

City Lights

Hot Springs Goes Under

Warner Springs is so isolated, it's where vacationers from Julian go when they want to get away from it all. The tiny town's main attraction has always been the sixty-nine-year-old resort and its bubbling mineral hot springs. But now the place seems deserted. The hotel gas station on the main road through town, Highway 79, is closed permanently, as is the town trading post across the street. Warner Hot Springs Resort is bankrupt, and has been since June of last year. Beyond the resort, however, in the dry hills that encircle the town, away from the view of the casual traveler, life goes on — is thriving, in fact —

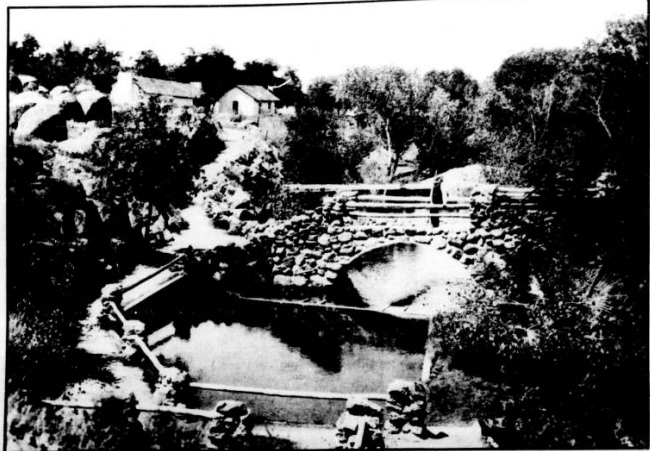
even the failed resort is showing signs of revitalization. The resort, which sits on 2800 acres of arid land seventy miles northeast of downtown San Diego, boasts ninety-six cottages, a lodge, an airstrip, two golf courses, two Olympic-size swimming pools (one heated with sulfur hot springs water), tennis courts, a restaurant, and riding stables. The one thing the spa does not have, though, is a sufficient number of clients.

The party which has most recently shown an interest in buying the resort, however, won't need overweight men's stars or bored millionaires to keep the place in the black. The Calvary Chapel, an evangelical Christian church from Costa Mesa (the chapel of Calvary Chapel in North Park), has reportedly offered \$4.2 million for Warner Hot Springs, and would use it as a religious retreat. Minister Chuck Smith visited the resort personally for the first time one week ago, although other church officials from Calvary Chapel have been there frequently in the last month.

The current owners are investors from West Germany who banded together under the name Warner Hot Springs Resort and made their purchase in December, 1976, for \$10 million. The Germans filed for bankruptcy on June 5, 1979, listing more than 250 creditors. Prior to the present owners, the resort was owned by a partnership which included the late Bing Crosby. However, that group owned the spa for only a year, beginning in November of 1975.

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Warner Hot Springs, 1929



Warner Ranch, 1894

long-time residents of the town. Lew Gilliam and his wife Judi have owned the property since 1976, for \$10 million. The Germans filed for bankruptcy on June 5, 1979, listing more than 250 creditors. Prior to the present owners, the resort was owned by a partnership which included the late Bing Crosby. However, that group owned the spa for only a year, beginning in November of 1975.

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keeping an eye on the operation of the resort. "From the way the Germans ran things here," says Gilliam, "I'm not so sure it wasn't used as some sort of tax write-off from the start. It doesn't really look like they wanted to be successful." "For one thing," says Gilliam, "there has been very sloppy maintenance. They didn't mow and trim as much as they should. They didn't make repairs of things they should have, and the golf course hasn't been kept up. They're just sort of let the place go to pot." (Although most of the resort is closed, the golf course and swimming pools are still open to members.) Gilliam suggests that the German owners were not able — or perhaps not interested — in

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Germans knew who they hired to run the place or not." The town itself has apparently accepted the dismal fate of the spa. The resort employed few of the local citizens except as part-time help, and so the failure has not upset very many townspeople. "The only people it's going to affect," says Taylor, "are the folks at Las Tules [a small housing development] who used to come eat at the restaurant once a week."

Most of the people who live in Warner Springs are either retired or work outside the town. At a resort, you have to be courteous. I don't know if the

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town (such as with the industrial plants in Rancho California, near Temecula, or on nearby horse and cattle ranches). In fact, the population has grown over the past ten years, from 627 in 1970 to about 1000 today. Even the number of children has increased, according to Robbie Blackwood, assistant principal at Warner Union School.

"We've gained fourteen students in the last year," she says. (The school, which covers kindergarten through the eighth grade, now has a student enrollment of 134.) "I guess the failure of the resort hasn't really affected the town at all. About the only thing I can think of is that the school was allowed to use the resort's swimming pool for a long time, but that was cut out when these last owners took over."

One of the few other inconveniences to bother the local citizens was the closure of the resort-owned trading post, which included a small market.

"Most people go to town once a month for their big shopping," says Postmaster Taylor, "either to Escondido or El Cajon. But when the trading post closed down, it was a bit of a problem because people used to go there for their bread and milk. Now a lot of people go to Sunshine Summit about eight miles north of here."

There's a store there and the owner keeps it pretty well stocked. He even keeps packaged meat," Taylor adds in amazement.

At the Sunshine Summit store two men are talking about old times. One of them is the cashier behind the counter and the other sells meat from a refrigerated truck. "Oh, this place used to be something, didn't it?" says the cashier, a large man in his fifties who mumbles as he speaks. "When

Crosby got involved with the resort, we all thought he was going to make it the new Pebble Beach. It's got a beautiful golf course."

"But it's gone to hell," says the meat salesman. "The fairways are all brown. They need fertilizer. But it's a good course. Hell, Ike Eisenhower used to play here. I was driving down the road one day — hell, twenty years ago — and all these damn soldiers were swarming all over the place, and down comes Ike's helicopter. He just dropped in to play some golf."

"But these people," says the cashier, "they just let it go to pot. Now they're bankrupt. You get caught on that? They owe you any money?"

The meat salesman shakes his head. "No," he says, "but almost. The owners called me up and ordered \$1200 worth of meat and I said to them, I said, 'You don't get credit with me. It'll have to be cash.' I been in business here twenty-eight years and they never bought from me before. So they said forget it. Next day they went out of business."

— M.O.

Scout's Honor

In local newspaper lore there is something known as the Curse of the La Mesa Scout — a curse whose most recent victims appear to be the staff writers of a downtown financial newspaper called the *Daily Transcript*.

The *Scout*, a weekly, tabloid-size, community newspaper, and its sister paper, the *Terrasanta Bulletin*, were sold last month to Keener, publisher of the *Transcript*.

Lister bought the pair of papers for \$20,000 from the bankrupt owners, and immediately set about making changes. The *Scout's* recent history is one of declining advertising and shaky ownership (Lister is the third owner in the past twelve months), but Lister apparently hopes to reverse the paper's slump by naming as editor his daughter Priscilla, changing the name to the *Courier*, and assigning the *Transcript's* staff reporters to write stories for the *Scout*. The last change, however, is one that does not sit well with the *Transcript* reporters, and at least two of them are updating their résumés and buying rolls of stamps in readiness for a job hunt.

The *Scout* first published in 1907, and twenty years later it became an adjudicated newspaper, meaning that it was authorized by the courts to print legal notices. When the paper was bought by printer Allen Kaye in 1973, the legal ads kept it in the black. "Allen really built up the legal notices section," recalls Dan McLean, a *Scout* reporter under Kaye, and now a reporter with the *Daily Californian* in El Cajon. McLean says Kaye undertook a direct-mail campaign to attorneys, seeking their legal advertising.

Kaye, says McLean, was a "good-news freak" who

refused to run police or fire news. "One time there had been a bank robbery," McLean recalls, "and the FBI gave me a photograph of the bank robbery suspect. We didn't have too much else as far as news, so I ran the picture on the front page. Allen damn near fired me." After three years of good news, Kaye sold the *Scout* and went into the printing business full time in Mission Valley.

The paper was purchased in 1976 by former San Diego State student Bob Elledge, who ran the journal in conjunction with his printing business in La Mesa. Elledge paid \$5000 for the *Scout*, which was an eight-page broadsheet (standard-size newspaper) and which, Elledge says, was breaking even financially. A year after he bought it, though, Elledge reduced the paper to tabloid size to reduce costs.

From the start, Elledge had difficulties improving the paper. "I had no paid editorial staff," Elledge says. "My idea was to make the paper sort of an adjunct of the San Diego State journalism department." In so doing, though, the *Scout* was of uneven journalistic quality that frequently looked as if it were published by student reporters. Even so, a number of reporters indeed got their start at the *Scout*, including Rob Gohm of *Women's Wear Daily*, David Hasenmeyer of the *Evening Tribune*, Gordon Murray of the *Vista Press*, and McLean, who received his SDSU journalism degree in 1978 and returned to the *Scout* as editor in January of 1979.

The paper began to lose money under Elledge's ownership, and Elledge was obliged to take a job as a salesman with United King Features Syndicate in Chicago. The paper floundered in his absence. At times the paper was completely written and laid out by one or two individuals. Elledge returned to San Diego to revitalize his printing business and decided to sell the paper. "It was just taking up too much time," he says, "and I was constantly worried about the damn thing."

Elledge sold the paper last October to sell the faltering *Scout* to Logan McKechnie and his wife, Barbara. McKechnie, an attorney, was a special assistant to District Attorney Edwin Miller when he bought the paper from Elledge for \$15,000. The McKechnies also owned the biweekly *Terrasanta Bulletin*, which they had bought two years earlier, and McKechnie says their plan was to begin a chain of community newspapers. In fact, McKechnie told McLean, who was editor of the *Scout* for another month after the purchase, that community newspapers were a solid financial investment.

McKechnie soon found out, though, that his optimism was not fully justified. McKechnie was no stranger to journalism. He had worked as a reporter for papers in Texas and Arizona, and for eighteen months at the *San Diego Evening Tribune* when he joined the staff of the district attorney here, acting as press spokesman and, later, as a deputy D.A. He left the job with the D.A. last January. Immediately, McKechnie and his wife set about reorganizing the *Scout*.

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McKechnie directs the blame at himself. "I suppose if you wanted to be succinct about it," he says, "you could say it was unsuccessful because of mismanagement on my part, coupled with the poor economy. Also, I believe I was underfinanced to begin with, and I was unable to obtain further financing, even though the paper was making money by 1980."

It was not McKechnie's first encounter with a newspaper investment that ran aground. He had failed with a weekly newspaper called *Thursday*, prior to buying the *Scout*, which was published for residents of the Mission Village area.) The McKechnies filed for bankruptcy last July 10. "My losses from all three papers were approximately \$300,000," McKechnie says. "I learned a very hard and very expensive lesson. Everything my wife and I have worked for over the last twenty years is gone. I guess I'm out of the newspaper business probably forever."

McKechnie and his wife listed debts of \$238,236. Other than their house in Terrasanta, on which they still owe \$148,000, most of the debts were incurred this year. The McKechnies owed \$8000 in

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federal taxes, \$15,000 to Security Pacific Bank for a loan, \$26,000 to Bank of America for a loan, \$1377 to CompuGraphic Corporation for leased equipment, \$374 to Accuprint for printing services, \$4992 to Graphic Credit Corporation for leased equipment, \$2148 to Western Offset for printing services, and more to a total of fifty-one creditors.

The federal bankruptcy court approved the sale of the *Scout* and the *Bulletin* a month later to the *Transcript* for \$20,000. (The *Transcript* will not be assuming any debts of the former owners.) Lister's daughter, Priscilla, was almost immediately named editor of the *Scout*, although she didn't take the reins until this week. Priscilla, thirty years old, is a recent graduate of Northwestern University and a former assistant account executive with a large advertising firm in Washington state. Although because of Priscilla's limited background in journalism some local newsmen are theorizing that the *Scout* is an expensive toy Lister has given his daughter, others, including Elledge and McKechnie, say the *Scout* can be a profitable investment.

Lister will be typesetting and printing the *Scout* with the *Transcript's* equipment, and the weekly paper will be receiving editorial assistance from *Transcript* editor Bob Witte and several *Transcript* reporters. The advertising staffs of the *Transcript* and the *Scout* soon to be *Courier*, for unexplained reasons will remain separate. The *Bulletin*, meanwhile, will continue to be typeset on its own equipment, but printed at the *Transcript*.

McLean, who has worked for three of the *Scout's* past owners, paints a bleak future for the *Scout* that includes tough competition. "Lister is going to have to keep putting money into the *Scout* and ride out the hard times," says McLean. "Who the hell is going to put advertising money into the *Scout* when they can go with the [El Cajon Daily] *Californian*, which has cheaper ad rates, covers the same area, and has a bigger circulation?" Another part of the *Scout's* competition comes from the *Transcript* itself, which solicits legal-notice advertising in direct competition with the *Scout*.

(Another question arises as to whether the city of La Mesa has enough identity of its own to support a community newspaper. One newspaper which found it did not have such support was the *La Mesa Life-News*, which changed its name to the *San News* in February of 1979 and went out of business last December.)

add a positive dimension to the *Scout's* checkered past, despite such doubters as McLean. "I'm beginning to think the *Scout* is jinxed," says McLean. "The strange thing about it, though, is that it refuses to die."

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— Mark Orwell

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The party which has most recently shown an interest in buying the resort, however, won't need overweight movie stars or bored millionaires to keep the place in the black. The Calvary Chapel, an evangelical Christian church from Costa Mesa (the name of Calvary Chapel in North Park), has reportedly offered \$4.2 million for Warner Hot Springs, and would use it as a religious retreat. Minister Chuck Smith visited the resort personally for the first time one week ago, although other church officials from Calvary Chapel have been there frequently in the last month.

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long-time residents of the town. Lew Gilliam and his wife Judi have owned the property concession at the resort's eighteen-hole golf course for eight years, and so are able to compare the management of the past owners. "For one thing," says Gilliam, "there has been very sloppy maintenance. They didn't mow and trim as much as they should. They didn't make repairs of things they should have, and the golf course hasn't been kept up. They're just sort of let the place go to pot." (Although most of the resort is closed, the golf course and swimming pools are still open to members.) Gilliam suggests that the German owners were not able — or perhaps not interested — in

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Another resident who witnessed the decline of the resort is Postmaster Janet Taylor, who has lived in the town for twenty-three years. "They had such poor management, the Germans," Taylor says. "The main thing is that the people who ran the place just weren't courteous. At a resort, you have to be courteous. I don't know if the

Germans knew who they hired to run the place or not." The town itself has apparently escaped the dismal fate of the spa. The resort employed few of the local citizens except as part-time help, and so the failure has not upset very many townspeople. "The only people it's going to affect," says Taylor, "are the folks at Las Tules [a small housing development] who used to come eat at the restaurant once a week."

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The *Scout* first published in 1907, and twenty years later it became an adjudicated newspaper, meaning that it was authorized by the courts to print legal notices. When the paper was bought by printer Allen Kaye in 1973, the legal ads kept it in the black. "Allen really built up the legal notices section," recalls Dan McLean, a *Scout* reporter under Kaye and now a reporter with the *Daily Californian* in El Cajon. McLean says Kaye undertook a direct-mail campaign to legal advertisers, seeking their legal advertising.

Kaye, says McLean, was a "good news freak" who refused to run police or fire news. "One time there had been a bank robbery," McLean recalls, "and the FBI gave me a photograph of the bank robbery suspect. We didn't have too much else as far as news, so I ran the picture on the front page. Allen damn near fired me." After three years of good news, Kaye sold the *Scout* and went into the printing business full time in Mission Valley.

The paper was purchased in 1976 by former San Diego State student Bob Elledge, who ran the journal in conjunction with his printing business in La Mesa. Elledge paid \$5000 for the *Scout*, which was an eight-page broadsheet (standard-size newspaper) and which, Elledge says, was breaking even financially. A year after he bought it, though, Elledge reduced the paper to tabloid size to reduce costs. From the start, Elledge had difficulties improving the paper. "I had no paid editorial staff," Elledge says. "My idea was to make the paper sort of an adjunct of the San Diego State Journalism department." In so doing, though, the *Scout* was of uneven journalistic quality that frequently looked as if it were published by student reporters. Even so, a number of reporters indeed got their start at the *Scout*, including Rob Colman of *Women's Wear Daily*, David Haseneyer of the *Evening Tribune*, Gordon Murray of the *Vista Press*, and McLean, who resigned his *SDDS* journalism degree in 1978 and returned to the *Scout* as editor in January of 1979.

The paper began to lose money under Elledge's ownership, and Elledge was obliged to take a job as a salesman with United King Features Syndicate in Chicago. The paper foundered in his absence. At times the paper was completely written and laid out by one or two individuals. Elledge returned to San Diego to revitalize his printing business and decided to sell the paper. "It was just taking up too much time," he says, "and I was constantly worried about the dam thing."

Elledge agreed last October to sell the faltering *Scout* to Logan McKechie and his wife, Barbara. McKechie, an attorney, was a special assistant to District Attorney Edwin Miller when he bought the paper from Elledge for \$15,000. The McKechies also owned the biweekly *Tierrasanta Bulletin*, which they had bought two years earlier, and McKechie says their plan was to begin a chain of community newspapers. In fact, McKechie told McLean, who was editor of the *Scout* for another month after the purchase, that community newspapers were a solid financial investment. McKechie soon found out.



Keith Lister

though, that his optimism was not fully justified. McKechie was no stranger to journalism. He had worked as a reporter for papers in Texas and Arizona, and for eighteen months at the *San Diego Evening Tribune* when he joined the staff of the district attorney here, acting as press spokesman and, later, as deputy D.A. He left the job with the D.A. last January. Immediately, McKechie and his wife set about reorganizing the *Scout*.

The first thing they did was hire a paid editorial staff, including an editor, reporter, and part-time reporter. They changed the design of the paper from a crowded five-column design to a more readable four-column layout, so that it looked similar to the *Bulletin*. (Both the *Bulletin* and the *Scout* were typeset in *Tierrasanta* on the *Bulletin's* CompuGraphic equipment.)

Both the McKechies were very easy to get along with and very conscientious about the paper," says McLean. "They both got into it up to their elbows. They read every bit of copy. They weren't absentee

publishers. The problem, I think, came in because they had really increased their payroll significantly without getting the extra advertising they needed."

McKechie directs the blame at himself. "I suppose if you wanted to be succinct about it," he says, "you could say it was unsuccessful because of mismanagement on my part, coupled with the poor economy. Also, I believe I was underfinanced to begin with, and I was unable to obtain further financing, even though the paper was making money by 1980."

(It was not McKechie's first encounter with a newspaper investment that ran aground. He had failed with a weekly newspaper called *Thursday*, prior to buying the *Scout*, which was published for residents of the Mission Village area.)

The McKechies filed for bankruptcy last July 10. "My losses from all three papers was approximately \$300,000," McKechie says. "I learned a very hard and very expensive lesson. Everything my wife and I have worked for over the past twenty years is gone. I guess I'm out of the newspaper business probably forever."

