

There were the cats, the dogs, and the long hours.
And then there was Dr. Smith.

AMONG THE CREATURES

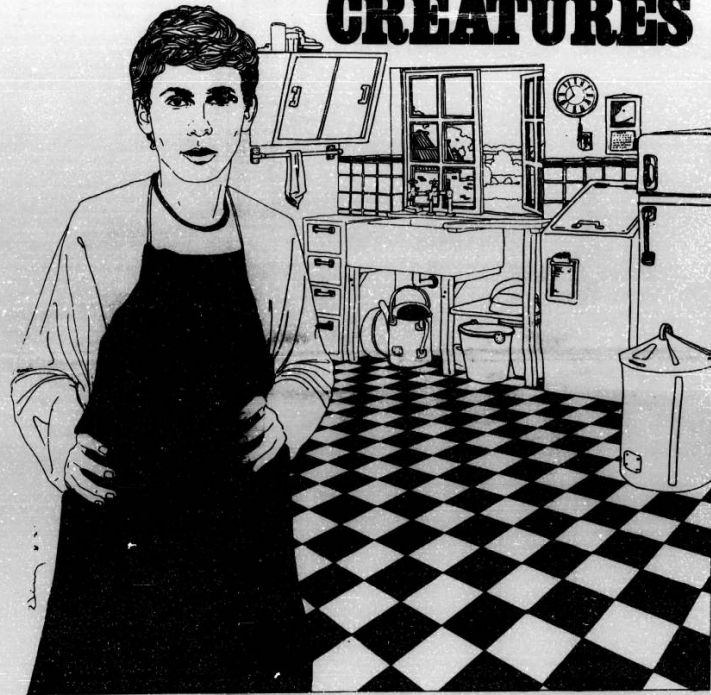


Illustration by David Katz

Not long ago I returned for a visit, my first in several years. From the outside it hadn't changed at all. I'd always had a vague notion of what the building's rectangular shape suggested to me, and then it finally came to mind: it looked like a yellow shoe box without a top. It was still bordered in the front by an anemic "garden" plot, and on the long side facing Marvin's Auto Repair by a bed of jack-straw that nearly matched the color of the wall at whose base it festered.

I got out of my car, walked across the street, and peered in through the front door. It was Sunday and the place was closed for the afternoon but would open up again for an hour at five to accommodate customers who might want to pick up their pets or leave them off before the start of the week. Almost as if it were meant to hap-

pen, a young woman came walking across the darkened office toward me. She opened the door and smiled. "Hi," she said. "Can I help you?" She seemed so friendly that I decided to ask. "I didn't really want anything. It's just that I used to work here about ten years ago and I was . . . well, I was wondering if I could just have a quick look at the back. For old time's sake."

"Sure," she replied. "Come on in." I followed her through the main lobby, noting the same old pictures of dogs still hanging on the walls; left, past the front examination room and the side entrance that led into the two-car, gravel-bed parking lot reserved for the doctors; down the hallway; left again, and finally right past the x-ray room on the left and the bathroom

(continued on page 110)

By Ron Jennings

City Lights



South parking lot

Asphalt Jumble

Forecast: an argument is rising over the parking lots near the County Administration Building downtown. Although a plan to develop those parking lots commercially is fast proceeding, talk of the Miami Beachification of the Embarras already has begun to rumble.

The goal of that plan, first advanced by Supervisor Rogers Hedgecock more than a year ago, is to earn money for the county by leasing the twelve or so acres on Pacific Highway to a private developer (who would have to provide county employees with parking in whatever he builds — almost certainly some tourist-oriented facility like a hotel complex). The county furthermore would take a percentage of the developer's yearly profits, a share which county staff members figure should amount to at least seven million dollars a year by no later than 1990. Tantalized by the prospect of such a windfall, the county opened the bidding process in November, and twenty-eight developers responded. Five of them had presented actual proposals by this week's deadline.

No matter what they come up with, Bill Tyson is virtually sure not to like it. A local attorney (who also is just completing the construction of an attractive four-story office building directly across from one of the county parking lots), Tyson is one of a group of citizens who point out that the city's community plan for downtown calls for the parking lots' open space to be preserved, and in fact improved, by the conversion of the parking lots into parks. He adds that a small group of concerned citizens even recently came up with one plan for privately financing such parkland. Tyson further stresses that the original deed to the land restricted it to government purposes, and he says, "To me, government purposes doesn't mean putting up a commercial hotel."

Hedgecock dismisses the community plan as lacking any

real authority, and doesn't foresee the deed restriction as causing serious problems. "I think we ought to use our public land more creatively," he says. The supervisor also derides the open-space preservation argument. "We're not talking about doing this or parks. It is not open space currently. It is a piece of asphalt."

—J.D.

And Make Believe It Came From You

Ruth Hart
Lexington Avenue
El Cajon

Dear Ruth,
I have to say that when I first heard about your business — writing personal letters for other people — I could hardly believe it was for real. I mean, how much trouble does it take to write a letter? I wondered if your clients were illiterate. Or if this was just another sign of our, impersonal age.

But after we talked, it all seemed more plausible. I certainly can understand how you would have been searching for a way to bring in some extra income three years ago, when you were a twenty-year-old mother of two small babies and you didn't want to work outside the home. So you got your girlfriend to drive you to all those laundromats and grocery stores in El Cajon where you could pick up your notice. "Do you want to add a professional touch to your relationship?" If so, call Ruth.

I'm impressed by the number (at least one hundred) of the letter-writing jobs you've gotten since then. Of course your price is only six dollars, including the hand-written original composition, the stationery (your special brown-toned, heart-shaped paper inscribed

in the center with the word "Faith"), and the stamp. In fact, I can't believe you haven't raised that price, though you have imposed the three-page limit and you do write big, and as you point out, "It doesn't take anything for me to sit down and write a letter. The words just flow."

Also, you do draw upon the words of others, like poetry from your idol, Lord Byron. I know how devout a Christian you are, but I think you're wise to screen your customers before including any Scripture by asking if they'd rather buy a car from a Christian or a non-Christian. That's a pretty basic test, as you say.

As we discussed, your religious beliefs also hold you back from writing anything negative or obscene. I think it's pretty amazing that you've only had to turn down one would-be client — that guy who wanted you to send the note to the woman in his office, the one from whom you got the vibrations that he was just after her body.

It struck me that you've gotten so organized at this that you could franchise the business. It wouldn't be hard to train other letter writers, telling them how you question each

client carefully before putting ink to paper. First, you ask why he or she wants to send the letter. By now you've learned that the biggest category here is those people who simply want to send a thoughtful personal greeting to a friend or a relative.

Then you ask the client to describe honestly some of the personal qualities of the letter recipient. "And I take no lies," you stress. "I wouldn't want someone to call me up and say, 'Oh Ruth, you're such a snot.' I'm not a snot. But I do have some good redeemable qualities. And I think most people are like that."

Finally, you ask for the relationship between the letter sender and the recipient, and I think you're absolutely right about the importance of getting that straight. As you say, "It is ineffective something that's not there would be a real bummer."

If you ever did train other letter writers, I think you could use as a good example that one you sent for the fellow who wanted to thank his platoon's woman friend for allowing him to confide in her. It sounded pretty typical: "This is just a note to let you know that I am thinking about you and the reason I'm writing is that you have played a very important part in my life. My trust in other people had been broken down and you have rebuilt it."

I am puzzled, though, by the fact that most people choose to send the letters unsigned instead of coming over to your apartment to add their signatures. I know you put a tiny "R" plus a heart shape near the bottom, but that must further confuse the recipients. I guess I also still can't quite comprehend why people turn to you. "Life has grown so complicated," you said. "Most of the time it's just that they're too busy to sit down and think." Guess that must be it. Anyway, best wishes,

—J.D.

And When It's Not, It's Not

Like good government agencies everywhere, the San Diego Police Department wants to do its share to help conserve energy. So two weeks ago the department decided to turn off all hot water in the restrooms of the police's downtown headquarters, seven substations, and shooting range, affecting a total of seventy-five wash basins. A few weeks earlier a study authorized by Captain John Nulon of administrative services had found that such a move would save the department more than \$5000 a year.

As far as many police officers are concerned, however, the department remains in hot water. "It's ridiculous," says one officer who asked not to be named. "Now they take away our hot water. Next they'll tell us we can only use the lights every other day."

"I'm thinking about complaining to the labor board," says another officer. "Cold water just isn't as effective as hot water is, and it's unsanitary." A spokesman for the Industrial Labor Relations Board, however, says hot water is required only in areas where the skin comes into contact with carcinogens or other hazardous chemicals, such as in the police department's laboratories, where the hot water has not been turned off.

Just four months earlier the City of San Diego had ordered all hot water turned off in the thirty-six wash basins in the City Administration and City Operations buildings after a \$60000 a year could be saved. (The discrepancy in the proportionate savings arises because the police stations are equipped with gas heating, which costs forty-two cents per therm, while city offices use steam heating, which costs ninety-two cents per therm.)

—T.K.A.



Ruth Hart

Photo by Jim Coyle

City Lights

Self Appointed Editor

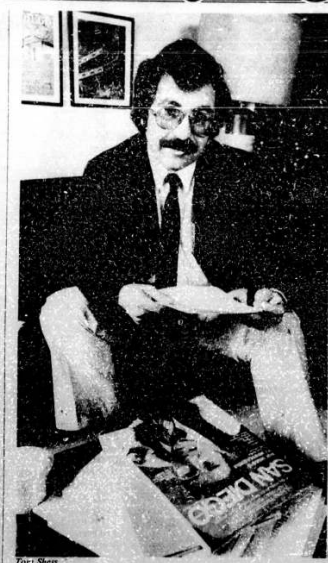
Don't blame Tom Shess for this month's *San Diego Magazine*. He didn't write the item in the "Urban Eye" section on how to say "I Love You" in fourteen languages, complete with pronunciation guide; and he didn't commission the eleven pages of spring fashion photos or the seventeen-page promotion on Pacific travel and cruise ships, which thoughtfully advises prospective globe-trotters that "the full-length mini coat of the cruise business is the around-the-world cruise. . . . It is possible to pick up a shorter, in-transit segment, but really, why settle for a mini hat and collar?"

Shess did interview Channel 8 sportscenter Ted Leitner, whose face graces the magazine's February cover, but it would be unfair to judge him by that editorial one-on-one. (An excerpt: Q [Shess to Leitner]: You're making big bucks here, right? A. Yep. Q: How much? A. I like the bagel, got some cream cheese? Q: We talked to some friends of yours. They said nice things. A. Really? Shess's influence on the current issue is more subtle, more belting his new job as *San Diego's* "executive editor." He did, for example, add phone numbers to the address listings of restaurants and shops featured in a "guide" to Mission Hills.

Shess is *San Diego's* publisher. He's chosen to replace former managing editor Nanette Wiser and to help reorganize a scrambled editorial system that sometimes left writers hanging for six months before they got the okay to proceed with a story. And while Shess's repeated references to "the family" make it clear that publisher Self, wife Gloria, and daughter Winkie will still control the magazine's business and editorial functions, Shess's role will take on added influence as Self's day-to-day control loosens.

"I'd started the magazine and he's been running it for thirty-five years now," the likable Shess explained last week. "There's other things in life to do, and I think he and Gloria want to try that."

The Shesses are entrusting their glossy, four-color money-maker to an editor well schooled in the craft of commercial, keep-your-advertisers-happy journalism. Thirty-six-year-old Shess, a *San Diego State* grad, previously edited for East-West Network publishers of airline in-flight magazines and *San Francisco* magazine. In talks with local writers, Shess has stressed *San Diego's* role as an "up-to-date Yellow Pages," providing its 56,000 readers with the latest developments in business and offering "the new [businessman] on the block a chance to get his name out to our subscribers." He views city magazines as the



Tom Shess

Photo by Chris Corbin

publishing equivalent of commercial television and believes that "TV mentality has forced magazines to be more visual." In other words, a quicker read. "I think we have to admit that the first thing readers turn to in *California* magazine is 'Best Bets,' and the 'People' page in *Time*," Shess explained.

To help *San Diego* "better say who we are," he plans to cut story length by up to forty percent, spruce up cover graphics, and publish the magazine's first fiction. Shess also advises that *San Diego's* current stable of writers is "under review," and says he's actively seeking out new talent. The writers he likes may profit. Shess hopes to convince publisher Self to pay his freelance writers up to \$1000 for some of the upcoming guide and feature stories, for which writers currently get between \$350 and \$750.

P.A.

Barber Gets Trimmed

Two years ago editors at the *Times-Advocate* in Escondido were so impressed with a guest editorial David Barber had written opposing the construction of nuclear power plants that they invited him to join a panel of eleven other correspondents, each responsible for one contribution per month to the paper's "As I See It" opinion column. Two weeks ago the same paper published an editorial dealing exclusively with Barber. Following the

headline, "Mea Culpa: Openness And Fairness Come Back To Bite," editor Will Corbin advised the twenty-six-year-old assembly-line worker to study journalism in school "to better appreciate how the power of the press should be used," and likened Barber's expressions of opinion to the recent "irresponsible" utterings of state Senator John Schmitz. Corbin concluded his editorial with the statement, "He [Barber] is, after all, our monster."

The relationship between Barber and Escondido's only daily newspaper began to sour last March, after a Barber column objected to

construction in the city's Kit Carson Park of a new shopping center by developer Ernest Hahn. Barber argued that Hahn insisted on the site despite the availability of other locations that would not take away park lands, and that the city council gave in, fearful the ferocious developer would take his proposal to another city if his demand was not met.

Immediately after my column ran, the editorial board called me in and asked me to write an apology and a retraction for having the position I had."

Barber fumes. "I refused, and they told me my contract would not be renewed." (Although they receive no pay, guest columnists are "hired" for four-month periods.) "Shortly after that I called editorial chief James Foiner and asked him whether I could still contribute occasional columns. He told me he considers me one of the best columnists he's had, but [newspaper president] John Armstrong 'holds a grudge' and I couldn't do so."

Under his contract, however, Barber had one column left, and in April he used it to attack another issue dear to the city council: newspaper and city council expansion of the municipal sewer system, already near capacity. At the time, the City of Escondido wanted to annex 7650 acres of county land, 3000 of which were on the soon-to-be-developed Daley Ranch, owned by Mobil Oil (the oil company had applied to build 5000 homes on the site but the county would only allow 310, fearing contamination of nearby

Dickson Lake, the reservoir for Escondido's water). Mobil had been urging Escondido to annex its land because the city presumably would be more lenient in allowing dense construction. To accommodate 5000 new homes, the sewer would have to be expanded; to expand the sewer, the City of Escondido would have to borrow \$36 million, which would be repaid by increasing homeowners' sewer bills by 400 percent over the next three years. Barber's column revealed that the city had been warned twice in 1978 by both

the city manager and the planning director that growth was out of hand and the city either had to control the rate of growth or control the cost of that growth by forcing developers to pay more for their share — something which obviously wasn't being done with Daley Ranch.

Response to his final column, Barber states, was so overwhelming in the form of telephone calls and letters that he soon initiated a petition drive to repeal those increases, and collected 6000 signatures in less than a month. The council relented and altered the proposal so that the rates would increase over a twelve-year period rather than a three-year one. In October Barber launched another petition drive, this time to place the sewer expansion question on the February 23 municipal ballot. Again he succeeded, and voters will soon be able to decide whether to reject expansion or finance it through general revenue bonds or through the creation of a nonprofit corporation.

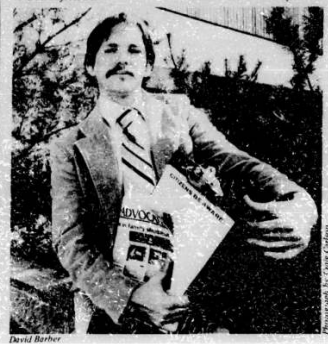
Shortly after the latest drive, Barber announced his candidacy for city council. That's when the newspaper attacks began. "They called me a Pied Piper," said I'm naive, and tried to imply I use the press to further my own causes," Barber says. "But that's exactly what they do. They act as though their position is the only one to take. You speak up differently and all of a sudden you're a monster." A few days after that most recent editorial was published, Barber dropped out of the race, saying, "I don't have the stomach for the politics of politics," and the newspaper's attacks shifted to Jerry Harmon, the only member of the five-man city council also opposed to sewer expansion.

Will Corbin, the editor of the *Times-Advocate*, denies his paper is engaging in what Barber perceives as a "vendetta" against him. "I don't think we've lashed out at him; we simply question his position," Corbin states. "Where he's coming from doesn't make sense. Strong words? It's all rhetorical. I guess he has a tendency for colorful language; it makes for good reading."

Barber still wants to write for the paper in the future, but Corbin doesn't seem to think that's possible. "We've changed our basic mode of operating the As I See It column," Corbin says. "We weren't seeing good commentary in the column, so we've eliminated the panel and use much more of an invitation process. David's in a slightly different position now; he's no longer in the realm of correspondents. He's a public figure. He's not invited from the paper. He's just in a different space."

—T.K.A.

From the *DeWitt*,
—Paul Krawiec,
and Thomas K. Arnold



David Barber

Photo by Chris Corbin



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DISCUSSIONS

The Reader (USPS 336-730)

Kelly's Hero

Unmistakenly Andrew
Hogarty's "City Lights," January
25, set his terms, and he de-
clared: "I think it's a crying shame
that I can't look on such an
amazing article. What if that girl
were a member of one of their
families? Would they have
changed their minds, or is FedMart
too 'company first' oriented to be
human and compassionate?"

I will never set foot into a
FedMart again because it's
obvious where their major concern
lies. I must not be too
concerned about their public
image. And to the investigative
detective, the "wonder" in-
sider who found the whole episode
humorous, and all others who
chastised this wonderful young
man—I would find it extremely
comforting to know that at least
there is one person out there who is
willing to lend a helping hand
who trouble arises.

Thank God for Andrew Hogarty.
Too bad there aren't more like him
to go around.
Kelly Rann
Mission Valley

Underdog Breath

The only real problem I have
with Stephen Heffner's January 28
article ("Sports") about the
Chargers is trying to list my

Letters

"bulky gold, diamond-studded
Super Bowl ring." He builds up
two coaches who have been close
to the Chargers but he doesn't have
the guts to compare them to our
own Don Coryell. Instead, he
switches targets to Gene Klein and
has great fun with references to the
serious heart attack Mr. Klein
suffered during the L.A.—Oakland
Raiders trial.

I challenge Mr. Heffner to name
one NFL team which has played
more exciting, fun-to-watch,
winning football over the last
several years than the Chargers.
Any real problems that exist within
the organization are only obscured by
the "professional bulldozer,"
as he should describe himself, and
his article.
Bud E. Smith
College area

We Dykes

Of all the ways to slander the
taxpayers' money, surely sending
the vice squad to confiscate male
pictures showing the walls of gas
bars is the most absurd. ("City
Lights," January 28.) Perhaps
Chief Koleski and his closet
cases had run out of fuel to fire
their tantrums.

