

## FIRE IN THE VALLEY

A case of arson and a  
boy named Angel



The arson suspect was nineteen years old and had short black hair, brown-yellow eyes, and a wide, plump face. He was sitting in the corner stall of the visiting room of the Imperial County jail in El Centro, a hundred miles east of San Diego. The air in the room was fresh from the swamp cooler outside, which was seldom overwhelmed in the wintertime. It was a Sun Jay morning in January, 1977 and the weather was clear and still. Driving down the rock-pile mountain from the west, I had seen the Chocolate Mountains across the valley, and had felt as though I could draw my finger on the line where the desert ended and the fields began, tilting toward the Salton Sea from the overflowing rims of the All-American Canal.

The suspect was at a desk behind a sheet of glass that rose to the ceiling. We spoke through telephone receivers. "Are you Angel Magallanes?"

"Yes," he said.

"Did I pronounce your name correctly?"

"Don't matter," he replied, and gave the Spanish pronunciation and then the English. Born in Mexicali, he was technically a Mexican, but had been raised by relatives in Holtville, a farm town east of El Centro, and his English was that of any Californian. He drove a Ford pickup with a CB radio and oversize blackwall tires; his wardrobe included a rugby shirt, a

continued on page 8

Angel Magallanes photograph by Judy Browder  
Cover photograph by Jim Coll

By Joe Applegate

# City Lights

## Make Him An Offer He Can't Refuse

Someone at WABC-TV in New York does want to hire Channel 8 sportscaster Ted Leiner, even if Tribune TV columnist Gus Stevens wants to believe otherwise. In a column printed last Friday, Stevens quoted Bill Fyffe, general manager of WABC, as "laughing" at reports that he offered the outspoken Leiner more than one million dollars to join WABC's news team. The tone of Stevens's two-paragraph item in fact leaves readers thinking WABC never made Leiner any offer. Technically that's true. When a TV station wants to hire away a working reporter or sportscaster, it avoids charges of "contract tampering" by bringing in an agent to handle the initial bidding. If the prospective employee is interested, then the serious negotiations begin. So WABC's Fyffe had a talent agent sound out Leiner, who was flown to South Carolina last month and presented with a package deal that included a million dollars spread over three years and various other

benefits. At the agent's invitation, Leiner toured WABC's studio the following day. That Tribune columnist Stevens (who tried without avail to contact Leiner) didn't bother to pursue the story past Fyffe's initial denial doesn't surprise the brain sportscaster. "Stevens doesn't have sources,

contacts, or a knowledge of television," complained Leiner. "I suppose that qualifies him as a TV columnist; in this town." But Leiner, who used the WABC offer as a wedge to boost his current six-figure salary, was criticized by a fellow sportscaster for keeping alive talk about WABC's

inquiries. "Lots of us play off one station against another for a raise, but it's really unethical to hype the public as 'Ted did,' said the critic. "He knew he wasn't going to New York, but he sure milked the offer for everything he could."

-P.K.



Ted Leiner

## Where's The Smart Money On This One?

It was nearly a year ago that the *business began to rise* on one of Mission Valley's better-known restaurants. An undercover agent of the state attorney general's office — Tony — to his unsuspecting prey — began to insinuate himself into the society at the Butcher Shop bar in August and shortly was placing his bets and dropping off his payments, and, less often, picking up his winnings along with other sportsmen. It was fairly open action. The bartender kept the bookie's slips beside the register and barmaids handed past customers to request slips for those better sitting at the tables. Tony says one night in September a loudmouth who'd just won entered the bar and shouted, "Where's Stanzi (the bartender)? I want my money!" Stanzi leaned over to the bartender and said to "grab that guy, shut him up, and bring him over here."

Scenes such as that may have been extreme, but still it was fairly easy to discern there was being going on at the Butcher Shop, and it didn't take the bettors and bookmakers long to realize they were being waded by from the restaurant. So the action, some of it, shifted westward a few hundred yards to the bar at Eric's Rib Place in Old Town, and with it, Tony as well. The investigation continued with hardly a missed bet. It was horses and pro football through September and October at both restaurants, with Tony shelling out

hundreds of dollars of state money to the bartenders at both places and to a bookie named Fito, until one day in December Tony managed to pile up a debt of \$18,000. That's when local and state police decided to make their move. Tony, who had said at first that he would have the \$18,000 by December 4, later called the bookie Fito and said he could not come up with the money. Then he cloistered himself with the cops working the case and produced a long, 14,000-word affidavit to the county superior court in support of search warrants against the two bartenders, the bookie, their houses, the two restaurants, cars, offices, and even the Pacific Telephone Company for records of telephone calls. On December 11, 1980, raids were made, evidence seized, and lawyers were engaged.

No charges were lodged against Roberto DePhillips, owner of the Butcher Shop, but money? Stanzi leaned over to the bartender and said to "grab that guy, shut him up, and bring him over here." Scenes such as that may have been extreme, but still it was fairly easy to discern there was being going on at the Butcher Shop, and it didn't take the bettors and bookmakers long to realize they were being waded by from the restaurant. So the action, some of it, shifted westward a few hundred yards to the bar at Eric's Rib Place in Old Town, and with it, Tony as well. The investigation continued with hardly a missed bet. It was horses and pro football through September and October at both restaurants, with Tony shelling out

bagman/bartender at Eric's was fired sometime before November, but at other points in the affidavit, Tony says Star was at the bar during at least one of the illicit transactions. And after the bartender was fired (sounding Tony to talk with whom he should drop his bet and money), he was replaced by bookmaker Fito's wife, who continued taking illegal bets. If Eric was in trouble for the company he kept, he may not have helped himself with his choice of lawyers — Nicholas DePento. According to Ovid Demaris, in his latest book *The Last Mafia*, DePento was Frank "Boss" Bongiorno's attorney until "Boss" was executed in a Pacific Beach alley a little more than three years ago while walking to his apartment. Bongiorno once towed DePento to an exclusive and intimate Rancho Mirage gathering where, says Demaris, Sinatra on the occasion of the singer's investiture by the Knights of Malta.

Together, Starr and DePento became Eric's Rib Place. Eric N. Starr, was not so lucky. He was charged with possession of more than an ounce of marijuana that was found in the restaurant during the raid to collect bookmaking evidence. Starr, who grew up in a semi-ghetto in Boston and moved on to Miami, says it was his first bit of trouble with the law in all his forty-three years. But he concedes he's known people who are no strangers to trouble. "I've befriended them in a way that I would befriend many others." He says he doesn't know where the marijuana came from and that he didn't have anything to do with the bookmaking operation. That picture isn't sharpened much by the search warrant affidavit, however. At one point, Tony mentions that the

on the Federal Witness Protection program but then cut off from it. This is the program that sets up new identities and jobs for criminals who testify against other criminals. In an interview with Channel 10's Joe Melillo in three segments that were broadcast May 5, 6, and 7, Moreno said he had been recruited to approach Eric Starr for a job. Starr says he softened to Moreno's story about how he had no money to feed his wife and kids, gave Moreno fifty dollars for food, and then set him to work stripping the parking lot. Moreno stayed in touch with Eric and one day the restaurant operator asked him if he could take a trip to Florida to pick up his car and drive west to San Diego with it. Moreno, in the May 7 taped broadcast, said that when the district attorney's office was told of the impending trip, they informed Moreno that he'd be making it with a car loaded with four kilos of cocaine.

According to Starr's version of the incident, the trip back to Florida by Moreno was to be made with narcotics officers who would plant the dope in the car. The Channel 10 tape of May 6 had Moreno stating that he was instructed to deliver the car not to Starr, but first to DePento. He was to hand the keys to DePento, at which point agents would swoop down on DePento and arrest him. Moreno did not go through with the plot, he said on Channel 10, because county authorities suddenly appeared at his home and took his children from him on grounds that he didn't have anything to do with the alleged plot against Starr and DePento with that.

-B.D.

All of this, and more, is supposedly on another lengthy videotape in DePento's possession and in an affidavit of Moreno's. Starr says that as soon as the D.A.'s office and other law enforcement agencies were told of the videotape, the visits by police and the questioning of Starr and his employees at Eric's Rib Place stopped quickly. Prosecutors, in other words, were perhaps reluctant to prosecute the marijuana case if by doing so they might have to answer to the charges Moreno was making. And DePento in the May broadcast on Channel 10 was threatening to take the incident to the state bar, the grand jury, or some other outside agency to expose what he suggested, with a faint smile playing across his face, was the "breakdown" of law as practiced by law enforcement. In fact, legal proceedings moved very slowly in Starr's marijuana case. Despite the discovery of the weed in the restaurant on December 11, it wasn't until March 20 that a formal complaint against Starr was issued, and it was the city attorney who filed it, not the district attorney. Rob Trentacosta, the city attorney in charge of criminal prosecution, says the matter rested in the D.A.'s office all that time while investigators and prosecutors tried to determine if there would be a felony prosecution (possession of more than one ounce of marijuana can be tried as a felony). In mid-March the decision was made to send the case to the city attorney for prosecution at a misdemeanor. But when Starr's misdemeanor trial date of April 2 arrived, he did not appear in court. All of April, May, June, and most of July went by with no further action on the case, though it's normal for bench warrants for arrest to go out quickly after a defendant fails to appear.

Was it in fact the contents of the mystery Moreno videotape, which DePento has not shown reporters, that dissuaded the district attorney's office from moving against Starr? That's patently false, says Brian Michaels, who as deputy district attorney in charge of special prosecutions directs the D.A.'s organized-crime unit. "If you want to slow down prosecutions, you claim you're being harassed. But they're using dry, rotten, stinking tactics. In two years I've never had anything happen like this," Michaels says he has no explanation why it took so long to file the formal complaint against Starr, or why nothing was done about the failure to show in court April 2, other than to say it was a city attorney's case. About Moreno's televised charges, Michaels says, "They're libelous and I'm angry."

A day after those remarks, Wednesday, July 29, a warrant was issued for Starr's arrest, according to the city attorney's office.

## An Idea Whose Time Was Wrong

Officials at the Metropolitan Transit Development Board (MTDB) are conceding that the Tijuana Trolley has not lived up to one expectation: that the bright-red streetcars would be able to make the trip from the Santa Fe Depot to the border in thirty-three minutes. Although MTDB printed up more than 200,000 schedules and posted signs in all twelve of the route's stations reflecting that expectation, the run in practice is taking forty-two to forty-three minutes, according to MTDB spokeswoman Sharon Taylor, who adds that it now appears that the time of the trip can't be shortened much beyond that.

Taylor says most of the erroneous schedules fortunately were not distributed to the public and schedules posted in the stations were removed last week. She says a new schedule is being printed now and should be available to trolley riders within another week or so. Taylor says printing the revised

schedules (about 185,000 in English and 45,000 in Spanish) will cost "just under \$500," but she says the transit agency can't be blamed for the error in scheduling. "You just couldn't figure out something like this without having people on the cars. . . . Now we're finding there are a lot of unanticipated delays with people holding the door open for their wives who

are still a block away, and things like that." She adds that as a consequence of the longer ride times, the trolleys also must leave from the depot every twenty minutes instead of every fifteen as had been planned. "That's because we only have the single track operating now, and we can only have five cars out at a time on the single track."

One critic who says the longer schedule could have been foreseen is Jerry Newport, an entrenched foe of the MTDB and a founder of Citizens for Public Transportation, a transit-lobbying organization. Newport charges that "anyone with a third-grade background in arithmetic" could have better forecast the running

time, and that the trolley planners deliberately underestimated that in order to make the project seem more attractive. Newport speculates that the longer riding time will reduce the number of riders and thus the trolley's projected revenues. "It's obvious to anybody who knows anything about transportation that if you change the level of convenience you're going to affect the level of ridership," Taylor says the longer run time does mean the system has less capacity than planned, but she says, "In the first nine months we didn't expect to be at capacity anyway." After nine months, a second line of rail is supposed to be installed, an addition which will give the system much more flexibility. Taylor adds that she doesn't believe the extra ten minutes will cut ridership very much. "The bus trip [on line number thirty-two from the border to downtown] was taking an hour and fifteen minutes, so the trolley is still taking less time." (The Greyhound that runs every hour from downtown to the border nonstop takes twenty to twenty-five minutes.)

-J.D.



Photograph by Michael Rhee/Star Tribune

## Driving Force

He calls himself "the organizer," the score of men he lets work the border call him El Diemón, the technician, because his incisors jut forward of his lips; the beat cops in San Ysidro call him the head wildcatter and harass him when the border-based cabbers or the Greyhound bus depot manager complain; the cab drivers call him a crook; you can call him Ernesto.

Since he was thirteen (he's now twenty-two), Ernesto has been a wildcatter, as was his father before him. His business is supplying transportation to Los Angeles from the Mexican border. His customers, mostly Mexican green card holders legally in the U.S. to work, are approached by him or other wildcatters moments after walking through customs, and within feet of cab stands and the Greyhound bus station. Their offer is a ride to L.A., usually to the door or at least the vicinity of the rider's destination, for the fare of twelve dollars. Two of those dollars go to the hustler who solicits the rider, the other ten go to the driver, who has no license to transport people for hire and usually carries no insurance on his rattling jalopy. The drivers wait in a group behind the nearby Thrift Village, a store across from the border trolley station, until Ernesto and his boys have filled a car with riders. Then the drivers pay the hustlers two dollars a head and set out for L.A., where they try to pick up another load of riders near the downtown Los Angeles Greyhound station for the trip back to Mexico. It's strictly illegal, but as the cops point out, it's probably been going on since the border came into existence.

Ernesto is the self-appointed organizer of the wildcatters because he can out-fight everybody else and because he simply claims the border zone as his territory. He still remembers his father working the area fifteen years ago, when the rides to L.A. were three dollars and the hustler got a quarter. And the eight-month stint he just did in Lompoc penitentiary didn't hurt his untested status as head wildcatter. Last year he assaulted a cabber who dared to hassle him over solicitation of what the cabber thought was a potential customer for himself. Ernesto says the customer was a relative picking him up to bring him home for the night. The cabber was injured and Ernesto went up for assault and battery. An uneasy peace exists now between the wildcatters and the cab drivers. While the cabbers think they have the law on their side, and occasionally finger the wildcatters, Ernesto sees it differently. "We make our own law," explains El Diemón in broken English. "Their law doesn't work for us here."

It's gonna come to a war down here," says Cliff Graff, a driver for Red Cab, as he surveys the wildcatters skulking near the customs portal. Though it costs nearly \$200 to take a cab to L.A., Graff believes that his average of one ride a month there would increase if the wildcatters didn't undercut him. "Sure we've confronted them," he says, "and we've had a lot of them arrested. But they're back in two or three days." Another Red Cab driver, John Montoya, says that a couple of years ago the cops suggested to him a possible solution. "This one cop said over to me, 'If you just go over there and kick the shit out of 'em, it'll take care of

it and we'll look the other way.' But I don't think we're gonna do that." Montoya tells of the recent audacity of one wildcatter who was soliciting a rider while Montoya watched intently. "I was eyeballing him real good so he knew I was gonna turn him in. He sent the guy to me and I took him to the [San Diego] airport. When I came back, the wildcatter comes over to me wanting two bucks for sending me the fare! I couldn't believe it."

The border bus depot has experienced similar boldness. Though bus fare to L.A. is only \$10.95, the wildcatters have

still been able to harness riders, presumably with the promise of service to the door and speed of delivery. "And at times they've taken people right out of our ticket lines," says the incredulous Greyhound depot manager. Those losing money because of the wildcatters' control are not only they are operating without licenses, but sometimes wildcat customers are dumped before they reach L.A. and are forced for more money. The cabbies and the bus depot manager also claim that illegal immigrants are sometimes given rides by the wildcatters. (It is a fact that

cabs and buses themselves have been found to transport illegal immigrants.) Generally, the police believe that the wildcatters' market lies almost solely with the legal green card holders. The problem for the cops is that after a wildcatter is arrested, if he doesn't plead guilty, there isn't a jury trial, there isn't anyone who will testify against him. The riders feel they've gotten a bargain and the only real victim is the city, which is losing licensing fees.

