

MIDDLE EARTHINGS: Your magic is no match for the Force. I have more respect for a So-Cal San Vancan Tor.

ALONE WILL UTTERLY destroy them. You need only keep them confined long enough and they will crumble to your superior will. Attila.

AND WHILE YOU are winning and doing your favorite C&K, listen to the fabulous sounds of Tommy Only and his Orchestra.

TOGETHER WE COULD make it. I'm somewhat shy and somewhat introverted, but my heart is open. Weary Soul.

AGING DISCO DANCER: Maybe eating prunes can improve your movements. Smooth Jive.

SONG MAN: Since your ponderosa is under such great strain, maybe we can get to the root and relieve the pressure. High Fiver.

COLUMBINE: Got letter, right about our two common loves. S.P., Fallstallan, into computers, books, beach, woods, wilderness. Need phone Mike, P.O. 9027, 92129.

DEAR PEOPLES, creatures, and the world. The sun is in the sky, but rain is in my heart. Lonely Child.

PEOPLES, creatures, and other beings. Lonely spirits cannot soar. Mine was grounded when I came to California and sat in my room singing. Lonely Child.

GAY PARADES: Saw you on TV, and was really proud of you all. I couldn't type, but I hope next time. Windong.

BIG D: Happy twenty-second birthday, 7/10. I love you. This ad is your present. Love T. (Yoko).

A MOUNTAIN COWGIRL: I often ride alone, dream alone, to share fun or struggles with an equal partner. Impersonal are scary. ... Curious?

I AM BETTER centered, learning more about myself all the time. How can I know a person like me—music, sports, thoughtful, creative, tender? Bonanza Flawson.

ATTRACTIVE 28-year-old writer/art seeks to contact very pretty, somewhat overweight young woman. Please respond. Ocean.

JAMIE: Oms Windsor Carrera (silver), 10 speed bike. The guy you met on Friars Road who helped you wait to get in touch. Reply. Aetia.

HAN SOLO P.E.: I have limitless supplies of love and affection. Please respond to the Millennium Palace, should need send. Moonwood.

For your slips or your people are yours for the taking. Moonwood.

WOODY ALLEN TYPE: wishes to share life with beautiful woman. Hates sunsets, music, honesty, nature. Into: Rain, cold weather, death. Reply to Sleaper.

STAR WARS passed on Tuesday, June 23. But it's spirit will forever live on in the hearts and minds of the Faithful. The Force.

LEIA AND THEOHA: Condemned on the loss of your family and realm. In this respect I feel we have much in common. Ken Hamish Tor.

MATE: It is possible for puppets and their mates to have friendship with humans? Yes or no? Reply to the author. Shilwell is your vocabulary. Sincerely, Louis.

THE SQUIRRELS in the park need someone to throw shells at. They loved their shells as part of their target.

THE BUSTLEKEEPER is a solitary. The best spots are lonely for certain feet and certain seats. Tears and love don't mix.

AND NOW... the first in a series. Dead Brian may leave. What's round, fat and slightly changed? Brian May in a record purse.

WOT! Well, it's not right (Lack) if you still are and rest... the negative dog... back with white spots. My favorite.

CURLY HEADED Hobbit: My promises are never rash but carefully thought out. What's it that such as yourself might need? Gandalf.

MOONLIGHT FEELS RIGHT: I now have a P.O. Box, so it's not about that romance evening. P.O. Box 724, Escondido, CA 92025. Slingshot.

JOHN: Art classes and workshops through August, days, evenings. Saturdays. San Diego Academy of Fine Arts and School of Design, 1730 Kettner Blvd., 921-8981.

MALE (18): NEEDS consistently quiet, clean, airy, secluded living/dining space (room, separate garage) (separate room available) in offer from one woman or more (only) (aged 25-35) with house (south of Carlsbad/Casotti) near to the nearest airport, intelligent. I'm attending junior college currently, consider all offers. No drugs, vegetarian almost totally, no people to house. (HCH) Can only pay utilities (I'm taking practical approach). More than willing to housework with cleanliness—can houseclean real super. Write in care—exchange long and character lowdowns. So no obligations, nobody camp on your doorstep. Please send someplace unless a P.O. Box (seriously). Will reply late July. Send to Jeff the Dog. P.O. Box 2303, Livermore, CA 94550.

DOUBLE SUPER-NATURAL

July 15th-16th
THIS WEEKEND!
Saturday & Sunday
9am to 10pm

Grand Opening Party!

in oak tree plaza
Natural Sound
9357 Mira Mesa Blvd.
San Diego 271-6322

the FINEST STEREO CENTER in SAN DIEGO COUNTY!

All \$798 list records & tapes...
\$4.95
Super 8's—bring on every item in both areas! (thru July 31st)

JOIN THE **KGB CHICKEN** ON SATURDAY

THOUSANDS of DOLLARS in PRIZES will be GIVEN AWAY!

- AN ALBUM EVERY WEEK for a FULL YEAR
- Special Drawings for FREE Play Time

the FINEST Stereos, HiFis, Records & Tapes in ALL of San Diego County

Drawings will be held in oak tree plaza 9357 Mira Mesa Blvd. San Diego 271-6322

We are also located at 158 So. Solana Hills Dr. Solana Beach 481-1451

To qualify for all drawings, fill out a coupon located elsewhere in this issue and deposit at either location.

Natural Sound

Phonograms for the Era

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED a boy in a band! Hard rocker, four blonde Taurus lady, 18, seeks tall male rocker for high times, fun times anytime. Zoo.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 27, desires compatible male, 6' or over, dark, who likes beaching, dancing, Star Trek, treats, shy woman, virgins, and breaking in new things. Please respond. Shy Turquoise.

RECENTLY SEPARATED MALE, 35, 5'10", 185, surveyor, North County homeowner, considered homely, bad habits, is meant understanding, slim female to 35, divorced, kids OK, reply in Reader Classifieds to Erik.

INCARCERATED MALE SEEKS correspondence. Prince David Johnson, Number 145 276 P.O. Box 4599, Lucerne, Ohio 45699.

SHOCKY: Why? Isn't life strange, by the time we begin to see the light the power falls? B.

HELP: Lost and lonely 19 year old female is seeking: I'm searching for male with similar feeling.

NAUGHTY BITS: No one expects... (blatant)... oh, #178! BCC!

BRIAN OF NAZARETH is coming.

LORD VADER: We the Tushe de Deanan are now your seamy enemy.

LORD VADER: From these green hills my men of En rise to destroy you, Chewbacca.

How to Place Your Free Classifieds

DON'T CALL US. Due to the large number of classified ads we cannot handle visits or phone inquiries concerning classified ads. Please do not call us to ask how to place free classifieds, to attempt to cancel ads, or to request the phone number from an ad you have seen two weeks ago, etc. or to house. (HCH) Can only pay utilities (I'm taking practical approach). More than willing to housework with cleanliness—can houseclean real super. Write in care—exchange long and character lowdowns. So no obligations, nobody camp on your doorstep. Please send someplace unless a P.O. Box (seriously). Will reply late July. Send to Jeff the Dog. P.O. Box 2303, Livermore, CA 94550.

ADS MUST BE TYPED, double-spaced, on a postcard or more. No special capitalization, no abbreviations. All instructions on separate paper.

SEND ALL ADS TO:
READER CLASSIFIEDS
P.O. BOX 80803
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92138

IMPORTANT: ADS MUST BE MAILED, THEY MAY NOT BE BROUGHT TO THE READER OF FICE.

real estate, etc.) may buy ads for \$6 for 25 cents or less, or 3-5 cents per additional word. All business ads must be paid in advance.

STAR WARS FANS degrade the Reader with pseudointellectual excitement, have less intelligence than Bob Hammett, and Down's Syndrome as well. Elton John and Goodguy Greyth.

STAR WARS FANS: What would you name your favorite movie? Darth Vader was replaced by Yavara Inlander, Elton John and Goodguy Greyth. Dragonbreath Githpapa.

MOONLIGHT FEELS RIGHT: North County teachers are less crowded. Please take long reply. Reply: P.O. Box 188, Ramona 92085. Anytime's Right.

MELLOWED GIRL: Punks scream it out and prevents old age. Besides, I like drama and now I got a reason in the economer! El Punks.

IF YOU GOT a problem, what you gonna do? Problem, problem. Punks know what to do. Do you know what to do? El Punks.

BIG WEDNESDAY lives on! The best is yet to come, we hope.

HELLO MR. ED: I've been meaning to call, but back, I haven't. We'll get together for lunch yet. Your Secretary.

FLOWER, lonely boy, also 18, 6' 13 year old, and FWH. It seems that the 6' 13 year old will have his hands full.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE female seeks eccentric millionaire. The asinine needn't reply. No kidnapper. P.O. Box 5842, La Mesa 92041.

IMPERIAL SAMURAI: My sword beside yours against Vader. Sanjuro.

HULK LOVE Princess Leia and her people. Hulk will defend.

COLUMBINE: Got letter, right about our common loves. You're a v-ing me wild, love. Reuben, poetry, write, hang too-back. Need phone Mike. P.O. 9027, 92129.

HEY COWBOY: I'm so lonely in my saddle since my horse died!

REJOICE ORKS: The Lonely Ones Club is now open. With fine cuisine being served in Orkington Hall, prepared by master European Ork chefs.

TWO EYES: Always, patiently, waiting to hear from you. Thanks for being out there. Wherever that is. Just wanted to say hello. Hearty Complete.

N.Z. SUE B: Greetings from the woods lover.

LORD VADER: If you have not already released Chewbacca. Then I offer my life in exchange for his. Lubana.

WANTED: Alice B. Toklas, preferably male. Ezra Skan.

KEDA: You can hear all you like from me. Your message says more than your words alone could convey. You are unique. Friendly. Neighborhood Soldierman.

JR. PD: Moonshine, Wizard, and you and me should get together and go some place. Only been out one month already miss you. Windong.

WIZARD: You're such a great person. You and Rocky Horror. We've shared lots of things, maybe I'll write a book. Windong.

IS IT TRUE VADER: Is really hat Wookiee? It would account for his superior size and strength. Early Morning Fogg.

PH: It's a different kind of job. I deliver the Wheeler Dealer. But I wish I were a DJ. That's how I goes. The Hat.

WHAT DOES Peter Mayhew really look like? Is the Star Wars sequel coming out in 1987? Early Morning Fogg.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN: Send help fast! The situation here is very great. The Alliance has down my cover. Send Lord Vader, if possible. Chicken Choker.

PICK A LETTER from A to Z. I want the letter you promised to me. I need to know whatever it says.

ONION QUICHE: goes good with kassas. Where is mine? Nevertheless our eyes are the same color. Never knew I could care so deeply. Every day. Lady Gumbly.

BBC 51 AND 2: Rudge, Rudge, Carol. (Columbia). Don't bother... they expect... (According to some sources, people explode every day.) Lady Gumbly.

TRAVELERS and newcomers needing help. Call or write Traveler Assistance, 1122 Fourth Ave., San Diego, 232-7791. A United Way service agency.

BBC: Be hard to put information in the Reader. What I have is limited but it's something. (It's unintentional pun.) Do you have an address?

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, 31, wants a close relationship with an athletic woman who doesn't need commitments. For more information, write to Box 15433, San Diego, 92116.

LISA FROM STANFORD: Had a great time with you on Coronado. Let's go sailing. Call me. Steve.

FRED MORAMARCO

I would place major league baseball's All-Star game about fifth or sixth on a ranked list of American sports classics, following the World Series, the football bowl games (including the pseudoclassic, overplayed Super Bowl), the heavyweight championship boxing match, the

Kentucky Derby, the National and American league baseball playoff games, and possibly the Indianapolis 500. Basketball and hockey fans will want to add the NBA playoffs and the Stanley Cup games, and the golf crowd would surely write in the Master's Tournament if a referendum on the issue were held; but the All-Star game would appear on almost everyone's list of the Top Ten. Even this realization did not prepare me for the

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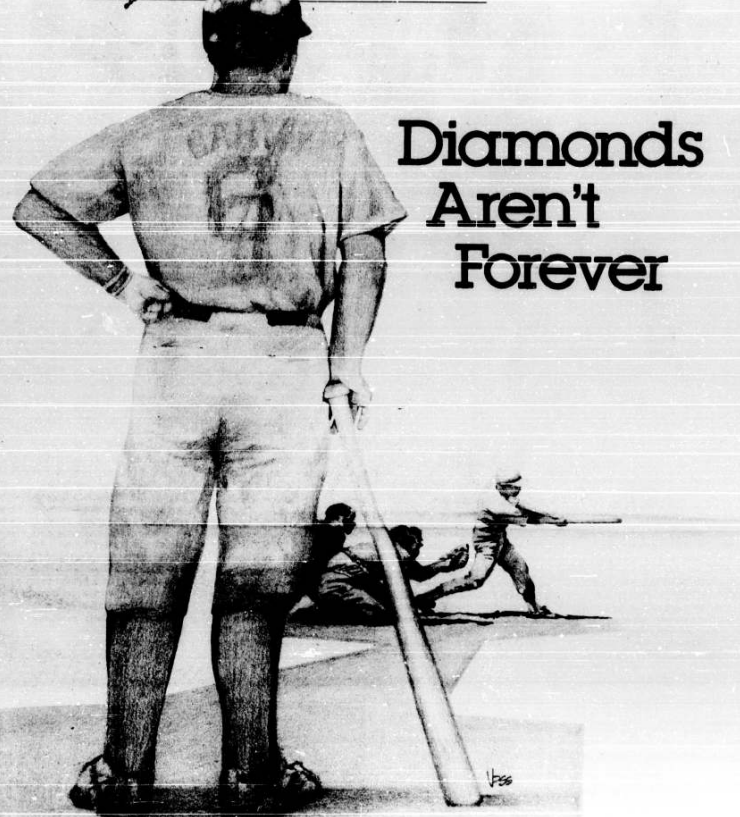
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The Reader Puzzle - Page 67, Second Section

READER

VOL. 7, NO. 1, JULY 10, 1978 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY



DRAWINGS BY TOM VOSS

The All-Star game: big money, traffic jams, Howard Cosell, and a few guys throwing around a little white ball.

FRED MORAMARCO

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(Continued on page 12)

City Lights

Couldn't Make The Last Supper, But I'm For In Line For Lunch

By quarter to twelve, the crowd begins to build at God's House on State Street just below Broadway. It's a motley line-up, dominated by gaunt, stubbly bearded young men and abstracted, red-nosed old ones, some squat silently on their haunches, while others stare across the street toward the old Broadway Dinner Theater. If the wait is tedious, however, it brings an eventual reward — one of the only free lunches still served by a rescue mission downtown, sustenance which comes with just a modicum of evangelism.

"We don't have an hour of preaching or something because they don't want to hear that. And if they don't want to hear it, they won't hear it," says Brother Larry Carl, the earnest-looking young man who runs the downtown outpost. With his center-parted hair and horn-rimmed glasses, Carl looks solemnly studious, but when the glass doors open he's right in the middle of the throng, extending his hand, greeting both regulars and newcomers, wearing a smile more warmly gracious than that of a La Jolla hostess at her daughter's coming-out party. The doors close again at 12:15 "or else we'd be feeding them all day," Carl explains, but by then the visitors have filled up six long wooden tables. "Of course our main motive here is not just feeding the stomach," Carl admits. "We're here to



LARRY CARL

invite them to be part of a ministry that will feed every part of them."

If the God's House ministry is far younger than the other downtown rescue missions, its history nonetheless doesn't lack color. Carl says it all started in 1971, when two zealous local Christians named Tom McAloon and Chas Lehman picked two nude nightclubs in Pacific Beach. After eight explosive months, the two succeeded in their crusade (the nightclubs closed), and, inspired, they went on to form the God's House ministry. One of their first permanent structures was a gigantic, orange-striped tent emblazoned with the word "Jesus," erected on Menemite property off Cottonwood Road in Santee. The group said that but now owns a thrift store at Main and Mission in El Cajon, the Traveler's Motel on El Cajon Boulevard, and an eight-acre

run up the road from El Capitán High School out in Lakeside, where about forty committed evangelists live and work.

Carl says the ministry also ran a hot lunch program called The Upper Room for a year and a half in the Knights of Pythias building at Third and E streets, but was forced to move when demolition threatened the structure. (The building subsequently was saved and Community Arts moved in, a fact which Carl notes with little surprise or bitterness. "The city doesn't like the rescue missions," he says. "They don't look good to the tourists who come through downtown.") God's House moved into half of its present quarters at 930 State Street in April of 1977, but only began serving lunches a few months ago when the group acquired the large storefront building next to the first small

room. "This place was an occult shop," Carl says, surveying the sparsely furnished dining room, now clean-scrubbed and flooded with sun which shines through four old skylights. "Then we came in and asked the Lord to get rid of them and He did, thank God," cause that's just a bunch of junk."

Since the rooms lack a gas connection, the mission serves only cold lunches, preparing 150 to 300 sandwiches a day. Carl says the Santa Ana Bakery in Santa Ana donates the bread twice a week, but the ministry pays for the salami, bologna, cabbage, and other fillings. (The lunchmeat is purchased at Fairway Market in El Cajon; the cabbage from David Produce, downtown.) He says the lunch attracts between sixty and a hundred people daily, everyone from young transients to impoverished families to hungry elderly hotel residents.

To encourage more people to come, Carl and his helpers daily distribute handbills on a route which takes them along Broadway to Horton Plaza, then down Fourth Street to F or G, then back up to the State Street headquarters. Carl urges his daily guests to eat all the sandwiches they crave, "as long as you don't let any of it go to waste. If you waste it, we won't be able to let you come back," he enjoins them, "because that's just like kicking Jesus right in the teeth."

He glows with idealism most intensely when he talks about the followers the mission has attracted. At twenty-four, the rescue mission director himself was "born again" in the Navy, after coming from a background of poverty and illegitimacy in Pennsylvania. "There's

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM COIT

Brother Chuck over there, for example," he says, pointing out one lean-faced young man helping to distribute the food. "I saw him at the Plaza one day and gave him a Gospel of Luke. Soon afterwards, Chuck came back and said, 'Larry, I want to give myself to the Lord.' People came from all over," he says with awe. "There was another guy named Tom who also came from Pennsylvania like me. He was the manager of a McDonald's there and had a good car, a nice apartment, a motorcycle — everything you could want. But one day he realized it wasn't enough and he dropped everything. He got a ticket to Florida but he didn't find anything there and then something told him to get a ticket to San Diego. A few days later he got off at the Greyhound terminal and came here. He chomped down a couple of our sandwiches and within two days he gave his heart to the Lord."

J.D.

Give Yourself The Business

Wayde Gilliam is living the fat life. His big, modern tract house in Encinitas has a back yard with a view that goes all the way to Rancho Santa Fe on clear days. His twenty-two-foot Baja cabin cruiser sits parked by the curb in front, stocked and ready for albacore fishing.

Gilliam says his income reached the six-figure level last year, yet he paid no state or federal income taxes. He attributes his material success not to the businesses which he's started, but to his heartfelt business philosophy. "The real purpose of a business is not to make a profit," he says emphatically. "The real purpose is to raise your standard of living. Business is just the avenue through which you can achieve a higher standard of living."

Gilliam doesn't look like a con man, and he insists that his business maneuvers are both legal and accessible to all. At

thirty-five, he still cuts a trim figure, although his thick head of hair is shaded with premature gray. He recently detailed his recommendations for raising one's standard of living in a book (self-published, of course), and he says the heart of his method is simple: ordinary people should think of themselves first as business, and then as individuals, thereby profiting from the benefits which businesses can reap.

"Go out and form a business for whatever you want in life. . . . You want a house? Go out and get a real estate license and go into the business. You want to fix up your house? Start an interior decorating business. You want clothes? You start a boutique."

Costs of starting up such small businesses can be minimal, Gilliam insists, explaining in the book just what steps ordinarily have to be taken (things like filing a fictitious business name, getting a business license and/or seller's permit, choosing the legal form of operation, and so on). On the other hand, he asserts that the benefits are many, and one of the biggest is the reduction of



WAYDE GILLIAM

taxes ("Let Uncle Sam become your business partner," he exhorts), since many business-related activities are tax deductible. Another of the biggest benefits stems from the businessman's ability to purchase goods directly from the manufacturer or the wholesaler. Often, he says, businessmen can save up to fifty percent of the retail price of various goods.

The author is following his own advice so far. Initially a

nuclear engineer for Science Applications in La Jolla, Gilliam a few years ago became outraged by retail plant prices while landscaping his home, and after researching the legalities, formed his own landscaping company. An interior decorating company, a commercial fishing company, a real estate company, and the publishing company soon followed. Thus, he sells excess fish he catches to local markets, his interior decorating company sells mini-blinds to his real

estate customers, and he says word-of-mouth alone brought him so many such customers that he had to curtail some of the sales. Yet even his businesses made no money at all, Gilliam says they still would be legitimate. "You should have a sincere intention to make a profit," Gilliam instructs his readers. "If you lack this intent the government will consider your activity as a hobby." Yet one demonstration such an intent and operates in a business-like manner, "you can get a loss every year for a hundred years," he says gleefully.

