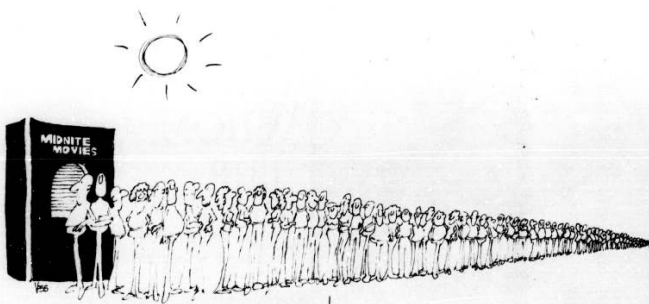




# City Lights



## The Celluloid Rolls At Midnight

Is it just summer, or is there a more profound explanation for the recent proliferation of midnight movies? John Ellison has an opinion. District manager for the Mann Theatre chain, Ellison takes credit for five months ago initiating the current rush of late movies when he added them to the weekend offerings at Mann's University Town Centre (UTC) sixplex. The move almost immediately drew strong crowds and competition, and Ellison says the demand since then has held steady, seemingly independent of the seasons and school schedules. "I think it tells you there's an audience out there interested in doing something at that hour," says the manager, who has seen up to 600 people at a midnight screening.

Midnight shows themselves are nothing new; second-run and art houses such as the Strand and the Fire Arts have regularly scheduled the odd blend of music and cult films (such as *Woodstock* and *Pink Flamingos*) traditionally capable of drawing the late-night audiences. Ellison simply broke new ground by scheduling the late fare at a first-run house (admission to the UTC's shows is \$3.50 per ticket, or slightly less for couples who mention radio station Magic 91 — KMJC — which is involved in promoting the venture). Among those quick to imitate Ellison was a radio promoter named Chester Coleman, who worked out a deal with KGB radio and a fluctuating group of theaters throughout the county. (Under that arrangement, Coleman takes sole responsibility for setting up the late movies. He charges four dollars per movie.) Still another new midnight movie source is the

Siegel chain's Cinema Plaza theater in Carlsbad, which began screening *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* May 30. The Siegel managers plan to run the cult film indefinitely but also to offer incoherent audiences rotating alternatives such as *The Song Remains the Same* and *Tommy*.

Such audiences increasingly also are seeing theater managers expand the schedules of first-run films to include a very late showing. Mann's Valley Circle theater, for example, is screening *The Shining* at 12:35 a.m. on weeknights, the Cinema Plaza

similarly enlarged its schedule for *The Empire Strikes Back*. And movie-going night owls will witness yet another first this weekend when Mann locally premieres *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*, a major release from Universal, in midnight screenings (exclusively) at several locations.

With those exceptions, however, efforts to expand the range of the late fare seem to have met with mixed results. Ellison says *Blazing Saddles* did quite well, but he was surprised when the original *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*

(double billed) flopped in a late-night showing in early May. (Undaunted, he's planning more double features: the UTC sixplex will soon run 3-D movies *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* and *It Came from Outer Space* together, as well as the science-fiction classics *Forbidden Planet* and *The Time Machine*.)

However, testifying to the unpredictability of the midnight movie business is Annelia Rechin, assistant manager of La Paloma, which has been presenting the late shows in conjunction with promoter Coleman. "It's been

going really strange," Rechin says of La Paloma's five-week experience. "*Rust Never Sleeps* did really terribly; it just bit it. Then we had *Dawn of the Dead*, and gosh, that was a bomb. *Woodstock* was mediocre; *The Song Remains the Same* did mediocre the first two nights, and pretty well the third night. And *Jim Hendrix* did great. We could have shown it for two weeks!"

Ironically, another movie theater which is floundering a bit in the current surge of late-night cinema is the Strand, one of San Diego's steadiest screenings. For more than three years *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* has filled the Strand's screen after twelve o'clock on Fridays and Saturdays, and the musical comedy about transvestites in turn has packed the Ocean Beach movie house with costumed, coveting *Rocky Horror* devotees. "But this summer we're just not doing so well with it," says manager Terri Holdrege; attendance figures have plunged from consistent capacity crowds — 635 people — in previous summers to audiences including as few as 200 people. Unless those figures improve drastically, Holdrege says she'll probably end the late run within a month. "Then we probably will take a break — especially with all the competition."

—J.D.

## Not Around These Parts

All right, all right. Mark-Elliot Lugo knew that official policy prohibits nude art on the San Diego City Library premises. But when he hung his exhibit of forty Polaroid SX-70 photographs on the walls of the downtown branch's first-floor lobby, the artist rather hoped that public sensibilities had changed. A week after the July 1 opening of the month-long show, he learned otherwise; he was ordered to remove the largest and most prominent piece in the one-man exhibition.

The thirty-year-old artist is in a good position to know the dictates of the bibliographic bureaucracy. A native San Diegan, he has worked part-time as a library aide for more than eleven years and has displayed his artwork several times at the downtown branch. That helps to explain how the offending material slipped into the current show. Normally all exhibits of art at the library have been reviewed by public relations officer Lois MacKenzie, but MacKenzie's P.R. duties were supposed to end July 1 as a victim of budget cuts. So Lugo was entrusted with the task of hanging his own photographs. In the premier spot on the wall across from the elevators, he placed two framed pieces, each containing four Polaroids. Four of the photos were close-ups of a black male nude, while the



Mark-Elliot Lugo — almost four focused on various — another abstract — details of a nude white female body. (Lugo's models also were library employees, although

the work was identified only as *Black Polyptych/White Polyptych*; a "polyptych" is a panel containing several sections.)

The chief complaint about the works apparently was voiced a week ago Tuesday when an older woman who

identified herself as a "woman's libber" loudly protested that the female component of the work exploited women; she threatened to take unspecified action against the library unless it was removed. Both MacKenzie (the public relations officer) and Fred Schechter, the head of the central branch, say they didn't talk to any complainants directly, but Schechter declares, "We had several other remarks to the staff down there. They weren't actually 'complaining,' but several commented to someone."

Comments alone were enough for Schechter to order removal of the nudes, and Lugo promptly complied. However, the artist submitted in their place a note explaining the censorship and inviting interested parties to view the works privately. An hour or so later he realized that the note was gone and he asked MacKenzie why. "She told me Mr. Schechter had removed them because he didn't want to cause a controversy about Alexia Markarian's second-floor Corridor Gallery exhibit, which also contained nudes."

That second-floor show of the other artist's work remains intact, though all its nudes discreetly cluster toward the far end of the corridor near the newspaper room. (Furthermore, MacKenzie received at least one complaint about one of the Markarian works, a depiction of a sea shell

entitled *Blue Whisk*, whose resemblance to a vagina struck one elderly patron as being disgusting.) "They're drawings," Schechter retorts when asked why he judges the Markarian nudes to be inoffensive. The administrator adds that the departmental regulation which bans unclothed images reads, "Pictures of nudes are not allowed." He sounds exasperated by the flap. "I don't care one way or the other," he says, but he explains the rule by suggesting, "This is not an art gallery. This is the public library. So what might be suitable in an art gallery might not be appropriate here."

He says Lugo can press for review of the policy, which occasionally is updated. (MacKenzie recalls that city policy once banned all forms of abstract art from city buildings.)

"Since when is a library supposed to be protected from different ideas?" Lugo responds. "A library is supposed to be a place where people can go to broaden their minds and experience many points of view." He scoffs even more emphatically at the charge of female exploitation. "When I had the idea for the polyptychs, an unexpected bonus was that I could make an aesthetic statement for equality by treating the male body photographically in the same way that I treated the female body." But the lack of an understanding reception doesn't surprise the artist; at another exhibit at the Jewish Community Center one of Lugo's large painted nudes suffered defacement. He says, "Because of the provincial attitudes that permeate this city, a lot of other artists and I gave a constant battle to let works accepted that in any other city wouldn't raise an eyebrow."

—J.D.

## It's Only Rock And Roll And They Hate It

Rock and roll was on trial last week and was found guilty of all charges; the local music scene may never again be the same. In what might have been a media sensation — but instead attracted no news coverage at all — the county courthouse featured a legal battle between the San Diego Police Department and the Skeleton Club, the former downtown nightclub which featured the best and worst of local new-wave music. The final verdict of guilt was the ultimate consequence for the Skeleton Club, which was the



Kendra Kubis, Laura Fraser, Veronica Roser

scene of numerous police-patron confrontations during its brief, five-month life span.

The trial, which lasted ten days, began on June 25 in department three of municipal court and completed its denouement last Thursday. Three young women — club owner Laura Fraser, 26, Kendra Kubis, 20, and Lisa Vigil, 19 — were found guilty on a total of five charges ranging from disturbing the peace to battery in connection with a Skeleton Club concert February 9.

The trial itself was like something out of a B-grade movie about wild, wanton youth in the 1950s. In fact, it bore a great resemblance to a movie shown recently on San Diego television. The movie was called *Lovin' You*, and starred Elvis Presley. The plot chronicled the rise to fame of a young rock and roll singer played by Presley. In one melodramatic scene, Presley's manager appeals to the small-town city council, which has refused to allow any more rock concerts because of the "dangerous" effects the music has on the children of the townfolk. The manager says something to this effect: "The people of Paris rioted when I got Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, and now it's considered a classic. Rock and roll will be around for a long time to come, too. Can't you let the kids have their music?"

The kinship between Elvis and the Skeleton Club doesn't end with the movie's closing credits. Only a few years before that movie was produced in 1960, Elvis made his first San Diego appearance. The city's police chief at the time, Elmer Jensen, was so upset with the hip-swinging

singer that he reportedly said publicly, "If that obscene Elvis Presley ever comes back to San Diego, I'm going to toss him in jail and throw away the key."

That was back in 1956, the infancy of rock. Apparently things haven't changed very much in twenty-four years. Current Police Chief Bill Kolender, in an interview with Channel 8 news reporter Jesse Macias on July 7, was quoted as saying that the police "would like to see the elimination of all punk-rock concerts in San Diego in the future because the crowds have started to destroy property as well as get involved with drugs."

Despite such statements by the chief of police, spokesmen for the police department have repeatedly said the frequent patrols of the Skeleton Club were not harassing in nature. Those statements, though, mean little to club owner Fraser, who watched the police pressure increase from the Market Street club's opening last December 8 to a frenzied climax two months later.

The police report of the February 9 incident says that Officer Tim Fay entered the club at ten o'clock to hear Fraser that the band, the Unknowns, was too loud and that the volume was in violation of city noise statutes. Fraser asked if there had been any citizen complaints; there had not. Still, she complied with Fay's request and turned down the amplifiers — but not enough to suit the officer. Two more times after that Fraser told the band to reduce the volume. After the third time, Officer Fay told Fraser she would be written a

misdeemeanor citation for illegal noise, and then accompanied her to the stage, where the band was in the middle of a reggae tune entitled "Rat Race." Officer Fay ordered the band to stop

playing and then ordered Fraser to disperse the patrons.

Indeed, Fraser told the crowd, "Maybe if we're quiet, we can stay."

This struck Fay as being argumentative, and he decided to put Fraser under arrest. She was handcuffed on stage in front of the audience and was marched outside to a waiting patrol car. Fay reported that the crowd then became unruly, so he called the gathering an illegal assembly, indicating that anyone who did not leave would be subject to arrest. In the audience at the time were four other officers. One of them deemed it appropriate to call in reinforcements, and in due time thirty police vehicles surrounded the club.

One of the policemen arriving on the scene, Officer Donald Borinski, said he was hit twice on the back and once on the arm by a member of the audience. A second policeman, Officer Richard Draper, said he saw Kendra Kubis strike Borinski. Draper grabbed Kubis by the throat until he was able to put her in a grip called the sleeper hold, which can easily render a suspect unconscious.

While Kubis was being held by Draper, Lisa Vigil, a friend of Kubis, allegedly grabbed Kubis's arm and said, "Let's go." Vigil was then taken into custody and later charged with interfering with an officer. Kubis was charged with battery and interfering with an officer. They were handcuffed and taken outside, where both of them claimed to have been beaten by officers. Fraser, Kubis, and Vigil spent that evening in Las Colinas women's jail in Sanee.

The trial was a cavalcade of personalities from the San Diego music community: musicians, concert promoters, and rock journalists were all called to testify. The three

young women were tried simultaneously because the total of five charges against them arose from the same sequence of events. They hired for their defense attorney Veronica Roser, a veteran criminal lawyer. Deputy City Attorney Yesmin Saide Annen was appointed to prosecute the three women. A jury was selected on June 25 — seven men and five women, most of them more than fifty years old, but all middle-aged. And so began the trial.

Prosecutor Annen called to the stand six witnesses — all San Diego police officers, and all of whom virtually reiterated the same story... almost. Under cross-examination by Roser, Officer Fay was asked if he thought there were any residents in the hotel above the Skeleton Club and whether they had been disturbed by the music. Fay answered yes to both questions. Roser then asked him how he knew there was anyone in the hotel, since there had been no complaints from any residents. He answered that he assumed people were in the hotel because windows were open.

"It was a warm night," he said. However, when Roser cross-examined Officer Borinski, who claimed to have been hit by Kubis, as to why he was wearing a jacket that night, he replied, "Because it was cold." Roser continued to bring up contradictory points such as this (minor as they might have been) to cast suspicions on the officers' ability to recall basic material evidence.

Borinski, while testifying, began to give a history lesson on the origins of punk rock in London, England, but that testimony was objected to because the music being played that night at the Skeleton Club was not, strictly speaking, punk rock. It was apparent, though, that regardless of the label attached to the music and those who came to hear it, the police department had certain prejudices even before the disturbance began that evening. Officer Fay, for instance, told the court that the crowd was "bizarrely dressed."

And he said he saw people in leather pants, safety-pinned clothing, and even one person wearing a bra, white, and blue hair. (This description was denied by a half dozen defense witnesses, each of whom said the majority of the crowd wore jeans, T-shirts, and tennis shoes.) Another officer, a policeman named Barbara Schultz, was asked for his opinion of the music. "I know it's the kind of music I don't like," she said. She later said the majority of the music being played at "acid rock."

Prosecutor Annen, with the testimony of the officers, reconstructed the scene that night as one in which a small group of policemen faced a hostile, name-calling mob of 250 weirdly dressed punk rockers. She said it was in that situation that Kubis struck Borinski, and that Vigil tried to

(continued on page 12)





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## Do Go Near The Water

May I please add to the "City Lights" (July 10) article on the "Standard manuscript" Xanadu. G. W. Yez was accurate in her statements. But there wasn't much point to the tale (still). I have been a member for a year. After fifteen years of involvement with water sports, I can honestly appraise my co-swimmers as some of the most talented I have seen. We would like to address all San Diegans who enjoy aqueous recreation and appreciate unusual interpretive movement, come to see that show you've driven by for years. We believe you may realize its uniqueness and potential to become a San Diego highlight. Then please let the Standard management know. We are frustrated by severe limitations. Each night we strive to present professional creative entertainment as an art form, not a "middle class show." We sure could use some ribic support. Thanks, Linda Huxley, San Diego

## Note That We Print This Letter Before We Understand It

I trust your staff finds it comical to balance a published full-length article submitted by Jon Cohen, a free-lance writer unknown to you, by at least a statement of nonendorsement from the subject of the article ("No Room for Ship," July 10).

Although your publisher and editor called me about the article several days before publication, your act of hastily weaving in my original sentence reply to the author's first answer (which I promptly made up) to delete some of my many grossly inaccurate statements, without actually interviewing myself or the author (who is "out of town"), can at best be considered a gratuitous action on your part.

Furthermore, your photographer, reading his instructions, asked me to strike an "astounding" pose! Possibly my natural expressions will be so interpreted? As I wrote to Jon Cohen: "All people are complex. To state your observations about their behavior may possibly be correct. (Mr. Cohen's observations were appallingly inaccurate and virtually nonexistent.) To state your conclusions about their personality and motivations behind that behavior, after a cursory examination, is at best presumptuous, and most likely incorrect." How can higher-order cognitive processing relying solely on misperceived or nonexistent factual perceptions be sanctioned for a newspaper article, albeit hastily attempting to delete only some of the erroneous facts?

Whether the end result is flattering or unflattering is irrelevant; the net meticulous result is still fiction disguised as nonfiction. Note that I write this letter before seeing your

published article, or any possibly revised manuscript actually sent to you by the author. As regards my letter classes, I also wrote Mr. Cohen: "However, I do have more respect for my students than you seem to. Those who persevere in a hard discipline recognize their accomplishments. I believe they feel they are learning something about body dynamics and attention, and I do not believe they view the class the way you do." You draw unwarranted

## Letters

conclusions from your narrow perceptions, and defenses for a particular activity—a karate class, with its unique requirements to practice strong and fast techniques to eventually allow creative sparring, yet to minimize physical injuries highly correlated with weak, underdeveloped attitudes (focused, spaced-out, hostile, fearful, giving-up, etc.)—without realizing that this particular training methodology that depends on verbal rather than overt physical feedback is not suitable, and therefore is not (cannot be) practiced in other activities, including the more general daily lifestyle of most sensible practitioners. Some investigations on your part would disclose that Mr. Cohen, although we have never met previous to the interview for this article, does have his own peculiar cross to burn.

Finally, a point that may strike home: You do yourself a disservice by practicing such unnecessary standards of journalism. Many people, myself included, who read your paper and believe many of the articles because basically we want to believe them eventually will be forced to read (or not to read) them more as fiction than nonfiction. I shudder when I realize the potential misuse of the press on our political and economic institutions, only because I do believe there is much real hard work to be done by the press to improve these institutions.

Letter Inquirer  
Institute for the Study of Attention

## Kidney Punch

I am writing you regarding your article entitled "Charity Ends" in your July 3 issue of the Reader ("City Lights"). Within the article was mentioned a letter written on behalf of the Kidney Foundation director regarding the request for donors' names from United Way. The author of the article apparently interpreted the intent and the tone of the letter incorrectly, and used such words as "sharply worded letter," and "demanding." The letter was a business communication that was phrased, "I would like to request the following..." and "I look forward to your prompt reply to our request."

It was a factual business correspondence and had no intention or overtones of sounding "sharp" or "demanding" as the author interpreted.

