

A black and white photograph of a car's front end, showing the headlights and grille, positioned vertically on the left side of the page.

# City Lights

## Sounds Like A Strike

It has been twelve weeks since the first picket sign was hoisted in front of a local Sound Company stereo shop in the employees' battle for their first union contract. But what makes this particular strike unique is that it may be the first time any stereo shop in the state has been represented by the Retail Clerks Union in a contract negotiation. And even though employees of competing retail stereo shops such as Tower, Mac's, and Pacific say they are withholding judgment for now, a spokesman for the union says the Sound Company strike is not a vanguard attempt to organize the retail stereo industry. "Absolutely not," says Norm Bell, an organizer for Retail Clerks Union local 1222, one of nine local units in Southern California. "I've heard rumors from as far away as Los Angeles that this is a move to get us into the stereo business. But this is an isolated, individual case. And if you know their story, you'd see why."

Their story, as Bell refers to it, concerns the thirteen sales clerks and assistant managers of two Sound Company shops, at 5079 El Cajon Boulevard and 3675 Sports Arena Boulevard, who have been striking since March 28. But the story had its beginnings even further back than that, according to assistant manager Linda Page, a two-year employee of Sound Company.

One of the main reasons we're seeking help from the union," says Page, "is the inconsistency in pay; but even more than that is the general mistreatment of the employees." That mistreatment, she says, includes the humiliation of store clerks by the father-son owners Norm and Bob Kolkey in front of other employees and customers. "One example — it was in about May last year — happened with a new clerk who wasn't very familiar with audio equipment," says Page. "It was taking him a while to catch on, and I can think of two instances where Bob Kolkey called him a 'jerk' in front of a customer and other employees, and another time when Bob said to him, 'I can't believe you're so stupid.' In front of three other employees. Another time, the manager, Lani Minella, was trying to teach a new clerk what to listen for in speaker quality. She gave him two choices and asked him which one he would pick. After he chose, she said, 'That's stupid,' and said she would have picked the other one. He told her he still liked the first one better, and she began screaming at him, just venting her anger. It was incredibly embarrassing for him, with two other employees in the office. Stuff like that happens all the time. And the thing is, the attitude of the owners and the manager is that if you don't agree with the way they treat

you, they say, 'Fine. Leave.' It's incredible, the devastating effect this job has had on people."

Page brought up the topic of employee-management relations at a managers meeting in August, 1979, saying intimidation was no way to treat the sales clerks. "Then Norm gave an example to me that humiliating a clerk in front of other employees was like spanking a little kid in front of his friends, maybe he won't want to make the same mistake again," she says. "That was his exact example."

Perhaps a logical question, then, is why do the employees bother to stay on the job? "Most people don't stay long," Page contends. "I'd say the average stay is about six months. I swear, some stay only an hour. We have this joke about a guy who worked here until his break, went out for an orange, and never came back."

In addition to the humiliation on the sales floor, the employees protested the mandatory overtime without extra pay — ten-and-a-half-hour days with

hour and the assistant managers' salaries of four dollars an hour — ranged between \$250 and \$600, and fluctuated from month to month for no apparent reason.

The Kolkeys told us the bonus checks were based on attitude, sales work, and your value to the company — but they used any reason they could to cut it," says Page. "You never knew from one month to the next how much your bonus check would be. No one wanted to work around Bob Kolkey the week before the bonus checks came out, because if he was in a bad mood and you did something he didn't like which made him mad, he could cut your bonus check in half. In my own case, Norm wanted me to come in to work on a day I was supposed to be in school. I told him I couldn't, but he said if I didn't come in, it would reflect in my bonus check."

Owner Norm Kolkey, however, says the bonus checks were part of an employee "profit-sharing plan," and so the amounts varied from month to month based on the store's volume of

to do a story on this."

The employee dissatisfaction increased until Page approached the Retail Clerks Union about organizing the Sound Company employees.

The union expressed an interest, and a meeting was arranged in mid-September to discuss unionizing with the sales clerks. The ten people who arrived at the meeting signed cards indicating they wanted to talk with union representatives — the cards being protection against their being fired for attending the meeting. Soon after that, weekly meetings were held with union organizers who listened to the problems and began drawing up a possible contract. When union organizer Norm Bell contacted the Kolkeys about the union activity, they were furious.

"The Kolkeys began interrogating some of us," says Page, "asking who was attending the meetings and what our positions were on the union." The following month, on October 10, the monthly bonus checks were all

threats, though, the employees voted unanimously on October 31 to accept union representation.

Contract talks between the union and the Kolkeys began the following November. When the elder Kolkey went into the hospital for heart surgery in January, the owners hired a professional negotiator from the San Diego Employers Association. The employees stayed on the job until March 28, on which day the owners submitted their final contract. "We were pretty happy with all of it except for two things," says Page. "One, that every employee had to sell an average of \$575 worth of equipment a day, or after two months he could be fired without recourse; and two, the owners wouldn't pay for the employees' medical benefits through Kaiser or Blue Cross with the minimum daily sales really upset us. At other stereo shops, \$575 might not be an unreasonable daily average, but they do a lot of advertising, and Sound Company does very little."

day, six of us strikers were arrested because someone threw a piece of ice into the store. The cops held us on the scene for half an hour while they talked to someone inside the store, then they came out and said, 'We're arresting you now.'"

The union negotiator for the striking employees, Norm Bell, says the strike is costing the union "a fortune," but that the union is willing to carry on the strike "forever." He says: "We can outlast these guys, but the trouble is, they just may be ready to go out of business rather than accept the union."

M.O.

## If The Goose Is Cooked, We'll Take The Neck

Like nervous medical students reluctantly choosing parts from a fresh cadaver, eight aviation museums from across the nation, including the San Diego Aero-Space Museum in Balboa Park, have begun the process of selecting sections of the Spruce Goose, the famous flying boat built by the late billionaire Howard Hughes, which may soon be destroyed. Although plans are afoot to keep the giant seaplane intact, the Summa Corporation, Hughes' holding company, is going forward with the dismantling and is planning to divide the aircraft among the selected museums. The state assembly voted unanimously last week in favor of protecting the plane under the National Historic Preservation Act because it is the largest airplane ever flown, and the state senate is expected to consider a similar preservation resolution soon. But while the preservation movement is mounting, the museums are waiting no time in their maneuvering for possession of the wooden flying boat's most coveted sections.

The mammoth, eight-engine seaplane — which was built by Hughes during World War II to transport troops, and which was flown only once, by Hughes himself, in 1947 — is now housed in a waterfront hangar at Long Beach harbor. The hangar site, though, is needed by the Army Corps of Engineers for the construction of an all unloading dock. Rather than relocate the Spruce Goose, the Summa Corporation developed two plans: to sell the historic aircraft to a private bidder, or, failing that, to divide the plane into segments for distribution to certain aviation museums. As for the first plan, one of the prime contenders to purchase the Hughes seaplane was Aero World, an air museum which may eventually be built in Kearney Mesa. The Aero World bid of six million dollars, though, was rejected by the Summa Corporation on May 21, according to a Summa spokesman in Houston.

On the day the Aero World offer was rebuffed, the eight museums were officially notified of the availability of

the airplane segments, and were asked to place their bids for the parts they wanted. Summa had asked the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., to select the museums qualified to handle displays of the plane parts. Besides the local Aero-Space Museum, those selected were the California Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles; the Experimental Aircraft Association Air Museum in Hales Corners, Wisconsin; the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia; the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago; the U.S. Air Force Academy Library in Colorado Springs, Colorado; the U.S. Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio; and the U.S. Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola, Florida. Although these museums were not given the official notice until late last May, the scramble for the best parts had begun more than a month before that when attorneys for Summa hinted that the museums might be eligible for parts of the airplane.

The Summa Corporation will make the final decision regarding which museum will get which segment, according

to a Summa spokesman, although the details of how that determination will be made have not been publicized. One thing that is public, however, is that the San Diego Aero-Space Museum will be in a battle for what may well be the most important component of the Spruce Goose — the flight deck. The Summa spokesman confirmed last week that at least one other institution besides the Aero-Space Museum has requested the flight deck, and that is the California Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles. The flight deck, many aspects of which are considered to have been twenty years ahead of their time, comprises the stations of the pilot, copilot, navigator, engineer, and chief test engineer, as well as related instrument consoles. The only other museum to make public its desire is the Wright-Patterson museum, which has requested an aileron, a movable hinged section of an

airplane wing for banking in turns.

One of the men who helped make the decision for the local museum to seek the flight deck is Richard "Zeke" Cormier, the acting executive director of the museum. "There's the feeling here that there is no second choice," Cormier says. The formal decision was reached last month by the museum's exhibits committee, which consists of members of the board of directors. "There was a consensus," says Cormier, "but it depends on the amount of money involved in acquiring that part of the airplane." Although the individual parts of the Spruce Goose would be donated by the Summa Corporation, the respective museums would be responsible for the actual cost of dismantling, transportation, and display. "It may simply be too costly for us," Cormier says. (He says the roughest estimates on the total cost of dismantling and transporting the flight deck would be in the area of \$150,000.) "Even after dismantling and transporting, it would still have to be displayed in some meaningful way, and that would be quite an expense in itself." In fact, the Summa spokesman says that the museums contacted about the plane have been hesitant in responding to the offer because of the cost factor. Regardless of the cost, though, Cormier went to Long Beach two weeks ago to view the plane again and to declare the museum's feelings as to the plane's fate. "We voiced our opinion that the plane is a national treasure," he says, "and that it should, if at all possible, remain intact and be displayed somewhere. But if it comes

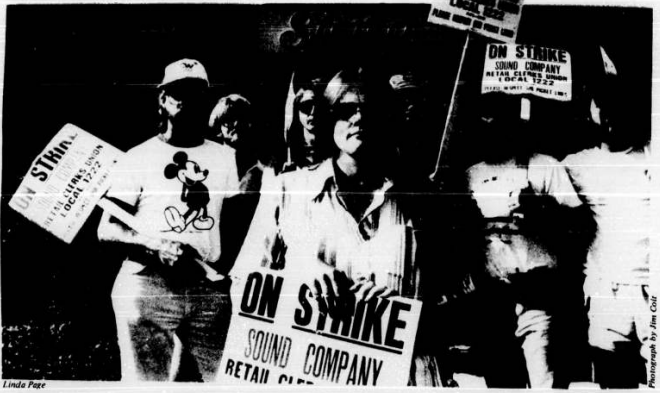
down to dismantling it — and dismantling is probably not the right word, because that implies the possibility of being able to put it back together, which is not being considered in this case — we want the flight deck."

While the museums are placing their bids, the movement to stop the plane's destruction is gaining momentum. Aero World president William Lee and his partner Meyers Jacobson met in Los Angeles last week with members of the newly formed Committee to Save the Hughes Flying Boat, in order to gain further support for their cause. Despite increasing interest in saving the plane, and despite the recent legislative resolution, the Summa spokesman insists the plane indeed will be dismantled. "As far as we're concerned," he says, "the decision has been made." He also denies reports that Aero World actually is being given until the end of this month to make another offer to purchase the plane intact.

The irony of the situation is obvious, according to Cormier of the Aero-Space Museum. "We're in a strange situation," he says. "Here we are, busy at work at the restoration of old airplanes. We have people down in our restoration department who were old barnstormers, and now they're craftsmen painstakingly putting these old planes back together bit by bit. And here we are, talking about destroying an historic airplane that's totally intact. Our heart and soul is down there in that restoration shop, and for our craftsmen to see a beautiful plane torn apart goes against everything they do. It's hard to believe that what has to happen for us to get that display."

M.O.

Mark Orwell



Linda Page

an hour for lunch. Page says the employees were not consistently paid overtime salary for working more than eight hours in one day until a recent directive from the National Labor Relations Board ordered such overtime payments.

But to top it all, the employees thought their monthly "bonus checks" were being used to harass certain clerks. The bonus checks — which were in addition to the clerks' salaries of \$3.50 an

hour. Other than clarifying that, though, Kolkey did not want to discuss the working conditions in his two shops.

"We're not interested in publicity," he said in response to a question about the unionizing. "You don't want to do a story on this. Maybe you should check with your lawyers." When asked what he meant by that, he said, "Believe me, you don't want

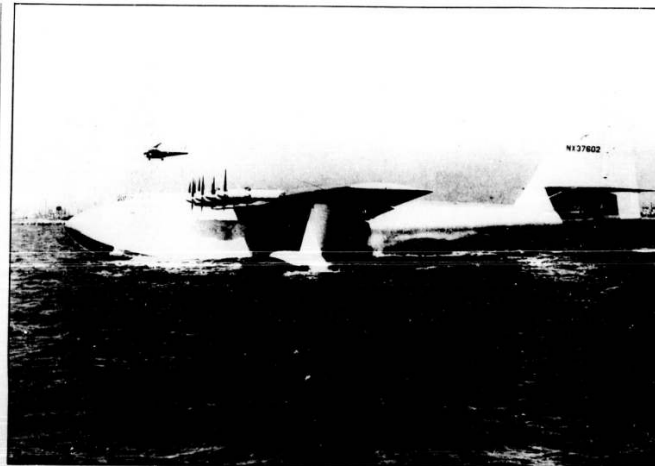
down by about \$100 to \$200, according to Page. It was clear at that point, says Page, that a battle of nerves had begun. "All through October they were rough on the employees," Page says. "They did their best to make people quit. Then they started hiring new people."

They first questioned the new employees as to their position on the union, hoping the new people would vote against the union. "One salesman, Ray Trippi, says he was told by Norm Kolkey that if he voted in the union election, he would be terminated. Despite the

The employees went on strike immediately after rejecting the final contract offer. Thirteen store workers walked out and have been receiving \$3.50 an hour to walk a picket line, the money coming from the union's strike-and-defense fund. Relations between the strikers and those hired to replace them have been less than amicable. "Last month someone sprayed some stinky stuff in the doorway of the Sports Arena store," says Page, who has assumed a leadership role among the employees since first contacted the union last September. "One of the new employees started to clean the doorway, and he had words with Ray Trippi (one of the striking employees). Later this guy came up to Ray and said, 'Something stinks out here, too,' and sprayed Ray in the face with Lysol. On that same

Photo by Ken Coon

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Photograph: Harford History of Aeronautics





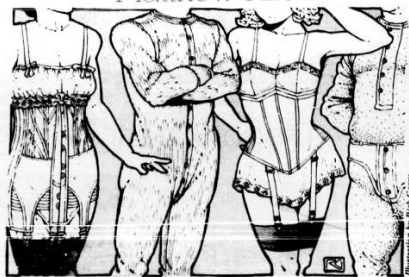
# Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice: I recently tried to purchase some darling cut lingerie for my wife but couldn't find any department stores or specialty shops that had nice articles. The stuff at Fredrick's is cheaply made and the sexiness was demeaning by my taste. Are there any retail outlets here or even any good mail-order sources?  
R.G.

Assuming you've tried the ten shops listed in our Yellow Pages, I suggest you telephone the stores in Beverly Hills: Alexander's Lingerie at 213-272-7392, and Juel Park (on North Rodeo Drive) at 213-272-3292. Also in Los Angeles, try Auntie Mame's at 213-651-8431, which seems worth looking into for its line of antique underwear. Some of the old stuff was daring in its way. When feminine drawers were introduced in England, nearly two centuries ago, they were considered immodest because underwear of this sort had been strictly an article of men's clothing. Feminine underwear was not for comfort or hygiene, but for shaping the waist and torso. Christian Dior, the French designer, said, "Without foundation there can be no fashion," and he was talking about the ways a woman's body can be handled to accentuate or minimize its contours.

The traditional shapes of underwear were restrictive or even dangerous, and the creation of comfortable underclothing is a recent innovation. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans wore no underwear at all, so far as costume historians can tell from paintings and statues. (One exception is a Roman mosaic in Sicily which shows a female athlete wearing what appear to be briefs and a bra.) Greek women were



probably the first to use clothing to shape the figure. Classical literature mentions a girdle of linen or goatskin, called a zone, which was wrapped around the waist and lower torso. Another garment, the mastodeton, was sometimes worn around the bust to flatten it. These articles cannot be considered underwear since no distinction was made between inner garments and the gowns which characterized men's and women's dress for thousands of years. It wasn't until the Twelfth Century that the gown itself was fitted with laces that permitted it to be drawn tightly at the waist and bust. This garment is known through a monastic illustration of the devil, who was pictured as a birdlike woman wearing a gown laced tightly up the front. By the illustration it is easy to surmise why the

gown was dropped out of fashion for a few more centuries, but the idea persisted, and came to revolutionize clothing.

Beginning in the Fifteenth Century, the fundamental garment was the "body," or, in French, the "cors" — hence the more familiar terms: bodice and corset. It was a tight linen vest stiffened with layers of paste and pliable wood, and it typically drew the waist into a circle thirteen inches around, and propped up the breasts like apples on a picket fence. The hips were shaped with a hooped petticoat called a farthingale, or with a "bum-roll" that looked like an inner tube and was worn beneath the skin. Under all was a smock, or chemise, of fine linen. Elizabethan women used these garments for fantastic effects. They drew their torsos into fun-

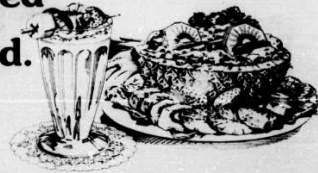
nels, and held their skirts so far from their hips that one wit remarked, in a poem, of how certain ladies could hardly walk in the streets for fear of getting stuck.

Very slowly underclothes became softer and more comfortable. In her fascinating book *Underwear: A History*, Elizabeth Ewing calls the late Nineteenth Century "the dawn of freedom." Corsets remained basic, but women were introduced to the idea that fashion did not demand so many constrictions of the body. Dr. Gustav Jaeger introduced his "Sanitary Woolen System," a line of underwear said to promote health by keeping a layer of soft wool next to the skin. Emancipation, of a sort, came in 1914, when a New York debutante, Mary Phelps Jacobs (with the help of her French maid) created the first soft bra out of two handkerchiefs and some baby ribbon. Her idea was to hold the breasts in place without propping them up. Similar bras were created in time, but hers was the first to leave the midriff uncovered. She patented her invention but failed at marketing her bras and eventually sold the patent and production rights to Warner Bros.

For the last word in feminine underwear, ask your wife what she imagines to be the most comfortable, then drop by the downtown library and check out Nanette Rothaker's *Under Bra*, which tells you how to make your own.

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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# Video Toilet

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explore the science of alcohol, the art of drinking, and hangover research. We want to understand alcohol and alcoholic drinks in relation to their effects on the body and mind, both positive and negative. There is, of course, already a tremendous amount of scientific work completed on this subject and we want to compile the best of it, broaden it if possible, and make it available in easily understandable terminology to our membership. The study of the art of drinking will be the really colorful and entertaining work. We want to compile a scholarly history of drinking, origins and development and so forth, since before the beginning up through today. And we want to include as many rituals and customs from around the world as possible, both old and new ones, primitive and modern. Here, the international nature of the membership will be important. Through the newsletter, we will encourage members to research their own regions and neighborhoods for interesting drinking customs and rituals, and report back. There surely have been thousands of them practiced throughout history that would be fun to do today, and people make up new ones every day.

