

City Lights

Baby Sister

This particular teen-aged girl took her life savings, bought a one-way plane ticket from Minnesota to San Diego, and arrived at Lindbergh Field with twenty dollars in her purse and a seven-month-old fetus in her womb. She knew no one. After checking into the downtown YMCA, she called the Catholic diocese in a blind attempt at seeking help, and that's how she found Sister Barbara Welliver. Sister Barbara steered her to the diocese's home for unmarried mothers, and the nun says weeks passed before she thought to ask the girl why she had selected San Diego for her destination. "She told me, 'Because San Diego is as far as you can go without leaving the country.'"

"You see, there are still a number of people who really want privacy," continues the nun who directs the unwed-mothers home. "To go to Mexico would be scary, but San Diego is almost as far." The nun speaks from hard experience; more than 200 unmarried mothers have stayed at the home in the last nine years. Most have been from San Diego County, but they've also flocked here from every other state; from Ireland, from Germany. Besides its remote location, this city attracts unmarried mothers for another reason, according to the nun. She says San Diego fits plausibly into excuses about going west for fortune or fun. "If you lived back East and started to put on weight and went to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, everyone would know that you were pregnant," she says with a glint of humor.

A large, easygoing woman in her fifties, Sister Barbara is a former X-ray and laboratory technician who converted to Catholicism at the age of twenty-three and joined a convent at twenty-seven. She recalls another case a year or so ago in which the pregnant young woman was so concerned about privacy that she feared even going to the nun's office in the Catholic Community Services building downtown on Cedar. "She was from a very prominent family. Went to a local university. If she had come here, people would have recognized her. She'd gotten to six months without showing. Then she moved into the home, and one of our first concerns was that people who knew her might notice when she went to her doctor after she began to show." The eventual solution: outfitting the young woman with a wig. "She didn't go shopping in Fashion Valley in it or anything that risks, but she wore it when she had to go out, and it changed her appearance just enough."

The nun mentions another resident of the home who came even closer to having her secret revealed. Her name was Vivian and she had lived to her parents in Pennsylvania. When she left home (about five months pregnant and still not showing), she had told them she was coming out to live with two friends who were working



Sister Barbara Welliver

in La Jolla. Once installed in the home, she talked to her parents regularly by phone, and shortly before the baby's birth, she mentioned to her father, a car dealer, that she wanted to buy a car soon. Just one week later, he called back, told her he'd found just the car, and that the boy next door would be driving it out immediately. "It was a close call," the nun remembers. "He was to arrive on the following Saturday. But as it turned out, she had the baby on Tuesday and got out of the hospital on Friday. One of the girls in the house drove her to her friends' place in La Jolla, where she met the boy and accepted the car. She even went out dancing that night!"

Sister Barbara doesn't live at the maternity home but only shows up in activities. She says the lack of a "housemother" is one feature that distinguishes the home from older, grimmer maternity establishments. In fact, when the nun first began counseling unmarried mothers eleven years ago, she says, "people were closing maternity homes all over the country. They were sort of going out of style." In San Diego, the only institutional alternative was the Salvation Army's Door of

Hope, which then catered to younger teen-agers (now it accepts them exclusively). Seeing a need, Sister Barbara got the diocese to rent a house in East San Diego in 1972. "We started with box springs on the floor. Five girls moved in right away." Since then several other locations have served the unmarried mothers, and about five years ago the diocese finally bought the current building in a quiet block off State Street in Middle Town. Deceptively cramped-looking from the street, the structure contains several rooms of communal living space, plus four bedrooms usually shared by two women apiece. Currently the building shelters seven and a half occupants, the nun says.

The "half" is tiny Christopher Erin, almost eight weeks old, now suckling contentedly at the breast of his nineteen-year-old mother, Susie (not her real name). Susie has long brown hair, fair skin, a bright smile, and freckles that reveal her Irish

ancestry. The second of five children, she grew up in Vista, where she juggled a dozen activities — studying animal husbandry at a community college, working, teaching religion classes, and occasionally playing guitar at her church's folk mass. All that changed one day last October when Susie went to the doctor for a routine appointment — and learned that she was four months pregnant and a half month pregnant. The news so shocked her that she told her horrified parents that evening. "At first they were going to send me out to Arizona, where I have an aunt who's a lady midwife, but I vetoed that idea." At her parents' insistence, Susie planned to relinquish the child, and agreed to move out of the family home. "It would have been tense if I had stayed there. They didn't tell my younger sisters I was pregnant until Christmas, and my little brother still doesn't know." So Susie moved into Sister Barbara's home at the end of

October. A week and a half before delivery, Susie decided to keep her baby (in the face of her father's threats to disown her). "I just started thinking about all I'd gone through... I decided that he [the baby] was mine." Since the child's birth, Susie's parents have dramatically relented. "That's not uncommon," Sister Barbara observes dryly. "Sometimes it's easier to accept your daughter with a baby in her arms than to accept your daughter with a big tummy."

Collette, sitting nearby Susie in the home's cozy living room, looks dubious at the thought of her parents ever forgiving her transgression. "You don't know the Portuguese!" she says. A petite blond with delicate features, the eighteen-year-old grew up just a few blocks away from this building; she was living with her parents when she broke the news to them about her pregnancy. At first they pleaded with her to have an abortion, and when she refused, they ordered her out of their house. They also demanded that she conceal her condition from relatives and friends, a tricky request since relatives of Collette's father live next door to the maternity home. Collette says she gamely snuck in and out of the home for a while. "But all my relatives know now. Plus, I don't see what difference it makes because I'm going to keep the baby, even though my mother says if I keep it she won't have anything to do with me."

Like Collette, Margaret also has no doubts about keeping her child. She was once married, and during that time she suffered three miscarriages. Now she's particularly determined to deliver a healthy baby. She says when she found out that she was pregnant, she vowed to rest and take care of herself. She held a part-time job for a while, but now has turned to state welfare assistance, from which she (and most of the home's other residents) receives about \$385 a month. Margaret's here because of the low rent.

Sister Barbara charges eighty dollars a month (though she says she's never turned a penniless woman away), and that figure includes utilities. Each woman buys her own food and contributes ten dollars a month to a house fund, which pays for common supplies. At twenty-eight, Margaret is also the oldest current resident of the home. (The oldest ever was thirty-three, but most of the women are between eighteen and twenty-five.) The youngest of the moment is Jay,

seventeen-year-old Alice, whose plump, pale face still is touched by traces of teen-age acne. In contrast to Margaret, Alice declares forthrightly that she will place her baby up for adoption. "I'm not ready to take care of it."

Although her pregnancy deeply distressed her Catholic parents, Alice says the first thing they told her was not to have an abortion, a decision Alice had already made. Since then Alice has transferred to a special education program for pregnant minors at Garfield High School in Normal Heights, from which she'll graduate this June. But because she plans on giving up the child, she wants only a limited number of people to know about her pregnancy. "My immediate family knows. But there are certain people around my neighborhood [in Clairemont], for instance, who I wouldn't want to know."

Sister Barbara says about eighty-five percent of the women who've stayed at the house over the years end up keeping their babies, a decision she neither pushes nor discourages. In contrast, she actively lobbies against an abortion or request a hearing, at which they may obtain a two-year extension. Implicit in the extension is the owner's agreement to conform to the sign ordinance by March of 1983. The imperiled dragon has a lot of company. Ray Drug Company on the corner of Fifth and University; roof signs and projecting signs are too big,

Some Discouraging Signs

The giant gold neon dragon that spits red balls of fire and flashes the name of Jimmy Wong's Golden Dragon Chinese restaurant in Hillcrest may soon be struck asunder. One of approximately 3700 commercial business signs in San Diego that don't conform to the city's sign ordinance, the twenty-five-year-old dragon is an outlaw on two counts: it flashes and it's too big in relation to the amount of frontage the restaurant inhabits along University Avenue, between Fourth and Fifth.

Jimmy Wong's sign, like most other signs in the city that are in any way remarkable, has reached the end of a nine-year grace period invoked in 1972 when the sign ordinance took effect. Beginning March 1 of this year, on-premise commercial signs erected before 1972 which don't meet the complicated specifications in the ordinance are illegal. The owners of the signs have until April 15 to either conform to the law or request a hearing, at which they may obtain a two-year extension. Implicit in the extension is the owner's agreement to conform to the sign ordinance by March of 1983.

The imperiled dragon has a lot of company. Ray Drug Company on the corner of Fifth and University; roof signs and projecting signs are too big,

and only one or the other is permissible. Pernicano's Italian Restaurant, with entrances on Fifth and Sixth; more than one roof sign (illegal), more than one projecting sign (illegal), and a gallery of wall signs, all too big because roof or projecting signs are present. A couple of doors down from Pernicano's, the Guild Theater: two projecting signs, one on Fifth and one behind the theater facing Sixth, one of which has to go. Same with Hillcrest Stationers just up the street: the owners must choose between a wall sign on Fifth or the one facing Sixth. And the Chicken Pie Shop at Fifth and Robinson? Forget it. Too much wall sign. Across the street, Mayfair's free-standing sign rising up out of the parking lot is too tall and too big. The list goes on to include Sears on University, the Lafayette Hotel/Office Building on El Cajon Boulevard, the Arizona Bowl on Thirtieth, several Mission Valley hotels and motels, Bully's East on Camino del Rio South, and the Hudson Oil Co. gas station at University and Texas, whose mural-like signs are now illegal.

Wong's dragon can spit all the fire it wants, but eventually it has to conform by either coming down or shrinking. "Why appeal if you can only get extended to 1983?" figures Gary Wong, who assists his father in running the restaurant. But like most other proprietors, Jimmy Wong will probably ask for the extension. For many,



Jimmy Wong

fiddling with their signs will be a major hardship, financially and otherwise. "My suggestion," says one official

in the city's sign department, "is to apply for the extension and then sell out." — N.M.



Rick Williamson

O'Problems

O'Hungry's is an Irish pub located at the intersection of San Diego Avenue and Twigg Street in Old Town, and Rick Williamson is a manager there. Local officials of the state's Alcohol Beverage Control Department recently rejected an application by O'Hungry's for a more liberal liquor license because the pub lies just a few feet inside a certain census tract, news which distinctly dampened the club's St.

Patrick's Day celebrations Tuesday.

Williamson says that last year, in fact, O'Hungry's fended the Irish saint for three days and drew a combined crowd of some 3000 people. Not long afterward, the state's alcohol control people cited the pub, pointing out that O'Hungry's was staying open until 11:30 p.m. (instead of 11:00 p.m., as dictated by the club's beer-and-wine license).

Furthermore, O'Hungry's also was violating a rule by applying the folk music that is the pub's staple. Williamson says the club paid the \$500 fine but also applied for an expansion of the license. It took until this past December

for the ABC to turn down that application (whereupon O'Hungry's reined in its plans for this year's St. Patrick's Day). The pub appealed the decision at a hearing two weeks ago and heard about the census tract problem then.

Williamson says that the appeals hearing the alcohol control officials explained that one reason for rejecting a liquor license expansion is if the establishment applying for the change is located in a census tract with a higher-than-average crime rate, and one which already contains a large number of liquor licenses. In O'Hungry's case, the boundary between the two census tracts runs down the middle of San Diego Avenue. Although the census tract across the street principally includes the sedate streets of Mission Hills, the census tract containing O'Hungry's takes in part the rowdy Midway/Rosecrans area, and thus many crimes are reported in the overall area.

Williamson says he's heard that the appeals court may take any where from four weeks to four months to reach its decision. The manager's hope, as he waits for that decision, is that support for the pub will sway the appeals court judge. "Every single one of our immediate neighbors has signed a petition supporting the change of our license — including the monsignor at the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception directly across the street," Williamson says.

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— Jeannette DeVries and Neal Matthews



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The Man Who Would Be Duncan

Well it finally happened. I've only been reading *The Reader* for the past seven months, sometimes in agony, sometimes in agreement, but the one thing that has been consistent is his hate mail. It seemed inevitable that either (a) Duncan Shepherd would be strung up by an angry mob of Clint Eastwood fans or (b) he would start firing back as he did in "Dear Mr." on March 12. The third option, in which a heartless editor tosses poor Mr. Shepherd into the street, is not a viable alternative because the editor isn't going to toss away a gold mine.

A gold mine? Yes, in short, Mr. Shepherd has become the critic you love to hate, not unlike John Simon. As a realist I know that even if Mr. Shepherd's hate mail were running into the hundreds each week, the *Reader* would keep him on the staff. Only if the editor, the publisher, and the advertisers wrote the letters would we see Mr. Shepherd turned out into the cold. The much maligned Mr. Shepherd has become somewhat notorious and in becoming notorious has drawn attention to himself and his work, thus producing a he-yes-you-yes-read-what-he-wrote-this-week type of following, which I suspect makes up a large part of the following (not that there aren't people who think very highly of his writing, but they seem to be a minority).

My own initial reaction to Mr. Shepherd's work was typical. Who is this guy and why is he saying all these nasty things? However, as a frequent flinger, I've read numerous film reviews by numerous critics and I've come to a basic understanding in my own mind about them. One of the most blatant misconceptions is that critics (Mr. Shepherd in particular) hate all upon us and only can find flaws in the films they review.

The simple truth is that the vast majority of films are not very

high quality, just as the vast majority of books are not destined to become classics. Critics, one should keep in mind, are human beings (I realize that may come as a surprise to some readers). On occasion I've agreed with Mr. Shepherd and even have felt that his comments weren't strong enough. Other times, as in the case of *Apocalypse*, I totally disagree with him and feel that he misjudged the movie. My point is this, critics, even Mr. Shepherd, are human beings making human judgments about human efforts and therefore are subject to human emotions. No two people are ever going to feel the same way about every movie they see. If I were in total agreement with Mr. Shepherd, I would be him, which means I've been filing two tax returns instead of one and in general leading a double life.

The biggest fault, in my estimation, is Mr. Shepherd's style of writing. I regret that I cannot be "original," but he keeps making the same mistake. Mr. Shepherd's writing is "pompous." (There's that word again!) I find myself more or less wading through his words making references

Letters

to obscure films by even more obscure directors whom I have never heard of, and, yes, I do know something about films. Mr. Shepherd's writing style suggests that perhaps he is paid a penny per word and he is attempting to become a millionaire by 1982. Of all the reviewers I've read, including John Simon, Gene Siskel, Roger Ebert, Charles Champlin, and just about any other major critic, you care to name, none has been as heavy-handed with the English language as Duncan Shepherd. A film review in a weekly newspaper should not read like it belongs in a textbook for advanced film criticism. I'm not asking for lowered standards, merely a rejection in the rhetoric. What Mr.

Shepherd needs is a strong editor who can help him eliminate unnecessary prose. Just to show I'm a nice guy I would like to say that Mr. Shepherd through his reviews has displayed that he is extremely knowledgeable when it comes to filmmaking. He obviously takes his work very seriously and has worked hard at it and hopefully will continue to do so.

Craig Lichtenhauer
La Jolla

David And The Dots

If the wording of this letter is somewhat erratic, and difficult to understand, be patient; a person who has just had half of what he considers to be malleable facts of life swept off the table in one fell swoop is entitled to some feeling of displacement.

There are three things I always felt were inescapable: taxes, death, and the fact that Duncan Shepherd is a pompous, superficial, egomaniac who wouldn't know a good (or bad) film if it walked up and relieved itself on his Gaccis. Now you have undone all of this (except, perhaps, death and taxes). When I picked up my copy of your paper, I turned to the review section with a sneer of malicious glee and anticipation, eagerly scanning the columns for the ridiculous and misplaced black dots and stars — but wait! Can this be? I rubbed outside to see if the moon had taken on a sinister blue tint, but it glared down with its characteristic paleness. Returning to the paper, my senses reeling, I read some of the reviews.

He gave *Paper* a black dot — correct. Beginner's luck. I told myself, I continued. He gave *Freaky Friday* three stars — perfectly acceptable. I began to persevere. He gave *Up In Smoke* a black dot! Exactly! I was visibly shaking now. He not only gave *Fanny Girl* a dot, but made a very astute remark about Omar Sharif's skin tone! In short, I found myself nodding in agreement with all but one of the reviewer's read.

Oh! cruel, deceitful Duncan!

You have taken away one of my great joys of Thursdays, and removed the main reason for reading this paper. All is lost.

David H. Thompson
Normal Heights

The Critical Blot

That's it. That hangs it. Get out my boxing gloves, Kathy; I'll molder do him.

I've tried. I've really tried to control myself while reading Duncan Shepherd's columns. But this last self-indulgent excursion into rampant egotism has been too much. Old Dunky's creed of the constant stream of base mail he's been getting — so what does he do? Why, lash out at his accusers in what has got to be one of the most self-righteous, self-impressed examples of literary pettiness I have ever been my displeasure to read.

Shepherd characterizes his detractors as churlish, cocky, infants who either never made it past third grade or have jumped on the "Dunk Duncan" bandwagon with the same mindless faddishness associated with the rise of skateboards or disco.

And upon what does he base this evaluation (which is, itself, rather base)? Why, the very fact that they do have the temerity to take exception to his material. His how-to-write-a-nasty-letter guide was an act of condescension and smugness that is staggering in its extreme. Duncan would spend his time more profitably by creating and following — a guide detailing the responsibilities of a reviewer.

Since Dunky is so fond of his characteristic paleness, and for the many examples of mind-screwing arrogance perpetrated in his last column.

Duncan has clearly stated that he frankly doesn't give a whit about the other reviewer's articles, and features that appear in the *Reader*. His sole concern is that his own views are published. As a sometimes *Reader* writer myself, I take personal umbrage at this, and wish that someone would tell Duncan down and explain to him that the *Reader* does not exist primarily for his edification and to engender his sense of self-worth, which is already quite sufficient to blot out the sun if it ever got out of control (assuming that it already hasn't, that is, which is a considerable assumption indeed).

Second, he expresses an attitude of "good riddance" to those who, having reached the limit of their tolerance, cease reading his columns altogether. Assuming that it is the purpose of newspaper writing to inform and educate its readership, such a blithe writing-off of the public is not only unprofessional, but it is totally reprehensible as well. A writer who encourages or glorifies in his readership's lack of reading will soon find himself without any audience at all.

Duncan further fails to realize that this turning-off of readers has a fallout effect that goes beyond his columns. Duncan's foray into sobriety have given other critics a bad name by virtue (so to speak) of association. He is a blabbering reputation smasher; he makes a plague upon the earth. Other critics employed by the local media with whom I've spoken feel the same way, and they too, have no qualms about effecting which I will characterize thusly: For over five years I have been actively engaged in a film and television reviewer for a variety of print and electronic media, most recently at KSDO. Newsradio for over two years. Throughout a bulk of that time, whenever I've mentioned that particular vocabulary to someone I've met, the unfolding reaction has been, "Ugh, you mean like Duncan Shepherd?"

Finally, Duncan seems to find it totally incomprehensible that readers should urge his

(continued on page 28)

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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
I don't know just how to do this. I read your letter from Patti P. I know you are not running a placement agency but if there is a way to contact her I would like to. I work nights, like my job, and am not a crank or doing this for some strange reason. Working mostly six nights a week and following the stock market during the day, I simply don't go out much. I don't know what kind of mail you get but this is not a joke.
D.S.P.

Pacific Beach

This is one of five letters I received this week in response to Patti P.'s complaint that the men in San Diego aren't worth a second date. The other writers were a physician, a runner, a Mormon, and a six-foot-five, 200-pound, twenty-nine-year-old policeman. Since your letter to me gave no return address, Ms. P., you'll have to get in touch with me again to learn who's interested in you. (And incidentally this is the last time I'll handle such correspondence; that's what our classifieds are for.) So, Ms. P., send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope, please, or better yet, on March 25 when my, uh, roommate is away, you could... maybe like... drop by the office around 10:00 p.m. and we could... I don't know... go shoot pool or watch the planes land or...

Dear Matthew Alice:

You said you'd tell me where I could get a wig made from my own hair.

A.P.

La Jolla

Bruce Geller, a wigmaker for the San Francisco Opera, might be willing to do the work. He estimates the minimum cost at \$500. He lives at 73 Waller, San Francisco 94102. He says, by the way, that classes in wigmaking have just been started through Richard Stead at the opera.

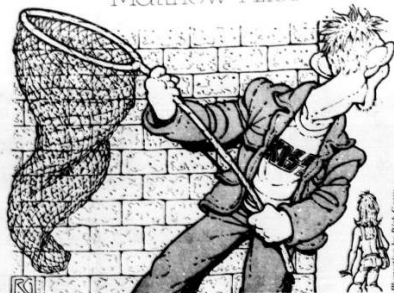


Illustration by Rick Garry

Stead's number is 415-861-4008, extension 154.

Dear Matthew Alice:

I have several ideas for programs dealing with health, education, nutrition, and child development, which I think would be well suited to development for cable TV. Are you aware of any companies in the San Diego area that are currently involved in producing programs for cable TV on a syndication basis, or of any companies that might be interested in my ideas?

Janice Saunders

Corral

Do you remember the doors of school auditoriums, how heavy they were, and how when they were closed they had such an immovable appearance that when you walked up and tugged on the handle it was

that require only one set and a basic crew to aim the cameras and switch the lights on and off. Barbara Finn-Presley, who used to own Mickie Finn's nightclub on University Avenue and also hosted the *Middy* show on KSDO-AM, produces a syndicated talk show at Western Video. The show takes advantage of the business situations that many cable stations find themselves in, with air time to fill but no money to pay for original programming. Finn-Presley lets the stations run her half-hour program in exchange for nothing more than four minutes of air time that the stations could otherwise sell for commercials. And instead of trying to sell the air time to someone else, Finn-Presley uses it to advertise health and self-improvement products which her company has an interest in. The program, called *Good Livin'*, brings on four or five people to talk about ways to improve one's self, with commercials in between that are "thematic" related to the interviews," said Finn-Presley. Some of the advertised products are vitamins, a calorie counter, and a mini-ping-pong game. They may be ordered through a mailing catalogue or a toll-free number. Finn-Presley's show is distributed through the network of one of her business partners, Don Kirsner. "To anyone who wants to get into cable TV production specifically, I could only suggest getting a job at a cable station and working into production from there," said Finn-Presley. "It's like anything else: you set on your general area of interest and work toward it any way you can, and when the opportunity's there, so are you."

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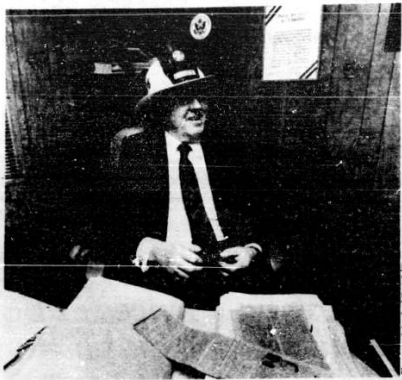
EMPIRE & DYNASTY

(continued from page 1)

ticularly trust. They needed a hard-working, honest man capable of running an efficient department on a frugal budget and who could start immediately. "We were just lucky that he was poor and hard up and needed a job," says Ray Grist, who, twenty-four years later, is still on the fire board. "We were no experts, we had no philosophical background to deal with. We had all just gotten mixed up in it and our first impression of him was that he knew what he was doing. We thought we had a good man, and inside of six months we knew."

Rancho Santa Fe had about 350 homes then, which didn't provide much of a tax base to fund the department, and the local residents didn't want to pay any more than they had to for fire protection, so Fox had to be careful of each dollar he spent. And though pleased with his appointment, he didn't relish his return to the harder duties it entailed; he had worked that end of the profession before.

Fox had been formally trained in England, which had training quite unlike America, where hanging around the firehouse could lead to a job as an on-call volunteer, and eventually to a couple of shifts a week. He'd been graduated from the Institution of Fire Engineers, where he received a diploma that, to him, was "just like a doctor's or lawyer's." The English service at the time was highly regimented and young Fox was subject to announced white-glove inspections and strict protocol. He addressed his superiors with "Sir" and he jumped to their commands. At the outbreak of World War II he was attached to the Ash Street Fire Station, situated in one of the most densely populated areas of Manchester, an inland port east of Liverpool and connected to the Irish Sea by a thirty-five mile shipping canal. Within the city were located strategic munitions and engineering plants, and thus it became an important target during the Nazi aerial attacks of 1940 and '41. Fox was among the men who worked night and day to save Manchester from flames; he recalls forty-nine successive nights of incendiary bombing. Later, he took charge of a pump crew in nearby industrial Birmingham. The English learned a lot about



Rancho's security patrol, which also was under Fox's supervision. When the plumbing broke or a snake was discovered, a call to Jim Fox brought out able-bodied firemen eager to help. A cat in a tree, an overflowing sewer — there was no job so big or small that Jim Fox refused to respond. And after he instituted 911 emergency dialing, making the Rancho one of the very few communities in the nation with such service, the firehouse was only three digits away. Fox had succeeded in making his station the center of one of America's wealthiest towns, and he was undeniably the center of the fire station. Foxes thought of him as the mayor, as though a snapshot of Jim Fox climbing out on a limb to rescue a terrified kitten was forever frozen in the public mind. Some felt they owed their lives to Chief Fox; they all entrusted him with their peace of mind, and many with the keys to their front door.