He waxed reflective. "You know, everyone complains about tax loopholes, and you either have to rely on the government to eliminate them or you have to educate yourself to take advantage of them. The little guys can take advantage of the same benefits as the big guy sitting up there in Rancho Santa Fe," he says. "These concepts are all what the rich and powerful use. If anyone feels guilty about it, it's just because this is an unequal territory. What I teach in my book you're not going to learn in any school. I teach people how to act as entrepreneurs."

J.D.

Nice Place You've Got Here

"The real change came after they split the barrio with the freeway. People started moving out and the junkyards started moving in," says Eduardo Trillo, sitting in his living room in one of the very modest houses on Newton Street in Logan Heights. Trillo is one of the roughly 3000 residents living on the west side of I-15 in the shadow of the Coronado Bridge who hold their noses and swallow a daily dose of

pan-sensory pollution. On any given day, from almost any given street corner in the barrio, residents can hear and feel the concussion from the impact of a crane-dropped two-ton magnet, used in picking up cars crushed at one of forty-eight junkyards in the area. They can smell an airborne purge of auto exhaust, nitrous oxide, and sulfur dioxide from the SDGE power plant, a fish stench from the cannery that, varying with the wind, falls between feid and rank, and a villainous odor that constantly wafts out of the Kelco kept processing plant. The sense of sight is offended with car carcasses, both in the street and stacked in junkyards, as well as the mindless gibberish spray-painted on every available fence, often defacing some of the murals in Chicano Park.

Eduardo Trillo knows all too well the problems brought on by the establishment of industrial zoning in 1930. The lot next to his house is used for building small ships. The wooden fence between his house and the shipyard kept getting knocked down, and the crane tore off meter lines on Trillo's house. Trillo got mad, and with the help of Eriberto Oriol, he organized the Barrio Logan Residents Association in January, 1977. "The residents group has made the public aware that they don't have to put up with the crap that's going on," says Oriol. The group's long-range goal is to see the barrio rezoned back to residential-commercial and to move the "obnoxious" businesses, primarily the junkyards, out of the area. The resident's group has submitted a community plan to the city planning department which envisions putting a school, a community center, a cultural center, and a gymnasium into park-like setting with access to the waterfront. Since World War II there has not been public access to the harbor in the Logan area, and members of the residents' association, along with the Chicano Federation and the Barrio Logan/Harbor 101 community planning group, believe the people in Logan Heights, as well as those living outside the immediate area, have a right to harbor access.



EDUARDO TRILLO

The community plans, however, call for the removal of not only the junkyards, but other businesses as well — body shops, paint dealers and warehouses. The businessmen, of course, are opposed to removing the area and being forced out. Where the residents say the piling of junked cars on valuable harbor land is an inefficient use of the area, the businessmen say the area is a valuable harbor land, as auto dismantling yards, and they prefer to be called, claim they are needed in that location to service the marine industry. And they also claim to be giving jobs to residents of the barrio. (Businesses in the barrio, which number close to 300, employ nearly 50,000 people, mostly in the heavy industries such as shipbuilding and cannery.) And now that the smaller businesses are feeling threatened by the residents, they, too, have organized. Their group is called the San Diego Harbor Industrial Association, and the spokesperson for the group, Sylvia Rascon, says there is representation from nearly all the small businesses. "We don't intend to move," says Rascon. "We'd prefer to see the residents relocated. If we are forced to move, many businesses are going to be disrupted and there will be a loss of jobs."

The Barrio Logan Residents Association has suggested the junkyards be moved to Otay Mesa, where a new industrial park is waiting for tenants, or to the area underneath the flight path at Miramar, where residential construction is prohibited. The Barrio Logan/Harbor 101 group suggests, on the other hand, that the yards be moved to the northern section of the barrio, to the intersection of Imperial and Harbor Drive, where the rail yards are presently located, an area the Residents Association proposes for low-to-moderate income housing. The Residents Association reasons that future home owners in the

Marina Project, an upper-middle-class housing development planned for the area north of the rail yard, will not sit still for a conglomeration of junkyards right next door. To further complicate the job of the planning commission in coming up with a recommendation to city council, due this fall, the industrial group is going to submit its own plan. The San Diego Harbor Industrial Association plans to "beatify" the barrio and try to harmonize with the residents. "They go before the board today, Thursday, to plead their case, and according to Rascon, 'We will not compromise.' " And says Eriberto Oriol of the Barrio Logan Residents, "We're not going to compromise."

N.M.

Oh, Doctor

For the past year and a half, two UCSD graduate students, Albin Rhomborg and Donald Stuebel, have been piecing together a puzzle which seems to form the words: UCSD Ob/Gyn residency training program discriminates against applicants opposed to performing therapeutic abortions. "Originally a priest I know told a friend of mine that there is a quota of one (in the Ob/Gyn residency training program) for people who won't do abortions on demand," says Rhomborg. Rhomborg is also a member of the group which is suing the UC Board of Regents for being forced to pay a registration fee during the

admission process at UCSD which goes to subsidize student abortions. "Well, it turns out that the quota is at most one," Rhomborg has sent his information to the state attorney general in an effort to stop what he alleges to be discriminatory admissions practices. "I don't think they should have the right to impress their morality and philosophy on everyone else," he says. According to Rhomborg, the discrimination begins in the brochure sent to applicants, who are already medical doctors. Each year about four positions open up for obstetrics-gynecology residents at University Hospital, and there can be as many as one hundred applicants. Each receives a pamphlet which states, "During one of the rotations on gynecology, the resident is responsible for the performance of therapeutic abortions. This is an intrinsic part of the program. In choosing residents it is presumed by the department that the applicant has no ethical or religious convictions which prohibit the performance of these procedures, unless the applicant clearly states to the contrary on his or her application."

"So the brochure warns you first," says Rhomborg, "that if you're against abortion you need not apply." He has a copy of a letter sent by a medical doctor to the head of the department of reproductive medicine at UCSD, asking the likelihood of his admittance since he had ethical convictions against performing abortions. Rhomborg also has a copy of the reply from Dr. Phillip Young, who was then the head of the department, which states, "The net result is that while no one is excluded from the program for his or her moral convictions prohibiting abortion, competition for the few available positions in the program at any given level is intensified for those who choose to be considered in the 'no abortion' category."

Rhomborg says this is in direct conflict with provisions in the California constitution regarding religious liberty and the powers and duties of the University of California. But his evidence of alleged discrimination doesn't stop there. Working in concert with a summer intern in Assemblyman William Craven's office last year, Rhomborg says he found out that applicants to the program are divided into two groups, the TABs (TAB meaning therapeutic abortion) and the non-TABs. In a letter to the intern in Craven's office from Dr. Charles Spooner, associate dean of admissions in the school of medicine, which Rhomborg has forwarded to the attorney general, Spooner explains, "During the final selection process, applicants are separated according to their beliefs regarding therapeutic abortion, and the top candidate from the nontherapeutic abortion applicants would be added and considered with all of the twenty-five first-ranking regular applicants. Following this initial selection, all of the applicants are considered according to their merits and irrespective of their philosophies."

"So it's a quota of at most one," says Rhomborg. "They're insuring that the next generation of doctors finds abortion acceptable."

Dr. John Moxley, dean of the school of medicine, acknowledges that applicants are questioned about their feelings on abortion, both in the written application and in the subsequent interview, but he doesn't think the school is discriminating against doctors opposed to abortion.

"To discriminate is to draw a clear distinction between two groups," he says, "and I don't think we do that. The question of abortion is one of several considerations." Moxley adds that abortions are a matter of law in California, and that University Hospital must have doctors available who can perform them. Moxley also admits that the admissions process is more competitive for the non-TABs, but he says there are some in the program. He would not name any of them.

"In this situation there's nothing we're going to say that's going to appear right," he says. "These pro-life people really don't care about the Ob/Gyn department. It's just being used as one piece in a much greater debate."

regarding religious liberty and the powers and duties of the University of California. But his evidence of alleged discrimination doesn't stop there. Working in concert with a summer intern in Assemblyman William Craven's office last year, Rhomborg says he found out that applicants to the program are divided into two groups, the TABs (TAB meaning therapeutic abortion) and the non-TABs. In a letter to the intern in Craven's office from Dr. Charles Spooner, associate dean of admissions in the school of medicine, which Rhomborg has forwarded to the attorney general, Spooner explains, "During the final selection process, applicants are separated according to their beliefs regarding therapeutic abortion, and the top candidate from the nontherapeutic abortion applicants would be added and considered with all of the twenty-five first-ranking regular applicants. Following this initial selection, all of the applicants are considered according to their merits and irrespective of their philosophies."

"So it's a quota of at most one," says Rhomborg. "They're insuring that the next generation of doctors finds abortion acceptable."

Dr. John Moxley, dean of the school of medicine, acknowledges that applicants are questioned about their feelings on abortion, both in the written application and in the subsequent interview, but he doesn't think the school is discriminating against doctors opposed to abortion.

"To discriminate is to draw a clear distinction between two groups," he says, "and I don't think we do that. The question of abortion is one of several considerations." Moxley adds that abortions are a matter of law in California, and that University Hospital must have doctors available who can perform them. Moxley also admits that the admissions process is more competitive for the non-TABs, but he says there are some in the program. He would not name any of them.

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—Jeanette DeWaze and Neal Matthews

READER

SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

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Jeannette DelVey, City Lights
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Try Some Scope

After all that verbiage of being
painfully involved in Copley's
personal problems ("Slow Fall
From Fossil," July 6), Eleanor
Widmer forgot to tell us where the
Fossil Restaurant is, the scope of
the menu, and whether or not she
shared a chicken wing with a
companion of the evening.

Come on. Spare us readers and
give her a subscription to the
National Enquirer.
R. Tee
San Diego

Freud Eggs

Eleanor Widmer's article about
Michael Copley was the most
compelling reading to be seen in
the Reader in many long months.
My congratulations to her for
taking a surprising (and apparently
long overdue) break from the
dining circuit. My only criticism of
the story has to do with Ms.
Widmer's evident love affair with
Freudian analysis. Perhaps she'd
have more luck dissecting the
neurotic dreams of a badly
prepared bouillabaisse.
Richard Steel
La Jolla

Foodpeak

Congratulations Eleanor
Widmer's story on Michael Copley
the tone was to my liking.
Also, I'm heartened to find that
Widmer and I are not the only ones
who will speak up to a waiter or a
clerk when services or goods are
unsatisfactory ("Four Gone
Conclusions," July 6). The most
frequent reply is, "It's just work
here." Yet I persist, believing that
some protest will filter through to
the top.
Jim Zerble
Leucadia

When In Spain

In your article about bad Spanish
translations of voting materials
("Clay Lights," July 6), there are
serious mistakes of the same kind

Letters

you criticize. Mr. Rivers, being a
native speaker of Spanish, cannot
have spelled "boto" for the correct
word "voto," and must have been
more precise than you quote him. I
would say your article responds to a
good intention — I agree totally
that the materials have serious
translation mistakes — but does not
do justice to the real spirit of the
problem. Criticism, in order to be
good, should be well written.
Jan Lopez
La Jolla

Straight Talk

Your recent coverage of the gay
rights parade ("Off the Cuff,"
July 6), which was organized to
protest the Briggs Initiative among
other things, reminded me that
when I first moved to California
nineteen years ago I thought I had
moved to a foreign country. Those
of your readers who have lived in
California all of their lives may not
realize it, but in other parts of the
United States overt advocacy of a
heterosexual lifestyle is considered
a symptom of moral degeneracy.
Just recently an application to
take the Virginia Bar exam by a
lawyer in the State of Virginia
was rejected because she is living
with a man, and therefore deemed
morally unfit to practice law.

Several years ago an unmarried
school teacher in Nebraska was
fired in the middle of the school
year because she was pregnant.
Now hear this: When I was a
college undergraduate in the State
of Missouri, the students were
required to live in dormitories. A
girls' dormitory for the girls and a
boys' dormitory for the boys. Not
only that, but the girls were
required to share their bedrooms
with other girls and the boys were
required to share their bedrooms
with other boys. One of my
classmates, who also lived in the
dormitory, used to spend her
weekends at the apartment of her
boyfriend, who was a graduate

student in physics and was
twenty-one. When the university
officials learned about their social
arrangements both were expelled
from school.

It appears that if any
homosexual is inconvenient to the
Briggs Initiative, he or she
could move to Virginia, Nebraska,
"disorder," or any other state in the
problem. Criticism, in order to be
good, should be well written.

I don't want to give the
impression that I either favor or
oppose the Briggs Initiative. On
the negative side it appears vague
and overboard, and interferes with
freedom of speech and the right to
privacy. On the positive side,
however, it appears to be a
magnificent tool for limiting or
even eliminating employment
discrimination against women.
There can be no stronger indication
that a man has a homosexual
orientation, and therefore
advocates a homosexual lifestyle,
than his preference for other men
for positions of authority, prestige,
high salaries, and administration
over other employees. I consider
that overt homosexual preference
of the first order.
Nancy S. Bradshaw
Pacific Beach

Life's Story

It perplexes me as to why a
music critic would go to such
lengths to pan an artist in
previewing his upcoming concert
("This Week's Concerts," July 6).
Clearly, Bruce Springsteen's
albums are sufficiently unique so
as to commonly evoke extreme
responses — positive and
negative. While criticisms of
music and lyrics are welcome
when proffered in good faith,
betting the live performance of
an artist one has never seen shows
a bias unworthy of professional
journalism. Although the Reader's
Steve Esmedina did not like
Springsteen's live show, about

7000 fans would likely disagree.
How about an "It wasn't all that
bad." Mr. Esmedina?
Lori Salinger
San Diego

Pompos And Circumstance

Steve Esmedina's article
previewing Bruce Springsteen
was probably the most
embarrassing piece of journalism
ever published in the Reader. Ask
anyone who saw his concert here at
the Sports Arena. Not only does
Steve's preview show a lousy,
unfounded opinion, but an
intentional mislead.

First, he calls Springsteen a
"second-rate performer," then
later admits he has never seen
Springsteen in concert. Talk about
logic! Later, he says that
Springsteen is "affected rather than
affecting." Ask the screaming,
dancing fans if they were affected.
Finally, he says Springsteen is
"pompos and totally lacking in
humor." This is so false it defies
belief that anyone could publicly
write it. If Steve had seen
Springsteen, he would have seen
the most uplifting, celebratory
concert and performer possible.
Finally, Steve implies that
Springsteen himself would read his
punky little article and actually
react to it. What an imbecile! I am
the one who is reacting to the
article.

Everyone is entitled to an
opinion, including Steve,
especially in judging performers
and artists. We all know an opinion
is subjective. But Steve's article is
misleading and downright false,
based on ignorance, not
experience. He has done a
diservice to those unbiased readers
who may have avoided the concert
because of the preview. Steve, you
blew it!
R. Little
San Diego

The Beats Go On

The fifteen reporters working on the
eighth floor of the Central Federal tower
downtown aren't there for the view. In
fact, in the newsroom of the *San Diego
Times*, San Diego edition, the desk with
the best vantage over the tinted cityscape
is occupied by summer intern Tammy
Jones, who will return to San Diego State
in the fall. The regular members of the
reportorial staff, when they're around,
don't have time to look up from their
typewriters, even if they wanted to.

"There are only so many of us," says
former *Union* assistant city editor Nancy
Ray, "and there's so much news to
cover." Ray is reporting on city
government for the *Times* now, and she
characterizes her new job as "a dream
come true. After working on the city desk
at the *Union*, I couldn't go back to being
one of the twopenny there."

Ray's feelings echo just about everyone
else's in the newsroom. "There's a real
esprit de corps here," says Laurie
Becklund, who was with the *Evening
Tribune* before signing on with the *Times*.
"And there's a strong sense of
professionalism. At the *UnionTribune*
there's an established feeling that it'll go
on without you. It's new and it's small
here, and you can feel your own
contribution. And everybody's working
very hard."

The intense work and the high spirits of
the reporters are a result of having to
cover San Diego with a staff of fifteen.
Though direct comparisons with the
Union are hard to make since the staff of
the *Times* is strictly local, and the *Union*
also sees itself as a California newspaper,
covering state-wide issues as they relate
to San Diego, the differences are
intricate.

According to city editor Walt
McArthur, forty-three of the *Union*
reporters are assigned to cover San Diego.
Twelve of these are general assignment
people who may be directed to cover

PRESS PASSES



DALE FEATHERLING

anything that happens on any given day.
Six more are beat reporters such as Carl
Cannon, who covers the Superior Court,
John Donner, assigned to county
administration, or the police reporter,
Ken Minnis. Twelve others are specialists
like Lew Scarr on medicine, Ken Hudson,
the maritime writer, and George Condon,
one of three political writers. The *Union*
also has seven reporters stationed at
outlying bureaus in Chula Vista, El
Cajon, Escondido, and Oceanside. Then
there are three general assignment
reporters working on longer stories, and
three trainees.

In contrast, the *Times* has only five
general assignment reporters, and the
other ten are what *Times* editor Dale
Featherling calls "nominally beat
reporters." Most of these ten have broad
specialties, like Cilla Brown, who covers
business, tourism, and industry, or Dave
Smollar, whose forte is urban affairs,

which broadens the county beat to a more
regional one, covering governmental
agencies which aren't directly linked to
the county. "Our system here is similar to
the way the *Times* covers foreign and
national news," says Smollar. "We do
the analysis, the background, or the
feature, and let the news services do the
routine stuff." Smollar says the *Times* has
a loose policy of staying out of press
stations, or city hall. So the closest person
to a police reporter is Jack Jones, who is
also the military and labor specialist.
Instead of hanging out at the police
station, Jones calls police spokesman Bill
Robinson a couple times a day to find out
what's happening there. "We like to
spread our people around," says
Featherling. "It's a bustling operation."
Featherling points out that his hustlers
scoop the *Union* on stories "several times
a week." He offers the overcrowding at

the jail, the audit of the Business
Outreach program, and the cancellation of
fire insurance in Balboa Park as examples
of stories his paper ran before the *Union*.

Since its reporters don't report every
day to the courthouse or city hall or the
county administration building, like the
Union reporters do, the *Times* pays
seventy-five dollars a month to News
West, a small (three people) independent
local news service, to keep abreast of
events in those areas. Though News West
makes most of its money writing stories
for papers such as the *El Cajon Daily
California* and the *Escondido
Times-Advocate*, its role for the *Times* is
only as a tipping service. "We're mainly
contact people," says George Rooney,
editor/reporter with News West. "The
Times people don't like to sit in meetings
unless it's important or they're real
interesting. So we follow the day-to-day
stuff for 'em and give 'em tips."

The *Times* will never be accused of
being chummy to its employees. Since it is
not a guild newspaper, there are no set
salaries. "We pay a little better than
union scale," says Featherling. "So our
people here are averaging between \$450
and \$500 a week." The *Union*, which is a
guild newspaper, doles out \$402.25 a
week for a journeyman reporter with six
years' experience.

The *Times* also pays more for
free-lance material than the *Union* does.
While both papers use free-lance writers,
primarily in the entertainment and opinion
pages, the *Times* is likely to use more
lengthy articles, and therefore generally
pays more money for them. Though the
Union claims to pay up to one hundred
dollars, depending on the article,
experienced free-lancers in town say it's
much easier to get a hundred dollars out
of the *Times* than the *Union*. "We're
looking for a core of four or five good
free-lancers," says Featherling.
"Evening, we have to establish a whole
entertainment staff down here."
— Neil Matthews

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Off the Cuff

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Jack West
Retired
Downtown

"I puttin' police out to walkin' the beat more instead of them doing all this car ridin'. I'd make this place safe for old people like myself to walk down the street. I was shootin' pool and this dude grabbed me and pulled me into the closet and said, 'Gimme all your money.' and I told him, 'I don't have any.' So he took my medicine. Downtown in L.A. they got cops walkin' three deep to keep crime down, but I don't see them walkin' here; I just see them ridin' around in cars while we got all these thieves, robbers, and snatchpocketbooks. The law here is more worried about ladies and gentlemen being nude down on Black's Beach than criminals."



Jessica Frankel
Subscription Manager
Pacific Beach

Move it to New York!



Byron Keener
Draftsman
Chula Vista

The biggest thing we need as far as the quality of our life is for politicians to see the need for a twenty-year study on municipal facilities because we use them and the tourists use them and yet the Park and Recreation Department always seems to get the cut. For instance, they could sell tennis balls to build a few more courts instead of putting it in the general fund where it gets lost. The planning is all oriented toward the marina and embarcadero, Horton Plaza, Old Town, and the community center. We are going to have to change our priorities a bit because even though we're conservative here, it's a nice environment and we need to do something for these parks."



Pat Tilley
Carpenter
North Park

People could just start looking around to see what they could do themselves to contribute in their own little way. Whether it is keeping their street clean of litter or welcoming a new neighbor, it would keep the town a little more friendly and close and people working on things together instead of sitting back and saying Joe will handle it. It might be a moral issue around the massage parlors, or like in the barrio they just keep an eye on what's going on and meet weekly to discuss what they can do for their community, because if we all work together we can get these things done."