El Diemón contradicts claims that riders are being swindled by unscrupulous drivers. "This thing gotta be honest, you know," he says. "The first guy talking to someone [coming through the border] gets 'em. And nobody works unless I know him." El Diemón's feeling is that if the riders weren't treated fairly, they would complain, and the police would break up the whole enterprise. "Like that guy there," he says, pointing to a hopeful wildcatter in a blue shirt. "I don't know him, so he ain't gonna get no people." The man stares blankly back at Ernesto, but holds his ground. El Diemón won't say how much he makes, nor the kind of money the drivers take home, but he does say that a bad day for the drivers is when they make only fifty dollars after an average day he limits the number of hustlers to ten, and the drivers to between fifteen and twenty. He shoots a glance back over at the man in the blue shirt, who tries to ignore the vicious grin of El Diemón. "Yeah, the cabs think this is their territory," he says, "but they're wrong. This is my territory."

-N.M.

-Jeanette DeWeyer, Neal Matthews, Paul Krueger, and Bob Dorn



Photograph by Craig Clevinger





## Straight from the Hip

Matthew Alice

Dear Matthew Alice:

I've been a tennis player for seven years now, and it just occurred to me: How do they put air pressure inside the tennis ball to make it bouncer? Do they inject the air with a needle?

Sandy Radin  
Clairemont

Each half of a tennis ball is stamped in a press and joined with rubber cement. Just when the halves are joined, a pellet of sodium nitrite and ammonium chloride is slipped into the ball's hollow center. Later, when the ball is heated, the pellet decomposes and releases nitrogen gas, which pressurizes the inside of the ball.

Dear Matthew Alice:

Could you shed some light on the history of the beautiful old abandoned church that is on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Olive in Hillcrest? What kind of church was it? Why was it abandoned? The stained glass and the statue of Gabriel blowing his horn on the roof make it a curiosity.

Lynne  
Mission Hills

The site's original building was erected in 1897 and was called Keener's Chapel, after John Keener, the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal congregation in San Diego, whose meetings were held in a church at Seventh Avenue and D Street. Later the congregation replaced the chapel with the present limestone building, which first was called the Park Place Methodist Episcopal Church South, and later the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church. In the 1950s, when apartments and commercial

buildings established themselves in the residential neighborhood, the congregation moved again to the church it uses today at Fifty-fourth and El Cajon. A Baptist congregation used the Fifth Avenue church for several years. Then three years ago the owner of the Unicorn theater, Harold Leigh, bought the building but never realized his plans to put it to some new use. He sold it last month to a newly formed company called Fifth and Olive Associates. The new owners don't know what they'll do with it yet. They might lease it for office space. They might try a dinner theater. "The first thing I'm trying to do is get it registered as an historical building," said Francis Mortenson, one of the partners.

"There's no other building like it in San Diego," she went on. "You can see it's in the Greek Revival style, and the pediment

above the columns — the part that looks like a triangle above the front doors — is completely made out of tin. You won't find that anywhere else in town. Also the dome on top of the roof, where the angel is blowing the trumpet, that's all made out of beaten tin. Incredible. No major repairs. The whole place is in great shape."

Inside, the carpeting is red, and the oaken pews form semicircles outward from the dais and the baptistry. Some theater seats have been installed on a platform in front of the baptistry, probably for a choir, though now it looks like an empty jury box. Two stained-glass windows on the western walls are not as striking as one would imagine from seeing their dark sides from the street. Some of them represent Biblical scenes, but the characters have no faces, only colored panes.

The second floor consists of a balcony

and classrooms. There are smaller rooms on the third floor, and a kitchen in the basement.

"We're not going to allow any changes to the interior without our approval," said the leasing agent, Ralph Reagan. "Some parts of this building are really beautiful. All the oak wainscoting, the carved molding on the handrails, all that stuff. We're not going to goof it up. Or let somebody else goof it up."

Dear Matthew Alice:

For the last few months I have noticed large blue tanker trucks frequently on Nimitz Boulevard, Catalina Boulevard, and other streets in Loma Portal and Ocean Beach. They seem to be hauling liquid to Point Loma (or away from Point Loma). What's going on?

Fred J. Crowe  
Ocean Beach

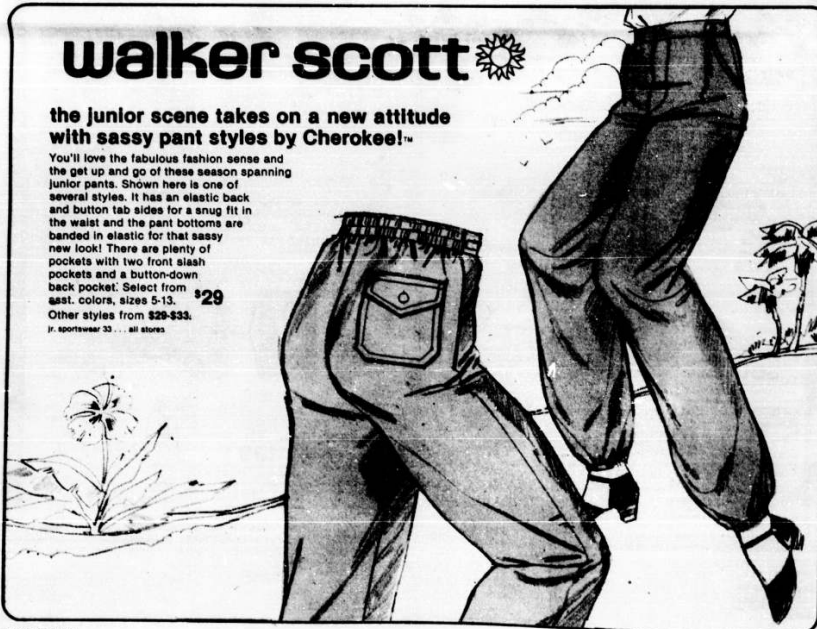
Sludge that clogs the city's sewage-digestion tanks is being trucked from the Point Loma waste treatment plant to drying beds on Fiesta Island. The sludge contains from five to ten percent of solid matter (mostly sand), and has the consistency of wet cement. When dry, it becomes fertilizer for the city's parks, or landfill for parks-to-be. Robb Field, in Ocean Beach, is planted on dried sludge.

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

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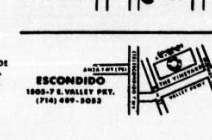
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"THE TASTIEST MUSIC IN TOWN"

RECORDS  
TAPES  
AUGUST 6, 1991



# FIRE IN THE VALLEY

(continued from page 1)

marijuana leaf belt buckle, and his high school graduation ring. His large front teeth and an occasional squint make him look like Theodore Cleaver in *Leave It to Beaver*.

When I told him who I was, he said, "How'd you know I was here?"

"There was a story in the *San Diego Union* about your arrest, and about about the fires."

"Really? What did it say?"

I recalled what I could remember of the

article, which was written by Bill Parry and which said: "The Imperial County sheriff's office said it has arrested a suspect in connection with the worst series of hay fires in the history of the Imperial Valley. . . . Sheriff's Sgt. John Lorenz said an estimated \$300,000 worth of hay was destroyed in a series of 24 fires in November. The fires occurred within a five-mile radius of Holtville. The blazes destroyed about 3600 tons of hay, most of which was insured."



Tommy Hogue



Maria Magallanes and family

"I guess the sheriff picked him up and asked him if he set the fires and he said he didn't know what the hell they were talking about, and it got back that I told them 'Tommy and me set the fires and I didn't'."

"Well, I guess the sheriff picked him up and asked him if he set the fires and he said he didn't know what the hell they were talking about, and it got back that I told them 'Tommy and me set the fires and I didn't'."

"Did you tell them that you had set the fires?"

"The woman told investigators she had adopted Magallanes, whose given name was Angel Arellano Gutierrez."

"Magallanes was given a preliminary hearing Tuesday (December 7, 1976) before Municipal Judge Harold Chaille, in El Centro, who reduced the suspect's bail from \$100,000 to \$50,000."

"That may seem like a lot of money for someone suspected of burning Sudan grass and alfalfa (in fact, bail initially was set at \$500,000), but the number of fires, their frequency, and the admissions with which the arsonist eluded the sheriff department's helicopter, the infrared scopes, the patrols disguised as joyriders and as hitchhikers, the farmers armed in their fields, and the \$1000 offer of reward for information leading to the arsonist's arrest and conviction — these contributed to a peculiar state of mind in the valley, where farmers are used to tolerating a fire or two every season, set off by kids."

"At first we thought all the fires were unconnected," said Clem Miller, one of the farmers who stayed in his field at night with a rifle. "A bunch of farmers had just gone up to Los Angeles to rally for Proposition 13, which the Chavez people were not too crazy about, and when the fires started coming all at once, you were taking a hell of a chance just stopping your car and taking a piss."

The fires left only a few unburned matchbooks as evidence. Once hay has been cut and dried in windrows, it is baled in the field and the bales stacked two abreast and fifteen feet high by the side of the road. Some of the stacks are 200 yards long, or about the size of a freight train.

The burned stacks left only a long track of ash and twisted baling wire. Nothing indicated who might have set the fires.

"So tell me how you came to be arrested," I said through the telephone.

"I don't know. I guess someone told Mike Singh (a sheriff's lieutenant) that I set the fire at my mom's store but I didn't; I was home in bed and you can ask her."

"Do you work at the store?"

"Yeah, well, I'm the only man at home. My little brother's only thirteen and still in school and my mom's not married. There's four kids home altogether and my mom needs me 'cause I'm the oldest. So I give thirty, forty dollars a week to help out."

"But who told Mike Singh that you set your mother's store on fire?"

"He says my mom told him but I think he's lying."

"Your mom told him. How does he know your mom?"

"He used to help me out sometimes when me and my mom weren't getting along, 'cause she's got a temper and she gets hysterical sometimes. I guess she thought of him as a friend or something but he's not a friend anymore. I'll tell you that."

"Well, what kind of troubles were you having with your mom?"

"She says I stole stuff from the store and I wasn't stealing anything."

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Once."

"What for?"

"Stealing baling wire, except I didn't

take any."

"Who did?"

"Some guys took it from the place I was working."

"Then why were you arrested?"

"I don't know. I guess 'cause I knew they were doing it and I just let 'em, and so I took the blame."

I was writing in my notebook when Angel went on. "Say, are you gonna talk to Bill Hogue about this?"

"Who's he?"

"Farmer I work for — used to work for. Just tell him I don't know who they got Tommy's name but I didn't do it."

"And who's Tommy?"

"That's Bill Hogue's son. We're close friends and I didn't want him to think that I got him in trouble."

"Keep going."

"Well, I guess the sheriff picked him up and asked him if he set the fires and he said he didn't know what the hell they were talking about, and it got back that I told them 'Tommy and me set the fires and I didn't'."

"Did you tell them that you had set the fires?"

"The woman told investigators she had adopted Magallanes, whose given name was Angel Arellano Gutierrez."

"Magallanes was given a preliminary hearing Tuesday (December 7, 1976) before Municipal Judge Harold Chaille, in El Centro, who reduced the suspect's bail from \$100,000 to \$50,000."

"That may seem like a lot of money for someone suspected of burning Sudan grass and alfalfa (in fact, bail initially was set at \$500,000), but the number of fires, their frequency, and the admissions with which the arsonist eluded the sheriff department's helicopter, the infrared scopes, the patrols disguised as joyriders and as hitchhikers, the farmers armed in their fields, and the \$1000 offer of reward for information leading to the arsonist's arrest and conviction — these contributed to a peculiar state of mind in the valley, where farmers are used to tolerating a fire or two every season, set off by kids."

"At first we thought all the fires were unconnected," said Clem Miller, one of the farmers who stayed in his field at night with a rifle. "A bunch of farmers had just gone up to Los Angeles to rally for Proposition 13, which the Chavez people were not too crazy about, and when the fires started coming all at once, you were taking a hell of a chance just stopping your car and taking a piss."

The fires left only a few unburned matchbooks as evidence. Once hay has been cut and dried in windrows, it is baled in the field and the bales stacked two abreast and fifteen feet high by the side of the road. Some of the stacks are 200 yards long, or about the size of a freight train.

The burned stacks left only a long track of ash and twisted baling wire. Nothing indicated who might have set the fires.

"So tell me how you came to be arrested," I said through the telephone.

"I don't know. I guess someone told Mike Singh (a sheriff's lieutenant) that I set the fire at my mom's store but I didn't; I was home in bed and you can ask her."

"Do you work at the store?"

"Yeah, well, I'm the only man at home. My little brother's only thirteen and still in school and my mom's not married. There's four kids home altogether and my mom needs me 'cause I'm the oldest. So I give thirty, forty dollars a week to help out."

"But who told Mike Singh that you set your mother's store on fire?"

"He says my mom told him but I think he's lying."

"Your mom told him. How does he know your mom?"

"He used to help me out sometimes when me and my mom weren't getting along, 'cause she's got a temper and she gets hysterical sometimes. I guess she thought of him as a friend or something but he's not a friend anymore. I'll tell you that."

"Well, what kind of troubles were you having with your mom?"

"She says I stole stuff from the store and I wasn't stealing anything."

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Once."

"What for?"

"Stealing baling wire, except I didn't

was enjoying it."

"What about Singh's promise to have Angel see a psychiatrist?"

"I don't know about that, but I personally told the D.A. that the money was not in possession of his normal faculties, though I think he knew right from wrong, and I think he knew the consequences."

"Did Singh bully him into confessing?"

Lorenz paused a minute. "You know, I left the department a few weeks after all this took place, and so I guess I can say that Mike does get excited at times, and personally, I don't like working with him."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

Singh thinks of himself as having law enforcement in his blood. He says that in India, where his father was born, men of his father's size and strength were traditionally made guards of the temples and palaces. The elder Singh, in fact, made a name for himself in the Imperial Valley by being the first foreigner to defeat the local champion in wrestling. That champion, incidentally, was Swiss, which meant that whether or not he was born in America, he might legally be considered a native.

California law in the early 1900s excluded non-Europeans — the Chinese in particular — a number of civil rights, notably that of owning land. All of his winnings from wrestling matches were useless in buying the land he wanted for a dairy, until he married a native, a Mexican, and bought the land in her name. Their son grew up speaking Spanish and Punjabi as well as English, and his first job out of the Navy was guarding captives of the U.S. Border Patrol.

About ten years after that I came to the sheriff's department to work with juveniles," he said behind his desk at headquarters. "That's how I got to know Angel. His mother asked me to help her with him; I think she wanted a man's influence in the situation. I guess you could say. The trouble was mostly minor things — where he might take some money from

the cash register at the store. He was always in a financial bind, even as a kid, having more expenses than he could meet — and she'd ask me to talk to him."

"You see, whenever I dealt with him — and this was unusual for the kids I had to deal with — he always, always told me the exact truth. Whenever a situation came to my attention, he'd say, 'Mike, I want you to know what happened,' and he'd go right on and tell me everything, and then we'd talk it over, and we'd come to the end, and he'd have tears in his eyes, and he'd say, 'I really want to do what's right. I think that I can take care of this problem,' and eight, nine times out of ten he would. I didn't have much trouble with Angel. He's basically a good kid."

He told me on a number of occasions that he thought he might like to go into law enforcement some day."

To disqualify Angel's confession, his attorneys tried to show that Singh had suspected him of having set the haystack fires before he read him his full constitutional rights. They knew that Singh hadn't given him his full rights in the car; therefore they tried to show that Angel was a suspect in the haystack arson while en route to

Singh's counter to this strategy was to point out his reason for questioning Angel about the haystack fires, without suspecting him of the crime. On the worst night of the fires, Singh and Angel happened to meet and exchange a few words. This was at Bond's Corner, a lot on the edge of a field about a mile south of Holtville.