Photograph by Jeff Fox, Rancho Santa Fe

fire fighting during those hectic months of continuous bombing, and Fox would not forget. "A lot of it was trial and error," he recalls. "We had different authorities each going their different ways, nothing was standardized." Fox arrived in Birmingham with Manchester equipment, only to discover that the two would not couple, and his pump crew watched sections of Birmingham burn to the ground as they stood by helplessly with the wrong-size nozzle. "There's nothing more disconcerting than not being able to function because your equipment won't marry," he says. Before the war was over, England had consolidated its 1550 separate fire departments into one agency, and after the war, the great majority of departments continued under the central authority of a single government employee. By the time he emigrated, Jim Fox was an officer in charge of training; he barked to recruits the orders he had once followed himself; he commanded the respect he used to give.

Surviving his wife and sons in Rancho Santa Fe was a far cry from the days of regimen and glory. "I'd gone through the business of polishing brass and the boot camp. I'd come from being a commandant of one of the biggest training schools in England. And I come here and I'm back to polishing brass. From a big city, to come down is a . . . what can you say . . . a step back to the Dark Ages." Once the equipment was shipped and the station housed out, he couldn't help but recall the earlier days of polishing floors in the officers' quarters at Manchester, of watching his peers bring their leaders the afternoon tea. He liked that aspect of the service and he wanted to bring it to the Rancho. Despite his humble beginnings, the place could be turned around.

The Rancho grew slowly. By 1980 it was home to about 4000, a place, as Fox once said, where "only people with money can live" — expensive doctors and more expensive lawyers, successful executives and retired celebrities, patrons of the arts and patrons of politicians. And each of these wealthy and powerful residents had at least one thing in common: when they needed help, they called Jim Fox. If the house caught fire, a call to Fox brought out a fire crew in one of his custom-made engines. A heart attack summoned one of Fox's ambulances. Their burglar alarms fed directly to the station, alerting the

you very definitely worked for Jim Fox.

Wilbur Poncho worked for Fox until one day his heart gave out and he was rushed to Scripps Hospital and put under intensive care. He was retired from the fire service while in his hospital bed. Poncho's weak heart was not news to him or Fox, for he'd been Rancho Santa Fe's "county" deputy sheriff before his condition led to early retirement. He had once worked as a volunteer fireman and was a licensed electrician, so Fox, who had the authority to do so, hired him as the captain of the Solana Beach fire station, which was then undergoing some administrative changes. The Solana Beach fire board had dismissed its chief in 1964 and immediately asked Rancho Santa Fe if it could borrow Chief Fox for a few months while they straightened things out. It didn't take the Solana Beach board long to recognize Fox's talents — he quickly showed them how to pare their budget by a third. Impressed, they asked to keep him aboard and Fox agreed to divide his energy between the two departments.

Poncho (who pronounces his name poncho) put his construction experience to use as the inspector of the town's buildings, making sure they met fire codes. He admits he didn't think much of Fox's leadership and objected to the public harangues he and his men endured, but he liked the job and didn't confront his chief. Then in early 1971, a devastating fire broke out of Solana Beach condos and he had to take the blame. Poncho faulted the local water district, which, he says, turned off crucial hydrants some time that afternoon without informing the station. The scenario was a little baffling to him, and equally frustrating were Fox's orders to shoulder the blame and not create animosity. Poncho recalls the pressure put on him after that fire and the daily telephone calls from Fox, screams he tried to ignore. But then one day Poncho sat down at the station and told his men he was having another heart attack.

No one heard from him for several years after his disability retirement, and then in 1976 the *San Diego Citizen* received and printed a letter written by Poncho from his home in Jefferson, Texas, in which he belatedly confessed to the people of Solana Beach that he had falsified fire reports under orders from Chief Fox. It was the first time anyone had suggested that the chief might not pass a white-glove inspection, and it caused a stir. Poncho, still living in Texas, claimed that just prior to a 1969 grading of the fire station by an insurance

Fox had succeeded in making his station the center of one of America's wealthiest towns, and he was undeniably the center of the fire station. Some felt they owed their lives to him; they entrusted him with their peace of mind, and many with the keys to their front door.

association, Fox ordered him and the men on duty to begin a meticulous search through fire reports of the past years. Any reports that might have damaged the department's rating with the insurance association were to be destroyed and new, altered ones created. Though Poncho's conscience troubled him for what he took to be fraud, to others, the alleged actions seemed nothing more than victimless crimes meted out against the insurance companies. Even in denying the accusation today, Fox downplays any possible illegality: "I mean, when all's said and done, he writes in to say I fudged — not for any personal gain, you understand — but to help us get a lower grade. I mean, if I'd done that . . . my history over the years has indicated I didn't do that, because I've had different people who've evaluated it." Several groups did look into Poncho's charges and none could find any corroboration from firemen or department records. The Solana Beach Fire Board assigned Fox himself to investigate, the county grand jury conducted three interviews, and the district attorney's office took note.

Poncho says he never expected that documents would have been left around to prove his allegation, and he believes rumors that they were burned by firemen. Fox has his own theories of why Poncho would bother to bring up a seven-year-old charge. "He was prompted by somebody else, really, just to get at me," says the chief. "He had a history of that kind of thing, complaining about things that were for the fact, really, I have to feel a bit sorry for him. He's sick, physically sick. He may be a little bit mentally, but I don't know. I can't say that, I'm just qualifying the fact that one never understands the reasons for these things." Fox recalls giving Poncho a job when he was in need of work. "Now he's living on a good pension on account of us, on account of a heart attack. He's doing very well I guess. Ditched his first wife, which I was very unhappy about." The confrontation with Poncho's charges was a prelude to more

serious troubles for Fox. Of his most determined detractors, the paramedics, he says, "If that whole story was published it would make your hair curl." Fox started ambulance service through his department in 1968. The Rancho, geographically isolated and populated with many elderly people, needed more reliable emergency care than that provided by privately operated services some miles away. Fox had the idea for a "Hospital on Wheels," as he called it, similar to the British ambulance corps he'd known. He sold the concept to a man on the Rancho who gave him \$15,000 toward building an ambulance, and to the county board of supervisors, which put \$23,000 toward creation of a special ambulance district. Fox's innovative idea was well received. He and his men bought two ambulances (from converted delivery vans) and Fox wore his third hat: chief of an ambulance district. In 1975, under a federal grant, his five ambulance drivers went to school and became full-fledged paramedics. When they returned to Fox's command, with three additional paramedics, they felt they had no true allegiance to Fox or his rules, and saw no purpose in his constant reminders. They were confronted daily with this beleaguered chief, a man who looked over them no differently than he did over his firemen, who told the paramedics they'd be nowhere if not for him. Those were fighting words to some of them, who had put themselves through school without even knowing of a Chief Fox. They thought him a despot who was damaging their highly sophisticated service.

Bob May was there from the beginning, starting as an ambulance driver and leaving in anger and frustration eight years later to work in construction. By then, the firemen weren't allowed to speak to the paramedics, who were taking their complaints to the county, the public, and the media. (One fireman who was friendly with some paramedics quit rather than abide by that rule.) May says he was tired of the politics and "the bullshit that goes on in an atmosphere of mistrust and tension. You never knew who was going to talk to the chief and what would be said. Occasionally, your conversations were overheard and soon the chief would learn of it, and then there'd be trouble." Fox encouraged his men to tell him of any discussion within the ranks. May says, "He was the kind of person who would lead you on, assure you it would be in the strictest confidence. Sooner or later, though, it would be all over." Pat Morgan, a paramedic under Fox for three years, describes the chief's tactics as "divide and conquer." "He'd get you alone in his office and tell you what a shooles everybody else was, but that you were all right," Morgan recalls. "Then he'd tell you things another paramedic supposedly told him about you. That way he'd create mistrust. Inner turmoil was to him a benefit. He took great pains to keep us subservient to him." The paramedics resisted, and sought out anyone who would listen.

The local press in the San Diego area (roughly, from Leucadia south to Del Mar) has always been competitive; at any time less than three newspapers have contended for the same market. During the paramedic revolt, they were the *San Diego Citizen*, a weekly headquartered in San Diego Beach; the *San Diego Post*, published twice weekly in Encinitas; and the *San Diego Extra*, a short-lived attempt by the daily *Oceanside Blade-Tribune* to reach south of the last two papers. The paramedic issue closely, and many of the reporters heard for the first time what it was like to work for Jim Fox. "It was like an English castle system," one fireman said. "You're one of the sergeants and you work. They're [Chief Fox and his son Peter] one of the lords and they're above you. It's their heritage." Then, to get the other side, reporters talked to the chief. If he suspected an uncompensated story was in the making, he'd often as not berate the writers, challenge their right to question his authority, and thereby reinforce every unflattering description of Fox they'd heard from his disgruntled staff. The paramedics and the press then became close, too close. Reporters and paramedics took to drinking and partying together, and Fox soon suspected it went even further. He had a hunch that a convincing, unimpeachable argument to convince the county to move them from Fox's jurisdiction in Solana Beach to Encinitas, thus the issue of response time was raised, and one highly touted report was issued showing that by moving the service north, more

(continued on page 10)

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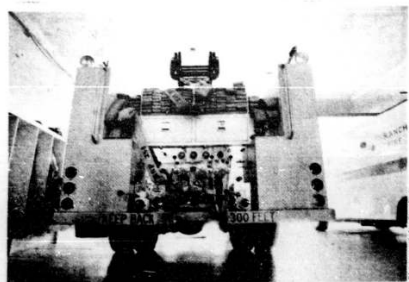
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EMPIRE DYNASTY

(continued from page 5)

people could be reached more quickly. That issue remained unresolved for months, and in the summer of 1977, four of the original five paramedics quit. Bill Ardizzone ("Fox has made the department a most miserable environment to work in," he wrote), Jeff Smith ("Our supervision was unequalled, without respect and... often degrading and demoralizing"), Bob May ("For the sake of my mental health"), and James Alexander, who suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of pressure on the job. The walkout left one survivor of the original group, Mike Warner, who would later try to interest the county grand jury in his experiences. Warner also went to the Encinitas fire board for help, and they subsequently threatened to bolt from Fox's ambulance district unless the moral problem was solved. Because of that, Ray Grist, who was also on the ambulance advisory board, tried unsuccessfully to have Warner fired. Grist had befriended Fox early on and since then had defended his friend whenever it was needed. Grist describes himself as a simple bean farmer, though he is far from simple. A personal friend of State Senator William Crockett and Assemblyman Robert Frazee, and a man with influence among county supervisors, Grist holds a lot of the cards in San Diego politics. He is presently a member of the Rancho fire board, the Santa Fe Irrigation District board, the Rancho Santa Fe Association board, the Boys Club board, and the Red Cross board. He has served on the San Diego Planning Group and, for thirty-two years, was on the board of the Bean Growers of California. He grows lima beans, which his wife cooks layered with brown sugar and bacon. ("No bean made is good to eat straight," he says.) While other farmers



Photograph by Jim Grist

"crap shoot" with specialty crops. Grist has been taking lima beans to the warehouse for fifty consecutive years. He owns some 350 acres within the Rancho fire district, some of it in prime location for future development. And he has already profited from one classy suburb of the Rancho, a development called Fairbanks Ranch.

Despite his business and political acumen, Grist can get aggravated when he works with people who don't see things his way. At meetings he can be abusive and occasionally disruptive. During the height of the ambulance board controversy, Chief Fox sat passively in the audience while Ray Grist hurled the barbs. He once tried to boot a Channel 8 camera crew from a meeting, and he could upbraid a reporter quite nicely from his seat on the podium. Grist knew of the cozy relations between the paramedics and the press, and when, in the midst of this challenge to Jim Fox, a story about a "phony fire station" appeared in the *San Diego Union*, Grist became infuriated. "I can tell you this," he said soon afterward, "before this thing is over, three or four people are going to

lose their jobs. From the *Blade-Tribune* right on down south." The *Coast Dispatch* headlined the story, "Grist Says Reporters' Heads Will Roll," and not much later, some reporters had "Heads Will Roll" T-shirts made up.

When Village Park, a large development just east of Encinitas across Interstate 5, annexed into the Rancho fire district rather than the closer Encinitas district (it was contiguous with both, but Rancho's rates were lower), feelings between the two departments grew strained. Encinitas firemen saw Fox as feathering his nest at their expense, and knowing as they did that the press would willingly go after Jim Fox, they decided to sling some mud. Some of them told Nancy Cleland, then a reporter for the *Extra*, a story involving an insurance inspector who, while checking out Encinitas, accidentally opened a map which showed a fire station built in Village Park. The inspector, firemen said, thought it was an Encinitas station because it was so close, but then realized he was looking at a Rancho fire district map. Village Park's station, in fact, had yet to be built. Recalling Poncho's charges and suspect-

ing malfeasance on the part of Fox and his department (the inclusion of a fire station on the Village Park map would have lowered the homeowners' insurance rates), Cleland wrote the story. She then reported what she knew to the district attorney's office and they interviewed one another. "We have a file on [Fox] that rambles on and on," District Attorney Edwin Miller said during the investigation. "We just can't go anywhere with it."

The firemen's story, however, was difficult to believe. Trying to fool an insurance inspector with an empty lot would be a nitwitted scheme at best. The D.A. found nothing, but reporters found that the battle lines between them and Fox were now clearly drawn. Fox was convinced the press was intent on his demise.

The paramedics finally won a victory before the ambulance board; Fox's interpretation of response times lost out to one that was more precisely substantiated. At that meeting some reporters wore their "Heads Will Roll" T-shirts under their coats. The paramedics and some press went out drinking afterward and there was a sense of mutual accomplishment. But that decision, though some two years in the making, was promptly overturned on August 1, 1978 by the county in a 4-0 vote in which North County supervisor Lee Taylor was pivotal. Taylor said he respected the wishes of James Fox, his friend for two decades, and the admittedly uniformed supervisors followed his lead. After the vote, Nancy Cleland, who admits she had become personally involved in the battle, broke down and cried. Within nine months, enough paramedics had quit that communities in the area were forced to contract with a private service. Rancho and Solana Beach still have their own ambulances, and other departments have followed their example.

Though cast as the villain throughout the episode, Jim Fox was still immensely popular on the Ranch, and no small part of the admiration he received was due to his efficient, effective department. Fox had perfected several ways of making and saving money. He operated his station

with as few firemen as was feasible and used government-subsidized workers and student firemen as much as possible. For a long time only two men rode an engine, though later he boosted each company to the more common three. His men worked sixty-six-hour weeks, ten hours above the norm. And Rancho benefited from its closeness to Solana Beach, which it relied on to send out men should the Ranch be understaffed due to illness or fire. (Solana Beach does the same in return, but as its station has a larger staff, it needs the back-ups much less often.) The station mechanics serviced the chief's personal car and thus saved the department the cost of a staff vehicle. And, of course, the mechanically inclined, led by young Peter Fox, did a lot more.

Starting with a collection of dilapidated rigs, Chief Fox has built a smart-looking arsenal of engines and tankers, each tailored to a specific purpose and unlike anything else in the United States. Their "heel bases are smaller, to accommodate Ranch driveways." The tankers, mounted at the rear, rather than the side, a throwback to British engines and a design considered rather innovative here. (The man operating the pumps has a wide field of vision from the rear, and can more efficiently aid the fire fighting. The design is more complicated to engineer, but Peter and the other firemen took care of that.) They also built tankers and off-road vehicles for brush fires, clumsy and liable to tip over on a hill, but able to reach areas no other rig could. They improved on their ambulances and sold the older models, and soon were under contract to build them for the county and the La Costa department, which Fox had taken under his wing for a few months. They ultimately built thirty or so vehicles, twelve of them ambulances. And, as Ray Grist boasts, "We haven't spent a nickel on labor." One fireman, formerly a colleague of the chief's, muses, "What the hell business does Rancho Santa Fe have using its men to build ambulances for the county? What are they, an ambulance factory? That guy should have run a shoe factory during the industrial

In 1976 the *San Diego Citizen* received and printed a letter written by Wilbur Poncho in which he belatedly confessed to the people of Solana Beach that he had falsified fire reports under orders from Chief Fox. It was the first time anyone had suggested that the chief might not pass a white-glove inspection.

revolution." To Fox, there is no questioning the propriety of his men working for the public good during spare hours. The day of pinhead games in the back room is long over, he cautions, and the watchword of the fire corps is service. Such were his feelings when he took on a fourth job, supervisor of the Rancho Santa Fe Security Patrol, which the Ranch Association formed in 1975.

The Association, as it is called, exists to enforce the Rancho Santa Fe covenant, a homeowners' pact dictating architectural standards and yard maintenance. Its board of directors has the ultimate power, under the covenant, to confiscate land from owners who refuse to comply. It has never tested that prerogative, understandably, and for most of its history has dealt with matters closer to home, such as the condition of the golf course and the design of new homes. Today it is a politically conscious group fighting local battles over roads and land use. Lee Taylor, the former supervisor, presides; Ray Grist was recently elected to a second stint; and Dave Dewey, the other fire board member to serve twenty-four years with Grist, started his second term of office in 1977. The Association employs sixty people and represents the collective clout of the Ranch whenever it can — which is not to say that the golfers don't fill the board room every now and again to discuss the greens. In 1975 the sheriff's department phased out the "country" deputy as a cost-cutting move and the Association board knew that from then on, the Ranch's roads would not

be patrolled very often, if at all. The Association had a few options, one of which was to form its own patrol. They asked Jim Fox for advice and he recommended that Rancho Santa Fe start up its own patrol service, which he consented to run from his station. For this the Association now pays the fire department \$1000 a month from an annual patrol budget of \$150,000. The figure covers rent, dispatching, maintenance on the vehicles, use of the phones, and Jim Fox's services as supervisor. In good conscience, Fox could hardly devote a lot of time to a venture that serves only a portion of his jurisdiction, and he doesn't. But the Ranch is pleased with the arrangement because, as Association controller Richard Kearns says, "We get a lot of bang for our buck." The six patrol cars, each with 2000 security checks a month, makes arrests, and responds to burglar alarms. It's a bring-your-own-gun affair, but the patrolmen are supplied with uniforms and badges and cars with amber light bars. They have a sergeant, Art Kaler, who is a former immigration officer. Fox is their supervisor and a security patrol board is above him. Ray Grist was an original member.

Another source of money for the fire department is donations from the appreciative Ranch residents — gifts as large as ambulances and as simple as a batch of cookies, but more often money, a check either to the department, the ambulance fund, or the firemen's fund. Ranch residents remember Fox's help. "I wasn't a customer to doing all these off-the-wall

things," says Ron Blum, a former fireman under Fox, who now works for the Los Angeles County Fire Department. "But Fox is one of the few people dedicated to his fire service enough that he'd do anything for the community. We'd go out and fix people's garage doors. We'd go to the churches and string up their Christmas lights. You'd get these calls: 'Hey, there's a big black ugly bug trying to get in my house, what do I do?' And you'd go over and make them feel better. Most people would never think of calling a fire department if their plumbing went out. I got tired of it; these people were missing us in a way. But I could see the chief's point — the people were paying for a service. And they remembered us at Christmas time." Christmas donations went to the firemen's fund and turned up later in the form of cash bonuses to the men. For a while the alarm companies whose systems fed into the station also gave a nominal yearly contribution to that fund. Before long, however, they were required to contribute much more money in exchange for other privileges at the fire station.

Alarm companies like to have their systems feed directly into a fire station, but that practice can be burdensome to a small department. Fifty different companies might want to install equipment, and the manpower and space they require can be prohibitive. Some stations have kicked them all out; others tolerate them. Rancho Santa Fe, however, profits from the situation. At one time Westinghouse was the biggest fire and burglar alarm company on the Ranch, but no longer. Another company, Rancho Santa Fe Security Systems, run by Myron and Waltraud Mueller, boasts that it has seventy percent of the Ranch accounts, including some 135 that were once Westinghouse's. Westinghouse, now called Westec, isn't pleased with the way Mueller got their accounts and, to comment on it, gathered their vice president, president, and chairman of the board together in their disordered headquarters. "Myron was our employee for many years and he exclusively serviced the

(continued on page 12)

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EMPIRE DYNASTY

(Continued from page 11)

Ranch," said chairman Thomas Kenworthy. "He was a good worker, a hard worker. Soon he was working nights and days and handling all the calls in Rancho Santa Fe personally. He was the only face they saw from Westec. We were astonished by his devotion to duty and we paid out a lot of money in overtime." And then, in 1977, Mueller quit and started his own company. Former Westec customers were installing his equipment right and left. "It was so obvious, we were kicking ourselves after it happened," Kenworthy says. At Westec, they claim the key to Mueller's takeover was Jim Fox.

Myron Mueller is a tall, thin, gentle man who still dresses like an alarm technician. His wife, Waltraud (known as Wally), has a thick German accent and is gregarious and talkative. Together they own and operate Rancho Santa Fe Security Systems, which has seventeen employees and around 600 accounts, 500 of them on the Ranch. Myron, who hasn't taken a vacation since 1975, works long hours and views an alarm company as a "service organization." Wally says, "I still believe the customer is king." It's not hard to see how the Muellers would get along with Fox. Myron started out by undercutting his old company's prices by one-third, and he still boasts prices twenty to thirty percent lower than Westec. Bargain rates he credits to his low overhead. In his first two years, Myron's company operated out of the fire station, even listing it as the alarm company's address in the phone book. And for as long as his accounts were limited to the Ranch, he didn't need to hire a dispatcher because the station handled all incoming calls. According to employees of that era (1977-79), Myron was constantly in the station or out drumming up business. "Personal recommendations go a long



of Peter Fox and David Thalmier, a computer technician, is sophisticated Alpha Micro equipment that will store and retrieve every piece of information a firefighter needs on route to a burning home or business, from personal medical problems to hazardous chemicals in storage. It will also serve as a back-up for the Muellers' computer, which services alarm accounts from La Jolla to La Costa. The Muellers have their own terminal into the computer and are proud to be participating in this commingling of the public and private sectors. "I think they run a ship-shape boat over at the fire station," says Wally Mueller. "It is run like a military school. You see how neat and clean it is — just like a space center."

Jim Fox's empire was at its most ship-shape, with no loose ends and everyone in line, when in September of 1979 he left for a few weeks' vacation in Santa Barbara. Assistant Chief Peter Fox was left in charge of the fort, and Jim was looking forward to some days of relaxation by the sea. He'd hardly been in Santa Barbara for a few hours, though, when he answered the phone and was told of a huge fire that had swept through his fire district, destroying four homes and blackening more than 700 acres near the Ranch. Peter was going on television about then, explaining what had happened and why.

PETER

On the morning of September 15, 1979, a small, homemade pyrotechnic device similar to a bottle rocket was ignited in the grass along Black Mountain Road near Interstate 15. Firemen are fond of pointing out that every fire is the same size when it begins, but the tiny one that later was called the Bernardo, the Black Mountain, or the Circo Diego fire would consume 7200 acres in its short life that day. Pushed by warm Santa Ana winds from the east and feeding on dry brush that had been

Beginning July 1 of this year, Rancho Santa Fe will use its new computer to dispatch fire and security service on the Ranch itself, and for several other fire departments nearby, five in all. By using a central computer and single dispatcher, Rancho has paved the way toward combined services and lower costs. Final financial agreements have not been reached, but it is said that Encinitas alone will save \$30,000 a year because of the consolidation, minus its annual payment to the Rancho station. The new computer, the work

was told it would cost him a contribution of several thousand dollars to get in, as well as a twenty-five-dollar monthly service fee. Pescar declined. "I considered it blackmail," he says. At Westec the corporate officers grudgingly donated \$5000 toward the new computer in order to "maintain the little level of cooperation we have," according to vice president David Sage. Myron and Wally Mueller have also chipped in an impressive amount for the new computer, more than \$8300. But unlike the others, theirs is not a donation. They claim outright ownership of half the computer, which is a cornerstone of their business.

growing for close to twenty years, the flames spread quickly in the 105-degree heat. The smoke was first sighted by the Booker Lookout Tower on Palomar Mountain and Bill Clayton, a battalion chief with the California Department of Forestry, arrived on the scene soon afterward. The flames had already spread to 300 acres and were heading west at an incredible clip. "It was the fastest-moving fire I've ever seen," Clayton later recalled. "And I've been on literally thousands of fires." Clayton called a San Diego battalion chief at a minute post room and told him of the fire heading his way. They discussed strategy and it was clear that while the fire was then heading through unpopulated grassland, it had the potential to burn through to Rancho Santa Fe or Del Mar and perhaps swing down into the La Jolla Canyon. It would probably go wherever it liked, even clear to the ocean.

At the Rancho Santa Fe fire station they saw the smoke billowing above Black Mountain and called the City of San Diego for information, which at that time was sketchy. The off-duty men, already on alert, were called to the station. Acting Chief Peter Fox jumped in his car at 12:03 and drove through the center of the Ranch, past the post office and the market and the little restaurants, toward Zumaque Street, a road which runs atop a promontory pointing south and west from the Ranch and overlooking the San Diego River Valley. He got out of his car and stood beside it, staring east at the smoke rising from Black Mountain. The acting chief looked at the biggest fire he had ever seen. It was heading straight for him. He turned his car around and drove back to the station.

