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READER

VOLUME 9, NO. 29, JULY 24, 1980 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

One day in the long life of Sara Bratton

Alive and Dreaming



Photograph by Robert Barnette

Most of you will live another thirty or forty years; some won't survive the next decade; one or two of you probably will die in the next few days. And you'll all, every one, regret that the end came so soon.

By Jeannette DeWyze

(continued on page 8)

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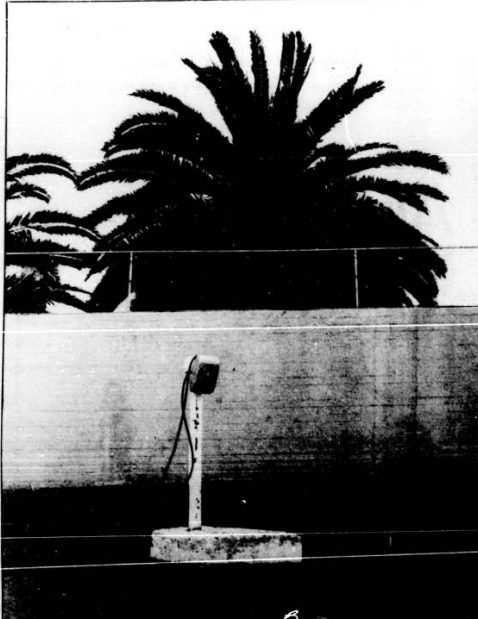
Lots Of Centers And Squares

One could find worse symbols for the Loma Portal area than the Midway Drive-In. Opened in 1947, San Diego's first outdoor movie theater commanded the position at the intersection of Midway Drive and Sports Arena Boulevard in the days when the latter was named Frontier Street and Navy barracks still stood on the site now occupied by FedMart. Khaki yellow and ringed by palm trees, the drive-in's tired facade matched the neighborhood — mostly lower-income, military inhabitants. Now the Midway is about to be torn down, but even its demise says a lot about what's happening today to Loma Portal.

The drive-in will be replaced by a shopping center, yet another landmark in the commercial boom that has been shaking the area. "You can't hardly buy land here any more," says Elmer L. Faiman, who's managed Loma Portal industrial and commercial property for years. "The Sports Arena itself [opened in 1966] helped more than anything else," he contends. Others cite the advent nine years ago of the FedMart store, which since has grown to be the second largest single-story retail store in the West. Scattered reminders of the old Loma Portal, with its commercial focus on the military, remain (golf reviews like the pink and white Les Girls), but now a surging air of prosperous vitality predominates.

Since the arrival of FedMart, the changes have come faster and faster. A little more than two years ago the Sports Arena Village shopping mall materialized on the vacant property to the west of the arena and quickly attracted such tenants as Warehouse Records, Straw Hat Plaza, and Yakitori II restaurant (the mall is ninety-eight percent occupied at present). That development also included four office buildings behind the retail stores, and the demand for that commercial space has been strong enough to spawn plans for two more such office buildings. Just down the road from Sports Arena Village, on the arena's east side, another center called Sports Arena Square opened in November of 1978. Among its tenants is the Mann Theater, a sixplex, so successful that an expansion is now in progress which will bring the number of screens up to eight. (The square itself has no commercial vacancies left and parking is now at a premium.)

Despite that concentration of movie seats, developers of Glasshouse Square (just down the block from the Sports Arena Square) say a six-screen movie theater will be part of



Midway Drive-In

explains the developers' confidence in the location. "It is a high-income area, and it's a high-traffic area," he says. "We've seen studies which show that about 100,000 cars go by on Sports Arena Boulevard every day." Existing merchants testify that the cars come from a broad area. Shrimp Peddler owner Kent Porter says he has regular customers coming from as far as Mission Hills and East San Diego to the seafood store at 3434 Midway. In the last five years, Porter has seen his operation grow from the back of a truck to a gleaming restaurant and market. Just down the block is the new Nordic Village (also fully leased), opened last winter and developed by Hilde Hansen, the Danish owner of the eleven-year-old Nordic Inn (which adjoins the center).

Hansen can remember the days when the only other restaurant on the street was the Chinaland at the other end of Midway. Now more than a dozen eateries (mostly fast-food chain outlets) line the street between Rossmore and the Midway Drive-In. The shopping center planned for the drive-in property will add at least one more. Architect Ron Roberts of the firm SOPA says the latest center will include a Ralph's Market, as well as the restaurant and a mix of smaller retail stores. Demolition of the drive-in should begin in September, with construction expected to last for about six months. Roberts says the completed project may retain one element from the past. Although the plans have called for the removal of all the palm trees and their subsequent replacement with other types of trees, Roberts last week fielded a plea for palm preservation from Teresa Yonillon, the La Jolla palm defender. Despite a city resolution which last year supported the retention of San

Diego's palm trees wherever possible, the architect says Yonillon's call was the first argument he heard for saving the semitropical flora. (None of the bureaucrats involved in the permit process even mentioned the retention, Roberts says.) Now the architect asserts, "If there's a way to incorporate some of the trees into the project, we'll certainly consider it."

J.D.

Counter Cultures

Mitsuyo Fukuda is hurrying down Avenida Revolución in Tijuana; here and there merchants step out on the sidewalk to pepper her with greetings. "Tomeoche," one shouts. "No tuki," another calls with a smile. The petite Japanese matron scurries by impulsively, but invariably she giggles at the grammatical errors. (Tuki, for example, means expensive, but adding "no" to it in Japanese does not negate the adjective; hence, no tuki sounds like an announcement that one's wares cost a lot.) Her amusement isn't condescending. Fukuda's mission here today is to help at least one group of Mexicans to halt potential Japanese customers' property.

It is a mission she didn't seek. A second-generation Tijuana resident named Manuel Kiyochi Yamada pleaded for her help. Yamada is married to a Mexican woman who runs a Tijuana language school, one which only teaches English, French, and Spanish. Since the school has no Japanese teachers, Yamada called Fukuda, who helped her husband Minoru found the San Diego Japanese School six years ago (its clients include both Americans and Japanese people living in San Diego temporarily). At first Fukuda declined the request; she had never driven to Tijuana before and the prospect of a weekly commute from the Japanese school at Twenty-fifth and Market streets to the area near the racetrack south of the border scared her. But when Yamada found a vacant classroom on Revolución and failed to locate any other teachers, Fukuda's resistance abated. "Finally I felt so sorry for them I changed my schedule," she says.

She agreed to hold the classes from 5:30 to 6:30 Monday evenings; the instruction began June 30. On this, the third session, she entered the attractive arcade across from San Imports between Second and Third on Revolución, and heads for Gaston's. A gold and silver shop, it's located about midway back from the main street. In particular, I had dead rats in my trash area." Fukuda twenty-five dollars a week to teach his twenty-nine employees (Gaston also owns three other Tijuana businesses: Cecilia's, Margarita's, and El Sombrero). Now salespeople from all four stores greet the

Japanese teacher loudly. "Konichi wa," they pronounce correctly.

Fukuda says each week more than twenty students have crowded into the small office which doubles as a classroom on the second story above the arcade. Their attendance isn't mandatory, they say, but last winter Japanese tourists eager to buy souvenirs poured through Tijuana and the salespeople were frustrated by the linguistic handicaps. The shopkeepers say they've seen few Japanese this summer, but they expect a boom in August (the traditional month for Japanese vacations). "We're not sure when they'll be back but when they come, we must be ready," one young woman says firmly.

Fukuda speaks little Spanish, but most of the Mexican salespeople are fluent

in English, so the atmosphere in the office-cum-classroom is boisterous. "Do you study at home?" Fukuda asks the assembly now.

"I did," one outgoing young man named Renato answers. "That's why you are number-one student," Fukuda compliments him.

"Arigato, arigato," he beams. The teacher calls roll. "Teresa San . . . Hector San . . . Cecilia San . . ." "Ay," Cecilia answers. Then she blushes and corrects herself. "Hui" ("Yes"), she substitutes properly.

Fukuda and the students practice phrases learned the previous week, then the teacher hands out copies of a new conversation entitled *Kaimono* ("Shopping"). The students have warned her that even the Japanese tourists try to bargain,

even though haggling over prices is alien to the Japanese culture. "They bargain no matter what country they come from," one young woman declares. "The guidebooks tell them that when they come to Tijuana this is what you have to do." The teacher has structured the lesson accordingly.

"Please look at this. This is the best quality of Mexican opal," the dialogue reads.

"Kore wa ikura desu ka?" ("How much is this?") the Mexicans recite.

"Hyaku doro" ("A hundred dollars"), is the response.

"Sakushi suwaku narimasho ka?" ("Can't you make it a bit cheaper?") "So desu ne" ("Well . . ."). Fukuda has them answer, "Ninjo pasento daun" ("Twenty-five percent less"), the written conversation

continues. One of the young Mexican women interrupts. She wants to know how to ask how much the Japanese customer wants to spend. For a moment, Fukuda doesn't understand the question, then finally she marvels. "Oh, I see! This is where negotiations begin!"

The linguistic puzzle stumps her briefly. No Japanese merchant would ever ask, "How much do you want to spend?" and a literal translation would baffle the average Japanese tourist. Fukuda toys with but discards the idea of teaching the Mexicans to ask, "How much money do you have?" and finally she hits upon a compromise: "How much is your budget?"

"Anata no yasan wa ikura desu ka?" the Mexicans say diligently. What if the Japanese

customer then offers a figure ridiculously low? One of the Mexican students says in such cases the salespeople normally retort, "We pay more than that." The hour draws to a close before the teacher can translate that. She promises to return with a translation, along with a complete list of numbers so that the clerks will be able to express prices in Japanese. As Fukuda heads for the door, one young woman chats with her. "We like you people very much," she tells the Japanese woman. "When they see something they like, they buy it. Other people look and look and look, then they say they will return," she says. "We get very tired." The Mexicans scatter. Faint sayonaras waft out to the main street.

J.D.

In Remembrance Of Things Past

When the cockroaches first showed up in Terry and Bob Francis's house in Mission Cliffs, the couple felt guilty.

"You know how it is," the young woman says. "You always think you must have done something wrong, that maybe you weren't clean enough." Her response was to set traps and to scour for dirt even more conscientiously, but to little avail. When the mosquito invasion started not long after, Bob assumed that his well-tended property must be harboring some standing water somewhere. Neighbors don't gossip very much in the little neighborhood just north of where Park Boulevard ends at Adams Avenue, so the couple didn't realize until last week that dozens of other nearby households were also suddenly battling vermin.

It was last Tuesday that Sharon Super photocopied a handwritten meeting notice and had her daughter deliver it to several dozen Mission Cliffs neighbors. That notice identified a cause for the recent infestations: the demolition of the old San Diego Paper Box Factory which fronts on, as well as the east of Park, and which is soon to be supplanted by a large condominium complex. Super lives directly across Carmelita Drive from the back of the factory; to her, the correlation between the demolition and the tide of rats, roaches, and mosquitoes has seemed obvious. Workers started dismantling the old bricks in February, and Super noticed — she says almost immediately — that "we started getting big rats."

In particular, I had dead rats in my trash area." Super twenty-five dollars a week to teach his twenty-nine employees (Gaston also owns three other Tijuana businesses: Cecilia's, Margarita's, and El Sombrero). Now salespeople from all four stores greet the

It also seemed obvious to Maureen and Dave Alvarez, who live in one of the duplexes adjacent to the old building. Maureen remembers when she first saw the rats — in February, when she was getting up in the middle of the night to feed her month-old baby. "It was like a wave," she recalls. "Soon, I



Sharon Super

started finding droppings in dresser drawers, in closets, all over. . . . Finally I had to pull the baby's crib away from the wall because I was afraid they would do bad things with the crumbs around his mouth."

Comparing notes, Super and the Alvarezes tried to direct official attention to the problem, only to be bounced from one bureaucracy to the next. Last week Super finally decided to enlist the support of her neighbors.

The resulting community meeting drew about sixty individuals who shared angry anecdotes. One mother told how her four-year-old son recently awakened with his eyes swollen shut from mosquito bites.

Another couple recounted how their three-year-old daughter removed the screen from her bedroom window one night.

"When I went in there the next morning she was covered with bites; there were at least a hundred of them. I couldn't get her shoes on, her feet were so

swollen," said the mother, who added that the child subsequently suffered three days of fever, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness. So far the neighbors have counted seven children made ill from the insect attacks.

That meeting also brought at least one quick response. Under the guise of TV camera lights, project developer Cortland Hooper promised to drain from the building substructure the stagnant rain-water which had been serving as the mosquito breeding ground. Within a day or so, the water had been removed, and several truckloads of debris from the perimeter of the building soon followed.

As of this week, the area

residents were still reporting problems with heavy mosquito swarms, but the county's sanitation chief, Dan Bergman, was expressing confidence that problem would wane as soon as the existing mosquitoes (who have a life span of just three or four weeks) died off. Neighbors living right next to the demolished factory also say the rats seemed to have moved outward. Some apparently haven't gone very far. A week ago last Monday, for example, Bob Francis (whose house is about one block from the demolition site) was preparing to swim with his toddler and a neighbor child when a seven-inch rat (disturbed by the family poo) jumped out from a planter. Francis says the dog grabbed the rat, flung it into the

pool, and, "It swam just like an otter; it was doing all these S-curves. It was really beautiful." Before he could fish the creature out, it scrambled into the shallow end and disappeared into the brush. Even if most of the rats make their way into new homes in the nearby canyons, Super worries about their returning to the neighborhood for food. She and other residents are even more concerned about the roaches, which seem to have tenaciously settled into numerous homes. So several residents are investigating the possibility of taking legal action to force the developer to shoulder the costs of the roach extermination. "They've finally taken care of their problems," Super says, nodding to the rat- and roach-free building skeleton. "Now what about ours?"

Now what about ours? "It was like a wave," she recalls. "Soon, I

J.D.

Jeannette DeWye



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Lincoln Log Loved

My only criticism of Sue Garson's superb story on the survivors of the Lincoln Brigade ("For Whom the Bell Told," July 17) is that it was far too short. I wanted to read on and on. What an inspiring piece!

John Harkonen
San Diego

Rotterdam Shame

Sue Garson's article on the men of the Lincoln Brigade was an excellent and long overdue comment on how the convolutions of history often twist in a way that cheats the people who made it.

By the mid-1930s the horrors of fascism had been previewed for the world in Spain, but only a handful of young Americans knew of them. It was a warm-up for Rotterdam and London and a little taste of what the Nazis had in store for humanity at Auschwitz.

Yet sadly, when the survivors of the Brigade came home, they were jered as communists and fools when they should have been cheered as defenders of democracy and freedom. Of all lost causes, theirs was the most certain. Of all modern wars, theirs was the most one-sided. And yet they went.

The bitter irony is that the same American government which chose to stand aside and watch the destruction of the Spanish Republic later persecuted the Americans who had fought so heroically to save it. It is a wonder the veterans of the Lincoln Brigade described in Garson's article take their treatment so philosophically. Long before Vietnam they were forgotten men of a forgotten war. What a shame.