We would be most happy to have anyone who wishes to review

this correspondence feel free to contact our office for an appointment to do so. Your Reviewer, director  
Kidney Foundation of Southern California

## Enjoyed Death

As a biologist, I really enjoyed reading Gordon Smith's article "Death of an Island" (July 3) and would like to see more reports of this nature. Natural selection is a vital, constantly ongoing process affecting the production of new species of flora and fauna, but isn't it amazing how Homo sapiens can change the events of time?  
Dennis Triglia  
Pacific Beach

## Injustice Of The Piece

In regard to "Bound for Boston" (July 3): Poor Rosie, stuck with those whining, sneaking, malicious semiadmits. Just what was this article about? A man's usual insensitivity to anyone or anything but his own comfort and convenience? Jokes about deafness? Was the editor on vacation? R. W. Bell, Jr., has the awareness of a can of spray paint. His article illuminates the universal tendency of men to fuck women over and justify it. J. Crofton  
San Diego

## Mark Of Zorro

Shame on Eleanore Widmer! Bowed as I usually am by most of her reviews, I must confess my regret at her recent review of Casa de Bandini ("Without Reservation," June 26). While I was, of course, entertained by Widmer's pleasant discourse on Uncle Louis (don't we all have someone like him?), I found myself severely disappointed that the appeared to be so blatantly ignorant of the preponderance of the cliché so much in evidence at the Casa Mexicana. It is, but hardly realistic. Unlike the park board requested, the management has done almost nothing to provide anything resembling a historic or educational experience, unless it might perhaps serve as the backdrop for a Zorro television show. If the taste of the food itself were the only criterion, I would agree with Widmer's commentary wholeheartedly; but a restaurant, particularly in such a potentially dramatic historic setting, can be so much more. In the latter category, a severe overhaul is needed.  
Golden Hill  
Golden Hill

## Uses Old Noelle

Regarding Steve Esmedina's parenthetical remark that the Grateful Dead's shared improvisations are "glib, extended noodling," his statement smacks of a similar comment made by Charles Haas in an article that

appeared in New West magazine ("Still Grateful After All These Years," December 17, 1979). Haas stated that a Grateful Dead jam session impressed him as "forty minutes of noodling." While the similarity is not extensive enough to level a charge of plagiarism, it does raise a question to Esmedina's knowledge of music broad and extensive enough for him to commit, objectively on every performance, week after week?

As for the charge itself, one Gary W. Ross of San Francisco wrote the following letter to New West (January 14, 1980) in response to Haas's comment. I feel it demonstrates a genuine understanding of what the Grateful Dead are attempting in performance, and a keen perception of a society that has forgotten that the hardest thing to tolerate is intolerance itself.

The letter stated: "Your article on the Grateful Dead, while correct, is nevertheless symptomatic of a culture which ignores its more significant and cultural clichés and thus renders themselves unintelligible to the mass mind." "Noodling indeed! The extended improvisations of the Grateful Dead, in their concert pieces, form an American legacy of experiences which at best are expansions of human consciousness into entirely new dimensions of awareness. When the magic is there, there are mystical experiences, auditory excursions into the naught, redolent with the meanings of alien worlds, as wild and untrammeled as the galaxy itself. To the trained ear this music preaches greatness, not death; it is a spiritual legacy which will insure the Dead a niche among the great artists of history long after their in-concert energy bulbs are only a warm glow in the collective memory."

The key concept here is: "when the magic is there." A Grateful Dead audience is one of the most tolerant and compassionate audiences an artist could hope to have. On nights when Jerry Garcia's efforts are the strained that one experiences, in effect, existentially anguished sympathy pains for his efforts, the audience remains supportive; the music plays the band.

While we are on the issue of Grateful Dead fans, need I remind the editors and Esmedina that to generalize is to discriminate? It is quite unfair to make a blanket statement about a group of individuals which insinuates they lack the free will which characterizes the curd, "normal" soul (i.e., Esmedina's opening comments regarding Ted Parry). In general, I think Esmedina's comments about Dead fans are demonstrative, once again, of his lack of knowledge about the band.

In conclusion, it would improve the Reader's music critiques to employ a writer with the dignity to admit to his readers that he knew of an act and was not interested enough to learn more. Such honesty is refreshing. S. S. Esmedina's use of Roger's *Thesaurus* is improving. *Secur Grim*  
Penny

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## Straight from the Hip

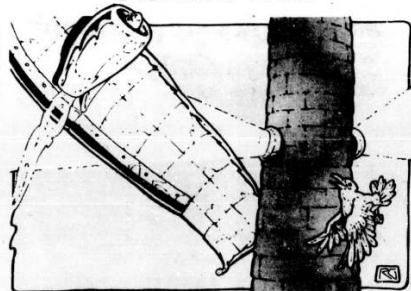
Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:  
The Encina power plant in Carlsbad, operated by SDG&E, has one very tall exhaust stack for gases. Near the top at night can be seen several red lights that I guess are a warning for low-flying coastal aircraft. Also, both during the day and at night I have seen flashing white lights, but I have not figured out their function. Please explain this light system to me.  
Ken Campbell  
Solana Beach

The white lights are for warning aircraft in the daytime; the red lights for night. The Federal Aviation Administration required the power company to install both kinds of lights on the exhaust stack, which stands 380 feet above the ground (400 feet above sea level). There are twice as many red lights as white lights, incidentally, since the red ones are spaced at ninety degrees from one another, and the white at 180 degrees.

Dear Matthew Alice:  
I have two questions related to nuclear power as used to destroy Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Are there still radioactive hot spots in these two cities? And can we use these cities and their survivors as models for our ability to regenerate ourselves in spite of a nuclear holocaust?  
Guyford Sisson  
Carlsbad

Apparently no lethal radioactive spots remain in either city. To the surprise of some scientists, plants were growing in Hiroshima within months of the holocaust of August 6, 1945. The initial flash of the explosion killed 100,000 people, and leveled every building but those of reinforced concrete, and yet it failed to knock out the city's trolley cars. The population of the city has recovered, too, but the



related first to inflation and second to the policy of the Federal Reserve Board. On March 14, the Fed announced to credit card operators (the large banks) that for every one hundred dollars they loaned to consumers, they would put another fifteen dollars in a special account to be held by the Fed without interest. The objective was to cool the average person's ardor for using credit by making it more expensive for the banks to loan easy money. As expected, some operators started to charge fees for credit cards. Meanwhile, the economy had started to sag into recession, and in June, with consumer credit already in a downturn, the Fed eased its restriction by requiring operators to deposit only \$7.50 per one hundred dollars loaned. On July 3, the requirement was dropped altogether, and now the Fed is preparing to refund all the money it had collected in its special account. Why, then, have the operators continued with their plan to impose fees? Because with higher interest rates everywhere, they have been losing money on credit cards for the past few years. When ordinary loans were going for eight and ten percent, a MasterCard account at eighteen was a good deal for the operator. But not so when the other rates increased to eighteen percent as well. Credit cards require much attention from banks; the machines and people needed to service their millions of loans are evermore expensive, and finally, with or without the Fed's anti-inflation policy, many operators have imposed fees as the most direct way of cutting their expenses and turning a profit.

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Starting next month my bank is going to charge me an annual fee of fifteen dollars for each MasterCard and Visa account. The bank says the Federal Reserve's credit restraints are responsible, but I wonder if that is true. Are there any local banks that will do not charge an annual fee for credit cards?  
Bob S.  
Chairemont

United California Bank will not impose a fee for the use of its MasterCard accounts. Instead, it will raise the interest on these accounts from eighteen to twenty-one percent. Most other banks are keeping the interest at eighteen percent and imposing a fee of twelve to fifteen dollars. But you have to consider what kind of world they would have to survive in.

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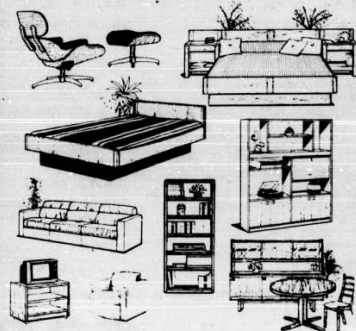
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George Artar

## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLED

(continued from page 1)

The infant government is plagued by factionalism — Basque separatists, fiercely geocentric Catalans, anarchists, workers, communists, and several shades of socialists all tug at the republic's new foundation. By July, 1936, the Catholic Church has formed an unholy alliance with Spanish fascists and monarchists. Together they rise in armed rebellion against the short-lived, legally elected government. Aid quickly arrives from fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. Fascist funds, troops, and sophisticated German weapons are thrust against the hapless defenders of the republic, who band together to establish the Popular Front, a coalition of diverse groups — anarchists, labor unionists, socialists — whose common goal is to rid Spain of the fascist elements that threaten destruction of their uncertain democracy.

Autumn, 1936 — The response outside Spain comes as fifty. Despite widespread popular sympathy for the cause of the republic, twenty-seven nations, including the United States, sign a nonintervention treaty and stand aside as the fighting intensifies. Only the Soviet Union heeds Spain's call for help, but the assistance is erratic. Trainloads of Soviet arms are detained for months at the French border and most munitions never reach their destination.

Private citizens representing fifty-three nations ignore the nonintervention treaty and intercede individually on behalf of the republic. Over two and a half years from 1936 and 1939, almost 40,000 volunteers stream into Spain to join various international brigades. Americans are the last group to join with the 15th International Brigade, which consists of Slavic, French, British, and Canadian battalions, as well as a battalion called the *Comintern*, comprising Cubans, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, and South Americans. Several United States battalions are formed, but due to early heavy losses, they consolidate and become the Abraham Lincoln Battalion of the 15th International Brigade of the Spanish Republican Army. They come to be known as the legendary Lincoln Brigade.

San Diego, 1980 — Dave Christ balances a Scotch and water on the arm of a crushed-velvet chair in his Mira Mesa living room. He awaits the arrival of seven

Ken Shuler

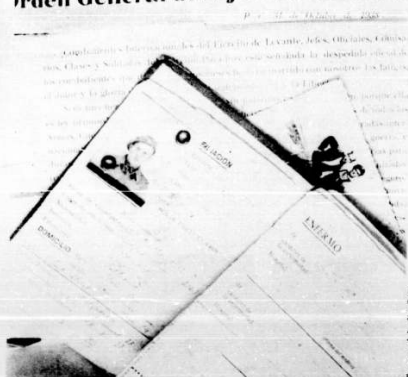
other senior citizens who survived the Spanish Civil War and are about to hold the first official meeting of the country's newest, smallest chapter of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Though they are only recent acquaintances, they are inextricably bound by their mutual membership in one of the most exclusive fraternities on earth. These graying grandfathers, who now live in the suburbs of San Diego, together experienced the most exciting adventure of their lives when they traveled to a foreign land in order to fight in defense of an ideal.

Impatient, Christ pours another shot of Scotch. His ruddy complexion, thick hands, muscular arms, strong, crazy features, and stocky build suggest Zorba, a quality captured in the portrait of him wearing a Greek sailor's cap. The painting dominates the living room. As he rubs the dark rings of sleeplessness around his eyes, he remembers how the Great Depression produced the radicalism of the Thirties, and then how the New Deal promised all things to all people. It was Franklin Delano Roosevelt's buoyant optimism, he recalls, that dispelled the apathy and despair of that time and began to fill him and millions of other Americans with hope. But the hope mingled with social turbulence from the labor movement and the universities, and it quickly spilled into politics. Democrats won at the polls but radical movements blossomed. Everyone had a plan for reform, from Father Coughlin of Detroit to Huey Long of Louisiana, from Wobblies to anarchists, communists, socialists, and Farm-Laborites. Yet the dichotomy between the promise and the reality was enormous. The flawed American Dream quickly doubled membership in the American Communist Party.

The conscience of the Thirties impelled action, and Americans also joined student groups, labor unions, and Popular Front groups, they attended demonstrations, supported boycotts, and marched on picket lines in a developing spirit of internationalism. High-school dropout Dave Christ, a sometimes grocery clerk in the Brooklyn neighborhood where he lived with his mother and sister, considered

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Ted Pinger

himself a member of the international working class. "I was barely twenty-one years old, unattached, and idealistic," says Christ, "and I didn't know communism from rheumatism. I was a political innocent. I spent all my time in the neighborhood — in Brighton Beach — mostly in the poolrooms." It was in those billiard dens, and in union halls, college campuses, YMCAs, social gatherings in private homes throughout the United States, and at street and park rallies that people kept up with national and international events. Spain was on everyone's lips. Gallup polls indicated that seventy-six percent of the American population favored the republic. *Time*, *Newsweek*, and other prominent national magazines sympathized along with those prophetic enough to fear the impact of European fascism. Sympathetic groups held fundraisers to buy ambulances, medical supplies, and food for Spain's struggling Loyalists. Letters were written to the Roosevelt administration protesting the selling of munitions to Italy and Germany. According to Robert Rosenstone in his book *Crusade of the Left*, these same arms quickly made their way into the hands of Franco's fascists and were used to kill American volunteers who suffered from lack of supplies and training. There were a few, however, who wished to do something more than write letters or drink martinis for democracy; and for those 3500 Americans who chose to confront reality in its most urgent, brutal form, the opportunity to reach the front lines in Spain quickly presented itself.

Christ remembers the Saturday morning when Joe Cuban showed up in the neighborhood. He had been wounded in Spain and was back in the States for some R&R before returning to the front. Some of the poolroom regulars attended street-corner rallies and meetings at the International Workers' Organization Center, where wounded veterans like Joe Cuban spoke glowingly of the purity of the democratic ideal. They said it was better to have bombs bursting in Madrid than in Massachusetts and that was why they were there — to prevent fascism from getting a grip on America. The theme was par-

ticipatory democracy in action and the slogan, "Make Spain the conscience of the world!" was the lure that weaned many young men from their families.

Joe Cuban was older than Christ's friends in the neighborhood. In his mid thirties, Cuban became a hero/mentor to those younger idealists who were interested in Spain. As momentum gathered, Christ became so inspired that he stowed away twice on ocean liners headed for Europe. He never got out of port, though, for in both instances he was discovered and reported to port authorities. After spending a couple of nights in jail, he found another approach: he joined the Young Communist League. With Joe Cuban's supervision, that group paved the way to Spain.

Besides an extensive word-of-mouth campaign (United States Communist Party chief Earl Browder was quietly sending his brother Bill to recruit New Yorkers), pamphlets were publicly distributed. Blatant recruitment advertisements appeared in *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, igniting ideologies among seamen (the largest occupational group to volunteer), students, teachers, longshoremen, miners, steelworkers, doctors, nurses, artists, writers, attorneys, barbers, butchers, musicians, elevator operators, machinists, plumbers — nearly every segment of American life was represented on the battlefields of the Spanish Civil War.

For those who went to Spain via the Communist Party, motives were carefully scrutinized to insure that potential recruits were "politically sound." The Party turned down all Trotskyites, for example, because Trotsky earned the distinction of being number-one on the Kremlin hit list. But Joe Cuban introduced Christ and his buddies to a direct route which bypassed the labyrinth of communist bureaucracy and even dispensed with the perfunctory physical exam. Acting as their exclusive contact, Cuban worked cryptically through a mysterious organization. He never mentioned names and referred to "them" only as "they."

Christ and the others assumed that "they" represented the Communist Party, but they were never certain. (continued on page 10)



## 40° ANNIVERSARIO DELLA COSTITUZIONE DELLE BRIGATE INTERNAZIONALI IN SPAGNA

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# FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLED

(Continued from page 8)

At that moment, Chriss's European counterparts were being guided to Spain on an underground railway headquartered in Paris, where workers of the world sang the "Internationale" and raised their hands with fists clenched in the greeting later adopted by the Black Panthers originated during the Spanish Civil War as a symbol of the Popular Front's opposition to the stiff Nazi salute. For Dave Chriss, the kid from Brighton Beach, the clenched fist was a rapid induction into adulthood. It also symbolized an opportunity to release his hostilities against the injustices he had been collecting during his twenty-one years—against his father who abandoned the family when Chriss was a child, against poverty and the Depression, against fascists who were out to smash the labor movement, and against the ominous Hitler.

The day Chriss got orders from "them" via Joe Cuban to grow a beard and mustache (which he still maintains) and spend several weeks at the beach getting tan in order to emulate the Latino stereotype of the Thirties, he knew he was in. Subsequent orders came to take a train to Philadelphia and report to the Spanish consulate, to pose as a Spanish national named Ricardo Fernandez David and request to be reunited with his "family in Spain." It worked. (The Communist Party, he found out later, had a man working at the Spanish consulate in Philadelphia.) This devious method was necessary because at the time, all United States passports were stamped "NOT VALID FOR SPAIN."

Chriss returned to Brooklyn, where he

was instructed to wait for another call. Several weeks later it came. Sworn to secrecy by the nameless network, Dave Chriss, two buddies, and Joe Cuban disappeared from the neighborhood without a word. His worried Russian-immigrant mother had no idea where he was until she received a post card from Spain. She responded immediately by joining the local chapter of the Friends of the Lincoln Brigade, whose function it was to write letters to the front to boost morale, write letters to Congress urging an end to nonintervention, raise funds, hold rallies, organize block parties, and send trading material, home-baked cookies, and cigarettes (which hardly ever reached their intended destinations due to a cigarette famine in Spain) to the boys in the brigade. Anyone donating a dollar or more was automatically considered a member of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. By the time Chriss was repatriated, his once apolitical mother had become a member of the American Communist Party.)

In December of 1937 in New York City, Chriss boarded a ship called the *U.S. Manhattan*. "There were six of us aboard that I knew of who were destined for Spain: me, Joe Cuban, two buddies from the neighborhood, and two others I hadn't met," he recalls. From the deck he watched the tip of Brooklyn and the sands of Brighton Beach fade away until there was nothing left of the world but sea and sky. Posing as off-season tourists, the volunteers slept in third-class cabins and carried only one suitcase each. "I have no idea who paid for the tickets. I never asked," says Chriss.

When the ship crossed the Atlantic and docked at Marseilles, Cuban took his young protégés on a train to Paris and showed them the city. "Since it was Joe Cuban's second time around, he knew his way. We did everything—the sights, the blue movies, and the whorehouses. We stayed at sleazy, third-rate hotels. Transportation, food, and lodging was paid for by 'them.' I suppose."

After three whirlwind albeit apprehensive days, the euphoria suddenly ended when the boys from Brooklyn were ordered to assemble with 150 volunteers from around the world and were put on trains headed for a small village near the French border. "The village," says Chriss, "had a fascist mayor and a communist chief of police, or vice versa. I don't quite remember which way it was. The flower beds and hedges in the center of town reflected its divided politics, though—one side was shaped in a swastika and the other in a hammer and sickle."

The 150 international volunteers, speaking a mélange of languages, were issued instructions to remain inconspicuous. So as not to arouse suspicion, they were told not to wander around town in groups larger than three. Several days later they gathered in a farmhouse and from there were sent in buses to the border, where they were each issued *oltramarinos*, the rope-soled sandals worn by Spanish peasants. It was midnight when Dave Chriss and the others crossed the Pyrenees and went off to war, equipped with little more than their Spanish/English dictionaries and a surplus of idealism. "We left at midnight and walked in single file, silently, without smoking, across the Pyrenees Mountains," recalls Chriss. "We lost two guys who fell off a steep cliff and disappeared. Then we lost another—shot to death by a French border guard. We had already reached the point of no return so we kept on going and by daybreak, we saw Spain. The long night had been discouraging, but now, with renewed spirit, we kept on hiking and suddenly we were there. Spanish guides met us along the way and led us through small towns to the fortress of Figueras, where we were welcomed in different languages."