Debby Williams
Programmer/Analyst
Pacific Beach

I've grown up here all my life and I've watched a lot of changes and this city is dirtier, much dirtier. The freeways, the parks, and the beaches all need to be cleaned up for us to get San Diego back to where it used to be. Another thing that bothers me is there used to be parks for all the kids, but in these newly developed areas they only care about getting houses one on top of the other and they're not putting in parks anymore. In Mira Mesa they're putting houses over the ball diamond and the people are fighting it and I'm with them."

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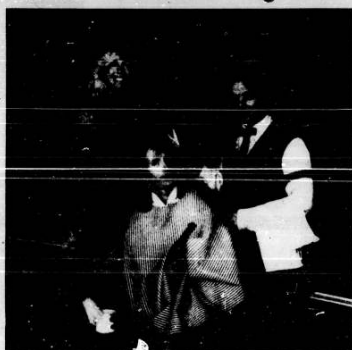
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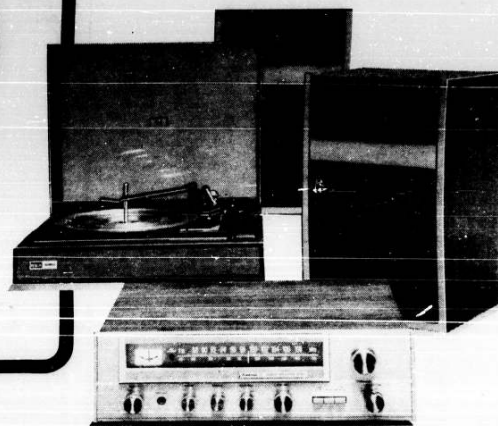
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How's Your Fern?

SEAN RAFFERTY

Off Catalina Boulevard, up Roscroft Lane, behind a red fieldstone wall bordered by tall trees, Kathryn Hunter nurtures an enormous family. Despite her eighty-three years, Hunter is up with the sun, for there are many children at her nursery — thousands of them. Working "eight days a week," the petite woman has all she can do to keep her blooming charges green and healthy. Some need repotting; some need to be pruned; all require varying degrees of water, fertilizer, sunlight, and protection from ravenous visitors. Snails, aphids, red spider mites, and thrips — none of these creatures is welcome at the Roscroft Begonia Gardens. Hunter treats them all the same — with a healthy dose of the appropriate pesticide.

Reporters and other visitors of the two-legged variety might fare better. It all depends on one's intentions and Kathryn Hunter's mood of the moment. Of course, the serious shopper — one on the lookout for a hard-to-find item — is on pretty safe ground, and there are items aplenty to choose from. But idle browsers, especially those with clumsy feet and/or sticky fingers, had better practice their art somewhere else. That, or be prepared for a sharp reprimand, an outspoken reminder, "This is my place, you know!"

Kathryn Hunter is not a rude person — just busy. All things considered, she has more than enough reason to feel a bit protective. For more than thirty years this farm-grown native of Kansas has dedicated herself to the Roscroft Begonia Gardens. Once dry and neglected, the land has been converted into one and a half acres of cool, jasmine-scented Eden, rife with colors and packed with foliage from around the world. Here the feisty matriarch has raised tens of thousands of begonias from seed, not to mention thousands of fuchsias, hundreds of ferns, and countless other plants.

Beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat, Hunter is a woman of bird-like stature, with a repertoire of chirps and warbles to match. She has been an ardent whistler



KATHRYN HUNTER

since childhood and can imitate about fifty of her feathered friends with fair skill. In the past she has recorded bird songs for Walt Disney and Cecil B. De Mille, given concerts all over the United States, and — in the early Fifties — even had her own San Diego radio program called "Pucker Up." Though it's been a good ten years since Hunter did any professional whistling, she'll stop everything, including interviews, to answer a call from on high.

Smiling, pale blue eyes dance behind thick bifocals as she scans the branches for her latest winged visitor. "There it is," she says, pointing across the garden. The bird lets go with a high-pitched undulating song. The sound from Hunter's pursed lips is very nearly identical, which inspires a brief exchange. The conversation continues when the bird departs. "We were always gardeners," she said. "My mother would build a garden and I'd have my own

with her husband about buying a farm. "Don't you dare," he said. "I'm tired of farming."

"Well, I got in the car," she remembers, "and the first thing I thought of was to come out and see the garden; I had not been one of those who came here frequently and had only seen it once before."

The original Roscroft Begonia Gardens were founded in 1900 by an Englishman named Robinson. Little more than a nursery to begin with, the place went rapidly downhill with his passing and the property changed hands many times thereafter. By the time Kathryn Hunter saw it, the place was, as she puts it, "lost to the world." Besides the fieldstone walls, a stable, and a few small buildings, there was nothing left. Nothing, that is, but potential. To the would-be gardener's appraising eye, it was perfect, beautiful.

"I just walked in here that day and took possession," said

Hunter. "As soon as I found out what they'd take for it, I rushed home to Mr. Hunter. I was very excited. I've got the money. I've got the money," I said. "Go get in the car. I'm going to take you out to buy something!" "What have you got?" he kept asking. "What have you got?" When I drove out this way he knew what I had. He knew."

After converting the old stable into a suitable home, Hunter, with help from her family, went to work on the overgrown garden. Though she had no experience growing small plants, the erstwhile sod buster managed to reclaim many abandoned flowers from the weeds and brush. To these survivors she added more than 1000 tubers of her own, and a healthy crop of multi-colored begonias was a bloom the first spring. Hunter later felt confident enough to grow begonias from seed, an exacting, even aggravating task. Begonia seeds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCE COMAGNONE



are almost microscopic in size: the contents of a package, worth about 420 plants, would fit comfortably in Tom Thumb's watch pocket, with room to spare for the timepiece.

"Everything we did seemed to come out just right," she said of those initial efforts at planting. "We were our own boss and didn't ask anybody else out here. It was just my husband and me, and of course the children. If it hadn't been for the kids we wouldn't have made it. Growing something that you've never grown before in your life — that you've never seen in your life — is stepping forward high, wide, and handsome, as the saying goes."

One of the many obstacles to be overcome in those first years at the Roscroft Gardens was a shortage of gardening supplies. For some time after World War II clay pots were almost impossible to come by in San Diego; only established nurseries could get them. Hunter, with characteristic persistence, took another tack.

"It was quite a pleasure," she smiled, "to find an old enamel dishpan, something that had color in it. I just haunted the thrift stores and such, looking for them. It was kinda fun to see those begonias growing in old stew pots, and a little sad to see the pots thrown out on the junk pile. But people would buy them anyway — for the plants."

Hunter never completely recovered from the days when she had to search for discarded pots and pans. The experience instilled in her a love for "old things" (the

they useful or not) that is immediately evident throughout the Roscroft Begonia Gardens. Rusty horseshoes adorn the aged wooden beams of the foyer-type gateway. In some places the gateway's nails have rusted out, but its roof is held up by entrenched, gnarled vines. They loop, this way and that, like petrified snakes. Colorful old bottles and bits of glass hang among the ferns and are strung between the trunks of palm trees. There are wagon wheels in the flower beds and cannibalized chunks of derelict farm machinery at every turn. In front of the shed Robinson built, there is a tattered bellows, the type blacksmiths used more than a century ago. It isn't going anywhere — the azaleas, fuchsias, bromeliads, ferns, and customers to contend with. What's more, some of the plants have been here as long or longer than Kathryn Hunter herself. There are squirrel's foot ferns, for instance, that have thrived more than twenty years in her care; they grasp their hanging pots by the name. There is a pine tree in one corner of the garden that preserves historic memories: it was grown from a seed given to old Mr. Robinson by

Teddy Roosevelt. Now it towers forty feet or more above the shaded walkways. Nearby, a very rare cork oak tree, with white, spongy-looking bark and meandering limbs, lends a touch of Spanish fantasyland quality to the surroundings. Easily the most beautiful plant in the entire garden, the cork oak arose, like

they found it in Coronado: my son-in-law knew I'd love it the minute he laid eyes on it. When he offered to buy it, the fellow just gave it to him. He knew I'd take anything that's the least bit old, and that's about 300 years old."

The above-mentioned collection of "old things" imparts a tasteful, somewhat "funky" air to the gardens. The eclectic display of "found art" — organic sculpture, if you will — seems as natural as the bees in the fuchsias. Hunter, in molding the Point Loma property to her dreams, has come to cherish every crusty knickknack therein. The bulk of her time, however, is devoted to the animate residents of the place. Besides this year's cash crop of 4000 begonias (small by Hunter's standards), there are azaleas, fuchsias, bromeliads, ferns, and customers to contend with. What's more, some of the plants have been here as long or longer than Kathryn Hunter herself. There are squirrel's foot ferns, for instance, that have thrived more than twenty years in her care; they grasp their hanging pots by the name. There is a pine tree in one corner of the garden that preserves historic memories: it was grown from a seed given to old Mr. Robinson by

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some botanical phoenix, from a rootless stump twenty-eight years ago. Hunter imported the freshly butchered stump from a construction site. "It just grew and grew and grew," she chuckles happily. "We call it our 'family tree.'"

Within sight of the "family tree" is the white tower of the remodeled stable; a tenuous bougainvillea has spent decades climbing one side, and among its glaucous blossoms flit mantic, iridescent hummingbirds. Their shrill cries mingle with the gentle splashing of a homemade rock fountain, designed and constructed by the Hunter family.

Maintaining this habitat is not a small task, but a seven-day-a-week, year-round job that requires technical expertise and sound judgment in many areas. The watering duties alone would drown the average Sunday gardener in an ocean of complexities. Naturally, Hunter is greatly displeased by those who take unwarranted liberties with the fruits of her labors.

"... Like that man who swung on my fern," she said with genuine horror. "About two Sundays ago I was going out to the garden by the big fern and when I got to the corner I heard a voice say, 'Oh, look mom, look!' Well, I looked, and *my God*, there was a man swinging in that beautiful fern. He'd taken hold of a bunch

of fernery and was swinging with it. I tell you, I was really bruised; I just couldn't imagine anyone being so damn stupid!"

Stupid indeed. Criminal, even. The big fern in question is approximately eight feet high and close to that in diameter. A *Cibotium bicalcaratum*, it is the largest of its kind in the United States. Hunter coaxed it from a dry, forlorn "nest" when she took over at the gardens. It is her masterpiece.

"I don't care much," she continued, "for this tribe common in here, and saying, 'Oh, I'm just looking around.' Sometimes ask, 'Oh, really. Well, what do you see?' I think it's time people began to think about what they're seeing here. If they can't keep their fingers to themselves, they can just stay out!"

As if on cue, a group of potential customers approaches and the conversation is interrupted. Kathryn Hunter smiles. "Did you want something, folks? Can I help you?"

Their response is typical enough to make one cringe. "Oh, no," they say. "We're just looking around." "Jaunty looking," Hunter mocks with undisguised sarcasm. "Now that's a familiar song; somebody ought to write a story on that."

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Straight from the Hip

MATTHEW
ALICE

Dear Matthew Alice:
My parents, who are here from Indiana, are in mortal fear of jellyfish. Is it true that there's an invasion of jellyfish each year? Where do they come from?
Sally Jacobson
Ocean Beach

People invade the Southern California coast each summer, not jellyfish, whose travels know no seasons. The common jellyfish here is the Pelagia, or the Pacific purple jellyfish. This lovely creature, which resembles a glass bell outlined in violet, spans in the open sea and normally remains there. We see the creatures when winds and currents carry them toward shore. Unlike the venomous sea wasp of the tropical Pacific, or the Portuguese man-of-war (which is not a true jellyfish but a colony of animals that behave as an individual), the purple jellyfish is nearly harmless. Contact with its tentacles produces a nasty little sting that goes away shortly when you rub the sore spot with alcohol and bathe it in hot water. (The alcohol breaks down the nematocytes, or stinging cells, and the hot water draws more cleansing blood to the sore spot.) If your parents are still afraid of our jellyfish, see to it that their beach bag includes a hot-water bottle and a flask of good rum.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I've heard that low-calorie beers have less alcohol than regular beers do. True?
Lighthouse
Point Loma

Too true. People who buy "light" beer are paying more for a brew that contains



produced ones? Are the organic supplements really more beautiful? (They certainly are more expensive!)

Joy M. Childers
Ocean Beach

No one can say with certainty that organically produced vitamins are more beautiful than the synthetic ones. Chemically, the two are indistinguishable. A pinch of ascorbic acid from a factory barrel is no different from a vitamin C tablet made from raspberries, or for that matter, no different from the vitamin C obtained from an orange or tomato. Vitamins are the same regardless of their source, says Bruce Cromer, a resident in pharmacy at a San Diego hospital. "Some people say there are subtle molecules present (in organic vitamins) that affect the way the body uses the chemical... but that's never been proven," he said. It seems that when you buy organically produced vitamins, you pay a premium for the chemicals that are not entirely man-made. But you're taking a chance, for there's no way to tell by the label — no way to tell in the laboratory — that a capsule of, say, vitamin E is organic just because it was made from organically grown wheat germ oil, as opposed to ordinary wheat germ oil. You're probably better off buying the cheapest and not worrying about it.

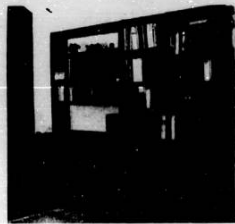
Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Can you tell me exactly what the difference is between synthetically produced vitamins and organically

less of everything but water. The light beers have fewer carbohydrates, fewer calories, and an average of about .7 percent less alcohol than regular domestic beers. Miller Lite, the most popular of the nineteen low-calorie beers on the market today, contains 3.2 percent alcohol by volume compared to an average of 3.7 percent for regular beers. And for this, Miller charges a premium of twenty-five cents a six-pack. More profit for less beer. Beautiful. No wonder the Miller Brewing Company, a subsidiary of Philip Morris, spent twelve million dollars on advertising for Lite in its first year. Light

beer, incidentally, is made by reducing the amount of grains — corn, rice, or barley — that go into the regular brew. Or it can be made by adding enzymes that break down the starches in the mixture and thereby reduce the amount of carbohydrates in the final product. For further reading, see the right-page article on light beers in the July 18 issue of Esquire.

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Diamonds Aren't Forever

(continued from page 1)

frenetic and awesome series of events which occurred here last week when the game touched down in San Diego like a tornado, spiraling outward across the nation from the vortex of the stadium in Mission Valley.

Unlike any of the other contests mentioned above, the All-Star game is strictly an exhibition — a display of baseball's best and brightest, and the surest analogy is not to another sporting event, but to another American ritual, the Academy Awards. I'm surprised someone has not yet proposed a special event to announce the starters in typical Academy Award fashion: "The nominees for best performance by a first baseman in the American League are..." Certainly the festivities surrounding the game and threatening to overwhelm it like a tidal wave hitting a sand castle had an intensely ceremonious and serious air about them, resembling something like a cross between an inaugural ball and a Legionnaires' convention.

My All-Star vigil begins on Monday, July 10 at about eleven a.m., when I arrive at the Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel to pick up what I think will be just a press pass to gain admittance to the game itself. As I walk up to the hotel entrance, I notice Padre outfielder Dave Winfield standing next to a dazzling red and beige Rolls Royce Silver Wraith II, talking to a group of handsome young men, dressed to fashionably that they could be posing for a *Gentlemen's Quarterly* ad. "There'll be a lot of San Diego kids there," he is telling them. "They'll just want to meet you guys and get your autographs." I surmise Winfield is talking about the party he is hosting at the Master Hosts Inn in Hotel Circle for San Diego youngsters, and I realize that the substantial traffic jam I encountered on my way here was all those kids going to Dave's party. "Now if we've got all the cars here, let's leave," he says, and most of the men (there were six in all) get into the Rolls Royce while a few head for another car elsewhere in the parking lot. Winfield slides behind the steering wheel, closes the door, and glides the Silver Wraith out of the hotel driveway, headed for a mob of more than 10,000 young fans.

"We'll quite frankly have to face the issue of the missing American League All-Stars head on," Cosell begins. A reporter, leaning against the wall sipping a beer grumbles at the tube. "Quite frankly, you ought to admit that you don't know what in hell you're talking about."

I go up to the "Media Credentials Suite" on the third floor where I give my name to a very cheerful fellow who checks it off a very long, multiple list and says, "Welcome... nice to have you here." He hands me an envelope, a folder, a large yellow plastic shopping bag with the Padre All-Star logo on it, and a small plastic jewelry box. "That's your All-Star press pin," he says, "and the bag contains various and sundry items." I can't imagine what's in it but I am soon to learn that "various and sundry" is not at all redundant. When I go through the bag later at home, I find it contains, among other things too numerous to mention, a cigarette lighter in the shape of an aerosol can with the major league team logos on it, a pair of pantyhoes, two coin banks — one in the shape of a tuna fish can, the other a Campbell's Soup can with vegetable seeds inside it — a copy of *San Diego Magazine*, a miniature baseball bat, two key chains — one attached to a tiny Budweiser bottle with a flashlight on the end of it, the other to a miniature baseball — a red and white batting glove, a spray can of WD-40, several books and pamphlets, a couple of packs of gum, a miniature bottle of English Leather cologne, a blue and white Frisbee with the words "Shamu" and "Sea World" emblazoned on it, an All-Star T-shirt and plastic Padre jacket, and more and more. Thanking the distributor of this overstuffed bag, I take the elevator downstairs to put the bundle in my car trunk and examine the contents of the envelope and folder.

In the folder I find the press pass (one of six different varieties, an information sheet explains), and a half dozen or so invitations and announcements. It begins to appear that there's more to this All-Star game than just nine innings.

Back in the hotel lobby, there are about a dozen kids milling about, some holding

baseballs, some autograph books or slips of paper. One twelve-year-old wearing a Padre jacket stealthily eyes the elevator and makes a dash for it each time a ballplayer — or anyone connected with baseball — emerges; he seems to know almost everyone on sight. He removes from his pocket a heavily autographed baseball and admires his signatures. "Looks like you've got a few autographs," I say to him. "I have all the American Leaguers except Reggie Jackson, Carl Yastrzemski, and Thurman Munson," he says, beaming. "That's 'cause they're not here. National Leaguers are harder to get." He removes another ball from the other pocket, this one not as densely covered with signatures. I look at it and can make out Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Vida Blue, and maybe five or six other barely legible scrawls. A friend joins the twelve-year-old. "I just got Rod Carew," he says. "God, we've got this place all to ourselves. Everybody's over at the Winfield party."

The Padres have scheduled a workout for the major league All-Star teams for this afternoon, and when I arrive at San Diego Stadium at about 3:15 the American League workout is just getting under way. The stadium looks about half filled (it was later estimated that 30,000 people attended the free event) but the crowd is very loud and kinetic. Around homeplate there are thousands of kids, hundreds of them pressing to get close to the field, screaming at the ballplayers for autographs. There are also a few kids on the field, but mostly — in the foul territory area around the infield — the field is dense with reporters, photographers, television cameras,

microphones, and tape recorders. I spot Howard Cosell, wearing a bright yellow ABC blazer and electric blue pants (both clearly designed for color TV), sitting in a folding chair along the first-base line. He smokes a cigarette and waits for the ballplayers to come to him. This difference between Cosell and all the other reporters is immediately apparent. Everyone else scrambles around trying to get interviews; Cosell sits on his established turf and waits for Vida Blue, Steve Garvey, Pete Rose, and Rod Carew to join him — which, in time, they all do.

The lovely, unmistakable sound of wood making solid contact with a baseball draws my attention to the batting cage, where Fred Lynn, the Boston Red Sox center fielder, is swatting a few off Brooks Robinson, the great former third baseman for the Baltimore Orioles whose baseball career ended last year. Robinson is here as an honorary captain for the American League team. I walk over to the cage as Rod Carew, baseball's leading batter, replaces Lynn in the batter's box and bunts the first three pitches thrown at him. Carew is followed by Jim Rice, the hefty Red Sox slugger, who digs a comfortable little recess in the batter's box with his snazzy red patent leather spikes. There is a loud roar from the crowd as John McNamara, the former Padre manager, replaces Brooks Robinson as the batting practice pitcher. But there is an even louder roar as the KGB chicken appears, emerging from somewhere in left field.

The American Leaguers follow one another rapidly in the cage, each taking four or five swings, then waiting on the sidelines for a while, then going back for more. Over the loudspeaker, the public address announcer informs the reporters that Vida Blue (the National League's starting pitcher) is now available for interviews in the press room. Some National Leaguers are beginning to come on the field; others sit in their dugout. Players are being interviewed all over the place. "Boston won't collapse," Carlton Fisk tells a man holding an NBC microphone. "We're getting good hitting, good fielding, good pitching... everybody's doing their job." Dave Winfield speaks into the hand-held microphone of Jerry Coleman, the Padre announcer. The kids nearby are screaming, "Dave! Dave! Dave!" in the background as Winfield explains to Coleman that he just wants to prove to San Diego fans that he belongs with the elite of the major leagues. (I hear him say this to three other reporters, each time stressing the word "elite.") Dave Concepcion, the Cincinnati Reds' shortstop, discusses the virtues of discipline with a Japanese reporter who translates his remarks into Japanese immediately after he makes them. Concepcion moves to another reporter who interviews him in Spanish. Steve Garvey is now seated in a chair

catty-cornered to the one occupied by Howard Cosell. He has a large bandage covering his chin.

