



# City Lights

## Hi, I'm Flo Ziegfeld

Vice squad officers and talent agents agree. San Diego's role as a growing source of talent and locations for the "entertainment industry" has made for choice pickings here by scam artists bent on exploiting those who would be stars. Hopefuls, mostly young women, are everywhere for the taking by not-so-imaginative stylists who have nothing more to offer than empty promises, temerity enough to place a classified ad, and an open hand ready to receive the up-front money. Some recent cases from the files of vice officer Bob Hannibal:

Last month vice squad officers noticed an ad in the San Diego Union under the Help Wanted column, which called for models and actors to audition for work in a fashion show called Expo '81. A date and time was listed for the auditions, which took place in a room at the Sheraton Hotel on Island. These were conducted by a man who called himself "The Sheik."

The Sheik has an office in a print shop in Los Angeles, where, a few weeks before, he'd printed up some tickets for a similar fashion show to be held July 5 at the Beverly Hilton. The show never materialized, but The Sheik had made some money by either collecting \$150 outright from the models who wanted to be in it (and promising them \$200 on the day of the show), or having the hopefuls sell tickets to the event at fifteen dollars apiece. Vice officers discovered that about seventy-five people, most of them attractive young women, answered The Sheik's ad down here and were eager to be auditioned by the man in the Sheraton hotel room. When the officers entered the room, they saw that The Sheik had divided the applicants into two groups: the professionals and the amateurs. Most were amateurs. These he had inside the room twirling and strutting to disco music from a small tape recorder. The officers asked for a business license and identification, neither of which The Sheik possessed. When the cops broke up the audition, many of the women outside were literally begging The Sheik to let them inside the room and to take their money.

Another case last month involved a classified ad placed in the Reader and in the San Diego Cutting News, which requested 2000 roller skaters to show up at the Palisades Gardens roller rink in North Park on June 14 to audition for a movie. A flyer for the event said that those selected could make \$20,000. The people organizing it requested a fifteen-dollar auditioning fee.

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Vice officers were suspicious. They checked and discovered the man who had reserved the room was under investigation in Los Angeles for doing the same thing there without a talent agent's license. State law also prohibits charging a fee to audition somebody. When the owner of the room was told about this, he canceled the reservation and put up a big sign outside the building to ward off the crowds.

Not all the talent vampires come from out of town. One middle-aged man, Bob Harter, worked as a photographer on Thirtieth Street in North Park for years, until last January when he was convicted on eight counts of soliciting prostitution. Evidently he'd lure young women into his studio with the promise of making them stars by taking their pictures and circulating them to his show business contacts. In return he asked for (and received) sex and money. Just after Harter was sentenced to probation in January, undercover police found that he hadn't changed his ways, and he was arrested again. Out on bail, he's since left town.

Another photographer, based in Keaney Mesa, is now under investigation for being deceptive about the fact that his solicitations for models to photograph often become requests for the women to distribute so he can photograph them for the more shabby skin

magazines. He has advertised in the Reader and some other smaller papers. Talent agents say that scams such as these have always been perpetrated on the burgeoning pool of show business hopefuls, but that San Diego has just recently come into its own as a target for this kind of activity. They point out that licensed talent agencies cannot ask for money up front nor can they guarantee work in show business. And they all have their own horror stories. Two weeks ago, local agent Tina Real got a call from a man who wanted her to send him women for a bikini fashion show he was organizing at the Town and Country Hotel in Mission Valley. She checked him out and her suspicions were confirmed. "He basically wanted to see girls in bikinis," Real says.

## Store Wars

Bob Ward, an employee of the Associated Students organization at San Diego State University and manager of the campus's general store for the past seven years, found himself out of a job two weeks ago. He was fired by Susan Carruthers, business manager of the Associated Students, because he did not want to accept extra duties being assigned to him; specifically, the management of the concessions food stall at

college events. But technically Carruthers is an employee of the other nonprofit corporation on campus, Aztec Shops, where she also has minor managerial duties. Bob Ward and other Associated Students employees questioned her authority to fire him without approval of the student council, and three general store employees resigned in support of Ward, who is filing a formal grievance. The incident has revived once again the sensitive issue of the very small number of people who seem to have most of the say in how both Associated Students and Aztec Shops are run.

The way some employees see it, three managers control both corporations: Harvey Goodfriend, general manager of Associated Students and also head of Aztec Shops, which runs the campus bookstore; Susan Carruthers, business manager of Associated Students and former assistant to Goodfriend; and Jim Carruthers, husband of Susan and manager of programs for Associated Students. By decree of the president of the university, both Goodfriend and Susan Carruthers have for years worked for both corporations in order to save money, and for just the last couple of years Associated Students employees and student council members have been grumbling that a de facto merger of the separate corporations is slowly developing. As evidence they refer to last summer's reorganization of Associated Students that was engineered

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society by the Carrutheses and Goodfriend, in which managerial responsibilities were split pretty much in half between Jim and Susan Carruthers. Bob Ward's firing and the subsequent running of the Associated Students-run general store by some Aztec Shops employees is also offered as evidence of merging, as is the marriage of the Carrutheses. Between them they gross almost \$90,000 in salaries and benefits from student offices. "It's just awkward to have a husband and wife drawing that much money from the student body, when there's a lot of people lower down [in the corporation] who aren't able to support themselves," says one employee.

Nobody quibbles with the competency or professionalism of the Carrutheses or Goodfriend; it's the subtleties and appearances that are causing grumblings. Though Associated Students is constitutionally controlled by the student council, it is really the management end of the organization that is stable and cognizant of developments from year to year, as the makeup of the student-elected council changes. Henry Da Silva, the current student body president, takes a tougher stand than his predecessors regarding student control of its corporation. Says Da Silva, "I told [Harvey] Goodfriend on July thirteenth that he's already fired one employee without my approval, and if he fires

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another one, I'll fire him." The way Da Silva sees it, there's a good chance Ward's firing will be overturned. He also wants to commission studies by the university's business department to discover how best to organize and structure the corporation, which has an annual operating budget of about four million dollars and runs everything from the Open Air Amphitheatre to the Mission Bay Aquatic Center. "We'll probably have our own business manager, our own general manager, a total reorganization," contends Da Silva. "And as far as Associated Students is concerned, there is no merger."

Some of those who work within the organization from day to day disagree with that assessment. They see a widely held attitude that there is really one corporation, not two with separate functions, separate business philosophies. Susan

## Reading Should Catch Up On Juan

Last April, when Chula Vista businessman Juan Llamas took the construction contractor's licensing test, he was allowed to bring his wife along to read the questions to him. He failed a portion of it. This week, when he takes the test again in Santa Ana, he's bringing a friend along to assist him. Juan Llamas doesn't know how to read.

But he does know how to succeed in business. Llamas and his half dozen employees design, manufacture, and install wrought iron fences, railings, and window guards from the shop beside Llamas's house on Date Street in Chula Vista. Last year the business grossed \$58,000, and Llamas says that by this May he had already surpassed that figure. They just finished a \$28,000 job providing all the wrought iron for a new nineteen-unit condominium project on Orange Avenue in Coronado, and now they're gearing up for a similar job in Palm Springs. Llamas's need to read is mounting with his business success, but he can't find the time to concentrate on learning to do it. He's a clear exception to the statistical rule correlating the nation's twenty million illiterates and relatively low economic standing. "I've always felt a little different from everybody else," Llamas says.

He started feeling that way twenty-seven years ago, when he was one year old. For that entire year his parents had left him and four of his siblings with an aunt near Mazatlan while the parents worked in the fields of California's central valleys. When Llamas's aunt handed him back over to his mother, little Juan didn't know how to react, having believed that his aunt was his mother, so he fainted. The experience

profoundly affected his relationship with his parents and his ten brothers and sisters, making him feel somehow apart from them. He's the only one of the males who's never done time in prison. And when he cut school as a kid at Finney Elementary or Castle Park High in Chula Vista, it wasn't for the purpose of making trouble; it was so he could go to work at Custom Metals, a wrought iron shop on Main Street. Llamas has no real explanation for why he never learned to read; he was only held back once, in the fourth grade, and he received his high school diploma with the sign of his class in 1971. He figures

that maybe he just had a lot on his mind while he was in school, what with his parents always bickering and his brothers always in Dutch. And then there were those years when his father would take him out of school a month early and return him a month late so he could accompany the rest of the family to Salinas or Watsonville to pick cucumbers and other vegetables. When his parents finally divorced, Llamas was working every chance he got, and giving his pay and tips to his mother. He'd sell tacos right after school during the shift changes at the gas and electric company in Chula Vista, then he'd work at the wrought iron shop. Last

at night he'd again sell tacos at the local bars, the Happy Landing and the Ramble Inn, and he'd carry his shoe shine box along too. On the weekends he'd sell tamales door to door and move lawns. After graduating from high school, he went to work full time at the wrought iron shop, and though he was the youngest employee, he was the one who'd been working there the longest time. He learned every aspect of the business, from bidding to bending, and was still making only \$3.50 an hour when he quit after a year and a half. An acquaintance got him a job at NASSCO, and he had to ask the lady at the personnel desk to fill out the

application for him. This was about the same time that he passed his driver's license test by walking outside the DMV and transferring the answers from his brother's old test to the new one. It was also about the time that he tried of "crying within myself" and went to the Chula Vista school district to tell them he couldn't read. "They were shocked," Llamas recalls. He was put into an adult reading class but couldn't stay with it, because of his work schedule. Llamas went into business for himself about six years ago, but it hadn't really flourished until recently. His reputation for good work and the public's interest in making homes more secure have boosted Llamas's fortunes. His wife keeps the books, and Llamas keeps all his appointments in his head. Business letters are read to him by his wife or friends. He's recently placed in escrow an \$80,000 lot on the corner of Date and Main, to which he hopes to move his business. He just turned down a request by his business colleagues to become secretary of the local chapter of a wrought iron trade association. He's sponsored a Little League baseball team the last few years. The one thing he needs most is that contractor's license. And though he's somewhat embarrassed about not being able to read well enough to fill out receipts for his work (he has customers write in their name and address), he feels he has nothing to apologize for. He tells people straight up that he has reading difficulties, and they always oblige his requests for help. "Sure, I feel a little embarrassed about it," he says, "but if you don't ask, you won't get anything."



Juan Llamas

— Neal Matthews

Photograph by Jim Cull

— Neal Matthews



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AT A FREE MAN

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## Amp Unto My Feet

Having been a loyal follower of "the sport" of surfing for about fifteen years now, I find that the type of excitable behavior exhibited by Steve Cram ("City Lights," July 16) is becoming commonplace among many surfers on our San Diego County beaches. Yes, folks, on any good day the popular beach and reef breaks are oversize, for all are now predominately occupied by game-toing gnomes and bellicose locals, the latter

claiming, among other things, that I was first. Can you imagine that?

I don't really know how to interpret Mr. Cram's statement. "I get hit by surfboards all the time" is a considerable person suggesting that these days, at any good break, if you aren't an aggressive, radical amp-out, you will have quite a problem catching waves? Or is he one of those guys who thinks every wave has his name written on it?

Finally, I just have to offer my hearty congratulations to both Steve Cram and Larry Richards for their "fine contribution" to the

new brotherhood of surfers. I remember reading a book on Hawaiian history when I was in high school. In it there was a section devoted entirely to the

## Letters

sport of surfing and how it arose. The sport of kings, that's what it was. What happened? You both disgust me.  
Charlie Chiles  
San Diego

## The Rich Art Different

As a woman working diligently at being an artist (painter), and wife, mother, worker, and former employee at the museum under Lefty Adler, I was disappointed that the Reader gave him so much space ("The Art of Being Lefty Adler," July 9). He already has too much to say about the only contemporary art museum in San Diego. I rarely even spoke to him, but it is clear that he dismisses his curators all too readily. He claims to be seriously committed to art that challenges and incites, but how is this possible if he cannot even tolerate challenges from the people who work, or try to work, with him? It would seem that his ego constantly gets in the way. A museum is for the public, however resistant they may be to contemporary art. There should be a reaching out to them, but it seems that the La Jolla Museum has come to be a palace where Adler is allowed to bunk it in his own tastes with the consent of the few wealthy people who support him. These people are even said to know very little about art. But then it is true that in the West, art has been the special preserve of the upper classes, and all of us, artists as well, must play on their land, limited by their rules.

People now gaze at works on the walls as if money were hanging there; the content of the work often becomes, if not ambiguous, at least secondary. All of this is only made even more extreme when directors such as Adler dominate the working of the museum to the extent that it remains in La Jolla — out of reach of the public, artists included. It ought to be downtown, not to eliminate white guilt (the extent of Adler's social consciousness), but where people can get to it — many people, from many classes, age groups, etc. It is true the people are resistant to art, but elitism is not intrinsic to the nature of art, but rather to the economic structure that clings to the logistics of presentation to the wealthy. Adler would be dismissed if a truly collective body of seriously committed people knowledgeable in all aspects of art, ran the museum. There may even be education for people, that one day elitism might not be so extreme, and that art would be more a part of the everyday experience of people. Artists may even have some kind of support before their work has market value, though hopefully, a painting would never again bring the kind of price that borders on the obscene. At this point, up-and-coming artists receive a kind of token support. The narrow professionalism of Adler does not bother to pay attention unless the dollar signs flash off and on, at least not now that he is residing on the beach of La Jolla.

I guess I should go back to my painting, where, fortunately, I have somewhere to find the world re-created. And to do that, I don't need the rich, thank you, Mr. Adler. None of us do. Just some of what is boarded. How I wish a Dismay were around to do your portrait.  
Cheryl Perry  
San Diego

## What Would You Like On That Toilet Seat?

Your article entitled "War" (July 16) reaffirms the great yearning of man for an all-consuming community cause. In our society, with its emphasis on the individual, we easily overlook the even more powerful need and hunger for a communal project that is larger than the individual, that will fill us with continual pride that transcends the animal in us and gives us a place among the gods.

(continued on page 26)

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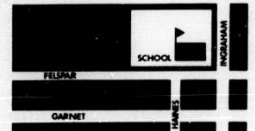
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## Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Back in the Sixties, Capitol issued many of the Beatles' 45 r.p.m. recordings in colorful picture sleeves. I was pleased to learn that these are now highly prized, since I have a few. My copy of "Ticket to Ride" has the second Beatles movie's original title: "Eight Arms to Hold You," printed on the label, and I have an extended-play 45 r.p.m. called "Four by the Beatles," released in 1964. (The extended-play was a popular format in Europe but never caught on here.) Realizing that each record is worth would be determined by its condition, can you help me find out their present value? And should I sell them to an out-of-print dealer, or go to a Beatles convention, or what?

D.C.

Mission Beach

Go to a Beatles convention. You'll meet as many dealers as you'll ever want to know, and you'll also be in the right place to meet an amateur collector who might shave his head just to look at your *Eight Arms to Hold You*. Between the two, you'll either make some money or get to know some fabulous fans. A convention called Beatlemania will take place November 27 through 30 at the Bonaventure Hotel in downtown Los Angeles.

Dear Matthew Alice:

I am a forty-nine-year-old female. I have fibrocystic disease of the breasts. I get cysts that have to be aspirated (drained). I have had two biopsies; no cancer or pre-cancer is apparent. My doctor keeps after me to have all the breast tissue removed and insert implants. The only thing I know about this procedure is that it is expensive and that the implants can go sour and harden. Can you find out if this procedure is really called for when no cancer is present? My doctor keeps pushing the cosmetic



Illustration by Rick Corley

aspect, saving my breasts will be beautiful — but to me that is secondary.

JoAnn Collins

San Diego

There is no way yet to determine absolutely if a cystic breast is free of cancer. About six percent of the women who undergo a subcutaneous mastectomy — in which all of the breast is removed but the skin and nipple — are found to have harbored a cancerous tumor that had not been discovered by a biopsy or other diagnostic technique. And since no diagnostic or preventative technique has lowered the incidence of fatalities of breast cancer (34,000 deaths were associated with the disease in 1979), many doctors — perhaps yours too — recommend the removal of the breast in a woman prone to the disease as the best way of preventing it.

This is the view that Dr. Vincent R. Pennisi sets forth in *Longterm Results in*

*Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery* (volume two). He observes that of 1000 women who have had subcutaneous mastectomies since 1975, only two have contracted breast cancer. (The figures are from the Subcutaneous Mastectomy Data Evaluation Center at St. Francis Memorial Hospital in San Francisco.) Pennisi implies that the mastectomy and the implantation of an artificial breast should not be performed for mere cosmetics, because, if the mastectomy is done correctly, there is a high probability that the reconstructed breast will not be more attractive than the natural one. He declares that "if a surgeon consistently achieves perfectly aesthetic breasts after subcutaneous mastectomy, he is not excising ninety-five to ninety-eight percent of the gland necessary to reduce the incidence of breast cancer by this surgical procedure."

Dr. Ross Rudolph, a reconstructive sur-

geon in San Diego, said, "The breasts are never going to look exactly the same after subcutaneous surgery. It depends on what has to be removed, and on the shape of the breasts to begin with."

The surgeon removes most of the breast through an incision along the crease line below it, then he creates a pocket within the folds of three layers of muscle, the rectus, the serratus, and the pectoralis major. Into the pocket he inserts a silicone rubber sac filled with silicone gel, sized to match the displaced tissue. In some cases the sac may be surrounded by a bladder into which he injects a saltwater solution to duplicate the size of the natural breast. The rubber and gel are not the same as the liquid silicone once popular with button dancers. The sac is soft, but in some cases grows firmer as the body envelops it in fibrous tissue. Pennisi reports that sensation returns to the breast after six months when the nipple can erect itself, and that full sensation and sexual response return after two years. Rudolph says, however, that the return of full sensation is rare, "simply because you can't help cutting a lot of nerves in the operation."

Though the complexity of the operation varies greatly, \$2000 is a serviceable figure for the surgeon's fee. The anesthesiologist's fee is extra, as is the cost for two or three days in the hospital, and at least a week of lost work. "The operation is often covered by insurance," Rudolph noted. "It's a case where the subcutaneous mastectomy is not cosmetic, but essentially a prophylactic (preventative) measure."

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 89603, San Diego, California 92138.

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# FREE MAN

(continued from page 1)

hind the podium. I think I can detect Yuri squirm ever so slightly. It's close to one o'clock before he's introduced.

The club members applaud him warmly. Then Yuri starts reading one of the chapters from the book he's written. His Russian accent obscures his grisly tale, he sounds a lot like Boris Badinov in the old "Rocky and Bullwinkle" cartoons. The well-fed business and professional men look numb. When Yuri stops reading, they ask a few questions. Then they hurry out the door. And as they scatter, I think about the twenty-four years in which Yuri plotted his escape to America. I wonder if he ever dreamed that he'd wind up lecturing to such a group. And now that he's here, what does he think of them, of us?

Not long afterward, I visited him at the place in Normal Heights where he's lived for the last year. The Madison Avenue Manor is one of those huge, enclosed complexes ("Pool — Jacuzzi — Recreation Room") where he has a modest one-bedroom apartment distinguished by the monastic severity of its furnishings. A table constructed from unfinished two-by-fours occupies the center of the living room. A single plant, a healthy schefflera, sits in the very center of the tiny private patio. Another table in the dining area located off the kitchen contains a Russian-English dictionary and the stacks of paper which are the heart of Yuri's existence these days: the manuscript that describes his two dozen years of struggle and his ultimate success.

Yuri Vetokhin is a man of average height with thick, wavy hair turned prematurely white. (His trim mustache is still charcoal gray.) A year of San Diego sun



has tamed his remarkably unwrinkled face. He's also gained some weight since his last marathon swim, but he still looks far leaner and springier than most fifty-three-year-old men. One of his characteristics, which impressed me very quickly, is his tendency with strangers to mask his emotions; he'd make a wonderful poker player. But despite his distance, he is gracious, even courtly. Each time I interviewed him he would greet me with a heart-warming smile and usher me to a seat before a low coffee table topped with cookies or fruit, tea and soft drinks. For the most part he only grew impassioned and animated when he was talking about his burning, all-consuming mission, the publication of his book.

We talked, for the most part, with the help of another Russian defector, a friend of Yuri's named Alex Kiamilev. Yuri's English is still just so-so. He first began studying it when he was an officer in the Russian navy; the says all the officers did

so because international maritime charts are in English. He recommenced his studies years later in the insane asylum when one of the doctors needed some technical papers translated from English to Russian. Though it was strictly forbidden, the doctor asked Vetokhin to handle the task, which he did in exchange for other contraband English reading materials: Walter Scott, translations of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. So today he can read English well and speak it haltingly, but he calls on the aid of his friend Alex for more complex discussions.

Yuri says his parents anticipated some literary direction for him. His father was the son of a farmer; he had moved to Moscow and prospered as a restaurant owner until he lost everything in the Russian Revolution. Although Yuri's father was intellectual and well-educated, he had turned his back on his profession, agromony, after witnessing the starving of the collective farmers under Stalin around

1930. Thereafter, he had worked in all paid, third-rate industries. Yuri thus grew up in poverty in Leningrad. "My first childhood memories were of fearfulness of a dire need," he has written. "My father had no money to buy a toothbrush and therefore brushed his teeth with his finger."

The only pretty thing that his mother had was a silken scarf, which she found in the forest while gathering mushrooms there. "Yet his doting parents presented their little son with a heavy, lined writing notebook, which Vetokhin cherished for years. "After the war ended, I continued with other notebooks. However, it is a pity that in our pseudo-democratic country, to keep a diary is much the same as to squeal on oneself to the KGB." So he burned all his diaries in 1961. By then he had conceived the idea of writing an anti-Communist expose.

Yuri's opposition to the political regime had developed gradually over the years. Both his parents were religious (Russian Orthodox), and their child grew up imbued with a deep, unarticulated faith. He learned Communist principles in the state-run schools, and defended them when his parents argued with him about politics. But he says it was only later, after he entered the Naval College in Vladivostok, that he began consciously to rebel against the tenets of the political philosophy. The preaching of atheism disgusted him, as did the injunctions to betray disloyal comrades. "Hardest of all was to listen day after day, hour upon hour, to praises heaped on Stalin, Lenin, and the entire Bolshevik hierarchy. . . . I would slit and think. It must be some kind of monstrous joke and anytime now the lecturer will laugh and turn the subject around to let us know that it was not meant to be taken literally. But no such thing happened."

He nonetheless became an ensign, and that same year, 1951, he married. "For other people, love brings happiness, but for me this one and only love was a curse on my life," he soon learned. His striking

looking wife turned out to be grasping, materialistic, and totally unsympathetic to Yuri's growing anti-Communism. In 1953, when he could no longer tolerate the misery, he resigned his well-paying naval commission. His wife bitterly resented the decline in the family's finances, and after repeated threats, she finally reported her husband's criticism of the Soviet way of life and his interest in the BBC and Voice of America radio programs to the Communist Party committee at the torpedo plant where Yuri worked. Through political haggardness, that report was largely ignored, but the couple was officially divorced in 1956. Yuri says about that time he began dreaming of committing his convictions to paper.

He was living in Leningrad then and he went to the city department of the Union of Soviet Writers and obtained a permit to join the Leningrad City Literary Association, which met in the city library Tuesday nights. Yuri attended meetings of the group for almost seven years and produced a number of politically neutral short stories. Before long, however, his secret goal of writing the expose was subsumed by another, pressing aim: to flee from the Soviet Union.

After leaving the navy, he had entered the field of computer programming, and the same disciplined logic that helped him to excel in that field shows through over and over in his account of his first escape plans. He says he realized that, unlike the members of the Soviet elite, he never would have the money or permission to travel abroad. So he would have to cross the Soviet borders surreptitiously. He decided that the ability to swim long distances, which he had mastered as a child, was his best asset. Since few Russians at that time were very interested in swimming, the authorities weren't well prepared against escape by such means.

He says he easily solved the first problem — that of deciding where to try to swim out. "The sea boundary of the Soviet Union in the Far East was known to me. I

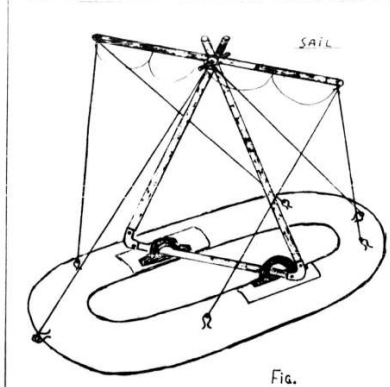


Fig. THE RUBBER BOAT WITH HOME-MADE SAIL

frightened him. "In a case where the wind and the waves are favorable and move in the same directions as the swimmer and the swimmer is getting into the same rhythm as the waves, then a resonance occurs and the speed of his movement increases much over then. The swimmer feels like a flying fish. A greater delight than this I have never experienced in my life."