McKechie and his wife listed debts of \$238,236. Other than their house in *Tierrasanta*, on which they still owe \$148,000, most of the debts were incurred this year. The McKechies owed \$8000 in

federal taxes, \$15,000 to Security Pacific Bank for a loan, \$26,000 to Bank of America for a loan, \$1577 to CompuGraphic Corporation for leased equipment, \$374 to Accuprint for printing services, \$4992 to Graphic Credit Corporation for leased equipment, \$2148 to Western Offset for printing services, and more to a total of fifty-one creditors.

The federal bankruptcy court approved the sale of the *Scout* and the *Bulletin* a month later to the *Transcript* for \$20,000. (The *Transcript* will not be assuming any debts of the former owners.) Lister's daughter, Priscilla, was almost immediately named editor of the *Scout*, although she didn't take the reins until this week. Priscilla, thirty years old, is a recent graduate of Northwestern University and a former assistant accountant executive with a large advertising firm in Washington state. Although because of Priscilla's limited background in journalism some local newsmen are theorizing that the *Scout* is an expensive toy Lister has given his daughter, others, including Elledge and McKechie, say the *Scout* can be a profitable investment.

Lister will be typesetting and printing the *Scout* with the *Transcript's* equipment, and the weekly paper will be receiving editorial assistance from *Transcript* editor Bob Witte and several *Transcript* reporters. The advertising staffs of the *Transcript* and the *Scout* (soon to be *Courier*, for unexplained reasons) will remain separate. The *Bulletin*, meanwhile, will continue to be typeset on its own equipment, but printed at the *Transcript*.

McLean, who has worked for three of the *Scout's* past owners, paints a bleak future for the *Scout* that includes tough competition. "Lister is going to have to keep putting money into the *Scout* and ride out the hard times," says McLean. "Who the hell is going to put advertising money into the *Scout* when they can go with the [El Cajon Daily] *Californian*, which has cheaper ad rates, covers the same area and more, and has a bigger circulation?" Another part of the *Scout's* competition comes from the *Transcript* itself, which solicits legal-notice advertising in direct competition with the *Scout*. (Another question arises as to whether the city of La Mesa has enough identity of its own to support a community newspaper. One newspaper which found it did not have such support was the *La Mesa Life-News*, which, hanged its name to the *San News* in February of 1979 and which went out of business last December.)

In any case, Lister hopes to add a positive dimension to the *Scout's* checkered past, despite such doubters as McLean. "I'm beginning to think the *Scout* is inviolate," says McLean. "The strange thing about it, though, is that it refuses to die."

— M.O.

— Mark Oswald



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Controlled circulation
sold in San Diego, California

Subscription
Six Months—\$8.00
One Year—\$15.00

Payment must accompany subscription

Submissions
The Reader welcomes writing of all kinds. Send submissions to the Editor. Please include self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The Reader (USPS 336-730) is published weekly every Thursday except the first and last Thursday of the year. The entire contents of the San Diego Reader are copyright 1980, James Holman. All rights reserved.

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Abe Orders Creamed Swine

I found the story on Chita Jung ("City Lights," September 18) very interesting. Interesting because I had already arrived at a similar reaction. Born and raised in North Beach in San Francisco as I was, I grew up without any prejudice that I can recall, not against anyone from white to mustard color. To those of us back in those years, a thief was a thief. Chita, your first reaction to cream those swine was the correct one. How many times during my later years have I heard the vicious cry of "racist" spewed out as an entirely unwarranted defense for wrongdoing. It seems we have fallen into a trap, and the San Diego police are no more able to avoid that trap than we are. The reason why the majority of prisoners in our nation's jails and prisons are black is because they were convicted of crimes, and statistics might add, mostly against their

fellow blacks. The days of Clarence Darrow are over. No amount of heart-bleeding will ever serve to convince me to go easy on a thief. Again, Chita, you had a golden opportunity to show some thieves they cannot hide behind their color. Did they not threaten to kill an old lady and try to make you believe it would be your fault? And you tell for it. Second time around, don't make the same mistake. Cream 'em!
Abraham Grossman
Hillcrest

Repped

I wish to second Jonathan Saville's tribute to San Diego Repertory Theatre ("Long Live the Rep," September 18). I too have been delighted with the company's steady artistic growth. I'd like to see the Rep in a larger, modern theater, free of the limitations of their present home.
Jane Gaffetich
Community Arts of San Diego

Selective Reading

I address this letter not only to the Reader, which I think has its merits as a community news-paper, but also to Michael Burkhalter, who penned the rather lengthy diatribe ("Letters," September 18) concerning Reno Wis (you new?) the film critic. My dear Michael, I can see that Reno Wis's film criticism column really had you infuriated. That's not healthy.

Letters

Let me tell you something that may help calm you. The same thing happened to me years ago with Duncan Shepherd. Then Steve Esmadina, almost weekly, had me screaming in outrage. The infection soon spread to Eleanor

Widmer. I couldn't stand her. Eventually I hated the Reader. Now, I am happy to report, that has all passed and I look back upon it with some amusement. I enjoy the paper again.

When perusing the Reader, I suggest you do this: read the letters column, the front-page article, Jonathan Saville and Jeff Smith (who usually present incisive criticism), "City Lights," and look for the occasional creative piece—they're often good. Use the rest of the paper as a directory for the week's films, concerts, and other cultural events. Lastly, if you are in need of something, check the classified section; this is where the Reader's major strength lies. As for Wis, Esmadina, and Shepherd, do for their pretension what thousands have been doing for years—simply stop reading them. I mean, is it really worth wading through the garbage when you know there is nothing to be found? That hurts them most, lack of attention. And for Widmer, if she doesn't get to her subject within the first two paragraphs, forget her, too.
John Rasmussen
Pacific Beach

Some Fun

Re your article on motorcycle fatalities ("City Lights," September 4): How about those that survive? That is, they survive physically, but some of them will be vegetables for the rest of their lives. In the long run they would be better off to be among those that didn't make it. Those that do make it want to go back to riding their bikes because they are "fun." What a price some of them have to pay to have their fun.
Bertha Klein
North Park

Gas Passage

I was so interested in what your paper was telling the people of San Diego about their air pollution that I finally waded through your whole cover story of August 28, "There's Something in the Air." It was sad, really sad, because we know our air is bad and getting worse. But we're tired of reading about bad situations we can do nothing about and which seem to make our lives daily more hopeless. If I didn't have something far better to suggest, I wouldn't bother to write now. We don't need to stop driving or cut back. We don't need to cease production or expansion. Do we think historians in 2050 will be saying, "Our society grew and flourished until the 1970s, when suddenly we realized we could grow no more; we had come upon a precipice which the mind of mankind was unable to bridge?" No! Hydrogen is the answer. There is no energy shortage. Hydrogen is the most plentiful element in the universe. And when we burn hydrogen, there is negligible pollution. The main by-product of hydrogen combustion is mere water vapor. Quite innocuous.

Let us put aside foolish attempts to find new energy sources. Burning coal and diesel fuel put far more particles and harmful gases into the air than the highly refined gasoline we are running out of. They may lower the quantity of one sort of pollution, but they raise another.

The pollutive elements generated by nuclear power are so dangerous that only greed for money can explain how they could have been allowed into our lives in this supposed age of enlightenment.

The use of hydrogen is not new, unproven, unsafe, untested, uneconomical. Many of us have seen this gas produced in a high school science lab by the passage of an electric current through water. Several universities have

(continued on page 22)

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

Ever since I treated myself to a delicious bowl of turtle soup in England recently, I've been searching for a restaurant here that serves it. Is there such a place?

Karen McCarty

San Diego

I have learned of no restaurant that serves real turtle soup. An imitation is served at Lubach's, 2101 North Harbor Drive, for \$1.75 a tureen, and at Grant's Grill, 326 Broadway, for \$1.50 a cup and \$1.75 a tureen.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Our family lives in a very close suburban area. Within fifteen feet of our house, our neighbors are operating a huge radio transmitter, beyond a doubt exceeding state regulations. Much disquieting evidence has emerged from experiments in both the United States and the Soviet Union concerning the effects of "electric smog." Whom can we call or write about this problem?

N.A.

San Diego

In the state but the federal government that regulates radio transmitting. The Federal Communications Commission would not approve a radio transmitter that endangered nearby residents, if you believe your neighbors are doing you harm, telephone the FCC's local office at 293-5478 and ask for June Alonso. With most complaints the FCC sends out a booklet describing radio and TV interference, with a formal complaint form in the back.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Can you please explain the occasional,

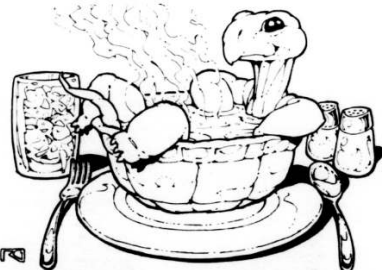


Illustration by Rick Gray

involuntary muscle spasms that occur before a person drifts off to sleep? What I've noticed is that sometimes before I fall asleep my whole body will jerk. I can usually tell when this will happen, but then it happens so fast I don't have time to stop it. It's not an unpleasant feeling, but I've never been able to figure it out.

J.D.

North Park

The spasms occur in every normal person at one time or another, and indicate no disease or dysfunction. The body jerks because the nervous system falls asleep unevenly. In general it falls asleep from the top down, the cerebrum, or thinking portion of the brain, is the first to relax, followed by the cerebellum, whose function is to maintain the body's coordination and

posture by organizing the impulses that control the skeletal muscles. If your cerebellum were damaged, most of your outward motions would be jerky and out of kilter — instead of walking you would stagger. Muscles normally counteract each other; they move the body smoothly by pulling the skeleton in opposite directions, the way a puppeteer manipulates his toy by tightening some strings while maintaining tension on the others. Now, if the cerebellum falls asleep while the spinal cord is still charged with electrical messages, the effect is like cutting some of the strings on a puppet: the arms and legs jerk before falling to rest. Sometimes the spasm occurs when you have already lost consciousness in sleep, and so you never feel it.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Do you know what that white coating is that can be seen on plums at this time of year? It appears to be the residue of chemical spraying, but I can't believe that supermarketers could sell fruit so heavily coated with a chemical. A casual washing in water does not remove it, but scrubbing the fruit with an abrasive pad and detergent will. What is the most effective way to wash fruits and vegetables to remove chemical residues?

Marc Mandelblatt

Pacific Beach

You city windowbox — that's no chemical on your plums; it's the waxlike coating that the tree produces to protect its fruit from drying in the wind and sun. Many plants produce waxes to protect their delicate parts. The wax of the carnauba, a South American palm, is valuable as a polish and as a protective agent for monograph records. Cucumbers are coated with a natural wax which is often removed when the vegetables are cleaned and prepared for market. Therefore, the last step in marketing is to coat the cucumbers once more with mineral oil or some other harmless substance that will keep the vegetables from drying on the shelves. Scrubbing in plain water is the best way to remove pesticides and other legal chemicals from fresh produce. You have no need to remove the bloom (as the wax is called) when you find it on fresh plums.

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



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PARTCH

(continued from page 1)

Generally the death of a composer creates problems. But if the composer wrote for the conventional instruments of an orchestra, using the dominant tuning system of the West — the twelve-tone scale of the piano — the problems are usually matters of interpretation and proper emphasis during a performance of the works. At age twenty-nine, however, Harry Partch gathered up fourteen years of music he had written, based on what he called the "tyranny of the piano" and the twelve-tone scale, and summarily burned it in a big iron stove. He termed this act his *auto-da-fé*. "A confession to myself that in pursuing the respectable, the widely accepted, I had not been faithful." He felt he was only an imitator of the tradition he found dumped on him, without ever questioning the ideas that lay beneath it or its ability to express the confluence of oceanic, non-Western miniworlds he heard in the world around him. For the next four and a half decades, most of the time working in virtual obscurity, Partch devoted his entire life to the production of those sounds. Only very late in life did he acquire a belated but significant international reputation (to this day he is still more revered in Europe than America) as both a major musical composer and as an innovative genius. When he died in 1974, he had

built around thirty instruments and had devised complex theories of intonation and even of performance to accompany them. His legacy has created problems equally complex. It has constituted, in music circles, almost a national debate.

The questions are easy to ask, the problems easy to understand. Stated simply, they are: What now? Where does one go from here? What is being done, or should be done, with the unique nature of the Partch legacy? The answers and solutions, however, are like the music of Partch — a vast array of conflicting opinions, suggestions, and opposed proposals. And Dan Lee Mitchell, a teacher at San Diego State University who worked with Partch for eighteen years and who legally inherited the legacy, has been the focus of both praise and criticism for the work he has done with the inheritance.

Other problems intrude here as well. The instruments are in varying states of sickness and health. While some can be replaced — improved even, as is the case with the New Boo built by local composer Kris Forster — others cannot. The Cloud-Chamber Bows, for example, which sound like liquid gongs, are made of bottle, twelve-gallon Pyrex containers, which Partch obtained from the radiation laboratory glass shop at UC Berkeley in 1950. If one shatters during the heat of a performance, it is irreplaceable. A substitute bowl necessitates rewriting the part of the score in which it appears. And the Harry Partch Foundation, headed by

Mitchell, has only limited sources of funding at present (derived largely from the royalties on Partch's intriguing book *Genesis of a Music*), a large portion of which goes into the upkeep and repair of the slowly deteriorating instruments. Also, the Harry Partch Ensemble, an ever-changing group of volunteer musicians trained to play the unique instruments, requires enormous amounts of time (yet with no financial reimbursement) from its members for rehearsals and performances. And only six or seven performers of the original ensemble remain, two of whom are leaving the area shortly.

Of this and other problems, one member of the Harry Partch Ensemble has said, "The legacy is like a dying species in a zoo. The instruments are one-of-a-kind, and they are so cumbersome it's very expensive to get the music heard. The large fee required just to move them around is self-limiting. And yet people all over the world, who think they and only they know what to do with it, are dying to get their hands on Partch's stuff. But just what are they going to do? It's kind of like people crossing a field in 1750 and coming across a football. People don't know what kind of game to play with it yet."

Others, of course, have expressed the opposite opinion, and charge that devotees of Partch are either too intellectual (or too anti-intellectual), that the time has come to demystify the man and to concentrate on this or that aspect of his work (very few agreeing on which one). In fact, speaking

to the various people who have worked with, or have since his death become involved with Partch's intriguing work, he asked the disciples of twenty-five different religious sects about the true nature of the Godhead. Each sees a different Partch, contribution, and direction for the legacy.

Harry Partch was an outsider, and he liked it out there. One day in his youth, Partch recalled, he watched "bad men" through a telescope outside of the whistle-stop town of Benson, Arizona. It was 1906 and Benson, located in southeastern Arizona about twenty-five miles north of Tombstone, was still in the "dying gasps of the Old West," according to Partch. An occasional desperado still refused to know to the call of civilization. Peering at the bad men as they were "holed up in some nearby rocks," with a local posse swarming around them, Partch said, "I fear that my five-year-old sympathies were all for the hunted."

Harry Partch was, one might say, spiritually allergic to limitations of any sort. Imagine someone dissatisfied with an apparently inexhaustible quantity — someone who finds even that quantity severely limiting for his purposes. Imagine a poet, for example, who complains of a confinement imposed on him by his own language and grammar — a cultural conspiracy designed to restrict the expressive urges of his soul — even though the same

(continued on page 8)

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PARTCH

(continued from page 1)

Linguistic resources have served his fellow poets for centuries. Or imagine a painter who sees colors in nature for which there are no existing pigments and who must, by necessity, grind his own. Now imagine a musical composer who finds the twelve-tone scale, which has served his ancestors, to be a prison that bars him from producing the sounds (and sights and colors) he experiences in the world around him. Harry Partch was actually all three of these people. And more, since his metaphorically allergic reactions to limitation were not restricted to his art; they also dominated his life—the rugged, difficult existence of an outsider. Here is one of his favorite poems, which he found on the wall of a screening room for children's films in Los Angeles (the always read with interest the writing on the wall):

Once upon a time
There was a little boy
And he went outside.
Partch was born in Oakland, California, in 1901. His parents had been Presbyterian missionaries in China who endured the Boxer Rebellion. Two years after his birth, they moved to southeastern Arizona to homestead, but never for long in any one place; after age fourteen, in fact, Partch never stayed more than three years in any single residence. He roamed all over—in Hawaii at age twenty; throughout the Midwest and East (Chicago, Ithaca, New York; Madison, Wisconsin; Evanston and Chicago-Urbana, Illinois); and California (San Francisco, Sausalito, Petaluma, Gualala, Van Nuys, Venice). In 1964 he came to San Diego, first to Del Mar, then to Encinitas, and finally to a small, wood-frame, two-bedroom house on Felton Street near Adams in Normal Heights. His reasons for eventually settling in this area were twofold: he was offered a teaching post at the then relatively new University of California (he lasted one term); and he especially liked the temperate climate of San Diego, since extreme changes of temperature play havoc with the delicate constitution of his instruments. But Partch never fretted all that much about where he lived. He told *Rolling Stone* writer Jonathan Cott, "Hell, man, I don't care where I am. If I were in the North Pole I'd go on writing. I don't care if I'm in euphoria or despair—I'd go on producing. It doesn't make any difference."

To support himself, Partch worked at the oddest of jobs; his résumé would be a dizzy prospect for any employer. When he was fourteen, he had part-time work, according to Cott, "delivering pharmaceutical drugs on his bicycle to the red-light district of Albuquerque." In his late teens Partch enrolled in the music department at USC in Los Angeles. But after six weeks, "I was fed up and quit." So he hitched to Washington, D.C., where he spent close to two years in the Library of Congress, teaching himself Greek and "devouring the ideas of music." He supported himself in this period by washing dishes seven days a week. He picked fruit during the Depression in the San Joaquin Valley. He lived as a hobo for almost ten years. He had several jobs as a proofreader (when he worked for the *Brooklyn News*), he hitchhiked from El Centro to Beaverton every day. And at another time, he sat in

Diegoans John and Alena Glasser, who met him in 1942. Partch was instrumental in the planning of Borrego Springs. "He was actually in the office of the planning commission when they laid out the city," says John.

For most of his life Partch also survived on grants, fellowships, and the university system in general. The last, however, was a financial necessity he often detested, since he felt universities to be mere repositories of musical dogma. "It is very difficult," he said, "to recline alongside dogma with serenity."

Because of a continual lack of funds, Partch himself had to manufacture everything he needed, like a modern-day Robinson Crusoe. In order to achieve the sounds he heard, he had to build his own instruments out of whatever materials presented themselves to his scrutiny. "I am not an instrument builder," he said, "only a philosophical music man seduced into carpentry." He also built countless pieces of furniture, an icebox and a cooler—for a trip from California to Madison, Wisconsin, in a used Studebaker—a shower and sunken Grecian bathtub in Gualala, California, and so on.

