. Bamboo House
4. Nino's
5. The Wine and Food Society Dinner at the Westgate

**Films I never expected to come to San Diego.** Duncan Shepherd, local film critic.

1. *Letter to Jane*, by Godard
2. *Blaise Pascal*, by Rosellini
3. *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, by Herzog
4. *Herodotus*, by Don Levy
5. *I Am a Nymphomaniac* (under the title *The Sensuous Teenager*), by Max Peckas ("le grande Max")

**Favo.ite albums.** Gabriel Wisdom, KGB disc jockey:

1. *Birds of Fire*, Mahavishnu Orchestra
2. *Mystery to Me*, Fleetwood Mac
3. *Quadrophonia*, The Who
4. *Intersession*, Steve Wonder
5. *Last Train to Hicksville*, Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks

**Best books.** Chuck Mulverdy, Wahrenbrock's book store, downtown:

- Fiction
1. *Do with Me What You Will*, Oates
  2. *Burr*, Vidal
  3. *Gravity's Rainbow*, Pynchon
  4. *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut
  5. *Time Enough for Love*, Heinlein
  6. *Come Nineveh, Come Tyre*, Drury
- Non fiction
1. *Asian Journal*, Thomas Merton
  2. *How To Do Your Own Divorce*, Sherman
  3. *Wittgenstein's Vienna*, Toulmin
  4. *Journey to Ixtlan*, Casteneda

**Best surf of the year.** Bill Andrews, P.B. Surf Shop:

1. August 17, Windansea. Good, clean, soft, south swell.
2. Last of October (27-31). Varsity was good at all beaches and reefs.
3. December 14. Good northwest every where. Biggest surf of year.

**Best concerts.** Ted Burke, local rock writer:

1. Elton John at Balboa Stadium
2. Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention at the Sports Arena
3. Yes at the Community Concourse
4. Mahavishnu Orchestra at UCSD Gym
5. Edgar Winter at Balboa Stadium

**Worst concerts.** Ted Burke:

1. T. Rex at the Community Concourse
2. John Mayall at the Community Concourse
3. Yoko Ono at San Diego Stadium
4. Chicago at San Diego Stadium

**Best entertainment values in San Diego politics.** Staff of San Diego *Edition*:

1. Financier and Padre owner C.A. Smith traded to a minor league by the Washington Revengers
2. "The Group," a coalition of right-wing Republicans, making a successful entry into local politics
3. Ray Lussa's unsuccessful \$40,000 bid for a \$3000 City Council seat
4. In its first year the S.D. Regional Coastal Commission's approval of 1005 out of 1100 applications
5. Builders' candidate Lee Taylor appointed to the County Board of Supervisors, going developers a majority interest on the Board

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

LETTERS

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO READER BOX 80803 SAN DIEGO, CA 92138

CARCINOUS TOWN

Dear Mr. Editor: I was enlightening to read Jim Cravens' article... San Diego is a Rock 'n' Roll Desert... This town really is hurting for good entertainment establishments...

DESPICABLE!

Dear Editor: Your paper recently carried a review of an Ashik Khan concert that was absolutely despicable... Mr. Saville once again found it necessary to display for us in the most flagrant manner his lack of musical knowledge...

BANDS HIDING SOMEWHERE

Dear Editor: Jim Cravens does have an excellent point, not an original one by any means... San Diego is a musical desert... Promoters, managers, and the like have almost always flocked at the carcasses of San Diego...

Having studied classical music for ten years... having played in bands for eight years... and having teamed up with four other highly creative individuals for three and a half years for the specific purpose of creating interesting but innovative music of our own... I find Mr. Cravens' remarks about local talent extremely narrow-minded...

Of course Mr. Cravens, being the obviously sophisticated critic he is, might have added to his statements... that San Diego has no local musicians... the "lax" or that "he has heard", but I realize that would be asking too much...

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How the Salvation Army Rang My Chimes

People hidden under brown parcels, with stacks of cards in each hand, didn't even glance at my tall red tripod with the Salvation Army shield displayed above it. It took me several minutes to develop a pleasant, rhythmic ring with my bell.

