

By JENNIFER BOWEN

City Lights



Cecilia McPherson

The Price Is Right

Change comes slowly to back alleys everywhere, but the one in Ocean Beach that runs behind the People's Natural Food Store on Voltaire Street seems somehow exempt from time's relentless revisions. The rhythm centered here has gone unchanged for the three years the O.B. free box has been receiving and dispensing discarded goods from just outside the back door of People's. The box, which is actually seven years old (it stood in front of the store for four years when the store was located a couple blocks further west on Voltaire, is a weathered four-by-two-by-three-foot repository whose contents are fueled and exhausted by the needy people in the neighborhood. Most of the time it sits silent, a mute witness to the chug and whir of the refrigeration unit extending from the store, and to the sickle-shaped eucalyptus leaves piling and blowing around the tree across the alley. At irregular intervals young, shirtless men pedal by on old three-speeds and peek into the box. Shoppers from the store stop to deposit jeans (oh, lots of jeans), shirts, sweaters, accordeons. Casual strollers appear out of the mirages visible there and four blocks down the alley to the west, rustle through the box, and melt back into the onshore breeze carrying a T-shirt, a pair of broken-in shoes, or nothing at all.

Several times during a day, any day, Cecilia McPherson, known locally as Mrs. Mack, will limp out through her back gate across the alley and tidy up the box. She's seventy-five, partial to an old pink dress and blue tennis shoes, and is the unofficial caretaker of the box. In addition to straightening up, she collects clothes from the box for a woman named Stella Davis, who hauls about thirty sacks of clothing a week to the Casa de Cuna orphanage in Tijuana. Davis rides down to the box every day atop the banana seat of her green Stigley bike; a huge basket is attached to the butterfly handlebars. She collects clothes from several places, and Mrs. Mack helps her stuff clothes from the free box into a bulky white bag in the basket. Mrs. Mack, born in Ireland and raised in England during the Great War, came to O.B. during World War II and lived in the government housing out on the Sunset Cliffs while she worked for Conair. She and her husband moved to their present home behind People's twelve years ago, and for the past three she's been watching over the box and closing it up at ten o'clock every night. She's found interesting things in and around it: chairs, beds, a Polaroid Colorpack II camera that works, radios, and even sleeping people huddled up in it on occasion. She's never had any trouble from anybody back there, day or night. "I'm not afraid of anybody," she says. "I don't know what fear is."

The free box was begun in the fall of 1972 when a woman named Mary Gray, who was moving, found she had accumulated a lot of stuff she did not need. She figured

people in the neighborhood might be able to use it, so she left it piled in boxes in front of the store with a sign indicating it was free to anyone. The next day, to everyone's surprise, there was twice as much stuff in the pile. A couple of months later, when the rainy season descended, a guy named Chris, described by a store employee as a carpenter, electrician, mechanic, and philosopher, built the wooden box with a hinged lid that has survived to the present. Anything from money to a pillowcase full of kittens to car stereos and vacuum cleaners has since been mined from the box. "It's real karmic," explains Alex Eddley, wearing tennis shoes, socks, shorts, a shirt, puka-shell necklace, and rainbow headband, all scavenged from the box. "The reason I haven't gotten much out of it lately is I haven't put brown coats," Mrs. Mack winks. "Fekley, in his early twenties, is a drummer with a group called Free Space. He says he saw a woman get a twenty-carat gold ring out of the box once. 'I believe heavily in the law of karma, man,' he continues. 'Like, you can wish for stuff and it'll turn up in the box. I thought about this Indian shirt that I thought was real neat; everybody had one. I waited months and months and finally one appeared in the box.' Fekley, like several others in the neighborhood, outlives himself almost completely.

completely from the box. 'I'm not into money, and I'm not into blowing money. That box has made a lot of people happy, man.' Mrs. Mack marches up to the box on a Saturday afternoon and starts sorting through the shoes, blankets, tattered jeans, sweaters, hushies, and baby clothes that failed to sell at the weekend yard sales (some still have the makeshift price tags attached), and shakes her head. Holding up a brown, matted old coat she remarks, "Something like this nobody wants." Then, catching herself, she allows, "Of course there are a lot of weirdos in O.B. Someone could use it to wrap up on the beach in." She picks up a useless old pair of boots and moves over to the blue dumpster and heaves them in. When she returns to the box, a man and woman are rummaging through it, and the woman is admiring the old brown coat. Mrs. Mack winks at an observer. The woman slips on the coat and with her man saunters off through the mirages toward the small patch of blue ocean at the end of the alley. —N.M.

Praise The Lord And Pass The Safety Glass

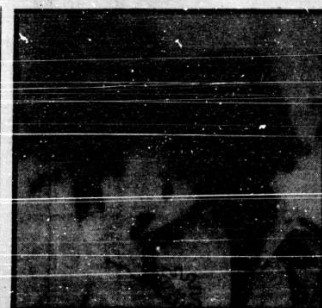
As if the Rev. David Farrell didn't have enough headaches with XEMO radio's recent cancellation of his gay-oriented electronic ministry, Farrell's Metropolitan Community Church also has been suffering physical attacks. The large window in the front of the building at 1355 Fern Street has been broken no less than four times in the last six weeks. We went from amber stained glass to plexiglass to thicker plexiglass to reinforced plexiglass. The last thing that came through was two sewer main covers, one cement and one iron," the minister reports sorrowfully. Although all the vandalism has occurred between 1:00 p.m. and 7:00 a.m., Farrell says police have done little more than to take routine reports. "What I'm looking for is someone stepped up patrol, but one policeman told me they don't have time to patrol Golden Hill." So currently the window space is boarded up. Adds Farrell: "It's turning into a nightmare. First because it's expensive, but also, my real concern is that people should be able to worship in peace." —J.D.

And Don't Forget The George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Open

After all, we already take classes ranging from disco dancing to divorce, from sexual enhancement to Spanish, so why not the ultimate, the most basic instruction of all—in the art of being a Californian. One entrepreneurial group of Point Loma instructors claim they've already "Californianized" more than fifty people, transforming them in less than three months from Easterners and Midwesterners and Europeans into tanned, mellow, casually dressed, barbecue culture participants. Ironically, the organization offering the offbeat education is the Scandinavian Institute for Behavior Revision, a two-year-old business run by a half-Danish, half-Italian native of Copenhagen named Roman Crystal. Though his European accent is still thick, Crystal has taken his own lessons to heart. Now a naturalized United States citizen, he glows with a rich brown tan; the sun has lightened his longish hair to several shades yellow than his beard; and his trim athletic body moves fluidly under the polyester print shirt

(sans tie, of course) and tight-fitting pants. He says he decided a need existed for a program which would help newcomers adjust to life here when he was teaching people to be more aggressive and less passive (still the primary focus of the institute). "We found we were seeing some people who were shy here, but who had been aggressive in their former homes. . . . What they were doing in Arkansas had been the acceptable thing, but here they were confused, and they then became passive."

So Crystal began offering the Californization classes, charging from twenty-five to sixty-five dollars (depending on one's income) for each of the eleven (usually private) sessions. One of the first ones requires students to come dressed in what they consider to be "dating" attire. Crystal says Southern California's universal casualness contains several pitfalls for the newcomer: he tells of one young woman, formerly of Little Rock, who got so flustered when a date showed up in cut-offs (after she had primed herself to formal elegance) that she summarily bawled the young man from her doorstep. To guard against such surprises, Crystal has a "fashion consultant" scrutinize his students' dressing patterns and recommend such choices as short sleeves, bright colors, and



Roman Crystal

casual fabrics. ("Men should have one suit at the most.") Yet even the informality can be deceptive, according to Crystal. "You look casual but it doesn't mean you haven't worked on yourself. You may wear the cut-offs, but you make sure that the seams have the little slit at the side, so you look sexy. . . . Actually, people in California are much more beauty-oriented than in Europe or New York." The recommendations go much further than the skin (which Crystal urges should be

conscientiously tanned). He and his associates try to redirect lifelong bowlers into Frisbee and tennis, and they urge newcomers to turn to beach parties and camp-outs rather than nightclubs as a source for new acquaintances. Parties are okay (particularly barbecues), the Dane asserts, but he forewarns his students that many of the invited may fall to show up without sending regrets (a lapse he says transplanted Europeans generally find unforgivable). He also alerts would-be hosts

that San Diego soirees often dissipate before 1:00 a.m., "but that's just another sign that here we are into outdoor things." Crystal says Easterners and Europeans often complain to him that social conversation here tends to avoid serious topics, and once again he advises conformity. "We tell them to stay away from talking about financial matters. Talk instead of general things: surfing, the weather."

In addition to offering such behavioral tips as the liberal use of first names, one session of the program also acquaints the aspiring Californian with statewide points of interest. ("If you're going to be Californian you have to know, for example, that Pebble Beach is a beautiful place to go.") Other classes cover the local educational system, requirements for achieving state resident status, even relevant laws. Unfamiliarity with the latter can wreak havoc with a blooming Californian image. Crystal points out, citing the case of one friend, a visitor from Copenhagen, who ventured out to Mission Beach one day and blithely proceeded to change into his bathing suit on the sand. "In Denmark that's okay. No one would even notice, but here he almost got arrested!"

As a final hurdle, Crystal usually requires a sortie into the social landscape in which

students strive to "pass" as natives. He tells of one such recent outing which tested the mettle of a couple in their late twenties, transplanted from Norfolk, Virginia, just three months ago. They went to D.O. Mills, the new Mission Valley disco/restaurant. "He had on nice slacks and a very beach-looking shirt," while the wife wore a low-cut sleeveless dress and had "worked on her tan for at least two or three weeks ahead of time." They passed with flying colors, their teacher judged. "They even danced with different partners a few times in the course of the evening."

Although he offers such successes, Crystal also stresses that he doesn't teach any secrets — he just condones what one might otherwise acquire only after years of condo living and reading *New West*. "Overall, speaking, all these people are going to be Californians sooner or later," he admits. "But sometimes they take their time to do it. And they may take so long that it could have negative effects on their behavior." —J.D.

Mr. Schnaubelt Sounds Off

In a world where press releases from city council members most typically announce ribbon cuttings, Fred Schnaubelt's messages to the media border on the outlandish. Following in the pedagogic footsteps of his predecessor, Floyd Morrow (who enthusiastically promoted the economic theories of Henry Georgeism when Morrow occupied the Fifth District seat), Schnaubelt, a libertarian in recent months has sent out pronouncements which most resemble philosophy papers. But the one he circulated a couple of weeks ago seems to break all previous records for length (four pages, single-spaced) as well as tone (unrestrained polemic). Most remarkable, however (considering the conservative Republicans who boosted Schnaubelt into office), is the target: local businessmen, whom Schnaubelt castigates by name.

The treatise ("Can Free Enterprise Survive Today's Businessmen?") does differentiate between "political" businessmen supported by "organizations such as the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diegans,



Fred Schnaubelt

Inc., and the Centre City Association," and who "advocate massive welfare programs for themselves," and the "free enterprise businessmen . . . who ask for no special favors, subsidies, or

loans." After including lengthy definitions of socialism and of capitalism (the latter described as "the only moral economic system ever devised by man"), Schnaubelt then accuses the political businessmen of being indistinguishable from socialists. He concludes with a rousing call: "Each of us must

thrust ourselves into the intellectual battle . . . to effect . . . a spiritual, moral, and ethical reawakening." The councilman says his office mailed out the manifesto to about 200 people, including such business leaders as Lee Grisman, Roy Potter, Frank Curran, Ed Gray, Kim Fletcher, Gordon Luce, Tom Selton, and Bruce Hazard. "They're the ones I'm directing it to," Schnaubelt says.

If reaction to the release within city hall was subdued, the response to it from other quarters tickled the councilman, who claims he's received more inquiries about it than anything else he's written. Chamber at Commerce executive vice-president Lee Grisman struck one of the cooler notes ("The Chamber was a little curt when they came up to ask for their \$70,000," Schnaubelt says), but those who applauded the piece ranged from State Senator John Stull (who told Schnaubelt that the statement articulated the major reason he has decided to leave politics after twelve years), to Bill Effinger, president of Shipley Industries (who wholeheartedly endorsed it even though his firm is working on the government-supported Marina housing project downtown). Pacific Beach clothing store owner Harry Sampson was even more emphatic: he told Schnaubelt that he would urge the United Business Commission, a group composed primarily of representatives of small businesses, to endorse Schnaubelt's statement — or else he would resign the presidency of the group. —J.D.

—Jeannette DeWyze and Neal Matthews

JULY 12, 1979

Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

I've owned a waterbed for two years and have had no problems with it until recently. The last time I flushed the air out of the plastic mattress I noticed algae growing in it. I've been using algacide, but what can I do now to clean up the bed's air? I checked with a few waterbed stores and the reply was, "Discard the mattress and buy a new one from us."

David Ward
North Park

The algae inside the mattress is there for good. The best you can do is kill it with a suitable dose of algacide, then keep adding the regular dose every six months to keep the algae from growing again. (The algae started growing in the first place because you overlooked this detail.) The dead algae inside the mattress won't do any harm; it just makes it look a little creepy.

Dear Matthew Alice:

I would like to know where to find the most recent information on how aerosol spray products affect the ozone layer of our atmosphere, and also some information on the importance of ozone.

Susan J. Riddle
Hillcrest

The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature has a special heading for ozone, under which you will find hundreds of magazine articles published in the last few years on this topic. One of special interest is "Ozone Depletion Reconsidered," by J. Gribbin in the May, 1979, issue of *Atlas World Press Review*. For a technical description of the ozone layer, see "Eleven-year Variation in Polar Ozone and Stratospheric-ion Chemistry," in the May 7, 1976, issue of *Science*, and the rebutting



argument in the magazine's issue of October 29, 1976.

Some environmental scientists believe that the inert gases called fluorocarbons—which were widely used to propel such things as hair sprays and deodorants out of aerosol cans—make their way to the edge of the earth's atmosphere where they are broken up by ultraviolet rays, the high-energy end of the spectrum of light. Some of these fragmented fluorocarbon molecules form chlorine atoms, which in turn react with the ozone in that level of the atmosphere. Theoretically, one chlorine atom can destroy thousands of ozone molecules before it is removed from the atmosphere.

Ozone is essential to terrestrial life because it blocks ultraviolet rays from the

lower atmosphere. Ironically, these high-energy rays were essential to sparking life in the earth's oceans. But millions of years later, they would have destroyed the forms of life that emerged on land, if the ozone layer had not already formed. Ozone itself is a bluish gas with a fresh, penetrating odor. Because it is formed artificially in the action of electrical motors, such motors have a characteristic smell. The electric subway in Paris has a particularly strong odor of ozone; in New York this odor is mixed with many others. Slot cars and toy trains give off a faint smell of ozone when they operate.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Several months ago I noticed a discoloration in the windows of my '66 VW

squareback. Since I'm not a clean-car freak, I thought the discoloration had something to do with the dirt on my windows. But alas, when I finally got around to washing my car the discoloration was still there. Now I've noticed that many cars have the same discoloration: put-here, blobs of dark transference in an even pattern across the windows. What's the nature of this problem and what if anything can be done to alleviate it?

A. Antilla
Ocean Beach

The glass used in automobile windows is actually two sheets of glass sandwiched around a sheet of clear plastic about three-hundredths of an inch thick. (The plastic keeps the glass from shattering when broken.) I guess the glass sandwich in your car's windows is somehow defective, either in the lamination of the glass sheets to the plastic, or in the plastic itself.

A fellow in the parts department of Mission Bay Volkswagen said the problem was fairly rare, and the service manager at Auto Glass Company said the only remedy (unfortunately) is to replace the glass altogether. Maybe the soap you used in washing your car left a film on the windows that reflects a certain pattern of light. Clean the windows again with a solution of ammonia and see what happens.

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

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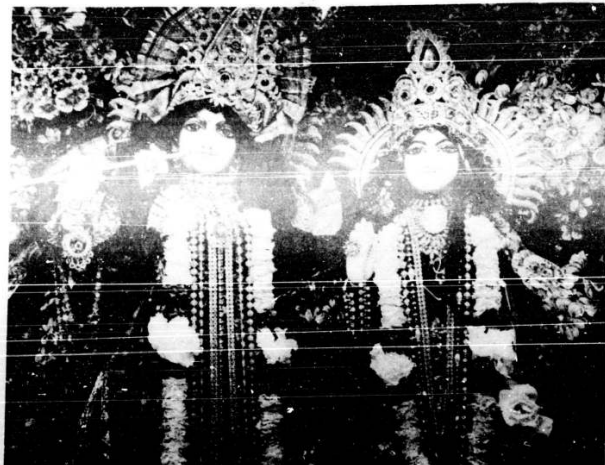


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THE RHINOCEROS

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Krishna, Krishna

(continued from page 1)

eyed at liquor bottles concealed in brown paper bags. When one well-coiffed woman, malicious as a snake, finally strode past our group and hissed, "Freaks!" I almost laughed out loud at the irony.

The Krishnas shudder every time they come down here; they shake their heads and talk about the surrounding "degradation." But they come anyway, as a form of philanthropy — they think they're doing plaza denizens a favor merely by exposing them to the words "Hare Krishna." They come even though their chanting is swallowed up by the din of passing traffic; just a few steps away from the Hare Krishna people the music dissipates into a barely audible drone. It's a shame that this is all most people ever hear of it. In the temple the familiar chanting takes on new dimensions. Step into the yellow and white building at 1030 Grand Avenue some time when the Krishnas are chanting there and it's like entering some giant, booming drum. The steady beats of the *mridangas* spread like waves throughout the big hall. The tinkling of the finger cymbals, the *karatal*, shivers through the room with crystalline resonance. The melodies, in minor keys, are exotic, and they mingle with the delicate smell of incense. You feel as if you've stepped into some transplanted patch of India.

