

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY  
FREE CLASSIFIEDS • COMPLETE MOVIE GUIDE

# READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY September 13 to September 19, 1973

## No Knock Out... But Plenty Of Stars

*Howard Cosell takes a cat-nap while announcing the Ali-Norton fight.*



Alan Pesin

Roslyn Kind, Barbra Streisand's sister, sings the National Anthem. Afterwards everyone sits down despite the sounding of ten bells for the late New York Post columnist Milton Gross and the late Joe Frazier manager Yank Durham. I spot basketball star Rick Barry with his wife and father-in-law. The first fight has heavyweight contender Jerry Quarry against journeyman Tony Doyle, but I miss the first knockdown because everyone stands up and I have pizza on my lap. Quarry blasts Doyle after the bell but no one cares because most of the crowd hasn't shown up yet and the rest are mingling in flashy groups. ABC cameras are taking it all in, which must mean Howard Cosell is somewhere near. I miss Quarry's second knockdown of Doyle while watching Milton Berle try to find his seat. Quarry wins by a TKO in the fourth.

Billy Ryan goes against Donnie Nelson in the second prelim. Though more people are now at the Forum, less people are watching. One of them is knocked out in 43 seconds of the first round but I miss this because I am focusing my camera. Four quick glances produce Heavyweight Champ George Foreman, French movie star Jean-Paul Belmondo, Buddy Hackett, and Howard Cosell.

Another fight begins. I spot Danny Kaye and miss TKO at thirty seconds of the first round. I just brush elbows with Milton Berle and then block Gene Hackman's view and he asks me to move. Another fight is beginning. While staring down Redd Foxx, I bump into one of the Jackson Five. Four quick glances produce sportscasters Tom Harmon, Al Coupez, an effeminate Stu Mahan, and a swinging Sammy Davis Jr. The current fight ends after three rounds because of lateness. Local gossip says I missed Frank Sinatra, Jim Brown, and Andy Williams. Best fight of the night begins in the crowd.

Ken Norton enters the ring first for the main event followed by Muhammed Ali. I learn that what people are really yelling at boxing matches is "Down in front." An adrenaline-fueled Ali dances the entire first round, wins its easy, and goes to the wrong corner after it's over. Ali smokes between rounds and does the Ali shuffle before the round begins. Ali dances but not much hitting. I call it even. Norton rosters shout, "Break his other jaw." Ali's

*Muhammed Ali came to dance, but Ken Norton wanted to lead.*



manager Angelo Dundee is cool in his corner. Norton's trainer Eddie Futch shouts instructions from his. Plenty of empty seats at the Forum.

The third round is without hard action but Ali takes it due to quickness. Norton walks into an Ali left at 1:50 of the fourth round. Ali sits on the stool in his corner for the first time after a round-ending Norton right-hand stinger to Ali's head. Norton yells at Ali. "Take that!" Norton wins the round.

Round five. Ali is putting his head down and bulling Ali into the ropes. Ali is hit at the end of the round again. He doesn't have the last minute zip. He sits down in the corner but he's up before the warning buzzer. Norton wins the fifth.

Norton's no fluke. Ali is keeping his hands down and getting caught in corners. The crowd is turning to Norton. Foreman goes to the bathroom. Ali wins the round. Ali keeps getting hit in the head and his hair gets brushed up showing its length. Ali gets hurt in the corners, comes back with rights, but still gets hit bad. Ali buddy Drew Bundini Brown is jumping up and down acting the fool in Ali's corner. Norton takes the round.

It's Norton again in eight. Ali is only dancing in short spurts. Chants of "Ali" are quieted quickly. Ali gets Norton good. Slow reflexes leaves him open for good Norton shots to his head and body. Ali comes back at the end. The best round. Wow! The ninth round (Ali wins) is the one to watch for on Wide World of Sports. Ali is just a routine fighter now. No longer can he match his outer histrionics with in-ring brilliance, but Ali takes the round with finesse and experience on winning points.