—Jane Weisman Stein—

When I first visited the Salvation Army headquarters on the Eighth Avenue, there was an old man sitting at a table there, carefully darning a sweater. There was a lady sorting the paraphernalia for the Army's bell ringers. And there was a very old woman standing there with what looked like bloody bandages on her shins.

The Army's city commander, Brigadier Robert F. Yardley, told me that the older woman had been working with them for thirty-six years. "Why don't you stay home and rest tomorrow, Mrs. B.?" "I'll be in to work tomorrow, Lord willing. I can rest up on Saturday."

Struck with such an attitude of self-sacrifice (though of course many of the Salvation Army's bell ringers do have the nine dollars they earn each day), I just had to enlist. I reported for duty at 9:00 a.m. the following Saturday and stood in line for my equipment. The Army now dispenses red windbreakers instead of the heavy wool uniforms, and clear plastic buckets are replacing the stout metal kettles.

"Is the woman all right, usually here?" A woman in a silk suit asked with a slight frown. After assuring her that I was only the Saturday replacement, she dropped the first coin into the empty kettle. Just then I

noticed the tiny padlock that protects all the donations until they are brought back to the office. The Christmas kettles are already long and the sun was baking the sidewalk at the Post Office in Pacific Beach. People hidden under brown parcels, with stacks of cards in each



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a man in khaki work clothes emptied his pocketful of coins into the kettle. "They help a lot of people, without a lot of money." "The pennies help!" An eight-year-old girl rolled up her Stinger bike and held out a fistful of coins. "I had six dollars, but I spent 50 cents each on two of my teachers, got these army men for my brother, and these six bottles of glitter to make five decorations. She pulled out each of her purchases from the bag to show me." A postman dressed in jeans and a faded blue shirt paused to give me advice. "This is a bad location to stand. By the time those people wait in line an hour to send their packages they are too angry and frustrated to give. The woman who is here almost every day only collects about three or four dollars a day."

At Mission Valley Center, the second step of my bellringing experience, I held the heavy kettle in front of me to clear a path through the crowd and I set up my stand in the center of the mall. The competition in the center of this shopping plaza was rough. Across from my kettle, a troop of Girl Scouts was running a gift wrapping booth. In the corner, in front of the Bank of America, a singing group of eight housewives in caftans was getting ready to perform. Their pianist was waving her arms frantically and pulling the ladies into place.

Two clowns were distributing free candy canes to children and were announcing a pony party to be held the next hour. One clown explained that the management of the Center had hired the clowns to entertain the children of shopping parents. "Is this the Fountain County?" A tall woman in a long, flowered mu-mu asked. She held a big manila envelope with "Baja Mission Workers" handwritten on it.

"Jeremiah was a Bullfrog" was one of the best. When they sang Christmas songs I tried to ring the bell in time to their music, but at their first break, one of the women came over and whispered into my ear. "We know it's your job to ring the bell, but could you stop while we're singing? It throws the ladies off key," she smiled and returned to the group. All eight women turned around and looked at me. I enjoyed the respite from ringing, but they still sang slightly out of tune.

"What's all the money for?" A little girl in blue denim overalls peered into the kettle. I told her about the toy-less children. Her mother came over and opened the kettle. She pushed a wad of bills into the kettle. "The Salvation Army helped me once, and I plan to pay them back a little each Christmas." She led her daughter away.

On the way out to the car, I stepped at Montgomery Ward's and the trio fulfilled its promise. They played a sinner version of "O Christmas Tree," which I hummed all the way back to the Eighth Avenue headquarters.

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### Enough to Make You Blush

There is a particular kind of excitement — almost a vertigo — in discovering that the ticket-seller is an actor, that that actor is a Professor, that the theatre itself is a stage set... that the audience is a college class and an integral part of the drama.

—Jonathan Saville—

The Crystal Palace is a small experimental theatre in Mission Beach; its current offering is *Time of the Comet*, written and directed by Rosie Driffield.