This building once housed a factory and then an Elks Club, but the local Hare Krishna group acquired it in 1977 and spent six months renovating the structure. Soft light now washes over the subtle pastels that decorate the central hall. Brown and white tiles cover the floor, and baby-blue trim accents Hindu arches sculpted into peach-colored walls. The lack of any furniture contrasts with scattered bits of opulence. Squares of red, magenta, and blue cloth embroidered with gold hang from just under the ceiling, and six glittering chandeliers help fill the wide space overhead. In front of the recessed marble altars, a fountain bubbles sensuously; bas-relief cows, painted gold, dance above the baseboard.

The Hare Krishna devotees especially welcome outsiders here on Sunday evenings; in fact, a second major goal of their Horton Plaza missions is to pass out invitations to weekly "feasts" held then. At one of them I got my first serious introduction to their fourteen-year-old movement, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON). When I arrived at about 4:45 p.m., the festivities were starting, as usual, with chanting, and several dozen people already had entered. Most stood a ways, riding the swell of the music, but a few outsiders sat inconspicuously on the floor at the back. Periodically, the rear doors opened and more people trickled in. When two blond surfers sauntered in and prostrated themselves in front of the altar (instead of joining the nonparticipants at the rear), I gave up trying to guess which newcomers were regulars and which were first-time visitors. By 5:30 at least a hundred people filled the hall, many draped in the *dhoris* (the baggy male garb with a "tail" that wraps between the legs) and *saris* (worn by the women). A surprisingly large number of participants dressed normally, however, and I later learned that many were temple members, though not full-time ones.

Badri Narayan das, the temple president, counts a total of between 400 and 500 members scattered throughout San Diego County, of which about sixty are "initiates" or "initiates-in-training" who have committed themselves totally to the Hare Krishna lifestyle (represented in San Diego since 1972). Initiates either live in the temple building (an upstairs room houses about fifteen of the celibate men) or in one of the fifteen or so Krishna apartments located within a two- to three-block radius. The remaining part-time temple members may adopt some or many of the features of "Krishna-conscious living" (for example, abstaining from "illicit sex," or refraining from eating meat, or chanting occasionally with the group), but also continue to cling to what devotees call "the material world." Explains Badri, "They may not feel like they're ready to live full-time in the community. They may be attached to intoxication. Or they may have three girlfriends or something. Maybe they can't give up Lawrence Walk. They just don't feel ready to fully commit themselves."

The temple president is a charming man of twenty-seven who joined the Krishna movement more than nine years ago. It's easy to see how he rose to

leadership. Even dressed in his white *dhori* (he is married; only single men wear the famous saffron) and bearing the shaved head and *zibba* (ponytail), he still looks All-American. That Sunday, he easily commanded the crowd's attention. When the chanting stopped, he launched into a rambling "lesson," taking particular pains to argue that his movement is not a cult. Members don't trust snap conversations, he asserted; instead, would-be devotees must go through at least six months of training before winning initiation. "The Vedic literature gives an injunction, that just like one is very careful before he gets married, so he should be so much more careful in accepting a spiritual master." To encourage careful scrutiny of the lifestyle, the temple invites outsiders to (free) nightly vegetarian dinners as well as to the Sunday feasts. Or interested visitors can come and live for three days (or longer) with the devotees. Later, when I ask to spend twenty-four hours with his flock, Badri readily assents, as polished and cordial as the manager of a large, elegant hotel.

So at 3:30 a.m. the next Friday, I haul myself out of bed. Outside, the blackness hasn't even begun to thin in the east, and Mission Boulevard, Garnet, and Grand avenues all are eerily empty. But at the temple subtle signs of life mark the start of a routine morning. I kick off my shoes into an already substantial "me-up" of footwear on the porch. Behind me, a robed and shaven young man trudges, yawning, up the steps. No sounds of the first chanting of the day, but one to disturb the stillness.

The building is partly soundproofed. The Krishna followers got their fill of battles over noise back at their old temple on Third Avenue in Hillcrest. Neighbors at that location, angry at being awakened in the wee hours of the morning, brought the devotees before the city's noise abatement board several times. At the new site in Pacific Beach, with the Divine Locker on one side and a devotee suburb (dorm house) on the other, there is little cause for complaints. This is fortunate because the Krishna followers believe that this hour before dawn is almost magical. "The ether is very pure at this time," one told me. "The demons aren't around. And I mean, who's out there snoring then?"

Inside, the drums are throbbing slowly, like the heartbeat of an awakening Krishna. Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare) the required sixteen rounds (1728 times) each day. They say that the daily chore takes about



Badri Narayan das



strained chanting, heightening the sensation of separation from mundane time and space. About two dozen men, half of them barefoot, stand toward the front and shuffle to the music, while in the back a dozen women wear white *saris* trimmed with purple, green, pink, blue. Gradually, the music's tempo builds and its call seems to lure more devotees through the door. A few women spread out blankets on which they carefully deposit infants and small children; somehow the youngsters continue to zone peacefully.

The Hare Krishna followers use the same word, chanting, to refer to two distinct activities, and it doesn't describe either very accurately. One of the forms, *jappamala*, resembles the Catholic recitation of the rosary more than anything else. Devotees even use a long string of 108 wooden beads to help them keep track as they privately recite the *mahamantra* (the famous litany: Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare) the required sixteen rounds (1728 times) each day. They say that the daily chore takes about

two hours. The other form of chanting known in Sanskrit as the *kirtan* is the group singing, usually accompanied only by the drums and *karatal*. This morning a dark-skinned, Indian-looking man with a voice like silk leads the group. First he sings a verse, then the devotees repeat it in "chorus." I can't understand most of the words, since all are in Sanskrit or Bengali, but all the verses seem to lead inevitably to Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna!

In fact, I'm transfixed by the way the temple builds, the way the pulsating drums speed up subtly, first sounding just on every third beat, then all of a sudden quivering to each one, then building in intensity to pound and pound and then to boom until it seems as if their shock waves alone should lift the roof off. As the crescendo mounts, the finger cymbals tremble ever more ecstatically, like the shattering of the most delicate glass, their sound finally slices continuously through the large room, a thrilling, icy counterpoint to the bellowing of the drums. And the devotees! They first sing the praise to their deity, then they yell it, finally they roar it, raising their arms overhead and twirling

and shaking their bodies and inevitably jumping, straight up and down, leaping so frantically that it looks as if they're trying to escape gravity and jump up to their heaven. Tucked away in a corner, I marvel at the spectacle, at these dozens of lean, sleepy celibates yielding, then submitting absolutely to the driving tumult, to be swept to orgasmic pianities in pre-dawn Pacific Beach.

Then the frenzy suddenly collapses. There's a moment of silence and a new chant begins, quietly at first: the devotees look spent. But their ardor builds once more to a fever, then subsides and then builds again. About 4:30 the lights dim and the altar curtains open to reveal the objects of their worship. From where I sit in the rear of the temple with the group of Krishna women, the two central figures seem to be garish dolls, dressed in gorgeous robes and topped with thick heads of glossy black curls. They look as if they'd make great playthings for some nine-year-old, but they're peculiar candidates for gods.

Finally, the curtains close again and the lights come on at 5:00 a.m. It's time for the Krishnas' first "lesson" of the day. I learn that today the temple has a visitor, Swami Acyutananda, and that he's one of this movement's luminaries. Thirteen years ago his name was Chuck Barnett, he lived in New York City, and he was one of the first American youths to cast his lot with A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, the founder of the Hare Krishna movement. Prabhupada was Indian. Educated at the University of Calcutta, he worked for an Indian chemical firm until retirement, then renounced the material world. He sailed to the U.S. in 1965, at the age of sixty-nine, armed with only eight dollars in his pocket and the conviction that he had a mission. Chuck Barnett had chanted with the swami in New York's Tompkins Park; as Acyutananda he had risen in the movement's hierarchy over the years. I learn that he spent about ten years living with Hare Krishna people in India, but now he has returned home.

A pudgy man whose robes only partly conceal his girth, he settles down on cushions in front of the room facing the temple's life-sized statue of Prabhupada (now deceased). He translates literally verse of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the movement's bible: "Mad man! Bees with great humming; joyfully, hair on the body, creepers / Trees lush flowers world

saffron / In all directions, growing away, air festival." I figure it loses something in translation. The swami lectures for a while, then begins to field questions. His tone is peevish. When a devotee starts a query with a statement, the swami interrupts. "Are you asking me or telling me?" he snaps. "You ask submissively and I'll answer you. . . . Let's keep a little order around here!"

"Can someone come back in human form even if he has eaten meat?" another devotee ventures.

"Don't worry about how karma's going to be worked out. . . . These are not transcendental questions; these are mundane questions."

So when the lesson ends and I receive word that the swami will talk to me privately, I hesitate. All I've got are mundane questions. But the temple president reassures me and I leave the main temple room where the devotees have an hour to work on individual chanting. Up close, Acyutananda seems friendly; he still retains a faint New York accent and his air is worldly. He looks about thirty-eight, but later he tells me, wounded, that he's only thirty. He says he got fat in India.

Like Badri, he seems to assume that I think the Hare Krishna followers are cultists. It's a real religion, he says almost plaintively, adding something that I'm to hear over and over today. He says that the great thing about going to India (which all devotees are urged to do) is that the experience proves that you're not an isolated freak. "When you're there you see millions and millions of people who all dress just like we dress. They believe as we believe. And they all know that this is a religion which is thousands of years old."

That religion is Hinduism, of which the "Krishna consciousness" movement is one sect (among thousands). The sect's roots go back hundreds of years before the birth of Prabhupada. Like all Hindus, the Hare Krishna people believe that humans are trapped in a cycle of reincarnation; one is condemned to be born over and over again in a multitude of life forms while one gradually works out one's karma and learns higher spiritual values. The trouble with this world — the material plane — is that all pleasures are ultimately shallow; along with every happiness inevitably comes a big dollop of suffering. The point of reincarnation is to let humans drink of earthly joys until they

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Restaurants

Style Over Substance

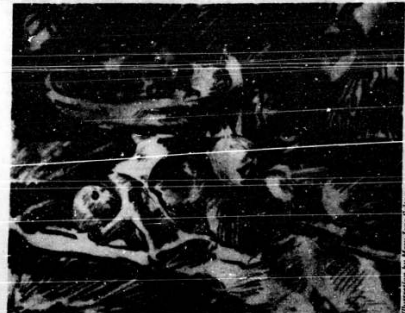
ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: La Mediterranee
The Location: 635 S. Highway 101, Solana Beach (755-3615)
Type of Food: French Mediterranean
Price Range: Entrees from \$8.75 to \$13.00
Hours: Open nightly from 6:00 p.m. Last reservation at 9:30 p.m.

Once upon a time, in a forest far away, there lived an industrious family, the small Smalls. They arose early, harvested mushrooms, dried wild berries, crushed herbs. They placed their produce into small sacks, which they shielded from winter cold and spring rains. The small Smalls worked diligently and lived abstemiously; their home was a small hut; they existed on a handful of nuts each day. But no one complained. Even the youngest child knew that in early summer they would travel far away to a large city. After traversing mountains and plains, after crossing rivers and rivers, they at last brought the literal fruits of their labor to the big city. Here, the small Smalls turned over their large sacks for one not-so-large bag filled with money. Father Small hefted the money bag and beamed at his wife and children. "At last," he smiled, "we can have one dinner in the big city."

Should you consider this parable far-fetched, bear in mind that the costs of dinners seem to be climbing at an exponential rate. I keep the menus of every restaurant I've visited in the past five years, and it's frightening to note, for example, that a lobster prepared Cantonese-style that not long ago cost \$4.50 is now listed at nine dollars. The restaurant to which I am referring does not have pretensions to haute cuisine; it's a modest establishment in an unpretentious neighborhood. Even the commonplace hamburger is due for a hike in price. Because breeding stock is at a ten-year low, hamburger prices are expected to accelerate twenty percent this year. At that rate, all of us will become small Smalls, and just as the initial gas shortage caused many people to stay at home, so the astronomical price of dining out may create a strange new market, with only the very affluent able to afford the luxury.

A few weeks ago I telephoned the chef at La Mediterranee and chatted with him about the prices his new restaurant was charging. "It's very reasonable," he told me. "Only ten to fifteen dollars per per-



lightly sautéed).

Of the entrees, the salmon was the best — the salmon nicely poached and the sauce delicate. The chicken proved exactly as advertised — simple roast chicken. The same was true for the Cornish hen. The entrees were at best pleasant, but in no way remarkable. Many other diners present the night we were there ordered the roast boned duck with white grape sauce for two, which cost eighteen dollars. The duck looked divine, but there seemed to be a long wait before the dish was brought out.

For dessert, my friends ordered bananas flambé. The cart was wheeled to our table and the pan under the chafing dish was then coated with butter and brown sugar. To the caramelized sugar, bananas and liqueurs were added and then ignited. The blue flames danced and the result was placed in a dish along with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. The dessert for two cost \$3.75. I had a pastry filled with a chocolate mousse surrounded by meringues. This was altogether fantastic and cost just \$1.75.

Dinner for three with wine but no tip came to sixty dollars. The small Smalls would have to harvest lots of mushrooms and dry many berries to pay for such a meal. But it would be inaccurate to fault La Mediterranee for its prices. Those who choose to dine there don't seem astonished by them, which provides further evidence of the growing polarization between those who can afford such meals and those who more often find themselves resorting to Hamburger Helper. When I read recently that President Jimmy Carter had declared his private wealth at a little more than a million dollars, I thought, not without irony, "That will buy him a couple of bouquets on the beach in San Diego."

For those to whom twenty dollars a dinner is a negligible sum, La Mediterranee will seem an "average" meal. And average it is! The setting, the service, the total experience may be quite good, but what's put on the plates does not match the rest of the grandeur.

Although La Mediterranee had been open just a few days when we dined there, it was already crowded with people. Undoubtedly, it is sure to be a popular place this summer, especially during the racing season at Del Mar. It is the perfect restaurant for people who can afford to pay for elegant surroundings and meals that are served with a flourish. This place of pretense should already be off to a smashing start is surely a mark of the follies and fashions of these unsettling times.

son." I assured him that my friend, a free-lance musician, could not afford such prices. The chef gave a chuck of amazement. "Not able to afford fifteen dollars for a meal?" The astonishment, however, was mine. How could this chef, who used to work at the Inn at Rancho Bernardo, not know that fifteen dollars was five times the amount one would pay for a hamburger dinner? But to be sure, La Mediterranee is not intended for the crowd that frequents Wendy's or Burger King or Boil Wen's.

The physical site of La Mediterranee, which bills itself as serving "cuisine of the Mediterranean," is quite lovely. Formerly the home of Sgt. Garcia's, the large, square building has been enhanced by an entirely new facade, complete with bubbling fountain. The integrity of the trees outdoors has been maintained, and within, a Mediterranean feeling has been established by the fountain, the flowers in great profusion, and the glimpses of the summer sky. The setting can't be faulted — the tables are arranged with ample space between, the silverware and dishes are elegant, and any number of bus boys hover about. The bread, for example, is served to you individually from a tray in which a napkin has been folded in thirds, in the shape of a flower. The bus boy then lifts the sliced French bread very delicately and places a piece on your bread-and-butter plate. But the bread is stone cold, and the butter, gorgeously molded into triangles,

is highly salted. On the Mediterranean, salted butter would be as remarkable as hamburgers for breakfast. Since this is the age of the microwave, I asked to have the bread heated and it was done in a trice.

My friends and I studied the menu and discovered that soup or salad were a la carte — romaine lettuce with mushrooms and black olives (one of the specialties of the Inn at Rancho Bernardo) cost three dollars. For this reason, we opted for two appetizers, which provided us with a greater range of the culinary experience than mere soup or salad. We selected artichoke bottoms with goose liver (\$4.50) and pastry tarts with mushrooms and Swiss cheese (\$3.95). The savings consisted of two tarts and two artichoke bottoms. The filling of the tarts was excellent, but the tarts tasted like the commercial ones that you buy and then fill yourself. The goose liver, perfect in its cylindrical shape, was delicious, but came from a can. The dressing that covered the artichoke bottoms and the lettuce was fine.

There were at least ten entrees of fish and shellfish from which to choose, and I selected salmon Seattle, the chef's special. My friends ordered roast chicken, listed as *Poulet en simple*, and Cornish hen stuffed with goose liver and cucumber. These ranged in price from \$9.50 (chicken) to twelve dollars (Cornish hen). The entrees were served with asparagus and parmesan potatoes (fingers of potatoes

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Krishna, Krishna



Brishahu



Candice



Nital with Goura

(continued from page 9)

finally discern the underlying bitterness. Then, say the devotees, one begins to yearn to go back to Godhead.

Unlike some Hindu sects, the Hare Krishna people believe in a very individualized god, Krishna. They boast that their books tell them exactly what he looks like, in contrast to the vaguely described Christian deity. His skin is grayish-blue; he has cymbals on the bottoms of his feet and peacock feathers in his crown. The Vedic literature (including the *Bhagavad Gita*, which the devotees accept literally, like fundamentalists) also promises an afterlife in which individuals retain their identity as they enjoy eternal bliss. To get there, one must merely turn one's back on the material world and fill one's consciousness with Krishna. And so the devotees abstain from all intoxicants and meat; they sleep little and eat less. Most are celibate, and even married couples trying to conceive children have sex only once a month—on the woman's most fertile day—but the occasion is almost overshadowed by the extra hours of chanting required. The chanting is what particularly distinguishes the Hare Krishna people; in fact, they believe it's the highest form of worship and that their special mission is to unleash on the world the sound of their god's various names.