Eight stacks, each one hundred tons, had been packed onto the lot, and the arsonist had set the two northern stacks on fire. Scores of people arrived to save the other stacks by pulling them out of the way.

When Singh arrived, he spotted Angel leaning against his truck and sitting on a Coors. As he walked up, Angel put the can in his truck bed and told Singh that he'd heard about a farmer who had seen three boys running from a field near Holtville, across a road, and toward a phone booth.

Singh said it might be a lead, and asked Angel to check into it further. A few minutes later, while the fire fighters were busy at the northern end of the lot, the stacks on the southern end were set ablaze. No one saw who did it.

Singh said later in court that he did question Angel about the haystack fires while riding back to his office, but at the time he thought of Angel as an informant, not a suspect. He'd asked if Angel had found out anything more about the boys the farmer had seen, and Angel had said that he hadn't.

The defense attorneys also tried to show that Singh had intimidated Angel. They put one of Angel's co-workers on the stand to say that Singh, in picking up Angel at the ranch, had acted as though he were sure about something. They also found a woman to testify that Singh had dealt with her child-custody troubles by offering to get her psychiatric help in exchange for her confession of making bomb threats.

But none of these strategies worked. Judge Don R. Work presided over the trial, finding that Angel had volunteered his information about the haystack fires with no deceit or coercion from Singh. At the end of the testimony about the confession, the judge asked Singh, who was then on the stand, "I take it it is clear that if the defendant had kept his mouth shut, from what you said he would not be a suspect?"

Singh: "Your honor, he would not have been a suspect in the hay fire."

Judge Work: "All right. That is all I am concerned about. That is a crude way of putting it, but I think that is what we are talking about in this case."

Late in January, after spending eight weeks in jail, Angel was released on a lowered bail of \$5000, the bondman's fee having been paid by Angel's mother, who had borrowed the money against her house and who held her son accountable for every dime.

"I tell you I don't know who's lying around here and I don't care," she said,

summarizing her views on the arson. "I know that I am telling the truth, and what the other people are saying is just what they are saying."

It was a Sunday morning, and Maria Magallanes was seated as usual at a long wooden table in the shade of the Meloland Store. She is a stout woman with reddish hair and light freckles, who likes to ride in a car that she is not driving. She says she has never ridden a bus in her life. Behind her was the silver grille of her pool-blue pickup truck, and beyond that was a feather-cushioned, rough-turked tree known as the salt cedar, so-called for its ability to thrive in alkaline soil. Some farmers uproot the shrub from their land when they see that it poisons the ground around it.

On her day of rest she was reading the comics and dipping into a bag of cheese puffs at her side. Her married daughter was also at the table knitting lace on the edge of a cloth, while her son-in-law, who is known as Dancing Bear (his CB handle) dozed in the cab of his pickup, dead to the streams of the children playing under the awning by the gas pump.

All of the Magallanes children have a name that starts with A. They are Amelia, 29; Angie, 27; Anita, 26; Julio Antonio, 22; Angel, 19; Anna-Maria, 19; Ayda, 18; Adellita, 15; Andrews, 14; and Alberta, 7 (adopted, like Angel, at birth). She also had two miscarriages and lost a son at four from polio, and a daughter at seven from meningitis. Altogether she had six children still at home, counting two who belonged to a friend who had recently divorced, and who paid her \$300 a month in child support. Magallanes had divorced her own husband for drinking too much. She herself drinks only coffee, all day long. "I do this every Sunday," she said. "Sit out here with my kids. I don't go anywhere. I can't. I have to watch the store."

On a normal day she rises at 4:00 a.m. and calls for Angel to rise and help her load their trucks for the three-mile drive to

(continued on page 10)

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# FIRE

(continued from page 9)  
store, which stands near the corner of a lettuce field outside of Holtville. First they load the trucks with supplies for the grocery shelves, and then with the sleeping children. They leave in time to open the store at 5:00 a.m., after bedding the kids on the store's wooden floor.

She said that on the morning when someone had set a fire of trash and boards against the side of her store, Angel had been particularly hard to rouse, and that at the time she was after him to give back some money she had discovered missing from the register.

"But I don't care what anybody says because I know Angel wouldn't burn me out," she said. "He called me about three o'clock that day from jail and he was pretty upset, and I don't blame him because he thought I told Mike Singh he set the fire, and I didn't. I was inside the store and Mike goes around to look at where the fire was, and comes back in and I said, 'Mike, what do you think?' And he said, 'Your son?' And I said, 'No.' And he said, 'Well, Mary, you asked me, and then he left and got Angel, and that's the truth.' Rising from his nap, Dancing Bear suggested a ride for all the kids in the back of his truck. He stooped over their upraised arms while Magallanes, still at her table, gave orders about not standing up when the truck was moving. The truck scattered gravel and jounced in a dip before gaining the bowling-flat highway.

No sooner was his truck out of sight than Angel's pulled into the drive. This was his second day of freedom after the weeks spent in jail, and he was wearing a red bandana on his forehead and black-and-white aviator sunglasses. As I raised my hand in greeting he smiled and said, "What's your problem?" and headed into the store for a

minute, then came out again and sealed himself on a plastic milk crate. I asked him how the case was going and he said me, he was lucky. The *Freemason* Fund insurance company had sent him a bill for \$668, some sort of payment for his destroying by arson — and what the hell they were bothering him for he didn't know. And then the bail restrictions said he was supposed to stay home all day — so how was he supposed to get a job and make some money?

"Where have you just been?" I asked. "I saw my girlfriend Kim Freeman." I remembered her, the daughter of the pastor at the Jesus' Name Church. The pastor had told me that Angel was the kind of kid who always helped people on the side of the road. Asked why this might be, Angel's character, the pastor had said, "He's the kind of fella who always wants friends, who needs friends, if you know what I mean."

"I'll give him a break in the afternoon," said Angel's mother, explaining his breach of the bail conditions. "But I don't ever let him out after five because I think some people would like to get to him, and I don't think he'd be safe out alone."

I said that wasn't likely, since most of the people affected by the fires had no idea who Angel was.

"That's crazy," he said. "They know who I am." "No, they don't. Most of them say they've never heard of you."

"They're lying then, 'cause I've been working for farmers for a long time. Lots of people know me 'cause I've lived here all my life. Or at least they'd know me if they saw me."

"Whatever you say."

"Hey — you want a drink?" he said, standing up and adjusting his sunglasses. I looked at his mother, who was frowning at the newspaper in front of her.

"C'mon," Angel said, and opened the screen door.

The room was dark as a tavern and smelled of candy and soap. The first thing

facing the door was a rack of Hostess baked goods, and next to that were various kinds of gloves arranged in tiers, rubber gloves for picking lettuce, cotton gloves to wear under the rubber ones on cold mornings, and gloves of rubberized canvas for trucks. Angel turned left and got me a Pepsi from the slide door refrigerator. There were vegetables in cardboard boxes along the floor, and above were shelves of Gallo wine in the thin, short bottles called mickies. Then I followed him to the back of the store, where he disappeared through a door. I stopped, waiting to be invited in, but no word came. I was standing next to an old refrigerator with doors like thick-sashed windows and handles that look like they used to be part of a car. Behind them were packs of Budweiser and Coors. A shawl of plum-colored lace, spread and mounted like a specimen of butterfly, hung high on the back wall.

"Hey, let's talk a minute," I said as Angel returned to the room.

"But what?"

"I ain't got nothing to say."

"Okay. Don't talk about the fires — just tell me why you confessed."

He was at the front door now and turned, and for an instant I thought he was going to reply, but his look skipped past me and went to his sister, Ayda, a mouth-breather, who was watching us from behind the counter with her arms folded and her mouth open. Angel pushed the door out with his foot and stepped outside.

In the privacy of the open air he looked around as though he were going someplace, then asked his mother if Alan Lee had come over while he was at Kim's.

"No, he might stop by later," she said.

Alan Lee was one of the boys Angel had worked with at the Hogue ranch. On the night of Monday, November 15, when most of the fires had been set, Angel had watched the first half of the football game with the Lees, as he usually did, and had left around six-thirty to pick up some

goods at the supermarket in town and deliver them to his mother's store. Dropping the stuff off, he'd told her he had heard a call for volunteer firemen to come and put out haystack fires south of town. The only other person who'd spoken with Angel after that was Mike Singh. His mother and the Lees therefore were the only people on whom he could rely for even the beginning of an alibi. Alan Lee, moreover, was the one on whom he relied for companionship.

When Alan arrived, later that afternoon, in a fire-red pickup with a gun rack and tape deck, he was followed in another car by two other boys who'd been schoolmates of Angel at Holtville High. Alan Lee was seventeen, and except for his reddish nose, was all of one color, like a polar bear: white-gold curly hair, eyebrows, sideburns, eyelashes, and faint whiskers. The other boys were Ronnie Moses, with an orthodontic smile, and Ed Tellez. *Tell-Lee*, he pronounced it.

"No way," said Alan. "You're supposed to say it *Tay-lee*. Aren't you, Ed?"

"Sometimes," he said, grinning. Angel offered everyone a Pepsi, which he passed around before taking a seat on the tail of his truck bed.

"So, what did you get to eat in jail?" said Moses.

"Junk tortillas 'n' stuff," Angel said. "I lost weight. Went from one-hundred to one-hundred thirty. Couldn't sleep because of the noise so I had to get sleeping pills almost every night. You can get sleeping pills, drugs, marijuana, anything in there you want."

"Marijuana, God!" said Tellez.

"Cept I didn't smoke any," Angel said. "I've never smoked marijuana and I never will."

Moses picked up a handful of gravel and started slinging the rocks sideways at the road. A moment passed.

"Did you see Singh while you were in jail?" I asked.

"I wouldn't see that bastard pig anywhere."

Alan burst into glee and told Angel he was crazy.

"I don't care," said Angel. "I'll call that bastard whatever I want."

I asked him to tell us what had happened at Bond's Corner.

"I went there 'cause I got a CB call for volunteer fire. So I show up and there's Mike Singh."

"He says you were drinking beer."

"Yeah — why deny it? I didn't do anything. And don't ask me any more 'cause I don't know. All I know is I didn't do it."

"He's crazy," said Lee. "Crazy Angel."

"If I'm crazy then you're a queer."

Lee ignored this, gave a loose snort, and announced that somebody had just stolen the shotgun from his gunrack, plus thirty tapes out of his car which the insurance wouldn't cover.

"That's nothing," said Angel, and pointed to the tool box on the side of his truck where he said the police had broken in to look for drugs and had taken his tools.

"Hat!" said Lee. "What are you gonna need tools for in jail?"

"I don't know," said Angel, swinging his heels hard against the side of his truck.

"I don't know what those bastards want. God! First they want me to plead insanity, then they want me to plead innocent. But I mean — God I'm not gonna do it. To hell with them, man, I'm not gonna plead anything 'cause I didn't do it."

His tone drew everyone's attention for a minute. Moses quit throwing rocks. Lee looked puzzled. Tellez kept on grinning.

At last Lee said, "Angel, you're crazy."

"Get out of here."

"I'm going," he said. "Want to come over to my house, watch NFL highlights after I do some stuff for my dad?"

Angel slid off the truck and went to ask his mother's permission to go, while Lee fired up his engine and the radio at the same time, then Angel joined him in the cab and they left, windows rolled down, elbows to the breeze.

I looked at Moses and Tellez. "Would

you guys show me where Bond's Corner is? We can go in my car."

"Which one's yours?" asked Tellez.

"Sure," he said. "Want to, Ronnie?"

He started walking toward us with a gat that made him seem to have springs under his heels, and a minute later we were settled (Moses in front, Tellez behind) and headed toward the road. "Out said turn right," said Moses, pointing with his Pepsi hand.

We were on a two-lane blacktop road, dusty in the middle of the lanes and pencil-dark where the tires had been. The road was straight; farmland roads go straight for miles then make a sharp turn to the right or left to accommodate the corner of a field, or to cross railroad tracks at a right angle, or for no apparent reason whatsoever, which is why the turns are so surprising. Some farm houses were off to our right — clumps of trees, a rooftop with an air conditioner on top of it, a truck and a sedan. On the left was a ditch and a bank of weeds, then long rows of lettuce that ran

alongside us like the spokes of a wheel, and above them the telephone line that swooped and dipped between the poles and the cement posts hung in the middle of the heights to keep the line hung low and steady for crop dusters.

"Do you ever work in these fields?" I said to Ronnie.

"Yeah, I work for Interharvest."

"Doing what?"

"Drive a tractor."

"It's a good job," said Tellez.

I turned to look at him, and saw that Ronnie was chewing on his Pepsi can, making teeth marks around the bottom and pressing the top against his nose and forehead.

"What's it like to drive a tractor, Ronnie?"

"Hot. In the summer really hot. I don't know. These fields are kinda weird. You'll be driving along with your shirt off, and all wet because it's so muggy and hot, and then a sudden you run into a cold patch of air. I mean really cold — like all of a sudden

(continued on page 12)

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## FIRE

(Continued from page 13)

Actually, Tommy Hogue believes he is innocent, too. I talked with him last Saturday at his home near Hollywood. He was sitting in the living room and had just taken a shower, which had left his hair parted in the middle and matted against his head. He is twenty-one years old now and lives with his parents. In the fall he will work for his dad or for a construction subcontractor, laying tile. He was calm, and gave the impression of not being particularly ingratiating.

I asked him about the questioning by Singh and Lorenz in the high school principal's office. "Oh, they came out to see me at school," he said, "and they brought out this big map and set it on the desk and said stuff like, 'You started these fires with Angel, and here's where you started them,' and they said that Angel and I had stolen a six-pack of beer and had ridden around drinking it and lighting fires, and that we'd used this road and that road to get where we were going."

"And what did you say?"  
"I said I didn't know what they were talking about. I mean — I didn't even know all the roads they were talking about, and I still don't."

"Why do you think Angel named you in his confession?"  
"I guess 'cause we were friends, and the police knew we hung around together and they figured I must have helped him do it."

"But why did Angel say you'd helped him?"

"I don't know. The police were telling me stuff that I didn't do. I don't know where they got their ideas. There was one time that Mike Singh had seen us together at the store. Sometimes we'd stop by after work and grab a couple of Cokes, and one time he was there, which was the first time I ever saw him. This was after the fires but before Angel got picked up, when Angel was having fights with his mom about stealing money and stuff from the store. I didn't know who Singh was, but Angel said he was there talking to his mom about the thefts. Angel was in trouble at the time."

Hogue got up and moved the conversation to the front porch. He asked if I thought Angel had set the fires, and I said that, knowing Angel, the only sure thing was that he wouldn't have done anything so bold by himself.

Hogue squinted at the plowed field across from his house. "Little things happen that make you wonder. Like, I remember, around the trial, one night a friend and me decided to drive around in the desert. And so we went east of here just when it was getting dark, and we passed this stack and saw a blue Datsun parked by the road. Then, about five minutes later, we decided to come back to town for some reason, and we passed the stack and saw it was starting to flame. We kept on going and told some men down the road working with a hay loader, and they went back and started tearing off the burning hay, and then we just kept going back to town. A sheriff's car passed us going to the fire, but we didn't stop or nothing to tell them about the Datsun. We figured, 'Why bother?'"

I asked if he knew what Alan Lee was doing these days, and he said that Alan was a fireman in El Centro. "That's funny," I said. "Have you heard about Angel?"

Hogue said he hadn't talked to his one-time friend since he'd been picked up four and a half years ago. I said that Angel had taken a first-aid course and was an ambulance driver, and a volunteer fireman. He hopes one day to become a full-time employee of the Needles fire department.