Mark J. Lindsay
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Old Faithful

Many thanks for your article "For Whom the Bell Told." It is high time this phase of modern history came "out of the closet." I am sure many older citizens of San Diego were as pleased as I was to read this article. It is because of articles such as this that I remain your faithful reader.

S. Murro
Hillcrest

When I'm Sixty-five

Loud cheers for Sue Garson! What a fine writer this lady has turned out to be. "For Whom the Bell Told" was an impressive bit of journalism as I have ever read, and I'm a sixty-five-year-old citizen, yes, some of us read the Reader! Garson has evoked a period, place, people, and politics in a vivid, realistic way.

Forty-some years — where did it go? Jack Aaronson
San Diego

Good Story, Bad Scene

My compliments to Mark Orwell on an excellent job of reporting in "It's Only Rock and Roll and They Hate It" in the July 17 issue ("City Lights"). I only wish such fine work could be written under more fortunate circumstances.

Mark Dubbins
San Diego

Questions On The Night In Question

I enjoyed the article in last week's Reader on the outcome of the Skeleton Club trial and felt it gave a rightly biased — but factual — view of the goings on at that

trial. It also shed some light on what now appears a concentrated police effort to stymie the rapidly growing local music scene by controlling not only what music this city's youth can listen to but also what they can see. Police Chief Bill Kolender's blanket condemnation

Letters

of all "punk rock" and saying he would like to see its elimination here in town, but how and when they can do so.

However, a few conclusions of the trial which I personally disagree with were apparently taken as fact by your writer. First of all, at no time did I hear officer Tim Fay declare the gathering at the club an illegal assembly, and I was inside near the stage from the time he entered to the time he left. I testified to this effect in court under oath, and I stand by my testimony.

The article also attempts to answer one question that has been foremost on everyone's mind who is involved with the case since the actual incident February 9: what really happened to Kendra Kubis? What I saw was a blatant injustice, perpetrated not by Kubis, but by the police. As I was leaving the club, my path to the door was cut off by a police officer with a chokehold around Kubis' neck; he was dragging her out the door. She was crying and sobbing. "Let me go! Let me go!" and was struggling, not with the officer, but to regain her balance (she lost a shoe on the way out the door).

What happened next, although refuted in court by several

testifying officers, remains clearly in my memory. After pinning her to the ground, putting one of his knees in her back, the officer very deliberately pushed Kubis' head against the concrete sidewalk, not once, or twice, but three times, and then proceeded to handcuff her. Now, I don't care what happened before the officer began dragging her out — the court held that Kubis struck one of the officers on the back while still inside the club, although Kubis herself and several other witnesses deny she ever laid a hand on any of the officers — I would think that a 200-pound man, especially a police officer supposedly trained in such matters, could exercise a bit more care in restraining a young female half his size. As for the head-banging incident, I think my description speaks for itself — things like that just aren't done in modern society, as I have to think even the police will admit (or why else were they trying so hard to refute testimony that it really happened?).

As I was leaving I approached one of the officers, identified myself as a reporter, and asked him what was happening. He immediately told me to "get the hell" out of there (or words to that effect) and gave me a slight shove in the shoulder. Which brings me to my next point: What Yvonne Saide Annen, the attorney prosecuting the case for the city, was quoted as saying in regards to my credibility I take as a personal attack and, had it not been uttered in a courtroom, where such things are apparently permissible, I would not hesitate to sue her for slander and defamation of character. I was not asked three times to leave the premises; after my one encounter with the officer who commanded me to leave, I made a hasty retreat toward my car, and while crossing the street, another officer began yelling, "Move it!" not at me but at others who were still outside the club. That any of the officers claim they can remember talking with me I find amazing, especially since the incident happened more than five months ago, at night, in the dark, and my hair now is considerably shorter than it was then.

In conclusion, let me say to Chief Kolender that I have attended many new-wave, or "punk," concerts and I have seen fewer fights, fewer people drinking or using drugs, less yelling, less vandalism, and less harassment of other patrons than at most regular concerts or ballgames, yet the number of uniformed police officers present at punk shows is generally twice as great as at other events. I can only surmise that while police are familiar with ballgames and regular concerts, punk rock is relatively new, and the police apparently equate "new" with something threatening that must be stamped out.

And, to me, that's really sad. Thomas F. Arnold, editor
Kicks magazine
San Diego

**Überrnisch
Mentioned**
Go the Bernard Shaw is not quite as bad and shallow a thinker as Jonathan Saville would have us believe in his otherwise enthusiastic review of *Andrews and the Line* ("Show Business," July 17). As Eric Bentley cogently points out in his book *Bernard Shaw*, a large portion of the tirades by G.B.S. were written from the point of view of "devil's advocate." His aim was less to build up a substantial body of thought than to tweak the nose of those whom he thought wrong-headed. This is perhaps part

(continued on page 11)

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
Is it really true that worrying causes nervous tension which in turn changes the body's metabolism and causes premature gray hair? I'm twenty-four and starting to get a few here and there, and I'm really hoping this isn't hereditary. I've heard certain vitamin supplements prevent hair roots from dying and turning gray.

R.D.

Mission Valley

Vitamin B supplements may help your body cope with anxiety and promote the health of your skin. They may also retard the graying of your hair, but only if it's caused by a nervous disorder. Otherwise your hair will continue to lose its color at a rate determined by your genes.

When hair roots die, the effect is not colorless or gray hair but baldness. (The first known medical records, discovered in Egypt, contained a prescription for falling hair.) Hair turns gray when melanocytes — specialized cells in the dermis — cease to make and lay down pigment in the shaft of hair that grows from the bulbous root. Normally, melanocytes supply pigment, on and off, for forty years, then slowly die. Since hair receives its natural color no faster than it grows from the roots, it's impossible for hair to turn gray overnight. Certain illnesses, though, shock the body to the point where melanocytes cease to function for a time, and the hair turns rapidly gray. Most often, the melanocytes recover and restore the hair's color. Disorders of the thyroid gland, of the nervous system, mental shock, and severe cases of typhus, malaria, and influenza all may cause the melanocytes to quit.

The rate at which hair turns gray depends on the number of melanocytes



Laurel Street. I noticed some metal street light poles that are painted with three-foot alternating stripes of red and white. I'd like to know why.

A.F.

Morningside Heights

These are standard obstruction markings required by the Federal Aviation Administration for warning aircraft. Next time look more closely and you'll see the poles also have red lights atop them. Many buildings and structures near Lindbergh Field have hazard markings and obstruction lights. The Teledyne Ryan building, which is only two stories high, is lighted, as is the blast fence at the western end of Lindbergh's runway, even though it's only sixteen feet high. "In a way," said airport manager Bud MacDonald, "the lighting around here is overkill. I mean, if you're going to run into the blast fence, then you've got a lot of other problems that the lights can't help you with."

Dear Matthew Alice:

I have looked all over town for a camel's hair brush, preferably for a baby. Can't seem to locate it — can you help?

Mary

North Park

Try an art supply store. The Art Seller in Hillcrest (telephone 295-0928) carries flat camel's hair brushes, one inch across, for \$2.75 and \$3.85, not including tax. The brushes are for applying lacquer or varnish, but you don't have to tell the baby that.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 8083, San Diego, California 92138.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Driving on Pacific Coast Highway north of

which cease to function, and on the speed at which the hair grows. With most adults, scalp hair grows one-seventh-second of an inch a day, or an inch every two and a half months. The rate increases in the summer, or with warm weather. Hair grows continuously for two to five years, then all the hairs lie dormant for a few months. (The eyebrows, and hair on the arms, legs, and trunk normally, grow for six months and rest for six.) Some females have extraordinarily long periods of growth. Girls in their teens may have hair that reaches below their waists, which ordinarily would have taken twenty years to grow. Their rate slows with age. Sex hormones in men and

women stimulate the growth of hair, which wanes as hormones do. Thirty years ago experimenters found a plausible connection between B vitamins and gray hair. Animals fed with liver and cereals from which thiamin, riboflavin, and pyridoxine were removed soon showed gray and thin patches of fur. The fur returned to normal when the vitamins were restored. In humans, a lack of riboflavin and pyridoxine causes skin diseases, and thiamin is essential to the nervous system.

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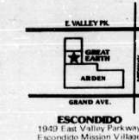
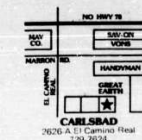
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(continued from page 1)

(continued from page 1)
You'll wish you had been among the rare ones who make it to the farthest, flattest slope on the bell curve for human mortality, and learned what it is like to grow very, very old. Here is a lady who knows.

It is earliest morning in room twenty-one of the La Mesa Convalescent Home and Sara Bratton is awakening to the 288th day of her 104th year on this planet. Two beds run north and south. A window opens up the east wall, and Sara occupies the bed farthest from it, near the door. She wonders what time it is. But she has no way of getting a precise answer; it's been twenty years since her eyes could read a watch. She guesses, from the quiet, that it is dawn.

Lying on her back with her knees drawn up to the right, her left arm extended down at her side, she looks as if someone had arranged her on the bed like a fading flower, as if her frail limbs lacked the power to stir themselves. But she holds her right arm up to her forehead. The long, bony fingers disappear into clumps of stiff white hair. She moans softly, then the clouded slits of her eyes close again.

I'm not even asleep, she thinks. But here I'm dreaming again. The dreams come so easily.

She is seventeen years old, galloping hard against the plain in central Texas, and she can smell the hot, wet horseflesh underneath her. Ahead in the distant dust is her cowboy husband. Will; he laughs when their horses meet. It's Sunday afternoon, she knows, because they're riding, carefree, to the Sinsaba River to pick pecans. In the dream, she can almost feel the cool, crystalline river water and taste the



sweet nutmeat. . . . She slips into deeper sleep and when she awakes, the breakfast cart is rolling down the hallway.

Sara has lived in this clean, pleasant nursing home just off Baltimore Drive on Fletcher Parkway for the last seven years. But her home of forty-three years was Jacumba. A lifelong Westerner, she came to the desert town southeast of San Diego via Hollywood and Arizona and, originally, from Texas. It was there, in a village called Georgetown, about thirty miles north of Austin, that she was born Sara Williams on the last day of August in 1876.

She was the fifth of eight children born in a log cabin lit by kerosene lamps. It was a nice log cabin, she likes to tell people (as if to downplay the foreignness of an age when such homes were common), and it was set in the middle of a cotton farm. Her mother had grown up in a Mississippi home tended by servants; her Tennessee-born father sustained a crippling knee wound while fighting for the South in the Civil War. They both had traveled down the Mississippi River and somehow had migrated to the heart of Texas. These



things Sara recalls without effort.

It is one of the oddities of more than a hundred years of memory that the early images often are the clearest. She can almost see the cotton fields; she recollects her mother teaching her how to weave. Idly, she wonders what became of the old family spinning wheel that occupies her mind so vividly. But if someone were to ask her this morning how long she has lived in the nursing home, she would grumble that her memory doesn't serve her well. She dwelt in Jacumba for longer than many people live their lives. She liked it, but she has little to add beyond that.

She can't remember whether her husband came with her when she moved down in 1928 from the Hollywood hills, where he had worked as a horseback fire ranger. Sara was fifty-two that year, and she says when she first moved to Jumbuck she could barely comb her hair, her fingers hurt so much. Then she took the sweat baths in the hot springs at the Jumbuck Hotel, where she worked as a chambermaid with a friend named Barnes. "People were good to us and we had a real good time working there." The hot springs discolored the soap

in her hands. They haven't troubled her since then, she thinks, as she reaches out for her breakfast. A nurse's aide sets it on a mobile tray in front of the old lady.

"What is it today?" Sara inquires, peering down at the plates.

"Oh good! That's my favorite," she says happily.

Sometimes she's sorry she ever left her little house in the desert hills. There seemed to be no choice at the time she sold it, at ninety-four, her eyesight fading and her hearing deteriorating. But she was an outdoor person all her life and she felt closer to nature in Jacumba. Nowadays Sara reckons she should have found some young couple to live with and care for her in return for the house. But it's too late to think of that, she tells herself. She chews contentedly on the food, thinking of the kindness of the nursing staff here, of the fact that she's never had any complaints. After a while the aide appears to reclaim the dishes.

"What time is it?" Sara asks.
 "It's a little after eight."
 She has three choices. She can climb



back into bed from her wheelchair, close her eyes, and wait for more dreams to come. She can stay in the chair, turning it so that her eyes don't face the painful light. Or she can roll herself down the hall to some darkened corner, perhaps to sit for an hour or two in the shadows of the vacant beauty salon room.

"You rot if you lie around in bed all day," she mutters quietly. She reaches for a purple mohair lap robe on the bed, arranges it on herself, then swings the chair toward the western wall of her room. She folds her hands. They look like old rubber gloves that have cracked and loosened with age so that they no longer fit skintight, translucent gloves that show the swollen blue veins, and which the years

swollen blue veins, and when on years have spotted with rusty brown. Her oval fingernails are incongruous. On a recent "Nail Day," someone painted them with peach-colored polish. Now slowly, the right thumb circles the left one; after a few minutes, they reverse directions.

The old lady sits slightly hunched forward, and on her face is a timid, withdrawn expression that almost makes her look a little afraid, but in fact she's thinking to herself that she's so bored she could scream. For a moment she aches to leap out of her wheelchair and run into the bright



doesn't like, she leaves "on the shelf."

Now she chooses the very favorite memory from her childhood. A distant look enters her eyes and she can hear her mother's voice announcing the momentous news: Papa has decided to rent out the farm for a year, and for the sheer joy of exploring, the Williams family is going to hit the road!

Sara is twelve years old and she can barely contain her glee. She can see the two big covered wagons, one for mother to drive and the other for papa. She rides in the rear of her mother's vehicle, in front of the big chest that holds the family's clothes. A soft mattress covers the wagon floor in front of it; there Sara plays quietly with a rag doll while her sister curls up and dozes, bounced in her nap by the rattled droozles of north Texas in 1888.

Ah, it was grand! Whenever papa ran out of money, the family would encamp in some little town and he would work for a few weeks as a carpenter, a talent which came to him naturally. Once he worked with Jesse James's brother Frank, who was also a carpenter. How exciting the children had found that! Papa had told them how Jesse still thought folks had done him wrong. "Whenever anything goes wrong anywhere, they put the blame on me. They

put me on the run, and I'm still running."

And mother would hold classes in the morning, if it was convenient; and if it wasn't, that was okay; the children could read and write well enough. Evenings they would fix supper on a campfire. . . .

"Well, lazybones, it's time for you to get dressed."

"It's Barbara," replies a brisk woman in white. "Don't you want to get dressed? It's almost ten o'clock."