Of course harassing gay
individuals and enterprises has
always been part of the
Establishment game, but even in
this, the Age of Fabell, we dykes
and faggots still have the right to
vote. If our lock-tipped,
delicate-ankled police chief ever
wishes to replace P. Wilson as San
Diego's lowest mayor ever, he'd
better remember that fact and call
off the hounds.
R. V. Shull
San Diego

Erratum

Last week's article concerning
the San Diego Coronado Bay
Bridge ("The Sky Above, the Bay
Below") incorrectly stated the cost
of the bridge's construction. The
correct figure is \$47.6 million. The
Reader regrets the error.
—Ed.

War

Thank you for "Conversation
with a Woman" (October 29).
That she and others could come to
terms with their homosexual
orientation in the 1950s in America
is amazing.

Her experiences with the Air
Force mirror those of many gay
and lesbian individuals who've
served in the Armed Forces. She
came through identity crises, an
unbearable discharge, parental
disapproval, and the gamut of
adaptations familiar to
homosexuals nationwide.

Her story represents a personal
struggle spanning more than
twenty years—a battle won. The
larger war continues. In the 1980s,
collection of well-publicized
"queer batters" and to the
nameless, cowardly, "queer
batters," a warning is in order.
The reverend Falwell and
Robinson, Ms. Bryant recently
returned to the active-duty roster of
homophobes. Senator Laxalt,
Representative Bentsen, and
others: closets are for clothes, not
for people. We ask no special
privileges, but we will not submit
upon our persons, our liberties,
and our dignity with all necessary
force.
Gary Owen
Normal Heights

The Theme

From Hamlet

Where do you find your
inspired reviews? Does
Jonathan Saville only believe that
there is no place for background
music in the production of
Shakespeare ("Deities and
Virtues," January 21)? I can only
assume that Mr. Saville has only
seen high school productions of the
Bard's work in the past. Had he
ever seen a production at
Stratford-on-Avon, Stratford
Ontario, England's National
Theatre, or any other theater of
renown, he would be aware of an
important background music can be
to the overall theater experience
(all these theaters use the "legend"
music which Mr. Saville so
despises).

I feel that Conrad Sasa's music
was one of the high points of the
Old Globe's latest Shakespeare
production.
Terry Kempf
Ocean Beach

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
I work in an office. A man next to me smokes. He is the only person in our area who does. I asked him politely if he would stop and he refused. I spoke to my supervisor and she informed me that there was no law regarding this. It seems to me that the last antismoking bill we voted on was defeated because the tobacco companies swore up and down that there was sufficient regulation to protect people like me. Is there?

Dean M. Smith

East San Diego

State, county, and city laws prohibit or restrict smoking in certain public areas, such as grocery stores, hospitals, clinics, public buildings, and indoor theaters, and in the lines formed by people waiting for almost any kind of service, as at the bank or travel agency. But except for service lines, the laws don't cover smoking in private buildings or offices. Sandy Winmark at the American Cancer Society suggested that you join other people in your office and talk with the supervisor as a group.

Dear Matthew Alice:
What's the story on the new light wines? Even though they have fewer calories, are they as tasty to drink?

Adrie A. Marra

La Mesa

Unlike some of the beers containing enzymes that degrade carbohydrates and produce a brew with fewer calories, the light wines have no additives or any kind of unusual chemical. They are simply less alcoholic than ordinary wines. In 1974 the German-born winemaker Ed Friedrich joined the San Martin Winery and quickly introduced a line of what he called soft wines, having alcoholic contents of eight to ten percent by volume, instead of the customary twelve percent. The purpose



Vice president of the wine division of Mesa Distributing Company, which handles Taylor locally. "San Diego and Boston both did very well on market surveys for the light wines," Hark said, "probably because of the large number of young people in both cities who are concerned about health." He said that of 300 people who bought Taylor light wines last summer and who were surveyed by a marketing company for Mesa, sixty-seven percent "were not wine purchasers, which means we're opening up a new market."

Light wines are mass produced in two ways. The grapes may be harvested early to contain less sugar, or the wines may be finished at twelve percent alcohol and then have some of the alcohol drawn off in a centrifuge. While the latter is the most convenient method for the winemaker, both produce a less tasty wine than conventional grapes are capable of. To enhance the flavor of their products, the wineries have just this year released wines with even less alcohol, but with higher concentrations of unfermented sugar. The Taylor chablis, for one, is down from nine percent alcohol to eight and a half, and its sugar content is up from about one percent to one and a half.

Few bars and restaurants serve the light wines because they come in such small packages, Hark said. Since the wineries are promoting home sales, the restaurants can't buy the light wines in the eighteen-liter packages that enable them to serve house wines at conventional prices and still post a markup of 300 percent. "With small bottles, the restaurants' ounce cost goes up and they make only 200 percent," said Hark.

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.

Illustration by Rick Greer

then was not to create a low-calorie wine but to make the most of the grapes that the winery purchased from the vineyards of the central coast. These grapes were much like those that Friedrich had known in his homeland, the Moselle River Valley near the border of Luxembourg. Growing slowly for as many as seven months, under a pattern of mild days and cold nights, the Moselle grapes ripen with less sugar than grapes of other regions, and consequently, the low-sugar wines are less alcoholic than the norm and incidentally less fattening. Most grapes in California and elsewhere are considered ripe for wine making when their sugar content reaches twenty-four percent. "When I came to San Martin and began working with these coastal grapes, we didn't know how ripe was ripe," said Friedrich. "We started at twenty-two percent, and . . . now we are at seventeen and

a half percent, and all the time we have a full flavor from the grapes because of the long growing season that allows the grapes to mature and develop a flavor that you wouldn't get in a growing season of only three or four months." San Martin produces the varietals chenin blanc, Johannisberg riesling, and gamay beauregard, ranging in price from seven dollars to five dollars a bottle.

Now the larger wineries have entered the mass market with wines that appeal to dieters and to those who normally don't buy wine for drinking at home. The company names so far are Taylor California Cellars (a subsidiary of the Coca-Cola Company), Les Hermines (a subsidiary of Nestle), and Paul Masson. The light wines of these companies have proven so successful that eight more wines will be introduced within thirty days, said Gerry Hark.

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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

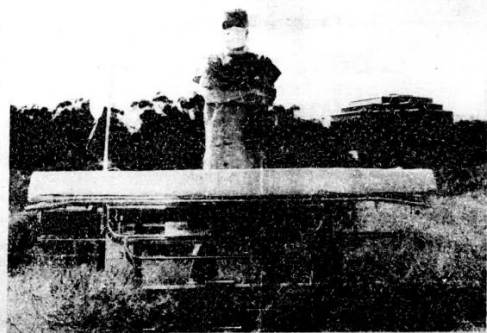
TWO INFLUENTIAL AND POWERFUL MEN want to build a 500-bed hospital in La Jolla, but their preliminary maneuverings already have skeptics wondering who will be helped and who will be hurt by the project. Charles Edwards, president of the prestigious Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, and Richard Atkinson, chancellor of UCSD, first talked over lunch last spring about building a jointly operated hospital, construction of which would give Scripps more hospital beds and UCSD a teaching hospital within walking distance of its campus medical school. Doctors' committees from Scripps and UCSD have studied the idea, and last week another committee was formed to begin more detailed work on the project. On February 19, UC's board of regents will be presented with the plans.

While Atkinson and Edwards insist that any decision on the hospital project is a year away and both men downplay speculation as being premature, one of their committee members recently took the offensive by belittling UCSD medical school's current teaching center at University Hospital in Hillcrest. The doctor, William Hollingsworth, also raised doubts about UCSD's commitment to University Hospital's traditional role as "hospital of last resort" for minorities and the poor. Hollingsworth told the *Los Angeles Times* last month that University Hospital, which is owned and operated by UCSD, is "a long way from world-class" and argued that "funds would be better used to build the [new] joint hospital

than to try to upgrade University."

Hollingsworth's remarks angered University's staff and prompted acting director Vince Wayne to assure colleagues at a staff meeting last week that he would "go on the record" to defend University's reputation and future role. But Wayne then declined to rebut Hollingsworth publicly and referred all reporters' questions about the spat to his bosses within the UCSD administration. Wayne and his staffers, who four months ago formed a committee to study the implications for University of a new La Jolla hospital, aren't the only ones worrying about how a new teaching hospital would affect University's ability to treat those who can't afford private hospital care. (Some forty percent of University's patients are covered by Medicare or Medicaid, compared to just ten to fifteen percent at other private hospitals such as Scripps Clinic. University also receives \$7.4 million a year in state "teaching funds" used to underwrite treatment.) Stephen Shubert, director of San Diego's Council of Community Clinics, bluntly predicts that if Scripps Clinic and UCSD build a new hospital on La Jolla mesa, the sale of University Hospital to a private company will follow. "They [UCSD] could never support both hospitals given the state's budget problems," Shubert says. "And if they would obviously be the one to go. So its poorer patients, who already have a tough enough time finding their way to University, would have to travel to La Jolla for treatment."

Other critics of the proposed La Jolla hospital say it is



simply a way for UCSD and Scripps to increase their professional stature. "Hospitals and administrators always want to expand," says Selma Robbins of the new Health Action Coalition. "They want new buildings, new equipment, new toys, and new arenas for prestige. While these La Jolla hospitals are ostensibly nonprofit, they want to draw as many patients for their doctors as possible—to get a bigger share of the market." Robbins says no new medical-surgical wards are needed in La Jolla, and argues that primary care and preventive medicine facilities are a more important priority for both La Jolla and the county as a whole. "The beach-area clinics are swamped with elderly patients, there's a huge problem of unwanted pregnancies in Southeast San Diego, and a critical county-wide shortage of skilled nurses," Robbins says. "Those are greater health-care needs."

Robbins and Shubert pose little threat to the UCSD/Scripps project, but the local Health Systems Agency does, and its early findings don't bode well for a new La Jolla hospital. Any new hospital construction or expansion is reviewed and approved or disapproved by both the local and statewide Health Systems Agencies (HSA), which last week released its annual "forecast of need" for San Diego County. That report showed the La Jolla area, which this year has an estimated excess of 190 hospital beds, will still have a slight bed surplus in 1990, without the construction of a new hospital. The local HSA recently rejected as "overly ambitious" a \$38.5 million expansion program proposed by Scripps Memorial Hospital, another La Jolla hospital not connected with Scripps Clinic. And HSA researchers, who stress "cost containment," are skeptical of the UCSD/Scripps

proposal, saying it may in part be motivated by the institutions' "love of the newest, fanciest equipment on the block." HSA projections, an important factor in determining whether a new hospital is approved, show a shortage of beds only in the eastern and northern portions of the county. But even if the UCSD/Scripps project is short-circuited by vocal critics or HSA rejections, both institutions and their leaders have alternate plans. Last week a planning committee of the UC board of regents endorsed the concept of a new hospital on the UCSD campus, one that could be built without the cooperation of Scripps Clinic. And while Scripps Clinic president Edwards hasn't touched the idea of building his own new hospital, he is considering adding a new wing to Scripps' current hospital building or undertaking other remodeling and expansion.



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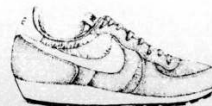
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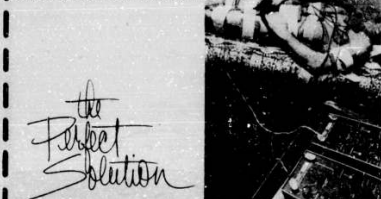
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CREATURES

(continued from page 1)

on the right. Finally we passed through a door and entered the back room. I was struck silent by the sort of nostalgic reverence one feels when visiting a special place from the past, a place filled with memories good and bad.

"How long did you work here?" the young woman asked.

"About four years," I said, trying to assess how much the main room had changed. "Boy, it sure looks different, but there was a certain newness to the place, but everything felt the same and smelled the same. (I remember how agitated some of the first-time visitors used to be at the thick, condensed animal smell and at my insistence that I couldn't smell anything unusual.)

We went through the other rooms inside the building and then stepped outside where the runs were, which was really no

longer outside as they had now been covered by a plastic roof. "How nice," I thought aloud, remembering all the times it had rained and we'd been forced to take the dogs out and use only two of the twelve runs, those two covered by a heap of thorny bougainvillea vines. Our impromptu tour concluded, and as we walked back to the front office, I thanked the young woman and, trying to think of something appropriate to say in conveying to her the extent of my former involvement with the hospital (and to allude to my self-proclaimed legendary status as, in Dr. Smith's own words, "the best worker we ever had"), I blurted out, "You know, I think I could work here tomorrow and it would be as if I had never left."

She smiled and said, "Well, four years is quite a while."

I was sixteen years old and a freshman in high school when I started to work at the Colorado Veterinary Hospital. My older brother had been working there about six months when he asked me one day if I would like to work there too. "Sure," I said, ignorantly. I knew nothing about working for money, regularly, with the incumbent responsibility of maintaining a schedule of hours and days, and I knew even less about dogs and cats as our family had never owned any pets. Yet I had no excuse not to go to work and so one afternoon after school my brother took me down to the hospital and introduced me to Doctors Smith and Malone.

"Working in a veterinary hospital is

damn hard," Dr. Smith told me flatly, carefully enunciating each syllable of veterinary. (Later I learned that any mispronunciation of the word, the common one of which was veterinary, would irritate him greatly. "That's the lazy man's way of saying it. It's veterinary," he would say pedantically.) Right then I knew that Dr. Smith was the central hub around which the hospital revolved, though his duties were primarily administrative in nature and all of the surgical duties had been relegated to Dr. Malone.

I met Dr. Malone for the first time when my brother took me in the back to show me around and explain the duties of a kennel-boy. Dr. Malone was the perfect counterpart to the boisterous, bald, and beefy Dr. Smith. Classically Irish, quiet, with a head of thick, wavy, black hair combed straight back, Dr. Malone was the epitome of the devout, provincial Catholic, the father of, at last count, nine children.

Perhaps I was too naive to have known what I was getting myself into, but I did suspect, even though I'd never had a job before, that working at the veterinary hospital would not be typical of the kind of burger stand, car wash, summer fun employment positions mythically occupied by high school students. And too, that first day, I suspected that I would be spending a fair amount of time at the place after Doctor Smith "suggested" that I start work right then instead of waiting for the weekend. What I could not foresee, however, was the extent to which the Colorado

Veterinary Hospital would permeate my existence for the next four years. During school, I worked four out of five weekdays from 3:30 p.m. until 5:30 p.m.; every Saturday from 6:00 a.m. until 5:30 p.m., with a three-and-a-half-hour break in between (a "split shift"); and from 6:00 a.m. until 6:30 p.m. on Sundays, with a break of four and a half hours in between. I also worked there every summer during high school, six days a week, eight hours a day. For the first two years, until I was eighteen, the split shift was confined to Saturdays and Sundays, and on the summer weekdays I usually worked from 6:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. with an hour lunch break. After I turned eighteen, Dr. Smith merely informed me that I now could work more than eight hours per day, and I consented, putting in eight, nine, and ten hours a day, six days a week.

The inordinate amount of time swallowed up by work, however, only partially alludes to the extent the hospital influenced my life then. For one thing, there was really no such thing as an easy day, only days that were less hard than others. Yet in strange sort of way a masochist loves pain, I guess I loved working, though in the summer that thought seemed perverse at five o'clock in the morning when I would crawl from my bed like a zombie from his crypt and have my mother drive me to work. We lived at the Silver Strand Naval housing project, which was sort of a nonplace, technically in Coronado but two miles removed from the beginning

of the city proper via the Silver Strand highway.

That circumstance abetted over the years the feeling of stealthiness and detachment that work at the hospital cultivated in me toward Coronado. It was all so secretive, gliding through the early-morning darkness past the Navy's amphibious base, the Hotel del Coronado, and down Orange Avenue, cold and vacant, past all the expensive houses inhabited by active and retired naval officers, doctors and lawyers, and into the decrepit part of town where the hospital awaited my arrival with its menagerie of awakening animals about to explode like a bomb. That ruinous corner of the city, then the sore-eyed site of the barracks-style naval housing that has since been done away with, became my home away from home, and I always found it amusing and appropriate that I knew more about the dogs in Coronado than the people who owned them, and took delight in startling a resident I

might pass on the street while they were walking their dog and address the animal by its name.

At 6:00 a.m., after I cracked open the door to the back room and lit the lights, I would be greeted by a cacophony of barks, ranging from the shrill yips of the toy poodles, chihuahuas, and puppies to the booming bass attacks of the shepherds, beagles, and bassetts. "Quiet!" I would yell at the top of my lungs, which might or might not shock them into silence for a minute or less.

A cursory visual and nose scan would reveal the early-morning surprises: dogs that had defecated, urinated, vomited, or tried to dig their way out of their cages during the night and lay, panting, on top of a mound of wood splinters. On rare occasions, there were also those that had simply dropped dead.

At one o'clock Dr. Malone would arrive and make the rounds, walking by each cage section with a clipboard and yellow

pad, writing down the owner's name of each animal and noting the nature of its illness. Sometimes I would leave notes on the cage if I happened to notice the animal coughing or if it had a bloody stool or if it was sneezing. When the rounds were complete, someone would assist the doctor and someone would start the baths.

Dr. Smith once explained to me that the primary objective of the kennelboy in assisting the doctor was to make sure the doctor never got bit, and to that end I fulfilled my responsibility, though it wasn't easy at times, grappling with an ornery bulldog or trying to hold on to an irritated cat. (I soon came to notice the fundamental differences between dogs and cats. Cats were impervious to all the varied techniques one might employ to gain the confidence of dogs, to exert human control over the beasts. The cats were silent, reclusive, and unsocial, staring out of their cages with brooding, contemplative looks on their faces, as if they shared a collective

intelligence that was conspiring to overthrow their human captors.)

The danger of being bitten by an animal never seemed very great, and surprisingly, I found that the larger dogs were generally less hostile than the smaller ones. The notable exception to this was a stately German shepherd named Kaiser. Kaiser had the reputation of being the kind of dog that, if personified, could be likened to a Mafia hit man: businesslike and deadly. He was one of the few truly frightening animals I ever encountered. One day my friend Rob, who had started work at the hospital a while after me, related a strange confrontation between Dr. Malone and Kaiser. "I was helping Dr. Malone one morning while you were outside giving baths," he told me. "Kaiser came in to get his nails clipped, but before we put him on the table, Dr. Malone muzzled him, of course. We put him on the table and I was holding on to him, but when Dr. Malone lifted his

(continued on page 12)

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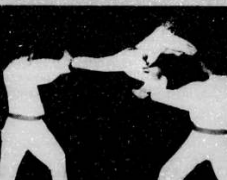
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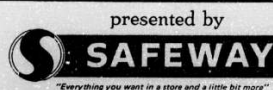
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CREATURES

(continued from page 11)
from paw. Kaiser went wild and started rocking his head from side to side with me holding tight and rocking right along with him. He was so flipped out Dr. Malone got irked and gave up. We took Kaiser back to his cage and I left to do other things, but when I came back I saw Dr. Malone sitting inside the cage with the dog. He had taken the muzzle off Kaiser and they had been there quite a while. Dr. Malone was talking to the dog, staring into its face and shaking his finger at him as if he were saying, "Don't you ever do that again." I didn't think anybody had that kind of nerve.