The swami tells me that the robes, the unusual haircuts, the forehead marks are all just symbols, declarations that the devotee is following a spiritual quest. "It is not the life of a brainwashed person," he says irritably. "It is the life of a person who wants to use everything in his life-style to emphasize his philosophy." He bristles at the suggestion that the devotees are merely enamored with an exotic culture. "We're not Indians," he asserts. "We don't listen to ragas music, for example, because it's mundane. . . . Nobody thinks that a priest's collar is Italian. 'Badri is growing nervous: it's close to seven, and a persistent bell finally interrupts. It's time for 'the greeting of the deities.'"

In the temple, all the men have prostrated themselves and the women have foreheads to the floor. The altar curtains slowly open once more and this time sweet, taped music fills the room. Another aspect to the Krishna religion is this deity worship. The prone young people believe that these primitive, brightly colored statues on their altars are more than mere stone and metal; they believe Krishna and the other deities are actually present within them. So for the last hour, behind the curtains, specially trained devotees called *pujaris* have been removing the gods' "night clothing," then ritually bathing the icons in milk and other more exotic liquids, then decking them out in splendid raiment for the day. Now, as the devotees chant in unison, yet more ritual unfolds. It occurs to me that I've already sat through more than an hour of chanting, yet it hasn't begun to bore me because it seems that every minute something new is happening. On the altar, a bare-chested young man moves with the slow grace of an underwater diver, offering first food, then incense, then flowers, then *rasa* (a golden liquid). At a side altar another devotee sways, wafting incense past the fiberglass nose of the statue of Prabhupada. Periodically, a young *brahmachari* (a male celibate)

dressed in saffron drifts from one young man to another, sharing the sweet scent of some flower, then depositing it on a ledge or on the floor, a leftover for the women, among whom the ritual repeats. Always, in the background, the chanting grows and then ebbs and builds again. A particularly sensual display, it seems to me, for a religion which so denigrates the world of the senses.

At eight the devotees disperse for more individual chanting or for breakfast. Surprisingly, the swami invites me to eat with him; he seems eager for the company. As a white-robed male devotee brings us plates heaped with Indian dishes, Ayyatandana gripes that the apple juice is tasteless, then stuffs the sticky food into his mouth Indian-style, using his right hand. He tells me about his forthcoming book, *The Autobiography of a Jewish Yogi*, which he says nonchalantly, is being considered for a movie script. He seems long removed from the skinny Jewish kid who chanted in the lower East Side park with the penniless guru in the mid-Sixties. But he's an urbane conversationalist and he regales me with story after story about India. When he describes how shells exploded in the streets during the Indian communists' rule of the state of Bengal, I have to stifle a sudden mad impulse to murmur, "Holy cow!"

Finally, a young woman named Kamatavi comes to fetch me. A six-year temple resident, she's in charge of women trainees and the occasional female visitors. She tells me that most devotees are now going off to daily tasks. Some work at the temple on everything from cooking to floral preparation. Some of the men are constructing an addition to the building. Still others scatter to generate the temple's principal source of income.

A few years ago the Hare Krishna people were required to file with the police department regular financial statements in order to obtain solicitation permits. Then in November of 1975 a series of articles appeared in the *San Diego Union* which charged that devotees were misleading the public (by claiming that money collected on the streets was going to help the suffering, when in fact only a small percentage of it went to help buy food for the poor). The stories also pointed up financial inaccuracies, and the attention prompted the city attorney's office to charge the Krishnas with two criminal violations of the city code. The figures published at the time provided an interesting insight into the temple's mode of moneymaking. During a sixteen-month period, members collected more than \$250,000, primarily through solicitation and the sale of books, incense, prayer beads, and scented oils; they spent fifty-three percent of the money on operating expenses and thirty-eight and a half percent on "religious work," with the rest going to a few other outlets. The city's charges backed off, however, when the judge ruled it unconstitutional for the Krishnas to have to apply for a solicitation permit. They haven't done so since then. (Ironically, all other religious groups that solicit on the streets—the Children of God, for example—still have to fill out the forms; the judge's ruling applied only to the Krishnas.)

Badri, the temple president, says the bulk of the group's money still comes

from the same sources, among them, the working members, who tithe fifty percent of their income. He seems braced for the charge that inevitably confronts him, that soliciting temple members hurls the public obviously hard. Locally, that aggressiveness has driven employees at the zoo, the airport, Seaworld (favorite soliciting locations) almost to the point of warfare with the religious sect. Nationally, it's even prompted a Congressional effort to curb the practice. Badri shrugs his shoulders and concedes, "It's probable that a few devotees may be a little overzealous, and we apologize for that." But he soon waters down the apology. "Have you ever been out at the zoo when the muscular dystrophy people are out there on their roller skates? I mean, spare me, if you don't give them a donation, they cheat you." He adds that devotees have to be "forceful" to overcome the resistance of the material world. Something else even turns his claim that the temple doesn't urge members to employ strong-arm tactics: a morning announcement period when the temple president reads off "scores" from San Diego and elsewhere. "Mother Soudan," he reports, for example. "Four hours in the airport: one hour in Oceanside. Eight big books, fifty BTGs [Back to Godhead, the Hare Krishna magazine], ninety points!"

"Jai!" the assembled devotees cheer after each score, like sports fans applauding the daily points won by favorite teams.

This morning Kamatavi leads me to one of the houses rented by the Krishnas, where she introduces me to Nital, a three-year veteran of Krishna consciousness. She's looking after their twenty-month-old son, Goura, then this afternoon she'll deposit him in a devotee nursery while she prepares flowers for the evening altars. A radiant blond, Nital pads around the bare rooms wearing a long white cotton slip and a white eyelid blouse which stops at her midriff. Then she steps down cross-legged, lifts up her blouse, and casually nurses her child. She talks about her pursuit of Godhead: "Well, my sister became a devotee before I did. And I was a vegetarian for a long time, five years. I was baptized a Catholic but I searched for a long time through a number of the Christian religions. . . . She'd become an atheist, then had explored religions like Buddhism and Taoism. . . . And I benefited from that, but I still felt like something was missing. . . . Finally her sister's alliance with the Krishnas, and their vegetarianism, attracted her, so she started hanging out with devotees in the Los Angeles area. She began chanting as an experiment and 'Krishna started benefiting me with realizations of the heart. . . . It's like riding a bicycle.' Soon she was chanting the full sixteen rounds each day. 'I decided everything else was a waste of time.'"

Ironically, Nital's marriage pulled Nital through the last barriers of resistance. She says around the time she began chanting she met her husband, a lapsed devotee, at a juice bar in Hermosa Beach. He had been previously married within the Hare Krishna group, then his first wife had "blooped"—left the movement totally—and he also had drifted partially out of the strict discipline. As Nital and he became acquainted, they hardly "dated," yet their courtship still was more personal than that of Krishna couples whose marriages are arranged by temple superiors. "We would get together and make garlands or do something like that," Nital recalls of her unorthodox romance. "But always in the presence of my sister and brother-in-law. He [her future husband] could see that I was sincere in Krishna consciousness, and I could see he was, too. We liked each other." Finally, the couple got permission to wed.

Nital tells me that her husband is now up in Laguna Beach, preparing to rejoin her shortly. When I visit her again later, however, she is more candid. She confesses that he has blooped once more. "Sometimes devotees fall into the ways of maya [the material world]," she shrugs sadly. She says that when he began drifting away from the Krishna program (after they had been married for quite a while),

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The swami tells me about his forthcoming book, *The Autobiography of a Jewish Yogi*, which, he says nonchalantly, is being considered for a movie script. He seems long removed from the skinny Jewish kid who chanted in the lower East Side park with the penniless guru in the mid-Sixties.

Krishna, Krishna

(continued from page 12)

she'd finally realized that his lapse was affecting her, so she moved to San Diego with his blessing. "For a long time he was just coming down on Sundays. He would talk to me after the service for maybe fifteen minutes, then he'd split." She expresses confidence that he hasn't slipped far from the path to Godhead; he still follows many of the devotees' rules of conduct, only a passion for "riding the big waves" ensnares him. Nitai brightens. She says he's now returned for a visit and she's certain that his intense love for his son will attract him back to the devotional life. "That's what he really cares about. Oh, he'll be just like in Mission Bay. I'm curious about how he can occupy all his time. The tiny house contains almost no furniture, just a cushion on the living room carpet, four plants, a bookshelf containing *The Herb Book*, *Fascinating Warmanhood*, and a few dozen Krishna texts.

"Do you ever read anything other than religious things?" I ask her.

"If I read anything besides the Vedic literature, I find there's just no taste. It's all dry. You wonder, 'Why did I even pick this up?' There's no juice!" She tells me that her husband's problem is that he has a capacity for enjoyment. She has almost none, she says cheerfully. The blond hair glitters; her nursing child bounces her free bare breast with his toes. She looks as if she should be promoting milk in some television commercial.

A tap sounds at the door; the visitor is Candia, a shadow-thin woman with a pensive face and the short-cropped hair of one who has renounced her husband. She joined the Hare Krishnas eight and a half years ago. She grew up in a strict Catholic

family, a wild, rebellious child who ran away at thirteen. She saw the Hare Krishna people for the first time changing on the streets of San Francisco. "I just thought they looked so happy in the midst of that chaotic city. I felt that in the future that was what I was going to be doing." Her first visit to the temple there failed to impress her (she disliked the vegetarian cuisine and the devotees' lack of erudition), so she eventually returned to her home and high school in the East, where she excelled but also felt a vast sense of irrelevance. ("I'd ask, 'How will this help me to know my purpose on this planet?' They'd answer, 'Don't worry about your purpose on the planet.'") When she sought to transfer to a prep school, she wrote on the application that she was only interested in "chanting the holy names of God." The school replied that it didn't like her attitude, so she wrote the local Hare Krishna temple and asked if she could join. Two days later, devotees showed up on her doorstep.

Candia says her parents violently opposed the conversion at first. "Then they were impressed by the devotion. They could see how happy I was. . . . Now my father chants 'Hare Krishna.' I can't believe it." She giggles.

Candia works at the large Los Angeles temple as a *pujari*, one of the altar attendants. She's visiting San Diego to prep up the local deity worship. Eagerly, she offers to show me the tools of her work. She leads the way to a small room behind the altar in the temple. It's little more than a long closet, crammed with racks upon racks of different outfits — the divine wardrobe. Most are shapely vestments made of satin and velvets and silks, some sewn in India but others produced by devotees here. Candia proudly picks out one costume after another, and they fairly drip with ostentatious ornamentation: gold and silver filigree, rhinestones, and spangles; the most elaborate embroidery imaginable. I reflect that one could clothe an orphanage with the hours of labor invested in these clothes for statues, then Candia interjects that the San Diego temple doesn't compare to the one in Los Angeles. Next we view the deities: jewelry. Candia, this one and large-eyed, looks as entranced as a child in a life-sized doll house.

Mealtime comes at about 1:00 p.m. around here; it's lunch and dinner rolled into one, for the devotees consume only two meals a day. Among those who

struggle back to the temple grounds is Brajabadhi, whom I had noticed and wondered about at the ceremonies this morning. At sixty-five her hair is just white, but her face is smooth and serene, and she wears her maroon *sari* with a grace matched by few of the younger women. She tells me that she was living in Mexico City when devotees on the street invited her to dinner there. A former Catholic-turned-Christian Scientist-turned-Unitarian, she immediately approved of "the joyousness, the jubilation, and the good food." After two years of study, she became initiated in December of 1973. "I could see that they were practicing what they were preaching," she says.

Now she lives with another female devotee in an apartment near the Grand Avenue temple. She spends most of her morning and afternoon hours walking from house to house, passing out literature. At her age, she's an exception not only among the San Diegans, but among all the sect members nationwide; more than ninety percent of them have been initiated to be under thirty. Earlier, I had asked why. "It's true that older people are not joining," Badri had acknowledged. "Maybe it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

New dogs that they are, ISKCON's leaders have readily embraced modern technology, however. A little later, Badri arranged for me to view a devotee-produced movie called *The Hare Krishna People*; to show the film he merely pops a film cartridge into a gleaming Fairchild projector which he's set up in one of the temple waiting rooms. The slick, forty-five minute documentary depicts the steady march of Krishna consciousness worldwide. Now the movement counts 10,000 members in 120 temples located in cities ranging from Hong Kong to Bombay to London to Mexico City.

The film also provides an interesting insight into the corporate dominion of the devotees. There are scenes showing Gurukul, the movement's primary and secondary school system to which Krishna kids (all those over five) are sent to study the paths to higher consciousness. There are glimpses of the Bhaktivandana Trust, which has grown since 1972 to become the world's largest publisher and distributor of English- and foreign-language editions of Indian spiritual classics. "Everything can be used in Krishna's service, including business," the an-

nouncer intones, introducing the devotee-run Spiritual Sky incense company, headquartered in Los Angeles, which rocketed to status as America's largest incense manufacturer. Even the clatter that does Spiritual Sky's billing ("chams") Hare Krishna, the narrator declares, as a picture flashes on the screen of an electronic terminal displaying the venerated words.

Pure propaganda, yet, as always, artfully done. When I flip on the light switch and blink at the brightness, I keep recalling one final, lovely image. The film's conclusion had focused on the thousand-acre ISKCON-owned dairy farm in New Vrindaban in West Virginia (which just won first prize for ice cream at the local county fair, Badri had boasted to me), and a particularly evocative Indian melody had welled up on the soundtrack. On the screen, the camera had tracked — in slow motion about a dozen cows running across the hillside. The big triangle heads had bobbed giddily, the tails had swung through the air gaily, the spindly legs had lifted the swaying bodies weightlessly off the ground, and the cows had looked for all the world like they were dancing.

After lunch a group of the men venture forth to chant the names of Krishna, usually downtown but also sometimes in La Jolla (in the village or on the beach) or on the Mexican side of the border crossing. While the men go every day, the women seem to have to scramble for cars, so today I volunteer to take a load of passengers. One of the women, Chris, is an old habitué of Horton Plaza; in fact she decided to join the Hare Krishna movement not long after a devotee in the plaza invited her to lunch one day.

She's twenty-two years old and she tells me she now knows "there's no happiness in anything that's real." The product of a strict religious upbringing, Chris was a "Jesus freak" in high school, "but I was a phony and I knew that I was a phony. I only did it because I knew that only religion separates man from the animals." When she left that religion, she sank pretty low. She says she did drugs, slept around, got hooked on cigarettes, but her fingernails, and resisted bailing. Two months after her luncheon encounter with the Krishnas, "I just surrendered everything. I was having so much trouble in the material world." Now she's living in a *bhaktin ashram* for females in training, studying, and awaiting instruction, at (continued on page 22)

Not an Error in Sight



Jeffrey Combs, William Ian Gombel

JONATHAN SAVILLE

The chief theatrical event of the San Diego summer is without any doubt the Shakespeare Festival's production of *The Comedy of Errors*. It is something truly wonderful, and you would be wise to rush down to Balboa Park for the remaining tickets.

What is most astonishing about this production is that director Ken Ruit's updating of the play to modern Greece actually increases its success. Instead of ancient Ephesus (merely a figment of the imagination in Shakespeare's time), Mr. Ruit has

set this romantic farce in an archetypically tacky Ephesus-like town at a date somewhere around 1950. Instead of the bland and merely functional "street" of typical Roman comedy (the *Comedy of Errors* is based on a play by the Roman dramatist Plautus), scenic designer Cliff Faulkner has created a gloriously detailed travesty of a real Mediterranean plaza, with flower stands, used-book stalls, clothes racks, and advertisement placards scattered about among the inconspicuously compact conglomeration of necessary buildings: the hero's home, an inn, a doctor's headquarters, a convent, and a warehouse. Mr. Ruit has populated this delightful set with various

eccentrics — a special kind of degenerate "father," a mustachioed Italian goldsmith, a money-lending merchant who seems to be a cousin of Shylock's, a broken-down officer left over from the Nazi occupation (played with artful Strangelovian twitches by John Napierala), a charming goat named Peta, and even — for one brief moment — a pair of disgruntled American tourists. The mixture of seediness and vitality is irresistible. This is not a setting but a world, not a background to the action but a lively participant in it. It absorbs the complicated and absurd plot and turns it into something if not exactly probable at least minimally believable in such a zany ambience.

At a recent public debate on the SALT II treaty, one of the scientist-bureaucrats declared that no reasonable person, having read the treaty, could find fault with it — a decisive way of defining "reasonable persons." I feel tempted to imitate this rhetoric by saying "No one who loves theater, having seen this modernization of *The Comedy of Errors*, could find fault with it." I refrain, because all so. of lovers of theater — myself included — are extremely suspicious of such anachronistic trickery: the "relevant" Hamlet in business suits, the *Truist* and *Cressida* that tries to mirror English-German rivalries before the First World War, the *As You Like It* populated with Canadian Indians. The results of these self-inflating directorial games are usually of two kinds: old or we quickly forget about the innovation and cease to notice it, in which case all those strains on the costume-makers seem hardly worth the effort, or the clever updating distracts, distorts, and functions as an inner enemy of the Shakespearean imagination. In the present case, however, the rare miracle has occurred. Mr. Ruit's modernized staging not only does not fight against the essential qualities of *The Comedy of Errors*, it gives them a life, an immediacy, and a joyousness that have often been obscured in more conventional productions.

