

\$205. LARGE 1 BEDROOM, unfurnished, available ready to rent. Central air conditioning, heated pool, recreation room, sauna, no pets. El Cajon 579-2929 or 293-9911.

\$200-\$245. 1 & 2 BEDROOM apartments. Air conditioned, close to all. One mile from SDSU. No children, no pets. 205-5247 or 298-9911.

\$440 HOUSE. DUPLEX for rent. Near Balboa and Camarillo. 3 bedroom, 2 bath, dish washer, built-in 6000 MI. Aquatic. 565-4252.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bathroom, unfurnished condo. Includes all built-in, carpets and drapes. Parking, secured. Ft. Loma area. \$390. 222-2969.

HOUSE FOR RENT. Fully furnished. Mission Hills. \$500 per month. 3 bedroom, 2 bath. Fireplace. No personal children. September 1 for one year. Leasehold. 286-2700.

HILLCREST GARAGE, double car, alley access. \$40 per month. 3 month minimum. 275-4545 or 275-7138 evenings.

ONE BEDROOM apartment, furnished and utilities paid. \$195 per month. Lease required. North Park. 563-0065.

SAN CARLOS CONDO. 2 bedroom, 1 bath, refrigerator, carpet, pool, private patio. \$325. 583-8577.

BEAUTIFUL 3 bedroom, 2 bath home in University City. Vaulted ceilings, large yard, garden, fruit trees. Double oven, refrigerator, washer, dryer. Year lease. \$535 per month. 585-1895.

1 BEDROOM, FURNISHED. \$210. North Park. New. Kitchen, bathroom, living room, range. Nice and quiet. 3815 Wabash Avenue. Available immediately. 282-3312.

BEAUTIFUL, NEW 2 bedroom, 2 bath townhouse. Carports, dishwasher, stove, pool, garage. Kids and pet acceptable. Quiet, dead-end city area, near freeways. \$395. 727-0397, leave message.

SHARE RENT in 3 bedroom house in Fairmont Park. New neighborhood, private patio, own room. \$145 plus utilities. \$50 refundable deposit. 295-8039.

BEDROOM in 4 bedroom house in State College area. Non-smoking female. No pets. 426-5837 or 469-0098.

BEACH HOUSE, needs caretaker rest of summer. Must be qualified in gardening and light maintenance. Dave 292-8813 or 462-7020.

APARTMENT FOR RENT. 1 bedroom, 1 bath. San Diego. \$170. \$100 with lease. Mary 239-8188.

HOUSE FOR RENT. Hillcrest, 3 bedroom, 1 bath. Kiosk OK. \$375. \$175 deposit. 270-4546 or 275-7138 evenings.

\$265. 2 BEDROOM, unfurnished, near ocean. 487 Grand Avenue, Pacific Beach. Stove and refrigerator. Available August 15. Adults. 275-3222.

CONDO, FURNISHED. 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, air conditioned, dishwasher, pool. Spacious, quiet, adults no pets. Near 78th and El Cajon Boulevard. 583-6543 or 582-5083.

DOWNTOWN M-1 ZONE. 7300 square feet and can expand without moving. Has a store front plus second floor. Amazingly reasonable rent. \$95-985.

HILLCREST. Fourth and Robinson near all. Two bedrooms, one and a half bath, unfurnished, stove, refrigerator, no children, no pets. \$225 per month. \$100 deposit. 295-1432.

OCEAN BEACH. Nice one bedroom house with fenced back yard. Block from beach. Must enjoy gardening. Adults. \$245 plus \$100 deposit. August/September 1. 5075 Mar Avenue.

NEED A PLACE to live within a driving, sharing home, beginning September. Myself and four-year-old daughter. Ocean Beach area. Non-smoker. Call 223-1491.

2 BEDROOM LUXURY CONDO, townhouse, La Mesa. 3 miles to SDSU. \$475 per month. New. 234-9445.

APARTMENT NEEDED. Clean person with well-behaved cat needs place to live in place for reasonable rent in Normal Heights or North Park. L.E. 287-9419.

ROOM AND BATH GARAGE. Private bath and entrance, clean room. Walk to State, quiet area. No smoking. Available September 1. 582-8412.

SUBLET RENTAL. 1 furnished bedroom apartment, kitchen, dining area, living room, near 2 bus lines, normal preferred, clean, several months lease, beginning September. Utilities included. 540-3257.

SPACIOUS, furnished studio cottage in charming, secluded, residential area near State College. Private garage, no pets, quiet, rent affordable. Hurry. \$210. 444-2923.

\$375 PER MONTH. Adults, no pets, 2 bed room, 1 1/2 bath, 1000 square feet, dishwasher, garage, high ceiling, swimming pool, close to La Jolla. 584-3811, 92233 or 697-6390.

PACIFIC BEACH. Shave luxury, two bedroom, view, beach access, 3 blocks from beach. Available now. Proter mature, responsible, no children, no animals. 25-35, with references. \$250. 483-2117.

LOOK!

CHEMIN DE FER

NOW \$14.98

REG. \$32.00

ALL NEW BACK-TO-SCHOOL STYLES IN STRAIGHT LEG JEANS, FLARE JEANS AND COLORS IN VARIOUS STYLES.

SUCH AS:

- * BUTTERFLY
- * SAILOR
- * TUXEDO
- * LACE-UPS
- * PLUS MUCH MORE

WHAT OTHER DEPARTMENT STORE AND BOUTIQUE CARRY IN FAMOUS BRANDS OF JEANS, TERRY DRESSER, TOPS AND SHORTS. WE HAVE FOR

20% TO 70% LESS

CLOTHES SCENE FACTORY OUTLET

359 NORTH SECOND STREET EL CAJON (FROM THIRTY) 444-8036

6175 BALBOA AVENUE, CLAIREMONT (NEXT TO KOSBY SHOES) 565-9411

BOTH STORES OPEN EVERY DAY

ONE BEDROOM apartment in 2 year old building on quiet cul-de-sac. Near SDSU. Carports, drapes, all electric kitchen. \$205. 282-5550.

CLAREMONT 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath duplex, includes 1 car garage, fenced yard, patio, on campus. Dishwasher, drapes, carpeting. Available September 1. \$400. 270-2615.

CABIN FOR RENT. Saw up. \$85 month or period work, rent exchange. Room to garden. Vegetarians only. 758-8987.

NORTH PACIFIC Beach near La Jolla. 1 bedroom, spacious apartment duplex. One quiet adult, no pets. \$275. Lease, September 1. 855. 498-1392 evenings only.

LA JOLLA 2 bedroom, pool, jacuzzi, stone, references, dishwasher, garage, near UCSD, excellent condition. \$475. 452-0285.

BOATBUILDING space needed. Approximately 20'x30'. Will pay 1 month rent or will trade present accommodations on beach. Preferred Mission Bay area. 486-6024.

UNFURNISHED APARTMENT for rent \$275 per month. 2 bedroom, 2 bath, dishwasher, air conditioning. Near 54th Street & El Cajon Boulevard. Rent: 278-6287 or 270-1165.

WE ARE 2 women looking for a 2 bedroom house in the beach area. On pay up to \$280. Would like to move September 1. 272-1702 or 486-5647.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bath. Unfurnished, Cardiff, pool, jacuzzi, laundry, etc. Enclosed patio, locked garage, new carpet, near ocean. \$425. 299-2833.

CONDO FOR RENT Canyon Woods, Mission Hills-Hillcrest area. \$410. 2 bedroom, 2 bath, garage, refrigerator, stove, laundry, tennis courts, pool, jacuzzi, stone clubhouse. 456-5983.

\$450 IMMEDIATE occupancy 2 bedroom, 1 bath townhouse. Conditioned well. Dishwasher, pet, blinds, washer, dryer, electric eye garage. Tennis, pool, jacuzzi privileges. 463-3154.

2 BEDROOM apartment near Santa Rosa in Hillcrest. \$275 per month, no first and last, immediate occupancy, beautiful view. 743-6102.

REAL ESTATE partnership interests for sale. From \$1000. If you can't afford to buy by yourself, join us. 279-2222.

1 BEDROOM CONDO in Canyon Woods, all amenities plus extra advantages. Must see this ideal location. \$65,500. 291-7878 evenings.

2 BEDROOM starter home, for sale by owner. Remodeled kitchen and bath, newly painted inside and out. North Park area. Elizabeth 291-6336.

LOT IN CALIFORNIA CITY. 4000 cash. 277-1847.

NEW 1 bedroom in East San Diego for sale. Carports, drapes, dishwasher, air conditioning, laundry facilities, pet. Nice. \$43,900. 582-9128.

LARGE 2 bedroom, 2 bath condo for sale at Adobe Falls (near Waring Road and I-8). Built-in dishwasher, 22 porcelain cabinets, pool, jacuzzi, and more. \$64,900. 583-0814 or 582-6339.

PARAMOUNT MOBILE HOME. 20x36. 2 bedroom, 1 bath, large living area, furnished, all appliances, pool, 6000 sq. ft. lot, near clubhouse, shopping, beach, in Ocean County. \$24,950. owner. 722-9271 or 298-0098.

3 BEDROOM, 1 1/2 bath Payson & Chula Vista. Fireplace, pet, sunroom, all appliances, pool. \$65,500. 2328 North Drive. 426-1640 evenings.

SECLUDED, wooded 1/2 acre La Jolla, Pacific Beach area. \$188,000. Box 9028, San Diego, CA 92019.

BEAUTIFUL NEW west coast Florida home, 2 bedrooms, 1 bath, enclosed Florida room, central air, carpet, custom built 10x12 shed, swimming, 4 acres, \$35,000. 295-3430 after 5pm.

SECLUDED MT. HELIX 1700' look-top home on 1.68 lots 1.21 acres. Gated circular drive. Panoramic view. Rare plants. 40' pool. \$169,000. Trustee Owner 455-8559.

SALVAGE. Redwood beach cottage coming down January 1, 1990. Kinky pine paneling, antique windows, cedar shingles, copper. On Park. Save or recycle. 499-3073.

1971 12 BY 60' mobile home, 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath, porch, swimming, cooler, country park near Warner Springs. \$12,500. 741-5244 days. 748-3654 evenings.

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SELL OR TRADE 20 acres suitable for grapes 10 miles west of Barstow. 1 mile from school on road. \$795 per acre, owner will carry back area. 272-2263 evenings.

MISSION BEACH condominium for sale by owner. 1 bedroom, 1 bath. Ocean and bay view. Security building. Underground parking. 725 Redondo. \$77,500. 488-6232 evenings, weekends.

NORTH PARK condominium on cul-de-sac. 2 bedrooms, 1 bath, carport, trash compactor, washer, dryer, drapes, air conditioner, view. \$59,900. 231-5953 or 282-7145 evenings.

BY OWNER. 3 bedroom, 2 bath townhouse in growing residential area, private garden patio, drapes, upgrades, new tennis court. Good investment, will undersell developer. 479-6023.

AFFORDABLE HOUSING in San Diego still exists! This 4 bedroom, 2 bath home in an established neighborhood is yours to keep for only \$69,000. Owner, agent. Call now. 280-5353.

2 1/2 ACRES RANCHLAND. \$2000. Flat level, no ditches, no rocks, building right now. Nearby gas station, also general store. No realtors. 284-3912.

MIRA MESA near SDSU. Three acres on Three Seasons Road, south of Goldcoast. Most wanted lot bedroom townhouse model. Family room lot overlooks two-story living room. Kitchen with breakfast bar open to living room and covered patio. \$44,900. Bar. 225-0808 evenings. Key Realty 225-0454.

NEW TOWNHOUSES. \$54,900. 2 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath patio, large yards. Big shade trees on cul-de-sac, lot 6 minutes to downtown San Diego. 90% financing. 282-4778.

MOBILE HOME. 72 Sahara 1260 with 10x24 addition in nice Lakeland park. Pool, jacuzzi, recreation room, etc. Washer-dryer, air conditioner, carport, shed. 299-8291 or 444-5844.

ENERGETIC, responsible, responsible young couple willing to live in and refurbish old house of any size or style that shows promise. We appreciate the elegance and aesthetic value of old homes and we're perfectionists. John and Dory 488-4438.

TAHOE. Need partners for shared ownership of 1400 sq. ft. condo near Charming at Escondido Valley. Requires \$2000 down. Sold on first come basis. Agent 579-1741.

CONDOMINIUM BUYS. La Jolla. Beta two blocks to Torrey Pines Beach. \$98,500. The Beta, 2 bedrooms and den with wet-bar and fireplace. \$94,900. River Place in Point Loma, two blocks to waterfront. \$105,000. Key Realty 222-0464.

PT. LOMA. CONDOMINIUM. Tennis Club, Loma Shores, Park Point Loma. 2 & 3 bedroom units, priced \$75,500 to \$112,000. Seagull Realty 224-3131.

OZARK MOUNTAINS. store for sale. Recreation, gasoline, groceries on highway 18. 2 bedroom attached home on 1 acre. \$33,000. George or Neil 501-592-3332.

JOGGERS, HIKERS, FISHERMEN. Older 2 bedroom condo, large, jacuzzi, tennis courts. Washer, dryer, lookups. \$84,900. PHA. 456-2881.

HARD WORKING NURSE looking to assume low interest condominium from owner. Private washer-dryer, look-up and garage separate. 440-8320, keep trying.

CONDO. 1 bedroom, sharp, decorator, private patio, swimming pool, jacuzzi, tennis courts. Rancho Mission Vista. \$59,500. Michele 563-4989 or 563-5670.

FOR SALE. 50'x140' lot. 11 miles from SDSU with canyon view and secluded yard. 3 bedrooms, 2 bath. \$75,500. Broker. 455-2881.

FALLBROOK. 6 acres, avocado, near new custom 2150 ranch house. Owner branched 80 percent with large down. Owner 758-8892.

DEL MAR. New track condo. \$82,900. 2 bedroom, 2 bath, approximately 1300 square feet. Call for appropriate. 272-7228 agent. Loan assumable.

YOUNG COUPLE wants to buy a North County home includes with 4 bedrooms, down payment and seller financing. 279-1574.

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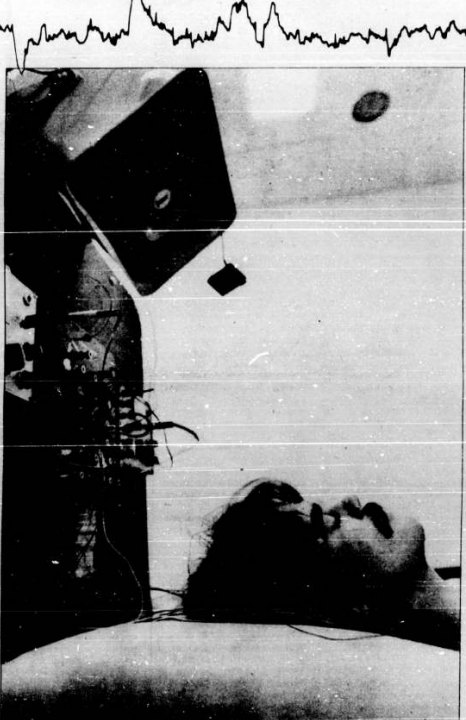
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SEADER

VOL. 8, NO. 33, AUGUST 23, 1979 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Perchance To Dream



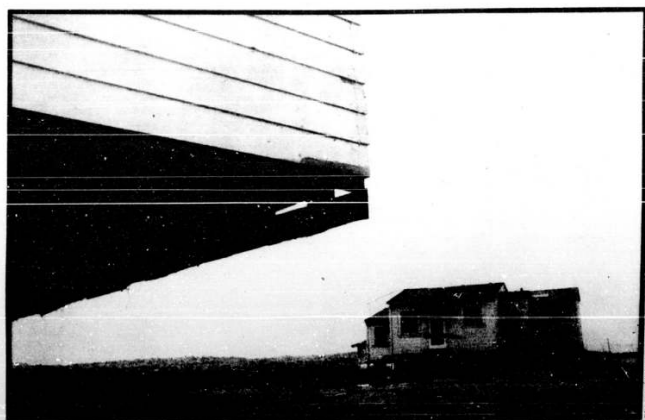
Photographs by Jim Coit

Wolfgang has taken a small white pill. In about an hour he'll begin to lose consciousness. Gradually, his brain waves will warp into a succession of strange patterns. As the hours pass, periodic paralysis will grip his muscles so completely that he won't be able to move. Vibrant hallucinations, some terrifying and some pleasant, will fill his altered consciousness, and his eyes will follow the vivid scenes as if he were watching a movie. The drug which he has taken is only a mild sleeping pill. Wolfgang is going to sleep, and here at the Navy's sleep laboratory in Balboa Hospital, we have come to observe his complex odyssey through the night.