Theatres of this type fill a great need. Because their budgets are low, and because they are not forced to cater to mass tastes as larger and more commercial theatres do, they can afford to take risks. In particular, they can risk drastic changes in the forms and conventions of theatrical presentation. Such experimentation, undertaken by little theatres and little known playwrights all over the country (and the world), may eventually result in a new and fruitful type of theatrical experience, a new set of conventions which transform a whole society's idea of what they expect when they go to a play. Like all experimentation, it may also result in nothing. I respect the staff of the Crystal Palace Theatre for their energy, their integrity, and their willingness to go out on a limb. *Time of the Comet* is full of inspiring potential. If that potential is not fully realized in the present production, the attempt was nevertheless a worthy one.

A man with a neat beard and a conservative suit sells tickets on Ocean Front Walk until the play is about to begin. He then ushers the audience into the library of the famous American writer Lucian Stewart Kent and conducts a brief tour of it, pointing out books, paintings and mementos quite the style of a rather dull museum guide. He is not a museum guide, however, but a Professor, and the audience, seated in an arc around his desk, is quickly forced into the role of a school class. In fact, the audience is supposed to be a class in creative writing which, as part of its course of study, has come to meet and interview the master. Mr. Kent himself is in an adjacent room, writing. After giving the class some information about the great writer's life, the Professor goes on to persuade various members of the audience to enter Mr. Kent's study and ask him questions about himself and his

writing. The holder theatre-goers make up their own questions. "Why do you live out in the country?" or "Do you like to travel?" while the more timid are provided by the Professor with appropriate titles to ask. "Are you an existentialist?" or "What do you think of D.H. Lawrence?" Mr. Kent answers at length, presents the questioner with a personally inscribed book from his library, and then reads himself for the next visitor.

As this question and answer routine goes on, we find out that the eighteen-member audience includes within its number Lucian Stewart Kent's former mistress, Linda (played by author-director Driffield), and her husband, who is Kent's publisher. At one point, the impetuous Linda rushes into Kent's study while he is engaged in colloquy with one of the question posers, who must then sit there during a passionate interchange between the two actors about their love affair, their present feelings, and the tragedy of their situation. By the end of the hour (the play is the length of a college class), we have learned that Kent can write only under inspiration from his female muse and that without Linda he has become a failure.

The content of this play is scarcely worth talking about. The lonely, haunted literary artist, shunning society, driven by an inner compulsion to write, inspired by a woman, falling, suffering — Miss Driffield has gathered together the very clichés inherent in more conventional theatre. Some of these attempts work, some do not. There is a particular kind of excitement — almost a vertigo — in discovering that the ticket-seller is an actor, that that actor is a Professor, that the theatre itself is a stage set (Mr. Kent's library), that the audience is a college class and an integral part of the drama. We expect a neat division between the outer world we live in and the imaginary stage-world the characters of the play live in. When that division is willfully broken down, as in *Time of the Comet*, we experience a confusion — almost an embarrassment — which is at once upsetting and stimulating. The feeling is enhanced by the meticulous authority of Rosier Henderson, and the expert acting of Todd Blakesley as the Professor. Mr. Blakesley reproduces with oppressive exactness the whole range of insincere smiles, mechanical gestures, throat clearings, pedantries, and feeble authoritarianisms that (as we all know) make the

professional crew so universally obnoxious.

Other aspects of the production are less successful, and embarrassing in a rather different way. It is precisely in the matter of audience participation — the chief novelty of this kind of theatre — that the Crystal Palace's *Time of the Comet* comes a cropper. Participatory theatre, if it is to work, demands that unmistakable signals be given to the audience that their own play-acting is welcome, and that no matter what they do they are not going to spoil the prearranged plans of the actors and director. There must be a true invitation to freedom. In *Time of the Comet* the signals were unclear, and most of the audience seemed to feel an unpleasant sense of constraint — emanating from the play and the way it was acted — about letting themselves go.

Participatory theatre also demands a fine instinct for improvisation on the part of the actors. The actor is playing a fictional role, creating a fiction of character. He is at the same time engaging in direct interaction with members of the audience, whose characters are not fictional but real. The actor must know how to modulate this interaction with such subtle skill that it retains the quality of a human relationship in the real world while at the same time enhancing the fictional situation on the stage. He must turn his contacts with the audience to the advantage of the play.