Although I was excluded from witnessing most major surgery as the animals would be heavily anesthetized and I wouldn't be needed to hold them; I did see a wide range of minor treatments administered, including teeth cleanings, the setting of broken bones, simple injections, foxtail extractions, and breedings (artificial inseminations). Foxtails are tiny arrow-shaped grass tips that would work their way into a dog's skin and then fester, causing a lesion not unlike a boil. Commonly they would invade a dog's foot in between its toes and Dr. Malone would pull the projectiles out with a pair of tweezers and dress the wound. A basset hound came in one morning with a foxtail lodged in its cheek, of all places. Dr. Malone lanced the pus pocket and the yellow liquid oozed out like a cool lava flow.

Cruelly, my mother decided to serve poached eggs for lunch that afternoon.

Of all the duties I was required to perform, bathing was the one task that would forever seal the memory of the place to me. I hesitate to describe it as an endearing kind of marriage between me and that antediluvian bathtub, but it certainly was an intimate and long-lasting one. I can accurately contend that I bathed just about every kind of dog that existed in Coronado during the years of my employment, from chihuahuas to great dane, with a few cats thrown in for good measure. During the hot, beautiful summers, when I resentfully envisioned my high school chums frolicking at the beach, the wooden platform in front of the tub became, literally, my station in life, but I would assume it every day with all the pride and alacrity of someone who knows his job well and performs it to the best of his ability. On the average, I would bathe five or six dogs a day, and on busy days as many as twenty.

No matter how I tried, I just could not stay dry while giving baths, even though we were supplied with rubber aprons for protection. I found the aprons too restrictive and cumbersome and stopped wearing them altogether, preferring to slosh around all day in shoes so soaked I felt as if I were wearing wet sponges on my feet, reeking of flea killer in a tattered smock plastered with an assortment of dog fur and feeling like one of the half-beast half-human creatures from the Island of Dr. Moreau. On one particularly hectic afternoon, when it seemed every time I got down with one bath there were two more added to the list, I came dangerously close to overstepping the bounds of sanity when, squeezing a dog's anal gland (standard procedure, believe it or not) the impacted waste material splattered into my face.

"Aaaaaaargh!" I screamed. I asked someone to watch the dog as I stormed inside to grab a towel to wash off my face. Dr. Malone and Dr. Smith were conferring about something near the examination table. This, I thought, would provide a dramatic spectacle which would impress

upon them the limitless extent of my devotion to my job and my willingness to sacrifice human dignity so that one more dog would be healthy and clean. Neither one of them noticed me.

More demanding than the daily regimen of work was the cumulative effect it had on a weekly basis, when it was all I could do to go home at night, eat, go to sleep, and wake up at five the next morning and do it all over again. There were times when it seemed as though I should be living there. I once worked fourteen days without any time off and, when I finally did get a break, was called in because someone didn't show up. Another time I took the initiative to start work at five in the morning instead of six for a couple of weeks because the work load was too overwhelming. One night I did sleep over in the place, when, due to a mix-up, I couldn't get a ride home.

Because we had so little free time to ourselves, Rob and I would devise diversions to break up the monotony of work, work, and more work. We designated one week, for example, "grub week" and resolved not to shower or shave during the week, speculating that all the bathing would probably keep us halfway clean anyway. I bought a worm-eaten, flapping-sole pair of work boots and a khaki safari hat from a Salvation Army store for the occasion, but neither of the doctors gave us a second look. After I had cultivated a few days' beard growth, though, Dr. Smith shot a disapproving glance my way.

From time to time it was also our duty to paint the cages inside and out, when there weren't many animals, of course. Another brainstrom struck me one day as we were methodically slapping away our brushes. "Rob," I said, "I'm going to try and get into one of these cages. Think I can do it?"

"A bottom cage maybe, but I don't know about the others," he replied. Each cage section had three levels; three bottom cages for large dogs; five medium-size cages on the second level; and five upper cages for tiny dogs and cats. Getting into a

cage on the bottom level was easy. The second level was much more difficult but, astonishingly, I was able to bail myself up and actually have Rob shut the door, a stipulation to qualify the attempt as being successful. Just then Dr. Malone came into the back room and Rob resumed painting, leaving me inside the cage, ready to spring out when the door was opened, like a toy snake stuffed inside a can. Dr. Malone came over to where we were working.

"How's it going?" he asked.
"Real good," said Rob, trying to keep the conversation as short as possible. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Dr. Malone and I had to bite my lip to keep from bursting out with laughter at how ridiculous a snapshot of the scene would look. After he left, I tried getting into a cat cage but we couldn't get the door shut and gave up as the wooden sides began to creak as if about to split.

I must have had a fixation with crawling into small places because once I also got inside of the big clothes dryer in the back and had Rob turn it on for a few revolutions. Rob was the originator of another practical joke one morning, when, after Dr. Malone had us spread some mousetraps around the garage, he placed a Mickey Mouse squeeze toy borrowed from one of the canine boarders in one of the traps and left it on the examination table with a note that said, "Got one!"

Then there was the time during my hippie phase when I found some felt pens in the drawer underneath a table in the back and copied the likeness of Jimi Hendrix on the inside wall of a stall, figuring it was safe since the doctors rarely made their way out there. It was a huge mural of Jimi's face, with stars and crescents in the background and a speech balloon that read, "There ain't no life nowhere." Two days later Dr. Malone came out back, saw the picture, and angrily said, "Do we have a little boy out here?" I scrubbed it off within the hour.

The people and the dogs came and went during my years at the hospital and there (continued on page 14)



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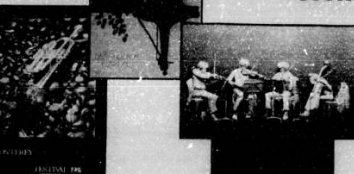
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CREATURES

(continued from page 13)

were those of both kinds that left their impressions and teeth marks upon me. There was a one-bedroom apartment in the hospital, located in between the front office and the back, and a couple was hired to live in the apartment and work at the hospital full time. The attrition rate was high and months would sometimes go by between couples. Toni and Bill were a young couple who lasted a little less than a year. Our work relationship was stable, though Bill hated giving baths, was less than overjoyed about running the dogs, and dutifully tolerated assisting the doctor. He was a big man who was a frustrated revolutionary of sorts, frequently lecturing me about the evils of corporate capitalism. He was also given to having a drink or two on Sunday afternoons. When drinking, the marginally controlled violent tendencies surfaced, but one night after work I accepted his offer for a glass of rum and Coke anyway as I had never had one before and thought it was a kind invitation. By the time I got to the apartment, Bill had already been drinking for a while; in fact, he was thoroughly inebriated. I was sitting across from him on a couch next to his wife, Toni, who was a bit younger than Bill and a bit older than me, when he suddenly hurled his glass at my head, missing it by inches, and accused me of conspiring to get something going with his wife, with whom I had work simply because Bill was often busy helping the doctor. I got up

immediately. "Well, I think I'd better be leaving," I said, heading for the door. Bill grabbed me by the collar of my shirt.

"I could put you through the wall right now if I wanted to," he said.

"I know. I hope you decide not to."

He didn't and the next morning his wife wrote me a note apologizing for the incident, which Bill claimed to have no recollection of. They split up after they left the hospital and I saw Bill a few times at Mesa College, where he eventually became A.S.B. president one semester. I discovered that fact one day after seeing his picture in the school newspaper, a scarlike headband wrapped around his shoulder-length hair. I called him up once years ago and he told me he was living with a group of people he called "the family." I have neither seen nor talked with him since.

Another couple, Dan and his wife, were probably the most mismatched couple I encountered. Dan was a tall, gangling, crew-cut fellow who was just a bit slow of mind and not too swift about either; he was in his early thirties. His wife was a diminutive, bespectacled, frail woman who looked old enough to be Dan's mother, or perhaps an older aunt. It seemed to Rob and me that Dan's wife was taking care of him somehow. I remember during the hectic afternoons of my work, she would appear, she would lecture me about the evils of corporate capitalism. He was also given to having a drink or two on Sunday afternoons. When drinking, the marginally controlled violent tendencies surfaced, but one night after work I accepted his offer for a glass of rum and Coke anyway as I had never had one before and thought it was a kind invitation. By the time I got to the apartment, Bill had already been drinking for a while; in fact, he was thoroughly inebriated. I was sitting across from him on a couch next to his wife, Toni, who was a bit younger than Bill and a bit older than me, when he suddenly hurled his glass at my head, missing it by inches, and accused me of conspiring to get something going with his wife, with whom I had work simply because Bill was often busy helping the doctor. I got up

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Another couple, Dan and his wife, were probably the most mismatched couple I encountered. Dan was a tall, gangling, crew-cut fellow who was just a bit slow of mind and not too swift about either; he was in his early thirties. His wife was a diminutive, bespectacled, frail woman who looked old enough to be Dan's mother, or perhaps an older aunt. It seemed to Rob and me that Dan's wife was taking care of him somehow. I remember during the hectic afternoons of my work, she would appear, she would lecture me about the evils of corporate capitalism. He was also given to having a drink or two on Sunday afternoons. When drinking, the marginally controlled violent tendencies surfaced, but one night after work I accepted his offer for a glass of rum and Coke anyway as I had never had one before and thought it was a kind invitation. By the time I got to the apartment, Bill had already been drinking for a while; in fact, he was thoroughly inebriated. I was sitting across from him on a couch next to his wife, Toni, who was a bit younger than Bill and a bit older than me, when he suddenly hurled his glass at my head, missing it by inches, and accused me of conspiring to get something going with his wife, with whom I had work simply because Bill was often busy helping the doctor. I got up

immediately. "Well, I think I'd better be leaving," I said, heading for the door. Bill grabbed me by the collar of my shirt.

"I could put you through the wall right now if I wanted to," he said.

"I know. I hope you decide not to."

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black pointy cowboy boots at work, the click-clacking of which irritated me after a while. One afternoon he asked me what I planned to do after I graduated from high school. I told him I planned on going to college and get a degree in something, anything. "Did I ever show you my degree, Ronnie?" he asked.

"You've got a degree, Jack?" I said, trying to sound more interested than disbelieving. "Gee that's great. What's it in?"

"Wait," he said. "I'll go get it."

He came back and handed me a slip of paper. It was a certificate stating that Jack had been released from the Arkansas State Prison, after having served time for third-degree murder and kidnapping. After I left the hospital, I traveled back East for a while and received a letter from Rob informing me that Jack and Elsie the cow had had a falling out and that Elsie had taken flight one night with one of the two cars they owned, as well as their small trailer, leaving Jack high and dry. Shortly thereafter, he, too, had taken flight.

Without doubt, however, the most interesting personality I met was Dr. Paul William Smith, D.V.M., a remarkable man. That statement is not necessarily born of retrospection; I knew it then when I worked for him for four years. Nor is it born of obligatory respect; he is gone having passed on in 1979. He remains to me someone who more impressed upon me than impressed me, which is to say remarkable. Physically he was the kind of person it was difficult to imagine ever having looked different in life, yet inside of his roundly huge body and Marlon Brando/Captain Kurtz bald head, there certainly was a thinner, athletic younger man that he had long since stopped trying to get out. His boyish enthusiasm for sports — any sport — was so energetic there were times I conjectured that the ultimate reason he had become a veterinarian was that it was sufficiently lucrative enough an occupation to support his love of games, which was costly since he had season passes to every professional and semiprofessional sports organization in San Diego during the years I knew him, including the San Diego Gulls hockey team, the Clippers basketball team when they were called the Conquistadors, the Padres, and of course the Chargers. In addition, he parrotized virtually all nonregular sporting events, of which track and field meets were his favorite. In 1972 he flew to Mexico City for the Olympic games and frequently was off to different parts of the state and country for other meets.

Compounding the aspect of mere presence as a testimonial to his dedication to sports was Dr. Smith's insistence not only to buy in amongst the best seats available to a particular event, but to buy the best seat in each respective house; for the Chargers it was the fifty-yard line; for the Conquistadors/Clippers, midcourt; for the Gulls, front-row corner on the home half of the rink; and the Padres, front row, left side of home plate.

Just how he managed to secure these choice spots was always a mystery to me that, over the years, became more understandable as the Dr. Smith persona became more clearly elucidated. Of course he bought the seats, but I think too, in conjunction with the probability that he had persevered to get them, it had as much to do with the presumptuous, indefatigable spirit of his character that did so much to intimidate people as possess them by some indefinable power of persuasion. It was hard to imagine him having ever not gotten precisely his own way in life, especially when it came to sports. There were times I would go to a hockey or basketball game or a track meet with him and his wife Eula-deen, who was always there with him, sitting by his side as if the two were possessed by him but happily and lovingly so, and he would drive his big blue Cadillac sedan with all the finess of a tank jockey, through hostile terrain and traffic, in an effort to avoid paying the fee for the Sports Arena parking lot and facilitate a quick getaway afterward.

Our relationship was basically a good one, and although I wouldn't go so far as to suggest it was as intimate as that between a father and son, it possessed certain aspects of such an affiliation. At times I hated him for what I considered to be a callous view

play of authority and discipline, and at other times I realized he really cared about me, and in his own way, was capable of showing gratitude for a job well done.

Granted, he had a right to be authoritarian, but aside from a general feeling that I was overworked and underpaid, there were specific instances that grated on me. I will never forget all the Sunday mornings — which, in theory, offered me a day's respite from the six-day-a-week routine of bathing and grooming — when Dr. Smith would roll in to work in that Cadillac Seville of his and inform me, with all the pomp of a plantation owner addressing a servant, that I could wash his car if I had the time, as if it were a privilege. After an exceptionally virulent work week my bitterness might have gone so far as to manifest itself in a few under-the-breath remarks and the throwing of a towel or bucket or sponge, but the job was always done, completely, with windows washed inside and out and the hubcaps and fenders buffed to the most brilliant luster the tattered rags I worked with could provide. Even on Sundays my feet were wet.

One Christmas morning Dr. Smith arrived at work, unceremoniously wished Rob and me a Merry Christmas, and told us that once we got caught up with our work, which was never, he was endeavoring, we could take a five-minute break. We had quite a laugh at this after he had gone back to the front office. "Ho, ho! Five whole minutes! Thank you Mr. Scrooge!" I said, still laughing but disgruntled nonetheless. It was the first time in three years he had ever authorized a break.

"Yeah," said Rob. "I thought he was going to say, 'When you get caught up with your work you can wash my car.'"

Ten minutes later Dr. Smith came into the back again. "If you get a chance, you can wash my car this morning, Ronnie," he said. Five minutes before, I had begun to assemble rags and sponges. What was supposed to have been my Christmas present to Dr. Smith had become part of another day's work.

The most severe encounter, and I think the one that began a slow process of estrangement between us, happened toward the end of my fourth summer at the hospital. By this time I felt that if I did not exactly own the place, it could not do without me, and as long as I maintained my work habits, this tiny world of dogs and cats, as insufferable as it may have been to any outsider, was mine; I had earned it and could keep it for as long as I wanted. Outside of this world, at the time, a countercultural movement had taken root, and as my friends from school began to let their hair grow, my visits to the barber shop became fewer and farther between. Other concessions to hippiedom I made were out of Dr. Smith's jurisdiction, but I think the afternoon Rob and I had gone to Fern's Supplis store during our lunch break and I had come back sporting a suede fringe jacket and a pair of nonprescription John Lennon granny glasses prompted his determination to nip in the bud my aspirations to become a flower child. A week later, as I was housing down a dog run, he brusquely said to me, "Ronnie, I was going to get a haircut."

I was taken back by this abrupt demand, as it did not relate to my work performance, but I shrugged and said, "Okay."

A week passed and I hadn't gotten a haircut, thinking that Dr. Smith would somehow forget or reconsider his demand and the whole thing would blow over. I should have known better. This time he issued an ultimatum. "Ronnie," he said, "I'll give you one week to get your hair cut or I'll have to start looking for a new kennelboy."

I thought this was a preposterous threat since I had considered myself irreplaceable, but realized nonetheless that he was going to keep on about it until I relented, which I resolved to do at my leisure. Finally, the day my time limit had expired, he came into the surgery room where I was assisting Dr. Malone. "Well, I guess we'll have to start looking for a new kennelboy, Dr. Malone," he said.

"Okay!" I laughingly responded. "I'll get it cut this afternoon." On my break, seething in defeat, I walked to a small barber

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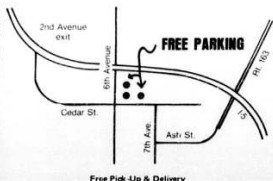
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CREATURES

(continued from page 17)

was the last house on the street, boxed in by San Diego Bay on the east, First Street on the west, a chain-link fence that was the demarcation line between the North Island Naval Air Station and Dr. Smith's house on the north, and the Funk residence on the south, home of Maggie the Yorkshire terrier. Immediately inside the front door was a huge heated swimming pool over which hung an assortment of potted plants that thrived in the tropical humidity of the room. To further enhance the atmosphere, the Smiths also bought a parrot that flew about unrestricted. The pool room was enclosed by sheets of wavy, opaque plastic common to patio structures, which gave it the effect of being more outdoors than in, and was separated from the indoor portion of the house by sliding-glass doors that led into a den of sorts and an adjacent bar/counter that defined one side of the kitchen. Beyond these two rooms was an expansive living room that faced the bay through long rectangular windows.

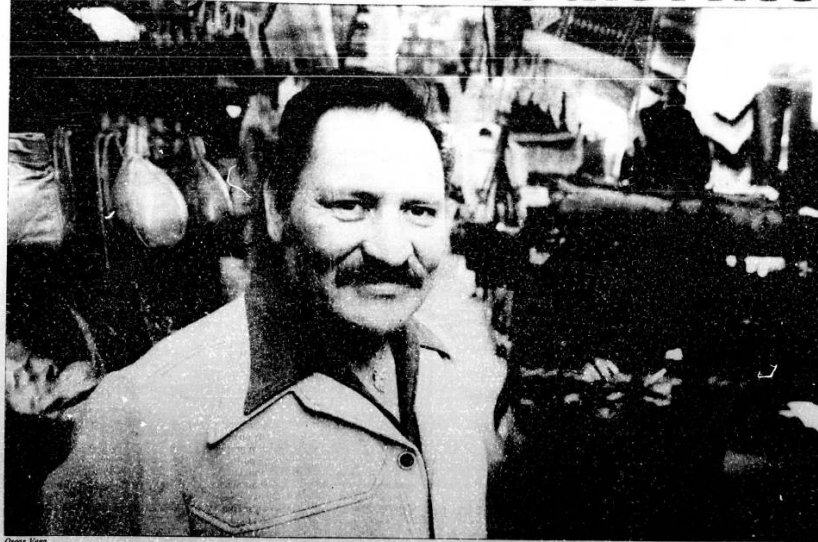
I knew the house because I spent time working there for Dr. Smith, mostly on my "off" days, mowing a small patch of grass that constituted the front lawn, pulling weeds, trimming around the sprinklers, and laboring for years over a third-acre patch of ground in front of the bay windows which was actually the back yard but was referred to by him as the front. I think I should have had more success had I attempted to carve a replica of the Colosseum

of Rhodes from a chunk of iron than all my combined efforts to domesticate this rocky, weed-ridden piece of turf that was about as fertile as the La Brea tar pits. At first Dr. Smith would drive me uptown and rent the most abused-looking Toro lawn mower he could find from two Dutch brothers who ran a small key/appliance shop, whom Rob and I referred to as the Katzenjammer twins. He would then drive me back and actually have me "mow" the "front." And I would, petrified that I was risking at least my eyesight and maybe my life dodging the rocks that were ferociously whipped back at me. Miraculously, I survived without injury.