He returned to Leningrad and applied himself to solving other logistical problems. After weeks of searching, for example, he bought a waterproof flashlight from a flea market vendor for eighteen rubles, but he couldn't find a waterproof watch at any price. So he concocted his own using rubber washers. He decided a fine woollen shirt would best protect his body from cold, but his frustrating search for such a garment in the depleted Leningrad stores was to last for two years. In the public library, he found only two references on the subject of marathon swimming, but he read them closely. Then with the aid of medical texts, he set about calculating which foods would weigh the least and provide the most nourishment. He finally decided to take fifty-gram chocolate bars, which he wrapped in prophylactics, and grape juice, which he stored in medicine bottles. At work he consciously cultivated the reputation of being an eccentric fisherman/swimmer, and he took two extra jobs to finance his covert plans. He spent the summer of 1962 on more practice swims at Batumi and the next winter he snow skied intensively to build up his stamina. On Monday, August 13, 1963, he was ready.

That night he successfully evaded the routine searchlights. But storm clouds obscured the stars and Yuri felt as if he were encased in a dark sack. Some twenty-two hours later he crawled out on a shore he felt sure must be Turkey — only to discover that a brutal current had shoved him almost forty miles in the opposite direction — further into the Soviet Union. There his unusual attire soon drew the attention of

(continued on page 10)

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## FREE MAN

Yuriy Yurievich Yermakov, the local authorities and he was sent to the KGB for interrogation.

They pulled him for a week, but finally released him, a fact Yermakov speculates may have reflected either the Georgians' anti-Moscow sentiments or a desire to tell him and eventually uncover some deeper conspiracy. In any case, he returned to Leningrad, broke and despondent, but already alert for other opportunities to get out.

By the fall of 1964 the rub of a new idea had come to him. Inspired by Dan Healey's account of the raft *Kon Tiki*, he once again began the exhuming task of plotting, this time searching for materials with which he might build a little raft of his own. All the literature on Black Sea currents and winds was located. For 400 years, the "Black Sea" in the public library, but

Yuriy convinced the library he needed access to a modern child's view. In 1965 he had in fact invented a children's game called "The Young Navigator," which was widely distributed in Leningrad stores. He tried to test his makeshift raft in the summer of 1965, but was thwarted by the lack of a remote location. Then in the spring of the following year, some- thing dramatically interrupted his labors.

By chance, he heard a notice on the radio which set his pulse to racing: it told of a cruise which would carry Russian passengers from the Pacific Coast port of Vladivostok down to the equator and back. Yuriy also learned that a third class ticket would cost 750 rubles and that a visa would be required, since the ship wouldn't enter any foreign ports. He had saved the 750 rubles and he raised the additional 175 rubles for a plane ticket by borrowing money from a friend and by paying his winter coat, and watch. He flew to Vladivostok on the evening of February 27, 1966, and the ship sailed two days later.

He still has vivid memories of the living fish, the mysterious "sea serpents" (which he says looked like gray, fire-breath, the sharks, and the other tropical

creatures the cruise ship passed. Typically vivid was the film about an invisible blooded "black shark" seen by the ship's personnel. Yet he still resolved to jump aboard the night of March 28, his thirty eighth birthday, when the ship was anchored off the coast of the Philippines. He dove for a while, then swam up at 7:00 a.m. precisely.

He says that after these years, he still feels dazed when he remembers what happened then. When he went to move, he found himself rooted to the bed by a paralytic fear. Finally, he forced himself to the bathroom, but this time the room seized his whole body. "Yuriy," he addressed himself. "Take yourself in hand! You may take a jump beyond the side, because it is the only real possibility for escape. You will regret all your life about it if you do not take a jump. This possibility will not repeat itself any more."

But soon, he writes, "I understood that no persuasions, no arguments would help me this time. Hating myself, I went to bed again and watched for a long time the moon, stars, and disappeared in the distance of the anoxic lights of the ships standing on

the Manila roadstead." It took him months to subdue the sense of months on end, of failure, and to resume his work on the raft. (His diligent working had been rewarded when at last he found someone selling a simple rubber raft. This extensive merchandise included the addition of sails.) He didn't attempt to escape with it for another year, until one night in July of 1967. Leaving from Kakheta, on the northern shore of the Black Sea, his goal then was to swim out of sight of the coastal patrol boats, then to sail the full width of the great inland body of water. With the aid of a snowed and back pack, he laboriously towed the raft behind him, feeling like a horse hitched to a heavy, ill-fated cart. But at dawn he exulted in the knowledge that the patrol boats should have returned to the day. He inflated the rubber craft, and no sooner scurried aboard when "completely concealingly," a navy ship loomed on the horizon.

Once again he was arrested. This time there was no concealing his intentions, the failure of his sailing escape launched him irrevocably into the Gulag. Archipelago of Solzhenitsyn's description. The shunting

between prisons and interrogation points began immediately. In Sandpiper Prison in the Crimea, the KGB's barred him with "treason of the fatherland," punishable by ten to fifteen years in prison, or death. In the Krasnodar Psychiatric Hospital in the Ukraine, he was examined five months and found indubitably sane. But by the end of the year he was sent to the Serbskiy All Union Scientific Research Institute of Mental Psychiatry in Moscow, where more psychiatrists poked and probed at him. At first Yuriy was confident they would come from mental health, he recognized that he was two months and for the extraordinary punishment of confinement to an insane asylum. However, at the end of March his trial was held in his absence, and he was not only found guilty, but also ordered to be "treated by the paranoiac development of personality" and a "possibly affected brain."

Today Yuriy says he faced one moment, while he was in Moscow's Chertov Prison, about six months after his arrest, when the possibility of long incarceration first began to settle in his consciousness. And he realized that without a plot to abolish him mentally, he would lose his mind or see his

personality crumble. "I got up and began to walk in the cell," he writes. "I always walk when I think." Finally formulated the problem as far as he resolved during the time of his imprisonment. He says among the most important of them were to find a new, effective principle of struggle against communism, meaning a complete victory. To summarize all his thoughts about God, and to analyze the mistakes I made in my attempts to run away from the USSR, and to outline the future, organizational, and psychological principles that could insure success of his next attempt to escape. An attempt he resolved to begin the very day he got out of prison.

That day wouldn't come for another nine years, nine years, which he would spend for the most part in a "special hospital" in the town of Dnepropetrovsk. The three's home town. A few months before his conviction, Yuriy had caught a glimpse of the place, and what he saw had stunned him. In a country and there, he had found himself unable to take his eyes off a young woman, who only vaguely resembled him, who seemed like a bizarre character in some slow motion film

Dressed in a grey, they did not talk to each other," he writes. "Then pictures were projected. Suddenly they stopped and for a short time remained in the same position. Then they had a gradual completion and many had tears under their eyes. The scene of the film was the beginning of a hopelessness. Only a few months later, in the spring of 1968, he became one of them."

Yuriy says it was on that special hospital that he wrote his book for the first time, wrote in his head. A substantial portion of that book, a section he titles "Between the Rayon and the Spring," describes his years there. They were years in which he forged a few rare friendships with other prisoners, but for the most part it was a period of "senseless, beatings, starvation, and treacherous humiliations."

Lacked Yuriy one day about the purpose of these treatments, and he finally shot back that they were "not torture." But when I persisted and asked why anyone would use expensive drugs to torture people when simple, cheap methods would work as well, he told me he had answered too hastily, some doctors in the political section of Moscow's Serbskiy In-

stitute really believe that such treatments may cure "backsliding." I can see all the doctor, believe such treatment can change the mind of prisoners, but they are such a doctrine," he explained. But he said it was obvious that most of the doctors who administered the treatments in Dnepropetrovsk were perfectly sane, and even sadistically stimulated by the unbearable agonies they caused.

For example, some political prisoners received a series of "medical treatments." "I jumped into the body of a hungry man, unable to digest the supply of sugar that was accumulated in the organism and the brain remains without nourishment," he writes. "Therefore, the man loses consciousness and is slowly dying. We were forced to lie every day from 8:00 a.m. to 12 noon." He describes becoming conscious after one such routine. "I could breathe again. But I was still under the impression of that torture which was born in my brain, perishing from lack of pleasure and resolve from unalterable pain. Nobody has ever described exactly what a man feels under an insulin shock, and why he is crying."

(continued on page 12)

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## FREE MAN

(continued from page 11)

Even more devastating was another course of "treatment" in which political prisoners were injected at least eighteen times with ten to twelve cubic centimeters of sulphur. In one chapter of his book, Yuri describes one day of such treatment, a day which began with an injection about eleven in the morning. He records the onset of the burning pain, starting in his buttock but gradually extending through the whole right side of his body. By nightfall his temperature had reached 104 degrees. "I lay motionless, feeling the rising pain. . . . I saw in my imagination how the poison of the sulphur was absorbed by my blood, and then how the blood carries this poison to all organs of my body, to the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, and especially to my heart. It was an awful feeling — to comprehend that the executioners were using the coordinated and flawless mechanism of my body to harm it, to know that poison was being injected into my body and to not be able to do anything to neutralize its effect."

As the darkness deepened, he estimated

"that the worst pain and suffering was going to come around the midnight hour. . . . With great difficulty, I managed to get beforehand a tablet of aspirin, and I planned to swallow it when the pain would get unbearable." He describes the hours creeping by, as he shivered with cold, waiting and suffering. Finally, when he felt that his heart was about to stop beating, he unwrapped his hidden aspirin. He waited for the saliva to collect in his dry mouth, then swallowed the tablet. "Near dawn he finally obtained permission from a guard to go to the toilet. . . . The distance from our third cell to the toilet was some ten meters. I made it in several minutes. I moved in such a manner as if I were a vessel filled with pain and was afraid to spill it." Only after expelling some of the sulphur with his bright red urine and returning to his cell did he begin to feel better. "There was one more horrible, painful night, incomparable with anything, behind me."

On one recent sunny day at Yuri's Normal Heights apartment, he told me that many political prisoners in the mental hospital had immediately "confessed" their insanity to expedite their release. I asked him whether he would now advise other political prisoners to follow suit, and he was silent for so long that I thought perhaps the translation had gone awry. But he finally answered. "Only the Lord God can give a person advice on how to act in such a case. I can say Pavel Fetishev [an indomitable old political prisoner who died in

Donopetrovsk rather than compromise his conscience] with his death built a monument to himself. Maybe this monument will give a lot of people inspiration. Maybe it was a goal of the Lord that Fetishev stay there and die like this."

However, in the eighth year of his incarceration, Yuri faced a decision over whether to accept the same fate. It came after a forced fast, when he calmly concluded that under the continued drug treatments he could live only one or two weeks longer. He says he realized that "if I died in prison, my book, which was written in my head, would be dead, too." He prayed as never before and says he got the impression that God wanted him to get out by any means possible in order to save his literary testimony. With a heavy heart, he finally asked the nurse for a sheet of paper and conceded in writing that he had been mentally ill, and that, now cured, he would never again try to escape. He says that spiritually, he couldn't have penned the hated words earlier; his body first had to be weakened and poisoned.

The drug "treatments" stopped that very day, and over the next few weeks, as the chemicals worked their way out of his system, his hunger increased. He got a job as a waiter in the prison kitchen, where he could eat more of the soup or even pilfer an occasional mug of milk or piece of meat. Even as he waited to be released he began work on a small net, which he planned to use in his next attempt to escape the country. But his release didn't come until Sep-

tember 15, 1976 — exactly nine years, two months, and three days after his arrest in the Black Sea. He walked out of the hospital with ninety rubles (seventy of which he had earned making woven shopping bags in the special hospital and twenty from a friend), wearing a prison suit and shirt and a pair of underwear. Besides that he had only one extra shirt and a winter coat and boots he had bought twenty-one years before. That night he celebrated his release by eating melon. Then his thoughts turned to his next escape scheme.

Briefly he considered the fact that the Soviet government had begun allowing some Jewish emigration, but he says he rejected the possibility of finding a Jewish woman who might marry him and get him out of the country legally. "I was not young and handsome and could not conquer her heart. And I had no money to give her in return for that service."

Even more important to him was a moral consideration. "It was inadmissible for me to be indebted for my freedom to someone else beside myself. . . . Besides, some skeptics or malevolent ones could say, 'Where there is smoke, there is fire! There is something wrong with his mind. The Communists could not put him in the special mental hospital just for nothing.'"

Yuri writes that "the shadow which the KGB threw on me . . . to discredit me as an enemy of the Communist regime would shield for some people those positive thoughts which are contained in my

(continued on page 14)

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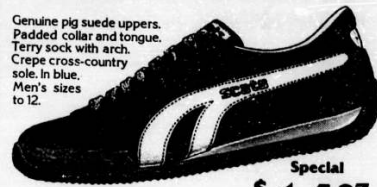
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## FREE MAN

(continued from page 12)

book. Therefore I had to remove this shadow, this suspicion, by the realization of the bold, extremely risky escape by swim. . . . If this escape could be successfully performed, then nobody would be able to reproach me with the problems of freeing Russia [from Communism], it is necessary for anyone to first be able to free himself."

Yet he was forty-eight years old, a skeletal man whose principal escape vehicle — his body — had been damaged, perhaps irreparably. His only consolation was the Russian proverb, "The person who has had an unlucky experience is worth two who have never had any experience." The day after his release he went to the Leningrad Information Bureau to obtain the addresses of local swimming pools. He got a temporary room, which, to his joy, contained a chair (for months he lived with no other furniture, sleeping on the floor and eating on the window sill). He says he sat down in that chair and immediately drew up a list of the tasks before him, including, most critically, the need to recondition himself physically.

Only two of the city pools were long enough to allow him to swim laps. So he bought a twenty-ruble pass at one of them and got official permission to swim there twice a week, an hour each time. (Later he managed to sneak in regularly for an additional two hours per week.) His first 500-meter swim exhausted him. Nonetheless, he grimly told himself that the last time he would swim 1500 meters — or die trying. He succeeded and began driving himself



Yuri, Judy, and Bill Lynch

so hard he almost suffered a heart attack, at which point he reluctantly cut back and resigned himself to building up his strength more gradually.

When he tried to get a job, he found his political imprisonment stigmatized him from doing any but the lowest of labor: unloading provisions at a restaurant. For that he earned just sixty rubles a month. He used his spare time to begin committing his book to paper and working on his escape plans. In the summers of 1977, 1978, and 1979, he returned to the Black Sea to train. As the months passed, he also came up with an idea for bringing in some extra income: collecting wild mushrooms to sell at the Leningrad collective farmers' free market.

As a youth Yuri had learned that the mushroom season ran from August through the beginning of October, so for three consecutive years — 1977 through 1979 — during those months, he would quit his restaurant job. He would leave Leningrad about 12:30 a.m., taking an eighty-mile train ride, a thirty-seven-mile bus ride, then walking the last nine-mile stretch leading to a wild wood inhabited with wolves and bears. He would arrive

about nine in the morning, then pick and load about sixty-five pounds of mushrooms into a huge basket made of bark, a job which would take him till about four in the afternoon. He used to reach his room in Leningrad by about ten in the evening, then he would sell the load the next day at the market for about thirty rubles. That same evening he would undertake the trek to the forest once again. He also made a bit of money collecting cranberries from a remote swamp.

By the fall of 1979, three years after his release from prison, he had completed his book, regained most of his previous stamina, and saved 550 rubles. One Saturday in October of that year he made one of his routine visits to the travel bureau on Zhelyabov Street in Leningrad. He had been there just two days previously, so he expected nothing new. But he spotted the pinned-up notice of an upcoming cruise just like the one he had taken back in 1966. Tense with excitement, he learned that although the tickets had just gone on sale, only a few remained. The price was 580 rubles — thirty rubles short of what he had.

He went home, collected all the glass

jars he possessed, washed them, and earned a ruble and a half by turning them in to a collection station. Back in his room, he figured he could also sell some dried mushrooms, a grocery handbag he had made from imported sack cloth, and twenty-six pounds of cranberries at the market on Monday. He went there at 6:00 a.m. Someone stole his dried mushrooms almost immediately, but he got twenty-eight rubles for the cranberries and a ruble for the handbag. Hurrying to the travel bureau, he counted off the money for the ticket, some of it in small change. He returned home with his reservation — and fifty kopeks.

Next, he quickly got a new job as a restaurant loader to increase his chances of obtaining authorization from the Bureau of Permits to enter the border city of Vladivostok. When he submitted his application he was certain the KGB would intercept it and perhaps even arrest him. To his shock he received the permission a few weeks later. He could only surmise that the secret policemen wanted to catch him in the act of escaping, a suspicion that hardened his determination to avoid making the smallest of errors.

If ever a man was ready for any mission, Yuri was ready for this one. He planned to take with him only items which could arouse no suspicion: his passport, military service card, a picture of his parents, a pocket knife, and a fishing line and hook. Aware of one cause of his previous fear, he had read all the literature on sharks in the Leningrad library and had noted that red umbrellas scare the fish away. Based on that, he decided against taking his blue fine wool shirt but instead chose a red plaid garment calculated to be more offensive to shark sensibilities. He also obtained a pair of women's hose to cover his bare legs, both to discourage sharks and as protection from sunburn. He got a swimming cap colored green to blend in with the water. Convinced that psychological preparation was critical, he resolved to abstain from alcohol and all sweets on the

(continued on page 16)

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## FREE MAN

(continued from page 14)

day before his jump, to eat with moderation, to avoid looking at the passing sea creatures, to avoid any involvements with women. He found a slogan with which he girded his spirits: "No Emotions."

He quit his job on November 26, only the day before his airplane flight to the east. The next morning, when he packed, he included two changes of underwear and a pullover sweater in case he wound up in prison. Then he donned his winter coat. Though he had planned to hide his precious manuscript in one extra-large pocket, he saw that it noticeably bulged, an added risk. So, vowing to reconstruct from memory the fruit of his three years of labor, he poured boiling water on the fragile onionskin paper and dumped the sodden mash in the garbage.

The flight east and departure from the Pacific port went smoothly. As the days on the ship dragged by, Yuri found it almost impossible to laps in the tiny on-board swimming pools jammed with tourists night and day. Soon, however, he began eyeing the shores of the Philippine Islands far in the distance. But conditions for the jump seemed wrong, as they did when the ship cruised by the Talaud Islands and one other small Indonesian landfall — two far from shore and no favorable currents. The ship crossed the equator on December 7, the geographical and temporal midpoint of the journey. The next day, as the ship neared another set of islands, Yuri knew that his chance was slipping him by. He would jump that night, he decided.

Yuri's recollections of that last day are almost unnaturally sharp-edged. He played two games of chess and won both. He read a novel by Puccini and at supper, he skipped dessert. Carefully, he checked the position of the stars by which he would navigate. Finally, when his cabinmate left for dinner, he pulled on his hose and swim trunks. Then he stepped. When he awoke, he knew that the hour had arrived. Donning his final vestments, he shoved his body through the porthole, hit the sea with a splash, and watched the brightly illuminated stern move away.

He swam strongly and steadily, avoiding any thought of sharks. "All cats look gray at night, and any wave could be mistaken for a shark, and, conversely, a shark could look like a wave." Suddenly, the moon came out and Yuri could discern the unmistakable outline of an Indonesian island.

He swam for hours. But by daybreak the land, though much closer, still lay in the distance. When no pursuing ship bore down on him, he savored that relief, but he began to encounter other marine fellow travelers. They weren't dolphins, "which I could recognize by their specific jumps."

He wasn't sure what they were, but says: "When, for the first time I saw an animal straight ahead and quite close, I swam around it quite a distance. Later on, I just evaded them, turning right or left and passing each other as 'two ships passing in the sea.'" New problems arose. Irritated by the salt water, his eyes burned so badly that he had to close them and swim blind. Even worse, he began to realize that offshore currents, like phantom Communist guardmen, were wrestling him away from his personal promised land.

Remaining calm, he swam along two sides of the island, trying to read the currents like a lifeguard. He devised one plan. But by noon it failed. His strength was ebbing. A third, and then a fourth attempt to forage through the currents failed. Only late in the afternoon, about twenty hours after his plunge, did his feet touch a small, sandy beach. Moaning out loud, his eyes blazing with hot pain, he crawled on all fours across the coastal rocks, and finally collapsed, utterly exhausted.

What followed was easy. After a while, he began to pick his way through the uninhabited jungle of the island, which he later learned was named Bacan. A gray orangutan

started him at one point, but fled. Choked with thirst, Vetchin pressed on. Close to nightfall he finally spotted a motor boat offshore. Its occupants, four local young men, rescued him and tended to him solicitously.

He was taken to the capital of the Moluccan province and lodged in a big house protected by two bodyguards. In two days his eyes healed and he asked the friendly chief of police for some paper and a pencil to begin reconstructing his book. In turn the policeman asked him to substantiate his story by swimming thirty kilometers in the bay, to which Yuri readily agreed. But after only about three kilometers the exasperated officials stopped him, satisfied, and adjourned to a nearby restaurant.

Fifteen days after his escape he was transferred the 1500 miles to Jakarta. In the Indonesian capital, he lived in the house of a local security policeman, where he worked obsessively on the book between interrogations and lie detector tests. He also declared his desire to seek asylum in America, and gave as references a few other ex-political prisoners who had since escaped to the West. The American consul in Jakarta assured Yuri he would be able to immigrate. But first he'd have to fly to Athens, which, unlike Indonesia, had an official U.S. immigration department.

He arrived in Greece January 28, 1980. There the American government paid for him to live at a modest hotel while he worked on his book and waited to receive his documents: a special passport with an American visa. There he also met for the first time Alex Kiamilev, who, ironically, had also just come from Indonesia. (Kiamilev, a Crimean Tatar, had been stationed there as a Soviet diplomat, had married an Indonesian woman and had decided to defect in order to seek a better future for his racially mixed children.) On June 5, with both the book completed and the papers in order, Yuri was flown to New York. His official sponsor, the Catholic Community Services agency, installed him in a hotel in Midtown and gave him five dollars a day for food. Yuri had carried twenty-five rubles away from the cruise ship, but had been unable to find anyone who would accept the money in Indonesia or Greece. One New York bank finally did, but instead of changing the money at the official rate (according to which twenty-five rubles equals \$35.71), the bank gave Vetchin only five dollars, the value of the Russian currency on the open market.

Yet money wasn't a major problem, Yuri says. He had bought a hot plate in Greece, and he says he was able to buy with the five dollars a day enough food to cook in his room. Other things were more dismaying. In all those years in which he dreamed of reaching America, Yuri had never thought about where in America he would live. Somehow, crowded, grimy New York didn't seem to match up to the dream. And far more disappointing than his surroundings was the reaction which greeted his immediate efforts to share his book with the world.

That goal seemed urgent to him for several reasons, chief among them the sight that its publication might help other political prisoners with whom he had become friends but who still languished in Soviet jails. He says he was greeted cordially by the head of Radio Freedom (a broadcasting enterprise based in Munich which beams programs into Russia), who interviewed him twice and advised him about book publishing. But when he tried to contact a former Russian scientist named Jeldize, who now heads a Soviet dissident movement in New York, he was completely ignored. He says the head of another dissident group, the Tolstoy Fund, told him if his manuscript had been smuggled out of Russia (presumably while Yuri remained behind), she would have been happy to publish it. But since he had escaped, she couldn't help him.

He handwrote letters describing his recently successful escape to about ten major American periodicals whose addresses he obtained from a street news kiosk. Only Time magazine and the Christian Science Monitor answered him — and they did so with stock rejection slips. After about two weeks he began to feel ill in the New York heat and smog. So he called his friend Alex

Kiamilev who had arrived in San Diego in April of 1980. Alex arranged permission for Yuri to join him here, and the Catholic Community Services paid for the flight, but only with the stipulation that Yuri would then be Alex's responsibility.

Yuri arrived here June 26 of last year, moving in with Alex's family of five. A few days later, Alex told the San Diego Union about his friend's arrival and writer Barbara Moran's story ran on July 5. It provoked several people to offer some aid. A woman in Point Loma offered Yuri clothing. Two Russian women, Nina Stepanova and Sonia Alexander, volunteered to help with translating his manuscript. But most significant was Rascho Santa Fe entrepreneur Bill Lynch's perusal of the article on the front page of the local section that morning.