I've come in order to learn more about sleep research. This San Diego facility (continued on page 9)

By Jeannette DeWyze

City Lights



Little House On The Dories

Customs officials say that about twenty houses a month are leaving San Diego and are resettling in Mexico. Like the illegal aliens who travel each day in the opposite direction, the uprooted residences wait at the border; they cluster near the customs inspection station for commercial vehicles (just off the freeway on the south side of Interstate 5), and like the Mexican immigrants they look poor and desperate. All have served long, useful lives only to barely escape annihilation, and Jose Luis Martinez says the immigration brings the dwellings rebuilt in newly productive uses. "They provide a solution right away for some people in Tijuana who can't afford to build houses," he says.

Martinez, a Mexican, is both a broker and mover of houses, one of several Tijuana businessmen who help transplant these relatively inexpensive shelters. Their business is a complex and fragmented one. Martinez says that labor laws make it difficult for the Mexican house movers to work on the American side of the border, so they usually subcontract the San Diego work to American house-moving firms like Lusby's of El Cajon, a twenty-year veteran of the business. Florence Lusby, secretary and treasurer of that company, explains that when San Diego house movers hear about likely candidates for a

move to Mexico, they tell brokers like Martinez. Lusby says American owners of the houses often want to get rid of them so that they can develop their property to higher densities, rather than raising the structures, they let local house movers have them for free. Another subcontractor usually removes the houses from their foundations and places them upon dollies, then her company usually moves the readied structures from their original sites to the border. There the Lusby workers park the mobile structures on a lot in back of the customs station for which the company pays seventy-five dollars — soon to be \$150 — a month in rent. A typical bill from Lusby's for the moving costs might run \$500 or \$600; plus, Mrs. Lusby says, the company also must charge the Mexicans for the numerous permit fees and for part of the lot rent. The house movers don't get paid until after the Mexicans have moved the building southward from the border. ("There is no written contract, but they are reliable people," declares the El Cajon woman, who has been seventy-five since the first fall.) The Mexican house movers usually fix up the dwellings as well as transport them to their new sites. A typical sale price might be \$3000 to \$3500. "We can finance it for them — over two to three years," adds Martinez.

Some of the structures in back of the customs station look like they'd be a good deal at that price, while others look like no amount of rehabilitation could salvage them. Last Friday nine different buildings stood together like a phantasmagoria of ever-changing cast of characters, including everything from a

three-bedroom bungalow to a tiny structure little bigger than a storage shed. One scarred yellow dwelling, stripped of all its windows and exterior trim, looked like an accident victim denuded of eyebrows and lashes. In contrast, a sturdy pink house, dented but undamaged, retained not only its glass fixtures but even its former street number, 3627. Arnida Cardenas, the customs broker who works out of a van at the commercial inspection station, says the Mexican house movers pick up their cargo (usually several houses at a time), one or two times a week. Cardenas checks to make sure that they've filled out the proper export forms, then the customs officers swing open the extra-wide gate. Cardenas says that over the years, only a few houses have had trouble squeaking through.

Other problems have plagued the international house traffic, however. A few years back the Mexican government severely restricted the importation (on the grounds that it takes business away from Mexican builders) but finally relented when confronted by arguments like those of Martinez. The broker points to the La Mesa section of Tijuana, where many of the used dwellings have been resettled, and he argues that the increased supply of housing has given the area an economic boost. The weather caused another hardship for the

American movers when storms washed out Dairy Mart Road in San Ysidro, down which the houses used to roll, and authorities replaced the thoroughfare with a culvert. Now house moving companies like Lusby's have to bring their cargo down the middle of San Ysidro Boulevard, a narrow passage whose inhabitants don't welcome the interruption. The movers can't use the freeways to haul their houses, and must obtain permits from every jurisdiction they pass through, a requirement which can mean up to a half dozen permit applications.

While the Mexican-bound houses have long been a steady source of business (Martinez remembers the days when horses pulled the structures over the border), San Diego house movers say that business on this side of the border is also booming, even though no freeways currently are being built. They recall that large numbers of structures fled North Park in the days when 1-805 was being cut through that neighborhood, and more of them recently the construction of Interstate 15 through Escondido caused the movement of many large homes which commanded resale prices of up to \$10,000 each, not including the moving costs. The local house movers say that the American buyers of the transplanted houses come from a range of demographic levels — but uniformly want a residence for less than it would cost to buy a lot and build a new house on it. "Say it costs thirty-five dollars a square foot to build a house these days. Well, you can move a house for ten to twenty dollars a square foot," asserts one North County house mover. "That's including all the permits, repainting, a new foundation — everything."

Photograph by David Cooney

Democracy By Mail

Politicians who gripe about the persistently low numbers of voters who go to the polls have an alternative in this next election — they can essentially bring the polls to the voters. Significant changes in the laws relating to absentee ballots have recently gone into effect, and the San Diego County Registrar of Voters office is braced for a flood of interest from local campaigners.

Sally Burgan, the supervisor of the local registrar's absentee department, explains that in the past, voters had to give a reason for their absence in order to qualify for the privilege of casting their votes by mail (such as illness or "being away from the polls"). However, Burgan says that a state law passed in 1978 has now made such explanations unnecessary, and the procedures have changed even more dramatically in the wake of an interpretation of the state elections code issued this past April by the secretary of state's office. According to Burgan, one not before was permitted to pick up someone else's absentee ballot, not even a spouse. Instead, voters had to claim absentee ballots in person or have them mailed. However, the new interpretation says that a person or an organization (including a campaign group) can prepare and distribute absentee ballot applications, and then can deliver the completed applications to the registrar, and then — if authorized by the voter — can pick up the ballot and deliver it to the voter. Furthermore, such "agents" can wait for the party to vote and then can return the absentee ballot to the registrar to be counted.

Burgan has already prepared a large stock of revised absentee ballot applications and "agent forms," which local campaigns can use to (demonstrate the voter's) consenting to have the absentee ballot delivered for him. Burgan states, however, that any campaign also can design and use its own forms. One protection against vote fraud should come from the fact that the registrar will check the signature on the agent forms against the registration signature on file. A second check against duplicity should come when the voter fills out his ballot at home (or elsewhere) and seals it in a special envelope. The voter must sign the envelope (which is designed to readily reveal any tampering) and that signature will also be checked against the voter's registration signature. Burgan stresses that registrars will then

remove the ballots from the validated envelopes without looking at them, and will only count them later, so as to protect the privacy of the vote. Should a signature fail to match up with the registration signature, or should it be missing altogether, the registrars won't even open the envelope, but will challenge the ballot instead.

While most of the candidates for the upcoming primary election seem unaware of the new absentee ballot provisions, at least one campaign is already designing a strategy to use them. Workers for mayoral candidate Si Casady say they've targeted several areas around San Diego notorious for their concentrations of Democrats who fail to go to the polls. Colin Flaherty, Casady's precinct organization director, predicts, "In highly targeted areas it's going to be real effective. It gives people a chance to vote who just don't vote on election day." In those areas, the Casady workers plan to offer to bring the ballots to the homes of any obvious Casady supporters, and then to mail the completed ballots. Flaherty says the workers already tried the tactic in the north section of Ocean Beach this past weekend, and came up with seventy-five requests for absentee ballots (which could be turned into the registrar as of Monday). The precinct organizer says he and his volunteers will hit Hillcrest, and they'll continue their efforts until September 11, the last day one can apply for an absentee ballot. Despite the greater manpower required by the strategy, Flaherty argues that it should work better than trying to transport voters to the polls in the few hours available on election day, because of the greater amount of time it allows campaign workers. He plans to motivate the necessary volunteers with an incentive program which will allow the most successful absentee vote collectors to dine with state and local Democratic honchos.

While some voters are jumping at the chance to vote from their homes, another group which also will be casting absentee votes for the first time this September ironically is greeting the new arrangement like a pestilence. According to Burgan, another new law, which only recently went into effect, says that if a precinct has one hundred registered voters or less and no convenient polling place can be found, the registrar may force those voters to cast their votes by mail. (In the past, a precinct had to have thirty or more registered voters before the registrar could resort to such a measure.) Burgan says 1600 voters in little pockets all over the county will be affected by the new arrangement, and they hate it. They feel they're losing their privacy, even though they're really not, and everybody's worried about the mail.

Also, the older voters just like to go to the polls at election time. — J.D.

San Diego Sandinista

Late last April John Holtz brought home to San Diego four bullet holes in the trunk of his brand-new Renault station wagon as a souvenir of his most recent trip to Nicaragua. "I was an American driving a car with Venezuela plates, and a known sympathizer of the Sandinistas," said Holtz, recalling the shoot-out at the Nicaragua-Honduras border. "Not only that, I was bringing information across the border." Holtz had left Nicaragua and was returning to San Diego at the request of Sandinista leader Eden Pastora (also known as Comandante Zero) in an effort to enlist support in this country for the guerrilla fighters, who, according to Holtz, hoped to avoid a bloody final battle in the overthrow of Anastasio Somoza. "I was also carrying two autographed pictures of Comandante Zero," Holtz said, laughing. "One was for Jane Fonda; the other was for Jerry Brown. I risked my goddamned life to bring them those pictures, and when I got back, they wouldn't even answer my phone calls."

Holtz's involvement in the Nicaraguan civil war and his frustrating efforts here as a spokesman for the Sandinista cause began in 1976, shortly after the death of his wife Rosemary (who was a victim of leukemia). At the time, Holtz, who is thirty-eight years old, was a mortgage banker with the Guild Mortgage Company in San Diego. He owned a home in La Jolla and earned a salary in excess of \$50,000 per year. When his wife died, Holtz decided to renew his interest in international trade, a subject he had studied in Germany at West Berlin's Free University. He enrolled in a business program at United States International University and soon became friends with a clique of international students. "One of the people I was hanging out with then was Cecilia Curiel, a Nicaraguan. She wasn't poor; her father was big in the publishing industry in Nicaragua. She told me she had been a member of the original Sandinista movement in the early 1960s, and I started to get interested in Nicaragua and the conditions there."

The next year Holtz made his first trip to the Latin American country for the purposes of a USIU project on re-exportation as an alternative manufacturing source. While there, he stayed with the Cardenas family and began to take notice of the local living conditions. "They were miserable," he said. "They



John Holtz

had a form of legalized slave labor. There was a fenced-off industrial park there with American companies. They didn't allow the workers to unionize or organize, and they paid their labor between seven and twenty-seven cents an hour. They didn't have to worry about Somoza. One business leader there, an American, told me they paid off Somoza. He said they'd give him whatever it took to keep him off their backs. "You couldn't help but be disgusted by the way people

were living. Managua was like a leveled city. I remember noticing that all the streets were made of interlocking blocks. I asked why, and they told me Somoza owned the block company. "I saw with my own eyes a nine-year-old girl get her hands cut off. I was in a market and a national guardman just cut her hands off. I guess to teach the people some kind of lesson. These comrades were living like Mafia chiefs. They all drove Mercedes and they all had payoffs coming in from prostitution."

Holtz returned to San Diego and began to read extensively about Latin America. He was introduced to Bruno Zeno to go back to the U.S. and try to contact senators and congressmen to have them meet with Sandinista leaders, and try to work out some kind of compromise in order to avoid the offensive. I was in Costa Rica when I wrote to Tom Hayden. I asked him if he could ask his friend Governor Brown if he could do anything for us. As far as I know, Brown never got the message. When Holtz arrived in San Diego in April he met with political activist Lucy Goldman

Diego City College, who would also later go to Nicaragua to aid the revolution. Holtz and MacRenato became close friends and the two worked out plans to help the Sandinistas.

During the summer of 1978 Holtz decided it was time to leave this country and head back to Nicaragua. "I just had to act," he said. "I guess I had a lot of energy. Maybe it was a cause worth fighting for." He sold his home and quit his job and made his way to Venezuela. "I did what I knew best. I became a banker for the Sandinistas. Most of the money the revolutionaries had at the time came from donations and from robbing banks. The donations were from businessmen in Nicaragua. What people have to understand is that this was not an intellectual revolution or a left-wing revolution. Somoza was hated, and not only by the poor. Even when no one was sure what kind of government Nicaragua would end up with, they figured that anything was better than Somoza."

Holtz stayed in Venezuela from September, 1978, until February, 1979, traveling to Nicaragua from time to time to meet with guerrilla leaders and sometimes helping to evacuate people by plane. For the latter activity, he carried a price on his head. "Someone in the government told me there was a \$5000 contract on my life," he said. "In Nicaragua, you could get someone to kill for a quarter, so that was a healthy bit of money."

As 1979 began, the Sandinistas started preparing for a final push against Somoza's national guard. Holtz was with the rebel leaders at their training camps in neighboring countries. "With countries like Mexico, Venezuela, Ecuador, Costa Rica, and Panama all breaking off diplomatic relations with Somoza, we knew he was going to fall. But we also knew that it would take one major offensive to bring him down. The country was already devastated. The loss of life was staggering, and we figured that an offensive would take another 15,000 lives. Eden Pastora, the Sandinista leader known as Comandante Zero, said we should begin a political war. He felt that the people in the U.S. would listen."

"I was when I wrote to go back to the U.S. and try to contact senators and congressmen to have them meet with Sandinista leaders, and try to work out some kind of compromise in order to avoid the offensive. I was in Costa Rica when I wrote to Tom Hayden. I asked him if he could ask his friend Governor Brown if he could do anything for us. As far as I know, Brown never got the message. When Holtz arrived in San Diego in April he met with political activist Lucy Goldman

(continued on page 20)



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Phoenician Blind

The other day I had the opportunity to eat at the Phoenician Lebanese restaurant. Obviously, Eleanor Widmer knows nothing of Lebanese and Middle Eastern cooking ("And Thou Beside Me," August 16). I, a Lebanese person, found the Phoenician to be by far the best Middle Eastern restaurant in San Diego. It's no fault of Widmer's; she's probably never tasted the real thing before. The grape leaves and stuffed cabbage I received were excellent, not to mention the hummus and tabouli. Maybe Widmer has never had kibbe before, but the stuff they served me was everything that kibbe should be: pine nuts (twelve dollars a pound) were used generously and the spices used can only be found in Lebanon—and at the Phoenician.

Of course the atmosphere leaves something to be desired of Rogers' ideas and their effects upon psychobehavior.

A person, unlike a plate of food, requires more than a taste for an accurate evaluation. The same holds true for most of the programs Had she bothered to stay longer than the first few awkward hours these strangers spent together, she may have found out why these programs have experienced such great popularity. She portrays the emotions dealt with in the program as trite and superficial. She must realize these are people struggling to come to grips with their feelings after being conditioned into shells of insensitivity by a meddling world and people like Widmer.

I can assure you that the long silences which made Widmer so uncomfortable were not contrived. The middle-aged facilitator, Bruce, always talks that way. I should know. He's my father.

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La Jolla

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As her criterion for Lebanese food
Darius Dehler
Encinitas

Author Found Unpalatable

As a personal friend of Carl Rogers and a veteran of several encounter groups, I would like to encourage Eleanor Widmer to stick to restaurant reviews ("Encounters With Carl Rogers," August 9). Unfortunately, her unprofessional attitude extended beyond her late arrival to her interview. I saw no evidence that she had read any of Rogers' works.

Letters

not that she had made an effort to reach an understanding of Rogers' ideas and their effects upon psychobehavior.

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I loved it. I loved the sentence
where she says, "Why weren't they
home reading a good book."
It's a beautiful thought, isn't it?
Beautiful. And "the pleasure
of having a mind and using it."
Bravo!
Florence Hurd
Encinitas

Author Found Unpalatable

As a personal friend of Carl Rogers and a veteran of several encounter groups, I would like to encourage Eleanor Widmer to stick to restaurant reviews ("Encounters With Carl Rogers," August 9). Unfortunately, her unprofessional attitude extended beyond her late arrival to her interview. I saw no evidence that she had read any of Rogers' works.

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Toad's Best Gal

I don't usually read Steve Emdina's reviews or anybody's for that matter, but I felt compelled to read the one on *More American Graffiti* ("More Is Less," August 9) because I enjoyed both the movie and its predecessor very much. For Emdina's information, Debbie, a person he described as "a friend of the Phillips character who looks and acts like Steve Nicks," is Candy Clark. Toad's girl Debbie and not someone who was thrown in to replace Richard Dreyfuss. Get your stuff together, Emdina. Go see the movie again and see what else you missed.
T. Griswold
San Diego

The Critic Who Fell To Earth

You know, at first I thought I wasn't reading carefully enough. So, I checked again. Sure enough, not only did Steve Emdina incorrectly place "Dead Man's Curve" at the too-obvious moment of John Miner's fatal crash in *More American Graffiti*, he also failed to recognize Candy Clark's "Debbie" (in the San Francisco segment) as the girlfriend of "the Toad" from *American Graffiti*. If the voice alone weren't enough, her references to "Terry" and marriage should have been. He certainly did have trouble recognizing memories of the first film. Mind you, I didn't care much for the rehab of the set of clichés that stand for "the 60's" either for the fact that all the "psychedelic" trappings predate Sgt. Pepper's by six months, but my real affection for the characters from *American Graffiti* had me hoping for, if not a favorable review, at least an attentive one. If nothing else, Duncan Shepherd would have liked the parts where people get beat up. Besides which, he's probably seen *The Man Who Fell To Earth* and would have had an easier time recognizing Candy Clark. Oh, well.

