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City Lights

The Day The Supergut Ate It

What a terrific idea, in 1976: the California Division of Forestry was going to help solve the energy crisis by harnessing the endless supply of brush growing on California hillsides. It was so simple, it couldn't miss: instead of losing vast amounts of energy to the brush-cutting goats and controlled fires used to regulate the growth of chaparral, why not build a machine that would "harvest" the brush and convert the tons of wood into billions of little compressed logs or briquettes, for use as a coal supplement in power production? This mechanical "supergut" made just the kind of radical sense expected of California, and with lines forming once again at gas stations and the state's 1976 budget surplus itching to be put to good use, the idea caught on and steamed toward reality. But now, six years later, with an oil surplus and a state budget deficit, the supergut has become an acute embarrassment for California, and the near ruin of the San Diego entrepreneur who built it.

As befels the glacial speed of most big bureaucracies, the state forestry department wasn't able to ask for bids on the so-called wood-densification project until 1980. And it wasn't until May of 1981 that the Papakube Corporation, located on South Harbor Drive near Campbell Industries, inked a \$445,000 contract with the state to provide the wood-densification equipment. For Papakube owners Jerry Nelson and his son Garth, it was a chance to effect a major breakthrough: the densification of chaparral in remote areas. For the forestry department it was a chance to prove to private industry that the chaparral was a profitable resource that could be harvested and in the process (for a charge) help the environment. The forestry people in Sacramento thought they were opening up a whole new market. The initial demonstration of the Rubie Goldberg-like jammer occurred near Jantel, beside Lake Morena.

It wasn't the fabulous success everyone had expected. The high moisture content of the brush (supplied by state foresters) resulted in wildly variable densities in the two-inch long briquettes. Some of them came out with the required minimum density of seventy pounds per cubic foot; most were less dense. This was unacceptable to forestry officials, who recognized that their department shared responsibility for the demonstration's failure because they were contractually obligated to supply brush with the proper moisture levels.

Papakube's solution was to

modify the supergut in a way that allowed it to produce smaller briquettes, and allowed the raw brush to have higher moisture levels, in a demonstration on July 1, the machine produced several tons of acceptable briquettes. Another demonstration was scheduled for August, when forestry officials would come down from Sacramento to view it in action and, the Nelsons hoped, take delivery of the machine.

The Nelsons admit that they made a mistake at this point. To strengthen the mechanical modifications they had made, they disassembled the supergut and added metal to certain parts. When the forestry department bigwigs came down to view the operation, these small additions caused the parts to burst, and the machine was shut down almost immediately. It was very embarrassing to the Nelsons, and for the state it was the last straw. Within a few weeks Papakube was notified that it was in breach of contract, and that the State of California wanted its money back. The sum in question was about \$240,000. The state has moved to confiscate the Nelsons' two

houses, and the forestry department has forwarded the case to the attorney general. Garth Nelson says the only way the money could be paid back is if he and his father sold their homes and their business. But they're not about to do that.

The Nelsons have their own attorney, Ed LaPoint, who says, "This is going to be litigated. I'm gonna stick it to them [the state officials] if they don't pay." He and the Nelsons believe that the state is in breach of contract and is operating in bad faith. "The [densification] system works, it's been proven," says LaPoint. "The state did this for political reasons. Why else would they do it so abruptly? I'd like to ask them that on the witness stand."

LaPoint says, and state officials acknowledge, that a VIP demonstration of the supergut was planned to coincide with the November elections. Rangers who worked on the project say that the possibility was good that Governor Brown would make an appearance at the widely publicized unveiling. "When it broke, it left the forestry department [to answer to their higher-ups]," says LaPoint.

"And now with the budget problems, you can imagine somebody's side asking, 'How could you spend so much money on something that doesn't even work?'" The Nelsons maintain that, given a little more time, the supergut would have worked as envisioned.

The state doesn't see it that way at all. "There's no reasonable expectation they could fix it," says Ted Cobb, attorney for the state forestry department. "Our technical people inform me the density, operating time, or reliability were never satisfactory." Cobb says the reasons for cancellation of the project were that simple. And to boot, completion of it was several months past due. "Our department has stood to the Nelsons that it's over," says LaPoint. —N.M.

The Great Wall Of La Jolla

A seven-foot-tall stone wall is part of an intended \$140,000 spruce-up to the La Jolla Shores house of Dick Carlson, former TV newsman and now a San Diego Federal Savings executive. But Carlson's next-door neighbor didn't like the prospect of a wall separating his property from his, so he got the son-in-law, William C. Kellogg, and his son, Bob, to lobby against it. The senior Kellogg, a well-known La Jolla burglar who runs the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, is also a former member of the La Jolla Shores Planning District Advisory Board, before which the Carlson wall was debated. The board, however, approved the Carlson project last May, and Carlson again prevailed at an August session of the city planning commission, to which the elder Kellogg had brought an appeal.

Carlson has since gotten even sweeter revenge for his trouble. City Councilman Bill Mitchell wanted to appoint Kellogg's son Bob to the Shores advisory board, and such councilmanic nominations are usually approved perfunctorily. But Mayor Wilson's office has final say on the nominees, and Wilson aide-de-camp Bob White—a good friend of Carlson—vetted Mitchell's nomination of the younger Kellogg. While then-nominated David Kemp, who is Carlson's architect and who drew up plans for the wall that so irritated the Kellogg family.

Some Shores residents and advisory board members complained to Mitchell and the mayor's office about Kemp, so his name was dropped. Councilman Mitchell then submitted three more nominees for White's consideration. White disregarded them all and instead picked Carlson himself for the nomination. A Mitchell aide commented that "we didn't like the first nominee [Kemp], so they gave us someone we really hate," and Mitchell called White to bitch that he, Mitchell, was being shoved around again by the mayor's office. Mitchell also let White know how much he dislikes Carlson, who Mitchell says called him "stupid" in front of a group of downtown businessmen. "I can't remember calling him stupid," says Carlson, "but now I hear that he's since called me an ass. So I'm sort of sorry that I didn't call him stupid, and I'd like to take credit for it."

It may be Mitchell, though, who gets the last laugh. Mysteriously anonymous of the advisory board often last morning and one La Jolla says they can be "usefully informed... every project just gets directed to death." Carlson, this observer says, "will soon be wondering if the mayor is not getting even with him by making him attend those meetings." —P.K.

It's In The Mail

The day of reckoning has arrived for the Daily Californian, the little El Cajon-based afternoon newspaper that's been struggling for the last twenty years. By the beginning of December a decision will be made either to switch to morning delivery, at a savings of approximately \$100,000 per year, or, ... save money some other, perhaps more drastic way.

Publisher Harold Odum and other top brass from Landmark Communications, the Florida-based newspaper company that owns the Californian, figure to save cash in the switch to a morning paper by converting about half their 19,000 circulation to a same-day mail delivery. But initial estimates that the move would save \$128,000 softened when they factored in the expected loss in circulation that would accompany the paper's metamorphosis to morning delivery. (The Californian lost \$30,000 in September, and some months it loses more, and less, than that.)

The Daily Californian is only the most recent incarnation of a paper started in 1892 and known until 1961, when then-owner St. Casady made a fateful decision to change it to a daily. At that time El Cajon and the rest of the East County

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Dial O For Oops

Dr. George Marvin doesn't know the phone number of the Agua Caliente box office or the street address of Tijuana Tilly's. Marvin is a Fullerton physician who doesn't even know where Avenida Revolution is. But he still gets 400 calls a month from Southern Californians who think he's an information operator for the Tijuana phone system.

When Marvin and his wife Barbara first started getting the calls at their home last February, the flow was heavier—"hundreds of calls a week," he recalls. Most of the callers hung up when Marvin tried to ask who or what they wanted, and when he contacted Pacific Telephone, he was told politely, but insistently, that all the callers had coincidentally misdialed. Marvin persisted with his questions to the callers



Harold Odum

were expanding, and the two Copley papers, the Union and the Tribune, were making serious threats to the local paper's advertising turf.

Casady saw that locally owned stores were beginning to be supplanted by regional shopping centers populated by large chain stores, and to these advertisers the major dailies were an immeasurably better advertising vehicle than the Valley News. When Casady sold the paper for \$650,000 in 1964, its circulation was about 9000 and it was opening to lose money. In retrospect, the paper's financial troubles can be traced to the moment it changed to a daily, though Casady may have perceived no other options at the time. Like it or not, but decision put the Valley News in direct competition with the Copley dynasty.

The paper learned to lose money quite well. The Baker family, which purchased the Valley News from Casady, never really sweated the money losses. They had other profitable papers in Oregon. A lot of money was invested in new presses and a new name: the *Island Empire Daily Californian*. The name reflected the new philosophy of the paper, which now saw itself as a regional, rather than strictly local, news outlet. The old Main Street-dominated business structure was gone, the population was more mobile, and the big advertisers had a much use for a small number of subscribers concentrated in El Cajon. But when the Bakers sold out in 1977 to Landmark

Communications, the circulation had only risen by 3000, to a total of 12,000. Landmark had big plans, maybe too big. A new physical plant was built, another new name was given: the *Daily Californian*. The paper saw itself as an alternative to Copley's *Evening Tribune*. Odum now says that was probably a mistake. "But we came very close. In '80-'81 we were headed toward a good

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year before the recession hit. Without this recession it would have been a different ball game." Trying to compete in East County, head to head, with the Copley papers was nearly a kamikaze mission. The *Union* and *Tribune* have a combined circulation of 60,000 in that area, and their marketing efforts to nonsubscribers account for another 30,000 households. (The U/T mails out advertising material for its advertisers to people who don't take the Copley papers. Odum says this "mailage-mail" project has hurt the Californian.) Landmark has responded by publishing weekly advertisers, but the losses have been learned. "We're headed back to a community-journalism style of newspapering," says Odum. "That's what we can do that nobody else can. The U/T can beat our punts off in national, international, and regional coverage, but we can beat their punts off in local coverage of East County. If we put out the best local product, there will be no competition." —N.M.

and though most spoke only Spanish, he finally discovered what had happened: they had dialed "0" and asked their operator for Tijuana phone information. The American operators normally punch a button marked "international access." Followed by the number 526-6131, to hook up with their Tijuana counterparts. But as much as twenty times daily, and sometimes at 3:00 a.m., an operator would forget to punch the "international access" button and dial the six-digit number that rang at Marvin's Fullerton home. The Pacific Telephone executives confessed to the problem this summer, but explained to Marvin that the code and Tijuana information number was part of a "multination dollar computer system" and that it would really be much easier for Marvin to change his number than for the phone company to change its number. Marvin's wife by then found the misdialed phone calls unamusing and thought that was a fine idea—change their home number. But her husband

Dr. Marvin, however, is not waiting for Pac Tel's solution. His November letter to the telephone company's regional director wasn't answered by last week, so he shipped off a packet of correspondence to the Pacific Telephone president in San Francisco. "If I don't hear from him, I'll write the chairman of the board," he says. Marvin's wife has a different strategy: when her husband isn't watching, she quietly unplugs the phone. —P.K.

Folk Knifed At State?

Since 1967 the five-day San Diego Folk Festival has been held annually each spring at San Diego State University under the joint sponsorship of the school and the San Diego Friends of Old-Time Music, a group headed by local folk supporter Lou Curtis. Each year Curtis's group booked the acts and SDSU provided both the facilities and the funding. By 1975 the festival had grown to encompass seventy workshops and an equal number of music lessons, ranging from local folkies to national acts like Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys and Skip James. At the festival's peak, the five nightly concerts in 1000-seat Montecuma Hall sold out well in advance, and up to 800 people were turned away at the doors every night. This year the folk festival will be back, but not at SDSU. It's been moved to UCSD in La Jolla, where the school's department is cosponsoring it with Curtis's organization. April 27 through May 1. After five years of steadily declining attendance (last year the Montezuma Hall concerts attracted only 200 to 300 people a night, less than a third of the hall's capacity), SDSU decided to cut off funding entirely. Both Curtis and State's cultural arts business manager, Russ Wright, have differing views about the decline and the rift that has grown between them. "I sort of feel we got sabotaged," says Curtis. "The last couple of years, the PR didn't get out, and that hurt attendance. Then last year these conflicting press releases were sent out, each with different times, different acts, different places. The San Diego Union got all three, each with conflicting information, and didn't print any of them. But that's only one of the things." Each year they cut funding and we, in turn, had to pay acts less; last year, we could only afford a maximum of about \$300."

Russ Wright says funding was rescinded simply "because we were spending more than we were getting back." He also disputes Curtis's contention that SDSU was mismanaging press releases. "Things were getting sent out just like they had always been sent out," he says.

Even with the move, however, the San Diego Folk Festival's problems are far from over. UCSD is providing the Friends of Old-Time Music with free use of campus facilities, but isn't providing any funding. That means Curtis and his group have to pay for both the production and the talent themselves. "We're trying everything we can," Curtis says. "We're a group of rank amateurs at fundraising.... This is all kind of puzzling. I thought we were coming back."

—T.K.A.

—Paul Krueger, Neal Matthews, and Thomas K. Arnold

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was engrossed in a personal investigation, talking to the English-speaking callers to figure out which operators were skipping over the code button before dialing. He says most calls came during the early morning and early afternoon ("probably around shift-changing times") and that sixty percent originate from San Diego and Chula Vista, with the remainder from Santa Ana, Garden Grove, and San Juan Capistrano. "One fellow said he was calling from Alaska, but I think he was pulling my leg," says Marvin.

So Marvin refuses to change his phone number. "I've had this number for thirteen years and I've got family and friends who are used to calling it. And it's kind of a matter of principle. They made the mistake, so they can fix it." This summer he began a letter-writing campaign to Pacific Telephone executives demanding that the company fix the computer. His wife says they were a small victory when the regional office sent out a memo reminding operators to hit the access code before dialing. And by next February, misdialed calls will drop drastically because Marvin's Fullerton prefix will maintain its 714 area code while San Diego assumes the new 619. (Though the new area codes have officially been adopted this month, calls placed with the old area code are being routed through for a grace period.)

Dr. Marvin, however, is not waiting for Pac Tel's solution. His November letter to the telephone company's regional director wasn't answered by last week, so he shipped off a packet of correspondence to the Pacific Telephone president in San Francisco. "If I don't hear from him, I'll write the chairman of the board," he says. Marvin's wife has a different strategy: when her husband isn't watching, she quietly unplugs the phone. —P.K.

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If The Moot Fits

In reaction to the November 18 abortion story by David Steinman titled "One Woman, One Man, No Baby," I quote Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield: "As fathers commonly go, it is seldom a misfortune to be fatherless." Whether or not Lord Chesterfield also described the sex act as follows is a moot point. The pleasure is momentary, the position is ridiculous, and the price is exorbitant.

Also, I would strongly recommend Kristin Luker's book, *Taking Chances*, published by the University of California Press, as a source of keen insight into the dilemma of abortion and contraception.

*Paul Krueger
Hillcrest*

Kids Withheld By Request

Responding to your November 18 "No Baby" article, I would like to say I have no children and am glad I should get a model and a tax reduction.

The reason there are starving children, that we are destroying whales and the environment, cutting down the forest and jungles and destroying the habitat of thousands of species, it is children, children, children. What caused World War II? Lechewism. We are starved for "living room" — it's wall-to-wall children.

Parents are so damn selfish. Do they ever think what kind of a world their child will face? All they care about is their selfish little desires. Take care of Number One. I want a baby — big deal!

Selfish, selfish, selfish. And of course, run down to welfare, or to Medi-Cal. Make the other guy pay for your sexual fun-ups and Freudian slips.

When I see what parents, as a class, have done and are doing to rape this planet, all I can say is thank God no child of mine is going to have to face this.

Letters

Sees Through Glasses
The article on Police Chief Bill Kolender "Nice is Enough" November 18 glosses over the fact that he is not the "best" chief. In fact, he is not even the best in California. Joe Kennedy, the chief of police in San Jose, is the best. For example, when Kennedy was chief in Kansas City, Missouri, he actually encouraged the police to observe the civil rights of all minority people. Kolender's record in this area is spotty. The San Diego police routinely abuse, assault, and jail minority people. Doubtless, this is the reason for Kolender's support in the WASP power elite.

*B. Stein
San Diego*

God-awful mess. Name withheld by request at San Diego

She'll Say No Man

Try to get your titles straight. The one on your November 18 cover story should have read: "One Woman, One Child, No Baby."

*Clair Weldon
Mission Beach*

Letter Pours In

We loved Rick Geary's brilliant illustration for his "Lights! Camera! Investigation!" article in the "Events" section November 18. His "Matthew Alice" illustrations have been delighting us for years, but this piece was really worth a tear.

*Larry and Dick Richmond
Normal Heights*

They Wanna Be Around

"City Lights" of November 11 included a much appreciated positive piece on community involvement on newspapers in Ocean Beach ("They Come and They Go"). But these comments seem appropriate.

The O. Bronson has arrived and, with a new office, will be around for a long time. The article's title is perhaps accurate regarding the other newspapers. With a core of twenty-three writers and a dozen more contributing network and photography and layout talents, the O. Bronson has achieved a high level of credibility in the area. San Diego City Councilman Bill Cleator and school board president Bob Fisher have monthly columns, and it is possible that more elected officials will follow.

(continued on page 24)



FRAMED AT LAST!

How long will you put off getting that cherished picture of Uncle Fred as Santa Claus framed?

If you have your treasured heirlooms, antique artifacts, art collection, or your children's handmade snowglobes hidden away somewhere, make this the year to have them custom framed.

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"When I first applied for my job at The Radioman I knew this place was different. There's a feeling that things are done right here. It was funny that day and the installers were working on several exotic European cars as well as a new Honda. My interview was fast, direct and intense with a precision that surprised me. I was hired the next day."

"There is an attitude of integrity that continues daily and is felt throughout the shop from the owner, John, on down. The feeling of doing things of quality and not compromising on anything. Sure, I hear people say we're expensive. But it's funny I never hear it from customers picking up their cars after they see and hear the system we've installed. You see, people appreciate quality. Quality takes time, love and experience and that's what we're all about here at The Radioman. I'd like to give you a tour of our shop so you too can experience true hi-fi auto sound."

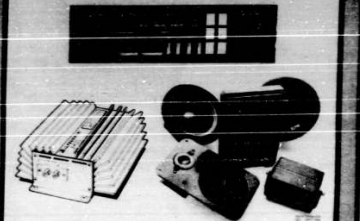
Kenny

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Above: Denny Merutka, co-owner, John Durban, technical advisor.

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Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:
I work in a local tobacco shop and I smoke Indonesian clove cigarettes regularly. Many of my customers ask how cloves compare to regular cigarettes, such as Marlboros. Could you in any way give information regarding the tar and nicotine content in the average clove? (Please sign me anonymously because my mom reads your column, and if she knew I still smoked she'd kill me.)

Anonymous
San Diego

Your clove cigarettes may save your mother the trouble. Foreign manufacturers are not required by U.S. law to disclose the tar and nicotine content of their cigarettes, and it is doubtful that the Indonesian manufacturers have ever conducted studies to measure the amounts of tar and nicotine in their product. The typical clove cigarette is sixty percent Javanese tobacco and forty percent clove and other herbs and spices. So you are getting an unknown but undeniable dose of nicotine (which, by the way, is a poison used in insecticides) when you smoke them. And your dosage of tar — a word used to describe the conglomerate of compounds given off by burning substances, some of which are carcinogenic — is likewise unmeasured but unavoidable. (Even cigarettes that don't contain tobacco have been shown to emit harmful amounts of tar.) You don't even ask about other nasty by-products of smoking, such as carbon monoxide. Don't try to delude yourself into thinking that a low tar and nicotine cigarette, or one with less tobacco, is not harmful — all cigarettes are a hazard to your health. The well-known message from the surgeon general appears on all packs of clove cigarettes — as it must by law appear on all tobacco products sold in this country — and should be sufficient warning.

Recent research has demonstrated that



Illustration by Rick Carter

smokers have far more to worry about than tar and nicotine. Cigarette manufacturers add all kinds of tar, nicotine to tobacco, and some of these additives may be just as deadly as the famous duo you ask about. The British government, in fact, pressured their cigarette makers to draw up a list of additives (American tobacco companies have so far successfully resisted any disclosure of their additives). The total came to something like 350 substances. The problem with this list of government-approved additives is that they are considered safe when eaten — licorice, glycerol, and caramel being just three examples — but when burned they might not be nearly so innocuous. Cocaine is one such product. No one would suggest that a cup of hot cocoa is bad for you, but experiments have shown that when burned, cocaine is a very

powerful carcinogen. Faced with this evidence, American companies allegedly said they would stop adding cocaine to their cigarettes. Yet figures from tobacco companies indicate that tobacco companies are still buying massive quantities of cocaine. You can bet it isn't going into hot chocolate dispensers in the cigarette factories. Eugenol, or clove oil, is one ingredient added to clove cigarettes that gives them their spicy flavor. It is said to have an anesthetic effect on bronchial passages, but no scientific tests have been conducted to determine its safety. And then there are all those unnamed "herbs and spices." And the hot gases, and the particulates, and who knows what else. . . .

Clove cigarettes seem to be backing the trend these days toward milder, low tar and nicotine cigarettes. American manufac-

turers do make high-tar cigarettes, but there is little demand for these domestically, so they are exported. But cloves sell fairly well — even at three times the price of American brands — and have in the last two or three years become very chic, especially on the West Coast and mostly in the sixteen-to-thirty age group. People are always looking for a fancier way to go.

Dear Matthew Alice:
For the past several months I've noticed an increasing number of automobiles either without any California plates, or with just one on the front of the vehicle. Is this legal?

Thomas Borthwick
North Park

Where is Broderick Crawford when you need him? The passenger vehicles you see with only one plate, or with none, are in violation of California law. Sections 5200 and 5201 of the vehicle code state that all automobiles must display both front and rear license plates; the plates must be securely fastened (no swinging allowed); they should be clearly visible and legible at all times; and no covering, such as glass or plastic, is permitted. The rear plate must be between twelve and sixty inches from the ground, and the front plate no more than sixty. Also, the rear license plate must be stenciled at night.

Officer Al Green of the Highway Patrol says that every year rumors circulate about a pending change in state law to a one-plate system. He says, "Every fall I hear people ask, 'Can I take my front plate off?' There are states that require only one plate, but ours is not one of them."

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THE INSIDE STORY

BY PAUL KRUEGER

ONE OF SAN DIEGO'S BETTER POLITICAL CAT fights breaks up next month when Congressman-elect Jim Bates flies off to Washington, D.C. Since the primary election campaign last spring, Bates has been clashing with Union editors, particularly Jerry Warren, the paper's top editor. Bates, a Democrat, has never liked the Union's coverage — or lack of coverage — of his campaigns and tenure on the county board of supervisors. The Union editors never much liked Bates, whom they adjudge to be of debatable intelligence and minuscule political persuasion. Bates has called his tormentors a half dozen times over the past decade to complain, and Union associate editor Peter Kaye remembers receiving three phone calls in a single morning from Bates and staff, who were griping about three different stories.