## Squinting Won't Help



John Glover, Towah Feldshuh

JONATHAN SAVILLE

The trouble with the San Diego Shakespeare Festival's *Measure for Measure* is its lack of focus. The notion of "focus," when used in talking about theatrical or literary works (or articles in newspapers), is a metaphor drawn from microscopy, telescope, or photography. When something is in focus, its details are sharp, their relationship to each other is clear, and the visual field is organized so that each part contributes to a sense of the whole. When something is unfocused, or out of focus, its outlines are blurred, its structure is confused, and we have a hard time making out just what it is we are looking at. Focus in this meaning is a crucial element in an actor's performance, in a director's *mise en scene*, and even in the designs of scenery, costumes, lighting, and sound. A production without focus leaves an audience in the same state as that of a nearsighted person whose glasses have gotten broken and who has staggered about for three hours in a world of glittering jumble.

*Measure for Measure* may be Shakespeare's most difficult play, and it would be ungenerous to take anyone to task for having made a botch of it. The actors and

extremely puzzling role and that he is scarcely the first actor to come a cropper in attempting it. What sort of man is this Duke? He is reputed to be a person of probity, restraint, and wisdom. His city, nevertheless, seems to be a den of vice (chiefly sexual). As an experiment, he relinquishes the reins of government to an apparently virtuous man named (incorrectly, as it turns out) Angelo — a man who proceeds to corrupt the body politic even more, first by his inflexible rigidity in enforcing the law, then by his own sexual viciousness. The Duke, meanwhile, hangs about town in disguise, watching things go from bad to worse, manipulating situations so as to make people show their worst colors, inventing ruses to fill most of the characters with terrifying anxiety, finally revealing himself and exhibiting great magnanimity to the deepest sinners and petty vindictiveness to a trivial boaster.

How can one possibly make this character come to life? One way is to show him throughout as a man of grandeur, a kind of God on earth, who tests people for their own good, and redeems them if there is anything redeemable in them. Another way — less in accord with the script, but theatrically effective — is to treat him as himself conflicted and tormented, as participating in the moral corruption of the world he leads. But Mr. Randolph offers us neither of these interpretations — nor any other interpretation. He walks through the part without the slightest visible emotional or intellectual commitment to anything, throwing away his lines like the financial reporter on the radio reading the latest stock market figures, and making no attempt at all to get it — and to communicate to us — the human essence of this person, the core of his nature, the focus of his being-in-the-world. Simply on the technical level, Mr. Randolph is disappointing: he speaks so rapidly, and in such an offhand manner, and with such peculiar phrasing (often unrelated to the meaning of the sentences), and with such an unprojected voice, that it is usually hard to make any sense of what he is saying. But the failure of this performance is much deeper than that: it is the fact that, in spite of his virtually constant presence throughout the evening, Mr. Randolph's Duke seems never really to be there. Whenever he appears on stage, it is as though the whole theater had suddenly been blanketed with negation, with a walking absence.

As the right, just-shaken Angelo, John Glover does seem to know what he is doing (as opposed to Mr. Randolph, who does not). But this role apparently does not lie very close to Mr. Glover's heart, and I am afraid I did not find the characterization convincing or even interesting. I am second to none in my admiration for Mr. Glover's Benedick, in the Shakespeare Festival's delightful *Much Ado About Nothing*. The charm, the lightness of touch, the spontaneity, the true feeling of wit and joy — it is a Benedick to be treasured.

But Mr. Glover's Angelo lacks the fanatic intensity of the character Shakespeare has created; he is not great enough in his self-righteousness and in his fall from virtue, his last seems tired and nagging rather than overwhelming and consuming, and while it is possible to feel sorry for this Angelo's neurotic conflicts, it is not possible to feel afraid of him and of the universal human impulses that are tearing him apart — and that, surely, is the effect Shakespeare wanted.

I am sorry to say that I must even be critical of Towah Feldshuh, who plays the role of Isabella. I cherish Miss Feldshuh and am always glad of the chance to see her. She is an actress of great gifts and wide range. San Diego has seen her as a vulgar, goateed gypsy and as an ardent, delicate adolescent. Custom cannot state her infinite variety. But there is one quality that pervades all Miss Feldshuh's acting: she is lovable. Not a bad trait to have, as an actress or as a person — but if there is one thing that Isabella is not, it is lovable. She is, in fact, a fanatic, with a tight, intense, hysterical nature that characterizes every one of her actions, from her entrance into the convent where we find her at first, to the kinds of arguments she uses in her appeal to Angelo for her brother's life, to her blazing outrage when Angelo offers to exchange her brother's freedom for Isabella's sexual submission, to her astonishing speech to that same brother, in which she tries to convince him that life is not much worth living anyway, and that he ought to prefer to die rather than allow his sister's chastity to be compromised. In her own way, Isabella is as much an authoritarian and a self-deceiver as the corrupt judge Angelo, and it would not be wrong to suggest that like him (though with a different effect) she is obsessed with sex.

There is none of this in Miss Feldshuh's otherwise competent and touching performance: she acts for the most part like a nice, warm, decent girl who has gotten into a difficult situation that makes her suffer pathetically. There is no center to this characterization that would explain Isabella's behavior — and her style of speech — to us. Or — to put it better, since explanations are not what theater is about — that would make us feel, sense, experience, focus — what she is doing and what she says emanates from that focused center of identity.

In less demanding roles, there are several actors who manage to do just this: Richard Jones as the judicious Lord Escalus, Jonathan McMurtry as the naive Lucio, and G. Wood as the confident Provost. But there are also quite a number of actors in this production, which is certainly the least satisfactory of the current season. *Measure for Measure* is admittedly hard to make out — it represents Shakespeare at his most troubled, most experimental, most puzzling. But in the present staging it is a moral, intellectual, and artistic blot.

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ELEANOR WIDMER

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The other day when I was standing at the check-out stand at Jonathan's, the elegant supermarket in La Jolla, I was amazed to see the customer in front of me purchasing three packets of chicken gizzards. Gizzards are the muscular organ in the chicken in which food is reduced to fine particles before entering the intestines. In my experience, gizzards are tough and rubbery. My curiosity was piqued by the purchase of such an amount of gizzards and I asked the woman what she was going to do with them.

"Oh," she replied in a most delightful British accent, "I clean them very fine and remove all the skin, all the white that you see. That takes a bit of doing," she smiled, "but it's worth it. Indeed it is. Then I place them in boiling water and I cook them two, three hours, very slowly." She winked at me. "That's the secret, the slow cooking. After two hours I add a bit of Bovril [consomme-like paste], and then my carrots and turnips, and I let that cook another hour, very slowly. Then it's ready and it's delicious. Tender as can be." She made her way through the line. "Of course you have to get quality gizzards. I come to Jonathan's just for them. They're fresh and wonderful. At some supermarkets I never see the gizzards, well, not on the shelves. She left the line she called back to me. "Do try them. You won't be sorry," and she hugged her small paper bag to her breast with open delight.

Walking home I thought not only of this woman but of cooking gizzards. The idea would have never occurred to me, nor of going to the best supermarket in town to buy them. The gizzards were cheap enough — as I had glanced down I saw that one of the large packs was only \$1.09. I could visualize the woman patiently cleaning them, patiently cooking them, and enthusiastically eating them. By the time I reached home, I felt guilty about the chicken I had bought and wondered why I didn't make do with the parts that are often thrown away.

It doesn't take the British, however, to instruct us in the use of less desirable parts of animals; for centuries blacks have been doing so for Americans and calling the result "soul food." Many of the favorite dishes of American blacks are the greens that all American pioneers ate — collards and kale and turnip tops. The slaves, however, cooked the remains of "pig meat" considered not choice enough for the "big house" on plantations. Because the slaves had to utilize every scrap of food they could get, nothing was wasted, not even the offal of animals — the waste parts, the



of sauce lalled over it. There are two schools of thought for barbecue, the dry and the wet, and the Plantation definitely falls into the latter. The central dish had massive amounts of barbecue sauce. Please be aware of this before you set out for the restaurant. The beef and the ham were excellent — tender and succulent. The ham slice came from a large ham, carved before your eyes. The chicken was good, but too heavy with sauce for my taste. I kept wiping the sauce from the chicken, and, I might add, from the ribs as well. (I am one of those from the dry school and I am not overly fond of barbecue sauce.) The pork ribs were tastier and more succulent than the beef, though again, this is a matter of preference.

The limitations resided in the beans, which tasted astonishingly like B&M's. At Clay's Barbecue in La Jolla and Poway, one sauce is used for the beans and another for the meat and chicken. At the Plantation one sauce covers all, so that whatever you're eating is not distinguished from the next item you taste. The corn meal muffins are too dry and have far too much baking powder, which imparts a slightly bitter taste; and for a Northerner like myself, the meat loaf was inedible. It tasted very "high," and neither my son nor I could eat it.

The meat loaf is doubtless made from some of the ingredients that I described earlier with which I am unfamiliar. The owner, Lorna Kelley, came over and spoke to me about it and assured me that that was the way the meat loaf was supposed to taste. He then kindly brought me some homemade sausage, which was also difficult for me to handle because it did taste strange. I would therefore caution you to proceed with the meat loaf and the links at your own risk, unless you are accustomed to this Southern (Louisiana) variety. The collard greens were good, as was the cole slaw.

Finally, if I ever returned, I would have the barbecued beef or ham sandwich (\$2.95). This seems to me the best bet of the house. The pork, beef, or chicken dinners are also a good buy at \$4.95 because they include cole slaw, beans, and the greens. The Plantation also offers chitterlings, or pork intestines, at six dollars a pound. Unfortunately, the Plantation was out of sweet potato pie, the night I was there. I had the pecan pie — too much filler and not enough pecans. The coconut topping overwhelmed the taste.

The Plantation should please those who like very soupy ribs, chicken, beef, ham. I prefer the ribs that are basted in the sauce as they cook. At the Plantation I was so busy wiping the sauce with my napkin that it detracted from the food. For cautious lovers of barbecued food like myself, the sandwich is the safest as well as the meatiest. A hamburger or a hot bowl would have been most welcome at the end of the meal.

A word should be said about the way in which the people who serve the food are dressed. The men wear white floppy hats and the women bandanas and aprons in the manner of Aunt Jemima. I thought we had moved past that false nostalgia in our history. It did bother me a bit because I do not associate the symbols of servility with "atmosphere."

The Plantation serves its food with tons

refuse, scorned by prosperous kitchens. Among the parts of the slaughtered pig that found favor with black cooks and became a staple of the diet was chitterlings, known colloquially as "chittins." James Beard, the food authority, has written, "Chitterlings are the small intestines of the pig and considered a great delicacy when cooked and served with turnip greens and black-eyed peas. They are as old as history and not entirely exclusive to the South."

An early twentieth-century black cook recalled, "We boiled chittins three hours and then dropped them in flour batter and fried them. We boiled pigs' ears until they were tender. We boiled down our own lard, and with the cracklings that were left we made crackling bread." The same cook reports how blacks made their own sausage from whatever scrap of the pig they could get, along with sage, black and red pepper. The sausage meat was wrapped in corn husks, packed into cheesecloth bags and then hung. "They'd get a little moldy," reports this cook, "but they never spoiled."

To the outsider who merely reads or thinks about this moldy sausage, the dish is not tempting. To those who prepare it, and who consume it, especially early in life, the taste can hardly be improved upon. Bob Jeffries, who began cooking on an Alabama farm and who rose to chef de cuisine in New York, wrote of a "true" barbecue. "Back home we used hickory logs and when the coals were just right, you could smell the fragrance for miles around. The meats were arranged close together on the grill so that the smoke was trapped under them and not lost in the air. The fat dripped down into the hot ash and steamed back into the meat, which added to the flavor."

Jeffries gives this advice for barbecuing steak: "Rub each steak with confecturer's sugar. Make gashes to insert garlic

slivers and let the meat remain at room temperature until the dissolved sugar glistens on the surface. Place the steaks six inches from the hot coals, about two minutes for each side."

By now your mouth is doubtless watering — like mine for the gizzards — and there's a new barbecue restaurant in Pacific Beach which may satisfy these cravings. Called the Plantation, it offers barbecued beef, pork, and chicken, ham, ribs (both beef and pork), a meat loaf, sausage (called "links" on the menu), collard greens, corn bread, and chitterlings. All of these items are available for take-out — on the night I visited, the take-out customers equaled the number of diners.

The Plantation is arranged into a long entry room. On one side you see the grill where the ribs are being cooked. On the other side of this white-walled room there's a long counter which holds the rest of the food. The menu is printed on a board, you make your choice, and you stand at the counter to receive your order. You then carry the food up a few steps to the rear, which holds the tables. If you wish to order anything else after your initial choice, you have to return to the counter. In other words, it's self-service. My son even stacked the soiled dishes and returned them, though I'm not certain that this is necessary.

As I've had occasion to say before, barbecued food is not soul food for me, though both of my sons adore it. At the Plantation I ordered the combination plate for \$10.95, which is enough for two people and allowed me to taste virtually everything. On this combination plate you receive four ribs (two large beef and two pork), ham, beef, pork, chicken, and the loaf. In separate dishes you also get beans, cole slaw, collard greens, and corn meal muffins.

The Plantation serves its food with tons

## Sounds Familiar



RIC K GEAR

The title of Brian De Palma's new thriller, *Blow Out*, refers specifically to the tire of a car that plunges into a river to set the plot in motion. But once that plot gets in motion, we can see that it connects even more directly with Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, as well as Coppola's *The Conversation* and almost every conspiracy movie made in the last twenty years (particularly Alan Pakula's *The Parallax View*), not to mention most of Hitchcock (especially *Rear Window*), and any story, in short, dealing with a professional eavesdropper (be he journalist, photographer, or sound recorder) who stumbles onto the secret of a monstrous crime and thus becomes the next potential victim.

In other words, *Blow Out* is another rickety De Palma pastiche, stitched together from bits and pieces of other people's movies. The approach isn't necessarily bad, and the director has been able to get away with it remarkably often,

because of his energy, his sense of humor, and his compelling use of space and depth in the construction of bravura set-pieces. Over the years, from his early semi-underground comedies through his current highly polished thrillers, his technique has become steadily smoother and more assured while his sense of structure remains as lazy as ever — witness the tacky, jerry-built nature of *The Fury* and *Dressed to Kill* despite their hypnotic, gemlike surfaces. He obviously cares little for coherent plotting, so it's hard not to feel that he hit his stride with those most recent films in which he threw all pretense of narrative logic to the winds and concentrated on pure sensation. If De Palma wants to become the new master manipulator of the commercial cinema, he certainly has the equipment to do it; but with *Blow Out* he tries for something more — and falls short.

At the center of the mystery are two potential lovers who are meant to be endearingly and achingly human (John Travolta and Nancy Allen, who played the nasty, vengeful teenage lovers of De Palma's *Carrie*), but they never break free of

the mechanics of the story long enough for us to become involved with them as people. Travolta's character is a movie sound-effects man and general electronics whiz who, we find out, formerly worked with the police (in flashback we see that he holds himself responsible for the death of an undercover cop he had wired for sound with equipment that malfunctioned). While out gathering sounds one night, he records what appears to be a Chappaquiddick-like accident: the car that careens into the river contains the governor of the state — who is killed — and a mysterious young woman (Allen) — whom Travolta manages to rescue. Everyone is satisfied that the incident was indeed accidental except the sound man who, of course, has great difficulty convincing the police or anyone else that he's not just another conspiracy nut. Meanwhile, he and Allen have developed a relationship of honesty and trust, and, finally, he wins her for sound in order to lure out the killer, setting the stage for a possible repeat of the earlier traumatic event. By now, this is all very familiar material (the "discovery" scene, in which Travolta pieces together both film and tape to find the secret of the conspiracy, is warmed-over, entirely predictable stuff), though adequately enough conveyed. Unfortunately, the film is geared to rise or fall on the humanity of its central couple. For failure to provide that humanity, the script is entirely at fault.