At age fourteen Peter Fox was something like England's Prince Charles, the heir apparent to a family empire. "The sun rises and sets over Jim Fox," Ray Grist said, and Peter Fox grew up in the shadow. He lived at the fire department until he married in 1965, and he has never left its employ for longer than a few weeks' vacation. Two-thirds of his life and all his adult

"We were at several fires together. Did I ever see Peter Fox fight a fire? No. Did I ever see Peter in a smoky environment? No. Did I ever see him on a ladder? No. Did I ever see him associated with high places? Negative."

years have been spent in America, yet he retains the accent and style of speech of his father. He learned most all he knows about running a fire service at his father's side. Peter began as a part-time fireman, working regular shifts at age seventeen. At twenty-three he was made a part-time captain and worked one shift a week, later two, while employed full-time at Scripps Institution of Oceanography. He became a full-time fireman in 1975 and cut his work at Scripps to half-time, continuing that arrangement even after becoming assistant chief in 1977. He now works there only occasionally, continuing his studies of electrical conductance and chemical equilibrium of sea salts. He is meticulous in his lab work, and a glovebox he built to keep his chemicals free from atmospheric contamination was later used in UCSD experiments with moon rocks. Peter quickly picks up on things highly technical, whether computers, government budgets, or auto mechanics.

Growing up in his father's fire station wasn't always easy. Peter worked alongside men who were struggling up the ranks, taking a variety of tests and hoping for promotions that could ensure them the security by being a home and raise a family. Peter, with no formal fire training, climbed the ranks while holding down another job, advancing without tests or competition. "He was my right-hand man since he was a boy," Jim Fox recalls, and few ever doubted that Peter was intended to succeed his father as chief. Peter began giving orders to officers when he was still a

part-timer, and like his father, could be cold and foul-tempered. He got a reputation as a hothead, likely to fly off the handle or unleash a cruel tirade. Men who accepted the same from the chief couldn't bear it from his young son, and Peter admits feeling an "undercurrent" that he couldn't lay his hands on, that perhaps his colleagues resented him and his favored status. It was difficult for them to complain about Peter. A fireman needed to be remonstrated only once by the elder Fox for lack of respect toward Peter and he got the picture. And the arguments sometimes overheard between Peter and his dad were ones that regular men could never have initiated lest they be cast overboard. While the other firemen took shots, Peter's proving ground was the "ambulance factory," where he nearly always turned out fine work.

Following Jim Fox would be hard for any man, for the elder chief is a consummate politician of the joke-telling, glad-handing variety, a man who, when asked questions at a public meeting, has people turn around to hear his answer. "Chief Fox is at command in any room, whatever its size. It doesn't matter if there are two people or two hundred," one fireman recalls with awe. "He is able to hush crowds by the very way he sits down." Peter Fox, on the other hand, appears uncomfortable and withdrawn, more at ease with facts and figures than with the unpredictable climate of politics. The average fireman under the two Foxes might admire the father not only for his personality and knowledge of the

profession, but also because, as fireman Russ Simpson put it, "He'd drag hose and cut smoke right alongside of you." Peter is admired for his administrative abilities, his talent at building fire rigs, his work with the computers. But it's not easy to find a man who will admit to working alongside Peter at a fire, or who has seen the younger Fox actually battle the flames. "We were at several fires together," says one fireman who worked for the Foxes for three years. "Did I ever see Peter fight a fire? No. Did I ever see Peter in a smoky environment? No. Did I ever see him on a ladder? No. Did I ever see him associated with high places? Negative." It was the fire fighter's own list, his own set of professional criteria. At fires, this officer charges, Peter "would stand outside and give directions. In wildland conditions he was always working on a piece of equipment that had failed." Jim Gipper, who worked for more than two years as a fireman at the Ranch, was at only one major structure fire with Peter. "It was kind of a basket case, the fighting of the fire. There was no leadership, there was no guidance. When I was done, I was really ticked off." Many firemen, on arrival at Rancho Santa Fe, heard the scuffle about that went around concerning Peter, but for the most part, they weren't around him at a fire to judge the truth of it. It was well known that despite his emergency medical technician training, Peter didn't care to go near blood and wouldn't if he didn't have to. One fireman who is close to the Foxes recalls that at accidents "I've seen him turn gray and stand back. He's not a hero. He doesn't like the sight of blood."

Steve Robins and Peter Fox never got along well together. Robins, who lives in Cardiff-by-the-Sea and works as a journeyman carpenter, says he left the Ranch after four years as a fireman because of religious conflicts. He is a devout Christian and a new schedule had him working every Sunday. When he asked for some Sundays off and was refused, he quit. The two men did work shifts together before

(Continued on page 14)

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EMPIRE DYNASTY

(continued from page 13)

discovering their mutual dislike, and Robins asks, "Was Peter afraid of fire?" Yes, he told me on several occasions. On one in particular, he told me he would never go into a burning building. He told that to me and Terry Stupp. He also told me he'd never fight a brush fire, he'd stay on the road and wait for it to come to him." (Stupp, who is now a fireman for the City of San Diego after four and a half years on the Ranch, says he does not remember that conversation, but neither does he remember seeing Peter fight any fires. "Robins wouldn't say something that wasn't true," Stupp says.) Robins continues, "Given time and a pencil and paper, he can figure out anything, but under pressure, he can't perform as well as is expected of a man in his position. On one particular ambulance call, he wouldn't go near the body because of the blood. I had him running for gauze and scissors and supplies because he wouldn't go near the man. He admits he is afraid of the sight of blood."

Ron Blum heard the rumors as soon as

he arrived at Rancho as a fireman, but he never had an opportunity to judge Peter's abilities. "I don't want to be the one to say it, but I don't think Peter's really the right man for the chief's job," Blum says from his home in Ontario. "He'd be a better assistant chief. When it comes to certain things about the department, he's really smart. I want a chief that has the respect of his men. Jim Fox has that. Obviously, Peter's suspect. I say that being as a lot of people suspect him. They think he's going to send them into an area that's not safe and they're all going to be killed. Jim Fox could send you into a burning building and you wouldn't question it because he had your respect."

Paramedic Bob May: "I was never there when Peter was personally engaged in fighting a fire. At ambulance calls, he'd usually be directing traffic. To the best of my recollection I cannot remember him so much as put a bandage on, though he's helped us carry gurneys and that sort of thing. His instructions to his men were oftentimes confusing to me. I thought it was strange that the guys never did what he said, because they knew what to do anyway. They usually just took things on their own to get them done. About the only thing Peter would do would be monitor the radios. He just looked lost, let me put it that way. I think he felt uncomfortable being under that kind of pressure." Another

paramedic: "He'd be out directing traffic while the firemen fought the fire. At one fire, the radio went out in his pickup and he stayed in the cab and worked on the radio. Another time, at an accident involving two guys pinned in a Corvette, Peter was at the scene chewing out Robins for his attitude back at the station while the guys were still pinned inside." A half dozen former firemen cannot recall Peter actively fighting a fire. "He'd stay outside and watch until things cooled down," says one. "We had a small department and often there'd be only two or three men responding. When there's only that many, you have to get inside there and do the job, but with Peter that wasn't the case. I've seen him back off a lot." These recollections, perhaps exaggerated by the men's resentment, or toned down by their professional ethics, had to be rolling through many minds that day in September when the Bernardo fire swept westward.

By 12:45 the fire had consumed more than 2000 acres of grassland that included chaparral and mesquite. The humidity was a low eighteen percent and the overgrown hillsides ignited quickly. The Santa Ana winds fed it and it created winds of its own, up to sixty mph some said. The fire, sucking in from the south and "making a run," as it is called, would regularly flare up and head west faster than anyone could believe. One minute it was off in the dis-

tance, the next it was at your front door. Later, a fireman who'd would say it consumed "a football field a second" and, snapping his fingers, induce listeners to think of imaginary football fields burning, a fire racing toward them. To the south, San Diego fire officials planned to flank the fire and keep it from Del Mar Heights and the Carmel Valley. An important consideration for the Rancho fire department was to keep these fast-moving flames from the Ranch proper, where they could easily leap from eucalyptus tree to eucalyptus tree and engulf the whole hill, a possibility that has always been a major concern. The other worry was the twenty-seven homes out on Circo Diegueno, a two-lane road south of the San Diego River that runs up through Morgan Hill and loops back into itself. The hill was named after Frank Morgan, famous in the role of the Wizard of Oz, who built a home there in 1942, a grand two-story white house which was dilapidated and abandoned until 1978, when a man named Ken Woodcock refused it and moved his family in. It was in Woodcock's circular driveway atop Morgan Hill that Peter Fox set up a command post to assess the protection of Circo Diegueno homes.

The families on Circo Diegueno consider themselves pioneers of a sort. Though they live just two miles east of the Del Mar Racetrack, they are secluded by

the winding roads and they rely on one another in times of adversity. On the day of the fire, many residents chose not to evacuate and instead stayed within their homes. The Zielinskis, residents for ten years, are a respected family, levelheaded and always ready to lend a hand. Tom Zielinski was in Escondido when he heard of the fire over his car radio. He raced back to his home and evacuated some neighbor's horses, his pets, and some of his family, and began chopping down a tree next to his house, fearing that if it caught fire his home would, too. Midehop, Zielinski was surprised by two deputy sheriffs standing near him, who ordered him to evacuate. He refused. "You can use your gun if you want to," he said, "but I'm chopping down this tree before I leave." A deputy moved between him and the tree and told Tom he was under arrest. When he resisted, the second man moved behind him and put on a choke hold. As he struggled for air, Zielinski glanced up at the smoky skies and saw his son Mike, who was losing the roof, walk over. Mike looked down and saw the scene, his father in a choke hold, and did the only sensible thing he could think of. He dove down on one deputy, knocking him to the ground, and helped free his father from the other. Then the two Zielinskis stood there, side by side, enraged, and the deputies retreated. Says Clark Baumgartner, who

watched the scene from his home a hundred yards away, the incident became legend; it marked the stubborn determination of the residents who stayed on Circo Diegueno that afternoon. Ken Woodcock watched the fire from his balcony, which faces Black Mountain and offers an impressive panorama. He was feeling more secure than most of his neighbors since Frank Morgan had built a concrete house with a tile roof, and Woodcock, a former insurance company fire inspector, judged his home an excellent fire risk. With the flames about fifteen minutes off, he looked down to his driveway and saw acting chief Peter Fox drive up. Woodcock went down to the car to offer Peter the use of his balcony as a vantage point. Woodcock says he then saw several fire engines, which had driven out to the eastern limits of a dirt road, fly past his home and down the hill, and he remembers asking Peter where they were going. "He wouldn't even talk to me," Woodcock remembers. "He was white, you know; you can see fright in a person's face and he was frightened. He didn't respond, he didn't look at me. And then he turned his car around and went down the hill. Psychologically, he looked like a man who was completely coming apart." Off the hill and down the road a ways, Peter set up his second command post in a dirt field and was standing in the door of a

fire truck trying to see the fire when Paul Danison drove up. Danison, then editor of the Del Mar News-Press, had been at work in Del Mar when he saw the smoke. He jumped out of the car and raced out on Circo Diegueno until he encountered a roadblock manned by Peter and his firemen, one named Guy Harshbarger. "I don't remember much of Peter Fox except that he was extremely tense, which was understandable," Danison says. "I asked him a question about the fire and he told me to shut up and get out of there. He threatened to arrest me if I didn't. Then Harshbarger took me aside and told me to get out of there for my own good. I went back about fifty yards and then the fire whipped through all of a sudden. It scared the crap out of me. I've never been so scared in my life." After the flames passed through at about 1:30 p.m., Peter was still in the dirt lot. Danison says. Meanwhile, Harold Crosby had finally gotten his rig moving and was heading toward the fire. Crosby, a Del Mar resident of some twenty years and the city's current Chamber of Commerce president, was the volunteer captain for an old water tanker owned by the Del Mar Turf Club and, along with two other Del Mar crews, was responding to the fire. Crosby was late by some forty-five minutes because the Turf Club demanded a union driver show up before they'd let him take the rig out. He

drove out Via de la Valle and, communicating by walkie-talkie, was assigned to Fairbanks Ranch, a future housing development near Rancho Santa Fe and the Whispering Palms golf course. At the time Fairbanks was a plot of graded earth with a few structures that the fire department would later burn in a training exercise. Assigned to the same area, Crosby recalls, were three other units: engines from Encinitas and Solana Beach and another whose affiliation he cannot remember. They were all awaiting instructions from Rancho. "I guess I was confused or someone else was confused, but I didn't do anything all day," Crosby says. "We drove all over that Fairbanks Ranch and didn't see anything but a burnt jackrabbits. There were three tankers and myself, a tanker, just running around up there. I don't know what the hell for. We never got a specific assignment." Crosby would never use his load of water on the fire, but instead topped off other tankers and, at day's end, dumped it in the brush. It wasn't a very proud day for the volunteer captain who still wonders, "What the hell were we up there for?" Back on the hill, the Zielinskis determined that their house was safe and raced to help Clark Baumgartner, who was running from one end of his barn to the oppo-

(continued on page 16)

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EMPIRE & DYNASTY

(continued from page 15)

site end of the house, battling two small blazes. Ken Woodcox rushed over to his neighbor's home and, with her garden hose, put out a few fires caused by burning brands landing on the roof. There wasn't anything he could do to save a second house next door. Dennis Rockwell, a resident of fifteen years, ran to seven homes and put out fires at two of them. When he got back home, his own barn had started to burn and he put that out, too. There were two fire trucks on the hill and they saved a couple of houses, but had to watch others burn. The smoke was so thick the firemen sometimes couldn't see fifty yards away, and then there was the problem of water. The water tank on Morgan Hill serviced

three hydrants, but unlike typical water tanks, it is not atop a hill, where it would detract from the aesthetics of the neighborhood. Instead, it's in a hole and lower than the hydrants, which are fed by electrical pumps. With the power out, two of the hydrants could not work, leaving the single hydrant that relied on gravity to supply the department's tankers.

Clark Baumgartner couldn't get water, and neither could the two engine companies entrusted with a dozen or so homes. The residents continued to put out fires and check on one another without seeing any help, save two Rancho engines whose men, they say, worked valiantly but without reinforcement. The fire had continued west but then the wind shifted, sending it back into itself and cutting it off from fuel. With some help from the firemen, the massive conflagration choked to death. Del Mar Chief Bill Tripp, a portly man who wears loud Hawaiian shirts and champs on unit cigars, had waded in Del Mar in case

the fire reached his city. When it died off, he sped out to the scene at Cerro Diego and was appalled by the lack of coordination, with trucks going every which way and no uniform plan. He barked into his radio at Solana Captain Bill Roebuck and Rancho Chief Peter Fox, "Why are all the units running around? Is this a tour or what? All right you guys, let's get this organized. Let's get our acts together."

That night the residents of Cerro Diego watched the television news and saw interviews with Peter Fox, interviews Peter says were unfairly edited and led him to mistrust the electronic media. They watched Peter say, "We saved twenty-three of twenty-seven homes," and they thought, "Hey, wait a minute. We saved those homes, at least some of them; the fire department wasn't really here." And they heard that thirteen engine companies had responded to their end of the fire and they recalled only two that stayed on the hill, where homes had been lost. All the

time Dennis Rockwell spent running around, he never saw more than two trucks. From his roof, Tom Zielinski can see fourteen homes, and he saw just two trucks. They began to wonder: Where was the fire department?

Rita Judd, whose home Woodcox had saved fourteen years ago for a grand jury investigation into the fire, says, "Any dummy knows that if there had been proper leadership of that department, they could have saved those homes. It was just so simple. All their excuses fly in the wind when my house was saved because of Ken Woodcox and one garden hose. Surely the fire department could have done that. It becomes very simplistic on one level. If there had been two Ken Woodcoxs, then [my neighbor's] home could have been saved too. That's why it's so hard for me to talk about it, because the issue is so simple."

The issues would never be that simple, however. As the events of Cerro Diego

unfolded, the animosity between the Foxes and neighboring departments, between the Foxes and their own men, and between the Foxes and the press would escalate dramatically.

The first criticism of Peter's handling of the blaze came from Woodcox, whom the Coast Dispatch photographed outside his neighbor's gutted home, looking angry and charging that the fire was inefficiently directed. Without naming him, he pointed to Peter Fox, "It's easy for some clown on the hill to criticize us," Peter responded. "But I think he's all wet. A fire is something you can't direct. You station men and you take a stand. Under the circumstances — with the limited resources in San Diego — we did a good job. We saved twenty-three out of twenty-seven homes." Woodcox says he soon got a call from a man at the fire station threatening a lawsuit if he kept talking about Peter, and thereafter he toned down his remarks, to the point of being quoted as asking, "How can I say

this without getting sued?" (Later Woodcox would remark, "Since then I've heard you could say whatever you want about a public official. What I saw was a blatant display of cowardice by Peter Fox. He turned white and split in the face of fire.")

The anonymous call he received was one of many that would be made during the next weeks. At the firehouse they read the Coast Dispatch and Woodcox's remarks and wondered about this "former fire inspector from Santa Barbara," as he was titled. A quick call was made to the Santa Barbara Fire Department and no Ken Woodcox was reported as ever working there. When Cheryl Carlson, a reporter for the Del Mar News Press, called, Guy Harshbarger told her to check out Woodcox because the guy was a phony. The reporter called Woodcox, found out the insurance companies he'd worked for, and called up his supervisors. They told her that Woodcox knew as much about brush fires as any man alive and that he'd once

plotted the route of a hypothetical brush fire for insurance purposes and had been proved accurate by a later fire. Woodcox won credibility, the next round of criticism came from fire chiefs and men at the fire.

"The number of people who wanted to speak out against him just amazed me," says Danison, who was then about to leave the News Press to become editor of the Citizen. "When you've got four chiefs or captains all saying the same thing, you've got to go with it. I mean, what's the Washington Post rule, too? When you've got four credible sources, you've got to go with it." The four (Chief Ron McCarver of Encinitas, Chief William Kent of San Diego, Chief Bill Tripp of Del Mar, and an unidentified "high-ranking" officer from San Diego) all said the same thing: Peter Fox had not properly called for help or organized the scene — which was not to say it would have meant a damn thing in the face of what Chief Jim Dykes of the California Department of Forestry called

the "ultimate fire." "I don't think that any fire department is adequate to deal with the 'ultimate fire,' and I don't think they can afford to be," he said. In addition to the chiefs, two Rancho Santa Fe firemen who requested anonymity spoke with Carlson. One said, "People were running around everywhere. There was no plan of attack." And the other remarked that he had done nothing but drive around all day. Danison had talked confidentially to a number of people who "really wanted the opportunity to be this guy." One of the "four high-ranking" officials confirmed what had till then been just a rumor — that Peter had sent a truck out to make sure the elder Fox's house was secure (it was not close to the fire). In the last moments before deadline, while reporter Cheryl Carlson and another News Press writer were finishing work on their fire story, the newspaper got a flurry of phone calls, some trying to dissuade them from printing the article, (continued on page 18)

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EMPIRE DYNASTY

(Continued from page 1)

others among them. "One call in particular which surprised me was from Van Halstburg," Dawson recalls. "I'd known this guy before. He's about six foot five, a built-up type of guy, and he'd once told me what he'd do to reporters if they ever interfered with a fire and how nobody would ever find out about it. He called in the morning we were going to go with the story, trying to persuade me not to go with it, saying the timing wasn't right. He said I didn't have the real story and we'd miss it up if we went with it now. He assured me that the chief wasn't in the office and that his call was unauthorized, which made me feel immediately that it was being taped. I bet we talked for an hour, and that's all he'd say. I couldn't get any more. As soon as I hung up he called

back on Chief Fox. The story that week continued to unfold from Peter Fox. The previous weekend, James Fox had called about his vacation and wanted to know if he could go to the fire station. Peter Fox left for a touring vacation in Finland.

The chief became the official spokesman of the department, where, under Rule 95, no one could talk to anyone outside the department without first getting the chief's permission, and the chief Fox allowed no one but himself to discuss the fire. Fox began conducting his own investigation, asking for written reports from all the men and specifically requesting that any complaints concerning Peter be brought directly to him. According to the chief, the reports indicated no lack of organization, not a single complaint about Peter's performance ever materialized. (One fireman would later say that he and other men at the Rancho firehouse were afraid to broach the subject of Peter.) Thus, from the information given him, Chief Fox had no reason to suspect that his son's command had been

anything but splendid, and he immediately discussed comments from departments that had criticized Peter's use of minimal and his fire-fighting techniques. Recently, the sequence of radio and phone calls, who called when and when, turned out to be an impossible task, there were too many radios, too many calls, and many were in use simultaneously. No station was equipped to record them all, much less to write them up, the time they were made. Nevertheless, Gun Harshbarger began assembling a tape of calls recorded at the Rancho station, but between the many conflicting reflections and the suspect nature of such a tape, nothing was proven to anyone's satisfaction outside the station. San Diego Chief William Kent's statements and those from another "unidentified" San Diego officer were later denounced as inaccurate by San Diego Chief Ben Hoffman. And the next weekend, firemen from four stations met at Incinerator Station No. 2 to discuss how they would manage their conflicting statements. Afterward, most firemen re-

fused to talk to the press at all. Chief Fox, it appeared, was busy playing leaks. Fox says only one newspaper editor bothered to listen to Harshbarger's tape, although the chief offered it to the unbelieved as if it were available at the fire station. Fox says he was the last to see a parade of reporters, and the firemen refused to give any interviews. Fox says he wanted whatever information they could give—names, dates, off or on the record, can I call you at home? But the men couldn't talk without directly defying Chief Fox, and they ultimately found the media attack unbearable. "Any time the press came around, run and hide because here comes more slander," is Ron Blum's memory. "God, I hated the press. I hated them every time the press came around, you know you were going to be in trouble again. The chief was never bothered by anything, but Peter, you could just see how he hated the press. God, he hated the press."

After this hatred was well established, along came Steve Hawk, a reporter for the

San Diego Union. One of his first tasks was Ray Gansel. Every time I'd bump up the performance of the department during that time, Gansel would act as though I was the last in a parade of imbeciles," Hawk recalls. Instead of getting into specifics, he went walking around the department pointing out the ambulances that Peter built, all the decorations and none of the facts. That just pissed me off," Hawk got to talk to Chief Fox, and initially the interview went smoothly. Then Hawk, casually, made what he calls "an observation," which actually was an attempt to sound out the chief. "I suggested to him that some people might wonder how a fire chief, who is a public servant, could afford to live in Rancho Santa Fe. He showed up, went under on me. He showed up the next morning in the kitchen office with an envelope full of the payment receipts and all the financial details of his house. He was throwing these documents in my face. 'Do you want to see this, do you want to see this?' I didn't expect anything like that."

One never quite knew what to expect when interviewing the chief, but there were certain rules of intuition. A common theme was a question of "What's Wrong with the Press?" an article which appeared in the Christian Science Monitor, and the denunciation of one's predecessors and colleagues. What the paramedics described as "stupid and complex" facts went for the press as well. Fox was quick to point the record, and to suggest that other reporters were made and were out to get him, and came to him in a corner's trust. Nonetheless, the critical stories continued.

Fox's investigation was unfinished on October 2, 1979, when the fire board held its monthly meeting. Jim Drake and Bill Clayton (the chiefs from the California Department of Forestry) were invited but no other fire chiefs were invited. Bill Hupp of Del Mar was requested and all the meetings, usually held in the chief's office, was moved to a larger hall, which soon filled to capacity. Ray Gansel's changed the gathering, and the forestry department

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EMPIRE DYNASTY

(continued from page 18)

firemen who were mad at the newspapers (and who were also mad at Ken Woodcock, whom they were seeing for the first time), an unhappy Ray Griset, who kept trying to steer the meeting toward order as two tape recorders continued to run, a controlled but defiant Chief Fox, former fireman and fireman's roommate who had a few things to say, angry residents who wanted questions answered, happy residents who wanted to commiserate with the firemen; a load of media, including TV stations conducting interviews outside; and a few folks who were merely curious. It was a wonder this disparate crowd managed to assemble peacefully in one room; there was enough mistrust to spark an arms race. It didn't take long for tempers to flare. Sharp exchanges ensued and soon it was unclear who had the floor. Then Harshbarger, who had been with Peter when the flames approached, decided it was his turn to speak. Captain Roebuck of Solana Beach had finished recalling his experiences, and ended his account with Peter going to the "rear of the ranks." A voice from the audience wanted clarification: "He went to the rear?"

"What was your name, sir?" Harshbarger barked.

"Bob Norman."

"Where were you when the fire was going on?" Harshbarger demanded.

"I wasn't in the area," Norman replied.

"That's what I thought. Would you stand a moment?"

"Can I ask a question?"

"No sir."

Harshbarger had taken charge. He then dramatically explained his day, using technical jargon and specific times to chronicle the department's contacts and Peter Fox's whereabouts. Harshbarger's



Circo Diego, September, 1979

outburst ended with his final encounter with Peter in a dirt field before the flames hit. "Chief Fox turned to me, and I had my crew on a tanker and we were ready to go, and he said, 'I have to set up a command post. I'm heading back to the Morgan house.' That's where Mr. Woodcock lives, Morgan Hill. He said, 'I'm going to try to set one there so we can get a staging area going. Good luck to you. Your executive officer is 2402. That is communicating, ladies and gentlemen, that is deploying equipment. That is what he said and from that point on I cannot vouch for what he did.' A momentary hush fell over the room as the image sank in of Peter giving a short salute to his aide and jumping into a car to meet the flames head on — the smoke-filled air, the fear, the final words:

Good luck to you. Your executive officer is 2402. Who among those gathered at the meeting could breach that melodramatic moment by raising his hand (for they had returned to raising hands) but Ken Woodcock? He was interrupted by Harshbarger four times before a final phrasing of his question: "If any of you firemen in this station were to make any statements critical of Chief Fox's son, would your job be in jeopardy or your position in jeopardy?"

