

MATTHEW ALICE TAKES ON MILDEW  
JEFF BECK VS. JOHN McLAUGHLIN

# SEADER

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SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

June 5 - June 11, 1976

## THEY DO EVERYTHING BUT SELL COPPERTONE

It may sound funny, but this work is conducive to mental tranquility.



photo by John Maher

— Mark Woelber —

In the Spring of 1973, Paul J. decided to become a San Diego City Lifeguard.

He went to the City Administration Building at 202 "C" Street and filled out an application for Lifeguard I, summer work. While there, he learned that job requirements included a 500-meter rough-water swim in ten minutes or less.

Paul didn't sweat the test. He grew up in El Centro, where swimming was big. He began hanging around the local pool at age five; the lifeguards called him Skitter, after the skinny water spiders on farm ponds. Paul later became a top natatorium competitor and winner of several state prizes. He guarded at the local pool.

His competing years were well behind him, however, and he hadn't done that much ocean swimming. So, to check his condition and get used to the water, Paul took his girlfriend and a stopwatch to Bonita Cove on Mission Bay for a test run.

Below an overcast sky, Paul waded into bay water. His coldness startled him. He paddled around for a few minutes, huffing and blowing to get used to it. When his girlfriend said "Go," he still had dry hair, but he burned his face in the water and began to up in the length of the cove.

Fifty, sixty stroke in, he still wasn't used to the water. His eyebrows felt numb, and his neck ached. The dark bay water bothered him — he felt as though he were swimming into a hole. Without the familiar pool-bottom guidelines he became disoriented, and when he checked his bearing, he discovered he'd made a full right-angle turn. He paddled back onto shore, and plopped into his freestyle.

The cold water shocked him fresh. He gasped underwater. The wind blew over his breathing shoulder and small, cold waves smacked him in the face on each breath. His eyes began to sting from salt.

When he checked again, his course felt good, but the marker buoy at the far end of the cove

seemed no closer. He swam and checked again. Swam. Checked again. No closer.

Two minutes after starting down the course, Paul turned and paddled to shore. He shivered in the breeze despite his beach towel. He hadn't figured on this. It didn't look that bad, only 500 meters. But down in the water, it seemed so damn far. He wondered if it was this bad for everybody.

Carol Tyler, student teacher physical education at La Jolla High School in addition to lifeguarding part time in San Diego's "North Area," La Jolla Shores and the Cove. She tried out for the San Diego Lifeguard Service in 1972, after she took her new B.A. on vacation to Europe. By the time she got back, she "really needed the job."

"I'd heard they were opening up to women," she says. "The swimming test wasn't hard — I started competing when I was nine." She also had experience as a pool guard.

But stories about Lifeguard School sounded pretty scary. She heard they made guard candidates jump off the viam, twenty-five feet into a shallow surge — if you timed it right. Thirty-five feet onto rock if not. Still, says Carol, "I'd have done anything they told me to do. I wanted that job so bad."

Lifeguard School turned out to be "very informative." Hard? "Yeah" — she pauses — "but actually not that bad." Carol has been guarding scuba divers, a whole new category of rescues for San Diego Lifeguards. She points across the cove to a rock outcrop. "A few days ago, I had a scummer, right over there. A diver — came up on the rocks and just freaked out."

Carol is the only guard stationed at the Cove, but she doesn't mind. You kidding. I found my home."

Her Lifeguard School classmates voted Carol Tyler "Home Guard" on 12/12.

Paul realized he would have to adjust his concepts about water work. Competition taught measurable speed under finite, clinical conditions. But competition taught nothing of waves or open bodies of deep, dark, boogie water. Twenty-five meters in the pool meant a wait to push off, one hundred meters meant a race and a cheering crowd. Twenty-five meters in the ocean might really be twenty-four or twenty-six, with half a dozen sideways, and meant nothing: one hundred meters might not even get you outside the surf line, no matter how fast you could swim it. The important thing was to function — period.