The screenplay itself, in fact, has had a mysterious history. In January of 1979, one may recall a write-a-scenario competition sponsored by De Palma and the now-defunct Canadian film journal *Take One*, on whose pages was run a detailed schematic treatment for a proposed film De Palma called *Personal Effects*. This, with very few changes, was the story that has now become *Blow Out*. Young writers were encouraged to submit two sample scenes in script form for a cash prize and the chance to write the complete script and thus break into the Big Time. That July, in what turned out to be his final issue, the magazine published excerpts from the three winning entries, but since then we've heard nothing of the contest or who the ultimate winner was, if anyone. And inasmuch as De Palma is the only credited writer on *Blow Out*, Allen certainly must have been involved in the creation of the whole enterprise ended in disaster. In any case, the director, as writer, has neglected to follow his own instructions as given in his preface to the treatment: he demanded from the entrants an emphasis on and intimate involvement with the emotions of the characters.

Travolta and Allen certainly make a believable couple, and they provide some charisma to a movie sorely in need of it. After rather weak and wimpy portrayals in his last two films, Travolta has been advised to toughen up his image, and does so magnificently. While still retaining the vulnerability that is his greatest charm, he

holds the screen with a grubby, nervous hyperawareness. Allen, in contrast, has become softer, more pliable. Playing another kind of "fallen woman," she's totally without guile — a bruised innocent. The two stars make us want to know the people better, perhaps in a looser, more observant movie. As it is, De Palma depends too much upon their personal magnetism; their characters, as written, seem perfunctory, their scenes together taken up merely by nuts-and-bolts exposition so that when the film builds to a climax that is supposed to be supremely affecting, even gut-wrenching, it comes off as bewilderingly empty. The ingredients are there, but the spark of life, the sympathetic engagement, is missing.

But despite the weakness at its center, *Blow Out* is never unwatchable, and a good deal of the issue is a movie with the eccentric nightmare grace the director is famous for. In any sequence, in which Travolta records the sounds of nature just before the death car arrives, is eerily composed of alternating extreme long shots and extreme closeups. And throughout, De Palma gets to indulge his penchant for the darkest of dark humor: a mad killer who dispatches his victims with wrenching in the shape of the Liberty Bell; and a running gag in the editing room, as Travolta and his colleagues try to find the perfect human of its central couple. For eerily and organically to the movie's final morbid joke (the movie editing room would seem to be a fertile new source for screen humor, as discovered by Albert Brooks this year in *Modern Romance*). De Palma also continues his career-long obsession with images of voyeurism: the film is filled with furtive views through windows and, at the very beginning, he does a supercharged sendup of stalk-and-slash thrillers — a subgenre he has contributed to and now seeks to transcend with a daring subjective camera peering through dormitory windows and ending up in a shower room straight from the opening of *Carrie*. Other effects don't work so well. The split screen and slow motion remain only superficial gimmicks, and the central scene in which Travolta discovers that all his tapes have been mysteriously erased, a riot of circular pans and quick cuts, conveys little of the intended mood of impact. Likewise, the pseudo-tragic climax, against a sky abuzz with patriotic fireworks, seems too calculated even for this most artificial of filmmakers.

Perhaps De Palma has been a trickster for so long that it's getting hard to know when to take him seriously. The film's central relationship, despite the attractiveness of the two leads, only gives us enough to keep the story moving, and without a stronger center, the story is revealed for the ragged concoction of stale elements that it is. Even with the director's special visual gloss, we feel we've seen it all before.

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# Mooned



Howard Moon

JEFF SMITH

Beyond the city limits of Escondido, Howard Moon has enjoyed a modest cult following for the two and a half years since he first published *It's News To Me*, the North County's "occasional" (though consistently funny) newspaper that deems the truth to be about as useful as the top button on a contemporary shirt. Being a fan of Howard's — like claiming that you actually enjoyed the royal wedding, or that you have an Oedipus complex — is not something one readily admits to in public. But within the city of Escondido, where Moon says the only thing people do is "eat avocados and drive golf carts," the citizenry patiently awaits each new, usually dilatory edition, reads it avidly, and even forgives it when it tends to wander astray.

Which happened in the last issue. It seems the paper's ace reporter, Heloise Moon, wrote an accurate, moving article.

She earned, so the paper claims, a Pulitzer Prize for her efforts. Embarrassed editor Howard Moon wrote a hasty apology to the Pulitzer committee and returned the prize. "Believe me," said Moon, "we had no idea that Heloise's story was true. A great hoax has been perpetrated upon *It's News To Me* and journalism everywhere." Moon went on to reveal that Heloise had misled his staff from the beginning. "She falsified her résumé by claiming to have had questionable ethics, an extensive criminal record, and no formal education. Naturally we hired her right away. How were we to know that she would write one of the year's best pieces of investigative journalism?" Such antics are definitely not in keeping with Moon's oft-stated editorial policy of never "letting the truth get in the way of the news."

In this same spirit, the Moon family — in particular Robert Ingham ("Howard's closest friend," who bears a striking physical resemblance to Moon) and Jerry Schweibert — began a new theatrical enterprise last Friday night at the Golden Egg

Onset House in Escondido. Schweibert, a recent graduate of UCSD's master of fine arts program, co-produced and directed the show, and Ingham, who is currently in the MFA program at UCSD, wrote most of the material. They call the event "Hamburger Dinner Theatre." It is a last-back program of comedy sketches and a play called *Dorothy*, both designed for audiences that range "from blue-collar to blue hair." Before the show, Moon Burgers, various onsets, beer, and wine are served. Hamburger Theatre Right. And to commence the occasion Ron Bitter, the mayor of Escondido (who took out an advertisement in the program — for his gun shop — that reads, "If you think this show is silly, you should come to a city council meeting"), cut the first hamburger in two with a pair of scissors.

Even with its modest intentions, the show's opening last Friday night was very uneven. This was due in part at least to the logistics of the space, which was asked to accommodate some ninety people, apparently for the first time. The service was either "laid-back" or just slow, depending on one's personal tempo. The full house was so noisy that it drowned out the taped soundtrack that preceded the show. One would overhear fragments of "Future News" reporting things like the royal divorce of 1992, but they sounded more like muzak than the brand of soft-core social commentary that fills the pages of *It's News To Me*. And the wait between the sketches and the play seemed longer than the material itself.

The sketches, written by Schweibert, Ingham, and talented actor Tyro Abinitio, were funny but few. One in particular, called "Love Bus," was a riot. It seems that Escondido's answer to *The Love Boat*, that television program in which ill-starred relationships are overwhelmingly revitalized in the space of a single hour, is a mysterious bus that makes daily trips to San Marcos. On its route it picks up passengers with either obscure tropical (and terminal) diseases or the cure for same. Good stuff. But brief. And Ingham's play, which picks up Dorothy's story after she has returned from Oz, was weak. It was also darkest Moon, an overly serious, cumbersome look at life that made the meal — and Hamburger Dinner Theatre — difficult to digest.

In the play, Dorothy is back in Kansas. She takes up residence in the home of an elderly woman named Madeline, a warped soul who regards the coming apocalypse

with perverse glee. After Dorothy contemplates suicide — for reasons that are never made clear in the script (and that happened to be just day two for this issue!) — she encounters Peter Pan, who urges her to come away with him to Never-Never Land. The slow-paced play is clouded by a world view that insists there won't be a world much longer. The individual performances by Tyro Abinitio (who turned Madeline into a fairly believable, scary character), Sharon Silvergate, and Jerry Schweibert were capable enough. But it was difficult to determine not only what this bleak, heavy-handed drama was about but also how it fit into the context of Hamburger Dinner Theatre. It seemed much more suitable for a convention of standard-issue nihilists eager to confirm their *fadish* opinions.

I must report that a majority of the audience appeared to enjoy the evening and the relaxed atmosphere at the Golden Egg Onset House. But the show — a few short sketches and a dour drama — could use a few changes and additions. Among them is the figure of Howard Moon himself. Except for a brief appearance at the beginning, in which Moon (played by Abinitio) introduces himself, his sleazy cousin Rocco (Schweibert), and a daffy friend named Rattus (Silvergate), we see little of him and learn even less about the bow-tied, bumbling, though extremely witty editor of *It's News To Me*. In effect, the show's headline disappears from view early on.

Because of Moon's absence, the program lacks the kind of humor that is characteristic of the newspaper. It was on the tape that played during dinner, when you could hear it, but not in the show itself. When he's rolling, Moon's tongue-in-cheek satires on the follies of personhood are as sharp and as funny as anything on *Saturday Night Live* (now dead), and there should be a place for them in the show. Having Moon onstage with a newspaper, which he could read and comment upon, or improvising on current topics suggested by the audience, or doing a live version of "Future News," might be the kind of vehicle that would provide Moon — and his creator, who looks a lot like Robert Ingham — with the opportunity to remark at will on the world at large. It might also enable the audience to have a much better glimpse into the silly, bent, perceptive, and funny mind of Howard Moon, which would be worth even a trip to the city of avocados and golf carts. □

# Off the Cuff

What gets you excited?



Ray Gonzalez  
Contractor  
San Ysidro

Hunting. You've probably heard of buck fever. It happens the first time you hunt. You might be about ten feet away. You're so excited you can't shoot, or you do and you miss. That happened to my brother, a Vietnam veteran. He couldn't believe it. It's like in baseball — you practice all week and then you finally go to bat and you can't hit the ball. Last year I had an experience which was the sort of thing you see on TV but you never think it can happen to you. My friend and I were carrying a deer down from Black Mountain. I heard a rattling. It was a large rattlesnake about to attack. I threw the deer down and ran. If you like to go hunting, you've got to be out there as soon as the sun comes up. It scares a lot of guys — they can't handle the cold.



Julie Shryock  
Student  
Claremont

Camping on the spur of the moment. Throwing everything into the car and taking off. It's stimulating to get away from everyday pressures — your friends, meditating relatives, the whole bit. You don't need much so it's not difficult to do on short notice. We have a tent. I usually take some water and maybe a couple of steaks, some wood from our wood pile, the dog. Our puppy's a golden retriever — he loves the water. I love to find a place to fish. Maybe rent a little boat — that depends. Anywhere where there's water is fine with me. Even if I'm just sitting in the boat watching everything. It's exciting in a peaceful sort of way.



William Terry  
Transportation Engineer  
La Mesa

The Department of Transportation and "comic books" — the log books. Every time you stop to eat, take a breath, go to the bathroom — it's supposed to be in the book. A lot of it's harassment. They can search your truck from front to back. In Oregon they check your tires with a white glove. If you're behind on your "comic book" they can fine you. Being a California trucker, you get hassled more from other truckers around the country. The average trucker will call you good buddy if he knows you're from California. They equate it with the Hollywood movie image. You get called queer, plastic, satan. You're constantly experiencing something different and exciting. Whether it's positive or negative, it's an adventure.



Darrel Gibson  
Camera Store Owner  
Spring Valley

Skiing in Utah. Riding my three-wheeler — we go to the desert a lot. Seeing your ideas work. Phone calls from old friends that I haven't heard from in a while. Listening to good jazz on the saxophone. Learning how to play a song on the guitar. Just hearing songs on the radio that bring back memories. People who come into the store — seductive smiles, friendly smiles. Off-the-wall personalities and general craziness. I have one friend who can get me out of a bad mood just by showing up. Jokes. Compliments. And good food, as long as it's homemade.



Terry Magnuson  
Clerk  
From Denver

Skyskiing. It was always something I had wanted to do. The first time you take a class, when it came time to go up, I still had no idea what to expect. I was scared, excited. I didn't want to go first but I didn't want to be last. Unfortunately, I was the only woman and they had us arranged according to size. I was the last to jump — there's no way you can back out once you're up there. It was a gorgeous day — sunny, clear, and warm for February. I jumped. There are so many things that cross your mind — what if the chute doesn't open. What if I'm afraid of what's in the ocean.

— Len Jakary



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- Dance exercise classes for a real workout.
- Start your classes anytime.

	6 a.m.	7 a.m.	8 a.m.	9 a.m.	10 a.m.	11 a.m.	12 p.m.	1 p.m.	2 p.m.	3 p.m.	4 p.m.	5 p.m.	6 p.m.	7 p.m.
Mon.	Dance Exercise		Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Baby & Mommy Fitness	Children's Jazz	Children's Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz	Reg. Jazz
Tues.	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise
Wed.	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise
Thurs.	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise
Fri.	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise
Sat.	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise	Dance Exercise

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18 AUGUST 6, 1981



The figure consists of four separate maps, each representing a different National City branch. Each map shows a street grid with a star marking the branch location. Below each map is the branch name, address, and phone number.

- El Cajon**: 282-0891, 676 Paschen Parkway, Mon-Fri: 9-5, Sat: 9-5, Sun: 10-6
- El Cajon Blvd**: 383-8131, 681 E. Coast Blvd, Mon-Fri: 9-5, Sat: 9-5, Sun: 10-6
- Sports Arena**: 382-9331, 1330 Sports Arena Blvd, Mon-Fri: 9-5, Sat: 9-5, Sun: 10-6
- National City**: 474-0831, 644 West 10th Street, Mon-Fri: 9-5, Sat: 9-5, Sun: 10-6

Nine years later, and cancer-free, Thompson is a counselor at the center and director of its Wellspring program.

Jim Brannigan was director of the La Jolla Athletic Club, and a

(continued on page 4, col. 1)

The advertisements for *Tales of the Seven Seas* call it "the first surfing-travelogue since *Endless Summer*." But what made *Endless Summer* stand out from other surfing movies was its simple theme — three young men follow the summer season around the globe, looking for good surf — and when the theme developed into a story, the movie took off. *Tales of the Seven Seas* has something in common with *Endless Summer*; it shows surfing in a number of exotic locations, some of them never filmed before, and there's an element of the excitement of a newswell, but its only theme is variety and that's not unified. It has no story, nothing to hold the attention of somebody who doesn't surf (or who doesn't wish

he profits). Surferin' will probably find it exciting, and they're the ones the movie exists for.

It was shot for \$70,000 and recorded in Hawaii last June, according to Paul Lucas, a Pacific Beach surfer who is handling the film's showings in San Diego. The ninety-minute film depicts La Paloma Village residents (436-7469) and the Strand in Ocean Beach (323-3143) through Tuesday, August 11, at the Cove in La Jolla (619-454-1100) and the Village in Coronado (435-6161) next Thursday, August 13, at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.; and at the American Legion Hall in La Jolla (619-454-1100) next Friday, August 16, at 7:32 p.m. only. "Usually surf movies come out in the spring and summer, and have a lot of 'about' in the title," Lucas said. "If they're there, they're there."

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

# READER'S GUIDE

Contributors to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday event 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 58283, San Diego, CA 92158.

## Dance

"Jazz Dancers in Concert," a program sponsored by Strictly Jazz Dance Company, will include works by Carol Reynolds, Pam Thompson, Bob Barnes, Susan Arba, and Kenneth Green. Thursday, August 6 and Friday, August 7. Educational Cultural Complex Performing Arts Theatre, 4343 Ocean View Boulevard, San Diego. 230-2824.

Folk Dance events, a workshop on the dances and culture of a number of countries will be held Friday, August 7 through Sunday, August 9, followed by the traditional folk dance conference of classes and concerts, Sunday, August 9 through Sunday, August 16. SDSU. 265-5541.

"Dance Jam," an alternative chance to dance, will take place Friday, August 7, 8 p.m. to midnight. Interval Foundation, 860 Third Avenue, downtown. 239-1713.

"Too Like It" an ethnic dance to the Old World Meier-style music of the Big Jewish Band, will feature the poetry of Jerome Rothenberg and no chain, Sunday, August 9, 8 p.m., Sush, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 235-8466.

## Film

Children's Films, Golden Fish and The Red Ballroom, will be shown Thursday, August 6, 1:30 p.m., National City Public Library, 200 East 12th Street, National City. Free. 474-8211.

"Tales of the Seven Seas," a new surfing film, will be shown through Tuesday, August 11, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., La Paloma Theatre, 17 Street and Highway 101, Encinitas (416-7400) and Strand Theatre, 4950 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach (223-3141).

Conceptual Artist Linda Montano will show a videotape of interviews with five women who have had amnesia increase and other eating disorders, Friday, August 7, 1 p.m., Humanities Library, UCSD.

