

City Lights

Mothers

The points of debate would seem clear: a warm, comfortable bed versus a hospital gurney with metal stirrups; loved ones at bedside versus a closed-door, surgeons-only atmosphere; traditional simplicity versus high-powered medical technology. But even more crucial, according to the feminist health center called Womancare, is that the women of San Diego are losing control of a basic human function — the birth of a child.

Midway through 1978 the doctor who ran the Womancare home-birth program quit to devote more time to his private practice. In the course of searching for a replacement, Delb Stuart Smalley, the director of Womancare, found there was such pressure against home births on the part of the local medical community that it would be nearly impossible to continue the program. "We realized that the feelings against home births were so great," said Smalley, "that a woman's only choice was to give birth at a hospital. We decided that since we could no longer provide the home-birth program, we could at least provide information to expectant mothers about the hospitals and work to make hospital births better." But as Smalley soon found out, her efforts have not found favor with local hospitals.

The staff of Womancare, which is located near Fourth and Pennsylvania avenues in Hillcrest, proposed to begin inspections of various maternity units in the area. The group was inspired by a 1977 inspection, unannounced, of a Tallahassee, Florida, hospital by thirty members of a feminist group called WATCII. That inspection, though, ended in four of the feminists being convicted of criminal trespass. By making appointments with the hospitals, rather than staging raids, Womancare hoped to avoid a similar fate. Sharp Memorial Hospital was selected for the first inspection last January 12. Fifteen women, some of them lay health workers, took part in the inspection led by Smalley, who is a registered nurse. "We were told by the nurses who conducted the tour that every woman who enters the Sharp maternity unit is considered a high-risk pregnancy because of proven normal," Smalley said. The group also learned that out of 350 births a month, only ten of those occur in the hospital's alternative-birth room (which simulates a home-like ambience); ninety-five percent of delivering mothers are given episiotomies, an incision to make the vagina wider for birth; and up to forty percent of women delivering there have internal fetal heart monitoring, a procedure in which an electrode is attached to the fetal scalp, and which Smalley claims can lead to birth complications. "These figures indicate to us that when a woman delivers at Sharp, these things will probably be done to her, even when they're unnecessary."

Based on the Sharp



Delb Stuart Smalley

inspection, Smalley and her coworkers drew up a list of recommendations, including reviews of the maternity unit by consumer groups, publication of general statistics, normalization of birth ("whereby a woman would not be technologized into abnormality"), and implementation of a patient advocacy program, in which a woman would be encouraged to bring at least two people independent of the hospital to stay with her through labor and delivery. The recommendations were promptly rejected by the hospital's gynecology supervisory committee. On May 1 a letter to that effect was sent to Smalley by Dr. Katherine F. Canon. The committee, Canon wrote, said that Womancare's "methods and publicity are counterproductive," and that most decisions regarding birth procedures are made by a doctor and his patient — not by the hospital. Smalley, however, contends that hospital policy is a powerful influence over the doctors. In response, she has scheduled a picket line for this afternoon at the Sharp maternity unit to protest the committee's decision. "They treat every pregnancy as high-risk," she explained Smalley, "and their attitude is that if a woman doesn't like it she should go somewhere else. We find that unacceptable. If a woman decides she doesn't like her doctor after nine months of pregnancy or during labor, she can't go to another doctor."

A second inspection was held at Scripps Hospital on April 26, with twenty observers from Womancare participating. "The main difference between the first and second inspections," said Smalley, "was that Sharp was very defensive, while Scripps was very open." Out of 120 births each month at Scripps, seventy percent entail episiotomies, and ten percent of the births occur in an alternative-birth room. Smalley's recommendations to Scripps include transforming all delivery rooms into alternative-birth rooms, implementing a patient advocacy program, and decreasing the amount of unnecessary technology. A response from Scripps is forthcoming.

The most recent Womancare inspection — held on May 24 at Grossmont Hospital — was a bona fide failure in terms of actual observation. Although an appointment was made to view the labor and delivery rooms and the nursery, the coordinator of obstetrics and pediatrics called Smalley three days before the scheduled inspection and canceled the tour. The coordinator, Virginia Ray, said the nurse who arranged the tour had no permission to do so. Instead, a question and answer session was arranged as a compromise. From that session, the Womancare inspectors learned that about seventy-five percent of the 180 women who give birth at Grossmont each month are given episiotomies, and that there is no alternative-birth room, although such a room is now being considered. Ray defended the hospital's barring the maternity-unit inspection, saying it was "hospital policy." She said only educational classes and parents-to-be are allowed to view the labor room, and that no one is allowed to see the

actual delivery room. "It's just not good medical practice," Ray said. Smalley said the Womancare inspectors have not given up their plans to view the Grossmont maternity unit, and plan to appeal to the Grossmont administration. The next inspection, for which no date has been set, is planned for Chula Vista's Bay General Hospital. Smalley said she and her colleagues, plus volunteers, hope to inspect one hospital each month until they have seen all the approximately twenty hospital maternity units in San Diego and Imperial counties. The results from these inspections will be used in advising area women where to go for their childbirth, and may be put in booklet form. "The thing that we are trying to show is that childbirth is a very natural act," Smalley said. "Somewhere, over the course of years, women have begun to lose control of having a baby."

M.O.

Tax Man To See MacBeth?

Bill Drexler, the flamboyant IRS critic who preaches church formation as a means of tax avoidance, is headed for his own day of reckoning. Last week the county grand jury began hearing testimony about the tax resister, who has used San Diego as a base of operations for the last several years. J. Ross MacBeth, a special attorney from the Justice Department in Washington, D.C., flew out to investigate, but declined any comment on the secret proceedings, which appear to be out of the state's jurisdiction. One of the first out-of-town witnesses subpoenaed, for example, was James B. Love, a minister from the Atlanta area who claims that Drexler's advice led him into a nightmare of IRS-related trouble. "They [the grand jury] probably spent \$900 on me [to cover travel expenses and a modest daily compensation] alone," Love estimated last Wednesday, adding that other witnesses reported being flown in from as far as Minnesota and Texas.

Even before the grand jury probe into Drexler's affairs, dissonance began affecting the University Avenue office of the Freedom Foundation, a Drexler-organized effort to promote Life Science Church sales. At least two key staff members have resigned in the last two months. "I quit after I saw a man who had followed Drexler's advice a few years ago come in one day crying and telling me all the problems he was having with the IRS," says Mary Suscumb, a local stockbroker who worked as the foundation's training director. "It attracts people who are interested in fast, easy bucks."

J.D.

North Of The Border

The owner, just back from a two-week vacation, arrived at his Encinitas service station just off Interstate 5 to find nearly twenty cars parked at the station and on his vacant lot next door. As he wondered in anger who would have the nerve to use his property as a storage lot, a tow truck drove into the vacant lot with another car. "So I asked this guy right in the act," says the owner, who asked not to be identified. "I told him if he wanted to use my property, he'd have to pay half the rent. He told me that the cars were picked up from deported immigrants from Mexico, and I said I didn't care where he got them. Then he said, 'What's the matter? Aren't you patriotic?' I said, 'What the hell's that got to do with anything? This is my property.'"

"The owner of the station copied down the address and phone number written on the side of the offending tow truck and began asking questions of other tow operators in the North County."

"I found out this guy's been getting ninety-nine percent of all the Border Patrol pick-ups in this area." What was especially odd about the owner's discovery was that the tow truck was from Malone's Towing on Mission Gorge Road in Santee, more than thirty miles away.

It is the policy of the United States Border Patrol in the San Diego region to refer all tow-away vehicles to whichever towing firm an apprehended alien desires — a policy which apparently is being carried out only rarely. After a review of towing receipts provided by a local car dealer who frequently sells automobiles to Mexicans, and after interviews with nearly a score of North County towing firms, it becomes clear that the Border Patrol is favoring three towing companies, to the displeasure of competing firms and the utter confusion of the alien whose cars have been towed. (A Mexican citizen arrested for being here illegally retains all rights to his possessions, including his locally purchased automobile. The Border Patrol seizes for evidence only those vehicles used in the commission of a felony, such as smuggling.)

In spite of Malone's distant location in Santee, that yard seems to be the major firm getting the business from the Border Patrol along North County's coastal agricultural areas. Two other firms, Indermieden Road Service and Hughes Towing, both of Oceanside, are getting the

lion's share of business from the San Clemente border checkpoint south of San Onofre. It is common practice for Border Patrol agents to carry a list of towing firms that have expressed an interest in dealing with cars driven by illegal aliens apprehended by the Border Patrol. But most of the North County towing firms contacted said that regardless of whether they were on the list, they were not receiving such calls. Border Patrol sector chief Don Cameron explains how the system is supposed to work: "Aliens who want to have their cars stored here while they're back in their own country pick out whatever towing firm they want. We even let them look through the Yellow Pages. If we made a decision for them, we might be liable for the storage charges." When asked

into his office every month to ask him if he knows where their cars have been towed. This comment was reiterated by at least a dozen towing firms contacted in the North County. "It's unfair, really unfair to these aliens," says Markey. "They don't know English that well and they don't want to go to the Border Patrol and ask where their cars are, so they come to my place and ask me, then they go to the next place down the road, then the next, asking everybody they see where their cars might be."

The tow operators generally have no idea where the aliens' cars have been taken, but many reported spending hours attempting to locate the missing automobiles. Doc Shearon, who works at Leucadia Exxon, comes into contact with such aliens every week. "They don't have any

side of the road if he wants, or he could call a tow truck." The call for the tow truck is made once the apprehended alien reaches a Border Patrol office (one of several located in San Ysidro, El Cajon, or north of Oceanside). Practically speaking, an alien may request an agent to place the call to a towing firm, since the alien may be ignorant of how to request a tow or how to give the proper directions.

The Border Patrol spokesmen say all aliens with property to claim are required to fill out an I-43, but whether the alien is aware of the information contained in that form is another matter. "These aliens come to me after their cars are towed, and they don't know where they've been taken," says Ron Kieffe, of Happy Auto Sales, which sells a high percentage

Hughes on March 15 from the main gate at Camp Pendleton two miles to the tow yard; for that service the alien was charged seventy dollars for towing and sixty-five dollars for storage. Indermieden Road Service recently charged a seventy-six-dollar towing fee for taking an alien's car five miles within Oceanside. There is even at least one case of a car being towed from Encinitas to Jamul, about fifty miles away, by Jamul Texaco and Towing last December, for which the alien was charged \$32.50 (for towing, fifty dollars for mileage, and seventy-five dollars for storage). "Nobody regulates these guys," says Kieffe of Happy Auto. "The idea, as I see it, is to try to make life as hard as possible for the aliens up here. But what they don't know is that the aliens don't care if their cars



Photograph by Eric Galt

why two firms in Oceanside and one firm in Santee received the majority of such calls is unlikely as that might seem under his expressed policy — Cameron says he has "no idea. I've got 623 officers out in the field and I don't know what each and every one of them does every day."

One of the implications of the Border Patrol's partiality toward certain towing firms is that the preferred firms stand to make a nice profit from the time their cars were towed are once again in the country illegally when they come back to search for their vehicle, and are thus understandably reluctant to enter a Border Patrol office. Still, says Chet Cameron, the information is available on a form I-43. "It's a declaration of an alien's property he owns in the United States, which he has the right to take with him or not," says Cameron. "The alien could choose to leave his car on the

idea what happens to their cars after they're towed," says Shearon. "They aren't told where it's going or anything."

Spokesmen for the Border Patrol say such is not the case, though. Agent Jim Henry says information about the location of an alien's towed vehicle is made available at Border Patrol headquarters; a Mexican need only visit the office and ask. The problem, of course, lies in the fact that many aliens who were in this country illegally at the time their cars were towed are once again in the country illegally when they come back to search for their vehicle, and are thus understandably reluctant to enter a Border Patrol office. Still, says Chet Cameron, the information is available on a form I-43. "It's a declaration of an alien's property he owns in the United States, which he has the right to take with him or not," says Cameron. "The alien could choose to leave his car on the

of its cars to Mexicans. "They have no idea what an I-43 form is. Even when they do find their cars, it's sometimes better just to write it off and forget about it. They're often in terrible condition. A lot of the Mexicans forget about it because they're so scared away."

A lot of Mexicans also decide not to reclaim their cars because by the time the vehicles are located, the cost of towing and storage has mounted to such a degree as to make it unfeasible to reclaim. For example, a 1972 Mercury towed by Malone's on May 1 from an illegal alien caught in Del Mar cost \$32.50 for towing, fifty dollars for mileage, and fifty-five dollars for storage (at five dollars a day). A 1970 Chevrolet towed by Malone's from Carlsbad last February 3 ended up with a charge of \$32.50 for towing, \$200 for storage, and forty-five dollars for filing lien sale papers with the state (mileage was not given). A 1972 Plymouth Fury was towed by

are taken away fifty times; they'll still come back."

The question of why certain towing firms are being favored over others has gone unanswered by the Border Patrol, but so no one has denied that such favoritism — unfair as it may be — is occurring. But even while Border Patrol policy in this respect is being violated, Chief Cameron insists such violation is not being condoned. "If some of my men are screwing up," says Cameron, "we'll certainly take a chunk out of their hide and hang it on the wall for posterity."

M.O.

— Jeannette DeWitte and Mark Orvill

Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Why does a mirror reverse left and right,
but not up and down?

D.B.
East San Diego

You're talking about a flat mirror, the kind most often used as a looking glass. This kind of reflector — called a plane mirror in optics — keeps its image right-side up because the mirror never focuses reflected rays of light at a single point, beyond which the image would turn upside down. Think of a concave mirror. It's easy to imagine that rays striking the upper part of the mirror would be reflected down, and rays striking the lower part would be reflected up. At some point in front of the mirror the reflected rays would cross paths, the image formed beyond this point is inverted with respect to the object that the mirror is reflecting. A plane mirror, being flat, reflects rays straight back in the direction from which they came. The parallel rays do not cross at a focal point and therefore the image they form cannot be inverted.