"Dead Man's Curve" is played during a nonfatal racing scene, ending in the film.
Brian Burns
Bonita

(continued on page 20)

Pan Ally

Ally! I can't take it anymore! It must be two months since we last had an article from Duncan Shepherd. Where is he? I always knew he was sensitive, but have all those vicious letters hurt him to the point that he will not target himself for hateful criticism anymore?

Oh man, stupid, heedless San Diego! I think Peter Pan measures are called for. If we all get together and think very hard and very sincerely, "I believe in Duncan Shepherd," and maybe throw a few feel clicks of our emerald shoes in for good measure, will we get a second chance with him? Oh, please.
Judy Perich
San Diego

Good Question

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Dennis Flowerdew
San Diego

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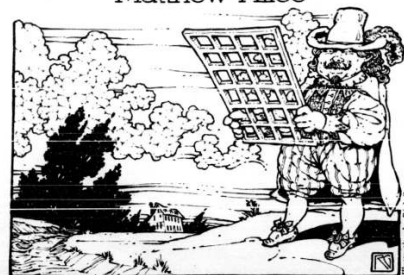
Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
After a recent trip to New York, I opened a book of maps and noticed how most of the city's blocks are precisely rectangular, with numbered streets running east and west, and avenues running north and south. But there is one notable exception: Broadway cuts an angle across most of Manhattan. I can't see the justification for its path amidst such an orderly layout. What are the origins of Broadway, and how was its direction decided?
Roger Seidman
La Jolla

Broadway was never kin to those straight and even-cornered streets north of Greenwich Village. It sprang from the nest of crooked streets at the island's southern tip, where New Amsterdam, the original Dutch settlement, was built in the Seventeenth Century. Meadows and bogs covered most of the island then, and any road that remained passable in the winter and spring was confined to the flimsy hills and ribs of high ground on the island. Broadway's original name in Dutch was *Heere Wijk*. Later it was called Broad Highway, Great Public Road, and Great Broadway. By the time a special commission for the growing city had laid out a grid-pattern of streets covering most of the island, Broadway had settled into a rut that ran askew of the general plan. Today it runs clear to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles north, making it the longest street in the world.

Dear Matthew Alice:
My bank, Citicorp's Western, just hit me with a five-dollar service charge for writing a bad check. Five dollars seems like more money than would be necessary to process such a check. Why so much? Also, why do merchants always require a credit



card when I write them a check? My contractor's license and other forms of identification say more about me than the credit card does.
Dave Callahan
Chattanooga

It's expensive to catch a bouncing check because most of the work must be done beforehand. Once a check passes through the bank's proof and balance department, where the dollar amount is printed in the lower right hand corner in black magnetic ink, it goes with thousands of similar checks through a balancing machine that reads the encoded amounts and compares them to the sums in accounts that the checks are drawn against. All runs smoothly until the machine chokes on a bad check, which often fouls dozens of good checks behind it while the bad one

goes to a sorting slot. Now a clerk has to start the good checks through the machine again, then compare the bad check once more against the proper account. This done, a decision occurs: whether the bank should extend credit by honoring the check, or hold it back until the customer adds more money to his account. In either case the check must still be handled, bundled, and shipped to the Federal Reserve Bank's clearing house and back to Citicorp's Western without much aid from machines. If you should find five dollars to be an unacceptable charge, take your business to Bank of America, where a bad check costs you only four dollars (Croccker Bank charges six dollars).

As for credit cards, I'm inclined to believe your explanation. Yet I am told that merchants prefer a credit card above all

other forms of ID because it tells them more than who you are; it tells them what you are: a person to whom some other merchant has extended credit. This makes you seem a better risk. The number on the card also gives the merchant, as creditor, a lead on your home address should he have to hire a collection agency to make you pay your bill or honor your check.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I heard John Cazale, one of the stars in "The Deer Hunter," is dead. How did he die?
Shirley Omori
East San Diego

He died of cancer on March 12, 1978, at the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York City. He was forty-two years old.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I have a first cousin on my father's side of the family, and a first cousin on my mother's side. What relation are these two cousins to each other?

Each is the other's first cousin, according to Manon Jacobs, director of the Mormon Genealogical Library in San Diego. I should note, however, that they are cousins by marriage and not blood; they are the sort of cousins who could legally marry each other.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 10883, San Diego, California 92138.

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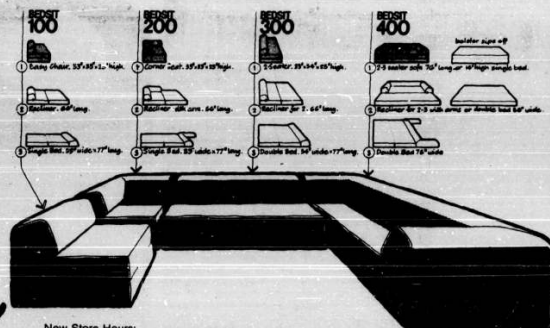
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(continued from page 1)

should be a good place to start; it is the biggest sleep research lab in the U.S., defense department, and one of the most productive sleep labs of the forty or fifty now operating in this country. It was founded in 1960, which was early in the annals of sleep research. Although humans have roamed this planet for almost 100,000 years, and have undoubtedly slept through a third of that time, serious study of sleep only began in the 1950s. Even today, sleep research is a vast frontier containing huge expanses of unexplored wilderness, and this Navy lab was one of the first outposts of exploration.

The Nan actually has two sleep facilities in San Diego: these simple quarters in one dingy building of Balboa Naval Hospital in the park, plus additional room squiggled away near the lighthouse on the top of Point Loma. The hospital-based lab concentrates on research relating to people with sleep problems, while researchers at the Point Loma lab use normal sleepers as subjects in experiments relating to such things as sleep loss, naps, fragmented sleep, and so on. The Point Loma lab is quiet this month (work will probably begin again there in September) but the hospital lab is working at the moment on a major research project. It focuses on a drug called triazolam; its official brand name will be Halcion, but there's apparently a lot of use in drug stores. Charles Spinwadel wants to know what it does to the sleep of young enlisted men like Wolfraam.

Spencer is a hard-working, intelligent, and energetic person who is directing the drug study. A petite twenty-nine year old with a teenage's voice, she wears wide-rimmed glasses and a black and white plaid shirt, around the lab in the wet hours in jeans, a black tank top, and a T-shirt. She drinks a lot of coffee, and she has a few piercings, and she can easily explain why she chose to join the Navy to spend money to study Halcion. She points out that in that population, a statistically significant percentage of people are homeless, and she estimates that ten to fifteen percent of the general population, plus Navy life holders, possess some special sleep problems. She says that the military environment screw up your normal sleep cycle: being on watch all night, being flown across countries, being a pilot and a soldier, and being a doctor. She says there's a lot of reasons why these people might want to take a sleeping pill. The question is: what sleeping pill is the best? She says that she has read a lot of material, uncovered some important information about Dalmane, the most widely prescribed "sleeping pill" in America: it puts people to sleep, but it doesn't wake them "naturally" ("hung over"); they feel groggy and their reflexes can be impaired. (Thus, it's not something a pilot would want to take before flying.) She says that Valium and Librium is a chemical relative of Dalmane, only it disappears from the body more quickly, so now the sleep researchers have to know if it stops people from being a hangerover.

Spinebweber's subjects in this study (twenty will be used in all) are volunteers drawn from the Navy's medical corps school. All are poor sleepers selected from the results of a sleep questionnaire and an interview. Wolfgang, for example, is a purely, solidly twenty-three-year-old who is tormented by insomnia as long as he can remember. Spinebweber doesn't simply accept his haggard *assertion* of sleep frustration. Some people who complain (sincerely) about a lack of sleep overestimate both the time it takes them to fall asleep and the poorness of their sleep, according to Spinebweber. (Sleep researchers have even found many tortured individuals who only *think* they're insomniacs—people who are genuinely well-slept and comfortable.) Spinebweber plans to show them to be sleeping eight hours or more per night. Sometimes this revelation alone can help such sufferers. To sort out

Some can help each other, / To sort out

the real nonsleepers. Spinweber and her assistants' first test subjects in the lab; on Wolfgang's first night it took him two hours to fall asleep.

Wolfgang will spend twelve consecutive nights here. Some nights he'll get a good sleep, but others he won't. The reason, and since this is a double-blind study neither he nor the researchers will be told which is which, bedtime comes at 10 p.m. and he has to get up at 6 a.m. His assistant, begins to wire up Wolfgang's scalp at 9:15. Sinclair works wraithfully; he's done this before. He has a small, thin, black wire the width of a strand of spaghetti that Wolfgang's cheekbone just below the right eye. A white wire goes to the left side of the forehead, another to the right side of the forehead. A third, a black one, goes to the frontal area (EEG) the meatus of the Wolfgang's eye movements during the night. The wires are glued to the scalp. Electrodes attached to wires, which are connected to a computer, will be used to analyze the data. The wires will supply data for the record of electrical activity occurring within Wolfgang's head. Finally, the tapes on the left side of the head will be attached to the left's right shoulder; a second one goes to the left lower chest, and together they will be used to monitor the heart rate of the subject. Sinclair finishes by binding the multicolored strands together into a long ponytail which Wolfgang says hasn't been done before. The ponytail is attached from his body make him look fearful and dehumanized, like some damaged animal. The wires are attached to the wall when Wolfgang enters the sleep room.

The cramped quarters would make a hospital room look cozy. Above the pillow there's a receptacle into which the clump of wires plugs, and the few furnishings in the room are spartan. Wolfgang nonetheless says it's much better than the place where he normally struggles to get some rest: an open bay housing thirty-two men and a chorus of nocturnal noises. He climbs into bed and Sinclair shuts the door behind him; in the windowless control room he sits just outside the room, the technician in charge of the last-minute test of the equipment. Sinclair turns off Wolfgang's lights with a remote switch precisely as a digital clock flashes 22:00 (10 p.m.). "Okay, goodnight Wolfgang," Sinclair says into the intercom which connects with the unseen sleeper.

"Night, night. Goodnight Dr. Spineweb," the young man answers.

"Goodnight Wolfgang. Sleep well."
The psychologist says gently.

This control room is the nerve center of the sleep lab, although it looks like an overcrowded closet. White tiles perforated with little holes cover the walls and three large fluorescent lights glare down. Over the room, a confining mesh shines through the dozens of bright yellow, green, black, and white wires which hang out, exposed. A large air conditioner hums in one corner. The room is actually throbbing with movement, the subtle kind of movement which takes a few moments to be noticed.

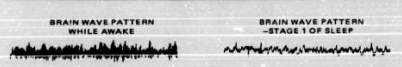
On one of the tall machines seven orange strips travel continuously across a gray screen; each one originates in one of the

wires connected to Wolfgang's body. Beneath that screen, two large reels are slowly turning, recording the data on magnetic tape which later will be fed into a computer for analysis. As the clock flashes each passing second, other colored lights blink like a movie computer; they're clustered around the third and most interesting reel in the corner. It's a polygraph and holds a spool of unwinding paper; on it, a light pens capture in ink the signals racing through the resting subject. The paper will show all night long, folding up into a neat pile, one fold for every thirty seconds, and by morning the stack will grow into a document as thick as a New York Times phone book.

Now Spinwebber and Sinclair read the first sections of it as eagerly as the morning's headlines. The recordings from Wolfgang's brain look like the edge of a forest seen from a distance. They bristle sharply, short uneven strokes packed closely together. Here and there, Spinwebber can pick out a section of alpha waves, the distinctive symmetrical brain rhythm which indicates the unfocused



Cheryl Spinweber



mental relaxation which precedes descent into slumber. But Wolfgang's brain is not producing many of them; yet, it will be a while before the alphas multiply, and then a while longer before they begin to flatten out. Then the uppermost line of squiggles on the page will see a change. Instead of coming out on an even plane, the tracings from the eyes will begin to wander up and down, like the horizon of a gently rolling landscape. As Wolfgang's eyes slowly swing back and forth, another precursor to sleep. Finally, his mind will cross that perplexing border, and at a single moment time will be a vastness of the world will miraculously and instantaneously switch off.

Most of the sleep research of the past produced twenty-five years later, springing from settings very similar to this one. The scientific discovery which touched off the explosion of interest in sleep came in just such a lab located at the University of Chicago in 1953. Some scattered research had occurred before then; the first sleep deprivation studies were done in the 1890s, and by the 1930s some scientists were measuring sleep electrically with EEGs. But by the early 1950s, still only a few researchers really cared about the subject. One of those — indeed the father of experimental sleep research — was Nathaniel Kleitman, who ran the Chicago lab.

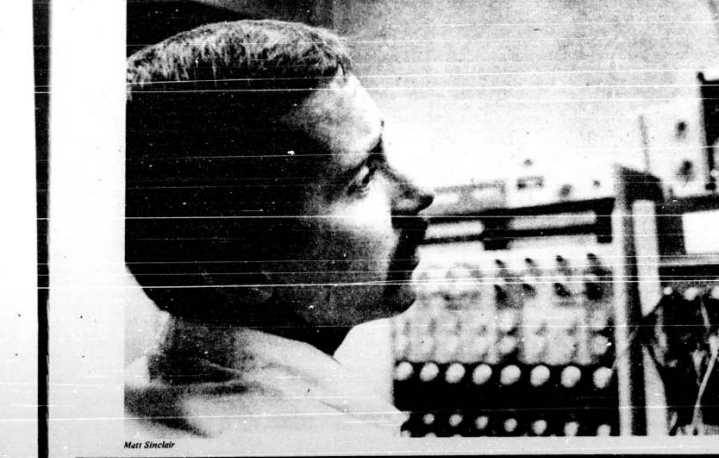
The breakthrough which galvanized the field came as a result of one idea of Kleitman's. He'd become interested in the slow rolling eye movements before sleep (such as those Wolfgang is about to have), and had assigned a psychology graduate student named Eugene Aserinsky the task of watching for such movements during the night. To Aserinsky's shock, he soon discovered an entirely different type of occu-

tural eye activity: periodically his subjects' eyes would dart about furiously under their lids. "It would be difficult today to understand how skeptical we were," wrote William Dement, another of Kleitman's young colleagues at the time (who went on to become America's most famous sleep researcher). "These eye movements, which had all the attributes of waking eye movements, had absolutely no

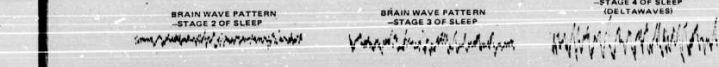
business appearing in sleep. In the days, sleep was conceived of as a state of normal depression or inhibition — quiescence, rest. It was definitely not a condition in which the brain could be generating highly coordinated eye movements that were, in many instances, faster and sharper than the movements of the awake state. Yet when Kleitman and his colleagues first explored these states of "rapid eye movement" (REM), they found that other striking physiological changes from the normal quiet sleep pattern always accompanied them. They also found that people who were awakened during REM sleep remembered more of their dreams — eighty percent of the time, in contrast with people awakened during non-REM periods (only 6.9 percent of them remembered their dreams). It seemed as if Kleitman and his people had stumbled on "the royal road to the unconscious," in the words of one of his colleagues, and the excitement that followed, sleep labs sprouted like spring poppies.

In those dizzy years of the boom, heaviest interest centered on dreams and sleep deprivation, and one of the most notable deprivation experiments thrusts the Navy's San Diego lab into the limelight. The catalyst was a seventeen-year-old Point Loma High School student named Randy Gardner, who hankered for a slot in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, and figured that he could go longer without sleep than anyone else on earth. Dement, who was working at Stanford, and Laverne Johnson (then and now the director of the Navy's sleep lab) heard about the effort and decided this was a perfect opportunity to document extended sleeplessness. Like all experiments involving sleep deprivation, it turned into an exhausting, grueling marathon.

By the second week of Randy's endeavor, he'd reached a kind of plateau of sleepiness, and his observers had to use virtually constant stimulation to keep him awake. One source of it came from the host of national reporters who flocked to San Diego; as the days passed, the youth's growing celebrity status helped to maintain his motivation. Johnson recalls that ammonia was another successful tool. Every few moments, the researchers would waft it under Randy's nose, the pungent odor would prompt him to jerk his



Matt Sinclair



head back, and the action would help him to retain his tenuous grip on wakefulness. As urgent as was Randy's desire to sleep, however, the lack of slumber caused no dramatic changes in him. Although some of Dement's earlier research had made him suspect that humans become psychotic without sleep, Randy's experience contradicted that hypothesis. He didn't become paranoid; he displayed no serious emotional changes. The lack of sleep drastically impaired his cognitive facilities (he could barely add or remember simple things, for example) but some of his motor abilities remained untouched: Dement recalls that when he and Randy spent the last night in a downtown penny arcade, they played about a hundred games on a baseball machine — and Randy won every one.

