

IS BOB DYLAN
COMING TO
SAN DIEGO
OR NOT?
ARCHIE O'MALLEY
KNOWS. page 4

117 THINGS TO DO
IN SAN DIEGO
THIS WEEK

MOVIES, MUSIC,
THEATRE, MUSEUMS
AND MORE

HUNGARIAN FOOD AND FOREIGN CAR REPAIR page 5

READER

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY November 29 to December 5

Bacon knew that the Navy, like any other large organization, was rife with petty bureaucrats, card punchers, and empire builders. But to see the process so close to hand was hard to stomach.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY SIT

CARLOS BEY

George Bacon was unshakably naive. He had spent three years of active duty as a Navy officer and still he was astonished to see what he saw when he later joined the Navy Reserve. Maybe he was just a victim of circumstances. His first tour of active duty — on a river boat north of Danang — the young lieutenant who had been his boss had let Ensign Bacon include in his duties teaching Vietnamese sailors to speak English and helping a 25-year-old Buddhist monk build an elementary school just south of the DMZ. Bacon saw Vietcong atrocities, saw his South Vietnamese sailor friends wounded, and when he himself was wounded as the North Vietnamese attacked his boat with homemade grenades, his world view, and his view of the Navy as a purely honorable profession, was only reinforced. While he was later stationed at the Naval Amphibious School in Coronado, the Navy paid him enough money

eventually to buy a duplex in Mission Beach; it provided him with a large group of easy friends, and it was later to provide him with GI Bill money for graduate school. When Bacon left the Navy as a lieutenant junior grade in 1971, he did so reluctantly.

Bacon felt that the Reserves were the best way to ease the pain of cutting his umbilicus to the Navy. Besides, it was \$120 a month, just for one weekend a month. Some of his friends encouraged him to join a local Reserve group called U.U.W. (Inshore Undersea Warfare). "That's where all our old friends are. It's a great unit. Lotsa kicks. It's the most active Navy Reserve unit in San Diego... the summer duty is in Hawaii." Even when Bacon went down to the Naval Reserve Center on Harbor Drive and Nimitz, the lieutenant commander assigned to counsel him advised him to try U.U.W. "Yeah, that's the place for you. I just want to tell you, but you'll be a real gas."

So he tried U.U.W. The first

weekend meeting he attended, everyone was very friendly. The other officers shook his hand, the enlisted men said, "Welcome aboard, sir. Glad to have you aboard."

Later the first day — Saturday — Bacon rode out with part of the group to an area near the Point Loma lighthouse to see some of the unit's harbor defense equipment. While waiting for the van with sensitive electrical gear to establish communication with some of the patrol boats off the Point, he spent several hours listening to two lieutenants and a lieutenant commander discuss San Diego's economy. One of them owned part of a trailer park in National City and taught in the San Diego city schools, another was an underwriter for Fireman's Insurance and owned a hamburger stand in Imperial Beach, the third was an accountant who held part interest in a restaurant soon opening up in Halesite. Well, these people were pretty interesting after all. In the middle of the conversation, while the group was sitting down to eat

box lunches, a helicopter made a few passes near the lighthouse. One of the lieutenant commanders chuckled. "Old Frank really was able to pry loose a helo to take some pictures of us. Oh, brother!" By the time the next week-end drill came up, Bacon had been assigned the job of assistant boat officer. "That's not a bad job, George. The further away you stay from Stevenson (the Commanding Officer) the better off you are. If you hang around here, they'll give you paperwork to do." The boat job seemed like a lot of fun, too. Steaming through San Diego Bay, releasing sono-buoys into the water near Zante Point at North Island, and enjoying the fresh air, George was bothered by the fact that some of the men really stunk of whiskey, though, and he wondered about the case of beer he saw in the hold of the patrol craft.

The next few weekend drills were uneventful. There were several conferences, some just officers, some officers and enlisted. The officers and chief petty officers got up in front and discussed morale, haircuts, plans for the coming year, organization — for hours and hours and hours. The rest of the time was called "Department Training" on the Plan of the Day, which meant that there was nothing to do but make oneself scarce. One lieutenant snuck into a room in an adjacent building to read his Sunday L.A. Times. A couple of lieutenant commanders slithered over to the Naval Training Center to play paddleball. A boatswain's mate invited his friends to join him in the back of his camper to play gin rummy.

On Saturday morning of the fifth weekend, while everyone was still standing in formation just after colors, the Commanding Officer made a speech about our U.U.W. being the first in the nation. There had been, it turned out, nationwide competition between Reserve units based on a total number of points earned. Points were earned by the individuals' drill attendance, advancement, reenlistment percentage of the unit attending the two-week summer drill, and so on. Our unit, U.U.W. 11-3, was leading all other U.U.W. units in the country in points. But things were very close. So close that U.U.W. 11-1, the other U.U.W. unit in the naval district, looked to be forging ahead. So everyone had to work very hard.

The commanding officer called Lieutenant Bacon into his office. Standing between the commanding officer and the executive officer, Bacon was told that his job as boat officer was of little importance now. What really mattered was his otherwise-unimportant job as Public Affairs Officer.

"We need publicity. That's how we're going to win that competition. We gotta be noticed." The executive officer looked seriously into Bacon's eyes, and then glanced at the commanding officer. "Lieutenant Bacon, this Public Affairs job is what's going to make Commander Stevenson here a full Captain, it's going to make me a Commander, and it's going to make you a Lieutenant Commander."

And thus began George Bacon's most intense period of disillusionment. He'd read about the Peter Principle and Parkinson's Law and he knew the Navy, like any other large organization, was rife with petty bureaucrats, card punchers, and empire builders. But to see the process so magnified, so close at hand, was hard to stomach.