All one-piece mirrors reverse the image of the object being reflected. This is because the rays reverse their direction when they strike the mirror surface, and what is "left" becomes "right" at the change of direction. Imagine yourself walking in a straight line next to a wall, which happens to be on your left. How do you move the wall to your right side? By turning to walk in the opposite direction. Nothing has changed but the direction of your travel.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Could you refer me to a club in this county that is composed of owners of old Fords?
Darrell Newhouse
Escondido



Illustration by Rick Gray

San Diego has several such clubs, each one special to the owners of different models. The Model T's and Model A's are included in the San Diego Horseless Carriage Club, which meets in Encanto. A knowledgeable member is Ollie Smith, who runs an insurance agency under his own name in La Mesa. The Early Ford V-8 Club is for the owners of Fords made between 1932 and 1948, though it has also admitted the owners of Fords made in those years with only four or six cylinders, and even the owners of Lincolns and Mercurys. The group meets at 7:30 p.m. on the third Wednesday of the month at Antique Automotive, 4124 Poplar in East San Diego. Mustang owners meet at Jim's Auto Body, 10996 N. Woodside Avenue

in Santee (telephone: 449-4788). A club formed in June for the owners of Falcons made between 1960 and 1965 in all body styles — station wagons, convertibles, sedans, et cetera — meets on the second Sunday of the month at 2:00 p.m. in Shakey's Pizza parlor, 2720 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon. The most exclusive club is Pickups Limited. Its constitution requires the members (twelve at present) to hold at least one pickup ship on a Ford truck with a six-and-one-half-foot cargo bed, which means, of course, the F-100 half-ton pickup, manufactured in the United States between 1953 and 1956. (The truck was manufactured in Brazil, under license from the Ford Motor Company, until 1975.) Pickups Limited meets on the first

and third Mondays at 7:30 p.m. in the office of Pearson Ford, Fairmount Avenue and El Cajon Boulevard. All the clubs meet once a year at the All Ford Pickup picnic, held for six years running on the last Sunday in April (the day that daylight savings time takes effect) in Dos Picos County Park, off Highway 67.

Dear Matthew Alice:
If we went to Mars, would we see the Earth shine as Venus shines in our sky? Also, why are the orbits of the planets in roughly the same plane?

Savanna Judd
Carlsbad

Earth would be bright in the sky of Mars, just as Venus is to us, but it is not certain that we would be able to see Earth, or Venus for that matter, at any given time from the Martian surface, as the atmosphere is often obscured by dust storms. No one really knows why the solar system is relatively as flat as a photograph record. This flatness is a strong argument in favor of the nebular hypothesis concerning the origin of the solar system, but no hypothesis has completely withstood scientific and mathematical analysis. The nebular hypothesis says that the sun and planets were formed out of a hot, slowly rotating cloud, whose inner turbulence divided it into whirlpools that condensed into solid and semisolid masses. The rotation of the original cloud gave shape to the whirlpools and their progeny in the same way that a slab of pizza dough gets flatter and thinner as it is spun in one direction.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138.



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Restaurants

Lost In Spice

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Java Murni
The Location: 4509 Adams Street, Carlsbad (434-4131)
Type of Food: Indonesian rice table (Rijsttafel)
Price Range: Fixed price: lunch, \$6.95; dinner, \$9.45
Hours: Closed Monday. Open for lunch, 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and for dinner, 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday.

I've often pondered the fickleness of the dining public, especially in reference to exotic or unfamiliar food. While it's dangerous to generalize, my experience has led me to believe that San Diegans earn high marks for being adventurous, but don't score well for consistency. They will try any new restaurant, regardless of the quality of food. It has been reported to me that even after a scathing review, people will go to that particular restaurant just because it's been mentioned. For a week or two after a restaurant has broken into print, it is likely to be jammed. Then, unaccountably, business will decline and diners are off and running elsewhere.

I'm often asked by friends for recommendations, only to be told, "I've already tried it. It's very good, but I want something new." This quite astounds me because I eat in the same Chinese restaurant consistently and am relieved because I don't have to experiment.

For example, I've been to 4965 El Cajon Boulevard a half dozen times, and on each occasion and through its various permutations (it now houses Thai Diego) I believe that the new owners will succeed. Yet a blink of the eye and it's gone. This location is a storefront, invariably with minimal decor, and one can postulate that its failure stems from a lack of atmosphere. On the other hand, Vietnam Inn in La Jolla was heartbreakingly deserted despite white tablecloths and waiters in elegant uniforms. The food was good and fresh but it never caught on — some say because the room was altogether too large — and then it vanished.

Ultimately, the restaurants that last are those that serve fine Continental specialties over the years. At the other end of the spectrum are standard fish and seafood restaurants that offer salad bar. I groan at the standardization of the latter, but year after year the Chart House, the Brigantine, Krishna Mulvany's, and the Triton not only exist but prosper. This would indicate that after the oral titillation is over, after the search for the kiri-kiri or gado-gado has passed, people settle for fish, squaw bread, and rice — the California version of meat and potatoes.

With this preface out of the way, I offer the newest exotic restaurant on our gastronomic horizon, namely, Java Murni, whose specialty is the Indonesian

Rijsttafel, or rice table. (The closest I can come to the pronunciation, with the help of my Dutch friend, is ruy-stafel.) Rijsttafel, which is synonymous with feast, originated in Indonesia and was brought back to Holland after the Dutch occupied Indonesia. It consists of a variety of fish, pork, chicken dishes, salads, vegetables, and sauces that are either hot and pungent or sweet and sour. The combination of foods, the wide variety, the unique spices, and the arduous preparation (some take as long as three days to prepare) have always made the rice table feast a wondrous gastronomic event.

Among the traditional dishes are saté babi (marinated pork on skewers), gado-gado (sautéed and hard-boiled eggs in peanut sauce), sambal dishes (made with fresh chilies), and curry. Sambal could also be served as a separate dish in which the fresh-ground chilies could be employed like fireworks to light up the palate. Needless to say, in the noncommercial versions of rice table, the peanut butter sauce is made from freshly ground peanuts and the coconut milk is obtained by pouring boiled water over freshly grated coconuts and then strained. (Coconut milk is not the liquid found inside a coconut.) There were and are as many recipes as there are islands and land masses in Indonesia, and it's the rice table has had many delightful variations.

In recent years in San Diego, two restaurants serving rice table have vanished: Sumatra (now La Maison des Pescadeux) and more recently the Dutch Treat in Del Mar. The new Java Murni in Carlsbad is now the only rice table restaurant in this vicinity.

To begin with the positive features, the

food is prepared by Robert Sih who operated a similar restaurant in Holland. It is an all-you-can-eat restaurant at which you may return to the steam table as often as you like. For dinner you may have soup, three appetizers, three salads, and about ten other dishes, including beef, pork, chicken, and vegetables. The food is not as grand and glorious as some other rice tables I've sampled, it's very credible.

The items I most enjoyed were the soup (chicken based, with lots of fresh bamboo shoots and fresh mushrooms) and all of the appetizers, including Indonesian corn fritters, fried bananas, and what is called lumpia semarang — an eggroll filled with bamboo shoots — and deep-fried eggs in a savory sauce.

The salads and hot dishes were less impressive. The pork saté was fine and tasty, but the chicken consisted mostly of chicken wings. While I am aware of this practice in the Orient, I often wonder what is done with the breasts and thighs, which I am told are saved for special occasions. Still, I would have liked to see some more substantial pieces of chicken in the fine soy sauce. The chicken livers were overcooked and dry. For those who like it hot, I assure you that the spicy beef and pork really are exactly that. The salads are not dressed — you ladle on peanut sauce or sweet-and-sour sauce at your own discretion.

High marks should go to Mr. Sih for the lovely dishes he prepared for a friend of mine visiting from the East and who is a strict vegetarian. When I spoke to Mr. Sih about this on the phone, he assured me that nothing would be prepared from chicken or beef stock and that he needed an hour's

notice to cook this special menu. Sure enough, he offered my friend a delicious vegetable soup, a soy bean and tofu dish that was splendid, an omelet with sweet-and-sour sauce, and an eggplant dish with a spicy sauce. My friend was most appreciative of this individual treatment and welcomed the uniqueness — by her own admission she gets a bit tired of eating eggs and salad in restaurants. To complete her meal she had the corn fritters and eggroll, with the fried bananas for dessert. Vegetarians should therefore note this service.

Another praiseworthy aspect is the attentive service and the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Sih, who are personally involved in pleasing the diner.

The negative ones for those who live in central San Diego begin with the distance. Java Murni now occupies the building that used to house The Restaurant on Adams Street in Carlsbad (you have to take the Tamarack exit on Interstate 5 and go east on Adams). It took us almost half an hour from La Jolla, and the consideration of gas is not negligible. The other minus is the manner in which the room has been arranged.

An ordinary house was converted into a restaurant. This house overlooks a narrow lagoon and off in the distance you can see the freeway. At one end of the room is the steam table, where you may help yourself. But the tables have been arranged in long rows, almost cafeteria style. This not only makes the room appear monotonous, but it does not aid privacy. The previous owners placed the same tables in such a way as to duplicate a continental restaurant. Possibly the Sih's wanted to get more tables into the room; if so, they sacrificed both intimacy and aesthetics. Last, the room is noisy in the sense that voices carry. I don't know how this could be remedied, but the uncurtained windows are a bit stark, which abets in providing a cafeteria or institutional look.

It is not for me to set prices, but ultimately I would like to suggest to the management that it lower its prices. There's a fixed price of \$9.45. With tax but without beverage, that brings the cost to ten dollars. One of the reasons people choose Oriental food is because it is relatively cheap. In theory, we can eat all we like at Java Murni; in fact, the food is too exotic and we are too unaccustomed to it to gorge ourselves. A price of \$6.95 would be welcome; one of \$7.50, fair. But even in today's market, the fixed price of \$9.45 is steep. We shared two beers for three people (the last of the big spenders) and had two coffees. That brought our bill to \$32.60 without tip and without the price of gas. Since the same rice table at lunch is only \$6.95, you might consider the afternoon meal. Incidentally, if you order Indonesian coffee, be aware that a handful of coffee grounds are thrown on to boiling water and then served, grounds and all. You have to wait for the grounds to settle to the bottom of the cup before you can drink it.

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A Bit of the Grape



Tony Spina/Photo

ROBERT DELZIO

If Bacchus had ever decided to take up residence among us mortals, he might very well have chosen northern California as his home. The valleys north of San Francisco offer a choice, fertile environment to the serious vintner. However, San Diego, even with its warmer, less humid climate, is not to be discounted as a productive area for the cultivation of grapes. Granted, a vineyard here would require much more attention and might be considered economically impractical given the proximity of the well-established and proven growing grounds to the north. Nonetheless, San Diego can boast a few worthy vineyards, and although Bacchus probably

would have purchased a house in Napa, a condo in La Mesa just might have been considered.

San Diego's vineyards are supported by an ever expanding, not insignificant number of winemakers dispersed throughout the county. And it is not commercial vintners I speak of, but individuals with rooms, sheds, and in some instances, sealed, refrigerated garages containing several barrels of homemade vino. These winemakers of San Diego are dedicated to the timely production of their wine and the perpetuation of a tradition which in most cases has been passed on from father to son for so many generations that a starting point in the family history is indeterminate.

A few months back I decided the time



Photographs by Robert Zimmerman

had come for me to learn the art of wine making, and not being one to rely on educational books or how-to manuals, I preferred to receive my education on the subject directly from an expert. My search for a mentor began close to home, at La Mesa Importing, an Italian delicatessen on University Avenue in La Mesa, and a likely storehouse of knowledge, I thought, considering the subject.

What had been planned as an initial, quick stop for some preliminary answers relating to making wine became the start of a five-day adventure which had me traversing the county, thoroughly enjoying the company of some delightful people, and sampling plenty of homemade wine.

I introduced myself to Pete Marzia, the

owner of La Mesa Importing, and, unable to disguise my utter naivete, asked him straightforwardly, "I was wondering, uh, how does one make wine?"

Marzia let loose a spirited laugh, then asked in a rich Italian accent, "Why you wanna make a di wine when right here she's a made for you?"

I glanced over to the shelf he was pointing to and read the familiar labels—Gallo, Famiglia Cribari, Sebastiani, Asti Spumante, and replied, "Well, you don't drink store-bought, I'm sure." (In fact, I wasn't sure at all.)

Marzia laughed again. "Hai ragione. You right. Well, you can buy the book, no?"

This time I started the laughter and said, "I introduced myself to Pete Marzia, the

(continued on page 12)

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the Grape

(continued from page 10)

"A heck! I was hoping I might be able to hear from *un professo*, like you."

Maria declined to accept the role himself and instead gave me the name of a friend in El Cajon. I was instructed to call, introduce myself in exactly the same manner ("You aska Tony just whatta you said to me?"), mention Maria's name, and inquire about an upcoming trip to Ramona. Tony and Rose Spinazzola are a most friendly and receptive couple, both with the vitality of people fifty years their juniors. Tony, a solid, well-built man of seventy-two years, not only was eager to field my questions about wine making, but offered without hesitation to take me with him to Ramona, the site of a vineyard owned by Ernest Pastorino. For a number of years Tony has traveled each fall to the Pastorino property, where, under the terms of a long-standing agreement, he gets first choice of the best rows of grapes at the vineyard.

The trip to Ramona was scheduled for the coming Saturday. I was to be a member of a caravan that would include four other paisani who were interested in inspecting Pastorino's autumn harvest. I was up at 5:00 a.m. that Saturday and at Tony's by 5:45. We were to ride to Ramona in his half-ton pickup and meet three paisani at a predetermined intersection. The fourth we would pick up in Spring Valley. Tony described the four men we would meet. Three were brothers, more friends of friends than Tony's own personal friends. These three would be driving a two-ton rental truck.

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exceptionally entertaining cruise to Ramona.