Finally, exactly eleven days and twelve minutes after he had last awakened, Randy dozed off — wired up in Johnson's sleep lab. He slept for only fourteen hours and forty minutes and when he woke he essentially had returned to normal (except that he had acquired an interest in sleep research, and worked with Johnson's lab for several years while a student at San Diego State until he finally dropped out of school and retired to Alpine to raise tomatoes).

Today Johnson says that Randy's vigil maintains one of the longest ever recorded — primarily because it's so well-documented. "It's the finest example of researchers willing to endure the unpleasantness of extended wakefulness."

Johnson says that research interests in general have shifted over the years; now far more attention is centering on drugs and sleep disorders. "For one thing, there's less money available for sleep research, period, and also I think as you begin to get some basic understanding of how sleep works, then you can begin to

apply that understanding to problem areas." However, some work still is being done on questions of sleep deprivation and fragmented sleep, like the experiment just

recently completed at the Navy's Point Loma sleep lab.

Cheryl Spivey was one of the people who worked on it, and she says it yielded the kind of shocking information which was very different from this dreary work-sleeping thing. The sleepers in this group of normal sleepers and they kept them awake for two nights straight. By the third night, they were all exhausted and started to noticeably erode (short-term memory deteriorated, for example). Finally, they gave the subjects a two-hour nap between the second and third night, then they tested their performance after the nap. It didn't improve, and in fact even worsened in a few areas. After a two-hour nap between the noon and 2 p.m. that day, however, the subjects seemed to bounce back to normal. The shock came when the researchers took the subjects back to work the next morning, kept them all awake, gave this group one two-hour nap at noon (after the second night without sleep) — and performance was the same as the group that had only had two two-hour naps. The startling conclusion: that after two nights without sleep, "It looks like that 4.5 to 6 p.m. nap is the one that counts. It's anything for you," Spivey says. "As if I'm in a field commander and my guys are storming a beach and I know I have to get back to work, I'll take a nap. I'll sleep twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, well I'm certainly not going to say, 'Hey, I'm going to go sleep now, because I'm going to sleep.' You would not, 'cause you're going to get the most out of it." Then? But why is that no idea. It can be even better? Spivey has no idea. "We haven't totally answered the question," she shrugs.

Sinclair pokes his head into Spinwebber's office and interrupts her. Wolfgang has fallen asleep, so Spinwebber scurries into the control room and examines the recording paper. Wolfgang's brainwaves have flattened out now; they're still jagged, but now they come as close to approximating a straight line as any living brain ever does. Wolfgang has passed through what the scientists call "stage one" and now his brain is starting to produce two new shapes on the paper. Every now and then Spinwebber spots little

bursts of brain waves called "spindles," as well as "K-complexes" (isolated brain waves which look like small, asymmetrical mountain peaks). The spindles are one sure indicator of sleep, and Spinweber searches through the last few pages to find the first one of the night. The machine will also analyze Wolfgang's sleep, counting every spindle, every delta wave, every K-complex, but Spinweber says humans still do a better job of evaluating the complex shapes. She spots a good-looking one and circles it on the page; Wolfgang's sleep began forty seconds after 10:40 p.m.

Now Spinwarg and Sinclair have to hustle to prepare for the first "arousal" of the night. As you do the study, they want you to note the time of the first arousal to sleep. "You don't want a drug that'll zonk 'em out so completely that they won't hear the smoke alarm," Spinwarg explains. "After three nights out of the four, we see subjects awaken five times during the course of the sleep time. To interrupt Wolfgang's slumber, they will use a musical tone which they tested on the subjects in the laboratory. To make the test, Wolfgang had indicated that he could hear the tone when it was played at a loudness of twenty decibels. Now at the beginning of the sleep period, we sound the tone in the sleep room at forty decibels. Wolfgang snoozes right through it, and every sixteen seconds, a slightly louder tone sounds. Wolfgang sleeps through sixteen, then at seventy decibels, loud enough that I can hear the tone in the control room, the pen on the moving ink recorder starts to wiggle. The wiggles look completely evanescent and the sleepy w-k-complexes evaporate and the sleepy w-k-complexes over the intercom. I am

The order is difficult for Wolfgang to follow. Spinwebber notes as she studies the unwinding paper and waits to see the spindles appear again. Finally about seven minutes later, Wolfgang drifts out of conscious awareness. Now the researchers must wait about twenty minutes before

they perform another interruption. Wolfgang's mind must journey downwards to the very deepest levels of slumber, stages three and four.

Outside the control room, in the main part of the office, Sinclair and Spinewerger at the 11 p.m. television newscast, but I remain engrossed in watching Wolfgang's cerebral journey. Now the heart monitor graphically reflects the number of beats per minute, and the speed, the depth, the fluctuations between the slowest and seventy-five beats per minute.

As the seconds tick by, more and more mountainous outlines take shape in the changing electronic landscape. These are the first data waves, the slow, high-amplitude brain pulses which seem to signal arrival at the quietest of the night.

As the minutes tick by, underneath the roll of paper, three lights are built into the machine. A blue one lights up when the machine counts an alpha wave, a white light signals the sleep spindle, and a yellow light announces the presence of the languid delta. The yellow light is flashing.

Wolfgang is re-entering the room to try and rouse Spinewerger from his mental depths.

Spinnewear explains to me that the difference between the third and fourth stages of sleep is only a numerical one relating to the total percentage of delta waves. Differentiating the two is one of our chief difficulties. Stage three or four will serve the purposes of the experiment, and Sinclair sounds the first tone at 11:20. The greater depth of Wolfgang's sleep is obvious. He is now in a state of complete unconsciousness, and a gentle breeze passing over the ocean's waves, but when the noise builds to eighty decibels, a startling change occurs. The tall elegant delta waves shrink up on the EEG screen, and the alpha waves become audibly, as Wolfgang's brain quivers with a sudden burst of alphas. His heartbeat races up to more than a hundred beats per minute. Every time he moves, the EEG paper, spinning a dark web of ink, but Wolfgang fails to give the proper response to the eighty decibel tone, so I signal again at eighty-five. "I am awake," he comes back, and I signal again. "I am awake," he says. Okay, Wolfgang, back to sleep.

This time, the subject obeys almost instantaneously. Spinwebber notes that it takes him just eight seconds to lapse back into slumber. We have at least another hour until the next arousal, so we move into her office. I ask whether it doesn't seriously impair a subject's sleep to be plagued with so many nocturnal interruptions.

Subjectively, it's not so bad," the replies. "Something about memory changes during sleep, so if you're not awake for very long, you don't remember the thing that happens to you during the night." In other words, you're not aware of the things that happen to you during the night, but aren't fully awake or, at least, aren't fully aware of it, although repeated awakening can have a more subtle objective effect. "Objectively, waking up repeatedly can keep you from going into the deeper stages of sleep," says the second researcher. "If you wake up, then go to stage one for a while, then two, three, and four—that's the basic transition. If there's too much noise and you keep waking up, or if you move around a lot, you're not going through that transition." (The sleep researchers don't yet know what that does to you, however.) Spinwaker adds that the ongoing experiment has been designed to avoid that transition, five brief arousals during the night, but that a "gradual" access to the lower stages of sleep.

The two sleep stages were the ones that most remind Spinwebber of another fascinating finding by Alain Muzet, a French scientist now visiting the San Diego sleep lab. Spinwebber says the Muzet once used noise to disturb the sleep of subjects for weeks at a time. At first, the sleepers repeatedly awoke. Their brain waves snapped into alertness, their heartbeats raced, and during the days they complained about the quality of their sleep. Then gradually they got used to the interruptions. They stopped waking up, they stopped complaining about feeling bad, and their sleep reverted to its normal patterns — but one factor never

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Might As Well Show Some Style



James Taylor

STEVE ESMEDINA

As James Taylor flopped around the Sports Arena stage last Thursday night like a spastic on PCP, during a truly bizarre rendition of "Summertime Blues," it struck me that he had all the physical attributes of your typical punk rocker: a tall, thin frame, pallid skin tone, receding hairline, and a wardrobe of crumpled shirts and baggy khakis. Unlike his glamorous photographic image on the album covers of *Sweet Baby James* and *JT*, Taylor looked a mess. It was difficult to reconcile the fact that this stringbean is one of America's favorite folk-rock heart throbs. Because of his popularity and the idiom in which he wrote, Taylor's detractors have made him out to be either a slick emulor of Bob Dylan and Neil Young, or, at worst, John Denver with angst. He's not exactly a critic's darling.

However, Taylor's reputation as a "wimp" is based more on irrelevant details of his personal life than on the merits or faults of his songs. It may be that for many critics, it's simply a matter of sour grapes: How in the world could a young man from a wealthy background who is married to Carly Simon sing of despair and boredom? I should admit that, as much as I like and admire Taylor, I have indulged in such doubts myself. He was a drug addict and was once committed to a sanitarium. Big

deal. The rich can afford the luxury of a nervous breakdown. Also, the last few years have seen so many dazed minstrels, with no visible reason to complain, whining about their problems that I've been tempted to chime in with many others and proclaim James Taylor part of the folkie "enemy" (for a rock and roll fan, nothing is worse, except a discophile). But as Taylor threw his head back, beamed cryptically into the dark void, and sang "Secret of Life," ("No one knows how we got to the top of the hill. But since we're only here for a while! He, might as well show some style"), I was once again reminded that this man is no simpliminded weaver of soothing sad songs, but a passionate and enigmatic artist. Yes, Taylor writes fetching melodies, and yes, his subdued gentleman's temperament would please even the most conservative geriatric. If you have followed Taylor with any regularity, though, an entirely different appreciation of his talent emerges. He is one of the finest acoustic guitarists in pop music and an emotionally tantalizing singer whose voice often approximates the sound of a wailing tenor saxophone. (Jazz trumpeter Miles Davis, hardly the kindest of critics, is reputed to have remarked that Taylor sings with "the emotion of a blind man"). As a technician, he can hardly be faulted, and on that score he easily surpasses Dylan and Young.

Taylor is, above all else, a writer. Aside from Randy Newman and Paul Simon (and Neil Young when he is on a creative streak), there are no other American songwriters who have produced a more impressive inventory of material in the Seventies. As do his closest competitors, Taylor records and tours infrequently. The link goes beyond mere coincidence. Any song is something that can be depended on schedule, and the two-year wait between the bright-eyed but sly *JT* and the totally somber *Flag* seemed natural. What further allies Taylor with his better contemporaries in his stage demeanor. Last week I stated that he had a sharp wit; after seeing him in person I should reverse that observation. He has a blunt wit; he sings his piece and if you don't get it, well, that's all folks. He has no explanations to offer. This is a curious point. Taylor, Newman, Simon, and Young, all, in varying degrees, display the ability to turn a phrase that will turn a doubtful head — on record that is. In concert, they tend to shrivel up. When called upon to perform in front of a faceshown, they understandably act as if pieces of their lives are being shredded for public amusement. Taylor is the most extreme example. Thursday night he walked hesitantly onto the stage after greasing his 8000 or so fans, and it into "Somewhere in the Way She Moves" (from his debut album on Apple Records).

After running through a few familiar numbers, he had to make the best of what little showbiz life he has learned. Sample dupe joke: While introducing "Looking for Love on Broadway," Taylor quipped that "Uh, that's like looking for peaches on the moon." After that early loss, he didn't step too far into the territory of Milton Berle. But one has to remember that musicians aren't necessarily natural comedians or crowd rousers.

Taylor is prone to a lot of fancy revisionist shuffling. He toys with the blues, urbanized (i.e., Motown) R&B, C&W weepies, and other disparate forms within the professional attentiveness of an avowed music historian. The gut-level immediacy offered by more "authentic" purveyors of these styles is a quality he lacks, certainly, but he substitutes something else which is just as captivating — a detachment that forces the listener to be a little less glib and a lot more analytical about what he is hearing. Whether Taylor's narratives are explicitly autobiographical ("Rainy Day Man," "Fire and Rain," "Places in My Past," "Company Man" are outstanding examples) or cast in traditional folklore form ("Bartender Blues," "Millworker"), his stuff is always evocative and often deeply moving. A subtle tension is created by the contrast of how he sounds (soothing, dreamy) and what he says (generally harsh, bleak, pessimistic). At the concert last week this was most clear during his performance of "Long Ago and Far

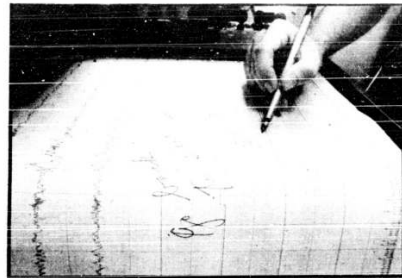
Away." This piece has a melody that rivals "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" as sticky, sentimental schlock, but its message is wholly opposite. Taylor asks rhetorically during the chorus, "Why is this song so sad?" The incongruous sight of happy, loving couples resting on each other's shoulders to the strains of a song which says, in essence, that life and love are transitory illusions, had an indescribably chilling effect on me that went beyond mere irony.

Then there was his current hit update of "Up on the Roof." In its various incarnations, the song has always been a celebration of temporary escape, the urban skyline turned into a magical fantasyland. Taylor transforms it into a nightmare; his version is the work of an insomniac on a sweeter summer night. When he greeted his teeth and shouted, "Look at the city, baby," you got the feeling that he was imploring a loved one to consider jumping off the roof. Darling, you can share it all with me, indeed.

For Taylor, the gifts of life — work, love, sex — usually result in drudgery and disappointment (in "Millworker" he sang, "Millwork ain't easy; Millwork ain't hard; Millwork ain't nothing but an awful boring job"). He can't even play the go lathario without sounding depleted of energy. "Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight" may sound like a ready-made for Barry Manilow, but Taylor makes it the anguished cry of a desperate, sexually frustrated recluse. He doesn't care if the woman loves him or not; he's out for a quick lay, nothing more.

His stance may be dour, brittle, and solipsistic, but he is always believable. I may begrudge him his fortune, but I can't argue about his persuasiveness and talent. Most of what he performed at the Sports Arena was sublime (especially the newer songs), and my contention that his back-up band (the members of the ubiquitous Section) are the Los Angeles equivalent of Neil Young's *Crazy Horse* was borne out.

Because Taylor has such a dry and difficult personality, he has become an easy target for those who demand instant thrills (a wise-guy behind me remarked during the first set that Taylor looked as if "they took him out of storage and thawed him out"). On the whole, of course, I tend to prefer the visceral over the cerebral approach, and I understand why Taylor has been shunned by the rock elite. Nothing can supplant the delirium of good, loud, angry rock, which is one explanation why Elvis Costello, who is equally as depressed and depressing, and who has a little flair in front of the public, is hailed while Taylor is damned. On this occasion, at least, Taylor's austerity and humility were a welcome relief. He is one of the few living songwriters who know how to soft soap the listener into pondering life's harsh realities.



Dream

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habituated, Spinweb says. Muzet's study showed that the sleepers' hearts never grew accustomed to the periodic disturbances. "Weeks later, he was playing the same noise. The people were sleeping right through it, although their heart rates were going up every time. So the implication is maybe that's what happens to people who live next to airports." She cites the study that was done of people who lived next to the Los Angeles airport. It revealed that they have higher rates of high blood pressure, stroke, and heart attack than the general population. "These were well-educated people. They had lived there for at least six years, they weren't complaining about the noise anymore. But you can just imagine what was happening to their heart rate every time one of those planes went over."

It's past midnight, and Spinweb still seems wide awake, even though she told me that one summer she consciously monitored her sleep apnea and discovered that she feels the happiest on nine hours a night. (Sleep needs vary hugely from one person to another, with some individuals functioning blissfully on four hours while others feel bad with less than ten or eleven hours of sleep. The average is seven and a half to eight hours, however.) Although the psychologist may crave nine hours of sleep, she adds that she has never had much trouble completely skipping a night periodically; she may draw encouragement from one revelation of the sleep lab. Spinweb says that depriving the average person of one night of sleep may make him feel tired and cranky, but it's almost impossible to detect any deterioration of performance (using a battery of diverse tasks) for one night's sleep loss. "We have to use special tasks that are long and boring to bring to show any effects at all," she says. She says she finds herself sharing that information to calm the occasional panicked insomniac. "People worry incredibly about their sleep. . . . I have to say, 'Hey, don't worry about it. One night of sleep loss is not going to hurt you. I do it all the time.'"

About 12:30 a.m., Spinweb and Sinclair prepare to interrupt Wolfgang's sleep for a third time. The machine is drawing a few scattered delta waves, but Spinweb decides Wolfgang is back in the second stage, the desired level for this particular arousal. But at the sound of the tone, Wolfgang's sleeping brain rebels and slips into some of the best slow wave sleep Spinweb has yet seen him produce. They leave him in peace for fifteen minutes and when they return they find him generating classic-looking second-stage waves. This time eighty decibels of sound wakes him at 12:50 a.m., and he falls asleep two minutes and ten seconds later.