Lynch is a vigorous, youthful man of thirty-nine who moved to San Diego eight years ago after making a fortune in the grain elevator business back in Iowa. He says he's never been particularly philanthropic, but that first newspaper article

jolted him. He couldn't forget it; couldn't dismiss a strong feeling that "this was something I could help with."

He met Yuri and decided the refugee needed shelter and transportation, then aid in marketing the manuscript. So after Alex helped Yuri to find the apartment in Normal Heights, Lynch acquired some modest furniture for it and started paying the \$295-a-month rent. He also bought Yuri some driving lessons, and later got him a secondhand Buick. Through the government CETA program, Yuri participated in group English classes, which he attended from July to October last year. Lynch says after being here for four or five months, Yuri refused to accept any more cash assistance. So Lynch gave him a job as an assistant mechanic at an Econo-car used-car lot Lynch owned on El Cajon Boulevard.

Yuri has worked there six days a week, four hours a day, earning six dollars an hour. Mornings, he usually gets up about 5:30 or 6:00 to labor over his manuscript. All the translation has been completed, but

Yuri has been polishing the translated version with agonizing care. He says some mornings he only manages to complete one page; on a good day he'll revise four or five. The woman in Point Loma who offered the clothing has been typing all the revised editions, then Yuri has been passing the revisions on to Lynch.

At the same time, Lynch and his sister Judy Vry have been toiling over the manuscript separately. This past May they managed to compile a further-edited volume of excerpts from Yuri's tale, which they mailed to ten major publishing houses. As of last week they've received back nine rejections, Lynch says he's not discouraged; he'll send out ten more, plus he'll also contact religious organizations who might be taken by the stirring anti-Communist manifesto.

If Lynch isn't discouraged, however, the unpublished manuscript seems to weigh upon Yuri's brow like one of those heavy Russian fur hats. He frets that the story of his escape is already a year and a half old. Worse, he's five years removed

from his fellow political prisoners. But he argues that besides the possibility of his book rallying world support and thus aiding his jailed friends, its publication would achieve something else.

Yuri believes that all books about the USSR which thus far have reached publication here have been written by people who in Russia belonged to the Soviet elite: former generals, academicians, dancers, writers, and composers. In Russia the Solzhenitsyns, the Baryshnikovs, the Shostakovitchs lived in special compounds, shopped at special stores, entered government offices through special entrances. Even when jailed, they found themselves privileged, Yuri asserts. "They do not know anything about the life of the . . . ninety-three percent of the ordinary people who are changed into working cattle by the Communists." In contrast, Yuri thinks his account of the life and escape of such an ordinary person may open American eyes, something he believes could affect the very future of the world. "If the Amer-

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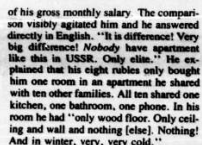


icans, because of lack of information or wrong information from the Soviet elite, take the Russian for the Soviet and the Soviet for the Russian and ignore the fact of the poignant hostility between the Party and the ordinary people — then the Russian people may be forced, whether they like it or not, to take the side of the hated Communist government in the case of conflict between the USA and the USSR."

These are the kinds of thoughts which make Yuri's voice rise and fall like distant thunder and make his eyebrows flash over his blue-gray eyes. The storm subsides and an impatient fog moves in to replace it when Yuri is pressed for his reaction to this adopted home of his. He says he wasn't surprised by much when he came to America, that he had heard of many sources of information about America. Back in the navy, he knew another officer who had visited here (to take command of a Lend-Lease ship) and who told long stories about this country. Yuri says he also read the works of Jack London and J.D. Salinger. And he listened regularly to the Voice of America since the early

Yuri think it's interesting that he and American who defected to the Soviet Union and was willing to denounce the United States would be flouted by the government like some prize gem, and cared for lavishly. But when I later asked Yuri if he was let to go to the United States, he said "No, not heartedly." "I absolutely have no bad feelings and I have absolutely no disappointment!" He says he's been impressed not only by the freedom enjoyed by Americans, and by their high standard of living, but by the social acceptance of people from every economic stratum. In Leningrad, he says, "I have seen people who are poor and outcasted him. "In the United States, a kind of job you make is okay. People still respect you," Alex translated.

But what about the high cost of living here? I pressed Yuri. He had earned only \$100 a month, he said. Gooder, but his lodgings had cost only seven or eight dollars a month. In contrast, the monthly rent on his apartment here costs more than half



I asked if he had ever worried while in Russia about how he might support himself in America, and he told me that his overriding concern had simply been to deliver his book. But also, "I realized I have never rejected any kind of work." He figured he could get some modest, even manual, labor and earn some money. He also thinks he could return to school and relearn fairly quickly some of the computer languages he last used twenty years ago — but that would rob time now from his book —

Furthermore, his literary aspirations don't end with the publication of the English edition of this first book. Next, he says he wants to see it published in Russian. And then he has an idea for a new book. He plans to call it, *The Truth About Russia Under the Czar*. "This book is absolutely necessary because the Communists falsify history," he maintains. In such a book, he says he would present the truth: that conditions in czarist Russia were "not ideal, but much better" than the conditions in Russia today.

I asked him if he knew that it was almost impossible to make a living here writing books, but he'd already thought of that. He says he has a dream, a dream of carrying on the tradition of his restaurateur grandfather on American soil by starting a small Russian restaurant, the profits of which could fund his book writing. And yes, he's aware that it takes capital to start such an enterprise — so he has yet another scheme in the making.

He works on it in the evenings, when he's exhausted from his work on the book and at the car lot. It's a toy for children, the idea for which he conceived back in the Soviet Union. He showed me the prototype, a gray plastic device which looks a lot like a sextant, and works like one, only in reverse. To use it, you aim at the horizon, then center the image of the sun through a series of filtered mirrors. When the toy is properly adjusted, an arrow on the side of it reveals the time of day. "Is astronomical clock!" Yuriy says proudly.

I could see the way the mind of this proud, incredibly stubborn man was working. You want to achieve the impossible? To escape from the Soviet Union? You simply proceed step by step. When you fail, you start with the first step again. When you fail again, you simply start again. And you succeed.

Now — you want to live in America and battle world Communism by writing books? You simply start by building an astronomical clock for children, carefully calculated to tell the time when aimed at the sun over San Diego, California. If it sells, you will recalculate it for sale in San Francisco. And then you will open your Russian restaurant, and found your publishing empire, and perhaps the reverberations from it will carry halfway around the world and make those bastards who tortured you sit up and take notice. And if you fail? You only think about it then. And of course you come up with something else.

of his backpack, Ralph found an old long-handled axe covered in pine needles. He told his friends he planned to return for the ancient axe and he buried it again under the mulch.

Having reached the forest, the crest of Toro Peak, they started hiking down as originally planned. There were no trails, just open spaces through the forest. About two miles farther along they came upon a clearing and saw a deer. They dropped their packs again, this time to view below them the desert floor and their destination. Coming up Toro Peak, they had used more water than planned but the packs were lighter and this helped. The day was warm, in the mid-eighties, and they were experiencing Santa Ana winds. Near this clearing they found a campsite for the night. "We were dropped five miles below

upon Eric and later they found Steve a little way below.

They obeyed one more hill before stopping for the night. Their bodies ached with exhaustion. It felt good to unlace the boots and rub the sores. All agreed they must have done fifteen miles that day, but it felt better for having made up a bit of the scheduled mileage. The next rise the path to the south of the town was steeper. At the end of the second day they were a little concerned about water," recalled Ralph. "It had been harder than we expected. We found a nice rock ledge to camp on that night. It overlooked the desert from all angles. We could see Palm Springs, the north end of the Salton Sea, Borrego Springs, Palm Dry Lake, Anza, and the Colorado Desert. We had no other functions. Most of us Rabbit Hole men

*Illustration by David Diaz*

where we should have started," Steve recalled. "We had to spend the next morning catching up to where we should have been the first night. The next morning we got a fairly early start. The packs were getting noticeably lighter."

That second night and the following morning they had begun eating the heavier items in their packs. A lot of canned goods had been brought; because of the prospect of finding no water, it wasn't conceivable that the trip would be as short as it had seemed poorly planned. The packs were heavy and the terrain rough. That morning they had a wide area of brush to cross before reaching Rabbit Peak, the first of two peaks they had to cross before heading down to Founts Point. The brush was so thick it took close to an hour to make one mile. "I was reading the first article in the article I read by a guy who did this same hike, we found a bandage box in a rock creak," said Ralph. (A creak is a pile of rock inclined against a landmark or message.) "Inside the bandage box were pieces of paper, a pencil, and some old messages, some dating back to 1971. The guy whose article I was reading was concerned about the lack of water in the area."

Ralph, the unofficial leader, told the others that it would be best to abandon earlier plans. They had not yet reached Rabbit Peak and they still had Villager Peak to climb before heading down to Fonts Point. *If they had not the stamina to have done one peak today, would they be able to conquer two tomorrow?* He criticized the way the water supply had been handled, and he was angry at Eric for having wasted a good hour of everyone's energy and water. From here on out the water would be rationed.

Since the canned goods had been eaten earlier, the dinner that night was fairly slim. They were feeling nauseous from the strenuous call on their bodies, so no one cared if he ate much. It was fortunate that Steve and Eric had brought an extra two gallons of water; they pooled their supply with Ralph and Larry and the water was divided to the ounce between them. Each was now responsible for making his share last by careful rationing. The next morning they were up before the sun rose and again food was a problem which caused them to be sluggish and weak. They had only a breakfast bar apiece.

"The next rise was not so little as we had expected and we all felt as tired as we were the afternoon before," said Steve. "When we got to the top rise, we were very tired, but not exhausted. For our path was much longer and much hillier than we had thought possible."

Following animal trails to the top of Tabbit Peak, they found another message stone. They stopped to look ahead of them and saw a small stream of water flowing over a shallow water step and they had to reach Fosses Point by nightfall. Being forced to hike up Toro Peak the first evening had severely changed the outcome of the trip. They were exhausted and they had little water supply. They had no protection of water would be necessary for most during the day; however, they were sweating out their moisture and they were exposed to the heat of the sun. In the mountains the temperature was about eighty-five degrees, but they knew that as they declined toward the

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## Treading Near the Edge

(continued from page 19)

the temperature could increase ten or twenty degrees. It was either straight ahead on the same type of terrain they had been battling or straight down to the desert floor. They decided to drop to the floor as soon as possible. It was agreed the next rise, Villager Peak, could not be assaulted.

They chose a ravine to descend the 6666 feet to the badlands. First appearances of the climb down seemed easier than what it actually turned out to be. Gradually it became steeper, and huge rock formations with fifty-foot drops would be the way.

They either had to take off their packs and hand them down like water buckets to a fire as each man found his own precarious foot- and handholds, or a way around was found. Coming down between two rocks, Eric slipped into a cactus. His fall was with such force the spines penetrated deep. The curved end of each spine was like a curve in a whaling harpoon, and so they remained in his leg. As they continued to descend, the temperature rose, and when they reached the Borrego Badlands, three hours from the top, the temperature had risen to 106 degrees. "We were amazed at the mountain we came down," Steve recalled. "I would never have thought of climbing from its appearance. I had almost fallen on numerous occasions and had plenty of cuts, scratches, and abrasions to prove it."

"We were all exhausted," Ralph added. "It was getting pretty bad but we were all in good spirits. We didn't anticipate the badlands, though."

The Borrego Badlands are between the Santa Rosas and the desert floor. It is a plateau from which fat fingers of land, separated by miniature canyons, stretch out, sloping down to Clark Dry Lake. From the top of Rabbit Peak they had spotted a reflection at the south end of the dry lake. They picked a ravine that seemed to have the most direct route toward that reflection; it was the only thing different in

the endless desert scenery of rock, sand, cactus, and scrub. From the top, the area surrounding the reflection was smooth and empty. They hoped it was an airport.

At the bottom of Joe Santa Rosas they now had less than two quarts of water between them. Each had conserved until the dryness of his mouth and the rising heat caused him to spit. Now, as they climbed down the ravine to the floor, they had to have water every once in a while. Sometimes the ravine was a sandy wash and other times they had to make several large drops or they would jump from one boulder to another. "I could not depend on my legs after a ways," said Steve. "They were rubbery... the going got slower and slower as I had to depend more and more on my arms. I couldn't just leap from rock to rock."

"When we had to jump from boulder to boulder, the whole weight of the backpack would hit your legs," Ralph said. "We were getting really tired. Eventually we got spread out again, and we took lots of breaks waiting for everyone to group back together."

"The ravine got real discouraging as we kept making turns with no end," he continued. "We'd go through one turn and we'd see three more. We go through those and see three more, then two, then one and we would get our hopes up and then we'd see another turn."

"Larry and I lost voice contact with Steve and Eric. Finally, with the sun beating down on my head, I said to Larry, 'This has to be the last turn,' and sure enough it opened up to Clark Dry Lake. I spied a boulder as big as a house and I said, 'Let's go over here and wait.'"

Eventually Steve and Eric caught up. Steve's feet were full of blisters caused by his boots and he was barely shuffling along. They both fell into the sand shaded by the huge boulder. Also resting in the shade was an amineg of mercy. "A lot of people say you can't derive usable moisture from barrel cacti; others swear by it," Ralph had said as he pulled his micahatchet from his pack. "Let Eric do it," Larry had cautioned.

"He seems to be the only one with extra energy."

Eric had been nervously tapping two rocks together. While the others were stretched out with no more movement other than wetting their lips, Eric seemed only nervously waiting to move on.

He tossed away the object of frustration, took Ralph's hatchet, and began hacking at the tough skin. Eric couldn't finish, so the others took turns chopping the cactus until they had the top cut off. Inside was the juicy pulp and they cut into it, taking out wedges. They sucked and chewed the pulp until they got enough moisture to have made the effort worthwhile. The juice was bitter but everyone ate it like a watermelon at a picnic.

The plan was to wait under the shade until the sun went down and then cross the desert. No one talked much except for an occasional comment about how good a glass of lemonade would taste right now. They had three to four ounces of water left between them. Overhead they heard the passing of a small passenger plane. Ralph had brought a small mirror and he and Steve went out into the sun to signal with it.

No reply. They tried again when a second plane flew over, but again the pilot did not see or recognize their S.O.S. signals. They lay down to rest. The sun would soon be down and they would start across the desert to a small oasis of cottonwood trees that Ralph knew to be ahead of them in the distance. All four were becoming a little delirious from the lack of water and exhaustion. "My mind began going in funny circles," said Steve. "I realized the predicament we were in. I felt on the verge of hallucination. I worried over silly items such as if we were rescued would they mind if my shirt was unbuttoned. I wondered if my mom would forgive me for the fact of losing two of her sons because of me."

Finally the sun set and they started walking. The rest and the loss of the sun did not seem to revive them. Walking on flat land was difficult, almost like walking up a steep incline. A clump of trees was seen in the distance, but it seemed to take a long

time to get there. "The next indication of trouble was that we were so exhausted," said Larry. "We had to keep taking breaks. I knew the others were getting discouraged and I began to feel the same."

"Eric came up behind me and said he saw a light in the distance. Then I heard Eric take a big gulp of water. I yelled, 'What are you doing? We can't drink the water. We've got to save it!'"

"Seeing the light firm my decision to go ahead and I told the others I was going to head out toward the light and get help," Larry continued. "I wasn't going to leave behind a wife and two kids. I planned to see them before I died."

Eric wanted to go with Larry but Steve wouldn't let him. There was really only enough water for one, Steve told him. All of them gave Larry what water there was left, and he assured them he would be back. "I made up my mind I was going," said Larry. "I wanted Eric to go with me but Steve wouldn't let him. I wanted Eric to go along for company but at the same time I didn't want him to go. I was afraid something might happen to him and I would have to leave him where he dropped. Steve told him that, too."

Eric showed Larry the light. It was small. It was hard to judge just how far away it could be. The air was so clear that judging distances accurately had eluded them the entire trip. Eric and Steve walked with Larry a short way. They found a road but it headed east instead of south. Larry wanted to cut straight for the light and take no chances; he walked ahead, dodging shrub and cactus. His mind was vague and thoughts except for the driving force of reaching that light. "After thirty minutes, the light got bigger," Larry recalled. "Soon I hit some kind of road and the walking got easier. I could see a trailer in the distance with its lights on and I knew it was going to be all right."

"I walked straight ahead to a group of telephone poles. There were two straight lines of them and they intersected like a cross. Earlier, when we saw the area on top of the mountain, we thought it was an airport."

"I wanted to turn on the lights to attract

seen from the highway. The highway... sometimes we would forget about the highway. We were so delirious that a curtain would shut out real thoughts."

"Eric came up behind me and said he saw a light in the distance. Then I heard Eric take a big gulp of water. I yelled, 'What are you doing? We can't drink the water. We've got to save it!'"

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"I wanted to turn on the lights to attract

attention. The trailer was within walking distance but I wanted to turn on the lights. I found a power box and started to unscrew the back with my knife. I wanted to turn the lights on, but I couldn't get the screws off."

"I was discouraged. I walked to the trailer and knocked. A man answered and I said, 'We're hiking and we ran out of water. There's four of us. Can you help us?'"

"Well, the last guy that came through here was crawling," said the man. "You're in pretty good shape. Come in."

"I came inside," said Larry, "and I was trying to tell him where they were. I kept spilling the water I was drinking. 'I'm sorry,' I would say. 'I'm sorry I'm spilling water on your floor.' And I kept staggering around like I was drunk."

"He asked me their condition and I told him they hadn't had water since this morning. I think I worried him that they were dying."

The man told Larry he would get his jeep. He said he knew where they were and that there was a road leading up to the grove of trees. The jeep wouldn't start; the battery was dead. He told Larry not to worry because he could jump it, but that didn't work. Larry was getting irritable and impatient. He had found help close by and the jeep wouldn't start. "I could hear the cars driving by on the highway," said Larry. "We could have made it if we hadn't been so exhausted. It was embarrassing being so close to help."

The man finally decided to take his Volkswagen Bug. They wouldn't be able to go as far as the jeep but they could make it to a short walking distance. As they got closer to the grove Larry yelled out to his buddies. "I couldn't remember anybody's name but Ralph," said Larry. "I kept yelling, 'Ralph, we're coming!'"

"In a shorter period than we expected we heard a shout from the end of the valley," recalled Steve. "It was Larry. We answered and were finally greeted by words which brought renewed life. 'Hang on buddies! I'll be there!' Larry had reached help."



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## Restaurants

### The Wedding Feast

ELEANOR WIDMER

**The Restaurant:** Sushi Bar Kazumi  
**The Location:** 7905 Engineer Road, Kearny Mesa (292-7148)  
**Type of Food:** Raw fish and raw fish wrapped in rice  
**Price Range:** Individual slices, eighty cents and up. Combination plate, \$7.95  
**Hours:** Closed Wednesday. Lunch, 11:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.; dinner, 5:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.

**The Restaurant:** Baci's  
**The Location:** 1955 Morena Boulevard (275-2094)  
**Type of Food:** Northern Italian  
**Price Range:** \$8.25 to \$13.95  
**Hours:** Closed Sunday. Open Monday through Saturday. Lunch, 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Late in June my Aunt Bertha and I attended a wedding, held in our friends' capacious and stunning garden. Aunt Bertha could hardly wait for the day to arrive and she virtually stopped strangers on the street to describe the setting. "This garden, what shall I tell you, have you ever been to Versailles in France? You haven't? Well, let me tell you, this wedding in this garden will make Versailles seem like your corner garden shop. When I tell you that this garden is breathtaking, well, take my word for it, I never saw the likes of it in Chicago."

Exaggeration is Aunt Bertha's middle name, and it is her philosophy of life. Once, when I asked her to try to restrain herself from hyperbole, she looked up at me in the dictionary. I thought she would be intimidated, but to the contrary it only increased her swagger. "Extravagant statement, not to be taken literally," she cried. "That's me in the flesh." And she sauntered around the room as if I had paid her the greatest compliment in the world.

Under the circumstances, I scarcely expected Aunt Bertha to lapse into the scenery at the wedding as if she were but another leaf in the garden of life. Dressed in pink Gorgonite, and sporting a wide pinwheel hat complete with pink streamers, Aunt Bertha burst into tears from the moment we stepped into the guest book, and she kept it up until her tears mingled with her champagne. "Meaningful crying," she informed me, "is good for the hyperbolic soul."

Aunt Bertha kept when three twelve-year-olds in white shirts played "Here Comes the Bride" on their wood instruments; she wept because the fountains bubbled softly and the light filtered through the silvery trees. In a pond, oranges, as you may recall, Aunt Bertha is a Japanese expert. She adores raw fish on the theory that it's not fattening, but she would hardly squeeze herself into the narrow space of the bar, Sushi Bar Kazumi is located on Ahn's Oriental Steak House. Ordinarily, you may obtain any item on Ahn's menu at the sushi bar, but Ahn's was closed on Monday. The sushi bar is bounded on one side by Ahn's and by another room which has some live entertainment and music. The peppy trio of Kazumi's is that there is no price list. You order a slice, say, of tuna, and you have no idea what the price is. The menu consists



Illustration by Elizabeth Munk

of an illustration from which you may pick, among other items, salmon, squid, sea urchin, tamago (omelet), shrimp, abalone, salmon roe, octopus, cockle, and a variety of seaweed-wrapped sushi dishes. The sushi chef works rather slowly; you crunch down on a shrimp, order a piece of sea urchin, and then wait. "I'm losing my appetite with this waiting," Aunt Bertha noted. Then she added happily, "This way we won't eat too much. Didn't I tell you that sushi and sashimi are good for dieters?"

It was indeed a lovely wedding, one that I would not have missed. But prying Aunt Bertha loose from the food — chocolate mouse wedding cake! — from the incredible flowers, from the view of the ocean across red-tiled roofs that marched to the sea — well, I would have needed a crane to lift her out of there. She was the first to arrive and the last to leave, and then came the post-mortems: the pilot, the chicken, the crab quiche, the puff pastry hors d'oeuvres. Aunt Bertha pronounced each word with an exclamation point after it. When she said "the strawberries!" it was as if these were the first and best ever seen on this earth.

Every morning for a week she phoned me to tell me she was suffering from post-wedding depression. "It's such a let-down. I need something old, something new, something borrowed. Blue I am already. I don't need it. And you have to help me, darling. This week we have to try something old and something new."

I rarely resist my Aunt Bertha. To what would it avail? She has the strength of legions, the stamina of battalions. I have always regarded her as America's secret weapon. She could sell a whole nation just by her constant "nodding," her unrelenting pleas.

The Monday following the wedding I took her to someplace new. It's called Abhi Bar Kazumi — among oranges, as you may recall, Aunt Bertha is a Japanese expert. She adores raw fish on the theory that it's not fattening, but she would hardly squeeze herself into the narrow space of the bar, Sushi Bar Kazumi is located on Ahn's Oriental Steak House. Ordinarily, you may obtain any item on Ahn's menu at the sushi bar, but Ahn's was closed on Monday. The sushi bar is bounded on one side by Ahn's and by another room which has some live entertainment and music. The peppy trio of Kazumi's is that there is no price list. You order a slice, say, of tuna, and you have no idea what the price is. The menu consists

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While we were waiting, we noted that the chef was preparing large combination platters (served on wooden trays), which contained samples of a great many fish and seafood placed over somewhat sticky rice. The cost is \$7.95, but it can easily be shared by two and is perhaps preferable to ordering one item as a time.

After three-quarters of an hour, Aunt Bertha decided we had had enough. "It's not as good as sushi bar as at 'Tringa,' at 'Miki-San,' or 'Kazumi,' but it does show how sophisticated San Diego is becoming. A few years ago, who would have thought that in a room that has entertainment, people are ordering raw fish?" She glanced at the bill and blushed. We had paid about seven dollars apiece for a few slices of raw tuna, salmon, sea bass, shrimp, the compressed Japanese omelet, and the maki. "Now that's sophistication!" Aunt Bertha cried.