I left the Coronado Veterinary Hospital to travel back East for a while and prepare for college. And, too, I suppose I quit because I had simply had enough and felt I had served well enough to merit an honorable discharge. A rift had grown between Dr. Smith and me, due not so much to irreconcilable differences between our respective generations but more to the natural discrepancies that surface between someone who is going through changes in his life and someone whose ways are irrevocably set. When I finally did go, he wrote a recommendation for me, hastily scribbled out in longhand on a small piece of stationery paper. It read: Introducing Ronald Jennings who worked for us for four years. He is the best worker we have ever had and I recommend him 100%. He is going through some growing pains now, as we all did, otherwise he would still be working for us now. We hope to have him back. If there are any questions regarding the verification of this note do not hesitate to call me collect. (Signed) Dr. Paul Wm. Smith, D.V.M.

I still have the note. I've never used it and never really intended to use it. The real compensation I derived from it wouldn't have been extracted from the capacity for which it was written anyway. Just to have it in writing from Dr. Paul Wm. Smith that I was the best worker the Coronado Veterinary Hospital ever had. That somehow made it worthwhile.

A Bargain at Twice the Price!



Oscar Vega

"Wait!" exclaims the smiling man of about fifty, sporting a neat, graying mustache and black frame glasses. "Let me help you spend some of the money you got there in that bag!" The middle-aged American woman pauses in her casual stroll through the merchandise-crammed aisles of the Tijuana arcade, then turns and laughs, and continues on her way, to be cajoled in various ways by the other salesmen and shop owners on her route.

Two Marines wander by. "Whatcha want, fellas?" the vendor asks ingratiatingly.

"Couple thirteen-year-olds," a Marine shoots back, expressionless.

"No problem," the vendor says without pause. "Got those here, too. Take a look!" It may sound spontaneous, but every possible combination of comment and reply has all been said before, hundreds, perhaps thousands of times. The trick is to keep it natural, keep it alive, say it like you are saying it for the first time, like it's a private joke between you and the potential customer. And make no mistake about it, everyone who happens to enter the arcade with a few bucks in his or her pocket is a potential customer to Oscar Vega, a curio seller par excellence. He's been at it for many years; he is a past master at converting the potential into the real.

A blond American comes by, looking around in a distracted manner. "Hello sir, looking for something?"

"Yeah, my wife, before she spends my entire paycheck."

"Well, when you find her bring her back here and I'll make sure you're left with enough money for carfare home." Sure enough, a little later, the couple return and end up buying a guitar for their son. Oscar believes in the light touch, keep 'em smilin'. And that isn't easy when you're working eleven hours a day, seven days a week, trying to sell the same items that every other curio shop in town is also pushing.

Oscar's place is the Patricia Gift Shop in the Rodriguez Arcade between Revolucion and Constitución avenues, near Third Street. His wife, Lupe, works at the shop as well, and sometimes his son, who is also a student at the Autonomous University of Baja California. Three salespeople — Angie, Connie and Lalo — work different shifts during the week, on a straight-commission basis. "You have to talk to people all the time," says Oscar, "you have to hustle." He pauses. "See this shop next door, how quiet is it? Two old ladies have it, they're millionaires, they've been here since the Thirties, they don't care. Me, I need the money!"

True enough, Oscar really does need the money. For one thing, he's got a heavy 5-0 habit. This is the "handicapping contest" run by the Caliente Racetrack every Saturday and Sunday. Oscar's been playing it for years, at one time putting in more than \$500 a weekend. He used to have a retired American living in Tijuana make his selections for him (Oscar calls him "my handicapper") for ten percent of the net winnings. Oscar's "handicapper" still comes by each weekend with the picks, but now they split the cost of the ticket, seldom more than fifty dollars apiece.

Oscar hit it big a few years back and won over \$60,000. Unfortunately, it was at the same time that the annual Fiesta Patrios games were going on down by the river channel, and the blackjack tables there took the bulk of his Caliente winnings. "Never again will something like that happen," Oscar shakes his head regretfully. "I owe too many people too much money. My suppliers, the government. The government, they're after me for taxes. They called me in; I didn't have money to pay them. I cried in front of the tax man because I didn't have the money. Now they want \$4000 next month. If I could just win a little 5-10, maybe for only

(continued on page 20)

By Bob Owens

Photographs by Robert Burroughs

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A Bargain

(continued from page 19)

Oscar has owned his store in the same location for almost twenty years. Before that, he had a different shop right on Revolution for five years. "But I lost it; the horses..." And he smiles in a self-deprecating way, hoping you will understand.

At one time he lived in Los Angeles, illegally, and attended high school in Montebello for a year. He worked at a Garden

Grove lamp factory for a time. Then he returned to Tijuana and went to work as a salesman for a curio shop. It was then that he realized that a good shop could make a lot of money, a lot more than making lamps in Los Angeles.

Patricia's Gifts is fairly typical of Tijuana's curio shops. It's squeezed into two nooks on either side of a crowded alley, a "passage," surrounded by numerous other shops, some specializing in one or two types of merchandise. Oscar sells everything from postcards of Baja to leather jackets. The walls, tables, and shelves are jammed with a cornucopia of goods: chess and backgammon sets, handbags, gold and silver jewelry, dresses, blouses, sweaters,

onyx bookends and figurines, guitars, paintings on velvet and on canvas, rifle cases, wooden statuettes, tea sets.

About ninety percent of the products are made in or near Tijuana. It's a cottage industry, with skilled craftsmen, often an entire family, turning out one specific product. These they sell to a wholesaler who in turn distributes them to the local shops. Most of the wholesalers will grant credit to the retailer.

"The main things it takes to be at least reasonably successful in this business," says Oscar, observing the ebb and flow of shoppers in the arcade, "is first of all a good location, and mine is pretty good, even though I got to pay out \$600 a month

for it. Also you have to be able to talk to people right, to be able to bargain and keep everyone happy. Even if they don't buy from you. Some of the places can't do that right. Sometimes, in other shops, I'll hear tourists getting into shouting matches with the salesmen. That's not necessary. Sometimes someone will offer me a price that's too low, and maybe wave some money in front of my face. You know, they'll say, 'My last offer, twenty bucks, good American money, take it or leave it.' Well, then, I have to leave it if I can't make a profit. But I never get mad. It's the business; it's crazy."

His eyes drift over his varied merchandise. "Another important thing is a good

selection, lots of things to choose from. You look around, you see lots of stuff — except ceramics, I don't have any ceramics yet, but soon. See, I'll put them over there." He points optimistically to a few feet of unoccupied space.

While Oscar talks, a tall, hulking man in a brown suit is waiting patiently by the cash register at the back of the store. "Wait a second, that's one of my suppliers. He's looking for money, I'll have to tell him I'm broke today."

Oscar speaks with the man for a while, then takes a few bills out of his pocket and offers them, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. The supplier glances at the money and says nothing, looking de-

ful. Oscar returns the bills to his pocket and takes some more; soon the man smiles, shares a cigarette, and takes his leave. "Well, no problem," Oscar says happily. "He wholesales handbags; I'll pay him something tomorrow."

A group of Japanese tourists walk past, small, shy, camera-bedecked, with that somewhat apologetic look about them, as though they were intruding. Oscar cheerfully lets fly a barrage of Japanese phrases he has learned in the last few years, but this time to no avail.

"Gee, I'll sure be glad when I have everyone paid off. You know, I just developed an ulcer. No more drinking, gotta eat a lot of vegetables." He rubs his belly,

tentatively. "The truth is, there's just too much competition now. It's too tough. I did much better five, ten years ago. There's so much pressure now I'm thinking of getting out of this business. Maybe I'll go to work for the government."

January and February are "lousy" for business, according to Oscar. "Things don't pick up until Easter." July and August are by far the best months, when the tourist hordes throng south of the border. Throughout the entire year approximately 16 million American and other foreign tourists come to Baja, and spend an average of \$20.50 each, although, of course, not all of it in Tijuana, and not all of it on gifts. But a successful curio shop can get

its fair share of this sizable chunk of change. It is estimated by the Tijuana Chamber of Commerce that there are about 800 shops of this general type in the city. The problem, as one observer put it, is that there are just too many of them selling much the same things, and the competition is fierce. A salesman will go to work for a shop, learn the operation, and then open his own place. (Oscar's best salesman recently defected and opened a shop in the same arcade.) There are just so many of these places that the tourist dollar can support, and the marginal shops fold up at a regular rate.

About a year ago the city tried to im-

(continued on page 22)

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A Bargain

(continued from page 21)

prove the aesthetic quality of downtown by resurfacing the street and widening the sidewalks along Revolution. While this may have increased somewhat the organized tours that arrive by bus, it has further aggravated another major problem: a drastic shortage of available parking spaces in the city center. Many a person who has driven in from San Diego or Los Angeles on a sunny Saturday afternoon has started the day in a frustrated search for parking. In order to buy, the tourists must first arrive, and in a good frame of mind, ready to spend that sought-after American dollar. Oscar's business, like the others, depends on a steady flow of walk-by traffic. Even as the clock pushes toward seven, closing time, Oscar and his help maintain a cheer-

ful, patient attitude. There's always that one last sale that can be made. A woman walks in and inquires as to the price of a particular handbag. "Well, I'll tell you," he says, smiling and rubbing his hand over the leather. "This is genuine antelope skin, handmade by dedicated craftsmen. It's easily worth thirty-five, but for you, just to make the sale before I close up, twenty dollars." After a certain amount of haggling, hawking, and haggling, the woman gets the bag for seventeen dollars. "That's a bargain at twice the price. Plus, at no cost, I'll engrave your initials or name on the bag. I'm an artist, a true artist! I'm the most famous of the least famous!" He rings up the sale and asks, "Where you from?"



"Iowa," the lady replies. "Oh, Iowa, oh sure. Whereabouts? Des Moines, Davenport, Waterloo..." "A little north of Waterloo." The woman is surprised, and beaming. "Oh, sure, I was there once, almost got frozen. It was so cold in the winter." The woman and her party join Oscar in laughter. It doesn't matter that Oscar has never been farther into the U.S. than Las Vegas. Everybody leaves happy. Then a girl comes in looking for blown glass. She's from Kansas City. "Ah yes," says Oscar, a fanatical baseball fan. "Do you know Mr. Brett? He comes to my shop all the time!" Great fun. Leather jackets are Oscar's best-selling items. He says that he pays about seventy dollars each for them, and thus may quote a price of \$120 or so to an interested customer. "That gives me some room to come down, to bargain, and still make a little

profit. Then too, remember, I'll engrave anything in beautiful script. I'm the most famous of the least famous." His favorite line, he chuckles and grins mischievously. "And don't forget, everyone should know that on Fridays I'll sell anything I have for a dollar or two over my cost. You know, I need the money for my 5-10 tickets on the weekend." Oscar hears one of his salesgirls talking to an Englishman. He perks up; here's another chance to make a friend from a faraway place, and perhaps transact a bit of business as well. "Sir, you're from England, right? I saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, a very moving sight, what tradition! England's a beautiful country, beautiful. The English tourist had made a new friend, and shortly thereafter walked out with a made-in-Mexico leather jacket. Engraved with his initials, of course. □

Shallow Water



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

A suggestion possibly was planted in some people's minds by the running gag in *On Golden Pond* having to do with the octogenarian hero poring over the want ads every day in search of useful employment as chauffeur, handbill distributor, anything. Or possibly no such suggestion needed to be planted. Certainly, in either case, much of the favorable response to this movie has tended to sound as though a mighty blow were being struck on behalf of equal employment opportunities for the elderly. This is a legitimate cinematic concern, as have been some of the comparable concerns expressed from time to time about the number and types of roles available to women, blacks, people with glasses, etc. I personally would hope that Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn (or Hank and Kate, as they are known to some of us) can continue to find interesting jobs as long as they still want them. But as a frequent Fonda admirer and as a seldom—God forgive me—Hepburn admirer, I am not quite convinced that the first screen teaming of these two legends is sufficient cause for critics to be lapsing into the personal babbles of amateur matchmakers. Those social busybodies who are always su-

perely confident of knowing just who would go best with whom, and who beam with satisfaction whenever a meeting between such a Who and such a Whom can be swung at Sunday potluck, and the two of them immediately settle down to a spirited discussion of the ideal potato salad. It would be nice in this case to be able to join the beamers, but I have to question the notion that this couple—Fonda the stolid, board-stirrer, slightly tormented Midwesterner; Hepburn the blissfully irresistible, poetic-souled, Bryn Mawr-educated East Coaster—go together like ham and eggs (ham sounds right, though, for one or both). This would hardly seem to me a match made in heaven, unless perhaps the aim is to put together a snappy and snappy comedy duo to challenge Burns and Allen: an eternally chipper straight man (or rather, woman) and a cantankerous wisecracker. Which is pretty much what we indeed get. Ernest Thompson's script, adapted from his own stage play, is a sort of volleyball game of set-ups and splices, in which a self-effacing Hepburn is continually feeding Fonda the point-winner. "You're my knight in shining armor!" she fairly sings. "You're going to get back on your horse, and I'm going to be right behind you, holding on tight, and away we're going to go, go, go!" "I don't like horses," he grumps. And not only

Hepburn. Other members of the cast—the couple's estranged daughter, her latest man friend, and the latter's thirteen-year-old son—are equally obliging. "How does it feel to turn eighty?" "I never as bad as it did to turn forty." This routine is interrupted now and again with something "touching," or with celestial art nature inserts, or with the latest installment in the octogenarian's ongoing obsessive pursuit of an elusive rainbow trout nicknamed Walter—but who would perhaps better have been dubbed Moby Trout. These mood changes are parceled out in accordance with standard TV sitcom pacing and somebody's textbook notion of a dramatically balanced diet.

Given the superficiality of the whole thing, the cowardliness with which it faces up to issues it has been reckless enough to raise (issues faced much more bravely in, for example, *I Never Sang for My Father*), it is little wonder that the talk has turned to the "chemistry" of the two stars, the cultural "associations" one makes with them, the "resonances" they send off. As important as it is not to let other movies seep into the private world of this one, it would be impossible to completely seal off this movie without numbing a part of your brain. This is one of the more obvious and unavoidable differences between movie fiction and book fiction, and your memories of Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn are no less admissible in this context—much more admissible, really—than your memories of your favorite grandparents. How this sort of memory-stirring can be done artfully, under control and with precision, is indicated in an early scene in which Fonda stoops down to examine a couple of old photographs tacked up beneath the summer cottage mirror. First there is one of him in his *You Only Live Once* days, chinning himself on a crossbar or cutting a barbell (or something), then one of him at about *Full Sail* retirement age, and then he glances up into the mirror to see himself at present—and in one, two, three, easy steps we have spanned five decades. But the "associations" we are able to bring to the proceedings cannot be counted on to come to the rescue in scene after scene. They particularly can't be counted on, if they are to be, in the old photographs scene, specifically summed up, if that is, they instead foster a lazy and complacent push-button approach to dramaturgy whereby the moviemakers wave vaguely at some lofty goal and then sit back and expect post-novels to come along and pick up the load. This would seem especially to be the hope with Hepburn, an actress of alarmingly diminished powers, and quite unable to carry off the sort of Big Scene in which she responds to her embittered daughter's reference to Fonda as a "selfish old son of a bitch" with first a slap in the face and then the

paralyser. "That old son of a bitch happens to be my husband!" The quavering voice, the shaking head, the high water level in the eyes—all this is said to see, perhaps, something more, so for a non-admirer like myself who for those whose affection will gloss over anything. This sadness is fairly constant, and although it is not a negligible emotion, it is no substitute for the emotion the aforesaid scene is intended to arouse, nor for the variety of other emotions intended to be aroused in other scenes. When we drift away from the fictional characters and start seeing only the actors, we are no longer within the precincts of art. The match-up of Henry and Jane Fonda as warring father and daughter works better, or makes more sense to me, than his match-up with Hepburn. Or at least it seems a terrifically economical way to make the most of an underdeveloped and patly resolved plot thread. If it's any measure of effectiveness—and I doubt that it is—I would swear that, at the farewell scene between father and daughter, I hadn't heard so much noise blowing in any one place since the last winter I spent in Minnesota.

Which brings me back to the mawkish question that came up in paragraph one, and gives me a chance to dispel any possible appearance of heartlessness and inhumanity, by proposing an alternate mate for Fonda who would have struck me as not just temperamentally better suited, but also as stronger in the sort of "associations" and "resonances" this movie desperately depends on. The one I have in mind, without claiming any special aptitude for this sort of thing, is James Stewart. What those two have between them—namely, *The Lady Eve* and a couple of lesser items—is to some degree, albeit a much lesser degree, what Hepburn and Spencer Tracy had between them when they were repaid in *Gone with the Wind*. *Comin' to Dinner*? I can well see the case of that sort of pairing, but for the history making purpose of bringing together for the first time two made-for-chicks others, I cannot honestly feel Hepburn is any more right and necessary a partner for Fonda than I felt she was for John Wayne in *Roster Country*. And I myself was far more gratified some years ago when Fonda at long last, was counted a single segment in an obscure anthology film, was teamed up with his best friend, former apartment-mate and second World War II veteran, fellow toiler under the direction of Ford, Hitchcock, Preminger, Hathaway, Wellman, and Anthony Mann, fellow member of the Rich Little-Frank Gorshin impressionist repertory, fellow candidate for inclusion in Mr. Rushmore: James Stewart—first as antagonist in *Fireweed* (admittedly not a very good movie; and then as sidekick in *The Cheyenne Social Club* (a just one). □

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JONATHAN SAVILLE

The trouble — to my mind — is precisely the fact that the characters are types. They are worse than that: they are clichés, so brazen in their status as mass-produced objects that it is hard to understand the playwright's intentions in offering such stereotypes to a public that has encountered them scores of times before. The Eastern European "Jewish mother," obsessed with feeding, controlling, and maintaining the ethnic purity of her offspring. The professional man (her son), discontent with his work, his love life, his family. The ne'er-do-well poethead

A friend with an extravagant sense of humor has suggested some revisions in the script that might shock us into awareness of a real world beyond clichés. Suppose the Eastern European "Jewish mother" is at the same time a world-famous brain surgeon. Suppose that she encourages her sons to marry non-Jewish women, so as to enlarge their horizons. Suppose the Bar Mitzvah boy feels a deep and sincere attachment to the Jewish faith. These alterations would have the advantage of awaking us out of the stupor of preprogrammed responses. They would brach the possi-

If so unoriginal a play may be said to have a theme, that theme — which it shares with virtually all Jewish family dramas — is control, the efforts of one person to control the behavior of another, the desires, and even the thoughts of another. The archetype Jewish mother in this literary and theatrical tradition is someone who tries to control her children by making them feel guilty. The grandchildren in *Table Settings* have picked up the knack of control, manipulating their parents with a mastery achieved through expert example and constant practice. The postcard son controls the other members of his family with his self-victimization and helplessness: everyone is compelled to try to do something about his "case." His girlfriend, a psychiatric social worker, is a seasoned controller; she makes him fall in love with

It is a theme worth addressing, and the experience worth portraying. But it is wrong — and boring — to keep insisting on the Jews. There are Jews — even Jewish mothers — who recognize that true power in relationships results from doing all one can to make the other person feel the presence of others, that the bond created in this manner is the strongest bond there is: mutual love. And there are millions and millions of non-Jews who, like the characters in *Table Settings*, go about things in life, in love, in work, in family, in — in the theater, in language, in thought — is not that they are untrue, but that they blind us to the intricacies of reality, the refusal of the real world to conform to the stereotypes that make for cheap, popular theater. *Table Settings* is a play that is not leading to crawl out of its cradle. *Table Settings* deals with important truths about human nature, but by neglecting to observe reality with fresh eyes the playwright has weakened the force of those truths, and has effectively turned them into

Personal eccentricities aside, those who are sensitive to health had many a restaurant meal ruined by it. Some people know who ate at El Chalan recently were believed by salt and couldn't finish their meal because of it. The first thing I do when I go to a French restaurant is to say, "No salt." Unfortunately, the other night at La Normandie I was so engrossed in conversation I forgot to mention it, and in consequence I had to forgo the first course of the meal.