Partch attributes this capacity for self-reliance to his experiences as a hobo, from the early Thirties to the early Forties. "I always took a job if I could find one, but it gave me a feeling of immense satisfaction to be on my own, to be able to cook my own meal and not have to eat in some hash joint, to sleep under the stars and say,

"Thank heaven I don't have to go to a flophouse."

"Any good hobo can take care of himself," he said. "Long ago I said to myself, 'I think life is too precious to spend with important people.' There are too many plays for status and selling, but one gets among a group of hobos, or among transient orchard workers and, right away, there's human contact. Which doesn't mean they always like each other, but

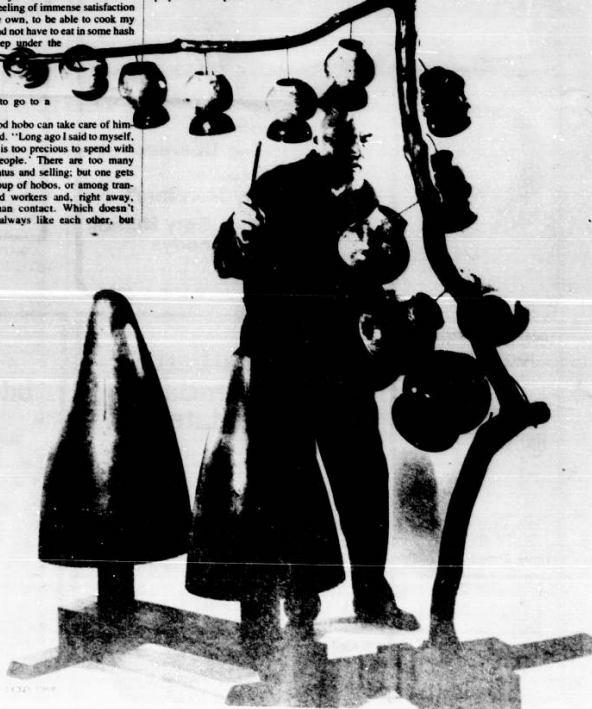


Photograph by Jim Coll

there's a human contact without this fighting for place constantly. It's just a little sidelight on why I felt it necessary during the Depression to be a hobo and take a pack on my back."

And yet during this same period, the hobo met a very important person, the Irish poet William Butler Yeats. In 1934 Partch received a Carnegie grant to study the history of musical intonation in England. While there, he made an excursion to Ireland and met with the music poet, Partch played the *Adapted Viola*, the first of his

original instruments, and "Yeats loved it." The artistic exchange was mutual. From Yeats, Partch received renewed impetus to explore. And one of his favorite sayings comes from writing Yeats has done on theater: "I hear with older ears than the musician," said Yeats, "and the songs of the country people and of sailors delight me. . . . I have to find men with more music than I have, who will develop to a finer subtlety the singing of the cottage



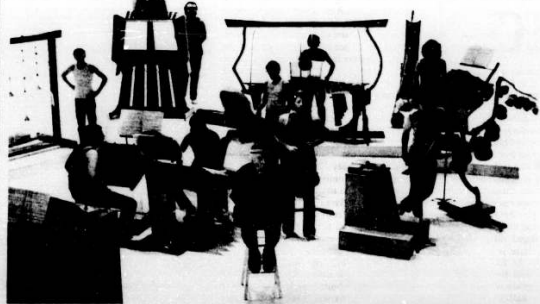
and the forecastle."

The hobo and the poet? A contradiction? Some would say so, and they would contend that the biography of Harry Partch (whom these people usually call "Partch") would be one continual listing of contradictory impulses. But others (who usually refer to the man as "Harry") argue that the most deeply human aspects of his life are its extremes and that he could range, to invert one of the chapter titles of his book, from the vacant lot to Emperor Chao. One thing is certain: any simple attempt to label the man (as a hobo, or an intellectual, or a prophet, for example, and he has been called all three) will be misleading.

Though no two people can agree completely about the character of Harry Partch, there are several areas of intersection, which are best summed up in the words of Dan Lee Mitchell: "Harry was a very responsible person. He could scream at people toward the end of his life for doing dumb, immature things. He would fly off the handle—but not for long or too deeply—when people wouldn't carry out a job in the most efficient amount of time. He was a completely unrepentant individual, never holding back any reaction to his environment, never suppressing anything. And yet you always knew where you stood with Harry. His tantrums would end, and later he would apologize to you with an equal amount of concern and care. Harry would never use something like guilt as a weapon of power. In fact, he hated all games of that sort. He was probably the most sane person you'd ever run across, and his fierce dedication never worked to the detriment of someone else. Harry labored his whole life on his own vision, knowing it would never be embraced as a musical fashion. He continued anyway, always faithful to his principles and to his method of disciplined belief."

Jack Logan, an associate professor of music at San Diego State and a colleague of Mitchell's, recalls that "Partch was warm, kind, generous—a turn-the-other-cheek type." And yet Logan can also recall a day when Partch was not so. In the fall of 1969, Partch taught a course about his music at UCSD. The class, which met in an old Quonset hut on Matthews campus at the university, was going well for the eleven or so students enrolled. Then one day Partch came in very drunk

"The Partch legacy is like a piece of choice beef out in a desert, and the buzzards are beginning to fly in from all over."



1972

(the class met at 8:00 a.m.) and became almost violent. After an hour of dramatic flurries around the room, Partch asked the class if they understood him. When they said no, he went into a two-hour harangue about his being misunderstood in general. He made the class a test case, asking each person a question about his book *Genesis of a Music*. "He asked questions about his tuning system," Logan says. "He would give the first three ratios of a hexagonal chord and you would have to select the other three. Most of the class had no idea what he was talking about." And Partch stormed around the room.

"We became symbolic examples," Logan continues, "of the frustrations he must have felt continually in the larger world, where his music was so often misunderstood. At the end of the class, he gave a concluding statement and said, 'The class is over; you may go.' We left the room not knowing what to think. And yet the final class of the term was one of the most warm-hearted things I have ever experienced. Harry had a present for each student. He gave every member of the class one of the original recordings he made, back in the 1930s, of his music. It was a very touching moment."

Partch's quicksilver emotional extremes—one minute Mt. Etna, the next loving and kind—have prompted Jack Logan to say that Partch is a "case study of the paradoxes of living, in high relief, with all the aspects of his character standing out." For him, moderation, like limitation, was for the feeble of spirit, the lily-livered. Logan recalls that Partch would often come to class inebriated ("but his lectures were always thoroughly prepared"). Others agree that he enjoyed more than just a sip of the sauce. One morning in 1974, the last year of his life, Partch decided to pour a drink for himself and two members of the ensemble, Randy Hoffman and John Szanto. Though neither Hoffman nor Szanto can agree on the precise hour the libation was prepared (somewhere between 8:00 and 11:00 a.m.), both concur that it was the strongest mint julep they ever experienced. "A tall glass full of bourbon, an ice cube, and a leaf of crushed mint," Szanto says. And neither could finish his portion. Partch became so offended that he got on the phone late that night to Mark Hoffman, Randy's brother, and complained that Randy and John were nothing more than "Plymouth Rock Puritans."

Seen from within the confines of tradition and conventional social mores, Partch looks extreme to most, larger-than-life to some. He wasn't larger-than-life, just



Dan Lee Mitchell



Photograph by David Booth

PARTCH

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more deeply embroiled in it. He rejected what he called "specialization" in art and life. By this he meant any attitude that promotes blind acceptance of a small part of something rather than embrace the whole entity to which it belongs—settling for a knoll when you could have a mountain range. He even contended that whole entities, as presently conceived (like the entity of music), were themselves abstracted from larger units, with which they should be rejoined. Some examples should help here.

Partch was bisexual. Like Walt Whitman in this regard, with whom he shares other affinities, Partch believed that nothing should be held back with respect to sexual exploration. He liked the Broadway musical *Boo*, for example, because he liked the uninhibited display of the human body in a theatrical setting and because he felt that to limit sexuality to limit levels of possible reality. What is important to note here is that Partch was bisexual at a time when it was dangerous to be so. And in his sexuality, as in his musical experimentation, he had to live with the paranoia that accompanied these choices.

Long before the most recent advent of feminism, Partch resented the conventional roles women were given. This, he argued, was a blatant example of "specialization" he so detested, since the roles imposed definite limits for women. In particular, Partch was downright insulting when confronted with examples of what he disparagingly termed "professional Mom-ism"—a woman who relished nothing more, in his eyes, than being a housewife. These attacks, especially the legendary tirade he delivered to one such homemaker in the nine-items-or-less checkout counter of a supermarket in Normal Heights, have given some observers the impression that Partch was a misogynist. The opposite is the case. In

this instance, as in many others, newer attitudes have caught up with Partch in a way that women played a major role. Anne-Nin the novelist, for instance, was a contemporary of Partch's music, she wrote in her diary. "It was as if one had drunk the music, instead of accepting it through the ears." Other women who were continual supporters include Berthe Driscoll, who wrote the first favorable review of his music; the late Betty Freeman of Los Angeles; and Aleta Glasier.

The libertine, however, was also an anchorite. His refusal to accept the authority of any dominant tradition, due to his constant distrust of specialization, is reflected in the one statement he has made, with a dash of self-effacing irony, about his religious views. Rather than worship one god, Partch paid homage to a plurality of deities. "I am not a one-god man. I have a whole pantheon, and they're probably a little screwy, just like I am, which is perhaps why I am just as I am, and perhaps why I am so faithful to them."

It follows that the man who refused to accept the standard conception of things would not allow himself—with one huge exception—to be tied to objects in general. This Dionysus of multiple explorations was also wedded to extreme austerity; he was decidedly antimaterialistic. He wasn't all that upset, for example, when Phil Keeney (a member of the ensemble who looked after Partch in his last years and who found him dead on the bedroom floor of his Felton Street home) accidentally smashed Partch's faded blue, eleven-year-old Chevy station wagon into four other cars one night in 1974. Instead, after he and others got Keeney out of jail, all Partch wanted to know was if Phil was okay. "He didn't give a damn about the Chevy," says Keeney.

On another occasion, and this tale has multiple versions, which is in keeping with his pluralism—Partch was invited to compose a musical score for one of the first science-fiction movies at RKO. At almost any time in his later life, if he wanted to, Partch could have supplemented his

meager income by doing work that he felt lacked hardly his standards and concepts. "If I would write a series of backgrounds for television, for airplane crashes, drownings, and murders, I could make a lot of money." Any number of other twentieth-century artists have done it. No Partch was brought on the set to do a rough-cut version of the film. Thinking he could do a good job, Partch immediately asked for more control. When it was not granted, he told the producer and director where they could, with difficulty, shove the film. Looking back on the event, Partch said, "The only thing I would score would be a filibuster in the House."

The huge exception, of course, was the fleet of instruments he built to voyage into uncharted seas of sound. Most of the instruments, according to Partch, were built, initiated in some way, or rebuilt, in California. He began small. In 1928 he constructed an Adapted Viola, a lengthened fingerboard he had a violin-maker in New Orleans attach to a viola. Then he made a similar adaptation to a guitar in 1934. In this same year, he designed and built the *Pholya*, a large reed organ, while he was in London. He had it shipped to Santa Barbara, to where it stood abandoned in a garage. "To this day the whereabouts of the *Pholya* are unknown." The abandonment, Partch said, "was unintended. Eight years of hobnobbing lay ahead." Someone must have had one titanic garage sale.

In 1949, when he moved to Gualala, a small community along the coast of northern California near Ft. Bragg, Partch had about ten instruments, including the *Chronodeloon*, an adapted harmonium about the size of a piano. To move into his new home, Partch used a makeshift trailer, towed by his old Studebaker. It took him almost a full day to make the short drive from the Coast Highway to his new residence, since he had to negotiate a narrow dirt road—a roller-coaster trail that must have been a burial ground for decaying boulders. About halfway up the grade, at a spot where both sides of the road gave

way to a 1000-foot drop into vacant space, the Studebaker broke an axle. Undaunted, Partch carted each fragile instrument by hand, including the cumbersome *Chronodeloon*, to its new home on the hill.

From 1949 to his death in 1974, Partch built and rebuilt around twenty-five string and percussion instruments. He crafted giant *Kitharas*, stately modified replicas of the ancient Greek harp-like *kitharas*. One of these, which stands well over six feet in height, requires two performers to play its seventy-two strings. He built several types of percussive instruments: some of bamboo (*Boo*), *Mhriz* Bass Dyd, and *Eucal Blossom*, some out of metal bowls, bells, and other "found objects" such as artillery shell casings (the *Spoils of War*) and empty bottles of Harvey's Bristol Cream. Sherry and Gordon's gin (the *Zyzo Xyl*), and four large, resonating *marimbas*, made of Pernambuco or Brazilianwood, the visual splendor and rich sound of which soon put to shame their distant cousin the xylophone (*Diamond Marimba*, *Quadrangularis Reversum*, *Bass Marimba*, and the *Marimba Erocaw*).

Though he treated each of his instruments with the abundant love of an overdevoted parent, Partch had a special affection for the *Marimba Erocaw*, which is four *Sitka* spruce bars attached to the tops of four spring-clipper, bottle resonators. Partch urged that these deep bass resonators, which often produce sounds more felt than actually heard ("If one sits on the floor," he played in the more furious passages of a score as if the "Erocaw" were "Ben Hur in his chariot, charging around the curve of the final lap." He also dreamed of an *Erocaw* that is not moveable, "with reinforced concrete resonators going down into the ground and blocks mounted above them like a stately. One could then trip up the scale to bed and waltz down to breakfast in the morning—or one could trip both ways at once to a musical apothecary."

As each new instrument appeared, transporting them became increasingly

difficult. Partch once complained about this manner of materialism in a letter. After he was asked to make a long distance trek with the instruments for a performance, he complained that "this is exceedingly difficult." He then poked a sharp, satirical barb at another musical innovator, known for his experiments with "found instruments." "Hell, I'm not like John Cage. All Cage needs is a gong, a carrot juicer, and a toothbrush."

Harry Partch was a hell-raiser, an iconoclast, a hobo, a visionary, a Bacchic monk, a schizophrenic (some say), a mass of complexities (or contradictions, some say), a dove and a great white shark. He was a man who, according to Harold Driscoll, "remembered all kindnesses favorably," and yet who would denounce the things he saw unfavorably with the vehemence of an evangelist. In one area he was totally consistent: he detested any single ruling attitude or tradition, about which he said, "The extent to which an individual can resist being blindly led by tradition is a good measure of his vitality."

Another thing. About the foregoing attempt to characterize him? He wouldn't have given a damn. He would have said, "Concentrate on my works, the instruments, the theories," which respected critic Jacques Barzun called "the most original and powerful contribution to dramatic music on this continent." And to which we now turn.

Harry Partch wasn't trying to stand the musical establishment completely on its ear. Rather, he wanted to rowl out the wax that had accumulated in it over the last 300 years and allow it to hear new alternatives. Partch regarded the history of music in an almost Biblical fashion, as a fall from wholeness into "specialization" and, his most bitterly uttered term, "abstraction." Originally, according to Partch, music was part of a much larger aesthetic unit, a combination of the aural and the visual, the human voice and human body, dance, drama—all intertwined by the religious tendrils of ritual. Somewhere along the way (Partch doesn't say specifically when)

each of these united elements became cut away, "abstracted" from the whole. The consequences of this rift are that now dancers merely dance, the musicians merely play music (collared by the "inhibiting incubus of tight coats and tight shoes"), and actors merely act—each separate part having been locked into "scaled spheres of purity." And each had become entangled in its own discrete tradition, something that Partch regarded about as highly as the remains of yesterday's breakfast. "Traditions in the creative arts are per se suspect. . . . They exist on the patrimony of standardization, which means degeneration. They dominate because they are to the interest of some group that has the power to perpetuate them, and they cease to dominate when some equally powerful group undertakes to bend them into a new pattern." Partch was one such bender, and the new pattern he attempted to forge was a return to the wholeness he envisioned in the theatrical music of the ancient Greeks.

Partch looked everywhere around him and saw only rigidity. "The ancient, lovely, and fearless attitude toward the human body was gone." The concert hall had become petrified by "rampant formality, huge impersonal assemblies with closely placed, hard, stiff-backed seats, black and white tails, brisk robots on stage." Looking at the spectacle of these automations, Partch allowed himself a dash of wry nostalgia when he recalled a more innocent time. "Back in the early Twenties, long before Hollywood Bowl became a cemented, be-shelled, be-uniform suburban stadium, a few of us would take sandwiches and bottles of pop high up on the hillside there, and consume them quite without regard to whether we liked or did not like the music being played. That is a singular memory, and never since has the idea of the symphony orchestra seemed so pitiless in contemplation."

Musicians, in Partch's mind, had become second-class citizens, relegated to the pit and forced to perform like mannequins in a tuxedo shop. And, Partch says, "I have watched them jealously guard their precious misconceptions."

In place of this stolid spectacle, Partch envisioned its opposite. He put his musicians on stage, in a theatrical situation, and had them not only playing the huge instruments but also performing in the drama itself, becoming an integral part—joined with the actors, mimes, and dancers, all in vigorous movement. This "body feeling" rejoins the physical aspect of man with the music, achieving not an inversion of spirit back into flesh but rather a condition in which each infuses the other with its own qualities. Partch called this coupling after a rehearsal, Partch took one look at Szanto and cut short the proceedings. He rushed over and groaned, "Man! Oh no, man! To play the *Boo*, you have to bend at the knees, like an athlete. . . . not at the waist like an amateur California prune-picker!" Szanto learned Partch's dictum quickly that the instruments must be played with athletic, Corporal grace.

Szanto also had one of those ineffable experiences that can happen to members of the Harry Partch Ensemble during a Corporal presentation. They were near the end of a performance of *The Bewitched*, a "dance satire" about lost musicians who achieve a developing "at-one-ness" through the beat of their music. The score called for Szanto to reach way down, with now tired knees deeply bent, to the lowest level of the *Boo* (this part comes just after section ten, entitled "The Coprococci Are Plunged Into A Demonic Descent While At Cocktails"). Exhausted from the performance, at the conclusion of his part, Szanto collapsed to the floor, which was perfectly in keeping with his role—though not written into the score. "I fell to the floor naturally. If I would have thought of doing so beforehand, it never would have worked." That perception—the

fluidity of the spontaneous act perfectly in tune with the entire arrangement of the stage, the music, the drama, the sounds of human speech, the movement—is *Corporality*. And Partch himself knew of the difficulty of sustaining it when he said, "Perception is a sand flea. It can light only for a moment. Another moment must provide its own sand flea."