It's almost like a clock. There is one of the only remnants of Sara's Southern origins Sharp lines that cut downward from the corners of her large nose end in crinkles, jowls that droop heavily. But when she smiles, the lines lift and haul up the corners of flesh, so she looks years younger. Her hair is a dark, wavy black. Her pale blue eyes are sunk deep into her head, and above them fifteen or sixteen wavy lines crest on her forehead. The nurse steps up to the wheelchair and creates a little privacy by pulling open a suspended cotton curtain like one of those around a hospital bed. She extracts a white card from the drawer and reads it aloud. "Now scoot up in the chair," she suggests kindly.

(continued on page 12)

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Letters

(continued from page 4)

of the reason for the preface to *Androcles*, which Mr. Saville so abhors. In a note distributed with the program for the 1913 New York premiere, "The lady who said, 'Don't be blasphemous' when somebody remarked that the cathedral organ was disgracefully out of tune, was no doubt sincerely reverent; but she was rather mixed as to the things that really are religion and the things that are only associated with it by custom."

Perhaps Shaw's intention, rather than telling us the truth about Jesus and his disciples which only G. B. S. had perceived, was instead to shock his audience out of a misguided reverence for the ephemera of faith and into a search for its essentials.

In the midst of writing about the play's hero and heroine, a martyr-to-be and the Roman captain in love with her, Saville makes this statement: "What Shaw does not know about early Christianity constitutes everything about early Christianity." It is his complaint about Shaw's preface or his characterizations in the play itself? It's the latter, as the context suggests. I would be quite surprised, since a play which already has waiting lions and Roman slaves singing "Onward, Christian Soldier" is in no position to be faulted for not showing things as they really were.

I don't think that it's Christianity that interests Shaw in the play of *Androcles*.—Brentley astutely warns us in his book not to assume that the points of view of Shaw's prefaces are the same as the plays they precede—so much as the phenomenon of a forbidden religion and those whom it attracts. He certainly does little to make his heroine's philosophy Christian.

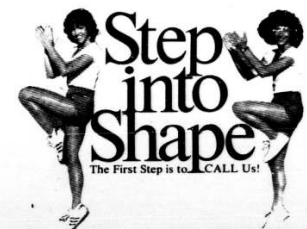
When Lavinia exclaims, "I'll strive for the coming of the God who is not yet," she's closer than anything else to Dada Anna in *Man and Superman* calling for the coming *übermensch*. The Christianity or lack thereof in *Androcles* is less important than the spectacle—rather like *Eliz von Stenheim* and *Pierre Frezay* in Jean Renoir's film *The Grand Illusion*—of two persons totally in disagreement yet full of respect for one another's courage.

On the whole, Saville writes admirably about the San Diego Rep's production of *Androcles*, occasional cruel phrases to describe the appearance of performers notwithstanding. It's wrong, though, to complain about the shallowness of Shaw's reasoning. Rather than regarding each character as a ventriloquist's dummy manipulated by that great debater G. B. S., we should be looking at the plays themselves and trying to figure out the purpose to which all the characters' speeches—no matter what their intellectual validity—are being employed.

Critic Offers Free Admission

Hooray! Jonathan Saville finally said something smart! In "Shaw Business" he describes G. B. S. Shaw as "an opinionated chatterer severely convinced of his own intelligence and goodness and the stupidity and badness of most of the rest of mankind: in short, a critic." Saville then goes on to demonstrate his critic's credentials for hundreds—thousands?—of words, roundly berating Shaw—"unavoidable pest that he is"—for being long-winded, boring, and a shoddy religious thinker. ("What Shaw does not know about early Christianity constitutes everything about early Christianity.") He concludes by smugly telling us

(continued on page 15)



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Sara Bratton

(continued from page 9)

Gingerly the old woman rises inch by inch until she reaches a semiquat, and the nurse strips off her nightgown with one swift motion. The old woman is patient and silent, as the nurse pulls the soft slip down over the naked white body—over breasts flat as empty pouches, over a belly surprisingly round for one so wizened, over all the muscles gravity has been tugging at for more than a century. Moving to the closet, the nurse selects a cotton slipover dress in bright red and white checks and in short order she clads Sara in it, and in nylon stockings and slip-on shoes.

"I want panties," Sara says with a ring of authority.

"You do?" The nurse sounds surprised, but she accommodates the request.

"Where's my car boys?" Sara asks, but the nurse is already searching for a pair in a little box of dime-store jewelry. One hundred and one years ago Sara's mother pierced holes in her daughter's ear lobes: Sara has worn earrings ever since. Long ago the holes grew shut but the old lady still feels naked without the ornaments, so today the nurse screws on shiny black plastic ones. Then the woman in white pushes the chair out into the hall and Sara grabs the wheels. It is a "Rolls" model presented to her as a gift from her son's Shriner friends.

She is used to navigating the halls, and she steadily maneuvers around clusters of old people, both those shuffling on foot and the others in wheelchairs. Her impaired sight still permits her to distinguish major shapes. She steers toward the dining room, where she waits patiently for her cup of sugared coffee and three cookies.

She nibbles them slowly, spooning the coffee to her mouth to cool the hot liquid. A warm breeze fills the room, and Sara inhales it, yearning to be outside. But the light is too bright in this room, let alone on the outdoor patio, so she retreats to the hallway, and then again to her room.

The visit to the dining room reminds her of her approaching birthday. For the last several years the nursing home has staged parties for her; a recent one drew relatives she hadn't seen in thirty years, and she felt the strain of not really knowing them, of feeling impetuous. Now she hopes that they'll let her observe the completion of her 104th year quietly. But she eagerly anticipates one birthday promise.

Mr. Brandt, the nursing home administrator, has offered to take her for a ride in his small airplane, and at the very thought of such a thing a little smile forms on the old lady's face. How wonderful to fly before she dies! She told the administrator



that she's ridden horses (and how she rode — remember tearing across the Texas fields on Blue Britches with the wind full on her face?) and she had ridden automobiles (remember that pretty red brand-new Ford that she and Will bought in Tempe for \$500? Remember how she

navigated over the hills in it the day she raced her friend?) and now what joy she would take in flying! Some birthday that would be — she thought again reminds her of past birthdays, of the silly question about her "secrets" for long life.

"Well, God won't have me. And the devil won't take me," she always says poker-faced. "I guess you folks will have to keep me." Then she breaks into a mischievous grin. Might as well make a joke out of it, she thinks to herself. Who knows the truth of it? In fact, whenever she thinks about whether she expected to live this long she giggles aloud. She can remember one day when she was in her fifties when it occurred to her that she was old enough to die. Her longevity has surprised her for five decades since then.

Is it her genes? But why did her mother die at fifty-two, and her father in his seventies, and why did all her brothers and sisters go years before her? And even her own babies, Ruth, the oldest, died at age thirty-six; and Arch, the youngest boy, who lived in the Imperial Valley, succumbed a few years ago at sixty-five. Now only Charles, her middle child, is left, and

it torments Sara to think of him, eighty-three years old, suffering from disabling knee problems at his home in Paradise, California.

Certainly a life of hard work didn't hurt her. By the age of seven or eight, she was in the fields obediently following in the footsteps of her father, tucking cotton seeds into the freshly plowed ground at his every third footprint. And then a few years later she had jumped out of the fat and into the fire, with marriage at seventeen and a baby the next year. That convinced her girls shouldn't marry young; those who do aren't girls for long. But there had been a few good times, when the farm work let up and mother and papa would pack up the kids and load them in a covered wagon or two and head over to the river, where they would ride and swim and pick pecans or walnuts or whatever was in season.

Sara Bratton is sitting in her wheelchair in the dim corridor and wishing she were hungry. She can discern the cart loaded with lunch plates advancing down the hall. "Here comes the chuckwagon," she remarks to her roommate Alfieita, who is parked in a wheelchair nearby. Lunch comes at fifty-two, and her father in his seventies, and why did all her brothers and sisters go years before her? And even her own babies, Ruth, the oldest, died at age thirty-six; and Arch, the youngest boy, who lived in the Imperial Valley, succumbed a few years ago at sixty-five. Now only Charles, her middle child, is left, and

sweet cake, a diversion to pass the time. When she finishes the meal and they remove the tray, she does climb back into bed. Time for her nap; again the dreams come fast.

She is back on the cattle ranch not far from Seligman, Arizona, where Will works as foreman overseeing a thousand head. The children are grown but Sara has much to do, cooking for all the cowboys. They say she's one of the very best. She always answers that she's lucky to have such good food to cook with; she can walk into the dark, cool pantry cut into the hill in back of the ranch house and the sight of it takes her breath away: a quarter of a whole beef hanging from the rafters, piles of whole dressed chickens, rows upon rows of canned tomatoes and greens, hundred-pound sacks of flour and sugar brought in on the freight wagon. Then she rolls up her sleeves and cuts her nooses off the beef and loads her arms up with provisions and heads back to the kitchen toiling it around.

Once, when she had to leave for a few days to travel to the dentist, she baked for days in advance, preparing food for the men to eat in her absence. How she scrubbed and polished to make that kitchen gleam. Who could forget the shambles that greeted her return—the piles of dirty pans and silver, the moldering scraps, the flies? She went on strike. When the thoughtless varnished maid asked about dinner, Will had told



them; there wouldn't be any dinner until they cleaned the mess, which they did, though the memory of it still makes her quiver.

Now, in this dream, she's leaving the ranch house again, but her kitchen is safe because it's roundup time and the men are out on the trail. Will has gotten word to her where they will camp that day and she's riding to join them. It's early morning and she's trotting at a brisk clip, alone, heading for her man, and she's unspeakably happy. A girlish smile plays on her lips, then she shifts on the hospital bed. Later, through her open mouth she draws shallow, raspy breaths. Her chest rises and falls precipitously. Out in the hall, a woman walks with senility. Alfieita, Sara's roommate, snaps, "Shut up! You're an old woman."

It is after four. Sara has slept much longer than usual. She moans softly again. Her eyes open fractionally to admit a gray band of light and she feels a wave of confusion. What time is it? Has she eaten? Is this a new day? Or has she slept this one away? The old lady struggles up on her elbows almost frantically, pushing away from the

bed as if it were a coffin. "Gonna get bedsores," she hisses, and then the sound turns into a sob. "Nobody cares whether I live or die!"

She perches on the edge of the bed and steadies herself warily. A few years ago she was sitting just like this when someone she fell. Her arm broke. Now she sits quietly and listens. Andy Williams is singing from a nearby radio and more distant voices from several late-afternoon television shows blend to a subdued drone. Two nurses are talking not far down the hall. Moments tick by and now Sara remembers that she is dressed and she's eaten breakfast and lunch, and soon they'll come with dinner. Still, when she eases herself into the wheelchair, depression envelops her.

Her thin shoulders hunch over farther than ever, and the peach-colored slippers roll slowly. She closes her eyes and uncials in the knobby hands to place the palms together. She asks for the Lord to lift the bleak mood, her standard response to gloom. She prays every morning when she rises and every night before dozing. She thinks of herself as a good Christian



woman, one who tries to do right, yet who is not fanatical. "You know, you can do nothing but talk religion," she tells friends, and she doesn't believe in doing that. She's still a member of the Jacumba United Methodist Church.

She muses that now there seem to be more things she's not so sure about. Back in the Sunday school of her childhood, where the preacher talked so forcefully, so frighteningly of hell, Sara was certain that if one didn't live right, one would face perdition. "But your thinking just kind of changes," she explains. Now it seems to her that hell is right here on earth. When people are happy and everything's going right, that's heaven; and when the trouble and the sorrow strikes, that's hell. She sighs. She's just a little bit, not a preacher. She might be all wrong, she reminds herself again.

Soon, she will know. Her own death is coming and she's ready to face it. She's resigned, but she doesn't want to die. Recently Sara recalled when a visitor asked if she was glad she had lived as long as she had. Who wants to die? she responded impatiently. Nobody. Stupid question.

She wonders what time it is. There's no one around to ask. Probably near dinner-time. The old lady props her chair until the front wheels turn into the wall of the hallway. Softly, she hums a little tune whose words she can't remember. Her son Charles gave her a nice big radio that sits on the dresser next to her bed, and she listens to music in the evening, in the hour or so between dinner and the time the nurses come with her sleeping pill. But she likes to save the radio music; it's another landmark in the creeping passage from dawn to dusk.

Her thoughts roam, returning to her August birthday. She wonders about Mr. Brandt's promise of the airplane ride. He's such a dear, good man, but he's also a card. Was the offer sincere? She wonders if the plane feels anything like a horse or a shiny new Ford with bright red wheels. She hopes Mr. Brandt realizes that she's serious, that she will climb right out of her wheelchair and into that little bird, and if she doesn't make it then, even that will be okay. Sara Bratton sits in the fading light of the day and dreams of soaring through the clear, fresh air.

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Up in Arms



JEFF SMITH

I feel a glowing review coming on. It is true that the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre's production of Rodgers and Hart's *Babes in Arms* had some of the usual opening-night jitters last Saturday evening — a few missed lines and an occasional wooden moment — but on the whole it packed the stage with a lively cast, great music, and visually appealing dances and costumes. In short, it was a much welcomed theatrical event.

The choreography of DeeAnn Johnston, in particular, is a special treat. The individual routines and the large production numbers are both a tribute to and a parody of the popular dance styles of the mid-1930s. Johnston's versatile choreography, in effect, presents us with a catalogue of those patterns and forms, from tap dancing to ballroom to the full-ensemble spectacles. The "Babes in Arms" number that opens the show is a delightful tongue-in-cheek rendition of Thirties choreographer Busby Berkeley's penchant for creating epic human kaleidoscopes, with seemingly a thousand or so spinning torsos, arms, and legs synchronized in an almost inhuman precision, and all geared, like the song of Odysseus's Sirens, to lure his mid-Depression audiences momentarily out of their current, chaotic woes. Johnston's version, with its contrasting simplicity and with only eleven performers

on stage, recalls its gigantic ancestor, pokes some fun at it, and also contributes to the play's overall mood of checked innocence, unbridled hope in the face of adversity, and the self-conscious melodrama of youth. I must add here that, confined to the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre's small stage, it is a wonder — and also a testimony to Johnston's work — that during the large dance sequences the performers do not accidentally hang into each other. And the one or two close calls add an additional dramatic ingredient to the play as a whole.

Babes in Arms is a musical comedy about show biz, a lighthearted, backstage look at the trials and tribulations of the Surf and Sand Playhouse, a summer stock theater full of young, talented apprentices facing the financial squeeze of 1936. As a play about the theater, *Babes* is a forerunner of its modern musical counterparts, *A Chorus Line* and *All Star Jazz* ("Me Decade" versions of the same phenomenon). And one can't help but wonder how these latter shows will be received forty years or so hence. Will there be a wave of Seventies nostalgia? A yearning for a return to the age of pseudo self-liberation? Whosa meety, let's hope not... But where the modern versions revel in self-congratulatory confessions of personal failing (a sort of "I'm more bunged up than thou" attitude), and all in the name of "honesty," *Babes* by contrast has a refreshingly innocent charm to it. The prob-

lems of the mini-world of the Surf and Sand Playhouse can't be solved! Though we hardened lighties types may suspect otherwise about our own world, for the players at the Surf and Sand, at least, there is still a chance.