"Of course not," said Harshbarger. "Good night!" roared Ray Griset. "Certainly not," Chief Fox recalls saying.

Jim Taylor was ready to talk, and he'd been ready for some time. In his twelve years under Fox, during which he'd men to an engineer's position, this was the first

time Rule 95 had been relaxed. After some prodding by friends and reporters, particularly Frank Sacchi of the *Oceanside Blade-Tribune*, Taylor opened up. He said Peter was incompetent and would get someone hurt some day by his poor leadership. He described a lack of coordination at the fire scene and recounted that he went for long periods without receiving orders. He pointed to Peter as the root of the department's problems. Two months later, Jim Fox fired him. "I had to fire him, of course, after what he'd said," the chief explained. Taylor went to court to get his job back.

Fox never really meant to waive Rule 95 when he answered "certainly not" at that meeting. While under oath at a subsequent labor hearing regarding Taylor's firing, Fox said he'd answered the question believing there would be no criticisms forthcoming. Had he known Taylor would speak, Fox said, not only would his answer have been different, he wouldn't have called the meeting at all. Taylor is still fighting for his job, using the argument that Rule 95 is so broad as to be unconstitutional. Chief Fox says he interprets Rule 95 as permitting him to discipline a man for complaining about the department to anyone, even a fireman talking to his wife. The rule is still invoked around the station and no one talks to the press without first asking Fox, even men who haven't worked at Rancho Santa Fe for years.

Not long after the October 2 meeting, the Rancho fire board cleared the department of any wrongdoing and released a capitulated version of Harshbarger's tapes. The report gives no indication of where Peter was most of the time, or how he deployed his men. Circo Diego resident Rita Judd wrote to the county grand jury and asked for an investigation. The grand jury looked into the matter and decided to conduct a full investigation. Five months later it released its report, which supported the contentions of the chiefs on the scene: Rancho hadn't followed mutual aid plans, leaving nearby departments without information needed to make

judgments and causing some lack of coordination. It recommended more hydrants, less brush, back-up power supplies, and better coordination, but made it clear that even these improvements might not have saved any homes. Chief Fox now says that report "completely exonerated" his son.

Peter Fox has never talked about what happened at Circo Diego. After succeeding his father as chief of both Rancho Santa Fe and Solana Beach in February, he declared a moratorium on interviews with the press. "I made a vow when I took the job that I wasn't going to give interviews, and I'm not going to break it," he said recently. "I think it's only fair that I get three months to get my feet on the ground. I think I should get a shot at the job before I give an interview. I'm not running for president. I've not been out campaigning for the job for two years." Also, he added, "I will not discuss the Bernardo fire, ever... I'm not going to respond to statements that I'm afraid of fire."

His father, though, never refuses an opportunity to defend his departments, though he says he's now retired and is sick of interviews. Jim Fox was forced to retire because of his age, but he's still active in the department as a consultant and admits that he retired against his will. He's had a couple of seal-offs, one at the Rancho's Golden Club which drew more than 400, and a retirement dinner at a local country club attended by a hundred. At the latter he was praised for his years of service, his accomplishments, low tax rates and favorable insurance grade. One fire chief publicly apologized for the mistrust that had surrounded Fox during his twenty-four years at the helm. "So what are his motives? Is he building an empire?" Chief Stan Mourning of San Marcos asked rhetorically. "No, Jim is bringing us an idea from England, which is unity of purpose." Speaking to the assembled chiefs, Mourning urged them to "take a page from Jim's book. I, as well as so many fire chiefs in this room, was guilty as hell. I didn't listen to what he was saying. And ladies and gentlemen, I apologize." Those



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"I made a vow when I took the job that I wasn't going to give interviews, and I'm not going to break it," Peter Fox said recently. "I think it's only fair that I get three months to get my feet on the ground. I will not discuss the Bernardo fire, ever... I'm not going to respond to statements that I'm afraid of fire."

are the memories Fox says he'd like to carry with him, but he is still preoccupied with defending his department against various threats, including recurring criticism of his son. At all times, the chiefs say, from folks with axes to grind. "They all left with a feeling of resentment, of bitterness, and it's reasonable to assume these people would not say anything complimentary," Fox says. "Those are things that I just think are deplorable, and to get into that by talking to these kinds of people — God, I could go anywhere and get people to say things about anybody. I mean, I want some facts, some substantiation. [He Peter] was in the thick of it at Circo Diego, absolutely. I'm very sad.

I get very aggravated because you [the press] don't keep it on a proper, intelligent level. You're succumbing to this kind of rubbish that I've been objecting to over the years. . . . You get a guy who can't write, can barely write his own name, criticizing Peter. I think it's deplorable. Rest assured that those people came to us with nothing. It'd have been very hard for them to get where they are if it hadn't been, I think, for me." Criticism from the press, however, is not the only threat demanding attention. The Fox empire is in danger of being broken up by other forces outside the Rancho. Both Solana Beach and the cluster of towns to the north are inching toward incorporation votes, and should they become

cities, Fox's sprawling jurisdiction could be severely restricted. The proposed boundaries of the northern city — for the time being, referred to as San Diegoito — includes Village Park and it's likely that that area would be transferred to Encinitas's fire district to keep the boundaries uniform. Fox and his fire board members are opposing San Diegoito incorporation and are vowing Village Park voters in hopes of swinging the election. If Solana Beach incorporates as a city, it, too, city council would then run the fire department and perhaps end the tradition of collaboration between it and Rancho Santa Fe, as well as the shared-chief program. Fox is currently trying to unite the two districts under one fire board before a city council can take office.

The transition of power from father to son will likely drag on until the elder Fox at last calls it quits. "As you can see, I'm not retired yet," James Fox said recently. He still calls the department his, Peter is "my chief," and he still claims control over his firemen's statements. At age sixty-five the chief is not as spry as he once was. His gait is sometimes slow and stiff, and former employees often imagine as to how the chief is looking before asking any other question. One recalls the chief of two years ago. "He never walked anywhere; he ran. He was the most hyper man I ever knew." But before bowing out, Fox has a dream he'd like to see realized: the consolidation of the many small departments near the Rancho into one centralized, cost-efficient organization under one board of directors and one chief. "If I can offer the one experience I learned during World War II, it is greater degree of consolidation," he said. "That's something we're going to have to accept in this world of the decreasing tax dollar. It brings out a greater degree of efficiency in terms of standardization, training, pay, degree of service. . . . It's a good service, the American fire service. But we have to stop being so parochial. Nobody seems to be taking the lead on this, except my present chief now and myself. We'll spearhead it." □

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DUNCAN SHEPHERD

In *The Funhouse*, a teenage girl unprovoked in ways of sex and drugs, or at least promiscuous only in moderation and after proper hesitation, succumbs to peer pressure and peer pressure, and agrees to spend the night hiding out in a carnival ride with three friends. This escapade, turning very serious very soon, becomes an elimination tournament, of sorts, after the four of them witness the murder of Madame Zena, the fortune teller, by a drooling freak in a Frankenstein mask. Two questions are likely to occur to a viewer. The first is largely rhetorical and runs thus:

"Why didn't somebody think of doing this before?" The second is the same as the first, only without the "why" and without the rhetoric. And the answer to that would seem to have to be in the affirmative, although the task of trying to remember exactly where and when one has seen stalkings and slayings amid amusement-park skeletons, spiders, lightning flashes, etc., is without relish. The thing to do is just to concede *The Funhouse* whatever credit it would have coming to it for being the first to think of frittering away an entire movie with such stuff.

Or even, I should say, half a movie. That's how long it takes to settle down for the night and get around to the killing business. Until that point, there is nothing

much to be done but make a tour of the carnival attractions and toss in a few superfluous scares to ride the viewer over: a dog lunging out of nowhere and going wild, a redneck truck driver out of *Funny Rider* threatening the heroine's little brother with a shotgun and having a demented laugh about it, a magician's assistant spitting up blood where a stake-through the heart trick appears to go awry, a couple of scabby Bowerly types whose idea of fun seems to be to prevent other people's having any of it. The most objectionable of the false alarms would easily be the rubber-knife stabbing of the heroine in her shower at the very outset. But the list of objectionabilities in that scene extends above and beyond the rubber knife. Higher on the list would have to be the view of the petite leading lady's remarkable amplitude in the bosom department, a revelation that brought me closer to a gasp than anything else in the movie. And higher yet would be the unabashed plagiarism of the opening scene of *Halloween* (it goes on much too long to be able to claim to be an homage), complete with first-person tracking shot, selection of a knife by a hand thrust in from off-screen, placement of a *Halloween* mask over the camera lens — the whole bit.

The gall that went into that first scene is small potatoes, however, when compared to that of titling a movie *The Funhouse* and then failing to include an actual funhouse in it, but only a carnival ride named that. This commonplace, car-on-a-track contraption is tended by the freak in the Frankenstein mask, who injects this basically *Halloweenish* horror movie with traces of *Elephant Man*ish pathos — the monster here, like the monster there, boasting fully operative genitals and a cruel sidekick Barker for a keeper. The latter proves to be also the father of the creature, and speaks in a hambone idiom ("The lord works in mysterious ways, little lady") that marks him as a kinsman of the inbred, genetically deficient, hillbilly villains of *Tobe Hooper's* previous pictures: *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* and *Eaten Alive*.

Like those, this one presents the viewer with morons of one kind killing off morons of another, and great difficulty in sympathizing with either. If *The Funhouse*, which is undeservedly well photographed by Andrew Laszlo, who also did *The Warriors*, adds anything to the existing reputation of *Tobe Hooper*, it will only make it harder at some later date to untangle the mystery of where he ever got a reputation to begin with.

The mountain of murder-spreed movies which has piled up almost overnight, and to which *Tobe Hooper* has contributed three unremarkable pebbles, has become a source of increasing moral concern in some quarters. A convenient pipeline into the bronchus is the weekly PBS television show, *Sneak Previews*, featuring those masters of the three-sentence discussion, Gene Siskel and Robert Ebert, who crusade indefatigably against this sort of movie and recently devoted an entire show to the phenomenon. (I am not holding my breath until the day they devote an entire show to a single movie.) One of their main complaints was purely personal, and had to do with their necessity as critics to "suffer through" all these movies. This sent a shiver of guilt through me for my tendency to avoid as many of them as I can, and started me wondering whether I lack the requisite critical capacity for suffering. (I took solace in the reflection that I seem to do a good deal more suffering than those two at things like *Paper Moon* and *The Competition*.) I had seen enough of the movies under their scrutiny, at any rate, to question the justice of treating them all as equal and inseparable co-offenders, of lumping a movie as fairly as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* together with a psycho killer thing like *The Silent Scream*, of emphasizing the ten or fifteen minutes of heavy-breathing menace to that of titling a movie *The Funhouse* and then failing to include an actual funhouse in it, but only a carnival ride named that. The couple of clips used to illustrate the difference between the two movies hadn't been seen, *Friday the 13th*, but showed enough to cast serious doubt on Siskel's point. Both clips utilized the same first-person camera device as at the beginning of *Halloween*, and no doubt for the same reason: certainly not to encourage identification with the killer, but simply to conceal his identity.

The difficulty of playing social pathologist and tracing the epidemic of horror to recent historical events (a backlash to the women's lib movement, a tolerance and/or longing for violence built up by exposure to Vietnam etc., on the nightly news, a ripping-off of *Halloween* — hardly a very original movie itself, except perhaps in amount of money made — are among the theories favored by the *Sneak Previews* team and others is compounded by the difficulty of finding any era that didn't go in for horror. That there have lately been changes in how horror is de-

picted and how much is produced would be hard to dispute, but the gormlessness now of the types of movies

whatsoever, to Westerners and to Ingmar Bergman, and would seem to owe to factors like the ever-changing definition of "realism," the relaxing of censorship, and the march of special-effects technology. The volume of blood that squirts out of Robert De Niro's head in *Raging Bull*, the number of four-letter words he utters, and the bucket of ice he dumps into his underpants as an antidote to a hard-on, are not unrelated phenomena. As to the sheer number of current horror movies, a possible explanation that I would like to see explored — not because it stands to eclipse all other explanations (no doubt the success of *Halloween* has had a major role to play), but because I haven't seen it explored yet at all — would concern the breakdown of the big studios and the rise of independent (not to mention incompetent and irresponsible) film production. Along with the porn movie, the murder-spreed movie must be among the easiest, fastest, and cheapest to make, with the requisite usually boiling down to, and hardly boiling up beyond, such questions as how many are to be killed, by what (meaning either by what creature or by what utensil), and very seldom why. The easiness of doing this sort of movie accounts for much of the badness of them, which in turn ac-

counts for why I prefer to duck most of them and rely on the grapevine to tip me off to something special.

Eyes Wide Shut is a stalking-killer movie of the old-fashioned kind, in which there is only one corpse and imminent prospect of maybe one or two, but not six or seven, more, and which people tend to forget is exactly the kind of movie that used to worry the moral watchdogs in the Forties. Old-fashioned not just in its limited body count, it also possesses a hefty, tangible script by Steve Tesich, the author of *Breaking Away*. (The director, Peter Yates, also comes from that movie, although this one returns him more to the jittery manner of *The Deep*.) There is a nice passage in the script, well delivered by Pamela Reed, on the proliferation of the phrase "you know" in popular speech, and there is the occasional funny line, like the one passed between two detectives tailing a very odd-acting character: "When he was a kid, Aldo must have wanted to be a suspect when he grew up." The multitude of subjects touched upon before the corpse finally turns up (and with it, a black policeman named Lt. Black — three funny lines gone out of this) attests to the scriptwriter's broad mind: janitorial work; inscrutable Oriental; a pet dog who behaves much like Inspector Clouseau's Oriental valet, Kato, assailing his master just for fun on his arrival home; happy ac-

counts for why I prefer to duck most of them and rely on the grapevine to tip me off to something special.

news broadcasts; the New York Knicks; Broadway musicals; chamber music; the plight of Russian Jewry; the maladjustment of Vietnam vets. A surprising number of these sundries actually pertain to the case. The inscrutable Orientals are revealed to have been key figures in the Vietnam War and continue throughout the movie to act with their native inscrutability, discreetly lowering Venetian blinds, spying from cars, listening to a tape recording of a beguiled conversation. They happen to occupy an office in the building janitored by the Vietnam-vet hero, who happens to have a crush on the TV newswoman who happens to be assigned to cover the murder, and who also happens to be the fiancée of the Russian Jewry partisan, who happens to — but wait, I don't want to give away too much. Tesich's script has an abundance of imaginative little touches but not of simple basic sense. It never addresses the question that was uppermost in my mind: whether we are to see the hero as an average working-class Joe whose enormous (and perhaps slightly glamorized) charm and wit are common to janitors everywhere, or whether we are to see him as an over-qualified intellectual who chooses to pursue a janitorial career out of some alienation/dropout/protest motive. (William Hurt's amused, but not amusing, performance sheds no light here.) Nor

does the script ever suggest that there might be something a tiny bit creepy about a guy developing an amorous fixation on a woman he has met only by way of Betamax.

A larger share of the polts than ought to be allowable turn out to be red herrings and false alarms, much like the ones in *The Funhouse*, though the playful dog here is worse than anything there. A sense of fair play and common decency would surely decree that the makers of suspense movies should never attempt to frighten the viewer when the character himself isn't frightened. There is a neatly timed motorcycle rescue that provides the legitimate highlight of excitement in *Eyes Wide Shut*, although this occurrence ought to have modified the characters' behavior (police telephoned, precautions taken, nerves tightened) more than it does. And there is a completely constructed finale that includes stampeding horses, firecrackers, an Israeli hit lady, and a trigger-happy policeman. This last ingredient, which perhaps needs no explanation to the liberal mind, is set up much earlier in the movie, with a single line of dialogue, when the retirement-age cop is heard wishing aloud that he can get out of the force without ever having to kill anyone. This little stab at psychology, or irony, or symmetry, or something, is indicative of the bogus craftsmanship that underlies the surface flash. □

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

Our capacity to absorb the identities of other people, to take them in as part of ourselves, is one of the basic faculties that make us human. The child impersonating his parents, his siblings, his friends, his heroes, is enriching his own personality in



the process, becoming his true, multiple self. Characteristic of the performing artist is an intensification and systematization of this universal mechanism, and the greater the artist the greater his ability to be someone else.

That this is the case with actors needs no elaboration, but it is no less true of musicians, although the impersonation is not so overt. When the instrumentalist begins learning a piece, it is something external to himself — an object, the creation of another person. The musician must learn the technical challenges, but the most practical and concentration this may demand, is in its essence no different from learning to use the controls on a new car. The interpretive choices require knowledge, intelligence, analytical acumen, and judgement — but so long as these are applied to someone else's composition, they are the skills of a musician, not an actor. The actor's authentic activity begins at the moment when the performer begins to experience the composition as a creation of his own. Technique and analysis are necessary preconditions to this transformation, but they are not substitute for it. By the time the musician grows to the point where the music he is performing is his own, he must have it in his mind, in his blood, his heart. If it is a racial music,

Pianist Nicolas Revéles is another master impersonator, and on the basis of his two USD recitals this year it is clear that his identification with the creative spirit of Robert Schumann is especially close. The earlier recital offered *Carnaval*, its whimsical variety of character portraits evoked with the daring spontaneity of a mind discovering a previously unknown world. This time the tone of *Kreutzeriana*, a work less varied, colorful, and fantastical, more inward, more searching, a portrait of the artist as the playing of his own contradictory impulses. Schumann himself treated composing as an impersonation: in his piano pieces particularly (and nowhere more in *Kreutzeriana*) he shifts himself from the role of the volatile Florestan to that of the dreamy Eschsch, both being aspects of himself.

[illegible]

JEFF SMITH

The play takes place in a barracks of a prisoner-of-war camp somewhere in Nazi Germany during the Second World War. In effect, it is a realistic depiction of the effects of captivity — what close confinement for a long period of time can do to individuals: like Stosh and Animal, whose comic wisecracking fails to hide the strain; like Sefton, who has abandoned any sense of teamwork in a singular determination to survive; or like Horney who, as a result of six months solitary confinement, stares blankly at a wall. At the same time, the play also demonstrates the effects of captivity on the group as a whole: where new blankets or a mail call are a minor

missed or scenes upstaged. With just a few too many errors of this sort, the volatile fabric of the drama would quickly metamorphose into *Hogan's Heroes*, a silly television comedy based on this play (and going from the play to the TV show is like going from a vintage wine to Ripple).

I dwell on the dangers inherent in doing the play in order to underline the excellent work of director Tom McCorry. His hand is ever present in the orchestration of this project. From the large, group blockings to the specific details, McCorry's efforts are striking. He is able, for example, to introduce a new character without making us leave the comic book, and to make the play organically, so that the comic book characters both relieve the tension

Other fine characterizations are those by James Pascarella, as Corporal Schultz, an almost nice Nazi (if there could ever be such a beast); by Peter A. Tavares and Gary Wright, as Dunbar and Reed, two newly arrived officers whose inexperience with the situation creates sharp contrasts; by Dennis S. McDougall, as an S.S. officer (if Pascarella plays an "almost nice" Nazi, then McDougall verges chillingly close on the real thing); and by Lonzo Davis, as Horney, a brain-burnt character

The Coronado Playhouse's *Stalag 17* effectively presents a stark portrait of human beings forced to live in extremity. The show is funny, electrically charged, and often very moving — a difficult combination but one the production achieves with impressive skill. □



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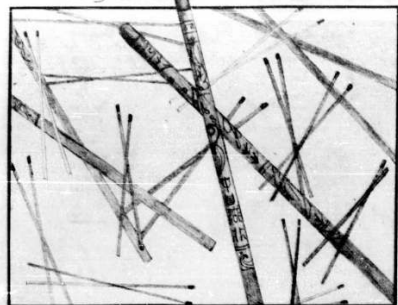
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Type of Food: Mandarin and Szechuan
Price Range: Individual dishes, \$1.50 to \$18.00 (Peking duck)
Hours: Closed Sunday. Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.; dinner, 5:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

For several weeks I'd neither heard from nor been visited by my Aunt Bertha, and I assumed she was off on one of her midyearly jaunts. After all, she is an adult and she doesn't have to report her comings and goings. But that she hadn't nudged me or bothered me or given me suggestions on how to write this column or sounded off on political and social issues was so uncharacteristic as to be disturbing. Therefore, when I chanced upon her in the Village (in La Jolla), I almost fell upon her neck with relief. Since the day was blasty, she was wearing a raincoat, she flashed it open, however, revealing a T-shirt with huge black letters: "S.T." "Guess what it stands for?" she asked coyly.

I scarcely hesitated in my reply because Aunt Bertha had lost a great deal of weight. "Super Thin," I shot back. "That's what S.T. stands for."

She smiled, somewhat smugly, with a tinge of condescension on her lips. "No," she replied. "S.T. stands for Sexual Threat. It's what I've decided to become, a Sexual Threat."

It took a moment for the import of Aunt Bertha's words to register. Despite her weight loss, if she were ever hired for a Calvin Klein jean commercial, the com-



pany would go bankrupt in a month. She is currently slimmer, but not enough to warrant sending her CARE packages with food, or playing her with sweet potatoes and permits the way some African tribes do when they want to fatten up a bride for her groom. That Aunt Bertha described herself as a Sexual Threat was yet another example of human optimism.

"How did you do it?" I asked, referring to her diet and not her sexuality. "I remained silent," Aunt Bertha cried out in astonished frustration. "You mean you're not going to ask?"

"The thing to remember about being in a double bind is never to fight it," "All right," I said, "how did you do it?"

After each word, she rolled her eyes

heavens and, the martyr, "No salt, no fat, no sugar."

"You've never looked better," I told her sincerely. "You should be complimented for your stamina."

As I turned to leave, she grabbed my arm. "How much stamina do you think I have? I'm only human. It's true I want to be a Sexual Threat, to have all eyes turn to me when I enter a room, but in a word, enough is enough is enough."

It didn't take much to fall into her trap. "What do you want, Aunt Bertha?"

"Spicy," she gasped, "after weeks and weeks without salt and sugar, I need spice."

And thus it came to pass that my aunt, Aunt Bertha, and I visited West Lake Garden, a Chinese restaurant that serves Mandar-

in and Szechuan specialties. By way of an aside, I should say that no restaurant reviewer can warm to every style of food, and one of my major eccentricities is that I can't eat too much spicy stuff. I have been to parties where the food is pure fire and the guests stand around in ecstasy, crying, "It's divine, it's divine," while I am nibbling on a dry cracker, preferably one without salt. Whenever I am at a party like that, I go away hungry.

When we arrived at West Lake Garden on Carmel Valley Road in Del Mar, I realized that it was the former site of the Immigrant. Moreover, it was still in the throes of a Middle Eastern decorating concept, namely, raised booths covered with exotic fabric. The center of the room was dominated by tables, and the management was in the process of putting several tables together for two large parties — a good sign. Though we were the first and only diners there, the service was slow — more accurately, we were ignored until the tables were arranged, or possibly they waited for the chef. Like the chef-owner of Sun's Kitchen, who is a research engineer by day, the chef-owner at West Lake Garden works at a chemical company. In any event, we finally had our order taken. If you think we asked for enough food for a half dozen people, it was only because Aunt Bertha decided that for the night she would abandon the notion of being an S.T.

We started with postscripts (\$2.95), or what my Aunt Bertha calls "Chinese trepach," which consist of a crescent-shaped pastry, or flour skin, filled with ground pork and vegetables and then pan fried. These were very tasty and the least oily of the dishes.

We then had mu-shu pork (\$4.75), which, as you know, arrives with crepes. In most restaurants, the crepes are presented and then filled for you at the table,

or you may fill your own. At West Lake Garden they were rolled in the kitchen, a novelty. With the mu-shu pork came a jar of what appeared to be raspberry jam because of the color and the seeds. "Ah," cried Aunt Bertha, "this is unique. Instead of putting hoisin sauce at the bottom, you place jam on the top." She poured a liberal amount over her stuffed mu-shu pork crepe, took one bite, and I watched as steam poured out of her mouth and out of her eyes. The sauce consisted of chili seeds, very, very hot. Most people drink water to quell gastronomic fire, but the proper antidote is sugar. I cracked open a packet of sugar and told Aunt Bertha to place it on her tongue. "I won't be able to eat for a week," she moaned while digging into my plate, wolfing down my food, whose filling was delicious but whose crepes were too thick and leaden.

I had ordered chicken and black mushrooms — the black mushrooms are not on the menu but are available by request

(\$4.95). The dish had a great deal of flavor but it was too saturated with oil. In her current state, Aunt Bertha loved it. "Oh," she laughed, "the oil soothes my tongue. It's so slippery, so sensuous." I disagreed, though not to ask to lose. The shrimp in black bean sauce (\$5.95) contained a great many shrimp but the sauce had too much starch, and for me it was too salty. "Salty," Aunt Bertha gasped. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Though she had been burned with the initial dose of chili sauce, she recovered sufficiently to ravage almost an entire plateful of eggplant Szechuan (\$4.25) with a hot chili sauce. I had a few spoonfuls as Aunt Bertha gazed me on. "It's not too hot, you'll love it, it's not too hot." It was hot.