What Partch was after in a Corporal performance of his works was an "artificial technique." The players of his unique instruments were to be constantly aware that they are "on stage, in the act." Merely playing the notes in a masterful style, the goal of "abstract" music, was not enough. "When a player fails to take full advantage of his role in a visual or acting sense, he is miffing his part—in my terms—as thoroughly as if he bungled every note in the score." For this reason Partch thought any performance, for example, of Beethoven's works (and the composer himself) was too abstract. Any composer who tries to pole vault into the etherial regions without being grounded, at the same time, in the soil from which he springs is not "emotionally tactile," said Partch.

While Beethoven was too abstract for Partch, the early Elvis Presley was not. Partch saw Presley, the unfettered kid from Memphis who sang from the hip, the occasional glimmers of *Corporality*—the dramatic fusion of human speech, music, and movement, an inseparable combination of these parts into a larger whole. Partch, however, did not appreciate the later Presley at all. He saw the man becoming an imitation of his earlier vitality, the whole being separated back into its various and obviously detectable parts once again. And Partch did not like rock and roll in general. Calling it the "dominant mediocrity" of the day, he wrote one of his greatest musical dramas, *Revelation in the Courthouse Park*, partially in an attempt (only "partially," because he is after much bigger game in this masterwork) to demystify the growing, follow-the-leader conformity and false

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PARTCH

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phase with each other (at least in their lowest vibrational relationships) is a more natural and a more precise system than any other, since it not only reflects the sounds in nature but is also in keeping with the various components and processes of the human body. And though he was by no means the first Western composer to advocate the system of Just Intonation (in 1550 a Patch-like composer named Don Nicola Vicentino experimented with it, and many non-Western cultures — Japanese, Indonesian, African, Balinese, as well as native American Indian — base their music on it). Patch was among the first to embrace completely its possibilities.

Just Intonation enabled Patch to expand the number of notes in a musical octave. This choice opened for him the floodgates of "microtonality," which means, simply, more than twelve notes per octave (an "arbitrary" personal choice, he said, and by no means the limit), creating a plurality of sound, especially when combined with the other instruments and the Corporal number of a production. One devotee of Patch, who worked overtime for a year in New Jersey to save enough money for a flight to San Diego to catch a few rehearsals of the ensemble, said, "The whole thing is like the Great Flood. Makes you want to build an Ark. Not to escape — but to ride these waves forever."

Along with his concept of Corporality, Patch tore off in another, non-Western direction. He became fed up with the system of tuning known as Equal Temperament — the twelve-tones-per-octave scale of the piano — because its twelve equal intervals distort true sounds, according to DunLee Mitchell, "in order to gain an intellectual hedge in certain compositional procedures like modulation and transposition." In all, there are four major theoretical tuning systems: Equal Temperament, Pythagorean, Meantone Temperament, and Just Intonation. Patch felt that the last, a tuning system based on the relationship of two or more tones vibrating in

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same time. Once during a rehearsal, Patch told one of the performers he was hearing colors not written into the score. "By God, man, keep them!" he shouted.

While on the one hand Patch abandoned the Western musical tradition, in his concept of Corporality, in what he mock-snobbishly called his microtonal "adventures into acoustical profundity," and in his beautiful instruments, on the other hand many of his works focus on the speech patterns, the rhythms, and the pulse of America. His intuitive path led him to write music based on harmonized spoken words, many of which draw on his experiences as a wanderer. His large work *The Wayward* is composed of four smaller works, each concerned with the voice of the streets. *U.S. Highway*, the musical account of a "Transcontinental Hobo Trip from San Francisco to Chicago," utilizes the language of the hobo in a nomenclature, nonheroic light ("in the *unlabeled* of his experience... his achievement in the face of small difficulties — more or less constant hunger, sleep, filth, and a good deal of petty apprehension and danger... he is the focus of a work that suggests epic feelings"). *Barstow*, another part of *The Wayward*, takes its cue from "hitchhiker inscriptions copied from a highway railing," and *San Francisco* is filled with the cries of newsmen. Thus, amid his many departures from the norm, there is embedded into his work a return as well — a journey he felt was necessary back to the native speech patterns of his homeland.

In all of his departures — to ancient patterns of Corporal ritual, to Just Intonation and microtonality, to his emphasis on human speech — Patch never intended himself to become a tradition. "The work is not offered as a basis for a substitute tyranny," he said, "the grooving of music and musical theory into another set of conventions. What I do hope for is to stimulate creative work by example, to encourage investigation of basic factors, and to leave all others to individual (or not idiosyncratic) choice. To influence, yes; to limit, no."

The message of Harry Patch, for musicians and nonmusicians alike, is that there are still choices to be made and independent paths to pursue. On several occasions near the end of his life, Patch contended that he did not want people to consider his work the only worthy destination but rather one viable direction (deserving serious scrutiny) among many. He feared slavish imitations of his work almost as much as he feared its being misunderstood in general. Imitators, he felt, were like remora fish that attach themselves to larger fish; as they latch a free ride, they abandon their creative responsibilities. In one of his last utterances, Patch blasted this phenomenon. "The widely revered master-disciple concept represents, on both sides, too easy an escape into the limbo of no responsibility. I have said that if anyone calls himself a pupil of mine, I will happily strangle him. But this is simply the expression of an attitude, and — amazingly — in its deeper meaning it is an expression of hope."

At the conclusion of an excellent, half-hour film about his work called *The Dreamer That Remains* (distributed by Tantalus Films, L.A.), Patch makes a statement that decomposes his own personal stake in the work he has done. Although he wishes that the work be understood and appreciated, Patch appends a cryptic tag that, though not necessarily ambiguous on the surface, has generated numerous, conflicting responses, as if it were a message from the Oracle at Delphi. Patch says, like the primitive cave painters in the south of France who never signed their efforts, "I would choose to be anonymous. There is no author here. Who cares who did it? Who cares what the name was?" The various reactions to this apparently self-effacing remark reflect in microcosm what has happened to the Patch legacy since his death in 1974.

Although Patch's statement appears to divorce himself from his works, most interpreters recombine the two when they read it, and they also see in it clues for what

remains to be done. John Szanto expresses at least one side of a multistated structure of opinions. "Everyone has had to resolve Patch and the legacy in some way. The music is so unique, so expensive to perform — since it can be performed only on the fragile instruments he made, which cost a bundle just to move — that maybe the music should be like Harry. Let it rest. It's done its thing. He did it, and it was great. End of movie. Credits. Like the cave painters, this was Harry's moment, and now it's gone. His wish for anonymity is the strongest affirmation of belief he could have made about what he had done."

David Dunn, another member of the Harry Patch Ensemble, sees a different way. "A different direction for the legacy. You must remember the context in which Patch made the statement. He didn't say it in the privacy of his own home. He put it in *the record*, in a film about his work. It is a dramatic flourish and its intended effect was to promote himself and his works. The time has come to get beyond glorification and dedication of the man, which do him an extreme injustice, and begin to take his work seriously, looking at both its strengths and weaknesses. Right now, everyone wants to use Patch the way they see him, based on their own subjectivity, which is incapable. But we should get beyond all rhetoric and try to see what is actually there in Patch's work."

Both Szanto and Dunn knew Patch, as did San Diego composer Kenneth Gaburo, who worked with Patch at Illinois in the Fifties. Gaburo, who directed the ensembles' most recent performance in West Germany — for which the German government paid \$100,000 and the success of which is also open to conflicting views among its performers — sees in Patch a host of schizophrenic contradictions.

"Patch built and lived a self-contradictory system and therefore planned his own obsolescence. He didn't make it easy to repair his instruments, for example, because he built them out of such rare materials. In

this sense he was both a creator and a destroyer. Whatever flaws and exaltations exist in the man also exist in the music. His is a flawed system. I don't mean this as a negative statement, but rather as an affirmation of his human frailty. Whatever influence he had in the Twentieth Century," Gaburo continues, "has already long ago been felt. The influences have dissipated and have become other things."

And David Carey, a student of music doing his doctoral work at UCSD, adds another position. "It is unfortunate that without his instruments, the music is impossible. Putting the instruments in a museum would kill the music, which should be not only heard but seen in a live, Corporal performance. The most positive thing would be one production, at least, per year with financial backing, though money has always been one of the continual problems with the legacy — that and giving the instruments a decent home and space for rehearsals."

As should be obvious by now, attempting to resolve these and twenty-five other differing views into a clear-cut synthesis of opinion would likely be futile. Patch deeply moved everyone he touched, and yet he moved each in different ways. Some argue that he was, in fact, a deliberate promoter and that now his music should be promoted vehemently as a result. Others contend that his was a private struggle and that his work should, as Szanto says, be put to rest. Still others demand immediate access to his scores (most of which are as yet unpublished) and to his instruments — for an array of reasons that, when combined, are so vast as to seem microtonal in nature. As one member of the ensemble put it, "The legacy is like a piece of choice beef out in a desert, and the buzzards are beginning to fly in from all over."

For all of his protestations to the contrary, real or contrived, Patch left behind several clues regarding the future he wanted for his works and instruments. For those who would have them housed away in a museum: "I can only partially sym-

pathize with the curator's attitude toward rare and unique instruments. Paintings and sculpture and many other museum objects are fulfilling their purpose in being looked at. Whether or not the dead can experience frustration, I for one feel an intense frustration for those artists who created instruments to sound, when I see the results of their labor placarded with the injunction 'Do Not Touch' or displayed in locked glass cases."

On another occasion, in a manual he wrote regarding maintenance and repair of the instruments, Patch said, "The basic and essential need as of this moment is someone who can and will — if necessary — take my place (1) to see to it that the instruments are in good structural and playable condition; (2) to keep them in tune as well as this is humanly possible; and (3) to demand that they be played competently, and that the attitudes be right, even at the risk of arousing momentary hostility."

Patch left his legacy — the instruments, the scores, his writings — in the care of SDSU's DunLee Mitchell, who was one of Patch's most trusted friends. An inheritance this important, this priceless, is certain to arouse more than the "momentary hostility" of which Patch spoke. And Mitchell, who derives no personal income of any sort from the legacy, has been criticized for the essentially moderate path he has taken with respect to promoting the music. A partial reason for this, many of his admirers have suggested, is that he shies away from using the legacy in any apparently self-serving capacity. Another reason, suggested to me by Randy Hoffman, another member of the ensemble, is that "DunLee is in a no-win situation. You can't do anything without financial support. And when you don't have it, you get killed for not doing anything."

One example of the heat Mitchell has felt came in a blistering article written by Peter Garland, editor of a musical journal called *Soundings*. In 1973 Garland got Patch to agree to the publication of *The*

(continued on page 14)

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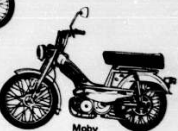
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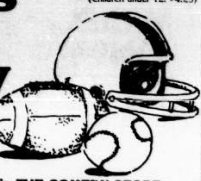


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PARTCH

(Continued from page 12)
Bewitched in Garland's magazine. Forty-one months later, more than three years after Partch's death, Mitchell had not sent Garland the score. So Garland shot from the hip: "DanLee has been active performing, lecturing, and teaching about Partch's work — I will grant that. But if one does not live in California, or more specifically San Diego, one is left out again."

In reply to this incident, Mitchell says, "When Garland contacted Harry, he and I were busy putting out the second edition of his book, *Genesis of a Music*, and we were also making the film *The Dreamer That Remains*. Publishing the music was not that important at that time. After Partch died, my efforts went into productions of *The Bewitched* and *U.S. Highball*, and Peter was left on the back burner. He

blasted me in his journal, and I can understand his anger. He was well intentioned, but I don't think it would have worked out, because neither Peter nor I were set up to distribute the material properly after the printing. I've since given Ken Guburo Harry's letters, documents, and rights to publish the scores, and I think everything has worked out for the betterment of Partch."

The main problem facing the legacy, according to Mitchell, is financial. "There is no grant money for maintenance," he says. "It all goes for creative work. And I don't have rich acquaintances in San Diego who would invest in the Partch Foundation as a tax-deductible contribution. Right now, the Partch Foundation receives about \$2000 per year from royalties on his book. But that's about it, and the money goes into the continual repair of the instruments."

At present, though they are the personal property of Mitchell, the instruments are housed at San Diego State. Jack Logan,

another member of the music faculty there, says that the situation is inadequate. "I find it appalling that DanLee cannot find sufficient space at SDSU to house all the instruments. We have one of the most important repositories of experimental musical instruments in the world. Partch's music is still so little known that the university hasn't fully realized the potential for research and practical application that these instruments imply. We're all frustrated that this condition exists. Partch's creative imagination could be used as an example to put forth — a self-made, creative, individualistic genius. For a major university to overlook this potential seems to me to show very little foresight. But I'm sure that the leaders at SDSU are much more able to deal with a problem like this than they have been in the past. The ideal solution, it seems to me, would be expensive but also worth it. It would be to put the instruments into a living museum, where they can be seen, repaired, and above all, where they can be heard."

In the shadows of the auditorium on this warm August morning, the instruments stand in the dim light like strange sentinels. They look like the sculpted playthings of the mythical Greek Titans of pre-civilization rather than the objects of such feverish concern, such a cacophony of varied opinions. A seismic shudder, of either supersonic or subterranean origin, bows through the depths of the mesa, and a few of the stringed instruments awake briefly from their slumber and hum a barely audible, microtonal chord. "Where do things go from here?" I ask, surprised by the event and half expecting a detailed answer as a result of his momentary communication. "Perhaps," replies a voice way inside my imaginings, "perhaps only the gods know for sure. But right now they are extremely busy. They're trying to track down a fairly recent arrival, a fireball of an upstart who has gone and returned all the lyres in paradise to his system of Just Intonation."

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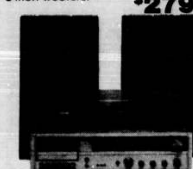
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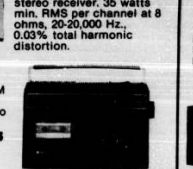
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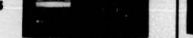


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1922 contest winner/Howells and Hood

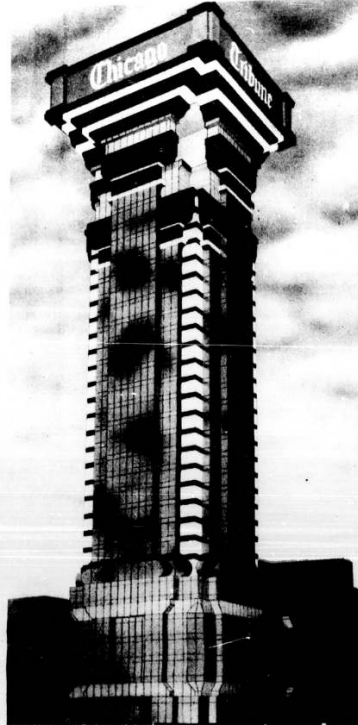
ALBERTO LAU

Few exhibitions are as interesting as the current show of architectural drawings at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. For one thing, architecture is in a state of dramatic transition today, for the first time since the Twenties and Thirties. Thus the current show affords the rare opportunity to be present at an event that will very likely be regarded afterward as having nudged our sensibilities toward an appreciation of a new movement in architecture. A change in taste and style is at hand.

In 1922 the *Chicago Tribune* newspaper organized a competition "to erect the most beautiful and distinctive (high-rise) building in the world" for its own headquarters. The competition drew more than 200 entries from all over the world, and a

fierce controversy quickly ensued over the first- and second-place designs: John Howells and Raymond Hood, New York architects, won. Eliel Saarinen, a Finnish architect, was second. Later, architectural historians would point out that other truly avant-garde designs were simply overlooked, in particular, the German entry of Walter Gropius and Adolf Meyer. Moreover, the competition was dogged by late entries. The Saarinen submission itself was late because it had to clear U.S. Customs. Fifty-nine designs arrived after the competition closed. Many years later, in 1967, the Pop Art sculptor Claes Oldenburg submitted his late entry in the form of a giant clothespin. Early this year, Chicago architects Stanley Tigerman and Stuart Cohen, and art dealer Rhona Hoffman organized the present exhibition by inviting a selected number of avant-garde architects to submit late entries —

NEW TOWERS



Robert A.M. Stern

fifty-eight years late — to the *Chicago Tribune* tower competition. The idea was to take a look at the present state of the art in architecture. There would be no prize money, no winner, and no building would result. Of course, this changed the rules of the game radically; it became a drawing competition. This is perhaps what the organizers intended, not in the sense of determining who is the best draftsman, but in the sense of considering the drawing as ideation. The invitation to participate was an invitation to the imagination, unfettered by any practical consideration. Drawings, insofar as they represent ideas, have always been important in promoting new directions in architecture. The Gropius design for the 1922 *Chicago Tribune* tower was reproduced in many books of architectural history, and it is arguably the most influential one of avant-garde architects to submit late entries —

power disproportionate to its merit. Ludwig Hilberseimer's 1922 design for the *Chicago Tribune* is reproduced three times in the catalogue for the present exhibition — even though the design was never submitted to the original competition. Why? Because it looks more modern than any of the others and it is easier to make a critical point using a drawing that embodies an idea clearly. In the Twenties the skyscraper was still a new type of structure. Men have always wanted to build towers in all ages, from the biblical Tower of Babel to San Gimignano and on, but the American skyscraper of Chicago and New York was different by an order of magnitude. Steel framing and the elevator made high-rise buildings possible, but architects were uncertain about the shape such towers should take. The best answer seems to have been that a skyscraper should be like a classic Greek col-

umn, with a base, a shaft, and a capital. Most of the American entries of 1922, including the winning one by Howells and Hood, were Gothic variations on the base-shaft-capital theme. The intervening years since 1922, however, have craved the great differences in design philosophy between the first- and second-place entries that had everybody so agitated. The second-place design by Saarinen de-emphasized the tripartite division of base-shaft-capital and concentrated on the sense of verticality of the high-rise, but it was still a Gothic tower. Much more threatening to the Gothic preferences of the prevalent beaux arts school of the time were the German entry of Gropius and Meyer, and the Dutch design of Bijvoet and Duiker. These designs embodied Modernism, and Modernism was soon to displace the beaux arts school as the dominant force in architectural design.

Few movements in contemporary art triumphed with such absolute completeness as Modernism in architecture. With few exceptions, everything built since the Forties has conformed to its philosophy. Modern architecture has insisted on structural integrity, on the absence of decoration, on complete faith in science and technology, on flexibility of use, on coolness, precision, and rationality, on steel, glass, and concrete, and above all, on a definitive break with the past. Some of the results have been innovative masterpieces, as the legacies of Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Louis Kahn, and a few others amply attest. Certainly, without the impetus of the radical new ideas that these architects were promoting, we would be deprived of many exciting buildings. The beautiful Walter Netsch design in the present show demonstrates that there is still a lot of energy in Modernism.