The setting in modern Greece also helps

Mr. Ruit to solve some of the play's theatrical difficulties. Here is an example. At the very beginning of the play, Egeon of Syracuse delivers a speech in which he acquaints the audience with the basic situations of the plot: twin sons, separated in infancy; another set of twins, servants to the first two, also separated in infancy; husband (himself) and wife separated by shipwreck, and long, fruitless travels in an attempt to reunite the family. The material is essential to our understanding of the play, and it cannot be omitted. But the speech itself is hideously long, and it is composed in one of the more disagreeable of the early Shakespearean styles (this may be Shakespeare's earliest play), with intolerable quantities of rhetoric, pretentious circumlocutions, and excesses of clever imagery. It is an actor's — and a director's — nightmare. What does Mr. Ruit do? He turns Egeon into a bumbling old man with a thick foreign (Greek?) accent. Behold — all the problems are solved! Instead of a pompous upper-class English bore, Egeon (played with infinite drollery by Sandy McCallum) has been transformed into everybody's lovable European grandfather; the accent gives the rhetoric a foreign flavor that justifies it, and what seems on paper to be the longest speech in the world proves on stage to be just the proper length to carry out the exposition, to introduce us to the character, and to engage our amused attention. And to keep us aware that it is a comedy we are about to see. Mr. Ruit has invented a running joke about the pronunciation of a place-name in Egeon's speech (Mr. McCallum cannot quite manage the word "Epidaurum"), a device he at the same time uses to show the stage-Ephesians' sympathy for the poor old man (they help him with the word) and thus to encourage our own sympathies toward him.

The multifaceted quality of Mr. Ruit's inventions (of which there seem to be thousands) is one of the most striking characteristics of this production. Sometimes the stage business appears to be (continued on page 19)

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributors 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 Events Editor reserves the right to edit all material. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 80602, San Diego, CA 92138.

Film

"Machete" will be shown as part of a "Study of Filmed Plays" class, open to the public, Thursday, July 12, 6:45 p.m., MizCo College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanside, 757-2121.

"Gus" will be screened Thursday and Friday, July 12 and 13, noon, room 220, Fine Arts Hall, Grossmont College, El Cajon, 465-1700 x321.

"The Milky Way," a planetarium show, will be presented Wednesday, July 18, 7:15 and 8:30 p.m., planetarium, Palomar College, San Marcos, 744-1150 or 727-7529 x254.

Films for Children: "Horrible Henchman" and "It's a Mile from Here to Glory," will be shown Tuesday, July 17, 3:30 p.m., "Free To Be... You And Me (Part II: Independence)" and "Pigeon That Worked a Miracle," Thursday, July 19, 3:30 p.m., Conference Room, National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City, 474-8211.

"Genesis," an Omnimax film which demonstrates that the earth's crust is constantly shifting, will be shown with "Phantom Universe," daily through September 30, Reuben H. Fie Space Theater, Balboa Park, 238-1166.

Special Events

Architectural Walk through San Diego's Gaslamp area, coordinated by Walkabout International and Save Our Heritage Organization, will take place Saturday, July 14, beginning at Sixth Avenue and Market Street, 232-1997 for times.

Artreach, a series of performances and workshops sponsored by Community Arts, concludes with a bilingual, multi-media production by Nacole de Artistas en San Diego entitled "Silhueta/Incarnated Silhouettes," Friday, July 13, 8 p.m., Lecture Hall P-32, Palomar College, and a workshop on Saturday, July 14, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Lecture Hall ES 21, Palomar College, San Marcos, 333-0141.

Bike-Arma, a multi-cultural event sponsored by Alpha Project and its community program Project Casa, will include bicycle competition and safety events, carnival games, live music, movies, displays, and a disco dance-a-thon, Saturday, July 14, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Collins Del Sol Recreation Park, 54th Street and Orange Avenue, 280-9722.

Festival of the Bells will mark the 210th anniversary of the founding of California's first mission, featuring the "Blessing of the Bells" and ringing of the Angles on Saturday, July 14, noon; and the "Blessing of the Animals," Sunday, July 15, 3 p.m., Mission San Diego de Alcala, 1818 San Diego Mission Road, 281-8449.

12th Annual Mission Bay Sand Castle Contest, sponsored by the Mission Bay Association, will feature awards in various categories, Sunday, July 15, registration at 9 a.m., construction at 10 a.m., judging at 1:30 p.m., and awards presented at 4 p.m., Brown Point Shores, Mission Bay, 276-1800.

"The Greatest Show on Earth," the 19th edition produced by Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus, will be presented Thursday, July 12, and Friday, July 13, 2:30 and 8 p.m., Saturday, July 14, 11 a.m., 3 and 8 p.m., and Sunday, July 15, 1:30 and 5:30 p.m., San Diego Sports Arena, 224-4176.

Summer Puppet Shows, featuring hand puppets, rod puppets, and marionettes, will continue on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, through September 2, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park, 276-1634 or 466-7128.

"The Minerals of San Diego County," a permanent exhibit which includes gems and minerals from the four basic mining areas within the county, can be seen at the San Diego Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3621.

Radio/TV

"Padre Baseball," the Pad's travel to Veterans Stadium to play the Philadelphia Phillies on Thursday, July 12, 4:30 p.m., Channel 6.

"ABC Monday Night Baseball," always a little out of kilter in one way or another will (with team TBA) be scheduled for this week on Friday, July 13, 6:30 p.m., Channel 10.

"Cat," a film concerning a professional woman boxer and her successful efforts to change the prohibition in New York against fighting professionally, will be shown Friday, July 13, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"Houston Grand Opera 1979," "La Grand Duchesse De Gerolstein" by Jacques Offenbach will be offered in French and English as the final program in this series, Saturday, July 14, 11 a.m., KPFD-FM (94.1).

"Steinbach," playwright Bruce Jay Friedman's comedy of an afterworld in which God is a Puerto Rican steamboat attendant stars Bill Bixby, Valerie Perrine, and Joe Pater, Saturday, July 14, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"Focus," a program of interviews and profiles of music personalities, hosted by Gary Beck, will continue with Caleb Quaye, Roger Pope, and Hockford, Sunday, July 15, 9 p.m., KSDT-FM (Cable 95.7).

All-Star Baseball Game, in what started out to be the American League vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, has now turned into a contest between the top vote getters of the National and American leagues, utilizing a voting system popularized by Latin American dictators, Tuesday, July 17, 5 p.m., Channel 39.

"The Honeymooners," reruns of this excellent comedy series of the Fifties, starring Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, and Audrey Meadows will be shown Mondays through Fridays, 11 p.m., Channel 6.

"1978-79 Los Angeles Philharmonic Season, under the baton of Maestro Carlo Maria Giulini, will be broadcast on Thursday, 8:30 p.m., KPBS-TV (89.5).

U.S. House of Representatives Proceedings will be televised live when the House is in session (approximately 175-200 days a year) on weekdays, 9 a.m. to 3 or 4 p.m., Mission Cable Channel 23 and Southwestern Cable Channel 17.



Andrew was unusual. He was tall, pale, and pencil-thin boy who kept to himself and rarely spoke. Andrew had no friends or pet or even parents that anyone knew of, but he did have a sense of humor. He would grin and chuckle to himself while looking unthinkingly through the streets, like a giddy child on a pair of wobbly stilts. Often, Andrew would laugh openly for no apparent reason, tilting his head back as he walked and baring his teeth in isolated glees. It was as if Andrew had been let in on a joke long ago, some great joke whispered to him by cruel gods who then forbade him to repeat it. Andrew would laugh and shake his head and continue on the way to wherever it was that Andrew went.

One bright July day Andrew began to dance. He simply stopped walking and squirmed defiantly up at the sun, his straining neck a pale stem of skin and tendon. Then he danced. He moved jerkily on the gray pavement at first, his elongated joints unused to such motion. Andrew swayed and creaked like a stiff, ancient tree long deprived of the wind. Gaining confidence, he spun and staggered and stretched. People peered out at Andrew from behind shaded shop windows. Old women, seeing the strange boy dancing alone in the sunshine, clucked at one another anxiously and suggested that someone notify the police. Mothers nudged their wondering children away from dancing Andrew, giving him wide berth on the sidewalks. They whisked their hands home and looked the door behind them. That odd boy has finally gone mad, they all thought, and they waited for the authorities who attended to such matters to arrive and quietly remove poor Andrew.

But the thin boy danced on. His loosened limbs glided steadily through the summer air, and his body moved smoothly, in a kind of mesmerized grace. He seemed to have suddenly come upon music audible only to himself. As he moved with the music, he was as serene and beautiful a being to watch as a graceful white swan in flight. And Andrew laughed. He stared straight up at

Galleries

Photographs by Richard J. Henry will be exhibited through July 13, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2644.

Indian Art and Crafts, featuring woodcarvings, puppets, textiles, paintings, and jewelry, will be exhibited through July 14, Gallery Eight, 7464 Grand Avenue, La Jolla, 454-9781.

"Southern California Dream and Diary Pieces," a one-woman exhibition of drawings and text by Nancy Kay Turner, will be featured through July 14, Spectrum Gallery, 4011 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills, 295-2725.

La Jolla Architect and Painter Russell Forester will have his recent drawings, seen constructions (mixed media) on paper, and acrylic and gouache paintings on canvas exhibited through July 15, Gallery 1 and Gordon Gray Gallery, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 720 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9717.

"Conservation: Preserving Our Cultural Heritage," an exhibition of modern day art conservation techniques practiced by the Balboa Art Conservation Center, will continue through July 22, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

New Works by Peter Moore, whose atmospheric landscapes and architecture flow into the subtle evocations of stage sets, scenes, and emblematic decor, will be exhibited through July 27, Designbank Gallery, 1262 Kettner Boulevard, 236-1916.

"Maiden Voyage," an introduction to photographers Donna Dunn, Kim Kloterman, Ellen Richardson, Fran Rotondelli, and Susan Turner, will continue through July 17, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cajon, 465-1700 x450.

"Images of Work," an exhibit of photographs taken inside factories and workites by documentary photographer Ken Light, will continue through July 27, Grossmont College Gallery, Grossmont College, El Cajon, 465-1700 x450.

"Covers and Containers," an exhibit concentrating on the functions of the objects shown, taken from the museum's Asian Decorative Arts Collection and others, including robes from the Chinese Imperial Court, glass cosmetic bottles from

16th Annual National Exhibition of the San Diego Watercolor Society, composed of 72 selected paintings, will continue through July 29, Bard Hall Gallery, 4190 Front Street, downtown.

Hand Pulled, Silk-Screen Posters by Mario Uribe will be on display through July 30, Placida Gallery, 1111 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-6130.

"An American As...," an exhibit of American folk art, including hand-painted iron work with copper by Barry Derman, "whittlings" by Don Hughes, greeting card artwork by Eileen Tommen, and more will continue through July 31, Celebrations Gallery, 645 G Street, upstairs, 238-5252.

Wildlife Art Show, featuring the works of Mendocino artists Ken McWhalen, Byrd Baker, James D. Mayhew, and William Dailey, will be presented through July 31, Penhouse Gallery, Village Hotel, 1112 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-0133.

Photographs of Urban Landscapes by Bill Pickett will be exhibited through August 12, the A.C.C.E.S. Gallery, 3957 Goldfinch Street, Mission Hills, 296-6219.

"Installations and Performances," an exhibition of conceptual and performance art featuring three-dimensional works which utilize a particular space in the gallery as an integral part of the piece, two-dimensional works presenting the artist's ideal statements as the main focus of expression, and various performance art pieces, will continue through August 15, Community Arts Gallery, 470 Third Avenue, downtown, 233-0141.

Recent Paintings and Sculpture by Manuel Felgueroso, the ideas of which emanated from a series of computer printouts based on design elements of the artist's work during the past 25 years, will be exhibited through August 31, Mex-Art International Gallery, 1227 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-6879.

"Covers and Containers," an exhibit concentrating on the functions of the objects shown, taken from the museum's Asian Decorative Arts Collection and others, including robes from the Chinese Imperial Court, glass cosmetic bottles from

first century China, Persian and Japanese pen cases, Turkish prayer carpets, a Han Dynasty wine cup, and a Baluchistan salt bag, will continue through September 2, Art Balboa Park, 232-2911.

"Kokine Soritawa—A Living Treasure" is the title of the first U.S. exhibition featuring the hangings, screens, kimonos, and hand-painted books of this contemporary artist/crafter, continuing through October 14, Mingei International Museum of World Folk Art, University Town Center, 4405 La Jolla Village Drive, 453-5300.

"Summer of Stars," a series presented by the San Diego Symphony, will continue with poet artist Doc Severinsen, Friday, July 13, 8 p.m., SIESI Amphitheater, Saturday, July 14, 8 p.m., Rancho Bernardo golf course, Bernardo Oaks Drive, and Sunday, July 15, 7 p.m., Southwestern College, 900 Otay Lakes Road, Chula Vista, 239-9721.

"Guest Artist Series" continues with Stone's Throw, a quartet whose repertoire includes tunes from the 30s, 40s, and 50s, and is a delight to both the nostalgic ear and the musicologist, Monday, July 16, 8:30 p.m., Festival Stage, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

"The Swing Years," a jazz concert presented by Dick Braun and his band, will take place Tuesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Camino Theater, 125D, Alcala Park, 291-6480 x296.

Second Annual Bluesgrass Jambores, featuring selected groups and bands, fiddle, and mandolin contests, will be held Sunday, July 15, 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m., Brengle Terrace Park Amphitheater, Vista, 741-9079.

Brunch-Time Concert Series continues with the Beth Parks Group, Sunday, July 15, 11:30 a.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3377 India Street, 298-8111.

Duets by Mount, Buzi, and Platel will be performed by the Bulls String Duo, Tuesday, July 16, 7:30 p.m., the BookWorks, Vineyard Center, Suite 1, 1523 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 741-9079.

Big Band Concert Series Under the Stars will continue with "Disco Symphony," featuring the Grossmont "Pop" Orchestra, under the baton of Henry Brandon, and the Hollywood Opera Theatre, Wednesday, July 18, 8 p.m., parking area between The Broadway and Berkley's Restaurant, Grossmont Center, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-2900.

"Evenings in the Park" concert series continues with the San Diego City-Country Band on Friday, July 13, Wednesday, July 18, and Thursday, July 19, the Optimist Concert Band on Saturday, July 14, at

twenty-nine rank pipe organ, Sunday, July 15, 4 p.m., First Church of Christ Scientist, 1270 Silverado Street, La Jolla, 236-6605.

"Sunday Promenade Concert Series" continues with the Ira Chalk Dwelland Band and Jazz offering traditional jazz, 55th rock, and much, Sunday, July 15, 6 p.m., Spreckels Park, Seventh and Orange Streets, Coronado, 435-5196.

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organ concert on Monday, July 16, and a Big Band concert on Tuesday, July 17, all at 8 p.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, 236-6605.

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"Sunday Promenade Concert Series" continues with the Ira Chalk Dwelland Band and Jazz offering traditional jazz, 55th rock, and much, Sunday, July 15, 6 p.m., Spreckels Park, Seventh and Orange Streets, Coronado, 435-5196.

"Summer of Stars," a series presented by the San Diego Symphony, will continue with poet artist Doc Severinsen, Friday, July 13, 8 p.m., SIESI Amphitheater, Saturday, July 14, 8 p.m., Rancho Bernardo golf course, Bernardo Oaks Drive, and Sunday, July 15, 7 p.m., Southwestern College, 900 Otay Lakes Road, Chula Vista, 239-9721.

"Guest Artist Series" continues with Stone's Throw, a quartet whose repertoire includes tunes from the 30s, 40s, and 50s, and is a delight to both the nostalgic ear and the musicologist, Monday, July 16, 8:30 p.m., Festival Stage, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

"The Swing Years," a jazz concert presented by Dick Braun and his band, will take place Tuesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Camino Theater, 125D, Alcala Park, 291-6480 x296.

Second Annual Bluesgrass Jambores, featuring selected groups and bands, fiddle, and mandolin contests, will be held Sunday, July 15, 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m., Brengle Terrace Park Amphitheater, Vista, 741-9079.

Brunch-Time Concert Series continues with the Beth Parks Group, Sunday, July 15, 11:30 a.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3377 India Street, 298-8111.



Preservation Hall Jazz Band

New Orleans, which is considered by many musicologists to be of great significance in the history of jazz, was the first city in the United States where cultures of every distinctive musical — Creoles from France, England, and Spain, blacks from Angola, Malinbe, Kearsy, and elsewhere. In the early days of jazz, the city was not, perhaps, a classic example of voluntary integration, but at least it allowed jazz, the greatest of all musical forms, to be introduced to the world. Wherever jazz is, if there hadn't been a Bourbon Street, a Canal Street, St. Peter Street, or

Congo Square! In 1962 Alan and Sandra Jaffe took over the St. Peter Street establishment known as Preservation Hall, a venerable and unpretentious little club from which the Preservation Hall Jazz Band derived its name. Under the Jaffes' care, Preservation Hall has remained vibrant, and the elderly gentlemen who comprise the band have found a permanent home. These musicians, like the club itself, represent a link to the original New Orleans jazz style. There are seven members in the group, five of whom are originals: trumpeter Percy Humphrey,

clarinetist Willie Humphrey, bassist Nereis Kimball, vocalist/pianist "Sing" Miller, and drummer Cie Fraser. The two relatively young upstarts are tuba player Alan Jaffe and trombonist Frank Demond. A lot of people associate New Orleans jazz as performed by Preservation Hall with the Dukes and Dukes they have heard on the Lawrence Well Show or on Disneyland. That is like grouping Herman's Hermits with the Rolling Stones, or Gilbert & Sullivan with Richard Wagner. When this music is played with enthusiasm, honesty, and clarity, it reminds you that the work of

people like Kid Ory, Sidney Bechet, Buddy Bolden, Jolly Roll Morton, and the King, Louis Armstrong, will live on forever. Along with Allen Toussaint, the Wild Tchoupitoulas, The Meters, and Robert Palmer, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band is helping to make sure that no one forgets where all of this wonderful music came from. Their only San Diego appearance will take place at the City Center this Saturday evening at 8:00 p.m. For further information, you can call the band and call 236-6510.