But Bates is especially incensed at what he feels was a calculated Union effort to toss the June, 1982 primary to his congressional opponent, Mike Aguirre (he notes the headline, "Bates' Name Ordered Off Ballot," when in fact wasn't). And after he walked away with seventy-eight percent of the primary vote, the paper all but ignored his general-election campaign against Republican Shirley Clausen. Then, two days before the vote, it ran a story headlining the race as "hotly contested" and noting that "Bates appears to be leading" in the Forty-fourth District congressional campaign. Bates was always comfortably ahead, and took sixty-five percent of the ballots, just a few points less than Republican incumbents Duncan Tanner and Bill Lovery did in their districts. They were declared

"apparent clinches for re-election" in the same story.

So Bates started swinging back this summer. Whenever a television reporter asked him about the campaign, he'd take a swipe at the Union. He once motioned a Channel 39 camera crew into his supervisory office to tape a combative phone conversation he was having with Union editor Warren. (Bates claims that Warren later warned him, "Don't you ever do that to me again," to which Bates says he replied, "I haven't gotten even yet.") Warren in fact has gotten the last word in a November 12 Union story which let Bates know he can expect a bitter re-election fight with the paper. That unusually candid story, headlined "S.D. GOP Group Told That Party in Disrepair, Must Prepare Now For '84," reported editor Warren's speech to the local Republican Associates. "Why do we have to have safe districts?" Warren asked his Republican colleagues. "Why did (Democrat) Jim Bates have to have a safe Forty-fourth district?"

Though bitter, Bates has not embraced the strategy of former Democratic state assemblyman Larry Kapiloff. Seething from what he felt was biased coverage of his environmentally concerned campaigns against Republican Terry Knoepf (1978) and Ross Thurg (1980), Kapiloff took to blasting — from his chair on the floor of the state assembly — the newspaper and publisher Helen Capley. And he refused to talk with any Union reporter, whether they had ever written a story about him or not. (An exception was made for politics writer Ray Kipp, whom Kapiloff felt fairly covered the state-wide rights debates; Kapiloff would also sometimes lapse into a benign state and talk with the Union's



Jim Bates, Jerry Warren

Sacramento correspondents.) Now a superior court judge, Kapiloff declines to talk on the record about politics to any reporter from any newspaper.

With attentions turned toward finding a replacement for Councilwoman Lucy Kilias, the Union bannered its local news page with the conclusion that "... Martinez Favored For Appointment to Council..." That would be Uvaldo Martinez, a devout Republican who worked as a paid consultant to the Wilson-for-Senate campaign. Union reporter Anthony Perry, who wrote the front-page analysis, served up Martinez as a most palatable choice: politically "moderate," environmentally concerned, independent businessman, state chairman of the California Republican Hispanic Council.

But there was no mention of Martinez's rather plodding personality or the concerns about his academic shortcomings raised in 1978 when he competed for a council appointment. (Martinez has glossed over that latter concern with a degree from National University.) Martinez didn't seek out the flattering Union story; indeed, he says he was "surprised" when reporter Perry called him

to discuss his favored status. Perry (or his editors) had been fed word of Martinez's visit two days earlier to Mayor Wilson's office, where Martinez was promised the mayor's help, which is tantamount to winning the appointment. (The Wilson staff knows that along with personal lobbying of conciliators, a Union story is the best way to content a Martinez appointment.)

A more important consequence of the Union story was that it delivered a knockout blow to Democratic contender Richard Juarez. No sooner had Juarez, who was a Jerry Brown appointee to a state border agency, declared his candidacy and started selling himself to the councilmembers than he was blindsided by "a Republican councilman" who reminded reporter Perry that "to name a second Democrat, especially a Brown appointee, would be too much to ask. The Republican Central Committee and Republican contributors would never stand for it." (Reporter Perry has carried the word before, and with effectiveness. In October of 1981, he cornered Mayor Wilson for a quote on how the dreaded Tom Hayden had supported a local campaign for district elections. Strategists for the anti-district

election campaign whooped with joy when they read the resulting article, which they still credit for an infusion of money and votes that helped defeat the measure.)

But Perry's analysis of the council appointment is correct: Juarez can't get the votes. And though Martinez looks rather credit to George Allen) that "the game's not over till the fat lady sings," he should be confident of the appointment.

Other candidates, including Mike Aguirre, will surface to compete for the seat, which represents the area from downtown to Otay Mesa and San Ysidro, but they do not have the connections. Furthermore, departing incumbent Kilias has done nothing to prepare a successor. "To be a kingmaker or queenmaker is improper," says Kilias, even though it would be in her best interest to have a like-minded successor in her council seat, thus allowing her to diffuse a Republican challenge to her 1984 re-election. Some of the more active community groups have tried to recruit prospective candidates, but found their invoices unimpressed. "We looked for a year," says Golden Hill activist Don Guillam. "But nobody even wanted to come down and talk to us."

The Backster Experiments

(continued from page 1)

suite of rooms on the fifth floor of the San Diego Daily Transcript Building downtown. His laboratory is located in two aging, fluorescent-lit rooms which once belonged to the Drug Enforcement Agency. Only rooms this large could avoid looking overrun by all of Backster's polygraphs and aquariums and microscopes and videotape cameras and recorders. The Backster School of Lie Detection is just down the hall. Backster practically lives in this same building (which fills the southeast corner of Sixth and E streets) in a small penthouse apartment, a special arrangement the landlords grant because Backster uses some of his video equipment to provide the building with security services. But if he sometimes sleeps in the penthouse, the lab engages the majority of his waking hours. And the majority of Backster's

waking hours, by the way, are nocturnal. Typically, he rises late in the morning and buckles down to serious research by late afternoon, working until at least 3:30 a.m.

Only the clocks give a clue to whether it's night or day in these shuttered quarters. Five large dracaena plants scattered about on various work tables provide the only touch of greenery. All five were cut from the *Dracaena massangeana* which was Backster's first leafy polygraphic subject. That original plant itself occupies an adjoining office. At the age of almost eighteen, it looks more like a tree than a house plant, and it shares its off-springs' evident health.

Backster was neither a plant lover nor a botanist on that fateful night back in 1966. As an inquisitive youth growing up in New Jersey, he had early demonstrated a taste for the *outré*. (At seventeen, for example, he conquered a fear of high dives by climbing to the top of a ten-meter diving tower, dousing his sweat pants with gasoline, and having someone put a match to them, whereupon his only option for extinguishing the flames was to swim down into the pool below. This feat Backster later repeated for two years from a still higher tower in a New York City "aquacade" show.) His unconven-

tionality seems to have presaged his later disdain for the tedious road that must be followed to acquire scientific credentials. When he enrolled in the University of Texas, he first majored in engineering, then switched to agriculture at Texas A&M, and had switched again to psychology when Pearl Harbor was bombed. Abate this time with patriotism, Backster dropped out of college and joined the Navy; he never completed his academic work for a bachelor's degree.

By then he had already become fascinated with hypnosis, and he wanted to enter Navy Intelligence and study the danger hypnosis posed as a brainwashing technique. "But I was too young for anyone to listen to," he recalls. He met with greater acceptance in the Army's Counterintelligence Corps, which he joined as a master sergeant once his Navy hitch was up. In the Army, Backster began teaching American military and government personnel both how to use hypnosis as an interrogation technique and how to guard against being an unwitting hypnosis subject. When the Central Intelligence Agency heard about Backster's work, the agency was sufficiently intrigued to terminate Backster's Army enlistment and hire him as a civilian. Once with the CIA, Back-

ster's attention turned to drug-assisted interrogation techniques, and then to polygraphs. "As an afterthought."

But his interest in this fledgling method of lie detection didn't remain an afterthought for long. By 1951, in fact, he had left the CIA and founded his own polygraph business, through which he acted as a private consultant to most every government agency using the polygraph. In 1959 he started the lie detection school. His first love, however, was research, it quickly became clear. Throughout the Fifties, Backster devoted all his spare time to improving the accuracy of existing polygraphic techniques and by the early Sixties he was widely recognized to be one of the most distinguished experts in the field. He established a separate research foundation in 1965, with which his plan was to concentrate exclusively on further refining lie-detection instruments and procedures. The plan went awry in the wee hours of February 2, 1966.

On that wintry night, Backster had just watered the office dracaena when he suddenly wondered if he could use part of his polygraph equipment to measure the rate at which the water rose from the root into the leaf. In humans, one of

(continued on page 10)

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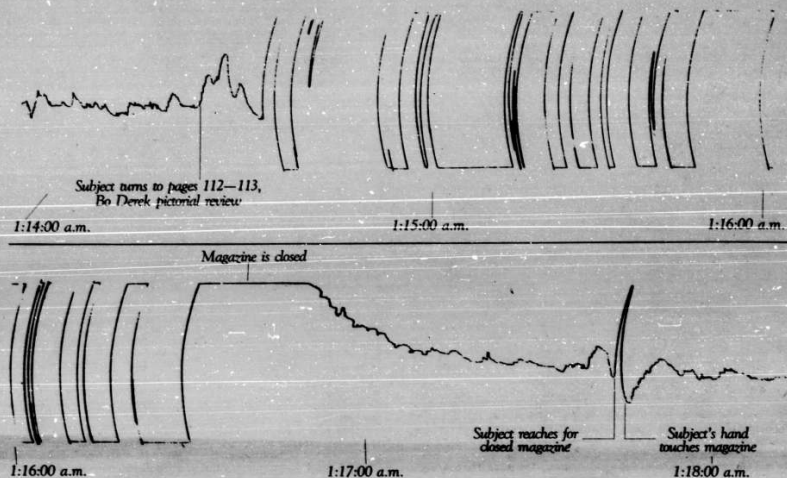
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The polygraph chart below was recorded June 30, 1980. A videotape of the session was recorded simultaneously. The subject, Stephen White, was seated about ten feet from the polygraph instrument, which was connected to a sampling of living cells taken from his mouth. White was paging through an issue of *Playboy* magazine in search of an interview with scientist William Shockley. The chart records the reaction of White's isolated cells at the moment he turned to and viewed a pictorial review of actress Bo Derek. Elapsed time: approximately four minutes. (Chart not to scale.)



The Backster Experiments

(continued from page 12)

the things polygraph examinations measure is the apparent change in electrical resistance between two different locations on the skin (one respected theory being that people tend to sweat when they lie, and sweat decreases electrical resistance). So Backster attached an electrode to each side of one of the dracena's leaves. He expected to see the ink tracing on the polygraph's recording chart trend upward as the leaf's moisture content increased.

Instead the tracing gradually trended downward. That was puzzling. Then, about one minute into the tracing, the chart pen outlined a little mountain shape. More puzzling still, Backster's curiosity quickened. The peak closely resembled the tracings generated by humans experiencing a brief emotional stimulation. He pondered how he could threaten the plant to test whether it was really reacting to some outside stimulus. Dipping another of its leaves into a cup of warm coffee brought no response. Then Backster flashed upon the idea of burning the plant. He didn't actually do it; he just thought about doing it. The

chart pen smashed upward, quivering violently.

This was the most important, most dramatic instant in Cleve Backster's life. Today when he looks back upon it, he acknowledges that he reacted to that sudden turmoil on the chart in a way different from the manner in which most orthodox scientists would have reacted. Backster says that most of them would have rejected *a priori* the obvious possibility that the plant was somehow sensing his malevolent intentions. They would have automatically assumed some other explanation. But Backster says the first possibility was simply too obvious to be ignored. "Here it was in the middle of the night, toward morning. The building was empty. I wasn't touching the polygraph equipment at all. I was about ten feet from the plant. And the only new thing that happened was my thought, 'I know what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna burn that leaf.' The moment that image came to mind, the pen just went zoom. . . . It was very, very meaningful to me."

That night Backster tested the plant until he ran out of chart paper. "I just let the thing run. . . . And I was already trying different things, like shutting the lights off and leaving the plant in the dark. And instead of quieting down as I would expect it to, it just went crazy. I saw all kinds of things that just reinforced the things I saw initially. At the end of that session, it was getting time for people to come in to work, and I had lacked this original chart up along a long hallway. When Bob Hexson, my partner, came in, he

looked at it and said, 'Who ya testing that you would have a chart that long? And I said, 'Reach out and you got it.' And here was this plant.'"

For all his initial excitement, Backster nonetheless refrained from immediately trumpeting his "discovery." It came at a time when Backster was crusading against incompetency in the polygraph field, and he wanted to avoid providing his professional opponents with ammunition to use against him. So for months he hooked up various plants to the polygraph and just let the instrument run for hours—nothing the "reactions" reflected on the chart, and as often as not seeing connections between them and the events in the plants' environment. He had his partner provoke reactions ("just to make sure there wasn't something super-weird about me, that I was the only one able to do this"), and he attached polygraphs to plants in different parts of the country ("because we know there is something weird about Times Square").

As he proceeded he began to notice certain patterns. He found, for example, that the plants seemed to react most often to spontaneous events. "Once you get your mind involved in trying to make demands, you're really interfering with what can happen," he says. He found that the plants seemed to be able to distinguish between real and feigned threats. They also seemed to demonstrate a rapport with their individual human attendants, and that rapport seemed eerily independent of space and time. For example, when Backster connected electrodes to each

of two plants he was tending for a friend who was traveling across the country, the polygraph recorded dramatic reactions from both plants at the precise moment the friend's plane was landing at each of three separate airports.

As heady as these indications were, it didn't take long for Backster to learn that they were not apparently limited to whole plants. He got comparable reactions when he connected a polygraph to a detached leaf, and he also got them from fragments of plant tissue. Finally, when he began seeing indications of awareness in such varied life forms as chicken eggs, yogurt, and human sperm, Backster began articulating a hypothesis.

He proposed that all living tissue possesses the ability to sense events and emotions around it. The ability can't be termed "extrasensory perception" because plants and other primitive animal life forms don't have the usual five senses in the first place. Instead, Backster termed this faculty "primary perception" and posited that it exists right down on the level of individual cells.

To test the hypothesis in a controlled experiment, Backster decided to see if plants would be able to perceive the nearby death of other living things—in this case, brine shrimp. As soon as he began to plan the details of the experiment, however, he ran into problems. For example, if plants can "read" human minds and if a human experimenter did the killing, then the plants might tune into the human participant's thoughts and ignore the

shrimp mortality. To avoid this potential confusion, Backster painstakingly devised an automated system for randomly dumping live brine shrimp into boiling water, a destination sure to prove fatal. Furthermore, he figured he couldn't use plants that had become accustomed to his presence, or else the plants might continue to "track" him even if he left the laboratory. So he arranged for a third party to run down to a local dime store, buy philodendron plants, and then place them in a neutral "holding area" near Backster's lab. Backster then would only move the philodendron (chosen for its thick, tough leaves) to the laboratory immediately prior to connecting the plants to the polygraph. Furthermore, once the plants were connected and the shrimp dumps were about to begin, Backster and his partner would leave the building and walk to a late-night restaurant several blocks away.

To minimize the chances of the plants sensing other neighboring events, Backster did all the experiments late at night, usually after midnight. To insure that the plants would not become too familiar with the shrimp deaths to react to them, Backster used no plant for more than three of his seven experimental runs. To check for fluctuations in electrical power (an alternative explanation for the "spikes" on the recording charts), he connected one polygraph to a fixed-value resistor instead of a plant. Furthermore, he claims that he consulted a number of New York area scientists—physicists, biologists, even psychologists—and had them all evaluate his methodology "until I had just the most super-controlled experiment that couldn't be picked apart."

In the winter of 1968, Backster published the startling results of that experiment. Shrimp dumps had occurred

within thirteen separate blocks of time, and the plants had demonstrated a reaction in eleven of those thirteen blocks. In contrast, they reacted in only eight of the sixty-five blocks of time in which no shrimp dump occurred. Pure chance would have dictated fifty-five false reactions to each eleven true ones. Since his experiment instead showed only eight false to eleven true reactions, Backster concluded that the evidence supported his theory of primary perception.

When *Science* magazine and a number of other respected journals declined to publish the results of Backster's experiment, the rejection might have forewarned the polygraph expert of what lay ahead. However, he soon found a publisher in the *International Journal of Parapsychology*. News of Backster's article came to the attention of the popular press almost immediately, and the reportorial orgy that followed would have distracted anyone from ominous premonitions.

Something about this notion of sentient vegetation tickled precisely the right spot on the American public's fancy. *McCall's* asked its readers, "Do You Chat With Your Plants?" and *Reader's Digest* wondered, "Do Plants Have Feelings, Too?" By 1973 Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, two writers who had described Backster's work for *Harper's* magazine, came out with a book called *The Secret Life of Plants*, which began with a sketch of Backster's climaxed discovery and which quickly climbed up national bestseller lists. In its fusillade of public interest demanded endless hours of Backster's time, though, he says today, "I was willing to handle that." He saw the publicity as furthering his chief goal. "Unlike a lot of people who worry about their material being stolen, I was hoping that some-

one else would take it," he says. "I thought, 'I'll turn it over to the people that are specialists and let them handle it. . . . I didn't really think that it was going to be necessary for me to keep pushing it.'"

If you look at the photographs of Backster that accompanied all those articles in the early Seventies, and then look at Backster today, only his hairstyle seems to have changed. Back then he wore a severely short-bristled crewcut which accentuated his broad, high forehead. Today his hair is grayer and looser, allowing his deep-set eyes and large ears to compete with the forehead for attention. In repose, the sharp geometry of Backster's face makes him look somber. But it's a face almost never in repose. Rarely do more than a few sentences go by without Backster cracking some joke. He possesses that rare ability to laugh heartily and unself-consciously at his own words, even at times when no one else is laughing.

Ten years ago he had cause to do a lot of chuckling. For a while it looked as if his work had captured not only the public's imagination but also that of the scientific community. More than 5000 engineers and scientists asked for additional information when he scribbled about Backster's findings appeared in *Electro-Technology* journal in April of 1969. A number of prestigious scientific groups asked him to speak before them. "You can't say there wasn't some kind of curiosity about it," Backster says today. However, he gradually began to perceive that sitting back and being curious about his work was one thing, but that undertaking serious research was quite another. "That's where you incur the wrath. That's where they've [the scientific community] been dragging their feet."

Some researchers did attempt to replicate (and thus confirm) Backster's brine shrimp experiment; he says as many as twenty-five probably undertook some sort of investigation. "But when I saw what they did, . . . my voice trails off dimly. . . . 'Like, I would get letters saying they hadn't had much of a budget, so they had had to cut out all the automation.' Even given that handicap, Backster asserts, "Many of them didn't complain. They saw lots of interesting things. But they couldn't package it together to make a big strong impression."

Ultimately, only two researchers ever made serious attempts to duplicate Backster's shrimp-dump experiment. Both those attempts were reported at perhaps the most prestigious assembly Backster has yet addressed, a special symposium of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) annual meeting held in January of 1975. The organizer of the symposium was Arthur W. Galston, a Yale University professor of botany and a scientific heavyweight who has evolved over the years into Backster's intellectual nemesis, the Moriarty to Backster's Holmes (a vice versa, depending upon one's perspective). The title of the symposium was "Electrical Responses of Plants to External Stimuli," and those two attempts at replication did make a strong impression—a negative one.

One of the attempts was done by a Cornell professor and two undergraduates who stated that "we matched, and in several instances improved on, Backster's experimental techniques"—only to find no correlation between the shrimp killings and the chart spikes. In the second attempt, a Texas researcher named J. M. Kmetz also found no significant correlation. Kmetz furthermore hypothesized that the "reactions" Backster recorded

were nothing more than the adaptation of the electrodes to being placed in service.

As perhaps could have been predicted, Backster had plenty to say in response. It still ranks him that the symposium allowed him only twenty minutes in which to present his body of work and also rebut the two replication attempts. But his response to both was the same: neither really duplicated his experimental conditions, Backster claimed. He pointed out that the Cornell researchers used a recording instrument different from the one he had employed; they used possibly unhealthy brine shrimp; they fed three shrimp drops per run instead of Backster's one (thus risking habituation of the plants to the experiment); and they used a different kind of control drop. Backster also complained that the plants weren't isolated from the brine shrimp, nor were they isolated from the experimenters either prior to or during the shrimp drops. "Any one of a number of these things could have sabotaged the thing," he fumed. He also charged Kmetz with similar errors and a careless disregard for meticulous attention to detail. "But these people just shrug it off. They say they're making improvements, but how do they really know they're improvements? You cannot say that you have failed to repeat an experiment until you have precisely attempted it," he concluded.

There certainly were an abundance of points where he held my own at the AAAS meeting," Backster says today. Yet the entire tone of the meeting bothered him, he admits. Five months before that symposium took place, Backster and his partner had become apprehensive about the crime and deterioration of New York, and had moved to San Diego, where the partner had relatives and Backster had pleasant memories of attending Navy's antisubmarine warfare school. When Backster returned here after the scientific bloodletting at the AAAS meeting, he faced a serious strategic question: what next?

That was almost eight years ago; several things have bogged him down as he has worked out an answer. First, Backster points out that he still has obligations to his business and polygraph school. Consulting work calls him away several times a year, and whenever one of the school's seven-week lie-detection courses is in progress, Backster teaches, usually seven afternoons a week. The proceeds from this work support all Backster's research.

In fact, his financial independence has been a hindrance. He has never been able to proceed as fast as he could spare the extra cash. "In all the time I've been researching this, I've never asked anyone for a cent. I'd have people ask me to ask them, 'I've been here for government money because a larger one was a \$10,000 grant a number of years ago from the Babcock Foundation, but the others have all been for \$1000 or \$2000.' He has not asked for government money because 'you've got people like Senator Proxmire running around with the 'Golden Fleece' awards. Can't you see the fun he would have if federal grant money was put out to see if plants talk to humans?' Backster bursts out laughing, then adds, "Also, I've been very sensitive about someone looking at me and saying, 'Well, what's his gimmick to make money?' They've never been able to find any gimmick. Because there isn't one."

The restraints on his budget and time merely slowed Backster, however, as he mulled over the meaning of



The Backster Experiments

(continued from page 11)

the AAAS meeting. Perhaps the most important decision he reached, eventually, was that he would not repeat his shrimp-drop experiment, though he's confident he could repeat it. "If I do so," he explained, "I've re-excited interest from people who aren't going to follow instructions because they don't see the need to do so. And all they're gonna do is produce negative data which they turn around and use

against you." Besides, Backster believes that if he did repeat his own experiment, no one would give the report much weight.

He also decided that he'll never publish the results of any future experiment until he first has had independent researchers, such as graduate students at local universities, replicate it. But Backster has reluctantly concluded that even such replication probably won't suffice to win respectability for his theory of primary perception. That theory is so earthshaking that his critics won't be satisfied until experiments yielding evidence for it have been duplicated by established scientists at major universities. So Backster's strategy has shifted in the direction of tantalizing such people — and at the same time enlightening them about all the new variables that will

have to be controlled.