He began to develop a new relationship with water, big water, not the chlorinated stuff.

Mike O'Hare grew up in La Jolla, a typical beach rat. He worked as a California State Lifeguard for three summers before joining the San Diego service. Now a Lifeguard sergeant, O'Hare, compact and nervy, was San Diego's 1973 Lifeguard of the Year.

He describes himself as "not fast, but strong." When he tried out for State guards, he competed with 100 others. "The test," says O'Hare, "was 'much harder' than San Diego's, included 1,000 meters rough water in twenty minutes or less. I swam immediately by a 1,000-meter run swimmer, followed by another 300-meter surf swim. By the end, 'nd but about 18 guys had dropped out.' Those guys got the jobs, without any special schooling. 'They just send you out, ready to go.' Training took place on the beach, under an experienced guard."

O'Hare creates his waves skill and survives 30 years in his profession. He is known as a "super" body surfer. The San Diego Lifeguard Service has a film of Mike O'Hare and another lifeguard, Tim, doing some of the best of a fast-breaking overhead wave, inches apart, and suddenly O'Hare stands up on the other guy's back.

Paul went to Bonita Cove next day and swam the course, not for time but just to do it. He went back twice a day until he felt comfortable, then strong. He learned to cheat his course without slowing down. He got used to the salt, and the dark, and swimming with a mouthful of wave water. He judged his motion against the parallel shore, where it was obvious, instead of against the far buoy, where it wasn't. He thought about his shape in the water, the flow of water around his shoulders, the suction under his belly, the lift of his elbows.

He worked out in the ocean, until the bay swim became pool simple. He swam from Bird Rock to Crystal Pier, and surprised himself by not thinking about the distance.

A few weeks after he began his workouts, Paul passed the Lifeguard swimming test. The supervisor checked Paul's name, but recorded no time. Swimming speed alone wouldn't make him a guard.

"The kind of person we're looking for," says Lifeguard Lieutenant Frank Day, "is a good quality, conscientious person with as many water skills as possible." The Service does not court professionally, nor beach-boy types. "We're interested in someone who's pursuing a degree, and only later, with a little experience, might want a lifeguard career."

Day, who doubles as a black belt karate instructor, is sleek as a silver bullet. He radiates the confidence and good cheer conferred by seventeen years experience handling emergencies from the appalling to the picaresque.

He began as a part-time guard during his student days. While working on a teaching credential, he got his promotion to Lieutenant. Then came the "instrumental" notion of the teacher as an "instrument" of learning, was yielding to the teacher as a "tool of the student's mind." The Lifeguard Service had only begun to flourish, and welcomed contributions.

(continued on page 9)

# EVENTS

JUNE 5—JUNE 11, 1975

## SPORTS

**OLYMPIC REGATTA:** National sailing competition for sailboats under 24 feet. San Diego Bay, Saturday and Sunday, June 7 and 8, 222-7237.

**28th ANNUAL CAMP PENDLETON RODEO,** with armed forces personnel performing all events. Camp Pendleton, Base Home Grounds, Saturday and Sunday, June 7 and 8, 2 p.m. 725-6268.

**BASEBALL:** San Diego Padres vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Monday and Tuesday, June 9 and 10, 7 p.m. vs. Montreal Expos, Wednesday, June 11, 7 p.m. and Thursday, June 12, 1 p.m. San Diego Stadium 283-4494.

**43rd ANNUAL SAN DIEGO MEN'S AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS,** Balboa Park and Torrey Pines North and South Municipal Golf Courses, Saturdays and Sundays, May 31—June 1 and June 7-8, 232-2470.

## GALLERIES

**HANS HOFFMANN:** 52 works on paper. Fine Arts Gallery, June 7 through August 10, 232-7531.

**OROGUENY:** an exhibit by Nancy Rapp. UCSD, Humanities Library Gallery, through June 7, 452-2860.

**MUSEUM ART CLASSES:** Exhibition of work by students enrolled in art classes at the La Jolla Museum, with special emphasis on the work of pre-school students. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, June 5 through 22, 454-0163.

