

City Lights

Deliverance

Those of you who call it the "Post Office" or the "U.S. Snail" should take heart from the example of Gary Beals. He recently had a fairly typical bad experience with the mailmen — but saw it through to a conclusion that was extraordinary. Now Beals boasts that he may be the only San Diegan in years to wrest from local postal authorities a refund for bad service.

The incident occurred in May, when Beals, who runs a local public relations firm, drove over to the East San Diego postal branch (near University Avenue and Fort St.) one Friday. He carried forty-three cylindrical packages addressed to various members of the news media. Inside each parcel was a corked bottle containing a rolled-up piece of paper, a gimmicky invitation to a press party the following Thursday evening aboard the cruise ship *Romanos*, a Beals client. Beals told the postal employee behind the counter that he wanted the packages to reach their destinations on Monday morning, so he would send them first class (about three dollars each). But then the postal worker suggested that Beals instead send them third class (\$1.05 apiece). Assured that they would be delivered in three days, Beals assented.

Tuesday came, and Wednesday, and still no hearing any R.S.V.P.s, the PR man remembers. Finally, he frantically telephoned the forty-three addressees to invite them orally. The day of the party, the bottled invitations still hadn't arrived; in fact, most didn't reach their destinations until the following Wednesday — thirteen days after they had been mailed.

So Beals complained. In a written reply, Timony VonFeld, manager of mail classification at the main post office on Midway Drive, even conceded that the East San Diego postal worker had assured a Monday delivery, but he maintained that the post office doesn't guarantee the arrival of third-class mail within a specific period of time, so no refund could be granted. Beals subsequently grilled the man on the phone about postal policy, and finally, with ill-disguised pride, he claimed that in the seven years he (VonFeld) had been on the job, he had never given a refund to anybody.

Unsatisfied, Beals dashed off yet another letter, this one to VonFeld's supervisor, and to his surprise a money-order for \$43.15 arrived this week — along with an apology.

As a postscript, Beals insists that there's a story to his story. "There are probably a lot of people out there who get



Gary Beals

snowed by the post office. But this proves that you don't have to take it," he says triumphantly.

J.D.

Rock Around The College

The summer concerts at San Diego State University's Open-Air Theater have induced what has fast become a poor man's tradition — free rock and roll. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of music fans are content to sit outside the amphitheater rather than pay the average ticket price of ten dollars. The grassy hills and flat lawns that surround the theater are covered on concert nights with folding beach chairs, picnic baskets, blankets, and empty beer cans. But the musical tradition has changed to something of a rock and roll nightmare for campus security forces — a nightmare from which the only relief might be the curfew of rock concerts on campus.

The Open-Air Theater,

sometimes called the Greek Bowl, has featured both rock and symphony concerts for years, but only during this concert season has the unpaid crowd outside the theater become a problem. "Rather than sitting back and enjoying a freebie, the crowds outside the theater are trying to get inside by rushing the gates and fences," says John Carpenter, campus police chief. "They

throw beer bottles and things while they're at it, I've had four officers hurt so far this year."

The injuries to those officers were minor (small cuts, actually), but considering that the concerts in past years were as peaceful as a Quaker meeting, the police, promoters, and lessors of the theater began to worry. The first indication that the summer season might



John Carpenter

not go smoothly came on May 17, when hard-rock guitarist Pat Travers played the theater. According to Jim Carruthers, an employee of the Associated Students, which leases the theater from the university, the people who came to hear Travers were allowed to sit almost anywhere they wanted outside the fences of the theater. "We believed that we could let the people sit in front of the facility or anywhere else they wanted," says Carruthers, "but by their actions, they told us it wasn't going to work." The vandalism outside the theater included breaking into a classroom in the nearby humanities building and defecating in the bushes, as well as a general rowdiness. "We got the message real clear," says Carruthers.

The following weekend had scheduled a concert by a Jamaican reggae group called Toots and the Maytals. The crowd was smaller and less rambunctious, and the campus security force, in anticipation of a repeat of the previous week's mishap, cordoned the unpaid crowd into one section of grass east of the theater, an area called the campus lab lawn. "On the whole," says Carruthers, "the people understood. They understood that we cannot manage the crowds in front of the theater, that there is a fire lane there, that the front is the main entrance and exit for the paying audience, and that there are no restroom facilities for the unpaid crowd in that area."

Things may have gone well that night, and for several concerts after that, but such was not to be the case for long. A Southern rock group, the Marshall Tucker Band, played the theater on July 14, and by all accounts there was a near riot. Several thousand people who came to listen to the concert outside the theater were willing to be directed to the campus lab lawn, but hundreds of others were staunchly unwilling to cooperate. Bottles were thrown and fights broke out between campus police and the unruly crowd. Chief

Carpenter explains, "There were maybe two to three thousand people outside the theater, some of whom were willing to just sit and listen, but a lot who were causing problems. We called in a city police sergeant to observe the situation and advise us whether he had any available units to come and help us control the crowd." No city police units were called, and campus police ended up with six arrests, on such charges as selling LSD, resisting arrest, and assaulting an officer.

That incident was enough to make all concerned realize that the situation could not continue unchanged. The responsibility for security outside the concert

is assumed by the campus police force and the Associated Students, which bills the extra cost for security patrols back to the promoters. (This year, as for the past two years, the promoters for the entire concert season at the theater are Marc Berman and Avalon Attractions.) The Associated Students now have arranged for greater security outside the theater: ten uniformed security guards at close to fifteen dollars an hour, and sixteen student, nonuniformed guards at five dollars an hour.

But even with the increased security force, the problems have persisted. On July 22, the O'Jays, a soul group, staged a performance which drew 2300

patrons inside and about 300 people outside. An incident similar to that which occurred at the Marshall Tucker concert ensued, on a smaller scale. "The crowd outside just raised complete hell with us," says Carpenter.

Carpenter says the problem has gradually gotten worse over the years, and places the blame mostly on the people who come to hear the hard-rock bands. "But even the mellow groups bring people who have no intention of buying a ticket," he admits.

One possible solution, according to Carpenter, would be to stop the flow of alcohol onto campus during the concerts. (Although alcohol on

campus is generally illegal — except with the approval of the administration — the campus police have so far turned a blind eye toward those who bring six-packs of beer and bottles of wine to enjoy while sitting outside the theater.)

"We're going to key in on the beer and wine bottles at the beginning of each show," he says. "We're going to confiscate their six-packs of beer and other alcohol." But even with that caveat, announced a week ago, beer and wine were quite in evidence at last Saturday's Charlie Daniels concert, at which the outside crowd was

generally manageable.

Carruthers, of the Associated Students, says other possible solutions include elimination of hard-rock concerts and, as a last resort, elimination of all concerts save for the symphony and the most innocuous of middle-of-the-road bands. "Whether they like it or not," says Carruthers, "the people who come here for the concerts are guests of the university. At the point they become unwelcome guests, we have to say, 'We're sorry, but you can't come anymore,' and that might jeopardize the whole concert series."

M.O.

Horse Power

"I insist that I be the dictator," declares Norwood C. Brown, who is the tanned and grizzled seventy-year-old operator of a Sorrento Valley horse stable. The subjects of his dictates are teen-agers, mostly female, mostly University City residents. His power over them rests in his custody of the horses. "I control access to them," Brown explains. "And the girls love those horses more than anything. Besides that, I've got the nerve to take a rope to the kids."

Thus it is that over the years Brown has evolved into a sort of guru for young equestrians. "I think I was born to be a shepherd," he mutters. "My theory is that the kids know what a horse is, but they don't know how to handle it, and for several years they need a little moral support." The old man says he began supplying such support soon after he moved to San Diego County in 1953 to take a job as a math and science teacher at the Mountain Empire High School southeast of Pine Valley. "Pretty soon my wife started bringing naughty little girls for me to straighten out."

After a while, Brown left teaching to become a building contractor in La Jolla, but he soon developed another interest which was to reunite him with young people — a friend named Nathan Ramella introduced him in the early 1940s to horses and riding. Ramella, who at various times served as postmaster, sheriff, and livery stable operator in La Jolla, owned some of the Sorrento Valley land where Brown's ranch is located today. By the early Sixties, Brown's newly married son had moved there and began looking after a few boarding horses while attending college.

"I thought when we had about ten head, that'd be about right. Well, we got up to twenty-five pretty quick," Brown recalls. And demand soon increased that number. "Circus whiz, some of these little girls come in with such hard-luck stories. What are you going to do?" (Today he tends about a hundred horses.)

Brown's spread lies just southeast of the Sorrento Valley exit off Highway 805. A year or two ago the location would have struck most visitors



Norwood C. Brown

as an ideal ranch site; apart from the shadow of the freeway, almost no development had intruded. But today bulldozers have graded a large tract on the east side of the freeway and last year an electronics firm named Data Electronics, Inc. moved in, squeezing Brown onto an adjoining three and a third acres he owned. Today the electronics plant dominates that stretch of the river valley; the stables look incongruous.

Only a dozen or so of the horses Brown oversees actually live on those three-plus acres; the rest roam the still wide-open hills across the freeway. Brown seems as casual about the ownership of the pasture land as he is about dates; he flicks away questions about both subjects like a horse swishing at flies. He says at one time he had an agreement with Mrs. C. Arnold Smith to let his horses roam her 1500

acres, but that particular property changed hands since then, and "now I really don't have an agreement with anyone." (Just as offhandedly, he mentions that he keeps thirty head of cattle on the nearby Petaquitos land that is now city property.)

Four times a week Brown goes after the scattered horses, bouncing over the dusty terrain in a battered pickup, ordering teen-agers who ride in back to pile out, catch some of the animals, and round up the others on horseback. When the herd threatens to disperse, he yells for his shepherd dogs to jump out and streak after the stragglers. The destination is a circular corral which perches on the hill over the freeway. Throughout those four days (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday) the corral will

attract a steady stream of young people who pay about thirty-five dollars a month to keep their horses on the pasture land. (Other San Diego stables charge at least double that fee.) On a quiet day, Brown sits toward the back of his property, clad in an old army jacket, chain-smoking Pall Malls, and the teen-age females defer to his orders with almost military obedience. Someone discovers a cut on one horse's leg, Brown issues circumspect directions. Then on one of the girls walks off, he comments to a visitor dryly, "That girl is a seventh grader of average intelligence, yet she has a fifth grade vocabulary. She didn't understand the word 'vintner'."

He drags heaven on one of the cigarettes, then spits off to one side. Junior and senior high school girls have always constituted the majority of his clientele, a circumstance to which the stable owner has given some thought. "I have concluded that the females of the species have an irresistible, primordial urge to control something that's bigger and

stronger and smarter than they," he says gruffly, a wicked gleam in his eye. "A horse isn't actually a very intelligent animal," he adds. "Write that down."

He continues more gently. "The girls do develop a great amount of affection for the horses. . . . When these little girls get real boy crazy and don't know how to handle it, they can devote their time and care and attention to the horses instead. They even get jealous of 'em; they don't want anybody else to ride 'em." Brown says over the years parents have pleaded with him to help them exercise authority over problems which have ranged from poor grades to sibling hostilities. "I had one girl, for example, who was quite an attractive girl with a lot of sex appeal and who was a constitutional liar." When Brown himself finally caught her fibbing, he chewed her out and ordered her to come to him the next time she got in a jam which tempted perversion.

"She did come to me twice and her parents said they could see a great improvement. . . . She knew I could kick her out."

Looking to the future, he frets about the threat of having to close his stables down. Although he owns his property, he looks over at the electronics plants next door and grumbles, "Some day some secretary is going to find a fly on her lunch and that'll be it." Brown could sell the land readily (for an estimated \$550,000) and he adds that La Jolla developer Harry Collins, who would like to buy the property, has even offered to pay all the costs of relocating the ranch. The problem is one of finding space.

Brown sees one solution: move the stables onto the enormous Petaquitos park land. To date, however, city officials haven't encouraged that alternative. "With La Jolla Farms closing, the demand for horses and horse facilities around here is far going to exceed supply," Brown predicts. "But it will be tragic if these little girls lose these horses. . . . so I sure am going to make a valiant struggle to find someplace to go."

J.D.

-Jeannette DeWyz and Mark Orsoll



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She Should Have A Peabody

One hesitates to indulge in
superlatives when offering praise,
but there comes the time when only
the superlative seems adequate to
express one's feelings of
appreciation.

Jeannette DeWylze's finely
honed artistry with words becomes
more and more apparent in each
succeeding article. This talented
writer produces for the Reader
Her latest "Alive and
Dreaming," July 24, about
104-year-old Sara Stratton is just
another example of DeWylze's
perception and gifted way with the
English language.

If her articles are not being
submitted to some national or
international source for
comparative judging, they should
be. Her efforts rate a Pulitzer or
Peabody Award for journalistic
talent bordering on pure genius.
Wall Ken
San Diego

Looks Out For The Bull

In his attempt to elevate
bullfighting from a "sport" to an
"art" ("Events," July 24), Dan
Trigoboff states that "Bullfighters
claim the bulls suffer little if any
pain before the kill. There has been



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We Thought Someone Had Dibbed

Neal Matthews' article
("Events," July 24) on Barry
Commer and the Citizens Party
illustrates more than anything else
the bankruptcy of the American
Left.

What Commer attempts to
pave off as "progressive
thinking" is more reactionary
babble than in essence says the
answer to the problems of society
is more power to the State, a
sentiment shared by the late Italian
magnifico Benito Mussolini.

In all fifty states, the voters will
have the choice of voting
Democratic, Libertarian, or
Republican, and in another twenty
or so states they will be able to
vote for John Anderson. In most
states there are various minor-party
and fringe candidates as well.

If Barry Commer and his little

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Bell Cracks

Sue Garson's article, "For
Whom the Bell Tolls," (July 17)
presents an interesting account of
the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.
Flawed by an absolute disregard for
facts and by journalistic
irresponsibility on a scale seldom
seen.

If Garson was not willing to
respect Auyan's right to use a
pseudonym, she should not have
included him in the piece. It is
highly irresponsible to violate this
arrangement by printing Auyan's
picture, naming an organization to
which he and his wife belong, and
naming the area in which he lives.
The errors of fact contained
within the article are too numerous
to list—the following are but a
few.