A big bettor on my right is sweating badly. He laid 1-4 on Ali. The San Diego match saw Ali lose in the last two rounds and he is doing it again. Both Norton and Ali are punched out, but Norton is stronger. Ali spurs at the end of the round but Norton wins it.

Round twelve. Whether condition or guts, probably a combination, Ali is going to win this fight. The fight's over! Bundini Brown jumps towards Ali and is hit by an Ali right. Ali is ticked and disappointed. I look at my card. It says 6-5-1. All Emcee announces split decision. Ali 7-5, Norton 6-5-1, Ali 0-5-1. Ali is declared North American Heavyweight Champion, and there is little jubilation in either corner. Belmondo and I remain with a few others to watch the getaway fight. I mistake Hugh Hefner for Hugh O'Brien or vice-versa. □

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## YOU TAKE THE HIGH LIFE AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW LIFE

As most downtown patrons will attest, the underground bathroom is supposedly the center of every morbid fantasy conceivable for this town.



Lucian Pillay

"I, I don't got no money man," was my unconvincing reply. "What the hell you doin' here? You a faggot? You best have some money you goddamn toots."

"Look man," my voice quivered, as I was genuinely scared. "I don't want no trouble, just let me go." It was at this point that my assailant began to lose his credibility.

"Man, oh man, dontcha understand? I need some money. I'm dying for some gestures here first, but when the pseudo-mugger threw in his rote learned hand gestures, I knew he was a phony. With his drooping eye brows, strung-out sentences, and flailing arms, he looked like a jeune Brando imitator who'd just seen *On The Waterfront* for the tenth time. I expected him to start telling me he "coulda been a contender," but he didn't.

Instead he grabbed me by the neck and threw me towards the toilet stalls. He laughed maniacally, and his phony gestures became more pronounced. He fell back, and I made a move for the stairs, but he caught my ankle and I was dragged down. Now I wasn't even sure what he wanted — my money, my body, or what. But I knew he didn't have the courage of his convictions. If he had visions of being a mugger, he lacked the necessary machismo to be convincing.

If he was a true queer, he didn't have the proper swish and sway to bring it home. As a lowlife, he was decidedly third rate. All he was, all he ever could be, was a drunk. He was just one of night life's most plentiful species, the weekend wino.

So with that realization, I gained a quick adrenalin flow. I grabbed his shirt collar and bashed his head against the bathroom tile. He slouched to the floor and just looked silly.

After I left the bathroom, I roamed the streets, observing the mediocre craftsmanship which makes up San Diego's skid row. My young altercated seemed symptomatic of the city's dilemma: There is no pride, no dedication, no willingness to take lowlife to greater heights. If San Diego is ever to acquire a genuine Bowery status, our secondary citizens must join together in a community. We can't stay pristine and expect to compete with L.A. or New York. Drunks we have aplenty. But so what? There are drunks everywhere. All-out fifth must be our prime objective. I can see it's gonna take some work.

### —Steve Esmedina—

One cultural attribute that San Diego sorely lacks is true urban decadence. Sure, there is the slew of condemned flophouses in various Downtown corners. And we have a reasonable amount of drunks and sexual deviates lining the streets between Broadway and Market. But all of it seems like cheap scenery patently stolen from some movie set. San Diego does not have the aura of genuine decadence that marks great citadels of moral decay like New York and Los Angeles.

If there is any spiritual infirmity in Downtown's citizenry it more likely comes from ennui, or old age, than from "shattered dreams and tortured illusions." Nelson Algeron and James Leo Herlihy would have a tough time finding gay heroes here that could effectively undergo leucary transformations. San Diego's lowlives simply do not take enough pride in their romantic histories.

