

City Lights

Gays Across The Border

Local gay activist Fred Scholl found himself in a stalemate with Tijuana police last month when he was hauled away to the Tijuana police station after being stopped for "reckless driving" on Sixth Street and Niños Héroes. Scholl refused to pay the suggested 1100-peso fine, and the police wouldn't free him. After a fifteen-minute stand-off, the matter was settled when a young Tijuana gay strode into the station, paid the fine, and has Scholl released. Scholl later learned that his effeminate, red-haired savior is a grandson of one of Tijuana's highest-ranking police officers.

Tijuana's gays have plenty of experience with their city's police force, most of it costly. For though the city's two most popular gay bars, Equipes on Fourth Street near Revolución and Non-Non on Avenida Miguel Alemán near First Street, have "agreements" with the police not to harass their customers, there are regular arrests on the street corners near Fourth and Revolución, a popular gay meeting place. The resulting 500-peso fines, usually for "disturbing the peace," are not so serious as expensiveness as was Scholl's traffic fine. Instead, they are heavily depended on assistance from a thirty-three-year-old gay activist named Emilio. Owner of two Tijuana cafés, Cafetería Musical on Third Street, which serves as an informal meeting place for Tijuana's first homosexual-rights group, Emilio has personally paid at least twenty-five of the 500-peso fines to free his friends and fellow gays.

Despite the regular arrests and the intense harassment of transsexual "dancers" who parade before unknowing Americans in the bars and houses of prostitution in the city's Zona Norte, Emilio and other Tijuana gays say the city is now known for its somewhat laissez-faire attitude toward homosexuals. Part of that attitude is the result of owners of gay bars protecting their customers from possible harassment by making monthly payoffs of about \$400 to local police, and Emilio notes that the much-publicized police "sweep" of the Non-Non disco earlier this year was not aimed at homosexuals but was part of a general crackdown on bars and dance halls. "It was getting close to the [presidential] election and the police here knew they'd soon be getting a new commander and officers with the new president," explained Emilio, a twenty-five-year-old Tijuana resident. "The police wanted to get their money [in fines] before the rules change." Emilio, a former law student at the University of Mexico in Mexico City who returned to Tijuana in 1980 and formed FIGHT, the Tijuana gay-rights

group, has managed to keep his gay patrons out of the police station without making the usual under-the-table payoffs. "I just met with some officials and explained to them that my place would cater to both gays and nongays, that there would be no dancing and no noise, and they've never been by to bother me." (The other discos are more susceptible to police harassment because they also serve as meeting places for prostitutes and their wealthy, north-of-the-border customers.)

Emilio's negotiating has led to events even San Diego's gay community has yet to accomplish. The Tijuana gays last Saturday played a

volleyball match against the city's municipal fire fighters and will soon challenge a youth team at Tijuana's La Mesa prison. Members of San Diego's gay community have traveled south to attend weekly meetings of FIGHT, and on Sunday night Emilio screened a movie sponsored by the gay San Diego Democratic Club about the treatment of European gays by Hitler during World War II.

The major fear of Tijuana's homosexuals ironically rests on this side of the border. Any Mexican who admits under questioning of a U.S. Customs agent that he is gay can automatically lose his much-valued border-crossing card. For this reason Emilio

refuses to use his last name in print, fearing that border agents could build a case against him and deny him access to California and the restaurant supplies upon which he depends to keep his café open. Other gays, fearful of harassment from U.S. Customs officers, choose to cross the border illegally, even though they have the crossing cards. And once safely in the United States, they must remain silent one Tijuana gay says three of his more effeminate gay friends lost their border-crossing cards and passports to San Diego police at Horton Plaza when they made an unexpected confession of their sexual preference.

-P.K.



Emilio (foreground)

The Best Little Beachhouse In San Diego

Chart House "entertainers" boasts that it built money-making caterers in downtown Boston and Baltimore — areas that Chart House vice president Pat Goldard says "looked like Berlin, Germany in 1945 when we started." Goldard now faces a similar challenge here with the gutted, defaced, and waterlogged San Diego Rowing Club, a ninety-year-old wooden hulk on Harbor Drive near the foot of Fifth Avenue, east of Seaport Village.

Last summer Chart House pledged to renovate the Rowing Club, which, though it is a national historic monument, would have been demolished by the Port District. In November of last year, the company began paying \$2000 in monthly rent for its twenty-year renewable lease on the deserted, searing beachhouse and promised to begin construction in April. But the tangled building-permit process bogged down with the Army Corps of Engineers, delaying the project, and the whitewashed old Rowing Club is the worst the worst for wear.

Fifth Avenue dwellers, chafed from downtown by midday shoppers, took up root in the beachhouse. Some built campfires on its wooden floors to warm themselves against the winter chill. Groups of young Chicanos who gather in the nearby Embarcadero Park covered the exterior with

bold, spray-painted graffiti. Even a chain-link and barbed-wire fence couldn't prevent the vandalism; today every window is broken and some of the wooden window frames have been completely yanked from the walls. Nature added to renovation woes: the corner of the beachhouse was



Pat Goldard

continually soaked by the high tide and at low tide the waterlogged rafters would sink deeper into the bay.

All this has added to the cost of rebuilding. Last year Goldard announced a liberal renovation estimate of \$1.6 million (\$300,000 for kitchen equipment and furnishing, the rest for construction), though he expected the total to be substantially less. He now says the rebuilding effort will easily cost that much. And this November the lease payments increase to \$52,000 annually. Even if construction begins this week, as Goldard optimistically predicts, it will be well into next summer before the restaurant opens for business.

The Chart House chain boasts that its restaurants don't depend on tourist business and are instead "destination points" for local residents. That theory will be tested with the Rowing Club project, since there are no shops or diversions to rival nearby Seaport Village. The Embarcadero Park is isolated from downtown traffic and frequented by fishermen, low riders, and sailors who visit the USO across the street. The best view from the beachhouse currently looks out to the ungraciously built bulk floating in the San Diego Bay. But Goldard isn't worried, pointing out that the Intercontinental Hotel, now being built on Harbor Drive, will help fill the restaurant's tables.

-P.K.

There Are Lion Times

Before he was elected to the San Diego City Council in 1979, William Cleator had been an extraordinarily successful businessman. As president of the Los Angeles-based T.R.E. Corporation, a manufacturing concern specializing in door locks, his salary was well over \$300,000 per year, and he also made handsome profits in L.A. condominium property. Now the Internal Revenue Service has come to claim its due, and for Cleator, who applies to succeed Mayor Wilson if and when the mayor moves on to higher office, the timing couldn't have been worse.

Last December, records show, the IRS slapped a \$17,572.84 lien on all property belonging to both Cleator and his wife, who file a joint tax return. As Cleator tells it, the debt dates back to 1975, when IRS auditors claimed that he had underpaid that year's taxes and therefore owed them more money. "I was making real big money then," he recalls. After meticulous negotiations with the government, the concussions says that he paid the disputed taxes and then agreed to write Uncle Sam a check for \$3000 each month until his outstanding debt, which he says represents interest charges, is made good. "The lien was filed just to make sure I paid up on time," Cleator says.

-M.P.

The Bridge Is Out

In November of 1979, the Metropolitan Transit Development Board purchased the San Diego & Arizona Eastern Railway from the Southern Pacific Company. The \$40 million deal, which opened the way for trolley service from downtown San Diego to Tijuana over SD&AE's old tracks, also promised to restore regular freight service on about 150 miles of track that run from downtown San Diego, through portions of Mexico, to the Imperial Valley, and then to points east. Indeed, local business interests that had not been particularly impressed by the trolley's service — especially the San Diego Port District — gave their tacit approval to the transit board in exchange for that agency's pledge to revive the Imperial Valley rail link, previously damaged by flooding. For the port, the rail service would mean it could try to compete with Long Beach Harbor for the ocean shipment of materials coming from the East, such as raw copper ore, cotton, and grain — all of which must now be routed through Los Angeles but which could be shipped directly (and less expensively) to San Diego if the old SD&AE line were working.

But when the transit board bought the ailing railroad on the condition that Southern Pacific would repair the washed-out segments of track on the American side of the border, a fierce winter storm swept through Tijuana, dumping torrents of rain onto the border city and washing out the rail bridge that crosses the Tijuana River just east of the old Agua Caliente casino. Transit officials at first believed the act of nature would prove to be only a small setback because of a promise by the Mexican government to rebuild the bridge. (The forty miles of track that run through Mexico have been owned by the Mexican government since 1969, when all rail service in Mexico was nationalized.)

Work on the bridge has gone much more slowly than expected, however, and Lynn Cecil, vice president of Kyle Railway (which operates the old SD&AE line under contract with the transit board), doesn't think the job will be done until late this year. American sources claim that engineering miscommunications by the Mexicans caused misplacement of pilings needed to cross the Tijuana River, forcing work to start over, but Cecil says he doesn't have any idea what is responsible for the delay. "All we know is that it was supposed to cost them [the Mexicans] about a million dollars and now it will end up being twice that," he says. While Cecil waits for completion of the bridge, he has been running freight trains from downtown San Diego to the border, using at night the same tracks the trolley uses during the daytime; this "local" service makes shops at

factories and warehouses in National City, Chula Vista, and San Ysidro. Cecil also has been obligated by an agreement with Mexico to maintain a light service from Tijuana to Plaster City, the eastern terminus of the SD&AE. "We run one train through Mexico six days a week," says Cecil. "We carry various commodities, including corn, scrap paper, and cement." In Plaster City, the railroad ties in with the Southern Pacific, which picks up the Tijuana freight cars. The line from Plaster City goes south to Mexico, where it re-enters Mexico and connects with lines that run to the Mexican interior, it still continues east and back into the U.S.

Tijuana has not lost train service to other Mexican cities as a result of the washed-out bridge, and thus its reconstruction may not be as important to them as it is to San Diegoans, who are eager to have a direct link with shippers from the East. Says one official from the Metropolitan Transit Development Board, "We want that railroad to be as active, money-making business, and while the Tijuana bridge is down, San Diego is really losing out."

-M.P.

Beach Bums

Leon Hamel has owned Hamel's Action Sports Center with his brother, Ray, for fifteen years, and for the last seven — ever since the closure of nearby Belmont Park — he has watched with growing concern the transients who began making their home outside his shop at the foot of Ventana Place in Mission Beach.

Until recently, most of the down or so "regulars" slept underneath the Belmont Park roller coaster, safely hidden from the view of passing police cars by an old wooden fence. But when the fence was torn down last spring and replaced with a new one, the transients, many of whom have been associated by day with redevelopment, and Hamel reports a variety of problems he wasn't faced with when the transients remained inside their Belmont Park "colony." He

where the boardwalk's concrete sea wall provides a similar barrier to leaving the beach. "Coming out" of the vigilance has been heightened by a regular flow of new transients, some of whom have been associated by day with redevelopment, and Hamel reports a variety of problems he wasn't faced with when the transients remained inside their Belmont Park "colony." He

-T.K.A.

-Paul Krueger, Hamel Foster, and Thomas K. Arnold



Mission Beach, 9/27/82

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Sale Ends Tomorrow

Bob Dorn's article, "Property, Power, and Greed" (July 22), was a thorough chronicle of San Diego's century-old practice of squandering the public's pueblo lands.

One example, the 1979 ballot proposal, Proposition B, which I opposed, asked voter approval to lease or sell pueblo lands to fund new police substations. My opposition was not to the construction of new substations but rather based on a belief the city fully intended to sell rather than lease the pueblo lands in question. Careful budget prioritization would have permitted needed police substations and the retention of valuable pueblo lands.

Since the passage of Proposition B, the City of San Diego has continued the long-standing practice of selling off our pueblo lands to realize immediate cash rather than leasing as an investment in the future.

Now, with the possible disposition of the last pueblo lands, the final chapter is being written in a sad, if not sometimes shameful, account of how to live for today, rather than plan for tomorrow.

Mike Gosh
San Diego City Councilmember
Sixth District

But It Did Get By The People

I read Don Dorn's article "Property, Power, and Greed" (July 22). What shall we do to end this distracted pilfering of the City of San Diego's property? It is not a democracy of or for the people but more like what the Shah of Iran did to his people. Our thieves even put their names on their buildings.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weiss
San Diego

Hogan's Hero
John D'Agostino is absolutely right ("Music Scene," July 22). He is very much like a vegetarian restaurant critic sent to review a steak-and-ribs house. Regarding his review of the Elvis Costello concert, my suggestion is that D'Agostino stick to yogurt and tofu while he spins his Paul McCartney and Michael McDonald albums. Leave the meatier subjects to more qualified critics. Where is Steve Emswiler?

Kim Hogan
Kensington

Critic Wasted Breath

In response to the review of Elvis Costello by John D'Agostino: No one comes close to Costello. He is the most versatile (which D'Agostino interpreted as phony) artist around. What other act has the guts to experiment with styles usually

different from each other? And on top of it, he does incredibly well with them all. Elvis Costello is extremely talented. I need only to see him in concert to realize how talented and professional he and the Attractions are. How can D'Agostino even speak of other

Letters

artists like Michael McDonald, et cetera, in the same article? Their music is so bland and uninspired — no imagination. A lot of bands make it big because they were in the right place at the right time — the Beatles, for instance. But that's no reason to put them down. If they didn't have the talent, they would never have gotten anywhere. Elvis Costello is unique and imaginative. I know he'll be hearing a lot of great music from him for a long time. He always surprises us, which is more than I can say about most artists who always play it safe so we know to expect the same old thing. I think if D'Agostino had gone to the concert at SDSU, he would have changed his tune. It was an incredible experience. Elvis Costello is a breath of fresh air in the music world so unreciprocated, hanging on to the same old thing.

Tim Smith
Ocean Beach

Gall Or Nothing At All

I guess it's only fair for the column that John D'Agostino would describe the best rock songwriters of the past five years — namely, Elvis Costello — as a "Chisholm yapping into a megaphone." After all, here is the man who a few weeks ago called

Toto, a bunch of wimpy ex-studio musicians who know as much about the true essence of rock and roll as Ronald Reagan. And D'Agostino has the gall to accuse Elvis Costello of being a phony? Not only that, but in the same column we read that the guitarist for Iron Butterfly (quite possibly the worst band that ever existed) is on the level of Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton! Incredible. Maybe it's about time the Reader got snarky, took Chuck Berry's advice, and said "Bye-Bye Johnny."

Michael Packard
San Diego

Abba And Costello

So John D'Agostino doesn't like Elvis Costello. Coming from someone who has favorably reviewed Toto, Abba, and Barry Manilow, it figures. Enough said.

Kim Cox
La Jolla

John D'Agostino replies:
I've never even mentioned Abba in my column. Enough said.

Tease Not Fortuitous

So Peggy Thomas ("City Lights," July 22) is supposed to tease, but she's not supposed to come through on her's dispiriting enough to lose her job? I no longer listen to KPBL.

Doreen Smith
Ocean Beach

(continued on page 24)

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
Who approved the minting of the Susan B. Anthony dollar? Are they still on the U.S. payroll? Was NOW, of EFA fame, in back of it?

Ruthael T. Bourrie

La Jolla
In 1979 the federal bureau of the mint oiled their coin presses, girded themselves with great fanfare and anticipation, and pumped out 749,813,744 of the new Susan B. Anthony dollars. The result was anything but what officials expected. The coin produced no one, and people refused to use it. Production of the coin was halted in 1980 after only \$9 million had been pressed that year. So Anthony dollars were made for general circulation in 1981, the only ones bearing that date being made for coin collectors; and this year none were struck at all. Of the \$50 million minted for circulation, about 520 million are still stockpiled in Federal Reserve banks and the three mints.

Actually the basic idea behind the coin was quite logical. In August of 1976 the U.S. Treasury Department issued a report on the feasibility of a one-dollar coin. The one in production at that time, bearing the likeness of Dwight D. Eisenhower, did not circulate well because its size and weight made it unwieldy. Studies showed, however, that the average life of a coin was about fifteen years, whereas a dollar bill could be expected to wear out within eighteen months. The savings in production costs are obvious. Several further studies in 1976 supported the idea of a small coin, and treasury secretary Simon (1976) and Blumenthal (1977) advocated the minting of a smaller dollar coin. And this is where things got complicated.

Frank Gaspario, chief engraver of the mint, had produced a beautiful pattern for the proposed coin. The design echoed the



Illustration by Rick Green

first coins produced in this country, portraying the head of a female representing liberty, along with a liberty cap and pole. The coin was aesthetically and symbolically pleasing, but met with much vocal opposition. Gaspario understood the situation when he said, "This new dollar is more than a coin; it's an issue." Many feminist organizations and special-interest groups, angered at the rejection of their suggestion for placing Susan B. Anthony on the newly authorized two-dollar bill in 1976, insisted that it was time a coin honored a great American woman. On May 3, 1978 Senate Bill S-3036 was introduced by William Proxmire of Wisconsin that authorized a portrait of Anthony on the newly proposed small dollar. Two weeks later Mary Rose Oakar (D-Ohio) and Patricia Schroeder (D-Colorado) introduced a similar bill in the House. Various other bills were introduced advocating other women's portraits, but both those propos-

als and Gaspario's design became moot when S-3036 was signed by President Carter on October 10, 1978, becoming Public Law 95-447 (Oakar and Schroeder's bill had also passed, but the authors yielded to Proxmire's bill). Gaspario was chosen to design the new coin, and it is his work you see on both sides of the Anthony dollar. But the aesthetically and politically controversial portrayal of Anthony is really not the reason for the coin's unpopularity. Congress and the mint did not learn from history, because a coin issued one hundred years ago met with a similar fate, and for the same reason — the size of the coin. The twenty-cent piece was almost instantly rejected by the public in 1875 because it was difficult to distinguish from the similar-sized quarter. Mintage figures fell by ninety-eight percent in the next year, and by 1878 Congress admitted its mistake and stopped production. Today, though, an uncirculated specimen of this extremely

unpopular coin is worth at least \$1000. Will its modern relative, the Anthony dollar, follow this pattern as well? Probably not, though a certain variety of the dollar is already worth well over one hundred dollars.

Oh, yes, Proxmire, Oakar, and Schroeder are still in office.

Dear Matthew Alice:
In the movie *The Helen Morgan Story*, the actress who plays Helen Morgan (I believe it's Ann Blyth) doesn't do her own singing. I would like very much to know who actually is singing, and where I can obtain a soundtrack of this movie.

Leslie Gold

San Diego
Since Ann Blyth's voice is about as authentic a version of Morgan's as is Donald Duck's, Gogi Grant does the singing in the film. Morgan, for whom the phrase "torch singer" was reputedly coined, led a turbulent enough life, the Hollywood treatment notwithstanding. Supposedly she was told at the ripe age of six that she would some day be a great star and make millions. Her reply, "I'll spend it all and give it away," was certainly prophetic. She was quite generous with her fortune — gifts of fur coats to scrubwomen, hundred-dollar tips to cabbies — and died penniless in a Chicago hospital in 1941.

The soundtrack for *The Helen Morgan Story* is out of print in the United States, but *Classic Encounters* at 1153 Sixth Avenue (telephone 232-3456) keeps an Australian copy of the RCA release in stock because of the continuing demand for the record.

Get a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Allen, c/o the *San Diego Post*, Box 88883, San Diego, California 92188.

In conversation with a Rudford Girl

(continued from page 1)

four, especially if I'm working up front. The first thing I do is go to the iceboxes and see what I have to bring up from the back. That is very important. I do the trays of tartar sauce and get out all the butters. We put an orange slice on each breakfast platter, so you have to have enough of those out front, and have the sweet rolls ready and bring those out. We bring up the cold cereals and make sure there's half and half. The front has the pies to cut; the back does the syrups. That's my hour before I even go on at quarter to five. I do this for me, so I'm not short. When I'm ready to go to work it's all set up. Then all I have to do is devote myself to my customers.

My first job was in a confectionery in the old Union-Tribune building. One side was all candy, the other side had a soda fountain and kitchen. It was early '41, before the war started. I was fourteen and going to San Diego High at the time. My mother took me down, she said. You don't have to pay her, just train her. I started at twelve dollars a week, full time. I gave all the money to my mother and I got a couple



of dollars a week to go to the movies. I'd rather have had my throat cut, but later I was grateful because I was trained right. I got out of school at 3:00 and hit the floor at 3:30, grabbed a rag and started wiping or cleaning the counter and didn't look behind me. I scrubbed shelves, swept the floor, cleaned mirrors, whipped cream by hand with a large whip in a great big bowl — and in between waited on the customers. At midnight, after we closed, we had all the cleanup to do. The owners, a man and woman, stood there and watched as it had to be spotless before we left. I

worked eight and a half hours. The extra thirty minutes was for your break, and you could eat certain items on the menu. But if it was too busy you didn't take your break, and you can't serve people with your mouth full. Many nights I'd go home hungry, really hungry. I worked six days a week, we all did. They were close Sundays. Every Thursday I would give out, I couldn't make it to school. I was just too tired. After nine months of working with that woman being on my heels — you never did anything right — I quit. I went back to get my check and she asked if I was

coming back and I said, I'm never coming back. But she lit a fire under me and I haven't stopped yet.

We have a joke here: we'll say, Oh, she's been a waitress since the Last Supper, and she trained me; and she'll say, Yeah, and it took a hundred years to do it. I've worked at Rudford's since 1965. Twelve years altogether — I left three times. I used to get mad at something and I'd go back and quit. Some of the girls have worked here twenty years, thirty years. It's a pleasure to work here — you know your relief is going to be there. It's not like some places, where they're always short. We're all conscientious, we start fifteen minutes ahead of time. I'd rather shoot myself than be late. After you've been here so long, when you come in and get behind the counter, you just know you're home.

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
Who approved the minting of the Susan B. Anthony dollar? Are they still on the U.S. payroll? Was NOW, of ERA fame, in back of it?
Raphael T. Bourrie
La Jolla

In 1979 the federal bureau of the mint coined their coin pieces, grided themselves with great fanfare and anticipation, and pumped out 749,813,744 of the new Susan B. Anthony dollars. The result was anything but what officials expected. The coin pleased no one, and people refused to use it. Production of the coin was halted in 1980 after only 89 million had been pressed that year; no Anthony dollars were made for general circulation in 1981, the only ones bearing that date being made for coin collectors; and this year none were struck at all. Of the 850 million minted for circulation, about 520 million are still stockpiled in Federal Reserve banks and the three mints.

Actually, the basic idea behind the coin was quite logical. In August of 1976 the U.S. Treasury Department issued a report on the feasibility of a small dollar coin. The one in production at that time, bearing the likeness of Dwight D. Eisenhower, did not circulate well because its size and weight made it unwieldy. Studies showed, however, that the average life of a coin was about fifteen years, whereas a dollar bill could be expected to wear out within eighteen months. The savings in production costs are obvious. Several further studies in 1976 supported the idea of a small coin, and treasury secretaries Simon (1976) and Blumenthal (1977) advocated the minting of a smaller dollar coin. And this is where things got complicated.

Frank Gasparro, chief engraver of the mint, had produced a beautiful pattern for the proposed coin. The design echoed the

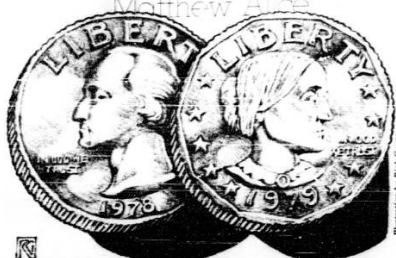


Illustration by Rick Givens

first coins produced in this country, portraying the head of a female representing liberty, along with a liberty cap and pole. The coin was aesthetically and symbolically pleasing, but met with much vocal opposition. Gasparro undertook the situation when he said, "This new dollar is more than a coin, it's an issue." Many feminist organizations and special-interest groups, angered at the rejection of their suggestion for placing Susan B. Anthony on the newly authorized two-dollar bill in 1976, insisted that it was time a coin honored a great American woman. On May 3, 1978 Senate Bill S-3036 was introduced by William Proxmire of Wisconsin that authorized a portrait of Anthony on the newly proposed small dollar. Two weeks later Mary Rose Oakar (D-Ohio) and Patricia Schroeder (D-Colorado) introduced a similar bill in the House. Various other bills were introduced advocating other women's portraits, but both those propos-

als and Gasparro's design became moot when S-3036 was signed by President Carter on October 10, 1978, becoming Public Law 95-447 (Oakar and Schroeder's bill had also passed, but the authors yielded to Proxmire's bill). Gasparro was chosen to design the new coin, and it is his work you see on both sides of the Anthony dollar. But the aesthetically and politically controversial portrayal of Anthony is really not the reason for the coin's unpopularity. Congress and the mint did not learn from history, because a coin issued one hundred years ago met with a similar fate, and for the same reason — the size of the coin. The twenty-cent piece was almost instantly rejected by the public in 1875 because it was difficult to distinguish from the similar-sized quarter. Mintage of the new coin fell by ninety-eight percent in the first year, and by 1878 Congress admitted its mistake and stopped production. Today, though, an uncirculated specimen of this extremely

unpopular coin is worth at least \$1000. With its modern relative, the Anthony dollar, follow this pattern as well? Proxmire not, though a certain variety of the dollar is already worth well over one hundred dollars.

Oh yes, Proxmire, Oakar, and Schroeder are still in office.

Dear Matthew Alice:
In the movie *The Helen Morgan Story*, the actress who plays Helen Morgan (I believe it's Ann Blyth) doesn't do her own singing. I would like very much to know who actually is singing, and where I can obtain a soundtrack of this movie.
Leslie Gold
San Diego

Since Ann Blyth's voice is about as authentic a version of Morgan's as is Donald Duck's, Gogi Grant does the singing in the film. Morgan, for whom the phrase "torch singer" was reputedly coined, led a turbulent enough life, the Hollywood treatment notwithstanding. Supposedly she was told at the ripe age of six that she would some day be a great star and make millions. Her reply, "I'll spend it all and give it away," was certainly prophetic. She was quite generous with her fortune — gifts of fur coats to scrubwomen, hundred-dollar tips to cabbies — and died penniless in a Chicago hospital in 1941.