Although the Navy's two San Diego sleep labs do devote some time to diagnosing sleep disorders (problems such as sleep apnea, a condition in which sufferers forget to breathe when they sleep, or narcolepsy, in which they fall asleep uncontrollably), the Navy facilities don't function as a treatment clinic (nor does the only other sleep lab in San Diego, Dan Kripke's facility at the VA Hospital in La Jolla). Spinweb says the closest clinic treating the general public is Jon Sassin's lab housed in the medical center at UC Irvine. She nonetheless predicts that sleep clinics soon will be as common as sex therapists.

In the meantime, Spinweb has been offering the insomniac participants in the Halcyon study the chance to come in after their twelve-night stint to discuss the meaning of their sleep records. Although some cases of insomnia baffles scientists and can't yet be helped much, Spinweb says in other cases a little counseling can go a long way.

First and foremost, she advises insomniacs not to simply lie in bed for hours, struggling to attain sleep. Such behavior only reinforces bad habits; it teaches the poor sleeper that bed is a place where one futilely tosses and turns. One place which Spinweb recommends instead is for the poor sleeper to give himself ten or fifteen minutes to sleep, then to get out of bed for an hour if he doesn't succeed. Then try for another ten minutes, and if that fails, get up again, and so on. "Most people who try this will tend to be awake the entire first night," she says. "But the next night, they sleep." Since another common cause of chronic sleeplessness are worries which preoccupy the struggling insomniac's mind, Spinweb tries to suggest alternatives, such as reserving an hour to focus on one's problems during the day. Finally, she takes a look at whether chemicals the insomniac may be ingesting for aid since

sleeping pills themselves are one of the major causes of sleeplessness in America. Spinweb says some sleeping pills (all barbiturates, for example) lose their effectiveness if taken for weeks or longer at a time and furthermore stop their users from sleeping naturally without the use of the pills. Even more disturbing, all "hypnotics" in current use dramatically change the normal electrical patterns of the brain. (They change the percentages of time spent in certain sleep stages; they can greatly increase the number of some brain waves like delta; and so on.) Spinweb says the changes are so extreme that she has to make a conscious effort just to look at a specific brain pattern and not the overall patterning or else she can tell whether the subject has had the sleeping pill or the placebo (thus spoiling the purity of the double blind experiment). She says researchers don't know if the changes in the brain waves are actually bad for the users. "But my suspicion is, it's not very good for you to have your brain activity changed so dramatically. So while we benzodiazepines are very safe, in the sense that it's almost impossible to kill yourself on them [unless you combine them with alcohol], these changed brain waves have to mean something."

Spinweb has never had prolonged trouble sleeping, so she's a little puzzled by her own passionate commitment to helping insomniacs. Her efforts have focused upon the search for some natural substance which will induce sleep and avoid those probably deleterious brain changes. In particular, she's excited by the promise of an amino acid called L-tryptophan.

Found in all protein foods, such as meat and milk, tryptophan has been shown by researchers both in Boston and here to help people cross the threshold into slumber; without changing their brain's electrical activity, according to Spinweb. Health food stores already are selling the substance in tablet form (Spinweb says another aid is a glass of milk before bedtime — milk of any temperature). The psychologist says that early studies even have shown that tryptophan can help insomniacs; she says the remaining question is whether it helps those of the severe, chronic variety, an area of study which she feels to tackle soon. "If tryptophan works in chronic insomniacs that means we may have found a substance that helps them without the terrible side effects."

The night is deepening and I excuse myself to watch Wolfgang's EEG, in his own way more gripping than the late show flickering on TV. Wolfgang, as is normal, already has had one short period of rapid eye movement which occurred about ninety minutes after he first dozed off. Since I missed that one, I'm anxious to view the next, although there should be several more periods of REM before morning. (In general they tend to last longer and come more frequently as the evening progresses.)

The EEG in the control room once more displays shallow, gentle waves, although occasionally a spot that looks like a K-complex. My own drowsiness is building and I notice only numbly when the lines which reveal the presence or absence of delta waves and spindles show that they've disappeared. I try to stare at the placid EEG (eye movement) line and I find myself struggling to keep my own eyes open. Then I blink hard and focus on what's

happening: the EEG pen has suddenly veered upward crazily, and a chubbiness period must be starting, but its patterns astound me. Instead of darting back and forth evenly, like the eyes of a fan at a tennis match, Wolfgang's eyes seem to be following some more complex attraction. Here the eye recording monitors gently for a minute or so, then start bam! bam! bam! Here come three startling eye shifts. The little metallic pen is moving as if it were independently guided by some unseen artist, swept by sudden bursts of inspiration. I know almost certainly that the man lying in the next room is dreaming and the realization tantalizes me. I find myself wishing that the pen could break free and draw free-form images, sketches of the characters now populating Wolfgang's sleeping brain: perhaps some friend fondly remembered from childhood, or the enforcements of a bossy woman, or the head breath of slaving tigers close on his heels.

If the REM recordings aren't literal depictions of Wolfgang's dream content, sleep researchers have found links between the REMs and dreams which are almost as amazing. In one famous study, Dement and an associate woke up sleepers while they were having REMs and asked them to describe what they were dreaming about. On the basis of such verbal descriptions, one of the researchers successfully predicted what the accompanying REM record would look like. (In one of the "hits," for example, the dreamer told of walking up five or six stairs, then joining a circle of dancers. When the researcher predicted a series of five vertical upward movements followed by a few seconds with only some very small horizontal movement, the electronic record matched it exactly.) Dement concluded that the brain is doing the same thing in a REM state as it does in the waking state, one reason why dreams seem to convey such a feeling of reality. The sleeping body might also follow a bit, but for all practical purposes, the body is glued to the bed until his dream ends.

For all the information gathered about REM sleep, however, many mysteries surrounding it have only deepened with greater study. The sleep scientists know that people systematically deprived of REM sleep by harder and harder to catch up on, but the early assumption that REM sleep was essential to sanity hasn't been borne out. Similarly, the early conclusion that dreaming occurs only in REM and none occurs out of it also has dissolved into controversy. Even the contention that eyes move during REM sleep is complex. My own drowsiness is building and I notice only numbly when the lines which reveal the presence or absence of delta waves and spindles show that they've disappeared. I try to stare at the placid EEG (eye movement) line and I find myself struggling to keep my own eyes open. Then I blink hard and focus on what's

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If the REM recordings aren't literal depictions of Wolfgang's dream content, sleep researchers have found links between the REMs and dreams which are almost as amazing. In one famous study, Dement and an associate woke up sleepers while they were having REMs and asked them to describe what they were dreaming about. On the basis of such verbal descriptions, one of the researchers successfully predicted what the accompanying REM record would look like. (In one of the "hits," for example, the dreamer told of walking up five or six stairs, then joining a circle of dancers. When the researcher predicted a series of five vertical upward movements followed by a few seconds with only some very small horizontal movement, the electronic record matched it exactly.) Dement concluded that the brain is doing the same thing in a REM state as it does in the waking state, one reason why dreams seem to convey such a feeling of reality. The sleeping body might also follow a bit, but for all practical purposes, the body is glued to the bed until his dream ends.

For all the information gathered about REM sleep, however, many mysteries surrounding it have only deepened with greater study. The sleep scientists know that people systematically deprived of REM sleep by harder and harder to catch up on, but the early assumption that REM sleep was essential to sanity hasn't been borne out. Similarly, the early conclusion that dreaming occurs only in REM and none occurs out of it also has dissolved into controversy. Even the contention that eyes move during REM sleep is complex. My own drowsiness is building and I notice only numbly when the lines which reveal the presence or absence of delta waves and spindles show that they've disappeared. I try to stare at the placid EEG (eye movement) line and I find myself struggling to keep my own eyes open. Then I blink hard and focus on what's

happening: the EEG pen has suddenly veered upward crazily, and a chubbiness period must be starting, but its patterns astound me. Instead of darting back and forth evenly, like the eyes of a fan at a tennis match, Wolfgang's eyes seem to be following some more complex attraction. Here the eye recording monitors gently for a minute or so, then start bam! bam! bam! Here come three startling eye shifts. The little metallic pen is moving as if it were independently guided by some unseen artist, swept by sudden bursts of inspiration. I know almost certainly that the man lying in the next room is dreaming and the realization tantalizes me. I find myself wishing that the pen could break free and draw free-form images, sketches of the characters now populating Wolfgang's sleeping brain: perhaps some friend fondly remembered from childhood, or the enforcements of a bossy woman, or the head breath of slaving tigers close on his heels.

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

Contributors to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday on which the event is scheduled for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 58003, San Diego, CA 92158.

Sports

America's Finest City Half Marathon will take place Saturday, August 25, 7 a.m., beginning at the Cabrillo National Monument and finishing in Balboa Park 297-3801.

Paleo Baseball, the Pads will open an eleven-game home stand against the awesome Pittsburgh Pirates on Friday and Saturday, August 24 and 25, 7 p.m., and Sunday, August 26, 1 p.m., continuing with the Chicago Cubs, Monday, August 27 through Wednesday, August 29, 7 p.m., San Diego Stadium, 253-4494.

"How the Body Takes the Beating," a sports medicine program sponsored by Claremont Community Hospital, will feature presentations by coaches, trainers, and team physicians, along with film highlights, Wednesday, August 29, 7:30 p.m., Hilton Inn, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 275-8303 for reservations.

Oakridge Basketball Classic, a benefit game for the Oakridge sports camp, will feature the Oakridge Stars from training camp, August 26, 7:30 p.m., continuing with the Chicago Cubs, Monday, August 27 through Wednesday, August 29, 7 p.m., San Diego Stadium, 253-4494.

Del Mar Thoroughbred Racing, the 40th annual season, will feature nine races daily except Tuesday, through September 12, with the first post at 2 p.m., Del Mar Fairgrounds, Del Mar, 299-1141 or 755-1141.

Cardio-Vascular Bicycle Rides, designed for people recovering from heart attacks and as a form of preventive medicine, will be conducted by American Youth Hostels, Saturday, beginning at 10 a.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, 234-3339.

Film

Films from China, "Breaking with Old Ideas" and "Mac, the Greatest Revolution of Our Time" will be shown Sunday, August 26, 7:30 p.m., Hollywood Hills Community Hall, 2202 Broadway.

"Angel and the Jew," a film concerning a young migrant worker who helps his boss start a new business and must decide whether to become a farmer or move on with his family, will be screened Tuesday, August 25, 5:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 120 East 12th Street, National City, 474-8111.

"Walkabout," an excellent surreal film shot on the Australian outback by British filmmaker Nicholas Roeg ("Performance," "Don't Look Now," "Shogun"), will be shown with the short "Walking," as a fundraiser for Walkabout International, Wednesday, August 29, 7:45 and 10:40 p.m., Unicorn Cinema, 7650 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 213-WALK.

"Gentle," an American film which demonstrates that the earth's crust is constantly shifting, will be shown with "Phantom Uprising," daily through September 30, Redwood 11 Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park, 238-1168.



Illustration by Jeff Tremont

Not long after high school let out for the summer of 1965, a good friend of mine was visited by a distant cousin. Tom lived in New Jersey and this vacation marked his first trip to the West Coast. According to my friend, Tom hadn't unpacked before he left for the surf. "We lived in the Los Angeles area then, and my friends and I were in the habit of spending most sunny weekends and virtually every summer day at the beach. Our passion was body surfing. Over the years we had graduated from the time breakers at Seal Beach to the larger surf along the Huntington Beach pier, and finally to the southern tip of Newport Beach, to a place called The Wedge, so named for the peculiar movement of a wave as it neared the harbor jetties and joined with a second swell to form a high, peaked breaker. The Wedge was then and remains today a special place for body surfers. When late summer storms off Mexico's coast sent swells northward, surf at The Wedge would frequently rise to ten feet and more; it wasn't uncommon to see fifteen- and sometimes twenty-foot waves there. Under optimal conditions, the shape of these giant breakers resembled a bell curve, their faces so steep that only the most experienced and strongest swimmers dared to ride them. It was dangerously easy, literally to fall out of the wave, tumble twenty feet or more, and suffer the consequences of having tons of water ground you into the sand only a few feet below the surface.

New Jersey Tom was a board surfer, but he claimed to know a thing or two about body surfing, a sport he condescendingly

referred to as "poor man's surfing." His knowledge of The Wedge came from a devoted reading of Surfer magazine, which occasionally featured a pictorial spread of the beach at times of unusually heavy surf. His knowledge of body surfing was suspect, however. For example, he boasted of long rides to shore in white water four or five feet high. That act of body surfing, we knew, was confined to novices and old-timers, such as the men who pioneered the sport before the advent of swim fins (which added tremendously to maneuverability in the water). When Tom insisted that the first stop on his Southern California tour be at The Wedge, we suggested that perhaps Huntington Beach would be a better place to begin. But his determination matched his arrogance, and the morning following his arrival we arose early and headed south to Newport.

The surf that day was not particularly big, though once in a while a "clean-up" wave would roll through at about six feet. Before we could instruct Tom in the showrecesses of body surfing, he had pulled out a pair of fins and duck-walked to water's edge. "Looks like fun!" he shouted to us just before diving into the churning shortbreak. Five minutes later Tom launched himself down the face of his first and last Wedge wave. Instead of leaning back to the left and swimming laterally ahead of the break, he nosed straight down like an Olympic diver, arms outstretched for gold at Improbable. Out came his disheveled head, and when he surfaced he was so exhausted that he had to be helped to the shore. He coughed violently and grappled his right

shoulder. At the hospital, the emergency-room doctor informed when the X-rays came back—a broken collar bone and a strained ankle. "The Wedge," he asked Tom in a soothing tone—"listen to me, son. Body surfing, especially at that place, is not for kids. If you don't know what you're doing, stay the hell out of the water." My friend and I had to fight the urge to laugh. This Friday, Saturday, and Sunday the "A" side parks and recreation department will be sponsoring the Third Annual World Body Surfing Championships at Harbor Beach in Oceanside. Among the approximately 300 entrants will be some of the nation's finest body surfers, many of them (including my friend, fourteen years later) veterans of big surf at The Wedge. The contest, which will take place at lifeguard tower number right, will begin each morning at eight. Friday's competition will end about 11:00 a.m.; Saturday and Sunday (the ocean finals), the judging will be completed by 1:00 p.m. Judges will score contestants according to sponsorship (showing someone out of a wave for personal gain is considered bad form), number of waves, length of ride, and tricks (360 rolls, underwater take-offs, and so on). Though the surf at Oceanside cannot compare with that at The Wedge, however, it is a fine display of this sport's most refined techniques.

To reach Harbor Beach, exit Interstate 5 at the Camp Pendleton/Huber off-ramp and follow the signs to beach parking. For more information, phone the lifeguard service at 712-8800.

Radio/TV

"The Backdoor Pile," a country singer is double-crowded by two managers in this episode for which Willie Nelson wrote and sings the title song, Friday, August 24, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

"When the Music Was Young" will explore the early days of music-making in California from sea of the pants operations to the beginnings of major studios, narrated by James Cagney, Thursday, August 23, 6:30 p.m., repeating Sunday, August 25, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

"The 41st," the plot of possibly the first comedy series concerning the Vietnam war will be televised Sunday, August 25, 8:30 p.m., Channel 8.

"Open City," the 1946 Roberto Rossellini film, will be televised Sunday night, August 25, 1 a.m., Channel 28.

Charger Football, our San Diego Chargers (the defense hasn't allowed a touchdown in the last two games) will complete their pre-season schedule in Los Angeles against the Rams in the Times Square Game, Saturday, August 25, broadcast live at 7:30 p.m., repeating Sunday, August 26, 9:30 a.m., Channel 10.

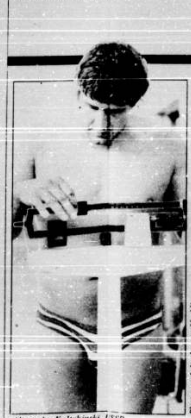
"Focus," a program of interviews and profiles of music personalities, hosted by Gary Beck, will continue with Eric Depp, Sunday, August 26, 9 p.m., KSTP-FM (94.5).

"ABC Monday Night Baseball," with teams TBA, is scheduled for Monday, August 27, 6:30 p.m., Channel 10.

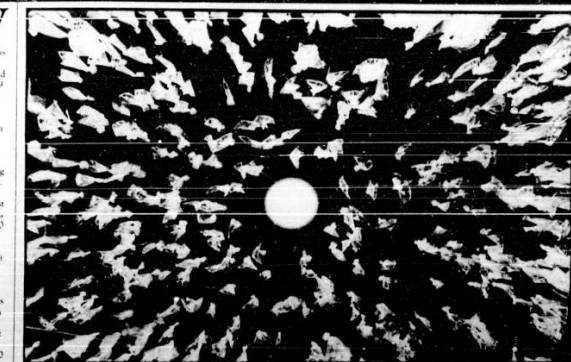
"Local Video Artists" will feature a piece by Barbara Brounch, Steve De Pauli, and Ray Jerny entitled "Whatever You Want or Olay With Me," Wednesday, August 29, 8 p.m., Mission Cable Channel 24 and Southwestern Cable Channel 16.