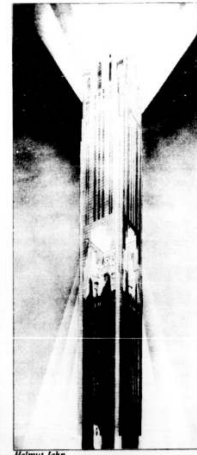
But the total triumph of Modernism in architecture also exposed some enormous failures. Modern architecture is alienating, at least in the hands of its lesser practitioners; it does not understand human emotions, and does not care that it does not understand. Modern architecture does not



1922 contest runner-up/Gropius and Meyer

understand the organic forces at work in the growth of a city, and its solutions — the skyscraper, the shopping center, the large apartment complex, the freeways — have brought about other almost unsolvable problems. Finally, modern architecture has become boring, with few new ideas. What was avant-garde in the Twenties is now *derrière-garde*.

Post-Modernism is the new style. Where Modernism was moralistic, especially with regard to the use of ornament and the "honest" expression of structure,



Helmut Jahn

Post-Modernism is permissive. Ornament is back in, even eagles and statues. Structure is now secondary to the expressive aims of the building, a lesson undoubtedly learned from Hollywood and Las Vegas. Post-Modernism holds science and technology at arm's length, imitating the posture of many men and women today. Modernism was intellectually cool. Post-Modernism is emotional and unashamed. Modernism broke the umbilical cord with the architectural past. Post-Modernism wants to heal that wound and

make whole the body of architecture, to see what was valuable in the past, and this includes modern architecture. In a daring design on display at the La Jolla show (deserving a first-prize had there been one), Helmut Jahn shows a new building extruded on top of the old Howells and Hood *Tribune* building — never mind that there is no way to get to the new structure. Where Modernism was bitterly pure, Post-Modernism is radically eclectic. It borrows from the past, mixes and matches. One of the entries presents the viewer with twenty selections of base, shaft, and capital. Robert Stern's entry seeks, in Stern's own words, "to build a classical tower out of glass [using] architectural elements out of the past though executed in the technology of the present. . . . Plasters are tripled on each face in the manner of Michelangelo's third story of the Palazzo Farnese. . . . The corners of the blocks are quoined in a striped pattern of black spandrel glass and white frosted glass; this pattern makes reference to Loos's house for Josephine Baker with its striped articulation." Where Modernism sheathed itself with a curtain of silent glass, Post-Modernism abounds with symbols, historical references, witticisms and jokes, and generally wants to talk to its audience. This may turn out to be the crucial difference. Post-Modernism also claims a much more reduced social role, offering no program for the cure of society's ills, because the experience of modern architecture has shown that architects cannot really do that.

Every new movement in art turns against its immediate predecessor. It is the old, old story of the son wishing to displace the father in order to stake a claim in the world. One of Fred Koetter's entries wittily resumits the Gropius design — and shows it buckling at its knees. But every established movement in art resists vehemently any challenge to its authority, and Post-Modernism is being greeted with hostility by Modernism, although we are still in the early stages of the confrontation. Among the milder epithets spoken against Post-Modernism is that it is "tired."

(continued on page 18)

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1987 21

Impossible?



Am Evans, Pauline Timley

JONATHAN SAVILLE

In judging the San Diego Opera's production of *Elektra* we must keep in mind that there are some insuperable difficulties built into the work itself. One of the chief problems is the relationship between the singers and the orchestra. The orchestra is a large one and the orchestral writing is dense, but — even more importantly — the orchestral score is conceived in thoroughly symphonic terms. Richard Strauss's biographer, Norman Del Mar, refers to *Elektra* as a "stage tone poem" — and in fact the role of the orchestra is far closer to that of such Straussian tone poems as *Don Juan* and *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* than to what one hears in Verdi or Puccini. As in Wagner's operas, the singers run the risk of being overwhelmed — both in sound and in interest — by the orchestra.

Conductor Theo Altmann has evidently taken great care to see that this does not happen. His courtesy to the artists on stage is exemplary, and it is only very rarely that any of the singers in this production is not audible over the orchestra. On the other hand, Mr. Altmann's success in restraining the orchestra also has the result of diminishing some of the opera's musical power. The orchestra plays the challenging score exceedingly well — but this is certainly their finest hour — but

writing make it impossible for a listener to absorb — or even to follow — the intricate mingles and long-breathed syntax of von Hofmannsthal's libretto. Once again, a comprehensive experience of the opera must depend on an external and, an audience following of the printed text while one listens to the singing — and even this has to be done many times before one can really take it all in.

The San Diego Opera has sought to obviate this difficulty by producing *Elektra* in English — but not to much effect. Very few of the words can be understood. A considerable amount of the singing is done in the higher ranges of the soprano voice, where clear articulation of words is notoriously difficult; some of the singers have thick foreign accents that make the text impenetrable in a different way. It is often the case that in a lengthy passage the only words one can be sure of having understood are "Elektra" or "Agamemnon" — which surely would have been less intelligible if the opera had been done in the original German. Opera in English is especially successful with comedies, where the libretto tends to be clear and direct in language and the musical setting lyrical and conversational in style. *The Daughter of the Regiment*, or *The Magic Flute*. It is an interesting experiment to perform *Elektra* in English — but the interest is mainly in the proof this production gives that the experiment has not worked. And if the text is going to be unintelligible anyway, it might as well be unintelligible in German, a language that is culturally and sonically far more in keeping with the spirit and technique of the music.

Elektra consists of a single act taking close to two hours. It therefore makes unprecedented demands on the stamina of the singers (especially *Elektra* herself, who never leaves the stage) and on the patience of the audience. It also presents the scenic designer with a potent challenge: whatever set he designs is going to be there in front of the audience for a solid 110 minutes, and it had better be something they want to look at for that long. Lawrence Schaffer has opted for powerful simplicity: a giant doorway, stage center, with a cantilevered platform in front of it, and two symmetrical, slightly curved stairways. It is a functional set, giving five distinct playing spaces (the platform, the two stairways, the space between them and the two symmetrical rest of the stage); it is also handsomely proportioned, imposing in its grandeur, and beautiful in the contrast of texture between the stone framework and the

sculptured bronze doors. Its uncluttered boldness effectively mirrors the stark personal conflicts and sense of relentless fatality that are the essence of Greek tragedy.

The negative side of this boldness is that, in the set, to a certain amount of tedium, for you see the whole thing at one glance, and for the next two hours there are no details to become aware of, no variety of elements to exploit with the eye, no parts of the structure that can come newly alive in response to the action taking place before or within them. The dilemma is inherent in this opera, which makes no concessions to human weakness: a set with greater variety, that might somewhat relieve the strain the audience is under, would be less true to the meaning of the drama and would weaken its effect. A heavy, unrelenting, uncompromising confrontation with guilt, hatred, and revenge is in fact precisely what Strauss and von Hofmannsthal wished to subject their audience to, and Mr. Schaffer's set cooperates in achieving this aim. It also possesses in great abundance another quality characteristic of Greek tragedy and of the Strauss-von Hofmannsthal version of it: nobility.

With a set so strong, stark, central, and symmetrical, the burden of providing visual variety must rest primarily on the shoulders of the stage director. Regina Resnik has directed this *Elektra* in a solid, traditional manner that is closely attentive to von Hofmannsthal's intentions and that does not try to alter the conventional way of interpreting them. Her emphasis is on the dramatizing of confrontations and on movements that reveal individual character. There has been no profound rethinking of the drama, no risk-taking; but there is a general sense of confidence and competence in Miss Resnik's meticulous staging of the drama. This is not a production dominated by a unique, idiosyncratic vision of the director's; the direction is familiar, professional, workmanlike, admirable. One might find fault with certain details. In the opening scene, two over-servants' repetitive cracking of a whip against the floor ultimately becomes boring and silly, particularly since the chattering maids she is supposed to be torturing pay absolutely no attention to her violent gestures. Klytemnestra's attendants, when thrown to the ground and threatened by their mistress, lie there sleepily and unresponsively, as though the singers were glad for a moment's relaxation from the emotional tension. There is an obsessive emphasis on the right-hand corner of the stage (downstage left), where

far too much goes on.

The lighting design, by Don Albert, is equally solid, but it, too, has its occasional defects, often connected with those of the staging. This is expressive rather than realistic lighting. It is used to mirror the feelings being expressed in the singing: an expression of hope is accompanied with a warm brightening of the central platform, for example. Yet, since most of *Elektra* is deeply gloomy in spirit, there is an excess of murkiness in the lighting that dulls the senses, however true it may be to the drama. That right-hand corner is a special area of dark, and even the ecstatic reunion of *Elektra* and Orestes takes place in a rather tedious twilight.

The singers are uneven, in both their singing and their acting. Pauline Timley (*Elektra*) has a strong, tightly focused voice, accurate in pitch even when Strauss is hurrying to over-dramatize precipices of atrocity. If there is a particular area in her singing one might find fault with, it is a relative lack of line, a choppyness that tends to break up phrases and to weaken their musical intelligibility; but this is perhaps an endemic flaw of *Elektras*, since Birgit Nilsson — undoubtedly the greatest *Elektra* of her generation — has it to an even greater degree. Miss Timley's emotional command of the role is impressive, and she is not afraid occasionally — not too often! — to make an ugly sound in order to convey the outbursts of *Elektra*'s impassioned rage as it transgresses the limits of control and propriety. *Elektra*'s main emotions, at various times through the drama, are anger, irony, pathos, and wild joy, and Miss Timley is perhaps more effective with the first and last of these; the subtler and more tender effects are there, when needed, but in the spaces of the Civic Theatre they seem to communicate themselves with less success. Once again, these seeming weaknesses are probably due to the nature of the score: the irony, especially, is extremely hard to get across without the intimacy of a small hall or a recording, and the unintelligibility of most of the words does not help. As an actress, Miss Timley throws herself violently into the role, making much of the madder elements in *Elektra*'s character — her final dash of joy is intentionally grotesque in its spastic arm and leg movements. I myself did not find the characterization as a whole completely coherent or convincing, but many members of the audience seemed more than satisfied with it — and, in any case, the role may be fundamentally beyond any actress's abilities. That, if so, would be von Hofmannsthal's fault, for while the contradictory and extreme character of *Elektra* is totally realized in Strauss's magnificent score, their purely dramatic enactment may simply not be within the bounds of human possibility.

Of the other main singers, Anne Evans deserves special praise for her Chrysothemis: vocally secure, well acted, and with a pervasive ardor and femininity — in phrasing and in physical movement — that contrasts effectively with *Elektra*'s vindictiveness. Kerstin Meyer, who sings Klytemnestra, is unfortunately in a state of vocal desperation, with a dreadful wobble and with the relationship between her head voice and chest voice completely out of control. Whatever interpretive insights she may bring to the role are obliterated by the painfulness of this vocal floundering; as for her acting, it is all broad grand guignol, without nuances. Orestes is sung by John Brocheler,

who is apparently becoming something like a resident baritone at the San Diego Opera. I cannot say I am happy about his frequent appearances here, and I found his performance as Orestes by far the worst thing he has done. The loud, coarse, braying sound, with its sobbing intonations, is welded in the most insensitive and unmusical way, with scarcely any sense of the meaning and shape of the musical phrases. Mr. Brocheler's acting is of the same sort: an artificial intensity, with the whole body clenched into various postures that are unnatural, awkward, and sometimes

ridiculous. From the point of view of the drama, the worst moments in this production of *Elektra* are Mr. Brocheler's attempts to respond physically to his sister's long exposition of what she has suffered during his absence. He circles in front of her, he circles behind her, he sways, he clenches, he takes a faltering step, he looks down, he looks up, and he looks awful. Miss Resnik, the director, should never have allowed this absurd side show. Here, at least, is one problem that is not inherent in the very nature of the Strauss-von Hofmannsthal masterpiece!

A final word about Tito Capobianco's choice of *Elektra* as an offering of the San Diego Opera. I admire Mr. Capobianco's courage and am grateful for it. Seventy-one years after its premiere, this remains an immensely difficult and demanding work, both musically and dramatically. It requires the utmost of skill and effort from the singers, from the orchestra, from those who are involved in the staging, and from the listener. In programming such a work, Mr. Capobianco must consciously have been taking the risk of boring or offending the audience

he has so carefully built up within the past few years. To start the season with *Elektra* shows that he has faith in the sophistication of that audience; and from the enthusiastic applause it appears that his faith was warranted. This was not a perfect production of *Elektra* (I've tried to indicate why such a thing is impossible), and I do disagree vehemently with some of Mr. Capobianco's casting decisions. But it is a production well worth seeing and hearing. For all its imperfections, it provides good evidence that the San Diego Opera has come of age.

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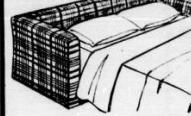
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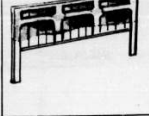
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Meet the Family



Jeff Smith

Most of the time, the experience of an excellent theatrical production is a pleasant one. With the fourth wall removed, one responds to the lives of generally sympathetic heroes or easily detestable villains. After a struggle on stage, things usually work out. Thought gets stimulated, emotions are touched. Productions of this sort, which may enhance one's sense of the way things are, encourage the audience to willing participation, the rhythms of the play releasing its observers from the concerns of the quotidian. On rare occasions, however, the pleasures of an excellent theatrical production, one that deals with the lower registers of human behavior, give way to a different experience. One is compelled to replace that fourth wall, to seal up all the cracks, and to vow that one's daily affairs will be conducted as if the production's terrifying glimpse into life were merely a momentary aberration of one's perceptions, a case of mistaken identity.

Buried Child earned playwright Sam Shepard the Pulitzer Prize in 1979. That august recognition aside, I'd better state here that I am not Shepard's biggest fan. He delights in turning commonplace situations into hair-raising horrors, and he does it extremely well. It's his apparent delight that bothers me. Much of his work is packed with such sure-fire devices as a one-legged man crawling across the floor while another man dangles an artificial leg

in front of him—devices that are guaranteed to elicit global revulsion regardless of any specific dramatic context. And I'm not all that crazy about his view of human nature, either, a view that converts human nature into a large box of Crackerjacks without any redeeming prize (save the Pulitzer) at the bottom. When you watch a fine production of a Shepard play, which is precisely what the one at the Marquis Public Theater is, you almost hear him ask, "How much of this can you take? That all? Hell, here's a lot more."

Though Shepard is often excessive in his effects, his strengths as a playwright are many. He calls each of his characters "a composite of mysteries," and these characters are radically different in their conceptions of reality. Among his skills are the abilities to suggest and, at the same time, to avoid completely revealing the sordid biographies of his creations. He reveals and conceals them in such a selective way that their observable parts lead to disturbing conclusions about the hidden totality of their being. His characters are, in short, like icebergs—and they are equally chilling.

Shepard's dexterity in manipulating the interplay of these characters, and of their differing views of reality, is his most impressive skill. His orchestrations result in surrealistic scenes packed with jarring irony, juxtapositions, and revelations at once bizarre, searing, cruel, and—I hesitate to say it—humorous. This latter quality is so dark, however, that its natural residence is deep within the marrow of one's funny bone.

On the surface, where we don't remain for long, *Buried Child* is about two rainy days in the life of a Midwestern family. It concludes with the death of Dodge, the patriarch (well, maybe of the family, and with the rise of young Vince, who inherits the farm located in Carbondale, Illinois). Dodge's sovereign crown (a St. Louis Cardinal baseball cap), and (apparently) the habits and opinions of his predecessor as well. In a statement dripping with nihilism, Vince concludes this changing of the guard by saying, "I gotta see to it that the line is carried on."

During these two rainy days, an unscheduled reunion of the family occurs. Tilden, Dodge's eldest son, arrived shortly before. He had some unspecified "trouble" in New Mexico and came home having nowhere else to go. Dodge says Tilden has lost all his marbles ("Look," says Dodge, "he's around the bend"), and as you watch Tilden wield an eight-inch knife, even if its humble purpose is to peel a few carrots he found growing in the backyard, you hesitate to consider just what that "trouble" was. Then Bradley shows up. He lost his left leg to a chain-saw, either by accident or by self-inflicted design (I seem to have successfully blocked the real cause). He has come to cut his father's hair, an act he almost converts into a beheading.

Another son, Ansel, died in a motel on his honeymoon, and his mother Hattie's only complaint about this Golden Boy of the clan is that he didn't die in combat. Shortly after the man that remark, Hattie leaves to spend the night with Father Dewis, a local minister (are you beginning to get the picture?). Later, Vince, the son Tilden forgot he sired, arrives with Shelly, his girlfriend. She is a carefree, worldly-wise exponent of L.A. chic—at least initially. There was another child, an unwanted one—even less wanted than the others—around whose mysterious absence the play slowly revolves. This is a family right out of Charles Addams' "American Gothic." But Shepard goes farther. As successive layers of sanity shivel away, Shepard seems to suggest that it is in truth the Family of Man.

The only relatively "normal" person at the reunion is Shelly. She functions, like the "constant" in a laboratory experiment, as a focal point of normality with which to gauge the extremes of the other characters. But even here, Shepard's lab is askew. His "constant" is from California, don't forget, and though she certainly deserves the utmost sympathy for what she undergoes, Shepard loads her lines with the buzz jargon ("I can't relate to this at all"; "I don't want to deal with this") and touchy-feely attitudes negatively associated with the lotus-eating inhabitants of our fair state. If he would have had her deliriate "the bottom line" every now and then and attach "blab, blab, blab" to

the end of unfinished sentences, his unflattering picture of Californians would have been complete. In effect, Shepard intends his "constant" to be quite otherwise.

In the wrong hands, *Buried Child* could empty a theater in record time. But the Marquis Public Theater's production, under the direction of Tavis Ross, is outstanding. Ross and the superb cast create an atmosphere that is completely absorbing. They mirror Shepard's ability to fill the theater with more than sufficient horror and, simultaneously, to suggest that what one sees is by no means "the bottom line." For me, at least, the production made the play.

Buff Wit, whose comic talents are usually on display in the San Diego Street Theatre (Piparous, Spontaneous Combustion), plays Dodge, the once proud father of the clan who is now little more than a vivid emblem of what forty Marlboro cigarettes a day for forty years will do to one's system (the dingy, brown set designed by Chuck McCall being a symbol of the same thing). Wit's work as Dodge, the enemy of hope, is consistently memorable. His cough, for example, is so convincing that every time he hacks away many members of the audience try to clear their own throats in unison.

Equally good is Bill Dunning's hauntingly understated performance as Tilden, the son who had a few problems in New Mexico. Dunning, to be remembered for his portrayal of Lennie in the San Diego Repertory's *Of Mice and Men*, employs subtle gestures—a brief glance, a frown—to create the impression that any larger movements he makes are proper cause for sudden alarm.