The brothers three did meet us at the designated area, but not before we had waited twenty-five minutes. There was no time for complaints or greetings as Tony proceeded toward the vineyard. "The grape, it will be heavier than what we have given the sun more time," Tony commented with some irritation. The later we allowed the morning to grow, he said, the more bees there would be on the grapes. Soon we turned off Highway 67 and headed down Old Julian Highway to Creek Hollow Road, a rough dirt lane that led to Pastorino's property and his twenty to thirty acres of grapevines. Just short of the wooden gate that marked the entrance to the vineyard, the road forked on either side of a large olive tree, and then converged again. The choice in paths upon reaching the gate was made obvious by a large, low-hanging limb extending precariously over the road to the right. Tony maneuvered his truck to the left and passed through the gate. At this point I glanced back to see what I had a moment earlier imagined. The brothers drove their huge truck to the right of the tree. The limb brushed over the top of their cab. As Tony and Carmello looked back, the wooden sides which rise out of the bed of the truck about two feet higher than the cab were slashed in two by the unforgiving limb. A slapstick scene worthy of the Marx Brothers followed, with much tugging, scuffling, and head-scratching. Finally, with the aid of a saw, the truck was freed from the grip of the olive. Tony's only comment on this escapade, delivered with a sigh, was "There you see it. A lawyer, a shoemaker, and the father of a San Diego banker."

At last we arrived at the fields and Tony introduced us all to Ernest Pastorino. Moments later Tony was off, striding briskly into the vineyard and surrounding himself with rows upon rows of grape, like a general inspecting his troops. He pulled out his Ball meter, a device similar to a thermometer, which is used to measure sugar content of the grape. Several clusters of grapes are squeezed and the meter placed in the juice. It took him twenty minutes of picking, tasting, and testing to choose two rows of the finest grape.

Each row was approximately two-tenths of a mile long. I had watched the truck odometer as we passed the rows of grape before entering the ranch, and in weight, each would yield close to one ton. The two rows Tony chose represented one for him and one for me. At Tony's urging I had decided to participate. He was good enough to offer the use of his machinery, and I doubted I would find any better teacher.

Tony walked up to Carmello and me to say, "Black malvasia. Sugar count of twenty-six. The yield should be eighty

gallons per row." I did some quick calculating and realized that at a hundred dollars per row, my per-gallon cost would be about \$1.25, which sounded just fine to me. As for the brothers, they were left on their own. Tony had led them to the water, but it was not his intention to assist in the choosing of their grapes.

So then we picked, the three of us. That is, the three of us and the thousands upon thousands of bees. They were everywhere; not a cluster of grapes was untouched, the sound of their constant buzz filled the air. It was awful, but as Carmello put it, "Roberto, nunja, you be scared. They no bite. If you wanna da wine, picka da grape." Well, I surely wanted the wine, so I picked and picked and picked — and never did get stung. Time involved with the three of us nine hours. The day's work was not yet over, however. After transporting the grapes in wooden crates to Tony's house, the next step would be the crushing.

Back at the house, Rose was waiting with an immense plate of ziti, another with sausage and meatballs, and still another with spaghetti and meat sauce. I kidded her about how I didn't think we had time to eat, and she responded with two squinting eyes. "Really and truly now," she said, "you don't think I'm going to let any one of you get past my kitchen and into that garage without eating. Now do you?"

So we ate and drank. Tony gave me my first taste of his wine. It was superb and strong, no question about it. And it'll be a dry wine, we'll add no sugar. The sugar is enough naturally. Any extra sugar and you're asking for headaches. The hangovers are from sweet drinks, so stay away from sugar.

"And as for your wine, respect it. It's not off the shelf of the corner liquor store. You will learn to respect it. Now, let's crush the grape."

The first step in converting grape to wine is the crushing process. We were to crush the grape in Tony's garage. Entering his garage, I had my first opportunity to see his wine room. I had heard plenty about this backyard winery and the sealed, refrigerated room capable of chilling twenty barrels, each holding fifty-four gallons. The cooler held no less than 800 gallons of red wines, white wines, and even champagne. (Tony will age his wine at least four years. With a legal production rate of 200 gallons annually, an accumulation of 1000 gallons is not unusual.) Scattered about the converted two-car garage was a collection of vintner's hardware: a crusher, a press, several empty fifty-four-gallon barrels, pumps, a labeling machine, a corker, and some curious gadgets called canis. The canis is a bamboo chute placed into the neck of a wine bottle to allow for a

regulated flow of liquid into the bottle; it's an Italian invention and a required article of paraphernalia for the serious wine drinker.

The crushing process is quite simple. We merely set up eight empty fifty-four-gallon oak barrels vertically, with the tops removed. Next the crusher, an electric device unlike an electric cheese grater, was placed atop a barrel. The grapes were fed into the crusher and the resultant juice and grape pulp fell into the barrel. The eight barrels were filled four inches from the top, allowing for fermentation expansion. They were then tightly covered, not sealed. The barrels would remain so for two days. This entire process took one-half hour.

Three days later I was back at Tony's at 9:00 a.m. Rose asked that I join her and Tony for breakfast. I politely declined, stating that I had already eaten. That was not good enough. Rose insisted that I use a bit more meat around the bones, and off we went to the grill. My second breakfast consisted of pancakes, eggs, those garden-grown hot peppers, of course, and coffee. I was beginning to get the impression that I was to eat as well as drink.

Today we would press the grape pulp. First, the juice would be drained from an opening near the bottom of the eight barrels. The juice was drained, strained, and fed by use of an electric pump into other barrels lying on their sides in the refrigerated room. Next the eight barrels were laid on their sides so we could enter them and withdraw the pulp. To my surprise I found I could not take more than two breaths once I leaned into the barrel to extract the pulp, so powerful were the fumes of grape alcohol. The fermentation had begun; according to Tony, the process starts the moment the grape is crushed.

The pulp was placed in the press, a device resembling a length of picket fence with the two ends joined to form a vertical cylinder. Beneath this cylinder is a grooved, cast-iron plate with legs to support the press. The plate is so grooved as to allow the pressed pulp juice to flow off at one point and into a container below. Run-

ning down the center of this cylinder is a screw-threaded shaft, and upon this shaft the pressing element is slowly turned and lowered onto the pulp, thus mashing it and creating more juice. The additional juice from the pulp is also pumped into awaiting barrels. With this second line of barrels almost filled, the wine-making process is near completion.

We filled those barrels which were on their sides to within four inches of the top, the top being an entrance hole in the middle belly section of the barrel. Once the juice is at this level, the barrel can be tightly capped with a special wooden plug. Through the center of this plug runs a hollow metal tube one-quarter inch in diameter. The tube is flexible and bent in the shape of the hook in a clothes hanger. The purpose of this wooden plug? Well, since the wine will be fermenting for a period of weeks, gaseous vapors will be chemically produced and these must be released from the barrel. The modified plug permits this and has an additional function. The exposed end of the tube can be placed in a glass of water, which thus allows the gases of fermentation to escape while preventing any air from entering the barrel.

An explanation of this little trick included a story. Giuseppe, a close friend of Tony's and a fellow winemaker, several years ago had an unfortunate experience. He had just finished plugging his wine barrel, carefully leaving about four inches of space between the grape juice and the plug hole. He sealed the barrel with his wooden plug, copper tubing included. In the space of two and one-half hours, when Giuseppe again ventured into his wine room for a bottle to drink, the copper tubing had become blocked. He saw the ends of his barrel (that is, the top and bottom of a standing barrel) belted out like an expanding balloon. His immediate reaction was to hammer the wooden plug free. Hitting the plug, thirty-five gallons of his wine shot upward and out of the barrel. And he spoke of the evils of vinegar, which can be accidentally introduced to a good batch of wine by topping off a barrel with old wine already gone to vinegar.

Tony also talked about procedures to insure clarity of the wine: Don't ever move the barrel lest the sediment that has settled to the bottom get stirred up, and always siphon the wine from the top of the barrel. And he spoke of the evils of vinegar, which can be accidentally introduced to a good batch of wine by topping off a barrel with old wine already gone to vinegar.

the walls of the room are covered in deep purple, burgundy, as though someone had gone berserk with a paint spray gun.

The grape juice, or wine, as I shall refer to it from this point on, need only be monitored occasionally (every two days initially) to insure that a proper level is maintained. The level will tend to fall off — contract, actually — as the wine cools and ferments. Tony instructed me to set aside five gallons of my newly pressed wine for wine-level maintenance. This step is for first-time winemakers only, since veterans need only use a prior year's wine to maintain a proper level.

After approximately seven weeks, the gas will no longer trickle through the water glass. At this point the modified plug can be replaced by a simple solid plug and the barrel can be sealed tightly. The wine level can now be topped off, though it will still should be checked periodically. The recommended sitting time is at least six months, after which the wine can be transferred to glass containers.

And so my course in wine making was complete. Tony passed on plenty of additional information as well. For instance, there is the matter of clean wooden barrels. They should be made of oak and should not have any contained substances that might adversely affect the taste of the wine. Tony says he occasionally uses barrels that once held whiskey (the Price Club in San Ramon sometimes gets in a shipment of these for sale), and that such used barrels are cheaper than new ones and don't hurt his wine. However, the proprietors of an El Cajon store called Wine Art of San Diego disagree. They sell only new barrels — from one gallon to fifty-five gallon — and claim that whiskey barrels will infect the wine with a sour taste.

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"Remember," intoned the *professore*, "five drops of vinegar can ruin your fifty-four gallons of wine."

This final day of wine making was near an end, but the evening of wine drinking had just begun. It was another party night, with me playing the role of bartender. Tony, who knows the whereabouts of every bottle of wine he has stored, would decide that at a certain moment the time was right for something better, something from 1971. "Bartender," he said, "the bottle on the far left, lower shelf." And there it would be — vintage 1971. Amid good company and good stories, we worked our way through the years, and I had visions of my own evenings spent sampling the product of my labor. They were pleasant, if slightly blurred, visions. My wine would not be ready for yet another six months, but I never will suffer from lack of delicious, potent, homemade vino. You see, my wine is being stored at the home of Tony Spinazzola, and I really must check that level periodically, say, every twelve to twenty-four hours.

Tony Spinazzola gave me his permission to use his name in this story. However, the identities of other San Diego winemakers I met through him are not revealed here. There is a reason. California state law and regulations administered by the Treasury Department's bureau of alcohol, tobacco, and firearms stipulate that any individual engaged in wine making for home use must comply with the following restrictions: production must be limited to 200 gallons per year, and wine must be produced only for home use; it is not to be offered for sale.

The restrictions on sale of homemade wine present no conflict to the winemakers I met. These people are interested only in producing quality wine to be shared with family and friends. It is the first regulation regarding quantity that many San Diego winemakers are in disagreement with, and for this reason my Italian friends expressed their desire to avoid any unnecessary publicity.

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Jim Peace, M. Sue Hiatt

CHRISTOPHER SCHNEIDER

There's something loathsome about a work that panders to an audience's taste for nostalgia. It encourages us to treat history like a garbage dump and rummage about in search of any worthless bauble which might happen to catch our eye. But even more disagreeable is the work that totally ignores history, that summons up an ersatz past which has been created for our moral edification. *I Do! I Do!*, which has just finished its run at the Fox Theatre, and *Command the Morning*, which is playing at the Lamb's Players' Theatre through June 28, are two plays which fall into the latter category.

Although both *I Do! I Do!* and *Command the Morning* portray the life of an American family at the turn of the century, neither work has much notion of the way people lived back then. Both plays are set in WASP fantasylands where there are no oaths stronger than "land sakes!"; characters wear picturesque old clothes; and the most important concerns imaginable are the getting of puppies and babies and white picket fences. This is "our" past, according to *I Do! I Do!* and *Command the Morning*. We should either commend ourselves for being like the characters in these plays or else cower in shame, shielding our eyes like a vampire confronted with a crucifix, at the sight of folks as decent as these.

Of the two, I found *Command the Morning* the preferable theatrical experience, partly because at the Fox, where *I Do! I Do!* played, the audience, after having paid exorbitant ticket prices, saw a cast of two way off at the other end of a huge auditorium and heard them through an only fitfully effective sound system (and even then the voices sounded tiny). The principal reason, however, is that San Diego author King Provenmire has given *Command the Morning* something more to show us than daguerotypes of Family Living; he has given it the story (more or less) of the Book of Job.

The tale of Job's tribulations is one of the most moving and problematical in the Bible. It begins with God deciding to test the faith of the prosperous Job through a series of horrible calamities affecting him and his family. At its conclusion Job reaffirms his faith in God, despite having suffered foul disease and the loss of both his wealth and family — in response to which God restores Job's former fortune, cures him of disease, doubles his lost property,

and supplies him with a new family. But what sticks with the reader must be Job's extended cries of protest — before he receives his recompense — at the unjust punishment God has caused him to suffer. Aren't the just rewarded and the wicked punished, as standard Judaeo theology would have it? Why has he, who has followed all the rules and made all the proper sacrifices, been made to suffer such torments?

The tension between Job's assertions that both just and unjust suffer, and the conclusion of the story, in which it is shown that the righteous are rewarded, is part of what makes the Book of Job something more and better than a black-and-white morality play. An interpretive retelling of the story could explain this tension as well as reveal which of these conflicting views we should take to be true. *Command the Morning*, however, avoids any such explanations, refusing even to acknowledge the problems inherent in the story.

Job is turned by Mr. Provenmire into a prosperous turn-of-the-century cattle rancher named Andrew Altman. Altman loses members of his family and large portions of his wealth, much as Job did, but we never see him as an innocent and upright man subjected to undeserved torments, as Job was. From the start *Command the Morning*, Altman is clearly proud and imperious. He cares more about his wealth and position than his family; he keeps trying to play God with those who surround him, as the other characters remind him and us again and again — he makes their decisions for them and attempts to control their lives. It's this, rather than the mysterious will of God, that brings on Altman's woes. There's never any question of who is responsible for the Altman family's pains.

What Mr. Provenmire has done, in effect, is to turn the Book of Job into Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. Job has now become an early-American version of Scrooge, a misjudged man whose change of heart is a gift for happy endings. Once he realizes the necessity of placing God

first in his life and of humbly coming before Him in prayer rather than cursing the darkness, Altman recovers from his stroke. The man whom his son Jerry has almost killed recovers his health, and Jerry is released from jail. The happy endings rain down upon us so torrentially that the only thing missing is Tiny Tim waving his crutches in benediction.