Garson claims that "the hapless
defenders of the republic
(handed) together to form the
Popular Front" in order to combat
the fascist uprising of July, 1936.

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Letters

substantial majority, prompting the
facist uprising.

Ok, to use another example,
Garson mentions the showing of
To Die in Madrid to what she terms
an "audience of political science
students." The film, sponsored by
UCSD's Committee for World
Democracy as part of its weekly
film series, drew people from the
San Diego community, students
from most disciplines, as well as
UCSD faculty and staff. There
may even have been some political
science students in attendance.

In addition, Garson shows her
total lack of understanding of the
era with her references to the
I.W.W. and anarchists' alleged
"plans for reform," "informal
popularity polls" which were in
reality municipal elections, and the
like. None of this information is
accurate; competent research—
and a commitment to accuracy—
could have corrected all of these
errors. Hopefully you will do
better in the future.

Jon Bekken
New Indicator Collective, UCSD

Sue Garson replies:
Not only was Georges Auyan
willing to be included in the
article, he was, in fact,
instrumental in providing people,
memorabilia, and information. He
was fully aware that he was being
photographed and that the photos

(continued on page 11)

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(continued on page 11)

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
I have a lemon-lime tree in my back yard and am at a loss for an adequate explanation of how the tree came into being. Could you explain the process of grafting?

Thomas Shaugnessy
Pacific Beach

Grafting not only produces hybrids of closely related plants, but occurs on an immense scale in the propagation of common fruit trees. This is because most trees have been bred so selectively that even though they produce abundant fruit, they cannot reproduce themselves from seed. An obvious example is the seedless orange. Grafting is the union of a rooted plant with some part of another plant. The rooted plant is called the stock, the part that's joined to it is the scion. What makes grafting possible is the cambium, the layer of formative cells that grows beneath the plant's outer surface. The cambium forms a callus at the junction of the stock and scion, in just the way that other plants would create hard cells to cover an injury.

In time the callus cells mature and specialize into cells of pith or bark. The scion and stock are best joined in a way that permits the most contact between the cambium of each plant. The most common method is called cleft grafting. The top of the scion is cut into a wedge shape and inserted in a cleft in the stock, then the graft is covered with a wax compound to prevent it from drying. Usually several scions are grafted on a single stock, and once the scions begin to grow, all but one is cut away. Most fruit trees are grafted from seedlings, which are more resistant than mature trees to diseases and pests. Since many scions may be grafted on a single tree, it's possible to fashion an apple tree that produces many kinds of apples at different times of year. Graft

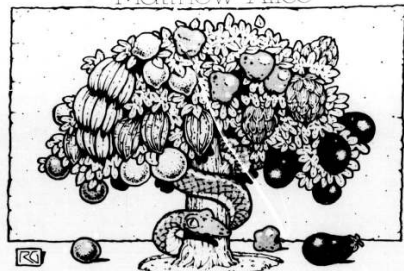


Illustration by Rick Cooney

comes from the Greek word meaning to carve, or write.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Now that the Olympics are going on, I'd like to know how they compare, in terms of prestige and/or money, with the original Olympics that occurred in Greece.

Dave Harman
Lemon Grove

At the end of the Fourth Century A.D., when the Olympics had been held continuously for 600 years, first under the Greeks and then the Romans, Emperor Theodosius I ordered them discontinued, partly because the competitors had become professional. Originally the games were held at a summer festival honoring Zeus. To the Greek competitors the games themselves were often less important than the training, which was an expression of religion. Competitors swore before the games

that they had trained faithfully for ten months, of which thirty days had been spent among the people of Elis, who had charge of the games' regulations. The winners were chaplets of wild olive, which withered in a matter of hours. When they returned home, however, many champions accepted valuable gifts and privileges. Since women were not allowed to witness the Olympics, much less participate, they created their own events called the Heraea, and crowned themselves with olive as well.

Dear Matthew Alice:
I would like to donate my time and money to painting a mural on a city-owned pump house in Pacific Beach. Whom should I contact to proceed legally?

D.K.
Pacific Beach
The city council will rule on your pro-

posal, but only after you have submitted it, in writing, to the city manager for his study and report. The procedure has been set down in council policy 700-37. Your proposal must "include detailed graphics or design; materials and workmanship specifications; color palette; proposed implementation procedures and time frame; and evidence of sufficient financing to complete the work, including a statement that the requestor will provide all labor, materials, and equipment and will maintain the decoration for a minimum of seven years." If this pump house is at the beach, it falls within the jurisdiction both of the water utilities department and the parks and recreation department, for which the latter has its own citizens advisory committee. Each of these entities would have its say in the city manager's report. The manager's address is 202 West C Street, 92101; telephone 236-6363.

Dear Matthew Alice:
The July 7 issue of Time Magazine carried an article on suicide that mentioned a London-based group called the Society for the Right to Die with Dignity (Nicholas Reed, spokesman). What is the address of that society or where could I find it?

Helga Barthold
La Mesa
I have not found the address, but you might obtain it through the Society for the Right to Die (formerly the Euthanasia Society), at 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York 10019; telephone 212-246-6973. The executive director is Alice V. Mehling.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 10063, San Diego, California 92138.

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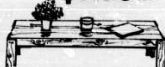
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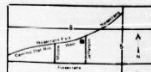
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FLIGHT LOG:

(continued from page 1)

"There's no better way as to the than fighting for something you believe in," he replied.

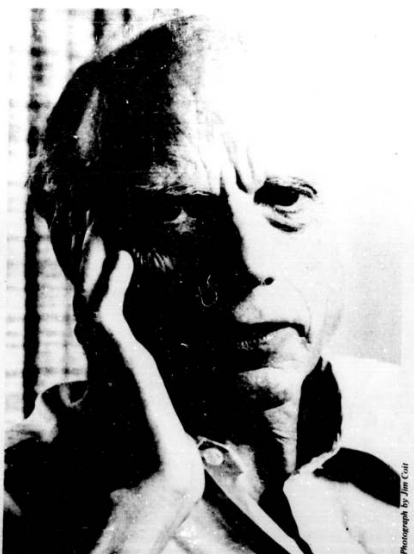
He had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1938 and was working as a clerk in a trust company in New York when the war started. Enlisting in the Air Force (Aviation Cadets), he eventually wound up in Montgomery, Alabama, a twenty-six-year-old lieutenant training younger men to fly B-24 bombers. Then word came that the government was looking for pilots to fly the new B-29. He applied, was accepted, and in May of 1944 found himself in Fairmont, Nebraska, learning to fly the big planes as part of the 393rd Heavy Bombardment Squadron. Four months later the squadron's twenty crews were expecting to ship out to the Pacific when suddenly they were told to report to an obscure base at Wendover, Utah, and to not tell anyone about it. In Wendover they learned little more — peculiar tactics during training flights, commanding officers' stonewalling all questions — but they did get the feeling something unusual was afoot. He didn't know it yet, but his father, Elbert B. Smith, was being trained to drop atomic bombs.

In mid-June, 1945, the 509th Composite Group (as the new bombing unit had been designated) flew out to Tinian Island, a Manhattan-sized island in the Marianas, less than 1400 miles southwest of Tokyo. It was from Tinian's North Field, the largest functional air base in the world at the time, that the 509th carried out the world's first two — and so far, only — atomic strikes. Still stationed on Tinian a few months later when the war had ended, my father, who had been designated to fly the third atomic mission, wrote down the events on the island as he had witnessed them. "While everything was still fresh in my memory..."

Now, almost exactly thirty-five years later, we sit across from each other in the study of his house in San Carlos — the man who was trained to drop one of the world's most destructive weapons, and his son, a conscientious objector during the Vietnam War. Like armchair quarterbacks discussing some weird and horrible football game, we go over his account step by step: his stay on Tinian, his ignorance of the bomb's awesome power, his near-brush with a dubious kind of fame.

"When the 509th Group came overseas, it was given one of the most distinctive insignias in the 20th Air Force. Since we were part of the 313th Wing, the geometric design on the tails of our planes was a circle, but instead of a letter inside this circle, we had a black arrow. In fact, shortly after we arrived on Tinian, Tokyo Rose had broadcast, 'Welcome to the 313th Wing, Black Arrow Squadron.' We were proud that she'd taken notice of us."

"Before the first atomic mission was flown, all of us in the Group did a lot of speculating on the force of the 'Gimmick,' as we referred to the unknown weapon. Few among us had any idea that it was



Elbert Smith

even connected with the splitting of the atom. We knew it was supposed to be powerful and that the resulting explosion would be greater than any ever before witnessed by man. We'd been told that when the bomb exploded the entire target area would simply be leveled and would cease to exist or to support life. Naturally, we found these 'stories' hard to believe. It was impossible for us to stretch our imaginations far enough to conceive of such a force.

"Beginning in mid-July, 1945, the 509th Group began to fly missions to Japan, all of which were nothing but practice missions for the day when we'd take off with the 'Gimmick' aboard. We never referred to these missions as being practice missions, though, not while we were flying them, anyway. It was the real thing to us. We had specific targets to go after and we stood as good a chance of getting shot down as did any other plane that flew over enemy territory. In fact, it was when I was on one of these 'practice' missions over Kobe on July 29, 1945, that I ran into flak which knocked three holes in our plane. That stood as the only battle damage suffered by the 509th during the entire war."

"On the last day of July, Colonel Tibbets [Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, commander of the 509th Composite Group] called a meeting of four of the bomber crews in the Combat Crew Lounge on Tinian, and announced to us that we would be the first four to drop the 'Gimmick.' We

were to go in this order: (1) Captain Bob Lewis's crew, with Colonel Tibbets in command; (2) Lieutenant Don Albany's crew, with Major Charles Sweeney in command; (3) my crew, with Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Clasen in command; and (4) Captain George Marquardt's crew. Colonel Tibbets told us at that meeting of the test which had been run in New Mexico about ten days earlier, and of the damage that the 'Gimmick' would cause. We believed him, because he was quoting the facts, but those facts were almost too much for our minds to grasp. After all, nothing even approaching an explosion of that intensity had ever been dreamed of before."

"That test bomb," Tibbets said, "was only one-fourth the size of the bombs we're to drop."

"As the colonel slowly unraveled this amazing tale, we first began to realize the importance of our first. Ten months earlier, when the 509th was being formed, the colonel had announced to us that the work we would do would shorten the war by at least six months. Unable to realize how that could be possible, we'd often laughed at him as we continued to sit around and train in Utah."

"We twenty men — pilots, co-pilots, navigators, bombardiers, and radar operators — were then informed of the operational plans for the first few 'drops.' When he had finished outlining these plans, the colonel told us, 'Let me emphasize one word of warning here: Don't

get into the cloud which will rise up from this explosion. You'll never live through it.' At the time we all thought he was warning us of the terrific updrafts that would be inside that cloud. We later learned that had we flown through it and been fortunate enough to regain control of our plane, we'd probably have been killed by radioactivity."

We face each other across a distance of three feet, my father behind his desk and I in an overstuffed chair. It is evening; a single light illuminates the room.

When I registered with the draft board as a conscientious objector, my father wrote a strong letter of support on my behalf. Sometimes I think that if I were confronted with a dictator like Hitler or an attack like Pearl Harbor, I would enlist in the service as he did. Yet I have many questions about the atomic raids, questions that will not go away.

"Couldn't there have been a demonstration first?" I ask. "Couldn't the first atomic bomb have been dropped off the coast, or somewhere, as a warning?"

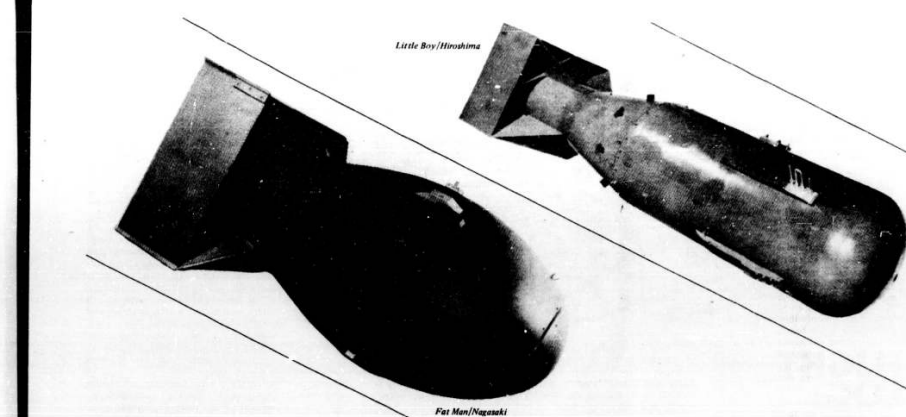
He leans back in his chair. "Well, I wasn't aware of it at the time, but they had given a lot of thought to making a demonstration drop — having the Japanese come in under a white flag and witness it. And they felt that there was too much of an opportunity for it to be a dud, that it would hurt our chances of ending the war more than help them."

In fact, on June 12, 1945, seven scientists from the Manhattan Project's Chicago laboratory submitted to the government the Frank Report, a document urging a demonstration of the bomb in an uninhabited area in front of observers from many countries, including Japan. The report was rejected just four days later by the Interim Committee, a secret panel of specialists that advised President Truman on atomic energy. The committee stated, "We can propose no technical demonstration likely to bring an end to the war."

"We four crews, to whom the colonel had talked, now became practically detached from the rest of the Group. Everyone sensed that the 'Gimmick' was about to make its debut and that we had the inside information. As is only human, they somehow resented the fact that they hadn't been let in on it and that we wouldn't tell them."

"All there was to do until the atomic raids started was study targets. We came to know the four targets (Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Kokura, and Nagasaki) so well that we could close our eyes and see any one of them. We memorized the routes we were to follow, from landfall on the coast of Japan to the target and back out to sea again. We knew the cities, bays, rivers, and mountains that lay on those routes. The target areas and aiming points were studied so thoroughly that we could later draw pictures of them that were almost to scale, including the rivers, bridges, railroads, highways, and populated areas. We knew the size of the cities in square miles, and what military objectives were contained in them. Probably very few enemy attacks were ever so carefully planned and studied."