"Well, Howard," says Garvey. "I got this trying to find out if you can catch a baseball with your chin, and I guess you can't."

"How serious is it?" Cosell asks.

"Twenty-two stitches."

"Do you think you should be playing baseball with twenty-two stitches in your chin?"

"Well, I just don't like to let the fans down. All those people that voted for me. I played in 1974 with the mumps and I'm just not going to let a mere twenty-two stitches stop me now."

A tremendous roar from the crowd makes me look up to notice a ball, which began its flight at the end of Greg Luzinski's bat, complete its arc fifteen rows into the second deck in left field. It is one of the longest balls I have ever seen hit at San Diego Stadium. Vida Blue, having completed his "general press interview," has now settled into the seat across from Cosell. "Are you guys ready?" Howard snaps at his cameraman.

"Vida's in a hurry and so am I." Blue gets a lot of attention from reporters and fans after he finishes the Cosell interview. He is surrounded by autograph seekers, people thrusting balls, programs, even press passes at him (many reporters are as eager for signatures as are the kids). One man keeps producing additional objects for him to sign. "Hey, man," Vida says. "I'd love to stand here and chat with you all afternoon, but I've got to get out there and shag some fly balls for the fans." The man persists, opening his program to the page with Blue's photo on it. "Just one more?" Blue looks exasperated but signs, then turns to jog out to right field where he cavorts for a while with the chicken.

Over by the American League dugout, Billy Martin, the beleaguered New York Yankee manager and manager of the American League All-Stars, is standing with his left arm draped across the shoulders of Padre announcer Jerry Coleman. I remember they were half the New York Yankee's infield in the 1950s when I was growing up in Brooklyn and thrived on what we used to call "Yankee

hatred." The memory evokes another world, a vague and distant time.

All-Star day itself (July 11) gets under way for me when I arrive at the Sheraton Harbor Island at about 11:45 to attend the "Baseball Commissioner's Luncheon." Once again, the red and beige Rolls Royce Silver Wraith II is parked in front of the lobby. This car is becoming something of a symbol of the event for me. In the hotel lobby, a man of about twenty, wearing heavy black horn-rimmed glasses and a black and orange baseball warm-up jacket with various team patches on the sleeves, says in a whispered tone combining wonder, awe, solicitude, and absolute reverence, "The great Joe DiMaggio!" Sure enough, DiMaggio is standing, there, looking very world-weary, his eyes darting about at the elevator floor indicators. Seeing him gives me pause, as I think for a moment about the incredible contours of this man's life, occupying the deep center of the American dream for so long: star New York Yankee center fielder in their most glorious days, husband of Marilyn Monroe at the apex of her stardom, baseball legend and Hall-of-Famer, and now — my heart sinks, my whole body heaves a sigh — a salesman for Mr. Coffee coffeemakers. DiMaggio signs an autograph for the man in the baseball jacket while rushing to an open elevator door.

Over at the Grand Ballroom, which is filled to near capacity, seats are hard to find, but I locate one at a table near the entrance, and after introductions are made I learn that I am sitting with a group of

Japanese reporters, a reporter from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, and a reporter from a suburban Los Angeles paper. The All-Stars and their wives, various baseball executives and luminaries file into their places on a three-tiered dais as long as half a football field. It faces the dozens of round tables crowded together in the long, rectangular room.

During dinner we make small talk until attention shifts to the podium when Jerry Coleman introduces himself as the master of ceremonies. Coleman jokingly recalls his single experience in an All-Star game (it was twenty-eight years ago, on July 11, 1950) when he struck out twice and booted a ground ball. He introduces Ray Kroc as "possibly one of the finest owners to come forth in the game of baseball."

Kroc steps up to the podium and says, "Jerry, you know how to stay on the team." Kroc seems genuinely delighted to be hosting the All-Star game in San Diego. He is throwing the biggest party of his life and is clearly enjoying every minute of it. "The only trouble with it," he says, "is that I'm seventy-six and can't wait for the All-Star game to come around again in another twenty-five years. I'm going to suggest to the owners that we select the sites by drawing lots. That way I might be able to have all you wonderful people back in three or four years. Some people might think that isn't fair, but when you're my age you don't worry about being fair any more." He gets a big round of applause and Coleman steps back to the podium to introduce some of the other dignitaries and celebrities on the dais, including baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who, in turn, introduces Happy Chandler, one of the grand old men of the game and its former commissioner, who is to receive an award for "distinguished service to professional baseball" and in honor of his eightieth birthday.

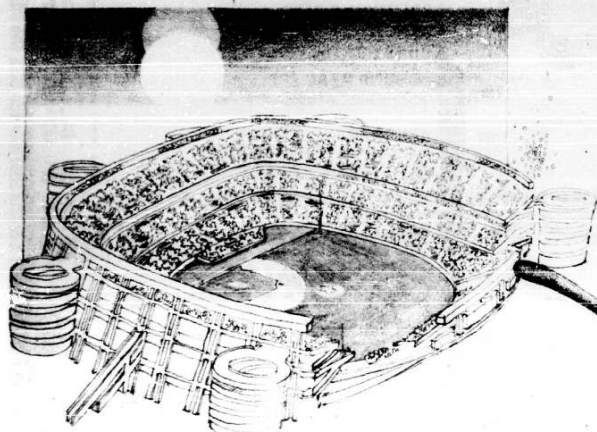
Along the third-base line, a short, well-tanned, middle-aged man in a light blue sports jacket and light blue checkered slacks is standing alone, staring wistfully out onto the playing field. It's Pee Wee Reese.

birthday.

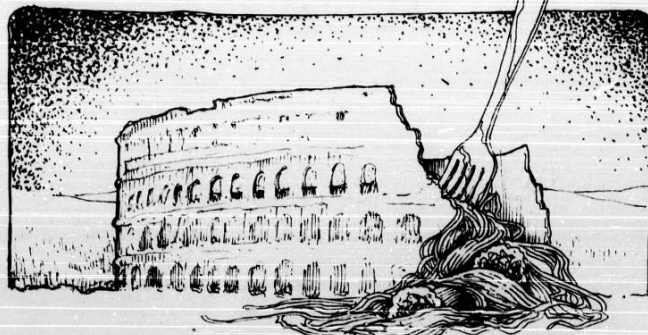
Chandler, a veteran of more than half a century of banquet speeches, steps up to the microphone and says, "I feel a bit like the mosquito that flew over the fence into the nudist camp. I hardly know where to start." His speech is punctuated with quips and anecdotes, but toward the end he grows serious, almost solemn. Directly to the All-Stars seated in front of him he says, "This is your time and this is the moment. Give it all you've got because you've got millions of people who pray for you and cry with you and you don't want to let them down." He receives a standing ovation. Kuhn leads the throng singing "Happy Birthday" to Chandler, and the festivities are concluded as Rod Carew receives the "Gillette Award" as the highest vote-getter on the All-Star team.

As I leave the banquet hall and the hotel I see, in my rear view mirror, Dave Winfield getting into the red and beige Rolls Royce in the space directly behind and across from mine. I bet him go now.

(continued on page 22)



Roman Umpire



ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Taste of Rome
The Location: 639 Pearl Street, La Jolla (459-9346)
Type of Food: Roman Italian
Price Range: Dinners from \$6 to \$11; pasta a la carte, approximately \$5
Open 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Monday.

One of the problems with renunciation is that, for many, it often leads to subsequent excesses. This is particularly true with food. How many of us have vowed to give up ice cream or pies or pizza or french fries forever, only to be overcome with such craving that we forget all of our resolutions and make absolute fools of ourselves? After such a display of self-indulgence, I rationalize my behavior by thinking that perhaps it's best to eat a little of everything as a preventative measure. But alas, several weeks later, when I am sporting the stuffed sausage look, I begin all over again. I faithfully give up all gastronomic delights only to become the victim of such longing that nothing will do except ravenous appeasement of appetite.

For some months I have refrained from eating any pasta. Noodles, like rice, are very soothing to the soul, and every now and then I would find myself daydreaming about lasagna and spaghetti and fettuccine and cannelloni, particularly the homemade variety, with the noodles made from scratch. (I did not taste a commercial noodle until I was sixteen. Until then, all the women I knew made their own, and I spent many a winter's afternoon in the blue light of their kitchen pounding, shaping, and rolling out dough, which was prepared fresh every day.)

Recently, when I encountered linguini with fresh tomato sauce at La Pergola in San Francisco, I bemused the four other members of our party by reordering. This meant that everyone's dinner entree was held up by at least twenty minutes because the pasta is served before the main course. Despite the sharp glances I

received from everyone, I was in an absolute trance—nothing would do but to play it again, Sam.

Having disgraced myself that evening, I immediately returned home and ate virtually nothing for two weeks. My pride in my discipline was immense, particularly since I have to eat to produce this column. But everything you've heard about pride and its pitfalls is true—last night, at the new Italian restaurant in La Jolla, which has been open two weeks, I ordered the homemade cannelloni with bechamel sauce. Its blend of pasta, veal filling, and white sauce trickled so exquisitely down my throat that I reordered it for dessert! What's to be done with fanatics?

My downfall with pasta aside, I would like to recommend Taste of Rome as a welcome addition to San Diego. For one thing, the small Mexican restaurant that used to be on Pearl Street in La Jolla (it was called Lupita's) has been transformed into an elegant and appealing Continental dining room. For another, everything is made from scratch: the pasta, the soups, the entrees, the desserts. All orders are prepared individually, so there is a wait. But the waiting is pleasant, since there are only ten tables in the room.

Although it's not listed on the menu (and should be), all dinners begin with soup. In this case stracciatella, or chicken broth with egg drops. The soup is delicate

and adequate. With the entree, you have a choice of either a vegetable or salad, and I chose salad. The salad is the weakest part of the meal. While the dressing is good, the use of iceberg lettuce and radishes is not my idea of the best *insalata verde*, and I would prefer to have a variety of greens.

I ordered veal scaloppine alla piccata (\$7.25) because of its piquant taste. The veal is quickly sautéed with butter, sherry, and lemon, and is then garnished with lemon. And, of course, I had a side order of cannelloni, or to be accurate, a half order, which I then doubled. The combination of veal piccata and cannelloni with bechamel sauce was excellent.

My friend had the Taste of Rome Special (rolled beef filled with prosciutto and served with fettuccine), but because they had run out of beef, he was served veal. The fettuccine was good, but not in the same class as the cannelloni.

This was my second visit—the first a very hurried one in which I had little time to sample more than the linguini (a very thin, flat noodle) in tomato sauce. The linguini is not listed on the menu but is available. Most of the pasta dishes are about five dollars, and you can negotiate for half an order. I had also wanted *melanzane en carozze*, or fried eggplant with egg and mozzarella cheese (\$3), but was told that the eggplants had not met

the restaurant's standards, so none were available. But I intend to return and try it.

My friend and I shared one dessert, *zabaglione*, a delicious treat which is prepared individually. Normally, this is made from egg yolks, white sugar, and some wine (dry semillon, malvas bianca, or marsala), and beaten until frothy. At Taste of Rome it is served with fingers of homemade sponge cake, and while the cost is only \$1.40, it readily satisfies two. It was so delicious that I phoned and asked sweetly for the recipe, only to be told that the preparation was a closely guarded secret.

The meal which I have described, with one glass of wine each, came to twenty-five dollars for two. Considering the quality of food, this was not excessive, and one could eat for considerably less.

Roman Italian food is the culinary pride of Italy, and well it should be. It has nothing to do with pizza, meat balls, or that strange red ink which the television commercials tout as "That's Italian." The people who run Taste of Rome are most pleasant, will chat with you in Italian, and will talk food if you like.

At Taste of Rome, my reservations about the salad, and my preference for one type of pasta over another are minor notes. Authentic cooking is the attraction, and I confess that I am looking forward to the next orgy. □

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Local Events

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Editors do not receive the right to edit materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80801, San Diego, CA 92181**.

Lectures

"TEMPORARY CALIFORNIA WRITERS" lecture series will end with Bradley Smith, local photojournalist, art historian, and biographer (Henry Miller). Monday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., room 100.



Baba Ram Dass

Photograph by Marc Pukemper

Throughout his professional career, Baba Ram Dass has always been a highly successful and controversial teacher. In a previous incarnation — when he was known as Richard Alpert — he was a widely published psychologist who taught at Stanford, UC Berkeley, and Harvard. It was at the latter university that Alpert Ram Dass received his first merit badge as a guru when, in the early Sixties, he and Timothy Leary shocked their academic colleagues with their experiments with LSD, mescaline, and psilocybin. After he and Leary were fired from Harvard for their indulgences, they became recognized and rapturously followed by many as a crusading team for the cosmic extension of chemical incorporation. They even coined the first counterculture slogan — "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

In 1968 Alpert went through a change of life which almost resembles something out of a "Dr. Strange" comic book: he retreated to the Himalayas to study with a spiritual teacher named Maharaji, and a year later returned to the United States, reborn and rebaptized as Baba Ram Dass, Hindu servant of God.

No longer the spokesman for consciousness expansion through artificial means, Ram Dass has had other missions in life. As well as authoring several books and extolling the wisdom of the Orient, he formed the *Hasnam Foundation* in 1974. The goal of this organization was to "enhance the quality of human life and nourish spiritual well-being." The foundation has initiated several projects since its inception, including "Prison Ashram," which publishes a book called "Inside Out" that is sent to prison inmates throughout the world to "enable them to deepen their spiritual awareness while in prison."

The more hotly discussed of Ram Dass's

Social Sciences Foundation, SDSU 286-5147 or 286-5152.

"ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE MOHAWI RIVER DRAINAGE," is the topic of a lecture by San Bernardino County Museum archaeologist Ruth Simpson, well known for her work on the 10,000-year-old Calico Site. Tuesday, July 25, 7:30 p.m., Granada Room (102), Casa del Prado, Balboa Park.

"ALCOHOLISM: A GENETIC DISORDER," will be the topic of the final lecture by Marc A. Schuckit, director of the Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Institute at the University of Washington, in the "Recent Research in Behavior Disorders" series. Tuesday, July 25, 7:30 p.m., room 100, Social Sciences Building, SDSU. 286-5147 or 286-5152.

"EVENING AT POPS," jazz artist Lionel Hampton teams up with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra to perform "Hamp's Boogie Woogie," "Air Mail Special," and his symphonic "King David Suite." Friday, July 21, 9 p.m., repeating Sunday, July 23, 11 a.m., Channel 15.

"SOUND SCULPTURE GALLERY," a program of contemporary and avant-garde music produced by Peter Hamlin, continues its focus on contemporary composers of Mexico with the works of microtonal experimenter Julian Carrillo, whose 19th-century music still challenges listeners today. Friday, July 21, 10 p.m., KPBS (FM 90.5).

"A BUCKET OF BLOOD," in this 1950 formula film generation film by Roger Corman, a psychopathic sculptor invents a new method of using models, while the rest of his body is a collection of spontaneously recited poetry and out loud scene parodies. Friday night, July 21, 2 a.m., Channel 6.

"THE RON GALT JAZZ PROGRAM," this rock 'n' roll 90 minutes of this week's program will be devoted to "live on tape" recordings of Dizzy Gillespie, Cal Tjader, and Dave Brubeck, produced by National Public Radio. Saturday, July 22, 6 p.m., KPBS (FM 90.5).

KUWISTANEZ AND MESQUINI, Andre Kostelanetz conducts the National Symphony Orchestra with guest soloist Schidi Manin, in the performance of Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1 in G minor, a medley of tunes from "Shostakovich," and William Schuman's "New England Triptych." Saturday, July 22, 9 p.m., repeating Tuesday, July 25, 11:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"THE POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS," John Limbush will host this reading, with Chicago poet Ross Talarico and San Diego's "Poet of the Dragon Wings" editor Mary Jacob reading from their own work. On "Poetry Hour," Sunday, July 23, 6 p.m., KPBS-FM (89.5).

"CALIFORNIA JAM II," highlights of this rock "concert," held at Ontario Motor Speedway on March 18, will be shown on four consecutive Sundays, featuring Ted Nugent, Dave Mason, and John Fogarty. Rush, Sunday, July 23, 7 to 8 p.m., Channel 6.

"VALLEY OF THE DOLLS," Patty Duke and Barbara Perkins star in this 1967 film based on Jacqueline Susann's novel which gives the inside dope on the Hollywood glamour set. Sunday, July 23, 11:30 p.m., Channel 10.

MONDAY NIGHT BASEBALL," the Chicago Cubs travel to Los Angeles to play the National League Champion Dodgers. Monday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., Channel 10.

"THE DICK CAVETT SHOW," "Glimmer and comedian Woody Allen is the sole guest on this talk show. Tuesday, July 25, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"WAITING FOR GODOT," Samuel Beckett's tragicomic masterpiece concerning two tramps whose trivial conversations and banal activities suggest the meaninglessness of life, will be presented on "Great Performances." Wednesday, July 26, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

— Steve Emdin

Radio-TV

"THE CONGO," this documentary on how Marxism has advanced itself to the Congo will be shown on "Face of Communism." Thursday, July 20, 11:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"NORTH STAR: MARK DI SUVERO," a portrait of the 44-year-old sculptor who has been called the last heroic figure in contemporary art, will be shown Friday, July 21, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"EVENING AT POPS," jazz artist Lionel Hampton teams up with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra to perform "Hamp's Boogie Woogie," "Air Mail Special," and his symphonic "King David Suite." Friday, July 21, 9 p.m., repeating Sunday, July 23, 11 a.m., Channel 15.

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— Steve Emdin

Special Events

SWIM FOR BREATHE, twenty pools in San Diego County will be the sites for sponsored swimmers, covering laps to raise money during the Civic Fibrosis

Swim for Breathe, Sunday, July 22, beginning at 9 a.m., page 077.

LA JOLLA WALK, Walkabout International will mount a guided walk through La Jolla, in which participants will learn about the unique history of La Jolla's turn of the century homes.

Sunday, July 23, 10 a.m., in front of the La Jolla Public Library, Fair and Walk Streets, La Jolla, 235 WALK.

"THE MUSIC MAN," Meredith Willson's musical, having once run for 1376 performances on Broadway, will open to a motion picture in 1962, and made the 3rd San Diego Civic Light Opera season, Thursday through Sunday, through July 23, 8:30 p.m., Straight Road, Balboa Park, 232 1047.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FEST, the second annual Gilbert and Sullivan Festival will feature performances of "The Mikado," "Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers," through July 23, Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m., and Sunday, 2 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 W. Orange Avenue, Vista, 726-9802.

"SAN DIEGO ON STAGE," a joint theater out project of the San Diego Repertory Theatre and the California Pacific Community Theatre, is presenting original plays based on the history of San Diego, including "Killed News," Friday, July 21, 1 p.m., Baylands Hotel, 600 F Street, and Sunday, July 23, 11 a.m., General Dynamics C.R.A. Park, 5001 Kearny Villa Road, "Stingray," Monday, July 24, noon, Zoro Gardens, Balboa Park, "San Siro," Tuesday, July 25, 2 p.m., San Luis Rey Mission, Oceanside and Thursday, July 27, 4 p.m., Simon Sutterlin Center, 190 Escondido Boulevard, Vista, and "Los Boradas," Wednesday, July 26, 1 and 4 p.m., 400 N. Strand, Oceanside, 234-7078.

"20TH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL," "Henry V," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Winter's Tale," will be performed in English, preceded by Festival Revels, nightly except Mondays, through September 17, 8 p.m., Old Globe Theatre Complex, Balboa Park, 232-2255.

LEWIS FESTIVAL, a summer music festival, featuring two plays by Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen, begins with "The Master Builder," joined by "A Doll's House," rotating in rotation throughout the summer, Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m., Margate Public Theatre, 3717 India Street, 798-8111.

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," a British farce, will be presented through August 5, Fridays, 8 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 W. Orange Avenue, Vista, 726-9802.

"GOTCHA," an original work by local playwright Wynn Rowell, will be presented Thursday through Saturday, through August 5, 8 p.m., Actors' Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street, 238-9809.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY," a fractured fairy tale by Ginger Cook, will run Saturdays and Sundays, through August 6, 7 p.m., Actors' Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street, 238-9809.

"SEKAT," the United States premiere of Michael Portner's London comedy will run through August 12, Fridays through Sunday, 8 p.m., Coronado Playhouse on the Silver Strand, Coronado, 435-4636.

"THE MATCHMAKER," Thornton Wilder's play concerning a wedding is assigned the task of finding a wife for a bachelorette gentleman in the 1890s, will run through August 19, Thursdays through Saturday, 8 p.m., at the Laund's Players Theatre, 500 East Plaza Boulevard, National City, 474-4542.

In those days I played the horses some Del Mar was my track and any time those ponies were running, I was there. Sometimes I would take my wife, Estelle along, but not very often for fear some cracker would slap a saddle on her back and send the poor woman around the old world a few times.