Harry was excited. He jumped from his chair and paced the patio, waving his glass to the hills and at me. Here I was a man with a vision. He looked like a preacher trying to save mankind.

"And think of the drinks! The hundreds of different beers, wines, liquors, all crazy homemade stuff, wild recipes, all manner of berries and herbs and grains, and then all the possible combinations! What percentage of all the possible great-tasting drink mixtures are well known? What percentage could you order at an average bar?"

He did the question at me with a demanding thrust of his glass. Of course, I had an idea and neither did he, though it was clear he was determined to find out. "A fraction," he belatedly said. "A mere fraction!"

His voice carried richly through the cool dusk.

"But we are going to solve that problem. Once we are well enough established, we will begin collecting a building fund for the construction of the Alcoholic Couragous Research Center and Saloon. It will be as the name implies—a bar and a research facility. In it we'll have our library, which I expect will be quite large, and a bar with a stock of every alcoholic beverage available in the world. And they won't be showpieces, they'll be there for the drinking. We'll encourage our customers to experiment with new drinks. The bartenders will be instructed to manufacture drinks according to the customers' specifications, and we will record in a scientific manner every drink that goes into them. Then we'll record the customers' evaluations for the record. Surely we'll need a small computer to do the math on everything, and that should be worth it."

"And the Saloon will be smokeless. No smoking allowed anywhere in it, or in any other facility we ever run. And we'll head off those damn cigarettes that go into them. They're the worst thing about going into a public place for a drink is that a large number of people who drink also smoke cigarettes or cigars. It is tremendously annoying to people who like to drink but don't smoke to have nowhere to go outside their homes for a drink where they will not be overwhelmed by stifling, smoky atmospheres. I think it is the result of a lack of courage on the part of the bar and restaurant owners that there are no smokeless bar-restaurants. They're afraid, of course, that they'll have no customers if they prohibit smoking, and I assume that they arrive at their evaluations by observing the fog of smoke that seems to accompany crowds in their places. The result is that if there are a hundred people in a bar and twenty-five of them are smoking, their pollution easily makes it appear as if

everyone in the place is smoking. I believe that if an investor had the nerve to build a nice bar-restaurant of the quality of the popular places in Mission Valley, and outlaw smoking on the premises, he would find nonsmoking people crawling out of the woodwork to populate his joint. People who regularly go to bars and curse the smoke but stay for entertainment, companionship, drinks, whatever—those people would be primary customers. Then there'd be the folks who normally stay at home rather than put up with the mess; they would start to come out more often. And I think you'd be surprised how many people who want to quit smoking would come to a smokeless place. Ask anybody who drinks and ever tried to quit smoking—he'll tell you that the worst place to try to stay off the butts is at a bar. And what about the poor jerk who tends bar who doesn't smoke, or the waiters and waitresses? I guarantee that there aren't many heavy-industry factories where the workers are exposed so consistently to so much dangerous pollution. What would happen if the government sent an OSHA agent into some of these places on a Friday or Saturday night with pollution-measuring devices? I'll tell you what would happen: He'd either close the place down or rule that anybody working there would have to wear a respirator.

"People who drink and smoke are more likely candidates for the Anonymous than people who just drink. By learning about alcohol, learning to respect it, while we enjoy it, by realizing that, like a gun, it

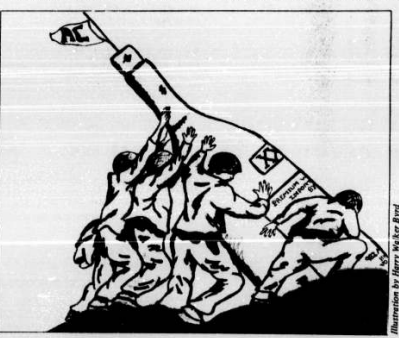


Illustration by Harry We Were Bored

can hurt us if we don't handle it properly or don't pay attention to what we are doing with it, by becoming Couragous with it, we can reduce significantly the problems normally associated with it. Among the many positive possibilities of going Couragous is that we'll have a lot fewer smokestacks puffing themselves silly in places where us holy folks go for a quiet cocktail."

"Here's to smokeless bars!"

He raised his glass to me for a toast, but then realized that both glasses were empty.

"Sorry about that," he apologized.

"I'm so in the kitchen and I'll make us another."

Harry and I had been introduced by a mutual friend. The friend, knowing that I was always interested in a good story, suggested that he knew where I could find one, that he knew a fellow who had done it all and who, in exchange for a little publicity and some of my projects and ideas, would be glad to talk to me until my tape recorder's mileage warranty was but a faint memory. He also suggested that the interview might be something more than ordinary. I began to sense accuracy in that prediction.

Harry finished constructing two more armchairs, and I went back to sit under the stars. His suggestion we turned our chairs to face east and before long we were treated to a lovely moonrise.

"You know," he began, "every time I see a clear and pretty moonrise like this one, I'm reminded of how glad I am not to

live anymore in that Rotten Apple. New York City. What a pit! I had a very strong attack of revulsion for the place once, on a night like this, and I wrote a little poem about it. I called it 'Song of Love for New York, Number One Hundred Twenty-three.'"

He cleared his throat and recited.  
Sitting on a cold ass,  
Warning my face with a  
quart of ale,  
I watch the moon rise  
like an orange turd  
through primal sludge.

And that's the way I feel about it. Here's to the Rotten Apple, may it sink into Long Island Sound!"

We toasted and he laughed heartily at himself. I asked him if he was from New York.

"No, I'm from Ohio originally. A born and bred Buckeye. I did all my work at Ohio State. Got my B.A. in 1951 and was awarded a Ph.D. in 1955 in literature. I was twenty-six years old. Did my dissertation on *Finnegans Wake*. I didn't understand anything about the book, of course, and I still don't, but I was well ahead of anyone there at the time, thanks in part to the coincidence that I was simultaneously an innocent participant in some of the government's early tests of hallucinogenic and psychoactive drugs. They paid me a few dollars an hour and gave me several different drugs over a period of months. The drugs included LSD and synthetic psilocybin. Of course, none of the experimenters had ever taken the drug

cent fun, you know, but my superiors thought otherwise. Quietly they gave me paychecks to cover the remaining weeks of the term, and they asked me to leave town and never return. Here's to the end of my first career!"

We toasted the virtues of a college education.

"And I mean that was the end of it. I didn't dare apply for another teaching job. Can you imagine my asking Ohio for a recommendation? So, like all smart refugees, I made my way to the city, to New York. There, through some friends, I heard news of an old buddy from State who had some kind of thriving business going out in the country, so I set out to find him and hit him up for a job. His name was Tony. He had been two years absent from me and was in a premed program. He eventually went on to medical school and I'd been out of touch with him since then. He was an Italian kid, maybe Sicilian, and when nobody else had cars, he always had a new one, something huge and black that his father had bought for him. His father was clearly a successful businessman, and what he did for a living. Every once in a while Tony Papa came in from New York to see Tony, and he would load all Tony's babies. Figure it this way: People, even average people, are willing to throw huge bundles of money for houses and cars, and when they've got those things in hand, they'll go out and spend thousands for a boat or on vacations or the like. And simultaneously they're supporting children. How much, then, is the couple who can't have children willing to spend to have what, for them, makes all the other material crap pale by comparison. A royal pile, that's how much, especially when they know to as great an extent as is possible what they're getting. And they know in advance, and therefore can take the baby almost as soon as it is born. Tony had nearly every baby sold well in advance of its birth. And as you might guess, because of Tony Papa's connections, a good number of the buyers were something more than average citizens. At least a half dozen well-known business and political people have children now in college who were products of Tony's baby firm. It is wise, however, that we don't print their names. They would surely sue for libel and ruin. You see, the baby's credentials were official New York State adoption documents. Here's to cooperative bureaucrats!"

We toasted corruption in government. "To some the business would seem a hideous and damnable enterprise, but it wasn't that way at all. The customers were well served with a product they could not have otherwise acquired. The babies were placed into good homes, loved, educated, and in several cases destined to inherit power and fortunes. And the women, for the most part, had a deal they couldn't complain about. They lived with creature comforts few of them would ever know again. They had an excellent library, crafts workshop with a professional teacher in two days a week, first-run movies at least twice a week with old favorites in between, good food, good accommodations, plenty of recreation, endless free time to do with them as they pleased within the boundaries of the estate, fresh air, good health, no bills, and a lot of tax-free cash at the end. And you might be surprised how many of them felt little or no remorse at having to give up their babies. For some the experience of childbearing was a satisfying thing in itself and they would not have gone through it if it meant being saddled afterward with the problems and responsibilities of raising the children. I've met many women since who felt the same way; they would like to bear a child, but dread the idea of being burdened with it for years after. Others at the farm felt that they were doing a humanitarian service for people who couldn't have children, feeling that if they wanted, they could have as many more children as they liked, so why not have one for someone who couldn't. Several women did more than one kind."

"Anyway, with forty to fifty women on hand at all times, Tony was earning a nice piece of change for himself and Tony Papa. When I got there, I immediately volunteered for the job of impregnator, but Tony just laughed like he'd heard that a few times before, and he made me athletic

at the highest value. His babies were guaranteed to be the top of the line; they were babies with papers, like the best dogs or horses or cattle. And he collected some amazing amounts of money for these babies. Figure it this way: People, even average people, are willing to throw huge bundles of money for houses and cars, and when they've got those things in hand, they'll go out and spend thousands for a boat or on vacations or the like. And simultaneously they're supporting children. How much, then, is the couple who can't have children willing to spend to have what, for them, makes all the other material crap pale by comparison. A royal pile, that's how much, especially when they know to as great an extent as is possible what they're getting. And they know in advance, and therefore can take the baby almost as soon as it is born. Tony had nearly every baby sold well in advance of its birth. And as you might guess, because of Tony Papa's connections, a good number of the buyers were something more than average citizens. At least a half dozen well-known business and political people have children now in college who were products of Tony's baby firm. It is wise, however, that we don't print their names. They would surely sue for libel and ruin. You see, the baby's credentials were official New York State adoption documents. Here's to cooperative bureaucrats!"

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director. The pay wasn't too good but the setting was lovely and the work was no strain at all. And though it was officially part of the contract, the ban on sexual activity after impregnation was the frequent victim of mutiny by the women. Unofficially, Tony suggested that, if encouraged, I should do what I could in helping the women maintain a healthy spirit and attitude. We both agreed that pent-up frustrations of any kind could be damaging to the unborn.

Well, son, I might have made a career of that place and then retired there but for bad luck. After I was there a year or so, some unfortunate breakdown in communications occurred among those government officials who watched over the farm with their backs to it and their palms upturned, and the place was raided and shut down. I was in Albany picking up supplies when the news came over the radio. I had no choice but to point that old Packard south and head for the city again. Poor Tony was arrested, released on bail, and never heard from again. Tony Papa was found a few months later after he had accidentally drowned while trying to swim across the East River carrying twenty feet of dock wire in his arms. I don't know what happened to Tony Papa's

We drank to the uncertainties in the world of private enterprise. Harry took our empty glasses into the kitchen, leaving me to lounge in the cool of the clear spring night. Perhaps it was the rum or the subtle spell of this most entertaining talk, but the idea of the baby farm sounded quite a bit less obnoxious than I thought it should have. Perhaps it was Harry himself. Though he was clearly no naive innocent

"Poor guy," he laughed, "he had it tough even when he was dead. Here's to keeping lean and mean!"

We toasted nifty jugglers. His pale blue eyes were electric in the dim light. He was having fun with his audience; he seemed well practiced at having fun.

"When finished, the Video Toilet was a bizarre sight. We took the psychiatrist up and explained how everything worked, and, for the first time since I'd met him, I saw that the normally impassive little fellow was getting excited. His hands trembled and a flush came onto his face. His speech seemed to come quicker and quicker and his voice began to squeak as the pitch went higher. He said he wanted to try the system out right then. We waited in the living room for an hour, and then left discreetly. I sent him a bill the next day for \$55,000."

—indeed, I had the feeling that one might want to be cautious about scratching this man's surface too deeply for fear of dark discoveries — so far he seemed a man without malice, a man who had seen life at its best and worst and had chosen to live the best of it in the knowledge that the worst was never too far behind to make a capricious strike. Before I wasted fatally philosophical, Harry came to the rescue with two steaming mugs of coffee charged with a mixture of tequila and Kahula and piled with hand-whipped cream and chocolate shavings. It was a warning and an invitation to drink. I remarked that I thought coffee a true lifesaver and people-mover, and that we might be in just as desperate a condition if the coffee cartel stopped shipment of beans to the U.S. as

"Actually," he continued, "it's no secret that adversity breeds creativity. After the war, when it was impossible to get financially tough times in the city. And I did some of my best work then. This was early '59 and on I took odd jobs and spent my considerable spare time writing, sculpting, and inventing. I sent lots of editorials and opinions in to the newspapers under fictitious names, but with an impressive description of what kind of an expert I was on the particular subject, complete with a list of my credentials, degrees, and formerly held positions of influence. I had two other magazine articles published, both on military and political matters relevant at the time, both by the same retired, nonexistent Air Force colonel, an expert on foreign affairs. I still do a

conventional wall socket, and engage the switch without sticking the fingers onto the bare contacts, though it was impossible to get the wicker to see the switch without looking in a mirror. I always found it rather exciting to have to feel around for the thing. If you could get the switch on without electrocuting yourself, the light would shoot straight out of the pipe in a narrow, controlled beam onto your book or whatever. I would disturb some of the best of us to you only if you turned to look or speak, though it was not easy to talk through the thing. It was really a damn funny contraption. I had one critic call the magazine articles published, both on military and political matters relevant at the time, both by the same retired, nonexistent Air Force colonel, an expert on foreign affairs. I still do a

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# Wild Byrd

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The inventing was a natural outgrowth of the constructions. An inevitable result of redesigning common gadgets for fun was that I often found ways to make them better, or I'd end up with something new for which there had been no previous need. The latter, of course, is the backbone of the marketing system in this country — make something that the people don't need, then barter them senseless with advertising until they're convinced that they do need it. Anyway, I came up with several small items that I patented and sold for a decent return. I still receive royalties from a few of them.

Though not the kind of thing I would include in a resume, one of my favorite inventions was the Stinkbox. I guess it's another in the class of humorous but perhaps antisocial contrivances. You've heard of or seen the laugh box, the little box that plays a tape of contagious laughter after you pull and release its cord. Well, the Stinkbox was the same sort of thing, but with a little different twist. They were sold with capsules of sulphur dioxide, and you would load one capsule into the firing chamber of the box for each use. Then you would sneak the box into a party or other social affair, set the box in hiding in the room, pull the cord, and walk away quickly without being detected as the saboteur. Instead of laughter, the box played a long, awful sound resembling embarrassing flatulence, and simultaneously, a hammer in the box broke the capsule, sending an abhorrent stench wafting through the room. Sulphur dioxide

is that gas that sooner or later somebody always makes by accident in chemistry class. It smells like rotten eggs or worse, and small amounts are sufficient to clear a room of people. The Stinkbox was quite popular for a time with fraternalists. I made a few dollars on it also, but it came back to haunt me. During a very cozy dinner I had arranged at my apartment for a lady I sorely wished to impress, a Stinkbox was clandestinely pushed through my front door by a dear friend who had a key. The lady was not impressed. It was then that I realized that the very structure of society as we know it could have been threatened if the Stinkbox had been allowed to grow, so I stopped the business before it went into full production. But if I ever get mad enough at the way things are going, I might just revive the thing. Here's to the power of the Stinkbox!

We toasted the weapons of urban guerrilla warfare. Our drinks were finished and Harry went for more. Night was well on, and as I worked on my moon tan many questions about Harry drifted through my mind. Was he married? Did he have children? Did he have an income? How did he come to live in Bonita? How much time had he spent in jail? He surely had to have been arrested for something. But I began to wonder if it would be wise to ask these questions. Did I have the stamina to carry through the answers? Harry pressed me as a fellow who, if prodded even slightly, might feel obligated to spin his entire autobiography in careful detail, no matter how long it might take. Was I that Courageous? I thought not, at least not yet, anyway, and I decided to let the conversation take Harry's chosen course. So far, he seemed to be addressing only certain headlines, and I felt that would be fine for the first meeting. Afterward I could work out until I was in shape for more. The rich aroma of more tequila and Kahua coffee preceded Harry's return.

"Some clear night, no?" he asked rhetorically. "On nights like this, I sometimes wander up over that hill to the south, there, and watch the lights of Tijuana.

They're quite pretty, spread up and down the facing hillsides the way they are. Most town that. What wasted country Baja is in general. Though I'm told the idea is not original. I've long thought that the U.S. should make a real attempt to buy the entire Baja peninsula. It's such a logical piece of manifest destiny, and so much more accessible to us than to the Mexicans. The cost would be phenomenal, of course. I can't imagine how many zeros would be in the price, but the potential return would also be astronomical. And our government need not bear the cost. Let a huge coalition of private investment factors put up the money; then let them promise Mexico a percentage of the new state's yearly income, forever. Can you imagine what the acquisition would mean? You'd have a piece of land nearly the size of Florida, with a climate better than San Diego's, the Pacific Ocean on one side and a spectacular gulf on the other, and nearly all of it virgin territory! It would be the equivalent of discovering Florida for the first time in 1980! The only thing the place lacks is water, but with its two other major resources being sunshine and sea, I think you have the problem solved. Just perfect a system for desalinating salt water on a big enough scale and you have the sun, and you will have more water than Seattle. And I think that the way to attack the problem is not by trying to build huge facilities to desalinate masses of water and then selling the water back to the consumer. Rather, build desalinators no bigger than compact cars and install one on every building lot. Then install two storage tanks underground per lot — one for fresh water, one for salt water — and link the saltwater tanks to the main feed lines from the sea. When a person buys a house or just a lot, the price includes the cost of the tanks and the desalinator. And after that, the homeowner has all the fresh water he needs for the cost of pumping the salt water from the sea, a cost that could be reduced considerably by using the power of the tides to assist the pumping process. That's where the storage tank for salt water would

help. In addition to its function as an emergency stockpile in case of problems with the feed lines, the tank will take on water in relation to the pumping action of the tides; that is, as much as is possible, it will take on water only when the tides are doing the pumping, in a manner similar to using peak- and off-peak-rated electricity. Of course, industry and larger housing and business complexes will have to scale up their desalinating procedures, but it can be done.