Bunny Byron, the harried and slightly jaded owner of the Surf and Sand, has a problem. Her theater is in deep economic trouble. Producer Seymour Fleming, whose taste in drama is at best deplorable and whose IQ approximates that of an igneous rock, decides that the surest way to restore the fortunes of the Playhouse is to run a work by Southern playwright Lee Calhoun entitled *The Deep North*. Calhoun's play, set in a penthouse apartment overlooking New York's Greenwich Village and fictitiously anti-Yankee, has all the earmarks of a bona fide disaster. And Bunny is caught in the middle. She must run this Off-Broadway dud, knowing that if it ever reached the Big Apple, New Yorkers would all move to Cape Cod — and even though she would rather let the apprentice kids in her troupe perform their own play, which they have been rehearsing in their spare time.

The kids decide to sabotage Calhoun's play and to perform their own in the presence of a big-time producer who has come to Cape Cod to see *The Deep North*. The result is a hilarious scene in which Calhoun, playing the lead role in his own production, experiences an actor's nightmare: a set designed to interfere with his every cue, a monster come alive to deny each of his intentions, gestures, and actions — along with a cast bent upon a similar undermining of purpose. After Calhoun leaves the stage in a huff, the kids do their play — a rousing musical punctuated by the tale of "Johnny One Note," a singer who capitalized on his severely limited vocal range and became a star. The kids' play is a huge success, in love, in economics, and in art — is restored, and *Babes* concludes by reaffirming the words of Susie, one of the troupe's most talented apprentices, that "a musical comedy can have a happy ending after all."

To this flimsy skeleton of a plot, George Oppenheimer (who wrote the book) has appended a number of subplots, love intrigues, and characterizations (some of which have been pruned away for the current production). This mixture enriches the story, and the cast at the Gaslamp is so good that I'm sure different players steal the show for different members of the audience. David Heikilla (the guy), who Wolfe are excellent as the two enthusiastic, energetic, and very talented leaders of the apprentice troupe. Although Susie (the girl) has eyes for Valentine (the guy), she is turned by the entrance of screen star — get ready! — Jennifer Darling, whose narcissistic affections Valerie Harp hams to their comical hilt, as if a hidden camera followed her every move. You can almost

hear her false eyelashes flapping in mock imitation of the starlets of the silent screen. This triangle produces two of the Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart songs that have long since leaped beyond the confines of the play. When Valentine meets Jennifer, each experiences *déjà vu*. The result is the lovely "Where or When," done in a wistful, otherworldly style by Harp and Heikilla. And as Susie senses that her man is slipping away, Sharon Leigh Wolfe moistens a few eyes in the crowd with her lyrical rendition of "My Funny Valentine."

Among the other fine performances, two deserve special mention. With his thin, evil-antagonist moustache firmly in place, Barry Messer's characterization of round producer Seymour Fleming creates a hiss-worthy villain who is spared the fate of his kind by his many comical ineptitudes, in particular his repeated reliance on theatrical clichés ("The show must go on"), which he utters as if he had invented them. And I especially enjoyed Kathleen McKay's performance of the word-weary though with a note of optimism — as Bunny Byron, the owner of the playhouse. McKay adds a drop or two of bitterness to the story, just enough to dilute its occasionally saccharine tendencies. While some of the other songs provide a pause (so to speak), a place of rest within this fast-paced production, her version of "The Lady Is a Tramp," belted out with spunk and sass, does the opposite: it kicks things into overdrive and stands out among many such moments, as one of the brightest parts of the show.

The direction of Don Worman is in evidence throughout. *Babes in Arms*, with its many subplots, frequently packed stage, and busy displays of emotion and energy, potentially could go astray without the firm, controlling hand of the director. Worman, however, effectively coordinates these various parts into a fast-paced, unified show. He also manages to integrate the work of his younger cast members (whose limited theatrical experience mirrors the roles they play) with that of his more dramatically seasoned performers.

Everyone knows that reviews should present a balanced case, assessing both the strengths and weaknesses of a show. But aside from the opening-night nervousness and a few spots needing more polish, I would prefer to stress the strengths of this play. The Gaslamp Quarter Theatre's production of *Babes in Arms* is terrific stuff. It captures the spirit of its original with vigor and pizzazz (I really must have liked that show) and, as its predecessor must have done in the mid-Thirties, it makes for a refreshing escape from the concerns of the day. In the words of Surf and Sand Playhouse producer Seymour Fleming, who thinks he is coining the phrase, somebody must have "broken a leg" at the Gaslamp. I hope it wasn't during one of the dance rehearsals on that small stage. □



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Letters

(continued from page 11)

how Shaw could have been "a better playwright," as if that information had any relevance today, thirty years after Shaw's death.

I guess it takes one opinionated, long-winded bore to know another, but my hat is off to Naville for finally admitting it straight out in print!

Diana Wise

La Jolla

Only Corn

I read with interest Eleanor Widener's critique of Casa de Bandini ("Without Reservation," June 26) and found it not only informative but also quite entertaining. One thing I could not understand, however, is how she sampled four tortillas in an enchilada, since the flour tortillas are not used for the enchiladas — only corn tortillas. Possibly could it have been the chimichangas, pollo fundido, or the quesadilla — all of which use flour tortillas — that I checked into the "fishy taste" it will be resolved. We also intend to bring up the temperature of the refried beans, and have also improved the flavor of the beans.

The Casa de Bandini is a new venture, and obviously in any new operation there are always certain problems that are going to occur that must be worked out. The important thing is to recognize the problem and then do something about it. I am always anxious to hear comments pertaining to our restaurant as it helps me to constantly improve.

Diane Powers, owner/operator
Bucar del Mondo

Cosell It Somewhere Else

Certainly Duncan Shepherd has served his usefulness by now. I have just returned from two years of living in Los Angeles and am sorry to find that he is still writing the movie reviews for the *Reader*. Controversy does breed readership in much the same way Howard Cosell attracts viewers to "Monday Night Football," but I find it a disservice to the public to continually foster someone like Shepherd on them for their recurrent disapproval. Having wallowed through film criticism classes in the motion picture-television department at UCLA, I find I must once again wade through the same muck of boorish intellectualism every time I pick up your paper. I shall reiterate. Shepherd has lost any vestige of appeal to me from a reader standpoint or a moviegoing reviewer. Are you guys listening? Michael Simpson
La Jolla

Say It Ain't So, Duncan

Please, please, do not ever replace Duncan Shepherd as your movie reviewer. When we read how badly he panned *Fame*, we could not get in line fast enough. As expected, it was one of the best movies we had ever seen. We just couldn't wait for the lunchroom scene that he had specifically said was so bad. Naturally, it was sensational! Afterward, we could not wait to tell our friends. But also, they, too, had read the review and rushed off to see *Fame*. His reputation is just spreading too fast.

Please do not ever bend to pressure when another movie he has slammed becomes a popular favorite and an award-winning moneymaker. Where else could we ever find such a consistently inaccurate barometer? David Gimbel
Hillcrest



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What You See and What You Hear



Ruggiero Raimondi, Teresa Berganza

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Joseph Losey's motion picture of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is valuable not only for its own considerable artistry but also for what it tells us about the problems of converting an opera into a film. The chief difficulty is in the radical difference between the two media: opera appeals chiefly to the ear, while films appeal chiefly to the eye. I say "chiefly," not "exclusively" — for of course the visual elements of an opera (the set, the appearance of the singers, the staging of the action) have their importance, just as a film's soundtrack does, with its spoken dialogue, sound effects, and background music.

performance one may sometimes wish for such a thing), and would anyone think of buying and listening to the complete soundtrack of the ordinary dramatic film? Transferring an opera from stage to screen inevitably alters the essential relationship between the music and the staging, throwing the visual elements into much greater prominence and consequently diminishing the relative importance of the music. The problems this transformation poses are ultimately insoluble; opera films are therefore always imperfect compromises between the inherent nature of music-drama and the demands of the new medium. They are to be judged in terms of losses rather than on an absolute scale of aesthetic value. There are perfect operas (*Don Giovanni* is one of them) and perfect films, but there are no perfect opera films.

One thing a film can do is to let us see the characters up close. A basic assumption of this art is that there is an intimate relationship between personality and appearance: we are what we look like, and we look like what we are. Opera singers achieve their reputations almost entirely by means of their voices, and their physical appearance often bears no relationship to the kind of characters they portray — think of big, tall, hefty, square-jawed Joan Sutherland singing the delicate, pathetic, vulnerable Romantic heroine Lucia di Lammermoor. On the stage, this sort of thing is sometimes a bit amusing, sometimes a bit irritating — but if the voice is beautiful and the singing is expressive, one easily manages to ignore what the singer looks like. Not so in the movies, where the visual images are so large and near and where the very nature of the medium makes us concentrate so much more on bodies and faces.

In many of the singers in *Don Giovanni*, Losey has been spectacularly lucky from this point of view: not only do they look right, but some of them look so extremely right that their appearance significantly enhances the dramatic effect of their music. The Don himself is sung by Ruggiero Raimondi, who at first glance seems scarcely handsome enough, but whose face gradually asserts itself as utterly true to the character. The extreme pallor, the hooded, calculating eyes, the vulpine nose, the bloodless lips, the masklike inexpressiveness — are not these

the perfect outward signs of the sensual debauchery and aristocratic arrogance of Don Juan? Similarly, Malcolm King, as the rustic bumpkin Masetto, who Don Giovanni exploitatively seduces, manages to look just like a stupid peasant — and like Raimondi, he acts with a vivid naturalness that makes him believable in purely dramatic terms.

Most impressive of all is the contrasting appearance of the two leading ladies, both victims of the Don's cold-hearted lust, but quite unlike each other in their attitudes toward their former seducer. Edda Moser is Donna Anna, haughty, vindictive, single-minded in her pursuit of the man who has tried to rape her and who has subsequently killed her father. Kiri Te Kanawa sings Donna Elvira, abandoned by Don Giovanni yet still in love with him, furious at his treatment of her yet still tenderly anxious to save him from himself, with an anger that melts into floods of self-sacrificing devotion at the first kind word from him (or even at her fantasy of it), and it is impossible to conceive of two female faces more perfectly expressive of these two archetypes of woman than Miss Moser's, finely chiseled, lofty, tragic, with a haggard, transcendent beauty of patrician grandeur; and Miss Te Kanawa's, soft, pure, radiantly lovely, and almost childlike in its fresh clarity, yet animated by the ardor of a truly passionate feminine nature.

Some of the other singers are far less appropriate in the appearance. John Macurdy, Donna Anna's magisterial father who later appears in the person of his own banished statue, is a genial, pudgy, round-faced gentleman who could not intimidate a hamster. Teresa Berganza sings Zerlina, the sprightly young peasant bride who so takes the Don's momentary fancy, but at this stage in her career she really looks like Zerlina's mother, a plump, amiable, middle-aged lady with an ingratiating way about her. It is true enough that Don Giovanni's taste for the female of the species is so catholic that he does not care — as his servant Leporello remarks — whether his conquests are fat, thin, big, small, old, young, beautiful, or ugly, but Zerlina's role is explicitly that of the *giovine principessa* (the "youthful beginner"), and while Miss Berganza, a clever actress, might well seem that from the distance of a balcony seat in the theater, she is scarcely convincing in a film that purports to be a real drama, rather than a documentary record of operatic performance. The same thing is true — but much more damagingly so — for the Don Ottavio of Kenneth Riegel. Donna Anna's faithful, self-abetting suitor is here shown as a portly stuffed shirt more like an uncle than a lover; and while Miss Berganza effectively acts the young girl even if she doesn't look it, Riegel's acting is as stolid as his appearance.

The choice of these three singers might

have been justified — however inconsistent it might be with the visual requirements of the film — if their singing voices were as good as to make them irreplaceable. Alas, that is by no means the case. Macurdy is a croaker of no noticeable talent; Riegel's voice is harsh, strained, and unwieldy, with a strong wobble whenever the singer attempts to force loudness; and Miss Berganza, though she was at one time a delightful singer and still retains the touching beauty of her rich mezzo-soprano voice, now produces so many notes without vibrato and just under pitch that these dead, flat howls make her otherwise very musical performance practically unlistenable.

These are not the only poor singers in the film: Malcolm King (Masetto) bears down ruthlessly on his undistinguished baritone voice, but at least he has the virtue of looking like the character he is playing. Faces alone cannot provide sufficient visual images to sustain a film; there must be a background as well, and just as the medium of film naturally presupposes a close relationship between the self and the physiognomy, so too it necessitates a closely observed, detailed, more or less realistic physical environment (the landscape, the city, the house, the room) within which the characters' actions take on their full meaning. For this version of *Don Giovanni*, Losey has chosen to film on location in the ravishingly beautiful northern Italian city of Venice, and specifically in and around some of the most exquisite architectural creations of the sixteenth-century architect Andrea Palladio.

The adventures of Don Juan are actually supposed to take place in Seville, which does not look anything at all like Venice, but there are admittedly some circumstances that make this choice of setting historically and aesthetically defensible. The libretto of *Don Giovanni* is Italian in language and spirit; the librettist Lorenzo da Ponte (whose own sexual history bears some similarity to that of his subject) came from northern Italy and spent significant portions of his life in Venice, if not in the neighboring Venice; and the aristocratic life associated with these Palladian buildings is sufficiently like that of the seventeenth-century Spanish Don Juan and his social class to make him seem quite at home there. There is a special irony in the film when Don Giovanni nonchalantly indicates "Quel castelletto mio" ("That little house is mine") and the camera pans to Palladio's stupendous Villa

Rotonda, with its magnificent stone staircase, columned temple portico, and severely classical dome.

In a very real sense, this film is a photographic celebration of Venice, with its glorious hill and river views, and of Palladio's finest monuments. One of the scenes, for example, takes place in the architect's Olympian Theater, on the elaborate Renaissance stage with its grandiose architectural facade and radiating "streets" in *traverse* perspective — and, appropriately enough in such a setting, the director wittily plays on the notions of dramatic reality and theatrical illusion by briefly showing us the characters of *Don Giovanni* as singers performing before an elegant audience of Renaissance aristocrats (including a prelate clothed in crimson, like some exotic bird). The photography, both indoors and out, is of the utmost refinement, and the succession of beautiful scenes, many of them in a suggestive atmosphere of moonlight or hazy sunshine, is breathtaking.