The sushi bar had made Aunt Bertha hungry for pasta. "Doesn't everyone long for pasta after they eat raw fish?" she asked. I wrinkled my brow. Aunt Bertha wanted homemade pasta, which is more difficult to come by in San Diego than one would imagine. Finally, I decided that Abhi Bar Kazumi — among oranges, as you may recall, Aunt Bertha is a Japanese expert. She adores raw fish on the theory that it's not fattening, but she would hardly squeeze herself into the narrow space of the bar, Sushi Bar Kazumi is located on Ahn's Oriental Steak House. Ordinarily, you may obtain any item on Ahn's menu at the sushi bar, but Ahn's was closed on Monday. The sushi bar is bounded on one side by Ahn's and by another room which has some live entertainment and music. The peppy trio of Kazumi's is that there is no price list. You order a slice, say, of tuna, and you have no idea what the price is. The menu consists

flowers. The service is prompt. Diners include soup and a pasta of the day, but Aunt Bertha opted for a salad (listed on the menu as la carte). "For you, Madame," Tony said gallantly. "Of course it is no problem. You may have the salad." Aunt Bertha fluttered her eyelashes and I looked away. "Do you remember that movie with Katharine Hepburn where she goes off to Venice and finds this wonderful Italian? Maybe she was a little thinner than I..." Aunt Bertha sucked in her stomach, which only emphasized her marvelous twin years leave. "I mean, so soon after the wedding, could romance be on the way?"

The truth of the matter is that Aunt Bertha forgot all thoughts of romance when she saw the pasta that had been prepared for us — spinach and egg fettuccini with a Bolognese sauce. The platter was absolutely gorgeous: green noodles, ivory noodles, and the red Bolognese sauce on the side. "The colors of the Italian flag," Tony informed us and Aunt Bertha tittered coyly.

Bolognese sauce is prepared with both wine and milk, both of which have to be virtually evaporated or reduced before the chopped tomatoes are added. It's a marvelous sauce either with or without meat — ours appeared meatless. After the dish was presented for our inspection, it was tossed, the ivory noodles mingling with the green ones. "For once, you did right by your auntie. You understand my soul," admitted Aunt Bertha. And she almost leveled the entire plate, letting out an exclamation point of happiness after each mouthful. After the pasta, the good garlic bread, the salad — now vastly improved over the salad served when it opened a year and a half ago — I was quite ready to quit. But this was a post-wedding celebration, wasn't it, and after the somewhat disappointing sushi, nothing would suffice but an egg.

I had the veal Marsala (\$12.75), and believe it or not, Aunt Bertha had the veal parmigiana (\$12.75), as well as the chicken breast Rusticana (chicken breasts with mushrooms and artichokes, \$11.50). Both veals were excellent, but the Marsala had a great delicacy to the sauce. Though the chicken breast could not be faulted for tenderness, Baci's is a veal house. Stuffing herself with alternate mouthfuls of chicken and veal, Aunt Bertha declared, "A good veal is hard to find."

For dessert, we shared one Zuppa Inglese, literally English soup, so named because it has the consistency of bread soaked in peasant soup. Actually, it is made with cake soaked in a variety of liqueurs, one of which should be red in color. Our dessert, Zuppa Inglese à la Baci, was also full of fresh fruit, including strawberries, and I'm not listing on the menu but will be prepared for you if you ask for it. The pasta we had is also listed, but is available if you call in advance.

Baci's offers tenentres (\$10.25 to \$13.95) and a half dozen pastas. The pastas are expensive (\$8.95 to \$9.95) but worth every cent. My ideal meal would consist of pasta, salad, dessert. Aunt Bertha's favorite meal is pasta, salad, soup, veal, dessert. Thank heavens she has forgotten the wedding and is wondering how she can borrow the money to go to Baci's again.

## The Way They Were



The Return of the Secaucus Seven



Every Man for Himself

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

A couple of natural tendencies beckon at you whenever you view a movie in which you can recognize yourself or your peers in the main characters. The first of these is to feel flattered at the attention and to bubble over with thanks. The other is to adopt the pose of an expert and to become finicky about everything the moviemaker has gotten "right" and, more often, "wrong." Both these possible responses ought to be vigorously suppressed. They have nothing to do with the moviemaker's creation.

The characters in *The Return of the Secaucus Seven* are the Ivy League student activists of the Vietnam War years, who, a decade later, have found niches for themselves in such "meaningful" lines of work as high-school teacher, Vista volunteer, drug counselor, singer-songwriter manager, and chief speech-writer for a U.S. Senator (Democratic, of course). These are the people I accompanied through college, none denying it, even if not necessarily the very ones with whom I preferred to do my heaviest bobbing. I suspect, in any case, that a similarity of age, of outlook, of concerns, between

these people and the present generation of movie critics has contributed greatly to this movie's fat portfolio of raves. That, and the predisposition of critics to be over-generous to any movie costing just \$60,000, whether out of their compassion for paupers or their esteem for inflation-fighters. Frugality, though, only becomes a virtue in movies to the extent that it combines with other virtues, and *Secaucus Seven* struck me as just a very small movie with commensurately small virtues.

I should probably concede that it's the credit of John Sayles, the writer and director, not to mention editor and bit player, that I was reminded so vividly why these sorts of people were never my top choice as fellow hobnobbers. But I would then have to add that I don't believe that that's what Sayles had in mind. Much to the contrary, he seems to have banded heavily on the prospect that his audience will fall prey to the first temptation cited above, the prospect, that is, that flattery will get him everywhere. Any moviegoer who cannot instantly cozy up to the cast of characters, cannot feel himself to be just one of the gang, will conceivably have great trouble taking an interest in their meandering discussions of whether or not they want to have babies, what kind of birth control

devices they employ, who is, or has been, or soon might be, sleeping with whom, etc., etc. None of these topics, or any of the others touched upon, is worked out dramatically to any satisfactory degree, although a bit of jockeying does take place in the sleeping arrangements. Rather, all topics come up purely conversationally as things that might be on, or might just be passing through, the minds of the characters in the course of one of those contrived weekend get-togethers that all too readily brings to mind Alan Alda's *The Four Seasons*. For dramatic substance, we have to content ourselves with a shirt-and-skis basketball game staged as a microcosm of masculine aggression and hostility such as might be imagined by a tweedy psychologist who is researching Violence in Sports and who has never had on a pair of sneakers in his life.

The viewer who succumbs to the expensive temptation and who finds much "wrong" here — the viewer, in other words, who in all probability considers himself a still active activist — could be excused for wanting to dissociate himself from characters who have let the given topics and activities (add charades and skinny-dipping to the weekend festivities) completely obliterate their political con-

victions. Such a viewer might, if his moviegoing experience is broad enough, want to point out that Robert Kramer, with things like *Live and Let Die*, has made much more interesting movies about much more committed people (for less money too). The depth of these people's commitment, then and now, is a question that needs to be better answered if we are to know how useful an expression to wear as we watch their current cavortings. As things stand, the best, and almost the only, bit of evidence that these people belong to the Vietnam generation is their flauted sense of having inherited (or rather of having discovered for themselves) or invented out of whole cloth the lion's share of awareness and right attitudes and adventurousness and honesty — their sense of having cast off all the old, outworn values without having had to let go of the smugness that always surrounded them.

These people might yet seem interesting — forget about enduring — if their air of superiority, know-nothingness, cattiness could be taken as an attempt at character drawing by Sayles, instead of as a by-product of his attempt at clever scriptwriting. It is often not possible to distinguish between character exchange here from what goes on in a thing like *The Four Seasons*. "I need a filling station soon," announces one of the characters, assessing the state of his bladder. "But don't you use the woods?" offers his girlfriend. "I'm allergic to pine needles," he counters, with his prissiest Woody Allen intonation. "I thought you made it all the way to Eagle Scout." "Yeah, but you should've seen my skin." And so it goes. The script is full of things that must have looked better on paper and sounded better in the mind's ear. A conversation will typically be woven over and around the extraneous act of cleaning a toilet bowl or reading a road map or playing a game of Clue — in this last instance, the cryptic phraseology of the game itself ("Professor Pluin, with the candstick, in the conservatory" — or some such combination) becomes a kind of T.S. Eliot poetism punctuating a girl-talk discussion of babies. The actors, who are no better than the script, are no better than the dialogue is over their heads is to their own dialogue nor wholly to blame the actors. Some of the blame must splatter onto (continued on page 24)

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## The Way They Were

(continued from page 2)

Sayles also, for having pitched the dialogue way out of range of either the actors or the supposedly down-to-earth, real-people, slice-of-life situation. Nowhere is the discord more glaringly apparent than in the scene where these crucially overextended actors are asked to ridicule the thespian talents of an actress friend, thus evoking a look-whose-talking-reaction in the viewer. One's impression here, and pretty much everywhere, is that Sayles's eye is too much glued to the page, and too little aware of what's going on all around. The pretentious smart-aleckery that he, as scriptwriter only, has been able to inject into other people's, otherwise trivial projects, like *Alien* and *The Howling*, has been set free from any sense of rivalry. That sense is quite proper to his work and much needed here.

Another movie which, in a rather different way, can propel you back to the sixties and make you brood about what's come to pass in the meantime is *The Return* of Jean-Luc Godard, otherwise known as *Every Man for Himself*. I have been meaning to get around to this ever since its departure some weeks ago from the Fine Arts, where it was a long time coming, and only a short time staying, and

already seems a long time gone. And with each passing day the urge to say something about it has gotten progressively weaker. This urge would have expired altogether if critical bouquets tossed to Godard from all sides. Here comes a thistle.

More than a few of the bouquets, I think, must be the result of critics' readiness simply to recite the Godardian liturgy they committed to memory more than a decade ago and have been dying for another chance to put to use. Most of the old ruminations about Godard the maverick, Godard the trailblazer, his little to do with how we would perceive his old movies now, if we actually sat down and watched some of them again. This is now the stuff of cinematic legend, to be recounted around campfires by people who were there and who remember. The old ruminations, as it happens, is easy enough to apply to the new movie, with its distancing of Godardian visual maneuvers, verbal maneuvers, narrative maneuvers — the whole Godardian playbook, in fact. But it takes a certain dishonesty to pretend that these maneuvers can still catch us as flattered as before. The incidence of the new movie is that of *The Forgotten Man* rather than the *Enfant Terrible*. It is not a happy experience.

There is a lot in it, of course, to commend itself to the serious-minded. The vision presented of the relations between the sexes, for example, is full of slapping, spanking, hair-pulling, "you cunt," "you

asshole," "you're a shit," and so forth, and this regimen will be seen as devoid of (illusions) (and of much else besides). Whenever wisdom is wanted, a quotation, an oral reading, or a recitation will fill the bill, with the forceful Marguerite Duras holding the microphone the longest. "Men are more childlike than women, but they have less childhood," and other such stuff shot past us at so rapid a clip as to escape scrutiny.

The three central characters all remain thoroughly submerged despite such curiosity-teasers as the Jacques Dutronc hero being a filmmaker named "Godard," the Nathalie Baye girlfriend toiling away on some unspecified secret project (not a book, she tells us, but possibly part of one), and the Isabelle Huppert where's frozen sullen face. The Huppert character has been tagged by a number of commentators as the key figure, even though she enters the movie at so late a point that I personally had forgotten she was supposed to be in it, and even though she has no practical relation to the other two characters beyond showing up at their apartment door in answer to a For Rent ad. Alain Resnais's *Mon Oncle d'Amérique* had a similar narrative plan of intertwining three disparate lifelines, and had a similar problem of actually intertwining only two of them, and even those two are not intertwined with nearly as much hand nor with as arduous a sense of design as has occasionally been shown by Claude Lelouch. The Huppert character, of

course, allows Godard to go around one more time with prostitution as a symbol of capitalism, and allows his fans, in turn, to feel a familiarity with her that is nowhere justified in her actual characterization. This familiarity is prevented from seeming too old-hat by Godard's depiction of her debauchment in terms far more carnal than usual for him ("Take off your pants, bend over," etc.). I am not sure, though, that his purely didactic interest in, and use for, this character is not just another form of debauchment.

Godard gets little out of his ballyhooed experiment in slow-motion, or anyway I got little out of it, other than some strange-looking, jerky shots meant to make us aware of the individual frames. These passages would be better described in terms of freeze-frames than of slow-motion, only unlike single freeze-frames the effect they convey is more one of indecision than of precision. The use of this device at such shifts as a pretty girl gliding down a country lane on a bicycle, or a mass of hair whirling around a face in reversion to a slap, or a pedestrian tumbling over a car fender upon impact, does not help the sense of strong and original vision. Indeed, the images by co-photographers William Lubchansky and Renato Berta, when not grabbing our attention with the jerky slow-motion, are so dismally lackluster as to resurrect the forgotten question of what percentage of what was once credited to Jean-Luc Godard should actually have gone to Raoul Coutard. □

## Fit for a King



Jonathan Saville

### JONATHAN SAVILLE

There is a *King Lear* in San Diego, at the Festival Stage in Balboa Park, and recently there was another *King Lear*, of an extraordinarily different sort, in San Francisco. It is too late for you to see the San Francisco production, and in view of its cost and difficulty there may be very few opportunities — if any at all — for you to see it anywhere. But this was such an important theatrical event, and it throws so much light on Shakespeare and on the whole art of the theater, that I very much want to share my experience of it with you.

The San Francisco production was not of the play currently offered by the Old Globe's Shakespeare Festival, but of the opera *King Lear* by the contemporary German composer Armin Reimann. First staged at Munich's Nationaltheater in 1978 by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, this work was brought intact to the San Francisco Opera as part of their just-completed summer season. I went to it ready — as usual — to respond freely to whatever it had to offer, but admittedly with a considerable amount of advance skepticism. *King Lear* is the richest, most complex, most self-sufficient tragedy ever written; any play less in need of a musical setting (or less suitable to one) it would be hard to imagine. Furthermore, I had taken the trouble to listen to the recording derived from the Munich production (Deutsche Grammophon 2709-089) and had found the music to be made up of the routine atonal,

athematic, unvoiced, disjointed mannerisms of most contemporary opera from Central Europe. And since opera singers are not generally noted for their subtlety and profundity as stage actors, I did not expect any revelations of the dramatic meanings of *Lear*, which — in any performance of any version — requires acting skills of the highest caliber.

As it turned out I was woefully wrong on all counts. In fact, the Ponnelle production of Reimann's *Lear* seemed to me at the time to be the most stupendous theatrical experience of my life. Knowing my tendency to immediate enthusiasms that subsequently have to be modified by critical judgment, I have waited a few weeks before writing about the opera, hoping that the superlatives would gradually fade away. But I now have to say that nothing has changed in my attitude. I have never seen anything as emotionally devastating as the Reimann-Ponnelle *Lear*, nor any production that has so decisively expanded my understanding of what the theater is all about.

The libretto we heard in San Francisco was not exactly Shakespeare. Reimann's collaborator, Claus Henneberg, had prepared for the Munich production a German text closely based on Shakespeare's original but characterized by numerous cuts and condensations. For San Francisco, the Henneberg libretto was translated back into English, usually into Shakespeare's own words, but with many surprising modifications of the familiar lines due to the librettist's systematic alteration of the text

in the German version. Henneberg has — knowing exactly what he was doing — removed whole areas of Shakespeare's style and thought, like a bulldozer clearing away old buildings for a new housing development. Shakespeare's *Lear* is filled to the bursting point with eloquent dramatic reflections on nature, the gods, the meaning (or meaninglessness) of the universe, and the problem of defining essential humanity. A very great deal of this material is gone or curtailed in Henneberg's version. So is much of the allusive imagery, the evocative figures of speech that make the poetry of Shakespeare's *Lear* the most expressive medium in the history of English literature. The philosophical ideas, the resonances of metaphor and simile, are weakened or absent in the libretto, and the radical nature of the editing process is even more evident in the English re-translation than in the German.

All this takes some getting used to. But it is perfectly clear why Henneberg felt compelled to make such changes, and equally clear that they were crucial to the artistic effect — and the success — of the opera. Philosophical discourse and complicated metaphorical language are inappropriate in the musical theater. A certain degree of unavailability of the text, found even among opera singers with the most precise enunciation, renders the ideas and images obscure, interferes with their power to communicate. Even if the words can be fully perceived, their conjunction with music changes their nature, weakening their discursive, analytical, and explanatory functions. Above all, the affective force of music, most directly emotional of the arts, has an inevitable tendency to overwhelm language, to convert it into a subordinate element of its own means of expression. Music cannot manage discursive arguments the way philosophical language can, and it cannot articulate striking connections between different areas of experience, in the manner of metaphors. But it can convey feelings more strongly, more deeply, more totally than even the most arduous poetic language — even the language of Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

Henneberg's libretto thus renounces what the medium of opera forces it to renounce, while at the same time opening the way for what Reimann's music has to contribute. That contribution is terrific (in the root sense of the word: "causing terror"). Far from being a routine reiteration of the familiar inter-renal musical vocabulary of the 1970s, as I had judged from listening to the recording, the score is in fact superbly inventive, replete with intelligence and imagination, magisterial in its command of the resources of voices and orchestra, and — above all — consummately theatrical. It is the theatrical dimension that is absent on the recording and that makes it hard for a listener to appreciate the music's astonishing appropriateness and power. Having seen the production, however, I

can now respond fully to the music by supplying the missing elements through my memory of what transpired on the San Francisco stage.

If the music refuses to subordinate itself to the words of Shakespeare's text (hence the characteristics of the Henneberg libretto, as I have described them), it nevertheless is totally in the service of Shakespeare's drama, which it renders moment by moment, action by action, with unprecedented potency. The Shakespeare play deals with cosmic and human issues in the context of Renaissance world views, but its fundamental themes are universal, unbounded by any historical period, and deeply rooted in the affective life of the human heart: family conflict, love, hatred, fear, suffering, the threat of madness, the despairing recognition of the suzerainty of evil. All these feelings (and the experiences that are connected with them) are extreme, and almost all of them are provocative of anxiety. Yet never before in the development of the means of artistic expression has there been a medium as perfectly adapted to the expression of anxiety and of extreme situations as the Expressionist musical style first worked out by Schoenberg and now readily available to all serious contemporary composers.

Reimann is a master of this medium, and in a sense his use of it reveals the unbearable terror of the world's vision of reality more purely and more completely than Shakespeare's own script. In Shakespeare, the monstrousness of the parietal children, the cruelty, the insanity, the amoral chaos, the agony of such scenes as the blinding of Gloucester or the lament of Lear over Cordelia's dead body — these are surrounded, softened, civilized, by the wealth of imagery, the eloquence of the rhetoric, the integration, through allusion, into the norms and traditions of Renaissance culture, the cruelty, the insanity, the amoral chaos, the agony of such scenes as the blinding of Gloucester or the lament of Lear over Cordelia's dead body — these are surrounded, softened, civilized, by the wealth of imagery, the eloquence of the rhetoric, the integration, through allusion, into the norms and traditions of Renaissance culture, the cruelty, the insanity, the amoral chaos, the agony of such scenes as the blinding of Gloucester or the lament of Lear over Cordelia's dead body — these are surrounded, softened, civilized, by the wealth of imagery, the eloquence of the rhetoric, the 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## Fit for a King

(continued from page 2) a single set for the entire play, consisting of a representation — at once minutely realistic and nightmarishly stylized — of the "blasted heath" — clusters of rock and dried grasses spread out over a vast space stretching across the stage and all the way back to the rear wall of the stage house. The stage underlying this magnificently bleak embodiment of indifferent and inhuman nature consists of three horizontal platforms, independently movable, each of the platforms is itself subdivided in three, with the side sections hinged and capable of being lifted above or depressed below the level of the central section. There are thus nine more or less independent sections of the set, and in each scene their disposition relative to one another is altered, sometimes to give a different sense of place, but more often in order to reinforce the dramatic and emotional situation being expressed so relentlessly by Reimann's score.

This device attains its greatest fulfillment in the staging of the storm scene, which may very well constitute the all-time summit in the aesthetically effective use of stage machinery. As Lear rants, cursing his cruel daughters and calling down the wrath of the heavens upon them, the heath beneath him literally undulates, the sections of the stage in perpetual violent movement, so that the infuriated, victimized king appears like a solitary battered ship in the midst of a frenzied tempest at sea. The theater itself seems to rock and quake as the audience is confronted with this vertiginous undermining of the expected stability of the stage floor. Yet this effect has little in common with the illusionistic techniques of horror or science-fiction films, for the sub-stage machinery raising and lowering the platforms is always fully visible. As so often in

Pomelle productions, the audience is compelled to be aware at all times that what they are seeing is not reality but theater — an awareness that, ironically, intensifies the emotional force of the stage action rather than devaluing it. This is openly, uncompromisingly, brazenly an artifice, yet its very artificiality somehow imparts to it a reality beyond any merely illusionistic representation: it is so supremely, frighteningly real, the way a dream seems a reality above all reality even when you are aware that it is only a dream. So Pomelle has placed his blasted heath, and the fantastically garbed ancient Britons who populate it, in the undisguised stage house of the theater, with all the backstage area — wings, flies, catwalks, buttens, lighting equipment — fully visible at all moments. There has been no more utterly convincing demonstration of the theatrical power of anti-illusionism.

For his actor-singers Pomelle has devised an acting style that would be virtually impossible in any staging of the original play, but that in the context of the music and the scenic effects succeeds in communicating the terrors of the Lear universe more truly than any other production I have seen. The principle appears to be that a certain kind of muscular activity is chosen to embody the essence of the character's soul, and that that type of movement is then stylized and exaggerated so as to give the character a magnified presence and impact. The natural movement and the causal gesture are absent in this production, where the individuals function to a large extent as universal human (or metaphysical) forces, just as they do, though less overtly, in Shakespeare's play.

It is a device that works especially effectively in the portrayal of the evil characters, whose extremely busy movements, spastic gestures, and manifest muscular tension mirror the jagged hysteria of the music Reimann has composed for them. One example from early in the opera may

suffice to give an idea of how this style of acting is integrated with the patently artificial staging techniques to enhance the audience's perceptions of character and situation. Edmund's cynical speech, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess," reveals his cunning and ambitious personality and his rivalry with his virtuous brother over the lands one of them will inherit from their father, the Earl of Gloucester. In the Pomelle staging of this "aria," Edmund is downstage with a concealed spotlight in front of him, Gloucester, kneeling in meditation, is way upstage, similarly illuminated, and the shadows of the two figures are thrown in sharp relief on the rear wall of the stage house. Gloucester's shadow is small, humble, but Edmund's shadow is huge, towering over the other like a tyrannosaur, the distorted shape of his wig (which elongates the head backward with grotesque effect) and the wrenching, slithering, clutching convolutions of his gestures creating an environment of ultimate threat below which the profile of the unaware Gloucester seems a minuscule victim about to be rent and devoured by an emissary from Hell. It is an incredibly bold piece of staging — bold in its crudeness, bold in its power, bold in the contrasting energy with which it gets to the point of the speech (and of the play): the conflict of generations, with the children exalting their own state and turning upon their enfeebled gentler to destroy him.

To recount all Pomelle's inventions would be to explore the full range of the theatrical imagination; there is nothing he cannot or will not do to rip the heart of King Lear from its bosom encrusted with tradition and to cast it, dripping with fresh blood, into the audience's memory. The production ends with a stroke which, in its force, its originality, and its sense of the theatrical, sums up and even surpasses all that has gone before. Lear's final speech, when he accepts Cordelia's death ("Thou'lt have no more/ Never, never, never, never") and immediately

seeks to deny it ("Look on her, look, her lips! Look there, look there"), is incomparably the most appalling moment in the theater, it is so undeniably in its pathos that it is so undeniably in its pathos that it has intentionally omitted the whole scene. In the Reimann-Pomelle version, far from being omitted, it is focused upon with a terrifying concentration. As Lear sings the speech, heart-rendingly wailing in a way only possible in an operatic version of the play, the stage lights begin to come up. He stands there with the dead Cordelia, motionless, and the lights continue to grow brighter, brighter, every single spotlight and footlight in the house, to the point where the tragic irony — the racked father, the dead child — is burned in a light whiter and more searing than any we have ever witnessed. It is the light of an atomic explosion, the light at the center of the sun, a light too truthful and too terrible for human beings to bear.

To do something with the lighting to set off the infinite pain of this ending is a notion most critics of Lear would have only Pomelle could conceive of showing us the darkest moment of life's agony by means of its opposite. Personnel at the San Francisco Opera report that in the few seconds of this blazing illumination, the ambient temperature of the stage at the War Memorial Opera House increased ten degrees. I myself can report that the light of that scene scalded its image forever in my consciousness. It was not until I had seen this great production of a great opera that I fully knew how close Shakespeare had come in King Lear to a vision of our existence so terrible that no one might look on it and continue to live. Even now, after a few weeks' opportunity to cool down, I remain convinced that there are only two moments in the history of Shakespeare's King Lear that are of final significance: the moment when Shakespeare wrote the play, and the moment when Arlbert Reimann and Jean-Pierre Pomelle revealed its meaning.