Lieutenant Jones, the unit's Personnel Officer, had been a friend of Lieutenant Bacon's since they were both on active duty in Coronado together. They had both gone to small Midwestern colleges and had both been on small boats in Vietnam. But Lieutenant Jones somehow found it easier to get along with others. His advice about U.U.W. was to play "their game," to always sit, sew, sew, and stay out of the way. It's only a weekend, and it's a lot of money for one weekend. It was Lieutenant Jones who came into the Commanding Officer's office one day to report to the C.O. the number of reenlistments. These reenlistments were made by encouraging sailors to get out and then re-enlist, a sleight of hand, of paperwork. Bacon was also sitting in the C.O.'s office one day when the C.O. was telling some of his sailors who couldn't go to Hawaii on summer duty to drop out of U.U.W. temporarily. He could then transfer other sailors into the unit who could go to Hawaii and push U.U.W.'s point count even higher. Then he would transfer the original sailors back in. Lieutenant Jones, as the months before the end of point competition got fewer and fewer, began to complain. "God, I wish the C.O. would lay off and settle for second place. If we come in first, sure as hell they're going to investigate us!"

One Sunday was almost entirely devoted to getting a good picture of Commander Stevenson shaking hands with a two-star admiral who was coming down from Long Beach. The unit's assets, including the IUW control van, the patrol boats, and even the UDT divers, were gathered on a point at the Point Loma submarine base. Almost all of the unit's officers were there, other officers from other Reserve units were invited, and a contingent of

continued on page 2

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navy reserve

(continued from page 1)

God, if we're the best in the country, I'd sure as hell hate to see the worst.

NROTC high schoolers were on hand. The Admiral finally arrived in his dress white uniform, pictures were taken here and pictures were taken there, but unfortunately for Commander Stevenson, the pictures never came out. The special photographer, a Chief Davis, never arrived. Chief Davis, a publicity photographer for Rohr Industries, assigned to an air reserve unit, but Commander Stevenson had promised him a free trip to Hawaii, at the Navy's expense, if he would come to important IUW events and

photograph them. This Sunday, Stevenson had to rely on one of his own men, whose specialty happened to be porno-photography, and the pictures were all out of focus.

None of Chief Davis' pictures were out of focus and he did manage to photograph IUW members on the unit's more productive weekends. Eventually the C.O. handed Davis' completed photos to Bacon and said he expected to see a lot of stories in the San Diego media soon. The C.O. and the executive officer "both threatened Bacon's drill pay status if nothing "started happening." Bacon started writing simple stories about what a great unit IUW was and how exciting summer duty in Hawaii was. And to be sure the stories appeared in the right place he made sure to get copies of every story to the Navy Dispatch. Most papers in San Diego were desperate for filler stories, but especially the Navy Dispatch. The IUW stories, which always got printed, looked

somehow very appropriate above the ads for Shirley's Shick Massage.

Bacon began to ask his fellow officers in the unit if things were really as political as they seemed. One's relations with senior officers in the unit and even with officers above the C.O. in the Reserve chain of command seemed to matter most. And often, at the all-officer conferences, there would be great sighing and gnashing of teeth by the C.O. about his superiors in the Reserve chain of command — the Group Commander and his staff. "The only reason they haven't kicked me out of the unit," another lieutenant confided to Bacon "is that I have connections on the Group staff and the C.O. knows it. He doesn't dare kick me out." The emphasis on politics and the use of blow-up publicity to forge ahead politically seemed revolting to Bacon. "It's not like My Lai or anything," he told another junior officer, "but the whole business is pretty sordid." And he kept feeding stories to the

Navy Dispatch

On Saturday, November 17, just a month after Bacon was told by the C.O. that he was transferring him to another unit, as soon as the paperwork for a transfer could be processed, IUW 11-3, Stevenson's unit, was named the "number one IUW unit in the country." The ceremony held at the Naval Training Center, was ornamented

with the usual military pomp and attended by the usual dignitaries. Mayor Wilson praised the honored units and stressed the importance of the Navy Reserve. The only disclaimer were the occasional smiles on the faces of some of the IUW officers and a comment whispered by one of the enlisted men, "God, if we're number one, the best in the country, I'd sure as hell hate to see the worst."

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I can gladly fold up my stubbornness and, before this movie vanishes, hint that it is one of the best movies to appear this year.

Cat-nap Interrupted

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

For the lack of movies which can raise my eyelids to full-alert — in fact, for the lack of movies which can lure me into a theatre in the first place, there has been a slum-brous lack of attention to current movies in this space in recent weeks, many weeks, or had no one noticed? It is not that my allowance of generosity or affection has been running low (stray cats receive showers of attention from me during these dry spells in movie circulation); something stern or stubborn in me insists that I hold back, in impatient wait. In San Diego, where one can only pray for the big movies discussed in the *New Yorker* and *Village Voice* to trickle into town, there is not the same

incentive for a movie reviewer to throw kisses and bouquets at current movies, however meagre; in New York, there is always the competition among reviewers, usually won by Judith Crist, for the largest number of ecstatic blurbs which are excerpted from their reviews and translated into newspaper movie ads. (Rec Reed, whose charm is partly his obliviousness to his reckless adoration, frequently out-hollers and double-crosses himself on any given page of the theatre section, swearing in one ad that here is "one of the finest films in the past six years" and elsewhere declaring "the best movie this season.")

The Optimists — an unpromising little effort that sucks dry the usual sopppiness of children's stories by

granting most of the movie's space to the dismal London slum environment and by playing the heroes as tiny, insect figures in the gray cityscape, rather than as stars of a movie — was a pleasant surprise. However, it vanished during this paper's one-week recess and probably will be difficult to locate from now on. The movie that plays for one week, hesitantly, and then retreats from public view, possibly to reappear sometime or other in a random drive-in or seventy-five cent neighborhood theatre, or possibly not, is becoming more and more common.

