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**your lap  
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to reflect on New  
County's flower  
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and their healthy be**

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By Gordon S. ...



# Soil, Water, Light, Money

The next time you pin a carnation to your lapel, or sniff at a rose, pause a moment to reflect on North County's flower farmers, their woes, their struggles, and their healthy bank accounts.

The first year Andy Mauro went into the flower-growing business he net \$30,000. He didn't know when he planted his seedlings when to spray the young plants for insects, even when to harvest the blooms. "We kept looking at them and saying, 'You cut them? Should we cut them? Should we wait?'" he says, laughing at the memory. He eventually had to throw out six entire beds of chrysanthemums that cost him 60,000 flowers.

As he tells me this, Mauro is standing in one of the greenhouses he keeps behind his house in Cardiff. The morning sun is beginning to burn through the foggy air, and beneath the white cover of the greenhouse it is humid and warm. Everywhere around us, on spindly, four-foot-high stems, are chrysanthemums of all colors. The nasturtiums are pale lavender, and their petals are just beginning to unfurl, revealing bright yellow centers. In a few hours these flowers will be on their way to Albuquerque in a refrigerated truck, having been cut, wrapped in plastic for protection and packed into cardboard boxes. In a day or two they will be on display in a New Mexico flower shop, and a few days after

(continued on page 4)

**By Gordon Smith**



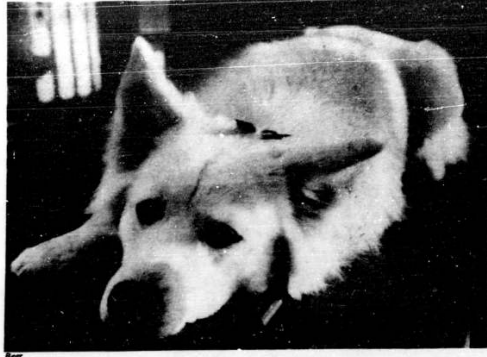
# City Lights

## The Death Of Bear

Bear died a week ago Monday, on that brooding night when the air was acrid with smoke and whipped with lunatic winds. Debi and Mike D'Angelico were sitting in the living room of their house on the Presa section of Spring Valley. The fluffy white dog lay at their feet. Minutes later, the D'Angelicos were standing in their driveway, staring down in horror at their bloody pet, shot to death by a deputy sheriff. Debi became hysterical. Mike remembers screaming, "Why did you kill my dog? Why did you kill my dog?"

Today the D'Angelicos can recount the incident without tears, but that night they wept bitterly. Debi is twenty-seven. Mike is twenty-six, and they have no children. Bear filled that role for them. They had begun looking for a puppy as soon as they knew they were going to buy a house five years ago, but it took them six months to find precisely the right animal. They came upon him while vacationing in New Mexico. Enchanted by the offspring of a purebred Samoyed and a Norwegian elkhound, the D'Angelicos arranged to fly the only male in the litter back to San Diego when the dog was six weeks old. When he arrived, Debi took three months off from her job as a loan counselor to train him and take him to the beach every day to develop his muscles. "She began keeping a scrapbook, which is now full of pictures of Bear digging his first hole, splashing in his first mud puddle, celebrating his first birthday at a canine party complete with a dog food 'cake' decorated with little bones. 'We did everything with him,' Debi says. "And he was incredibly intelligent."

Mike works a lot (as a plasterer), six or seven days a week. But Bear always knew when he was supposed to be home, and right about that time he would sit by the door and wait for him. Mike says as well as being a friend, Bear also was a good watchdog. Though the four-year-old dog weighed only about forty-five pounds and was never trained to attack, he barked loudly. So when the bright light flashed into the D'Angelico living room that night about 9:30 p.m., and Mike and Debi went out to investigate, the dog followed them. Two police cars were parked in the street, and near them, in the front of the D'Angelicos' long front yard, Mike and Debi could make out a small moving light. That's when Bear zipped around the couple and started to bark.



Mike says he suspected that the figure was a law enforcement officer, so he commanded, "Bear, come." He says at the order, the dog turned his head to look at his master. At that moment, according to Mike, the bullet from the deputy's gun entered Bear's right shoulder. Debi says, "I couldn't believe it. I heard the shot and I saw Bear open his mouth as if he were in pain. I

thought he'd been shot in the leg. But then he dropped, dead." The D'Angelicos recall that at that point the deputy, Vic Caloca, simply turned and strode away. They say that only after he had crossed the street, in answer to Mike's tortured questions, did he respond, "I'm sorry, but I've

been bitten before." Then he disappeared. Later that night, as part of the investigation required whenever a deputy discharges his gun, he returned to help re-enact the shooting and Mike and Debi learned that Caloca had been responding to a call about a family disturbance at 631 Sacramento, located across the street and two doors down from the D'Angelicos. But they didn't get any answer to their most important questions: What was Caloca doing on their property? If he felt he was being attacked, why didn't he say anything? Why didn't he use his heavy police flashlight as a weapon, instead of his gun? "I would like to know how something like this can happen!" Debi says heartily. "Why?"

Michael Petter, the sergeant at the Lemon Grove substation, who's looking into the incident, doesn't expect to complete his investigation until the end of this week, but as of Monday he had a few answers to those questions. Petter says Caloca was looking in the dark for the house from which the complaint call had originated when he spotted the D'Angelicos coming out their front door. The deputy claims he asked the couple if they had telephoned for assistance (Debi and Mike say they heard nothing), when the dog saw him and started coming at him. Petter says although the eyewitness reports of the shooting vary considerably, the forensic evidence indicates that the dog was less than two feet from the deputy when Caloca fired upon it. Petter adds that department policy condones shooting a dangerous animal only "when no other disposition is practical."

The question of whether Caloca had any other such choice, whether Bear was really a threat to Caloca, and whether the shooting endangered anyone else at the scene are all ones which Petter

doesn't expect to resolve until the conclusion of the investigation. He says if an officer is found at fault in a shooting, recommended action can vary from counseling to the filing of charges, and Sheriff John Duffy makes the final decision. The D'Angelicos are hoping that the sheriff removes Caloca from police work, at least temporarily. Says Debi, "Maybe he was thinking of the two San Diego policemen who were killed recently, and maybe that made him nervous. But if that's the case I think he should be getting psychological counseling and a long vacation." She continues, "This cannot happen again. An animal or a person. It could have been my husband. This is not a war zone. You don't come out here with your guns loaded, ready to shoot." —J.D.

## Thirty Seconds Over Clairemont

Chateau Place lies in the heart of deepest Clairemont, where the trees are tall and the pink and green bungalows don't have much in the way of front yards. Residents say it always used to be a quiet area, even though as the crow—or the Piper Cub—flies, the street is located just about two miles northwest of Montgomery Field. Until last year, most of the Chateau Place residents weren't aware of that proximity. Then something changed. Now the residents say there are times when they're reminded of it as often as once every two minutes.

Last Thursday around the dinner hour was a time like that, a time of balmy clear skies of the sort that tempt the amateur pilot aloft. And sure enough, Michael Huffactor could sit in his backyard at the end of the Chateau Place cul-de-sac and watch the small planes moving overhead like a birdwatcher logging species during the migratory season. Huffactor had to admit that the planes don't rattle the Chateau Place houses and obliterate conversation the way the jets do in Loma Portal, although some of the louder little planes do compete forcefully with the sound of a talking voice.

Others merely drone in the background, but says Huffactor, "At the end of a day, I'm just going to bananas. . . . It's like having a freeway over your head." He says his neighbors became aware of the increased air traffic at different times. John Theodore, three doors down the block, noticed it as early as last summer; it didn't really dawn on others until the fall. By then the neighbors had begun complaining to each other about it, and early this year about nine of them

organized a neighborhood association. That's when most of them became aware of the Terminal Control Area, a zone the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) created in San Diego's airspace last May. That action—the creation of the zone—primarily came about as a result of the 1978 PSA crash and the resulting public demand for tighter control over local small planes. With the advent of the zone, suddenly planes which flew into certain sections of the city's airspace had to have special equipment (two-way radios and a transponder) so that air traffic controllers could better chart and guide their movements. Planes which lack such equipment (and some smaller ones do) must stay out of the area. Thus, when the zone was created, Montgomery Field air traffic controllers slightly modified their instructions to departing pilots. In the past, the air traffic controllers there had always instructed such pilots simply to proceed to the mountain on the coastline (Mount Soledad). However, the new zone placed the mountain in the restricted airspace, so after May the controllers instead told the pilots, "Straight-out departure approved; remain clear of TCA." At Riedel, the head of Montgomery's control tower, says that change may have shifted the traffic flow just enough to bring more small planes over the heads of the Chateau residents instead of just to the south of the area and parallel to Balboa Avenue.

So when Riedel heard the residents' complaints, he ordered a return to the old flight directions. However, although that change occurred in March, Huffactor says he and the other neighbors have seen no noticeable decrease in the volume of planes overhead. On April 25, for example, they counted the sound of 220 small planes between 7:30 a.m. and midnight, and they say holiday weekends are worse. Both the city and county noise authorities recently monitored the Chateau area and came up with a preliminary finding that the average noise level there does not exceed the government standards for a hazardous condition. The Chateau neighbors respond that the average figures are misleading—and don't reflect the irritating change that they insist has taken place. Riedel isn't sure why the change back to the original flight directions hasn't helped, but he's now looking to one other remedy. He says the FAA will be modifying the boundary of San Diego's new regulated airspace sometime starting in August, and as a result of the proposed changes, it should be easier for those small planes which continue flying over Chateau Place to do so at a higher (and thus, quieter) altitude.

The residents are skeptical. Huffactor points out that under the proposed changes, pilots will still be able to fly less than 1000 feet over the



John Theodore, Michael Huffactor

neighborhood, and it's an option they're likely to choose because it saves fuel. Instead, Huffactor remains convinced that there must be some way to redirect the Montgomery Field pilots back to the path they followed before last summer. He stresses that it's important to do so as soon as possible, since the volume of traffic in and out of Montgomery (which already places the airport among the top twenty-five busiest in the country) is scheduled to almost double by the year 2000. "We're not against aviation. We're not even against the boys going out and playing with their expensive toys over the weekend," says one of the neighbors. "But when it prohibits us from going out into our backyard to watch the crabgrass grow, which is why we live here in the suburbs in the first place, it is a very great imposition on us." Adds Huffactor, "I almost get the feeling that Montgomery Field is like Lindbergh Field was fifteen years ago." —J.D.

## Shame, I'd Like You To Meet Michael Tuck

At the beginning of every summer those well-known San Diego institutions throw parties to which only members of the San Diego press are invited. Mission Bay Park, Sea World, and the Del Mar Fair gave their parties on successive evenings last week, and each had between 350 and 550 media people and friends in

attendance. Reporters, photographers, editors, announcers, producers, and executives from most local newspapers and radio and television stations gathered to drink free booze and eat free food supplied by the people about whom they often write and broadcast stories. What is the purpose of these parties (and others like them), and how are they regarded by the press? The PR flacks who organize them every year certainly do not have illusions about the purpose. "Obviously, we're doing it [to stimulate coverage]," explains Rose Marie Starns, who reorchestrated Monday's bash for her group, Mission Bay Associates, an organization that promotes events at Mission Bay Park. Every year Mission Bay's inner tube races, its boat parade of lights, its sandcastle contest, and several other activities are "covered" by the local press (especially television), and Starns says the annual party was an expression of gratitude. "It's a simple thank you for what the press has done for us. . . . I'm not out there trying to bribe them; it's like one step above that."

Bill Seaton, corporate vice president of public relations for Sea World, has a similar view. "We want to make a good impression on the press," he says candidly. "We want to show we're providing good family entertainment, but it's a thank you, too. Let's face it, the press is damn good to us here." The Sea World party, an annual tradition since the park

opened in 1964, is also used to introduce the media to Sea World's new shows, and it's known in press circles for its lavish, sumptuous meals and festive atmosphere. Last year, during a six-day dinner of ham and chicken with all the fixings, a rollicking food fight broke out among the guests. This year, to coincide with the circus theme set by one of its new shows, Sea World provided more proletarian fare—submarine sandwiches, corn dogs, hot dogs, and nachos. The \$15,000 expended on the party wasn't any less than was spent last year, however, but Seaton believes the money wasn't wasted. "We don't spend a lot of time winning and dining certain people," he says. "We do 'em all in one shot." Indeed, not only are many front-line print and electronic reporters usually there, but top editors (the Union's Peter Kaye and Alfred Jacoby, the Tribune's Leo Bowler) and executives (all the TV station general managers have attended) also go whoop it up. "In the beginning, we used the parties to woo the press because Sea World was new and had to show that it was a first-class operation," continues Seaton, "but now the party is more a tradition. People wonder what Sea World is going to come up with next. We're working on a dolphin game show!"

"Frankly, I can't imagine Sea World not getting good, positive press, and there's an argument for eliminating these parties. . . . But I have press people calling me who want to know when the party is scheduled so they can plan their vacations around it. Two or three years ago we unintentionally planned our party for the same night as the Del Mar Fair's, and I had press

people calling to ask if we'd change it. And we did, at the request of the press."

Few would claim that there's actually a *quid pro quo* in effect here (press attendance at these parties in exchange for favorable press coverage of Sea World, Mission Bay events, or the Del Mar Fair), but how many times do stories appear, in print and over the airwaves, which do anything other than boost those places and events? Just after Sea World's party last week, Channel 10 broadcast a story about the park's new shows, and what medium in town has not trotted up to Del Mar to bring back light features on fair activities? Says Channel 10 news director Ron Mines, "We generally do stories when Sea World or the zoo gets a new act, and we do a lot of other stories about those places because they offer good feature material. The parties don't have anything at all to do with coverage of those places." But the significance of press attendance at such gatherings is really much more subtle than that. "Personally, I feel a little captive at those parties, so I don't go to many," says *Los Angeles Times* local edition editor Dale Feathering. "You're being hosted because you're in the press, and I'm not sure that's why I should be here. Maybe they should be inviting me because I'm a nice guy, not because I can do something for them."

Peter Kaye, an associate editor of the Union, attended the Mission Bay party, had a good time, but seems to feel some ambivalence toward the gatherings. "This whole business of what to accept [in gratuities] and what not to is a very difficult one," he says. "The glib answer is that anybody who says they can be bought with a handful of potato chips or a couple of drinks isn't much of a journalist. . . . But we have a policy against accepting gifts of value, like free tickets and junkies, and there's a fine line that has to be drawn somewhere. I'd say maybe accept a lunch but maybe not a big dinner. Attitudes about this have changed so much, I can remember when I was a young reporter here (over twenty years ago). I got a free airplane ride to Acapulco and back, which I used on my honeymoon. And when I came back and wrote a story about Acapulco, I felt obligated to mention the name of the airline that gave me the tickets. Things are a lot different now, and you're into a mildly gray area with these parties. In five years maybe they'll be off limits too." —N.M.

—Jeannette DeWyz and Neal Matthews



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## Let Them Eat Condo

Thank you for San Gascon's report on Oakwood Gardens ("The Good Life at Oakwood," June 18), which shows us the suffering of tenants when apartment owners want to turn their rentals into condominiums.

There are many lovely people living at East Oakwood, where 564 apartment units are in danger of becoming privately owned condos. More than 200 of them are elderly, and eighty-two are disabled. They are exemplary in spirit and work together for a desirable place to live.

Now, because of what appears to be absentee ownership and a lack of social conscience, their right to have homes is threatened and they are forced to defend their need for housing.

Can't San Diego, "America's Finest City," live up to its image and prove that it has a heart? Where are the hundreds of residents of East Oakwood supposed to go if they lose their homes, which are difficult to replace because San Diego is short on housing and skyrocketing in the cost of rent?

Mary Esther Mills  
La Jolla

## Get To Le Point

Bravo, Bravissimo to Duncan Shepherd for his report charming and witty on the current Cannes film and perpetual Cannes inconveniences ("No Cannes Do," June 18). Perhaps even better was the commentary eloquent on Reader readers who require spoon fed conclusions, neatly packaged, from their critics and tend to find Mr. Shepherd unpalatable. The critic's critics might consider subscribing to *Le Figaro* or *Le Point* for the incisive and unflinching criticisms of M. Chalais or M. Billard or M. Beauvieux before they next lash out at the sentences unimpaired of the irrepressible Mr. Shepherd. So, let thanks be shouted and flowers be strewn for his last piece, and hold out hope for a few diamonds in the rough that is the Festival International Film (or Festival Film International) this season.

Martha L. Spaulding  
El Cajon

## Letters

A crippling disease like muscular dystrophy has a one-two punch called Jerry Lewis and 7-Eleven to put our pennies and our hearts behind their efforts. It will probably take the hard work and dedication of a well-known celebrity to give CF the guidance, confidence, and education the public needs to support it. With that behind it there might be a chance to prolong life or create a cure for CF.

Until then the unknown workers of CF should be applauded and continue their unswerving work to raise money and help educate people about this very unglamorous killer called cystic fibrosis.

John Herzel  
San Diego

## Killer Remains At Large

Congratulations on printing a terrific story by Steven Shepherd ("No Time to Dream," June 11). I have worked with dedicated people like Winnie Burke from

New York to Los Angeles and now in San Diego at the CF offices. Ask the operator for the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation phone number and she will ask you how to spell it. Were it not for the unknown dedicated volunteers of CF this deadly disease would still be treated as TB.

## Now They Know

My compliments to you and Steven Shepherd on your "No Time to Dream" article on cystic fibrosis.

I was especially pleased at the length and in-depth accounting of the disability. It's paramount that the media continue to provide its community with an awareness of both the good and the bad of various disabilities.

I applaud you for your sense of such responsibility, and hope the community takes adequate awareness.

Again my compliments and thanks.

T. Andrew Ogels, Publisher  
Mainstream Magazine

## Errata

A "City Lights" article (June 11) incorrectly stated that attorney Mike Walker practiced as an associate in a Hillcrest law office and that a notice posted for his eviction was fraudulent. Walker was a tenant, not an associate, at the law office; the eviction notice was properly served; and Walker no longer practices at that location.

Last week's cover story, "The Good Life at Oakwood," mistakenly described poet James Kavanaugh as being deceased. Kavanaugh is alive and lives in Nevada City, California.

The Reader regrets these errors.

— Ed.

(continued on page 22)

# TWENTY VS FORTY



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## Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:

Please tell me how a diesel engine in the average passenger car compares in pollution output to a similar car with a conventional engine running on both regular and unleaded fuel. I've heard that diesels don't pollute very much, but it's hard to believe if you're sitting behind one at a traffic light.

Harper, Encinitas

Diesels in passenger cars conform to the same California standards that gas-powered engines do. The difference is that the diesel engine, which operates at high temperatures and pressures, burns a fuel that is less volatile than gasoline, and therefore produces more smoke when burned inefficiently, as at a traffic light. If both types of engines were tested for emissions while operating only at low speeds, neither engine would come out clean, but the diesel especially would look like a raw smokestack. Therefore, the state's emission standards, which are more stringent than the standards applied by the federal government, cast acceptable emissions in terms of grams per mile, as measured over some distance, not at a stoplight. The state requires that as of 1980, passenger cars with gas or diesel engines with a warranty of 50,000 miles shall emit 39 grams of hydrocarbons per mile, nine grams of carbon monoxide per mile, and one gram of oxides of nitrogen per mile. Of course, higher amounts of these chemicals are produced in the cars around us, since the newer, clean-burning engines make up



that much weight from a dead stop... the engine in any type vehicle, not just a diesel, needs a fuel-rich mixture... and that means some of the fuel is going to go unburned.