Carolyn Miller, Ph.D., Psychology Instructor University City

I was doing research that involved using a rare, genetically obese rat — the Zucker rat. I was about to leave town for a convention. I had a dream. In my dream I was going to a convention and the person who was caring for the rats let them die to get back at me for something. Before I left town, I myself can report that the light of that scene scalded its image forever in my consciousness. It was not until I had seen this great production of a great opera that I fully knew how close Shakespeare had come in King Lear to a vision of our existence so terrible that no one might look on it and continue to live. Even now, after a few weeks' opportunity to cool down, I remain convinced that there are only two moments in the history of Shakespeare's King Lear that are of final significance: the moment when Shakespeare wrote the play, and the moment when Arlbert Reimann and Jean-Pierre Pomelle revealed its meaning.



Leslie Goldman, Post Golden Hill

Every day, I believe everyone does. It's a natural part of life as much as eating. I've learned to intelligently discern the many voices I hear in my head. As a writer, when I feel inspired, I feel like I'm receiving information from every great mind that ever lived. It's a question of putting myself in a state of harmony with myself — being still enough to listen. The only thing that separates me from anyone else is confidence. Most people run all over the place for the answer to a problem. Like Newton's apple, the answer would drop into their laps if they were just still enough to pay attention. When I want to know something, I just sleep on it and I find the answer there.



P.H. Moore, Engineering Contractor East San Diego

The first part of 1966 I dreamed of a bridge being misplaced. I had never worked in the town but everything was as clear as day. We weren't even building bridges at the time. When we completed a job up north, I was sent to El Cerrito where I went to work as a grade engineer. They were finishing Highway 8 through there. I was driving along with the project manager and the general superintendent and suddenly things started passing by just like in the dream — the farm house, the bridge abutments. I said, "That bridge is in the wrong place." They said, "How do you know?" I said, "You're not going to believe this, partners, but I dreamed about this." We checked the plans. The bridge was one hundred feet off. We built the former's new field and put the bridge back where it still is today, over state road 111 and Interstate 8.



Sunny Byerley, Fifth Grade North Park

I had my last reading not too long ago. My second mother — she and I were Indian boys in our past life. We used to compete with each other a lot. We were killed by another Indian, you might say he was a traitor, he was on the other side. I think it explains some of the reasons why we compete with each other now. Most kids my age think this sort of thing is a joke so it's not the kind of thing I would discuss with them. I have a six-year-old brother — he's very psychic. He knows things before they happen. I think it's more of a gift than a talent. He doesn't practice it; it just happens automatically.



Jerrie P. Watson, Free-lance Writer Chelmsford

In women, it's called intuition, although intensities vary. I walked into my house once, worried about my son Kenny. I knew something had happened. My other son was there and I said, "I already know Kenny had a car accident on his way to school, but he's all right." My son said, "I have when you do that." It was true, Kenny had run over a dog on the way to school and felt very, very bad. There are many instances. I kept my daughter-in-law off of a plane that crashed. She would have been on that flight. We're not even that close. It gets to the point where you're not sure whether it's your imagination or an impulse that you need to follow immediately. I guess these experiences go beyond the normal explanation, but I don't believe in a lot of hocus-pocus.

— Lin Junky

## Letters

(continued from page 4)

The form of that project can vary enormously. It can be monumental. Stonehenge, the pyramids of Egypt, the Easter Island giants, or the Chartres cathedral. It can be monumentally human: the Crusades or World War II. It can be misguided, as with Hitler and Germany or the Japanese in World War II. Its power can be observed in our own Civil War, with each side expelling unprecedented energy, resulting in a slaughter that destroyed a substantial portion of one of the finest great pools ever assembled — the American "nation."

We can see vestiges of this need

in the sporting such that gathers at the stadium. Why do we put up with the traffic jams, the pushing and shoving, the long lines waiting for a hot dog or a toilet seat? Because we love it! We hunger for the mob unity, the mob cause, the mob goals, the mob sweat as we raise the multi-ton lintels on Stonehenge, march thousands of miles in the Crusades, climb the tall scaffolds at Chartres, or abandon the kitchen for the factory in World War II.

Louis Denov

San Diego

**I Couldn't Have Had A V-J**

I enjoyed the cover story on San Diego during World War II, by

Andrew Piotrowski. However, the closing paragraph, recounting my memory of the war's end, surprised my mother and I, since I wasn't born yet! Actually the quote belongs to Len Grisman, president of the Greater San Diego Chamber of Commerce, who, incidentally, has a memory like an Apple Two-Plus computer.

Walter E. Schotter, director San Diego Motion Picture and Television Bureau

**You Can Say That Again**

I saw Grisman at the Marquis Public Theater, then I read Jonathan Saville's categorical praise of this Insurance travesty

("Reader's Guide to the Theater"). Courtesy to Saville's views, I found neither the script nor the actors to be "funny, touching, true to life, [and] brilliantly theatrical." "Gross, phony, yes, perhaps theatrical but insubstantially, at times crassly so, the play totally bored me. The author and the cast make fun of fat people, of mentally retarded people, and Italian people. Prejudice runs rampant from the opening curtain to the last line. Minerva Margolis indeed was convincing as the "foul-mouthed slattern." "She did not come across as 'magnificent' or 'Palafoxian.' Nor did it require on her part the skill Ms. Saville seemed to infer to mouth the word 'fuck' so frequently that it became a dead cliché, in no way

funny after the third time, reminding me of a kid who spontaneously brings on a laugh then repeats the gag ad nauseam but with no further response." The part of the adolescent doubting his masculinity, in a deep identity crisis, came forth not as a character but as a caricature. Much of that came out of poor direction combined with a third-rate script. And so it went. For me, the entire production was trite and embarrassing. Maybe Ms. Saville needs a long vacation. At the very least he could punctuate his writing with phrases like "in my opinion" or "it seems to me," letting us know that he is speaking only for himself and not pretending to judge for the rest of us. Bill Duckworth San Diego

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Mad Jack has declared war on prices offered by all the competition in San Diego. It's your best deal that really won't come, well this one is for you. Mad Jack is telling his competitors to come up with better deals or else... he is setting his prices to be the lowest anywhere. He is challenging the competition to lower prices and take the bait. Mad Jack will not sit by and wait for business to walk in the door but will offer their customers the best values and prices right now!

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Mad Jack has declared war on prices offered by all the competition in San Diego. If you're tired of sales that really aren't sales, well this one is for you.

## Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



Freeman Dyson

### 2 bdr. 1 ba. Saturn vu.

Freeman Dyson is a noted physicist and professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. Besides his scientific papers, he also has written for *Scientific American* and *The New Yorker* magazines and an autobiography, *Disturbing the Universe*. I spoke to him about a lecture on "The Colonization of Space" that he will present in La Jolla next week.

How did you select this topic?  
Dyson: I was asked to talk about it. It's my hobby, and I've written about it.  
What do you envision as colonization in space?  
There are many possibilities.

My preference is for a Mayflower-style colonization. Groups of private people going out on their own, with their own funding—not taken care of by governments, or rescued by them.

Wouldn't that lead to a great deal of duplication of effort, expense, and technology?  
I go by the historical analogy with the colonizing of America and Australia and so on. In those cases there were several competing groups, each developing their own technology, but there was a lot of second-hand stuff. In space colonization, there would be government stuff, discarded and lying around, that private groups could use.  
But for the Europeans, just getting here was more than half the problem. Isn't there an order-of-magnitude difference between life in the New World and

life on a new planet?  
That remains to be seen. It was tough for the people on the Mayflower. Fifty percent of them died. Clearly, you've got to be able to grow your own potatoes once you're there [in space]. There'll be no help from the Indians there.

Will we be landing on other planets or setting up platforms in space?  
Both of those are possible, but there are other possibilities, on smaller bodies than planets. There may be asteroids and comets that are easier to deal with, and there are many more of them.

Will there be any major surprises in space?  
Yes. I have no idea what they are. If we did, they wouldn't be surprises.

Then what are the major questions, in your mind?  
One obvious question is soil, whether you can take the soil as you find it and grow things. Soil is necessary. A tin can in space is not enough. Ten years ago, everyone thought Mars was dry. Now it appears that Mars is saturated with ice, and that if you dig underground you will find ice. That is an example of a major surprise.

How different would the way of life in space be? Science fiction writers have predicted a regimented, military way of life. That depends on the people who go. That would not be my preference. It could be that those who go would make it as much like home as possible.

Would you want to go?  
I likely would if I were a bit younger.  
Will there be benefits for mankind as a whole?  
The benefits will be to those people who go. Those who do not go may benefit because it will get rid of the more unbearable characters. It will also make possible a much greater diversity of experience and culture. Life here is becoming too homogeneous.  
What will happen first? A permanently inhabited space station? And when?  
That depends on the motivation. A space station

(continued on page 5, col. 2)

### Family Of Four

In Spain, the guitar was established as the national instrument from the Sixteenth Century on. In Spain, the guitar was established as the national instrument from the Sixteenth Century on. In Spain, the guitar was established as the national instrument from the Sixteenth Century on. In Spain, the guitar was established as the national instrument from the Sixteenth Century on.

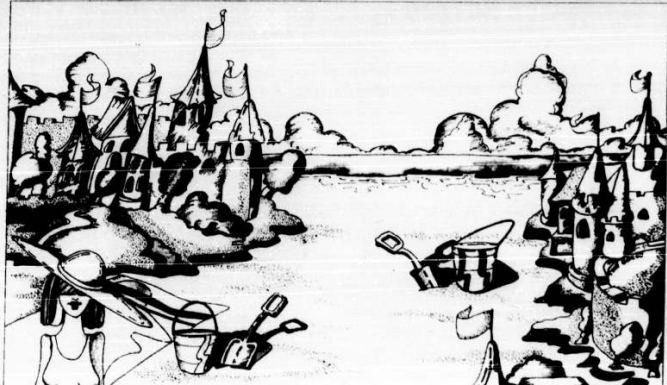


Angel, Celedonio, and Pepe Romero

### Building Boom

As related to me by Ray Rodgers, a local sandcastle enthusiast and raconteur, it happened this way: There was a sandcastle contest in Florida some years ago, and the grand prize for the best entry was \$1000. The size of the prize brought out the true artists and architects, not the least of whom was one man who boasted that he could build a small house, out of nothing more than sand and water, that would be sturdy enough for him and his family to sleep in overnight without fear of its collapsing.

(continued on page 5, col. 2)





## READER'S GUIDE

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 materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS**, EDITOR, P.O. Box 8085, San Diego, CA 92138.

### Film

**"Gertrude Stein When This You See, Remember Me,"** a film documentary produced in 1970 for National Educational TV by Perry Miller, focusing on the life in Paris of the writer, hostess, and art patron, will be screened Thursday, July 23, 8 p.m. Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

**Fantasy, Horror, and Science-Fiction Film Festival** will screen thirty films made by students and

amateurs, sponsored by San Diego Comic Convention, Friday, July 24, 6 to 8 p.m., and Saturday, July 25, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 4 p.m., El Centro Center, Seventh Avenue and Ash Street, downtown. 233-1510 or 233-1412.

**"LaserDrems,"** a production of computer-generated imagery with music of the Alan Parsons Project, Pink Floyd, and Led Zeppelin, will be screened with *Star Wars* at an award-winning film with NASA space footage, Fridays and Saturdays through July 31 and August 1, midnight, Cinema 21, Mission Valley. 291-2121.

**"The Little Princess,"** a lavish, costume fantasy film based on the children's novel by Frances Burnett, made in 1919 and starring Shirley Temple as the Victorian girl heroine, will be shown Monday, July 27, 6:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

**Summer Silent Film Series**, featuring piano accompaniment by Philip Carlo, will screen (Video) *Test*, a 1922 version of the Charles Dickens novel, starring Jack Cosgrove and Lon Chaney, Monday, July 27, 8 p.m., Westwood Club, 17104 West Bernardo Road, Rancho Bernardo and Tuesday, July 28, 8 p.m., Palomar College library lawn, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529.

**"Notorious,"** Alfred Hitchcock's 1946 espionage thriller starring Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a treasonous German, who lures in love with American agent Cary Grant, marries atom bomb-developing industrialist Claude Rains, will be screened Wednesday, July 29, 8 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

### Music

American, British, and Canadian

Traditional folk songs by Cat the Fiddlingbirds, Thursday, July 23, 7:30 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 125, La Mesa. 436-8030.

**Music and Magic: Five Puppets**, the barbershop quartet by Appointment Only will perform Friday, July 24, 6 to 8 p.m., in the jacks. Puppets Please will be on stage, Saturday, July 25, 2 to 4:30 p.m., with the Vase Haugen playing from 6 to 8 p.m., also in the jacks and bumper and Bernette will make magic while walking around. Sunday, July 26, noon to 4 p.m., all in Sequest Village. Free. 235-4014.

**Tennessee Fiddlers** Guy and Candie Carawan and son Evan will perform at the Open Air Theatre, SFSU (265-6947) and Saturday, July 25, 7 p.m., medical school lawn, UCSD. 235-9721.

**Classical Guitarists** the Romero Family, father Ciriaco and son

Celin, Pepe, and Angel, will perform works of Bach, Telemann, de Falla, Torroba, Chopin, and Ibert, to benefit the St. James Community Concert series, Friday, July 24, 8 p.m., Catholic Church, 625 South Nardo Avenue, Solana Beach. 565-5376.

**Feminist Singer and Songwriter** Judy Gorman-Jacobs presents blues, folk, and contemporary songs, Friday, July 24, 8 p.m., Center for Women's Studies & Services, 908 E Street, downtown. 233-8984.

**Summer Pops series** of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra's "Summer of Song" will present the Dave Brubeck Quartet playing works of Grieg, Rostini, Kabalevsky, and Brubeck, Friday, July 24, 8 p.m., Open Air Theatre, SFSU (265-6947) and Saturday, July 25, 7:30 p.m., Torrey Pines Christian Church, 8320 La Jolla Scenic Drive North, La Jolla. Free. 453-3550.

**"Come Trust the Lord,"** a program of traditional and contemporary gospel music, spirituals, anthems, and hymn arrangements, will be presented by the Continental Singers and Orchestra, Saturday, July 25, 7:30 p.m., Torrey Pines Christian Church, 8320 La Jolla Scenic Drive North, La Jolla. Free. 453-3550.

**Summer Sunday Concert Series** will conclude with violinist Zina Schiff and cellist Margaret Moore, Sunday, July 26, noon, Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, San Diego. Free. 298-7674.

**Chamber Music** will be performed in costume by the Sibling Singers, Sunday, July 26, 2 p.m., Jesse Shepard House, Villa Montezuma, 1925 K Street, San Diego. 298-2211.

**Flamenco Guitarist** Rodrigo will perform in concert, Sunday, July 26, 2 p.m., Pine Hills Lodge dinner theater, 2960 La Puente Way, Julian. 765-1100.

**Music and Fireworks**, former Disneyland music director Jim Chatterman will conduct the San Diego Symphony Orchestra in a program of Broadway musical melodies, to benefit Children's Hospital, and Health Center, Sunday, July 26, 7 p.m., followed by fireworks at 9 p.m., La Costa Resort Hotel & Spa, Costa Del Mar Road, Carlsbad. 744-5604 or 239-9721.

**Organ and Harpsichord** Recital of Patrick Lindley will feature the works of Bach, Scarlatti, Soler, Muzart, Albeniz, and Frescobaldi, Sunday, July 26, 7 p.m., St. Andrews-by-the-Sea Church, 1050 Thomas Avenue, Pacific Beach. 272-0313.

**Summer Community Concert Series** will continue with the Novella chamber string ensemble, Wednesday, July 29, 7 p.m., Centre Musical, University Towne Center. Free. 453-2930.

**Java and Jazz**, the music and dance of Java, directed by K.R.T. Waitoldipuro, and the jazz music of Philip Burch Lacy and friends, will be presented in the final concert of the World Music and Dance summer program of the Center for World Music, Wednesday, July 29, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDSU. 265-4243.

**Summer Night Concert Series** will conclude with the swing-era sound of Bob Condy and his orchestra, Wednesday, July 29, 9 p.m., Grosvenor Center parking lot, between Broadway Time Center and Circle D Court. Free. 465-2900.

### Lectures

**"Preserving Gods at Home"** demonstrations will be given by George York, food technologist for

## TO LOCAL EVENTS

the University of California Cooperative Extension, Friday, July 23, 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., Building 4, County Operations Center, 5555 Overland Avenue, San Diego. Free. 565-5376.

**"Diving in the Antarctic"** will be the subject of a talk and slide presentation by James Stewart, diving officer of Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Thursday, July 23, 3:30 p.m., San Diego Federal Plaza and Loan, 1055 Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla. Free. 453-9741.

**"The Hard Facts of Turtle Care"** and a turtle's housing and dietary needs will be discussed by officers and members of the Turtle and Tortoise Society, and you may bring your turtle for identification of treatment suggestions, Thursday, July 23, 7 p.m., Otto Center, San Diego Zoo, Balboa Park. 452-9230 or 756-3791.

**"Artist's Diary: A Visual Journey of Aesthetic Growth and Development"** will be presented by Robert Fritsch and Reed Thompson, Friday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Balboa Park. Free. 234-5946.

**Dramatic Reading** of selected works by George Bernard Shaw will be presented by the Patio Palms Reader's Repertory Company, Friday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., Book Works, 1523 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. 741-9079.

**Poet Barbara Ruth** will read from her poetry, Saturday, July 25, 7:30 p.m., Plum's Books, 1015 West Lewis Street, Hillcrest. 299-7098.

**Open Poetry Reading** will be held by the India Street Poets, Sunday, July 26, 7 p.m., Sidney's Coffee House, 3733 India Street, San Diego. 295-0465.

**Poet Jena Popelton Melander** will read Monday, July 27, 7 p.m., Educational Cultural Complex, 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, San Diego. 330-2600.

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**"Beyond Snapshots,"** a workshop on improving photography techniques, will be conducted by Leon-Tribune photographer Jerry Winkle, Wednesday, July 29, 6 to 9 p.m., Harriet Hotel convention center, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. Reservations: 231-4252 x1640.

**"Applying Recombinant DNA Technology to Human Genetics"** will be the topic of a lecture presented by UCSD biology professor Melvin Simon, concluding the "Perspectives in Human Genetics"

series, Wednesday, July 29, 7:30 p.m., room 100, International Society of Human Genetics, 5555 Overland Avenue, San Diego. Free. 265-3152.

**"The Colonization of Space"** will be discussed by physicist Freeman Dyson, Wednesday, July 29, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Will Books, 7327 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

**"Earthquakes and Our Uneasy Earth"** a lecture presented by UC Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics professor James Brune, will cover the physical mechanisms of earthquakes, how they are detected and studied, and means for prediction and reducing hazards, Wednesday, July 29, 7:30 p.m., Summer Auditorium, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8602 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla. Free. 452-3624 or 452-4578.

**"How to Properly Use Water and Low-Water-Use Plants"** will be the topic of a slide lecture presented by Jim Breese, San Diego County department of agriculture farm advisor and an expert on drought-resistant plants, Wednesday, July 29, 7:30 p.m., Ecke Building, Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 751-4432.

### Special Events

**San Diego Renaissance Festival**, the second annual, will feature artists and craftsmen, mimes and minstrels, jugglers and joustiers, dances, acrobats, poets, a Renaissance costume contest, a jousty entertainment, and the Taming of Shrews, all sponsored by San Diego Junior Theatre, through Sunday, July 26, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. 941-3300 or 758-7391.

**Grand National Meet** will be sponsored by the Antique Automobile Club of America, Friday, July 24 through Sunday, July 26, Balboa Hotel, Mission Bay. 582-9581 or 295-6130.

# BULLFIGHTS

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Tijuana: Bullring Ticket Office, 921 Revolution Phone (903) 385-2210

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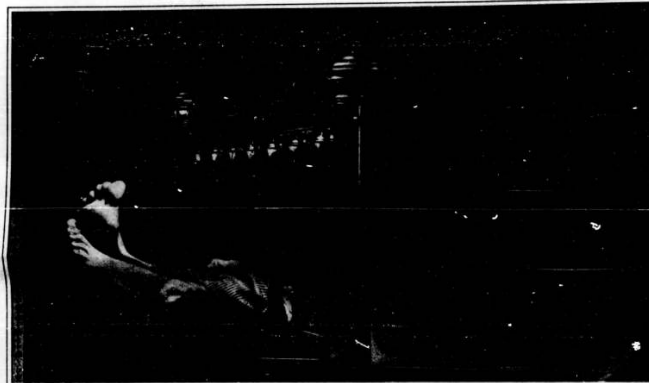
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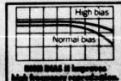
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We've developed a unique new formulation of superlattice ferrite crystal oxide particles. And while that's a mouthful to say, it delivers an earful of results. Singers ring out more clearly. Snare drums snap and cymbals shimmer with startling crispness. Even quiet passages sound clearer. Because new Memorex

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And thanks to Permapass™, our extraordinary new binding process, the music you lay out on the tape stays on the tape. Play after play, even after 1,000 plays.

In fact, new Memorex will always deliver true sound reproduction. Or we'll replace it. Free.

Of course, we didn't stop once we made new Memorex sound better. We also made it work better. By improving virtually every aspect of the cassette mechanism.

We even invented a unique tumble-free storage alloy. So trust your next recording to

new Memorex. In HIGH BIAS II, normal bias MXR or METAL IV. As a discriminating tape user, you'll have a high opinion of the results. A highly biased opinion, that is.



**HOW DOES THAT TUMBLE FREE STORAGE ALLOY WORK?** IT'S LIKE... OR IS IT? **MEMOREX**



and marionettes. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 and 2 p.m.; Fridays, 10:30 a.m. and Sundays, 1 p.m., through September 7. Paper Theatre, Balboa Park, 176-1814 or 466-7128.

"Parkcast," a recorded information system about the national parks of the West, featuring weather conditions, road and other closures, and campground and lodging reservations, is available twenty-four hours a day by calling 776-6311.

## Sports

Ragwort Tournament, the second annual sponsored by Big Brothers of San Diego County, will include an event for first-time tournament players. Thursday, July 27 through Sunday, August 2, with matches Monday through Thursday at noon and 7 p.m., Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 495-5220.

Friar Tennis, the San Diego Friars will close out their home season with two matches against the California Vipers. Thursday, July 23 and Saturday, July 25, both at 7 p.m., Sports Arena, 224-4176 or 299-7666.

Vascular Bike Ride will be geared to the beginning bike rider, sponsored by American Youth Hostels. Saturday, July 25, 9:30 a.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free. 239-2644.

Shark Football, the San Diego Sharks will play host to the Orange Empire Outlaws. Saturday, July 25, 7 p.m., San Marcos High School stadium, 1615 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 433-7072.

Grass Skiing, the second annual

Southern California Grass Ski Championships will roll down the slope. Sunday, July 26, 1 p.m., Pressido Park, San Diego, 464-6982.

Corrida, top matador Manolo Martinez, Antonio Lomelin, and Jorge Gutierrez will fight six bulls from the San Martin ranch. Sunday, July 26, 4 p.m., El Torero de Tijuana, downtown Tijuana, 232-4588 or 230-4112.

Tennis, the 1981 Wells Fargo Tennis Open will have thirty-two of the top professional women in tennis, including defending champion Tracy Austin, Pam Shriver, Kathy Jordan, and Billie Jean King, competing in thirteen sessions outdoors on the hard courts, from Monday, July 27 through Sunday, August 2, with matches Monday through Thursday at noon and 7 p.m., Rancho Bernardo Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 495-5220.

Thoroughbred Racing, the forty-second annual season at the Del Mar track will continue its three-day racing, with nine races daily except Tuesday through Wednesday, September 9, first post at 2 p.m. All Fairgrounds, 299-1140 or 755-1141.

Super and Limited Stock Cars will be racing Sundays through October 10, 8 p.m., Capon Speedway, Bradley off-ramp at Gillespie Airport, El Cajon, 448-8900.

## Radio/TV

"Balboa Park: Jewel of San Diego" will be the subject of an eight-part series beginning Thursday, July 23, 11 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Petrified Forest," you've seen it at the San Diego Rep and now you can see Humphrey Bogart as escaped gangster Duke Mantee in the 1936 film version of the Robert Sherwood play. Thursday, July 23, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

Adolescent Homosexuality is the difficult subject discussed with Ben and Robin on The Tom Cottle Show. Thursday, July 23, 11 p.m., repeating Tuesday, July 28, 10 a.m., Channel 15.