"I think Jimmy Carter and Lopez-Portillo should get together at Hualto's Cantina to discuss the deal. A few tequila shooters and some cerveza should ease international differences quite well. After the sale, you'd see the biggest land grab since Oklahoma. Can you envision the drooling real estate agents lined up by the thousands at the border, revving their Toyotas, charged up with nearly lethal levels of 'positive mental attitude,' waiting for the starter to yell, 'Goal!' What a scene! You know, if everyone who sells real estate in San Diego left town at once, there would only be about twenty-five people still here, not counting children, though I'm afraid the disease affects even them. A few days ago I overheard two kids bragging to each other about how fast their families' last house had sold. 'Mine closed escrow in ten days.' 'Oh, yeah? Well, mine closed in a week!' It was depressing. Here's to houses that are homes!

We toasted an endangered species. "Back to New York. I carried on in that city for several years and finally left after the most unusual of my ventures there, the Video Toilet. It started as a joke. I drew up a funny sketch of a naked, fat man sitting with headphones on in front of a bank of TV monitors and a director's master table. Below him were several video cameras mounted at various levels on a frame that held up the director's seat. At the bottom there was a pool of water in which there was an underwater camera. Accompanying the drawing was an advertising-type write-up extolling the

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## Restaurants

### Out to Lunch

ELEANOR WIDMER

Since I am a creature of habit, my breakfasts and lunches have not varied for decades. I go on the theory that my body has accustomed itself to my eccentricities; for me to change now would be a shock to my central nervous system. Despite what I read about the necessity for a well-balanced breakfast, I simply can't face it for myself. My family has never been subjected to frozen orange juice. I through the years, I have squeezed by hand crates upon crates of oranges, prepared every variety of eggs, waffles, pancakes. But for myself, I have only a continental breakfast — two cups of excellent coffee and a slice of bread or toast, varied with a croissant, sweet roll, or — when I can find one — a good bagel. I quite adore my breakfasts, especially eating them in a large architect that faces the red-tiled rooftops and the sea. On the strength of two cups of coffee and this bread or pastry, I begin my day. Erich von Stroheim, the director-actor, was thought to have made the remark, "I never look at women before 5:00 p.m." Well, I rarely look at real food until 5:00 p.m., and then all of my virtue, my abstemiousness, my so-called diet is, at the end, Nutritionists will tell you that the absence of food raises cholesterol and depletes blood sugar. It is far wiser to have two small, well-balanced meals than to do what I do. Yet I go on the notion that as little food as possible keeps the mind clear and the psyche elegant, which makes for good work but poor nutrition.

Many of my friends who work in offices have been prevailing upon me to do a series of articles on luncheon, and I have finally acceded, starting in the downtown area. None of these is a place for a romantic assignation or for a long, leisurely afternoon; those will constitute a separate review. But for starters, here are three restaurants whose primary business is lunch; one of them stays open until 8:00 p.m.

#### The Restaurant: The Bakery

The Location: 421 West B, corner of State and B streets (232-3085).  
Type of Food: Omelets, crepes, soups, sandwiches.  
Price Range: Approximately three dollars.  
Hours: Closed Saturday. Open Monday through Friday, 7:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.; Sunday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Reservations not accepted.

Of the three luncheon establishments reviewed here, The Bakery is the most pleasant and conventional in decor and appointments. The room is huge but happily not too noisy, and some of the window

tables overlook the street, which creates a continental atmosphere. The Bakery offers omelets, crepes, sandwiches, soups, and salad, all of them nicely done. An important thing to remember is that the Bakery opens at 7:30 a.m.; hence it is a place for breakfast as well. Lines begin to form at about 11:30 a.m. for lunch and it's quite crowded until 1:00 p.m. My friend and I waited no longer than ten minutes at about 12:15, which isn't too bad.

We had omelets, spinach salad, iced tea, and muffins, which are baked on the premises. The omelets are competent, and the ingredients filling them fresh and tasty. The least expensive omelet is only \$2.25 and is called "the empty omelet" — it has no filling. All omelets come with very good hash-browned potatoes, the aforementioned muffin, and fruit — ours consisted of a single large, fresh strawberry plus an orange slice. The most expensive omelet, called the Bakery special, costs \$3.95 and is filled with "almost everything." Therefore, for a relatively small price, you can sit in a pleasantly sunlit room with exposed brick and ceilings and have a good lunch.

I must also recommend the spinach salad (\$2.75), which my friend and I shared, and which contained red bacon, fresh mushrooms, and hard-boiled eggs. It was well tossed and did not have too much dressing floating under the greens. Sorry, I am not a sandwich eater, though the sandwiches are served on a variety of breads,

including pita, and are presented with paper cups filled with cole slaw.

The food at the Bakery is honest, fresh, and good, though it is not unique, unusual, or exotic. Sometimes this is a blessing. The Bakery intends to open for dinner soon.

#### The Restaurant: Curt's Luncheonette

The Location: 744 Market, Market and Eighth (231-1598).  
Type of Food: Barbecue.  
Price Range: Two to four dollars.  
Hours: Closed Sunday. Open Monday through Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

At the other end of the spectrum from the Bakery is Curt's Luncheonette, which has minimalist decor and consists of a large room with the food counter at the front. You select your items from a large board, receive a number, and then wait until your number is called. You then obtain your plate, take a tray and silverware, and choose any table you like. Curt's prepares barbecued beef, ribs (both pork and beef), chicken, chili, and Louisiana-style gumbo. If you would like to try the gumbo, you would do well to arrive at about two o'clock — it was just being prepared when we got there at noon — or call first to make sure it's available.

I would say that Curt's is a good place for a barbecued beef sandwich. With re-

gret, I do not recommend the ribs, as they were tough and fatty; my friend called them "chewy." The chicken is good, the baked beans are good, the salads have lots of ground black pepper. But the best bet seems to be the barbecued beef sandwich.

A lot of sauce is ladled over everything if you order the combination plate (\$4.25), so the dish is somewhat soggy. You need at least three or four paper napkins to get through this, and none of it is as good as, say, Clay's in La Jolla or Poway, or La Mont's in Encinitas.

The people at Curt's are friendly and warm, but because of the low prices, Curt's does not prepare the highest quality of beef and pork that makes for the best barbecue. However, if you are a bargain hunter, there's lots of food in the combination plate, none of it too delicate or refined. I also had the pecan pie, baked for Curt's. It's nice and sweet, but there's too much filler in proportion to pecans. All sandwiches are served with beans and cole slaw. I would not travel downtown for this food, but if you are in the area and would like the barbecued beef sandwich, you won't fare badly.

#### The Restaurant: The Little Cafe

The Location: 1017 Eighth Avenue, between Broadway and C (233-4076).  
Type of Food: American.  
Price Range: \$2.25 to \$2.95.  
Hours: Monday through Friday, 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

The Little Cafe reminds me of diners in New York. There's a long counter, a few booths, and a wife-and-husband team who operate it. Dolores and Mike Miller. The food is surprisingly inexpensive. A meatball lunch is only \$2.50 and a tostadita salad is only two dollars. The tostadita salad is basically a chili, ground beef, and beans placed over lettuce, sprinkled with tortilla chips. It's healthy and fresh.

The Millers are noted for their meatballs, eight types in all, from Bavarian to Swedish. And there's a different meatball special served each day. The meatball lunch consists of two large meatballs, hash-browned potatoes, a vegetable (I had corn), a small salad, and a soft roll. Again, for \$2.50 you can't expect haute cuisine, but the food is fresh and has a homemade style to it. If you like simple, inexpensive fare, you'll like the Little Cafe. I had a slice of apple pie made on the premises. Though it was prepared with canned apples, I enjoyed it, especially the crumb topping (it was Dutch apple). Every now and then I absolutely lust for good diner pie and this satisfied my craving.

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## Seven years of hassle, and A BRIDGE AT LAST



Art McDaniel/North Harbor Drive Bridge

JOHN FRY

If you are one of the thousands of people who use Harbor Drive every day, you probably thought that bridge construction near the Naval Training Center would never be completed. More than seven years passed from the time the project began until its completion June 2, when the bridge was officially dedicated with a parade, ribbon cutting, benediction — the works. Says Art McDaniel, designer of the bridge, "When you can complete construction of something today, you have every reason to celebrate." Actual building of the bridge was relatively easy, says McDaniel. The challenge was in securing permits, placating bureaucrats, and avoiding strangulation by red tape. Somehow, McDaniel managed to survive a boggling entanglement of interagency constraints that would have tested the greatest of escape artists. In fact, at one point, it became necessary to involve President Jimmy Carter himself. But more of that later.

Art McDaniel received his engineering degree from the University of Southern California after World War II. In the early part of his career, he found himself part of the team brought together to design the Vincent Thomas suspension bridge in Long Beach. Later he moved his family to San Diego and continued his career as a bridge engineer. In 1969 he took on the design for a replacement bridge for the old West Mission Bay causeway crossing (what was known as the Ventura Bridge) that delivered traffic into Mission Beach from the Island Hotel area. That project, which won an American Society of Civil Engineers "Outstanding Achievement Award," was a water crossing similar in scope to the North Harbor Drive bridge. "These two projects," McDaniel says, "tell the whole nightmare of being forced to accept those 'free' federal dollars." The first project, entirely under the jurisdiction

of the City of San Diego, took less than three years from earliest conception to cutting the ribbon. The second project, accomplished with federal "help," took more than seven years. "They were only five years apart in calendar time," McDaniel says, but in terms of how they were processed, they were light years apart. McDaniel's firm, McDaniel Engineering, has become known as a company that specializes in bridges, and a visit to the office on Cass Street in Pacific Beach certainly reinforces that image. Photographs, sketches, architect's renderings, and post cards from all over the world adorn the walls — all of bridges. McDaniel is active in professional societies and has served as president of the San Diego section of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and as state chairman of the society's California Council. Next October he will go to Hollywood, Florida, to be sworn in as a national director of the 70,000-man organization. He has crossed both Eastern and Western Europe and says that his art galleries, his museums, and historical archives are the bridges of those countries. Surprisingly, for an engineer, he speaks much of beauty and of the sense of duty engineers should feel toward preserving God's landscape when they are straddling it with structures that will sometimes last a hundred years or more. "Earthquakes," he says, "do occasionally serve a useful purpose." He is critical of what he terms "a lingering tendency [of engineers] to concentrate solely on structural requirements in the vague and ill-founded hope that appearance will look after itself." "The humblest new bridge," he says, "can enhance rather than detract from its setting." A company photograph portfolio of bridges bears the motto: "Beyond the rational thinking of the engineer towards strength requirements, there must be an aim and a willingness to seek sensible ways to incorporate beauty." Among local bridges, McDaniel favors the Cabrillo, spanning Highway 163 in Balboa

Park, for its old-fashioned, nostalgic appeal. The Coronado Bridge over San Diego Bay is another project for which he has some admiration; it's not too spectacular, but its height, geometry, and color are appealing. His unqualified praise, however, is reserved for the Lila Road Bridge over Interstate 15 about ten miles north of Escondido, which was designed and built by CalTrans. "It's a masterpiece," he says. "It's right, engineering-wise, and spectacularly beautiful. It adds something to the site; you could call it grandeur. Looking north, it frames the valley. And the cost was low, too. Everything was correct."

When he accepted the challenge of replacing the old Ventura Bridge, McDaniel knew the replacement would have to fit the appearance of surrounding Mission Bay Park. The bridge to be replaced was a

spike, to prevent the birds from soiling his light standards with their inconsiderate droppings. "It took them about five minutes to learn how to foil the plan and it was beautiful to watch," McDaniel recalls. (The birds would approach the lights sideways, plant down one foot, then gracefully raise up the other.) Plans for the North Harbor Drive Bridge, he thinks, are more sophisticated. "I've studied their landing techniques more thoroughly. It's still the spike idea but something new has been added. We put a doughnutlike ring around the top that should keep them off. Maybe."

From an engineering standpoint, replacing the Harbor Drive Bridge was to be a giant headache. The task would require the replacement of a 700-foot bridge practically on the same alignment, while maintaining a flow of traffic through the site; city engineers had charted 40,000 vehicles per day. Sixty feet south of the structure lay two major sewer mains that could easily be ruptured if normal pile-driving techniques were utilized. Eighty feet to the north stood a footbridge on Navy property that would prohibit the use of heavy equipment in that and further restrict new bridge realignment possibilities. Dredging on the site was ruled out because of the long and costly process of gaining the needed permits, thereby preventing the use of standard, deep-draft marine barges normally used in bridge construction. Small, shallow-draft barges often used in unusual situations were initially thought to be unavailable on the West Coast. So construction of a new bridge would be an extremely difficult task. Looking back on it, however, McDaniel believes that building the bridge was the easiest part.

Though the design for the bridge was begun in August, 1973, construction wasn't commenced until August 1978; the five-year delay not being the result of the aforementioned design difficulties or construction problems, but rather of the maze of government restrictions. Says McDaniel: "Keep in mind that this was not a controversial project such as a nuclear plant, an oil refinery, or a hospital in Balboa Park. It was the simple, routine widening of an existing roadway. The bridge would replace a substandard timber span built in 1942 and that is a vital and indispensable link in the major traffic corridor serving the Point Loma-Airport-Harbor Island-down-to-San Diego area. It had to be constructed — if not now, then certainly a few years hence."

In the beginning, the process went smoothly, with local city departments completely reviewing the project and forwarding it to Sacramento. In the state capital, the plan was quickly processed by the California Department of Transportation's bridge department, where it was received favorably and with a good deal of interest. Next stop — CalTrans District II for "review of the minor roadwork involved, and the boiler-plate sections of the specifications" and for official transmission to Sacramento. Elapsed time: fifteen months. Finally, though, the plans were processed and approved by all government agencies. The environmental documents, as well as the California and the national environmental protective acts. Next came the permit stage and a review by the United States Coast Guard, which will not begin processing any application until all plans, specifications, and environmental documents have been approved by all other reviewing agencies. The Coast Guard then advertised for public hearings, ignoring the fact that public hearings were required by the agencies whose approvals had already been received. This essentially returned the project to the first step, while costs of delayed construction continued to climb.

During this period of limbo, the bridge project came to the attention of representatives of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration and the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. They stopped the permit process entirely by claiming that the city was destroying a fishing resource. This was based on the assertion that removing the wooden pilings of the old bridge would disturb the muskies, which were a food source for the

area's fish. The agencies' solution? Leave the pilings in place. McDaniel suggested that that was hardly a practical solution. The concerned representatives then asked how the builders might "mitigate" the damage of destroying the muskies' home. McDaniel offered the possibility of harvesting the muskies and replanting them elsewhere, for which a precedent existed in the Ventura Bridge. At this point the gentlemen from the two federal agencies said that "mitigation" was, perhaps, the wrong term; "compensation," they said, might be a better word. McDaniel believes that the right word was "blackmail."

"Anyway, before we could reach for our wallets," he relates, "the representatives suggested that building a fishing pier nearby might be appropriate 'compensation.' McDaniel informed them that the Port District's general plan for the area called for building a fishing pier in that very location as soon as some temporary water pollution cleared up and funds were available. The federal representatives felt that such construction would not be proper compensation because the city was causing the damage, and the city (not the Port District) should provide the compensation. The gentlemen threatened to recommend denial of the project. Asked by McDaniel on what basis they could equitably recommend the denial of the project, they replied that they needed no basis. McDaniel has a tape of this meeting. "Occasionally, when I begin to mellow and think perhaps the lunatics aren't really in charge of the asylum, I take out the tape and play it."

At this point McDaniel decided to go right to the top. He fired off his letter to President Jimmy Carter, outlining the problems that had occurred to that point. He then continued, "My concern in this matter now exceeds the bounds of a mere construction project. The circumstances that permit minor functionaries from obscure federal agencies to bully and blackmail a major city are totally outrageous. Such arrogance is inexcusable. Such power exhibited callously, irresponsibly, and incompetently is frightening and precisely reminiscent of totalitarian government regimes. If San Diego, the largest city in the United States, must bend to the whimsy and careless demands of petty bureaucrats, where does the individual stand against the federal government? I represent a small professional business firm in private practice as a consulting civil engineer. My personal fortunes have been

seriously affected by the unanticipated and interminable length of this project. Of much greater import, however, is an erosion of faith in my government, which I now perceive to be a Catch-22 bureaucratic morass, an irresponsible, ubiquitous, powerful complexity of federal agencies running amok, without system or procedure, with utter disregard for schedules, costs, efficiency, or the public interest, and in many cases, sadly lacking in the very competence, and wisdom in the very areas in which they are, apparently, franchised to impose dictatorial mandates."

"It was an angry letter," McDaniel says, "and I never wrote any letters. But it does accurately reflect my feelings of those times. And you know, one of the scary aspects of dealing with the government is that there is simply no place to turn for help."

Six weeks later the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration replied from Washington, D.C.: "The President requested that we respond to your letter. Apparently, there has been a serious misunderstanding of the role our agency has played in the permit review process for the North Harbor Drive Bridge. We share your concern over the long delay involved and understand your frustration." The agency rescinded its denial of the Coast Guard permit. The Fish and Wildlife people continued to object, but in McDaniel's estimation, "I think the Coast Guard eventually decided that their claim was petty and irresponsible."

McDaniel can relate other ludicrous and useless (but costly) exercises with which his project was burdened. For instance, noise studies had to be conducted in the same manner that might be required for a new jet-testing facility. This, in spite of the fact that the project was a mere roadway widening of an existing facility, adjacent to a military base, with no adjacent residences, and that the area lay directly under the airport flight path. The environmental responses came back with a cure. A block wall twelve to twenty-two feet in height placed along the right-of-way, and presumably the edge of bridge, would solve the noise problem.

Finally, with everyone satisfied and with five years of delays behind them, McDaniel Engineering and the City of San Diego rolled up their collective sleeves and prepared to get on with the original goal, which had by now become somewhat hazy. Then came a telephone call from the

city. It would be necessary, they said, to meet with the Army Corps of Engineers and review the job once more with them. This came as an unexpected and unpleasant surprise to McDaniel because he had taken pains to avoid filling or dredging below the mean low tide, an action that automatically calls for a review by the Corps. Besides, the Corps had previously stated by letter that a permit was not required. The meeting was scheduled, with all interested parties once again assembled. The Corps reviewed the plans and determined that no permit would be required. McDaniel recalls that the meeting was on the verge of adjournment when a voice from the Corps said, "Let's look at the pier construction again." How would the pier bases be made level, queried the Corps. McDaniel's firm replied to the effect that it was not the contractor on the job, but that leveling could probably be accomplished by "sort of dragging the bottom of the bay with a clamshell or maybe hydraulically with water pressure." Said the Corps: "That would definitely be required."

McDaniel has only a dazed recollection of what happened next, but says if he were writing an absurdist play, the scenario might resemble the following: Scene: Twelve engineers seated around a table. Suits and ties, general gloom. Engineer 1: (SOFTLY) "How long will a permit take?" Corps: (CASUALLY) "Oh, we never know. It could take a year or more."