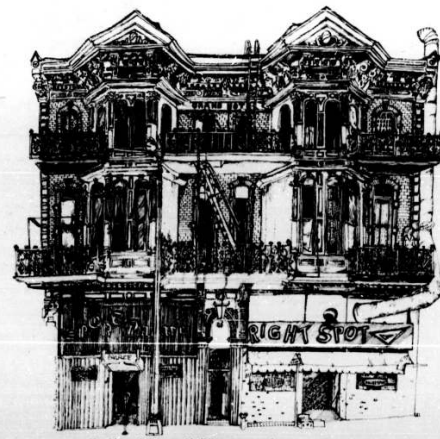
The ringing doorbell interrupts Chriss's story. Tamara, his second wife of eight years, is a tall, gray-haired woman of sixty-two who tonight wears a sedate navy-blue jumpsuit. She opens the door and greets Georges Auvar, secretary-treasurer of the San Diego chapter of the

Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade. The white-haired gentleman insists on using this pseudonym; it is the one that appeared on his forty-three-year-old Spanish passport. Auvar covets the past; for at age seventy-two, it seems to hold more validity for him than the future. "I love in a mobile-home park near the Mexican border. My neighbors are mostly retired military and they're a very conservative lot," he explains. "I don't want to alienate them with my past affiliations—or my present. My wife and I belong to the South Bay Senior Citizens Club and we don't want to be conspicuous there, either." On the huge oak coffee table in the living room, Auvar places some Spanish Civil War memorabilia from his vast collection—political posters, shrapnel preserved in plastic bags, yellowing handwritten letters of commendation, medals from the Spanish Republican Army, an old army cap, and other political and social relics from the Spain of the late Thirties. "Each one of these items has a history," he says.

Harry Holborn arrives with Auvar. His conservative brown suit and tie and his gentle demeanor suggest a country doctor rather than a temporarily retired TV salesman at FedMart. "I've been laid up for over a year now due to injuries when I was hit by a car, but I'd like to get back to work at least part-time to save enough money to take an African safari," he says. "I've traveled to fifty-four countries and now I'm broke."

Holborn recalls his trip to Spain in 1937. He was the only one of the veterans in this particular chapter who had been married at the time he enlisted. "My wife and I were living in Albuquerque. I sold encyclopedias during the Depression and then I sold men's wear—anything I could get my hands on. Business was terrible. It was hard to make a living, but when you're twenty-five years old, you don't worry. My wife and I were avid readers, we kept abreast of world events and were very much aware of the situation in Spain and how threatening it was to the rest of the

(Continued on page 14)



Horton Hotel (one of the threatened buildings downtown)

## San Diego Is About to Commit City-cide

The city council has before it on the agenda of July 21 a proposal to turn five entire city blocks downtown into a giant parking lot. If the council goes ahead with the idea, San Diego will lose forever its most beautiful and oldest theater, the Lyceum, as well as six other historic buildings.

Why destroy an entire urban neighborhood? Redevelopment officials say they want to build a shopping center. But what do the facts say?

**1** Independent auditors hired from Los Angeles by the city council itself now question the financing of the proposed shopping center and conclude that, should the center fall through, the only alternative would be to keep the unsightly parking lots.

**2** The city is so strapped for cash to tear these buildings down that it is postponing sidewalks, roads, trees, and other public improvements in other parts

of downtown, so that the money set aside for these projects can be used for demolition costs.

**3** Redevelopment officials say that because developer Ernest Hahn has loaned the city \$1.5 million, the shopping center is "guaranteed." But what does developer Hahn get as security for his loan? A first trust deed on a block and a half of prime downtown property (between 1st and 2nd Avenues).

**4** Redevelopment officials are counting on a better economy, a better bond market, and better times in general before moving ahead with the shopping center. But so far, no developers have signed binding agreements of any kind. And who knows what the future will bring?

In the face of all of these doubts, is it really a good idea to authorize demolition of an entire downtown neighborhood? Wouldn't it be wiser for the council to use great caution in proceeding with its redevelopment effort?

## Help Stop City-cide

Call your city council representative and ask him or her to hold off on the destruction of downtown.

(Bill Mitchell, 236-6611; Bill Cleator, 236-6622; Bill Lowery, 236-6633; Leon Williams, 236-6644; Fred Schnaubelt, 236-6655; Mike Gatch, 236-6616; Larry Stirling, 236-6677; Lucy Killea, 236-6688.)

Send a check to Committee for Fiscal Responsibility, P.O. Box 28, San Diego 92112 (this committee is now fighting the downtown demolitions in superior court) or to Save Our Heritage Organization, P.O. Box 3571 San Diego 92103.

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Skeleton Club, April 26, 1980

## City Lights

(continued from page 3)

free Kubis after the latter was captured by Officer Fraser. Then, after asking the officers from what distance they could hear the music (four blocks was the common response), in order to complete her case against Fraser, Annen rested the prosecution.

It was the testimony from the defense witnesses that provided the dramatic highlights of the trial, as well as the elements of humor that pervaded the courtroom spectacle. One of the first witnesses was Bruce Joiner, the singer for the Unknowns. Joiner said that after turning down the volume three times, he was able to hear people talking in front of the stage. The next witness was another member of the Unknowns, Mark Neil, who said the volume of the music was "ridiculously low." With the aid of defense attorney Roeser, Neil then played a tape recording, made the night of the arrests, of the song being played when Fay arrested Fraser. There was obvious delight on many faces in the courtroom, including Judge Patricia Cowett, at hearing reggae music being played in the staid municipal courtroom.

Roeser music critic Steve Esmedina was called to the stand and asked if the music being played that night was punk rock, as alleged by the officers. He said it was not. He was also asked if he heard the music from outside the club. He said he had parked his car two blocks away and that he could hear the music from there. That response, though, came as a complete surprise to the defense attorney, who had been trying to prove that the



March 26, 1980

volume of the music was too low to be heard at that distance.

Other defense witnesses included Tom Arnold, publisher of *Kicks*, a rock music magazine published monthly in San Diego; two band members from the Wigs, who were also on that night's bill at the Skeleton Club; Pearl Clemons, a sixty-five-year-old woman who had come to the club at her daughter's request to hear the music; the three defendants themselves, the mother and brother of defendant Kendra Kubis; and other patrons of the club on the night in question.

The defense rested after presenting testimony from eighteen witnesses over the course of the eight days of trial. Court was recessed early Tuesday afternoon last night, and then resumed at 3:20 p.m. with the prosecution's closing arguments.

Deputy City Attorney Annen wasted no time in attempting to discredit each of the witnesses individually. As for Kubis, Annen spat out venom: "If Kendra Kubis had acted like a lady that night, and not a wild woman and a tiger, Officer

Draper would not have had to use as much force on her as he did." She said that Fraser was finally arrested because she addressed Officer Fay in "a sarcastic tone of voice." Tom Arnold, Annen said, was not a credible witness "because he had to be told to leave three times by the officers and was nearly arrested himself." (Arnold firmly denies this.) In fact, the only witness for the defense who Annen said was telling the truth was Esmedina, when he said he could hear the music two blocks away.

When the defense attorney offered her final argument, she raised the subject of Esmedina's testimony. "As you know," Roeser told the jury, "Mr. Esmedina looked to be a little uneasy in court. I think he made a mistake in his testimony. He said he heard the music two blocks away as he was walking toward the club, yet when he arrived at the club, he testified he saw Miss Kubis being taken out by Officer Draper. But as we know, Kubis was not arrested until some time after the music had already stopped. I simply put it to you, and I don't like saying



April 26, 1980

this about one of my own witnesses, but I think he was mistaken." (Esmedina said later that he thought Roeser's original question about the volume of the music was ambiguous, and his answer reflected that ambiguity.)

Roeser also hammered at the jury about the prejudices of the policemen, citing Officer Schultz's testimony that she was "upright" about going inside the club and Officer Fay's comments about someone with red, white, and blue hair, when there was no evidence in favor of such a description. She also insisted that there were at least two interpretations of everything that happened that night.

Whereas the prosecution said Kubis was resisting, Roeser said Kubis was quite likely unaware of just who was grabbing her from behind (noting that a person cannot be charged with resisting an officer if there is no way for that person to know the individual being resisted is indeed an officer). Roeser pointed out that what may have been considered "loud noise" to a policeman may just as well have been "good music" to someone else (and, she added, there were no complaints from any citizen about the volume of the music). "The law says," Roeser told the jury, "that if there are two reasonable interpretations for a piece of evidence—one favoring the defendant's innocence and one favoring the defendant's guilt—you must select the interpretation which favors the defendant's innocence."

With that, the defense's final arguments were completed. The prosecuting attorney was given one more chance to rebut any defense evidence (because the burden of proof is on the prosecution, the prosecution is always given the last word), and the matter was handed over to the jury on Wednesday July 3—thirty-three in the afternoon.

The twelve jurors then retired to deliberate the matters before them. Each of the

defendants was facing misdemeanor charges which could result in fines and even jail time, as well as a criminal record which could be with them the rest of their lives.

Laura Fraser: two misdemeanor charges of disturbing the peace. Lisa Vigil: one misdemeanor charge of disturbing the peace and one misdemeanor charge of resisting arrest.

The jury could not have known at that time, though, that each of the defendants had been offered a compromise: they could accept the lesser penalty of a fifty-dollar fine and a municipal misdemeanor offense of disturbing the peace—a minor charge compared with the actual charges brought against them. But the three women were so assured of their being found innocent that they rejected the offer.

The jury may very well have known, however, that their decisions could affect the future of rock music in San Diego. If they were to come out of the deliberation room with five verdicts of guilty, they would be saying, in effect, that no music could be played if it met with disapproval by the police. The crucial facts—no citizen complaints, a willingness to reduce the volume when requested, proper zoning—all would have indicated dismissal of the charges against Fraser. If the jury were to determine that citizen complaints were not necessary for a charge of disturbing the peace, the implications would be that the police could use the same enforcement techniques at any other nightclub in San Diego which features live music.

Court was dismissed that Wednesday afternoon and the jury failed to come up with a verdict in the time left them that day. They returned to the courthouse the following day—exactly one week ago—at nine in the morning. For the next six hours they

(continued on page 20)

## Restaurants

### Don't Talk of Tacos

ELEANOR WIDMER

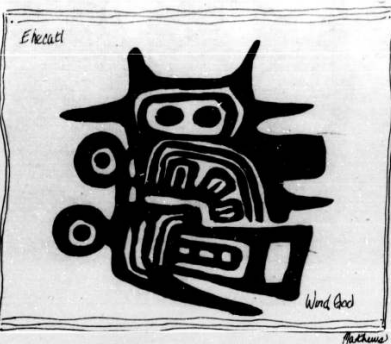
**The Restaurant:** Gran Teocalli  
**The Location:** Paseo Encarnación and Paseo Playas, Playas de Tijuana, Tijuana (7-2935)  
**Type of Food:** Mexican  
**Pricing:** Dinner, fixed price of seven dollars  
**Hours:** Open daily, 11:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., except Sunday-night closing time of 8:00 p.m.

In her remarkable work, *Cuisines of Mexico*, Diana Kennedy, one of this country's foremost authorities on Mexican cooking, clarifies the title of her cookbook. "There are many cuisines that have grown up from pre-Columbian times to the present," she writes. "The regional dishes of Sonora or Jalisco have practically nothing in common with those of Yucatan and Campeche... in Oaxaca, certain chilis are grown and used that are found nowhere else in Mexico." She describes geographical topography and its contribution to Mexican cooking, as well as the influences of French and European styles of food preparation.

Then she adds, "Yet today in the United States, a country that shares a 2000-mile border with Mexico... far too many people know Mexican food as a 'mixed plate': a crisp taco filled with ground meat heavily flavored with an all-purpose chili powder; a soggy *tamale* covered with sauce that turns up on everything—no sweet and too overwhelmingly onioned—no a few fried beans and everything else that looks and tastes like the rest. Where is the wonderful play of texture, color, and flavor that makes up authentic, well-cooked Mexican meals?"

Where indeed? It's no secret that I am often reluctant to review yet another local Mexican restaurant (or, for that matter, another Americanized Tijuana restaurant) because of the sameness of the menu. I try my best to enjoy combination plates, rice, and beans, but after awhile I feel like the bride who was asked by her ardent groom, after they had been requested for a week, whether or not she wanted to see King Kong. She replied, "One more mention of it and I'll scream!" Well, one more mention of tacos and tostadas and I'll scream.

Last week this period of deprivation from the variety of true Mexican cuisine came to an end. A friend of mine, whom I regard as the foremost expert on Mexican food in this area, phoned to tell me of a Mexican restaurant worthy of attention. My friend is a well-known gourmet and the former operator of a fine Mexican establishment. He said, "I have tried feelings about telling you about this place because I don't want it spoiled by too many people. But it deserves some mention."



Within forty-eight hours, my friends and I were on our way. The restaurant is called Gran Teocalli (temple of the gods) and it is located in the seaside suburb of Playas de Tijuana, about ten minutes from the border. To get there you head for the toll road to Ensenada, which is not difficult to find. Before you come to the first toll gate, the road dips and rises; spread before the horizon at that point is a building that looms up like a gorgeous magenta birthday cake. The turnoff to Playas is clearly marked, and you really can't miss the shrinklike building (the menu even designates it as "a temple of Mexican cooking").

Once inside you will be stunned by the decor. The main dining room has two domes that are completely tiled. Many, many thousands of tiles must have been used to create this intricate ceiling, as well as the walls. Interesting clay pots adorn the walls and an anachronistic European-style chandelier provides the artificial light. Daylight comes through gorgeous stained-glass windows, and the floor is tiled in terra cotta squares. It's worth the trip just to see this room.

As my informant told me, you won't find Americans here. However, several waiters speak English. I was fortunate enough on my visit to be in the company of a friend whose native language is Spanish, and she kindly translated the menu, which is printed in Spanish only. The dishes on the menu, which changes approximately every three months, are culled from the various regions of Mexico—Veracruz, Puebla, Yucatan, Campeche, Hidalgo, and more. Each is distinctive and prepared as it would be in that part of the country. I

tasted four regional entrees (we were a party of three) and the sauce of a fifth. Fourteen are offered in the current menu, and I therefore can share with you more than a third of the offerings, all of which were ordered on the suggestion of our waiter.

The dinners have a fixed price of seven dollars (the bill will be presented in both pesos and American dollars). They include a large plate of appetizers, a large bowl of soup, the entrée served with rice, flan for dessert, and a truly marvelous spiced coffee. You can't beat that for price.

The opening dish consists of a variety of appetizers made with stuffed corn tortillas. Some look like little pies, others like thin rolls. The stuffings vary from mashed potatoes to meat, and there are tiny, open-face tostadas, heavily accented with chilitos. The tortillas, both corn and flour, are made by hand and not with a press; thus they vary in thickness. Try not to eat too many appetizers, no matter how tempting, because you should sample every course.

Three soups are offered: vegetable with chicken, another with a vegetable/beef base, and a third made from tortillas. Caldo Tlalpeteño is the one I recommend. It's made with chicken, is full of vegetables, and is thought to have properties that will reduce hangovers—in Mexico it is consumed for breakfast on Sunday mornings just for this reason. The broth is piquant but not fiery, and it is altogether marvelous.

Among the main dishes offered are el clásico mole, chicken mole from Puebla; la cochinilla pibil, pork baked in banana leaves, from Yucatan; la barbacoa de ternera, barbecued veal from Tlaxcala; and el

queso relleno, literally stuffed cheese, but actually a stew-like dish made with cheese, ground beef, and ground pork.

The sauce of the mole dish (which includes a large portion of chicken) is made from a combination of herbs and spices (everything from cinnamon and coriander to pumpkin and chili seeds), green tomatillos, stock, sesame seeds, and chocolate. It is not sticky or cloying—but it is hot. The waiter wanted to be kind to me and he spooned the remaining mole sauce on my veal as well, but it was too spicy for me and I had to change plates with my friend. For those of you who can take the chili seeds, though, the mole will prove stimulating. You can sop up the sauce with the homemade and most delicious warm tortillas.

The pork barbecued with banana leaves is also a zesty find, showing not the slightest evidence of grease. Both the pork and the veal arrived shredded and they taste somewhat similar. Therefore, I suggest you order one, not both.

As an afterthought I ordered el queso relleno, and this dish was a knockout—I would make the trip again just for it. Prepared from a cheese that's similar to the Greek feta, it's cooked with ground pork and ground beef in a sauce or gravy. You can place this cheese "sauce" in a tortilla or eat it with a fork. I'd never tasted it before and it's wonderful. My informant had also mentioned the tongue in almond sauce. When I inquired about this, the waiter brought me a taste of the sauce. If you like tongue, you should try it.

Following the main dishes, which come only with rice (no refried beans, no salad, no vegetables), we had a fine flan (custard) and a truly fragrant and aromatic coffee spiced with cinnamon.

The whole meal, which, with a bottle of wine, came to twenty-nine dollars for three, was indeed remarkable. Afterward, I asked to speak to the woman chef who produces these varied dishes, and she came forth shyly to shake my hand. Considering the width and breadth of the menu, she does an extraordinary job of preparing each one meticulously.

Mention should be made of the fact that Gran Teocalli is now the scene of a wine-tasting exhibition that will take place on both of the remaining Wednesdays in July, and this will afford you the added opportunity to taste many of the wines produced in Mexico. In any event, you will be rewarded for taking this ride. The delightful atmosphere and cuisine, the attentive and concerned service, all happily transcend any Americanized version.

I'm saddened to announce that one of my favorite Tijuana restaurants, Victor's on Agua Caliente Boulevard, burned down last week. There's still another branch in the heart of downtown.

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## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLED

(continued from page 10)

world. We attended rallies together and then we went to some socialist meetings in Albuquerque. We talked it over and agreed that I should volunteer to fight the fascists in Spain before they came to the United States. So I kissed her good-bye, collected my art supplies — I had been an art student, too — and under the banner of the Socialist Party I took a bus to New York City, then got on a ship, and before I knew it, I was sitting in a sidewalk cafe in Paris with three other volunteers. Picasso, who had been living in exile in Paris at the time, came over to us, applauded our efforts to save his country's republic, and ordered several rounds of drinks. By that time I had already had twenty or thirty drinks, so the details are a little fuzzy. Picasso drew individual sketches of each of us and signed them and gave them to us. The following day when my companions were discussing it, I couldn't find my sketch. I was too drunk to remember where I had put it. I must've left it on the table at the cafe. It's possible that the waiter picked it up. He must be a wealthy man, if he's still alive.

"Then, when I got to Spain, I became a buck private — and was never demoted," he grins.

Enter Ken Shaker. Tall, elegant, affable, with classic good looks, he appears

much younger than his sixty-four years. He presently sells life insurance and lives alone in a West Point Loma apartment, but makes occasional Friday-night forays to Mission Valley night spots. "We're not a beer drinking group. We're established to further the fight against fascism." For the most part, though, the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is more of a social and historical society than a political pressure group. Along with other posts scattered throughout the United States, the San Diego group are vaguely linked together by a twelve-page publication called *The Volunteer*, which originated on the Spanish front in 1937 and is now mailed to the various posts from an apartment in Torrance, California. Almost half *The Volunteer* is taken up with obituaries (about 400 volunteers are still alive), while the rest deals with annual reunions, group pilgrimages to Spain, and legislation affecting the veterans.

Some of the members of the new chapter don't show up. Mark Rauschwald, for instance, had been busy painting in his Spanish Village studio, readying for an art exhibition, and said he "just wasn't up to it." But those who are present collectively remember conditions that greeted their arrivals in Spain. The uniforms of the volunteers rarely matched; they were all shades of gray, green, olive drab, and khaki. Some men were issued long pants, others breeches, some short jackets, others long overcoats, some had caps, others bare heads, others none at all. Even extensive swapping didn't make the recruits look much like real soldiers.

Supplies were depleted to the point where no underwear, socks, coats, or

Chris — New York to Philadelphia. Jose Simon Perez was his January, 1938 passport pseudonym.