"Casablanca," the Michael Curtiz 1942 WWII film starring Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre and Asa Brown, will be sung by Docley Williams that was the consummate campus cult film of the Sixties, will be aired Friday, July 24, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

"Kitty: Return to Auschwitz," a documentary of one survivor's visit to the concentration camp she survived, originally made for PBS, will be shown on ABC News Channel 10.

"The Silent Spring of Rachel Carson," an award-winning documentary on the dangers of pesticides, first broadcast on April 3, 1963, will be shown with an update, Bill Moyers interviewing Barry Commoner on the Love Canal and the Reagan administration. Friday, July 24, 9 p.m.; repeating Monday, July 27, 10 a.m., Channel 15.

Rock Music Concert of the Beach Boys will be simulcast Friday, July 24, 11 p.m., Channel 6 and K-BEST 95 FM.

"The Friends of Eddie Coyle" crime and cops abound in Boston in

# READER'S GUIDE

Peter Yates' 1973 film starring Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle. Saturday, July 25, 11:30 p.m., Channel 8.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicola's version of the Shakespeare play will be sung in English by the New York City Opera. Sunday, July 26, 7 p.m., KFRS-FM 89.

"Charade," Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn star in Stanley Donen's 1963 mystery, and maybe this time she'll blow out our match. Sunday, July 26, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

"Tosca," Maestro Bruno Bartoletti leads the New Philharmonia Orchestra of London in a performance of Puccini's tragic opera, with Placido Domingo as Cavaradossi, Sherill Milnes as Scarpia, and Raita Kharasaka as Tosca. Monday, July 27, 8 p.m., Channel 15 (simulcast with KPSD-FM 94.1).

"Once Upon a Time... A Fairy Tale Comes True," children will get into the real act by telling their own versions of the marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana. Tuesday, July 28, 9:30 a.m., KFRS-FM 89.

"The Sheep Has Five Legs," Fernando's tour de force, in which he plays quinquilles, their father, and himself, will be aired Tuesday, July 28, 1:30 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

Tennis, live coverage of the Wells Fargo Tennis Open will be broadcast from Rancho Bernardo Inn, Tuesday, July 28, 8 p.m., Channel 39.

Royal Wedding, live coverage of the real thing will begin at the uncivilized hour of 2 a.m., Wednesday.

July 29, and continue through 9 a.m., Channels 10 and 39, and from 4 to 9 a.m., Channel 8.

"Julie & Dick in Covent Garden," Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke sang and danced in London's producer market. Wednesday, July 29, 8 p.m., Channel 10.

"A Rainy Day," Mariette Hartley portrays an unhappy movie and TV star. Wednesday, July 29, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

Noriko Walleys, a collection of more than 200 nugs by Mariette Spencer, Mary Lee, Doreen Gould, and other American Indian artists, will be displayed Saturday, July 25 and Sunday, July 26, Golden Heritage Gallery, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-8281.

"Unseen Flowers of the Desert," photographs of microscopic, miniflowers, the smallest wildflowers known, taken by Robert Gilbreath in twenty-five deserts of the western United States and Mexico, will be on exhibit through August 2, Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

Recent Paintings by patronist Cynthia Carlson will be on view through August 4, Wenger Gallery, 4653 Gas Street, Pacific Beach, 454-4414.

"A Perspective on the Permanent Collection" includes works of post-modernism, pop, minimal, and conceptual art, through August 9, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

Photographs, images by Brett Weston, including work from his Hawaiian portfolio, years in Mexico, and California coastal landscapes, will be displayed through August 12, Photography Gallery, 1488 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 459-1800.

"A California Summer," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by thirteen California artists, including works of Peter Alexander, Joel Bass, Billy Al Bengtson, and Laddie John Dill, will be on view through August 22, Thomas Baber Gallery, 7470 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 454-0345.

"Turkish Treasures from the Collection of Edwin Binney, 3rd," including calligraphy, miniature paintings, ceramics, textiles, and metal work, will be exhibited through September 7, San Diego Museum of Art, 1614 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego, 524-3100.

MOVIE PREVIEW SHOWS: CONAN, THE BARBARIAN SUPERHERO, THE OTHER MOVIE BLADERUNNER, HEAVY METAL MOVIE THE CREATURE THAT WASN'T NICE CONDOMAN.

CONVENTION RATES: All four days Thursday/Sunday \$50.00/day, Friday/Saturday \$60.00/day. DISCOUNT COUPON: 50 cents off, four-day or one-day ComicCon memberships with this ad!

THE SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION is open to the general public! HOURS: Registration 9am-5pm, Dealers' Room 9am-5pm, FRI 9am-5pm, SAT 9am-7pm, SUN 10am-5pm.

FOR MORE INFORMATION: Phone 280-5717, 692-9070 or 273-1150 (live) At Con: 233-1110 and 233-3412.

THE SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION, Inc. is a non-profit organization for the appreciation and advancement of the popular arts.

# TO LOCAL EVENTS

be on view through July 31, 1981. Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 323-7301.

Banned Books, an exhibit of sixty books that have been banned or restricted in public and school libraries since 1976, including *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, and Raymond Briggs's *Father Christmas*, will be displayed through July 31, National City Public Library, 400 East 12th Street, National City, 224-8211.

"Musical Manuscripts," a traveling exhibition of illustrated manuscripts by twentieth-century composers, including John Cage, John Lennon, Leonard Bernstein, Marcel Duchamp, Erik Satie, and Aaron Copland, will be on view through August 1, San Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7391.

"Unseen Flowers of the Desert," photographs of microscopic, miniflowers, the smallest wildflowers known, taken by Robert Gilbreath in twenty-five deserts of the western United States and Mexico, will be on exhibit through August 2, Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-3821.

Embroidered Echoes of Norma Andrad will be on exhibit through August 3, A.R.T./Beadery Gallery, 2802 Juan Street, Old Town, 295-2075.

Recent Paintings by patronist Cynthia Carlson will be on view through August 4, Wenger Gallery, 4653 Gas Street, Pacific Beach, 454-4414.

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## Guitars

himself and his family, first to Portugal, then to California, where the Romeros now live. With the change in the Spanish regime, Celodino's services to the musical life of his country have at last been recognized. This May, King Juan Carlos awarded him the order of Isabella la Católica.

The Romeros belong to the Roman Catholic parish of Saint James in Solana Beach, an attachment strengthened by the fact that Saint James is the patron saint of their native land. The parish has a brand-new star in its choir to use that energy. So on Sunday look for something like a star putting on a lot of heat radiation. That could be seen from earth with an infrared telescope. The problem is, there are so many natural things that look something like that.

What are you working on now? Mostly mathematics — and I declared the winner a fraud. There ensued a scuffle, and the home builder was eventually arrested by sheriffs for assault, stripped of his prize money, and later fined \$500 for polluting a state beach (with trash).

Freeman Dyson is in town for the JASON conference, a two-month-long think tank sponsored annually by the defense department and held at the Bishop's Schools in La Jolla. After conference hours next Wednesday, July 29, at 7:30 p.m., he will speak on "The Colonization of Space" at D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla. There is an admission charge. For further information, call D.G. Wills at 456-1800.

— Amy Chu

Sand (continued from page 1) actually two floors), all done in a Victorian style that gave it the appearance of a misplaced, oversized dollhouse. The attendees oohed and aahed.

By nightfall all of the competing sculptors and most of the crowd had gone home, leaving the home builder to work by the light of the moon and his car's headlights. When the last stranger drove away, the man walked to his car, withdrew a metal tank from his trunk, and proceeded to spray a certain

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What about extraterrestrial civilization? I hope that extraterrestrial civilizations exist. It is a hope no anything like a scientific fact. It's a good idea to look for them but we can't expect to find them.

Dyson's "Dyson spheres" have something to do with that. That's an old thing that somehow got tagged on to my name. Twenty years ago I wrote a paper about it. It seemed to me, if one were looking for extraterrestrial life, the probability would be that one would find something big, because bigger things are easier to see. A large technology, grown to its natural limits, would have to use all the energy from a star, so they would be seen in a shell around a star in order to use that energy. So one would look for something like a star putting on a lot of heat radiation. That could be seen from earth with an infrared telescope. The problem is, there are so many natural things that look something like that.

What are you working on now? Mostly mathematics — and I declared the winner a fraud. There ensued a scuffle, and the home builder was eventually arrested by sheriffs for assault, stripped of his prize money, and later fined \$500 for polluting a state beach (with trash).

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chemical on the entire structure, which was intended to make the sand and water mixture.

The entries for each team are forty dollars, but attendance is free and open to the public. The competition will begin Saturday, July 25, at 9:00 a.m., at the foot of the Imperial Beach Pier, with judging starting at noon. For more information, call the Imperial Beach Chamber of Commerce at 424-1151, or Pat Murphy at 423-1255.

The other competition may not sound as grand, but it does have some tradition. The Fourteenth Annual Mission Bay Sandcastle Contest will also feature competition in both individual and group divisions, with special awards given to the most unique traditional sand castle and the best sand sculpture. Judging will be based on design, originality, and overall effort, and the rules emphatically disallow any reinforcement materials or additives that may change the consistency of the sand and water.

The contest, sponsored by the Mission Bay Associates, is free and open to the public, with registration beginning at 9:00 a.m. Sunday, July 26, at Crown Point Shores, Mission Bay. For further information call 276-2800.

— John D'Agostino

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1981

SCOTTISH HIGHLAND GAMES

THE FIRST ANNUAL U.S. OPEN

SANDCASTLE CONTEST

SCOTTISH HIGHLAND GAMES

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wastily funny;  
Classical"  
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JULY 23, 1981 • 11

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**Miss ETTA JAMES**  
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Every Wed. night Rock & Roll with

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Fri. & Sat. July 31 & Aug. 1 California rockabilly sensations

**THE BLASTERS**

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Coming Aug. 16 **RANBLIN JACK ELLIOT** with **TOWNES VAN ZANT**

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MONDAY, JULY 27  
**PENETRATORS MISSING PERSONS**  
RICK ELIAS

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 28 THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 1 8 & 11 PM  
THE SUNDAY SHOW (SEE PAGE 10)  
**RAY CHARLES & HIS ORCHESTRA**  
TERRY SCHEIDT  
LAST TIME IN SAN DIEGO SOLD OUT  
SUNDAY, AUGUST 2 8 & 11 PM  
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SUNDAY, AUGUST 2 8 & 11 PM  
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TUESDAY, AUGUST 4 8 & 11 PM  
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CONCERTS PRODUCED BY  
**TONY KAMPMANN**  
PHILS ENIS

(continued from page 9)

you know. Apparently, many other San Diegans share this since on Charles's last tour through this city he sold out twelve shows. This week you'll have ample opportunity to catch him in one of several performances he will give. Wednesday through Saturday nights at the Baccharal.

Tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris, another musician who is setting a bit long of both, reminds me of the boxer who throws few punches but scores heavily with those he lands. Harris's career has been a sine wave of ups and downs beginning with his ostracism from "legitimate" jazz circles in 1961 for having made some bread from his hit recording of the theme from the film *Erosus*. It's unlikely that such commercialism would have caused him any headaches in today's jazz-for-hire marketplace, but in the early Sixties, even an unsolicited flirtation with the public was a contretemps from which few recovered.

Harris's ace in the hole was his switch to the Varitone, an electronic saxophone that offered total variety and encouraged experimentation. Suddenly Harris was hip and avant-garde again, the prodigal son welcomed back into the bosom of the faithful.

Thereafter, Harris stayed in line, jabbing and moving, jabbing and moving, until he and Les McCann teamed for the blockbuster *Sister Movement* album of the late Sixties. The record contained the hit, "Compared to What," and again Harris found himself answering to critics who accused him of selling out. Retreating to his corner, Harris has since managed to keep out of the spotlight, releasing the occasional album on some obscure label to little notice.

Harris follows his pal, McCann, into Elario's for a series of shows that continues tonight, Thursday, through Sunday.

Someone who is no stranger to commercial success, but who has yet to make any music that justifies the rewards, is Rick James. James, for all his pretensions at being a crazy punk funkier, is nothing more than a dealer in freeze-dried disco, dandied up in braids and red plastic seven-league boots to distract you while he thump-thump-thump-thumps you into catatonia. Now that many good songwriters have borrowed the incessant 4/4 thunderclap beat of disco to make their tunes danceable, any reasons to settle for the boring musical ideas and trite lyrics that characterize James's efforts escape me. But he obviously reaches someone, because his albums sell remarkably well. Still, disco acts are notorious for not drawing well in live performance, so I'm wondering if his appeal will carry over to the stage when he headlines a bill this Sunday night at the Sports Arena.

Sharing the bill with James is Anna Maria, the queen of Portuguese soul, who writes and produces her own material (heavily unaided of for a female "Mellow" artist). Maria has what people used to call "a great set of pipes." Like the classic soul singer she is (or desperately wants to be), Maria has a voice capable of such urgent sexuality that lyrics only seem to muddy the message: the woman wants it, and she wants

(continued on page 12)

MARC BERMAN CONCERTS AVALON ATTRACTIONS

tickets on sale **MONDAY**

**"SUMMER BLOWOUT"**

with **BLUE OYSTER CULT**

plus special guests

**The Pat Travers Band**

and **JOHNNY VAN ZANT**  
\*their last '81 concert in San Diego.

**FRIDAY JULY 24 • 7:30 PM**

Tickets Reserved: \$9.75, 6.75 at **SPORTS ARENA BOX OFFICE, BILL GAMBLE'S** and all **ARENA TICKET OUTLETS**.  
Call 224-4176 for information. select seats may not be available for public sale.

**SPORTS ARENA**

CONCERTS **Marc Berman** AND **Avalon** ATTRACTIONS

PRODUCED BY

**KGB-FM 101.5**



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1450 Alhambra Canyon Road  
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More information: 245-5411

Thursday, July 23  
**HABITS**

Friday, July 24  
rock & roll with two bands  
**DARK RYDER**  
and  
**DUSTY RHODES**

Saturday, July 25  
**STRAY CAT**  
and special guests

Admission is free until 9:00 p.m.

**King Biscuit Blues**  
Thursday-Friday-Saturday  
Monday  
**Home Cookin**  
**Inigo** Is back  
Tuesday, Wednesday  
Good food—good music—good service  
That's what we're all about!

**The Mandolin Wind Restaurant**  
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**HALCYON**  
4258 W. Pl. Loma 225-0909

Last Days  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday  
July 23-25

**TAXI**

Sunday & Monday  
July 26 & 27

**The Heroes**  
(featuring an all-star cast of players)

Dine at the Halcyon —  
Great food and reasonable prices

On her terms, but she's got some amazing habits, not the least of which is her inclination to use clever numbers as an excuse to stretch invariable words into unending "soulful" vocalizations. The more uptempo, danceable tunes in her repertoire force her to contain herself, and the tension she squeezes out of shorter lines is nearly palpable. If Marie is as volatile on stage as she sounds on record, look for a lot of males to be mopping their brows when she joins James and a group called *Change* on Sunday's card.

Rounding out the concert picture this week, *Dave Brubeck* will perform his music for orchestra and jazz quartet this Friday night at SDSU's Open Air Amphitheatre, and again Saturday night at UCSD.

*Blue Oyster Cult*, who have managed to write one decent song in several years ("Don't Fear") *The Reagans*, will join the *Pat Travers Band* (they did this guy buy a condo in San Diego, or what? By my estimation, this makes Travers's third appearance here in less than two months), and *Johnny Van Zant*, Friday night at the Sports Arena; the "soul queen of rock and roll," *Etta James*, returns to the Belly Up Tavern for shows Friday and Saturday nights (reliable sources tell me she was sensational last time around); *Mandell Lowe*, a jazz guitarist criticized for his too-mellow tone and known for his frequent scoring of television and film soundtracks, will join the *Bill Coleman Trio* at the Blue Parrot in La Jolla Friday and Saturday night; and *Bob* (the brother of you-know-who) *Crosby* will bring his orchestra to the parking lot of Grossmont Center for a concert of swing, polka, Dixieland, and—hold on—even music to do the *Huckle* to they, *Bob*, sounds real funky! Wednesday night.

**CONCERTS**

**Eddie Harris:** Elatio's, through Sunday, July 26, 8 and 11 p.m., Summer House Inn, 7055 La Jolla Shores Drive, 459-0261

**Buddy Guy and Junior Wells and the Johnny Almond Band:** Belly Up Tavern, tonight, Thursday, 8:30 and 11 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

**The Dave Brubeck Quartet** with the San Diego Symphony: SDSU Open Air Amphitheatre, Friday, July 24, 8 p.m.; and UCSD, Saturday, July 25, 7 p.m., 239-9721.

**Blue Oyster Cult, the Pat Travers Band, and Johnny Van Zant:** Sports Arena, Friday, July 24, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

**Etta James and the Forks:** Belly Up Tavern, Friday and Saturday, July 24 and 25, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

**Mandell Lowe and the Bill Coleman Trio:** Blue Parrot, Friday and Saturday, July 24 and 25, 9 p.m., 1208 Prospect, La Jolla, 454-9131.

**Rick James, Tena Marie, and Change:** Sports Arena, Sunday, July 26, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

**Rev Charles and His Orchestra:** Bacchanal, Wednesday, July 29, 9 p.m., parking lot at 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 463-2941.

**Bob Crosby Orchestra:** Grossmont Center, Wednesday, July 29, 9 p.m., parking lot at 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 463-2941.

The Blasters: Belly Up Tavern.

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**WINDJAMMER**  
Thursday, Friday & Saturday, July 23 thru 25  
P.O. Box 100000  
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**INCOGNITO**

Sunday, July 26 & Monday, July 27  
**Whiptones**  
Tuesday, July 28 thru Saturday, August 1

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**Cindy & The Sinners**  
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**the Hamads**  
BEHIND THE HILLS  
270-3220

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The North Coast Alternative  
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Thursday: American & Canadian traditional tunes 7:30 to 10:30  
23 **CUT THE FIDDLESTRINGS** \$2.50  
JOHN BEHIGER & JENI BELLAHAEZ

Friday: 7:30 to 9:30  
24 **GUY & CANDIE CARAWAN** \$12.50  
with EVAN CARAWAN Hammered Dulcimer, Banjo & Guitar

Saturday: 7:30 to 9:30  
25 **PACIFIC LY BLUEGRASS** \$4.00  
San Diego's premier bluegrass band

Sunday: 7:00 to 9:30  
26 **DANCE OF UNIVERSE ORCHESTRA** \$3.50  
with PETER SPRAGUE

Tuesday: 7:30 to 11:30  
27 **OLD TIME HOOT NITE** \$1.50 or a musical instrument  
Musicians call in at 5:30

Wednesday: 7:30 to 10:30  
28 **YOUTH ENERGY NETWORK** \$5.00  
Donations \$5.00

Thursday: 7:00 to 9:00  
29 **FRANKIE ARMSTRONG** \$5.00  
Top English folk singer

**LUNCH • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH**  
Open 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. to midnight Tuesday-Saturday  
Open 10:00 a.m. to midnight Sunday-Closed Monday  
Advance reservations recommended 426-4030

Friday and Saturday, July 31 and August 1, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022

**Jim Photoglo:** Bacchanal, Sunday, August 2, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022

**Dixie Dregs:** Bacchanal, Tuesday, August 4, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022

**Sha Na Na:** Sports Arena, Thursday, August 6, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176

**Dave Mason:** Bacchanal, Wednesday, August 12, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022

**CLUBS**

Club listings are compiled by Linda Neri. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2208 Friday afternoon or Saturday before 3:00 p.m. The listings are free.

**North County**

**Alhambra:** 1379 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar 755-6744. Dance of the Universe Orchestra with Peter Sprague and Kevin Lettau, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Anchorage Fish Company:** 3878 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3170. Pride and Joy, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday. Fran Losketo and Karl Christ, easy listening, Sunday and Monday.

**Bar X Ranch House:** 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510. Mojo, country western and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Belly Up Tavern:** 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022. Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Chicago blues, the Johnny Almond Band, rock and blues, Thursday; the Chicago Six, Dixieland, Friday afternoon; Etta James, rock and rhythm and blues, Friday and Saturday; the Forks, rock and roll, Sunday; Jerry McCann and the Gigolos, rock and roll, Wednesday.

**Billy Bob's:** Highway 101 at Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas, 753-5916. Country western, Thursday through Saturday. Call club for information.

**Bobby G's:** 485 First Street, Encinitas, 436-7397. Avalon, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; and Wednesday; Mark Leisman Band, rock and blues, Sunday through Tuesday.

**Burn Steer Saloon:** East Valley Parkway at Midway, Escondido, 743-6422. Richie Gary and Sundown, country western, Thursday through Saturday; Bramble, country western, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Cafe and Chivers:** 140 South Sierra Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-8238. Lock, Stock and Barrel, contemporary variety, Thursday through Saturday.

**Charlie's Little Bit of Country:** San Marcos Boulevard at Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-3520. Dallas Express, country, Tuesday through Sunday.

**Distillery East:** 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido, 741-8393. Code Blue, rock and roll, Dorian Grey, rock and roll, 4-ever, rock and roll, Thursday; Rockin' Steve W., rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; Missing Persons, rock and roll, the Neat, rock and roll, Sunday; This Kid, rock and roll, Wednesday.

**Distillery, Old No. 7:** 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 755-6752. Moving Targets, new wave, Thursday through Saturday; Dirk Debonaire and the Boat People, new wave variety, Sunday through Tuesday; Tweed Sneakers, new wave, Wednesday.

**Old No. 7 DISTILLERY**  
Thursday, July 23 thru Saturday, July 25  
**Moving Targets**

Sunday, July 26 thru Tuesday, July 28  
**Dirk Debonaire & the Boat People**  
Tuesday-Kamikaze Night 7:50  
Wednesday, July 29  
**Tweed Sneakers**  
140 S. Sierra Solana Beach, 755-6733

**BACCHANAL PRESENTS...**  
the **PENETRATORS** from S.D.  
Special guest stars  
**MISSING PERSONS**  
also featuring...  
**THE RICK ELIAS BAND**  
also appearing England's leading D.J.  
**BRIAN LEWIS**  
with his NEW SOUNDS from a NEW WAVE of NEW MUSIC!  
**MON. JULY 27 8:30 show**  
Bacchanal 8022 Claremont Mesa Blvd. 560-8022 must be 21

**MOM'S SALOON THE SNOWMEN**  
Are coming  
You must see this incredible show, exclusively at Mom's  
Happy Hour Sunday - Thurs. 8-9 p.m.  
Double drinks at single prices  
Pitchers of beer \$1.75  
Drink specials all night Mon-Thurs.  
LIVE ROCK IS ROLL EVERY NIGHT  
**225-4653 945 Garnet P.B.**





**RAY CHARLES**

Wed.,  
July 29 to  
Sat., Aug. 1  
8 & 11 pm

Last time in San Diego.  
sold out 12 shows.  
Don't you miss out this time!

Advance tickets available at all Ticketron  
(565-9947) and Select-A-Seat (565-2865)  
outlets. For further info call 560-8353.

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8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.  
between Highway 163 and Convey St.

**TONY KAMPMANN**  
Presents

**Doison**  
*Froy*

Sunday - Tuesday  
July 26-28

887 Camino del Rio South  
Mission Valley 291-1636

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SANTALITA GARDENS

**The New  
East/West Band**

Bill Brackett

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Phone 223-2572

roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Atlanta, 2575 Ingraham Street,  
Mission Bay, 224-2434. Roberta  
Lynn and the Canibans, country  
pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Bahia Belle**, at the dock, Bahia  
Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive,  
Mission Bay, 488-0551. Mari  
Street, contemporary dance music,  
Tuesday through Sunday.

**Bahia Hotel**, 998 West Mission Bay  
Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551:  
Mercedes Lounge: Jonathon wen  
Brana and Thunderbird, Elvis  
impersonator, Tuesday through  
Saturday. Piano Bar: Wayne Steele,  
piano bar, Tuesday through  
Saturday. Rita Moss, Sunday and  
Monday.

**The Beach Club**, 1921 Bacon  
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6922:  
Highway Robbery, rock and roll,  
Thursday through Saturday.

**Beachcomber West**, 2903 Mission  
Boulevard, South Mission Beach,  
275-2722. The Bickers, rock and  
roll, new wave, reggae, Wednesday  
and Saturday.

**Blue Parrot**, 1288 Prospect Street,  
La Jolla, 454-9131: Bill Coleman  
Trio, jazz, Thursday; Mundell  
Lowe, jazz, Friday and Saturday;  
Doc Olson's Dandelion Jazz Band,  
Oakland, Sunday. Gary Music  
Co., Latin jazz, Monday; Rob  
Schneiderman Trio, jazz, Tuesday;  
Billy Kyle Vibe Quartet, jazz,  
Wednesday.