An authentically striking horror movie — authentically striking would be more accurate, if it didn't deflect interest — with a title that causes wince universally, *Raw*

Meat, lasted one week, weeks ago, on the lower half of a double bill with, more wince, *Cannibal Girls*, and I have been waiting for it to resurface before mentioning it. But perhaps mentioning it, holding it in memory, might serve as an invocation. If, in its narrative events, its carelessness of casting, even in tiny roles, and the daily mixture of nastiness, dedication, vanity, courage, bigotry and wit which makes up the policeman-hero raise this unnoticed movie high above the standard English horror film that comes to town every few weeks under different titles.

The real and available excitement this week is the presence of Alan Bridges' *The Hired* at a Fashion Valley Four theatre. I would not bet on the likelihood of this movie hanging around as long as *Paper Moon* or even *Jim Henson*. I can gladly fold up my stubbornness and, before this movie vanishes, hint that it is one of the best movies to appear this year.

The story is set in the early Nineteen Hundreds, and somewhat like the forward writing of that time — Dorothy Richardson's or Virginia Woolf's — and also somewhat like other recent films set in that time — *Reds* is a requisite *Redneck* at Bray and Truffaut's *Two English Girls* — its principal excitement, its most potent, is the forward writing of that time — subjective reactions to the most indifferent, arbitrary, or accidental situations — roadside sights, the time of day, the weather, a play of lights. While in Dorothy Richardson's fiction, for example, this emphasis means, paragraph upon a paragraph devoted to enthralled description of the hardships in a room or to the progress of a thunderstorm, in Bridges' movie it means a scrupulous control of the somber colors, an ability to channel the focus of scene onto off-center detail, and an ability to weight an event in terms of one or more character's perception of it.

This delicate and difficult steering is the tensest action in the current gathering of movies, and it is practically the entire interest in this movie for over half the length, almost completely uncomplicated and unaffected by the gradual developments of the plot. For these developments — the vague, ironically shifting relationship, misunderstood on both sides, between an emotionally precarious and dependent aristocrat (Sarah Miles) and her manly, class-conscious chauffeur (Robert Shaw) — it is not altogether easy to sustain hope and interest.

The beginning actually brings on some brief despair with some imitation-Pinter dialogue, with its awkward, echoed banalities, between the lady and her driver — Driving a car must be quite an art. — Oh, yes, well, not an art, not really an art, I'd say, perhaps more of a skill. — Ah, yes, a skill, yes, nicely put. — Perhaps more of a knack. — Ah, that's it, a knack, indeed, a knack.

And in the late stages of unraveling the blunt confrontation of the aristocrat's blond delicacy and the workman's muscular force — the story elements become bulky. There is a punctuation of revealing moments, shocking, sudden, the spittle pouring over the chauffeur's twisted lip as one scene ends, emphatically. It is possible, though, to endure with complete indifference, or even weariness, much of these final developments, and yet admire their rendering, because Bridges never loses sight of possible scenic interest. The inevitable scene, the British chauffeur forcing his affections on the aristocrat's lady, is salvaged, in the end, by the tangibility of circumstances, the locale in front of the railroad tracks; the mood, the weakness of sleepless night after a full day, and the rush of noise and light from the passing train.

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—ARCHIE O'MALLEY—

This week's free L.P. (the Rolling Stone's Goat's Head Soup) for the best question goes to L.B. of Chula Vista.

Dear Archie:
In this morning's paper someone said there was going to be more smog if the speed limits are cut back to 50 miles per hour. They said this would happen because cutting back speed would reduce the production of nitrous oxide. Nitrous oxide, they said, deters the emission of smog-causing hydrocarbons. How's that happen?
Barbara Winchell,
San Diego State

Your source's gotta be wrong. My chemist friends tell me that when your car goes 50 miles per hour, there is indeed less nitrous oxide produced than at 70 miles per hour (nitrous oxide causes ozone, the most dangerous component of smog). And there are more hydrocarbons emitted — but not because there's less nitrous oxide. It's because the engine is burning less efficiently at 50 miles an hour and not all the hydrocarbons get consumed.

Dear Archie,
Last week the rumors were rampant around here that Dylan and The Band were coming to San Diego's Sports Arena on February 12 as part of their nation-wide tour. It was even in this week's *Rolling Stone*. Now someone says they aren't coming?
L.B.
Chula Vista



The publicity lady at Electra Records, Karen Berg, says they cancelled the February 12 San Diego date because of logistics and physical stamina limitations. Dylan *et al* are to play in Oakland twice on February 11 and at the Inglewood Forum once February 13 and twice February 14, and the excursion to San Diego would've been too rough. A full page ad announcing how to get tickets to the Forum concert will supposedly come out in this Sunday's L.A. Times.

(E.D. Archie O'Malley will answer your questions. Send your question to him c/o The Reader, P.O. Box 80003, San Diego 92138. The best questions submitted each week will win the asker a free tip.)