He may not look to them for grant money or tenure, he may secretly curse them, but today Cleve Backster is a man sorely tested by the good will of established scientists. Although Backster talks about "making it respectable" to research primary perception, he really can't do it alone. He needs help, and his need shows. During the weeks I interviewed him, Backster cautioned me at least six times that he really didn't want to "badmouth science." Periodically he would let off steam about how the scientific establishment has become politicized or close-minded or snobbish or unimaginative — and every time he'd pull himself back and a look of calm and tolerance would settle over his features. And he'd stress that he did understand the scientists' concerns,

and he'd reiterate his confidence that when they see what he's seen, most of them will understand what he's trying to do, and why.

Backster thinks of people like Charles Brandt, a photobiologist at San Diego State University. Backster met Brandt during the taping of "The Green Machine," a 1978 program about plants for the highly acclaimed Nova television series. Backster's findings were to be featured, but the producer also sought some "respectable" scientific commentary, and Brandt agreed to help provide it. As soon as they met, Backster sensed in Brandt tolerance and genuine interest. Backster was furthermore delighted when his instruments revealed strong "reactions" two times in a row when Brandt — on camera — added nutrient to some yogurt that was placed several

feet away from another sample of yogurt that had been wired to a polygraph instrument. That footage, dramatic though it was, never made it into the final documentary. ("Because," Backster speculates, "it got the 'scientist' mixed up with the 'look.' Here was a professor doing what they're supposed to be against.") Although the section of the show featuring Brandt was cut, the contact with the SDSU professor led Backster to consider Brandt one of his secret supporters. Backster also expressed to me the hope that some day Brandt might devote more time to examining the polygraphic puzzles.

When I checked with Brandt, however, I heard a slightly different recollection of the taping. Brandt did praise Backster's status as a polygraph expert and Brandt added that he personally

had always been open to the possible existence of "supernatural" phenomena. But the SDSU professor snickered when he described the yogurt feedings. "We tried this, just for fun, and it turns out that if you add a nutrient every now and then, the thing responds. But the problem is interpretation. Is it a random event or isn't it?" Brandt said he suggested one way of checking this: kill the yogurt microorganisms by heating them up in Backster's autoclave. If the polygraph still showed reactions (to the feedings) even after the yogurt was dead, then that seemingly would disprove the yogurt as a source of those reactions. But Backster strongly resisted, arguing against the traditional distinction between "dead" and "living" material. Backster suggested that even a salt molecule might be "alive" by some

definitions. Brandt told me that at that point, he mentally threw up his hands. "Backster's a nice guy and I was sympathetic to what he's trying to do," Brandt said, "but when I ran into that definition problem, I thought, well, hell, I don't have the time for this."

When I told Backster about Brandt's comment, the polygraph expert momentarily slumped with disappointment. Then he exclaimed, "You know why I didn't want to do it [heat the yogurt]? Because I had tried it. And whatever the by-products are after you autoclave it, there's something that isn't destroyed. Because you can get mammoth signals. . . . I felt it was really unsafe [to try the little experiment on camera]. Instead, under the pressure of the filming, Backster had dug in his heels and hastily rejected the "living" and "dead" distinctions.

Hearing of how that rejection alienated Brandt, Backster voiced confidence that he could clarify his position and quell the biologist's misgivings.

I'm not so sure that he can, for Brandt said he didn't think Backster had eliminated all the other explanations for the erratic electrical fluctuations, such as a chemical reaction between the electrodes and the substance with which they're in contact. Brandt said, "I feel it's his [Backster's] obligation to do these experiments first, before he calls on others."

That opinion is a mild echo of the sentiments felt by Arthur Calston at Yale. "He [Backster] is asking scientists to take their time and money and futures and run the risk of wasting their time, ruining their careers, and opening themselves up to a lot of ridicule."

(continued on page 14)

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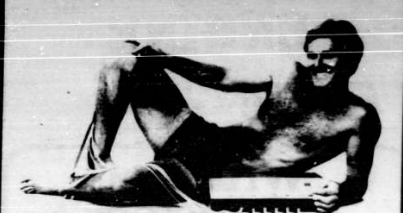
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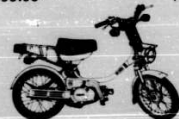
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The Backster Experiments

(continued from page 15)

he has directed most of his energies toward sprucing up his production facilities. He has acquired color videotape recorders. Now he can display four separate video images simultaneously on one screen. He got a "date-time generator" so all his current tapes have the year, month, day, hour, minute, and second superimposed upon the screen. He has obtained special TV microscopy equipment so that he can videotape microbe action through one of his laboratory microscopes.

All this has taken time, Backster points out, particularly on his skimpy budget. He spent a little less than \$3,000 assembling his video "mixer," for example, instead of the \$30,000 or so which it would have cost to purchase conventional studio equipment. But Backster paid the additional price in time, as nine months elapsed before he obtained compatible video components. In the same way, back in October Backster was sure that by the beginning of this month he would be finished assembling all his recording instruments and would be in the midst of taping observational "runs." But a balky device for storing on videotape and then later regenerating the polygraphic signals obstinately refused to function.

Nonetheless Backster agreed to set up one preliminary run to give me an idea of the popout of activities he

will be undertaking, probably within the next few weeks. He says some nights he and White will attach the polygraph to some biological substance, turn on the cameras, and then simply tinker with different tasks in the lab, trying to keep their minds free of expectations and open to spontaneous occurrences. Backster thinks some of those unplanned activities will trigger clear-cut polygraphic reactions. He says on other nights he'll activate his microscope-mounted cameras. For instance, he wants to connect the polygraph to a type of protozoa to see if the instrument will record a reaction during reproductive activity. Finally, because the tape of White reading *Playboy* was so sensational, Backster wants to try something similar with other human subjects. He gave me a preview of that last experiment.

On the night of the preview, Backster paid one of the janitors of the Daily Transcript Building five dollars to step into the lab for a few moments and act as a guinea pig. First White helped with the collection of white cells from the janitor's mouth (a simple process in which the subject swishes saline solution around his mouth and then spits it out into various beakers). White centrifuged the cells, then connected them to the polygraph. Then the janitor, an amiable young black man named Joe, sat down ten or fifteen feet away in a special little booth containing both a large timer and a closed book of pictures from magazines. Backster instructed Joe that when the test started, he should turn a page of the book every thirty seconds. "Try to really groove on 'em. Try to ignore the surroundings," the polygraph expert recommended.

Expectantly, Backster, White, and I grouped around the polygraph as the

test began. As the janitor stared at a photograph of an outdoor floral display, the pen meandered around the center of the chart paper. But when he turned the page and focused on a picture of the Marlboro cowboy, the polygraph pen pealed almost instantaneously. Backster grinned and whispered, "He smokes Marlboros."

His grin faded as the chart pen settled back to the center of the paper while the janitor viewed pictures of a well-furnished living room, a giant dollar sign, Stevie Wonder ("I don't think it's the kind of music he likes," Backster muttered), and a giant portable radio. The pen climbed a bit as the janitor turned to a picture of ice cream sundaes, but only about fifteen seconds later did it zoom up in a sharp reaction to the ice cream. The final image drew the same curiously mixed response: as the janitor peered at a photograph of a bare-breasted black woman, the pen did nothing for a few seconds, then whipped across the page to hit the top of the chart.

What did it all mean? Backster wasn't willing to draw any grand conclusions. Was merely a preliminary test of new equipment and procedure, he stated, although he thought a few of the janitor's reactions were interesting. Actually the most interesting ones came after Backster bade the young man to leave the test booth. Conversationally, Backster demonstrated how the white cells had been connected to the polygraph, and as we stood together in front of that instrument, Backster concluded, straight-faced, "So this lets us see what you're thinking." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the pen sprang into action. "Does that mean you've got a dirty mind?" White asked. We all laughed at the janitor's good-

natured discomfort. It took a moment for the pen to return to normal, and the janitor was just about to depart when Backster piped up, "Now, without saying anything, Joe, think back to what we were talking about back in the elevator coming up here." The very words seemed to galvanize the pen into action again. Backster snickered wickedly (and later confided that the elevator conversation had related to a pretty young woman).

Clearly, Backster wasn't disturbed by the times when the pen revealed a "reaction" for which no cause was apparent. He says he rarely sees such unexplained "reactions" in the hours after midnight — when almost no one else is in the building. He adds that maybe an alternative explanation exists for some of the reactions. That's okay. Let the Establishment's scientists come in and look for them. Let them prove him wrong — just don't let them act as if neither Backster nor his polygraphic mysteries inhabited the same planet.

And can he conceive of anyone actually disproving his hypothesis? I put that question to Backster one night. He had been telling me that even if no one has yet proved the existence of primary perception, all these years of observation have personally affected him. They've changed his views of human life, of the role of spirit in the world, of the connections between all living creatures on the planet. If anyone could disprove primary perception, then Backster's whole metaphysics would totter — but Backster doesn't seem worried. He's given it some thought and he can't imagine what could erase the sixteen years of careful, trained observation. He says that's what it would take to show him that he's wrong.

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LIFE IN THE COURTS A BUNGALOW SURVEY

Ron Wigginton, a young landscape designer who leads a well-ordered life, was out roaming the streets of Hillcrest one day four years ago, suddenly on the lookout for a place to live. His rent on Park Boulevard had just gone up from \$165 to \$205 per month, which was too much for what he called "a box within a crackerbox." The only thing he'd liked about the building was its big pepper tree, and the property owner had recently torn it out.

He didn't know what he was looking for, exactly. Something cheap and nice. He had an eye for building design (his

great-grandfather had been a contractor/architect in Oakland), and in two visits to Japan he'd acquired a fondness for compact, subtle landscaping. One block east of the Highway 163 overpass, on Robinson Avenue in the midst of flat-faced apartment buildings of two and three stories, he saw it — *hull* — the place he wanted: an arrangement of small, white, Spanish bungalows enclosing an abundantly landscaped court. He walked into the court for a closer look. There were six single bungalows facing the central walk, three on each side, and a two-story building at the back. Each building

stood alone, distinct, like an egg in a carton, and each had many of the features of a full-size house: flowerbeds, front steps, a porch with a wrought-iron porch lamp, and a corbeled awning over the door. And around back, each had a tiny porch with a door buzzer — the tradesman's entrance, in miniature. It was like a transitorized neighborhood, this collection of houselets on a carless street.

Wigginton noticed a man tending plants in the courtyard, who turned out to be the owner, Allen Yewchan, a retired city gardener. They got to talking and his it off — luckily for Wigginton, since there was a waiting



3732 Park Boulevard, San Diego



3222 Thurneth Street, San Diego



3363 Thurneth Street, San Diego



4649 Georgia Street, San Diego

list for tenants. The rental on a one-bedroom was \$200 a month, which was more than he wanted to spend, but a bargain for what he felt he was getting — excellence at last. He took the apartment, and after four years he moved over to a two-bedroom bungalow by the entrance of the courtyard, needing more space for his business office. He feels that his surroundings speak well for his profession. Lots of

people like their apartment, but how many can face their abode in the morning with a feeling of respect? "I look at the buildings, the landscaping, the details," he said, "and I think, 'I couldn't have been done any better.'"

Many good examples of the bungalow court exist in Hillcrest, North Park, and Ocean Beach, neighborhoods that were known as "trolley suburbs" at the turn of the

century, when twenty-five rail lines converged on the central city. The typical court consists of eight to twelve dwellings set in a U-shape about the perimeter of a rectangular lot, with a landscaped yard in the center. In most, the dwellings are singular, but in others they are joined in diptychs. Some courts have garages in back, some don't. Some look fresher than an ice cube, some are open-air tenements.

And all of them are appealing, to me, because unlike other forms of apartments, in the bungalow court you can see your place in a glance, all of it, yours, and the effect is akin to owning a set of rooms instead of only occupying them.

The *Guide to Architecture in Los Angeles and Southern California* lists a bungalow court in North Park. It is at 3933 Hamilton Street, a few

(continued on page 22)

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BY JOE APPEGATE

Photographs by Craig Carlson



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Ron Wigginton

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COURTS

(continued from page 21)
doors north of University Avenue, and is in the Pueblo style, with exposed ceiling joists, and parapets, and arbors about the doorways made of fake logs. Too bad this property is such a mess, unpainted and run to seed; it's the only court listed in the Guide's appreciation of San Diego. The American Institute of Architect's *AIA Guide to San Diego* lists no bungalow courts at all.

But as an architectural form, the bungalow court is no more noteworthy in San Diego than a barrack. This is because it was established elsewhere and came here purely as a money-maker, a project any architect could twiddle to suit. Yewchan's prize court in Hillcrest, where Wigginton lives, was the first and only building project of Winfield E. Randall, who had been in the business of soliciting laundry, and who, his wife said, "had tired of going out and meeting the public." He wanted a property that would provide him and his wife with

shelter, income, employment, and some privacy. So he hired a foreman, Olaf Norsven, who in turn hired the architect and workmen. Beginning in May of 1933, they demolished the old house on the lot and uprooted a large pepper tree. "People thought it was ridiculous to start up with a building when the Depression was rock bottom," said Mrs. Randall on the phone from her home in Allied Gardens. "But I guess my husband knew what he was doing. Anyway, he didn't care what other people said; he just wanted a place for us to live."

On August 15 the construction was finished and the Randalls moved into their bungalow, which is the first on the left as you enter the front gate. They lived in it for forty years. The other bungalows rented for thirty-five dollars per month, furnished. (In those days, "furnished" meant the provision of bedding, linens, silverware, and kitchen utensils.) Mrs. Randall does not recall what the buildings cost, but the mortgage on the land was one hundred dollars per month. Thus by renting three units, they recovered their land costs, and with four units

left to cover the rest of the expenses, they did not go broke.

The apartments attracted young couples and single professional people: a dentist, a doctor, a Marine and his wife were the first who came to rent. "One woman was there about thirty-five years, I heard," said Mrs. Randall, in a tone of faint surprise. "I guess she liked it."

In the court, the Randalls planted pencil cypress, low boxwood hedges, and grass lawns. For color there were flowers and two hibiscuses: a Double Pink, and a San Diego Red. They also installed curbs

at the edges of the lawns to keep the devil grass out of the beds. Mr. Randall dug the trenches and built the forms, and Mrs. Randall mixed the cement. "In landscaping, we call those curbs 'mow strips,'" said Wigginton one morning in his bungalow, the one the Randalls lived in for so long. "They give a lawn a clean edge, a place to run by with a trimmer. You see them in institutions and in public places, and believe me they're an extra. They cost seven dollars a linear foot. Unheard of in an apartment building, yet here they are."

With an hour to spend before a client arrived, Wigginton led me on a tour of his place, inside and out. He was the perfect host to show the bungalow, because he lives so simply, there was nothing else to show. "I had them take a lot of the furniture out," he said, looking at his polished dresser. "It's very good furniture, but I just didn't need it." He pointed out that the window casings and closet doors are made of some cheap material, probably pine, but that the workmen had meticulously stained it to resemble expensive grain. The casings and

ceiling timbers looked strong against the white walls. "No telling how many layers of plaster they laid on here," he said, touching a wall with his flat hand, the way you'd touch a warm rock. He said, "You know, this place was built in the Depression, and you get the feeling that the people hadn't had jobs in a while, because they were in absolutely no rush to finish this one."

Mrs. Randall had told me that the bathrooms always clinched the deal whenever she showed an apartment.

(continued on page 24)

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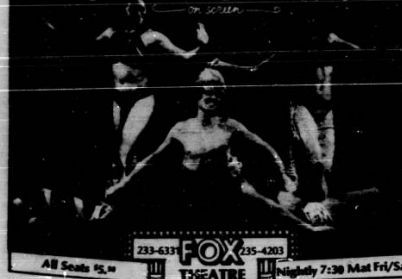
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Myth and Miss Tomlin



JONATHAN SAVILLE

Lily Tomlin has brought her one-woman Broadway show, *Appearing Ntely*, to the Old Globe, where she will be doing just that through December 5. Everyone knows Miss Tomlin. Her comic acting has been a staple of television and films for fifteen years. As a national institution, she has established her own personality and the various characters she impersonates as part of the American myth: to an extent we are scarcely aware of (for few people realize how deeply our perceptions are influenced by the popular arts) we see our sweet, threatening, chaotic culture through her eyes. "The audience at the Globe who laugh at her every line and who give her a standing ovation at the end of her ninety-minute tour de force are experiencing something akin to the feelings of a patriot at a Fourth of July celebration or the sense of communal evaluation enjoyed by churchgoers when the Host is elevated. Lily Tomlin

exerts the power of ritual — and she knows it. In ritual — the public sharing of tribal myths — familiarity and repetition are of the essence. Hence, Miss Tomlin offers us an anthology of her best known characters along with some relatively new ones of familiar stamp, each of whom embodies one of the deeply felt images of our culture through which we have learned to see ourselves, like a series of colored lenses. There is *Eminence*, the telephone operator, who we don't have to "We're the phone company"; in her, we meet those vast, impersonal organizations that more and more run our lives by making us helplessly dependent on their services. There is *Judith Ann*, the resourceful five-year-old, whose ingenious imagination enables her to squeeze through the chinks in a tightly structured society of authority, rules, and proprieties; when a supermarket check-out person confronts her with the evidence of an empty animal-crackers box the young

fitcher is carrying, she blithely maintains that "they ate each other." There is the zany, heckling street psychotic, who raises our paranoia about external control to cosmic heights (the UFO syndrome), but who at the same time goes on asserting our stubborn, crazy conviction that we know what we know, see what we see, and can master our desperate situation through our clear (though appalled) understanding of its mechanisms — that we "have the evidence." There is the ironically named *Fortune*, the quintessential loser (though she always bounces back for her next failure), unable to keep a job, unable to find a man for more than a night, morosely downing grasshopper after grasshopper in gloomy singles bars, and complaining about the meaninglessness, emptiness, and unsatisfactoriness of all possible ways of life: the swinging singles, relentlessly seeking someone to marry so that they will not have to be singles any more, and the married couples hastily getting divorced so that they can be

single again. There is her male counterpart, *Rick*, with his swaggering macho confidence in his bawling average with women, in spite of the fact that he is regularly rejected before he can get to first base. And there is *Crystal*, the forty-five-year-old quadriplegic traveling from coast to coast in her wheelchair with the intention of hanging-gliding off Pacific Palisades: Miss Tomlin's most extreme image of manic self-assurance in the face of impossible adversity, the person whom an utterly indifferent universe has deprived of everything except her will power and her irony, but who has enough of those to fuel the entire military-industrial complex for a hundred years.

Miss Tomlin's constant theme — how awful things are, and how nevertheless people keep steadfastly trying to get something out of their doomed and oppressed lives — is always exemplified in a sharply observed reproduction (or exaggeration) of modern American reality. She has an acute eye for history, for the way we are shaped by the events and preoccupations of the passing years, and a preternaturally acute ear for the way people molded by that historical process talk. Her most striking comment on the history of the past couple of decades is her portrait of a "child of the Sixties," whose experiences, feelings, attitudes, and (most remarkably) speech patterns move inevitably from the Beatles, romantic leftism, pot, black studies, and fervent chatter about the Vietnam war, to psychotherapy, marriage with a lawyer, the lifestyle of the affluent upper-middle class (including its residual liberalism), children, family, and giving instructions in bad Spanish to the Mexican maid. How ridiculous and poignant — and how completely human, rather than a matter of ideology — she makes that whole futile episode in American history, with its self-inflating idealism, its naïveté, its callowness, its subservience to its own jargon, and its pitifully deficient vision of what the real world is like. Exuding the pain with laughter, she confronts a significant sector of her audience with a depiction of their own muddled generation, its his-

torious past and its sheepish present. She makes them see themselves with the clarity of a satire that at the same time has within it a real compassion for human self-deception.

She is equally adept at showing us the more intimate side of our past. In her comic dramatizations of events in her own childhood and youth (as a fictional version of them), history, public events, and the conditioning power of "the generation of the Sixties" recede into the background, and the center of interest becomes the more universal experience of growing up in a world of admired and disdained adults. Her most touching skit is a poetic evocation of a young girl's crush on her school-teacher. The narration of these childish passions and fantasies (little Lily will be bridesmaid at the teacher's wedding, and the couple will then invite her to live with them) constitutes humor of a very high order, for they are profoundly real and true in themselves (and personally recognizable by almost everyone) while being so foolishly out of kilter with the reality of actual teacher-pupil relationships. It is the usual contrast, seen everywhere in Miss Tomlin's show, between the vast demands we make on life and the stingy rewards it grants us; it also conveys some essential wisdom about the widespread syndrome of being in love, with its overwhelming drive to believe in things that obviously are not so. But then there are those things that obviously are so, for example, as Miss Tomlin shows us in another wonderfully funny skit in which she acts out all the parts of a four-person family drama, the infuriating triviality of parents, who can go on for hours talking about a piece of cake, to the point where their daughter — convinced, like all young people, of the superiority of her own concerns — has to let out the blood-curdling scream of a princess forever imprisoned by thick-headed underlings. The experience may be Miss Tomlin's, but as she — with her particular talent for making characters and situations come so vividly alive — enacts that experience, we recognize it as our own.

The public enactment of communal

myths by a person of special charismatic endowment — this is ritual, and ritualistic too is Miss Tomlin's relationship with her audience in *Appearing Ntely*. Perhaps before she is accustomed to performing before the camera rather than before live audiences, she sets herself at a palpable emotional distance from those who are laughing so uproariously at her humor. Her bows are formal and choreographed: a curious kneeling with hands clasped like an Oriental servant, and a strange gesture of grasping the air, as though taking hold of the audience's applause and pulling off a piece of it as a souvenir. She never seems to be speaking directly to us; she looks off into a far space populated with all possible audiences, but not at the living individuals of this one. She is full of warmth, but it is self-contained and almost impersonal. Once she begins her act, she seems governed by its internal necessities alone, its traditional themes and characters, its prescribed rhythms and inflections, its movements set down long in advance; the present circumstance — this audience, this performance — seems a matter of indifference.