"Now that the atomic raids were ap-



Little Boy/Hiroshima

Fat Man/Nagasaki

proaching we found that our planes were being painted with a wide assortment of insignias: triangles, squares, circles, diamonds, etc. When we drove down the ramp where our planes were parked, instead of seeing a long line of black arrows on the tails, we were met with a conglomeration of insignias. It wasn't as pretty, but we accepted it as a military necessity. If enemy fighters had ever approached our planes on an atomic mission and had seen the black arrow on the tail, we'd have been too easily recognized on future missions."

"This change in insignia and other preparations gave rise to the general knowledge that big things were about to take place. So for a period of three or four days the whole outfit was on edge, waiting for the raid to go out and for the news to break. By noon of August 5 it became apparent that the weather might be reasonably good the following morning, so the operational plans were finally put into effect. Briefings were held that afternoon and evening, and takeoff was scheduled for three o'clock the following morning."

"Thus, early in the morning of August 6, while most of us slept knowing we could do nothing to ensure its success, the mission took off. Captains Eatherly, Taylor, and Wilson took off and headed for Hiroshima, Kokura, and Nagasaki, respectively. These were the weather ships whose purpose it was to circle over those targets, collect all data, and relay it to Colonel Tibbets. Finally the colonel himself rolled his B-29 down the runway and lifted it off the ground."

"We awoke the next morning and right after breakfast started checking with Group Operations for news. Any radio reports from the planes flying missions would come to that office. It may have been about nine o'clock that the reports from the weather ships reached Operations. We heard them and our spirits soared. CAVU (ceiling and visibility un-

limited) conditions existed over the primary target, Hiroshima. We knew now that the mission which we had waited so long for would succeed."

"I'm not sure there are any profound words," says my father. Through an open window we can see the last blue fading from the sky. Traffic sounds drift in on the warm summer air. "We all had a pretty short-term view of the whole thing back then — you know, get the war over. A bomber pilot today would certainly understand the implications of a nuclear mission more than we did."

"It was probably as how or so later when Major Hopkins (Major James Hopkins, general operations officer of the 509th) told us the report they'd received stated that 'results were better than expected.'"

"After lunch our chaplain, Bill Downey, came by my quarters to pick me up, and we drove down to the 509th's parking ramp to meet the returning planes. We were among the first to get there. The weather ships came in first: Eatherly, Wilson, and finally Taylor. We met them all, but it developed that we knew more about what had happened than they did. It was while we were talking with Taylor's crew that Colonel Tibbets landed and taxied into the ramp."

"By then every general officer in the 20th Air Force must have been there. Even General Carl Spaatz was on hand, the man who was in command of all the combat air forces in the Pacific. Spaatz was standing about fifty feet from the nose of the parked plane, so everyone else fell into somewhat of a semicircle around the plane with the general in the center of it. As Colonel

Tibbets climbed down and then stepped forward from the plane, another colonel moved out from the crowd and shouted, 'Attention to orders!'

"Although everyone immediately became quiet, no one except Colonel Tibbets came to attention. He looked nervous, tired, and somewhat embarrassed, never having been one to stand on ceremony or formalities."

"By order of the President of the United States, General Spaatz will now award Colonel Tibbets the Distinguished Flying Cross! The general moved forward to pin the medal on the colonel's flying coveralls. He fumbled around at it quite a while before stepping back. They shook hands and saluted. It was as simple as that. Colonel Tibbets had received the second highest award his country could give him."

"When the crowd around the Enola Gay finally began to disperse, I wandered over toward Captain Marquardt's plane, which had landed several minutes behind Tibbets'. As I reached it one of the civilian scientists, with whom I had a nodding acquaintance, climbed out. He was met by several of his co-workers, who immediately began questioning him about the explosion. I stood there and listened. This man had been in the plane which had followed the Enola Gay in order to make observations."

"The ball of fire which followed the explosion, he said, had been about a half mile in diameter. It was obvious that no one below that ball had survived. The column of smoke had started up in a thin shaft as soon as the ball of fire disappeared, and gradually began to mushroom out as its vertical speed was slowed. It was the opinion of this man that the entire operation and the physical working of the bomb had been perfect."

"The celebration that night was no small affair. Long after we went to bed we could hear the participants wandering

through the area shouting, throwing stones at the sloping walls of the quonsetts, breaking bottles, and generally acting like the noisy bunch of drunken celebrants they were."

"About six o'clock the next morning I awoke, conscious that Captain Thornhill [Captain Francis D. Thornhill, bombardier for Captain Claude Eatherly's crew] was talking excitedly down at the other end of our quonset. It took some time before I could sleepily piece together what it was he'd said. He'd shouted, 'Hey, men, there's the announcement coming over the radio!'

"I rolled over and looked at him. He was out of bed turning on our radio. From the quonset next to ours I could hear a news broadcast coming over the air, but it was too far away for me to understand. Then, as our radio slowly warmed up, we could hear the announcer talking about the atomic bomb. President Truman had released the news."

"That was the first indication most of the men in the group had that we were working with atomic force. The fact that I had known for so long was due to a slip of the tongue on the part of one of the officers who had known about some of the early experimental work. However, the story which unfolded that day and the following days over the radio was as amazing to me as to anyone else. That part of it was entirely new, entirely unheard and unthought of."

"At that point in time, atomic energy was just sort of an expression," my father explains. "The layman had no idea it could be turned into a bomb, that it could be such a violent thing. Here was something that was contained in such a small container, really. I knew it had

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


(continued from page 9)

Truman's announcement read in part: "The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East. . . . We have spent two billion dollars on the greatest scientific gamble in history -- and won. We are now prepared to obliterate rapidly and completely every productive enterprise the Japanese have above ground in any city. . . . If their leaders do not now accept our terms, they may expect a rain of ruin from the air, the like of which has never been seen on this earth."

The following day I got my first look at the photographs of Hiroshima. They were still classified 'Top Secret' when Lieutenant Colonel Payette [Lieutenant Colonel Hazen Payette], the 509th's chief intelligence officer got them out of his safe to let me look at them. Having already seen the pictures of Nagasaki, I knew them extensively. I could see almost at a glance how severe the damage had been. A huge circle, approximately 4000 yards across, had been etched into the city. Inside that circle everything seemed to be utterly destroyed. The city had not only been leveled, it had disappeared. It looked like a bomb had hit the city and the city had been cleaned up. Examining the pictures through a magnifying glass, we could see there was little or no rubble lying around in the streets, such as can usually be seen in pictures of a bombed city. That rubble for the most part had been literally reduced to powder and sucked up into the cloud, just as had many of the former inhabitants of Hiroshima.

"On the morning of August 9, the second atomic raid took place. Like the first, this one also took off several hours before dawn with the purpose of dropping on Japan sometime around nine in the morning."



"Why so soon after the first?" I ask.
 "What was the hurry? Couldn't they wait for a few days to see how the Japanese would react?"
 "Those decisions we were not privy to," my father replies.

The second atomic raid seemed to move forward under its own power. The plans had been made, and no call came through to the 509th's headquarters on Tinian to bring them to a halt. Just after noon on August 9, 1945, thirty percent of the city of Nagasaki, Japan, was obliterated by an atomic blast.

"My crew and I had been told we would be next to make a drop," my father tells me

When the Japanese finally sent official word of their surrender on August 14, the United States had already depleted its arsenal of two nuclear weapons. But technicians in Los Alamos were rushing to build more, and there were plans to drop several atomic bombs in September if the Japanese had not capitulated by then. The former trust company clerk from New York missed becoming a footnote to the long, sad history of human strife by only a few weeks.

"If we had to do it to end the war, I'd have done it," he says quickly. "Looking back now, I'm real glad the war ended when it did, and we didn't have to do it." He struggles to recall his feelings, the emotion of the war dimmed after thirty-five years. Since his days as a bomber pilot he has worked for Northwest Orient Airlines and General Dynamics; now he is past sixty, nearing retirement. He glances at his hands and finally continues, "I don't look like the eyes of a man who killed people when I killed them. That's why I joined the Air Force. It was a very impersonal thing. You kept it that way as a sort of insulation around you. You did what you were told to do."

There is a sweet simplicity in his words, that speaks of a time when right and wrong were like colors that are easily told apart. And perhaps there was such a time. But today the reds and greens of international diplomacy have faded mostly to indistinguishable grays, and it seems important to keep in mind that bombs are devices for killing people. The only person in the statistical death of a war is a person who once had thoughts, feelings, a life. . . . I tell my father this and he frowns and is silent. He is silent, but in the darkness outside his study, crickets are chirping.

Soon after the Japanese had surrendered, my father met William Laurence, then science editor for the *New York Times*, who was staying on Tinian Island at the close of the war. Laurence had been picked by the Army to write the official story of the atomic bomb, from its first

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10 JULY 31, 1980

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Off The Job Training



By Steven Janoff

At 11:00 a.m. I walked into the Employment Development Department at Front and Ash and began my fifteenth consecutive day of job hunting. I found myself in the midst of a veritable circus tent full of characters — clown princes, con men, street-wise ladies and gentlemen possessed of a shrewdness no amount of schooling could produce, and the usual swarm of humanity to be found in such places. I took a seat with a

commanding view of the lobby. Being the only person dressed in a suit, I felt somewhat out of place; but most of the folks were absorbed in the drama surrounding them, so I suppose I became just another character. The first fellow I noticed was sitting in a corner with his elbows on his knees and his head hanging down. He was wearing a floppy hat pulled down over his ears so that it almost covered his entire face. He seemed to be in a stupor, and did not shift his position for at least half an hour. He was not asleep, though. Another man sat looking as if he were a notorious American spy attending a Russian military conference. He kept glancing

around with fear in his eyes, expecting to be attacked at any minute. Two older gentlemen sat several seats away from me; they talked and laughed together and provided a running commentary on the various quirks of each individual within view, as if they were television moderators for some demented version of "What's My Line?" To round out the collection of characters, a blond "good ol' boy" sat directly opposite the desk near which I was seated, and a young, thin woman with an irritated look on her face occupied a seat two chairs away from me. "I believe it's Mr. James Rutherford," squeaked an elderly

caseworker as she took an unsteady stance in front of the seasoned crowd. No one responded. "MR. JAMES RUTHERFORD!" she bellowed, obviously upset that no one had heard her. The man in the floppy hat jerked in his seat and shot from the chair as though someone had set off a firecracker underneath. With eyes bugging out of his head and a gaze that drew a beeline on the northern edge of the Andromeda galaxy, he glided eerily toward the caseworker and stopped within two inches of her nose. "Er... Mr. Rutherford!" she said meekly. The man remained silent. His eyes were fixed straight ahead; he looked as though he had just seen the face of God. "Uh... come with me, Mr. Rutherford," said the poor woman, and she nervously made her way to her desk, glancing back frequently to make sure her charge was keeping up with her. The man plodded along right behind her, his eyes now anxiously focused on the southern tip of Cape Horn. I watched him until I saw his floppy hat disappear behind a Plexiglas panel. Five minutes later a Latin gentleman came in the door with six noisy little girls at his heels. One of the black gents leaned over to his buddy and said, loud enough for those of us in the general vicinity to hear, "That man need a job!" The chattering troupe filled a row of seats immediately behind mine; I turned around and all six girls smiled at me. I smiled back and soon found myself involved in a game of peek-a-boo that lasted painfully longer than I had expected. Ten minutes after the girls and their father had come in, they all got up and left, not having had any interaction whatsoever with a caseworker or anyone else. Perhaps the man had been taking the children on a tour of the city and had just popped in for a short rest. I turned to the "good ol' boy" and said, "It's a good thing they weren't all looking for jobs." Next up was the notorious spy. When his name was called, he grooved up to the caseworker with an exaggerated, self-conscious swagger. "This dude is cool," laughed the black commentator to his friend. Five

minutes later the spy came back with a defeated look on his face. He muttered something like, "I'm here for a job, and these people don't want to give me a job. I need a job. I said I need a job, dammit!" No one offered to dispute the fact that this man needed a job. He grumbled in his seat for the rest of my stay. It was now noon and I was getting a bit restless. I went up to the reception desk to announce my regretful departure and the clerk said, "Don't give up yet. Your number is nineteen, and we just called number sixteen." My spirits lifted instantly and I gingerly returned to my seat. Fifteen minutes later I became aware that my parking meter had probably expired, so I went up to the clerk and said, "Would you listen for my name while I go out and feed the meter?" She consented. I walked the six blocks to my car and fed the beast a meal while noting that all parking meters look like the heads and necks of the

alien spaceships from the movie *War of the Worlds*. When I returned to the Green Room my name had not been called. I resumed my position and patiently awaited my turn. The good ol' boy took out a cigarette and looked around for a match. The young lady, to my right was herself halfway through smoking a cigarette, so he ambled over and said, "Mind if I have a light?" He reached out, expecting her to hand him her weed so he could negotiate a direct energy transfer from tip to tip. She drew back in disgust, reached into her purse, and produced an old pack of matches, saying, "Here. You can keep these." The good ol' boy returned to his seat, rejected. Soon we fell into conversation and he told me he was fresh from Atlanta. We talked about the people of both cities (San Diego vs. Atlanta), and then about girls. He said, "These girls out here, the ones workin' out on the street... ah wouldn't give one no mah daw."