**TWO-PERSON SHOW:** featuring Kathryn Erickson, intaglio prints, oil paintings, and overprint drawings, and Bob Dice, wood sculpture, furniture designs, and children's toys. Artists Co-Operative Gallery, June 10 to 28, 296-0200.

**JURIED MEMBERSHIP SHOW 1975:** a watercolor exhibit by Lawrence Brullo. San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park, June 3 through 29, 234-5946.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS:** by Southern California photographers at the My Eye Gallery, 6866 La Jolla Blvd. Suite G, La Jolla, California, 454-7223.

**CONTEMPORARY GRAPHICS:** Selections from the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, including works by Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, Robert Rauschenberg, Ed Moses, Ed Paschka. UCSD Mandeville Art Gallery, through June 6, 452-2864.

**28th ANNUAL SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL:** The Tempest, June 5, 7, and 10 at 8:30 p.m., and June 8 at 2 p.m. Much Ado About Nothing, June 5, 8, and 11, at 8:30 p.m., and June 7 at 2 p.m. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, June 239-2255.

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE,** produced by the San Diego Junior Theatre. Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park, Thursday and Friday, June 6 and 7, 7:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, June 7 and 8, 2 p.m. 239-8355.

**PARDON ME, IS THIS PLANET TAKEN?** Musical comedy based on the Star Trek TV series. Miramar Naval Air Station, Theatre, Thursday, June 6, and Saturdays, June 7 and 8, 8 p.m. 271-3526.

**PLAY STRINDBERG:** Friedrich Durrenmat's adaptation of Strindberg's *Dance of Death*. UCSD Studio Theatre, 409 Matthews Campus, Friday and Saturday, June 6 and 7, 8 p.m., and Sunday, June 8, 7:30 p.m.

**BEFORE THE BAR,** by community playwright Jean-Marie Carrol. Crystal Palace Theatre, Friday through Sunday, June 6-8 and 13-15, 8:30 p.m. 488-8001.

**GODSPELL,** musical by John-Michael Tebelak and Stephen Schwartz based on parables of St. Matthew, Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park, Tuesdays through Fridays, 8:30 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays, 2 and 8:30 p.m. 239-2255.

**THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF,** by Moliere. USIU, Zable Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, June 3, 4, 6, and 7, at 8 p.m. and Thursday, June 5, at 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. 271-3300 ext. 209.

**THE HOT L BATHING,** by Lanford Wilson. Mission Playhouse, Old Town, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 8:30 p.m. 395-4453.

**TWIGS,** a comedy by George Furr. Coronado Playhouse, Fridays through Sundays, May 9 through June 21, 8:30 p.m. 435-4856.

**ALL MEMBER EXHIBIT,** featuring Shirley Kalish, serigraphs, Norma McGee, paintings and drawings; Jeanne Ois, ceramics; Catherine Ruane, intaglio; Ruth Glick, paintings. Trind Gallery, May 20 through June 7, 295-8543.

**DRAWING AND PAINTINGS** by John Roach. Artists Co-operative Gallery, May 20 through June 8, 296-0200.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**EXPO 75 "Fun Family-Fun"** with displays of campers, mobile homes, boats, hang-gliders, carnival rides, a Photomata section, a "Little Mexico" exhibit, and guests Robert Goulet, Carol Lawrence, and the San Diego Mariners. Sports Arena, Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Sunday, June 8, noon to 10 a.m. 324-4176.

**FINE ARTS FESTIVAL:** Exhibits and performances arranged around a Renaissance theme. Point Loma College, Thursday through Saturday, June 5 through 7, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. 222-8474.

**FLAG DAY PARADE,** with high school and military bands, floats, drill teams, antique cars, etc. Seving Valley, Casa de Oro area, Saturday, June 7, 3 p.m. 456-3736.