The other performances are on the same level as the Marquis Public Theater's production of *Buried Child* is evidently a "team effort." I do have one quibble about the change Vince undergoes, however, and I don't believe the fault is necessarily that of actor Erich Kaminsky. Almost overnight Vince evolves from an apparently "normal" young man (though sunglasses and Levis are clearly no indication of this, his initially level-headed behavior should be), to a flaming crazy worthy of the inheritance bestowed upon him. One day he is reasonably sane, the next day he's dangling his cousin's artificial leg in front of him. The transformation is extremely abrupt and unconvincing. The demands of dramatic form seem to have coerced Shepard into accelerating beyond credibility the drastic changes Vince undergoes.

I strongly recommend the Marquis Public Theater's production of *Buried Child*. In doing so, however, I feel like the Surgeon General offering you a carton of Marlboro cigarettes, knowing full well that their aftereffects will linger, I assure you, for a long, long time.

Off the Cuff

Do you lie about your age?



Dixie Noble
Rank Officer
Mission Valley

I lie because I'm thirty and I don't want anyone to know that I'm thirty. I tell people I'm twenty-eight. It's been real tough all of a sudden to be thirty. I ignored my thirtieth birthday—didn't tell anyone. I went home after work, had dinner all by myself, had a glass of white wine, and toasted myself. I didn't want to make a big do about it, just let it cruise by. I actually looked in the mirror to see if there was any change. Before we were twenty-one, we had to get into bars. There was a friend in the group who'd say, "Hold your eyebrows up, girls." It made you look older.



Phil Gowan
Lifeguard
Pacific Beach

Yes, I'd say just in the last year. When you're in school, everybody knows how old you are. Once you're out, it's open game. That's the American way—to stay young. When you're with younger girls and you say you're twenty-five, they might think, "I couldn't go out with him, he's too old." Twenty-five really does seem old to some girls who are seventeen or eighteen. But if you say you're twenty-five to a woman who's forty and you're trying to start a relationship with her, she might think it's too young. I've said I was twenty-seven. The youngest I get away with is twenty-one. I don't know one woman who doesn't lie about her age.



Eunice Adams
Clothing Manager
Ocean Beach

No, I don't see any reason for it. Most all women I know lie about their age. I have some friends who say they're thirty-nine and you know damn well they're closer to sixty-nine. I was forty-six in August. I tell you, I wouldn't want to be any younger. I didn't start to live until I turned forty. I lost a hundred pounds and I changed husbands. The guy I live with now tells me he's thirty-four but I know how old he is. I know he's over forty. It has to be vanity with most people. In a youth-oriented society like this, it's present almost everywhere.



Colette Kad
Secretary
Ocean Beach

Oh, yes. I did. To get into bars, to drink, to catch boys and all. Before I was twenty-one, I was myself twenty-one. I was nineteen and going out with a guy who was three years older. I didn't want him going to bars and chasing other women around. I'd rather have him chasing me around. So I got a temporary driver's license. I didn't have a picture on it. The bouncer would ask if I had something with a picture on it. I'd pull out my wallet and start showing him pictures—pictures of my dog, of me, my mother. I would have a drink before I did it so I seemed more confident. It usually worked. It also helped to be tall.



Dick Warner
B.R.Q. Owner
Point Loma

I grew up in New York. There, the drinking age is eighteen, so you start lying about your age at fourteen. Here, I guess kids start around seventeen or eighteen. I'm fifty-one. I am fifty-one. I honestly don't recall lying about my age but I'm sure I must have somewhere along the line. I think men lie about their age as much as women for two reasons: either for vanity or to find work. If a person is forty-five and says they're forty-two, there's not a lot of justification there. It's like saying it's zero degrees out. When it gets to be five below, it doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference. It's just damned cold.

—by Lin Jakary

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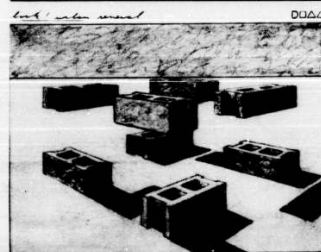
Events, Theater, Music, Film

The Sound of Sculpture

There is magic and mystery in the sight of the child at the seashore who listens to a conch shell in order to hear the sound of the sea. There is private fascination and public embarrassment to be seen in someone who is aware of being watched by electronic means. There is something of all these to be had in the work of Bill Fontana, sound sculptor.

Tomorrow two new Fontana sound sculptures will be turned on at UCSD's Mankville Art Gallery. Incoming Wavefronts Meeting a Shape of Land Over Time is a live-breaker sound sculpture that uses an area of the La Jolla coastline as its sound source. Eight microphones distributed over a two-third-mile length from Point La Jolla south, connected to eight of the highest quality telephone lines of Pacific Telephone, lead to

(Continued on page 4, col. 4)



Boating By Proxy

You can see it in their faces. These men (and women, but mostly men) are animated and thrilled by ships and boats, while that glint in the eyes and the popliteal grins that betray the child within come from a love of toys: model boats, built to scale, usually seventy-two times smaller than the original vessels.

What shown on the faces is the fascination and the involvement of childhood, made palpable by possession of the wherewithal and resourcefulness to turn fancy into reality.

The San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild is comprised of about sixty people who spend thousands of hours laboring over scale replicas of ships past and present. Many of their works are on display in the Maritime Museum on the Berkeley, down on the waterfront. But most of the modelers build their vessels in order to operate them. The radio-controlled models can be seen gliding around various ponds and bays almost any weekend, with the captains standing on shore manning the buttons and knobs. The modelers run the gamut from sailing ships to modern submarines, and are so authentic that it would be

possible for the subs to torpedo the frigates while dodging a fusillade of little cannonballs. Of course, someone who spends thousands of hours meticulously putting together one of these vessels (the rule of thumb is about three weeks per foot) is not going to jeopardize it in a single burst of battle frenzy. The point is to construct a model that conforms exactly to the design and operating parameters of the original boat. We're talking about people with a passion for boats and water. As one enthusiast explained, "It's boating by proxy."

This weekend the third annual Radio-Controlled Scale Ship Model Regatta will bring some of the more beautiful and intricate models boats in Southern California to the shallows of Mission Bay. Modelers will compete for trophies by putting their boats through water courses designed to reveal a model's agility, speed, and power, and the owner's seamanship. On Saturday two different events will require the boats to navigate through a series of gates (buoys), once with the skipper watching, and again with his back turned, taking steering orders from his coxing officer. Another event will test how much weight a boat can pull. Last year a model (sixty inches long at the waterline)

powered by a steam engine towed another boat with three people in it. The contests will also entail salvaging a derelict vessel, and a straight steering competition. Saturday night there will be an informal parade of the little boats, their little bitty lights blinking and turning and lighting their little bitty way.

On Sunday the boys get down to some serious seamanship. The event is called scale precision docking, and there will be only one winner. The boats will be required to leave a dock, go through a course of buoys, move into and out of a slip, go through some more buoys, and then run a measured length at full speed. They will be evaluated on scale criteria, operational criteria, and other considerations, such as how well they're painted and outfitted.

You're likely to see junkies, a PT-109, a couple of submarines, one or two Carry Saks, various destroyers, cruisers, naps, battleships, and frigates down at the San Diego Model Yacht Basin this Saturday and Sunday, September 27 and 28, beginning at 10:00 a.m. each day. The yacht basin is on Vacation Isle, Mission Bay. For more information call 225-1333, 224-6964, or 427-6823.

— Neal Matthews



Photograph by David Carter

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READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to **READER EVENTS** must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to: **READER EVENTS EDITOR**, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92188.

Dance

"Dances on the Grass" will be performed by Louise Fraser, Vicki Sutherland, and students of Conservatory of Ballet Arts. Sunday, September 28, 2:30 p.m., General Elementary School, 315 North Rio Avenue, Solana Beach. 481-0714.

Film

"The Story of C.G. Jung," a film narrated by author Lauren van der Poer, will be shown Sunday, September 27, 10 a.m., La Paloma Theater, 471 First Street, Encinitas. 436-7469.

Children's Films will be shown Tuesday, September 25 and Monday, September 26, 1:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

Two Films on Southern Africa, *So Days in Soweto* and *Generations of Resistance*, will be screened as part of "Celebrations of Human Dignity" sponsored by Grass Roots Events. Wednesday, October 1, 7 p.m., House of Hospitality, Balboa Park. 284-3453.

"Mount St. Helens," the world's largest newscast, *Comet Focus*, a mixed-media presentation about the influences of cosmic energies on our lives, and *Vital Base*, an omnibus film with an aerial survey of the Baja Peninsula, will be shown through November. Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, Balboa Park. 236-1233.

Lectures

Citywide Poetry Series will present Mark McCaffery and Yolinda Lucia reading from their work. Thursday, September 25, 7:30 p.m., BookWorks, 1523 East Valley Parkway, Escondido. Free.

"Search for the Tenth Planet" will be the theme of a program presented by astronomer Dennis Rawlins and Jon Olson, who will point out the Pluton, the most distant planet, was discovered only

last year ago. Friday, September 26, 7 p.m., Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater lecture hall, Balboa Park. Free. 279-9389.

Spores Medicine Clinic will continue with "Soft Tissue Injuries of the Lower Extremities," presented by orthopedic surgeon Louis Lurie. Saturday, September 27, 9 a.m., Bay General Community Hospital Health Information Center, suite C-5, 100 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 482-0820.

"From Still to Motion," a lecture on photography in magazines and motion pictures, will be presented by *Life* and *Look* photographer Sid Avery. Monday, September 29, 7 p.m., San Diego Gas & Electric Company auditorium, 101 Ash Street, downtown. Free. 234-4141.

Open Performances with *Vere Wolf* will continue with Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*. Tuesday, September 30, 2:30 p.m.; and Wednesday, October 1, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5000.

"Great Expectations," a series of design and city-planning lectures sponsored by the San Diego American Institute of Architects and the San Diego Museum of Art, will begin with Seattle's Arthur Skolnik. Tuesday, September 30, 7 p.m., Copple Auditorium, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931 or 232-0109.

"An Ounce of Prevention" will be the topic of a lecture presented by nurse and holistic healer E. Canyon Lines, in the fourth annual Alternative Ways to Health series. Wednesday, October 1, 7:30 p.m., Casa Real room, Aster Center, SDSU. Free. 265-6805.

"Design for Better Living" will be the theme of a series of seminars on home remodeling, new home design, interiors, and landscaping, by architect Peter Rodi. Wednesday, October 1 through Friday, October 3, 7 p.m., Designbank, 1262 Ketterer Boulevard, downtown. Free. Reservations: 236-1916.

Music

Concert Series of the Navy Band San Diego will continue under the direction of CW04 John Ingram. Thursday, September 25, 7:30 p.m., Naval Air Station Base Theatre, Miramar. Free. 225-5278.

Chamber Music Series will begin with the Tokyo String Quartet performing works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Thursday, September 25, 8 p.m., Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD. 452-4559.

English Ballads will be sung by Johnnie Walker and played by guitarist Ray Aleksuta, presented by Friends of Old Time Music. Friday, September 26, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Youth Hostel, 1790 Lidal Street, Point Loma.

American Composer and Pianist Lee Holsby will be guest soloist with the La Jolla Chamber Orchestra in a concert of works by Bach, Schubert, Mozart, and Haydn, under the direction of guest conductor Robert Frisbie. Friday, September 26, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 459-6645.

Friday Evening Concerts will present the Harry Patch Ensemble combining music, dance, sculpture, theater, and lights. Friday, September 26, 8 p.m., South Recital Hall, SDSU. Free. 582-1793.

Sunday Concerts will be presented on six successive Sundays, beginning with solo guitarist Alan Merzian and Peter and Tripp Sprague on guitar and sax. Sunday, September 26, 11 a.m., Opus 5 Art Studio, 125 Via de la Valle, Solana Beach. Free. 481-2533.

Summer Sunday Concert Series will extend into fall with the Silverage Ensemble and works of Beethoven, Hindemith, and Mozart. Sunday, September 28, 11:30 a.m., Marquis Public Theatre, 3717 India Street, San Diego. Free. 298-7674.

Afternoon Concert will feature the Sibling Singers and a range of vocal selections from madrigals to twentieth-century tunes. Sunday, September 28, 1 p.m., Villa Montezuma, 1255 K Street, San Diego. Free. 239-2211.

Violin and Viola, the Brullo String Duo will present works by Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and Bruni. Sunday, September 28, 2 p.m., San Diego Art Institute, Balboa Park. Free. 234-5946.

Duo Concert will feature violinist James Zagami and pianist Pamela Strubba, performing sonatas of Beethoven, Ravel, and Prokofiev, sponsored by Music Teachers' Association of California and USD's music department. Sunday, September 28, 3 p.m., Camino Hall, USD. 271-0205.

"The Splendor of Brass and Organ" will be celebrated by organist Daniel Burton and trumpeter Tim Lawler and Steve Foster, in music from the Baroque. Sunday, September 28, 7 p.m., First United

Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley.

Jazz and Rock Concerts, Todd Benson and the Eternal Orchestra will perform Sunday, September 28, and Piggy and the Bandheads will perform Tuesday, September 30, both sponsored by Chop Concerts and both at 8 p.m., Second Avenue Theatre, 863 Second Avenue, downtown. 264-1508 or 233-3965.

Cottage Concerts will present four-hand piano selections by Schubert and Ravel performed by Margaret Rose and Lee Schmidt Rogers. Monday, September 29, noon, Scripps Cottage, SDSU. Free. 265-5104.

Full Chamber Music Series will present the San Diego Brass Quintet, and music of Cherubini, Dukas, Joplin, Czernohorsky, Bach, and others. Tuesday, September 27, 7:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

Pacific Coast Coast between UCSD and Moonlight Beach in Encinitas will be sponsored by Walkabout International. Saturday, September 27, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., UCSD parking lot, North Torrey Pines Road and La Jolla Shores Drive. La Jolla. Free. 223-3436.

Carnival, hot air balloon rides, pony rides and a home show with Mitty, martial arts by the Scoobie Brothers, TuTu the clown, and more, will benefit former Kaiser employee Terry Stone. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., park across from Kaiser Hospital, 4647 Zion Avenue, San Diego. 698-7483.

"Directions: Downtown," an architectural tour of downtown San Diego's Gaslamp Quarter and other development areas, will be led by architectural historians and new

development planners and sponsored by the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., from La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. Reservations: 454-3541.

"Feelin' Good" Health Fair will offer preventive health care information and testing. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Park Way Community Center, 373 Park Way, Chula Vista. Free. 291-2620.

Geology Walk into Point Loma's past will cover sixty million years in one mile. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m., Boyds trail, Point Loma. Reservations: 232-3821.

"Hot Lap Event" at high noon will put an end to a new earth games session by attempting to set a new world record of more than 3394 people sitting on each other's laps. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

Philippine Folk Festival, a Pinukon ("feast") with cultural displays, foods, and entertainment, will feature performances by the Samahang Philippine Dance Company at 11, 2, and 4 p.m., Saturday, September 27 and Sunday, September 28, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Scottish Rite Temple, Mission Valley. 233-7396 or 444-7328.

Radio Control Scale Ship Model Regatta will feature competition in steering and other events, with night running and a light parade. Sunday at dusk, Saturday, September 27 and Sunday, September 28, 10 a.m., Model Yacht Pond, Vacation, Mission Bay. Free viewing. 225-1333 or 224-6964.

Seaford Fair will feature chefs from both sides of the border competing

in a variety of seafood. Thursday, September 25 and Friday, September 26, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., Hotel Riviera del Pacifico, Escondido. 746-9300.

"Chaparral," a performance piece about a romantic triangle and the relationships between objects, actions, and words, will be presented by Norma Jean Desk. Thursday, September 25, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

Library Book Sale will offer thousands of volumes at ten cents for paperbacks and twenty-five cents for hardcover books, with some higher prices and some lower. Saturday, September 27, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

Pianist Michael Cave will present a program of Debussy, Wednesday, October 1, 11 a.m. to noon, Performance Lab, Palomar College, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 x349.

Noontime Concert will feature pianist Gary DiPietro. Wednesday, October 1, 12:15 p.m., French Palms, Fountain Hill, USD. Free. 291-6480 x1296.

In Real, soprano Constance Lawthers and Andrea Mays will present Argento's "Six Elantheum Songs," Tartini's "Poema in forma de Canzone," and Purcell and Mozart duets. Wednesday, October 1, 8 p.m., McEvoy Music Center, 4320 40th Street, San Diego. Free. 287-7020.

Special Events **Cabell's Festival** will commemorate the 1542 discovery of the west coast of America by Juan Rodriguez Cabellero with a historical seminar at 1 p.m. and an open house at 6:30 p.m. on Thursday, September 25, Cabrillo National Monument, Point Loma, a commemorative ceremony. Saturday, September 27, 1:30 p.m., Cabrillo National Monument, and a re-enactment of Cabellero's landing. Sunday, September 28, 1 p.m., Shelter Island, San Diego Bay. Free. 293-5450.

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TO LOCAL EVENTS

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Philippine Folk Festival, a Pinukon ("feast") with cultural displays, foods, and entertainment, will feature performances by the Samahang Philippine Dance Company at 11, 2, and 4 p.m., Saturday, September 27 and Sunday, September 28, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Scottish Rite Temple, Mission Valley. 233-7396 or 444-7328.

Radio Control Scale Ship Model Regatta will feature competition in steering and other events, with night running and a light parade. Sunday at dusk, Saturday, September 27 and Sunday, September 28, 10 a.m., Model Yacht Pond, Vacation, Mission Bay. Free viewing. 225-1333 or 224-6964.

Seaford Fair will feature chefs from both sides of the border competing

in a variety of seafood. Thursday, September 25 and Friday, September 26, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., Hotel Riviera del Pacifico, Escondido. 746-9300.

"Chaparral," a performance piece about a romantic triangle and the relationships between objects, actions, and words, will be presented by Norma Jean Desk. Thursday, September 25, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

Library Book Sale will offer thousands of volumes at ten cents for paperbacks and twenty-five cents for hardcover books, with some higher prices and some lower. Saturday, September 27, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. 474-8211.

Pacific Coast Coast between UCSD and Moonlight Beach in Encinitas will be sponsored by Walkabout International. Saturday, September 27, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., UCSD parking lot, North Torrey Pines Road and La Jolla Shores Drive. La Jolla. Free. 223-3436.

Carnival, hot air balloon rides, pony rides and a home show with Mitty, martial arts by the Scoobie Brothers, TuTu the clown, and more, will benefit former Kaiser employee Terry Stone. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., park across from Kaiser Hospital, 4647 Zion Avenue, San Diego. 698-7483.

"Directions: Downtown," an architectural tour of downtown San Diego's Gaslamp Quarter and other development areas, will be led by architectural historians and new

development planners and sponsored by the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., from La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. Reservations: 454-3541.

"Feelin' Good" Health Fair will offer preventive health care information and testing. Saturday, September 27, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Park Way Community Center, 373 Park Way, Chula Vista. Free. 291-2620.