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And He Stirred the Goulash With His Wrench

KATHEEN WOODWARD

It's like something out of a crazy play by the French Ioneseo. You look under "Automobile Repairing & Service" in the Yellow Pages, dial National Competition Foreign Car Repair at 1555 State Street, downtown, and inquire "Do you have a Hungarian restaurant?" And the answer is, absurdly, "Yes, we're open Monday through Friday from 9 to 8 p.m.," but the

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exaggeration and conviviality but don't take this as any kind of gospel, although you can be less skeptical when he discourses on how people enjoy themselves here. "It's a family place, we're all friends here." As if to prove it, he says "hi, how are you?" to the maitre who just walked in. "On New Year's Eve I have a couple coming all the way from Idaho. They say they've never seen such a New Year's Eve — there's dancing everywhere, out in the streets, everywhere."
Hungarians are known for their sociability, their food is known first of all for its paprika. In fact, Hungarian paprika, grown in the south and ranging from delicate to rose to temperamental, has even inspired a national hero: the Nobel Prize-winning Professor Albert Szent-Gyorgyi who proved that Hungarian paprika is a rich source of vitamin "C" — five times richer than the orange — and named it "ascorbic acid." Think of Hungarian cuisine and you think of soup, soups and liquid-creamy stews, more ways of cooking cabbage than anyone could think possible, and dumplings, and hot noodle desserts, and light, fairly-fragile strudls. Unfortunately too many of these elements are missing from The Paprika Restaurant, and the truth is that on balance the cooking is plain and unadorned, even gaudily, never underground-gourmet. Oh, you could wish for even a dollop of decadent sour cream, a dash of fry paprika, for a taste sniffably sweet, but you won't find it here.
The Chicken Paprika, a Friday lunch special, is not only bland but completely lacking in the requisite sour cream; you do, however, receive three nice-sized pieces of chicken set on an enormous bed of plain noodles and shredded cabbage as salad, although a cucumber salad would have been more welcome. The Goulash (a steep \$2.45 at lunch, rising to \$2.95 at dinner), served with those adorable dumplings ("palaushka"), is tasteless — why not add a little caraway to bring out the flavor of the paprika? The Fatayeros, a platter of wiener schnitzel (a thick egg coating) veal, chicken, and beef for two with, of course, plain boiled potato plus dill pickles in one corner, red cabbage in another, and a few other accompaniments is nothing to be ashamed of but then at \$9.50 at night it's nothing to embrace either: that's plain just too expensive, and the waitress clearly discouraged us from ordering it for three.

But there are a few tasty dishes you will encounter here which would be difficult, if not impossible, to locate anywhere else in San Diego. The "Lecco," a Tuesday special, is a delicious and soupy vegetable stew of green peppers, tomatoes, and lots of sliced onions, to which cubes of beef are added, all seasoned only with paprika, salt, and pepper. And quite good are their dessert crepes ("palacsinta") filled with deep thick chocolate or apricot jam or cottage cheese and dusted with stripes of sugar — two for a bargain price of 75c. And try and get "langos" anywhere else. It's a dice dessert, a puff of fry dough about the size of a saucer looking for all the world like an ancestor of pizza, which in fact it is. Reminiscent of the taste of popovers, served with strawberry syrup, it's deceptively light and pleasant. But disappointment — although the menu lists Hungarian pastries, on the three occasions I've been there, there's never been a one.

Also available. Every other Wednesday lunch you can order stuffed cabbage, on Friday night there's roast piglet, Hungarian sausage for \$2.45 at every lunch, and express for 50c which arrives in a plain coffee cup. Also, Hungarian bread, and dumplings, it would be France who would celebrate her wines in national anthem, but no, it's Hungary. "On there's roast piglet, Hungarian sausage for \$2.45 at every lunch, and express for 50c which arrives in a plain coffee cup. Also, Hungarian bread, and dumplings, it would be France who would celebrate her wines in national anthem, but no, it's Hungary." I'm told, Mephisto offered Faust, ranging from \$6.80 to \$7.80, and a Tomy Furnit at \$6.00, also a sweet dessert wine, but less rich than the Aszu; three Hungarian whites at around \$5; and two reds, including an Egri Bikaver, the second most famous Hungarian wine, named Bubi's Bindi because it's rumored my god, that's exactly what the makers add to it. And beers, plenty of beers, but no house wine, no cheap California wines, so drinking here runs immediately into the money.
The place I like — very small and homes with red-and-white checked picnic table cloths on the 8 tables for lunch which turn to white at night, the Number 4 bus wheezing past, the Hungarian record albums and postcards, the improbable moose (?) bull horns, and the courteous, most courteous waitress at lunch. But times are already changing. Bozsozi has been so successful, it seems, that he is already working on a place a few steps away to be named the Gypsy Cellar. In fact, after dinner one night he showed me to us, explaining that it will seat 45 for dinner, and have live entertainment "direct from Hungary." The bar is already installed, it looks slick, and I wonder if it's a good change to make. Fortunately lunch will still be served in the old place across the street.

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

San Diego audiences have all too few opportunities to hear Indian classical music. But it would be better to do without this fascinating and beautiful music altogether than to be subjected to such third-rate examples of it as the recent concert by Ashish Khan and friends. Their performance was lacking in taste, lacking in musical inventiveness, and — worst of all — lacking in soul.

It has been about fifteen years now since America discovered Indian classical music. The discovery was two-edged: for Indian musicians at the same time discovered a rich, and frequently undiscriminating, American audience. No violation in the history of the world has offered foreigners such a ravishing market for exotic culture; nor has any presented so many temptations to vulgarization and money-grubbing. Some Indian musicians, fortified by their ancient art and personal stigmata, have resisted the temptations; some have compromised, just a little; and some have abandoned themselves totally, like a gambler whose chips are rotten. Flying hither and thither across the U.S. in a frantic chase for easy bucks, adapting themselves to what they consider the low tastes of the American crowd, these musicians have lost the essence, the innerness of Indian music, retaining only its shell (and

anything else. After the first piece, Ashish Khan asked the audience whether the drone box was loud enough. One person answered "no," and the gain on the drone's amplifier was immediately turned up so that the box now made a sound like a tuneful of angry motorist in a traffic jam, a horribly obtrusive noise that was then maintained for the rest of the concert. The sounds of the sarod and tabla were unnatural as well; the balances were all wrong, and what should have been intimate shadings and contrasts of tone color became exaggerated, muddled and mechanical. It was not practical reasons that dictated the use of amplification. I have heard Ali Akbar Khan (Ashish Khan's father) playing sarod in New York's Carnegie Hall, without the slightest touch of amplification, and the instruments were perfectly audible at the very back of the top balcony. No, amplification is a matter of taste, and the taste here is one that panders to American fashion. If audiences — and particularly young audiences — seem to like loudness, blatantness, and electronic distortion in their rock music, that is what they will get in Indian music as well. Sri Krishna Superstar, so to speak.