He said black smoke coming from a bus shows a fuel-rich mixture; blue smoke means that the engine is burning oil and needs to be repaired; white smoke means the bus is passing pure, unburned fuel, and likewise needs repair. He added that the new, extra-long buses with a joint in the middle are particularly troublesome. A few have developed rust in their fuel tanks, and when a fleet makes its way into the fuel injection system, the delicate pump must be overhauled at a cost of \$5500. "If we get a bus that's smoking, you know we're going to look at a lot of things before we take that injection pump off and send it to the shop," said Gummels, pointing to two pumps on the floor of his office. Each was about the size of a briefcase, and looked like a miniature engine, with a crankcase and a row of pistons.

"Another thing is that we switched to a cheaper grade fuel," he said. "We've been running on diesel-2... which we thought would burn less clean than diesel-1. But the stuff we've been getting is so good, we haven't had any trouble with it. Which is one bit of good news."

Get a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 98983, San Diego, California 92138.

only a small percentage of the vehicle population. In 1980 the hydrocarbon emissions for light-duty vehicles on California highways was estimated at 1.25 grams per mile — three times the standard for the up-to-date diesel engine. By 1990 this figure is expected to drop to .41 grams per mile, only .02 grams higher than the 1980 standard, since more new cars will be on the highway.

This doesn't mean, however, that clear skies lie ahead for the internal combustion engine. Trucks, especially those powered by diesels, will continue to emit tremendous amounts of oxides of nitrogen, which are produced at the high temperatures characteristic of heavy-duty engines. As a class, the diesel trucks that emitted an average of 18.67 grams of oxides of nitrogen per mile in 1980 are expected to emit 11.7 grams per mile in 1990. This compares to the passenger car standard of only one

gram per mile. Different standards exist, obviously, for passenger cars and heavy-duty trucks.

A particular problem exists with buses. Most mass-transit buses stop and go in city traffic. It takes a great amount of fuel to put a ten-ton bus in motion, compared to the amount it takes to keep it rolling at a high speed. A perfectly tuned diesel engine will leave a screen of unburned fuel behind it as it labors to pull a loaded bus away from the curb. This screen looks sooty because it is rich in particulates, specks of matter that settle out of the air and are therefore less harmful in the long run than the chemicals that make their way eventually into the lungs.

"We get complaints about our buses smoking," said Buzz Gummels, a supervisor of mechanics at the San Diego Transit Corporation. "Sure, we check our buses all the time, but when you're moving

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# Soil, Water, Light, & Money

that they will grace some wedding or funeral where most of the folks in attendance won't stop to think about San Diego County or its cut-flower industry. But an industry it is, and a flourishing one.

One-tenth of all the flowers grown in the United States are grown in San Diego County, nearly all of them in a two-mile-wide strip along the coast near Cardiff, Encinitas, Leucadia, and Carlsbad. The crop was worth nearly \$30 million last year, and when combined with potted plants, also grown in large quantities locally, its total value was more than \$60 million, making cut flowers and potted plants one of the county's top three agricultural products (along with avocados and tomatoes). In all, some sixty different varieties of flowers are grown here, with the majority of the acreage planted to carnations, chrysanthemums, roses, orchids, gladioli, and birds of paradise.

The flowers like the same thing about this area that people do: the climate. And in particular, explains Seward Besmer, a farm advisor for the University of California's Agricultural Extension, flowers prefer the coastal strip because of "the amount of light available, especially in the winter months. The percentage of light available here year round compared to the rest of the U.S. is just tremendous. Coupled with that is a moderate temperature — warm in the winter and cool in the summer — and a relatively constant humidity. These things take the stress off flowers, and flowers grow a lot better without stress."

But for the flower growers, the stress remains. In recent years they have had to cope with increasing problems, including competition from foreign growers, the encroachment of housing subdivisions on farming land, and restrictions on the use of pesticides. In an industry highly dependent on energy, the growers have been hit hard by the dizzying rise in the cost of electricity and natural gas, and competition has toughened to the point where many of the flowers grown cannot be sold whole fields; are sometimes left to wither and die. But



David Thompson

overall, insists Besmer, the industry is healthy, and Andy Mauro, a past president of the San Diego County Flower Growers Association, agrees. "We've got our share of problems, but I don't want to be in the position of doing nothing but complain," he says. "It's been a lucrative business for just about everybody in it."

Mauro is sixty-six, with tumbled, longish hair turning prematurely gray on the sides. His features are angular, and he has a sleepy, cynical look on his face much of the time. But Mauro is anything but sleepy; his wit is as quick as his laugh. Nine years ago he tired of his job as an industrial economist for Copley International, a marketing research firm in La Jolla that is owned by Copley Press, and decided he wanted to be in business for himself. Why flowers? "I had always enjoyed gardening in my back yard," he says with a shrug.

Mauro Flowers is a small but typical flower-growing business along the northern San Diego County coast. Mauro's three-and-a-half acres, located in a suburban neighborhood a half mile east of Interstate 5, include his house, a packing shed, and two-and-a-half acres of greenhouses. His office is a well-kept room with a cement floor and walls of rough, natural wood; it opens into the packing shed next to it. Mauro presides there five days a

week, keeping the books, packing flowers into boxes for shipment, making frequent trips out to the greenhouses to supervise his six workers, and mulling the telephone ("Mauro Flowers"). Like many growers, he specializes in growing one variety of flower, in his case, chrysanthemums, or "pompons," as they are known in the trade. In a year he will grow thirty-five or forty different varieties, but at any one time only ten or fifteen types are planted.

Leading the way through his packing shed and out into the greenhouse area, Mauro tells me how his flowers are grown. Cuttings are taken weekly from special "mother stock" plants, which Mauro buys from a large supplier in northern California, and stored in a cooler until it is time to plant them. "If you grow chrysanthemums in your garden, they'll always bloom in the fall," he explains. "Here we artificially manipulate them to make them bloom according to our schedule. Our biggest selling periods are Mother's Day, Valentine's Day, National Secretary Week, Easter, Christmas, and Thanksgiving, in that order, so that's when we want our production to peak. Funerals and weddings create a certain amount of weekly demand of the year."

It takes ten to twelve weeks for a

chrysanthemum to grow from a cutting to a mature, blooming plant, so roughly three months before a major holiday. Mauro takes his cuttings out of the cooler and begins to cultivate them. The cuttings first go to a "propagation area" — a single greenhouse where, automatically misted every fifteen minutes and specially lighted, the young plants develop a large root system. "While the plants are being propagated, we're preparing our beds," Mauro continues, stepping over to an empty greenhouse littered with yellowing plant stems. Here the old plants have been plowed under by hand, he explains, and the bed will soon be steamed to kill the roots; otherwise last season's chrysanthemums would sprout again, bearing inferior blooms. After two weeks in the propagation area, the cuttings are transplanted into the steamed and fertilized beds, and the growing begins in earnest.

Natural gas heaters equipped with fans keep the temperature in Mauro's greenhouses at a minimum of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, but the buildings themselves, wooden frame structures covered on the roof and walls with sheets of clear polyethylene, are twenty-five years old now and beginning to show their age: the wood has faded and a few of the walls no longer stand rigidly upright. Still, the place isn't run for looks. "Our gross sales last year were about \$180,000," Mauro tells me as we walk up toward one of the greenhouses he has that now, in the slack season, contain almost fully grown chrysanthemums. "But the competition for sales is getting tougher all the time. Normally eighty percent of my output is

presold to regular customers, most of them out of state. We supply the San Diego area, too, but we're one of the major flower-producing areas in the United States, and San Diego can absorb just so much. But right now I can't even sell my normal weekly output, which is about 3000 bunches a week [a bunch has twenty blooms]. At Mother's Day this year I was selling 15,000 bunches a week. You have to come in with those extra flowers on the holidays for two reasons: one, you can get a decent price for them, as opposed to other times of the year when you're barely breaking even; and two, your customers need the flowers then, and if you can't supply them you're going to lose them to someone else."

Mauro likes to noodle around on a guitar in his off hours ("A few years ago some friends of mine and I got together and decided, 'Damn it! We want to be rock and roll stars!'"), and last autumn, in an act of godliness brought on by slumping sales and burgeoning insect problems, he penned a thoroughly corny but partly serious dirty entitled, "Flower Growing Man."

They call me a flower-growing man And I'm doing the best I can. But sometimes it's really hell

When there ain't no market, and I can't sell, And I ain't no musichium fan.

We have reached the greenhouse; inside are six neat rows, fifty yards long, of three-foot-high chrysanthemums. The plants have thin green leaves shaped a little like giant oak leaves, and in the center of each plant a bud has formed. Mauro says this will soon be pinched off in order to force the plant to produce a greater number of side blooms. Above the flowers hang rows of standard light bulbs that Mauro uses to light his greenhouses during periods of prolonged cloudy weather. In most seasons, however, there is actually too much natural light, so sheets of black polyethylene are used to cover the plants a few hours before sunset each evening, and are removed a few hours after sunrise. The polyethylene shortens days simulate the short days of autumn, and trigger the chrysanthemums' blooming mechanism. "As soon as you start those short days the bud starts to form," Mauro says. "At six weeks you can see it, and at seven weeks it's starting to show a lot of color. At eight or nine weeks — ten or twelve in the winter, when they grow more slowly — we cut 'em."

As we stand talking in the doorway of the greenhouse, one of Mauro's employees, a Mexican man who looks to be about forty, wearing a faded black shirt and a straw cowboy hat, enters the greenhouse carrying a thick hose. Kneeling, he connects it to a set of temporary plastic irrigation pipes that run the length of the flower beds, and begins to water the plants. Except for Mauro's propagation area, where the newly planted cuttings are automatically lighted and misted with the aid of a few troublesome electronic timers, all of the tasks performed around the greenhouses are done by hand: plowing, steaming, and raking out the beds, watering, covering and uncovering the plants at night, cutting, and shipping. Like nearly all farmers in San Diego's North County, Mauro employs mostly Mexicans for his workers, many of whom are in the country illegally. Another verse of "Flower Growing Man":

New! I work all day for something to save.

Come Mother's Day I finally have time to share. I can't talk to my own crew (If there's any left after the Man comes through).

Don't want to grow no flowers for my grave.

"Actually, the only people who come by looking for work are illegal aliens," Mauro says with a shrug. "If I guess seventy to eighty percent of all the flower workers in the county are illegal aliens. We used to get raided by the Immigration and Naturalization Service all the time. They'd always come right before a major holiday. The workers would be rounded up and



Andy Mauro

taken away, at a big loss of income to them and us, and they'd be back again in about four days. Now the INS seems to have changed its approach. I don't exactly know what the new approach is, but they don't bother us as much anymore. Officially, the growers would like to see the whole problem resolved through some sort of guest worker program, or something.

"As it is, a new worker will make up a social security number with the right number of digits and go right to work. Then a few years later you get a letter from the social security people saying, 'Will you please check on the social security number of Felipe so-and-so.' . . ." Mauro grins. "So the guy makes up a new number. What's happening is, he's supporting the social security system in the meantime. We watch the man in the straw cowboy hat water the chrysanthemums for a few moments, and then Mauro adds, "It takes a good month for a new worker to become truly efficient. Gradually each one gets a specialty — certain things he does best — but there are always times when you have to do something else. In a business the size of mine you have to be able to do all the

various jobs, fill in where you're needed. My main talent around here is that I speak English."

"Our operation is totally different from Andy Mauro's," says David Thompson. "We grow only roses and foliage plants, and to do that we have to maintain a junglelike temperature in our greenhouses, around sixty-five to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. It takes more finesse and physical structure than growing chrysanthemums — and I'm not bragging because I'm not the guy who grows the plants. I've got department managers who do that. My expertise is marketing and management. I only know enough about growing roses to get in trouble, and also to give a hell of a tour around this place."

As he said this, Thompson was giving me a hell of a tour around his place. He is a young, bearded, enthusiastic man who talks at a rapid-fire pace, and as he spoke he was maneuvering an electric cart bearing the two of us, along with a large and gregarious female golden retriever, around the roads and narrow alleyways that sepa-

rate his greenhouses. The Thompson Rose Company, located on Pinesett Lane between Leucadia and Carlsbad, is the largest producer of roses in San Diego County; its multimillion-dollar sales are split roughly in half between foliage plants and roses, and Thompson reckons he shipped more than four million of the latter last year. With fifty acres of greenhouses (only fourteen of which are being actively used) and fifty or sixty workers, the Thompson Rose Company is also considerably larger than Mauro Flowers, and considerably more mechanized. Freshly cut roses are brought into Thompson's cavernous packing house on a fleet of electric carts, and many of the flowers are then automatically sorted by a machine that separates them according to stem length. One entire wall of the packing house consists of huge walk-in coolers where the flowers are stored prior to shipment, in showing me one of these earlier, Thompson had mentioned it currently contained about 50,000 roses, and it looked less than a quarter full.

"We grow thirty-five different varieties of roses here," Thompson said as we whooshed along in the cart, "and on the average they last five to eight years. But we've got computer printouts of every variety and its average yield on a dollars-per-square-foot-of-greenhouse basis, and (take one of those rose plants shows up on the printout with its average price down, we yank it. You can't afford to grow losers. For our size, we're a very high profile company, and we maintain that through efficiency, trying to outscore our competition, and by advertising the shit out of our flowers in trade magazines."

"Like Andy, we manipulate our greenhouse environment in order to reach peak production for the holidays, but roses are a little different from chrysanthemums. Once you pinch the blooms on a rose it takes about six weeks for them to grow back again. But as it turns out, from Christmas to Valentine's Day is about six weeks, and it's six weeks from Valentine's Day to Easter, and Mother's Day comes about six weeks after that. I don't know how that came about, but it couldn't work out better if we had determined when the holidays come ourselves. But still, cold or dark weather can delay the blooming five or ten days, and that can kill you. We just do what we can and hope Mother Nature doesn't dump on us."

At the entrance to one of the greenhouses, Thompson brooms the cart to a halt. I got off to open the sliding door (since surviving the crash of a light plane three years ago, Thompson has been confined to a wheelchair, a circumstance that seems only minimally to have limited his ability to get around), and after I got back on we drove into the greenhouse. The interior was immense. Green plants in reddish-brown plastic pots hung from

(Continued on page 10)

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# Soil, Water, Light, & Money

(continued from page 9)

beams everywhere, and the cement runways between plant blocks were wide enough for the carts to drive on (although not wide enough to allow for passing, which, I soon discovered, can lead to comical mini-traffic jams that can only be resolved through a lot of backing up). With a shock I realized someone could run a one-hundred-yard dash in here and be surrounded at the start and finish by plants. Thompson explained that most of the individual pots are served by thin hoses off a main irrigation line and are watered automatically. He was practically beaming with pride. "I marvel every time I come in here," he admitted a moment later.

We drove back outside and headed up toward a similarly sized greenhouse where Thompson's roses are grown. On the way we glimpsed the enormous tract of suburban homes that sprang up just south of Thompson's land a few years ago. He told me that so far, the proximity of the houses has caused fewer problems than he thought it would. "A few kids shoot bows and arrows at our greenhouses, and once some people complained that chemicals were wafting over in their direction. Overall it hasn't been that bad."

But the suburbanization is also a symbol of a



Sprayer at Mauro's.

larger and more deeply rooted problem affecting all agriculture in the North County: the problem of population growth. The area's high growth rate has led to high property values, and many flower growers (who were recently characterized by a fellow farmer as "part farmers, part land speculators") decided they would like to cash in their investment by selling all or part of their land to housing developers. To their chagrin, they found that the California Coastal Commission stood in their way. Landowners are free to sell their property to anyone they like, of course, but in order to develop a parcel along the coast you need a permit from the commission. And one of the commission's legal obligations is to pre-

serve the maximum amount of prime agricultural land along the coast (an admirable goal, considering the rate that San Diego County's fourth largest industry and the jobs that go with it seem to be disappearing under the tide of new residents. From 1979 to 1980, the amount of land in the county planted to flowers alone decreased by more than one-third, from 1451 acres to 925 acres). Until recently, a developer who bought a coastal farm would have been gambling that the coastal commission would subsequently grant him a permit to develop it, a course of action not unheard of but not generally favored by the commission, either. Under the circumstances, if a flower grower let it be known his place was for sale, the buyers

were't exactly lining up outside his door. It began to look as if the issue would be settled once and for all by the commission's San Diego local coastal plan (which encompasses the section of coast roughly from Solana Beach to Leucadia), and while the plan was taking shape over the last few years the flower growers readied their arguments. "You don't eat flowers," Andy Mauro has said, "and when you're talking about greenhouse operations, most of the land isn't suitable for food crops anyway. Just how important is it to legislate it into perpetual existence? Flowers aren't a necessity, they're a luxury. So what we do with our land is our business!" Mauro has also pointed out that developers are unlikely to purchase green-

house farms to convert to housing, since the current value of a greenhouse operation in the North County is close to \$300,000 an acre — \$100,000 for the land and about \$200,000 for the greenhouses. "It's kind of hard for a developer to make money with that kind of investment," he says dryly.

On May 21 this year, the state coastal commission reviewed the San Diego local coastal plan and recommended there be no restrictions imposed on converting greenhouse farms to housing; owners of a few large, specially designated parcels would be allowed to develop roughly forty percent of their land in return for creating a permanent agricultural preserve out of the remaining sixty percent. "The commission's recommendations came about largely due to a very organized and united presentation by the flower growers," one coastal commission official noted recently, a presentation that was led by Andy Mauro, but technically the commission rejected the San Diego plan on May 21 and returned it to the county for a number of changes and amendments. There is not yet any indication when or in what form the county will return the plan to the commission for final approval, but nearly everyone involved agrees the eventual procedure for the conversion of small farms to housing will follow the state commission's recommendations.

The flower industry heartily welcomed those recommendations, but unfortunately, they will have little effect on growers such as David Thompson, whose property lies outside the boundaries of the San Diego plan. His fifty acres fall under the jurisdiction of the Carlsbad plan, where the coastal commission appears to be taking a sterner attitude toward the preservation of agricultural land. "I own this land, and it's all paid for," Thompson said as we entered another greenhouse and maneuvered down the aisles of roses. "I have no plans to develop right now, but I always figured that if I wanted to, I could get out of the business and have something to retire on. Now I don't know."

"The thing is, my land is technically in the county, but I'm surrounded on three sides by land within the City of Carlsbad. There are plans right now to build in the Carlsbad area, and it's my hope that eventually the coastal commission and the county will want to see us develop, too. I mean, we're talking about multiple years before this happens, but one day this property will be part of the city. It's inevitable."