Klein succinctly explains the purpose of the San Diego organization: "We're not a beer drinking group. We're established to further the fight against fascism." For the most part, though, the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is more of a social and historical society than a political pressure group. Along with other posts scattered throughout the United States, the San Diego group are vaguely linked together by a twelve-page publication called *The Volunteer*, which originated on the Spanish front in 1937 and is now mailed to the various posts from an apartment in Torrance, California. Almost half *The Volunteer* is taken up with obituaries (about 400 volunteers are still alive), while the rest deals with annual reunions, group pilgrimages to Spain, and legislation affecting the veterans.

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Supplies were depleted to the point where no underwear, socks, coats, or

shoes were issued (the men usually went off to the trenches wearing the *alpargatas* in which they had hiked the Pyrenees, or the shoes they had carried with them from New York). "When the *alpargatas* wore out, we were barefoot from the front," Dave Chris recalls.

"We were never barefoot," insists Klein. "We always had *alpargatas*." "Well, I was barefoot," says Shaker, "and it was damn cold! After a bombing raid, when we inspected corpses lying out on the field, I rushed over to one who had a pair of shoes on his body and fortunately for me, they fit."

"The food, when there was some, wasn't bad," says Chris. "We feasted on stinky stew and mule meat."

"There were always garbanzo beans and lentils," Klein reminds him.

"I ate better on the front lines in Spain than in World War II. In France and Italy, all we ever had at the front were cold C-rations," adds Shaker.

"And cognac," recalls Avian. "Even on the front in Spain we always had a daily ration of cognac."

"Yes, the Spanish government had a high degree of civility," says Klein.

"The cognac was the only thing that kept us warm. We had no blankets or bedrolls. We slept on the cold ground. Liquor was all we had to keep us from freezing."

Holbert says, "Sometimes we were so close to the enemy trenches that at night I could hear the Moors singing in Arabic. They were white robes even in the trenches."

One of the characteristics of the Lincoln Brigade was informality. Officers ate with the men and were addressed by first names. No one was required to salute. Another phenomenon was the train-as-you-go program. The urgency of the situation in Spain, coupled with a lack of modern weapons and supplies, meant training was usually haphazard. "We had some old Russian guns left over from the First World War and we had some Czech Mausers," Klein remembers. "It was a motley collection."

After firing only one or two shots, the old rifles often jammed, and under a heavy barrage of enemy fire, the men quickly scrambled into the foxholes that they had dug with their helmets or with their bare hands (there were no shovels available). Losses were heavy; eighty percent of the men were severely wounded.

At the old fortress of Figueras, Chris had originally been assigned to the machine-gunners' unit. "We trained for a couple of weeks. Then we were sent in small army trucks to meet the rest of the 15th Brigade, who had been getting ready for the Ebro offensive, which was to be the last major battle of the war. We kept pretending that we were being attacked, and then one day we were!" The units were scattered. Chris lost contact with the

(continued on page 18)

## Four on a Ledge



Bruce James, Fran Stone, Jeff Mann, Amy Lynn Levine

JEFF SMITH

A local philosopher named Ken jokingly confessed to me recently that the one virtue of living in an alienated society is that people leave you alone. In Hillel Schwartz's newest play, *Leapfrogs*, which opened last Saturday night at the Stratford Studio Theatre in Del Mar, only half of Ken's observation (he was joking, I think...) is true. *Leapfrogs* is about four disaffected people, all of whom, by coincidence, find themselves on the thirty-fourth-floor ledge of a building ready to make that one small step into suicidal oblivion. And they are unable to leave each other alone.

Schwartz, whose previous works are *Animal Park* and *Arbit*, both wrote and directed this play, which he calls "a comedy of sorts" about the problem of suicide — an unromantic combination, on the surface at least, if ever there was one. The author complicates things further by breaking up his play into three musical structures: the first act is a scherzo, the second a fugue, and the third a canon. The result is an ambitious drama that often has the earmarks of a *tour de force* but that occasionally tends to choke itself with its own complexities. In effect, the play is a meditation not only on suicide but also on the related problem of personal failure.

Act one is structured by the musical analogue of a scherzo, a light or playful

movement. Just before sunrise, a woman who later facetiously refers to herself as Nadia crawls out a window onto the ledge of a building. Her intention is clear. But a young supermarket stock boy named Rob has chosen the same day, time, and floor of the building to perform a similar act. The two people meet and bemoan each other's presence, worrying about how it would look if both went at once and about how it might diminish each person's attempted triumph over the will to live. The juxtaposition here achieves both comical and serious contrasts between the two, since Rob, who has gone through life without ever succeeding at anything (he even forgot to leave a suicide note), becomes less certain of his intentions, whereas Nadia's eloquent nihilism, which denies any intrinsic meaning to life, intensifies. It is her thirty-fourth birthday, and she has chosen it to be her "quietus" — her final discharge from duty, her extinction.

To complicate matters, Irene and George, two window washers, discover Nadia and Rob. While George merely wants them to move along, Irene offers her comfort and wisdom, the latter derived almost wholly from the lingo of popular psychology. Sensing a "serious human dilemma," Irene encourages these "imperfectly centered people" to "share" some of their "feelings" with her. The exchange between Irene and Nadia, the absolute yea-sayer and the confirmed nay-sayer, is a powerful indictment of abstract jargon when it is applied to partic-

ular situations.

During the fugue (act two), which Schwartz's copious program notes describe as a "flight" from actuality (the phenomenon of keeping "out of consciousness something which is too painful to be faced"), Irene falls from her window-washer's seat. Was it an accident? Was she pushed? In a trance-like state of mind, George details his life with Irene and what it meant for him to live with another person — how this person would always be there wanting to know everything about him, and how he would constantly have to explain himself. In the meantime, Rob, who has decided not to jump and has left the ledge, returns with Renee, who is both a new-age magazine reporter and more than just the hint of Irene's ghost having leapt back to the ledge. This sequence, aside from George's moving and disturbing speech about having to share his life with another person, is the least successful part of the play. The issue of whether or not George actually pushed Irene hangs in suspension as his mind takes flight. The formal machinery is most evident here, and the clumsy, fugue-like apparatus provokes a chorus of squeaking chairs in the theater.

Act three is structured like a musical canon ("a composition in which several voices begin at fixed intervals, one after another, and in which each successive voice sings the strains of the preceding one"). Now there are four people on the ledge. It is sunset, and each character articulates his or her responses to the situation, to the others, and to the meat that is their lives. This section, with its subdued mood and hasty dance of fragmented speeches, effectively unravels individual motives while at the same time melding the voices deftly into a complex study of the themes of the play.

Among the subjects covered in the canon is a self-reflexive discussion of how the play should conclude, with each character opting for a different way to end, and thus to regard, the story of their lives. The possibilities range, of course, from everyone living a rejuvenated existence to everyone making the leap. I will leave the conclusion up to the air, so to speak, in the chance that you may choose to see this work for yourself.

*Leapfrogs* is at times witty, deadly serious, and original. The combination of subject matter, genre, and musical structures achieves various effects, some quite impressive, others less so. One would not wish it to be one minute longer, on the one hand, since sections of the play tend to drag, weighted down by the self-imposed, dual demands of form and the different pinnings required by each musical structure. During these moments one senses the flexings of the author's dramatic muscles. He seems more concerned with

his ability to juggle his unwieldy tasks rather than with the more pedestrian concerns of drama: development of character, plot, and theme. Where the play succeeds, on the other hand, is in its orchestration of voices, a symphonic blending of tonalities, intentions, and feelings. This effect, most pronounced at the beginning and especially the ending of the play, grants access to four perceptions of the suicidal impulse, four personal definitions of what it means to fail at living, and thus four reasons for standing at the self-chosen edge of one's being, knowing it doesn't add up, and, as Nadia says, knowing all that's left is "abstraction."

Hillel Schwartz is a poet, often a very good one. *Leapfrogs* has a rich verbal texture, filled with vivid imagery and metaphor. It also shows a sensitive eye for detail and an impressive intelligence. At times, however, Schwartz's verbal proliferations tend to overreach their mark, and the drama becomes wordy and ornate. On these occasions the playwright appears compelled by a baroque urge to say everything possible about his subject and to dazzle the ear with linguistic pyrotechnics.

The performances varied in quality. Bruce James's Rob had a dash too much of Steve Martin about him, but for the most part the actor was able to derive both sympathy and laughter from his comical, serious fumbings on stage and in his role as a perpetual loser. Jeff Mann and Amy Levine were competent as the window washers. And the Nadia of Fran Stone stood out. Throughout the play, because she has been "scraped hollow of her dreams" by a mysterious, blind woman who exercised a form of mental dictatorship over her, Nadia has gone beyond the need of most suicides to justify their act not as one of weakness but rather as one of strength. She has reached a "moment empty of drama or vanity" — a moment tough for an actress (or actor) to sustain for long without beginning to lean too hard against one of the two sides. With understanding and skill, and with only a few lapses, Stone was convincingly in that place, an intense voice at the bottom of meaning.

The set design by Jay Vanos, with the ledge of the thirty-fourth floor jutting into the audience, achieved a spatial intimacy in the theater. To extend this illusion just a bit, the audience was, in effect, trading air, thirty-four floors up, during the course of the play. The air was occasionally hot, often thick and suffocating, and at times surprisingly fresh and clear. Even amid the reservations I have voiced about *Leapfrogs*, I appreciated Schwartz's work and left the Stratford feeling my evening well spent. It was also comforting to climb down the thirty-fourth floors from my seat in the audience to the ground below. □

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

Shaw the critic considered himself fully possessed of the truth on all subjects from economics and linguistics, to European history, to the nature of the cosmos. He stated these truths at great length in the prefaces to his plays, deeming the prefaces so important that he insisted they be included in any printing of the play they were attached to (an insistence perpetuated, under the terms of his will, to this day). As

pend only on Christianity ever written. The play is a brilliant, carefully considered, splendid still a further essay; to *Andronicus* and the *Lion*, in which he defined the dramatic technique he followed. "In this play," says the author, "all such perceptions essentially are: an attempt to suppress a propaganda that seemed to threaten the interests involved in the Roman persecutions of Christians and maintained in the name of 'piety and justice by politicians who are pure opportunists.' The play is written for this reason to believe that there was anything more in the Roman persecutions than the simple desire for power and domination. But aside from the preposterousness of these views on Roman and Church history, written by a man who believed that the Roman persecutions were the work of the Emperor Nero, the play is a tedious, tedious, tedious, one wonders whether any audience seeing *Andronicus* in the theatre would be able to follow the author's judgment as to what the play is all about. In fact, most audiences are convinced that this is a play about a tailor and a woman who is in love with him. It does everything it can to confirm that conviction.

San Diego Rep has made a tradition of this kind of popular theater during their summer comedy festivals, and they have developed a rough-and-ready, broadly farcical style that constitutes their own special signature. We see it here, for example, in the raucous scene director Jacobs has concocted for the second act. A mad scientist, dragged on by ropes, catches havoc among his captors, inadvertently knocking them all out by causing them to smash into each other. Splendidly choreographed and played with perfect timing, the scene — for which there is no warrant in the script — is pure San Diego Rep, and a wonderful, fully satisfying thing to ring the curtain down on. (The scene is, of course, farcical (figuratively speaking). The sausage is in full operation in the prologue that introduces Androcles and his wife trading through the jungle. Neither Mark Wenzel, with his unassuming manner and singsong delivery, nor the exorbitantly histrionic Joe Strain, throwing her bare thighs figure and voice into every word, is quite as convincing as the other two.)

Similarly unsuitable — and similarly irresistible — is the lion, played with wonderfully expressive comic realism by Gary LeWinter. Mr. LeWinter has clearly spent some time observing the behavior of lions, for his imitation is often strikingly like the real thing — but there is always the humorous inflation of the natural gestures, in the manner of Walt Disney creatures, along with the drop expressions of the face, to turn the imitation into a farcical mime. Some other characters are treated in the same way: the fierce, magnetic, terrifyingly evangelical Ferrovius (played as a devastating caricature by the Rep's Sam Woodhouse, a charismatic actor if there ever was one); the excessively foppish, insolent clown who mistakenly provokes him (Daniel Osmani); the excessively

So much for Shaw the authentic comic playwright and what Mr. Jacobs and his lively crew have done with him. The other Shavian is unfortunately also present in *Androcles*. Shaw the purveyor of superficial ideas, Shaw the inventor of clatrap paradoxes, Shaw the writer of literate, witty, empty dialogue on intellectual subjects he has no competence in. Here, this lesser Shaw — unavoidable pest that he is — is chiefly represented by two mouth-piece characters: Lavinia, a Christian prisoner destined for the lions, and a Roman captain who urges her to save her life by dropping a pinch of incense on the altar of one of the Roman gods, as the law requires. It is the usual Shavian debate, carried out by personages who are there for that purpose only, and it exhibits the playwright's usual depth of penetration into the

But whether one takes Lavinia's words as a stupid assertion about early Christianity or as a stupid assertion about modern Christianity, there is only one way of speaking them to achieve any kind of theatrical effectiveness. What is required

is a high British rhetorical style: suave, eloquent, artificial, patrician. Even if the content is nonsense, at least the manner can be right — the pleasing, vapid music of the words. But *Laurea* is not making polite conversation. Alas, the relevant actors in the San Diego Rep production are not up to the task. The style and the content do not attempt it, and the monologue captain, with his slurred consonants, often cannot even make himself heard. But *Laurea* and *Lavinia* are doggedly tramping through their lines, the spirit of Death-in-Life seems to take possession of them. *Laurea* is not, as the critic could be forgiven for thinking, the British manner: the "philosophical" passages he reconciled with the pure Americanism of the play. *Laurea* has stage rage? *Laurea* would have been a better playwright if he had gotten free of his second act. *Laurea* is a better play than *Lavinia* and *Laurea* would be a better play without *Lavinia* and the captain. If the San Diego Rep had been a little more intelligent, it is less fault than Shaws'. Forewarned, and in a mood for understanding entertainment, you would probably have been there.

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## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLED

(continued from page 14)

machine gunners when he tried to save one of his neighborhood buddies. "One minute we were joking about some girls in the old neighborhood and the next minute a shot was fired and he was slumped over dead." Stunned, Chris remained with his friend for a long time, pondering his death, then pondering death itself. And then he wandered around dodging bullets in a half-dazed condition. "I had lost complete contact with my group and I was all alone out there. Bullets were flying when I ran into a kid from Brooklyn whom I hadn't seen since I was about fourteen. What a strange reunion it was. He was in a transmission unit attached to Brigade headquarters. I was lost and had nowhere else to go, so I went back with him to his unit."

Some of Chris's experiences at Brigade headquarters smack of *M\*A\*S\*H*. "Whenever communications broke down, they sent me out with a reel of wire on a pole to find the broken lines. When I'd find one, I'd splice it back together and then I'd listen. If the voices I heard were German, I knew I'd spliced the wrong wire."

When Chris was put on guard duty, the

workings of a rifle were explained. He was then asked, "Ya got it now?" and he replied, "Yeah, I got it." Then he sat on a stump (rather than move around as he had been instructed) with the rifle resting across his legs and he began to review the procedure to try to understand how his weapon worked, since he had never used one before. He thought he had put the safety on, and to test it he pulled the trigger. It fired and hit a water tower, barely missing a group of men getting water. "So I wound up in the brig for seven days," he says sheepishly.

On his second day at the Ebro River, he was sent out to repair some lines. He was strafed by enemy aircraft. "I jumped into a *horrera*, a ditch, when a stray bullet hit me in the arm. When the bombing stopped, I sought refuge in a nearby cave, where I stayed for three or four days. It was dark and eerie and it stank and there was no food — just me and a lot of dead bodies and the sickeningly sweet smell that never left. On the fourth day, fascist patrols came and searched the cave. I played dead. They poked a few of the bodies with their bayonets just to make sure no one was still alive. They discussed throwing in a grenade just to make sure everyone was absolutely dead, but then decided not to waste the ammunition. Luckily for me, they left, but I knew it was no longer safe in that cave — they could come back again. So I waited until dark and managed to get out of there. Somehow, I reached the

river and I swam across. My unit had been retreating due to heavy enemy fire. I had the feeling I'd never see them again, but eventually I did. They got me to a hospital where I spent four and a half months recuperating from the bullet wound. One of four of us who went to Spain from Brighton Beach, he was the only one still alive. Joe Cuban and the others were buried in the olive groves."

Holborn had been hospitalized, too — once for double pneumonia and on another occasion for frostbite. While bedridden, he had been visited by author Langston Hughes and by singer Paul Robeson, who was an encouraging speech to the wounded volunteers. "He gave a concert right there in the hospital. Shortly afterward, the hospital was bombed and an entire wall in my room was blown out." Auvan had a degree in engineering from Princeton and was a member of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians. When the union suggested that some of their members volunteer, Auvan left his job as a surveyor for the government and went to Spain where he became a first lieutenant. After having sustained arm and shoulder wounds, he was on leave in Madrid (which was still in Loyalist control) when he stopped for some wine one morning at El Chicote, a bar frequented by foreign correspondents. "A large man walked in and shouted, 'Whiskey y quinini!' Since Spaniards don't drink whiskey and the voice sounded

American, I asked him who he was. He came over to the other end of the bar where I was standing and introduced himself as Ernest Hemingway, and then he commiserated with me about my arm being in a sling." Auvan cinnibers.

"Hemingway was a nice guy," Klein says. "Every time he came to visit the front, he brought plenty of cigarettes with him and he handed them out to everyone. Everyone liked Hemingway."

"Hemingway was full of crap," Chris snaps. "He pretended around like a Hollywood celebrity. I saw him every day for months at Brigade headquarters. His descriptions weren't authentic. He romanticized everything and it wasn't romantic. We had lice and we had dysentery. It never left; we had it for the duration. We ran through muddy trenches with our pants down around our ankles. Nothing romantic about that."

"I spent an afternoon with Hemingway and I don't remember a damn thing," says Holborn. "I was too drunk!"

"I missed meeting Hemingway by five minutes," recalls Shaker. "We were on leave in Madrid and had heard that his hotel suite at the Florida Hotel was a haven for thirty International Brigades, so we decided to pay him a visit. One of his friends welcomed us and invited us to help ourselves — whiskey, unlimited. Hemingway had stopped out for a few minutes but had been expected momentarily. We poured ourselves a drink and then

left — we were all twenty-one and we hung over for sex more than we did to meet Hemingway."

Klein remembers the camaraderie. They would join together and sing "Hang the Bastard Franco to the Apple Tree." And he remembers Jim Lardner, author Ring Lardner's son, who had become Klein's squad leader. "He left his job as a correspondent for the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* because he wanted to make history, he said, rather than write it. He did. He got hit at the very end of the fighting — it might have been the last day. They found a press card on his corpse."

The International Brigades had been fighting in Spain for twenty-one months when, in the autumn of 1938, the Spanish Republic appealed to the League of Nations to have all foreign troops removed. They knew that their cause was doomed and in some inexplicable way, they felt their pride would be restored if the war became a matter of Spaniards fighting Spaniards in the end. According to Auvan, the Lincoln Brigades were given a beautiful sendoff by the citizens of Barcelona and by the government of Spain. "We marched through the streets and people wept openly and blew kisses as we passed. By Spanish government officials handed out medals to the volunteers, but medals were considered bourgeois by the International Brigades. So when we were being repatriated, the 15th Brigade gave each of us something they considered more practical — fountain pens."