That, unfortunately, is what Ted Reed (as the great writer) repeatedly failed to do. Instead of using the audience's questions as means of revealing Lucian Stewart Kent's character, he engaged in random musings which contributed nothing to the drama. This was true even of the questions that had been prompted by the Professor, questions that ought to have required a minimum of improvisation since Mr. Reed ought to have

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## A Sore Thumb

—Steve Esmedina—

San Diego is a city that welcomes misfits with open arms. Losers can't get lost here. Because San Diego is so normal, so uncomplicated, and so uncosmopolitan, anything unusual here stands out.

That is the reason San Diego is the perfect place for a first class oddball like Corky Marconi. Corky is San Diego's resident one-man band. Every day for the past year, Corky could be found

somewhere in the city, playing music with open arms. Losers like to stop and listen to him. Wherever he goes Corky gets attention, something he never got in twenty-two years as a cafe singer, a road bum, and a United States Marine.

Corky was born in New York City and spent his first seventeen years there. New York — the meanest, ugliest, and largest city in the United States. The breeding ground for misfits. One-third of New York's population is made up of people like Corky Marconi. Corky came to San Diego last

February after a one year stint with the Marine Corps. Since then he's been roaming the city in a seedy looking but sturdy VW bus, managing to play at different spots throughout the city at least three times a week.

It's pretty odd looking. He is large and muscular, with a completely bald head that shines brightly. His face is dominated by his huge lips that seem to dwarf the head they're mounted on. From a front view, Corky looks like a cross between Mick Jagger and Yul Brynner.

When Corky was ten years old he stole a box of musical instruments from a neighborhood thrift store. By the time he was twelve he had become relatively proficient at each instrument, and his ego began to swell. He thought he was so good that he quit school at fifteen to take a job singing and playing guitar in a small Greenwich Village coffee shop. Even back then, Corky had hopes of setting the world on fire, with what he considered a truly original style.

At seventeen, Corky took to hitch-hiking across the country. He

traveled for a year, back and forth from New York City to Chicago, Chicago to Taos. Singing in small clubs, singing for his supper, and not singing at all. He didn't exactly set the world on fire. Finally, on his eighteenth birthday, with three times of disillusionment behind him, Corky joined the marines.

"Yeah I was a real dork. I split from home when I was fifteen, and

I really thought I was going to make it. You see, I've always been over-confident about my music. I think I'm good, and I've tried to flaunt it. Only thing was, that in New York it didn't make a god-damn bit of difference how good I was. People don't care there. You can run naked through Times Square, walk on your head, nobody notices. There's just all

(continued on page 9)

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|                          |                           |          |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|----------|
| Actor's Quarter          | 480 Elm                   | 234-9325 |
| California State Univ.   | San Diego                 | 286-5204 |
| Casino Game Theatre      | Balboa Park               | 239-2255 |
| City College Theatre     | 14th & C Sts.             | 239-7854 |
| Community Concourse      | 3rd & B Sts.              | 236-6510 |
| Coronado Playhouse       | Coronado Strand, Coronado | 435-4866 |
| Crystal Palace Theatre   | 3785 Ocean Front Walk     | 488-8001 |
| Fine Arts Gallery        | Balboa Park               | 232-7931 |
| Folk Arts                | 3743 Elm Ave.             | 251-1252 |
| Jewish Community Center  | 4079 54th                 | 583-3300 |
| La Jolla Art Assn.       | 7917 Girard Ave.          | 459-3001 |
| La Jolla Museum          | 700 Prospect St.          | 454-0183 |
| Mission Playhouse        | 3960 Mason, Old Town      | 295-6453 |
| Old Globe Theatre        | Balboa Park               | 239-2255 |
| Palmer College Theatre   | Palmer Lodge              | 744-1150 |
| Palo Playhouse           | 373 Hale Ave., Escondido  | 746-6669 |
| San Diego Art Institute  | Balboa Park               | 234-9848 |
| San Diego Public Library | 820 E Street              | 236-5800 |
| Sports Area              | 3500 Sports Arena Blvd.   | 224-4171 |
| Timpan Art Gallery       | Balboa Park               | 239-5548 |
| UCSD                     | La Jolla                  | 453-2000 |
| Valley Music Theatre     | 1340 Broadway, El Cajon   | 442-0473 |

**music**

**POTPOURRI: A CONCERT OF CONTRASTS.** presented by the Mesa College Community Band, Apollo Theatre, Mesa College, Thursday, December 20, 7:30 p.m. 279-2300. Admission free and open to the public.

