

READER

VOLUME 10 NO 22 JUNE 4, 1981 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

Just Filling In

It's time to talk trash in San Diego County.



"The beast refuses to stay down, man. Every day it grows, and then we knock it down. Then another one grows right next to it, like in that Disney cartoon — can't remember its name — with all the water buckets that keep popping up, one after another. The thing is a monster that eats everything. And San Diego feeds it 361 days a year. Five pounds a day, each person does, whatever they don't want anymore. Then they turn their back on it. It's

(continued on page 8)

By Jeff Smith

City Lights

Cracks About Bonita

One might buy a home in the Bonita Highlands area of Bonita if one were raising a family, if one wanted to devote the time and tender attention that a large, new, plump middle-class dwelling demands, if one could afford the price tag, which today falls in the \$130,000 to \$150,000 range. One would not expect such a home to shiver and slowly begin to crack apart. Yet that's what's happening in the South Bay neighborhood.

It took several years to start happening at the Galindo home at 5813 Central Avenue, about a mile south of the Sweetwater Reservoir. Frank and Graciela Galindo bought their solidly respectable one-story home almost six years ago with \$58,000, and in the beginning they found little fault with it—except for the hole which developed in the lawn on the west side of the building. The Galindos poured dirt, cement, weeds, and rocks down the yawning aperture, almost two feet in diameter, only to see the material invariably sink and disappear. Finally, the couple simply covered the hole with a piece of plywood. Then last year a long, jagged crack split apart the concrete in their garage.

About the same time, the front sidewalk started to break up. And the couple really grew alarmed when they heard about the problems their next door neighbors were having.

Gregory and Carmine Cabrera and their four children had moved into that four-bedroom house about a year and half ago; they paid the original owners \$130,000. At the time of the sale they had no hint anything was amiss. Carmine only became aware of her problems one day last August when she was watering the flower beds alongside the rear of the house. She found that within two hours that same water had seeped into the rear bedrooms. When the family members pulled up the carpet, they discovered a twenty-foot crack running from one end of the house to the other, branching off into all the side rooms (up through which the water had permeated). Since then the corners of the walls have also started cracking, and the Cabreras have obtained estimates that repairs to the damage will cost at least \$46,000.

Graciela Galindo says she assumed that the problems stopped there—at her and her neighbor's doorsteps. But then about three weeks ago Galindo was walking through the neighborhood, circulating petitions for a local political cause, when she started hearing reports of other folks with similar problems. She wrote down

names and last week she called a meeting of interested residents. She says eight families showed up, and "they all seemed to know one or two other people who are having problems."

There were people like the Brezindines, who've seen their kitchen ceiling and floor crack and the exterior cement pull four or five inches away from their house; and the Villanuevas, whose kitchen ceiling is

separating from the cabinets. Another neighbor, John Colton, told the group that his own house had experienced only minor cracking. But Colton reported to the group that the developer of Bonita Highlands, Cerro McMillan, had bought back at least two other severely damaged residences in the area. Colton also had heard of three neighbors, including the Cabreras, who are now in the process of individually

suing the developer.

Some of those neighbors say they've been told by soils engineers that the land in the development was improperly compacted. In response, McMillan officials say the company had its own soils engineer present during the compaction process. "So we feel it was all done properly when it was done," says Clint Graff, an assistant manager in the company's warranty department. Graff does acknowledge that the

developer bought back "a couple of [Bonita Highlands] homes" in which problems showed up before the end of the standard one-year warranty. Of the other complaining homeowners, he says, "I guess if it were proved that we were negligent or something, we would stand behind the houses." However, he asserts that many factors could account for the cracking, and he adds, "All houses will settle and crack to some extent. That's kind of standard in any building."

To find out the exact extent of the problem, Galindo's group is planning to circulate a notice in a neighborhood newsletter asking other residents with problems to come forward.

The group also wants the neighborhood homeowners' association to try and persuade McMillan to repair the costly damage voluntarily. "Of course everyone expects some cracking, but not this much. This isn't natural," Galindo maintains. She adds that if such initial efforts don't work, the group will file a class-action suit.

—J.D.



Carmine Cabrera, Carmine Galindo

Mi Casa Is Mi Casa

Step right up for a tour of the homes of four of Tijuana's wealthier residents. This annual event (held this year on May 27) is sponsored by Caridad Internacional, a bi-national ladies group dedicated to raising money for a home for girls in Tijuana and for various charities on the U.S. side of the border. You're at the starting point, the Agua Caliente racetrack. To your right, note the hundreds and hundreds of jostling Americans, mostly female, the majority graying, many clad in polyester pantsuits and straw hats. Queue up behind one of the tour leaders, you can identify them by the numbered, day-glow-orange flags they brandish vigorously.

Now pile into one of the beklunged, diesel-scented Mexican buses and trundle up the hills into the nouveau riche Chapultepec area in back of the Tijuana Country Club. The first stop: the Mexican colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesus Blanco (Spanish immigrants who've lived for years in Mexico), overlooks the golf course greenery. Follow the procession of gaping tourists past the elegant first-floor living room, a (note the large Persian tapestry hung over the fireplace) and out onto the balcony. There a Mexican lady stands guard

in front of the pink plastic slide which snakes down to the lower-level pool. Tour members in every direction are verbally cataloging decorating ideas. "See what they've done with these pots. They've hung them from the wrought iron!" "You know what he has in the bathroom, Carol? There's a holder on the wall for his electric shaver!" Near the door, a solicitous Mexican lady is handing out business cards which announce the Continental shoe store on Avenida Revolución. "The owner of this house has this shoe factory, Spanish shoes. With this you can get a 50 percent discount." Just down the street from the Blanco house is a plain yellow bungalow; a stout Mexican woman, half hidden behind its curtains, stares transfixed at the gringo parade.

Just a few doors away stands the next home on the tour, the residence of Manuel Julia, an importer and exporter. Here the inspection will be limited to Señor Julia's parlor and joy, the large room which showcases the trophies from his years of big-game hunting. It lies behind heavy wooden doors hand-carved with the faces of wild animals. Inside the wood-paneled room, studded with the heads of deer, antelope, moose, and other creatures, Señor Julia plays a tape-

recorded explanation in English of the species he's bagged in Africa, North and South America, and in Europe. No sooner does the tape conclude than the Mexican ladies implore, "Please, step this way out. Many people are waiting." So in the bus which will transport you to Casa Numero Trece, the home of Señor and Señora Robert Estudillo.

Estudillo owns the large tile store, Almacenes Estudillo, on Sixth Avenue downtown, along with other property along with Revolution. Like so many of the homes in this neighborhood, the Estudillo residence's exterior looks unimposing. But just inside the oak-paneled front door, you'll step into a marble-floored entry which is adorned with Oriental rugs and which looks into the grasy central courtyard. Note this home's solid walnut paneling, carved in the home over a peripatetic of three years. Here are curious room gawking at; almost every room contains mementos of the family's world travels. The master bedroom showcases a Greek Ethiopea and an elaborately carved Indonesian fan.

The fourteen-year-old son's room displays a collection of apothecary jars filled with sand from twenty-two different countries. Now descend into the house's lower level: it boasts two separate entertainment

areas. A short, merry man stands in front of a pool table covered with fox fur from South America. "Ooohh! Are you the daddy?" One of the American ladies squeals. "I hope so!" Señor responds, amused, unflappable. "I'm a believer!"

Time for just one more, a quick stop at a number four, Casa Ortiz. Here the papa, a prominent cardiologist whose own father was a concert pianist, is nowhere to be seen, but one of his daughters bravely bangs away at the antique rosewood Steinway grand piano. Your fellow home inspectors have begun to droop, so you pile with relief onto the final bus leading back to the racetrack, where people are still waiting. More than 1300 home tourists will pass through the open Mexican doors today, according to Grayson Boehm, one of the Caridad trustees. "I think the tour gives a different slant to Mexico than most people realize. They don't realize how concerned some of the upper-class Mexicans are about helping out others." In the distance, those who have concluded the tour are hurrying to a commitment to dominate traffic reporting and news.

—J.D.

Hover Boys

Last Thursday at 3:40 in the afternoon Stan Brown was peering intently down at the freeway from the passenger seat of a Hughes 300C helicopter. The tiny chopper was flying at an altitude of 800 feet toward the library at UCSD, which supposedly had a fire burning on the eighth floor. Behind the helicopter was the downtown skyline and the concrete arteries which were beginning to clog with rush-hour commuters: Highway 94 cut was crowded but moving. Interstate 5 south was starting to jam down near Twenty-fourth Street in National City, and Highway 163 going through Balboa Park was filling up and slowing down. Brown was sipping on a Dr. Pepper and sucking a Marlboro, jotting notes on a yellow pad, and giving intermittent traffic reports to the listeners of radio stations KPRI (FM) and KOGO (AM). "You know the hardest thing to remember," Brown yelled to an observer sitting between him and the pilot, "is that on KPRI I'm Captain Stan in the Rock Chopper, and on KOGO I'm Stan Brown in the TrafficReporter!" Brown went back to his business, which at this moment entailed watching one of two fire engines pulling away from the library scene of a very minor fire. Within seconds the helicopter was following Route 52 through San Clemente Canyon, headed for Interstate 805.

For two months, just since the beginning of April, KOGO/KPRI has been leasing its own helicopter, and personnel at the stations (which are both owned by Southwestern Broadcasters, Inc.) are fond of pointing out that this is the first radio operation in town to have one. And though it's intended primarily for traffic reporting, other news events, such as fires, will certainly not be ignored. KOGO's program director, Reid Reker, envisions using the chopper the way KVL in Dallas uses its two choppers: for play-by-play crime coverage. "They're actually chased crime," says Reker, explaining both one of the station's choppers followed and reported on the route of a getaway car full of bank robbers who the police gave chase on the ground. But traffic is the main focus, and Reker says the station has "made a commitment to dominate traffic reporting and news."

Up over Interstate 805 heading into Mission Valley, Stan Brown looked down on the line of vehicles stacking back to await entrance onto Interstate 805. "It was just about four o'clock, and those on the road who were tuned to KPRI would have heard Captain Stan in the Rock Chopper joking with the disc jockey about an imaginary stewardess sitting beside him. "And you might watch out for some break lights up ahead coming into the valley on southbound 805, as well as some heavy congestion along Interstate 8 eastbound near College,



Steve Springer



Stan Brown

where that five-car accident is slowing things down to a crawl..." Brown instructed his pilot to turn east so he could check out the scene of the five-car pile-up.

Already circling clockwise over the freeway near College Avenue was another traffic helicopter, a sleeker, newer Enstrom 28C. "That's Springer," hollered Brown, referring to Steve Springer, the only other airborne traffic reporter in San Diego. Springer and his pilot had been buzzing the accident scene for thirty minutes already, wondering where Brown was, and giving traffic updates every three minutes or so on five radio stations: KFMB (AM), B-100 (FM), KCBQ (AM), KGB (FM), AND 10K (AM). Just as Brown and his pilot started to circle the highway the last car

days, Stadium events, anything that may affect traffic, is monitored closely by Springer and Taylor. "We do very little guessing," says Springer, who figures to be reaching 1.25 million people a week.

The rock chopper has traveled a few miles along Highway 94, far enough to see and report that it's all clear. Then it turned northwest and intercepted Interstate 8 at the 805 interchange, which is beginning to clear a little from its previous bumper-to-bumper, stop-and-go pace. It's almost four-thirty. Brown gives an update on KPRI and then lights another cigarette. Like everything else he used to take for granted, cigarettes have taken on a special significance since Brown had the accident.

It was just over two years ago, a Tuesday, April 10, 1979, when Brown had snuffed out what would soon believe was his last Marlboro. He was going up in a Cessna Cardinal to do the afternoon Skywatch for radio station KFI in L.A. when the engine stalled at an altitude of 500 feet. Suddenly, shattered and evasive, fuel tank Brown like a wave right in the face. He kicked open the door and stumbled away, temporarily blinded and in shock. The pilot made it out unhurt. For some reason, Brown had put out his cigarette just before the engine died. Until KOGO hired him this year, he hadn't been back up to report on traffic. He still smokes like a fiend.

By 4:45 Brown was out on the bottleneck heading north past Miramonte. Springer was down in the south bay shuttling between an accident near Twenty-fourth Street and another one on the South Bay Freeway near Briarwood. The Coronado Bridge traffic had peaked and fallen off, while the clogs along 163 through Balboa Park and along Interstate 5 through the mud flats near Chula Vista were just forming. The thoroughfares at Thirty-second and Harbor were beginning to choke with cars and trucks dashing for the freeway, as were the streets at Balboa and Miramonte. Around Mission Bay, Stan Brown put out his cigarette and chuckled with a DJ.

—N.M.
—Jeanette DeWise and Neal Andrews



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The Mayor Of The Town

Re: the letter by Jeff Sykes, published in the *Reader* on May 21. Unfortunately, Mr. Sykes' memory does not serve him well. The City of Del Mar neither campaigns for nor gives financial contributions to politicians running for public office. Citizens of Del Mar, however, do take an active role in public affairs concerning the San Diego region. In fact, some Del Marians, which may come as a surprise to Mr. Sykes, are strong supporters of San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson.

Many of us, as well as people from all over San Diego County, do believe that Mike Gotch is right in his stand against North City West, for it will lead to leap-frogging development and suburban sprawl, and pave the way for the Los Angelesization of the San Diego region.

Low Terrell, Mayor City of Del Mar

Have A Nice Insurgency

I had been watching ship movements in the harbor from my bedroom window. Patrol boats, mine layers, and supply

ships with what appeared to be swamped helicopter decks steaming south under light escort. I had been reading of the Reagan Administration's ham-fisted plans to make El Salvador an example of U.S. determination to stop Communist-backed insurgency in Central and South America. I had considered raising some cash and going to El Salvador to take photographs. The next day I read an article in *Rolling Stone* about a young photographer who had disappeared after less than one day in the country. It could have been my epitaph.

That the San Diego *Union* could say it cannot afford any price for raw truth, must be, if it is not political, another example of the terminal have-a-nice-day syndrome that chooses to ignore an extremely harsh and adjacent reality ("City Lights," May 21). Christ knows they're not footing any expensive hotel bills.

Alex Dreshtler is the finest journalist the *Union* has ever had and I am embarrassed to be even remotely associated with such a bush-league rag. I admire Mr. Dreshtler's worldly courage and human compassion, in the face of such recent stupidity.

Kevin Hagan Midtown

As many *Reader* readers will agree, Eleanor Widmer isn't always on target with her scathing restaurant reviews, but when she sets out to capture the aroma and essence of cooking or a personality like Signore Giuliano Bugialli, she is right on. Your May 21 issue is a juxtaposition of hard reporting overshadowing a sensitive and romantic view of my most beloved subject — food. How could such a deliciously written article as "A

Chef and His Class" take second billing to such an undignified restaurant as the Prophet and its pretentious Marianne Makeda Cheatum ("Prophet Sharing," 1)? Jeannette DeWaze has managed to capture the spiritual level of the Prophet and at the same time illuminate its failure to absorb the classics of cookery and

Letters

fundamentals on which it is based. Ms. DeWaze inadvertently reaffirmed my opinion that the food served at the Prophet is not only unimaginative, but outrageously ill-conceived by Ms. Cheatum. Even Ms. Cheatum, who was trained in the Community College food service program and apprenticed in a local hospital kitchen, should be aware that stroganoff, even a "rich vegetarian stroganoff," has no alcohol, let alone sherry, or, God forbid, Chianti. (Even the most amateur chef knows that with proper cooking, all alcohol will evaporate, but does a healthy restaurant like the Prophet use alcoholic beverages in its visionary recipes?) After reading Ms. DeWaze's search for the Prophet and its peripheral ideals, I reaffirm my belief that good cooking requires a true love of food and the traditions given to us by such great innovators as Tallentire, Escoffier, and Larousse and by such modern culinary prophets as Pugin, Wolfert, Manes, and Dugain. Thank you, Ms. Widmer, for having the vision to acknowledge these culinary giants, and for adding the name of Signore Giuliano Bugialli.

Let us not follow false prophets on our journey to enlightenment and great dining. Jack Monore San Diego

Non-Prophet

As many *Reader* readers will agree, Eleanor Widmer isn't always on target with her scathing restaurant reviews, but when she sets out to capture the aroma and essence of cooking or a personality like Signore Giuliano Bugialli, she is right on. Your May 21 issue is a juxtaposition of hard reporting overshadowing a sensitive and romantic view of my most beloved subject — food. How could such a deliciously written article as "A

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Worker's Conversation

In this country, where any well-known person can become a target of ill will, either violently, verbally, or through the media, it remains a responsibility of the media to see that ill will is not promoted toward that person due to unsubstantiated gossip being freely printed.