The soundtrack for *The Helen Morgan Story* is out of print in the United States, but Classic Encounters at 1153 Sixth Avenue (telephone 232-3456) keeps an Australian copy of the RCA release in stock because of the continuing demand for the record.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 88883, San Diego, California 92188.

In conversation with a Rudford Girl

(continued from page 1)

four, especially if I'm working up front. The first thing I do is go to the iceboxes and see what I have to bring up from the back. That is very important. I do the trays of tartar sauce and get out all the butters. We put an orange slice on each breakfast plate, so you have to have enough of those out front, and have the sweet rolls ready and bring those out. We bring up the cold cereals and make sure there's half and half. The front has the pies to cut; the back does the syrups. That's my hour before I even go on at quarter to five. I do this for five, so I'm not short. When I'm ready to go to work it's all set up. Then all I have to do is devote myself to my customers.

My first job was in a confectionery in the old Union-Tribune building. One side was all candy, the other side had a soda fountain and kitchen. It was early '41, before the war started. I was fourteen and going to San Diego High at the time. My mother took me down, she said. You don't have to pay her, just train her. I started at twelve dollars a week, full time. I gave all the money to my mother and I got a couple



of dollars a week to go to the movies. I'd rather have had my throat cut, but later I was grateful because I was trained right. I got out of school at 3:00 and hit the floor at 3:30, grabbed a rag and started wiping or cleaning the counter and didn't look behind me. I scrubbed shelves, swept the floor, cleaned mirrors, whipped cream by hand with a large whip in a great big bowl — and in between waited on the customers. At midn't, after we closed, we had all the cleanup to do. The owners, a man and woman, stood there and watched us — it had to be spotless before we left.

worked eight and a half hours. The extra thirty minutes was for your break, and you could eat certain items on the menu. But if it was too busy you didn't take your break, and you can't serve people with your mouth full. Many nights I'd go home hungry, really hungry. I worked six days a week, we all did. They were closed Sundays. Every Thursday I would give out, I couldn't make it to school. I was just too tired. After nine months of working with that woman being on my heels — you never did anything right — I quit. I went back to get my check and she asked if I was

coming back and I said, I'm never coming back. But she lit a fire under me and I haven't stopped yet.

... We have a joke here: we'll say, Oh, she's been a waitress since the Last Supper, and she trained me, and she'll say, Yeah, and it took a hundred years to do it. I've worked at Rudford's since 1965. Twelve years altogether — I left three times. I used to get mad at something and I'd go back and quit. Some of the girls have worked here twenty years, thirty years. It's a pleasure to work here — you know your relief is going to be there. It's not like some places, where they're always short. We're all conscientious, we wait fifteen minutes ahead of time. I'd rather shoot myself than be late. After you've been here so long, when you come in and get behind the counter, you just know you're home.

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SALE ENDS AUGUST 5

In conversation with a Rudford Girl

(continued from page 1)
side of a narrow aisle separating them, a row of booths runs parallel to the counter. Beyond is another room of tables, where people stand and wait when all the stools and booths are full. The original, diner-style building dates from 1936; the extra room was added in the Fifties.

The phone rings by the cash register. The caller wants to know when they have Yankee pot roast. Unsure, the young woman, who looks like a new cashier, goes back to the kitchen to ask. Meanwhile, a diner at the counter says, Yankee pot roast is Monday. Another diner, waiting to pay, adds, Monday is always Yankee pot roast day.

It was Harvey's Eat Shop before Tommy took it over after the war. Tommy was the bread man, and had a drive-in up in Linda Vista. He was a red-headed Irishman. When he came in, everyone knew it. If you asked him, How are you, he'd say, Better than nothing. But I've seen him throw customers out, saying they couldn't talk to his waitresses that way. I was lucky, I got along with him. One time after I had quit, I was eating here and he said to me, Come back. And I said, When I come back I'll come in the back door. Another time he took my hand and said, I need you, Baby. Tommy used to cook. It was pretty lousy sometimes — he raced and would send the food out half-cooked. His daughter Donna took over two years ago. August, she's here in the afternoon, she brings her baby and has a baby bed in the office.

Never early in the morning is there a boss — it's always that way at Rudford's. Some places, the bosses are so afraid they're going to lose something, they stand over you and watch you. Here, they treat you like an adult, not like a child they have to lead around.

I like breakfast. The time goes by fast. I don't get a chance to get tired or wish I could sit down. If you get a hall, you know there's something wrong. The union used to say, If you can make it at Rudford's you can make it anywhere. Mornings it's so crowded, they line up clear back in the room. You have to fight to get in and fight through to serve orders. The minute one gets up at the counter, thirteen more stand there. There's not much room behind the counter, and there's as many as four girls and two bus boys. Saturday and Sunday at dinner time — plus the cashier has to take the to-go orders. You always go to the right and the other girl goes to the left. It's just like a roadway. But in the middle of a rush it gets very confusing, and it's easier to walk clear around and go up the main highway. The word is, Richard you... or,



Move it. You get used to it, you don't even think about it, unless there's somebody new or if they're talking — then I say, Can a working girl get through?

Sunday starts off a lot slower than Saturday. When it starts, though, it's like everybody talked to each other the night before and said, Okay, let's all go in there together, and they do. Then you're on the run. You just have to prime yourself for it. The wheel goes so full of tickets that we'll hang a Sweet 'N Low packet up there so we'll know where the beginning and the end of the orders are. I always give water and a menu immediately. Then, even if you're swamped and you can't get back to them for a while, they'll wait patiently.

All the twenty-odd parking spaces in the lot are full, but that doesn't prepare you for the noise inside, which is something between a bustle and a din. It's the clash of heavy restaurant chairs and tiny flatware, the stop-and-start conversation of people eating and those waiting to eat, the sounds of pouring and lifting and scraping and knocking. In the background food sizzles and boils and sizzles, and the cash register opens and shuts.

At least half her customers greet her by name, say good-bye when they leave, and don't even look at the menu. From behind the counter, she positions a tissue-like paper napkin in front of each one, centers cutlery on top of it, and puts a plastic tumbler of water down with a small flourish. She reaches for a coffee cup, fills it full from the pot, turns around, and sets it before you in one smooth motion. Walking over to the booth, she cocks her head and leans forward, taking the orders in a fast hand, parsing her lips to concentrate or opening her mouth wide in a quiet laugh. Coming back, she makes more coffee,

grabs a handful of half-and-half containers from a bucket, opens the cooler for orange juice, walks by with three plates of fried chicken on her arm. She brings a hamsteak dinner to a regular customer, and then, before being asked, a "people" bag because this man never finishes his meat. She refills your coffee cup as automatically, you begin to feel like a member of the family. And as quick as she is with the coffee pot, she is with her quips. If you tell her you don't want coffee, she'll ask, Oh, are you driving? or if you say you're not very hungry that day, she'll say, Then I'll just bring you water and a toothpick. If a handful of people are talking and don't stop when she's ready to take their order, she'll say, Okay, knock it off. I've got to go to work.

I work my own way. There's so many, they don't care about the people. Everyone is so relaxed today. They don't jump. They stand around and talk. Whether it's busy or not, the customers can just wait. Or they have to wait to pay their money. Is there anything worse? You've had your meal, you want to go.

People say to me, You don't have to run. I tell the little old ladies, I do for this guy — he's my dollar tip. They say, Sure you do. I have a collection of roadrunner pictures — that's what they call me. I've got pins, drinking glasses, embroidered pictures — one lady goes to garage sales every week — a mobile, a lipstick case. She wears red lipstick but no other makeup, and wears a small gold roadrunner pin on the collar of her service smock. Her hair is very short and neatly permed, off her face. Hidden under her plain polyester slacks are green, purple, and orange-striped socks.

There used to be a side of dress. Next, she would say the great old waitresses

ness. No dangle earrings. I don't wear perfume. It's out of respect. I'm not the customer — they're the ones who press themselves. I don't approve of jogging shoes — it's a little gross. I learned to always wear white shoes, and proper ones. You have to, to be on your feet. My feet and legs don't bother me but a lot of girls' do. I worry about my feet. I never go barefoot. You can get hurt so bad, just by dropping a cup of coffee. If you burn your foot you're not going to be able to walk. Once, at home, I tripped and ran into one of the iron tables in my living room, broke a toe. I still worked but it was all black for a long time.

I never smoke in front. If you get a puff in the back, you're lucky. Service has changed. Now they throw the food at you — and the customers take it. I have the guilties about that. It's happened to me. I drop the ball and they still leave me a tip. I feel that's not right. They're paying for courtesy. If they send you back to the kitchen four different trips, you shouldn't let them hear you complain. A waitress can't afford to have a temper. The customer is always right — even if I know that sucker ordered sausage and he says he ordered bacon.

The worst kind of customer is when you go up and you're all happy with yourself and they're just a grump. You can't do anything right to please them. They slam stuff. "You call this food?" Finally I tell them, Wait, why don't you go up the street. But if I let them get to me, it's going to hurt my day.

A lot of waitresses think they can do the job but they can't do it, they're not professional. That's why most places want the older waitresses.

Some would say the great old waitresses



are already just a memory, that they and the grand old hotels where they used to serve from trays have gone out of style. Others would point out that restaurants with any pretense to dignity always hired men and not women; for one thing, the fancier restaurants used more crockery and the trays were heavier. In any event, most of the top restaurants today have waiters, not waitresses. They say the two don't mix. But on the other hand, some people never did like it.

I could go down to a big hotel where they throw five-dollar bills on the table, but I'd be no better off. I'd spend more. It's always been arm service at Rudford's. It takes years to learn to be an arm waitress. Tray service is much nicer, when you take a plate off a tray and present it to the customer. I've worked that but I don't like it. You get a tray loaded, like at a banquet, I can hardly lift them. But I can carry just as many plates on my arm, especially at breakfast. You have the most on

those little plates, you can serve six with one problem.

Every day you can learn something new in a restaurant. I thought I'd been a waitress for many years but when you're just slinging hash you don't think about certain things, when you work in a nice place you're made aware of it. Just by chance I noticed, the entrée should face the person. I saw people turn their plates around. Now — in a mixed group, I always serve the ladies first — I think a minute, this one goes to the left, and I present it that way so she gets the meat facing her.

You name it, I've worked there. I had to support myself. We all had to work. My brother went into the army when the war started, he was eighteen. My sister three years older worked at Convair. When I was seventeen everyone in town needed a waitress and I could have gotten a job anywhere. Men were being shipped in and out and the older girls went with their men. I went to Ray



Smith Drug at Park and University. His brother was a judge. We had to do our own sandwiches. It's still there but I don't think there's a soda fountain anymore. I worked at Ferris & Ferris at their soda fountain; at that time it was an all-night drug store. Then I went to work at a little drive-in on El Capos. It used to be, El Capos had drive-ins up and down. I can't remember the name of that place. There, you had to fry the shrimp. I worked downtown in what is now the Bal Char on Sixth, at the time it was called Gregory's. I worked the night shift, all night. I worked downtown at Woodward's. I worked at Kren's in the fountain. When I went to New York I worked in Bell Telephone Laboratories in their cafeteria. I worked in the grill at the Federal Building. One summer I was head waitress at Café del Rey Moon. That's a beautiful place. I loved the atmosphere. You only had to walk fifty miles to get to the kitchen. People were nice, a different class of people, but it'd get so dead there

because the menu was overpriced. I worked the Holiday Inn at the Embarcadero and the old Bronze Room in La Mesa that's Servomation Catering now.

Then there were places where I've walked out and never gone back and collected my money. Bad work, lousy food, and dirty conditions. You wouldn't eat there, you wouldn't have a cup of coffee in there, let alone be serving. Some of them used to get their A rating, you'd wonder how and why.

If I won't eat it I don't expect my people to eat it, and I usually tell them so. If they mention something, I just... Oh, you'll like this much better... You don't want that today. Here it's very seldom if anyone I have to say it. If somebody mentioned the ham is tough, I don't mind telling the customer, but usually the ham's so good you just wonder what's wrong with the people if they're complaining.

"Some places, you don't dare stand the class of people, but it'd get so dead there

(continued on page 10)

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In conversation with a Rudford Girl

(continued from page 1)

food back if it's cold. Over here you do, you just tell them if something's wrong and they fix it. Or we can go to management, if the cooks are doing the orders wrong and you've talked to them and they still do it, if the food is bad, or if we're short of anything — and it's there the next day.

I've worked places, some of the food they put out for the help is absolutely spoiled, left over from banquets or whatever. You just lose your appetite. I wouldn't eat it. Over here, we can have prime beef, breakfast ham, ground round, veal cutlet, the fish. You can't have oysters or mahi mahi or the specials, we're not allowed to have those because the help would eat all the specials and there wouldn't be enough for the people.

For fourteen years I didn't work. That's when I was married. I was a bum. I took care of the yard. He was a body-and-fender man, had his own shop. We went fishing whenever we felt like it. We just haunted the river. We fished from Yuma all the way up to Vegas. When we'd run low on money, then he could get a job. I had to learn to sand cars. You'd have no skin left on your hands. We worked in Barstow and in Vegas and in Indio. He lives just up the street from my daughter, Terry. I still see him often.

Afterwards, that's when I went to Indio. I worked in a Chinese restaurant. I guess it was just what I needed. It was a workhouse. Just me and three little girls, the daughters of the owners. I didn't know anything about Chinese food but I loved those people. The first night when I worked there those little girls watched the cash register, but after the first week I had it all. I don't blame them, in a town like Indio there's so many people floating by, I never felt any resentment. Then one night

a drunk came in. The wife would cook in the evening and Johnny would go home and get some rest and then he'd come back before they'd close. This drunk came in and wanted to cash a check and I wouldn't let him in the kitchen and he kept moaning and I said No, you're not getting through me. You know, those people took care of me from then on. Whatever they had, I had. And she'd make me give back some of my paycheck every week and she started a bank account for me so I could have some money. Bank of America. Anytime I get over there I try to see them. I always go through the back door.

I worked for a few years as a colorist in a photographer's studio, got quite interested in it, even went to New York City and took up retouching. I liked it, you see a picture come to life. I still have my paints. I also worked for an engraving company. I made the nameplate above my door [Menopause Manor]. But I always come back to food. I missed serving the people.

Rudford's is in a class of its own. There's no place like it. It's home cooking. It's how I'd cook at home, but I don't think mine would be as good. I wouldn't make Swiss steak, or sirloin tips, or boiled beef like we have for the special today, with horseradish. The business has changed, but not here — portion control, micro-waves, we don't have any of that. Other restaurants say it all in the little boxes. Our ham is the best in town — big Farmer John hams that come from the East. Our turkeys we do ourselves, our stewing chickens are not frozen. Our potatoes, we cut and boil them. It's as if it's supposed to be. People want the homemade stuff. That's what keeps them coming back. Once they start coming in, they're regulars.

Each girl has her own special customers. I get a lot of fruitcakes and all the dirty ones. I like them with a sense of humor. They bring me jokes — the women, too. There's fifteen million jokes and they're all rotten.

Do you know the definition of Jello? Kool-Aid with a hard-on. Did you hear about the Polish woman

who had an abortion? She didn't think it was her baby.

I think that people in prison chit-chat and one thing leads to another and then they [the jokes] get out. Some are terrible and some are for remembering. It's the little things.

Since they're rebuilding downtown, we have had some different people come in. One fellow just stared at himself in the mirror, no expression. Another woman came in — hallelujah and we're being atom bombed and everything — I just turned her around and I walked her out the door. I said, You can't do that in here.

Today a drunk was standing outside, looking in the window. He didn't know there was a window. A lot of policemen came here, there's four or five cars early in the morning. They took him away. He didn't know what town he was in.

I don't get downtown anymore but there was an article in the paper about the people with the shopping carts. There've been several of them around. They leave their shopping carts outside. I feel sorry for them; you can't communicate with them. A lot of people come in with mental problems or on dope, you just don't understand them. It's hard for me to cope with that — I don't know what they're going to do. A drunk, at least you can predict — you humor them. I say, sit here, drink your coffee, pretend you're reading this newspaper. It's funny during the bar rush at two o'clock, when this place and every place fills up; they come in, they've been drinking all night, and they've got a cup of coffee. It's like they're dehydrated.

Drinking is an occupational hazard for a waitress. At the Bronze Room we served booze all night, and then we'd go to a little bar down the street to have a beer or a cocktail. We called it our office. I never drank when I got up or at work, on the job. But as soon as I got off work, it was unlimited. You don't even know you're getting into trouble. You're just a body. Dull eyes, anyone who drinks, you can tell, they have a glazed look. Then it becomes no fun. I joined A.A. You go back to find the person you hoped you were. Now, I don't go out

much. Around here, everyone knows us from the restaurant, and they buy us beers. Even those who don't tip at the restaurant buy us a beer when they see us. I'm good but I can't drink that much. One beer is enough. So I just go home.

There's so much to do in a restaurant. You're never through. Most people think a restaurant is just what they see in the front, they don't see the part in the back. That's where most of it is. We've got a chef, two fry cooks, two dishwashers, and a kitchen helper peeling pot-oes. We don't have a large area to store food. Every day we have to call the meat man and the milkman. Joe,

the chef, brings everything up from scratch. He buys big pieces of meat. He cuts the steaks, the pork chops. Fridays he'll slice fish for a couple of hours. Everything is done daily. He makes all the puddings, and then on Sundays he makes apple Betty and peach cobbler, that's aside from the puddings. On Saturday we have three cooks. As soon as the chef brings up the dinner, then he does all the fry cooking, the man in the middle keeps the potatoes going and does the hotcakes, and the man on the right does the toast and makes the raffles. They cook all their eggs in the pans. Joe'll have four or five different egg pans going at the same time, besides French fries and a hamburger and

fried oysters or chicken or whatever. It's so visual back in the kitchen, they've got to work together. And if one gets overweight, it's too bad — especially the guy in the middle, because he's got no place to go.

Wing worked in the kitchen for thirty years. A marvelous man. I always said to him, Hi Wing, what's Wing? and he always laughed. He played on an old wooden flute, and every pigeon in the neighborhood knew him. When Tommy came in, he'd have a fit to see all those pigeons outside the back door, but he never said anything to Wing. He always worked the afternoon shift, his friends came in, and if it was quiet they played cards. We gave

him hollips and he used to sneak them to the kids. He finally retired but he had to come back because he missed the girls. Then he went up to San Francisco, his son lived there. He visited the Chinese cemetery, where he was going to be buried, and he died soon after, of a heart attack, but three years ago. I think he knew he was going to die, he was ready. It really shakes the people who ask about him to know he's gone — people as kids who remembered him.

So many have passed away. That's sad, too. Or when they get out of the hospital, they have to come and see us girls. Some of them can hardly stand, but they say, I

(continued on page 12)

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In conversation with a Rudford Girl

(continued from page 11)
wanted to stop and say hello. One man called me early yesterday and he said he was in the hospital. Well, he hadn't been in for the last two days, and he gets here about 4:30 or just when we're starting, and I just put the note on the register that he was in the hospital. He was going to call today but he didn't so now we'll just have to wait and see until I hear from him or somebody goes down to see him. He's one of the guys that comes in in the morning, and he'll sit here for two hours talking to the other guys before he goes to work. There's just a lot of good people. Slowly you get to know them.

I've waited on some people for years without knowing their names. Every year we put the Christmas cards up. Then you find out, so-and-so is the man who comes in the afternoon. Somebody goes on a trip and we'll get cards from around the world. We'll get cards that just say, to the Rudford girls. It's quite a compliment.

There are some who don't order the same thing twice in a row, but not many. People are creatures of habit. You can just run down and say, "Same thing?" and they always say yes. One man has hotcakes and sausages, hotcakes and sausages, never changes. Or on Saturday I'll get one couple and that's all I see them in that one day a week, and I don't even have to set them up if I have the coffee in my hand. They drink it black, they can sip their coffee and I might not get back to them but their order's turned in. Sometimes I remember wrong — who doesn't? If I get it wrong they tell me, and I'll never forget with the particular people after I've done it once. This couple I see, maybe

once every two weeks, maybe a month, they always have the two number fours over easy, whole wheat toast, one is dry, and a side order or a short stack. I gave them scrambled eggs the last time. Everything else was perfect. "You know, it's over easy." "I do now." They went ahead and ate it, but I'll never do that again. Then there's some that you've known for so many years, sometimes they want to change. If I've put the order in already and they say, "I'm not having that today, I say, you can't change today, you've got to make an appointment. You can have what you want tomorrow but the order's already in. And they'll always take it. I love them for that. Or one guy comes in and has two scrambled eggs, but he'll change that to a short stack or once in a great while a waffle. If I'm really rushed and he comes in, I tell him, "You're getting two scrambled, and he'll eat it, he doesn't say anything."

There's one man, he comes in, he tips me first, he hands me a dollar and I'll just say, "The same thing?" Yeah. I tell the cook, this is for that guy, the ham and scrambled and he wants the whole wheat. They know it now so I get it right away. The other day I didn't even wait on him and he gave me a dollar. That one shook me up. I said, "Do you want the usual?" "No, no, I already ate."

There isn't really any special language anymore. Used to be, in the forties, early fifties, when you got everything from the kitchen and you called your orders in, a bowl of soup was a money bowl. Adam and Eve on a raft, that's two poached eggs on toast. We didn't have a wheel to work out of. The cooks would remember all these orders and we'd remember where they went. You wrote the check after you got the order and put it in front of the customer. Now everything's written. A hamburger is HB, a cheeseburger is CHB. If a guy wants two eggs over easy, whole wheat toast, and cottage cheese instead of potatoes, we'll write a #4 OE WW and CC NO POT. On the dinner shift, CF, is chicken fry, though I always write Chick

Fry. People can order anything that's on the menu, anytime. One man ordered cherry pie with brown gravy on it. Honestly. Another man likes hotcakes with cream gravy on it, or another one'll have hotcakes with brown gravy. Then another one comes in, he orders French toast with ketchup. You don't say anything, you just shrug and go get it. That's what they want and that's your job, to provide it. The cooks'll give you a look... but they'll do it. Then one man has orange juice, two poached eggs over easy in a bowl with dry wheat toast, a bowl of oats, coffee, and a small milk — and he eats the whole thing with a fork. I don't know how he does it. Every once in a while, you hear a certain question at Rudford's — asked by men and women, the young, old, and middle-aged. "Have you got anything going?" The answer is usually, "Not today, early tomorrow."

I wasn't going to mention the baseball pool. We have two pools, with different people in each pool. When they fill up, that's it, you have to wait till tomorrow. During the World Series, we have five or six pools a day. When Rudford was alive we had so many — twenty — baseball pools, we had \$200. Only two of us handling it. We asked old Rudford, could he open the safe, there were too much money. He'd cue at us, but he'd do it. He'd say, "You're going to get me in trouble yet. But years ago, even the police officers were in on them. Collecting for the pool the other day, Judge... was sitting right here. When I'm all by myself, though, there's no way to take care of all my people and the baseball pool, too.... A dollar isn't that much. No one person ever wins more than two times in a row. It's just the law of averages."

The most closely guarded secret is how much a waitress makes. Side money is ninety-nine percent of a waitress's life. Of course it's better now than it was. But I can't afford the moon. Most of the girls are married, what they make in pocket money.

Everything I have has to go to a specific place. I haven't been out of town in years. My car is a 1970 and it's been to Vegas twice. I can't afford to go out of town. But I'm going to Reno with my daughter for an Arabian horse show in August. She races and trains Arabian horses. I'm looking forward to it.

These eight hours at work, everything I've got in my gut is over here. But when I leave, that's it. I go home to my life. Sunday is my Friday. Mondays, I'm at the laundromat when it opens at 5:30. Sometimes I'll see some of the people on their way to Rudford's. Here comes whole wheat toast. When I'm in the restaurant, I never know what direction they come from. Then I shop for groceries with my daughter and get ready for the week. Tuesday is my private day, my day of rest. I sleep a lot, maybe for a couple of hours in the afternoon. I'm up at 4:00 [a.m.] but at 6:00 I'm back in bed.

Sleep. That's what I look forward to on my vacation. I take two weeks a year. I get so keyed up working, I have to sleep. On my day off, sometimes I can't get out of bed.

I live just across the street. I go to bed between 6:30 and 7:30 [p.m.], even on my night off. It's better that way, so I'm alert in the morning. You have to be. If I'm not, the customers notice it. I get up at 2:00 [a.m.] — not because I have to. I enjoy reading the evening paper and having a cup of coffee before I go to the restaurant. I let Sam, my dog, out. Then he's cooped up all day, when I'm at work.

In the restaurant you can't feel intimidated. We get a lot of runners [who eat and leave without paying], usually at night. I've chased two of them, young kids, down the street. I almost broke my legs. The next time they come in, I remember them. I go up to them and say, "Hey, you owe me. Sooner or later they come back, because the food's good."

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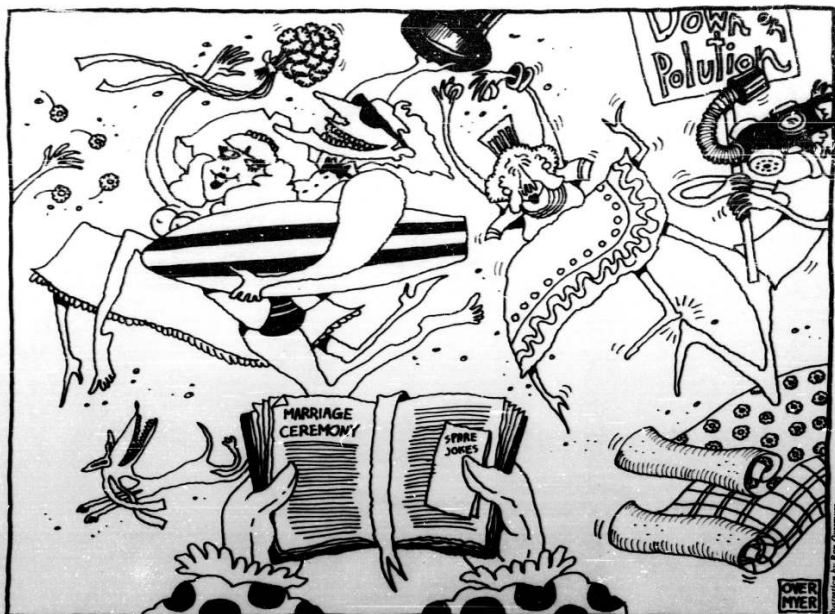
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A Wedding and Other Ridiculous Things on a Spring Day in the Park

Before an Audience of Nervous Relatives and a Few People Who Hang Wallpaper.