Our entrées on the first night were scampi (\$13.95) and *faisan chasseur* or pheasant, hunter's style (\$13.95). Because my friend had the soup, I had the salad. The salad was plentiful and the dressing of

Sure enough, our mushroom soup was great, and again, so were the vegetables. If La Normandie offered a vegetable plate, I would be there often. However, the salads are drenched in excessive dressing. This time I ordered the special hot spinach salad, whose cost is \$4.75, not an inco-

As for the desserts, of which I sampled three — the chocolate mousse, the orange mousse with Grand Marnier, and the custard — none was stimulating. A killer chocolate mousse would be desirable.

What La Normandie has going for it are lovely proprietors, attentive service, excellent vegetables, and the potential for improvement. A light hand with salt here, inventiveness with the sauces there, and fewer but more brilliant offerings should do it. The Bourgoins have come to seek their fortune in San Diego. We trust first neither they nor we will be disappointed in the future outcome. □

A Pinch in the Mouth

Personal eccentricities aside, those who are sensitive to health had many a restaurant meal ruined by it. Some people know who ate at El Chalan recently were believed by salt and couldn't finish their meal because of it. The first thing I do when I go to a French restaurant is to say, "No salt." Unfortunately, the other night at La Normandie I was so engrossed in conversation I forgot to mention it, and in consequence I had to forgo the first course of the meal.

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Three Some



Jim Richmond, David Korbush

JEFF SMITH

One of the surprises of last year's theatrical season was the fine staging of *Woyzeck* by the Aleph Company, at the time new to San Diego. Directed by Ollie Nash, the company performed Slavomir Woyzeck's political allegory with a flair for the offbeat, the avant-garde, and the absurd. Its seriocomic approach to the clash between Western and Eastern powers brought unexpected vitality to some well-worn themes. The group's second production — George Buchner's unfinished tragedy, *Woyzeck*, which opened last Friday night at the Second Avenue Theatre — continues their attempt to create "alternative" theater in San Diego. Though far less successful than its initial effort — due largely to a fragmentary script and some uneven casting — the Aleph Company's experimental version of Woyzeck nonetheless has several provocative moments and interesting directorial touches.

The play is set in a tiny border village

somewhere in western Europe — the exact date and location are unspecified — where an undisciplined military detachment guards the apparently nonstrategic crossing with enemy rifles. The unit fills its off-duty hours with drink, carousing, and local gossip. The village (and the humdrum task at hand) is too meager not only to satisfy the frustrated energies of the soldiers and their wives; it is also too small to contain their many secrets.

The soldiers come in two types: officers with some means, and privates, one of whom, Franz Woyzeck, supplements his paltry income by submitting himself to a questionable scientific experiment. He is paid five dollars every so often to cut only peas. The experiment, the aim of which seems little more than old-time sadism, renders Woyzeck impotent and fills his being with mystical illusions. One of these, that his wife is having an affair with the Sergeant Major, begins to consume him. There is a vast gulf, he learns, between the words "yes" and "no," and much of the drama is concerned with his mental imaginations, all of which turn out

not to be hallucinations.

Written in 1837, and uncompleted at the author's death, the script is a series of fragmentary scenes, from which Alban Berg derived material for his opera *Woyzeck*. Charles King's recent adaptation of the original, though it attempts to overcome the choppy nature of the text, has many of the same troubles. Coherence is still a problem, as is King's wooden translation, which often includes stretches of dialogue that sound as if they were written for statues, not people. One example: Just after Woyzeck has learned the truth of his wife's infidelity, he is badly beaten by her lover, the Sergeant Major, in a saloon. As he lies bleeding on the floor, stripped of all his illusions and doubly humiliated by his wife and her lover, Woyzeck decries the potential potholes of the moment when he mutters, "One damn thing after another."

Given his circumstances, it is difficult to conceive of a more bland observation. To overcome the fragmented script, director Ollie Nash has stressed the various settings in which the play takes place. Unable to find answers to the dilemma during the day, Woyzeck discovers them at night. And Nash's staging of several eerie dream sequences externalizes the soldier's private horrors in striking ways. A nightmarish *dance macabre*, in which darkened figures frolic brusquely with his wife

Maria — represented by an actor wearing an exaggerated blonde fright wig — symbolically underscores Woyzeck's situation. As does an equally surreal vision later in the play, where masked actors and an enormous knife taunt him and convince Woyzeck of the solution to his problem. These stunning, imaginative sequences — all of which are punctuated by the cast making spidery sounds in the background — are the strengths of the production. They not only lend an atmospheric unity, they also emphasize the paradox of the drama: for Woyzeck, the truth resides in the illusory world of dreams — and not in the light of day.

The set and lighting designs by Jim Nash and Fred Sutton also contribute strongly to this atmospheric unity. Nash's sparse, functional set, with at least six distinct, multileveled playing areas, makes excellent use of the tiny Second Avenue Theatre. And Sutton's lighting clearly demarcates these different spaces and enhances the production continually. The combination of Nash's staging, along with the set and lighting designs, draws the eye here and there, through a series of ever-

changing spatial relationships, and they blend the real and the surreal elements of the play with a deft touch. In many ways, the production is at its best in its nonverbal moments.

The casting, however, is uneven and really no match for the production values that house it so capably. While the ensemble work of the cast is solid — in particular the crowd scenes, the surreal sequences, and a dramatic brawl in the bar — the individual performances of the cast vary in quality from competent to amateurish. And even Nash's truly impressive direction is unable to overcome the weak spots in his cast.

The triangle of Woyzeck, his wife Maria, and the Sergeant Major — and the potentially tragic consequences that follow — would have been more moving if the three actors playing these roles were of equal competence. But Ricardo Pitts-Wiley, as the lusty officer, is almost too strong for the part, even though it is evident that this very talented actor is actually attempting to hold back. Commanding every scene in which he appears with a powerful voice and physical presence, Pitts-Wiley creates a fearsome Sergeant Major so fearsome, in fact, that he dwarfs the other two partners in the ill-fated triangle.

By contrast, David Korbush's Woyzeck and Bonnie Dillingham's Maria fail to sustain their roles as the triangle. Korbush improves in his role as the evening progresses, but he remains at best a likable, boyish figure whose decisions are always outside of his control and thus never of his own making. And though the script does not allow her much room to maneuver, Dillingham's shrill characterization as Maria is insubstantial and lacks genuine motivation (was Maria merely a libertine? was she actually torn between the two men? what drove her?) — and so — the Sergeant Major? The play earns its tragic stature if Woyzeck and Maria emerge in the end with enough sympathetic humanity — after having made compelling moral choices and conflicting impulses — for the audience to mourn their demise. But in the Aleph Company's version, the depths of these characters are established almost solely by artificial means, through the wonderful technical elements of the production rather than as a result of the performances of the actors. The play's conclusion is sad, but the tragic intensity to which it aspires escapes it in the end.

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Deputy Sheriff
Kearny Mesa

It's mainly because of my job. I have to stay in shape. Stay one step ahead of the bad guys. In order to fight or swing at somebody you have to stay limber. So I lift weights and I run too, to keep flexible. It also relieves the tension, at least for me; it's better than going out after work and drinking. Most of the guys I work with stay in pretty good shape. In jail you do a lot of walking — climbing stairs. Occasionally we have to subdue somebody. In the police department it's a little different. There's a lot of worrying. Someone might sit in their squad car all day, and make eating donuts and getting overweight and then something happens and they've got to respond quickly. You find they have more heart attacks, back problems, ulcers — so now there are personnel incentive programs to help them maintain fitness too.



Renate Adloff
Student
La Mesa

I just feel better. If I don't exercise every day I feel like a block of lead. I started in high school sports — track and cross country. Our coach put us on a strict diet the day before a track meet — nothing dairy. It takes too long to digest. For snacks, straight popcorn, no butter and salt. Lots of herbal tea but no soft drinks. I became a strict vegetarian but that because one day I saw someone delivering a side of beef that still had legs on it. That was it. I couldn't eat it. I was a baller, jazzercise, swim, bike — things that are beneficial to each other. Swimming and biking help my cardiovascular system and my endurance level. I'm prone to asthma and it really helps.



Deborah Schuck
Health Educator
Mission Hills

At the present time it's so I can have an easy labor and get back into shape after I have the baby. It's due in April. I feel better — it's a great stress reliever. I think I originally started exercising after I broke my leg in a ski accident. I was in a cast for six months. It really gave me a very real sense of what it would be like to be an old person or someone who was handicapped. Afterward I was intent on improving my muscle tone and staying in shape. I started running and swimming. I even ran in a marathon. Right now I'm mainly swimming, that seems to feel the best to me while I'm pregnant. I'm up to a mile again. It's got to help during labor.



Bob Allen
Fireman
Pacific Beach

I've been weightlifting since senior year in high school. I started running about nine years ago. I mainly do it to stay healthy, not for competitive reasons. I like to get a good cardiovascular workout. Being a fireman can be taxing on your system. At times you're at a complete standstill, then three or four minutes later you're off to fight a fire. There's a great deal of lifting involved — a 120-pound ladder off the rig. One length of two and a half inch hose weighs fifty-five pounds, and that's when it's empty. We also wear equipment that weighs up to seventy pounds, and that's a considerable amount of weight. In this job you really have to stay in shape.



Ruth Reich
Retired
Mission Hills

You have to do something at my age, otherwise your joints get stiff. In New York City I didn't have the opportunity. Children, work — it's a beautiful location to live in but you don't have the chance to keep fit as easily. After we retired we moved here and there was a swimming pool right in our complex, but you have to do something like 100 laps just to do a mile. In New York City you don't have nearly the pools you do here. So I found a better pool to swim at. I try to do a mile every day even though I'm a little slow. My husband and I hike a lot too. You have to do something or you become stale. Exercise is good for anything that ails you.

—Lin Jakary

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photo by Glen Wapner

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Section 2 Events, Theater, Music, Film



Piano & Strings

The string quartet as an established musical form dates from the Eighteenth Century. At first it concerned itself chiefly with melody played by the first violin, accompanied by the three other instruments (second violin, viola, and cello). Composers in the middle of that century, above all Haydn, began to see the possibilities opened up by the establishment of a combination which possessed in its four members a similarity in tone quality and equally distributed flexibility in musical expression. With Beethoven the quartet reached the climax of the purely classical style.

The Romantic period left its mark upon the quartet in the evident desire for increasing the richness of tone, with massed tonal effects of various sorts, the writing approaches that of the orchestra both in point of view and in sound. In the meantime, another form of quartet had been developed: the piano quartet, scored for piano and three strings, normally violin, viola, and cello. Having its origin in the accompanied sonatas for one or more stringed instruments, the combination was found to possess valuable qualities for musical expression, which were enhanced by the development of the piano as an instrument and of the technique of piano playing. The effects are quite different from those of the strings alone; there is a striking contrast in tone quality, and the piano supplies harmonic support that powerfully reinforces that aspect of the music.

The Eighteenth Century also saw the development of the string quintet, scored for two violins, two violas, and cello, or some variant of this combination. The addition of the piano to the string quartet dates from the Romantics of the Nineteenth Century, and the rich effect of combining two distinct tone colorings, each one capable of harmonic independence, has been widely exploited since the first of the important piano quintets, that by Schumann. The sonorities are richer than in the piano quartet; the symphonic qualities of the nineteenth-century quartet are found to an even greater degree in the piano quintet; there are certain

analogies with the instrumental dialogue found in that very popular form, the piano concerto; and the piano quintet enables an established string quartet to join forces with a virtuosic pianist who wishes to play chamber music. It is thus a form beloved of composers, musicians, and audiences alike.

What, then, could be more gratifying than the upcoming concert featuring pianist Emanuel Ax and the Cleveland Quartet? The Clevelanders, who have visited San Diego numerous times, are one of America's leading string quartets, and Emanuel Ax, who has appeared here as soloist with orchestra and with the Ax-Kim-Ma Trio (piano, violin,

cello), is one of the outstanding younger pianists of our day. This will be their only performance together this season. The program will bring the quartet and the pianist together in one of the masterpieces of the genre, the turbulent, impassioned F Minor Quartet by Johannes Brahms. Brahms had already mixed the sonorities of the piano

with those of stringed instruments in several piano quartets and a piano trio, but his penchant for full, rich textures and for orchestral qualities in chamber music impelled him to compose for the larger group as well. Rarely did the composer surpass this piano quintet in variety of tone color, in warmth, in brilliance, and in melodic inventiveness. The program will also include two works for the Cleveland Quartet alone: Schubert's masterly and enigmatic Quartet in B-flat op. 125 no. 1, and Beethoven's early Quartet in B-flat op. 18 no. 6. The concert of the Cleveland Quartet with pianist Emanuel Ax will take place next Thursday, February 11, at 8:00 p.m., at UCSD's Mandeville Auditorium. Tickets are on sale at the office of the La Jolla Chamber Music Society (459-3741), Select-A-Seat outlets (565-2865), the Turntable (7852 Girard Avenue at La Jolla Village 4421), and UCSD box office (452-4559). (The Cleveland Quartet will also be performing in Sherwood Auditorium on Friday, February 12, but that concert is sold out.) —Thomas Arne



Cape Work

In the late 1940s a tall black kid from Boston, fresh out of the Navy, showed up in Los Angeles at a home where three marauders — two from Mexico and one from Spain — were staying. The courageous toreros were in town for a bloodless bullfighting exhibition that was to have taken place at a local rodeo, but the show was unexpectedly canceled and the three were saved from sour humor only when the dark American announced that he wanted to become a matador. It was a good laugh, the best they'd had in days, the prospect of this overcast (six feet, three inches tall) fellow — whose father and grandfather surely had not been matadors — wanting to learn at his advanced age (early twenties) to fight bulls in the corrida.

Fighting to prolong the joke, the matadors handed the kid a cape and challenged him to fight the imaginary son of the living room ring. The young man responded with the standard opening pose, la semina, taking the bull wide on a pass to his

right, and then another wide pass to his left as he stood up his adversary, looking for the bull's tendencies — does it charge in a straight line? does it favor one horn over the other? does it see well with both eyes? The expansion then tightened the passes, linking them in a fluid series, holding his ground and not allowing his feet to shuffle or

titter, working ever closer to the brutal horns. At last, he turned a media-venencia, gathering the cape on his hip and wrenching the bull's body, in pursuit of the rapid, tight swirl of cloth. Scornful, he turned his back on the windmill, frustrated animal and walked to the barrier to make way for the picadors. Richard Evans, now a fifty-four-year-old San Diego resident, went on from that spontaneous, successful debut to fight bulls in Mexico for fifteen years. He ranks among the few Americans ever to take up the

Poetic Renaissance

A year before California became a state in 1850, San Francisco had its first two bookstores and its first published book. A hundred and five years after, the first major literary movement in the city began: the "San Francisco Renaissance." The event that symbolizes the birth of the movement was Allen Ginsberg's first public reading of his poem "Howl," at the Six Gallery on October 13, 1955. That poem, which no

longer seems so shocking, precipitated a censorship trial back then. The beat poets, beat musicians, and beat generation are familiar to us; nonpolitical, brooding existentialists, in rebellion. Less familiar are the highly political, left-wing writers and painters whose work was also experimental, also counterculture, who were interested in sharing and establishing a new kind of community. In the late Forties, before Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti arrived from the East, Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan were active poets in the Bay Area. Spicer, just as influential as Ginsberg in inspiring younger writers, used to conduct an informal class every night at a local bar. And Kenneth Rexroth held a series of Tuesday evening soirees at his house, at which poets and writers gathered to discuss the modernist poets — Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot — and politics, especially those of anarchy. The San Francisco Renaissance was all of these writers and others, during the decade 1955-1965.

"The San Francisco Renaissance: A Reappraisal," a three-day conference taking place at UCSD next week, will



Illustration by Tyler Bliss

READER'S GUIDE

Salvadorian Guerrillas will be represented by Chilean translator Manuel Campos and a revolutionary from El Salvador on a national speaking tour, addressing the questions of tasks confronting the masses of El Salvador, U.S., Soviet and Cuban involvement, and the worldwide situation, Thursday, February 4, 7:30 p.m., Che Cafe, UCSD, 452-2311.

"World Order or World Chaos in the 1980's" will be the focus of the fourth annual Institute on World Affairs, which will begin with Perle Hagan, the first recipient of the Margaret Mead Award for International Understanding, who will speak on "Population Growth and World Order," Thursday, February 4, 8 p.m., Little Theater, Heger Hall, SJSU, Free, 265-5147.

"Words 'n' Jazz," an evening of music and readings from published works of Chicano literature, will include poetry, prose, and journalism read by Alurista, Alejandro Morales, Gina Valdes, and Monica Espinoza, and music by Tambo Caribbean Jazz Ensemble, Friday, February 5, 4 p.m., Che Cafe, UCSD, Free, 452-1128.

"Kos is the United Nations," a program of talks about the U.N., will take place Saturday, February 6, 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., First Unitarian Church, 4100 First Street, Hillcrest, 248-9978.

"Count Down on San Onofre: The Fault with Nuclear Power" will be discussed by local activists, Saturday, February 6, 7:30 p.m., Military Forum, 1053 15th Street, San Diego, 234-6763.

"World in Transition" talks sponsored by the Bahai Center will present Donald Stevens of National University speaking on "Literary Formation in a Time of Change and Transition," Saturday, February 6, 8 p.m., San Diego Bahai Center, 6545 Alcala Knolls Drive, San Diego, Free, 268-3999.

"The Polish Connection: Rome to

Waraw" will be the topic of a lecture by journalist and Vatican correspondent John Lewis, for the World Affairs Council, Tuesday, February 9, 5:30 p.m., Officers Club, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Reservations: 231-0111.

"Total Health: It's a Lifetime Affair" series of health education lectures will present John Mortenson of Vista Hill Hospital and Robert Brown of South Bay Guidance Center speaking on "Burnout and conflict resolution of stress," Tuesday, February 9, 7 p.m., south lower level, Plaza Bonita Shopping Center, Sweetwater Road near Highway 805, Free, 421-1180.