There's no question that this is a reductive approach to the Book of Job. But the story of Job is a tale of such extraordinary power that it's hard to imagine anyone conveying it in its fullness upon stage. Those who try it are put in the same position as the person who wishes to stage one of the great Greek tragedies. The question to be asked in either case is this: How can such a grand story, filled with such greater-than-human, sacred eloquence, be staged by fallible mortals without everybody looking ridiculous? King Provenmire and his director, Steve Terrell, have found a viable solution in *Command the Morning* by turning a story of man's contention with God into a cautionary tale of a selfish father whose excessive pride nearly ruins his rather idealized family life. It's a long way from the eloquence of the original, but *Command the Morning* works without insulting the audience's intelligence, and, considering the pitfalls inherent in such an enterprise, that's quite enough for me.

Those with a perverse spirit — get thee behind me, Mel Brooks! — may have a tendency to giggle at the wrong places in *Command the Morning*. Its folkiness is a bit thick, and its version of the way people lived in turn-of-the-century Arizona is overwhelmingly bogus. But it is well played and makes its points decently enough. Jim Peace is touching as Altman. Dave King and Lance Kidd have affecting scenes as his two sons. But the most winning performance comes from M. Sue Hiatt as the mother. I've admired her in the past for her Billie Burke-like comedy performance in Max Frisch's *Firetraps*. She is simply a superb actress. Her part in *Command the Morning* is, basically, nothing, since she only gets to react to her husband's (continued on page 19)

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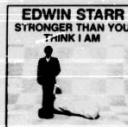
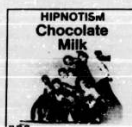
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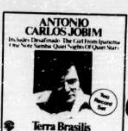
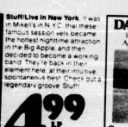
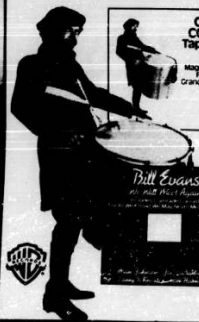
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JONATHAN SAVILLE

The San Diego Opera has ended its 1979-80 season with two highly pleasing productions: Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, starring Beverly Sills, and Puccini's *La Bohème*, starring Luciano Pavarotti, with both operas staged by Tito Capobianco. Mr. Capobianco was at his best, with solid, unpretentious, idiomatic direction throughout, the kind of direction that does not call attention to itself but modestly and efficiently serves the drama. For *Don Pasquale*, an opera about an old man wanting to marry a young wife, the director devised comical stage business that was amusing

but never vulgar. Mr. Capobianco understands the difference between comedy (which is what this opera is) and farce (which is what it is not); consequently, the comic actions and gestures sprang principally from character, rather than — as is the case in farce — from situation and pure playfulness. Fortunately, the cast was composed of adept singing actors whose sense of appropriate comic fun matched that of the director. Giorgio Tozzi, as the elderly, foolish Don Pasquale, and Miss Sills, as the young widow he is bamboozled into "marrying," showed themselves to be comedians of the first rank, with a fine feeling for the unified, simple, and high-spirited characters they were

playing, along with a polished expertise in conveying the characters' silliness or cleverness through body and face.

The direction of *La Bohème* was equally skillful, and — on the comic side — the antics of the four poverty-stricken artistic roommates (including Mr. Pavarotti) were particularly winning, with more real warmth and gaiety than many productions give us. The staging of the scene centering on Musetta's waltz, in the second act, had tremendous wit and energy, and the Musetta herself (Inga Nielsen) was brilliantly effective in her acting. The romantic and pathetic moments were perhaps less impressive, occasionally because of Mr. Capobianco's direction and occasionally because of the acting. Diana Soviero, as Mimì, was deeply touching in her pathos, but this is not the sort of thing Mr. Pavarotti does very well, and even his final bit of acting, with the dead Mimì in his arms, seemed more melodramatic posturing than a convincing expression of grief.

This last statement belongs to the category of critical opinion, and no doubt there are members of the audience who would take issue with it. What is melodramatic for one opera-goer is a convincing expression of grief for another. When it comes to assessing the quality of singing, the clash of critical opinions can be even more tumultuous, sometimes leading to outraged denunciations of the opposing view; indeed, the musical contributions of Miss Sills and Mr. Pavarotti to this *Don Pasquale* and *La Bohème* provide a nice test case for the general belief that criticism is nothing but a matter of opinion and that one man's meat is another man's poison.

First of all, it can be said that in bringing Miss Sills and Mr. Pavarotti to San Diego, Mr. Capobianco was dutifully — and admirably — advancing the cause of opera in our city. These two are without doubt the most famous operatic singers in America; they appear frequently on television, as often on talk shows as on opera broadcasts; they have charming personalities; they are news. People who know nothing about opera know the names Sills and Pavarotti, and a significant part of the current up-

surge in enthusiasm for this great art is due to the personal talent, magnetism, and popularity of the red-haired American soprano and the plump Italian tenor. Both, furthermore, are serious and accomplished musicians, dedicated to their art and to the cause of the music they serve. Mr. Capobianco's decision to cast these two singers in the local productions of *Don Pasquale* and *La Bohème* was thus a sound one both musically and from the point of view of public relations; it was another of those clever, aggressive, and at the same time artistically responsible devices by means of which Mr. Capobianco has succeeded in making the San Diego Opera an exciting public presence in this city.

There is, however, a difference between recognizing the stature of Miss Sills and Mr. Pavarotti and going ga-ga over them, which seems to have been the general public reaction. The ga-ga factor in the performing arts is not something to be discounted or disdained; wild, uncritical enthusiasm releases all sorts of useful and pleasurable energies which a more circumspect judgment might leave untapped. But there is also something to be said for intelligence and discrimination, which, although they may result in less violently Dionysian passions, ultimately make for a deeper and more satisfying appreciation of the arts. It is good to be enthusiastic — but it is also good to know, with some precision, what you are being enthusiastic about.

It is therefore useful to recognize that, for example, Beverly Sills is not the "complete soprano," but a very specialized — and in many ways limited — singer. Her voice is light, sweet, treasurable, but it lacks the larger resonances and deeper richnesses to be found in more substantial soprano voices. Her agility is superb, but there is a certain monotone quality to the sounds produced — it is a voice with great command over florid passage work but with little variety of color. Interpretively, Miss Sills is at her best in comedy (*Don Pasquale*, or Rosini's *Daughter of the Regiment*) or in the pathetic roles of Romantic opera (Donizetti's

victimized heroines, for example, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*), strongly dramatic roles — including Bellini's Norma and most of Verdi — are outside her emotional range. In the comic, she sparkles, as she did in this *Don Pasquale*; she has always sounded her best when the character she is singing bears some close resemblance to her own euphonic and ebullient personality. To these characteristics — one might just as well call them limitations — there must be added the decay in certain aspects of Miss Sills' vocal production over the past few years. There is now a big wobble in the higher range, and although she copes bravely with it, there is no way of disguising its ugliness. Fortunately, it seemed somewhat in abeyance during these recent San Diego performances, though it still appeared often enough and abrasively enough to spoil some of her loveliest vocal effects. Those who have enjoyed her singing will surely miss her, but there is no doubt that Miss Sills' imminent retirement from the operatic stage is coming in the nick of time.

Luciano Pavarotti is nowhere near retirement, nor should he be. The current wave of Pavarotti worship, however, ought not to obscure the fact that he, too, is far from being a perfect singer. What are the positive elements in this singing that have made the tenor from Modena so admired and beloved? There is, first of all, the quality of the voice, with its youthful freshness and warmth; then, the extremely brilliant top register, with its thrilling clarion power; finally, the ardent, thoroughly Italianate expressive devices, used (usually) with tasteful restraint but with no attempt to underplay the intensity of feeling that lies at the heart of Italian opera.

But at the same time there are several aspects of his vocal style that can legitimately be objected to. The most important of these is one that might, on the face of it, seem trivial: his pronunciation of the Italian sound "a" (as in "madre"). Mr. Pavarotti pronounces this sound so as to give it an extremely open, wide, bright quality, and consequently he forces each



Luciano Pavarotti

syllable containing it out of line. The smoothly flowing vocal line is one of the chief essentials of Italian opera, and one of the devices needed to achieve it is an equalization of the vowels, so that none is too bright and none is too covered, but all seem to be modulations of the same limpid stream of sound. When a vowel is sung in a way that separates it from this stream, the result is a choppyness, a sense of breaking in and out of the central tone color. That is what happens when Mr. Pavarotti sings his "a" so openly — and since Italian is filled with this beautifully singable vowel, the very wide, bright "a" flickers through Mr. Pavarotti's singing like a flag flapping now to this side, now to that. Even when he is singing in ensemble, as in so many passages of *La Bohème*, that out-of-line "a" breaks

through the massed sound and interrupts its flow.

Now, this is not a matter of critical opinion but a matter of fact. It can be confirmed by attentive listening to any of Mr. Pavarotti's recordings in the past five years (earlier in his career he kept the "a" in line). Critical opinions come into play when we talk about our attitudes toward this indisputable fact. Some people may actually like the Pavarotti "a"; and the consequent interruption of the line, some people may feel indifferent toward it; some may dislike it but feel it to be a minor flaw in a beautiful singing style; and some may feel that it overwhelms the excellences of Mr. Pavarotti's singing to the extent that he becomes distressing to listen to. I am afraid I belong to the last category — and I

especially regret it, because I do so love that wonderful voice and the temperament it expresses.

Is it really a matter of opinion whether the broad "a" is a defect in singing? I suppose it is — but it should be pointed out that among the eminent tenors of past and present — Caruso, Björling, Gedda, Corelli, Domingo, Carreras, Di Stefano — only one, the last in the list, makes or made his "a" vowel in this way; and Di Stefano's career was truncated, and many of his later performances spoiled, because of that very characteristic. That Luciano Pavarotti, and his great talent, should go in the direction of Giuseppe Di Stefano rather than in that of virtually all the other important operatic tenors, strikes me not as an indifferent choice but as an active error.

Just a few words for the other singers in these two productions. Giorgio Tozzi, after a career with many ups and downs, seems to have found his niche in the *buffo* repertoire: his *Don Pasquale* was sung not only with the comical mannerisms appropriate to this genre but with the full, rich, resonant bass voice (and beautifully clear enunciation) that characterized his singing when he first became an operatic star. Tenor Rico Serbo (the young hero in the same opera) has lost some of the ugly platitudinous resonance I disliked in his singing last summer, a loss which permits his engaging voice to be heard in more of its fullness and sweetness; but Mr. Serbo still has some way to go if he wants to retain the bright, ringing clarity of his singing in the San Diego Opera's *Madama Butterfly*, several years ago. In the *Bohème* performance, the outstanding singers were Diana Soviero (Mimì), who seems clearly to be one of the most important young lyric sopranos of our day; Inga Nielsen (Musetta), quite an exciting performer in this flashy role; and baritone Patrick Rafferty, whose performance as Schaunard was characterized by excellent vocal production and a strong interpretive ability. The chorus sang unusually well in *Bohème* and the orchestra (under Theo Alcantara in *Pasquale* and Bruno Rigacci in *Bohème*) did its job efficiently. □

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Jane Powell

Please Don't

(continued from page 14)
band's woes and comfort him, but she makes her character a moral presence on stage, and my eye was constantly seeking out Ms. Hiett to see what she would do next. What I wouldn't give to see her in a major role such as the wife in Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

Command the Morning is an unassuming play whose modest virtues are nicely complemented by its modest production at



Howard Keel

the Lamb's Players' Theatre. *I Do! I Do!* also has modest virtues, but its presentation at the Fox Theatre was such that it seemed insufficient to justify the price of a ticket. How much better it would have been to discover this show by accident in a 'little theatre,' rather than having to judge it as a major presentation. It's almost as disappointing as if one were given a snack in lieu of a three-course dinner.

Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*, the play upon which *I Do! I Do!* is based, wasn't all that hot a piece of dramatic art. It told the rather conventional story of a

married couple, Agnes and Michael, and the progression of their married life from wedding night to the day they give away their daughter in marriage. The play's only virtue was in what it left out. We saw glimpses of Agnes and Michael in their bedroom at various points during their marriage, but were forced to imagine what had happened outside that room during the intervening years. It was the ellipsis and understatement of de Hartog's style that lent charm to what otherwise would have been pretty stale stuff.

The problem with turning *The Four-*

poster into a musical is that in giving Agnes and Michael songs, author Tom Jones and composer Harvey Schmidt have eliminated that ellipsis, thus revealing that couple's emotions in their full banality. The characters won't bear such close attention. It's acceptable that Agnes should feel somewhat useless once her children have left her and she has little opportunity to be a mother, but must we hear her singing over a pounding orchestra that without love, a woman is no use at all? The songs are without grace, wit, or melodic invention, and they only serve to bring out what was worst in the original play.

It's a rather interesting idea to write a musical comedy (a genre which has traditionally been devoted to chorus lines and big production numbers) out of a simple story with a cast of two. Howard Keel and Jane Powell have pleasing enough presences on stage and good enough voices (the latter's tendency to sing flat notwithstanding) that you'd think that the two of them alone would be enough to make a memorable show. But they're given nothing to work with, other than a series of clichés about two adorable people and their incredibly cute marriage. Jones, Schmidt & Co. show us a cannibal Never-Never Land that only succeeds in trivializing the people they attempt to portray. No amount of colored lights or ribbons flung about on stage can conceal the essential emptiness and falseness of *I Do! I Do!*'s version of the way "decent little people" used to live. Such is the picture-book past which the creators of *I Do! I Do!* and *Command the Morning* wish us to accept as ours. Who needs it?

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REFUGEE

(continued from page 21)
stress among refugees, but it is only one of the causes. Others include guilt about leaving relatives behind, and difficulty in coping with the cultural changes taking place in one's own children. "Some of the common comments we hear are things like, 'My children speak only English now,' or, 'My children talk back to me now,'" Wong says. Even such things as allowing teenagers to date can cause family arguments, since dating is not an accepted practice among most rural Indochinese.

Wong explains that his office was created to train a limited number of Indochinese refugees as mental-health counselors for the burgeoning refugee population. Ultimately, the reasoning behind the project was a practical one: to help the refugees adjust quickly to American culture and make them working members of society instead of welfare recipients. As part of their training, Wong's counselors trainees do a certain amount of field work with refugees who are having emotional difficulties, and this has put Wong in close contact with the refugee community. "The refugee is different from the immigrant, who leaves his country more or less voluntarily," he says. "The refugee feels forced to leave, and he's psychologically not prepared to accept being cut off from

his friends and his family. There's a tremendous feeling of insecurity, powerlessness, and inadequacy."