Holborn spent some of his time in Spain sketching the Spanish countryside and the Spanish faces of war. But when he left Spain in the fall of 1938, his art supplies and sketches had disappeared. "I had plenty of money, though. I was a good card player and I always won at poker, so when we were sent home, my pockets were bulging. We were shipped to a small town near the French border and then those of us who could walk, walked, since train space was scarce and was used only for the wounded. There were, our heads shaved (we were systematically deloused every month), wearing bandages and ponchos, and handling our money, sometimes as much as a thousand pesetas notes at a clip to those we met along the way who looked the poorest. All Spain was starving. In 1937 he was twenty-five years old, single, and without parents. His brothers, sisters, and friends were all sympathetic to the cause of the Spanish Republic, so he enlisted through the Committee for a Democratic Spain and was repatriated after a delayed shell-shock reaction.



in France was over. The French government knew that during the strike the presence of the International Brigades would be an inspiration to the strikers, so even before the strike ended they got rid of us. Our group was put on a French merchant marine ship with an unseasoned crew; I think it was their maiden voyage. We took the northern route via Newfoundland during the dead of winter, but we made it."

"Who paid your passage home?" asks Klein.

"Damned if I know! Who paid yours?" replies Chris.

"Who knows?"

"Who cares? We got home, didn't we?"

As these veterans all speak at once, arguing with memory, it becomes apparent their impressions of the war and their own experiences have been altered by forty, three years. That their memories are too frail a thread on which to hang history, it is impossible to expect from them a definitive tale of how it really was in Spain. What is certain, however, is that despite the terrible tragedy and its terrible toll in lives, for these men, in retrospect, the war was the high point of their lives.

Holborn says he had no homecoming difficulties, nor was his return publicized in Albuquerque as it had been for all veterans debarking in New York City. As a loner, his commitment to Spain has been the only collective action of his life. He returned to his wife, played cards and backgammon, taught bridge, continued his art studies, sold appliances, remained a registered Democrat, and moved to San Diego twenty-eight years ago, where he assumed easily into the mainstream. He didn't make contact with the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade until several months ago. "I was cleaning out my attic and came across an old foollocker that was full of Spanish Civil War mementos. I donated them to National Brigade headquarters in New York City for their archives. They sent a thank-you note and put me in touch with the other veterans who were living in San Diego."

The transition to a civilian life was not so simple for some of the others. By the time he had returned from Spain, the streetwise Dave Chris had mastered a dozen trades, and soon he married. His wife was expecting their first child when the United States officially entered World War II. Chris was one of 300 men in the country who were granted a presidential draft deferment due to their importance to national defense. "Since the United States was relatively new in the submarine field, we only had thirty-three submarines in the fleet. There were three periscopes for every submarine. Two men in the entire country knew how to repair those periscopes. One worked the day shift, and I was on nights. When the government needed

(continued on page 21)

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## FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLED

(continued from page 21)

in the trenches near the Ebro River forty-two years ago. The sense of fraternity that had inspired Orwell, Hemingway, Lorca, W.H. Auden, Malraux, and many others had not diminished. "Veterans came with their families—three generations, some of them. They gave me the names of some of the veterans living in San Diego and when I returned, I got in touch with them right away," he says.

Then in April, Chris, Klein, and Auvan attended the UCSD screening of a French documentary made in 1964 called *Tu Die in Madrid*, which told about the role of the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War. Afterward Auvan addressed the audience of political science students (the film was sponsored by the Committee for World Democracy) and reinforced the Brigades' impact on history. Chris then volunteered some remarks about why they all went to Spain. "We can't let the world forget," he says now. "These students should know about the war and why it

happened—so it won't happen again."

Of those men who fought in Spain, some have made their peace with society and have meshed their political and social beliefs with mainstream American politics. Others, Prager and Auvan, for instance, have remained philosophical radicals who insist on left-wing solutions to the world's problems. This gathering in Mira Mesa perhaps reflects in microcosm the diversity of the 400 veterans in posts throughout the country. Klein is meditative. "It does no good to harbor old hatreds," he says. Holborn, who is addicted to world travel and has recently been to the U.S.S.R. and the Middle East, has never again set foot in Spain. At seventy, he lives an apolitical life. After his wife's death, he made a list of everything he'd always wanted to do—to go up in a hot-air balloon, in a glider, make a parachute jump, visit the Galapagos Islands—and he has systematically done them. "Maybe a thousand years from now people will be responsible for their own lives and won't be dominated by any particular form of government," he muses.

Auvan, the eternal activist, recently spoke out against draft registration to an audience of students at San Diego City College, explaining how the war he volunteered for forty-three years ago was morally right, but a war for oil would be morally wrong. "I'll stand up and explain to anyone, or I'll carry on a correspondence with anyone about Spain's truths," he says as he packs up the memorabilia he

treasures. "Franco introduced a dictatorship and left a kingdom as his legacy. The Spanish people have carried on a constant struggle and the republic will shortly be reestablished. *Viva la republica!*"

Shaker prophesies a slow process of world domination by the U.S.S.R. He sees a dangerous parallel between the foreign policy of the Carter administration and the appeasement doctrine of Neville Chamberlain. Great Britain's prime minister from 1937 to 1940. "Neither man could make a tough decision. Now, no one has the guts to stop the encroachment of Soviet power as it moves across the Middle East or even when it used Cubans to move into Angola. Sure, there was initial outrage, and then, eventually, acceptance. That's precisely what happened when Hitler moved into the Rhineland. Although his aggressive nature was recognized, politicians and statesmen were afraid to make tough decisions—just as they're afraid today. Of course, the spirit of the times was different then, but there's a danger of history repeating."

Prager, who has visited Spain several times since his involvement in the Spanish Civil War, is disturbed by the ubiquitous fascist graffiti in that country. He says the elements of fascism are cropping up everywhere in the world and warns that he should be aware of them. "There are so many signs that the United States is moving quickly to the right."

"We were all profoundly affected by our experiences in Spain and none of us

will ever get over them. The defeat was heartbreaking. I haven't mellowed a bit. As a matter of fact," continues Prager, who is presently a member of the Friends of the Soviet Union Cultural Society, "my sensibilities have sharpened. I'm against a war for oil. The greatest danger I see is the billions being spent today for armaments. What we need is bilateral disarmament instead of a draft. If we prepare for war, that's what we'll have—war!"

A visit to the hallway bathroom reveals the Chris's affinity for American oak. Everything, including the vanity top and magazine rack (containing issues of *Trailer Life* and *Camper World*), has been built by Chris himself, of oak. He is not an apologist for materialism—not for the Mercedes Benz in the garage, the Jeep in the driveway, the well-equipped motor home in the back yard, the bar which contains a huge assortment of the finest liquors, or for the nervous French poodle that scampers across the manicured lawn. The way he sees it, these symbols of prosperity are not in contradiction with his past (and brief) affiliation with the Young Communist League. "According to communist doctrine, nothing is too good for the worker. Maybe Mira Mesa is what Marx meant by a worker's paradise." Chris winks as he lights a Pall Mall. "Now that I'm through fighting the fascists and the F.B.I., I'm waging my own personal war against the I.R.S. So far I'm winning. Wanna hear about it?" He grins and pours another Scotch. □

## Off the Cuff

What foods do you try to avoid?



Todd Hixon  
Age Eleven  
Spring Valley

"Turnips. I have a good story about turnips I can tell you. One day my mom put some turnips in the stew. I ate it 'cause I thought it was a potato. My whole face turned purplish-red. I was standing there with my mouth open. I tried to swallow it and I couldn't. My mom said, 'Close your mouth and eat 'em.' I know I must be allergic to them. After everyone left the table I took them and threw them out. I also try to avoid chopped-up fruit in a can. Have you ever tried them? It tastes fake. I don't think there's much to this 'natural' stuff. You buy it and it's not so hot."



Jennifer Martin  
Age Ten  
Mission Beach

"I try to avoid fish—any kind of fish. It's hard to explain. I think it has something to do with the way they cut their heads off. I live by a lake in Illinois and we go fishing. I like to catch them. I caught three by myself once but when I saw what my dad did to them, I couldn't try it. They were so pretty—sunfish. I avoid casseroles, too. I spread it around on my plate so it looks like I ate some of it. On the plane to San Diego they served snacks made out of turkey and salmon...together! Ugh! I was hoping for a B.L.T. on white toast."



Frank Signorelli  
Age Eleven  
La Mesa

"Liver. My nephews eat it really fast. I can't stand watching them. Any cereal they advertise on TV to bribe kids into wanting it. The cereal usually turns soggy two seconds after you put the milk on it. Shrimp that you have to watch your mother peel so they look like caterpillars and you can't eat them. The corn dogs at school. When you pull them out of the plastic wrapper, a black wrinkled thing comes out and the coating stays inside. I auction off my dill pickles in the cafeteria for cookies and potato-chips and Zingers, which are like chocolate Twinkies. The teachers are trying to put a stop to it."



Stephanie Byram  
Age Seven  
Serra Mesa

"Pears. Can't eat them. I spit them out. Especially the canned ones. Sweet potatoes. I don't like them because they're usually burnt. I pick at my green beans and I leave them on my plate. I don't eat mixed vegetables. There's something in them I don't like—it's white, round, and has bumps on it. I don't know what it is. Cheesburgers—yuck! I love tacos. Now if my brother was here he'd hate everything, but he's at my grandmother's until August. I wouldn't eat spinach for a million dollars and I know that's a lot of money but I still wouldn't."



Teiko and Shosuke Nishida  
Ages Seven and Four  
Pacific Beach

"Teiko: I don't like seaweed. I don't like the way it tastes. Shosuke: I like ketchup and I don't like mayonnaise. Teiko: I don't like celery—I don't like the way it tastes. Shosuke: I don't like the taste either. Teiko: I love chocolate-chip ice cream and I love cheesecake. Shosuke: Me too. I like ice cream and cake put together. Teiko: We have a McDonald's in Japan but my mother doesn't like hamburgers so we don't go. Shosuke: She hates them. Teiko: We just went to Boston. Shosuke: Niagara Falls was very beautiful. Teiko: I think that's all. Shosuke: That's all for me, too."

—by Jin Lukary

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## Section 2

# Events, Theater, Music, Film



Beauty and the Beast

## Literary Fairy Tale

"Do you love me, Beauty?"  
"Oh, what shall I say?" cried Beauty, for she was afraid to make the beast angry by refusing.

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without fear," he replied.

"Oh, no, Beast," said Beauty hastily.

"Since you will not, good-night, Beauty," he said.

And she answered:

"Good-night, Beast," very glad to find that her refusal had not provoked him. And after he was gone she was very soon in bed and asleep, and dreaming of her unknown Prince. She thought he came and said to her:

"Ah, Beauty! why are you so unkind to me? I fear I am fated to be unhappy for many a long day still."

She may look high and low in the fiction section of the library, but you will not find a more dramatic piece of dialogue than this one. The terseness, the conflict, the mystery, the simple narrative surface, and the complex psychological depth —

Madame de Villeneuve proved herself one of the great masters of the literary fairy tale when she wrote this passage in the early Eighteenth Century. The problem the story deals with (without ever stating it explicitly) is as vitally important today as it was for the authors over 200 years ago: can a woman accept — and love — the animal drives of a man, along with his power, his goodness, his charm, and his handsomeness?

Can she find her love for the enchanted Prince with her fearful attraction to the Beast he has become?

The answer in the story is, of course, "Yes!" — and it is obviously of crucial importance to the continuance of the human race that real live women, starting in their childhood, come to the same conclusion. That is what fairy

enchanting the Prince as a punishment for boorishness, fought about him for 300 years, and then masterminded the adventures of Beauty and her family in order to bring about a happy ending.

The play will be presented by the drama department of San Diego State, in a production (continuation on page 3, col. 3)

## At The Races

Because my father was an inveterate horse player, our daily lives often revolved around the placing of a two-dollar bet. Every day brought with it new possibilities for hope, and my father, especially when unemployed, would study the racing forms as if he were an astrologer divining our destinies through the stars. My mother wrung her hands, my grandmother wept. All to no avail. More than once my father had to be delivered from the threat of an estate broker, but also more than once we were financially saved when he won a daily double. Chrs was a life dominated by magic and chance. The risks made it all the more poignant and the obsession all the more intense. Toward the end of his days my father would wink at me and say, "Darling, be sure I have two dollars in my pocket when I go. I just may want to place a bet on the other side."

My father, who arose at dawn to study "the comment," would have been delighted with some of the new innovations at the Del Mar track, which will open its forty-first season next Wednesday, July 23, and provide a run for anyone's money for forty-three days.

through September 25. For the first time in its history the track will offer Early Bird Wagering from 8:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. Long a standard practice in Mexico, Early Bird Wagering allows lovers of the turf the opportunity to place bets before they set off on their ordinary rounds. It is also true for those who want to avoid the crowds the grandstand terrace during that two-hour period.

Another innovation for those who want to enjoy an

accelerated heartbeat will be that of the Pick Six. If you win six races (from races two through seven) there will be a daily bonus that may range from a hundred dollars to as much as any horse player's dream.

Six former national champions — each number-one in a particular year for highest numbers of wins and purses — will be riding at Del Mar: Eddie Delahoussaye, Sandy Hawley, Chris McCarron, Darrel McHargue, Lettie Pinney, and the ubiquitous Willie Shoemaker.

There's also a strong (continuation on page 3, col. 4)



Photo by Robert B. Berman



## Artistry & Stamina

Any serious fan of pugilism (who, like myself, if the decision was between watching an important bout or attending his mother's funeral, would sit down and figure out how to do both) will undoubtedly agree that the

heavyweight division of professional boxing is composed of a sorry lot. Ever since Leon Spinks stepped into the ring with Ali a few years back, the division has been a total bore. You've got your basic milquetoast champions in Larry Holmes and Mike Weaver, who couldn't put away their opponents even after delivering 146 punches to the chin. And you've got your out-of-shape, washed-up, yet tap-dancing challengers like LeRoy Jones and Scott LeVaux who, God help us, are given shots at the title. Wasn't it bad enough that Jones,

whose swells of fat were rolling over the top of his trunks during his bout with Holmes, was ranked number-one, thus qualifying him for a title match? Did we also have to endure last week's just-as-embarrassing LeDoux-Holmes fight? LeVaux, the Great White Dove, has replaced Duane Bobick as the designated punching bag with arms used by fighters to further their careers. As Los Angeles Times sportswriter Jim Murray pointed out, the next time LeVaux fights he might as well just send his head, because he's the only part of his body he uses

anyway. With so many busters running amuck in the heavyweight category, most of the attention is beginning to shift to the lower weight classifications. Among the more noteworthy standouts are Salvador Sanchez, the WBC featherweight champion, and Sassi Mambu, who wears the crown in the WBC super-lightweight division. Both are boxers rather than fighters, and their recent title defenses showed off their artistry and stamina, with neither champ

(continuation on page 3, col. 4)

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## 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 *Events Editor* reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR**, P.O. Box 80833 San Diego CA 92188.

### Music

**Summer Sunday Concert Series** will continue with a performance of works of Rossini, Dvorak, and Schubert by a string and flute ensemble led by Elizabeth Ashmead. Sunday, July 20, 11:30 a.m., Marquis Public Theater, 1717 India Street, San Diego. Free. 298-7674.

**Summer Concerts in Chula Vista** will feature Jazz Ensemble, Sunday, July 20, 4 p.m., Memorial Bowl, 385 Parkway, Chula Vista. Free. 575-5284.

"With a Song in My Heart," a program of songs for summer afternoons, will be presented by soprano Patti Merrill and accompanist Janice Finn. Sunday, July 20, 4 p.m., McEvoy Music Center, 4210 40th Street, San Diego. Free.

"A Triumphant Farewell," an organ concert dedicated to Chaplain and Mrs. George Boyd of the Naval Training Center, will feature James Hansen, Sunday, July 20, 7 p.m., North Chapel, Naval Training Center, Point Loma. Free. 461-0308.

**Jazz Concert** featuring Dick Braun will be presented Tuesday, July 22, 7 p.m., Casino Theater, USD, Alcala Park, San Diego. Free. 291-6480 x4196.

**Summer Music Series** will feature baroque and classical selections performed by cellist Lyle Kiehl and violinist Mary Karon. Tuesday, July 22, 7:30 p.m., Book Works, Vantage Center, 1521 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. Free. 741-9079.

**Chamber Music Concerts**, featuring local musicians in trios and quartets, will begin with a performance on Wednesday, July 23, noon to 1 p.m., Maryland Hotel auditorium, 6337 Street, downtown. Free. 233-0141.

**Bandalla Music** of the Philippines and gamelan music dance of Bali will be performed in conjunction with the summer program of the Center for World Music. Wednesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Music Building Recital Hall, SDSU. 265-4242.

**Summer Night Concert series** will present a musical "Salute to Broadway" with the Croomston Pops Or-

chestra conducted by Henry Brandon. Wednesday, July 23, 9 p.m., parking lot between the Broadway and Beckley's, Croomston Center. Free. 465-2900.

"Evenings in the Park," a series of outdoor concerts, will be offered Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, through July 30, 9 p.m., Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park. Free. 236-5410.

### Lectures

"The Art of Exhibition Design" will be the topic of a lecture by Darcie Foreman, the museum's curator of exhibitions. Thursday, July 17, 6 p.m., San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

Mainland China will be the topic of a lecture presented by Rev. Joseph Spivey of Belgium. Thursday, July 17, 7:30 p.m., Camino Hall lounge, USD, Alcala Park, San Diego. 293-4585.

Nevada's Open Spaces will be the topic of a lecture by Charlie Lough, sponsored by the Sierra Club. Friday, July 18, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-7144.

**Music Tuning and Microtonality** will be the subjects of two lectures presented by the Harry Parrish Foundation and the SDSU music department. "Developing an Intonational System Based on the Fibonacci Number System" with mathematician and music theorist Gene Wahl. Sunday, July 20, 10 a.m. to noon and 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., room 207, Music Building, SDSU. "Improvisation with Microtonality" with instrument builder and composer Jonathan Olstein. Jr., Monday, July 20, 5 to 6:30 p.m., South Recital Hall, Music Building, SDSU. Free. 265-6031.

**Andrei Sakharov: Humanist, Scientist, Symbol of Human Rights** will be the subject of a lecture by fellow physicist Sidney Dell. Monday, July 21, noon, D.C. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 456-1800.

"Exploring Your Mind: Time and Turn, it Out!" a lecture for teenagers, will be given by Carol Baras and Mike Cain, as part of a "Target: Teen Tune In" series. Wednesday, July 23, 3 p.m., Baras Foundation, 2255 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. Free. 291-5252.

**Contemporary Problems in Biology** series will continue with a lecture titled "Stress and Human Health," presented by Dr. Ross Vickers of the Naval Health Research Center. Wednesday, July 23, 7:30 p.m., Room 100, Social Science

Building, SDSU. Free. 265-6767.

"Lights in the Sky," a planetarium show on the *Antares* Revolve, comets, meteors, and other sky illuminations, will be shown Wednesday, July 23 and 30, 7:30 p.m., Palomar College Planetarium, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150.