At one o'clock, two hours after I had arrived, my name was finally called. I followed the caseworker to her desk. "I'm sorry you had to wait two hours," she said. "Oh, that's okay," I lied. Actually, I had nothing better to do that morning, and I certainly preferred to sit and reflect for two hours than to go out and actively seek work. The pickings had been slim that day, but there were two jobs I was interested in. "This first job is for a salesperson in a women's clothing store," said the caseworker as she perused the microfilm viewer. "I believe that means that they're looking for a woman." "This had been the only full-time sales job listed that day. "Why do they use the word 'salesperson' then?" I asked, pretending to be naive. "Why don't they specify that they want a female?" "Well, they're not allowed to because of Affirmative Action. I can still refer you, if you wish, but I think

they are looking for a woman. Now this other job you have here..." and she paused as she ran down the listings "... is for a part-time sales position at Laufer's Big and Tall Men's Shop in University Towne Centre. They're probably looking for a man. They only have one opening left and it's for ten hours a week at minimum wage. Would you be interested?" "Well, okay," I said halfheartedly, thinking that this was better than nothing. "I'll take them both." "I can only send you out on one," she said. When I asked why, she told me that since San Diego had such a high unemployment rate, the office could only give one referral a day — in order to give everyone a chance. (This didn't make much sense to me; I figured that if they gave me two job listings, I might be out of their hair that much quicker.) Also, the staff had been reduced drastically because of financial cutbacks. I chose to go with

(continued on page 14)

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Off The Job Training

(continued from page 13)

the Big and Tall shop.

"Why don't I just write down the information for you and you can call them yourself," she said. Certainly not what it used to be, I thought.

I left not five minutes after my name had been called to Lanier's. The funny thing about a lot of those places is that the job listing usually describes something like "\$3.10 an hour plus, depending on experience." If you investigate further, you'll often discover that "plus, depending on experience" means this: If you have sixteen years experience exclusively in big and tall men's clothing, they'll start you at \$3.15 an hour.

My next stop was May Company in Mission Valley.

"Why do you want to work for May Company?" asked the interviewer. Good question, I thought.

"I love retail. I love to sell, and I feel that May Company would bring out the best in me. It would provide an environment in which I could maximize my potential skills and abilities as a retail salesperson. I feel I could do an excellent job for May Company." (Translation: I need a job.)

I just happened to be in the neighborhood so I thought I'd stop in and fill out an application. Any more can sell underwear, and for \$3.10 an hour you're not going to get Norman Vincent Peale anyway. I really had the rap down by this time.

"I see here that you have your bachelor's degree in mathematics, and you've even done graduate work in that field. Don't you feel a little overqualified?" A fair question.

"Well, I left that field for good several years ago, and as you can see from my work record I've been in retail ever since. I have no plans to return to mathematics in any capacity — ever. I'm doing some writing in my spare time and that provides me with the personal enrichment I would have sought as a professional. But it's not impossible to make a living as a

writer, so I look to retail to provide me with a steady income as well as an outlet for my exceptional sales ability and my skills in dealing with the public." (Translation: Just give me the goddamn job. Trust me.)

"Why should we hire you?" "Because I have excellent communications skills and a great personality, and because I feel I would be a real asset to May Company." (Translation: I just told you why, jackass.)

"Okay, Mr. Janoff. We don't have any positions open as of right now, but I will keep your application on file and should anything become available in the near future I'll be sure to get in touch with you." (Translation: Get the hell out of here. Your application will be filed in this vacuum chute here that goes right out to the dumpster around back. Don't expect to hear from us ever again, and don't waste your time calling.) Actually, I shouldn't be too hard on these guys; they're one of the more reasonable organizations in town, except that they wanted to know what I had been doing for the past ten years. I can't even remember that far back. I

could understand this approach if I had been applying for a job with the CIA.

But retail?

My next interview was for a sales job at a small candy shop in the middle of Bazaar Del Mundo in Old Town. "We need someone who's *suggestive, motivated, and energetic*; someone who's willing to be out there all the time smiling and greeting the customers, making sure no one goes unattended!" barked the manager. I stifled a yawn and raised my eyelids from half-mast to full salute, and tried not to look as tired as I felt. I thought of the thousands of gallons of coffee consumed daily by the national work force because of people like this. I had just finished giving this lady my rap about my laid-back, soft-salsa style in which I welcome the customers with open arms and make them feel loved and accepted as I rifle their pockets. My low-pressure attitude did not seem to be well received. There goes another one, I thought.

I made my way over to Kaleidoscope, a small jewelry store nestled in one corner of a large

(continued on page 18)

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**Restaurants
Assert Yourself**

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Mon Ami
The Location: 731 Highway 101, Solana Beach (755-6955)
Type of Food: French
Hours: Open daily, Lunch, 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.; dinner, 6:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Many years ago, when my family visited New York, I thought my children would enjoy going to the Automat, where you placed nickels in a slot and out came those magical sandwiches. Since we approached the Automat during the busy lunch hour, I cautioned my sons that we might possibly have to "fight for a table." Fortunately we found a place to sit; we duly had our lunch; and as soon as we left my youngest son burst into tears. Taking a pugilist's stance, he shadowboxed the air and cried, "But you told me we'd have to fight for a table!" He could hardly reconcile himself to the absence of fistcuffs.

Dining in San Diego, we don't often have to fight for a table, but we do have to "fight," or more accurately, to assert ourselves, as the following saga will illustrate.

My friend and I recently dined at Mon Ami in Solana Beach, a restaurant which in the last several months not only had to accommodate a change of staff, but which underwent changes in its menu and the design of the room. Mon Ami used to offer two menus, a large one and a smaller one, from which one selected dinner at a fixed price. The *grand menu* boasted so many courses that one could scarcely get through it. The restaurant also used to have a rigid seating arrangement, especially during the summer. But what with one thing and another, the owners had to rethink their format.

The present arrangement of the main dining room provides greater intimacy than before. The menu is no longer *grand* or *petit*, and gone is the fixed price. However, there remains a wide range of choices in the entrées, from veal to duck, to beef to even steak tartare or raw beef tenderloin. The prices are not inexpensive — the cheapest entrée is \$13.50 and the most expensive is seventeen dollars — but that does include soup and salad. In other words, for a first-rate restaurant, the prices would not be outrageous.

When I had called to make reservations, I had been told that sole had been the special the night before. As we started to order, the waiter suggested that I try the sole, even though it was a day old. He suggested that it might prove more interesting than the halibut regularly on the menu. I agreed. My friend ordered the supreme de volaille, or boned breast of chicken baked in cream (\$13.50).

For appetizer, we shared frog legs (\$4.50), which were tender and tasty, and this was followed by a nicely dressed salad and a pleasant cream of vegetable soup. Nothing was fantastic; nothing was poor. It was a dinner, thus far, of average French competence. But when my sole arrived, it tasted high — fresh fish is characterized by natural sweetness, and if it's the least bit briny or "fishy," it has been sitting around too long. As soon as I beckoned the waiter, he replied instantly and professionally, "Let me get you the halibut. It will only take a few minutes."

There had also been some discussion about the wine, and it had been our understanding that the bottle of our choice was not available, we would be charged by the glass as if we ordered a bottle (four glasses' worth). My friend and I each had two glasses of wine, who is to say that I drank about one and a fourth and he helped me with the rest.

When my halibut arrived a short while later, it was most generous in size, and fresh vegetables — asparagus, potatoes, etc. — had been newly prepared for me. The dish was very satisfying, as was my friend's chicken.

On the strength of this, we ordered a dessert, chocolate Mon Ami (\$3.00), which had a cream base and allegedly a hot fudge sauce (a sample tray was brought to the table and the assistant waiter told us the sauce would be hot). It was cold. I was dining with a man who suffers if he has to send any dish back to the kitchen. Nevertheless, he agreed that I should mention the cold fudge sauce. After all, it takes but a minute to heat it in the microwave oven, which almost all restaurants now have as standard equipment. This was done and the dessert came back piping hot.

**Restaurants
Assert Yourself**

The Restaurant: Bertrand's
The Location: 1950 Highway 101, Leucadia (753-0434)
Type of Food: French (nouvelle cuisine)
Hours: Closed Monday. Open for dinner Tuesday through Sunday, 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

It hardly seems fair to tack on a review of Bertrand's, but the sequence is logical because Bertrand used to be the maitre d' at Mon Ami. His new restaurant is on the site of the defunct Michael's. The entire dining room has been done over, reduced in size and appointed with lovely cane chairs. The windows were as immaculate and fastidious as any object within.

I had heard a great deal about the wonders of Bertrand's and I must say every word was true. The chef, Vincent Grunel, does the best nouvelle cuisine in this area; in fact, I would have to say that Bertrand's is the best French restaurant now operating in San Diego.

Every item is à la carte, but worth it. My friends and I had beautifully prepared appetizers of Santa Barbara shrimp (\$6.00) and a seafood selection (\$5.00). We shared a magnificent cold zucchini soup (\$3.00) and my friends had wonderful fish dishes. But I must was eloquent over the house specialty, confit de canard, or duck prepared with cognac. I've never tasted a duck dish to equal it. At fifteen dollars, it's a gastronomic treat. Save your pennies for this one.

Last, my downfall: desserts. Bertrand's turned out to be my fantasy place. Each dessert was a masterpiece, and I should know because I had four of them. The chocolate mousse and the bavarois stuffed with chocolate mousse were taste-boggling; the champagne mousse with fresh raspberries astonishing; and as I walked out the door I spied a cake with layers of mocha cream, which I literally consumed standing up. My heart raced madly for several hours afterward due to the sugar overdose, but it was worth every fantastic second of self-indulgence.

Many people have suggested that service at Bertrand's depends on one's social standing and acquaintance with Bertrand himself. He didn't know who I was, but I was with people who were steady customers. The service was impeccable — I was brought fresh sherbet (homemade) because I let mine melt a little. The distance to Bertrand's is a slight minus for those living outside North County, and the price of the entrées is steep — from thirteen to sixteen dollars with only vegetables and bread as accompaniment. But this is a highly professional restaurant where you get what you pay for. □

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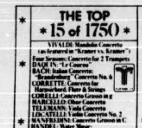
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FLIGHT LOG:

(Continued from page 10)
velopment in Los Alamos to the missions that dropped it. He and my father had several interesting conversations, and my father's account of his stay on Tinian closes with this one:

"If my wife had not sent me clippings from the Times about the first atomic bomb raid, I might never have met William Laurence. However, word got through to him that I had these clippings, so he looked me up. The first night he stopped in to read them he sat on my cot, reading his words in news stories for which other journalists had been credited. It was quite evident that he was hurt by it, but there was nothing he could do. As long as he continued to work for the Army his words were public property once they were officially released.

"A few weeks later a group of us were talking with Laurence, shortly after we'd heard a report over the radio that the areas which had been hit by our atomic bombs would be uninhabitable for as long as seventy years. Upon questioning him we learned that this wasn't exactly true. Those areas wouldn't be dangerous for more than three or four years at the most, he told us, and then only in the spot directly beneath the bomb's blast. However, he added, it would be possible to make a bomb which would have the effect described over the radio. As it was, he led us to expect that a great number of Japanese would die from radioactivity simply because they had been exposed to the blast.

"Just what kind of a death results from radioactivity?" someone asked.

"It's the most horrible kind of a death you can imagine," Laurence said. He went on to tell us how the white corpses in the blood stream are killed by the rays emitted from any radioactive substance. Once the human body has been exposed to these rays, there's nothing that can be done.

Those who were killed instantly by the bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the lucky ones. The others, who had been exposed, were sure to die in time, but their deaths would be lingering and torturous.

"We sat there somewhat stunned after he told us this. The picture wasn't pretty. Not that we felt any qualms about killing our enemy, as they had and would have killed us; but we wondered about the future. Couldn't any country make these atomic bombs? Couldn't we be in just as much danger from them as any other nation? We realized that nothing could be done to protect us from this newly unleashed power.

"We spoke of our fears to Laurence, and he answered us slowly and, I thought, somewhat prophetically. He said that man now had the means whereby to destroy himself. It remained to be seen whether he would do that or would use this power to his own benefit.

"That's a horrible thought," I said. "It could literally mean the end of life on earth."

"Exactly," he replied, "but you can't avoid the facts."
Several men got up to leave our group, and slowly, the same way it had started, the discussion came to an end. Laurence himself finally said good night and left. We sat on the porch of our quarters but and watched him go. Though we weren't speaking about it, I know we were all thinking the same thing: how we hoped he was wrong; how we hoped that this war, which had just ended, which had so brutally killed millions of soldiers and civilians as well, would bring about lasting peace in which the countries of the world would live together without strife. Could it really happen this time? Had we fought the war to end all wars?

"No! Down inside we knew we hadn't."

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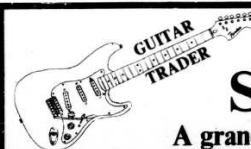


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Off The Job Training

continued from p. 21
shopping mall in Claremont Mesa. I had an appointment for the interview with three of the top guys of this chain of stores — the manager, the district manager, and the regional manager. When I arrived I was asked into a room that resembled the stereotypical interrogation rooms seen in Forties cop movies. The only thing missing was the small lamp usually aimed at one's face. For forty-five solid minutes they grilled me as if I were applying for the

job of president of General Motors. I read every tactic in the book to convince them that I was the man for the job. With my characteristic charm, I twisted every negative they threw at me into a positive, at one point I even had them trying to convince me that the characteristics I had offered as my greatest weakness was on the contrary something to be desired in an employee.

When the ordeal was over, I left feeling confident that I had created a magnificent impression. Two days later I called back and was told that the managers had given their decisions; the three positions had just been filled — none of them by me.

My next target was Bullock's. While in La Jolla Village Square "What made you decide to come in to Bullock's?" queried the high-fashion interviewer. I felt like saying, "You know, I really gave it a lot of thought. I showed out front for half an hour looking up at the sign and thinking, 'Gosh, can I really handle this, and I really, Bullock's material.' Do I really have what it takes to sell high-fashion men's socks and boxer shorts to wealthy La Jolla gentlemen?" And you know, Ms. Percynquips, after carefully weighing the pros and cons, I grunted my teeth and charged through the door, determined to secure a position. I want to work here!" As it

was, I said, "Well, buzz, buzz, buzz" and gave her the standard rap about "what I can do for you," with the usual embroidery.
By this time it was five o'clock and I decided I had enough for one day. I drove out to La Jolla Cove, whipped out my saxophone, and waited away all thoughts of jobs, retail, and socks. That evening when I went home I looked forward to waking up the next morning and eagerly awaiting the incessant ringing of the telephone as employers from all over the city fell over each other in their desperate attempts to hire me. And I thought of the thousands of other San Diegans who would be doing the same.