By Sue Garson

Five years ago, late one night, I tried to hang pre-pasted wallpaper in the kitchen using only a straight-edge razor, a twelve-inch ruler, and a small kitchen sponge, while I stood on a rickety chair that tottered precariously on a sloshing wet floor. The last thing I remember doing before I woke up in Scripps Hospital emergency room

with a cracked rib was reaching high into a corner to smooth a seam. During the time it took to recover, I concocted a lot of trade-off schemes. I was offering to critique a manuscript, any manuscript — even type it — in exchange for finishing that tortuous wallpaper project. But only weirdos responded to my ads. Not only were they all weird on the phone, not one of them ever showed up.

Now there's even Korean grass cloth in

the family room, a muted plaid textured vinyl in the hall bathroom that has a distinctive masculine quality, and earth-tone stripes on the kitchen ceiling. That's not all. Exotic jungle greenish-gold foil is in the master bathroom, crimson velvet tapestry (à la Victorian brothel) decorates the foyer walls, and the garage is full of plumb lines, rollers, ladders, commercial-size sponges, and paste buckets. And in the back yard, waiting his surfboard, is my ambitious new son-in-law.

So what's the connection between wallpaper and my daughter Lisa's wedding last month? Well, for one thing, there's my mother, who just a few years ago was a new widow living in a charming second-floor apartment right off El Cajon Boulevard. Instead of following the Dow Jones blue chip or square dancing every Tuesday or taking a cruise or having a face lift in Mexico, she impulsively bought a two-story, five-bedroom, Spanish-style house in Golden Hill, despite the fact that for the duration of their forty-year marriage, my parents always lived in tiny,

clustered apartments all over America.

After the initial uncertainty of exorcism was resolved, my mother began rattling around nine dust-collector rooms without leaving the sound of a human voice. Two color TVs and some rather sophisticated stereo equipment brought sound. Promiscuous cats (indifferent to my mother's long history of dramatic allergic reactions to fur) and the rapid acquisition of hundreds of houseplants encouraged conversation — one-way conversation, to be sure, but better than atrophied vocal cords.

So what's the connection between wallpaper and my daughter Lisa's wedding last month? She caught herself. She called the California School of Wallcoverings, downtown on Union Street, one of three wallcovering institutes in the United States. Her fantasy was to devise some sort of arrangement with the California School of Wallcoverings, either to lend them her walls for practice, or offer beginning paperhangers the opportunity to get realistic field experience, or whatever — at low cost, maybe even no cost.

She got much more. She got Peter

Fitzgerald, a New Zealander, for two months. Not only did my mother have Peter around the house for two months, and not only did she get art nouveau daisies in the kitchen, she also got a new mode of life — running an informal rooming house for wallcovering students (and "relatives" of wallcovering students) from throughout the United States and Canada. They would stay for two months at a time, after which they would receive hand-lettered certificates of membership in mother's alumni association, thereafter sending periodic postcards and making occasional in-person visits just to say hello.

About a year and a half ago mother called to say that a nice young man Bruno (Bruno being the current wallcovering student), how he volunteers to mow the lawn and carry out the trash, how he (charmingly) likes to surf and place large bets on football games, and being from Zurich only since 1979, what an adorable accent he has.

Bruno quickly becomes a mystical experience for my mother. He happens to have the very same initials my grandfather had — and the very same trade. Not only that, shortly after my grandfather's arrival in the United States from Poland's Gdansk Gubernya, he too began covering the walls and ceilings of America with paste, paper, and paint, and with fine European craftsmanship — also charming the natives with his Old World manners and accent. My grandfather, however, was not a surfer. His two hobbies were playing pinocle and leading heated street arguments in favor of anarchism.

Ten days after this Swiss surfer arrives in San Diego and makes a big splash with the landlady, Lisa returns to town, having spent a month visiting former college roommates and relatives in Boston, New York, and New Hampshire. Her second-cousin boyfriend meets the plane at LAX, deposits her with me, and I drive her to Grandma's, where her rusty Kauffman Ghia is parked and where most of her books and clothes are, yelling at her on the way for wearing a ski jacket over shorts, which I think looks ridiculous.

Lisa and the Swiss surfer are smitten instantly and marry terminally. But after he absorbs all he needs to know about covering walls, Bruno packs his paste and surfing gear and drives back to the Bay Area to "make a fortune" covering walls in the employ of San Francisco decorators — back to his father, Bruno, Sr., a top-notch plumber whose favorite phrase in English is: "You better believe it," back to Uncle Frank, who is a brilliant butcher, back to Rene and Joe and other bachelor pals, all native Swiss.

Bruno drives straight through, making the 600-mile trip in eight hours without even stopping for coffee. When the Golden Gate Bridge is in sight, the first thing he does is call Lisa, who's been moping around all day looking miserable. He's decided to move back to San Diego the next day, he says. Eight hours is too long to be apart, he tells her. "I love you to the max, schtuzzi," he adds, reducing my daughter to such a mass of fibrillating sighs and quivering giblets that she can't even utter a word. So she struggles with impulse just long enough to succumb and then gets Grandma to drive her to Lindbergh Field to catch the late flight to San Francisco. The following morning Lisa and her surfer drive back to San Diego together in his Toyota truck, stopping in Long Beach long enough to see the grand prize and the waves at Huntington pier.

They stay at Grandma's for about a week (sensible adjustment time), after which the inseparables find an unfurnished place in the waves at Huntington pier. They stay at Grandma's for about a week (sensible adjustment time), after which the inseparables find an unfurnished place in the waves at Huntington pier. They stay at Grandma's for about a week (sensible adjustment time), after which the inseparables find an unfurnished place in the waves at Huntington pier.

ter's ring finger. Later that evening she presents him with a secondhand but high-quality surfboard.

Putting together a wedding is not at all like hanging wallpaper, but it's very much like staging a major theatrical production — what with producers, directors, casting agents, stars and co-stars, plus a large supporting cast, some of whom are imported great distances by air. There are set designers, costume and hair designers, script writers and editors, camera crew, stage members, public relations staff, choreographers and prop personnel, and food and beverage coordinators.

There's no dress rehearsal, however, and no out-of-town preview, no retakes. It's *Saturday Night Live* run by amateurs with absolutely no previous experience — on a tight budget and without government grants. Not only that, there are some very emotional people to deal with, and there is history.

Around the turn of the century, when romantic marriage was a fairly new notion, Gdansk Gubernya weddings were week-long shindies to which guests traveled by drochky, which was a horse-drawn cart. The highlight of the public celebration of intimacy, other than the consumption of staggering quantities of schnapps and shivits, was the scrupulous examination of the nuptial sheets by the groom's relatives immediately after the marriage was consummated. Across an ocean fifty years later came the much publicized Philip Roth-type weddings, which took place in those Flatbush Avenue catering establishments characterized by black tassels, carved-ice sculptures, and ninety-five-pound edible swans constructed of chopped liver. The Seventies backlash saw nude rollerskating, BYOG (Bring Your Own God), sunflower seed potluck ceremonies. Today there seems to be a groping into the past to salvage the legitimacy associated with traditional trappings, and it is in this tone that Lisa establishes the style of her public peak experience by securing six months in advance the first tier of the Café del Rey terrace in Balboa Park.

The most heated subject of debate is mate, volunteers to perform the ceremony. Since he's considered to be an expert on stress (increasing stress more often than reducing it, if you ask me) around the lecture circuits, and since he moonlights as a stand-up comic billing himself as the Wizard of Stress, and since he is of the male gender, he qualifies. His recent ordination into the Universal Life Church ministry was obtained for ten dollars. For another twenty dollars he could've been a bishop, he laments, so Bruno suggests we all chip in and make him Pope.

The problem is that Harry wants to wear his hooded velvet wizard robe and tall pointy hat, the get-up he uses at the Comedy Store on Sunday night. And he wants to appear mysteriously from within the Café del Rey Monks' wishing well, he says. The bride-to-be balks, insisting he take his blue suit to the cleaners. "No herring stains!" she warns the clergy.

The whole thing feels like a costume party. Grandma dyes a dozen-year-old white Mexican wedding dress orchid to co-exist with the bride's color scheme of white (of course), pink, and lavender. Little sister Wendy, the maid of honor, borrows the bride's pink gown dress and nude rollerskating. BYOG (Bring Your Own God), sunflower seed potluck ceremonies. Today there seems to be a groping into the past to salvage the legitimacy associated with traditional trappings, and it is in this tone that Lisa establishes the style of her public peak experience by securing six months in advance the first tier of the Café del Rey terrace in Balboa Park. The most heated subject of debate is

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and an original paragraph of mine about my grandfather's silver wine goblet bearing Bruno's initials. There is not a dry eye around the conference table.

Forty-eight hours before the wedding, the principal players (cameras included) assemble in jeans at the Café del Rey Moyo terrace to rehearse. Lisa is tearful. She announces she feels faint and nauseated, having consumed no solid food for three days in order to slip into her size-five wedding gown without straining the zipper. "Whatever you do, *schatzi*, don't pass away!" advises the groom.

"Pass out, *Brunelino*. Not pass away," shouts Bruno, Sr., who's been living in this country five years longer than his son.

"You sure?" the groom asks quizzically.

"You better believe it!" saves his father.

While the Reverend and the Swiss contingency adjourn to the Cafe del Rey Morbar on the proceeds of bets made on the Holmes-Cooney fight the night before, little sister and I spend the remaining hour in the dressing room admiring the bride, who looks breathtakingly beautiful. Surrounded by clicking cameras, I apply layer upon layer of thick black mascara to my upper and lower lashes — all for the photographers' benefit.

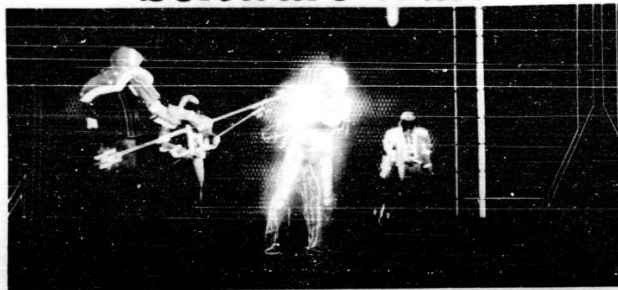
After the disc jockey and most of the guests and cameras have departed and only a few soggy strawberries are left in the hollowed-out watermelon shell, the hard-core remains — the Swiss contingency. Pete Fitzgerald (that historic first resident wallpaper student), the immediate family, clergy, and Ed Barry, *owner/operator* of the California School of Wallcoverings. I hold Ed responsible for the wedding and hand him the caterer's bill. He hands it

After we've seen the stills and slides and on the fourth reel of celluloid, Grandma announces that she's leaving early before Safeway closes in order to buy enough raisin rolls to serve the next day's paying breakfast guests. It's all happening so quickly, by word of mouth, she says. And now, in addition to accommodating wallpaper beginners, my mother is starting another new career running a bed-and-breakfast establishment from her Golden Hill residence. European newlyweds jet into San Diego enroute to the Grand Canyon and spend a single-but-memorable night at Grandma's. My mother's not kidding, which is, of course, wallpapered to the max.

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Software Wars



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Tron, the movie that was to restore Disney to prominence on the bas-relief Hollywood map, undoubtedly has its uses as a promo film. What it promotes, apart from the Disney people's newfound desire to "relate" (in the current vernacular) to a slightly older age group than that which believes in the Tooth Fairy, is primarily computer graphics, and secondarily video games. It would be altogether too taxing (as well as requiring a second trip to the movie, and a better-kept travel journal than I bothered to keep my time through) for me to describe Tron's multi-form wonders, which, as has regularly been remarked, look like nothing on God's earth, although some of them occasionally look like something on Max Fleischer's earth (in his Superman cartoons), or on Czech animator Karel Zeman's earth, or on surrealist painter Yves Tanguy's earth, or on various other people's earths. Suffice it to say that I was quite taken with much that I saw, and quite left alone by much else.

Computer-generated movie images have plainly come a long way (one way or another, outwards if not forwards,

breadwise if not depthwise) from the 1960s avant-garde abstractions of the Whitney brothers, John and James, and back to the experiments of pre-computer pioneers like Len Lye and Norman McLaren. But the question provoked by Tron is whether such computer-generated images, or the men in charge of them, have any very clear idea where they are heading.

The induction of experimental movie techniques into the commercial, narrative field has always been a tantalizing ideal, but in practice it usually works out into something like the Jupiter-landing psychodrama in Kubrick's 2001 or the gynecologically-controlled, seven-minute single-take at the end of Antonioni's *The Passion of Anna*, decorative flourishes that stand out from the overall film texture like an eggshell in a cheese omelette. Dream scenes and drug hallucinations are other traditional ports of harbor for avant-garde bingers. With Tron, his first live-action movie, writer-director Steven Lisberger may have achieved something of a breakthrough in his full-length interweaving of experimental filmmaking techniques and a conventional narrative line. At the same time, there is a sense that the arranged marriage between these two elements has been rather rushed into, without

due care taken to ascertain whether the two parties possess similar interests and goals, and without working out an equitable division of tasks. The emergent problems may not suggest an inherent incompatibility, but rather just an unreadiness on one side or the other to pitch in and do its fair share.

For the sake of argument, I point an accusing finger at the plotting. That a young computer wizard named Flynn (Jeff Bridges) has had several video-game programs performed and plagiarized by a corporate executive named Dillinger (David Warner), that evidence of the thievery has been locked up in the computer's impenetrable security program, that the computer itself (according to laws of computer behavior well predated in 2001, *Colossus: The Forbin Project*, and *Demon Seed*) has become adolescently willful, disobedient, and know-it-all — these are all perfectly acceptable plot premises. That the computer wizard, when sitting down to the computer keyboard and attempting to crack the defense system, should be blasted by a laser beam, somehow dematerialized and reconstituted as a component of a computer program — even this is all right with me, although I am a little hazy on the natural laws at work. Once inside the computer, my troubles

begin in earnest. The geography in Tron, unlike that in a somewhat similar sci-fi adventure, *Fantastic Voyage*, is the same about the submarine being reduced to micro-size and injected into a human bloodstream — doesn't match up very well with any prior concept of mine. I hereby admit to having a lesser familiarity with, and curiosity about, computers than human bodies — perhaps a traumatic effect of the dressing-down I took from my eleventh-grade math teacher when, upon completion of some essential computer problem such as figuring pi to the thousandth digit, I threw the off-switch and sent the computer into an electronic equivalent of cardiac arrest. (All I had actually done was follow the instruction booklet to the letter, and to the last entry on the last page, and I couldn't help but feel that the charges of sabotage were a bit harsh.) I have made no attempt since to make friends with any computer. But unless Tron is meant solely for people who keep an Apple as a domestic pet (assuming, as I am guessing would be unsafe to do, that all friends of computers share Lisberger's concept of computer mutuality), it is up to Lisberger to brief the rest of us on what we can expect.

What will this intimidating piece of evidence look like and what are the procedures for locating it? What are the pathways through an individual computer program and what sorts of passages are available from one program to another? And who are all those little men running around in there and why are they dressed like something out of an old Buck Rogers serial? The idea that each computer program is inhabited by an alter ego of the program's original designer (an idea I grasped more from reading about the movie than from actually watching it) might be acceptable, though it sets up the unexplored possibility of numerous lookalike alter egos existing cheek by jowl, and I do not quite understand why a mere personification of a computer program would still succumb to such human tendencies as jealousy and smugness. (This latter activity sets up other unexplored possibilities of junior computer programs unexpectedly happening along.) And even if we can swallow the alter-ego idea, who are all those superfluous emotions leeching electronic support, cattle-pen users?

The urge to anthropomorphize and geographize computer programs is perhaps excusable as an idle daydream, but its palpable realization here suggests nothing so much as the sort of TV com-

mmercial in which stomach acid or carbonator sludge is given form as a human miscreant (or perhaps better yet, nothing so much as the concluding episode of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, with Woody Allen impersonating a drop of semen). It is, of course, no less possible to fantasize in this way about video games than it is with, say, *Monopoly* or Chinese checkers, and there is a certain poetic rightness (and sound basis for an old-fashioned dream scene) in a videogame designer being projected into life-and-death combat against his own unleashed monsters and surviving by means of a sort of Creator's omniscience. Not all the programs that Flynn encounters are literal video games, however, and even

those that are not made familiar to us beforehand, as would have been easy enough to do, by demonstrating how they operate from the vantage point of a penny-arcade patron. The lack of established rules, and the consequent drift towards total abstraction, militates against any possible suspense in the movie.

But this complaint is not entirely restricted to plotting. The drift towards abstraction, even with clearer plot construction, would still seem to be unavoidable in Lisberger's computer-generated imagery. It is hard to drum up many thrills from the interplay of mere colors and geometric forms (to drum up any thrills at all from such things would require a virtuoso on the order of Velázquez), and the

presence of some sort of sympathetic human is obviously a helpful ingredient. But it remains for me to question whether the geography in Tron can reasonably be populated by human actors or whether good sense would dictate that its practical uses might be limited to TV ads or art-film abstractions in the Whitney-brothers tradition. The hard truth about this software landscape is that it doesn't look as though it could support a real, solid human. It looks instead quite like a cartoon, albeit with a plasticity. Pop art surface to it, and the intrusion of Jeff Bridges, David Warner, et al., into this domain gives the movie its strongest tie to an established Disney tradition: the *Mary Poppins*-ish union of live actors and animated crows,

birds, etc. (Another strong tie to old-style Disney is the sparkling, twittering happiness that spreads over the computer kingdom when the resident evil is extirpated.) It seems to me possible, in other words, that far from having too little plot, the movie might have done better to liberate its often interesting graphics from all plot whatsoever. And far from being too dehumanized, it might have done better, if it was going to insist on some semblance of plot, to own up to being essentially a cartoon, and ask the computer to spit out some two-dimensional humans who might look somewhat more at home in the available landscape. I don't pretend to know. I only wonder: Disney's leap into the artistic future is also into an artistic void.

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Old Radicals and New Jokes



Donna Walker, Ric Barr

JONATHAN SILLVILLE

Steven Tesich's *Division Street*, which opened to uproarious audience reaction at the San Diego Rep last week, is just the sort of theater this company does best. It is quite a funny play, and the Rep has traditionally achieved some of its greatest successes with its summer comedy series. It is, what's more, a farce, giving the actors and director Sam Woodhouse the opportunity to display the bounding physical energy and precision of timing that are so characteristic of the Rep's style. It is a work about contemporary Americans — the human leftovers of the radical movement of the Sixties — and about the relevance of their past and current experience to our understanding of what it means to live in America, and the Rep has always been at its best with the contemporary, the American, and the culturally relevant. It is also a play that makes modest demands on a theater's physical resources — there is a single set. Ron Ranson's inventively

shabby reproduction of an ex-radical's room in a Chicago rooming house — and the characters and their tribulations gain immensely in vividness from the intimacy of the little converted c.p. on Sixth Avenue that is the Rep's home.

Division Street is about a scattering of disillusioned radicals who come together because one of them accidentally gets his picture published in a newspaper. Thirty-seven-year-old Chris (played by Ric Barr with a nice mixture of basic decency and wry ruefulness) has thrown up outside a Yugoslavian restaurant after having eaten their stuffed cabbage — and that an event of such a nature becomes the cause of his notoriety in 1980 shows just how much the radicals and their world have changed from the Sixties, when they used to get into the papers on grander pretexts. Soon a few fragments of the old gang assemble: the still idealistic and self-dramatizing Roger, disguised like a mad cartoonist's caricature of an old man and offering actor Bill Wiff the occasion for one of his funnier broadly comic performances, and Chris's

estranged wife Diana, a dream-eyed wench with a bullhorn, whose conversation tends to lapse into quotations from the lyrics of sentimental songs (the talented and sophisticated Donna Walker seems just a bit out of her element in this role, lacking the largeness of gesture, loudness of voice, and exaggeration of foolishness which characterize the other performances in this energetically farcical production).

Other characters drift in and out, in the more or less random manner of farce. Chris's landlady, Mrs. Bruchinski, is — as one of the others remarks — a quadruple minority: she is old, a woman, Polish, and black. She is also a radical of the old school, who looks back with fervent nostalgia on the march on Washington and who sings "We Shall Overcome" at every opportunity; and as though that were not enough, she has strong fleshy lusts. Quite a character to cope with — but actress C.J. Bharaka does an excellent, amusing job, in spite of a tendency for her Polish accent to lapse into Jamaican and an occasional difficulty in projecting her voice. There is a

black policeman named Betty, a tall, jolly character who used to be a guy, but has had a sex-change operation — a characterization which E. Michael Kijewski III carries off with aplomb, in the extreme, large-scale manner of the entire production. There is a young slut ("I am not a prostitute, I'm a slut") named Nadia, who wants to hear inspiring tales of the old radical days that were over before she reached adolescence (a nifty, sassy, gum-chewing piece of acting by Danielle Phillips-Harris). And there is a quintessential nerd named Sai, someone whose personality is so insignificant that no one ever notices his presence, as though he were a soundless and invisible wrath the talented actor here is Stephen Papaleo, whose comically expressive voice and nerdy gestures give the role a surprising impact). Finally, and most impressive of all, there is Navarre T. Perry's grand characterization of the Yugoslavian restaurant owner, Yovan, with his murderous rages, weepy sentimentality, and systematic mangling of the English language.

The bumbling of the English language is in fact the central glory of this play, if so raucous a romp may be said to have any glory. The playwright, himself a Yugoslavian, did not teach Chicago and its denotative idiom until the age of fourteen, but it is clear that he is madly in love with the eccentricities of American English and that, as someone born to another native language, he can hear and reproduce popular American speech with an outsider's relish for its comic possibilities. Yovan's Yugoslav-riddled English has a mad poetry of its own, as does Mrs. Bruchinski's Polish English, and Chris and Sai, in ordinary American accents, have speeches wonderfully rich with the sounds, rhythms, and piled-up images of concrete American talk — Chris in his encyclopedic and contemptuous listing of the Left's multifarious causes, from boat people to baby seals, and Sai in a magnificent monologue (magnificently delivered by Mr. Papaleo) about what it is like to be a nerd. From one point of view of language, this is a very good script, and the Rep's production, with its profusion of noisy and eloquent actors, makes the most of the humor and pleasure inherent in that language.

But of course farce is chiefly physical mayhem, and Tesich's script has a rich share of that as well. Here the Rep and director Woodhouse are in their element. The staging of all the heavy, comical, irresistible devices of rough physical action —

the window that falls shut when the door bangs, the doors opening into a narrow corridor that repeatedly smash the murder-minded Yugoslav in the kisser, the comical misunderstandings that occur when someone comes into the room at just the wrong moment — all this is done with such vitality, such precision of timing, and such a sense of spontaneous fun that not all the certainty in the world that we have seen each of these devices a thousand times before can keep the laughter from welling up and bursting out, like compulsive belches of the spirit. If you want farce, and if you are tired of Feydeau and *I Love Lucy* and want something more contemporary, then *Division Street* is bound to give you a

good time.

There remains the question of the play's meaning, of its "philosophy" (a repulsive word, but the fact is that several of these characters are much given to philosophizing about the movement, the American dream, and the like). Mr. Tesich tells us that the radicals of the Sixties were foolish, ridiculous, and ineffectual, but that they nevertheless possessed a love of country and a seriousness of purpose that were of great value. The loss of that perhaps screwed-up and misdirected idealism, especially during the egotistical self-indulgences of the Seventies, is to be regretted; what is needed now is a reaffirmation of the spiritual intensity and public-mindedness of that now dissipated and de-

cayed radical movement into the passive, routine materialism of today. The tone throughout is one of both tender mockery and indulgent admiration.

There are other ways of looking at the radical movement of the Sixties, both positive and negative. Out of that radicalism grew the numerous advances in civil rights, the concern for the environment, the suspicion of military adventures in lands whose culture we do not understand. Out of it also grew a pervasive anti-intellectualism, a distrust of reason, a decay of family relations, the decline of serious education, and an inclination to resort to violence when the process of argumentation seems too slow or too indecisive. *Division Street* in no way offers an

objective historical assessment of the radical movement, its origins, nature, and consequences. It does not teach us anything worth learning about the reality of the movement or of the people who were involved in it. No matter. The sociological studies and the analytical novels will take care of all that. Instead, playwright Tesich uses this interesting contemporary situation, embroiling it here and there with a few shallow bits of interpretation that no one pays much attention to, and shaping it into the age-old structures of successful farce. The Rep, in turn, knows just what to do with this material. There is nothing profound about *Division Street*, but it provides a large amount of fun for a summer's evening.

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Less than Shrewd



Amanda McBroom, Tony Musante

JEFF SMITH

The Old Globe Theatre can rightfully boast that its Summer Festival '82 schedule is "the most extensive ever presented by a San Diego theater organization." With six plays running in repertory on three different stages — the Old Globe, the Festival Stage, and the Cassius Carter Centre Stage — the Festival is indeed an ambitious enterprise. Between June 10 and September 19, the Old Globe will offer a total of 289 performances in Balboa Park, a hefty figure indicating a renaissance of theatrical energy in San Diego. And several productions — in particular, *The Tempest* (directed by Jack O'Brien) and *The Miser* (directed by Joseph Hardy) — are splendid. Its opening-night presentation of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, however, was an uninspired, threadbare embarrassment, a skeleton of a show that usually honored a skeleton in the Bard's usually humane cloth. Diffuse, sprawling, and unfocused, *Shrew* had all the symptoms of severe energy leak, which suggests that the Globe's ambitious activities may have begun to intrude on the artistic achievement of its individual productions.