This attitude obviates any sense of intimate personal involvement between performer and audience, a sense many other comic actors strive mightily to achieve. But to make up for it, Miss Tomlin's willful distancing of herself enhances the effect of ritual, for the dramatic power of what the priest or shaman does depends to a large degree on our perceiving him to be one of us and yet beyond us, a spokesman for our needs but one who speaks less to us than to some larger reality we are part of. Miss Tomlin's double message — "The world is cracked" (as her loquacious schizo literally believes), and "I feel joy" (the ultimate word of the frenzied old evangelist of human energies, Sister Boogie Woman) — this message is spoken for us but not really to us. Who the intended recipient of the message may be is not clear (can this be the cult of Godot?), but it is generous of Miss Tomlin to let us at least listen in on it at the Old Globe, "nintely" for the next two weeks. □



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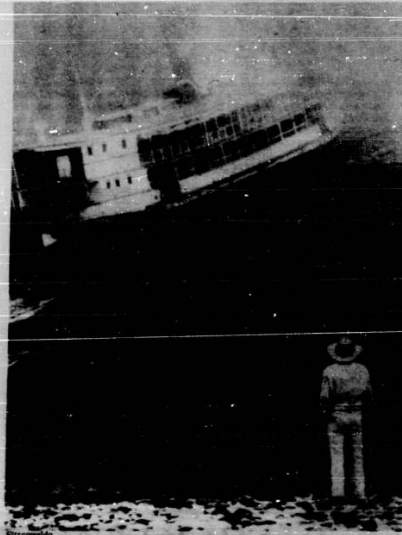
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Across the Trees and into the River



DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo* provides as severe a test as ever devised of the spectator's ability to dissociate the on-screen movie from what he knows of the off-screen one. The off-screen movie, in this instance, has been chronicled at exhaustive and exhausting length, and indeed has itself been put on screen under separate cover (so to speak) in the compact form of Les Blank's documentary, *Burden of Dreams*. It is best, certainly, that Blank's on-screen movie of Herzog's off-screen one be kept separate from Herzog's on-screen one, though the earlier release of the former, here and elsewhere, as a sort of harbinger of the thing to come, has not made the task any easier. However interesting the information in the Blank movie and other sources might be on its own account, and however accurate might be the amateur psychoanalytic attempt to set up a confusion of identities between Werner ("I am my films") Herzog and his obsessive central character, this sort of thing can only get in the way of a clear view of what is on the screen.

Such obstructions have been popping up for a long time and in many forms. How close to stonemasonry Herzhog's hearing was when he composed his Ninth Symphony is known to every schoolboy; fewer schoolboys, probably, know how close to huffing Degas's eyesight was when he produced *Baller Girls in Salmon-Pink Skirts*, and only the eldest schoolboys will be asked to ponder how far Maupassant's syphilis had spread when he wrote *La Vieille*. These particular tidbits — however interesting, once again, they might be on their own account — are of little aid when we are, as the case may be, listening to, looking at, or reading the works in question, unless we are groping around for some sort of excuse or explanation (as, in Degas's case at any rate, we very well might be). To furnish biographical-historical-cultural background and elucidation in the critical footnotes of *Sainte-Beuve* or *Taine* is to seduce the object, these days, in dispensing such inside information — or perhaps better to set up outside information. More often this sort of data is spread around anecdotally, by critics looking for shortcuts, as a means of building up or chopping down the actual aesthetic achievement. Most

often of all, perhaps, it is spread around simply to prove the existence of the critic's personal pipeline.

Only the other week Gene Siskel, pumping up *My Dinner with André* for the third or fourth time on his and Roger Ebert's TV program, showed the pettiest level of taste sink when he winkingly relayed the tidbit that the scene of Wally and André debating the merits of electric blankets had been filmed in so cold and drafty a building that both actors had had to fortify themselves under the table with electric blankets. It goes on and on. Spielberg's storyboards, Coppola's video equipment, De Niro's pasta diet — movie criticism is riddled with such gossip lore. Generally pretty innocuous, such stuff becomes more actively annoying when it gets thrown onto the critical scales. *Chun Si Missing*, for example, is somehow supposed to look better to us when we know that it cost only \$22,000, even though it looks every penny of it and not a penny more. The original *Star Trek* movie, conversely, is supposed to look worse to us when we know that it cost \$40 million and that many of the planned special effects never made it onto the screen. In either case, you still have to look at whatever there is to look at, and the object should be to see it, if you can, for what it is. The problem becomes especially acute in the realm of special effects, where a concern with how "they" did this or that, how much it cost them to do it, who might be inside the R.I. suit, etc., is a constant threat to pull your attention outside the screen-frame and outside a proper concern with how the thing actually looks.

One of the claims to fame, of course, of *Fitzcarraldo* (to return to our point of departure) is that none of the spectacle — the steamship ascending a hillside or careening down the rapids — is an effect, it is all real. And the first big question with which to meet the various tributes to Herzog's conquistadorian hardihood, as should be done with any off-screen information that infiltrates critical evaluation, is whether or not any verification is visible on screen. With the under-the-table blankets in *Dinner with André*, the answer is pretty clearly that there is no evidence on screen and consequently no relevancy in the anecdote. With Herzog's adventuresomeness, endurance, and what-have-you in *Fitzcarraldo*, the answer is that a fair amount of it is in fact apparent on screen.

The colonial city of Iquitos, the jungle, the river, the skies, and so forth — all this has been beautifully and incoherently captured on film, albeit more in the autopsic, calendar-art manner of late-period David Lean than in the magnificently physical manner of Herzog's earlier Peruvian expedition, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*. The shots of the steamship slicing through the headwaters of the Amazon are particularly pretty, though it is a bit puzzling that Herzog, with a fully operational boat at his disposal, was content for the most part to treat it as an object seen from the shore, where a miniature could have stood in almost as well, and that he did not show more interest in finding his way around, and taking us around, the interior of the boat. He comes closer to the overwhelming physicality of *Aguirre* with the step-by-step evolution of the building site where, for the movie's much-celebrated *piece de résistance*, a strip of jungle is cleared away, a system of ropes and pulleys is rigged up, and the 320-ton boat is hauled overland up a forty-degree

slope. ("Nothing like it had been tried before in engineering history," claims Herzog, in the goldfish-swallowing, flagpole-sitting sort of someone angling for immortality in the Guinness Book of World Records.) But the actual shots of the boat going up the hillside, scarcely five minutes of screen time in all, seem a small payoff for an awful lot of time and trouble: the boat makes such snail-like progress (for sheer action, it is a little like watching the minute-hand on a clock), and the selection of shots is so minimal, that there is no real feeling of climax and exhilaration even when the actors tip us off that it is by tossing their hats in the air. The boat careening down the rapids is more exciting to watch, but again is so limited in shot-selection that you have to wonder how much more cinematic flexibility might have been gained by opting for special-effects fakery. The assumption seems to be that the authenticity of the situation will somehow permeate the project and communicate itself to the spectator through all barriers. It would be nice if it were so. There is always a limit, however, to the amount of authenticity possible or desirable (even in a Herzog movie, for all the George Cullin-like portraiture of Noble Savages, for all the 1962-66 recordings of Caruso's voice, for all the naturalist's attention to indigenous animal life, bird-calls, and so forth, we still have to listen to the German language being spoken whether the speaker is the visionary Irish hero or the Spanish rubber baron or the Indian boat mechanic), or at least there is a limit to the amount of authenticity possible without some of it being lost or wasted. Which leads to the larger question, after the question of whether or not the effort is visible on screen, of whether or not it was worth it.

I try my best to sympathize with Herzog, especially since my personal astrotrologer has pointed out to me that Herzog and I share the same birthday, and indeed I can sometimes see traces of a similar obsessiveness in my own work methods, a perverse urge to seek out, for creative stimulation, the most turbulent and nerve-racking environment in which to commune with my muse (Denny's at a lunch hour, for instance, or the most desolate and chilling one [Denny's] at three a.m.), purposely imposing torturous physical hardships, as by composing my first drafts exclusively with a dry pen, a dry pen of ink and must be employed instead as scratch-pals, so as to amplify normal writer's cramp to hallucinatory pain-levels in my unending search for words combinations never before seen on paper. We Virginians are tenacious work-hounds. But I can only go partway.

The trouble with the visionary approach in *Fitzcarraldo* is that it achieves, and really only strives for, the spottiest sort of inspiration. There are plenty of interesting ideas and images: the unfinished railroad depot in the thick of the jungle, the inverted umbrella floating along the river, and of course the hill-climbing and rapids-shooting boat. What is missing, however, is some sort of narrative connective tissue between these static spectacles. Neither very fully nor very tightly planned, the movie appears to have been stretched out backward from mere anecdote that makes up its final hour. The death of incident is truly appalling for a jungle half-film movie, especially when you have such promising elements as a mutinous steamship crew, head-hunting

Jivaro, a drunken cook who is cracked up to be, but is never shown to be, a crack-shot, and, at the center of it all, a wild-eyed Irish entrepreneur whose mad dream is to build an opera house in the jungle. The opera aspect, despite periodic gramophone-does-of-Ceylon and the Irishman's get-rich scheme, and is easy to forget for long stretches of time; and Klaus Kinski, his flares hair always styled as if he had just lifted his head from the pillow after an extremely restless night, is much too comically crazy from the start to build up any psychological tension. The central metaphor, as Herzog has called it, of the beached boat inching its way up the hillside may be a metaphor for this sluggish production in another way than that he intended. *Fitzcarraldo* is now playing at the Fine Arts and the Camino Cinesmas.

It might be worth noting, for comparative purposes, that Herzog's *Aguirre*, along with his *Sirocco*, can be seen to-

nights, Wednesday, at the Ken. And for further filmographic research, four more Herzogs, including the seldom-seen *Even Dearer*, *Starred Small* and (my personal favorite) *Fata Morgana*, can be seen the following two Wednesdays in the Ken's ongoing series. The late Rainer Werner Fassbinder will have his turn for three consecutive Wednesdays after that, though only the third Wednesday, with *Satan's Brew* and the excitable *A Year of Thirteen Moons*, offers anything new to town. You will be better prepared for that if you happened to catch his *Veronika Voss* in its just-completed run at the University Towne Centre — the latest mainstream theater to make room, as multiplexes are uniquely equipped to do, for the foreign and the offbeat.

This, the third in Fassbinder's "trilogy" on postwar Germany, is much like the second, *Lola*, insofar as the actors and action are often exceedingly difficult to make out beneath the decorative overlay,

and like *Lola*, too, its decorative accomplishments are rather more ostentatious than truly skillful or tasteful. Unlike *Lola*, however, this one is in black and white, and its palette of pale, luminous gray is very evocative of the byzantine cinematic era in which the movie is set, although the actual cinematic technique, notwithstanding the array of antique wigs and trises and whatnot, is not always true to the time. (Period fidelity is shaky in other areas, as well: the year is 1955, but Johnny Horton's "Battle of New Orleans," four years ahead of time, is all over the radio.) Fassbinder's stylistic exercise — "Light and shadow!" the heroine of the piece rhapsodizes: "The two secrets of film!" — has, in the last analysis, a very hip, airy, experimental feel to it. We get electric lights smeared around as if seen through frosted glass, overhead fans shooting off plants like Fourth-of-July sparklers, lots of artificial framing devices such as window panes and curtains, lots of views

through griltwork, glass display-cases, rain-streaked windows, balustrades, louvered palm fronds — you could possibly enhance the viewing experience if you were to look at the screen through fingers held a few inches in front of your face.

Beneath and behind all this, there is a trashy (but no doubt symbolic) plot about a Tennessee Williams-ish faded and deluded movie actress, in the grip of morphine and of a lesbian neurologist. The drawback to this completely insincere pastiche of *Sunset Boulevard*, *Barfleur Contessa*, *Baby Jane*, et al., is that the storyline, too, is of interest only in a decorative sense — the tragic heroine is hardly more than a wax figure, virtually indistinguishable from the stately, candelabra, vases, potted plants, etc., in her tomblike home. Without bringing in *Fitzcarraldo* and positing something sweeping about the German cinematic temperament, it can safely be said that *Veronika Voss* is yet another real grind to sit through.

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ELEANOR WIDMER

The Restaurant: Peter Chang's
The Location: 1441 Encinitas Boulevard, Encinitas (942-5159)
Type of Food: Shanghai, Mandarin, and Szechwan cuisine.
Price Range: Individual dishes, \$4.75 to \$7.95
Hours: Open daily. Lunch, Monday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

(Friday and Saturday to 10:00 p.m.)

Those psychological tests that appear in popular magazines and which measure states of depression have always puzzled me. You have to answer questions about your sleeping and waking patterns, your sex life and fears, whether or not you take joy in bowling alleys and company Christmas parties, and how much or how little you care for your parents, mate, siblings, children. After the soul searching comes the score; you add the pluses, subtract the minuses, and then find out how you rate — usually on some page at the end

of the magazine with the answer printed upside down so you won't be tempted to peek along the way.

I have now devised a simple, one-question test for depression and offer it to the public free of charge. Are you too listless, too lethargic, too indifferent to go out and eat Chinese cuisine? If the answer is yes, that's depression! The truth is that the color, the odor, the variety, and the appeal to sight and smell, let alone taste, have made Chinese my number-one food for getting me out of the doldrums. For orgies I go Italian, for elegance I choose French, for evocations of nostalgia, Greek. But on the day or night that I don't want to the prospects of Chinese, I'll know I'm in trouble.

Last week my spirits soared not once but twice at two splendid Chinese meals, both of whose preparation — the delicacy of the sauces, the shape of the vegetables, the total presentation — was closely allied to French, though in reality one served Shanghai and Mandarin, and the other Peking.

After much debate, my friends who are vegetarians took me to Peter Chang's restaurant in Encinitas. They eat in this little-known restaurant quite frequently and they didn't want it publicized and then overrun with crowds. They relented, however, when they realized that Chang's would be discovered sooner or later. I am happy to have had the dining experience sooner.

This was a special dinner for me because almost all the dishes were vegetarian. For those vegetarians who don't eat vegetables cooked in chicken broth, Peter Chang will be pleased to accommodate you. But we had dishes prepared with chicken broth and I must say at the start that it was one of the best vegetarian dinners I have ever had. My friends ordered a "special vegetarian soup with tofu." This consisted of mild chicken broth dotted with large cubes of tofu, black mushrooms, and fresh spinach. Though not for fire-eaters, this soup was a

knockout, just what anyone needs for the soul.

The soup was followed by *mu-shu* vegetables — a first for me, I must confess, since I had never had vegetables julienned, stir-fried, and placed into thin pancakes that had been smeared with plum sauce. It would never have occurred to me to order my vegetables *mu-shu*-style, but as we ate those stuffed, rolled-up pancakes, I was delighted.

Since there were five in our party, we ordered five dishes in addition to the soup. These were the *mu-shu* vegetables, mixed vegetables, string beans and mushrooms, chicken with snow peas, and hot-and-spicy shrimp — the owner's theory is that one spicy dish is necessary for one's health. Though we had several vegetable dishes, no two were alike, the sauces were different, and each was individual and highly palatable. The whole string beans were so good as any prepared in a French restaurant. Because of the variety of dishes, I never tired of any of them. The chicken dish was extraordinarily delicate and the shrimp properly fiery — I made do by taking my shrimp out of the hot sauce and dipping it into my tea to remove some of the chili.

There wasn't one dish I wouldn't praise for its integrity, fine preparation, and high-quality ingredients. But you must be aware that while Mandarin and Szechwan dishes are available, my sampling of six dishes limited me mostly to the milder cuisine. Also, please bear in mind that we ordered only two dishes from the menu — the chicken and spicy shrimp — while the rest were devised and provided for us by owner Peter Chang, who knew my friends but not me. If you go there during the week or call in advance, I am certain that he will do the same for you. Please note that I haven't listed the prices of the individual dishes. The shrimp was \$7.95 and the chicken, \$5.75; the rest were not specified, though the entire bill for five people came to about forty dollars. The

low price is accounted for by the vegetarian dishes.

A word should be said about the physical plant. Peter Chang's is in a shopping center on Encinitas Boulevard, whose most conspicuous occupant is Carl's Jr. Chang's restaurant has a modest front — there is no large sign announcing its identity. Inside, the seating is capacious, the tablecloths white, the china handsome. The farthest wall is decorated with a swirling rainbow that seemed fairly new. When I asked Peter how long he had been in this location, he pointed to an area that couldn't have held more than six tables and which is now free space and answered, "For one year I was here, and now I've remodeled this month." His tenacity in having opened a business which was originally the size of a hallway is admirable and should be a lesson for any restaurateur.

While I don't want to overburden Peter with special calls, I would nevertheless advise that you call him and ask for whatever he recommends (specifying the style of Chinese cooking you prefer) and you will be in for some gastronomic surprises.

Next time I'll go I'll just ask for a banquet for the number in my party. The regular menu is variegated, but I enjoy the thrill of the unknown and now that I've sampled his food, I know that nothing Peter Chang produces could be disappointing.

The Restaurant: Mandarin House, Solana Beach
The Location: 315 South Highway 101, Solana Beach (755-0122)
Type of Food: Peking cuisine
Price Range: Individual dishes from \$4.75 to \$18.50

Hours: Open daily. Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 2:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. except Saturday, dinner 12:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

I can't tell you why it is true, but each succeeding branch of Mandarin House (the first on La Jolla Boulevard in La Jolla, the second on Fifth Avenue in Hillcrest), has surpassed its predecessor. Each outdoes the other in decor and setting, and new and exciting dishes are added to the menus.

The new Mandarin House has opened in Solana Beach on the site of what used to be Ten Downing Street, later Bourbon Street West. You won't recognize the remnants of either place, as this is an elegant room with deep booths and French service; the waiter serves you the first helping from platters that will amaze you with their beauty, and then you help yourself.

I tried most of the new dishes, though I had to restrain myself from ordering their excellent Peking duck (\$18.50, no advance notice required). The first was a chicken salad, very crisp and delicate, with the carrots and cabbage julienned and the whole tossed in a vinaigrette. To describe it at its crudest level, it's like a delicate cold stew with slivers of chicken added to it. The next dish was a small whole fish, lightly breaded and quickly pan fried. Don't miss it. We had a small rock cod with black bean sauce, though a spicy sauce is available for those who prefer it.

Also on the menu is crispy beef, in which thin strips of beef are fried with celery and carrots and covered with a spicy

sauce. If you're a beef eater, you'll enjoy this one.

We concluded with lemon chicken, which is always one of my favorites, particularly if the lemon sauce is lightly done. The slices of chicken breast were succulent and the sauce not a bit cloying or overwhelming. For vegetables we had Buddha's delight, a splendid medley of Chinese vegetables including spinach.

The service at Mandarin House was deft, the atmosphere allowed for conversation, the preparation charmed the palate. The prices for individual dishes range from five dollars to approximately eight, with the Peking Duck at \$18.50 and lobster at \$10.95. Jerry Chang (not related to Peter), one of the three owners, manages the Solana Beach branch and he does his work with unobtrusive efficiency.

Try this Mandarin House while it's young and fresh and desires to please. Peter Chang's offers a more subtle cookery. Mandarin House a more sophisticated fare. You won't go wrong with either one, because Chinese cooking cures depression. □



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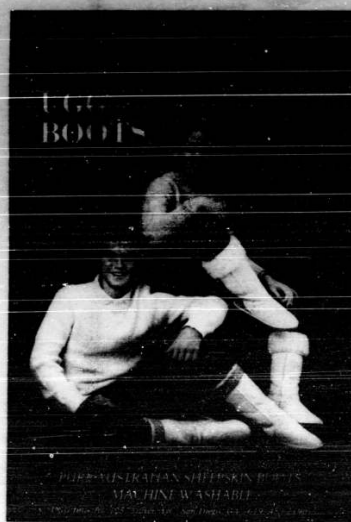
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Charles Fee, Eva Wielgut

JEFF SMITH

just that, the plays of Bertolt Brecht would resemble nothing seen before on stage. They would estrange the audience from its habitual approach to theater—from the illusion of being transported into a world shared by actor and audience, that solidify the illusions. Instead, Brecht wanted his audience to respond like a newspaper reader, paying little attention to much else. The accumulation of these facts, Brecht would say, prompts the spectator to regard the plays as if they were laboratory experiments, viewed from a distance and uncolored by subjective feeling. The enemy of Brecht's theater, in theory, is empathy—an intimate, unmediated connection between the spectator, a Hamlet—because this form of identification only reinforces the views held previously by the observer.

Empathizing with a character, Brecht felt, is a kind of "false alienation" in the theater. One drifts into a realm of common points of view and safe, familiar sensations. When one awakes, refreshed, nothing essential has changed. Order—the

Empathizing with a character, Brecht often suggests, is like falling asleep in the theater. One drifts into a realm of common points of view and safe, familiar sensations. When one awakes, refreshed, nothing essential has changed. Order—the traditional order of Hamlet's Denmark—for

example — is required as are previously held assumptions and the conventional ways of seeing things. Dramas narrated by Horatio, by contrast, would be different. We are to remain in the world of objective thoroughness, wrestling with his irritating quirks and maniaisms, with his apparent inability to control the tale, and with the sense that there must be something beyond the bare facts he presents. Horatio's fugal narration, in theory, would wake us up: he would involve us in the process of telling the tale. His inadequacies would remind us of ours, and the experience would coerce us into doing something concrete about both.

That's the theory, in a skeletal form. In practice, the dangers of attempting to estrange an audience from its familiar approach to theater are many. Brechtian techniques—such as flat, dimly appealing characters, stagey songs that abruptly intrude on the narrative and conclude in an equally unexpected flash, and an overall insistence, like someone repeatedly poking you on the chest, that this is *merely* theater, a place of heretofore illusory traps—these techniques can, and have, either put an audience to sleep or alienated them completely, sending them scurrying for the exits. The case of Brecht's 1928 opening-night production of *Brecht's Threepenny Opera* at UCSD, which also inaugurated the new Mandell Weiss Center for the Performer Arts, did a bit of both.

Writing about the play, Kusturica, and based on *The Beggar's Opera* by eighteenth-century dramatist John Gay, Brecht's play takes a very, ironic look at the underside of life in capitalist England. Macheath ("Mack the Knife"), whose reputation as a fiery-tempered felon takes wide paths down the streets he haunts, marries Polly Peachum, daughter of J.J. Peachum, a cynic who has unlearned the poor — just as something to do; J.J. Peachum could care less about their miseries or even the money they bring him. As the play unfolds — in which there are no songs — the audience witnesses the problems Brecht surveys the inequalities of the system in which his characters live.

Though marginal at best, and criminal in the eyes of the bourgeoisie, the beggars and thieves share many of the habits and aspirations of the society that condemns them to the gallows. In better clothes, and with a good meal in their bellies, Brecht suggests, these characters would fit right in with "normal society." They would also be capable of the higher crimes—building a tank rather than robbing it—enacted by the more dignified members of the system.

To underline this point, in Bruch's happy ending to the play, which is so ironic it transcends the term, Macbeth's scoundrel is about to be hanged. The betrayer has been betrayed, several times over. But since the plot of the opera might be seen to end on a note of relief rather than attend the Queen's coronation (scheduled at the same time), the Queen saves Macbeth. She not only rescues him from death, she also has Macbeth officially elevated to the permanent rank of nobility. He receives a castle and a title, and the opera ends with a note of ironic triumph. The crook has been spared by the Queen. And it is also consistent with one of the likable traits of Macbeth's character: he is a survivor, a Houdini of last-second escapes. But in the circular, claustrophobic world of *The Threepenny Opera*—in which solutions are only in the form of new problems—there is no salvation course. Bruch's positive

The selection of Brecht's *Threepenny Open* is the new UCSD theater's first play is a bold one. Aside from its political message and the demands of Brecht's "epic theater"—with all that idea has come to mean in the pages of countless academic journals—a play requires, more than most, a deft collaboration of lighting, styling, staging, flexible singing voices, and a cast that can work, and show it, sympathetically. The play is packed with

intended disconnections. Yet productions must combine all the resources of the theater to make it cohere effectively. Thus for the drama department at UCSD to produce *Threepenny* as its first play is a welcome and clear, though tacit, declaration of its aims for the new theater. It will tackle difficult works, will take risks, stretch—the choice says.