That very afternoon, John A. Mosche gave me a ride to the track along. There is never any lack of unusual citizens hanging around a race track, and on these days Del Mar had more than its share. Now and again, for instance, I would spot a squirrel, squirrels were little puny animals. Mad Mosche, passing up and down outside the gate, wearing what I used to see was his "lucky hat." The hat was a stained, pumpled old soap-brim which had been "plipped" once in 1908 by a dead-end seagull on the wing.

That very afternoon, John A. Mosche gave me a \$7700 kick on the long shot nag named Dave's Ditty, a horse who was already dead, overcame at this place's "Mad Mosche" was thus hit and walked around the track, the gate was already closed. Mosche was to his one mission, but he never struck again.

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— Cynthia Lyle

Theater

"THE BOYS IN THE BAND," Mari Crowder's controversial play concerning the events surrounding a homosexual birthday party will play through Saturday, July 22, 8 p.m., with an added matinee Saturday, July 22, 2 p.m., San Diego City College Theatre, 1400 and C streets, 298-9747.

"THE MUSIC MAN," Meredith Willson's musical, having once run for 1376 performances on Broadway, will open to a motion picture in 1962, and made the 3rd San Diego Civic Light Opera season, Thursday through Sunday, through July 23, 8:30 p.m., Straight Road, Balboa Park, 232 1047.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FEST, the second annual Gilbert and Sullivan Festival will feature performances of "The Mikado," "Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers," through July 23, Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m., and Sunday, 2 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 W. Orange Avenue, Vista, 726-9802.

"SAN DIEGO ON STAGE," a joint theater out project of the San Diego Repertory Theatre and the California Pacific Community Theatre, is presenting original plays based on the history of San Diego, including "Killed News," Friday, July 21, 1 p.m., Baylands Hotel, 600 F Street, and Sunday, July 23, 11 a.m., General Dynamics C.R.A. Park, 5001 Kearny Villa Road, "Stingray," Monday, July 24, noon, Zoro Gardens, Balboa Park, "San Siro," Tuesday, July 25, 2 p.m., San Luis Rey Mission, Oceanside and Thursday, July 27, 4 p.m., Simon Sutterlin Center, 190 Escondido Boulevard, Vista, and "Los Boradas," Wednesday, July 26, 1 and 4 p.m., 400 N. Strand, Oceanside, 234-7078.

"20TH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL," "Henry V," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Winter's Tale," will be performed in English, preceded by Festival Revels, nightly except Mondays, through September 17, 8 p.m., Old Globe Theatre Complex, Balboa Park, 232-2255.

LEWIS FESTIVAL, a summer music festival, featuring two plays by Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen, begins with "The Master Builder," joined by "A Doll's House," rotating in rotation throughout the summer, Thursday through Sunday, 8 p.m., Margate Public Theatre, 3717 India Street, 798-8111.

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," a British farce, will be presented through August 5, Fridays, 8 p.m., North County Community Theatre, 121 W. Orange Avenue, Vista, 726-9802.

"GOTCHA," an original work by local playwright Wynn Rowell, will be presented Thursday through Saturday, through August 5, 8 p.m., Actors' Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street, 238-9809.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY," a fractured fairy tale by Ginger Cook, will run Saturdays and Sundays, through August 6, 7 p.m., Actors' Quarter Theatre, 480 Elm Street, 238-9809.

"SEKAT," the United States premiere of Michael Portner's London comedy will run through August 12, Fridays through Sunday, 8 p.m., Coronado Playhouse on the Silver Strand, Coronado, 435-4636.

"THE MATCHMAKER," Thornton Wilder's play concerning a wedding is assigned the task of finding a wife for a bachelorette gentleman in the 1890s, will run through August 19, Thursdays through Saturday, 8 p.m., at the Laund's Players Theatre, 500 East Plaza Boulevard, National City, 474-4542.

In those days I played the horses some Del Mar was my track and any time those ponies were running, I was there. Sometimes I would take my wife, Estelle along, but not very often for fear some cracker would slap a saddle on her back and send the poor woman around the old world a few times.

That very afternoon, John A. Mosche gave me a ride to the track along. There is never any lack of unusual citizens hanging around a race track, and on these days Del Mar had more than its share. Now and again, for instance, I would spot a squirrel, squirrels were little puny animals. Mad Mosche, passing up and down outside the gate, wearing what I used to see was his "lucky hat." The hat was a stained, pumpled old soap-brim which had been "plipped" once in 1908 by a dead-end seagull on the wing.

That very afternoon, John A. Mosche gave me a \$7700 kick on the long shot nag named Dave's Ditty, a horse who was already dead, overcame at this place's "Mad Mosche" was thus hit and walked around the track, the gate was already closed. Mosche was to his one mission, but he never struck again.

— Cynthia Lyle

"BORN YESTERDAY," a comedy, presented by a dinner theater, will play through August 20, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Sundays, 7:30 p.m., with added matinees Wednesday and Sunday, 115 p.m., Fiesta Theater, 9965 Camino Road, Spring Valley, 977-8977.

"THE COUNTRY GIRL," by Clifford Odets, will be presented in repertory with Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," through August 26, Thursdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Mission Playhouse, 3960 Mission Street, Old Town, 298-6453.

"THE MATCHMAKER," Thornton Wilder's play which was the basis for the musical "Hello Dolly," will be the first play in the San Diego Repertory Theatre's third annual Summer Comedy Festival, continuing through September 2, Thursdays through Sunday, 8:30 p.m., with additional matinees on Sundays, at 2:30 p.m., San Diego Repertory Theatre, 1620 Sixth Avenue, 231-5585.

"HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES," a comedy farce by Alan Ayckbourn, will play through September 3, nightly except Mondays at 8 p.m., with additional matinees on Saturdays and Sundays at 2 p.m., Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

PUPPET SHOW, the San Diego Guild of Puppets is sponsoring the 14th annual "Summer Puppet Shows," continuing through September 4, Fridays through Sunday, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park, 236-1634.

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Music

OPERA HIGHLIGHTS, staged concert excerpts in English of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" and Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," will be presented by the Pacific Lyric Theatre, Friday, July 21, 8 p.m., and Sunday, July 23, 8:30 p.m., Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 287-7260.

BAROQUE FLUTIST Betty Bang Mathis will present a concert featuring Bach's Suite in B Minor as part of the *Baroque Baroque Symposium*, Friday, July 21, 8 p.m., St. Peter's Church, Del Mar, 452-2087.

BAROQUE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA CONCERT, featuring the *Sinfonia in D Major* for trumpet and strings by Scarlatti, members of the *Baroque Baroque Symposium*, will be presented Saturday, July 22, 8 p.m., St. Paul's Church, Fifth and Nueces streets, 452-2087.

"SUMMER OF STARS," a summer season of open air concerts presented by the San Diego Symphony, with Charles Keithman conducting, will continue with guest artists Sergio Mendes and Brazil '77, Friday, July 21, 8 p.m., Open Air Theatre, Sports and Sunset, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

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Local Events

Dance

DANCE FROM MEXICO. Ballet Folklorico will perform a selection of its most popular works, through Saturday, July 22, 8:30 p.m.; with an added matinee Saturday, July 22, 2:30 p.m. Fox Theatre, Seventh Avenue and B Street. 231-4995.

ETHNIC DANCE FESTIVAL. A program of ethnic dances will continue with a performance by the Polish Gardam Dancers, Sunday, July 23, Museum of Man Plaza, Balboa Park. Call for times. 239-2001.

"A NIGHT IN VIENNA." The San Diego Youth Symphony, under the direction of Louis J. Campiglia, will provide music for waltzes and polkas, Thursday, July 27, and Friday, July 28, 8:30 p.m. to midnight, ballroom, Balboa Park Club. 465-2397 or 233-1332.

Film

"ENDLESS SUMMER" AND "BILLY JACK." will be shown Thursday, July 20, 7:30 p.m., Mayan Hall, Southwestern College, 900 Gray Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-1051.

"WESTERN FILM FESTIVAL," a program of Westerns, including "Wagon Wheels," starring Randolph Scott, 10 a.m.; "Boots and Saddles," starring Gene Autry, at 11 a.m.; "Bells of Rosarita," starring Roy Rogers and Dale Gribble, at 1 p.m.; and "Stagecoach," starring John Wayne, at 2 p.m., will be presented Sunday, July 22, National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-2211.

"PIGION THAT WORKED A MIRACLE" will be screened Saturday, July 22, 10:30 a.m., Chula Vista Public Library, 380 E. Avenue, Chula Vista. 591-3500.

FISH FILMS. "Fish Out of Water," a comedy view of grunts, will be shown with "Pulse," which traces the evolutionary history of fish and their adaptations to their environment, Saturday, July 22, and Sunday, July 23, 1:30 and 3 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 233-3821.

"MYSTICS," a religious film, will be shown Sunday, July 23, 7 p.m., La Jolla Lutheran Church, 7111 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 454-6459.

"HOW WE GOT THE VOTE," a film which details women's struggle to achieve the right to vote, narrated by Jean "Edith Butler" S. Appleton, will be shown as part of the ERA Caravan, followed by speakers from NOW discussing the impact of the ERA, Tuesday, July 25, 7 p.m., San Diego Women's Club, 2557 Third Avenue. 273-4667.

"ROLFING. GRAVITY IS THE THERAPIST." A film which explains the technique of connective tissue manipulation that helps balance and straighten the body, will be followed by a question and answer session with Rolfe van Kesteren, Tuesday, July 25, 7 p.m., Ocean Beach Public Library, 4801 Santa Monica Avenue, Ocean Beach. 234-7577.

"THE MILKY WAY," a planetarium show, will be presented Wednesday, July 26, 7:15 and 8:30 p.m., Planetarium, Palomar College, San Marcos. 744-1150.

"SUMMER FESTIVAL OF FILMS," presented by the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego and San Diego Federal Savings and Loan Association, continues with "Shane," directed by George Stevens and starring Alan Ladd, Jeanne Archer, Van Heflin, Brandon de Wilde, and Jack Palance, supplemented by Chapter 5 of "Captain America," "The Avenging Code," Wednesday, July 26, 2 and 7 p.m.; and Thursday, July 27, 7 p.m., James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Balboa Park. 233-7931.

"TO FLY," a film tribute to the history of flight in America, and "Skyfire," a special effects planetarium show on such visual phenomena in the sky as lightning, rainbows, St. Elmo's Fire, and the aurora borealis, enjoy their West Coast premieres through November 1, Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park. 238-1233.



Alida Walsh

You have been invited to a friend's birthday party. When you arrive, you find your friend — a graying, rather overweight, middle-aged woman — sitting next to her birthday cake. Her skin is painted half white and half brown, and she has a look of disdain. Suddenly, she rises and rushes to the cake, demolishing it with one fateful swoop. Looking up from the crumbs on the floor, you see a movie camera recording the entire event on film.

You may never be so privileged to attend such a fête, but you may view it in "Happy Birthday, I'm Forty," one of a number of avant-garde films made by artist/filmmaker Alida Walsh. Walsh shot the party scenes in her New York apartment with her friends in attendance as extras, none of whom was surprised at the artist's breaking of birthday traditions.

Since the beginnings of American avant-garde filmmaking in the early 1920s, filmmakers such as Alida Walsh have been breaking cinematic traditions by presenting their audiences with everything from the mildly surprising to the outright shocking. Shunning conventions of Hollywood filmmaking, with their dramatic story lines, beautiful and famous stars, and straightforward visual soundings, avant-gardists have offered symbolic statements told by voiceless, hairy mouths and bleeding eyes, in frames that burst and whirl, fade and explode into colors and images more commonly found on the canvases of abstract expressionists. In "Happy Birthday, I'm Forty," Walsh uses mythical symbols and experimental film processes in a public comment upon

our culture's preoccupation with youth, women as sex symbols, and the recent yearning of women to succeed in a man's world.

Walsh has taught filmmaking and made five films since receiving her master's degree in film from San Diego State University in 1956. Working primarily in New York City, she now returns to San Diego for a special tour and showing of her work, which include "Wake Dream," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Marquise of Marilyn Monroe," a dance, film, and slide performance art piece entitled "Women Bound and Unbound," and "Happy Birthday, I'm Forty." She has shown her work throughout the world, and in the United States she has performed at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., Harvard College's Festival of Women's Film and Video, and most recently at the International Women's Year Houston Convention. She recently received first prize in the Baltimore International Film Festival.

The genre of women's films in which Walsh is an active participant has met with some criticism from those who view them as self-indulgent. Says Walsh in response, "It's time for women to talk about themselves instead of listening to be indulgent instead of hiding." Walsh will be both talking and listening when she makes herself available for questions after a showing of her films at the San Diego Women's Club this Friday, July 21, at 8 p.m. The showing will benefit the Center for Women's Studies and Services, a nonprofit organization providing services for women. The Women's Club is located at 2557 Third Avenue, San Diego. Tickets are \$3 at the door. No child care will be available. For further information, please call CWS, 233-8064.

— Judy Lin

Galleries

"FAREWELL F STREET," an invitational arts festival sponsored by the United Artists Coalition, among the last of many arts activities held at the F Street Studio over the last several years, will feature an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, ceramics, and photography by 17 local artists, through July 26; a video piece by Adelle Shauls, a performance by Robin Taylor, and Eileen Griffin's video work "Sittin' on a Fortune." Sunday, July 23, 7:30 p.m.; and Ron Robby's "92110," a performance work by Tyaga Valle, a performance by Kenneth Gaburo of his "The Beauty of Irrelevant Music," and Lights by Xero Productions, Wednesday, July 26, 7:30 p.m., the Studio, 424 F Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Josef Sudak will be on display through July 21, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cajon. 465-1700.

"SPACE FANTASY," a multimedia exhibit featuring works concerned with outer space, will run through July 21, Community Arts Gallery, 870 Third Avenue, downtown. 233-0141.

ORIENTAL ART. 500 pieces of original Oriental art from Japan, China, India, Tibet, Nepal, and Thailand, ranging from prints from the 18th and 19th centuries to modern woodcuts, etchings, and lithographs, will be on display Monday, July 24, and Tuesday, July 25, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Pfeiffer Lounge, Aste Center, SDSU. 236-5204 or 236-5830.

BUTTONS from around the world and the sea, including Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, uniform, and mother of pearl buttons, arranged by the San Diego Button Club, will be on display through July 31, second floor foyer, San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street. 236-5840 or 236-5830.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT. Jim Hair, the first photographer accepted for membership in the San Diego Artists' Cooperative, will be exhibiting his nature studies, portraits of San Diego artists, and series examining the local Hell's Angels, through August 6, at the International Theatre Gallery, 7456 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla.

TWO-PERSON SHOW. "Coils and Ropes," which features the fiber work of Gary Cline, and "Weather Series 78," which features the ensembles of Phyllis Wallen, can be seen through August 5, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfield Street. 295-2725.

JENSEN RETROSPECTIVE. "Alfred Jensen: Paintings and Diagrams from the Years 1957-77," a comprehensive survey of this Guatemala-born artist, who has been referred to as an abstract expressionist, constructivist, hard-edge painter, pop artist, abstract imagist, minimalist, and conceptual artist, will be exhibited through August 6, with four paintings at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, San Diego. Tickets are \$5. Call the Mandeville Gallery, UCSD. 454-9717.

"FOLK TOYS OF THE WORLD," numerous of hand-crafted toys from around the world will be on display through August 6, at the International Museum of World Folk Art, northwest corner of University Towne Center, La Jolla. 453-5300.

"ALTERNATIVE VIEWS II," the third show of the Escondido Regional Arts Council's "A Summer Series '78," will feature the work of Fritz Hart, R.R. Jones, Barry Reed, Lynn Schutte, Deborah Davis Small, and Helen Vitis-Yous. Tickets are \$5 through August 6, ERAC, 1535 E. East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 747-5211.

SCULPTURE, an exhibition of the works of local sculptor Joe Nyiri, ranging from small non-objective cast bronze forms to large angular abstract aluminum pieces, will open Friday, July 21, and continue through September 1, Designbank gallery, 1262 Kettner Boulevard. 236-1916.

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Some critics get their greatest kicks from roasting the show they are writing about. It's a wonderful way of venting one's hidden rage against spouse, parent, boss, society, and nature; you channel the anger, like molten lava, and dump it on some helpless amateur production of *The Skin of Our Teeth*. The critic then feeds the celebration of having knocked out Muhammad Ali, forgetting of course that in this case his victim cannot lift a fist or a tongue to defend himself.

I wish I were one of those critics — it must be a lot of fun, and less expensive than psychotherapy. Unfortunately, the central elements of my critical personality are affection and enthusiasm, and what I enjoy most is to love a performance and to write a rave review of it. There is nothing that makes me happier than coming in contact with great art, and to be able to share my happiness with others doubles the joy.

On the other hand, having to share my theatrical disappointments with others makes me feel gloomy and guilty, like the bearer of bad tidings who knows he is going to be blamed for the contents of his message. This is particularly so when, as during these past few weeks, the bad tidings I bring have to do with a cherished San Diego institution like the Old Globe's Shakespeare Festival. If I thought my negative comments could actually injure the company, I would keep still. But the festival is already sold out through September, and the Old Globe's current fundraising drive — the admirable aim of which is to rebuild the destroyed Old Globe and to add a third theater to the Balboa Park complex — is necessarily going to be based on the good-will the company has deservedly garnered, season after season, in the past. I hope there is not a person in our community who will refuse to contribute to the fundraising drive just because this summer's Shakespeare Festival is the worst in a decade.

That the current three productions are unrepresentatively bad is, however, the truth. I have already written about the weak and conventional *Henry V* and the weak and idiosyncratic *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Now it is the turn of *The Winter's Tale*, which is — I'm sorry to report — no better than the two earlier productions. The chief problem is the quality of the acting, but director Peter Donat surely must shoulder some of the blame for the general atmosphere of

TALE HEAVY



JOHN BAKER, JEAN-PIERRE STEWART

inipititude and inadequacy that lies over the festival theater stage like a summer smog in El Cajon. Mr. Donat does not do anything outrageous, like his colleague Jack O'Brien (director of the self-consciously original *Midsummer Night's Dream*). He does not change the setting to twelfth-century China or to a space colony on Titan; he does not attempt to see us with arch inventiveness; he gets people on and off stage with efficiency, highlights the dramatic moments with appropriate groupings and with effective use of the second-story platform in Robert Blackman's impressive set, and takes care that the spiritual transformation in the middle of the play — from tragedy to comedy, from death to life, from jealousy to love, from middle age to youth, from winter to spring — is reflected in staging, lighting, and style of acting.

So far, so good. But everywhere there are details that are wrong. It is clever that Polixenes and his son Florizel should have the same hairdo, but it is wrong that Polixenes should look like a combination of Prince Valiant, the young Siegfried, and Doris Day. It is a good idea to have King Leontes, in the scene of his wife's trial for adultery, appear majestically enthroned on the platform; but it is wrong that, at this moment of grim tyranny and imminent death, his royal robe should be green (the color appropriate to the comic second half of the play). There is nothing wrong, I suppose, with having these antique "Sicilians" and "Bohemians" make an occasional exotic gesture to show that they belong to an archaic culture — but why those corny clenched-fist salutes and bow handshakes.

as though refugees from the free-speech movement had been impressed into a Trojan War body-builder movie? And what are those ridiculous statues of Leontes doing in the first scene, flanking the statue of Hermione which should be the only center of our attention? And why do they disappear? These details build up throughout the production, each one making things a bit more dreary, a bit more tacky, until by the end all the various virtues of the staging have been covered over with the greasy dust of unintelligence.

It is the acting, however, that is most at fault in this *Winter's Tale*, as in the other two Shakespeare productions, and there is not terribly much Mr. Donat could have done to improve that. The unhappy fact is that the quality of the leading actors in this summer's festival is generally mediocre. There are no Victor Buonos, no Penelope Windusts. The only really first-class players in *The Winter's Tale* are in the smaller roles, above all the grand, impassioned, eloquent Paulina of Katherine McGrath, Eric Christmas, the Autolycus, is of course incomparable, but it is hard to judge his performance overall since he does not seem to have learned all his lines yet. Of the actors in the major roles, all are professional, none is incompetent, but at the same time not one has a real grasp on the character he is playing. Jean-Pierre Stewart's Leontes lacks majesty, fierceness, tragic excess, the sense of being consumed by an insane and irresistible jealousy; this is a small, irritable, ineffectual Leontes — and to make things worse, Mr. Stewart's diction is such that one cannot understand his words. DeVeren Bookwalter's Polixenes

is absolutely identical in characterization to the same actor's *Henry V* and Theseus: the same voice, the same style of speech, the same rhetorical sing-song, the same look on the face. That Polixenes, too, is a king — and a warm-hearted, delightful man — is something one would never know from this performance. When Mr. Bookwalter tries to be charming, he is simply silly.