During scenes of action — in the finale, for example, when the film moves to the two acts, for instance, and in the conversational recitatives that move the plot along — the music, the acting, and the sets are remarkably well integrated with the characters' actions, so that these characters are actually doing these particular things in this particular place. However, Mozartean opera, as part of its inheritance from the Baroque style, also includes a large proportion of arias, set pieces during which the action stops and the character reveals through poetry and music the state of his or her emotions. When these operas are staged in a theater, the singer customarily takes up a stance at a suitable place on stage and delivers the aria without moving from the spot. A more inventive stage director may have the singer move around a bit, especially at points of articulation in the structure of the aria, but ordinarily the scene remains relatively static, with the activity mainly confined to the emotional movement within the music — an emotional movement of his life in Venice, if not in the neighboring Venice; and the aristocratic life associated with these Palladian buildings is sufficiently like that of the seventeenth-century Spanish Don Juan and his social class to make him seem quite at home there. There is a special irony in the film when Don Giovanni nonchalantly indicates "Quel castelletto mio" ("That little house is mine") and the camera pans to Palladio's stupendous Villa

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Anything less in keeping with the nature of film it would be exceedingly hard to imagine. What Mr. Losey has done to overcome this convention, so acceptable in opera but so undramatic in his own art, is to send the singers on long, picturesque walks while they sing their arias. They are never at rest for a moment, and the camera

tracks their wanderings against gorgeous backdrops of Palladian architecture and Venetian landscapes. I am no filmmaker and cannot myself think of a better way to carry this off, but as a member of the audience I must say that the monotonous repetition of the same device struck me as a depressing failure of imagination on the part of the director. Don Ottavio sings one aria while being poled along in a gondola and another while striding aimlessly but vehemently across the lawn. Donna Elvira delivers her first-act aria wandering pensively in the gardens of the Villa Rotonda and her second-act aria wandering pensively through its interior apartments; the compulsively pacing Donna Anna recounts the events of her seduction ("Or sai chi l'onore") against a constantly moving backdrop of doorways, windows, frescoes, and hallways, as poor Don Ottavio follows along like a pet dog.

In these scenes — and they constitute a good half of the film — I found myself not only rather weary by the lack of directorial invention but also distracted by the ever-changing scenery, beautiful as it was. Mozart and Palladio are both very great artists — too great, I think, for an audience to be able to take in both of them at once. The Mozartean drama is a total, self-contained emotional world; it does not need — and in fact its power and beauty are diffused by — a competing visual accompaniment, especially one that reveals so insistently self-assertive a creative personality as that of Palladio. I should say, however, that to balance this sense of distraction and competition the visual images provide a pervasive atmosphere of serene, austere nobility that greatly enriches the drama. The characters are magnified by their surroundings; their intense emotional involvements take on additional resonances from the lofty porticoes, vast halls, and spacious natural vistas; and the combination of Mozart's music, da Ponte's libretto, Palladio's architecture, and Losey's camera work finally results in a work of art of great distinction and beauty. One might legitimately fault the director for some instances of poor judgment, the rather feeble treatment of the threatening statue, where he ought to have taken advantage of the supreme power of film to evoke terror, and the obtrusive presence of a young valet in black (some sort of symbolic character, apparently, but quite unnecessary to the proceedings). In his general approach to the filming of the opera, however, he seems to have

exploited most of the potential of his medium with a minimum amount of damage to the original. This may not be the optimum way to experience Mozart, but Losey's *Don Giovanni* is without doubt a stunning film in its own right. What one sees in this film — the excellent acting of many of the performers, the lively genre pictures of peasant and aristocratic life, the enchanting scenery — tends to disarm criticism of the singing; there is so much to see that it is hard to listen to the performances with the close attention that is normal in the opera house. An addition of the recorded soundtrack suggests that Ruggiero Raimondi benefits significantly from this circumstance. In the film he seems to be singing well (he is certainly singing dramatically), but the recording shows up various flaws — the scooping, the lack of ring, the guttural timbre — that are familiar from his other performances, in person and on disc. Jose Van Dam (the Don's servant Leporello), in contrast, has a rich bass voice, smoothly produced and expressively inflected; he is a fine Leporello and might himself make a fine Don Giovanni. Kiri Te Kanawa (Donna Elvira) manages her music with skill, and the voice itself matches her face for loveliness and freshness — but her singing is perhaps somewhat lacking in warmth and drama (would she not have been a better Zerlina, with her *coquette* lightness of timbre and feeling?).

For all Miss Te Kanawa's gifts, the vocal star of the production is surely Edda Moser, a superb Donna Anna — impassioned of temperament, secure in technique, and with a voice as impressive as that of any of the chief dramatic sopranos of our day. The conducting, by Lorin Maazel, is exemplary in its energy, precision, and sense of proportion, although there is an occasional tendency to hurry things (Don Ottavio's "Dalla sua pace" is far too fast for comfort, the *tenor's* or our own — perhaps Maazel's Maazel wanted to speed up that tour in the gondola). This is not the recording of choice, to be sure, but in the film its weaknesses are to some extent obscured and its strengths dramatically, more than vocally — are splendidly brought out.

Don Giovanni will be shown (with English subtitles) at the Guild Theatre this Sunday, July 27, at 7:00 p.m. This screening is a benefit for the San Diego International Film Festival, which is sponsoring it in cooperation with the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art.

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An Intermezzo by Any Other Name



RENO WIN

The heartbeat of *Honeysuckle* is never really louder than the strains of *Intermezzo*, the weepy 1939 soap in which renowned violinist Leslie Howard forsakes his stable home for a passionate interlude with aspiring young pianist Ingrid Bergman, who idolizes him. The 1936 Swedish version that preceded it (and also starred Bergman) was written by Gustav Molander and Gosta Stevens, who receive story credit for this current cinematic knock-down. Lively accurate in detail, the second recycling of this tale of musical infidelity includes such a precise vignette as the offspring listening to touring Dad on the radio. Where before, Howard's daughter pipes, "Listen, Mommy, it's Daddy all the way from Cannes," in *Honeysuckle*, Jamie, son of Buck Bonham (Willie Nelson), cuddles up to his transistor radio and announces to Mom (Dyan Cannon) that "Daddy's singing with Lily."

Updating *Intermezzo* should have meant more than simply transposing it from the European classical concert stage to the Great Plains and country music, a milieu enjoying Hollywood's attention this summer. What must have been conceived as a Willie Nelson showcase with no further

ted imagination, and a tendency toward silliness. Last year Senator Tynan was playing with his lover and their post-coital snack in bed, and now Buck and his sensuous wife, Viv, slide across the family-room floor in a streak of homemade ice cream.

Cannon's performance as the betrayed wife has been considerably fleshed out from pallid, long-suffering former versions. She's vulnerable expressing fear that she would not be able to handle any husbandly hanky-panky and she's a strong contributor to Buck's career. She's most sensational when angry and carries herself skillfully into a stage confrontation which is short on plausibility but long on pathos. Physically there's so much of her, her very teeth seem voluptuous.

Any Irving (previously seen in Brian DePalma's *Carrie* and *The Fury*) is Lily, the classically younger Other Woman. Ingrid Bergman, though equally intense, spoke hesitantly and with discretion, but Lily knows what she wants right from the start. Daughter of Buck's old friend (Slim Pickens), she's been afraid that "she wouldn't grow up fast enough" before Buck got "too old." Just as Bergman gave piano lessons to Howard's daughter in *Intermezzo*, so has Lily tutored Jamie on the guitar, but when Buck sees she's all "grown up and haired over" you need not have heard "Intermezzo" to know as sure as it says Texas on the back of Buck's jacket there's going to be fireworks.

Where Howard and Bergman were lady and gentleman, negotiating their relationship furtively, as if window-shopping, protecting everyone concerned, Buck and Lily, before you can say "two eggs over easy," are touching tongues over a microphone in front of thousands of swaying fans in Amarillo. This romantic duet is developed as a result of Lily's childhood fantasies and Buck's on-the-road loneliness; he roams the carpets at the Ramada Inn trying to rattle up some wholesome male camaraderie, but the guys in his band have other gigs to play, and what would be expected among a guy who's first to jump in the creek with his clothes on?

First it feels so good, then it hurts so bad, and along comes the line to remember: "Isn't this what country and western music is all about?" In *Intermezzo*, the lovers' smoldering self-interest eventually turns to flame-proof self-

restraint and ends as a traditional unfinished symphony of passion. About this time in *Honeysuckle*, Buck decides to "slide down to Mexico" because he's the kind of casual guy who doesn't just go down there, he slides, and so goes the story. With no moral, self-sacrificing decision being made, *Honeysuckle* continues past where *Intermezzo* left off. Buck leaves the stage and the folks back home that anchored this movie, and the narrative careens like a drunken bus driver on a wind-swept highway.

Schatzberg can be credited with the working of scenes that seem to have emerged naturally from the down-to-earth quality of rural culture, its characters, its rhythms. He takes time, too, for some fresh stage angles: the real-life reunion swing band; a cameo by Emmylou Harris as herself, sleek in her white cowgirl hat and fringe; and a believable, aphoristic chemistry when Lily watches Buck like a voyeur as he bends over the footlights to kiss winsome fans in tight tank-tops. The credit *Honeysuckle* ending is foreshadowed at times by Altman-like incidents that do nothing to advance the story, as when a band member follows Jack LaLanne on the bus-video. Too bad Schatzberg gets sloppy when he moves into more intentional gags: musicians' hijinks (each past into porn and pain, put curiously with a tasteless genital prank. In light of this, Lily's observation that life on Buck Bonham's bus is "like getting paid to go to a party") feels forced. There's a heavily hip slam against traditional country music as personified by rhinestone cowboy Mickey Rooney, Jr., wearing a suit that would upstage Liberace. He's managed by an even more caricatured character, an anxious agent who talks in rib-poking vernacular like "I guaran-goddamn-tee-yah." And while there's more now to Slim Pickens than back when he picked up that same... his presence evokes years of Western myth-making — there's not enough breadth to this standard character, so the role fences him in.

Honeysuckle Rose lifts its title from the mailbox where Buck hangs any hat he hasn't thrown into the audience, so inevitably we can say "two eggs over easy." Any love that hurts this many people has just gotta be wrong." With Howard in *Intermezzo* the implication was that the stolen moments were a fluke in an otherwise orderly marital arrangement (both husbands beg their wives to go on tour essentially to keep them honest), but Buck is more prone to a real phobia about his fact being nailed to the floor, a dimension the script fails to track down. This lack of resolution probably won't nag the Willie-watchers and general good-limers at whom *Honeysuckle* Rose is primarily aimed, for there's an abundance of healthy, sweet-tempered music enriched by Willie Nelson's voice, warm and reassuring.

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AS THE BOARD UNFOLDS

By Jeff Smith



Photo by Jeff Smith

Recently I received an invitation, though it read like a summons, to play a fairly new table game called Dungeons and Dragons. The invitation came from "Pazival Jones, Purple Knight of the Doleful Countenance." Knowing what relatively innocuous games can do to people, myself included, I declined the invitation. I'll tell you why.

I have never been very adept at table games. I enjoy playing them, but someone else usually lands on Boardwalk and Park Place long before I can decide whether or not Baltic Avenue is a sound investment. My chip in Monopoly is always the car, a silver roadster that seems eminently suited for a rewarding cruise around Atlantic City, even though it probably gets, at most, five miles to a gallon of gas. But invariably the top hat or the cannon buys the land, builds the houses, condos, hotels, and wins the game, regardless of who rolls the dice and makes the decisions. In my experience, at least, Monopoly seems wholly deterministic, and it reveals little about its participants as people, which used to be my reason for playing games like this in the first place.

The one exception here is geographical. You can sometimes tell where people come from when you play Monopoly. Native Californians who have never been east of the Sierra Nevada take a ride on the "reading," the literary railroad. A minor discovery, true, and small gain for four hours spent at a table.

I had the same problem with Clue, revealing too much about me and learning very little about my fellow detectives. Stated simply, I could not trust Colonel Mustard. That story, stare, that trim, white moustache, those suspicious lips, pursued at the threshold of a lie — there was always something a little too rich about that man. He must have done it! (He also bears a slight resemblance to Sigmund Freud, but that's probably my projection, and problem.) So I would

work my way to the billiard room, since conservatories were never my style, and wait. I had my suspect and room. The only remaining question was: what did he use this time? Never a knife or a candlestick — too unimaginative for his devilish brain. Which also eliminates the rope. The wrench! Now there is a weapon worthy of his wrath. I was set. But usually it turned out that fatherly Professor Plum was the culprit, in the aviary, with an electron microscope.

Monopoly implies a spiraling view of life. One moves around a squared circle, passes Go, and collects the \$200 it is one's right, because still alive, to earn. Chance enters into the game, but it usually just speeds up one's progress around the board, which can be a dizzying trek since each trip increases the amounts of potential joy and danger one can experience.

While Monopoly is a spiral journey, of incrementally manic-depressive proportions, Clue works more off the

principle of an artichoke. One limits, progressively, one's choices, narrowing down to a single villain, weapon, and room. There are only so many suspects to begin with, but what a rapacious repertoire, given the number of atrocities they have committed over the years, and to an unnamed victim. The rules mention the owner of the house as having been done in, but the question is always who did it, never who, in particular, got it, or why. Who was the victim? What could she or he possibly have done to deserve the fury of Colonel Mustard? In short, Clue implies a layered view of life, at the center of which is a right answer. One discovers this answer by omitting components, by moving from a proscribed whole to the three guilty parts. Logical positivists and premed students usually win at Clue.

In my search for a table game that revealed the character of my opponents at least as much as it did my own, I discovered Risk, a game that came into

being during the Vietnam era. You start with a map of the world, divided into territories and continents. You choose a color and receive a number of small, plastic cubes, each representing 10,000 troops. The point of the game is simple: spread your colored cubes across the map, seize adjacent territories by rolling dice successfully against your opponents, capture and defend continents, and rule the world. For revelations of character, this game is as accurate as a fingerprint.

Risk relies on two elements, power and euphemism. The megalomania is all, and yet the game's more rabid players constantly remind you that the little plastic cubes are just that, and no more. Nonetheless, in the one game I played, which I will describe in a bit, I began to worry what these cubes would eat, if the quality of their lives was at least bearable, if they would ever know love. Stuck in some threatened outpost, say, Alaska or Iceland, two of the routes between major continents, how would they face a clearly imminent death? How would they even keep warm? In the fluid world of Risk, the ultimate aim of which is the stasis of a board covered by cubes all of the same color, these people, if you choose to see through the euphemism, must be moving constantly, through strange climates and cultures, destroying and being decimated in turn. Little cubes, dying.

As I said, I played Risk once. My neighbor Michael and I were invited to a friend's house in North County one Sunday afternoon. The invitation read, "Bring your beers and your guts, men. I've got a real game for you." It was signed, "Yours in conquest, Odin Jones, the Avenger." Invitations like that don't usually get heeded, but Odin was a friend of Michael's, as well as something of a gauntlet-flinger, so we went.

While we were driving up the Coast Highway, watching the fog slowly snub the land, I became a bit

apprehensive as Michael, a seventeen-year-old child of the Love Generation, began describing Jones. "He's actually a nice person. It's just that he... he's always trying too hard, you know? For example, he's enrolled in every conceivable executive-training seminar in the area, but they don't seem to have helped much. Only last week he went to this gala event wearing Levis, blue tennis shoes, a black sports coat, an orange T-shirt, and a necktie with hand-painted palm trees on it."

The guy sounded okay to me. "He wears the latest fad," Michael continued, "the way he wears his various nicknames like masks he can hide behind. Know what I mean?"