After showing me around his greenhouses full of roses, Thompson drove the car back toward the packing house. On the way we passed a loading dock where several trucks were parked. A sign in Spanish was posted on a nearby wall, a notice to unemployed farm workers who might come by looking for a job. *No hay trabajo*, it read — "There is no work."

On Friday morning not long ago, Isaac, a young Mexican with a stocky build and a trace of a mustache, stood in one of the greenhouses at Mauro Flowers and began to cut chrysanthemums. Examining the blooms to see which ones were ready for harvesting, he would stoop over, clip each stem down near the roots with a pair of small hand clippers, and then arrange the stems together into a bunch while holding them in front of him. Wrapping a small plastic tie around the bunch to hold it together, he would lay it across the wire grids that run through Mauro's flower beds, two feet off the ground (and which keep the flowers growing straight and tall), and then he would move on. It was nearly noon, and although the sun hadn't yet broken through the cloud layer along the coast, it was hot. Occasionally chirping would erupt overhead as a few sparrows chased each other over the roof of the greenhouse, but for long periods as Isaac worked there was no sound other than the faint snip of his clippers.

In a few minutes Mauro appeared at the end of the greenhouse, and in broken Spanish, instructed another man, Jaime, to

prepare to spray some plants with pesticide. I turned from watching Isaac and followed Mauro up to another one of his greenhouses, where he stood in the entrance, eyeing the five-week old plants in side-units. Like other flower growers in the North County, Mauro has been assaulted in recent years by leaf miner, a tiny gnawlike insect that lays its eggs on the leaves of flowers. The larvae, when they hatch, eat their way across the leaves, marking them with yellow lines and making the plants unsalable. Last year Mauro lost twenty percent of his crop — about \$35,000 — to leaf miner. The latest strain of the insects has proved almost impervious to the arsenal of pesticides available to flower growers, and only a chemical known as Pencap M has proved effective at all. Mauro was preparing to spray his chrysanthemums with Pencap M.

Pencap M is a class-two pesticide (in the parlance of agencies responsible for the licensing and control of pesticides, class one means acutely toxic, class two means highly toxic, and class three means moderately toxic), but because of its volatile nature it is listed as a restricted pesticide by the county department of agriculture. Under new statewide regulations effective the first of this year, growers planning to use any pesticide on the restricted list are supposed to give twenty-four hour notice to the department before spraying (in addition to having first obtained a permit for its use), and have to file a report then about the spraying, its effect on the environment, and what will be done to moderate the damage. Practically speaking, though, the department of agriculture allows the growers to spray first and turn in the reports later. "They would drown in a sea of paperwork if we had to apply for permits twice a week," Mauro told me. "This way, well, it's an expedient way to handle it, but I think there's some sense in it."

Soon Jaime appeared wearing a full yellow rain suit, boots, a gas mask, and a helmet with a plastic shield to protect his face. He carried one end of a long yellow hose, connected at its other end to a small

gasoline-powered pump with a tank of Pencap M on top of it. Fastening the big metal spraying head with three nozzles onto the end of the hose, Jaime turned toward us, and for a moment he seemed to have a helpless, almost embarrassed expression on his face as he stood there in his gas mask, helmet, and ridiculous yellow rain suit. Then he motioned for Mauro to go start the pump. In a few moments a fine mist of Pencap M was hissing out of the nozzles, and the sour, oily odor of pesticide came drifting out of the greenhouse. Jaime worked quickly, drenching the young plants with solution and gradually moving farther and farther into the greenhouse.

"The chemicals are most active before they dry," Eddie Gray, the deputy commissioner for the county department of agriculture who is in charge of enforcing the new regulations on pesticides, told me a few days later. "The greatest danger is to the workers or the growers. In a greenhouse situation, the chemical doesn't pose much of a threat to the surrounding environment — nine times out of ten. In this business you have to qualify everything you say."

I asked Gray if the new regulations had reduced the use of pesticides, as the environmentalists who supported them had hoped, and he replied, "No, but then we didn't really expect them to. They probably have reduced the number of pesticides available, because the licensing procedures were made stricter at the same time. And there is more thoughtful use of many chemicals. But overall, I can't say I'm really pleased with the new regulations. They cost the taxpayers a great deal of money and they add a lot of paperwork, and they don't really restrict the use of pesticides."

Mauro came up after starting the pump and stood next to me, watching Jaime work. "I've had to spray so often lately I've been doing it myself," he commented, "but usually I contract with a spraying service. A lot of growers use

(continued on page 12)

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# Soil, Water, Light, & Money

(continued from page 11)

doing that now to avoid hassling with all the safety precautions themselves. Plus, it's easier than having one of your own guys do it. It's a lousy job. I did it myself for the first few years I had this place, and it's hotter than hell inside that suit. You take it off and you're just soaked with perspiration, even on a day like today, when it's not that hot."

Mauro insisted he takes a number of steps to prevent pests from appearing in the first place, including weeding diligently and ploughing his old plants under soon after the blooms are cut. But as for using state-of-the-art alternatives to pesticides, such as predator insects, he complained that certain predators eat only certain pests, and anyway, no predator insects have been discovered that would attack flower growers to any great extent. "How much of the crop would be lost to pests if no pesticides were used?" Seward Heiser repeated when I asked him about the subject. "We don't know, and we don't dare try to grow the crop without pesticides! I would guess you'd lose fifty to eighty percent, a lot of it just due to aesthetics. If you've got a grapefruit that looks bad on the outside, you might still be able to eat it, but if a flower doesn't look



Mauro Flowers

good it simply can't be sold. You're dealing with a crop where you almost need zero damage to be able to market it."

"No one likes spraying," Mauro continued as we peered into the greenhouse where Jaime was spraying Pencil M. "It's a problem. All I know is, it's going to cost me \$12,000 this year to spray my flowers, because of the various regulations, and that's about five times what it used to. I hope it's for valid environmental reasons. But I don't have much faith in the government bureaucracies that regulate these things."

drastic step of relocating in countries where the labor is cheap.

Mickey Ivicovic, owner of Townsend Flowers in Encinitas, is one of those growers, and when I contacted him by phone a few days later he cheerfully told me about the peculiarities of growing flowers on foreign soil. Originally a tomato grower, Ivicovic said his prices were undercut for so long by the Mexican tomato growers in Baja California that he had to close down his operation. When he entered the cut-flower business, he had learned his lesson; he found a Mexican partner and bought fifty-five acres of land about thirty-two miles south of the border, on Baja's Pacific coast. "We grow a little of everything there," he told me. "Carnations, mainly, but about fifteen or eighteen varieties altogether. The climate is almost identical to Encinitas. It's unbelievable."

Ivicovic said the main advantage of doing business in Baja used to be the low cost of labor — when he first started growing flowers there nine years ago, a worker earned just twenty-two dollars a week. But that's up to \$110 a week now, he said, and with that increase most of the advantage of being located in Mexico has evaporated. Ivicovic's trucks shuttle back and forth between his fields in Baja and his packing house in Encinitas (where he also raises flowers on about eighty acres), and increasingly he has had to rely on payoffs to stay in business. The Mexican authorities can legally hold a vehicle for seventy-two hours without filing charges, and they know Ivicovic's trucks are often full of flowers, which would win in that time; so Ivicovic has to pay them \$175 a month to not stop his trucks. In addition, the proper pesticides for growing flowers are not available or legal in Baja, and Ivicovic claims his crop would decline dramatically without them; so he brings them down to Baja in his trucks and pays officials from the Mexican department of agriculture \$250 a month to not come around and check which pesticides he is using.

"Overall, our production costs in Baja

are still only about seventy percent of what they are in the U.S.," Ivicovic continued, "but I think we're going to see a big change in the business down there. You can see the trend already. It's getting harder and harder for my partner and I to make it because we don't have any friends high up in the government. Meanwhile, the people with connections are expanding, really going to town. One guy near us already has 1000 acres planted; he's invested one million dollars just in the last year. I think most of the Americans doing business down there will get out pretty soon. I really believe the Mexican government is going to take over."

Ivicovic's assessment is shared by most of the flower growers in San Diego County, many of whom worry that Baja flowers will soon be competing in a big way on the American market. "I'll give Mexico five years before they're giving us fits," says David Thompson. "Some of us will survive, some of us won't."

Ironically, Thompson currently relies

on Mexico, and particularly Tijuana, as a place to unload his excess and interior flowers. Many of the growers in San Diego County do the same, although the disposable income in Mexico is practically nonexistent. Thompson notes, Mexicans are enamored of flowers in a way that Americans aren't, and provide a convenient (if less profitable) market for locally grown flowers. That, too, could change once Baja grows its own.

"We're gearing up for it," Mauro said of Mexico's entry into the cut-flower business, adding with a short laugh a moment later, "I don't mean to imply we can really do anything about it. We're just getting nervous." He was back in his office off the packing shed, sitting behind his desk. It was nearly noon, and most of his workers were spending their lunch hour on the Little League field next door, kicking around a soccer ball. Now and then their distant shouts came drifting over to us through the warm summer air. Mauro said that rather than compete head-to-head with the Mex-

ican growers, the American floral industry might cooperate with them to try to expand the market, "put our money in the same pot and try to increase consumption." The average European spends four times as much on flowers as the average American does, he pointed out, glancing in the direction of the packing shed as if he were imagining orders pouring in for the chrysanthemums that were now slowly wilting on the other side of the door. "There are cultural and racial differences between Europe and the U.S., but we have a lot in common, too," he said. "The potential is there."

\*\*\*

A few days later I phoned Mauro to recheck some of the things he'd told me. "By the way," I said after we had gone over a few items, "you told me your business, including your house, was worth about half a million dollars, right?" "Right," he replied. "It's up for sale if you want to buy it."

"No kidding?" I was genuinely surprised. Mauro had spent the last nine years learning the flower business, he knew it well, and I admired the independence he had and the way it seemed to suit him.

"Yeah," he continued, "the market to sell in place like this hasn't been very good for the last few years, but now that it looks like these coastal commission regulations have cleared up, I think people will get interested again."

"You're getting out of the business completely?" I persisted.

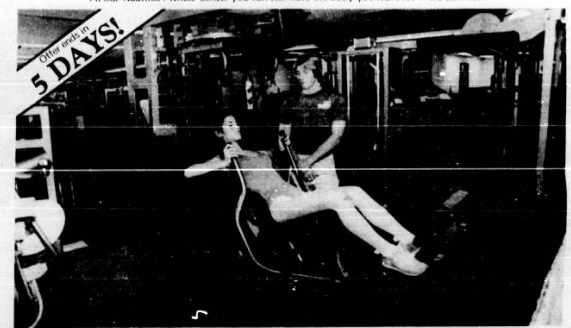
"Uh huh. I can reinvest the money and just live off the interest."

"Hmmm," I said, beginning to see his reasoning. "I bet you could, with a chunk of change like that. Let's see, fifteen percent on half a million is... geez, maybe I should get into the flower business! So you're just going to kick back, won't even have to work at all?"

"Well, I want to get started on my second career, too," Mauro admitted. "I want to be a writer!"

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# Vladimir's Visit

By Sue Garson

It was on a lazy Sunday afternoon late in March that he leaped into my life via telephone. An innocuous ad I had placed in a local weekly, to dispose of an unwanted mattress, summoned his call of inquiry. Soon it became apparent that he was less interested in the specifics of a twin-size mattress, no box spring ("I am not concerned with comfort," he insisted than he was in general conversation. "I am from Russia. Am conducting cancer cure research," he said solemnly. After we interrogated each other further, we discovered a vague mutual acquaintance. Eventually we exchanged names and addresses. "I will appear in ten minutes," he said excitedly and then hung up.

Doctor Vladimir Mordukhovich, also known as Volodya, and in intimate circles, Volodhecka, arrived on foot precisely ten minutes later. He wore blue velveteen zoris, Levi's, a gray hooded sweat shirt inscribed with a UCSD insignia, and a long black jacket of synthetic material that was a size or two larger than necessary. "Made in Japan, purchased in GUM, only sixty-two rubles — a bargain!" he grinned broadly.

He carried a large, white plastic shopping bag emblazoned with the slogan "I LOVE NY." It contained five books — two to glance at briefly ("This one tells truth of *Rubinshteyn*," he proclaimed, pointing to a dog-eared septuaginta, two to keep for an indefinite period of time, and one to keep permanently. "I have extra copy — with autograph," he explained as souvenirs of the visit. His dark eyes then darted to a nearby stack of magazines. He browsed quickly and asked to keep one, also as souvenir of this initial meeting. I nodded affirmatively. "With signature," he specified, handing me a pen. "If I were not trained in science, I would be journalist," he said. I signed my name. "Your sympathetic face matches sympathetic voice on telephone, so I am here without delay," he added.

Within the next five minutes, an alarmingly speedy intimacy was established. He not only signed his thick brown curly hair (of a Brillo texture) on the stove while



disaster the unsatisfactory relationship he was painstakingly maintaining. "I treat personal visit for nearly two decades — with his happy wife, Zoya," also scientist and future Nobel Prize winner.

"I stay with her only because we have child," he explained, "but I suffer enormously due to this liaison. It is because she is from Dnepropetrovsk in Ukraine Soviet Socialist Republic. The people are different than in Novgorod. Ilya, my son, he is fourteen years old and already he loves gambling. He loves the pinball machine. I should not like to refuse my son because he is so content playing with stupid machines."

"There are many terrible things about Russia. It is in general a lousy country but schools are better than here," he continued. "When I was half the age of my son, I went to chess school. Also to ping pong school. I had same teacher for many years. She was like mother to me. I admire her always. In America there is always new teacher. I have already discussed with principal of the school. He has agreed to explore another possibility. My influence will be felt," he announced while he rocked energetically back and forth in a rocking chair next to the fireplace.

My seventeen-year-old son burst into the room, boisterous from rehearsing *Acting Up* at the Casa del Prado Theater. While he slumped into a beanbag with a bowlful of corn chips, Doctor Mordukhovich rose and introduced himself. "Take my advice, *boyshchik*," he said. "If you are actor at such a small age, you will become shallow," he warned. "So wait until you are older."

"But I'm shallow already," said Mark as he flipped on the tube, manure the chips audibly, and proceeded to stare intently at a *Lavigne* and *Shirley* rerun. "If I were not trained in science, I, too, would become actor," announced Vladimir Mordukhovich. "I love theater — and actresses. When I was in London I went all the time to the theater. There was once an advertisement in the *London Times* for Trotsky lookalike for new film called *The Reds*. So naturally I went. The film is about John Reed, also passionate, and ten days that shook the world. It will be soon released. Warren Beatty pick me to play Trotsky in exile," he said as he removed a snapshot of Diane Keaton from his billfold. "I have great admiration for this woman," he said. "She is also in this film. After a day in the studio they decided I am too young for Trotsky in exile and they instead pick other guy for Trotsky. But before they throw me away, they pay me handsome sum of money," he said, "and I was at least Trotsky for one day."

When the conversation switched to geopolitics, the condemnation of his homeland was as fiercely passionate as that of Solzhenitsyn, with whom he concurred "more than 1000 percent."

On the subject of U.S. politicians, "Reagan and Kennedy are the two greatest American presidents," he declared. Since

lighting a Camel, but he immediately confessed that the major achievement of his life, not counting two Ph.D.'s, one from the University of Moscow, was to escape from his native Novgorod, to the West. "I also escape mentally. I took seven years and a half," he said as he proceeded to embark on a harrowing tale of feigned insanity and near commitment to one of the most infamous mental institutions in the USSR. "Instead I wind up in San Diego," he grinned.

Encouraged by my interest in the confusing details of his leave-taking from the motherland, he proceeded to give me the unsolicited particulars of his feigned

this was the first time I had ever heard the two leaders mentioned in the same breath. I challenged him. "Simple," he said confidently. "Both showed willingness to confront Soviet Union."

"Wrong," I offered. "Thank you, no. I would enjoy instead a cool glass of water," he said and began to describe the mineral water fast he had been enduring the past five days. "This lasting clears the head. I think better. I must continue to fast in order to deliver scientific paper to the university," he explained as he smoked one Camel after another. "Then I shall eat!"

A phone call interrupted his rocking-chair soliloquy on the molecular research in which he was involved. I was being summoned by friends to survey a prosaic plumbing problem involving a leaking sink. "I have to leave now," I said apologetically, steering Doctor Vladimir Mordukhovich, a.k.a. Volodya, and his plastic "I LOVE NY" shopping bag toward the front door.

"I would like very much to accompany you on your errand if you don't mind," he protested.

"My errand is boring," I said. "But it will be experience for me. I am in America only for short time. I therefore must experience all circumstances even if boring," he said, smiling. "But first I must make telephone call. It's all right!" he asked, gesturing toward the phone.

"Suit yourself," I nodded. After a brief but animated discussion in Russian, he hung up. His face reflected disappointment as he formally announced with much regret that he could not, after all, accompany me on my errand. The tempestuous Zoya was insisting that he return immediately. "It is difficult for her to find suitable companion here. Easier in Moscow. So she makes me suffer," he confided in a loud voice. "When I return, I suffer more afterward, so I shall return now to her."

He walked me to my car, observed the hooded-in left fender, and alerted me wryly that the vehicle was "deformed." Nonetheless, he suggested he ride with me

for several streets in order to probing the conversation. Neither of us mentioned the mattress that initially instigated our acquaintance.

I kept the motor running as he spoke a lengthy, formal farewell. "Do vidaniya," we both finally said. He waved and then disappeared along where he got his driver's license. "In Moscow," he said. "I fail driving test six times and was unable to receive diploma without license. Finally I got license after much difficulty. I give

"Only for a little while," I said. Behind the wheel, Doctor Mordukhovich was noticeably uncoordinated. A Tijuana station was playing *Cuando voliente el sol/Algo en la playa* and he hummed along as he drove down the middle of the road, ignoring all yield signs. I wondered aloud where he got his driver's license. "In Moscow," he said. "I fail driving test six times and was unable to receive diploma without license. Finally I got license after much difficulty. I give

of a California-style portable bar. While he drank tepid mineral water from the same shared ceramic mug (whose slogan read, "I LOVE SAN DIEGO"), he showed me his book collection. "I have you would be here tonight so I brought my books to display for you," he said. Puzzled, I asked how he knew I'd be there if I myself had no inkling. "I suspected that you would come if I invited you," his dark eyes twinkled. "I knew you would not resist."

Together we examined his leisure reading habits. Popular psychology books of the *I'm Okay, You're Okay* persuasion dominated the shelves. He unveiled a collection of TA and TM posters and buttons; reformat graphics; *Punch* cartoons; photos of his younger sister Evgenya, a.k.a. Genya, a Moscow eye surgeon; photos of his older brother Alyosha, a divorced chemist; more snapshots of Diane Keaton; and his published doctoral dissertation on an element of DNA. A copy of Woody Allen's first book, *Giving Even*, was on his desk. "He is my idol for many years. When Zoya and I had a room of our own in Moscow, I wrote many letters to Woody Allen in which I describe my miserable predicament. I wrote I should emigrate as soon as possible and make his acquaintance. I never receive reply," he said.