Ellen Tobie, as Hermione, is attractive and polished, and she speaks well — but this role demands a deep, grand, almost superhuman femininity, so that Hermione's coquetry should seem the games of a goddess, her condemnation a crime against nature, her death the death of the world, and her return its resurrection. Miss Tobie's Hermione is little more than a good-looking, wronged wife, who returns to her repentant husband after a long vacation. Deborah Taylor is heartbreakingly beautiful, but as Perdita she fails to make her exquisite speeches come alive — Perdita is meant to praise the reproductive and restorative forces of nature, of which she is herself the embodiment, but although Miss Taylor looks the part in every inch, she recites her lines like an obedient schoolgirl. Kelsey Grammer is adequate as Florizel, but he is vehement rather than ardent, a bit stiff, a bit anonymous.

There are a number of fine performances in the tertiary roles — Neil Hunt, John McMurtry, Dakin Matthews, Jeffrey Combs, Barry Kraft, Jody Horowitz, G. Wood, and Ronald Long are some of the actors who do their jobs with exemplary skill — but it is faint praise indeed to say of a production of *The Winter's Tale* that Antigonus, Emilia, and an Officer of the Court are excellently acted.

Is this all merely a matter of finances? If it is in fact the case that the Shakespeare Festival's budget is now too restricted to attract really accomplished, major Shakespearean actors, then that is all the more reason to support the Old Globe's drive for funds. There have been wonderful Shakespeare seasons in the past. Each of us should do everything he can to see that there will be equally wonderful Shakespeare seasons in the future.

As for my part in that effort, I hope I'm not wrong in supposing that it does not involve an obligation to praise the present Shakespeare season, or to overlook its grievous defects. A great theater — and that is what everyone in San Diego wants — cannot be built on a foundation of unlighted audiences or of bland and falsely flattering critics. □

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Sports of All Sorts



JIM EAKLE (THE TUBA MAN)

LARRY McCAFFERY

To really appreciate just how genuine a sports hero Jim Eakle is, one must look back to the time early in the 1973 baseball season when it was announced that the San Diego Padres had been sold to a group from Washington for a reported \$12 million. San Diego had already been universally branded as the worst major league baseball city in the country. "The wrong game at the wrong spot" was the usual slogan, and attendance figures (somewhere in the neighborhood of 600,000) support such claims. Late in the 1973 season, Jim Eakle, then a young Marine lieutenant stationed at the El Toro Marine Station (about ninety miles north of San Diego in Orange County), decided to come down to a Padre game with one of his buddies. "As a joke, we decided to bring along my tuba," he recalls. "We had already been denied access to both the Dodgers and the Angels games — they have some sort of noise ordinance — but mostly I guess they figured they didn't need us around to hassle them."

During the game, whenever the Padres would get some action going (which wasn't too often in those days), Jim would exhorted the fans around him to action by playing his tuba. "The fans really seemed to like it from the start," he says. "After a few innings one of the guys from the Padres' front office came down to where we were sitting. To be honest, I thought they were going to throw us out, but he asked me to come back and even offered me free tickets to the rest of the games. So I started making a regular thing of bringing my tuba and playing for the fans. The Padres were really down that year and it seemed to help brighten things up."

Indeed, things began to brighten up considerably for the Padres about this same time. Ray Kroc rescued the Padres from their financial problems and fans began to discover that an evening of baseball in the pastoral setting of Mission Valley could actually be enjoyable. Soon baseball was the hottest sport in San Diego, and Eakle (now known as "the Tuba Man") and his McNamara's Band (named after the Padre manager) were one of the main ingredients in the festive, exuberant atmosphere at Padre stadium.

The actual formation of McNamara's band, claims Eakle, was widely reported in the San

Diego papers, he was on assignment with his helicopter squadron on board the USS Hornet. Knowing that fans were fans anywhere, he decided to serenade a deckful of Vietnamese refugees by pulling out his battered green tuba and playing a rendition of — what else? — "McNamara's Band."

When the Padres discovered that Eakle had two weeks of leave due, they hustled him and his tuba back to San Diego (all expenses paid, of course) for a special command performance at Padre Stadium. Despite an exhausting twenty-four-hour plane ride, his arrival back in San Diego was, he says, the most exciting day of his life. "All I needed was a beer and a hot dog to get back in shape. On the day I came back, the Padres had arranged for a whole series of newspapermen to greet me at the airport. Then when I got to the ballpark I had a bunch of guards to lead me to my seat. And they even scheduled a press conference for me."

While overseas, the Tuba Man began to think seriously about quitting the Marines and moving back to San Diego permanently. He is originally from Golden, Colorado, where his dad (who was a rabid baseball fan) played ball

for the Coors Brewery semi-pro team. A journalism major at Colorado State University, where he also played baseball (he was a catcher), Eakle did some writing for a small local newspaper in Colorado before joining the Marines. But when it came time for him to decide where to settle down, he chose San Diego, mostly because of his affection for the Padres. The idea of opening his own bar or restaurant was something he had been kicking around for some time during his Marine days. "Actually, I had had a sports bar in the back of my mind for a long time. What I wanted was a place for sports fans which could use sports as its major theme. I didn't originally intend to use the Tuba Man thing as part of my bar, but I finally decided that since the gimmick was already there, why not use it as part of my bar's identity?"

The Tuba Man's Grandstand (located at 2551 University Avenue) has an identity as unique as its owner. Although the obligatory bar lounge items can be found in the somewhat cramped interior of the Grandstand (a pool table, a croquet game, several electronic games, a juke box), the decor is primarily Baseball Tradition. The place is undoubtedly the closest thing San Diego has to a baseball museum — a museum where customers are encouraged to talk sports, drink beer, and eat as much pizza or as many hamburgers as they can. The bar area is informally separated from the "dining area" by a railing made of baseball bats, and the walls are crammed full of baseball — memorabilia, photographs of old-time and recent players are everywhere, including a huge, life-size photograph of Babe Ruth, which hangs almost reverentially behind the bar; on one wall are movie posters of *The Babe Ruth Story* (starring William Bendix) and *Pride of the Yankees* (about Lou Gehrig, starring Gary Cooper); newspaper clippings, many of them rare and framed behind glass, cover most of the other available wall space. As a reminder of his Marine days, a huge American flag acts as a canopy over the entire main room, and a Marine poster glares down from one wall ("Here Come the Marines: Lean, Hard, and Fast"). Under a large plaque ("Jim Eakle, Padre Fan of the Year, 1974") there's another photo showing John Kennedy

throwing out the first ball at Washington Stadium. Even a trip to the bathroom will remind you that you are in a genuine sports bar above the single urinal in the men's room (I can't speak for the ladies), one will find the front page of the day's sports page conveniently taped on the wall for thoughtful contemplation. The expected color television set is perched up high in an easy-to-see spot. On a stand near the beer spigots, a place of honor is reserved for Jim's battered, weather-beaten green tuba, which he plays for customers on special occasions such as Padre victories or birthdays. Tucked up on the wall near the mirror is an ancient-looking baseball glove with a sign next to it that says, "Jerry Coleman's Glove." To keep up fan interest, Jim is constantly inventing schemes which help involve his customers. Every week during baseball season, bus trips are scheduled to the Padre games (trips are also made to Los Angeles for games with the hated Dodgers); last year, in addition to throwing a gala first anniversary party, Jim also held a series of baseball trivia contests, the finale of which included several sports experts from the East Coast, and which was covered on local television. During the off-season, the coals are fanned with trips to all Charger games, selected Aztec games, and — the most popular event of all — near weekly trips to Tijuana to watch the Potus baseball team of the Mexican League play their games. Here McNamara's band plays, wears smorrons, and gets ready for the upcoming Padre season. Just to insure that things never get too dull, the Grandstand also sponsors five softball teams and one little league baseball team.

The Tuba Man and his Grandstand may well be viewed by cynics as hokey or immature, but what Eakle represents and what he has done in the past several years seems to be a uniquely American folk story. Now that the Padres have caught on and large, enthusiastic crowds show up for many home games, there might seem to be less need for a group such as McNamara's Band, led by the booming bass rhythms of Jim Eakle's green tuba. But I personally hope that Padre fans never become so jaded that they can't make room down the aisles for "The Pied Piper of Friar's Road" and his zany crew.

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Diamonds Aren't Forever

(continued from page 13)

I arrive at the stadium at 3:30 and the parking lot is already well over half filled. Coleman has been telling listeners to the Padre games all the previous week to arrive at three p.m. in order to avoid a massive traffic tie-up during rush hours. A great many have. Walking toward the entrance, I spot a bearded fellow leaning against the outer stadium wall, sitting a fella with two All-Star tickets tucked into the band. He is holding a crayoned sign which says, "All-Star Tickets." "How much do you want for them?" I ask. "Fifty spice," he says. "They're on the first base side... field level... good seats."

From the perspective of the playing field, the crowd seems festive, but clearly more restrained than those who were here yesterday. The National League is taking batting practice, but the first thing I notice are several homemade signs hanging down near the ABC Sports sign in right field. One of them says:

I GOT A TICKET. HI, DAD!
Shenandoah, Iowa

Along the third-base line, a short, well-tanned, middle-aged man in a light blue sports jacket and light blue checkered slacks is standing alone, staring wistfully out onto the playing field. It's Pee Wee Reese. Today the name Pee Wee Reese may not strike terror into the hearts of men, but when you grow up in the shadow of Brooklyn's Ebbets Field as I did, and when all you want out of life at age twelve is to become a shortstop for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and when the current occupant of that position is a man named Reese, such a name

I suddenly think of the ball game going on down on the field as a very distant and frail thing, getting pummeled and beaten and hyped and puffed up beyond its capacity to bear it.

Lodges itself into the deeper recesses of the psyche, and the mere mention of it can evoke more memories than the taste of peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches. An actual confrontation with the individual bearing the name is apt to be traumatic, for such idols are fragile and easily shattered. I approach Reese with a dry mouth and a racing heartbeat, afraid he might do something like blow his nose. Instead, somebody yells, "Pee Wee," and he turns toward the voice and says, "Charlie, how are you?" and the two walk toward the American League dugout and out of sight. I feel relieved.

Behind the batting cage a man in a white shirt, wearing a Padre All-Star hat and chomping on an unlit cigar, is holding what appears to be a black ray-gun of the sort that is seen in science fiction films. He is pointing this pistol-shaped device, which is attached by a wire to a battery pack on his belt, at the pitcher's mound, and small electronic numbers appear in red above the gun's handle. I ask about it. It turns out the man's name is John K. Paulson and he is the manufacturer of the device, which is called a "Jug's Speedgun." ABC uses it to clock pitchers all around the major leagues on Monday Night Baseball, but during special events like the All-Star game and the World Series, they invite Mr. Paulson to come

down from Oregon and use it himself. Most major league pitchers, he tells me, can throw the ball at ninety miles per hour or more. He's clocked Vida Blue at ninety-seven miles per hour. "But not all of 'em throw it that fast," he says. "You take that Randy Jones fella you got here. We clocked him at a steady eighty in a game against the Dodgers last month. Yeager, the Dodger catcher, threw somebody out at second faster than that. We clocked him at eighty-eight." Paulson also tells me that he manufactures a baseball pitching machine that can throw curveballs. He invented this machine in 1971 when he was coaching Little League and wanted to give the kids practice hitting curves. "My arm got tired," he says, "so I made this machine. We've just assembled our 10,000th one this month." I thank Paulson. "The information as a new banner unruly in right field."

ABC, THIS IS DAVE WINFIELD TERRY

It is 4:35 and the crowd on the field is thinning out. The ballplayers seem to be getting tired of being hounded by people. "Jack," a reporter calls, approaching Jack Clark, the Giant's power hitter. "Not now, man," Clark says, brushing

the reporter aside. Photographers are trying to get close-up shots of Vida Blue and James Palmer, the starting pitchers. They are posing in the on-deck area near the American League dugout. "Closer together," a photographer implores. "Don't want to get too close," says Blue. "We don't love each other. What will the fans think?"

From the press box on the third deck along the right-field line, the event has a totally different feel. The festivities begin at 5:15 when the U.S. Navy Drum and Bugle Corps marches onto the field accompanied by a display of flags. During their performance, ex-President Ford arrives and is seated near Bowie Kuhn. Ford's arrival is announced over the public address system and he is cheered heartily as he turns and waves to the crowd. As the Drum and Bugle Corps forms a semicircle of flags around the infield, I go into a room behind the press box, where a color TV is set up, to watch Howard Cosell interpret these events for a national audience. There is a general cynicism among the reporters concerning Cosell. Some of it, of course, is envy. "We'll quite frankly have to face the issue of the missing American League All-Stars head on," Cosell begins. A reporter, leaning against the wall sipping a beer grumbles at the tube. "Quite frankly, you ought to admit that you don't know what in hell you're talking about." Cosell is making an issue of the fact that Jackson, Yastrzemski, and Munson did not show up for the game. He speaks to Jackson over the phone and Jackson tells him that he has the flu and is just not up to playing. It has nothing to do with his celebrated feud with Billy Martin. "In point of fact," Cosell concludes dramatically, "Reggie Jackson's temperature is approaching one hundred

and two degrees." Estimates of Jackson's temperature in the press room range from 98.6 (the cynics) to 104 (the true believers).

Some young men in cleanly pressed yellow T-shirts are passing out additional media information in the press box. Included in this latest packet is a description of the post-game services, which will include a play-by-play description of the game, a box score, miscellaneous notes, records, and quotes from both teams. A reporter next to me wonders aloud why we need to be here at all.

The American League team is being introduced, and as each player's name is announced, he tips his hat, not to the 51,549 people present (the largest crowd ever to see a baseball game in San Diego Stadium), but to the television camera, which is following the introductions down the third-base line. A loud, steady boo greets the mention of Billy Martin's name. When the National League All-Stars are introduced, there is a tremendous, unrelenting roar even before Dave Winfield's name is mentioned, and when it is, the crowd goes absolutely wild. The Dodgers and the Reds dominate the National's starting line-up, and the crowd realistically cheers the Reds and boos the Dodgers, except for Steve Garvey, the Dodger first baseman, who wins the fans' approval.

The Captain and Tennille are on hand to sing the National Anthem, and I am surprised when the public address announcer says that Tennille will sing "O, Canada," followed by "The Star Spangled Banner." Someone must have noticed that the Montreal Expos and the Toronto Blue Jays are not in the U.S.A. Ray Kroc walks to the mound and throws the ceremonial first pitch on one hop to Padre coach Whitey Wiseleman, and at 6:09 p.m. Vida Blue throws the actual first pitch (a strike) to Rod Carew. Carew begins the game with some



excitement — a line drive that splits the alley in left field for a triple, and the American League jumps on Vida Blue for two runs in the first and one in the third; for a moment it looks as if the National League's domination of the game (they have won fifteen of the last sixteen All-Star contests) might end, but they

come back with three in the bottom of the third, and after that the game becomes a ho-hum affair until the bottom of the eighth when the Nationals get four more. In the bottom of the second, I go back of the press box again to watch Cosell's taped interview with Steve Garvey. This is the same interview videotaped on the

field day before. Seeing it now in a small square box in the upper right-hand corner of the TV screen as the larger picture shows Garvey taking his strokes at the plate, gives me a kind of eerie, electronic déjà vu. "Not going to let a mere twenty-two stitches," Garvey is saying. "...don't like to let the fans down... played with mumps in 1974." I am beginning to suspect of this event as a national morality play — Steve Garvey the Good, who plays with twenty-two stitches in his chin, versus Reggie Jackson the Bad, who lets a little flu bug (a questionable flu bug) keep him in New York. I walk back to my seat and see someone in a right-field seat stand up, holding a sign which says,

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The organizer is playing a commercial jingle ("Baseball, Hot Dogs, Apple Pie, and Chevrolet"), and I suddenly think of the ball game going on down on the field as a very distant and frail thing, getting pummeled and beaten and hyped and puffed up beyond its capacity to bear it. I'm reminded of a phrase that Dave Campbell, the Padre announcer, is fond of — "good old country hardball!" — and wonder whatever happened to it.

I watch the rest of the game in a semitrance until I am jolted into attentiveness by Steve Garvey's triple in the bottom of the eighth and his scoring on a wild pitch by Rich Gossage. Garvey seems destined, like a character in a Greek drama, to play out his particular role. He is selected "Player of the Game" and in the press elevator on the way out someone says, "How come they didn't distribute ballots for the player-of-the-game award? Who makes the selection?" Cosell probably does it all by himself, "comes the answer, from a cynical, muffled voice in the back of the crowded elevator." □

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CURRENT

All reviews are by Duncan Shepherd. Movies are indicated by one to five stars and analyzed by the back spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God — Werner Herzog's Radical Left slanting of an old-fashioned LOST PATRIOT adventure plot. The anti-imperialist, anti-militarist story concerns a splinter group of Pizarro's conquistadors searching in vain for El Dorado and mow down a man at a time by irascible Peruvian cannibals. What gives this inevitable, count-down plot (18 dead, 6 to go) its distinction is the tone of denouement: the stupid Spaniards, earning a poison dart in the neck of a fallen comrade, marvel, "Look how short the arrow is. Perhaps they're dwarfs." The only member of the cast who appears to be more than a stick figure or a straw man is the

American Graffiti — The peak adventures, climactic decisions, and

profound self-revelation of an inconceivable quartet of bosom buddies (four diverse types, from class pre to hot-rodder, who would not utter two words to one another throughout the film, except when they are compressed into one long and lively night, placed vaguely at the end of summer, 1962. Non-stop pop songs, Sunset Strip culture, and put-down slang (weird, punk, etc.) are hung into the pot, knowingly, winking, nostalgically. The effusion, together with the confusion, produces an effect of lightness and abandon that is more like confetti than graffiti. With Ron Howard, Richard Dreyfuss, Candy Clark, and Cindy Williams, directed by George Lucas. 1973. *** (Ace Drive In, Tu Vu Drive In, Village)

Another Man, Another Chance — A movie that was billed, on its first announcement, as a "western," begins with a strange, surrealistic

tableau of four horses hitched, stagecoach-style, to a late-model Cadillac, and then, after that modern-day prologue, it switches abruptly to 19th-century Paris and an extended sequence having to do with the Franco-Prussian War and the infancy of photography. The global, historical consciousness exhibited in this early section while it may elicit a few snickers "what the-hell-is-going-on" from the audience, is by itself enough to earn this movie a special niche on the shelves of screen westerns. Those viewers who are well acquainted with Claude Lelouch's past work will be quick to recognize that in the first half, here, he is simply following the narrative form of his AND NOW MY LOVE, tracing the two tortuous, gradually converging, and fanatically crosscutting tracks which bring his American hero and French heroine to their predestined meeting in the Wild

West. (In the second half, those same well-acquainted ones will notice that Lelouch is closely copying the hesitant love affair of his MAN AND A WOMAN.) These glamorous figures — a native American veterinarian and an immigrant portrait photographer — stand for the great Silent Majority long ignored in western movies — the Wild West bourgeoisie. With James Caan, Genevieve Bujold, Francis Huston, Susan Tyrrell. 1977. **** (Aztec, through 7/22)

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan — Having exhausted their fund of profanities, boners, and late-night miracles in their two earlier outings, the precocious Little Leaguers are shifted into the background in order to convert this sequel into a Tony Curtis vehicle. Curtis is mostly unfunny, but not unappealing as a middle-aged graying, and increasingly desperate version of the inhuman hustler played in SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS. Directed by John Berry. 1978. *** (Center 3 Cinema 1, Cinema Plaza 5, Sta.)