Penguin Film, Flight of the Penguins by Jacques Cousteau and Jacques Cousteau, on migrating 2000 miles from Brazil to southern Argentina, will be shown Saturday, August 8 and Sunday, August 9, 1 and 3 p.m., Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 233-3811.

"Top Hat," the 1935 musical comedy directed by Mark Sandrich and starring Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin's "Check to Check," "The Piccolino" and "Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails," will be screened Wednesday, August 12, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Music Center, 454-3541.

## Music

"Summer Night Symphony" season of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra will present Carl Orff's

Carmina Burana and Respighi's The Pines of Rome, with conductor Charles Kitchin, soprano Anna Bjarnson-Cannon, tenor Ken Remo, baritone Douglas Lawrence, the San Diego Master Chorus, and the Children's Choir from the School of Creative and Performing Arts, Thursday, August 6, 8 p.m., Open Air Theatre, SJSU (265-6947) and Saturday, August 8, 7 p.m., medical school lawn, UCSD. 239-0721.

"Summer of Stars" pop series of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra will present vocalists Judy Collins and a program of classical and popular compositions, from Ravel to Schubert, conducted by Matthew Garbutt, Friday, August 7, 8 p.m., Open Air Theatre, SJSU. 265-6947 or 239-0721.

Pop Music will be played on the Mighty Wurlitzer by pianist-organist Bob Ralston of the Lawrence Welk TV show, Saturday, August 8, 7:35 p.m., and Sunday, August 9, 2:30 p.m., California Theatre, Fourth Avenue and C Street, downtown. 279-2867 or 442-4649.

Harmony Hap and Friends, Pepe Aron Estavane will play the hundred-one-piece harmony harp and Jonathan and John Glaser will play improvised music on instruments they designed and built, Sunday, August 8, 8 p.m., Interval Foundation, 860 Third Avenue, downtown. 239-1713.

Harpist Patrick Lindley will present a "Concert in the Gallery," with works of Bach, Stravinsky, Scarlatti, Mozart, Soler, and Albini, Sunday, August 8, 8 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Music Center, 221 15th Street, Del Mar. 451-0231.

Summer Sunday Concert Series will continue with the Kensington Piano Quartet, featuring Robert Goldman, violator David Form, cellist Mary Lindholm, and pianist Ilana Minsky performing works of Beethoven and Brahms, Sunday, August 9, noon, Marquis Public Theater, 3717 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego. Free. 239-2674.

Fuer Function, San Diego police officers in the PD's band will play rock and roll, country, and punk, Sunday, August 9, 1 and 2 p.m., Bazaar del Mundo, Old Town. Free. 236-3161.

Mandolin Music will be played by the San Diego Mandolin Or-

chestra, Sunday, August 8, 1 to 3:30 p.m., Salsab Square, Old Town. Free. 244-0378.

Violinist John Craghton Murray will perform in recital, Sunday, August 9, 2 p.m., Patis B. Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, and at 7 p.m., Christ United Methodist Church, 33rd and Meade avenues, San Diego. Free. 455-6499.

Guitarists Salmond and Mulder will present a program of folk, popular, and Christian songs, Sunday, August 9, 7 p.m., Claremont Lutheran Church, 4271 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, San Diego. 273-7421.

American and Irish Folk Music will be presented by Guy Carawan and family and friends, with hammered dulcimer, harp, guitar, and vocals, Sunday, August 9, 8 p.m., Ocean Song Gallery, 1440 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar. 755-4254.

Children's Choir, the touring group of the Hong Kong Children's Choir will perform works of Bach, Barok, Kodaly, Foulden, Copland, Britten, and traditional Chinese music, Tuesday, August 11, 8 p.m., First United Methodist Church, 2111 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley. Free. 249-4366.

Summer Community Concert Series will present Popoli, a Danish band, Wednesday, August 12, 7 p.m., Centre Court, University Towne Centre. Free. 453-2930.

International Fine Art Competition, the second annual, will be held Thursday, August 6 through Sunday, August 9, Mission Valley Centre. 239-4325.

Home Show and Gymnastics, the tenth annual in Pine Valley, will be held Sunday, August 8, with a parade at 9 a.m. and home show at 10 a.m., and Sunday, August 9, with art bazaar, cup chow showing contest, pancake breakfast, and more, Pine Valley. 473-8388 or 473-8618.

Playdays, have unlimited use of the miniature golf, water slide, bering cage, water bugs, basketball, football, and other facilities for a single admission price, to benefit YWCA/Barred Women's Services, Saturday, August 8, 9 a.m. to

noon, Sunday, August 9, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Salsab Square, Old Town. Free. 244-0378.

"The Manderer of Spit Cobras," a program by New York performance artist Eric Schmidt, will include the premiere of The Diary of Golden Surrows and other performance pieces and verse panels, Saturday, August 8, 8 p.m., 2325 University Avenue, San Diego. 692-0452.

Marathon Mania, a twenty-six mile walk to prepare for an upcoming fifty-six mile walk sponsored by Walkabout International, will be led Sunday, August 9, 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., from Copper Penny Restaurant parking lot off West Mission Bay Drive. Free. 231-WALK.

Fiestas, to benefit the Barona, Vieja, and Sycuan Indian missions, will begin with a mariachi band and blessing of the animals, and continue with dances, music, and a deep-dish barbecue, Sunday, August 9, 10:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., Barona Indian Reservation, 1054 Barona Road five miles east of Lakeside. 443-3362.

Nagasaki Day Prayer Vigil will be held in one of the sixty-one places in the U.S. considered most likely to be attacked first in a nuclear war, Sunday, August 9, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., outside the North Island Air Station main gate at 4th and Alameda, San Diego, 443-3362.

Alysonia Bona Fina will be given away, and absolute, chile peppers, datura, flowering acaes, California native plants, and other flowering trees and shrubs from the botanical garden's nursery will be for sale, Sunday, August 9, 1 to 4 p.m., Quail Botanical Garden, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 753-4432.

"A Dialogue with a Psycho: An Evening with Leonard" will be an in-concert exploration of the metaphysical with the San Diego psychic, Sunday, August 9, 7 p.m., Quail Quarter Theatre, 547 Fourth Avenue, downtown. 234-9583.

Shelter Island Struck, a fast and fit Fleet Feet event for serious walkers, will feature fourteen-minute miles and a timed mile, Monday, August 10, 6:30 p.m., from Spenning Landing, North Harbor Drive and Scott Street, Point Loma. Free. 234-0247 or 223-WALK.

Summer Puppet Shows will feature hand puppets, no puppets, and marionettes, Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 and 2 p.m., Fridays, 10:30 a.m. and Sundays, 3 p.m., through September 7, Puppet Theatre, Balboa Park. 276-1634 or 466-7128.

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

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 653 Fifth Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-5227.

Native Plants can be seen on garden walks every Sunday from 1 to 2:30 p.m., Quail Botanical Garden, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 753-4432.

Nature Walks will be offered every Sunday by the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Florida Canyon, Balboa Park. Free. 232-3821 x48.

Those who cannot participate can send EEA donations to NOW Walk for Equality, 4430 North Ave., No. 1, San Diego, CA 92116.

# TO LOCAL EVENTS

## Sports

International Volleyball, the USA men's volleyball team, with a silver medal from the 1980 U.S. World Cup Qualifying Tournament in Mexico City, will start a four-city domestic tour against the national volleyball team of Japan, Thursday, August 6, 7:30 p.m., Peterson Gym, SDSU. 462-4162.

Tandem Bike Ride, share a tandem bike with a blind person or ride along singly, at an event sponsored by American Youth Hostel Friends of the Blind, Saturday, August 8, 8:30 a.m., from Blind Recreation Center, Park Boulevard and Ulla Street, San Diego. Free. 239-2444.

Charger Football, the preseason is here, at last, and the San Diego Chargers will kick off against the St. Louis Cardinals, Sunday, August 8, 8 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 580-2111.

Shark Football, the San Diego Sharks will be looking for retribution against the Los Angeles Mustangs, Saturday, August 8, 7 p.m., San Marcos High School stadium, 1615 San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos. 433-3707.

Pader Baseball, the San Diego Padres will be playing ball again, against the Atlanta Braves, Monday, August 10 through Wednesday, August 12, 7:05 p.m., San Diego Stadium. 231-4494.

Super and Limited Stock Cars will be racing at San Diego during October 10, 8 p.m., Cajon Speedway, Bradley off-ramp at Gillespie Ave., El Cajon. 448-9000.

Thoroughbred Racing, the forty-second annual season at the Del Mar track will continue its fiery three days of racing, with nine races daily except Tuesday, through Wednesday, August 12, first post at 2 p.m., Del Mar Fairgrounds. 239-1340 or 755-1141.

## Lectures

"American Renaissance: Current Interactions Between Music, the Arts, and Humanities" will be the theme of a discussion and performance by composer Kenneth Gaburo, founder of the New Music Choral Ensemble experimental performing group and Linus Press publishing house, Friday, August 7, reception at 7:30 p.m. and presentation at 8 p.m., followed by a walk-through of the current Musical Manuscripts exhibition, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park. 232-7931.

"Too Much Coping with Our Addictive Nature" will be discussed in a series of lectures on various kinds of addictive behaviors, Saturday, August 8, 8 a.m. to noon, Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, 10366 North Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla. 455-8835.

Poet Milan Rastislav Salka will give a reading of his poetry, with folk instrument accompaniment, Saturday, August 8, 7:30 p.m., Plum's House, 1615 West Lewis Street, Hillcrest. Free. 299-7098.

An Afternoon of Poetry will feature readings by Pat Beaus and Candace Chan, Sunday, August 9, 2 p.m., Jose Sherwood House/Villa Montezuma, 1925 K Street, San Diego. 239-2211.

Poetry Reading, Mark Dry will read selections from his poetry, Monday, August 10, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

"Medical Self-Care" will be the topic of a lecture presented by a physician's assistant Fred Cagle, Wednesday, August 12, 7 p.m.,

Holistic Healing Arts Clinic, 412 South La Jolla Village Road, La Jolla. Free. 753-6681.

"A Premiere Presentation on Rupert Brooke" will feature an introductory lecture by Wilmon Menard and a reading by David Tompkins of the poetry of Rupert Brooke, Wednesday, August 12, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. Free. 456-1800.

## Radio/TV

"Hiroshima and Nagasaki: The Hibak, aka Speak Out," thirty-six years later, atomic bomb survivors and medical advisors and legal consultants discuss their experiences, Thursday, August 6, 9 p.m., KPFK 90.7 FM.

"California Rights," a documentary on the public controversy in California over the subject of states' rights, will be televised Thursday, August 6, 9 p.m., KPFK 90.7 FM.

"On Central America," five days of programming on Nicaragua and the rest of Central America, will feature interviews with the leaders and the led, Monday, August 10 through Friday, August 14, 4 to 9 p.m., KPFK 90.7 FM.

Film Folk, director Federico Fellini and actor Marcello Mastroianni will be Dick Cavett's guests, Monday, August 10, 6:30 and 11:30 p.m., repeating Tuesday at 6:30

and 11:30 p.m., repeating Wednesday, August 12, 6:30 and 11:30 p.m., Channel 15.

Boxing, the USA junior Olympic championships will be televised Saturday, August 7, 7 p.m., Cable Channel 2.

"The Searchers," a vintage Western, directed by John Ford in 1956 and starring John Wayne, will be televised Saturday, August 8, 8 p.m., Cable Channel 6.

All-Star Baseball, the game will be covered live from Cleveland, Sunday, August 9, 5 p.m., Channel 39.

"On Central America," five days of programming on Nicaragua and the rest of Central America, will feature interviews with the leaders and the led, Monday, August 10 through Friday, August 14, 4 to 9 p.m., KPFK 90.7 FM.

Film Folk, director Federico Fellini and actor Marcello Mastroianni will be Dick Cavett's guests, Monday, August 10, 6:30 and 11:30 p.m., repeating Tuesday at 6:30

"Hitchcock," a profile of Hollywood director Alfred Hitchcock, will be broadcast Wednesday, August 12, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

"New Works," suspended constructions by Kathryn Rothrock, large-scale mixed media paintings

will be on view at an evening reception, Friday, August 7, 6 to 10 p.m., and continue through August 29, Sush, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 235-8466.

"Parts to a Piece," a documentary group exhibit of work by Peter von Arnim, will be on view at an evening reception, Friday, August 7, 6 to 10 p.m., and continue through August 29, Sush, 852 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 235-8466.

"Captain Blood," Michael Curtiz's 1935 film starring Errol Flynn as a swashbuckling doctor-turned-pirate and Olivia de Havilland as a proper young lady, will be aired Tuesday, August 11, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

"Living Treasures of Japan," nine of the treasures and performing arts honored by the Japanese government as "Holders of Important Intangible Cultural Properties" will be profiled in a National Geographic special Wednesday, August 12, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

"Objects of Concern," an exhibition of paintings by Peter Stearns, will be displayed through August 8, Quins Gallery, 7521 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla. 454-1952.

"A Perspective on the Permanent Collection" includes works of post-modernism, pop, minimal, and conceptual art, through August 9, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-3541.

Photographic Images by Brett Watson, including work from the 1960s, will be displayed through August 12, Photography Gallery, 7468 Girard Avenue, La Jolla. 459-1820.

"New Works," suspended constructions by Kathryn Rothrock, large-scale mixed media paintings



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SAN DIEGO: Grant Travel, 1820 4th Ave., Phone: 232-4688; 232-4112  
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Riverside: 940-4600 (Coca-Cola) Bus to Tijuana, \$7.00  
Oceanside: 444-4444 (Coca-Cola) Bus to Tijuana, \$7.00  
Tijuana: Buflights Tish at Office, 921 Revolution, Phone: (602) 386-2310  
CHILDREN: General Admission, half price (under 12 yrs.)

**SUMMER OF STARS**

**TONIGHT AT 8:00 PM**  
**ORFF: CARMINA BURANA**  
CHASLES KITCHIN, Conductor  
ANNA BJARNSON-CANNON, Soprano  
KEN REMO, Tenor  
DOUGLAS LAWRENCE, Bass  
**SAN DIEGO MASTER CHORALE**  
SDMC, Open Air Theatre (Presented in cooperation with San Carlos Institute, SDMC)  
Audience: 21, 8:00 p.m.  
UCSD, La Jolla (Presented in cooperation with San Carlos Institute, SDMC)  
Audience: 21, 8:00 p.m.

**TOMORROW AT 8:00 PM**  
**JUDY COLLINS**  
MATTHEW GARBUIT, Conductor  
SDMC, Open Air Theatre (Presented in cooperation with San Carlos Institute, SDMC)  
Audience: 21, 8:00 p.m.

**NEXT THURSDAY AT 8:00 PM**  
**THE MUSIC OF SPAIN**  
ANGEL ROMERO, Conductor & Guitarist  
MATTHEW GARBUIT, Conductor  
ANGEL LA FERRA, Vocalist  
BRYN CARSON, Vocalist  
SDMC, Open Air Theatre (Presented in cooperation with San Carlos Institute, SDMC)  
Audience: 21, 8:00 p.m.

**FRIDAY AT 8:00 PM**  
**THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND**  
ERICH KENZEL, Conductor  
"MAJOR GUNNY AT THE POPS"  
SDMC, Open Air Theatre (Presented in cooperation with San Carlos Institute, SDMC)  
Audience: 21, 8:00 p.m.

**SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY**

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**WHEN:** August 23, 1981  
**TIME:** 7:30 a.m.  
**DISTANCE:** 5 miles  
**WHERE:** De Anza Cove, Mission Bay

Proceeds will be used to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment. Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of sex. For sponsor sheets and/or official T-shirt, call 270-3889

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Those who cannot participate can send EEA donations to NOW Walk for Equality, 4430 North Ave., No. 1, San Diego, CA 92116

**ERA**

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 653 Fifth Avenue, downtown. Free. 233-5227.