This last confession evoked an unforeseen undercurrent of enervation. Five years ago I had sent an eight-page parody letter to Woody Allen, care of Random House, in which I fantasized a rousing, titillating correspondence culminating in collaboration. I demanded an immediate response and included my phone number. My words, too, were unrequited.

Doctor Mordukhovich and I immediately declared ourselves soulmates. While we basked for a few delicious moments in our correlational rejection by our mutual mentor, we polished off an entire quart of flat, lukewarm mineral water to cement the Chekhovian bond.

"We are brother and sister," he declared as he opened another bottle of de-

(continued on page 16)

Behind the wheel, Dr. Mordukhovich was noticeably uncoordinated as he drove down the middle of the road, ignoring all yield signs. "In Russia we drive on the right; in England on the left. So in California I drive in the middle so I should not be confused."

The following night, long after our household had comfortably settled in to watch *Misadventure*, there was a knock on the door. It was Doctor Vladimir Mordukhovich apologizing for not clearing his visit beforehand by phone. "Your telephone was busy so I came," he said with a grin. "This time I have car with me, so I have come to show you my laboratory where I make my experiments."

Although I was worn out from a day at the Lyceum Theatre and a downtown and the hour was late, I agreed to go.

some rubles to official. The same like Mexico."

"But why are you driving in the middle of the road?"

"In Russia we drive on the right; in England on the left. So in California I drive in the middle so I should not be confused. Now I have international license. Perhaps it is better you close your eyes so you should not look to get nervous," he advised me.

Once inside the laboratory, the doctor removed from a top file drawer his version

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## Vladimir's Visit

(continued from page 13)  
 I arrived directly from Voslau Mineral Springs from a depth of 2000 feet at the base of the Austrian Alps. Then he removed his bifocals.  
 "No, we are sister and brother," I corrected him. Then I removed my reading glasses.  
 "Zaushie adovno," we toasted each other.  
 Several nights later, as I was parking my deformed vehicle in the driveway after a tiresome shopping expedition, I was startled to hear my name called from the shadows.  
 "Good evening. I am sitting in car for one hour and a quarter waiting for you to appear. While I wait I write letter containing declaration of loyal friendship and admiration," he said. He handed me an envelope and stated that he would again

appear in the middle of the week.  
 "Call first," I instructed.  
 He did. It was just after dawn the next morning.  
 "Good morning, drazha," he said.  
 "Volodya, what is it?" I asked sleepily.  
 "Aha! Already you recognize my voice!" he said triumphantly.  
 "How could I not?"  
 "I have been two nights without sleep. I am greatly disturbed. Something must happen to disband Soviet troops positioned to invade Poland. You can perhaps tell me why the New Left is shamelessly silent on this issue?"  
 "Volodya," I said patiently. "There is no New Left. The New Left is dead."  
 "Assistance is essential to halt military invasion. I should not remain silent. You must realize Soviet government is sensitive to criticism from American people. I therefore request your help to organize a movement to send written communications to Soviet officials to protest troops surrounding Polish border," he said. He spoke rapidly. The tone of his voice was

distressed and immediate.  
 "The issues are way over my head," I said. "I'm not a political writer."  
 "If I were not trained in science I would be ideal political agitator," he said. He added that he was disappointed that I didn't share his urgency regarding this proposed noble endeavor.  
 Another call less than an hour later attempted once more to persuade me to join in his stop-the-troops movement. I advised him to contact the political science department at UCSD.  
 It was after 11:30 when the phone rang that night. I knew intuitively who was on the other end. Doctor Vladimir Morokhovich was calling from his laboratory. "I am not in the mood to discuss the liberation of Poland at midnight," I said humorously.  
 "Neither am I," he said listlessly. His voice sounded uncharacteristically low-key. "I am totally exhausted. My experiments are not providing proper results. I do not sleep for three nights, perhaps four nights. How you say it, when food reverses

itself? Ah, yes — vomiting. I am vomiting from exhaustion. I must have nap for several hours."  
 "Sounds like a sensible idea," I agreed.  
 After nearly a month of silence, there was a note on my windshield. It simply said, "No need of Matress."  
 Russia did not invade Poland. Last week the following message arrived from Munich:  
 "Zoya receive handsome offer to conduct research at Planck Institute so I follow her. Journey was, of course, exhausting. Backing in becoming worse. Unpleasant details will follow. Ilya, my son, will be fifteen years old tomorrow and is complaining about new school. Munich is expensive. Higher even than New York. Alyosha will come maybe to live with us. I have not yet found position with salary to make my experiments so I am naturally in despair. Do not concern yourself, drazhenka. We shall overcome, as you say in your country. I await some sign of life."  
 It was signed. "Volodya." □

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## The King Is Mad



Jonathan McMurtry, David Ogden Stiers

### JEFF SMITH

When he wrote *King Lear*, Shakespeare did not hold back. He took a traditional tale from pre-British history — about the fall and subsequent re-emergence of an old king named Lear — and turned it into a series of disillusioning explosions, with each one locked onto a collision course with the void. In the original story, which Shakespeare may have known from a number of different sources, a job-lazy ruler loses his family and kingdom. In the end, however, he is reunited with his daughter Cordelia, and his lands are restored. The version in peace for about two years and dies of natural causes. To this tale the Bard made some additions and a subtraction. He included a fool and a subplot that mirrors the king's inability to discern the truth, and he reshaped the ending. In place of swift, redemptive justice — which rewards the good and abolishes the wicked — Shakespeare substituted a shattering, inescapable catastrophe. Lear's reunion with Cordelia is short-lived. She is hanged, and Lear dies almost immediately afterward. The stark conclusion annihilates the play's few lingering traces of hope. Shakespeare fashioned a Job-like story from his materials — only he left out the last chapter.

I imagine that a perfect production of *King Lear* would inspire an awesome, mass catharsis in the minds of its observers. As if they had been assailed by a metaphysical hurricane, audiences would leave the theater shaken, stumbling over what they had seen. They would also regard the slightest act of human kindness as cause for extreme jubilation. The current production by the Old Globe Theatre, as part of the Thirty-second National Shakespeare Festival, falls short of this lofty — many scholars have said impossible — ideal. It is a good *Lear*, with much to recommend it, but it has its imperfections

itself? Ah, yes — vomiting. I am vomiting from exhaustion. I must have nap for several hours."  
 "Sounds like a sensible idea," I agreed.  
 After nearly a month of silence, there was a note on my windshield. It simply said, "No need of Matress."  
 Russia did not invade Poland. Last week the following message arrived from Munich:  
 "Zoya receive handsome offer to conduct research at Planck Institute so I follow her. Journey was, of course, exhausting. Backing in becoming worse. Unpleasant details will follow. Ilya, my son, will be fifteen years old tomorrow and is complaining about new school. Munich is expensive. Higher even than New York. Alyosha will come maybe to live with us. I have not yet found position with salary to make my experiments so I am naturally in despair. Do not concern yourself, drazhenka. We shall overcome, as you say in your country. I await some sign of life."  
 It was signed. "Volodya." □

as well.

Director Jack O'Brien and dramatist Diana Maddox have chosen to stress the breakdown of relationships in the families of Lear and Gloucester. These disruptions are shown to result from a corrupting will to power and the effects of old age on a once strong king. As the production demonstrates effectively, the two causes are intertwined. The unwise decisions of a doing old man create vacancies of power that three members of the next generation are eager to fill. The result is the destruction of familial bonds and, in the end, of practically everything else. But the production insists on another causal factor as well, one which is given such a heavy-handed treatment that it often detracts not only from the production but also from the many mysteries of the play.

When he first appears on stage, Lear pounds repeatedly on his chest, as if to stifle a nagging pain. Then, after he has grown some object on the ground, the light dies, save for a spotlight on him. He grabs his heart and tugs at it, as if to stifle a nagging pain. Then, after he has grown some object on the ground, the light dies, save for a spotlight on him. He grabs his heart and tugs at it, as if to stifle a nagging pain. Then, after he has grown some object on the ground, the light dies, save for a spotlight on him. He grabs his heart and tugs at it, as if to stifle a nagging pain.

Anterograde amnesia is offered as the most likely prognosis, though organic brain damage is also suggested, as a sort of second opinion. This interpretation does gain some reinforcement from the text itself (Lear indeed has troubles with his heart, many of which, however, are metaphorical), but it — and the production as a whole — fails to account convincingly for the other potential contributors to Lear's downfall, such as the "fickle" gods, or the

"eclipses" and other natural disorders mentioned by Gloucester, or the profound degree of "filial ingratitude" Lear experiences, or the disease of injustice that seems to have infected the world. The emphasis on Lear's physical condition shows these equally valid speculations aside (it also prompts other similar questions: did Lear suffer from a deficiency of zinc? had Hamlet hypoglycemia?) and it tends to reduce Lear early in the play to a specimen in a medical school lecture hall. Lear's madness, his howling insanity that brings him the gift (albeit too late) of wisdom, is merely the product of hardened arteries. There. Next patient.

The scenic design by Sam Kirkpatrick, a sparse, somber creation, confuses things as much as the A.M.A. stress on Lear's symptoms. The stage, which looks like a dark, oval trampoline, tilts at a fairly severe angle toward the audience. Only a large shield at the rear, circular in shape and flecked with gold, helps to establish a rough date for the play. A series of metallic pillars around the perimeter of the set, however, confuse more than clarify the issue. The arrangement of these girders makes them resemble a Stonehenge enclosure. That is, if Stonehenge were an uncompleted project designed by U.S. Steel.

Amid this simple yet puzzling scenic design, the sameness of which is relieved only by a piece of light green cloth in the second half of the play, director Jack O'Brien has exercised an obviously disciplined control over his cast. O'Brien's blockings range effectively from the initially formal and ceremonious to the appearance (also tightly controlled) of more free-form groupings later on. His actors consistently refrain from extraneous physical movements and gestures, emphasizing instead the development of character and the individual speeches. And, with one fairly recurrent exception, O'Brien makes full, imaginative use of the tilting stage.

The exception is that many of the shorter scenes in the first half of the play take place on the upper stage (if the stage were a map of the Western Hemisphere, these scenes would occur on the border between the United States and Canada). The frequent placement of the characters on this spot, given the tilt and the fact that they are usually conspiring against Lear or Gloucester, does provide a visual cohesion of their emerging disunion, but it is also somewhat needless. It becomes less so during the second — and better — half of the production, which moves clearly and inevitably to the play's poignant conclusion.

David Ogden Stiers' performance as Lear traces a similar arc. In the opening scene, the keynote of which is extreme formality, his Lear is a stately figure. He bestows the gift of his lands with regal assurance. But the king soon devolves into anger, fury, and a form of madness, with little suggestion — save an occasional pounding on his chest — that there are actually successive stages in the process of his mental and physical deterioration. During most of the play's first half, Stiers bellows out his lines in a monotonous rage. Thus by the time the storm scene of act three is at hand, demanding from Lear a vocal fortissimo, he is unable to outshout the maestro that engulfs him. Stiers has no stronger notes to strain.

But while Stiers' ravaging Lear lacks nuance, his Lear beyond the point of madness is both simple and compelling. Just as

the king has been stripped of his illusions, Stiers appears to eschew the formal theatricality that pervades his work in the first half of the play. He replaces it with a clean, unencumbered style capable of unexpected tenderness and frailty. One unexpected, uncalculated aside (it also meets Edgar disguised as the lunatic Tom O'Bedlam). Lear's fulminations cease when confronted with this "unaccommodated man." Stiers' tirades are replaced with a helpless vulnerability, which he performs skillfully. When Lear is unable to undo his own cloak later in this scene, he mutters "Come, unbutton here." Stiers puts a fragile humanity into his reading of the line that is genuinely touching. And from that point on, his performance in this softer key is often deeply moving.

In other performances, G. Wood's treatment of Gloucester, the man whose unwitting trust that what his eyes tell him is true leads to his being blinded, is also touching. Wood makes Gloucester's undeserved suffering painfully real, and at the same time he manages to give his character an understated but clearly evident dignity. Katherine McGrath and Lisa Banes work well as Goneril and Regan, Lear's insatiably greedy daughters. McGrath, in particular, infuses Goneril with a cold, almost disciplined evil that is chilling to behold (she may suffer from Anterograde amnesia). Kevin Conroy's Edmund (the bastard son of Gloucester), however, is perplexing. Part heartless menace, part stand-up comedian (several of his schemes evoke laughter from the audience), it is difficult to find a central focus in Conroy's presentation. Which is also the case with Leslie Geraci's Cordelia.

John Glover, by contrast, has a couple of clearly perceptible centers of focus in the play. One undeniable fact that is emerging from this year's Shakespeare Festival is the versatility of this very gifted young actor. In *Macbeth* About Nothing, Glover continually charms audiences as Benedick, the stalwart skeptic of love's fascinations. In *King Lear*, the same actor plays Edgar, Gloucester's faithful son. As such, since Edgar must flee in disguise from the duplicities of his half-brother, Glover also plays the lunatic role Edgar chooses, Tom O'Bedlam. Glover is so powerful a madman — with blazing eyes and frenetic leaps across the stage — that he (and Edgar) almost seem to forget that his frenzies are merely an act. Whether he is Benedick, or Edgar, or crazy Tom, John Glover is always a fully alive, believable, and commanding presence on the Old Globe stage.

The perfect Lear: the search continues. Legend has it that in the late 1740s famed British actor David Garrick did a *Lear* that came close. But modern scholars remind us that the *Lear* Garrick performed — which was filled with many "ominous puns" — was Shakespeare's original version at all. Instead it was a revised script, written by Nahum Tate in 1681, in which Lear's devoted daughter Cordelia marries Edgar and they live happily ever after. Tate Garrick's fabled *Lear* fails to qualify even for the crown of near perfection — as does the production by the Old Globe. Although it is deficient in several respects, however, it has many strengths as well, and it is worth seeing. The production doesn't show us the whole fire inherent in this mighty tragedy, but it does provide us with an occasional and memorable — glimpse of the flames. □

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## No Punch in Judah



Kari Nurmela

JONATHAN SAVILLE

To get an idea of the difficulties confronting any production of Verdi's youthful opera *Nabucco*, all one need do is cast a glance at the plot. The action supposedly takes place in the early Sixth Century B.C., when the Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, defeated the kingdom of Judah, and took considerable numbers of the populace into exile. According to the libretto of Temistocle Solera, Nebuchadnezzar has two daughters, both of whom are passionately in love with the nephew of the King of Judah. This young man returns the love of the younger sister but rejects that of the older. At about the same time, the scorned sister also discovers that she is not in fact of royal blood but the daughter of slaves. To take vengeance for both these injuries to her *amour propre*, she usurps the Babylonian kingdom and has the Jews condemned to death. Meanwhile, Nebuchadnezzar has declared himself God and for this impiety has been struck down with

madness. He recovers his sanity by turning his heart to "Jehovah," and arrives in time to save the Jews from destruction. His younger daughter has converted to Judaism and presumably will be married to the nephew of the King of Judah. At the end, the wicked daughter, having taken poison, also seems to convert to Judaism, as do all the Babylonians, and the now pious Nebuchadnezzar sends the Jews back to the Holy Land to rebuild their temple.

The historical value of this *c'oprag* is zero — indeed, less than zero, for many of the events are not only fictitious but plain wrong. Judged as a literary work, the libretto is equally wretched with its absurd situations (the nephew of the King of Judah seizes the knife upraised by the Jewish High Priest to slay the younger daughter of Nebuchadnezzar if the Babylonian King does not withdraw from the Jerusalem temple), its flimsy characterization, and its preposterously inflated melodramatic language. But historical accuracy and high literary quality are the last things demanded by the genre of the opera libretto. What Solera gives us is far more

important: not history but vivid exotic atmosphere; not literature but extreme dramatic moments in which human passions are expressed beyond any decorous bounds of realism or reason. It was just the sort of libretto to suit the talents and inclinations of the young Verdi, and in his setting of it the composer again and again rose brilliantly to the occasion.

Brilliantly, that is, within the context of a popular operatic style, many of whose conventions may seem excessively banal to us today. There is a great deal of pomp-pomp accompaniment in this score, a certain squareness to many of the melodies, numerous clichés of harmony, cadence, and melodic contour, a good deal of unison writing for the chorus, an abuse of the device of repetition with increasing sonority, and a series of totally predictable mannerisms to illustrate piety, rage, heroism, or pathos. That many of these "cliches" in fact exhibit immense originality on Verdi's part is chiefly of historical interest, being evident only to those who can recognize how far Verdi had already gone beyond Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and Pacini.

No matter. Whoever cliché ridden some of the music of *Nabucco* may sound, there is a perfection in the very banality: if Verdi writes an utterly conventional lyric melody to an utterly conventional triplet accompaniment, the melody itself is exactly the right one to capture the listener's mind forever, and the accompaniment is made to sound so expressive, so true, that it seems less a routine compositional convention than the inevitable rhythm needed to dramatize the text. In addition, there are numerous moments when the originality and depth of invention are beyond cavil: the High Priest's prayer to an accompaniment of six solo cellos, his eerie evocation of the predicament of Babylon, the scene in which the arrogant-paternalistic Nebuchadnezzar is smitten with madness, the declamatory recitations of the villainous Abigaille, the superbly Veridian melody of her tender aria about unrecognized love, and indeed most of the music assigned to this unusually variegated role.

Above all, the music consistently reflects and magnifies the dramatic confrontations of characters or of feelings. *Nabucco* is sensational musical theater.

The San Diego Opera's production of *Nabucco* is not sensational musical theater. It is workmanlike and competent, but it almost never suggests how intensely exciting this opera can be. What is lacking throughout is that instinct for the dramatic that gives *Nabucco* its coherence and power. Stage director Gitta Hager has confined her interest almost exclusively to the picturesque — which, as I've mentioned, is this opera's substitute for history. Making tasteful use of the grandiose sets and Orientalizing costumes by Nicola Benois, she has arranged each scene as a more or less static tableau after the fashion of gaudy, late-nineteenth-century genre paintings of Biblical scenes. Mr. Benois has provided hideous masks for the Babylonian sacerdotal class and various towering, beetle-browed, scowling representations of grotesque Babylonian gods; the Hebrews are dressed in a mixture of the Arabic, the Rabbinic, and the generalized antique; and at given points in the action these exotic individuals move rapidly and efficiently to their assigned points on the stage so as to form attractive formal patterns. It is all rather like one of the lesser frequent and slightly embarrassing halls in the Louvre where pictures of this ilk are displayed.

The tableaux are nevertheless pleasing, and if their style is a bit kitschy that may be authentically evocative of nineteenth-century productions in provincial Italian cities. The same thing may be said for the ludicrous explosion of the statue of Bel (not Baal, as the program incorrectly has it) in the final act. The stage machinery is so awkward — the statue neatly separates into parts which then drop decorously to the stage — and so little imagination in the way of lighting is in evidence that one would think that Mr. Benois and Miss Hager are less concerned with staging *Nabucco* than with producing a replica of a production of the opera in (let's say) Poznan, circa 1875. There is a certain

corny charm to all this — but the trouble is that all the directorial energy seems to have gone into such effects, leaving precious little for what really counts: drama.