"I guess," I said, half wondering how many masks we all wear for similar purposes, and half wondering about their possible necessity.

Jones met us at the door of his apartment. Aged somewhere in his late twenties, he was wearing a leather flyer's jacket (with fuzzy collar), dark glasses, and a yachting cap, which apparently was intended to approximate the hat of a general. Under the cap was one of those currently fashionable new-wave haircuts, short on top and long down the back, designed meticulously to look unfashionable. Michael made the appropriate introductions (I was meeting Jones for the first time and

was enjoying his ability to give even life's most menial tasks a dramatic quality), and then Jones showed us around the place, which was small, well kept, with no offensive odors, and with no distinguishing features — save for the view of the ocean, about ten blocks away, and the picture of a flying-wing airplane swooping over the Mojave Desert in the late Forties.

"An odd aircraft," I commented, trying to engage in small talk. "It was to be the stingray of the air," proclaimed Jones. "A dismal failure, by most standards, though. The engineers that designed it thought they could do away with frills and excesses, like the fuselage, and just utilize the wings, the essence of flight, instead. Dumb fine idea, I'd say, men — damn fine."

Then Jones set up a card table and spread a colorful map of the world across it. He read us the rules of Risk and said, "Now, this game is in kind of like that flying wing in the picture. It doesn't have much of the excessive fripper of Monopoly or Clue. It is a game reduced to the bare essentials: power, conquest, and domination. A real man's game."

It turns out he had played Risk before, maybe ten times, and had never won. I suspected that he wanted to compete against rookies for once, in hopes of having a sure thing. When the board was set up, Jones yanked open a

can of beer and said, "All right, men, let's get to it!"

Jones began fiercely, grabbing up all surrounding territories. He had conquered South America without losing a single plastic cube, and began pushing two fronts, one to the north and one east — toward North America and Africa — all the time unable to conceal the twinkle of a devouring imperialist in his eyes. Michael moved around Australia, taking two territories and passing. By the time my turn rolled around, my cubes were scattered all over the globe, and Jones appeared to have at least half of a sure thing. All I wanted to do was build some sort of philosophical community of passivists in Athens, Greece. I found the point of the game repulsive and had settled. I thought naively at the time, on a satisfying compromise. My people would construct an intellectual oasis and would devote their lives to a word-by-word explication of *Mao's Little Red Book*. The only problem was that the majority of my forces (a bad choice of words since to me they looked like a gentle band of pre-Socratic philosophers) were in India, holed up and threatened by Odin Jones's "purple horde" (my boxes were blue, the color of thought). Jones said if he could "wipe me out completely" (his exact words), he would receive some sort of extra credit, more troops to aid his efforts

against Michael, whose red cubes seemed eager to mass up and crush their purple enemy.

So I tried to negotiate. I said the world needed an above of unfeathered thought, and that to make ends meet, my philosophers would hire themselves out as part-time teachers, educating the other two armies apparently soon to be locked in an infamous dialectic. I said we wouldn't try to proselytize, or even unionize, and that tenure could be conferred only by the chairmen of each warring camp. A major concession that, but I was in a desperate situation and had to think fast.

Michael accepted the offer graciously. Odin Jones did not. "You want Greece? You gotta come straight through my men," he said, clutching the dice as if they were a rattlesnake about to be devoured. He had a large pile of purple cubes, roughly 100,000 Angels of Death, in Afghanistan, blocking my route to the Isles of Greece. I had, at most, 20,000 vegetarian mystics left alive, many of whom were contemplating a hunger strike to protest the rampant injustices of a world gone mad. One didn't have to be a philosopher to perceive the necessity of declining Jones's gambit.

So I pleaded, "We will also study medicine. We will become healers of your wounded. You won't have to pay credit, more troops to aid his efforts

(Continued on page 27)

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Bad posture curves spine and will aid disease
By Dr. Paul Helzer, D.C.

The strong and healthy condition of a spine is proof that there was nothing seriously wrong with its environment when it was a sapling. In the same way, healthy, robust men and women who stand straight and move freely are those who had a good posture habit during their growing years. Many trees as well as humans, however, are bent and mis-shapen. It does not take much to bend a body so that it will grow unsuitably. A young student in high school, in the habit of slumping, may spend as much as four hours a day sitting improperly—a lot of growing goes on during those hours. Then, at home, there is more slumping as he reads, watches TV, eats dinner. It is no surprise that spinal curvature is common among children. Not enough emphasis is placed on proper posture, and the problems which later result are even worse than imagined. The curved spine means that vertebrae are pressed close together in some places, rather than having the same amount of space all the way around the edge of each individual bone. This, of course, means that the nerve trunks leaving the spine are pinched, and the organ, muscle or gland served by that vital nerve cannot get the normal flow of messages from the brain, which means it is vulnerable to malfunction or outright disease. Correct the causes of spinal curvature, or if the curvature has already occurred, take steps to correct it with professional care.

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Landis Ho!



John Landis, Dan Aykroyd

Nothing less than an elephant gun, it was my impression, would be needed to subdue John Landis, the twenty-nine-year-old director of *The Blues Brothers*. Not to forget, going backwards in time, *National Lampoon's Animal House*, *Kentucky Fried Movie*, and *Schlock*, and looking ahead in time to his announced next project, *An American Werewolf in London*. To better capture the flavor of the following interview, Landis's lines ought to be read at an average cruising speed of 200 words per minute, the voice climbing, dipping, and swooping upwards again as if in an aerobics show. Mine, in contrast, ought to be read at a clip approximate to that of a Henry Kissinger speech, with an additional "um" after every third word. Landis showed a willingness that far outdistanced mine to dwell on the cinematic subject of financial output and net profit. Much of this material tended to chafe on my *Blanche DuBois* sensibility as just too much tub-thumping, and was thus dispatched as an "exclusive" to the Monday-morning trash collector. Much of it also was retained, for while I protest my innocence in being dragged into the subject in the first place, I acknowledge my guilt in prolonging it, as much by my eye-rolls and audible exhalations as by anything I said. What I regret not having gotten on tape, and what couldn't have been adequately reproduced anyway, was his brief recollection of his days as a stuntman in Spain in the heyday of the spaghetti Western. His spirited re-enactment, in the street in front of the Westgate Hotel, of his death at the hands of Toshio Mifune in *Red Sun*, complete with car-splitting Mifune yell and Landis face-first fall to the ground, was such as to make one extremely thankful that there is not a greater density of police patrol cars in the downtown area. What I hope, finally, is not drowned out by the occasional rattle of locked horns throughout the interview is the fact that I actually liked his new movie considerably more than not.

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

D.S. Did you have anything to do with putting together the trailers for *The Blues Brothers*? There are two versions — isn't that right? — one without any credits and one with.

J.L. Yeah, a teaser and a trailer. I cut the trailers. I always cut after the very first cut.

D.S. They're great, honestly great. I couldn't quite imagine how all of that stuff was going to be fitable into one movie. But aren't there some things in the trailers that didn't make it into the final movie?

J.L. Yeah, there's a bunch of stuff. Not a bunch; in fact only two things that I really regret losing. You know that gas station with Terry? That blew up and the gas truck blew up — huge, mammoth explosions that I cut out after the very first cut.

view of the film. In the context of the scene by itself, it was hysterical; but in the context of the whole movie, I felt it was excessive. And then the other scene I regret leaving out is one where we see Elwood (Dan Aykroyd) quit his job at the aerosol factory where he worked, and in the trailer he says, "I'm going to become a priest."

D.S. What has struck you as the silliest complaint lodged against the movie in the numerous negative reviews it has gotten?

J.L. Well, the individually silliest complaint was from Charles Champlin, who said that Henry Gibson's role as a Nazi was miscast because Gibson made an unpleasant Nazi and it should have been played by Artie Johnson who, of course, as we know, would have been a *junior* Nazi. When someone says something that insane, it's easier to dismiss the whole review. But Charles Champlin is a notoriously pompous ass, so it doesn't matter.

D.S. Your movie brought out more of his pain and sorrow over the younger generation than any I can think of in recent times.

J.L. Well, he hates me, anyway, from a panel we were on together years ago. But we've had a lot of strange responses to this movie. When I was making the picture the exhibitors were very upset: I'm making a *1942* with Negroes, they kept saying, "You're making another black picture, you're making another *Wiz*, we don't want that, we don't want black." And I said, "I'm making a celebration of black American music starting Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi, and I don't think it'll be considered a black picture by the public." All the way through production we were under attack from the industry, or the exhibition part of the industry. Someone suggested to me that a lot of the reaction against the picture was against race and, I thought at first, "No, come on." But after traveling around the country for three weeks, I'm beginning to believe it. By agent what's meant is that I'm too young and John and Danny are too young and too successful. We should talk about the Big Issue here and then bring it down to me. First of all, the cost of a motion picture has nothing to do with the quality of a motion picture. Never did, never will. Therefore when you review a film, the cost of the film has nothing to do with the criticism of the film. If you bring money into your review, you're negated. That's not a rational, logical, emotional, or aesthetic way to criticize a film. It's very interesting — with *Star Trek*, for example, the vast majority of reviewers didn't talk about how much it cost. Or *The Empire Strikes Back*, which cost more than *Blues Brothers*, four times more than *Star Wars* — no one said anything about that. *Urban Cowboy* cost twenty-two million dollars — no one talks about that. And rightfully so, because it's not important. A movie's good or bad regardless. Also there's the issue, which is that a movie costs what it costs — period. What I mean is that is that when you go to make *The Blues Brothers* and you write a script that calls for fifty cars going 120 miles an hour in downtown Chicago and 400 dancers outside Ray Charles' music store — it's written there, so it's going to cost a lot of money.

But very singularly we — and also 1941 before us — have been singled out: almost all the negative criticism talks about the money it cost. Part of the joke is the size. Now my next movie is only about six people, so it's not going to cost as much — period. But that has nothing to do with whether it's good or not, whether it works or not.

D.S. That's a criticism that seems to me to come up more and more these days. It came up a lot over *Star Trek*. I thought, J.L. Excuse me, but it really didn't. It was something that *did* come up during production, and also some people said, "Forty-two million for what?" But that's not criticizing it on the basis that it cost forty-two million, that's bemoaning the fact that forty-two million didn't go anywhere. We have been *criticized* for spending twenty-seven million dollars. And I think they're thinking, well, what are we spending twenty-seven million on? Well, we're spending it on a comedy about two guys and a lot of black people and car crashes.

D.S. With this concern about it being a black movie, that perhaps it might play only in Detroit, didn't that enter into the setting of the budget?

J.L. Well, they were always frightened, but you have to understand the way the movie industry works. No one knows what they're making, no one ever knew, no one ever will. A classic case of that was *Animal House*. They sort of left us alone to make it and we made it and they looked at it and said, "Gee, it's a little vulgar, isn't it?" And I said, "No, I don't think it's vulgar," and they said, "Okay, so this is how you want it," and I said, "Yeah," and they said, "Okay," and it became this ridiculous hit. With that kind of success behind me they figured in Hollywood that, since no one knows, "Well, he must know."

D.S. Don't you think it's legitimate to wonder how much of the budget — the number of cars, the number of helicopters, all that — was actually needed by the movie?

J.L. That's an absurd question. Understand why you make movies. I make movies to reach as many people as possible with my political beliefs. I like movies because of entertainment. I don't care what Charles Champlin thinks will entertain, because Charles Champlin is removed from the people. He has nothing to do with mass culture. So when you ask me a question like that, my answer is, "Go to the theater." I thought that was how much it would take — period. Why did Picasso use blue?

D.S. If you bring up the word aesthetic, or the word Picasso, it's not fair since to defend the movie on the basis of how many people or dollars it drags in.

J.L. Yes and no. The acceptance of a movie has very much to do with the quality of the movie. I wouldn't say *Grease* is a great movie because it made so much money; I mean, *Grease* is a great movie. And it's arguable, because millions and millions of people all around the world went and saw it. So when you say that it was a flop or whatever, it's just plain; at the screen and say, "That many." That's what we wanted to do.

Blues Brothers is a film in which for the first time I was given the resources to do with what I wanted. Conceptually it's a huge movie. Part of the joke is the size. Now my next movie is only about six people, so it's not going to cost as much — period. But that has nothing to do with whether it's good or not, whether it works or not.

D.S. In making the movie the way you did, and keeping in mind your way of thinking of reaching as many people as possible, am I wrong in seeing a fear of making a movie — either yours or in Hollywood generally today — that gets by on character or story or idea rather than on spectacle? I must say I felt a little shortchanged on the central concept, the idea of the white Negro, the musical dilettante, the misfit hipster, or whatever. It seemed to me that with the necessity of keeping the movie moving, hopping, jumping, some of the sense of character, and the possibility for character, got lost in the traffic.

J.L. Well, I believe that the movie stands or falls absolutely on Jake and Elwood, on whether you like them or not. And John and Danny have done something very gutsy with those characters. Jake and Elwood are lowlifes; they are Brechtian sleazy characters. They are essentially good people, but they're weird. They're not accessible like the Deftas in *Animal House*, who were love-me-it's easy.

D.S. A very good sense, I thought, and an example of what I felt there could have been more of, is the one where Aykroyd takes Belushi to his transient hotel room and puts on the Decca 78 of "Let the Good Times Roll," and the *cl* goes by outside the window.

J.L. That scene was longer. We had to cut it down because of the previews. People didn't want to see them — I don't mean didn't want to see them, but were still thinking about the attack by the Mystery Woman (Carrie Fisher). We sensed in the previews that people were going, "Who was that girl?" all through that scene. They kept expecting something funny. The movie is not a comedy, the movie is a musical comedy, and it's a different form. *Animal House* was a comedy; joke, joke, joke. And while I think *Blues Brothers* is a very funny, it's not traditional sitcom-joke situations. For example, *Airplane!* is nothing but gags, so what you get is a very funny movie that's completely worthless — really disposable: moviemaking. Our intention, I mean John and Danny and I, was to do Chicago on film. People haven't seen Chicago, and we wanted to show them the city. Also it's the middle of America with all the decay and the greatness that America has. Jake and Elwood — I hesitate when I get in conversations like this, but Jake and Elwood are very much our metaphor for the United States: very very innocent, very very energetic, very very destructive. Jake and Elwood are the chopping knife and the saw. I always called him sir — "You can't dismiss these guys — well, you can dismiss Robin Wood, but you can't dismiss Tru-fut, his critical champions, who would write these huge essays about important scenes that were mistakes, that were embarrassments to Alfred. But I would always argue with him and say, "Gee!" — I always called him sir — "You can't dismiss these guys — well, you can dismiss Robin Wood, but you can't dismiss Tru-fut, his critical champions, who would write these huge essays about important scenes that were mistakes, that were embarrassments to Alfred. 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Landis Ho!