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Billy Joe Hollick, Christy Corington, Julie Anne Simone, William Strickley

JEFF SMITH

Though I never reached the fanaticism of a Trekkie, I used to enjoy "Star Trek." Once a week I would travel vicariously into "space, the final frontier," in order "to boldly go where no man has gone before" on the starship *Enterprise*. But three things disturbed me about this show: everywhere Captain Kirk and his crew went the air was breathable, thus obviating the need for those cumbersome costumes the astronauts were wearing on the TV news; practically everyone in the universe spoke English; and every week things went wrong. One day it dawned on me that the U.S. space program must be in deep trouble. If this single hour were any indication of the rest of the week, then maybe, I decided, our money should be spent elsewhere. Since deep space is apparently loaded with certifiable crazies, most of whom, like the Greek gods, are childlike beings with magnified human emotions and immense power, who needs it?

Jecmoh by Wolfgang Von Gubaldi, with tongue firmly planted in cheek, parodies the "Star Trek" phenomenon in particular, and tales of intergalactic interfacing in general. It also takes a well-aimed potshot at Erik Von Daniken's Swiss-cheese thesis that UFOs formerly used the earth as a Lindbergh Field for their "chariots" and that these alien vis-

its three naughty subordinates: "Prisoners of Lust," "This is a Bust," "Aside from a few reasonably sensual dance sequences and the suggestion of some spicy, off-stage doings, this play is not. There is, in fact, a quality of *innocence* to it throughout, with one or two exaggerated and thus unbelievable exceptions. It walks too well the line between spoof and seriousness, between titillation and taboos, rarely lapsing too far in any one direction. It is a play that might seem tacky to, say, the more avant-garde members of the P.T.A. Captain King's moral message at the end, spoken with all the trepidation of a crisis theologian, weighs down this often simply fun production with the black-and-white didacticism of a Sunday school primer. And even though King refers to the hidden depths of the spectacle before us by quoting (twice) Hamlet's words to Horatio that "there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," the play's thin ideological content and golly-gee attitude toward sexuality lead me to conclude, in the words of Talulah Bankhead when she confronted a curious *objet d'art*, that "there is less here than meets the eye."

Jecmoh is a "new-wave opera," and the music, especially the recorded background score, is good for the most part. Deserved credit goes to composer Scott Busath, to musical director Lawrence Czeko (who has done an equally fine job with the Marquis Public Theater's production of *The Fantasticks*), and to Maria Zekan. The score choral numbers, in particular the hymn to *Jecmoh* that opens the show, display rich, harmonic structures and are often quite lovely. But by ear, tuned as it is to AM radio, there are not many up-tempo tunes that really cook, or that have sufficient funk to underscore the earthy parts of the play. The "life-support system" these faster songs could give *Jecmoh* is not fully operational.

The premise of *Jecmoh* also inaugurated the opening of the new Marquis West Broadway Theatre, located at 635 West Broadway, downtown. Formerly a repair shop for motorcycles, the theater will function as a rehearsal hall and a home for experimental dramatic productions. This dual premiere of play and theater was highlighted, near its beginning, by the entrance of Julie Anne Simone. As Doctor Queen, second in command of the aliens, Simone is the first extraterrestrial to test the atmosphere of the planet, which she does as if she were a nimble bubble floating adroitly over a bed of nails.

The rest of the acting is spirited, if not always substantial. As Davad and Florah, the two most prominent and most threatened pagans, the performances of Matthew G. Cabitto and Madeline McGuire rise above the generally one-dimensional level of the cast. Cabbito

plays a stern, intense elcher of messages, whose frozen stare suggests that he has had more than one glimpse of the furnace. McGuire's sprightly work as Florah, who is betrayed and abused by both the old and new dispensations of the cave, carries genuine sympathy for her plight and admiration for her efforts to overcome it. Both Cabitto and McGuire have good singing voices — though the score requires her to reach at times above her natural register — and each attempts to move the play beyond its safe and simplistic confines.

When merely spoofing the special effects of science-fiction films, *Jecmoh* is at its comical best. It has a hodgepodge of metallic dime-store ray guns, which sound like a decrepit egg timer on its last legs; two vacuum cleaners, one capable of re-erecting and sustaining human life, the other a giraffe-like enemy probe; and a basketball-size lamp meant to represent the energy source of the spacecraft. These and other pseudo-cosmic gimmicks, when compared to the millions of dollars needed by George Lukas to make one of his sci-fi epics, are audaciously cheap — and hilarious by comparison. Charles Hart's costumes for the space travelers, designed in what might best be described as nouveau tacky, have the same effect, as does the green monster somewhere inside of which is Mike Macumber) that shows up and gnaws away at a sacrificed pagan while wearing an exceedingly forlorn expression — leading one to believe that even a green man can have a bad day. In this regard, at least, *Jecmoh* lives up to its advance billing.

Unlike what the announcer of "Star Trek" promises at the beginning of each telecast, *Jecmoh* by Wolfgang Von Gubaldi does not boldly go where no man has gone before. Instead, it covers old terrain in ways often surprisingly witty but rarely playful. I suspect that the producers of the play are seeking a different sort of theatrical audience — a laudable aim — possibly in the hope of luring the midnight movie crowd away from the long lines at the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and other red-eye phenomena. But where these cult phenomena encourage their audiences to participate literally in the drama — to play an active role, in the case of *Rocky Horror*, necessary role, since few people watch the screen at those showings anymore — *Jecmoh* at present has no such place where the crowd can join in and make the play its own; there is no part written for them. In fact, it doesn't seem to know quite what to do with its spectators. Like Julie Anne Simone's marvelous entrance, it trends nimbly here and there, apparently trying not to offend or alienate a single member of the audience. Playing it safe, *Jecmoh* is just a click or two more stimulating, intellectually and otherwise, than Saturday-morning television. □

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Killer Instinct



RENEE ZELLWEGER

As inevitably as blood flows through motion pictures directed by Brian De Palma, so will his name be linked to that of Alfred Hitchcock, the ever-acclaimed "master of suspense." De Palma's preoccupation with the fundamentally fascinating sources of murder, as well as with the harsh act itself, seems less a commercially derivative attempt to take over the throne sadly vacated by Hitchcock this year, than his personality's intuitive embrace of themes sound enough to support an aesthetic of excessive sensation. No other director now working would be responsible for *Dressed to Kill*, a distinctively De Palma mélange of elegant creepiness, stylized sensuality, tension with a weakness for the ludicrous, and just plain graphic gore. From *Scarlet* through *Obsession*, *Carrie*, and *The Fury*, his leitmotif has been violent death, and if *Obsession* was his remake of *Vertigo*, then *Dressed to Kill* exhumes *Psycho*, with a cross-dressing killer, a strongly identified heroine snuffed out a third of the way through, shower violence, and a psychiatric wrap-up, all the while luxuriating in a Bernard Herrmann-like score of lush goo (here by Dino Donaggio).

himself. This inexperience plagues her when she clumsily seduces the stranger she selects for an afternoon liaison and allows embarrassment to interrupt gratification as she writhes desperately in the back seat of a taxi, as some are sure to do in their theater seats. Her girlish ineptness at expressing delight turns to post-coital dismay when she then discovers in an instant-karmic sort of way that her partner most probably carries venereal disease. Erotic and panicky, she tumbles into a viciously prolonged, blood-splattered death, which serves as a lure to eyewitness, heroine-replacement Liz Blake (played by De Palma's real-life wife Nancy Allen), the nasty blond of *Carrie*. This "Park Avenue whore" and self-proclaimed "expert on bad" sweeps away Kate's washed-out doubt with an enthusiastic assurance. Street-wise, fresh, and parading about in her black garter belt, Liz comes across as a less-deserving candidate for shame than Kate just once losing track of her panties.

Hooker Liz is surrounded by the men affected by Kate's death: Dr. Elliott, loser in his struggle with professional ethics, whose reptilian coldness comes disturbingly close to the surface of his reassuring demeanor; the callously obnoxious cop, Marino (Dennis Fimple); and Kate's son, Peter (Keith Gordon), science whiz kid highly motivated and crafty in pursuit of his mother's killer.

More than any of these performers, cast for personality rather than strong acting talent, the star of *Dressed to Kill* is De Palma's technique, at times exhilarating, while at other times it's so whole-bog-including-the-postage, it's deadly. He contrasts Kate's untamed need for animal sex by garbing her in white, setting her starkly against the neutral tones of the doctor's office and the ultra-cool surfaces of an art museum, and then intersecting a large-scale painting of a gorilla, dark, hairy, and conveying the primitive possibilities inherent in extremes. Here, too, he delights in what the camera can do, pulling out the cloths in tracking and crane shots, pans and zooms, following Kate as she follows her elusive stranger, not as a person lost in the labyrinth of a museum with no floor plan, but as a swallow, swooping about in dizzy flight, transporting us with a stomach-effect not unlike the early roller-coaster days of Cinema. This outright glee about a medium capable of such dance-like movement, combined with a penchant for high-gloss imagery, synthesizes into a slickness, a state-of-the-art

product which overpowers storytelling and obscures the lack of cutting-edge concepts. Sometimes *Dressed to Kill* is all dressed up with no place to go.

Somewhat promising is the theme of dualities: the schizoid killer, the good/evil contrast of heroines, intermittent mirror play, the screen split literally, as with Dr. Elliott watching Phil Donahue on TV and Liz watching the same program while dressing for her client from Cleveland, as well as split compositionally, as in a later scene when Liz shares the screen almost equally with a woman never introduced, further away than peripheral to the issues, and who it seems could walk off and start her own movie. More compelling as subject is the archetypal merging of sexuality with death and the consequent surfacing of a perverse, highly charged eroticism. *Dressed to Kill* is billed as "the latest fashion in murder," yet truth in advertising would necessitate saying that it depends on a trendy sexual theme which bogs down with medical jargon about dysfunction, vaginal plasticity, and other clinical parlance of the penis kind. Getting this education across to the segment of the audience ill-informed on the kinky is a chore most dry in the dénouement, when everyone is usually too congenial, but made no easier by a chicken restaurant scene which abuses the premise that it's funny to give a jolt to the prudish.

From an early student effort, *Greengrass and Hi Mom*, through *Phantom of the Paradise* and this year's *Home Movies*, De Palma's off-the-wall humor has not been back so much as purple with sequins, and in *Dressed to Kill*'s climactic scene this humor takes the form of lightning flashes punctuating Liz's juicy speech and seeming just two steps away from Mel Brooks's spoofery. Lacking the more moral reassurances of Hitchcock, this ragged juxtaposition of campy humor and morbid slandering has an unsettling effect. While logic bores occasionally to such comic incongruities, and more often to visual pyrotechnics, it does withstand a backward glance, if not a thorough post-mortem. De Palma's script, though not razor-sharp, is more believable than make-believe. What he really needs to outgrow is his lascivious reverence for mutilation and his own tradition of patented shock endings à la *Carrie* and *The Fury*, which are an end-and-out fudge unworthy of the how-does-he-do-it magician's skill of giving dazzling screen presence to a single, slowly turning doorknob. □

Off the Cuff

Have you ever been in the wrong line?



Bill Reagan
Jeweler
Mission Beach

It was when the movie *Sleeper* opened in Westwood. We were in a big, long line of Woody Allen people and had the misfortune of standing in front of two obnoxious guys who were karate experts. Their dates were obviously bored but they kept right on saying things like, "Then his femur just snapped." Their shirts were opened to their navels. . . . dangling chains, gold medallions. They're the kind of guys you want to turn around and knock in the teeth. Unfortunately, they were bigger than us. So we had to stand in line—it seemed like a million, listening to them talk about breaking cinder blocks in two.



Smokey Green
Housewife
Pacific Beach

The quick-check line at the Food Basket. If you look right up there it says "TENS ITEMS OR LESS, CASH ONLY, NO CHECKS." There's always an old lady in front of me with eleven items. She's got a check that she doesn't have made out until she gets right up there. Then she argues about prices and wants to go over every little item. Then she pulls out her wad of coupons. I finally move over to the regular check-out stand with my three items, and wait behind six people with full baskets. When I finally get up there, the old lady is still in the quick-check line. They should have some kind of enforcement. Forget about going to the bank. It takes half a day just to put money in.



Frank Theiling
Clammer
San Diego

We were in the wrong lane on the Long Island Expressway yesterday, rushing to get to Kennedy Airport by noon. They closed the expressway and we were stuck there in a long line, trying to get off. Just made the plane. Got into L.A. and didn't know where we were or how the hell to get anywhere. Next thing we knew we were in a bus station— weird people looking for change in phone booths. Finally found the ticket line for San Diego— six windows, two tellers. The bus leaves in five minutes and we're behind five people and it's five to five. Make it just as the bus is about to drive away. We're not on there five minutes when some went man falls into the aisle and the next thing you know, we're sidetracked to an emergency ward.



Carol Thomas
Student
North Park

I was called out of school because of an "emergency" at home. I rushed home and I found out my brother phoned in and made up an excuse because he heard that Rolling Stones tickets were going on sale. We got downtown and spent the whole day waiting for the box office to open. That night hundreds of people were camped out. We just pitched a tent in the parking lot and the next morning there were lines everywhere. Blocks and blocks long. I don't know how it happened, but we ended up a lot further back. The line moved up slowly. People were crazed. Finally, just as we were about to get to the ticket window, a sign went up—"SOLD OUT!"



Katherine Moud
Lawyer
La Mesa

It was the first time I was going to interview a prisoner who had some information. I was determined not to be taken for a novice. I was very properly dressed, very slick— straight out of a dress-for-success book, from head to toe. I was so preoccupied with what I had to do, I just saw a line by the jail and got into it. It turned out to be a line full of bookers, waiting for a V.D. check. The two detectives who rescued me were absolutely gorgeous—they could make a life of crime seem a rational career choice. That's the type of thing that happens to me all the time.

by Liz Jankovics

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Answer: they are all holistic. They are, indeed, some of the

most holistic people of our day, a day in which the discoveries of empirical science no longer satisfy and in which there is an irrepressible urge to come into contact with the secret spiritual forces known to shamans, mystics, ecstasies, and thaumaturges of earlier and happier ages. They are also speakers — past and present — at the holistic health conferences of the Mandala Society and the National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential, the latest of which will be held this weekend and next week in San Diego.