Like the youngest child in a large family, *Shrew* was a hand-me-down quality. Unfought, Steven Rubin's set design, a

premiere, two-tiered accumulation of dusty wood and iron monkey bars, looks more like a rickety platform inherited from a previous production rather than a design consciously crafted for this one. And Rubin's costumes seem to have been picked up in a random search through the Globe's costume shop for anything left over from its other five productions. The only criterion seems to be that each garment is multicolored. That the clothes fit, or that they reflect the place and period of *Shrew* — Padua, Italy, in the Sixteenth Century — appears not to have been a serious consideration. Thus Petruchio wears cowboy caps to his wedding, another wears a sleeveless, black leather biker's vest and designer tight (looking new wave, save for a missing safety pin), another dresses like a magnified leprechaun, while another don a striped, spaghetti-strapped T-shirt and contemporary sailor's cap. The actresses' costumes are bullpup, flitting with a 200-year radius of the period, but at least they fit. The combined costumes do create colorful, if confusing, tableaux on stage. And they also convey a spongy reverence for their subject. Would that the production had done likewise with the hand-me-down, movie-style garbage that abounds in the play itself.

In a puzzling program note, which disregards the whopping imbalance in Kate's and Petruchio's relationship, director Joseph Hardy claims that Shakespeare wrote *The Taming of the Shrew* to show "how to have a perfect marriage," an "equal partnership" based on mutual respect. "By treating Kate with kindness," Hardy says, "overlooking starvation, denial of sleep, and the other forms of sensory deprivation Kate is made to suffer in the play." Petruchio shows her how she looks to others when she is drowsy. Kindness in marriage leads to love and a perfect union: a true Renaissance ideal.

That last sentence is half right. Kate does express a Renaissance ideal in her concluding speech, but it isn't about mutual respect and kindness. She is actually describing a male-dominated concept of a woman's place in the Great Chain of Being, a hierarchical system that, to oversimplify, placed God at the top of the ladder, followed by angels, man, plants, and rocks in a descending order of importance. This system, which flourished in the late Middle Ages and filtered its way down through the Renaissance (some say it is still with us, in diluted form), reigned as the orthodox view of the cosmos, the way the world was meant to be. Among other things, the view held that a woman should treat her husband, as Kate says in the play, as if he were "lord, king, and governor" over her. A totally subordinated wife was the Renaissance ideal. And in the hands of the dominant gender (Petruchio is a good example), this "ideal" gave rise to the liberty to claim that creatures were, in actuality, kindless.

Hardy concludes his program note by claiming that the production hopes to show

that "Shakespeare's universal vision of wit and understanding — to make marriage an equal partnership — should reach us today as emphatically as it did those who lived in 1597." These comments help to explain why the production contains such a hodgepodge of costumes — almost a mini-history of fashion — periods, and accents (Christopher Brown, terrific, as Ariel in *The Tempest*, here plays the servant Grumio as if he were a swathing on *Welcome Back, Kotter*, for example). The stated aim is universality. But the result is an unfocused staging that seems determined to avoid the play's obviously specific message about female subservience to the male. Instead, the emphasis is largely visual, with much scurrying about among the leads and the ensemble cast, as if all the motion would arrest the eye and numb the ear to the blatantly unequal partnership that emerges between Kate and Petruchio on stage. Most Old Globe productions of Shakespeare's plays are rightly hypersensitive to the nuances, shades of meaning, and beauties of the language of the Bard. Hardy's staging of *Shrew*, by contrast, appears either to think that the words would somehow go away or to pretend that they meant quite other than they do.

All of which is most evident at the conclusion of the play. Tamed by her "prince" of a husband, Kate says, "I am ashamed of myself when I see the scales of her character's marriage to Petruchio (played by Tony Musante) are more than a tad askew — and the entire ensemble cast on stage gives a knowing nod, assenting to her words as if they were gospel. An equal partnership? Like Machiavelli's cynical *The Prince* in the political arena, Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* is an important play historically. It documents the problem that has plagued women for thousands of years. An assertive woman, the play contends, is a "shrew" in need of domestic (and cruel) reprogramming. But the Old Globe's production prefers to treat the play as if this were not the case. Where Kate learns to see the moon as the sun and an old man as a woman, the production regards the play not as a problem but rather as its solution, not as a hand-me-down but as a new suit of clothes. And the absence of any irony, indicating a modern awareness of the archaic nature of the play, creates a huge disjunction between what is said and the confident tone with which it is uttered.

Witnessing the Old Globe's production of *Shrew* is like hearing someone read an obituary, all the while pretending it's a proud announcement of a newborn child.

It's the Berries



Illustration by Elizabeth McElroy

ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Maitre D'
The Location: 3521 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla (456-2111)
Type of Food: French
Price Range: Affirms à la carte: entrees, ten to fourteen dollars
Hours: Closed Sunday, Open Monday through Saturday, 6:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

The artist/writer Ludwig Bemelmans and I have one thing in common — our love for the Plaza Hotel in New York. When I was a child I regarded this hotel with awe: the elegant lobby, the large urns of fresh flowers, the wood paneling of the dining rooms, and the palm fronds swaying in midwinter in the Palm Room elicited in me longing for adulthood. In my fantasies, my life would consist of one day after another at the Plaza, where there seemed to be an endless bustle of white-gloved attendants and no one seemed to worry about such mundane matters as money.

Some years later when I was married, I spent my honeymoon in a suite at the Plaza. Far from being for me a sequestered

week expiring in the arms of my beloved, it seemed to be the opportunity for every relative and friend past and present to visit me. Still, I loved room service and the rattle of carts bearing tea in silver trays; I adored the pastries and the eye-stopping glories of luscious fruit: raspberries in December, strawberries as large as plums, fresh fruit salad spiced with Grand Marnier. More frequently than not, I was in the Palm Room ordering with abandon. It was my honeymoon, wasn't it? And from the vantage point of my 104 pounds, there seemed no end to the delights that I could consume. To this day I long for the mocha torte from the Plaza, displayed on the sideboard in its gleaming silver salver.

This bit of nostalgia relates directly to a new restaurant, Maitre D', which is owned and operated by Louis Zaleski, formerly of the Plaza — in fact, he worked there for fifteen years. Maitre D' is located on La Jolla Boulevard, and as early as last winter I walked inside thinking that it might be an antique store because I had been attracted by the silver service displayed in its window. When I discovered that it was to be a restaurant, I began to phone once a month, waiting for it to open. Some five months later it did, and I am happy to report that physically Maitre D' is everything that a Plaza buff could hope for. Tons of money

has gone into the two rooms — one for smokers, and the larger of the two rooms for nonsmokers. The nonsmoking concept alone is worth three cheers, because it means that you have the assurance of a prime dining experience without having your palate contaminated by smoke. The tables are large and set far apart, the dishes are impeccable, and no detail has been overlooked by the man from the Plaza, including a raised platform that holds a baby grand piano.

It goes without saying that to eat in such an atmosphere is not inexpensive. All items on the menu are à la carte and you would have to count on at least a minimum of twenty-five dollars per person — almost double if you had appetizer, soup, salad, entrée, dessert. For example, the goose liver pâté is fifteen dollars, spinach salad \$4.25, onion soup three dollars. The entrées, however, range in price from twelve to fourteen dollars and include two vegetables. But unless you are a very small eater, you need at least a salad with the entrée, and the desserts are superb. You really shouldn't leave Maitre D' without trying at least one of them.

The best advice that I can offer is for you to select the nightly specials. The menu is extremely ambitious in its offerings, which includes about thirty entrées. No chef, no matter how adroit, can prepare all of these with equal skill, and the nightly specials are bound to be given every care and consideration. This is especially true of the fish dishes, of which Monsieur Louis is justifiably proud. On both occasions that I visited, the specials of the evening were very fine indeed; their prices ranged between twelve and fourteen dollars.

I had the caesar salad — which is prepared for two people at only \$3.50 each — and the Pacific Breeze salad. The latter costs \$4.50, but my friend and I divided it, and I recommend it over the caesar. Pacific Breeze salad consists of Boston lettuce and shrimp. The outstanding feature was the homemade mayonnaise, which was a treat — light and delicate as whipping cream. The tomatoes were peeled and the salad proved quite delightful. However, I've had better caesar salads elsewhere. While the Pacific Breeze is costly at \$4.50, it becomes reasonable if two people share it.

Actually, on my second occasion my friend and I shared every item and our waiter was kind enough to divide everything for us in the kitchen so that we didn't have to eat from each other's plates. We ordered the specials of the evening, fresh filet of sole in beurre blanc and veal Normand, which is prepared with Calvados brandy and fresh apples. We had the sole first, divided it in two, and it was a knockout. The fish was tender, the sauce delicate, and I regretted when the last mouthful was done. The veal was also very fine

and could not be faulted, but the fish was outstanding. On my first visit I had salmon in puff pastry, gorgeous looking dish because the puff pastry was arranged to resemble a whole fish; the head and fin were a work of art. If you are a fancier of puff pastry dishes, this is one to try, though the fish dishes prepared with a variety of sauces enable you to taste more of the fish and less of the pastry.

A word should be said about the vegetables. They are well prepared but too scant in variety as well as quantity. On my initial occasion several vegetables were offered, but the total amount equaled only a few mouthfuls. If I were a restaurateur, I would be very generous with the lettuce in the salad as well as with the vegetables because these are the items that are the least expensive both to purchase and to prepare. I always find it disconcerting to gaze upon my plate and discover the equivalent of one-sixteenth of a zucchini and a fourth of a carrot. This is one area in which Maitre D' can use a more generous hand.

Last, the desserts: fantastic. Without a doubt this is one of the best dessert places in town. I had a simply beautiful chocolate soufflé, prepared for two at four dollars per person. This is served with a ravishing chocolate sauce. I was being very ladylike eating my individual soufflé, but I could have polished off both portions. Some day when I am feeling especially wicked I may just do that — eat the soufflé for two by myself. In the summertime, however, I recommend the frozen raspberry soufflé, which is served with a *crème anglaise* and puréed raspberries. The latter two ingredients are poured around the frozen raspberry soufflé to form a star-shaped pattern. Very aesthetic to both the eye and the palate. The chocolate mousse is also not to be missed. Desserts are \$2.50 to four dollars.

I hope that Maitre D' enjoys a long life. A built-in hazard results in the extensiveness of the menu and whether the ingredients for so many dishes can always be at the peak of freshness. A second risk lies with à la carte menus. Diners feel that they are getting their money's worth if the diners include a simple house salad. The prices of the entrées are not inconsiderable, but the side dishes soon mount up to a cost that can equal that of the entrée. To be sure, the man from the Plaza Hotel is not aiming at a clientele that has to count its pennies. Even so, it would be more satisfying if a choice of small salad or soup were included with the price of the entrée.

Maitre D' has a fine chef, excellent service, and superior surroundings. If it can maintain its consistency, it will surely make a worthwhile contribution to the San Diego culinary scene. Please note that Maitre D' is open until 11:00 p.m., a boon for many who cannot get away for an early dinner.

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Letters

(continued from page 4)

Just A Second

Although I heartily enjoyed and thoroughly agreed with Jonathan Saville's review of *Oh! Calcutta!* ("Not A Mail," July 15), I feel you should have had a second review of the play. *Oh! Calcutta!* is a work worthy of the literary skills of Duncan Shepherd.

Steve Bremner
San Diego

Return To Dust

Congratulations to Maggie Locke and the *Reader* for writing and printing an article about a personal experience with a very public problem ("A Fine White Deadly Dust," July 1). The news media continue to be castigating for "blowing the whole thing out of proportion" while between eight million and eleven million workers have been exposed to asbestos since World War II and unknown scores of citizens have been exposed through asbestos contamination of the air and water and from asbestos-containing

consumer products such as hair dyes. How can the deaths of 170,000 to 240,000 persons be blown out of proportion?

Locke is criticized for an "emotional" response to her problem. However, she has probably demonstrated more honesty and realistically the process that anyone would go through who was faced with a similar dilemma. One of the most important points that she made repeatedly, and one that continues to cloud the issues around most toxic substances, is the seemingly innocuous nature of the "fine white dust." Most substances, from asbestos to vinyl chloride, do not produce immediate symptoms from common levels of exposure. Short-term effects such as nausea, dizziness, headaches, or rashes are generally not connected with the exposure, especially for persons who are not aware that they are being exposed. Long-term health effects like cancer and heart disease are even harder to connect with exposure to toxic substances. But the connections are being made, and as in the case of asbestos, countless deaths and diseases have and will continue to

occur directly from exposure to the dust.

Toxic substances produced and used by industry affect not only workers but community residents as well. The *Hazardous Materials Disclosure Ordinance* mentioned by Locke is a significant step in providing information to the public and to workers so that they can make more informed decisions about where they live and work. Our organization's work in developing that ordinance with county staff gave us the opportunity to work with concerned people who understand that protection of the public from exposure to toxic substances is part of their job. Fortunately, they do not all take the cavalier and uncaring attitude that Herb Sher apparently does.

Diane Takorin, chairman
Environmental Health Coalition
San Diego

D.S. On E.T. — The Final Countdown: 10

After seeing E.T. tonight, I went back and read Duncan

Shepherd's review of the film, as well as the first and second rounds of letters it inspired. The film, the review, and the letters have given me much food for thought, and have inspired me to add my own words to the multitude of those already written.

I was surprised to find that many of Shepherd's criticisms of the movie were well targeted and quite thought-provoking. He presented another side to the film that I would have missed had I not read the review. Yet I was dismayed that he was not able to suspend his critical judgments long enough to be carried away by the film's enchantment and hopefulness.

As for the ensuing fray, his detractors responded for the most part with flustered, blindly emotional attacks that were often misdirected at trivia (for want of a clearly defined argument — though several consistent and accurate themes covered throughout those letters), and his supporters lauded the triumph through Shepherd of intellectualism and high art over childish sentimentalism, which they scorned mercilessly.

I found E.T. to be a beautifully

uplifting, satisfying, and provocative film, and I consider myself a champion of intellect of the integrated kind, not the superficial kind (which I've always found emotional), and sentimentalism. E.T. showed signs of all three, and though it was not the high art of the purist's sense, what it lacked in that respect it more than made up for in its intellectual vision.

I came out of the theater feeling better than I have ever felt after leaving a film. I was much more open to the possibility of life, on other worlds, and in fact I hoped there was, and that it consisted mainly of creatures like E.T. The movie seemed to me to take *Close Encounters* to its next logical step by having an extended encounter with a benign alien. Most of the emotional attacks that were often misdirected at trivia (for want of a clearly defined argument — though several consistent and accurate themes covered throughout those letters), and his supporters lauded the triumph through Shepherd of intellectualism and high art over childish sentimentalism, which they scorned mercilessly.

I found E.T. to be a beautifully

Letters

(continued from page 24)

perhaps the more advanced civilization for that is to come. I hope so. I hope the extraterrestrials visit us in my lifetime. And I hope they do. I'm very Duncan, but I hope they are more like E.T. than like you.

Steven Janoff
Riverside

emotionally charged pieces in the past.

Upon leaving the theater after seeing E.T., my companion uttered a striking remark to me that perhaps this movie is preparing the civilization for that is to come. I hope so. I hope the extraterrestrials visit us in my lifetime. And I hope they do. I'm very Duncan, but I hope they are more like E.T. than like you.

Steven Janoff
Riverside

9

I have been reading Duncan Shepherd's movie reviews for the past five years and it never ceases to amaze me how inane he really is.

After reading his typical recent review on E.T., I can only conclude that he is, at over ninety years old, by not in control of his mental capacities, or c) just a plain old stick in the mud.

He ends his article with the attempt at cuteness which I would like to amend to read, "D.S. I hope to read and hear from you."

Jeannie Hanson
Pacific Beach

8

Congratulations! Of the billions of publications here in the cosmos, you have the one movie critic

(make that reviewer) to give E.T. a bad review. And to give it a one-star rating equal to *Grease 2* and *The Thing* adds much to its injury.

I, for one, would rather be manipulated by Steven Spielberg than by one of D.S.'s four-star "masterpieces" such as *Dawn of the Dead*. Maybe if E.T. had won a David Bowie statue (v.g. D.S. would have enjoyed it).

In short, D.S. — grow down! (And they were Reese's Pieces, not M&M's)

D. Hickey
San Diego

7

Alan, poor Duncan. He has the readers right where he wants them — reading his column! So maligned, so hated, so well-read. History is filled with controversial figures. Step aside William Buckley and Abbe Hoffman, FDR and Richard Nixon, Ali and McEnroe. A star is born.

What a shame that the price is infamy and not fame.

Sally Fahl
Pacific Beach

6

I give up! I used to read film reviews in the *Reader* because, at first glance, the length indicated

reviews containing lots of insight and valuable criticism of noteworthy films. Instead, we get well indulgent digressions by this pseudo-intellectual called Duncan Shepherd. I don't read those journalistic acts of hunk-kun anymore, and I was vicariously to the *Sun Diego Union* (and often isn't that had at least one can find out what a film is about?).

I suspect, by the negative support shown for Shepherd, that his readership falls by the wayside each week like lemmings. A suggestion for the *Reader* — dump Shepherd and hire a punk rock guitarist to do the film reviews: we'll learn just as much about the films but with relatively comprehensible insight. A suggestion for Shepherd — open up a chain of doughnut shops and call them "Duncan Donuts."

Steve Janoff
Riverside

5

I feel that I must respond to those who would defend Mr. Shepherd's generally negative and obscure tastes in film as being somehow pure-minded, idealistic, and uncompromising in standard as compared to the gross sentimentality and cheap commercialism of others who either make or critique movies. On

the strength of his recommendation, I spent the full price of two movie tickets to see Mr. Shepherd's "favorite" of the summer, *Freddie*. As a frequent moviegoer, I must say that this film was laughable, pathetic, thinly plotted, and poorly acted with the most incredibly inept portrayals of (I suppose) Russian citizens that I could ever have imagined. I mean, would a first secretary of the Soviet Socialist Republic say, "OK?" That D.S. would rate this film over *Blade Runner*, for example, indicates to me that (1) he didn't see either movie, or (2) that his reviews are only meant to generate controversy, i.e., mislead the public. If the former is true, then his position as film critic is a joke. If the latter is true, then his role as journalist is a joke. In any case, I am convinced that D.S. has his head firmly wedged on the subject of films. I resent the waste of my money, and I resolve never to base future moviegoing decisions on his recommendations.

Susan Fischer
Del Mar

(continued on page 26)

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Letters

(continued from page 23)

4 Seeing the predictable flood of letters on *E.T.* and the letter of John Theobald (July 15), a bright leaf about on all that alysmal business, I was relieved to read the counterforce of Duncan Shepherd's defense. But thinking about these several subjects together, I've wondered if there isn't an issue more important than the personalities involved, something like the relation between sentiment and literacy. I'll try to be brief.

On the past, I was a student of Theobald's in the late Sixties. I read Russian poetry for him because he loved the sound though he didn't know the language. I wrote my first poetry while in his class. I have heard him recite Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," and over the years the remembrance of that has brought tears, imagining Theobald to be the poet, chained by time, yet a prophet of rebirth. The man taught from the heart, and I am glad I was there, but it was sad to think of him wandering lost among the current students, my students, amiable enough, but alien to him.

On Duncan Shepherd and the present: Of course Theobald appreciates Shepherd — they are brothers in literary, even if Duncan is a rather wistful younger brother. Many are excluded from this fraternity. Those who must that films are just entertainment probably would not share Theobald's interest in captivities. I have trouble understanding why they would want to read the *Reader*, particularly why they would read D.S. a second time.

The howls of execration were predictable, but I really thought D.S. was moderate, even tactful, on this one.

On *E.T.* I also objected to the emotional manipulation. The logic of the film was geared only to eliciting a response, so there was no internal logic, not even the logic of fantasy. "Brutality" may be a bit strong. Duncan, but the emotions are clearly deranged when they attack so strongly to some plastic genome, displaced from humankind by such crude means as the flashlights and clicking keys.

For the record, since I've already confessed my fearful nature, my tear ducts did dilate for *E.T.*, but I squeezed them shut.

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stars; we know what *Dawn of the Dead* got. This person (I'm assuming he is flesh and blood) has about enough knowledge of science fiction to fill the space left by the angels dancing on the head of a very small pinhead. If he ever really read the original Campbell story, "Who Goes There?" or Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, he's forgotten them.

Please, in the future, use your publication to publish good information on the San Diego area (such as your "Zavon" article) and not insult our intelligence with drivel.

Bradley Walker
Spring Valley

2 Well, it was as predictable as the weather. I write, of course, of the denunciation of the *Master of B.S.* Mr. D.S. Many cruel and callous things were said about San Diego's favorite anthem.

Christie Jacoby ("Letters," July 15) accused him of never being a child. Rubbish! He had a childhood, not unlike that of the creature from *Alien*, ripping out the guts of some poor helpless producer who made films on such a flimsy pretext as mass appeal and enjoyment.

Many people feel that his reviews serve no purpose other than to release the bile water that has built up in his pen. Unless! Do you people have any idea how much more advertising space the *Reader* would have to fill? Duncan's reviews, not unlike television shows, keep the ads from running together.

A. Maker was under the impression that D.S. was a major stockholder of the *Reader* or that his brother-in-law was the

publisher. Vicious lies! However, rumor has it that he may possess a videotape of the 1978 *Reader* New Year's Eve party, which would explain his longevity and why the *Reader* made a donation to the Home for Unwed Sheep shortly thereafter.

There were a couple of letters that kept to the defense of the much-maligned D.S. Leading the way with little thought to logic was David Sewell, followed by John Theobald who whines, quite rightly, that D.S.'s rating system is without rhyme or reason.

Sewell calls Shepherd's *E.T.* essay "the wildest and most piercing debunking of Hollywood pretension." Witty? This guy must watch *Wall Street*. Work just to chuckle at the merry antics of Mr. Louis Rukermyer. Mr. Sewell goes on to state that D.S. "is the best film critic for any publication" that he receives regularly. Silly me, I didn't even know that the *Reader's Digest* and the *National Enquirer* had reviewers.

Also Mr. Sewell comments on the absurdity of spending millions of dollars to feel sorry for a fictional character who's no more real than the *Reader's Digest* and the *National Enquirer* had reviewers.

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Finally, to bring this rambling tirade to an end, I am surprised that some bright business type hasn't started a "Dump Duncan" club. Considering the amount of hate mail he seems to receive, there is a vast untapped market. Think of the merchandizing possibilities: t-shirts, bumper stickers with "Nuke Duncan Shepherd!" not to mention vodka-soaked, punching-bag gloves, and dart boards, all with D.S.'s likeness. Ah, well, 'tis but a dream. ABC has Howard Cosell and the *Reader* has Duncan Shepherd. Master of B.S.

Craig Leimbach
La Jolla

1 **Blast Off!**

I have only one thing to say about Duncan Shepherd: D.S. is B.S.

Mr. Savino
San Diego

hundreds of thousands of refugees and illegal aliens, thus the average American is confronted with such numbers that it is easier to ignore it rather than solve it. This is simply the unfortunate truth.

However, if one reads the comments of Sandra Britton, who overheard a thirteen-year-old say he felt the movie had taught him that just because people don't look like what we expect, it doesn't mean they aren't wonderful, then the usefulness of the movie becomes more apparent. If a thirteen-year-old can pick up on this idea, hopefully others will as well and they'll remember it the next time they encounter someone who is "different." It may be a small step but at least it's a step in the right direction.

Finally, to bring this rambling tirade to an end, I am surprised that some bright business type hasn't started a "Dump Duncan" club. Considering the amount of hate mail he seems to receive, there is a vast untapped market. Think of the merchandizing possibilities: t-shirts, bumper stickers with "Nuke Duncan Shepherd!" not to mention vodka-soaked, punching-bag gloves, and dart boards, all with D.S.'s likeness. Ah, well, 'tis but a dream. ABC has Howard Cosell and the *Reader* has Duncan Shepherd. Master of B.S.

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Mr. Savino
San Diego

Off the Cuff

Why would anyone discriminate against you?



Shanne Riley
College Student
El Cajon

For being a student. Employers treat part-time help differently than they do those that work full-time. They think they imagine that someone else is supporting you, that you must need the money for odds and ends. I wouldn't be able to go to school if I didn't work. There are many students in this category. I've worked in a produce store, doughnut shop, pre-school, housecleaning, sewing, and the attitudes are pretty much the same. It's more difficult finding an apartment because some people just won't rent to students. Even friends who are not in school have less respect for you. They say you're not out in the "real" world until you have a full-time job.



John Rocco
Photographer
San Marcos

In the eleventh grade Father Benvenuto and coach Riley had to go around every three or four days enforcing the new rule. It was the code of the school — half an inch growth below the earlobe and you'd be sent home to shave your sideburns. Mustaches were taboo. It was cruel. What was worse were long mutton-chop sideburns — Paul Revere and the Raiders. I was playing in a rock band at the time. There was a scan, of course, to see how long you could grow your sideburns and get away with it. At the time mine were obviously at least an inch below regulation. Father Ben just basically grabbed me and said, "Come on, Rocco, what are you trying to get away with?" I was sent home. The last I heard Father Ben was away with a man and got married.



Pat Maher
Child Therapist
Pacific Beach

For being a two-mother. Last summer my husband was playing on a baseball team. It was a weekly social event. About five or six of the wives of the other men had had babies within a couple of months of each other. Another woman in the group has been trying and wants one really bad. I know the women fairly well. One of the women, who also gives me flute lessons, had a luncheon. I wasn't invited. They all brought their babies. I guess that's why. It wasn't really overt; they might have felt that I just wouldn't be interested. You find your friends making excuses for you when someone asks if you have children and you say no. "Oh, but Pat really loves kids. She works with them."