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1980 SEPTEMBER 25, 1980

READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

the mouth of those expecting the basic devices of mystery — a provocative puzzle and a satisfying solution — is a nontheatrical, a rather piece of theater, with its nonplayful humor and its inebriated spirit of theatrical anarchy that focuses, damn the conventions, full speed ahead. It is taken in this latter spirit, then, it is a well-worn seeing Doug Henning's a

terfiff as Philip Diamond, the central character in the script of two different authors, Raymond Chandler and Henry Sarton, the also-Chandler. Henning combines ready-made, hard-boiled toughness and vulnerable idealism, all of which he plays last longer in check and all Luke, Stee, dancing from his theater up to a virtuous mature of comedy and

seriousness he sustains with commanding ease. And the last of the cast is said to down the line. Early performer, hamming up his or her part, takes a click of it, then from pure fact, communicates above all else a distinct pleasure in doing the play. This is especially true of the actresses, each of whom plays two

shoulder-slumping, extreme versions of her gender, and all for the fun of it. Lee takes a bit of a break from the play, for example, one of whose roles is an Oriental barmaid named Spina, does a terrific "dance number" as a Marine. Dennis, with a witty accent to blame it sounds as if she were speaking in an entirely new language, bubbles with, *Over the Lady, Cries Murder* is based on patterns of inverted expectations and unexpected twists. In the parlance of the underworld, the play is a "set-up." Practically every feature of detective fiction is a fair game for one of author John William See's friendly little wags. In fact, the more comfortable you feel with the genre of detective fiction, in particular with the writings of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, the more you are of a surprise of it. San Diego Repertory Theater, September 25 through October 4, Thursday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

part contains an almost endless amount of expository material, which the production takes into a more melodramatic treatment than is necessary to make it go. The second act, however, is consistently on the mark, and the rewards it provides more than compensate for the initial difficulties of the production. Like the play itself, the performance of Pina Richards as the Madwoman begins slowly and she gathers momentum. Her character is both completely crazy and disturbingly, impressively sane. And though Richards' version of the Madwoman's soliloquy is a good portion of the time, she does communicate the fundamental wisdom of her character convincingly and demonstrates a deft comic touch throughout. Other performances of note include Pamela Smith's ramp. Richard and Cissy Hartman's time. The colorful costumes by Terrell

McDonald, the sets — especially the Madwoman's cell, which looks like the Castle Keep of a garage sale — by Gary McDowell and Russell Cederberg, and the lighting by Terry Wolfarth are in keeping with the generally high quality of visual appeal that is one of the signatures of L.A. Theater's productions. (See) L.A. Theater's Productions, through October 18, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Pioneer Sunday, October 11 at 2:00 p.m.

THE NOON IS BLUE The Pine Hills Lodge, located just a few miles southeast of Julian, offers a dinner-theater package that includes a Western buffet (generous portions of barbecued ribs or steak prepared outdoors in the inglorious mountain air) and a play. The play is staged in what was originally a gymnasium, built in the early 1970s for boxer Jack Dempsey when he trained for his second championship fight with Gene Tunney. The scenery is beautiful and the food great, but the Pine Hills Players' production of the H. H. Heston comedy — a love story about an architect — "professional virgin," and the architect's embroiled future father-in-law — qualifies for disaster relief. Its opening night performance was marred by a few technical mishaps, and the actors' reactions (and even laughs) were thin, the staging was unimpressive, and things generally went awry. Only a few last-night appearances by seasoned pros like Langford, as an innkeeper, seem to rescue his daughter from a denier as inept as the play itself. The play is a good one, but the show is not necessarily well-timed but at least the semblance of a theatrical production. (See) The Pine Hills Lodge, 2960 La Poudre Way, Julian (Highway 78 to Pine Hills Lodge) through October 11, Friday and Saturday at 8:30 p.m. For information call 765-1100.

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY This production by Excalibur's Pato House focuses upon Tracy Lord, the first act of the play, for the most

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737-2121 x236
NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE
Vista
724-3421

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

Johnny Winter may not be the definitive blues guitarist, but one would have to think long and hard to name someone working in the field who has striven so fervently to gain and maintain respect from his peers, critics, and fans. He has been forced to fight a lot of battles. In 1968, when Columbia Records signed the unknown Winter to an astonishing \$500,000 contract, the crisis from veteran musicians' disapproval of his style. Even Miles Davis, the Bugle Roy Robinson of jazz players, showed signs of pettiness and racism when he called "Are they trying to sell him as a black man or a white man?" That was a cruel, unforgivable lot of rhetoric. Winter is on a par with the white, right? However, he didn't let him, one fact was clear: he could play the blues with authority, invention, and with a vengeance. He has been to heaven, hell, purgatory, and back. Guest guitar artist Tom McCony, who performed the lead role of Tootsie in the musical production of *Grease* at the Elton John Opera House, through October 12, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Pioneer Sunday, October 11 at 2:00 p.m.



JOHNNY WINTER

displaced with most of them. He is a splendid guitarist — fast and prone to overstatement, but generally meticulous and on-the-mark. Three years ago, when Winter began producing his own records (he's a producer), he did a number of years ago) — and make it all work effectively — is a talent to be reckoned with. He has not lost his gift yet, as should be apparent whether the occasion is a Saturday evening of the California Theatre with the festive local rock band, Brat. Get your tickets before the season's done. George Benson is a remarkable

various Jerry Lee Lewis Little Richard-Chuck Berry line one way crowd pleaser), anybody who can credibly perform "It's My Own Fault," follow it up with "No Time to Live," and a set with "Rock and Roll Hootchie Koo" (as Winter did a number of years ago) — and make it all work effectively — is a talent to be reckoned with. He has not lost his gift yet, as should be apparent whether the occasion is a Saturday evening of the California Theatre with the festive local rock band, Brat. Get your tickets before the season's done. George Benson is a remarkable

guitarist, but he has now chosen to concentrate more on his singing, a questionable decision. He is not bad as a singer, a decent crooner behind Lou Rawls and Neil King. Cole, though he is not as good as either. The man has the potential to help define jazz guitar playing, but I doubt that he will do so. He can get by on his vocal hits. In the long run, though, people will remember him for his instrumental work, not his vocal hits. He will be back of the 1970s. Amphitheatre on Saturday night. He is a "great" guitarist. If the Can were not so enjoyable a band, I probably would consider their leader, Rick Caslick, glibly. He has never so hard to sound like an All-American Boy. He may deny that, but he has been manipulated of city-crafty tourists, combined with adolescent themes, specific for themselves. Occasional is a role, and the same can be said for his band. Like the Cars, with reservations. I hope against hope that they do not end up, as was suggested in a recent issue of the Los Angeles Times, as another Electric Light Orchestra. Support their weirdness. Monday night at the Sports Arena, when they appear with the Meters, a popular Los Angeles band. Sunday night there will be three shows of a new, less important, but important, classic "Cleanhead" Vinton. A good, not great, blues

saxophonist of the Betty La Tour, Gary Myrick, and the Figures, an acceptable, not good, new-wave band of USC's Woke a Flock, and country singer Johnny Paycheck of Imperial Beach's County Bumpkin. Last week of the Spirit the owners pulled off a genuine coup by showcasing Arthur Lee, an artist to whom I have always given the benefit of the doubt, but now consider a genuine hopeless cause. Anyone who knows, in advance, that he can pose a house can offer only three excuses for failing to show up. 1. Mom died. 2. He died. 3. The guy driving him to the club died en route. Lee, the guy who reimagined my thoughts about rock as "art," did not have any of those excuses and didn't make it to the club until 1:30 a.m., and then proved to be somewhat, uh, disoriented. So forgive me if I cannot muster the expected enthusiasm when announcing that Elton John is suddenly revived. Record Records will finance a showcase of the best of the Spirit, featuring several of Elton's earlier punch bands — John & Public, the Badman, and Andy and the New Yorkers. The show is scheduled to take place at the North Park Community Center, the Markers, the Flowers, and an as yet unannounced third band. Funk out!

— Steve Iamodino

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 571-1532. Cowlick and Shubb,
 contemporary, Friday evenings.
Andolucia, 8960 Villa La Jolla
 Drive, La Jolla, 455-7889. Poco
 Sevilla Trio, flamenco, Thursday
 through Saturday, Steve Voss,
 contemporary, Sunday through
 Wednesday.
Anthony's Harborside, 1355
 North Harbor Drive, downtown,
 232-6368. Colosse-Wireless
 Band, contemporary, Tuesday
 through Saturday.
Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street,
 Mission Bay, 224-3434. Roberto
 Linn, contemporary, Tuesday
 through Saturday.
Bacchamal, 8022 Clairemont
 Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont,
 560-8022. Tweed Sneakers,
 rock/new wave, Thursday,
 Renaissance with Strangers, new
 wave, Friday and Saturday,
 Strangers, new wave, Sunday and
 Monday, Eden, rock, Tuesday and
 Wednesday.
Bahia, 998 West Mission Bay Drive,
 Mission Bay, 488-0581. Teaca
 Weather featuring Ardes Levy,
 country western, Tuesday through
 Saturday.
Bar X Beach House, 115 East
 Broadway, Vista, 724-0562. The
 Nashville Ensemble, country and
 country swing, Tuesday through
 Sunday.
Bay Lounge, Vacation Village
 Hotel, Mission Bay, 274-4030. Call
 club for information.
The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon
 Street, Ocean Beach, 222-4822.
 Sky High, new rock, old wave, and
 originals, Friday and Saturday.
Belly Up Tavern, 143 South
 Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach,
 481-9022. Ratz, rock and roll,
 Thursday through Saturday, Eddie
 "Cleanhead" Vinson with
 Hollywood Fats Band, blues,
 Sunday.
Bentley's, 5500 Grossmont Center
 Drive, La Mesa, 463-9825. RPM,
 contemporary, Tuesday through
 Saturday.
Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa
 Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100.
 Call club for information.
Black Angel, 707 E Street, Chula
 Vista, 426-9200. Call club for
 information.
Black Frog Restaurant, 4672
 Federal Boulevard, East San
 Diego, 264-5777. Super Rise, jazz,
 Friday through Sunday.
Blomley Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa
 Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033.
 Call club for information.
Blue Point, 1296 Prospect Street,
 La Jolla, 454-9531. New Tunes
 Jazz Band, jazz, Thursday, Joe
 Martin, jazz, Friday and Saturday,
 Penning, classical, Sunday.
Threshold, jazz, Tuesday, Put, jazz,
 Wednesday.
Southside, 2040 Harbor Island
 Drive, Harbor Island, 291-4960. Call
 club for information.
Bob LaBeau Music Center, 1460
 Rosecrans Street, Loma Point,
 222-6466. Riverboat Roy Clayton,
 folk, Saturday.
Bombay Bicycle Club, 2806
 Shafter Island Drive, Shelter Island,
 224-2483. Laura Zombi, guitar
 and jazz vocal styling, Friday and
 Saturday, Gray Sherwood,
 contemporary and country,
 Wednesday.
Boon's, 2888 Pacific Highway,
 downtown, 291-5555. Bill Blackett,
 comedian, Wednesday through
 Saturday, Schmahow, country
 western, Sunday through Tuesday.
Bourbon Street West, 315 South
 Highway 101, Solana Beach,
 755-8161. The Rio Cabo Dixerland
 Band, diversified jazz, Friday and
 Saturday.

RISE
 featuring Don Beck on sax
 Top 40, Swing & Oldies
 Dancing
 Tuesday-Saturday 9 p.m.



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 most drinks \$1
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VAN HALEN Oct. 12 **★ YES** Oct. 15
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 Sept. 27 • Sept. 28
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Wednesday through Saturday	Artisan Top 40 Rock & Roll
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 pitcher of beer. (Not valid Fri. & Sat. after 9:00 p.m.)
 6179 University 582-1070
 (College & University)

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Bunbury's, 9606 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa 578-5666. Call club for information.

Buttercup Lounge, 2045 East Valley Parkway, Escondido 743-0422. Harry Paul and Mel Vernon, variety, Thursday through Sunday.

Cafe Del Rey, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park 234-8581. Brian Roney, contemporary guitar, Friday and Saturday. Sharon Skidgel, piano bar, Friday and Saturday.

Cafe in the Valley, 911 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 276-3329. Robert West, classical guitar, Thursday through Sunday.

Cash and Cleaver, 140 South Sarsaparilla, Solana Beach 481-0238. Free Show.

contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Diego 442-6700. Mistr rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Catamaran, 3909 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach 488-1081. Jack Costanzo and his Orchestra, music of the 40s through 80s, Tuesday through Saturday.

Chateau, 3023 College Avenue, College Grove 582-5820. Vespertine Trio, contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Chicago Mining Co., North, 308 El Camino Real, Encinitas 942-1076. Call club for information.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-5325. Call club for information.

Comedy Store, 946 Pearl Street, La Jolla 484-9776. Tony Lawrence, Robert Wurtl, and Nancy Packer, comedians, Thursday through Sunday. Rob Bennett, Steve Moore, and Los Bromfield, comedians, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Comedy Store, Ramada Inn, 2151 Hater Circle South, Mission Valley 291-6500. John Fox, Larry Reiter, and Andy Higgins, comedians, Thursday through Sunday. Tim Jones, black and white, and Doreen Nichols, comedians, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Country Bumpkin, 1662 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 420-1101. Johnny Paycheck and the Johnny Paycheck Band with Country Catamaran, country, Monday.

Country Pump, 13280 Old Business Route 8, El Cajon 561-5893. Country Comfort, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Countryside, 300 Douglas Drive, Oceanside 757-0860. Crosswind, country variety, Tuesday through Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street, downtown 233-7856. The Hollis Gentry Quartet featuring Charlie Steele, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Cunningham's Restaurant and Country Western Nightclub, 7094 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa 578-1216. Call club for information.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach 420-1101. Grand Slam, hip-hop/rock, Wednesday through Sunday. Monday and Tuesday.

De Vito's, 426 E Street, Chula Vista 427-8880. Rex Pans, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

Distillery East, 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido 741-0393. Poson Ivy, rock, Thursday. Rockin' Steve W., dance music, Friday and Saturday. Rukus, rock, Sunday. Thrash, rock, Wednesday.

Distillery, Old No. 7, 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach 755-6733. Blitz Bros, rock, Thursday and Friday. Moving Targets, rock, Saturday. Blitz, rock, Sunday. Tweed Sneakers, rock, new wave, Tuesday.

Doc Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 223-2572. Larry Page, contemporary piano and guitar, Wednesday through Saturday. Set and Del, show tunes and light operas, Sunday and Monday.

Monday, Bill Brockhoff, X-rated comedy, Tuesday.

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

Eagle 1, 945 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos 744-7100. Cymmyr Sales, country western, Wednesday through Saturday.

Elario's, 7950 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla 459-0611. The Gary Rock Quartet, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday. The Birdie Carter Quartet, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Fat City, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown 232-0686. Passion, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday. Bruce Cameron, Ensemble, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Fish House West, 2633 South Highway 101, Cardiff 753-8438. Puli, jazz, Thursday through Saturday. Anthony Ortega, jazz and jam session, Sunday and Monday.

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Night Club presents
San Diego's finest rock act
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TWO KAMIKAZES FOR 1 DOLLAR
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LA JOLLA'S FINEST JAZZ
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KAMIKAZES & MARGARITAS 9c

THURSDAY HOT LEGS CONTEST

HAPPY HOUR 10c BEER
TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. 4-8 P.M.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Fogcutter, 2858 Carlsbad
Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3189
Ticket: rock and roll, Tuesday
through Saturday, Incognito, rock
and roll, new wave, Sunday and
Monday.

Francine's, 939 North Hill Street
Oceanside, 722-7123. Call club for
information.

Gaslight Theatre Club, 2855
Midway Drive, Loma Portal,
223-8122. Call club for information.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Soft
Touch, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Gran's Tomb, 326 Broadway
downtown, 232-3121. Leslie Gold
vocalist and pianist (Lentini)
through contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley
Center West, Mission Valley,
298-2010. Live Arabic music and
belly dancers, nightly.

Halcyon, 4258 West Point Loma
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 225-9559.
Rock blues band, rock and roll,
Thursday through Saturday.

Halligan's, 4325 Ocean
Boulevard, Pacific Beach,
274-3474. Iron Balloon Group,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, Two Tones,
contemporary, Sunday and
Monday.

Hamburguesa, 4016 Wallace
Street, Old Town, 295-0584.
Delene Catrich, guitar and
variety, Wednesday through
Friday, Melissa McCracken, guitar
and variety, Saturday and Sunday.

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

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle,
Del Mar, 755-6614. Conner and
Dallon, country and western,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay,
276-4010. People Movers,

contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday, Guideline,
contemporary, Sunday and
Monday.

Holiday Inn/Harborview, 1617
First Avenue, Encinitas,
230-6171. Christine Gentry, pianist,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Humphrey's, Half Moon Inn, 2241
Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island,
224-3377. Spring Fever,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0247.
Lorrie Hubert and Duffy Best,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday.

KPRI AND WOLF & RISSMILLER CONCERTS ANNOUNCE
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TV credits include Carol Burnett, Love Boat,
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Files, Holocaust and dozens more.
Movies: Airport, Bonnie & Clyde, Young
Frankenstein, The Godfather and others.
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He is a featured columnist with Guitar
Player Magazine and has conducted clinics
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Special Guests:
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The Normandy, 20 North Hill
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Rock, dance rock, Monday through
Saturday.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del
Coronado, 1600 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-6611. Blue Skies,
top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.
Also appearing, Mr. Lucky, piano,
Tuesday through Saturday.

O'Leary's, 2547 San Diego
Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133. Jam
and Theresa Hinton, Irish folk,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Old Sanita Stone Restaurant,
4044 Bonita Road, Bonita,
479-3537. Joyce Ann Damon,
contemporary and country, Friday
and Saturday.

Old Time Cafe, 1464 North
Highway 101, Leucadia, 436-4030.
The All-Nite Fiddlers, European
and American fiddling, Thursday;
Summertime, bluesgrass, swing,
and Manach ensemble, Friday;
Bob Williams with the Two
Magicians, Celtic-based folk
music, Saturday; The Two
Magicians, Irish folk songs,
Sunday. Old Time Hoof Beats,
Tuesday.

One Night Stand, 4770 Voltaire
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2466.
Tom Cat, blues, Tuesday; Patsy
Rice, folk rock, Friday; Mike
Turner, folk rock, Saturday; Karen,
folk singer, Wednesday.

Padre Gold, 7245 Linda Vista
Road, Linda Vista, 277-8681. The
Bar Stars with Mike Turner, country
western, top 40, oldies, rock, and
boogie, Friday and Saturday.

Pat's Jazz, 5147 Waring Road,
Allied Gardens, 286-7873. Blue
beatband Don Beck on sax, top 40,
swing, and oldies, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Palomares Cocktail Lounge,
5821 Mission Gorge Road, Mission
Valley, 280-4691. Galt Stone,
country western, Friday and
Saturday.