Engineer 2: (DESPERATELY) "You know we're in our fifth year."

Corps: (EMPATHETICALLY) "Oh, I know. We get caught up in this mess with our own projects."

The Corps was reminded of their letter, but said, "Well, you know, staff change." Finally, McDaniel asked the representatives of the Corps of Engineers to define dredging. They defined, in rather vague terms, what constituted dredging. "Suppose," suggested McDaniel, "that we required the contractor to 'clam' the silt, load it on barges, and haul it away."

Suddenly, McDaniel saw his opportunity. He agreed to revise the plans and specifically state the material had to be

mucked up and hauled away on trucks. But once again, before the meeting could be adjourned, the Corps spoke up. "You know, we hate to change your minds again," they said, "but we think that's still dredging. We must insist upon a permit."

"I'll hell with it all," replied McDaniel. "I designed this bridge to permit a unique construction option that would save us three-quarters of a million dollars. That option, however, requires a piddling amount of leveling of sand at the pier bases, which we are now told, after all this time, will require a Corps permit. That permit will take a year or more, some undefined time, and will cost this project more than we can save. Let's take the option out and build the substructure by conventional means." A lengthy silence followed, during which time McDaniel suspects some deep thinking was occurring. At last the Corps responded and said, "We agree. That really doesn't appear to be dredging. We aren't going to require a permit." So there it was, according to McDaniel, a question of semantics, with the cost of the interpretation of a word too fearful to contemplate. "And that," says McDaniel, "is a large point. Agencies today are forging logic and thinking and attempting to codify every thought, word, and deed in their policy and procedure manuals. It is the literal, unthinking, uncompromising interpretation and rigid implementation of these vague bureaucratic tomes that is causing logic to become a dying virtue and innovation a hopeless and unappreciated effort."

And so, finally, ended the five-year design and review epic of the North Harbor Drive Bridge over the Navy estuary in San Diego. A wandering tale perhaps, but a persistent, frustrating quest that did eventually end in success. The bridge, now constructed, is an attractive and useful addition to the cityscape. McDaniel says that construction, once it began, proceeded without a single hitch; the bridge was built precisely as originally intended. Half a decade of giving every interested party a voice in its construction produced no changes — except a substantial increase in cost to the taxpayers and a lasting cynicism on McDaniel's part toward his government, which he now views as incompetent to manage our affairs and dangerous to his mental health, as well as to the economic health of the country. "I wish it weren't so," he says wistfully. "But personal experience leads me to think otherwise."

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# Wild Byrd

(continued from page 10)

virtues of the Video Toilet — how you could make home movies of the action, close-ups, instant replays, slow-motion, stop-action, how much fun it would be to have parties at your house and let all your guests use it, and so on. It was all pretty amusing, and I remarked to someone that I was convinced that if there really were such a thing, at least one person somewhere, and probably more than one, would be willing to pay money for it. The reply was that such a set-up would be extremely expensive and that nobody with that kind of money would be weird enough to want one. We argued for a while and finally made a bet. We would place an advertisement for the Video Toilet in one of the more popular sex publications in New York, and if we got even one response from a person who could prove he could afford it, I would win the bet and the other would pay for the ad. Otherwise, I would have to pay. So I drew a good picture, wrote up the copy, and included an approximate price of \$35,000. This was 1968. We placed the ad and waited, expecting that the whole matter would end when the bet was settled; we never actually considered the possibility of building one.

"Well, friend, I had no trouble winning that bet. Within a month, a half dozen people had responded who would have been able to write checks out of petty cash for the \$35K, and they all wanted the damn toilet right away. Even I was surprised. And one of the people was so insistent and so ready to pay the original money and any extra costs that I decided to go ahead with the project. I teamed up with an un-

employed apprentice architect and we went to work.

"Our client was a psychiatrist who, we found out, already owned pieces of several sex shops on Forty-second Street, a discreet silent partner. He owned an impressive, three-story townhouse in the upper East Side of Manhattan. I was a little frightened when I saw what a lavish place he had and how much tearing up we were going to have to do to put this toilet in, but the fellow was so calm and easygoing about it all I just said, 'What the hell. If he's not worried, I guess I shouldn't be.' So with a couple of professional carpenters to lead the way, and I started at the second floor bathroom and ripped out a shaft through the first floor and into the basement. The plumber set a complicated flushable pool arrangement into the basement floor, and the carpenters closed in the four sides of the shaft and built a nifty step-up toilet seat frame that suspended the seat cleanly over the center of the shaft. The electrician and the video man mounted lights, microphones, and three small cameras at various levels in the shaft, and one camera in a watertight case in the pool. The director's table was a scaled-down version of the kind you'd find in any television studio. It had four monitors and the master screen, and all the sound and video mixing systems the user would ever need. The construction went surprisingly quickly, and the only consistent slow-downs came when I and the crew had to take time out to laugh ourselves silly with jokes about the crazy thing we were building. We never made the jokes when the psychiatrist was around, though; he wouldn't have laughed. I don't think he thought the thing was at all funny. I had the impression that he thought of it more as a laboratory.

"When finished, the toilet was a bizarre sight. We took the psychiatrist up and explained how everything worked, and, for the first time since I'd met him, I saw that the normally impassive little fellow was getting excited. His hands trembled and a flush came onto his face. His speech

seemed to come quicker and quicker and his voice began to squeak as the pitch went higher. He said he wanted to try the system out right then, and, as we left him alone in the room, I had the feeling that Mr. Hyde was straining to burst out of this helpless Dr. Jekyll. We waited in the living room for a report on the system, but after an hour, the man hadn't appeared and we left discreetly. I sent him a bill the next day for \$55,000 and within a week a bonded deliveryman brought a check for the full amount to my apartment. A month later the psychiatrist called and, once again possessed of his soothing, self-assured Dr. Jekyll voice, said that he had referred to two friends of his, one in Miami and one in Los Angeles, who wanted the Video Toilet and who were willing to fly the original construction crew to the new jobs and pay their expenses for the duration of the construction. Both people agreed to have the toilets installed on a time-and-materials cost basis. It was too good an offer to have refused, and I organized the projects and took a healthy commission on each, but I couldn't bring myself to meet the clients or visit the jobs. I was not anxious to meet any more strange agents that I absolutely had to."

I remarked that some would consider Harry himself a bit strange for coming up with the idea of the Video Toilet in the first place.

"Well, they'd be wrong," he replied. "I'm just an average guy trying to get from Alpha to Bravo, from Monday to Tuesday. Here's to the good people, there are damn few of us left!"

We toasted the world's average folk, people like Harry Byrd.

"The business with the toilet was the end of it for me in the city. I said 'to myself, 'Byrd, there must be some better way to direct your energies than designing toys for perverts.' And I figured that I'd have a better chance of finding that direction if I were someplace other than New York. So, in the great tradition of the American pioneer in search of a better life, I packed my wagon and went west. In this

case, my wagon was a 1965 Dodge convertible, a beauty that I bought brand-new when the old Packard died. I had a wonderful drive in that car to California. Two hundred and twenty thousand miles since its birth, I still have the old jewel. Cosmetically it's a wreck, but it still functions beautifully as my truck. It's a little like the bald eagle or the grizzly bear, a dying breed, a vanishing symbol of the once great spirit of America. It was another symptom of the continuing deterioration of this country's free-flying spirit that the auto industry phased out the convertible car and went on with the more conservative sunroof arrangements. It was a sad day when the last one rolled down the assembly line. I wrote a little lament afterward called 'Tourmaster Disaster.'

From Detroit there are no more convertibles.

The ragtop is as dead as the head of John Kennedy.

They say it's dangerous these days to ride the open air, smiling skyward.

But oh! the brilliant red & chrome cruiser! The shining windshield!

Will it fly no more the sky of our grandpapas?

Is there truly a new America of the plains who bottles his brains up in a jar wherever he goes.

Is his car with a tight lid on wherever he goes.

Not to let on his fear

of the wind,

the lonesome high freedom song of his youthful wildest dreams.

Blowing through his car,

raiding the rafters of his aging mind's

roofline?

Yes, friend and spades,

From behind these shades, I say unto you

That if God's might had wished me more than this here

sunroof, I'd have had a convertible back!

I mean, in fact, had He meant me to fly these skies, windblown and blue,

I'd surely have been airborne without my skullcap!

(continued on page 16)

# Just Something Light



Carolyn Ann Mealey, Von Schauer, Diane McBain, Kathleen McKay

CHRISTOPHER SCHNEIDER

I rather like the notion of a dinner theater. To have a satisfying meal and then to be diverted by the performance of an amusing play — who could fail to be pleased by such a combination of culinary and thespian delights? The answer to that question is, unfortunately, me, if my experiences with the *Fiesta Dinner Theatre* — of which their current production, *The Tender Trap*, is the most painful — are at all typical of what one encounters in such institutions.

Like much of the fare at the *Fiesta*, *The Tender Trap*, which was written by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, is a romantic comedy. Its concern is with a carefree bachelor named Charlie who lives in Manhattan. Life in Manhattan being what it is, Charlie is besieged by huge throngs of beautiful women, each intent upon finding for herself one of the few single and available men remaining in New York. Being a prime example of this tribe, Charlie has no need to waste energy in pursuit of a woman's favors. What would be the reason? It would be pointless for him to do so when there are countless potential conquests waiting for him, each of them ready to satisfy his every desire.

Like *Any Wednesday*, the next-to-last play performed at the *Fiesta*, *Tender Trap* shows us a life which we are supposed to find enviable yet at the same time worthy of our disapproval. Just as the basic plot device presented by author Muriel Resnik in *Any Wednesday* — the idea of being kept by a wealthy businessman — is the stuff of an extravagant dream, so too *The Tender Trap*'s notion of having what amounts to one's own harem is expressly designed to appeal to an audience's collective erotic imagination (or at least to that of the men in the audience). But in neither case what the audience sees felt to be morally right. Hence the introduction into each play of an ingenu who rescues the liver of the above-mentioned evil life through a conveniently timed (usually right before the final curtain) offer of mar-

happy ending in *Burfoot* in the Park. Horrible when Rosina Widdowson-Reynolds, an actress who radiates intelligence, was forced in *Any Wednesday* to become a bluff-headed ninny. And now there's *The Tender Trap*, which takes a decidedly schoolboy view of male-female relations, dividing women into two classes: monsters (i.e., housewives) and whores (i.e., good-time girls with whom you can relax).

When Charlie's childhood buddy Joe (who comes from the Midwest and whom we're supposed to take as the moral norm) first sees all the women coming and going in Charlie's apartment, he exclaims, "Where am I, Polly Adler's?" (Adler was a famous New York brothel keeper.)

Where do all these tomatoes come from? There are various plot reasons for Joe's arrival to stay with his old friend, but the main motive is to escape a wife whom Joe describes as "... a fine woman — a typical American housewife — a monster!" With only one exception, the women in *Tender Trap* fall into one of the other of these two categories.

Joe expresses amazement at the way the "tomatoes" hang all over his buddy, a disbeliever even more justifiable in the play's original 1954 production, which cast Conny Graham — a comically homesy actor — as Charlie. The implication was that anyone, even someone who looked like this, could get all the girls he wanted if he were single and lived in Manhattan. Things were more credible in the 1955 movie version, a distinct improvement upon the play, when the hero was played by Frank Sinatra. Of course Charlie had all the girls; he was Frank Sinatra, wasn't he? Von Schauer, who plays the role at the *Fiesta*, has neither the homeliness of Graham nor the ongoing relationship with the audience of Sinatra. He simply plays the character as a reasonably attractive fellow who has found himself a good deal.

The chief monster in *Tender Trap* is Julie Gillis (a name supposed to be a reference to coauthor Shulman's most famous creation, Dottie Gillis?), the twenty-two-year-old lab assistant Charlie decides to marry at the final climax. Julie, like so many comedy heroines, is the young girl the playboy finds refreshing for her innocence. Genre expectations tell us that she's the one we're supposed to like and respect — the good woman who's there to reform the wayward hero — but in fact she lives up to all Joe's descriptions of the typical American monster-wife. Her main goal in life is to get married. Not unlike a general planning a battle, she has already decided how many children she'll have, where they'll be born, and the schools they'll attend. Carolyn Ann Mealey, who plays her at the *Fiesta*, makes Julie very glib in her innocence. That's a creditable way of handling the character and Ms. Mealey does it well. I think, however, that Debbie Reynolds was more on target in the movie when she made the character highly determined. For all her bubbly cuteness, Julie Gillis is a bit like something from another planet. She's frighteningly calculating.

Neither there nor monster — and yet, perhaps, most maligned of all — is Sylvia, the woman Charlie abandons for Julie. Sylvia has intelligence and taste, a fact which is signified by her playing second violin for NBC under Toscanini (or, as the *Fiesta*'s clumsy updating would have it, Bernstein). In the course of *Tender Trap* Charlie raises the hopes of this devoted lady, defeats them, and generally treats her quite shabbily. She stays unquestioningly by his side, however, until the point near the end when it becomes obvious that Julie's the only one for him. You see, Sylvia has lived through that "one fine day" (when we look around and we're thirty-three and we haven't got a man.) When you reach that point, she says, things are desperate enough that you're willing to accept any reasonable offer. Diane McBain is humorous and deeply sympathetic in this role — almost sympathetic enough to make us believe the truisms she is forced to spout. I do miss, though, some of the sense toward the end that Sylvia sees through her boyfriend's ruses and forgives him. It would be unlikely for someone as perceptive as she is to be taken in (as Ms. McBain plays it) by a fellow as childish and ingenuous as Charlie.

*The Tender Trap* is essentially a rather routine, factory-line comedy from 1954 which has one affecting character, Sylvia, and some highly offensive attitudes. I wouldn't mind them so much if the play set out to be deliberately offensive; it's the pretense that all we're watching is a cute, bland comedy that makes them intolerable. Director Frank Wayne does a decent enough job of it, showing as he did in his productions of *Any Wednesday* and *Burfoot in the Park* a knack for the working out of physical schtick. But I don't understand his reason for choosing a play such as this in which to trap his talented cast. There are so many other comedies he could have chosen instead. Frankly, the only way I'd want to see *The Tender Trap* again is if some director such as John Vaccaro or Charles Ludlum were to trash it thoroughly.

There are, of course, many considerations when picking material for a dinner theater. Its audiences come with certain preconceived notions of what they're going to see and you can't jar them with anything too heavy or outlandish. (The same thing happens with regular theater audiences, but people coming to a dinner theater appear to have much more rigid and specific requirements for their dramatic fare.) To the normal, not inconsiderable costs of running a theater is added the cost of food for meals. And the *Fiesta*, being an Equity house, has to find enough money to pay full Equity wages. With all these expenses, it's no wonder they pick plays that will please as many people as possible.

Given the narrow confines of what seems to be permissible in a dinner theater, however, there must be some way to pick better plays than those the *Fiesta* has been doing. There are many comedies with romantic intrigue and a happy ending which have fresher writing or a less unpleasant and stereotypical view of their characters. What about Kaufman and Hart? What about Noel Coward? Plays such as the latter's *Hay Fever* would fit perfectly in a dinner-theater setting. Surely there's something better than Muriel Resnik, Messrs. Shulman and Smith, and the other writers of their sort. □

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# Wild Byrd

(continued from page 14)

"Here's to the return of the ragtop!" We toasted the forthcoming American Renaissance.

"So here I am in California. When I arrived in 1970, the first thing I did was buy twenty-five acres of country up north in Bella Vista, a little northeast of Redding. I've spent most of my time since working on the place, planting trees, building a house, farming a few vegetables. I bought this place here in Bonita in '74 for investment, and I try to keep it rented. But the more often I come down here the more I like the San Diego area. If Alcoholics Courageous starts to take off, I'll be spending a lot more time here."

"And I think AC should do well. In addition to being a good-time organization, we can make significant contributions to the science and use of one of humanity's ancient and enduring pastimes. For example, I'm only half joking when I talk about the Alcoholics Courageous theory of evolution. It is not inconsistent with Darwinian principles to suggest that the so-called 'missing link' was not necessarily a relatively abrupt physical mutation of an ape species, but rather the consequence of a gradual behavioral change induced by intellectual enlightenment. I mean that it is not necessary to believe that the shift into evolutionary overdrive came suddenly one day when an ape was born hairless and possessing an intellect vastly superior to those of his peers. Instead, we can surmise that one day an ape of average intelligence got outside of his apesness through an enlightening accident, that his perception of this world was expanded, that he realized, suddenly, that there was more to life than scrounging for food and making little apes. One possible scenario for such a change would be that the ape in question, by accident, managed to ingest brain-altering chemicals, mind-expanding drugs. It is possible that he could have eaten a psychoactive mushroom or mold and had significant changes occur in his

mind of the kind that today we loosely refer to as mind-expanding. I think, however, that in that case the ape would have been more confused and disoriented in unpleasant ways than anything else. But let's say, instead, that the ape is a long way from his campground, having been run off and chased by predators; he is weary and extremely thirsty, and there is no water to be found. After a while, he comes upon a hollow stump in which water had collected and into which fruit had fallen, rotted, and fermented. He has seen such water before but the smell of the poison alcohol always told him keenly that it was not for drinking. But now his senses are dull and irked and his thirst overpowers what's left of them.

"He plunges his face into the small pool of sticky liquid and he drinks deeply. Relieved of thirst, he squats on the ground, leans on the stump, and slowly the inevitable, warm, flowing glow of careless well-being surges like a slow tide through his brain and body. Soon he experiences contentment previously associated with the ritual of eating a pleasurable of fruit, then lounging in the sun. But there is something different about this, there is an energy that goes with it, a reckless sort of energy, a feeling of strength, of power, and a strange new perception of the world, which he probably does not understand at first. He drinks more of the juice and discovers that it almost tastes good, and after another drink, it starts to taste better than anything. In no time he's drunk as a sailor, careening happily around the woods. He eventually returns to camp with an amazing discovery: the so-called 'missing link' was not necessarily a relatively abrupt physical mutation of an ape species, but rather the consequence of a gradual behavioral change induced by intellectual enlightenment. I mean that it is not necessary to believe that the shift into evolutionary overdrive came suddenly one day when an ape was born hairless and possessing an intellect vastly superior to those of his peers. Instead, we can surmise that one day an ape of average intelligence got outside of his apesness through an enlightening accident, that his perception of this world was expanded, that he realized, suddenly, that there was more to life than scrounging for food and making little apes. One possible scenario for such a change would be that the ape in question, by accident, managed to ingest brain-altering chemicals, mind-expanding drugs. It is possible that he could have eaten a psychoactive mushroom or mold and had significant changes occur in his

to use rocks for mashing and sticks and sharp rocks for peeling and husking. Now, where there had been only hunters and gatherers who went to the source whenever they wanted sustenance, there is an animal who created the source, who uses the rudiments of tools, who learns not only that certain things are, but why or how they are, who develops systems and procedures for reproducing desired effects, and, perhaps most importantly, who pursues consciously and of his own choice an activity requiring work that has nothing to do with the basic issues of survival, that is above and beyond those issues, that is pursued strictly for his own entertainment, enjoyment, and enlightenment.