Bob Young
Retired
La Mesa

It was 1966 and I had just moved to Las Vegas from Connecticut, where I had been a manager for a newspaper. On top of that I had years of experience in the military, the Navy Reserve and the merchant marines. I applied for an assistant manager's position with a national bus company. I took their test, came out first — ahead of twenty other guys. The manager called me. He said I was well qualified, had passed the test with flying colors, but there was one little thing — I was one year older than their cut-off age. He wanted to hire me so he waived the requirement, but still needed approval from the head honchos. It got through L.A., but headquarters in San Francisco wouldn't waive it. In the end it worked out. I found a position with the Los Angeles Police Department and now I'm retired.



John Reynolds
High School Student
San Diego

People act different toward you when you wear glasses. Sometimes it's a handicap and sometimes it's not. Teachers in school will automatically single you out as the bright one even if the guy without glasses is just as smart. They treat you more like an adult. There are all kinds of stereotypes. I look at the television ads. The shy intellectual guy is kind of nice looking but he can't change his wiper blades without creating a major catastrophe. He's probably supposed to be a helpless law student or engineer who hires somebody else to do any physical labor. Girls act more defensive around you when you wear glasses, and they flirt and want to get to know you better when you don't. It's a fact. I never had any luck with contacts. They make my eyes red and uncomfortable.

— Lin Jakary

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Master Look

The exhibition that opened at the San Diego Museum of Art last weekend is like a walk-in textbook of twentieth-century art that might have been written about 1980—or, more precisely, like illustrations for such a text. There are some pages incomplete or missing, many artists left out, but much of it is here—and we need only turn a few corners to follow the events of one of the most exciting periods in Western art history.

Modern Masters: 20th Century Paintings from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art consists of fifty paintings by thirty-eight artists, ranging from 1907 to 1959. The earliest works are by Georges Braque and Georges Rouault; the latest is by Max Ernst. Braque's *Landscape at La Ciotat* typifies one of the transitional stages between nineteenth-century impressionism and the great development of the Twentieth Century. With its use of color to

define a shallow pictorial space and its interrupted outlines, it shows the influence of Cézanne and also looks ahead to the analytical forms of cubism.

Rouault's *Christ, on the other hand*, is an early example of a far more idiosyncratic and conscious artist, with all the elements already there: the tragic icon, the melancholy morality, the dark, stained-glass colors within thick black borders. Max Ernst's *Mundus est Fabula* (*The World Is a Fable*) is a later work by the artist who has been called the first surrealist painter. This painting, made nearly two decades after the decline of surrealism, is like a holocaust of energy, suggesting a mythology of the subconscious.

The exhibition, or pictorial survey, focuses on three movements: cubism, expressionism, and surrealism. In addition, there are chapters on fauvism, futurism, neoplasticism, suprematism, and purism. Among the artists exhibited are Picasso, Chagall, Matisse, Kirchner, Léger, Klee, Miné, Tanguy, Hopper, and Shahn. A number of the works

have been reproduced in various textbooks, and most of the others could just as well be—not necessarily as masterpieces but as representative pieces.

This, indeed, is how Richard Oldenburg, director of the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA), characterizes the exhibition: representative works of the major twentieth-century movements by its most important artists, works that represent the most important contributions of those artists.

Museums in New York are frequently summer repositories for privately owned works of art that are loaned for public view while the owner vacations in a cooler clime. It is due to a variation on this theme that the San Diego Museum of Art will be, for the remainder of this summer, the temporary home of these paintings from the Museum of Modern Art—because of the MOMA's radical expansion program. During the two years of construction which began last year, and which will double the museum's exhibition space under a new, fifty-story

(Continued on page 4, col. 3)

20TH CENTURY PAINTINGS



A Night In Vienna

At the San Diego Youth Symphony's former Nights in Vienna, as I whirled and whirled around the great wooden dance floor of the Balboa Park Club (one of the largest in Southern California), my mind was continually waded back to my childhood in Vienna, where... *capital of the world, and now that the fabulous evening of Strauss waltzes is upon us again, for the third time, I cannot help but dream of the music, the gliding circles, the tears of sentiment, and the whipped*

cream of my homeland. There, too, just as at these San Diego Nights in Vienna, I would dress up in a formal ball gown, my escort would be in formal dress, and like a couple from the musically rich 1860s of Johann Strauss, Jr. we would cover the ballroom floor with our cyclotols, spirals, accelerations, vibrations, and paroxysms. Oh what extravagant ones we were, with the Vienna blood coursing through our veins, Viennese horizons digesting in our emulsion, many from the south pinned to my heaving bosom, and voices of spring carried from the beautiful blue Danube whispering to our quickened pulses tales from the Vienna (Continued on page 4, col. 4)



Button, Button

James Cox, the 1920 Democratic Party candidate for president, might be surprised, if he were alive today, to know that sixty-two years after that campaign his name is coveted by some people, especially if it is printed on a button or poster. Cox, who was beaten by Republican Warren Harding, was unlucky enough to run for president when the Democratic Party's campaign coffers were nearly empty. Thus the candidate could afford to print only a few buttons, leaflets, posters, and other items that were the makings of national campaigns in the days before candidates could buy elections by buying television time.

Because of their scarcity, items from the Cox campaign are prized by political memorabilia collectors. Even more prized by the collectors are jugs from the Cox campaign. Jugs are buttons that display a picture of both members of the running ticket. Cox's vice presidential running mate, a young man from a wealthy New York family, was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Since 1789, American presidential candidates have

spent months before each campaign trying to increase their name recognition with tokens, pins, ashtrays, dolls, posters, mechanical toys, and an array of other items. Since at least 1945, fanciers of this memorabilia have joined clubs like the American Political Items Collectors to share information and enthusiasm. This weekend, the APIC will hold its western regional convention in San Diego, and memorabilia buffs—people who tend to be crosses between history buffs and politics junkies—will spend two days displaying, trading, and discussing their collections.

Among the items that will be most conspicuous at the convention are buttons. The campaign button as we know it today, complete with a candidate's photograph and/or slogan, was born during the 1896 campaign. Before that, candidates would pass out tokens made from wood, or a technology improved, metal pins with ferris-type likenesses.

The earliest known American presidential campaign tokens date back to the late Eighteenth Century and promote George Washington. During the 1864 campaign, ferris-type pins were produced that depicted running mates Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. Today, collectors have copies of those pins that some Lincoln supporters wore only after

crossing out the likeness of the one-time Democrat Johnson.

Though it hasn't yet gone the way of the wooden token, the campaign button doesn't seem as plentiful as it once was. Modern candidates, collectors lament, seem to be spending less time and money on producing savable campaign items, and more time and money on television spots. Few buttons are seen before primary campaigns, and buttons that are printed seem to be larger than in the past, large enough so they can be easily read by a television audience when worn by someone being interviewed.

Almost never seen now are the inventive toys produced in earlier campaigns. During Harding's 1920 campaign a popular item was a little toy man with a sign saying "Harding No More Thumbs." When a button on the man was pressed, his hand would lift up and thumb his nose.

The convention's memorabilia displays by collectors and dealers will be open to the public on Saturday, July 31, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and 7:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.; and Sunday, August 1, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., in the Garden Room of the Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley. For more information, call 455-2173 or 237-7852.

—Kathryn Phillips

READER'S GUIDE

Contributors to READER EVENTS must be received by mail no later than the Friday preceding the Thursday issue in order to be considered for publication. Please do not phone. The Events Editor reserves the right to edit all materials.

Send complete information and photos to: READER EVENTS EDITOR, P.O. Box 9082, San Diego, CA 92108.

Dance

"Remember the Future," an evening of dance by San Diego choreographers, featuring dances by M.M. Isacowitz, for San Diego Park Museum, Mike Littlefield, Keith Glasgow, Mary Peterson, and Joyce Johnson, will be performed Saturday, July 31, 6 and 8 p.m. - Three's Company and Dancers Studio, 526 Market Street, downtown, 296-9523.

"Get Up and Go," an amateur American dance competition sponsored by the Dance Club of San Diego, open to amateur dancers of all skill levels, including competition in the fox trot, cha-

cha, waltz, and other dances, will be held Sunday, August 1, 8-10 p.m., El Amigo Plaza, 1142 Broadway, El Cajon, 582-6153.

Jazz, Tap, and Ballet will be performed by dancers from the Ballet Society of San Diego, Sunday, August 1, 8 p.m. - Three's Company and Dancers Studio, 526 Market Street, downtown, 296-9523.

Film

"The New Deal for Artists," an art documentary examining the WPA Arts Project that lasted from 1935 to 1942 and provided support for thousands of people involved in the arts and theater, will be shown Thursday, July 29, 7:30 p.m. - Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-1541.

"Tale of David," a 1921 silent film starring Gladys Hulette and Richard Barthelmene, will be shown with piano accompaniment by Philip Carl, Thursday, July 29, 8 p.m. - Palomar College, 1440 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 464-1150.

Christian Mysticism and Buddhism will be the topics of two films, Christian Mysticism and the Mystical Life and Buddhism: The Path to Enlightenment, to be shown Thursday, July 29, Friday, July 30, and Saturday, July 31, 8 p.m. - The Laughing Man Institute, 2160 Avenida de la Playa, La Jolla, 459-0199.

"The Mystery of Animal Be-

having," a documentary that focuses on gorillas, grizzly bears, golden eagles, and other animals, will be shown Saturday, July 31, 10 p.m. - Natural History Museum, Balboa Park, 232-1923.

Ocean Film Series continues with a showing of *Man of the Sea* and *The Grey Whale*, Saturday, July 31, 1:30 to 2:30 p.m. - Scripps Aquarium, 5602 La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla, 452-6267.

"Life with Father," a 1947 film set in the 1920s in New York City, and starring William Powell, Irene Dunne, and a young Elizabeth Taylor, will be shown Tuesday, August 1, 7 p.m. - Coronado Public Library, 642 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-4187.

"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," the fourth and final film of the series "The Jewish Image in America," sponsored by the Jewish Community Center, will be shown and followed by a discussion led by psychiatrist Neal A. Kline, Tuesday, August 1, 7:30 p.m. - Jewish Community Center, East San Diego, 583-1300.

"Cinema 55," a film series for armchair travelers, continues with a showing of *Hawaii Revisited*, a tour of the islands narrated by James MacArthur, Wednesday, August 1, 10 to 11:30 p.m. - National City Public Library, 200 East Twelfth Street, National City, 474-8211.

"La Boheme," a silent film starring Lillian Gish and John Gilbert, will be shown with piano accompaniment by Philip Carl, Wednesday, August 4, 8 p.m. - Miramar Civic Center, 400 North Street and Strand Court, Del Mar, 797-2121.

Films for Children, including *Chickadee*, an animated story from Japan about a child who solves three tricky problems with wisdom and personal growth, will be shown next Thursday, August 5, 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. - National City Public Library, 200 East Twelfth Street, National City, 474-8211.

Music

Chloe Concert, featuring the City of Sheffield Youth Choir and Orchestra from Sheffield, England, will be presented Sunday, July 31, 7-9 p.m. - La Jolla Village Theatre, 7715 Diaper Avenue, La Jolla, 454-1605.

"Night in Vienna," an evening of walking to the music of Johann Strauss played by the San Diego Youth Symphony, will be held Sunday, July 31, 8 p.m. - Balboa Park Club, Balboa Park, 233-3232.

Chamber Music will be performed by the San Diego Chamber Band, Sunday, August 1, 3 p.m. - Serra Museum, Presidio Park, 239-2211.

"Music for Strings," a concert featuring compositions by Beethoven, Holst, and Tchaikovsky, will be presented by the San Diego Chamber Orchestra, Sunday, August 1, 7:30 p.m. - sculpture garden, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 234-0865.

"Early Vocal Music from Europe's Courts and Cathedrals," a program of music composed by Thomas Weelkes, Benjamin de Pres, and Jan Pieterseman, Sweetbuck, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth-century composers, will be sung by the Early Music Ensemble of San Diego to celebrate the group's tenth anniversary, Sunday, August 1, 8 p.m. - Great Hall, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and Nursing Street, Hillcrest, 443-8772.

"Jazz Live," a concert featuring the Kevin Quail Quintet and broadcast simultaneously over KSDS-FM 88.5, will be presented Tuesday, August 1, 8 p.m. - City College Theater, Thirteenth and C streets, downtown, 234-1082.

Steel Drum Music will be presented by the Navy Steel Band, performing on fifty-four steel drums, Wednesday, August 4, 2 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. - University Town Centre, 432-5006.

Shallie, Eastern Red Indian Music, will be performed by Paul and Carla Roberts on ethnic instruments, Wednesday, August 4, 7:30 p.m. - Old Time Cafe, 1464 North Highway 101, Encinitas, 436-4030.

Special

Military Airfield will be on display with exhibits of Navy military projects and the Antarctic, Friday, July 31, 10 a.m. to noon and 1:30 to 5 p.m. - Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel, 1180 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego, 477-7432.

Walking Tours of the Gaslamp Quarter will be held every Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., beginning at 552 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 233-5227.

Italian Cultural Festival, featuring Italian food, drink, and entertainment, will be held Friday, July 30, 7 p.m. to midnight; Saturday, July 31, 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.; and Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. to midnight, conference building, Balboa Park, 275-3519.

Samuelson Competition, the second annual U.S. Open Speed Competition in which teams will compete for \$10,000 in prize money, will be held Sunday, July 31, 9 a.m. - Seacoast Drive by the Imperial Beach pier, Imperial Beach, 423-8300.

Behind-the-Scenes Tour of the recently built Old Globe Theatre will be held each Tuesday, Sunday, and Saturday, through September 19, 10 a.m. - Old Globe Theatre, Balboa Park, 232-1991.

Third Fair, bookshells, carvings, jewelry, and other pet birds will be on display at an educational bird fair where, among other things, visitors can talk to ornithologists and professional bird trainers about bird care, Sunday, July 31, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. - Mira Mesa Mall, Mira Mesa Boulevard and Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 485-0206 or 561-3527.

Kickboxing, a kicking competition pitting city and county cheerleaders against each other to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Association and their own schools, will be held Sunday, July 31, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. - La Jolla Village Square, Villa La Jolla Drive, La Jolla, 584-2484.

Air Show, featuring a stunt kite demonstration, a model airplane demonstration, Chipmunk bi-plane stunts, aerial demonstrations of a P-51 Mustang and a Stearman, and performances by the Navy's Blue Angels, will be held Sunday, July 31, and Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. - Miramar Naval Air Station, 477-3510.

Outstanding Meet, sponsored by the San Diego Outstanding Club, will be held Sunday, July 31, 10 a.m. - Agua Caliente Canyon, Mount Laguna, 578-9456 or 453-9174.

Political Memorabilia Convention, featuring posters, letters, buttons, and other mementos of political campaigns, some dating back to 1789, will be on display at the twenty regional convention of the American Political Items Collection on Sunday, July 31, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. - Garden Room, Town and Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle North, San Diego, 524-1111.

Regatta and Shale Plant Show, sponsored by the San Miguel Regatta Club and the Shale Plant Society, will be held Sunday, July 31, 1 to 5 p.m.; and Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. - Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 239-1106.

TO LOCAL EVENTS

"Muhimbili Party," a fundraising event to benefit the San Diego Committee for Occupational Safety and Health, featuring jazz music by the Cylon Boys Choir, Irish ballads by Brendan Flannigan, folk music by Lou Anne Gurney and Peggy Watson, and a Mexican dance, will be held Saturday, July 31, 6 p.m. - 1531 Virginia Way, La Jolla, 235-6537.

Art Auction, featuring art objects from the Hang Ups Gallery in Orange, California, will benefit the San Diego Junior Woman's Club, Sunday, July 31, 6:30 p.m. - Forum Hall, San Diego Federal Savings, University Towne Centre, 292-7709.

Biodegrading Outing in San Diego County's newest wetland preserve, San EE, a Laguna, sponsored by the Serra Club, will be held Sunday, August 1, 9 a.m. - Interstate 5 and Manchester Avenue, Cardiff, 295-4707.

"Concours d'Elegance," the eighteenth annual car show sponsored by the San Diego Jaguar Club, will be held Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. - Heritage Park, Old Town, 481-0199 or 444-4076.

Remembrance Festival, recreating the atmosphere of the European Renaissance, including entertainment, food, games, and pageantry, will be held through Sunday, August 1, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.; with a costume contest Saturday, July 31, Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, 459-4425.

Chorus Show, service choruses will perform at their own school graduation ceremonies, Sunday, August 1, 2 p.m. - Zion Garden, Balboa Park, 232-1138.

Sports

Team Tennis, the San Diego Frats will compete against the Phoenix Frats, the local team's last home game of the season, Friday,

July 30, 7 p.m. - Marston Cornelli Stadium, Mosley Field, Balboa Park, 299-7666.

Handball Tournament, an outdoor handball tournament expected to attract thirty teams will be held Sunday, July 31, and Sunday, August 1, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. - Robb Field, 2525 Bicent Street, Ocean Beach, 224-7581.

Soccer, the San Diego Sockers will meet the Edmonston Duffers in an outdoor match, Sunday, July 31, 7 p.m.; and then face the Portland Timbers, Wednesday, August 4, 7 p.m. - San Diego Stadium, 280-0044.

Ballgates will be held in a 12,000-seat arena, Sunday, August 1, 4 p.m. - Plaza Monumental de Tijuana, Tijuana, 232-4588 or 234-4022.

Radio TV

"Parrell," the life of Charles Stewart Parrell, leader of the Irish party, and his impact on Irish history will be explored in the sixth episode of the thirteen-part series "Ireland: A Television History," Thursday, July 29, 10 p.m.; repeat Sunday, August 1, 7 p.m., Channel 15.

"They Died with Their Boots On," a 1941 Hollywood version of Carter's last stand with Geronimo, will be broadcast Friday, July 30, 1 a.m., Channel 6.

Chemical Comedy, featuring works by Virgil, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky, performed by the New York Philharmonic, will be presented Sunday, August 1, 2 p.m. - KPBS-FM 89.

"Mine Rhythms," a performance by Chas Flory and Roman, the principal performers of the Pantheon Theatre of Cuba, will be presented Sunday, August 1, 3:30 p.m., Channel 15.

"The Brotherhood," a 1969 movie

about the disintegration of the American Mafia family, starring Kirk Douglas and Alex Cord, will be broadcast Sunday night, August 1, 12 a.m., Channel 10.

"Portrait of an American Zealot," a profile of a leading figure in the new Christian Right, narrated by former congresswoman Barbara Jordan, is presented as the second part in the series "Crises to Crisis with Barbara Jordan," Tuesday, August 3, 10:30 p.m.; repeats Friday, August 6, Channel 15.

Surviving the Atom Bomb, the emotional and physical difficulties Japanese-American survivors of the atom bomb still face will be explored on "Horizons," Wednesday, August 4, 6:30 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"Of Magic and Mephistopheles," a radio drama about a young magician who sells his soul to perform real magic and acquires a tremendous amount of power, will be aired Wednesday, August 4, 7:30 p.m., KPBS-FM 89.

"Survivors," the first English-language film to document the stories of the hardships of Japanese-American survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, will be broadcast Wednesday, August 4, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

Lectures

"Dueling With the Media," will be discussed by Shelley Saven, coordinator of publicity for the Center for Women's Studies and Services Annual Arts Festival, Monday, August 2, 11 a.m. - Center for Women's Studies and Services, 908 E Street, downtown, 233-8994.

"The Medical Aspect of Running: Separating Fact from Fiction," the second in a series of lectures about running sponsored by the American Lung Association and Scripps Memorial Hospital, will be presented by Drs. Carla Fox, Daniel Perlebach, and S.D. Warren, Monday, August 2, 7 to 8 p.m. - Forum

Hall, San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, University Towne Centre, 297-9021.

"Violation of Human Rights in South Africa," a lecture by David Dunne, a journalist formerly of South Africa and currently in exile in the United States, will be presented Tuesday, August 3, 7:30 p.m. - Forum Hall, San Diego Federal Savings and Loan, University Towne Centre, 297-9021.

The Future of Learning will be discussed by Steven L. Smoler, Los Angeles teacher and educational consultant, Tuesday, August 3, 7:30 p.m. - Center of Holistic Living, 7401 Pinesview Drive, San Diego, 284-1113.

"The Care and Preservation of Works of Art" will be the topic of a lecture by art consultant Andrea Lawrence, the fourth in the "Art in San Diego" series, Wednesday, August 4, 7 p.m. - Jewish Community Center, 4079 Forty-fourth Street, East San Diego, 585-3300.

"Art and Soul," a lecture series by art critic David Lewinstein, continues with a talk entitled "An and Name," Art and Human Nature," Wednesday, August 4, 7:30 p.m. - Lieb Amphitheater, 505 South Coast Boulevard, La Jolla, 755-7705.

Galleries

Animals in Art will be the focal theme of a multimedia show featuring the works of several artists, including ceramicists Maria Aguilar and Frank Fleming, opening Friday, July 30, 6 to 8 p.m.; and continuing through September 11, Gallery Eight, 7464 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 454-9781.

"Falkland Road: Prostitutes of Bombay," an exhibition of color photographs by New York photographer Mary Ellen Mark, will open with a reception Friday, July 30, 8 to 10 p.m., and continue through September 11, Gallery Eight, 7464 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 454-9781.

Paintings and Collages by Paul Markovits will be on view through August 4, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown, 232-4945.

Geometric Abstract Expressionist Paintings by Patricia Brecken will be on view through August 13, Visual Dimensions, 415 Market Street, downtown, 232-0796.

Graphics, 1847 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 299-1538.

Watercolors, an exhibit of ninety watercolor paintings selected from more than 1000 entries to the San Diego Watercolor Society 1982 National Watercolor Painting Exhibition will open with a reception, Sunday, August 1, 2 to 4 p.m., and continue through August 29, Bond Hall, First Unitarian Church, 4165 Fourth Street, Hillcrest, 435-3353.

"Watercolors and Pastels on Formed Paper," an exhibit of works by Lee Rabkin, will open with a reception Tuesday, August 3, 6 to 9 p.m., and remain on view through September 12, Discus Art Gallery, 1224 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 456-1555.

Abstract Oil Paintings by Alice Baber will be on view from Sunday, August 1 through August 31, opening reception will be held next Thursday, August 5, 5:30 to 7:30. Art Collective, 4151 Taylor Street, Oceanside, 299-3232.

Homeless Women are the subjects of a photo exhibit sponsored by the House of Rachel, Travelers Aid, and the YWCA that will be on view through August 3, through August 6, YWCA, Tenth Avenue and C Street, downtown, 231-2828.

"Convergence," a touring show of works by four artists, Françoise Gilot, Cornelia von Mengershausen, Patricia Clark, and Fritz Moskowitz, will be on view through August 7, Rupp Gallery, 2150 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 235-8065.

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Geometric Abstract Expressionist Paintings by Patricia Brecken will be on view through August 13, Visual Dimensions, 415 Market Street, downtown, 232-0796.

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

AGNES, HENRIETTA, HIS FRIEND AND CONFIDANT, with whom coasts. Gwendolyn Fantes, John is deeply in love (although she thinks he is a woman). The play is constructed around the misunderstanding of the name, and takes aim at the Victorian production for excessive earnestness, a pace that usually conceals hypocrisy. Directed by Tom Moore, the cast includes: Agnes, Gwendolyn Fantes; Henrietta, John; Alice, John; and the other cast members are Victor Garber, Harry Gomer, Tom Lany, Elie Babb, Barbara Dickson, Sarah Hall, Jonathan McMurtry, and Kate Williamson. The sets are designed by David Segal, costumes by Robert Morgan, and lighting by David F. Segal. (Sm.) Old Globe Theatre, through September 19. Friday, July 29, Sunday, August 1 and Tuesday, August 3 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, August 1 at 2:00 p.m.

IMPROVISATIONAL COMEDY The International Blindfold Society Bar and Coffee House and Don Moe local improvisational comedians, offer an evening of comedy every Monday night. Along with a comedy showcase, beginning at 8:30 p.m., there is a segment for "open improvisation," a workshop format in which people from the audience can perform on stage. "Is the show you're being Bored?" Admission is free. The International Blindfold Society Bar and Coffee House, 4034 30th Street between Lincoln and El Cajon Boulevard, North Park, Monday at 8:30 p.m. For information call 284-9631 or 287-4718.

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THE LION IN WINTER The Scripps Ranch Community Theatre offers James Goldman's semi-historical account of Henry VIII of England's troubles of choosing a successor from among his three sons — Richard (later the Lion-Hearted), Geoffrey, and John. Also on hand is Henry's estranged wife Eleanor of Aquitaine, whom the king has kept locked up in prison but who has been granted a Christmas liberation. Gale Seaton directs. Members of the cast include Arthur Joffe, Steve Tatt, John Mattern, Scott Fells, Elane Rosen, Elie Hegart, and Martin Dorian. (Sm.) Scripps Ranch Senior and Racquet Club, 9875 Nancy Drive, Scripps Ranch, through July 31. Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE The San Diego Junior Theater stars C.S. Lewis's famous tale of Narnia, which runs concurrently with its production of *Grease*. Directed by Dan Regan, members of the cast are: Lancelo Cabana, Chipper Penrose, Julie Cummings, Matthew Lin, Lindsay Norridge, Angela De Los Reyes, Mandy Hill, Tony Carter, Hunter Smith, and Yvonne Willich-Siegel. Case at Pacific Theatre (Balboa Park), through August 3 through Saturday, August 7. Tuesday through Saturday at 2:00 p.m.