These vulgarizations were reinforced by the notable defects in Ashish Khan's playing. He has a fabulously good technique, worthy of his father or of his uncle (Ravi Shankar). But there the resemblance with these great masters ends. The basic formal and psychological structure of Hindustani music is a progression from the slow, tentative, meditative portion known as the *alap*, through the faster and more rhythmic *gat*, to a final section (*jhapa*) of tremendous rhythmic drive and excitement. The piece moves from an awakening to the possibilities inherent in the fundamental scale (*raga*), which is at the same time a meditation upon the nature of God, to an irrepressibly joyous affirmation of the *raga's* meaning and a total identification with the power it symbolizes. The great Indian musician must understand both the inner meanings and the outer manifestations of all these parts; he must know how to make them unified musical and spiritual experience; and he must undergo that experience himself, to its depths.

Ashish Khan is unsatisfactory in each of the sections. His *alaps* are dull and meandering. They lack the dynamic subtleties and the poignance of phrasing needed to engage a listener's attention and to make him feel the mystery of a mind exploring the universe, as the musician's fingers explore the *raga*. At his San Diego concert, Ashish Khan courted most of the *alaps* so that one scarcely noticed them, perhaps because he felt (quite mistakenly) that an American audience was not up to their demands; but even in their shortened form they produced an impression of endlessness. The *gats* are set at variations on the *raga*, governed by a strikingly restricted number of variation techniques. There is no harmony in this music (except accidentally); no changes of key, none of the elaborate development sections that dominate Western classical music of the last two centuries. In Indian music, without the utmost in melodic and rhythmic inventiveness, the most of his accomplished technique. But however fast he played, he could not get away from what seemed like mere flashiness, rather than the divine frenzy that a deeply meditative *alap* and a joyously inventive *gat* ought to lead to. The tabla player, Pransh Khan, kept up the rhythm well enough, but there was little of the tonal variety or the precise imitation (both rhythmic and melodic) of the stringed instrument that one hears from a really good drummer. And as to Kamal Shah, who pumped the tambura substitute well, anybody can play it.

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

Ceremonies in *Dark Old Men*, at the Carter Center Stage, purports to be "black theatre." If black theatre implies some new dramatic form, some new kind of expressiveness, some new relation to the audience, then this is not it. *Ceremonies* is nothing more than an old-fashioned realistic play about an unhappy family and their troubles in an unhappy society. The family is black, and its society is Harlem, but so far as the structure, devices, and attitudes towards reality of this play are concerned, it could just as well be about Italians, Jews, Irishmen or Chinese.

In its own terms — slice of life, lower class, realistic sets, unhappy ending — this is not a particularly bad play, and not a particularly good one. It is just what you would expect, and you have seen it a hundred times before. The barber shop, the defeated father, the rebellious children, the moral failure that leads to disaster, the lengthy speeches of "science, the drunk scene — it's all nicely done, competently written, quite professional, but if it had never been written or produced the world would be none the wiser.

What saves the present production from total banalness is excellent acting and the fine direction by Floyd Galfrey. If you are going to do a play like this at all, you may as well do it just as though it were a masterpiece. But I hope that next time these talented people will put their minds to something more worthy of them.

In contrast, *Status Quo Vadis*, currently playing at the Off Broadway, is a glorious tribute to the power of cliché. Just as with *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, everything in it is a hand-me-down. The working class family, the drunken father, the foul-mouthed but good-hearted mother, the muscular son who wants to be a poet, the affair with the rich girl, the conflict with narrow-minded bigotry (the American Legion), the mockery of professors, of the Churches, of large corporations, of the class system, how does author-director Donald Driver dare to resurrect the dead this way? The chief characteristic of a successful comic writer is that he knows how to do just this, that he doesn't hold back out of ambition to be original or fear of being vulgar. Realistic, "serious" drama that follows shopworn patterns is inferior. But the bold use of cliché is the key to good comedy, and Donald Driver wields that key shamelessly. *Status Quo Vadis* is a marvelously funny play.

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To some degree, the Grateful Dead are a good example of this rock and roll dilemma.

A Matter of Light and Dead

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE EPENETER



STEVE ESMEDINA

Dead

Of all the performing arts, rock and roll seems the most immediate, the most enclaved by time. Rock bands usually find it difficult to stick together for more than a couple of years. They have bursts of creativity, make their marks, and then either sit on their laurels or fade altogether. Those that manage to remain on top for long, like the Rolling Stones, eventually become sad caricatures of themselves.

This problem comes from the fact that most rock bands aren't always judged in terms of their music. Usually they depend on star presence, or larger-than-life mannerisms that contribute to the fantasies of the audience. When a band tries too hard to fulfill those

fantasies, as with the Stones, their music inevitably suffers.

To some degree, the Grateful Dead are a good example of this rock and roll dilemma. They are one of the few remnants from the initial wave of San Francisco rock bands. Unlike most members of that wave, the Dead have held onto their popularity through the years. In some respects, they are the American equivalent of the Stones. As with the Stones, criticizing the Dead is a waste of time. No one will listen. After all, the Dead are a prime energizing force. The premier American music band—An example that rock musicians can play together, enjoy themselves, and communicate totally with their audience.