Big Wednesday — John Milius's epic-scale treatment of three surfing buddies and their California lifestyle is always pleasantly absurd, but its most side-splitting possibilities, in the mock-heroic mode, are not realized until the lugubriously nostalgic second half, when the three blond beachniks must face up to problems of aging, the Changing Times, and finally the mightiest sea waves ever to pound the West Coast. To lighten the movie's lofty tone, there's an anonymous narrator who serves as a sort of Homeric oral historian and poet ("Who knows where the wind comes from? he muses in a philosophical moment, 'is it the breath of God?') and there's a one-man Greek chorus in the person of a permanently retired and psychologically scarred surfer who now lives vicariously through the Younger Generation, who fashions their surfboards for them like the Vulcan of fiber-glass, and who hypnotizes them by chanting light with a tailfinning tale of the "Great Swell of '58. Jen-Michael Vincent, William Katt, Gary Bussey, Lee Purcell, and Sam Melville. 1978. *** (Mira Mesa Cinemas, Rialto Twin)

Brigadoon — Scottish kitsch, following in the elfin footsteps of J.M. Barrie, concerning two American vacationers who chance upon a 17th-century arcanoid village that appears for only one day every hundred years. The songs are not dreamlike. This light-headed vision of Bonnie Scotland is like a rose calculated to attract a large tourist trade which will then spend its time roaming the Highlands and the Lowlands in quest of the exotic, the quaint, and the magical. With Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd

MOVIES

Charisse, directed by Vincente Minnelli. 1953. *** (Rox, 7/21 and 22)

The Buddy Holly Story — A biography of the bespectacled rock-and-roll, starring Gary Busey, Don Stroud, and Charles Martin Smith, directed by Steve Rash. (Center 3 Cinema 1, Claremont, Frontier Drive In, Parkway 3, South Bay Drive In)

Capricorn One — In all likelihood, the seed for this movie was planted when some cynic, watching the broadcast of Neil Armstrong's moonwalk, wondered what the entire spectacle could have been staged in a Burbank TV studio. The problem with this movie, mounted on its post-Watergate high horse, is that it doesn't know how to take a joke. Another problem is that while it righteously condemns the U.S. government's tendency toward fibbing, it shamelessly fabricates one of the laziest, unlikeliest, and inane stories ever told. It has to

do with three astronauts who are "shanghaied into a faked mission to Mars. James Brolin has all the scruples. Sam Waterston has all the jokes, and G.J. Simpson has to wait half an hour before he gets to speak his first line. "I think I'm gonna throw up." With Elliot Gould, Hal Holbrook, and Brenda Vaccaro, written and directed by Peter Hyams. 1978. * (Kino Drive In, College, Parkway Playhouse, Sports Arena, Skyles, from 7/21, University Town Centre)

The Cat from Outer Space — A Disney comedy-fantasy starring Sandy Duncan, Ken Berry, and McLean Stevenson, directed by Norman Tokar. (Cinema Plaza 5, Claremont, Harbor Drive In, Midway Drive In, New Valley Drive In, Parkway 2)

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MOVIES

* (La Paloma, 7/23 through 25)

The Cheap Detective—Neil Simon's Bogart parody gets underway with a verbose prologue which reads more like Woody Allen and which brings a lot of the film's problems to mind: the Philippines. Simon's unattractive marriage of medium good, cune-pie Bogart (THE MALTESE FALCON) and the film's director, Michael Caine (CASA/ANCA) is not necessitated not because Simon has so many ideas, but because he has so few. The problems in the picture (Marlene Dietrich, Maureen O'Hara, Burt Reynolds, John F. Fletcher, Stockard Channing, and Ann-Margret) succeed in liberating themselves from their role by doing what they can, but their imitative men do; and they are the brightest spots in this dusky colored movie which takes its overall look as if it were made in the 1930s. **A**—Alonso, from Dick Richards' **FAREWELL, MY LOVELY, With Peter Falk, Don DeLuise, Nicol Williamson, Fernando Lamas, and John Moore**. 1978.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind — Steven Spielberg surpasses all of his sci-fi forerunners in the only way he knows how — in material things. He

has costlier, more spectacular special effects, including some really wonderful nighttime skies; he has bigger and brighter spaceships, he has louder sound effects and a larger number of more renowned cinematographers ever assembled on one list of credits (six in all — Vilmos Zsigmond, William Fraker, John Badham, John Wood, John Alonzo, and Frank Stanley). But basically his movie is just a jerrybuilt 1950s-style invaders-from-space story, a RED PLANET. MARS swollen to 1970s proportions. By the 1970s inflation it's also become a two-faced movie, which, all along the way to its uplifting messianic ending, tries to menace you into a nervous wreck with noise, superfluous violence, and a cast of names: Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and Francoise Truffaut. 1977.

(Sports Arena Sixplex, from 7/21; U.S. Cinema 3, University Towne Center, 7/21-22)

Convey — There are still a few signs of Sam Peckinpah's former authority: the crisp color, the flashy but superficial use of cross-cutting and slow-motion, and one particularly photogenic chase over powdery, unpaved roads. Otherwise, the big-name director is reduced to little more than a glorified traffic cop in this banal interpretation of C.W. McCall's phantasmagorical pop song. Kris Kristofferson is cruelly miscast as a two-listed trucker with a flower-stem

physique and Noxzema-smooth skin, and Ali McGraw is brought back to the screen after a five-year absence spent, evidently, in the acquisition of a luxurious suntan. With Burt Young, Frankie Ayala, and Ernest Borgnine 1978.

* (Big Sky Drive In, Center 3 Cinema 3: Crest)

Demien — Omen II — Caringly acted, expensively produced, and bottomlessly empty suspense movie, wherein the Antichrist, just reaching puberty and entering the military academy, is watched over by a bad fairy — or fairy devilfish, if you will — in the form of a pesky crow who prefers to be photographed in profile and who instantly, brutally eliminates anybody who threatens to complicate the plot. With William Holden, Lee Grant, and Robert Forsworth; directed by Don Taylor. 1978.

Dersu Uzala — Alongside Akira Kurosawa's customarily virile and athletic work, this slow, contemplative movie is apt to be seen all the more clearly as an old man's movie, a movie made with a reduced pulse rate and a tenuous, almost desperate attempt to savor every passing moment. At bottom, it is a my most Unforgettable Character tale, set around the turn of the century and having to do with a Russian army captain who, while inexpertly leading a geological expedition through the uncharted forests of Eastern Russia, meets a

stop-tracked, snaggy-coated runner and trapper (he is at first mistaken for a guard) and persuades the reclusive artist to join him on his quest for a boat. Kurawa presents an almost magical sense of landscape onto the wilderness (the movie was shot, with Russian financing, in the mountains of Romania). The compositional rules of Romantic landscape painting which have governed outdoor photography since the beginnings of cinema, that is, he never attempts to box in the framing by any artificial devices of terrain or composition, are followed to the letter. The result is a flatly parallel to the screen plane, so that the viewer is confronted with an overall texture, instead of structure. The texture is a flat and individualized texture that's like a wall or a tapestry examined from the microscopical vantage point of a spider. The texture is flat, but it is not something you only on the outside, like an ecology bumper sticker, but is encoded into the movie's every shot and 1875.

Eat My Dust — The town sheriff's ne'er-do-well son, a jug-eared redhead, swipes the winning Mustang from a stock-car race track — simply to appease the whim of an All-American blonde bitch in white hotpants and knee-high boots — and takes off on a day-long joyride with a Keystone Kop posse in hot pursuit. Charles B. Griffith, a veteran

BUCKET OF BLOOD. Wild Bill Hickok (James Van Der Beek) goes direct, for Corman's New World company, and he doesn't mull it. A DUST is closer in spirit to MacSweeney than it is to contemporary westerns. The film is a variation on a Looney Tune chase movie, the continual exaggeration serves to distance, or cushion, the violence. The violent presence of Griffith carries a visible Preston Sturges cast of characters: a deputy sheriff with a mustache, a woman, a lawyer with a Southern drawl, an added accident victim falling into a river, a cop who takes a punch to the elbow into the police station. "I prefer the smell of a bakery!" More than a little over-the-top, the film's director, q. a real fair, Ts-ague or Tashin-ague, for comedy timing and the use of the camera. The film is American in its iconography (the gang stock cars, the young hero's car, the woman's car, the cop's car, the lantern), the movie is also very American in its conception of stunted success growing out of confusion, and a police man's progress from juvenile-gang cameraderie, to flirtation and disengagement with his "girl" or "real girl" and the final stage alone, lonely, self-sufficient performance. Starring Ron Howard

The End—But Reynolds cultivates a mustache and beard which serve to muffle, or muzzle, his charm as a comic actor, and also serve to enhance his image as a serious film director — exactly like Jerry Lewis, in **WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT?** Also like Lewis in that ill-begotten movie, Reynolds further demonstrates his seriousness by handling a subject of doubtfulness, if not indefensible, comic possibilities — the subject of terminal illness and suicide. (A typical lame-brained line: "I thought I'd wake up dead," cracks Reynolds, regaining consciousness after swallowing an overdose of sleeping pills.) And also

like Lewis. Reynolds becomes so fatigued that he is forced to do an energetic comedy eager second band. With Sally Field, J. and Kristy McNichol
• (New Valley Drive

Fantastic Planet obviously a favorably underexplored, wacky fantasy subjects, less compromised imagination than the average film studio department. And French-Czech co-Liloux, about the supremacy between and monstrous blue rampant imagination somewhat tame, a wit. However, animation gives paging through a than of watching 1974.

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(In: Plaza)

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Sliding Tail — No one is he has denied that or how many sent to the Ford Pusser has long-headed or has remained

Godspell — Clearly, rock-religion rival, **SUPERSTAR**, which movie market, by almost simultaneous

ard — James Clark Gable is down a shower of rain. TONIGHT SHOW — It's impression is, some years ago, memory serves: "I give a class." He is in his fixed shifts from next are not as it would be. It is tools for this and mainly of old (David Greene) with a cast with an of democracy, a liberalizing sense of antic, the reckless flower children and His apostles I swallow, not so much possible insult to suffered worse, but positive flattery of Their giggly, apoc talking, by which the Scriptures palatial crowd, marks them evangelists. 1973. ** (Grand, 7/21 and

The Goodbye Girl

the proper look determined by the team, however, is, shriek as she does Joan Arthur's bard. With Allen Simon; directed by

as big as his bank account about New York and and he possesses a feeling for people's (Richard Dreyfuss) avant-garde actor, excuses his habit of fuming: Marsha M

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Grease — Plasticize
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(entre)
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Heaven Can Wait — statistical remake directed by MR. JORDAN — he is producer, the co-writer (with May), and the co-director (with Henry) — is scrupulously and moderately liberal

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CURRENT MOVIES

reverent, and refreshingly arty. Such qualities were rampant in the Depression years, whence this comedy-fantasy came, but have been increasingly scarce ever since. The only updating necessary was in making the specifics jibe with current California interests: industrial pollution, the dwindling porpoise population, health foods, and the L.A. Rams' Super Bowl hopes. The direction is graced with delicate comic touches, and the supporting cast especially Charles Grodin as the blandly traitorous villain, is quite strong. But the movie is a little soft at the center. Julie Christie, like a latter-day Katharine Hepburn or Jean Arthur, is patronizingly patted on the head for being a woman who takes an interest in politics, speaks her own mind, gets hopping mad, and yet still displays deep maternal instincts toward the boyishly callow leading man. Her underdeveloped romance with Beauty is supposed to be automatically fascinating simply because she and he were once an "item" in the Hollywood gossip columns. With Jack Warden, James Mason, Buck Henry, and Dylan Cannon. 1978.

** (Cannon Cinema 4, Valley Circle)



INTERNATIONAL VELVET

show a Great White shark being tormented by a Killer Whale, this movie retails by showing a sunken ship named Orca as well as showing a beached Killer Whale that has had large chunks of its hide removed by a vindictive Great White. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. 1978.

** (Cinema Plaza 5, Loma; Plaza Twin 7)

Mecon County Line — Based on an actual incident, circa 1954, this drizzle on Southern justice spends a considerable time noodling around

with the carefree sightseer heroes and a little time establishing some regional aversion to yankees and blacks, and the regional attraction to firearms. None of this background information lends any credibility to a Believe It Or Not newspaper anecdote which is really no more than a pun. With Alan and Jesse Vint, Geoffrey Lewis, and, as the redneck cop, an ambiguously amiable Max Baer, who also served as producer and scriptwriter, directed by Richard Compton. 1974.

(Atrix, through 7/22)

Madame Rosa — French-Israeli collaboration about a former prostitute and concentration camp prisoner who makes do in her doghouse by baby-sitting for prostitutes' children, including one in particular, an Arab boy called "Momo," who is her special pet. This bit of dowdy humanism takes a chucklesome approach to Jewish-Muslim differences, but it is more centrally concerned with the problems of old age. Unlike the normal actress who tries to pass for ten years younger than she actually is, Simone Signoret tries to pass for ten years older, and she succeeds easily. Her

performance as the huffing and puffing old woman repeatedly seems to comment on her real-life self, as though her frankness and lack of embarrassment are supposed to alleviate our sense of discomfort over her saddy blasted physique. Directed by Moshe Mizrah. 1977.

** (Cove, Guild)

Night of the Living Dead — A blinding quick start, a blistering blitzkrieg pace, and a sincere determination to drive the viewer to panic, to nausea, or to suicide, have earned this semi-professional shoe-stringer a high place among the midnight cult movies. Among its more notable attributes (going from bad to better) are some atrocious amateur acting, some technical crudity, some gross-out make-up, some unexpectedly funny and accurate parodies of TV-radio news coverage, and some sleep-preventive aftereffects. Made in Pittsburgh, Pa.; directed by George A. Romero. 1968.

** (Strand, 7/24 and 25)

Rosario and Clara — Bob Dylan's four-hour home movie of interviews, concert tour footage, and costume-party make-believe, is ultimately an endurance test to separate the true disciples from the fakes in his audience. Lucky are those who do not give two hoots about Bob Dylan and may stay at home with an untroubled conscience. Featuring Sara Dylan (Bob's ex-7), Joan Baez, Ronnie Blakey, Roger McGuinn, and others in the Rolling Thunder Revue. 1978.

** (Ken, 7/21 and 22)

The Return of a Man Called Horse — The resumption of the Dorothy Johnson tale, without her continued cooperation, is not as well structured as the original. It has an interesting take-up point: the English nobleman, John Morgan, yields to his no-booted romanticism, sailed too long within his gilded palace, and returns to America to find the Sioux Indian tribe that once adopted him.

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Education Alternative

but he finds them demoralized, demoralized, and driven by trap trappers from their homeland. About midway through the film, the men flee and flee away from the grim faces of hellfire, and instead a replay of the battle, a replay of the battle, the battle, and happy ending. Owen is a man who is a man who fluctuates from the stately to the slushy; and Laurence Rosenthal is a man who is a man who is the 1940s style - incessantly busy, supportive, and quite effective. With a few exceptions, the film is a DeWitt, directed by Ivan Kershner. 1976. 723 through 29.

Revenge of the Pink Panther — The title collaboration of comic writers and Blake Edwards on an Inspector Clouseau comedy, with Herbert Ross and Dyan Cannon. (Alvarado Drive In; Camino Cinema 4; Cinemas: University Towne Centre, Vineyard Twin 2)

Rocky — The prizefighting premise — a second-rate Philadelphia pug

an Ugly Duckling, languishing in a pet shop behind her 1947-style glasses' transfiguration. (Cinema: University Towne Centre, Vineyard Twin 2)

Womanhood — One of the ham-fisted attentions of a palooka who calls himself "The Italian Stallion." And it really has less kinship to the hard-boiled KING GALEAHAD-type movie than it has to the soft-hearted MARTY, with Tula Strain, Burt Young, Burgess Meredith, and a few by Stallone, directed by... John G.

Rocky — The prizefighting premise — a second-rate Philadelphia pug

[illegible][illegible]

concern, though, is that you like the stars and pray for them to come through unscathed. Newman by now presumes you like him or no longer cares, while Redford keeps on pushing, pushing. With Robert Shaw. 1973.

The Stranger and the Gunfighter — Kung-fu comes to the spaghetti western. Who in hell's idea was this? A diminutive master of the martial arts searches for a long-lost Chinese fortune on a Wild West treasure hunt, the clues to which are tattooed on various ladies' bottoms. With Lee Van Cleef; directed by Anthony Dawson. 1976. (X, unrated, through ZICO)

• **The Swarm** — Irwin Allen's disaster movie about a plague of bees, starring Michael Caine, Richard Widmark, Lee Grant, Katharine Ross, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray. (Campus Drive In; Escondido Drive In; Grossmont; New Valley Drive In)

Thunder and Lightning — Another numbing action picture for the redneck market, with an inexhaustible interest in cars ("That same ultramarine blue Caprice Classic is on our tail again") and an inexhaustible supply of down-home colloquialisms ("Sweet kidneys of Christ!"). David Carradine and Kate Jackson, a personable pair, both carry on in the style of their recentest triumphs — he brings his soft-shoe folksiness from **BOUND FOR GLORY**, and from **CHARLIE'S ANGELS** she brings her sultan. Directed by Corey Allen. 1977.

The Time Machine — The relevance of H.G. Wells' satiric vision of the future to his own time and place gives way, on screen, to the more timeless, universal appeal of George Pal's special effects and the TARZAN-like production values. These effects are almost always better in conception (well done, Wells) than in execution (nice try, Pal). The underground Morlocks are the largest letdown, as scary as kewpie dolls. On the other hand, the passive, blond Eloi, aboveground, are excellently

comedies, and they puts in question advancement of too is a comedy that is rather than in pointlessness of the is intriguing, sort of. Bogdanovich contri

Wild Child —, *Fra*
factual, unembellish
of the events set do
doctor's journal, hav
capture and gradual

doctor's journal, rapt capture and gradual an adolescent fount forests as a bear semi-documentary strangely amid 18th-century trapping horsedrawn carriage silent-movie affect static camerawork adamant about de date, which is rather

fashion-plate like pursues a scrupulous about the physical bygone period: the antique housewares the commonplace around these cramped footfalls. He opens of a door, the scritch-

pen. Truffaut's tendency toward reckless sentimentality is held in harness here, thanks partly to Nestor Almendros's calm gray images, partly to Truffaut's stiff, toneless acting as the doctor, and partly to the unflattering sense of rhythm. 1970.

***** (A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4, E-5)

Wizards — Science-fiction cartoon about a cosmic struggle between the forces of Magic and those of Technology (the former a group of Peter Pan and Tinkerbell-like elves and fairies, the latter a group of Nazis and rapists). At best the conception is rather sappy. But its mythic possibilities are being given lower level by Ralph (FRITZ) THE CAT, CROONKING, RABBITHOLE, and

to do with the domestication of naming the beast. The plain, style sits a bit the quaint (age, ruffled shirts, and) and the lions (iris shots, . The movie is mying its actual a glimpse from a

Truffaut, and it owes exactness to the properties of the starchy clothes, cold objects, and sounds heard in old houses — opening and closing a door, the scratch of a quill pen, a chair creaking, a door slamming, and a hairy, naked, virile Sean Connery fights to restore death to the pale privileged class, cursed with immortality. Fugally made, but not obviously stretched too thin, cleverly conceived and executed, but not quite mind-boggling. Written, directed by John Boorman 1974.

*** (Sstrand, 7/26 and 27)

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handles her lines as delicately as if they were flowers. Her portrayal of the limp and fragile Weinman must be added directly to her ideal casting...later, in **LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA**, as a lovely young thing with a mental age of ten. Starring Robert Taylor. 1960
*** (Roxby, 7/25)

Tomorrow — Adapted from a Faulkner short story, with Robert Duval and Olga Belin, directed by Joseph Anthony. San Diego premiere 1972.
(Unicom)

Trackdown — A Montana cowboy's search for his runaway sister. Under the brown skies of Los Angeles, covers some interesting territory — Chicano barrio, class issues, and teenagers, call it girl's post-apartheid. But the movie takes so many shortcuts in getting from one place to another that it moves up a lot of small irritants along the way, and it adds up to only half the movie it might have been. Another week's work on the script. Cathy Lee Crosby's harried youth counselor, for instance, is sensible only as long as she is snapping at the hero in Exe-dition-headache style, and she becomes preposterous when she drops everything in order to guide him personally along Hollywood Boulevard. Yet there's some entertaining by-play between the hero and the Chicano ally who's Chuchito the Chicano, wasting in the cowboy's pickup truck with the radio tuned to a 24-W station, who says aloud, "Man, you like that music?" And there is a fine, strenuous gunfight carried on atop side-by-side elephants, whizzing by one another, up and down at different speeds. (Chuchito, basking before this noisy battle, says, "I'm person, I'm not a hero." The hero responds: "Does what you have to do.") With Jim Michum, Eric Estrada, and directed by Richard Heffron. 1976. ** (Towhee, through 7/22)

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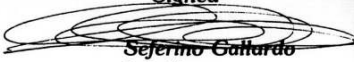
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Second Section

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

Although enthusiasts of reggae have remained fanatically devoted, the music hasn't really gained the mass popularity predicted. Four years ago by most rock and jazz journals. For a short time it seemed as though the reception accorded the slick pop of Jimmy Cliff and the Mighty Diamonds, the stax-styled emotionalism of Toots and the Maytals, the harsh "protest" work of Peter Tosh, the primitive chanting of Burning Spear, and the bizarre studio kumbas of Dub would lead to a reggae takeover. After the initial fascination faded, the fickleness of pop music saw reggae once again considered an exotic fad, and these artists were dumped back into segregated record bins.

Bob Marley is the only Jamaican reggae performer to secure high-priced headliner status across this country. Though it can be argued to the contrary, it appears that Marley has been able to do so only by directing his recent material to the pop mainstream. In the last two years his albums have been increasingly more aloof, easily digestible, boring. Apart from the obligatory references to "Jah" and "Babylon" and "Herb," there is little on the

Wailers' recent records which approximates the anger, straight-faced polemics, and passionate music of "Catch a Fire," "Burnin'," and "Natty Dread." Even Marley's good-time ditties no longer seem genuinely motivated; they've become imitation joyful notes. Today it seems obvious that the brilliance of the original Wailers rested in the fact that they had three distinct personalities vying for attention (Marley, Peter Tosh, and Bunny Livingston). In live performance, Marley's daring, fidgety antics are still exhilarating, but if he doesn't regroup as a songwriter soon, even that aspect of his appeal will come to look like Rastafarian vaudeville. He and

the Wailers return to San Diego Monday at SDSU's Amphitheatre. Of the many concerts scheduled this week, the most exciting, for me, is the Isley Brothers at the Sports Arena, Friday. The Isleys are the most venerable of all soul bands, throughout their twenty-year career they've produced classic singles in each of their various musical phases: rock and roll ("Shout," "Twist and Shout"), sweet-and-sour Motown soul ("This Old Heart of Mine"), gritty, sex-drenched funk ("It's Your Thing," "Work to Do"), and most recently, funk-rock ("Who's That Lady?" "Fight the Power," and "Take It to the Next Phase").