This was made clear to me when I recently became the near-victim of a pathetically abortive mugging. Last Friday, after my weekly trek to the Plaza Theatre, I paid a rare visit to the Horton Plaza bathroom. As most Downtown patrons will attest, the un-

derground bathroom is supposedly the center of every morbid fantasy conceivable for this town. Early on Friday every other time I'd been there it was empty. Empty probably because of its steep, slippery stairs. Once I found an old woman sleeping at the foot of the stairs with a fifth of Southern Comfort in her lap, but that was about it. Admittedly, it has a putrid atmosphere, but that comes from poor sanitation than from the sooty clientele.

Ah, but last Friday was different. When I entered, it was empty as usual, so I took the opportunity to give myself a fastidious grooming. As I was wiping my scuffed shoes, a grotesque young man came tumbling down the stairs. His hair was cropped in the most leonine Marine style, but he had a long brown beard. A tattooed happy-guyface adorned his right cheek. He wore a scarlet shirt and purple belt bottoms that were too long for him. I thought he was just another drunk swab. But apparently he was determined to prove otherwise.

I received a kick in the back that sent me to the floor. I looked up at the creature, confused.

"Gimme some money mouh!" His tone was forced, and almost deliberately choppy.

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## ACTOR'S QUARTER IS NO TWO-BIT PLACE PLUS NOTES ON CHAMBER MUSIC



—Jonathan Saville—

Actor's Quarter is an amateur theatre company that gives performances on Friday and Saturday nights in the basement of an ancient hotel downtown inappropriately named the New Palace. The surroundings are seedy, and the company's budget is not so much a shoestring as a thread. This is nevertheless one of the best repertory theatres in San Diego, and perhaps in the country. It is presided over by a human incarnation of the hydrogen bomb named Ginger Cody. On the evidence of her latest production, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, Ms. Cody is a genius.

*Death of a Salesman* is another of those hypocritically powerful plays about an unhappy family. The unhappiness in this case is concentrated in the relationship between Willy Loman, a middle-aged salesman who has in the relationship between Willy Loman, a middle-aged salesman who has in the relationship between Willy Loman, a middle-aged salesman who has always dreamed of success but has never achieved it, and his

elder son, Biff, whom he has weighed down to the ground with his own ambition, cementing the burden with love. Willy intends a magnificent future for his boy. Biff will be a great football star, a rich businessman, a man loved and respected and envied by his whole society. But Biff is in fact only an ordinary young man, with no real potential for greatness of any sort; and unable to live up to his father's expectations, he turns himself into the exact opposite — a failure at everything he undertakes. Willy blames Biff for being a failure; Biff blames his father for forcing him to fail, and for being a failure himself; and the family is racked by their struggle.

Father versus son and son versus father, bottomless love and bottomless anger all mixed together — it is an old story, as old as the institution of the family itself, and renewed every day and in every culture. Much of the dramatic power of *Death of a Salesman* is due to the universality of this conflict, which is portrayed down to the last inch of rage and pain. But Miller's play gives the theme a specifically American context. The world the Loman family lives in is a world of commodities, of profits

and losses, of buying and selling — it is a world ruled by business and by the values of business. All Willy's ambitions, his dreams, and for his son, are totally shaped by the value system of a competitive, materialistic society. The goal is always success — being better than everybody else, making more money, holding greater power. But in a competitive, materialistic society like our own according to Miller's vision of America, every successful career is buoyed up by hundreds of failures. Those who do not make it to the top are cast off when their economic usefulness is at an end: so Willy loses his job because the conditions of marketing have changed and he is too bound up in the old way to adapt to the new. For those who believe, from the depths of their hearts, in the American ethic of success, but who are unable to succeed, there are a number of possible reactions: bitterness, indifference, resignation, self-deception. It is the last reaction that Arthur Miller shows us in Willy Loman. A failure in life, according to his own ideas of success and failure, Willy moves more and more into a world of illusion, in which "things are

changing," everything is looking up, magnificent success is just around the corner, or already here. And the center of this illusory world is Willy's son, Biff, who is himself drawn into his father's deceptions and who can no longer be sure whether he is the great success his father dreams him to be or the directionless failure he himself knows he is.