"Age is a Work of Art," a three-part mini-series which profiles eight older San Diegoans who, by their lifestyles, show that creativity and activity are part of the aging process, will conclude on Thursday, August 30, 7 p.m., repeating Wednesday, September 5, 2 p.m., Channel 15.

"1978-79 Los Angeles Philharmonic Season," under the baton of Maestro Carlo Maria Giulini, will be broadcast on Thursdays, through September 27, 8:30 p.m., KPBS-FM (89.5).



Alexander Koltchinskii, USSR



Meditations on a Goldfish John Waininger

The work of twenty-one San Diego artists is currently featured in an exhibit entitled *Installations and Performances at the Community Arts Gallery*. The terms "installation" and "performance" denote two significant tendencies in the visual arts since the post-World War II period, both concerned with dismantling the traditional barriers that have isolated works of art spatially and psychologically from the viewer. "Installation" is the blanket term for a range of tactics for distributing the physical components of an art work—personal, sculptural, or whatever—in an inextricable mix with the zone of space the spectator normally assumes as his own, that of "real life." The space of the work merges with that of ordinary experience, creating an ambiguity as to which is which and what kinds of reactions are appropriate. "Performance," derived from the mating of visual arts and theatrical traditions with newer consciousness-exploration concerns, extends the "three-dimensional collage" aspect of installation into domains of time and process through the medium of live action. Responsible for this exhibition are Bunky Reagan, Robert Sanchez, and Jacqueline Malt. Despite the theatrical emphasis of its title, it offers one of the choicest samplings yet of the varied aspirations of San Diego's contemporary artists. Notable in this show are some of the following: Susan Spain

Minnie's Palmprint arrays a grid of notebook memo sheets, clippings, and iconic queries, illustrating the processes of memory and the generation of language as a stage set of paper cut-out sidewalk prospectuses. A second piece by this artist, turning toilet paper rolls and rumpies to highly decorative sculptural effect, is appropriately and programmatically displayed in the restroom. John Waininger's *Meditations on a Goldfish*, a glittering vection of a rain shower caught in the prism of cellophane bags, is a visual delight, achieved with the simplest and cheapest means. Lynn Schutte's *Artist 2* 2:10 U. supercharges the text of a poignant letter from Sol LeWitt to the late Eva Hesse in a tapestry of hanging ribbons, themselves composed of hundreds of telephone memos incident of office communication. Rod Baer's *Urban Pathways After Midnight* is a peep-show glimpse into a dark infinity of minimalist dolls, suggestive of Duchamp's *Etant Donné* and the floor pieces of Carl Andre and Robert Morris. Barbara Sexton's *Completion Test* juxtaposes two canvas panels, edges heavily punctuated by metal rivets, which display a female cartography of visceral forms at contrasted scale in two, versus three, dimensions. Clayton Caldwell's *Homage to El Lissitzky* is a striking re-animation of the language of the Russian constructivist painter in a two-room environment whose two and

three-dimensional forms pan elegantly on one another. Mario Terezi's *Radiance*—Tomorrow's Evokes both the raffish profusion of Lucas Samaras' *Bedroom* and Edward Kienholz's *Endless Column*—colleces of human decay, in an extended stairwell and art environment which oddly combines an engaging off-handness of design with the propagandistic fervor of its message. A group of arresting cardboard cut figures, lettered from the collaboratively designed text for *Why E. I.*, a stage production last year, is a visual delight, achieved with the simplest and cheapest means. Lynn Schutte's *Artist 2* 2:10 U. supercharges the text of a poignant letter from Sol LeWitt to the late Eva Hesse in a tapestry of hanging ribbons, themselves composed of hundreds of telephone memos incident of office communication. Rod Baer's *Urban Pathways After Midnight* is a peep-show glimpse into a dark infinity of minimalist dolls, suggestive of Duchamp's *Etant Donné* and the floor pieces of Carl Andre and Robert Morris. Barbara Sexton's *Completion Test* juxtaposes two canvas panels, edges heavily punctuated by metal rivets, which display a female cartography of visceral forms at contrasted scale in two, versus three, dimensions. Clayton Caldwell's *Homage to El Lissitzky* is a striking re-animation of the language of the Russian constructivist painter in a two-room environment whose two and

Galleries

Semi-Abstract Works by London artist Wendy Tice, featuring geometric configurations interwoven with traditional Chinese landscape styles, will be exhibited through August 24, Fern House Gallery, Village Hotel of La Jolla, 1110 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-0133.

Recent Works by Latin American artist Francisco Zúñiga, including 22 drawings and 12 sculptures (19th-century and marble), will be featured in a one-man show, continuing through August 25, Tunde Gallery, 820 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-4691.

A Retrospective of Photographs by Gene Lytle, including 80 photographs taken between 1940 and 1979, will continue through August 26, Photo Art Center, 6610 El Camino Boulevard, 257-4533.

All Membership Show of the San Diego Watercolor Society will continue through August 29, Gray's Gallery, 250A Crest Street, Escondido, 746-5226.

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

Interior and Still Life Gouache Paintings by Kathleen Marshall will be exhibited through August 31, Designback gallery, 1227 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 459-6879.

Artist S.H. Schiffer will have her work exhibited in a one-man show coordinated by the Penhouse Gallery of the Village Hotel of La Jolla and the San Diego Repertory Theatre, through August 31, foyer of the Repertory Theatre, 1620 Sixth Avenue, 231-3555.

"Soft Images," a one-man show of photographs by Richard Tacker, will continue through August 31, Fire Arts Gallery, 8837 Park Boulevard, 297-5775.

"Selections/Permanent Collection," an excellent array of more than 40 contemporary works, spanning the years 1961 through 1978, includes pieces by such stimulating and noteworthy artists as Carl Andre, John Baldessari, Bill Berman, Christo, Ron Davis, Eldsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, Richard Serra, and Frank Stella, will continue through August, Gordon Grey Lobby, Gallery 1, and the Gerald and Inez Grant Parker Gallery, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9717.

Photographic Exhibition Posters, including the work of Ansel Adams, Diane Arbus, Robert Rauschenberg, Irving Penn, Cunningham, Walter Evans, Ansel Kertess, Douglas Laing, Edward Sorensen, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Jerry Uelsmann, Edward Weston, and more than 100 others, will be displayed through September 6, Gallery Graphics, 3647 Fifth Avenue, 257-3535.

Two-Person Show will feature exclusive based on formal forms of native birds, by Jane Lawrence, and metal pieces designed to be worn, by Corren Kaufman, continuing through September 6, Spectrum Gallery, 801 Goldfish Street, Mission Hills, 295-2725.

"Persian Prayers," new works in collage by Daniel Givner, will be exhibited through September 9, Celebrations Gallery, 645 G Street, upstairs, 239-5232.

Surrealism and Traditional Japanese—a double-themed exhibition will be on display through September 16, David the Framer, 310 Fifth Avenue, second floor, 234-2595.

(Continued on next page)



Clavijo

Cradle

(continued from page 17)

goes by, can only hope that the company director or a choreographer will notice them and want to put them in a ballet. As the saying goes, "Someone will want to use me." It may take weeks or years for this to happen or it may never happen at all, and it does not necessarily depend on technical ability. A dancer may be quite good technically but not have the right "look," a choreographer wants. A dancer's look is formed by his or her natural physical endowments, by training, and by personal temperament.

The first role will usually be a small one, often danced with one or two other dancers. If it goes well, perhaps a small solo will follow or they may be asked to understudy a role. Gradually, over months and years, the dancer becomes more and more widely recognized, both within the company and with local audiences, and he or she is given more to do. Thus, with talent and the old-fashioned virtues of patience, diligence and fortitude, they can work their way up to company soloist or even further, to principal dancer. It also helps, of course, to be beautiful or handsome. (None of this can happen, of course, if the company itself is not financially and artistically stable.) This picture of virtue sometimes rewarded is often mitigated, especially in prestigious companies, by fierce rivalry and jealousies.

In spite of the fact that most careers are built by staying with a single company, it is a tradition among American ballet dancers to move frequently from city to city, company to company, especially in the early stages of their career. Dancers who frequently change companies are known in the trade as "butterfly dancers." Sometimes a change is voluntary; often it is not.

Tishia Hicks lived three and a half years in New York, studying dance and working as a dancer when she could. Twice she left the city, once to join a company in Maryland which folded after six months, and once to join a company in Tucson which folded after a year. Both times she returned to New York.

own. It's a bit much, living with your things scattered all over the United States."

A young man's training in ballet must begin very early in life if he hopes to make a career in ballet. Even sixteen is considered too late because much of her musculature will be set by that time. Also, she must be trained from an early age to dance on pointe, that is, in pointe shoes—specialty constructed shoes with reinforced toes—which allow a woman to appear to be dancing on her big toes, thus creating a pure unbroken line from the top of the leg through the foot. This early training often takes the lives of future professional dancers different from those of their peers.

Bj. Martin is the only dancer in *Cradle Songs* who is a native San Diegoan and the "Wils" one who is married. "I don't remember doing anything in my life except dancing," says Martin. "I went to high school half days. When I was eleven years old, I was dancing with the opera. I never went to my senior prom. I never dated in high school. I left home and all I've done is dance."

Kimberley Pearce had a similar experience. "I started dancing quite young and you have to grow up faster if you really play to do something," she says. "Dancing takes you away from the whole school trip as far as popularity, as far as anything social. I don't feel I had an education as far as schooling. I had actually no friends in high school. I didn't matter. Dancing was all I wanted to do. That was my education."

Men usually start to dance ballet later in their lives than women. (Men and women are called "boys" and "girls" in the ballet world, regardless of their age.) One of the reasons for this is that men do not have to dance on pointe. Another reason is cultural.

"My mother tried to start me in ballet class when I was about seven," says Garza, "but I was shy and embarrassed by the whole thing. I took a few classes and then I wouldn't go back. I cried. It was the way I felt about my peers. I changed my mind when I got into acting classes. I thought it was stupid to go to school when I wasn't what I wanted to do. When I quit, my mother insisted I have a high school diploma so I went to night classes at college. Most of the time I was dancing. That's what I wanted to do."

Tom Cockerline, twenty-six, started in *Cradle Songs* as an understudy. Then Anthony moved him up to take over a role. "When I was twelve," he says, "I told my mother that I'd like to take ballet and she said, 'Oh, you're not that kind of boy. You like basketball. You like basketball.' There is definitely a cultural thing about boys taking ballet, that you're gay or whatever. But it's not as prevalent as it used to be."

Christina Clavijo, twenty-three, another of the seven dancers in *Cradle Songs*, comes from a show business family of touring ballroom dancers and is torn between two priorities. "The moving from city to city that we have to do may be desirable for my career," she says, "but it's not desirable for me. I would much rather stay in one place. I've been away from Mommy and Daddy that I can call my

they have no authority within the company. It is the property of the director, the choreographers, and the stars and no guarantee that they will be hired again in the fall, one wonders why they do it. In fact, the American Guild of Musical Artists, the union to which professional ballet dancers belong, has traditionally found dancers difficult to organize because so many of them would do what they like to do nothing."

"It's hard to explain," says Martin. "I can't wait to get out there on stage." Then she adds with a laugh, "I forget everything. I forget my husband, my little boy. I just feel so good."

"For me," says Clavijo, "it's opening up my heart and soul to the audience and giving them all my love and getting their love back. That's the payoff. To be able to give something of that value to the audience and at the same time, it feels very easy to have complete control of your body."

For Hicks, the payoff is the unity her work gives to her life. "It's the reward you get from doing something that you love," she says. "It's important that my work is part of my life, that it is my life."

"There's a great thrill in going on stage," says Cockerline, "and I have a commitment to art, to being involved in the creation of dance because it's an artistic expression of our society." On Monday morning, July 9, with five days to go till opening night, director Keith Martin announces his resignation to the company, effective at the end of the month, and the dancers all feel a tremor in the landscape. New directors usually want to hire their own dancers. That afternoon at rehearsal the mood is somber. Two segments of *Cradle Songs* have still to be set. One is a pas de deux (step-for-two or duet) with Clavijo and Ricardo Moyano, the man originally cast in Cockerline's role. The other is the tango with all the dancers.

During the first part of the rehearsal, there seems to be an uncomfortable tension between Moyano and Anthony. Though both are concentrating, they do not meet each other's eyes. The choreography for the finale is not difficult, being in large part variations on the movements of the introduction. When Anthony finally dismisses them, it occurs to me that no written record has been made of how steps. The entire ballet exists only in the memory and muscles of the dancers.

On Tuesday, July 10, with four days to go, the second disquieting event occurs. Anthony takes Ricardo Moyano out of the ballet and gives his part to Cockerline because Moyano has missed too many rehearsals. "He was a little upset," said Anthony, referring to Moyano, "but after we talked, I think he felt better." Moyano himself was reluctant to say much, though he didn't seem to understand the reason for his removal. "Sure I've missed rehearsals," he said, "but I've learned a ballet in the afternoon and performed it in the evening."

Cockerline, with short, sandy-colored hair and a serious manner, had actually been given the role once before when Moyano had quit the company, apparently because he wasn't being paid. Then a few

days later, Moyano changed his mind and came back and Anthony put him back into the ballet, taking Cockerline out. "I had some hard feelings about that," says Cockerline, "but I'm happy to have the role again."

By Wednesday, with three days to go, the choreography has been set, and the dancers are beginning to concentrate more on characterization. As a consequence, the rehearsal has much more intensity. After lunch, however, Anthony is still not satisfied. "You've got to be someone," he tells them. "I don't want you to bring in some old characterization that you used in *Gaelle* or in *Enchanted*. Don't act it. Be it."

On Thursday, the seven are fired for their costumes and on Friday, the day before opening, there is a run-through of the entire *Cradle Songs* program: five ballets, of which *Cradle Songs* will be the third. At this point rehearsals are under the supervision of Keith Martin, who bears the final responsibility for the success of the performance. He has the authority and even the obligation to take *Cradle Songs* out of the program if he thinks that it is not up to standard. He does not do so.

After the rehearsal, I search out the dancers to see how they're feeling about the ballet. Garza and Pearce are sitting in the lounge, fuming. They say that they're not in the ballet that they can relate to. Anthony hasn't told them enough about what he wants and that they haven't had enough rehearsal. Moreover, they don't feel that the ballet has any unity. They are not going to share their feelings with Anthony, however. All they can do now, they say, is to go there and try to perform it, to try to create something as best they can.

Anthony is gone, already on his way to Mexicali. He is going to be stage manager for the entire performance, and hence he will be there a day ahead of time in order to check out the theater and to coordinate the music—which will be recorded—on the lights, and other technical matters with the Mexican crew. The other four dancers, when queried, express feelings about *Cradle Songs* ranging from uncomfortable misgivings to a kind of fervent optimism. I had expected excitement over the opening of a new ballet, especially since the roles were created on time. It hadn't occurred to me that the ballet might not be very good.

I mention it to ballet mistress Patricia Stander that the dancers seem a little tense. She senses my consternation. "Nerves, darling," she says reassuringly and comes on lightly on the arm, "and some of them are superstitious about talking about a performance before they do it, especially if it's a new ballet."

At 10:30 a.m. on Saturday morning, the company boards a chartered bus for Mexicali. As we cross the Laredo heading for El Centro, Clavijo walks up the aisle and drops into the seat beside me. With a little prompting, she talks about *Cradle Songs* and her attitude pretty much sums up how the others are feeling.

"As a total success," she says, "it's a question mark in my mind. As a work of art, it's fine but I'm afraid it's not marketable. It's too melodic, it's too soft. I'm afraid it's going to be difficult to follow for the audi-

ence unless there's a really good synopsis in the program. Bill has one for saying a lot of words. He wants the dance to say it, but whether or not the dancing is going to say it, I don't know."

"But my personal opinion of how it's going to fare and whether or not it's too slow or melancholy or whatever are totally irrelevant. My job is to do the best I can do there and hope that I can involve the audience."

Garza and Pearce won't talk about it. At 2:00 p.m., we arrive at the theater. Curtain is at 9:00. On the outside, the theater is all white trailers and graceful curves, with a large marquee announcing "Ballet Classico de San Diego." Inside, there are 1200 comfortably upholstered seats ranged in three tiers. The main curtain is open. The large stage is flanked by long, black curtains. The entire back wall of the stage is a huge white canvas hung from the ceiling called a cyclorama.

The performers' lounge is carpeted and newly painted in pastels. The dressing rooms are fully equipped. Everyone is impressed. It is a promising introduction.

The dancers have not had their daily class so while they change into rehearsal clothes, portable barres are set up on stage and at 2:30, a class begins. It runs until four o'clock, presided over by ballet mistress Stander. All the dancers must take it.