Wong makes a distinction between mental illness and mental health, and says his counselor-trainees deal only with cases involving the latter. "People who can function on their own, but are depressed or in a state of high anxiety; people who have insomnia or are arguing with their relatives all the time," The project's training manual details a number of case histories, such as the Cambodian refugee who recently moved to a rural California town where there are no other refugees. Plagued by nightmares about his past and the relatives he left behind in Cambodia, he took a night job to avoid sleeping. Because of his tired and nervous appearance, his employer has offered to let him have time off, but the man refuses to take a vacation, works as late as possible, and frequently talks of suicide. Another case involves a Vietnamese woman who took a job for the first time after coming to the U.S. Her husband opposed the idea, and when she came home late one night after working overtime, he accused her of infidelity and beat her severely. The woman ran away from her family, and her husband subsequently tried to commit suicide with a razor blade. Tran Duc Tam knows of one refugee in San Diego who saw his wife raped twice by pirates while his family was escaping by boat from Vietnam. Since arriving here, the man has been unable to talk to his family and seems to be withdrawing more and more from the everyday world. There is no systematic survey of refugees; to turn up those who are depressed or

show other signs of emotional turmoil, usually Wong or the counselor trainees at the project learn of specific problems from someone with a firsthand knowledge of the people involved, such as police summoned to the scene of a wife-beating, or resettlement officials who notice one of their charges acting strangely. Wong estimates that less than five percent of all the refugees actually receive mental-health counseling, although he says that as many as half of them probably go through a major emotional upset. "Most of them cope very well," he admits. "After all, they're the ones who escaped in the first place—they're the survivors people."

Wong notes that often the refugees' emotional problems don't surface until long after the refugees themselves are in the U.S. Tran Duc Tam echoes this point, emphasizing the irony of the refugee who is unable to sleep or eat when, for the first time in months or years, he has a safe place to stay and plenty to eat. Tam adds that, in general, older refugees have had the hardest time adjusting to leaving their homeland. "Young children adapt more easily; it takes time for people twenty-five to thirty-five to adjust, but in a few years they can do it," he says. "But for the older people—say, over forty-five—it's very difficult. They work all of their lives to save everything and then they have to leave..." Also, in Vietnam the retirement age is fifty-five; generally, so many of the older people were starting to look forward to retiring. Then they come here and have to worry about getting a job or starting a new career. It's very hard for them."

In spite of their personal tragedies, most of the Indochinese people look forward eagerly. "One thing I'm proud of—the Indochinese people try to always improve themselves," Tam says. And studies have shown that sixty-two percent of the refugees are off the welfare rolls after eleven months. Recently, though, some leaders of the refugee community have expressed dissatisfaction with the current system, in which a refugee is required to take the first available job whether or not it is suitable to his background and skills. Kathy Do, director of the Indochinese Service Center, said that she would rather see professionals such as doctors or lawyers retrain in their own fields, even if it means staying on welfare for a longer period of time. Her argument, that the easy-to-get, menial jobs are usually the first to be eliminated in an economic crisis, and do not provide refugee families with long-term security, is hard to refute; but it is not likely to find favor with tax-wary Americans already grouching about the sizeable welfare budget for refugees.

No matter what their difficulties here are, though, most of the Indochinese refugees do not view returning to their people as a practical option. When I asked Tran Duc Tam if he ever considered returning to Vietnam, he grew thoughtful. "I can't speak for most of the refugees, can I?" he said. "The older people, for them there is a Vietnamese tradition: when they die, they will die peacefully if they are buried in their own soil, in the village where they were born. The older adults, many hope they will have a chance to go back."

"For myself, I'd go back on one condition: no communism," The communists, he said, have put pressure on those with relatives now in the U.S. by limiting their food and subjecting them to political harassment. (Tam's parents and six of his brothers and sisters still live in Saigon; he stays in touch with them by mail.) "Any one who can leave would not hesitate to leave," he told me firmly. "For the Vietnamese people there is a joke, a bitter joke: if electric poles—you know, light poles, utility poles—if such as they could walk, even they would leave Vietnam now..."

Moch Van Nguyen grew up near Hanoi, a city he remembers as "a very beautiful place—a lot of lakes all over the city, and a lot of nice architecture." His parents were wealthy landowners who had a large farm on the city's outskirts. From time to time they would provide shelter for people trying to avoid the authorities, people such as communists (before they came to power) and Catholic priests from France (after the communists had taken control). When Moch was eleven, the family fled the north, taking with them several Catholic priests who feared for their own lives. The Nguyens eventually made it to Saigon, where the priests, eager to express their thanks to Moch's parents—and not coincidentally, to extend the influence of their religion in Vietnam—offered to send Moch to a Catholic art school in France. His parents agreed, so Moch flew off to study Medieval painting in Bordeaux, at a

tightly run religious institute he now jokingly compares to a prison. Three years later he returned to Saigon, where he worked as an apprentice to a Vietnamese master artist. Under the tutelage of this man, Moch learned the traditional Vietnamese arts of silk and lacquer painting, wood-block printing, and the use of oil and water color. He studied these crafts off and on for the next seventeen years, even after fighting throughout Vietnam intensified and he himself was drafted into the Navy. Technically, he became a navigator, but, stationed alternately in Saigon and on ships at sea, Moch would return to work part time with his master whenever he could. In 1969 he visited the Naval Training Center in San Diego as part of his officer training, when he returned to Saigon, he got married, and soon his wife had a daughter. Eventually, because of his artistic skills, he served a four-year stint as director of a naval print shop in Saigon, which produced training manuals and other printed materials for the U.S. Navy.

In April of 1975, Moch's superiors in the Navy decided it was time for him to serve another tour of duty. On April 27 he was ordered to board a destroyer newly out of drydock, and on April 30, with North Vietnamese troops closing in on Saigon, the destroyer steamed out of port and down the Mekong River toward the South China Sea. By the time the ship reached the sea on April 30, Saigon had fallen and the Americans had evacuated the last of their troops and embassy staff. Moch never set foot on Vietnamese soil again.

The destroyer, in radio contact with other South Vietnamese vessels and the U.S. Navy, waited near the mouth of the Mekong for a day and a night. In that short time nearly 150 ships packed with refugees gathered nearby, and on May first they formed a long line and set a course for the Philippines. Moch's destroyer was the last one in the line; if one of the other ships became disabled, it was his destroyer's job to take the passengers and crew on board, then fire on the disabled ship until it sank. This happened several times, and lengthened the relatively short journey to the Philippines to two days. In the Philippines, the destroyer was turned over to the U.S. Navy—after a ceremony in which the South Vietnamese anthem was played one final time. Moch and the rest of the crew threw their uniforms into the ocean—and soon Moch was on board an old U.S. cargo ship that took him to a hastily assembled tent camp in Guam. "From there, my life began," says Moch, whose English is fluent, if a little unpolished, despite the fact that he never studied it formally. "Guam was my second rebirth—I have nothing."

As the weeks dragged by on Guam, Moch longed for something to do. He couldn't leave the camp (he had no money anyway), but eventually he traded his watch to one of the guards in exchange for some paper and brushes. Using things like fruit juice and dirt for pigment, he painted water colors of the camp and some of its inhabitants. His work did not go entirely unnoticed; on July fourth he exhibited a

(continued on page 24)

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REFUGEE

(continued from page 22)

San Diego and began to look for work. In December of that year he answered an ad for a graphic artist at Cal-West Graphics in Kearny Mesa, and, based on his experience at the naval print shop in Saigon, he got the job.

Last month I went out to see Moch at Cal-West. We sat on a curb in the parking lot beneath a gray and threatening sky, eating our lunch as we talked about his life. Moch is one of the luckier refugees—he arrived here with job and language skills that have enabled him to earn a steady income from the start—but he still feels some of the pressures of being a refugee. "My whole life is screwed up," he told me almost wistfully. "I'm not even talking my own language any more." As he said this he pointed to his mouth and gave a short, sardonic laugh.

"I want you to know that every Vietnamese refugee has hostility," he went on after a pause. "You look at their faces and it's just, hummm." He turned an expressionless face toward the sky. "But inside they are dead. Most of the Vietnamese people I know are not happy."

I asked him if he had had a hard time adjusting to American culture, and he thought for a moment. Some refugees have spoken of the "jungle" of the American governmental bureaucracy, but Moch admitted that for him, adapting was easier than for most. For instance, possessing an international driver's license enabled him to avoid studying for and taking the driving test, a slow and bewildering process for many newcomers. "Americans are very different from Vietnamese," he said finally. "They're friendly, but they're different."

It was raining the first time I went to see Kun Yin and his wife Leh Souk in their North Park house. The house is located not far from my own, and about six months ago it became apparent that someone new and probably foreign had moved into it. Almost overnight the front yard was converted from a patch of tall grass into a vegetable garden—a conversion not exactly kosher by suburban American standards, but what a garden! There is a tall palm tree in one corner of the front yard, and neighbors told me that the new family had even made use of the seedlings this tree produced, eating them when they were still green and tender and tasted, I suppose, like some Southern California approximation of bamboo shoots.

Kun Yin, Leh Souk, and their six children were sponsored by the International Rescue Commission (a nondenominational resettlement agency), and as turned up the walkway to the house, raindrops pattering on the vegetable plants all around me, I saw The Yang, a translator provided by the IRC, waiting for me in the front doorway. The Yang (pronounced Tay Yang) is a refugee himself, a Hmong tribesman from the mountains of Laos, but I had been assured by the IRC that he was an excellent translator. When he saw me, he gave a big, friendly wave, and when he introduced me to Leh Souk a few minutes later, I found out the IRC was right.

Leh Souk is Cambodian and speaks no English. She regarded me shyly, nervously, to her I must have seemed like one more official from the well-lit halls of American bureaucracy. Kun Yin was away at his garage where he can work on his car. Since exhibiting some prints two years ago at the Taboo gallery in La Jolla, Moch has not shown any of his artwork formally. He said he eventually plans to do some wood-block prints, but for the time being, working full time at Cal-West leaves him little time to do anything else. The problem is exacerbated by the types of art he is interested in—wood-block printing, lacquer painting, and silk painting are all crafts that require long hours of preparation and execution.

Moch's parents and family still live in Vietnam, and he writes to them frequently. He told me he plans to apply soon for U.S. citizenship, but more for convenience than for patriotic reasons—"it will enable him to travel more easily. Most of all, he said, he wants "to stay really busy, so that I don't think too much about the past."

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ferent. One thing I can think of: In Vietnam, if you eat seafood, you are poor. If you eat chicken, it means you are rich. Here it's opposite.

"Another thing: I have worked here now [at Cal-West] for about four years, but I never ask for a raise. In Vietnam, the employer takes care of that himself—it's his duty. If I do good in my duty, then they should do good in their duty." Moch also said the bossiness of American family structure concerned him. In Vietnam, families are much more tightly knit, children live at home until they are married, and are expected to support their parents in old age. "We're very afraid of old folks' home," he said. "We try to keep away from family organization in this country."

Moch and his wife recently bought a house in North Park. About a third of the money for the down payment came from the sales of his paintings, he told me, and the rest from what his wife was able to bring with her when she left Vietnam. Like many middle-class Americans, he now spends a lot of time working around his house. He and his wife grow spices for their Vietnamese food in their back yard, and he is in the process of fixing up a studio in his garage where he can work on his art.

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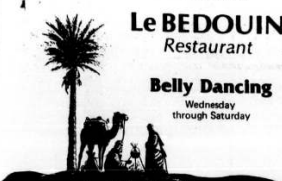
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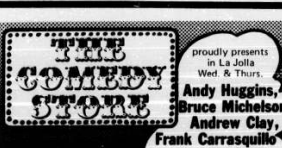
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and lack of medical care. In spite of this, Cambodians are the smallest numerically of all the Indochinese refugee groups. The Indochinese Community Health and Education Project estimates there are currently only about 12,000 Cambodian refugees in this country, and about 1000 in San Diego.

I talked with Leh Souk for an hour or so that day, but I saw no sign of intense grief on her face—just the wary, somewhat nervous expression that many of the Indochinese refugees seem to have. Several weeks later, I returned to talk to her husband, Kun Yin. He met me at the front door with a gracious smile and welcomed me into his living room. Like the rest of his family, Kun Yin has skin the color of rich brown chocolate, and big, almond-shaped eyes. He spoke firmly and with great dignity. The Yang spoke more fluently than Cambodian. Then The Yang would translate the answers from Kun Yin into English, all of which made the task of recording Kun Yin's words about as hard as trying to identify a bird hiding in a dense thicket. As we spoke Leh Souk sat quietly near her husband on the couch, and let him do the talking.

He had owned a farm in a rural area in Cambodia, he said, a small farm that produced just enough food for his own family. When the communists took over, he was afraid they would try to kill him, so he and his family crossed the border into Thailand, never dreaming they would eventually wind up in the United States. He was unhappy in the refugee camp in Thailand—there was not enough food, no freedom to go outside the camp—but with the communists in Cambodia still firmly in control, he had no desire to return home. After more than two years, word came that the U.S. would accept many new refugees, and when Kun Yin heard everyone describe the U.S. as being more rich and more beautiful than any other country, he decided to emigrate.

When he and his family first arrived in San Diego, The Yang, assigned to their case by the IRC, was the only link they had to American culture. The Yang showed them how to cross the street at stoplights, how to catch the bus, how to shop for food at the Vietnamese store in Hillcrest. Now Kun Yin and his family are on the IRAP welfare program; every weekday he studies English for six hours at the adult school on Fifty-fourth Street and University Avenue. He would like to get a job, he told me, but he has no skills, and anyway, he knows he must learn the language first before anyone will hire him.

I asked Kun Yin what seemed most different to him about this country, and he replied it was that there were so many places to buy things. Some of them were very far away, he said, but getting to them was easier than getting to even nearby stores in Cambodia, because you could take the bus here instead of walk. He added that it seemed unusual to him to always buy food at a store. Where he came from, you either grew your own food or went to look for it in the jungle; if you wanted fish, you went to the river.