**Catamaran Hotel**, 3999 Mission  
Boulevard, Mission Beach,  
488-1081: Eddie Rapocy Trio,  
contemporary dance music,  
comedy and variety, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

**Chuck's Steak House**, 1250  
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325:  
Night Vision, jazz, Thursday  
through Sunday; the Ella Ruth  
Piggy Quartet, jazz, Monday  
through Wednesday.

**Clarke's**, 7955 La Jolla Shores  
Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: Eddie  
Harris Quartet, jazz, Thursday  
through Sunday; Ron Satterfield  
and Keyon Lattian, jazz, Monday  
and Tuesday; Larry Coryell, jazz,  
Wednesday.

**El Mero Restaurant**, 1845 Quivira  
Road, Mission Bay, 222-2883:  
Juanita Franco and her group,  
flamenco music and dance,  
Thursday through Saturday.

**Halcyon**, 4258 West Point Loma  
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559:  
Tati, rock and roll, Tuesday  
through Saturday; Hermet, rock and  
roll, Sunday and Monday.

**Halligan's**, 4325 Ocean Boulevard,  
Pacific Beach, 274-3474: Steve  
Vaux, soft rock, Tuesday through  
Saturday; Sheila, soft rock, Sunday  
and Monday.

**Hilton Hotel**, Cargo Bar, 1775 East  
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay,  
276-8019: People Movers,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Hotel del Coronado**, 1500 Orange  
Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611:  
Ocean View Room: Jesse Davis,  
contemporary and variety, Tuesday  
through Saturday; Casino Lounge:  
Mc Lucky, piano bar, Thursday  
through Monday.

**Intanella Hotel**, 1441 Quivira Road,  
Mission Bay, 224-3541: Butch  
Lacy, jazz, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

**Jose Murphy's**, 4302 Mission  
Boulevard, Pacific Beach,  
270-3228: David Bradley and the  
Mania Band, originals and  
comedy, Thursday through  
Saturday; Thunderbolt the  
Wonderbolt, rock and roll, Sunday  
and Monday; the Nomads, rock and  
blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Le Chalet**, 5046 Newport Avenue,  
Ocean Beach, 222-5300: Push, rock  
and roll, Thursday; the Nomads,  
rock and blues, Friday and  
Saturday; jazz, Sunday afternoon;  
Onyx, rock and roll, Sunday and  
Monday; Ace Dagger, rock and roll,

The Keating Building & San Diego Mercantile present

# JAZZ

on 5th Avenue  
with  
**The Fro Brigham  
Preservation Band**

Saturday, July 25th 12 p.m. - 2 p.m.  
5th & "F" in the Gaslamp Quarter



**ESCONDIDOS  
DISTILLERY  
EAST** AGES 17 AND UP

Thursday, July 23  
**Code Blue**  
with  
**Dorian Grey**  
and  
**4-Evr**

Friday & Saturday  
**Missing Persons**  
... **The Neat**

Wednesday, July 25  
**THIS TIES** and **NU/GIRL**

Coming July 30 **Bratz**

Mission & Metcalf, Escondido  
741-9393

741-9394

**PORTLAND MAKAI**  
with Lee Karin

Now appearing  
Wednesday through Saturday  
9:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.

**Windrose**  
Marine Village, Mission Bay Park  
1935 Quivira Road 223-2335

Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Macho's**, 2966 Midway Drive,  
Loma Portal, 224-2401: Colby,  
Latinos, Tuesday through  
Saturday; Latino, Sunday, call club  
for information; the Bita Brothers,  
rock and roll, Monday and  
Tuesday.

**Moby's Deck**, Adam's Rib  
Restaurant, 1403 Ruscara Street,  
Loma Portal, 225-1871:  
Featherstone, contemporary,  
Thursday through Saturday; Gary  
Shawwood, contemporary, Tuesday  
and Wednesday.

**Mon's Saloon**, 945 Garnet Avenue,  
Pacific Beach, 488-9598: Argony,  
rock and roll, Thursday through  
Sunday; the Snowman, rock and  
roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Mustang Club**, 3595 Sports Arena  
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5596:  
Jerry Baze and A Touch of Country,  
country, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Old Pacific Beach Cafe**, 4287  
Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach,  
270-7522: The Critics,  
contemporary and country,  
Sunday through Tuesday; Jim  
Hawley, contemporary, Wednesday  
through Saturday.

**Orange Tree**, La Jolla Village  
Square, La Jolla, 454-6064: Jeff  
Prestor, soft rock and country,  
Friday.

**Rodeo**, 8980 Via La Jolla, La Jolla.

457-5590: The Dallas Collins Band,  
contemporary and rock, Tuesday  
through Saturday; Bratz, rock and  
roll, Sunday and Monday.

**Saaka's**, 4250 West Point Loma  
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-9158:  
The Shreve Brothers Jazz Quartet  
with Sharmun Duran, jazz,  
Wednesday through Saturday; Kirk  
Hoffman, jazz, Sunday.

**Su Casa**, 6736 La Jolla Boulevard,  
La Jolla, 454-0369: Eleanor  
Fridstrom and Jesse Pessoa,  
Paraguayan folk harp, Wednesday  
through Saturday.

**Vacation Village Hotel**, Ray  
Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay,  
274-4630: Shine-It-On,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Windrose**, 1935 Quivira Road,  
Marina Village, Mission Bay Park,  
223-2335: Portland Makai,  
contemporary, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

## San Diego North

**The Alhambra**, 3093 Clairemont Drive,  
Clairemont, 276-2240: Country  
Casanova, country western,  
Tuesday through Thursday; Phil  
Parise, piano bar, Friday and  
Saturday.

**Abbie's Beef Inn**, 1201 Hotel Circle  
South, Mission Valley, 291-1103:  
Merle Moore, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Thursday; Phil  
Parise, piano bar, Friday and  
Saturday.

**Abbie's Hideaway**, 1235 Hotel Circle  
South, Mission Valley, 296-8088:  
John Lopez, contemporary music  
for dancing, Friday early evening;  
Merle Moore, contemporary,  
Friday and Saturday.

**Anchor Inn**, 7260 Clairemont Mesa  
Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 571-1532:  
John Lewis, jazz and contemporary  
guitar, Friday and Saturday.

**Bacchanal**, 8022 Clairemont Mesa  
Boulevard, Clairemont, 560-8022:  
Bratz, rock and roll, Thursday  
through Saturday; the Penetrators,  
rock and roll, the Rock Elms Band,  
rock and roll, Mission Persons, rock  
and roll, Monday; Psychedelic Pans,  
rock and roll, Tuesday; Ray  
Charles, blues, Wednesday.

**Black Angus**, 5247 Kearny Villa  
Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100:  
Colorado Cool-Aid, country  
western, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Black Angus**, 10370 Friars Road,  
Mission Valley, 563-5862: Forward  
Motion, top 40, Monday through  
Saturday.

**Blurred Stone Pub**, 5617 Balboa  
Avenue, Clairemont, 279-3833: Jim  
and Theresa Hinton, Irish folk  
music, Wednesday through  
Sunday.

**Bushy's**, 9906 Mira Mesa  
Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666:  
Jettexa, country rock, Thursday  
through Saturday.

**Cunningham's**, 7914 Miramar  
Road, Mira Mesa, 578-1216: Red  
Eye, country, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Flanigan's**, 5373 Mission Center  
Road, Mission Valley, 291-8635: Top  
40, Call club for information.

**Humboldt Hotel**, Islands Lounge,  
2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission  
Valley, 297-1101: Elements,  
contemporary and dance music,  
Tuesday through Saturday; Juana  
Williams, mellow music, Sunday  
and Monday; Polynesian music and  
dance, Thursday through Sunday.

**Holiday Inn**, Mission Valley, 595

Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley,  
291-5720: Lorian, "sounds to ease  
you into evening", early evening;  
seven nights; Chan Reckton,  
contemporary and soft rock,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Houlihan's Old Place**, 5323 Mission  
Center Road, Mission Valley,  
297-6370: Chicago Shakers, blues  
and jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**Journey**, 5375 Kearny Villa Road,  
Kearny Mesa, 279-2040: No Noz,  
rock and roll, Flexies, rock and  
roll, Saturday.

**La Hacienda Cantina**, 878 Hotel  
Circle South, Mission Valley,  
298-8281: Dale and Terry,  
contemporary and dance music,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Lahr's Greenhouse**, 2828 Camino  
del Rio South, Mission Valley,  
299-2828: The Siers Brothers,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Leading Zone**, 4198 Convey Street,  
Kearny Mesa, 277-9869: Fuse, rock  
and roll, Thursday; Push, rock and  
roll, Friday and Saturday; Second

**SAN DIEGO  
TICKET EXCHANGE**  
FIRST 7 ROWS ON SALE NOW TOMORROW NIGHT  
**BLUE OYSTER CULT**  
FRIDAY, JULY 24 WITH PAT TRAVERS  
**R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON**  
FRIDAY, JULY 31 BEST SEATS IN TOWN

**★ BRUCE  
SPRINGSTEEN ★**  
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2  
U.F.O. AUG. 4 ★ GRATEFUL DEAD AUG. 27

RESERVE NOW FOR FUTURE CONCERTS

★ AC/DC ★ TOM PETTY ★ SANTANA ★  
★ ROLLING STONES ★ THE KINKS ★  
★ PAT BENATAR ★ BARRY MANILOW ★  
★ ROD STEWART ★ U.F.O. ★ JACKSONS ★  
★ BARBRA STREISAND ★ NEIL DIAMOND ★  
★ BEATLEMANIA ★ BILLY SQUIRE ★

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FIRST CHARGE BY PHONE DISCOUNT PRICES

**1504 FERN STREET**  
298-8570

**Le Chalet**  
Entertainment by the Sea  
NEVER A COVER CHARGE

**ASAP!**  
Tonight only

**the  
Nomads**  
ROCKN THE BLUES  
Friday and Saturday

**Sunday Afternoon JAZZ**  
returns to Le Chalet 4 to 7 p.m.  
Litres of Margaritas only \$3.00

**ONYX**  
Sunday and Monday

**ACE DAGGER**  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

Thursday Burger Deal 75¢ off	Sunday Brunch & Drink only \$2.00	Monday Spaghetti Feast \$1.50
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**Cable Wide Screen Sports**  
Spirits and Good Food  
5046 Newport Ave., O.B. 222-5300

**WE'RE NOTED FOR OUR MUSIC.**

**The Magic If**  
The band of a thousand faces.  
You'll see 7 wild and witty, musician-singer-comedians bring back the variety show with panache, verve and loads of unpredictably original material. The Magic If's own unique brand of Music and Comedy. Tuesday through Sunday, 9-1. Sundowner lounge (no miss it is to miss out).

**Stone's Throw**  
They'll take you on a musical tour of the 20's through the 80's - from sultry blues to swing to rock - with lots of pizzazz! 9-1, Tuesday-Saturday. At The Butterfield. Serving light (and interesting) fare. Cocktails. Fancy coffee. Vintage wines by the glass and imported beers. (Try the fried clams they're great.) Experience the all new Sundowner Lounge.

Oceans apart from the rest. (S)  
**Sheraton-Harbor Island Hotel**  
1380 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego, CA (714) 291-2900

Wind, rock and roll, Sunday.  
Metro, rock and roll, Monday and  
Tuesday. Dark Ryder, hot Southern  
rock, Wednesday.

London Opera House, 5404 Balboa  
Avenue, Claremont, 279-2390:  
Crack-a-Noon, contemporary.  
Tuesday through Saturday. Dusty  
Best, contemporary, Sunday and  
Monday.

Monte's, 10475 San Diego Mission  
Road, Mission Valley, 563-0960:  
Oasis, top 40, seven nights.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887  
Camino del Rio South, Mission  
Valley, 291-1638: Russ Kirkpatrick  
Band, Southern soul and artistry,  
Wednesday through Saturday.  
Poison Ivy, rock and roll, Sunday

through Tuesday.  
**The New Box Office**, 4450 Alvarado  
Canyon Road, Mission Gorge,  
225-5644: Habits, rock and roll,  
Thursday; Dark Ryder, hot  
Southern rock, Dusty Rhodes, rock  
and roll, Friday; Stray Cat, rock  
and roll, Saturday.

**Padre Gold**, 7245 Linda Vista  
Road, Linda Vista, 277-8681:  
Country Justice, country western,  
Friday and Saturday.

**Pat Joy's**, 5147 Waring Road,  
Allied Gardens, 296-7973: Pro  
Brigham, swing and oldies, Friday  
and Saturday.

**Palomino Cocktail Lounge**, 5821  
Mission Gorge Road, Mission

Gorge, 280-4698: Johnny West,  
country western, Friday and  
Saturday.

**Reuben's Placehouse**, 7637 Balboa  
Avenue, Claremont, 278-7373:  
John Barker, folk rock, variety,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Smuggler's Inn**, 912 Fashion Valley  
Road, Fashion Valley, 291-2170:  
Skip Garcia, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Spirit**, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Bay  
Park, 276-3993: The Rick Elias  
Band, rock and roll, Poison Ivy,  
rock and roll, Thursday; the  
Monkees, rock and roll, Becky and  
the Blue Tones, rhythm and blues,  
Friday; Some Amuletans, rock and  
roll, Solid State, rock and roll, the  
Puppies, rock and roll, Saturday;  
Tuesday; the Stiffies, rock and roll,  
Top Cat, rock and roll, Wednesday.

**Springfield Wagon Works**, 5253

Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa,  
565-2272: The Spud Brothers,  
music of the '40s, '50s and '60s,  
Thursday through Saturday.

**Stadium Club**, 6065 Fairmont  
Extension (at Twain), Mission  
Gorge, 282-3286: Legend, country  
rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**The Lee's**, 6333 Mission Gorge  
Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9944:  
Laura Zambo, jazz guitar and  
vocals, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

**Town and Country Hotel**, 590 Hotel  
Circle North, Mission Valley,  
291-7131: Abilene Lounge, Larry  
Prewitt and Cinnamon Road,  
country western, Tuesday through  
Saturday. Gold Coast Lounge: Soft  
Touch, contemporary, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

**Pavilion Lounge**: Larry Keys Trio,  
contemporary and light classical,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Wingler's Roost**, 6608 Mission  
Gorge Road, Mission Gorge,  
280-4263: Hot Spots, country,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**San Diego South**

**Anthony's Harborside**, 1355 North  
Harbor Drive, downtown,  
232-6358: Gary Puckett, rock and  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Beachcomber Earl**, 6344 El Cajon  
Boulevard, East San Diego,  
287-3670: The Rollers, rock and  
roll, new wave, reggae, Thursday.

**Black Frog Restaurant**, 4672  
Fourth Boulevard, East San Diego,  
284-5797: Sassy featuring Paul  
Buman, jazz, Wednesday and  
Thursday; Wave, jazz, Friday and  
Saturday; jazz jam session,  
Sunday.

**Boat House**, 2040 Harbor Island  
Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8010:  
Oh! Ridge, contemporary, variety,  
comedy, Tuesday through  
Saturday; Jon Sandoval Group,  
contemporary, Sunday and  
Monday.

**Bombay Pledge Club**, 2806 Shelter  
Island Drive, Shelter Island,  
224-2483: Masa, Latin fusion jazz,  
Thursday; Charles MacPherson,  
jazz, Friday and Saturday; open  
jazz jam session, Sunday and  
Monday; audition nights, Tuesday  
and Wednesday.

**Cafe del Rey Marro**, 1549 El Prado,  
Balboa Park, 234-8311: The  
Jackstraws, "new Renaissance  
variety," Tuesday through  
Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

**Chateau Lounge**, 3623 College  
Avenue, College Grove, 582-5820:  
Birdie Carter Trio, jazz, Thursday  
through Saturday, Sunday  
afternoon.

**Crossroads**, 345 Market Street,  
downtown, 232-7856: Zeal, jazz,  
Thursday through Saturday.

**Doc Masters**, 2051 Shelter Island  
Drive, Shelter Island, 223-2572:  
The Sea Lion Band, rock and  
roll, Thursday through Saturday;  
Bill Brackett, X-rated comedy and  
music, Sunday and Monday; Larry  
Page, contemporary, Tuesday and  
Saturday.

**Doobies**, 4125 El Cajon Boulevard,  
East San Diego, 283-6581: Paul  
Grigg, piano bar, Monday through  
Wednesday.

**Dwight Magg's**, 3080 University  
Avenue, North Park, 298-8384:  
Stewart, soft rock and country,  
Thursday and Sunday; Jormi  
Koe, contemporary, Friday and  
Saturday.

**Harpoon Hoop's**, 2725 Shelter  
Island Drive, Shelter Island,  
224-8242: Two the Max,  
contemporary and light jazz,  
Friday and Saturday.

**Holiday Inn/Embarcadero**,  
Forthune Lounge, 1385 North  
Harbor Drive, downtown,  
232-3861: Baja Strings,  
variety-country to punk, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

**Fat City/China Camp**, 2137 Pacific  
Highway, downtown, 232-0686:  
Dennis Koz, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Thursday; Sheila  
Harris, contemporary and pop,  
Friday and Saturday.

**Hamborgues**, 4016 Wallace  
Street, North Park, 287-6718:  
Talent night, Thursday; jazz,  
Friday and Saturday; call club for  
information; Ransie Porter Quartet  
jazz, Sunday; comedy night,  
Monday.

**Jo E's Club**, 3019 Juniper Street,  
North Park, 281-4827: Home  
Cookin', rhythm and blues,  
Saturday.

**Jolly Rogers**, 807 West Harbor  
Drive, Seaport Village, 233-4300:  
Corcoran and Dalton, country rock  
and bluesgrass, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

**Krazy George's**, 6149 University

**Humphrey's**, 1111 Moon Inn, 2241  
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island,  
224-3577: Fever, contemporary  
dance music, Tuesday through  
Saturday; Rita Moss, piano bar,  
Friday and Saturday.

**International Blend**, 4034 30th  
Street, North Park, 287-6718:  
Talent night, Thursday; jazz,  
Friday and Saturday; call club for  
information; Ransie Porter Quartet  
jazz, Sunday; comedy night,  
Monday.

**Jo E's Club**, 3019 Juniper Street,  
North Park, 281-4827: Home  
Cookin', rhythm and blues,  
Saturday.

**Jolly Rogers**, 807 West Harbor  
Drive, Seaport Village, 233-4300:  
Corcoran and Dalton, country rock  
and bluesgrass, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

**Krazy George's**, 6149 University

Avenue, East San Diego, 582-5799:  
Country Paradise, country,  
Thursday through Sunday; jam  
session, Thursday.

**Kung Food**, 2469 Fifth Avenue,  
Hillcrest, 298-7302: Bob Wynn and  
his band, jazz, Saturday and  
Sunday.

**La Casa Blanca Restaurant**, 2444  
San Diego Avenue, Old Town,  
295-6380: Ricardo Beltran, easy  
listening in Spanish and English,  
Friday through Sunday.

**London Tavern**, 1407 Second  
Avenue, downtown, 234-0884: Rick  
Ehren, contemporary, Friday.

**Mandolin Wind**, 308 University  
Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017: Rini  
Biscuit Blues, blues, Thursday  
through Saturday; Home Cookin',  
rhythm and blues, Monday; Inigo,

rock and roll, Tuesday and  
Wednesday.

**The Mexican Restaurant**, 861 West  
Fourth, Escondido and Chula Vista,  
Traditional Mexican music,  
Thursday through Sunday;  
atmosphere, Larry Moran, jazz and  
rock, Friday and Saturday;  
Margarita Page, jazz, Monday.

**My Rich Uncle's**, 2917 El Cajon  
Boulevard, East San Diego,  
287-7332: Mark, rock and roll,  
Thursday through Saturday; rock  
and roll, Tuesday; call club for  
information; Secrets, rock and roll,  
Wednesday.

**O'Henry's**, 2547 San Diego  
Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133:  
Patrick Rice, contemporary,  
Wednesday through Saturday;  
Mary Adams, Irish harp, Thursday  
through Saturday; Terry Schell,

**BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE**  
CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR  
**BLUE OYSTER CULT**  
PAT TRAVERS, JOHNNY VAN ZANT—THIS FRI. JULY 24  
★ **R.E.O.** ★ FRI. JULY 31  
**SPRINGSTEEN** WED. SEPT. 2  
**RAY CHARLES** FRI. JULY 31, SAT. AUG. 1  
RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW FOR  
**BARRY MANILOW** TUES. SEPT. 15  
**JACKSONS** SEPT. 8 **KINKS**  
**TOM PETTY** SEPT. **AC/DC**  
PAT BENATAR - CHRISTOPHER CROSS - GEO. BENSON -  
ROD STEWART - PRETENDERS - EMMY LOU HARRIS -  
ZZ TOP - ROLLING STONES - GORDON LIGHTFOOT - UFO -  
ALLMAN BROS. - LITTLE RIVER BAND - AIR SUPPLY  
**CHARGERS!** ON SALE NOW WE BUY TICKETS  
WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION. CALL US!  
A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU CHOICE SEATS.  
273-4567 CALL 24 HOUR PHONE US!

**SUMMER BLITZ**  
**MON. & TUES.**  
**THE BLITZ**  
**BROS**  
**\$100 KAMIKAZES**  
**ALL NIGHT**  
**machos**  
FREE BLITZ BUTTONS

**LITTLE BAVARIA**  
CARMEL VALLEY RD., DEL MAR  
Largest dance floor in North County  
Only San Diego appearance  
**Dick Dale and the Del Tones**  
This Friday, July 24  
2 shows 9:00 & 11:00 Tickets \$6.00  
Wednesday, July 29  
**Dance and party all evening with**  
**BOB DYLAN**  
**Happy Hour 8:30-9:30 25¢ Beer**  
Friday, July 31  
**THE FIFTEEN**  
**Huddleston Presentation**  
Lunch & Dinner now being served  
CARMEL VALLEY ROAD BETWEEN 15 & 101 755-1383

**THE LOADING ZONE**  
Tonight—Thursday, July 23 High-voltage rock and roll with  
**FUZE**  
Kamikazes 50¢ all night—no cover  
Friday & Saturday, July 24 & 25  
**Friday!**  
Those far-out fun seekers from Philly are back  
to fire off another round of flaming inferno rock.  
Monday & Tuesday, July 27 & 28  
**METRO**  
Great rock and roll—No cover  
Well vodka drinks 75¢ all night, both nights  
Wednesday & Thursday, July 29 & 30  
**DARK RYDER**  
No Cover—Drink Specials  
**SECOND WIND** Sunday, July 26  
The Loading Zone is proud to feature  
San Diego's finest live acts coupled  
with our own special approach to the  
total entertainment experience  
**4198 Convey St.**  
**277-9849**  
Just south of Balboa off 805.  
Plenty of free, lighted parking

**GARY PUCKETT SHOW**  
Now Playing  
**Anthony's Harborside**  
Entertainment from 9-10  
Ten live acts  
Directly across from Anthony's Fish Grotto, on Harbor Drive  
For reservations phone: 232-6358 • Lunch 11:30-4:00, Dinner 4:30-10:30

**ROCK 'N' ROLL IS BACK**  
7 nights a week  
**at MY RICH UNCLE'S**  
287-7332  
6205 El Cajon Blvd. 1 & 2 Bl. East of College  
**presents**  
Thurs.—Mon., July 23-27  
**MASK**  
Tues., July 28  
**SPECIAL GUESTS**  
Wed., July 29  
**SECRETS**  
**HAPPY HOUR**  
4:30-8:30 Mon.—Sat. All drinks 1/2 price  
**25¢ BEER**  
**TASTY MEXICAN FOOD NOW BEING SERVED**  
Hours: Daily 11:00-3:00, 5:00-9:00  
**6205 El Cajon Blvd, San Diego • 287-7332**

**Fahn & Silva presents**  
**THE RAMONES**  
with special guest  
**THE PENETRATORS**  
Thursday August 13 & 8 p.m.  
California Theater, 4th & C St.  
All seats reserved '850  
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT STIFF COMPETITION, OFF THE  
RECORD, LOU'S RECORDS (CARDIFF), SEARS, WARDS,  
AZTEC CENTER, 32ND ST. NAVAL STATION AND ALL TICKETRON  
OUTLETS. 565-9947 FOR INFORMATION.  
Select seats may not be available for public sale.