Miss Hager's direction is characterized by lost opportunities. In fact, she seems to have gone out of her way to suppress numerous instances of dramatic staging explicitly specified in the libretto. *Nabucco* (Nebuchadnezzar) is supposed to arrive in the Jerusalem Temple on horseback. Perhaps a horse would have been too much to ask, but Miss Hager might have devised an entrance for the Babylonian monarch that would reproduce at least in part the majestic and arrogant effect of this arrival. As it is, the king simply ambles in, with all the authority of a lieutenant colonel in some sleepy town in Uruguay. The second act is particularly rich in *cours de théâtre*, each of which Miss Hager succeeds in undermining. There is supposed to be a physical struggle between Nabucco's two daughters over the crown, ended when — against all expectation — the king suddenly appears and snatches away the crown himself. Instead of showing us all this business of the crown — something needed for the sake of clarity as well as for its melodramatic force — Miss Hager separates the three principals in a static, symmetrical, hierarchical pattern, so that the dramatic interplay of their struggling wills is scarcely to be seen in the stage action.

Similarly, Miss Hager's direction of the moment when Nabucco is struck down by God's wrath is feeble in the extreme: you can even see him knock the crown off himself. The dramatic moment when Abigaille is supposed to tear up her birth certificate in front of Nabucco's eyes is fatally weakened by what Miss Hager — but knows why — substitutes for this decisive action: the arrogant prince merely crumples the document into a ball and deposits it in what appears to be a large stone wastebasket ("Why," we ask ourselves, "doesn't Nabucco simply take it out again?"). And so on. It is as though Miss Hager were ashamed of Solera and of

Verdi, of melodramatic Romantic opera in general, of the extreme dramatic situations in which the genre thrives and from which it derives its energy. Her invariable tendency is to de-dramatize, to staticize, to turn opera into painting. But that is precisely not what *Nabucco* is.

Even with this unimaginative and undramatic stage direction, the production might be exciting if the singers displayed more commitment and more feeling for the requisite style. Cristina Deutekom, in the key role of Abigaille, does a decent, routine job, with no glaring defects and with an occasional shining virtue, but in general she is considerably out of her depth in a role requiring a blazing temperament and a breathtaking technical command of high and low range, furious flood passage work, wild leaps, and grandly expressive declamation. She is at her best in the tender, lyrical expressions of Abigaille's love, but otherwise she lacks those qualities that can make a well-sung Abigaille one of the supremely dramatic experiences of Italian opera.

Finnish baritone Kari Nurmela, who sings Nabucco, seems to have the dramatic temperament of a cabbage: he acts like a wooden doll, and his singing — with its total lack of shading within the note and of arched phrasing — seems to be cut from the same tree. John Sayers, with a strangled tenor voice propelled along by pre-announced notes, has his own kind of artificial, overwrought ineffectiveness in the role of Ismaele, nephew of the King of Judah. The only fully satisfactory performances are those of bass Ezio Flagello as the Jewish High Priest, and mezzo Sandra Dadek as Nabucco's good daughter — and, significantly, these are the two roles most characterized by solid, somewhat pious rather than by emotional conflict and theatrical confrontation. It is no discredit to these sensitive and musically singers to note that their presence contributes more to the sense of stasis in the production than to any realization of the opera's dramatic potential.

There are, of course, certain kinds of

dramatic effects one cannot expect from any American production of *Nabucco*. I refer the interested reader to the recording of the opera now available on Cerra L.O. 16-3 (imported), which memorializes a famous 1949 performance at the Teatro San Carlo in Naples. Putting aside any invidious comparisons between all other interpreters of Abigaille and the supreme performance by Maria Callas, then just at the beginning of her golden decade, one must remain in awe before the conviction clearly pervading this whole production that *Nabucco* — this *Nabucco* — is the most important thing that has ever happened in the history of the musical theater. Maurizio Arena's lively and intelligent conducting in the San Diego production is far superior in subtlety, balance, proportion, and dignity to what conductor Vittorio Gui did on the recording. But one gets the feeling all through the San Carlo performance that if the conductor, the orchestra members, the singers, and the chorus were offered a choice between (on the one hand) stopping the performance and leading a long happy life, and (on the other) going on to the last note and to immediate death, they would unanimously choose to go on. You cannot listen to these three consecutive minutes of this recording without appreciating the greatness of *Nabucco*, the greatness that belongs not only to its obvious excellences but also to what persons outside the tradition might consider its flaws.

The conviction that this opera is more important than life itself is evidently shared by the San Carlo audience, the sound of which plays quite a prominent part in the impact of the recording. This sound becomes all-engulfing at a point which San Diego audiences can scarcely have suspected to be the supremely dramatic moment of the whole opera. In the third act, the Hebrew captives in Babylon are discovered in chains, working at forced labor, and singing of their lost homeland. (In San Diego, Miss Hager's typically timid and undramatic staging of the scene has the chorus looting about, un-

chained and idle, as though taking their ease on a popular Euphrates beach.) The words and music of *Vai, pensiero, sull'alt di dove* ("Go, thought, on golden wings") were understood by Solera, by Verdi, and by the first and all subsequent Italian audiences to constitute a bold declaration of Italian nationalism. The Hebrews, oppressed by the Italians, oppressed by their foreign overlords, the Babylonians are the oppressed, particularly the Austrians; and *Oh, mia patria vi bella e perduto* ("Oh, my fatherland so beautiful and lost") refers not only to destroyed Judah but also to the free Italy that once was and that will be again.

Whenever an Italian production of *Nabucco* arrives at this chorus, the opera house becomes the setting for a great experience of communal solidarity that recalls the origins of Western drama in the religious-civic festivals of ancient Athens. The audience is not merely a group of spectators at a spectacle; it is the community, the society, the people, the nation, for which this art was created and whose most deeply felt values this art embodies and expresses. In the San Carlo recording, the electricity in the hall when *Vai, pensiero* begins would be sufficient to run all the dishwashers and microwave ovens in San Diego for six months; by the middle of the chorus the audience has started screaming, the screaming and applause when it is over last for many minutes; and then Maestro Gui, bowing to the traditions of a people who know what *Nabucco* is all about, raises his baton and starts the chorus all over again, with his gloriously singable melody and its gloriously banal accompaniment.

Now that is the real *Nabucco*. No one could ask San Diego in 1981 to be Naples in 1949. But we might have been given just a hint — in the singing, the staging, the atmosphere — of why this opera is such terrific stuff. As it was, we are witnessing a revival of an important part of operatic history, professionally carried out, instructive, sometimes good to listen to, but far far from the real thing. □

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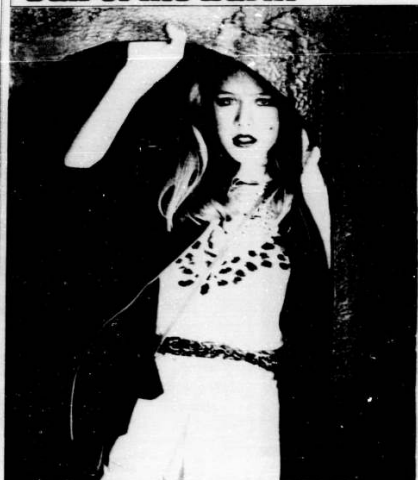


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The man in the T-shirt leaned forward and spoke earnestly. We were sitting at a table outside of a hamburger and hot dog place in Pacific Beach called Sluggo's. A hot Santa Ana wind blew fine dust and pollen into our faces and the public buses which stopped across the street shimmered in the afternoon glare. "I eat out all the time," the man informed me, "and I could tell you about quite a few good places."

I swallowed the last of my grilled hot dog and said, "I'd love to hear them."

"We come from Chicago, and out-of-towners, they love seafood. I take them to the SeaLodge in La Jolla. It's a bad lobster. I take them to Maison des Pescadoes — you heard of that one? They lost their chef. I take them to Bertrand's. They lost Bertrand. But my favorite for abalone, fresh abalone, is Casa Di Bluff. You know that one? You can't beat that abalone. But it costs about twenty-two dollars. Twenty-two dollars for abalone. It's worth it! It's worth it! You want to try a hamburger?"

The man speaking to me was, in fact, the owner of Sluggo's and he had no idea who I was. My friend and I had stopped by on impulse to try these hot dogs, all beef, flown in from Chicago. My friend ordered the hamburger and we went on talking about restaurants. I always find it fascinating to discover where restaurant owners dine. There were no other customers, so the owner's name joined us in the enthusiastic discussion of San Diego restaurants. I tried not to say too much in order not to blow my cover. (Actually, I was not there for review.) "Where do you eat abalone?" he asked me.

The truth is that I haven't had abalone for a while. The last time was out at Anthony's Star of the Sea. Their pink abalone is now the most expensive item on the menu and costs twenty-one dollars — more than lobster. Years ago my oldest son used to dive for abalone, which we would quickly freeze to weaken the muscle and afterward pound until it was wafer thin. But that was in another season and now, alas, my freezer is empty.

With the tangy taste of the beef hot dog

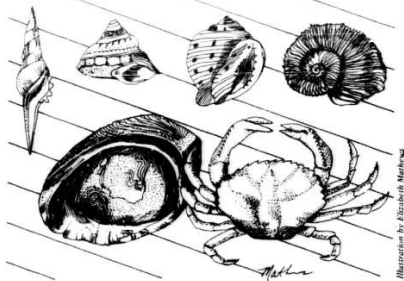


Illustration by Elizabeth M. Smith

still on my lips, my friend and I went to La Jolla Shores for a walk, and to prove that life is replete with symbolic irony, we heard the chop-chop of a cleaver and discovered a beach party with UCSD students who had an entire pan full of abalone which they were going to cook right there. I longed to be invited, especially since the owner of Sluggo's had spoken so glowingly of abalone. But we continued our walk, picking our way through mounds of seaweed and the incoming tide, dreaming of abalone and vowing to treat ourselves to seafood soon. The next night we went to the Fish Market, a seafood market and restaurant which has been ensconced in Del Mar, on Via de la Valle, for a scant few weeks. The place was swimming with people as well as fish.

Although Americans spent over two and a half billion dollars last year on fast food and junk food, so much emphasis has been placed by nutritionists on fish that it is in real demand everywhere, especially in San Diego. Most tourists want fresh fish — people from Texas and from the Midwest. Of the inquiries I receive, the most common is for fresh fish and seafood. And the Fish Market has fresh fish in plenty. It also boasts a fish market and an oyster bar, where you may purchase oysters or steamed clams, also available at the tables — one-half dozen Bluepoint oysters, \$3.25; a half dozen Cherrystone clams, \$3.75; ten steamed clams, \$6.30. In addition to the items on the printed menu, there's a blackboard which lists the day's fresh fish specialties, such as rainbow trout, flown in from Utah, or ling cod, or whatever is abundant that day. Prices

range from \$5.75 for our good and great friend red snapper to \$11.95 for lobster tail — no abalone was available that day, nor is it listed on the menu, though it is offered occasionally.

The main dining room is immense, flanked by two smaller ones. The small room adjacent to the bar is the prettiest because it overlooks the grass and flowers outside. It is also the quietest. The major defect with the Fish Market lies in the acoustics — it is just about the noisiest restaurant I've visited, compared to which the various branches of Anthony's are silent seas. You have to shout to make yourself heard at dinner. The loudspeaker which fetches you to the front of the room is barely audible over the din. The food is fresh, it's plentiful, and of good quality, but it's like eating in a factory. People can't dine here, they have to eat and run.

The waitresses run, and the young men who handle the mesquite fires over which the fish and seafood is broiled move as quickly as Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*. The entire atmosphere is so charged with noise, the press of people waiting for tables, and the impetus to hasten, that we found ourselves gobbling our food. During the racing season these problems will be exacerbated by the crowds of hungry and vocal Del Mar horseplayers.

I mention the noise level because you should be aware of this before setting out. The Fish Market is open daily from 11:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., and you would do best here at an off hour. Lunch is served from 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., so you might consider three in the afternoon, or after

nine at night. Of course, if noise doesn't get to you, you may disregard these remarks. Although we had to wait twenty minutes at about 6:20 p.m.

All diners include either boiled potatoes, au gratin potatoes, or rice; a choice of coleslaw, cottage cheese, or cherry tomatoes; and San Francisco sourdough bread. There's plenty to eat, even if you order the least expensive items.

We had one bowl of New England clam chowder (eighty-five cents) which had more potatoes than clams, and one shrimp-and-crab salad (\$5.95) which we shared as an appetizer (we had a most obliging waitress who brought us extra plates). For our main dishes we ordered the Utah rainbow trout (\$7.25), a combination of shrimp, scallops, and fish with bell peppers and onions on a skewer (\$7.75), and a skewer of scallops (\$9.50).

The combination salad is prepared in an interesting way, with the small bay shrimp on one side and the crab meat on the other. It's not integrated the way it is at Anthony's, nor as tasty (Anthony's prepares it as a salad in which all the parts are combined). The combination on a skewer, as well as the scallop skewer, contain excellent ingredients but are a bit dry due to the method of preparation, which is charcoal broiling. And, considering the fresh fish available, the seafood is not as good as it could be.

The best item on the menu was the trout. It had fine flavor and I felt I could manage to go to the Fish Market at an hour when I didn't have to shout to be heard. I would order the trout again. Of the three accompaniments the most interesting was the simplest, little red-skinned boiled potatoes. The coleslaw is a bit runny but good, as is the cottage cheese. We also ordered fresh steamed vegetables for \$1.75. This dish of broccoli, zucchini, and carrots is a meal in itself, but is also excellent for two or more with a fish dinner. I recommend the vegetables over the clam chowder, and the broiled fresh fish over the seafood. The soundproofing is very seductive and I would sit down in a hurry. In fact, I felt upon the food with such alarming rapidity that I had to apologize to my friend, who was quite agitated. But the kinetic atmosphere got to me.

After we left, I realized that while we had eaten quickly, we had been very slow with our arithmetic and I felt we should return and give our waitress more of a tip. My friend very kindly drove me back — we had been dallying a bit in Solana Beach — and I ran in with the extra money. The sound of the loudspeaker, the dishes, the voices, crashed over my body as well as my head. I found my charming waitress and ran. Caveat emptor! □

## Oh, Grow Up



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

The note of rejoicing to be heard in reviews of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is perhaps a little misplaced. Any person within earshot could almost believe that it is 1972 all over again, that critics and public alike have had it up to their Adam's apples with movies about campus revolutionaries, dropouts, corrupt cops, dope peddlers, white bigots, and other assorted subjects coming under the description of "downers," and that they have been starving for something they could call a "movie movie." But if we make the effort to remember what, in the intervening decade, has seemed an ever enlarging snowball of remakes, pastiches, "affectionate" parodies, homages, and other cinematic forms of infantile regression, we might then be permitted to wonder what all the shouting is about. If someone, at this juncture, has to come out with words of praise for an imitation of a 1930s-style cliffhanger, the proper tone of voice would be one of weary relief rather than of revelation, and even this would be justifiable only if the speaker has been maintaining a consistent attitude of disappointment and dismay over all related movies.

Realistically, it seems to be asking a lot these days to expect that a movie critic call upon his memory. As hyperbole becomes more and more the only acceptable (or even recognizable) means of critical praise, and as critics more and more usurp the jobs of blurb writers and publicity flacks, it is understandable that they should want to blot out of their minds the last time, a couple of weeks ago, a movie left them in a state of unutterable, merely spatterable rapture. Causes for celebration as recent (and as unwarranted) as *Excalibur* and *Thelma* already seem to sustain the reverent critic no better, and on no deeper a level, than yesterday's ham sandwich. But if a critic is to have any useful function separate from that of a publicity tout, surely his memory, and all sense of history and of cultural context that ought to be contained therein, must be one of his most valuable possessions — one which is particularly worth hanging on to and making an occasional show of as the average age of today's moviegoer edges nearer a single digit. In the case of *Raiders*, the timely moment for memory to interrupt the psalm-singing would be somewhere before the critics have been allowed to marvel that the only people on earth who could ever have had the inspiration to resurrect the old cliffhanger serials would be director Steven Spielberg and executive producer/co-writer George Lucas: the mischievous Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer of the movie business. Before that point is reached it might be advisable to think back six months to *Flash Gordon* or six years to *Die Young*, and it might not be inappropriate to note that the James Bond series has done its share to keep the cliffhanger tradition from going dry, and critics with memories like elephants' might want to throw a glance at *Frank's Index and Shadowman*, or De Broca's *That Man from Rio* and *Up to His Ears*, or even the Batman TV show. To point out any of these previous cliffhanger throwbacks would not be as devastating as it would be to say that the movie is most strongly reminded of — a movie which is only months old and which Spielberg/Lucas are lucky not more people saw and not more critics remember — is Franklin Schaffner's *Sphinx*.

There is no lack of forefathers, blood brothers, and distant cousins to *Raiders*, especially if we consider that the serialized cliffhanger is not a narrative form unto itself, just a lumpy mutation of the standard adventure story. But perhaps the excitement over it is, after all, not a question of its concept, but of its execution, of its particular combination of ingredients, of all similar endeavors not quite hitting the nail on the head, and of *Raiders* being somehow so much *righter*. Well, is it? I can only speak for myself and testify that at no time during my own prolonged childhood have I ever found much fuel for daydreams among the conventions of the sort of Dark Continent adventure film that used to star Clyde Beatty: snake pits, secret caves, sacred tombs, legendary treasures protected by easily angered gods, treacherous Arabs in burlap robes — all that stuff. And I am still speaking for myself when I say that I find it hard to believe I am alone in Western Civilization in failing to find *Raiders of the Lost Ark* to be the movie of my dreams. Rarely have I had such a sense of mass hypnosis controlling all critical pens, such a sense of frictionless co-

operation between critics and movie-makers, such a sense of "playing along" with a movie in a sense a little different from Coleridge's "suspension of disbelief." Open and defiant disbelief is integral to the game here, and the playing along is done in much the same fashion as at those campy theatrical revivals of Victorian melodramas where the audience is encouraged to, and is all too eager to, hiss and cheer and manufacture other such noises that would never occur spontaneously to a functional adult in reasonable control of his emotions. The disingenuousness of response, the sense of fakery, is traceable here, I would say, all the way back to the genesis of the project.

Spielberg and Lucas are both reputed to have a terrific grip on old Hollywood movies and on unspoiled childhood wonder. I would not ordinarily be so brazen as to question the sincerity of their affection for cliffhangers, except that, seeing as how neither one of these *Wunderkinds* is appreciably older than me, I do have to wonder how and how deeply they became involved with *Don Winslow of the Navy* and its ilk. Television was the death of these, but its arrival afforded them a continued outlet for a time, and I can just barely remember following some of them there. I am sure, for instance, that my sense of self-acceptance and my adjustment to society must owe something to *The Crimson Ghost* for its having had a hero named Duncan, although I seem to remember that my aesthetic preference was really for *The Mysterious Dr. Satan*, and indeed there was a brief period of my life when I could be seen peering about the neighborhood in a homemade facsimile of the Copperhead mask from this serial. Still, I know I never regarded any of these as anything but poor substitutes for things like *Shane* and *Garden of Evil* and *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*. But regardless of what their childhood preferences were, most people, if they go back in adulthood to re-examine the movies that held them in thrall as children, and if they have learned anything of life in the meantime, will find that they now feel somewhat differently about them. Sitting through any old serial, for a pertinent example, is an endurance test at best, and fiendish torture at worst, and even with a thorough indoctrination into the aesthetics of *Camp*, it is impossible to remain in cheerful spirits for more than a single twenty-minute chapter without the ingestion of some mind-altering substance. The adult who goes back to re-examine the movies of his youth, and who also happens to be a professional movie-maker himself, and whose mind is made up that his next project should be an homage to his early favorites, still has a couple of options open to him which will allow him not totally to renounce his adulthood.