The movie says, "The night performance of the Beaches opera, however, was less so. The first act, in particular, was sprawling and unfocused. Like a neophyte jogger breaking in new sneakers — and lungs — its pacing was disjunctory. Its strains for a mood both sharp and light were cumbersome. The acting, with some major exceptions, was tentative, the physical performance less than convincing. And there were difficulties with the lighting booth. At one point the computerized system for the lights tried to erase an entire scene from view. These problems led to an unintended "alienation effect," and many in the crowd departed after the long first act. Acts two and three were an improvement (and I understand that the production became stronger during the second half of the evening). On the weekend, by which overall it lacked interaction — and life.

One of the most obvious instances was in the use of the stage, which is large and deep, and lofty enough to house an opera-

ently life-size telephone pole (as part of Robert Rauschenberg's puzzling set design) in the room, by San Diego standards, is a vast space, with plenty of room and height to encourage abundant experimentation. And yet director Arthur Wagner chose to utilize only about one-fifth of the space, near the front. Flat drops often screened off the rest of the expanse from view. This choice, says Brecht, was not a matter of taste. Brecht's play, was nonetheless perplexing. The limited playing area, like someone writing on the stamp rather than on the postcard, turned its back on the possibilities behind it. And the production could have been moved, with very few changes, to one of the smaller theaters in town.

Everything but the telephone pole, that is. Stacked a cross, and rising from a pile of tangled gold bars, the pole was an arresting sight: the first thing one saw upon entering the room. The cross, a biblical renaissance, given the theme of the play, were many (religion, economics, and technology being just a few). When it wasn't blocked from view by Israel's unappealing drops, the image loomed over the stage the way the social system, in the play itself, hovers over the beggars. But no one on stage referred to its presence at any point in the evening. Its existence was unacknowledged. It simply stood there, elegant but unconnected to the crowd.

tion is a whole

Performing Brecht requires a different disconnection. With all the theoretical demands placed on them, actors in the Brechtian style must be aware of what they take their roles with, less than total seriousness. To do the opposite, according to Brecht, locks the performer into rigid, unchangeable patterns of behavior that turns them away from his fundamental aim. "The theater," Brecht wrote, possibly the most famous of his statements, "must in fact remain something entirely superfluous. Nothing needs less justification than pleasure." To Brecht, the pleasure of the theater is not the constant; it is to study seriousness and often defiance. Instead, he stressed the play as a means of education. The pleasure of the audience, unimpaired by illusory motivations, will follow. Thus to perform a Brecht piece, the actor must make a break with the idea of the actor as a performer of theatrical expression. Most of the performances in the production at UCSB did.

Charles Fee, at times an engaging Macbeth—whose voice resembled Dan Aykroyd doing an impression of Richard Gere—was a superb Hamlet. He was, like Eva Wiegel, who played Polonius and who sang well, an extremely molding her character's degrees of innocence and

some extent, but verged on rigidity. The exceptions, however, gave the production some much-needed life. As the Street Scene director, Michael Blumkin, told the story—Don Roseberg was more robust than human, a thespianic poet wearing dark glasses and a ducalcap and a monocle, a man who had made Roseberg's version of "Mack the Knife," along with his narrative intrusion, "The Telephone," a Broadway renegade performance as Max Peachum, with remarkable verve, swagger, and lightness of touch, a man who had been the hallmarks of a Brechtian song, the nasal twang he had intended originally as an imitation of the German accent, when chewing the words like a man who was to be and was always a vocal vital presence on stage. The performances of Deborah Kerr and John Gielgud as the young Masterman also provided glimpses of this spirit.

His production of *The Threepenny Opera* was far from successful in many ways, but like the image of the telephone booth, it was a production that was dwarfed by a greater achievement: the new theater itself. It's *here*, finally. Its kinds and eccentricities are being underwritten by the city, and the way to more achievements to come. In this respect, the evening was a complete

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Letters

(continued from page 4)
officials will be added.
Secondly, on the first Saturday of each month, the O. B. Beacon is delivered door-to-door in about ninety percent of Ocean Beach as defined by the post office — the 92107 zip code. This actually encompasses much of what many people consider a part of Point Loma as well. Needless to say, in the city accomplishes such a feat of outreach.
Lastly, having been the chairperson of the Ocean Beach Planning Board for a longer time than anyone else in the board's history, I can attest to the publication of its newspaper, *Looking Ahead* in the fall of 1981, preceding both the O. B. Times and O. B. Beacon. Only one issue was published because of a desire to have a community-wide newspaper instead. Additionally,

the planning board must operate under certain impractical constraints that would preclude supporting candidates. As a community planning group its powers are limited under city law. But independent newspapers are not similarly inhibited — and the best ones seem to be free.
Ken Edwards
Ocean Beach

A Place For The Inert

I am writing to inform you of an error in your story titled "Rubble Without a Cost" in the November 4 issue of the Reader. Your article states, "Public landfills are of limited value because they don't accept solid material or dirt." This is not true. The City of San Diego has always accepted dirt and solid materials at

its landfills. In fact, since the early 1970s the city has operated a Clay Hill Landfill known as Montgomery Landfill specifically for the purpose of accepting dirt and other inert and nonhazardous wastes such as those referred to in your article. We, too, are interested in recycling the type of materials referred to in your article, and the staff of the City of San Diego Solid Waste Division is currently looking at the feasibility of a recycling operation. Until such time as that exists, the Montgomery Landfill is located on Calle Fortunada near the intersection of Aero Drive and Ruffin Road and is hours of operation are Monday through Friday from 8:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.
Jim Gutierrez, deputy director
General Services/Solid Waste Division
City of San Diego

Relative To Obscurity

For too long now I have suffered in silence. As an avid reader of the "Music Scene," I have from week to week become more vexed at John D'Agostino's penchant for writing long dissertations on increasingly obscure artists. To be sure, artists such as Judy Mowatt, Pharoah Sanders, and ex-Fairport Convention founder (what was his name again, John?), have their place in the music scene, but, sink me, to devote entire columns to them and then dismiss such artists as Nick Lowe, Paul Carrack, John Lee Hooker, and George Thorogood with one or two sentences at the end of the column seems to be a disservice to its readers.
Please, John, spread your commentary around some so I can read some back ground on someone I'm actually going to see.
Larry Carter
Point Loma

Iggy No Boob

Iggy is detestable and Steve Marriott worth a whole column, huh? John D'Agostino ("Music Scene") is a jerk. Why does he waste his time on a has been who released two halfway decent albums fifteen years ago? Steve Marriott is another example of the never say die British band syndrome. No matter how lousy they are/were, they keep hanging around releasing albums that are absolutely worthless.
Iggy is without a doubt the best rock singer of all time. He always puts on a great show and has a dynamic band. In the past, D'Agostino also called him a boob. D'Agostino is such a creep, why does he even pretend to like rock and roll? Why doesn't he go in a hole somewhere with his white-boy tastes and listen to Pat Metheny and Barry Manilow until his ears turn to stone?
David Walters
San Diego

Off the Cuff

What do you have to be thankful for?



Marc McCuire
Person
Rosita



Chris Flowers
Nutrition Worker
North Park



Bill Moore
Carpenter
Chula Vista



Wilma Horstman
Hairdresser
East San Diego



Matt Thomas
Third Grader
Rosendo

Living. Really, I mean that. Most people spend their time contemplating what they don't have. Let's look for the magnificence in people for what they are, not for what they do or what we wish they would be. I happen to be the president of a company but that's not who I am, that's what I do. It shouldn't take a special holiday for people to celebrate life together. I think the problems we all have every day are a way to get closer in relationships when we have to work on a solution together. Problems are a way of knowing for sure that we're alive and well. I don't mean let's go jump in the quicksand, but let's help each other out. I'm celebrating Thanksgiving with friends up the coast. We're getting together, putting together a dinner, and enjoying what we create.

This has been a good year. I've been more health conscious — swimming, riding my bicycle. My whole family is alive, healthy, and happy, and I get a chance to see them all on Thanksgiving — mom, dad, all seven of us kids, boyfriends, and friends. We're all meeting up in Newhall. It's pretty traditional. My mother gets in the kitchen and spends the day cooking with my father looking over her shoulder while she tries to make everything perfect. After dinner everybody gets loose and happy. My dad plays the guitar and hump. My sisters are great, they sing and we all dance. I come from a musical family. It's all honky-tonk and country. One of my dad's favorites is "The Church in the Valley." I can't wait. I'm bringing the pumpkin pie.

I'm thankful for my health, the air I breathe, and the fact that I just had a son — Samuel Moore. You have to look at the brighter side. This hasn't been a very good year as far as making a living. I lost \$15,000 altogether. Opened up a pizza shop. My partner never did come up with a nickel and we had to fold. I made \$14,000 but that's not even breaking even. I'm still celebrating come Thanksgiving. We're having a big feast with the family this year. Both my folks are dead so it's mostly in-laws and the two kids. Yep, we're gonna have turkey, dressing, the whole bit.

We've only had two family reunions in forty years and we decided to do it again this year. There will be about sixty-one of us altogether and we're going to have a feast like you've never seen. Fried cornucopia, second cousins, aunts, uncles, and kids. Each family group will bring their own food along and we'll fix the turkey once we're all together. My job is the fresh fruit salad. They claim no one makes it like me. I use fresh fruit — pineapple, Japanese persimmon, pears, peaches, apples, bananas, marshmallows, and a little bit of sour cream. I'm thinking of eggnog Bavarian, too. It's a Jell-O mold but it's also a dessert. We're all bringing out old photo albums and we'll sit around the rampas room and compare. People should get together like this every year.

I'm thankful we get to stay home from school and that our uncle and aunt and cousins are coming over. It's fun because our cousins are older and we can go down to the park with them. I'm thankful that my grandma's coming over because I think she's fun to have around and sometimes she has a dollar. We're having turkey and mashed potatoes. The Pilgrims started it all. They were happy they got to America safely. When they landed, they killed turkeys and ate them. I don't know why. I guess the turkeys were just wild and running around. They didn't have supermarkets. I'm thankful we're here in America instead of England.

Lin Lukury

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Section 2

Does anybody love a bargain? That's something that says Johnson and Party Aande of Pawn Shop 2 would like to hear. Their new gallery exhibition, *The Big Show*, is a selection of about sixty works — paintings, drawings, sculpture, photographs, and almost all traditional art forms — that are either sold or, for all sale with a top price of one hundred dollars.

The night before the opening ceremony was in the gallery putting the finishing touches on a freshly painted wall, and about to paint the floor. Wielding a paint scraper against a bare piece of wall was the gallery's big artist I've always thought that some people's prices were too high. Not that they're too high or that they're too low, but for the way that art is collected here. I always say if the prices are too high, the work is just going to end up back in your studio. I've been to a lot of San Diego artists' studios. They all have work that is three, four, five years old, that hasn't sold

An exhibition of Ecuadorian dance costumes for the *Cajon* Christi fiesta and related textiles, paintings, masks, ceramics, and musical instruments is now on view at the Mingel International Museum in La Jolla. The exhibition has been circulating around the country under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service since January, 1981 and

will continue to travel until the end of 1983. The eighty objects in the exhibition come from the collection of Olga Fisch, an eighty-two-year-old native of Hungary, and director of the Folk Art Museum in Quito, Ecuador. Passing through La Jolla, she said, "I hope to be in Ecuador again in ten days. Now I am seven months out sleeping in my twenty-sixth bed."

Originally a painter, and now a rug designer with her own factory, she has had three separate collections of folk art. She discusses them with quiet precision and great charm.

Her first collection was Hungarian. "As a child of twelve, thirteen I would walk to villages in the vicinity of where we lived and find a pot or a piece of weaving and bring it home. I didn't have to buy them. The peasants said, 'Take them.' No one was interested in these things. Folk art was not on the agenda. I didn't know why I was collecting them. I was just attracted to them. My father had a glass and china business and maybe it was an inborn protest of the child against the parents."

Her second collection was begun while she was living with



Bach's Brandenburg Concertos — how are they concertos, and why are they Brandenburg? By concerto, the composer meant something different from the concert piece that pit a single soloist against an orchestra, the form most familiar to us from nineteenth-century music. Bach himself did compose a few concertos of that type — some for violin and orchestra and some for harpsichord and orchestra — but the Brandenburgs belong to a different category, the *concerti*.

In the usual eighteenth-century *concerto grosso* (literally "big contention"), the contrast is between an orchestra (generally of strings, bolstered by a harpsichord) and a group of soloists. The orchestral part is called the "ripieno" ("full"), while the instruments of the solo group (the "concertino" or "little contenders") play not

READER'S GUIDE To LOCAL EVENTS

now a wild river, this time the Mississippi River, will be explored in this episode of *Nova*. Tuesday, November 30, 8 p.m.; repeats Friday, December 1, 2 p.m., Channel 15.

"*Jubilee*," three ballets choreographed to the music of several Latin American composers by Alfonso Figueroa, artistic director and founder of the New York Contemporary Ballet, will be broadcast Tuesday, November 30, 10 p.m., Channel 15.

"*X Minus One*," a series of science fiction radio drama produced by NBC in the 1950s, continues with *Power Master* by Frederic Pohl. Wednesday, December 1, 7 p.m., KFRS-FM 89.

"Who Killed the Lindbergh Baby?" an examination of the Lindbergh kidnapping and the trial of Bruno Hauptmann, drawing on never-before-broadcast trial footage, will be aired Wednesday, December 1, 9 p.m., Channel 15.

Lectures

Abstract Art will be among the topics discussed by artist Gail Roberts. Field, Saturday, November 27, 9 p.m., Cypress Gallery, 6560 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 234-0446.

"On the World of Math and Talmud Teachers" will be the topic of a lecture by Yale University and University of Pennsylvania professor Judith Goldin. Monday, November 29, 7 p.m., humanities library auditorium. UCSD, 454-7528.

"A Comparison of U.S. and Japanese Corporate Performance Through Financial Statement

Analysis" will be the subject of a lecture by Japanese professor Hiroyuki Itami. Monday, November 29, 7:30 p.m., Philip Y. Hahn School of Nursing, USD, 291-4460 x4296.

"John Sloan and the Ash Can School: The Beginnings of American Urban Realism," a lecture by Grant Holcomb, curator of exhibitions at the San Diego Museum of Art, will be presented in conjunction with an exhibition at SDSU of Depression-era art. Thursday, December 2, 11 a.m., University Gallery, SDSU, 265-4941.

"The Search for Peace," a lecture by SDSU history professor Stanley Pincus, will be presented Wednesday, December 1, 1 p.m., room 247, social science building, SDSU, 265-5206.

"Visions and Reclamations: Contemporary Feminist Art" will be the subject of a lecture by Joanne Kerr. Wednesday, December 1, 3 p.m., building 1H1-221, SDSU, 265-6524.

UCSD New Writing Series concludes with a reading by novelist and short story writer Peter Najzarian. Wednesday, December 1, 4:30 p.m., Revelle Formal Lounge, UCSD, 456-6766.

California Architecture is discussed by the architects represented in the exhibition currently being shown at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, including Robert Wellington, Charles, Ted Smith, and Tom Chondesa. Wednesday, December 1, 7:30 p.m., Sherwood Auditorium, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 730 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

Galleries

"Winners, an Installation," a short video work by artist Chip Lord, will be exhibited Thursday, December 2, 4 to 7 p.m., Mandeville Recital Hall, UCSD, 452-2862.

"In Closed Views," an exhibition of paintings by Gail Roberts Field, will be on view through December 3, Cypress Gallery, 6560 Ninth Avenue, downtown. 234-0446.

"Inside," an installation by Roy McKinn, will remain on view through December 4, Michael Danford Gallery, 828 G Street, downtown. 232-5880.

"Sea Forms and Other Forms," an exhibition of work in handmade paper and other experimental wet media by Sue McNulty, and porcelain vessels by Roberto Klein, will be on view through December 4, Spectrum Gallery, 128 Seventh Avenue, downtown. 232-9743.

"Reinvention of Islam: Art of the Mamluks," a traveling exhibition of work from the Mamluk Empire (1250-1517), will be on view through December 5, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 232-7931.

"Young American Artists: Andor, Budget, Rice, and Robbins," an exhibition featuring work by four young artists who received fine arts degrees from various universities in the United States in 1982, will remain on view through December 5, Mandeville Art Gallery, UCSD, 452-2864.

"A Passion for Detail," an exhibition of sculpture from the University of San Diego collection, will be on view through December 2, Founders Gallery, USD, 291-0840.

Recent Paintings and Drawings by Albert Speer will be on view through December 11, Thomas Neumann Gallery, 721 Eighth Avenue, downtown. 233-1308.

"Painted Images," an exhibition of painted photographs by Alice Stenhouse, will remain on view through December 11, Photography Gallery, 7460 Girard Avenue, La Jolla, 499-1800.

Photographs by local news photographers will be on view at an exhibition that will run through December 12, Shadow Catchers Gallery, 501 West B Street, downtown. 234-2811.

New Paintings and Assemblages by Dan Rosinger will be on view through December 15, Decca Art Gallery, 1224 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 456-1555.

Sculpture by First will be on view through December 16, Laura Polak Galleries, Seaport Village, 325-9763.

"San Diego Living," an exhibition of paintings by three local artists, James Randall, Leslie Nemour, and William Morely, depicting San Diego scenes, will remain on view through December 16, Ornament College Gallery, 8000 Grossmont Canyon Drive, El Cajon, 465-1700 x385.

"The Art of Fashion Design," a show of costumes and memorabilia from the Edith Piaf era, will be on view through December 17, Visual Dimensions, 415 Market Street, downtown. 232-0396.

"1931 America: The Artist's View," paintings, prints, and photographs from the Depression years, an exhibition organized by

Merle Schipper for the Sierra Nevada Museum, Reno, Nevada, will remain on view through December 18, University Gallery, SDSU, 265-5204.

"Reservoir Drawings," an exhibition of works on paper by San Diego artist Gillian Theobald, will remain on view through December 18, Installation Gallery, 447 Fifth Avenue, downtown. 232-9915.

Justed Photo Exhibits will remain on view through December 18, Multicultural Art Institute, 421 Larkier Street, downtown. 236-1521.

"Less is More," a joint exhibition of contemporary works of art in all media, will be on view through December 18, Maple Creek Gallery, 2400 Ketterer Boulevard, San Diego, 234-2151.

New Wave Jewelry created by several craftsmen and recently displayed in a Smithsonian Institution show, will be on view through January 1, Gallery Eight, 7464 Grand Avenue, La Jolla, 454-9781.

"Miss van der Rube: Barcelona Pavilion and Furniture Designs," an exhibition of works from Miss van der Rube's World Fair Barcelona Pavilion of 1929, including a scale model, photographs, and reproductions of his drawings of the pavilion, will be on view through January 2, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

"The California Condition — A Permanent Installation," an exhibition of more than seventy models, drawings, and photographs of new work by thirteen California architects, will be on view through January 2, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-3541.

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Piece By Piece
(continued from page 1)

through my eyes."

Her third collection is the largest, collected over the longest period of time. Embracing archaeological and Latin American art finds of all sorts, the Copas Christi part of it includes her first acquisitions. "I was traveling by bus in the city when I saw a carving. I stepped out and went into the shop — a little crummy shoe repairing hole-in-the-wall. It was a bench with handcarved legs, covered with a board, old newspapers, shoeleaves. I bought it for, I think, a dollar or two. That is not here, it is in my house. It is my main sofa. But there were some bun flies on the bench that I also bought, and they are here." They are beautiful, elaborately embroidered costume pieces. "I didn't know for many years what the meaning was, that they were fiesta pieces. After I knew, I bought everything I could get that had to do with the fiesta."

A Feast of Color is the result of that dedicated collecting. The common and individual pieces are from the highland provinces of Copacabana and Tiquipaya, which will celebrate the centuries-old fiesta that is ostensibly Catholic and colonial but indelibly Indian and pagan. The exhibition, which includes slides and a videotape of a fiesta, will continue through Sunday, January 16, 1983 at the Margate International Museum in University Towne Centre. Museum hours are 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, until 9:00 p.m. Friday, and 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. Sunday; closed Mondays. Two new events will be led Thursdays at 1:00 p.m. For further information, and to inquire about related films and lectures, call 453-5300.

—Ruth Canard

Bach Again
(continued from page 1)

recorders and a violin, a combination which, however, has a unique sonority. The concerto of No. 5, the foremost masterpiece of the set, is unusual in that it includes (along with a flute and a violin) a harpsichord as one of the solo instruments, in addition to the keyboard instrument's usual function of supporting the orchestra. And No. 6, scored exclusively for the lower strings, once again experiments with different combinations of soloists in a continual fluctuation within the ripieno or orchestral whole. Taken together, the six Brandenburg Concertos give us a full encyclopedia of the possibilities of the concerto grosso form.

As to why these are Brandenburg concertos, the answer can be given much more concretely. Bach dedicated them to the Margrave of Brandenburg, a notable patron of music in Berlin. The date of the collection (though several of the concertos must have been composed earlier): 1721.

Cezar Schwartz will conduct the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra in a performance of all six Brandenburg Concertos next week. The concert will take place on Thursday, December 2, at 8:00 p.m., at the East County Performing Arts Center, 216 East Main Street in El Cajon. This is the third successive year of this highly acclaimed Brandenburg.org. For ticket information, phone 494-2177.

—Thomas Arne

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATRE

Theater listings are compiled by Jeff Smith, commentary by Jonathan Sauter and Jeff Smith. Information is accurate according to material given us, but it is always wise to phone the theater for any last-minute changes and to inquire about ticket availability. Many theaters offer discounts to students, senior citizens, and the military; ask at the box office.

APPEARING NIGHTLY
Reviewed this issue:
Old Globe Theatre, through December 5, Sunday through Sunday at 7:30 p.m.

BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE
The most attraction of the Lyric Theatre's production of the comedy by John Van Druten is its use of Christmas plays. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* is, believe it or not, a witch, *Charade*—who performed with Gene Kelly in *Singin' in the Rain* and with Fred Astaire in *The Band Wagon*—literally dances through her role. Her every move is an event, an occasion to display her agency without relinquishing refinement. The simple, routine and of picking up a telephone, for example, is done so gracefully—so importantly—you think the caller at the other end of the line was, at the very least, an angel. All the other elements in the production play supporting roles to *Charade*. The costumes, Edith Evans, who takes the arc of the comedy by moving from the industry generosity to the conservatism, are splendid. The other actors create realistic, though often caricatured, characters. James Marley, in particular, provides some comic relief as Nicky, Gilbert's younger brother and a budding workaholic. Marley is also effective as a foil to Charade. Director

Gordon Howard has incorporated a few dance movements into the show, and Marley on occasion physically enacts the movements of the star in ways that suggest (often by intended contrast) her presence. But, Book and Candle is, at most, a light, undemanding play. It never threatens to challenge one's concepts or disturb dreams. The strength of the Lyric's production is its wit. One recalls its footslogging humor after the story has ended (Sm).