Native Plants can be seen on garden walks every Sunday from 1 to 2:30 p.m., Quail Botanical Garden, 230 Quail Gardens Drive, Encinitas. 753-4432.

Nature Walks will be offered every Sunday by the San Diego Natural History Museum, 2 p.m., Florida Canyon, Balboa Park. Free. 232-3821 x48.

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Tijuana: Buflights Tish at Office, 921 Revolution, Phone: (602) 386-2310  
CHILDREN: General Admission, half price (under 12 yrs.)



## READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

"Turkish Treasures from the Collection of Edwin Binney, 1872," including calligraphy, miniature paintings, ceramics, textiles, and metalwork, will be exhibited through September 7. San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 325-2900.

"Intricate Landscapes," an exhibition of photographs by Ted V. land, depicts the changes imposed on landscapes by the automobile, will be on view along with "Sundays," by Marshall Harner, through September 9. Gallery Graphics, 1842 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 295-1538.

### Surf-logue

(continued from page 1)  
spring, then they may be re-edited the following spring to include the winter footage, then brought out for a second showing. The audience is about twenty percent gay, between fourteen and thirty years old. You guess there are about two

million surfers in the world. You figure some of them are going to bring their girlfriends. So you know it's a limited market, but you've got a good idea of the demographics."

Lucas, who made twenty-five dollars on renting a surfing movie in high school with his brother, knows that "people like to see their own locals in action. The Hawaiians like to see Michael Ho, Gerry Lopez, Larry Bertelman — their own heroes. When they're on the screen, the audience boos. When other guys are on the screen, they pretty much keep quiet." The Californians featured in *Tales of the Seven Seas* are J. Riddle (who seems to do most of his surfing in Hawaii), and a fast, skinny fifteen-year-old from Rincon, Tommy Curren.

Some of the most entertaining footage is of a catamaran getting smashed in a wave at Ala Moana, in Hawaii, and (oddly) of the space shuttle Columbia lifting off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral. The launch is the opening shot of the film. Lucas and the filmmaker, Scott Dittich, "wanted to start the

movie off with a bang." It ends with a sunset on an enormous beach, with a large crowd of people. The programs are being taped before an audience of health-care professionals who will participate in asking questions. A preliminary viewing of one of the early shows revealed, along with somewhat too much "sharing and caring" gloss, an honest example of one person's life which could have parallels to our own.

The Healing Arts will begin this Sunday, August 9 at 6:00 p.m. The first program will be repeated Friday, August 14 at 10:00 a.m. The series, produced by KPBS, will be televised on Channel 15.

— Amy Chu

### Art/Health

(continued from page 1)  
singer and composer on the side, when a hang gliding accident left him quadriplegic a year ago. Still in his twenties, he is continuing his musical avocation and has started sketching, while working on being able to live by himself. Gladys Whall has been blind for nine years because of detached retinas and cataracts. Nevertheless, she swims and dives, bowls, and plays golf. Karen Kenyon has suffered two traumatic losses: the birth and death of a child with Down's Syndrome and the suicide of her

husband. Her writing and poetry have helped her through these experiences. The programs are being taped before an audience of health-care professionals who will participate in asking questions. A preliminary viewing of one of the early shows revealed, along with somewhat too much "sharing and caring" gloss, an honest example of one person's life which could have parallels to our own.

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— Amy Chu

### Melodies

(continued from page 1)  
There they are, arrayed against each other, the two forces that control our lives: fortune, and love. To love is to give oneself into the hand of fortune, but it is also to embrace the rich reality of being alive:

"Love me faithfully. See the faithfulness Of my whole heart/And my whole mind. I am with you Even when far away. Whoever loves like this/Is turned upon the wheel." Which is why Camilla Baranca — the poems and their music — is a truthful and profound work of art. As well as being a lot of fun.

The performance of Camilla Baranca by the San Diego Symphony will take place on Thursday, August 6, at 8:00 p.m. at SDSU's open air theater, and again on Saturday, August 8, at 7:00 p.m., on the UCSD medical school lawn. The program will also include Respighi's picturesque tone-poem *The Pines of Rome*.

Tickets may be purchased at the Aztec Center ticket office; at Sears, Wards, and all Ticketron outlets; at Bill Gamble's men's store and all Select-A-Seat agencies; at Kaleidoscope Gifts in University Towne Center (for the UCSD performance only); and by phone at 265-6047 (for the SDSU performance). For further information, call the symphony office at 239-9721.

— Thomas Arne

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Scripps Clinic Amphitheater  
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\$22.00 per person. Pre-registration is advised.  
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\* Chicken long rice \* Poi \* Yams  
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# READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

Music commentary is by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego 92188, or call 231-7521 Friday before 5:00 p.m.

Most pop artists are judged by the body of their work, either on vinyl or in live performance, and, regardless of the quality of specific efforts, can be doomed to obsolescence by a long stretch of inactivity or subpar product. Pop audiences are fickle, and today's hero can quickly become tomorrow's laughingstock if he fails to maintain those standards which attracted an audience in the first place. In that light, it is extremely rare for an artist to release one album of such strength and dimension that thereafter he is identified with it, and, subsequently failing to equal or surpass the work, is nonetheless held in high regard for years because of it. Dave Mason is one artist who has managed this peculiar feat.

In 1970 Mason released his first solo album, *Alone Together*, after having made his bones as a songwriter and guitarist in the near-legendary Traffic. The album had everything going for it: great songs, airtight yet sinewy arrangements, fine musicianship, production values that perfectly complemented the material, famous guest artists who actually contributed something besides their names, and



DAVE MASON

Mason's own exemplary singing and playing. In short, *Alone Together* was a minor pop classic, and remained high on the sales charts for a long, long time.

Huge question marks began to emerge almost immediately upon the release of Mason's eagerly awaited follow-up, *Dave Mason and Cass Elliot*, on which he inexplicably teamed with the ex-Mama. This second album was plagued by Mason's obvious attempt to write material suitable for the melding of his and Elliot's voices, voices that were leagues apart in style and sensibility. The songs were toothless

attempts at an ill-conceived accommodation, as light and bland as the album's all-gray jacket. Sales were nominal, and in terms of critical acceptance and chart success, Mason has never come close to recovering from this costly goad.

Still, mention Mason's name today, and if the person to whom you are speaking isn't a teen-ager, he or she will almost automatically think of the five debut album, and songs such as "Only You Know and I Know," "World in Changes," and "Shouldn't Have Told More Than You Gave." I don't doubt that a number of the people who plan to attend Mason's

concert in San Diego this week are at least subconsciously hoping to rediscover some of the cogency of that earlier work. If you are such a dreamer, be forewarned: Mason's sets at the Bacchanal will be all-acoustic, and will probably borrow heavily from his last few records. These albums contained a couple of minor hits and some pleasant harmonizing, but listening to them is analogous to picking through a box of Christmas candy after all the nuts and chews have been taken. Mason's songs over the last few years are the equivalents of crime files, and often seem devoid of emotion and conviction, deadly deficiencies from a songwriter whose tunes are so personal. Whether a live, close audience will be able to light a fire under Mason remains to be seen, but I plan to be there for one of the two shows Wednesday night in the hope that there is something left of his once applaudable talent.

With the possible exception of Mason's shows, it looks like a pretty bleak week for concerts. Sha Na Na will be in town tonight, Thursday, for a show at the Sports Arena that fails to arouse my interest. Since I have no gauge of the public's current interest in these guys, I am at a loss to determine whether or not the cavernous Sports Arena is the appropriate venue for a Sha Na Na concert. I would hazard a guess that only neophiles and habitual watchers of the group's lame

television show would pay to see them go through the same, tired Fifschies, one that was overtaken by rigor mortis several years back. I think there will be some empty seats.

Once clever and campy, Sha Na Na's members can now be seen shimmying with the likes of Peggy Cass and Charles Nelson Reilly on daytime game shows. All of which proves that if they were at least partially sincere in their initial efforts to train the spotlight on the seminal rock and roll music of that bygone era, they have since become firmly and inextricably mired in that treacle known as Show Biz.

Speaking of treacle, Elvin Bishop will play twice each night, Saturday and Sunday, at the Wild Animal Park (why does this sound so appropriate?). Bishop is living proof that in this great country of ours, anyone with enough pluck and perseverance can steadily work themselves downward from a position of promise to limball insignificance in a relatively short period of time. Once a budding guitar hero, Bishop's last few albums would make good incidental music for a recitation of the *Purmer's Almanac*. But then, if the words "country boogie" still mean something to you, by all means check him out this weekend.

Last, a group called 999, about whom I know very little, will play the Bacchanal this Sunday night, with special guests to be announced after the deadline for this column.

## CONCERTS

Sha Na Na: Sports Arena, tonight, Thursday, 7:30 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

999: Bacchanal, Sunday, August 9, 8 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8069.

Elvin Bishop: San Diego Wild Animal Park, Saturday and Sunday, August 8 and 9, 3:30 and 7:30 p.m., Highway 78, San Pasqual, 234-6541.

Dave Mason: Bacchanal,

Wednesday, August 12, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8069.

The Ramones, Holly and the Italians, and the Penetrators: California Theatre, Thursday, August 13, 8 p.m., Fourth and C streets, 365-9947.

The Kinks and Joe Ely: Sports Arena, Sunday, August 15, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

Peter Tosh and Burning Spear: California Theatre, Tuesday, August 18, 8:30 p.m., Fourth and C streets, 283-1566 or 233-4271.

## CLUBS

Club listings are compiled by Linda Nym. If you wish to be included, please call 231-2598 Friday afternoon or Saturday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

### North County

Albatross, 1309 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, 755-6744; Mel Goot Quartet with Denise Jeter, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob Long, ragtime and jazz piano, with Nan Cie Hamilton, Sunday and Monday.

Anchorage Fish Company, 3878 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3179; Pride and Joy, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; From Los Angeles and Karl Christ, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Bar X Ranch House, 119 East Broadway, Vista, 234-0510; Mox, country western and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9022; Dirk Debonaire and the Boat People, new wave variety, Thursday; the Chicago Six, Disneyland, Friday; afternoon: Jerry McCann and the Gigglers, rock and roll, Friday, Saturday, and Wednesday; the

Forks, rock and roll, Sunday; Bobby G's, 485 First Street, Encinitas, 436-7291; Avenue, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Emergency Exit, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; the new Johnny, Almond Ranch, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Cask and Cleaver, 140 South Sierra Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-8238; Luck, Stock and Barrel, contemporary variety, Thursday through Saturday.

Distillery East, 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido, 741-9393; The Penetrators, new wave, the Beat, rock and roll, the Flashes, rock and

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**Mom's Saloon, 457 Carmel Avenue, Pacific Beach, 445-0876** Dine, drink and roll. **Thursday** through **Sunday**: Burnin' Wild, rock and roll. **Monday**: the Bank, rock and roll. **Tuesday** and **Wednesday**.

**Mustang Club, 3505 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Point, 223-3556** Itern, Bays and A Touch of Country, country. **Tuesday** through **Saturday**.

**Rodeo, 5880 Via La Jolla, La Jolla, 451-5091** The Dukes County Band, cowboy and rock. **Wednesday** through **Saturday**: Towed Strikers, live wire. **Sunday** and **Tuesday**: flat, rock and roll. **Monday**.

**Saskia's, 4230 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 223-0175** The Stone Country Jazz Quartet, jazz. **Wednesday** through **Saturday**: Colorado Cool Aid, country. **Sunday**: western. **Sundays**.

**The Surfer Lounge, 711 Pacific Beach Drive, Pacific Beach, 448-8134** Paul Shore, country. **Friday** and **Saturday**: evening. **Sunday**: Saturday.

**San Diego North**

**The Alamo, 3993 Clairemont Drive,**  
Clairemont, 276-2248. Country  
CASAting, country, western.  
Tuesday through Saturday.

**Albie's Beef Inn, 1201 Hotel Circle**  
South, Mission Valley, 291-1103.  
Merle Moore, contemporary.  
Tuesday through Thursday, Phil  
Parise piano bar, Friday and  
Saturday.

**Albie's Hideaway, 1235 Hotel Circle**  
South, Mission Valley, 296-8088.  
Lynn Lopez, contemporary, music  
and dancing, Friday, early evening.  
Merle Moore, contemporary, Friday  
and Saturday.

**Anchor Inn, 7405 La Jolla Village**

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Boulevard, Kearny Mesa, 571-1532; Juarez, Mission Valley, Friday and Saturday.

**Backhand**, 8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard, Claremont, 560-8022; Bratz, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday 199; Sunday, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday, call club for information; Dave Mason, contemporary, Wednesday.

**Black Angus**, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3106; Colorado Cool-Aid, country western, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Black Angus**, 10370 Friars Road,

Mission Valley, 563-5862; Forward Motion, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

**Hartley Stone Pub**, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 279-2033; Jim and Theresa Hinton, Celtic folk and Irish, Friday and Saturday, Sunday.

**Bunbury's**, 5906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8666; Jettas, rockin' country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Cunningham's**, 7994 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 578-1216; Red Eye, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Flanigan's**, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 291-8635; Peelin', top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Houlihan's Old Place**, 5323 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-0371; Chicago Shakers, blues and jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**La Hacienda Cantina**, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-6281; Talswind, contemporary and top 40 dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Mike Sanders, contemporary and easy listening, Sunday and Monday.

**Lahr's Greenhouse**, 2828 Camino

del Rio South, Mission Valley, 298-2628; Eddie Preston, blues and contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Loading Zone**, 4198 Convoy Street, Kearny Mesa, 277-9800; Metro, rock and roll, Thursday; Melting Pot, reggae, Friday; the Unsubscribes, 60s rock, Saturday.

**London Opera House**, 5404 Balboa Avenue, Claremont, 279-2266; Crack-a-Noon, contemporary.

Tuesday through Saturday; Dusty Best, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**Monk's**, 10475 San Diego Mission Road, Mission Valley, 563-0060; Pigg and the Blitz, top 40, seven nights.

**Monterey Whaling Company**, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1638; Texas Tuxedo, light country rock, Wednesday through Saturday; Patrastra featuring Chris Vitas, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

**The New Box Office**, 4450 Alvarado Canyon Road, Mission Gorge,

284-5644; The Rising, rock and roll, Tuesday; Rockin' and roll, Thursday; Rockin' and roll, Friday; The Blue Wizard, rock and roll, Friday; The De-Nite, rock and roll, Friday; Philharmonic, rock and roll, Saturday.

**Patric Gold**, 240 Linda Vista Road, Linda Vista, 277-8681; Country Justice, country western, Friday and Saturday.

**Smuggler's Inn**, 402 Fashion Valley Road, Fashion Valley, 291-7170; Skip Garcia, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Spells**, 1130 Burnes Avenue, Bay Park, 276-3993; The Rick Elias Band, rock and roll, the Monroes, rock and roll, Thursday; Great Buildings, rock and roll, DFX2, rock and roll, the Dean Machine, rock and roll, Friday; the Unknowns, rock and roll, Blurt, rock and roll, Forked Tongues, rock and roll, Saturday; the Penetrators, new wave, plus guests, Tuesday; Trowers, ska-reggae, plus guests, Wednesday.

**Springfield Wagon Works**, 5255 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 565-2272; The Spud Brothers, music of the '40s, '50s and '60s, Thursday through Saturday.

**Stadium Club**, 6065 Fairmount Extension at Tustin, Mission Gorge, 282-3286; Legend, country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

**The Leo's**, 6333 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-9944; Terry Brabson, jazz vocal styling, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Wrangler's Room**, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge, 280-6262; Hot Spun, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

**Wynne's**, 5149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 583-5700; California Express, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; jam session, Thursday.

**Jelly Rogers**, 807 West Harbor Drive, Newport Village, 233-4300; Connor and Dalton, country rock and blues, Wednesday through Saturday; Rita Mesa, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Humphrey's**, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577; Fever, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Rita Mesa, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Harpoon Henry's**, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242; Jay Days, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

**Holiday Inn/Embarcadero**, Porthole Lounge, 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 222-2861; Bus Strings, variety-country to punk, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Humphrey's**, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577; Fever, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Rita Mesa, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Wynne's**, 5149 University Avenue, East San Diego, 583-5700; California Express, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; jam session, Thursday.