Palomares Star, 3008 Main Street,
Chula Vista, 427-5889. Sundown,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

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

Peelmen Pub, 7828 Broadway,
Lemon Grove, 464-9284. Call club
for information.

Porthole Lounge, Holiday Inn,
1365 North Harbor Drive,
Imperial Beach, 232-3441. The Cats
Band, country, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant,
4441 University Avenue, East San
Diego, 283-7448. Lori Bell and
Tom Saper, mellow jazz, Lori Bell
and Carl Crawford, classical flute
duets, Thursday, Saturday, and
every other Sunday; Melissa
Morgan, pop, Tuesday; Olan,
guitar duo, Wednesday, Friday,
and every other Sunday; Melissa
Morgan, pop, Friday afternoon.

Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island
Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1840.
John Campbell and Company,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Reubens Harbor Island, 880
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island,
291-5030. Ted King, piano and
guitar, Monday through Saturday.

Reubens Plankhouse, 7637
Camelot Avenue, Clairemont,
278-7373. Larry Rothbaum,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Rob Gage, 5500 Kearny Mesa
Road, Kearny Mesa, 277-7937.
Homelot, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn, 632 E Street,
Chula Vista, 426-2500. Mike
Santides, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Rudy Garcia's, 1433 Camelot
Street, Pacific Beach, 373-9748.
Douglass Gates and the Duo

Tones, light jazz, Saturday. David
Cheney, flamenco, Sunday.

Sandpiper Lounge, Sheraton Inn
Airport, 1990 Harbor Island Drive,
Harbor Island, 291-6800. Portland
Santides, contemporary rock,
Friday and Saturday;
Tuesday through Saturday.

Santa Fe Bar and Grill, 656 First
Street, Encinitas, 753-2578. The
Band of Renown with Katie Brown,
rock, Thursday; Who's Driving,
country, Friday and Saturday;
Talent night, Wednesday.

Sea Dog Lounge, Holiday Inn,
590 Hotel Circle South, Mission
Valley, 291-5720. Call club for
information.

Shepherd Cafe, 1126 South
Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-124.
Petter Sprague, jazz, Saturday and
Sunday mornings; Paul Johnson,
Mandala, Monday morning;
Cathy Curtis, country and
contemporary, Tuesday, Thursday,
and Friday morning; Bert Clinger,
easy listening, Wednesday
morning; Jonathan, dinner music
and Beatles, Tuesday and
Wednesday nights.

Sheraton Harbor Island, 1380
Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island,
291-2000. Sundowner Lounge,
Magic II, variety, Tuesday through
Saturday; Butterfield Stage Station,
John Sandoval, contemporary
and originals, Tuesday through
Thursday; John Sandoval, Kiko
Camejo, and Paul Belfus,
contemporary and originals,
Friday and Saturday.

Show Biz, 1421 University Avenue,
Hilcrest, 291-1551. Female
Impersonators, Wednesday
through Sunday.

Spill, 1130 Buena Avenue,
Boysburg, 276-3993. The Seas Blue,
rock and country rock, Thursday;
John Li Public, the Bar Boys, and
the Rottentatoes, new
wave/ska reggae, Friday; the
Suburban Lovers and the
Unknowns, new wave, Saturday;
Claude Corne and the IV's with
special guests, Wednesday.

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560-8022
8022 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.
SAN DIEGO'S HOTTEST ROCK SPOT

*THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25
DANCE TO THE
**Tweed
Sneakers**
FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 27
**Strangers
& Penetrators**
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS FROM L.A.
The Boxboys
SUNDAY, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 29
Strangers
NO COVER
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, OCTOBER 1
Eden
NO COVER, DRINK SPECIALS
* DENOTES SPECIAL EVENT
COMING CONCERTS
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5TH
Tim Weisberg JAZZ
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12 & 13
Idley Pop ROCK
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
TICKETS FOR ALL SHOWS AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE AT
ALL TICKETRON LOCATIONS OR AT THE BACCHANAL.
MUST BE 21. PICTURE I.D. REQUIRED. DOORS OPEN
FOR ALL SHOWS AT 6 P.M. ALL SHOWS 8 & 11 P.M.
WE NOW ACCEPT MASTERCARD AND VISA

**the BAYUP
TAVERN**
Thurs. & Fri. Sept. 25 & 26 9 PM
San Diego's No. 1 Dance Band
Sat. Sept. 27 9 & 11 PM
L.A.'s No. 1 Dance Band
The Twisters
with **Jerry Roney
and The Shames**
Sun., Sept. 28 9 PM
The Legendary
**Eddie 'Cleanhead'
Vinson**
with
The Hollywood Fats Band
Wed. Oct. 1 9 PM
Bosie and the Screamers
Coming
Sat., Oct. 16
J.J. Cale
Thurs., Oct. 23
Willie Dixon
Sat., Nov. 8
Jesse Winchester
Every Sunday
Giant Screen Charger Football
Happy hour 12-1 PM 35c Hotdogs
Every Monday Night 8 PM
Giant Screen NFL
35c Hotdogs
Featuring fresh sandwiches nightly
143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

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GEORGE BENSON
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CARS
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ALI vs HOLMES
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**ELTON JOHN'S
ROCKET RECORDS**
in association with **ROCK** presents...
THE HIT AND RUN TOUR
SHOWCASING
All tickets \$1.01
Friday Sept 26
JOHN Q PUBLIC
ANDY AND THE ARTLEMANIKES
NORTH PARK LIONS CLUB
RED PARIS AND THE FUTURES
THE SPOILERS
All Tickets \$2.00 SAT SEPT 27

Springfield Wagon Works, 5256 Keamy Villa Road, Keamy Mesa, 565-2272. Wild hair, contemporary. Thursday through Saturday.

Springfield Wagon Works, 600 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5157. Amber band, melodic.

rock and originals. Thursday through Saturday.

Station Oaks Resort Ranch, Boulder Creek Road, Descanso, 445-4179. Call club for information.

Stratford Restaurant, 1665 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 750-2002.

Rick Fagan, contemporary guitar and vocals. Tuesday through Saturday.

Su Casa Restaurant, 6738 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 454-0369. Italian Roman, guitar. Paraguayan harp, and flute. Tuesday through Sunday (accompanied by Christina).

Ramon, guitar. Friday through Sunday.

Swan Song, 4287 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 272-7802. Call club for information.

Taming of the Shrew, 441 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 299-1980.

Dwyer Breton Duo, classical chamber music for flute and guitar. Thursday through Saturday.

That Pizza Place, 2622 B El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 434-3971. Diverse jazz. Friday, John & Julie Moore with Dennis bluegrass. Saturday.

To Leo's, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 260-9844. Ed Moreno, jazz guitar. Wednesday through Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110. Ditty, contemporary. Wednesday, Ditty and Melissa. Contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. Ditty, contemporary. Sunday. Donna Cole, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110. Ditty, contemporary. Wednesday, Ditty and Melissa. Contemporary. Wednesday through Saturday. Ditty, contemporary. Sunday. Donna Cole, contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Trifon, 2530 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 436-8877. Call club for information.

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Trojan Horse, 6170 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070. Arizon, top 40 rock and pop. Thursday through Saturday. Manzanita, jazz. Wednesday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9426. John and Julie Moore, bluegrass. Saturday.

Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Seventh Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Call club for information.

VIP Lounge, Town & Country Hotel, 550 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Call club for information.

Voyager, 1901 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 222-0421. Kiki Balle, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Wayside Inn, 3050 Pio Pico Drive, Carlsbad, 729-7131. Call club for information.

Windammer, 2951 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-0868. Call club for information.

Wrinkler's Roost, 6008 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 280-5263. E. Zane Wood and Blazing Saddles, country. Wednesday through Sunday.

Los Angeles Clubs

Lino's
\$2.50 SPAGHETTI SPECIAL

Come to Lino's for the best spaghetti bargain in town! It's a heaping plate of spaghetti with your choice of meat or tomato sauce, a crisp garden-fresh salad, and golden-toasted garlic bread. All for just \$2.50!

So come to Lino's for the Spaghetti Special. You'll get lots of great food. At a very special price!

BAZAAR DEL MUNDO
On Juan Street in Old Town State Historic Park 299-7124

lehr's cabaret
Monday
Monday Night Football and Charger Rap
Giant 7-foot TV. Talk with guest Charger players and KSDO's John DeMont.
Carved meat sandwiches from 5:00 p.m.
*Giant T.V. courtesy of Video World
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
The Hollywood Cowboys
The name says it all. Wild and crazy dance music. COUNTRY ROCK from 9:00 p.m.
Thursday
Midnight Madness
\$1.00 well drinks 11:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.
Call club for information.

TONY KAMPMANN presents
SUNDAY OCT 1
TIM WEISBERG
WEDNESDAY OCT 3
CECILIO & KAPONO
WEDNESDAY OCT 3
MARIA MULDAUR
THURSDAY OCT 3
JERRY JEFF WALKER
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, NOV. 12 & 13
IGGY POP
AND SPECIAL GUESTS
All shows 7:30 & 10:30 PM. Doors open 6 PM.
Advance tickets for all shows available at Bachelors Union, Sun. 1-5 PM & after 7:30 PM, no service charge, call 560-8022 and at Sears, Ward, 32nd Street Naval Station & all Ticketron outlets. For ticket information call 565-9847. Sorry you must be 21 years old, picture I.D. required.
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BACCHANAL
PHONE 560-8022
BETWEEN HWY. 163 & CONVOY ST.
8022 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.

lehr's greenhouse
restaurant and florist
2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 299-2828

George Benson
KPMI Fall 1986
This Saturday
Concerts by The Sea
Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo Beach (213) 379-4998. The Way, Thursday through Sunday.
Don't's, 4269 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 769-1566. Mort Sahl, Thursday. Gabor Sabo, Friday and Saturday.
Flippers, La Cienega and Santa Monica, West Hollywood (213) 662-4290. New-wave disco, nightly.
Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach (714) 536-9600. Tavis, Thursday. Jose Feliciano, Friday and Saturday.
Improvisation, 8162 Melrose Avenue, (213) 651-2583. Punk disco, nightly.
Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach (213) 372-3041. Kenny Rogers, Thursday through Sunday.

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Madame Wong's, 1801 San My Die, San Marcos, (713) 624-5346. Japanese, Swartz, and Sauter. Live. Thursday, Tuesday and Sunday. Friday and Saturday.

Madame Wong's West, 2900 Wilshire, Santa Monica (213) 229-7342. Mondo Rock, Marikan, and Four Eyes. Thursday. Hip. Rubber City Rebels, and Rummy Rye. Friday and Saturday.

McCabe's, 314 of 31st Street, Santa Monica (213) 828-4477. Tom Paxton and Bob Gibson. Friday through Sunday.

Palomino, 6167 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood (213) 764-4010. Razy Bailey and Rose Friday. Jimmy Rabbitt and Renee. Saturday. Hoyt Axton, Sunday.

Parisian Room, La Brea and Washington, (213) 936-8704. Ernie Andrews and Frankie Davis. Thursday through Sunday.

Los Angeles Concerts

Teddy Pendergrass and **Stephanie Mills**, Greek Theatre. Thursday, September 26 through Sunday, September 28, 8 p.m. 2700 North Vermont Avenue, (213) 660-8400.

Stanley Clarke/George Duke Project, Queen Mary, Saturday, September 27, 5 p.m., Long Beach Harbor, (213) 436-9864.

Surf Punks, Dick Dale and the Deltones, and Jan and the Nightriders, Santa Monica Civic, Friday, October 3, 8 p.m. (213) 520-8270.

Kenny Rogers and Gallagher, Inglewood Forum, Sunday, October 5, 8 p.m. (213) 520-9111.

The Doobie Brothers, Inglewood Forum, Tuesday, October 14, 8 p.m. (213) 520-9111.

Roberta Flack, Redens Palace, Sunday, October 17, 8 p.m., 129 North Raymond, Pasadena, (213) 796-7001.



Cools PRESENTS THE 2nd ANNUAL LA JOLLA JAZZ FESTIVAL '80
OCTOBER 3-4-5

FRIDAY OCT 3 7:30 PM	SATURDAY OCT 4 1:00 PM	SUNDAY OCT 5 1:00 PM
"THE BEST OF SAN DIEGO JAZZ" SAN DIEGO ALL STAR JAZZ BAND 17 PIECE BIG BAND FEATURING JOE MARILLO, HOLLIS GENTRY, JIMMY CHEATHAM, GARY PACK, AND BERT TURETZKY	WOODY SHAW QUINTET No. 1 in Down Beat's trumpet poll, Grammy nominee. RANDY WESTON TRIO AFRICAN RHYTHMS ... some of the most compelling, irresistibly propulsive piano I've ever heard. San Francisco Chronicle TRINIDAD CALYPSO STEEL BAND	"FROM AFRICA TO THE BLUES" JOHN LEE HOOKER THE COAST TO COAST BLUES BAND JOHN HAMMOND ... one of the best blues singers and players in America today ... Cash Box MANDINGO GRIOT SOCIETY ... agile and gifted creators and preservers of African musical heritage. Down Beat 7:30 PM "THE ALTO SUMMIT" CHARLES McPHERSON QUINTET RICHEL COLE w/ THE JACK WILSON TRIO VI REDD & SONNY FORTUNE

ALL SHOWS AT OLD GLOBE FESTIVAL STAGE IN BALBOA PARK
SHARLON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

TICKET PRICES OCTOBER 3 - \$8.00 OCTOBER 4 MATINEE - \$8.00 OCTOBER 5 MATINEE - \$8.00
EVENING - \$10.00 EVENING - \$10.00

AVAILABLE AT: ALL SAN DIEGO AND LOS ANGELES TICKETRON OUTLETS. PHONE 714-565-9947. FURTHER INFORMATION - PHONE 469-1404

RESERVED TICKETS ON SALE

FREE PREVIEW CONCERT
EXUMA, THE OBEAH MAN-KING BISCUIT BLUES BAND-JOY OF SAX
SUNDAY, SEPT. 28-2:00 p.m. OLD GLOBE FESTIVAL STAGE

La Jolla Jazz Festival is a non-profit organization

CURRENT MOVIES

course dominates a cunning, menacing, attention-getting interpretation of a cunning, menacing, attention-getting character. 1976
** (Ken 10.1)

Ordinary People — The directorial debut of Robert Redford, an adaptation of the novel by Judith Guest, starring Donald Sutherland and Mary Tyler Moore.
(Valley Drive from 9:26)

Raise the Titanic — Director Jerry Jameson, having previously been assigned to relieve a crashed airliner from the ocean floor in AIRPORT '77, and having handled the job more too badly, is here given the rather task of resurrecting the long-lost Titanic, and he's not quite up to it — or is he? On, he gets the ship to New York at night — sixty years late, but he gets her there, hampers an ill-advised journey by one of those horrible fate of the world espionage plots. With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, and Anne Archer. 1980
** (Cinema 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 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THE READER PUZZLE

No. 125 Figures Of Speech

By Don Rubin

Each of the squiggles at the right represents a word. We've just connected their letters to screw you up.

Use your Is. You'll find that the alphabet below should provide you with all of the visual Qs you'll need, figuratively speaking.

The letters, of course, are already in proper sequence.

© 1980 Don Rubin

Rules of the Game

1. Prizes for solving the Reader Puzzle will be Reader T-shirts.

2. All entries in the Reader Puzzle contest must be received by the Reader (addressed to Reader Puzzle, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, CA 92138) by 9:00 a.m. Friday, eight days following the issue date.

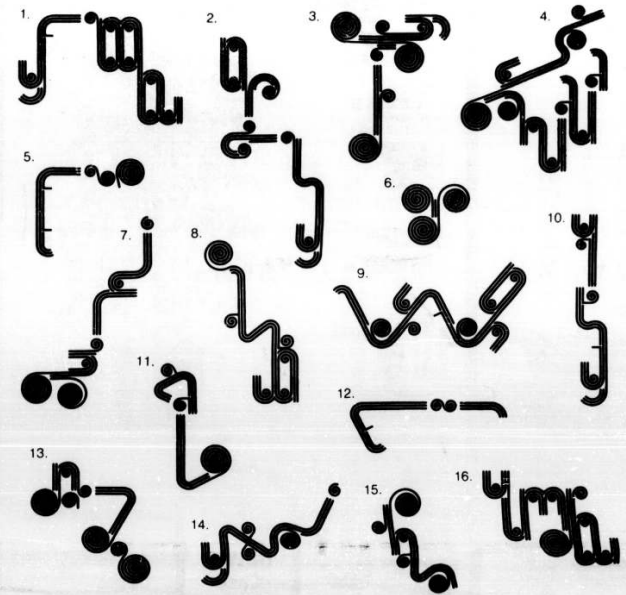
3. All entries must be accompanied by your name, address, and shirt size (S, M, L, XL).

4. Employees of the Reader and their immediate families are not eligible.

5. In the event of disputes or ties, decisions of the judges will be final, and arbitrary. We've only got five T-shirts a week to give away, so if there are more than five winners, we'll have a lottery.

6. All answers must be entered in the space allotted on the puzzle page. And please, no phone calls or trips to our office.

7. One entry per person.



a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1	5	9	13
2	6	10	14
3	7	11	15
4	8	12	16

Winners of and Answers to Reader Puzzle #123, Follow the Leader

Most of our readers could have used a little parental guidance in their efforts to unravel (in this case, ravel) the mysteries of Puzzle #123.

Losers outnumbered winners by nearly five to one. And we received only sixty-nine entries.

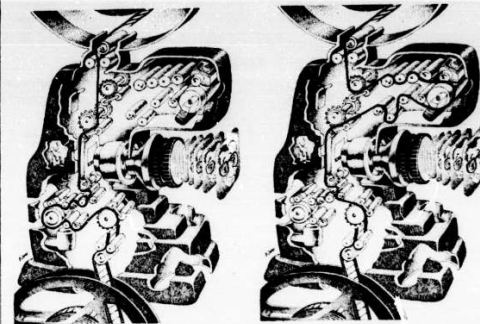
The film's path around the upper feed sprockets seemed to cause the most confusion, although many of you were left reeling at the gate.

When the screen went blank during My Brilliant Career last week at the Guild Theater, someone in the audience ran upstairs to the projection booth only to find projectionist Bill Richardson, sitting amidst growing piles of film, working

on this puzzle. Richardson was heard muttering something about threading our machine with a 3.5mm. mag-optical, dual print, "for back-up sound, in case the mag amplifier failed." (You can never be too careful, Bill.)

We accepted either or both of the routes, and awarded threads to the following folks:

1. Bill Richardson, San Diego
2. Steve Camargo, San Diego
3. Mr. Frank M. Stephenson, San Diego
4. Jim Napier, Mission Beach
5. Warren Flarity, Escondido



By Jeanne