Mr. Charles Chiles of Claremont ("Letters," May 28) is not known at this restaurant (the Prophet) nor does he have any facts to prove his gossip. Did you print his letter just for some negative feedback? Your newspaper has chosen to follow the path of the *Enquirer's* irresponsible and unprofessional tactics.

The editor's columns and letters are usually reserved for opinion, not malicious gossip such as you printed. Very trifling.

Rob Morris, Prophet employee East San Diego

The Mesa Document

Given tradition to date, the gravity, and the promise of fulfillment of your Fourth (Annual) Photography Awards Exhibition, we, the undersigned, of the Mesa College Department of Photography, do protest the arrogance, insensitivity, and unworthiness of your most recent jury findings. Their choices are both biased and arbitrary ("The Fourth Photography Exhibition," May 14). No thanks for the public put-down of a legitimate and viable art form.

Robert MacDonald
Janice Kohler
Jae Schumacher
Dave Lomelie
May Woo
Cheri Hansen
Scott Ruch
Donna Shuler
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Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:
After seeing Escalibur I've been into all the things medieval. I'd like to know if there are any organized groups in the area with the same interest.

J.M.
Solana Beach

The Society for Creative Anachronism has a chapter in San Diego called the Barons of Califa. Each of the forty members of the chapter creates a character, gives him or her a name, and through research and imagination tries to bring the character to life at tournaments sponsored by the society. On August 1, the biennial St. Gunther's Tourney will take place from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at Hospitality Point off Quivira Court. As in medieval times, contests of war are a main event; people in costumes thump one another with padded clubs. Dean and Bonnie Halford are in charge of the local barony. Their address is 4859 Catoctin Drive (telephone 583-5746). Baroness Halford said that membership costs \$10.50 a year, of which \$6 is for insurance at the tournaments.

Dear Matthew Alice:
Is it true that part of San Onofre Cliff State Beach is a nude beach? Which part, and how do I get to the beach?
Durrell Epstein
San Marcos

People go naked on part of the state beach, but not legally, and sometimes deputy sheriffs hike down to the beach for a bust or two. A ranger in the state beach office said that the area most often used by nude sunbathers is at the bottom of trail six, which starts in the parking lot off of Highway 101, about four miles south of Baseline Road, the exit from Interstate 5.



Offenders of the law against nude sunbathing may be given a misdemeanor citation, which is usually punished by a small fine, or they may be arrested.

Dear Matthew Alice:
We bought a reverse-osmosis water purification system (Arrow Jet) which, as I understand, uses salt, charcoal, and resin beads to do its thing. I am curious about the sodium in the purified water. Is the amount of sodium (or salt) harmful to people over long usage? What about plants - will the water harm them?
Mike Droneliter

There isn't enough sodium in the water to raise your blood pressure, or wither your plants, if that's what you're thinking. The salt in the water purification system has a different purpose than that of adding sodium to the water, or, as I think you imagine it, of making the water salty. The system works by a process called cation exchange. Cations are positively charged ions; they happen to abound in water that has passed through rock or has been treated with the chemicals normally used in cleaning out wastes - in water, in other words, with a high content of minerals, especially calcium and magnesium. In the cation exchange, sodium ions in the resins replace ions of calcium and magnesium in the water, clearing the water of hard minerals. The process reverses when the resins exchange their calcium and magnesium ions for sodium ions present in the salt. Thus the salt's purpose is to regenerate the resins and not to act directly on the water.

Dear Matthew Alice:
At work we were discussing the guests who have appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show. One person mentioned that back in the late 1950s Fidel Castro appeared with Ed Sullivan and even made a request for funds. Could you tell me when he appeared and what happened? Also, what was the reac-

tion of the American public?

K. Cohen
San Carlos

America's sharp curiosity followed Castro during the triumphant journey from his hideout in the Sierra Maestra to the palace of the despot Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar, who fled the rebellion in January, 1959. Castro had hardly slept during the following week, when Sullivan arrived in Havana for an exclusive interview, which aired at 8:00 p.m. on January 11. The interview was described in The New Yorker by John Lardner (son of Ring Lardner, the humorist), who said that the interview was exclusive, all right, in the sense that it more or less excluded Castro. Lardner writes, "Mr. Sullivan addressed him rapidly in a kind of Spanish English. 'I heard you were Cawm-oo-neest,' he said. 'Were you Cawm-oo-neest?' 'No,' Dr. Castro started to say, but Mr. Sullivan went on to kill the rumor himself. 'I saw scapulars around your men's necks. You are not Cawm-oo-neest! You are Catholic, Fidel!' A few minutes later Mr. Sullivan said, 'It's exactly two o'clock. You have to be in bed at five o'clock, Fidel. I will ask you only two more questions.' The questions, which sounded like manifestos, had to do with Cuban-American relations. Dr. Castro broke in to say that he hoped relations would be friendly. 'That is right,' Mr. Sullivan said. 'I promise to improve my English.' Dr. Castro said, 'Good, Mr. Sullivan said, and closed the interview.'"

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o The Reader, P.O. Box 80083, San Diego, California 92138.

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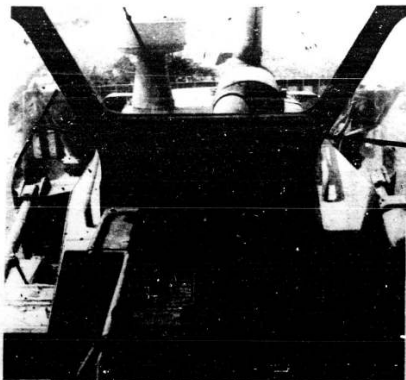
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Just Filling In

(Continued from page 1)
out of their hair, is all. But I know it's growing. I drive a dozer over that beast every day, and I know it's growing — faster and faster and bigger, man, filling the canyons till the land is gone."

The speaker, we'll call him Andrew ("Supervisor'd have my ass if he knew I was talking to reporters"), takes a slow sip of beer and kicks back, relaxing after his day's work at a landfill site in San Diego. He stifles a low laugh and apologizes: "Sorry, man. I sometimes get a little carried away at the end of the day. Out there, at the landfill, I do my job, you know? But sometimes when I leave the job and look back, the working face of the site is like some kind of monster's mouth — always hungry, it seems, and you can never feed it enough."

Where Andrew sees a beast, others involved in the collection, the disposal, and the future of "solid waste" in San Diego refer to the more than two million tons of refuse thrown away each year — in the city and county combined — as the "inverted mountain," a massive heap of trash that clogs the canyons of the area. "A garbage crisis," says Don Solem, who manages public relations for the State Solid Waste Management Board. "The pro-consumption messages of the advertising media have created a throwaway economy, which is threatening our pocketbooks, economy, and quality of life." Outside of Solem's declaratory rhetoric, garbage seems a little out of place when compared to such crises as energy, inflation, and crime. But in San Diego the problems it creates, like the beast and the inverted mountain, are growing.



The May sun on this Saturday afternoon lazily picks its way through puffs of coastal clouds. Dick and Liz — they asked to be called that — are doing the same at the Miramar landfill, on Mercury Road in Kearny Mesa. "It's a treasure chest out here," Liz says as she unloads an Alpha Beta bag full of refuse from her car. "We come here almost every weekend and scuba around. Which is illegal. The workers don't like you to loiter at all. Signs say so. And they watch you like a hawk. So we unload our stuff slowly, a bag at a time, and keep on the lookout for whatever's there that day."

Wearing an old red flannel shirt with flecks of yellow paint down the front, Liz is an attractive brunette in her late thirties. As she talks, her eyes wander around the

pile of refuse swelling up behind a long row of cars and trucks, and also over to the truck, at the side of the site, where spotters monitor the dumping. She quickly scans the small mounds of trash surrounding her, with sharp eyes in search of something that almost has to find her. "If you come here looking for specific things, you'll never find them. No. You just have to be open to the whole thing. Inspect as much of the pile as you can in a short period of time. Oops! Here comes a spotter. Get busy, honey."

"Righto," replies Dick, heading back to the car for another bag. "The things people throw away are mind-boggling," says Dick, a man in his early forties with graying streaks invading his coal-black hair. Like his Audi, which

has yet to eclipse its warranty, Dick's expensive, pale blue jogging outfit and matching blue sneakers suggest that his and Liz's excursions through the mounds of waste are motivated by speculation rather than financial need.

On this day, Dick and Liz have made a "good haul": a forlorn, armless teddy bear (with one of its button-eyes dangling from a frayed thread), several orange juice containers ("Liz is a painter on the side," Dick whispers proudly), and a rumpled, extra large, collarless work shirt ("Wash it a few times and you've got a neat artist's smock").

A county ordinance prohibits scavenging at landfills. Once in the gutter, garbage is the legal property of the city and county. But organized, legal efforts have been made to salvage the tons and tons of recyclable materials from the San Diego landfills. They have had mixed results thus far. "There's gold in them there dumps," says Terry A. Trumbull, chairman of the State Solid Waste Management Board. Referring to aluminum, tin, and steel, the materials that do not degrade in a landfill, Trumbull contends that "the stuff we're throwing away is so valuable that we'll be out there mining it in the next twenty years."

On-site efforts to salvage valuable resources require a double dumping of the trash, an added expense that not only creates a potential contamination problem but that also, as yet, has not been able to recover the initial costs of the two-stage process. In a nonprofit project approved by the county, Bob Miljan of the Conservation Association of San Diego headed a group of "pickers" through the trash at Gray. Their aims, essentially restricted to the salvaging of steel — old car parts, ovens, bathtubs, plumbing — were twofold: recover what they could, and, as a consequence of the first aim, reduce the amount of waste buried in a landfill. For two years, the project failed to break even.

In the third year it began to be successful but, according to Miljan, "the project went to pot in a handbasket when the heavy rains came in 1978, when our forklift broke, and when the bottom fell out of the steel market." Miljan and the association have other reclamation projects in the works, including a large, on-site separation system that will sort out "low density" materials — paper, fabrics, plastics — from a load of refuse.

But Porter, a contract lobbyist who represents the private and public refuse haulers in the county, summarizes the problem of on-site recovery: "How do you extract valuable materials from several thousand compacted tons of trash a day? You can't break a compacted load with a stick of dynamite. And every time a component rises in value it no longer appears in the waste stream. There could be ten million dollars worth of aluminum in the ground this minute, but with today's technology it would cost us twenty-five million to dig it out."

"Nobody ever paid much attention to trash before," Porter continues. "It was a cheap commodity, and there were any number of canyons in the immediate vicinity that could be filled. But now any time they close a landfill and have no replacement, the trucks have to drive extra miles from the collection to the disposal site. Costs have skyrocketed, hazardous wastes are starting to haunt us, we are throwing valuable materials needlessly into the ground, and those canyons are beginning to fill up."

The men working at Miramar and the potential dangers they pose — are only part of the many problems at a landfill. Long lines of cars and trucks dump trash at the sites each day. Twelve to fifteen hundred vehicles per day come to Miramar, currently the city's only public refuse site. In the county, an estimated 600 vehicles during the week — and 1200 on

weekends — arrive at the Sycamore landfill in Santee and rumble through the gates of the Gray fill. Traffic control, needless to say, is a problem.

Once or twice a year, a packing truck will bring in a "hot load" — which occurs when a fire starts inside the truck. Bud Porter remembers a time when a large compacting truck picked up a load from a "Dempster dumper" at the beach. In the pile were hot coals. "They ignited the entire haul," Porter says, "and the driver had two options: walk away and let a very expensive truck be demolished, or drop the load right there — wherever it is. Fifth and Broadway, even." Fortunately, in this case the driver made it to the landfill before the fire became severe. He dropped the load in a special area, spread out the burning trash, saved the truck, and no one was hurt.

State regulations have curtailed some kinds of dangerous wastes that can be brought to a site. Anything that is over fifty percent liquid is considered "liquid waste" and cannot be dumped at a landfill. Nuclear waste, of course, is under the precarious aegis of the federal government. But even something as seemingly insignificant as a common smoke detector can present a problem. "Smoke detectors use a small particle of uranium as a sensor," says Bill Sterling, chief of disposal operations for the city. "If people have a smoke detector that doesn't work, they should send it back to the manufacturer. Not to a landfill."

(Continued on page 10)

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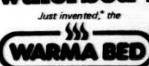
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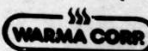
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Just Filling In

(continued from page 11)

cells would look like a honeycomb of oblong cubes, large, compressed pieces of compacted trash enclosed by layers of dirt.

When an area of the landfill is completed, an intermediate covering layer—eighteen inches of dirt—goes over it to enable vehicles to drive over the compacted fill. You can tell if you're standing on one if the ground below you shivers, like a vertical earthquake, under the weight of the larger hauling trucks. This shivering motion, caused by the trash settling underground, also encourages tires—one of the more air-losing of solid waste materials—to force themselves back up to the surface. They pop out of the ground like buoys on a restless sea.

Most of the heavy equipment operators do not think much about the piles of refuse they push up each day. Says Sam Hyde, operator of a D6 Caterpillar at Otay, "It's a job, and up in the cab of the 'dozer,' twelve feet off the ground, you don't see much in particular. You're too busy moving the stuff and looking out for the public. But when the fill wagon comes in and dumps a load downwind—then it's trash. When you see that color'd clean out your head real quick!"

Seen from a distance, or from the cab of a D6 Caterpillar, the piles of trash look like huge, dirty conifers. Few individual items—not counting the dead whale buried at Miramar about a year ago—are discernible and those that are exist in a tattered state. An occasional brand name, from an overwrapped package, peeks out of the heap ("America's the only country in the world that wastes everything three times," a man said to me) and will keep someone for one's attention. The glossy fungus that once attracted one to the item they contained in a store are the first things to be discarded. And the landfill—as the top of the heap, if you will—manages the annual residue of every commercial ever broadcast. The rusty odor that emanates from the pile, however, suggests one almost to the degree that the initial designs and bright colors on the package were meant to draw one's attention in the first place. Seen from a distance, the pile looks on an almost archeological quality. They are the fossils of a throwaway society, soon to be buried. Seen from a distance, that is. Up close, they are something else again: yogurt containers with the fruit still at the bottom, a ten-pound cellophane bag full of stale theater popcorn, empty bottles of everything from Tab to Purina, an old, yellowish baseball glove with Don Drysdale's signature on it, a copy of William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, a battered Honda ski, a half-finished crossword puzzle.

"People'll throw away anything," says



John Simpson at the Otay landfill. "A man came in here a while back, with a trailer full of furniture, and ended up leaving a hole in the middle of the pile. It turns out his daughter died and he couldn't see keeping the stuff around—or even giving it to anyone." So Simpson and his co-workers dug a hole, buried dresses, chests, clothing, and everything else the woman possessed, and pushed them up the hill.

Simpson mentioned several motives for throwing away valuable items. A death prompts the bereaved to dispose of useful things. Unexpected gifts also encourage this response. When his son-in-law gave a man and his wife a new washer/dryer for their thirtieth wedding anniversary, the

man rented a U-Haul trailer and brought his original appliances to the landfill. These were, at most, two years old. But the single phenomenon that accounts for the largest number of valuable items discarded, according to Simpson, is divorce. "A furious guy came in here a few weeks back, as mad as you ever saw," says Simpson. "He had a big trailer full of things, and he just began throwing everything on the pile. Every time he'd throw something, he'd scream 'I don't ever want to see you again, you bitch!' And then he'd sweat to test hell as he went back to the trailer for another load. That scene's very common at a landfill."

For every article thrown away in some

row, joy, or anger, however, there is one that is lost accidentally. It was at the Palomar Transfer Station in Carlsbad where Arletta and her husband Don tried to overcome a costly miscommunication. "This happened the day of the Chargers-Steeles game," she recalls. "There was a full moon that night and a winter solstice. Given those signs, I should have known something was going to happen."

The day before, Arletta and her husband had borrowed \$1800 from her parents for the down payment on an A-frame in Colorado. Her father handed Don the money—eighteen crisp, one hundred dollar bills—in a white, letter-size envelope. At the same time, Arletta's mother gave her a "CARE package" of sorts, an Alpha Beta bag with food in it.

"I put the bag in the trunk of our Fiat," she recalls. "We went to play tennis and, though I didn't know it at the time, my husband put the white envelope with the money into the Alpha Beta bag. When we got home late that night, I put the food away and threw the bag into the trash container."

Arletta awoke early Monday morning. She collected all the trash, stuck it inside one of "those cheap, white plastic bags," and set it out for the collector to pick up. Then Don woke up at 9:00 and asked where the money was.

"The what?"

"The what?"

"It's in the...? Oh God God!"

By the time they realized what had happened, the collectors were long gone.

"We left our eight-year-old in front of the TV," Arletta says, "and went chasing after the garbage truck. When we found it, the man didn't speak any English, so we followed him to the Palomar Transfer Station behind the airport."