Not really. Appearing recently before an indiscriminate crowd at the Sports Arena, the Dead offered little evidence to support their reputation as one of America's finest rock bands. They performed two sets, two hours each. While the

second set was considerably better than the first, the band's air of resolute boredom dulled the entire evening.

Whatever on-stage electricity the Dead are supposed to exude was on the blink that evening. The group looked at each other, and spoke very little to the audience. When a kid jumped on stage trying to grab a female accompanist, guitarist Bob Weir gently pushed him off the stage while the band plodded on, unimpressed. A bunch of aging herd hands, playing music because that's where the money comes from.

To make matters worse, there was little musical compensation. The first set was unrelieved tedium, almost amateurish. The Dead have never established a strong musical identity in any style. They're too eclectic. They move from rock, to c&w, to blues, to jazz, and back to rock. This could provide for fine, varied music, but the band never seems comfortable anywhere. In concert they pressed on this way,

performing dull songs that bore no stylistic relationship to each other, except for the common characteristic of deafening volume. Inside the enormous Sports Arena the sound echoed back and forth, coming together in one ugly glob. It was expressionless and motionless throughout the night. They hardly looked at each other, and spoke very little to the audience. When a kid jumped on stage trying to grab a female accompanist, guitarist Bob Weir gently pushed him off the stage while the band plodded on, unimpressed. A bunch of aging herd hands, playing music because that's where the money comes from.

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would plod into a flaccid country song, with no regard for the stylistic continuity of the set. Evidently the Dead do not know their true talents and are just bent on pleasing everyone in the audience. The audience by the way, lapped up everything the Dead did with no regard for qualitative differences.

The most basic problem the band faces is in their material. They appear to have no feeling for the music they play. It is admirable that they keep experimenting with different styles, but since they've never shown what they are able to do in any particular field, their efforts come across undeveloped. And their cool, condescending attitude toward performing smacks of snobbery. At this point in their career, the group's music isn't substantial enough to be so solemn about their image. The Grateful Dead are just another band that have immersed themselves in their own myths. They are too serious about all the wrong things.

(continued on page 9)

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Light

At a time when self-seriousness threatens the future of some bands, it is heartening to see a group like Electric Light Orchestra who enjoy playing and performing with an equal affection. Performing last week, Thanksgiving Eve, at Jim Pagni's JJ's, ELO sparked the kind of emotional response which the Dead only destroyed.

Like the Dead, ELO is eclectic. They combine a string section with the regular rock rhythm section. Headed by former Move guitarist, Jeff Lynne, ELO provided an hour and a half of good music, highlighted by good natured gimmickery, and an obvious affection for both material and audience. The band's obvious lampooning of both rock and classical music makes them one of the most invigorating pop music bands on the scene. They are also strong, confident performers, and excellent musicians.

Every session the group played last Wednesday, was tight and well rehearsed. Their professionalism allows them to move comfortably from style to style without seeming clumsy like the Dead. Their version of "Day Tripper" has a charming Baritonic strain into which segue into a hard, primal rocker. Baroque, classical and impressionistic themes were continually interspersed with the band's growling hard rock. But it always works because the band is savvy enough to pull it off. They aren't innovators. They are simply exuberant musicians who are able to combine divergent music into a unified, eccentric whole. They realize that good music should also be a source of fun. For all of the Grateful Dead's self-imposed "seriousness" there was nothing in their set to match the pure joy of ELO's goofy medley of "Hall of the Mountain King" and "Great Balls of Fire."

Perhaps ELO will fade as so many rock bands do. Undoubtedly they'll never be as "important" or long-lasting as the Dead are supposed to be. But the Dead have been around for ten years, and like George Harrison once observed, who said a rock and roll band was supposed to last forever?

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1 BEDROOM FURNISHED apartment...
WANTED: BLUES records, albums or 78's...
WANT TO BUY used Spanish style octagonal or round dining set...
WANT TO BUY 2 bicycles...
WANTED: FOLDING bicycle with 10" tires...
TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE: My Acrylic bodied Olivetti studio normal type for Olivetti Elite...

NOTICES

INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG potter needs immediate studio situation in Del Mar area...
WANT TO RENT or share house or apartment with own yard in beach area...
ATTRACTIVE ROOM, semi-private bath, to rent to student...
WILL SHARE COZY apartment near University...
WILL RENT DEL MAR hilltop 3 bedroom house...
RODMATE WANTED: Large house, 0B, 30 feet to ocean...
I WANT TO borrow a recording of Mussolini's "The Iron Foundry" as well as copy of "Della Giustezza, Chas cantatas or far out jazz tapping...

HAVE A LA JOLLA apartment to sublet between Dec. 6 and January 3...
CONJUNCTIONIM, furnished, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths...
2 FEMALE ROOMMATES needed...
2 BEDROOM unfurnished, \$140. Water and trash paid...

PERSONALS

DO YOU BELIEVE in the law of attraction...
KIDS: Don't let your parents "run-amuck" when they visit Santa's Toy Store...
BROTHER AND SISTER: Please return date not loaf pan to 936...
JOSE HAPPY belated 8-day to you...
DEAR BRENT: I love ya till the end of the world...
TO THE SISTER who shared her sunset last Monday...
SUE: Read it and smile because I like you a lot...
DEAREST PATT: the happiness is gone, the fear is less...
1 YEAR OLD female dog with black shiny coat...
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COOKING MONSTER: Big Bird and you...
WANT TO BUY: 1970 VW Bus, sunroof, new Michelin radials...
1970 VW BUS, sunroof, new Michelin radials...
1976 CLINDER NUBIA, 32,500 miles...
1958 DODGE CORONET, 2 doors...
1971 MAZDA RX2, 4 door sedan...
1970 CHEVY KINGSMOOD wagon...
1970 MAZDA RX2, 4 door sedan...
1973 B CAROLIN CAMPER...
1976 WHITE CADILLAC, 2 door...
1965 PONTIAC Catalina, 1965...
1973 CADILLAC coupe...
1967 TOYOTA pickup...
1970 VW SUPER BUG, sunroof...
1972 1/4 ton FORD Ranger...
1967 SUBARU 360...
1970 FORD TORINO 4 door hardtop...
1962 CHEVY PICK-UP, engine and transmission...
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CARS