"On Writing," a lecture by local novelist David Weitz, will be given Wednesday, July 23, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 456-1800.

### Film

**Summer Silents** film series will present Dorothy and Lillian Gish in *Orphans of the Storm*. Thursday, July 17, 8 p.m., Music Patio, Palomar College, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos; and Joan Crawford in *Dancing Dames*. Wednesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Del Mar Shores School quad, 9th Street and Stratford Court, Del Mar. 744-1150.

"Rookie of the Year" with Jodie Foster and *The Foolish Frog* with Peter Onor will be shown Saturday, July 19, 10:30 a.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5838.

"The Voyage of the Hokule'a," a film that chronicles the voyage of the Rev. Terry Cole-Whittaker, a seventeen men in a canoe as they sail between Hawaii and Tahiti, will be shown Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, Mission San Luis Rey Highway, Road of Oceanic. Free. 757-3651.

**Summer Backgammon Championships** will be held Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, Royal Quality Inn, 4875 North Harbor Drive, San Diego. 234-3621.

**13th Annual Mission Bay Sand Castle Contest** will take place Sunday, July 20, with registration at 10 a.m., judging 1:30 p.m., and awards 2 p.m., Crown Point Shores, Mission Bay. 276-2800.

**Dungeons and Dragons Tournaments**, featuring fantasy and role-playing, will be sponsored by Toy Craft, Sunday, July 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., 4130 Bonita Road, Bonita. 433-0929.

**White Horses from Vienna**, the Royal Lipizzan Stallions, will never and leap Sunday, July 20, 2:30 and 6:30 p.m., Golden Hall, 202 C Street, downtown. 236-6510.

"A Geological Happening," the sixth annual gem and mineral fair sponsored by the Fallbrook Collector, will feature lectures and films, an exhibition of gemstones and minerals, and guided tours of the desert. Saturday, July 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Mission Valley, 238-1233.

### Special Events

**Open House** at the San Diego Women's Center will feature entertainment by Womanong and a potluck dinner. Thursday, July 17, 5:30 p.m., Center for Women's Studies and Services, 908 E Street, downtown. Free. 233-8984.

**New Games Festival '80**, featuring carpool and other noncompetitive games, will be sponsored by Televisi 11. Friday, July 18, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., 31st Avenue and Laurel Street, Balboa Park. Free. 280-1828.

**Antiques** will be on show and sale Friday, July 18 and Saturday, July 19, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday, July 20, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., 31st Avenue and Laurel Street, Balboa Park. Free. 280-1828.

"An Evening with Uri and Terry" will present Uri Geller and the Rev. Terry Cole-Whittaker. Saturday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., Fox Theatre, 730 B Street, downtown. 232-6331.

**Feasts of the 182nd birthday** of Mission San Luis Rey will include Blessing of the Animals, Los Caballeros del Camino Real Trek recreating the Rev. Terry Cole-Whittaker's barbecue. Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, Mission San Luis Rey Highway, Road of Oceanic. Free. 757-3651.

**World Championship Over-the-Line Tournament**, the 27th annual, will feature 600 teams in an elimination tournament, concluding Sunday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, 7:30 a.m. to dusk, Puma Island, Mission Bay. Free viewing. 233-3351.

**Soccer Soccer**, the San Diego Red Sox will play the Tampa Bay Rowdies, Saturday, July 19, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 280-0040.

Corrida, matadors Antonio Llerena, Fermín Espinosa ("Armelita"), and Miguel Espinosa ("Armelita chico") will fight bulls from the Cero Vero Ranch, Sunday, July 20, 4 p.m., downtown ballroom, El Torero de Tijuana. 293-3940.

**Padre Basilla**, the San Diego Padres will line up against the Pittsburgh Pirates, Tuesday, July 22 and Wednesday, July 23, 7 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 281-4494.

**Bicycle Track Racing** will take place on Tuesdays, through August 12, 7 p.m., San Diego Velodrome, 1600 Field, Balboa Park. 296-1570.

**Fallbrook Collector**, 912 South Live Oak Park Road, Fallbrook. 728-9121 or 434-9763.

"Beauty and the Beast" will be performed by the SDSU Children's Theatre. Monday, July 21 and Tuesday, July 22, 10 a.m.; and Wednesday, July 23 and Thursday, July 24, 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.; with drama workshops for children each day at 9:30 a.m., Main Stage, Drama Building, SDSU. 265-4363.

**Clowns**, the California Clowns will present a children's program Tuesday, July 22, 3:30 p.m.; Sera Mesa Library, 3440 Sandrock Road, San Diego. Free. 276-0540.

**Summer Puppet Shows**, featuring hand puppets, rod puppets, or marionettes, will be presented every Wednesday and Friday through Sunday, until September 1, 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park. 276-1634 or 466-7128.

**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, 416 miles east of La Jolla (291-8271); and the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Florida Canyon, Balboa Park. 232-3821 x46.

### Sports

**Third Earth Month Run**, a 10K event to benefit San Diego Children's Hospital, will be held Saturday, July 19, 8 a.m., 1. Ego Course, Balboa Park. 235-0066.

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**Boyle film** on TV will include *The House of the Living Dead*, and *The House of the Dead*, Monday, July 21, 8 p.m.; and *High School Musical*, Tuesday, July 22, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

**Options series** of radio programs highlighting American literature will present a profile of Tillie Olsen with interviewee Susan Stangor. Wednesday, July 23, 7 p.m., KFBM-FM 89.

**Soccer Soccer** against the New York Cosmos will be on the air Wednesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

"Uncommon Women and Others," Wendy Wasserstein's play about a reunion of five women seven years after graduation, starring Mary Streep, Swaine Kurtz, and Jill Eikenberry, will be shown Wednesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

"Pissed An Exhibition at the Walker Art Center" a program on a current exhibition in Minneapolis, will be televised Wednesday, July 23, 9:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"The King and I," the 1956 film starring Yul Brynner as the king and Deborah Kerr as I, will be screened Thursday, July 17, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

Luncheon San Diego will feature abstracter Paul Brenner discussing his theories of holistic medicine. Friday, July 18, 12:30 p.m., KFBM-FM 89.

"The Fortune," a 1975 film starring Jack Nicholson, Stockard Channing, and Warren Beatty, will be aired Friday, July 18, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

**Padre Basilla** will be broadcast from the Chicago Cubs, Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, 11 a.m., Channel 8 and KFBM 760.

**Sunday Opera** will feature a production of Bizet's *Regina* by the Houston Grand Opera. Sunday, July 20, 1 p.m., KFSO-FM 94.1.

**Landscapes and Land Rapes**, an exhibition of photographs by Gene Kennedy, will be on display through July 24, Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon.

**National Exhibition 1980** of the San Diego Watercolor Society, a juried selection of 87 paintings from 1043 entries, will be on view through July 25, Band Hall Gallery, 101 University Church, 4190 Front Street, San Diego. 278-5478.

**"Civil Engineering"**, an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, books, and designs by downtown artist and designer Richard Stegman, will continue through July 31, 552 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 233-1977 or 233-7880.

**Construction Drawings** by Jeff Low will be exhibited through July 31, A.R.T. Deady, 310 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-7373.

"Details," an exhibition of Polaroid photographs by Mark

## TO LOCAL EVENTS

**Horse Racing**, the forty-first season of the Del Mar Thoroughbred Club will feature forty-three days of racing, nine times daily except Tuesday, from Wednesday, July 23 through Wednesday, September 10, first post at 2 p.m., Del Mar Fairgrounds, 295-1400 or 755-1141.

**Stock Car Racing**, featuring super and limited stock cars, will continue for the twentieth season, Saturdays, through September 20, 8 p.m., Cajon Speedway, San Luis Obispo. 448-8900.

### Radio/TV

**Republican National Convention**, concluding its quadrennial appearance, will be covered Thursday, July 17, from Detroit at 4:30 p.m. on channels 8 and 10; at 5 p.m. on Channel 39; and at 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. on KFBM-FM 89.

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"Uncommon Women and Others," Wendy Wasserstein's play about a reunion of five women seven years after graduation, starring Mary Streep, Swaine Kurtz, and Jill Eikenberry, will be shown Wednesday, July 23, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

"Pissed An Exhibition at the Walker Art Center" a program on a current exhibition in Minneapolis, will be televised Wednesday, July 23, 9:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"The King and I," the 1956 film starring Yul Brynner as the king and Deborah Kerr as I, will be screened Thursday, July 17, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

Luncheon San Diego will feature abstracter Paul Brenner discussing his theories of holistic medicine. Friday, July 18, 12:30 p.m., KFBM-FM 89.

"The Fortune," a 1975 film starring Jack Nicholson, Stockard Channing, and Warren Beatty, will be aired Friday, July 18, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

**Padre Basilla** will be broadcast from the Chicago Cubs, Saturday, July 19 and Sunday, July 20, 11 a.m., Channel 8 and KFBM 760.

**Sunday Opera** will feature a production of Bizet's *Regina* by the Houston Grand Opera. Sunday, July 20, 1 p.m., KFSO-FM 94.1.

**Landscapes and Land Rapes**, an exhibition of photographs by Gene Kennedy, will be on display through July 24, Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon.

**National Exhibition 1980** of the San Diego Watercolor Society, a juried selection of 87 paintings from 1043 entries, will be on view through July 25, Band Hall Gallery, 101 University Church, 4190 Front Street, San Diego. 278-5478.

**"Civil Engineering"**, an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, books, and designs by downtown artist and designer Richard Stegman, will continue through July 31, 552 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 233-1977 or 233-7880.

**Construction Drawings** by Jeff Low will be exhibited through July 31, A.R.T. Deady, 310 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-7373.

"Details," an exhibition of Polaroid photographs by Mark

to twelve), an explanation by director and designer of what is play, is then the performance itself, and finally some active experience by the children in creating dramatic scenes based on *Beauty and the Beast* (under the guidance of the actors and of other drama students).

The SDSU Children's Theatre production of *Beauty and the Beast* will be on stage Monday, July 21 at 10:00 a.m.; Tuesday, July 22 at 10:00 a.m.; Wednesday, July 23 at 10:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.; and Thursday, July 24 at 10:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. The place name stage of the drama building at San Diego State University. The workshops for children, which include viewing a performance of the play, will take place each morning, Monday through Thursday, from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. For further information call 265-6884 or 265-6163.

— Violet Rosenbloom

**Races** (continued from page 1) possibility that Del Mar will feature a Powder Puff race with all women jockeys. If that comes off, it will be another first for Del Mar.

See you on opening day, July 23, and any day thereafter except Tuesdays, when the track is closed. The gates open at noon. The first race goes off at 2:00 p.m. and the last race at approximately 6:15 p.m. Schlegers should remember that, as always, the gates are opened to the public for the last two races at approximately 5:00 p.m. daily. Anyone who only wants a shot at the eighth and ninth races can get one without entrance fee.

For further information — but no handicapping tips — call 299-1340 or 755-1141. — Jack's Daughter

**Boxing** (continued from page 1) even breathing hard when their fights concluded.

But the real hammer is the welterweight division. A recent highlight was the Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran WBC title fight June 20. It more than met everyone's expectations for an incredible fight.

As for the fight, it was a fight everyone saw it said, "It's a fight you shouldn't miss." It will be shown on TV for the first time this week.

The strength of the welterweight class is in its depth.

which doesn't stop with Leonard and Duran. At least four other boxers share (or deserve) the same high-quality status: Wilfredo Benitez, who lost the title to Leonard last November, and who will be featured on NBC Friday Night Boxing August 1; Pepino Cuevas (27-5), the WBA champ who, at seventeen, took the title from Angel Espada in '76 and has since defended it 12 times with 11 KOs; Thomas "Himman" Hearn of Detroit (28-0, 26 KOs), who will challenge Cuevas for the title on August 2; and Randy Shields (37-5-2), who was the only one of twelve challengers to go the distance with Cuevas, and is one of only three who have ever beaten Leonard.

The Leonard-Duran match was the pivotal fight which turned the world's eyes to the welterweight division. Jointly promoted by professional boxing's two kingdoms and archrivals, the Anam and Don King, it received a lot of hype from these strange bedfellows, who wanted the bout to be "the fight of the decade." Through their bickering and silly ruses, Anam and King have cheapened the sport by creating sets in the titles and superfluous divisions such as super-lightweight and super-welterweight.

At any rate, the fight was great. Duran, the former (1972-'76) lightweight champ (70-1), who gave up the title to take on the welterweights, was psyched-up, to say the least. He had the feeling he couldn't lose, although he was concerned about the referee, who had a reputation of not allowing fighters to hang in close to each other. Ironically, a lot of "fighting inside" was allowed.

Leonard (27-1), the loser by a mere four points on the three judges' cards, came in as a dandy with a dance-trick-and-run style of boxing. However, this time he fought Duran's toe-to-toe punching style, and many say this was Sugar's big mistake. His detractors claim that he wanted to show Duran he could take a punch, and although he did show that he could, it was a poor strategy. This strategy surfaced only because Leonard lost, and has only an aura of credibility when, after all, the outcome of the fight was, in actuality, a toss-up.

The Leonard-Duran title fight, previously shown only on closed-circuit television, will be shown on TV for the first time this week.

The strength of the welterweight class is in its depth.

— Greg Kahn

## Clairemont Tropical Fish

**Summer Clearance Sale All Prices Slashed!**

While quantities last (each includes top and reflector)

- 60 gal. aquarium—\$39.95
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# READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

## This Week's Concerts

Some wag once remarked that you can be sincere and still be stupid. This might very well have been said in reference to Harry (I mean Harry) Chapin and John Denver, both of whom appear here this weekend — Chapin on Saturday night at SDSU's Amphitheatre, Denver Sunday evening at the Sports Arena. Anyone cursed with the slightest trace of cynicism is advised to steer clear of both shows. Chapin and Denver are so warm, sensitive, and sincere that they make a version of sunny-side-up optimism such as Frank Coppi, Mister Rogers, and Irvn Humberd seem contrived by comparison. In spite of this, I admit to having a slight affection for Chapin. He packs so much intensity into his moral fables on the quality of modern life that only the most utterly jaded soul could fail to be moved. Chapin is the quintessential amateur psychologist; his characters are all "little people" victimized by something or other (unloving parents, callous lovers, boogie etc.). For many people his stuff appears to be the purgative effect of a good soap opera. What makes it difficult to hate him is that obviously he really means it. Chapin is a naive, a glib, a performer who displays not a glimmer of irony. That much was proven several years ago when I witnessed him performing "Mr. Tanner," the saga of a toad whose dream of becoming a singer is shattered by nasty reviews, and "Carli in the Cradle," which informs folks that not work and no play will make Jack, Jr., an unrepentant child in the hands of his kindly heaven, such mad men would drop molotov and back humor. But Chapin's



HARRY CHAPIN

goal is to reflect, uplift, help us mend our ways. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with that, of course, it just that I never get the impression that Chapin is singing to audiences past the age of content. He comes across as a wonderful humanitarian, but that doesn't make his banal homilies any easier to take seriously. If Chapin's work plays like saccharine flavored soft drinks, then John Denver's boog down like molasses. Denver appreciates all the right things: blue skies, green trees, babbling brooks, love, ponies on the grass, he's sooooo squawky clean. Wouldn't he make just a wonderful best friend? I don't believe I am being overly critical in suggesting that

congregation of various refugees from D.F.K., the Black Elks Band, Private Sector, the unknowns, and the Penetration. It was the month of the Zebra Club with a performance that was gloriously, riotously messy, unimpeachable, and off-the-cuff. So far in this new decade I haven't seen a local act I've enjoyed as much. There is a precariously thin line between parody and insufferable silliness. Often, when musicians poke fun of older forms, they end up looking foolish, condescending, and — worst of all — self-serving (for proof of how a joke can be blown out of proportion, one need only see the misbegotten "The Blue Brothers"). The All-Stars, while not completely short of gusto, render versions of R&B, rockability, and Old Bob chestnuts in the spirit they were originally intended: you know at all times that the musicians are having a good time, and that feeling is contagious. These acts are the real Blues Brothers. Appearing with these Blotch bands will be Four Eyes, a highly regarded group that I have yet to witness in concert. They have encouraged them are almost embarrassing in their enthusiasm. I like their single, "Penny Pong," although it reminds me more than a bit of Joe Jackson's "Got the Time." (Is this deliberate?) The opening act is Targets. The latest release of Lynard Skynyrd was tragic in many ways. I have never been a big fan of Southern rock bands, but Skynyrd was one group that downplayed its regional affiliation and fashioned a brilliant, urban, hard-rock style. As their lead singer Ronnie Van Zant once remarked, the group had more in common with Irish guineas such as Free and the Faces than neighboring good ole boys. Alan Collins and Steve Rosenberg, the survivors, have regrouped. To their

credit they aren't expiring in the desert. They seem beyond hope. It would be nice if the Rosington-Collins Band, appearing at the SDSU Amphitheatre on Sunday night, would at least conjure up reasonably accurate memories of what once made Southern rock so potentially enticing in the early Seventies. This weekend at the Wild Animal Park, the ever-popular Latin jazz vibraphonist Cal Tjader will headline over various local groups. On Friday the opening act will be Storm, the city's finest salsa group (even if that designation comes almost by default); on Saturday trumpeter Bruce Cameron appears, and on Sunday, jazz pianist Joe Morita opens. Perhaps I shouldn't admit it, but I have never visited the tourist attraction. The prospect of hearing jazz in such an exotic setting seems an interesting way of getting the most out of art and nature. Tonight, Thursday, Candy Apple and Randy California play at the 17000 in Escondido. Candy Apple is a striking animal, but the two times I have seen her perform the impression her attraction is strictly physical, not musical. What may make this show interesting is that she is backed up with guitarist Randy California. California is like Arthur Lee, he led a seminal "arty crafty" band (13th Floor) in the Sixties, and after the original group disbanded, proceeded to go haywire with obsessive projects that were strident at best. Opening for them will be Incognito. I am a sucker for soul harmony groups. That is one reason among many that I look forward to the O'Jays concert at SDSU's Amphitheatre on Tuesday night. Most vocal groups are of the

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

They produce marvelous singles: "Backstoppers," "Now That We Found Love," "I Love Music," "Used to Be My Girl," "In and Out of Love," and so on. The group has never made a totally satisfying album (although "So Full of Love" comes close), but like the

Spinners and Tasters, they have compiled enough strong material and display such an offstage sense of democratic showmanship that they are hard to resist. In my opinion, lead singer Eddie Everitt is this generation's equivalent of the Four Tops' Levi Stubbs. Their

opening act will be Dervise Williams, a competent singer who has yet to prove herself anything more than that, despite the support she's received from Earth, Wind, and Fire and Johnny Mathis. The rest of this catch-as-catch-can week will see hard-rock

deprecates the Blizz Brothers on Friday night of the Spirit. Saturday night the club will host Four Eyes. On Tuesday evening, Geoff Sterling's hard times Bluegrass Band performs at the Silver Hot Piss Palace in San Jose.

— Steve Smedina

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# READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

## Clubs

The Alamo, 3093 Claremont Drive, Claremont 275-2240. Cow 9322, country rock, Tuesday through Sunday.

Alibi's Beef Inn, 1201 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-1103. John Whelan, jazz pianist, Tuesday through Saturday.