For one, he can try to account for the changes in his perception by making a movie that offers some sort of aesthetic commentary on its earlier model (*Frango* is the sublimest example here, although commoner and cruder ones would be provided by the many self-conscious parodies and debunkings) and for so doing he is determined to try to reawaken in the viewer a childlike sense of wonder and excitement, he can try to find adult equivalents for the elements that worked on him as a tyke. This second method of "adult-ation," so to call it, must appear a difficult assignment, although all it really

asks is that a moviemaker utilize his perceptions of life in addition to his perceptions of movies, and Spielberg/Lucas want nothing to do with that. They come nearer the first method, with their adult-hood looking out at adult-as-if children, in an inability to maintain a straight face and in a plethora of tiny touches by which they declare their hipness: the villainous monkey who is in cahoots with the Nazis all the way down to the *Sieg Heil* salute; the apparent torture instrument that turns out to be merely a collapsible coat hanger; dialogue on the Tom Swifty level of "Holy smoke, my friends, I'm so glad you're not dead"; and the moment you have wanted to see ever since you were a child, or if you are like me, wanted to see when you were a child and now couldn't care less about: the hero responding to the challenge of a fearsome swordsman in a most unheroic manner, with a single shot from his pistol. Spielberg and Lucas have been in a great hurry to insist, and critics have been in a great hurry to accept, that *Raiders* is not a "send-up" of cliffhangers. The truth would seem to be that they want to play both sides of the street, to have both the innocent thrill and the sophisticated inter-Personally, I find that this two-facedness tends to lower the level of excitement, that although the action is consistently lively it is also awkwardly self-conscious, that the viewer is always required to meet the moviegoer more than halfway and fake a response that otherwise would never be extracted by the moviegoer, that there is a shower of poison darts, a roomful of human skeletons, a blanket of fuzzy spiders, an army of sadistic Nazis photographed with shadows crawling up their cheeks.

It takes a childlike lack of imagination to think that the wonder and excitement of childhood can be regained merely by dusting off the same tricks that once entrapped a six-year-old, denying their current datedness and fakeness, and simply refurbishing them, oiling them up, repainting them, making them just like new. It's as if an adult were to go rummaging through the attics and closets of his childhood home, turn up an old forgotten fire truck, and feel that the only way to appreciate this object would be to go back on all fours with it — or else, what's really more in line with the Spielberg/Lucas approach, to go out and buy a newer, bigger, better one with which to go on all fours. The road back to childhood wonder can hardly be by way of things old and familiar and discarded, unless all you want to wonder about is how you ever found those things so fascinating in the first place. But at this point, in defense to those moviegoers who have not yet reached an age where things could be seen as old and familiar, I ought to say that I can have no reservations about *Raiders* for the authentic, chronological six-year-old, and if there were any such creature roaming around my place of residence, I would not hesitate to pack him off to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, nor would I bother trying to lobby instead for *Atlantic City* (a good recent example of how a flash of old-fashioned melodrama can be gotten out of a cloud of adult moral ambiguity). The essential point to be made about *Raiders* is that it is really just a kiddie movie, a kiddie movie *de luxe*, but a kiddie movie all the same.

(Continued on page 22)

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## Oh, Grow Up

It's that frame of reference, there are sizable chunks of it I can quite enjoy — chiefly, the lengthy action scenes situated inside, outside, and underneath a speeding truck, and the apocalyptic Pandora's Box finale, with its smoke-like demons out of Disney's Haunted House, which, like the finale of Lucas's Star Wars, sends you out of the theater with the immediate impression of having seen a somewhat better movie — as long as I don't have to enjoy them at the same volume as a Notre Dame football crowd. The most egregious notion

about this movie is that there is not a false step in it, so it's the film series of Spielberg. This notion receives some damage when you see the movie and female leads. Harrison Ford is really remarkably good; his rather mushy features suggest a vulnerability which is not by *Close Encounters*, the problem of scale appears never to enter Spielberg's head. Bigger, to him, is just bound to be better. Here, for instance, I would have been happy to swap the authentic Tannish locale and its hundreds of extras and its miles of tracking shots in exchange for a tacky indoor set on the Paramount backlot, a handful of fake natives in grass-plant, and a process screen behind them — if for no other reason than that this trade-off would have spared us the publicity photos of Spielberg and Lucas in Lawrence of

Arabia: headrest, and the ambivalence of his old beloved B movies that to pump them out full of money, production values, and technical razzle-dazzle that no longer remotely resemble B movies. The disaster of 1941 ought to have convinced anyone not already convinced by *Close Encounters*, the problem of scale appears never to enter Spielberg's head. Bigger, to him, is just bound to be better. Here, for instance, I would have been happy to swap the authentic Tannish locale and its hundreds of extras and its miles of tracking shots in exchange for a tacky indoor set on the Paramount backlot, a handful of fake natives in grass-plant, and a process screen behind them — if for no other reason than that this trade-off would have spared us the publicity photos of Spielberg and Lucas in Lawrence of

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## Letters

(continued from page 4)

### Bill Was Due

It is those about the Prophet restaurant ("Prophet Sharing," May 21) you've omitted a colorful detail — is Bill Gordon, who was KSDO's radio talk-show host back then, and, as an enthusiastic vegetarian, a Marianne Cheam's first customer?

After that initial visit, he was taken with Marianne's philosophy and cuisine that he made brooding the Prophet a regular part of his rap with his radio audience, inviting people to meet him there once a week, arguing them to try it, and generally becoming a pro-Prophet one-man band.

You'd just have to say he was mighty instrumental in getting that little restaurant off the ground and I was sorry to see he didn't get his due in your article.

Laura Walker  
San Diego

### Koism

Thanks to Jeannette DeWyn for giving Marianne Malin's life and the folks of the Prophet International the recognition they deserve.

Two of the follow-up letters, both of which were written by men, stacked of racism, sexism, and elitism. Last week we heard from Jack Monaco, who called Ms. Cheam "pretentious" while he put her down for attending a community college. He goes on to question her use of sherry in a vegetarian stragout, and ends by stating that any true cook and lover of great food follows the traditions of a list of European chefs.

First of all, the only stragout this plebeian has ever digested was accented with sherry. And while Monaco questioned the Prophet's use of alcohol, he insists it evaporates anyway. Secondly, how dare Monaco put down community college graduates? Women, Third World people, and working people seldom have access to Gordon Bleu schools, and when they do, they have a difficult time with chausson on many levels.

I feel that it is time that people acknowledge that the great cooks of the world are also women who receive little praise or recognition for their daily culinary magic; that

the great cultures of Africa, Asia, South America, and the Middle East produce the most creative feasts in the world with inspiration not coming from a book but from the soul. That is true "real" tradition.

When talking "experts" does Monaco mention the Prophet's pioneering role in the creation of gourmet tastes from natural organic ingredients from around the world? I have been a vegetarian for eight years, and discovering the Prophet was validating to my lifestyle and my palate, as well as my belief that we deserve healthy gourmet foods. Even old high schools are beginning to return to simple basics, leaving behind rich sauces and needless calories.

I realize the issue of food is a sensitive one, but to me the critic's ability, or capability of something underlying what bothers these people most: Ms. Cheam is black, a woman, or successful!

Ellen Gavin  
Golden Hill

### Can't Afford A Shump

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the Marianne story ("The Long Green Line," May 28); it went over well.

Neal Matthews' story's very interesting, if not quite what I expected after hearing his comments during and after the hike. Although most of the information is pretty accurate, it did take a slightly negative view toward the march and the Marianne Corps itself. I imagine this would be expected, since it was written, more or less, from an "inside-looking-out" point of view, so to speak. Unfortunately, it has left a bad taste in the mouths of many.

I think it's imperative that people understand the nature of what we do. The Marianne Corps is not, contrary to popular belief, a social organization geared along the lines of the Boy Scouts. Neither is this a summer camp, featuring idyllic nature hikes. The reason all of us are assembled here is as real as the situations in the Midwest, Northern Ireland, and, if we may permit ourselves to remember back that far, Iran just a few months ago.

Why I would specifically like to point out is that in peacetime our

job is to train for "nonpeacetime."

The nature of combat is very demanding, to say the least. I have never experienced this, thankfully, but I have the testimony of thousands of combat veterans to back up this statement. Since our job is readiness, is there any reason we shouldn't train like we mean it? Who would expect the Chargers to go into a season with no training? The difference here, of course, is that in football there is always next season. In a war you may only have one chance, one time when you should have trained a little harder. There will be no next season here.

Finally, I would like to quote Neal Matthews, reporter, from a taped interview after the hike: "At first I had no idea whether or not they (the Marines) would be willing, able, or capable of fighting, and that was sort of what I wanted to find out. What I found out was that they were absolutely willing, able, and capable of fighting, and that was sort of what I wanted to find out. What I found out was that they were absolutely willing, able, and capable of fighting, and that was sort of what I wanted to find out."

Thank you.  
Cpl. Tom Nowaczky, Joint Public Affairs Office  
Camp Pendleton

### Where Do You Spell Relief?

In response to the letter (June 11) from "Anne" of La Jolla, I must say that it is the typical response of someone who has no concept of military and civic realities.

First of all, the hundred-mile march of the Marines was a "speed" march for physical conditioning, not a mapping exercise. If a mapping exercise were required, then the environs of Camp Pendleton would have been quite sufficient, not to mention the problems of crossing 300 Marines over various parcels of private property.

Second, the portable toilets. Lady, do you think the Marines can relieve themselves "au naturel"? It happens to be against the law to defecate along the roadside, buried or not, hence, for public health and to comply with the law, the use of portable toilets.

As far as having the meals trucked in, do you know how much trash C-rations generate? Trash that is also against the law to dispose of along the roadside.

buried or not.

Then your remark about the Marines complaining, Lady, it's the right of every soldier, sailor, and Marine to complain. Even Napoleon's Old Guard Grenadiers were nicknamed the "Grumbler's." The military has for centuries lived with the individual rank complaining about everything from his leadership to his own feet. What you failed to see is that the march was completed, and in good discipline. In a day when no army in the world practices hundreds of miles marches, the army that does retain the physical mobility that can mean life or death, victory or defeat.

I need remind you that every Russian soldier rides to war, in armored personnel carriers, scout cars, armored cars, and tanks. They are completely reliant on mechanization will be their weakness and possibly their downfall to an army in the right terrain with good armor weapons and the discipline and physical ability to move far and fast on foot. It's been done before, if you care to review the annals of history and current events, i.e., Afghanistan.

L.M. Howard  
National City

### Speaking Of Overalls

Jonathan Saville should take a crash course in sentence structure! His review of *The Love For Three Oranges* ("The Orange Parade," June 11) only reaffirms that his style is tedious, boring, and pontifical. Even some of our area newspaper critics who don't have Saville's overall knowledge of opera have one thing over him: they write short, competent sentences.

T.L. Busley  
Tolmidge

### The Deep Blue Good Riddance

Eleanor Widmer's "Memories of Old La Jolla" brought to mind "nature!" It happens to be against the law to defecate along the roadside, buried or not, hence, for public health and to comply with the law, the use of portable toilets.

As far as having the meals trucked in, do you know how much trash C-rations generate? Trash that is also against the law to dispose of along the roadside.

### Caddy Chic

My first reaction upon viewing the photos presented at the Fourth Annual Photography Exhibition, as well as that of my friends who accompanied me that opening night, was, "Gee, we should have entered our own photos. They are better than this stuff!" Then our second thought about two seconds later was, "event though our photos may be technically more accomplished or aesthetically more pleasing, they probably wouldn't have made the grade because for the most part those were not considerations, nor was form, balance, or composition."

There were exceptions, of course, and I admit this, but the exceptions were just that — exceptions. The *Moscow* photo for example, showed humor, and its method of development and compositional arrangement would raise a grin from Aunt Adams, I'm sure. But the photos that were technically impoverished and compositionally uninspired could not even demonstrate humor.

Another reaction was a feeling of embarrassment for the *Reader*, which presents weekly a high level of professionalism and a reverence for aesthetics in its photo editing and entertainment for Gallery Graphics, which unwittingly committed its wrath to the arbitrary folly of the judges, for Gallery Graphics has proven time and again in the past its eye for the unique and its eye for the best which is at the very least an artistic merit and most commonly is an artist's flair.

No, I would have been of no use for my friends and me to enter our photos. We could never have competed with the memorable honorable-mention photo of the rear end of the 1960s Cadillac sticking out of the side of the print into a bare asphalt parking lot. I don't wish to make light of the photographer. My qualms with the taste of the judges; if they have any it may be in their mouths.

I enjoy that which is surreal and the nihilistic satire of Dadaism, but the judges seemed to stray from the point of humor to be avant-garde, ultra-erotic, and chic, and the result was syncope. *Run* was the best.

Soluna Beach

Gordon Frevi  
Mission Beach

## Off the Cuff

Have you ever gone out on a limo?



Richard L. Gomez  
Resident Psychiatric  
Pacific Beach

I did my undergraduate work in marine biology. A part of my study was on chitons. They're basically nocturnal creatures. They move a few centimeters at a time and eat algae along the way. I decided to do a twelve-hour watch from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. Every hour I'd go out and see how far they had walked. I literally went out on the tide. I had a wet suit on. The rope came in and started crashing over me. I had a friend with me and I told her two things: number one, hang on to the rope. Number two, when you see a wave, yell "wave." There I was at 3 a.m., risking my life for a chiton. A few times I lost my grip and was almost washed away to sea. It was worth it. I got published.



Cindy Cooley  
Sculptor  
College Grove

School had just ended. I was bored with my living situation, with San Diego, with friends, life... the whole scene. I called my best friend in Colorado. She said, "God, come up here, you'll love it." She was going out with the sheriff of Aspen, and the next thing I knew they came to San Diego in a big Cadillac and got me. I was down to my last sixty dollars. I packed up a bunch of pottery that I had and moved to a place I had never been. In the first week I sold all of my pottery. I learned how to ski. I never even looked for a job, they just came to me. I got to meet people in high places. I liked being in a town where everybody knew everybody. I felt like a child in a playground. It was worth the risk. I feel like I have two homes now.



Dale Hamschle  
Swim Instructor  
MacArthur Park

I was up at Lake Powell camping with friends. It's beautiful. There are sheer cliffs all around the lake. It was hot. I wanted to get into the water. You might say I went out on a ledge. There was a perfect cliff for jumping. I climbed to the top, put tennis shoes on... I was ready for it to hurt. I hesitated. I was about to climb back down but my friends were giving me a very hard time. Cheering me on. I turned and jumped. It was a long moment down. I remember thinking "When am I going to hit?" You don't, you don't, you don't, and then you do. It was exhilarating. We measured it later and the cliff was over thirty feet. The second time off was easy.



Lawrence Bacher  
Retired Construction Worker  
San Diego

About twenty years ago my wife and I took a bus trip — one of those free deals. We went out to the Salton Sea with thirty, maybe forty other people to look at lots. This guy really talked it up, said they were going to build parks out there and everything else. It was supposed to be a growing desert community. Well, we went out on a limb and bought a lot. We made payments on it. We still pay taxes on the darn thing. I don't know what happened out there, but it seems like the only place in California where the property value went down. The lot's just flat desert. Bought it close to a shopping center that never went up. I tell my wife we ought to take a tent out there. Get some use out of it. I'm eighty years old now and I don't think I ever will see a booming town.



Kiro Khavarian  
Deli Owner  
La Mesa Springs

I was living in Bombay. I had organized a trip for thirty-five school kids. We drove to a wildlife area near Mysore in a large jeep-like bus. I was riding on top — tour guide, responsible for them all. A large wild elephant came into view — stray, outcast from his group. I was excited. It was an unusual sight. I could see the sweat pouring from the bus driver. The children were loud, shouting to get off and have a closer look. I took a risk. Like a fool I allowed them to get down. Suddenly, the elephant came charging directly for the bus. There was screaming. I remember thinking, "Can I fight this elephant? I can't! This is it!" I thought we were gone. Lucky for us, the elephant stopped just short of the bus. And then he walked away.

—Lin Jakury

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## READER'S GUIDE

Contributions to READER EVENTS may be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials. Send complete information and photos to READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 68283, San Diego, CA 92138.

### Dance

**Summertime Supperdance**, with dance contests and guest D.J.'s from 9:15 PM, will benefit Macular Degeneration Association, Thursday, June 25, 7 p.m. to 1:30 a.m., Journey, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, San Diego. 291-4555.

**"Correspondences"**, a concert of dance plus dialogue, visual image, and tape collage, will be performed by Erin O'Neill and Janet Beckner of the Interval Music and Dance Company, Friday, June 26 and Saturday, June 27, 8 p.m., Interval Foundation, 860 Third Avenue, downtown. 239-1713.

**"Dancings of 12,"** a dance program featuring Paperwork 1 of 3, with Lou Blankenburg and Helen Shumaker, and Tuba to Echo, a solo performance by Lou Blankenburg with an electronic tape score by E. Courtney Platt, will be presented Saturday, June 27, 8 p.m., Suabi, 252 English Avenue, downtown. 235-6466.

**Kathak**, the classical dance form from North India, will be performed by Anansi Ambekar, with accompaniment by vocalists and tabla player Shyam Kane, in conjunction with the World Music and Dance summer program of the Center for World Music, Wednesday, July 1, 8 p.m., Smith Recital Hall, SDSU. 265-4243.

### Film

**"Feature Films: The Director's Viewpoint"** series of telecommunication and film lectures will begin with filmmaker Denis Sanders showing and discussing George Stevens' *A Place in the Sun*, Thursday, June 25, 7 p.m., Little Theatre, Hepler Hall, SDSU. 265-5152.

**"Light in the West Photography and the American Frontier,"** a film narrated by John Coplans that explores the work of early photographers in the West from 1850 to 1890, will be screened Thursday, June 25, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

**Children's Films, The Velveteen Rabbit and Golden Fish** will be shown Saturday, June 27, 10:30 a.m., San Diego Public Library, 820 E Street, downtown. Free. 236-5849.

**"The Last Stand in Eden,"** a National Geographic film about the confrontation in Kenya today between a swelling human population and free-ranging animals, will be shown Saturday, June 27 and Sunday, June 28, 1 and 2:30 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park. 232-3821.

**"Mystery Murals of Baja,"** a documentary of the discovery of ancient cave paintings in Baja California, will be shown Sunday, June 28, 2:30 p.m., Museum of Man, Balboa Park. 239-2001.