LOOT The North Coast Repertory Theatre stages the first by British playwright John O'Brien, who was once referred to as the "Oscar Wilde of the theater." Directed by John O'Brien, the cast includes: Richard (later the Lion-Hearted), Geoffrey, and John. Also on hand is Henry's estranged wife Eleanor of Aquitaine, whom the king has kept locked up in prison but who has been granted a Christmas liberation. Gale Seaton directs. Members of the cast include Arthur Joffe, Steve Tatt, John Mattern, Scott Fells, Elane Rosen, Elie Hegart, and Martin Dorian. (Sm.) Scripps Ranch Senior and Racquet Club, 9875 Nancy Drive, Scripps Ranch, through July 31. Friday and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA The San Diego State University College of Professional Studies and Fine Arts presents the concluding production of its Summer Showcase Theatre — Frank Loesser's musical about a middle-aged man in the Pope John who comes on a comedy through the walls with a woman in

Jim Stafford

WILD ANIMAL PARK

MY FAIR LADY The Palmer College Theatre offers Lerner and Loewe's musical about the efforts of "every" to get to the top. Directed by David Segal, the cast includes: Eliza Doolittle, an emcee, and the other cast members are Victor Garber, Harry Gomer, Tom Lany, Elie Babb, Barbara Dickson, Sarah Hall, Jonathan McMurtry, and Kate Williamson. The sets are designed by David Segal, costumes by Robert Morgan, and lighting by David F. Segal. (Sm.) Old Globe Theatre, through September 19. Friday, July 29, Sunday, August 1 and Tuesday, August 3 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, August 1 at 2:00 p.m.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION The improvisational comedy troupe continues its tradition of lighthearted humor. Having recently undergone a facelift, the group — Ric Bar, Gary, Jim, and Jeff — will, Wendy Warren, and Spike Somerville (with Byron LaChapelle as a contributing actor) — return to the Ginkgo Thursday and Friday at noon with all new material.

THE TUNING OF THE SHREWS The San Diego State University College of Professional Studies and Fine Arts presents the concluding production of its Summer Showcase Theatre — Frank Loesser's musical about a middle-aged man in the Pope John who comes on a comedy through the walls with a woman in

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

IMPASSIONED BEACH Impassioned Beach, through August 7. Friday and Saturday at 10:00 p.m. For information call 624-8668.

THE UNSEEN HAND Offid director Tavis Ross has staged the Marquis Theatre's production of Sam Shepard's play with a Shepard-like directness for anything less, giving it a very theatrical, eccentric, and free rein, and the unrivaled energy of the acting in the audience of an evening of funny and intriguing theater.

WEST SIDE STORY The Lark Theatre Theatre presents the Tony Award-winning musical by Jerome Robbins and Leonard Bernstein (which was at first called *East Side Story*) — It was originally a tale about the conflicts among a young Jewish girl and a Catholic boy (all in town). With songs such as "Maria" and "Tonight" and the famous dance at the gym, the film version of the musical depicts life on the West Side of New York, where two warring gangs, the Sharks and the Jets, attempt to preserve their "turf" from racial intolerance. Directed by Jack Tynan, members of the cast include Michael Fawcett, Tina Turner, Barry Manilow, James Naughton, Linda Lavin, Scott Beneson, and Allen Brinkman. The set design is by Tim Cullen, and the costumes are by Edith Evans. (Sm.)

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LYON DANCE THEATRE, through September 5. Wednesday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday lunch at 12:30 p.m., curtain at 2:00 p.m.

THE WIZARD OF OZ The San Marcos Youth Theatre presents almost everyone's favorite story about Dorothy, a scarecrow, a tin man, a cowardly lion, and a witch on a quest to the Emerald City. Directed by L. Frank Baum, music by Harold Arlen and E.Y. Harburg. Members of the 14-year person cast include Angela Blund, Steve Schaeffer, Larry Johnson, Robert F. Scoville, Brad Earhart, Anna Long, and Amy Schneider. Choreography by Robert Berry and the musical director is Dana Kinsman.

WORKS OPEN THEATRE SHOWCASE The Wing Cafe offers an evening of "open theatre," emceed by Kathy Naging, for women interested in

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Hair Designs West 228 W. Washington Mission Hills, San Diego

JOSEPH AND THE COAT OF RAIN Joseph and the Coat of Rain, the story of Joseph, is a musical that is a celebration of an ancient story. Directed by David Segal, the cast includes: Joseph, John; and the other cast members are Victor Garber, Harry Gomer, Tom Lany, Elie Babb, Barbara Dickson, Sarah Hall, Jonathan McMurtry, and Kate Williamson. The sets are designed by David Segal, costumes by Robert Morgan, and lighting by David F. Segal. (Sm.) Old Globe Theatre, through September 19. Friday, July 29, Sunday, August 1 and Tuesday, August 3 at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Sunday, August 1 at 2:00 p.m.

THE WIZARD OF OZ The San Marcos Youth Theatre presents almost everyone's favorite story about Dorothy, a scarecrow, a tin man, a cowardly lion, and a witch on a quest to the Emerald City. Directed by L. Frank Baum, music by Harold Arlen and E.Y. Harburg. Members of the 14-year person cast include Angela Blund, Steve Schaeffer, Larry Johnson, Robert F. Scoville, Brad Earhart, Anna Long, and Amy Schneider. Choreography by Robert Berry and the musical director is Dana Kinsman.

Old Time Cafe

1444 H. Hwy 101, Lencu

Thursday, 29 7:30 AM & 9:30 PM

Friday, 30 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Saturday, 31 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Sunday, 1 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Monday, 2 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Tuesday, 3 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Wednesday, 4 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Thursday, 5 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Friday, 6 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Saturday, 7 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Sunday, 8 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Monday, 9 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Tuesday, 10 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Wednesday, 11 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Thursday, 12 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Friday, 13 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Saturday, 14 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Sunday, 15 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Monday, 16 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Tuesday, 17 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Wednesday, 18 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Thursday, 19 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Friday, 20 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Saturday, 21 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Sunday, 22 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Monday, 23 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Tuesday, 24 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Wednesday, 25 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Thursday, 26 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Friday, 27 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Saturday, 28 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Sunday, 29 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Monday, 30 7:30 & 9:30 PM

Tuesday, 31 7:30 & 9:30 PM

SAN DIEGO RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL

Musical Summer Fun for the Entire Family

Director: Tom Beach Conductor: Don Rattale

JULY 23 - AUGUST 1 10:00 A.M. TO 7:00 P.M. BALBOA PARK ORGAN PAVILION

one experience the third annual San Diego Renaissance Festival. Enjoy foods, crafts, folk music, and entertainment. See minstrels, dancers, jugglers, fiddlers, and craftsmen. Other activities include a Renaissance costume contest, gypsy camp and pageantry. Admission is \$4.75 for adults, \$4.25 for seniors, and \$2.00 for children under 12. This festival benefits the San Diego Junior Theatre.

Tickets \$4.00 general \$2.50 students, seniors Reservations 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. 286-8040 or 583-2853

Includes: City College Theatre 15th and C Streets July 30, 31 Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8 p.m. Aug. 1 & 8, 3 p.m.

Outside: Patrick Henry High Amphitheatre 6686 Wendenburg, San Diego Aug. 13, 14, 15 Aug. 20, 21, 22 8 p.m.

Ample Free Parking

Presented by the students of San Diego Community College Navajo Campus and by the Office of Community Services in cooperation with Covenant Art Theatre.

—not printed at taxpayers expense—

THE KEYVYN LETTAU QUARTET
Sunday - Wednesday 9pm-1am

BILL COLEMAN QUARTET
Thursday - Saturday

Clarice
Br-tourant

Summer House Inn 7955 La Jolla Shores Dr

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Belly Up TAVERN
PROUDLY PRESENTS
SINCE 1974

**SUMMER SPECIAL
NO COVER SUN.-THURS.**
Concerts & special events excluded

Thursday, July 29 9 PM
Tickets \$4 Available at Belly Up & All Ticketron locations
Rockin' R&B with
catfish hodg

and the
West Coast All Stars
Featuring Frankie from the Boston Ruff band and Larry Jack from Jackson Browne Group
With guests
THE HURRICANES

Friday & Saturday, July 30 & 31
9-30 PM
Rockin' R&B with
REBEL ROCKERS

Sunday, August 1
Shows 8:00 & 10:30 PM
Singer, songwriter, composer & humorist
JESSE WINCHESTER
with guest
JERRY MCNAM Tickets at Belly Up & All Ticketron outlets

Monday & Tuesday, August 2 & 3 9 PM
Rock & Roll with
JERRY MCNAM GIGGLES

Wednesday, August 4 & 11 9 PM
The outgoing little band from Exeter
THE FABULOUS FORKS

COMING:
Fri. & Sat., Aug. 6 & 7 - POISON IVY - THE MOVIES
Thurs., Aug. 12 - Reggae Concert with RAS MEDAS and UPRISING
Thurs., Aug. 19 - THE SUBURBS - BLACK SLACKS

EXTENDED HOURS 5:30-8:00 PM EXTENDED HOURS
FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS
Every Wednesday Country Honky Tonk with
COUNTRY ROCK & THE HONKIE DUNKIN'

THURSDAY • Vintage Jazz, Blues, & R&B with
ETHEREAL 3 THROW
FRIDAY • Disheveled with
THE CHICAGO SIX
SATURDAY • 40-style Big Band Swing with
THE HALL-REICHES SWING BAND
SUNDAY • Jazz, Blues, & Honky Tonk
RED POINT QUARTET with T-B LONG

HAPPY HOURS MON.-FRI. 12-1 & 4-6
143 So. Cedros, Solana Beach 401-0822

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Specializing in
**PINCH BURGERS,
PIZZAS & SHAKES**
(and friendly, courteous service)
TRY US FOR A MID-NIGHT SNACK!
143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach 481-3331
(Located in the Belly Up Tavern)

(continues from page 10)

And for the most part, Crenshaw manages to poke all the right nerves in the back of the head of primitive pop sound that was pioneered in the days when spirit superceded technical proficiency and one needn't have earned a summa cum laude from MIT in order to get the tapes rolling.

But there is a vast difference between poking a nerve and striking one. Listening to Crenshaw's tunes is more likely to elicit a response such as "Oh, yeah, that reminds me of..." than to perk up one's ears to the man's originality. If Crenshaw aspires to the level of his obvious idols (and, let's be fair, maybe he doesn't), he'll need to develop an ability to make this music his own, to look objectively at his songs (especially while in the process of writing them) and determine which musical devices are true inspirations and which are mere cops. As it stands, Marshall Crenshaw attests to the fact that he has done his homework, and little more.

If one uses early Beatles music as a model (and every serious student of pop tunesmithing should), the delineation between pop art and pop artifice becomes unavoidably clear. Lennon's, McCartney's, and even George Harrison's early songs were marked by a sense of serendipity, their fresh-sounding chord progressions and musical turns evidence that none of the songwriting Beatles was satisfied with a song until they'd infused it with a unique character that held it apart from the others, that made it new in content if not in style. You can listen to the first several Beatles albums today, with the advantage of hindsight and listening experience, and not find two songs that are truly alike, even if they sound similar. Beatles songs are rare with the sort of invention that prevents a listener from drifting into automatic cruise-control. The same cannot be said of Crenshaw's material.

Another point at which I diverge from other critics in discussing Crenshaw is in the identification of his musical references. If Crenshaw owes debts to Holly, King, Weil, and the others, his songs indicate that he is also beholden to the protopunk bands of the mid-Sixties. An autopsical study of Marshall Crenshaw would, I think, show strong traces of influence by the San Jose school of that era, which gave us such one-hit wonders as the Count Five ("Psychotic Reaction"), the Syndicate of Sound ("Hey, Little Girl"), and the Collings (who later changed their name to Creedence Clearwater Revival), as well as trace amounts of the Buckinghams ("Kind of a Drag," "Hey, Baby, They're Playing Our Song") and the Bobby Fuller Four ("I Fought the Law"). Yet, curiously, I haven't read one word about these apparent influences. Hmmm.

Crenshaw is indeed an artist worth watching, not just because the critics say he is, but because with his deft approximations of classic rock and roll stylings, he is about the closest thing we have currently to the Next Big Thing. Close, but, at least to this point, no parallel. He'll be appearing at the Bacchanal Sunday night on a bill with Four Eyes and the Palatins.

In other concerts this week, Jim Stafford (continued on next page)

LEHR'S GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT-THURSDAY July 29

NO COVER FRIDAY July 30

Rockin' Happy Hour
every Friday from 5-7p.m.

SIERS & BROS.

Friday & Saturday ROCKIN' WEEKEND July 30 & 31

FOUR EYES

Two bands \$3
Two dance floors
Three bars

MONDAY Aug. 2

THE TOYS
Featuring Billy Foreman
11 Kazis

The Siers Brothers
Tuesday-Saturday

WEDNESDAY Aug. 4

... and every Wednesday
KPRI NIGHT
with Gary Kelly
Drink specials and surprises from KPRI

**A LEHR'S VIP Card means
FREE ADMISSION**
all year long!
See manager for details.

MONDAY-SAT 8-11 Kazis
TUESDAY-SAT 7-11 Kazis
WEDNESDAY-SAT 7-11 Kazis
Two double for the price of single
THURSDAY-SAT 7-11 Kazis

(continues from preceding page)

television show *Those Amazing Animals* who had a hit years ago with "Spiders and Snakes" (a dubious distinction, to be sure), will open a three-day stand at San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheatre Friday night.

Third World, possibly the most adventurous reggae band extant, will provide the only notable entertainment Saturday night. The band's malleability results not only from lead singer William "Rugs" Clarke's versatility (he's a fine electric/acoustic guitarist as well as a dynamic vocalist who had a multitalented solo career going before he replaced Third World's Milton Hamilton in 1978), but also from the fact that in their travels they have crossed creative paths with some of the world's best rock and rhythm and blues artists. Consequent meetings of the minds have finally produced a long-discussed collaborative effort, their latest album, *You're Got the Power*, with one of their biggest boosters, Stevie Wonder.

Reggae purists may wince at the album's inclusion of two new Wonder songs (one of which, the opening track, "Try

JAH Love," with its kinetic, almost disco-ish dance beat, could have fit comfortably onto either Wonder's last studio album or Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall*), and especially at an old Budd Badachri Hal Davis horse, "I Wake Up Crying," but no objective listener could deny that *You're Got the Power* is one of the most exciting, diverse releases by a reggae group in a long time. Third World will appear in the next installment of the excellent series of reggae concerts produced by Prophet Productions when they take the stage at SDSU's Open-Air Amphitheatre Saturday night.

On Sunday, Chicago 15, a big band specializing in the music of Benny Goodman, Harry James, Artie Shaw, and Glenn Miller, will perform at Humphrey's. Tuesday will see the "Jazz Live" series continue when the Kevin Quail Quintet performs at San Diego City College's Theatre. Wednesday's agenda is full, as Chair Fischer and Salsa Picante perform two shows at Humphrey's Heart and John Cougar plays the Sports Arena, and Cecilio and Friends (Cecilio is formerly half of Cecilio and Kapone) play one show at the Bacchanal.

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a.m., Felicia Road, Escondido, 755-5384.

"Jazz Live" featuring the Kevin Quail Quintet: San Diego City College Theatre, Tuesday, August 3, 8 p.m., 14th and C streets, 234-1062 or 230-2481.

Chair Fischer and Salsa Picante with 2-2: Humphrey's, Wednesday, August 4, 7 and 9:30 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3411.

Heart and John Cougar: Sports Arena, Wednesday, August 4, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4776.

Cecilio: Bacchanal, Wednesday,

August 4, 9 p.m., 8022 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard, 560-8069.

George Benson: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Thursday, August 5, 7 and 10 p.m.

Fear, Code of Honor, and Moral Majority: Fairmont Hall, Thursday, August 5, 8 p.m., 3760 Fairmont Avenue, 281-3657.

Mark Murphy: Humphrey's, Friday, August 6, 7 and 9:30 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3411.

Kingbirds: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheatre, Friday, August 6, 7:30 p.m., and Saturday and

DEAD OR ALIVE PRESENTS
Saturday, July 31
TWISTED ROOTS DREAM SYNDICATE BLACK TANGO
Kings Road Cafe 8:00 pm \$5.00
4034 30th St.; Info 281-3657 or 284-8603

Thursday, August 5
FEAR
CODE OF HONOR
MORAL MAJORITY
FAIRMONT HALL 8:00 pm sharp
3760 Fairmont Ave. Info 281-3657
Come in conditioning for next concert!
ADVANCE TICKETS \$5.00 AT DOOR \$7.50
AT: LOU'S RECORDS, CARDIFF 755-1282
OFF THE RECORD, S.D. 285-4097
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... arriving soon
Who are they?
... appearing at?

PART TWO OF THE 1982 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGGAE SUNSPASH

THIRD WORLD

THIS WEEKEND
Featuring their new tunes
produced by Stevie Wonder
Try Jah Love and
You're Playing the Two Chords

SAT JULY 31 8:30 pm

with roots man **SUGAR MINOTT** and Studio One's **JACKIE MITTOO**

SDSU OPEN-AIR AMPHITHEATRE

TICKETS ON SALE NOW
\$9.75 \$11.75 and special reserved seats
Check out Reggae Fever for details
\$2.50 PM/THUR Radio Sundays 11 AM - 1 PM

PROPHECY PRODUCTIONS

DANCE CONCERT with BLACK UHURU
and the top reggae producers and artists in the world
Shy Dumbor & Robbie Shakespeare
SUN AUG 15 8:30 PM
SDSU Mainstage Hall
\$9.50 advance \$11 day of show

GREGORY ISAACS
with America's top studio band
ROCKE BLADE
SUN AUG 22 8 & 10:30 PM
Macho's, Midway & Broomfield
\$9 advance \$11 day of show

TICKETS ON SALE NOW
Advance tickets at: Sound Spectrum (Laguna Beach), Lou's Records (Carmel), Off The Record, Licorice Piza (Pacific Beach and Chula Vista), Flipside (Sports Arena), Chameleon Records, Macho's, Boobah and Prophet. For information, call 233-4271 or 283-1566.

ESCONDIDOS DISTILLERY EAST

AGES 17 AND UP

Thursday, July 29



Incognito

X-Offenders

and the
No-Names

plus more

Friday and Saturday
Rockin' Stereo

\$25 cash price & album giveaway

Sunday, August 1



Incognito

Coming August 5—NOT CONFIRMED
Mission & Mercat, Escondido
741-9393

741-9394

DISTILLERY NIGHTCLUB

140 South Sierra, Solana Beach.

755-6733

NO COVER until 9 pm

50+ well drinks until 9 pm every night

Thursday-Saturday
They're really back!



Every Sunday
Sunday Showcase—Hottest New Acts In Town



This Kids and The Budgets

Kamikazes 75' all night

Every Monday
Locals Night



DIRK DEBONAIRE

Dirk buys 100 drinks for his fans

Tuesday & Wednesday



Radio Romance

7 nights a week 7-9:30 pm and in between sets.
British disc jockey Phil Elam
hosts all new wave requests for your dancing pleasure.
Call 755-6734 for further concert ticket information.

Sunday, August 7 and 8, 3:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Charlie Daniels: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Saturday, August 7, 2 p.m.

Billy Ocean: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Saturday, August 7, 8:30 p.m., 202 C Street.

Stanley Turrentine: Humphrey's, Wednesday, August 11, 7 and 9:30 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3411.

Peter Tosh and Jimmy Cliff: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Wednesday, August 11, 8 p.m., 205-6947.

Bill Monroe: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheatre, Friday, August 13, 7:30 p.m.; and Saturday and Sunday, August 14 and 15, 3:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Talking Heads: Civic Theatre, Friday, August 13, 8 p.m., 202 C Street, downtown, 236-6530.

Robin Williams and John Sebastian: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Friday, August 13, 8 p.m.

Richie Havens: Macho's, Friday, August 13, 8 and 10:30 p.m., Moby and Rosecrans, 224-2401.

Black Uhuru: California Theatre, Sunday, August 15, 8:30 p.m., Fourth and C streets, downtown, 233-4271 or 283-1566.

Dave Mason and the Beckett Band: Old Globe Festival Stage, Monday, August 16, 7 and 10 p.m., Babosa Park.

Fern Parin, Airo, and Joe Farrell: Humphrey's, Wednesday, August 18, 7 and 9:30 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3411.

The Lionel Richie, John Stewart, and the Brothers Four: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheatre, Friday, August 20, 7:30 p.m.; and Saturday and Sunday, August 21 and 22, 3:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Stay Out and the Puhdys: Adams Avenue Theatre, Friday, August 20, 8 p.m., 3323 Adams Avenue, 265-0507.

Gregory Isaacs: Macho's, Sunday, August 22, 8 and 10:30 p.m., Midway and Rosecrans, 233-4271 or 283-1566.

Chuck Mangione: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Tuesday, August 24, 8 p.m.

Bobby Hutcherson: Humphrey's, Wednesday, August 25, 7 and 9:30 p.m., 2303 Shelter Island Drive, 224-3411.

Roger Miller: San Diego Wild Animal Park's Mahala Amphitheatre, Friday, August 27, 7:30 p.m.; and Saturday and Sunday, August 28 and 29, 3:30 and 7:30 p.m.

James Taylor and Karla Bonoff: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Friday, August 27, 8 p.m.

Sha Na Na: SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre, Saturday, August 28, 8 p.m.

Chick Corea and Gary Burton: Old Globe Festival Stage, Monday, August 30, 7 and 10 p.m.

Club listings are compiled by Linda Meeks. If you wish to be included, please call 234-5088 Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

North County

The Archbishops: 3145 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3176. Live Cherry and Jazz, soul and contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern: 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-8022. Carish Hodge and the West Coast All Stars, rhythm and blues, the Hurricanes, blues and rhythm and blues, Thursday; the Rebel Rockers, Jamaican rock and roll, the San Diego Steel Band, Caribbean music, Friday and Saturday; Jesse Winchester, singer, songwriter, harmonist, Jerry McCann, rock and roll, Sunday, Jerry McCann and the Gigolos, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday; the Forks, rock and roll, Wednesday, Murren Concerts, Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, rhythm and blues and swing, Thursday; the Chicago Six, Dixieland, Friday; the Hall-Hughes Swing Band, big band swing, Saturday; the Red Point Quartet with Bob Long, jazz, blues, and honky tonk, Sunday; Bill Cotton, country honky tonk, Wednesday.

Baby G's: 485 First Street, Encinitas, 438-7297. Turbo, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Steve W. and the Rockin' Stevie W., Friday and Saturday; rock and roll, Wednesday, call club for information.

Distillery East: 755 Metcalf Street, Escondido, 741-9393. Tread Smokers, rock and roll, Thursday; dance with Rockin' Stevie W., Friday and Saturday; rock and roll, Wednesday, call club for information.

Distillery Nightclub: 140 South Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach, 755-6733. Bratz, rock and roll, country, Wednesday through Sunday.

The Chipping Block: 1740 East Vista Way, Vista, 726-8770. Mayhem, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Space Available, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; Romeo, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Country Creek: North Rancho Santa Fe Road and Highway 78, San Marcos, 744-5730. The Duane Wall Show, country and oldies, Thursday through Saturday.


The Country Side Restaurant and Lounge: 450 Douglas Drive, Oceanside, 757-0860. New Country, country rock, Wednesday through Sunday; the Lone Star Country Band, country, Monday and Tuesday.

MACHO'S

224-2401 Midway & Rosecrans

TONIGHT
July 29
75' well & draft all night

The dance music of San Diego's own
DEVOCAN
dance band




Also
HAPPY HOUR FUND RAISER FOR U.P.A.C.
On Friday from 5-8 pm

Sat. July 31
Special appearance by
CYCLES
Everyone's favorite dance band

Sun. August 1
BLUEGRASS MUSIC
with the
CONSTABLES
From Spruce Pine, North Carolina plus mountain joggins exhibition.
Come on down, they're really catching on!

Third annual
MENUDO COOKOFF-\$500 PRIZE
Contest begins 9:00 am. Entry blanks available at Macho's & La Prensa. Entertainment begins at 2:00 with
LA LO GUERRER, LOS ALACRANES MOJADOR, MARIA TERESA

Tuesday, August 3
Caribbean Rock every Tuesday in August



REBEL ROCKERS

No cover charge

with the British invasion of the '60s
MAJESTIKS
The band that puts the best in your feet



No cover 75' well & draft all night

Coming Thursday, August 5
Reggae Week featuring a reggae concert with
ALI STEPHENS

Fri. August 6
Sat. August 7
SKANKSTERS
REBEL ROCKERS

Thursday through Saturday; dance to recorded new music (Club 1-D), Sunday; live rock and roll, Monday through Thursday; Saturday, Planet, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fish House West: 5033 South Washington, Escondido, 745-1931. Radio Romance, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Planet, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE

SAN DIEGO'S FIRST AND FINEST TICKET SERVICE
WE HAVE THE BEST SEATS AND LOWEST PRICES EVER!

CHARLIE DANIELS SAT. AUG. 7
HEART SAT. AUG. 6
GEORGE BENSON 7:00 & 10:00 PM THURS. AUG. 5

JAMES TAYLOR FRI. AUG. 27
DOOBIE BROS. & PADRES GAME SEPT. 5
ROBIN WILLIAMS & MANGIONE SAT. AUG. 2

JOE JACKSON SAT. C.S.N. 9/8
EMMYLOU HARRIS SAT. SEPT. 18

IF YOU DON'T SEE IT LISTED, CALL AND ASK

SCORPIONS FRI. AUG. 27 *
VAN HALEN * LINDSEY FULMER * FLETCHER * MAC GO-GO'S * WHO * STEVE MILLER * OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN * RED

CHARGERS SAT. AUG. 10 FROM \$14
WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. CALL US! A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU GOOD SEATS. PHONE ORDERS ACCEPTED.

273-4567 CALL US!

THE LINDSEY FULMER

7888 Othello St. 277-9869

Thursday & Friday, July 28 & 30



No cover charge
Thursday—Kamikazes 50' all night

Saturday, July 31 & Sunday, August 1
A Double Crown Production



HIGH BEAMS



THE BECKETT BAND

Tuesday, August 3
CBS Recording Artists from Great Britain
THE BECKETT BAND
No cover charge

Wednesday, August 4
Southern Rock returns
DARK RYDER
No cover—The Tequila Shooters

It's here NOW
TEN FOOT TV
Get the real big picture at the Landing Zone.
Cheaper Highlights Party August 5 is get printed for the season. Special surprises throughout the week.
Call 277-9869 for information on private parties, receptions, etc.

THE ZONE. FOR YOUR TOTALED ENTERTAINMENT PLEASURE.

Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-6438. Duende, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

Fogwater: 2958 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3189. Tremor, rock and roll, Wednesday through Saturday; Insignia Rockers, new wave, Sunday through Tuesday.

Gentleman's Choice: 1020 West San Marcos Boulevard, San Marcos, 744-5255. Delane, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Glenn's: 380 North El Camino Real, Encinitas, 942-1076. Juice, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Bob Long Trio, jazz, blues, and honky tonk, Sunday; Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue, rock and blues, Monday and Tuesday; the Cylon Boys Choir, rock and jazz, Wednesday.

Henry's Steak House: 264 Elm Street, Carlsbad, 729-9244. Tony Ortega and Chaco Cocinero Octet, jazz, Monday.

Hub House: 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6614. Bob Long Trio, jazz, blues, and honky tonk, Tuesday through Saturday; Purl, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Hungry Hunter: 1221 Vista Way, Oceanside, 433-3033. Mr. Peel and the Wandering Boys, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; the Fran Losada Trio, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Jelly Banger: 1900 North Harbor Drive, Oceanside, 722-1831. Forecast, rock and jazz, Thursday through Saturday; the Mts, rock and roll, Wednesday.

The Last Ark: 2591 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-0886. The Beckett Band featuring Peter Beckett, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Pat Fitzpatrick Quartet with Doris Cole and Ron Statterfield, jazz, Monday through Wednesday.

Humbly Jack's: 11940 Bernardo Plaza Drive, Rancho Bernardo, 566-2400. Fran Losada Trio, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Mahoney's: 349 East Grand Avenue, Escondido, 741-0935. Richie Hunt, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; Nick of Time, contemporary, Tuesday and Thursday.

New Brews: Carmel Valley Road at Via Cortina, Del Mar, 275-6556. Stone's Throw, vintage jazz, blues, and swing, Friday and Saturday.

Nomads: 215 North Hill Street, Oceanside, 722-4724. Romeo, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Rocco, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; No Doubt, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Oakdale Lodge: Lake Wohlford, 749-3193. White Lightning Express, country western, Friday and Saturday evenings, Sunday afternoons.

Oakdale Resort: Lake Wohlford, 749-3193. Kurtis Fargo and the Spurs, country, Sunday afternoon.

Old Time Cafe: 1464 North Highway 101, Local 68, 436-4030. Jim and Theresa Hinton, traditional and original Celtic music, Thursday; Tom Ball and Kenny Sullivan, country blues and ragtime, Friday; Guy Carawan, folk music for children, Saturday noon, folk and Celtic Carawan, folk music, Saturday evening; the Big Jewish Band, klezmer music, Sunday; Old Time Hot New, Tuesday; Paul and Carl Roberts, Eastern music, Wednesday.


Pancho's: 1309 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, 481-0434. Purl, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; Jack Johnson, country, early evening, Monday.

Pompadour Club: 12237 Potrero Road, Poway, 748-1135. The Big Stone Blagers with the Savory Brothers, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

RODEO

Thursday, July 29 through Saturday, July 31


Ron Bolton Band



The city's best-dressed came on stage last week just to go crazy over this band.


Every Wednesday night
Outrageous All-Night Happy Hour
Any well drink just \$1.25 Kamikazes just 75c All night long

Sunday & Monday, August 1 & 2




Coming August 9

The Greg Douglass-Tom Johnston Band



Former lead guitarist for the Steve Miller Band



Former lead singer-songwriter of the Doobie Brothers

With special guest:
Thriving Targets

In concert—tickets available soon.
2 shows: 7 pm, age 17 on up (non-alcoholic beverages) 10 pm: age 21 on up (the house will flow)

Tuesday, August 3 through Saturday, August 7

Ron Bolton Band

The Rodeo is located on the corner of La Jolla Village Dr. and Villa La Jolla Dr. Open for lunch and happy hour. For more information, call 457-5590. You must be 21 or older to enter and picture I.D. is required. Dress Code.

Powder Mill, 1600 Coast Boulevard.
Del Mar, 755-5245: Dex Debarner, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Hula Hoop and the Bomb Shells, vintage rock and roll, Wednesday.

Poway Mine Company, 12175 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7296, 569-2070: The Other Brothers, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Johnny Almond Rhythm Rotee, rock and blues, Wednesday.

Ranada Inn, Scotty's Pub, 2500 South Fecundity Boulevard, Escondido, 747-5000: Friendship, variety dance music, Tuesday through Saturday; Dale Vernon, variety, Sunday and Monday.

Red Coach Inn, 175 North Pine corner of Centre City and Valley Parkway, Escondido, 743-9796: Midnight Delight, contemporary,

Wednesday through Saturday; Rick Backus and Harmony, progressive country rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

Red Dog Saloon/Valley Fort Steakhouse, 3737 South Mission Road, Fallbrook, 728-1066: Don Tension and Country Plus, country and contemporary dance music, Wednesday through Saturday.

Rogue Still, 9850 Carmel Mountain Road, Penasquitos, 578-2144: The Prairie Wall Show, country and blues, Monday and Tuesday.

The Shepherd Cafe, 1226 South Highway 101, Encinitas, 753-1124: Lesa Karry, classical piano, Thursday; Adrienne Jackson, classical piano, Friday and Saturday; Peter Paul and Millie, contemporary, Sunday; Jeff Gregory, folk guitar,

Wednesday through Saturday; Rick Backus and Harmony, progressive country rock, Sunday through Tuesday.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way, Vista, 734-9099: Cactus Jack, country, Wednesday through Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

Tequila Flats, 3206 Mission Avenue, Oceanside, 757-7757: Dakota, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Triton, 2230 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 578-6440: Automatics, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; the Bruce Carver and Hollie Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Valley Center Inn Saloon, 27355

Valley Center Road, Valley Center, 749-1466: Rick Backus and Harmony, progressive country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Vista Entertainment Center, 435 West Vista Way, Vista, 940-1022: Foreign Affairs, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; the Blitz Brothers, rock and roll, Sunday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Creek, 14240 Poway Road, Poway, 748-7531: Coyote, country western, Wednesday through Sunday; White Lightning Express, country western, Monday and Tuesday.

Whiskey Flats, 1260 West Valley Parkway, Escondido, 745-8640: E-n-e Cunningham and the Black Slacks Band, rockabilly, Thursday through Saturday.

Winner's Circle, 550 Via de la Valle,

Del Mar, 755-6666: Rick "Sinatra" Michel, variety, Tuesday through Sunday.

Beaches

All The Way Inn, 4240 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 224-8282: The Ram Band, rock and roll, Wednesday through Sunday; rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday, call club for information.

Atlantis, 2595 Ingraham Street, Mission Bay, 224-2434: Roberta Lynn and the Gamblers, country, pop, and standards, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bahia Belle, at the dock, Bahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Main Street, contemporary music for dancing,

Tuesday through Sunday.

Fahia Hotel, 998 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Jonathan Vin Braun and Yesterday's Elvis impersonator, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Beach Club, 1921 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6822: The Blitz Brothers, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday; Jim Edmunds, jazz, Sunday through Wednesday; Tom Crowley, variety piano, late afternoon, Friday through Sunday.

Blue Parrot, 1258 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9131: Jan Tober with Mike Wofford, jazz, Thursday; the Charles Owens Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Bill Kyle and Shep Meyers, jazz, Sunday; the New Tuxedo Jazz Band, jazz, Monday; the Peter Sprague Trio, jazz, Tuesday; the Joe Marillo Quartet, jazz, Wednesday.

Catamaran Hotel, 3999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach,

888-1081: Linda Parra, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5225: Freddie, jazz, Thursday through Sunday; the Bill Coleman Jazz Quartet, jazz, Monday through Wednesday.

Corsaro's Strictly Jazz, 4204 Voltaire Street, Point Loma, 224-3595: The Jimmy Corsaro Ensemble with vocalist Susan Maher, jazz, Tuesday through Saturday.

Duo's, 2901 Nimble Boulevard, Point Loma, 224-6628: P. F. Flyers, rock and roll, Tuesday through Thursday through Saturday.

Elio's, 2955 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: The Bill Coleman Jazz Quartet, jazz, Thursday through Saturday; the Room Letter Quartet, jazz, Sunday through Wednesday.

Hayden, 4258 West Point Loma Boulevard, Loma Point, 225-9559: The Movies, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Moving Targets, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; with Danny Holiday, rock and roll, Sunday; Heron, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Headquarters Nightclub, 4617 Mission Bay Drive, Pacific Beach, 270-7000: Dance to recorded nostalgic rock and ska, Thursday; the Innes, rock and roll, Jonny Kat, rock and roll, the End, rock and roll, Friday; the Penetrators, rock and roll, Crawdaddy, rhythm and blues, the Shadows, rock and roll, the Saracats, rock and roll, Saturday; dance to recorded rhythm and blues, Sunday and Wednesday; live rock and roll Monday and Tuesday, call club for information.

Hilton Hotel, Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 226-4010: People Movers,

contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Triple Play, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hotel del Coronado, 1500 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-6611: The Merrill Moore Trio, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Islandia Hotel, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-2541: Doug Ulrich plays piano, Tuesday through Thursday; the Richard James Trio, variety—contemporary to classical, Friday and Saturday.

Joe Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 270-3220: David Bradley, comedy and originals, Thursday through Saturday; the Nomads, rock and blues, Sunday through Wednesday.

Key Largo, 711 Pacific Beach Drive, Pacific Beach, 270-6223: The Critics, contemporary, Friday and Saturday; the Nylos, rock and roll,

Wednesday.

Le Chate, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300: Push, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday; Last Chance, rock and roll, the City Boys, rock and roll, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mac's, 2966 Midway Drive, Loma Point, 224-2401: Richie Havers, blues and pop, Thursday; Devocant, contemporary, Friday; Cycles, top 40, Saturday; Colour, Latin, Sunday afternoon; the Constables, bluegrass, Sunday night; the Rebel Rockers, rock and reggae, Tuesday; the Majestiks, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Mexican Village, 1201 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 435-1822: The Third Degree, contemporary, Friday through Sunday.

Noby's Broiler, Adam's Rib Restaurant, 1403 Rosecrans Street, Point Loma, 226-1871: Mike

RESTAURANT BLUE PARROT
Live Jazz • Great Lunches & Dinners

Thurs. **Miss Jan Tober** Quartet
Fri. **Charles Owens** Quartet
Sat. **Bill Kyle & Shep Meyers**
Sun. **New Tuxedo Jazz Band**
Mon. **Peter Sprague Trio**
Wed. **Joe Marillo** Quartet

1298 Prospect, La Jolla—opposite the Cove 464-9131

Our Beautiful New Piano Bar features Jazz pianist **Jim Edmunds** Sun—Wed. 8:00 pm
Versatile **Tom Crowley** Fri., Sat. & Sun. Cocktail hour 4-7 pm

BLITZ BROS.
Friday & Saturday, July 30 & 31
Rock & Roll Drink Special

BEACH CLUB
Corner of Newport & Bacon, Ocean Beach 222-6822
Booking info, call "Pony" or "Cory."

POSTER EMPORIUM TICKET SERVICE

Heart..... Aug. 4
George Benson..... Aug. 5
Rick James..... Aug. 6
Charlie Daniels..... Aug. 7
Peter Tosh/Jimmy Cliff..... Aug. 11
Robin Williams..... Aug. 13
Chuck Mangione..... Aug. 24
James Taylor..... Aug. 27
Scorpions..... Aug. 27
Dodger Tickets..... Aug. 27

All L.A. Theatre sporting events & concerts
If you don't see it listed, call and ask!
Call for new downtown location, 5050 Miramar Rd., San Diego (next to Muller Grand Prix)
578-SNOW (7669)

Le Chalet DANCING
Nine Nightly! Never a cover charge.

July 29, 30, 31
Zeke, Alan, Arnie and Bob mesh talents to provide a unique Rock 'N' Roll experience. They are destined to become San Diego's best known hometown group. Playing with vim, vigor and verve, they exude vibrations felt by both listeners and dancers. Hear them now before they join the bigtime.

August 3, 4, 5
SPIKE & THE CITY BOYS
POP ROCK, professionally played, has been nailed down by **SPIKE AND THE CITY BOYS**. The best of Tom Petty, Cars, Quarter Flash, Pat Benatar, Stones and Heart. Beautiful Michele Pooley is featured on vocals. Leader is Dennis Lombard who alternates on guitar and bass. The drummer is Bill Savely and George Comes plays guitar.

Le Old Grand-Dad Happy Hour
To introduce Old Grand-Dad's 114 proof premium bourbon to OB, Le Chalet is giving away Old Grand-Dad T-Shirts and cigarette lighters as prizes during Happy Hour 4 to 7 p.m. Tuesday, Aug. 3. It's the most expensive bourbon in the world. And worth it. But only \$2 for a double shot Tuesday at Le Chalet.

LAST CHANCE
August 1-2
Right off the transistor comes the music of LAST CHANCE and it's the first chance for OBcans to hear Sam Walters on guitar; Steve Gualtero, piano; Tony Cruz, drums; and Sal Martinez, bass. They play the top 40 interspersed with some jazz, funk and oldies.

Midsummer Clearance
To celebrate Dog Days, the hellical rising of the Dog Star, Sirius, Le Chalet is selling T-Shirts for only \$4 and Le Chalet caps for \$2.50. The T-Shirts are dogs only because they say Summer of '81.

5046 Newport Ave. Ocean Beach 222-5300

Jesse Davis
La Hacienda's proud to present **JESSE DAVIS**
Tues. - Sat.
beginning at 8:30 p.m.

LA HACIENDA
Mission Valley Inn
670 Hotel Circle South
295-0821

All This Jazz!
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

July 13 - 17 **JAUME VALLE TRIO** with Moqui Graham

July 20 - 24 **STORM**

July 27 - 31 **BILLY KYLE QUARTET**

Aug. 3 - 7 **MIKE WOFFORD TRIO**

Aug. 10 - 14 **PETER SPRAGUE QUARTET**

Sunday & Monday Evenings
STEVE COE
8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Town and Country Hotel
500 Hotel Circle North
291-7131

Gold Coast LOUNGE

"Dancements" LAS VEGAS STYLE DANCE SHOW

Thursdays, 10 & 10:45 p.m.
Happy Hour 6-9 p.m. (Sun & Mon except)

"Phil Bufford" REVENUES
Thursdays 8 - 9 p.m.

Crystal T's Emporium
Town and Country Hotel
500 Hotel Circle North
294-5010

...Move to the music of... NITELINE
8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Tuesday thru Saturday
also appearing
KYLE & COMPANY
8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Sunday and Monday

Sample the Seafood Bar
Enjoy Crab, Shrimp, Ceviche, Scallops, Chowder, Gumbo and

OYSTER SHOOTERS 25¢
Served from 4:30 to 7:30 p.m.
Monday thru Friday

THE ISLANDS RESTAURANT
HAWAII HOTEL
2270 Hotel Circle No.
Mission Valley, San Diego
297-1168

NEW BAND!! CALIFORNIA EXPRESS
Great Country Music

9 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.
Tuesday - Saturday
Happy Hour 4 - 9 p.m.
with Giant Cocktails!

Don't Forget our Sunday Country BRUNCH
from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

ABILENE
Town and Country Hotel
500 Hotel Circle North
291-7131

Marc Berman **91X FM** *Anaheim*
—give a warm San Diego welcome to—



WITH SPECIAL GUEST **JOHN COUGAR**

next wednesday

WEDNESDAY AUG 4.. 8:PM
SPORTS ARENA



KGB-FM 101 with **AMALON ATTRACTIONS** and **WOLF & RISSMILLER** proudly announce

the SCORPIONS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **SAXON & GIRLSCHOOL**

FRIDAY AUG 27-7:30PM

TICKETS RESERVED \$10.75 & \$7.50 at SPORTS ARENA BOX OFFICE 32ND STREET NAVAL
MAD JACKS, AZTEC BOX OFFICE & ARENA OUTLETS SELECT TICKETS MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE FOR PUBLIC SALE
PRODUCED BY WOLF and RISSMILLER CONCERTS

CONCERTS *Marc Berman* *Anaheim*
PRODUCED BY AND ATTRACTIONS



GEORGE BENSON

THUR-AUG 5-7-10:PM

TWO PERFORMANCES ONLY



the CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
SAT-AUG 7-2:PM

NEXT THURSDAY

KGB-FM 101



ROBIN WILLIAMS & JOHN SEBASTIAN

DUO TO MATURE CONTENT PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

under the stars or under the sun
in San Diego's finest outdoor theater

OPEN-AIR AMPHITHEATRE
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

All seats reserved at AZTEC CENTER BOX OFFICE BILL GAMBLE'S SEAT
all SELECT-A-SEAT and TICKETRON outlets
UPON REQUEST LIMITED VIP SEATING AVAILABLE
FOR PUBLIC SALE. SELECT SEATING MAY NOT BE
AVAILABLE FOR PUBLIC SALE. NO CASH BOTTLES
OR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES PERMITTED IN OR AROUND FACILITY
Produced for S.D.S.U. ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

FRI-AUG 13-8:PM



KING CRIMSON

FOX THEATRE — TUES. AUG. 10 8 P.M.

Tickets: \$10.75 SEARS and TICKETRON outlets
SELECT SEATING MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE FOR PUBLIC SALE

Raphael's
Sunday afternoon
Jam Session
3:00 p.m. til 6:30 p.m.
featuring The Joe Azarelo Quartet

Monday: Dennis Doherty and Gary Gasson, folk, country, and originals. Saturday: Richard Freeman, folk and bluegrass. Tuesday: Les Tray Shocks, folk and originals. Wednesday.

The Fairmont, 3695 Fairmont Avenue, East San Diego, 291-6347. Escapes, rock and roll. Saturday.

Pat City China Camp, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown, 232-0606. Harvey and the West 52nd Street Ave Band, 30s and 40s music. Broadway hits, Friday and Saturday.

Humburguesa, 3036 Wallace Street, Old Town, 295-6584. Denny Rose, country and contemporary. Friday and Saturday.

Harpoon Henry's, 2725 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-8242. Talmud, contemporary and Latin. Friday and Saturday.

Holiday Inn Escondido, Penthouse Lounge, 1335 North Harbor Drive, downtown, 232-3861. Larry Page, contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday.

Jolly Roger, 307 West Harbor Drive, Newport Village, 233-4300. The Russ Kirkpatrick Band, rock and country rock. Wednesday through Saturday.

King's Road Cafe, 4034 30th Street, North Park, 864-1081. 284-9603 after 6 p.m. An evening of alternative music with Unclaimed, Salvation Army, the Bangs, Friday. Alternative music with Twisted Roots, Dream Syndicate, and Black Tings. Saturday. Dance to recorded music. Wednesday.

King Ford, 2949 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 297-7017. Randy Biscuit Blues, blues and rhythm and blues. Thursday through Saturday. Live music. Tuesday and Wednesday. Call club for information.

My Rich Uncle's, 6205 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 297-7332. Sky High, rock and roll. Thursday through Monday. Rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday. Call club for information.

Our Place/Hill Ser's, 2434 Fifth Avenue (at Laurel), Hillcrest, 232-4773. The Ray Briz Trio, jazz. Thursday and Friday with jazz session Thursday.

The Pipeline, 3325 Adams Avenue, Normal Heights, 563-0576. The Unsubscribes, rock and roll, the Crowskicks, rhythm and blues, Saturday.

Red Coat Inn, 3633 University Avenue, East San Diego, 563-6670. Illusion, rock and roll. Thursday through Saturday. Quick, live 40s. Sunday and Monday. Emergency. Edie, rock and roll. Tuesday and Wednesday.

Royal Affairs, 1021 Scott Street, Shelter Island, 223-3200. Rex Paris, contemporary and variety. Sunday brunch.

Shoreline Harbor Island, 1380 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-2500. Sundowner Lounge. Guitline, jazz. Tuesday through Saturday. Leslie Gold, contemporary and standards. Sunday and Monday. Butterfield's. Curren, with Avarice Cheatham, Harry Smith, and Patty Padden, jazz. Tuesday through Saturday.

Shoreline Inn Airport, Sandpiper Lounge, 1580 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-4400. The Johnson Twins Trio, contemporary and variety. Monday through Saturday. Jazz jam session with Carole and Jimmy Cheatham, early evening Sunday.

Sidney's Cafe, 3751 India Street, downtown, 295-9465. Preston

THE LOST ARK
formerly the Windjammer
Back by popular demand
PAT FITZPATRICK QUARTET
featuring
DORIS COLE & RON SATTERFIELD
Monday-Thursday, August 2-5
PETER BECKETT
Friday-Sunday, August 6-8
Coming
MOJAI
with
LARRY MOORE QUARTET
Featuring **BILL COLEMAN**
Monday-Thursday, August 9-12
On Restaurant Row
2591 S. Hwy. 101 Cardiff-by-the-Sea
753-0133

Hill House RESTAURANT & BAR
Bob Long Trio
Tuesday-Saturday
PURL
Jazz
Sunday & Monday
Monday night is ladies' night - Well cocktails \$1.00
Dancing nightly - No cover
2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar
(in the Flower Hill Mall)
755-0914, 455-0920

Oh! Ridge
Tuesday-Saturday
9 pm-1 am
Sunday & Monday Special
Well Drinks \$1.00
entertainment by
Tony Vee and the Cats
(see special ad in this issue)
DOC MASTERS
at the Shelter Island Marina Inn
Phone 223-2572

Bobby G's
Thurs.-Sat., July 29-31
Turbos
Sun.-Tues., Aug. 1-3
Size 6
Wed., Aug. 4
Wit's End
Karaoke \$1.00 7 days a week
The "IN" spot in beautiful downtown Encinitas
Home of the James Gang
485 First St. 436-7397

The Trojan Horse
6179 University (College & University) 562-1070
Tuesday-Saturday, 8:00-1:30
CRASH KALIBER
appearing for the next 3 weeks
Sunday & Monday
BAND AUDITIONS
Call for information on audition
Bring this ad in for
50% OFF ON ANY COCKTAIL
NEVER A COVER CHARGE

Red Coat Inn
Tuesday-Saturday
July 27-31
ILLUSION
Sunday & Monday
August 1 & 2
QUICK
Sun., Mon., Tues. \$1 Drink Night
Wed. Karaoke \$2 for \$1
Thurs. 91X Nightclub 50¢ drinks 8-10 pm
Friday & Saturday \$1 drinks 7-10 pm
Sunday-Thursday, no cover
Entertainment 7 nights a week
5533 University Avenue
Just west of College
583-6670

Coleman, folk and blues. Thursday: the Strone Brothers, jazz, Saturday.

Tom Hens's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, Harbor Island, 291-9110. Dusty and Melissa, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Tylen, 6011 El Cajon Boulevard, East San Diego, 583-3240. Bruce Cameron and Hollis Gentry Ensemble, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, East San Diego, 562-1070. Crash Kaliber, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday. Rock and roll. Sunday and Monday. Call club for information.

Tuba Man's, 2551 University Avenue, North Park, 295-9405. Hardlines Bluegrass Band, Bluegrass, Thursday; Ira Cole's Jamblo Dixieland Band, Dixieland, Saturday.

Weg Cafe, 2753 B Street, Golden Hill, 239-9906. Karen Mullaly and Company, rock and roll. Saturday. Catherine Schone, folk music, Sunday brunch.

South Bay

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-9200. Oaks, top 40. Thursday through Sunday. Devocan, contemporary, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Country Roundup, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Larry Prewitt and Cinnamon Ridge, country, Tuesday through Saturday. Ducktail Revue, 50s rock and roll. Sunday and Monday.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 429-1161. Thompson, rock and roll. Tuesday through Saturday.

Duck's Cocktails, 317 Third Avenue, Chula Vista, 422-1566. The Carry D. Show, pop and oldies, Thursday through Saturday. Rex Paris, contemporary, Sunday through Tuesday.

Hubb's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach, 423-3479. Leather and Lace, country, Thursday through Saturday.

La Mesa, 1441 Highland Avenue, National City, 474-3222. Bob MacLeod, piano bar, Thursday through Saturday. Art Hall, piano bar, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Old Family Store Restaurant, 4014 Bonita Road, Bonita, 479-3537. Jim Hens, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Palomares Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista, 427-5889. Gene Karolyn and Crowswind, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn, 620 E Street, Chula Vista, 426-5286. Eddie Preston, contemporary and country, Thursday through Saturday. Rex Paris, contemporary, Sunday through Wednesday. John Lewis, contemporary, Tuesday through Thursday. Happy hours.

Royal Inn, 1050 Broadway, Chula Vista, 427-4306. Back-o-lis featuring Edie Ripsey, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Pick and Pack, jazz, Sunday and Monday.

Wheatman, 22 West Seventh, National City, 474-2985. Legand, rock and roll. Monday, Tony Hill and Crowswind, rock and roll, Tuesday through Sunday.

WPT Diner, 5059 Bonita Road, Bonita, 427-5256. Shells, rock and roll, every night.

East County

Autumn's Hucklebs, 700 North Johnson, El Cerrito, 442-9827. Appaloosa, country, Friday and Saturday.

Cizmo's
Live entertainment & dancing 942-1676
Wed.-Sat., July 29-31
Pep Boys KKOS Party
Thurs. Night
Mon. & Tues., Aug. 2 & 3
Johnny Almond Rhythm Revue
Wed.-Sat., Aug. 4-7
Cylon Boys Choir
7 piece jazz, rock & roll, 3 piece horn section
Serving lunch & dinner - Open 11 a.m.
Happy Hour 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Big Screen TV
Monday night band!
Beer & hot dogs cheap! Fresh O.J. in our drinks
380 N. El Camino Real, Encinitas

KINGS RD. CAFE
No up limit. **Alternative Music** **Comedy Every Monday**
July 29 9 pm **Punk-O-Matic** Thursday
D.J. Ray Ramage - 1st 25 people in free!
July 30 8:30 pm **LA Psychotic Showmen** Friday
THE UNCLAIMED
plus **SAVING PRIVATE ARMY** and **all girl bands**
July 31 8:30 pm **D.G.A. presents from L.A.** Saturday
TWISTED ROOTS plus **DREAM SYNDICATE**
August 1 8:00 pm **FOOL MOON THEATRE** Sunday
August 4 8:00 pm **Wm. R&B, Sh. D.J. Night** Wednesday
1st 25 people in free!
Coming soon: Aug. 7 **FLOWERS/SAVAGE REPUBLIC**
Aug. 14 **CHRISTIAN DEATH/CRUCIAL TRUTH**
4034 30th St.