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WILL HOUSE OR APARTMENT SIT while you're away...
FREE PSYCHOTHERAPY, individual or group...
MASSAGE THERAPIST, Graduate of State approved LA College...
ATTENTION YOUNG SINGLES, students, busy socialites...
1971 YAMAHA 80cc, good condition...
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FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT desperately needs a part time job...
WRITER-FILMMAKER, critically acclaimed...
INDUSTRIAL ARTS Instructor to train women for self-employed work...
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TRUMPH 650cc, completely rebuilt...
I WILL TAKE CARE of your house...
MASSAGE THERAPIST, Graduate of State approved LA College...
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SEND TO: READER P.O. BOX 8003, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138

NOVEMBER 29 to DECEMBER 5 THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

FILMS

SUNSEED, film about meditation and yoga featuring Baba Ram Dass, Swami Mukundananda, Suli Samuel Lewis and others. Montezuma Hall, San Diego State, Thursday, November 29, 5:00 and 7:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50.

Special events

ANNUAL PHOTO FAIR AND FILM FESTIVAL, Plaza Hall, San Diego Community Concourse, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, November 30 to December 2, starts at 8:30 p.m. 298-8510.

ANNUAL SOUTHWESTERN ANTIQUE SHOW, Scottish Rite Memorial Building, Mission Valley, Friday and Saturday, November 30 and December 1, 1:00 to 10:00 p.m., Sunday, December 2, 1:00 to 8:00 p.m.

ANNUAL OCEANSIDE CHRISTMAS PARADE, Saturday, December 1, beginning at 10:00 a.m. Bands, floats, clowns, marching units, and the arrival of Santa Claus.

FLORAL ASSOCIATION CHRISTMAS SHOW, Majorca Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday, December 1, 1:00 to 8:00 p.m., Sunday, December 2, 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. 233-1950.

A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE, presented by the San Diego Civic Youth Ballet, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Saturday, December 1, 2:00 and 7:30 p.m., Sunday, December 2, 2:00 p.m.

CHRISTMAS IN FLOWERLAND, homemade tidbits, food, plants, and tour of gardens. Quail Botanical Gardens, Encinitas (Interstate 5 to Encinitas Blvd., inland to Quail Garden Dr.), Sunday, December 2, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

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

OILS by Kathleen McCord, graphics by Herbert Blanchet. San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, December 4 through January 8, 234-5946.

BRUCE McCracken, "Hunchback series" of paintings. Swinford Gallery, Fifth and Laurel Streets. Through December. 234-2887.

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

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

TWO ONE-MAN SHOWS — John Rogers, sculptor; Jean Swaggett, painter. Southwestern College Art Gallery, 900 Clay Lakes Road, Chula Vista. Monday — Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., Monday — Thursday, 6:00 to 9:00 p.m.

JUDITH SMITH WILSON, animal portrait artist. Humble Artist Gallery, 8363 Center Drive, La Mesa. Through November. Phone 460-4544.

GRACE LAY, mixed media; Heen Peter, mixed media. San Diego Art Institute Gallery, Through December 2. Phone 234-5946.

MARCIA HIGGINS, cloisonne. Jim Christensen, oil paintings. Triad Gallery, 3701 India Street, San Diego. November 13 through December 2.

DAN AND DONNA LEAVITT, Paintings and Stitches. First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street, San Diego. Through November 30.

TEXAS ARTIST Bob Wade, paintings. UCSD Art Gallery, Humanities Library, Revelle Campus, UCSD. Through December 9.

NEO-DECO ART on plexi glass, by Stan Newcomb, San Diego County Law Library, 1105 Front Street, San Diego. Through November. Phone 236-2231.

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

sports

BASKETBALL: UCSD freshmen vs. N.A.S. Miramar team. Miramar Gym, Friday, November 30, 7:00 p.m. Free.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Virginia Squires. Golden Hall, Community Concourse, Friday, November 30, 7:30 p.m.

BASKETBALL: USIU tournament. Occidental College, Cal Lutheran, USIU, and UCSD. UCSD Gym, Friday, November 30, 6:00 and 8:00 p.m. Saturday, December 1, 6:00 p.m. Free.

SINGING HILLS INLAND EMPIRE GROSS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS, Singing Hills Golf Course, 3007 Dehesas Road, El Cajon, all day, Saturday and Sunday, December 1 and 2.

FENCING: San Diego Invitational. Gym, Grossmont College, Sunday, December 2, all day, beginning at 11:00 a.m. Free and open to the public.

BASKETBALL: Conquistadors vs. Utah. Golden Hall, S.D. Community Concourse, Sunday, December 2, 7:30 p.m. 427-9100.

HOCKEY: Gulls vs. Denver, S.D. Sports Arena, Tuesday, December 4, 8:00 p.m. 224-4176.

lectures and talks

ETHICS AND GOVERNMENT, by San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto. Salomon Lecture Hall, DeSoto Hall, University of San Diego, Thursday, November 29, 12:00 noon. 291-6480, ext. 354.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION, lecture by Jack Forem, author of *Transcendental Meditation*, Third floor Lecture Room, San Diego Public Library, Thursday, November 29, 3:00 p.m.