**"Way Out West,"** the 1936 Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy film about gold prospecting, will be shown Monday, June 29, 3:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

**Summer Silent Film Series of Palomar College**, featuring piano accompaniment by Philip Carl, will begin with screenings of *Footish Waves*, a society drama, Monday, June 29, 8 p.m., Westwood Club, 17394 West Bernardo Road, Rancho Bernardo; and Tuesday, June 30, 8 p.m., Palomar College library lawn, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos. 744-1150 or 727-7529.

### Lectures

**Puerto Stephen Stage**, William Laney, Kris Beveridge, and others will read from their new anthology, *Eye Project*, Thursday, June 25, 8 p.m., Unicorn Theatre, 456 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 459-4342.

**Avocado Diseases**, avocado root rot will be discussed by world-renowned authority George Zentmyer, and black streak disease will be discussed by Howard Ohl, Friday, June 26, 9:30 a.m. to noon, Potter Junior High School, 1743 Reche Road, Fallbrook. Free. 565-5376.

**Poetry Reading by Ortega St. John** will be given Saturday, June 27, 7:30 p.m., Plum's Books, 1615 West Lewis Street, Hillcrest. 298-7088.

**Poetry Reading of original works** will be presented by Paul Duesman and Donald Weisling of UCSD and Don Eberhart of USU, Tuesday, June 30, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-1541.

**"Genes and Behavior in Men and Women"** will be the topic of a lecture presented by UCSD biology professor Muriel Nazzari, in a series entitled "Perspectives in Human Genetics," Wednesday, July 1, 7:30 p.m., room 100, Social Science Building, SDSU. Free. 265-5152.

**Poetry Readings** will be given by Hugh Goldenstein, Monday, June 29, and by Steven Roberts and Tom Marshall, Wednesday, July 1, both at 7:30 p.m., D.G. Willa Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

### Music

**Verdi Festival of the San Diego Opera** will continue with a single performance of the *Requiem*, with The Alcantara conducting the Verdi Festival Orchestra, San Diego Master Chorus, and soprano Cristina Deuteron, mezzo-soprano Susanne Marner, tenor Jon Fralder West, and bass Enzo Pignello, Thursday, June 25, 8 p.m., on the green at Rancho Bernardo, and performances of *Un Giorno di Regno*, Friday, June 26, 8 p.m.; and Sunday, June 28, 2:30 p.m.; and of *Nabucco*, Saturday, June 27, 8 p.m., all in the Civic Theatre, downtown. 236-6510 or 565-2865.

**Handbell Concerts** will be held in conjunction with a national festival of the American Guild of English Handbell Ringers, Inc., Tuesday, June 26 and Saturday, July 1, 9 a.m. and 1:45 and 7:30 p.m.; and Thursday, July 2, 9 a.m. and in masked concert, 8 p.m., Atlas Ballroom, Town & Country Convention Center, Mission Valley. Free. 421-9137.

**Community Sing-along** will feature a children's singing session and a presentation of original songs by Jonny and the Angels, Friday, June 26, 7 p.m., Science of the Mind Center, 137 West D Street, Encinitas. 942-5993.

**Indian Classical Music, International Song and Original Music** will be performed by Paul and Carla Roberts, Saturday, June 27, 7:30 p.m., Science of the Mind Center, 137 West D Street, Encinitas. 942-5993.

**Summer Sunday Concert Series** will present Foreign Plus One, guitarist Joey Hoyle and flutist Karl Carlfield, Sunday, June 28, noon, Marquis Public Theater, 3717 India Street, San Diego. Free. 298-1674.

**Marachi Music** can be heard Sunday, June 28, 2 to 4 p.m., Squabob Square, Old Town. Free. 234-0378.

**In Concert**, the San Diego Youth Symphony will perform Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Rossini's overture "The Thieving Magpie," and "Evening Party" and "Mongolian Ode" by Liu Hui Ting, Sunday, June 28, 3 p.m., Performing Arts Auditorium, Mr. Carmel High School, 9550 Mr. Carmel Road, Escondido. Free. 233-3232.

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**Plinian George Winston** will play his original compositions, from gospel to stride, Wednesday, July 1 and Thursday, July 2, 7 and 9 p.m., Old Time Cafe, 1644 North Highway 101, Leucadia. 436-4030.

## TO LOCAL EVENTS

### Special Events

**Southern California Exposition**, the ninety-second since 1880, will feature exhibits and entertainment from Sunday, July 5, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. with a cow chip toss, Friday, June 26, 11 a.m., balloon racing, Saturday, June 27, 10 a.m.; and Old-Time Fiddlers Contest, Sunday, June 28, all day, Del Mar Fairgrounds. 297-0338 or 755-1161.

**Wilderness Weekend** sponsored by the County Parks Society will focus on the sites and sights of Julian, with a night sky program and camping in William Heise County Park, Friday, June 26 through Sunday, June 28. Reservations: 565-3600.

**Baja Wilderness Presentation** will feature an audio-visual slide show organized by naturalist and Universidad de Baja California professor Mario Reyes, and presented by James Stevenson, Friday, June 26, 2 and 7:30 p.m., Casa del Prado auditorium, Balboa Park. Free. 232-3821.

**Comedian Sammy Shore** will bring his Las Vegas humor to La Jolla, Friday, June 26 and Saturday, June 27, 8 and 10:30 p.m., Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. 454-9178 or 454-9176.

**"Great Hit-Rite Baking Competition,"** the fifth annual for breads made with yeast or sourdough, will be held Sunday, June 27, 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Bazaar del Mundo patio, Old Town. 296-3161.

**"San Onofre Survival Gathering,"** featuring speakers from environmental, labor, religious, and community groups, and musicians, including American, reggae, and jazz fusion music, will be sponsored by Alliance for Survival.

and Community Energy Action Network, Saturday, June 27, noon to 4 p.m., San Clemente High School, east on Pico off I-5, San Clemente. Free. 275-1162.

**Flower Show of the San Miguel Branch American Begonia Society** will take place Saturday, June 27, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Majors Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park. Free. 233-5762.

**"A Very Rare Plant Sale,"** a weekly sale of native plants, sponsored by the Quail Botanical Garden's Desert Society, will feature flowering shrubs from the botanical garden's nursery, Sunday, June 28, 1 to 4 p.m., Quail Botanical Garden, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 753-4432.

**Comedian Mort Sahl** will stand up and satirize, Monday, June 29, 9 p.m. and Thursday, July 2, 9 p.m., Comedy Store, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla. 454-9178 or 454-9176.

**Walking Tours** of the historic Gaslamp Quarter will be led every Friday, noon to 1 p.m., and Saturday, 10 a.m. to noon, from 652 Fifth Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-3227.

**Nature Walks** will be offered every Sunday by the Audubon Society, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, Wildcat Canyon Road, 50 miles east of Lakeside (291-8271); and the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Florida Canyon, Balboa Park (232-3821 x 46). Free.

**Garden Walks** will be offered every Sunday from 1 to 2:30 p.m., Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 753-4432.

**"Parkcast,"** a recorded information system about the national parks of the West, featuring weather conditions, road and trail closures, and campground and lodging reservations, is available twenty-four hours a day by calling 226-6311.

**"Skate Your Blades Off!"** skateathon, the fourth annual, will benefit United Cerebral Palsy Association of San Diego County, Sunday, June 28, 5:30 to 11:30 p.m., Ice Capades Ice Skating, University Towne Centre. 571-3465.

**Super and Limited Stock Cars** will be racing Saturday through October 10, 8 p.m., Cajon Speedway, Bradley off-ramp at Gillespie Airport, El Cajon. 445-8900.

**Rock Music Concert of James Taylor** will be simulcast Friday, June 26, 11 p.m., Channel 6 and K-Bar 99FM.

**Grand Floral Parade**, the seventy-third annual Portland Rose Festival parade, one of only two all-floral parades in the country, will proceed Saturday, June 27, 12:30 p.m., Channel 10.

**Wimbledon Tennis**, coverage from the eighteen grand courts of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, where Bjorn Borg will or will not win his third consecutive championship, will be aired Saturday, June 27, 1:30 p.m., and Sunday, June 28, 11:30 a.m., with highlights, Monday, June 29 through Wednesday, July 1, 11:45 a.m., Channel 19.

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3:00 P/PAS DE DEUX LUNA	4:00 CHARACTER JAZZ 1 GARDIA	5:00 BALLET 1 REYNOLDS	6:00 JAZZ 13 PEREZ	7:00 STRETCH REYNOLDS
8:00 VARIATIONS JAZZ 1 REYNOLDS	9:00 JAZZ 14 JAZZ TECH. PEREZ	10:00 JAZZ 15 JAZZ TECH. PEREZ	11:00 JAZZ 16 JAZZ TECH. PEREZ	12:00 JAZZ 17 JAZZ TECH. PEREZ

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## READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

### This Week's Concerts

It is rare these days when a pop critic is presented the opportunity to write about some new, undiscovered artist. Usually, by the time one is aware of a nascent talent, he or she has already been hyped to death by their record companies, or have assumed mythic proportions due to an unimpressive word-of-mouth buzz. Critics, indeed, though they may seem, are always precluded to stumble across a "find," but are just as predisposed as most people to think of an unknown artist as naturally unimpressive or, if the person isn't, they may be a good reason, right? It is a tiresome, quite understandable—especially given the vast amount of published music available—that someone in the position to pass judgment on the work of others would be less than thrilled at the prospect of listening to music by an artist whose name is not known to the public and barely known to other critics. I had hopes, and you might be expecting, that the preceding words here might serve as a preface to my dropping the veil on a new, undiscovered discovery. Alas, that is not the case.

When I recently received a cassette recording by pianist George Winston, entitled "Autumn," my only immediate identification was in the form of a dimly remembered album review by somebody or other in which Winston was favorably compared to Keith Jarrett. Being associated with a very small, independent label (Winter Hill), which automatically translates to poor distribution and a stalled career, Winston seemed a likely enough subject for a discussion of the musician of the music biz and their deleterious effects on struggling, underrepresented talent.

But the music on "Autumn" convinced me that there are valid reasons why an artist like Winston is touted as the premier solo pianist of our time, while someone like Winston takes in the industry, accepting occasional praise from



GEORGE WINSTON

a writer of "Rolling Stone," "Downbeat," or "Contemporary Keyboard," and generally causing few wrinkles in the fabric. "Autumn" is a beautiful, melodic, impressionistic, and buoyant—in other words, it covers ground not unfamiliar to Jarrett. But where Jarrett's pieces rarely fail to deliver the goods in terms of dramatic development and movement, Winston's tunes never quite achieve that. The compositions on "Autumn" are any indication (and they should be, since the album is considered representative of everything of which Winston is capable). Winston's sense of structure has led to mature past the point of merely creating static "mood" pieces whose riling, monochromatic modality is undoubtedly more hypnotic to the performer than to anyone attempting to hear the music. There is, after all, an almost tangible, spiritual bond that can dwell between a pianist and his instrument when a modal cadence is established with the left hand while the right hand extenuates and explores. I'm sure that Winston experiences this sensation when

playing it works, but he seems to lack the technique and compositional imagination necessary to move the listener in his little world, coming across instead like a piano student who's just discovered the minor keys. What we are left with, then, are rambling pieces that are pretty—and pretty boring.

For what it's worth, my suggestion to Winston would be to grab some of Jarrett's and a couple of Roger Kellaway's albums, bop down to a room with a good stereo, and study the works in which a pianist can be impressionistic, evocative, and spontaneous without sounding mewling and directionless. For those of you who want to hear for yourselves, Winston will perform twice each night on Wednesday and Thursday, July 1 and 2, at the Old Time Cafe in Leucadia.

It is tempting to overlook himself in the process, but in San Diego of certain heavy-metal critics who have stolen their fortunes from the pockets of those with puny fantasies of power and aggression. Of these noncritics, possibly the most

caustic figure over the years has been Ozzy Osbourne, former leader of a band who would rather than the universe of Black Sabbath. Those masters of horror music, though, offend in a sense of order and rightness to give part to someone we Osbourne, who already receives yards of press in otherwise respectable rock journals, cannot miss the opportunity to pass along some tips that serve better than anything could say, to describe the work of Osbourne. Osbourne, on the subject of Black Sabbath's formation a decade or so ago: "I wanted to be in a band, and these boys wanted to be in a band, and I couldn't play a lick, so we formed a band." Osbourne, after the group had become mega-sellers in the early Seventies, reacting to the group's success: "Of course it's garbage, of course it's garbage, but like it when you're young, isn't it?" Osbourne, becoming after the head of a live show in the middle of a marketing meeting at CBS and spilling the remains of a beer the conference table, to the after-dinner and noise of those present: "They won't forget me, will they?"

In his little world, coming across the faithful to "put your hands together" for the 400th time this Friday night at the Fox Theatre, "Yeah."

In other area concerts this week, the Average White Band will cut the cake of Little Bohemia in Del Mar tonight, Thursday, June 25, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar 92063. D-Day, the Tasmanian Devils, and the Hoovers: Split! tonight, Thursday, June 25, 7 p.m., 1100 Buena Vista, 92025.

Ozzy Osbourne and the Black Sabbath: Fox Theatre, Friday, June 26, 8 p.m., 720 B Street, 92060.

The Unthanks and Wild Kingdom: Split! Friday, June 26, 9 p.m., 1100 Buena Vista, 92025.

The Pop, the Rick Elias Band, and the Monroes: Split! Saturday, June 27, 9 p.m., 1100 Buena Vista, 92025.

The music scene is compiled over 1000 and 500,000, to all (see entertainment) page 234-2508. Current information and photos to READER'S MUSIC SCENE: P.O. Box 10001, San Diego, CA 92110, or call 214-1321 before 5 p.m.

### San Diego Concerts

**Average White Band:** Little Bohemia tonight, Thursday, June 25, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. Carmel Valley Road, Del Mar 92063.

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**The Pop, the Rick Elias Band, and the Monroes: Split!** Saturday, June 27, 9 p.m., 1100 Buena Vista, 92025.

**Rick Backus and the Boys with the Noise:** Campers Paradise, Sunday, June 28, 2 p.m., one mile north of Gopher Canyon Road on Old Highway 395 (714) 749-3022.

**George Winston:** Old Time Cafe, Wednesday and Thursday, July 1 and 2, 7 and 9 p.m., 1404 North Highway 101, Leucadia 92030.

**Jack Miller and the Ragtime All-Stars:** La Paloma, Thursday, July 2, 8 p.m., First and D streets, Encinitas 92036. D-Day, Adams Avenue Theatre, Friday, July 3, 8 p.m., 3325 Adams Avenue, 92083.

**Heart, the Pat Travers Band, and Lowbrow:** Del Mar Race Track, Sunday, July 5, 3 p.m., Via de la Valle, Del Mar.

**Harry Belafonte:** SDSU Open Air Amphitheatre, Tuesday, July 14, 8 p.m., 920-6947.

**Joe Walsh:** SDSU Open Air Amphitheatre, Wednesday, July 15, 8 p.m., 920-6947.

**Chuck Mangione and the Chuck Mangione Quartet:** SDSU Open Air Amphitheatre, Tuesday, July 21, 8 p.m., 920-6947.

—John D'Agostino

# RICK BACKUS

and the boys with the noise!  
"country good times"

Sunday, June 28,  
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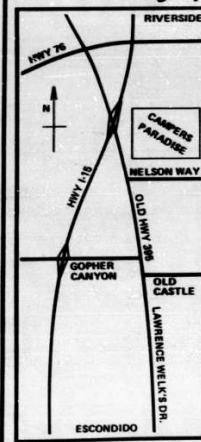
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Sat. **Mosaic Flamenco Trio** 8:30 on  
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**Ground Zero**  
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"A night of New Music"  
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**Some Ambulants**  
plus guests  
**The Peppies**

Saturday  
from L.A.  
on Rhino records  
**The Pop  
Return!**  
The last time they played here they were thinking of disbanding but because  
of tremendous S.D. response they decided to continue. We've had more requests to bring  
back the group than any other—up here S.D.—Thinking of you... with  
**The Moscos**  
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**LYDIA LUNCH**

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**Dirk Debonaire & the Beat People and Salty Dogs**  
plus over a thousand guest stars

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**Trousers** plus from the Cape Codders **Danger — Rass**  
Coming July 2: **CHUCK & THE TIGERS**, July 3: Warner Bros. recording artist  
D.B. COOPER, 4th of July, \$2.00 DANCE PARTY with THE MONROES &  
THE STEAMERS, July 10: Farnet CODE BLUE & DFX2, July 11: from N.Y.