—Steve Emdina

(Continued on next page)

READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

(continued from preceding page)

Theater

"The Scam," a "sort of religious comedy" by Christopher "R" of the old Indian Magueño troupe, will be the next offering of "After Theater Theater," a program of late night entertainment. Fridays and Saturdays, through July 14, 11:30 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 794-8111.

"Cinderella" will be presented by SDSU Theater and the College of Extended Studies, Monday and Tuesday, July 16 and 17, 10 a.m., and Wednesday and Thursday, July 18 and 19, 10 a.m. and 7 p.m., Main Stage, Deane Ave. Auditorium, SDSU, 266-6664.

"A Face Worse Than Death or Adrift on Life's Sea," an old-time melodrama by Donnan Weed, concerning a villain who tries to pass off a young singer as a wealthy landowner's niece, will be presented by the Lamplighters Community Theater, Fridays and Saturdays, through July 21, 8 p.m., First Arts Center, 8033 University Avenue, La Mesa, 464-4598.

"Barfoot in the Park," a Neil Simon comedy, will be the first production of "The Summer of '79," a Dinner Theater Experience, playing Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays, through July 26, dinner at 7 p.m., curtain at 8:30 p.m., Casuarina Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

"Diamond Studs," a satirical musical based on the life of Jesse James, will be presented Thursdays through Sundays, through July 28, 8 p.m., with added Saturday matinees on July 14 and 28, 2 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 794-8111.

"Cactus Flower," a two-act comedy by Abe Burrows, will be presented by the Alpine Players, Fridays and Saturdays, through July 28, 8 p.m., Alpine School Auditorium, Alpine, 445-5523.

"A Salute to Broadway," a musical revue, will be presented by The Front Stage Players in a dinner theater/dinner setting, through July 28, Thursdays at 9 p.m., Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Jewish Community Center, 4079 54th Street, 583-3300 x36.

"My Cousin Joseph," the musical dramatization of the true story of the romantic adventures of Joseph Carrillo in Old Town (1816-1829), written by native San Diegoan Robert Austin, will be presented by the Old Mission Players, Fridays through Sundays, through July 22, and Thursday, July 19, 8 p.m., Mission Basilica of San Diego de Alcalá in La Sala; and Friday and Saturday, July 27 and 28, 8 p.m., and Sunday, July 29, 2 p.m., Camino Theater, USD, Alcalá Park, 278-0021.

"Come Blow Your Horn," a Neil Simon comedy concerning a playboy who shows his kid brother how to be a Don Juan, will continue through July 29, Tuesdays through Saturdays (dinner at 7, curtain at 8:30 p.m.), and Wednesday and Sunday matinees (lunch at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.), Fiesta Dinner Theater, 9665 Campo Road, Spring Valley, 697-8977.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," Edmond Rostand's drama set in 17th-century France about the expert swordsman with the ungainly nose, will be performed Wednesdays through Saturdays, through August 4, 8 p.m., Lambs' Players' Theater, 500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City, 474-3385.

"Uncommon Women and Others," a sharp-edged comedy by Wendy Wasserstein concerning the transition from life as an Eastern women's college to womanhood in the 1970s, will have its San Diego premiere presented by the very adept women's Theater Ensemble, through August 4, Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 p.m.; and Saturdays, 5:30 and 9 p.m., Second Avenue Theater, 863 Second Avenue, downtown, 772-9819 or 233-0141.

"Spontaneous Combustion," an improvisational presentation by local artists, will be offered as part of the "Lunch Time Theater" series, Thursdays and Fridays, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 794-8111.

"Ballroom Crummond," a parody of B-grade detective movies of the Thirties, will continue on Fridays through Sundays, through August 18, 8 p.m., Conrado Playhouse, 1775 Strand Way, Coronado, 435-4856.

"The Norman Conquests," a three-play series which focuses on a family weekend gathering at an English country home, by Alan Ayckbourn, includes "Table Manners," "Living Together," and "Round and Round the Garden," and will be presented in repertory on Tuesdays through Sundays, through September 2, 8:30 p.m.; with additional Saturday and Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

30th San Diego National Shakespeare Festival will feature "Julius Caesar," "The Comedy of Errors," and "Macbeth," performed in rotating repertory through September 23, nightly except Monday, 8:30 p.m., plus Saturday and Sunday matinees at 2 p.m., Old Globe Festival Stage, Edison Center for the Performing Arts, Balboa Park, 239-2255.

Summer Comedy Festival will feature "Bleacher Bums," a nine-minute comedy which takes a look at some fans during a Padres/Dodger game, and "Tartuffe," Molière's classic comedy concerning a charlatan posing as a holy man, presented in repertory Thursdays through Sundays, during July, 8:30 p.m.; Wednesdays through Sundays, through September 23, 8:30 p.m. (except Saturdays, August 11, 25, and September 8, 7:30 and 10 p.m.); and added matinees on Sundays, 2:30 p.m., San Diego Repertory Theater, 1620 Sixth Avenue, 231-1585.

"Spontaneous Combustion," an improvisational presentation by local artists, will be offered as part of the "Lunch Time Theater" series, Thursdays and Fridays, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, 794-8111.

Lectures

"Japan: A Power in World Politics," a lecture by Harvard professor and former ambassador to Japan Edwin O. Reischauer, will be sponsored by the East Asia Society of San Diego, Saturday, July 14, 7:30 p.m., SDOCE Auditorium, 101 Ash Street, 459-4027.

"The Interior Women's Lives," a prose and poetry reading by Earl Johnson and Bonnie Rittenbach, will take place Sunday, July 15, 8 p.m., Las Hermanas Women's Cultural Center, 4003 Washburn Avenue, 280-7510.

Russian Icons and Byzantine Art will be the subject of a lecture by Richard C. Temple, Tuesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Copple Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

"The Politics of the Health Care System" will be the topic of a forum addressed by Paul O'Rourke and a representative of the Health Systems Agency, as part of a series sponsored by CalPERS's Consumer Health Advocacy Training and the National Science Foundation, Wednesday, July 18, 7:30 p.m., CalPERS, 3000 S Street, 236-1598.

"Fertility Trends and World Population Growth" will be the subject of a lecture by Judith Blake, holder of the Baker Chair of Population Policy of UCLA, in the continuing "Earth Day Plus Nine Years...and Counting" series, Wednesday, July 18, 7:30 p.m., room SS-100, SDSU, 286-3152.

Dance

Fourth Annual Ethnic Dance Festival, a summer series of dance concerts featuring folk dances from around the world, will continue with a presentation by the Royal Scottish Dancers, Sunday, July 15, 1 p.m., Museum of Man place, Balboa Park, 239-2201.

Ballet, the San Diego Ballet will be featured in a program exploring the relationship between art and dance, Sunday, July 15, August 5 and 19, 2 p.m., San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 239-4141.

Not an Error in Sight



Jennifer Parker, Don Bilotti

(continued from page 15)
nothing more than a bit of visual fun, but often much more. It's considerably deeper than that. One of the best performances on the Festival Stage is that of Jennifer Parker, a flashy, bawdy beauty who plays the unmarried sister of the wife of one of the heroes (at the end she will marry his twin brother). This sexy creature is dressed in the most provocative way, and Mr. Rota has devised some equally provocative costumes for her, her wigging as it were, is something to see, and as for the way she takes off her large, round, vulgar glasses

and polishes them on her bodice... The mannerisms are great fun, but they are also cheap and shallow — or at least they are if Miss Parker had just made them part of a real characterization that has nothing cheap or shallow about it. This is a young lady who believes in the institution of marriage, who thinks wives should be properly subservient to their husbands, whose empathy for her sister is so great that her face reflects all the vicissitudes of the sister's feelings. She is kindly, staunch, and of a wonderful innocence: her comical sexiness rises from animal good spirits, and it is all the more comical — and all the more touching — in that it is not merely external, but a natural expression of a life-like and interestingly nuanced personality.

I do not mean to exaggerate this aspect of Miss Parker's performance: her Luciana cannot be said to have any really great depth or complexity, and the mannerisms show the requisite comical exaggeration of farce — but for a character in a farce the far more real than one has any right to expect. It is true that Shakespeare tried to impart a certain roundness to the characters in this play; they are considerably more human than their counterparts in Plautus, but it still remains the single work of his author that depends more upon plot than upon any other dramatic element. Mr. Rota is aware of this, and his handling of the complicated plot situations — mistaken identities and the like — is technically superb. He is particularly good in dealing with those scenes (the exorcism by Dr. Pinch, for example) in which everyone is on stage at once, each character participating with precise timing and appropriate looks and gestures, and the whole stage space filled to overflowing with meaningful comic activity. But time and again the director comes back to character.

This penchant — never exaggerated, always in proportion — helps him to solve some problems in the script even more acute than that of Egeon's first long speech. There is, to take one instance, a conversation between Anipholus of Syracuse and his slave Dromio that is composed almost entirely of the intricate, flamboyant, nit-picking repartee that is in style in certain "witty" plays of the 15th century. It is scarcely comprehensible, and even when you have analyzed all the twists and turns of the dialogue, making use of footnotes and glossaries, it remains thoroughly unamusing. Mr. Rota has respect for the Shakespearean text and leaves the scene intact. But its effect is much less of euphoric wit than of a revelation of character and relationship: the amiability of Anipholus (Don Bilotti), the brightness, nimbleness, and vitality of Dromio (Jennifer Combs), and the informal familiarity and warmth of their relationship. We may not understand the claustrophobic scintillation of what they are talking about, but we apprehend them as people, we like them, we enjoy them, and we are drawn into the emotional reality of their world. If you think something like this is easy to bring off in farce — even in Shakespearean farce — you don't know much about theater.

Mr. Rota's repeated miracles with this script depend, of course, on the abilities of his cast to follow his directions and to make them creatively their own. I cannot remember a Shakespeare Festival production, since the incredible *King Lear* of many seasons past, as brilliantly and as consistently cast as this *Comedy of Errors*. William Roach, dignified and authoritative as the Duke this best role since *Bulby*; Jerry Allan Jones and Don Bilotti as the two Anipholuses; William Jan Gable as Dromio of Ephesus; Jonathan McMurry as the clownish Dr. Pinch; Katherine McGrath as the wife Adriana, with her rich, expressive voice (also a bit hoarse) — I would like to write a little essay on each of them, detailing their excellences, pointing out some of the remarkable things they do with their dialogue, their faces, their hands, their feet. But perhaps it will suffice to give you an idea of the acting in this production if I say a few words about the player who has the juiciest comic role

in *The Comedy of Errors*: young Jeffrey Combs, who plays the witty, superstitious, loquacious, somewhat extravagant, sparkling Dromio of Syracuse. I admired Mr. Combs last summer in various minor roles; here he comes through into his own, revealing himself as an actor of immense technical skill, graced by that insistent selfhood that is the mark of the really impressive stage personality. He seems content to be hurtingling himself across the stage, and even when he is standing still his character seems to be hurtingling itself into his thoughts and words. His energy — of body, tongue, spirit — is so boundless and so total that it dominates the stage whenever he appears: Mr. Combs is Shakespeare's answer to OPEC. His outraged description of the fat, sweaty, joyful servant girl Nell is exceptionally funny, but in addition it has something grand about it — a bursting through of all the world's vital forces, without restraint and without limit. Mr. Combs at this point seems to be not only Dromio of Syracuse but the very spirit of comedy.

Jeffrey Combs has no monopoly on energy in this production, however. The plays end, in Mr. Rota's staging, with a general dance to euphoric boozuki music. The two brothers (both pairs) have been reunited, husband and wife have found one another, the father's life has been spared by generosity of the Duke, a marriage is in the offing, all identities have been straightened out, and all debts have been paid. Each of these elements in the conclusion is a triumphant manifestation of the life spirit, irrepressible in its tendency to unite, to renew, to extend and enhance itself. The dance Bonnie Johnston has choreographed is a pure symbol of this spirit, bringing together all the diverse wills of the various characters into a rich, pulsating harmoniousness. What this dance expresses is joy — a joy implied by Shakespeare's text, fully realized by Mr. Rota's direction, energetically embodied by the whole cast, and enthusiastically shared by the audience. I urge you to go get your share of it as well. □

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Roxanne, the woman Cyrano is in love with, is blind to the virtues of his soul; she can only see the ugliness of his face. The object of Roxanne's love is Christian, a beautiful and almost totally idealistic young cadet from the same regiment as Cyrano. Cyrano is a "precieux," a follower of "les précieuses," a group of Parisian women who attempted to purify French culture in the Seventeenth Century. (The translation of Rostand used by the Lamb's Players refers to name "les précieux" for some strange reason, preferring to call Roxanne an "intellectual.") Having been raised from childhood to appreciate the Beautiful, Roxanne expects a beautiful body to be evidence of an even more beautiful soul. Christian, fearing that his rough inarticulateness will offend Roxanne's delicate sensibilities, allows Cyrano to be his 'soul,' i.e., to express in his words all the secret emotions that Christian himself is unable to say. Cyrano proposes to do this as a compromise, but really because it's the only one

That's overstating things a bit. There was actually nothing bizarre about the pro-

Cravino is not in the grand style, which is a pity. The fault begins with Brian Hooker's English translation. Rostand wrote his dialogue in alexandrines (thymic verse), a noble and highly artificial French verse form perfected by the seventeenth century dramatists Racine and Corneille, and Hooker's translation is, in a style very close to singing, contemporary of Sarah Bernhardt used to describe her vocal range as if she were a soprano. Hooker's translation of Richard Wilbur in his translations of *Molière*, decided to convert Rostand's dialogue into an approximation of much closer to the way average people talk. As a result, the dialogue is much closer to prose and it doesn't soar in the other (and more important) reason for the lack of the grand style is the modesty of this production. A traditional grand style production would have featured costumes, as well as a slew of actors and actresses who had worked at the Comédie Française for twenty years in order to per-

(continued from preceding page)

The performances in *Cyrano* are quite good, even if none of the performers really has the proper declamatory style. James Brown, as Cyrano, has a fine voice, but he doesn't show much sense of the overall shape of what he is saying — he gives us short little spurts of contrasting emotion

(continued from page 4)

Karyn St. Lorraine
Del Mar

Wild Wild West

After seeing my second Lamb's Players' production, I'm beginning to realize that their choice of plays is both astute and admirable. The company describes itself as "a nonprofit, Christian performing-arts company that presents the gospel of Jesus Christ." What they're doing is presenting a series of intelligent plays that call to be seen in a Christian context. The *Fourposter* was about the blessedness of matrimony and how God is

Love. *Cyrano* is about the virtues of self-denial and turning the other cheek (or, as one line has it in the Second Act, turning the other nostril). The play is even rather Jansenist in that it shows the superiority of selfless longing to consummated love. (Even the marriage of Roxanne and Christian is never consummated.) I think it's wonderful that they're trying to provide Christian theater for intelligent people. If only I could be as good as Molière, Voltaire, or Michel de Ghelderode or Ugo Betti.

Postscript: I realize that there are those in the audience who don't give a Spanish fig for Jansenism or any such doctrines of the spirit. Let me just say that *Cyrano* is a kick and it doesn't require that sort of interpretation. When I saw the Lamb's Players' production, and I saw the whole bold, beautiful, and usually falls apart plays. He loved the sword fights and said it was the best play he'd ever seen. □

and Wild West

avidly devoured what he has written in his books: *Graham*, *Humour*, and *Agree with him*. His sense of the Roxy was not fantastic — a “Snarl For Me,” disappointed with the rest of the show, resentful at being forced to wait in line for a seat that only vaguely resembled the seat described on my ticket, outraged at having to submit my car to a sound system aimed at the radio audience and the paying audience, I would have missed the show for anything. It was Graham Parker up there, nobody can demand my respect like he does, except maybe Tom Costello.

In my estimation, Esmedina's credibility has gone up a couple of notches. After all, any critic who admits to being "hopelessly infatuated" with Graham Parker can't be all bad.

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Krishna, Krishna

(continued from page 14)

which time she'll receive her Indian name.

Chris still bears signs of damage from some terrible automobile accident. She limps, and the ghost of a jagged laceration still scars her forehead. Her smile has a peculiar intensity. She seems to talk of nothing but the glories of Krishna consciousness. If any of the devotees fits the brainwashed cultist stereotype, it's Chris, yet her happiness is obvious and touching, and in the plaza, during the breaks between chanting sessions, I have to admit her placid innocence. Even though some of the passersby react to her with hostility or rejection, Chris plods to them smiling, patient, and vulnerable as she tries to pass out her literature. "My, that was blissful," she declares when we head back to the car after the outing. "Pleasing God pleases me!"

Back in the ashram, Chris and the other women have some time for chores or study or a quick nap, but I'm frankly hungry, so I head for the 6:00 p.m. dinner

program (the devotees abstain from eating). About thirty people sit on the temple floor facing little trays and mugs which hold paper plates and cups. Most look young and scruffy, beach people taking up the offer of a free meal. Dishing it up are bearded Krishna men, who swish through the rows and bend over at each visitor, slopping one spicy Indian offering on the plates at a time. If the service is perfunctory, at least there's plenty of food: fried za' bhini, salad, rice, a cornmeal dish, vegetarian meatballs, other exotic tidbits. For dessert we get chopped fruit and big, fresh-baked peanut butter cookies. I'm amazed to see so many empty place settings; the proselytizing doesn't seem too intense. Devotees are sitting and chatting with no more than a quarter of the diners, support for Radh's contention that his 'hock talks religion only to those visitors who seem interested. He admits the program is designed to spread the holy word, however. Committed free-loaders eventually face a gently rebuke. "If they come for like two weeks in a row, we usually ask them if they could only come a little bit to make room for others," cause we can only cook so much. We have to have some practical limitation."