(continued from page 23)

ready made that movie, thank you, and two, I didn't want to deal with the *Lampoon*. Because once the movie was a big hit, suddenly they were filmmakers, suddenly all these people were the comedy genius behind this big success, and I just didn't want to work with those people who were not there when we made the movie. It's interesting that *Animal House* got the same negative critical response initially as *The Blues Brothers*. I'm fairly convinced now, however, and I couldn't have said this three weeks ago, that *The Blues Brothers* will ultimately be accepted by the critics as a classic, as was the case with *Animal House*, as is the case with all big successes.

D.S. You never used to turn the talk to money this way in your film-buff days before you started making movies yourself.

J.L. Of course I did. Laurel and Hardy, who are absolutely the best, my heroes, are an interesting team because they made so many bad movies and yet they themselves

as comic personas are unequalled. And Laurel and Hardy made more money than any other group, and what that means is that people went and saw them.

D.S. Interesting that they are your favorites. Laurel and Hardy tend to be a little disgusting as people, like Jake and Elwood, and unlike the adorable, easily identifiable with *Animal House* characters.

J.L. I wouldn't say disgusting, but yes, Jake and Elwood are clearly aliens in the landscape. The wonderful thing about Laurel and Hardy, like Jake and Elwood, is that they always feel as if nothing's wrong; they accept everything. Also the thing I really like about Laurel and Hardy is that it's unique to them is that they like one another deeply, they care about one another. Every other comedy team internationally — Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Hope and Crosby, the Marx Brothers, the Three Stooges — every single other comedy team *hate* each other, or if they don't hate each other they have contempt for each other or are always trying to cheat one another. With Laurel and Hardy, even when they're fighting, very clearly there is this strong bond between them. That makes them unique, and

it's one of the reasons I think I respond to them so much — and people respond to them so much. And you seem to think I'm placing false importance on that, but not that's what I do. I make movies for people. So the more people who see the movie, the more successful I feel the movie is.

D.S. I wouldn't say it's necessarily false importance from your point of view.

J.L. From any point of view. You can't ever dismiss it.

D.S. You don't have to bring it up in the first place.

J.L. Oh, well, if you want to really deal on an ivory-tower level.

D.S. Not ivory-tower level: pit level; sitting through the movie. Once you're at a movie, whatever got you there, it doesn't help you get through the thing to know how well it's doing round the world.

J.L. What you seem to be refusing to understand is that when I say how much money it makes, that directly means word of mouth. So the average moviegoer isn't thinking how much it makes, but he is thinking: Jerry liked it, Sam liked it, Brenda told me it was good and I should see it. And that equates to dollars, and it's the only way I can say whether it works or not.

[At this point I have to fight the temptation to attribute to myself a keen observation that in fact did not occur to me at the time, and to follow that by filling Landis's allotted space with the stage direction, "Chagrined silence." The temptation cannot be beaten down to such an extent that, on reconsideration, I won't now stubbornly reaffirm my feeling that the money made by a movie is never an aesthetic issue (although it might sometimes be related in some indeterminate way), while on the other hand the money spent by a movie can certainly be an aesthetic issue. I offer, what I wish I had thought of while talking to Landis, an analogy with the art of interior decoration, which might have some slight relevance to the taste for spectacle at any cost evident in *The Blues Brothers*. It is quite conceivable that a Sevres vase or a Tiffany lamp or both together could be installed in a given room for no reason other than the money they reek, and that one or the other or certainly both together could be said to be "wrong" for that particular room. In this analogy, of course, there is no allowance for measuring the popular acceptance that such a decor might find, and that's what I like about it.]

Off the Cuff

What adjustments did you have to make coming here from Vietnam?



Nguyen Anh Tuan
Child Care Coordinator

Everyday things. In my country, I bump into you and I smile. Here, you'd have to say, "I'm sorry." Financial worries are the top thing. There, we depend on each other; the family is strong. If I lived in the countryside and had some problems, the community would come help. Here you say, "Hey, I don't know. Do your own business." If your car broke down — forget it. The freedom here, that impressed me a lot. At first, people experience homesickness. They're embarrassed. They think about family. Once, when I heard a backfire, I jumped. It's natural if you have lived in a war; there are effects one way or another. The kids are happy here. I think the Vietnamese kids are doing fine.



Ngoc Huu Pham
Employment Counselor

I was an interpreter here from 1958 to 1960, so for me language was not a big barrier. I served in the diplomatic corps in Seoul, Korea, as the private secretary to the Vietnamese ambassador. I was in the Armed Forces for twenty-two years. I lost everything. To be a civilian now, that is a big change. For my first start, I got a job as a store clerk at a 7-Eleven in El Paso — the graveyard shift. A survival job... I had to do it. It's difficult to find permanent employment. In this society people are rushed. After five years here my heart is not as easy. I think it's beating faster and faster. I have a son. He's an American citizen, but I will try to keep the Vietnamese tradition for him. I am proud of it.



Lam Mui
Student

It's hard to make friends because of the language. It's a little hard to learn English. I need more grammar. In P.E. at school, I play basketball and football. In my country women never do that. I like it. In my country the market is different. Here, shopping is much greater. I saw a woman put out her hand and — how do you say — hickhike. They do not do that in my land. Women dress different — short pants, less clothes. I think about seeing my family... my mother, my father, my grandmother, and my sister. They are all still in Vietnam. I miss them.



Phung Truong
Employment Counselor

It was very difficult at first — the language barrier. Even though I had graduated, everywhere they were asking for experience. I sold insurance, I operated a drilling machine, but that kind of job did not go along with me. Here, when you grow up and reach eighteen, you have the right to be separate. In our country you live with parents until you are married... even the wealthy, thirty-five or forty years old. You can get more life experience to live separately, but you lose the closeness, the family impressions, the traditions. It is both good and bad. I like this job. I can show my people the way to survive here. It's very hard for the newest arrivals. It helps when you have someone here to show you Western culture.



Phung Le
Student Assistant

I've been here for two months and I want to learn more English. I want to work. I find the Americans here very kind. The American women, the way they dress, the work, the play — it's different from the Asian. It's easier to live together, to get a divorce. I would like to get married only one time. I was surprised how far people live from the center of town. I felt like a country girl the first time coming to the big city. My brother tells me to be careful. They say at night it's very terrible for a girl to go out. I take care of myself. Please, no picture. I am not a movie star. I do not wish for people to look me.

—by Lin Jakary

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Section 2



For the last three decades Commoner has been an active stimulator of ecological awareness and social change. As a prominent scientist (biology) with a bent toward social responsibility, he was consequential in the fight against the H-bomb in the Fifties, the Vietnam War in the Sixties, and our energy appetites

in the Seventies. He's a fervent advocate of solar power, which he sees as our best and only logical solution to the energy crisis. Commoner's specialty is energy, on which he has published popular books and articles, but he also has a clear vision of what he thinks is happening to this country in an economic and political sense, and he doesn't like what he sees.

So in August of 1979 Commoner and several other activists (including author Studs Terkel, Georgia state legislator Julian Bond, United Steelworkers leader Ed Sadlowski, Grey Panther leader Maggie Kuhn,

and Mother Jones publisher Adam Hochschild) formed the Citizens Party. Last April, at the party's first national convention in Cleveland, Commoner was nominated as the party's

(continued on page 4, col. 2)

It doesn't take a particularly incisive observer to note that our political system, as evidenced by the current presidential race, is suffering a large portion of "the people." And that's just fine for many of us. In a world where we've become almost too busy with the intricacies of economics, morality, human rights, energy, and social responsibility, many of us are not inclined to let someone else stir their lime into our beer and let the politicians sort that out for us. In the light of a collective impulse to let the politicians sort out the problems we are a little too late, and to dwell with larger concerns, our peculiar brand of representative democracy is oddly appropriate. It's not that the political system Ronald Reagan truly represents the thinking and mind-set of the relatively few of us. We, the people, are a day or two away from considering a part of the political process anyway. Which is why it's both saddening and heartening that Reagan is the quality of Barry Commoner declare his candidacy for president under the banner of a "new political party."

Why ski on artificial snow when it's possible to ski on real grass? That wasn't exactly the question asked by Franz Kaiser, a German sewing machine mechanic, when he invented skis to go on grass. But it's an appropriate one for Southern Californians, who are almost as far from artificial snow as from the real thing. Grass skiing, on the other hand, can be as close as our own backyards and this is, in Presidio Park, when one in a series of Southern California American Cup Grass Ski Championships takes place.

A grass skier starts out standing in standard snow ski boots and armed with alpine ski poles. Onto the boots are attached what look like short

Bullfight critics roar on to crush the enormous plaza full. But only one is there who knows. And only one who fights the bull.

—John F. Kennedy

October 1968

Those who know how to consider bullfighting a sport, but not an art. Bullfight aficionados will have the last chance of the year to see an art display in Tijuana's downtown ring. El Torero de Tijuana, this Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. The following day, Sunday, October 27, Sunday afternoon for the rest of the season, the fights will take place in Plaza Monumental, the bullfight stadium.

This sharing of the season was not always so cooperative. After completing his season in 1968, the Mexican bullfighter Humberto challenged the Mexico City corporation that owns the downtown ring by scheduling all his fights at the same venue. Arrangements were made the next year to divide the season, and Humberto was given the last of the border bullfighting.

The Pittsburgh Steelers did not begin promoting shows at both times in 1974.

The Pittsburgh Steelers did not begin promoting shows at both times in 1974.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

Beginning Sunday night and continuing through next Saturday, the Bacchanal will host a series of concerts that the promoters have labeled the "Sound of the Eighties Festival." This week-long extravaganza (their word, not mine) will feature a number of the more highly regarded new-wave rock bands from Los Angeles and San Diego. The organizers of this series have chosen to play it safe by selecting only those bands with verified credentials and followings. That might lessen the sense of surprise, but it at least ensures an evening well spent. Through Tuesday evening, the Strangers will be center stage. Wednesday night the Alleycats headline over Finger and Four Eyes. These bands all show the virtues of technical precision and economy; they play quite well and reflect the influence of formidable models such as Elvis Costello and the Attractions. Talking Heads, and Joe Jackson. My personal favorite is the Alleycats. Like almost every other Southern California rock critic, I have asked time and again: why has this band not been signed to a major record label? Singer/guitarist Randy Stodola has long struck me as one of the more clever songwriters in the overexposed L.A. rock elite. A look inside and inside Diane Chai, from a physical standpoint, isn't at least as striking a figure as the "Pretender" Chrissie Hynde. The band's inability to impress record company executives must be a case of pure dumb luck. Let's hope that this oversight will be corrected soon.



RANDY STODOLA



DIANE CHAI

Two diametrically opposed styles of new wave will be displayed at the Spirit on Friday when the Unknowns and the Xterminators perform. The Unknowns lean toward the gritty and theatrical. The Xterminators are true base-level punks. And I live with it. As I have noted before, the Unknowns are the closest equivalent to Roky Music in this city. They are somewhat precocious and odd, but like Roky, the notion of conflict is central to their work. Craft, complexity, and sobriety are constantly at odds with jive, kitsch, and nonsense, but the Unknowns hold it all in check. I wouldn't suggest for a moment that they match Roky during that band's "Stranded" "Country Life." "Seven" period. But if a contest were held to determine Roky Music's closest competitor, more renowned

groups such as Magazine, the Cars, and the inexplicably overrated B-52s would fall considerably behind. Unlike those groups, the Unknowns can be serious without being droll, and funny without being gratuitously comical. The Xterminators are not good musicians, per se, but they generate a great deal of raucous, heavy rancor. Lead singer D.J. Black has one of the most disintegrable stage personas I've ever seen, but since it is apparently his purpose deliberately to intimidate, that is fine with me. At least he is forthright. The band has been conspicuously absent today, so this show can be viewed as something of a "comeback."

No one should believe I have forsaken the cause of the local jazz scene while pursuing the search for the punk-rock Holy Grail. Nothing could be further from the truth. And at the time I would like to make my semiannual pilgrimage to fledgling jazz promoters to take chances and book concerts at halls outside of the nightclub mezzanine. Monday night there will be such a performance by singer Kevin Lettau and pianist Rob Schwedeman at the Galsom Quarter Theater. Lettau, best known for his work with Dance of the Universe Orchestra, is not a favorite of mine. He imitates Vaughan, Fitzgerald, and Carter well enough, but an adequate imitation is nothing more than that. On the same level, Schwedeman is a very talented pianist, but he isn't particularly novel one. Both these musicians are young and ambitious, and perhaps if I would

be unfair to them (and us) to disallow them any benefit of doubt, but the burden of the proof rests in their hands and voices. Should they expect to have to do less and should we expect less? There is a certain style of singing, vaguely related to jazz, that I absolutely abhor. It probably originated in Brazil, or at least my first awareness of it came in 1964, when I first heard Alceu Gilberto. Later, I realized that North American precedents were superior to that time for the breathy, sing-song patter I'm referring to (Mose Allison, for example), but there hasn't been an artist who has exploited the style so flagrantly and for so little purpose as Michael Franks. Franks is from San Diego and he has made a name for himself elsewhere. Still, I don't know why. He sings folksy, his lyrics are consistently silly, his music is the most banal sort of super-club jazz imaginable. And yet he is popular. He returns to his home town on Monday night at SDSU's Montezuma Hall.

Saturday night SDSU's Amphitheatre will host the Charlie Daniels Band, a group of country rockers whose star has brightened considerably since the release of the film "Urban Cowboy." Los Angeles punks the Strangers will perform at the San Diego Civic Clubhouse Friday night, with the Nutcracker and Conflict. Finally, and assuming that they return unscathed from their Midwestern and Southern junkies, the Dinettes will head a show of the Spirit on Saturday with the Nu-Beams and the Frigid Heels. This concert has been designated the "bottle of the kitchen band." Cule.

—Steve Eschmied

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To list club entertainment, call 692-3268. Saturday before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80033, San Diego, CA 92138, or call 235-4036 Friday before 5 p.m.

San Diego Concerts

The Unknowns and the Xterminators: Spirit, Friday, July 25, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3993.

The Strangers, the Nutcracker, and Conflict: Blind Center, Friday, July 25, 8 p.m., 1805 Upas Street (Barbacoa Park, one block east of Park Boulevard).

Charlie Daniels Band: SDSU Amphitheatre, Saturday, July 26, 8 p.m., 265-5947.

The Dinettes, the Nu-Beams, and Frigid Heels: Spirit, Saturday, July 26, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3993.

The Strangers: Bacchanal, Sunday, July 27 through Tuesday, July 29, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

Michael Franks: SDSU Montezuma Hall, Monday, July 28, 7 and 10 p.m., 265-6947.

Kevin Lettau and Rob Schwedeman: Galsom Quarter Theater, Monday, July 28, 8:30 p.m., 547 Fourth Avenue, first block south of Market Street, downtown, 234-9583 or 264-1506.

The Alleycats, Fingers, and Four Eyes: Bacchanal, Wednesday, July 30, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

Jefferson Starship and Dave Mason: SDSU Amphitheatre, Thursday, July 31, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

Naughty Nineties, Nu-Kats, and Jerry Roney and the Shames: Bacchanal, Thursday, July 31, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

The Pitbulls, the Strangers, and the Unknowns: Bacchanal, Thursday, August 1, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

The Penetrators, the Zippers, and special guests: Bacchanal, Saturday, August 2, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

Marguerita Page and Carl Evans: Galsom Quarter Theater, Monday, August 4, 8:30 p.m., 547 Fourth Avenue, 234-9583 or 264-1506.