**SAN DIEGO YOUTH SYMPHONY.** Casa del Prado courtyard, Balboa Park, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 20, 21, and 22, 7:30 p.m.

**CHRISTMAS STORY, the oratorio** by Ron Nelson, under the direction of Pam Oppin, Christ United Methodist Church, 3295 Meade Avenue, Sunday, December 23, 11:00 a.m.

**A FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS,** including music by Praetorius, Holst, William Byrd, Handel, and others, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 2701 Fifth Avenue, Sunday, December 23, 4:30 p.m. 296-7261.

**theatre**

**RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER,** a Christmas play by Puppets Please, Balboa Park's Puppet Theatre, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, December 21, 22, and 23, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m. 238-8653.

**ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP,** a Children's Theatre production, Palo Playhouse, 373 Hale St., Escondido, Friday, December 21, 8:30 p.m.

**SEN BAGLEY'S THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER,** Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; and Saturdays, 8:00 and 9:00 p.m. Opening Thursday, December 27, 235-6535.

**NIGHT WATCH,** by Lucille Fletcher, Old Globe Theatre, Tuesdays through Sundays, beginning January 1, 8:00 p.m. 239-2255.

**SUMMER AND SMOKE,** by Tennessee Williams, Old Globe Theatre, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m. Through December 23, 239-2255.

**TIME OF THE COMET,** a new play by Rosie Driffield. A biography of American novelist Lucian Stewart Kent, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8:30 p.m. Through January 20, 468-8001.

**dance**

**THE NUTCRACKER,** the ballet by Tchaikovsky, presented by the California Ballet, S.D. Civic Theatre, Thursday through Sunday, December 20-23, 8:00 p.m. Also 2:30 p.m. matinees Saturday and Sunday, 236-8510.

**HOLIDAY DANCE FESTIVAL:** two premieres, one with choreography by Thor Sutowak, the second with choreography by Carlene Carroll. Also, a revival of the Walden Pas de Deux, with choreography by Sutowak and the famous "Swan Lake," Act II, City College Theatre, Friday and Saturday, December 28 and 29, 9:30 p.m. 239-7854.

**special events**

**YEAR OF THE DAYS** exhibits on Hanukkah, Jani by Judeca Museum of Temple Beth Israel, on Santa Lucia Day, on the American Indian Kwakwaka'wakw Winter Ceremonial and the Zuni Shasho Day, Museum of Man, Balboa Park.

**ANNUAL CHRISTMAS LIGHT BOAT PARADE.** Sponsored by the Marine Trade Assn. The Parade will leave from Shelter Island, to Harbor Island, Embarcadero to Coronado, ending at Glorietta Bay. Begins at dusk, Friday, December 21.

**SANTA LUCIA:** Swedish Christ-mas Festival, Vasa Lodge, 3094 El Cajon Blvd., Friday, December 21, 7:30 p.m. 284-8505.

**A CHRISTMAS CIRCUS FOR KIDS,** presented by Farrell's Ice Cream Parlour. Curly the Clown will ringmaster the show which includes a puppet show by Marie Hitchcock, mystifying acts of magic by Martinez the Magician, and the full-length cartoon "Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol." Also drawings for free toys, free candy canes, and a guest appearance by Santa. Mission Center, Mission Valley (across Highway 8 from Mission Valley Center), Saturday, December 22, 11:00 a.m., 3:00 and 7:00 p.m.; Sunday, December 23, 11:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m.; Monday, December 24, 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. 283-1881.

**AN ENGLAND CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION,** holy wreaths, plum pudding, and Father Christmas, the English Handel's Ringers of the First Christian Church of Chula Vista, The Mercado in Rancho Bernardo, Sunday, December 23, 3:00 to 5:00 p.m.

**WHALE EXPEDITION:** S.D. Natural History Museum will sponsor eight 6-day expeditions into Baja California to study the gray whale calving in San Marcos Lagoon. Departures all midnight, December 28, January 14, 23, and 29, February 6, 14, 22, and March 2, 22-1144.