Most of the beach people leave as soon as they've eaten, and the devotees men think the plates away as quickly as they filled them, preparing the temple for the last rites of the day: another Sanskrit lesson; more chanting. Glassy-eyed with

fatigue, I can barely hold my head up, but at the end of a sixteen-hour day, some devotees still manage to dance as frenetically as any party-goers. The chanting sounds as vibrantly now as it did in the morning.

Afterward, in the new women's ashram, five of us women, including Brajabhadra, the aging devotee, curl up around a straw mat spread out on the carpet. Ritually, we sip warm, sweet milk from white styrofoam glasses and we read from yet another account of Krishna's activities. Mercifully, it ends quickly. Within seconds, den mother Kamatavi has tossed out sleeping bags on the living room floor and I collapse into mine as unceremoniously as a hiker at the end of a long, hard day's trail.

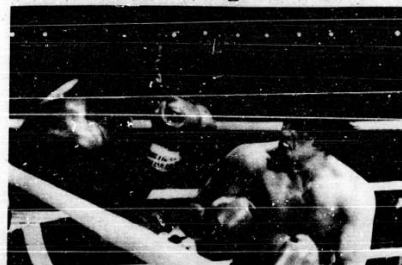
What seems like a deep, dark moment later, I awake at 3:15 a.m. The other women have warned me that any sound resonates through the apartment house and can wake the neighbors. So they creep about silently, easing doors open and stepping in the bathtub without moving a noisy shower curtain. This first cold shower of the day is a quick one, but others will follow. In fact, one of the odd things about the Krishna women's bathroom is the absence of any toilet paper; instead of using it, the women wash themselves after urinating and take showers after defecating.

When I finally emerge, dressed, after my own warm shower, the other two women have slipped out to the temple and

I find Kamatavi in the bedroom, where she sits cross-legged, back to the wall. The only sound comes from the clicking of her prayer beads and a part of her whispered prayer which rhythmically escapes: "krish... krish, krish, krish." The sound drifts softly into the quiet room. Out in the street, we walk in silence toward the temple two blocks away, still groggy before the first stimulant of the morning chant. Then a flash of movement catches our eyes. It's a young woman bicycling north up Cass Street, also heading to the temple. She's a devotee, wearing a sari, but she's hiked it up over her knees; they're pumping like pistons. She whizzes down the middle of the empty road. The part of her sari which should cover her head lies collapsed on her shoulder, and her long light hair streams behind her like a contrail. Under the blue-white light of the streetlamps, she glows like an apparition. Then she's past us.

For blocks in every direction silent homes are sheltering middle-class occupants who are sleeping off the effects of thanking God for Friday. It will be hours before they stagger out of bed. No one will know that a young girl pedaled by at 4:00 a.m. with such wild abandon. In the distance, I can still see the receding figure; she holds her body taut, nearly upright. I'm glad I've had this glimpse of her, safe at least momentarily from the demons, as she flees through the dark and heads for her divine dance. □

Poor Sports



Rocky II



The Main Event



Players

STEVE ESMEDINA

Every traditional American film genre is facing extinction. But not even the endangered western has suffered from so much abuse as the sports film. In recent times, the only ones that I even care to remember — John Hancock's *Bang the Drum Slowly* and John Milne's *Big Wednesday* — are memorable chiefly because their creators were not intent on either exhuming a dead genre or haughtily deflating it. They just wanted to make simple, corny movies, but well.

Nowadays it is even difficult to hook corn, let alone make a decent sports picture. That is why we have to endure persistent specimens such as *Stapher*, *Rollerball*, *One on One*, *The Greatest*, and sugar-coated goo such as *Rocky* and *The Champ*. Still, as bad as these movies are, they are not as revolting as Sylvester Stallone's encores, valentines to himself, *Rocky*

Rocky II is the most tolerable faint praise indeed. Perhaps I have become hardened, but I did not respond to the original as though it were manna from heaven. At best, it was cute. The connection to Frank Capra's fairy tales about lovable lowlives

was plain and so was the moral message: that even the worst of us have a chance to triumph. *Rocky II* tells us even more basic truths: that training fence and a fat bank account will result in successful sequels.

This sequel (more are threatened) is mostly about domestic crises. Rocky Balboa asks Adrian (Talia Shire) to marry him after becoming Philadelphia's hero. They exchange a dozen "I love you's" in the course of a four-minute scene, and are married. Immediately, Rocky begins playing the fool. He spends too much money on a car, furs, a large house (which appears to never get furnished), and subsequently finds himself in need of a job. Adrian, now the pregnant, dutiful wife, wants to return to work. Rocky says no; he's the man of the house.

Meanwhile, Apollo Creed (again played by Carl Weathers), furious at being humiliated by this amateur, challenges him to a rematch. The conflict is whether or not Rocky will defy his wife and accept. Until the obligatory bloody climax, that is the extent of the drama or thrills to be derived. When the climax arrives it is virtually beyond belief. For a work lacquered with contrived, grubby, and ostensibly realistic touches, the boxing match presented is in the realm of mythology, even more than the distended conclusion of the original film. The two bantlers throw kidney punches, connect to the groin, kick each other when floored, and at last both wind up on the canvas simultaneously. They would be laughing stocks in reality.

I must be able to tolerate the extensive bathos, the implicit sexual and racial chauvinism, and even the preposterous fight sequence if that had been held in check by a filmmaker with basic competence. But as a chronicler of proletarian attitudes and habits, Stallone is hardly the bard of poverty row. He shows Bill Conti's blaring music to smother the action whenever an emotional effect is on the agenda. His camera work is static; his shot selection arbitrary; and his dialogue seems the work of an inexperienced writer with a tin ear. The acting doesn't hurt much from the original, with Burt Young and Burgess Meredith respectively cloying and abrasive, and Stallone and Shire brimming with tedious charm. This film is yet another illustration how today's neophyte directors have lost touch with their craft, in getting the story told as cleanly and efficiently as possible. They just want to show themselves off, in as many ways as possible. Stallone, who was once an entertaining secondary actor, now desires nothing less than to shout to the world how adorable and larger than life his legend is. Now that he has proven conclusively that he can hold his ground against Apollo Creed, I wish he would quiet down.

... While on the subject of quieting down, I wish, too, that someone would give Barbara Streisand a few valiums. She talks incessantly in a breathless, staccato fashion that makes much of what she has to say unintelligible. But I suppose that when you are the star of so many a movie as *The Main Event* you are almost duty-bound to speak

fast in order to get the movie mercifully over faster.

The intention, as I understand it, was not simply to add bulk to the out-of-trim sports movies of late, but also to revive the screwball comedies of the Thirties. "E!" for effort. Unfortunately, there is no comparison between Streisand and Ryan O'Neal and, for example, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Streisand will always reign over her co-stars, and O'Neal, whom she had already tyrannized in *What's Up, Doc?*, ought to have known better. This silly, hastily written and produced thing finds Streisand, for reasons not entirely clear to me, playing a perfume manufacturer who decides to manage the comeback of a retired boxer. The story makes only a passing nod at plausibility; the jokes spatter out quickly; and the yelling matches between Streisand and O'Neal grate. Director Howard Zieff is usually a capable, unpretentious director, as he proved in *Silver and House Calls*; here he seems to have set back and allowed anything dreamt up by Streisand and her comedy writers to be filmed without any exercise of his better judgment. Nevertheless, as excruciatingly unfunny as this is, it's not the worst movie on display this summer.

... After subjecting myself to the pitiful *Players*, I couldn't help but wonder again if some of the moguls in the New Hollywood ever bother to view the rubes of the stuff they foist upon us. This atrocity proves several things: that Dean-Paul (nee Dino) Martin is cute and is admirable on the tennis court; that decent acting jobs must be hard to come by for Maximilian Schell; that Ali MacGraw is as obstinately untalented as ever; and that tennis has as much dramatic potential as, say, golf, football, or a good night's sleep.

This lousy "love" story wouldn't be worth bringing up if not for a few funny questions it poses. After attending a sneak preview a while back, I hastily filled out the standard questionnaire (What did you like best? Leaving. Have you suggested any improvements? Shelve it, etc.). As I left the theater browbeating the tennis add who had dragged me to the thing, I was accepted and grilled by two Paramount representatives carrying satchels and seeking a man-in-the-street opinion. When asked if Martin has "the potential to become the Taravola of the tennis set," I could think of no answer longer than four letters. When queried about the older-woman-younger-man romantic chemistry generated by MacGraw and Martin, I suggested a more titillating term: Jean Stapleton and Gary Coleman. Ask ridiculous questions, you get ridiculous answers.

I am glib, but I maintain I am just. These silly pictures just go to show, as they say, that they don't make 'em like they used to. They are concocted solely to sell a few faces with a minimum of effort. It often appears as though it is no more taxing an endeavor to write and direct a Hollywood product these days than it is to review one.

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places of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, and mopping up, so to speak, on their edges. The characterization of the little boy is rather like a repressive, authoritarian ideal of what a child ought to be (loyal, docile, completely uncritical in the face of re-buffed provocation), and it could conceivably have a pernicious effect on uninvolved and unsuspecting fathers, on expectant fathers, and on con-

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firm bachelors who hereafter might be shaken in their resolve. Impassioned adults who find themselves wistfully attracted to the personality traits of this boy, to the point of fancying themselves in a paternal role like the one depicted in the movie, might be closer to the mark, and happen in the long run, if they were to repair to the Humane Society and adopt a homeless pup instead. Zeffirelli ap-

The China Syndrome — The portions that have to do with "happy talk" television news programs have more of a critical edge than you usually meet up with in a movie theater. But this movie's stature as a critical organ is cut down considerably by its taking a romantic, almost reverential view of the job of investigative reporter, and by its taking a too self-important, self-congratulatory attitude about its criticisms of "happy talk" news, which, for the most part, are about as genuinely revealing as to point out that TV newscasters, underneath their friendly live-on-air personas, have digested and tracts like everyone else. The pivotal figure in the TV milieu is a newsroom man who specializes in reports on singing telegrams, a tiger's birthday party at the zoo, and such light frolics, and who is told point-blank by her boss not to worry about being heard with investigative stories. Since it is Jane Fonda to whom this line is said, the viewer is automatically supposed to see Red. But the casting of this role

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makes both the viewer's response and the character's gradual development to depictably more to the desired type, not to mention braver and subtler. If he had indeed selected Phyllis George! The question is: Is the movie's assumption underlying this character is that every TV newswoman with eyes had an overwrought speaking voice, and a Miss America smile, is not only ready and willing, but also perfectly able to metamorphose into a Mike Wallace if given half a chance. Her personal success story—the "hot" "scor" at movie's end—provides the sort of uplift you might expect from something called NANCY DREW. CUB REPORTER—almost down to what is supposed to be the central concern of the movie, which is the danger of nuclear power plants. With Jack Lemmon, Michael Douglas, and James Bridges, 1979. (Claremont, UA Cinema 3)

The Choirboys — Where Joseph Wambaugh, the policeman's friend and mouthpiece, wants faithfully to represent his former partners on the force, Robert Alton wants to employ those same characters metaphorically to represent emotions, have digested and tracts like everyone else. The pivotal figure in the TV milieu is a newsroom man who specializes in reports on singing telegrams, a tiger's birthday party at the zoo, and such light frolics, and who is told point-blank by her boss not to worry about being heard with investigative stories. Since it is Jane Fonda to whom this line is said, the viewer is automatically supposed to see Red. But the casting of this role

Down of the Dead — George A. Romero's companion piece to his NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, set largely (and inappropriately) in a suburban Pittsburgh shopping center, less a sequel than a remake, a new and improved version with slicker technique and gaudier special effects, and positively guaranteed not to disappoint even the most hysterical fans. The series film is gratuitously, scandalously, noisily funny. But it also offers the wisest laughs of any American movie since BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS. It is, of course, your humorous about, for example, a head-slicing off, very like Oscar Mayer's roast beef, and then he's a helicopter propeller, and then he's a rubber-necked wobble as when he had an experience. Textile Stevenson's right hand. 1979. (New Valley Drive In)

The Deer Hunter — Michael Cimino's Vietnam War story centers around an "ours not to reason why" trio of midwestern patriotic Middle Americans from a small Pennsylvania steel town. Three hours long, in the tradition of war stories of Norman Mailer, James Jones, Herman Wouk, and Irwin Shaw, the movie has an interesting lack of dramatic focus of overall form, of individual interest, of social context, and of point of view. There is at least one interest-

ing scene — the one where the three Pennsylvanians are routed in Viet Cong captivity (a hefty improbability, but never mind that) and where Cimino introduces Russian roulette as a Viet Cong torture technique and as his personal metaphor for the entire war (a complete fabrication, but never mind that). This scene has a lively imaginative quality, a claustrophobic compactness in its staging, a grueling duration, a bit of emoting from Robert De Niro that approximates the pumped-up intensity of Ernest Borgnine, which, taken all as a final bonus, is a roaring outburst of the kind of character political convictions are simply cues as to whom the audience is supposed to side with. As in any old-fashioned triangle tale, the sticky emotional situation is eventually cleared up with a convenient suicide. His songs of the 1960s are periodically played on the soundtrack, unabridged, and they almost drown out the action in this soft pale-looking movie photographed by Haskell Newby with the Dust Bowl dust still on his camera lens from his stint on ASHLEY'S BOUND FOR GLORY. Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Den. 1978. (Grand, 716 and 17)

Conway — 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 photographic chase over powdery, unpruned 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. Kim Kristofferson is miscast as a two-tailed tucker with a flower-stem physique and Norma-smooth skin, and Al McGraw is brought back to the screen after a five-year absence apocryphally, in the acquisition of a luxurious sunken. With Burt Young, Franklin Ayala, and Timmy Brown. 1979. (New Valley Drive In)

Eyes of Laura Mars — The premise is hard to swallow and harder to digest. A fashionable fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway), who shoots sadomasochistic pictures with an imperceptible moral purpose behind them, periodically blanks out the world in front of her face and sees moments through the eyes of an anonymous killer as he stalks the photographer's associates one by one and pokes out their eyes with a syringe. The way Dunaway describes her unpredictable visions, it's as if the killer were transmitting a TV image, albeit a fuzzy one, into her brain. No explanation of this unusual phenomenon is offered or sought, and the audience is left to wonder what prevents the heroine from having one of her visions when the killer is signing a check or brushing his teeth in front of the bathroom mirror, thus revealing his identity then and there. This is one of those daffodily plotted melodramas which use more you learn, the less you understand. The only thing that happens up the strained and mustered suspense, which has a soupy gay look to it, like New England style clam chowder, is the laudable vacuousness of the aesthetic issues. When Dunaway swoons right into her gaze, she's not opening, for instance, the vulvular reporters pepper her with

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to a harebrained CIA agent, an excess of Mack Sennett chases, and a ring-a-ling Latin American dictator. The laughs are occasional; the sickly, undyed color is constant. With Peter Falk; written by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. 1979.

(Camino Cinema 4; Center 3 Cinema

ord's sucker punch of Ward
in SIN TOWN; quotations from
Hrey Bogart; hero worship of
Redford (this from the boy who
outgrew Heidegger); and a
congratulatory salute to George

Manhattan — Life and love among the literati in New York City, photographed in stiff, heavy, arty black-and-white by Gordon Willis, and bedded with the music of George Gershwin. Woody Allen, having

bed-hopping and globe-hopping from Mother England to California, to Venice, to Rio, and ultimately to outer space. The production values remain as high as ever, especially the set designs by the ever-present Ken Adam, but there is no sign of a guiding intelligence or even of a respected tradition (this is, after all, the eleventh in-

tuner lighting, and the 3-D-ish, split-level compositions give you the feeling of looking at a View-Master rather than at a movie. Jim Henson's dead-eyed puppets are pretty uninteresting as shapes and colors, and no matter how much they are magnified, they lack presence on the big screen (they look as though they would be a sure

Brophy, but it is seldom practiced on such a rudimentary Sunday School level as it is in this Larry Gelbart script, directed by Carl Reiner. All the implications in this movie are reserved for trifles (e.g., God's displeasure with this design of avocados, "I made the pits too big"), while God Himself, materialized in the grandfatherly figure of

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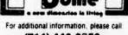
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Rocky II — The rematch between Rocky Balboa and Apollo Creed may have been demanded by the universal laws of boxing, but not by those of fiction. Many of the movie that ends with the hero and heroine saying "I love you" and "I love you too," but few are the sequels that feel it necessary to fill in the exact details of the marriage proposal, the church ceremony, the wedding night, the new home, the economic pinch, the pregnancy, and the traumatic birth. This family-scribbled sort of storytelling appeals not to the viewer's critical judgment but rather to his feelings of friendship for the characters. The very important awaited championship fight has a good first round and a grotesque finish. With Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith, written and directed by Stallone. 1979.

Secrets — The giddy editing and photographic techniques give you an early sensation of motion pictures, and make you excessively grateful when the film settles down to its campy plot contrivances about a wife, a husband and a prepubescent daughter who go separate ways "the morning and return at night" in a dream of silk, a pillow, and a potted plant as true testimony to their illicit afternoon dalliance. But the promising question about this relic excavated from the year 1971 is whether, for her hottest fans, Jackie's nude scene is worth the bother. And the answer is positively, With Robert Forster, Per Oscarsson, directed by Philip Garfield. 1979.