"Acupuncture and Health Care in China" will be discussed by Whitfield Reaver, who had a four-year internship in acupuncture there, Tuesday, February 9, 7:30 p.m., D.G. Wills Books, 7527 La Jolla Village, La Jolla, Free, 456-1800.

Animals of the Galapagos Islands and the work of naturalist Charles Darwin will be discussed by Donald Wilkie, director of the Scripps Aquarium-museum, followed by a preview of a new museum exhibit on the Galapagos Islands, Wednesday, February 10, 7:30 p.m., Summer Auditorium, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, 8002 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, Free, 452-4087.

"Optimal Health Lecture Series," the ninth annual, will open with Dr. William Castelli, medical director of the Framingham, Massachusetts Heart Study where the correlation between cholesterol and coronary heart disease was discovered, and the topic "The American Lifestyle May Be Hazardous to

Your Health," Wednesday, February 10, 7:30 p.m., Montezuma Hall, Atrec Center, SDSU, Free, 265-5324.

Galleries

"Black Artist Exhibition," the work of Jean Cornwell, Marshall Kary, Omar Noble, Charles Rucker, and Cassandra Xume will be on view through February 27, with a reception featuring the Pena Jazz Quartet, Tuesday, February 5, 7 to 9 p.m., Gallery of the Multicultural Arts Institute, 425 Market Street, downtown, 236-1521.

"A Decade of Women's Performance Art," an exhibition chronicling women's performance art in the Seventies, will feature photo documents of the work of thirty artists, among them Laurie Anderson, Nancy Buchanan, and Yvonne Rainer, through February 11, East Room, Mandeville Center, UCSD, 452-3120.

"A Month of Sundays," an exhibition of painted wood sculpture and drawings by John Buck, will be on view through February 12, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 454-3541.

"Recent Works on Paper" by Southwestern artist R.C. Cormac, including posters and original lithographs, will be on display through February 18, James Crowley Gallery, Manicota College, One Barnard Drive, Occidental, 752-7121 or 755-5155.

Watercolor Paintings of San Francisco artist M. Louise Stanley will be on display through February 18, James Crowley Gallery, Manicota College, One Barnard Drive, Occidental, 752-7121 or 755-5155.

Miniature Constructivist Sculpture with Neon by Michael Pugh will continue through February 19, Maple Creek Gallery, Harold Goe, Jay Johnson, Tim Whitehouse, and others will be displayed through February 7, Pawn Shop, 740 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 233-9242.

"Reflections," thirty black and white photographs made by Duncan McCook, mostly of people at leisure, will remain on view behind a window installation by Judith Swain, through February 10, Gallery Graphica, 1847 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 245-1538.

Works from "The Deep," "Squid," and "Chula Vista" Series by Peter Alexander will be on exhibit through February 20, Thomas Babour Gallery, 7470 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 454-0345.

"Figurative Paintings of Ernest Silva and Patricia Patterson" will be on exhibit through February 23, Southwestern College gallery, 900 Otay Lakes Road, Chula Vista, 421-0349.

"Paintings, Drawings, and Manuscripts of Jeffrey Knausbaum" will be on view through February 27, Deicas Art Gallery, 1224 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 456-1555.

"New Work on Paper I" an exhibition of ninety works on paper by Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Core, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tackler, traveling from New York's Museum of Modern Art, will be on display through February 28, with decent tours Thursdays at 1 p.m., La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

"Recent Works on Paper" by Southwestern artist R.C. Cormac, including posters and original lithographs, will be on display through February 28, Art Loft, 731 South Highway 101, Solana Beach, 481-8011.

"New Color/New Visions," an exhibition of contemporary photographs by Melinda Blauvelt, Jo Ann Callis, Chris Enos, Olivia Parker, John Pahl, and Joel Samfield, will be on view through March 9, Photography Gallery, 7468 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 459-1800.

New Paintings by Judith Fossamer will be exhibited through March 9, through February 19, Boehm Gallery,

TO LOCAL EVENTS

Palomar College, 1140 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 744-1150 x2302.

Winger Gallery, First Arts building, 4683 Cass Street, Pacific Beach, 454-4414.

"Selected Works/New Paintings" of Arnold Mesches, including abstract portraits of John Balesan, Ed Ruscha, Bella Lewitky, and self-portraits, will remain on view through March 20, Baker Gallery, 828 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 456-0828.

Stephen Heffer

Cape Work

(continued from page 1)

deadly profession, and he is, perhaps, the only black American ever to do so. He claims dispatching 178 Merrill Lynch commercials clearly to Bull Heaven, while watching some ten of the beasts measure their infrequent successes in his blood.

Evans is presently reliving his pain and glory as he composes his autobiography, *Suit of Gold*; and next Thursday, February 11, he will deliver the first of a series of three lectures on bullfighting at Southwestern College. The series is titled "La Fiesta Brava: The Art of Bullfighting," and it will begin with "The Dooling of the Bull, The Matador's First Cape Work." The second lecture, "The Quizes, the Bandillas, the Ballet of Death," will be given on February 18, and the series will conclude on February 25 with "The Fierro, La Matra (The Moment of Truth)." The lectures will be given at

7:30 p.m. on each of the three Thursday evenings in room 435 on the campus of Southwestern College, 900 Otay Lakes Road, Chula Vista. Tickets for individual lectures can be purchased at the door. Tickets for the series and general information can be obtained by calling the community services office at 421-1180.

— Stephen Heffer

Poetry

(continued from page 1)

examines the literary and community aspects of the movement (Why San Francisco? and, perhaps, Why not San Diego?). Participants will include Bay Area poets, West Coast scholars of contemporary literature, and two social scientists — Berkeley's Todd Gitlin, who was head of Students for a Democratic Society during the activist, antiwar Sixties and who now teaches there; and Bennett Berger, UCSD sociologist who has written on counterculture and commune. Beginning Tuesday, February 9 and continuing through next Thursday, February 11, there will be panel discussions each day at 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m., and poetry readings each evening at 8:00 p.m. Panel topics and poets who will read their work are, in chronological order:

"The Poetics of the San Francisco Renaissance." The various strands of romance,

realism, and the influence of Europe. "The Various Arts of the San Francisco Renaissance." Including painting, theater, and jazz. Readings by William Everson and Robert Duncan, representing the older generation. Both pacifists. Everson, who was formerly Brother Antoninus, a lay brother in the Dominican order, is concerned with the sacramental qualities of poetry and California as a special spiritual place. Duncan continues the great romantic tradition of poetry, applying to it ideas of open field composition.

"Low Welch: How He Worked as a Poet." Welch was a less well known poet; his papers are owned by UCSD's Archive for New Poetry.

"California, Place and Proposition: Some Historical Considerations." An overview of California as a place where experimentation is encouraged, and San Francisco is melting pot and hideout for ethnic, political, and social outcasts and fringe elements. Readings by David Meltzer and Gary Snyder, poets committed to ethnic and cultural origins. Meltzer brings the spirit of Judaic mysticism and European Dada humor to poetry. Snyder, who believes that poetry is the closest link we have to our primitive past, incorporates native American and Asian cultural traditions in his poetry.

"Postwar Politics and the Idea of Community in and Through the

San Francisco Renaissance."

"The San Francisco Renaissance and American Literary History." The relationship of the Transcendentalists — Emerson and Thoreau — who reacted against Calvinist tradition 100 years earlier.

Readings by Ron Loewinsohn and Michael McClure, two younger poets of the group. Loewinsohn shares William Carlos Williams' concern for precise visual images and song. McClure, who wrote a biography of a Hell's Angel and was a Sixties counterculture figure, explores nonemancipatory, "beast language."

The conference is cosponsored by the Archive for New Poetry at UCSD and the California Council for the Humanities. The archive is the largest collection of contemporary poetry in the English language west of the Mississippi, and the largest collection of San Francisco Renaissance poets in the world. Located in the Central University Library, it is open to the public Monday through Friday from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Saturday from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

The Tuesday and Wednesday poetry readings will take place in Mandeville Auditorium at UCSD. Thursday's reading and all the panel discussions will be held in the Center for Music Experiment, building 408 on Warren Campus, UCSD. There is no admission charge for any of the events. For further information, call the archive at 452-6766.

— Amy Chu

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THE SAN FRANCISCO RENAISSANCE

A RE-APPRAISAL

February 9-11, 1982

Gary Snyder
Robert Duncan
Michael McClure
Ron Loewinsohn
William Everson
David Meltzer

Marjorie Perloff
James Breslin
Albert Gelpi
Fred Moten
Todd Gitlin
Bennett Berger

A conference to be held at the University of California, San Diego, February 9-11, 1982, on the San Francisco literary renaissance of the fifties and sixties. For further information contact the Archive for New Poetry, C-075, UC San Diego, La Jolla, CA 92093, or phone (714) 452-6766.

Tuesday, February 9
10:00 a.m. Welcome: Michael Davidson, Project Director
10:15 a.m. Discussion: Perloff, Gelpi, Loewinsohn, Breslin
2:00 p.m. Discussion: Duncan, McClure, Meltzer
8:00 p.m. Reading: Everson, Duncan

Wednesday, February 10
10:00 a.m. Discussion: Snyder, Meltzer, McClure
2:00 p.m. Discussion: Gitlin, Everson, Snyder, Duncan
8:00 p.m. Reading: Meltzer, Snyder
Thursday, February 11
10:00 a.m. Discussion: Gitlin, Everson, Berger, McClure
2:00 p.m. Discussion: Perloff, Gelpi, Loewinsohn, Moten
8:00 p.m. Reading: Loewinsohn, McClure

The poetry readings Feb. 9 and 10 will be held in the Mandeville Auditorium; all other events will take place in the CME, Building 408, Warren Campus.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Binary convention. On several occasions — where the comic spirit successfully obscures the plot's more shocking implications — one senses that Parrell's any cartoonish script is in the right hands. The production, with a solid cast led by actor Bruce Davidson, is also enhanced by Peter Dinklage's wonderful set designs, which use a small number of props and some so-broke-squads. Dinklage effectively recreates the architecture of downtown Manhattan. And when the plot shifts an attention to the approach to the Real World, Dinklage's minimalist set functions in the opposite way, suggesting "much in flow." This construction is at the heart of the Center production. It is in fact what makes it work so well. (SM)

TABLE SETTINGS
Reviewed this issue:
Parade Public Theater, through
February 14, Thursday, through
Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Sunday at 2:00 p.m. *Wine* Saturday, February 6

and Saturday, February 13 at 2:00 p.m.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS
For its first production of 1982, the North County Community Theatre offers the Agatha Christie suspense-mystery about a judge who invites a group of people — all of whom have done some shady things in their past — to the home for a late birthday celebration of the law. Dennis McHaffey directs the play. (SM)

THE THIRTEENTH REEL
The Bell State Players stage Bob Campbell's mystery comedy about the interactions of eight Hollywood personalities and their connection with the death of producer Norman De Lange, the nature of whose demise is subject. Set in the belated of Louisiana, the play combines the mystery plot with a movie being filmed on location by the Hollywood personalities. Bob Campbell, who also is one of the leads in the play, directs.

Gloria Robert, Ron Mulon, Linda Rogers, Joe Forte, Walt San, Michael Rogoff, Jeff De Lage, and Lou Chaff. The set has been designed by Bob Adams, and the lighting is designed by Walt San. (SM)

A THURSDAY CARNIVAL
The Coronado Playhouse presents a movie based on the writings of James Thurber (1894-1961), whose stories, commentaries on life in our times — along with penetrating psychological insights — made him one of the most revered humorists of his day. Directed by Ann Thompson-Ham, the play's stars of whom play multiple roles, include Richard Allen, Del Thomas, Cheryl, George Lemmer, Adele, Garland, Kimberly, Garland, Lynn Hill, Linda Rockstrom, and Lynn Steinhilber. The set and costume design are by Samantha St. Clair. On Thursday, February 4, there will be a special dinner-theater showing of the play. (SM)

February 10, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 8:00 p.m.

TINYTIMES
The San Diego Repertory Theatre offers the Broadway musical, conceived by Mary Hyde with Mel Hagen and Sam Paley about a young immigrant who comes to America in the early part of this century. Through his eyes the play presents the risk of silent movies. Ziegfeld Follies, milk baths, ragtime, broad lines and blues. The musical also features more than forty-five vintage tunes from the turn of the century to the 1920s. James Marley, among other efforts as director, choreographer, and arranger. (SM)

WOYZECK
Reviewed this issue:
Second Avenue Theatre, through
February 15, Thursday, through
Sunday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 233-0690.

WOMEN'S OPEN THEATRE SHOWCASE
The Wing Cafe offers an evening of open theater for women interested in performing comedy, improvisation, music, and mime, dance, poetry, monologues, and storytelling. Amid the dinner-theater atmosphere at the perform routines of up to five minutes in length. Performances are scheduled for Friday evenings, call to register by 5:00 p.m. the Thursday before. There is no cover charge for audiences. Wing Cafe, 2753 B Street, San Diego, through March 26, Friday at 7:30 p.m. For information call 239-9906 or 280-4648.

WOYZECK
Reviewed this issue:
Second Avenue Theatre, through
February 15, Thursday, through
Sunday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 233-0690.

ZELAN-COZA the orchestral director, and Bonnie Johnson the choreographer. (SM)

ZELAN-COZA the orchestral director, and Bonnie Johnson the choreographer. (SM)

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PATRICIA ELMORE of the San Diego Actors Studio proudly announces an on-camera acting workshop. This workshop will have the opportunity of acting in front of the camera each month to prepare their craft within a dramatic and supportive environment. Actor's strengths and weaknesses will be clearly seen through the use of video tape systems. This is a technique used by the San Diego actors who have been working for:

WHEN: Tuesday, 7-10 PM
WHERE: 180 Santa Clara St., Mission Beach
COST: \$75.00 per hour (5)

The above will be an ongoing class. On-camera equipment will be used in the daytime. Commuter classes for advanced students or auditions in the evening.

On April 2-15 there will be a Theatre Tour to Ireland and England.

There is an interview before being admitted to the Tuesday evening acting workshop. For an appointment, call PATRICIA ELMORE at 275-0705

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Monday, February 15
Civic Theatre • 8:00 PM
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2nd Avenue Theatre
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Reservations: 234-7690 or 233-0690
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Admission: \$4 Thursday, \$5 all other performances

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 89803, San Diego 92188, or call 231-7821 Friday before 5:00 p.m.



GREG KINN BAND

About a year and a half ago, during a much-needed break in a recording session in Los Angeles, the engineer bade me all down to listen to a rock and roll tape he had recently purchased. Now, at four in the morning, after more than nine hours of recording, three or four pots of bad coffee, a couple of cold pizzas, and perhaps three dozen playbacks of a single song, one begins to lose one's sense of reality, scope, and interest in anything beyond deep sleep. At such a time, revivification is not altogether impossible, but only the most extreme forms of refreshment would stand the slightest chance of proving effective. Maybe being painted and hurled into an unheated swimming pool or a room full of ravenous teen-age girls (following a similar preparation) would do the trick, but the suggestion of listening to too much music — especially loud, raucous music — would rate very poor marks, indeed.

Nevertheless, I acquiesced, and after several cuts from this album by the Greg Kinn Band, I was in the mood for more recording. I'm certain that the

context had something to do with the music's effect on me (to duplicate such an audio experience, one would have to invest in \$150,000 worth of state-of-the-art equipment), but I was impressed by a number of things that came through the studio monitors. First, Kinn had produced a sound that could only be described by contradictory adjectives — it was clean and raucous. Second, he had managed to be imaginative in his songwriting without entirely losing his grip on what was essentially straightforward, unadorned rock and roll, not a mean feat in itself.

Kinn, a Bay Area artist who has recorded a half dozen or more albums for the low-profile Berkeley label, has not yet reached the pinnacle of success predicted for him by his most

vocal supporters. He might just be too "American" (i.e., familiar) in his approach to rock and roll to excite the masses, who seem increasingly drawn to more exotic forms of musical entertainment (we're talking American: Kinn abandoned a career in baseball to devote his energies exclusively to music only after taking a line drive in the groin). But after the reception, both critical and popular, accorded his sixth album, *Rockferry*, last year, Kinn's star has ascended steadily, if unerringly.

I'm not exactly an expert on Kinn's musical history, and of the few albums I've heard, perhaps only half of the material strikes me as being inspired. Still, that's a better ratio than most groups can claim these days, and it's enough to endorse the appearance of the Greg

Kinn Band when they join Great Buildings Friday night in UCSD's Gymnasium.

It's probably only a coincidence that I was listening to Michael Franks' newest album the other day when I came across a notice that Mose Allison would be playing in town this weekend. Allison, you see, is often cited as a major influence on Franks' breathy, breezy, jazz-pop style. I think it's an accurate observation. If I were given the task of casting the part of a jazz singer for a smoke-filled supper club scene in a TV movie, I would probably choose Allison. Not because he epitomizes all that a jazz singer can be, but because his patented, sing-talk vocalizing would not disorient middle-American TV viewers who equate jazz with sleepy-cool posturing.

This is not to denigrate Allison. Although he can't be considered an important contributor to the development of jazz as an art form, his bluespeak patter has been an identifiable trademark that at least ranks him with other original stylists (apologies to Astrud Gilberto). I happen to like him. He'll be at the Blue Parrot in La Jolla tonight through Saturday.

In other concerts this week, the Coasters will follow close on the heels of only it were close on the heels of Gary Lewis when they invade Crystal T's Emporium in Mission Valley for two shows tonight. I don't know if this incarnation of the Coasters contains any original members, but I certainly hope so. Only the founders of this Fifties vocal group would be able to do justice to the tunes I remember hearing over and over at my older sister's dance parties ("Charlie Brown," "Little Egypt," and my personal favorite, "Poison Ivy"). Also continuing tonight, and carrying through Saturday, is the "Liverpool A Tribute to the Beatles, Elvis Presley, and Buddy Holly" show at LeFr's Greenhouse (again in Mission Valley).

Friday night, jazz vocalist Flora Purim and hubby Alvaro will team for a concert of Brazilian-flavored fusion at SDSU's Backdoor. Saturday's calendar includes appearances by the Grammy Award-winning who equate jazz with sleepy-cool posturing.

(continued on next page)

CONCERTS

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For your pleasure: Free Valet Parking on weekends

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Last weekend (through Feb. 6)



Coming February 9

Oh! Ridge

Tuesday-Saturday 9 p.m.-1 a.m.

Barker and Orr
Appearing Sunday & Monday, 9 p.m.-1 a.m.



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

(Continued from preceding page)

Manhattan and **Bill Summers** at the Fox Theatre for two shows; while country singer/songwriter **George Jones**, who has benefited of late from the adulation and public attention of pop stars such as James Taylor, Elvis Costello, and Emmylou Harris, will perform at the California Theater. On Sunday singer/songwriter **Sherie**

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CONCERTS

Liverpool: A Tribute to the Beatles, Elise Presley, and **Buddy Holly**, Lehr's Greenhouse, tonight, Thursday, through Saturday, February 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 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Sunday and Monday: Circus, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mustang Club, 3955 Sports Arena Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-5596: Gerni, Bae and A Touch of Country country, Tuesday through Sunday; country music, Monday; call club for information.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4297 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-7322: Jim Hawley, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; the Grit, country and contemporary, Sunday and Monday; the Rollers, rock and roll, Tuesday.

Rodeo, 8880 Via La Jolla, La Jolla.