"It is not hard to imagine that other apes would eventually imitate the first, discover the enjoyment of drinking the fermented fruit juice, and follow the master's systems for making their own. It is also easy to see how the invention of the first tools for carrying water or mashing fruit would lead to improved tools and new tools, and that some of these would surely find their way into other uses, especially as the apes became accustomed to using them. The inevitable, all-important by-product of this inventiveness would be, no doubt, rudimentary logical thinking — thought as we know it, as opposed to reflex and instinct. Once they had that, they had everything, the hitherworld intricacies of life as we have inherited it are the simple results of new discoveries growing from previous ones over the course of a few million years."

"And I say it all began when one lucky ape got drunk for the first time, and, like most of us apes, he enjoyed it and wanted more. Here's to the world's first winemaker, the forerunner of civilization!"

We toasted the single-minded inventor of labor of love.

"At least one thing has certainly remained unchanged over those millions of years of change," Harry continued seriously, "and I both know what it is: Every time that first ape woke up in the morning after a long night of bellying up to the local stump, he had a hangover. And no amount of evolution has altered our species in a way that would make us immune to the malady. In San Diego in 1980 it is as certain as it was way back when, you can drink enough, you will be hung over. Here is where Alcoholics Courageous may serve its most important purpose. We are determined to find a cure for the hangover, a sure, fire, simple and

complete remedy for that most unjust ailment. We are also interested in information about precautionary and preventative measures, short of the obvious; but the most important answer will be to the question of what you do after the damage has been done, after you have been carried away by the moment and have disregarded all precautions and precautions, and the indescribable awfulness of the raging hangover is upon you like a ruthless surprise attack from space."

"Contribution of information from the membership will likely go a long way in this. Everyone likes to think that he has some angle on curing his own hangovers, and a pooling of these ideas may lead us to some common ground. But I'm certain that one reason that no universal, popular hangover remedy exists is because no money has ever been offered for scientific research on the subject. The most brilliant research scientists in the world wake up hung over now and then, and, like everyone else, they lie in bed in pain, wishing that someone would invent a cure. I'd like to see a huge fundraising drive begun under the auspices of AC to finance formal and extensive scientific research solely on the subject of alcohol hangover cures. Do you realize what it would mean to the people of the world to be rid of hangovers? What a boon to mankind! What a wonderful day that would be! The cure would be Nobel Prize material. I'd like a backpack full of dead and rotting starfish from here to Cape Horn if I were to find that cure. Here's to the person who cures the hangover!"

We toasted the next Jonas Salk. Harry stood up and stretched his long frame as if he were warming up for a run. He drew long, strong breaths of the lovely, crisp night air.

"Pretty night," he announced. "Let's have a nightcap." He took the two mugs and headed for the kitchen. At the door he turned back. "Remind me to sing you a new song I just wrote about San Diego. It's called 'A Town in Northern Mexico.'"

I looked up at the moon, which was nearly halfway across the sky, and wondered how it would look setting. I imagined I had a fair chance of finding out, first-hand. I checked my gadget bag for recording tape; there were four cassettes left. That should be enough, one way or another. I thought as I listened to the rapping, complaining noise from my recording machine grow slowly, steadily louder. I began making notes on possible hangover cures.

# Wherefore Art



Benjamin Hendrickson, Tova Feldshuh

JONATHAN SAVILLE

A play is a living action, and it exists in a fluctuating realm between a script and a theater. The opening play of the thirty-first San Diego National Shakespeare Festival results from the interaction of the text of *Romeo and Juliet* with the architecture of the outdoor Festival Stage, an interaction masterminded by director Jack O'Brien and carried out by an excellent cast. Since the stage itself plays such an important role in this production, it will be worthwhile to make some remarks about its virtues and its limitations.

The Festival Stage was erected as a temporary expedient while the destroyed Old Globe was being rebuilt. It lies in a small canyon next to the Carter Centre Stage, facing a thickly wooded section of the San Diego Zoo property. It is possible, of course, to treat this stage in a normal manner, as though it were indoors; a set to enclose the playing space and to create a fictive world independent of the theater's actual environment. In this *Romeo*, Mr. O'Brien and scenic designers Robert Morgan and Kent Dorsey have chosen to exploit the unique characteristics of the Festival Stage. There is no backdrop; the full depth of the stage is visible, leading the eye of the spectator out of the fictive world entirely and into the dark green masses of the real expanse behind it — or, to put it another way, the real world's nature is made part of the staging and absorbed into the fictional events that are played in front of it. The downstage "scenery" consists of nothing but a slightly raised octagonal platform in the center and two movable loggias, symmetrically arranged at either side; behind, there is the forest.

How has Mr. O'Brien staged this scene? Juliet's small four-poster bed is all alone on the huge empty stage; its translucent white draperies, matching the gauzy white of Juliet's nightgown, are spotlighted, with the whole rest of the world, reaching to the night sky, in utter darkness. In her frenzy, Juliet circles behind the bed, and for a moment we see her, like a fragile wreath, through the scrim of the draperies. It would be hard to imagine a more effective visual symbol of her solitude, her innocence, her poignancy — even the arched curves of the draperies, hanging elegantly from posts of differing heights, add a subtle expressiveness to the scene, for it is a rich, refined, aesthetically ordered, pallid home and family life that Juliet must abandon for the death and night of the foreshadowed tomb. It would also be hard to imagine a more touching Juliet than Tova Feldshuh, whose frail loveliness and ardent purity of spirit make her the perfect human embodiment of the same theme — the small bright light against the encompassing darkness — expressed in the staging of this scene.

The bed and its bedclothes are reminiscent of fifteenth-century painting, and indeed all the visual aspects of this production — from Robert Morgan's suavely extravagant costumes to the realistic but at the same time balletic staging of the sword fights — are dominated by a freely inventive quattrocento style. Here, too, the specific topography of the Festival Stage is skillfully used. Italian painters around 1500 were fascinated by the symmetrical disposition of space and the use of linear perspective to create the illusion of great depths; both devices were means of imposing a rational order on the complex chaos of social and political life in that period.

The octagonal platform of the *Romeo and Juliet* design, with its precisely calculated triangular wedges in pale green and rose, comes right out of these paintings; as do the loggias, and these elements serve to integrate the distant upstage area into precisely the kind of mathematically coherent space the Renaissance was so fond of. The depth of the stage, treated in this manner, makes a powerful allusion to the aesthetic ambience in which the *Romeo* take origin, and so does the rich, golden, almost Venetian radiance of Sean Murphy's masterly lighting design (beauty and expressiveness of lighting being hallmarks of Jack O'Brien's Shakespeare productions). Another effect made possible by the Festival Stage belongs quite resolutely to the world of twentieth-century stagecraft. At the very beginning of the play, as the emmy between Montagues and Capulets wandering about the Verona piazza heats up and erupts into a fight, there is a sudden burst of light from a bank of footlights mounted at the very rear of the stage and across its entire width, and directed at the audience. The players freeze, all color drained from their violent shouettes, and a dramatic harmony in contrast to Sosa's adroit musical score reinforces the impression of tragic inevitability created by this shocking illumination. *Romeo and Juliet* has the atmosphere of a romantic comedy up until the death of the waggish, comely Mercutio about halfway through, after which it points its nose rapidly into a tragedy of mischance, many characters have taken this alteration as a defect in the play, an unwarranted change of direction in midcourse. The tragically lit tableau Mr. O'Brien has devised for the opening scene eliminates the objection: now the dire end of the action, and the play's unity, are evident from the beginning. If I may make my own objection, however, it does

seem to me that this stunning device is used just a bit too often in the course of the production. To use it only at the beginning and at the end would make the point sufficiently; as it is, each repetition is less interesting than the previous one, so that after awhile, what had begun as a brilliant piece of staging comes to seem something of a routine trick.

The Festival Stage is large in itself, the audience area is also quite large, and the performance takes place out-of-doors. These facts create a number of problems beyond any to be found in the script. There are the airplanes that relentlessly scisscross above, the motorcyclists revving up along Park Boulevard nearby, the feline yowls of the peacocks in the zoo making a comical counterpoint to such lines as "It was the nightingale, and not the lark / That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear." There is the cold damp of the San Diego summer night — which, on the evening I saw the play, had felled actor Richard Dix (Capulet) with laryngitis. Under such adverse conditions, the actors must not only be heroic in risking their health, they must also adopt an acting style appropriate to the realities of this particular theater. Delicate lights and shades will not do — what is wanted is something big, strong, loud, and incisive, an assertion of the self that can compete with motors, peacocks, and ill winds.

Miss Feldshuh's Juliet miraculously manages to make herself heard and felt throughout the dark canyon while at the same time projecting a character of graceful freshness, as tender and sturdy as celery in flower. Benjamin Hendrickson, who plays Romeo, is even more ideally versed in this sort of performance. Mr. Hendrickson's style is emphatic and highly rhetorical, and he has a powerful voice combining the ironic sarcasm of a Laurence Olivier or a Richard Burton with the bardic outlandry of a Dylan Thomas. Whether these qualities provide just the right fit for an ardent, spoony, self-pitying Romeo in his midlifers' characterization to be somewhat too mature, too self-reflective and "deep," particularly in the early scenes — on his first entrance he seemed more like a morose Hamlet, brooding on the unweddedness of the world's garden, than like a shallow, adolescent in love with love. As the play goes on, however, the actor grows into the role — or, rather, it grows into him, for the matured, somber Romeo buying poison from the ghastly, deathlike apothecary is the character Mr. Hendrickson has been suggesting all along. One does not get in this performance the full sense of development and deepening through suffering that is so important in Shakespeare's treatment of his youthful hero and heroine — a note Miss Feldshuh sounds faultlessly. But the rhetorical breadth of Mr. Hendrickson's acting, from first to last, is a tragedy of mischance; many characters' roles are played, James R. Winkler in a grand Mercutio, flamboyant, exaggerated, large in all respects. He makes the most of his witty language, savoring each off-color remark; his Queen Mab speech is enunciated like the gorgeous operatic aria that it is, with each shapely phrase boldly mod-

(continued on page 18)

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## Wherefore Art

(continued from page 17)

eled, tossed ostentatiously upward for everyone's clear view, and then batted out to the audience. Mr. O'Brien has also given him a repertoire of grossly obscene gestures to accompany certain of his more impolitic lines, and whatever one may think of them they certainly succeed in establishing Mercutio as a vivid visual presence whenever he is on stage. This is the sensational Mercutio whose death Holden Caulfield so regretted. Some aspects of Mr. Winkler's performance (the gestures, especially) would probably seem intolerably overzealous in an indoor theater, but his success on the Festival Stage is attested to by the tremendous hand he gets—and deserves—during the curtain calls. Jill Tanner's nurse, on the other hand, suffers from a relative smallness of effect that to a degree obscures the outstanding merits of this artful impersonation. Miss Tanner's vocal cadences are impeccably in character, and she conveys a nice image of the nurse's rambling, good-hearted, unthinking personality. Every word and gesture has the ring of a sure, beautifully integrated, detailed characterization, and in the Old Globe this would no doubt have counted as a first-rate performance. But in the vaster world of the Festival Stage it seems lacking in boldness, coarseness, earthiness; the sheer fleshly physicality of the character created by Shakespeare is pretty much absent, as is this woman's instinctive insensitivity and cruelty. The nurse as an amusing social type might be enough indoors, but under the black sky and before the towering forest she ought to resonate (at least sometimes) as a force of nature.

Just as the great stage and the natural setting bring out some of the strengths of *Romeo and Juliet*—its universal pathos, the random destructiveness of the universe in which the action takes place—so, too, they reveal with painful clarity one of its chief weaknesses. No play of Shakespeare's ends as feebly as this one. The

lovers are dead, their ardor and innocence soured by the dark nature of things—but the play limps on for another 140 lines, so that the watchmen can discover the bodies, the parents can lament their loss, Friar Laurence can explain what has happened, and the Prince of Verona can scold the warring families and reconcile them. The emotional temperature becomes so tepid and the pacing becomes so slow that the play and fear evoked by the deaths gradually dissipates into boredom.

Poor Friar Laurence has the worst of it, for he is compelled to recount the entire story we have already witnessed, in a tedious forty-line speech of no poetic evocativeness whatsoever. Even Eric Christman, who with his fussy little mannerisms has in previous scenes managed to fill this bland character with amazing individuality and liveliness, is at a loss to squeeze any dramatic relevance out of a superfluous rehash of a complicated, artificial plot. The clock ticks down, the play's energy is at an ebb, and all that immense space of stage, theater, forest, and sky seems drained of the pulse of theatrical life. In a small theater, the anticlimax is less noticeable, but out here the size of Mr. O'Brien's ideas has accustomed us to a constant flow of energy, and the letdown is hard to take. Aware of this, the director invents a melodramatic scream from Lady Capulet, who falls stricken over a convenient gate next to the bodies. It is clear that Mr. O'Brien's desperation here is greater than Lady Capulet's. The scream fills the space of the Festival Stage, which is what it was designed to do, but its failure to bring home to us the tragedy of the situation is shown by the reaction of a significant portion of the audience: laughter.

No one, I suppose, can solve the dilemma posed by this last scene (though forthright cuts in the text would help)—so that Jack O'Brien ought not to be blamed for his unsuccessful attempt to salvage the unsalvageable. It is one of the rare errors in a highly intelligent and well-crafted production, a production providing further evidence that Mr. O'Brien is one of the best Shakespeare directors around. □

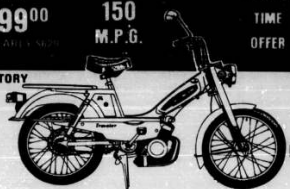
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Retired Stockbroker  
Mission Bay

I'd like to be God for a day. You think I go for small stuff? I'd like to straighten out things. Would I make believers out of unbelievers? I'd make people be thankful for being alive. If they weren't thankful, they'd be dead, but *fast*. The desires of older people are love, sex, and food, not in that order, necessarily. The believers would enjoy. Look out, George Bush!



**Loretta Haynes**  
Sales  
Pacific Beach

Well, I wouldn't trade with any of the politicians. Anyone who wants to be president... it's a big job. Celebrities, as far as their happiness... vast amounts of money don't buy happiness. As far as sports, it's being king of the hill now, but what happens five years from now? I sound pessimistic, but actually I'm not. I'm a Christian and I have the faith and assurance that I'll receive that ultimate victory and happiness in the hereafter. So that's one reason I can't think of anyone to trade places with in the here and now.



**Dona DeRose**  
In Transit  
Dulles/San Diego

I know who but I just can't figure out why. She's an unbelievable woman. No way in the world would I want to be a man with her around. Okay, Jackie Onassis. Why? Her ability to control her life and know what she wants. She always knows what she wants and she always gets it. Actually, I'd just like to be able to sit down and talk to her and get all the knowledge she's learned in her life. If it was going to be a trade for a day, I would say the day she met Mr. Onassis. To find out how in the hell she did it.



**Damon Griggs**  
Student  
La Jolla

I'd want to be a Martian on Pluto. I'd want to see what kind of life it would be—hard or easy. I'd want to see what Pluto looked like, if it was cold and dark. I think it would have big ditches in it and it would be snowing. The people there would be sort of like us, but when they got real mad they would shoot lasers out of their eyes and freeze the other person. They'd have schools like ours only they'd be floating in a round bubble. They'd speak a weird language. I'd be glad to see everyone on Earth again, even after trading places for just a day.



**Bob Cooper**  
John Anderson Volunteer  
San Diego

I'd like to be Bunky Hunt, for just one day. The day silver prices double.

—by Lin Jakary

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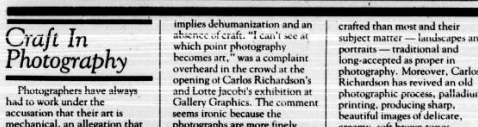
Well, for one thing, a certain degree of high expectations or degree of performance comes to be associated with a name. For movie goers, the names Brando, Fonda, and Oliver suggest a definite expectation of performance. On the athletic field, the names Rose, Bradshaw, and Jabbar also ring up the same promise of outstanding performance. In the stereo industry, these "four star" names have been JWC, Sony, Kenwood, JBL, and Technics. We of Mad Jack's, along with you, have come to expect and appreciate great products from these names and we are delighted to offer them at these unbeatable prices. And we'll strive to have the name "Mad Jack's", linked with stereo, purity, special value, and commitment to San Diego. Remember above all else, we really do care!

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# EARL KLUGH OR HARRY CHAPIN.

## Section 2



Photographers have always had to work under the accusation that their art is mechanical, an allegation that

Dogs of all breeds and sizes will compete this Saturday in the San Diego City Finals of the 1980 Cycle K-9 Frisbee Disc Catch & Fetch Contest. More than 750 such competitions across the United States will be followed by state and regional finals, leading ultimately to a dogfight for the World


Champion title at the Pasadena Rose Bowl on August 24. Awaiting the 1980 World Champion is a \$1000 U.S. savings bond. Dogs are required to complete a specified number of catches within a set time limit, at a minimum distance of fifteen yards from a throwing circle. One point is awarded for each catch; two points are given for each catch where all four paws are off the ground. The same thrower — i.e., human being — must compete with the dog throughout the city, state, and regional finals. And a special

K-9 Frisbee Disc provided by Cycle dog food will be used at all levels of competition.

Is this really true?

Ms. Jacky Hungerland, the noted California dog psychologist and headmistress of the Monterey Institute of Frisbee Dog Studies (Box 483, Monterey, CA 93940), makes the following pertinent remarks:

"Even though their hearts may be in the right place — yearning to soar — many dogs will find it physically impossible to play the game with any great success. Certain snub-nosed breeds — for example, a Pekingese or an English bulldog — will experience particular difficulty in making aerial catches and in bearing up under the demands on breath control and physical exertion. Still others will lack



the motivation required for training and carrying off a snappy contest. Jowly hounds like the baset and bloodhound will generally lack the enthusiasm to pursue the sport."

According to the standard scholarly work on the Frisbee (Stancil E.D. Johnson, M.D., *Frisbee* [New York: Workman Publishing Company, 1975]), the first all-dog Frisbee meet<sup>2</sup> was held on November 13, 1974, at California State University at Fullerton, the Fearless Fido Fetching Fracas. Hyper Hank, an Australian shepher<sup>3</sup>, was the

From the paleolithic cave paintings of Lascaux and Altamira, through cultures on every continent, into our world and our time has come a 60,000-year-old tradition: the shaman. The medicine man, the priest, the healer, the one who can heal illnesses of the body caused by the spirit, who can escort the souls of the dead to their resting place, who can communicate with the spirit world. Although the word shaman is used in Central and South America, Central Asia, and Australia, shamanism is the protoreligion in all cultures (except those, like our own, that developed under the influence of already-developed cultures), and it maintains vestiges in all cultures—including our own. The Mexican herbalists, the *brujos* and *curanderos*, practicing in southeast San Diego can trace their lineage to the shamans, the holistic healers share their

understanding of illness with the shamans; and the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have many of the powers and privileges of the shamans.