**WHALE WATCHING TRIPS,** sponsored by the American Cetacean Society, 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., Saturday, December 29, 8:30 a.m. to 12:00 noon and 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m., Sunday, December 30. Call 453-1665 after 6:00 p.m.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY SPLASH.** San Diego Rowing Club members dive into the waters of San Diego Bay in an expression of faith. The Susan cabin bank to 1996. Tuesday, January 1, 12:30 p.m. San Diego Rowing Club.

**sports**

**HOCKEY:** Quila vs. Seattle, S.D. Sports Arena, Thursday, December 20, 8:00 p.m. 224-4178.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. Carolina, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, December 21, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**BASKETBALL:** Aztecs vs. Kansas State, S.D. Sports Arena, Friday, December 21, 8:00 p.m. 224-4178.

**HOCKEY:** Quila vs. Portland, S.D. Sports Arena, Saturday, December 22, 8:00 p.m. 224-4178.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. Kentucky, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Saturday, December 23, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**ROLLER GAMES:** S.D. Sports Arena, Wednesday, December 26, 7:00 p.m. 224-4178.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. San Antonio Spurs, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Thursday, December 27, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**BASKETBALL:** Aztecs vs. Rice University, S.D. State, Peterson Gym, Friday, December 28, 8:00 p.m. 286-6947.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. New York Mets, Golden Hall, Saturday, December 29, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**BASKETBALL:** Aztecs vs. Illinois State University, S.D. State's Peterson Gym, Saturday, December 29, 8:00 p.m. 286-6947.

**BASKETBALL:** Conquistadors vs. Indiana Pacers, Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Sunday, December 30, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY YACHT RACES.** Sponsored by the San Diego Yacht Club, San Diego Bay, Tuesday, January 1, 11:00 a.m.

**PENQUIN DAY,** water ski and boating exhibition, Mission Bay (best viewing from East Crown Point Shores), Tuesday, January 1, 10:00 a.m.

**museums and galleries**

**WORKS** by Friedlander, Vasarely, Albers, Picasso and Matisse, as well as drawings by Charles Bly, paintings by B.J. McCoom, and watercolors by Rollin Prokford, Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, 234-4765.

**DRAWINGS,** graphics, and paintings by expressionist Rico LeBrun, Founders Gallery, University of San Diego, Through December 22. Phone 291-6480, ext. 354.

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**CARL NEUBERT** and Frederick Ashley, Seascapes, Expressional and Full-range Dimensions, George's Gallery Restaurant, 2600 South Highway 101, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, 755-0537.

**ROBERT BECHTLE,** new realist paintings, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, December 6 through January 3, 291-5970. Also at Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, December 8 through January 20, 232-7931.

**THE EDWARD CLINTON YOUNG COLLECTION,** American painters including "tonalists" and "luminists", Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park, December 8 through January 20, 232-7931.

**GALLERY 8** traditional and contemporary crafts, glassforms by John Lewis, Don Hartman and Suelven Fowler, International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Through December, Tuesday through Saturday (open Monday the 24th), 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

**ROBERT MOTHERWELL,** graphics and drawings, Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, 291-5970.

**OILS** by Kathleen McCord, graphics by Herbert Blanchet, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, December 4 through January 5, 234-5946.

**BRUCE McCracken,** "Hunchback series" of paintings, Swinford Gallery, Fifth and Laurel Streets, Through December, 794-2897.

**BILL NOONAN,** paintings of vintage airplane scenes, San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front Street, December 1 through 31.

**DRAWINGS** by Don Paccaron and sculpture by Richard Colby, both of Grossmont College's faculty, Triad Gallery, 3701 India Street. (Also, continuing works of Triad Coop.) 299-6543.

**TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS** — John Rogers, sculptor; Jean Swinford, painter, Southwestern College Art Gallery, 560 Gray Lakes Road, Chula Vista, Monday — Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., Monday — Thursdays, 6:30 to 9:00 p.m.

**INNOVATIONS: CONTEMPORARY HOME ENVIRONS** La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, December 15 through February 3.

**SCULPTURE** by Gordon Urelius, Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego State, December 17 through 21, 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Avenue, 234-4765.

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