457-5590: Gary Puckett, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; David Seaborn, new wave, Sunday and Monday; Heron, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 274-3314: The Pool Land Trio, music of the 40s to the 80s, Thursday through Saturday; Randy Jarnes and Bonnie Beatham, variety and comedy, Sunday and Monday; the Rollers, rock and roll, Tuesday.

Santa's, 4250 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Portal, 223-9158: Bill Coleman Quartet, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Vacation Village Hotel, Bar Lounge, Vacation Isle, Mission Bay, 274-4444: Shiny B's, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; musical entertainment, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

Windrose, 1935 Quivira Road, Marina Village, Mission Bay Park, 223-2335: Four Eyes, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Gary Puckett, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday; Bratz, rock and roll, Wednesday.

San Diego North
The Abilene Lounge, Town and

Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131: Richie Gary and Sunflower, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Alamo, 3053 Clairemont Drive, Clairemont, 276-2240: Larry Proffitt and Cinnamon Ridge, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Al Salam Restaurant, 2947 Balboa Avenue, Kearny Mesa, 279-1520: The Middle Eastern Musicians, Middle Eastern music and belly dancing, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bachanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, Clairemont, 563-8862: The Blitz Brothers, rock and roll,

Thursday; Tweed Smokers, new wave, Friday and Saturday; the Normals, rock and blues, Rosie and the Re-Ropin' Screamers, rock and blues, Sunday; the Seals, rock and roll, Dig and the Bombers, rock and roll, No Future, rock and roll, Monday; Rox, rock and roll, Double Take, rock and roll, Tuesday; Carouse, rock and roll, Double Take, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Black Angus, 5247 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100: True Spirit, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 10370 Friars Road, Mission Valley, 563-8862: Summerhouse, top 40, Tuesday

through Saturday.

Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Avenue, Clairemont, 279-2033: Brian Connolly, Irish music, Thursday through Saturday; Jim and Theresa Hinson, Irish music, Wednesday and Sunday.

Bunbury's, 5906 Mira Mesa Boulevard, Mira Mesa, 578-8866: Joleas, rockin' country, Wednesday through Saturday.

The Carriage House, 7945 Balboa Avenue, Kearny Mesa, 279-2597: Jim Moore, soft country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

The Colosseum Restaurant, Caesar Lounge, 6171 Mission Gorge Road, 283-0550: Also Lunch, jazz, Monday through Thursday.

Crystal T's, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 294-9010: The Counters, rhythm and blues, Thursday.

Cunningham's, 7004 Miramar

Road, Mira Mesa, 578-1216: The Marty Mitchell Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Radio Romance, formerly the East West Band, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Edwin's Continental Cuisine, 8630 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa, 271-7021: Mimette, Continental ballads, Friday and Saturday.

Flanigan's, 5373 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 291-8635: Dallas Collins, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Poison Ivy, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Gold Coast Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131: Gary Music Co. featuring Gary Stokes, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

Haji Bha, 424 Camino de la Reina, Mission Valley West, 298-2010: Middle Eastern music and belly dancing featuring Bridget.

Cassandra, Habiba, Romany, Serena, Shabnam, Tuesday through Saturday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, Cricket's, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720: Sky Islands, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Houlihan's Old Place, 5323 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-6170: Jay Star, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Journey, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-2040: The Blitz Brothers, rock and roll, Saturday; rock and roll, X-Calibur, rock and roll, Sunday; rock and roll, Tuesday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-8081: Larry Page, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday; Bob Long, jazz variety, Sunday through Tuesday.

Lady's Greenhouse, 2809 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 299-2875: The Sins Brothers, Beatles music and 40s rock, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Loading Zone, 7888 (Hill) Street, Kearny Mesa, 277-9809: Metro, rock and roll, Thursday; Circus, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; the Piz, rock and roll, Sunday through Wednesday.

Monterey Whaling Company, 887 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 291-1628: The Spud Brothers, 50s and 60s rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; Jim Hawley, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Norjio Inn, 8515 Norjio Road, San Carlos, 465-1730: Forces, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Capet, Las Vegas style revue, Tuesday and Wednesday; Piano Bar, Jon Sandval, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Road, Allied Gardens, 296-7873: Pro Bringham's Preservation Band, traditional, swing, and oldies, Friday and Saturday.

The Patriot Game, 5333 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 296-8714: Paddy Reilly, traditional and contemporary Irish music, Wednesday through Sunday.

The Pavilion Lounge, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, 291-7131: Larry Keys, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Playboy Club, 425 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-8086: Fox and Spice, Las Vegas style revue, Thursday through Saturday; Capet, Las Vegas style revue, Tuesday and Wednesday; Piano Bar, Jon Sandval, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Hackett Club, 4895 Conroy

WE HAVE GREAT BLUES



KING BISCUIT BLUES
Playing their own immitable spirit-lifting songs on Friday and Saturday and...




PROF. OAK & THE HURRICANES
Soul blues Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday

MANDOLIN WIND RESTAURANT
308 University Ave., Hillcrest, San Diego 297-3017

KGB-FM 101 presents
ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY
with
THE BLITZ
sabotage
X-CALIBUR **SINNER**
Saturday, February 6
Free gifts to first 100 people with KGB Card.
Opens 8 p.m.

THE JOURNEY
5375 Kearny Villa Rd.
(Clairemont Mesa off ramp)
Our concert line 279-2040

Bobby G's
Thurs., Fri. & Sat. Feb. 4-6 & Wed. Feb. 10
Emergency Exit



Sun., Mon. & Tues., Feb. 7-9
Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue
Kamikazes \$1.00 7 days a week
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas
Home of the James Gang
485 First St. 436-7397

THE BACKDOOR
AT SDSU




FLORA PURIM/AIRTO
Friday, February 5
8 & 10 p.m.
SDSU Students \$5.50
General Public \$8.50
Arrive Center Box Office
265-6947
and all Select A Seat outlets
Sponsored by the
Associated Students/Cultural
Arts Board

At the
Wind rose
in Marina Village, Mission Bay

GARY PUCKETT
Sunday & Monday

Bratz
Tuesday-Saturday
Picture I.D. required



SUNDAY CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH
Served 12:00 am to 1:00 pm
HAPPY HOUR
1-7 pm
Live Entertainment & Dancing
Dine with a Spectacular Waterfront View

Wind rose
1935 QUIVIRA WAY, San Diego, in Mission Bay
Phone 223-2335

HALCYON
4258 W. Pt. Loma 225-9550

Tuesday-Saturday February 26, 9-13, 16-20

TAXI

Sunday & Monday February 7&8, 14&15

FOUR EYES

Get your date and make dinner reservations now for the Halcyon's

Sunday, February 14


St. Valentine's Day Party

FOUR EYES-
-DAVE CLARK FRED-
-FLUKE BANDS

No cover charge when dining at the Halcyon
Great Food-Reasonable prices

Dine in an undersea grotto...
Come early and enjoy
• **Fresh Catch of the Day**
• **Fresh Pacific Red Snapper** } your choice
• **Harpoon of Beef**
• **Hawaiian Chicken**
All dinners include rice pilaf, a basket of bread, and a trip to our soup & salad bar, Sunday through Thursday 5-7 pm.

The Triton Presents Live Jazz
Bruce Cameron
with
Hollis Gentry



Carlos Vasquez, drums Bob Moss, piano Manzo Hill, bass
Jazz Wednesday thru Saturday 9 pm-1 am

The Triton
5011 El Cajon Blvd. (at College)
Reservations for dinner 583-3240
Closed Mondays
... a truly distinctive seafood restaurant

THIS FRIDAY thatld Presents
9IX PM

ROCKIHNROLL

The GREG KIHNN BAND
with
GREAT BUILDINGS

Friday, February 5, 8 p.m.
UCSD Gym
UCSD Stu. Advance \$7.50, G.A. \$8.50
All Tickets \$8.50 at the Door
Tickets available at all Ticketron Outlets & UCSD Box Office 452-4555

thatld Presents

REPAIR

TOMORROWS:
February 12th San Diego's first annual all original all local new rock & roll musical festival featuring Alpha-CBS recording artists THE MONROES, TOWNSEND, SOLID STATE, GIRL TALK, THE ROOSTERS, STRIPES plus more to be added.
February 13 RECK & THE BLU TONES with THE NOMADS

Thurs. (Tonight)
ROSE FLORES & THE RE-BOPPIN SCREAMERS featuring MICHAEL PAGE from Easy Pop, PAUL COWIE from King Street Blues Band & BOBBY SAILS from Rick Elias Band

Fri.
THE MAGNETS and **SOME AMBULANTS** and **DIMITRIUS & THE GLADIATORS**
From L.A., featuring members from The Motels, Tm Party and The Pop featuring Jeff Jourd.

Sat.
Final command performance.
The emotional and passionate performance of **BIG M.R. & HIS ALL NEW STRUTTING PLEASURE BARONS** (Formerly the All British All Star All Stars).
Vocal with 12 piece orchestra & choir with members from DFX2, Rick Elias Band, Poppers, Penetrators, Paladins, Evasions, Young Americans, Trompers, Fingers and more.

Paladins & The Evasions
Tues, Feb. 9

THIS KIDS and CLEAN SPOT
(Each doing 2 sets special)

Wed, Feb. 10
SOME AMBULANTS and **TRAGIC DANCE** and **DIMITRIUS & THE GLADIATORS**

Well, I tried in the past when they all have...
...entertainers are going to start...
...hiring to pay for a money to help...
...and the night, Saturday, coming...
...let's that rock? I think the next few...
...should be to make all the bicycles...
...motor vehicles pay a fee to help support...
...all local events by the SDPD, the Highway...
...Patrol, and the Sheriff's Dept. Could...
...then they'd work for us and we'd have to...
...control. So connect your favorite politician...
...and one will...
...to "You're all the same" and you'll...
...and he'll be all the same. So...
...through, known as...
...days here, I got and the Bombers...
...with The Allstars and The Young...
...played their whole summer. Here of the...
...Poppers, both over Wednesday...
...Zara blew in like a cold log of the north...
...and top hat and raised their...
...stands, then it was all down hill. Gary...
...and Wilson and the Blind Dates haven't...
...formed in over a year, so they played...
...and get themselves so excited they...
...burgeon the rest. But Gary Wilson, the...
...called all over the floor while his...
...from the stage, with his hair...
...the rock and roll battle. I want to...
...the "Reck & The Blues" show for the...
...Poppers, the "Reck & The Blues" show...
...don't forget these are young kids, so let...
...and then another friend, Gary Wilson...
...Poppers. Some Ambulants at the L.A...
...times they were here, covering more of...
...of the crowd. In fact, the crowd kept...
...ing, "Flames, Flames, Flames," and even...
...were banners around their head that...
...mean band that said "Bring back the...
..."The Flames of The South will be...
...I know to your mind and bring them...
...and this Friday. Next up, 52's rock and...
...and ming all over the floor. Until...
...rolling Penetrators, rock to the stage and

1130 Buena Ave. 276-3993 Food, drink, cocktails dancing—21 on up

Introducing...

Radio Romance

"Our favorite rock & roll band"

and Featuring...

Jeff Roger Rick
Peter Paco

This week at...

The Poseidon, Del Mar, Feb. 4, 5 & 6
Cunninghams, Mira Mesa, Feb. 9-13
The Fireside, Escondido, Feb. 16-20

Formerly The East West Band

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

Rockin' Weekend

Friday & Saturday, Feb. 5 & 6

The Siers Bros.

Both appearing from 9 p.m.

Rock & roll Tuesday-Saturday in our cabaret with

The Siers Bros.

Next Rockin' Weekend: The Siers Bros., The Heroes, and Tweed Sneakers

TUESDAYS: Well Doubles for the price of singles \$1.00
WEDNESDAYS: Well Doubles for the price of singles \$1.00
THURSDAYS: Well Doubles for the price of singles \$1.00

2828 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley 299-2828

Street, Kearny Mesa 565-7774:
Phoozie, country, Wednesday and Thursday.

Spirit, 1130 Buena Avenue, Bay Park 276-3993: Rock and roll, reggae, Wednesday.

Springsfield Wagon Works, 3255 Kearny Villa Road, Rancho Mesa 565-2772: San Antonio, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Stadium Club, 6065 Fairmount Extension (at Twain), Mission Gorge 282-3296: Legend, country rock and rock, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Tio Leo's, 6333 Mission Gorge: Road, Mission Gorge 280-9544: Peggy Spye, contemporary, Wednesday and Thursday; Melissa McCracken, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Wangler's Room, 6608 Mission Gorge Road, Mission Gorge 280-9263: The Taps Road, country, Tuesday through Sunday.

San Diego South
Anthony's Harbor, 1355 North Harbor Drive, downtown 232-6338: Harry Salinas, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Backdoor, Actor Center, San Diego State University, East San Diego 265-6562: Flora Parim and Arto, jazz fusion, Friday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672 Federal Boulevard, East San Diego 264-5797: Time Piece, jazz, Open Stage Talent Show, Tuesday; Jaime Vale, jazz, Wednesday and Thursday; New, jazz, Friday and Saturday; jam session, Sunday.

Boat House, 2040 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island 291-8010: Texas Tuesday, light country, Tuesday through Saturday; Gaudin, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Cafe del Rey, 1549 El Prado, Balboa Park 234-8511: West Coast, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday; Raggle Taggle, new Renaissance variety, Sunday afternoon; Spirit, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Charles Lounge, 3623 College Avenue, College Grove 582-5820:

For Your Dancing Pleasure

The Johnson Twins Trio
Wed. & Thurs. 8:30 PM-12:30 AM
Fri. & Sat. 9:00 PM-12:30 AM

The Jolly Roger
Restaurant
808 Harbor Drive West San Diego (714) 233-4300

TIO LEO'S
Mexican Restaurant & Bar
Peggy Spye
Contemporary guitar & vocals
Wednesday & Thursday from 7:30 pm
Melissa McCracken
Contemporary guitar & vocals
Friday & Saturday from 8:00 p.m.

Featuring delicious, authentic Mexican specialties at reasonable prices.
Open for lunch & dinner every day.
Reservations accepted.

6333 Mission Gorge Road 280-9944

Sandray Lounge
Mission Bay Golf Course
provides live entertainment & dancing
Now appearing weekly

THE FRED LAND TRIO
-from 8:30 on up-
Thurs., Fri., Sat. 7:30pm-1:00am
also appearing Sun. & Mon. 8:00-11:00pm

RANDY JAMES & RONNIE BRANAM
Country, light rock, easy listening, contemporary

GREEK NIGHT
Every Tuesday - Live Greek music & belly dancing
live water
Greek food & hours of dancing. Music starts at 8:30pm
1 free closing every night till 9:00pm (except Mon.)
274-2314 2702 N. Mission Bay Dr.
Near De Anza Court & Trailer Park

CLUB 30
30th & Upas St. North Park 692-0080

back by popular demand
RHYTHM & BLUES AT ITS BEST
featuring

BIG CITY BLUES BAND
Thursday through Sunday 1 p.m.-2 a.m.

COUNTRY MUSIC at our Backlot Club-Cocktails
4885 Convey St. 292-4270, 571-9888

The Poseidon
A Del Mar Tradition

Radio Romance
formerly East West

Thurs., Fri. and Sat. Feb. 4-6

NOW OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
OUR ENTIRE MENU IS AVAILABLE
We welcome your plans for Saturday & Sunday brunch
Why not try us for dinner... Featuring fresh fish specials daily.

1670 COAST BLVD.
across from the old Del Mar train station

ON THE SAND
DANCING TILL 2 A.M.
THURS., FRI. & SAT

on Del Mar 755-9345

2 of the best entertainers San Diego has ever seen!

Larry Page is a well known entertainer in San Diego and up and down the state. Larry blends both his originals and many popular musical pieces performed on the piano and guitar. Wednesday through Saturday.

Bob Long has become quite popular as an entertainer with variety. Performing on the piano - Bob mixes Classical, Boogie and Jazz and Country and even a bit of Rock 'N' Roll for your pleasure Sunday and on Monday and Tuesday as a trio. Don't miss them... they're Great! Entertainment starts at 7:00 p.m. Sundays and 9:00 the rest of the week.

MISSION VALLEY INN
875 Hotel Circle South
298-8281

LA HACIENDA RESTAURANT

THE RAM
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY

YOUR FAVORITE OLDIES FROM THE 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s

ALL THE WAY INN
The French Quarter
4240 West Point Loma Blvd. 224-8822 Open 10 am-2 am

MBIs variety, Thursday through Saturday.
Club 30, 30th and Upas streets.

North Park, 692-0080: Big City Blues Band, rhythm and blues. Thursday through Saturday.

Crescenta, 345 Market Street, downtown, 233-7856: Ella Ruth Piggee, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Doc Masters, 2051 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 233-2572: Ron Bolton, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Shuffle, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Oh!

Ridge, contemporary and comedy, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Drews Nagger's, 314 Street and 30th Avenue, North Park, 298-8584: Phil Gross, folk songs and originals, Thursday; Arnie Levin, easy listening variety, early evening Friday; Bruce and Gay Dazell, early blues, jazz, and folk, Friday; Dennis Dobler and Gary Grissom, folk and country, early evening Saturday; Steve Gibson, 12-string and slide guitar, Saturday; the Jackstraws, traditional English folk music, Sunday; Old Time Hood Night with Lou and Virginia Currie, Monday; Richard Freeman, blues, folk and originals, early evening Tuesday; Shamus Gael Collin Irish Band, traditional Irish music, Tuesday; Les Tray Shells, originals and folk, early evening Wednesday; Story Daga String Band, southern Appalachian folk music, Wednesday.

Eric's Rib Place, 4263 Taylor Street, Old Town, 299-0060: Mandi Milligan, standard and contemporary guitar music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Pat City/China Camp, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0086: Wild Hair, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Humburg, 4016 Wallace Street, Old Town, 295-0584: Denny Rose, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-4842: Talwind, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Holiday Inn/Embassero, Portch Lounge, 1335 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-3861: Bigart, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.

Humburg's, Half Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577: Jobe and John, contemporary and dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

International Blend, 4034 30th Street, North Park, 284-9603: Cabaret Night, music and variety entertainment, Thursday; Hedec Valle Salsa Band, salsa, Friday; Night Shift, reggae, Saturday; Comedy Night with Don Victor, Monday.

John's Tavern, 4246 University Avenue, (corner of Van Dyke Street), East San Diego, 280-5834: Phoenix, country, Friday and Saturday.

Jolly Roger, 807 West Harbor Drive, Seaport Village, 233-4300: The Johnson Twins Trio, oldies and everything, Wednesday through Saturday.

The Juke Box, San Diego Hotel, 339 West Broadway, downtown, 234-0221: John Ward, country and pop, Tuesday through Saturday.

Mandolin Wind, 308 University Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-3017: King Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues, Friday and Saturday; Professor Oak and the Hurricanes, blues, Tuesday through Thursday.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 287-7332: The Snowmen, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Workman's Revenge, country and comedy, Sunday and Monday; rock and roll, Tuesday, call club for information; Slingshot, rock and roll, Wednesday.

The Press Room Saloon, 956 Second Avenue, downtown, 239-8225: Eddie Gold, piano and vocal variety, Tuesday through Saturday, with Twenty Tans, Tuesday; Derek Page, piano and vocal variety, Tuesday through Thursday; happy hours, Sunday and Monday evenings.