**the ALBATROSS**  
Del Mar  
Peter Sprague  
and  
Dance of the  
Universe  
Orchestra  
Tuesday  
— Saturday  
through July  
1309 Camino Del Mar 755-6744

**Bobby G's**  
Thursday, July 23 thru Saturday, July 25  
& Wednesday, July 29  
**Avalon** rock  
Sunday, Monday & Tuesday, July 26 thru July 28  
**Mark Lessman Band**  
Last three days!  
Kamikazes \$1.00, 7 days a week  
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas  
Home of the James Gang  
485 First St. 436-7397



**THE COMEDY STATION**

proudly presents

Wed.-Sat.  
**Peef  
Rich  
Hall  
Alan  
Stephans  
Fri.-Sat.  
Mitchell  
Walters**

916 PEARL ST.,  
La Jolla  
454-9176

Wed.-Sat. Showtimes  
Wed. & Thurs. 9:00  
Fri. & Sat. 8:00 & 10:30

**POTLUCK NIGHT**  
EVERY SUNDAY ★ SHOWTIME 8:30 ★ SIGN-UP 7:30  
ANYONE CAN GET UP & DO 5 MINUTES

## 50' margaritas and fabulous food.

This week you can get a margarita for just 50c when you have dinner at The Mexican Restaurant. Ad must accompany offer—good through 7/29/81.

### LIVE ENTERTAINMENT & DANCING

#### Marguerita Page

—live jazz 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. MONDAYS

#### Jaime Moran

—live jazz and rock 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS

#### Esteban & Christina

—traditional Mexican music.

1:00 to 6:00 p.m.

Thursdays through Saturdays

LUNCH: Mon.-Sat. 11-3, Sun. 2-4.

DINNER: Nightly from 5;

SUNDAY BRUNCH: 10:30-2;

HAPPY HOURS: 4-7

weekdays, all night Mondays.

Call 232-7581

In Seaport Village, Pacific Highway at Harbor Drive



**The Mexican Restaurant**

**CLASSICAL!**

Dine with our classical guitarist Wednesday thru Saturday nights. Fish and fowl and meats and vegetables and fruits and wines and bread AND CLASSICAL MUSIC! You'll love the Spice Rack

**SPICE RACK**  
A GARDEN RESTAURANT  
Mission Blvd. Near Grand, Pacific Beach

contemporary. Sunday through Tuesday.

**Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant.** 4401 University Avenue, East San Diego. 283-7448. The Union Guitar Duo, classical guitar, Tuesday. Wednesday and Friday night. Lori Bell and Shep Myers, mellow jazz, Thursday. Saturday and Sunday night. Don Grant, classic guitar, Thursday. Monday, Lori Bell, jazz piano, Friday noon.

**Reuben E. Lee.** 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-1880. John Campbell and Conspiracy, top 40. Tuesday through Saturday. Davidland duo, Davidland, Thursday through Saturday. The Smart Brokers Robert Royce, Davidland, Sunday and Monday.

**Reuben's Harbor Island.** 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-5030. Gaudin, jazz and contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

**Royal Affairs.** 1021 Scott Street, Rowlett. 287-9104. Dwyer-Roden Duo, classical guitar, Sunday brunch.

**Sheridan Harbor Island.** 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-2900. Butterfield Stage Saloon. Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, blues, and rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Sundowner Lounge. Magic II, variety, Tuesday through Saturday. Leslie Gold, contemporary and jazz, Sunday and Monday.

**Sheridan Inn Airport.** Sandpiper Lounge, 1590 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-6800. The Owell Brothers, country western, Thursday through Saturday.

**Taming of the Shrew.** 441 University Avenue, Hillcrest. 299-1800. Steve Roden, classical guitar, Friday and Saturday.

**Tom Ham's Lighthouse.** 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island. 291-9110. Dwyer and Melina, contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. Donna Coto, piano bar, Friday early evening. Monday and Tuesday.

**Top Hat Bar.** Broadway at 16th Street, downtown. 239-3542. Third Round, country dance music, Thursdays through Saturdays.

**Trifon.** 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego. 583-3046. Bruce Cameron Ensemble with Hollis Gentry, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

**Trifon House.** 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego. 582-1070. Stallion, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.



RICK JAMES

**Tube Man's.** 2551 University Avenue, North Park. 295-9426. Ira Cobb "Jumbo," Davidland jazz, Saturday.

**Voyager.** 1901 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island. 222-0421. Bogart, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Zehn Club.** 560 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 239-4222. The Pines, rock and roll, Thursday; Some Ambulants, rock and roll, Friday; The Magnets, rock and roll, Top Cats, rock and roll, Saturday.

### East County

**Black Angus.** 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon. 440-5055. Hit and Run, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

**Boss MR's.** 9325 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego. 440-9983. Frank

Dixon in Country Nightlife, country, Friday and Saturday.

**Bull and Bear.** 690 North Second Street, El Cajon. 440-5753. Highway, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Catways.** 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Diego. 449-6700. The Next, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Circle D Corral.** 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, Grossmont Center, La Mesa. 442-1575. Carl Simmons and Southern Comfort, country western, Tuesday through Saturday; Legend, country western, Sunday and Monday.

**Driftwood.** 5286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa. 442-6533. Dan Geis and Quadrant, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday; Jimmy Nison, country, Friday through Tuesday.

**ZERRA CLUB**  
560 5th Avenue (at Market)  
239-4222

Thursday, July 23  
**Night Fighters**  
and  
**Mutrons**

Friday, July 24  
**Some Ambulants**  
Some  
**Philharmonic**

Saturday, July 25  
**Magnets**  
and  
**Top Cats**

Thursday, July 30  
with  
**Suburban Lawns**

Some  
**Philharmonic**  
2 shows—9 & 11 p.m. \$5 Cover

Must be 21. \$3 cover charge.  
Booking information  
445-5151

**LEE WHITTINGTON**  
**DOCK'S COCKTAILS**  
"The coziest hideaway in Chula Vista  
—Bring your lady or meet a friend  
—Live music 7 nights a week  
**LEE WHITTINGTON**,  
recording artist  
Tuesday—Saturday  
**EARLINE REEVES**,  
singer  
Sunday & Monday  
—Dancing  
317 Third Avenue (between  
F & G Streets) Chula Vista  
422-1566

**Ember Room.** 7000 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa. 463-2263. Fox Express, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Firebird Restaurant and Lounge.** 7333 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa. 460-1500. Extremes, contemporary, Wednesday through Monday.

**Flan Springs Inn.** 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon. 443-9568. Sam's Country Band, country western, Friday and Saturday.

**Horseshoe Tavern.** 7664 Broadway, Lemon Grove. 469-6344. Kilroy, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

**Hungry Hunter.** 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 442-0517. Gabe Lapano Band, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

**Lakeland Resort.** Highway 101, Escondido. 765-0736. Wanted, country, Friday and Saturday.

**Lakeland Hotel.** 9940 River Street, Lakeside. 443-9591. Shenandoah, country, Thursday through Saturday.

**Loveran's.** 596 Broadway, El Cajon. 442-3696. Steve Mouza and Finest Action, pop and country, Tuesday through Saturday; Pro Brigham, swing, jazz, variety, Sunday and Monday.

**Magnolia Makrany's.** 8861 Magnolia Avenue, San Marcos. 448-8556. The Oats Band, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Mama's Nook.** 533 East Main Street, El Cajon. 442-5573. Justice, country-western and country rock, Call club for information.

**Mercury Room.** 7000 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa. 463-2263. Fox Express, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Mercury Room.** 7000 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa. 463-2263. Fox Express, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Ocean House.** 691 El Cajon Boulevard, El Cajon. 442-8542. Muskrat Flammen Trio, baroque music and dance, Friday and Saturday.

**Our Favorite Place.** 8646 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego. 449-4630. Country Gold, country, Friday and Saturday; Gary Israel, contemporary, Sunday.

**Pine Valley House.** Highway 80, Pine Valley. 473-8708. Jim Moore, country rock, Wednesday, Friday through Sunday.

**Reuben's.** 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa. 465-3464. Sandy Hink, country and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

### South Bay

**Black Angus.** 707 E Street, Chula Vista. 426-5000. Summer Wine, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Country Bunch.** 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 429-1161. 100 Proof, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Danco Machine.** 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 429-1161. RPM, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Dalvin's.** 626 E Street, Chula Vista. 427-8806. Top 40, nightly. Call club for information.

**The Lantern.** 1322 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 427-4200. Double Take (formerly Mad Dog), rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Lotus Blossom.** 569 H Street, Chula Vista. 426-5003. Rex Pans, 30s to contemporary dance music, Wednesday through Monday.

**Old Bonita Store Restaurant.** 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita. 479-3537. The Critics: Hungry Hunter (Overseas), Old Pacific Beach Cafe.

**W.T.R. Steak Ranch.** 2200 Highland Avenue, National City. 474-8849. Ambition, contemporary and country, Thursday through Sunday.

**Westerner.** 22 West Seventh, National City. 474-2919. Duty Rhodes, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday; Crockett, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

### PERFORMERS

Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nevin. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2508. Friday afternoon or Saturday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

### Country/Country Rock

**Ambition:** W.T.R. Steak Ranch  
**Jerry Bass and a Touch of Country:** Mustang Club  
**Bumble:** Burn Steer Saloon

**Chuck Wagon and the Wheels:** Longhorn Saloon  
**Colorado Coal-Mad Dog:** rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Country Cakes:** The Alamo  
**Country Gold:** Fox Favorite Place  
**Country Paradise:** Krazy George's  
**Country Rejects:** Stage Coach Inn  
**The Critics:** Hungry Hunter (Overseas), Old Pacific Beach Cafe.

**W.T.R. Steak Ranch.** 2200 Highland Avenue, National City. 474-8849. Ambition, contemporary and country, Thursday through Sunday.

**Westerner.** 22 West Seventh, National City. 474-2919. Duty Rhodes, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday; Crockett, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Richie Gary and Sundown:** Burn Steer Saloon  
**Gravel Canyon:** Mickey D's  
**Highway:** Bull and Bear  
**Sandy Harris:** Reuben's/La Mesa  
**Hot Spots:** Wrangler's Roust  
**Justice:** Mama's Nook  
**Legend:** Stadium Club, Circle D Corral.

**Roberta Linn and the Gamblers:** Atlanta  
**Dan Lindquist and Timberline:** Whiskey Flats  
**Jim Moore:** Pine Valley House  
**Steve Mouza and Finest Action:** Loveran's  
**Marty Barry's Ranch House:** Jimmy Nison, Driftwood  
**The Oats Band:** Magnolia Makrany's  
**100 Proof:** Country Bunch  
**The Owell Brothers:** Sheridan Inn  
**Airport**  
**Pacific:** J. J. Bluegrass (Old Time Cafe)  
**Pony Express:** Ember Room  
**Larry Proffitt and Cinnamon**

**Ridge:** Tavern and Outing House  
**Jeff Proctor:** Stagecoach  
**Red Fox:** Longhorn Saloon  
**Red River:** Mama's Nook  
**Sam's Country Band:** Trifon  
**Springs Inn**  
**San Antonio Spurs:** Kicker (Brown)

**Shenandoah:** Lakeside Hotel  
**Carl Simmons and Southern Comfort:** Circle D Corral  
**Stagecoach:** Valley Center Inn  
**Saloon**  
**Joe Stewart:** Hornburgers  
**Jack Tompkins and the Drifting**  
**Neerode:** Proctor  
**Texas Tumbler:** Hill House  
**Third Round:** Top Hat Bar  
**Wanted:** Lakeland Resort

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**Johnny Almond Band:** Kelly's  
**Tavern:** Whiskey Flats  
**Argue:** Mama's Nook  
**Arden:** Bobby G's  
**Rocky and the Blue-Tones:** Spirit  
**Blitz Brothers:** Mac's  
**Ron Bolton:** Triton/Cordill  
**Bratz:** Backchannel, Rodco, Little Benito

**Code Blue:** Driftwood East  
**Crockett:** Westerner  
**Dick Dale and the Del Tones:** Little Benito  
**The Dallas Collins Band:** Rodco  
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nonexistence of a Russian sense  
humor. Directed by Vladimir  
Menshov. 1980.  
\*\* (Fine Arts)

**Kings of the Road** — Wim Wenders manages as well as anyone to combine the freedoms of the typical road movie with the formalities of classical studio technique. And this, the third of a trilogy of Wim Wenders road movies, takes the genre about as far as it has ever gone. (Which doesn't mean merely that at almost three hours it runs longer than all other road movies; its lengthness, however, is no small help in approximating the exact sensation of endless days spent on the road.) The story, in synopsis, would seem little more than an itinerary, but Wenders is doing a stealthy sort of storytelling in which the important events are not the ones located in

**Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears** — It opens in 1958, and the scuffed, faded color, much more than the excellent selection of period dresses, curtains, and wallpaper, can make you believe that it's actually that old. The story is certainly that old: two country girls, a Russian Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters, Miss Bashful and Miss Brash, looking for Mr. Right in the big city. Fifteen years later, Miss Bashful, now Miss Top Brass, finds him — a somewhat cheesy portrayal by a Russian Walter Matthau. The whole business is amusing enough, but it would seem more so if one could go into it believing in the

**My Bodyguard**—Low-melodrama high schooler with a lot of attitude, Tony Bill (Morrow), who's leader in the '67 *Morrie* school of acting, is torturing bus fares and lunch money from the wimps and runts of the sophomore class, until a new prep school transfer decides to fight back by demolishing the teacher's car with a deep, dark secret and shuddering reputation. Tony Bill, directional debut, has a rather sickening determination to ingratiate itself, and what he hopes will pass as sincere charm ought to be flunked as delusional. The hub of the scene is a scene named Adam Baldwin, is quite nice whenever he is obliged to open his mouth and stop looking merely nihilistic. With Chris Makepeace, Martin Doheny, Martin Mull, and Ruth Gordon.

**1st Run:** In Village, from 7:24.

with his last bombing site circled on it. The scriptwriters, not really interested in methods of any kind, or in characters, or in anything but juiced-up action scenes, always see to it that the police are within a step of the terrorist — sometimes a step behind, but amazingly often a step ahead. With Sylvester Stallone, Billy Dee Williams, and Rutger Hauer, directed by Bruce Marmor. 1981.

● (Harbor Drive In)

**The Omen** — This has to do with no minor skirmish against the Devil's disciples, but rather with the first rumble of the final Apocalypse, as foretold in the Book of Revelations. The preten-

to be thought superficially. The duality is a close thing, and the two sides push down if you can't tolerate that, and can tolerate the child (the single nanny, the wild man who punks perceptively in the diva's presence, the gloomy overcast light, and the engulfing, church-music-like, swirling, swirling, swirling, actually very smoothly played, it's a good dose of Bible lore, its developments are unrhushed and quite suspenseful, and it has one of those standing scene in an abandoned graveyard, with some creepy over-the-top, and a very good, very good Gregory Peck. Peck is burdened with the overmannerliness of his mannerisms, but he adheres to them, and to the absurd script, with admirable conviction. Lee Remick, Bill Whitelaw, a David Warner, directed by Richard Attenborough.

**Outland** — The big idea here was to create an outer-space colony that would be roughly the equivalent, in bleakness and in toughness, of a West Virginia mining town. And there can be no dispute that the movie achieves a high degree of physical unattractiveness, with much reliance on settings and lighting effects that bring to mind the interiors of refrigerators and ovens. The environment is certainly more fully worked out than the plot.

John Steinbeck that moves across the border, and that Steinbeck is not a Jesuit, and that Popeye has stayed where he was at Robert Adams' house. It is Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, Sami Smith, and Paul Dooley, with Jules Feiffer, doing by Harry Neale (Unicorn, 7/27 through 30).

**The Postman Always Rings Twice** • The treelike accumulation of reduction ways threatens to stomp the crazy lurches and jumps of James Cain's story. Even in the way, along a street called Merced Lane, one is aware of the care of research, the expense, the no-holds-barred nature of the investigation. The look is exactly the right billboard for a gas pump, the right Vertigo look is exactly the right roadside-diner or gas station, the right look for cops, napsin holders, sugar cane

**Pretty Baby** — A faded, laundromat memory of the notorious Storyville New Orleans red-light district and the mysterious photographer, *Bellocq*, who diligently captured the working girls of the district on film. The movie seems frozen in the same way that a still photo is frozen, and it "velvets" harshly, more often a nuisance

La Motta's blonde-bombshell she kicks her feet in a glimmered door swimming pool or as she across a nightclub dance floor, most of his is straight out of the movies, the sexiest woman Herman Joseph's ever seen, the one who moves the slowest. The hog (so to speak) commits realism is best exemplified by De Niro's much publicized pound weight gain to portray La Motta. But equally raw are the moments when the director is apparent in the refusal to employ moral or intellectual attitude; any narrative nicely, onto this scrapbook biography, so the end you have to pretend that question of sixty pounds quakes the screen. Directed by Scorsese, 1990.

of the street, to have the innocent thrill and the sophisticated. Some will find that the facedness tends to lower the excitement, that although the suspense is lively it is also with consistency and that the view ways required to meet the maker more than halfway and response that otherwise would be extracted by such rudimentary as a shower of poison fruitful of human skeletons, a of furry spiders, an army of

...the older  
 ...the ac-  
 ...as a  
 ...a Martin

**The Shining** as it is going to be the powers of a playmate in mouth and in him through long, how from the bottom as Jack Nicholson begins hogging up a ringing in a Grated Age brick dawning ably banal so long in a sets (the on stylized after

of the Scaevola Seven  
and the issue. With Mark Ar-  
rington Clapp, Bruce Mac-  
Magpie Renteria, written  
and by John Sayles.

**Under** — The initial hail-  
storms a sharply observed  
between the upright public  
and the crumpled private.  
— We returning from South-  
paw Schrader, the angry  
pewriter, obviously has  
to say about the lingering  
of the Vietnam War, but he  
to come right out and say  
it. He's not a private, private  
in a mischievous bravado.

The movie starts out by being about the psychic little boy with an imaginary friend Tony nesting in his transmitting messages to his index finger. Before long, an irreversible shift in his powers gets underway. Then, as the boy's father, playing the limelight, lamental breakdown, and the society of ghosts at a resort hotel. Stanley Kubes so long in his deliberative-of-life dialogue and appreciating his capital-as-a hotel, a garden maze the one in Laurel and Har-

production number. When *Phaenocarpa bombyx* emerges (7) at the box office, the director's plan to save him is and spice in some new meaning the audience What They namely, sex, sex, sex — and fry an intimate look at the life of his Julie Andrews-like wife (played by Julie Andrews) who is like a little something in all of this is quite as subtle — in the most literal sense as the revealed "boobies" are. Both of which give the more to ponder in Julie Andrews will just her newfound friendship with William Holden. Webber, Richard Mulligan, Laughlin, and Larry Hagman, Jr. are. Oceanside 8. University Centre)

and the ultimate refinement of the surrealism romance, Alain Resnais' **BEST YEAR AT MARIENBAD**, the story of the palatial hotel where it takes place, the theatrical performance therein that parallels the action, the character of the ambiguous guardian who chooses whatever form of consciousness to choose to imagine, an homage of Hitchcockian tracking and a French-born director, and a French-born director, Szwarc, who might or might not be of these similarities. The important thing, though, that this film has in common with any of the other analogues — and a conclusion that rules out any number of things — is that it's a French film. Steven Spielberg, together with his elegant and refined and greedy and rattle and ke (get it?) — "Ker-cha!" — **Tarzan**, O'Keefe, the director (Camille Foshell, Jolie Glass).

**Man 8** — A Battle of the Titans **man 8**, with Superman pitted against the escaped outlaw from the '70s, who shares the same name, more mileage than he ever has (electricity index fingers and Big **toil** huffing and puffing. But be- **en** is enjoyable confrontation can **to** pass, the movie spends its **cal** ending. The available convention of Clark **eyeglasses** disguise. Lois **eyes** through these glasses at **Superman** is obliged (why?) to

**n, the Ape Man** — Miles  
life is Tarzan. Bo Derek is Jane;  
by John Derek.  
mo Cinema 4, Del Mar Drive In,  
in Valley, Frontier Drive In, La  
illage, Parkway 1; Plaza, UA  
ouse 6; from 7/24)

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himself, and Michael Beck is the uninteresting love interest. Every once in a while a bone is thrown to Gene Kelly, and he pounces on it gamely ("Oh, he been known to twinkle a few o' times," he says, heaving an eye or two). But it is doubtful whether there will be enough of his admirers in the audience, or whether they will be in any mood, to applaud. Directed by Robert Reinwald. 1980

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lute M.D. But the movie-within-a-movie is like a relic of the late Sixties: a thirty-million-dollar, cotton-candy musical called **NIGHT WIND**, with songs by Bob Dylan, the Beatles,

lute M.D. But the movie-within-a-movie is like a relic of the late Sixties: a throwaway, campy, cotton-candy social satire called *NIGHT WIND*, with song "Polly Warty Doodle" as its centerpiece production number. We're expectedly (?) at the box office for the straight director's plan to salvage the shoot and spice in some new material, giving the audience What I Want—namely, sex, sex, sex, especially an intimate look at "boobies" of his Julie Andrews star and wife (played by Julie Andrews, who is in real life Edw

wife. Nothing in all of this is quite unbelievable — in the most literal sense — as the revealed 'boot' betrays themselves. Both of which give viewer more to ponder in Julie Andrews' psyche than just her newfangled immodesty. With William Holt, Robert Webber, Richard Mulligan, Robert Vaughn, and Larry Hagner. 1981.

\* (College, Oceanside 8, University Towne Centre)

**Somewhere in Time** — Romantic fantasy in the vein of William Dieterle's *Time to Love* (1945), the new PORTRAIT OF JENNIE, Henry Hathaway's PETER IBBETSON, possibly the best of the three, and Ray Garnett's ONE-WAY PASSAGE, the three oldest that won the support of the first-generation surrealists for the fusion of the libido as clawing its way over all material obstacles, breakthrough through such inhibitors as maniacal prison cells, mortality, and time. JENNIE would have to be the closest to those analogues, because of its theme of bridging time. It is interesting also to propose a comparison

tween this and the ultimate refinement of the surrealist romance, Alain Renais's *LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD* because of the palatial hotel where it takes place, the theatrical performance therein that parallels the central action, the character of the heroine's ambiguous guardian who symbolizes whatever form of constraint you choose to imagine, the abundance of Hitchcockian track shots and a French-born director like Jeannot Szwarc, who might or might not be aware of these similarities. The most important thing, though, that this movie has in common with any of the forenamed analogues — and a consideration that rules out any number

on display. With Christopher Plummer, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Penn, adapted from his own play by Richard Matheson. 1980. \*\*\*\* (La Pakoma, 7/27 through 8/1)

**Stripes**—Army comedy with Bill Murray, Harold Ramis, Warren Oates, P.J. Soles, directed by Ivan Reitman. **Stripes** is a comedy about two inept soldiers in the Vietnam War. New Valley Drive, Los Angeles. **Runaway Train**—A thriller. Rancho Bernardo 6, Sports Ar. UA Cinema 3).

**Superman II**—A Battle of the pilot format, with Superman against three escaped outlaws: Krypton, who share his same powers but get more mileage than he ever out of telekinetic index fingers and Bad Wolf huffing and puffing. Before this enjoyable confrontation can pass, the movie spends time with a subplot involving an unassailable convention of Kent's eyeglasses disguise. Lane sees through these glasses last. Superman is obliged (what

**Swingtime** — The one entry Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers corymbes the early-line against

thing to grab at — namely, G. Stevens. All the same, this one, together in the prescribed double elegant dance steps, breezy and rowdy burlesque; and the ingredients, when mixed, continue to rattle around rather than blend (Ken: 1936  
\*\* (Gher: 7/27)

**Tarzan, the Ape Man** — O'Keefe is Tarzan. Bo Derek is directed by John Derek. (Carmio Cinema 4; Del Mar Drive Fashion Valley, Frontier Drive Jolla Village; Parkway 1; Plaza Glasshouse 6; from 7/24)

with Albert Finney as the co-accused in the case (Aero Drive In, Balboa, Cinema 2, Cinema Plaza 1, Twin, New Valley Drive In).

**Xanadu** — Gid-fal-nasheed met musical numbers are slow-spread, lifeless, and bland; as the musical numbers themselves all of those things and worse, later are hardly made better by the electric music, the psy-

**-Lase**

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Actual

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color, or the ersatz-Disney sequence Olivia Newton-John has no less a personage than chore, daughter of Zeus, in the dance, although not so

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