**3rd ANNUAL SAN DIEGO ASSOCIATION FOR THE RETARDED FIESTA,** a benefit carnival with continuous entertainment, 3035 G Street, Friday, June 6, 12 noon to 9 p.m. 234-6711.

**"SMALL, SMALL WORLD"** PUPPET SHOW, performed by the San Diego Guild of Puppetry, The Mercado at Rancho Bernardo, Friday through Sunday, June 6 through 8, 12:30, 2:30 and 3:30 p.m. 277-2132.

**48th ANNUAL MODEL YACHT REGATTA:** Junior high school students compete in honors with model yachts made in metal and wood shops. Model Yacht Basin, W. Vacation Isle, Mission Bay Park, Saturday, June 7, 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. 238-2140.

**LAKE POWAY COUNTRY FAIR:** Lake Poway, Saturday, June 7, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 748-0018.

**ROCK DIG:** field trip led by Josephine Scripps of the Natural History Museum, Sunday, June 8, 232-3821.

## THEATRE

**31st ANNUAL SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL:** The Tempest, June 5, 7, and 10 at 8:30 p.m., and June 8 at 2 p.m. Much Ado About Nothing, June 5, 8, and 11, at 8:30 p.m., and June 7 at 2 p.m. Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, June 239-2255.

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**FREE THEATER IN THE SUN:** Comedy, Western melodrama, Shakespeare, and circus acts presented by Indian Magique Theatre. Zorro Gardens Amphitheatre, Balboa Park, Saturdays and Sundays, May 31, June 1, 7, and 8, from 12 noon to dusk. 235-0517.

## FILMS

**FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES,** a documentary on the Teamster-Union Farm Worker struggle of 1973. Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD, Sunday, June 8, 7 p.m. 233-5648.

## MUSIC

**STUDENT CONCERT:** Works by Percy Grainger, Colin McPhee, Edgar Varese, Anton Webern, and Cornelius Cardew, performed by members of the UCSD Music Department. UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, Thursday, June 5, 8:30 p.m. 452-3229.

**NEW DAY SINGERS:** Cedar Community Center, Thursday, June 5, 1:30 p.m. 235-6538.

**JOHN BROWNING:** pianist, plays works by Mozart, Chopin, Debussy, and Barber. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, Sherwood Hall, Friday and Saturday, June 6 and 7, 8 p.m. 454-0267.

**CELO RECITAL:** Martin Owen, cello, Jerri Lee Owen, piano, and Karen Reynolds, flute, perform: Grumb's Voice of the Whale and chamber works by Mendelssohn, Franck, and Davidovsky. UCSD, Mandeville Recital Hall, Friday, June 6, 8:30 p.m. 452-3229.

**CHORAL CONCERT:** St. Paul's Parish Choir sings pieces by Benjamin Britten, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Johannes Brahms. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Friday, June 6, 7:30 p.m. 298-7261.

**SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL:** choral music, Point Loma College, Golden Gymnasium, Friday, June 6, 8 p.m. 222-6474.

**GOSPEL AND INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC,** performed by The Light of Love, Grossmont College Student Center, Saturday, June 7, 7:30 p.m. 455-1700, ext. 321.

**BAROQUE MUSIC CONCERT:** The La Jolla Civic/University Symphony and Chorus perform Benjamin Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb*. First Presbyterian Church, Sunday, June 8, 7:30 p.m. 452-3229.

**SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY:** Works by Strauss, Sibelius, and Wieniawski. Civic Eros, conductor: Eugene Fodor, guest soloist. Civic Theatre, Wednesday, June 11, 8 p.m. 235-8510.

**PERSPECTIVES WITH/IN CME,** a multi-dimensional sound and space performance directed by video artist and filmmaker Ed Emshwiller, presented by the Center for Music Experiment, UCSD, 408 Matthews Campus, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 4-6, 8 p.m. 452-4333.

**LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY CHORUS CONCERT:** First Presbyterian Church, Hillcrest, Sunday, June 1, 4 a.m. and First Presbyterian Church of San Diego, Sunday, June 8, 7:30 p.m. 452-3229.

## DANCE

**MODERN DANCE CONCERT,** by the Celebration Dance Company, UCSD, Mandeville Auditorium, Saturday, June 7, 8 p.m. 452-4559.

The Events Page is compiled every week and is sponsored alternately by Southern California First National Bank and Bare Woods Furniture. Listings as well as drawings, photos, etc. should be sent to READER EVENTS, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92138 and should be received by the Saturday before the Thursday of publication.

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At first sight in his latest movie, *The Eiger Sanction*, he is in conservative, metal-framed spectacles, petting the area between lockers and blackboard — "Dr. Jonathan Hemlock." At first sight in his last movie, *Thunderbolt and Lightning*, he was in clerical collar, presiding from a pulpit on Sunday morning. Both of these sights touch off big laughs, instantaneously. That Clint Eastwood can expect a laugh for simply putting on a pair of eyeglasses — or, at another point, for putting on a messenger-boy's cap, sunglasses, a lip and a tsk-tsk — indicates he has made a delicate choice. For him, the actor prevails over the character. The man of "real life," the man on the cover of last week's *People* magazine, holds his ground and absorbs the character outlined in the script, rather than moving to adapt himself to the suggested contours, bending to enter the imaginary being and to animate him from within.

With this choice the acting population splits between two river-gate routes. Even an actor like Robert Mitchum, an inveterate bad-mouther of his profession and often a signally lazy performer, reveals himself to be a partisan of the other route, willing to mold his awesome mass according to the requirements of a dull, smalltown schoolteacher, with Irish spurs, or a petty, dim-witted hoodlum, with Boston accent. Further along that same path wait George Scott and Dustin Hoffman, preparing for each performance a new disguise — shaved head, dentures, dialect, eyeglasses. But the star of *The Eiger Sanction* only can earn a laugh with eyeglasses, and then, soon, he must resume his elected vocation. So, he will muscle his way up impossible cliffs in Monument Valley and dangle in mid-air from a ledge in the Alps, and he will be careful to show that it is in fact he, not a stuntman, who is risking his neck. At such moments the c.r. posteroid, comic-book ad-entire sale turns into an irretrievable documentary of the star's odd, unmovable image, his athleticism, his grit, his gall.

His physical features, like those

of a superhero in Action Comics, resist molding, altering: the leathery skin marked with lines that seem to prefer to see emotions and insights wash across faces —

Brando's, O'Toole's, Scott's — like shower spray he will be underestimated, unavoidably, because of his wary economy. More than economy, it is perhaps parsimony, stingsiness, and it is enlisted in the drool, deadpan expression of staunch egotism.

He carries throughout his roles an attitude that all the problems in the movie, all the problems in the world, are with somebody else, everybody else. Everybody else is better, bolder, more, or asking for it. At the beginning of *Dirty Harry*, when his stopover at a gas station is interrupted by a burglar armed with a knife, he seems to be

But it is a or mess mistake, and a contagious mistake, to effie on him the babe of the Mt. Rushmore school — acting, so-called. This mistake he gently declines to discourage, however two years ago, when Heston was cursed with a flat tire on the route to the Oscar ceremony, and Eastwood was, stranded on stage, killing time, he improvised, "this is a great spot for someone

who hasn't spoken but twelve words in his last seven pictures." Under the prevailing value system which prefers to see emotions and insights wash across faces —

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# Can't a Man Have a Hot Dog in Peace?!

Eastwood's movies are almost always on hand — there are nine of them in town currently.



of a superhero in Action Comics, resist molding, altering: the leathery skin marked with lines that seem to prefer to see emotions and insights wash across faces — Brando's, O'Toole's, Scott's — like shower spray he will be underestimated, unavoidably, because of his wary economy. More than economy, it is perhaps parsimony, stingsiness, and it is enlisted in the drool, deadpan expression of staunch egotism.