*Death of a Salesman* is about the difficulties of finding one's real identity in a society that treats people as commodities and bases all its value judgments on money and power. One of the reasons the play is still so viable is that the world it portrays is still our world. The human conflict is universal; the social world is our own; and the play makes expert use of dramatic techniques (such as dream-sequences and flashbacks) to convey both to us. All that is needed is a good production. And that is precisely what Ginger Cody and her company have given us. She has understood that a play presenting a broad social-historical vision in terms of the intimate life of a single family requires the utmost naturalness in its acting. The slightest artificiality of speech or gesture, the slightest sense of emotions being acted rather than felt, will turn *Death of a Salesman* into an anti-capitalist tract, a Marxist morality play for puppets. The cast at Actor's Quarter has responded to her direction with a performance so artfully real that the social implications of the action never seem imposed by the author's will; instead, they grow naturally out of the personal conflicts that make up the action. When Biff, played with immense passion and force by Michael Kelly, discovers his father sharing a hotel room in Boston with a whorish young woman and paying her off with stockings he had gotten for Biff's mother, the boy's anger and grief — and his father's shame — are almost unbearably authentic. The audience participates in the actors' feelings; they tremble with them and weep with them; and it is only through the tears that we register the fact that in Willy Loman's world even love is a commodity, equivalent to a couple of pairs of nylon.

The entire cast is marvelous, from Frank Powers, Denise Aills, and Larry McCarron in the largest roles (Willy, his wife, their younger son Happy) to Linda Holling and Karen Miller in the smallest (two trollops picked up by Happy, with delicious skill, in a restaurant). The unity of acting style, which owes much to Stanislavsky and "method" acting but which has a distinct flavor of its own, ensures that the sense of reality is never broken by an incorrect accent or an inappropriate mannerism. Don't miss this fine production of a play whose value for the understanding of ourselves and our society continues to grow.

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# TELEVISION

**Thursday, September 13**

PLAYHOUSE NEW YORK. The 40's. "Hollywood — You Must Remember This." A survey of Hollywood during the 1940's, including interviews with Ingrid Bergman, Robert Mitchum, and Howard Hawks. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

EVEL KNEVEL. Channel 39, 8:00 p.m.

THE HOT ROCK, starring Robert Redford and George Segal. Channel 8, 9:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. After living in New York and Europe for seven months, Lance returns to his Santa Barbara home for a visit. Channel 15, 10 p.m.

**Friday, September 14**

AMAZING DR. CLIFFERHOUSE starring Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart and Claire Trevor (1938). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

NARUKAMI, THE THUNDER GOD. University of Hawaii Drama Department presents traditional Kabuki-style play. Channel 15, 6:00 p.m.

IFMA LA LOJOLE, starring Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine. Channel 39, 8:30 p.m.

PLAYHOUSE NEW YORK. Repeat of Thursday's show. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

THE BENNY GOODMAN SHOW, starring Steve Allen and Donna Reed (1956). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

NIGHT WITH A THOUSAND EYES. Starring Edward G. Robinson and Gail Russell. Channel 39, 11:30 p.m.

**Tuesday, September 18**

BEVERLY SILLS and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra perform in the opening concert of the Temple University Music Festival. Channel 13, 8:00 p.m.

PLAY MISTY FOR ME, starring Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter. Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. Repeat of Thursday's show. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

**Sunday, September 16**

EVENING AT THE POPS. Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

M.I.T. SYMPHONY, drawn from M.I.T. and Wellesley College communities, performs works by Debussy and Brahms. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

PORTRAIT IN BLACK, starring Lena Turner and Anthony Quinn (1960). Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

**Wednesday, September 19**

BLACK DRAGON RESIDENCE. University of Hawaii's Drama Department performs traditional Peking opera. Based on episodes of a 16th century novel about the pirate Sheng Sheng. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. Repeat of Thursday's show. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

**Saturday, September 15**

THE MIDDNIGHT SPECIAL. Channel 10, 1:00 a.m.