The shaman has many names and shamanism goes by different names in different cultures. The word shaman is like the Indian word *magician* or the English word that has been absorbed into other languages, Shaman is a name used by the Tungus of Siberia and its meaning is "he who knows." The earliest contact of other people with these people were done by eighteenth-century Russians of the Tungus, and so it is their word that is generally used by anthropologists for a member of what is called the Shamanic class. The Golden Bough described as the earliest professional class in the evolution of societies. (Muir, 1997) Anthropologists pronounce it shamanism, most psychologists pronounce it shaman.

An exhibition opening this week at the Museum of Man focuses on shamanism as it has been practiced in South America, and provides a

overall winner, with close competition from Schatzie. The IFA (International Frisbee Association) has a special division for its dog members — the K-9 Corps. In 1974, IFA estimated that as many as 250 of its 70,000 members were dogs; and this figure is doubtless much higher today. The quarterly *IFA News*, one of the sport world's more significant journals, has a special section devoted to Frisbee Dogdom. A few of the outstanding dogs mentioned in Frisbee circles are Rufus, Moon, Snookie, Boobie, Toby.

(Amsterdam: Schipperke, 1979); Jürgen Moltmann, *The Theology of Dog/Faith* (Lhasa: Apso, 1978); and Simone de Beauvoir, *The Frisbee of the Dogs and the Woman Question*, trans. Snookie (Boston: Bui, 1980).

The San Diego City Finals of the 1980 Cycle K-9 Frisbee Disc Catch & Fetch Contest will take place Saturday, June 21 at 10:00 a.m. The location: Robb Field in Ocean Beach. To enter your dog, contact the San Diego Park and Recreation Department at 236-5717.

— Achilles Heels

— Achilles Herr

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Recent publications in this field, for those who wish to do further research, include Walter Kaufmann, *Cosmic Form in Lore, Legend, and Story*.

# READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Editor Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR**, P.O. Box 808/3, San Diego, CA 92138.

## Dance

**Lunch-Time Theater** will feature improved and choreographed dance by Susan, Thursday, June 19 and Friday, June 20, noon, Marquis Public Theater, 1717 India Street, San Diego, 208-7674.

**Demonstrations of dance, movement, and anatomy** will be given Saturday, June 21, 7:30 p.m., DanceSpace, Ltd., 1680 Sixth Avenue, Hillcrest, 435-4341 or 291-5034.

An Evening of Dance will be presented by the San Diego Ballet Concert Dance Ensemble, and will feature contemporary, ballet, modern, and jazz works choreographed by Richard Marano, Erling Sandberg, Jacqueline Ross, and Jonathan Barnes. Saturday, June 21, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

**Ballet and Jazz Dance** will highlight a performance by the San Diego Ballet Concert Dance Ensemble in a "Senior Dancers" program of the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Tuesday, June 24, 2 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

## Film

**Eduardo the Healer**, an ethnographic film about the curing process of a contemporary Peruvian

shaman, will be shown Sunday, June 22, 1, 2, and 3 p.m., Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 239-2031.

**Children's Films** for young children, *The Singing Bush*, *White Salt*, and *Sam, Bang, & Moonshine*, will be shown Thursday, June 19, 2:30 p.m., and for older children, *There and Very Good Friends*, will be shown Monday, June 23, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City, 474-8111.

**Constructivist Films**, six early (1921-1932) experimental films dealing with abstract concepts, by Viking Eggeling, Hans Richter, Oskar Fischinger, Fernand Léger, Marcel Duchamp, Sergei Eisenstein (Sole, his first finished film), and a 1937 film by Francis Thompson, will be shown in conjunction with the current Constructivism and the Geometric Tradition exhibition at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

**Japanese Costumes** will be the subject of a lecture presented by Lenora Turner, Friday, June 20, 7:30 p.m., Midland Bookstore, 1053 15th Street, San Diego, 232-7931.

**"My Adventures as an Art Collector"** will be the topic of a lecture by author and journalist John Plimpton, Friday, June 20, 8 p.m., San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

**"The Rocky Mountain Picture Show,"** a slide program about camping in the Rockies, will be sponsored by the Sierra Club, Friday, June 20, 7:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City, 474-8111.

**"Storm,"** an Omnimax film exploring the effects of the atmosphere on us and comic books, a mixed media presentation showing the influences of comic genres on us, will be presented through

the summer. Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park, 238-1233.

## Lectures

**38th Institute on World Affairs** at SDSU will conclude on Thursday, June 19 with "Is Russian Imperialism New?" presented by SDSU history professor Howard Koshner, 10 a.m., room 1127, Adams Humanities, and "Carter and Cold War II," presented by Claremont Graduate School's Fred Warner Neal, 8 p.m., South Recital Hall, Music Building, SDSU, 265-6224.

**"Anderson and Commensal: Art They Challenge to the Two-Fury System"** will be the question asked in a lecture by Larry Seigle, Thursday, June 19, 7:30 p.m., Midland Bookstore, 1053 15th Street, San Diego, 232-7931.

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the summer. Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park, 238-1233.

**World Music and Dance**, from Asia, Africa, Latin America, Europe, and the U.S., will be taught in lectures and performances during the summer program of the Center for World Music, Monday, June 23 through Friday, August 1, SDSU, 265-6243 or 265-5152.

**Town Hall Lecture Series** of the San Diego Opera will conclude with Verdi's *Giovanna d'Aro*, presented by Charles Osborne, author of several books on Verdi's opera and in editor of the English magazine *Opera*, Tuesday, June 24, noon, Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, 232-7636.

**Opera Preview of Giuseppe Verdi's *Il Trovatore*** will be presented by New York, Tuesday, June 24, 2:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 833 E. Street, downtown, 236-5849.

**Contemporary Poetry** will be read by four San Diego poets, Beatrice Quintana, Paula Rintey, Dena Horowitz-Graham, and Chandra Bullock, Tuesday, June 24, 7:30 p.m., Book Mark, 4077 Adams Avenue, San Diego, 697-6008.

**"14 Americans,"** a film by Michael Blackwood dealing with contemporary painters and sculptors in New York, will be presented by the San Diego Museum of Art, Wednesday, June 25, 7 p.m., and Saturday, June 28, 2 p.m., Copley Auditorium, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

**Contemporary Problems in Biology** series will begin with "Biological Effects of Radiation in the Environment," presented by Shadrine Kravitz, Wednesday, June 25, 7:30 p.m., room 100, Social Science Building, SDSU, 265-6767.

**Traditional Afro-American Song** will be sung by Beatrice Quintana and the Georgia Sea Island Singers, Friday, June 20, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., and at children's concert Saturday, June 21, noon, Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Lucinda, 436-4030.

**"Wild Bluesgrass Weekend"** will feature a banjo and fiddle contest, bluesgrass gospel music, a bluesgrass concert, and performances by Larry Sparks & the Lonesome Ramblers, and others, Saturday, June 21, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Sunday, June 22, 11 a.m. to 6:45 p.m., Wild Annual Park, San Pasqual Valley, 747-8102.

**"Show of Talent"** featuring gospel music will be presented by Talent Outreach for Christ, Saturday, June 21, 7 p.m., Highland Avenue Baptist Church, 2605 Highland Avenue, National City, 440-0319.

**Summer Sunday Concert Series** will continue with the Dirk Komar Brass Ensemble and works by Bach, Shostakovich, and Beethoven, Sunday, June 22, 11:30 a.m., Marquis Public Theater, 1717 India Street, San Diego, 208-7674.

**Sunday Concerts** will feature Miss Lucy Long's Social Orchestra, Sunday, June 22, 1 p.m., Opus 5 Art Studio, 125 Via de la Playa, Solana Beach, 481-2531.

**Spring Concert Series** will present the Early Music Ensemble of San Diego in a program of medieval and Renaissance song and notes, and early Baroque madrigals, Sunday, June 22, 7:30 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4180 Front Street, San Diego, 297-1916.

**"Grandly Light"** a program of light opera, will be given by Quartet Concert, soprano Susan Peon,

contralto Martha Jane Howe, tenor Dave Caylor, and baritone Thomas Simmons, Sunday, June 22, 8 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley.

**Classical Guitar Performance** will be offered by the Oton Duo, Fred Bendetire and Dan Genn, Tuesday, June 24, noon to 1 p.m., Community Arts Gallery, 870 Third Avenue, downtown, 239-8238.

**Summer Music Series** will feature jazz and Dixieland performed by the North County Jazz Quintet, Tuesday, June 24, 7:30 p.m., RockWorks, Vineyard Center, 1523 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 741-9079.

## Special Events

**Clay Sale**, the 21st semiannual summer sale at Clay Dimensions, will take place Saturday, June 21, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., 1335 Adams Avenue, San Diego.

**Dogs and Frisbee** will coincide in the 1980 Cycle K-9 Frisbee Dog Catch & Fetch Contest, Saturday, June 21, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Helix Stadium, a 10K run, an invitation track and field meet, and soccer fans, Saturday, June 21, a men's and women's tennis tournament, Sunday, June 21 and Sunday, June 22, closing ceremonies, Sun- and Mon- June 22, 7 p.m., Helix Stadium, and more. Most events are at Helix High School, 7133 University Avenue, La Mesa, 232-2900.

**World Waterwheel Championship** title will be defended by Roberto Duran against undefeated Sugar Ray Leonard in Montreal, brought to San Diego by closed circuit TV, Friday, June 20, 7 p.m., Sports Arena, 224-4171.

**Shark Football**, the minor league San Diego Sharks will play an exhibition match against the Long Beach Mustangs, Saturday, June 21, 8 p.m., Vista Stadium, 400 East Bobbie Drive, Vista, 722-7215.

**Track and Field Meet** open to men and women of all ages and abilities will be held by the San Diego Track Club, Wednesday, June 25, 5 p.m., Point Loma College, 900 Lomaland Drive, 454-5745.

**Bicycle Track Racing** will take place on Tuesdays, through August 12, 8 p.m., San Diego Velodrome, Morley Field, Balboa Park, 298-1570.

**Stock Car Racing**, featuring super and limited stock cars, will continue for the twentieth season, Saturdays, through September 20, 8 p.m., Cajon Speedway, Rancho El Cajon, 486-9900.

## Radio/TV

**Cambridge From series** will present "Juvenile Justice System: Two Harsh or Too Lenient?" Thursday, June 19, 11 a.m., KFSM-FM 89.

**"Art and Artists: The Art of the 80s"** series will present Joyce Carler Shaw interviewing Helen Seacole about her environmental art and the making of the show, around the themes of clothing and death, for the University of Mexico, Thursday, June 19, 7 p.m., Channel 15.

**Lunchtime San Diego** will present a preview of the 1980 San Diego Opera Verdi Festival with general admission and Capriccio tickets, soprano Martina Arroyo, Friday, June 20, 12:30 p.m., KFSM-FM 89.

**Sculptor Henry Moore**, whose art has been placed in public view in more places in the world than that of any other sculptor in history, is the subject of a documentary by Robert Franco, to be aired Friday, June 20, 10 p.m., Channel 15.

**Nature Walks** will be offered every Sunday by the Audubon Society, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, Wildcat Canyon Road, 59 miles east of

# TO LOCAL EVENTS

Lakeside (291-8271), and the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Grand Canyon, Balboa Park (232-8821) 449.

## Sports

**Padre Baseball**, the San Diego Padres will play the Philadelphia Phillies one more time, Thursday, June 19, 1 p.m., and the Montreal Expos, Friday, June 20 and Saturday, June 21, 1 p.m., and Sunday, June 22, 1 p.m., and the San Francisco Giants, Tuesday, June 24 and Wednesday, June 25, 7 p.m., San Diego Stadium, 283-4494.

**"Swine-A-Cross,"** to benefit the Red Cross water safety and health education program, will be held in municipal, community, and backyard swimming pools throughout the county, through Friday, June 20, 299-SWIM.

**La Mesa Men's 1**, featuring athletes from San Diego County, will include opening ceremonies Friday, June 20, 6:30 p.m., Helix Stadium, a 10K run, an invitation track and field meet, and soccer fans, Saturday, June 21, a men's and women's tennis tournament, Sunday, June 21 and Sunday, June 22, closing ceremonies, Sun- and Mon- June 22, 7 p.m., Helix Stadium, and more. Most events are at Helix High School, 7133 University Avenue, La Mesa, 232-2900.

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"I Want to Live!" the 1958 Robert Wise film starring Susan Hayward as a two-good-to-be-true argument against capital punishment, will be shown Saturday, June 21, 11:30 p.m., Channel 6.

**Sunday Opera**, Verdi's *Otello* will be performed by Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kostas Poulakis, Jon Vickers, and the Houston Grand Opera conducted by John Pinchard, Sunday, June 22, 1 p.m., and Sunday, June 22, 1 p.m., KFSM-FM 94.1.

**"My Uncle Benjamin,"** a 1969 film starring Jacques Brel and Claude Jade, will be shown Sunday, June 22, 3:30 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

**"The Ascent of Man,"** the story of man's intellectual evolution in a series written and narrated by the late British scientist Jacob Bronowski, will run again, Sunday, June 22, 6 p.m., repeating Thursday, June 26, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

**La Mesa Men's 1**, featuring athletes from San Diego County, will include opening ceremonies Friday, June 20, 6:30 p.m., Helix Stadium, a 10K run, an invitation track and field meet, and soccer fans, Saturday, June 21, a men's and women's tennis tournament, Sunday, June 21 and Sunday, June 22, closing ceremonies, Sun- and Mon- June 22, 7 p.m., Helix Stadium, and more. Most events are at Helix High School, 7133 University Avenue, La Mesa, 232-2900.

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Great Performances will present Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*, starring Irene Worth as the eternally optimistic Winnie and George Vencovec as Winnie's all-but-silent husband, Wednesday, June 25, 8 p.m., repeating Sunday, June 29, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

**Soccer Soccer**, the San Diego Sockers' game at the Tampa Bay Rowdies will be televised Wednesday, June 25, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

**"My Uncle Benjamin,"** a 1969 film starring Jacques Brel and Claude Jade, will be shown Sunday, June 22, 3:30 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

**"The Ascent of Man,"** the story of man's intellectual evolution in a series written and narrated by the late British scientist Jacob Bronowski, will run again, Sunday, June 22, 6 p.m., repeating Thursday, June 26, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

**La Mesa Men's 1**, featuring athletes from San Diego County, will include opening ceremonies Friday, June 20, 6:30 p.m., Helix Stadium, a 10K run, an invitation track and field meet, and soccer fans, Saturday, June 21, a men's and women's tennis tournament, Sunday, June 21 and Sunday, June 22, closing ceremonies, Sun- and Mon- June 22, 7 p.m., Helix Stadium, and more. Most events are at Helix High School, 7133 University Avenue, La Mesa, 232-2900.

**World Waterwheel Championship** title will be defended by Roberto Duran against undefeated Sugar Ray Leonard in Montreal, brought to San Diego by closed circuit TV, Friday, June 20, 7 p.m., Sports Arena, 224-4171.

**Shark Football**, the minor league San Diego Sharks will play an exhibition match against the Long Beach Mustangs, Saturday, June 21, 8 p.m., Vista Stadium, 400 East Bobbie Drive, Vista, 722-7215.

**Track and Field Meet** open to men and women of all ages and abilities will be held by the San Diego Track Club, Wednesday, June 25, 5 p.m., Point Loma College, 900 Lomaland Drive, 454-5745.

**Bicycle Track Racing** will take place on Tuesdays, through August 12, 8 p.m., San Diego Velodrome, Morley Field, Balboa Park, 298-1570.

**Stock Car Racing**, featuring super and limited stock cars, will continue for the twentieth season, Saturdays, through September 20, 8 p.m., Cajon Speedway, Rancho El Cajon, 486-9900.

**Cambridge From series** will present "Juvenile Justice System: Two Harsh or Too Lenient?" Thursday, June 19, 11 a.m., KFSM-FM 89.

**"Art and Artists: The Art of the 80s"** series will present Joyce Carler Shaw interviewing Helen Seacole about her environmental art and the making of the show, around the themes of clothing and death, for the University of Mexico, Thursday, June 19, 7 p.m., Channel 15.

**Lunchtime San Diego** will present a preview of the 1980 San Diego Opera Verdi Festival with general admission and Capriccio tickets, soprano Martina Arroyo, Friday, June 20, 12:30 p.m., KFSM-FM 89.

**Sculptor Henry Moore**, whose art has been placed in public view in more places in the world than that of any other sculptor in history, is the subject of a documentary by Robert Franco, to be aired Friday, June 20, 10 p.m., Channel 15.

**Nature Walks** will be offered every Sunday by the Audubon Society, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, Wildcat Canyon Road, 59 miles east of

New Image Paintings by Gary Cantor will be on exhibit through June 22, Stratford Gallery, Camino del Mar and 15th Street, Del Mar, 481-0033.

**Sculptor and Maskmaker** Zarco Guerrero will exhibit his work through June 22, Solart Gallery, 1206 28th Street, Golden Hill, 295-0384.

**26th Annual Juried Exhibition** of the San Diego Art Institute will be displayed through June 22, San Diego Art Institute Gallery, 1449 El Prado, Balboa Park, 234-5946.

**Prints and Paintings** of John Chinoy will be exhibited through June 23, A.B.T./Beady, 110 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 232-2733.

**Faculty Art Exhibition**, featuring works by Eleanor Antin, Harold Cohen, Manny Farber, Jean-Pierre Gorn, Newton and Helen Harrison, Allan Kaprow, Iolo Scanga, and others, will continue through June 26, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2864.

**Group Exhibition** of the San Diego Watercolor Society will be on display through June 28, Bard Hall Gallery, 4195 Front Street, San Diego, 278-5478.

**Etchings of Martin Lewis**, 1926-1977 works of New York and New

England, will be on exhibit through June 30, Wallaby Gallery, 7468 Grand Avenue, La Jolla, 459-1800.

**Pa Dao**, traditional hand embroidery of the Hmong from Laos, will be on exhibit through June 30, San Diego Public Library, 525 E. Street, downtown, 236-5849.

**"Constructivism and the Geometric Tradition: Selections from the McCrory Corporation Collection,"** a survey of the development of geometric abstraction in the twentieth century, features works of Albert, van Doesburg, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Malevich, De launay, Léger, and others, 200 works in all, and will continue through July 6, with gallery tours Wednesday at 12:30 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

**Kinetic Sculpture** of Stephen Beck-von-Peconi, combining minimal geometric forms with motion, light, and sound, will be on exhibit through July 6, DeSephbank gallery, 1262 Kettner Boulevard, downtown, 236-1916.