**W** all they say there's no business like  
show business as what am I doing  
here? Tuesday began where we left  
off, when I'm a Boy and Dirk Debonaire  
the disheveled and comical, other  
as the Ground Zeroed out. The plot of the  
even week goes to The Real who made  
their debut Wednesday with the Trousers.  
They're edgy. Rock and roll is edgy. It was  
this edgy. Thursday The San Diego Showmen  
made their debut and went where the Showmen  
hasn't been—just. As Poppy, their good  
lead singer, spent 8 hours in the women's  
restroom center for drinking with a drink.  
Peg, to the Showmen rock and roll life, in  
which, (mostly covered and tabloidized), that,  
is, was the fifth rock life. When I like  
down the show, while the funny Bronx  
youthful of the Chorus 8 men staff video  
both seemed them. Of course they seemed  
good. Do you think they wanted to look  
like us? For all their notions to look like  
the famous out of the night was next, Girl Talk,  
and didn't make it went home, just playing  
like it. The band seemed good and a tighter.  
Their material goes from blues to very  
goodness. Lyrics with all her beautiful  
revelation was not this night, so the parent's  
mouth of water open her hand. What I  
like about her is that she looks expensive  
for a long time. The Showmen from  
L.A. were supposedly next, but didn't play.  
They were drumming down, A case of "if  
you don't get it, don't show it." No one  
seemed to mind as The Showmen were open  
banned on stage and named the night—thanks,  
guys. Finally, it's Saturday. Just before, of  
course, the show was to begin the entire  
condemned system started out. So,  
I, knowing nothing about electrical and  
everything about saving a buck or two, proceeded  
on to the roof. The ladder didn't  
reach with my dual line engine and pump. I  
was trapped while occasionally looking  
the ladder down (ah, what will it do,  
no time to worry, next to fix the up-  
ward ladder, a man and a man, wearing  
downed bags tops with pants to match and  
spitting, walking behind me with their  
flashlights and I did the same; they asked me  
if we were open this night? I told them "I  
hope not cause I'm trying to be a..." Well,  
as Some Ambulants opened the night I  
opened the electrical box and short circuited

the entire bar lights, register and bar game,  
but that didn't stop my bartender,  
they used flashlights, poured drinks without  
liquor and mix, just the cubes and rounded  
the change off on \$1.50 drinks to \$2.00.  
Then as Some Ambulants ended their show  
with a battery power the real electrical power  
was restored. Next to come on was Solid  
Shore and without warning as they started  
playing the set started shaking all over.  
The empty bar stools began to move began  
bouncing off around and I had my grip just  
as I found the short circuit under dropping  
the center switch into the blower. Big  
banging time with the music below—drinking  
killing—banging over and over again. The  
over and over and over. I finally got  
everything working. Next problem here to get  
down. There during one night in the face my  
arm was extended. I was scared by a  
woman. I started my descent first leaving my  
arms, cutting my leg and finally getting out  
shortly after 11. I had to have it on the  
beats of the telephone pole. I finally went  
back to the bar. I began playing and the  
night, they said, "Welcome to the show."  
Solid, Jerry made a lot of money tonight  
he didn't have to pay an electrician." Here  
to our V.I.P. table: Joe Franklin brought  
by the real thing when he came with Barbara  
Bush another more lovely band of youth  
who just turned 21. I gave them no more  
blow-ups. For their night, 2nd Room of the  
Showmen came by Friday. Told me she's  
done well tonight with Elton Barber  
and leaving to open up for a couple of shows  
at the Beachland. Then, leaving for N.Y. to  
play Bottom Line, and if she's a success  
she'll send for me. So if I am still here next  
month with you, don't blame me. I like  
take Barry out to dinner, she's been hungry  
for a long time now. If you remembered when  
Timber our Santa Claus character has been  
lately, he's been in the hospital, he just has  
a little baby baby guy, with whalers. Wednesday  
he's finally paid his \$5.50 tab—gone on  
6 months now and was in such high spirits,  
so I looked him out. The gorgeous Joanne  
came by Saturday and made me had 10 feet  
tall like I was on the roof. Risk your'd better  
over breakfast your hair or she's going to  
break mine. Bob of Freedom Gutter asked  
me for a pig and I went in my car and he  
couldn't find any. Then Timmy Trowers  
on Showmen Blvd. I taking such a good job at  
looking people's cars away from the lot with  
the two little hands on it, they get the  
friendship award of the week. Congratulations  
to another kind of youth, Kelly,  
named 21 Wednesday. If there's anything  
you want, please don't let me know. In  
closer, if anybody's out there I know them. I  
knew, will you please bring her by? I'd love  
to meet her and bring her home to Mom.  
Unik—Thanks AHT!

presented  
Thursday—Sunday, June 28—28  
**FLYWEIL**  
Monday & Tuesday, June 29 & 30  
**ROOSTERS & FLASHBACK**  
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**HAPPY HOUR**  
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Friday, June 26  
**MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE**  
Kamikaze Night 75c

Wednesday, July 1, Blast-Off Party with  
**THE NEAT**  
**THE NEAT**  
Happy Hour 8:30—9:30 12 oz. beer 25c!  
Walk drinks \$1.50 all night long.

Friday, July 3  
**DANCE WITH**  
**TWEED SNEAKERS**  
**ALL NIGHT LONG**  
Up and Coming  
July 10: BLITZ BROS. July 17: POISON IVY  
July 24: DICK DALE & THE DEL TONES  
July 31: TWEED SNEAKERS  
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**OZZY OSBOURNE** (June 28 & 29)  
**HARRY BELAFONTE** July 14 (1st 5 rows)  
 with LETTA MBLA  
**CHUCK MANGIONE** July 21 (1st 5 rows)  
**JOE WALSH** July 15 (1st 5 rows)

High selection of cards & posters, rock 'n' roll buttons, patches, unicorns, smoking accessories, and much, much more!

Now accepting \$5 refundable deposits for the best seats available for the following shows:

KINGS, AUG., GORDON LIGHTFOOT 8/20, SANTANA, EMMYLOU HARRIS 9/3, NATALIE COLE & LOU RAWLS 9/13, PETER, PAUL & MARY 9/17, CHRISTOPHER CROSS 9/19, HARRY CHAPIN, SEPT., GEORGE BENSON, SEPT., BEATLEMANIA 10/2 & 10/3, PAT BENATAR.

If you want to sit close, call  
**578-SNOW**  
 Mail deposit to  
 8650 Miramar Rd., San Diego 92126 (next to Malibu Grand Prix)

**JOSE MURPHY'S  
IRISH PUB**

**Zany, Off  
The Wall**

Every Sunday & Monday

Happy Hour  
 Thursday & Friday 4-8 p.m.  
 Drafts 75c, Well Drinks 50c  
 Cakes 75c, Domestic Beer 50c  
 Imports \$1.00  
 Doubles night every Tuesday  
 9 p.m.-1 a.m.  
 All well drinks are doubles

4302 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-3220

**David Bradley**  
 Thursday-Saturday  
 And The Manic Band

**the HAMMERS**  
 Tuesday-Wednesday

**HALCYON**  
 Thursday-Saturday  
**Poison Ivy**

**Sunday & Monday,  
JETS**

Tuesday-Saturday  
 June 30/July 4  
**FOUR EYES**

Halcyon Dinner Specials  
 Mon-Complimentary Beer & Wine  
 included with your meal  
 Tues-Spaghetti Night-All you can eat \$3.25

South/Nightlife/Bar/Club/Entertainment

**Bar/Club/Entertainment**  
 220 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101. Elements, contemporary and dance music, Tuesday through Saturday. Jinnah Williams, mellow music, Sunday and Monday. Polynesian music and dance, Tuesday through Sunday.

**Bar/Club/Entertainment**  
 224-8242. The Max, contemporary and light jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**Bar/Club/Entertainment**  
 270-4000. People Movers, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

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**MOM'S SALOON**

**Night Flight**  
 Appearing through July 12

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

LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL EVERY NIGHT  
 226-4683 • 945 Garnet P.B.

**THE NEW  
BOX OFFICE**

Thursday, June 25  
**THE RENT**  
 with  
**STIFFIES**

Friday, June 26  
**STRAY CAT**

Saturday, June 27 Rock & Roll with  
**EXCITER**  
 and  
**DOW JONES  
& THE INDUSTRIALS**

Closed Sunday  
 Admission is free until 9:00 p.m.

**PORTLAND MAKAI**  
 with Lee Karin

Performing  
 Wednesday thru Saturday  
 at the Boathouse  
 2040 Harbor Island Drive

**Hill House  
RESTAURANT & BAR**

**Colorado Cool-Aid**  
 Country Western  
 Thurs. 8:30-12:30, Fri. & Sat. 9:00-1:30

**Barrie Cunningham**  
 Rock-a-billy, Country Rock & Contemporary  
 Sunday

**Texas Tuxedo**  
 Tuesday & Wednesday  
 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

**Becky and the  
Blu-Tones**

Thurs., Fri. & Sat.  
**The Rent**  
 Tuesday & Wednesday  
**The Critters**  
 A real treat  
 Next week KING BISCUIT BLUES

**The Mandolin Wind**  
 All entrées include your choice of:  
 Crisp green salad or home made soup,  
 baked potato or rice pilaf and  
 hot bread & butter.

308 University Hillcrest 297-3017

**ESCONDIDO'S  
DISTILLERY  
EAST**

Thursday, June 25  
**this RIKS**  
 with special guest  
**Running Wild**  
 Friday and Saturday nights  
**Rockin' Stealin'**

Every Sunday  
**Greater San Diego Talent Search**  
 CUMM \$3.50 FOUR BANDS-IF YOU'VE GOT TALENT,  
 CALL 741-9394

Wednesday, July 1  
**Running Wild**  
 Penetrators Tweed Sneakers  
 Mission & Metcalf, Escondido  
 741-9393  
 Every Wednesday-Sunday 8:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.  
 April 11-25  
 Further information call 741-9394

Locality, Thursday through Sunday  
 jam session, Tuesday

**Kung Food**, 2649 16th Avenue  
 Midwest 299-7302. Bob Ward,  
 classical guitar, Thursday, not  
 Ketter, classical guitar, Friday.  
 Carlos J. Pineda, vibraphone,  
 and Sunday

**La Casa Blanca Restaurant**,  
 2444 San Diego Avenue, Old Town,  
 295-6280. Ricardo Sierra,  
 Latin dancing in Spanish and  
 English, Friday through Sunday

**La Hacienda Cantina**, 878 Hotel  
 Circle South, Mission Valley  
 298-6281. Dore and Terry,  
 contemporary and dance music,  
 Tuesday through Saturday

**Lakeview Resort**, Highway 101,  
 Covington 765-0736. C. Y.  
 Daggs, country, Saturday and  
 Sunday

**Lakeview Resort**, 9940 River Street,  
 Lakeside 443-9991. Sherrard,  
 country, Thursday through Sunday

**Le Chateau**, 5046 Newport Avenue,  
 Ocean Beach 222-5300. The  
 Proulx Brothers, 50 and 60 rock  
 and roll, Thursday, Ruff, rock and  
 roll, Friday and Saturday, the  
 Crites, rock and roll, Sunday  
 through Tuesday

**Little Bavaria**, Camel Valley  
 Road, Del Mar 755-1383. Average  
 white band, rhythm and blues,  
 Thursday. Montezuma's Revenge,  
 country and comedy, Friday,  
 polka music, Saturday

**Loading Zone**, 4918 Carway  
 Street, Kearny Mesa 277-9869. The  
 Bizz Brothers, rock and roll,  
 Thursday. Fule, rock and roll,  
 the Rick Elias Band, rock and roll,  
 Friday and Saturday, the No-Haz,  
 rock and roll, Sunday. Metro, rock  
 and roll, Monday and Tuesday

**London Opera House**, 5404  
 Solobon Avenue, Claremont  
 279-2390. The Amber Band,  
 country rock, Tuesday through  
 Saturday. Barker and On,  
 contemporary, Sunday. John  
 Barker, contemporary, Monday,  
 Daily Best, contemporary,  
 Tuesday and Wednesday

**Longshot Saloon**, 843 Grand  
 Avenue, San Marcos 744-8576.  
 Rick Backus and harmony,  
 country, Thursday. Who's Driving,  
 country swing, Friday and  
 Saturday

**Lorenza's**, 596 Broadway, El  
 Cajon 442-9696. Steve Mouton  
 and Fred Action, pop and  
 country, Tuesday through  
 Saturday. Pro Brigham, swing,  
 cokes, variety, Sunday and  
 Monday

**Lotsa Blossom**, 509 H Street,  
 Chula Vista 426-5091. Rex Pans,  
 303 to contemporary dance  
 music, Wednesday through  
 Monday

**Macho's**, 2966 Highway Drive,  
 Loma Park 224-2401. George  
 Vassilopoulos and Colou, Latin,  
 Thursday through Sunday. Jervais,  
 country rock, Monday and  
 Tuesday. Bobby Espinoza and El  
 Chicano, Latin, Wednesday

**Magnolia Murfrees**, 6861  
 June 25, July 1 & 2  
 448-6500. Stagecoach, country,  
 Wednesday through Saturday

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

**Mason's Club**, 308 University  
 Avenue, Hillcrest 297-3017. Becky  
 and the Blu-Tones, rhythm and  
 blues, Thursday through Saturday,  
 the Rent, rock and roll, Monday,  
 the Crites, rock and roll, Tuesday  
 and Wednesday

**Mason's Club**, 2231 El Camino  
 Real, Encinitas 757-1791. Spice,  
 contemporary, Friday and  
 Saturday

**McFadden's**, 5425 Grossmont  
 Center Drive, La Mesa 445-3404.  
 The Bass West Home, variety,  
 not signed to new wave,  
 Tuesday through Saturday

**The Mexican Restaurant**, 561  
 West Harbor Drive, Seacoast  
 Village 231-7581. Embarcadero  
 and Ching's, traditional Spanish and

**The  
Trojan Horse  
Cocktail Lounge**

Thursday, Friday & Saturday  
**Homeboy** \$1.00 cover charge  
 Friday & Saturday night  
 Bring this ad for  
 free admission

Sunday, Monday, Rock & Roll  
**Avalon** Tuesday-Saturday  
**Sky High** Monte Alban "Mescal"  
 Shooter \$1.00-Prizes

Tuesday, June 30 **Eat The  
Worm Night**  
**Krazy George's**  
 Located next door to the Trojan Horse presents  
**Country Paradise**  
 Thursday-Sunday no cover 9:00-1:30

**Sunday Talent Night**  
 \$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)  
 582-1070

**Siers Brothers**  
 The New  
**East/West Band**  
**Bill Brackett**  
 at the Shelter Island Marina Inn.  
 Phone 223-2572

**FUTURE  
APPEARANCES** **Jackpot** **JUNE/JULY  
CALENDAR**

Wednesday & Thursday  
 June 25, July 1 & 2  
 The Fish Shanty Restaurant  
 on the boardwalk in Seaport Village  
 9:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m.

Friday, July 3-Strapping Lads  
 Drury's Music in North Park  
 3089 University - 298-8584  
 "National Salutes" & "Reds"  
 Floyd Davis & Jonathan Parker  
 Call for showtime!

Friday, June 26-Del Mar Fair  
 Fantasy Productions &  
 Jackaraws presents  
 "The Coyote Cowboy Show!"  
 Live on the Calico Stage  
 6:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m.

Special Cafe del Rey Maro Show  
 Melissa Morgan-Harp-8:30 p.m.  
 Wizard & The Unicorn-9:30 p.m.  
 Gentlemen & The Jester-10:30 p.m.

Tuesday, June 30-La Mesa  
 Baker From The Forest  
 8284 La Mesa Blvd.  
 Jackaraws, Dave & Jeff  
 Gentlemen & The Jester  
 traditional English folk  
 6:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m.

Saturday, July 4th  
 "Q" at Seaport Village 12:00-4:00 p.m.  
 1:00 p.m. show at Captain's Cove  
 Happy 4th!

Don't miss the Second Annual Renaissance Festival in Balboa Park and our  
 performances there! July 22nd thru July 28th at the Organ Pavilion

Jackaraws is a flexible & versatile community group of performers.  
 We enjoy playing wedding & parties. Call for rates.

**296-2088**



SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY  
Micrographics Center



# FLASH

# 3

Volume 10 Number 22

June 4, 1981

JOB # 81-2

REEL # LCR-33

contemporary Sunday. Donna  
Cody, Donna and Donna, and  
Tuesday.

Tolson, 2530 San Highway 101,  
Carroll 175-6442. The New  
Cast: Steve Bond, rock and roll  
Thursday through Saturday.  
The Amber Road, country rock  
Sunday and Monday. San Juan  
contemporary Tuesday and  
Wednesday.

Tolson, 501 E. Canon Boulevard,  
East San Diego 543-1245. Bruce  
Cameron Ensemble with vocals  
Gentry, jazz, Thursday through  
Saturday.

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Saturday.



OZZY OSBOURNE

Don Livingston and Timberline,  
country rock, Monday through  
Saturday. Capt. Stubbs, Sunday.  
Saturday, Capt. Stubbs, Sunday.

Wendell, 2591 San Highway 101,  
Carroll 753-0188. Uptown Lounge, very high, rock  
and roll, Thursday through  
Saturday. The Nomads, rock and  
roll, Sunday and Monday.  
Shake, rock and roll, Tuesday  
and Wednesday. Downtown Lounge:  
Boris Cunningham, contemporary,  
Friday and Saturday.

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Friday and Saturday.

Gorge Road, Mission Gorge,  
280-6263. E. Zone Wood and  
Blowing Saddles, country,  
Wednesday through Sunday.

Yee Japanese Restaurant, 11616  
Beverly Road, Rancho Bernardo,  
485-0340. Allan David, contemporary,  
easy listening,  
western, Mexican ballads,  
Wednesday through Saturday.

Zebra Club, 501 Fifth Avenue,  
downtown, 239-4222. Ground  
Zero, rock and roll, Thursday,  
the Products, rock and roll, Friday.  
Alcoholic, rock and roll, Friday.

Wong's Road, 6028 Mission  
Gorge Road, Mission Gorge,  
280-6263. E. Zone Wood and  
Blowing Saddles, country,  
Wednesday through Sunday.

Towers, ska-reggae, Saturday.

**Los Angeles Clubs**

**Concerts By The Sea, 100**  
Fishermen's Wharf, Redondo  
Beach, (213) 379-4918. Kenny  
Burrell, Sunday, June 25. Steady  
Young and Marshall Hall,  
Wednesday, July 1.

Country Club, 1945 Sherman

Avoy Reskio (213) 551-0030.  
Delbert McClimon, Friday, June  
26. Second and Don Sledge,  
Saturday, June 27. Buckshot,  
Sunday, June 28.

Dante's, 4209 Lanham  
Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213)  
761-4010. England Don Sledge,  
Thursday, June 25. Beachy  
and the Beachy, Friday and Saturday,  
June 26 and 27.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun Hwy,  
Chinatown, (213) 824-5346.  
The Reverend, Nicks, and Sound  
Borne, Thursday, June 25. Beachy  
and the Beachy, Friday and Saturday,  
June 26 and 27.

Madame Wong's, 949 Sun Hwy,  
Chinatown, (213) 824-5346.  
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Borne, Thursday, June 25. Beachy  
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Palomino, 4907 Lanham  
Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213)  
761-4010. England Don Sledge,  
Thursday, June 25. Beachy  
and the Beachy, Friday and Saturday,  
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Palomino, 4907 Lanham  
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# CURRENT MOVIES

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**Amphetamine** — A takeoff (particularly  
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though the implication of getting off  
the ground makes a punster after all)  
on the AIRPORT series of disaster  
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longer than thirty seconds at a time.  
Nowhere near as laughable as THE  
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than other disaster spoof. THE  
BIG BUS, it appears to have been out  
together by riding the waste-vents  
after a gag writers' brainstorming  
conference. Leslie Nielsen, Robert  
Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Peter  
Graves are very good at what they do,  
but the bigger jobs of writing and  
directing fell to the Kentucky Fried  
Theater team of Jim Abrahams, David  
Zucker, and Jerry Zucker, who are  
not. With Robert Hays, June Haver,  
and Karen Allen, it's a Mira Mesa  
Cinema.

**Boulevard Nights** — Well-spiced ef-  
fort, clearly toward documenting the  
East Los Angeles barrio, the houses,  
the streets, the youth-gang style of  
dress, the low-rise car culture, etc.  
all very slickly photographed (nothing  
less would do justice to the way jobs  
on the cars). This documentary offers

to satisfy, leaving to make one  
deeper regret the delirious later into  
dramatic "interest" on the order of a  
middle-aged mother getting shot in  
the back of the head. With Richard  
Threlkeld, Danny De La Paz,  
and Maria Du Bois, directed by  
Michael Pressman, 1979.

**Breaker Morant** — Another truckload  
of dirt dumped onto the British Em-

pire, with three loyal Aussie soldiers  
made scapegoats for the sins of  
British colonialism and malfeasance in  
the Boer War. It's sort of an Australian  
RATPAC OF SLIGHT, and the argu-  
ments are presented in a manner all  
too likely to excite exception to, or see  
the necessity for. Appreciation of these  
arguments to the Vietnam War offers  
good possibilities for increased movie  
business, but this line of attack would  
have to be pursued independently.

**Children in the Moon** — Richard Pryor  
and Garry Shandling in a cross-country  
comedy produced by Pryor and directed  
by Garry Shandling. (Ace Cine in Camino Cinema 4, Col-  
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