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opposite sex are actually played by women. But regardless of who speaks and sings the unimpressive jokes and songs, male or female, the effect is the same. The jokes aren't funny, and one soon wonders if *The Club* is not in fact a species of sentimental badinage concocted by a better man. The review would be more interesting if the contemporary attitudes it expresses toward women—both exposed and repressed in the play—came as a revelation. But rather than revealing anything new or insightful, the musical tells us in detail what we have already known. Regarded merely as entertainment, as a musical review rather than as a show making statements, the San Diego Repertory Theatre's production of *The Club* is so-so. The thirty-two songs in the production are a gathering of the Top Five Grandmaster Whistlers who have presided over her household, but lately at night. It is, she has been suffering from long-term illness. At first the family tries to deny the seriousness of the problem, but the signs cannot be ignored. Arden Lee Winslow directs the production. Members of the cast include Ruth Sweeney, M. Sue Hunt, Butch Gorman, Kimberly Gorman, Joyce Costanzo, Carol Henegar, Scott Voss, and Dean Mochel. (Sm.) San Diego Free Arts Center, through December 3, Friday, November 26; Saturday, November 27; Friday, December 3, and Saturday, December 4—all at 8:00 p.m. Review Sunday, December 5 at 2:00 p.m.

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PANTRY BUSINESS
The Marjorie Galt Theatre is staging the Dick Gallop story about the interrelations of a Jewish family that, in the absence of the father, must reform itself as new ways. Members of the cast for the production, directed by Julian Chernin, are: Krista McCord, Richard Medugno, Norman Miller, Roy Gotsch, and Christopher Ray. Nancy Levinson has designed the set, and Norman Miller has designed the lighting. (Sm.) Marjorie Galt Theatre, through December 19; Thursday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m. Review Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS
The Lanthier Players Theatre offers its annual Christmas program. This year's production, written by Jerry J. Cohenberg, with music arranged by Jerry Simeon, is set in the 1890s on the rugged coast of England. Jeffrey Scott, a young writer, discovers an old, deserted inn. Wanting to write a

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Christmas spirit. Scott Kinney, who has adapted the play from the novel, directs the production. Members of the cast include Jim Nelson, David Wayne, Edith Evans, Jack Zuck, Michael, Michael Hill, Shannon Frode, Joey Romano, Catherine Jones, Bob Long and Michelle Burgess. Dobbs Barlett is the costume designer. (Sm.) Plus Old Globe, through December 18; Friday and Saturday, barbeque buffet at 7:00 p.m., curtain at 8:00 p.m.

CLUB TIES
The Lamplight Community Theatre presents the San Diego Theatre's production of *The Club* by Elizabeth Duggan about a gathering of the Top Five Grandmaster Whistlers who have presided over her household, but lately at night. It is, she has been suffering from long-term illness. At first the family tries to deny the seriousness of the problem, but the signs cannot be ignored. Arden Lee Winslow directs the production. Members of the cast include Ruth Sweeney, M. Sue Hunt, Butch Gorman, Kimberly Gorman, Joyce Costanzo, Carol Henegar, Scott Voss, and Dean Mochel. (Sm.) San Diego Free Arts Center, through December 3, Friday, November 26; Saturday, November 27; Friday, December 3, and Saturday, December 4—all at 8:00 p.m. Review Sunday, December 5 at 2:00 p.m.

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Ballet Master
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READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

gray wig and a recede with farces that reach for the throat. Don R. McPherson gives a fascinating performance as "The Man," part lunatic, part stand-up comic, part job. It is a fitting anti-conclusion to the Quartet, since, like the "Man's" inability to terminate his life, the cycle of plays — given a first-rate staging by the Downey Theatre — don't appear to end either. Rather, the absurdist perspectives of the second evening cause us to manufacture our experience of the first evening's plays. The cycle doesn't conclude with *Spared*, it begins again with *Hippocritch*, which, upon looking back, we may be seeing for the first time. (Sm.)
Downey Theatre, through December 4, Friday, November 26, Thursday, December 2, and Saturday, December 4 — all at 8:00 p.m.

Sundays at 2:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m.
SPORTSNEOUS CONVICTION
The improvisational comedy troupe continues its tradition of farcical humor. Having recently undergone a facelift, the group — Ric Durr, Gary Lynn Safford, Bill W. Wewly, Wendy, and Spide Somerville (with Byron LaZur as contributing storyteller) — returns to the Galt House Quarter, where it performs every Thursday and Friday at room with all new material.
San Diego Mercantile Building, 818 Fifth Avenue, San Diego, through December 31, Thursday and Friday at 8:00 p.m. For information call 233-9972.

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES
We're within a decade later — in

1974 instead of 1964 — Frank D. Olney's Pulitzer Prize-winning drama now truly would be jammed with references to agent orange, body bags, and moral degradation. But the play, about the return of a soldier after the Second World War, has little to say about earth-shaking holocausts, and nothing happens in it that has any impact on the outside world. Its scale is much smaller, its satire, naturalistic, the play focuses on the return of Tim Cleary and on the microcosm of the Cleary household — which, in effect, young Tim is seeing for the first time. The Galt House Quarter Theatre's production of the play, directed by Bill Simpson, effectively sustains its wavelike, tender moods throughout, as well as its consistently realistic feel. Simpson's pacing is practically effortless, and his touch is

particularly apparent in the ways he has his actors — Christopher Lewis as Tim, Naumery as Tim's father, and Jane Worsman as Tim's mother — reveal motives, and their darker sides, to the audience. In effect, Tim tries to open one door for his father, and not that the one long held open for his mother. And the performances of Perry and Worsman beautifully demonstrate how difficult that action can be. What Perry and Worsman do is humanize their characters (many of whose traits are unlikable), giving them depth, sympathy, and believability. And though he is certainly competent as Tim, Christopher Lewis is less credible than Perry and Worsman in the production, possibly because his character functions both as the play's mediator, its joinder, and as the harbinger of its occasional, though never overdone, sentimentality. The technical elements of the production — the lighting designs of Charles Corbin, the costumes of Janet Nichols, and especially Robert Earl's detailed set — all recall the period (1945) accurately. Earl's set has long, thin, light-colored, vertical elements, which, in effect, is something of the play, and the excellent production of the Galt House Quarter Theatre, through December 16, Wednesday through Saturday at 8:00 p.m., Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

WHISPER INTO MY GOOD EAR
The Margolis Public Theater inaugurates its *Matinee Theater Project* — showing plays on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons — with the drama, by William Hanley, about two aged men who meet near the edge of a lake in New York's Central Park. The men talk, mostly, inquiringly, and lovingly, and they devise a surprising strength from each other. Howard A. Rubenstein and Joseph Scenicchio play the two men sharing a winter's afternoon in the park. Perry Jacobs directs the production. (Sm.)
Margolis Public Theater, open and runs Wednesday through Friday at 2:00 p.m.

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?
The San Diego Little Theatre offers the Tony Award-winning drama, by Dines Cull, about a young man's struggle with the medical profession as a result of a medical error. The play, in an accident, with the first of his own mortality. Directed by Tim Rose, members of the cast for the production include Frank A. Rose, David Cull, Gary Lynn Wewly, Dean Smith, Ann Nichols, Carla Gallagher, and Richard Worsman. The set is designed by Roger Corbin. The costumes are by Bill Thelmer, and the lighting is by Robert Corbin. (Sm.)
San Diego Little Theatre, through December 4, Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m., Friday, November 21 at 2:00 p.m.

WE WON'T FIGHT WE WON'T FIGHT
The San Diego Public Theater's production of David F. Pollock's play is, in effect, two plays — or rather a body depicts the facts and a narrative. The former elements are performed with, in the play, the expressed point of view. They decide to march when grocery stores escalate their prices through. In response, the poor fix their own prices for the goods, at a figure they can afford to pay, and steal the rest. Many social, political, and moral issues are raised, and under the direction of Andrew Schickel, the aspect of the production is highly precise. With tight gags and some precise timing. Then there's the sermon. About a fourth of the play is concerned with the sermon, which is the action of the poor. These extended commentaries — of the just-the-case you missed the point variety — sponsor deep explanations and relations to the audience with rhetorical skill. Like commentaries, the commentaries tell the part of the production, telling at length (rather than showing) what conditions are in to help and to explain. It is as if the playwright didn't trust his audience enough to come up with his intended meanings — presented quite clearly in the play without the commentaries — on their own. As Giovanni's laborer, indicated during the course of the action, J. S. Phelan stands out from an omniscient, omniscient, and omniscient, cast, whose other members have their delectable levels pitched too high for the small space in which they perform. (Sm.)
Downey Theatre, through December 1,

Music commentary is by John D'Agostino. Please send concert information and photographs to Reader Music Scene, P.O. Box 80903, San Diego 92138, or call 231-7821 Friday before 5:00 p.m.



CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

In contemplating the impending appearance of the much-below Crosby, Stills, and Nash, a pertinent question comes to mind. Subordinate to the general consideration of why we listen to, and enjoy, music at all is the more specific question of why we are drawn to, become unwearyingly enamored of, and regard with awe certain artists of the day. Few contemporary groups have been more joyously received by the public, more lovingly

meaning in pop music, and this mass ritual to see them as less than beatified celebrants of some unearthly ritual keeps the ambience of popular interest in the band alive, to be belated into a raging bonfire with every media mention of another "miracle."

In the simplest terms, a group such as Crosby, Stills, and Nash is supposed to represent the very best that rock has to offer. Or at least that's the way they were regarded at their inception. As the *Stills* drive to a close, many of the groups that had shared the yoke in pulling rock music to the forefront of international pop culture — the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, the Lovin' Spoonful, Buffalo Springfield, the Beach Boys, Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds — were either disbanded, on the verge of disbanding, or in disarray. Bob Dylan was

Presley was entertaining overweight matrons in Las Vegas, and in the span of about a year, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, and Jimi Hendrix were all victims of the grim reaper. Yet, despite appearances, the beginning of the Seventies provided a very healthy period of transition for rock. In some ways, the groups mentioned above had outlived their usefulness. More importantly, the most creative members of these bands were chafing against an artistic tyranny imposed upon them by a public that, understandably, wanted its favorite groups to remain intact indefinitely. This conflict, pitting a desire to maintain the status quo against the need for an infusion of new ideas, created internal squabbles for many big-time groups.

(Footnote: One of the least publicized reasons for the Beatles' breakup was John Lennon's desire to have other

well-known musicians sit in on the band's albums, and Paul McCartney's steadfast refusal to compromise the "purity" of Beatles projects by admitting "outsiders.")

A cross-pollination began that saw famous musicians jamming and recording officially and unofficially, with other famous musicians in an effort to expand their musical horizons. (Footnote II: as members of successful Los Angeles bands, David Crosby and Stephen Stills exchanged ideas often. During one such jam session, Crosby played Stills a song he had recently recorded with the Byrds, entitled "Renaissance Fair." Stills revolved the tune's instrumental motive and came up with "Rock and Roll Woman," a staple of the Buffalo Springfield repertoire.) So-called supergroups, featuring name players from various bands, sprang up — and

disappeared — overnight. In this atmosphere of earnest trial and error, Crosby, Stills, and Nash was formed in 1969. Without a doubt the most successful of the "supergroups," Crosby, Stills, and Nash clicked for the best of reasons: they fashioned a musical compatibility from three styles that were simultaneously disparate and complementary. The most intriguing of the Byrds' songwriters, Crosby brought to the new group a penchant for off-the-beaten-path song concepts, no-bullshit lyrical honesty, and a knack for sophisticated musical and vocal harmony. As one of the two figureheads of the Buffalo Springfield (the other being Neil Young), Stills' strengths were an ability to write memorable, melodic rock and roll and a facility on a number of instruments. During his tenure in the quintessentially British pop band, the Hollies, Graham Nash had developed a singular talent for arranging close, stacked vocal harmonies, and brought one of pop's most recognizable tenor voices to the band. Their woodshedding bore especially sweet fruit in the form of a debut album, *Crosby, Stills, and Nash*, that not only quieted the public's lamentations over the demises of their previous bands, but ushered in a new era of electro-acoustic minstrelsy — with an emphasis on multivoiced harmonies —

Continued on next page

Theater Directory

THE BOWERY THEATRE
180 Elm Street, San Diego 232-4008
CHICK THEATRE
202 S. Cleveland, downtown 236-4510
CONCORDIA PLAYHOUSE
1735 Second Way, Concordia 435-4055
C.R.A. THEATRE
9115 Chelmsford Place, San Diego 277-8600 (11)
EAST COUNTY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
211 E. Main Street, El Cajon 445-2277
EDUCATIONAL CULTURAL COMPLEX THEATRE
4343 Ocean View Boulevard, Southeast San Diego 230-2800
FESTA THEATRE
9500 Camino Real, Spring Valley 597-8977
FOX THEATRE
1215 S. Green, downtown 233-4331
GASLAMP THEATRE
247 Fourth Avenue, downtown 234-9983
GOSWORTHY COMMUNITY COLLEGE
Stagehouse Theatre
8800 Cornerstone College Drive, El Cajon 489-1760 (410)
JEWETT COMMUNITY CENTER
Front and Center Theatre
4079 Fifth Avenue, San Diego 453-3300 (38)
LA JOLLA STAGE COMPANY
Foster Auditorium, La Jolla High School
750 N. La Jolla Village Drive, La Jolla 459-7773
LANE'S PLAYERS THEATRE
500 E. Plaza Boulevard, National City 474-0442
LAMPLIGHTERS COMMUNITY THEATRE
Bar Pines Fine Arts Center
653 University Avenue, La Mesa 464-4598

LEMON GROVE PLAYERS
Lemon Grove Junior High School
3146 School Lane, Lemon Grove 465-9578, 465-1443
LYRIC THEATRE
7515 E. Capon Boulevard, La Mesa 464-1186
MARQUETTE PUBLIC THEATRE
1818 Broadway, San Diego 237-1111
MARQUETTE GALLERY THEATRE
3717 K Street, San Diego 268-6111
MARQUETTE COLLEGE
Lila Theatre
One Barnard Drive, Coronado 737-2121 (236)
NORTH COAST REPERTORY THEATRE
Place of the Four Pines
Loma Santa Fe Road, Solana Beach 481-1020
NORTH COUNTY COMMUNITY THEATRE
Main
724-3421
OLD GLOBE THEATRE
Old Globe Theatre
3400 La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego 524-1212
OLD MISSOURI PLAYERS
Hansen Theatre, San Diego State University
1232 S. D. Avenue, San Diego 278-0023, 464-5661
OLD TOWN OPERA HOUSE
Palmer College Theatre, Old Town 268-0903
PALMER COLLEGE
Palmer College Theatre, San Marcos 744-8860
PATCO PLAYHOUSE
Vincent Shopping Center
1151 E. Valley Parkway, Escondido 464-6600
PINE HILLS LODGE
2960 La Jolla Village Way, Julian 750-1100
PORT LOMA COLLEGE
San Marcos Theatre
3900 Lomaland Drive, Point Loma 222-6474 (418)
THE PROGRESSIVE STAGE COMPANY
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SAN DIEGO CITY COLLEGE THEATRE
Theatre and Cinema, downtown 236-7804
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Cesar Chavez Theatre, Balboa Park 234-4539
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SAN DIEGO REPERTORY THEATRE
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SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
Main Stage and Experimental Theatre 265-4884
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265-4947
SAN DIEGO LITTLE THEATRE
San Diego Little Theatre, Del Mar 755-7758
SAN DIEGO LITTLE THEATRE
San Diego Little Theatre, Del Mar 755-7758
SCRIPPS RANCH COMMUNITY THEATRE
Mangrove, Junior High School
Arboretum
6230 Cold Coast Drive, Mesa Vista 566-7300 (215)
SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE
Arboretum Theatre, Mayan Hall
9000 La Jolla Village Way, San Diego 421-1180
SPRINGFIELD THEATRE
171 Broadway, downtown 233-6941
STARLIGHT
Saville Theatre, Balboa Park 232-3049 or 234-5788
UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY
Jubilee Theatre
10450 Pomeroy Road, Scripps Ranch 271-4300
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO
Galt House Theatre, John Muir Theatre, Studio Theatre
452-4574
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO
Carmichael Theatre, Arcadia Park
Linda Vista Road, San Diego 261-6400

WHISPER INTO MY GOOD EAR
The Margolis Public Theater inaugurates its *Matinee Theater Project* — showing plays on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons — with the drama, by William Hanley, about two aged men who meet near the edge of a lake in New York's Central Park. The men talk, mostly, inquiringly, and lovingly, and they devise a surprising strength from each other. Howard A. Rubenstein and Joseph Scenicchio play the two men sharing a winter's afternoon in the park. Perry Jacobs directs the production. (Sm.)
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(continued from preceding page)

whose more contemporary practitioners still reach the charts in substantial numbers.

That epochal pop album, with its seraphic harmonies and upbeat tone, may have seemed for fans a deliverance from the suddenly chaotic and metal-laden music scene of the time, but for the group it became somewhat of a weighty albatross. Never having intended to be a "group" in the literal sense — even the trio's choice of a legal firm-in name underscored their wish to emphasize the individuality of each person's input — Crosby, Stills, and Nash found themselves forced by circumstances to subordinate their solo projects and careers to the cause of this new collective identity. It is small wonder, then, that the band's subsequent efforts have been, at best, uneven, and, at worst, self-indulgent and below par. For what had made Crosby, Stills, and Nash unique, beside its obvious divergence from the predictability of much of that period's rock, was the fact that it was a wholly cooperative effort, an equal exchange of mostly fresh (for 1969) ideas, almost an experiment. With the original purpose of their coalescence realized (said purpose being to discover what the sum of their parts would sound like), the trio had little left to prove as a unit.

Thus, beginning with the second album, *Deja Vu* (whereafter, for a time, they were known as Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, having added Stills's former cohort to the fold), and continuing through to their current release, *Daylight Again*, the band's albums have been essentially round-robin affairs, on which each member's songs are alternately showcased, with the other musicians relegated to the role of back-up players. Some of the blame for this sudden lack of a unified vision can be placed squarely on the shoulders of Young, who had already established a post-Springfield solo career, and whose very presence in this new band proved to be divisive. Soon after his investiture as a full-fledged member of the group, Young began squabbling with Crosby, spitting with Stills (again), and generally causing a disruption of the interpersonal harmony that had brought the other three into league in the first place (at one point, during a protracted lull between recordings, Crosby referred to Young as "that strange cat" who insisted on "bringing his weird trip" to the proceedings). But most of the blame for the uninspired feel of most of the post-*Deja Vu* Crosby, Stills, and Nash works must rest with the original threesome, who could apparently see no alternative to acquiescing to the pressure from their fans, their record company, and their investment counselors to keep the group banner flying at any cost.

The forced circumstances under which the trio has labored, sporadically, over the last ten years or so would not have proven so detrimental or scornworthy if their collaborators had continued to extract the best in them, but the reverse seems to be true. In dragging their feet to their occasional and much-ballyhooed "reunions" (Crosby had to be coerced into participating in their latest recording), Crosby, Stills, and Nash seem to leave their best

(continued on page 12)

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by the announcement of their upcoming concert, has more to do with nostalgia and hero-worship than with any qualitative concerns. For many of us who were busy dodging the draft, experimenting with "alternative lifestyles" (remember that phrase?) or generally postponing adulthood when Crosby, Stills, and Nash first appeared, and who are now enmeshed in comfy, middle-class jobs and lives, the band's resurrection reminds us of a time that appears, in hindsight, much rosier, certainly more interesting. People presently in their late twenties and early thirties are buying fewer albums than they did in their late teens and early twenties, and for many of these people the early Crosby, Stills, and Nash albums were must-haves that remain significant relics of that era. But many of us refuse to accept the fact that this is not

really the same Crosby, Stills, and Nash whose music once danced in our heads. These are somewhat eccentric, middle-aged, pot-bellied old-savers with receding, graying hair, who seem to have misplaced the ability to make urgent music, to play or say anything new. Using *Acoustic* as a gauge (an album that, dare I say, has many a stand-out cut to be found), Crosby, Stills, and Nash should probably have forgone this reunion.

Yet this concert will undoubtedly be a sell-out, owing, of course, to the inability and/or unwillingness of old fans to let go of their obsession with this band. Much like their parents, who would today attend a concert by the Harry James or Tommy Dorsey orchestras, not out of an abiding interest in their current productivity, but rather out of an allegiance to the past.

Crosby, Stills, and Nash fans will storm and cheer this week, turning their concert into a memorable "event." Oh, I'll be there, too—I'm just as curious as the rest of you to see how they'll pull this off. But I will go knowing that no matter what I may have thought of them before, and I did at one time think them exceptional, I will be listening to a group that is now just another band. The Crosby, Stills, and Nash concert will be next Wednesday night at the Sports Arena.

In other concerts this week, *Aggy Pop* and *Nash the Slash* will be at the Adams Avenue Theatre tonight, Wednesday; while *Doug Fieger's* new band, *Taking Chances*, *Rick Elias* and his new band, *260ONE*, and the *New Heard* are at the Spirit; the *Blue Riddim Band* is playing reggae at the Bell's Up Tavern; and *Jessie Cotton* is performing at the Distillery East. This weekend, the *Great American Dixieland Jazz Festival* will be held at the Town and Country Hotel in Mission Valley, and will feature various artists, including *Henry Cueta*, *Jan Sutherland*, and the *Six Orchestras of Tommy Newsome*. The festival will run Friday through Sunday.

Judas Priest and *Coney Hatch* will appear at the Sports Arena Saturday night, and Sunday's card has *Bruce Springsteen's* saxman, *Clarence Clemons*, and the *Red Bank Rockers* at the Rodeo in La Jolla, and *Kenny Rankin* at the Baccharal. Closing the week are the *Jefferson Starship* at the Sports Arena Monday night, and the seventeen-piece *City College Knight Band* playing arrangements from the orchestras of *Woody Herman*, *Buddy Rich*, and *Count Basie* in a continuation of the "Jazz Live" series, Tuesday night in the San Diego City College Theatre.

The Magic Lamp proudly presents the hottest 8-piece band in San Diego
BREAKAWAY
9:00 PM - 1:30 AM this Thursday, November 25 through Sunday, November 28.
MAGIC LAMP
9522 Miramar Road, Mira Mesa 271-8780

223-2355 SHARP Ticket Service
'LEAVE THE LINES TO US'

JUDAS PRIEST Sat., Nov. 27
JEFFERSON STARSHIP Sun., Nov. 29
CROSBY, STILLS & NASH Wed., Dec. 1
ADAM ANT Sat., Dec. 5 first 4 rows
CHEAP TRICK Tue., Dec. 7 first 2 rows
DEVO Wed., Dec. 15 Excellent selection
KENNY LOGGINS Fri., Dec. 17
WILLIE NELSON Mon., Jan. 17
CHARGERS SOCKERS CLIPPERS

The Fabulous Forks
Friday & Saturday
Cigars
Four Play
Monday - Wednesday
942-1676

REFLECTIONS BEERLECTIONS REVUE

Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel

SAN DIEGANS STUNNED BY REFLECTIONS OPENING

Thousands flock for return of Magic II

HARBOR ISLAND—in the biggest breakthrough since the invention of the wheel, the Sheraton-Harbor Island Hotel is making history with its Tuesday, November 30 opening of the new luxury entertainment lounge, Reflections.