**"Sculpture in California 1975-80,"** an exhibition of works by forty artists living and working in California, including Robert Arneson, Chris Burden, Lloyd

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JUNE 19, 1989





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**this MONDAY**  
**WARREN ZEVON**  
MON JUNE 23 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

**KRIS KRISTOFFERSON**  
& BILLY SWAN FRI JUNE 27 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

**with K105**  
**EARL KLUGH**  
SUN JULY 6 8-PM <sup>105</sup>

**AN EVENING WITH**  
**CHUCK MANGIONE**  
AND THE CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET  
THUR JULY 10 8-PM <sup>105</sup>

**THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND**  
MON JULY 14 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

**HARRY CHAPIN**  
SAT JULY 19 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

**RCB**  
**ROSSINGTON-COLLINS BAND**  
FORMERLY UNIVIS SOUND  
SUN JULY 20 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

**TOMORROW**  
**HERBIE HANCOCK**  
AND ANGELA BOFILL  
FRI JUNE 20 8-PM <sup>106</sup>

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**the Grateful Dead**

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**THE INCREDIBLE SAN DIEGO APPEARANCE OF**

**QUEEN**

**SPORTS ARENA**  
SATURDAY JULY 5 7:30PM

**Marc Berman Concerts Avalon Attractions**

# **READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE**

(continued from page 7)

It's a shame to acquire a wonderful, I can tell you that the man deserves a place in the jazz hall of fame. He has a wonderful imagination that comes with it a keen ear for melody, harmony, invention, and rhythmic pacing. It is a shame to remark of a French musician that he abounds with "Gothic zeal," but until someone contradicts me, I believe that description still applies to Grappelli. (For those of you who haven't heard him, make certain you catch the movie "Going Places," the next time it's in town - this is the one case where I can truly say that the soundtrack, which features Grappelli, kept the movie afloat.) In any case, Grappelli will be at the Cotnaman on Saturday night. Do not pass up this opportunity to pay homage to a master musician and a neglected instrument.

Two big bands will blast away at the Cotnaman this week. Buddy Rich on Friday and Woody Herman on Tuesday. Neither is particularly illuminating, but I should tip my hat to Herman solely because his group plays at a light-nit unit and they do so with commitment and enthusiasm.

When ever I listen to Buddy Rich, I feel moved. Like Maynard Ferguson, he blows, blusters, and overachieves. Rich is the very levels of jazz leaders, everything is delivered at such a machine-gun rate of pace and is pitched at such a perfect volume that it is a chore keeping track of what's being played. Rich, of course, is the focal point. As a drummer he is fast, but I don't think he swings; he spins. An idea of his huff and puff sense of rhythm was provided by Elvin Jones, when, after playing Rich a left-handed compliment, Jones decided him for having "no feet."

A lot of people are smitten with the Motel, particularly because of lead singer Martha Davis. They aren't kidding, just merely inconsequential. Davis sings well enough, but like Chrissie Hynde and Tal Blevins, she looks uncomfortable on stage. This band is cheeky enough to merit attention for a few minutes, but I don't see what separates them from the other two million new-wave bands in Los Angeles awaiting a record contract. This lucky crew will be at the Cotnaman on Monday night.

Someone loves a dumb song. For about two weeks last December I was able to drive friends and members of my family berserk by turning up the volume whenever the Sugaball Gang's "Rapper's Delight" came on the radio. Not since "They're Coming to Take Me Away" have I heard a novelty song so perfectly awful, so devoid of any value. To this day it is one of those records I keep handy in order to drive unwelcome company out of my home. For the life of me, though, I cannot imagine the Sugaball Gang selecting this novelty hit in person. But they're going to do so tonight, Thursday, at the Sports Arena. Opening will be the Numatics. Sunday evening the English rock band the Sages appear at the River theater with Fugate (yes) and the Trash (okay). Also that night the Puppets, a fetching, ingratulating new-wave pop band, perform at the Chicago Mining Company. The rest of the week will be taken up by Montezuma's Revenge and Rose and the Screamers, tonight, Thursday, at the Cotnaman, and hard-rockers Thoma, Friday, at Tom Ham's Lighthouse.

— Steve Farnsworth

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To get club information, call 265-1058. Saturday before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to: READER SERVICE, P.O. Box 8014, San Diego, CA 92108, or call 235-4336. Friday before 5 p.m.

## **San Diego Concerts**

**The Sugaball Gang and the Numatics** Sports Arena, Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m. Sports Arena Boulevard 224-4171

**Montezuma's Revenge and Rose and the Screamers** Cotnaman, Thursday, June 19, 8 p.m. 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

**Buddy Rich Big Band** Cotnaman, Friday, June 20, 8 and 10:30 p.m. 3999 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

**Herbie Hancock and Angela Bofill** SDFA Amphitheatre, Friday, June 20, 8 p.m. 266-6947

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This 21 piece orchestra received acclaim at recent performances for the Gagliati Association of San Diego, The Sports Arena, and ASB at the University of San Diego. The Curt-Stans Jazz Band specializes in the music of Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman and other "greats" of the big band sound.

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June 20, 21 - Friday & Saturday  
**The Ted Picou Quartet**  
Ted Picou - Bass, M. G. - Keyboards, Ronnie Stewart - Percussion

June 25, 26 - Wednesday & Thursday  
**Peter Sprague**  
Peter Sprague - Bass, M. G. - Keyboards, Ronnie Stewart - Percussion

June 27, 28 - Friday and Saturday  
**Manzanita**

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Thana: Tom Horn's Lighthouse  
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McCoy Tynes, Colombari  
Sunday, June 22, 8 and 10:30 p.m.  
3099 Mission Boulevard 488-1081

The Puppies: Chicago Mining  
Company, Sunday, June 22, 9  
p.m. 3801 El Camino Real  
Encinitas 942-1676

The Motels: Colombari  
Monday, June 23, 8 and 10:30  
p.m. 3099 Mission Boulevard  
488-1081

New Riders of the Purple Sage  
Colombari, Thursday, June 25, 8  
and 10:30 p.m. 3099 Mission  
Boulevard 488-1081

Stephane Grappelli  
Colombari, Saturday, June 21, 8  
and 10:30 p.m. 3099 Mission  
Boulevard 488-1081

The Jags, Snails, and Fingers  
Roy Theater, Sunday, June 22,  
7:30 p.m. 4842 Cass Street, Pacific  
Beach 488-0531

Warren Zevon and the Cretones  
5050 Amphitheatre, Monday,  
June 23, 8 p.m. 255-6947

Woody Herman and his Big  
Band, Colombari, Tuesday, June  
24, 8 and 10:30 p.m. 3099 Mission  
Boulevard 488-1081

Kris Kristofferson and Billy Swan  
5050 Amphitheatre, Friday, June  
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Friday & Saturday nights, 8:30 to 1 a.m.  
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JUNE 24-28  
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## READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

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Saturday, June 28, 8 and 10:30  
p.m., 3099 Mission Boulevard,  
488-1081

Mark Dresser, Bert Turley,  
Lorie Kikell, Dave Mallard, and  
Nancy Kay: Opus 5 Art Studio,  
Sunday, June 29, 1 p.m., 125 Via  
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481-2533

Flora Purim and Airto:  
Columbian, Sunday, June 29, 8  
and 10:30 p.m., 3099 Mission  
Boulevard 488-1081

The Grateful Dead: Sports Arena,  
Tuesday, July 1, 7:30 p.m., Sports  
Arena Boulevard 224-4171

Doc and Merle Watson:  
Columbian, Tuesday, July 1, 8 and  
10:30 p.m., 3099 Mission  
Boulevard 488-1081

Queen: Sports Arena, Saturday,  
July 5, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena  
Boulevard 224-4171

Earl Klugh: SDSU Amphitheatre,  
Sunday, July 6, 8 p.m. 265-6947

The Underfones: Rony Theater,  
Tuesday, July 8, 8:00 Cape Street,  
Pacific Beach 488-0531

Chuck Mangione: SDSU  
Amphitheatre, Thursday, July 10, 8  
p.m. 265-6947

Albert Collins: Belly Up Tavern,  
Thursday, July 10 and Friday, July  
11, 143 1/2 South Cedros, Solana  
Beach 481-0772

Marshall Tucker Band: SDSU  
Amphitheatre, Monday, July 14, 8  
p.m. 265-6947

### Clubs

The Alamo, 3093 Clairemont  
Drive, Clairemont 276-2240. Time  
Wood and Blowing Rock, Solana  
Beach, Tuesday through Sunday.

Alibi's Beef Inn, 1201 Hotel Circle  
South, Mission Valley, 299-1103.  
John Whelan jazz piano, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Anchorage Fish Company, 3878  
Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad,  
729-3170. M.B. and Me, folk  
rock, Wednesday through  
Saturday. Kattie Dorn, Fran  
Lalata, and Scott Pease,  
contemporary, Sunday through  
Tuesday.

Anchor Inn, 7260 Clairemont  
Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont,  
571-5532. Sheila Harris,  
contemporary country, Thursday,  
Cowboy and Blues,  
contemporary listening, Friday  
and Saturday.

Anthony's Barbourside, 355  
North Harbor Drive, downtown,  
232-6308. Fun Factory,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Atlanta, 2595 Ingraham Street,  
Mission Bay, 224-2434. Robert  
Linn, contemporary, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Babilo, 908 West Mission Bay Drive,  
Mission Bay, 488-0501. Mercedes  
Lounge, disco, featuring Roger  
Guy English, night, Piano Lounge,  
Tony Colombo, mellow rhythm,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

Bar N Branch House, 115 East  
Broadway, Vista, 724-0510.  
Shine It On, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Saturday.  
Brighter Days, contemporary,  
Sunday and Monday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village  
Hotel, Mission Bay, 274-4430.  
Shine It On, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Saturday.  
Pyramid, jazz and funk, Sunday  
and Monday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon  
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822.  
Bonnie and Clyde and the Allens,  
rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Bentley's, 5600 Grossmont Center  
Drive, La Mesa, 463-9825. Bogart

## JAMAZA

features  
**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. Dixieland, 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  
1980 Harbor Blvd. Drive • Phone 281-8700

## VIEW!

While you are entertained by the superb musical talents of

**Kalyn & the Bear**

Now appearing at the

## PENTHOUSE LOUNGE

The panoramic view of the city  
and sparkling nights overlooking  
San Diego Bay set the scene  
for Kalyn and the Bear. Start  
your evening with an elegant  
dinner at our Pipers Restaurant,  
then enjoy the increasingly  
popular current favorites from  
country to rock 'n' roll.

Happy Hours:  
Mon.-Fri., 4-7 p.m.  
**Holiday Dine HARBOR VIEW**  
1877 First Avenue  
San Diego, CA 2 levels of free parking.

## APPEARING!

### LALLAS COLLINS BAND!

Presented by THEATRE, MUSIC, and ARTS  
**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

## NASHVILLE WEST

Every Sunday & Thursday,  
9:30 p.m.

**Amateur Country Swing Dance Contest**  
First Prize each night \$50  
plus winners are eligible to  
compete Sunday July 8, for  
Grand Prize

**Try for two  
to Nashville's  
Grand Old Opry**

Country Swing Dance Lessons every Wednesday 7-9 p.m.  
(call for info)

**Tonight, June 19th**  
The Beachcomber of South Mission Beach brings their  
**Dolly Parton Look-Alike**  
for tonight's contest

Wednesday is "Humu Day" 10 a.m.-2 a.m.  
Well, beer & wine 80°  
Live music 7 nights a week  
(see club listings)  
No cover charge this weekend

## Nashville West

4240 W. Pl. Loma Blvd. (Next to Saks's in the French Quarter)  
Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 224-8282

## THE MUSTANG CLUB

Country & Western at its Best  
and NOW GREAT FOOD!

### MUSTANG CLUB

**BILL OF FARE**

TOP SIRLOIN STEAK 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	6.95
GRAND SIRLOIN STEAK 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	3.95
ASSORTED LOBSTER TAIL, CRAB BUTTER 2 LBS. 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	8.95
ASSORTED LOBSTER TAIL, CRAB BUTTER 2 LBS. 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	15.95
HOMELAND CHILI 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	2.95
MUSTANG BURGER 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	2.50
NOT DOG 10" x 14" x 1" BONE IN NO SAUCE, BEEF	1.50

Across the street from the Sports Arena  
3595 Sports Arena Boulevard  
San Diego, California 92111 • (714) 223-5596

## Hill House

RESTAURANT & BAR

features  
**TEXAS TUXEDO**

Wednesday through Saturday 8:30-1:30

Reservations recommended for Lunch, Dinner and Sunday  
Champagne Brunch. Banquet facilities available.  
2730 Via de la Valle • Del Mar • 755-6614  
In the Flower Hill Mall

rock disco, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Block Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa  
Road, Kearny Mesa 279-3100.  
Soulful, contemporary, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Block Angus, 707 E Street, Chula  
Vista, 426-9200. Summerline,  
contemporary, Monday through  
Saturday.

Block Frog Restaurant, 4672  
Federal Boulevard, East San  
Diego 264-9777. Zulu soul and  
jazz, Thursday, Elia Ruth Piggies,  
jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Blaney Stone Pub, 5017 Balboa  
Avenue, Clairemont 279-2033.  
Brian Connelly, Irish and  
International folk, Wednesday  
through Sunday.

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street,  
La Jolla, 454-9131. The Travelers,  
featuring Denise Jeter, jazz,  
Wednesday and Thursday. Bruce  
Cameron Quartet, jazz, Friday and  
Saturday.

Boothouse, 2040 Harbor Island  
Drive, Harbor Island 299-8000.  
Night vision, jazz, Thursday  
through Saturday. House, jazz,  
Sunday and Monday. Hollis Gentry  
Group, jazz, Tuesday and  
Wednesday.

Bob LeBaron Music Center, 1400  
Rosedale Street, Loma Linda,  
222-6680. The Somewhat Savoyes,  
bluesgrass, Saturday.

Broom's, 2688 Pacific Highway,  
downtown, 291-5555. Chit Rides,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Bretford's Old Place, 1205  
Prospect, La Jolla 459-4200.  
David and Cathy, contemporary,  
Wednesday and Thursday. Steve  
Voss, contemporary, Friday  
through Sunday. Brian Renay,  
contemporary, Monday and  
Tuesday.

Bourbon Street West, 315 South  
Highway 101, Solana Beach,  
755-5101. The La Caba Daiseland  
band, classical, Friday and  
Saturday.

Burbury's, 9000 Mira Mesa  
Boulevard, Mira Mesa 578-8666.  
Don Livingston, contemporary  
country, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Buttercup Lounge, 2048 East  
Valley Parkway, Escondido,  
743-6422. Harry Paul and Mel  
Vernon, pop/jazz, Thursday through  
Sunday.

Cafe Del Rey, 1549 El  
Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8511.  
Sharon Stiggle, piano bar, Friday  
and Saturday. Carol MacFarland,  
Latin contemporary, Sunday,  
Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Cash and Cleaver, 145 South  
Serra Avenue, Solana Beach,  
481-8238. Rick Fagan,  
contemporary guitar and  
vocals, Friday and Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside  
Avenue, San Jose, 449-6700.  
Stallion, rock, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Celtic Inn, 3089 Clairemont Drive,  
Clairemont 276-2879. Bar H,  
country western, Friday and  
Saturday.

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue,  
College Grove, 582-5820.  
Vasibehal Trio, contemporary,  
Wednesday through Sunday.

Chicago Mining Co. North, 308  
El Camino Real, Encinitas,  
942-1676. Gary Russell and Paul  
Martin, rock and roll, Thursday,  
Felix, rock, Friday and Saturday;  
audition night, Monday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250  
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325.  
Elia Ruth Piggies, jazz, Monday  
through Saturday. Zulu, jazz,  
Friday through Sunday.

Coast Club, 135 North Highway  
101, Solana Beach. Zea and Spys,  
rock and roll, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Comedy Store, 945 Pearl Street,  
La Jolla, 454-9170. Mc Men, Jerry  
Bentley, and Lucy Webb,  
comedy, Thursday. Andrew  
Clay, Dave Tynes, and Bruce  
Baum, comedy, Friday through

## COFFEE HOUSE RESTAURANT

FOLK • BLUES  
BLUEGRASS

Where Music is the Food of Life

1484 N. Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla, CA 92034 • (619) 436-4539

Thursday 19  
Harpers  
Country Western 7:30-11:30  
\$2.00

Friday 20  
BESSIE JONES  
& THE GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS  
with Frankie & Doug Quimby  
7:30-9:30  
\$5.50

Saturday 21  
CLAIRSEACH  
Irish Music & Song 7:30-9:30  
\$3.00

Sunday 22  
Folk-Jazz  
DANCE OF THE UNIVERSE  
ORCHESTRA FEATURING  
PETER SPRAGUE  
7:00-9:00  
\$3.00

Tuesday 23  
Musicians call in 8-10  
Old Time Hoot Nite 7:30-Midnight  
\$1.00 or a musical instrument

Wednesday 24  
Piano Player  
JOHN PETERSON 7:30-11:30  
\$1.50

**LUNCH • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH**  
Open 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. to midnight Tuesday-Saturday  
Open 10:00 a.m. to midnight Sunday-Closed Monday  
Advance reservations recommended for Fri., Sat. & Sun. nights 426-4000

## DANCE in the twilight zone...

ENTER INTO A NEW  
DIMENSION of Live  
Music... dance to your  
favorite hits from the past,  
present and future... as the  
moon rises over the sea  
and stars shimmer in the  
night sky.

What Lies Beyond?  
Your journey into adven-  
ture begins by finding the Del  
Mar train station and pro-  
ceeding due west... on any  
Thursday, Friday or Saturday  
night from 9:30 p.m. on...

**the Bob Long Band**

the DOSEIDON DEL MAR at the train station

## DYNAMITE SEATS!

### ★ THE WHO ★

L.A. Sports Arena June 20 28 12 50 ea

**Grateful Dead** July 1  
**Queen** July 5  
**Jimmy Buffett** • **Charlie Daniels**  
**Allman Bros** • **Marshall Tucker**  
**Rossington/Collins** • **Mangione**

**Jackson Browne** • **Foghat** • **Cheap Trick**

**TNT TICKETS**  
852-6866  
4705 College Ave.

## Swan Song

Seafood & Jazz  
presents

## Dance of the Universe

Thursday and Saturday 9:00

## Manzanita

Friday 9:00

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

4287 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach  
272-7802

## KPRI FM106

presents

## WILD ON WEDNESDAY

at **SPANKY'S**  
FUN, PRIZES & SURPRISES!  
ROCK & ROLL TRIVIA CONTEST

your host D.J.  
**Carly Kelly**

DOORS OPEN 7:45 PM  
**\$150 DOOR CHARGE**  
**SPANKY'S SALOON**  
2855 MIDWAY DRIVE • 223-3154

Sunday, Sam Kwasman, Joey Gainer, and Tim Jones, comedians, Wednesday.  
**Comedy Store**, Ramada Inn, 151 Howe Circle, San Marcos.  
 Valley, 291-6600. Show, Larry Beecher and Carl Warren, comedians, Thursday through Sunday. Richard Morris, Cary Oles, and Jara Hart, comedians, Tuesday and Wednesday.