KNUTE ROCKNE. All-American, starring Ronald Reagan and Pat O'Brien (1940). Channel 6, 12:00 noon.

NCAA FOOTBALL. Penn State at Stanford. Channel 39, 12:30 p.m.

BROTHER RAT, starring Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman (1938). Channel 6, 1:30 p.m.

**Monday, September 17**

FIRING LINE. Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 6:00 p.m.

NFL FOOTBALL. New York Jets vs. Green Bay Packers. Channel 39, 6:00 p.m.

BARON OF ARIZONA, starring Vincent Price and Ellen Drew (1950). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.



MARONED, starring Gregory Peck and Richard Crenna. Channel 10, 8:30 p.m.

# LETTERS

myth and genealogy in a world deep in the throats of choking on the phallic technological pop-suckle. Only she gives credit where credit is due. "The immaculate conception is the female fantasy of her own birth without the aid of the male." (j)

Winifred XX

Dear Editor:

If Jill Johnston is the most famous lesbian in the U.S. and if composer Pauline Oliveras is the most talented then I am the most beautiful — if not all three. I may not have bared my breasts for Mr. Friedman but I did bare one next to Mick Jagger in a film by Canadian Manupelli which may be the spice of my life beside appearing in a trench coat when I went to see Andy Warhol in La Jolla as a premonition of Solanis his would-be assassinator. Not only was I the "crazy dyke" in bars from S.F. to Mission Beach ten years before Jill stepped out of her closet, where I assume she was watching a moth ball, into the Gateway bar in London in 68 while I had one foot in the water of the San Diego Bay as a young free press-journalist starting an investigation that led from Smith to the swamps of Biscayne and back again.

As for Ms. Johnston's display of affection for her girlfriends in front of Mailer I find Ms. Woodward's use of the word "dandling" most unfortunate as it allows to Freudian regressive behavior. Having met Jill "come laterally" Johnston when she came to plug her book a few months ago I found her to be charming and intelligent and contrary to Ms. Woodward's advice I take her very seriously in her brilliant articles in *Lesbian Nation* from her particular background to restore and create female history.

Dear Reader,

My husband and I have been picking up the READER for 3 or 4 months now and though we enjoy it, we're still baffled about your sponsorship. Is it true that you were originally funded by a combined grant from UCSD and S.D. State?

Hannah Snow  
Coronado

Ed. The READER is in the dorms or State by 8 a.m. Thursday morning. We are still printing 20,000 copies, but more people are reading the paper throughout the city. 30,000 copies will be printed starting the end of October.

Dear Editor:

My husband and I have been picking up the READER for 3 or 4 months now and though we enjoy it, we're still baffled about your sponsorship. Is it true that you were originally funded by a combined grant from UCSD and S.D. State?

Hannah Snow  
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# TAKEN FOR GRANTED

— Kathleen Woodward —

Whoever would have thought you needed reservations at a skyhigh expensive hotel restaurant in downtown San Diego, especially if it's located straight across from Horton Plaza's Cabrillo "always 3 big hits" Theater where you can see such muck as *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls/Paradise/Oldest Profession in the World*.

If it's the Grant Grill, you do. Because it is, according to San Diego *Tribune* columnist Neil Morgan and the hotel night desk clerk who, by the way, confessed he had never eaten there, one of the three or so best restaurants in all of the County of San Diego. Because it is Old and Established, vintage 1909. And because it is, I've heard, the place where attorneys and judges, elected officials and city administrators rendezvous to politic over breakfast and lunch.