Anchorage Fish Company, 3878 Camino Real, Carlsbad, 725-3170. M.B. and Me, folk rock, Wednesday through Saturday. Kaffee Diner, from Los Angeles, and Scott Pease, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

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DEADLINE 7 P.M. TONIGHT, MUSIC BY BRATZ  
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NO COVER  
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"MUD"  
WOMEN'S MUD WRESTLING  
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MUSIC BY BRATZ  
COME OUT AND SEE THIS SPORTING EVENT  
SHAPELY BODIES SLIPPING, SLIDING & COLLIDING  
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THURSDAY  
DAUNTLESS RECORDING ARTISTS  
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**Nu-Kats**  
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Anthony's HarborSide, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Dana Point 232-6358. Calabas Wakefield

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Thurs., Fri. & Sat., July 17, 18, 19 9 p.m.  
From the S.P. Bay area, the original

**Garcia Bros. Band**  
Sun., July 20 9 p.m.  
Live Festival 100 costumes with:  
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**Hoppy Hopkins**  
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Lounge, disco featuring 40s, 50s, and rock, nightly. Piano Lounge: Beverly Kays, mellow rock, Wednesday through Saturday. Jack Potluck, mellow rock, Sunday and Monday.

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista 724-2550. The Nashville Ensemble, country and country swing, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bay Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel, Mission Bay 274-4630. Pine II-On, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Sea Breeze, jazz and funk, Sunday and Monday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach 222-4422. Killy, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach 481-9022. Garcia Bros. Band, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Charles Brown with Hoppy Hopkins, Lites, Sunday, East/West Band, country rock, Wednesday.

Berkley's, 5500 Grandmont Center Drive, La Mesa 443-0825. Bogart, rock disco, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa 278-3103. Songbird, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E. Street, Chula Vista 427-9700. Summerwine, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672 Federal Boulevard, East San Diego 264-5797. Jazz, Thursday through Sunday.

Blamey Stone Pub, 5617 Botoc Avenue, Claremont 279-2033. Ron Connelly, Irish and international folk, Wednesday through Sunday.

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-0931. Tovelles, featuring Denise Jeter, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday. John Resnick, country, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Bob Lofgren Music Center, 1400 Rosecrans Street, La Jolla 222-6666. The Soundmen Sowens, bluegrass, Saturday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 295-5555. Gary Puckett, 50's, contemporary, oldies, Tuesday through Saturday. Sornahow, country, Sunday and Monday.

Bourbon Street West, 315 South Highway 101, Solana Beach 735-5161. The La Cade Dwelland Band, C. L. Keller, Friday and Saturday.

Bunbury's, 5606 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa 578-6666. Don Livingston, contemporary country, Tuesday through Sunday.

Buttercup Lounge, 2045 East Valley Parkway, Escondido 743-6422. Harry Paul and Mel Varnes, variety, Thursday through Sunday.

Cafe Del Rey More, 1549 El Prado, Botoc Park 234-5511. Sharon Bridget, piano, Friday and Saturday. Carol MacFarland, Latin contemporary, Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Coast and Clearer, 140 South Serrano Avenue, Solana Beach 481-8238. Rock Fogon, contemporary guitar and vocals, Friday and Saturday.

Costaleros, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Jose 447-0700. Matt, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Celtic Inn, 3089 Claremont Drive, Claremont 278-2870. Bar H, country western, Friday and Saturday.

Chateau, 3633 College Avenue, College Grove 362-5620. Vastavath, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Chicago Mining Co., North, 306 El Camino Real, Encinitas 442-1676. The Duxford Revue, music of the 50s, Thursday.

Coast Club, 133 North Highway 101, Solana Beach. Zeus and Spys, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday.

Country Bumpkin, Dance Machine, 1602 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161. Country Bumpkin, Country Casanova, country western, Wednesday through Sunday. Ducktail Revue, 50's rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday. Dance Machine, Quick Band, top 40 rock, Wednesday through Sunday.

Cunningham's Restaurant and Country Western Nightclub, 7044 Mission Road, Mira Mesa 578-1260. Tal Cotton, country western, Tuesday, Red eye, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

Da Vinci's, 626 E. Street, Chula Vista 427-8880. Rex Paris, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

Distillery East, 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido 741-9393. Candy Apple, incognito, and The Kids, rock and roll, Thursday, rock and roll, new wave, oldies, Friday and Saturday. The Kids, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Doc Masters, 2001 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 223-2572. Bill Brackett, X-1000 Connection, Thursday through Saturday. Beau Weevil, country rock, Monday through Wednesday.

Driftwood, 5286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa 462-0533. Steve Johnson, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Sunday.

Barrio, 7655 La Jolla Shores

**DYNAMITE SEATS!**  
**JOHN DENVER**  
July 20

Jackson Browne Aug. 8  
Pat Benatar Aug. 10  
George Benson Aug. 13

Foghat Aug. 16  
Devo Aug. 20  
Allman Bros. Aug. 3

Rossington Collins July 20  
Gordon Lightfoot & Charlie Daniels  
Santana & Jeff Beck

Stones & Cars & Fleetwood Mac  
Bad Street, 1st St., 4000, Downtown  
Hearst Bldg., Suite 200, Santa Monica

**T'N'T TICKETS**  
PHONE ORDERS  
582-6866  
4705 College Ave.

Jerry Herrera's  
**THE SIRS BROS.**  
tonight Thursday  
The Siers Bros.  
and their following. I don't know where all these pretty girls come from that follow this band, but one thing's for sure—they can't dance.

Friday You've heard about them for 8 long years, now come and see them here

THE ONE AND ONLY

sat. 4 Eyes and DNA  
All shows 8 to 1:30  
This show will probably cost me my life.

coming: 25th The UNKNOWN and The EXTERMINATORS  
26th Battle of the kitchen bands THE DINETTES (all girl band) and from L.A., the NO-BEANS and FRIGID HEELS

Well, it started with DFX's truck getting towed away and ended with this beautiful girl throwing herself on top of David on stage pleading with him to stop. The Pupkins have one thing going for them—a \$5,000 baby grand Yamaha piano. It's beautiful. Greg Willis of The Shames has a new haircut which is like his guitar playing—real short. Jerry Raney once again found a way to entertain the crowd: he had this little list but with a hose leading to his mouth through which he blew bubbles from his head while he played. Eric Preedy did so his show was cancelled. The Boom took his place and they got cancelled too. And now to our V.I.P. nobody list: Most of all of the 1970s jocks were hairy must have thought something was free. Only 2 from KGB showed up, but I guess they're a smaller station. Jesse Summers, a nice guy, bought me a drink and when I drank it, David Benatar had so many affairs going Friday night she stayed away for Saturday, too. And I dropped her top and now she's the most popular girl on this list. I couldn't tell who Marilee was in the car with the windows were all fogged up. We were all some damn looking but was really disappointed when all the cute boys left with Paul Kaminski. Libby is back and somehow she found out about John Benatar's Remember Steve Thorne, but one who did the history of San Diego's rock and roll, and then won a record there. "The History of San Diego's Rock & Roll" was supposed to be his last record. He is now known as Little Steve Benatar the new porno king. We had so many people here Friday night I had to go behind the bar and help, but I had a great time; I made alcoholic drinks without the liquor and sold them and you still get drunk. Thanks all

Francine's, 239 North Hill Street, Coronado 722-7123. Lucinda (Cindy Chaffee) with freese, rock, disco, top 40, and blues, Wednesday through Sunday.

**SANTA FE**  
BAR & GRILL  
(Alias "Fat Cat's")

Thursday—  
**CRYSTAL "C"**  
Rock

Friday & Saturday—  
**BOB LONG & THE BILLION DOLLAR BAND**

Tues. Spaghetti Nite  
Includes salad and bread 75c  
Every Tues. 7 p.m.

Wed. Country Swing Lessons  
with Kris & Jimmy 7-9 p.m.

656 First St., 753-2578—Encinitas, Ca.  
Old Coast Hwy 101

**TRIP TICKETS**  
THE TICKET AGENCY

HARRY CHAPIN  
ROSSINGTON - COLLINS

JOHN DENVER  
O'JAYS  
CHARLIE DANIELS  
L.A. OUTDOOR SHOW  
CHEAP TRICK  
JOURNEY  
BLACK SABBATH  
MOLLY HATCHET  
RITA COOLIDGE  
ALLMAN BROTHERS  
JACKSON BROWNE  
POCO  
PAT BENATAR  
GEORGE BENSON  
FOGHAT  
DEVO  
HEART  
GORDON LIGHTFOOT  
BOB HOPE  
SANTANA  
JEFF BECK

Clairemont Chula Vista  
4279 Camino del Sur 442-8747  
268-5838

Cajon  
141 Fletcher Parkway  
442-5553

24 hour service  
24 hour service

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 261-7131. Soft Touch, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Halligan's, 4332 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 274-3474. Nova, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Brian Remy, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hamburguesa, 4016 Wallace Street, Old Town, 295-0684. DeWine, jazz, guitar and variety, Wednesday through Friday. Melissa McCracken, guitar and variety, Saturday and Sunday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242. Coast to Coast, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6641. Highway, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday. Borderline, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 276-4010. La Duke, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Holiday Inn/Harborview, 1617 First Avenue, Embury, 232-3881. Kohn and the Bear, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Humphrey's, 1401 Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577. Sundae and Spice, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0917. Lorie Hulsan and Daryl Best, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Carlsbad, 433-2653. Calamity Jane, country pop, Tuesday through Saturday. John and Mary, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hutches, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 423-3479. Pony Express, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Jam session, Sunday.

Hydra, 2520 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 753-7088. Borneo, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

John Bull, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-2201. Skyline, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday. Wayne Gire, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Jolly Roger, 807 West Harbor Dr., Seaport Village, 233-4300. Linda Pardo and Something Special, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 276-3203. Thunderbolt and the Wonderwall, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Ted Cotton, country western, Sunday and Monday. Cindy and the Sinners, new wave, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Juke 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 Chape, contemporary and folk, Thursday through Saturday. Strolling minstrel, nightly.

Krazy George's, 6149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 563-5700. Night Life, tap 40 and rock, Friday and Saturday.

Kristina Mulvaney's, 1031 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4600. Gary Shenwood, contemporary and country, Friday through Sunday.

Kung Food, 2949 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 268-7300. Tom Hickey, classical guitar, Tuesday through Saturday. Frank Ruffalo, classical guitar, Sunday and original, Tuesday through Saturday.

Lakeview Beach, Highway 79, Coronado, 765-0730. Harry Hill and the Hills Brothers, country rock and soul, Thursday through Sunday.

L'Chaim Vegetarian Restaurant, 134 West Douglas Avenue, El Cajon, 442-1331. Mark Altheby, classical folk, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Stuart, folk guitar, Wednesday, class, folk and originals, Friday and Saturday.

La Petite Cafe, 3896 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 296-2558. Kim Bloom, classical guitar, Tuesday through Thursday. Melissa Morgan, celestial harp, Monday.

London Opera House, 5404 Biltmore Avenue, Claremont, 279-2190. John Brooker, contemporary, Sunday, Barke and Or, contemporary, Monday.

Longhorn Saloon, 843 Grand Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8576.

Beau Weevil, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Macho's, 2956 Midway Drive, San Marcos, 224-2401. Prewitt and Cinnamon Ridge, country music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8801 Magnolia Avenue, Santee, 448-8500. Knock, contemporary and rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5573. D.A. and the Necklines, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Uncle Willie's Montebell Blues Band, blues, Sunday and Monday.

Mandolin Wind, 328 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3071. Big City Blues, Tuesday through Saturday. T.C. and M. Mulford, variety, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark V. San Marcos Boulevard of Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-1020. Classified, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Mississippi Room, 2233 El Cajon Boulevard North, 298-8586. South-o-10 Trio featuring Eddie Reapack on horn, variety, Wednesday through Saturday. Dave Torzillo Duo, big band, Sunday through Tuesday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Coronet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 448-8598. Vizion, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday. Secrets, rock and roll, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Tuesday and Wednesday.

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Monday, Strangers, dance, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Old Time Cafe, 1461 North Highway 101, Leucadia, 436-4030. Annie Harnett and Tom Dalton.

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**macho's Ranch**  
Talent Contest  
Sunday nights  
\$25 in prizes \$500 finals

Free Dance Lessons  
Tuesday night 8-10  
Ladies' Night  
Wednesdays 8-10  
Hats Contest  
Friday nights

Country Western Music  
Wednesday through Sunday  
Lanny Prewitt and Cinnamon Ridge

Best damn Mexican food in San Diego  
**Macho's Ranch**  
224-2401 Midway and Rosecrans

All the great entertainment is at Doc Master's Restaurant on Shelter Island. Now you can cut out for the rest of the year!

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

July 3-27  
**BILL BRACKETT** Thursday through Sunday, 8PM to 1AM.  
Bill is the famous "X" Rated comedian that will tickle your (captive deleted) funnybone. He's great!

June 30-July 3  
**BEAU WEEVIL** Monday through Wednesday, 8PM to 1AM.  
This famous group adds their own personal touch to their brand of Country music. They're quite a mixture of talent so catch 'em if you can!

July 29-August 2  
**EAST/WEST BAND** Thursday through Saturday, 8PM to 1AM.  
Well all we can say is that they've been here before. They were so successful we're bringin' 'em back alive! Don't miss the East/West Band and their own special brand of Country music!

August 14-September 1  
**FRANKIE'S** Sunday and Monday, 8PM to 1AM.  
Their slogan is "Good Time Rock n' Roll delivered with Dixie Soul". And a great slogan it is! If you can, catch "Favorite Son". You'll too tap until the wee hours!

August 27-October 4  
**LARRY PAGE** Wednesday through Saturday, 8PM to 1AM.  
This is Larry Page's first San Diego engagement on a regular basis in 2 long years! Now you can see him sing and play his piano at Doc's! He really belts it out so don't miss him!

August 31-October 1  
**SAL & BELL** Sunday through Monday, 8PM to 1AM.  
We're getting a little different now folks! Sal & Bell are famous all over the County for their showcase light opera. They'll bring back all your songs from favorite musicals! They're something special and we're proud to have them back after a long absence in Doc's lounge! A real treat for the little lady!

October 14-November 1  
**MONTY'S** Tuesday through Saturday, 8PM to 1AM.  
Country Music with a contemporary flair! Monty's is a Country music really put it all together for you. A very funny and extremely talented band. So come to Doc's and get Monty's Revenge!

November 4-January 2  
**DALLAS-COLLINS BAND** Tuesday through Saturday, 8PM to 1AM.  
Well what can we say? They were here for a hit and you demanded their return... so we did it! The Dallas Collins Band is San Diego's most popular group and now they're back at Doc Master's Restaurant for a long two-month stay!

Old Santa Store Restaurant, 6014 Bonita Road, Bonita 479-3537. Jackie Kendall, contemporary and folk, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon.

Old No. 7 Distillery, 140 South Santa Boulevard, Solano Beach, 755-6733. Strangers, dance rock, Thursday and Friday, dance music, Saturday, Brats, dance rock, Sunday, dance rock.

**SAN DIEGO TICKET EXCHANGE**  
Concert • Sports • Theatre

★ Center Stage **JOHN DENVER** July 20  
**PAT BENATAR** Aug. 10 **SANTANA** Sept. 5  
**DEVO** Aug. 20 **JEFF BECK** Sept. 19

★ Election **JACKSON BROWNE** Fri. Aug. 8  
**FOGHAT** Aug. 16 ★ **HEART** Fri. Aug. 22

SAVE BUY-SELL-TRADE SEASIDE AT CAS. CHANGE BY PHONE. DISCOUNT PRICES.

1456 UNIVERSITY AVE. 24-hour phone  
**298-8570**

One block south of D.M.V. on Normal & University.

**BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE**  
CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR THIS SUN.

**JOHN DENVER** THIS SAT.  
**HARRY CHAPIN** THIS SAT.  
**JACKSON BROWNE** FRI. AUG. 8  
**FOGHAT** SAT. **SANTANA** FRI. AUG. 8  
**EAGLES** 7/31 LONG BEACH **CHARLIE DANIELS** 7/26  
**ALLMAN BROS.** 8/3 **GEO. BENSON** 8/13  
**PAT BENATAR** AUG. 10 **JEFF BECK** SEPT. 6  
**GORDON LIGHTFOOT** AUG. 26 **DEVO** AUG. 26  
**BOZ SCAGGS** 8/23 IN L.A. **HEART** 8/21, 22 L.A. FORUM  
L.A. COLISEUM SAT. JULY 26-CHEAP TRICK, JOURNEY, SABBATH

RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW FOR  
**CHARGERS** PRESEASON GAME SPECIAL—CALL NOW!  
**FLEETWOOD MAC** ★ **YES** ★ **CARS**  
HEART ★ B.O.C. ★ BLACK SABBATH ★ SPRINGSTEEN ★ O'JAYS  
NEIL DIAMOND ★ AMERICA ★ STARSHIP ★ BILLY JOEL ★  
DOOBIE BROS. ★ KINKS ★ VAN HALEN ★ MANILOW

WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. CALL US!  
A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU CHOICE SEATS.

2725 GABLE ST. 273-4567 CALL US!  
PACIFIC BEACH

**TONY KAMPMANN presents**  
Sunday, Aug. 2, 8 & 11 PM

**JOHN KAY & STEPPENWOLF**  
**BLITZ BROS.**  
Tuesday, Aug. 5, 8 & 11 PM

**ALBERT KING**  
Wednesday, Aug. 6, 8 & 11 PM

**MANHATTAN TRANSFER**  
Thursday, Aug. 7, 8 & 11 PM

**KINGFISH**  
with **BOB WEIR**

Tickets for all shows available at Sears, Wards, 32nd Street Naval Station & all Ticketron outlets. For ticket information call 565-9647. Sorry, you must be 21 years old—Picture I.D. required.

LIVE AT THE  
**BACCHANAL**  
PHONE 560-8022  
BETWEEN HWY. 163 & CONVOY ST.  
8022 CLAREMONT MESA BLVD.

Enjoy our fabulous **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 lights 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 Inn HARBOR VIEW**  
1617 First Avenue  
San Diego, CA 2 levels of free parking.

KGB-FM 101.5 & SM Productions proudly present a  
**ROCK 'n ROLL SUMMER FESTIVAL**

**THE SURF PUNKS**  
Epic Recording Artists  
Plus: San Diego's three hottest bands

**The T-Birds** **The Snails**

**RV and The Hubcaps**

8 p.m. Wednesday, July 23  
**Golden Hall Community Concourse**  
KGB's M.C. PAT MARTIN WIN A MAD JACK'S CAR STEREO  
FULL BAR WITH PROPER ID. LIGHTS BY RICK TUPPER  
Ticket information: 236-6510  
Tickets at the door \$5. Advance tickets \$4  
Available at Off the Record (El Cajon Blvd.) Licorice Pizza (Pacific Beach, San Diego), Center Box Office, Bill Gamble's and all Select-a-Seat outlets.



## TONY "Mr. Music" COLUMBO

**Oldies but Goodies**

Swing, Fox Trot, Polka, Merengue,  
Rhumba, Mambo, Bossa Nova,  
Cha Cha, Country, Hava Nagilah,  
Tarentella, La Conga, Lindy,  
Latin Rock, Waltz, Samba, Disco,  
Merengue, Alley Cat, Peabody,  
Tango, Hustle, Charleston



Every Tuesday—Saturday 8:30 p.m.—1:30 a.m.