DIRECT FROM
PUERTO VALLARTA'S EL SET
RESTAURANT
The famous singer/guitarist
"PACO"
appearing Wed.-Sat., 8-12 a.m.
Magazines on the Patio Sat. & Sun. 1:00
HAPPY HOURS 4-7, 10-2 am
Champagne Brunch Sunday 10-3
1880 Harbor Island Drive 297-1673

Big Oak Ranch, 1723 Harborview Canyon Road, Dehesa, 445-3447. Country music, Sunday afternoon, call club for information.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves Avenue, El Cajon, 441-5655. RPN, top 40, Thursday through Sunday. Quick, top 40, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Harvey Stone II, 7059 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa, 461-2263. Sean McVicker, Irish music, Wednesday through Saturday, with Tom McVicker, Friday and Saturday; Brian Connolly, Irish music, Sunday.

Blue Jay Lodge, Sunrise Highway, Mount Laguna, 473-8844. Electric

Horseman, contemporary country.

The Bonedolls Restaurant, 8320 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 461-3660. Dale Pearson, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday; Jay Star, contemporary guitar, Sunday and Monday.

Boss Bill's, 9325 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 445-9983. Nightrunner, country and country rock, Thursday through Saturday.

Roll and Bear, 680 North Second Street, El Cajon, 440-5757. Chain Reaction, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside

Avenue, San Diego, 449-6740. Rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday, call club for information.

The Diamond Lounge/Aunt Emma's, 1532 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-7288. California Country Band, country, Friday and Saturday.

Driftwood Lounge, 5286 Baltimore Drive, La Mesa, 462-6533. Carl Simmons and Southern Comfort, country, Tuesday through Saturday; Country Justice, country, Tuesday and Monday.

Holiday Trails, 1951 Carrizo Gorge Road, Jacumba, 766-4383. Almost Live, country, Friday and Saturday.

Kentucky Stud, 11377 Woodside Avenue, San Diego, 445-3402. Country Justice, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Lakehead Resort, Highway 79, Cayamaca, 765-0736. Country music, Friday and Saturday, call club for information.

Lakeside Hotel, 9940 River Street, Lakeside, 443-9991. Dehesa, country, Thursday through Saturday.

La Posada del Sol, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 447-5665. East Coast: Bruce Robbins and Mark Hellman, easy listening and top 40, Wednesday through Saturday.

AUTOMATICS

San Diego's Hot New Rock Act

Available for bookings

Call Sandy 222-4481

La Posada del Sol, 8238 Parkway Drive, La Mesa, 462-2640. East Coast: Bruce Robbins and Mark Hellman, easy listening and top 40, Sunday and Monday.

Live Oak Springs Resort, Highway 80, Boulevard, 766-4288. The Grand River Band, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Lorran's, 596 Broadway, El Cajon, 442-9096. Jack Pollack and Coast to Coast, contemporary dance music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Magnolia Mahoney's, 1861 Magnolia Avenue, San Diego, 442-5520. Bramble, country, Wednesday through Saturday.

Nano's, 533 East Main Street, El Cajon, 442-5673. Jimmy Nims and Downhome, country rock, Tuesday through Saturday; The Grand River Band, country rock, Sunday and Monday.

Nick's, 1119 Old Highway 80, El Cajon, 441-6262. Bitter Creek, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Nite Owl East, 667 North Mollison Avenue, El Cajon, 447-3854. Fever, top 40, Tuesday through Saturday; The Brown Sugar Show, top 40, Sunday and Monday.

The Office, 1119 Old Highway 80, El Cajon, 441-6262. Bitter Creek, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Park Place, 1280 Fletcher Parkway, El Cajon, 448-4111. Prophet, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Rubens's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3464. Baron Harris, contemporary and folk music, Tuesday through Saturday.

Shore West Place, 3537 Anacapa Boulevard, Spring Valley, 462-6265. Rural Delivery, bluegrass and folk, Friday.

The Thorpe's Lounge, 5975

Soverin Drive, La Mesa, 465-1525. Artisan, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Van Winkle's, 10055 Mission Gorge Road, San Diego, 449-0866. Johnny Forecast: Jolly Roger/Oceanside Foreign Affairs: Vista Entertainment Center

The Forker, 1119 Old Highway 80, Boulevard, 766-4288. The Grand River Band, country rock, Friday and Saturday.

Win Cody's, 240 West Main Street, El Cajon, 440-9247. Stargaze, rock and roll, Thursday through Sunday.

Performers listings are compiled by Linda Nerts. If you wish to be included, please call 224-2508. Thursday afternoon or Friday before 5:00 p.m. The listings are free.

Rock & Roll

Johnny Almost Rhythm Revue: Glenn's, Pacey, Mike Co.

The Andy Band: Barbary's Automatics, Triton, Cardiff

The Range: King's Road Cafe, The Rockett Band: Loading Zone, The Lost Ark

Black Snake Band: Whiskey Flats, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek

The Ron Bolton Band: Andes, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek, Bitter Creek

Rubens's, 5455 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa, 465-3464. Baron Harris, contemporary and folk music, Tuesday through Saturday.

San Diego Stadium Swapmeet presents



TALL COTTON & COUNTRY CASANOVA
Emceed by Las Vegas comedian Tony Andara
Live Country Entertainment
Thursday, July 29
Saturday, July 31

THE DRIFTERS

Two shows: 11 am & 2 pm
"Under The Boardwalk," "On Broadway," "Up On The Roof,"
"This Magic Moment"



BO DIDDLEY
Two shows: 12 noon & 3 pm
"Hey Bo Diddley," "Monie,"
"The A Man"

FREE LIVE ENTERTAINMENT WITH 75¢ SWAPMEET ADMISSION

Coming: August 19 **THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS**
August 22 **THE GUESS WHO**
August 26 **TOWER OF POWER**
at San Diego Stadium, 9440 Friars Rd. 283-5906

FREE PARKING

Shoppers Hours: Thurs. noon-10 pm, Sat. & Sun. 8 am-6 pm

Encores: The Fairmount

The Exiles: Spirit

Aubrey Fay: Road House

The Flamingo: Spirit

Forecast: Jolly Roger/Oceanside

Foreign Affairs: Vista

Entertainment Center

The Forker: 1119 Old Highway 80

Four Eyes: Backchannel, Lele's

Greenhouse: Spirit

High Heels: Loading Zone, Spirit

Donny Holiday: Haggen

Hola Hoop and the Bomb Shelters: Pasadena

Ilusiones: Red Coat Inn

Incognito: Rockers: Pageteller

Innocent: Headquarters Nightclub

Joey Kati: Headquarters Nightclub

Joker: Glenn's

The Blue Kidnap: Bitter Creek

Legend: Henderson, Spirit

The Majestic: Macho's

Mothers: Chopping Block

Jerry McCann and the Capitanis: 1119 Old Highway 80

Melrose: Mom's Saloon

Tommy Mills and Cresent: 1119 Old Highway 80

Mr. Pet and the Wandering Boys: 1119 Old Highway 80

The Missing Oldies Band: Loading Zone House

The Mix: Jolly Roger/Oceanside

Musonic Devices: Spirit

The Movies: Haggen

Moving Targets: Backchannel, Haggen

Karen Mulhally and Co.: Wing Cafe

The Nomads: Joe Murphy's

No Doubt: Normandy

The Nylon: Key Largo

The Other Brothers: Pacey, Mike Co.

Panic: Texas Teahouse

The Penetration: Headquarters Nightclub

Perfect Strangers: Texas Teahouse

Planet: Freestyle Lounge

Pocketful: Mom's Saloon

Portland Maine: Monterey Whaling Co.

Prophet: Park Place

Punkster: Spirit

Push Le Chulet

Radio Romance: Freestyle Lounge

The Ram Band: 1119 Old Highway 80

Rebel Rockers: Kelly Up Tavern

Rocco: Normandy

Romance: Chopping Block

Joyce Books Band: Spirit

Solution: King's Road Cafe

The Sire: Brothers: Lele's

The Sire: Brothers: Lele's

Shuffle: Wild Turkey

Shuffle: Wild Turkey

Sky High: My Rich Uncle's, Nansu

Space Available: Chopping Block

Spillo and the City Boys: Le Chulet

The Spud Brothers: Road House

Stargaze: Win Cody's

Super Cafe: Mickey D's

Thumper: Davey Machine

Translater: Spirit

Treasure: Freestyle

Turbo: Bobby G's

Tured Smokers: Andes

Unleashed: Loading East

Twisted Rock: Spirit, King's Road Cafe

Uncle Sam: King's Road Cafe

The Untouchables: The Pipeline

Vital Signs: Spirit

W's End: Bobby G's

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W's End: Bobby G's

W's End: Bobby G's

The Big Stone Blowers: Potomac

Club

Bitter Creek: The Office

Bramble: Magnolia Mahoney's

Cactus Jack: Sage Coach Inn

The California Country Band: 1119 Old Highway 80

Champion Lounge/Aunt Emma's

The Constables: Macho's

Country Crossover: Mustang Club

Country Justice: Kentucky Ky Stud

Driftwood Lounge

Capote: Whiskey Creek

Dakota: Tequila Flats

Dallas Express: Charlie's Country

Dehesa: Lakeside Hotel

Dennis Dobbler and Gary Grissom: Evening Maggie's

Electric Horseman: Blue Jay Lodge

Kurtis Fargo and the Spurs: Fairside Resort

Richard Freeman: Evening Maggie's

Joe Grimes: The Calypso Lounge

The Grand River Band: Mama's

Mix: Live Oak Springs Resort

Hardlines: Bluegrass Band: Tabu

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WILD TURKEY BULLETIN

AUGUST 1982

sun	mon	tue	wed	thu	fri	sat
JULY 29, 30, 31 SHUFFLE	1	2	3	4	5	6
KPRT NIGHT	KGB NIGHT	\$1.00 NIGHT		KPRT NIGHT	"THINGS ARE THE TOUGH ALL OVER" PREMIER PARTY	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
KPRT NIGHT	KGB NIGHT	\$1.00 NIGHT	OLDIES 50¢ DRAFT BEER	MOVIES		
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
KPRT NIGHT	KGB NIGHT	\$1.00 NIGHT	OLDIES 50¢ DRAFT BEER	TONY VEE & THE CATS (PLAYING THOSE GOLDEN OLDIES)		
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
KPRT NIGHT	KGB NIGHT	\$1.00 NIGHT	OLDIES 50¢ DRAFT BEER			
29	30	31				
KPRT NIGHT	KGB NIGHT	\$1.00 NIGHT				

HAPPY HOUR PRICES UNTIL 9 P.M. - NO COVER UNTIL 9 P.M.

5080 BONITA ROAD 26

Man's
Jack Johnson: *Payin' It
Gene Kankorian and Crosswind:
Palm Springs, CA
The Russ Kirkpatrick Band: Holly
Wood, CA
Leather and Lace: *Holly
James Lee, La Hacienda Center
Roberta Linn and the Gambler:
Alhambra
The Lone Star Country Band: The
University of Texas
Nightrunner: *Blas Rill's
Jimmy Nix and Downhome:
Mama's, *Mink, the Moxie
Eddie Preston: *Road Vista Inn
Lynn Prossitt and Clementine
Ridge: *Cosmo's
Denny Rose: *Hawthorne
Rural Delivery: *Stacy Hall
Piazz Spring Valley
The Residents: *Stacy Hall
Sarah and the Oaks: *Hawthorne
Hunter: *Mission Valley
Carl Simmons and Southern
Comfort: *Orlando
Joe Stewart: *La Leona, *Mina Mesa
Super Club: *Hollywood
Tall Cotton: *Belly Up Tavern
Mustang Club: *Felicia
Pony Exordito*****************

Don Tennison and Country Plus:
Red Dog Saloon
The Duane Wolf Show: *Orlando
West Coast: *La Leona, *Mina Mesa
Johnny West and the Chaperone:
Lynn Prossitt
White Lightning: *Expresso
Lodge, *Mina Mesa
E. Zane Wood and Blazing Saddles:
Wynne's, *River******

Contemporary/ Top 40

The Naki Maman Trio: *Paradise
Lucha
Back-a-lie: *Orlando
Brown Sugar Show: *Night Owl
Jade
Chain Reaction: *Hill and Blue
Lynn Cherry and Zane: *The
University
Stephen Cox: *Smuggler's Inn, *Gold
Coco Lounge
The Critics: *Old Pacific Beach
Cade: *Key Largo
Cade: *Machos
Jesse Drake: *La Hacienda Center
Delene: *Gentleman's Choice
Devoan: *Machos, *Black**************

Travis Chula: *Orlando
Doug Brown: *Wynne's, *La Leona
Dixie and Melrose: *Orlando
East Coast: *La Leona, *Mina Mesa
The Garry D. Show: *Orlando
Michael Edwards: *Smuggler's Inn
Felix: *Orlando
Felix: *Orlando
Forward Motion: *Black
Orlando
The Garry D. Show: *Orlando
Leslie Gold: *Smuggler's Inn
Jim Hawley: *Wynne's, *La Leona
Richie Hunt: *Machos
The Johnson Twins: *Shannon
Jimi Smith
Kyle and Co.: *Orlando
James Lee: *La Hacienda Center
John Lewis: *Road Vista Inn
Roberta Linn and the Gambler:
Alhambra
Stephen Cox: *Smuggler's Inn, *Gold
Coco Lounge
The Critics: *Old Pacific Beach
Cade: *Key Largo
Cade: *Machos
Jesse Drake: *La Hacienda Center
Delene: *Gentleman's Choice
Devoan: *Machos, *Black*****************************

Midnight Delight: *Red Dog Saloon
Jim Moore: *La Leona, *Mina Mesa
Merrill Moore: *Trinity Hotel
Baron Moran: *Revelry's, *La Leona
Nick of Time:
Machos
Singed, Sealed, and Delivered:
Lithium, *Harbor
Spring Fever: *Holiday
Jimi Smith
Jay Star: *The Spot, *The Boardwalk
Joe Stewart: *La Leona, *Mina Mesa
Sandy Stewart and Co.: *The
Machos
Summer: *Harbor
Ron Taber: *Royal Vista Inn
Tahiti: *Harbor
The Third Degree: *Victorian Village
Trop: *Play House
Doug Ubrich: *Orlando Hotel*******************

Mike Sanders: *Wynne's, *La Leona
Sarah and the Oaks: *Hawthorne
Gary Sherwood: *Mission
Shine It On: *La Leona
The Bruce Cameron and Hollis
Gentry Ensemble: *Trinity
Jesse Drake: *La Hacienda Center
Jimmie and Jimmy Chatham:
Shannon Inn, *Orlando
Lynn Cherry and Zane: *The
Anchorage
Chicago Six: *Belly Up Tavern
The Hill Country Band: *Orlando
Chuck's Steak House: *Orlando
Jimmy Coriano Ensemble:
Coriano's
Cyclo's Choir: *Orlando*************

Paranormal Conference Center
Pro Bingham's Preservation Band:
Pat Jones
The Ray Bete Trio: *Our Place, *Machos
Pat Fitzgerald Quartet: *The Last
Joe
Forecast: *Blas Rill's, *Orlando
Friedrich: *Chuck's Steak House
Friedrich and Friends: *Chuck's Steak House
The Hal-Hughes Swing Band:
Belly Up Tavern
Harvey and the 52nd Street Band:
Belly Up Tavern
The Hill Country Band: *Orlando
Chuck's Steak House: *Orlando
Jimmy Coriano Ensemble:
Coriano's
Cyclo's Choir: *Orlando**********

Donner: *Fish House West
Jim Edwards: *Beach Club
The Billy Fowler Trio: *Smuggler's
Lounge
Pat Fitzgerald Quartet: *The Last
Joe
Forecast: *Blas Rill's, *Orlando
Friedrich: *Chuck's Steak House
Friedrich and Friends: *Chuck's Steak House
The Hal-Hughes Swing Band:
Belly Up Tavern
Harvey and the 52nd Street Band:
Belly Up Tavern
The Hill Country Band: *Orlando
Chuck's Steak House: *Orlando
Jimmy Coriano Ensemble:
Coriano's
Cyclo's Choir: *Orlando***********

Bill Kyle and Shop Meyers: *Blue
Paradise
The Kevin Letton Quartet: *Orlando
John C. Lewis: *Machos
Coronado: *Machos
The Bob Long Trio: *Hill House
Glen
The Dan Luciano Trio: *Springfield
Wagon Works
Joe Marillo Quartet: *Blue Parrot
Susan Meador: *Coriano's
New Texas Jazz Band: *Blue Parrot
Tony Ortega and Chico Cochran:
Orlando
Charles Owens Quartet: *Blue
Parrot
P.P. Pipers: *Orlando
Pelican Alley: *Santa's Sports Arena************

Park Panchos: *Hill House
Red Point Quartet: *Belly Up Tavern
The Shivers Brothers: *Sally's
Cafe
Jim Sperry: *Orlando
Peter Sperry: *Blue Parrot
Shaw's Three: *Belly Up Tavern
New Texas
Joe Marillo Quartet: *Blue Parrot
Susan Meador: *Coriano's
New Texas Jazz Band: *Blue Parrot
Tony Ortega and Chico Cochran:
Orlando
Charles Owens Quartet: *Blue
Parrot
P.P. Pipers: *Orlando
Pelican Alley: *Santa's Sports Arena************

Glen's: *Praying Mink Co.
Tom Ball and Kenny Sullivan: *Old
Time Cafe
Preston Coleman: *Sally's Cafe
"Honey" Courtney and the Blues
Dancers: *Orlando
The Crowded: *Headquarters
Nightclub
Rick Effen: *Shepherd Cafe
Cathie Hodge and the West Coast
All Stars: *Belly Up Tavern
The Horvaths: *Belly Up Tavern
King Black: *Orlando
Bob Long Trio: *Hill House
Glen's
Midnight Robbery: *Salmon House
The Missing: *Orlando
Opera House
The Nomads: *Joe Murphy's*************

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LAW**
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30th & Upas St.
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DANCERS
Every afternoon & evening
HAPPY HOURS
12-6 Cocktails & Live
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BANDS 7 NIGHTS A WEEK



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Soft Drink
Live Music
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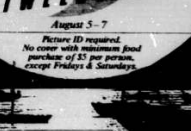

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ARE BACK! Come join the fun!**

You feel better the moment you enter the enchanting world of Su Casa
(8 California Gold Medal Awards for Food Excellence)
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Mexican seafood - By the sea
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A Del Mar Tradition
PARTY ON THE BEACH!
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT NOW
WEDNESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY
Thursday - Saturday, July 29-31
DIRK DEBONAIR
Every Wednesday
Music of the '50s
HULA HOOP AND THE BOMB SHELTERS
Join us for a dining experience 7 nights a week. Watch the waves roll in while you eat.

Bop shoo bop!
Doc Masters'
Sunday & Monday, Aug. 1 & 2
\$1.00 WELL DRINKS
all night long! plus...

Tony Vee and The Cats!
and introducing **MIDNIGHT ROBBERY** 9 pm
also: Steve Hudson
DOC MASTERS
at the Shelter Island Marina Inn.
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HALCYON
Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Sunday, August 1
Come rock the Halcyon
from 6 pm till closing

Draft beer & house wine
50¢ from 6-8 pm
Dance under the skylights &
blowing fans
Monday, August 2
Moving Targets
Every Wednesday
Dollar Drink Night All well drinks,
draft beer & house wine—one buck

At the
Wind rose
in Marina Village, Mission Bay
Dallas Collins
July 29-31

August 1-4

August 5-7
Picture ID required.
No cover with minimum food
purchase of \$5 per person
except Fridays & Saturdays

Wind rose

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10757 Woodside Ave., San Jose 448-6700
Magnolia & Mission Gorge Road
Presents
Tobias
—Entertaining and
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rock 'n' roll—
Appearing Thursday, July 29—Saturday, July 31
and Tuesday, August 3—Saturday, August 7
★OPEN SUNDAY and MONDAY
STARTING AUGUST 1
FUZE
with
Explosive rock 'n' roll
*Local fare 1/2 price both nights
"Special Deals"
Tues. Ladies' Night \$1.00 drinks for all the ladies
Wed. Shorts Night Show your legs—drink for a dollar
Thurs. Kamikaze Night \$1.00

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Until You've Seen the 1982 Centurion Le Mans

Chromoly frame, all alloy parts, 12-speed, Aero derailleurs, water bottle braze-ons, lifetime warranty.

\$249⁹⁵

with one year free service!!!

1982 Miyata 1000, \$499.95 Super Touring Bike



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In The Basket Picnics-to-Go

A Complete Picnic Delivered to You. Featured Baskets

Gourmet Variety cheese and putty trays with crackers.
Gold Coin Salad, bakery fresh stuffed sandwiches.
Ratatouille, Fresh fruit, Sparkling Cider or Perner.
\$25.50 for two (includes basket)
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Country Variety cheese tray with crusty French bread.
Fresh garden vegetables with lemon or Italian dressing.
Chicken (per person) baked with crusty Parmesan cheese.
Outing, Chunksy potato parsley salad.
Chip cake, Country Time Lemonade or Lipton Iced Tea.
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It's two baskets are alike, because no two people are alike.

(Center) 3 Cinema 1: Flower Hill Cinema 1: Frontier Drive in New Valley Drive in Parkway 2: Plaza Bonita Rancho Bernardo 4: South Bay Drive in Sports Arena 6: University Towne Centre from 7:30

An Officer and a Gentleman — This made-for-TV movie stars a former Candidate School with Richard Gere and Debra Winger directed by Taylor Hackford (Cinema, Oceanview 4).

On Golden Pond — The first screen version of Henry James' novel, this is a much smaller role, his daughter Jane has lived up to some nonpareil sentiments responses in some quarters. But it is questionable whether this is the best of the novel. The novel, though, is a superbly written, understated, poetic, subtle, by far, more educated East Coasters — go together like hand and glove (hand sounds right, though, for one of them). This would hardly seem to be 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 (for rather, woman) and a cantankerous wisecracker. Which is pretty much what we ended up with. Ernest Thompson's script, adapted from his own stage play, is a sort of volleyball game of set-ups and spikes, in which a self-sufficient husband (or ex-husband) member is continually finding the wife's behavior. This is a very nice, well-timed now and again with something "touching," or with a candid nature, or with the latest installment in Ford's ongoing obsessive pursuit of an elusive rainbow trout nicknamed "Water" — but who would perhaps better have been dubbed Moby Dick? These mood changes are paraded out in accordance with standard TV-tron pacing and somebody's textbook notion of a dramatic, well-balanced diet. Directed by Mark Rydell. 1981 (Century Tn)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service — The fifth James Bond installment, this is a very nice, well-timed now and again with something "touching," or with a candid nature, or with the latest installment in Ford's ongoing obsessive pursuit of an elusive rainbow trout nicknamed "Water" — but who would perhaps better have been dubbed Moby Dick? These mood changes are paraded out in accordance with standard TV-tron pacing and somebody's textbook notion of a dramatic, well-balanced diet. Directed by Mark Rydell. 1981 (Century Tn)

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Picnic — Problem picture concerning juvenile crime in Brazil, and centering on a 10-year-old contributor to the problem. The first half (after a prologue in which the director, Paulo Seabra, stands in front of the camera, above a São Paulo street, to spit out some facts and figures) takes place in a reformatory, the second half on the streets. Much sense of authenticity finds its way into both places, and a sense of dismay trails not far behind. There are also large amounts of interest, coarseness, and sentimentalism mixed in. All types of material are handled with unerring dexterity, and the performance of nonprofessional child actors are pretty remarkable. With Maria Faria and Fernando Ramos de Silva. 1981 (Kien, 7/29)

Pelagius — In what has been billed as "The first ghost story," the titular poltergeist is somehow allied with ghosts of the white-shed variety, with zombies and skeletons, with Satan himself and various sub-demons, with animated dolls, with octopus-like trees, with God knows what all. There is no connection, no logical sequence, no way of dispelling events as they come along and trying to figure out the governing laws. Quite apart from the necessary intrigue, the movie is the first in a series of films to develop the series of moral-spiritual psychological threat that features in the best (and "realist") ghost stories. It understands physical threat only, and it emerges as just another monster movie, whose messages of monsters is dictated by an overwrought and underpowered special-effects department. If the terror tactics are poorly calculated, though, the humor tactics are even more so, as the more satirical jokes effectively remove the suburban family from sympathy. With Craig T. Nelson, John Williams, and Beanie Sigler, co-written and co-produced by Steven Spielberg. Directed by Tobe Hooper. (Hush) Spielberg has made a, of just fact,

attempt to take credit for that, too. 1982 (Cinema, Oceanview 4).

Raiders of the Lost Ark — Director Steven Spielberg and executive producer George Lucas pay homage to the cliffhanger series of the Forties and Fifties, and they do it gloriously, pumping the project full of money, production values, and technical razzle-dazzle that is no longer remotely reminiscent of its grade B roots. Not intending exactly a spoof, but not maintaining anyway straight faces either. Spielberg Lucas seem to want to play both sides of the street to have both the innocent thrill and the sophisticated kiter. Some will find that this two-facedness tends to lower the level of excitement that although the action is consistently lively it is also without real suspense, and that the viewer is always required to meet the movie-maker more than halfway and take a response that otherwise would never be extracted by such rudimentary points as a shower of poison darts, a roomful of human skeletons, a blunder of furry apes, an army of cackling Nazis photographed with atrocious crawling up to the bridge. The essential point to be made about RAIDERS is that it is really just a kiddie movie — a kiddie movie de luxe, but a kiddie movie all the same. With Harrison Ford and Karen Allen. 1981.

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