Albert King: Bacchanal, Tuesday, August 5, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

The Allman Brothers Band: SDSU Amphitheatre, Tuesday, August 5, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

Manhattan Transfer: Bacchanal, Wednesday, August 6, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 500-8022.

Jackson Browne: Sports Arena, Friday, August 8, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4171.

Pat Benatar: California Theater, Sunday, August 10, 8 p.m., Fourth and C streets, downtown, 485-5531.

George Benson: SDSU Amphitheatre, Wednesday, August 13, 7 and 10 p.m., 265-6947.

Dave: California Theater, Wednesday, August 20, 8 p.m., Fourth and C streets, downtown, 485-5531.

LAST WEEKEND FOR BILL BRACKETT

Bill Brackett, our famous "X" Rated comedian is going to out do himself for his last weekend at Doc Master's Restaurant on Shelter Island! Don't miss this great "@@%*X@* performer! It'll be a downright nasty weekend!

MONDAY, JULY 28 — BEAU WEEVIL — LAST NIGHT!

COMING THIS TUESDAY THE EAST/WEST BAND!

They're back from July 28 through August 24 every Tuesday through Saturday night, 9PM to 1AM! The East/West Band will really get you going music-wise with their own special contemporary country music. Come to Doc's lounge and have a great time!



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Get an earful of good jazz with the Bruce Cameron Ensemble at the Sundowner Lounge. Appearing now until August 13, three shows nightly, 9pm to 10:00am. Tues. through Sat. It's a cool way to spend an evening.

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

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Shannon Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2000. The Bruce Cameron Ensemble, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

Show Biz, 1421 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 291-1561. 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 Joanna Lugo and Big Band Sound with James Dean, Monday.

Split, 1130 Buena Vista Avenue, Bay Park, 276-3993. The San Bros., rock and roll, Tuesday, the Unknowns and the X-Men, new wave, rock, Friday. Battle of the Kitchen Bands featuring the Nu-Bears, Frigid Heats, and the Chiffons, new wave, Saturday. Bonnie, honest, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272. Sky High, contemporary rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon, 465-5757. West Wind, contemporary and country bluegrass, Thursday through Saturday.

Station Oaks Resort Ranch, Boulder Creek Road, Descanso, 465-4179. Broken Heart, country, Thursday through Monday.

Su Casa Restaurant, 6738 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-0309. Ralston Harmon, guitar, Paraguayan harp, and flute, Tuesday through Sunday. (accompanied by Ching Harmon, guitar, Friday through Sunday).

Sven Song, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7822. Joe Morillo Quintet, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Thal Plaza Place, 2622-8 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Cottonmouth D'Arcy, Doleland jazz, Friday, bluegrass, Saturday. The Lion's, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-9944. Highway, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tom Horn'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.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 435-8377. Bob Botton Group, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Bordelone, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Triton, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240. The Hill Street Jazz Ensemble, jazz, Thursday; Kevyn Lettau Quintet, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Steve O'Connor Quintet, jazz, Wednesday.

Trojan Horse, 6170 University Avenue, East San Diego, 585-1070. Ram Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday; rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday.

Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Seventh Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Emergency Exit, disco rock, Wednesday through Sunday. VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Home Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. International Affair, contemporary,

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First Prize \$25

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Every night 7:30—8:30

3 drinks for the price of one

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Wed.—Sun. **Stagecoach**

Coming Aug. 4 **Beauweevil**

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No cover charge this weekend

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Thurs.
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Two weeks only
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David Bradley
(Joe Bummer himself)
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Country All Star Band
Featuring homemade pizzas and fine Italian food
Call 744-8578 or 438-8859
943 Grand Ave., San Marcos
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Now appearing at the
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The panoramic view of the city and sparkling lights overlooking San Diego Bay set the scene for Joyce Ann Damon. Start your evening with an elegant dinner at our Pipers Restaurant, then enjoy the increasingly popular current favorites from country to rock 'n' roll.
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Behind Lenny's Restaurant

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7 NIGHTS A WEEK



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PLAYGIRL magazine will be looking
for the perfect male "10" on
Tuesday, July 29.
Playgirl's Man of the Year will be
appearing in person.
You must enter before July 29
at 10 p.m.

Prizes will be awarded to winners.

Happy Hour every Tues., Wed., Thurs. & Fri. 4-8, 10c beers
Shaker Drake will be appearing
July 29 to August 2.

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Summertime Rock n' Roll
Dance Concerts
THURSDAY, JULY 24

Remember the
PETER RABBIT BAND and
WOLFGANG

Now they're together as one great rock & roll band.

From Hollywood
JOHN DOE plus the incredible
WHIZZ KIDDS are back.

Coming Thursday, July 31
Now you can experience the best of the great

RICK DERRINGER BAND

From Hollywood, RCA recording star guitarist
DANNY JOHNSON and THE BANDITS
plus, fresh off "Midnight Special," the incredible

WHIZZ KIDDS are back again.

2 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
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New Wave and Rock n' Roll every Wednesday with THIS KIDS
Sunday with RV and the Hub-caps

Tickets:
\$5 advance, \$6 at the door 741-9393 Minimum age 17 years
Mission & Metcalf Sts., Escondido
Wed.—Sun. 8 p.m.—1:30 a.m.

ROCK 'N' ROLL IS BACK
7 nights a week



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TUES.—SAT. JULY 22—26
SHAKEE JAKE

SUN.—MON. JULY 27 & 28
CALL CLUB FOR PROGRAM

TUES.—SAT. JULY 29—AUG. 2
SHAKEE JAKE

ENTERTAINMENT IN THE LOUNGE
EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, & MONDAY

SUNDAY DOUBLE WELL DRINKS
MONDAY 2nd SHOT • OF TEQUILA 9-12 12-30

TUESDAY EAT THE WORM NIGHT • FREE \$5.00
DISCOUNT COUPONS FROM THE PANTRY

WEDNESDAY DOUBLE DYNAMITE NIGHT
KAMIKAZES & MARGARITAS 9-9:50

HOT LEGS CONTEST

WIN A FREE PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES FROM
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Wednesday through Saturday

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Weed featuring Lucinda, rock and
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Windjammer, 2951 South
Highway 101, Carlsbad 733-0188
Yeah Yeah Yeah, Beatles, Sunday
through Tuesday. Easy Money,
new wave and contemporary.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Wrong!er's Roost, 6668 Mission
George Road, Mission Valley,
945-6263. E. Zone Wood and
Blazing Saddles, country.
Wednesday through Sunday.

Los Angeles Clubs

Baked Potato, 3787 Culveriga
West Hollywood (213) 960-1615
Don't Hand and Guest, Thursday
through Saturday.

Blackie's, 2709 Main Street, Santa
Monica (213) 399-9562. Punk
go-go, nightly.

Concerts By The Sea,
Fahnestock's Wharf, Redondo
Beach (213) 379-4998. Esther
Phillips, Thursday through Sunday;
Pharaoh Sanders, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Country Club, 18145 Sherman
Way, Reseda (213) 881-9800.
Prairie Night, Thursday through
Sunday.

Golden Bear, 306 Coast
Highway, Huntington Beach (213)
535-9600. Caciola and Kappano,
Friday and Saturday. Lovely Guest
Artist, Monday and Tuesday;
Kingsley, Wednesday.

Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue,
Hermosa Beach (213) 372-0911.
Claire Fischer and Solita Picante,
Thursday; Shelly Marlene, Friday
and Saturday; Richard Greene,
Sunday; John Serry, Tuesday;
Roger Kellaway, Wednesday.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun My
Way, Chatsworth (213) 604-5346.
Lonnie Mack, T.V. Man, and the
Rockets, Thursday; Walter Egan
and Vialto, Friday and Saturday.

Madame Wong's West, 2000
Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica
(213) 529-7367 or 628-4444.
Shandi, Tony and the Movers, and
John Q. Public, Thursday; Surf
Punks and Twisters, Friday; Twisters
and Pop, Saturday.

Parlor Room, La Brea and
Washington (213) 936-8704.
Jimmy Witherspoon, Big Joe
Turner, and Pee Wee Cronan,
Thursday through Sunday; Maxine
Weldon, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Pasquale's, 22724 Pacific Coast
Highway, Malibu (213) 486-2007.
Roger Kellaway, Thursday; Pat
Sensatore and John Guerin, Friday
and Saturday.

Ruby, 9009 Sunset Boulevard (213)
878-2222. Bill Buford, Thursday
through Saturday; Rita Coolidge,
Sunday and Monday; Henry Paul
Rana, Wednesday.

Stonewood, 8151 Santa Monica
Boulevard (213) 656-2200.
Naughty Sweeties, Friday and
Saturday; D.B. Cooper and John
Q. Public, Monday; Fear and the
Crowd, Tuesday; The Plugs, the
Geats, Human Hands, Wednesday.

Whisky a Go Go, Sunset Strip,
(213) 520-8010. X, Thursday
through Saturday; Mick Smiley
and Shakey Jake, Monday;
Twisters and Chaz Sanford Group,
Tuesday; Berry Madones and
Jajo Zep, Wednesday.

Concerts

O'Jays and Deniece Williams:
Greek Theatre, Thursday, July 24
through Saturday, July 26, 8 p.m.,
2700 North Vermont Avenue (213)
460-6500 or 460-6366.

Russia: Los Angeles Memorial
Coliseum, Saturday, July 26,
(approximately) 10:30 a.m. (213)
520-9111.

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

Michael Franks: UCLA Royce
Hall, Sunday, July 27, 7 and 10 p.m.,
(213) 520-9111.
The Blues Brothers: Universal

Amphitheatre, Monday, July 28,
through Thursday, July 31, 8 p.m.,
Universal City, (213) 980-8421.
Bless the Bird - A Tribute to

Charlie Parker featuring Roy
Brown, Gerry Mulligan, Betty
Carter, Roy Haynes, and others:
Hollywood Bowl, Wednesday, July
30, 8 p.m. (213) 878-8746.

DYNAMITE SEATS! ★ HEART ★

Aug. 24

Jackson Browne Aug. 8

★ Foghat Aug. 16 ★

Pat Benatar Aug. 10

Devo Aug. 20 ★ Allman Bros. Aug. 13

George Benson Aug. 13

Gordon Lightfoot Aug. 26

Santana Sept. 5 ★ Jeff Beck Sept. 6

Clash ★ BOC Sabbath ★ Yes

T'N'T TICKETS

582-6866

4705 College Ave.

Live Bluegrass "Blue Skies"

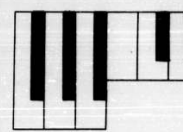
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Grand Slam and Sports Nostalgia



Cocktails, Beer
and Fine Food
Families Welcome
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2551 University 295-9426
(just east of Texas St.)



BACCHANAL in association with RON SOBEL
presents

SOUND of the 80s ROCK FESTIVAL

Featured guests include

STRANGERS



NAUGHTY
SWEETIES
NU-KATS,
JERRY RANEY &
THE SHAMES

4 EYES, FINGERS ALLEY CATS



PLIMSOULS
THE STRANGERS,
THE UNKNOWNNS

PENETRATORS August 2
ZIPPERS & A SPECIAL GUEST

BACCHANAL

8022 Clairemont Mesa Blvd.

560-8022

Must be 21

All shows start 9:00

Tickets at door: '4 Wed., Thurs. '5 Fri., Sat.

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For reservations: 278-7373

JULY 24, 1967

1 bedroom, 2 bath
suitable for student or working
5 minutes to Mesa
5160 266-0523

Must be responsible.
plus share utilities.

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Fireplace, washer/
d 271-9262

share 5 bedroom
in view 488-4512

non-smokers over 25 to
in study condo, fire-
arm 710-666-3800


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Non-smoker, must
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share beautiful Caribbean island. Large house in lush grounds. Modern kitchen, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, miles to State. David

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own home. Hot tub

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1/2 utilities. Must be
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Share house in Colchester & hot tub on premises. Nonsmoker. Leave message.


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 • Case Goods
 • Pasta
 • And More

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 26
 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.
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RUSS MINN 14 yr. unfired, stainless steel for a reasonable price or as a trade. Baitara, 1530 Blue 1250, 276-5148 evenings.

SCUBA GEAR 72000 lbs. backpack, Subaqueous regulator, 1110 for \$340, 943-3676.

DOUBLE TWIN BACKPACK, 1500 Connecting 7-bk, 1021 Denver 482-9802.

CLAP STOKES New surfboards from 1140. Tami, parts, new longboards, casual cruisers to cones ripper, international experience. Used boards too. 428-2478.

INDOOR JOGGING Brand new small steam-pole with 100 springs, and removable handrails (all) for the strong & weak, and health oriented individuals. 1791 Carl Stephanie at 744-5237 between Elm and 6th.

LOVE TO SAIL 14' x 16' sea sailing Club - a great group of men and women sailors who train, display and cruise together. Members and sailboats are welcome. 1500 includes unlimited training and ocean sailing. For brochure, meet us on Sun 8:00 at El Paso Grande, La Jolla. 923-7777.

TRAMPOLINE for sale, excellent condition. AMP 12x6 polypropylene tent, support poles, complete with netting and safety springs. Netting 12x6, 12x12, 12x16, 12x24, 12x30, 12x36, 12x48, 12x60, 12x72, 12x84, 12x96, 12x108, 12x120, 12x132, 12x144, 12x156, 12x168, 12x180, 12x192, 12x204, 12x216, 12x228, 12x240, 12x252, 12x264, 12x276, 12x288, 12x300, 12x312, 12x324, 12x336, 12x348, 12x360, 12x372, 12x384, 12x396, 12x408, 12x420, 12x432, 12x444, 12x456, 12x468, 12x480, 12x492, 12x504, 12x516, 12x528, 12x540, 12x552, 12x564, 12x576, 12x588, 12x600, 12x612, 12x624, 12x636, 12x648, 12x660, 12x672, 12x684, 12x696, 12x708, 12x720, 12x732, 12x744, 12x756, 12x768, 12x780, 12x792, 12x804, 12x816, 12x828, 12x840, 12x852, 12x864, 12x876, 12x888, 12x900, 12x912, 12x924, 12x936, 12x948, 12x960, 12x972, 12x984, 12x996, 12x1008, 12x1020, 12x1032, 12x1044, 12x1056, 12x1068, 12x1080, 12x1092, 12x1104, 12x1116, 12x1128, 12x1140, 12x1152, 12x1164, 12x1176, 12x1188, 12x1200, 12x1212, 12x1224, 12x1236, 12x1248, 12x1260, 12x1272, 12x1284, 12x1296, 12x1308, 12x1320, 12x1332, 12x1344, 12x1356, 12x1368, 12x1380, 12x1392, 12x1404, 12x1416, 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