At 10:30 in the morning, they received permission to examine the pile dumped by the truck. Most landfill operators agree that trying to find something small in a twenty-ton pile of garbage is an impossibility. "Pick out a color in a bag of trash," says Sam Hyde at the Otay dump. "Now turn your head away and then look back and see if you can find it. Tough, eh?" Impassioned, "Now imagine trying to find a small object in a compacted mound of refuse—like a wallet, or the deed to your house, or three years' worth of tax returns (a white back). The chances of finding it are a million to one. We always try to help them if there's time, but usually it's too busy on the site to do it."

Nonetheless, with the permission of the supervisor at the Palomar site, Arletta and Don began picking through the pile. They waded through "a heap of goopy, disgusting trash: cat sand, avocado pits, coffee grinds, rotting leaves, even a dead bird or two." The bulldozers had spread out an enormous amount of garbage, and the people at the station, during their breaks, would help them look.

At around 3:00 in the afternoon, Arletta and Don felt they were on to something. "We found a Christmas card envelope addressed to us from an aunt in Brewster, Kansas. We thought we were close then."

(continued on page 14)

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Just Filling In

(continued from page 13)
But at 5:00 p.m., the station was closing. They shoveled the whole pile into the pit, and we never found the money."
"If you own it," says Sam Hyde, "it's been lost at a landfill." Last year a woman slammed her Mercedes to a stop at the Palomar Transfer Station and spent the day looking for the earrings she had lost. And never recovered. They were worth \$12,000. On another occasion, a man had carelessly thrown away a billboard. His frenetic search through the refuse proved successful, however, and he recovered the wallet — and the \$20,000 contained inside.

Depending on its size — and how effectively it is operated — a landfill can last from five to twenty years or more. When a site is full, a final cover material — usually a native soil between three to five feet thick with a fertilizer base — is spread over the area. Current methods of compacting trash create few gaps and voids in the fill itself, though individual cells may still have semicompacted spaces

They waded through the trash: cat sand, avocado peels, coffee grinds, rotting leaves, even a dead bird or two.

that will eventually settle, pulling down the ground above them. This settling occurs gradually in the first four years after the site has been covered. Then, in the following year, the fill may drop another three to four feet. During this entire period the city or county maintains the site, which will eventually become an area for recreation activities which are not intensive — such as the park in Encinitas or the equestrian area at Valley Center. Most experts in the field agree, though, that a compacted landfill can never support a permanent structure.

In the county, the Sycamore and Otay landfills will last another twenty years ("And if I could excavate new holes there," argues Bob Allen, chief of solid waste disposal for the county, "I could stretch them another five to fifteen years,

but the county won't spend two million now to save many millions in future hauling costs"). But Bill Sterling, the city's chief of disposal operations, is very concerned about the decreasing capacity of landfills. The city alone disposes of 2000 tons of waste a day, he says, and every San Diegoan throws away almost one ton of garbage a year. "I really feel," Sterling says, "that there are better things to do with the material than merely put it in the ground. We must explore alternatives, like SANDER (a government-sponsored energy recovery project) — which I favor. The county plans to have buy-back centers at three of its sites (Sycamore, Otay, and the Palomar Transfer Station) starting this summer. I strongly encourage recycling, especially now that it is becoming cost-effective, and since we are literally run-

ning out of both canyons and resources. Our society must learn to become more resource conscious."

Tejo Tronitoli also has a few words to say in this regard. "The insufficient recycling in San Diego is very disturbing. It has no curbside pick-up — as do Marin County and several cities in Northern California (Palo Alto, Berkeley, Davis, and Fresno being some), which put cans, bottles, and newspapers next to their regular trash at the curb. This 'source separation' at home — which is the key to the whole thing — leads to a tenfold increase in the amount of recycling of these materials. As yet, San Diego offers no such services. I think the Ecology Center is doing a fine job, but the citizenry is lagging behind the rest of the state."

One alternative to dumping trash in landfills is the San Diego Energy Recovery Project. SANDER is a mass burning technique in which the trash is put in a "super oven" and burned at high temperatures beneath tubes filled with water. The steam that results can then be sold directly or used to drive turbine engines that could generate enough electricity to serve an estimated 30,000 households. A joint project of the city and county, the plant is scheduled to open in January, 1986, and, taking increased inflation into consideration, it will cost about \$200 million. This lofty price tag, says the project's Nicole Clay, would be offset in four to nine years by tipping fees at the plant and the sale of the energy. The plant would process 1,200 tons of waste each day — eighteen percent of the region's solid waste.

(continued on page 16)

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Although the mass burning of refuse creates a by-product, an ash residue considered hazardous in California, Terry Trumbull, of the state's waste management board, favors the project. "My staff seems to think the ash disposal will not be a problem," he says, "and I like the type of plant they've chosen because it's simpler in design than many others that have been tried. In the United States, there's a tendency to over-technologize, to outdo the European designs for mass burning plants. But this particular design has a good track record. And right now in California, which dumps 46 million tons of garbage each year — enough to fill Interstate 5 ten feet high from Oregon to Mexico — we are fast approaching a landfill crisis and are literally running out of dump space."

A source who favors the project "in principle," however, claimed that — because of its cost, its current siting problems, the fact that it will discourage recycling, and the ash residue — "SANDER's road may be bumpy. The first

"Right now in California, which dumps 46 million tons of garbage each year, we are fast approaching a landfill crisis."

plant is at least five years in the future. A mound of red tape, all of which will have to be dumped somewhere, stands in the way. And yet the city and the county are putting all of their waste into one magical dumpsite, if you will, as if it will solve all the problems at once. In the meantime, the county will close the Borsall landfill next year. It has no plans for an alternative site. And the city, well, it's got a few problems too."

The city's Miramar site is about one year away from reaching its capacity. The South Chollas landfill, currently servicing only small amounts of municipal waste, will reach its limit sometime this summer. The new location at North Chollas — object of vehement citizen protest and

allegedly the cause of sixteen cancerous deaths due to ash deposits uncovered in its excavation — would have a life span of five years and three months. Its present status, according to Mary Slupe, who works on the city's engineering staff, is "up in the air."

The response to North Chollas — siting problems, regulations, citizen outcries, allegedly hazardous ash and leachate polluting ground water — has become typical in California of late, the source told me. "No one wants a dump next door. Even though they have changed the names of things — a dump is a 'sanitary landfill,' garbage is 'solid waste' — and even though San Diego uses the most modern means of disposing trash, to the

point that landfill operators from around the country come here to see how it's done, the bottom line is that no one wants a dump next door. Would you?"

I was also told that the initial acquisition of a landfill can cost a fortune. And one can go through the whole process, all the paperwork, obtaining of permits, clearances from state agencies, Environmental Impact Reports, local hearings, geological testings, and then "have some review board throw the whole thing down the tubes."

At the present time, "the source continued, "the North Chollas site is in limbo, and Miramar has about a year before it is through." The primary area where the city plans to dispose of waste in the future, between next year and the year 2000, is a 900-acre site west of the current landfill at Miramar. It will be able to accommodate in excess of 15 million tons.

"I don't mean to over-dramatize the issue just yet," he said, "since everything could move along as scheduled. But the new site has no permits yet, and the creation of new landfills has not gone at all smoothly in the last few years. What happens if, for instance, the site doesn't pass all the criteria for a sanitary landfill? Or what happens if the Navy, which owns the land, decides that — for security reasons, say — the location is too close to the base? If the city loses the site at Miramar, it's dead. It has no other alternatives. Just where is it going to put those 15 million tons of garbage?"

Way Down Under



STEVE ESMEDINA

There are times when being tasteful, thought provoking, and morally uplifting count for nothing. This is especially true when one considers a form as contrived as a movie. It doesn't matter if a film is factual or earnest in its intentions; if it does not have any special qualities beyond those, then it might as well not exist. Taste can be had at an art gallery, provocative thoughts sit on shelves at every lending library, and morality can be drilled into your head on any given Lord's Day. Style, surprise, and a magical sense of wonder are ultimately what make or break a movie. When a director fails to provide any of the above qualities, then his work usually is about as effective as an account read from an encyclopedia.

Breaker Morant is not a dishonorable piece of work, but it offers no sense of achievement; from the first few frames

you know the conclusion. And even if you still feel that uneasy sense of sadness that comes from any tragedy, the predictability of the story and sedentary visual style of Australian writer-director Bruce Beresford make the film extremely difficult to endure.

Adapted from a play by Edward Ross (another Australian), this historical anecdote concerns an incident which occurred during the Boer War of South Africa in 1901. Again, as in many recent films and books, we are asked to deplore the hypocrites of those who place all the responsibility for atrocities on those who acted under orders. This is now a standard theme for war stories, no matter what the epoch in which they are set. The peculiar thing is that war itself is not condemned so much as are those who set it in motion and subsequently try to justify their reasons for doing so.

The Boer War is undoubtedly a subject full of good stories, but in my mind

at least, there is the suspicion that this project represents little more than another minor skirmish in the aging vendetta against Britain for its colonialist hold over both South Africa and Australia. And it is difficult to comprehend why playwright Ross or director Beresford believed that this particular episode from that conflict would be a compelling vehicle for their message.

The Australian Caribbeers are ordered to storm a Boer ranch. To their surprise, they meet considerable resistance from the well-armed group encamped there, so the title character, played by Edward Woodward, issues an order to take no prisoners. The Australians dutifully proceed to kill every-

one in sight, though this seems to take forever. There are a lot of pretty shots of derring-doers blasting away and galloping about on horseback, but the exact reason why anyone is expending this much effort is not detailed. For the most part, these scenes (which are flashbacks) appear to be thrown in solely to relieve the boredom of the courtroom scenes, in which the defense attorney (Jack Thompson), who has been given one day's time to prepare his case, locks horns with the prosecutor and the court that is determined to make examples of Morant and his men for any other soldiers contemplating massacre. The thick, lugubrious dialect bandied about makes this movie (and the courtroom scenes in particular) a chore to listen to — you long for a "Hear, hear!" or a "Cheerio!" to liven up the drama.

Since the shooting by a firing squad of Major "Breaker" Morant and two of his underlings has been documented, there is no point in trying to suspend any discussion of the film's outcome. They are doomed scapegoats and that is all there is to it. This movie displays all the bravery of an Abscam or Watergate defendant and the historical insight of someone who informs you that the North beat the South in the Civil War.

No chances are taken, no daring twists or bending of reality occur.

Breaker Morant is not worthless; some people may get a good cry out of it. But it is insufferably pat. As aversion to "message" war movies is that they telegraph their moral lessons from the outset and at that, inform us about things we already know: that violent death is ugly, that morals are sadistic in combat, that most soldiers are pawns in the hands of high-ranking chess players who value victory and body counts, and that there will always be those who will take a fall (or will be shoved) in order to protect the hides of those who really should suffer the harsh judgment.

One could say the same thing about Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, Joseph Losey's *King and Country*, and Peckinpah's *Cross of Iron*. But although I hesitantly admire the first and am definitely antipathetic toward the last two, there was a true cinematic sensibility governing these three fantastic prophesies. Breaker Morant, like so many of the touted Australian movies these days, plays like a filmed stage show, replete with an abundance of close-up, tedious speeches about honor, nationalism, and the moral consequences of an unfair victory. The obvious comparisons between — him and My Lai give it the uncomfortable feeling of purgation as well as finger-pointing. Beresford wants us to believe that this is a new slant on an old topic. But saying "war is hell" only hits home if you are actually (cinematically) thrust into hell. The shots of picturesque soldiers were heavenly (horsmen riding against lovely skies and landscapes), and did not exactly implant the seed of pessimistic dread. Admittedly it is hard not to feel sorry for these poor idiots who have been executed for the greater cause of the Empire, but I did not find it to be, in the words of one who said, "a man's man's weep." It's just a bit stiff, a bit sorrowful, and more than a bit boring.

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Memories of Old La Jolla

By Eleanor Widmer



Illustration by David Zink

Frequently when irate readers of my column urge me to go back to New York on the theory that I've recently arrived here and hence have little understanding of this area, I follow myself a bemused smile. This summer marks my twenty-fifth anniversary in La Jolla. My husband, infant son, and I settled here in late June, 1956, and despite many long extended stays in Europe and elsewhere, most of my adult life has been spent in La Jolla, which I regard as my "home."

Like it or not I now have the status of "an old La Jollan" — a term in use when I first spent my afternoons at the beach, and "the regulars," dedicated many hours to determining one's origin, one's background, one's status. La Jolla had about 7500 people then, and although it had all the attributes of a small town, with many of us on a first-name basis, the need for assessment — of who you were and what you did — permeated social relations. The then younger people whom we came to know had small children: Peggy Griffin had five girls, Jane Tischoff had three, I had an infant son. Daily we went to Cove beach during the summer and to Shell beach, an inlet a few blocks south on Coast Boulevard, during the early fall. We never went to the Shores, then virtually uninhabited and regarded as the hinterland.

My husband and I arrived here by choice, forsaking better jobs elsewhere, because once, prior to leaving for graduate school at the University of Washington, we had driven down to Escondido and on route stopped off at a bluff on Coast Boulevard in La Jolla. We were absolutely dazzled by the sea, the burgeoning

bougainvillea, the seagulls wheeling across a featureless sky. A pervasive privacy encompassed the inlet and shores, and you sensed seclusion from the tumultuous world. While the Pacific Northwest was deeply moving in its own way, we often relieved the pressure of incessant study and exam-taking by having fantasies of returning to La Jolla. And we did.

Our first house in 1956 rented for eighty-five dollars during the high summer season. It was located at 1025 Coast Boulevard, across the street from Cove Park, and had a charming name, a claw-legged bathtub, two minuscule bedrooms that smelled of mold, and a kitchen no larger than a closet with a barely functioning 1920s stove and a miserable, old-fashioned sink. Nevertheless, we set up the playpen on the porch, my husband bought fish and a moray, and after years of the blue mists of Washington with its wintry silver thaws, we indulged ourselves in an orgy of sun and sea.

At the beach, I was regarded as an anomaly. For one thing I had very dark, long hair while my husband and son were towheaded. For another, my social status was rather peculiar, that is, not readily defined. We had absolutely no money, our bills for the baby were unpaid, we debated such purchases as a bucket and shovel or a ball as if it involved the national debt.

At that time people would rush to the La Jolla city directory to check out your status, because "The Blue Book," as it is still called, listed everyone's occupation. We weren't listed in "The Blue Book," a stamp of our legitimacy, until 1957. In

1956, the writer Max Miller (*I Cover the Waterfront*) was listed but Raymond Chandler was not. Neil Morgan and James Copley were accounted for, but Ted Geisel (Dr. Seuss) was not properly installed in the directory until 1957. It was a good sign that the telephone exchange, GL-4 carried with it status because it meant that you lived directly in La Jolla. HU-8, on the other hand, placed you in Bird Rock, then regarded with some disdain. People went to enormous lengths to preserve their GL-4 exchanges — we lost ours when we spent a year in Europe and had to content ourselves upon our return with a GL-9 number, definitely a note of being pervers. Recently I spoke to a La Jolla resident who had moved to Mount La Jolla, viewed by old-timers as not quite La Jolla, and she informed me seriously that she managed to preserve her 454 prefix despite her move, and we had only a year's lease. At the end of the year, the bulldozers pushed us out.

We moved seven times in a decade, always one step ahead of the wretched bull. We moved from 1157 Coast to 210 Coast to 725 Coast, always to so-called charming cottages, all of which had lousy toilets, unbelievable kitchens, and the ubiquitous small mold. No sooner were we engaged in cleaning up the property than we were told to vacate, to make way for the building of a duplex, a high-rise, a more modern structure. Moreover, it was hard for me to make a living. San Diego State had strict nepotism rules and UCSD was still under construction, but teaching for the University of California Extension finally came through UCLA — Shelly

to obtain, especially if you had children. Our first reader, Mrs. Virginia Dubois, told me that "she felt sorry for us" (my husband made the grand salary of \$4000 a year in San Diego State), and she tried her best to find us a sensible rental at a reasonable price. We ended up moving out of Coast. Afterthought down the street to 1157 Coast Boulevard, now the La Jolla Cove Motel. This was one of the oldest houses in La Jolla and was brutal to care for. We paid only a hundred dollars a month but the floors sloped, we had to repaint every room, the windows allowed drafts, and, since the house was situated directly across from Cove beach, our Sundays were a nightmare of intrusion on our privacy. On that day, people from all over the city would park outside our house, gaze into our windows, and use our garden hose to wash their sandy feet. We couldn't curtain the windows — there were too many — and we had only a year's lease. At the end of the year, the bulldozers pushed us out.

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Lewis, then head of UCLA Extension located in downtown San Diego, offered me a few courses held in some of the shabby buildings at the School of Oceanography.