On Labor Day Saturday we called a little before seven to find "a full house until nine." Reservations for nine it was, we could wait, but little did we know that we would be doing waiting-room time at the bar. "I get you a table — give me one minute, one minute," the Mexican Maitre d' kept saying until he seated us at quarter to ten. The Grill was bustling and busy, waiters bursting out of the kitchen, warning "watch it, watch it," sloshing the *as far* onto the carpet, and this, we learned, was par for any weekend. The crowd was thick and boisterous and drinking friendly. The daytime attorneys had been replaced by Southern California newsmen and *no nouveau riche*: men in white shoes and pucci print shirts and puffly bow ties and bright plaid jackets, wizen with peroxide hair, hairdos, fashionable white leather handbags shaped like lunchboxes, and Las Vegas pants suits. While we were considering our salad, an older man in a spiffy double-breasted Navy-blue jacket and a martini, him down for the

aces from L.A. where he was proud to live with his "two adorable little girls and two French poodles," approached our table: "So many people go out to eat with tired faces, but you look like you're enjoying yourselves, would you say you're enjoying yourselves? Here, shake my hand." We shook his hand. Sitting next to us was a very blonde Ann-Margaret in flaming orange ruffled acetate-chiffon, and then later launching into "Have Nagias."

But all this crazy activity doesn't mean that the Grant Grill is just another phoney Hotel Circle-Shelter Island restaurant. It's not, it's not at all. It's a real restaurant, a big city restaurant with white tablecloths and napkins nicely laid out on your bread-and-butter plate, wood paneling such as you'd find in a gentlemen's club. Silver

Sitting next to us was a very blonde Ann-Margaret in flaming orange ruffled acetate-chiffon, across the way a man who was a double for Nasser, and to our other side, believe it or not, a man who in the midst of all this had dozed off.



And the food? You can find almost anything on the huge parchment a la Carte menu, but the emphasis is on fish. Appetizers such as melon prosciutto (\$7.25) and cold assorted seafood (\$4.95). Soups such as turtle and French onion running between \$8 and \$11.00. Salads such as Kodiac (a seafood salad for \$2.50) and Caesar (\$1.50). There are at least nine kinds of fish ranging from river salmon to rainbow trout for about \$6.25, broquette of scampi and nero steak for \$6.95, tournedos acapulco for \$6.95, sweetbreads for \$7.95. And the list numbers fifty four selections, but most, I'm sorry to say, can be found at any bayside.

That Saturday we experienced a local version of Bunuel's *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*. In one of the movie's most hilarious scenes, the ladies go to a *très elegante* place for tea only to discover that that afternoon there is indeed no tea left, no coffee, and, impossibly, no water. At the Grill we found that there was no turtle soup left, no gazpacho left, and no vichyssoise. No Almaden split of champagne (they later located one), none of the green beans that come in those little china side dishes. And no crepe suzette that night because "the kitchen is swamped," said the Maitre d', "come another night during the week. I make you everything you want."

But what we did order was good, first-rate, although not so extraordinary that I'd trade heaven for Grant Grill cuisine. First, thinly sliced toasted rye bread topped with cheese was brought to our table for pleasurable munching while we read and battled with the hide-and-seek menu. Second, the Grant Grill Specialty Salad, a mountain of crisp romaine, croutons, and a delicious blue cheese vinaigrette. Third, the main course: beef stroganoff (very rich, very smooth, very generous) and tontava Sea Bass, beurre noir (the fish itself was adequate — thick, fresh, moist, and attractively served — but the beurre noir was unaccountably beurre black, plain melted butter which had never reached the browning stage). As we finished we watched a couple near us being served chateaubriand for two — a huge plump mounded with an enormous piece of beautiful beef surrounded by whipped potatoes and color-fresh vegetables, broccoli and finger carrots — and realized we had made a mistake, next time. And for desert, hot yez hot apple pie topped with a melted slab of cheddar cheese (\$1.00) and their own rather peculiar recipe for cheesecake (also \$1.00) which I do not recommend; it has no crust, a no-cooked lasie and consistency, and is rather sickeningly sweet.