Kun Yin said his children were

(continued on page 26)

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REFUGEE

(continued from page 23)

happy here — they had good health care (better than in Cambodia) and plenty to eat. I asked him if he was afraid they would become too Americanized, and his answer surprised me. He said he didn't worry about such things. It was a different and free country, he explained, with its own customs, and if his children grew up with American customs, he was willing to accept it, if for no other reason than that he couldn't prevent it. He did say, though, that he liked his own country very much and that he would like to return there if it ever became free again; if the communists remained in power, he would stay here. His relatives in Cambodia have told him they would like to come to the U.S., he said, but for the time being he is going to wait and see what changes the future might bring.

Now and then as I put the questions to The Yang, and listened while he repeated them to Kun Yin in Thai, I thought I detected a mournful note in his voice. It occurred to me that my questions might be causing him to remember some sad event out of his own past. I asked him how long he himself had been in the U.S., and he replied since April of 1976. Prior to that he had spent a year in a refugee camp in Thailand. He was just twenty-five years old, he told me, and he seemed proud (with good reason) of the fact that he spoke five languages: his native Hmong as well as Thai, English, Cambodian, and some Chinese.

For The Yang, such skills will undoubtedly see him through to a prosperous future in this country. For Kun Yin, it will be an uphill struggle. Even if he does find work, he will have to come to terms with his own sorrowful past. He and his family may also have to face a growing backlash from Americans who resent the refugees for soaking up tax money. For now, though, they are content to be here and to be safe; Kun Yin said he sometimes visits friends in other parts of San Diego, and that he spends a lot of time at home, reading.

I left their house in the evening, smiles all around. And as I made my way down the front steps toward the garden, I remembered the last time I had been over to their house, when Kun Yin was away at English class. Somewhere in the course of the afternoon I had asked The Yang if he happened to know how I should spell Leu Souk's name in English. He wasn't sure and was reluctant to venture a guess. He asked Leu Souk, who hesitated at first; but in the end she offered to write it down for us, at least the first part, the part she knew. Perhaps Kun Yin had learned how to spell it at his English class and had taught her in a spare moment. At any rate, she borrowed a pen and paper from me and went to work. She drew the letters painstakingly slow: "L... the lines made carefully and rigidly straight. "E..." the bottom two prongs drawn first, the top one added almost as an afterthought; "H..." looking a little like a "K..." but clear enough to complete the capitalized English version of her name. She wrote it the way one would draw a picture, as if it was one of the most important things she had ever done in her life. And in a way, it was. It was her new identity. □

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Off the Cuff

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Elissa Young
Musician
Los Angeles/San Diego

Me and a friend of mine, Frog, go to movies a lot, just to see far-out movies. So we got all psyched up to see a movie called *Laser Blast*. Worst movie I ever saw. They'd been advertising it on TV — shooting, explosions. Well, first, Frog and I had a couple of drinks and then we drove around trying to find the theater. This should be told as something... couldn't be a very good movie when you can't find the place. We walked up to the theater, paid our \$2.75, and then kicked back. All it is — this kid finds a laser gun that some U.F.O. people dropped, and that was about it. I thought there'd be a lot more action. We left.



Kris Phinney
Nurse
Grainville

I bought a used car through your classified section last year — no offense. I thought I was getting a great deal on a Saab. It said, "Great mechanical condition, body needs work." I took it down to T1 right away and the car looked beautiful. In the next couple of months I had to have a valve job, fix the fuel pump, the carburetor, the radiator, the ignition system, and the water pump. Also, the front brakes went out on me... on the freeway, in the rain. I put an ad in your paper that said, "72 Saab, excellent mechanical condition, perfect body." A guy from back East bought it. I know for a fact he's back there now. I bought a used Datsun. So far so good.



Jim Crosbie
Salesman
Pacific Beach

I was coming from Ensenada towards Tijuana, coming around this curve. Someone slid into my lane and forced me into the oncoming traffic on the toll road. I saw a lot of headlights coming toward me. Within minutes there were Mexicans all around me, no exaggeration — about sixty people. They were trying to help get my car off the road. There were cops there in about five minutes. I knew I was going to jail. I was lucky. They charged me 1600 pesos for road damage. I got my car back with \$7600 worth of damage. Mexican car insurance is definitely a bargain. Many people think it's a joke, I had never given it much thought. It will get you off the hook.



Ric Ocean
Painter
San Diego

My old lady. It seemed to be a fairly inexpensive thing and it turned out to be an expense I couldn't handle — \$500 pot and \$120 cocaine. I couldn't afford it. Roses on the table weren't enough. Two bicycles on the patio wasn't enough. She wanted a Porsche. She settled for a guy who had a rusted out Karmann Ghia. They were last seen driving east on Highway 66. So now she's in New Jersey and I'm in San Diego. This story's pretty close to the truth — as a matter of fact, very close to the truth.



Rex Huber
Mechanic
San Diego

These two-for-one things. I went down and bought a head for my drums on a two-for-one. They'd give me two of one size but not one of the other size. Like when you send away for something, they make the picture look real good, but when you get the product, it's not even worth a dollar. I sent for one of those Judy dolls through a magazine. I'm six-foot-three and they sent me a very short inflatable girl. A friend of mine took me to a great place for pizza. Great bargain! It was burnt to the tray so bad we scraped everything off the top and ate it. Maybe it was an exception, but they only got one chance out of me.

— by Lin Jakary

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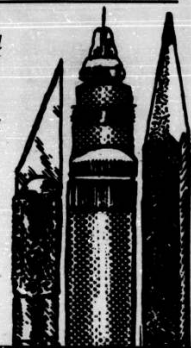
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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film

Exhibition Of Pa Dao

Among the growing numbers of Indochinese refugees in the past decades of Linda Vista is a group of artisans who are introducing a new cottage industry to their American neighbors. They are Hmong women, from a hill tribe that lived in Laos, Vietnam, and Thailand before the Vietnam war, and their craft is the traditional sewn embroidery called Pa Dao. An exhibition of the work of twelve of these women is currently on display in the San Diego Public Library.

Traditionally, the flat square and rectangular Pa Dao pieces are used for decoration on clothing and in the home. One way to identify the subtribe of Blue Hmong is by the blue colors decorating their clothing. The White Hmong, by the white. Pa Dao is primarily an applique form, with

different colored pieces of cotton fabric applied and stitched to other pieces of fabric. The top layer can be cut out so as to reveal a pattern or design in the layer underneath. In the manner of the molas of the San Blas Indians of Panama, the centers of the pieces are often filled with symmetrical patterns of cross-stitch embroidery, in vivid colors and with fine and intricate workmanship. The patterns of Pa Dao have been passed down from generation to generation, but their significance is no longer known precisely or completely. There are patterns that look like shells, others like mazes, others like fortified cities. Some may have religious symbolism.

Geometrical motifs are prevalent; real or mythical animals — so common in the old molas — and outboard motorboats — seen in contemporary molas — are not in evidence. Some of the Hmong specialize in certain patterns, while others do a wide variety.

Pa Dao pieces are all different

from one another, like American patchwork quilts and unlike Irish handkerchiefs. The ones that are products of another cottage industry which are simplifications and homogenizations of individual family patterns. They are made without benefit of embroidery hoops or stretchers, and without pre-cut patterns, and thus have a spontaneous and organic quality. The pieces in this exhibit were made overseas in refugee camps and in this country, during a time of total transition. The centuries-old art form has encountered change too. The Hmong now use printed cotton cloth backing instead of muslin. One piece has machine stitching in addition to the hand stitching. And there are aprons and handbags, nontraditional items that were made to be sold. The handbags are of considerable subtlety and intricacy, embroidered with intense, almost indecent pinks and greens, but the pink and green pompons are an unfortunate innovation. The

(continued on page 4, col. 2)



Wandering Jews

What do the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Sergei Prokofiev, Benny Goodman, Kurt Weill, George Gershwin, and Betty Boop soundtracks have in common? All were influenced by Klezmer music, the Old World folk and cabaret music played by klezmorim — itinerant Jewish musicians who wandered the streets of Eastern European cities from the sixteenth century until about fifty years ago.

Though often unheeded, the klezmorim frequently reached extraordinary heights of virtuosity. These musicians, making music on whatever battered instruments they could get hold of, traveled from town to town entertaining at cabarets, weddings, fairs, and festivals. Serving as a cultural bridge between the ghetto and the world outside, they amalgamated the tunes collected on their travels into their own distinctive Yiddish idiom. Wedded to Yiddish folk tunes

(continued on page 4, col. 2)



The Klezmorim

Truth In Music

Zen is a form of Buddhism based on the realization of one's true nature through intuition rather than through scriptural knowledge. One day Gautama Buddha was approached by the god Brahma, who offered him a flower and asked him about Truth. Buddha accepted the flower and gazed at it in silence. Only one of his disciples understood why he did so, and this was Kashyapa, who smiled. Recognizing that Kashyapa understood what Truth is, Buddha appointed him as his successor in the order. Through intuitive understanding between a master and his disciple, the wordless wisdom of Zen was transmitted from one generation to another.

A Zen koan, Zen is like a man hanging in a tree by his teeth over a precipice. His hand-grasp no branch, his feet rest on no limb, and under the tree another person asks him, "Why did Bodhidharma come to China

from India?" If the man in the tree does not answer, he falls; and if he does answer, he falls and loses his life. Now what shall he do?

Perhaps Anthony Newman has the answer. Newman, who is better known as a classical organist and harpsichordist with an unusually devoted audience of young people who might otherwise be smoking pot, is also a practitioner of Zen, and this weekend he will present a workshop fusing his two chief preoccupations, its title will be "Zen Spirit and the Performance of Music." He will explore ways in which the spirit of Zen can be manifested in musical performance, the uses of silence in approaching instruments, the harnessing of energy for more direct experience in performing, and meditative techniques.

Those wishing to perform will have an opportunity to do so, although it is not required (keyboards will be provided; others will need to bring their own instruments). The workshop is sponsored by the Los Angeles-based Institute for Transcultural Studies, which

will offer one unit of credit for students enrolled. In addition to his concerting, Newman is on the faculty of the University of Indiana and will be featured at the International Bach Festival in Madras, Portugal this summer. He has recorded more than thirty albums on the Columbia and Vox labels, including such things as excerpts from Wagner operas arranged for organ. His hands grasp no branch, his feet rest on no limb. Now what shall he do?

Anthony Newman's "Zen Spirit and the Performance of Music" will begin with a lecture and demonstration on Friday evening, June 6, from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. This will be followed on Saturday, June 7, with an all-day workshop, from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Both events will take place at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 1030 Thomas Street, Pacific Beach. Information about fees, as well as reservations, can be obtained by phone. Call Elizabeth Hamilton at the San Diego Zen Center, 481-6292.

— Thomas Arne

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READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

The San Diego Art Institute will be held through June 22. San Diego Art Institute Gallery, 1440 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-5946.

Faculty Art Exhibition, featuring works by Eleanor Anton, Harold Cohen, Mami Farber, Jean Pierre Garm, Newton and Helen Harrison, Allan Kaprow, Italo Sanges, and others, will open with a reception Thursday, June 5 at 6 p.m. and continue through June 26. Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2684.

"The Arts and Crafts of Latin America," an exhibition of San Antonio and other wood carvings, textiles, ceramics, and jewelry, will be on display through June 26, Gallery Eight, 7464 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 454-7871.

"Class vs. Glass," a series of watercolor and pen and ink paintings of former residents of commercial buildings, will be on display through June 28, Serra Museum Tower Galleries, 2727 Presidio Drive, Presidio Park, 327-3258.

Etchings of Martin Lewis, 1926-1977 works of New York and New England, will be on exhibit through June 30, Wally's Galleries, 7468 Girard Avenue, La

Jolla, 459-1880.

"Construction and the Geometry of Tradition: Selections from the McCort Corporation Collection," a survey of the development of geometric abstraction in the Twentieth Century, features works of Albert, van Doesburg, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Malevich, Delaunay, Leger, and others, 200 works in all, will continue through July 6, with gallery tours, Wednesday at 12:30 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3341.

Pa Dao

(continued from page 1)
workmanship of the older and newer pieces is consistent in its quality, varying only with the experience and skill of the maker.
The Hmong women whose work is represented in this exhibition are being recruited by the San Diego Museum of Art as local resident artists. Each of their works is a manifestation of their cultural heritage as well as their own creativity.
The exhibition of Pa Dao will be shown at the San Diego Public Library through Monday, June 30. The library is located at

820 E Street, downtown. Library hours are 10:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., Monday through Thursday; 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday. For further information about the exhibition call Lois MacKenzie at 236-5849. For further information about the Hmong call Ted Hayes or David Leslie at ACCESS, the social service agency, 560-0871.

—Amy Chu

Klezmerim

(continued from page 1)
and Jewish ancestral tradition are waltzes from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, military marches from the Tsar's army band, and rhapsodic solo improvisations inspired by gypsy fiddlers when the klezmerim met in their travels.
Klezmerim played by ear, passing down modes and melodies from generation to generation. It is not surprising that they seldom wrote down their tunes—conventional musical notation cannot do justice to the unorthodox tonalities, complex ornamentations, and crazily interlocking rhythms of klezmer music.

Transported to America by Jewish immigrants, the music thrived, particularly in New York City. The music between 1905 and the Great Depression was the golden age of klezmerim. The advent of sound recording and the rise of the Yiddish theater provided the economic and cultural foundations for a refined klezmer sound. As the bands received wider acceptance, they grew bigger and brasher in sound, and the music began to exchange influences with ragtime, vaudeville, and jazz. Thus, klezmer music became an important historical component of American jazz and popular music.
In the early 1930s, when any band, and economic factors brought an end to the klezmer tradition, many second- and third-generation klezmerim became important innovators in the musical worlds of Broadway, Hollywood, and Tin Pan Alley. The klezmer sound can be heard in many jazz hits, such as Benny Goodman's "And the Angels Sing," Sidney Bechet's "Egyptian Fantasy," and Artie Shaw's "Don't Fall Asleep." The works of Prokofiev and Gershwin also show significant klezmer influence. And great

things of American moviegoers saw Betty Boop singing, swaying, and postulating to a klezmerized soundtrack recorded by musicians who brought to the American entertainment industry a centuries-old musical tradition.
The Klezmerim are a modern group of musicians from Berkeley who play this remarkable traditional music on an assortment of instruments ranging from clarinet to tubuloin. Critics have characterized their concert as seductive, tingling, frenzied, merrily inviting, impressively joyful, luminous, bumptious, markedly superior, buoyant, expressive, vital, beautiful, stunning, and altogether delightful—which means they are probably pretty good. If you want to hear them for yourselves, they will be appearing in two shows at the Old Time Cafe, which carries on the tradition of the folk music coffee houses of the Sixties. The cafe is located at 1464 North Highway 101, Leucadia. The Klezmerim will perform on Saturday, June 7, at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. For advance ticket information, call 463-4030.