There were also no research facilities. Both my husband and I wrote our doctoral theses in La Jolla. We drove up to UCLA for books or obtained them via interlibrary loan. During the day I could be found at the beach with my baby. Once, a group of schoolchildren and their mothers from the Anaheim area were bused here for a day's picnic. One of them asked me with undisguised hostility, "That's what you do, sit on the beach, not work, just lay in the sun?" I couldn't begin to explain to her that I taught in the evening, or that as soon as I put my child to bed, I took a nap of one hour, arose at 8:00 p.m. and worked on my thesis, night after night, from 8:00 to midnight. To her, it would not have been "work" at all.

Because of what were then regarded as my exotic looks, I was referred to as "the European woman" and later as "the French war bride" because I asked for Camembert cheese at the AdP La Jollans could accept Europeans and they created this legend to suit their fantasies. This appeared very charming to us, as did the requisite services rendered by all tradespeople, the absence of crime, the honor system. We never locked our doors and few of us had keys to our houses — there was no need. If we went away for a weekend, we never thought to lock up, and you could drop in at any of the smaller shops — if you had forgotten your wallet or purse — and take the merchandise out of the store with the unspoken understanding that you would be back the next day with the cash. The same applied to one's children, to whom credit was constantly being extended. Up until recently I never had to show identification when I wrote a check in La Jolla.

La Jolla has always been protective of its inhabitants, community-minded, and anxious to maintain its special image of a "village." Spencer Wilson, who has managed the Cove Theatre since 1948 and who has lived in La Jolla since the 1920s, explained his attitude. "I've always operated in terms of family theaters — the Granada on Wall Street before the Cove — for people who like the movies. During the Depression, La Jolla was a 'proper town' with retired people living on dividends. If they didn't have the money to see a movie because their dividends hadn't arrived, I just put their names down in a little black book. They paid later. When the banks closed, we just gave anyone who needed it credit."

"Spencer" Wilson is one of the locals whose generations of La Jollans regard with special fondness. "If a person comes down here and the wallet's been left at home, what do you do?" he asks in his courtly manner. "They're there, they wouldn't let them go home. It's part of our courtesy. Dealing with the public has been wonderful. I've grown up with all the kids, with all the people around here. We don't show children's malices anymore and I miss it. I miss the children."

Children raised in La Jolla had a special attitude about trust. They could go to the dentist, the doctor, the movies, various shops, and have these people extend credit simply on the basis of recognition. And this was a fine way to raise children, who trusted adults and whom adults trusted in return.

But the opposite side of the coin was that La Jolla was a narrow and conservative community, and anti-Semitism was a real problem. This became apparent when we tried to buy a house in 1959 and our real estate agent, Browne Kniff, came to our door and asked my husband, "What nation was your wife?" He replied, "The American nation." After a great deal of evasion, she finally broke her silence and said that if she sold the house to us she might be drummed because Charlie Trischoff, one of my great friends at the beach, had assured the members of the association that I was Jewish — I had, in fact, told him this myself.

Of course, I was in a state of shock at the implications of the news. My husband was a Protestant and one of the liberators of the

Dr. Alan Rosenberg, the psychoanalyst, who wanted to settle here. While he was still in the Navy he was told that Jews couldn't buy property in La Jolla, and he was confirmed by a realtor on La Jolla Boulevard who told the Rosenbergs that he was unable to sell to Jews. Nevertheless, the realtor felt so unhappy about the situation that he gave them some listings and suggested that the Rosenbergs might have better luck if they bought directly from individuals, rather than from real estate agents. The Rosenbergs went to inspect a house on La Jolla Ranch Road, liked it, and decided to make an offer, then mentioned their name. The owner of the house looked at Mrs. Rosenblatt and said, "Jewish! We don't want your kind up here," and angrily told them to get off

about it. In 1958, I went to see Monsignor Clarken about it because I disagreed. At that time they were showing the House Un-American Activities film as if it were the Bible. They showed it at a church, at a Kwanza club, everywhere. I was head of the La Jolla Democratic Club at the time, and I showed it at the Democratic Club. I brought down John O'Connell, a politician from San Francisco who had been portrayed in the film as leading students astray, and I had him comment on the film. It was a very tense meeting. The members of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade were out in full force. O'Connell explained the inconsistencies and the falsehoods in the film and he ended his speech by saying, "And I am here to state that J. Edgar Hoover is a liar."

Pandemonium broke out. Hoover vacationed in La Jolla almost every summer and he was regarded as a deniged by the conservatives. To have these words spoken, and in La Jolla at that, was sheer blasphemy. "One of the senior physicians took John Welsh and counselled him. 'Dr. John, you caused a lot of bad comment.'"

Needless to say, UCSD had the greatest impact on La Jolla. The day when I was regarded as European because of my dark hair was part of a remote age — more than one fifty-white La Jolla mother asked me whether I was my son's "mom" because he was so blond, so elegantly dressed, while I was attired in La Jolla regulation, namely short shorts, a shirt, and sandals. Now I no longer regard it as a "snob" residence. Every day in the week you can see Arabs and blacks sitting in front of the Pumphill or in my La Jolla restaurant. When we came here, the village ended at I. Magnin's and the Duches grocery occupied the site of the current Saks Fifth Avenue. The other day when I was in Magnin's I opened the door of a capacious dressing room and saw several wealthy Arab women attending the needs of a teenager. My situation in 1959 was quite a contrast the Real Estate Association threatened to have my credit cut off Magnin's if I persisted in obtaining my house. It was truly an elite threat, but one that was genuinely made at the time.

During our early days here, we had to travel to Los Angeles to see foreign films. "Later we rejoiced when the Academy Theatre offered occasional ones. You can see foreign films in La Jolla and Pacific Beach. La Jolla boasts more than fifty restaurants, more than 300 doctors with varying specialties, and a psychoanalyst intimate that trains doctors and lay people in psychoanalytic practice. Both of my sons, who attended La Jolla Elementary School, Murfreesboro High, and La Jolla High School, and who began their college careers at UCSD at which I taught for many years, complain bitterly about "the new La Jolla." They object to Ardath Road, to the traffic on Torrey Pines Road, to the density of the population. "It's not the same La Jolla," they cry. Well, nothing ever is. The \$45,000 houses are now worth \$450,000. But one shouldn't let this hysteria get on their nerves. If you own a house in La Jolla you should live in it and enjoy it as I do in my own, without ever translating it into an inflated and artificial market. Despite its limitations, the density, its overcrowding, I regard La Jolla as "my village," and I rarely return from my travels without a sense of gratitude.

My sons object to Ardath Road, to the traffic on Torrey Pines, to the density. "It's not the same La Jolla."

Dachau concentration camp. He said, "I didn't liberate Dachau to find it alive in La Jolla." We contacted the Anti-Defamation League in Los Angeles, and we hired a lawyer. Actually, several lawyers came forward to help us without fee because they were anxious to break the code of restrictions imposed by the La Jolla Real Estate Association. My husband and I were good fighters, strong in our beliefs and principles, and we knew we would take this case to the Supreme Court if necessary. We wrote this to the association and they backed down. We got our house, a rather nondescript cottage on Ardath Street.

My husband and I did not fight our battle alone, however. We were helped greatly by Roger Revelle and the early beginnings of UCSD. Professor Revelle had gone to the association and said that La Jolla couldn't have a university without Jews, without Orientals, without minority groups. While it is alleged that he broke the back of the association, we couldn't have done it if the climate of opinion had not been changing.

John Welsh, my pediatrician, who started his practice here in 1951, told me, "The first house we rented on Belvedere Street had been owned by a Jewish family from L.A. How they were able to buy it, I don't know. But as soon as the neighbors found out they were Jewish, they came over and said they didn't want people like them. Their kind of people weren't welcome here. The family rented the house to us while they made arrangements for the sale, and they didn't come back."

Physically the same thing happened to

Along with anti-Semitism, La Jolla was notorious for being almost rabidly anti-Communism, especially during the McCarthy era. When I first encountered Dr. Welsh in the summer of 1956, my son had a high fever and a sore throat, and after assuring me that it was a minor ailment, he began to chat, as he invariably did, about worldly affairs. (You always knew when your child was seriously ill, because then John Welsh did not talk politics or books.) He asked me with lowered voice whether or not I was a Democrat. When I answered in the affirmative, he greeted me as if I were a member of an almost extinct species. I had no way of knowing that to be a Democrat in La Jolla in 1956 was tantamount to being an archangel.

"The Catholic community was strongly anti-Communist," explained John Welsh, who has never let his colleagues desert him. "The Union Tribune was a sponsor of anti-Communist schools for teachers so they could promote anti-Communism. We heard about the dangers of Communism in church, and doctors were subjected to a great deal of pressure to try to get their patients to attend these anti-Communist meetings and to disseminate pamphlets

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Crime Plays



Smiley Studios (right), Penelope Gannon

JENNIFER SMITH

"If one were responsible for one's thoughts, who could go on living?" This line, uttered near the middle of August Strindberg's *There Are Crimes and Crimes* (which played recently at the UCSD Theatre), is in effect the thesis for his drama about good, evil, and the fragile borderline between the two. In the form of a "what if" proposition, the play blurs the distinction between evil deeds and merely evil thoughts when Maurice, a young playwright on the threshold of artistic success, has a rendezvous with Henriette, a new lover. During a moment of anticipated passion, Maurice and Henriette enter into a bizarre realm where one's thoughts become actualized in the world. They curse his young daughter, as a hindrance to their budding relationship, and wish her dead. Shortly thereafter, the child dies mysteriously. From this point on, Strindberg's *crisis drama* of darkness and uncertainty strongly resembles a post card mailed from the Twilight Zone.

With the exception of its facile conclusion, which — as it returns the characters to a more "normal" world — reads as if

Strindberg hired Disney Productions to resolve his larger speculations, the play is a Manichean tug-of-war, except that the "good" is largely illusory. It is allowed to put only one hand on the rope. Even a supposedly "ideal man" turns out to have spent his entire life as a penitent for hating his father to death (that Strindberg, so his more gossipy scholars allege, may have wished a similar fate for this daughter by Sigmund Freud — the daughter died of pneumonia — adds a bizarre autobiographical complication here as well). With both hands on the Manichean rope, until the play's cozy conclusion, the forces of evil appear to be a sure bet for the gold medal.

There Are Crimes and Crimes is a strange, disturbing play that seeks to throw all received opinion about human nature out the window. Regardless of one's outward signs of goodness, the play suggests, inside there lurks an evil will, capable of "crimes not mentioned in the lawbooks." It is almost as if all humanity — according to the play at least — suffered from an obscure, terminal disease: moral scrofula. And yet in the midst of this apparently one-sided duel, a painter named Adolphe speaks several lines that etch a grav, ambivalent picture across Strindberg's dark-

ing canvas. Adolphe, who fears success because he feels it leads to perdition ("One hurts people by being fortunate"), adds a further complication to the picture when he contends that "no one is truly a good man who has not committed a crime."

The play is by no means one of Strindberg's major works. Adolphe's observation, in particular, makes one wonder if the playwright, during the period of its composition, was up to speed. And often productions of Strindberg's lesser dramas make one wish they were never attempted at all. What distinguished the first-rate production at UCSD, aside from a talented young cast, were the direction of Georgij Pato — director of the drama program at the Dubrovnik Summer Festival in Yugoslavia and Regent's Lecturer at UCSD — and the scenic and costume designs of Robert Israel.

Regarded out of context, Israel's costumes were drab, lifeless, neutral attire. The men wore black tuxedos, gray woolen suits, and overcoats, and only the white shirts worn underneath provided any visual relief. The women wore somber, dreary dresses and coats, mostly gray but with occasional hints of pink here and there. On first look, the kindest thing one could say about the positively funereal quality of Israel's costumes was that they were well-tailored. In the context of the play, however, they had a much different effect. By virtue of the relentlessly similar shades of Israel's costumes, any alteration to a character's clothing — like the red shawl Henriette draped around Maurice during their initial liaison — achieved a subtle elegance since its uniqueness arrested the eye and called immediate, symbolic attention to the changing moral state of the character in the play. By narrowing one's focus, amid a field of gray, onto small variations in the costumes, Israel consistently achieved the visual effect of "much in little."

He did the same with the set. *There Are Crimes and Crimes* has an ethereal, dreamlike quality about it that, as it does thematically with good and evil, attempts to erase one's notions about what is, and is not, real. Israel's stunning set design placed the drama at the penumbra between dream and reality. It collapsed geographical reality by microscopically "many locales" — a cemetery, a cafe, a restaurant, the Luxembourg Gardens — in one spot, on the small, circular stage. And all the props, tables, chairs, sofas, crosses, and a small bar were draped with large, white sheets that revealed only small glimpses of the furniture — all painted black, except for the white crosses. The effect was a ghostlike, insubstantial atmosphere that captured masterfully the tenuous terrain upon which the characters stand, at best, with an unsure footing.

Israel also achieved "much in little" effects with the few small objects he included in his design. Since everything was set against a white background — with a white sheet at the rear of the stage with the words "O CRUX AVE SPES UNICA" ("O cross, our only hope"), onto which were projected images of light and dark crosses — a small, colored object like a rose or an apple or a glass of champagne, which most often indicated the presence of evil, would assume a heightened significance when contrasted with the sameness of the rest of the scene.

To separate and scrutinize the various features of Israel's set and costume designs, however, does his artistry an injustice, since it was in their combinations, and in the ways they were gracefully subordinated to the drama itself, that they were most effective. The subtle alterations of costume and the small objects functioned on an almost subliminal level during the production. Placed against a background of white, black, and gray, these small intrusions upon the norm became signs, silent markers of the changes occurring onstage. And the overall sameness of the set and costumes also served another important function. Rather than call undue attention to themselves, their fairly monotonous hues forced the observer inward, into the psychological interiors of the characters themselves.

Georgij Pato's excellent direction also created this prevailing sense of inwardness. Pato's blockings made full use of the stage, and yet they were a little on the stiff side. The gestures of his actors, for example, were spare and subtle, as if the characters were running at about seventy-five percent efficiency. These apparent weaknesses were actually one of the strengths of the production in that they de-emphasized physical activity and encouraged a closer consideration not only of individual nuances (the eye was always drawn to small portions of the stage) but also of the issues raised by the drama as a whole. Pato's masterful control of the piece was most evident in the performances of his cast — of whom Michael Masterson as Maurice, Sandra Sydney as Henriette, and Deborah Matthews as Henriette stood out. Each derived emotive power by almost underplaying his or her part, a choice that also helped to curb — except for the end, where no director in the world could contain all of the silliness that emerges from the play's unlikely conclusion — Strindberg's melodramatic tendencies in the script.

Georgij Pato's excellent direction, in an obviously felicitous concert with Robert Israel's stunning set and costume designs, made for an understated yet, in its own way, dazzling evening of theater. It is unfortunate that the show closed its brief run last Saturday night. Even the great Strindberg, had he seen it, would not have harbored a single evil — and thus, according to the play, lethal — wish for any of the participants in this memorable event.

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Now and Then



Bernard Rands

JONATHAN SAVILLE

The chief problem confronting the composer of contemporary music is his relationship with the music of the past. The chief problem confronting the composer of vocal music, in any age, is the relation between the literary text and the musical setting. Both problems were absorbingly dealt with, in a variety of ways, in recent UCSD performances of works by Robert Erickson, Bernard Rands, and Bernhard Batschelet.

Western music has gone through a series of different styles, but from Gregorian chant through Stravinsky there are some basic continuities that reveal these styles as no more than various dialects of the same

fundamental language. The shaped phrase, the melodic line, the intimate connection between melody and rhythm, the unity of musical discourse, the notion of a perceptible, balanced, enclosed structure—the emphasis on expressiveness, and (in all the styles from the Renaissance onward) the structural and emotional function of harmony—these are to be found in a motet by Josquin, a toccata by Bach, an opera by Donizetti, a symphony by Brahms, a ballet score by Stravinsky, or any popular song or piece of dance music.

The decisive break with tradition came with Varèse and Webern in this century, composers who systematically and comprehensively eliminate virtually all the elements of traditional musical language. In the work of these composers—and,

especially, their successors and imitators—there is a decisive alteration between serious music and its audience, an alteration which, unlike those ephemeral oppositions to Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt (of Spring) has persisted without any notable diminution and is likely to go on doing so. This uncompromisingly "new" music is a social and artistic phenomenon deeply rooted in some of the realities of our modern world: the isolation and economic deprivation of the serious composer, the contempt of artists for mass society and its values, the proud ignorance of the past so typical of modern civilization, the stubborn insistence of capitalist and democratic cultures that we create our own truth and our own world and need not derive them from anything external to our own will. In this sense, the new music is an accurate reflection of the world that has produced it. In its masterpieces (and there have indeed been some, though none lately), it is a revelation of truth—a special, partial, narrow truth, but truth nevertheless.