Of the five dishes we sampled, I found every one, with the exception of the appetizer, too heavily salted and with a residue of oil both on the plates and on the food. Every dish was pleasing to the eye, the portions were large, and the first

mouthful seemed wonderfully zesty. I find too much salt and oil cloying, and despite my moderation, I knew I would spend the rest of the evening at the well, drinking endless glasses of water. I had also for you may if you dine at West Lake Garden. As we were finishing our meal, a large party of Chinese arrived at the table in front of us — youngsters, mothers, and fathers. In her state of haute cuisine, Aunt Bertha slid off her bench and approached this family. "I'm so curious," she said. "How did you happen to pick this restaurant?" One of the men graciously replied, "I work in a chemical company with the cook." At that moment a large platter of food was presented to them.

"What's that, what's that?" Aunt Bertha asked. I held my breath, thinking she would pull up a chair and join them. "It's a special order of chicken salad. The whole dinner is a special order."

Aunt Bertha's face fell. What was she missing from this Chinese feast of life? The head of this family graciously heaped a small plate full of Chinese chicken salad and we both tasted it. Again, very tasty, salty, and with a residue of oil. But Aunt Bertha was beaming, in her prime. "Since you come here often," she said to him seductively, sucking in so that her hourglass figure was shown to some advantage, "what else do you recommend?" Without hesitation the man replied, "The hot-and-sour soup. Best in San Diego."

My Aunt Bertha has been calling me day and night, saying she has to have this hot soup or die. I do not think that the West Lake Garden is as good as the Fifth Avenue Mandarin House, but if you don't mind the salt, the oil, and the thickened gravies, try the West Lake Garden and then drop a line to Aunt Bertha. Maybe that hot-and-spicy soup is the answer to her S.T. dreams.

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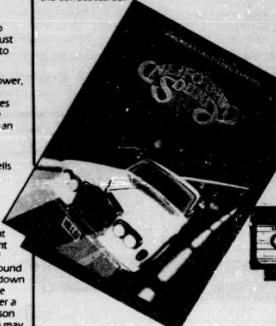
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Letters

(continued from page 4)

recognition. Considering the circumstances, this sounds like the cry of a person who, having broken his latest batch of new toys, can't understand why his parents won't buy him any more. Let me put it bluntly.

Look, Duncan, perhaps no one ever told you this before, but a reviewer is not given space in a weekly newspaper because he is a good dancer. A reviewer exists to provide a service to the readership of that publication. His responsibilities are to inform, to advise, to praise, to censure, and to educate. He is supposed to provide the information needed by the reader in order to choose where to best spend his steadily fewer dollars that are available for entertainment. Your columns do not serve this purpose. They are merely platforms for your own self-aggrandizement. You have a rather thorough grasp of film history — neither I nor anyone else is calling that into question. But there is a difference between a film historian and a film reviewer. Not understanding that difference is, in my opinion, putting the purposes of the writer and the needs of the reader in direct opposition.

And yes, damn it, it is within the province of readers to call for the resignation of an alleged reviewer when he no longer provides the public service he was hired to provide, when he has breached the trust that exists between a writer and the public, when he has showed little but contempt and disdain for those members of the public, and when he has violated the tenets of his profession to the point where his activities cast a shadow on other reviewers. You have created long ago to provide a service to anyone but yourself, which is more than

sufficient reason for the public to call for a resignation. If we could do it to a president of the United States, then we can surely do it on your case as well. (I mean, yes, yes.)

Michael Walker
Normal Heights

Infusiasm

I admit, with chagrin, that I was formerly one of those who exclaimed, "Duncan Shepherd? He doesn't like anything!" The purpose of this letter, however, is to announce a change in perception. Over the past year or so, either his has melted, or mine has matured. Upon reading his work, I find it intelligent, witty, and yes, infused with good humor. I am not only entertained, but encouraged to think about and prompted to see films I would not otherwise have considered.

As an actress I have maintained (despite the disbeliefs of others) that I could reasonably evaluate, and subsequently accept or discard, almost any criticism, providing it is thoughtful and not colored by the critic's personal ill will. Although I detect in his writing an occasional cynical snarl and a perfectionist's desperate quest for the ideal, it is worth mentioning that he rarely defers to malice, an insidious malady which plagues the common critic.

While my opinions are often at variance with his, in these indiscriminate times, how I love to see evidence of a discerning mind at work!

Duncan M. Walker
San Diego

Gave Us A Star

Mr. David Lyman, project manager of the Pacific Construction Company, stated in his letter in your March 12 issue as follows: "Prices are skyrocketing because there is more demand than

there is supply. Homes are built for people. If there are no people to fill the demand, the price of the equipment, which would anyone want to provide a supply?"

Who indeed? Apparently this formula is not working in San Diego County. Despite the fact that presently there are more than 6200 unoccupied new or converted housing units available in San Diego, the average price went up several percentage points recently. (The above figure does not include small complexes, new or converted, or homes for resale.)

The building of costly condominiums and conversions continues unabated. Who are we attempting to provide housing for? As Mr. Lyman stated, housing is for people, but what kind of people?

Are we attempting to create more elitist communities, or balanced communities? Houses in North City West will sell for prices far out of reach of the average person. I am all in favor of good, planned development, but unless it includes housing for all, it does not solve any problems.

The Regional Coastal Commission just approved a land-use plan for a 280-unit complex of condominiums in Camarillo, selling for from \$200,000 to \$300,000. Do such developments fill our most urgent needs? In the meantime we allow conversions to make further inroads into the available rental stock.

During the debates on Proposition 10 and Proposition 13, we were assured that the building of apartments was hindered only by the threat of rent control. This threat appears to be abated, where are all the apartment starts now? What is happening in San Diego is simply proof that private industry is either unwilling or unable to provide housing for the people who need it most. Building condos and converting apartments appears

to be more profitable, and to maximize profits seem to be most builders' only, and not solely primary, concern. Never mind the needs of the community.

Walter Weiser
Hillcrest

Snip And Serve

We were delighted to see Eleanor Walmer's review of "Oh You Kid," March 5 of the Triunfo restaurant (La Puerta del Sol) which serves kid. We have been rating dairy goats for five years and consider the young bucklings to be a great delicacy. Even up to six months of age, a contrasted back kid will provide excellent meat similar to but not as strongly flavored as lamb. Most of our meat kids are sold at sixty days of age at around Easter time, or at six months. Milk goats are super small-farm animals, and the excess back kids are a big plus to the milk production of their mothers and sisters. Too bad more people don't realize how delicious the cute little kids can be. Thanks to Eleanor Walmer. We bet she goes back for more!

Debbie and Anne Graham
Valley Center

Hashem Scans Classifieds

Sue Garson's article, "Chabad Squad" (March 5), presented us with an excellent and informative review of an antiquated religious sect lost in the medieval past. All I have to say to "Chabadism" is: to each his own. History and tradition make you too different for me. However, I completely agree with your philosophy of mitzvah — good deeds — and I'm sure that God must look with much kindness and favor upon all who serve humanity. I believe there is still room for "tradition," especially in our

society and age. Let us not forget to push aside our ancestors, but let us shelter ourselves from the past. Those who practice "suburban checkbook Judaism" will agree with me.

After reading the article a bit more carefully, I managed to find a few little discrepancies here and there. I do not believe the Rebbe's words. Chabad will grow like a chain of shopping centers and spread from the west to the north, from the north to the south and the east. "Do I detect a small amount of checkbook suburbia in the latter statement?"

The article also contains a quote, "Chasidism don't practice any form of birth control. Somehow, God provides, so we have as many children as we can. The human race must propagate, but the world has changed quite a bit since Biblical times. What about the millions of children all over the world now suffering from malnutrition and starvation?"

And finally, we have material inducements. Yes, kids, you have the chance to win a ten-speed bicycle or a fifty-dollar gift certificate to Toys R Us if you join the Army of Hashem. Attention newly immigrated boys from the Soviet Union: Get circumcised here in San Diego and you will get a hundred-dollar bicycle upon completion. I often wonder what Hashem's kids if He were to read an advertisement such as this. *Charlie Chiles*
San Diego

Kosher

We would like to express to you our sincere appreciation for your generous and interesting coverage of Chabad activities in the March 5 issue of the Reader. We would also like to let you know that Sue Garson, both in the magazine which she interviewed all of us and in the interesting manner in which she presented

"our story," displayed exemplary skills. Even though some of the facts presented were possibly misconstructed, the overall response was enormous. The response from the community proves that this article had the stimulating expertise of penmanship to provoke so much attention.

In closing, I would like to commend Sue Garson for writing such a stimulating story. Even though I would not go along with everything that she wrote, I still realize that to write such a story and to reach so many different types of people, it had to be written in this fashion. *Rabbi Yonah Franklin*
Chabad House

Not Dumb, Just Irish

There is one flaw in Mark Orwell's otherwise excellent account of the all-too-typical relationship between man and animal ("Put Out the Dog," February 19). The lack of intelligence of the dog's owner is self-evident and needs no comment. However, I must take exception to Orwell's statement that the Irish setter is "one of the sloppiest and least intelligent breeds of canine known to man." Surely he can't intend that this particular dog serve as an example

of setter stupidity, any four-month-old puppy that is not housebroken simply doesn't have an intelligent owner. But the blanket condemnation of the entire breed is unjustified and reflects a prejudice I often encounter among those who haven't owned an Irish setter. The breed is intended to have, according to the breed standard, a "rolling personality." This playfulness is often interpreted as stupidity by those who don't know the breed. Let me tell you a true story about one of the "least intelligent" of dogs.

Five years ago the Morris family, of Harvester, Missouri, took in a stray Irish setter and sheltered it. Three weeks later the husband and wife were visiting an auto dealer and left their two-year-old daughter and the dog in the locked car while they went inside to look over the new cars. Suddenly a salesman yelled that a car in the parking lot was on fire. The parents rushed out to see smoke pouring from the windows of their car, and their daughter looked inside. Before anyone could act, the dog's owner jumped out through the front windows (shattering the glass), landed on the pavement, and jumped up and reached back through the broken window with his front paws on the car door. Then he grabbed the little girl's coat collar in his mouth and dragged her

out through the broken window. The dog was still pushing her away from the burning car when the father arrived to complete the rescue. Within three minutes the interior of the car was completely burned out. According to authorities, "If that dog hadn't pulled her out, she wouldn't be alive today." *D. Palmerston*
San Diego

Sniffs At Dog Feud

I found Mark Orwell's article describing the self-indulgence of one creature (Scott) that led to the death of another (Diablo) no less than I find the entire subject of pet ownership. Scott represents the worst example of a pet owner, and his egocentric reasons for having a dog around are grossly absurd, but his motives are not so very different from my mother's, or the woman next door, or my philosophical friend Gus. They all profess a love of freedom but deny it to their pets. Of course they believe that they give their animals a degree of happiness that outweighs any need for freedom.

This is the same logic that Europeans applied to "primitive cultures" in Africa to support slavery and is, in general, the luxury of those who believe their reasoning to be superior to that of

others. Or, in the case of animals, to those who cannot reason at all. Pethood is a fairly recent phenomenon that originated with the upper classes and trickled down to the masses as they achieved affluence and status in the post-industrial era of Western civilization. For the major portion of human history, animals were domesticated by the lower classes totally for utilitarian purposes. Pet ownership was the privilege of the nobility who kept and bred animals for pleasure as well as for sport. The common folk could hardly afford to support another hungry mouth that did not contribute in some manner. The creation and growth of a middle class and a rise in affluence in the Twentieth Century resulted in an increase in pet ownership to the point where today the amount of money spent on dog and cat food alone exceeds the GNP of more than half the nations in the world.

When I make these arguments to my mother (a devout humanitarian who suffers from the starving millions), she nods with patient understanding and I am almost. * hear her say, "Poor child. He just doesn't understand the love between me and my doggies." The point is that I do understand. I understand the need for unconditional love and physical contact that only to be acknowledged by a wet nose or a blank stare. It requires a

commitment to emotion that promotes much and risks little while the demands on the owner are few and basic. Human beings require companionship and love, but to seek to satisfy those needs in a dog or cat or bird or fish borders on the perverse. The fact that owners ascribe to animal human characteristics points to a confusion of animal behavior with human feelings. If people could satisfy their needs from humans, then they would not need animals to act as surrogates. Many people, however, can't readily transmit their needs to others as easily as they can involve themselves in a pet relationship. It is not what they really want or need, but it is something they are willing to settle for.

Scott was, in the aftermath, left sitting on the sofa in a stupor trying to understand the melodrama that had been inspired by the confusion of his needs. Diablo's pain ended with death while Scott will spend some time paying the price for his guilt. It was, in fact, just one of those things. One of the many things for which we pay psychic consequences when we do not deal honestly with our needs. *Arthur L. Roe*
University Heights

(continued on page 30)

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Letters

(continued from page 29)

Boxing Lesson

As one who respects animals, I am grateful for Mark Oveff's tale of the impulsive young pet owner whose attempts to satisfy his own emotional needs led to the miserable suffering of an innocent dog. I hope that his mistake will deter others from unthinkingly following a similar path.

This fine article brings to mind a larger concern, the psychological pattern of which closely parallels the story of the pet owner. Consider the adult whose childhood lacked the emotional satisfaction of having loving, nurturing parents. To compensate for the deprivation, she (they) now has a child of her own — a child who is saddled with the inordinate demands of providing love and adoration for the parent. Quite obviously, the child is not equipped to give the care which he himself should be receiving. Out of frustration with herself and the unresponsive world around her, the parent continues to use the child as an emotional and physical punching bag. The child grows and dies. Frequently, he will live to experience recurrent abuse from

his parent. If he's lucky, he'll be "rescued" — but a foster home is never a wholly satisfactory alternative.

The pet owner came home to the stench of his dog decaying inside a cardboard box. If we as individuals do not alert ourselves to the warning signs of emotional deprivation in ourselves and in our neighbors, that stench will be from our own children and the pitiable condition of their generation.

L. Richter
Pacific Beach

Rolaid In The Aisles

Re: your article about the Old Town Opera House ("City Lights," February 19) and its problems. Sad stuff. With San Diego having the reputation of being a great "little theater" town, one always has hopes that, along with the "tried and true" productions, more experimental works will be offered. When Paterburg states, "There won't be any more Back in the Worlds," my spirit says, and I hope that if she isn't wrong, at least other, braver theater folks will not be gulfs.

The bickering and in-fighting at

that particular house is to be expected when you try to mix philanthropy with professionalism. Too bad the public must suffer along with the artists. "Let them eat cake!" — Pollyanna?

As for *Back in the Worlds*, true, it is not a great literary masterpiece and needs some polish. However, it is a gutsy, often exciting piece of theater with a message that needs to be shouted, a theme that must be explored — in all the arts and media, i.e., "What happens when you make killers of young men, waste their youth — then abandon them when they come 'Back in the World'?" Are we headed, not inevitably, toward more of the same? Are we so complacent, have we lost the anger over the fiasco that was Vietnam? Judith Fein's play is important in that it does make us uncomfortable with the subject. We damned well should be.

No, "Pollyanna," I disagree with you on what is "good for San Diego." Sure, we can be entertained with a musical or two — but please don't drown us in Disneyland fluff all of the time. Give us a shot at the meaningful energy of life that theater can provide. Give us a *Back in the World* and other thought-provoking dramas amid the candy- and sugar-coated

escapism. If the box office receipts must suffer once in a while, it's for a good cause. Of course the public will pay for the ice cream — we are a nation of fat. Trim our brains by exercising them, chewing on the meat of contemporary theater!

J.K. McPherson
Chula Vista

The Warren Report

I could probably make a list that would "stretch to Cincinnati" of the weaknesses in the current, self-centered style of Sarai Austin, who purported to review

"Events," February 12) Nikki Giovanni's poetry, while revealing more about herself than anyone (excluding family and friends) might care to know. Who cares that Sarai, the "woman poet," would rather be writing about herself in poetry than about someone else in a review? Who cares if she read Giovanni's book on a rainy day with "strong coffee" or in an outburst? Who cares how she dresses in the privacy of her own home?

Since the purpose of this review was obviously to encourage people to attend Giovanni's, and not

Austin's, reading, then she owed readers more in-depth criticism of the work itself. Instead, the second half of her review merely skims it with English 101 comments and plenty of filler.

It is easy to believe that Sarai just grinds out this junk in order to pay a bill or two. What a mess!

Marlan Warren
Pacific Beach

Habla Cadabra

Regarding Matthew Alice's article ("Straight from the Hip") of January 12: His stupidity only exceeds his bad manners. His correspondent inquired of a place to learn the Spanish language!

Matthew Alice, the dummy, gave him his response in Spanish — a language he has yet to learn. That means he cannot read the response, no matter how eloquent it be, until he learns the language. Yes, I learned Spanish at a well-known Eastern school (university). I understood the response, though I doubt any understanding by Matthew Alice's correspondent.

Joe J.
San Diego

Off the Cuff

How do you feel about genetic engineering?



Paul Felker
U. S. N.
Hillcrest

I don't much agree with it. It's gonna be an awful segregated thing. In other words, the people who can afford it are gonna be the only ones to do it. It would be the same kind of problem that would be caused if they came up with an eternal-life serum — only the rich people would live. You'd destroy the whole American way, not to mention the religious aspects of it. Almost all religion emphasizes people being born as a natural function. You're talkin' the whole test-tube-baby syndrome. It's not natural. I read a short story recently — they were cloning people and they ran out of souls. I really think that's a possibility. It comes down to the basic difference between right and wrong. How can you say, "Take this piece of skin and make another me?"



Joe Shulman
Quality Technician
San Diego

It could be very helpful. It's here — the first steps are. Like anything, there are the negative and positive aspects of it. You can't just ban it. Like nuclear energy, you have to have the best, the most intelligent controls on it to make it good. I think people have seen too many sci-fi movies. I watch them. You see a movie and when you're watching it it seems like a far-out possibility and the next thing you know, you read that it is theoretically possible. So there's only a small step between fact and fiction, strangeness and reality. But people can overreact because of science fiction. I really believe in the integrity of the scientific community. If there are any restraints, they should be on the politicians. I think it's the politicians that would abuse it.



Doris Jenkins
Registered Massage
Technician
Mission Valley

I think they better be careful because there's too much danger in mixing different species and they don't know what might turn up. I think that a cloned being lacks the soul. That's where the real danger lies. After all, the soul — that's what we really are. You take away social values, take away spiritual values, and what do you have left? That's why we were created in the first place. Right from the time of conception when two eggs unite, that's when the soul is present. So you start tampering with that and... well, you know what I think of it. I believe they will do it but I'm strictly against it.



Connie and Paul Fowler
Sales and Contractor
North Park

Connie: I just don't think it would be possible to reproduce a famous person or a smart person. You might have some of the biological similarities... even in an exact clone, but you know, I don't think they could ever get it to be exactly the same as the original. Paul: Great if they could do it, they could clone the smart people, the good animals, and like that. Connie: I never wanted a twin like some people do. I had a brother who was close, and that was close enough. Paul: If they really could do it, they could clone us a great president. I wish they could but they might never get the research money to do it.



Janice Kravitz
Student
Del Cerro

I have an anatomy class right now. My teacher said that you could take any nucleus of any cell and transplant it into an unborn fetus and it would grow another you. Something like that. They have the technology to do it now. Every cell has the genetic makeup of your whole body. Personally, I think it could get out of hand if people started doing it. Every human being is unique, every one different. That's what's so neat about life. I think it's narcissistic to think that you're so wonderful there should be another you. You shouldn't tamper with nature like that. You'd completely destroy human nature. I like myself, I'm happy with myself but... one's enough.

—Lin Jakary

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POW



So with all this history, a contemporary history that out-makes Thucydides, for most people the origin of the word "marathon" has disappeared; the word itself has been ripped apart, and its last syllables have been liberated for use in any kind of competition, or any enterprise that sets itself a goal. Radiothon, telethon, talkathon.

hamburgerthon — and now, this Saturday, City of Western Promotions Forty-Mile Cross-Country Single Loop Bike-athon. The newly plotted route through East San Diego County will emphasize the beauty and solitude of the area's

mountains and valleys, highlighting such sites as the Sicuan Indian Reservation, the Loveland Reservoir, the picturesque Cotton and Singu Hills golf courses. Starting east of El Cajon, the bike artists will finish at the colorful Big Oak Ranch Equestrian Town, with

participants will be entertained by a live western band, and staged gunfights in the mock western town, attractions which have contributed to the popularity of Big Oak Ranch.

Minor Gridders

He doesn't look at the trophies anymore. The sleek constructions of polished wood and high-gloss metal that once stood in silent tribute to his college gridiron days are now

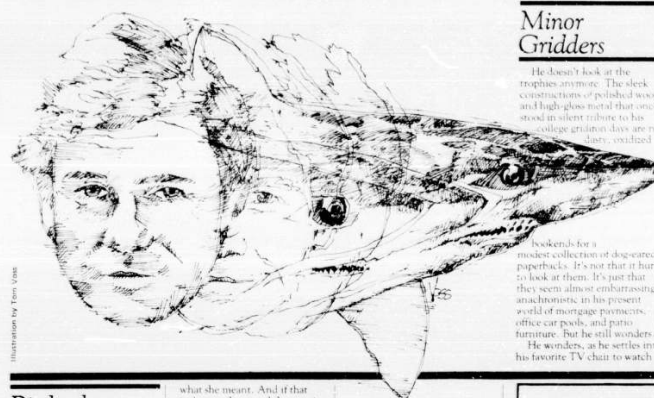
bookends for a modest collection of dog-eared paperbacks. It's not that it hurts to look at them. It's just that they seem almost embarrassing anachronistic in his present world of mortgage payments, office car pools, and patio furniture. *—Brenda Lee Johnson*

He wonders, as he settles in his favorite TV chair to watch

the Chargers, if he could have made it. If he had been merely a stand-out among green amateurs—or if he had really possessed the Right Stuff of which pro football stars are made. And he wonders if he wouldn't give five years off the end of his life for the opportunity to take just one pretty spiral from Dan Fouts, to make just one openfield, game-saving tackle on Earl Campbell, to just once beat every tackle for a sudden-death touchdown late in a playoff.

At such times, he wishes there were a middle ground for the once-were and the never-quite-will-be, a halfway point for gridlers not of NFL caliber but too talented to hang up their cleats. Maybe an actual football league where men with appreciable football skills could temporarily exchange their polyester slacks for knee pads, just to knock around and have some fun. And maybe to taste a

Well, there is such a
(continued on page 5, col. 2)



Bird-athon

The Standard of Perfection, a 600-page volume, is neither a book on aesthetics nor a religious tome, nor yet a Victorian treatise on decorum for young ladies. It is a bible of another sort, one that sets the authoritative standards for purebred poultry. Published by the American Poultry Association, it covers 500 different varieties of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and guineas. More than 1,000 birds representing about 400 of the 500 possible varieties of poultry will be judged according to the standards this weekend at the first Down Home Show of the San Diego Poultry Fanatics.

what she meant. And if that isn't enough, attend the crowing contest Saturday at 1:00 p.m. for a real chicken opera.

Mrs. Boynton's favorite saying about chickens was, "When they get old enough, if they don't lay, they lay in the pot — for hours." There won't be any birds that old in the show, you can be sure of that. There will be under-one-year-olds: the male cockerels and the female pullets. And there will be the mature cocks and hens, over one year

On Sundays Mrs. Boynton used to go to the poultry shows at the local county fairs. It was sort of a poultrywoman's holiday for her. She was always partial to the Bantams, who might be one-fifth the weight of a large chicken yet lay eggs of the same weight as the large chicken's eggs. Her favorite was the tiny "biewers," two-ounce Modern Game Bantams. Mrs. Boynton's granddaughter Susan likes the Polish crested chickens — she says they remind her of the silly, slightly demented creatures of Edwardian drawings in *The New Yorker*. You might like the thirteen-pound Jersey Giants best.



Contributors 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 92138.

Dance

"Dance Jam," an alternative dance activity, will take place Friday, March 20, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Interval Foundation, 860 Third Avenue, downtown. 239-1713.

Dance Festival of Keith Glassman will premiere three works that integrate dance with theater, music and the visual arts. Friday, March 20 and Saturday, March 21, 8 p.m., auditorium, SDSU, 265-6821.

Just Ballet will be featured in a performance by Strictly Jan Dance Company, Friday, March 20 and Saturday, March 21, 8 p.m., San Diego City College theater, 12th Avenue and B Street, downtown. 455-1073.



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stem and Enid Korn. Wednesday, March 23, 7 p.m., Health Information Center, 1180 3rd Avenue, Chula Vista. Free. 421-6700.

"El Salvador — New Vietnam?" will be the question addressed by a panel including Mariette Rendon of the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional and Antigona Martinez of the El Salvador Refugee Defense Committee in San Diego. Friday, March 20, 7:10 p.m., Militant Forum, 1051 15th Street, downtown. 234-4630.

"In Praise of Walking," a lecture/ slide presentation by Walkabout International President Lawrence Forman, will be followed by a stroll along the Embarcadero. Friday, March 20, 7:30 p.m., SDG&E auditorium, Second Avenue and Ash Street, downtown. Free. 223-7442.