All told it came to \$30.00 for two including tip and \$5 for wine but no drinks, and we had ordered with restraint — no appetizers, no crepes suzette for \$2.75 a person. The prices of the Grant Grill run as high — and higher than the Westgate since even the Westgate offers a few complete dinners here and there. But on the whole I prefer the Grill which in a way is saying I prefer the 20th century to earlier. Service at the Grill is amiable and professional but not scrupulous or impeccable, and the place fairly bores with life and all of its carrying-ons.







## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



## THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

## Directory

Actor's Quarter	480 Elm	234-8325
California State Univ.	San Diego	285-5204
Cassius Center Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
City College Theatre	14th & C Sts	239-7854
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts	239-6510
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4856
Crystal Palace Theatre	3785 Ocean Front Walk	488-8001
Fine Arts Gallery	Balboa Park	235-7931
Folk Arts	3743 Fifth Ave	291-1798
Jewish Community Center	4075 54th	583-3390
La Jolla Art Assn	7917 Grand Ave	457-3001
La Jolla Museum	700 Prospect St	454-0183
Mission Playhouse	3960 Mission, Old Town	295-9453
Old Globe Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
Palomar College Theatre	Palomar College	744-1150
Patio Playhouse	373 Hill Ave., Escondido	748-6669
San Diego Art Institute	Balboa Park	234-5946
San Diego Public Library	820 E Street	236-5800
Sports Arena	5500 Sports Arena Blvd	234-4171
Towson Art Gallery	Balboa Park	239-5548
UCSD	La Jolla	453-2000
USIU Conservatory	2232 Cassel	232-2251
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

## sports

**BASEBALL:** Padres vs. San Francisco, S.D. Stadium, Thursday, September 13, 7:30 p.m.

**BASEBALL:** Padres vs. San Francisco, S.D. Stadium, Friday, September 14, 7:30 p.m.

**SAN DIEGO TRACK CLUB** September Family Run and All Corners Four-mile Cross Country, Balboa Park (begins at 6th and Laurel), Saturday, September 15, 11:00 a.m. Information: 278-7807.

**BASEBALL:** Padres vs. San Francisco, S.D. Stadium, Saturday, September 15, 7:30 p.m.

**BASEBALL:** Padres vs. San Francisco, S.D. Stadium, Sunday, September 16, 1:00 p.m.

## theatre

**THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN**, Arthur Miller's play, Actors Quarter, Fridays and Saturdays through October 13, 8:30 p.m.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**, play based on Grimm's fairy tale, Actors Quarter, Saturdays and Sundays through October 14, 2:00 p.m.

**NIGHT WATCH**, a play by Lucille Fletcher, Coronado Playhouse, Fridays through Sundays through October 6, 8:30 p.m.

**FETCH A RABBIT SKIN** by Rosie Driffeld, and **THE DEATH OF DOCTOR PARKER** by Anne Sniderman, Crystal Palace Theater, Fridays through Sundays through September 16, 8:30 p.m.

**THE BOYS IN THE BAND**, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m., Sundays, 7:30 p.m. Through September 30.

**BEYOND THE FRINGE**, North County Community Theater, 1320 Grand Avenue, San Marcos, Thursday through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Sundays, 2:00 p.m. Through September 23.

**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday, September 13, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday, September 16, 2:00 p.m.

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday and Saturday, September 14 and 15, 8:30 p.m.

**KING LEAR**, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Sunday, September 16, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, September 15, 2:00 p.m.

**UP FOR GRABS**, a revue, Patio Playhouse, Escondido, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 29.

## music



**MEFISTOFELE**, the opera by Arrigo Boito, San Diego Opera, with Norman Treigle in title role, Saturday, September 15, 2:00 p.m.

**TIM WEISBERG**, Aztec Center's Back Door, San Diego State, Friday and Saturday, September 14 and 15, 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. Ticket information: 286-6562.