# JAM JAZZ



featuring  
**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 AXES AND SIT IN.

Top of the Arc

*Frankie*

Tower at Harbor Island

1980 Harbor Island Drive • Phone 291-6700



*Oh! Ridge*  
APPEARING  
WEDNESDAY  
THROUGH  
SATURDAY...

*the Tweed  
Breakers*

APPEARING  
SUNDAY,  
MONDAY,  
TUESDAY...



887 CAMINO  
DEL RIO S.  
South side of I-8,  
off Mission Center Rd.

(714) 291-1638

San Diego's solid gold entertainer

## Gary Puckett



appearing with the exciting

# SRO

Tuesday—Saturday 9—1:30

live in the Boom Shelter

at

*Born's*

2888 Pacific Highway

Overlooking Lindbergh Field

291-5555

## The Triton Restaurant

proudly presents

**The Best in Live Jazz Entertainment!**

(Wednesday through Saturday from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.)

July 17 Thursday

**Night Vision**

July 18, 19 Friday & Saturday

**Peter Sprague**

Dance of the Universe Orchestra, with guest appearance by Joey Barron—Percussion

July 23, 24 Wednesday, Thursday

**The Hill Street Jazz Ensemble**

Featuring Norris Cole, vocals

July 25, 26 Friday, Saturday

**The Kevyn Lettau Quintet**

Rob Schneiderman—Keyboards, Tripp Sprague—Saxophone

July 30, 31, August 1, 2 Wednesday—Saturday

**The Steve O'Connor Quartet**

Pat Fitzpatrick—Bass, Bob Holtz—Keyboards, Leon Petties—Percussion (Wed.—Fri.),  
Ron Ogden—Percussion (Sat.)

August 6 Wednesday & August 13 Thursday

**The Joe Marillo Quintet**

Charin Chadwick—Bass, Ron Satterfield—Keyboards,  
Duncan Moore—Percussion, featuring Moggi Graham—Vocals

August 7, 8, 9 Thursday—Saturday & August 13, 14, 15 Thursday—Saturday

**Manzanita**

Rob Schneiderman, Peter Sprague, Tripp Sprague

Ronny Stewart, Joseph Turenne DePis



**The Triton**

...a truly distinctive seafood restaurant

6011 El Cajon (at College) 583-3240 Dinner served from 5 p.m.

## The Magic If. Up to their old tricks again.



At the Sundowner  
Lounge. From  
June 10 to July 19.  
Tuesday through  
Saturday 9pm to  
1:30 am. Three shows  
nightly. Come see The  
Magic If. before they  
disappear.

**THE SUNDOWNER**

At the Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel.

Phone 291-2900



**HOMEFOLK**  
Contemporary & Bluegrass

Thursday—Saturday 9 p.m.—1 a.m.

Dinner served 5:30—10:30

5550 Kearny Mesa Road

(next to Sands Hotel) 277-7937

# Old 7 DISTILLERY

Tuesday, July 29

**BLITZ BROS.**

Friday, July 18 and

Tuesday, July 22—Friday, July 25

**Strangers**

Sunday, July 20

**BRATZ**

Two Dance Floors to Party

140 S. Sierra, San Marcos 735-6733

## READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

music, Sunday: Old-Time Hoot  
Nite, Tuesday: Rob  
Barnum, Dennis Gersten, popular  
songwriters, Wednesday.

**One Night Stand**, 4970 Voltaire  
Street, Ocean Beach 222-2146:  
Tom Cat Issues, Thursday: Merle  
Jones, contemporary, Friday: Rick  
Lyon, contemporary/open male,  
Saturday: Dennis Ware, originals,  
Sunday: White Willie Johnson,  
blues, Monday: Featherwood  
country, Tuesday: Paul Shire and  
guests, folk, Wednesday.

**Orange Tree**, La Jolla Village  
Square, La Jolla 486-4044:  
Joyceann Damon, folk, Friday.

**Padre Gold**, 7245 Linda Vista  
Road, Linda Vista 277-8681: The  
Star Span with Mitz Turner, country  
western, top 40, oldies, rock, and  
boogie, Friday and Saturday.

**Pat Joey's**, 5147 Waring Road,  
Allied Gardens 286-7873: Dick  
Liberatore, oldies but goodies,  
Thursday: Pro Bingham Preservation  
Band, rhythm and blues, Friday  
and Saturday: jam session,  
Sunday.

**Palomino Star**, 3008 Main Street,  
Chula Vista 427-0595: rock, rock,  
Thursday through Sunday.

**Pavilion Lounge**, Town & Country  
Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North,  
Mission Valley 291-7131: Merle  
Moore, contemporary and swing,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Pelican Pub**, 7828 Broadway,  
Lemon Grove 484-9284: Ron  
Gaines, folk and country,  
Thursday: Jeff Bradley,  
contemporary and folk, Friday  
and Saturday: jam session,  
Sunday: Jim Pyle, folk, Tuesday:  
Jeff Wise, country western,  
Wednesday.

**Porthole Lounge**, Holiday Inn,  
1355 North Harbor Drive,  
Encinitas 422-3841:  
Summerfest, top 40 dance and  
show, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant**,  
4401 University Avenue, East San  
Diego 283-7448: Lor Bell and  
Tom Popper, mellow jazz, Lor Bell  
and Carl Cranfield, classical flute  
duet, Thursday, Saturday, and  
every other Sunday: Melissa  
Morgan, harp, Tuesday: Orion,  
guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday,  
and every other Sunday: Melissa  
Morgan, harp, Friday afternoon.

**Quiet Fromage**, 523 University  
Avenue, Hillcrest 295-1600: Phil  
Rockhold, classical guitar,  
Tuesday: Rick Lyon, contemporary  
rock guitar, Sunday afternoon.

**Reuben E. Lee**, 880 Harbor Island  
Drive, Harbor Island 291-1860:  
John Campbell and Conspiracy,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Reubens Harbor Island**, 880  
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island  
291-1860: Jim Hawley and Margo  
Gelin, contemporary, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

**Reubens Planchette**, 7637  
Balboa Avenue, Chula Vista  
278-7379: Larry Rothman,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Rita Crago**, 5555 Kearny Mesa  
Road, Kearny Mesa 771-7277:  
Homefolk, contemporary,  
Thursday through Saturday.

**Royal Vista Inn**, 532 E Street,  
Chula Vista 426-2500: Garry D.  
Pope and oldies show, Monday  
through Saturday.

**Rudy Garcia's**, 1433 Garnet  
Street, Pacific Beach 275-9853:  
Duel Tones, contemporary,  
Saturday and Monday: Rick Noms,  
contemporary, Tuesday.

**Sea Dog Lounge**, Holiday Inn,  
595 Hotel Circle South, Mission  
Valley 294-5720: Ambrogio, top  
40 and disco, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

**Shepherd Cafe**, 1126 South  
Highway 101, Encinitas 735-1124:  
Open house, Thursday, Kurtis Fargo

2nd annual outdoor concert with

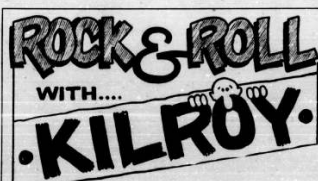
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also appearing are  
**JERRY RANEY** and the SHAMES  
and FUSE

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Off the Record, Licorice Pizza (P.B.)

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Wild Cat Canyon Road to Old Barona  
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## READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

and friends, country Friday, Westwind, folk, Saturday.

**Sharon Harbor Island, 1380** Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2000. Butterfield Stage Saloon, Bowen and Richards, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Portia Restaurant, Jimmy Navarro, pianist, Monday through Thursday and Sunday. Jacques Bello, pianist, Friday and Saturday. Scott Kincaide, pianist, Sunday Afternoon. Sundowner Lounge, The Magic II, contemporary entertainment, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Show Biz, 1421 University Avenue,** Hillcrest, 291-1551. Female impersonators, Wednesday through Sunday.

**Smuggler's Inn Dinner Club, 402** Fashion Valley Road, Mission Valley, 291-7170. Disco, Monday through Saturday. disco performance featuring Louie and Joannita Lugo and Big Band Sound with James Dean, Monday.

**Spirit, 1130 Buena Avenue,** Boylston, 276-3993. The Sien Bros, rock and roll, Thursday, Bill Broke, rock and roll, Friday, Fox Five and DNA, new wave/rock, Saturday, Avianche, rock and roll, Wednesday.

**Springfield Wagon Works, 5255** Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2772. Six High, contemporary rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**Springfield Wagon Works, 690** North Second Street, El Cajon, 445-5757. Amber Band, country, rock, Thursday through Saturday. Sheila Harris, country folk, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Station Oaks Resort Ranch,** Boulder Creek Road, Descanso, 445-4179. Broken Heritage,



THE O'JAYS

country, Thursday through

**Su Casa Restaurant, 6738 La** Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-0369. Estelion Roman, guitar, Panagiotis Nats, and Tule, Tuesday through Sunday. Accompanied by Christina Roman, guitar, Friday through Sunday.

**Thai Plaza Place, 2622-8 El** Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Cottonmouth D'Arcy, Diseland Jazz, Friday, bluegrass, Saturday.

**Tio Leo's, 6333 Mission Gorge** Road, Mission Valley, 280-9944. Highway, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150** Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110. Duet, contemporary, Wednesday, Duet and Melissa,

contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday. Duet, contemporary, Sunday, Donna Cole, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Teton, 2320 South Highway 101,** Carlsbad, 436-8877. Ron Bolton Group, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Borderline, rock, Sunday and Monday.

**Tifton, 601 El Cajon Boulevard,** East San Diego, 583-3340. Night Vision, jazz, Thursday; Peter Sprague and Dance of the Universe Orchestra, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Bruce Cameron, jazz, Wednesday.

**Trojan Horse, 6175 University** Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. Ram Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday; rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday.

**Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severn** Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Emergency Exit, disco rock, Wednesday through Sunday.

**VIP Lounge, Town & Country** Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7331. International Affair, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Wayside Inn, 3050 Pio Pio Drive,** Carlsbad, 726-7131. Cleman Weed featuring Lucinda, rock and soul, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

**Windjammer, 2551 South** Hw 101, Carlsbad, 753-0188. Tweed Brecken, new wave, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Wangler's Room, 6058 Mission** Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-2253. E. Zane Wood and

Brazing Saddles, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

## Los Angeles Clubs

**Baked Potato, 3787 Chatsworth** West, Hollywood, (213) 980-1415. Don Rand and Quest, Thursday through Saturday.

**Mackie's, 2709 Main Street, Santa** Monica, (213) 399-9922. Punk go-go, nightly.

**Concerts by The Sea, Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo** Beach, (213) 375-4988. Willie Bobo, Thursday through Saturday.

**Country Club, 1845 Sherman** Way, Reseda, (213) 881-9800. Prairie Nights, Thursday through Wednesday.

**Dante's, 4269 Lankershim** Boulevard North Hollywood, (213) 769-1566. Dick Spencer and Carole Carroll, Quinlet Thursday; John Guerin and Robben Ford Friday and Saturday.

**Golden Bear, 336 Coast** Highway, Huntington Beach, (213) 536-9000. "Legendary Guest Artist," Friday and Saturday.

**Lafayette, 3901 Pacific Coast** Highway, Torrance, (213) 378-8356. Duffies, Thursday through Sunday.

**Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue,** Hermosa Beach, (213) 372-4911. Gabor Szabo, Thursday through Sunday.

**Madame Wong's, 949 Sun May** Way, Chatsworth, (213) 654-5345. Marican with Neo Pops and the Futures and Jeffrey Rollins, Thursday, Katapona, Friday.

**Madame Wong's West, 2000** Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, (213) 829-7571 or 828-4444. Pearl and the Cameo Blue Band and Jimmie Lee Mission, Thursday.

Summer and Nukids, Friday and Saturday.

**Palomina, 6907 Lankershim** Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 764-4702. Alex Harvey, Friday; Rash Capella, Saturday and Sunday; Troy Walker, Monday; Summer and Thumper, Tuesday; Gary Stewart and Alabama, Wednesday.

**Parlison Room, La Brea and** Washington, (213) 198-8704. Rum Brown, Thursday through Sunday; Blues Festival '80, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Passage's, 2272 Pacific Coast** Highway, Malibu, (213) 456-2007. Globe Ballroom, Thursday; Chuck Findley and Gary Hellig with the Pat Senatore Trio, Friday and Saturday; Baya, Sunday afternoon.

**Barry, 9009 Sunset Boulevard, (213)** 878-2222. Kenny Rankin, Thursday; Jonathan Richmond and the Modern Lovers, Friday and Saturday.

**Stonewood, 8151 Santa Monica** Boulevard, (213) 656-2200. Katapona and Radcliffe, Friday, Thursday, Twisted, Friday and Saturday.

**Sweetwater, 264 North Harbor** Drive, Redondo Beach, (213) 372-0445. Clifton Chenier, Thursday, Twisted, Friday and Saturday.

**Swinghouse, 264 North Harbor** Drive, Redondo Beach, (213) 372-0445. Clifton Chenier, Thursday, Twisted, Friday and Saturday.

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THE SENSATIONAL BIG M.R. AND HIS ALL-BITCHIN', ALL-STUD, ALL-STAR

## Concerts

**Rossington-Collins Band, Santa** Monica Civic, Saturday, July 19, 8 p.m., (213) 393-9961.

**Kary Chapin and Arlo Guthrie:** Greek Theatre, Monday, July 21 and Tuesday, July 22, 8 p.m., 2700 North Vermont Avenue, (213) 660-8400 or 450-6366.

**O'Jays and Deniece Williams:** Greek Theatre, Wednesday, July 23 through Saturday, July 26, 8 p.m., 2700 North Vermont Avenue, (213) 660-8400 or 450-6366.

**Cheap Trick, Journey, Black Sabbath, Molly Hatchett, and** the Babys: Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Saturday, July 26, 12 p.m. (213) 520-9111.

**Michael Franks: UCI A Royce** Hall, Sunday, July 27, 7 and 10 p.m., (213) 520-9111.

**Bless the Bird - A Tribute to** Charlie Parker featuring Roy Brown, Gerry Mulligan, Betty Carter, Ray Haynes, and others: Hollywood Bowl, Wednesday, July 30, 8 p.m., (213) 878-8746.

**Sunday Bluegrass**  
"Family Bluegrass Band"  
This Sunday 6:00 p.m.  
**TUBA-MANS**  
Grand Slam and Sports Restaurant  
Cocktails, Beer and Fine Food  
Family Welcome  
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**INCOGNITO**  
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KPOP FM 106 announces  
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The Saturday, 8:30 p.m., only \$3.00  
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Meet be 17 or over.

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VERSATILE GROUPS... Top 40,  
Disco, and very danceable music  
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Breathtaking views, intimate  
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**Jamie Mehan**  
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Dinner 5-10 (Sun.-Thurs.)  
Brunch (Sat., Sun.) 9 a.m.-3 p.m.  
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**Dance Concerts**  
Thursday, July 17 from Hollywood  
**CANDY APPLE**  
with  
**RANDY CALIFORNIA**  
from Spirit plus  
**INCOGNITO THIS KIDS**  
and special guest star

Coming Thursday, July 24  
**JOHN DOE**  
from Hollywood (this group was formed from Wolfgang and Peter Rabbit bands) and special guest star  
**THE WHIZZ KIDS**  
3 great Rock n' Roll bands—don't miss it  
One show • Doors open 7 p.m. • Showtime 8:30 p.m. • Tickets on sale at the Distillery East Escondido, or telephone reservations can be made Wednesday through Sunday evenings at 741-5394. Tickets also available at Licorice Pizza at the Vineyard in Escondido and at Gary's Record Paradise in Escondido. Also in San Diego at Off the Record (269-0807) and Stiff Competition (273-8209). In north county beach area cities, Natural Sound, Solera Beach (481-1451).  
Tickets: \$5 advance, \$6 at the door  
Minimum age 17 years  
New Wave Rock n' Roll every Wednesday with THIS KIDS every Sunday with AIRPLAY  
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**SECRETS**  
One night only  
**Saturday, July 19th**  
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Featuring:  
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# GREATEST ADORS



See the Union Tribune



JULY 17, 1988





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# SAN DIEGO WATER FAILS U.S. SAFETY RULES

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**Removes—** Over 100 cancer-causing chemicals like THMs and TCE

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**Removes—** Pesticides like DDT & DBCP

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**Removes—** Chlorine, dirt & scale, organic tastes & odors, rust & algae, visible & invisible suspended matter, etc.

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A photograph of the Aqua Purity System product box. The box is white with a blue and red design. It features the Aqua Purity logo and text describing the system as a 'Water Purification System' that 'Removes 100+ harmful chemicals, bacteria, and viruses'. It also mentions 'No electricity required' and 'No filters to change'.






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JULY 17, 1980 17







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ARE YOU AN EMOTIONALLY INEPT AND INCOMPETENT PERSON? I'm a woman who is sexually active, male or female, age 25-45, and into the gay scene. I am looking for a man who is single, under 40, and who is not a member of the Long Beach 40's Club. The Long Beach 40's Club was founded in 1975 and its membership will be limited to 2008 of San Diego County's gay men. If you are interested in making an application, write PO Box 919, La Mesa, CA 92041.

SPOKE: Word to a compelling man. You lost your best friend to military, and now his tears burn on you when you meet him most, and you just couldn't stand to see him cry. I'm a single, straight, brown hair guy. Do you want to see me? My brother: How can you say to someone? McCoy.

TRAVEL TO HAWAII. Enjoying me. I'm a single, intelligent, white male, age 28-38, who has lived for several months. You are an outstanding person and like the idea of Hawaii. I was born in 1988, San Diego, CA 92109. There are 2008 of San Diego's gay men and women looking for a man.

INTELLIGENT, ENTHUSIASTIC, caring, attractive woman who enjoys film, sports, music, conversation, inner peace, more companionship, and travel. Interested in Hawaiian Islands. Please send me: PO Box 919, La Mesa, CA 92041.

SINGLE WOMAN, 35-45. Divorced man, 48, would like to meet someone with no commitment. I am a single, intelligent, white male, age 28-38, who has lived for several months. You are an outstanding person and like the idea of Hawaii. I was born in 1988, San Diego, CA 92109. There are 2008 of San Diego's gay men and women looking for a man.

YES OF COURSE there are bright, sensitive, highly educated, intelligent, and successful people who are gay and lesbian. I'm a woman who is sexually active, male or female, age 25-45, and into the gay scene. I am looking for a man who is single, under 40, and who is not a member of the Long Beach 40's Club. The Long Beach 40's Club was founded in 1975 and its membership will be limited to 2008 of San Diego County's gay men. If you are interested in making an application, write PO Box 919, La Mesa, CA 92041.

IT WOULD: Good to meet a heart of a human. I'm a single, white male, age 28-38, who has lived for several months. You are an outstanding person and like the idea of Hawaii. I was born in 1988, San Diego, CA 92109. There are 2008 of San Diego's gay men and women looking for a man.

FRANCIS FINCHES: I'm a single, white male, age 28-38, who has lived for several months. You are an outstanding person and like the idea of Hawaii. I was born in 1988, San Diego, CA 92109. There are 2008 of San Diego's gay men and women looking for a man.

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