For all their unrelenting self-assertiveness, however, neither the modern composer nor modern civilization can make the past go away. It keeps on pervading our lives, our institutions, our perceptions, our art, our sense of ourselves. Thrown out the front door and it returns by the back. Consequently, along with the pressure to total newness, to a total divorce from previous musical styles, there has been an equally persistent impulse in contemporary music to rediscover the past, to re-create it from a modern perspective, and to integrate the compositions of today into an unbroken history of musical development. Sometimes this impulse takes the form of parody; the composer quotes and distorts earlier music, at once rejecting it and acknowledging its debt to it. In the recent works of Erickson, Rands, and Batschelet, in contrast, the relationship with the past is sober, unembarrassed, and confident, without a hint of mockery, without subservience, and with an originality of means that transcends any such simple as mere imitation.

Robert Erickson's *Idea of Order at Key West*, a setting of the poem by Wallace Stevens, is scored for soprano and five instruments. Of the three vocal works I am discussing, it reaches farthest into the past— all the way back to the early Seventeenth Century and the accompanied mood of Claudio Monteverdi. The primacy of the voice is never in question; nor is the primacy of the text, which is intelligible throughout and placed so that its ideas and images, as well as its words, will be comprehensible. The long verse lines of a poem such as this one are notoriously hard to set to music; since the pentameter has its own internal rhythms that tend to fight against any musical rhythms imposed on them. Erickson overcomes this difficulty in the same way Monteverdi did: by having the singer declaim much of the text,

with many words on the same pitch, and with the flexible, asymmetrical rhythm determined by the phrasing of the poem rather than by independent musical structures. A model for this procedure would be, for example, Monteverdi's *Il canzonamento di L'incendio e l'Orlando*. And as in that work, the declamation in Erickson's *Idea of Order* blooms, at specific dramatic moments, into a lyrical cantilena: all the more thrilling in that it arises out of such a restrained background. The Wallace Stevens text presents Erickson with a particular opportunity for this effect; for the poem is about a woman singing, and about the way her song gives shape and meaning to the world of nature. This song, in Erickson's setting, is a wordless, lyrical flight, explained, commented on, invoked, but never overwhelmed by the declamatory narrative that surrounds it.

One might question whether the intellectual complexity, the evocativeness, the nuances of language, the artful, communal syntax, so characteristic of Wallace Stevens's style can ever be translated into music without grave loss. "The Idea of Order at Key West" (the poem) is so magisterial and self-sufficient that the addition of a disparate medium must necessarily impede and obscure it to a considerable degree. But Erickson's lovely piece should be judged less as a setting of Stevens's words than as a re-creation, in music and in the sound of declaimed and sung words, of the experiences within the poem, of the movements of the spirit which give it life. And it is surely significant that this musical re-creation of a poem about the ordering power of art should affirm its relationship with the art of the past, exhibiting the continuity of the musical order while at the same time making the old new.

Bernard Rands's *Canti Lamentati* is a setting, for soprano and nine instruments, of poems about the moon by Blake, Hopkins, Joyce, Plath, Shelley, Whitman, Arnold, Arp, Queneau, and Lorca (along with an anonymous Gaelic invocation to the "precious stone of the night"). The poems, in their various languages, are arranged so as to trace the moon's path, from dusk through dawn, and from its fullness and power to its waning and disappearance. This large structure of natural events inevitably suggests the pattern of human life and the emotions associated with it, and while *Canti Lamentati* shows its share of evocative tone-painting (especially in some exquisite timbral effects of the voice and instruments), its central motive force is clearly emotion rather than depiction. The intense emotionalism, the relative emphasis on feelings of torment and terror (notably in the settings of poems by Hans Arp, Sylvia Plath, and Antonin Artaud), the undertones of menace or anxiety even in the less overtly terrifying settings—these make for an overwhelming musical experience, gripping in its immediacy and luminous in the memory;

but at the same time they proclaim the affinities of this work of the late Seventies with the Expressionist movement of the early decades of the century.

Above all, there is the early, Expressionistic, pre-Schoenberg, in one sense, *Canti Lamentati* is a bold gesture of affiliation with Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912), a setting for singer and eight instruments of twenty-one moon poems by Albert Gtraud in the German translations of Otto Hartleben. The subject, the emotional tone, the size and composition of the ensemble, the occasional use of declamatory speech-song akin to Schoenberg's *Sprechstimme*—it is all an open declaration that this aesthetic of seventy years ago remains a viable choice for a composer of our own day, that the great classic of modernism still has the power to engender living progeny.

This is by no means a matter of pastiche, or of a hackneyed reworking of something that has already been thoroughly achieved. *Canti Lamentati* is quite different from *Pierrot Lunaire* in its musical devices, in the vast range of vocal techniques it demands from the singer, in the poetic material it works upon, and in the vision of reality it communicates. *Pierrot* is a work about sickness of spirit, the inner torment of the alienated artist, the ugliness of existence, the stultification of the self in a grotesque world. *Canti Lamentati* includes examples of this sickly grotesque view of life, so pervasive in late-nineteenth-century Symbolism, but it ranges far more widely than Schoenberg does, both musically and poetically. Along with the moon of blood, the evening breeze to the taste, the voluptuous moon with breast of hard lin, the moon with a face white as a knuckle, the thoughts of a sick man on the essence of the universe, there is the moonlight kissing the brow of a child, the moon as exultation of stars, the moon like a flower, the crescent moon dwindled to the pining of paradisaical fruit, the moon silent wild in the smiling. Most important, and Lorca (along with an anonymous Gaelic invocation to the "precious stone of the night").

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Bernhard Batschelet

confidently on another's shoulders.

In Richard Strauss's opera *Capriccio* there is an argument between a poet and a composer over the precedence of words or tones in vocal music: "Prima la parole o dopo la musica?" ("First the words or then the music?") In Monteverdi and in Erickson's *Idea of Order*, the words are treated deferentially, in Rands's *Canti Lamentati* the relation between words and music are more tenuous. At times there is complete clarity of text, but at others the shape of the poetic phrases and the meaning of the words retreat into an obscurity enforced by the complicated musical processes and especially by the emotion-laden vicissitudes of the jugged vocal line. The alternation of clarity and obscurity is in its own right an important aesthetic element in *Canti Lamentati*; but to appreciate the full emotional impact of this major vocal work one must follow the printed words of the brilliant—and brilliantly chosen—poetic texts.

In Bernhard Batschelet's setting of Arp's "Weh unter guter kasper ist tot" ("Wee our good Kasper is dead"), for soprano, flute, and violin, the words are even more obscured. Sometimes one hears them with perfect distinctness, as in the dramatically matter-of-fact speaking of the final line, but often enough they are lost in vocal pyrotechnics or intentionally broken

up into discrete, meaningless sounds. Of these three vocal works, Batschelet's *Lamento* makes the most use of unmistakably contemporary techniques—vocally, in the treatment of the text, and in the dramatization of the performance itself. Soprano Carol Plantamura, zany, attired, rushes in from the back of the hall, screaming about the death of our good Kasper. Composer flutist Batschelet and violinist Jani Négely are discovered, flanking her, on two raised platforms, slumped over like lifeless rag dolls. But her surreal lamentation about the death of the great-souled, mischievous, quicksilver Kasper (a dog? a cat? a house-hold spirit? a child? Kasper Hauser? the spirit of imagination?) rouses the two musicians; they hum and mutter with her; they play their instruments; and by the end the three of them (and their shadows) are joined in a mutual interaction which is not only performance but also theater.

This blurring of the distinction between musical performance and theater (or even dance)—or, to put it another way, this actualization of the theatrical implications in musical performance—is of course one of the prominent devices in today's experimental music, and its potential for humor, pathos, and sheer visual interest is strikingly realized in Batschelet's *Lamento*. But for all its modernity, this piece too has anchors in the past, and it is

the richer for it. The Arp poem dates from 1920, at the height of the Dada movement of which the poet sculptor was one of the founding members. Its unbridled playfulness, its sensational opulence of dialogical word combinations, astonishing images, and wrenching renewals of language, its controlled disorder of thought, wild and vivid as "a star or a chain of water in a hot whirlwind"—these belong to a poetry of the past, redolent of its age, and more spiritually as far distant from us as the Baroque.

The art of *Lamento* thus owes its nature—at least partly—to an art of more than a half-century ago (*Pierrot Lunaire*, too, was "theatricalized" in performance, and Tristan Tzara was breaking up words into sounds long before Lacan's Herio). It also has its connections with the composer's own past, his mother read "Weh unter guter kasper ist tot" to her children from the time they were little. *Lamento* calls up not only the lively experimentation of the Twenties, but the composer's own childhood, and its greatest merit is perhaps the way it re-creates that childhood atmosphere, with its innocence, its imaginative freedom, its progeny, its combination of sadness and loss with humor and the irrevocable energies of the young. That the words are often incomprehensible (though by no means always so) is a matter of little importance when the poem itself seems to consist of a lengthy series of outlandish free associations, with no individual word or sentence being indispensable to the meaning of the whole in the way every word in the Wallace Stevens poem is crucial and irreplaceable. Furthermore, in Batschelet's *Lamento* it is neither the text nor the music that comes first; it is the situation—a situation touchingly dramatized on stage by the interplay of the singer and the two instrumentalists in their common humorous-sad lamentation over the passing of childhood times.

In all three of these recent pieces for voice and chamber ensemble the soloist was Carol Plantamura, whose repertoire of vocal techniques, command of languages, musical sensitivity, dramatic flair, and endurance are beyond praise. She has so many voices, from full operatic vocal production to the whimpers and shrieks of the latest styles, that she shows herself the ideal advocate of music which, while undeniably belonging to the last third of the Twentieth Century, achieves much of its depth and resonance through its connections with the styles, techniques, and aims of the art of the past.

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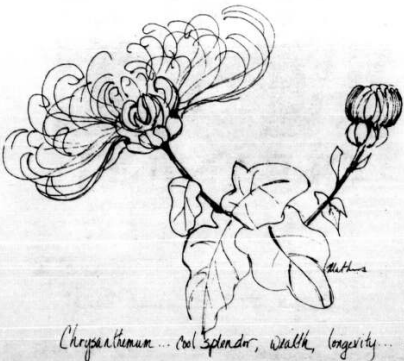
The Restaurant: Chu Dynasty
The Location: 7612 Fay Avenue, La Jolla (454-3336)
Type of Food: Peking Chinese
Price Range: \$4.95 to \$19.95
Hours: Open daily. Lunch, Monday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Dinner, Monday through Friday, 2:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Saturday, 2:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sunday, 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.

In an era of serial relationships, many of us find ourselves perplexed by the high rate of attrition and the choice of new mates. We have all seen men who will do handstands to please a certain woman, only to have her discard him for someone who hardly bestirs himself to please. Conversely, we see "the perfect wife," whose loyalty, integrity, and even beauty is beyond reproach, cast aside for someone in whom none of these virtues reside. The situation has become so riddled with questions and ambiguities that few of us try to figure out these strange matings. We either accept them or turn away from them. With the breakdown of traditional values we rarely ask ourselves why relationships succeed or fail — in fact, we are no longer judgmental and don't allow the word "fail" to enter our thinking or our vocabulary too often.

Yet many of us, myself included, do experience regret and sadness when we see a marriage of long standing come to an end. It is not a matter of assessing blame or fault but recognizing that the combination of two people, no matter how well intentioned, no longer works. And, finally, there is a mystery, an unknowable quantity, at the core of these combinations that mere reason cannot fathom. Alas, there is no gain without some commensurate loss, even when we win someone or something, we are relinquishing something else.

These were my thoughts when I entered the new Chu Dynasty Chinese restaurant, which offers Peking cuisine on Fay Avenue in La Jolla. Chu Dynasty originated in Coronado and was distinguished by its elegant service, its beautiful dinnerware, and its handsome presentation, as well as for its cuisine. When it opened a branch in Mission Valley, I thought the cuisine faltered, that the dishes were not as skillfully prepared as at the original. It occurred to me that perhaps the expansion was not as felicitous as the owners had hoped.

Then I learned that Chu Dynasty had taken a lease on the physical plant of Abe's Delicatessen and I thought, "Oh no, not in that location." I truly regarded the location on Fay Avenue, off the beaten La Jolla path, as partially responsible for the failure of Abe's. After all, if you didn't know where it was, you couldn't readily discover it — it was across the street from La Jolla's posh supermarket, Jonathan's, and tucked behind a shingled



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Illustration by Elizabeth Marlowe

shopping center where businesses came and went as though through a revolving door.

Therefore, when I entered the new Chu Dynasty, I wasn't psychologically prepared for its transformation. On New Year's Eve I had attended the closing night of Abe's, and though I forced myself to be cheerful I was almost on the verge of tears. Abe had tried very hard, had made mistakes, attempted to rectify them, tried one thing and another, but they all failed. He even brought in a clown on Sundays for the children. I didn't have the heart to tell him that if the food is selling you don't have to bring in the clowns.

In any event, I almost gasped when I saw the interior of what had been a rather shapely room with lots of windows and an upstairs that was almost always vacant. The decorator of Chu Dynasty has done a remarkable job. Some of the windows have been eliminated, and the wall plaques provide an interesting singularity. There are only two windows, heavily curtained, and one of them has a shade to cut out any daylight. The tables in the center of the room contrast with the ample booths along the wall, booths that are both comfortable and provide much-needed privacy. It's true that delicatessens are conceived of as cafeterias, but the transformation of this difficult, banal interior was amazing. It was like seeing an older person with some ravishing beauty. You can't believe it, but there it is: the pink tablecloths, the beautifully decorated plates and cups, the sense of elegance. I was extremely pleased with the new "bride," but my heart went out to the abandoned Abe.

Chu Dynasty has given the lie to the fact that Fay Avenue is a bad location. I went

there twice, and though each time I arrived very early, the place filled up rapidly and people had to be seated upstairs. Word of mouth had already brought diners to the restaurant's doors, and I think that the place will be a veritable gold mine because of the combination of decor, atmosphere, and service. The Shanghai in La Jolla is badly in need of refurbishing. Mandarin House does well but rarely transcends the look of a diner. Sun's Kitchen is a storefront and in a class of its own, and Ming's Garden has always catered to people who will spend as much for a Chinese meal as for French.

Now Chu Dynasty will serve as a rival for Ming's Garden. It's expensive — the cheapest vegetable dish in the house is \$3.45, and black mushrooms, snow peas, and bamboo shoots are \$6.25. That's a great deal of money for mushrooms and snow peas. And most of their sizzling dishes are costly: Mongolian sizzling beef or sizzling shrimp are \$9.75 and \$10.75 respectively. I mention price straight off because the La Jolla branch of Chu Dynasty is not for bargain hunters. There are many individual dishes for approximately \$5.50, but Peking duck is \$19.95, and crab meat and mushrooms, the chef's scallops, scallops and shrimp, lobster, and abalone, range in price from \$10.75 to twelve dollars. For a single dish of food that's a great deal of money.

As for the cuisine itself, the best dish I had during both of my visits was the Neptune special, scallops and shrimp with vegetables (\$10.75). It's brought to the table and placed on the hot plate to sizzle. The shrimp and scallops are of high quality, the dish is wonderfully flavored, and if two people shared this one dish with an

appetizer or with the Mandarin soup (\$3.50), the meal would be delightful.

The mu shu pork (\$5.55) is also splendid; that is, the pork and vegetables are delicious, but not the pancakes, which could win booty prizes for being leaden and thick. Moreover, you only receive two of these monstrous, rubbery things and then have to pay twenty cents for additional ones. My advice is to forego the pancakes and simply eat the dish with rice. Unless the pancake is as delicate as a crepe, it's not worthwhile to eat a flowy mess — just picture it in your stomach and you won't have trouble renouncing it.

The chicken with cashews (\$5.95) may also be of interest because it's red in color and prepared with bean sauce which is mildly sweet. This is an unusual version of chicken with cashews and is certainly worth a try, especially if you are bored with standard versions. I can also recommend the egg rolls without hesitation (\$1.95), as they are crisp and good.

What I can't recommend are the beef dishes. The quality of meat is fine, but the amount of soy sauce and MSG is so high that the salty taste overwhelmed the main ingredients. On one occasion I ordered the beef snow peas (\$5.55) and on another the Mongolian beef with spring onions (\$5.95). Both of these dishes were ample in quantity and could hardly serve three, but unless you like very salty food, you will have to eliminate these. I could handle exactly one spoonful of the Mongolian beef, which was so salty that I couldn't bear to eat more.

My major objection to the cooking at Chu Dynasty is the salt — whether it's salt itself or derived from soy, the dishes are too salty for me and for several people I know who are trying to cut back on salt. Too much salt violates the delicacy of Chinese cuisine. I realize that I may be speaking for only one segment of the population, but all the dishes at Chu Dynasty are highly salted. Chinese restaurants in San Diego seem to believe that salt equals flavor. It doesn't. It just makes you drink tons of water and bloats you up like a whale.