To get a real sense of what this busily expanding industry is all about, one must look at the subjects of the talks. Past years have boasted such lectures as "Implications of Acupuncture in Future Practice of Healing," "Suggestopedia: the Loznow Method of Rapid, Non-Stressful Learning," "Global Scientific Research on the Paradox of Body-Mind, Spirit," "Creating Miracles — Side Effect of Holistic Health," "The Dynamics of the Etheric-Astral-Mental Mental (sic) Fields in the Healing Process," and "Applying Edgar Cayce Readings to the Daily Clinical Practice of Medicine." This year there will be workshops on "Understanding

(continued on page 4, col. 2)



Superfilmshow

Ours is a culture which worships things childlike. Somewhere just past the Eighteenth Century, the notion entered our collective brain that childhood is a state of bliss in which all is magic. Those who can see "with the eyes of a child," as one particularly treacherous song from the last decade phrased it, are inhabitants of a special, ideal place filled with innocence and purity and genuine good will. But they aren't allowed to live there long. Maturation begins and they lose that particular grace which a lifetime of wishing will never allow them to recapture.

Perhaps it's the soaring of this rosy view of childhood that is responsible for the miserable nature of children's entertainment. Grownups grew envious and resentful of their juniors' blessed state and, as revenge, employed a powerful weapon: Saturday morning

television. Few nineties could survive the coarseness and venality of such assaults upon children's perceptions. It's funny. When cartoons in theaters were the natural joy of both adult and child they possessed wit and vitality. One could revel in the voracity of Tex Avery, Chuck Jones, and Frank Tashlin telling us about Bugs Bunny, Duffy Duck, and Porky Pig. But once the child's realm, Saturday morning, became separated from that of the adults, those grownups who produced its fare seemed determined to make it as dull and mechanized and unimaginative as possible.

Now the children are having their revenge. There's a festival of imaginative short films starting August 5 at the San Diego Museum of Art that contains the work of such acclaimed filmmakers as Stan Brakhage, Jordan Belson, and Kenneth Anger. And for what? educated, elite audience are these beautiful helpings of cinematic delights intended?

Children. The title of this festival is Superfilmshow! Film as Art for Kids. It was originally organized in 1979 for the American Federation of Arts Film Program by film critic and children's book author Marilyn Singer. After its initial showing at the Hudson River Museum of Yonkers, Superfilmshow is now touring museums around the country. On Tuesday evenings at seven and Sunday afternoons at three o'clock through the end of August, the four segments of this festival will be shown locally in the Copley Auditorium of the Museum of Art. In addition, there will be a lecture before the August 12 showing of the second segment by filmmaker and art historian Standish Lawder, who was the first professor in film at Harvard University and is now a member of the UCSD visual arts

(continued on page 4, col. 1)



The Poster

Driving down the freeway, one sometimes witnesses a metamorphosis that is strangely fascinating, often comical, and at least a trifle poignant. The replacement of one billboard advertisement by another. If one is in the slow lane, there is time to watch a huge, hazy of paper scaffolded and brushed flat to reveal a single eye, a bit of torso, an airplane wing, the doorway of a luxury hotel, and to see the old ones, usually rattered and torn, disappear forever.

Roadside billboards are a

twentieth-century innovation in a popular art form that has had a long history on walls, trains, and sandwich boards: the poster, a transitory print that announces, informs, advertises. A current exhibition of posters by the French artist Jules Cheret (1856-1932) has well-preserved examples with both historic and artistic interest.

Cheret has been called the "father of the poster" and he was indeed the first of the great modern poster artists. He learned the technique of color lithography in England and

(continued on page 4, col. 5)

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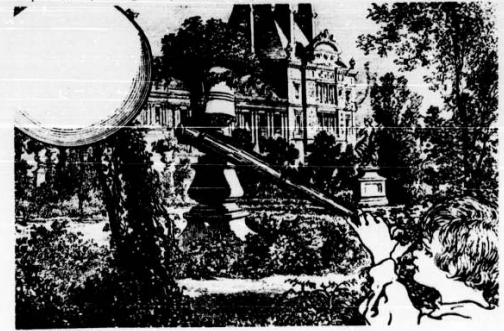
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SATURDAY 2
MARY McCASLIN & JIM RINGER
Traditional Country Singers
Mercury Recording Artists
7:30 & 9:30 \$4.50

Sunday 3
Mountain Jam
Fiddlers, Banjo Players, Guitarists, etc.
Bring your instruments
7:30-10:00 \$1.00 or a musical instrument

Wednesday 6
Erich "Amazing" Blase
Original Songs - Guitar Harmonica
7:30-11:30 \$1.50

LUNCH - SUPPER - SUNDAY BRUNCH

Open 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. to Midnight Tuesday - Saturday
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Tower Records, Sports Arena Blvd., Off The Record, El Cajon Blvd., Natural Sound, Solana Beach, Licorice Pizza, Balboa Ave., Blue Ridge Music, Hwy. 101, Encinitas, Encinitas Surf Shop, Hwy. 101, Encinitas, Cardiff Surf & Store, Hwy. 101, Cardiff by the Sea, Tower Records, El Cajon, Surf Competition, Pacific Beach, Musical Encounters, Solana Beach, Gary's Record Paradise, Escondido, Ocean Song, Del Mar.

Now appearing at
Old No. 7 Distillery, Solana Beach
Thursday - Sunday, July 31 - August 3

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

(continued from page 8)

country-based singer-songwriters besides Kris Kristofferson (in his fledgling stages) and Michael Nesmith (who tried to come across as "enlightened"). I'd like to listen to them. Haggard won't bother pretending he has grown up. Until the day he dies he'll sing about getting loaded, robbing banks, getting thrown in the slammer, deserting his wife, being outwitted, solving the flag, etc. Classic themes. Blues singers get away with the same live, but for me, it's somehow easier to take their word for it. I may not respect people like Haggard as much as I should, but I appreciate his schtick. Appearing before him will be local favorites: Pat Colton, Ash Underwood, Bill Hanson, USA, and W.C. Spencer.

Naughty Sweeties, Nu-Kats, and Jerry Roney and the Shames: Bacchani, Thursday, July 31, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Townes: Zebra Club, Thursday, July 31 through Saturday, August 2, 9 p.m., Fifth and Market streets, downtown, 445-6161.

Willie Bobo: San Diego Wild Animal Park, Friday, August 1, 8 p.m.; Saturday, August 2, 5 and 9 p.m.; Sunday, August 3, 3 and 7 p.m., 747-8702.

The Plimsouls, the Strangers, and the Unknowns: Bacchani, Friday, August 1, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

DPX2, Land Plankton, and Color T.V. Split: Friday, August 1, 9 p.m., 1330 Buena Avenue, 276-3903.

The Penetration, the Zippers, and the Pupples: Bacchani, Saturday, August 2, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

— Steve Emedino

The Music Scene is compiled every Friday and Saturday. To list club entertainment, call (619) 336-3368 before 5 p.m. Send concert information and photos to READER MUSIC SCENE, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, Ca. 92138, or call 235-4036 Friday before 5 p.m.

San Diego Concerts

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— Steve Emedino

Jerry Roney and the Shames and Chuck and the Tigers: Split, Saturday, August 2, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, 276-3903.

Merle Haggard and the Strangers, Pat Colton, Ash Underwood, Bill Hanson, USA, and W.C. Spencer: Big Oak Ranch and Frontier Town, Sunday, August 3, 11:30 a.m., 1723 Harrison Canyon Road, El Cajon, 445-3047, 560-8022.

The Allman Brothers Band: SDSU Amphitheatre, Sunday, August 3, 8 p.m., 265-0947.

John Kay and Steppenwolf and the Blue Brothers: Bacchani, Sunday, August 3, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Marguerita Page and Carl Evans: Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, Monday, August 4, 8:30 p.m., 547 Fourth Avenue, 234-9883 or 264-1506.

Albert King: Bacchani, Tuesday, August 5, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Manhattan Transfer: Bacchani, Wednesday, August 6, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Kingfish and Bob Weir: Bacchani, Thursday, August 7, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

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

Pat Benatar: California Theatre, Sunday, August 10, 8 p.m., Fourth and C streets, downtown, 588-0531.

Pepe: SDSU Amphitheatre, Sunday, August 10, 8 p.m., 265-0947.

Olis Rush and Harmonica George Smith: Betty Jo Tavern, Sunday, August 10, 9 p.m., 143 South Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022.

Maqui Graham and Ron Satterfield: Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, Monday, August 11, 8:30 p.m., 547 Fourth Avenue, 234-9883 or 264-1506.

George Benson: SDSU Amphitheatre, Wednesday, August 13, 7 and 10 p.m., 265-0947.

Foghat, Blackfoot, and Point Blank: Sports Arena, Saturday, August 16, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4171.

Tim Weisberg: Bacchani, Saturday, August 16, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Devo: California Theatre, Wednesday, August 20, 8 p.m., Fourth and C streets, downtown, 588-0531.

Tower of Power: Bacchani, Wednesday, August 20, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8022.

Heart and Robert Palmer: Sports Arena, Sunday, August 24, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4171.

Clubs

The Alamo: 3093 Claremont Drive, Claremont, 276-2400. Games, trivia and the new Wave Riders country. Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Anchorage Fish Company: 3878 Camacho Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3170. M.B. and Me. Folk rock. Wednesday through Saturday. Karrie Doran, Fran Luskala, and Scott Pease. Contemporary. Sunday through Tuesday.

Anchor Inn: 7260 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont, 571-5332. Coward and Stubbs. Contemporary. Friday evenings.

Anthony's Harborside: 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-0358. Calypso-Waresfield Band. Contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Bahia: 908 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 458-0551. Mercedes Lounge. Disco. Thursday 8:30, 50s, and rock. Nightly. Piano lounge. Beverly Hart, mellow rock. Tuesday through Saturday. Jack Pollock, mellow rock. Sunday and Monday.

Bar's Ranch House: 119 East Broadway, Vista, 724-0510. The Nashville Ensemble. Country and country swing. Tuesday through Sunday.

POSTER EMPORIUM

TICKET SERVICE

Chargers, Anaheim Rams, Football tickets
Allman Bros.
Poco
George Benson
Foghat
Jero
Heart
Santana
Jeff Beck

Now accepting self refundable deposits for: Van Halen, B.O.C., Double Edge, Steel, Wings, Red Stage, Billy Joel, Willie Nelson, Commodores, Fleetwood Mac, The Clash, Menahan, Chase Trish, Journey, the return of the Rollins, Stone, and Led Zepplin.

78-SNOW
8670 Miramar Rd., next to Miramar Grand Prix

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Wednesday through Sunday 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 a.m.

SUNSET DINNERS "Early Bird Specials"
Lower priced entrees including soup & salad bar
4 p.m. - 7 p.m., every evening
New open 10 to 10 a.m.

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2526 Highway 101, Cardiff
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21 seafood and fish restaurants reviewed in

Eating Out

Eleanor Widmer's honest guide to 180 San Diego restaurants
Available at bookstores and supermarkets for \$2.95.

New Italian Restaurant

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Home-made Pasta, Steaks, Veal
Maraschino, Veal Cutlet Parmesan,
Chicken Parmesan, Chicken
Cacciatore, Eggplant Parmesan,
Half Broiled Chicken, Fish,
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and more . . .

Complete catering service
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or any time
We're open 'til 3 a.m.
This week's special:
Choice of Any Burrito
with rice and beans
\$1.80
(reg. \$3.05)

Pancho's Villa - The local favorite. Where there's always a place for you.
4000 Mission Blvd. on Pacific Beach, 485-1780

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featuring
Shirley Saunders & Co.
Steve O'Connor on guitar, Jerry Trice on bass, Bob Holte on piano, Ron Ogden on drums
Friday & Saturday

Parl
Sunday Jam Session 5 p.m.

Anthony Ortega
Monday Jazz Jam Session 7:30 p.m.

Blue Monday
Open every day lunch & dinner
2633 So. Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 753-6438

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\$3 cover Look for their hit single
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Live Entertainment Nightly
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Sunday, classic music with
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Fridays & Saturdays
New Tuxedo Jazz Band
Monday & Tuesday
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MR. EDDIE HARRIS
Aug. 8 & 9

1208 Prospect, La Jolla. Operate the Cove
For reservation please call 454-9131
Open every day, lunch & dinner 11:30-2:00 a.m.

Berkley's, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa 433-9820. Joint effort, contemporary, jazz, Friday through Saturday.

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

Blue Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-9131. Travelers.

featuring Denise Jener, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday, New Tuesday jazz band, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Bob Lofano Music Center, 1450 Rosecrans Street, Loma Portal 222-6666. The Somewhat Sawyers, bluegrass, Saturday.

Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway, downtown 291-5555. Gary.

Puckett, SRO, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, contemporary, country, Sunday and Monday.

Rouben Street West, 315 South Highway 161, Santee Beach 755-5151. The Cabo Boulevard Band, bluegrass, Friday and Saturday.

Rumbury's, 1606 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa 578-8666. Don Livingston, contemporary, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rutherford Lounge, 2045 East Valley Parkway, Escondido 743-8422. Harry Paul and Mel Vernon, variety, Thursday through Sunday.

Coak and Cleaver, 140 South Sierra Avenue, Santee Beach 481-8238. Rick Fagan, contemporary guitarist and vocalist, Friday and Saturday.

Catamaran, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach 488-1091. Jack Costanzo and his Orchestra, music of the 40s through 60s, Tuesday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, Santee 449-6700. Multi, rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Celtic Inn, 3069 Claremont Drive, Claremont 276-2879. Bar H, country western, Friday and Saturday.

Chateau, 3623 College Avenue, College Grove 582-5620. Veselohel Trio, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Comedy Store, 940 Pearl Street, La Jolla 454-9776. Skip Stephenson and Denny Johnston, comedians, Friday through Sunday.