Star Crash — This Cinecittà space opera plays the same joke as George Lucas's STAR WARS, and with many of the same space-caps and costumes (plus a couple of skimpy female things that appear to have been picked up at an s-m specialty shop). But by making the joke more transparent, it serves almost as a parody or a critique of the Lucas movie. Or if not, it serves as a fitting punishment for any moviegoer hankering after another STAR WARS. With Caroline Munro, Marjorie Gutter, and Christopher Penn, directed by Lewis Coates. 1979.

Superman — Out of a desire to be "definitive," this lavish Superman adventure allows itself to become bogged in biography. It presumes a familiarity with Superman mythology, and often plays on that familiarity, but it still works to bore the audience with elementary information about the hero on Krypton (where the culture is proven to be "advanced" by having the inhabitants speak in British accents) and about Superman's rural upbringing on Earth. After an hour or so, the movie finally arrives in Metropolis (an uncharacterized New York City, the Statue of Liberty and all, fills the bill) and introduces Christopher Reeve (lovely as the Caped Wonder, but rather like as newsmen Clark Kent, speaking in a gush-dango Andy Hardy idiom). And the rest of the movie recalls the BATMAN television show in the late '60s, with its vaudeville, villainy, facetious flag-waving, and Boy Scout morality. Gene Hackman, Marlon Brando, Margot Kidder, and Valerie Perrine, directed by Richard Donner. 1978.

Test Driver — The moviemakers, director Martin Scorsese and scriptwriter Paul Schrader, have started with an old-style Warner Brothers working-man premise and tried to cram their learning into it. The result is a philosophical film from Sartre and Camus, homages to Brecht's PICKPOCKET and DARYL OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, typical sketches of New York. After dark, stylized and underground, like Peter Goldman, and a gory suicidal shootout styled after Peckinpah. None of this learning, however, is injected into the seething, glazed-eyed principal character, a White Knight obsessed with robbing the city streets of human garbage. (Indeed, for all that's devolved about a cab driver's profession, the movie might as well be called STREET CLEANER.) You may want to confront this slow-witted mess, but it's not a good idea. The director's ideas as ideas, and they aren't given sufficient clues to figure out what makes him tick. The portrait of this character is enough to give you the creeps, but not much more. Robert De Niro, Cybil Shepherd.

Jodie Foster: Harvey Keitel 1976. (R, Rn, 717)

They Came from Within — The opening is full of promise. Behind the credits, the secluded setting — the seamy, Starliner apartments — is established with a parody of a real-estate advertisement: a slide show of the Starliner's many amenities (terrace, courts, boutique, medical and dental clinics, and on and on) and a narration spoken in a moribund, ventriloquist voice. That, the target for terrorism, is in all disaster movies, is comfort and complacency, but the target is chosen in this instance with a satirical lack of sympathy. Much of the unpleasant tension of the first half derives from the doctor's office nastiness of the nurse, pushing ramps under the skin, a trickle of blood from the mouth, a torrent of blood vomited into a Spic 'n' Span bathtub (it's enough to make a lovely young housewife sit right down on the toilet and cry). As long as these afflictions are still in it, it's symptom stage, undisturbed, the movie maintains an air of "happen nightmarish quality" when the Hieronymous Bosch-like creatures (repulsive little men, resembling sweethearts and, again, lives) begin bursting out of people's mouths, roaming through the building's drains and vents, and inflicting the residents with uncontrollable, natural lusts, the movie manufactures some real squirms. (The storyline functions factually as a story of propaganda and as a plea for sexual tolerance.) Even after the orgy of sexual violence is explained, confusingly, by a stock mad scientist's notebook, it doesn't develop into a stock science-fiction caution against dehumanization. The movie might have done better to stay on the laughable level of a housewife's nightmare, a plague of slimy pests in the endless kitchen and bath. With Paul Hampton, Joe Spinell, and Barbara Steele, directed by David Cronenberg, a young Canadian who has earned something of an underground reputation for his experimental "scat" films, "Stereo" and "Crimes of the Future." 1979.

Up in Smoke — Cheech and Chong's marijuana puff piece is simply a newer (is not) version of a stoner comedy. Gas masks are advised. With Stacy Keach and Tom Skerritt, directed by Lou Adler. 1978.

The Warriors — Walter Hill's unrealistic, or anti-realistic, street gang movie has an obvious kinship with the hoarse-tempered branch of action films, including both the STAGECOACH-type western and the OBSCURE BUD-APPEAL type story. It also owes a special debt to the samurai films of Akira Kurosawa for its conception of the feudal clansmanhood of New York youth gangs and the strict martial-arts hierarchy that rules them. The "soldiers" and "boppers" from the mere "wimps" and "taggots." A simple problem in logistics (how to get from here to there), it offers no more character or plot development — but then again, no less drama and color and preoccupation — than the annual Golden Gloves tournament. The otherworldly feeling is established immediately by the magical opening shot of Coney Island's "Wonder Wheel," a minimalist tracing of neon dots and dashes against a black sky, and is maintained throughout by the colorless, fashion-parade-of-peacock-proud gang costumes (magenta vests, New York Yankees pinstripes, Marcel Marceau flour faces, etc.), which, for people-watching purposes, makes this movie as much fun as a punk-rock or glitter-musical. With Michael Beck, James Remar, Dorsey Wright, and Deborah Van Valkenburgh. 1979.

The Winner Men — British horror film, written by Anthony Shaffer and directed by Robin Hardy, was specially released in this country in 1974 and has since developed a cult reputation, with Edward Woodward, Britt Ekland, and Christopher Lee. (Quid, from 713)

The Wits — Broadway's blackstone version of THE WIZARD OF OZ. Light in design, dreary in lighting, chaotic in scene, inspired in song — what else could you ask? The major area of consolation is in scrutinizing, up close, the non-stop makeup on the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, and the Cowardly Lion. With Dana Rose, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, Ted Ross, and Richard Pryor, directed by Sidney Lumet. 1978.

Home's First Annual Miss Mission Beach Beauty Contest
 July 29, 1:30 p.m.
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 All contestants will receive a prize. For further information, call 488-5050.

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Off the Cuff

What is it about you that gets on other people's nerves?



Roger Zucchet Student Bird Rock Elementary
 Probably being kinda klutzy. You know, I'm not that swift. It bothers a few people. Like when I spilled the mustard in my dad's car. He yelled, "What a klutz!" And then there's my baseball team. They had this bottle of Gatorade and Fernando made me laugh and I spilled it all over the benches. Well, Fernando told everybody. So Henry Hunte wasn't that thrilled about it. He's the coach.

Eva Sprague Real Estate Agent Bonita
 I have to give that one some thought. I don't think I get on anybody's nerves — except my ex-husband's. He'd be happy to chew you in, I wiggle my foot. I think that wiggling my foot would be it. However, I've been told that it's good for the circulation.

Edward Russell Real Estate Agent El Cajon
 Let's see. I hug my boys a lot and they're getting to that age where they don't want to be hugged so much. I do it in public and they say, "Dad, not now." I irritate my mother by not calling her. My dad and I work in the same office. She'll call and just yell and say, "I haven't talked to you in a couple of weeks." I hadn't seen them for about fifteen years. Now she wants to see me every day.

Shula Perry Student Bird Rock Elementary
 Like I keep asking something. I hang on them. I follow them too much. Like they say, "Get off me." My brother, I always be around him. I hang on him. Just like yesterday. I was leavin' on him and he wanted me to go away and I wouldn't.

Gary Wishart Food Service Manager Carlsbad
 You wanna write a book? There's a zillion things. I'm going to say obsessive cleanliness. My car is absolutely immaculate. I wash and wax it continually. I don't allow dust to get on the tables. At work, I don't allow messes. If a Coke is spilled, it's wiped up immediately. My employees hate it, my girlfriend hates it, my family hates it. They think I go overboard a little bit. I don't feel I go overboard, but I feel I'm more conscientious than the average person.

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MAD JACK'S = More Music For Your Money

When members of rock bands part company nowadays, the split usually is labeled either "amicable" or "temporary." As with estranged lovers, these euphemistic adjectives are buzzwords which hide the fact that the musicians simply have grown ill of each other. I hope that is not the case with The Catman. From 1968 ("Music from Big Fish") to 1975 ("Northern Lights, Southern Cross") they established themselves as America's best rock band. Now that Little Heat has been silenced forever (after the recent death of thirty-four-year-old Lowell George, you can be sure of that), let's hope that as Robbie Robertson claimed in the movie "The Last Waltz," "The Band is simply melting."

The one band member who is not in superceded animation is bassist Phil Spector. He has released a decent album and continues to tour. Last year of the Catman he put on a rather sloppy show (possible hesitation?) with Gary Bussey and Paul Butterfield, but it was fun nonetheless. He returns to the Catman this Friday night. I hope it will be a realer performance but just as much fun. He's acting weird on "Miles No Difference" was unforgettable, beautiful. Thinking of it makes me long for a reunion.

Tonight, Thursday, Chuck Mangione plays at 10:30 p.m. Amphitheatre. The best description which most a great jazz orchestra, are evident in

I have heard about Mangione's style came off the cuff from a stranger. "He's like a Schellenberg masquerading as Duke Ellington." Simple, yes, but correct. Mangione trades in bathos, not romance. He is responsible for making the rhythm seem such a sexy instrument. None of the elaborate, innovative, or daring, which most a great jazz orchestra, are evident in

transformation, is in ston. On Friday, Harry James and his big band will be at the Rialto for regular jazz lovers with long memories. Also, the master of every soul band cliché, Tower of Power, chuckle-funk at the Catman, Saturday and Sunday. Since 1973, KDSM-FM (88.3), under the auspices of San Diego City College, has provided the only

off-jazz format on the local radio dials. Two years ago they began broadcasting "Jazz Live," thus giving worthy talents the chance to have their material aired and judged. This Tuesday night the show takes on a new image. It will be moved out of the KDSM studios to Balboa Park's Cafe Del Rey. More. The featured groups will include Herbie, whose members are guitarist James Valle, keyboardist Larry Logan, drummer Paul Bley, and, as guests, meet at Hollis Gentry, trumpetist Mitch Miller, brass Randy Ward, conga player Kiko Cornejo, and vocalist Margaretta Page.

Proceeding News will be the group Jazz Impromptu, composed of vocalists Kevin Laffan, Ruffel Laffan, parrot Rob Schneiderman, bassist Tom Amadio, and a guest percussionist. Also on Tuesday evening, boogie commissioner Elvin Bishop shifts his stuff out again, for what seems like the eighth seventh time around here in the last two years. This time of the Catman.

The rest of the week's shows include the punk outfit 999 at the Rialto, Friday night, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Saturday of the Civic; and, in a pathetic effort to stimulate greater interest in symphonic music (though the result may be exactly the opposite), members of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra will swallow their pride as they travel to the Geomorph College Auditorium Wednesday for something called "A Disco Symphony."

—Steve Samadino

Second Section

Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

This Week's Concerts

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RICK DANKO

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The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To list club entertainment, call 268-7488. Saturday before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to: **READER MUSIC SCENE**, P.O. Box 80653, San Diego, CA 92138, or call 235-4036 Friday before 5 p.m.

San Diego Concerts

Suzi Quatro: Royal Theatre, Thursday, July 12, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 4542 Coast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Chuck Mangione: SDSU Amphitheatre, Thursday, July 12, 8 p.m., 236-6957.

Henry James and his Big Band: Bona Hotel, Friday, July 13, 9 and 11 p.m., 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Beach, 488-0501.

Rick Danko: Calamarian, Friday, July 13, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

999: Royal Theatre, Friday, July 13, 8 and 11 p.m., 4542 Coast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band: Civic Theatre, Saturday, July 14, 8 p.m., Convention and Performing Arts Center, 236-6510.

Tower of Power: Calamarian, Saturday, July 14 and Sunday, July 15, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Nova and Jazz Improvisation: Cafe Del Rey Motel, Tuesday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., 1546 B Road, Balboa Park, 231-6696 or 234-1062.

Elvin Bishop: Calamarian, Tuesday, July 17, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Disco Symphony: Grossmont Center, Wednesday, July 18, 9 p.m., 465-2900.

The Penetrators, DFX2, and The Dinettes: American Legion Hall, Thursday, July 19, 8:30 p.m., 8118 University Avenue, 231-7221.

Mahogany Rush with AC/DC and St. Paradise: Sports Arena, Thursday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Seawind: Calamarian, Friday, July 20 and Saturday, July 21, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Jimmy Buffett: SDSU Amphitheatre, Saturday, July 21 and Sunday, July 22, 8 p.m., 236-6957.

Clubs

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240: Breweries featuring Eric Wood, country western, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anchorage Fish Company, 5450 La Jolla Village, La Jolla, 459-6834: Jobe and John, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Anthony's Harborside, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island, 630-6338: SDSU, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Antonio's Hacienda, 700 North Johnson Avenue, El Cajon, 442-9827: Neutral Ground, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 595-1913: Disco, nightly.

Atlanta's, 2525 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 226-2624: Roberto Linn, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 560-8022: B.J. Jax, Tuesday through Saturday, Magic II variety show, Sunday and Monday.



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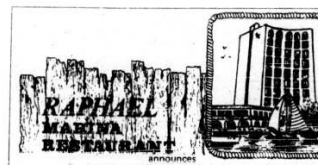
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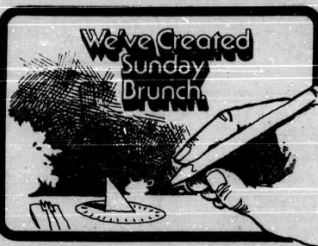
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Bahia, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0501: Mercedes Lounge, disco, featuring Roger Guy English, nightly. Piano Lounge, Johnny Rivers, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510: Country, western, country and western, Friday through Sunday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay, 274-4630: Blue Edge, harmonica blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-8822: Blue Edge, harmonica blues, boogie, and rock, Friday and Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022: Garcia Bros., rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Berkley's, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 463-9825: Disco, Tuesday through Sunday.

Billy Bones Restaurant, 959 Highland Street, Pacific Beach, 272-2780: Paul Gregg, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200: Summertime, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055: Tric, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 277-3100: Globe Laporte, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Blooming Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033: Ron Connelly, Irish & international folk, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island Dr., Harbor Island, 291-8010: Dallas Collins McInnis, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Salsavol and Salsa, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Boon's, 2888 P. 10 Highway, downtown, 291-5555: Chiridge, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Bill Brackett, comedian, Sunday and Monday.

Boleford's Old Place, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-8362: Steven Voss, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, Suzanne Igou, variety, Sunday through Tuesday.

Cafe Del Rey Motel, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511: Nova featuring Jaime Valls, Larry Logan, and Paul Bleyer, jazz, contemporary, and Latin, Tuesday through Saturday.

Cafe Jovanna, 4527 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-1781: Indian Joe, folk, Tuesday and Saturday, Jackie Lowell, folk, Friday, Chris Ryan, contemporary, Sunday.

Cathy's Piano Lounge, 3102 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 276-5495: Gai Warner, piano, Wednesday through Saturday.

Carlos N. Charlie's, 5530 La Jolla Village, La Jolla, 454-0118: Disco, nightly.

Casa Salsa Restaurant, 625 H Street, Chula Vista, 422-0161: Bobby Moore, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Cost and Cleaver, 140 South Serrano Boulevard, Solana Beach, 481-8238: Lloyd Thacker, folk rock originals, Wednesday through Saturday.

Cost and Cleaver, 2329 Center City Parkway, Escondido, 741-2404: The Bass Went Home featuring Rick Fogar and George York, contemporary and country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

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Inland contemporary Tuesday
through Saturday.

Culpeper's. 7383 Galt Cliff
road, San Carlos. 481-9401. Sam
and Shana. Country rock. Friday
and Saturday.

Charlie Horse Lounge. Winner
Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar. 755-6666. Doreen and Mel.
Country, boogie, and blues.
Tuesday through Saturday.

Chateau. 3623 College Avenue,
College Grove. 582-5820.
Bachata. Contemporary.
Wednesday through Sunday.

Chuck's Steak House. 1403 East
Valley Parkway, Escondido.
762-5100. Dago. Contemporary.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Chuck's Steak House. 1200
Riverside Street, La Jolla. 584-5325.
Zak with Araya on vocals. Jazz.
Friday through Sunday. Free
Energy. Jazz. Monday. Joe Marillo
singer. Jazz. Tuesday through
Thursday.

Comedy Store. 546 Pearl Street,
La Jolla. 584-9776. Zap.
Stephenson, Bruce Baum, and
Diane Nichols. Comedy.
Thursday through Sunday. Glen
Super. Los Bromfield and Ellis
Levinson. Comedy. Tuesday
and Wednesday.

The Corporation. 380 N. El
Camino Real, Plaza Encinitas Road.
Encinitas. 942-1676. Disco. Nightly.

Country Bumpkin Annex. 1862
Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach.
429-1961. Country. Country.
country. Wednesday through
Sunday. Truck for Revue.

Crossroads. 345 Market Street
downtown. 233-7356. Jimmy Tott
Trotter. Jazz. Tuesday through
Thursday. Disco. Tuesday
through Saturday.

Crystal T's Emporium. 500 Hotel
Circle North, Mission Valley.
291-7131. Disco. Nightly.

Daily's Lounge. 410 Claremont
Mesa Boulevard, Claremont.
272-5661. Island Kitz. Zither.
Monday and Tuesday.