At 4:30, there is a run-through of the performance so that technicians and dancers can adapt to each other and the new stage. Anthony is too busy to answer any questions. The feeling among the dancers is one of concentration and purpose. It is useless to try to talk to anyone, so I decide to watch the run-through from the audience. Martin and Stander are sitting half way back, taking notes. They will critique the performances with the dancers and Anthony after each ballet.

The first two ballets are fairly lit and go smoothly. Then Anthony has the six dancers for *Cradle Songs* stand in their opening positions while he marks their places with small pieces of masking tape. The stage will only be lit in a few areas and he shows each dancer where the light will be for his or her particular part. This is the first time anyone has seen the lighting he has designed. When this is settled, they run through the ballet.

The last two ballets are company staples and go off without a hitch. Then, after a whispered consultation among Anthony, Martin, and Stander, the dancers in *Cradle Songs* are told to get their costumes on and come back on the stage. Martin is not satisfied with the lighting and it must be changed. The dancers are not happy about this, since this is supposed to be their break time, but they comply.

For half an hour, various lighting schemes are tried, with Stander calling out suggestions to Anthony and the dancers while the latter walk through the positions on the stage where they will dance. Then the dancers are excused. It is 6:30.

"Backstage in the performers' lounge," Garza and Pearce are sitting together talking quietly. Sitting beside them, I tell them that the ballet is impressive and their performance is excellent. They both nod their head, but Garza looks up and smiles.

"Nobody has told us that," he says. "No body has told us how we look."

Cockerline pauses for a moment on his way to the dressing room. "It's the best opportunity I've had with this company," he says. "I feel good about it."

Anthony is in his dressing room shaving off his beard. He looks tired. He hadn't slept much last night and it's been a long day. "You're not sure how it's gonna turn out sometimes," he says, "but that's one of the risks you take. I don't know if the ballet is any good. I don't know if anybody is gonna like it. But there it is."

At 7:30 the company begins to emerge from their dressing rooms in warm-up clothes and heads for the stage. There, with the main curtain closed, Stander runs them through another rigorous class. Instead of seeing, they must prepare for performance by dancing to keep their muscles from getting stiff. As the class ends, we can hear the audience starting to enter the auditorium. Later we learn that the house is sold out.

The next half hour is very busy, and a few minutes before nine, the dancers in *Cradle Songs* get their places on stage. An announcement is made in Spanish over a loudspeaker that "The Minister of Culture of Baja California presents." The music begins, the curtain goes up, and the performance is on its way.

The first two ballets, lasting some forty-five minutes, are warmly received. An intermission follows. At about ten, with the main curtain still closed, the six dancers in *Cradle Songs* walk onto the stage in costume. From where I stand in the darkness of the wings, they seem very far away. The overhead work lights, the only illumination, form shadow plays on the floor at their feet as they shuffle about, clowning and joking quietly. Anthony comes on, making last-minute adjustments to his costume. He talks to the dancers for a moment. Traditionally, these people wish each other well before a performance with "break a leg." Obviously, this won't do for ballet dancers. In its place, they give a word more in keeping with the French origins of their art. "Merde, Tish." "Merde, Pat." "Merde, kids." They pin hands and kiss each other on the cheeks, then find the masking tape on the floor which marks their positions and stand waiting.

On the other side of the curtain, the audience can be heard settling down. The dancers stand frozen as the lights go down on the stage. "Stand by." The curtain rises. The Brubeck begins.

The audience sees seven figures silhouetted against the blue light projected on the cyclorama. Then a pale, yellow light comes up on the dancers and the first movements begin. This is it. This is what all the hard work has been for.

The performance is beautiful and the dance personalities emerge clearly. Hicks is radiant, Garza strong, Martin is cool, Pearce intense. Anthony is eager. Clavijo, ingenious, Cockerline attentive. At the last note of the music, the applause is instantaneous and enthusiastic. As the dancers line up for their curtain call, there are a few braves from the audience as they step forward one at a time for their solo bows.

the applause does not abate. They bow once more together, the lights go out and they walk off stage.

Back in the lounge, Garza admits that the audience seemed to like it. Pearce is wondering if she overacted on her solo, and Martin says she enjoyed performing more than she expected to. Clavijo is all smiles. "I haven't lost my words," she says. Hicks and Cockerline went off immediately to change costume and Anthony has vanished. He must stage manage for the last two ballets.

After the final curtain of the evening, people mill about in the lounge. The dancers are doing their stretch clothes, getting ready for the long ride back. One of the dancers who was not in *Cradle Songs* comes out of her dressing room and heads for the lounge. "I don't know if it's really audible above the general chatter." Well, *Cradle Songs* doesn't dance in the studio; but it sure works on stage. Perhaps that says it all.

POSTSCRIPT

The following Monday, I go to the studios to talk to Anthony one last time, arriving just as *Cradle Songs* is rehearsing. To my surprise, Ricardo Moyano is dancing Cockerline's part. After rehearsal, Anthony talks about some of the changes he has already begun to make in the choreography of the ballet, though in general he is satisfied with it. "To the ordinary public, the dance may appear pretty traditional," he says, "but to someone who knows technique, they'll be able to spot one or two movements of real innovation. That's how you grow. Not by trying to change the face of classical choreography, but by little bits."

As we talk, Cockerline comes up and immediately begins to talk to Anthony in an angry voice. Anthony asks me to excuse them for a moment and as I move away, I hear Cockerline say, "You better get your story straight between me and Ricardo. You told him..."

Afterward, Anthony assures me that everything is OK, that Cockerline has a legitimate complaint but that it's all been straightened out. Moyano will share the role with Cockerline. I search out Cockerline to get his response. "That's the way it is," he says grimly. "You take what they give you or pack your bags."

As the summer ends, the butterflies are beginning to feel the pull. Somewhere out there is a teacher who can help them get over that last hurdle in technique, an artistic director who will inspire them, a choreographer who might possibly inspire them. The both of unfilled potential and boundless opportunity stir the soul and some are already on the wing.

Kimberley Pearce has gone, to join the Columbus Ballet. Patricia Garza has joined the Pittsburgh Ballet, as has Bj. Martin, who will join her husband Keith. Other dancers are learning their roles in *Cradle Songs*. Tom Cockerline is considering an offer from the Oakland Ballet. Tishia Hicks and Christina Clavijo will stay and take their chances with the new director. Bill Anthony has had offers to go elsewhere, but will wait it out for now. The fall season will bring new beginning.

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San Diego Concerts

Bad Reputation: Spring Valley Cinema, Friday, August 24 and

Saturday, August 25, 12 a.m. 10:57. Skatlon Boulevard, Spring Valley, 466-6633.

Devo: SDSU Amphitheatre, Saturday, August 25, 8 p.m. 236-6947.

New Wave Showcase: Roy Theatre, Monday, August 27, 8 p.m. 4642 Cast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

The Platters: Fiesta Dinner Theatre, Monday, August 27, 7:15 and 10:15 p.m. 8665 Campo Road, Spring Valley, 577-5777.

Todd Bryson and the Eternal Orchestra: Colapinto's Coffee House, Tuesday, August 28, 8 p.m. 2927 Meade Avenue, 753-1669.



Peter Frampton and Poussette-Dart Band: Sports Arena, Tuesday, August 28, 7:30 p.m. Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Magazine and the Penetrators: Roy Theatre, Wednesday, August 29, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. 4642 Cast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Kalapa: Calamarian, Wednesday, August 29, 9 and 11 p.m. 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

George Toms, Lewis Jordan, and Mark Desser: Stratford Court Theatre, Friday, August 31, 8 p.m. 1350 Stratford Court, Del Mar, 481-1817.

NBSG: Roy Theatre, Friday, August 31, 8 and 11 p.m. 4642 Cast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

The Zeros with UXA, Mor, and the Seattle Capetown's Hall: Saturday, September 1, 8 p.m. 23d and Broadway, 281-7227 or 282-6678.

The Kinks: SDSU Amphitheatre, Monday, September 3, 8 p.m. 236-6947.

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Jorma Kaukonen: Roy Theatre, Tuesday, September 11, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. 4642 Cast Street, Pacific Beach, 488-3303.

Clubs

The Alamo: 3993 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240. Brunch featuring Ernie Wood, country western, Tuesday through Sunday.

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

Anthony's Harborside: 1355 North Harbor Drive, Harbor Island, 232-6358. SRO, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Antonio's Hacienda: 700 North Johnson Avenue, El Cajon, 442-0827. All forms, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Aspen Mine Co.: 5680 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 563-1813. Then, night.

Athlete: 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434. Roberta

Lim: contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Boccalan: 8222 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 560-8022. Rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Magic 11 variety show, Sunday and Monday.

Sahla: 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551. Mercedes Lounge, disco, featuring Roger Guy English, night, Harborside, Johnny Pima, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Brighton Days, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

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Belly Up Tavern: 143 South Cedros Boulevard, Solana Beach, 754-5910.

Berkley's: 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 463-9625. Disco, contemporary, Sunday.

Billy Bones Restaurant: 959 Hornland 3rd, west, Pacific Beach, 272-7180. Paul Gregg, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Black Angus: 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 276-3000. Gabe Lapiano, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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KPRI FM106 and WOLF & RISSMILLER CONCERTS ANNOUNCE
The Long Awaited Return of

Peter FRAMPTON

SPECIAL GUEST STAR
POUSETTE-DART BAND

TUESDAY, AUG. 28 7:30 PM

At seats reserved. \$8.75 & 7.75
Tickets available at Sports Arena Box Office,
Bick Shert House Stores, Eric the Red's Car Stereo Store,
and Arena Ticket Agencies. Information: (714) 234-4176.

PRODUCED BY WOLF & RISSMILLER CONCERTS

the TRIP TICKETS


AGENCY
BEST AVAILABLE SEATS IN TOWN FOR

DEVO THIS SATURDAY AUG. 25TH

PETER FRAMPTON TUESDAY AUG. 28TH

THE CARS

The RAINTREE
welcomes
CLASSIFIED



Tuesday-Saturday 9-1:30
This week's "specials"
Monday-Pool Tournament
all beer 50¢
Wednesday & Thursday-Ladies Night
all drinks \$1.25
Monday through Friday 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Michels Draft 35¢

Raintree
10450 Friar Rd. 280-1141
No cover charge anytime

Josephina is hot!
with
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT



Josephina is not only wild, crazy and delicious, now she's featuring live entertainment Tuesday thru Saturday nights. No one does it better than Josephina-Italian specialties, unique sandwiches, salads, deep-dish pizza-and live entertainment.

Josephina's Restaurant, 1991 Santa Ana Blvd., Open Monday-Friday 11:30 AM-2 AM, Sat. 10:30 PM-2 AM, Sun. 10:00 PM-1:00 AM (714) 223-5598. Ample parking adjacent to the building.

Jackie O
Superb Dining
EARLY BIRD DINNER 5-7 P.M.
Any of the following entrees, including salad & dessert for \$5.95
Cornish Game Hen - Mahi Mahi Sauteed Teriyaki Steak - Artichoke and Shrimp
DINNER 5-11 P.M. - INDOORS & OUTDOORS
PRIME RIBS - SEAFOOD - STEAK - EUROPEAN SPECIALTY
Serving Prime Rib Dinner Buffet - \$10.95 - Free 21+ only

Black Frog Restaurant, 4072 Federal Boulevard East San Diego, 264-5777. Sammy Telt Organ Trio featuring Ella Ruth Piggie, jazz, Thursday through Sunday.

Blamey Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Claremont 279-2033. Brian Connelly, Irish & international folk, Wednesday through Sunday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-8010. Lashia Collins-McIntire, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Sandowal and Spive, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 271-5555. California, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Bill Brockstein, comedian, Sunday and Monday.

Botford's Old Place, 1205 Prospekt, La Jolla 459-8262. Steven Voss, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday. Suzanne Igou, variety, Sunday through Tuesday.

Cafe Del Rey More, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park 234-8511. Nova featuring Anne Voss, Larry Logan, and Paul Blevins, jazz, contemporary, and Latin, Tuesday through Saturday.

Cafe Jorango, 4527 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach 272-7191. Indian, jazz, Thursday and Saturday. Jackie Lowell, folk, Friday. Chris Ryan, contemporary, Sunday.

Cajita's Frisco Lounge, 3102 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest 295-2975. Gil Warner, piano, Wednesday through Saturday.

Carlin's Charlie's, 5530 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla 454-0316. Disco, nightly.

Casa Salta Restaurant, 625 H Street, Chula Vista 422-0161. Lobby Moose, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Cash and Cleaver, 140 South Santa Boulevard, Solana Beach 491-8238. Barry and La, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Cash and Cleaver, 2329 Center City Parkway, Escondido 741-2404. Randy Castellano, original, vocals, and guitar, Thursday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Jose 449-6700. Tacoma, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Charlie Horse Lounge, Winner's Circle Lodge, 500 Via de la Valle, Del Mar 755-6666. Don, Mel and Rick, country, boogie, and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday.

Chateau, 3523 College Avenue, College Grove 582-8520. Vestibular Trio, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

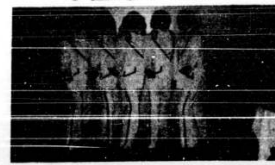
Chuck's Black House, 1250 Prospekt Street, La Jolla 454-3325. Joe Marlin with Ron Satterfield on vocals, jazz, Monday through Thursday. Liz with Anson on vocals, jazz, Friday through Sunday.

Chuck's Black House, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido 746-5100. Timespace, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Comedy Store, 546 Paul Street, La Jolla 454-9176. Gary Mueller, Bruce Boun, Jeff Denard, and Gary Shandling, comedians, Thursday through Saturday. Danny Johnston, Sami Kenney, and Chico, comedians, Wednesday and Thursday.

Comedy Store, Ramada Inn, 2151 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-4502. Danny Johnston, Morfy Cohen, and Michael Richards, comedians, Thursday through Saturday. Mike Carter, Lashia Westrich, Sandra Burdett, and Karen Leppin, comedians, Tuesday and Wednesday.

CASTAWAYS
NIGHT CLUB
ROCKS WITH
tacoma



TUESDAY THRU SATURDAY 9-1:30
LIPZ
APPEARING SEPT. 4-15
10767 Woodside Ave., Santee
BEHIND LENNY'S RESTAURANT 449-6700

Fog Cutter



Now appearing Sundays, Mondays & Tuesdays
FLUKE
Great rock 'n' roll is no accident




Russ Kirkpatrick and Favorite Son
Starting Sept. 5th Wed. thru Sat.
Happy Hour 5-7 \$1.25 double drinks from the well. Hors d'oeuvres
2858 Carlsbad Blvd. 729-3189

NANA MOUSKOURI
Brings her art to you!
Sunday, Sept. 9
Civic Theatre • 8:00 P.M.
Tickets: \$12.00 - \$10.50 - \$9.00
On sale at Center Box Office, 202 "C" Street, all Ball Games!
Men's Wear stores, and other Select-A-Seat Outlets.
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MONKS
presents
FEELIN
FANTASY
35¢ cold drinks all night long
Sunday, August 26th
CHARGER NIGHT
75 Charge, the South's Finest, more prizes & 5¢ chd drink, free admission & Happy Hour prices
Huge, huge entertainment & live music
10475 San Diego Mission Road, Just East of San Diego Stadium
563-0880

Baker From The Forest is determined to keep the pleasurable custom of dining out alive and well in Mission Hills. Bring your girlfriend, your boyfriend, your boss, your family, your favorite mailman, your car pool driver, bring everyone to dinner with this ad and we'll treat you to
10% OFF YOUR DINNER TAB
when you dine with us
between the hours of 5pm to 7pm
(offer expires August 30, 1979)



Baker From The Forest
4015 Goldfinch Street in Mission Hills
And when you're in idyllic, visit Baker In The Forest at Fern Valley Corners!

CASA DE LA PALOMA
EXPERIENCE...
Gallina Manchamantel. Roasted chicken in a sweet red chili sauce served with rice & a unique Mexican salad.
Carne Asada. Tender choice steak covered with green chilies & guacamole served with a cheese enchilada, chutney & guacamole fresca.
Our dinners begin at \$4.50 and are a virtual feast of excellent Mexican food! Tonight, share an adventure! Come find us!
Casa de la Paloma
719 East Bradley Avenue in El Cajon 448-7072
Interstate 81 East to 67 towards Lakeside. Take the Bradley Ave. exit. Turn right onto Bradley Avenue 1/4 mile to a shopping center. Look up to your right and find our large sign. Turn into the shopping center and arrive at your left.

The Corporation, 380 North El Camino Real, Pacific Beach 454-1676. Disco, nightly.

Country Bumpkin/Annex, 1502 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1848. Country, contemporary, country, Wednesday through Sunday. Bucktail Revue, nostalgia, Monday and Tuesday. Feelings, disco rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street, downtown 233-7856. Ted Pious Quartet featuring Lattie Jo Jones, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Crystal Ts Emporium, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 297-7131. Disco, nightly.