—Ben Sira

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater listings are compiled by Christopher Schindler, contributing to by Jonathan Sautelle and by Jonathan Schindler. Information is accurate according to material given us, but it is always wise to phone the theater for any last-minute changes and to inquire about ticket availability. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military, ask at the box office.

AND NOW THERE'S JUST THE THREE OF US

The return of *After Theater*. This was the format used last year by the *Magnum* to present that marvelously smart comedy by Terrence McNally. Now, now the director of *After Theater*, has been given another chance to display his wit for the world, with a short play by Michael Walker, the author of *Microfilm* and *Love and Kisses*, which has subtitled "a dirty little piece." Its plot, which has more than a few similarities with *After Theater*, is a comedy. It is concerned with a magnetic stranger who enters in with two native men. He tells them of his views on the conquest of women and then proceeds to give a full demonstration. Among the talented actors involved in the play are Bill Dunning (who played *Emmy* in *Of Mice and Men*), Aubrey Ikin (Steve Biko in *The Biko Incident*), and Wayne Tibbitts (the pensive prisoner in *War of Wounds*). (C.S.)
Marques Public Theater, June 6 at 8:00 p.m., Thursday and Saturday at 1:00 p.m.

BARFOOT IN THE PARK

How long have we been about this play? Two weeks? Hard-core addicts will be surprised from the pains of withdrawal by the return of Neil Simon's mechanical laugh machine of a comedy. Designed to please all ages, *Barfoot* contains in its cast two young characters (newlyweds) and two older characters (the father and mother) who are a colorful neighborhood who like to be with her mother) for the audience to identify with. The play's right plot is the story of these newweds and their attempts to adjust to life in a new city. New York City appears, it's all bright and amusing and filled with Simon's highly recognizable brand of wisecracks. (C.S.)
Playhouse, June 6 through 28, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday, June 15 and 22 at 2:00 p.m.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

Terrence McNally's comedy about life in an enormous family at the turn of the century. Written by Frank O'Conor, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey, (C.S.)
Lamplighters Community Theatre, through June 7, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

COMEDY OF THE ARTS

A perspective and amusing play by British author Trevor Griffiths about what it's like to be a comedian. A group of would-be comedians gather in a rehearsal room before being off to do their routines in a local club. Watching them is a local talent spotter for a London agency, a man who was once a rival of the teacher and who believes in a different style of comedy from the one they have been taught. The play centers on the efforts of the comedians to be successful in front of their audience, and about the conflict between the two techniques for making people laugh. Directed by Spike Somerville, who is himself an able comedian and well known locally for his work with Spontaneous Combinations and the San Diego Street Theatre. (C.S.)
Marques Public Theater, through June 28, Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

COMMAND THE MORNING

Reviewed this issue.
Lamb's Players Theatre, through June 28, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Maine Saturday, June 21 at 2:00 p.m.

EVENING OF ONE ACTS

Three one-act plays with the evocative titles *Suppressed Desires*, *A Stray* and *With Roses and Clavering Around*. A production of the Ramona Town Hall Players. (C.S.)
Ramona Town Hall, 729 Main Street, Ramona, through June 15, Friday and Saturday at 8:30 p.m., Sunday at 2:00 p.m. For information call 789-9205.

LUNCHTIME THEATRE

Improv comedy on Friday from Spontaneous Combinations and the following Wednesday from A Moment's Notice. Free. (C.S.)
Marques Public Theater, June 6 and Wednesday, June 10 at noon.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

An evening of three one-act plays: *Don Carlos* by Ponce de Leon and *Los Vencedores* by Luis Valdez, and *The Whirlwind* by Sergio Vioderovic. A production of Community Arts and Teatro Ensemble of El Centro Cultural de la Raza. (C.S.)
Second Avenue Theatre, Thursday, June 8 through Sunday, June 11 at 8:00 p.m. For information call 235-4135.

ONLY IN AMERICA

Another of Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's quasi-historical dramas about famous figures of the past. Others have been *Inherit the Wind* (about Clarence Darrow and the Scopes trial), *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail* (about Emerson and Thoreau), and *The Incomparable Max* (about Max Baer). This time the subject is journalist Hearst. Golden and his attempts to give a full demonstration. Among the talented actors involved in the play are Bill Dunning (who played *Emmy* in *Of Mice and Men*), Aubrey Ikin (Steve Biko in *The Biko Incident*), and Wayne Tibbitts (the pensive prisoner in *War of Wounds*). (C.S.)
Marques Public Theater, June 6 at 8:00 p.m., Thursday and Saturday at 1:00 p.m.

PASTA, MAYOR DALEY, AND THE SAN ANDREA FAULT

Local playwright James Tenuto's engaging comedy. *Pasta* is an Italian-American family. This is one of those naturalistic shows in which the plot is less important than the way a certain group of people look and behave. The last of this family's everyday life has been caught admirably. What's less admirable is the slow-moving story about the family's return to Chicago from California in order to interview Mayor Richard Daley. Author Tenuto's dialogue is filled with deadpan, dry wit, and a touch of the peripheral detail, however, is so amusing and the characters so believable that the audience will ignore Pasta's extraneous language. (C.S.)
San Diego Playhouse, through June 6, Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday, June 15 and 22 at 2:00 p.m.

THE TENDER TRAP

A Broadway comedy by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith which admirably illustrates male fantasies about the opposite gender, circa 1954.
Mark Owen, who was excellent recently in a production of *SDSU's The Price*, and Dave McCall, whom you may remember in the *Blues* for *El Financiero* and *A Desert Trump*. (C.S.)
Pasta Dinner Theatre, through July 6, Thursday through Saturday, dinner at 6:45 p.m., curtain at 8:30 p.m., Sunday, dinner at 6:00 p.m., curtain at 7:30 p.m. Matinee Wednesday and Friday, lunch at noon, curtain at 1:15 p.m.

THE TENDER TRAP

A remarkable play... remarkably well performed" (R.D. Union)
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WINGS

A play by Arthur Kopit (Indiana and On Guard, *Phantom of the Opera*, *Man of the Year* and *I'm Feeling So Sad*) about an elderly woman who has suffered a stroke, rendering her unable to speak coherently or to understand much of what she hears. The action never rises above the level of lighting a cigarette or filling a glass, and the only suggestion of plot is the concealment and then revelation of a couple of quite uninteresting secrets. The show characters are much given to telling anecdotes about their past, but these rambling tales never seem to make a point, it is remarkable how much functions padding there is in the dialogue and how little all that tells us about the supposedly living persons on stage. The material, mostly the stereotypes of psychology, is so thin that the actresses—all noted for excellent performances in the past—find themselves reduced to the mere reading of their lines, with a generalized feeling tone substituted for any intimate knowledge of the characters they are playing. The play is also deficient in social reality, with little of the precise feel for class, cultural background, politics, religion, taste, and habits that might give the live work at least a believable external life. As to language, the conversation consists chiefly of fairly imitations of what the author takes to be witty, high-class, genteel, or "feminine," so to speak. A silly and dull play, unworthy of the energies of the Women's Theatre Ensemble. (J.S.)
Galeplay Theatre, 547 Fourth Avenue, downtown, through June 21, Tuesday through Friday at 8:00 p.m., Saturday at 5:30 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. For information call 234-9203.

WINGS

Light for and eventually regains the use of all her faculties, showing in the process the sort of courage she used to display when (as a young actress) she used to walk on the wings of airplanes. (C.S.)
San Diego Repertory Theatre, through June 28, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday, June 22 at 2:30 p.m.

WINGS

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San Diego Repertory Theatre, through June 28, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m., Matinee Sunday, June 22 at 2:30 p.m.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

The most interesting aspects of large stadium concerts usually have little to do with music. It is virtually impossible to get actively involved in what's happening on stage when you're observing things from a cultural vantage point. Whenever I have attended the annual "Rock Jazz Festival" at San Diego Stadium, my attention invariably has been diverted by the massive throng in attendance, no matter how entertaining the performers may be. Soul concerts (like most punk-rock shows) have always doubled as fashion shows, and when they are on such a grand scale (an estimated 40,000 people are expected each night—Friday and Saturday), the musicians are reduced to being mere puppets for getting dressed up and strutting one's fancy stuff.

This year the line-up is again maddening. On Friday night there are mildly enjoyable funk groups such as Tuff, the Brothers Johnson, and Peaches and Herb; and local acts such as Sledge and the Gap Band. On Saturday night, B.B. King and Bobby "Blue" Band, two electric blues stalwarts, take top honors. They'll be followed by Bonnie "Welland," a skilled, often talented singer who is at the mercy of her songwriters and producers. When she worked with Burt Bacharach and Hal David, she was untouchable, but now that she is working with Barry Manilow she simply sounds schlocky—the voice is still in tune, but the songs are bathetic. After these two, the likelihood of an exciting or even amusing time diminishes by degrees. Journeyman funkies Kool and the Gang (who had two



DIONNE WARWICK

decent dance hits—"Ladies' Night" and "Too Hot"—recently) share the bill with two other disco specialists, Chic and Cameo. This gala, ludicrously hyped affair will probably shape up no differently from past festivals—a mammoth costume party with incidental music. Those seriously enamored

of these musicians are advised to bring binoculars. Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes is one of the finer white soul bands in working order. Press releases and articles have stressed the group's relationship with Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, but that affiliation is

more personal than musical. Both got their start in New Jersey at nightclubs and have remained close since then. But the Jukes seem closer in spirit to Frankie Miller's Highlife. Like Highlife, they are content being a good, unpretentious R&B band. They do not strain to "sound black," but rather, they display a smart sense of nuance and infection. They are not well appreciated in these parts, but albums such as "This Time It's for Real" and "Hearts of Stone," plus selected cuts from their two Mercury releases, prove that this eleven-man organization must be credited with dedication to a cause. They appear at UCSD's gymnasium on Friday night with Gary Myrick and the Figures.

Saturday night Don McLean (the Big M) and his All-Stars, All-Stars, All-Stars will debut at the Zoro Club. This twelfth-century includes members from the "Revelation" (the "in" group for the group), DFX, a Sector, the Rock & Roll Band, the Unknowns, and whoever else they could seduce—about fifteen in all. The planned material is stuff like "Folom Prison Blues," "Sister Love," "Chug-a-Lug," and obscure numbers by Conway Twitty and Freddie Cannon. This evening will be a lot of fun. On the other hand, of course, one of the participants told me that the show will reveal what macho, drunken Jukes San Diego rock musicians are in real life (as if we needed further evidence). In all seriousness, this gathering should provide an awful lot of fun. On the same bill will be the Unknowns. It has been a long time since anything Alice Cooper produced seemed the slightest bit refreshing. There was never any question that his theatrical antics were pure jive, though for a while he did provide some manic, rocking songs, but he doesn't

shock anymore, he's not funny anymore, and worst of all, he doesn't write good material anymore. If it were not for the handful of great tunes he penned in the early Seventies ("I'm Eighteen," "Twist My Wheel," "Be My Lover," "School's Out"), it wouldn't seem unreasonable to decide him an onerously act (a hard-rock tiny Tim, perhaps) who lost his strange wrinkles. It's a terrible thing to say about anyone, but I recall that when Alice was supposedly wracked by alcoholism, he produced his best work. Explaining the implications of this would, of course, be imprudent; who would push anyone off the wagon for the sake of a good song? It is just too bad that it has been so long since he has done anything of any merit that such a foolish question can even be raised. Cooper unveils his latest collection of 20th-century Americana Tuesday night. I hope it breaks the bad memories left by his recent records and television appearances. Thursday through Saturday the silly, rambo-music, but generally enjoyable Montezuma's Revenge, a country-western band well liked in this city, appears at the Belly Up Tavern. Friday and Saturday the Hawaiian pop duo Cecilia and Kapono return once again to the Calamarian. Also at the Calamarian, guitarist Gabor Szabo and Peter Spang continue an engagement through tonight. Thursday, All the Spies on Friday night will be the Unknowns and the Goodvibes. On Saturday, it will be the Figures. Finally, on Sunday evening, blues guitarist and singer Lightnin' Hopkins, a performer recognized as much for his wit and dry sense of humor as for his music, will be at the Belly Up Tavern.

—Steve Emswiler

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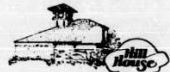
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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To list club entertainment, call 492-3268. Saturday before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to: READERS MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138, or call 235-4036 Friday before 5 p.m.

San Diego Concerts

Gabor Szabo and Peter Sprague, Colamaran, Thursday, June 5, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081. Montezuma's Revenge: Belly Up Tavern, Thursday, June 5 through Saturday, June 7, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9222.

Cecilio and Kapono: Colamaran, Friday, June 6 and Saturday, June 7, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081. Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes and Gary Myrick and the Figures: UCSD Gymnasium, Friday, June 6, 8 p.m., 452-4090.

The Unknowns and the Crowddaddy: Spirit, Friday, June 6, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3993.

Kool Jazz Festival featuring Rufus, the Brothers Johnson, Peaches and Herb, Sister Sledge, and the Gap Band: San Diego Stadium, Friday, June 6, 8 p.m., 297-4006. Kool Jazz Festival featuring Donna Warwick, Chic, Kool and the Gang, B.B. King and Bobby "Blue" Bland, and Cameo: San Diego Stadium, Friday, June 6, 8 p.m., 297-4006.

The Big M.E. and his All-Stars, All-Star, All-Stars and the Subterranean Zebra Club, Saturday, June 7, 8:30 p.m., Fifth and Market streets, downtown, 432-0216.