## Old No. 7 DISTILLERY

Friday June 20  
**FLUKE**  
 Sunday June 22  
**BRATZ**

Two Dance Floors to Party  
 180 S. Sierra, Solana Beach, 753-6732

## The Belly Up TAVERN

Thurs., Fri., Sat., June 19, 20 & 21

### Thumper

THE BAND THAT ACCOMPANIES JERRY RIOPELLE

Sun., June 22  
 Blues festival '90 continue with:  
 The Blues guitar with:

### Lowell Fulson

with special guest  
**Freddie Clark**  
 on sax, and the Belly Up House Rockers



Wed. (every Wed. in June)\*

### Rosie and the Screammers



Conting

June 26, 27 & 28

### Favorite Son

June 29

### Hollywood Fats Band

July 6

### Big Joe Turner

With the

### English All-Star Blues Band

July 10 & 11

### Albert Collins and the Icebreakers

July 27

### Otis Rush

\*(Every Wed. & Thurs. are ladies' nights - 1st price cover.)  
 Featuring fresh sandwiches nightly

143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

**Country Bumpkin Dance Machine**, 1601 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 432-8611. Country Bumpkin, Country Caramels, country western, Wednesday through Sunday. Dancin' Round, 500 Rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday. Dance Machine, 500 Rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Cunningham's Restaurant and Country Western Nightclub**, 7044 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 578-1216. Tai Cotton, country western, Tuesday, Red eye, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Da Vinci's**, 626 E. Street, Chula Vista, 437-6860. Ben Pans, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

**Defilley East**, 750 Metcalf Street, Escondido, 741-9363. Rodan, Steve W., rock and roll and disco, Thursday through Saturday. Rikus, rock and roll, Sunday.

**Doc Masters**, 2051 Shelter Island



Tonight June 19, 8 PM to 1:30 AM

### MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE

with

### ROSIE & THE SCREAMERS

Fri., June 20, 8 & 10:30 PM

### BUDDY RICH

and his

### BIG BAND

Sat., June 21, 8 & 10:30 PM

See the Tempest Show tonight!

### STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

with

### HOLLIS GENTRY

Sun., June 22, 8 & 10:30 PM

### McCOY TYNER

with

### HOLLIS GENTRY

Mon., June 23, 8 & 10:30 PM

### MOTELS

with

### THE STRANGERS

Tues., June 24, 8 & 10:30 PM

### WOODY HERMAN

and his

### BIG BAND

Thurs., June 26, 8 & 10:30 PM

### NEW RIDERS

OF THE

### PURPLE SAGE

Fri., Sat., June 27 & 28, 8 & 10:30 PM

### KALAPANA

with

### STEVE WOOD from "BONE"

Sun., June 29, 8 & 10:30 PM

### FLORA PURIM

and

### AIRTO

Tues., July 1, 8 & 10:30 PM

### DOC & MERLE WATSON

AT THE **Catamaran** HOTEL & RESTAURANT

2009 Mission Boulevard, San Diego, California 92101  
 Advance tickets at Sears, Ward's, 32nd St. Naval Station, and all TICKETRON OUTLETS, call 555-9342

rock, disco, top 40, and blues, Wednesday through Sunday.  
**Gaslight Theatre Club**, 2855 Mulberry Drive, Loma Portal, 273-8122. Dr. Michael Dean, Ph.D., host. Friday and Saturday.

**Gold Coast Lounge**, Town and Country Hotel, 600 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Soft Touch, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Halligan's**, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 273-3474. The Bank, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday. Rick Elias, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, rock and roll every night.

**Homburgues**, 4014 Wallace Street, Old Town, 295-0584. Denise Zofchak, guitar and variety, Wednesday through Friday. Melissa McCracken, guitar and variety, Saturday and Sunday.

**Harpoon Henry's**, 2755 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 223-6242. Featherwood, rock and roll, Saturday and Sunday.

**Hot House**, 2730 Vista de la Valle, Del Mar, 750-0614. Texas Tumbler, contemporary and country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Hilton Cargo Bar**, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 273-4000. People Movers, disco and top 40, Tuesday through Saturday. Wild Flower, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**Humphrey's**, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 223-3677. The Buddy Weed Trio, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Hungry Hunter**, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517. Lorie Hubson and Daryl Best, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

**Hungry Hunter**, 1221 Vista Way, Coronado, 433-2633. Colony Jane, country pop, Tuesday through Saturday. John and Mary, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**Hutchies**, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 423-3479. Pony Express, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Pony Express, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

**John Bull**, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201. The Brothers Act, folk rock, Thursday through Saturday. Wayne Gre, folk rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Joe Murphy's**, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 273-3220. Thunderbolt the Wondercat, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Tai Cotton, country western, Sunday and Monday. Cindy and the Struts, new wave, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Journey**, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 270-2040. Phoenix Band, rock, Saturday, rock, rock, Monday, Rick Elias Band, rock, Wednesday.

**The Juice Box**, 330 West Broadway, downtown, 234-0221. Two for the Mass, music from the 40s through 80s, Wednesday through Saturday.

**King's Grill**, 1333 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 297-2231. Linda Chase, contemporary and folk, Thursday through Saturday. Rolling merrills, nightly.

**Krazy George's**, 6149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 583-5700. Night Life, top 40 and rock, Friday and Saturday.

**Kristina Mulvaney's**, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4040. Gary Shenwood, contemporary and country, Friday through Sunday.

**Kung Food**, 2049 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 296-7302. Tom McCormick, classical guitar, Thursday, Kim Kim, classical guitar, Friday and Saturday, Frank Bolter, classical guitar, Sunday.

**Lakehead Resort**, Highway 79, Cuernavaca, 746-2726. Harry Hill and the Hills Brothers, country rock, Saturday.

contemporary, Thursday through Sunday.

### L'Chaim Vegetarian Restaurant

134 West Douglas Avenue, El Cajon, 442-7331. You're very listening, Thursday, Cass, (a) guitar, Friday and Saturday, live at outdoor, Monday and Tuesday, Stewart, mellow folk, guitar, Wednesday.

**Le Chateau**, 5056 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300. Beau Wevill, country rock mountain, Tuesday through Saturday. Also featuring Clam Bar, Who's Young and The Oats Bank through June, call for show dates.

**La Petite Cafe**, 3896 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-2558. Kim Reem, classical guitar, Tuesday through Thursday, Melissa Morgan, celestial harp, Monday.

**London Opera House**, 5404 Bullock Avenue, Claremont, 272-2400. Pastor Tru, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. John Baker, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**Loughlin Saloon**, 543 Grand Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8576. Cat Cotton, Texas honky tonk, Thursday through Saturday, Beau Wevill, country swing, Wednesday.

**Macho's**, 2906 Midway Drive, Loma Portal, 224-2401. Lanny Previtt and Cinnamon Ridge, country music, Wednesday through Sunday.

**Magnolia Mulvaney's**, 6801 Magnolia Avenue, Scripps Ranch, 442-8573. D.A. and the Redheads, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Uncle Willie, Mainstreet Blues Band, rock, Sunday and Monday.

**Mandolin Wind**, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017. Big City Blues, blues, Thursday through Saturday. TD and M. Mustard, variety, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Mark V**, San Marcos Boulevard at Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-3520. Classified, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Maxton's Club**, 2231 El Camino Real, Coronado, 757-1791. Huey and Dickie, variety, Thursday through Saturday.

**Mississippi Room**, 2233 El Cajon Boulevard, North Park, 298-8486. Bach-a-lip featuring Eddie Precacy on horn, variety, Wednesday through Saturday. Dave Tarallo Duo, big band, Sunday through Tuesday.

**Nom's Saloon**, 943 Grand Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-9598. Knocker, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday. Thunderbolt the Wondercat, rock and roll, Monday, Night Flight, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Monte's**, 16475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060. Classified, contemporary, Monday through Friday, Summer Breeze, rock, Saturday and Sunday.

**Monterey Jack's**, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400. Boomer, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Ralph Vacco, contemporary, Monday.

**Monterey Whaling Company**, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638. Sundance, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Dago featuring Pete Fialco, Homegrown's greatest hits, Sunday and Monday.

**Moonglow**, 4615 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 273-1022. Sordy Stewart and Co., contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Jim Nixon Trio, country western, Sunday and Monday.

**Mulvaney's**, 340 East Grand Street, Escondido, 741-9735. Rich Hurt and Dale Breiden, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Mutual Club**, 3565 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5696. Garry Ratz and A Touch of Country, country, Tuesday through Saturday, country music and dancing, Sunday. Mustang Lounge, country music and dancing, Friday and Saturday nights.

**Nashville West**, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5272. Sluggscoach, country western and rock, Wednesday through Saturday, W.C. Spencer, one man band, Monday and Tuesday.

**Navejo Inn**, 855 Navejo Road, San Carlos, 460-1730. BFM, top 40, and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Ocean View Room**, Hotel Del Coronado, 1600 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611. Terry Welch

**ONE HUNGRY'S**, 2447 San Diego

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# CURRENT MOVIES

GLORY Jane Fonda, Jon Voight and Bruce Dern 1978  
\* (Mira Mesa Cinemas, from 6:20)

**Convoy** — There are still a few signs of Sam Peckinpah's former authority: the crisp color, the flashy but superficial use of cross-cutting, and slow motion, and one particularly photo-genic chase over powdery, unpaved roads. Otherwise, the big-name director is reduced to little more than a glorified traffic cop in this banal interpretation of C.W. McCarthy's plan-tamagone pop song. Ross Knowl-ton is cruelly miscast as a two-faced trucker with a flower-stem physique and Naztampa smooth skin, and Al MacGrath is brought back to the screen after a five-year absence spent, evidently, in the acquisition of a luxurious sunhat. With Burt Young, Frankie Ayler and Ernest Borgnine 1978  
\* (Poway Playhouse, from 6:20)

**Coup de Tete** — Patrick Dewaere as a problem soccer star, directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud (BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR)  
(Guld, from 6:20)

**Dr. Strangelove** — Stanley Kubrick's scathingly satirical spoof on the nuclear push-button age. Several of the players — Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott, and Peter Sellers in two of his three roles — have never been assigned areas well under control. And Kubrick starts better comedy inelegantly savaging pursuit of conformity material of all kinds and all qualities. 1964  
\*\* (Strand, 6:20 and 20)

**The Empire Strikes Back** — The sequel to STAR WARS. With Mark

Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Billy Dee Williams, and Anthony Daniels, written by Lawrence Kasdan and the late Leigh Brackett, directed by Irvin Kershner  
(Cinema)

**The End** — Ben Reynolds cultivates a mystique and bond which serve to muffle, or muzzle, his charm as a comic actor, and also serve to enhance his image as a serious film director — exactly like Jerry Lewis, with his mustache and beard. IN WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT? Also like Lewis, Reynolds is cruelly miscast as a two-faced trucker with a flower-stem physique and Naztampa smooth skin, and Al MacGrath is brought back to the screen after a five-year absence spent, evidently, in the acquisition of a luxurious sunhat. With Burt Young, Frankie Ayler and Ernest Borgnine 1978  
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terization are her formalistic-bureaucratic, her perpetration, and her large, caftish mouth. The heroines of the play are depicted as victims of becoming simply a Leftist wall, but even with all that. True, the metaphor of the wall is not constant during of losing the immediate, but it is a constant in the organizer from New York (Ron Leibman). The embarrassing written confession is a testament to the Platonic connoisseurs give the impression that Norma Rae's conversion to socialism is a total mistake (as Thomas) is brought about not by any perceptible rise in the level of her political consciousness, but by her own show his knitted-brow concern for labor causes (housing problems in the urban ghetto, infant rights, infant mortality, etc.). She identifies herself with the lunatics of the FIELD AND STREAM nightmare (a hunted animal, a man, a woman, a child, a murderous lion-toot-tant hunter, a bear). The liberal stuff seems to be for the sole purpose of helping her to understand the world and face himself in the mirror the next morning. There is nothing dishonorable about this. It is a natural course, except when it is executed with the crude, telegraphed sarcasm of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

tries out his wildest ideas (a motorcycle accident victim (Motorcycle accident victim). The operation for a woman with a craving for human blood; as well as with an open heart, a heart that is open to the world, it resembles a valve at first glance, but is also a sheath for a phallic symbol, a phallic symbol of blood and insects a bizarre strain of rabies. The movie is angled toward making the audience feel that Norma Chambers puts her arm around anybody, and it conveys an impression that she is a woman who mess around with dirty girls.

[Towns, through 6:21]

**Horma Rae** — A nice, sincere, square, old-hat labor movie, which, in the tradition of *BLACK FURY*, THE GRAPES OF WRATH, THE WHISTLE AT ETON FALLS, et al., is a little out of the Hollywood mainstream, but is not the walking-on-water some well-wishers will take it to be. The high-pitched humanistic tone of the thing is set by Jennifer Warren's 'Buffy Sainte-Marie' imitation on the theme song, and is carried through in Sally Field's characterization of an uneducated Southern textile worker, the chief components of which charac-

**prophecy** — Sermonizing sci-fi always director John Frankenheimer. In

**STAYED** — David Cronenberg follows *THEY CAME FROM WITHIN* with a film of the same title, the same general-disease plot development, and the same nauseating special effects. Joe Blasco, the same plasticity actor that makes an actor's skin look like that of a rubber doll, and the same scattered satirical touches. The incomprehensible premise has to do with a stock mad scientist who dreams of becoming "the Colonel" (a pun on "Colossus") and who

**Laugh Out** — Capri comedy with Lester Davidson, directed by Don Boyd.  
**Marinera Plaza 5, College:** Festa (in: Plaza 2, South Bay Drive in: Sports Area 6).

**The Ruling Class** — This British satirical film is all fads and fluctuating social mores, but it's got a lot to say to your audience, which, according to director Peter Medak, must be an exception for films of everyting: "It's not a comedy, it's a farce, a farce, a monster murder, antiquities, and the only apparent accuracy this film has is that it's a comedy." **Marinera Plaza 5, College:** Festa (in: Plaza 2, South Bay Drive in: Sports Area 6).

**Stampo** — Warren Beatty's self-named vehicle (he produced and wrote) assigns him the role of a "modernizing hardhead" who careers through the American West, outwitting crooked bankers, ending up in a heap of

**Thing** — Science fiction about a foot-six-inch frozen vegetable (see Amnesia) that is chopped out of a tree trunk, but under the influence of a nuclear war erupts as an electric brain. It terrorizes a tiny Air Force outpost until a smart-aleck woman on the scene (see Amnesia) says to domesticated man, "I'm going to make you a vegetable to cook it." Science-fictional atmosphere; close-packed with references to *War of the Worlds*, *Dr. Strangelove*, and *On the Beach*, nearly perfect. Christian



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1980  
(Sports Arena 6)

**Time After Time** — Nicholas Meyer  
THE SEVEN-PERCENT SOLUTION  
The novel is a pastiche of the  
to Spurned Freud, hence its title.  
The novel is a pastiche of the  
packs them off in a brazenly be-  
littled lecture to the modernist  
San Francisco, where is a socialist,  
the socialist, the pacifist, the femi-  
nist, the Jew, the Jew, the Jew, the  
future than the Ripper, who makes a  
the novel is a pastiche of the  
the TV dial from a football by being  
to Jimi Hendrix comes to a new  
novel is a pastiche of the  
one of the most infernal inventions in  
of fiction, the novel is a pastiche  
that makes Meyer (or Wells for  
bilities) to prepare to cope with  
the material, and the novel is a

leering bank clerk, played by My-  
Steenberg as if she has set her  
ground on second base. And then  
there, go into "hysterics" when she  
reads of her death in the San Fran-  
cisco Chronicle after jumping ahead  
one day in the time machine? Why  
not? "I was just a girl," she says  
"When I'm glad I skipped that day."  
Why still more, should she argue to  
the time clock that she cannot pre-  
vent the disaster which she has ob-  
served and already averted? (The  
novel is a pastiche of the novel  
McDowd and David Warner  
1979  
(Campus Drive In)

**The Tin Drum** — Selected scenes  
from the massive Gunter Grass  
novel about a tiny-of social protest  
in Germany. The novel is a pastiche  
of the novel is a pastiche of the  
grows growing on his third birth-  
day. The novel is a pastiche of the

Gunter Grass prose, advances a  
rather sentimental Peter Panish no-  
tion of the "eternity" of a child, and  
every other kind of superiority of  
children. Had Volker Schlöndorff  
not been so much a pastiche of the  
original to his adaptation of the novel,  
it would have been a pastiche of the  
more scolding tone toward the  
novel, suggesting that perhaps what  
is at issue is the "eternity" of a  
greater amount of infatuation and  
nostalgia for the past. (The novel  
Mario Andri. 1972  
(Fine Arts)

**The Images** — A Jacques Tati comedy  
about the "eternity" of a child.  
The images given as if he of the  
novel is a pastiche of the novel is  
man against machine: man as  
machine — pass by with the smooth,  
the novel is a pastiche of the novel

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(featuring)

**"Chicago Style B-B-Q"**  
**RIBS AND CHICKEN**  
New location only  
also  
**Grand Opening Special**

**Monday thru Thursday**

**\$1.50 OFF**  
any entree over \$5.00

For more information contact: (703) 466-1900  
at all of our restaurants. For a location near you.

5263-65 Baltimore  
(Fletcher Pkwy. near of Teacoo)  
La Mesa 460-5822

4605 Mission Bay Dr.  
(I-5 at Carner)  
Pacific Beach 720-2244

5500 Grossmont Center Dr.  
(in Grossmont Center)  
463-6689

*"This is where I eat abalone."*

**ABALONE DINNER**

Giant abalone sandwich  
11-5 daily  
**\$2.95**

**\$6.95**



Sta Maria Style Beef Barbecue is both a tradition and a life to the people of the Santa Maria Valley—the featured event at all festive occasions, both public and private.

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Daily 4–8 p.m.

**Steak, Pork Chops, Ribs,  
with Chicken**

**\$5** per person      **\$2<sup>50</sup>** under 12

Includes relish tray, soup, salad, bread, beans, and rice pilaf with coupon.

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Elk Roadway—Corner of Broadway & Sweetwater Rd  
Lemon Grove—465-3900—no credit cards





















12 JUNE 19, 1980











20 JUNE 19 1980

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