Cullpepper's, 7383 Gallatin Place, San Carlos 460-5400. Gary Sherwood, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Daly's Lounge, 4176 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont 272-5641. Roland Klotz, jazz, Monday and Tuesday.

Dick's of the Beach, 327 North Highway 101, Solana Beach 755-7672. Lashia, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Thunderbolt the Wonderbolt, country rock, Sunday and Monday. Starfire, rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Disco Heaven, Executive Hotel, 1st and C Streets, downtown 233-4844. Disco, Tuesday through Sunday.

D.O. Mills & Co., 425 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 298-1591. Disco, nightly.

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

Ernie's, 7955 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 459-0541. Red Crane, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Dave Rogers, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Fat Cats, 656 First Street, Encinitas 753-2578. Tail Cotton, country western, Thursday, New Spoon, rock and roll, Friday. Chuck Wagon and the Wheels, country western, Saturday.

Fireside, 439 West Washington Street, Escondido 745-1931. Disco, nightly.

Halligan's, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley 291-8435. Disco, live band/DJ, nightly.

Fog Cutter, 2858 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad 729-3189. Cindy and the Breeze, rock and disco, Wednesday through Saturday. Fido, rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

Galactica, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point 224-8282. Disco, nightly.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 380 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7131. Soft Touch, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Blue Wind, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Halligan's, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point 225-9559. Bonni Dancer, rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Blue Wind, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Halligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 274-3474. Hornet, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.


Hamburguesas, 4216 Wallace Street, Old Town 295-8446. Two the Max, variety, Wednesday through Saturday. Sarah and the Owl, bluegrass, Thursday through Sunday. Melissa McCracken, guitar and vocals, Sunday through Tuesday.

Honolulu, 2770 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 297-1101. Madcap, contemporary and Latin, Wednesday through Sunday. Night 20's, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

LIVE FROM THE
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PHONE 560-8022
BETWEEN HWY 163 & CONVOY ST.
8022 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.

EVERY TUESDAY THRU SATURDAY
BRATZ
SAN DIEGO'S CRAZIEST ROCK BAND
TONIGHT! THURSDAY
DISCO SUCKS NIGHT
FREE 250 DISCO SUCKS ROCK VISORS
ROCK ALBUMS - ROCK CONCERT TICKETS
WATCH THE BRATZ BREAK 250 DISCO RECORDS
SUN. & MON. TUES. & WED.
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FM106



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SUNDAY, SEPT. 9 • 7:30PM
SPORTS ARENA
Intimate Amphitheatre Style
All seats reserved. \$7.75, 6.75
Tickets available at Sports Arena Box Office, Brick Street House Stores, Inc. The Red's Car Stereo Stores and Aveda Ticket Agencies. Information: (714) 224-4176
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They're Back
King Biscuit Blues
It is a well known San Diego group which has no equal. All five men are accomplished in their own specialties. All contribute to bringing the progressive blues for your enjoyment.

Tuesday and Wednesday
Mike Blea
Mellow variety

Always good food!
Mandolin Wind
308 University 297-2017
Happy Hours 5-7 Rita's Mary's Well drinks 75¢

La Costa Cantina, 1476 Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas, 753-1486. Stealing guitars, Friday through Sunday.

L'Chaim Vegetarian Restaurant, 134 West Douglas Avenue, El Cajon, 442-1331. Jam and Tweed Hinton, originals and under the moon, Wednesday and Thursday, class folk, Saturday, Maria Mourafian, classical guitar, Monday.

Le Chapel, 5548 Newcot Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-0300. Neil jazz, Thursday, Solid Funk, 107, Friday and Saturday, Big City Blues Band with the Soul Serenades jazz, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Neil jazz, Wednesday.

London Opera House, 5404 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 279-2390. East West Band, mild rock, Thursday through Sunday, Winifred, folk rock, Monday through Wednesday.



Mocho's, 2906 Midway Drive, Loma Portal, 224-2401. Colour Latin disco, Wednesday through

Saturday, Mark of Zorn, top 40, Sunday, Masa, Latin disco, Monday and Tuesday.

Magic Lamp, 9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-8760. Disco, nightly.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 691 Magnolia Avenue, San Marcos, 448-8550. Disco, Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5573. D.A. & the Necktines, country rock, Monday through Saturday, Pony Express, country, Sunday.

Mandolin Wind, 305 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3097. King Recital Blues Band, blues, Thursday through Saturday, audition, Monday, Mae Black, variety, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard at Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-9520. Disco, nightly. Orbits But Cookies, night, Sunday, dance contest, Tuesday.

Masi's, 1299 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-3544. Disco, nightly.

Mandarin House
Award winner two years in a row
Southern California Restaurant Writers
1977, 1978
Every Evening "Our Chef" will demonstrate the art of making "Hand Made Noodles"
6765 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla-Parking Available
Serving Lunch and Dinner - Open 11 AM-10 PM Daily
Fri. & Sat. till 11 PM

W.D. Pabst & Co.
Purveyors of Fine Food & Spirits
Complete dinners starting at \$4.95
Open 5 p.m.
Reservations accepted
Located at the Rosemary Inn
2901 Nimble Blvd.
224-3655
Underground Parking

Catch us if you can!
TD & Mr. Mustard are pickin' hot lick every Thursday, Friday and Saturday night!
Take 24th St. exit off I-5 to Highland Ave.
474-2201
JOHN BULL
PRIME RIB & STEAK
2200 Highland Ave.
National City

MARC BERMAN CONCERTS AND AVAALON ATTRACTIONS
the limited engagement of
Kenny Loggins
SEPT 15 & 16
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
OPEN AIR AMPHITHEATRE
ALL TICKETS RESERVED
on sale at: AZTEC CENTER BOX OFFICE
BILL GAMBLE'S all SELECTA SEAT outlets
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ROXY THEATRE call 236-6947 for info

KFSD-FM
enter KFSD's
"Fiesta in Madrid" Contest
You could win a one week trip for two to exotic Madrid, the capital of sunny Spain! You will be flown from Los Angeles on September 11th, and you'll spend six nights in Madrid. Airfare and hotel accommodations will be paid. Listen to KFSD for complete rules, and register to win at any of the following locations:
CAPISTRANO TRADING POST 31741 Camino Capistrano (San Juan Capistrano)
CLASSIC ENCOUNTERS RECORDS 1153 SIXTH AVE., SAN DIEGO
JOHN COOK JEWELERS 7690-B PAY AVE., LA JOLLA
F. DAVID LEATHERS & GIFTS 647 BROADWAY, SAN DIEGO
CALVIN'S TV FLOWER HILL CENTER, DEL MAR
ENCINITAS TV FIRST & ASH STREETS, SAN DIEGO AND 10th MIRAMAR RD., MIRA MESA
RON KEEFER GOURMET FOODS 1140 FIRST STREET, ENCINITAS
KENNER & SONS JEWELERS 1920 FT. STOCKTON, SAN DIEGO
NATURAL SOUNDS 4248 BONITA ROAD, BONITA BEACH
NEW WORLD GOLDSMITH THE MERCADO, RANCHO BERNARDO
OPTICAL ONE FLOWER HILL CENTER, DEL MAR
PERFECT PAN 4040 GOLDFINCH, SAN DIEGO
ST. CHARLES KITCHENS 7420 GIRARD, LA JOLLA
Last date to enter is August 30, 1979!
KFSD-FM 94.1
Your Favorite Music Station

Mike's Highway, 8253 Wintergarden Boulevard, Lakeside, 443-9508. Duckstap, rock, Friday and Saturday.

Mission Inn, 502 East Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-2023. White Lightning Express, country, Monday through Saturday, Pony Express, country, Sunday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 El Cajon Boulevard, North Park, 298-8686. Dove Topiko, big band, Friday and Saturday, live combo, Sunday through Thursday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 263-0060. Baby Face, live disco and top 40, Thursday through Saturday, Fantasy, contemporary, Sunday, Feeling, live disco and top 40, Monday through Wednesday.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Benveniste Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo.

556-2420. Brian Benney, contemporary and classical guitar, Thursday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 687 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. Oh! Ridge, country rock and humor, Tuesday through Saturday.

Moonglow, 4455 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 273-1022. Sandy Stewart and Co., contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Paul Gregg, organ, Sunday and Monday.

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

Nashville Country, 5933 University Avenue, East San Diego, 283-5570. Tall Cotton, country, Friday and Saturday.

Dining at The White House.
For over three generations La Casa Blanca has provided both "locals" and "tourists" meals they return for. Stop in either of our two locations in Old Town... we'll treat you royally.
The original La Casa Blanca, in the center of Old Town's state historic park.
The newest La Casa Blanca, 2444 San Diego Avenue, Old Town.

Night Owl East, 667 North Mission Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854. Rapace, contemporary, Sunday and Monday, Fever, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6761. Song of Pharis, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611. Jesse Davis, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Odyssey 2000, 6th Street, Revolution, 3rd and 4th floors, Tijuana, Mexico. Live disco, nightly.

GREAT BREAKFASTS TILL 3 A.M.
the Old Mission Beach Cafe
1790 Mission Blvd. 270-9141
Fri. and Sat. 8 a.m. - 3 a.m. Sun. - Thurs. 8 a.m. - 11 p.m.

O'Hungry's, 6955 Galveston Drive, San Carlos, 697-3232. Roger, blues, rag time, and traditional, Chorus, contemporary, mellow, easy listening, and soft rock, Thursday through Saturday, Jim and Theresa, Irish, folk, jazz, and sing along, Tuesday.

Old No. 7 Distillery, 140 South Seely Avenue, Solana Beach, 755-8733. Disco, nightly.

Organ Power Pizza, 5375 Kearny Vista Road, Kearny Mesa, 560-9988. Tommy Stark, contemporary and pop, Wednesday through Monday.

Outpost, 652 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley, 464-9007. Live country music, Saturday.

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 266-7873. Naron and Down Home, country western, Thursday through Saturday, Deepen Out, country and bluegrass, Sunday.

Palomino Star, 3208 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5889. Jack Richards, Bob's Road, country, rock, and swing, Thursday through Saturday.

Pavilion Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-1111. Merrill Moore, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pelican Club, 7128 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 464-9146. Scatter, soul, soft rock and country, Thursday.

Porthole Lounge, Holiday Inn, 1100 Level Highway Drive, Embarcadero, 232-3861. Eddie Preston, unlimited, rock and roll, Monday through Saturday.

Posedon, 1670 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 755-9345. Bob Miller, disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4401 University Avenue, East San
Our seafood won 1st prize in the Ensenada Seafood Fair!
We also serve excellent Mexican food, steaks and the best margaritas in Tijuana.
Every Friday night starting 8:30 p.m. ENJOY A DELICIOUS BAI BAI TAPAS
Corner of Agua Caliente and Midway (5 blocks south of Jai Alai)
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Restaurant
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The Father of Surf Music
60's King of the Surf Guitar
Inspired Jimi Hendrix
Friday and Saturday nights August 24 & 25
Two shows 8 to 10 & 11 to 1
Advance tickets \$5.00
Knowles Music presents
DAN HICKS and the ACOUSTIC WARRIORS
Saturday, September 8 Two shows 8:30 & 11
Advance tickets \$6.75
Bally Up, Ship's Store, 2650 So. Hwy., 101, Cardiff, 753-9629;
Cali Liquor, 825 1st St., Encinitas, 753-2654; Musical Encounters, 215 No. Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 755-8359.
Call 481-9022 for information
143 S. Cedros Solana Beach 481-9022

"Sensational!"
Eddie Preston Unlimited Is Powerful and Live!
And On Stage At The PORTHOLE Lounge
Poolside at the Holiday Inn at the Embarcadero
1100 North Harbor Drive - 232-3464

AUGUST 23, 1979 3

DO YOU HAVE A J.D. degree and work in a non-lawyer job? We care! Please tell me about it 299-7377 evenings.

LEARN CRISIS COUNSELING, suicide prevention, and drug counseling. The last training for crisis line counselors is September 15 and 16. See a Crisis Hotline volunteer at 444-1184.

STOP SAN ONFIRE bumper stickers available from Community Energy Action Council (CEAC). Send 75 cents to P.O. Box 3366, San Diego, CA 92101 or call 234-1664. No sales.

NOW FORMING new group for study of psychic phenomena and communication beyond. No cost or obligation except interest. For interview call 469-0022.

COMPOSITION AND READING, English 101. Improve your writing. Earn 3 credits. Ocean Beach. Tuesday evenings. Starts September 11. Free to California residents. All welcome. 222-6048.

DIAL 743-7626 for the best news you've ever heard's (open).

MEN'S GROUP (open). Men make awareness new. Going with society in a non-traditional, loving way. Openings now in established men's group. 251-1288 or 445-0548.

JEWISH SINGLES, Theatre party, Sunday, September 22, 8:30p. "Becher Burns." Send \$4 by August 27th to Temple Beth Israel (274-4141). Sat 287-2064 after 7pm.

WANTED: WOMEN with long hair. Interested. Need to know, interview people experiencing trouble with long hair. For a study, John 568-4867. 7am to 10pm.

ENJOY TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION and the TM-Sidhi program for full potential. Free introductory lectures, Wednesday 12 noon and 7:30pm, 2044 Grand, Pacific Beach. 270-7670.

NORTH COUNTY Singles Group provides free. We are a nonprofit group which provides recreation, support, discussion group, etc. 942-2186.

"FAR TOUCH" comes naturally. The ghoul-brothers. For more information, send stamp to Ramon Sells, P.O. Box 9628, San Diego, CA 92108.

CRASHING into a workshop to higher. Los Angeles workshop, coming to Carlsbad August 17-19. For information, contact Carlsbad, 351. Mary Kennedy 40663. 622-4006.

FREE ASTROLOGY chart and lesson to persons born 4-18-46, 4-18-46, 7-13-46, 9-24-46, 9-22-47, 2-7-49, 12-23-43, 12-21-44, 200-8009.

PERSONS INTERESTED in Social Humanism, write P.O. Box 88, San Jose, CA 95111.

PERSONAL GROWTH SESSIONS with psychic, near-death, survival, August 25. Personal Guidance Center, Counseling, Healing, 10812, 112, Experience, Auras and Chakras. Learn to see auras 2 pm. \$10. "Mind Reading" - The Power of the Mind. Self-hypnosis and meditation techniques. 7:30pm, 1101, Sunday, August 25. Developing Psychic Abilities in Children. Limited. 3pm, 1101, Personal Growth and Teachers. Messages from your spirit guides. 7:30pm, 1101. All at a special rate. Earthwater Books, 3030 Ray Street, North Park, 10 to 6:30 on University. Book and 31st, 233-0058.

FREE ADVERTISING for the right business in magazine for modest, circulated throughout Southern California. Send sample flyer of product to P.O. Box 11233, San Diego, CA 92115 or call 687-7145.

MANY PEOPLE find that after graduating from college it is more difficult to meet new people. We at the College Graduate Social Group see that we have a very worthwhile alternative to going to bars and expensive dating agencies. Come and attend our ongoing Friday night meetings! Twentieth Century group. 881-286-0781.

DEPRESSED? FEELING GUILTY? Difficulty sleeping or sleeping too much? Lost interest in things, sometimes if you are a high school student between the ages of 10 and 45, and this describes you for the last month or so, call 244-3900 or 298-9110 for information on receiving free individual psychotherapy as a participant in a doctoral dissertation.

ATTENTION WOMEN, Ever been spurned by your boyfriend or fantasize about being spoiled? Write Dennis, P.O. Box 178185, San Diego, CA 92117.

FREE LECTURE, Reconciliation and Meditation. Dr. Francis P. Leng of the New School for Social Research in New York, and author of the current best seller "Men and Women: The Case of the Primal Brotherhood" is the guest of the evening. Free admission. 7:30pm, 911 Hornbush Street, Sunday, August 26, 11am. All who are interested are welcome to attend.

SINCERE COUPLES make new friends. Exchange circle of friends wishes to invite other couples to our weekend parties. Dance, enjoy the delicious buffet, relax in our designer jacuzzi. \$5. If you're in your 20's & 30's and wish to meet similar singles, call and join us. 483-4784 between 8 and 10pm.

WOMEN, Concerned about rape? Female Safety Seminar. Four 2 1/2 hour seminars. \$37.50. Every 8 minutes a woman is raped. Become alert at survival before the victim. Topics include self-defense, psychology of rape statistics, improper weapons, how to recognize and avoid violence, how to recognize and avoid violence, how to handle, growlers, burglars, voyeurism, emboldened, obsessive callers, how to handle, the latest of self-defense, how to report a crime and much more. You are your own best protection. Public Safety Training Institute, 8221 Camino del Rio South, San Diego, CA. Supervised by the Superintendent of Education and the Department of Consumer Affairs, State of California. Phone 581-1011 for brochure, dates and more information. 261-5337.

WANTED: NEW Wave/Punk act for short term film. Call for audition. 942-0580. days, please. 3 applicants. Soundstage 4 channel amp. Call 741-6223 after 4pm.

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