I had only one really inferior dish at Chu Dynasty (apart from the salt), and that was the shrimp in lobster sauce (\$7.15) because the sauce had too much starch and you could scarcely taste the lobster. But all the dishes are vast in proportion — two people can hardly finish two dishes. The service is amazingly swift: during my first visit four dishes were brought out within minutes of placing our orders. Still, I'm not certain that the waiters or waitresses "listen" when you ask for something, and I don't know how you would fare if you requested no MSG or salt. My advice is to request it and find out, as I mean to do the next time.

Whatever I say about the La Jolla branch of Chu Dynasty will have little effect on its destiny, which is geared toward success. The charming atmosphere, the elegance of the appointments, the very large portions, will carry the day. Chu Dynasty is the new mate in a relationship, and everyone will flock to attend the rites of initiation. □

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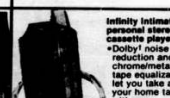
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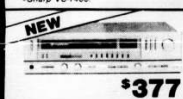
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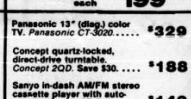
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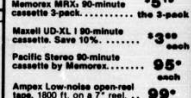
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Wayne Hollen
Service Technician
Serra Mesa

I'm definitely a day person. I've always been that way. The morning is just nice — clean air, birds chirping. I'm at my best about an hour after I get up in the morning. I've had night jobs. Couldn't stand them. I started around midnight and got off at five in the morning. I hated sleeping during the day. My body never did adjust to the schedule. My wife, I never talked to her when I had that job. The night's black. You can't see anything. Night people are different. I lived with a night person — a guy who'd come in at four a.m., wide awake, knocking things around. I'd get back at him in the morning, banging doors and things. I'm unemployed again. I was tired for sleeping in most of that had to do with the job.



Doug Scott
Mechanic
East San Diego

I'm a night person. All of my life I've been working nights, playing music at night. I was born at eleven at night. I work from midnight to eight for San Diego Transit. Basically, what I do is test-drive buses. See how they perform. Make sure the bus can stop. This city is dead at night. During the week you see maybe three or four cars on the freeway after two a.m. You don't have the traffic problems, the pedestrian problems. You have less management. You can do what has to be done. I feel like I've always done a day's work by the time the buses start running in the morning. I like seeing night turn into day — when the sun comes up before the clouds move in. San Diego starts rolling about five-thirty or six a.m. Some people come downtown early, but you rarely see anyone leaving.



Christy Slovacek-Bair
Musician
La Mesa

I'm always been more of a night person. Right now I really prefer the hours from about five a.m. to eight a.m. It's my favorite time of day. I like to use part of that time to read, play the guitar, the piano. I like to go sit out on the front porch with a cup of coffee and just listen to things — small rustlings, bird sounds, the breeze. Sounds are more undisturbed. Somehow it makes me feel more prepared for the day — refreshed, in control. I start out with some focal point. After eight o'clock, traffic picks up, things become more intense. We don't own a television so I'm usually in bed by ten, ten-thirty at the latest.



Laura Smith-Moritz
Travel Consultant
Pacific Beach

I've always been more of a night person. My father is a musician. He and my mother often arrived home late at night. I was an incredibly devoted child! I'd stay up until my parents came home, then I'd dive into bed, breathe very slowly, and pretend to be asleep. When I visit, my father and I still stay up late and talk. The last three weeks of school I was up all night working on my thesis. I could go to the dorm library... no one bothered me, there was no noise. I've always enjoyed doing things into the night — three or four a.m. Now my job begins at ten in the morning. That isn't bad. I tell myself I'd like to get up earlier, take a walk, accomplish something before work. It's a slow transition. I still manage to stay up until one.



Chimene Moss
Student
Kearney Mesa

Night. I just feel better at night. It's hard to explain. I'd rather see a sunset than a sunrise. It's more romantic. I'd rather be at a beach in the evening — cool breeze, having a good time. In the afternoon it's so bright. I think I've been lucky every single day since I started going to school. I cannot get to school on time in the morning. I can't get started. I'm cranky as hell if someone tries to get me up. I graduate in about twenty days. I can't wait. I'd rather go to school at night. After graduation I'm going to try to get a job as a cocktail waitress... I hope on Shelter Island. After you get off, you still have the whole night to look forward to.

— Lin Jakary

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Fashion shoes at discount prices 20-60% off at all times

LAST CALL! LAST CALL!

GOING OUT
OF BUSINESS

Last few days, all sales final

WOMEN'S & MEN'S WEAR

DESIGNER'S SAMPLES

All fixtures and antiques for sale

BYRON DAVID

5544 La Jolla Blvd. 454-8400
(next to the French Pastry Shop in the Bird Rock area.)
Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Friday 10-8, Sunday 11-6

Bring in this ad for \$5 of gas money
with a \$100 or more purchase.

PIONEER 1500
AM/FM CASSETTE

- 100 Watt 4 Ohm
- Spring load forward
- Auto stop
- Auto stop LED indicator
- Auto stop
- 100 Watt 4 Ohm
- Auto stop
- Auto stop

\$81³³

SANYO FT C2
AM/FM CASSETTE
Stereo Player

- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop

\$69

SANYO FTC16
AM/FM CASSETTE
Tape Capability

- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop

\$179⁹⁵

FAMOUS NAME
STEREO
AM/FM CASSETTE

- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop
- Auto stop

\$49

JUNE PRICE PANIC

The World's Greatest Stereo Equipment from the Super Store Mad Jack's

CASSETTE DECKS

SHARP RT10 \$99

Sharp RT10 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO PLUS RD 5370 \$244

Sanyo Plus RD 5370 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO Q40 \$129

Sanyo Q40 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO RD45 \$288

Sanyo RD45 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

JVC KDA 66 \$329

JVC KDA 66 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

TECHNICS SL-1 \$62⁸⁸

Technics SL-1 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

PIONEER PL 200 \$98

Pioneer PL 200 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO Q40 \$129

Sanyo Q40 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO RD45 \$288

Sanyo RD45 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

JVC KDA 66 \$329

JVC KDA 66 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

TOSHIBA RT55 \$188

Toshiba RT55 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO RD4000 \$98

Sanyo RD4000 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SONY V-55 \$337

Sony V-55 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

FAMOUS NAME VIDEO RECORDER \$577

Famous Name Video Recorder features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SANYO RD500 \$39⁸⁸

Sanyo RD500 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

RECEIVERS

KENWOOD K200 \$444

Kenwood K200 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SONY V-55 \$337

Sony V-55 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

PIONEER SX 3400 \$188

Pioneer SX 3400 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

KENWOOD K200 \$444

Kenwood K200 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

SONY V-55 \$337

Sony V-55 features 100 Watt 4 Ohm, Auto stop, Auto stop LED indicator, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop, Auto stop.

MAD JACK'S SUPER STORES

4 Home and Car Stereo Locations to Serve You

EL CAJON AND 58th
1000 E. El Cajon Rd., El Cajon, CA 92020
Mon. - Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9-4, Sun. 10-4

EL CAJON AND 58th
1000 E. El Cajon Rd., El Cajon, CA 92020
Mon. - Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9-4, Sun. 10-4

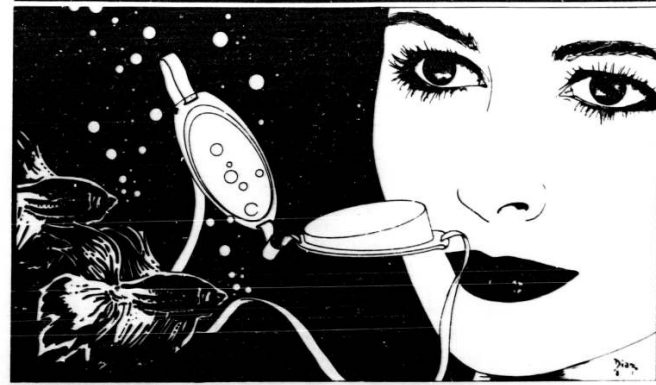
SPORTS ARENA AND 58th
1000 E. El Cajon Rd., El Cajon, CA 92020
Mon. - Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9-4, Sun. 10-4

NATIONAL CITY AND 58th
1000 E. El Cajon Rd., El Cajon, CA 92020
Mon. - Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9-4, Sun. 10-4

Mad Jack's New South Bay Super Store
NOW OPEN
Your Arena Ticket Outlet

All 4 Mad Jack Super Stores are supermarkets of unbelievable stereo bargains because nobody does it better than Mad Jack's with June panic prices.

Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



Music To Snorkel By

"Let the little guy try it out."
The sweating, overweight

swimming pool salesman beamed at my father, who had just said a happenstance, I slipped beneath the surface of the model pool. Emerging a few moments later, I gave it the thumbs-down. "It sounds all wavy and weird, like the old

California—a swimming pool with piped-in music. Dressed for just such a happenstance, I slipped beneath the surface of the model pool. Emerging a few moments later, I gave it the thumbs-down. "It sounds all wavy and weird, like the old

movies the nuns play at school on rainy days." The salesman's smile evaporated. No sale. Underwater music would never work. Nineteen years later I'm talking on the phone with this guy, Michel Redolfi, who's

telling me he's going to play some prerecorded music underwater at La Jolla Cove. He's got a thick French accent, so I know he's not related to the pool salesman, but I'm still wondering how he's going to keep it from sounding all wavy and weird. The guy's got it all figured out. You see, what we perceive as sound is nothing more than electrical impulses pushing air against our eardrums, where it is decoded and interpreted as music, noise, or whatever (I know this is oversimplified—please, no letters from acousticians). Pushing water, however, is a different ballgame. Water, being a rather discriminating medium, tends to kill sound, as you know if you've tried to yell at someone from the bottom of the deep end of a pool. Making matters worse, the eardrum becomes all but useless underwater, and most of what you "hear" in that environment is by means of bone conduction—impulses transmitted through your skull. So playing music underwater is problematic: one would have to find the frequencies most easily generated through water, provide enough amplification to push them through the wet eardrum, and rig up waterproof speakers to disperse the sound. Redolfi did

(continued on page 3, col. 5)



Posses, Ponies, & Popcorn

The "Hollywood Posse" was a strange beast that evolved nearly half a century after the heyday of the cowboy. The first cowboys but the trail during and just after the Civil War. By World War I, cowboys and cattle were permanently fenced out of the open range by the invention of barbed wire. The last true cowboys—those who went on cattle drives—wound up on the rodeo circuit, the traveling Wild West shows, or—best of all, for a while—the back lot at Universal Studios in the San Fernando Valley. The Waterhole, a bar on Calheung Avenue off

Hollywood Boulevard, was headquarters for the cowboys who drifted into Hollywood and stayed to become (motion) picture cowboys, doubles, and stunt men. The Chuck Wagon Trailers was their exclusive organization, whose one and only requirement for membership was to have been a working cowboy and to have trailed a chuck wagon prior to 1910; there were at most, in the Thirties, 242 members. After the Waterhole died, at the corner of Sunset and Coney, was their hangout; it became known as Gower Gulch after Blackjack Ward shot and killed—gunquipped—an unnamed Johnny Tyke on the premises. The Gower Gulch men rode with—or instead of—Bronco Billy, Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene

Autry, Roy Rogers, John Wayne. They rode as Israelites in *The Ten Commandments* (1933), carried lances as British cavaliers in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (1935), drove wagon teams through the burning streets of Atlanta in *Gone With the Wind* (1939). By the time of *A Distant Trumpet* (1964), there weren't many of the Gower Gulch men left to portray the U.S. cavaliers standing off an Indian attack. But there wasn't much more demand for them, either for use as long, action-packed chase scenes, with the posse hunting the bandits, there was the short gallop and the long close-up, the sheriff who walked instead of rode, and the cops instead of cowboys. As it was, the Western film extended the working life of the

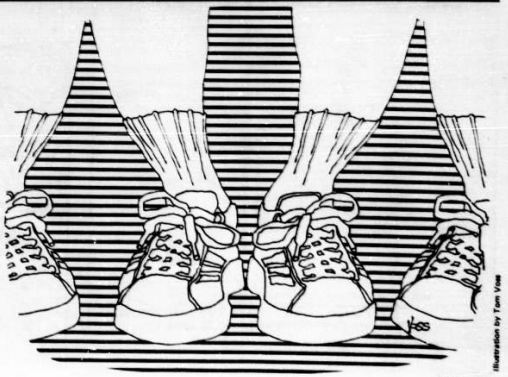
(continued on page 4, col. 3)

What The Team Needs Now

On June 9, 1981 at 9:10 a.m. the air will be thick with smoke and nervous laughter, as the brain trust hunches together at the head table: Podleski, Silas, Westphal, Babcock. Even Mr. Big from L.A., Sterling, will be there. Silas and Westphal will whisper conspiratorially and Podleski will look grim, staring into his cold coffee. As a frantic aide appears, clutching a vital update, Podleski will answer the phone, while small beads of perspiration form on his upper lip. Five minutes to go. A crucial board of directors meeting? A powerful union in executive session? A political caucus of kingmakers deciding the fate of millions? Wrong. It's the annual NBA College Player Draft, originating out of New


York City. The San Diego Clippers' draft central will be the San Diego Room of the Town & Country Convention Center in Mission Valley. The draft begins precisely at 9:15 a.m., Pacific time. The USA Cable Network will televise the first two hours, and the Clippers will provide large viewing screens for the public, who for the first time are invited to observe the proceedings. For those less-than-hysterically involved basketball fans, the NBA draft is really quite simple to explain. Like the NFL football draft, the teams choose collegiate talent in an inverse order to their seasonal record. This year's most abysmally unsuccessful team is rewarded with the first choice. There is always fierce competition as teams vie for the number-one selection. The Clippers, having finished their season in a blaze of mediocrity, have been justly presented with the eighth choice. After the eighth pick, Draft, originating out of New

(continued on page 4, col. 4)



JUNE 4, 1981

Hill House
RESTAURANT & BAR



Connor & Dalton
Contemporary, Folk Rock, Country
Wed. & Thurs. 8:30-12:30, Fri. & Sat. 9:00-1:30

Barrie Cunningham
Rockabilly, Country Rock & Contemporary
Sunday & Monday

Reservations recommended for lunch, dinner and Sunday Champagne Brunch. Banquet facilities available. 2730 Via de la Valle - Del Mar - 755-6614 In the Flower Hill Mall

Final Week
Oh! Ridge
Tuesday through Saturday

Coming June 9
Siers Brothers
Tuesday through Saturday

Bill Brackett
A local comedy
Sunday and Monday nights

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

Jim Seal & Swift Kick
Orange County's Premier
Country/Western Band!
Tuesdays thru Saturdays, 9PM to 1AM!

Montezuma's Revenge
Cowboy Comedy!
Sunday & Monday Nights, 9PM to 1AM!