Country Bumpkin/Dance Machine, 1562 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 429-1161. Country Bumpkin, Country Catamaran, country western, Wednesday through Sunday, Ducktail Revue, 50s rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday, Dance Machine, Quick Band, top 40 rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Country Pump, 15280 Old Business Route 8, E. Canon 427-8880. Rex Paris.

Do Vine's, 628 E Street, Chula Vista 427-8880. Rex Paris.

561-5893. J and B Jam Band, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Cunningham's Restaurant and Country Western Nightclub, 7094 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa 578-1216. Tall Cotton, country western, Tuesday, Red-eye, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

Do Vine's, 628 E Street, Chula Vista 427-8880. Rex Paris.

BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE

CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR

★ ALLMAN BROS. ★ THU SUN AUG. 3

JACKSON BROWNE FRI. AUG. 8

FOGHAT FROM 10 HEART SUN. AUG. 24

GEO. BENSON BOZ SCAGGS AUG. 23 IN L.A.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT AUG. 24 **JEFF BECK** SEPT. 5

FLEETWOOD MAC AUG. 31 IN L.A. **SANTANA** SEPT. 5

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DOC MASTER'S BALLOT

WIN GREAT PRIZES JUST BY HELPING US OUT AT DOC MASTER'S!

In order for Of Doc Masters to provide San Diego with the most popular and unrivaled entertainment in San Diego County, he has ordered his employees to conduct this survey. We simply have to know how you, our customers, rate the various bands throughout San Diego. After receiving your nominations, we at Doc Master's Restaurant will try to accommodate you by bringing your favorite bands to our restaurant.

WHO IN YOUR OPINION, IS SAN DIEGO'S BEST BAND?

(1) _____ Type of Music _____

(2) _____ Type of Music _____

(3) _____ Type of Music _____

Your name _____

Address _____

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Mail this questionnaire immediately to: Doc Master's Restaurant (Bands): 2051 Shelter Island Drive, San Diego, CA 92108. A drawing will be held on August 7. If your lucky ballot is selected you will be notified by phone call or mail by August 15. Prizes include a weekend for two at the fabulous Shelter Island Marina Inn and several dinners for two at Doc Master's Restaurant. Send us your response now! You'll only be helping yourself!

DOC MASTERS

at the Shelter Island Marina Inn.

Phone 223-2572

KGB-FM 101.5

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JACKSON BROWNE

ON SALE NOW

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

SAN DIEGO

SPORTS ARENA

ALL SEATS RESERVED \$9.75-\$9.75

MILITARY DISCOUNT \$5.00

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE ARENA BOX OFFICE

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San Diego's solid gold entertainer

Gary Puckett

appearing with the exciting

SRO

Tuesday—Saturday 8-1:30 live in the Boom Shelter

Special Happy Hour until 9:30 in the Boom Shelter

at

Bom's

2888 Pacific Highway

Overlooking Lindbergh Field

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Bluegrass & mountain jazz

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Monday & Tuesday 8:30 p.m.

Down-home country music

Stagecoach

Wednesday—Sunday 8:30 p.m.

Every Thurs. & Sun., 10:00 p.m.

Amateur Country Talent Contest

First Prize \$25

Plus, each night's winner is eligible to compete in finals August 17.

Every night 7:30-8:30

3 drinks for the price of one

Country Swing Dance Lessons

Tuesdays (call for info)

No cover charge this weekend

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4240 West Point Loma Blvd. (Next to Saks's in the French Quarter)

Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 224-8282

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Tonight! Thursday, July 3

Now you can experience the best of the great

RICK DERRINGER BAND

From Hollywood, RCA recording star guitarist

DANNY JOHNSON

and the

BANDITS

plus special guest stars

THIS KIDS

Friday, August 1 & Saturday, August 2

ROCK & ROLL, NEW WAVE & OLDIES

ROCK'N STEVIE W

Sunday, August 3

RV and the HUBCAPS

Plus split-level dancing * Engulfed in dynamic decor * Electrifying light shows * Super quadraphonic sounds * The greatest in live entertainment and lots of rock 'n roll * All this and the upstairs balcony, games, the fire pit and so much more. See you at the new Distillery East.

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Mission & Metcalf Sts., Escondido

Wed.—Sun. 8 p.m.—1:30 a.m.

Minimum age 17 years

CASTAWAYS

Night Club

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

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San Diego's finest rock act

Misfit

Listen to them nightly at San Diego's original rock & roll club

Also enjoy our weekly specials.

TUESDAY Latter Night Drinks \$1.00	WEDNESDAY Margaritas \$1.00	THURSDAY Dance Contest	FRIDAY & SATURDAY No Cover Charge Saturday: Door Prize
--	--------------------------------	---------------------------	--

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For reservations or information:

449-6700

Prospect Ave

↑ N

contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

Dartmouth East, 750 Vermont Street, San Diego 92103. 709-1111. Contemporary and the band with this old rock and roll. Thursday, 10:00 p.m. rock, Friday and Saturday, 8:00 p.m. and the band. Sunday, 10:00 a.m. rock.

Jac Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 92082. 233-2572.

East West Band, contemporary and country, Tuesday through Sunday. 709-1111. Contemporary and the band with this old rock and roll. Thursday, 10:00 p.m. rock, Friday and Saturday, 8:00 p.m. and the band. Sunday, 10:00 a.m. rock.

Driftwood, 5286 Balmora Drive, La Mesa 92043. Steve Johnson. Duo, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Sunday.

Stano's, 1958 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 92037. The Gary Rock Quartet. Jazz, Tuesday through Saturday. The Blues Center.

Quarter, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

El Amigo Plaza Bostonia, 1340 Broadway, El Cajon 92021. 583-1111. Contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Pat City, 7137 Pacific Highway, San Marcos 92069. The Bass West Home. Contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fogcutters, 2858 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad 92008. 735-1111. Rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday. Incognito, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Francine's, 939 North Hill Street, Oceanside 92054. 772-1111. Country (Cindy Chaffield) with breeze, rock, disco, top 40, and blues, Wednesday through Sunday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 92108. 594-1111. Contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Halcyan, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point 92059. Top rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Rock Elvis Band, rock, Sunday and Monday.

Halligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 92109. 774-3474. Nova, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Four Eyes, new wave, Sunday and Monday.

Hamburguesa, 4076 Wallace Street, Old Town 92064. Denise Caton, guitar and variety, Wednesday through Friday. Melissa McCracken, guitar and variety, Saturday and Sunday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter

Island Drive, Shelter Island 92082. 233-2572. Contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, San Marcos 92069. 735-1111. Contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

SAN DIEGO TICKET EXCHANGE

Concert • Sports • Theatre

★ **JACKSON BROWNE** August 8
★ **GEORGE BENSON** August 13
★ **GORDON LIGHTFOOT** August 26
★ **HEART** August 24
★ **FOGHAT** August 16
★ **DEVO** August 20
★ **KINKS** October 11
★ **PAT BENATAR** August 10
★ **GARY NUMAN** November

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SAN DIEGO'S HOTTEST ROCK SPOT

MONDAY, AUGUST 4
Eden
NO COVER, DRINK SPECIALS
COMING FRIDAY & SATURDAY, AUGUST 8 & 9

Blitz Bros.
COMING CONCERTS
Sound Of The 80's Festival

THURSDAY, JULY 31
DAUNTLESS RECORDING ARTISTS
Naughty Sweeties
Nu-Kats
Jerry Raney & the Shames
DOORS OPEN 8:00 TICKETS \$4

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1
PLANET RECORDING ARTISTS
Plimsouls
STRANGERS UNKNOWN
DOORS OPEN 8:00 TICKETS \$5

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2
Penetrators
Zipper
AND MANY MORE SPECIAL GUESTS
DOORS OPEN 8:00 TICKETS \$5
ALL TICKETS PURCHASED AT THE DOOR

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3
John Kay and Steppenwolf (ROCK N' ROLL)
with the Blitz Bros.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5
Albert King (BLUES)
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6
Manhattan Transfer (JAZZ)
with Hollis Crenry

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7
Kingfish with Bob Weir (ROCK N' ROLL)
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20
Tower of Power (R & B)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24
Commander Cody (COUNTRY SWING)
TICKETS FOR ALL SHOWS AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE AT ALL TICKETTRON LOCATIONS OR AT THE BACCHANAL. MUST BE 21. PICTURE I.D. REQUIRED. DOORS OPEN FOR ALL SHOWS AT 6 P.M.

Tom & Flo welcome you to

THE LONGSHOT SALOON

Thurs. **Brer Rabbit** Country
Friday and Saturday—LAST WEEK

David Bradley
(Joe Bummer himself)
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Featuring homemade pizzas and fine Italian food
Call 744-8576 or 436-8859
343 Grand Ave., San Marcos
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Jerry Herrera's

THE SIRS

Air Conditioned

tonight Thursday
The Siers Bros.
and their huge following
All these pretty girls who follow the band came down early and got dance lessons from them, and now they're the hit of the ball.

Friday
DFX2 and Land Piranha
Featuring our leader
KGB's JIM McINNES giving away 1000 records plus a weekend pass.

Saturday
The high girls of hard rock and roll
Watch them sacrifice Joe F. Franklin's men, girlfriend on stage live.

Color T.V. This isn't no weekend pass.

Aug. 6th—CLAUDE COMA and the I.V.'s, FAULTLINE, CRAWDADDYS
Aug. 8th—KICKS' MONTHLY PRESS PARTY
Read about them in Kicks and see them live.
THE STRANGERS plus FOUR EYES

Well, I brought the Xterminators in to clean the place up. Instead they brought in all these cutes, the ones that look like they started off to be the worst and followed the wrong break and ended up at the Radio's Mountain Horror Show. And the unknowns lost their some list and couldn't play any more. (Gee, King's kitchen battle with the Gorettes got cancelled. He ran out of gas and the band can't get on him. The Puppies took their place and they ran out of gas too, and Irene (their drummer), ran away with me while Vince sounded terrible but looked great. A meeting of the bands took place between the Xterminators and Claude Coma and the I.V.'s in the men's head Friday. It must have been really important: 'cause the toilet overflowed, and who was the blonde girl on there putting on lipstick? This girl was so ugly the mirror didn't break—it just turned sideways. And now to our V.I.P. nobody list. Ron Sobel, another S.D. promoter, stopped by and wanted to know what to tell the bands if there isn't enough money. I told him to give the bands tickets for another night. Sandy, who writes for Kicks, who works for USD, who knows all the judges in town, who is politically involved with everything and everyone, told me to be for cover an hour and still didn't say anything. As Jim McInnes came through the door, I saw the Xterminators. They were the same old Xterminators. I had a real pal. Since Steve (Jim) is becoming increasingly popular, he has acquired a lot of friends. I've never seen a band so nervous and desperate. I've never seen a band so nervous and desperate and looking like a porcupine. But she was very nice and she had a nice smile. I guess Steve likes her. I saw his school ring on his finger. I want to thank the Xterminators for coming by Saturday night after their trip. They must have made a thousand at it cause they spent \$500 here. And as the night sank into morning, Don McLean closed out another weekend of wonderful delight, leaving behind the McInnes Band. I wish I could thank everybody for being so drunk that they couldn't keep their money in their pockets. I found a total of \$175. Thanks all!

1130 Huam Ave. & W. Moreno Blvd. Chit. Rentals & Parties Available 276-3993
Cocktails, food, dancing, 21 and over

CONCERTS

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WITH ASSOCIATED STUDENTS SAN DIEGO STATE PROUDLY ANNOUNCES

THIS SUNDAY

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
SUN • AUG 3 • 8-PM

KPRI FM 106

GEORGE BENSON
WED • AUG 13 • 7-10 PM
WED • AUG 13 • 7-10 PM

RADIO 6

GORDON LIGHTFOOT
TUE • AUG 26 • 8-PM

RADIO 6

SANTANA
FRI • SEPT 5 • 8 PM

JEFF BECK
SAT • SEPT 6 • 8 PM

OPEN-AIR AMPHITHEATRE
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

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A MINIMUM NUMBER OF TICKETS AVAILABLE IN PREFERRED GOLD SEATING SECTION

FOGHAT
with special guest star
BLACKFOOT
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ALL THE BEST FOR SAN DIEGO FROM
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SPORTS ARENA

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ROBERT PALMER
WITH SPECIAL GUEST

SUNDAY • AUG 24 • 8-PM



No Cover—Music 9 p.m. nightly

"Who's Driving"
Tonight only.

beau weevil

Country Swing, Mountain Jazz, CornFusion
Friday, Saturday, Wednesday



Sunday afternoon
4 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Litres of Margaritas *3.75



Sunday, Monday, Tuesday

Charger Football

Wide-Screen Cable T.V.
Hall of Fame Game

S.D. vs Green Bay Saturday, August 2, 12:30 p.m.

Le Chalet Coyotes

are going for their 5th straight San Diego
Men's Class "A" softball championship,
Robb Field, Thurs. 7:15 p.m.

Le Chalet Cuisine

Monday Spaghetti	Sunday Beach Brunch
Enjoy Monday night big screen baseball with spaghetti with meat sauce, salad and garlic bread only	10 a.m. to 2 p.m. cheddar cheese omelet, golden hash browns, home made biscuits
*1.50	*1.75
Draft & Wine 50¢ 6 till 9 P.M.	With Well Cocktail

5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300



Jenny invites you to enjoy her delicious, unique Mandarin and Szechuan dishes, either in the cozy dining room or under the sun on our ocean-view patio. If you are in a rush or desire to eat at home without cooking, call for take-out. People who truly enjoy Chinese cuisine, keep returning to enjoy the lovely owner/chef's hospitality and food.

\$4.00 per person
Jenny's special lunch
or dinner coupon

(Group 1) Chicken with mustard green, Soup (spicy or mild)	(Group 2) Won ton soup Sweet n' sour pork	(Group 3) Hot n' sour soup Egg rolls
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For each additional person add next item:
Beef with green peppers
Chicken with cashew nuts
Sweet n' sour shrimp
Assorted vegetable dish with
mushrooms, water chestnuts
and cashew nuts
Includes tea, rice, small salad, fortune cookie
(guaranteed good fortune!)
(good through 8-15-80)
Dishes are individually prepared and your patience is appreciated. So plan
a leisurely meal and enjoy our beer and wine selection.