And to mark this momentous

occasion, taking a hiatus from their current satirist in the jungle of Hollywood, will be *The Magic II*, acclaimed by the Big City critics as masters of music and comedy. Tuesdays through Thursdays, November 30 to December 16, these irresistible entertainers, who brought San Diego such favorites as the TV minister and the lecherous lounge singer, will poke fun at life and present live live music from 9:15 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Spud Brothers show not half-baked

To avoid having to wait in line at the door for this special event, guests are advised to arrive early and enjoy the hilarious antics and song of the fabulous *Spud Brothers*, a couple of really hot potatoes. And in addition to live entertainment, Happy Hour prices, too, such a deal!

And if you really want to see some moves, come in for *Reflections* special Monday Night football party, where you can see all the action on wide screen television, beginning at 6 p.m. Whenever a touchdown makes the score go up, the price of a drink goes down.

So come on down and join the fun. Help welcome San Diego's newest and hottest nightclub, *Reflections*, at the Sheraton Harbor Island Hotel.



Can't Wait? The 26th is the date To see Stone's Throw

You excited to wait until November 30 for the opening? YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT! Come and see the special preview engagement of *Stone's Throw*, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Friday, November 26, and on Saturday and Monday, November 27 and 29. And for a special treat, the sensational *Siers Brothers* perform Sunday, November 28. So they don't miss all the fun, *Stone's Throw* will return to *Reflections* December 5, 13, 18-20 and 26-27, presenting vintage jazz and swing for you to get jazzed up and swing!

REFLECTIONS BEERLECTIONS

Nov. 26-27 Stone's Throw
Nov. 28 Siers Brothers
Nov. 29 Stone's Throw
Nov. 30 to Dec. 2 Magic II
Dec. 3-4 Gary Puckett & The Union Square
Dec. 5-6 Spud Brothers
Dec. 7-9 Stone's Throw

1380 HARBOR ISLAND DRIVE
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101
291-2900



Meet Maxwell, the romantic robot, who has more moves than *Dog for L.* at Happy Hour on November 30, December 1 and 7.

MARK BERMAN CONCERTS KPRI FM106 AMALON ATTRAC...
PROUDLY ANNOUNCE
This Saturday—
Good seats available

JUDAS PRIEST

& special guest



CONEY HATCH

SPORTS ARENA

SATURDAY
NOV. 27 • 8 PM

TICKETS
RESERVED AT
SPORTS ARENA
BOX OFFICE
MAIL CHECKS &
ALL ARENA
CREDIT TO CALL
800-888-8888
CASH ONLY
AT THE DOOR

RODEO
457-5590

Wednesday, November 24

KPRI FM106 NIGHT
From 7:00-8:46 (That's 106 minutes,
Folks!) All well drinks \$1.06
Beer & wine 25¢ a glass

7:00
The Fabulous Spud Brothers

9:00
TWELVE

Dance with "The Bod Squad". Everyone
will be there—including KPRI celebs!

Thursday, November 25 The Rodeo
will be closed, and wishes you all
Happy Thanksgiving...

Friday & Saturday, November 26 & 27

NRG

Also: from L.A. **PORTAIT**

Sunday, November 28
The big man is finally here!
CLARENCE CLEMONS
2 shows: 8:00 & 10:30 pm

Monday, November 29
DIRK DEBONAIRE

Wednesday, December 1
KPRI NIGHT
once again!

Tuesday, November 30-Saturday,
December 4

Moving Targets

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

CONCERTS

Leggy Pop and Nash the Slash!
Adams Arena Theatre, tonight,
Wednesday, 8 p.m., 3325 Adams
Avenue, 283-3657.

**Doug Fieger Taking Chances, Rick
Ellis and 2600Hz, and the New
Hawaii Spirit**, tonight, Wednesday,
9 p.m., 1130 Buena Vista, 276-3993.

**Blue Riddim Band: Belly Up
Tavern**, tonight, Wednesday, 9 p.m.,
143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana
Beach, 481-9072.

Jesse Cotton: Distillery East,
tonight, Wednesday, call club for
time, Mission and Metcalf,
Escondido, 741-9394.

**Great American Dilettante Jazz
Festival** featuring various artists:
Town and Country Hotel, Friday,
November 26, noon to 2 p.m.;
Saturday, November 27, 10 a.m. to 2
p.m.; and Sunday, November 28, 9
a.m. to 4 p.m., Mission Valley.

Julius Priest and Conny Hatch:
Sports Arena, Saturday, November
27, 8 p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard,
224-4176.

**Cherone Clemens and the Red
Beach Band**, Sunday,
November 28, 8 and 10:30 p.m.,
8880 Villa La Jolla, La Jolla,
457-5590.

Kenney Ruggles: Backdoor, Sunday,
November 28, 8 and 11 p.m., 8022
Claremont Mesa Boulevard,
560-8089.

Jefferson Starliner: Sports Arena,
Monday, November 29, 8 p.m.,
Sports Arena Boulevard, 224-4176.

**"Jazz Live" featuring the City
College Jazz Band: San Diego City
College Theatre**, Tuesday,
November 30, 8 p.m., 34th and C
streets, 234-1062.

**Crosby, Stills, and Nash: Sports
Arena**, Wednesday, December 1, 8
p.m., Sports Arena Boulevard,
224-4176.

Branie Hayes and the Wild Coos:
SOS's Backdoor, Friday,
December 3, 9 p.m., 265-6947 or
265-6362.

Robin Flower Band: Wing Cafe,
Sunday, December 5, 7:30 and 9:30
p.m., 2753 B Street, Golden Hill,
280-4648.

Adam Ant: Fox Theatre, Sunday,
December 5, 8 p.m., 720 B Street,
downtown, 235-4203.

Chap White: Fox Theatre, Tuesday,
December 2, 8 p.m., 720 B Street,
downtown, 235-4203.

**Julie James and the Kingstons and
Country Disk and the Sougale
Bumbers: SOS's Backdoor**, Friday,
December 10, 9 p.m., 265-6947 or
265-6362.

Peter Gabriel: Golden Hall,
Tuesday, December 14, 8 p.m.,
Community Concourse, downtown.

Dave: Fox Theatre, Wednesday,
December 15, 7:30 p.m., 720 B
Street, 235-4203.

Pace: Backdoor, Thursday,
December 16, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m.,
8022 Claremont Mesa Boulevard,
560-8089.

**The English Beat: SOS's
Backdoor**, Thursday,
December 16, 8 p.m., 265-6947 or
265-6362.

**Ronnie Void plus guests: Adams
Arena Theatre**, Saturday,
December 18, 8 p.m., 3325 Adams
Avenue, 283-3657.

Missing Persons plus guests:
Golden Hall, Sunday, December 19,
7:30 p.m., 202 C Street, 236-6530.

**Papa John's Crouch and the
Hurricanes: Belly Up Tavern**,
Sunday, December 19, 8:30 p.m.,
143 South Cedros Avenue, Solana
Beach, 481-9140.

THE GREENHOUSE

TONIGHT!
Wednesday, November 24

Dallas Collins
in the cabaret

ROCKIN' WEEKEND
Friday & Saturday, November 26 & 27

Dallas Collins
plus
DANNY HOLIDAY

Two bands
Two dance floors
Three bars
\$3

ROCKIN' SUNDAY
November 28

KPRI FM106 NIGHT
with Gary Kelley
TOYS

\$1.05 Margaritas, 50¢ drinks 'til 10 pm

MONDAY
November 29

**MONDAY NIGHT
FOOTBALL**
KSDO Charger Wrap-Up live on stage
with John DeMott, Pat Curran
and selected Charger players.

TOYS
in the cabaret

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
November 30-December 1

Dallas Collins

MONDAYS: 8 p.m. 7:00-11:00
TUESDAYS: 8 p.m. 7:00-11:00
WEDNESDAYS: 8 p.m. 7:00-11:00
THURSDAYS: 8 p.m. 7:00-11:00

2026 Camino del Rio South, Mission Valley, 289-7678

MY RICH UNCLE'S
6205 El Cajon Blvd.
287-7332

Wednesday, November 24

**NO COVER CHARGE
50¢ DRINKS
UNTIL 10 PM**

PROPHET

Thursday, November 25

KPRI FM106 NIGHT
Your host, KPRI's Jeff Davis every Thursday

**NO COVER CHARGE
UNTIL 10 P.M.
\$1.06 DRAFTS**

THREE BANDS
One Cover

FEATURES

PROPHET
TWO ROOMS
Two Dance Floors

Friday & Saturday, November 26 & 27

THREE BANDS
One Cover

FEATURES

PROPHET
TWO ROOMS
Two Dance Floors

Monday, November 29 and every Monday

KCR NIGHT
San Diego State I.D. will provide discount on
drinks and cover charge.

Tuesday, November 30

KGB-FM
With your host Jim McNamee

NOMADS

**THE HURRICANES
ROCKIN' ROULETTES**
FREE ADMISSION WITH
KGB CARD

Belly Up!

141 SOUTH CECILIO BLVD. JOLING BEACH CA 92037

Closed Thursday, November 29

HAPPY THANKSGIVING

Friday & Saturday
November 26 & 27 9:30 PM
Rooftop rock 'n' roll with
RON THOMPSON & THE RESISTORS

Ron Thompson is an extremely accomplished guitarist who has a
wealth of styles at his fingertips. When he is in motion, he is the living
extension of Jimi Hendrix, Chuck Berry, Elmore James, Elvin
Hoskins, and the Blues. His roots are in house blues (a member of John Lee
Hooker's Coast to Coast Blues Band 1975-1978), but his heart is in
roots rock 'n' roll and rockabilly. The Resistors are Byron Burton on
bass, Harold "H Bomb" Banks on drums, and saxophonist Terry Hanks
on tenor from the Elvis Presley Group. They are without a doubt, four
of the finest R&B musicians from the San Francisco Bay Area.

North County

Armen The Trucks, 1145 South
Thurston, Escondido, 722-5984.
French Waps, rock and roll, Friday
and Saturday.

Star-X Beach House, 119 East
Broadway, Vista, 724-0210. Lady
and the Tramps, country and
contemporary, Thursday through
Saturday.

Belly Up Tavern, 143 South Cedros
Avenue, Solana Beach, 481-9422.
The Blue Riddim Band, reggae,
Wednesday; Ron Thompson and the
Resistors, vintage rock and rhythm
and blues, Friday and Saturday; the
Chicago 15, big band swing, Stone's
Three, vintage jazz, blues, and
swing, Sunday; the Forks, rock and
roll, Monday; Tall Cotton, country
honky tonk, Tuesday; Crosswinds
with Doris Cole and Ron Satterfield,
jazz and rock soul fusion,
Wednesday; Afternoon Concerts:
Tall Cotton, country honky tonk,
Thursday; Wholly Cats, jazz and
swing, Wednesday; Stone's Three,
vintage jazz, blues, and swing,
Thursday; the Chicago 15,
big band swing, Friday; the Bob Lenz
Band, pop, boogie, and jazz,
Sunday.

Billy Bob's BBQ, Highway 101 at
Escondido Boulevard, Escondido,
752-5555. The 50's Line Band, pop,
boogie, and jazz, Sunday.

Bobby C's, 485 First Street,
Escondido, 436-7397. Romeno, rock
and roll, Wednesday through
Saturday; the Mix, rock and roll,
Sunday through Tuesday.

Country Creek, North Rancho
Santa Fe Road and Highway 78, San
Marcos, 744-9730. The Duane Wall
Show, country and oldies, Thursday
through Saturday.

**The Country Side Restaurant and
Lounge**, 450 Douglas Drive,
Escondido, 757-6860. New Country,
country rock, Wednesday through
Sunday; the Lone Star Country
Band, country, Monday and
Tuesday.

C.R.C.'s Saloon, Carmel Valley Road
at Via Cortina, Del Mar, 755-1303.
Don Longstreet and Imberline,
country, Thursday through
Saturday; Tall Cotton, country
honky tonk, Sunday; Jimmie
Ferguson and Ricochet, country,
Tuesday; Rick Backus and
Harmoney, country, Wednesday.

Distillery East, 755 Metcalf Street,
Escondido, 741-9393. Josie Cotton,
rock and roll, This Kids, rock and
roll, Thursday; dance to recorded
music, Friday and Saturday; the
Nutz, rock and roll, the Sonics, rock
and roll, Sunday; Technicolor, rock
and roll, Tuff Cookies, rock and roll,
Wednesday.

Distillery Nightclub, 140 South
Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach,
755-6723. Incognito Rockers, rock
and roll, Wednesday; Dirk
Debonaire, rock and roll, Thursday
through Saturday; Darius and the
Magnets, rock and roll, Sunday.
This Kids, rock and roll, Monday;
Incognito Rockers, rock and roll,
Tuesday and Wednesday.

Firelake Lounge, 439 West
Washington, Escondido, 745-1931.
The Mirrors, rock and roll,
Wednesday, Friday and Saturday;
Gayle Force, rock and roll, Tuesday
and Wednesday.

Fish House West, 2633 South
Highway 101, Cardiff, 733-9438.
Bob Long Band, jazz, blues, and
boogie, Thursday through Saturday.

**Club listings are compiled by Linda
Nem. If you wish to be included,
please call 254-2500 Thursday
afternoon or Friday before 5:00
p.m. The listings are free.**

THE CHICAGO 15
Stone's Throw
If you have experienced the thrill of being a night, professional
big band lead, do yourself a favor. Experience a lot of fun and a lot of
historical music every night as it was performed in the '40s. Young & older
will enjoy this show!

Monday
November 29 9:00 PM
The Chicago 15
**FABULOUS
FORKS**

Tuesday, November 30
9:00-12:30
Vintage Tonk with
TALL COTTON

Wednesday & Thursday
November 1 & 2 9:00-11:00 PM
Rockin' and fusion with
CROSSWINDS
DORIS COLE
**& RON
SATTERFIELD**

Coming Friday & Saturday,
December 3 & 4
From Eugene, Oregon, the band
that inspired the Blues Bros.
Sunday, December 5 **ROD PIAZZA & THE MIGHTY FLYERS**
Tuesday, December 6 **RYAN BELLING & SUNDANCE**
Wednesday, December 7 **STEP N' RAZOR**
All star repeat the week
Thursday, December 10 **PAPA JOHN CREACH**
Friday & Saturday
December 11, 12 **JOHNNY OTIS SHOW**
December 13, 14 **KEEL ROCKERS**

FREE AFTERNOON CONCERTS IN NOVEMBER 5:00-7:30 PM
HAPPY HOUR EVERY DAY 9 PM

Every Tuesday - Country Honky Tonk
TALL COTTON

Every Wednesday - Country Honky Tonk
WHOLLY CATS

Every Thursday - Vintage Jazz & Swing
STONE'S THROW

Every Friday - Dilettante Jazz with
CHICAGO SIX

Every Sunday - Pop, Boogie & Jazz with
BOB LONG BAND

Visit First Rite Restaurant at the Belly Up
serving lunch, dinner & snacks - 7 days a week
FOR INFORMATION CALL 481-9022

Fog Cutter, 2858 Carlsbad Boulevard, Carlsbad, 729-3189; Planet, rock and roll, Friday and


Glenn's, 380 North El Camino Real, Encinitas. 942-1676: The Post, week and mall. Friday and

Valley Center
Valley Center
749-1466
country, Pa.


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

Bill Hammett's
VISTA ENTERTAINMENT
CENTER
435 W. Vista Way, Vista, CA
(Take Hwy. 78 to Melrose
barnet and turn north, then
turn east at the light.)
For information call 841-1032


Wed., Nov. 24 thru
Sat., Nov. 27



Closed Thanksgiving
Closed Sun., Nov. 28

Mon., Nov. 29 - Sat., Dec. 4





Saturday, Four Play, rock and roll.
18th House, 2730 Via de la Valle, San Francisco, 10:00-12:00. The Mts. rock and roll. Wednesday through Saturday; Freefall, Jan. 22nd, Post, Jan. 23rd.

Monday Nights, 1221 Vista Way, Berkeley, 10:00-12:00. 453-2633. No. Post and the Wondering Bos. rock and rhythm and blues. Tuesday through Saturday; Zappa, contemporary. Sunday and Monday.

July 8th, 1960, 1000 North Harbor Drive, Occanide, 1222-1837. The Run Korpitsch Band, rock and country rock. Wednesday through Saturday.

L.J.'s Bar and Grill, 4254 South Santa Monica, La Jolla, 454-1250. See Bernan, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

L.J.'s, 1862 East Valley Parkway, San Francisco, 746-7005. Donna Bockett and the Heartstrings, country rock, Monday and Tuesday.

Manhattan Hall, 11900 Bernardo Ave., San Diego, 524-2400. Play contemporary Dance, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Occanide Lodge, Lake Wildwood, 740-3195. Wale Lichtenfeld's Expresso country western, Friday and Saturday afternoon.

Old Time Club, 1464 North Highway 191, Lincaville, 436-0440. Don Mutt, folk, Wednesday; the Carter Family, folk, Thursday; the originals, Friday; Shuman Galt Galt Band, traditional Irish music, Saturday; the Junes of the Mountains Orchestra, Jan. Sunday; Old Time Hoof Nuts, Tuesday; Harolds Bernan and Bob Dimes, both and blues, Wednesday.

Pasado's, 1330 Camino Del Mar, San 481-0414. Kevin Lettuce and Ron Starfield, Jan. Thursday, Saturday and Sunday; Jesse Jacobson, contemporary, Saturday.

Pomeneals Club, 12337 Pomeneals Road, Poway, 740-1135. Stagecoach, country rock, Wednesday through Saturday.

Puellston, 3800 Coast Boulevard, Del Mar, 735-85. Perry and the Red rock, 1960 and Saturday.

Punch Room, County, 12375 Poway Road, Poway, 740-7296. 550-3070. The Lolait, rock and roll. Thursday through Saturday.

South Area, Scotty's Bar, 2590 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido, 747-5008. Magic, contemporary dance music, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Barilla, contemporary dance music.

West Valley Way, 741-3032.
Aphern, rock and roll, Wednesday.
Friday and Saturday, 7-11 p.m.
Debonairs, rock and roll, Sunday.
Terror, rock and roll, Monday
through Wednesday, 7-11 p.m.
True Spirit, top 40, Tuesday through
Saturday.

Whiskey Creek, 12400 Power Road,
Poncha, 748-7531. Country, country
covers, Wednesday through Friday.
Sunday, White Lightnin' Express,
country western, Monday and
Tuesday.

Whispering Pines, 1280 West Valley
Parkway, Escalante, 745-5646. The
Beckett Band, rock and roll,
Wednesday through Saturday;
the Johnny Almond Rhythm Band,
rock and blues, Tuesday, 5:30 p.m.
rock and roll, Wednesday.

Bars

As the Siles Is, 4865 Santa Monica
Avenue, Ocean Beach, 323-5717.
Old Time Hoot Night, 10:30-11:30 p.m.
Dave and Buckle Rhythms, English
folk music, Sunday.

Alekhia, 3253 Balboa Street,
Hunting Park, 326-3379. Barbara
Linn, pop and standards, Thursday
through Saturday.

Belle Balle, at the dock, Belle Isle
Hotel, 988 West Mission Bay Drive.
Mission Bay, 438-0551. Blue Nile
with Rick and Cindy Pines.
Contemporary music for dancing.
Belle Isle Hotel, 988 West Mission

Boulevard,
Hawing Bay
Hotel, 326-3379.
NIG, rock and
roll, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Monday
and Wednesday.

Hilton Hotel
Mission Bay, 376-4081. Pop
and rock, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Tuesday
through Friday.

Flatt and Country
Avenue, Corcoran
Merrill Nook
dance music
Saturday.

Isabella Hotel
Mission Bay, 376-4081.
James Bo, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Tuesday
through Thursday.

Joe Hunkler,
Boulevard, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Daily.
David Brallos
comedy and
standards, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Sunday
through Saturday.

La Pausa del
Boulevard, 10:30-11:30
p.m. Sunday
through Saturday.

La Chula, 505
Ocean Beach

221-325-0533:
 rock and roll,
 1950s and 1960s
 hit, Friday: Blues
 and Sunday and
 and roll, Tuesday

1775 East
 St. Mission Day.
 Blues, no music,
 Saturday: High
 energy dance,
 1950s music.

1500 Orange
 St. 435-6611: The
 Contemporary
 play through


411 Quivira Road,
 1551: Richard
 — classical to
 day and Saturday;
 70s plays, Tuesday

302 Main
 Beach, 770-3022:
 the Husky Band.
 The Thursday
 the Huskies,
 melody and
 no, rock and roll,
 melody.

5450 La Jolla
 475-4934: Slip
 away and originate.
 Saturday

1000 Airport Avenue,
 5306: White

Wednesday.
 1871, 1107 Orange Avenue.
 435-5002: Jim Henson,
 Comedy, Sunday and Tuesday.
 Motion Village, 120 Orange



 1604 N. Hwy 91, Leominster
 7-30
 GUITARIST, SONGWRITER
DAVID WEST THE
 CASH VALLEY DRIFTERS
 Friday 7-9 7:30 & 9:30
 BLUEGRASS & SWING

**CACHE VALLEY
 DRIFTERS**
 Friday 7-9 7:30 & 9:30
 TRADITIONAL, IRISH
 MUSIC

**SIARNA GAIL
 CELSI BAND**
 Sunday 7-9 7:30 & 9:00
 POLK-BALZ

**DANCE OF THE
 MOONSET**
 Tuesday 7-9 7:30
 OLD TIME HOT NIGHT
 Wednesday 7-9 7:30
 BLUES & POLK SOUNDS

**MARCIA BOWMAN
 BOB DICKSON**
 COVER CHARGE MONTHLY



**BRUCE CAMERON &
JOLLA GENTRY ENSEMBLE**

Nov. 24 - Jan. 11
Wed. - Sun. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Clariv's
Restaurant

STEAK, PORK & WHISKY

Through Nov. 30 Tues. & Wed.

Summer House Inn 7988 La Jolla Shores Dr.

140 South Sierra, Solana Beach.

755-6733
NO COVER until 9 pm

50° we'll drink until 9 pm every night
Sunday—Wednesday 75° Kamikazes
and **1.00 off our famous Iced Teas**

Wednesday *See drink specials above*

INCOGNITO Rockers

Thursday, Friday & Saturday

Happy Thanksgiving

DIRK DEBONAIRE

See drink specials all night long
Dew Day recording artists

DARIUS and the MAGNETS

1.00 OFF
Iced Teas
75° Kamikazes
1.00 Drafts
1.00 Wines

Every Monday

this Kids

Monday Night Football—Miami vs. Tampa Bay

Every Tuesday & Wednesday

INCOGNITO Rockers

Call 755-6734 for further concert ticket information.