**CHINESE OPERA**, The Southern California Chinese Opera Society will perform Saturday, September 15, 7:00 p.m. Dramatic Arts Building, San Diego State.

**JOHN MAYALL**, the blues artist, Golden Hall, San Diego Community Concourse, Saturday, September 15, 8:00 p.m.

**CELLIST** Paul V. Anderson will perform at faculty recital, Recital Hall, San Diego State, Sunday, September 16, 8:00 p.m.

**JOINT RECITAL**, Delfina Green, mezzo-soprano, and Conrad Bruderer, pianist, San Diego Chamber Music Series, San Diego Public Library, third floor Lecture Room, Tuesday, September 18, 7:30 p.m.

**PADORN-DENNING DUO**, featuring flute and guitar, Grossmont College Fine Arts Recital Hall, Friday, September 14, 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. Free admission.

## museums and galleries

**WILLIAM TEMPLETON JOHNSON DRAWINGS**, (Johnson designed Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego Museum of Natural History, Francis Parker School, San Diego Trust and Savings Bank buildings.) Founders Gallery, University of San Diego, open weekdays 10 to 4. Through September 28.

**LITHOGRAPHS** by Nancy Graves and new paintings by John Balsey. Continuing — Nicholas Krushenick, paintings and collages. Jack Glenn Gallery, 424 Fashion Valley, San Diego.

**LARGE INK AND DYE ABSTRACTS** by Alice Marquis. Also, A Strange Collection of Assemblages and Graphics by Bert Kersey, prints by Kathleen McCord, and jewelry by del Castillo. Triad Gallery, 3701 India Street, near Washington, San Diego. Gallery hours: Tuesday — Saturday, 11 — 5 p.m., Sunday, 12 — 5 p.m.

**THE SPANISH TRADITION IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE**, drawings and photographs of buildings such as the Customhouse in Monterey, the Cabildo in New Orleans, the Alamo in Texas. San Diego Museum of Man, Balboa Park, September 10 through October 10.

**BRUCE MCCrackEN**, one-man show, San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park. Through October 1.

**NANCY GRAVES**, Paintings based on lunar and planetary maps, drawings and gouaches based on lunar, Martian and earth geography, and lithographs based on lunar landing sites. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Through October 7.

**CITY IS FOR PEOPLE**, Large sculptures lent by artists on East and West coasts exhibited throughout downtown area. Correlated exhibitions at Fine Arts Gallery showing development of San Diego and multi-media presentation of public art in major U.S. cities. Through September 23.

**NEW SELECTION OF GRAPHICS** by American Printmakers. Continuing: Sculpture Exhibition by Andrea Hoffman and Ron Tatro; Fritz Scholder paintings, drawings, and graphics. Orrs Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, San Diego. Through September 15.

**SVIHLA COLLECTION**, oriental ceramics and porcelains dating from the 10th through the 18th centuries. Fine Arts Gallery. Through September 23.

**GALLERY 8** — jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as ethnic pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia. All items for sale. International Center, Mathews Campus, UCSD. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 3:00 p.m.

## lectures and talks

**HOW HEALTH QUACKS GET \$18,000,000 IN CALIFORNIA EVERY YEAR**, Edith Canfield, County Department of Public Health, College Grove Shopping Center, Public Auditorium, Wednesday, September 19, 1:30 p.m.

## special events

**RINGLING BROTHERS** and Barnum and Bailey Circus, San Diego Sports Arena, Thursday and Friday, September 13 and 14, 4:15 and 8:15 p.m.; Saturday, September 15, 11:00 a.m., 3:00 p.m., and 8:15 p.m.; Sunday, September 16, 1:30 and 5:30 p.m.

**MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY FIESTA**: Spanish language movies, dancing by the Club Ideal of Oceanside, Mexican foods made and sold by MECHA of Palomar College, the Club Azteca, and the Chicano Federation. Sunday, September 16, 1:00 to 6:00 p.m. Encinitas County Library, 540 Cornish, Encinitas.

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