Lightnin' Hopkins: Belly Up Tavern, Sunday, June 8, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9222.

Alice Cooper: SDSU Amphitheatre, Tuesday, June 10, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

Mary McGreggor and Tim Thommes: Colamaran, Friday, June 13, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Penetration: Colamaran, Saturday, June 14, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Duke Ellington Orchestra featuring Mercer Ellington: Colamaran, Sunday, June 15, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Judas Priest: SDSU Amphitheatre, Sunday, June 15, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

The Who: Sports Arena, Wednesday, June 18, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4171.

Montezuma's Revenge: Colamaran, Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Herbie Hancock and Angela Bofill: SDSU Amphitheatre, Friday, June 20, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

Stephane Grappelli: Colamaran, Saturday, June 21, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

Jimmy Buffet: SDSU Amphitheatre, Saturday, June 21, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

McCoy Tyner: Colamaran, Sunday, June 22, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 3999 Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

The Longshot Saloon

Tom & Flo welcome you to 843 Grand Ave., San Marcos 11 a.m.-2 a.m., Closed Sunday 744-9836

TALL COTTON

Thurs., Fri., Sat. Texas Honky Tonk

BEAU WEEVIL

Mountain Jazz featuring Buddy Craig on guitar and Tom Cunningham on fiddle

Country Swing Dance Lessons every Thursday 7 to 9



JB PRODUCTIONS
TOMORROW THURSDAY
BRATZ
WED. JUNE 11-THURS. JUNE 12
RICK ELLAS
PLUS THE INCREDIBLE
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NASHVILLE WEST SUNDOWNER PARTY

Outdoors this Sunday 5 p.m.

* Music by W.C. Spencer, the one-man band (insane on stage!)
* Saka's barbecued ribs picnic (\$4.95)
* Gunfight * plus

Country Swing Dance Contest First prize \$50

Premiere Party for John Travolta's "URBAN COWBOY"

Tuesday June 10 \$5 includes bus trip to theatre, movie ticket, plus live pre-movie music by W.C. Spencer.

Wed. through Sunday 8:30 p.m.

Stagecoach

Mon. & Tues. 8:30 p.m.

W.C. Spencer

Our Wednesday Happy Hour lasts 16 HOURS (10 a.m.-2 a.m.)

Nashville West

4240 W. Pt. Loma Blvd. (next to Saka's in The French Quarter) Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 224-8282



Our hours are 6 a.m. to 2 a.m.
JAZZ, RHYTHM & BLUES, COUNTRY AND MUCH MORE

Le Happy Hours
5 to 7 p.m. Monday-Saturday
Well doubles for the price of singles

Le Chalet Cuisine

Sunday Beach Brunch
Cheddar Cheese Omelet,
Golden Hash Browns,
Home Made Biscuits
With Well Cocktail \$1.75

Monday Spaghetti
Spaghetti with meat sauce,
Salad and Garlic Bread
\$1.50
Draft & Wine 50¢ til 9 P.M.

5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300

LIVE AT THE ROXY IN JUNE

STRICTLY ROCKERS INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS



SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 7:30 & 9:30 pm
\$6.50 in advance - \$7.50 at the door

Tickets at the ROXY THEATER, 4642 Cass St, Pacific Beach, & all Ticketron outlets. Roxy Info: 488-0531.

No Cover—Music 9 P.M. nightly

Friday—Saturday
Beau Weevil
Country swing, corn fusion, mountain jazz
featuring Buddy Craig
and Tom Cunningham

Sunday—Monday
Big City Blues Band

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Clam Bros.
Country at its finest

Sunday afternoon 2—7 P.M.
"Trowsers"
Reggae out with us
Liters of Margaritas \$3.50

FAHN & SILVA PRESENTS
THE SUPERSTARS OF TOMORROW
Island Recording Artists
"Back of My Hand"



with Special Guest
FINGERS

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 7:30 pm
ALL SEATS ONLY \$5.75

THE GREAT GATSBY

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1980 — 9 P.M.
GRAND BALLROOM - U.S. GRANT HOTEL
 A CELEBRATION OF THE GREAT GATSBY ERA
WALTER FULLER TRIO, 20'S FLOORSHOW
DANCING, HORS D'OEUVRES & GUITZ

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR \$10 AT TICKETRON
 ZIMIZ, ZEDICA & ZEDLER, ZIMORA HAIR DESIGNS
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The Boat House
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JAZZ!

Harbor Island Phone 291-8010

June 5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova	Nova
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HALCYON

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
ECSTASY
 Sunday, Monday
RICK ELIAS BAND

Starting Tuesday June 10
THE BANK
 Monday Night Dinner Special
 complimentary beer & wine
 while you dine
 Inflation Fighter
 No cover if you dine at the Halcyon
 Bratz—coming June 24th
 one week only

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

quest, folk, Wednesday
Paide Gold, 7245 Linda Vista Road, Linda Vista 277-8681. The bar stars with Mitz Turner, country western, top 40, blues, rock, and boogie, Friday and Saturday.
Pat Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens 286-7873. Dick Liberatore, odes, ball, goodies, Thursday, Pro Brigham Preservation Band, rhythm and blues, Friday and Saturday, jam session, Sunday.
Palomino Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista 427-5889. Last rock, Thursday through Sunday.
Pavilion Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7311. Merit Moore, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Saturday.
Pelican Pub, 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove 464-9284. Jim Pyle, folk and country, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, contemporary, Friday and Saturday, jam session, Sunday, Jim Pyle, folk and country, Tuesday, Jeff Wise, country, Wednesday.

Portofino Lounge, Holiday Inn, 1336 North Harbor Drive, Embroideries 232-3861. Summerfreezes, top 40 dance and show, Tuesday through Saturday.
Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4441 University Avenue, East San Diego 283-7448. Lori Bell and Ron Saper, mellow jazz, Lori Bell and Carl Cranfield, classical folk, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and every other Sunday. Melissa Morgan, harp, Tuesday, Orlan, guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Sunday, Melissa Morgan, harp, Friday afternoon.

Quel Fromage, 523 University Avenue, Hillcrest 295-6000. Phil Rothchild, classical guitar, Tuesday, Rick Lyon, contemporary rock guitar, Friday afternoon.
Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 295-1880. John Campbell and Company, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Reubens Harbor Island, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-5030. Jim Hawley and Margie Gelin, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Reubens Plinthouse, 7637 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont 278-7373. Larry Rothbaum, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rib Cage, 5550 Kearny Mesa Road, Kearny Mesa 277-7937. Sky High, new rock, old wave, and originals Wednesday through Saturday.
Royal Vista Inn, 532 E Street, Chula Vista 426-2000. Gary D., pop and disco show, Monday through Saturday.
Rudy Garcia's, 1433 Garnet Street, Pacific Beach 270-9853. Rick Norris, variety and originals, Tuesday.

Sea Dog Lounge, Holiday Inn, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-5720. Ambrogio, top 40 and disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Shepherd Cafe, 1126 South Highway 101, Encinitas 753-1124. Open stage, Thursday, Kuni Fago and Friends, country Friday, Westwind, folk, Saturday.
Shepherd Harbor Island, 1330 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-2000. Butterfield Stage Saloon, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Portofino Restaurant, Jimmy Navarro, piano, Monday through Thursday and Sunday, Jacques Resto, piano, Friday and Saturday, Scott Kincaid, piano, Sunday afternoon, Sundowner Lounge, The Magic II, contemporary entertainment, Tuesday through Saturday.
Show Biz, 1421 University Avenue, Hillcrest 291-1551. Female

The famed
center for world music
 and
SOSO
 present a six-week festival of
"World Music"
 June 23—August 1

The music and dance of Africa, Mexico, the Philippines, Indonesia and Brazil will be featured in performance and lecture courses at San Diego State University. Public performances Friday evenings.

Day and evening classes - Balinese, Congolese and Brazilian dance - Early European music - Harry Parich Ensemble - Philippine Rondalla Ensemble - Flamenco and Javanese dance - Music of Africa

For information or registration, call or write Summer Sessions, San Diego State University, San Diego, CA 92182, or the Center for World Music, (714) 265-4243.

JAMAZA

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THE HOLLIS GENTRY QUARTET
 BILL COLEMAN, Guitar, BILL ANDREWS, Bass, JIM GILBERT, Drums

Every Sunday & Monday 8-Midnight

The TOP OF THE ARC, San Diego's highest cocktail lounge is now offering the great sound of jazz. Here's an opportunity to play with one of San Diego's most popular jazz groups. Divided, progressive, swing, modern, whatever your favorite is, it'll be happening on Sunday and Monday evenings at THE TOP OF THE ARC on Harbor Island. BRING YOUR AXE AND SIT IN.

Top of the Arc
 Tower at Harbor Island
 1890 Harbor Island Drive, Phone 291-6700

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

Tomorrow Night
 Gary Myrick and the Figures

JUNE 6, FRIDAY 8:00PM
UCSD GYM, LA JOLLA
 VCS \$16.50, GA \$7.50
 VCS \$16.50, GA \$7.50
 * Ticketron 462-4559
 TICKETS ON SALE NOW

APPEARING!
DALLAS COLLINS BAND!
MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE!
 Sunday and Monday nights 8:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M.

DOC MASTERS
 at the Shelter Island Marina Inn.
 Phone 223-2572

Swan Song
 Seafood & Jazz
 presents
Manzanita
 Thursday 9:00
Dance of the Universe
 Friday and Saturday 9:00

Dinner 5:30-10:30
 Sunday Brunch 10:00-2:00

4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach
 272-7802

DYNAMITE SEATS!
★ THE WHO ★
 June 18 San Diego
 Alice Cooper June 10
 Judas Priest June 15
 Jimmi Buffet June 22
 Warren Zevon June 23
 Harry Chapin June 24

Queen • Grateful Dead • Springsteen

TNT TICKETS
 582-6866
 4705 College Ave.

improvisation, Wednesday through Sunday.
Smuggler's Inn Dinner Club, 402 Farnon Valley Road, Mission Valley 291-7110. Disco, Monday through Sunday, disco performance featuring Louie and Joanne Lugo and Big Band Sound with James Dean, Monday.
Splitz, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Bay Park 276-3993. Push, rock and roll, Thursday, The Unknowns and the Exotics, new wave and rock, Friday, Fingers and the Rock Elio Band, Saturday, Ensl, hot fiddle rock, Wednesday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa 565-2772. Homefolk, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.
Springfield Wagon Works, 690 North Second Street, El Capitan 485-5757. Amber Band country rock, Thursday through Saturday, Sheila Harris, country folk, Tuesday and Wednesday.
Station Oaks Resort Ranch, Boulder Creek Road, Descanso 445-4107. Broken Heritage, country, Thursday through Monday.
Su Casa Restaurant, 6738 La Jolla Village, La Jolla 454-0309. Eileen Harmon, guitar, Paragayyan harp, and flute, Tuesday through Sunday (accompanied by Christina Harmon, guitar, Friday through Sunday).

Swan Song, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802. Manzanita, jazz, Thursday, Dance of the Universe, jazz, Friday and Saturday.
That Place Place, 2322-B El Camino Real, Carlsbad 434-3171. Cottonmouth D'Arcy, Discoland jazz, Friday, bluegrass, Saturday.
Two House, 1152 Garnet Street, Pacific Beach 273-9734. Scott and John, contemporary, Thursday, Justin, contemporary, Friday, My Noon, contemporary, Saturday.
Two House, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Lemon Valley 280-9944. Highway, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.
Two House, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Lemon Valley 280-9944. Highway, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.
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Trojan Home, 6170 University Avenue, East San Diego 582-1070. Ram Band, country rock, Thursday through Sunday, country music, Monday and Tuesday.
Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Seventh Drive, La Mesa 465-1525. Emergency Fall, disco rock, Wednesday through Sunday.
VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7331. International Affair, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.
Wayside Inn, 3200 Rio Pico Drive, Carlsbad 729-7131. Clemens Weed featuring Luciano, rock and roll, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Windjammer, 2051 South Highway 101, Carlsbad 753-0888. Yeck Yeck Yeck, Seattle, Sunday through Tuesday, folk, contemporary and jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.
Wrinkler's Room, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley 280-5263. Larry Puff and Chirromi-Lodge, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

COFFEE HOUSE RESTAURANT FOLK BLUES BLUEGRASS
 Where Music is the Fuel of Life
 1464 N. Hwy. 101 - Lucania, Ca. 92024 - (714) 436-4030

JENNIFER HALL 7:30-10:30
 Singer & guitarist—Historical songs, single-long, contemporary folk.
BERMUDA GRASS 7:30 & 9:30
 Bluegrass & Old Time Country Music, featuring Muffy Stone.
THE KLEZMORIM 7:30 & 9:30
 A rollicking evening of old-world jazz & cabaret music.
MIKE KACHUBA SANDY DUTKY 7:00-10:00
 Hammer dulcimer & concertina.
CHRISTINE ANDERSON STAN YEOMAN 7:30-11:30
 Singer & Songwriter.
LUNCH - SUPPER - SUNDAY BRUNCH
 Open 10:00 a.m. to midnight Sunday - Closed Monday.
 Advance reservations recommended for Fri., Sat. & Sun. nights. 436-4030

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 FUN, PRIZES & SURPRISES!
 ROCK & ROLL TRIVIA CONTEST

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Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday
JUNE 4-5 STEVE MARTIN THE JERK ANIMAL HOUSE	JUNE 6-7 JANIS THE ROSE	JUNE 8-9-10 STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE DOOLBY STEREO	JUNE 11-12 Apocalypse Now DOOLBY STEREO	JUNE 13-14 VINCENT PRICE THE PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN	JUNE 15-16 Peter Sellers AND PETER SELLERS THE STRANGE THING THAT HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO TRIPOLI	JUNE 17-18 Cint Eastwood Dirty Harry THE ENFORCER
JUNE 19-20 THE GODFATHER PART II	JUNE 21-22 THE GODFATHER PART I	JUNE 23-24 THE GODFATHER PART III	JUNE 25-26 THE GODFATHER PART IV	JUNE 27-28 THE GODFATHER PART V	JUNE 29-30 THE GODFATHER PART VI	JUNE 31 THE GODFATHER PART VII

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