"Total Health: It's a Lifetime Affair," a series of sixteen lectures sponsored by eight health-care agencies and Southwestern College, will present "The Big C" to Getting Smiles," a discussion of cancer management, by Dr. Charles Henkelman. Thursday, March 19, 7 p.m., Community Hospital of Chula Vista, 751 Dora Lane, Chula Vista; and Friday, March 20, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. Free. 223-7444.

"Tahoe in Turmoil" and why the Tahoe Basin did not become a national park will be the topic of a lecture and film presentation by Douglas Strong, SDSU professor of history, for the Sierra Club. Friday, March 20, 7:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. Free. 223-7444.

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READER'S GUIDE

Women and Work" will be presented by Sue Kirk of the Center for Women's Studies at SDSU. Wednesday, March 25, noon, 508 E Street, downtown. 233-8985.

"Status of Research in Fusion" will be presented by John Rawls, an atomic research scientist with General Atomic Company, as part of a series of evening lectures sponsored by the SDSU Center for Energy Studies. Wednesday, March 25, 4 p.m., room P-148, physics building, SDSU. Free. 265-4555.

"Dr. Einstein & the Universe," a presentation show, will be presented Wednesday through April 8, 3 p.m., Palomar College planetarium, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. Free. 744-1150 or 727-7575.

"Jews in Spain" will be the theme of "An Evening with Ted Lettner," featuring the Channel 8 Sports Center. Wednesday, March 25, 7:15 p.m., Congregation Beth Tefillah, 4967 69th Street, La Mesa. 461-0391.

"Global Perspectives for the 1980s," the SDSU Institute on World Affairs theme, will be continued by Fredo Dannenberg of the embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany. Wednesday, March 25, 8 p.m., 113 music building, SDSU. Free. 265-1147.

"Thank You Peter Sellers," series of films starring Peter Sellers, will begin with a screening of The Magic Cream. Terry Southern's Black comedy brought to film by Joseph McGrath and co-starring Ringo Starr and Raquel Welch. Friday, March 20, 3 p.m. and Saturday, March 21, 2 p.m., fine arts hall 220, Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon. Free. 465-1070 x321.

"Ciudad de los Niños," a film about a parish priest and the abandoned children he rescues, will be shown in its original Spanish version. Friday, March 20, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 14th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"Bino Hase: Raise the Banner," the award-winning film dramatic, feature-length film written, produced, and directed by an Asian-American company, will be shown together with a short documentary on Japanese-American elderly. Watanabe, Sunday, March 21, 7 p.m., Manton Junior High School, 3799 Claremont Drive, Clairemont. 235-4282.

Images of Aging in Film series will present *Make Way for Tomorrow*, a film directed by Leo McCarey in 1937 about an old couple in financial straits, starring Victor Moore, Beulah Bondi, and Fay Bainter. Monday, March 23, 3 p.m., room 258, social science building, SDSU. Free. 265-5324.

Science Fiction film fair, including a Star Trek episode, a Star Wars spoof and scenes from the real thing, will be shown Monday, March 23, 6:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"The Wrong Side of the Law" film series will screen *The Mechanism*, Michael Winner's 1972 film about a James Bond-like assassin, starring Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. Monday, March 23, 7 p.m., and Tuesday, March 24, 11 a.m., Little Theatre, SDSU. Free. 265-6791.

"Masters of Modern Sculpture," a film narrated by George Ricker on the work of constructivist artists, will be shown Tuesday, March 24,

TO LOCAL EVENTS

8 p.m., room 412, art building, SDSU. 265-5413.

Music

Progressive Acoustic Jazz will be performed on guitar, mandolin, violin, and acoustic bass by the Tony Rice Unit. Thursday, March 20, 7 and 9 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Laconia. 484-4030.

Traditional Country Singers Mary McCann and Jim Rager will perform solo and in duet. Friday, March 20, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Laconia. 484-4030.

Spring Chamber Music Series will present a recital of works of Schumann, Beethoven, and Debussy by Marcia Zeavie, accompanied on piano by Sharon Skidgel. Tuesday, March 24, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 234-5969.

In Recital, flutist Ann Erwin, cellist Mary Lindholm, and organist and harpsichordist Myr Hendel-short will perform Bach sonatas. Tuesday, March 24, 8 p.m., Union Congregational Church, 1216 Cave Street, La Jolla. Free. 452-3643 or 454-4654.

Organ Recital will feature Kenneth Fall of Grace Lutheran Church during Lent. Wednesday, March 25, 12:10 p.m., La Jolla Presbyterian Church, 7715 Neger Avenue, La Jolla. 454-4625.

Noontime Concerts will feature a performance by the Alcala Trio, Maylene Hart, cello, Henry Kral, violin, and Nicolas Revetes, piano. Wednesday, March 25, 12:15 p.m., French Parlor, Founders Hall, USD. Free. 291-6480 x461.

Young People's Concerts series of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra will present its third program, "What Makes Music American," featuring selections from William Schuman's "New England Tapestry," Aaron Copland's "Ballad of the Kid," Charles Ives' "The Unanswered Question," and George Gershwin's "An American in Paris." Saturday, March 21, 10 a.m., Civic Theatre, downtown. 239-9276.

Theater Play Organ Music will be played on the organ in the nation's first Dan Bellini, sponsored by the American Theatre Organ Society. Sunday, March 21, 7:15 p.m., California Theatre, Fourth Avenue and C Street, downtown. 239-2867.

Flamenco Guitarist Carlos Montoya will perform in concert. Sunday, March 22, 8 p.m., Civic Theatre, downtown. 236-6101.

In Concert, the Grossmont College Sinfonia will appear Sunday, March 22, 8 p.m., East County Performing Arts Center, 261 East Main Street, El Cajon. 445-2277.

Madrigals and Motets will be sung by the Madrigal Singers of the National Cathedral School for Girls and Saint Alban's School for Boys in Washington, D.C., Sunday, March 22, 8 p.m., St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 2728 North Avenue, Hillcrest. 298-7261.

String Chamber Music Concert of students in chamber music classes will present works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Shostakovich. Sunday, March 22, 8 p.m., South Recital Hall, SDSU. Free. 265-5324.

Cottage Concerts will feature violinist Roy Dumort, horn player Bonnie Rogers, and pianist Pamela Smith playing trio by Johannes Quantz. William Presser, Hugo Kauder, and Frederick Duvernoy. Monday, March 23, noon. Scripps Cottage. SDSU. Free. 265-5324.

Mini-Concerts series will present classical flute music of Quantz, Smith, Tomas, and Kuhlau per-

formed by the Kuhlau Trio, Ann Irwin, Jill Goady, and Gary Leiman. Monday, March 22, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Conference Building, Balboa Park. Free viewing. 298-2755 or 230-1320.

Secred and Secular Choral Music, including traditional works by Victoria, Lully, and Balun, and spirituals, will be presented by the three-voice Chamber Singers of Smith College. Monday, March 23, 8 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front Street, Hillcrest. 298-9978 or 563-8615.

Spring Chamber Music Series will present a recital of works of Schumann, Beethoven, and Debussy by Marcia Zeavie, accompanied on piano by Sharon Skidgel. Tuesday, March 24, 7:30 p.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 234-5969.

"Bike for Boston" ride along twenty miles in San Pasqual Valley will be sponsored by American Youth Hostel to benefit the North County Blood Bank. Saturday, March 21, 8:30 a.m., North County Blood Bank, 312 South Juniper Street, Escondido. 234-3339 or 239-2644.

Cross-Country Bikeathon Race, forty miles in East San Diego County, will be followed by staged purloins in Big Oak Ranch from Friar Town. Saturday, March 21, 9 a.m., from Delhosa and Shovr, Canyon roads east of El Cajon. 286-1658.

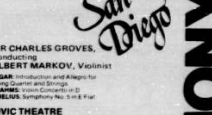
Badminton Tournament for men and women in C-Novice class will take place Saturday, March 21 and Sunday, March 22, all day, Federal Building, Balboa Park. 457-1159.

Family Fun Run of three miles will benefit the Head Start program of Neighborhood House Association. Sunday, March 22, 7:30 a.m., Balboa Park. 239-9281.

Free-Agent Trout Camp for the San Diego Sharks minor league football club will be held Sunday, March 22, 9:30 a.m. Charge practice field west of San Diego Stadium. Free viewing. 433-3707.

Celebrity Volleyball Game, to benefit the Lyle YMCAY youth program, will pit a media team against a pro athletes team. Sunday, March 22, 12 p.m., Serra High School gymnasium, 5156 Santo Road, Tecamacha. 560-4341 or 560-6211.

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TICKETS NOW ON SALE FOR

Victor Bridge in San Diego

p.m. to midnight; Saturday, March 21, 10:30 a.m. to midnight; and Sunday, March 22, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Conference Building, Balboa Park. Free viewing. 298-2755 or 230-1320.

Mexicali 250, the fourth running of the 100-mile off-road race through the interior of Baja California, will begin Saturday, March 21 at daylight. Mexicali. Free viewing. (213) 699-9216.

Health Beat 10,000 meter and two-mile fun run will benefit the cardiac rehabilitation program at Bay General Community Hospital. Saturday, March 21, 7 and 8 a.m., respectively, Community Recreation Center, Parkway near Fourth Avenue, Chula Vista. 420-8182 x423.

"Bike for Boston" ride along twenty miles in San Pasqual Valley will be sponsored by American Youth Hostel to benefit the North County Blood Bank. Saturday, March 21, 8:30 a.m., North County Blood Bank, 312 South Juniper Street, Escondido. 234-3339 or 239-2644.

Cross-Country Bikeathon Race, forty miles in East San Diego County, will be followed by staged purloins in Big Oak Ranch from Friar Town. Saturday, March 21, 9 a.m., from Delhosa and Shovr, Canyon roads east of El Cajon. 286-1658.

"Rashomon," the epic Japanese drama, will be presented by Compañia de Teatro de la Universidad Veracruzana. Thursday, March 19, 8 p.m., Educational Cultural Complex Performing Arts Theatre, 4143 Ocean View Boulevard, San Diego. 283-2804 or 283-2835.

"A Doublet," a theater festival of the ECC Theatre Club and Teatro Mestizo, will present Berold Brecht's *La Escopeta y La Rota* in a production by Compañia Universitaria of Tijuana. Friday, March 20, and San Diego de Rey by Grupo Formacion Teatral, Saturday, March 21, both at 8 p.m., Educational Cultural Complex Performing Arts Theatre, 4143 Ocean View Boulevard, San Diego. 283-2835 or 262-4887.

Desert Ecology and Wildflowers trip to the Anza-Borrego Desert will be led by naturalists from the Natural History Museum, San Diego. Sunday, March 22, 8 a.m., and April 4, Sunday, March 29 and April 5, and Thursday, April 2, all day. Reservations: 232-1521.

Down Home Show, the first poetry show sponsored by San Diego Poetry Fanciers, will be open to

the public. Saturday, March 21, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; and Sunday, March 22, 9 a.m. to noon, poetry building, Del Mar Fairgrounds. 462-9133.

Energy Awareness Day will feature films and displays on energy ecology and conservation and alternative energy sources for the future. Saturday, March 21, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mission Valley Center. 266-6375.

"Orchid Roundup" the thirty-fifth annual show of the San Diego County Orchid Society, will feature 75,000 blooms in competition and some for sale. Saturday, March 21, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; and Sunday, March 22, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Alhambra Temple, Highway 163 and Claremont. 571-0899.

Scale Ship Model Competition and Exhibition will feature vessels from the early days of sail to modern nuclear-powered ships, and from small pleasure craft to giant naval and merchant ships, sponsored by San Diego Ship Modelers Guild and the San Diego Maritime Museum. Sunday, March 21, 10 a.m. with judging from 1 to 4 p.m., and Sunday, March 22, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 231-8995.

San Diego Master Choral

Charles Ketchum, Music Director presents

St. Matthew's Passion

by J.S. Bach

Pauline Towner, Soprano, Diana Davidson, Contralto, Jonathan Marks, Tenor

Michael Terry, Baritone, Thomas Wilton, Baritone, Leonard St. Paul, Chorists

San Diego Master Choral & Orchestra

Charles Ketchum, conducting

Sunday, March 29, 2:30 PM

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MARCH 19, 1981

READER'S GUIDE

about the ferry boat Berkeley at the Embarcadero. 224-6964.

Honorary Easter Bunny Miss, the truck pony, will go through her repertoire, which includes an impression of Fred Astaire, to benefit the Easter Seals campaign. Saturday, March 21, 11 a.m., College Grove Shopping Center, and 1 p.m., Parkway Plaza, El Cajon; and Sunday, March 22, 1 p.m., Grossmont Center, La Mesa. 292-3121.

"Flor o Canto Poetico Contest," a fiesta and Chicano poetry recital celebrating the spring equinox, will be sponsored by Centro Cultural de la Raza. Saturday, March 21, noon to 5 p.m., Chicano Park. Crosby and National avenues, San Diego. 235-6115.

"The Rude Mechanicals," an adaptation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Ed Ginepro, will be presented by the SDSU Theater for Young Audiences. Saturday, March 21, and Sunday, March 22, 1 and 3:30 p.m., Experimental Theater, dramatic arts building, SDSU. 265-6884.

Stadium Stroll inside and outside San Diego Stadium will be led by Walkabout International. Sunday, March 22, 10:30 a.m., Gate F. San Diego Stadium parking lot. Free. 571-7280 or 223-WALK.

"The Pink Panther Strikes Again," one of Peter Sellers' funniest Inspector Clouseau films, also starring Herbert Lom, will be on the air. Friday, March 20, 9 p.m., Channel 10.

A Wild Walk will go behind-the-scenes at the San Diego Wild Animal Park with Walkabout International. Wednesday, March 25, 8:45 a.m., San Diego Wild Animal Park, San Pasqual Valley. Reservations 231-1515 x344.

National Nutrition Month will be

celebrated on Wednesday, March 25 with a food-oriented story hour for children at 10 a.m., a Tip for Teen Bugging 101 lecture at noon, and a sports nutrition lecture at 7 p.m., Chula Vista Library, 365 F Street, Chula Vista. 474-2261.

Walking Tours of the historic Gaslamp Quarter will be led every Friday, noon to 1 p.m.; and Saturday, 10 a.m. to noon, from 652 Fifth Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-5227.

Nature Walks will be offered every Sunday by the Audubon Society, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, Wildcat Canyon Road, 530 miles east of Lakeside (219-8271), and the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Florida Canyon, Bullock Park (322-8321) 481. Free.

Radio/TV
"Justice," a story of two jaded lawyers by Terry Curtis Fox, starring the voice of Tom Roberts as Roger Ackerman, will be broadcast on KPRB-TV. Thursday, March 19, 8 p.m., KPRB-FM 89.

"Which Way Is Up?," Richard Pryor as a sex-starved trip picker in this 1977 film, to be aired Thursday, March 19, 9 p.m., Channel 39.

"The Pink Panther Strikes Again," one of Peter Sellers' funniest Inspector Clouseau films, also starring Herbert Lom, will be on the air. Friday, March 20, 9 p.m., Channel 10.

"Making M*A*S*H," a special narrated by Mary Tyler Moore that tries to explain how they continue to do it in their ninth season, will

be televised Friday, March 20, 9:10 p.m., Channel 15.

NCAA Basketball Championship Series will continue with coverage of the East and West regional finals. Saturday, March 21, 10 a.m. and 12:30 p.m.; and Sunday, March 22, 10 a.m. and noon, Channel 39.

Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts will present Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*. Saturday, March 21, 11 a.m., KPRB-FM 94.1.

"Gold Challenge" Tennis, from Bob and John McEwen, will compete for \$250,000 and a solid gold tennis racket, televised live from Australia. Saturday, March 21, 8 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

"The 50th Moments to Remember," Arthur Godfrey will be back with Rosemary Clooney, Frankie Lane, Guy Mitchell, Patti Page, and rockers Bob and Ray. Saturday, March 21, 8 p.m., re-peating Sunday, March 22, 5 p.m., Channel 10.

"Star Wars" in episode four reveals Princess Leia's capture by Darth Vader and See Theophrastus and Amos Dento's escape from capture. Monday, March 23, 7 p.m., KPRB-FM 89.

"Saint Paul Sunday Morning" a new chamber music series, will be transmitted by satellite from Minnesota Public Radio. Sunday, March 22, 9 a.m., KPRB-FM 89.

"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," a film version of the James Joyce novel, will be televised Sunday, March 22, 11:30 a.m., Cable Channel 2.

"Gala of Stars 1981" will celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of Carnegie Hall with a special featuring Victor Borge, Cynthia Gregory and Geisel Kirkland, Sherrill Milnes and Marilyn Horne, Liza Minnelli, Itzhak

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"The End," a black comedy directed by and starring Bart Reynolds, with Sally Field and Don DeLuise, will be televised Sunday, March 22, 9 p.m., Channel 39.

"Perfect Friday," a British film directed by Peter Hall and starring Stanley Baker as an assistant bank manager who decides to rob his own bank with associate Ursula Andress and her husband David Warner, will be televised Sunday, March 22, midnight, Channel 10.

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"Ironside," the 1967 pilot for the TV series, directed by James Goldstone and starring Raymond Burr, will be televised Tuesday, March 24, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

Ski Reports, sixty seconds on conditions at resorts in California, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and sometimes the Canadian Rockies, will be broadcast Mondays through Sundays, 6:45 and 8:45 a.m.; and every two hours from 12:45 to 8:45 p.m., Mondays through Friday, KSDO 1130.

Galleries

Group Show of paintings, drawings, and prints, including works of Billy Al Bengtson, Richard Francis, and Barbara Welden, will be exhibited at an opening reception, Friday, March 20, 6 to 8 p.m., during which new works in painted silks and leather by Carol Vidstrand will be modeled; and through April 2, Thomas Babcock Gallery, 7470 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 454-0345.

"Viewpoint: Ceramics, 1981," a group show of eight artists, will be exhibited through March 31, with a joint reception with Robert Bradford's paintings and drawings, Friday, March 20, 7 to 9 p.m., and with screenings in room 207 of Howard-Yana Shapiro's film *Spending a Square*, Friday, March 20, 6:30 p.m., and Wednesday, March 25, noon, Grossmont College Gallery, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon.

"Decade Moments," a collection of thirty-four classic photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, and nine

Two-Man Show, paintings by Deane McGraw and sculpture by Felipe Archuleta, will be exhibited through April 5, Jewish Community Center Gallery, 4079 14th Street, San Diego.

"Drawing Personal Definition," an exhibition of twenty-five Southern California artists and one from Seattle, including traditional approaches and challenges of the two-dimensional concept of drawing, will continue through April 11, University Galleries, SDSU. 265-5204.

"The Bold, Bold Stroke," an exhibition of lithographs and aquatints by Robert Motherwell and Tokio Shimoda, will continue through April 15, Pacific Collection, 1039 Silverado Street, La Jolla. 459-4393.

"Selections of the Masters," an exhibition of photographs by twenty-four photographers, including Ansel Adams, Harry Callahan, Arnold Newman, Irving Penn, and Eugene Smith, will continue through April 16, Photography Gallery, 7468 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 459-1620.

Bike-athon
(see adjacent from page 1)
or not he or she has completed the ride. Other attractive features of the event are the discount coupons offered equal to the entry fee value, and commemorative embroidered patches distributed to each rider — a discount card and a patch, which will be given a detailed map, and there will be water stops along the route, a first aid station, rest stops, and a bicycle mechanic.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

images of Wall People by David Covey will be on view through March 21, Gallery Graphics, 1847 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest. 299-3138.

"New Decade — New Images," an exhibition of photographs, works selected by University of Arizona professor of photography Harold Jones, will be on view through March 25, Southwestern College Gallery, 900 Olay Lakes Road, Chula Vista. 421-6700.

"The Sea Series" watercolors by Pauline Eaton, will be on view through March 27, Keller Art Gallery, Point Loma College, 3900 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma. 222-6474.

All-Mile Membership Exhibition of San Diego Artists Guild, a joint show, will be on display through March 29, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

Retrospective Exhibition of works by Chicanos artist Domingo Ullera from 1947 to 1980, and new works of Guillermo Acevedo will be on view through March 28, Solart Gallery, 7470 Grand Avenue, La Jolla. 454-0345.

Recent Works from the singular, mixed-media Hector Vega series by Robin Bright will be on exhibit through April 5, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 1030 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

"A Selection of Paintings and Graphics by Pablo Picasso," an exhibition consisting of five paintings loaned from the Museum of Modern Art in New York and thirty paintings and graphic works from the San Diego Museum of Art collection, will be on view through April 5, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

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On the same day, there will be another bike ride in the county, sponsored by a different group. This is not a bike-athon but a "Bike for Blood" ride, a title equally harrowing. The sponsor is the American Youth Hostels, Inc., and although there is no charge for participation, donations will be accepted for the benefit of the North County Blood Bank. This is a twenty-mile loop through old vineyards in the San Pasqual Valley, and the ride leaders will be Joanne and Paul Von Norman.

The Great Western Forty-Mile Cross-Country Single Loop Bike-athon will begin Sunday, March 21, at 9:00 a.m. The place to meet is Delana and Slone Canyon roads, in East County. For information telephone Rob Delano at 286-1658.

The American Youth Hostels North County "Bike for Blood" Ride will begin on the same Saturday, March 21, at 8:30 a.m., with the starting point at the North County Blood Bank, 332 South Juniper Street, Encinitas. For information telephone Anne Kordell at 234-3339 or 239-2644.

I hope you have enjoyed this readathon.
— Achilles Hertz

Gridders

(continued from page 1)
league. It's called the Minor Professional Football Association (MPFA), and it has existed in one form or another for nearly twenty years. A healthier descendant of what used to be known as "sandlot" or "semipro" ball, minor league football is roughly the equivalent of Triple-A baseball (the Padres' Hawaiian farm club is Triple-A). Like in baseball, counterpart, the MPFA offers the "real thing." This isn't a Sunday picnic variety of flag or touch football; it's tackle football in full, padded gear, with coaches, uniforms, playbooks, paychecks, and, increasingly, accomplished players with recognizable names.

This last fact is a major reason why NFL scouts often attend MPFA games, and were well represented at the minor league's East-West All-Star Game in

January, held as a preliminary to the NFL's Superbowl in New Orleans. Conversely, some players turn out for minor league football in the hopes that it will serve as a steppingstone to an NFL tryout (it thus seems unlikely, remember that Johnny Unitas was discovered playing sandlot ball in Pittsburgh many years ago).

The MPFA boasts 225 official teams between the coasts, with names like the Delavan Red Devils, Twin Cities Cougars, San Jose Tigers, and Sacramento Buffaloes. One of them is the other pro football team in our city — the San Diego Sharks.

Pro Football Weekly magazine has ranked the Sharks nineteenth in the nation. Under founder/owner/head coach John Baker, the Sharks were the 1980 Southern Division champions of the California Football League — a regional division of the MPFA — largely on the strength of players whose names should be fairly familiar to area football fans.

Enlisted in at quarterback for the 1981 season are former Grossmont College standout Jim Fritter (brother of ex-Artexes-Charger Jesse) and former UCLA quarterback Steve Bullock (son of Rudy, a great with the Chicago Bears). Other local stars include offensive tackle Ira Watley (SDSU), Canadian Football League defensive end Valley Coleman (Utah State, Chargers), and wide receiver Foot Michel (Kearny High, SDSU).

Most of the Sharks are not playing for the chance to be picked up by the NFL, nor are they motivated by greed (the players get one percent of the gate receipts at their games, after expenses). They play because they love the game and can't stay away. That the players share this enthusiasm with a great many young athletes in San Diego should be in evidence this weekend when the team holds its free-agent tryout in Mission Valley. Last year, more than 200 hardy souls braved torrid rains at USU for the chance to make the team.

The one-day camp will consist of one-on-one drills, passing and catching drills, forty-yard time trials, and related exercises. Players must provide football or soccer shoes, numbered jerseys

or T-shirts, and a three-dollar registration fee. The Sharks tryout will be held Sunday, March 22, beginning at 9:30 a.m. at the Charger practice field west of San Diego Stadium. Attendance is free to the public. For further information, call 433-3707.

— John D'Agostino

Bird-athon

(continued from page 1)
hundred dollars. There is no such thing as a stud fee for a bird, either, the way there is for thoroughbred horses or pedigreed dogs, because the birds are subject to so many diseases — Newcastle's, of course, and twenty or thirty others — that it would be too risky.

Once Mrs. Keynton went to Madison Square Garden, where the most prestigious poultry show in the country takes place annually. She was even planning to go to Columbus, Ohio, last November for the big national meet, but she didn't make it and she won't go for any more shows at all, not the

one in Del Mar either. But you can be there, this Saturday, March 21, from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m., and Sunday, March 22, from 10:30 a.m. to noon, although the long-distance exhibitors will start cooping out Sunday at 10:00 a.m. On Saturday at 9:00 a.m., you can watch the judges handle the birds, weigh them, and check them for hidden faults, broken feathers, bugs and mites, and taking of color on feathers or legs. At 10:00 a.m. you can watch a judging contest, with judges competing against one another, and you can laugh or groan at the egg tows at 11:00 a.m. After the 1:30 p.m. crowing contest there will be a seminar on grooming (no brushing or combing, but blow-drying is okay) and another one on defects and disqualifications. Admission is free, there'll be birds for sale, and everybody's welcome. It's in the poultry building at the Del Mar Fairgrounds; tell them old Mrs. Benton sent you. For further information, call 442-9133.