He carries throughout his roles an attitude that all the problems in the movie, all the problems in the world, are with somebody else, everybody else. Everybody else is better, bolder, more, or asking for it. At the beginning of *Dirty Harry*, when his stopover at a gas station is interrupted by a burglar armed with a knife, he seems to be

But it is a or mess mistake, and a contagious mistake, to effie on him the babe of the Mt. Rushmore school — acting, so-called. This mistake he gently declines to discourage, however two years ago, when Heston was cursed with a flat tire on the route to the Oscar ceremony, and Eastwood was, stranded on stage, killing time, he improvised, "this is a great spot for someone

who hasn't spoken but twelve words in his last seven pictures." Under the prevailing value system which prefers to see emotions and insights wash across faces —

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## The Perils of a Mixed Crowd

It was primarily a Jeff Beck audience that might have felt more at home in the Sports Arena.

— Steve Esmedina —

As Mahavishnu John McLaughlin's music grew louder and more menacing, descending into a flurry of e-cheerful mania, doves of people filed out of Golden Hall. While the lemmings left en masse, a greasy flannel shirt guy stood on his chair, yanking the sides of his long blond hair, and belting with true alcoholic disgust.

BRING BACK BECK!! TURN IT DOWN!! BRING BACK BECK!!

When Beck failed to reappear upon command, mister flannel shirt grabbed his female companion, stumbled down the platform stairs and stormed out of the hall. Through half-drawn eyes his last spoke up.

"So what we do now?" "I knew we should have come earlier. I thought Beck was gonna headline. Who the hell decide to put that Mahavishnu guy out-bill?"

"I repeat... what do we do now?" The young man shook his head, befuddled. He groped in his shirt pocket, pulled out a many-Marlboro and plopped it into his mouth. He patted his pants in search of a match and came up with none. He threw his cigarette down.

"Let's just go to Ledbetter's. Mahavishnu... I wonder who the hell..."

Who, indeed was the wrong-headed entrepreneur who decided that Mahavishnu Orchestra "nd Jeff Beck would make a compatible ensemble? The coup certainly seemed tantalizing in the ad — two of the world's most celebrated guitar "legends" in "one concert this year not to be missed."

medium rare variations — nice and soothing but curiously lacking in imagination.

Not so with McLaughlin. Despite the rude reaction he had to endure from those that had come to be lulled by Beck, McLaughlin again laid his brilliance on the line. As a guitarist, the most consistent criticism leveled against him is that he "smells too fast." Since the proper speed level for guitarists has never been officially established, this has always struck me as arbitrary, especially for McLaughlin. The density and complexity of his playing is unparalleled among rock-oriented guitarists. His playing is always acute, never tentative. He hits every note that he goes for. Thursday night, the awesome facility of his technique was matched by the adventurous breadth of his arrangements.

The sound of Mahavishnu Orchestra was definitely harsh and upsetting. But just as often it was lyrical and sinuous. It is dynamic in the purest sense. McLaughlin mixed directions from various parts of his career — the heavy metal density of Tony Williams Lifetime, the pinched harmonic fragments of Billie Jean King, the round-the-clock improvisation of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra, with the all-encompassing construction of an electric symphony.

Although none of the soloists (rhythm section, string section, two saxophones) were as distinctive as their leader, there was precision and fire in their ensemble attack. Even the singing, a potential weak point of the band came across, bizarrely enough, as soul mates.

However one reacts to McLaughlin's music, it is obvious that he is achieving what very few contemporary musicians are: rejuvenation instead of repetition. If he is beginning to wane in popularity lately, it might be because he has achieved the alky vivacity of Chick Corea, or the goonish nonsense of Herbie Hancock. If McLaughlin to be compared with any modern musicians it is artists such as Archie Shepp, Robert Fripp, McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett. Like those men, McLaughlin realizes that music without any passion or danger is not art at all.