Free dance lessons
every Thursday evening 8 PM

RODEO

Lunch, Dinner, Cocktails & Live Entertainment.
La Jolla Village Dr. and Villa La Jolla Dr. Phone 457-5590
THE COUNTRY WESTERN NIGHTCLUB WITH A TOUCH OF CITY CLASS

The Cottage House, 7421
Bosch Avenue, Chula Vista
719-251-1411. Wed. 8:30-11:30
contemporary, folk, rockabilly
through Saturday

Cash and Cleaver, 14100
San Antonio Road, San Diego
481-2238. Cash & Cleaver
contemporary, Wednesday
through Saturday

Costaways, 10757 Woodside
Avenue, Scripps 445-6700. The
New Rock and Roll, Thursday
through Saturday, Texas rock
and roll, Tuesday and
Wednesday

Cotnam's, 1000 Mission
Boulevard, Mission Beach
445-1001. Jimmy Newman Trio jazz
Thursday through Saturday

Charlie's Little Bit of Country,
San Juan, 14000 La Jolla Village
Dr. San Marcos 744-3520. Dallas
baroque, country, Tuesday through
Sunday

Chateau Lounge, 3023 College
Avenue, Coronado 434-5820
Brazil, Latin jazz, Thursday
through Saturday

Chick's Steak House, 1250
Prospect Street, La Jolla 454-5325
Brazilian, country, Tuesday through
Sunday

Corona's and All That Jazz,
4204 Voltaire Street, Point Loma
224-3695. Jimmy Corcoran
ensemble jazz, Tuesday through
Saturday

Country kumppin' Dance
Machine, 1562 Palm Avenue
Imperial Beach 426-1161. Top 40
Club for information

Crossroads, 145 Market Street,
downtown 233-7856. Jazz,
Thursday through Saturday. Call
club for information

Cunningham's, 7004 Miramar
Road, Mira Mesa 578-1216. Red
Eye, country, Tuesday through
Saturday, Tony D'Amico, country,
Sunday

Da Vinci's, 625 E Street, Chula
Vista 427-6580. Top 40, nightly.
Call club for information

Dattilery East, 755 Medical Street,
Escondido 741-6993. Tommy
Tulane, with Naughty Sweeties
and The Kids, rock and roll,
Thursday, Rockin' Steve W. rock
and roll, Friday and Saturday, the
New Rock and Roll, Sunday
Greater San Diego Talent Search,
Wednesday

Dattilery, Old No. 7, 140 South
Serra Boulevard, San Diego
575-6733. Pop, rock and roll,
Thursday, rock and roll,
Friday and Saturday, Chula Vista
and roll, Sunday, the New Rock
and roll, Tuesday, Tuesday
Smokers, rock and roll,
Wednesday

Doc Masters, 2081 Shelter Island
Drive, Shelter Island 223-2572. Oh
Ridge, country, rock, Thursday
through Saturday, Bill Brackett
A local comedy, Sunday and
Monday, the Siers Brothers, rock
and roll, Tuesday through
Saturday

Doodles, 4125 El Cajon Boulevard,
San Diego 283-6881. Paul Greig
country bar, Monday through
Saturday, Jose Teason, piano
bar, Sunday

Drifwood, 5236 Baltimore Drive,
La Mesa 462-0533. Jimmy Nixon,
country, Friday through Sunday

Earle's, 7955 La Jolla Village
Drive, La Jolla 450-0541. Joe
Marrero, guitar with Margarita
Rogge, jazz, Wednesday through
Sunday

El Moro Restaurant, 1545 Quivira
Road, Mission Bay 222-2883.
Jazz, rock and roll, and
flamenco music and dance,
Thursday through Saturday

Eric's Rib Place, 4263 Taylor
Street, Old Town 299-3060.
Wayne Steele, piano bar, Tuesday
through Saturday

Fat City, 2137 Pacific Highway,
downtown 232-0655. Melissa
McCabe, contemporary,
Tuesday through Thursday, Steve
Datta, western, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday

Dynamite Seats
on sale now

★ **RUSH** June 9 ★
JEFFERSON STARSHIP June 7
★ **OZZY OSBOURNE** June 26 ★
★ **MOODY BLUES** June 22 ★
WILLIE NELSON ★ PLASMATICS June 15

RESERVE NOW
ZZ TOP, LOVERBOY & 38 SPECIAL - JULY 9
STONES - KINKS - SANTANA - BENATAR - ELO - REO
BOC - HEART - AC/DC - ROD STEWART - THE WHO
BOWIE - NEIL DIAMOND - MANILOW - U.F.O.

PHONE ORDERS
MAIL ORDERS
24 HOUR PHONE

TNT
TICKETS

CONCERT PHOTOS
BUTTONS, HATS
T-SHIRTS

4705 COLLEGE AVE - 582-6866

Coming soon, Kit Carson Park, Escondido



HOYT AXTON
"Joy to the World," "Della and the Deavers,"
"Angelia"



SUSAN RAY
Reserved tickets only
For more information call Eagle Productions
741-8020

lehr's cabaret
PRESENTS

America's most outstanding
ELVIS impressionist
Jonathon Von Brana & Thunderbird
Appearing through June 13
Wed.-Sat. 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

WEDNESDAYS!
Well doubles for the price
of singles

THURSDAYS!
Thursday is Kamikaze night -
Kamikazes \$1.00

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

Jerry Herman's
SPRINT

Thursday (tonight) **Steve Esmedina's**
Critic's Choice
The Worst Bands in San Diego
Showcase featuring
D.T. - Black & Deckers - Fuc-T
with
Beatnik Love Angels
Disposable Diapers

Friday
The Alley
Cats
Billboard's
Recommended LPs
The Naughty
Sweeties
with
The Puppies
and
The Wigs
return home - plus
Black & Deckers
with D.T., turn of the 20s, and
Lisa from the Dinettes.

Tuesday June 9
I'm a Boy **Stiffies** **Top Cat**

Wednesday June 10
Trowers
(Soloists) That means they want to try
it all the new material on you-all night long.

Coming June 11 - from New York on Select Records: **THE DRIVING MADDOGS**,
FOUR EYES and **THE PUPPIES** June 12 - from L.A. **BEACHIE & THE BEACHNUTS**,
BECKY & THE BLU-TONES and **THE MONROES** June 13 - from L.A. **THE KATZ** with
members from the D.C. **BLUES BAND**, **CHILD**, **JUMBALAY**, **RAVENLOFT** and
ERIC BURTON & THE ANIMALS plus the all-new **AUDIO BOY**.

W all, someone asked me: Don't you
like any bands? And I told him I
don't like music. Like Tuesday
when Clio TV had to cancel, but if you ask
me they've been cancelled for a long time.
I'm a Boy and Stiffies finished the night up.
They cancelled it, they cancelled the Trowers
regional while. The Crazydays played,
"Smoking up a easy to do". Opening up for
these two was White Willie Johnson. I can
say why he's called the one man band, no
one else wants him. Thursday Actual Live
played as loud I received numerous head-
banging complaints from the hotel across the street.
Dark Delectable made their debut here the
night, but my last came in and I had to
miss them. Ron told me they're good enough
to open for Claude Leno, as I'd asked them
out here on the 16th. After all, there isn't
many that could open for Claude. It's now
Friday - billed as the girls' night out on the
town and it certainly was. They weren't
here. The 200 or so guys that came here
looking for them remained me of the time
Mad & I drove to Escondido and followed
one of those cars I find had to go to coach
that had to the beach and before we knew
it we had reached the scene. The road was
gone and we were stuck. So we started
everything off. Last time she was here she
sounded pretty good. This time he's just
she was pretty. Desiree was next, did a 30
minute set and had to leave, she lost her
voice, but that's not all she had; cause we
all know where everybody's at when she
pointed it all out. Completing the night,
Dark and the Bio-Tones started off with
funk, funk and out of tune. Becky was too
loud and overbearing. Sunday, the 200
P.A. were the worst I heard. The keyboard
looks like he's representing Vegas -
20 years ago, and whenever you see the show
and calls out their names like they
weren't make up their mind, either up the
ladder or down it. So they do both, as the
leader or the follower. I want to see
brought the crowd to life. I asked my
employees, some VIP and the audience.

268-3838
TRIP TICKETS
THE
TICKET AGENCY
CONCERT THEATRE SPORTS
CHOICE SEATS TO:

WILLIE NELSON JUNE 5
DEL MAR

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL
WITH (JUNE 5) ISLEY BROS., CRUSADERS,
KOOL & THE GANG, MANHATTANS, TIERRA.
(JUNE 6) ARETHA FRANKLIN, PEABO BRYSON,
TEMPTATIONS, JONES GIRLS.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP FACE VALUE
(IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE SOCCER GAME!) JUNE 7

RUSH ★ RUSH BEST SELECTION
OF CHOICE SEATS
ANYWHERE!! JUNE 9

PLASMATICS FACE VALUE
JUNE 15

VAN HALEN JUNE 20 & 21
IN LOS ANGELES

MOODY BLUES JUNE 22

EARL KLUGH W/THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND
AND JOHN KLEMMER JUNE 24

OZZIE OSBOURNE JUNE 26
W/MOTORHEAD

TOM PETTY JUNE 28, 29 & 30
IN LOS ANGELES

ZZ TOP W/38 SPECIAL & LOVERBOY JULY 9

CHUCK MANGIONE JULY 12

HARRY BELAFONTE JULY

A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU THE
BEST SEATS IN TOWN!

COMING IN JUNE

CLAREMONT CHULA VISTA EL CAJON

268-3838 420-8747 442-5553

VISA

San Diego's #1 Ticket Service

Belly Up TAVERN

Belly Up & KSDT Cable 95.7 FM
proudly present two special
concerts!

Thursday June 4, Shows 8 &
10:30 PM

The Hot & Brazy Trumpet of

FREDDIE HUBBARD

with guest

SHUTTLE

featuring Peter Lamarr

Freddie Hubbard has spent most of his life making people happy

with his music. He was first discovered and influenced by Miles

Davis. He has performed with such jazz greats as Herbie

Hancock, Dexter Gordon, Bobby Hutcherson, Art Blakey,

John Coltrane, Ron Carter and a score of others. Of his style

some say it to be pure jazz, others say it is pure funk,

but all in all it's pure Freddie.

And Sunday June 7, Shows

8 & 10:30 PM

The Uncompromising Blues

Strollin' of

JOHN LEE HOOKER with guest Ron Thompson

It is difficult to overstate Hooker's influence on rock music.

His Boogie n' Blues greatly influenced the STONES, ZZ TOP,

GEORGE THOROGOOD, CANNED HEAT, THE DOORS,

CHUCK BERRY and others. It is said of so many others,

but John Lee Hooker is truly a legend in his own time.

Friday & Saturday June 5 & 6 9 PM Rock & roll with

JERRY RANEY & THE SHAMES

with guests

DIRK DEBONAIRE & THE BOAT PEOPLE

Every Wednesday in June, 9 PM

Rock and Roll with

THE FORKS

"ATTENTION ALL LADIES—Tom

Pearl said he wouldn't play here

unless there were lots of pretty girls,

so we're making every Wednesday

Ladies' Night and charging all

ladies is price cover. We asked

our female employees and they

said this was 100% correct!

Practice up for our big dance contest

Wed. June 24, with a \$100 first prize

Friday, June 12 9 PM Dance concert one cover*

for the entire evening

Performing all their classic originals

from the 50's & 60's

THE COASTERS

with guest

THE FORKS

*Tickets available at Belly Up and Ticketron

June 18, 19, 20 **MOVING TARGETS**

Sunday June 21 9 PM

Dance concert (one cover for

the entire evening)

Father's Day / First Day

of Summer Concert

L.A.'s NO. 1 50's & 60's

REVIVAL BAND

THE PRETENSIONS

Every Friday afternoon 5-7 PM

DIXIELAND JAZZ with the CHICAGO SIX

& 50+ BREWS TOO! (no cover)

Visit the Belly-Up for the best sandwich you'll ever eat

(one of the best, anyway)

143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-9022

Firestone Restaurant and
Lounge, 7851 La Jolla Village
Road, San Diego 92037, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Fish House West, 2453 San
highway 101, Carlsbad 92008
Tel. 441-1400, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Francisco's, 5373 Mission Center
Road, Mission Valley, 92161
Tel. 401-4011, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Francisco's, 832 North Hill Street,
Oceanside 92054, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Friday 9-11, Friday & Saturday 9:30-1:30

ZZAJ IS BACK!

THE **CROSSROADS**

San Diego's Oldest Jazz Club

345 Market Street "Downtown in the Gaslamp Quarter"

on the corner of 4th and Market 237-7856

BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE

CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR

WILLIE NELSON THIS FRI. JUNE 5

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL ON FRI, SAT. JUNE 5, 6

RUSH SAN DIEGO JUNE 9-L.A. JUNE 10, 11

MOODY BLUES ANAHEIM JUNE 12-LONG BEACH JUNE 14

JEFFERSON STARSHIP JUNE 22

TOM PETTY & VAN HALEN LOW PRICE! IN L.A. JUNE 19, 20

RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW FOR

ZZ TOP W/LOVERBOY & 38 SPECIAL THURS. JULY 9

ROLLING STONES & KINKS REO - A CELLS - AC/DC - SANTANA - CHUCK MANGIONE

PAT BENATAR - ELO - CHRISTOPHER CROSS - GEO. BENSON

ROD STEWART - WHO - HEART - PRETENDERS - BELAFONTE

JOE WALSH - JIMMY BUFFETT - GORDON LIGHTFOOT

WE WILL BE GOING TO KNOW YOUR GUESTS! CALL US

A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOUR CHOICE SEATS.

273-4567 CALL US!

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291-5720 Tony Drew, piano bar,
Thursday through Saturday

Houltham's Old Place, 5323
Mission Center Road, Mission
Valley, 92170, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Murphy's, 1001 Main St., 2241
Shafter Blvd. Drive, Shafter, 93222
Tel. 401-4011, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Hungry Hunter, 402 Fletcher
Parkway, El Cajon, 92021, Tel. 401-4011
Club for information

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way,
Oceanside, 92054, Tel. 401-4011
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Club for information

LIVE AT THE
Bacchanal
BETWEEN HWY 163 & CONVOY ST.
8022 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.

THURSDAY JUNE 4
MOVING TARGETS
FRIDAY & SATURDAY JUNE 5 & 6
MOVING TARGETS
Poison Ivy

SUNDAY JUNE 7
ROCK ON T-SHIRT NIGHT
FOR ONLY \$5
THE BUSBOYS
TWEED SNEAKERS
ROACH & THE WHITE BOYS

THURSDAY JUNE 4
THE NEW EAST/WEST BAND
NIGHTMARE
TALAMON PATTERSON
PERFECT TENS DANCE CONTEST
STALLION

SAN DIEGO'S BIGGEST, WILDEST
WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

JOHN CALE

ERIC BURDON

LEON REDBONE

GREG KINN BAND
COMING THIS SUMMER

RAY CHARLES & HIS ORCHESTRA
ON SALE NOW

TONY KAMPMANN
PRESENTS

Leading Zone, 2100 Convey
Street, Claremont 91711-0001
Super rock and roll, Thursday
Rock has band rock and roll with
Punk, rock and roll, Friday and
Saturday, Magnum, rock and roll
Sunday, Metal, rock and roll
Monday and Tuesday, Funk, rock
and roll, Wednesday.

London Opera House, 5404
Babcock Avenue, Claremont
91711-2100, Amber Band
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday, Barker and Orr
contemporary, Sunday, John
Barker, contemporary, Monday
Duffy Best, contemporary
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Longshot Saloon, 543 Grand
Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8576
Country, country, country, Thursday
A Pair of Peaches with Diane
Dixon and Chris Lee, country
Friday, Stagecoach, country,
Saturday.

Lorena's, 516 Broadway, El
Cajon, 442-2616, Steve Moulton
and Final Action, pop and
country, Tuesday through
Saturday, Pro Bingham, swing,
jazz, variety, Sunday and
Monday.

Macchi's, 206 Midway Drive,
Loma Portal, 224-2471, Tall Cat,
Pony Punk, country, music, Tuesday
through Saturday, Jereks, country
rock, Sunday and Monday.

Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8801
Magnolia Avenue, Scripps
444-1650, Beanie, country,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Mama's Mink, 533 East Main
Street, El Cajon, 442-5873, Les Bell
and the Hollywood Freeway
rockabilly, country, top 40, jazz,
Tuesday through Saturday.

Mandolin Wild, 308 University
Avenue, Vincent, 297-3017, King
Biscuit Blues, blues, Thursday
through Saturday, Critten,
Blues, Monday, Becky and the
Bluetones, rhythm and blues,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Midtown's Club, 2231 El Camino
Real, Oceanside, 757-1791, Space,
contemporary, Friday and
Saturday.

McFadden's, 5455 Grossmont
Center Drive, La Mesa, 445-1444,
The Boss West Home, variety -
nothing to new, indie,
Tuesday through Saturday.

The Mexican Restaurant, 801
West Harbor Drive, Seaport
Village, 232-7581, Estaban and
Chelina, traditional Spanish and
Mexican, Friday and Saturday,
Estaban, traditional Spanish and
Mexican, Wednesday, Thursday
and Sunday.

Moby's Deck, Adam's Rib
Restaurant, 1403 Rosecrans Street,
Loma Portal, 226-1871, Somewhere,
soft country, contemporary,
Thursday through Saturday, Gary
Sherwood, contemporary,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mom's Saloon, 545 Garnet
Avenue, Pacific Beach, 486-1898,
Pocketful, rock and roll, Tuesday
through Saturday, Flashback, rock
and roll, Monday.

Mom's, 10475 San Diego Mission
Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060,
Top 40, Call club for information.

Montehey Jack's, 11940 Bernardo
Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo
566-2400, Slim Poppins, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Montehey Whiting Company,
601 Camino del Rio South, Mission
Valley, 299-1424, Iron Bottom
Group, contemporary, Tuesday
through Saturday, Jim Howley,
contemporary, Sunday and
Monday.

Mulvaney's, 340 East Grand
Avenue, Escondido, 748-0935,
Rachie Hunt, contemporary,
Wednesday through Saturday,
John Kelley, mellow guitar, Sunday
through Tuesday.

Mustang Club, 3595 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5556,
Jen Rose and a Touch of Country,
country, Tuesday through
Saturday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon
Boulevard, East San Diego,
287-7332, incorporate new wave.

**THE NEW
BOX OFFICE**
Live at the Box Office
Live at the Box Office
Live at the Box Office

Thursday, June 4
rock with
**TNT
& MAGNUM**

Friday, June 5
UNTOUCHABLES

Saturday, June 6
**CHUCK & THE TIGERS
COLOR TV**

Sunday, June 7
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Admission is free until 9:00 p.m.