— Amy Chu



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Mrs. Hopkins is nationally known for her role as Beanie Smith in the Broadway musical "Milk & Honey." She just finished a successful national tour with Sammy Davis Jr. She received the best review in Vegas since Anthony "Sonny" Bono. After her performance she will open at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. (This show will be taped for KPRB-TV)

Donation—\$11 in advance, \$12.50 at door.
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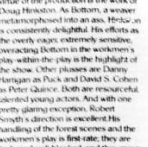
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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

...and a little bit of the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. By the way, the Players Theatre is able to overcome its occasional airy nothingness with movements that at times resemble great constancy. The unacknowledged set design, for example, is a major plus for the production. With few props, and with Terry Wuthrich's subtle light designs, the small theater-in-the-round converts easily from the rational world of day to the



virtue of the production is the work of Doug Hinkston. As Bottom, a weaver metamorphosed into an ass, Hinkston is consistently delightful. His efforts as he overly eases, extremely sensitive, overacting Bottom in the workmen's play—within the play—is the highlight of the show. Other plusses are Danny Hartigan as Puck and David S. Cohen as Peter Quince. Both are resourceful, talented young actors. And with one pretty glaring exception, Robert Smith's direction is excellent. His

workmen's play is first-rate; they are lively and well blocked, and they move at a brisk clip. Smyth is less successful, however, with the scenes set in the palace of Theseus, which tend to be too stiff and formal even for the rigid environment they attempt to reflect. The other members of the cast, dressed by Terann Medcalf in an odd mixture of English Renaissance and Russian Cossack costumes, are

Arabella Smith, as Peaseblossom and "And, two rather lecherous feisty servants, are special fun. Arad occasional moments of aly nothing, the production also achieves if not the great consistency referred to by Apollotheater, at least an evening of good theater. (Sm.)

Arad's Players Theatre, through March 21; Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

THE PETRIFFED FOREST
The San Diego Repertory Theatre presents the Robert Emmet Sherwood drama that later became a classic film of the Thirties starring Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, and Bette Davis. Set in a roadside dining in Arizona desert highway at the edge of the Petrified Forest, the drama depicts the intersection of three lives: Nan Squire, a self-defeating, idealistic

It's interesting to see a comedy come from a comic who's identified in (what?) *The New, Improved, Play, Part II: It's Still Life*, and *Ill offers We Astounded* poets. Of the old has said, "a great advantage that it can sustain critical creaking or, as a better late,

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"Will Simpson
whose
Amelia Adams,
and Flint, Alison
Krenze, Byron
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Anna Walker,
and Earl in the scene.
My Wood is the
theatre, through
through Saturday
Sunday at 3:00


theater presents a comedy about a college student, who, as all longings are for a life-long to combat her to test her to her fiance by with her on a Complics. Complicating either is the ous landlord to prove to Robin self an irresistible Frank Wayne on, which stars on Leigh, John

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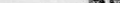

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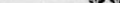
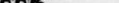
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 10:00

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Don & Bonnie Ward

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

There is something peculiarly amusing about having the knock and the ridge show Beatmania appearing locally in the same week. On the surface, both are testimony to the lasting influence of the Beatles, musically and sociologically. And given the public's near-inextinguishable desire to keep the Beatles phenomenon alive, groups like the knock and show like Beatmania can be viewed as but small, harmless, parts of a vast life-support system aimed at maintaining the vital signs of a comatose giant — not for the sake of the patient, but for the gratification of the fans. And therein lies the rub.

Although I enjoyed the Beatmania show when it first passed through San Diego a few years ago, and especially moved at the precision with which the musicians re-created each progressive phase of the Beatles' musical evolution, I was nevertheless left with the disquieting feeling that the performers were, after all, quite ready going through the motions. The show was impressive, but not satisfying.

Much less can be said of the knock, whose leader, Doug Feigler, is nothing more than an archival, dutifully identifying Beatles' look and vocal arrangements and mimographing them to mass consumption. Predictably, the knock has never been as favored by the rock press as by their regions of adoring, pubescent fans, who probably wouldn't recognize the real McCoy.

One quality the knock and the Beatmania production share with the original is an uncanny ability to generate huge sums of



THE KNACK

money. But even in this respect, each has done more to detract from, rather than benefit, the actual group. And these ubiquitous knock-Beatles concerts especially in light of John Lennon's assassination, have taken on a somewhat ghastly overtones. The knock will appear for one show only on Tuesday at the Backdoor, while Beatmania will play the entire weekend at the Fox Theatre, downtown.

Several years ago, Rachel Bloomer sounded like the heir apparent to an electric guitar throne previously occupied by Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Jimmy Page. This despite his looking Clapton's way, his Beck's taste, and Page's technical flamboyance. As the wunderkind lead singer for Deep Purple, Bloomer debuted auspiciously on the first couple of Purple albums, most notably on the now hard-to-find "Book of Thelme." But as the Deep Purple

bandwagon steered into heavy metal drags, Bloomer's playing became cliché-ridden, until eventually he was no more inventive and inspired than the average fifteen-year-old with a new Les Paul and a Marshall amp. I had hoped that when Bloomer broke away from the Deep Purple yoke a few years ago, he was going to do something to revitalize his music career. Alas, his group, Rainbow, was and is no better than the band which gave us the acme anthem of the early seventies, "Smoke on the Water." At least their album covers are more interesting. Bloomer and his Rainbow join another hard rock youth, Pat Travers, for a double bill Monday night at the Sports Arena. I must admit that I've never been in favor of mixing music with political or religious proselytizing. When I listen to an artist, all I'm looking for is the quality of the music itself. My apologies to McLuhan. Lyrics are

mountains who have been held by his followers as "the latest musical prophet" will make an appearance in San Diego. Middle-aged Lenny Nimbardo, bearded, has singing career with the Shadows in 1968. His lyrics are said to give hope to the suppressed and the depressed, an undeniably noble undertaking. While my own ignorance of this Washington, poet, philosopher, and musician precludes my recommending his concert, anyone who claims to have "the answers to the many world puzzles which other musicians have failed to solve" gets my vote as a must-see. Pat Travers and his band, I-dren, will perform Saturday at the Adams Avenue Theatre.

Due to a profusion of concerts this week, it will be necessary to skim over the remaining entries so as not to omit any.

A couple of years ago, soul-gospel star Linda Hopkins was a fixture on late-night talk shows as a result of her role as Beanie Smith in the Broadway production, "Beetle & Me." You can see and hear her in person this Saturday night at the Town and Country Hotel in Mission Valley.

Another Tony Rice, once a member of the David Grisman Quartet, will bring his acoustic jazz ensemble of guitar, mandolin, violin, and acoustic bass to the Old Time Cafe in Leucadia for two shows tonight, Thursday.

The Backdoor will feature Randy Meisner on Wednesday. The Zebra Club brings in I'm a Boy tonight, Thursday, the Unknowns on Friday, and the Townes on Saturday. And Spill will present the Townes and Puppies tonight, Thursday, the Twisted (L.A.), Fire (Frisco), and the Funes on Friday, and another triple bill featuring the Fingers, Daniel Webster (L.A.), and the Strangers on Saturday.

— John D'Agostino

San Diego Concerts

Tony Rice Unit: Old Time Cafe, Thursday, March 19, 7 and 9 p.m., 1454 North Highway 101, Leucadia 436-8030.

I'm a Boy: Zebra Club, Thursday, March 19, 7 p.m., 560 Fifth Avenue, downtown 239-4222.

Townes and the Puppies: Spill, Thursday, March 19, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, downtown 276-3993.

Beethovenia: Fox Theatre, Friday through Sunday, March 20 through 22, 8 p.m., 720 B Street, downtown 233-6331.

Twisted, Fire, and the Funes: Spill, Friday, March 20, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, downtown 276-3993.

Unknowns: Zebra Club, Friday, March 20, 9 p.m., 560 Fifth Avenue, downtown 239-4222.

Ros Midas and the I-dren: Adams Avenue Theatre, Saturday, March 21, 8:30 p.m., 3325 Adams Avenue, 283-1566 or 233-4271.

Townes: Zebra Club, Saturday, March 21, 9 p.m., 560 Fifth Avenue, downtown 239-4222.

Linda Hopkins: Town and Country Hotel, San Diego Room, Saturday, March 21, 8 p.m., Hotel Circle, Mission Valley, 264-7555 or 565-9947.

Fingers, Daniel Webster, and the Strangers: Spill, Saturday, March 21, 9 p.m., 1130 Buena Avenue, downtown 276-3993.

Pat Travers and Richie Black: Rainbow, Sports Arena, Monday, March 23, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4711.

The Knack: SOSU Backdoor, Tuesday, March 24, 8 p.m., 265-6974 or 265-6962.

Randy Meisner: Backdoor, Wednesday, March 25, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 565-9947 or 565-2865.

The Beatles: SOSU Backdoor, Friday, March 27, 8 p.m., 265-6947.

The Mingo Dynasty featuring Roland Hanna, Clifford Jordan, Mike Richmond, Randy Becker, and Billy Hart: SOSU Backdoor, Saturday, March 28, 8 and 10:30 p.m., 265-6947.

Steve Goodman: Backdoor, Tuesday, March 31, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m., 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 565-9947 or 565-2865.

Clubs

Abilene, Town and Country Hotel: 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 291-7131. Lenny Puff and Cannon Ridge, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Aloha, 3093 Clairemont Drive: Clairemont, 276-2240. Pony Express, country rock, Tuesday through Sunday.

Albino's, 1309 Camino del Mar: Del Mar, 755-6744. Mel Gool Quartet featuring Denise Aelter, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

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

Anchorage Fish Company, 3878 Carlsbad Boulevard: Carlsbad, 726-3170. Tamarion, contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Ride and Joy, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Backdoor, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard: Clairemont, 560-8022. Paton key, rock/new

Anchor Inn, 7260 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard: Clairemont, 571-5332. Ike, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Anthony's Harborview, 1356 North Harbor Drive: downtown 232-6358. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Bachia, 908 West Mission Bay Drive: Mission Bay, 488-0551. Summer Breeze, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5247 Keamy Villa Road: Keamy Mesa, 279-3100. Michael Dore, contemporary, Sunday and Monday. Spill, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 10370 Frias Road: Mission Valley, 363-5802. Summer Breeze, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Groves Avenue: El Cajon, 440-3655. Feeling, contemporary, Monday through Saturday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4072 Federal Road: East San Diego, 264-5797. Jimmy Noone, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday. Sugar Blue, jazz, Friday through Sunday.

Blonney Stone Pub, 5017 Babbitt Avenue: Clairemont, 276-2033. Irish traditional folk music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Blue Parrot, 1208 Prospect Street: La Jolla, 454-9731. Mike Wolford, jazz, Tuesday, Bud Shank Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday. Kim Bloom, classical, Sunday. Flowers, reggae, Monday. Gary Music Co., jazz, Tuesday, 80 Kite Quartet, jazz, Wednesday.

Boy Lounge, Vacation Village Hotel: Mission Bay, 274-4630. Shane & Co., contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street: Ocean Beach, 222-6822. Sky High, rock and new wave, Thursday through Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros Avenue: Solana Beach.

Ben X Beach House, 119 East Broadway: Vista, 724-0010. Many, country western and contemporary, Thursday through Sunday.

Aspen Mine Co., 5880 El Capon Boulevard: East San Diego, 562-1813. Three Six Two, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Atlanta, 2595 Kingham Street: Mission Bay, 224-2434. Roberto Lynn with the Gambler's, country pop, Thursday through Saturday.

Backdoor, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard: Clairemont, 560-8022. Paton key, rock/new

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Bombay Bicycle Club, 2806 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 224-2483. Margaritas with Chick Corea and friends, jazz, Friday and Saturday, sugar-free jazz, Wednesday.

Bull and Bear, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon 443-5151. Party, country, contemporary, country western, and country rock, Wednesday through Saturday. David Alan Cruz, contemporary, Monday, Nightmire, contemporary, country western, and country rock, Tuesday. Cabaret Supper Club, 2223 El

Cajon Boulevard, North Park 258-8888. The Rockers, 11, Wednesday, and a variety of new wave, Monday and Tuesday. **Cafe Del Rey**, 1549 El Prado, San Diego 443-5151. Shoun, jazz, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday. Deane Zafach, contemporary, country western, and country rock, Tuesday. **Cabaret Supper Club**, 2223 El

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SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 7:30 & 10:30 PM

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MONDAY, MARCH 25, 7:30 & 10:30 PM

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TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 7:30 & 10:30 PM

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GLEN MATLOCK OF THE SEX PISTOLS

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Quadrant, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday, Carl Semenza, country western, Friday through Saturday.

Logie 1, 945 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos 744-7100. Call club for information.

Elora's, 710 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 459-6411. Peter Stragoule with Dance of the Universe, orchestra, jazz, Wednesday through Sunday.

El City, 397 Pacific Highway, 325-3666. Jazz and Motown, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday, Keith Hartley and Jordan Cox, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Frederic Remondini's, 1046 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 459-6411. Jazz, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Fish House West, 2633 South Highway 101, Cardiff 753-6438. Jazz, contemporary, Monday and Tuesday.

Fynn Springs Inn, 15505 Old Highway 80, El Cajon 443-9508. Andy and Donna, country western, Wednesday through Saturday, open jam session, Sunday.

Fogcutter, 2858 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad 726-3189. Edges, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday, Incognito, new wave, Sunday through Tuesday.

Francine's, 330 North Hill Street, Oceanside 722-7123. Wood, pop, 40, Wednesday through Sunday.

Gaslight Theatre Club, 2855 Midway Drive, La Jolla 524-2122. Call club for information.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 900 Home Circle, North Mission Valley, 291-7131. Soft rock, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Haji Baba, 104 Mission Valley Center West, Mission Valley 291-7131. Soft rock, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Hollywood, 4258 West Pointe La Jolla, La Jolla 459-6411. Jazz, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday, Frank, Edges, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday. Moving Target, rock and roll, Tuesday.

Holligan's, 4325 Ocean Boulevard, Pacific Beach 214-3474. San Ballon, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday, Steve Voss, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Humburgueses, 4016 Wallace Street, Old Town 295-0884. Danny Rose, contemporary and country, Friday and Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 224-2483. Passion, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar 755-6046. Texas, country rock, Thursday through Saturday, Bame Cunningham, rock-a-billy, country rock and contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay 276-4200. People Moves, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday, Guideline, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Houlthorn's, 5333 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley 291-7370. His Brothers, country, Thursday through Wednesday.

Humphrey's, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island 224-2483. Fewer, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon 442-0917. Tex and Ted, contemporary and country western, Thursday through Saturday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside 433-2533. The Rascals, Kinkadee Band, Southern soul and affinity, Wednesday through Saturday, Soft Soul.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19

Tweed Sneakers

FRIDAY, MARCH 20

Moving Targets

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, IN DANCE CONCERT

Tweed Sneakers

Moving Targets

MONDAY, MARCH 23

MOVING TARGETS

THURSDAY, MARCH 26

SEE OUR OTHER AD IN THIS ISSUE FOR COMING CONCERTS

The BOUNTY HUNTERS are coming.

Cocktails, dining & dancing with music by
SPLINTERS

Friday & Saturday night, 8:30 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. featuring

BAGGS WYNNE & CARL DELUXE formerly of **BRATZ** and
DAVE ZEMAN formerly of **FLUKE** and
MARK WOOD formerly of **THE MOON**

Friday & Saturday night **Sneak Preview**

Celebrate the full moon - celebrate spring
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North County's newest cocktail nightclub & restaurant.
Happy Hour 4-5. Complimentary hors d'oeuvres.
135 N. Highway 101, Solana Beach

the ALBATROSS

Tuesday thru Saturday thru March 28

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featuring **Denise Jeter**, vocals and
Mitch Menker, trumpet & **Ruggerio**
Bim Strassburg, bass & **Michael Brorby**, drums



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270-3220. David Bradley, variety.
Thursday through Saturday.
Nomads, rock, new wave.
Wednesday.

Journey 5375 Kearny Villa Road.
Academy Mesa 270-2040. Devotion,
disco and soul. Friday. Vengeance,
Maz, Mazza and Emerald, rock.
Saturday.

The Juke Box 330 West
Broadway, downtown 234-0221.
Babara, piano bar. Friday and
Saturday.

Kelly's Roadhouse 506 North
Mallory Avenue, El Cajon.
442-0353. Coast to Coast,
contemporary. Tuesday through
Saturday.

Kentucky Stud 11377 Woodside
Ave., Lakeside 448-3402.
California Country Band, country.
Thursday through Saturday.

Krazy George's 6149 University
Avenue, East San Diego
562-5700. Leather and lace,
country western. Friday and
Saturday.

Kishino Mulvaney's 1031 Orange
Avenue, Coronado 435-4600.
Call club for information.

Kung Food 2040 Fifth Avenue,
Hillcrest 268-7332. Pat Kerber,
classical guitar. Thursday. Bob
Ward, classical guitar. Friday.
Cajon's, Funk, blues, Saturday
and Sunday.

La Casa Blanca Restaurant,
2444 San Diego Avenue, Old
Town 276-6380. Ricardo Beltra,
easy listening in Spanish and
English. Friday through Sunday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel
Circle South, Mission Valley.
298-8201. Two Tones, originals and
contemporary. Sunday and
Monday.

Lakeland Resort, Highway 75,
Carmel 765-0736. C.W. Dagit,
country. Friday and Saturday.

Lakeside Hotel, 9040 River Street,
Lakeside 443-9597. Loose
Change, country. Friday through
Sunday.

Le Chateau, 5040 Newport Avenue,
Ocean Beach 222-5300. Call
club for information.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino
del Rio South, Mission Valley.
299-2828. Joint effort,
contemporary and 30s music.
Wednesday through Saturday.

Loading Zone, 4108 Convey
Street, Chula Vista 947-8807. Blitz
Bro, rock. Friday and Saturday.

Little Bavaria, Carmel Valley
Road, Del Mar 755-1383. Top
Cotton, country. Thursday. The
Alpiners, German polka. Saturday.
All Thai Jazz featuring Johnny Best,
jazz. Sunday.

London Opera House, 5404
Baltic Avenue, Claremont
270-2390. Bill Bricker,
comedy music. Thursday through
Saturday. Baker and Co.,
contemporary. Sunday. John
Baker, contemporary. Monday
through Wednesday.

Longshot Saloon, 843 Grand
Avenue, San Marcos 744-8676.
Sim Pichin, country. Thursday.
Stage Coach, country. Friday and
Saturday.

Lorenz's, 599 Broadway, El
Cajon 442-0918. Jazz
contemporary rock. Tuesday
through Saturday. Pro Brighton
Preservation Band, rhythm and
blues. Sunday and Monday.

Macho's, 2966 Midway Drive,
Loma Portal 224-2401. Brambie,
country. Tuesday through
Saturday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 5801
Magnolia Avenue, San Jose
448-8500. Top Cotton, country
western. Wednesday through
Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main
Street, El Cajon 442-5673.
Ambitious, country. Tuesday
through Saturday.

JOSE MURPHY'S IRISH PUB

Thursday - Saturday
David Bradley...
Don't forget to call Dala-Brad
270-8018

Come Early.
Happy Hour Thurs.-Fri. 4-8 p.m.
25c drafts
50c well drinks
50c domestic beer

Sunday - Wednesday
Nomads
Formerly of Cindy & the Sinners

4302 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-3220

NASHVILLE WEST

LIVE COUNTRY MUSIC & DANCING
AT ITS BEST
NO COVER CHARGE

Hear the new country rock sounds of
SADDLE SORE
Tuesday - Saturday 9 p.m.

Tickets (\$4 & \$6) now on sale for
FEMALE MUD WRESTLING
Monday, March 30

COUNTRY DANCE GLASSES FREE
Every Sunday & Monday 7 p.m.

4240 West Point Loma Blvd.
Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 224-8282

Aspen Mine Co.

presents
Three Six Tees
March 19-21

Strangers
March 25-28 & April 1-4

Yeah Yeah Yeah
April 9-11 & April 16-18

5880 El Cajon Blvd. 582-1813



The Cowboy Corral Opens at the Atlantis

Featuring
Roberta Linn and the Gamblers
Appearing nightly
Tuesday - Saturday
9:00 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

* Pearl Beer * Dance Lessons * KCBQ Remotes

Cowboy Corral at
The Atlantis

2595 Ingraham Street 224-2434

LITTLE BAVARIA

CARMEL VALLEY RD., DEL MAR
Largest dance floor in North County

JOHNNY ALMOND - MARK LESSMAN BAND
THURSDAY MARCH 19
FRIDAY SWING TO THE BIG BAND SOUND
SATURDAY THE ALPINERS GERMAN POLKA BAND



EAST WEST BAND
WEDNESDAY MARCH 25
CARMEL VALLEY ROAD BETWEEN I-5 & 101 755-1383, 455-3332

SECRET

Thursday (Tonight)
The Puppies and Trowers
Should be a very internationally blending affair when the asexual gards meet the ska reggae

Friday
The Twisters
From S.F.

Fire
From S.D.
The Funes
A Steve Powell Big Pow Wow Presentation

Saturday
Last Party
with act 1:00 - 1:30 in L.A.
Daniel Webster
and
The Strangers
The rock buster of the year.
A Ron Sobel & Son Presentation.

Tuesday March 24
High Street and The Melting Pot
Wednesday March 25
Penetrators and Carnival of Values
featuring
The Big and The Streamers

Coming Mar. 26 - Epic recording artist 20/20 with the RICK ELIAS BAND.
Mar. 27 - BECKY and the BLU TONES Birthday Party.
COLONEL GREEN MERIWETHER and the CALIFORNIA NOMADS plus the ska reggae of TROWERS.
Mar. 28 - DFX2, AUDIO BOP and from L.A. JIMMY and the MUSTANGS.

Well, last week's book of wisdom and knowledge was such a success, a real bomb, I'm writing another one. "Let Me Free" dedicated to all the dedicated show stoppers. Chapter one begins Tuesday with a big bang as The Strangers walked the stage unceremoniously looking like a group out of the "Night of the Living Dead". So we all watched the life-size-robot look through a telescope with your hand held over the other side? That exciting act of Wednesday the wood word provided a couple of old faithfuls. I'm a Boy was first and practiced crowd starts and long ends for 45 minutes. Fingers, the little of boys from Coronado, have come a long way since we first met about 20 miles high. So, Austin, Texas, accompanied the night club around town. Thursday was the Stars and Stripes. The band was a great success. All the girls are leaving their husbands and husbands to go to Las Vegas and join the new Stars Bros. and Sisters. Friday act 1:00 to 1:30 was the Kicks. The girls are leaving their husbands and husbands to go to Las Vegas and join the new Stars Bros. and Sisters. Friday act 1:00 to 1:30 was the Kicks. The girls are leaving their husbands and husbands to go to Las Vegas and join the new Stars Bros. and Sisters.

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ROCK 'N' ROLL IS BACK
7 nights a week

at
MY RICH UNCLE'S
8305 El Cajon Blvd. 1128 E. Row of College 287-7332

THURSDAY-SUNDAY, MARCH 19-22

SUNDAY
ALL WELL DRINKS 75¢
FROM 8:00-5:45
MONDAY
SHOTS OF TEQUILA 75¢
9:00-9:30, 12:00-12:30

MONDAY, MARCH 23 ONE NIGHT ONLY
BECKY and the BLU-TONES
MARCH 24 - TUESDAY NIGHT KGB-FM CARD SPECIAL
JIM McINNES PRESENTS
**AUDIO BOP, I'M A BOY
SHRINK WRAP**

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25 **BLITZ BROS.**

THURSDAY, MARCH 26 *Tweed Sneakers*

HAPPY HOUR MONDAY-FRIDAY 3-8:00
10¢ BEER
FROM 3-4:30 AND FROM 6-8:30
FREE CHIPS, SALSA, POPCORN

MY RICH UNCLE'S
DINNER ENTERTAINMENT PACKAGE
Dinner for two, 2 margaritas, free entrance to My Rich Uncle's
for \$10.00 any night of the week.

The Jolly Roger
RESTAURANTS
presents
For Your Dancing Pleasure

The Mike Sanders Duo
San Diego Seaport Village
807 West Harbor Drive

Tony Soraci
Oceanside Marina
1900 Harbor Drive North

Nightly Wednesday thru Saturday

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner • Cocktails

Jolly Hour Daily 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM

THE BEACH CLUB PRESENTS
SKY HIGH

Thursday-Saturday March 19-21
Thursday-Saturday March 26-28

DRINK SPECIALS—DANCE CONTEST

THE BEACH CLUB
1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach
222-6822

"PARTY AT THE BEACH"

THE LOADING ZONE

Friday & Saturday, March 20 & 21
The Zone welcomes the return of
THE RICK ELIAS BAND
Superb rock-n-roll in San Diego's most intimate setting

Thursday, March 19 High voltage rock-n-roll with
FUZE
Kamikazes — 50¢ from 9:00 p.m. — no cover

Wednesday, March 25
THE PUSH BAND
High energy rock — no cover — \$1.00 well drinks

Monday & Tuesday, March 23 & 24
TELSTAR
No cover — drink specials

805 Convoy 163
Clairemont Mesa Balboa

Tuesday—Tequila or Schnapps
shooters—50¢ 9:00 p.m.—7
Wednesday—All well drinks \$1.00
Thursday—Kamikazes 50¢
9:00 p.m.—7

**4198 Convoy St.
277-9869**
Just south of Balboa—in Convoy Plaza
Plenty of free, lighted parking

Mandelin Wind, 308 University
Avenue, Hillcrest, 267-3273. Becky
and the Blu Tones, blues, Thursday
through Saturday, 8:00 p.m. and
Monday, 8:00 p.m., Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Mark V, San Marcos Boulevard at
Freeway 78, San Marcos,
744-3500. Harmony, country,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Moxdon's Club, 2231 El Camino
Real, Oceanside, 757-1791.
Highway, contemporary, Friday
through Sunday.