Rio Ranch Benaville Inn, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, Rancho Bernardo. 487-1011. 277-2146. The Open Box, classical guitar. Tuesday through Saturday.

Red Couch Inn, 135 North Pine (at Center City and Valley Parkway). Escondido. 753-9790. Ben Bell and Bob Barker enjoy listening and country. Wednesday through Sunday. Rick Bieden and Harrison's country. Sunday through Tuesday.

Red Dog Saloon/Valley Park Shushdowns, 3757 South Mission Road, Palmdale. 726-1916. Ray Sanders, country and pop. Friday and Saturday.

Repp, 517 East First Street, Escondido. 436-5501. Deane, jazz. Thursday. Doctor of the Universe Orchestra, jazz. Friday and Saturday.

The Shepherd Cafe, 1128 South Highway 101, Escondido. 753-1124. Rick Erlén, blues, Thursday and Sunday. David Bellock, folk guitar. Friday and Sunday. Molly, jazz and contemporary piano. Saturday. David Hurst, contemporary piano. Sunday. Steve Spencer and Gailly Robbins, contemporary guitar. Wednesday. Michael Dezaeville, classical guitar. Friday through Sunday lunch.

Stage Coach Inn, 1865 Vista Way, Vista. 724-9090. Wes Rizo and the Countrymen, country. Wednesday through Sunday.

Sunset Lounge, 2328 South Escondido Boulevard, Escondido. 741-2541. Terration, country. Wednesday through Saturday.

Tequila Flots, 3296 Mission Avenue, Upland. 752-7251. Dakota country rock. Wednesday through Saturday; rock and roll, Sunday and Monday; call club for information.

Time Machine/Chez Orleans, 302 North Highway 4-EVr, rock and roll. Tuesday.

Triton, 2530 South Highway 101, Cardiff. 578-4440. Etha Ruth Piggie, jazz and blues. Wednesday through Saturday. Ron Sackfield and Doris Cole, jazz. Sunday through Tuesday.

Ruba Hotel, 598 West Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 488-0551: Mercedes Records: Harvey and Shal St. Jive, jazz, swing, show tunes, and blues, Tuesday through Wednesday; *Fame on Ice*, showy songs, Tuesday through Saturday; Bob MacLeod, Sunday and Monday.

Ramona Court, Natch's Restaurant, 2606 Highway Drive at Rosecrans, Loma Plaza, 224-3461: Jazz and contemporary, Thursday through Saturday; *Sogeti*, rock, 40, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Beach Club, 1821 Bacon Street, Ocean Beach, 222-6622: Surf, rock and roll, Friday and Saturday.

Elke Parrot, 1298 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-9131: The Peter Seragusa Quartet, jazz, Wednesday; Mel Gool, jazz, Thursday; Billy Chalkers Trumpet Quartet, jazz, Friday and Saturday; the Bill Kyle Trio, jazz, Sunday; the James Zeller Band, jazz, Monday; the J. Hunter Trio, jazz, Tuesday; the Daniel Jackson Jazz Blues Band, jazz and blues, Wednesday.

Carlos Murphy's, 4303 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, 457-4170: Steve Hadson, comedy and music, Saturday.

Columarian Hotel, 2999 Mission Boulevard, Mission Beach, 488-1081: The John Mallon Show, Las Vegas-style variety, Tuesday through Saturday.

The Cafe, Revellle Campus, U.C.S.D., Torrey Pines Road, La Jolla, 453-2311: Yourself, "countercoustic" music, Tuesday lunchtime.

Chuck's Steak House, 1250 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325: The Bill Coleman Quartet, jazz, Thursday through Saturday.

The Comedy Stars, 916 Pearl Street, La Jolla, Local and national comedians, Wednesday through Saturday; amateur night, Monday, with M.C. Steve Hadson.

Dooley's, 2901 Nimble Boulevard, Point Lemo, 224-6628: Tringale, salsa and contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Elbarie's, 7995 La Jolla Shores Drive, La Jolla, 459-0541: The

TRIP TICKETS

Indoor Soccer

CHARGERS

Judas Priest
Jefferson Starship
Cosby, Stills & Nash
m Ant Cheap Trick
Bowl Rose Parade Devo
Gabriel Kenny Loggins
Billy Joel English Beat
Loverboy

Upcoming Shows:

on: Escondido 489-TRIP
Chula Vista El Cajon
420-8747 442-5553

WFOO

Sund.
Tues.
Wed.

Rather
O'helle
N
W
E
S

hello St. 277-9869

Wednesday, November 21
THE FRAMES
00 Margaritas—No Cover

day & Friday, November 25 & 26



WHITE DWARF
Thursday—Thanksgiving Party
Kamikazes 75¢ Wild Turkey Shots

Saturday, November 27



MELTING POT
Sunday-Monday
OFF-SCREEN NFL FOOTBALL IS BACK!
The Widest Screen,
Oldest Beer, The Hottest Dogs

November 28 **TRANCE**
November 30 **OFF LIMITS**
day, December 1 **OFF LIMITS**



The Loading Zone
Live Music • Dancing
Happy Hours 11:00 am-8:00 pm
Tuesday—Tie Lowdown
Wednesday—\$1.00 Margaritas
Thursday—50¢ Kamikazes
Sunday—Thursday—No Cover

NOVEMBER 24, 1944

Restaurant, 1403 Rosecrans St.,
Point Loma, 226-1871. T & A
contemporary, Wednesday through
Saturday. Deluxe, contemporary,
Sunday and Monday.

Matt's Saloon, 945 Garnet Avenue,
Pacific Beach, 437-7747. Singers,
rock and roll, Tuesday through
Saturday. Metro, rock and roll,
Sunday and Monday.

Mulvaney's, 1031 Orange Avenue,
Coronado, 435-4660. Jimmy
Candace and Ace, contemporary,
Friday and Saturday.

Mulvaney's, 4230 Mission
Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 483-7383.
The Bob Kepler Show, "finestkind"

music and buffoonery, Friday and
Saturday.

Mustang Club, 3095 Sports Arena
Boulevard, Lemo Point, 223-1090.
Larry Prescott and Cinnamon
Ridge, country, Tuesday through
Saturday. Country Jamboree,
featuring two bands, Monday.

Old Pacific Beach Cafe, 4287
Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach,
279-7222. Larry Rothman,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday;
the Joe Martello Quartet, jazz,
Sunday. The Pop Boys, rock and
roll, Monday and Tuesday.

Redes, 8890 Via La Jolla, La Jolla,
457-5500. Tweed Sneakers, rock

and roll, the Movies, rock and roll,
Wednesday, NRG, rock and roll,
Thursday, rock and roll, Friday and
Saturday. Don Fabre, rock and roll,
Monday. Moving Targets, rock and
roll, Tuesday.

Salmone House Restaurant, 1970
Quivira Way, Mission Bay,
273-2234. Red Rag Saloon, Time
Machine, 30s and 40s rock,
Thursday through Saturday.

Sandtrap Lounge, 2702 North
Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay,
274-3314. Dharma and Josh,
contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

756 Club, 744 Ventura Place,
Mission Beach, 488-4438. Leo Cole

with Sam and Boves, rock, blues
and country, Friday. Live rock and
roll on the patio, Saturday and
Sunday. Afternoon, open stage jam
session, early evening Sunday.

Texas Trailhouse, 4970 Voltaire
Street, Ocean Beach, "Tombcat"
Courtney, blues, Thursday.

Vacation Village Hotel, Bay Lounge,
Vacation Isle, Mission Bay,
274-4640. Show-B-Gone,
contemporary, Tuesday through
Saturday. Musical entertainment,
Sunday and Monday, call club for
information.

Windrose, 1935 Quivira Road,
Marina Village, Mission Bay Park.

San Diego North
The Address Lounge, Town and
Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle
North, Mission Valley, 291-7131.
Stampede, country, Tuesday
through Saturday.

The Adams, 3093 Clairemont Drive,
Clairemont, 279-2240. Heroes, rock
and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Bacchanal, 8022 Clairemont Mesa
Boulevard, Clairemont, 560-8022.

DANCING SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK

on our new enlarged dance floor... Open Thanksgiving night.



**DAVID
BRADLEY** and
the MANIAC BAND.
Thurs.-Sat.



**THE
NOMADS**
Every Tues. & Wed.
Every Tues. 7p.
Kumbaya night.



NOMADS
Sunday & Monday



**Jose
Murphy's**
4302 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach 270-3220

Remember... Monday is always Double
Night. All well drinks doubles for the price
of singles. HAPPY HOUR every Thursday
& Friday. Jose's hosts the only real happy
hour in town from 4pm. On night & wine
40c domestic beer and well drinks 60c.
domestic imports \$1.29 and don't forget
... Jose's serves the best shrimp cocktails
daily from 3pm for only 99c.

Spud Brothers
now playing through Dec. 31
at The Beachhouse
on Harbor Island
Tuesday-Saturday 9 pm-1 am

TIM MAZE PRESENTS IGGY POP



WITH SPECIAL GUEST
NASH THE SLASH
**WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 24, 8:00 PM**
ADAMS AVENUE THEATRE
3325 ADAMS AVENUE INFORMATION 261-3857
ADVANCE TICKETS \$8.00 AT THE DOOR \$10.00
AVAILABLE AT OFF THE RECORD, S.D. 265-0507, LOU'S RECORDS,
ENCINITAS 753-1362, STIFF COMPETITION, P.B. 272-8209,
L'ICORICE PIZZA, C.V. 426-0302

HALCYON

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
November 25-27

Moving Targets

Sunday-Monday
November 28-29

Every Friday
Rock & Roll Happy Hour
This week November 26

530-830 900-100

**Moving
Targets**

Tuesday-Saturday
November 30-
December 4

TAXI

Every Wednesday is dollar night—All well drinks,
domestic beer, and house wine for just a buck.

Bacchanal

LIVE AT THE

TONIGHT
ambrosia group
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24
DOUBLES NIGHT
club bacchanal
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24
8:00 PM TIL CLOSING

THANKSGIVING DAY
WILD TURKEY SHOOT
SHOTS OF WILD TURKEY

BUMP BAND

SUPER HAPPY HOUR 3-8 PM
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES PREPARED BY
GOURMET CHEF DON BEATTY

DON'T MISS IT!
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26
8:00 PM TIL CLOSING

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27
8:00 PM TIL CLOSING

CLOSED
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28
8:00 PM TIL CLOSING

NETWORK
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24
8:00 PM TIL CLOSING

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1
club bacchanal

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2
HOT SPOTS ROCK PARTY

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3
BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE HURRICANES
ONE SHOW ONLY-8 PM TIL CLOSING

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9
CALIFORNIA & JOHNNY WEST
ONE SHOW ONLY-9 PM TIL CLOSING

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16
RANDY HANSON
THE JMI REMIX EXPERIENCE
ONE SHOW ONLY-9 PM TIL CLOSING

BETWEEN HWY. 163 & CONVOY ST., 8022 CLAIREMONT MESA BLVD.
For complete weekly calendar call 560-8022. For concerts only call 560-8069. For
further information call 560-8353. Doors open for concert 8 PM. Advance tickets
for all national concerts available at Sears, 32nd St. Naval Station, 2-
Bill Gumbel's stores and all TICKETRON (565-9947) and SELECT A SEAT
(565-2885) outlets, and the Bacchanal the day of the show starting at 7 PM.
Sorry, you must be 21 years old. Picture I.D. required.

Le Chalet

5046 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach 222-5300
Entertainment by the Sea

DANCING

Nine Nights! Never a cover charge.
Le Happy Hour 5-7 Mon.-Sat.

HURRICANES
Thursday, Friday & Saturday, Nov. 25, 26 & 27
San Diego's rockin' rhythm and blues band features Prof. Billy Seward, guitar;
"Blues Brute" Thorne, guitar and vocals; Tim "Senex" Weiss, drums; Ralph "R"
Lewis, bass; Douglas "F" Airbanks, "Baccanale" sax, and their newest member,
Michael "New Orleans" Aristotle, on the hot, happy harmonica. The Hurricanes
blow you away with Chicago blues, traditional rhythm and blues, reggae and
swing. San Diego's best for dancing, listening, enjoying!

WHITE DWARF
Sunday & Monday, Nov. 28 & 29
Le Chalet, Ocean Beach's innovative night club, introduces the newest
addition to the Rock 'N' Roll scene in San Diego. It's WHITE DWARF—
featuring Michael Sherman and Claudio Martin, lead guitar and vocals;
Mark Taylor, Latin percussion; Don Rosolino, bass; and Craig Marshall, drums.
Presented by Icon Entertainment Group in conjunction with Jaded Productions.

PANIC
Tuesday & Wednesday, Nov. 30 & Dec. 1
Join the party, when PANIC strikes Le Chalet, with Mike Bogart on guitar, Joe
(The Mighty) Lunga on keyboards and harmonica, Marta Garrick holding down
bass, Alan-Jay Weissman, a talented lead vocalist, and Tony Van playing dynamic
percussion. All sing. This band ROCKS!

5046 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach
222-5300

NOVEMBER 24, 1993 • 21

NOVEMBER 24, 1967 23

Timberlake, country and vintage rock, Friday and Saturday.

Members 5, 5435 Grossmont Center Drive, La Mesa. 465-3464: Brad Strachine, contemporary and originals, Tuesday through Saturday.

Sessions 7, 7333 El Cajon Boulevard, La Mesa. 465-5300: Steve Mouzas and Finest Action, oldies, contemporary, country, Tuesday through Saturday; the Time Machine, 50s and 60s rock, Sunday and Monday.

The Turquoise Lounge, 5975 Severn Drive, La Mesa. 465-1525:

Artisan, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday.

Via Wialde's, 10355 Mission Gorge Road, San Jose. 449-0060: Johnny West and the Chaparrals, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

South Bay

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula Vista. 426-9200: Oasis, top 40, Tuesday through Sunday.

Country Bumpkins, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 429-1181: Gerry Baze and a Touch of Country, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Ducktail Renee, 50s rock and roll, Sunday and Monday.

Dance Machine, 1862 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 429-1181: RPM, rock and roll, Tuesday through Saturday; live rock and roll, Sunday and Monday, call club for information.

Dock's Cocktails, 307 Third Avenue, Chula Vista. 422-1566: The Carry D Pie and Oldies Show, pop and oldies, Tuesday through Saturday; Rex Paris, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Hatch's, 1463 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 423-3479: Leather and Lace, country, Thursday

through Saturday.

Imperial Beach Lounge/Casa Orbi, 1575 Palm Avenue, Imperial Beach. 429-7086: The Rebels, country, Friday and Saturday evening; Thursday and Sunday early evening jam sessions.

Ivy Cottage, 2200 Highland Avenue, National City. 477-9151: Linda DeHoff, contemporary, Tuesday through Friday; happy hour: Gary Sherwood, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday.

La Mesa, 1441 Highland, National City. 474-3222: Art Hall, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

Palomares Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista. 427-5899: Gene Karolyn and Crossed, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Leslie Blossman, 569 H Street, Chula Vista. 426-5951: The Gary D Pop and Oldies Show, pop and oldies, Sunday.

Oasis Bar, 1221 Third Street, Chula Vista. 426-2977: Rex Paris, country and contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

Old Bonita Shore Restaurant, 404 Bonita Road, Bonita. 479-3337: Eddie Preston, contemporary, Thursday through Saturday.

Palomares Star, 3008 Main Street, Chula Vista. 427-5899: Gene Karolyn and Crossed, country, Thursday through Saturday.

Royal Vista Inn, 632 E Street, Chula Vista. 426-2500: Special R, top 40, Tuesday through Sunday.

Target Inn, 1063 Broadway, Chula Vista. 427-1304: Bach-a-la-Thio, contemporary, Tuesday through Sunday.

Trigley Inn, 999 National Avenue, National City. 477-5753: Nightlife, country, Tuesday through Saturday.

Wheatman, 22 West Seventh, National City. 474-2919: Legend, rock and roll, Monday; Terry Mills and Crossed, rock and roll, Tuesday through Sunday.

Wild Turkey, 500 Bonita Road, Bonita. 267-2500: Olympus, rock and roll, Friday through Sunday; Roman, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday; dance to recorded oldies, Wednesday.

Los Cole with Skin and Bones, 756 Club.

Joan Cotton, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Dalton's Spirit, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Rocky G's, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Rocky G's, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

The Pop Boys, Navajo Inn, Old Pacific Beach Cafe.

Planet, Populizer.

Planet, Populizer.

Planet, Populizer.

Planet, Populizer.

Heartstrings, Sunset Lounge, La Jolla.

Heartstrings, Sunset Lounge, La Jolla.

Heartstrings, Sunset Lounge, La Jolla.

Heartstrings, Sunset Lounge, La Jolla.

Heartstrings, Sunset Lounge, La Jolla.

Stagecoach, Pomerado Club, Kentucky Shad.


Stagecoach, Pomerado Club, Kentucky Shad.

Stagecoach, Pomerado Club, Kentucky Shad.


Stagecoach, Pomerado Club, Kentucky Shad.

Stagecoach, Pomerado Club, Kentucky Shad.

The Poseidon
A Del Mar Tradition
Friday and Saturday
Portland Makai



The Triton is now featuring the best in jazz entertainment seven nights a week.



Bruce Cameron & Hollis Gentry Ensemble
Through November:
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Miss Ella Ruth Piggee
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Happy Hour 4-6 Free Hors d'Oeuvres

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2530 South Highway 101, Cardiff-by-the-Sea
578-8440 toll-free from San Diego 438-8877 North County
... a truly distinctive restaurant

Rock & Roll

Johnny Mamm, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

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Johnny Mamm, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Country/Country Rock

Almond Lane, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Almond Lane, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

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Almond Lane, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Almond Lane, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Contemporary/Top 40

Amblin, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

Amblin, 10411 Valley East Dallas Cotton, La Jolla's Greenhouse Bar and the Madagascan's Nightclub.

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THE WEST COAST'S LARGEST TALENT AGENCY PRESENTS

FORWARD MOTION
at Black Angus (Frian Road) through New Year's

U.S. MALE
(formerly Feelin') at Monk's through New Year's

OASIS
at Black Angus (Chula Vista) through New Year's

AMBITION at Black Angus (Kearny Mesa) through New Year's

LOOKER at Black Angus (El Cajon) through New Year's

TRUE SPIRIT
at Vista Entertainment Center (Turf Room) through Dec. 11

3435 Camino del Rio So. Suite 319, San Diego 281-9502

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San Diego's newest watering hole is right by the water. With a warm, intimate atmosphere. Cool refreshing drinks. And the latest live entertainment ever to hit the bay.

Grand Opening
Nov. 26-29
Stone's Throw
Nov. 30-Dec. 2
Spud Brothers/Magic If
Dec. 3
Spud Brothers/Gary Puckett
Dec. 4
Gary Puckett
Dec. 5 & 6
Stone's Throw
Dec. 7-9
Magic If


Sheraton-Harbor Island Hotel
1860 HARBOR ISLAND DRIVE, SAN DIEGO, CA 92101 281-2900

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Wind rose

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

RON BOLTON **LONDON BROS.** **MOVIES**



Wind rose

1860 HARBOR ISLAND DRIVE, SAN DIEGO, CA 92101 281-2900

— And also *The Gifted*: charming, multi-talented Jewish leaders on sides of orthodoxy, and opposite sides of the end of World War II. Hassidic rabbi and scholar and journalist son on the liberal side, Mitchell and Barry Miller,

[illegible]

comes any initial resistance. Did world appearance of his form-fitting, baggy-casing style in a disco game, then layered-voiced and brown-skinned male? Difficult to deny. Teen idol past. And let his department manager in the way of his solo acts. The deal: Paul Kagan, at the Sun City position as the Sun City

paralytic body and movie as effortless. In *Train, the same scene is repeated, the frequent string of beads*

*** (Ken)

Ben Amos
— Such as at have a HOUSE might pre the humor is not far limited to a couple a backpack moors, a simply the best movie that I

**Shows/Was/
Reggae**

Johnny Almond Rhythm Taver:
Whiskey Flats
Ballistics: Spirit

The Big City Blues Band: Oasis
Cocktail Lounge

Bliss Hidden Band: Belly Up Tavern

The Boone Brothers: Jilly

Pre-Christmas Sale
2 days only: Fri., Nov. 26 & Sat., Nov. 27

30% Off
all inventory
unless otherwise
specified
—with this ad.

December
Specials
25% OFF
diamonds
20% OFF
most other
merchandise
UP TO
50% OFF
(selected
merchandise
—with this ad)



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"Your Engagement & Wedding Ring Center"
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Open every day 10 a.m.-6 p.m. thru Dec. 24
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POTBELLY STOVE. Woodburning cast iron \$100/offers
Call Julie 209-740-4

MEDITERRANEAN BEDROOM SET: 2 night stands, 5 drawer nightbox, 6-drawer dresser/mirror 1150, 21 inch Sears chair/bed 1150. Euphoria commercial vanities 600 425-6171.

GARAGE SALE: Friday, Saturday, Sunday, miscellaneous plumbing & electrical materials, couch & house items. Taped listings at 294-9765 or free inquiries.

WATERBED HEATER, Hybrid, built-in, family sized, 335, 293-6262; between

set, chest of drawers, compact refrigerator. Asking \$274-6046.

OFFICE DESK, metal with veneered top, 49-1/2" long by 20" wide, stainless steel. Asking \$25. Mike 282-7182.

VIDEO RECORDER, RCA VHS 250, 22" screen, 1 year old, hardly ever used. 222-2222.

woodgrain finished
arch 26-1/2" high

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TAURAN

ITS

NOVEMBER 24, 1962

NOVEMBER 24, 1982 3 •

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With this coupon only.

**FOR MEN &
WOMEN
PRECISION HAIRCUT**

\$10.00 includes shampoo,
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PERM \$25.50

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These purple machines were destined for the European market. They mistakenly ended up in Southern California. Riccar has asked us to liquidate these machines.



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rated
ahead of
Elna Pfaff
Singer,
Necchi, etc.

Open arm
zig zag
Blind hem
wide
elastic
stretch
Sews leather

HOW THE
FASHION-MINDED
GET THEIR CLASS

San Diego, Cal., 74100

[illegible][illegible]

WHITE GLOVE APPROACH will efficiently clean your home or office. Bonded for your protection. References. Already in North County. Please call David at 282-0418.

[illegible][illegible]

CLASSIC 1967 PEUGEOT 404. Very clean inside and out, runs well. \$1000 or best offer. Call Mark at 452-7478.

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1973 FORD PINTO, runs excellent, new tires, image sharp looking. \$1800 or best. 296-6916 after 2pm.

[illegible][illegible]

1970-CONVERTIBLE BUG, new clutch, tires, just tuned
excellent condition inside and out. 12850. 279-9169



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Where you can enjoy hot tubbing
for an hour or two in a serene
atmosphere of soft music, plants
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environment of your own private
garden hot tub room

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A Hot Idea
For Christmas

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