**MOM'S
SALOON**

Pocketful
Appearing through June 14

The Live KGB-FM 101.5
Hergen Breakfast Club
Sat., June 6, 9 a.m. - 12 noon FREE ADMISSION - MUST BE 21

Happy Hour Till 9 Every Night All Drinks Doubles at Regular Price
Beer Pitchers \$1.05/Glasses 25c. \$1.05 Drink Special Mon. - Thurs.

LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL EVERY NIGHT
229-1853 945 Garnet P.B.

**Old
No. 7
DISTILLERY**

Thursday, June 4
Poison Ivy

Friday, June 5 & Saturday, June 6
Poison Ivy

Sunday, June 7
**Orion
DANCE WITH FELIX**

Tuesday, June 8
**The Neat
Kamikaze night 75c**

Wednesday, June 10
Tweed Sneakers

KSON & KGB FM 101.5 welcome
in their only San Diego appearance

THIS FRIDAY

**WILLIE
NELSON
and
FAMILY**

Special Guest Star
**LEON
RUSSELL**
and the **NEW
GRASS
REVIVAL**

Introducing a Musical Comedy by
DON BOWMAN

DEL MAR RACE TRACK - FRIDAY JUNE 5, 8:00 PM

Easily reached by auto, train or bus!

Reserved seats, \$12.50. Infield general admission, \$10.00 in advance, \$11.00 day of show - 50% military discount. Gates open at 5 PM
Tickets available at all Ticketmaster & Select-a-seat locations. Del Mar Box Office opens day of show ONLY.
Tickets available also at: KSON studios in College Grove Center
NO alcoholic beverages, drugs, cans, containers of liquid, fireworks, sleeping bags or animals allowed.

Produced by **LAURENCE
BLISS** 3 Greek Theatre shows SOLD OUT
L.A. and Orange County come on down!

PORTLAND MAKAI
with Lee Karin



Performing
Wednesday thru Saturday
at the Boathouse
2040 Harbor Island Drive

SAN DIEGO'S FINEST JAZZ
at *James*
Restaurant
A SUMMER HOUSE PRODUCTION

NOW APPEARING

JUNE 3-JULY 12 WED-SUN 9-1
JOE MARILLO QUINTET
WITH MARGARITA PAGE

JUNE 1-JULY 28 MON & TUES ONLY 9-1
**RON SATTERFIELD &
KEYVYN LETTAU**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SUPER SUMMER JAZZ !!

JULY 15-19 WED-SUN 8 & 11 PM
TICKETS \$5.00 & \$7.00 LIMITED SEATING

LES McCANN
QUINTET

JULY 22-26 WED-SUN 8 & 11 PM
TICKETS \$4.00 & \$5.00 LIMITED SEATING

EDDIE HARRIS
QUARTET

JULY 29-AUG 2 WED-SUN 8 & 11 PM
TICKETS \$5.00 & \$7.00 LIMITED SEATING

LARRY CORYELL
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AUG 3-SEPT 8 MON & TUES ONLY 9-1
MARGARITA PAGE QUARTET

AUG 5-OCT 4 WED-SUN 9-1
**PETER SPRAGUE &
DANCE OF THE UNIVERSE**
WITH KEYVYN LETTAU


OCT 7-NOV 1 WED-SUN 9-1
MANZANITA

NOV 4-29 WED-SUN 9-1
NIGHT VISION

PHONE 459-0261

SUMMER HOUSE INN
7955 LA JOLLA SHORES DR

CONCERTS PRODUCED BY
STEVEN SATKOWSKI

MARC GERMAN CONCERTS
 KGB-FM 101.5
 TAVILION ATTRACTIONS
'THE TOUR OF THE 80'S'
 THIS TUESDAY

RUSH
 SPORTS ARENA
 TUESDAY • JUNE 9 • 7:30 P.M.
 MARC GERMAN CONCERTS
 TAVILION ATTRACTIONS

Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant
4421 Jamboree Avenue, East San Diego, CA 92114. The Prophet Vegetarian Restaurant. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Prophet Vegetarian Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Prophet Vegetarian Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Prophet Vegetarian Band.

Red's Place, 180 North El Camino, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Red's Place Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Red's Place Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Red's Place Band.

Reuben E. Lee, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 92118. Live music by the Reuben E. Lee Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Reuben E. Lee Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Reuben E. Lee Band.

Reuben's Harbor Island, 880

Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 92118. Live music by the Harbor Island Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Harbor Island Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Harbor Island Band.

Rib Cage, 6600 Keanu Mesa Road, Keanu Mesa, 92117. Live music by the Rib Cage Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Rib Cage Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Rib Cage Band.

Rodas, 8980 Via La Jolla, La Jolla, 92037. Live music by the Rodas Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Rodas Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Rodas Band.

Royal Affairs, 1021 Scott Street, La Jolla, 92037. Live music by the Royal Affairs Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Royal Affairs Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Royal Affairs Band.

Sand's, 510 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Sand's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sand's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sand's Band.

Sasko's Sports Arena, 4250 West Point Loma Boulevard, La Jolla, 92037. Live music by the Sasko's Sports Arena Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sasko's Sports Arena Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sasko's Sports Arena Band.

Sharon Harbor Island, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 92118. Live music by the Sharon Harbor Island Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sharon Harbor Island Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Sharon Harbor Island Band.

Solidad's, 425 West B Street, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Solidad's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Solidad's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Solidad's Band.

Spitt, 1130 Avenida Avenue, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Spitt Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Spitt Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Spitt Band.

Springfield Wagon Works, 5250 Keanu Mesa Road, Keanu Mesa, 92117. Live music by the Springfield Wagon Works Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Springfield Wagon Works Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Springfield Wagon Works Band.

Stadium Club, 6065 Fairmount Extension, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Stadium Club Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Stadium Club Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Stadium Club Band.

Station Oaks Resort Ranch, 445-475 The Pony Express, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Station Oaks Resort Ranch Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Station Oaks Resort Ranch Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Station Oaks Resort Ranch Band.

La Jolla, 454-0369. Live music by the La Jolla Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the La Jolla Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the La Jolla Band.

Tom's, 510 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band.

Tom's, 510 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band.

Tom's, 510 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 92372. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Live music by the Tom's Band.

Dale & Terry
On a return engagement from Palm Springs, Dale & Terry will entertain you with some great music, perfect for dancing!
Tues. Sat. 8:30 to 1:30 in La Hacienda Lounge.
875 Hotel Circle, Mission Valley 258-6281

Aspen Mine Co.
Jerry McCann & The Glogos
Thursday, June 4
Four Eyes
Friday & Saturday, June 5 & 6
Steamers
Wednesday, June 10
6880 El Cajon Blvd. 582-1813

Talavision proudly announces
The rock-trio sensation
EMERGENCY EXIT
Breaux: Tues. June 9
Pasadena: Wed.-Thurs. June 10-11
Aspen Mine Co.: Fri.-Sat. June 12-13
NEXT is coming!

Bobby G's
Thursday, June 4
Robin Henkel Group
Friday, Saturday & Wednesday
June 5, 6 & 10
Jerry McCann and the Glogos
Sunday, Monday & Tuesday
June 7, 8 & 9
Mark Lessman and Johnny Almond Band
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas
Home of the James Gang
485 First St. 436-7397

DALLAS COLLINS
thru
June 20th
Anthony's Harbor Side
Entertainment from 8:00
Tues. thru Sat.
Directly across from Anthony's Fish Grotto, on Harbor Drive
For reservations phone: 232-6358 • Lunch 11:30-4:00, Dinner 4:30-10:30

The Poseidon
A Del Mar Tradition
Wednesday night Karaoke special 7:00
Thurs., June 4 9:30-1:30
Fri., June 5 & Sat., June 6
Almond Lessman Band
Karaoke hours by the sea
Monday thru Thursday 4-6 p.m.
Well drinks 75c
Big Band Jazz continues at the Poseidon with
Tom Maley Quintet
Sunday 4:15 to 8:15 p.m.

LITTLE BAVARIA
CARMEL VALLEY RD., DEL MAR
Largest dance floor in North County
Tonight, Thursday, June 4
PARTY WITH
RICK ELIAS BAND
HAPPY HOUR 8:30-9:30
BEER 25¢ (12 oz.)
Coming
June 26th Montezuma's Revenge, July 1st Moving Targets,
July 24th Dick Dale & The Del Tones
Wednesday-Friday Lunch served 11 a.m.-2 p.m.
MUST BE 21, I.D. REQUIRED
CARMEL VALLEY ROAD BETWEEN I-5 & 101 755-1383

Hungry's
Prohibition Concerts
presents
Friday, June 6
The Ruby Slippers
Musical Comedy
with special guest
Mike Renzi
Saturday, June 7
Terry Scheidt & Patrick Rice
as seen with
Dave Mason, Kenny Rankin & Don McLean
Sunday, June 8
Jim & Theresa Hinton
Irish Folk
Traditional & original Celtic, folk & fantasy
Admission—\$350 at the door
for information call
298-0133
2547 San Diego Ave.

THE OLD TIME CAFE PRESENTS
TOM PAXTON
America's Foremost Topical Songwriter
Emerging from the 60's as one of the great songwriters of the past two decades, Tom Paxton carries on the "protest song" tradition with strength and drama.
PETER ALSOP
A topical songwriter of a more recent vintage, Peter Alsop's clever and witty songs examine the upheaval of male-female roles, the aged, unions, and other issues which plague contemporary society.
Sunday, June 14 6:30 p.m. & 9:00 p.m.
Ica Paloma Theater FIRST & D St. ENCINITAS
Charge Line & Information **436-4030** \$6.00 & \$8.50 in advance \$6.50 & \$7.00 at the door
Mail check or money order to:
Old Time Cafe, 1464 N. Hwy. 101, Leucadia, Ca. 92024
Tickets also available at the New Expression 3411 Ray St., North Park and Plum's Books 1615 W. Lewis, Mission Hills

ACE TICKET AGENCY Inc.
CONCERTS • THEATRE • SPORTS
BEST SEATS & LOWEST PRICES
ON SALE
WILLIE NELSON JUNE 5
KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL JUNE 5 & 6
JEFFERSON STARSHIP W.S.D. SOCKERS VS. CHICAGO JUNE 7
JOURNEY VENTURA COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS JUNE 7 & 8
RUSH • RUSH • RUSH TUESDAY, JUNE 9
JACKSON BROWNE W/STILLS & NASH, BONNIE RAITT & MORE JUNE 14
MOODY BLUES JUNE 22
VAN HALEN IN L.A. JUNE 20 & 21
OZZIE OSBOURNE JUNE 26
TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS JUNE 28, 29 & 30
A small refundable deposit guarantees you choose seats to:
ROLLING STONES IN L.A. WITH
REO SPEEDWAGON & THE J. GEILS BAND Also
AC DC • BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN • KINKS
ZZ TOP • LOVERBOY • 38 SPECIAL • WHO • VAN HALEN • SANTANA • ALICE COOPER • BLONDIE • ROD STEWART • CHEAP TRICK • UFO • BOWIE • BAD CO. • DEVO • PAT BENATAR • GEORGE BENSON • HEART • JOE WALSH • AL DIMEOLA • MICHAEL SCHENKER • TRIUMPH • PRETENDERS • CHUCK MANGIONE • & MORE
CONCERT PHOTOS ONLY \$4.50 w/FRAME, INCLUDING AC/DC • SPRINGSTEEN • WHO • RUSH • PETTY • QUEEN • FLOYD • KINKS & MORE
Call now or stop by soon
223-2355
11-6 Monday-Saturday
3233 Midway Drive (in the Sports Arena area)
24-hour phone information

ROCK 'N' ROLL IS BACK
7 nights a week at
17332
5205 El Cajon Blvd.
& 4th Ave. in La Jolla
MY RICH UNCLE'S
THURSDAY JUNE 4
INCIGNITO DIRK DEBONAIRE and the BOAT PEOPLE
THE HOT PERFECT TENS DANCE CONTEST 9:00-1:30
FRIDAY JUNE 5
FLASHBACK ROCK 'N' ROLL
SATURDAY JUNE 6
NOMADS ROCK 'N' BLUES
SUNDAY & MONDAY JUNE 7 & 8
PUSH
TUESDAY JUNE 9
UNKNOWN'S ONLY ON THE RENT
WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY JUNE 10-13
FLYWHEEL

b.b.c.
bambay bicycle club
San Diego's only club of its kind
—Family owned—
Live Jazz Entertainment
Friday, Saturday
Starts 9:00 p.m.

Manzanita
Featuring Rob Schneiderman

Sunday & Monday

Jam Session
Now at B.B.C.
Lunch and jam session 53-45
Cafeteria available

The Trojan Horse Cocktail Lounge

Sunday, Monday
June 7, 8 **Public Defender** \$1.00 cover charge
Friday & Saturday night
Bring this ad for
free admission

Tuesday-Saturday
June 2-6, 9-13
Sky High

Krazy George's
Located next door to the Trojan Horse presents
Country Paradise
Friday, Saturday no cover 9:00-1:30

Oats Band
Sunday 7:00-11:30 No cover
\$1.00 buffet all you can eat 5-7 p.m.
New York Steak Dinner 2 for \$9.95 daily 5-7
6179 University (College & University)
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HALCYON

Tuesday-Saturday
PUBLIC DEFENDERS

Sunday-Monday
Poison Ivy

Halcyon Dinner Specials
Monday—Complimentary beer and wine
while you dine.
Tuesday—Spaghetti special—All you can
eat includes soup or salad,
garlic bread \$3.25

Tuesday through Saturday, the
Amber Band, rock and roll
Sunday and Monday

Triton, 5011 El Cajon Boulevard,
East San Diego, 583-3340. Bruce
Campan Ensemble with Hula
Society jazz, Thursday through
Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University
Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070.
Sky High, rock and roll, Tuesday
through Saturday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University
Avenue, North Park, 295-9426.
Pacific Beach rhythm and blues,
murf and blues, Thursday.
Hardtimes, bluegrass, Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435
West Vista Way, Vista, 941-1032.
Top All, local club for information.

Voyager, 1907 Shelter Island
Drive, Shelter Island, 222-0421.
Nooney Rock and Co.,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday.

W.R. Stock Ranch, 2200
Highland Avenue, National City,
474-2029. Highway country
western, Thursday through Sunday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West
Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640.
Don Livingston and Timberline
country rock, Monday through
Saturday. Capt. Stubbs, Sunday.

Windjammer, 2591 South
Highway 101, Carlsbad, 753-0188.
Teller, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday. Dixie Delmore
and the Dixie Delmore, new wave
and variety, Sunday through
Tuesday.

Wronger's Room, 6608 Mission
Gorge Road, Mission Gorge,
280-5253. E. Zone Wood and
Waring Saddle, country,
Wednesday through Sunday.

Yee Japanese Restaurant, 11516
Iberia Place, Rancho Bernardo,
485-0340. Alan David Cruz,
contemporary, easy listening,
western, Mexican ballads,
Wednesday through Saturday.

Zebra Club, 560 Fifth Avenue,
downtown, 239-4222. Bob Martin,
rock and roll, plus the Nutcracker,
rock and roll, Thursday.

Los Angeles Clubs

Concerts by The Sea, 100
Fahnenstahl's Wharf, Redondo
Beach, (213) 379-6998. Donald
Byrd, Thursday, through Sunday.

Country Club, 1845 Sherman
Way, Redondo, (213) 381-9800.
Freddie Hubbard and the
Pentadecim, Friday, June 5. Human
Sexual Response, Thursday,
June 11.

Dante's, 4269 Lankershim
Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213)
761-1500. Al Vignelli and Tom
Brechlin, Thursday, June 4. Jack
Sheehan, Bill Berry, and the Ray
Brown Sextet, Friday and Saturday,
June 5 and 6.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun My
Way, Chatsworth, (213) 824-5346.
St. Regis, the illegals, and the
Penguins, tonight, Thursday. The
Circus, Little Rich, and the Flamingo,
Friday, June 5. Daniel Webster
and Eddie Sapen, Saturday,
June 6.

Polemnia, 6907 Lankershim
Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213)
761-4015. The Every, Friday, June
5. Doug Westrow with Calamity
Jane, Saturday and Sunday, June
6 and 7. Chuck McInerney and
Brenda Cole and Prairie Fire,
Monday, June 8. Ann Owens,
Tuesday, June 9.

Boaz, 9009 Sunset Boulevard, (213)
878-2222. Barbara Cook, tonight,
Thursday. Chaka Khan, Friday
through Sunday, June 5 through 7.
The Monarchs, Monday and
Tuesday, June 8 and 9. Dennis
Brown, Thursday through Saturday,
June 11 through 13.

King Biscuit Blues
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
Catch this great group!

Monday June 8
THE CRITTERS

BECKY AND THE BLU-TONES
Tuesday & Wednesday June 9 & 10

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HAIRCUTS \$10
Includes shampoo, cut, style, blow dry (long hair slightly extra).
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- Remove chain and clean
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- Grease oil on the chain
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Free safety check, free estimates, one day service!
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Buy 1 blackwall tire - get matching blackwall tire
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**Danger signals indicating need
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