The most peculiar thing about the Isleys is that though their popularity has remained relatively intact, they have never been taken as seriously as they deserve to be. It may be a case of taking them for granted, because they persevere, we may never get the chance to work nostalgically about them the way we now do about long gone groups from the early Sixties. Right now they are producing music which other bands such as Parliament Funkadelic and the Commodores have incorporated and received much more attention for. They'll appear with Stargard and Chic, a popular if anonymous disco



BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

band whose work you might be familiar with if you've ever risked cardiac arrest on a dance floor while listening to "Dance, Dance, Dance" blared away forever forever.

The Centre City Summer Jazz Series continues Monday night at City College featuring pianist Rob Schneiderman's funk jazz group, Manzanita. I haven't heard the group yet, but some of those who attended their stint at Moonlight Gardens two weeks ago tell me they had the crowd "dancing in the aisles." If the success of the series, first two concerts is any indication, there's no reason to believe this one won't be equally as pleasurable. Anyway, it's nice to see that something which benefits both musicians and listeners can go so well.

Monday is certainly a busy night. Aside from the Wailers and Manzanita, a New Wave show benefiting the local rock magazine "Subculture" takes place at Abbey Road. This one showcases two ingratifyingly ragged bands, the Penetration and the B-52's, and one I'm not familiar with, VA Megadeath. The week's other two shows also highlight local, the ever popular hard-rock group, the Blue Brothers at Stray Heard Sound on Saturday, Ruffin Ann Urvim and vocalists Katherin Campbell at Escondido's Book Works on Tuesday.

—Steve Isamedia

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San Diego Concerts

Cheap Trick and Pat Travers:
California Theatre, Thursday,
July 20, 7:30 p.m. Fourth and C
Streets. 223-9373.

The Isley Brothers with Starland
and **Shirley Sports Arena**, Friday,
July 21, 8 p.m. Sports Arena
Boulevard. 284-4176.

Isis Brothers with Mikee Ball
and **Phenomena: Stralla Head**
Sound, Saturday, July 22, 8 p.m.,
1878 El Cajon Boulevard.
465-9997 or 272-1615.

Bob Marley and The Wailers:
SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre,
Monday, July 24, 8 p.m.,
286-6947.

Mamawalla: San Diego City
College Theatre, Thursday,
July 24, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. 238-1181.

The Penetrators with Hilmakers
and **Va Megedwille: Abbey**
Road, Monday, July 24, 8:30
p.m., 3117 University Avenue.
284-4176.

Kenny Loggins and Al DiMeola:
Sports Arena, Tuesday, July 25, 8
p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard.
224-4176.

Ann Urwin and Kathy
Campbell: The Book Works,
Tuesday, July 25, 7 p.m., 1623
East Valley Parkway, Vineyard
Center, Escondido. 741-9079.

Dave Brubeck Quartet:
Catamaran, Tuesday, July 25, 8
and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission
Boulevard. 488-1081.

Bill Cosby: SDSU Open-Air
Amphitheatre, Wednesday, July
26, 8 p.m. 286-6947.

Clubs

Alpine Garden Cafe: Masked
Kamster Variety Tria,
Wednesday and Friday, Paul
Simon, originals, Thursday;
Ruckles and Schneider,
Saturday, amateur night,
Sunday, Jeff Mools and Steve
Black, folk, 926 Turquoise.
488-3400.

Annex: Fox, rock, Tuesday
through Saturday, 1862 Palm
Avenue, Imperial Beach.
420-1161.

Anthony's Harborland: Danny
Salinas, pop, Tuesday through
Saturday, 1355 North Harbor
Drive. 232-6358.

Atlantic Restaurant, SDC:
contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday, 2595
Ingram, Pacific Beach.
224-2434.

Bacchanal: Kallayana, top 40
and disco, Tuesday through
Sunday, Moonlighters, Big band
sounds of the 30s to the 70s,
Monday, 8022 Clairemont
blvd, Clairemont, 560-8022.

Bahia Ball: Tom Sheo Duo, easy
listening, Friday through
Monday, 998 West Mission Bay
Drive. 488-0551.

Bahia Mercedes Room: Kirk
Scales, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday, 998 West
Mission Bay Drive. 488-0551.

Bar X Ranchhouse: Nashville
ensemble, country swing,
Thursday through Saturday,
Broadway and Santa Fe,
724-0510.

Boathouse: Larry Page,
Wednesday through Saturday,
hummingbirds, Sunday swing,
Tuesday, 2040 Harbor Island
Drive. 291-8010.

Boam's: Jobe and John,
Wednesday through Sunday,
Fred Fox, Monday and
Tuesday, 2888 Pacific Highway.
291-5555.

Bolton's Old Place: Fashion
and Gary, pop, Wednesday
through Saturday, Bill Steel, light
rock, Sunday through Tuesday,
1205 Prospect, La Jolla.
459-4262.

Cafe Del Ray More: Carousell
Revue, music and comedy,
Saturday, Gary Sherwood.

Wednesday and Sunday, 1549
El Prado, Balboa Park. 234-8911.

Captain's Afterhours: Jeff
Bradley Group, light rock,
Tuesday through Saturday, Alex
Seltzer, Sunday and Monday,
5442 La Jolla Boulevard.
459-6334.

Cavevaggio's Italian Food: Nii
Doan, classical guitar, Friday
through Sunday, Edison Riggs,
pop tunes, Wednesday, Dave
Johnson, pop and funk,
Thursday, 3205 Midway Drive.
222-0541.

Carrage House: Jo Teanor,
salsa styling, Friday and
Saturday, 7495 Balboa Avenue.
278-2697.

Cash and Cleaver: Sandy
Castibon, guitar and vocals,
soft rock and pop, Wednesday
through Saturday, 140 South
Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach.
481-4234.

Cashway: Listen, rock, top 40
and disco, Thursday through
Saturday, 10787 Woodside
Avenue, Santee. 448-6710.

Catamaran: The Magic If,
variety music, Wednesday
through Sunday, 3999 Mission
Boulevard. 488-1081.

Charlie's Horse Lounge:
Channon Ridge, country,
Thursday through Saturday,
Winners Circle Lodge, 550 Via
de la Villa, Del Mar. 785-6656.

Chuck's Steak House: Bulch
Lacy Quartet featuring Hollis
Gentry, jazz, Friday through
Sunday, Joe Morillo Quartet,
jazz, Monday through Thursday,
1200 Prospect Street, La Jolla.
484-4325.

Chuck's Steak House: Windfall,
country and folk, Wednesday
through Saturday, 1403 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido.
746-9100.

Cosmo's: Shelly Berman,
Wednesday, 916 Pearl Street, La
Jolla.

Community Arts Gallery: Ceta
Vi, jazz, Wednesday through
Saturday, Third and E streets.
233-0141.

Crescendo: Daniel Jackson
Group, jazz, Thursday through
Sunday, 345 Market Street,
Downtown. 233-7856.

Daley's: Jim Lewis, good-time
music, Thursday through
Saturday, 1396 Third Street,
Chula Vista. 427-4483.

Daley's Lounge: Leta Morrell,
guitar, Friday and Saturday,
4196 Clairemont Mesa
Boulevard. 272-5661.

Dick's at the Beach: In the
Mood, rock, Thursday, Bratz,
rock, Friday through Sunday, In
the Mood, rock, Tuesday and
Wednesday, 327 North Highway
101, Solana Beach. 755-1572.

Dillberry: Family,
contemporary and disco,
Tuesday through Saturday, 9522
Miramar Road, Mira Mesa.
271-8780.

Dorian's: Joel Nash, piano,
Tuesday through Saturday,
Torrey Pines Road at La Jolla
Shores Drive. 489-0541.

Fish House West: David Cheney,
romantic, Wednesday through
Sunday, Real and Dove,
contemporary, Monday
through Wednesday, 2633
South Highway 101, Cardiff.
753-6438.

Freemhens' Creek: West, rock,
Tuesday through Saturday,
Centre City Parkway and
Felicia Avenue, Escondido.
747-4531.

Haley's: Disco and rock,
Tuesday through Saturday, 4258
West Point Loma Boulevard,
Loma Point. 225-9559.

Halligan's 4 Fish: Horizon, pop
and folk-rock, Wednesday
through Saturday, Steven Vaut,
guitar and vocals, Sunday
through Tuesday, 4325 Ocean
Boulevard, Pacific Beach.
274-1591.

Harpone Henry's: Homegrown,
variety music, Friday and
Saturday, 2725 Shelter Island
Drive. 224-5242.

Hilton Cargo Bar: People
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40, Tuesday through Saturday,
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Hungry Hunter: Checkfield, soft
rock, Tuesday through
Saturday, Ron Bolton, guitar,
Sunday, 1221 Vista Way,
Oceanside, 433-2633.

Hubb's Country and Western:
White Lightning Express,
Tuesday through Saturday, 1463
Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach,
423-3479.

Joe Palace: Frenzy, rock, Friday
and Saturday, Mission and
Metcalfe, Escondido, 741-9393.

Islands Lounge: Travelers, Latin
music, Wednesday through
Sunday, John Hoffman, folk,
Monday, 2270 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley, 297-1101.

Ivanhoe: Dixieland, Thursday,
Dick Braun's Big Band, Friday
and Saturday, Brown, South
rock, Tuesday and Wednesday,
14240 Poway Road, 748-7531.

Ivy Barn: Lewis and Lee,
contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday, 911 Camino
del Rio, 296-9164.

Jeremiah's Steak House:
Fanny, Nook, and Cranny,
variety music, Friday and
Saturday, 17051 West Bernardo
Drive, Rancho Bernardo,
487-7181.

John Bull: Lomp Post featuring
John Paniche, Andy Terpack,
and Laird Rice, contemporary.

Wednesday through Saturday,
Jerry Gontong, guitar, Sunday
and Tuesday, 2200 Highland
Avenue, National City, 474-2301.

Joe Murphy's: Thunderbolt the
Wondercock, rock, Thursday
through Sunday, Joe Mantlo
Quartet, jazz, Sunday afternoon,
Tall Cotton, country, Monday
through Wednesday, 4302
Mission Boulevard, Pacific
Beach, 270-2320.

Journeys: Frank Sylvers, disco,
Thursday, New Joy, top 40 and

soul, Friday, Tasty, disco and
funk, Saturday, Central City, funk
and disco, George Miller, disco,
Wednesday, 5475 Kearny Villa
Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-2040.

King's Office: Linda La Vere,
Jack Cloyd, Chris
Herscheimer, and Don Loper,
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Renaissance music, Tuesday
through Sunday, 6333 Hotel
Circle, 297-2331.

L'Orchestrone Vegetarian Cafe: Will,
acoustic, Thursday through

the Music Scene

Saturday, 134 West Douglas, El
Cajon, 442-1331.

London Opera House: East West,
pop, Tuesday through Saturday,
5404 Balboa Avenue,
Clairemont, 279-2390.

Mocho's: Aspen, Tuesday
through Saturday, Midway and
Rosecrans, 224-2401.

Magnolia Multiview's: Disco,
Thursday through Saturday, The
Gateway, top 40 and disco,
Friday and Saturday, Magnolia
and Mission Gorge, 448-8550.

Mandolin Wind: King Beaulieu,
blues, Thursday through
Saturday, Ron Surrey, guitar,

Sunday, audition, Monday, Sid
Gowdy, guitar, Tuesday and
Wednesday, 308 University
Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017.

Mexican Village: Oscar Arias
Quartet, dancing, Friday and
Saturday, Doug Devane, guitar,
Sunday through Tuesday, 120
Orange Avenue, Coronado,
435-1822.

Mid Sam: Frankie, piano, Friday
and Saturday, 2424 Fifth
Avenue, 235-8444.

Musical Beam: Jack
Conatston Quartet,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday, Dave Tarrillo
Duo, Sunday through Tuesday,

2223 El Cajon Boulevard,
298-8886.

Mom's Rehearsal: Night Flight,
rock, Thursday through Sunday,
Blue Wind, rock, Monday, 943
Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach,
448-3374.

Mom's: Stephens Brothers, top
40 and disco, Tuesday through
Sunday, 10478 San Diego Mission
Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060.

Monterey Whaling Company:
Oni Ridge, pop,
Tuesday through Saturday, 887
Camino del Rio South, 291-1638.

Moonlight Gardens: Taumbe
ensemble featuring Juma
Santos, Daniel Jackson, Dave

Millard, Mark Dresser, Mike
Peed and Kelly Jacey, Afro and
Latin jazz, Monday, 455 First
Street, Encinitas, 436-1447.

**Mother's Kitchen Natural Foods
Restaurant:** Sarah and the Owl,
mellow country and pop,
Saturday, Top of Palomar
Mountain, 742-3496.

Mr. M's: Wayne Steele, piano,
Friday and Saturday, 6149
University Avenue, 563-5700.

Ocean Beach Inn: Just Friends,
jazz and country, 1921 Bacon
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-8822.

Pen and Fun Lounge: Sharon
Stidger, piano, Tuesday

through Saturday, Seven Seas
Hotel, 4th Hotel Circle South,
291-1300.

**Over Easy Production
Company:** Tom Cat, rhythm
and blues, Thursday, Greg
Long, pop, Friday, Ron Surrey
and William, country pop,
Saturday, Open Stage, (acoustic),
Gary Sherwood, country pop,
Monday and Tuesday, Jose,
country and folk, Wednesday,
4970 Voltaire, Ocean Beach,
222-2146.

Pasadena: Felix, disco, Thursday
through Wednesday, 1670
Coast Boulevard, Del Mar,
755-9345.

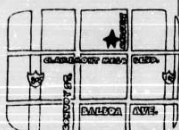
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TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY

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MESA BLVD.
BETWEEN 805 & 163



Alpine Gardens

Masked Hamster
Wednesday - Variety
Mon. Jeff Moxie, Folk
Tue. Tom Mackey,
Contemporary Guitar
Thurs. Paul Sumner
Originals
Fri. Linda, Antelope
Judy Garcia - Originals
Sat. Buckles & Schneider,
San Antonio Nine
Traditional
Light Meats
and Superlax
Desserts
926 Torquato
(between Cavo & Bayard)
488-1400

JERRY HERRERA'S

SPIRIT

Wed. thru Sat.
George Villaseñor and Colour
featuring Candy

Tues. 7 pm CASH PRIZES
(Mixed Pool Tournament)

TALENT CONTEST
EVERY WEEK
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1130 Buena Ave. & Morena Blvd.
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Hours: 5-9 Sun 12-5pm
Charbroiled Steaks \$3.50
Mon & Tues Mexican
Combo Plate \$2.25
Wed. BBQ Beef Ribs \$3.25
Thurs. Southern with
homemade Meat sauce
\$2.25

2ND FLOOR - FULL COCKTAILS



San Diego's Oldest Jazz Club

There's a lot of good jazz in Southern California and San Diego's oldest jazz club provides some of it. We do our thing with local musicians who have the gifts and talents to become national and international jazz notables. San Diegans who follow the jazz scene know we have the atmosphere and it's been said that jazz at the Crossroads is gritty. That is to say if you like jazz, you'll love it at the Crossroads! Jazz for your conscious perception

Playing Friday and Saturday 9:00 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Daniel Jackson - saxophone
Carl Evans - keyboard
Ronald Stewart - drums
James Hunt - bass
Witch Manker - trumpet

Join us at the

CROSSROADS

in the Gas Lamp Quarter 777 7th St.
San Diego's Oldest Jazz Club
365 Market Street (at 4th) Downtown San Diego

Dine at
Chuck's Steak House
tonight ...
... and after dinner listen
to some of the finest jazz
in San Diego!

Dinner served
5pm-11:30pm
Monday-Saturday
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**Jazz
7 nights
a week**

Joe Marillo Quartet
Monday-Thurs., 9 to 11
Joe Marillo-Sax
John Leftwich-Bass
Rob Schneiderman-Piano
Tim Shea-Drums

Butch Lacy Quartet
Friday-Sunday, 9 to 1:30
Butch Lacy-Piano
Holla Gentry-Sax
Jeff Rew-Bass
Kelly Jacey-Drums

Chuck's Steak House
1250 Prospect (McKellar Plaza)
454-5325

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the Stephens Bros

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6-8 for
Monday Nite
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4258 W. Pt. Loma 225-9559

Le Chalet

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NO COVER CHARGE

Tuesday
July 25

Wednesday
July 26

Thursday
July 27

Michael Salifino Presents

7's PLENTY

The new band on the block
introducing San Diego's newest singing sensation

JANELLA

And featuring:
Ray Consear, drums; Frankie Trani,
guitar; Tony Mills, piano; Lonnie
Nasco, bass; Danna Powell, trumpet;
and Larry Williams, sax and flute.

DEXTERITY

3 p.m., Sunday 8 p.m., Monday

Jazz Extravaganza

Friday, Saturday, Sunday

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GARY MUSIC CO

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Continuing SUMMER WORKSHOP. New classes taught by John Malachuk, former member R.D.J., Felix Blau of Paris, Jennifer Muller, Louis Fello. Starting July 22 through August SATURDAY 10-11 Children 1-2:30 Beginning 2-3:30 Gabeli Exercises MONDAY 4-6 Modern 7-8:30 Beginning Intermediate TUESDAY & THURSDAY 12:30-2 (Thurs. only) (Intermediate) 2-3 Gabeli Exercises 3:30-5:30 (Mon) Choreography 5:30-7 Intermediate/Advanced 7-8:30 Beginning Intermediate

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Bill Kirchenbauer
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and
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Lamb, beef and chicken marinated in yogurt and charcoal broiled in ancient Tandoor ovens. Curries, fresh garden salads, chutneys and French seafood. All served with Kapota's special "naan" bread in a charming Victorian atmosphere of white lattice and stained glass.

Lunch - dinner - happy hour.

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FINE OLD MANOR

in Pt. Loma is looking for non-smoking non-drinker to share large house. 2 1/2 bath, canyon view, shopping area. \$200 plus utilities. Call Dave at 271-0877 evenings.

ROOMMATE(s) in Pacific Mission looking for female to share 1/2 bath or apartment. Call Dave at 271-0877 evenings.

ROOMMATE wanted for unfurnished 2 bedroom, 2 bath, pool, jacuzzi, fireplace, etc. \$150/month plus utilities. Non-smokers only. Val 890-4477 after 5 p.m.

UCSD GRAD students looking for same to share 4 bedroom house in University City. \$200/month, clean, mature type for own room. 1100/month. Two garage, quiet. 482-1987 evenings only.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 30-45 with same female roommate or worker, to share 3 bedroom house in San Diego. \$150/month. No pool. \$150 plus utilities. 552-2515, 552-2515, 552-2515.

LEUCADIA. Share two bedroom home on 1/2 acre, fenced, landscaped, privacy plus, must be responsible. \$225 plus 1/3 utilities. 793-9295 keep trying.

ROOMMATE needed for 3 bedroom apartment with pool in the Kearney Mesa area. \$100 per month plus utilities. 285-1281.

ROOMMATE. Share large house near 905 and 94. \$100. Share 285-9011.

MISSION BEACH home needs one working female to share with present tenant. Low rent and utilities. 488-8286 before 5 and 3000 after 5. Laura or Jackie.

TWO MALES, looking for male or female for 3 bedroom house, many extras, 384-0322, 384-0322, 384-0322.

FEMALE STUDENT, 23, needs same (21-25) for 2 bedroom apartment near State beginning August. \$100 monthly, pool, laundry. Marlene 582-8284, keep trying.

RESPONSIBLE roommates needed. 2 bedroom North Park home, \$130 rent plus utilities. Female preferred. 287-3433 after 5 p.m.

ROOMMATE WANTED: Quiet, non-smoking professional, 25-30 to share 2 bedroom San Carlos condo, \$100 and 1/3 utilities. Sue, 583-8577.

LIKE TO GARDEN? Female wanted for Encinitas house, \$120 per month, available August 1. Help in garden and produce is free. Call P.O. Box 724, San Diego 92107.

ROOMMATE needed, prefer 18-25 year old male, 3 bedrooms Pacific Beach, \$100 per month, utilities included. 273-6826, 273-7897.

HOUSEMATE wanted for 3 bedroom house in Great. Fireplace, tree, country-style kitchen, pool, jacuzzi, etc. \$175 plus utilities. Pat 484-4886, after 5.

ROOMMATE TO SHARE beautiful 2 bedroom house in Mission Hills. Ideal location, new patio area, \$175 plus 1/3 utilities. Single mother, 4065 evenings and 280-2800 weekdays.

FEMALE, single mother, 4065 to share 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath townhouse with female, pool, washer, dryer, nice patio area, reasonable. Near San Carlos. 445-9612.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted, 18-25, year old male, 3 bedrooms, luxury La Jolla townhouse, available August 1st, 1 1/2 baths, 2 heated pools, sauna, private patio, shabby tree. \$160. Please call 453-4616.

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