Raphel's, Travelodge Tower, 1960 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-6700: Larry and Joken, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Red Coat Inn, 5933 University

Avenue, East San Diego, 583-6670: Sky High, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Sharon Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2900: Sansdowner Lounge, Steve's Thru, vintage jazz, blues, and rock, Tuesday through Saturday; Leslie Gold, standards and contemporary, Sunday and Monday; Butterfield Stage Saloon: The Base Went Home, variety—Ready to Bach, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sharon Inn Airport, Sandpiper Lounge, 1590 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-4400: The Kim Beck Duo, country, Monday through Saturday; jazz jam session with Jeanine and Jimmy Chatham, Sunday.

Stella's, 425 West B Street, downtown, 232-7588: Bruce McKeithen and John Salas, contemporary and light Latin jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110: Dany and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Triton, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240: The Bruce Cadden and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9420: Ira Cobb's Iambic Driveline Band, Dixieland, Saturday.

Wing Cafe, 2753 B Street, Golden Hill, 238-9906: Catherine Shive and Friends, flute and accordion

originals, Saturday; Tariya, jazz piano, Sunday through Saturday.

Zebra Club, 500 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 739-4277: High St. rock and roll, Thursday; Rosie and the Re-Bopps, screamers, rock and blues, Friday; Trowers, reggae, Saturday.

Boe Bill's, 9325 Mission Gorge Road, San Jose, 448-9983: Johnny Wood and the Chimerals, country, Friday and Saturday.

Bull and Bear, 690 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5757: Steve Mouas and Finest Artists, country and contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Catways, 10757 Woodside Avenue, San Jose, 449-6700: Maffi, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; Arisan, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Circle D Corral, 5500 Greenmont Center Drive, Greenmont Center, La Mesa, 462-1578: Kenny Murda and Silverpig, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Country Justice, country, Sunday and Monday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055: RPH, top 40,

Monday through Saturday.

Drifwood, 5286 Ballwin Drive, La Mesa, 462-0533: Carl Simonsen and Southern Comfort, country, Tuesday through Saturday; E. Lane Wood and Blazing Saddles, country, Sunday and Monday.

Erber Room, 7659 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2263: Powder River, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Flem Springs Inn, 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon, 443-9568: Sam's Peppercorn Band, country western, Friday and Saturday.

Heady Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517: Nightrunner, contemporary,

The Diamond Lounge/Aunt Emma's, 1331 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-7288: California Country, country, Friday and Saturday.

Drifwood, 5286 Ballwin Drive, La Mesa, 462-0533: Carl Simonsen and Southern Comfort, country, Tuesday through Saturday; E. Lane Wood and Blazing Saddles, country, Sunday and Monday.

Erber Room, 7659 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 463-2263: Powder River, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Flem Springs Inn, 15505 Highway 80, El Cajon, 443-9568: Sam's Peppercorn Band, country western, Friday and Saturday.

Heady Hunter, 402 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 442-0517: Nightrunner, contemporary,

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Wednesday & Thursday 9-11, Friday & Saturday 9:30-1:30
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KPRI NIGHT featuring JEFF DEAN
All ladies free admission compliments of Jeff Dean
Drink Specials - \$100 Cash & Prizes
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KGB CARD SPECIAL COMEDY CABARET SHOW
Sunday
JEFF GERBINO as seen on variety shows and the opening act for Rodney Dangerfield and The Steve Miller Band
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50¢ ALL WELL DRINKS & DRAFT BEER
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Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Two shows, 8:30 and 11:00. Price of admission includes entrance to My Rich Uncle's separate rooms.
Two bars in one. Must be 21.
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Jazz with
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Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Two shows, 8:30 and 11:00. Price of admission includes entrance to My Rich Uncle's separate rooms.
Two bars in one. Must be 21.
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MON. Beer Night: 75¢ beer!
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SHAKE IT UP BABY TO THE RHYTHM OF OLDIES BUT GOODIES 2 P.M. TIL 2 A.M. DUE!

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All ladies receive free carnation after 8 p.m.

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Every Thursday is Ladies' Night
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Lakeland Resort, Highway 79, Carlsbad, 765-7300. U.S. 15, 16, country, Friday and Saturday.
Lakeland Hotel, 1940 River Street, Lakeside, 443-5591. Shenandoah, country, Thursday through Saturday.
La Posada del Sol, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 447-5665. Joe Stewart, country, contemporary, soft rock, Thursday through Saturday.
Lorenzo's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon, 442-9696. Rainbow, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Pro Bringham's Preservation Band, Dixieland and vintage jazz, Sunday and Monday.
Magnolia Mulvaney's, 8861 Magnolia Avenue, Sanlee, 448-8526. Bramble, country, Wednesday through Saturday.
Mama's Nook, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5572. Justice, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday; country music, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.
Mickey D's, 5963 Mission Gorge Road, Sanlee, 448-9534. Gravel Canyon, country, Friday and Saturday.
Organ Power Pizza, 3459 Imperial Avenue, Lemon Grove, 463-6977. Tommy Stark, family musical entertainment, sing-alongs, seven nights, with puppet shows by Betha Friday and Saturday.
Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 444-4111. Turnpike, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday, call club for information.
Reuben's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3454. Sandie Hirsch, country and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.
Straw Hat Plaza, 3637 Avenida Boulevard, Spring Valley, 462-6265. Rural Delivery, bluegrass and ballads, Friday.
The Turquoise Lounge, 5675 Severin Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Artisan, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.
South Bay
Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200. Forcand Motion, top 40, Monday through Saturday.
Country Bumpkin, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Country Casanova, country, Wednesday through Saturday; Dixieland Revue, 506 rock, Monday and Tuesday.
Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Quick, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday.
Deck's Cocktails, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 422-1566. Jerry Davis, country western, Thursday through Saturday; Earline Reeves, piano bar, Sunday and Monday; Bill Daniels, country western, Tuesday and Wednesday.
El Conquistador Hotel, Boulevard Agua Caliente 700, Tijuana, 1-704-688-6801. Bass Strings, fusion, contemporary, Friday through Saturday.
Hutch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 423-5479. Leather and Lace, country, Thursday through Saturday.
Old Bonita Store Restaurant, 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-3327. Danny Lopez, contemporary and variety, Friday and Saturday.
Royal Vista Inn, 632 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-2500. Rex Paris, variety, Tuesday through Saturday.
Sunnyside Steak Ranch, 5170 Bonita Road, Bonita, 475-0855. Linda Sherwood and Western Union, country, Friday and Saturday.
Westmar, 22 West Seventh, National City, 474-2918. Tony Mills

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and Crosscut, rock and roll, Wednesday through Sunday; Legend, rock and roll, Monday.
The Wild Turkey, 5080 Bonita Road, Bonita, 267-2550. Four Play, rock and roll, Monday; dance to recorded solos, Wednesday; the Rollers, rock and roll, Thursday.
Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nevin. If you wish to be included, please call 234-2508 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

Rock & Roll
All Night Rangers (formerly Next): Mom's Saloon
Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue: Pacey Nine Co., Bobby G's
The Amber Band: Jolly Roger (Kendall)
Artisan: Turquoise Lounge, Casavias
The Big M8 and His Pleasure Bama: Spirit
The Bites Brothers: Mom's Saloon, Rockwell, Journey
Ron Bolinas: Joe Masters
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Carnegie: Rockwell
Chess: The Leading Zone, Mom's Saloon
Clear Spot: Spirit
Dante Cunningham and Black Shakes: Triton/Candell
Dallas Collins: Flamingo's
DPTZ: Spirit
Dintherus and the Gladiators: Spirit
Dix Debones and the Boat People: Dixieland Nightclub
Finside
Double Take: Rockwell
Dixieland Revue: Country Bumpkin
Steve Edwards: Le Chateau
Emergency Exit: Whiskey Flats
The Emulous: Spirit
Escalator: Journey
Fig and the Bonhomies: Rockwell
The Jokers: David Flynn Band: Red's Place
The Pines: The Leading Zone
Foreign Affairs: Rockwell Lounge
Forever: Nangle Jim
The Funks: Koster Brown's
Four Eyes: Koster, Dixieland
Nightclub, Windrose
Four Play: Wild Turkey
Fred Zepher: Spirit
Front Lines: Headquarters
Nightclub
Hooten: Rockwell Lounge, Rockwell
High St.: Zebra Club
Danny Holiday: Le Chateau
Blues: Nangle Jim
Innocent: Rockwell
Denny Johnson and the Bandits: Dixieland East
The Jones Band: Headquarters
Nightclub
Legends: Stadium Club, Westerner
Meters: The Leading Zone
Tony Mills and Crosscut: Westerner
Muffs: Casavias
Monday Targets: Dixieland
Nightclub
The Next: Dixieland East
No Future: Rockwell
The Nomads: Joe Murphy's, Rockwell
Off Limits: Caravel Inn
The Paladins: Spirit
Planet: Pacey, Whiskey Flats
Polos: Joe Flamingo's
Pulse: Le Chateau
Radio Romance (formerly the East West Band): Cunningham's, Pavilion
The Rollers: Headquarters
Nightclub
The Ram Band: All the Way Inn
The Rollers: Old Pacific Beach
Cafe, Wild Turkey
Ross: Rockwell
Saboteur: Journey
Shuffle: Joe Masters
The Sires Brothers: Lech's Greenhouse
Slimer: Journey
Sko High: Red Coat Inn
Slingshot: My Rich Uncle's
The Soles: Rockwell
Solid State: Spirit
The Snowmen: My Rich Uncle's
Some Philharmonics: Spirit
The Soul Brothers: Monterey Whaling Co.
Street: Sunday

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X-Offenders: Headquarters
Nightclub

Country/ Country Rock

Gerry Baz and A Touch of

Country: Mustang Club
The Kim Beck Dues: Sheraton Inn
Arroyo
The Big Oak Ranch Band: Big Oak
Ranch
Bramble: Magnolia Mustangs
C.V. Dugan: Lakeland Resort
California Country: Diamond
Lounge
California Express: Sage Coach
Inn
The Constables: Reddy Up Tavern
Country Casanova: Country
Bumpkin
Country Justice: Circle D Corral
Country Rejects: Valley Center Inn
Saloon
Cowboys: Whiskey Creek
The Cutters: Old Pacific Beach

Cafe
Dakota: Longbranch Saloon
Dallas Express: Charlie's Little Bit
of Country
Bill Daniels: Jack's Cocktails
Jerry Davis: Jack's Cocktails
Richie Gary and Sanderson: Skilene
Lounge
Gravel Canyon: Mickey D's
Sander Hinh: Scraper's La Mesa
Jettas: Barbary's
Justice: Mama's Mink
Lady Luck: The Winner's Circle
Leather and Lace: Hutch's
Legends: Stadium Club, Westemer
Don Livingston and Timberline
Whiskey Flats
Lone Star Country: Sunset Lounge
Mary McCaslin and Jim Ringer: Old

Time Cafe
Montezuma's Revenge: Macho's
My Rich Uncle's
Jim Moore: The Carriage House
Steve Mouzas and Finest Action:
Bull and Bear
Moxy Barr's Ranch House
Kenney Munda and Silverlip: Circle
D Corral
New Country: Country Side Lounge
The Oats Band: Wrangler's Road
Phoenix: The Rackett Club, John's
Tavern
Powder River: Ember Room
Lanny Previtt and Cinnamon
Ridge: The Alamo
Rural Delivery: Straw Hat
Pizza/Spring Valley
Sam's Peppercorn Band: Flinn

Springs Inn
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Linda Silverwood and Western
Union: Stampede Steak Ranch
Carl Simmons and Southern
Comfort: Duffield Lounge
The Spurs: Old Time Cafe
Joe Stewart: La Posada del Sol El
Cajon
Tall Cotton: Jose Murphy's, Burn
Steer Saloon, Belly Up Tavern
Telegraph Canyon: Pomerada Club
Don Tomlinson and Country Plus:
Red Dog Saloon
Texas Tuxedo: Boat House
John Ward: The Jule Box
Johnny Ward and the Chaparrals:
Boss Bill's
White Lightning: Express: Oakdale



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Monday 75¢ well drinks & draft beer
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Feb. 16-20

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NEW Big band music, dances of the '30s, '40s, '50s
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Contemporary/ Top 40

Baja Stripes Fusion: El
Compadre Hotel/Tiguan
Phil Beeson: Cuzaggo's/Paint
Lungs

Blue Sides: Ruben's/Caribbea
Bogart/Holiday Inn/Embarcadero
Chain Reaction/Atlanta
Crack A'Noon/Hill House
The Citters: (at Pacific Beach
Cafe)

Deady and Melissa: Tom Hunt's
Forward Motion/Black
Vegas/Chula Vista

The Good Life: Hungry
Hunger/Oceanwide
Leslie Gold: Sheraton Harbor
Island

Guidelines: The Best House
Jim Hawley: Monterey Whaling
Co., Old Pacific Beach
Sander Hirsch: Ruben's/La Mesa
Richie Hunt: Mahoney's

Lennie Holmes and Dusty Best:
Antonio's Hacienda
John and John: Humphrey's
Larry Keys: Trio/Familia Lounge
Lady Luck: The Wilma's/Circle

The Red Lane Bands: Hungry
Hunger/Oceanwide
Denny Leone: Old Bonita Store
Restaurant

Main Street: Bahia Belle
Melissa McCracken: Tio Leo's
Denny Leone: 7

Bruce McKelthorn and John Salas:
Salsola's
Marti Williams: El's Rib Place
Molly: The Shepherd Cafe
Steve Noyas and Pinet Action:

Ball and Beer: Nightrunner/Hungry Hunter/El
Cajon

One Plus One: Hotel del Coronado
Larry Page: La Hacienda
Lenny

People Movers: Hilton Hotel
Jeff Proctor: The Shepherd Cafe
Gary Puckett: Whiskey Creek
Quicksilver: La Mesa

Rainbow Lovers:
BKI's/Los Angeles
Denny Rose: Hamburgers
RPM/Black Vegas/El Cajon
Denny Salinas: Anthony's
Horseshoe

San Antonio: Springfield Wagon
Hotel
The Shifters: Monterey Jack's
Shine-I-On Vacation Village
Hotel

Sky Islands: Holiday Inn/Mission
Valley
Spirits: Cafe del Rey/Mono
Pige: Spot: Tio Leo's

Joe Stewart: La Posada del Sol/El
Cajon
Dusty and Melissa: Tom Hunt's
Forward Motion/Black

Vegas/Chula Vista
The Good Life: Hungry
Hunger/Oceanwide
Leslie Gold: Sheraton Harbor
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Bill Coleman Quartet: Sasha's
Jimmy Corano Ensemble
Corano's Strilly Jazz
Gary Music Co./Gold Coast Lounge

The Don Glaser Trio: Blue Parrot
C. C. Jones: Cuzaggo's/Paint
Lungs

Butch Lacy Ensemble: Elario's
Bob Long: Fish House West, La
Hacienda Marina

Joe Navarro Quintet: Blue Parrot
Bruce McKelthorn and John Salas:
Salsola's

Susan Mosher: Corano's Strilly Jazz
Tony Ortega: Fish House West
Marguerite Page: Chuck's Steak
House

Flora Putin and Arto's: The
Backdoor
Rat Saterfield Quartet: Elario's
Rob Schneiderman Quartet: Blue
Parrot

Stone's Throw: Sheraton Harbor
Island
Tamba Afro-Latin Jazz Ensemble:
Cafe

Time Piece: Black Frog
Turley: Wing Cafe
Jaime Valle: Black Frog
Waves: Black Frog

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Jazz
Johany Almond Rhythm Revue:
Paseo Nine Co., Bobby G.
Henry Anderson: Old Time Cafe
Black Heat: Billy Jo Tavern
Sue Brown: Macchi's

The Coasters: Crystal 7
Bruce and Gay Dalcetti: Denny
Maggie's

C. C. Jones: Cuzaggo's/Paint
Lungs
King Blackcat: Blues/Monday Wind
Night Shifts: International
Normale: Joe Murphy's, Bachelors
Professor Oke and the Hurricanes:
Mandolin Wind, La Chetel

John Barlow: Rock, Rockin's
Planhouse
The Blue West Home: variety—
Bealess to Bach, Sheraton

Everything Else
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Planhouse
The Blue West Home: variety—
Bealess to Bach, Sheraton

Rock and the Re-Boogie:
Screamers: Spirit, Zebra Club
Bacharach
Rusty Strangers: Spirit, Zebra Club
Travis: Spirit, Zebra Club

Folk/Ethnic
Lenny Anderson: Old Time Cafe
Nate Anderson: Old Time Cafe
R. Roy Clayton: Old Time Cafe
Corano: Macchi's

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Aspects of Malice — Heavy entertain-
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Mad Jack says, "We really do care!"

Mad Jack's

STEREO STORES

★ MAD
JACK'S

Canyon Parkway
San Vicente Road

★ MAD
JACK'S

El Cajon Blvd
San Vicente Road

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PRICE!**

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475 Peterson Parkway
Mon-Fri 10:30 to 10:00 Sat. 10:00

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3901 El Cajon Blvd.
Mon-Fri 10:30 to 10:00 Sat. 10:00

SPORTS ARENA 322-5521
3300 Sports Arena Blvd.
Mon-Fri 10:30 to 10:00 Sat. 10:00

NATIONAL CITY 674-4241
444 West 20th Street
Mon-Fri 10:30 to 10:00 Sat. 10:00



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GREAT EXPECTATIONS is a lifestyle organization that gives its members a wider opportunity to meet single people. Our Video Screening System™ can introduce you to more people in a few short hours than most people could meet in a year or more through conventional methods. More than just the opportunity to fulfill romantic relationships, GREAT EXPECTATIONS gives its members the option to meet friends — even of the same sex — for sports, travel, social interests or business ventures. It's a logical system for meeting quality people who are hard to find. It's a process that appeals to people with high self-esteem who don't like wasting their time or money.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS is designed for the single person who is tired of being in all the wrong places for the right person.
Recently, consumer advocate, David Horowitz, investigated GREAT EXPECTATIONS to determine the validity of our claims. His conclusion: It works; moreover, he could not find any other service that matched our quality of service.
Yet, any idea, no matter how brilliant or well-structured, is not a guarantee for success. Perhaps the cliché, but love is hard work. Finding the most compatible person(s) takes time and energy. Over the years, I've heard varying remarks from new members as they stood before the entire wall of videotapes: It's like opening a box of Seer's Candy! I'll take one of those and one of those... And who am I going to look at first? Isn't there someone to help me? Well, I confess that our system with all its available members can be a little awesome at first. But, isn't it wonderful to have this kind of dilemma: "Who to choose first?" And for those members who want someone to matchmake for them, I can say only one thing: "Sorry. We're not a dating service."
The concept of GREAT EXPECTATIONS is quite simple: You have 100% access to all members. You do all the choosing. There is no middle person. And, you meet only when there is mutual consent. It's a time-saving system that reduces old-fashioned mistakes.
After more than five years of success stories — of Fulfilling Expectations — GREAT EXPECTATIONS is eager to invite you to come in to see some tapes. Speaking frankly, isn't it time meeting people got easier?

Best regards,
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