After his initial band with Rod Stewart, Beck has consistently chosen to work with musicians who would offer him no competition under the spotlight. Now it is obvious that his greatest talent has always been his ability to make a variety of music. Within the confines of a simple hard rock song, his special stylistic tricks — clear tonalities, harmonic, long sustained notes — are most effective because they are put forth in small doses. In this exclusively instrumental operation everything Beck had to offer could be gauged by his third song. After that it was a matter of

## Reader's

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READER MUSIC  
Box 80803  
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**Albatross:** Now, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday, 1200 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-5325.

**Ancient Mariner:** Sweet Fire (Rich Bowen and Rosie Pined), soft rock, Wednesday through Saturday, Guy and Nancy, Sunday and Monday, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar. 755-6744.

**Atlanta Restaurant:** R. B. People Movers, Tuesday through Saturday, Love and Laughter, Sunday and Monday, 2849 Ingraham, Pacific Beach. 224-2434.

**Bathhouse:** Larry Page, folk and soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Dean Schulerberg, Sunday, 6040 Harbor Island Drive. 291-8011.

**Boom Trenchard's:** Emerald City, jazz rock, Wednesday through Sunday, Sweetfire, Monday and Tuesday, 2888 Pacific Highway. 291-6555.

**Botaford Old Place:** Michael and Cat, folk rock, Tuesday through Sunday, Per country folk, Monday, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla. 499-8282.

**Bump City:** Oryx, Latin and rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday, 8th and National, National City. 477-1011.

**Catamen:** Chico Hamilton Quintet, through Sunday, June 5, 3999 Mission Blvd. 495-6970.

**Chuck's Steak House:** Wichita (Dusty Gist, John Bach, and Lee Barnes) Wednesday through Saturday, 1200 Prospect, La Jolla. 454-5325.

**Civic Theatre:** Richard Pryor, Thursday, June 5, Kiki Kristofferson and Pita Coolidge, Friday, June 6, 8 p.m.; Kiki, Sunday, June 7, 7:30 p.m., 202 C Street. 236-6510.

**Climax:** Freedom Express, soul, Tuesday through Sunday, Ar. J. Robbins and the Birds, Tuesday, 202 Main St. 221-9325.

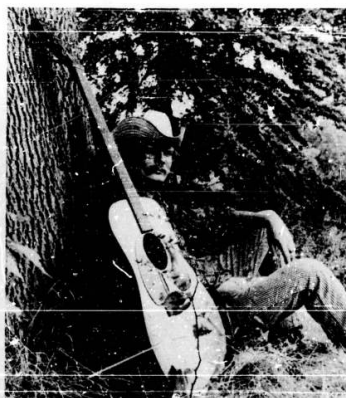
**Conception Bay Fish Co.:** Clarence Bell with Total Spectrum, jazz, Thursday through Sunday, Swift Kick, soft rock, Tuesday through Saturday, 2805 Shelter Island Dr. 224-3011.

**Crossroads:** Teddy Pizio and band, Friday, June 6, Bullhorn, Saturday, May 31, Rhythm Express, Sunday, 1051 University Ave., Hillcrest. 295-2195.

**The Den:** Waterman Canyon, rock, Thursday through Saturday, Blue West, Sunday, Montezuma's Revenge, bluesgrass, Monday through Wednesday, 583 N. 2nd, El Cajon. 440-0519.

**The Executive:** Eclipse, jazz, rock, Sunday and Monday, 8:30 p.m., 3146 University Ave., North Park. 260-1030.

## Guide to the Music Scene



**Jamaica Joe's:** Paradise and Lunch, folk rock, Tuesday through Sunday, O.D. Corral, Monday, 3695 Sports Arena Blvd. 225-1251.

**La Chet:** Joel Sonnenheim, Thursdays through Saturdays, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach. 222-9300.