942-5151
Sunday—Thursday 11:30—9:00
Friday—Saturday 11:30—10:00
Closed Mondays

Jenny's Place

121 Liverpool Avenue (across from Vons) Cardiff

DICK'S
AT THE BEACH

THURS. THE PREMIERE OF
YEAH YEAH YEAH
AT DICK'S AT THE BEACH

FRI. SAT. THE WAIT IS OVER
SHAKE
IS BACK IN TOWN

SUN. MON. NEW SPOONS
THESE GUYS ARE BACK AGAIN

TUES. ROCK & ROLL
KILROY

WED. FIRST TIME HERE
MYRTLE DIESEL

327 N. HWY. 101 SOLANA BEACH 755-7672
2 BLS. NORTH OF LOMA SANTA FE
OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER

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

—Thursday—
THE FEEL
Rock & country

—Friday & Saturday—
STREETLIFE
Rock

Saturday, August 9
COUNTRY SWING
DANCE CONTEST \$75
1ST PRIZE

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

Old 7
DISTILLERY

BRATZ
Exclusive engagement Thurs. Fri., Sat. & Sun.
July 31st thru August 3rd. Only 400 seats
available—early seating recommended.

ROCK & ROLL CONCERT
in association with
800-PM 101-S
FLUKE & FOUR EYES
Tuesday & Wednesday August 5 & 6
Fluke in concert with special guest Friday
August 6

Two Dance Floors to Party

Hill House
RESTAURANT & BAR

featuring
TEXAS
TUXEDO

Wednesday through Saturday 8:30—1:30

Reservation recommended for Lunch, Dinner and Sunday
Champagne Brunch. Banquet facilities available.
2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar 755-6611
In the Flower Hill Mall

Holiday Inn Harborview, 1617
First Avenue, Embarcadero.
232-3841. Joyce Ann Lomax
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Humphrey's, 1401 Mission
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island
224-3577. Sandoval and Syle,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon 442-0517.
Lorrie Hudson and Dusty Best,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way
Carlsbad 433-2633. Alley Cats,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Hutches, 1463 Palm Avenue,
Imperial Beach 423-3479. Parry
Express, country rock, Thursday
through Saturday (jam session,
Sunday).

Hydra, 2526 South Highway 101,
Carlsbad 753-9068. Bany,
Cunningham, variety, Wednesday
through Sunday.

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

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

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach
270-3220. Thunderbolt the
Wondercat, rock, Thursday
through Saturday; Bill Cotton,
country western, Sunday and
Monday; Cindy and the Sinners,
new wave, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

The Juke Box, 339 West
Broadway, downtown 234-0221.
Two for the Money, music from the
40s through 80s, Wednesday
through Saturday.

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

Kathleen Mulvaney's, 1031 Orange
Avenue, Coronado 438-4849.
Gary Sherwood, contemporary
and country, Friday through
Sunday.

Kung Food, 2949 Fifth Avenue,
Hillcrest 298-7302. Tom
McCombs, classical guitar.
Thursday; Kim Bloom, classical
guitar, Friday and Saturday; Frank
Battora, classical guitar, Sunday.

Lakeland Resort, Highway 79
Cuyamaca 765-0736. Harry Hill
and the Hills Brothers, country rock
and soul, Thursday through
Sunday.

L'Chaim Vegetarian
Restaurant, 134 West Douglas
Avenue, El Cajon 442-1331. Mari
Ahlberg, classic Rite, Monday
Tuesday and Thursday; Stuart, folk
guitar, Wednesday; Cass, folk and
originals, Friday and Saturday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley
Road, Del Mar 755-1383. Tweed,
Snoobies, new wave and rock and
roll, Thursday.

London Opera House, 5404
Balboa Avenue, Clairemont.
279-2390. Posen, Thai,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday; John Barker,
contemporary, Sunday, Barker
and Co., contemporary.

Longshot Saloon, 843 Grand
Avenue, San Marcos 744-8576.
Beau Weevil, country rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

Macche's, 2666 Midway Drive,
Loma Portal 224-2401. Lanni
Pewitt and Cinnamon Ridge,
country music, Wednesday
through Sunday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 1881
Magnolia Avenue, Scripps
448-8550. Gini Bond, country
rock, Friday and Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Valley
Street, El Cajon 442-5671. D.J.
and the Rocktones, country rock,
Tuesday through Saturday; Linda
Wiles-Matthews, Blue, Rhythmic

HALCYON
1758 W. P. Lane 225-9509

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

TAXI

Great rock 'n roll

Starting Tuesday, August 5th
Two weeks only

Dratz

Monday Dinner Special
Complimentary beer & wine
while you dine.

Berkley's
RESTAURANT & LOUNGE
IN
GROSSVENT

Bach

Tuesday—Saturday 8:30—1:30
Lunches Monday—Saturday 11—
Dinner Tuesday—Saturday 5—10
Sunday Brunch 10—1
5500 Grossmont Center Dr.
463-9825

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT
MONK'S

Silver Shadow
Monday—Saturday

Ladies' Mud Wrestling
Tuesday August 6, 8 p.m.
You've seen them on "Real People"
Don't miss them at Monk's!

Watch the Chargers on
our wide screen

50¢ no-liquor & 50¢ chili during game
Try our happy hour 5—8 p.m. 75¢ new drinks
Hers d'oeuvre Monday—Friday 5—8 p.m.
(0476) San Diego Mission Road 563-0061

oldies, Sunday and Monday

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3377. King Island Blues Band, updated moving blues, Thursday through Saturday, 9 p.m. Monday, 9 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard at Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-3531. Crossed contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Maxon's Club, 2291 E Camino Real, Oceanside, 757-1791. Latin and the Blues, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Mississippi Room, 2223 E. Canon Boulevard, North Park, 298-8686. Bach to the 70s featuring Eddie Redkey on horn, weekly, Wednesday through Saturday, 10 p.m. Dave Lantz Duo, Big band, Sunday, new wave, Sunday, Sunday through Tuesday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Gavel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-9598. Live rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday, Blue Wind, rock and roll, Monday, Live Rock, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 565-2400. Sky high, new rock, old wave, and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-5538. On Stage, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Sunday, Sunday through Tuesday.

Mulvaney's, 140 East Grand Street, Escondido, 741-0935. Rich Vain, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday, Blue Wind, rock and roll, Monday, Live Rock, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mustang Club, 3565 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 233-5596. Semi Bass and a Touch of Country, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Nashville West, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 224-8282. Stagecoach, country western and rock, Wednesday through Sunday, W.C. Spencer, one-man band, Monday and Tuesday.

Navajo Inn, 8855 Nevada Road, San Carlos, 465-7330. RPM, top 40, and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Normandy, 210 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 752-2528. Rat Rat, dance rock, Monday through Saturday.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del Coronado, 1550 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-5611. Peter Welch and the One Plus One, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Jim Donahue Trio, contemporary, Sunday, Sunday through Saturday.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego

Avenue, Old Town, 298-0333. Jim and Theresa Horton, Irish folk, Tuesday through Saturday.

Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 424 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-3537. Jackie Kendall, contemporary and folk, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon.

Old No. 7 Distillery, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 755-6733. Bratt, dance rock, Thursday through Saturday, Fuke and Four Eyes, new dance rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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

Orange Tree, La Jolla Village Square, La Jolla, 455-0664. Jayceon Danon, folk, Friday.

Pacific Gold, 7245 Linda Vista Road, Linda Vista, 277-8681. The Rat, dance rock, Monday through Saturday.

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Paul Joy's, 5417 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 286-7873. Doc Liberator, oldies but goodies, Thursday, The Brighton Preservation Band, rhythm and blues, Friday and Saturday, jam session, Sunday.

Palomino Cocktail Lounge, 5621 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 260-4698. Crossroads, contemporary, rock, and popular, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Palomino Star, 3028 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5889. Last, rock, contemporary and folk, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon.

Pavilion Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7331. Merrill Moore, contemporary and swing, Thursday through Saturday, Fuke and Four Eyes, new dance rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Portofino Lounge, Holiday Inn, 1550 North Harbor Drive, Embroidered, 232-3661. Summerhills, top 40 dance and show, Tuesday through Saturday.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant, 4641 University Avenue, East San Diego, 263-7488. Last Bell and Tom Famer, mellow jazz, Last Bell and Carl Cronfield, classical folk, Thursday, Tuesday, Saturday, and every other Sunday, Melissa Morgan, rock, Tuesday, Oregon, contemporary, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Sunday, Melissa Morgan, rock, Friday afternoon.

Queen Fremont, 523 University Avenue, San Diego, 295-1900. The Rockhounds, classical guitar, Tuesday, Rick Lyon, contemporary rock, Sunday, Sunday through Saturday.

Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1830. John Campbell and Company, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reubens Harbor Island, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1830. John Campbell and Company, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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Rita Cagle, 5550 Freeway, Mesa, 465-7330. Jim Hawley and Monga Griffin, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn, 632 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-2830. Gary D. pop and oldies show, Monday through Saturday.

Rudy Garcia's, 1433 Gavel Street, Pacific Beach, 270-9653. Douglas Gales and the Duo Tones, contemporary, Saturday; David Chaney, Romance, Sunday; Douglas Gales and the Duo Tones, contemporary, Monday; Romance John with Jumping Guitar Whisker, contemporary, Tuesday.

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

Shepherd Cafe, 1125 South Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-1124. Peter Sprague, jazz, Saturday and Sunday morning; Paul Johnson, Mandolin, Monday morning; Cofy Cuffs, country, contemporary, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday morning; Brett Olinger, easy listening, Wednesday morning; Jonathan, dinner music and blues, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

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

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

Smugglers Inn Dinner Club, 402 Fashion Valley Road, Mission Valley, 291-7170. Dado, Monday through Saturday; disco performance featuring Louie and Joanna Lugo and Big Band Sound with James Dean, Monday.

Spitt, 1130 Buena Avenue, BayPark, 276-3993. The San Bros., rock and roll, Thursday, DFO, Land Pionha, and Color T.V., new wave, Friday, San Bros., rock and roll, Saturday, Enuf, hot Rapa rock, Wednesday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272. Highway,

contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272. West Wind, contemporary and country, Thursday through Saturday.

Station Oaks Resort Ranch, Boulder Creek Road, Descanso, 445-4779. Broken Heritage, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Su Casa Restaurant, 6738 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 484-0349. Esteban Ramon, guitar, Paraguayan harp, and flute, Tuesday through Saturday, (accompanied by Christina Ramon, guitar, Friday through Sunday).

Susan Song, 4217 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802. Joe Morillo Quintet, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

That Place Place, 2622 E Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3171. Cottonmouth D'Arcy, Dandelion jazz, Friday, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Lee's, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-9944. Monday through Saturday, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tom Morris Light House, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1830. Duff, contemporary, Wednesday, Duff and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday, Duff and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday, Duff and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday.

Trifon, 2530 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 436-8877. Ron Bolton Group, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Trifon, 6011 E Canon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240. The Steve O'Connor Quintet, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. Ram Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday.

Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severin Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Emergency Exit, disco rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7331. The Crank and the Rev, Friday, Arthur Lee and Love and Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Pigs, Saturday.

Wayside Inn, 3000 Pio Pico Drive, Carlsbad, 729-7331. Clemson Weed featuring Lucinda, rock and soul, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Windjammer, 2691 South Highway 101, Carlsbad, 753-0188. Yach Yach Yach, Beatles, Sunday through Tuesday, Easy Money, new wave and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Wong's Room, 6038 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-6263. E. Zane Wood and Boring Sadies, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

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Don'te's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 769-1566. Dick Spencer and the Come Carol Quintet, Thursday; Gabor Szabo, Friday and Saturday.

Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, (213) 536-9600. Kingfish and Bob Weir, Thursday; John Kay and Steppenwolf and J.B. Cooper, Friday and Saturday; Albert King, Wednesday.

Hong Kong Cafe, 425 Gin Ling Way, Chatsworth, (714) 858-0907. The Crank and the Rev, Friday; Arthur Lee and Love and Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Pigs, Saturday.

Light House, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach, (213) 372-6911. Roger Kellaway, Thursday; Lightnin' Hopkins, Friday through Sunday; Nanette Tapes and Vivian Gola, Wednesday.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun Muay Way, Chatsworth, (213) 624-5346. Mondo Ricketts, G.C. Wade, and the Limit, Thursday, Summer, Friday and Saturday.

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the Pat Seratore Trio, Friday and Saturday.

Rory, 2009 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 878-2222. Greg Kinn Band and the Blues, Friday and Saturday.

Stanwood, 8155 Santa Monica Boulevard, (213) 656-2200. Sayr and the Bits Brothers, Thursday; Paul Warden and Explorer and the Nu-Kals, Friday and Saturday, the Twisted and Beachy and the Beachnuts, Monday, Wall of Voodoo, Tuesday, the Weardos, Gato L, and the Mommymen, Wednesday.

Steppenwolf, 264 North Harbor Drive, Redondo Beach, (213) 372-0445. The Twisted, Thursday; Li Elmo, Friday; Dick Dale, Saturday.

Warehouse, Lido Village, Newport Beach, (714) 673-4700. Something Extra, Monday through Wednesday.

Whiskey on the Go, Sunset Strip, (213) 550-8010. Benny Malone and the Bandits, Friday and Saturday, Show, Zich, and Teddy Boys, Sunday; London and Victor, Tuesday; Surf Punk, Wednesday.

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Concerts

The Blues Brothers, Universal Amphitheatre, Thursday, July 31 and Friday, August 1, 8 p.m., Universal City, (213) 980-9421.

Billy Joel, Inglewood Forum, Sunday, August 3 and Monday, August 4, 8 p.m., (213) 673-1300.

Sho Na Na and John Sebastian,

CURRENT MOVIES

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An understandably, if not a New York-oriented attorney gets to get rid of (Ruth Gordon), or faults pourbaissat comes formations by Van Clavier, or Rainer turns with a slammcy than in his

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