Dick's at the Beach. 327 North
Highway 101, Solana Beach.
755-7672. Blitz rock. Thursday
through Saturday. Thunderbolt the
Wondercat. Country rock. Sunday
and Monday. Super Glide. rock.
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Disco Heaven. Executive Hotel 10
Avenue and C Street, downtown.
233-4844. Disco. Tuesday through
Saturday.

D.O. Mills & Co. 425 Camino del
Rio South, Mission Valley. 298-1891.
Disco. Nightly.

**El Amigo Plaza Restaurant &
Ballroom.** 1340 Broadway, El
Cajon. 442-0537. Swing. Self music
of the 40s. Friday.

Florida's. 7955 La Jolla Shores Drive,
La Jolla. 489-0561. Jan Tabor and
Dave Rogers. Contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday. John
Small. Contemporary. Thursday
through Monday.

It's a Club. 6 Hensley, downtown.
237-9475. Disco. Friday through
Sunday.

Hot Cats. 656 First Street, Encinitas.
753-2578. Favorite Son. rock.
Tuesday through Saturday.

Jimmy's. 5373 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley. 291-8635.
Disco. Live band. DJ. Nightly.

Gold Coast Lounge. Town and
Country Hotel, 530 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley. 291-7131.
Reggie Davis. Contemporary.
Tuesday through Saturday.

Halcyon. 4258 West Point Loma
Boulevard, Loma Point. 225-9559.
Clifton Mouth. rock. Tuesday
through Saturday. Favorite Son.
rock. Sunday and Monday.

Halligan's. 4325 Ocean
Boulevard, Pacific Beach.
274-3476. Homelike.
contemporary. Wednesday
through Saturday.

Hamburguesa. 4016 Wallace
Street, Old Town. 295-2684. Two the
Max. variety. Wednesday through
Saturday.

Hanalei. 2270 Hotel Circle North,
Mission Valley. 297-1151. Montage.
contemporary and Latin.
Wednesday through Sunday.
Janet Williams. Contemporary.
Monday and Tuesday.

Harpoon Henry's. 2725 Shelter
Island Drive, Shelter Island.
224-8242. Contemporary.
Thursday. Pelican Alley. jazz. Friday
and Saturday. Contemporary.
Sunday through Wednesday.

Hill House. 2730 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar. 755-6664. Lighthouse.
contemporary. Tuesday through
Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar. 1775 East
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay.
274-4200. People Movers. Disco
and top 40. Tuesday through
Saturday. Moonance.
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.

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Monday.

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THE OCEAN FRESH CAFE

Serving Seafood Exclusively
Selected Wines and Cocktails

Outdoor dining in our patio

Fish Fry Week

Lunch Specials

Thursday— **Fish and chips *3.75**
Friday— **Squid and chips *3.75**
Saturday— **Scallops and chips *4.50**
Monday— **Shrimp and chips *4.50**
Tuesday— **Combination *4.75**
Wednesday— **Fish and chips *3.75**

Sunday Brunch Special
Crab, broccoli and cheddar cheese omelette
***4.25**

Open Every Day For Lunch 11:30—2:30
Dinners 5 P.M. on • Sunday Brunch 10:00—2:00

5509 La Jolla Blvd., Bird Rock
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Retail Seafood Market Next Door

Friday, July 13

Rick Danko

Catamaran
HOTEL & RESTAURANT

ADVANCED TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT SEARS, WARDS
AND ALL TICKETRON OUTLETS
For Advance Ticket Information Call 565-9947
PERSONS MUST BE 21 YEARS OF AGE FOR ADMISSION
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Saturday & Sunday, July 14 & 15

Tower of Power

ALEXANDER'S PIZZA

We came 2,200 miles to these
sunny shores with three
delectable pizza recipes:
Flat, Deep Dish and
Pizza Pot Pie.

We serve them in a cozy
and classy setting with good
music and sexy waitresses!

To encourage you to try us once, this ad is good for \$1.50 off on any
medium or large deep dish pizza eaten on our premises.

4605 E. Mission Bay Drive (1/2 block south of Garnet) 272-2400

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PROUDLY BRING YOU THE LIMITED ENGAGEMENT OF



Jimmy Buffett
and The Coral Reefer Band

SAT • JULY 21 and
SUN • JULY 22
TICKETS \$4.95 - \$15.00

OPEN AIR AMPHITHEATRE

The Belly Up Tavern

NY! AREN'T THE GARCIA BROTHERS GOOD, AL!



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THE BELLY UP TAVERN
143 SO. CEDROS
SOLICANVA BEACH

hot San Francisco bay area band. Following the foot steps of
Pablo Cruise, Santana, Boz Scaggs, Sons of Champlin.
They're a dance band along the lines of Steve Miller and Pablo
Cruise.
Their instrumentals are flawless and unapproachable. Guitarists
Lore Garcia and Jerry Cortez take you into harmonic guitar
duos that will make your spine tingle.

Le Chalet

... by the sea

Our Kitchen is Open
Weekend Breakfast Special
Saturday, Sunday 6 a.m.—noon
3 egg cheese omelet
FREE with \$1.00 drink

*** Over The Line Teams ***
and participants
get a good meal deal
before you go out
to OMBAC's O.T.L.

Monday Night Baseball
Enjoy our Advent wide screen T.V.
Spaghetti Dinner \$1.50
Heineken Draft 50¢
during game.

5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300

JAZZ

9 p.m. nightly—no cover

Solid Funk

Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays
Led by percussionist Michael Kellisher, **SOLID FUNK**—as the name implies—fuses
the basics of jazz with rock elements for a distinctive new musical style. Ron Lane
on guitar, Albert Wright on bass, Ron Kirkland on drums, Paul Greene on sax and
Louis Lellig on keyboard bring a new dimension to jazz. For a change of pace,
Kellisher on vibraphone and saxophonist Paul Greene combine in the melodic lyricism and
swing of traditional jazz.

Big City Blues Band

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday with the Soul Senders
Cathy Brown, Gale Susan—Vocals
Dale Enders—guitar, Terry Fanwick—Keyboards
Ricard Penneau—Drums, Garry Wilson—Bass
San Diego's only authentic Rhythm and Blues

Feel

Wednesday, Thursday
Original jazz recording group with
Kevin Kent—guitar, synthesizer, flute, composer
Steve Nichols—guitar, composer
Calvin Lakin—drums
Ray Boundidge—bass

Jazz Jam Sessions

2—6 p.m. Sunday
Wile away the afternoon with us

Home Three Tavern, 7884 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 469-6344. Eclectic and top 40. Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Coronado 433-2633. Nightlong contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday. Harmony, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Continuous Live Entertainment
from 11:30 a.m. - 11:30 p.m. every day

CONTEMPORARY COUNTRY, FOLK BLUES JAZZ
New groups every 2 hours!

HAPPY HOUR
3-6 p.m., Monday-Friday
YARDS OF BEER \$2.25
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in Old Town
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256-0133

Cafe Del Rey Moro
in Balboa Park presents
JAZZ LIVE IN THE PARK
July 17, 7:30pm
hosted by
KSDS JAZZ 288
Scott Harrison
master of ceremonies
featuring
NOVA and JAZZ IMPROMPTU
• broadcast live
• door prizes
• no cover
• free parking
no person under 21 admitted

enter tainment 79

Fri., July 13
RICK DANKO

Friday, July 13
HARRY JAMES
and his Big Band
presents
"A Night of Swing Dancing"
at the Bahia Hotel

Sat., Sun., July 14 & 15
TOWER OF POWER

Tues. July 17
ELVIN BISHOP

Fri. & Sat., July 20 & 21
SEAWIND

Sunday, July 22
HERBIE MANN

Fri. & Sat., July 27 & 28
SANFORD/TOWNSEND BAND

Fri. & Sat., August 3 & 4
GIL SCOTT HERON

August 22-27
RAY CHARLES

AT THE
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BLUE OYSTER CULT • CHEAP

Hungry Hunter, 1445 Howe Circle, Placita, Mission Valley, 291-8074. Kevin Brown, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 422 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0817. Jeff Bradley, popular country. Thursday through Saturday.

Ivanhoe, 4246 Poway Road, Poway, 758-7531. Disco, night.

Ivy Room, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-6329. Vici Davis, mellow piano and easy listening. Tuesday through Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City 474-2201. Daybreak, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday. Wayne Psychedelic Groove, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Jose Murphy's, 4332 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220. Thunderbolt the

Wreckless, country rock. Thursday through Saturday. Dave Bradley & His Mandala Band, country rock. Sunday, Cincy & the Sinners, country rock. Monday through Wednesday.

Journey, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-2040. Disco, night.

Kelly's Roadhouse, 596 N. Mission Avenue, El Cajon, 442-0353. Act of joy, acoustic rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

King's Grill, 1333 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 297-2231. Strutting minstrels, night.

Kung food, 2045 17th Avenue, Hillcrest, 298-7302. Music of India. Thursday through Sunday.

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Avenue, El Cajon, 442-1331. Jim and Theresa Wilson, folk and originals. Wednesday and Thursday. Will Bluefield, folk guitarist. Friday. Cass, folk guitarist. Saturday. Phil Gross & Lenny, country folk. Tuesday.

Le Chateau, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300. Folk, jazz. Thursday. Solid Funk, jazz. Friday and Saturday. Big City Blues Band with the Soul Slanders, jazz. Sunday. Monday and Tuesday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar, 755-1383. Jerry McCann band with Johnny Almond, rock and roll. Thursday and Friday. Frank Sherman and the Alabamas, German polka. Saturday. Frank Sherman Swing Band, jazz and swing. Sunday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8801 Magnolia Avenue, SanDiego, 448-8550. Disco, Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5572. D.A. & the Necktines, country rock. Monday through Saturday. Pony Express, country. Sunday.

Mandarin Wind, 328 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017. King Biscuit Blues Band, blues. Thursday through Saturday. Outcasts, Monday. Mike Blea, variety. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard of Freeway 78, San Marcos, 744-3520. Disco, night. Oldies but Goodies night. Sunday. dance contest. Tuesday.

Maz's, 1299 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-3544. Disco, night.

Mission Inn, 522 East Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-2003. White Lightning Express, country. Thursday through Sunday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard North, 298-5656. Dave Torzillo, big band. Friday and Saturday. Live combo. Sunday through Thursday.

Mom's Saloon, 431 Gammel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 270-4653. Blues, rock. Tuesday through Sunday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego: Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060. Feeding rock disco. Tuesday through Saturday.

BELAFONTE
in person
TWO PERFORMANCES ONLY!

Monday July 23 • 8 PM

Tuesday July 24 • 8 PM

CIVIC THEATRE

Tickets: \$12.00-\$10.00-\$8.00

ON SALE at Center Box Office, 202 C St., all Bill Gamble's Men's Wear, Stanley Andrews in Chula Vista & Escondido, and other Select-A-Seat Outlets. Ticket info: 236-6510. MasterCard/Visa Charge Line: 565-2865. MAIL ORDERS: Center B.O., 202 C St., S.D. 92101. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope & \$4 handling.

NEW MERCEDES LOUNGE DISCO
7 NIGHTS A WEEK
featuring Disco D.J.
Roger Guy English

Bahia
HOTEL & RESTAURANT
998 W. MISSION BAY DR. • 488-0551

London Opera House, 5404 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 279-1390. Steve Or contemporary. Sunday and Monday. Bill Brackett, comedian. Tuesday through Saturday. C.V. Davigl, country rock. Friday and Saturday.

Macho's, 2606 Midway Drive, San Diego 224-2401. Mark of Lono, top 40. Sunday and Tuesday. Colous Latin disco. Wednesday through Saturday.

Mad Greek, 3191 Sports Arena Boulevard, San Diego, 226-0281. Disco, night.

Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8780. Disco, night.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8801 Magnolia Avenue, SanDiego, 448-8550. Disco, Wednesday through Saturday.

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Tall ales

Bountiful 16-ounce margaritas, daiquiris, pina colodas start every night at 4:30.

Something's going on at the Windsons every night!

2241 Shelter Island Drive

Monterey Jack's, 11947 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400. Brian Renner, contemporary and classical guitar. Thursday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1636. Dave Bradley and Daryl Best, country rock. Tuesday through Saturday. Brian Renner, contemporary guitarist. Sunday and Monday.

Moonglow, 465 Claremont Drive, Claremont 273-1022. Sandy Stewart and Co., contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday. Paul Gregg, organ. Sunday and Monday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 287-7332. Disco, night.

Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, East San Diego 583-6670. Tall Cotton, country. Friday and Saturday.

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1700. RPM, disco. Tuesday through Saturday.

Night Owl East, 667 North Mission Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3354. Tripsie, contemporary. Sunday and Monday. Fever rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 426-2977. Jack Richards, country western. Thursday through Sunday.

Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6151. Song of those contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133. Contemporary, country, folk, blues, and jazz. daily jam session. Monday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Vantage Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2146. Tom Cat, blues and Crazy Dave, comedy special. Thursday. Andy

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Alond Gardens, 286-7673. Jim Nason and Down Home, country western. Thursday through Saturday.

Pat's, 1121 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 426-2977. Jack Richards, country western. Thursday through Sunday.

Patti Smith + Linda Ronstadt + Jackson Browne, Fleetwood Mac + Pink Floyd + Kansas + Van Halen, Kiss + Donna Summer + Eagles + Bowie + Spinalbush + Abba

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BLONDIE AUG. 14 AL JARREAU AUG. 12
★ JONI MITCHELL GREEK THEATRE IN L.A.

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POXY 106
RED HOT AND LIVE AT 4042 GARNET PACIFIC BEACH 404-3303
KPMI FM 106

SUZI QUATRO
with GREG SUTTON
WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY JULY 12TH 7:30 & 10:30 PM

NINE-NINE-NINE
with KATIE
FRI JULY 13TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

JOHNNY COUGAR
MON JULY 23RD 7:30 & 10:30 PM

DIXIE DREGS
THURS JULY 26 7:30 & 10:30 PM

WALTER EGAN
THURS JULY 27TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

RECONSTRUCTION with JERRY GARCIA
SAT JULY 28TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

SISTER SLEDGE
FRI AUGUST 3 8:00 & 11:00 PM

CALIPING PRESENTS A BENEFIT CONCERT WITH STEVEN BISHOP • CITIZEN! BILL JUDSON & FRIENDS
MON AUGUST 6TH 8:00 PM

MARIA MULDAUR
SUN AUGUST 19 7:30 & 10:30 PM

RESERVED SEATING
TICKETS ON SALE AT: ROXY THEATRE & TICKETRON
OUTLETS 565-9947 OR 488-3303

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★ JONI MITCHELL GREEK THEATRE IN L.A.

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JIMMY BUFFETT 21.22 KINKS
BLUE OYSTER CULT, CHEAP TRICK & UFO AUG. 5
BLONDIE AUG. 14 AL JARREAU AUG. 12
★ JONI MITCHELL GREEK THEATRE IN L.A.

RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW FOR
PETER FRAMPTON • ELTON JOHN
PATTI SMITH • LINDA RONSTADT & JACKSON BROWNE
FLEETWOOD MAC • PINK FLOYD • KANSAS • VAN HALEN
KISS • DONNA SUMMER • EAGLES • BOWIE • SPINALBUSH • ABBA

WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. CALL US A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU CHOICE SEATS

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KPMI FM 106

SUZI QUATRO
with GREG SUTTON
WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY JULY 12TH 7:30 & 10:30 PM

NINE-NINE-NINE
with KATIE
FRI JULY 13TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

JOHNNY COUGAR
MON JULY 23RD 7:30 & 10:30 PM

DIXIE DREGS
THURS JULY 26 7:30 & 10:30 PM

WALTER EGAN
THURS JULY 27TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

RECONSTRUCTION with JERRY GARCIA
SAT JULY 28TH 8:00 & 11:00 PM

SISTER SLEDGE
FRI AUGUST 3 8:00 & 11:00 PM

CALIPING PRESENTS A BENEFIT CONCERT WITH STEVEN BISHOP • CITIZEN! BILL JUDSON & FRIENDS
MON AUGUST 6TH 8:00 PM

MARIA MULDAUR
SUN AUGUST 19 7:30 & 10:30 PM

RESERVED SEATING
TICKETS ON SALE AT: ROXY THEATRE & TICKETRON
OUTLETS 565-9947 OR 488-3303

Navajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road, San Carlos, 465-1700. RPM, disco. Tuesday through Saturday.

Night Owl East, 667 North Mission Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3354. Tripsie, contemporary. Sunday and Monday. Fever rock. Tuesday through Saturday.

Oasis Bar, 1121 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 426-2977. Jack Richards, country western. Thursday through Sunday.

Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6151. Song of those contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133. Contemporary, country, folk, blues, and jazz. daily jam session. Monday.

One Night Stand, 4970 Vantage Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2146. Tom Cat, blues and Crazy Dave, comedy special. Thursday. Andy

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Alond Gardens, 286-7673. Jim Nason and Down Home, country western. Thursday through Saturday.

Pat's, 1121 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 426-2977. Jack Richards, country western. Thursday through Sunday.

Patti Smith + Linda Ronstadt + Jackson Browne, Fleetwood Mac + Pink Floyd + Kansas + Van Halen, Kiss + Donna Summer + Eagles + Bowie + Spinalbush + Abba

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CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR

MAHOGANY RUSH & AC/DC
JIMMY BUFFETT 21.22 KINKS
BLUE OYSTER CULT, CHEAP TRICK & UFO AUG. 5
BLONDIE AUG. 14 AL JARREAU AUG. 12
★ JONI MITCHELL GREEK THEATRE IN L.A.

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