**Ledbetter's:** Mammoth, rock, Monday through Saturday, 5524 El Cajon Blvd. 583-4524.

**Mama's Mink:** Moonshines, country western, Monday through Saturday nights, 533 E. Main St., El Cajon. 442-5573.

**Mandolin Wind:** Darrell Ray, folk rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 208 University Avenue, Hillcrest. 297-3017.

**Mom's Saloon:** Bad Guy, rock, Tuesday through Sunday, 843 Garnet, Pacific Beach. 488-3366.

**Nite Owl East:** Bach a la rock, 667 N. Millison, El Cajon. 447-3854.

**Park Place Lounge:** Steamboat Willie, top 40 music, Wednesday through Sunday, Fox, rock, Monday and Tuesday, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. 448-4111.

**The People:** Claire Miller, Monday through Wednesday, Dave Garcia and Friends, folk and country, Thursday through Saturday, Tombs, blues, Sunday, 4070 Voltaire, Ocean Beach. 223-9773.

**Iron Horse:** Search (formerly Crossbow), bump music, Wednesday through Sunday, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa. 466-7663.

**Prairie Cattle Co.:** Mark Baker, folk rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 12377 Romeros Road, Poway. 566-2050.

**Pub 'n' Grub:** Larry Reader, Tuesday through Saturday, 5505 Jackson Drive, La Mesa. 466-8080.

**Royal Palm:** Jazz Weather, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Crossover Program, Thursday through Sunday, 2149 Pacific Blvd. and Elm, Carlsbad. 729-2339.

**Sandog Lounge:** Monday through Saturday, Holiday Inn, Hotel Circle. 291-6720.

**Shelter Island Inn:** Free Spirit, Tuesday through Saturday, 2081 Shelter Island Dr. 222-0561.

**Spanky's Saloon:** Gabriel, Tuesday through Sunday, Thunderbolt the Wendrobb, Monday, 2855 Midway. 223-3154.

**The Safety:** Together, soul, rock, 6322 Imperial Ave., Logan Heights. 263-4590.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** Steven Scott, folk, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday, 690 North 2nd, El Cajon. 440-6757.

**Springfield Wagon Works:** Lost Horizons, popular songs, Wednesday through Saturday, 5256 Kearny Villa Road, Claremont Mesa. 565-2272.

**Yacht Club:** Lickity Split, rock, Thursday through Saturday, Red Rebel, Sunday and Monday, 4268 West Pointe Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

**Stone Steps Tavern:** Monk and Friends, Thursday, Sam Channon and Bob Jeffries, blues, Friday, Squatters' Rites, Sunday, bluesgrass, Cache Valley Drifters, Thursday, Wednesday, 7580 N. Highway 101, Ludwidge. 753-9732.

**Swan Song:** David Cheney, Harmonica guitar, Thursday, Steve O'Connor and Butch Lacey, jazz, Friday and Saturday, 4281 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach. 272-7802.

**Tiki House:** Scott Phillips, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday, 1152 Garnet, Pacific Beach. 488-9301.

**Tom Ham's Lighthouse:** Spinning Wheel, Tuesday through Sunday, Swingshift, Monday, June 2, 2150 Harbor Island Road. 291-9110.

**Tricon Restaurant:** Joint Effort, soft rock, Tuesday through Sunday, College and El Cajon Blvd. 583-3240.

**Voyager:** Nooney Rickett, rock, Wednesday through Sunday, Junior Gantz and the Gang, Monday and Tuesday, 1901 Shelter Island Drive. 222-0421.

**Wallbanger's:** Nightwatch, rock, Tuesday through Sunday, 8 p.m.; Tony, Thursday, Friday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (starting May 28), 4 p.m. (happy hour), Midway and Rosecrans. 223-3138.

**Yacht Club:** Lickity Split, rock, Thursday through Saturday, Red Rebel, Sunday and Monday, 4268 West Pointe Loma Blvd. 225-9559.

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