THE JOSEPH MCCARTHY ERA, lecture by Cedric Belfrage, founder and editor of National Guardian, International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Thursday, November 29, 4:00 p.m.

"CAN A POOR PERSON GET A FAIR TRIAL IN SAN DIEGO?" Norbert Ehrenfreund, chief trial attorney for Defenders, Inc. of San Diego, speaker at ACLU Bill of Rights potluck dinner, International Center, UCSD, Saturday, December 1, 7:00 p.m. 223-3853.

music

COMPUTER GRAPHIC MUSIC, a lecture-demonstration by John Whitney of Caltech. Recital Hall, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Thursday, November 29, 12:00 noon. Free and open to the public. 453-2000, ext. 3026.

UCSD FACULTY CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT. Keith Humble, piano; Eugene Gratchov, violin; Kent Rose, viola; Peter Farrell, cello. Recital Hall, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Thursday, November 29, 8:15 p.m. 453-2000, ext. 3026.

WIND ENSEMBLE CONCERT: *Tocata by Maves*, *Expansions by Smith*, *Solitary Dancer* by Benson, and the *Minnesota March* by Sousa. Featured work will be Schoenberg's "Theme and Variations." Recital Hall, San Diego State, Friday, November 30, 8:00 p.m. 286-6947.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, the San Diego Opera. San Diego Civic Theatre, Friday, November 30, 8:00 p.m.; Sunday, December 2, 2:30 p.m. 236-6510.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC, including representative pieces from Paris, Prague, and Cologne, and works composed in Southwestern College studios, with Pinyu VCS Synthesizer. Mayer Hall, Southwestern College, Friday and Saturday, November 30 and December 1, 8:00 p.m.

SANTA BARBARA FINE ARTS TRIO: "Trio in E Minor, Op. 67" by Shostakovich, Piano Trio "Reflections" by Edward Applebaum, and "Trio in B Major, Op. 8" by Johannes Brahms. Recital Hall, Matthews Campus, UCSD, Saturday, December 1, 8:15 p.m. Free and open to the public.

LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY CHORUS: *The Magnificat* by Giovanni Battista Sammartini, *Symphony No. 1* by Beethoven, plus arias by Purcell and Mozart sung by Mezzo-soprano Dana Davidson. Guest conductor is Keith Humble. Sherwood Hall (La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Arts), Sunday, December 2, 3:00 and 8:00 p.m. 459-5878 or 459-4471.

THE MESSIAH, presented by soloists, chorus, and orchestra of Point Loma College. Gymnasium, Point Loma College, Sunday, December 2, 3:00 p.m.

THE GRAYSON EXPRESS, bluegrass, classical guitar, old-time fiddle. Fine Arts Recital Hall, Grossmont College, 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m., Wednesday, December 5, 465-1700, ext. 321.

theatre

MY THREE ANGELS, a Christmas show. Lamplighter Theatre, 8050 University Avenue, La Mesa. Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. Through December 8, 466-6143 or 465-1146.

HAY FEVER, the Noel Coward comedy, presented by the South Bay Players. Kimball Hall, National City, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Through December 1.

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS, Mission Playhouse, Fridays and Saturdays through December 5.

SUSAN SLEPT HERE, comedy play. Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays through December 15, 8:30 p.m. Phone 234-9325.

STATUS QUO VADIS, Starring Ray Walston. Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m., Sundays, 7:30 p.m., Through December 9.

THE MAGIC TOYSHOP, a special Christmas story play. Actor's Quarter Children's Theatre, Sundays, 2:00 p.m., Through December 16. Phone 234-9325.

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



THE LION IN WINTER, by James Goldman. San Diego State Theatre, Main Stage, Friday, Saturday, and Wednesday, November 30, December 1 and 5, 8:00 p.m. 286-6033.

UBU COBU, play by Alfred Jarry. Aztec Center Backdoor, San Diego State, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 29 and 30, December 1 and 2, 8:30 p.m. 286-6947.

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN, by Lonnie Elder III. Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Tuesdays through Sundays, 8:00 p.m., Sunday, December 2, 2:00 p.m. matinee. Special performance to benefit St. Jude Cell Anemia Foundation and United Negro College Fund, Center Stage, Saturday, December 2, 2:00 p.m. 239-2255.

TIME OF THE COMET, a new play by Rosie Driffield. A biography of American novelist Lucian Stewart Kent. Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at —3:00 p.m. Through January 20, 498-8001.

OUR TOWN, by Thornton Wilder, presented by USIU School of Performing Arts. San Diego City College Theatre, 1200 C Street, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, November 29, 30, December 1 and 2, 8:00 p.m. 238-1854.

DARK OF THE MOON, classic American Folk drama, presented by Grossmont College's Arts/Drama Department. Stagehouse Theatre, Grossmont College, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays through December 7, 8:00 p.m. 465-1700, ext. 327.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, presented by the Alcaita Park Players. Cammo Theatre, University of San Diego, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 29, 30 and December 1, 8:00 p.m. 291-6480, ext. 354.

ROCK AND SOUL, a revue, presented by the Southeast Community Theatre and South San Diego WCA. Lincoln High School Auditorium, 150 South 49th, Friday and Saturday, November 30 and December 1, 8:00 p.m.

THIS EVENTS CALENDAR IS COMPILED EACH WEEK BY THE READER AND IS A SERVICE SPONSORED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. ALL INQUIRIES REGARDING THE EVENTS LISTED HERE SHOULD BE MADE TO THE READER —

454-1052 — OR TO THE EVENT SPONSOR. PLEASE SEND ITEMS TO BE LISTED TO: READER, P.O. BOX 80603, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138 OR CALL: 454-1052.

We'll wait on you

until 7:30.

Drive through

Mondays and Fridays

At 27 key locations