**Handels Wind**, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017; King Biscuit Blues, blues, Thursday through Saturday; the Chicago Shakers, blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Mount Solis Elia Lodge**, 5860 Market Street, East San Diego, 284-9786; jamme, soul and disco, Sunday.

**O'Thompson's**, 2547 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 298-0133; Patrick Rice, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Mary Adams, Irish harp, Thursday through Saturday; Terry Schickel, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

**Reuben's**, 880 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-1880; John Campbell and Conspiracy, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday; Dicoeland, Sunday and Monday.

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classical, Thursday; The Original Jackstraws, traditional music, Friday; John Canan, contemporary, Jim Tarp, guitar, superstitious, Saturday; Hot Night with Lou and Virginia Curtis, Monday; Sanna Carl Gell Irish Band, traditional Irish music, Tuesday; Llama, classical guitar duo, Wednesday.

**Ed's 8th Place**, 4363 Taylor Street, Old Town, 291-0069; Gil Warner, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Fat City/China Camp**, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0086; Wayne Geyer, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; Sheila Harris, contemporary and pop, Friday and Saturday.

**Humphrey's**, 4016 Wallace Street, Old Town, 295-0584; Joe Stewart, soft rock and country, Thursday and Sunday; Doris Ross, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

**Harpoon Henry's**, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242; Jay Days, jazz, Friday and Saturday.

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Shish Kabob House, 6360 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-7072; Nasa Trio, Middle Eastern music, Friday and Saturday.

**Triton**, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240; Bruce Cameron Ensemble with Hollis Gentry, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

**Trojan Horse**, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 582-1070; The New East-West Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

**California Express**, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Rockus, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Tuba Man's**, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9426; Ira Cobb "Jazbo", Dixieland, Saturday.

**Voyager**, 1901 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 222-0421; Bogart, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Zebra Club**, 560 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 239-4222; Top Cats, rock and roll, Crawdads, rhythm and blues, Thursday; the Products, rock and roll, the No-No's, rock and roll, Secretions, rock and roll, Friday.

**East County**

**Alex's Steak House**, 733 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 460-1500; Kirk Bates and Linda Para, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Big Oak Ranch**, 1723 Harrison Canyon Road, Dehesa, 445-3047; California Country Band, country western, Sunday afternoon.

**Black Angus**, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5655; HB and Run, top 40, Monday through Saturday.

**Boys Bill's**, 9325 Mission Gorge Road, Sanate, 448-9983; Frank Dixon in Country Nightlife, country, Friday and Saturday.

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**Belly Up Tavern**  
PROUDLY PRESENTS  
Every Thursday site 9 p.m.  
Rock 'n Roll with  
**THE DIRK DEBONAIRE SHOW**

Friday & Saturday,  
August 7 & 8 9-10 p.m.  
Rock 'n Roll with  
**JERRY McCANN AND THE GIGOLOS**

Friday & Saturday,  
August 7 & 8 9-10 p.m.  
Rock 'n Roll with  
**JERRY McCANN AND THE GIGOLOS**

Sunday, August 9 9-10 p.m.  
Good time Rock 'n Roll with  
**THE FORKS**

Every Wednesday site 9 p.m. Rock 'n Roll with  
**JERRY McCANN AND THE GIGOLOS**  
"I cover and 50" drafts all night

Friday & Saturday, August 14 & 15 9-10 p.m.  
L.A. No. 1 50s/60s Revival Band & Show  
**THE PRETENSIONS**

Sunday, August 16 9 p.m.  
An evening with  
**RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOT**  
with guest  
**TOWNES VAN ZANDT**

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**RODEO**  
Phone 457-5590  
Entertainment  
Note new starting time  
**DALLAS COLLINS BAND!**  
Wednesday thru Saturday, 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.  
**TWEEN SNAKES**  
Sunday & Tuesday,  
9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.  
Cover charge only \$1.00  
Monday, 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.  
Lunch, dinner, cocktails, live entertainment & dancing.  
La Jolla Village Drive & Villa La Jolla Drive  
You must be 21 or over to enter

**SAN DIEGO'S FINEST JAZZ**  
at **Elavie's Restaurant**  
11th floor SUMMER HOUSE INN 7955 La Jolla Shores Dr.  
459-0541  
**PETER SPRAGUE**  
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas  
Home of the James Gang  
485 First St. 436-7397  
**DANCE OF THE UNIVERSE**  
AUG 5-OCT 4 WED-SUN  
9pm-1am  
NO COVER CHARGE  
**MARGUERITA PAGE QUARTET**  
AUG 3-SEPT 8, MON & TUES

**Solid gold rock 'n' roll returns at last!**  
**The Ram Band**  
featuring Steve & Kevin  
playing  
**Million-seller Rock 'n' Roll Hits**  
50's 60's 70's 80's  
Tuesday - Saturday  
9:00 pm - 1:30 am  
at the **ALL THE WAY INN**  
The French Quarter  
4240 West Point Loma Blvd., 224-8282  
Open 10am-2am  
Thursdays Kamikaze \$1  
Tuesdays Margaritas \$1  
Wednesdays Well Tequila Drinks \$1  
Happy Hour 6-9pm every day  
Every drink in the bar: 2 for the price of 1

**Bobby G's**  
Thursday, Aug 6 thru Saturday, Aug 8  
**Avalon** rock  
Sunday, Aug 9 & Monday, Aug 10  
**Emergency Exit**  
Tuesday, August 11 & Wednesday, Aug. 12  
**Johnny Almond's New Band**  
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas  
Home of the James Gang  
485 First St. 436-7397

**JOSE MURPHY'S IRISH PUB**  
She's back!  
**Cindy & The Sinners**  
Starting in September  
**David Bradley**  
And The Manic Band  
**Zany, Off The Wall**  
Every Sunday & Monday  
**the HAMMERS**  
4302 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-3220

# San Diego South

**Anthony's**, 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 222-2861; Bus Strings, variety-country to punk, Tuesday through Saturday.

**Black Frog Restaurant**, 4672 Federal Boulevard, East San Diego, 264-5797; Saw featuring Paul Bunyan, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday; Wave, jazz, Friday and Saturday; jazz jam session, Sunday.

**Best House**, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8010; Oh! Ridge, contemporary, variety, comedy, Tuesday through Saturday; Scumby Checkfield, jazz and soft pop, Sunday and Monday.

**Bonday Bicycle Club**, 2006 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577; Saw featuring Paul Bunyan, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday; Wave, jazz, Friday and Saturday; jazz jam session, Sunday.

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# King Biscuit Blues

Thursday-Friday-Saturday

**West Coast Connection**

**The Shakers**

Good food—good music—good service  
That's what we're all about!

**The Mandolin Wind Restaurant**

308 University Hillcrest 297-3017



**PORTLAND MAKAI**

with Lee Karin

Now appearing  
Wednesday through Saturday  
9:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.

**Windrose**

Marina Village, Mission Bay Park  
1935 Quivira Road 223-2335



Rare & Out-of-Print LPs - Imports - Used LPs  
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WE'RE OPEN 7 DAYS

MONDAY SATURDAY 10 AM TO 9 PM - SUNDAY 11 AM TO 7 PM

**CASH PAID FOR USED LPs & 45s**

Footage: Halcyon  
Rick Elias Band: Spirit  
Emergency: Fall: 1980-81  
The Flamingos: New York  
Toshiba: Pleasure: New York  
Forked Tongues: New York  
The Forks: New York  
Four Eyes: New York  
Habits: Loading Zone  
Heroes: Halcyon: Distillery: Old No. 7

Highway Robbery: Le Châlet  
Holland: Loading Zone  
Incognito: Payco  
Mark Lessman Band:  
Triton: Cardiff  
Jerry McCann and the Cigalos:  
Bully: Payco  
Melting Pot: Loading Zone  
Metro: Loading Zone  
Miami: Castaways  
The Mousers: Spirit  
Moving Targets: Distillery: Old No. 7

The Neat: Distillery: Old No. 7  
Old No. 7: My Rich Uncle's  
The New East/West Band: Trojan Horse  
North: Payco  
No Exit: Longshot Saloon  
The Nomads: Joe Murphy's  
Loading Zone  
The No-No's: New Box Office  
Zebra Club  
No Galt: Distillery: East  
The Producers: Spirit: Distillery: East

Potion: Payco  
Pride and Joy: Anchorage Fish Co.  
The Products: Zebra Club  
Prophet: My Rich Uncle's  
Windrunner  
The Ringo: New Box Office  
Rogers: New Box Office, Overtime  
at the Casino  
The Rollers: Beachcomber East  
Beachcomber West  
Rushmore: Beach Club, Trojan Horse  
Running Wild: Mary's Saloon  
Secretions: Zebra Club  
Shades: Windrunner  
Sky High: Pousy Mine Company  
Some Philharmonic: New Box Office

The Steamer: Sandy's Whiskey  
Flats  
This Side: Distillery: East  
Thumper: Payco  
Thunderbolt: The Wonderbolt: Joe Murphy's  
Top Cat: Zebra Club  
Tremulous: Spirit  
Tweed: Southerns: Distillery: Old No. 7

Ultra Violet: Le Châlet

The Unknowns: Spirit  
The Unknowns: Le Châlet  
White Noise: Sandy's

**Country/**

**Country Rock**

Ambition: W.T.R. Steak Ranch  
Bandits: Valley Center Inn Saloon  
Gerry Bass and A Touch of  
Country: Mustang Club  
Bramble: Burn Silver Saloon  
California Country Bands: Big Oak  
Ranch

Colorado Cook-Aid: Black  
Angels: Kountry Moon, Sassa's  
Casser and Dallas: Jolly  
Roger: Seaport Village  
Country Cassanova: The Mamas  
Country Gold: Our Favorite Place  
Country Justice: Padre Gold, Circle  
D Corral

Country Rejects: Stage Coach Inn  
The Critters: Hill House  
Barrie Cunningham: Hill House,  
Windrunner  
Dallas Express: Charlie's Little Bit  
of Country

Footstomper: Jody's Deck  
Frank Dixon in Country Nightlife:  
Boss Bill's  
Great Caper: Mickey D's  
Highways: Bull and Bear  
Sassie Hirsch: Ruben's La Mesa  
Hot Spots: Windy's Road  
Jelous: Burnbury's  
Legends: Stadium Club  
Roberta Linn and the Chameleons:  
Atlanta

Don Livingston and Timberline:  
Whiskey Flats  
MB Sound: Lohland Resort  
Jim Moore: Pine Valley House  
Steve Moore and Pinet Action:  
Lorenson's

Moxy Barr-V Ranch House  
Jimmy Nicks: Driftwood  
100 Proof: Country, Burnbury  
The Otwell Brothers: Sheraton Inn  
Airport

**THE NEW BOX OFFICE**  
4350 Alvarado Canyon Road  
(1/8 at Mission Gorge Road)  
More information: 284-5644  
Thursday, August 6

**THE & ROGUE**  
Friday, August 7  
Rock and roll with two bands  
Plus drink specials

**FOOLISH PLEASURE & BLUE WIZARD**  
Plus drink specials  
Saturday, August 8  
Three bands

**THE NO-NO'S THE ELDERS**  
featuring  
**JIM MCINNIS & CLAUDE COMA**  
**SOME PHILHARMONIC**  
Admission is free until 9:00 p.m.

**Mariscos Maravillosos**  
★  
★ Marvelous seafood prepared in the traditional Mexican style.  
**Live entertainment & dancing**  
MARGUERITA PAGE  
—live jazz 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. MONDAYS  
JAIME MORAN  
—live jazz and rock 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS  
ESTERAN & CRISTINA  
—traditional Mexican music. 1:00 to 6:00 p.m.  
THURSDAYS through SUNDAYS  
LUNCH: Mon.—Sat. 11–4,  
Sun. 1:30–6:30;  
DINNER: Nightly from 5;  
SUNDAY BRUNCH: 10:30–2;  
HAPPY HOURS: 4–7 weekdays,  
all night Mondays  
Call 232-7581  
in SEAPORT VILLAGE,  
Pacific Highway at Harbor Drive



**Old No. 7 DISTILLERY**  
Thursday-Saturday, Aug. 6-8  
**Moving Targets**  
Sunday, Aug. 9  
**Heroes**  
Hot new group!  
Sunday & Monday, Aug. 9 & 10  
Dance with  
**Brian Lewis**  
Tuesday, Aug. 11  
**The Neat**  
Wednesday, Aug. 12  
**TWOEYES**  
180 S. Santa Ana, Suite 100, San Diego, CA 92104

Pony Express: Timber Room  
Lanny Provitt and Cinnamon  
Widger: Tim and Country House  
Jill Preston: Orange Tree  
Red River: Capistrano's  
Sam's Country Band: Pines  
Spray Inn  
Shenandoah: Lakeside Hotel  
Carl Simmonds and Southern  
Comfort: Circle D Corral  
Joe Stewart: Hamburguesa  
Tall Cotton: Magnolia Highway  
Jack Tompkins and the Twirling  
Norwoods: Longshot Saloon  
Texas Tuxedo: Monterey Whaling  
Company  
Johnny West: Palomino Cocktail  
Lounge

**Jazz / Blues**  
Lori Bell and Shep Meyers: Prophet  
Vegetarian Restaurant  
Three Carpenters Ensemble:  
Tribute: San Diego, Blue Parrot  
Belle Carter Quartet: Chateau  
Lounge  
Terry Brabson: The Leo's  
Dee Dee Big Band: Burnaby  
Bicycle Club  
Jeanne Cheatham: Sheraton Inn  
Airport  
Chuckie: Root House  
Chicago Shakers: Houlahan's Old  
Place, Mandolin Wind  
The Chicago Size: Bully Up Tavern  
Ira Cobb "Jumbo": Tuba Man's

Collaboration: Driscoll Magg's  
Jimmy Gorman: Corsican's and All  
That Jazz  
Tom Cat Courtney and the Blues  
Dusters: Tenth Trubhouse  
Dance of the Unweave Orchestra:  
Llanos  
Jay Dwyer: Harrison Henry's  
Parrot  
Terry Gibbs Vibe Quartet: Blue  
Parrot  
Don Gies: The Blue Parrot  
Leslie Gold: Sheraton Harbor  
Island  
Neil Good Quartet: Albatross  
Goldilocks: Ruben's Harbor Island  
King Blacott: Blues: Mandolin Wind  
Billy Ryle Vibe Quartet: Blue Parrot  
Butch Lacy: Islandia Hotel

Bob Long: Albatross  
Tom Maly Quartet: Provident  
Jazz, Mandolin Wind, Pines  
Mama's: Burnaby Bicycle Club  
Charles McPherson: Burnaby  
Bicycle Club  
Jaime Moran: The Mexican  
Restaurant  
Night Visions: Chuck's Steak House  
Paul Oakes Big Band: Red's Place  
Steve O'Connor Jazz Quartet:  
Sassa's  
Doc Olson's Dixieland Band: Blue  
Parrot  
Tony Ortega: Fish House West  
Marguerita Page: Elario's  
Palm Alley: Fish House West  
The Ella Ruth Pigeon Quartet:  
Chuck's Steak House

Earline Reeves: Dock's Cocktails  
Sassa's: Blue's Place  
The Sunset Shoreline: Sheraton  
Reverend: Ruben's Place  
Sassa's: Fish House West  
Waver: Burnaby  
Zapp: Corsican's  
**Folk / Ethnic**  
Mary Adams: O'Hara's  
R. Ray Clayton: Old Time Cafe  
Colorado: Macho's  
Cathy Curtis and Deborah Liv  
Johnson: Old Time Cafe  
Lew and Virginia Curtis: Driscoll  
Magg's  
Edith and Christina: The

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
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