McCadden's, 5455 Grossmont
Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3464.
The Jon Sandora and Kathy
Mitchell Group, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

The Mexican Restaurant, 861
West Harbor Drive, Seaport
Village, 232-7881. Lirabon,
traditional Spanish and Mexican
music, Wednesday and Thursday.
Lirabon and Kaitina, traditional
Spanish and Mexican music,
Friday and Saturday afternoon.
MASA, Latin jazz, Friday and
Saturday evening. Lirabon,
traditional Spanish and Mexican
music, Sunday afternoon.

The Mission Room, 502 East
Mission Road, San Marcos,
744-2203. Western Hemisphere
country, Wednesday through
Sunday.

Moby's Deck, Adam's Rib
Swinglounge, 1403 Rosecrans Street,
Loma Point, 226-1871. John
Northman Show, contemporary,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Mom's Saloon, 943 Garnet
Avenue, Pacific Beach, 488-9598.
The Rink, rock and roll, Tuesday
through Sunday.

Monk's, 10475 San Diego Mission
Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060.
PM, 10:40, Thursday through
Monday.

Monterey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo
Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo,
565-2400. Colorado Cool-Aid,
country rock, Thursday through
Saturday.

Monterey Whaling Company,
887 Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley, 291-8418. Amber Band,
country rock and originals,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Moonglow, 4615 Clairemont
Drive, Clairemont, 273-1022.
Sandy Stewart and Co.,
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday, Jim Nease Trio, country
western, Sunday and Monday.
Sandy Stewart and Co.,
contemporary, Tuesday and
Wednesday.

Mulvaney's, 340 East Grand
Street, Escondido, 741-0930. Rich
Hunt and Dale Braden,
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday.

Mutong Club, 3595 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Loma Point, 223-5596.
Gerry Blase and a Touch of
Country, country western, Tuesday
through Saturday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego,
287-7332. Flywheel, rock and roll,
Thursday through Sunday.

Nashville West, 4240 West Point
Loma Boulevard, Loma Point,
224-8262. Sapplescor, country
rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

Novajo Inn, 8515 Navajo Road,
San Carlos, 466-1730. Jimmy Nease
Down Home Country and Rock
Band, Tuesday through Saturday,
Nileville, country rock, Sunday and
Monday.

The Normandy, 210 North Hill
Street, Oceanside, 722-2828. Call
club for information.

Ocean View Room, Hotel Del
Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-6611. Westview,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

O'Hungry's, 2547 San Diego
Avenue, Old Town, 246-0733. Jim
and Theresa Hinton, 1947 Fox,
Tuesday through Saturday, Pat
Rice, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Old Bonito Store Restaurant,
4014 Bonita Road, Bonita,
479-3537. Gary Sherwood,
contemporary rock, Friday and
Saturday.

Old Time Cafe, 1644 North
Highway 101, Encinitas, 438-4030.
The Tony Rice Unit, jazz, Thursday.
Mary McCain and Jim Ringer,
country, Friday, Holly Tannen and
Pete Cooper, dulcimer, fiddle,
and mandolin, Saturday, The La
Mirada Gutter Shufflers, jazz,
Sunday. Jackson and Jones, Joe
Stewart, blues, Wednesday.

One Night Stand, 4570 Voltaire
Street, Ocean Beach, 222-2146.
Call club for information.

Orange Tree, La Jolla Village
Square, La Jolla, 455-0064. Greg
Long, contemporary guitarist,
Friday.

Our Favorite Place, 8640 Mission
Gorge Road, Santee, 467-6240.
Country Comfort, country rock,
Friday and Saturday.

Padre Gold, 7245 Linda Vista
Road, Linda Vista, 277-8681. The
Rex Stars with Mike Turner, country.

Pat Joe's, 5417 Worthing Road,
Aliso Viejo, 286-7873. The
Bingham Reservation Band, blues
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Dixie Larders, blues, Sunday.

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

ON SALE NOW

PAT TRAVERS/RAINBOW S.D. THIS MONDAY MARCH 23
L.A. FORUM SAT. & SUN. JUNE 20 & 21

THE KNACK LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB
THURSDAY APRIL 2 AND S.D. MARCH 24

VAN HALEN BOTH SHOWS ARE SOLD OUT

JIMMY BUFFETT S.D. GOLDEN HALL
TUES. APR. 28 / ALL SEATS IN FIRST 3 ROWS

BEATLEMANIA S.D. FOX THEATRE
MARCH 20, 21, 22 / ALL SEATS IN FIRST 3 ROWS

IAN MCLAGAN FRI. MARCH 27 SPECIAL PERKINS PALACE IN PASADENA / GUESTS

RESERVE NOW FOR FUTURE CONCERTS

STONES • WHO • AC/DC • RUSH • WINGS
WE ALSO HAVE EXCELLENT PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITES
CALL US BUY SELL TRADE SEAWORLD AT
FIRST CHARGE BY PHONE DISCOUNT PRICES

1456 UNIVERSITY AVE.
One block south of
D.M.V. on Normal
& University

298-8570

Le Chalet
Entertainment by the sea

Never a cover
Happy Hour 5 to 7 Mon.—Sat.

PUSH
Thursday

THE BROTHERS
Friday, Saturday

Dark Ryder
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday

KILROY.
Wednesday, Thursday

Zero
March 22 Sunday Afternoon, 4 to 7
Margarita Lite Special

"Just a stroll to the pier"

5046 Newport Ave. O.B. 222-5300

Palomino Cocktail Lounge.
587 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Valley, 262-4098. C.B. Martin and the Wheels, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Palomino Star. 3033 Main Street, Chula Vista 421-5889. Sunbath, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pavilion Lounge. Town & Country Hotel, 300 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley 291-7331. Miami Music, contemporary and swing, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pelican Pub. 7828 Broadway, Lemon Grove 464-9284. Tom Cat blues, Friday, MTW, country rock, Saturday.

Porthole Lounge. Holiday Inn, 1355 North Harbor Drive, Encinitas 435-3361. Something Special featuring Linda Pardo, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Prophet Vegetation Restaurant. 4401 University Avenue, East San Diego 383-7448. Lon Bell and

Poseidon. 1670 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar 755-9345. Air Bros., contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday. Thunderbolt the Wondercolt, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Rancho Bernardo Inn. 1750

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RED'S PLACE
presents
Hot Lead Inc.
Country rock with
Dave Allen, disc jockey KMLO
formerly with Spinners
Happy Hour 11-7 weekdays
Full drinks 75c
All you can eat
King Crab Legs '10"
Friday & Saturday from 5 p.m.
Lunches & dinners
289 N. El Camino Blvd.
Encinitas 942-1676

The Triton presents
Siers Bros.
Tuesday through Saturday
Air Bros.
Sunday and Monday
2530 So. Highway 101
Cardiff-by-the-Sea
436-8877
... truly distinctive seafood restaurant

"Best Country Western group in San Diego"
Dance to Red Eye
Tuesday-Saturday nights 8:45 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.
Sunday-Tony Dockum's new group 7:15 p.m. - midnight
Free lessons Wed. & Thurs. 7 p.m.
Tuesdays-Traquill Shooters
\$1.00 all night long
Cunningham's
7094 Miramar Road 578-1216
No admission-no cover-no minimum

Live Bluegrass
Saturday 8 p.m.
COLSON FAMILY JAZZ BAND
TUBA-MANS
Grand Slam & Sports Night
Giant screen T.V.
Cocktails, beer and fine food.
Families welcome.
-FOOD TO GO-
2551 University 295-9426
(just east of Texas St.)

THE LONGSHOT SALOON
Thursday
Slim Pickin's
Friday, Saturday
STAGECOACH
Featuring homemade pizzas and fine Italian food.
Call 744-8576
843 Grand Ave., San Marcos 11 a.m.-2 a.m., closed Sunday

RESTAURANT BLUE PARROT
Live Jazz
Thursday Mike Wofford Trio
Fri. Sat. Bud Shank Quartet
Classical music with Kim Bloom
Sun. Reggae music with Trowers
Mon. Latin jazz with Gary Music Co.
Wed. Bill Kyle Vibe Quartet
1298 Prospect, La Jolla. Opposite the Cove. 454-8131
Open every day-lunch & dinner 11:30-2:00 a.m.

macho's RANCH SAN DIEGO
Midway & Rosecrans 224-2401
SUNDAY SHOWCASE
Sunday March 22 7-12:30
Three live country bands
LADY LUCK
WHO'S DRIVING
WILD ROSE
FREE COUNTRY DANCE LESSONS
every Tues. & Thurs., 7-9 p.m.
Tues.-Sat.
BRAMBLE
Best Mexican food in San Diego
Midway & Rosecrans 224-2401

THE POSEIDON
a del mar tradition
Wednesday-Saturday
Live entertainment
+
Wed. night-Red Eye Special 75c
FRI. & SAT.
Thunderbolt the Wondercolt
*OUR ENTIRE MENU SERVED DAILY 'TIL 9:00 P.M.
We've become your place for Sat. & Sun. brunch-why not try us for dinner.
*Featuring fresh fish specials daily.
1670 COAST BLVD. across from train station **ON THE SAND** in Del Mar 755-9345

Bernardo Oaks Drive. Rancho Bernardo 487-1611. Call club for information.

Red's Place. 308 El Camino Real, Encinitas 942-1676. Hot Lead Inc., country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Reuben E. Lee. 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-1880. John Campbell and Company, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reubens Harbor Island. 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-1880. Guidelines, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Reubens Plankhouse. 7637 Balboa Avenue, Claremont 278-7373. Airborne, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Rio Cages. 5550 Kearny Mesa Road, Kearny Mesa 277-7937. Simmons and Knyall, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn. 632 E. Street, Chula Vista 426-2500. Eric - Live, easy listening, Thursday.

through Saturday. At Times, easy listening, Sunday through Wednesday.

Rudy Garcia's. 1433 Garnet Street, Pacific Beach 270-8900. Douglas Gates and the Duo Tones, light jazz, Saturday. David Chery, Rhythmic, Sunday.

Sandpaper Lounge. Sheraton Inn Airport, 1500 Hazzard Blvd., Suite 100, Harbor Island 291-0400. Jack Conifera and Jerry Wolf, top 40, Thursday through Saturday.

Sea Dog Lounge. Holiday Inn 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley 291-5720. Call club for information.

Shepherd Cafe. 1126 South Highway 101, Encinitas 753-1124. Live music, from classical to contemporary, daily. Jeff Gregory, folk guitar, Thursday and Friday morning. Peter Sprague, jazz guitar, Sunday morning. Jeff Kanton Proctor, folk guitar, Tuesday and Wednesday morning, call club for further information.

Sheraton Harbor Island. 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-1880. Call club for information.

291-2000. Butterfield Stage Station, Stone's Throw, variety, Tuesday through Saturday. Sundowner Lounge, Magic F. variety, Tuesday through Saturday.

Show Biz. 1421 University Avenue, Mission Valley 291-1581. Female impersonators, Wednesday through Sunday.

Spirit. 1100 Buena Avenue, Bay Park 278-3693. Flowers and the Puppies, ska reggae, Thursday. The Twisters, Fire and the Furies, new wave, Friday. Finger, Daniel Webster, and the Shangers, new wave, Saturday. High Street, and guests, new wave, Tuesday. The Penetration, Carnival Party, along with guests, Wednesday.

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

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

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

Reiden, classical guitar, Friday and Saturday.

That Pizza Place. 2622 B Street, Coronado 434-3171. Dinealand jazz, Friday, John & Julie Moore with Dennis, blues/groove, Saturday.

Tea Leaf's. 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge 280-9944. Laura Zambis, guitar and jazz vocal styling, Wednesday through Saturday.

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

Top of the Arc. Travelodge Hotel, 1950 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-6700. West featuring Larry Kays, easy listening, Sunday through Thursday. Judy Armita Trio featuring Peggy Winfree, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Tubo-Mans. 2551 University Avenue, North Park 295-9426. Cowboy Family, Dinealand band, Saturday.

Turquoise Lounge. 5975 Severn Avenue, San Diego 454-8877. Ben Brothers, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Ar Brothers, new wave, Sunday and Monday.

3299 Holiday Court. La Jolla 453-5603. Broad-Mercer, musical revue, Tuesday through Saturday.

Trains. 315 South Highway 101, Encinitas 755-7302. Call club for information.

Tratons. 2530 South Highway 101, Cardiff 436-8877. Ben Brothers, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Ar Brothers, new wave, Sunday and Monday.

Tratons. 2011 E. Canon Boulevard, La Jolla 434-3171. Ben Brothers, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Ar Brothers, new wave, Sunday and Monday.

Trojan Horse. 4172 University Avenue, East San Diego 585-1070. Station, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday. Kinky, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Tubo-Mans. 2551 University Avenue, North Park 295-9426. Cowboy Family, Dinealand band, Saturday.

Turquoise Lounge. 5975 Severn Avenue, San Diego 454-8877. Ben Brothers, contemporary rock, Tuesday through Saturday. Ar Brothers, new wave, Sunday and Monday.

THE WINDJAMMER
Restaurant & Lounge
The North County Entertainment Spot
UPSTAIRS LOUNGE
Sunday & Monday, March 22 & 23
Passengers New Wave Rock
Tuesday & Wednesday, March 24 & 25
The Russ Kirkpatrick Band
Southern Soul, Variety & Rock
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, March 26-28
Things Rock, New Wave
DOWNSTAIRS
Friday & Saturday
Barrie Cunningham Contemporary
Restaurant Row, 2891 Hwy 101, Cardiff 753-0188

DANCE
This Friday
T-BIRDS FLEXIES
JOURNEY
5375 Kearny Villa Road (Claremont Mesa off ramp)
278-2040

Turkey at the Beach
Effendi International Cuisine
483-2008
Dinner 5 p.m. - 11 a.m.
Fri. & Sat. 10 midnight
Closed Mondays
Complimentary baklava or Turkish coffee provided with dinner (with this set)
Banquet & Catering Service available
Belly Dancing Fri.-Sat.-Sun. nights.
3748 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach
Please call for reservations.

Thursday through Saturday
March 19, 20 & 21
The New East/West Band
Enjoy
Country Buffet
Fantastic Soup & Salad Bar
All you can eat
\$4.95
from 5:00 p.m.
W.D. Pabst & Co.
Purveyors of Fine Food & Spirits
at the
Rodeway Inn
Reservations at Nimitz
224-3655

There's a new kid in town!
Bobby G's
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday
Jerry McCann and the Gigoles
Sunday, Monday & Tuesday
Mark Lessman and Johnny Almond Band
Dinner Specials
Mon. Night Special MEXICAN DINNER \$2.50
Wed. Night Special SPAGHETTI DINNER \$2.50
Fri. Night Special FISH FRY \$2.95
Daily Luncheon Specials
485 First St. The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas. 436-7397
Yeah Yeah Yeah
Celebrating the music of the Beatles and reflecting the style of the 60s.
First appearance March 19 at the Sunset Lounge.
Anthony's Harborside
Directly across from Anthony's Fish Grille, on Harbor Drive • For reservations phone: 232-6358
Lunch 11:30-4:00, Dinner 4:30-10:30

CURRENT MOVIES

series of these three: Gary Busey, Robbie Robertson, and Jack Foster. The hardest to put up with is Robert, formerly of The Band, who has left behind the guitar but not the hat nor the infuriatingly jaded and con-cited sexuality that consists of draw-sing or drunkenly half-mast eyes, the blackest and baggiest lower lids since the silent-movie days of John Barrymore. A hip-hypnotic sleepy-time speech delivery, and a conscientious oral-maintenance routine of low moans, throat-clearings, smoker's coughing, lip-wetting, and spitting out of cigarette-tobacco streaks with a soft "phvnn." 1980. ** (Mesa Cinema, from 3:00)

A Change of Seasons — Middle-aged college professor cheats on wife with noble young co-ed, and wife follows suit with virile young handyman, thus setting the stage for a ménage à quatre in a cozy Vermont cabin. Enter the master's daughter, enter the co-ed's father, enter the daughter's fiancé — all of whom, showing as much aesthetic as moral

series, don't approve of the situation. Shirley MacLaine laughs a good deal more than anyone in the audience, and probably more than everyone in the audience put together. Anthony Hopkins for some unfathomable reason decided to put forth a major histrionic effort, with his chronic hyper-ventilating and his nervous tic of pushing his spectacles up his nose. And not lost in the cast but least, So (sort of) Bonnie. Doves exudes the sort of sex appeal cherished by inflatable-rubber-doll freaks. With Michael Brandon and Mary Beth Hurt, directed by Richard Lang. 1980. * (Flower Hill Cinema 3, from 3:00)

Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen — It doesn't seem quite fair that Peter Luskoff gets to be both Charlie Chan and Hercule Poirot (in DEATH ON THE NILE), though his physical coarseness to Warner Oland and Sidney Toler makes him seem better cast here than there. As it turns out, no one would envy him the wiles. Oriental wadsome he is required to spot (somebody in authority ought

have thought to bring in a veteran fortune-cookie author to do a hasty rewrite). Lee Grant as a wealthy widow and Roddy McDowall as a wheelchair-bound butler earn their share of chuckles, but the heaviest comedy load is dumped onto the shoulders of Richard Hatch, as Chan's accident-prone Number One. Fluffy's luncheon meats, by a helicopter propeller, and then going into a rubber-kneed wobble as though he had just experienced Teotihuacan's right hand. 1979. *** (Parkway, 3:20 and 21 midnight)

The Competition — Can love bloom and grow between two rivals in what is ballyhooed as the Super Bowl of piano contests? and will his beethoven beat out her Mozart (or will she opt at the last minute for Prokofiev)? and will the outcome hurt their chances for happiness? and, most suspensefully of all, will writer-director Joe DiNapoli ever ask any question for which he doesn't have a snappy answer? With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, Lee Remick, and Sam Wanamaker. 1980. * (Ochsenside & Rancho Bernardo 6, Sports Arena 6, University Towne Centre)

Dawn of the Dead — George A. Romero's companion piece to his NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, set largely (and inspirationally) in a suburban Pittsburgh shopping center, less a sequel than a remake, a new and improved version with slicker technique and gaudier special effects, and positively guaranteed not to disappoint even the most hysterical fans of the earlier film. It is gratuitously, scandalously, nose-thumping gory. But it also offers the wickedest laughs of any American

movie since BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS — unless, of course, you are one of those persons who under no circumstances can admit the possibility of there being anything humorous about, for example, a flesh-eating zombie having the top of his head sliced off very thin like Oscar Meyer's luncheon meats, by a helicopter propeller, and then going into a rubber-kneed wobble as though he had just experienced Teotihuacan's right hand. 1979. *** (Parkway, 3:20 and 21 midnight)

The Dogs of War — Christopher Walken as a soldier of fortune hired by foreign nation investors to overthrow an ill-fated African dictator. Here, a bit delicate-looking to have survived the number of illnesses, injuries, and gunshot wounds he is supposed to have, or to handle the devastating XM18 weapon for which much is made in the final shootout. But he's an almost perfect hero figure for the adolescent notions of many glamour and romance that rule the day. Jack Cardiff's photography is somewhat uneven, but occasionally nicely atmospheric, especially out of doors and after dark. With Tom Berenger and Colin Bakley, directed by John Huston. 1981. *** (Mesa Cinema, from 3:20)

The Elephant Man — Hellen vision of Victorian England, smoke and flame all over the place, with Hammer horror director Freddie Francis venturing to the cinematographer's seat he used to occupy, and working masterfully in black and white as he did in THE INNOCENTS. ROOM AT THE TOP, SCARS AND LOVERS, and all. Few people know how anyone: The focal subject matter of the monstrously deformed John Merrick, and his promotion by Dr. Frederick Traves from sidewalk "freak to medical sensation and high-society celebrity, becomes a surprisingly conventional and sentimental drama, particularly to have come from underground director David (ERASEHEAD) Lynch. The appalling things about it are the static elements — the charitably lame, the average monster mask worn by an unrecognizable John Hurt — and not the grinding lesions in humanity. With Anthony Hopkins, John Gielgud,

Anne Bancroft, Wendy Hiller. 1980. ** (Century Twin)

Empire of Passion — The title might lead one to expect that Nagisa Oshima has made a direct follow-up to his THE REAM OF THE SENSES (or if not to that, then to STAR WARS). But it's not the same world set alone same realm or same empire. There is little visible sex, although hair-raised embarrassment to go with it. What is most lacking, despite the amount of squeaking and gubbing by the lead actress, is any adequate depiction of the overpowering passion that would drive a frustrated housewife and a virile younger man to murder the woman's husband, who comes back to haunt them as a four-faced ghost. The photography is often quite pretty, in a successfully, calendar-art-kind-of way. With Kazuko Yamaki and Tatsuya Fuji. 1978. * (Unknown, 3:20 through 22)

EyeWitness — Reviewed this issue With William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods, directed by Peter Yates. ** (La Jolla Village)

Fear No Evil — Supernatural thriller written and directed by twenty-six-year-old Frank LaRocca, with a cast of unknowns (Aero Drive In, Barbours, Camino Cinema 4, College La Jolla Village, New Valley Drive In, South Bay Drive In, University Towne Centre 3, from 3:20)

The Final Conflict — Billed as: The last chapter in the OMEN trilogy; with Sam Neill, Rossano Brazzi, and Lisa Harrow, directed by Graham Baker. (Centre 3 Cinema 1, Cinema Plaza 5, La Jolla Village, South Bay Drive In, University Towne Centre 3, from 3:20)

The First Family — There are a few directorial touches that indicate that Dick Henry, the writer and director, did not care completely comatose during the making of this misguided political spoof. Best of these is the chance of color in the President's tape after he has imbued an African beverage composed of donkey, pig and cow urine. But the basic drift of the plot, with its diplomatic message to the African republic of Upper Garm

and the resultant trade agreement calling for an exchange of white middle-class Americans for African fertilizer, goes rather far afield from what most viewers will expect or accept. (Bob Newhart, Madeline Kahn, Gilda Ratner, and Richard Benjamin. 1980. * (Flower Hill Cinema 3, from 3:20)

Fort Apache, the Bronx — The metaphor of the life — the police station as a lonely sanctuary in hostile territory — is at least as evocative as any of Joseph Wambaugh's Blue Knight New Century-Choroby metaphors for the modern policeman. A more appreciative eye for the weathered Indian decorations on the station-house walls and for the throng of jittery citizens who camp outside for a sense of security would not only have sharpened the metaphor, but would have made unnecessary the hour's worth of police-tourne anecdotes by which this movie slowly and culturally establishes its sense of danger. The narrative sense, on the whole, is more suspect than the visual. It isn't until after the first hour, starting with the indiscriminate roundup of local malefactors in an effort to flush out a cop killer, that the movie finally picks up some narrative momentum, and even then not because of the rather old-fashioned crisis of conscience that develops, but because of the increased frequency of good action scenes. Paul Newman, Sam Wanamaker, Edward Asner, directed by Daniel Petrie. 1981. ** (Cinema Cinema 4, La Jolla Village)

Switelines — Reviewed this issue With William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods, directed by Peter Yates. ** (La Jolla Village)

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Audersons, Marcello Bozzuffi. 1972. * (Ken, 3:20)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman — Comedy remake of a classic Fifties sci-fi thriller, with a KING KONG motif tacked on toward the end, and a last-gasp imitation of ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN. Any good taste exhibited in the choice of source material is a lot longer. The feminist and consumerist awe-grinding is too loud and shrill for any laughter to be heard. With Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, Ned Beatty, and Henry Gibson, written by Jane Fonda, directed by Joan Schurman. 1981. * (Rancho Bernardo 6, from 3:20, University Towne Centre)

Insane Movies — These are the derangements of Max's Bar in Oakland, the crippled, the blind, the maimed, with nothing to hang on to but their dreams. And their story is a sort of KEMAN COMETH warmed up and wearing tweedcoats. The moral of it seems to be that dreams are fine and beautiful as long as they pay off in a big basketball contract with the Golden State Warriors. John Savage has apparently acquired a few afflictions from Jon Voight (as well as a yiddish-dubbed-into-inflection from Top Gun), while David Morse has apparently acquired his from Michael Moriarty. Also on hand is the handsome World War II veteran Harold Russell (still as likable as he was in THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. Directed by Richard Donner. 1980. ** (Flower Hill Cinema 2, from 3:20)

The Island — Thoroughly preposterous and almost as thoroughly appealing, story idea about an investigative reporter who drags along his twelve-year-old son on a probe of fishing-boat disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle, and falls prey to a ragtag band of island outcasts carry-

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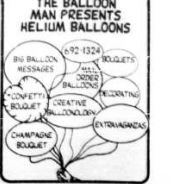
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